

An important story of my life is the first time I was Exposed to racism. Around the time of me being six my sister and I were on a trip with our father. While driving we were pulled over by two police officers on the highway. Unknown by my sister and I turned out that our fathers car had been stolen a week prior to our trip. My father had decided to get a rental with the exact color and model and even license plate as his stolen car. Unfortunately without asking any questions the cops had arrested my father and put him in handcuffs well for seeing my sister and I to search the car for documents to prove that this was our fathers car and to prove that he wasn't the one who stole the car that was reported stolen by him. The reason why this is important to me because it was the first time I had ever seen my father powerless to protect me and my sister or even himself.