Broken Records

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Mem ory of [State] # 8

I grew up under [Dead President no. 1’s] regime, as an [Ethnic Group Member] in [State]. I was told I was a [Citizen] and that I was accepted. As a child I pledged allegiance to [Dead President no. 1] and the state and was a model [Citizen] embracing [Slogan] which my teachers all preached, at least superficially. Though, at the slightest provocation, ethnic tension rose to the top.

I remember locking myself in a classroom clutching a sharp umbrella as a weapon after a mob of [Ethnic] kids chased me through the school yard. As soon as I had the upper hand, I did the same to them.

There was never peace, we fought each other like wild dogs, every chance we got. By the end of the 19__s the hatred was overspilling all over the place. There can never be a happy coexistence between [Ethnic Group Members] and [Ethnic Group Members]. At least never in our lifetime.