

# Standing Up For My Rights

By Prentiss Winters



On July 20, 2007, two weeks after July 4, Independence Day, I was outside in the alley playing basketball with my big brother and my two cousins. I will never forget that day. It was dark outside and an old man was driving his truck into the alley. He stopped and asked us if we could please move the court. We told him, "NO" and kept playing basketball. He asked again and I said to him, "You can go around the court just like every other truck and car that came by here."

He got mad and asked to speak to my dad. I asked him, "WHY?"

He said, "Little boy, if you don't go get your dad, I'm going to move your court for you."

I told him, "If you lay a hand on this court, my big cousin will come out here and hand you some." The old man got back in his truck and drove away.

The next morning we woke up and looked out the window and saw our court in the middle of the alley--destroyed. I was livid! My uncle talked to him and he ended up paying for a new one.