Akeem
author credit: Finding Voice Project
published by the Educational Theatre Association – 2022, Candice Handy, editor

This monologue is copyrighted and remains the intellectual property of the author, used by permission under an agreement with the Educational Theatre Association for educational use exclusively by students of color. Any use by non-BIPOC students is a violation of copyright.

(Akeem is talking to the Algebra teacher after class.)
I know I’m quiet in class. I thought I’d hate it in here. I mean, I took Geometry in summer school. And not because I failed it last year. But because a WHOLE YEAR of Geometry? Bruh. So I just knew a year of Algebra was gonna be trash. But then, like in week 2, I started getting it. I like figuring out what x is and then having to prove it. The way you teach made it click in my head or something. I thought about sitting closer to your desk. But sitting in the front row of class has never been me. That’s some white people shi… stuff. But I don’t like sitting in the back row either with the kids that be disrespecting you. They be funny sometimes, like when you asked “what is x?” yesterday and Kevin said “Lil’ Nas?” (laughs then realizes the teacher isn’t laughing). But they do take it too far. That’s why I sit in the second row most days and just stay to myself. The kids in the back look at me and wonder why I’m not back there with them having fun. I want to answer your questions and show that I’m just as smart as the other kids. Because I am. I really am! But I feel them stares from the back. I know they talk about me when you hand me my quiz and I got an A. What’s crazy is I don’t get A’s because I’m smarter than them. I just… care? I don’t know. The hardest thing about this class isn’t the math part. I actually think I could go to college for this, for real. The hardest thing is figuring out how to not seem too smart, raise my hand too much, and answer too many of your questions. The white kids are allowed to do that. But if I do it it’s like I’m trying to be better than the kids that look like me. So yeah, I’m quiet. What else can I do?