

"That's not the point Charles!"

"What's the point of dying in the street if we're not even in the fight?"

"This isn't the fight we want Charles, looking for a fight is not what made The Doctor a great man, it's certainly not what made him our vanguard."

"Yeah, but he's dead now Pa and for his sacrifice we are obligated to fight, Edlridge Cleaver-"

"Eldridge Cleaver is no Doctor Martin Luther King Jr, you'd be smart to learn that fast Son. You think you're going out there and fighting for something righteous and true but all you're doing is letting more blood. You think you go out there with a gun in your hand that you're standing for something and maybe you are but you're also just making yourself a target. You think those Police give a shit about shooting another nigger in the street? You think they cared when Bobby Hutton died that day? They could give a shit."

"I thought you were a Black Panther Pa? You were there at the start and you stood tall and showed me what it meant to be proud of who I was. You showed me that this world is mine as much as anyone's and that I'm never gonna be held back by anything or anyone but myself. Now I'm grown up and you're trying to tell me that I shouldn't go out there and fight for my place in the street?"

"This isn't the Panther Party I joined up with Charles. I marched in the streets with a loaded gun because the law said we could, because we needed to take back our neighbourhoods and defend against oppression by making ourselves visible. We weren't loadin' up with whatever arms we could get our hands on and trying to ambush the Oakland Police. That wasn't what I joined the party for. We got up early to make sure every kid in the neighbourhood got a decent breakfast. We championed workers rights and made sure old folks got

the medicine they needed. We pushed and now the world is pushin' back, but this force you face, you can't hit this son, you have to push back even harder because you're stronger than we were. We stood for our place in the street so we could have peace in *our* community, don't think you need to bleed before it can be yours."

"People are already bleeding Pa, they're being bled dry by Nixon, Vietnam, heroin and The Panthers is the only thing they got. While this country is busy sending as many of us as possible to go kill gooks, the rest of us here are still stuck in the god damn civil war!"

"Watch your mouth boy, your Mother's in the dining room."

There is a pause between men.

"Son, we don't need anymore dead heroes. You think going out there and busting some cracker ass police man in the chops is gonna make you feel better I can't blame you, but if that means putting yourself in a position to take a bullet, that's the easy way out, martyrs just look like dead bodies to me. That is not how to live a life, that is not freedom and it is not how we will overcome. Take to the streets if you must my Son, but take to the streets for the people, for those that need your help, do not go in order to satisfy your anger. In the same way, let your light shine before others, so that they may see your good works and give glory to your Father who is in heaven."

"Over 200 years of slavery, can that ever be erased? How am I supposed to reconcile that hate Pa? My friends, our people *your community* is dying because we pushed, and they're not pushing back Pa, they're loading guns. Do you think we're ever going to be equal waiting on the man's say so?"

" We're all equal in the eyes of God, son."

