

**YOLONDA:**

During the Thanksgiving holiday, my brother Teddy was murdered. He was eighteen. He had an argument with a friend and the friend shot him in the head. When we were growing up, everyone thought Teddy and I were twins. We had a strong bond. We were the youngest of five. Teddy and I called ourselves “the little people” because we could crawl between the legs of all the giants in the house. As we grew up, we both had dreams for each other. But when he left to go to college, I chose some different friends that took me down a rough road. Then he dropped out and followed. I was at my mother’s house one night, making deviled eggs, when I heard a knock at the door. It was one of Teddy’s friends. He told me Teddy had been shot. We went to the hospital, but Teddy died before I could see him. Ma sent me away to live with Grandma Shaw-I was looking for answers – Looking for myself.