

## PROLOGUE

The city of Vicksburg, Western Mississippi, lies on the Mississippi River, at the mouth of Delta City, both the county of Ware County. Vicksburg was one of the cities in Mississippi during the transatlantic slave trade in the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> centuries, where Africans had been shipped as cattle to the new world which is now called the United States of America. They were housed on work plantations and ruled through the laws and slave codes. Vicksburg was known for the part it played in the American Civil War between the North and the South. The outbreak of armed hostilities were decades of growing sectional friction over the related issues of slavery, trade and tariffs, and the doctrine of states' rights. The friction aroused when the northern states wanted to prohibit slavery in the western territories which became new states after the North defeated the South. Although the abolishment of slavery was over, there was still tension between blacks and whites because many white families kept their moral teachings of hatred by one of their ancestors Willie Lynch. They wanted Vicksburg to be a white historical tourist site, so they forced the blacks into Delta City. This land was the poorest section in Ware County. It was surrounded by swampy bayous, woody areas and hills. There was only one main highway that ran through this city, HWY 170 which began in the Delta, over the Old Mississippi bridge, across the Mississippi River into Vicksburg. This highway ran underneath Interstate 16, which ended a quarter mile in Vicksburg National Military Park and Cemetery.

Many black families and Civil Rights Leaders across the United States fought for freedom, justice and equality under the Jim Crow Laws that discriminated against blacks by legal enforcement and traditional sanctions. Once the Jim Crow Laws in the South was overturned, it was better days for blacks in America. Racism still existed, but not openly as before...that was back then, this is now in the new millennium years where this country has its first black President. We would now think

racism was no more an issue in this day and time, but not for the City of Vicksburg, whites never wanted blacks to be equal to them, and some blacks in the Delta never forgot nor forgave whites for their ancestor's participation in slavery. The whites lived in the City of Vicksburg inside the royal areas, while blacks live in low poverty areas with less resources. They all pulled together to keep their town running. The Sheriff Department was in the Delta off Carl Griffin Drive, once you crossed over the Mississippi Bridge. The County Jail sat a few yards behind the Sheriff's main office. This department was run by a black Sheriff named KEITH HOLMES.

In Vicksburg, the City Police Department was run by a white Chief of Police named TOM COCKWRIGHT. The Chief and the Sheriff never seen eye to eye, from racial profiling Delta residents endured from the Chief's police officers once they crossed over into the city limits of Vicksburg.

Early one morning, the Sheriff and his Deputy GRETCHEN STERNFELD traveled to Vicksburg to serve several warrants, and as they came closer towards the foot of the Mississippi Bridge, towards Vicksburg city limits. They saw one of Vicksburg patrol cars behind a civilian car with the lights flashing, as the officer held his hand on his holster and gun while talking to the driver. The sheriff stopped beside the officer. "Is everything going alright today officer?"

The officer turned around and looked at the Sheriff. "Everything is going quit well Sheriff. I'm giving the tourist directions to the Delta." The officer turned around and looked at the driver and his wife. "Isn't that right boy?"

The man responded with fear in his voice. "Yes sir, officer."

Sheriff Holmes knew the tourist was being harassed and threatened. "Well I'm Sheriff Holmes, and welcome to the Delta." The Sheriff looked at the officer. "Are you finished with them officer MAC ARTHUR?"

"Yes sir, I believe that will be all." The officer hit the top of the tourist car. "Have a nice day."

The Sheriff watched the tourist cross the bridge toward the Delta, before driving off while the officer and him stared at each other as the officer got back inside his patrol car. The Sheriff then drove off. "I'm tired of Tom's officers harassing people of color."

FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

"I figured since all the changes this country has made with Obama being the first black president, the city of Vicksburg would embrace change."

"His presidency didn't mean anything. People still have the same old mind set from Jim Crow."

"The Mayor has to stop this."

"I would be better off talking back to the Chief, in fact, less stop by his office now."

Deputy Sternfeld knew the Chief of Police was not going to do anything.

"Good morning Mrs. SANDRA, I'm here to see the Chief."

"Okay Sheriff, wait one minute." She picked up the phone then placed it down. "He is waiting."

"Thank you."

The Chief was sitting in the office with his feet on the desk.

"Come in."

"Good morning Chief." They both responded.

"What can I do for you fellas this morning Sheriff?"

"I hate to come by like this, but we have talked before about your officers harassing Delta residents and tourist."

"My officers aren't harassing anyone, they are doing their jobs."

"If you call harassing blacks and Hispanics with racial profiling doing their jobs, then I feel very sorry for you."

"Will that be all fellas?"

"The Lord don't like ugly, and believe me Tom when I say this, your time will come."

"Well Sheriff, it's one thing you don't do, and that's threaten me in my own office."

"I have not threat you at all Tom. I'm just telling you—"

The Chief cut the Sheriff off. "You're not telling me anything. You're not in the Delta...I run Vicksburg, so you and your deputy can see the door."

Deputy Sternfeld put his hand on the Sheriff's shoulder.

"come on Sheriff, I knew this was a waste of time."

They both walked out the Chief's office. The Chief called Deputy Sternfeld as he walked out the barracks door.

"Deputy Sternfeld, come here for one second?"

The Deputy looked back at the Sheriff.

"Go ahead and see what he wants. I will be waiting in the car."

The Deputy walked back inside the barracks.

"Yes sir, Chief?"

"You know you can have your job back at any time, don't you?"

"Thank you, but I like it in the Delta."

"I know you are tired of being ordered around by a nigger. So, come on back to your own kind."

"I'm sorry but I can't entertain that concept, have a nice day Chief."

He walked out the barracks and got inside the county patrol car.

"Could you believe he had the nerve to tell me to come back and work for him."

"I figured that's why he called you back."

"That's not all he said either."

"I could imagine."

The Sheriff drove off.

# CHAPTER 1

In St. Cloud Minnesota, and Maryland Paper Company on red Valley Avenue, Carlton Watson was sitting at his desk when the company owners secretary called him on the phone. " Mr. Marsh would like to see you in the conference room."

" Thank you, Alice." He put the phone down with a strike of surprise. He new a phone call on a Friday meant you were being laid off. He slowly walked towards the conference room.

"Come inside, Carlton."

He walked inside the conference room where David Marsh and other executives were sitting around the table.

"Have a seat Carlton. I know you are wondering why I called you here."

"Yes sir."

"Well Carlton, the executive's and I think you are the best candidate for the CEO position opened at one of our facilities."

Carlton was happy to know he was not getting fired during a recession.

"We thank the facility in Vicksburg Mississippi would be a great choice for you."

Carlton was grateful for the promotion, but his past history in Vicksburg was one of his reasons for leaving.

"What's wrong Carlton, you should be happy?"

"I am sir, I just can't believe I'm being promoted as one of the CEO for this company."

"We will take that as a yes then?"

He knew the promotion was a great opportunity at this time in his career, and turning it down would be offensive to David the owner. "Yes sir."

They all clapped as they welcomed Carlton as CEO of Vicksburg Paper Company.

Carlton headed home to the suburbs on the outskirts of St. Cloud, Minnesota. He walked inside.

"Hello honey, how was your day?"

"It was fine, baby."

"Dinner will be ready in a minute."

"Okay, I'm going to go wash up." He placed his briefcase down at the foot of the bed then walked inside the master bathroom. He washed his hands while staring in the mirror.

JANICE, Carlton's wife, came into the bedroom. "Honey, dinner is ready."

He never recognized Janice looking at him as both hands leaned on the sink and his head down.

"Honey, what's wrong?"

He turned around towards her. "Baby, I received a promotion today to be a CEO over one of the company's facilities."

"That's great baby, why are you sad? Let's celebrate."

"Baby, it's in Vicksburg Mississippi."

"Oh my God, that is not the place you told me about is it?"

"Yes, the one next to my hometown."

"Well maybe this town have changed since then. America did vote a black president into office."

"I don't know Janice baby, I really don't know."

Their ten year old daughter BRANDY came inside the bedroom yelling. "Mom, I'm hungry. Is dinner ready?"

"Yes Brandy, go wash your hands and I will be there in a minute, okay?"

"Yes ma'am."

FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

"Baby, go ahead and get dinner ready, We will talk about this later."

She kissed him. "Okay honey."

They waited patiently at the dinner table as their son JUSTIN came out the bathroom from washing his hands. He wasted no time talking as he sat at the table. "Dad, did you see last night how everybody stood up after I scored the winning goal to break the tie?"

"Yes son, you were marvelous out there."

"I can't wait until next week when we play the Wolverine's. The Warriors versus the Wolverines, don't you love hockey Dad?"

"Yes son, now let's say the grace so we can eat."

Brandy yelled. "Mom, Dad, let me say the grace this time?"

"Carlton."

"it's okay, go ahead baby."

While Brandy said the grace, Carlton and Janice never bowed their heads, they continue to stare at each other from across the table because they both knew their son was happy. Once they finish eating, he and Janice went to the bedroom.

"Baby could you see the look on that boy's face... It's going to crush him when I tell him we have to move."

"Honey, this is what you have worked so hard for, he'll understand. Justin is 16 years old."

"I know baby, but Vicksburg has a lot of bad history for colored people. You know I never want them to experience what I have been through."

" Things are different now, this is the New Millennium, I'm sure things have changed."

"Who knows? The last thing I remember about that place was dirt roads and one paved Highway that ran into my home town. And every road in the Delta was dirt."

"So where would we stay, in your hometown or what?"

"The company owns a four bedroom house where the plant CEO can live for free."

"You mean we don't have to look for a house? Oh thank GOD."

"Baby it's in Fort Pulaski, in a royal white suburban area."

"in Vicksburg?"

" Yes baby, in Vicksburg."

"What happened to the other CEO, was he black?"

"No he was white. He died from cancer, so they promoted me to run the plant."

" I wonder how their education department is?"

" Don't worry about that, it's plenty of work in that field."

"How do you know?"

" Because the old plant manager's wife was a teacher."

"She was not a kindergarten teacher like me?"

"Yes and no... Yes she was a teacher, but no she wasn't as smart as you."

"Oh baby." She hugged him then started kissing him. "I will get up first thing Saturday morning and start sending out my resume' online."

"Thank you for having my back, and sacrificing your career for mine."

"Auhhh baby, that's what a wife does."

Back in Vicksburg on a Saturday afternoon, the chief, his wife KAREN and daughter BRIDGET was getting ready to travel to Monroe Louisiana. They all walked out the house to wash their Land Cruiser.

"Tom...I did not know Joyce and John was moving?"

"I thought I told you."

"Told me what?"

" John died last week from cancer."

"You never said anything to me about that, and Joyce never said anything. She told me that he was in the hospital sick, but I never knew he died."

They Got inside the Land Cruiser and drove off.

"Who is running the paper plant now?"

" I was told Charles Moody, you know William Moody's son."

"That's great they gave him the job."

"From what William told me, the main headquarters in Minnesota is sending another plant manager. So Charles is filling in for now."

The ice rink was very loud as the sports announcer began calling the game. "Looks like the Wolverines missed a goal. They're battling in the corner. The Warriors Wing Stephen Edwards passes the pluck to their



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forward Justin Watson. He heads down the ice...avoids the defender, and heads towards the center of the rink. Oh what a pass by Justin, to the center Brad Harrison who slaps it past the goalie for the score with 3 seconds left in the third period...What a beautiful play, the Warriors win!"

Justin looked He at his parents on the front row as he threw his hand up in the air and yelled. " yes!"

Carlton and Janice watched their son. She yelled to Carlton because of the noise. "Honey look how happy he is. When are you going to tell him?"

"Hopefully tonight. Did you ever look online to find the closest Ice Rink?"

"Vicksburg has one, and there's one in Monroe Louisiana, which is an hour away."

They continued to watch how Justin's team hugged him as they celebrated their win.

He finally walked over towards his family. "Dad, did you see the pass?"

"Wonderful son. "

Once they reach the lobby on their way out the ring, many female classmates hollered out "Nice game, Justin" as they walked with their parents.

Mom, Dad, they love me...Brandy, did you see your brother bring the pain tonight?"

She look at her mother and father. and just shook her head.

Janice respond. "You know how your brother is, he's just like your father was when I first met him, strong and confident."

The Watson's pulled up inside the driveway.

"Come on Brandy, your father wants to have a talk with your brother." They went inside the house.

"Good game tonight, son."

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DECEITFUL LIES

"Thanks Dad. Did you see how Brad and I checked --"

"Son, son, listen... this isn't going to be easy, I have to tell you something that's very important."

"What is it, Dad."

"I received a promotion to become CEO over one of the company's paper plants."

"That's great, Dad."

"Yes it is, but it's not in St. Cloud."

"Where is it?"

"in Vicksburg, Mississippi."

"Dad, I don't want to move, I love it here. This is where all my friends are."

"I know son, but I'm at a point in my career where this job could change our lives."

"I love it here, I don't want to move."

"Your mother checked online, and they have a Ice Ring where we're going."

"Can we wait until after the playoffs?"

"I'm sorry son, but I have to be there by the 5th of September. "

"That's two weeks from now."

"We have to make sacrifices in life if we want to better our condition, and this is a sacrifice I need you to make for our family as a whole." He put his hand on top of Justin's head. "Come on, let's go inside."

Justin walked inside the house with his head down, and went straight to his room.

"Did he take it well?"

"No, but he will be fine."

The Chief parked on Mission and Wisconsin? Across from the Renaissance Inn. He walked inside Latootes Checkers and chess club.

"Good morning fellas, and William."

"How is the family?" WILLIAM MOODY responded.

"Great sir."

"What makes you stop by?"

FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

"I'm getting a lot of complaints on your guys from the hotel across the street, saying you're harassing their customers."

"Them nigger lovers, all they care about is getting them monkeys business. I don't know what's going on with this town. You and the Mayor are letting these race traitors take over this city."

"William, your men can't keep harassing these customers."

"I should burn that place down over there, then you wouldn't have to worry about them anymore." He pulled on his cigar. "What the hell you looking like that for?"

"It's not right William, you can't do that."

"So what are you supposed to do Tom. Arrest us?"

"I'm just doing my job William."

"Do not forget Tom, you and the Mayor have a duty to the Brotherhood, not the law."

"Just leave their customers alone William, could you please do that for me?"

He stared at the Chief.

"Alright fellas, you have a nice day."

William watched the Chief as he left. "He needs to remember who made him Chief."

David Marsh walk inside Carlton's office.

"Tomorrow is your last day here at Maryland, we are going to miss you."

"Thank you, sir."

"How is the family taking the move?"

"Everyone's fine except my son."

"Is he the one who's sixteen?"

"Yes."

"It will take some time, he will adjust...Oh, and I had someone check out everything you told me about Vicksburg. I also talked to Charles Moody who is now acting as the plant manager. He says Vicksburg is nothing like the fifties and the sixties."

"I hope not Mr. Marsh, I hope not."

FRYE

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"Don't worry, you have full support from this company. If you have any problems, you just call me. Did Alice give you my company cell phone number?"

"Yes sir."

"Well here is my home and personal number. If you need anything, just call me you hear."

"Yes sir, Mr. Marsh."

"For now on, call me David. Now come on and let me take you out for lunch."

## CHAPTER 2

The family was packed and ready to go. Janice took one more scroll around the house then walked out front to meet her next door neighbor.

"Well Laura, I guess this is it."

"I'm going to miss you and the kids."

"We're going to miss you, and now that we are leaving, I feel like I don't want to leave our home."

"Don't worry girl, I will look after the house for you. George said he would maintain the lawn."

"Thanks Laura, you're a true friend."

"And you are as well."

They both hugged each other.

"Baby, we need to get going, we have a long ride ahead. Thanks for everything Laura, we certainly appreciate it." Carlton walked over to the U-Haul driver door. "Here's the address in Vicksburg and the keys to the house. Put everything inside if we're not there before you."

"Yes sir."

"And be careful with my wife's car. If anything happens to the car I'm in the doghouse for weeks."

"I will be gentle sir."

"Thank you Frank, I will appreciate that."

"You are welcome Mr. Watson, sir."

He walked back towards his Yukon Denali and got inside. "Okay, does everybody have their seatbelts fastened? We have a 15 hour drive." He saw Justin through his rearview mirror looking back at their house as they drove off.

"Dad, why didn't we take our furniture with us? "

"Because baby, the house is already furnished."

Justin never said a word. He continued to stare out the window.

Carlton stopped at the fast food restaurant after driving 6 hours between two stops for gas. He then pulled over to a rest stop after driving 3 more hours. Janice then took the wheel and continued driving as Carlton rested. Justin conversated with his mother while thinking his father was asleep.

"Mom, why would anybody want to live in Mississippi? You read American history in school, and I haven't read anything good about that place."

She watched his facial expression through the rearview mirror.

"Only how they mistreated blacks. It's wrong to treat any human being that way."

"You are right son, but luckily you and your sister didn't have to experience that."

"Dad said they had an Ice Rink where we are moving to. I'm Googling it now and there is one in Vicksburg. I just hope they have a hockey team."

Carlton continue to listen to his son's conversation with his mother. He knew his son was just like him, and he was glad to know his son had checked online for himself. He was smiling to see his son would not fall for anything. He was hoping Vicksburg or Monroe Louisiana had a hockey team for teens.

The sign read on Interstate 16 "ENTERING WARE COUNTY"and another sign read "Vicksburg seven miles.

"Welcome to Vicksburg" the sign read as they entered the city limits of Vicksburg. Carlton started talking to the GPS System. "210 Shernwood Drive, Vicksburg Mississippi." He looked around as Janice turned off the

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Interstate loop onto HWY 170. He could not believe the site he was seeing. HWY 170 had hotels on both sides of the highway. "This place is lit up with hotels. I can not believe this place looks so different."

"Honey, what did you expect, some old heat of the night town?"

"No, but I wasn't expecting this."

"Things have changed since 30 years ago."

"You're right, that's a long time." He wondered how his home town looked.

Janice glanced at him while driving. "This town looks pretty nice."

They passed through the city of Vicksburg entering into the suburban area.

"So this is Fort Pulaski. Honey these houses are huge. I'm loving this already,"

"Back up, that's the two- story brick house you just passed...210, this is the one."

They pulled up into the driveway in front of the double door garage.

"Alright Brandy and Justin, it's time to get up, we're here."

"Justin woke up. "What time is it?"

"It's 3am son, now let's go inside."

They grabbed their luggage and went inside. Janice made a pallet on the floor for everyone.

Carlton nor Janice slept. She started cleaning at 6:30am, and Carlton got ready for work.

"Honey, where are you going?"

"To work."

"I thought you had to be there on the 5<sup>th</sup>?"

"I do."

"Today is Wednesday the 4<sup>th</sup>."

"I want to get started early and meet some of the employees."

"Do you want me to fix you breakfast?"

"No thanks, I will stop and get something."

"Alright...baby, Maryland treats their Company Executives great. I'm in love with this house already."

She admired the marbled floors, large kitchen, large bedroom and two full bathrooms.

"I'm just glad you're happy." He grabbed his briefcase and headed out the door.

The Maryland Paper Plant sat in the Industry Park where the harbor and barge site sat on Hanging Road, one way in and one way out. The Plant is 15 minutes from Fort Pulaski. He turned off Industry Road and onto Hanging Road. He passed the old vacant Paper Plant which was a hundred yards from the new Paper Plant. He pulled into the parking lot and parked.

CHARLES MOODY stood at the entrance of the plant to instruct his employees. "Good morning fellas, I won't take up much of your time, but the Plant Manager will be here tomorrow."

Carlton stood there listening.

"I need everyone to make sure their area is clean and within the standards OSHA requires." Charles stared into the crowd. "Does anyone have any questions?"

Before anyone could say anything, he saw a man approaching through the crowd with a briefcase asking questions.

"Good morning fellas, can anyone please tell me where the main office is?"

One of the employees responded. "It's that way sir, but there is the Plant Manager right there."

"Excuse me sir, if you're lost, Human Resources is that way. And right now, you are interrupting my meeting. So please excuse yourself."

"You must be Mr. Moody?"

"I am, sir like I said, the Human Resource Department is that way. Bobby, could you please show this gentleman to the HR Department."

"There is no need Mr. Bobby...Mr. Moody you are way out of line and very unethical."

The crowd was in shock by Carlton's boldness. Two employees were whispering to each other. "I'm telling you Jerry, he must be from the Union."



"I don't think so, Shawn. Look at the way he is dressed. He might be from Internal Affairs. They finally received our letters."

"Who are you?" Charles responded.

"I'm Carlton Watson, the new Plant Manager."

The crowd and Carlton watched Charles' face expression. Carlton knew right then what kind of mindset he was dealing with. Charles could not believe the company sent a black man to be the Plant manager.

"Mr. Moody, I don't know how you have been running this Plant, but I go by moral principles and practices. And these are the same rules Maryland Paper Plant abides by."

Charles face was red as he bit down on his bottom lip.

"You need to reread the Company's policies."

The crowd was surprised Charles nor Bobby responded back. They never seen anyone who would dare to take a stand against the Moody family. Some of the white employees hated having a black Plant Manager, but others did not mine. There were thirty-three employees who worked for Maryland Paper Plant. Three was black and one was Hispanic. The three worked inside the industrial area. They were glad to see Carlton.

"Alright fellas, I'm sorry we had to meet like this, but I will be stopping by everyone's work section today." He looked at Charles. "Mr. Moody, would you relieve them, we have a lot to go over."

Charles' anger was eating him up inside. He never took orders from a black person before.

"Everyone may be relieved."

You could hear the mumbling amongst the employees as they headed towards their work stations.

Bridget was getting ready for school when she heard a horn blew. She looked outside her bedroom window, down at the U-Haul as it parked next door. She ran down the stairs. "Mom, we have new neighbors."

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Karen looked out the living room window. "Tom darling, our new neighbors have arrived, let's go welcome them to the neighborhood."

"Give me a minute Karen, then we all can leave together."

The driver started unhooking Janice's gray 4 door 625 Mercedes Benz as she came out the door.

The Cockwrights came outside.

"Oh look Tom, he has a black wife."

"If anything, I hope she's the housekeeper."

"Let's go welcome them to the neighborhood."

While Janice was helping Frank unhook her car, the Cockwrights walked up. Tom extended his hand.

"How are you doing sir, I'm Tom Cockwright, the Chief of Police and this is my wife Karen, and my sixteen year old daughter Bridget."

They both shook hands.

"We are your new neighbors."

Karen extended her hand to Janice.

"I'm sorry ma'am, but you must be the nanny?"

"I beg your pardon!"

Frank looked at Janice before speaking out.

"I'm sorry sir and ma'am, but I'm only a driver. She is the owner."

Bridget covered her mouth with her notebook binder as she held inside her laughter. She was tickled from the reaction from her parents faces.

"I'm so sorry miss."

"It's Janice Watson ma'am."

The Chief walked off without any apology.

"Please excuse my husband. He doesn't mean—"

He yelled over to Karen. "Let's go before she's late for school."

"I'm so sorry Janice." She then walked away.

Bridget was still standing there. "Welcome to the neighborhood." She then walk back towards her parents.

Janice stood there looking at Frank. "Tell me this is not happening, could you believe this?"

"This is truly different than up north. And I thank your Chief is a racist."

"Of course he is."

They both watch the chief leave in his patrol car, while Karen and Bridget followed in her beige Land Cruiser. Bridget waved as they passed by.

Doing lunch hours at the plant, the employees were divided into groups talking about the new plant manager.

"Did you hear the way he talked to Mr. Moody, and he didn't say anything."

"I know you and Jerry are happy, because rumors were floating around in the front office that Mr. Moody was going to fire you, Jerry, Terrance and Jose before the new manager arrived."

"Do not look surprised Jose, Mr. Moody didn't like Spanish people either."

"I do nothing but my job for family. Me stay out his way Robert. It's these three who write complaints."

"You hang around blacks, why you think your name isn't on the hit list."

"I wouldn't doubt it, Shawn."

"Look at them niggers over there, they think that monkey is going to save the day. "

"And Robert is over there selling out his own kind, look at him Bobby."

"He don't realize what he's doing to our race John when he giggles with them niggers."

"I wonder why Charles didn't say anything back to that nigger?"

"I do not know, but his father is going to...oh I could imagine what he's going to do."

FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

Inside the main office, Charles was bringing Carlton up to date with everything, when the office phone rang. He press the speaker on.

"Maryland Paper Company, Carlton speaking, may I help you?"

"Carlton, how is everything going?"

"Fine sir."

"Why are you working, you didn't have to report until tomorrow?"

"I know sir, I wanted to tackle a couple of things and get more familiar with the job and employees."

"That's what we love about you, Carlton. You love your job, but you should be home with your wife and kids."

"I know sir."

"I want you to take off all this week and report back Monday morning. Spend some time with the family."

"Yes sir, Mr. Marsh."

"I told you before, please call me David. How are Janice and the kids loving their new home?"

"She loves it."

"That's good."

From the conversation David and Carlton had, Charles knew the head boss cared for Carlton.

"Is Charles close by? "

"He's right here. "

"Yes sir Mr. Marsh I'm here. "

"Charles you're doing a fine job, I want you to assist Carlton on whatever he needs in order for him to rebuild our status quo."

"I will do my best sir."

"Thank you because this Mississippi Branch have been behind in quality production for the past two years."

They both stood there and listened."

"Carlton, do you see any changes that need to be made?"

He looked at Charles. "Oh yes, a few sir."

"Keep me up to date on everything, and if I can be any assistance to you, don't hesitate to ask... Now, you gentlemen have a nice day."

They both responded. "Yes sir."

"Now don't forget Carlton, Monday morning. "

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"Yes sir, I want. "

They ended the call."

Charles knew his back was up against the wall. "I see you and David Marsh are close.?"

"We agree on ethics, and I believe in equal opportunity... I think we're done in here for now, so lets tour the plant."

Carlton stopped by everyone work site like he promise. He spoke very brief, shook their hands and moved on. He noticed throughout the department there were not any minority working, only when he reached his last tour stop inside the industrial area. This was where the paper making process took place. He saw everyone working.

"I'm very impressed Charles, they're very productive inside this department."

He continued to look around.

Charles yelled to Bobby, the floor supervisor. "I need you to get everyone's attention."

Bobby grab the bull horn. "Attention everyone , could you please shut off All machines. Mr. Moody would like your attention for one minute."

Everyone focus on Carlton as they listened.

"I'm happily married with two kids. I'm a fair person, and easy to get along with. I believe in equal opportunity."

Jose begin to smile while looking at Shawn and Jerry.

"I did not come here to make your lives a living hell, only to rebuild this company and make it one of Maryland's top productive companies in the South."

They listened closely to what Carlton had to say.

"I cannot do this without your help. At Maryland we believe in taking care of our own, as in employees... I know we're in a recession, and I don't want to lay anyone off."

When Jose heard that, he started praying in Spanish, while looking back up as Carlton spoke.

"Because I know you all need the money to support your families. So we need to push out quantities of quality production. And if anyone can

figure out a better way to make this happen, I'm open to reasonable ideas."

Bobby looked at Charles with anger then turned his head.

"Think about it and submit any ideas you may have to me in writing."

Robert raised his hand.

"Yes, young man in the back step up to the front."

"Sir, where can we place these ideas at, inside the suggestion box?"

"I will be back Monday morning, you can bring them to my office on your lunch break or after work, slide them through my mail slot."

"Excuse me sir, but we aren't allowed up front."

"Says who? "

Robert refused to respond nor did anyone else.

Carlton looked at Charles then stared towards the workers. "A lot will be changing around here, as of now, you can come to my office or stop by anytime to address your concerns... You all have a nice day, and I'm looking forward to reading your ideas."

They all watch as Carlton and Charles walked out. Bobby raise his bullhorn. "Everyone get back to work and you, come here."

"Sir, can I--"

"Don't say a word you nigger lover. You are starting shit around here with these niggers."

Robert stood there quite.

"You are selling your race out, thinking this monkey is going to come in here and change something. Now get the hell out my face nigger loving mother fucker."

"Charles I'm headed home early, I will see you Monday."

"Alright Carlton."

While heading towards his office to get his briefcase, and before he turned the corner he stopped and looked back. He saw Bobby and Charles walking outside the industrial area.

"Charles what's going on around here? You just going to allow this nigger to come in here and start running things?"

"I'm not letting him do anything."

"Why didn't you control that monkey then?"

He looked around. "Look Bobby, this nigger is in good with the headquarters head boss."

FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

"Maybe he needs to disappear then."

"I would love to see that happen... It makes sense now."

"What make sense? "

"A week ago David Marsh called asking how Vicksburg he is on racial profiling. I should have known then he was a nigger."

"We need to do something quick because our jobs might be on the line. You see the way he's talking."

"That nigger isn't firing anyone, he just believe in equal opportunity. We will go along with this until I find a better way so this want come back to haunt us."

"Let's see what your father and the Brotherhood has to say about this."

"My father nor the Brotherhood has anything to do with this. This is my career on the line here. So do not force my hand Bobby."

Many Fort Pulaski neighbors were outside watering flowers, Mowing and watering their grass when Carlton pulled inside his driveway. Everyone stared him down as he got out his truck. He felt some of their negative energy from a distance as he went inside.

Brandy saw her father. "Mom, dad is home." She ran to him with a hug. "Hey Dad."

"How is my baby girl doing?"

"Fine, Mom and I fixed your office up, come see it." She pulled him into the office room where Janice was.

"It's lovely Brandy." He walked over to Janice. "Hello baby." He kissed her then hug her.

"How was your day at work. She knew something was bothering him because he continued to hold her in his arms in silence. "Brandy, baby, give me and your father a little privacy."

Brandy left out the room.

"What's on your mind, honey?"

"Baby, this place is still the same after 30 years."

"Honey, you may be right, because I met our new neighbors this morning and it did not go well."

"What happened?"

"Our new neighbors who live next door in the white and yellow house."

"The one over here?"

"Yes, the Chief of Police, his wife and daughter. Seems like their daughter is the only one with sense. They had the nerves to think I was a nanny."

"What?"

"Yes, the wife actually asked me if I was the nanny, and the Chief of Police thought Frank was the owner."

"So they thought Frank was the owner, unbelievable."

"Until he told them otherwise...then the Chief walked away. Honey I'm sorry I convinced you from thinking different about this place."

"It's not your fault, baby. This was a decision we both made. Maybe God has a plan for me here I don't know." He kissed her on the side of her cheek. "How is Justin doing?"

"He is alright, maybe you need to have a talk with him."

He kissed her again.

"Alright baby."

Justin was upstairs lying across the bed while listening to music and searching the internet. He never heard his father knock on the door and entered.

"Justin, I have called your name five time before coming in."

Justin pulled off one of the earpieces after noticing his father.

"I'm sorry Dad, I didn't hear you."

"How is everything going?"

"A little home sick that all."

"I know it's hard son, and I'm regretting I brought us down here."

"Why do you say that Dad?"

"This place hasn't changed son. People still have hate in their hearts for no reason."

"But that's everywhere Dad."

"You are correct, but it is different down South. We tried to shield you two from racism. This place is different than Minnesota."



FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

"Dad I never talked about this before, but I receive comments from other teams we played. Some called me a nigger, but I looked pass them."

"Why didn't you tell us?"

"I don't know, to me it wasn't important enough to bother you. I just remembered what you told me when I first started playing hockey."

"And what's that?"

"Be confident in what you want to achieve, and never allow anyone or what they say stop you from achieving your goals."

Carlton was stunned as he continued to listen.

"So I beat hate with love, kind of how Doctor Martin Luther King Jr. did."

"What do you know about Martin Luther King Jr.?"

"Remember I wrote a ten page essay about him. I may know something you do not, Dad."

"I want doubt it, now come on, let's all go out to eat. I will see you downstairs."

Justin stopped his Father before he left the room.

"Dad?"

"Yes son?"

"I love you."

Carlton hugged his son while looking up at the ceiling.

"I love you too, son."

**M**ission and Wisconsin was packed. Everyone met up at Latootes Checkers and Chess Club. Charles had to explain himself after Bobby went to his father about Carlton.

"Bobby tells me they sent a nigger to run the paper plant?"

"Yes father they did."

"He also tells me that this nigger embarrassed you in front of everyone?"

"That's nonsense father, no such thing happened."

He pointed at Bobby.

"And you know that."

Charles was very upset.

"This was a choice by Maryland Paper Company."

"Son, it maybe by them, but no nigger don't run nothing inside Vicksburg."

"Father let me handle this, because the company already asked about racism here in Mississippi."

"So What boy."

"We can not do anything to him or it will come back on us."

"No nigger will run nothing here and I mean it."

"This nigger is close to the owner of the company."

"Nigger lovers back in my day, we would kill the nigger and his lover. I don't know what's happened to our people."

William pulled on his cigar.

"We have lost the tradition of our ancestors."

" I heard he stayed in our neighborhood in the house John and his wife stayed inside."

William look that Charles. "Son, I do not care what you do to that nigger, kill him, scared him as long as this nigger get out of our neighborhood and City." He hit the table with a hammer fist. "Fort Pulaski is an all-white neighborhood and niggers aren't allowed it!"

Carlton and his family left the restaurant after eating. He turned onto Highway 170 South. Janice knew this was not the way home. She saw a sign that read "The Delta straight ahead" she knew this was her husband's hometown. They cross the old Mississippi bridge into Delta City.

"Dad, where are we going?"

"Baby we are going to see uncle Leroy."

When he pulled up at his uncle's house, he seen his uncle talking to a Sheriff.

Leroy and the sheriff watch the black SUV pulled up. They both saw the Minnesota tag as he parked. Leroy could not believe it.

"Oh my God... excuse me, Sheriff. "

He walk towards the black SUV as carton got out.

"Uncle Leroy." He walked it in front of the Denali as they both met.

FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

"Carlton?"

"Yes, Uncle it's me."

They both hugged.

"Thank God you finally came back home." He continued to hug him.

"We miss you son."

Tears rolled down Janice's face while she watched her husband reunite with his family, and began tackling his horrific past.

"Come on Kids, lets get out."

"Uncle Leroy, this is my family. This my lovely wife Janice, my sixteen year old son, Justin, and my ten year old daughter, Brandy."

"It's nice to meet you all."

Leroy hugged everyone.

The Sheriff walked towards everyone.

"Reverend Leroy, I see you have company so I will see you tomorrow."

"Sheriff, do you have a couple of minutes to spare? I want you to meet my nephew and his family."

"Yes sir, Reverend."

"Sheriff, this is my family from Minnesota."

"Hello I'm Carlton, this is my wife Janice, my son Justin and daughter Brandy."

The Sheriff shook everyone hand.

"I'm Sheriff Holmes, welcome to the Delta."

"Son, your Aunt Clyreetha has plenty of room for you all, I would love to have you."

"Well thank you Uncle, but we live in Fort Pulaski."

"Fort Pulaski!"

Leroy and the Sheriff looked at eachother. He called his wife.  
"Clyreetha, Clyreetha come here."

"Yes Leroy sweetie?"

"Come show the family around...Go make yourselves at home. Carlton, you stay."

Everyone went inside except Carlton.

"Son, don't you know you can't live in Fort Pulaski? They hate blacks over there. Who knows what they will do to you all."

"You and your family brought a house there?"

"No Sheriff, we live inside the Company's house I work for off of Shernwood Avenue."

"So you are here to stay?...What company you work for?"

"Maryland Paper Company."

"You're the new Plant Manager who took John Doyle's place?"

"Yes sir, Sheriff."

"Son, I'm proud of you, welcome back home."

"Thanks Uncle."

"If you and your family need anything, here's my card, and don't hesitate to call me."

"Thank you, Sheriff. I certainly appreciate it."

"I just ask that you be careful in Fort Pulaski because that's not my jurisdiction and I just hope you can get your family from over there."

Carlton listened to the Sheriff.

"I can make arrests in the City area because it's Ware County, but where the plant is, it's all county jurisdiction."

"I thought that was all part of the City?"

"Once you turn off of Business 61 HWY onto Industrial Park Road, it's all county jurisdiction."

"Son, you really need to think about moving your family from over there."

"The Reverend is right, you need to think about it, because I know the Moody's, and I'm pretty sure Charles isn't happy he works for a black guy now."

"I will think about it Sheriff, and thanks for your concern. I certainly appreciate it."

"No problem Carlton."

"Son, go say hello to your Auntie, I know she is waiting for you."

Before walking off, he shook the Sheriff's hand.

"Nice to meet you Sheriff."

"Same here Carlton."

FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

The Sheriff and Leroy stayed outside as Carlton went inside the house.

"Sheriff, would you keep an eye out for my nephew?"

"I will try my best Reverend. I will have a couple of my deputies make patrol rounds out there."

"Thank you Sheriff because my nephew has been through alot, and I'm glad to have him back home."

"If I may ask, who his parents?"

"My sister Maryann and Hurbert Lee Watson."

"My God."

The Sheriff was stunned because he remembered when they were murdered.

It was early Saturday morning as Bridget laid across her bed watching TV. She heard noise coming from next door. She looked out her window and saw Justin going through boxes in front of his garage. She watched him lay down hockey equipment on the driveway.

He placed the hockey equipment inside his father's Denali truck then went back inside the house.

"Dad, are you up?"

Carlton yelled from the bedroom.

"It don't open until noon, son."

"I just don't want you to forget."

"Son, I remember." He turned around and looked at Janice after waking her up. "Goodmorning baby, I didn't mean to wake you." He kissed her.

She laid on his chest.

"Honey, I thought about what you said, and If you want me to transfer them I will?"

"I really understand what the Sheriff and my Uncle was saying, and I thought about just leaving, and head back to Minnesota...but Baby I'm tired of running from situations like this." He rubbed his hand across his beard. "I have been running all my life. Now I'm back to the very thing that had me running."

"You are a very strong and very intelligent. A great husband and a father...maybe God allowed this situation to happen."

He listened to her speak.

"You just have to make the best of it. Remember when we first met?"

"Of course."

"During our several conversations with each other over the period of us dating, you won my heart."

"The same here."

"You did the same thing with Maryland Company Executives who believe in you. And you can do the same here in Mississippi."

Carlton was in deep thought. He knew the South was different, and Mississippi had a history of racial violence and innocents of spilt blood.

Bridget watched the Watsons leave.

The family pulled inside the Ice Rink next to the McCaplin Square Shopping Center right off of HWY 170 and Pearl Street. They parked and everyone got out, and as Justin grabbed his hockey equipment, they saw many parents and their children leave. Justin looked at his father.

"Dad what's wrong? Why are they leaving?"

"I'm not sure."

They went inside the lobby. Carlton saw the manager locking the entrance of the Ice Rink.

"Excuse me sir, what's going on here?"

"I'm sorry sir, but we're closed for all hockey games except the adult games at 8pm tonight."

"Why is that sir?"

"We're short of staff and running out of funds to keep the Ice Rink opened."

The man seen the disappointment in Justin eyes. He then turned towards Carlton.

"I'm sorry sir, but after the adult championship is over, this Ice Rink will be closing its doors for good."

The man looked at Justin once more before walking away.

"I'm very sorry youngman."

This was devastating to Justin. They all left out the lobby.

FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

"Don't worry son, there's one in Monroe, Louisiana. We will find out when they open, and I promise you next week we will go."

He tried to lift his son's spirit as they headed home.

**Bridget** was outside watering her mother's flowers when the Watsons pulled up into their driveway and got out.

"Hello Mrs. Watson."

Janice turned around.

"Hello...?"

"It's Bridget ma'am."

"Yes that's right."

"How are you doing?"

"I'm fine, just watering my mother flowers that's all."

"Alright then you take care."

She watched Janice and Brandy go inside while Carlton talked to his son before going inside.

"Son don't worry about that, now get yourself together, because your mother wants to go out for dinner."

"Yes sir."

"I will see you inside."

Carlton went inside while Justin sat on the steps looking down. He never knew someone was standing over him.

"Hello, are you okay?"

He looked up and saw Bridget.

"My name is Bridget and yours?"

"I'm Justin."

"I see you love hockey, too?"

"So you love hockey?"

"Yes, I'm a big fan."

"What do you love about it?"

"The contact from the players on ice. What about you?"

"It reminds me of basketball, football and soccer all in one."

"It's a shame the Ice Center had to close. Seem like everything for teens is closing."

"Yeah, I was looking forward to this. Hockey was all I ever played up North."

"So you are new here?"

"Yes."

"What school are you attending?"

"Vicksburg High."

"That's the school I go to."

"How is it?"

"It's very nice, we have two restaurants and a store. The teachers are nice too."

"How many blacks go to your school?"

She started counting on her hand,

"I think about five if I'm not mistaking."

Janice looked out the window and saw her son talking to Bridget.

Karen came on the porch.

"Bridget, where are you?"

She yelled as she stepped from off Justin's porch.

"Mom, I'm right here."

Karen looked.

"What are you doing over there?"

She could not see Justin sitting on the steps.

"I'm talking to my friend next door."

Justin stood up.

Hello ma'am."

Karen was surprised to see a young black teenage male talking to her daughter.

"If you don't come inside this house right this minute young lady."

Bridget looked at Justin.

"I will be right back. I don't know what's wrong with her."

She walked off while Justin put away his hockey equipment inside the garage.

Janice heard Karen calling her daughter, so she waited inside the living room when Justin entered the house.

"I see you met a new friend already."



FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

"Yeah Bridget, she's very nice."

She noticed he was not upset anymore.

**When** Bridget stepped on the porch, her mother looked around then pulled her inside.

"Young lady what are you doing over there. You should not be talking to them people."

"Why not?"

"Because your father don't want you to. I'm not going to say anything about this to him. I just hope no one else seen you over there."

"Why can't I be over there?"

"Because you just can't."

"Why because they are black?"

Karen put her hand over her mouth.

"Just do what I say and stop asking questions."

"That's not right mother, it just not right."

Bridget ran upstairs leaving her mother in the living room.

Karen laid across the couch, she knew it was not right. But she knew how her husband felt about blacks.

## CHAPTER 3

**M**onday was the first day of school for Justin and Brandy, and while they were getting dressed, Janice and Carlton also got ready for work. This was Janice's first day at Claiborne Elementary School. She made a quick breakfast for the family before they all left out. She looked at Justin.

"I don't have enough time to take you to school this morning because your sister and I only have 15 minutes before I'm late. So your Father will have to."

"Does Dad even know how to get there?"

"Yes he does, and if not, google it."

Carlton came back inside after warming up both vehicles.

"Baby, are you ready?"

"Yes Honey...Brandy, grab your bookbag and let's go."

Everyone left out the house. Carlton and Justin left together, and Janice and Brandy left together.

"**A**re you ready for school, son?"

"Not really Dad."

"Remember the talk we had the other day?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, if you have any problems, just call me on your cellular phone okay."

"Okay Dad."

He parked in front of the school. They both got out. Carlton looked around.

FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

"So this is the new Vicksburg High. Boy your generation have it good. Look at this place, it's huge."

Justin pointed.

"There's the front office."

They both went inside.

Janice and Bridget went inside the main office of Claiborne Elementary School. She stopped at the Secretary desk.

"Good morning, how may I help you ma'am?"

"Yes, I'm Janice Watson the newly hired Kindergarten Teacher."

"Principal Oates is expecting you, could you hold."

Janice looked around as the Secretary picked up the phone.

"He is in a meeting right now, he will be out in fifteen minutes."

"Thank you ma'am...I need to know what 5th grade class my daughter, Bandy Watson is in?"

"I can tell you right now...the first name Brandy?"

"Yes."

"She is in Mrs. Cranber's homeroom class, wing two room twenty four. Here's the rest of her assigned classes."

"Thank you Mrs. Gormick."

"You are welcome. If you want to, you can take your daughter to her class. Mr. Oats should be out of his meeting by then."

"Okay, thanks."

Principal Oats walked inside the office.

"Where is Mrs. Watson?"

"You just passed her down the hall."

"Maybe I missed her because the only person I seen was an African American woman with her child."

"That's Mrs. Watson. She took her daughter to class...Principal Oates, did you hear me?"

"Call me when Mrs. Watson get back."

Mrs. Gormick watched Principal Oates go inside his office and closed the door. She walked by the coffee maker pretending to make coffee.

"What's the problem Bobby, is everything alright?"

"No John, you remember Mary Moody don't you?"

"Yes, she works down at the Department of Education Office."

"She's the one who pitched a fit about us hiring African American Teachers."

"Yes, I remember her."

"Well now she's one of the members who sets on the Board Of Education for this district."

"And your point."

"My point is...she came to my house with her husband William Moody."

John continued to listen.

"They threatened my career if I hired anymore blacks."

"But you did not hire anyone, I did. It should fall on me not you."

"I know, but who's the principal, me. And that is who it's falling on."

"So that is why you took me off the hiring process?"

Principal Oats stared through his assistant principal.

"So why are you all bent out of shape about something old?"

The Secretary spilled her coffee on her desk as Janice walked into the office. She looked towards the principal door, then back at Janice while cleaning up the coffee.

"I will let the principal know you are here."

Principal Oats pressed the speaker button.

"Yes Mrs. Gormick?"

"Mrs. Watson the new teacher is out here."

"Okay, tell her I'm on the way."

John, the assistant principal looked out the office window.

"Oh okay, that is what this is all about. You messed around and picked an African American for the position."

He turned back around looking at Principal Oats.

"Since you're not color blinded, I'm curious on how you hired an African American?"

"I hired her from the internet. I picked the most qualified and highest educated person I could find. I mean her resume was outstanding."

FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

"So she was never physically interviewed?"

"No, because she had a B.E.d and a M.S.W. degree from Harvard, with 15 years of experience as a Kindergarten teacher. I figured--"

"I know what you figured, you thought with all that educational background it could not be an african American woman."

John rubbed his fingers through his hair.

"Bobby, I know you are not this kind of guy. You can not allow these people to keep threaten you."

"I know John."

"Their breaking the code of ethics, and as principals, we must report them to the superintendent."

"No, he's apart of it as well."

Principal Oats gathered himself together before both men came out to greet Janice.

"Hello Mrs. Watson, I'm Principal Bobby Oates and this is the Assistant Principal John Hardy. We corresponded through the internet."

"Yes, I'm pleasant to meet you."

"John will be showing you around the school today."

He looked at John with a nodd.

"Are you ready Mrs. Watson?"

"Of course I am."

Carlton office was overflowing with papers as he opened the door. He picked the papers up and went inside.

Charles walked out his office.

"Kristy have Fluocon faxed you the invoice yet?"

"I'm still waiting sir."

"Well let me know when they do...Has Carlton came in yet?"

"Yes, about five minutes ago."

He walked down the hall and knocked on Carlton's office door once, then walked inside.

"Good morning."

"Good morning Charles, how can I help you?"

"I came to give you the update on Flucon Machinery. We're waiting on the invoice now."

"When will they be out?"

"I'm waiting on Doug Broome to contact me."

"Alright just keep me up to date on everything."

Charles watched Carlton read each individual paper one by one.

"Are you really reading their ideas?"

"Why wouldn't I?"

"They are only factory workers."

"You really don't understand do you. Factory workers are the ones who help built this company into the power house it is today."

He continued to look Charles in the eyes.

"I was one of those factory workers you are talking about. What about you?"

Charles never said a word.

"Of course not, I see you were hired inside the main office as an intern straight out of college. Let me guess, a Phi Beta Kappa?"

"Yes, how you know what Fraternity I pledge?"

"Remember Randall Petitford the plant manager before John Doyle, he was a Phi Beta Kappa, and so am I."

Charles stood there in shock.

"Sit down Charles, I want to talk to you."

He sat down in disbelief that Carlton was his frat brother.

"What college did you attend?"

"Harvard."

"So you telling me you was at Harvard an all white school?"

"Yes, I have no reason to lie. And as you see, I'm a fair guy. I'm not here to undermine your authority."

Charles continued to listen.

"I'm only here to help you and every other worker out there to keep employment."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Production is very poor, and there is talk about closing this plant down, but instead they took a chance sending another manager."

"I don't see how is that so when David said I was doing a fine job."

"You are, but unfortunately if the company isn't meeting it's status quo, no matter how good of a job you are doing, everyone suffers."

Charles sat back in the chair.

"We have to work together Charles. Do you agree?"

"Yes, David said to help you out, and just for you to know, I'm only doing it because of him."

"You not liking me ain't a problem just as long as we are on the same page with this company."

They both shook hands, and before Charles walked out the office he turned around.

"You need a Secretary, Kristy does a nice job. She will be glad to assist you."

"I was thinking about hiring someone. She's already tied up between you, George and Scott."

"Okay."

Charles closed the door then walked back to his office thinking.

"This will be your assigned classroom after Mrs. Keats leave."

Assistant Principal Hardy and Janice watched the children play from the hallway.

**Mrs. Keats** seen them standing in the hallway.

"Come on inside. How are you doing Mr. Hardy, and you--"

"Mrs. Watson ma'am."

"Mrs. Keats, she will be filling your position."

"Marvellous, mrs. Waton you're in for a treat."

"Well I have to get back to the office, you ladies have a nice day."

They both responded back then Mrs. Keats introduced her to the class.

"Alright everyone, gather around in a circle...This is Mrs. Watson your new teacher. Say hello to Mrs. Watson."

"Hello Mrs.Watson." They all responded.

"Hello to everyone."

"Are you all going to be nice to Mrs. Watson?"

"Yes ma'am." They responded.

"Okay you may continue playing."

The children all scattered out.

FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

"They are all good children, except when it's nap time."

Janice noticed there were only four blacks out the whole Kindergarten wing, and Mrs. Keats had all four in her class.

"May I ask you a question?"

"Sure."

"Why you're the only teacher on this wing--"

"Honey I already know what you are about to say, and I will fill you in during recess."

**B**randy was having fun at school. Her classmates loved her, but her brother Justin was having a little problem finding his classes.

"Excuse me guys, can one of you tell me where is 513 at?"

The three guys stood there staring at him.

**O**ne boy hollered from across the hallway as he closed his locker.

"Yeah dude, that's upstairs. I'm going that way so I can show you."

The two met in the middle of the hallway.

"I'm Gregory but they call me Germany."

"Thanks, I'm Justin."

"Nice to meet you Justin."

The three guys continued to stare at Justin as they walked up the hallway.

"Them guys back there are no good."

Before Justin could say anything back, he was caught off guard.

"**H**ey Justin."

"Bridget how are you doing?"

"Fine, how is your first day going?"

"It's alright if I can find my classes."

"**L**ook Charles, isn't that Bridget and her girlfriends?"

"Yes...why is she talking to that nigger."

"**W**hat happened to you the other day? I thought you were coming back?"

"I was but...well lets just say I will see you after school."

"Okay."



FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

They all walked off.

**“Man** how do you know Bridget Cockwright the Chief’s daughter?”

“She is my neighbor.”

“Man you are blessed, don’t you know every guy at this school trying to get with her and her friends.”

Justin continued to listen while walking upstairs to class.

The children played inside the sandbox while Mrs. Keats and Janice watched.

“You have your hands full. this is a nice school, but some of the teachers and parents are a bit bias towards blacks.”

“I noticed that.”

“Just like them two standing over by the swings.”

“L**e**ts go welcome the black woman before they think we hate blacks.”

**“Here** we go Mrs. Watson.”

“Hello Mrs. Keats, I see your replacement is here. Hello, I’m DOROTHEA MAC ARTHUR.”

“And I’m JOYCE HODGKIN.”

“Janice Watson, nice to meet you.”

“Well we must get back to our kids. Welcome to Claiborne Elementary.”

They both walked off.

“They seemed very nice.”

“Do not let the fake smile fool you Mrs. Watson.”

School ended. Bridget ran upstairs without saying anything to her mother. Karen came upstairs. She knocked before entering.

“Bridget honey, I need to speak with you.”

She never responded to her mother.

“Honey I’m coming in.”

The door was locked.

FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

"Honey I'm sorry about the other day, and I do not want you to be mad at me, it's that your father thinks blacks can't be trusted."

Bridget continued to ignore her mother.

"I'm sorry baby, I know it is wrong."

She continued to lay across her bed. Once she heard her mother leave and go downstairs, she texted Justin. "MEET ME AT YOUR BACK GATE IN FIVE MINUTES"

Justin texted back, "OK".

She slowly crept downstairs avoiding her mother watering the flowers on the porch. Justin was standing at the back gate. they sat down on the back steps and talked.

"What's wrong?"

"Its my parents, that's why I didn't come back over. they don't want me over here. I'm sorry Justin, you would have to excuse them."

"Could you believe this the new millenium and there is still hatred for blacks."

"I never knew they was like this. I never heard them ever say anything bad about blacks."

"It will be alright."

"You're right, how was your day at school?"

"Very cool, I like it."

While Janice was cooking in the kitchen, she heard Justin talking to someone out back. So she looked out the window.

"What type of music are you listening to?"

"I listen to all kind of music. I like Pop, Rock, Rap and R&B. I'm listening to Disturbed right now."

"I love Disturbed and Gymclass Heros. I also love the Migos and Lil Wayne too."

"Your parents allow you to listen to Rap?"

"My parents never know what I'm listening to."

"I hear everyone is trying to get with miss vicksburg?"

She smiled.

"Only because my father is the Chief of Police."

She kissed him on the cheek.

"What's that for?"

FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

"You're very nice."

Carlton came inside the kitch.

"Bby what are you looking at?"

She waved her hand.

"Come here...look how happy he is."

"Is that the young lady next door? Whats her name?"

"Bridget, yes that's her."

"I will call you when I get in."

"Alright."

Bridget went home and he went inside.

"Hey Dad, how are you?"

"Fine son, how was school?"

"It's okay, I have to remember how to get to my classes that's all."

"I'm glad you are okay, son...we've all been invited to a low country ball in the Delta, so you and your sister get ready."

Ditch Pond Park was packed. Everyone welcomed Carlton back home.

"Son, we all welcome you back. We really missed you."

"Thank you Uncle and Aunt Clyreetha."

"Carlton, you remember your cousin Jacob and Chris don't you?"

"Kind of Aunt Clyreetha."

"I'm Jacob."

"I'm Zayid Muhammad."

"Don't start Chris. I don't want to hear that mess."

"I'm not starting nothing Auntie, but this is my name now."

Reverend Leroy shook his head.

"come on Clyreetha, let's go sit underneath the shed with Janice and everyone."

"So Carlton, I heard you are the new Plant Manager over at Maryland Paper Company?"

"Yes I am."

"I know one thing, you better watch out for them crackers over there, ask Jacob he knows."

"What he's talking about?"

"Go ahead and tell him what the cracker did."

"Do you really have to speak like that when addressing white people."

"Oh, I forgot you were up North living with them. Don't you know the white man had his foot on our backs for over 400 years, buried under the mud of white supremacy."

"Chris you can't continue to use that excuse, we're far from those days. You must stop concentrating on the past and look into the future."

Carlton continued to speak.

"There is opportunity out there for anyone."

"Mississippi is different, Carlton."

"Maybe so, Jacob, but we as people have to change our situation. We can not call or lean on anyone else but God and ourselves for change."

"The white man don't want to give our people any jobs."

"With that attitude and way of thinking, our people will never evolve. We must take it upon ourselves to get an education in order to create jobs."

"Unfortunately Jacob, our cousin here knows how white people are after he ran to New York after Auntie and Uncle Watson died."

"Don't you ever go there again Chris I'm telling you."

Carlton became very angry and walked off.

"You should not have said that Chris. That was wrong."

Jacob left Chris and walked over to Carlton.

"I'm sorry about that Carlton. He don't know any better. Ever since he has joined that Black Nationalist group--"

"It's okay, I understand."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm fine...Now what was Chris talking about when he said ask you?"

"I use to work at Maryland before I resigned."

"Why did you quit?"

"The guy that ran the plant before you, his name is John Doyle."

"Yes I'm familiar with him."

FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

"He promoted me as the Assistant Manager, but Charles Moody was very upset that John didn't pick him, so he threatened me to resign."

"Is that right?"

"I had no choice, they threatened to kill my family."

Carlton took deep breaths.

"I'm very sorry cousin."

"I could not put my wife, daughter nor son through that, so I did what I felt was best."

They both walked underneath the pavilion where Janice was.

"Honey come here, this is Nicole's daughter, Erika. She goes to LSU, she's home for the holidays. Me and Nicole was talking and she thought it was a good experience for Erika to work at the plant."

Jacob interrupted.

"No baby, that won't be necessary."

"Why not sweetie? You said she needed to get a job so she could stay busy. I think she would be a great intern."

"Do you have any office experience?"

"Yes, I worked as a receptionist for an insurance company."

"Carlton."

Jacob pulled him to the side.

"I do not want my daughter at that plant."

"Trust me, she will be fine. I promise nothing will happen to her. You have my word."

"I damn sure hope so Carlton."

Carlton turned back towards Erika.

"Come by my office tomorrow morning at ten."

"I don't want nothing to happen to my little girl, Carlton."

"Trust me I want. Just to make you feel better, I will ask Uncle Leroy to see if one of the Sheriff's deputies can bring her home everyday. Will that work?"

"Yes, I guess so."

He knew he had to break the history of conspiracy that went on at Maryland Paper Company, and to hire Erika would be his first step.

After the cookout was over, Carlton and his family went home. As they pulled into the driveway, they were approached by a man from the neighborhood.

"What are you doing around here?"

"I'm the new Factory Manager."

"We don't allow your kind around here."

"Honey, take the children inside...Take them now."

Justin was the only one that stayed.

"Son, go on inside...Sir, you need to leave my property now before I call the police."

"You are living by the Chief now boy, and he don't like niggers either."

The Chief of Police pulled inside his driveway looking as Carlton and the man argued. A deputy car came down the street as he made his hourly rounds. The deputy passed by slowly until he saw the man pointing his hand at Carlton. The Chief got out his patrol car once he saw the deputy backing up. The deputy rolled down his window.

"Sir, is everything alright?"

"This my jurisdiction, deputy. I will handle this."

Janice and Brandy watched the deputy get out his patrol car.

"Too many niggers will bring our property value down."

"Chief, you need to inform this gentlemen to watch his language."

"From the last time I read the constitution Gretchen, I have a right to free speech."

"Not when you are trespassing on someone's property."

"Deputy Sternfeld, I said I have this...Peter go home, you're drunk and you are violating the law."

"I don't believe you, Chief. You are taking up for this toad?"

Peter walked off mumbling. He yelled back.

"I'm tired of you niggers."

"I'm sorry about this Mr...--"

"Carlton Watson, sir."

"Mr. Watson you have a nice night."

FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

"Will do sir. Deputy Sternfield, my family and I appreciate your service. Thank you, sir."

"You are welcome Mr. Carlton, sir."

"Come on, son. Let's go inside."

They left the Chief and Deputy Sternfield outside.

"See boy, that's your problem. You are always trying to save everybody."

"And you took an oath of office to serve and protect the citizens of Vicksburg. Not just one color, but all."

"You maybe my sister's kid and I love you, but do not push me Gretchen, please don't."

"Uncle, you are allowing those people to run this City and run over your authority."

"Honey come here, look they're arguing."

"The Moody's never cared about anyone except their family. They don't care about you. Only when they are breaking the law."

"You don't know what you are talking about. The Moodys have been good to us. You need to wake up and leave from over there because you are beginning to act like them niggers."

"Remember what I said uncle. goodnight."

The deputy got inside his patrol car and drove off leaving the Chief outside as he saw his daughter staring through the living room window as he stepped onto the porch.

"Dad, why were you and cousin Gretchen arguing?"

"We was not arguing , we just had a misunderstanding, that's all."

"Well, why was Mr. Conrad calling Justin's Dad the 'n' word and telling him we don't want them living around here? You Don't feel that way , do you Dad?"

He never responded.

"It's not right, Dad."

"Honey, these people are nasty, dirty, disrespectful, and they can't be trusted."

FRYE

DECEITFUL LIES

"All of them aren't like that. What have black people done to us that's so bad for us to treat them like this?"

"It's just the way it's always been."

"So we hate them for no reason then?"

"Back then there was no questions asked, only direct orders. We were always told that niggers are beneath us. it was one of them rules."

Bridget listened as her father tried to explain.

"Growing up as a kid you never questioned or argued point blank. it is what it is and that's that. Now , your father needs to take a shower."

Bridget was left in the living room disappointed and confused about knowing the truth. She just could not understand why anyone would have hatred for a people who has done nothing to be treated that way.

"Brandy wants to sleep with us tonight."

He nodded his head.

"Go ahead baby, Daddy and I will be in there in a minute."

She turned back towards Carlton.

"How is Justin taking it?"

"He's fine."

"What about you? I'm behind you a hundred percent, whatever you choose to do."

"Thanks, I know baby...I can't keep running from this. i ran when my mother and father got killed. I must stand strong, I can not let them win this time."

"honey we're here for you, we are family and family stick together no matter what."

"That's why I married you...I love you baby."

"I love you too. "