

Walking Railroads: A Biracial Narrative by Briana McDade

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Abstract

“Walking Railroads” is a novella I wrote that begins as sixteen-year-old Alana learns that she is biracial. The narrative follows her as she travels through the southeast of the United States in search of her biological father. Alana deals with the emotional issues she has been hiding after her birth father is revealed. She travels from her hometown in Alabama to Tennessee where her paternal grandmother lives, then to Florida where her father is working on a U.S. Navy base. Alana is accompanied by her longtime neighbor and friend Robert. Together Alana and Robert face the unknown of Alana’s family history. Alana answers the question of understanding identity through the lens of a biracial individual. She also brings light to what might happen to a sixteen-year-old female who learns she is biracial. One often needs to find closure when there is an absence of information involving identity. Oftentimes there are adjustments to be made when trying to identify with all racial groups of one’s heritage. Alana learns to cope with the challenges in hair texture, skin tone, and facial features from the combined genes of an African-American and Caucasian ancestry. Her character is comparable to biracial characters from such novels as “The Blossoming Universe of Violet Diamond” and “The Girl Who Fell from the Sky”. I traveled to Clarksville, TN, and Pensacola, FL, to gather further research to produce the setting. I invented the character to hopefully inspire real young people to learn about their heritage.

Keywords: Biracial, Identity, Realistic Fiction

1. Introduction

The research conducted in this creative piece will answer the following question: What happens to a 16-year-old girl when she finds out she is biracial? The plot of this story surrounds Alana Davis growing up in an African-American household in Birmingham, Alabama. She faces many challenges, such as difficulty being accepted by either race. When she reaches the age of sixteen her father reveals that she is actually biracial. This sparks Alana to set out to find her biological father.

This is the first half of my undergraduate research. The story was written by me and addresses biracial identity in a personal narrative. It was during the fall semester of 2015 that I was asked whether I wanted to complete a scholarly work with some creative entities or the opposite. Clueless and interested I chose a more creative piece with some scholarly work. I was then charged with finding a subject matter that would work for the realistic fiction approach I wanted to write. I wasn’t sure about what I wanted to do, but I knew I wanted a young adult female protagonist. While I am far from being a feminist, I do enjoy reading and writing from the perspective of a woman overcoming some form of a struggle. I stumbled upon the backbone of the story while I took an English class with the focus of New Orleans nocturnal fiction. It was last fall and I realized while writing the final paper about miscegenation that I wanted to continue on the track of blended races. I researched and found, *Coping as a Biracial/Biethnic Teen*. The author, Renea Nash, brought up the “various viewpoints on the terminology to be used in describing biracial people. There’s

interracial, biracial, mixed, brown, multiethnic, multiracial, mulatto, multicultural, bicultural, and rainbow” (3). There are other ideas and facts that will be presented later from Nash. After finding some research to get me started on the subject I needed to find a title. I remembered a title for a book I wanted to write and knew it was perfect. The title, *Walking Railroads* works as an eye-catching title and does not spill the beans on what is going to occur in the story. On the other hand, the title gives an acutely hidden meaning that is not understandable right away. Many people recall walking on railroads as a child, but as for the meaning of the book, Alana is walking a railroad between being white and black. Her parents are walking the railroad of love and society. We all are walking on some railroad hoping we do not fall off, although the fall is not far from the ground. We stand on steel inches from the ground, balancing the weight of the world along with our own. What motivates us to continue? How do we keep our balance even when the weight is not even? These were the questions I was curious as to how the characters would answer, more importantly, Alana. In terms of realistic fiction, it is a genre consisting of stories that could potentially occur in humans and animals in a true to life setting. The form of storytelling stems from realism. This particular genre was chosen for its close proximity to the real world and its relatability to people of all ages. However, the focus audience for this novella is adolescents in search of an identity. It is not a hidden fact that adolescents are in search of who they are. Nevertheless, the biracial individual is in search of two things, who they are and where they fit in society. The idea of placement is why I chose a school setting as a flashback. Dr. Simon Nuttgens, a professor at Athabasca University stated, “within the school setting biracial children are pressured to adopt a singular racial identity; ironically, at the same time the biracial adolescent may increasingly be questioned about racial identity with an expectation that they must somehow justify their perhaps ambiguous physical appearance” (357). The pressure to adopt a singular racial identity is not the easiest thing to do. If it were, many biracial individuals would have already done it. Alana already assumes that she belongs to a singular racial class. I am therefore upsetting the original conflict between those of one race and those of multiple races. As for the ages chosen for the flashbacks, I was very deliberate in my choices. Continuing from the school setting flashback I chose the age of eight. Renea Nash, the author of *Coping as a Biracial/Biethnic Teen*, said that most children by the age of seven and eight are aware of their ethnic labels (19). The idea that children are self-aware of their own racial marker brings up the idea of their awareness of racial markers of others. This may be why isolation of individuals that are different by birth is often prevalent during adolescence. As previously stated, Alana does not find out until later that she is biracial. It makes the realization of the flashback jarring. Also in the moment confusion is placed on Alana, who must decide where she belongs on the spot.

2. The Research: Literature

While taking the English class helped in the decision of a biracial subject, it was not the main contributing factor. I was already interested in the subject and have other books in mind for continuing with the subject of biracial identity and the mixing of two or more races. Not many people take into consideration what it is like to be biracial. Nash stated, “some people believe that biracial children should choose between their races because it would be impossible for them to maintain a dual relationship to both racial groups. They say that choosing one would mean rejecting one-half of a person’s heritage. Would it or wouldn’t it?” (1). There are some people that are enthralled with individuals of different races being together, while others aren’t so approving. There are many hard things in life people have to deal with on a daily basis. When race is one of them, things become complicated, because society is black and white with no room left for gray. Dr. Nuttgens said when biracial children reach adolescence they are more in tune to racial identity issues (356). I will be looking at fictional and non-fictional female protagonists, who are telling a traveling, a coming of age, or a racial identity story. These elements are all included in my fictional piece. I hope to uncover the answers to how the question of radical identity manifests, the emotional childhood memories that don’t make sense (bullying/teasing), and the need to find closure when faced with the absence of information regarding identity. Using works of fiction like the main character in Toni Morrison’s *The Bluest Eye* brings to light this fact. An African-American female struggles with her racial identity through wanting the blue eyes of a white child, so that she may obtain her mother’s affection (Morrison). Alana has blue eyes and while she is not seeking the approval of her mother, she does want some form of acceptance from those around her. As she travels in search of her father, it is evident that she wants approval from her parental grandmother and birth father. It is not the approval of belonging to these two individuals she wants. It is a self-approval that Alana wants. There is a part when Alana wonders about whether her paternal grandmother will be racist and unaccepting of Alana as a family member. While this sounds as though Alana wants her parenteral grandmother to want her, it is actually a personal acceptance within herself as a white woman’s granddaughter.

Maya Angelou’s autobiography, *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, recounts her childhood, telling a beautifully woven coming of age story (Angelou). By the end of part one of *Walking Railroads*, Alana’s story is just unfolding

and hopefully seeming real for those who are reading. Alana's story resembles Angelou's as she retells jolting moments in her life that she didn't understand to have a meaning as life changing as having a different birth father. Zora Neale Hurston's *Their Eyes Were Watching God* shows Janie Crawford's desire for love and how she finds herself. She marries and is disappointed. Later she meets Tea Cake and he allows her to find herself and love and be loved in return (Hurston). Alana's story aligns with Janie's when it comes to the protection of those around her (i.e. Autumn, her mother) and how she wants to get away to find who she is as a person and not what others are creating for her to be as a human.

Dr. Nuttgens' article "Biracial Identity Theory and Research Juxtaposed with Narrative Accounts of a Biracial Individual" will support some of the claims made in my fictional piece, as well as connect the fictional/nonfictional works that are not bi-racially oriented. It will also show that the situations presented are often visible in children that are biracial. An example of this idea would be Autumn's (Alana's mother) secret of Alana's biological father. As stated by Dr. Nuttgens, biracial adolescents lack affirmation about racial identity from the outside world. This isolation of comfort in all racial groups extends to their home environment (357). By Autumn not allowing Alana to know her true heritage, she hindered her from accepting and understanding her racial identity, thus causing Alana more confusion the longer she went without knowing the truth.

Renea D. Nash works in the public relations field and is a freelance writer. She wrote *Coping as a Biracial/Biethnic Teen* that details settings and circumstances that biracial teenagers face. It also looks into society's view of biracialism and how they deal with these obstacles. She states that the obsession with race is still a fact that needs to be addressed and possibly will need attention for some time (3). This awareness is what I hope to draw attention to. When dealing with the race factor it cannot just be about one grouping of minorities, but all. I am particularly focused on interracial couples and their children, but addressing all is my goal at some point. The major idea I received from Nash was "Developing your racial identity is important for you... Racial identity is defined as 'pride in one's racial and cultural background.' It's important to develop a strong racial identity for several reasons. According to the professionals, it is crucial because it helps clarify your attitudes about yourself, about other individuals in your racial/ethnic group, about other ethnic minority groups, and about people in the dominant culture" (21). The idea presented is what drives Alana to seek out her birth father, and learn of the absent identity she has yet to address. Both of these scholarly works have provided the necessary facts to give Alana's story real life effects, as well as add to the genre of realistic fiction.

Brenda Woods's *The Blossoming Universe of Violet Diamond* tells the story of a young biracial girl who seeks out her African-American father's side of the family, whom she hasn't met (Woods). Heidi W. Durrow's *The Girl Who Fell from the Sky* tells an impeccable story of a young girl who is forced to live with her African-American grandmother, whom she has never known, after the death of her African-American father and Danish mother (Durrow). These two books have influenced me to find a drive for Alana as a biracial teen and child. They have given me the few key details Alana needs in order to be complete from shared emotional trails to strength in finding one's own identity.

The remaining tool that helped in writing this novella was the traveling that took place in order to truly set the tone for the story. I traveled the same route that Alana took in search of her father. I live in Alabama, a few miles outside of Birmingham. It was not hard to consider dialect for the characters that resided in Alabama. There is an over polite tone with Alana and Roy (Robert, Alana's childhood friend who travels with her), Her mother's loving nature and thoughtfulness of hair texture stems from a southern upbringing further detailed in the second portion of the novella. Clarksville, Tennessee was the next area to observe. There was a drastic difference in Birmingham and Clarksville. There were several individuals who were biracial. The town seemed accepting of interracial couples and their offspring. This isn't surprising with there being a university and military base in and near the city. The observation is not to say whether Birmingham or Clarksville is more accepting of interracial couples and biracial kids. It is about what a first glance is like. Alana isn't sure of her grandmother's feelings, especially since she does not know she is coming. It is also a culture shock to see there are several people like you who look completely different from you. For instance, there are some biracial children who have completely straight hair while others have kinky, unmanageable hair. Another example would be that some biracial individuals have kinky hair but their skin tone could allow them to pass for white or vice versa. Regardless, Alana's perception was developed through the gaze of looking through Clarksville with fresh eyes as to what kind of people lived there. In addition, there was also the development of the parental grandmother. Her character was based off a resident of Clarksville, TN for decades, who was originally from Alabama. Lastly, I traveled to Pensacola, Florida. There I stayed on a U.S. Naval-Airbase to gain an idea of what being on a base was like. The most interesting thing about the base was the entry process. It was much like a toll booth and only certain people are allowed to enter. The entire process made setting the tone and surroundings for Alana meeting her father more realistic. The Florida trip did not have any effect on the characters or the situation. However, it did create a tension for Alana in a chapter that is not presented in this paper. Before Alana meets her father she has a moment where everything becomes overwhelming. It is at her tipping point that she is faced with having to turn

around before meeting her father because she is not allowed on the base. During this time Alana breaks down in tears out of frustration. She is so close to meeting her father, yet so far. In the end, the travel was well worth the long hours. It gave me much to think about, as well as write about. Many times in the novella the setting from my travels is subtle. There are other times that the characters set the stage for the setting through their dialogue.

3. The Writing Process

The process of writing this story seemed most difficult in the beginning. I wasn't sure where I would start. There should be an incitement moment of course, but what moment would draw a reader in and keep them interested in continuing the reading? I was advised to free write and see where writing would take me. It was then that I knew I would start with her finding out she was biracial. I didn't want to skip vital years of the protagonist's life; therefore, I used certain life moments as flashbacks into her life. I feel flashbacks are a gateway for the reader to understand that Alana is not blind to the fact she is of a lighter complexion than others or that her eyes were blue. Alana felt that it was hereditary from some former generation.

I chose first person for the first half of the novella because I wanted the reader to have a personal connection with Alana. I wanted the journey to be intimate and as though you could feel what the protagonist felt. The only personal thoughts were from Alana. It made the flashbacks all the more real, instead of an additional storytelling inside of a story. As for the second half being in third person, I was looking for a close view of what happened between the parents, but I still wanted it to be Alana's story as well as theirs. Third person seemed like a must so the reader could receive everyone's thoughts and emotions and not feel as though they are missing something from a character.

Why I desire to have the past and present of this story told would take months to explain. Therefore, I will give the short version and briefly build from there. The past and present are like making a vase. The past is what kneads or molds us into the people we are, but the present creates the form for who we are before the fire starts. Alana's past in flashbacks gave us the confusion of a child who does not know a family "secret", but these moments create in her a resilience to what people have to say about her. While her current situation builds off of her resilience it also makes her stronger in knowing who she is, although she has points of questioning it.

Outlining this story was easy and fun. I've never had a problem with creating a storyline, characters, or even a title. The problem I have is taking what's inside my head and writing it out on paper. I started the outlining process by first deciding on how many chapters. From there I thought seriously about what would happen in these chapters: would I discuss what happened between her parents from Autumn, Alana's mother's perspective, or would Darrius the adoptive father tell it? I even considered Julian, Alana's biological father, giving a rant about how Autumn was a terrible person for what she had done to him and Alana, as well as telling what occurred with the parents. I soon realized that Alana's parents' story needed to be told in full just like her own. I didn't want readers to make assumptions as to how easy it would have been to run away, or forget about the naysayers. Life is not that simple, especially in the southeast.

I have never officially developed a character. The process was something new for me. Coming up with Alana's name wasn't hard. I happened upon it while searching the internet. When it came to her likes and dislikes, or her personality traits that is when the struggle to complete her came. Nothing seemed to fit who she was as I wrote. It was like I made a list of someone that I wasn't writing about. After a while, I decided it would be best to write until I found Alana's voice, then resume creating the details of her. I also found this to be the case for the other characters that were more dynamic.

The toughest part of the writing process was no doubt balancing the roles of researcher and writer. As a researcher, I had to look for the nitty gritty in others' writing that I could have related to my own. As a writer, I was forced to deal with the woes of writer's drought (writer's block) and creative downpour. It was stressful by all means, but it was also entertaining and worth all the unusual work I'm accustomed to with my own private writing.

The following section below presents excerpts from the first half of the novella I wrote. The three excerpts are important events in Alana's life; when Alana finds out Julian is her birth father, a flashback when her racial identity came into question, and when she met her birth father, Julian. The moments show the emotional turmoil that Alana internally battles with as she seeks to understand.

4. The Piece: Excerpts

4.1. Alana Finds Out She Is Biracial

“Who is this?”

I was looking at a man whose eyes were an intoxicating blue. They held such a magnitude of blue it was daunting to look at them for so long, yet they were soft and comforting. The color of his eyes reminded me of the ocean on a good day when the water is reflecting the sky and the sun is beaming brightly from above. The hair wrapping his lower face, sideburns, and mustache, including just under his lower lip was as if he had professionally colored his peach fuzz. His hair stood on top of his head like bed hair, obviously gelled stiff, but thankfully it looked as though it was natural and styled. He was smiling as he sat on the floor leaning against a bench on the same, old rickety porch.

I put the picture carefully in my pocket and dug through more pictures of my mom. Her happiness was unmistakable, even in some of the pictures when looking mad, disgusted, or sick. I wondered aloud who the photographer was, or where these pictures were taken. I was about to close the box and put in my bag for my father when I noticed a photo I must have missed. I lifted the picture and the letter under it came with it. I detached the photo and the letter. The guy from the previous image stood with his arms wrapped around my mother’s waist. Her face held surprise as the man kissed her cheek. Who was he? I looked over at the letter in my other hand, hoping it would give me the answer I was seeking after.

Dear Julian,

So much time has passed between us. I haven’t heard from you and I do believe that is my fault. I left things in such turmoil that if you don’t forgive me I will understand. I didn’t know that our lives would end up like this. We had so many plans for our lives, then it ended in a swift fatal blow of the wind. I’m sorry I lied to you and I’m sorry that I didn’t stay. I don’t regret my decisions, though. If I stayed I would have been alone without you and our child. I loved you, but I loved Alana more.

There were dried water spots on the page, tears. They weren’t my own, but my mother’s. She had feelings for Julian that I had never experienced in my sixteen years of life. I looked back at the photo in my other hand and before I knew it my own tears began to well up in my eyes. I had lost the connection to my mother loving another once before and realized she had mentioned my name in her beloved letter. Why? I knew what it all meant, but I didn’t want it to be true. What was she saying? Was Julian my dad? How can that be when my father has been with me all this time? There were even pictures of him at my birth. I felt so lost, this letter and picture didn’t make sense.

“What is going on?”

“Alana, what are you doing in here?”

“I don’t understand.”

I fiercely shook my head. I stared at the photo in my hand. It was hard to see clearly because my hand was shaking. I looked back to the letter and I tried to read every word carefully, but it became harder as each word blurred.

“Alana, what don’t you understand?”

I could hear my mother as she spoke to me, but it didn’t register to ask her. I wasn’t even supposed to be in here, let alone in this confusing box. My mother walked over and saw my hands full with a picture and letter from her forbidden box. My hands were trembling and face soaked with tears. My mother moved quickly, packing the box back up. She didn’t look at me nor me at her. My eyes were fixed on the letter and so were hers.

“Give it to me.”

Her voice was stern and cold. A shiver ran through my body and the letter floated to the floor. I looked up at mother and asked,

“Is Julian my biological father?”

The blood drained from my mother’s face. My mother snatched the letter off the floor, crumpling it, and threw it in the box.

“Is he my father?”

I stood up from the floor as she grabbed the box with so much force she almost fell down.

“Autumn, what’s going on?” My father asked as he walked into the room with his cane.

“Darrius is your father.”

She stated with so much conviction I almost believed her. She stormed out the room and I stood there knowing that I wouldn’t get anything else from her.

I whispered to myself, “He can’t be, not according to that letter.”

My father stood under the threshold of the door looking at me with pain in his eyes. I knew then that the letter held the truth.

4.2. Alana Remembers A Moment When Her Race Was In Question

I stood outside of my house waiting patiently for the bus to finally arrive. I had been up since four-thirty, fighting the ritual battle with my mother and hair. Somewhere I found the time, as usual, to get dressed and stand outside my home waiting for a stale corn chip smelling bus. Everything would be normal, the bus would stop short of where I was standing, everyone on board would be loud and busy, and I would be gifted with the absolute pleasure of sitting alone in the middle of the bus. Yet on this morning that wouldn't be the case. Eliza from down the street would be sitting in my seat with her arms folded.

"Umm, this is my seat."

"Is your name on it?"

"No, but I always sit here. Where is Carol? You and Carol always sit together."

"Carol and I aren't friends anymore." I sighed and looked around the bus. The only seats open were next to Mesha, Carol, and Eliza.

"Can I sit next to you then?"

"No." Eliza stretched her feet across the seat. I looked over to Carol who undoubtedly heard me and watched her repeat the same action as Eliza.

"Alana, you need to find a seat, so we can go. Why don't you sit next to Mesha?"

"Why don't I sit on the floor," I mumbled to myself.

"Come sit by me Alana, Jessy's not coming today." The sweetness that oozed off of Mesha's words made me want to vomit. How could a person pretend to be so nice, yet be so evil? I slowly made my way to the back of the bus, probably to my doom. Why was I being treated this way? My day had started out good, therefore it should end that way. Why did a perfect day start with my hair and end here? Mesha was most likely planning how she would torment me; with every step I took a new idea probably popped into her head. I sat next to Mesha and placed my backpack in my lap.

"How are you? Your hair is so cute!"

"I'm good. Thank you. How are you?"

"Better now that you're here."

I shivered from the fear that was building, also from the window that was opened in front of us. Mesha started off with light conversation that I had never known she was capable of communicating with if you were a friend of hers. She asked about my parents and what it was like living with both of them. We were about five minutes from the school when she asked me a question I didn't understand.

"So Lana, which one of your parents is white?"

I almost fell off of our seat from her question. What in the world was she talking about? Didn't I just tell her that I lived with both of my parents? I'm sure if one of them was white I would have noticed by now.

"Neither of my parents is white Mesha."

"That's not true Lana. My mommy told me that you had to be a half white because you are too light skinned-ed and your kitchen is nappy, but your curls aren't. I crooked my head in confusion.

"My kitchen is always clean why would it be nappy?" Mesha let out a long sigh.

"Your kitchen is the back of your head." Mesha thumped the back of my neck roughly. I rubbed it and frowned.

"Don't touch my hair. My mom just did it this morning."

"Only real black girls can say that."

"I am a real black girl, Mesha"

"Who back here thinks Alana is really black?" I looked around hoping someone would stand up for me. Someone would tell Mesha she was crazy and so was her dang mama too.

"See no one thinks you are black"

"Both my parents are black." I dug in my backpack and grabbed my family photo.

"This is my family," I pointed at my father then at my mother.

Mesha was quiet. She studied the photo while the bus pulled up to the school. Everyone waited for Mesha to get off the bus before they filed off. I scooted out of the seat so she could go. Mesha got up and shoved the photo into my chest. She moved as though she had nothing left to say, but then she hit me with a question that would echo in the back of my head.

"If you are only black, then why do you have blue eyes?"

4.3. Alana Meets Her Biological Father

Standing next to Roy I nervously shifted my weight while twiddling my thumbs. What If he doesn't like me? What If he doesn't want me? What if, what if, what if... everything that I could possibly think of flowed through my mind, but it all ceased as Julian opened the door.

"Hello?"

His hair was shorter than what the picture held in my pocketbook. His facial hair was only wrapping around his mouth now and didn't attach to his sideburns or the rim of his jaw, but his eyes were still an intoxicating blue. They were like grandma Payton said, a replica of my own. I stared into his eyes praying he would know who I was with just one look. Part of me wanted to hug him and cry, asking where he had been all my life. How could he not know I was here existing and living a life without him. Although the other half of me wanted to bolt from his porch. Why was I even here? How could I stand here and ruin the life he has now. All this time I've been a dead child, a dead memory, maybe even a mistake.

I'm always so optimistic, but this subject confuses me about my emotions to the core. I've always been secure in who I am, yet here I was standing on my biological father's porch not knowing whether I should jump with joy or cry, hug him or run, I wish I could disappear and find the girl I lost the moment I understood my mother's letter.

"Hi," I said demurred.

Roy piped in, "Hey, my name is Robert, but you can call me Roy and this is Alana." Roy stretched out his hand and Julian shook it.

"Hello, Robert and Alana" The way my name eased off of his tongue, did he know?

"How can I help you two?" He didn't know. I was still as dead as my mother told him I was eighteen years ago. What am I going to do now? I can't just stand here and I already cried about everything. I sucked in a huge breath and followed my gut feeling. Did I come all this way for nothing? No. It didn't matter whether he knew or not, he needed to know.

"Autumn Johnson, now Davis is my mother." I rushed out without giving a thought as to if he could understand anything I just said. Roy smiled and nudged me, but Julian was standing like a statue, staring at me. I shifted my weight again waiting for some reaction from him.

"Honey, why are you standing like that? Hi, what's going on?" The lady walked towards the door with concern written on her face.

"I'm..."

"She's my daughter."

I watched as Julian's eyes lit up at his own revelation and how he didn't seem to believe it until it came from his mouth. I no longer cared about the, what if's. I just wanted to know him. I already had a father and there was no need to replace him, but I needed to know him too. The woman crossed her arms and narrowed her eyes towards me.

"Julian, you don't have kids."

Julian stuck his arm out as if to hush the woman from asking further questions, "Come in. I'm so sorry..." While walking into the house, Julian continued talking.

"Make yourselves comfortable. Lola, I didn't know Alana existed."

"Wait, wait! A girl shows up at your door, tells you she's your daughter, and you just believe her?"

"Lola, believe me. This is my little girl." I could hear the emotion he was holding back as he spoke.

"I thought I lost her eighteen years ago. Her mother, Autumn, was four months pregnant when the accident happened. She told me she miscarried and could barely look at me. The day I was going to take her home from the hospital a nurse told me she was already discharged. I haven't heard from her since."

A tear fell from Julian's right eye and he swiped it away.

"So you didn't know anything all this time. Grandma Payton never told you."

"Mom knew!"

"Well not originally, we met her a few days ago. Spent almost a whole week with Ms. Payton," Roy interjected.

"You met her before you met me? Hold on, you stayed with her?"

"Honey, your mom wouldn't make them stay in a hotel."

"No, but this is my daughter. She wasn't pleased with my relationship with Autumn, especially after my father died."

"My dad only knew where your mom was located. He remembered the whole ordeal."

Julian slightly frowned before setting his face back into place. It must hurt to have a child call someone else by your title. I always wanted to know him, but I never considered how he would feel.

"Julian, can I ask you a question? I hope it doesn't offend anyone."

“Sure, anything.”

“Why didn’t you chase after my mom?”

5. Conclusion: Aspirations

The hope for this research is to professionally add to the realist fiction pool of biracial literature. I want my work to not only be an addition scholarly but creatively as well. There are some people who find research, articles, and other scholarly works to be factual and reliable. However, creative fiction is often seen as interesting, deceiving, and lacking authenticity when looking at it as scholarly research. Fiction is not real, but it does not make all works created under the title of fiction invaluable. My hope is that the research conducted in my fictional manuscript will enlighten people to the issues biracial children face due to society’s ideals. When looking back through time, it is hard to say who is and who is not of more than one race, but people decide who belongs to a particular race regularly. There are people who do agree to being accepting of races blending and others in disagreement. The couples under discussion either look for acceptance or do not and without regard to society’s rules have children. Although the children of these relationships are cute, some are struggling to find a personal balance with being biracial. Blending into one’s own race is not easy, yet to blend into more than one must have its challenges. I want to help biracial individuals with my fiction to understand that self-conception is what gives you access to acceptance into either world of race they want to enter. I have a desire to help eliminate not having a sense of belonging to all of the racial groups of one’s heritage, trying to understand how to blend the different cultures/races into one’s individual life, and dealing with differences with issues involving skin tone, hair texture, and more. I not only want to help biracial individuals but individuals belonging to one race. Identity does not start and end with one person or race, it happens to everybody, and figuring out who you are can start with knowing what your roots are, which is why I want to inspire young people to know their heritage.

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7. Bibliography

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