



[A #DarkMatter Publication]
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WURIDAY

[written and illustrated]
by Jerica Griffin



I AM FAMOUS FOR MY HOODIE

WITHOUT IT, WHO KNOWS IF PEOPLE WOULD
EVEN SEE ME

03

The background is a light-colored, textured surface with faint, darker spots. In the upper left and right corners, there are orange line-art drawings of trees. In the upper right, there is an orange line-art drawing of a house with a gabled roof, two windows, and a door. The text is centered horizontally in the upper middle section.

IT'S FUNNY -

The network diagram is composed of blue circular nodes of varying sizes connected by thin orange lines. The nodes are arranged in a roughly triangular shape, with a cluster of nodes at the top and a larger cluster at the bottom. The background is the same textured surface as the top section.

THIS HOOD, MEANT TO CONCEAL ME, MAKES ME
STAND OUT

04


THIS HOOD

05



IS A SYMBOL OF ME

06



MY MOTHER TELLS ME TO BE CAREFUL
THAT WEARING MY HOOD MAY GIVE OTHERS
THE WRONG IDEA ABOUT ME

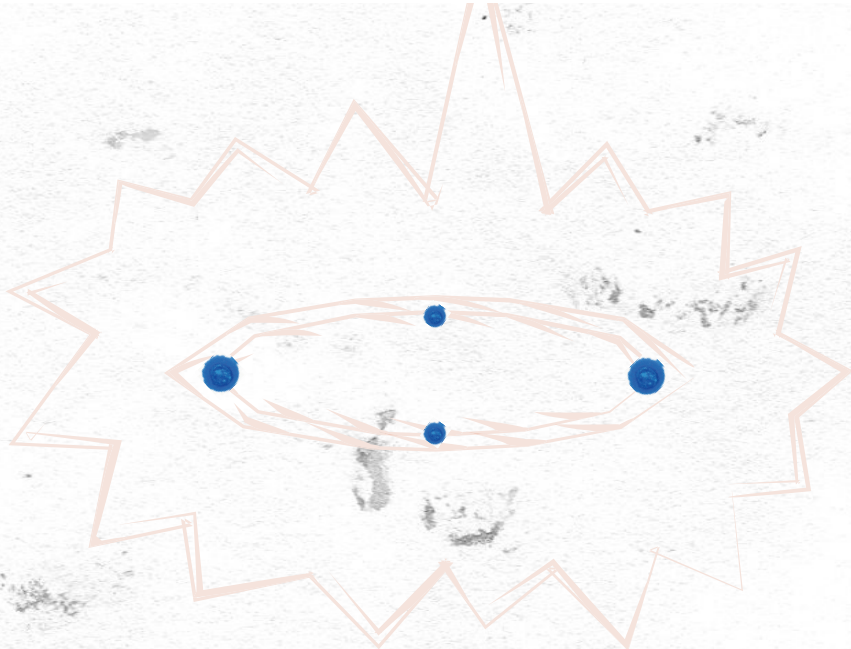
THIS HOOD DOES NOT BEAR MY INTENTIONS
IT CONCEALS THEM

MYSELF IS NOT CONCEALED,
BUT MY INTENTIONS ARE

I DO NOT UNDERSTAND HER
WHEN SHE SAYS THIS

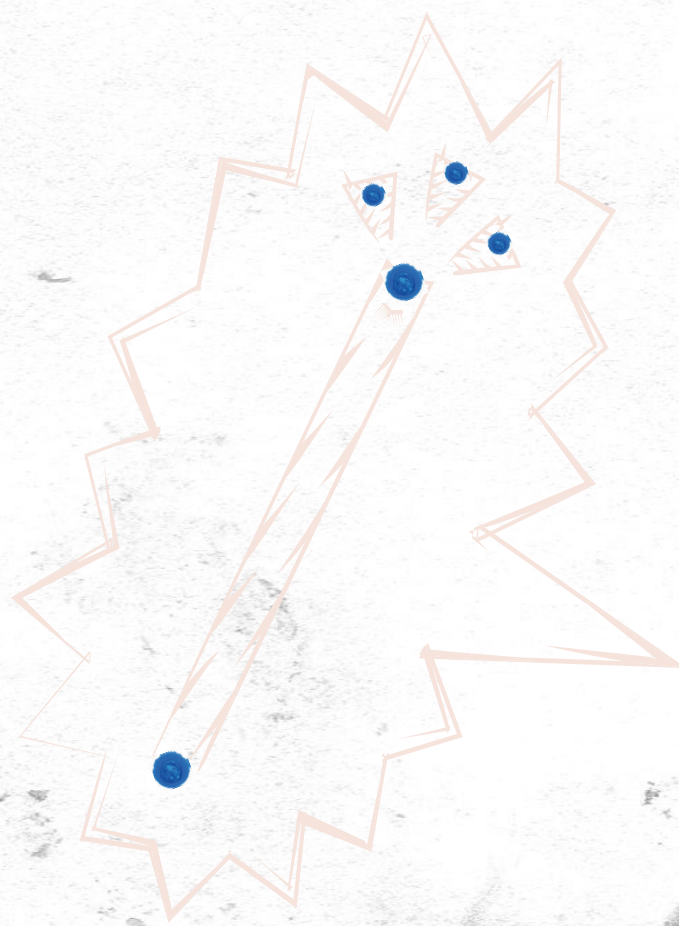


07

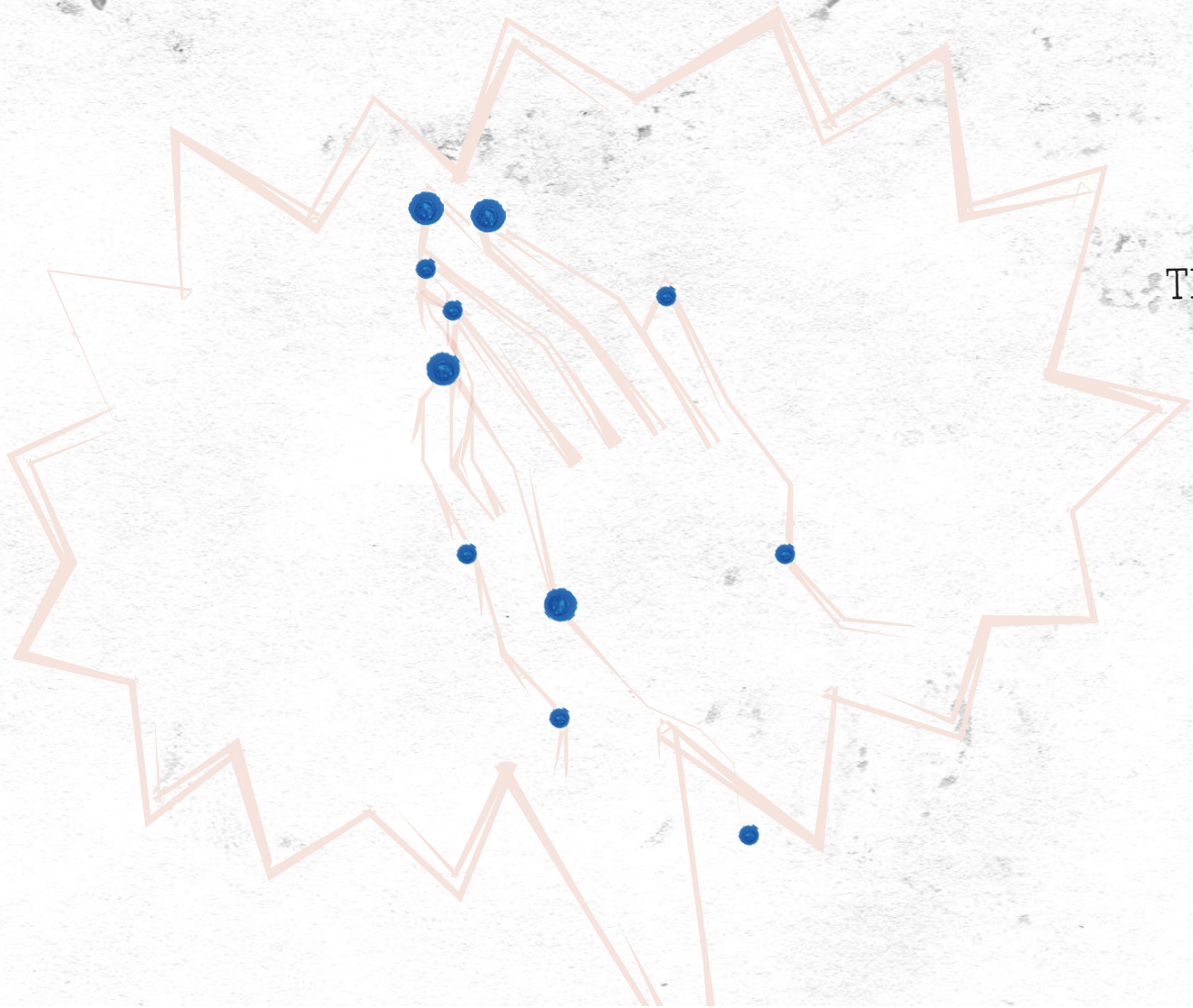


AREN'T MY INTENTIONS EVIDENT
IN MY MANNER?

AREN'T MY INTENTIONS AS EXPOSED AS I AM?



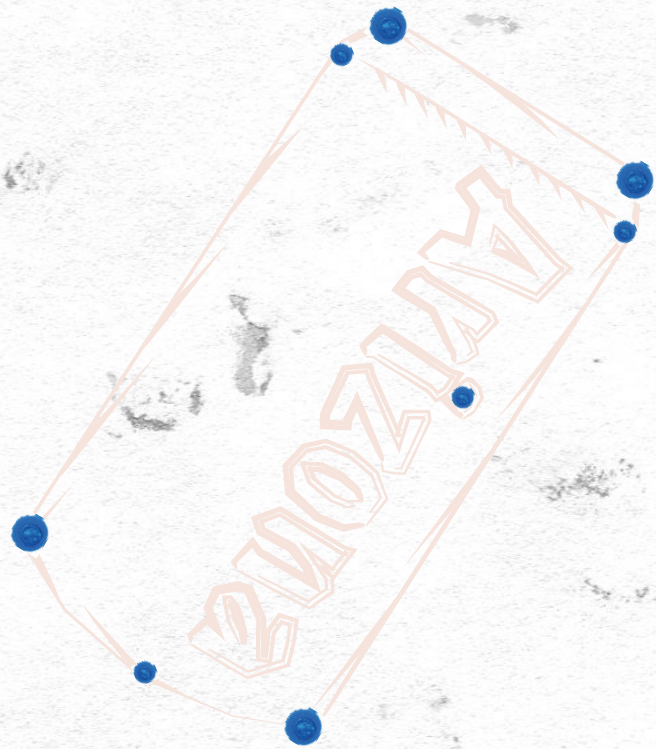
THIS HOOD IS A MAGIC HOOD



WITH THIS HOOD
I CAN CARRY MORE
THAN CAN BE SEEN



FROM CANS OF SWEETENED TEA
TO SKITTLES AND JELLY BEANS

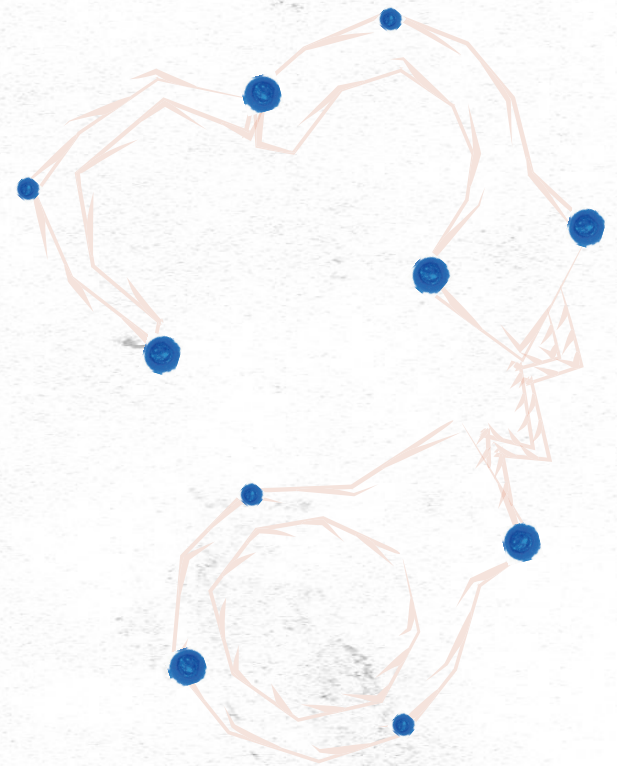


TO A HEAD FULL OF GRAY MATTER
AND A CHEST THAT WON'T STOP BEATING

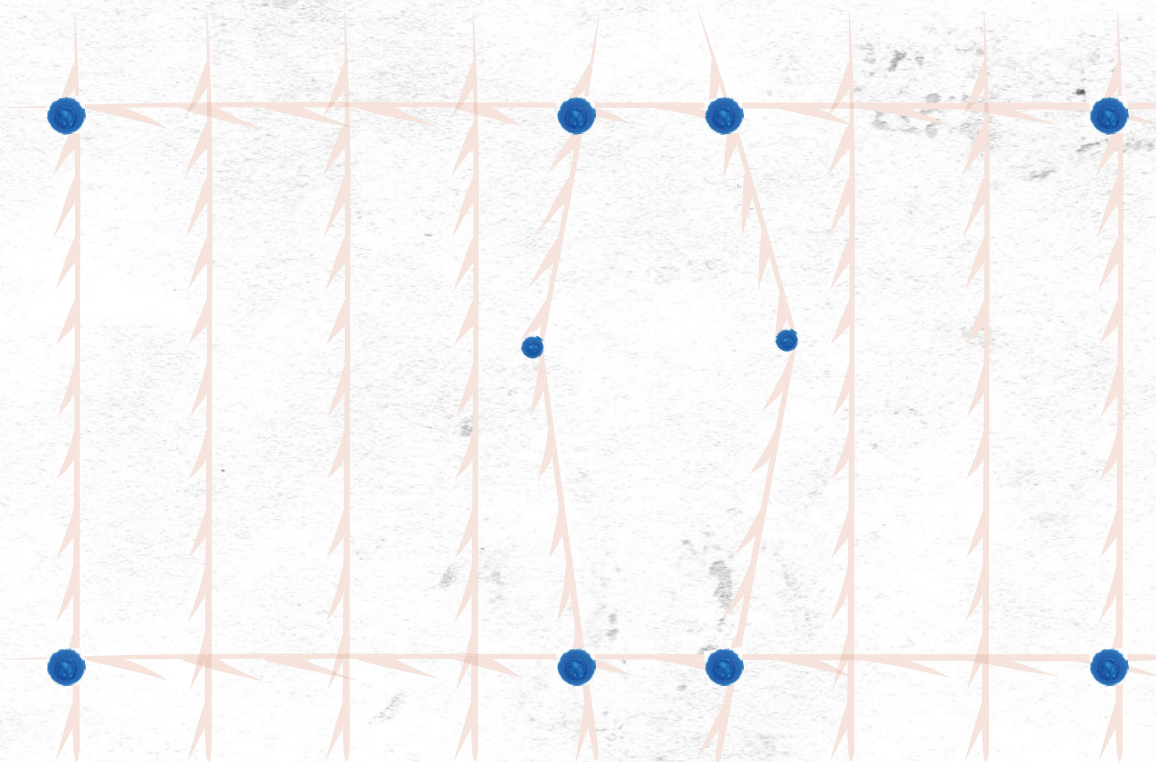
MY HOOD IS A BASKET OF GOODIES

09

WHEN I WALK, MY HOOD GIVES ME COMFORT
IT IS FAMILIAR
IT IS WHERE I LIVE
IT ENGULFS ME



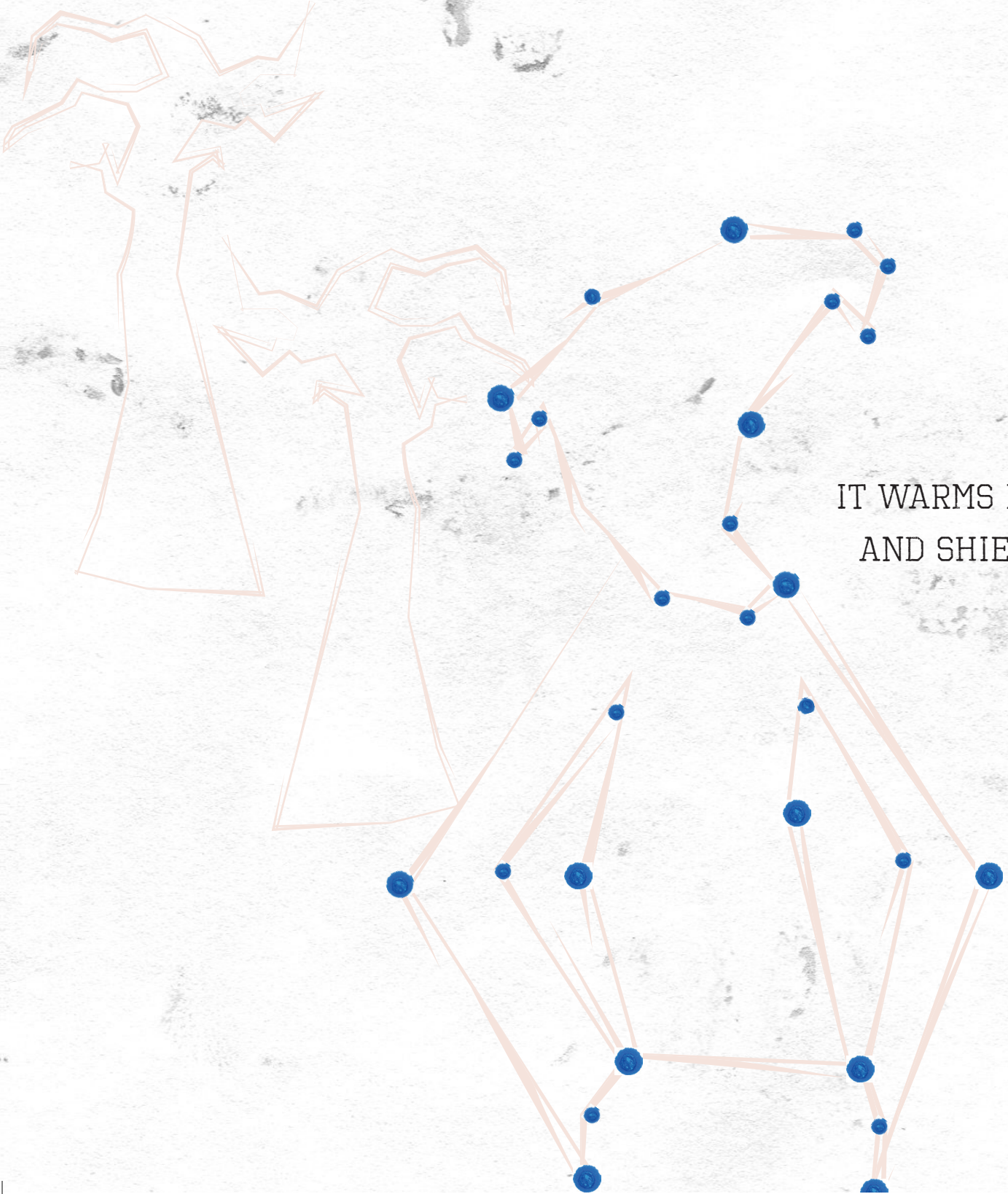
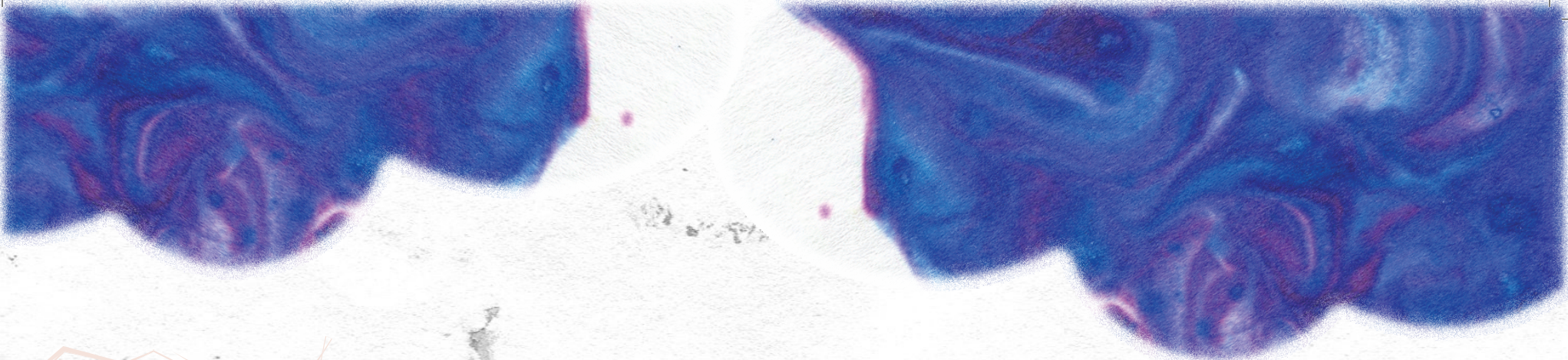
BUT IT DOES NOT IMPRISON ME



BY COVERING MY BODY, IT SETS ME FREE

11





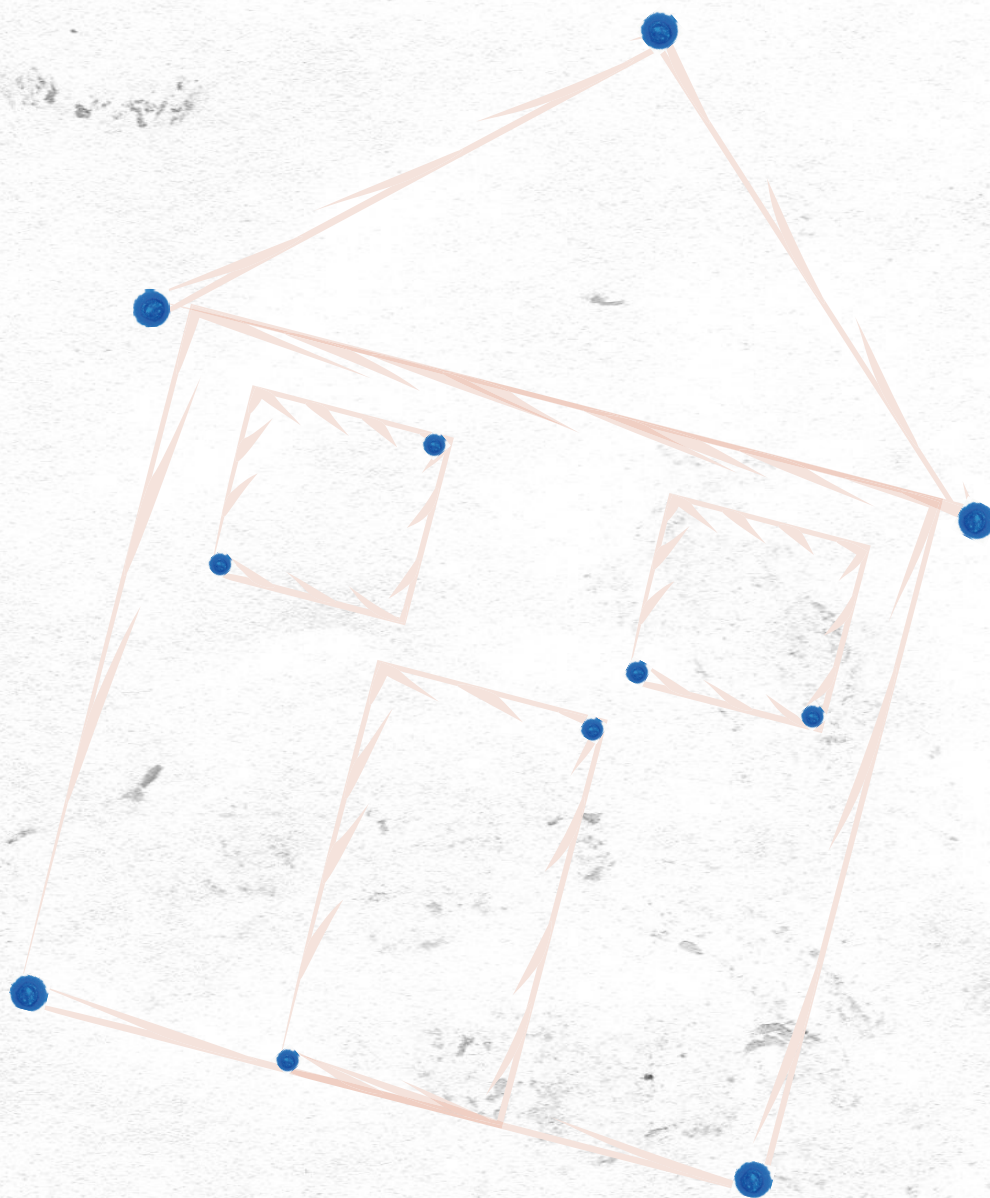
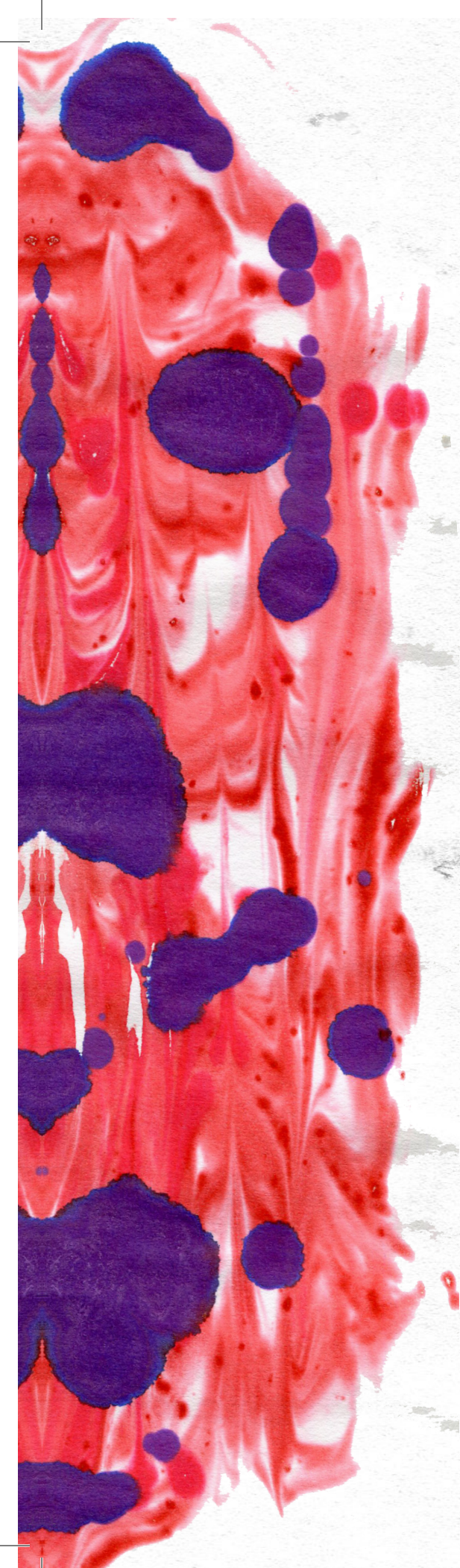
IT WARMS ME FROM THE BITING AIR
AND SHIELDS ME FROM THE NIGHT

THIS HOOD...



13



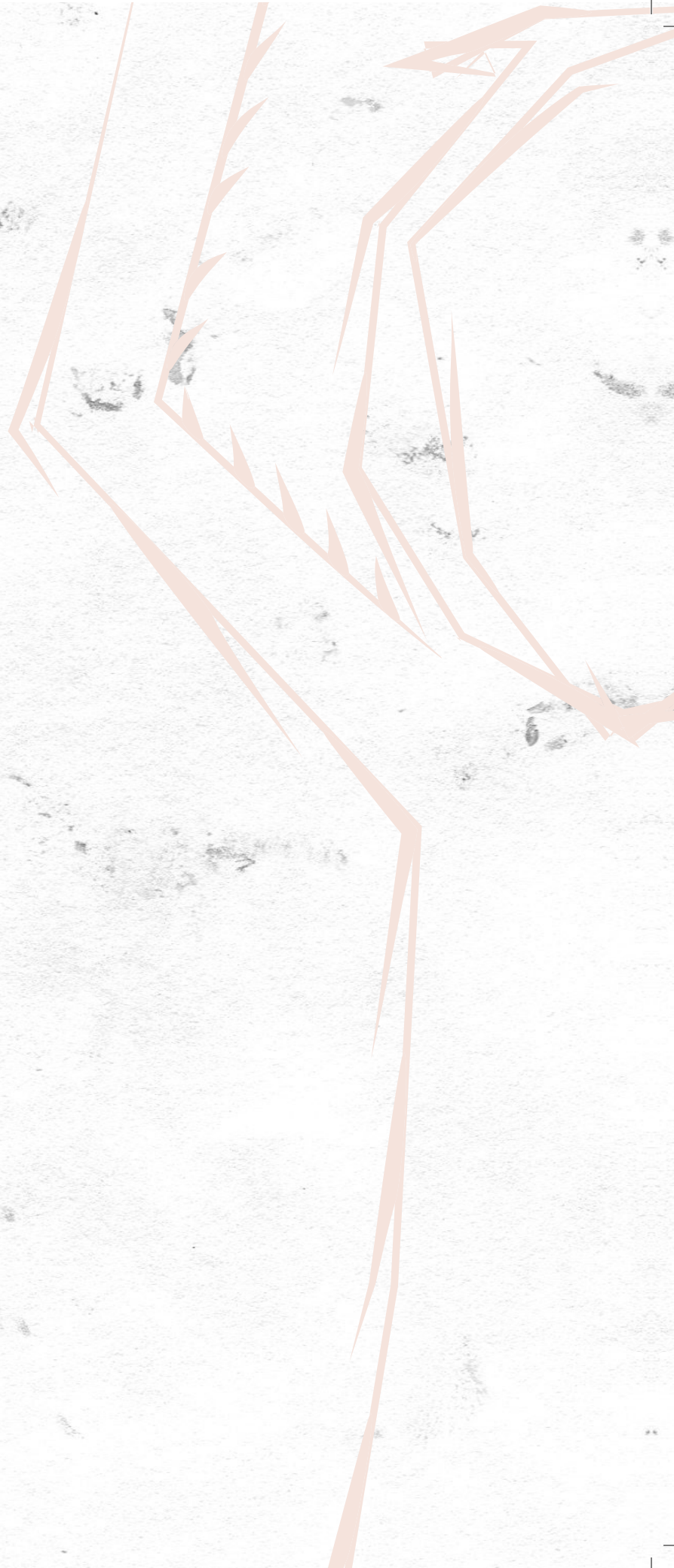


...IS HOME TO ME

14

BUT THIS 'HOOD...

15





...DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME

16

THE HAIR ON THE BACK OF MY NECK BRISTLES
AS THE FAMILIAR FEELING FADES



MY HOOD CANNOT HIDE ME
FROM THE SHADOWS VEILING FALSE KNIGHTS
WHO SHOUT:

**"HEY YOU!
HALT RIGHT-**



THERE IS NOWHERE I CAN GO

I CAN'T RETREAT INTO MY HOOD...

19





...FOR THEY WILL ALWAYS FIND ME

20



THE AIR
IS BITING
WORSE
THAN BEFORE

I CAN'T BREATHE

21



MY

HOOD

IS

SUFFOCATING

ME

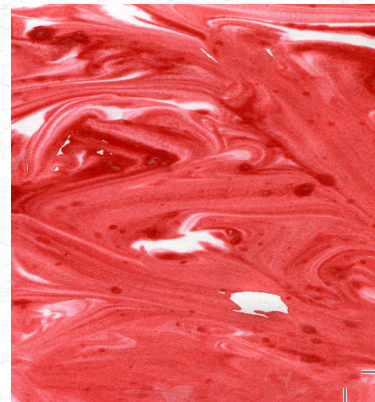
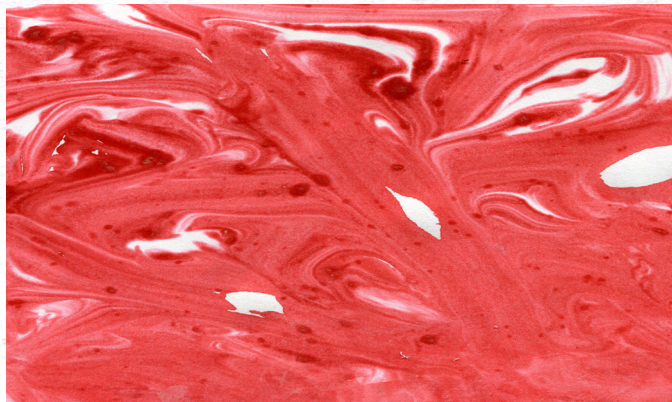


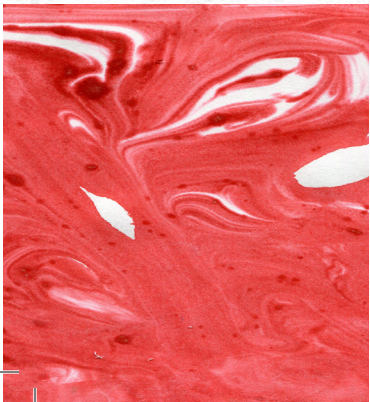
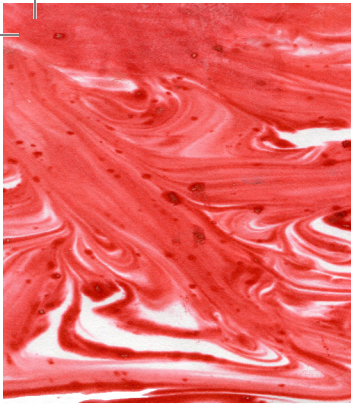
MY HOOD

DID NOT



23



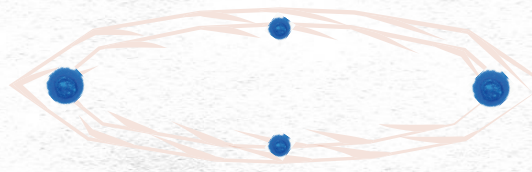


PROTECT ME.



25

[FIN]



[in memory of Trayvon Martin]



