

In 2011, I was leaving a restaurant in a truck driven by a friend who was a white woman. I was sitting as a passenger. The cops pulled us over because they saw the driver (the white woman) smoking weed. The cop acknowledged why he had pulled us over and asked the driver if she had a medical marijuana card. This was prior to cannabis being legal for recreational use. The driver said no. More cops ended up showing up. One had a K9. The cops asked us to step out of the truck. They patted us down and had the K9 search through the truck. The cops found less than 2 grams of cannabis and a pipe under the driver's seat. The cops charged me with "possession of a controlled substance" and allowed the white driver to drive away without charges despite the stop being initiated due to the cop witnessing the driver smoke. Everything was found on the driver's side. It was clear that they placed the charges on me because I was Black. There's no other explanation for what transpired.

Leaving a company Christmas party in 2014, I was walking with 2 friends near Skidmore Fountain. One of my friends was white, another friend was Black, and I'm Black. My 2 friends were walking ahead, talking about the company party we just left. I was looking down at my phone, texting, when I heard a voice I didn't recognize yell, "What did you say?". I looked up and saw a white man running around the corner, followed by 5 or 6 more white men. Then I heard my friends yell, "Knife," as they ran. I was a little slower to process what was happening since I wasn't looking up at my surroundings and didn't realize the voice was directed at us, but I ran as my friends ran. My friends took off right, running the opposite direction we were walking. I took off running left. The group of white men followed me and chased me multiple blocks down Naito. It was raining that night, and I ended up slipping, running off the corner of the curb, and falling. As I was getting back up, I got hit in the back of the head. Then the whole group started curbing stomping me as they yelled, "Kill that nigger." I placed my forearms

between the concrete and the ground so my head would bounce off my arms instead of the asphalt. I remember anticipating getting stabbed and dying there in the middle of a dark Portland street. I ended up working my way back to my feet as I literally fought for my life. I punched one in the jaw and was able to break myself loose and ran for my life. I stopped where food carts were and called a cab.

In 2018, I had to move out of my house after enduring terroristic death threats from my girlfriend's racist brother.

In 2020, I was targeted while working for the US Census in Beaverton. I was riding my bike around in the middle of the pandemic, so I was masked and wearing a helmet as I went door to door to keep the community safe and to keep myself safe while riding my bike. A white man exited his apartment and started accusing me of being a member of "antifa". I took a video of the interaction to protect myself, and the video went viral. Here's what an article had to say about the interaction:

"A video shows a white man near Portland, Oregon, spitting on a Black Census worker and accusing him of being a member of antifa. He and his son have been dubbed "Male Karens" after the clip went viral overnight. The video, initially uploaded to TikTok in two parts, shows the Census worker standing at the bottom of the homeowner's steps as the homeowner verbally accosts him.

"I got a bike. You're saying I look like antifa?" the Census worker says. "Look at my phone, buddy. It says U.S. Census. It's a whole pandemic outside." I

The homeowner responds:

"You're wearing a black fucking mask," the homeowner responds. "You look like antifa, motherfucker."

He continues: "I'm tired of people dressed in black masks, black helmets, burning down the city of Portland."

The worker continues to insist that he's a Census worker riding his bike from house to house, hence the helmet. Nevertheless, the homeowner persists in grilling him:

"You're not answering my question," he says. "Are you fucking antifa?"

"You know what I did?" the Census worker tells the homeowner. "All I did was just work, work in the area."

At that point, another person—presumably the homeowner's son—comes out of the house and starts harassing the Census worker:

"Get the fuck out of here," the son says. "I don't care what you have to say. Get the fuck out."

"You're a fucking idiot," the Census worker says as he prepares to leave. At that point, somebody offscreen—seemingly the son—spits on him, as he asks, "Who the fuck you spitting on?"

That was written in an article about the interaction I had as a federal employee.

I called my girlfriend and let her know what happened. She suggested we call the apartment manager to attempt to get him reprimanded for assaulting me in the apartment complex.

The manager said they have had incidents with this man in the past, and if I file a police report, it may be grounds for eviction. The manager called the police, and the police showed up aggressively and treated me like I was the suspect. They weren't helpful at all, and when I called them out on their aggression as I was confused, they demanded to see my ID and started to approach me. I got uncomfortable with the situation and asked them to leave. I didn't want to follow through with anything and wasn't understanding why they were being aggressive towards me when I was just the one assaulted. It's a reminder of how Oregonians see us as Black people. Even when we've been victimized, we are treated with hostility.

I learned later that it's a federal crime to assault a federal worker.

There have been many incidents I've experienced racism throughout my life living in Oregon. Never feeling safe and knowing you can't call anybody to regain your safety has been traumatic.

We experience racism every day; these are just a few examples that have impacted my ability to feel safe in Oregon. When you create a state and implement Black exclusionary laws, it has consequences for generations as each generation is taught that Black people don't belong.

We experience that each day we step into our communities, and white people treat us as if our skin is a weapon.