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It was fifth grade, in a new school in a new place, when I took a seat in the front row of the math class, twenty-some kids, all minorities, staring at me with bored eyes, still half asleep. For the first week, I sat in class wondering why my teacher was going over math functions I had learned years ago. After commenting on it to my parents, an angry conversation with the teacher and a test got me transferred to the highest math class, the one next door. I walked in and stopped. Looking around, I realized where all the white kids had gone and why twenty beady blue eyes followed the black girl with the braids to her seat in the back of the room.