

AUTHORS' NOTE

Inspired by Edgar Lee Masters' *Spoon River Anthology*, our book portrays African Americans through complex yet beautiful and sometimes heartbreaking perspectives during actual historical events. The goal was to create a positive literary and illustrated work which covered a kaleidoscope of black stories and individuals.

While many of the stories are fictionalized accounts of people gossiping, talking about their favorite memory or something as simple as remembering a good romantic date, some stories are based on the experiences of family, friends and our own.

To accurately characterize this family, we had to do a lot of research into the social, political and economic history of the United States as it pertained to African Americans. Even for the illustrations, we had to look up a large number of fashion references. The entire process has been educational and enlightening.

Additionally, because Lawrence and I didn't grow up reading works by or about people of color in school, we are donating at least 100 books to libraries across the U.S. so students can have easy access to these stories.

Thank you. We hope you love these characters as much as we do.

First Edition

Printed in China

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Lawrence McWilliams and Anand Vedawala

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**100 YEARS
FROM NOW
OUR BONES WILL BE
DIFFERENT**

Lawrence McWilliams
Anand Vedawala

SARAH WILLIAMS

1878-1915

I have had a good life, a good husband and good children. I am sorry I couldn't see my youngest after giving him birth, but I am sure he is as strong and beautiful as the others. May God watch over him as He has over me. We had been talking about moving up North for so long that my only wish now is for Elijah and the children to go through with it, to get out of the South. We may have been brought here, but by God, we are going to leave on our own.



GEORGE WILLIAMS
1915-1915



ARTHUR WILLIAMS

1898-1921

I was always interested in leaving my mark in the world. I didn't have the money, but I'm sure I had the stamina to go far. I idolized the Hellfighters, and I was ready to protest in Chicago in '19, but Papa held me back. I think he just wanted to keep the family close after Mama and Little Georgie died, I don't think he has gotten over that day yet. He blocked out the world, the world that I so much wanted to be a part of and change for the better. So when my buddy Lenny told me about Claude McKay being in the city, I snuck out. I was hoping for more of a rally than a reading, but I was left inspired and more motivated than before. We went out for drinks, and after an hour or so I told them I wanted to wander the city on my own. They asked me to stay for one last drink, but I wanted to feel the wind on my face, to look up and see the stars. It was a pleasant night, cool with a slight breeze, and I walked around proud and determined.

I shouldn't have drunk so much that night, then maybe I wouldn't have stumbled off the sidewalk and in front of that car.



ELIJAH WILLIAMS

1880-1928

I may have been the bull but Sarah was the till. My poor wife deserved better than the end she got. I lost my faith in God and the will to live that night she and George passed away. This world wasn't good for our family, we saw more hardship and tragedies than most people.

Sarah, my love, you deserved to see the world flourish for the few years that it did. You should have seen Arthur join the army, you would have been proud of him. He was very much like you.

But even he's gone now.

