

# SURVIVAL GUIDE FOR THE FUTURE

2018

U SCHOOL

THE GALLERIES AT MOORE

LI SUMPTER



# "The Survival Guide for the Future"

was an emergency preparedness, afro-futurist and post-apocalyptic inspired curriculum designed by teaching artist Li Sumpter (PhD) and conducted at the U School High School in collaboration with The Galleries at Moore College of Art & Design. For this project, students learned about real-world emergency preparedness while examining themes in post-apocalyptic and afro-futurist media such as Octavia E. Butler's "Parable of the Sower" and the 2018 movie "Black Panther."

This zine publication is a collection of works created by students in response to this curriculum and organized by a small team of student editors. Included in this zine are survivalist "go-bag" info-graphics, short fiction journal entries from characters living in Philadelphia 2049, "Character Cards" that illustrate and describe post-apocalyptic short stories, and fashion designs created and modeled by U School students.

This project was showcased through a public zine release party at Amalagam Comics & Coffeehouse and an exhibition at The Galleries in the fall of 2018. The goal of this project was to give students a multi-media platform to think, reflect, and express on their current lives by imagining a vibrant and teen-centric Philadelphia of the future.

This project was made possible with the support of the PCCY's Picasso Project Grant and the Christian R. and Mary F. Lindback Foundation

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## GO-BAG INFO-GRAPHICS

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"Gucci" by Derrick Boyd

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## AFRO-FUTURIST FASHIONS (MODELS)

Dionjahna Cherry, Samira Guzman, Karroline Torres

Alana Craig, Soloman Gay, Haalah Harrison, Nakia Whitener and Brianna Camacho

Tyteana Gutzmore

Ly'Jhia Studivant, Dionjahna Cherry, Gianna Sims, and Dequan Baston

## SIMONE CUTHBERT

Stoeteamber, 32, 2049

Dear Chase Mandlebrook,

Today well, today was a good day, and here's why: Because today I'm still alive. I'm still breathing the salty air that everyone else breaths and it was marvelous. I got to ride my hoverbike with the other kids from the neighborhood -- why do they even call it that? Hoverbikes? They don't really hover! They just have air bags underneath them that inflate and deflate as you squeeze the handlebars -- what was I saying? Oh right! We road outside the barrier! You know, the one that keeps The Unfortunates out, and out of the six of us, 2 came back! Isn't that awaming? So thrilling to see and be able to be so close to them and still be deemed one of the Clean Ones. I hope that Tammie, Joe, Steve, and Mary have wonderful lives on the other side! I heard from Lacy's older brother that over there, these mandatory personal reviews are not a thing! Can you believe that? How will The Council know if the Unfortunates are Clean if the Council can't read their thoughts? Hmm maybe that's why they are The Unfortunates. They were never Clean to begin with...Oh Ma-Mah is calling, I have to go. Bye

~ Sincerely Me

I take off the writing headset and set it on my desk. I quickly go downstairs to where the AI known as Ma-Mah is projected on the Fridge. "Hi, Ma-Mah, I woluld like a meal please" I state firmly as I've been taught to do so as a youngin'. "Have. You. Finished. Your. Writing?" she 'spoke' slowly, a setting I chose so it is easy for GG, my grandmother, to follow "Yes. I have finished my writing." I repeat her phrasing back to her. "Let. Me. See. It" I pull out my iPhone34X and request my writing headset. After a couple of minutes it comes floating down the hall, I grab it and flip the switch that turns it to a reading headset that projects thoughts publicly instead of just saving them. I put it on and mentally flip to my current entry and projected it for Ma-Mah to see. "Acceptable. You. May. Have. Your. Meal. Pill. Today. Is. Brown. Flavoring" ugh I hate that one

## MARKAYLA HUDSON

What a life. Mofos fighting over food, well scraps. What a life. What kind of god do we serve? A god that that lets his people starve. A government that lets its people get so boney and so scrawny that you can see their ribs. Mofos done got failed to the system. It's just now becoming 2049, and ain't shit changed. I'm still mofo hungry, tired, and hungry. Aint shxt ever gone change. All them rich mofos on the other side of the gate living and shit. Them mofos ain't tired, sick and can't even mention hungry. Them mofos be living it up and us over here starving and shit. Separated by a gate. The only thing that makes us different is the amount of dollars next to our name. The only thing that makes us different is is our position to the gate. If we were not separated by this gate, this wall of steel, we would be equal. I would be just as equal as them as they would be equal to me. I wonder, why do we suffer? Why do we fight? We fight with our mothers and our brothers over scraps. I see people pray that things will change, don't pray, it's never going to change. I've been living like this since I was born. It's 2049. It's never changing. I keep spilling my words on these pages hoping one day they'll turn into a book, that they will give me money then ....

I'll knock down the wall

## TATIYANNA SPRINGS

June 17th, 2049

I live in the northeast area of Philadelphia. Nothing major used to really happen up here but now since they gave up on construction and let the trees and stuff start growing there has been a lot of murders, missing children and rapes going on. The criminal justice system isn't as "safe" you would call it. Then they stopped caring about a lot. My best friend got shot 13 times yesterday. It's amazing that he is still alive. Of course we called the cops to report it but did they come? No. Ever since Trump was in office the whole United States has been a dystopia. OHHHH did I mention that we finally went to war with North Korea? We've been at war with them for a good 6 years. They have troops in almost every neighborhood now.

## "M.I.L.D." BY SOLOMAN GAY

November 21, 2049

Damn. Tomorrow's my birthday and I might not make it. After those chips started flying off the shelves it's been hell on earth. I'll never understand why we wanted those things in the first place. Too many movies I guess. The government released these little cyber chips that can be attached to a spot behind the user's dominant ear and basically they gain access to everything and anything. It was supposed to do away with the need of laptops and phones but there were other motives in the works. For three years humans used these chips and lived peacefully. Everyone was successful, people were happy, wars were the least of anyone's worries. I mean why would you go to war when you can make a best friend through holochat? But after those sweet three years of ignorance and bliss the true purpose of the cyber chips better known as M.I.L.D was revealed to the world.

The government took the minds of anyone able to buy a M.I.L.D and basically turned them into soldiers of war and destruction. Some people were even forced to take the chip implant through ways I don't wanna know about. I'm sure if knew, I'd be horrified. I can't find my family. It's been so long since I've seen my brother Roan and my sister Mei. I wanted to find them before my birthday so that I can do one happy thing in all of this chaos. I just hope they haven't been captured and taken to receive the M.I.L.D implant.

## RAYMON ORTIZ

February 21, 2049

It has been two years since the bill to outlaw Sanctuary Cities was approved by Congress. But that didn't come with approval from the citizens. After the bill was passed riots erupted in the Sanctuary Cities. There was anger that the government didn't listen to the people. To deal with the unrest they deployed soldiers, but they earned a new nickname, "Death Squads." I myself was placed in one and was deployed where I grew up, Philly. So I deserted. I couldn't do that-- hurt the innocent. I now roam the lawless and polluted streets, evading arrest, capture, and even death.

## SAMIRA GUZMAN

January 16, 2049

This morning I woke up and found red dry spots on my skin. They weren't there before. Before it just itched like as if I had a rash but nothing was there. It was just red and had scabs from me itching it. I feel my mind thinking about the chemical water more and more. Also black veins are starting to pop in my eye more. So it's official. I'm turning into one of them. Me and my best friend Claire call them "black bloods." It's a pretty catchy name. After I see that I'm turning into one of them I went to my best friend's house. I can't keep anything from her so I had to break it down to her. She didn't take it easy considering her sister died from it. "I love you and I can't let you leave me. You can't end up like my sister I just can't handle it. We will do everything in our power to fix this. I just can't let you go." Clare said. Once she said that my heart shattered. I need to stay alive. Claire and her sister were pretty close. She ended up attacking someone and a soldier shot her. I forgot to say after people started acting crazy they put gates around the town. Not every town has black bloods but it's spreading fast. They say there working on a cure but it doesn't seem like it. They just keep killing innocent lives that can still be cured. I've always had hope. I feel like there just trying to kill us and get rid of us. They don't help. Just seems like there treating us like rats in a cage. I get it was a good idea to keep us young but can't they see that the water took a turn and just might wipe out humanity? And yet they still do nothing but keep us here. Anyways my best friend was pretty upset she broke down and started crying but she insist that we find a cure for this ourselves. My grandmother is a scientist and my cousin is a doctor so tomorrow morning we'll break the news to them and see what we can do from here. I fear that we may not have a lot of time left.

## "BROKEN CITY" BY NICOLE HERNANDEZ

The Red Month, 2049

Running, running and more running. With some hiding. Its 2046 I don't know the month or the day. I only know the year because every new year they announce all the people who died and the babies born over a big loud speaker. I don't understand how they do it but I think you can hear it all over. I'm 16 and I'm being hunted like so many other barely surviving women. Ten years ago a nuclear war broke out, now only a quarter of the human population lives. The lucky ones died quick. The not so lucky ones were poisoned just like my parents. When I was 6, I watched my parents slowly die like everyone else around me. I was the only one immune. Now I'm being hunted, hunted to bear children. Hunted by men. Men who unfortunately survived. Not all men are hunting-- only the Red Men as they call themselves. I should feel lucky. I've never been found.

Thinking back, I never really had a family. I don't remember my name or what I look like. I know I have blue hair I know that because in this book I read it said that the sky was blue and the picture in the book was the sky. I remember Anna she was only 6 years older then me but, she let me call her mom. I was 8 at the time she was 14. She was with me for 4 years. She was 18 and I was 12 when the Red Men took her. That was the first time I discovered just how cold it was underground. They knew we were there. They knew one of us was there. Anna decided that she was the one that they would find. She pushed me under the piles of dirt and red dust with the rest of our rations. She told me to stay there until the screaming stopped. I would never disobey Anna. I stood in the dirt for 3 days listening to her scream... 3 days paralyzed with fear. I couldn't move because Anna told me not to.

When the screaming stopped I crawled my way out of the dirt. When I

finally got out I saw blood everywhere. When I finally found Anna she was just laying there dead. I could barely tell it was her with all the bruises and blood. She wasn't immune, they didn't need her. I sat by her and I cried for a week -- I did nothing but cry. Until the red dust disolved her body. Anna used to tell me that the future was full of hope, but in that moment I finally understood that there was none.

### "NEW CITY" BY TYRONE TANN

"Your right," Ryan replied, "but maybe we should keep a good lookout because we can be next." So we continue to look around to find anything to help with his leg. As we're looking we just keep coming across more and more bodies. "It's like it's getting worse the more and more we walk farther." I felt like we are being watched. So we find the med room grab what we need. But as we were doing that we hear a noise. Like a growl of a mad dog ready to attack. Not just once but twice. So now we have to proceed with way more caution than usual. We pack the stuff and we set out. But there's never a friendly exit, at least not in this situation. As we reach the last door in the hallway a man pops out. He's the size of a linebacker, ready to tackle coming straight for us.

We scurry off different ways because he can't chase us both at the same time. But since Ryan couldn't really run, I drew attention to myself. So he can come after me and he can escape. I hold him off long enough for Ryan to leave and escape. Far enough so he wouldn't be reached. But now I'm stuck in the hospital with the crazy person.

I run and happen to fall over nothing and manage to find myself stuck in a corner where I find myself the most vulnerable. The monster, I'm calling him now, slowly walks towards me ready to take a bite outta my neck. I just accept it. I close my eye ready to accept my fate. I count.....1....2....3...BANG!!!!

### "PRESIDENT WILLIAMS" BY NAKEYA WILLIAMS

September 12, 2049

Today was the day that I had turned 46 years old. No longer a child, yet I had a child of my own. He is already at the age of eight and is just as energetic like his uncle was. The new president is an African American Woman who people say is beautiful, sophisticated and well known for not just her status...but also for her books. The newest president is me, and that also makes me the target for all people's positive and negative wishes along with their positive and negative thoughts.

If I could promise to my people that all wars would end and that promise be true, I would promise that. If I could promise to everyone that they would not need to feel pain or ever suffer again, I would promise that and so many other important things that could help the world improve. I can not though. The only thing that I would be able to promise and be possible, is the fact that I can do my best to try to alter and change the world.

Promises are meant to be broken, so I'd never promise someone something that I know may not be possible. I would only promise something that I know I can work on and make happen. If I were to promise someone that I will get them a present or that I could work on helping them with something, that would be possible. I don't want to deceive people. If someone is deceived and they find that out, it will be hard for them to trust that person again. I don't want to be seen as a deceiver. I want people to see me as a productive trustworthy person.

Yours Truly,

President Williams

### Card 4 - The Kidz

*Description : Gang of Unfortunate children that grew up only knowing violence and now kill anyone or thing that gets in their path while looking for their Mourny. From their experiences they're prepared to go to any means to try and get ahead in life using their injuries as reminders.*

*Strength = Since they are children, no one suspects them of being a danger*

*Weaknesses = A lot of people don't take them seriously so it was hard for them to get jobs and turned to a life of crime to get money*

#Kidz

#KidZrule



**The Kidz Gang**

### Night Rider

#### DESCRIPTION:

The Night Rider's parents were immigrants. They didn't have a choice, but to leave their home in Mexico. His parents thought Philadelphia would be the best option for them and it was. One day when the Night Rider was 10 years old, he witnessed his parents death. They were killed by the Death Squads. The Night Rider hasn't gotten over their death. That tragedy made his worse, mentally, because he's going insane. The Night Rider's community is completely boarded with a cement wall. The L train has bums staying there because it's the only place available and the Death Squads throw tear gas at the bums to simply get rid of them. Around here you always have keep your guard up at all times.

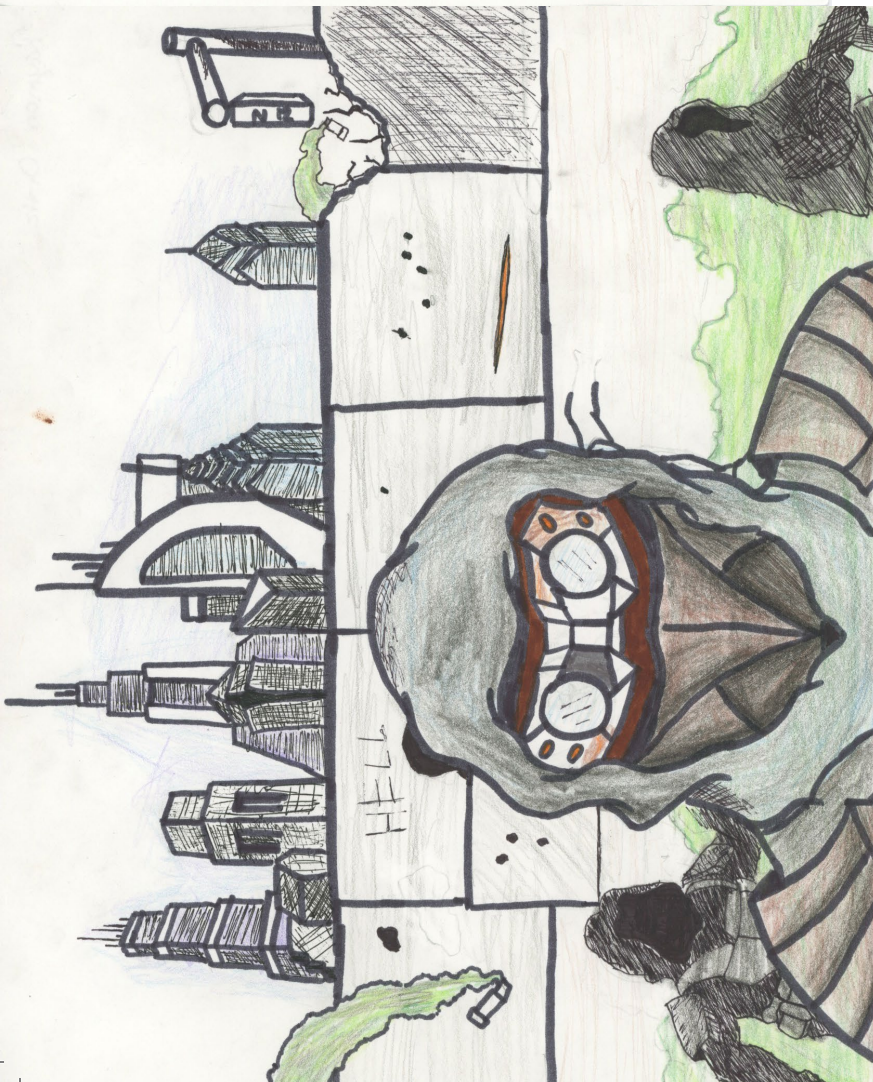
#### STRENGTHS:

Great stealth, Stands up for world oppression, Trustworthy

#### WEAKNESSES:

Violent, Dangerous, Mentally crazy

#stayaway #keepout





DESCRIPTION

Kayla Rodriguez, A 17 year old girl who is Black and Hispanic. She is knowledgeable of what the government is really doing. She is independent and intelligent. She lives in a single parent house hold, he mother was killed when she was 2 years old. Kayla not only had a rough childhood but she has a rough life ahead of her.

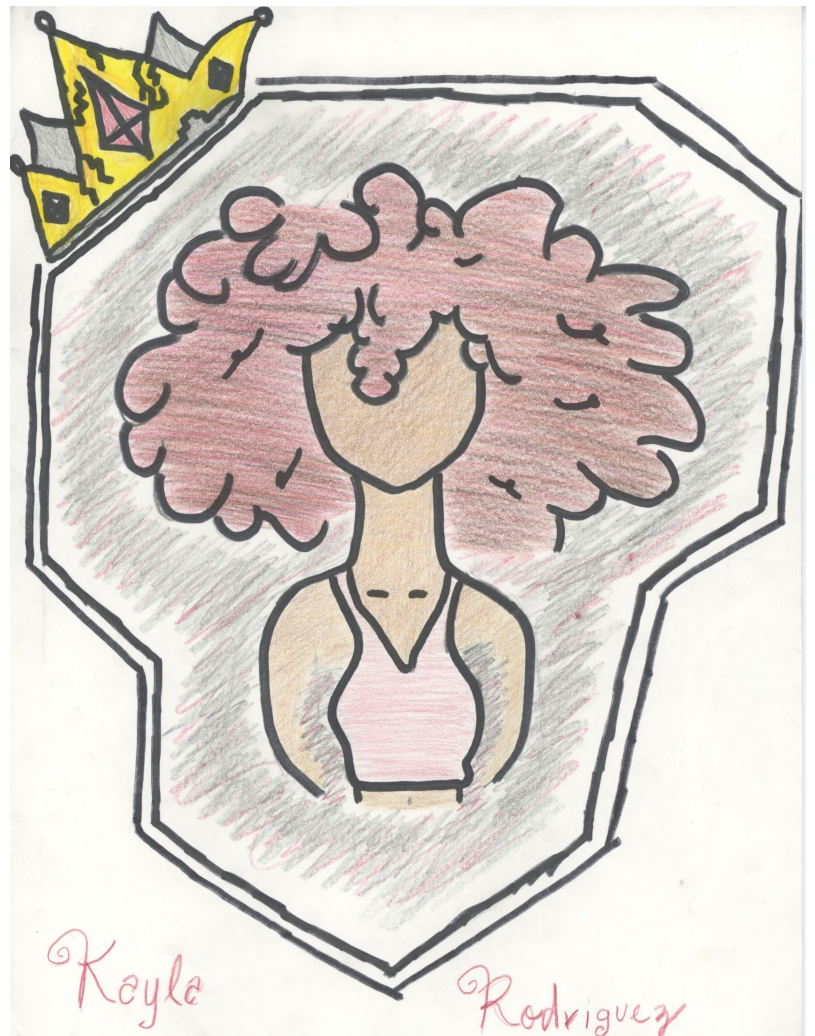
STRENGTHS

Trained Fighter, Intelligent (High IQ)  
Daughter of man that runs New City  
Kayla is very mature for her age, she knows how to survive on her own.

WEAKNESSES

Female, (Dominant Male society): Height, she's short and thick. Reaching high places is hard.

- #Girl power #
- #Slimthick #
- # Main Character #



DESCRIPTION

The main Character Ellenor is a mother and survivor. Soon to be chipped with a tracking device, After being chipped she removes it and tells the only person she can trust... her daughter. Her daughter snitches her out to the government and is now on the run from the evil marsh mallow.

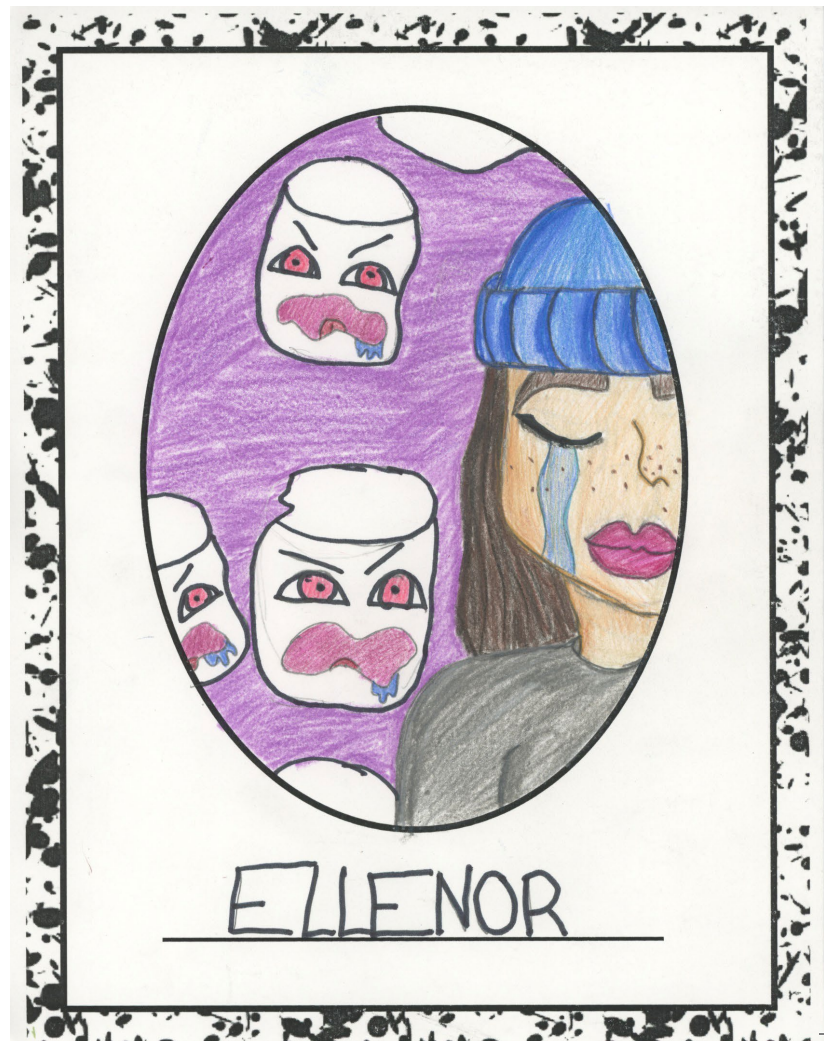
STRENGTHS

Mother-like tendencies, Hope and will to fight, unchipped and untracked.

WEAKNESSES

No weakness for the mallow but Ellenor is close to starvation and another weakness is the mallow invading her bir

- # Nochip # YOLO
- # Not absorbed # ONTHERUM
- # Ever-the-trapped # Soon 2B forgotten





Broad & Diamond

#### DESCRIPTION:

A street filled with dead bodies covered in blood. And on the sidewalks there are burning buildings with broken windows, also knocked over trash cans and police tape lying on the ground. Broad and Diamond only has a few people left who are still alive. Rose comes to town to see if there are any remaining survivors left. She has been traveling all over Philadelphia to find people who are still alive. So far she has only seen a bunch of dead bodies.

#### STRENGTHS:

Rose is in town to gather up the last survivors.

#### WEAKNESS:

Almost everyone is dead and there are very few survivors who are starving and injured.

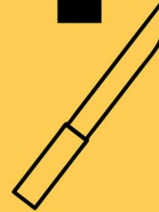
#Dead Body Waste Land

#Apocalyptic Street

#Ghost Town

# Grab it and go!

Everything you will need to last you on your trip to survival.



## Americas shield

The shield is a disk with a 2.5 feet diameter, weighing 12 pounds. It is made of Vibranium-Steel alloy that has never been duplicated.



# One for all

72 hrs of endless possibilities on your back...



<Three essentials....>



## Statistics...

- This bag weighs 5 pounds
- Weight limit is 500 lbs but anything can fit inside of it

## Special abilities...

- Any three of your chosen items will never run out
- Anything can fit inside it

## Features ...

- Untearable fabric
- Wifi
- Air conditioning fan and heat fan

# FIRST Aid KIT

- Band-Aids
- Gloves
- Elastic Bandage
- Eye Drops

- Antiseptic Swab
- Adhesive Tape
- CPR MASK Adult & child/infant
- DUST MASK

ARE YOU READY FOR ANY EMERGENCY!

HERE ARE THE ESSENTIALS TO IT.

## WATCH

- A Magic watch that you can teleport to where you want at ANYTIME you want, while wearing it. Touch the where the number are think about where you want to go and it takes you there!

## CLOTHES

- Sneakers
- Boots (Tims)
- Coat (RAIN coat, winter coat)
- Shorts
- Sweat pants
- Blankets
- Sleeping bag
- Rain coat.

## Food

Foods that last long  
(EXAMPLE: Beans, Canned meat, Vegetables & fruit, Powdered milk)

## MONEY!

1,000 dollars



# BREAKING NEWS

# CREATING YOUR EMERGENCY KIT



YOU NEED ENOUGH SUPPLIES TO LAST AT LEAST 72 HOURS



BY: DIOR BULLOCK











"IF I COULD PROMISE TO MY PEOPLE THAT ALL WARS WOULD END AND THAT PROMISE BE TRUE, I WOULD PROMISE THAT. IF I COULD PROMISE TO EVERYONE THAT THEY WOULD NOT NEED TO FEEL PAIN OR EVER SUFFER AGAIN, I WOULD PROMISE THAT AND SO MANY OTHER IMPORTANT THINGS THAT COULD HELP THE WORLD IMPROVE. I CAN NOT THOUGH. THE ONLY THING THAT I WOULD BE ABLE TO PROMISE AND BE POSSIBLE, IS THE FACT THAT I CAN DO MY BEST TO TRY TO ALTER AND CHANGE THE WORLD."