

Anee Klowdshury

3rd grade

Valley catholic school.

I f I Was a Black Kid

I was a black kid who had a nice family in 1963. My family discriminated during segregation, I had a white friend, and we went on adventures together. My family lives in Portland, Oregon. We had adventures in towns and forests. My family was getting smaller because many people in my family were protesters & they were getting killed.

I was walking in my house and suddenly I saw a bomb. I called my dad, and he was saying "Get away!" Boom! the bomb exploded. I fell on the ground with ash all over my face. I stood up looking for my dad. My dad was hurt. I thought he was faking, but he had oozing blood coming from his arm. My dad is a farmer who does not sell stuff but gives food to us. My dad woke up in his bed. I was so sad that he could've died.

I went to ^{the} school, and I went to my locker and got my uniform. And I was surprised to see that not all black people are good. Suddenly a black bully came and beat me up. He choked and kicked me. Before his final punch, somebody started yelling, and I saw many beatings and dead students. I even saw my bully run away. I saw many white neighbors and teachers come and helped many black students. Suddenly a bomb exploded and I saw my principal lying dead in front of me. I saw a black man getting attacked by a police, they started choking him, then smashing his head on the wall. Then they killed him. I saw my parents were calling me, so I ran to them and their car. We even went to our house. Finally three days later, Martin Luther King Jr. stopped the killing and unfairness. I wrote this story for us to have human rights for living. I hate to see people live like Garner does.

We are equal

