

Khritika

Dear Diary, my name is Ruby Bridges and today is November 14, 1960. I am 6 years old and today I became a symbol of the U.S civil rights movement. My simple act of going to an all-white school marked the beginning of integration for U.S public schools. Today was my first day of first grade and it was a very different experience compared to other students. This is everything I felt, saw and heard on my first day of first grade.

On my first day of school, I was being escorted to William Frantz Elementary School to start 1st grade. While I was being escorted, I was scared, nervous and excited. Before I even went into the school, I heard an angry crowd chanting "2, 4, 6, 8, we don't want to integrate." When I saw and heard all of the protests I felt rejected and it made me feel more scared. They tried to block the entrance to the school. While I was with my mom and we were sitting in the principal's office, hundreds of parents entered the school and removed their children from the school. At first, my father refused to enroll me in the all-white school. He feared someone would seek revenge on the family. However, my mother convinced him that it was the right decision. My mom believed I would get a better education at an all-white school.

I felt really scared because I was being escorted by marshals and everyone was screaming at me. When I came into the school all the children were leaving and I felt like no one wanted me to be there, but I knew it was good thing that I was here because I have become part of the civil rights movement and I have led the way for other African American kids just like me. I didn't make any friends because no one was there, and I felt sad. I found one person who was here that was not rejecting me, it wasn't a student, but it was a teacher. Her name was Barbara Henry, and she was the only one who would teach me. She also showed that she was an ally when she moved from Boston to the South to help integrate schools.

Overall, my experience as a first grader wasn't like everyone else's. I knew what I was doing was a good thing, but I was nervous, scared, worried, and much more. I will never regret what I did because what I did changed the U.S civil rights movement. I am very proud of changing the movement. I think that I can inspire other children to believe in what they think, and I am looking forward to my next class.