

September, 22, 1865

Dear Diary,

Oh my lord, the day has finally come.

The day of our freedom has arrived, it's even legalized now. I've never thought me and my fellow slaves would ever be blessed with freedom. I thought I was damned to work on the fields for the white people for the rest of my life. But no, I'm a free girl now, no longer owned and treated like an object by our master. You might be wondering "Elora, how did you find out that you were a free girl"? Well I've got an answer. It was just any other day for me, up at the crack of dawn to scrub them floors, prepare breakfast for the master and his family, and tend to the fields.

Although, Something was very off today. For instance Nobody was scrubbing the floors, preparing breakfast or tending to the fields. Not a person was in the house, not even the master or his family. Now I am quite the curious child so I hurried out the door to try to find where everyone was at. I'm not going to lie, I was feeling sort of scared. Everyone had just disappeared. After minutes of running around I saw a monstrous crowd swarming the confederate headquarters. Momma was in that crowd as well. I stood next to her. A fancy dressed white man was holding a piece of paper reading something out loud. I could barely hear him over the muttering and whispering of the riled up crowd.

Then he read them. The words that changed our lives.

"The people of Texas are informed that in accordance with a proclamation from the Executive of the united states, that all slaves are free."

My heart was racing, beating faster than the speed of light. People screamed with joy, men and women threw their hats in the air, Momma began to cry and embraced me in a gigantic hug. I wished Father were here to experience this with us. He was sold to a different master a long time ago.

We were marching into our town of Galveston singing and laughing. Our small Texas town was overflowing with happiness and joy. I'm over the moon knowing that I won't have to grow up being treated like I'm less than white people. Speaking of white people I hear them white folks aren't too happy about us black folks being freed from slavery but you know what they just have to deal with it.

There are still some people out there partying like they just won a bazillion bucks. Well I'm going to stop here. Its time to go out there and be treated like a human. It's time to do things I've never been allowed to do before. I can play outside now, I don't have to cook anyone lunch, I can be my own person.

It's time to celebrate this blessing of freedom

Mckayla Bozza Carroll  
RM 215  
Mrs. Hatton