

Nolan Breen  
Name  
Room 222

6/10/22  
Ms. MacDonald

June 19, 1865

Dear Diary,

Slush, slosh, slish, the sounds of my hoe hitting dirt for the millionth time seemed to barely penetrate the emptiness called my thoughts which were wiped away the day I was sold to my slave owner, as if I were an item and not a living being. The only sound to hear besides the dirt getting pummeled by my fellow slaves, was our slave owner happily reading a newspaper in his house while he forced us to let the sun scar us like a dagger. It was miserable being here, although after a while I got used to it, like everybody. This life seemed forever, until the trotting of horses started mixing in with sloshing and slushing of the dirt. I looked up to see a union man and a few others atop their horses while one of them held a paper and said,

"In accordance with the Emancipation Proclamation all slaves are here by set free from slavery."

In one sentence the man stated something so ridiculous, but it was a union man so slowly cheers filled the air and everyone had stopped working. But the slave owner had other ideas, he got a whip and whipped his way through the crowd of cheering slaves before the union men could leave.

"WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY SLAVES!!" The man boomed, "WHY HAVE THEY STOPPED WORKING?!?!?!?"

"Because of the Emancipation Proclamation stating no one is allowed to own slaves." The union man calmly replied.

"WHA—" the slave owner tried to say, but was drowned out by his former slaves cheering and running away from his house. Me and the slaves followed the union man's directions to the nearest town, and once they got there they started feasting on food from the towns people and danced to the songs played by the towns people ending with the slaves performing a prayer that we would never be put in slavery ever again. I then had went over to another slave my age and asked, "Can you believe we're finally free! I still can't believe it."

"Oh I believe it because I see my mom right over there!" The kid cried while pointing at a woman running to him. They hugged and I thought I'd leave them to catch up with each other. I was a little jealous of the boy since I didn't know where my parents were because in the auction I was shipped far away from my mom, dad, and brother, while this kid had his mom shipped to a place so close to where he was enslaved.

Growing up free was gonna be great, but without someone to guide me, would definitely make me feel lonely. Not all slaves then had someone to go to either so we had decided to team up and walk all over Texas until all of us could find our families. So over the cheering, dancing, and singing that group of us had bid our farewells and said goodbye to the slaves staying in the town and set off. I will not be able to write another diary entry for a long time so for now goodnight diary.

Dear Diary,

June 19, 1872

A lot has changed since the last time I wrote. Now today is celebrated as a holiday called Juneteenth where everybody in Texas celebrates in the way we celebrated this exact day 7 years ago, but by now other states are starting to celebrate the holiday too. By now I've also found my family, turns out they were in Dallas the entire time. I just thought after all these years I would do this one more time especially on this specific day. I can't write more right now because I have to party with my family, maybe I can write more another time another day but for now goodnight diary.