

MaKena Jordan

Ms. Amido

English 281

20 February 2019

### Ambitious Truth

We strutted out into the blazing southern sun. It seemed to be the warmest it has ever been, and I had lived in Georgia all of my life. We carried multiple bags full of our necessities. I didn't know where we were going or why, but why would I ask?

My parents came home the night before and vigorously told us, my brother and I, to pack up our things. For those past few years, our neighbors and even some of our family members have left, going north or west, anywhere really, but I never thought we would be amongst them.

“Why is everyone leaving, momma,” I questioned.

“Oh baby, I guess they want a new start,” she suggested.

What she really meant was they all were leaving *in search* of a new start. That they were attempting to escape the years of oppression, racism, and low income.

A few years later, we were our neighbors, unexpectedly and rapidly on the move. Why? My parents never told me. My parents watched every one like a hawk watches its prey at the train station. This not only frightened me but made me feel uneasy.

“Where are we going? Are we going to be safe? Where will we stay? Will I make friends,” thoughts flooded my mind like a river.

“Ruby, Ruby! Baby we will be alright,” assured my dad. He looked at me with so much empathy, for he knew that our lives were about to change. Finally, we had reached our stop in a city called Chicago. Immediately, I notice enormous buildings with large amount of smoke

coming out of them. It was like nothing I had seen before. I saw people of my color *and* whites who seemed to coexist together. It was a sight I would only see in the movies.

“This is the promise land,” my brother asserted smiling ear from ear. We were all happy in that moment, however it didn’t last long. Looking back on it, we were all too naive to believe we were going to be happy, healthy and not hungry for justice in that time of need.

My parents, like many, moved to seek racial equality. However, others never failed to look me up and down when I was just minding my own business. I had to pay extra attention to my behavior and demeanor in public. Why should a little girl be so mature and serious?

My parents left their homes to seek social justice. However, we were pressured into ghettos and problematic areas. Some whites even aimed for segregated neighborhoods. How is that fair?

My parents risked their positions to seek more economical opportunities. However, straight to the factory my dad went, where he worked for hours in dangerous conditions. He was never happy with his job, and my mom struggled to find work. Had our move really changed our lives for the better?