

I'm going to tell you something about my life my name is Rosa Parks I was born in the year 1913 in the United States of America what happened to me the story I'm going to tell well it was such a surprise to me really but well you'll see what I mean I grew up on a farm in Montgomery Alabama I had to help out around the farm and every morning I picked up eggs laid by the chickens we captured that around our front yard my grandfather he lived with us too and he liked to spend his afternoon sitting on the porch snoozing in the Sun or telling me stories everything seems just right with the world he it was a simple life and I was happy I was just seven when I began to notice things things that made me think that maybe the world wasn't quite right after all my grandfather would take me into town with him what I started to see was that the fact that a skin was black and not white made a difference I started to see that black people were kept apart from white people in all sorts of ways at the town hall black or colored people as we were called and white people had separate entrances in the waiting room we had to sit in separate seats even when the black people's seats were full we weren't allowed to sit in the white section at the bus stop we had to stand in line while the white people got to sit on a bench I found it all so confusing I really didn't understand what possible difference the color of your kids could make everyone wore hats went to work ate lunch I don't know to me it seemed we were all the same but everyone acted like there was a difference like it was just the way things were we had to drink from a separate water fountain go to a different Church use a different public toilet I grew up Steele I didn't understand why the world was unjust to black people but the government made the rules so it seemed there was nothing we could do like everyone else I went along with it I followed the rules I'll use the flat peoples entrance drag from the black people's water fountains went to the black people's church I got a job working in a department store every day I waited for the bus to go to work

when I boarded the bus I would sit like  
we always had to at the back end of the  
bus while the white people had a  
reserved section at the very front  
if the white seats were full we had to  
give up her seat when a white person got  
on even if that man standing up all the  
way it wasn't fair but those were the  
rules and like most people I just did  
what I was told and didn't make a fuss  
it was December 1st 1955 I don't know  
why it happened on this day it was a day  
like any other it had been a long day at  
work and I was eager to get home take  
off my shoes and rub my feet  
it was a day like any other I didn't  
know when I boarded the bus that  
afternoon that I was going to do what I  
did  
I took my seat in the row behind the  
white people's the white seats were full  
when another white lady boarded the bus  
I stay put I felt myself rooted to the  
spot just like a tree  
somehow in that moment I've made up my  
mind  
the white people in front of me cut it  
and shook their head  
I felt the black people behind me sit up  
a little straighter keen to see what  
would happen next  
the bus driver left it see  
but still did much  
somehow I'd made up my mind  
the white people in front of me cut it  
and shook their head I felt the black  
people behind me leaned forward to see  
who it was that had dared to disobey the  
rules  
the police  
but still  
add in merge  
I've never made a fuss before I've never  
broken any rule let alone been arrested  
but somehow I made up my mind  
people said afterwards that I refused to  
give up my seat because I was tired true  
it had been a long day and my body ached  
but that's not why I refused to stand no  
the only tired I was was tired of giving  
in tired of being treated differently  
like a second-class citizen on account  
of the color of my skin everyone else I  
knew was tired of it too it was just we  
didn't know what to do about it  
my little act of defiance my refusal to  
give in it was a small thing to do  
I just wanted for once to be able to sit  
where I sit and to not have to give up  
my seat to someone else just because she

was white  
it was a small thing to do but it was  
what happened afterwards without knowing  
it I started that very easy news of my  
tiny project got around people got  
together and called anyone they could  
think of they wanted everyone to know  
what I learned  
It was as if they'd all been waiting for  
a chance to do something and my simple  
refusal to stand up on a bus one  
afternoon had given them that chain plan  
started to form for a bus boycott the  
idea was that on the monday when my  
cases go to call all the black people in  
montgomery should walk to work and  
refuse to take the bus that way the bus  
company would lose money and that way  
people would see that our the only one  
who was tired of giving in tired of  
being treated badly monday 5th of  
december was the day of my court case i  
was found guilty of not following the  
rules and fined \$14 which was a lot of  
money in those days to someone like me  
but it didn't matter what did matter was  
what was going on outside most of  
Montgomery is 40,000 black workers and  
some white people - it didn't take the  
bus to work or school  
don't want some shared cars some road  
bicycle they wanted to show the world  
that they had all had enough they  
marched through the street and there  
were so many of them it was impossible  
to ignore  
the birthdays were almost empty  
the protests continued long after I paid  
my fine and gone back to my job  
altogether people stayed off the buses  
and walk to work for 381 days it became  
a powerful thing that we were tired of  
giving me the newspapers wrote about the  
protests people all over America could  
see what was going on  
eventually the government had to do  
something they made a new rule that  
people no longer had to sit in a  
separate section of the bus we would  
never again have to give up her seat to  
someone just because they were white  
black people and white people would  
still kept separate in other ways but it  
was a start a step towards equality and  
justice I was just a ordinary person and  
I was amazed at what I started I was so  
glad that on that day I made up my mind  
and I refused to budge  
you