

My Great Grandfather

This story is about my great grandfather. He was a freedom fighter for India who fought against British colonial rulers. He wanted to free his people from being discriminated because of their brown skin and because the British thought they were more civilized. He fought peacefully, not physically. Can you imagine leaving your family and maybe even saying your last goodbye? He spent ten years in jail and my grandfather grew up without his dad. Imagine getting beaten, eating rotten food, and sitting in an uncomfortable jail cell all day and night. That is exactly what he faced. And just because of your skin color and being told you are less civilized? This makes me feel very upset. The best thing we can do is to recognize people getting hurt or discriminated against because of who they are. All people should be able to live with dignity.