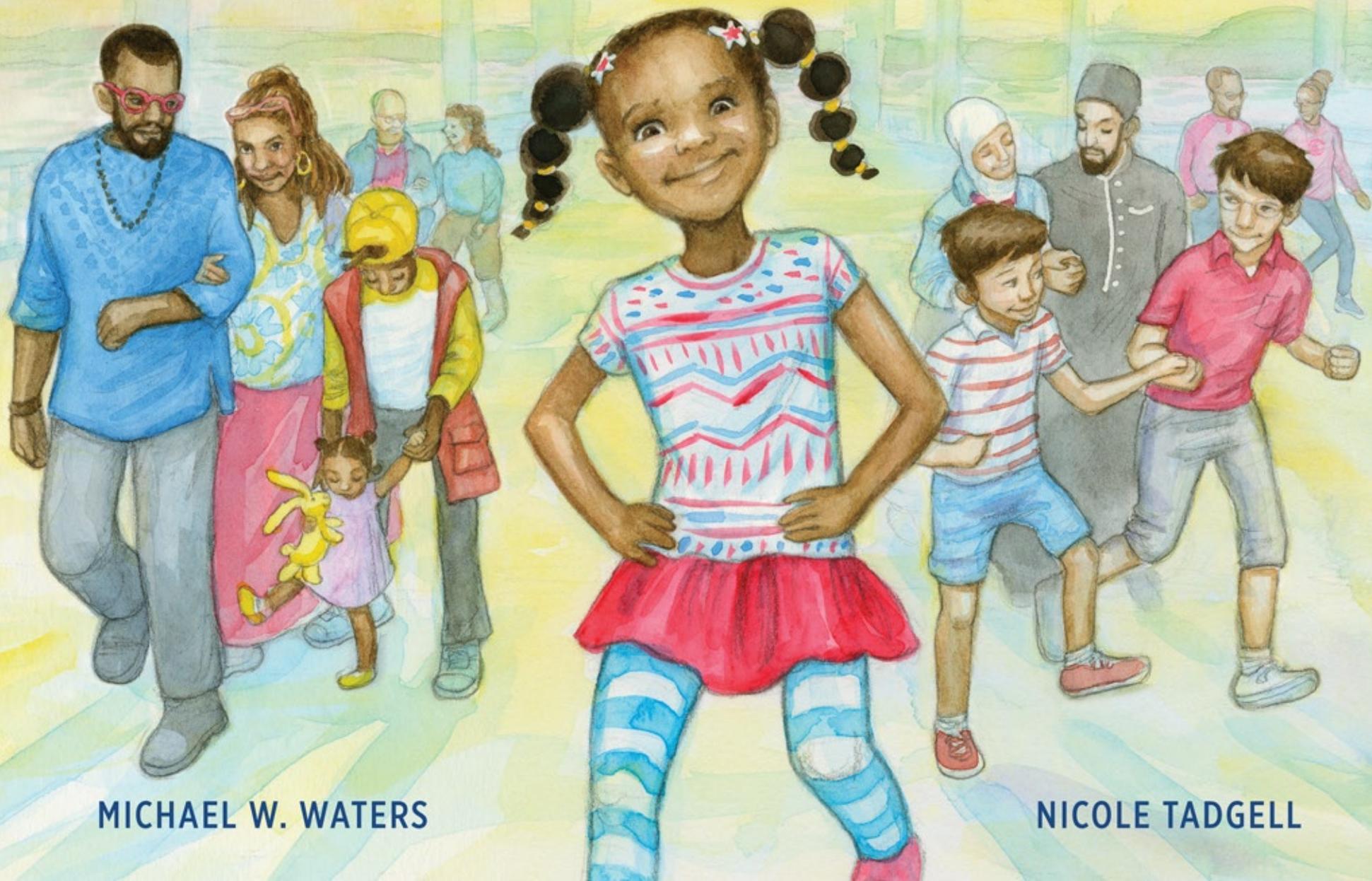


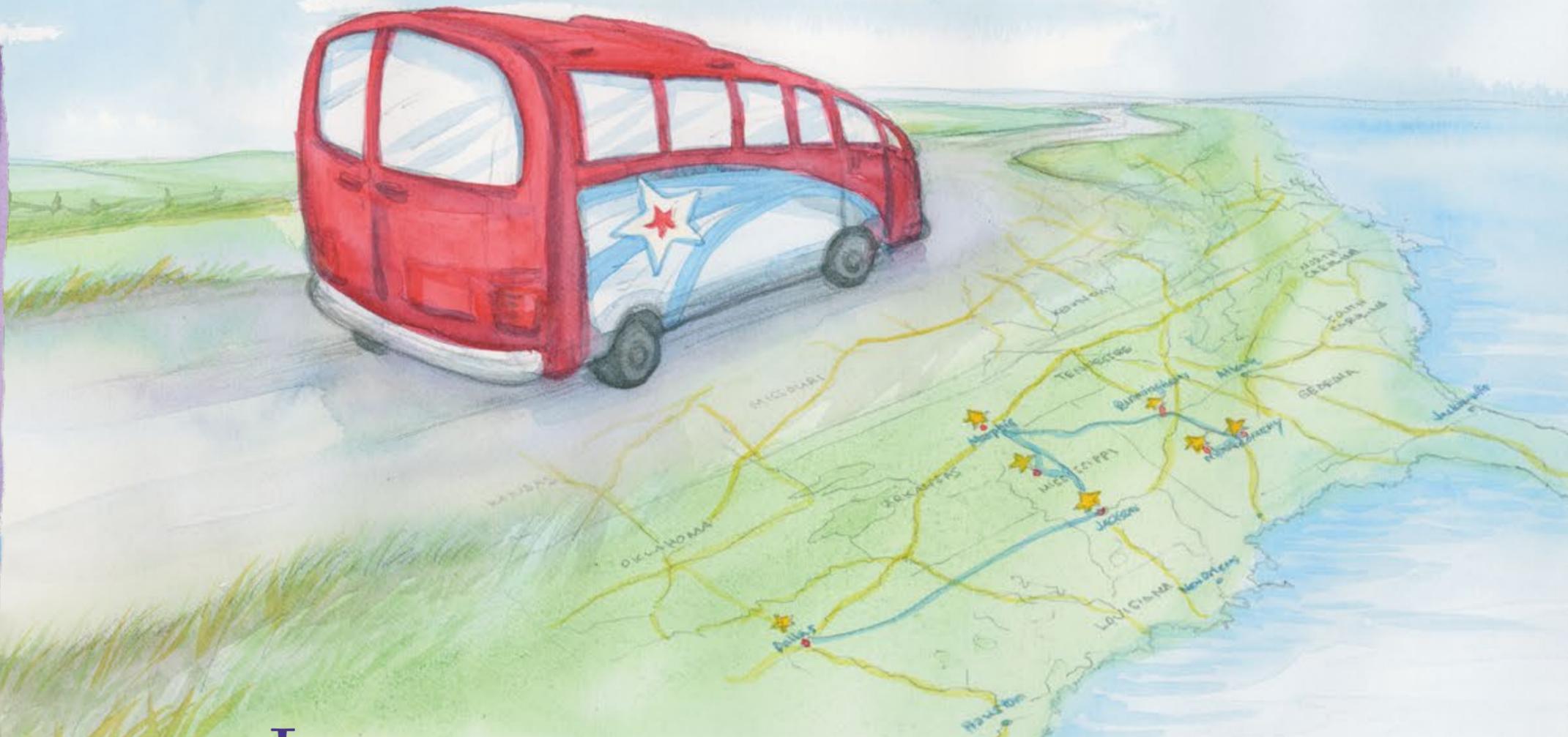
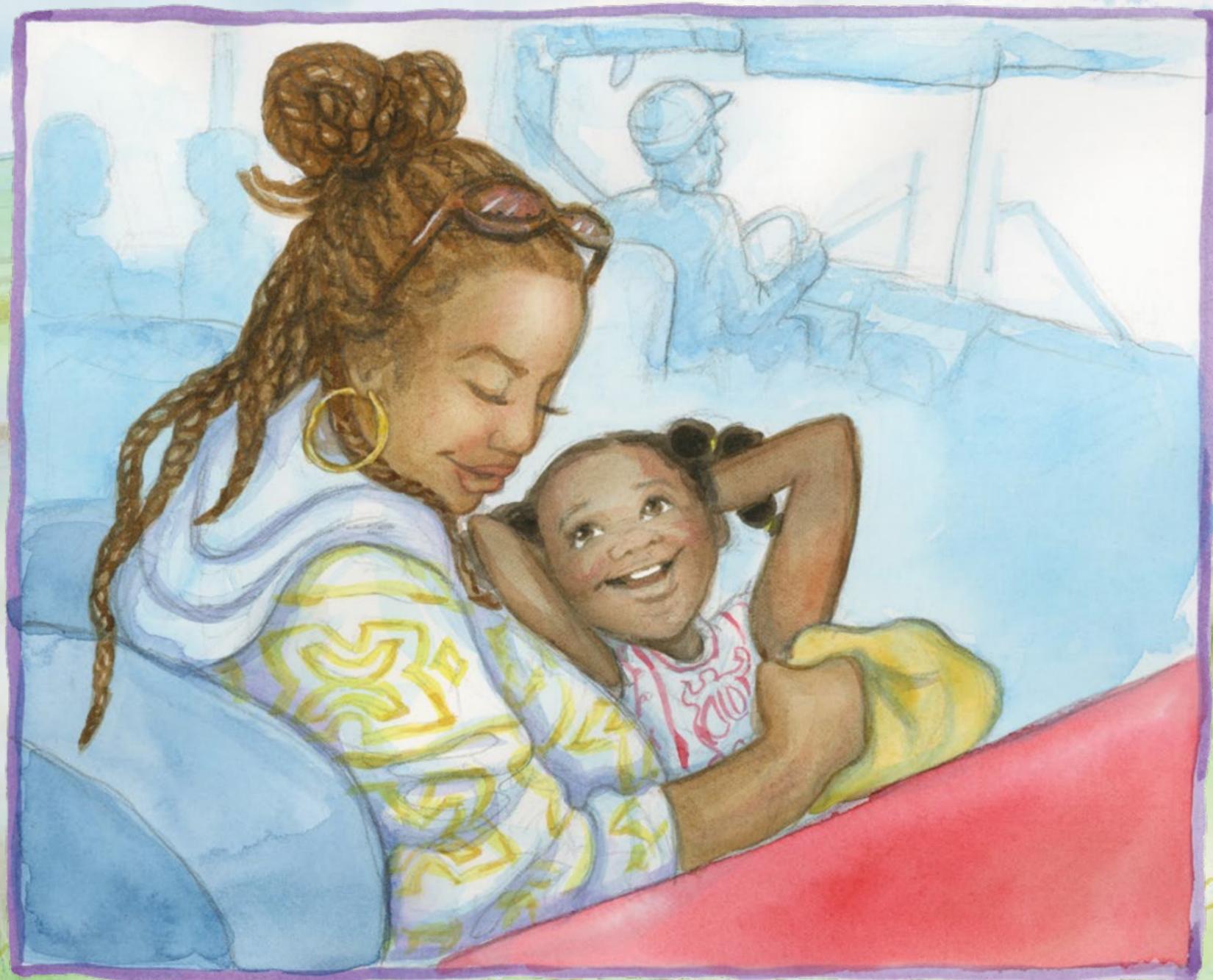
LIBERTY'S

CIVIL RIGHTS ROAD TRIP



MICHAEL W. WATERS

NICOLE TADGELL

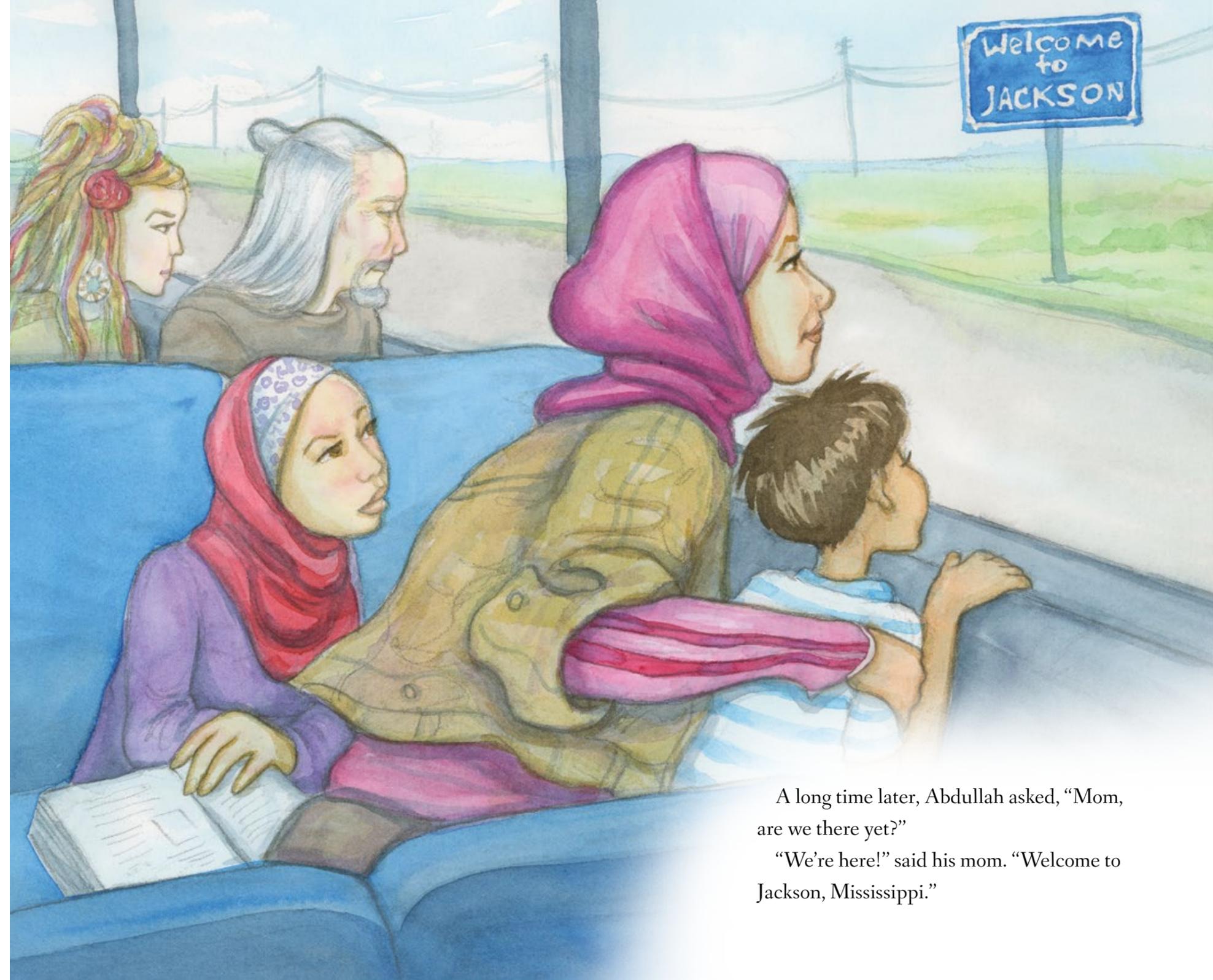


Liberty woke up from a nap on the bus. “Are we there yet, Mom?”
“Not yet,” said her mother. “We have a few hours left.”
“Where is there again?” Liberty asked.
Her mom chuckled. “The first stop is Jackson, Mississippi.”
“Is Jackson where we cross the bridge that you and Daddy told me about?”
“Not yet. Not until Selma.”
“I can’t wait,” said Liberty. “I love bridges!”



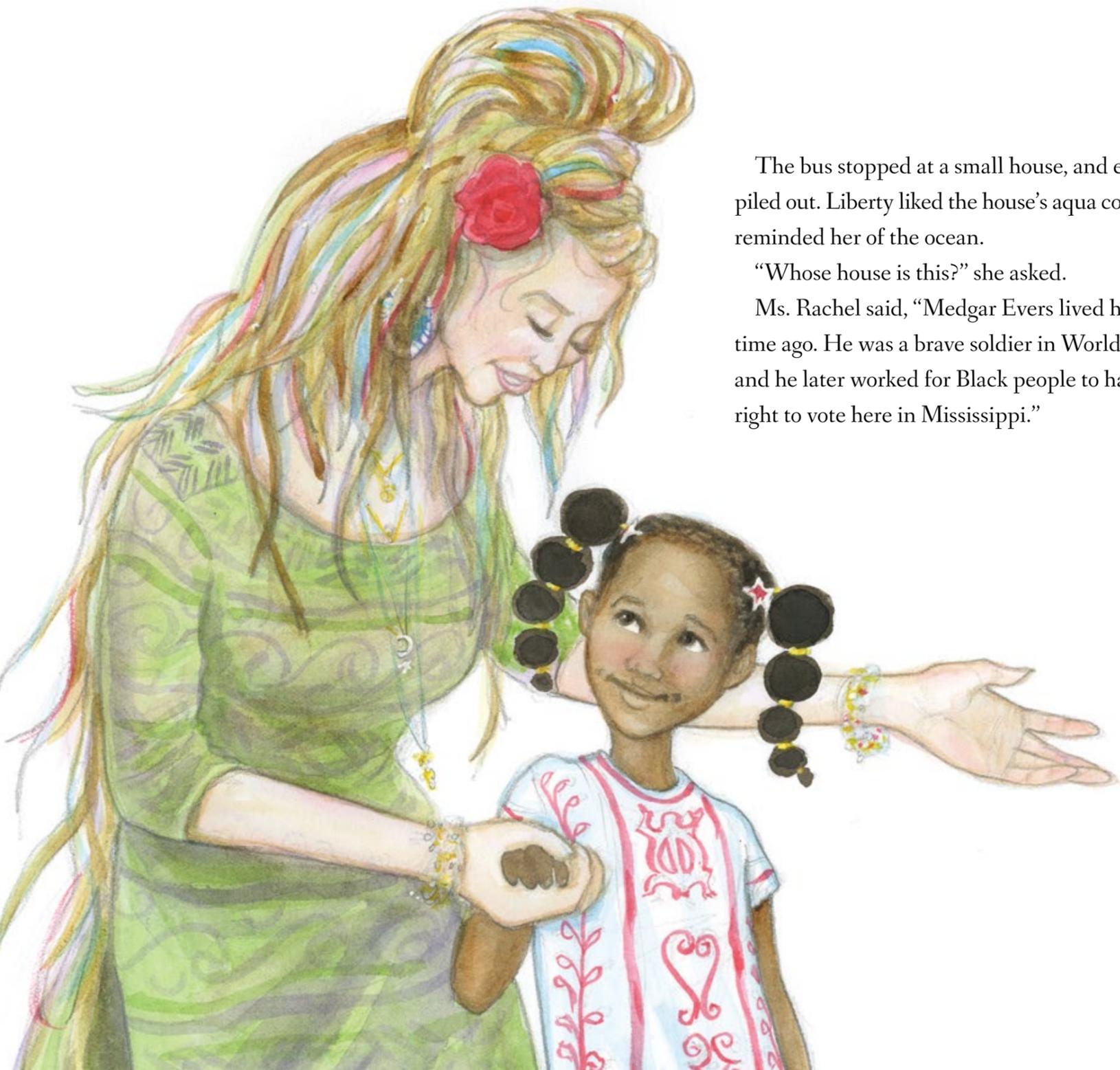
Liberty turned and saw all the friendly people she'd met when they boarded the bus together in Dallas, Texas. Ms. Rachel, with her long locs, sat next to Mr. Adam. Ms. Alia sat in front of Dr. Glenn and near other new friends. The driver was Mr. Joe. Liberty's mom, dad, brother, and sister were on the bus, and so was her friend Abdullah and his family. Everyone was ready for their civil rights road trip.

Liberty was glad Abdullah was with her. She always called him her cousin, even though they weren't related. They sat together playing games as hills, lakes, rivers, and trees passed by.



A long time later, Abdullah asked, "Mom, are we there yet?"

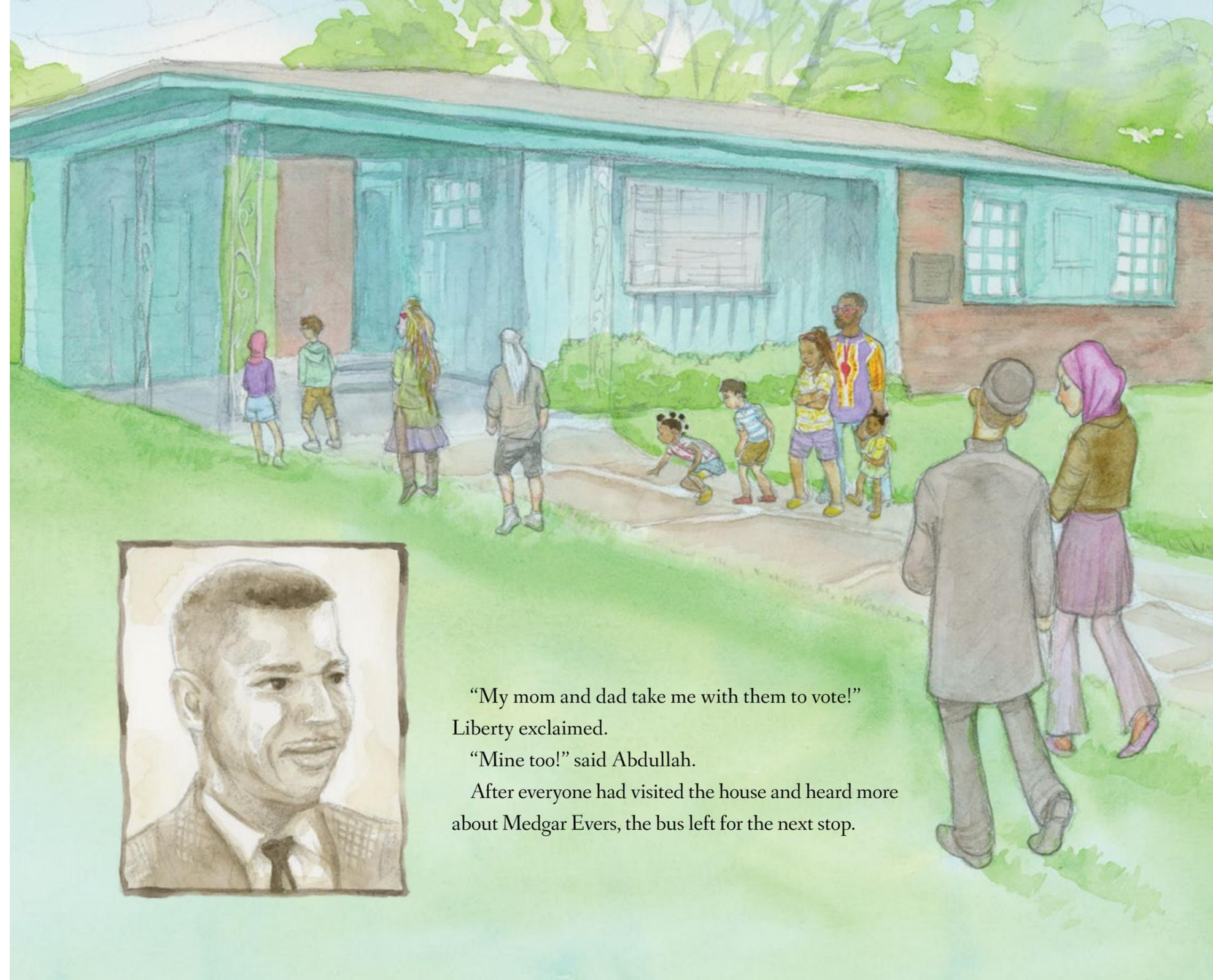
"We're here!" said his mom. "Welcome to Jackson, Mississippi."



The bus stopped at a small house, and everyone piled out. Liberty liked the house's aqua color, which reminded her of the ocean.

"Whose house is this?" she asked.

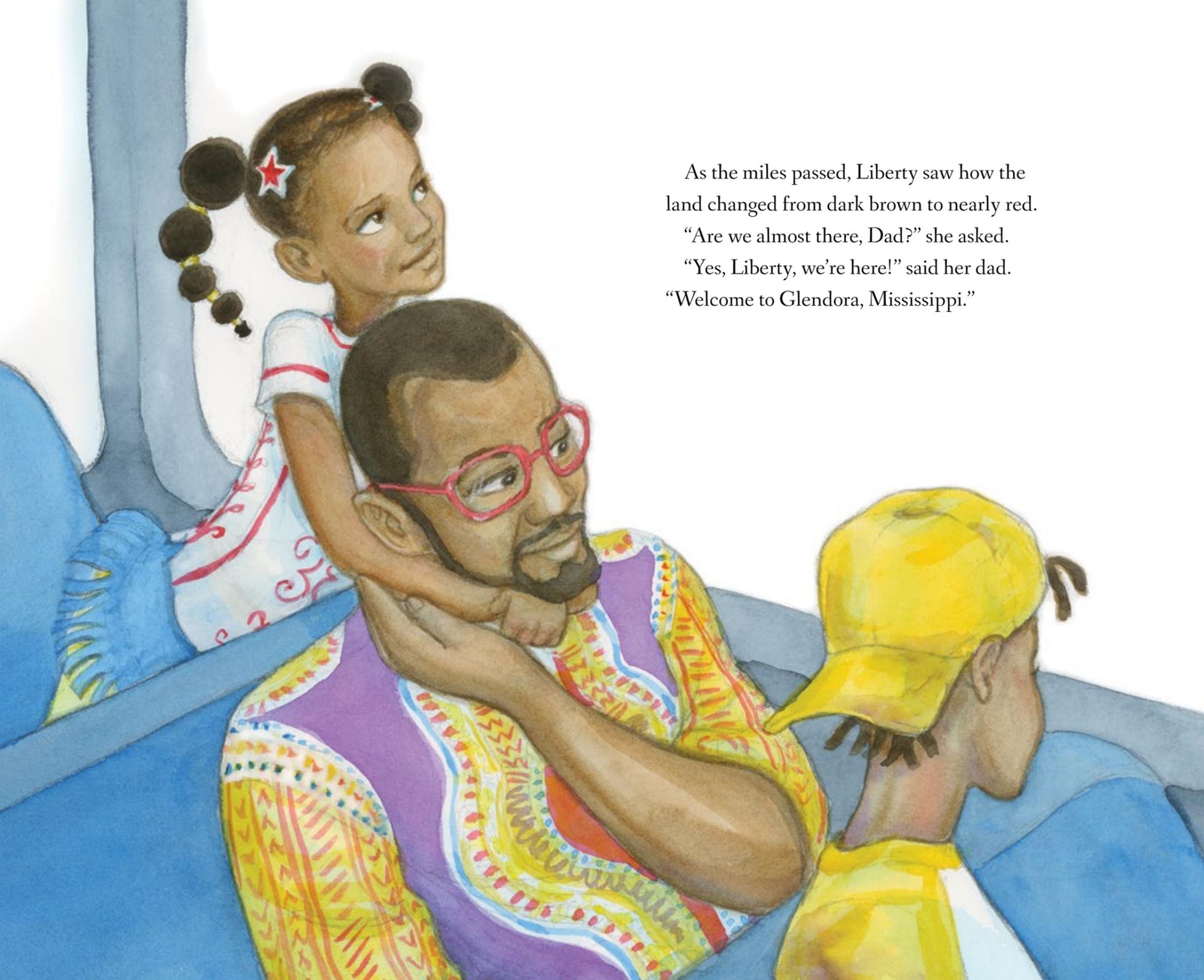
Ms. Rachel said, "Medgar Evers lived here a long time ago. He was a brave soldier in World War II, and he later worked for Black people to have the right to vote here in Mississippi."



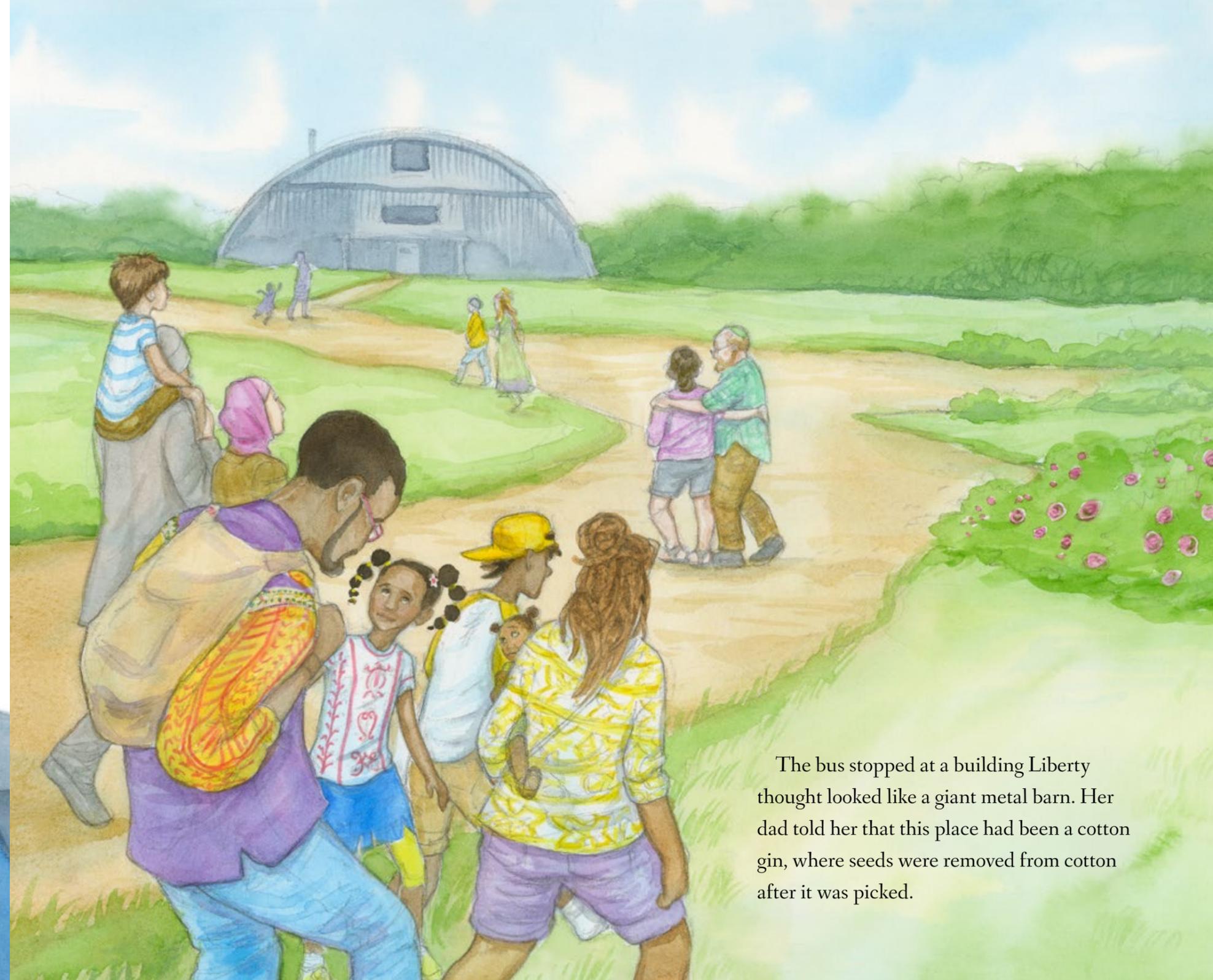
"My mom and dad take me with them to vote!" Liberty exclaimed.

"Mine too!" said Abdullah.

After everyone had visited the house and heard more about Medgar Evers, the bus left for the next stop.



As the miles passed, Liberty saw how the land changed from dark brown to nearly red.
“Are we almost there, Dad?” she asked.
“Yes, Liberty, we’re here!” said her dad.
“Welcome to Glendora, Mississippi.”



The bus stopped at a building Liberty thought looked like a giant metal barn. Her dad told her that this place had been a cotton gin, where seeds were removed from cotton after it was picked.