

Shine Brighter 2de

File 17 Still I rise

Texte p. 143 – Extrait du livre de Larry Dane Brimner, *Finding a Way Home: Mildred and Richard Loving and the Fight for Marriage Equality*.

Richard and Mildred Loving, husband and wife, lay in bed, sleeping, that warm, peaceful Virginia night in July 1958. Around 2:00 a.m., the stillness was shattered¹ when they were jolted² awake by the glare of three flashlights and roused³ out of bed by Sheriff Garnett Brooks and two deputies. [...] Standing beside the bed, Sheriff Brooks demanded to know what Richard was doing with the woman.

A quiet man, no doubt confused by the intrusion, Richard didn't immediately answer the sheriff's question. Mildred spoke up instead, saying, "I'm his wife."

Sheriff Brooks fired back: "Not here you're not." Richard pointed to the couple's marriage license that the newlyweds had hung on the bedroom wall, as if to prove Mildred's words were indeed fact, but the sheriff scoffed⁴, saying, "That's not good here.'

Richard, a twenty-four-year-old bricklayer, and Mildred, a housewife just shy of her nineteenth birthday, had known each other most of their life. He was white. She was "colored" [...] Lifelong residents of Virginia, they lived in Central Point, a small rural area in Caroline County some fifty miles northeast of Richmond, the state capital. Mixed marriages—those between a white person and a member of any other race—were against the custom in Virginia. They were also against the law.

Larry Dane Brimner, *Finding a Way Home: Mildred and Richard Loving and the Fight for Marriage Equality*, 2020

1. interrupted. 2. shaken 3. faire sortir 4. laugh at him

Texte, p. 144 – Extrait de l'autobiographie de Janice Kelsey, *I Woke Up with My Mind on Freedom*

Marching for freedom

Extract 1 [1963]. That morning in 1963, I woke up wanting to be free from all the inequities. I didn't want my aunt holding me down¹ anymore. I wanted the same good textbooks that my White counterparts had. Yes, I admit, I woke up that morning and my mind was on freedom! [...]

Extract 2 [nowadays]. [...] I talk about my decision to march, my arrest, and how my life changed from that point on.

Students always want to know if I got in trouble with my parents when I got out. They want to know if anyone failed to graduate because they marched. I've been asked why I decided to stay in Birmingham² after going through that.

The educators want to talk more about what it was like going into that White school and the differences between what it was like in the all-Black school versus the all-White school. Sometimes I am asked how to inspire youth to be more concerned and more responsive to current affairs.

I have remained in Birmingham because I've always lived here and I didn't have a reason to leave. I saw some positive changes that took place after I participated in the Movement³. Some of the things I was protesting did indeed change for the better. I never wanted to leave because my family is here. Even after visiting other places, I saw some of the same kinds of situations that existed here. Moving probably would not have shielded⁴ me from the race war.

I always tell young people who want to be involved to stand up for what they believe in. I tell them that they don't have to be leaders or in charge of a movement to make a difference. They can make a difference within their circle, and not just about race issues. They can include those who are physically challenged as a way to make a difference, or befriend the kid who is being bullied. I stress that they don't have to be a part of putting someone else down⁵ because they're different.

Janice Kelsey, *I Woke Up with My Mind on Freedom*, 2017

1. *retenir* 2. a city in Alabama 3. the civil rights movement 4. Protected 5. humiliating

Texte, p. 144 – Post Instagram d'Amanda Gorman, 23 mai 2023

I'm gutted¹. Because of one parent's complaint, my inaugural poem, *The Hill We Climb*, has been banned from an elementary school in Miami-Dade County, Florida. Books bans aren't new. But they have been on the rise—according to the ALA², 40% more books were challenged in 2022 compared to 2021. What's more, often all it takes to remove these works from our libraries and schools is a single objection. And let's be clear: most of the forbidden works are by authors who have struggled for generations to get on bookshelves. The majority of these censored works are by queer and non-white voices.

I wrote *The Hill We Climb* so that all young people could see themselves in a historical moment. Ever since, I've received countless letters and videos from children inspired by *The Hill We Climb* to write their own poems. Robbing children of the chance to find their voices in literature is a violation of their right to free thought and free speech.

What can we do? We must speak out and have our voices heard.

That's why my publisher, Penguin Random House, joined PEN³ America, authors, and community members in a lawsuit⁴ in Florida's Escambia County to challenge book restrictions like these. To help, donate to and visit @PENAmerica and spread the word about these book bans.

Together, this is a hill we won't just climb, but a hill we will conquer.

-A

1. disgusted 2. American Library Association 3. International author's free-speech organisation 4. procès

Auto-évaluation de la compréhension de l'écrit

Extrait p. 155 – Autobiographie de Ruby Bridges, *This is Your Time*

To the young peacemakers of the world

Sixty years ago, in 1960, my life changed forever. [...]

I did not yet know I had stepped into the history books.

For my whole first-grade year I had to be escorted to and from school by four federal marshals, under the order of the president of the United States, because people were afraid for my safety. Going into and coming out of school every day, I walked through crowds of people yelling, screaming threats, throwing things at six-year-old me. They were against the integration of black and white children in the same school. I had been so excited to meet and make new friends at school and was met with something utterly different and terrifying.

[...] Some teachers even quit their jobs because they didn't want to teach black children.

My teacher, Barbara Henry, came all the way from Boston to teach me. For the entire year she sat alone with me in that classroom and taught me everything I needed to know. She really made school fun. We never missed a day that whole year. We knew we had to be at school for each other.

I felt safe and loved, and that was because of Mrs. Henry, who, by the way, looked exactly like the women in that screaming mob outside. But she wasn't like them. She showed me her heart, and even at six years old I knew she was different. Barbara Henry was white and I was black, and we mattered to each other. She became my best friend.

Ruby Bridges, *This is Your Time*, 2020

Évaluation de la compréhension de l'écrit – Guide pédagogique

Extrait – Article “Yolanda Renee King honors her grandparents’ legacy—by creating her own”

Yolanda Renee King Honors Her Grandparents’ Legacy—By Creating Her Own With her new book ‘We Dream a World,’ the granddaughter of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. and Coretta Scott King hopes to teach fellow teens to forge their own path. [...]

My grandparents were very special people. They had many dreams for a better world. Though I never met my grandfather, I’ve always referred to my grandparents as “Papa King” and “Gaga King.” I still feel their presence very strongly. My grandparents worked, and marched, and wrote, and spoke publicly about all their dreams for a better world. [...] It was their hope that all people would someday be judged by the goodness in their hearts, not by their skin color, religious beliefs, family practices, or who they choose to love. They dreamed of a world where poverty, violence, and racism didn’t exist. [...]

To extend my grandparents’ legacy—and to forge ahead on my own path as an activist—my parents and I attended the Washington, DC, March for Our Lives on March 24, 2018; a demonstration led by students seeking legislation to stop gun violence. An estimated two million people turned out that day. It was one of the biggest protests in American history—all led by kids, some of them my same age! I wasn’t scheduled to speak at the rally. Then, unexpectedly, I was asked to take the microphone and address the crowd! I immediately thought of my grandparents and all they had stood for. I led a chant that turned into a call-and-response anthem that quickly caught on with kids everywhere: “Spread the word. Have you heard? All across the nation. We are going to be. A great generation!”

Since then, this has been my message to young activists all over the globe.

The power of these words are the central theme to the book *We Dream A World*.

Yolanda Renee King, *parents.com*, 2024