

Free research paper about a day in the life of ferguson, missouri

[Family](#), [Parents](#)



(Insert College/and or class)

Just two days ago from today, my city of Ferguson, Missouri was nothing but an insignificant city amongst the United States. That all changed when Darren Wilson murdered my brother, Michael Brown, in cold blood. I heard from the news that they will be having his funeral soon, and it will be hosted at Missionary Baptist Church in St. Louis.

The TV in the living room suddenly shuts off.

“ Mom why did you turn off the television? There talking about Michael!” I said urgently

Mother stared at me with sadden look, “ I’m tired of seeing these horrid police on the news justifying all the violent actions they take against our community, its wrong James.”

My eyes slowly drifted to floor. “ I guess your right”, I mumbled.

As much as I wanted to deny the evil of this world, I knew my mother was right. The police of Ferguson murdered Michael Brown in cold blood. What could I do about it though? I was just an eighteen year old kid like Michael Brown, and peaceful protesting wouldn’t do anything for the community of Ferguson, it never really had. Personally, whenever tragic events happened here I just prayed I wouldn’t be effected and kind of stood back to watch the show. However, this all changed a month after confronting my mother in the living room about the news broadcast TV.

I was going for a morning walk around 6: 45am on Canfield Drive, on September 22nd when my eyes laid rest on the memorial of my dear friend Michael Brown. The entire memorial was engulfed in fire as police and a few firemen proceeded to put it out. Something in my persona changed that very

moment. How could somebody add insult to injury to the death of Michael Brown by burning his memorial down overnight? Stricken with sadness and disbelief I eventually returned home around 10am. In my house I found my mother watching TV again, this time the topic of discussion coming from the media box was in regards to very sight I had just seen with my two eyes. The burning of Michael's memorial was all over local and national news.

“ Stay inside this evening James”, my mother blurted out

“ Why is that mom?”

“ I'm afraid the city will be rioting again.” She replied

“ Maybe I should join them and fight for Michael.” I said weakly

“ Violence is not the answer James.” She said glaring at me.

“ Malcolm X said nobody can give you equality or justice or anything. If you're a man, you take it.” I shouted back at her as I stomped out of the living room.

I retreated to my room where I spent some time thinking about what my mother had said. I just couldn't find any means of agreeing with her.

Peaceful protest at places like Ward Chapel A M E Church had turned into rioting crowds of civilians and police officials. There was no success, nor progress in peaceful action I thought to myself. The people of Ferguson were tired of being peaceful, being peaceful had nothing good in return, just a dead, innocent eighteen year old kid, and a memorial that was tarnished. I decided to use the house phone and call my child hood friend Roger, I had to get these thoughts off my chest. We talked for a couple hours about the whole ordeal until I started to hear rioting coming from a distance. As the

noises got louder, I told Roger I had to go to bed, and I hung up the phone. I then proceeded to look out my bedroom window.

Downtown Ferguson was in shambles. I could tell from far away that people were retaliating against police and military officials, tear gas was being thrown, and citizens were being arrested. That was the last straw for me. I quickly fled from my window and got fully dressed. This was history in the making, and I was about to be a part of what I thought was the solution. I suited up with a face mask, a long scarf around my neck, an American flag-long-sleeve t-shirt, and some cargo pants.

“ Nobody can give you equality, if you’re a man, you take it.” I whispered to myself

I glanced in the mirror

“ Let’s do this” I said aloud in my head

I slowly crept downstairs and out the backdoor hoping I wouldn’t awake my mother, for she would be irate if she knew what I was about to partake in. From my window I could tell that a lot of rioting was taking place in the Riverview Garden School District just north of my house. I proceeded to exit the house and head towards the crowd.

As I arrived at the edge of the Riverview Garden School District, I noticed the further I went into the city, the more brutal it became. I finally came to a complete stop on my journey once I reached the Domino’s Pizza on W Florissant Ave, I literally watched a group of young males throw three Molotov cocktails towards a group of officers only to miss and go through the windows of the pizza parlor. The Domino’s erupted in flames. The city was

extremely out of control, everyone participating, including the police, were so far beyond controllable it was scary as hell. Shivering in my own shoes, I did the only thing I thought I could, join the rioters.

Sprinting in the American flag that engulfed my chest and arms, I made my way towards the front lines of the riot. It was horrid, it was something like a bad night mare that wouldn't end. Police on W Florissant Ave and Chambers RD were teargasing all the citizens in the area, children, men, woman, and young adults were all victims of the law enforcement.

Within a blink of eye a canister of tear gas smacked the ground and rolled towards my feet. Something inside me sparked as my life had been put in danger for no apparent reason.

“ This one is for Michael” I whispered under my breath

I picked up the canister, as poisonous, gloomy gases released from the hand-sized grenade. My eyes turned red, and my lungs started to suffocate very quickly. Then, with all my strength, I hurled the tear gas back at the law enforcement officials. Everyone standing behind me roared as I quickly retreated by the corner of W Florissant Ave and Chambers RD. Upon reaching safety, I had never felt more proud in my life, just for a few seconds I had felt like I was truly fighting for what I believed in. Instead of being a bystander and watching all of it happen. The corrupt police of Ferguson had no right to murder my friend in cold blood, nor hurt these protesters, and tonight I fought back for them.

After doing what I could that evening, I eventually returned back to my small house on Canfield Drive. I swiftly, and quietly reentered the house and made

my way to my bedroom. Exhausted by all the mayhem I had experienced tonight, I slipped into a deep slumber. The next morning I woke up and went down stairs for breakfast. There my mom was again.

“ Good morning James, did you sleep well?” she asked

“ I slept like I baby.” I replied with a laugh

“ Did you see the news honey?”

“ No, did something happen?” I replied quickly

“ Oh nothing happened, but there is a peaceful sit-protest and barbeque for Michael this evening at Forest Wood Park down the street.”

“ Sorry mom, but I’m not really the peaceful type, nobody can give you equality, and if you’re a man you take it.” I replied with a slick smile

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