



威斯学院  
WELLS ACADEMY

## Letter to Emmett Till

*by Tianze Qiu*

Dear Emmett,

I hope you are doing well in heaven now. I am sorry that you were killed so brutally at such an early age. I did some research on your death, and here was what I found: First, I know you were born on July 25, 1941, in Chicago, Illinois, and I know you went to Money, Mississippi on August 21, 1955 to visit your uncle. Next, I know you heard about the plans from your uncle that he would bring your cousins to Money, Mississippi. Also, I know that you were only fourteen when you died, on August 28, 1955. I know you were killed because you whistled when pronouncing your b sound in the word "bubble gum" when you were trying to buy some gum from a white woman named Carolyn Bryant in her store. I know that her husband, Roy Bryant, and his half-brother, J. W. Milam, later found you in your uncle's house, dragged you out, tossed you into their car. They then brought you to a barn, and whipped you for hours, and finally shot you in your right temple. After that, they threw your remains into a river. Nobody knew of this until three days later, two fishermen found your decaying body in the river. In the first few trials, Bryant was not found guilty because your mom and dad were African Americans, and it was not allowed for African Americans to speak against white Americans. Only after a long time, did Bryant admit that he did kill you.

I am Tianze, and I am ten, just four years younger than you. I attend a school where everyone from all races are in the same class. I am Asian and I have friends who are white, Asian, and black. I like to compete on my Lego team, and I like to play with my Rubik's cubes. I think you would have had a better life if there were no racial segregation. In my time, there are more rights for African Americans, but we are still fighting for racial justice. For example, as a fourteen-year-old nowadays, you could be playing sports with kids of every race on a school team. You could also be in school with kids that are different races, like my school. Everyone can also be on Lego teams, building robots now, also like me. To summarize, the quote, "Every man is created equal" is truer now.

After my research, I still have many questions for you: Carolyn Bryant claimed that you touched her. Did you actually touch her? Was there any reason for your death, other than racial injustice? If so, what might it be? How did you feel about your death? What happened to you after you died? What were the consequences of your death? Did you know that there were laws passed that prevented racial injustice because of your tragic death?

I hope you will watch us continue to fight for a more racially just society from heaven.

Sincerely yours,

Tianze