

Chiara B.

“Robert Chambliss’s Thoughts When He Was Convicted for Murder”

I can't believe after all these years, they finally caught me. I actually thought that maybe we had really pulled it off without a hitch. I can't believe we were actually able to get some casualties from that bombing. I was such a terrible man, yet back then I used to think I was God. I was nothing but a disappointment. But the thing I am most disappointed about myself is my hatred for the African American race. I hated them so much that if someone even mentioned a black person I automatically felt murderous. You know just thinking about my thoughts on the colored race makes me ashamed. There is something I did in the 1960's though that is unforgivable. I bombed 16th street Baptist church and killed four innocent girls. That day was the day that I think I fell into the deep end of insanity. Not a day goes by that I don't recount the events of that horrid bombing. It was a quiet Sunday morning in Birmingham Alabama at 16th street Baptist church. Anyone who was around the church were too busy to notice that I was walking up to the church basement carrying a box full of dynamite. I put the box on the steps of the basement and at 10:22 A.M. the bomb went off. They say you could hear the explosion in all of Alabama. The church automatically crumbled like Jiffy cornbread. I saw the pastor look into the rubble and find the negro girls' bodies stacked on top of each other. Seeing them like that made me feel so powerful. I felt like a roaring lion that had just preyed on a herd of gazelles. It was like the world was bowing at my feet. They did arrest me after the bombing, but only for possessing 121 sticks of dynamite without a permit. But those cops knew that I had placed the bomb under the basement. They

didn't convict me for the murders for over a decade. Sadly I now have to pay the price. I remember how I used to think that killing those girls was for the greater good, that if I tried to eradicate the negroes I could maybe make the world a better place. Don't get me wrong, I did sometimes feel guilt, but when I did I would tell myself that anyone with the skin color of a negro is going to become a monster so I was just saving the girls from the evil that would soon consume them. The more negroes dead the better, no matter how young. That was my motto. Years ago I finally realized that everyone has demons. Everyone is a monster in their own way. We are all the same. I wish I knew these things back then. Oh who am I kidding I was too sick of a man to realize these things. I always thought that the white race was supposed to be the chosen race and it was our job to rule and keep any other race in check. I feel like I've been trapped in a bubble full of hatred. Now I'm swimming in a pool of guilt, and since I've been holding down this guilt in the pits of my pathetic, unforgivable soul I may drown. I don't even know why I ever had so much hatred for colored people. Maybe it was because I was afraid of change, afraid of integration changing....me. The one thing I hope for now is that the families of the four girls have forgiven me, for I know I will never be able to forgive myself.

AUTHORS NOTE

The Birmingham church bombing was a real event during the Civil Rights Movement. However, if these were Robert Chambliss' real thoughts when he was convicted I do not know. That part is fictional. I just wanted to try to portray the harshness and severity

from people during the Civil Rights Movement. If this essay was offending IN ANY WAY I deeply apologize I just wanted to do an essay on Civil Rights due to the problems we are facing on Civil Rights today.