

Dear diary, June 18 1865

My name is Tommy and I'm 24 and today I got very lucky because my job for today was to clean the house. The others were working on the plantation. By the time I was finished, the day was over. I went to the cabin next to the plantation where I slept on the cold wooden floor. Sometimes I wonder how my 7 year old brother, Jordy, is doing. I still remember the day I was captured. It was september 17 1859 and me and Jordy were walking down the dirt road to my neighborhood. Jordy and I were playing with our friends when he got hurt so we had to go home and while we were walking home we heard screams. I told my brother to stay close to me until we went home. My house was just a couple blocks away so if we were chased by anything or anyone we would be there quickly. Then I heard something that

shocked me, my parents screams. I know how they scream because they would always yell at me because my brother got hurt or if he was crying. I told Jordy to run with me to our house. Once we were there I saw some men in our house and told Jordy to hide in the bushes so if the men were dangerous Jordy would be safe. But once I got in the house I saw a man holding something and then I could only see black, when I woke up I was on a ship going somewhere I didn't know where I was going or how I was here, but now I do. I was sold to some people and ended up here.

Dear diary, June 19 1865

When I woke up I heard screams but this time it was screams of joy. Why?? I wondered. What's happy about being enslaved? When I went outside I saw

men on their horse yelling out that we were free! I felt excited. I could find my brother, but the only problem was that I didn't know where he was. I found out that I was supposed to be free months ago, I was furious! Why are the slave owners so greedy? Why didn't they let us free? Was it just because they just wanted to make money? But I am thankful that I am finally free. So tonight I will be sleeping on the grass somewhere and then the search for my brother will begin.

Fromy Fabian Vazquez - Basurto

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