

WALT: Write an account about travelling along the Underground Railroad

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Life as a slave was incredibly challenging but now finally, it's over. This terrible experience started like this... One normal Wednesday, my innocent family and I were dragged away from our beloved home. These horrible people violently forced us to climb into their creep, old wagon. You could hear my heart beat a mile away; I was absolutely petrified.

Luckily, they didn't split us up, we all ended up in a Georgia Plantation in Southern America. Even though we were exhausted, the overseer made us work on the farm and we were yelled at relentlessly. Although I didn't do much work, it was still a real struggle. Nobody had escaped until...I reached the age of thirteen. It was on that day, that dreadful day, when I started working on the fields. My brother and I were ordered to pick cotton far away in the wet, ice-cold darkness; our hands were raw and crisp. That was when he whispered to me that we had to escape and of course I agreed. He had asked me to tell our parents and sneaked into the "Big House" to gather supplies.

Before we left, our parents gave us a quilt that had different codes and clues to help us reach Canada. My dad said to remember that moss always grows on the North side of trees. Early in the morning, my brother and I took our supplies and the quilt, said bye to our parents and left. Surprisingly, my brother wasn't nervous, or frightened like I was, but excited at the prospect of being free...if we made it. With a little courage, I sprinted with my brother into the depths of the midnight-black forest. Confidently, somehow, my brother trekked across the muddy path and despite the fact I was hesitant, I followed him.

Our journey continued into the rainy skies and the fear of the unknown. Day light came too quickly, but we found a conductor (a person who helps slaves escape) and whose house we stayed in which helped us so much. The woman who helped us gave us a good, warm meal and nice clothes so we wouldn't look like escaping slaves. A few minutes after I had changed, she also gave me a brand-new bow and it was just like the picture on the quilt!

As we were about to leave, we heard a branch snap and I froze; my heart stopped. With fear in every inch of my body, I peeked through the window and glanced at the patroller. He was taking my brother away from me. Fear. Nothing but fear. My spine shivered with horror as he whispered, "I can see you," with a menacing laugh.

It was a woeful moment and I felt heartbroken but I had to reach freedom, just like Harriet Tubman. She is such an inspirational lady. Under the cover of dusk, I left the conductor's house and noticed moss on the side of a tree. It must have been the north side. Then I looked up and stared at the North Star- that was on the quilt as well. The next day, I wandered north and came across Lake Erie. Close by, I found a wooden sailboat waiting for me, exactly like the one on the quilt; I used it to get across the lake and knew that I was in Canada. Free?

Quickly, I leaped out of the boat and jumped up blissfully. Out of breath, I hopped all around and released I was free and it was all over. I couldn't believe it. My anxiety lifted as I thought about my future and everything to come. Trembling with excitement, I pinched myself to check if it was a dream. In the blink of an eye...I realised I was free at last.