

WALT: Write an account about travelling along the Underground Railroad

By W. R.

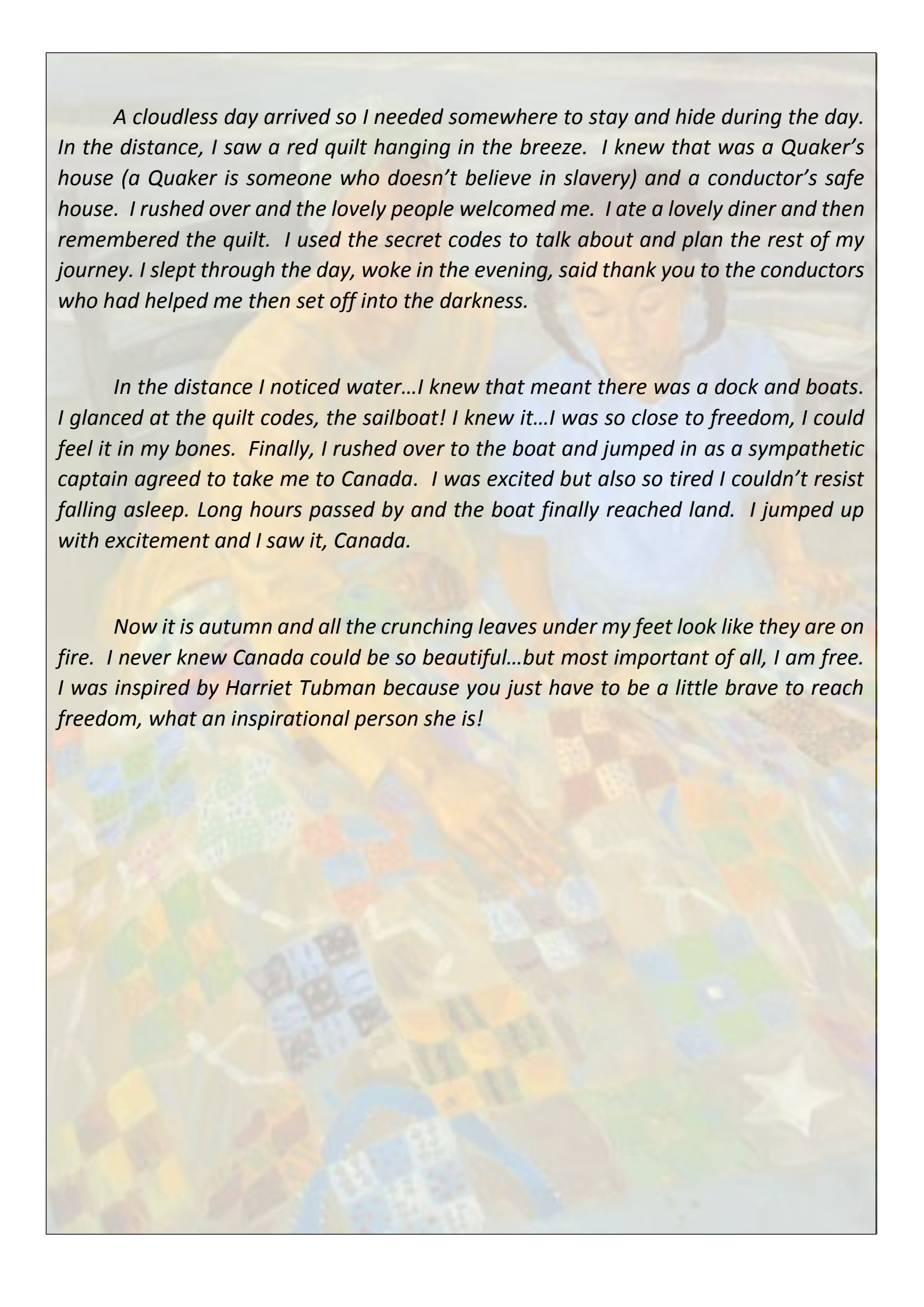
May 1865

My name is Weronika and I come from Uganda in Africa. I was seven-years-old when I was taken from my parents and put on a vast ship sailing to the southern part of America. On the ship, it was artic-cold, the air felt dusty and it was hard to breath in. The days kept on getting longer and longer, and I desperately needed fresh air.

When we eventually arrived on the cotton plantation, I met a lady who would take care of me. This wonderful lady was my daddy's sister (she had also been snatched from her home in Africa when she was two-years-old) and she helped me with everything. She taught me how to sew but I was so mesmerized by the beautiful colours and patterns, I could not concentrate. Afterwards, when I was more experienced, I started my own stunning quilt with lots of fabric and materials sewn together. Many hours, days and weeks passed by, and I finally finished my huge quilt. I gazed at it and knew one day it would come in handy. Years passed by and I was certain I would have to work in the cotton fields. In the blink of an eye, the overseer came over and explained that I would have to work in the plantation fields from now on. I was alarmed.

Working under the colossal blazing sun, I could feel my back aching and hands became raw but I was doing the best I could. Furtively, I glanced behind my back, then glanced again and could see young Jack making a run-for-it! He was so brave but I just stood there, motionless, not even blinking as he escaped.

Night fell and I knew I wanted a better life so I packed what little food I had and carefully disappeared into the shadows of the forest. I wasn't scared of the forest, or the creatures living in it, but I was scared on the patrollers, just like Harriet Tubman.



A cloudless day arrived so I needed somewhere to stay and hide during the day. In the distance, I saw a red quilt hanging in the breeze. I knew that was a Quaker's house (a Quaker is someone who doesn't believe in slavery) and a conductor's safe house. I rushed over and the lovely people welcomed me. I ate a lovely dinner and then remembered the quilt. I used the secret codes to talk about and plan the rest of my journey. I slept through the day, woke in the evening, said thank you to the conductors who had helped me then set off into the darkness.

In the distance I noticed water...I knew that meant there was a dock and boats. I glanced at the quilt codes, the sailboat! I knew it...I was so close to freedom, I could feel it in my bones. Finally, I rushed over to the boat and jumped in as a sympathetic captain agreed to take me to Canada. I was excited but also so tired I couldn't resist falling asleep. Long hours passed by and the boat finally reached land. I jumped up with excitement and I saw it, Canada.

Now it is autumn and all the crunching leaves under my feet look like they are on fire. I never knew Canada could be so beautiful...but most important of all, I am free. I was inspired by Harriet Tubman because you just have to be a little brave to reach freedom, what an inspirational person she is!