

**WALT: Write an account about travelling along the Underground Railroad**

**By A.D.**

**December 1863**

*When I was nine-years-old, my mother sadly passed away. She had given me a quilt with different codes on it before she died and told me to treasure it, because one day it would come-in-hand. My father was a wagon driver, but I rarely saw him because he helped slaves to escape, he was a conductor.*

*My father was always at work while I was sewing at home. One evening, I heard nasty laughs and saw breaths steaming the windows with condensation. Men had nets and ropes...overseers...patrollers. I was petrified. Nervously, I walked up the stairs hoping my fears would “flick” out of my mind. Slowly, I fell asleep but the next morning, I woke somewhere I didn’t recognise...I had been dropped on rocky ground. The patrollers threatened me as we arrived at the cotton plantation.*

*People all around looked depressed. My new master forced me to work with them...day-after-day, week-after-week, month-after-month and year-after-year. One day, I decided enough was enough, I had to escape. I had finished some of my work and at noon rapidly made a run-for-it through the forest, with naked branches shivering in the icy-cold air. I became lost. It was frightening because the sky had become obsidian and I couldn’t make it to the border. I walked on foot to the nearest safe house. The conductor had hung a quilt outside which meant that it was safe to come inside but I was concerned because he had an evil look on his face...*

*It was too late to be wandering around the forest, so I decided to go in. The man seemed to have a kind personality, he gave me food, clothes and a bed to sleep in. He told me to get some rest which I did but as I woke, I found my hands were tied with rope. He told me not to trust everyone and silently walked to the corner of the room and signalled for two other patrollers to take me away.*

*Outside, I was told to get on the wagon. I had no choice and we travelled back to the plantation to continue working in the cotton fields. Since my return, I have been given a lot more work than usual because I tried to escape. When I am at work, I can see the Master’s eyes glancing over at me. I am so frustrated, annoyed and upset because my father isn’t here.*