**My Life as a Slave**

 **Hello, I’m a slave and live at the time of 1823. I’ve been a slave all my life. My name is Frank and I’m 9 ½ years old. I work in the fields but my momma works in the big house. She cooks and cleans for the Master. My daddy is dead. He got shot one day when I was just a baby. But being a baby and all I don’t remember any of this. My momma told me what happened. One day he was out in the shed with the horses doing his job. One of Master’s prize horses went all whacky on daddy and killed itself. Then Master Tom came out and saw the horse. He was so mad, he shot my daddy right there on the spot. I guess he thought that horse was worth a lot more than my daddy.**

 **My jobs at the plantation are mainly picking cotton. It is a hard job because I wake up at 4:00 am and go to bed at 8:30pm’ sometimes even later. I’m always tired but there are kids younger than me. I feel sorry for them. At age 5-6 the kids have to start working for the Master.**

 **My normal schedule is this…**

**4:00 am Wake Up**

**4:15am Eat Breakfast**

**4:30am Go to the Fields**

**8:00pm Eat Dinner**

**8:30 Go to Bed**

 **My schedule may be simple, but it is hard.**

**One day my aunt Joanna went to the fields and never came back. A few days later, I heard some whites found her body. She had tried to runaway. At least she did escape the drudgery. Alive or not, I’m proud of her.**

 **Working on a plantation is hard. I hope I escape someday. Someday soon.**

