The Day Josh Escaped From Slavery

By Zach

One day I was working for my master his name is Mr. Joe Handcafe. He had a plantation down south. My master whipped me if I did not do something right. Blood would run down my back like a waterfall. I just got tired of it. So I decided to escape. So this is how my story began.

One evening I was out in the field. My master walked away to get a drink. I ask him if he could get me one. He said no. So I got mad and escaped when he wasn’t looking. That night I ran and ran, following the river, when I saw a guy. He scared me and I ran way. Then he yelled, “ I am a abolitionist.” So I stopped, and I thought about what was an abolitionist. I yelled to that guy, “Will you help me?” He yelled back, “Yes, follow me”.

I stopped and went over to him. He said his name was Joe. I said that was my master’s name. He asked me what my name was. I said “Josh”. I told him I was 14 years old. Joe said that I was a little young to be running away But I told him I was not too young. I was sick of being a slave. Ever since I was ten years old I’ve been working all day and night without much to eat. I told him how my master had treated me. I was out in the heat all day picking cotton. Sometimes, if I didn’t pick enough cotton to make the master happy, he whipped me till my back bled. So Joe asked, “How did you feel when you ran away?” I said I was scared, happy in a way, nervous, and sad because I have to go through it.

We walked over to his horse and I hid in a little pack in the wagon. It was pretty small but I still fit in it. We traveled and traveled. Then we reached a free state.

There was where I started a new life. I got a girlfriend. We had two children. Before the Civil War ended, I was always worried that my master would find me and return me to the plantation, but no body caught me. When the war ended, I was free at last. 