

Dried Tears

Voices From the Time of Slavery



Written and Illustrated by the 2010-2011 Fifth Grade Class
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Co-edited by teachers and students

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Fight to Get Away

I was waking up to start my day. When I was walking outside the birds were chirping and my throat was dry. I was looking for my friends so we can play tag. I saw them playing so I ran over to them. As I was running over to play I tripped over a rock. I made it over and started playing, but I heard some cracking in the woods. I didn't pay any attention to the sounds when suddenly I saw pale-faced men. They smelled like rotten eggs. Their teeth were brown. I thought about running, but I saw the dogs.

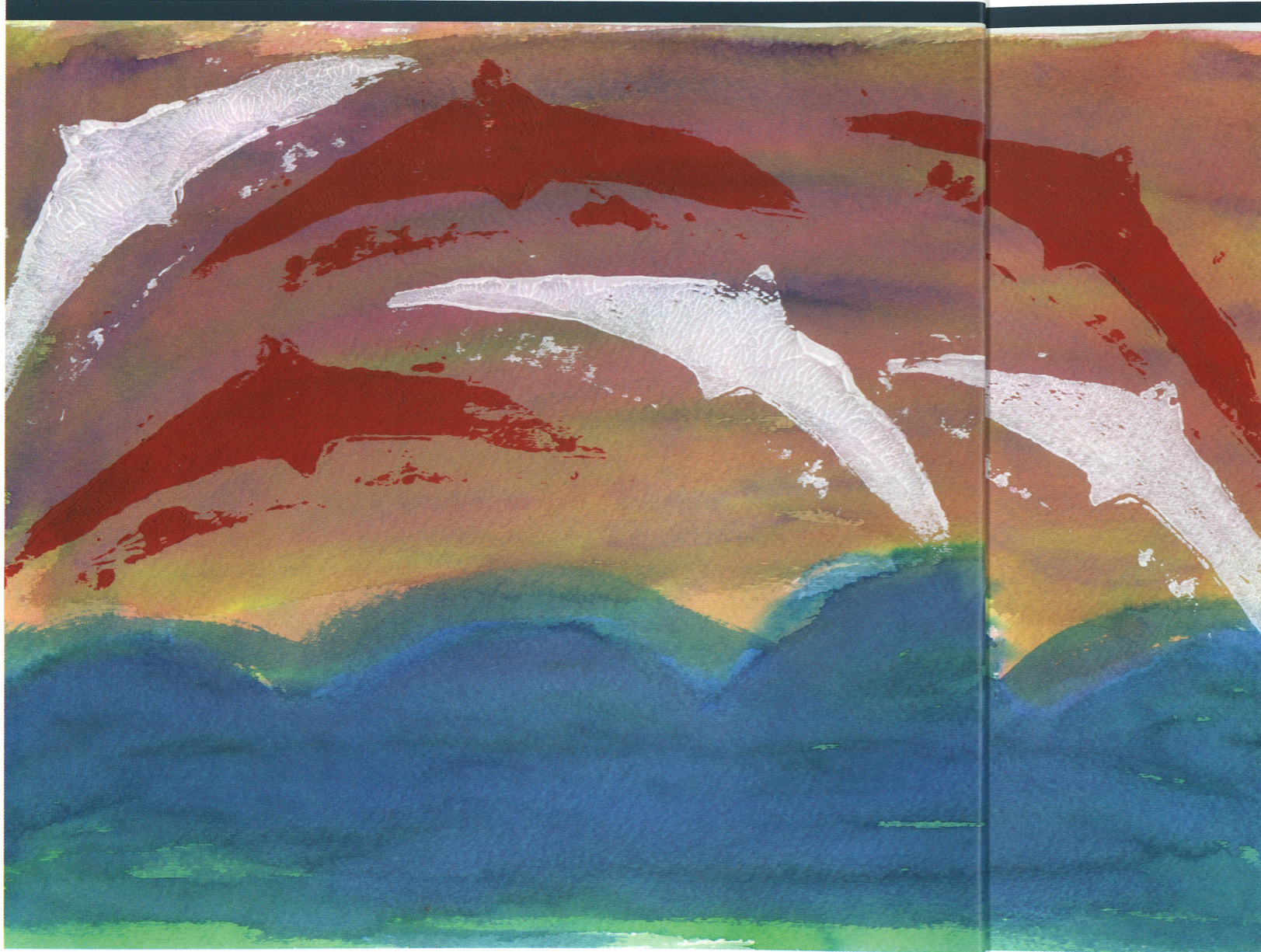
The man tried to take me but I crushed into his feet with my feet. I ran into the bushes. They yelled and said "You come back here!! When I catch you I am going to whip you until you are all bloody!" I heard one of the monsters in the woods. It sounded like they were coming from left and right. I ducked and started crawling out of the woods so I wouldn't be seen.

As I was creeping out of the woods I heard some growling. I slowly turned around and one of the slavers let their dog go. I tried to run as fast I could but the dog was too fast. The dog bit my leg and I fall to the ground and the slaver picked me up and took me away.

Narrative and Artwork by Terrence



The Horrors of the Slave Ship



Narrative and Artwork by Trinity

It's such a starry sky out here. The wind from the water is making me shiver. As I look down I see a head with lots of small curls. And I can hear people silently screaming in pain. I hear the sounds of chains from people trying to move. I lay back down even though I want to get back up. I hear the evil men coming in, making sure we are still chained to one another. Some people have chains wrapped around their necks. Well I better stop all this complaining because I know we are going to be on this broken-hearted boat for days.

I hear the ropes on the side of the ship slapping the boat really hard. I can hear the loud foot steps of our feeding man coming in to feed us, but my stomach is cramping so I rather not eat. The only things that are surrounding me are those screeching seagulls looking for some dead bodies that the slavers and his helpers throw overboard. Since I didn't want to eat, the slaver unchained me and told me to stand up. He charged at me with his whip until my back didn't look like a back anymore. I screamed louder and louder and he hit me harder and harder as blood dripped down my back. I said a lot of oohs and ahhs.

As nights and days pass we lose more and more people on the slave ship. Oh these chains are so tight on my ankles and wrists.

All About the Money

"Finally back to America. Time to unload these filthy peasants off the boat. Disgusting! They eat like wild animals. Hurry up! Na! Ya' move like blackturtles." The slaves looked scared out of their minds as they hurried by the man who threatened to whip them if they didn't move fast enough. "Hey you two stop talking and get to movin' or else I'll work my magic with this whip." The slaves looked at me like they were confused, like I was crazy, and were just standing there. "You think I'm playin'?" WOOSH! My whip came up with blood as it's partner. "Now get!" I hollered at the slaves pointing in the direction where they are suppose to go, like they were stupid. "Man it sure is hot out! So hot I think I might just melt!" I complained. "Hurry up and get dressed for the auction and dress good so they can think you're not a weak slave.

Look at you filthy worms struggling like a worm, and it's hard because you're all wrapped up in that junk that you usually wear. Wait, you



Narrative and Artwork by Ameerah

don't understand a word I'm sayin', huh? Well I'm gonna have a little fun with this!" I said. Man... I wonder what those owners are gonna do with these blacks, I thought. Well I don't really care unless they treat them how they are supposed to be treated.

I continued demanding the slaves to move faster but they did not understand a word I was sayin'. "Man I sure do hope those owners buy these animals 'cause if they buy them the more money I make!" I said, all excited in my head. "Come on you filthy varmint! You better not try to run away and if you do try you're chained up by your necks, so try to run away! You'll choke yourselves to death, so if I were you I wouldn't even try it." As I watched the hundreds of slaves walk by and all of them chained up by their necks. I see my partner throwing blacks off of the ship because they were either sick or dead. I thought, "Well isn't that just to bad for them, huh? Well time to go to the auction block and get my money!"