

Freedom Train Found

By Gemma Clark

Chapter 1

Dear Diary, Hey. It's me, Samantha Micheals. As long as no one calls me Samantha, I know we are not enemies. Everybody calls me Sam. To re-cap, the house is where my parents house and my grandparents house border. I can roam as a lion in its territory here.

Many of the kids in my neighborhood are my friends and we team up as a gang in the woods called the "Coyotes". I am a general of the Coyotes but my brothers are also in the group. My older brother, Charles, is the leader of the Coyotes, my younger brother, Jackson, is in my troop. He is in charge of the weapons (the Nerf guns). But my youngest brother, Wesley, is not in a group.

Today me, Jackson, Charles, and Wesley went deep into the woods to find a better place for a camp site. When we got deep Charles said we should go back to the house. But when we went back Wesley fell into this river and we couldn't see him. I waded into the river when Charles and Jackson had waded in too. Wesley was at the top of the hill laughing like crazy. He had pranked us and now we were drenched. We decided to pay him back. I acted as though my leg was being held onto by a monster.

Charles and Jackson understood. They also acted as though they were drowning and we swam underwater until we thought we had scared Wesley out of his skin. I guess we were driven by the current, because we ended up in a huge sewer. We got lost trying

to get to Wesley, but everything looked the same. Suddenly I spotted this opening in a wall. "Hey Charlie, Jack, I think I found it." I hollered. They came to where I was and we went in. Jackson tripped over a tripwire and these torches were lit up like the Fourth of July.

Now I think we should have not gone inside but what kind of kid would I be if I did the obvious thing? I went looking for stuff from the previous owners because I mean really, do you think the hole was originally there? I went in deeper. "Sam don't go in," cried Charles as he saw me go in. Of course I ignored him because the cave was calling. In the new area there was this old looking bag which I investigated. Inside there was a diary. This is what it said:

December 25, 1839

Hi my name is Wendy my momma said I should write my ideas down in this book but to keep it outta sight of the owners. Last year we lost our neighbor to the owners. Daddy would have thought we had done all we coulda done but now I wish he wasn't with our owners neighbors. Sometimes I see him looking out into the fields and then the owner uses the whip on him. Momma says she will get us outta here in her sleep and I don't know what that means. Escape. The word I know seems so dangerous. We heard about the Greens trying to escape and they were caught. We never found out what happened to them and we never saw them again. .---

"What are you reading?" It was Jackson interrupting the diary. "Nothing," I said. I shoved it in my backpack. "Have you found any ammo?" I tried getting him off the subject. It didn't work. "No. and I obviously see you have a leather bag. What were you

reading?" I tried acting like I didn't understand what he was saying. "What!? I'm not reading anything." He gave me the look he gives me when he knows I'm hiding something where he raises his eyebrow. "Fine," I said. "I'm reading a diary of a girl named Wendy. She was a slave." I pulled it out as I said it. He read a few pages then looked up at me, shocked.

"SAM. DO YOU REALIZE WHAT THIS MEANS?" He practically screamed.

"No, Wh..." He didn't have to tell me anymore. We had found the underground railroad.

"Oh my gosh so I found the journal of a runaway slave?" I practically screamed as well.

Charles came in. He could hear us from the other area I suppose. Jackson grabbed the book from my hands "SAM IS GOING TO BE RICH" he yelled.

"Hold it," Charles said as though he was coming out of a trance. "We don't know if it's authentic so Sam maybe if you read more we can see if it's true." "Sure," I'll read it.

Wendy's diary read, "Diary, I never thought I would tell anyone this, but I'm making an exception for you. Last year, daddy, me and Mama were at an auction. But it wasn't like any auction I've ever been to. Instead, they sold slaves and when I say we went to an auction we were the auction. Dad and mom ended up separated."

"Sam, are you crying?" said Jackson while Charles was handing me a tissue. "I'll be okay," I said but I don't think I meant it. I was crying like crazy. The next thing Jackson said was not one of his best moments but it was a Jackson moment. "Can we just skip to the good part already? I mean this is good and all but I mean Wesley is probably like trying to swim you know how dangerous that is." I read the last paragraph.

January 1, 1840

We have to run. I'm barely writing right now. We have to stop and catch our breath now. I'm just scared of the owners. They could be anywhere right now. My momma's safety and my own are at stake here in Georgia in the woods. It is way worse than you would expect. It's kind of shriveled up now but it's a passageway for us to go into what she calls the Underground Railroad see you on the other side.