

A Journey

by, Asha

I walked into my neighborhood and wished I was back home!

My name is Tutzwanie. In 1863, I was stolen from West Africa when I was five and became a slave. I was walking with my sister and chased a beautiful butterfly into the woods. A man appeared, chased me and put me in a cart. My friend Ngoni was also in the cart. When the cart stopped, the man unchained us. He said, "I'm selling you to a man who will take you to South America."



Chasing a butterfly

The man and his family got on a boat and we carried all their luggage, it was not fun! The sea got very bumpy. Ngoni caught the measles and became blind but we were really lucky because most people die from hunger or sickness on this boat.



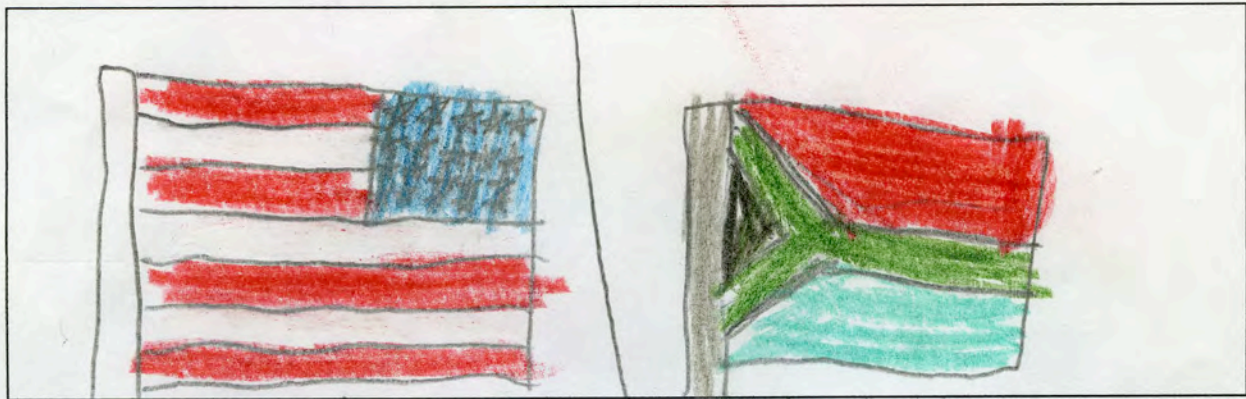
On a boat

Three months later we arrived in South America. We had one week to get better and when we did the man said with relief, "There is much work to be done. Now get to work!". I started to cry and he told me to quit it and hit me with a whip until I stopped.



Doing chores

On my birthday, I said cheerfully, "Today's my birthday!". The family replied, "We don't care". I was heartbroken. Ngoni got so mad that she pushed me down. She really meant to push the son down but she was blind. I had broken my arm and couldn't do any work for one week. Ngoni had to do all my work. I felt awful. My master sold me to an American man.



The flags of America and Africa

Soon I was free and went home to Africa! When I ran to my house, my sister and mother dropped to their knees and cried. Now I'm with my family again and that's all that matters. Can you imagine how many neighborhoods I've lived in? I've been to West Africa, South America, and America. I'll always love my family. I hope you love your family too. I also hope the world will get along one day. If it does change, I hope everyone will always be thankful it did.



The home of Tutzwanie