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A Morning for Mourning

By

Clare, age 11

Grammar

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Oh my word! Today was so eventful, I feel as though I might cry! My home has been ruined, my food has been stolen, and my slaves set free! Worst, I can't find my family anywhere! Oh dear, I'm afraid I'm getting rather ahead of myself.

I woke up, expecting my breakfast, when I realized that the plantation was awfully silent. I rang the bell, calling for my slave, and heard the echo against the empty walls! Quietly, I stepped out of my bed, pulled on the only clothing I could find, my horrifying cloak from my great aunt, and crept down the hall.

I'm afraid that now the paper will dry wet and wrinkled from my sorrow, for I can't think of this without shedding a tear or two. My footsteps rang throughout the hall, as I searched for any sign of life. When I went to sleep last night, I barely took any notice of the lavish wallpaper, of the detailed family portraits, of the magnificent furniture. Today, the wall is splintered, the paintings cast on the floor, and the furniture is destroyed! I can't bear to think of it, I shall have to lay aside my pen for awhile.

Later

Now that my head is cleared, for I was ever so surprised someone would take anything from me, I will be able to do more about this. Perhaps I'll make breakfast. Perhaps I'll put up 'missing' signs for my family members. Perhaps I'll try to clean up the house. Perhaps I'll even live with my aunt and uncle up in Philadelphia. No matter what I do, I know for sure that Mr. Lincoln has completely ruined my life!