



Journey on the Amistad— A Child's Perspective

NAME: _____

I am so cold, and hungry, and tired, but I cannot sleep. I need to sleep. Maybe I'm dreaming. Maybe I am home in bed with my baby sister and brother. We are huddled together, full bellies, with plans to play tag, and hunt and fish. Maybe I am dreaming. But I can't close my eyes. Then I will see the white face man who hit me and took me. I can't close my eyes. I hate his face. I don't ever want to see it again. If I sleep, I will see it again. Maybe I should try. Maybe this is a dream.

Or maybe my daddy will come for me. He is so big and strong. He will find me, and take me home. And my mom will hold me, and fill my belly and tell me stories. They will find me, and protect me. I will never have to see another white faced man again.

It is so cold here. Why is it so cold? I haven't seen the sun in so long. Is there no sun where we are going? Where are we going? Why did the white faced men take us?

I hope my baby brother and sister are safe. They were still sleeping when I last saw them. I should have stayed. I shouldn't have snuck away to play with my friend Imani before sunrise. I should have stayed. Then, I would still be with them. I miss them. And I miss Imani. I hope she got away. She was running so fast when we saw the white faced men. She was always faster than me. I hope she got away. I hope she is warm and her belly is full. I hope I will see their faces again.

Maybe I'm just dreaming. My eyes are so heavy. I can't stop them from closing anymore. Maybe when I wake up I will be home.

Below, sketch a portrait of the storyteller or the scene that is taking place as you imagine it.