

## Plymouth Friends

I lay in bed; the air was cool and moist. I was cold and the bed could barely hold five of us, but surprisingly held seven. I felt lonely in my bed though my family was right next to me. Then, I finally found a way to fall asleep and was soon dreaming of all the good times I had had when I was a young child. "Cock-a-doodle-do!" the rooster crowed. I had better get to work. My sister would soon be awake and she too, had to help tend to the garden.

My name is Charlotte Madden and I was born on November 3<sup>rd</sup> 1617 and I am eight years old. I moved here from England when I was only three years old. Yes, it may take some getting used to, but I will get used to it in a little while. Now I have to weed the garden and help my mom cook our midday meal. "Breakfast!" my mom shouts. I go inside the little stone house with the thatched roof. When I finish my meal of porridge and fresh fruit, I head back out to the garden. There my sisters are, because they ate breakfast first. When I finish weeding, I go inside to help my mother cook. My two brothers and father went out to chop trees. Abigail, my mom, my two sisters and I all had to stay at home.

That night, when we are eating dinner, I ask my mom: "Mom, what happened to all of the people in the Patuxet tribe?" "Well sweetheart, have you ever heard of someone called Tisquantum or as we call him, Squanto?" "No, mother." I reply. She told me the horrible story of how Squanto got kidnapped twice and got sold as a slave for 9 years. I thought it was terrible. "But mom," I said. "That still does not answer my question." "Well, I didn't tell you the last part." She said. "When he came back, everyone had died from a terrible sickness." That night when I was heading to bed, I saw that the trees were moving in the strangest way. Then I asked myself, "What was that?" "A mouse or a bird?" Then I realized whatever it was, it had to be bigger than a mouse. Way bigger. So, I put on my coat, put on my shoes, and crept out of the room.

When I reached the end of the garden, I walked into the forest. It was getting late out and was almost morning. "They were people!" But, they weren't just normal people; they were the Native Americans! "What were they doing? I thought about what they were doing. Then I felt something warm on my shoulder, and it was the sun. "What would Ma think I was doing if she found me down here?" I went inside, ate my breakfast, and did my chores. Day, after day, after day, I did my chores, until one morning, Ma brought up an interesting topic. She said, "we will be going to the Thanksgiving feast to meet the Native Americans." "Thanksgiving is tomorrow!" I had forgot all about it!

So, the next day we went to the feast and sat down at the huge table. There was archery with arrows and bows, hunting, and much more. But best of all was the turkey. There was stuffing, cranberry sauce, and Brussels sprouts. There was mashed potatoes and pie. When it was time to eat, everyone sat down and filled their plates. Then Squanto said, "Nice to meet you." He did not even know me. But, when I think about it, I now know what the Native Americans were doing. They just wanted to know everyone in the village. So then I realized, they were just trying to be friendly. And, you know, I think I might become friends with them some day.