

Courtney Young

November 16, 2010

Social Studies -Period 4

Journal

Dear Diary,

September 14, 1754

I still remember the day my father went into battle and my family was attacked by Indians. We were taken along rocky trails, cold rivers, and through dense forests. I was taken to an Indian village after many cold nights, with my family. When we arrived there we were put through a gauntlet. We had to memorize an Indian song and dance then perform it in front of the whole village. My name is Elizabeth Churchill and I'm a thirteen year old British girl. I can remember everything that happened. The village being burned, people screaming, and Indian war calls. I'm now sitting in the Indian village working to make clothing for Native American warriors. My family is in different wigwams. They were taught to do other jobs and were gave other chores.

We are treated fair and given enough to eat. We have furs to sleep on and they are somewhat comfortable. We get up early to wash ourselves, and then eat, and after that we go off to do our chores for the day. We then go back to our wigwams, eat supper, then go to sleep. We repeat that every day, and on Sundays we can join in churches for mass. They aren't churches exactly because it is only the place we have the meetings in. We usually have missionaries that lead the mass. I really miss my home but soon we should be going to Montreal to be given to the French then ransomed back to the English. I have lots of friends from home that I might never see again. I've made two friends from the village. They are sister and brother. Their names are Flower girl and Wolf boy. They are both around my age. Flower girl is eleven and Wolf boy is fourteen. I've been adopted into their family so I've grown to understand and enjoy being around some of the Indians. Well I must end my story and do my chores.

Forever Elizabeth