My name is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. I am 25 years old and am married to\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ who is 20 years old. I am the owner of a small farm in upstate New York, which I inherited when my parents died in an Indian attack during the French and Indian War several years ago. My wife and I have 3 young children. James is 5 years old, Margaret is 4 and Elizabeth is 2. My wife is pregnant with our 4th child. Poor James has been sick since his birth and we hope he will be ok. So many of our friends have lost children to illness, that it worries my wife constantly.

My name is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. I am the 18 year old wife of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. My husband and I have 2 children. Anna is 2 and Billie is a newborn. My parents were happy that my husband asked for my hand in marriage – they love him so much. He is the local blacksmith and has a huge group of local farmers who depend on his skills. As the only blacksmith in Wilmington, South Carolina, he is in huge demand. Slaves regularly bring him horses to shoe and wagon wheels to repair. I don’t know how their masters can trust them to not escape. They frighten me so, I hope my husband never wants a slave.

My name is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and I am the 15 year old slave of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. My master recently bought me to work his Indigo fields and as breeding stock to increase his number of slaves. It is very hot and humid where I live, which I have been told is a place called Georgia. I miss my mother and sisters so much, but the other slaves here on the plantation have welcomed me to their family. It has made the move much easier for me. They tell me that my master is very nice and kind to us slaves, but he wants more slaves. He wants us young girls to find a “husband” as soon as possible so that we can start having children. There is a nice young slave named \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ who works in the field that is really nice to me. Maybe he can be my “husband” someday.

My name is \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. Several years ago, I was captured by the neighboring tribe in the Congo, Africa during a battle. They sold me into slavery and shipped me to this land - Virginia. I am forced to work, from sun up to sun down, in the field growing a plant I am told is called tobacco. Slavery here is much different than it is at home. These white people are cruel and brutal if you don’t do what they demand. I get whipped regularly. You would think that someone, like me at 20 years old, who is in the prime of my life would be taken care of well. But my master treats me like he can just beat me, let me die and then just go get another slave. Life is horrible. I live in a dirt floor shack while he lives in a palace. I hate my master. Someday, I will escape and live my own life.