

# Nameless

By: Peyton Richie

So let me get this straight, I'm an African American slave that was never officially given a name. I am thirteen years old and haven't seen my parents since I was born. I was moved to America to become a slave when I was just three years old, my parents were hung for attempting to run away from our master. There was currently a war going on in Mali which is why I became a slave in America in the first place. We have finally surrendered and now I'm stuck on a ship since I was traded to a slave owner in Florida by ship. I saw this cute boy strapped down right next to me, and a mean nasty girl on the other side of me that always ripped my hair out and stole all of my food.

It's been two weeks since we left Maine and I am about to starve to death when they gave me extra food. It smelled strange almost like the boy I saw. Why was he gone? Oh no, this is him. I later asked what it was and they said he was the chef now which is why it smelled like him. He had made me salmon with a side of real wheat bread. It was the happiest day of my life. When we arrived to Florida I saw my owner, Vladimir Bunet a Russian man who moved to America to free African American slaves but was undercover as a slave owner. He called a name and no one stepped forward, then he looked at me and said,

“That would be you madam.”

So I finally learned my name after thirteen years, Awiti Dikeledi. Then I saw the boy come up to him, his name I now know too, Adede Chinaza. Mr. Bunet took us back to Africa only for him to be killed by real slave owners and us get taken to not Florida but California and yes by boat. That girl was there too her name was Akoko Bolah and she was from Africa, from Mali to be exact. She came straight from the African army and was taken prisoner and turned into a slave. She was stealing my food because she was built strong and used to eat a lot. On that ship we agreed I would ask for extra food and when they said yes, I would give her half of my grain bread and half of my pile of dried, burnt chicken leftovers.

When we arrived at California seven weeks later, I heard my name called along with Akoko and Awiti were called after my name and I knew this would be one of the greatest slave owners I would ever have. Though it was still slavery it would be nice having friends in my group. In the end, Abraham Lincoln and an army of African slaves went to Civil War against the slave owners to stop slavery for ever then it was down to Abraham, Adede, Akoko and I won the war against the army of slave owners and took them down with every last bit of energy, then Abraham lived and was reelected to be president. But all three of us died fighting.