

Susan's Promised Land

I walk upstairs to our attic on a stormy day in April. My family has lived in this house for over two hundred years. As I walk around the attic, blind in the dark, my foot knocks something. I scramble for the light switch and my hand meets cool plastic. I turn to see what my foot hit and I see a small trunk. Curious, I look inside and find a small leather book. I open it and read the cover. "Susan's Diary. 1800s." My mind whirls thinking about my great-great-great-great grandmother. So, I open a page and start reading....

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I traveled here to the Promised Land three years ago and now this small town is bustling. Life couldn't be better. Every Saturday Pa and I take a walk through town. Sometimes there are horrible sights, like the brawls outside of our town's taverns. We walk down North High Street gaping at the shops hoping that one day we too could own one.

But not today. My family is still in penury from the expenses of coming to Dublin. Our small cottage is barely kept up as I am an only child, a rare thing in families. My chores are always the same, fetch the water from the spring, and clean the clothes in the river and sometimes tending to our tiny garden out back. If I have time to, I sort the grain from a nearby farm for fun.

There are mostly grown men here in Dublin. They work during the day on new buildings. Recently they finished a large red one that I hear is going to be yet another

tavern and an inn. Just another place for another brawl if you ask me. Pa says never to go there because it is a vicious sight and young girls should not be witnesses of such things.

My Ma, who died on the way from our home state, always told me to be brave and true. I miss her and weep every time I go to the graveyard next to the church, where she is buried. There are already too many people in that graveyard whom have died from disease or injuries. Supplies are still coming over from the other states. I don't feel brave.

But something did lighten my spirits today. Pa surprised me by saying that we will own our own shop soon enough for he has just bought one with our meager amount of money. However, it will be a small shop but no matter, it's a *shop*. What we always dreamed of. The construction will start in approximately a month, that's when trade goods come in and we'll have enough supplies.

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Today, I overflow with concern. Pa has told me that to pay off the shop he must work in the quarry down the street. I pleaded for him to not and to stay home and that I will pay it off. Yet, he refuses. He was always a stubborn man, said Ma whenever Pa would do something. So, tomorrow is Pa's first day at the job and I have vowed to do extra work myself. I started today..

As I went down to the spring to fetch the water I was wondering what I could do. I saw the Scioto River near the spring and an idea flew to mind. I could fish. So, I made a makeshift pole from a large stick and my ribbon from my hair. Next, I made a hook out of another small curved and pointed stick. Then, I fiddled with it and turned it and... there I had a fishing pole!

And so I cast it. *Plop!* I felt a tug. A tug is good right? So I reeled it in. A fish! I was one step closer to helping.

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I closed the Diary and grinned. I never knew how brave my great-great-great-great grandmother was. Nobody ever told me about her. I carefully place the leather book back into the trunk and vowed that I would read an entry every day. This was a new adventure to behold and I would grasp it and follow along.

Information found in the-

Dublin Tavern

Dublin Newspaper