

Journal entry as a freed slave essay sample

[Family](#)



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

My name is Malcolm Xavier and I am writing this note on a piece of paper that I found lying on the floor. Today is a Friday on June 23, 1865, and I am really happy and depressed right now because I am free and I am no longer any slave owners pet or toy. Now what to do is the question on every freed black person's mind, when we were slaves we had somewhere to live but now it is all a burden on us. My owner has not found out that the slaves are no longer slaves, and if he does then I am ready to bet my life that he will shoot me because he hates me. He used to beat me up for no reason, every hit of those whips and the bamboo sticks made me feel like I was born to die in this plantation. Currently my owner is in bed because he has a fever, so he tells his daughter to look after me. She is nothing but a nine-year-old girl, instead of hitting me, she tries to talk to me, but I always get so frightened. I always wonder if Mr. Benjamin saw me talking to her daughter, he will kill me on the spot. But now he has no rights to hit me or make me work, I've already set up my tasks which are to kill or hurt my owner so he knows what I've been through. I will complete this task tonight, and try to run as far as I can. If anyone finds this piece of paper then show it to my ex-owner who was Mr. Benjamin Jack.

It has been 31 years since I have not wrote, my life has been destroyed and I feel like killing everyone around me. My wife, sons and daughters were taken away by the KKK, the Ku Klux Klan. They did many things to my family, including lynching; they hanged them on a tree and burned them in front of my eyes. I got lucky they did not kill me, because I was old and they wanted to hurt me by making me watch how they killed my family. I have nothing left, the KKK burned down my home, which I built with my own hands, the

KKK were white southerners that were pretending to be the ghosts of dead confederates. They wore robes and masks, burned crosses, and lynched the freed blacks and their supporters. They left a deadly image in my mind, which will always trigger my hatred toward them. In addition, there black codes that were passed by white southerners hurt us because we were limited to things; we could not travel with out permits and could not hold meetings without white sponsors. We could not carry or keep our own guns, which was a big problem because all the white people kept guns for their safety and when it comes to our safety, it was nothing for them.