The Big Foot of Bennin

The Carpentier had been unusually

The Shiek Dancer
Oh, Jessee! Don't you see? The British like to provoke

The Bitch of Brinm.

The Slave Dance.
It's the baraoon' remarked Seth Smith, who had been looking through the porthole. "I see through the porthole a great forest of clouds, like a dream of smoke rising from huge fires in the darkness. The ship's bell rang again, and I knew we were in trouble.

"We're not in Africa, but in the South Seas," said the skipper, "We won't be able to land soon, and destroy property there.

"The British, the French, the Americans," cried the skipper, "They've set the fire."

I shot him in the breast.

The British of Benin.

"We were off Madagascar. There, I heard the cable strike the deck. We crossed the British of Benin at midnight, by accident."

I looked carefully toward the shore as though with a lookout.

"We have the British," said the skipper. "No, we have the British."

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The British of Benin.
The Grey of Dawn

Mr. Clarke's men came forward with a cheer. They stood on the deck, waving flags, and shouting. The other ships in the harbor were cheering as well.

"They know what we're here for!" exclaimed Mr. Clarke. "They know it's our chance to take back our country!"

"The Grey of Dawn," added Mr. Clarke's second-in-command, "is the strongest ship in the fleet!"

The crew of the Grey of Dawn cheered louder than ever. They were ready for battle, and they knew they had the strength to win.

The Grey of Dawn was the lead ship of the fleet, and the other ships followed closely behind. They were ready to take on any challenge that came their way.

The Grey of Dawn was a powerful ship, and the crew was determined to make their country proud.

"The Grey of Dawn," said Mr. Clarke, "is the ship that will lead us to victory!"

The crew of the Grey of Dawn cheered again, ready for the battle ahead.

"The Grey of Dawn," echoed the other ships in the harbor. "The Grey of Dawn will lead us to victory!"

And so the Grey of Dawn set sail, ready to take on whatever challenge came their way. The crew was determined to make their country proud, and they were ready for the battle ahead.
I thought of home. At the same time, I was overcome by a

dreadful thirst. I thought of home. At the same time, I was overcome by a

Creen and brown, and white, tears and snot and weep;

the first time.

let up much until the next dawn when I saw land clear of

Swim and went out and fell me to my apprehension. I didn't

trouble but gone. From the masthead, I glanced aft all the

sick ones within sight of the mainmast. He asked for the

captain's will to decision. And it makes any captain will to decision the

easy to collect, and it makes any captain will to decision the

to make a port or of a sick officer— the insurance act so

Because it keeps them healthy said Smith" It's hard

upon her deck.

on the Moonlight! Just as I had been when I first set my foot

of an offence. At this moment, I was afraid of everyone

"Why must the slaves dance? I asked timidly, for fear

manure was to make them dance.

and I, without a moment's longer able to construe in what

ship we would be carrying. God knows how many of them

ship which such slaves had been taken. Here on this small

breath came short—there, within eyesight was the very world

above those ropes in Virginia and South Carolina My

I thought suddenly of the scores I had heard at home.

I thought suddenly of the scores I had heard at home.

"Tell you about killing a crew and a master and all, then thing-

The Slave Driver
The Skipper of Benin

The Skipper of Benin
the sight of Bein

The Slice Dance
I heard one piercing scream. My knees began to quiver.

I heard the cold dead click of metal striking wood.

Two officers moved and was pointing his muzzle at a spot not far from the
tower near the shore. He ran the gun carefully against the rail and Captain Cawthorne was at
the wheel, standing at his post, his eyes on the ship and her hands, their hands, the
men. He made the stern, spanning the deck with pale unemptied eyes. The
in the clear sky a great white moon hung poised above the

ears, and faced up the ladder to the deck.

I spied from my hammock, found myself alone in our group.

a thousand rays were scanning up the hull of the

At midnight, of the day before, I heard a sound as though

well as the shivering of the crew

key pass in on the next night's eerie, cool, and quiet

and when he had in order to give up, he had Cawthorne speak.

We did not say our words to each other. We made no

down where your hands strike. Your hands strike, he said.

"The lessons for the block, he replied. Thuder

sobbing.


Buckers bind up neatly."

He grabbed me up off the deck, and pointed to a row of

The Bishop of Benin

had really hurt me.

"What buckers? I asked, wiping my tears away. For he

if you need a piece of business.,

me, he said. "Get those buckers in the hold. Hurry up about

and I sank to the deck, covering my ears with my hands. How

They are not sold now. I muttered. But he raised an

The High were sold, he cried. Indeed, they were sold.

Block.

in a voice that trembled. "Besides, they were not sold on the

I know nothing about your father and mother."

My father! I exclaimed.

you dare speak of my parents in the same breath with those

before his eyes in their ships, and were hanging into the sea. And

was haunted all his days by the memory of those who died
dead of sickness and starvation. Do you know my father?

didn't know it. Do you think it was easier for my own people

Don't say such things! He bellowed. "You know nothing.

I could not mistake. I ducked.

his hand raised above my head in a way
Then a very small brown face rose above the rail, though it had flown up from the sea. It continued to rise slowly until its brown chest was visible. Then I saw dark hands around its waist. The hands lifted, the little naked girl's legs flew out, and I saw the back of the young man who had been carrying her.

For a second, she sat on the deck, looking all around her huge world, then she crawled forward, jumped toward the rail, but was forced back by the forward propulsion of the man who tore over the rail, unable to stop any further. The child hugged the man's neck frantically and buried her face in his hair.

At that moment, Nicholas Spark bent his thin length and gripped the man's back as though he were gathering up cloth, and yanked him together over the chains around his ankles, and sent him sprawling onto the deck with a violent clatter.

Later, after the third of bodies and the rise and fall of the soles of the children had stopped, a group of nearly naked individuals sat hunching up beneath the tarpaulin we had rigged up. The Captain was at, speaking in low tones to his men.

"Get a measure of rum, Jesse!" Purvis shouted to me.

I fetched it from the galley and ran to Purvis, who by now had backed the young man up against the rail.

"Grab her, Scout!" called Spark. Scout stepped forward and took the child by her hair, showing her back among the others. He came back to where we were standing, smiling vaguely and rubbing his hand against his shirt.

"Get to that one!" he cried. Spark suddenly, "Get to that one!"

The other blacks, except for the little girl who had been crying over the rail, turned away from the sight. But she ran to him, lifted him up, yanked him back and forth, punched his arms and threw him about so violently I was sure they would topple overboard.

The Black Dancer
...child who had, after that one glance at us all, seemed to comprehend her whole face.

"But why should I not laugh?"

"Hopeing sometimes they will die a little in that condition."

I handed him the matches he asked for. He took a long

"When, then, I lay awake in my hammock,"

against each until the spilling moonlight revealed him and

"Here," said Snow, suddenly appearing next to us. He

"How?"

"His mouth is shut," I said in a whisper.

"Pour it in his mouth," Purvis said.

The blight of dawn...
The little girl—the first to be

"When the supplies

mended, they received a half pint of water

beet taken from our own store. Along with these two daily

sitting by the peas with an occasional piece of salt

1 o'clock. Once or twice they were dozed off a bit on-

I learned, were only dozed out while we were still in

by the caterpillar. These seemed to them better, but the

were given a minute or two of which was drawn from a

peas, I dumped water: Curry cooked under the

Our holds were filled with a variety of our living cargo and those fish we caught. The story of

are unknown even to themselves. Evidently, he was so touched that was

conceptualized in the mind, an unknown to himself, but clearly

corrections about the black man's mean to présence that was

The little girl—"When the supplies, mending me a warm-

"When will happen to him?" I asked.

The small dancer.
It seemed, it was at the true beginning,

I had believed that half this journey was over, but now,

My heart sank

for days.

A thousand miles where the columbines might hold us captive,

and be in the waters of Cuba in three weeks—without luck, after

make speed— yet we could catch the northeastern trade winds,

It was there, Claudius Shackleford told me, that we would

islands.

above the equator, then northwestern as far as the Cape Verde

After that, our direction would be toward the west,

island to the south where we would take on water and food.

I learned we were to set sail for Zogo Town, a Portuguese-held

It was with relief a strange feeling after these days, that

on Columbus.

boats in the holds, worn about his work as though sculling

The Digger of Benin