

# Green Eyed Slave Girl

By : ultragurl700

Emi is a product of a master/slave affair but she wants to be more than a slave and is separate from her mother and master father to the Thompson plantation and meet Adam McClone...



Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/ultragurl700](http://booksie.com/ultragurl700)

Copyright © ultragurl700, 2015  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

Green Eyed Slave Girl

## **Table of Contents**

Green eyed slave girl

Birth and Seperation of Emi

The Thompson

Emi's Song

Emi Is Revealed, Secrets Must Be Hiden

Bonnie and Emi

Learning To Read

Bonnie's Lightened Dark Soul

Framed

Memories

Green Eyed Slave Girl Chapter 11

## Chapter 1: Green eyed slave girl

[Warning:\*I don't own these pics are who these people really are!\*]

### The Green Eyed Slave Girl

[Charaters]

(Females)

EMI

Green eyes

Mixed (White and Black)

18 yrs old

Sweet.Kind,etc

Black hair

Father's a master of slaves and mother is a slave.

JUNA

Brown eyes

Black

35 years old

Nice,strong,impactful

Black hair

Had a secret affair with her master and lost her daughter do to that.

ROSIE BETH HOMPSON

Blue eyes

White

19 years old

Nice,Emi's cousin, sweet

## Green Eyed Slave Girl

Brunette

Her uncle had an affair with Juna and so she's Emi's older cousin!

BONNIE THOMAS

Gray eyes

White

15 years old

Mean,spoiled...you get it!

Brunette

Made Emi her maid and doesn't know what Emi really is good at and how pretty she is so she bullies her..

MRS.THOMAS

Gray Eyes (Pointy nose to add)

60 years old

mean,spoiled,bratty, and annoying

Red head

Hates her life even though its so richful! Worst her husband barely touches her.

REDA

Brown light eyes

14 years old

sweet but strong

Black hair

A nice friend who would keep any horrid secret and would die for Emi!

(Male)

WILSON HENRY

Green eyes

Chapter 1: Green eyed slave girl

## Green Eyed Slave Girl

55 years old

Nice man really just born in southern society things.

Blackish hair

A master who had an affair with his maids.

ADAM THOMPSON

Blue eyes

20 years old

A sweet boy and hates bullying.

Brunette

Some how likes Emi a lot...

Mr.THOMPSON

Gray eyes

67 years old

A mean man

Brunette

Very weird towards Emi

Those are my Charaters will up date soon

Ciao!

## Chapter 2: Birth and Separation of Emi

On May sixth in the hot spring of 1844 in the south a baby girl was born to a slave woman named Juna in a slave shack with the doctor, the slave master Wilson Henry, and a couple of other kitchen maids. She gave birth to a tiny baby. A girl. The doctor examined the girl. Wilson gave her an assuring look. Juna smiled.

"She's healthy." The baby was wailing. "Let's check her eyes." The doctor used his man fingers to pry the little girl's eye lids open. The baby blinked then her eyes shimmered green. She began to wail. The doctor widened his eyes. "She has green eyes." Juna looked at Mr. Henry, she seemed to be panicking a bit. His eyes were green as well! Wilson swallowed something in his throat and cleared his throat.

"Doctor please leave," Wilson said as he took the infant. The doctor looked at his eyes.

"Yours is green too. I knew you had-" The doctor was speaking like a mad man.

Mr. Henry told the kitchen slaves to take him out. He sighed and sat on the bed near Juna a twenty year old woman. He was only twenty-nine and Juna nineteen when they started the secret love affair behind the backs of others. Sneaking into caves, coming to shacks at midnight, and making stupid excuses just to be close to one another. But now the secret was out. The baby was born. A stressed thirty year old Wilson Henry touched the baby's hand. Its little fingers clasped around his thumb and gummed on it.

"She so cute," Juna said lovingly to Wilson. He was looking sick. "What's wrong?"

"The doctor knows now." He choked a bit on his words. "You can be hurt. I can be hurt. She can be killed."

"Shut up about that I want her to get hurt!" Juna practically screamed. "I'm going to name her Emi." She calmed a bit and Wilson squeezed her shoulders.

"I like Emile," Wilson said finally smiling.

"Okay Emi is short for Emile," Juna kissed her baby's tiny hairs. Emi slept in her mother and father's arms.

â |

"Emile no!" Juna yelled at Emi as she ran towards the steps of the chicken coop catching some chicks and hanging them up side down rattling them. Just then its mama came up and pecked her leg. Emi cried. She threw the chicks down and splat they dyed fast the mother cawed and tried to attack Emi but Juna kicked it sending it high up into the heaven. "Damn beast!" She scooped Emi up and carried her inside.

"Momma that thing bite me on my leg," Emi showed her tiny mark.

"You'll be okay," Juna informed her. Emi tried to take her cap off. "No!"

Emi had to cover her hair because of the incident two years ago with the doctor. The caps ruffles shaded her eyes.

Emi pouted and stomped in. Rosie Beth stood in the doorway. She pulled Emi's arm. "Shorty come 'ere," Rosie said in a small southern accent. Juna let her daughter run near Rosie. She looked so funny when she ran. Juna had to laugh by all the times she trampled over and Rosie sighed and was forced to help her up. Rosie was a bit taller than her at five and Emi (Emile) at two. Emi at a young age could remember every thing.

## Green Eyed Slave Girl

Juna stopped watching them and turned she bumped into Master Wilson Henry. He was looking up at them smiling. Juna turned her head slightly to see them disappear into Rosie Beth's little play room. "I want you to come with me," Wilson said whispering so close to her lips.

"Okay," Juna said. They walked together away into his office and bed room.

â ;

Rosie Beth jumped up and down on her bed and Emi did too. "Higher Emi! You gotta jump higher!" Rosie Beth demanded. Emi pumped her legs up and then stopped to catch her breathe. She was panting fast. Rosie Beth pat her back. "Are you hurt?"

"No miss," Emi said calming her self.

"Don't call me miss." Rosie looked up. "Call me...hmmm...Rosie of the South." Rosie stood up with her hand on her hips and looked in the sky like an heroin and said her speech. "I, Rosie of the South will make all people have large slave land for all Negroes to work!"

Emi put her head down. Rosie looked at her. "I don't mean you," Rosie Beth said hugging her. "I think your pretty and your more than a nigger to me."

Emi hated those words but the Southern people mostly whites called the slaves nigger,blackie, and so much that hurt her.

"Why I have nick name like that but you don't?"Emi asked. "Rosie please don't ever call me that."

"Okay. Hey you can call me Rosie B and I'll call ya Emile Lime!" Rosie said laughing. Emi did too. She looked at her eyes. Emi noticed and dunked her head down. "Why can'tIi see your eyes or hair?"

"Mama said no." Emile said fixing it to cover her eyes.

"Well I say yes!" Rosie reaches for her head but Emi runs to the toy box opening it.

"Oh I have to go get momma!" Emi ran out the room and walked down the hall. She opened Mr.Henry's office door. She walked in more and saw his desk was empty. No one. She opened the door leading to his room. She gasped at the scene. Juna and Mr. Henry where kissing on his bed. Mr.Henrywas gripping Juna's waist and Juna his neck. "Mama whatcha' doin'?" Emi said pouncing on them.

Juna screamed. Mr.Henry looked shockingly at Emi who took her cap off. Her curly sweaty hair feel down to her back and her green eyes sparkled. Mr.Henry smiled slightly but snapped back. "Emi what are you doing here?" he said in his Master tone. Juna looked crudely at him. "I-I want you to go back."

"But I wanna see mama!" Emi yelled. Juna hit her hand.

"Stop that yelling!" Juna said.

"Don't hurt her Juna," Wilson said.

"I didn't."

"You did! If you hurt my child again-" Emi gasped. Juna hit him in the rib reminding him.

## Green Eyed Slave Girl

"You my daddy!" She pointed and jabbed the air. Juna began to cry. She grabbed Emi and ran out the office as Mr. Henry sat on his bed ashamed. Emi was going to die at two, he thought, all my fault.

â |

Juna sobbed in the shack and Emi petted her hair slowly. "Momma are you scared of the dark?"

"No baby." Juna said wiping her big eyes of tears. She held Emi close. "I love you."

"I know mama. I love you too." Emi said finger brushed her mother's hair imagining her in those pretty dresses white southern ladies where. Oh she would be prettier then them all if Mr. Henry--well papa--- could marry her. "Mama will you marry papa?"

"I don't want you to worry about that?" Juna kissed Emi on the cheek and carried to her cot and sung her to sleep and held her close feeling this would be the last time she could ever feel her babies warmth.

â |

That night Juna visited Wilson. "Can't we do something?" She asked pacing in her white night gown.

Wilson sighed. "I can but you can't." He rubbed his temples in frustration and sighed.

"What any thing. I just don't wanna bury my child or you!" Juna yelled in tears. She was angry now.

"Okay please calm down for me. We'll get over this...."

"No we won't." Juna said leaving the room. She paused at the door. "We should've got out of this place when we had the chance." She left. Wilson stood up and picked up a picture of Emi he drew when she was laying on his bed at three months and burst in to tears regretting his next decision only for him self and Juna but not for Emi. She was going to be okay. Right?

â |

"No!" Juna pulled on Wilson as he carried Emile out side of the shack and in front of the main house where a wagon for slaves waited. An fat man was waiting their with a boy pulling his horse. Emi screamed, "Mama help," as she cried. Juna reached for her tiny hands but Wilson pulled away quickly crying a bit but wiping his tears. Juna fell to the ground and sobbed faster and faster she was out of breath. A couple of slave women came to help her up but she shrugged them off. "No I need her! Wilson give her back!"

Wilson put his only daughter. Mixed and born in slavery on the wagon. He sniffled and held his self together. Emi yelled "Papa" to him but he turned with his head down. A shamed of him self.

In his office he watched the wagon leave. Juna sat in his chair still looking like stone. Wilson closed the curtains and Rosie Beth ran in crying. "Oh uncle why? She was my friend!" Rosie sobbed. "I was her friend!" She threw her doll to the ground sending shards every where and ran out. Wilson got on his knees near Juna and cried. Juna snapped back and petted his head and held it in her lap.

"I had to do it," he said.

"I would've died with her," Juna said mourning. Wilson jumped up.



## Green Eyed Slave Girl

"Don't ever say that!" He hugged her tightly and Juna poured out her tears.

â |

Emi arrived on the Thompson plantation. The slaves there wear dark and hot clothing. She was introduced to Mrs. Thompson, Mr. Thompson, Adam Thompson and Bonnie Thompson. "You're ugly!" Bonnie said laughing. Emi cried but Mrs. Thompson told her to shut up. Adam just smiled sweetly at her. She liked him best.

## Chapter 3: The Thompson

1862 on the Thompson Plantation,

â | â | â |

Emi was now eight-teen with a slender figure, curly hair that fell to her back like when she was five when she took her cap off, green eyes that shun heavenly in the sun and the same olive skin tone as she had as a child. She lived on the Thompson plantation since she was two and was bullied by Bonnie since then and forced to clean after Bonnie's annoying up tight horse Nora Bell a gray horse. Adam barely calls her only to help him finish a snack. He was a sweat heart to her not slimy and smug like the rest of them. Mr.Thompson would make her clean his office until no scuffs where on his white floors and Mrs.Thompson was a brat like her daughter. She barely did any thing! Emi over came all of them (and their nasty comments) and had a friend ship with a slave girl named Reda, who was sold to the Thompson at two when Emi was three and they became best friends. They even shared a little cot on the floor of their shack snuggling close telling jokes about what Bonnie did and Mr. and Mrs.Thompson.

One day as she was on hands and knees scrubbing the kitchen floor Bonnie walked in with muddy boots marking up the floor. Emi looked at her. Bonnie turned to she her but Emi lowered her head. She never wanted any one to see her eyes that was why it was always lowered or any one to see her hair so it was piled in a cap. Sweet beads rolled down her forehead. "You do a horrid job at cleaning," Bonnie said.

Emi ignored and scrubbed the floor some more. Bonnie walked back and forth until the horse stuff came off and track dirt. "Now clean that up!" Bonnie stormed off. Emi stood up and wiped the foot prints. She hated Bonnie so much it was hard to put in to words with out sounding like a killer! Emi sat on the kitchen chair and grabbed an apple.

"Hey!" A voice boomed. She jumped up and screamed. She looked at Adam in his evening wear. His blue eyes smiled. She sighed in relief. "Go on you can have it Em's." He sat down and offered her a seat near him. She gladly but weirdly took it. Adam took an apple and handed her a new one.

"Thank-you sir," Emi said.

"Oh she speaks," he said. Emi was so quiet her talking was like lightning. It only struck once.

Emi giggled and lowered her head biting the apple. Adam was so close to her she could hear him breathing. She was only a few inches shorter than the man. Adam was twenty while she was eighteen only two years apart. Adam looked down at her. "Are you okay?"

"O huh," she said. He was so kind!

"You look mad at Bonnie a bit," Adam said looking up. "She's a brat I know."

Emi had to giggle but it came with a laugh too. Adam smiled at her. "Emile don't let bratty two face get to you,"Adam said. Emi smiled. He was on her side and he called her Emile.

â |

"Emi look," Reda said crawling from the tiny wood table in the shack she held a picture Bible in her hand. "I can read this whole scripture."

## Green Eyed Slave Girl

"Wait I'll check the doors," Emi said running to the doors. She peaked out every one was a sleep or just inside being quiet as a mouse. She took her apron off and threw it in the tin wash tub to be washed. "Go on."

Reda read Matthews 4:9. Emi slowly took off her dress. Brown and dingy looking to reveal her body which she quickly covered up in a white night gown that wasn't as pretty as Bonnie's but was warmer. She walked bare foot across the dirt floors of the shack and wiped her cap to the ground. her curls came out. Reda had a puffy hair style and brown light eyes that where almond shaped.

"The end." Reda said bowing. Emi clapped and hid the blue bible. The door knob jiggled. They jumped in to place. Emi hid behind the curtain. Mr.Thompson came in. Reda waved at him. "Hi sir."

"Stop that where is Emi?" he asked picking up her cap.

"Oh huh? Oh yeah she's cleaning up she needs to change."

"Oh kay." He leaves.

"Come on out." Reda said laying down. Emi does and takes a place near her to sleep. They slept silently. Emi heard Reda snoring and moving around in the bed made of straw and feathers. She sat up in the canvas covers and fixed her night gown. Barking rose and gun shot. A run away slave being chased after? She ignored it and went back to bed.

"Woof! Woof!" She jumped up. Mitzi, Adams German Shepard stood over her. She smiled at her.

"Where ya papa?" She asked. She grabbed her collar. "Mitzi don't you like me?"

"Woof!" Mitzi respond.

"Good," Emi said smiling. She walked out the shack escorting the dog to it's master. She opened the Thompson house door and walked the dog inside and up the stairs. It barked for her. She knocked on the door. Adam appeared sleepy. He smiled at her then looked at his dog.

"Oh you went to Emi?" he asked picking the two hundred pound dog up."She loves you." He smiled at Emi and disappeared into his room. Emi wished it wasn't just her.

## Chapter 4: Emi's Song

1862, Henrys' mansion,

Juna walked slowly around her northern mansion owned by her husband Wilson Henry.

"Wilson!" She called feeling her aching hip. Wilson walked in the room. Juna moaned in pain. "Lay down dear," Wilson said. He helped Juna down and she closed her eyes half way. "I want her," Juna whispered. Wilson kissed her forehead. Juna was sick to badly to leave her bed. Thinking of Emile was her everyday life. Was Emi well? Was she okay? Was she alive, mostly?

"We can buy her back right?" Juna asked sadly.

"No where in the North I let got of my rights as a slave owner." He slouched in his chair sadly. "And I want her not want to buy her. She's still a child not an object."

"I know. I've been through it," Juna said grumpily. "She's eight teen. I bet she's sad there. I just want her."

"Please Juna this is serious," he felt tense. "Emi will return to us someday. I'll do it to make sure."

" 'Wishing is just dreaming'." Juna said. " 'It's all in imagination'."

"Quote by?" Henry

She looked at him. "You."

â |

Thompsons'

Emi slowly crept from the kitchen before Bonnie came in to ruin it. She ran to the horse stable to clean Adam's horse Darla. It was a gray horse with white spots o it's nose. She began to scrub the mane. *Neigh!*

Emi smiled at the horse. Strangely animals where like friends to her. They understood people being on their backs, telling them what to do, bullying them, and naming them with out any say so. Emi was like an animal but only they called her a slave.

"You hungry?" She grabbed the horses apples and gave it one. The horses lips slapped against her hand. "Ew!" She laughed. She never giggled it was more of Bonnie's thing then hers. She sat down on the bucket that was turned over and cleaned the horse as it ate. She thought of her mother night lullaby.

*The sweet sound of winter all for you.*

*The springs blue birds for a child like you.*

*The summers day is a blaze but free as you and the birds...*

A hand touched her.

"Aye!" Emi dropped her scrubber and faced Adam.

## Green Eyed Slave Girl

"Did I scare you Emile?" Adam smiled and placed a hand on the horse's mouth and nostril petting her.

"Oh no," Emile said holding her heart from popping out.

Adam sat near her. "Oh please go on," he said. Emi looked at him big eyed still hiding her eyes.

"Oh I can't Master Thompson said no singing on his land." Emi turned disappointed to look at her nail. Dirt under it. When was the last time she bathed?

"No please do so," Adam said. He raced to the stable doors to close them. "I promise I won't tell a soul."

Emi smiled and turned around lowering her head and sang.

*Bright blue skies.*

*Running wild like stallions and butterflies in the sky.*

*All for you my child. So sleep my child. Dream of angels.*

Emi looked up at the last verse to see Adam looking extremely close at her. She lowered her head. Adam smiled with glee. "Oh so you can sing."

"Promise you won't tell?" Emi was suddenly uneasy. Adam sighed.

"I wish I could. You have such a nice voice," He said. Emi fiddled with the hem of her brown dress. Adam stopped her. "But I won't okay."

"Thank-you," Emi smiled sweetly. Adam lifted her head a bit and Emi became jittery flinching back. He stopped smiling.

"Ahem!" Bonnie seemed to have got in. They both looked at her in shock. "Well well well." She walked over to Emi with her hands on her hip. Emi got up and bowed then stood straight.

"Yes miss?" She said. Bonnie huffed.

"You missed my daily hair washing. Which started four hours ago!" Emi tried to fumble up an excuse of some sort. "Got any thing to say for your action?"

Emi opened her mouth. "No she doesn't!" Adam took stand for her. "She was helping me clean my horse."

Bonnie looked at Emi. "With the stable doors closed?" She cocked an suspicious brow.

"Yes my dear eaves dropping sister," Adam hissed. Bonnie was wide-eyed.

"I did no such thing. I was just looking for my horse." Adam smiled.

"Then why did you come in her and yell at her and you know here that ugly horse is." Bonnie squinted and raised her head.

"Hmm!" She said. "Emi come along we have to clean my room. The girls are coming over." Emi began to walk behind her.

## Green Eyed Slave Girl

"Yes miss," She said.

"Good-bye Emi," Adam said. Getting on his horse. He rode out. The splash of mud hit Bonnie's new red dress. Bonnie yelled in terror.

"You beast!" She shrieked. "Emi your cleaning this!" Emi giggled a bit then held it in. She never saw Bonnie so red.

Later that day Adam wrote her a note:

I loved your song so much I called it, 'Emi's song' so hope you don't mind.

-Adam Thompson

Emi smiled at it. "I don't at all."

## Chapter 5: Emi Is Revealed, Secrets Must Be Hiden

Emi helped Bonnie wash her hair, get into a corset, get out her favorite dress, and did her hair up. When they started to walk down the stairs for the dinner the Thompson had arrange (of course Emi wasn't suppose to sit with them even though she was half their race). When Bonnie was finished she looked in the mirror then looked at Emi. "Emi you did well for a slave." Emi bowed her head and thought that's as close of a compliment she'll ever get from Bonnie. Bonnie looked back at her reflection. Emi opened the bedroom door letting Bonnie out. Bonnie stood at the stair way. "Where is that lovely Bonnie?" A man's voice a rose. Bonnie clutched her heart. She looks at Emi.

"Oh God it's James. He's rich and handsome. Do you know what this means Emi?" Emi shrugged but she really did know, Bonnie was going to get a rich husband who can barely make his own bed or pick out a suit with out his ma's help. Bonnie rolled her eyes then snickered. "I forgot you where a Negro my bad." She giggled a bit. Oh Emile just wanted to choke her and risk being hang so it would be worth it to her. Emi began to walk down the stairs. Bonnie grabbed her arm then wiped her hand on the wall in disgust. "What are you doing?"

"Going down the stairs miss," Emi said. She turned to Bonnie. Bonnie walked a step down a head of her.

"Do you know how outrages that would be to not have a high class servant in front of you when you walk down the steps, of course you wouldn't you poor, black, and low class. So if you may stay behind me!" Bonnie lifted her head and walked down the steps. Emi wiped a tear from her cheek. Bonnie was beyond cruel to her sure she was mean every slave but Emi knew she hated how close she was to her brother when Bonnie wanted that connection. Emi walked down the stairs and went straight in to the kitchen ignoring Adam's warm hello smile. She grabbed the flour. The other kitchen servants looked at her.

"Why aren't you all doing anything?" Emi sniffled. One looked at her with a worried face. She was head of the kitchen staff and she was never mad.

"The food is cooked," Reda said. Emi looked at her in the eyes. Reda wiped her tear. "Do you wanna talk?" Emi shook her head. "Okay."

Emi and Reda presented the food wearing white gloves. Mrs. Thompson thought their blackness would get in to the food. To them it was funny but to Emi it was childish, pure childish play. Emi finished serving the dinner. She stood in the corner facing them with Reda on the other side of the room doing the exact same thing. Two old white people sat by the man James with red hair and brown eyes. He was a looker but not that much. She couldn't see why Bonnie would like him. He raised his glass. "I would like to make a toast!" He smiled with glee. Adam rolled his eyes and sipped his ice tea, Mr. and Mrs. Thompson encouraged him to go including his father and mother, and Bonnie told him to go on. "Well," he begun. "I would like to thank this lovely family the Thompson for letting me join their dinner with my family and the Negro help for make this dinner." Okay now Emi understand they both where both annoying and mean!

â :

When they left Emi cleaned up the dining room and went up stairs to help out some more with Bonnie taking the material off but she wasn't in her room. Emi looked out the window and saw her walking with James well running in glee. Emi turned and faced Adam who playfully took her cap off. She yelled. Adam laughed. "I'm only playing Emi calm down----" He grew silent. Emi looked into his eyes and saw pure awe in his eyes. God he knew now!

"Adam?" He had no words.



## Chapter 6: Bonnie and Emi

Adam looked at Emi in pure shock.

"Emi." Emi gulped. "You're beautiful." She looked at him and smiled a bit. He smiled back.

"Emi," they heard. Mr.Thompson was close.

"Give me my cap!" She snatched it and pulled it over her head. Adam looked at her thinking why would she hide her hair and her green eyes. Mr.Thompson came in. She nodded.

"Emma what are you doing in here?" Mrs.Thompson said. Adam rolled his eyes.

"Mother it's *Emi* not *Emma*," Adam explained. Mr.Thompson pushed Emi a side and looked out the window.

"Why is this open?" He looked at her with suspicion.

"Uh..um sir." Emi stood stuck. Adam grabbed her arm.

"Bonnie snuck out!" He said. He squeezed Emi's arm. Emi nodded in agreement.

Mrs.Thompson gasped. "Where did she go?" she looked so worried her face turned red and she was about to cry. "Where's my baby?"

"Where's Emi?" Mr.Thompson said. Emi turned and pointed to the garden.

"She..uh..went far with Master James," Emi said. Adam held a smirk. Bonnie was about to get in trouble so Emi held a smile too. Mr.Thompson raised his bearded chin.

"Debbie, go to our room I'll go look for that girl!" Mr.Thompson walked out the room before Mrs.Thompson who went to her room. "Adam come with me and you too Emile." Emi looked at Adam. He shrugged and smiled at her.

â |

It was dark. Emi looked on wards, she was honestly at eighteen still afraid of the dark. Mr.Thompson pulled her up so she can get a better view of where they where. She almost stumbled. Adam grabbed her waist and Emi blushed. He smiled at his father. "I got her father." Mr.Thompson nodded. They walked far in to the woods. Dogs bark. Emi jumped. Adam calmed her. "Your with us they know us. Your safe." She looked at the ground. Why was he being nice to her? Sure he is always nice to her but not like this..feely and kind to her.

The dog ran up to them. It was Adam's. He picked her up. "Hey girl where's Bonnie?" The dog whimpered and jumped from his arms and ran to the lake. They ran behind her. Emi stopped and waited for them. Adam stopped behind her. Emi peaked around the tree and saw Bonnie kissing James on the ground half clothed. Adam stepped from behind it. He became red hot. "Bonnie Tessa Thompson!" Bonnie jumped and pushed James off her. He stood up and buttoned his vest. Adam looked at her. "Father!" Mr.Thompson came around the corner and saw Bonnie slipping her dress sleeves up. He looked at James.

"What the hell where you two doing?" He pulled her up.

## Green Eyed Slave Girl

"Nothing daddy," Bonnie said with a innocent smile that made her look even guilty

"Oh nothing," Adam yelled. "It appears you two where about to--" He stopped his self. Emi could see his anger.

"Who told you where I was," Bonnie said furiously. She looked at Emi who stood closer to Adam. "It was you wasn't it!"

"Shut up young lady and go inside!" Mr.Thompson yelled. "As for you James your father will care for you soon enough." Bonnie walked towards Emi and looked at her with fiery eyes. She clinched her fist. Her hand rose and slapped Emi across the face. Emi gasped. Adam pushed Bonnie's arms down and pushed her towards the house. Emi rubbed her cheek and followed him tears coming down her face. Adam pulled her close and made sure no one saw.

â ;

Wilson stood in front of Juna. He sat down on her grave and touched her tombstone. "Juna I promise to find our daughter." He could feel her presence. She died of lung disease and a blood infection. He let a tear fall from his face. He stood up rubbed the top of her tombstone. "I love you." He walked away to his mansion. He walked in and grabbed his bags and folded up Juna's sheets and clothing. he picked her blue bracelet up and placed it in his pocket. He walked out the house and locked the door. He turned to the carriage waiting he got in. "Driver I'm going south." He looked out the window and pulled the black shield up. The driver went south.

## Chapter 7: Learning To Read

Rosie Beth Hompson walked down the long path way of her father's house and saw her uncle Wilson Henry in his carriage. She was now twenty with her long black hair pinned up with coils falling down her back. She fixed her hat and carried her bags as two slaves waved good bye to her. "Uncle!" She hopped in and Wilson told the coachmen to hurry along. "Oh how I missed you!" She hugged him closely and smiled some more. "What is it that you need?" Wilson closed the curtain to the carriage to block their view of the coach men. He leaned in close to her.

"Rosie do you promise not to tell," he said seriously.

Rosie laughed.

"I'm twenty not four just tell all ready!" He hushed and told her to not to be so damn loud. She sighed and shrugged. "Of course. What may it be?"

"Emi you know her?" Rosie nodded. "Well she was sold away because she was a mulatto."

"Half white, half-nigger," Rosie whispered. "No wonder why she hid her face. Oh was she pretty?"

"Very and Rosie please don't use that word," Wilson said feeling guilty. "I held her when she was born. She was small but an angel." Rosie lifted a brow. Why was he being so loving to the memory of one of his slaves. "Rosie, Juna mothered her but I fathered her." Rosie gasped in shock.

"Uncle don't tell me you raped Juna," Rosie became mad in her words. Wilson gasped and grew angry too.

"No! Never, I loved her too much to do such a thing. We carried our affair for years then Emi was born. She found out about the two of us. Afraid since she was very talkative girl and one of the slaves or overseers might just tell and get all three of us hung. I sold her." He grimaced at that word "sold". "She didn't deserve to die at a young age or be sold like a piece of furniture. I gave up all my slaves and made them free. Moved to the North with Juna. I wanted another baby but when she was pregnant with my son her was born dead then she became sick." Rosie began to shake with tears.

"Where's Emi?" Wilson smiled at her holding her shaky hand.

"She's perfectly safe. She's in another plantation," Wilson said. Rosie wiped her tears.

"So does this mean she's my cousin?" Rosie smiled. Wilson nodded full of joy. "What will we do when we get there?"

"We'll hug her that's what and I'll apologize for not being there and tell her about Juna's passing."

â |

Emi sat by Adam as he played the piano. Bonnie was out for a walk with Mr. Thompson to have a long talk. Mrs. Thompson was with her friends at the country club and the other slaves were in the slave quarters sleeping or taking long breaks. Emi watched as his fingers went over each key and played a beautiful symphony that just came from his finger tips like magic. She smiled at him and he at her. "Why don't you sing to this. You can make up the words as we go." Emi smiled.

## Green Eyed Slave Girl

"Okay," she giggled. She placed her hair behind her back and sung out a lullaby. Adam's fingers moved across the piano keys as she did and he smiled as he played as did she. When she finished she looked at him,. "How was I?" She asked.

"Very good," he said. "I can write it down for you in lettering and the musical notes." He smiled at her. Emi raised an eyebrow.

She gulped feeling the words she was going to say might embarrass her. "I can't read," she said. Adam raised an eyebrow and tilted his head confused. She was right it was embarrassing. She lowered her head and got up. "I think I'll go sit with Reda," she said stammering. He grabbed her wrist and sat her back down.

"I can teach you how to read," he said smiling. She began to smile some more. "I have some old children books you can read. It's a start don't you think?" Emi nodded in agreement. It was a fact, Adam was the nicest person in the world but then again they could get in trouble.

"We can get in trouble if you teach me to read." She said with sudden fear in her voice.

Adam snickered. "I'll keep it secret," he said. "Only if you promise too."

"I promise," Emi said. She was actually going to read, well learn to really.

\*\*\*

Adam gave her a paper and a pencil to write her name,date,and about herself:

Emi

eighteen (I no because i was born in Maye.)

green eyes

mollato

i hav no mama or dad.

At least some of her words made sense.

## Chapter 8: Bonnie's Lightened Dark Soul

Rosie- Beth sat at the end of the road in the flower bed as Mr.Henry her uncle talked to the train conductor. She thought of Emi. She was her play mate turned best friend and now she's her cousin a mulatto one. Rosie spread out her dress and picked two daffodils picking at the petals nervously. What if Emi forgets her? What if they found out about Emi and she'll never see her cousin again or tell her she's her cousin? What if----

Rosie shook her head in from her wild free running thoughts and sighed as she laid back. She closed her eyes. The train will be ready at six so she had plenty of time to relax in the sun.

â ;

"One,two,three," Little three year old Emi said counting her fingers. Little five year old Rosie-Beth counted her's too and placed four fingers in Emi's face.

"See four!" She boasted. "I can count to one hundred too. I can show you!" Emi smiled brightly.

"Really show me!" She bounced up and down on Rosie's new spread out bed. Just when Rosie was about to pull out a slate to write on Wilson Henry came in and looked at Rosie. "Hello sir." Emi said turning a way quickly.

"Uncle we're playing school," Rosie said. Emi darted her a look telling her not to tell. Henry looked at Emi and raised an eyebrow and Emi made accidental eye contact with him. Rosie looking at them could feel some type strange wave of knowing something between the two but then nudged Emi. "Let's play."

"We can't," Emi said looking down. Mr.Henry began to walk out.

"Get ready for bed Rosie," he said. Rosie stuck her tongue out.

"Uncle five more minutes!" Rosie yelled.

"No bed," Wilson said walking off. Emi left the room counting her fingers trying to go to ten but got to seven. She bumped in to Wilson and fell down on the ground. She began to cry felling her head she feel back wards on. She cried harder catching Wilson's attention. He turned to look at her. "Juna!" He picked her up carefully and held her. Emi stopped and sniffled as she hid her face in the crook of his neck. Juna came running.

"My baby--" She saw Wilson holding her with a smile on his face. She took her gently. She whispered to Emi, "Time for bed."

"Okay mama," Emi said. holding around her neck. Juna looked at Wilson and then they broke eye contact. Juna holding Emi walked off down the hall.

â ;

Rosie woke up to the sound of a horn being blown. "Time to go Rosie-Beth!" Wilson said holding her bags. "I already got us a first class seat!" Rosie picked up her little satchel full of papers and ran up to him in a hurry.

"Oh I'm coming okay!" Rosie said. "Just hold it for a minute there!"

â ;

## Green Eyed Slave Girl

Bonnie was angry at everyone on this hot Sunday afternoon, the slaves, her father, her mother, Adam, and mostly Emi for some reason. She was caught with James *about* to do something in the woods. She yelled and complained all day about everyone and every single little thing. Emi could've sworn the whole Thomas Plantation wanted to kill her and the Thomas them self wouldn't even give a damn! Bonnie came storming down stairs angry holding her jewelry box. "My pearls!" She shouted. "Where in Gods name are my pearls!" Emi looked at her as she swept the sitting room which Mr. Thomas was at drinking tea with his friends Mr. Fuber and Mr. Tully. Emi looked back down when she saw Bonnie's hell storm gray eyes. "Daddy my pearls are missing!" She came storming to him. "I think Emi took 'em!" Emi shocked shook her head with her mouth wide open in disbelief.

"I would never...do that sir," Emi said. Bonnie pulled her collar.

"Admit it you little nigger!" Mr. Thomas slammed on the table and his cards jumped (they where playing cards too).

"Bonnie Thomas!" Bonnie looked at her father letting Emi go. Emi ran to the far corner of the room. Bonnie stood still. Mr. Thomas yanked the box from her hands.

"Father I---"

"Silence!" he hissed. Bonnie stepped back a bit. "You will no longer have jewelry or pearls in general for the simple fact that only a lady can wear them you acted like a whore. I love you but until you can repent for that sin you did I will not give you these back or call you my own in public. Let Mr. Tully, Mr. Fuber, and Emi"---he looked at Emi---"be witness to this." Bonnie in disbelief shook her head crying.

"But papa!" She sounded like a little girl. Her face was red and her lip trembled. "Father I-I'm s-sorry!" Mr. Thomas turned from her. Bonnie wit her hand over her aching heart began to sob. She ran up the stairs. Emi followed after her in to her room.

"Are you okay?" She said. Bonnie sat next to the window sill still crying. Emi walked up and touched her head. " He'll get over it soon." She tried her best to sooth her.

"I d-don't n-need your sympathy!" Bonnie yelled. Emi flinched her hand back but then sat next to her.

"Bonnie why do you hate me?" Emi asked. "I don't hate you sure a times I can't stand you but then again at times truthfully I can't stand Adam on his sick days." Bonnie let out a laugh which was weird for her. "Your lucky. You have a family I don't."

Bonnie looked at her. "What do you mean?"

"You have a brother, ma, and a father." Emi looked at the hem of her dirty dress. " I don't have any one. I bet my mother is dead by now or my father is hung for--" She caught her self mid-sentence no one should know of her true race. She wiped a stray tear. Bonnie placed her head on he shoulder. Emi turned and burst out in tears thinking of how lonely Wilson might be with out her and her mother too or if they had replaced her. She sobbed more for herself she would rather die then not be with family that she can call her own. Bonnie tried to hush her but ended up holding her instead trying to muffle out her sad cries in her chest.

"Hush now," she said as she was talking to baby. Adam came in.

"Bonnie what did you--" He looked Emi and Bonnie both hugging each other. Bonnie looked at him. "Bonnie?"

## Green Eyed Slave Girl

"Shut up Adam," she hissed. Emi lifted up and wiped her eyes. Bonnie wasn't so mean after all. She looked at her and Bonnie smiled. Emi scouted back a little.

"What type of witch craft is that!" Adam said jokingly. Bonnie stormed up and throw a throw pillow from her huge bed at Adam.

"Get the hell out!"

Emi knew it wouldn't last. Bonnie's kind ness.

Bonnie gave her a long look. "Emi dear?"

Emi looked at Bonnie. "Yes miss?"

"How's about you give me my pearls and I'll give your freedom."

"What?" Emi sat back astonished. "Well I can't."

"Oh you and and my money's saving."

"How?" And Bonnie told her.

## Chapter 9: Framed

The train was silent but was a bumpy ride. Rosie-Beth looked out the window trying not to puke. She wished she had her kitty, Elsa a small Russian cat that slept at her bed side. She pulled her fur coat more around her bare shoulders and fixed the collar to her red gown. She got looks but she didn't care. Wilson had his head on the wall sleeping. He was holding a picture. Rosie got up gently and sat next to him and leaned over his shoulder making sure he was really asleep by slowly touching his face. She smiled like a little child when he mumbled a few cuss words and went back to his deep sleep. She slipped the paper out of his hand and saw small well drawn picture of a little girl with curly black hair that touched her back, a white dress, she was looking at a flower, and her eyes glowed a lovely green. She had her toes in the water. a black woman was next to her in white too smiling at her holding more flowers leaning on her side. She touched the girls curly hair. Rosie turned it over and read:

*Juna and Emi.*

*1849.*

*By. W.Henry.*

She looked at Wilson and smiled. She went back to her seat and watched Wilson sleep and opened an old child hood book Emi wrote in. Her crook 'E' and perfect 'm' and 'i'.

â |

Emi thought about Bonnie offer and went in to Mr. and Mrs.Thompson room and took Bonnie pearls and money. She threw them on Bonnie's bed and wanted to go back to her chores but Bonnie told her their was something else. "My ruby ring is in there."

Emi tried to protest but it was too late. She was already walking to the room. Adam poked his head out his room door and saw her walk in. She walked to the bed and placed her hand on the post at the end and Adam slowly opened the door. She sighed and walked closer to the jewelry box and took a red ruby ring out. He quickly took it from her holding her arms up. "Emi what the hell are you doing?!"She tried to speak but he looked so angry. He looked at the ring and gasped."This is my mother's from dames' school." He placed the ring back down.

"I thought--"

"You thought what?" He asked. She dropped her arms but he grabbed one as she tried to run out. "I thought better of you."

She shook her head. Bonnie had tried to make her look like the bad guy and it was working. She was crying now. " I thought--- Bonnie said?"

"Bonnie said what?" He was squeezing her wrist by accident."Oh Emile don't blame others."

She pushed him off and her grabbed her. She slapped him really hard on his mouth causing his mouth to bleed. He bit his lip and looked shocked at Emile who was crying and saying "Sorry" a lot. "I didn't mean it." She ran out the room and went right to Bonnie who was fixing her hair. She took the brush and threw it to Bonnie's mirror. Bonnie screamed.



## Green Eyed Slave Girl

"You monster!" Emile didn't care and slammed the brush next to Bonnie.

"You don't scare me. I'm already close to death. Heck I've been close to it at three." She left and walked down the stairs. She went in to her cabin and saw Reda. She sat next to her and cried. Reda patted her head. She took the bonnet off and Reda brushed her hair. "Reda I think I'mma die?"

"Why," she asked.

"Bonnie that's why." Emi laid down on her lap and wiped her eyes. "I hurt Adam."

Adam sat in the hall and tried to not blame Emi but she was caught red handed. He went to Bonnie who was picking up glass shards with pins coming out of her hair. He bends down to help. "Bonnie?"

She looks at him. "Yes?"

"Why is your peals in here?" He lifted a pearl and threw it down. "Your a snake you know."

Bonnie smiled. "So and that's just one less Negro to worry about."

He looked at her. "Are you that cold hearted?"

"Well I prefer realistic." Bonnie stood up and smiled. She stood up and took the pins out and smiled.

"Your a monster." He stood up and looked at her. She smiled and he walked off looking for Emile. He went to her cabin and saw her a sleep on her cot. Reda was out of the room he shook her shoulder and she turned still a sleep. she pushed his hand away and crawled back up in to a ball and he woke her finally. She looked at him and and sat up. "I'm sorry." He took her hand. "I should've listened."

Emi nodded. "I can't forgive you. I tried to explain and you ignored. You hurt me with your words. I trusted you." He lowered his head.

"I'm sorry." He released her hand. "I was just mad that i would see you doing such a thing." She nodded and turned her back to him and stood up. She pulled her gown down and and turned to him and said, "I think you have to leave." He got up and left.

â |

The carriage parked up at a blue plantation house. Wilson came out with Rosie-Beth and saw Mr.Thompson. They walked in and talked. Rosie-Beth stood out side and saw a man following a girl who had light colored skin but it was olive toned. She was fixing her cap. The man pulled her to him and she cried. He hugged her. She walked closer. It couldn't be? She walked faster almost about to cry. "Emile!" The girl looked at her and stepped back. Rosie came closer and stood looking a her and touched her cheek. "It's you isn't it?"

"And you is?" Emi stepped back confused. Rosie took her hair down.

"It me shorty!" Emile smiled and hugged her then quickly let go. "I missed you cousin."

"Cousin?" Rosie hugged her again. Wilson came back out and saw them and dismissed him self from the conversation and walked closer to them. He could see a tall young lady a slave hugging Rosie. He touched Rosie's shoulder and saw her. He was green eyes and dark skin. He was going to cry. He found her. He found Emile just like he promised he would to his late wife Juna. The girl looked at him, his daughter looked at him.

## Green Eyed Slave Girl

Emile stepped back and held Rosie's hand. The boy next to them had left already. "Do you remember your--"

"Pa, I think I do. Mr. Henry nice to met you and I hope you didn't sell my mama." She walked off angry. He lowered his head. Rosie chased after her. He failed her as a father.

## Chapter 10: Memories

Rosie-Beth awoke from her dream of Emi. She was still on that terrible train. She did wish for Emi but no one knew if Emi would turn Wilson down or not. Wilson stayed up looking out the window. She was jolted about when the train stopped. "Damn it!" She yelled clutching the rail next to her. A couple of people looked at her. She rolled her eyes and wasn't in the mood to apologize, her neck was hurting, back like an old hag, and she was tired as ever. Oh and hungry! She took her long hair up and wiped sweat off her neck. Wilson smiled. "Our stop is about one hour away." She groaned.

"Oh by Lord!" She inhaled then huffed. "I'm hotter than a dried peach tree in the summer." She used her handkerchief to wipe her forehead. Wilson had sweat on his cheek. She couldn't open the window because it was bolted down. She leaned back on the chair and closed her eyes and tried to rest once more. Wishing for an hour to pass so she could buy a nice summer dress and cool down in a lake some where like she did when she was five and Emi three...

â ;

### *1849-Summer*

It was Emi's unofficial birth day. So Rosie gave her a present. They went swimming in the small pond it had clear water. Rosie-Beth lent her a small thigh length Rosie swam to the far end and helped Emi too but she still didn't know how to swim. Emi kept swimming in the small end playing with the mama duck and her duckling.

*Woof! Woof!*

Emi jumped. Rosie-Beth swam back to her. and held her close. "Is that dem dogs?" Emi was shaking in the water. Her duck friends had swam off. Rosie-Beth nodded.

"It's those slave catchers." She wiped water off her face and whispered to Emi. "Emi just hide behind me." Emi got behind her and clanged at her silky gown.

"Go on boy!" A man appeared and saw Rosie-Beth and smiled at her. "Hey girl you seen any slaves." He was a southern hillbilly looking guy. Rosie shook her head no. Emi kicked her feet and her hands slipped a bit. She clutched tighter. The man left and she quickly got out and ran back afraid as she still heard the dogs barking. Rosie caught up with her. Emi was bite! she was crying and crying. A man was over her yelling for his dog to get off of her. Rosie kept crying and scream, "Stop!" The man yanked the dog off.

"What you be doing girl?"

"She was going back to the plantation I'm he mistress!" Rosie ran to Emi. Then a huge horse was in her way. The man knocked her down.

"Where's your mama?"

"Home in Indiana and my pa too."

"Who you with?" Rosie dotted her eyes but her chubby cheeks made her look even cuter.

## Green Eyed Slave Girl

"Nun your buisness," She shouted. The dog barked and she fell scared. The man laughed and told it to settle down. Rosie crawled to Emi and hugged her. Emi was sleep and had her face all bloody. Rosie shook her. The man lifted Rosie up by her wrist.

"Don't touch her!" He slung her down. "You comin' with me little lady!" Rosie bit his leg and ran off with out Emi filling bad when she got back she told Wilson who yelled at her. He went back and found Emi near the pond. She crawled up and he carried her home and gave her too Juna who told Rosie not to talk to her but Wilson told her she was scared and Rosie-Beth apologized.

â ;

Rosie opened one eye. "Wilson?"

He looked at her."Yes?"

"Um does Juna still hate me for Emi almost drowning?"

Wilson shook his head. "She's forgiven you and she's very happy now so let's not..."

"I'm sorry," Rosie said silently. Wilson nodded and went back to reading. "I just wonder if Emi's there can we take her with us."

Wilson looked up at her. "Rosie--"

"Come on!" Rosie laughed. Wilson shook his head and got up.

"Rosie I can't talk about this."

"What's the matter?" Rosie said as wilson moved. Rosie leaned back. "Are you afraid of what she thinks?"

He kept moving. "God your a coward!" Rosie shouted. Wilson turned to her and then walked off.

## Chapter 11

Emi sat next to Reda who was combing her hair. Reda pulled knots out of Emi's hair. Emi screamed and moved. "Ow you're hurting me!"

"Well sorry I have to comb it. Your hairs to curly." Reda moved back letting Emi scoot back. She began again.

"You're next," Emi hissed playfully. Reda pretended to bite her and went back to combing her hair. Emi squeezed her night gown.

"So do you think they'll. . ."

Emi stood stopping her. "It's getting late," she said in a rush to get on her straw mattress. "We have to work tomorrow." She got in to bed and closed her eyes as tight as she could. Reda sat there and then said good night before blowing out the single candle in the middle of the little cabin and covered her self up with the same thin cover as Emi. Emi opened her eyes to the darkness and sat up when she heard Reda's heavy snoring and walked to the door way. She opened the wooden door as ants came in and stood out there and saw Adam's room window was illuminating. She noticed a shadow moving then Adam sat at his desk and began to write down something. Emi watched as he dipped and dipped his pin to write on the paper. When he finished he blew on it to dry the ink and folded it. He then rubbed his temple before blowing out the candle. Emi looked down on the ground and saw a ant on her toe and shook it off. Then a light shot on her face. She dunked and she heard a man yell out. She ran back in to the cabin and scooted in to the corner. Her face was paralyzed in fear and heart skipped more than two beats. She then waited for them to go away and thought of her mother...

â ;

Winter 1848 on the Henry Plantation,

It was a cold winter of 1848 before Emi was sold was the worst. Emi was sick constantly, Master Henry let Juna stay in with Emi and he would even come to visit her, he wouldn't touch her when she was awake but when she slept shivering and sweating her would wipe the sweat off her brow and hold her hands in his. Juna would let him tell her stories when she was awake but Emi didn't like them very much and wanted to hear about travels and knights slaying dragons not princesses. He would smile down at her and she would smile back. One day he came when Juna had gotten a pass to go shopping for food with one of the overseers to get Emile medicine. He watched over her in the cabin. Emi would look him then she would cry.

"What is it child?" He said alarmed. She sniffled.

"Am I in trouble?" She hiccuped.

"No, no." He shook his head and then Emi coughed and nodded.

"So I'm okay?"

"Yes very, okay!" He said overly excited. He smiled and Emi rubbed her eyes and laid down facing him.

"Master when's mama coming back?" She asked.

"Soon,' he said feeling his heart break as she called him master.

## Green Eyed Slave Girl

"Master," She said. She placed her hand in her mouth and wiggled a tooth. "My teeth's falling out."

"Oh no only one it's natural."

"What's natural?" she asked coughing.

"It's something that's suppose to happen."

"Like me having strange eyes."

"Yes..." He said slowly. Few minutes later Emi was a sleep and moving so much she kicked her covers at Wilson's feet and rolled to the edge of the bed and Wilson had to move her over three times until she was firmly to the wall. He sat back down seeing her cap was coming off. He tried to put it back on but she moved and half awake looked at him and said, "Daddy." He stopped and then Juna came in. He placed the cap in her hand and walked out. Juna sat next to Emi and laid her back down and rubbed her head. The next day Emi was a little bit okay but she was still bed stricken and she threw fits so much because of stomach aches and her throat hurting. Juna tried to make her calm but Emi was in som much pain. She hated being in bed all day and being sick mostly. Wilson came around and when Emi was calm he would tell her story's.

"And then they lived happily ever after." He finished the story and she raised a brow. " What?"

"Sir why she go off with some man she just met, that's not good," she sat up. "That's very, very bad." Wilson smiled at her.

"It's a ridiculous story I admit."

â |

1862,Next morning.

Emi woke up on the floor as she sun hitted her face through the glass-less windows and walked to a small box they had and got dressed. She turned and saw Reda wasn't there. She just thought Reda was already working and left the cabin and saw Reda was standing in the field as the overseer wiped her. Emi was paralyzed and ran to the site. Reda was crying. Her night gown was being torn as blood came down her back. She heard Mrs. Thomas say, " That'll teach that negro to steal!" Emi looked at a smiling Bonnie . Bonnie looked down at her and walked away. Emi watched in horror. Then when it ended. She waited to get Reda and helped her back in. Reda was shaking and crying. "I ain't do it!"

"I know,"Emi cried too as she cleaned the wounds. "Bonnie did this I knows it!"

Reda cried silently and Emi cleaned her wounds with hot water making Reda jump in fear. When she finished she helped Reda into her night gown and placed her bloody under clothes in the bucket and covered Read up. When she left her mouth felt as if she needed to puke. She ran into the barn, bent over and puked on a pile of dirty hay as the horse Nora Bell neighed. "SHUT UP!" She yelled at Bonnie's horse before wiping her mouth and walking off. When she went in to the house Bonnie was sitting reading with Mrs.Thomas. Mrs.Thomas noticed Emi and said,"Emma my husband wants you he's in the study." Emi saw Bonnie was smiling at her so Emi smiled back making Bonnie jump and go back to reading. Emi walked off into Mr.Thomas's office. He was writing down something. Emi cleared her throat.

"Master?" Emi asked. He stood and cleared his throat.

## Green Eyed Slave Girl

"Emilla well it seems Reda is out for today so you shall do her chores and yours by nine."

Emi nodded and turned.

"Wait Emma," he said. God why won't they learn my name, Emi thought. "Bonnie said Reda had an accomplice in the stealing of the pearls so if any one including you is shown up you will be sold." Emi's throat clogged as she left the room. She went straight to Reda's chores, cleaning the barn out and putting more hay in it, helping the Mr. Joe the slave gardener with the growing vegetation, helping out side all over, and getting sweaty. She then went inside to help clean the floors, the whole upstairs, and help out in the kitchen. When she tried to get it Mammy stopped her.

"Mm girl!" Emi looked down at dirty dress. "I can't have you in here like that."

Emi opened her mouth but Mammy pushed her out. "I'll get clean."

"Well do it now!" Emi ran out the house and into the cabin where Reda was sleeping. She got dressed into a new dress and left the cabin. She ran in to the house and saw Adam standing there with another man who was a little but taller than her. He saw her and Emi dunked her head and quickly walked off biting her lip as hard as she could.

The dinner was well served and the guest was the Ross family. Emi avoided Adam the whole day but it was time to serve them so she had to deal with it sadly. When Adam snuck her a smile she would wak off or sneak in an eye roll. He would lower his head like a scared child.

â ;

The Train Station,

Rosie-Beth came off the train wiping sweat off her chest as Wilson followed behind. He walked in front of her and went to the booth where a man looks at him and then smiles at Rosie. "Do you know where I can find a wagon to transport my niece and I?" The man smiled at Rosie-Beth more and Wilson sighed. "Let's go Rosie." She turned away from the man and he came back to reality and yelled.

"Sir did you need any help?" Wilson sighed and looked at him. He and Rosie walked up to him.

"Well yes we did." He turned Rosie around.

"Hey!" Rosie said but Wilson ignored coming closer to the man.

"I need to know where we can get transportation to go to the Thomas plantation."

"Oh well," he said taking a book from up top and opening it to a random page and pulled glasses on. "Ah yes at 9.30 a wagon that carries five will come."

"Oh God that's too late," Wilson said rubbing his head. "Any earlilier one."

The man sighed and turned the page and smiled. "At Seven O'clock on holding three only."

"Good," Wilson said turning too Rosie and walking her too the waiting bench. Rosie looked at him.

"I'm sorry," she said.

## Green Eyed Slave Girl

"For what?" He asked as she sat on the bench.

"For saying such words to you it was very evil of me. You know I'm not that evil."

He chuckled. "Rosie-Beth you're sweet but mean."

â |

Thomas Plantation,

Emi watched as the guest came in, a sad looking old woman in a wheel chair, her son a man in his fifties, a young girl, and her brother a man in his thirties. Emi rubbed her gloved hands together as Nora showed them to the sitting room. Adam came from down stairs and saw her. Emi turned away. He tapped her shoulder, she looked at him. "Um Emile Bonnie wants you to help her." Emi looks at him and nods before going up the stairs to see Bonnie in a fit of panic. She was crying in her under garments, hair wild and stuffing something in her treasure chest. Emi knocked on the wall causing Bonnie to stir and wipe her tears.

"What do you want?!" She shrieked. Emi closed the door.

"You called for me miss." Emi recalled. Bonnie nodded then smiled which scared Emi.

"I did, didn't I." She pulled Emi close. "Emi, sweetie I need you to get me a burlap bag from the farm house."

"Okay," Emi said. She left the house and grabbed a huge burlap bag and returned as Bonnie was pulling a dogs corpse out her chest. Emi almost screamed but, "Ah--" came out before Bonnie covered her mouth.

"Shh." Bonnie said. "No screaming!" She moved her hand. "It was an accident I would never hurt Mitzy, I swear. I loved the dog. Just please help me." Emi nodded. Bonnie smiled weakly and grabbed Mitzy's hide legs and pulled her in the bag. Emi wiped her tears.

Bonnie buried the dog at night in the yard. Emi watched from a window. Adam spent the whole time looking for his dog.

"Mitzy!"



## Green Eyed Slave Girl

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-25 21:38:30