

Dear Journal,

I am Milo Green a freed slave. My father is a blacksmith.

My mother has no job. The cold rain is dancing outside on the sidewalk. I have nothing to do.

I am getting sick and tired of the loud sound of water hitting the hard ground. Since I have nothing to do I decide to look out my little window.

I saw a family of four black people sitting under an old courtyard. I felt really sad for them. I felt sad for them because they were sitting in an old courtyard in a bad storm. I thought of how I could help them. So I asked my dad if I could let them in until the storm was over well, he said ask your mom. She said yes so I let them in.

Bang. Went the door as the family closed the door shut. They were really glad that I let them in. But sad.

asked them who they were.

They were the Johnson family.

We showed them to the bathroom
and they washed off. When

the Johnsons were done we
gave them some old clothes
to put on. The Johnsons

ate dinner with us. After

a while the storm stopped.

I could hear the birds chirping

and I could see the sun come

out. The Johnsons left when

it got pretty warm outside.

I was really glad that

I could help them.