



Europeans began to load the boat with black men and women, and drove the prisoners to Virginia, to sell them to a single master because a lot of people died in the journey: an epidemic of plague ravaged the crew and poor food hygiene resulted in a lot of stomach problems. The master lived in East Virginia, he was a friend of the captain and the shipowner of the boat. And he was called... Sam Taylor!



Memoirs of a slave



The next morning, we had found themselves and the master explained to us the work that we had to do. We had to work in cotton plantations. So, they brought us to the plantations. The sun was shining and we didn't had water... We were also malnourished. So, it was really difficult... Moreover, we weren't in great shape because we didn't sleep a lot during the last days...



When I woke up, I was in the dark room, the ground was humid and I was tied up with chains on my feet and my hands. I tried to see in the dark, and two minutes later, I saw black men, women and children in the room. And I understood... I was in the slave's boat and we were going to America to be sold like slaves.