

My name is Elizabeth Good. I am 6 years old. I have brown hair and blue eyes. Every morning I wash and put on one of my many dresses, then my mother braids my hair. I live with my mother Sarah Good, who is very well dressed. She stays home with me and sews clothing to sell in the town. She always wears amazing homemade dresses, and she always smells of her glorious lavender soap. I also live with my father William Good, who always wears a nice suit and combs his hair just right. He normally smells of the ink he uses to take notes in court. We have two maids who live in a small room in the far end of the house. Their names are Mary and Margaret. Mary and Margaret are very good people. They take care of the house and while my mother is sewing they take care of me. They are very good to me and my family, they never try to cheat us out of money or steal our belongings. They are fair, lawful and truthful. They are great caretakers and amazing cooks. They wear raggedy dresses and bonnets, Mary usually smells of soap and is covered in dust because she usually does the dusting, laundry and washing. Margaret usually smells of pastries or that night's dinner because she does the cooking.

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The year is 1692, the month is June and the Salem witch trials are happening. I don't know that much about the witch trials or about witchcraft at all. I have asked my mother, but she says that it's all too grown up for me and that she will tell me when I'm older. All I know about the trials is that one person has been executed, Bridget Bishop. I didn't know her but my mother said that my father was friends with her husband.

\* \* \*

My father has been going to court a lot lately. I am sure it is to defend so called "witches". I hope that he does not get accused of witchcraft just for defending the already accused people. If the trials are still going on when I am old enough, I would like to follow in his footsteps and defend the accused.

\* \* \*

I have noticed that lately people have been looking at Mary and Margaret strangely, like they're special, weird, different. I don't see anything abnormal

about them. They are just like anyone else in my eyes. My parents think that Mary and Margaret will soon be accused of the Devil's deed and they might be jailed or even executed. I am quite worried for them. I have become very close to them in the past few years and the thought of losing them is devastating.

\* \* \*

When I went down for breakfast this morning my father, Mary, and Margaret were all gone. I asked my mother where they were but all she said was that they had something they needed to take care of. I think they may be down at the court for the trials. I hope that if they are, they are just witnesses.

In the afternoon I noticed that they had not yet returned. My father did come home just in time for dinner but he brought bad news with him. He told us that Mary and Margaret would not be coming home because they were staying in jail for a very long time. They had been accused and convicted of the unmentionable "Witchcraft".

\* \* \*

This morning my mother told me to pack for my grandmother's house. She wouldn't tell me why, but I am positive she has been accused of witchcraft and is going to have to go to court to prove herself innocent.

After lunch we left for my grandmother's. We rode there in a carriage that was pulled by the most beautiful horse I had ever seen. It was gorgeous, shiny and black with a white diamond shaped mark in the middle of her forehead. She had a black, silk-like main and black tail to match. Her name was Diamond and she was amazing.

When I arrived at my grandmother's house, the familiar smell of cookies and elderly folk filled my nose. I love visiting my grandmother, but at that moment I didn't love the reason. After dinner I consumed five delicious cookies and went to bed early because I was extremely exhausted from my long travels that took place that day.

\* \* \*

My grandmother is a sweet old lady, she has grey hair and the most beautiful of dresses. She always smells of cookies and the comforting scent of

her vanilla cream. She is always drinking tea and eating little biscuits. She raised my mother all on her own. My grandfather died of tuberculosis when my mother was just an infant. There is a big portrait of him my mother and my grandmother hanging above the mantel in the main room.

\* \* \*

Today my grandmother took me into town. She bought me a wonderful pair of shoes. They were beautiful. My grandmother is so nice and funny too. She always cooks the most amazing meals. My favorite is her lemon chicken with a side of salad made with freshly grown vegetables.

\* \* \*

I have been staying with my grandmother for a few weeks now. I have been having a lot of fun, but I can't help worrying about my mother. Still nobody has told me why I am here but I know.

\* \* \*

My grandmother told me I was going home soon. I am very excited to see my parents again. Maybe this means she proved herself innocent, I really hope so.

I'm going to make the best of my last few days with my grandmother. Tomorrow we are going to visit her friend the butcher. They are very close.

\* \* \*

Last night I packed all of my belonging, and this morning we are leaving for home. I'm going to miss my grandmother very much. She has been so nice and caring. I love her with all my heart.

\* \* \*

When we went out to the horse and carriage, the same horse was pulling the carriage. The horse had to be the same, it had the same black fur coat and silky black main and tail. It even had the same diamond shaped mark on her forehead.

When we got to my house I jumped out and ran to great my parents, but when I got inside only my father was there, waiting for me. I gave him a huge hug. He said he had some bad news for me. He brought me and my

grandmother to the table.

My father told us that my mother had been accused of witchcraft and that she had been convicted and sentenced to death. He said that they had tried very hard to change the courts mind but there was no convincing them. He also said that her execution is on July 19th, five days from now. We get to spend a small amount of supervised time with her in two days time.

\* \* \*

Today was the last day that I am going to see my mother before her execution. When I saw her I ran up to her as fast as my small legs could carry me and gave her the biggest hug that a six year old girl could possibly give. We talked for two hours but then we had to leave. I am going to miss my mother so much, I love her more then anything.

\* \* \*

Today is the day that my mother is to be executed. She is going to be hanged. A few other women are also going to be hanged today. I feel very sorry for all of them and their families. My father, grandmother and I are all going to see the execution, but I don't think I'll be able to watch.

When we got to the execution the women already had their hand tied behind there backs and the ropes around their necks. The executioner put cloth bags over each of their heads and when he was about to drop the floor I turned and hid in my fathers shirt. He hugged me close to him, he was also horrified with what was about to take place. I heard the floor drop and many people scream. My mother was dead and I was never going to see her again.

## EPILOGUE

It has been 4 years and 13 days since my mother's execution. I am now 10 years old. My grandmother is still living with my father and me. She takes care of me and the house while my father is at work, but soon she may be needing my help more than I need hers. Recently she has become ill and she is getting worse and worse.

We all miss my mother dearly, she was my role model, my idol, my mother, but most of all, my best friend. She was an amazing, adoring, caring, and kind. My grandmother, my father and I all loved her with all our hearts and not a minute goes by when any of us don't miss her. At least she is in a better place now and we will be reunited someday when I too pass along to another world.

All together 19 people were killed during the witch trials. Most were hanged but there was one special case were a man was crushed to death. He would not admit to being a witch so they crushed him with huge rocks and stones.