



JEFFERSON'S DIARY

mr wigin you say rite somethin but i dont kno what to rite an you say i must be thinkin bout things i aint telin nobody an i order put it on paper but i dont kno what to put on paper cause i aint never rote nothin but homework i aint never rote a leter in all my life cause nanan use to get other chiren to rite her leter an read her leter for her not me so i cant think of too much to say but maybe nex time

its evenin an i done eat my rice an beans an i done had my cup of milk an the sun comin in the windo cause i can see it splashin on the flo and I can yer ned an them talkin an thats bout all for now

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i coudn sleep las nite cause i kept dremin it and i dont want dreem it cause im jus walkin to somwher but i dont kno wher its at an fore i get to the door i wake up an i want to rite in the tablet las nite but you aint got no lite in yer but the moon so im ritin this monin soon is sunup but now i done fogot what i want to say

nanan brot me some easter egg an i et one an nanan et one an reven ambros he et one an reven ambros ax me if i know why the lord die an he say he die for me so i can meet him in heven an all he want me to do is say i want be up ther wit him an the angels an say if i mean it wit all my heart an sol ill go to heven an nanan start cryin again an mis lou got to hug her an nanan say all i need to do an make her life wors livin is ax the lord forgiv me in the pardn of my sin an her an reven ambros was on they knee an mis lou was still in the cher huggin her an i was glad when paul come an got me

i dont kno what day it is but las nite i coudn sleep an i cud yer ned down the way snoin an i laid ther and thot bout samson sayin if the lord love me how com he let my wife die an leave me an them chiren an how come he dont come here an take way people like them matin brothers on the st charl river stead of messin wit po ol foks who aint never done nothin but try an do all they kno how to serv him

it look like the lord just work for wite folks cause ever sens i wasn nothin but a litle boy i been on my on haulin water to the fiel on that ol water cart wit all them dime bukets an that dipper jus hittin an old dorthy just trottin and trottin an me up their hittin her wit that rope an all them dime bukets an that dipper jus hittin an hittin gainst that bal of water so i can git the peple they food an they water on time an the peple see me an drop they hoe an com and git they buket cause they kno they string or they mark on the top an boo sittin under a bloodweed wit his wite