**Sam’s new life**

by Christian Kjaer

“Land ho,” Sam cried! He had been on a ship as long as he could remember and came from England to Cape Anne to Newbury in America.

He was worried about starting over, because it looked like there was going to be a fierce blizzard coming and the wind was ferocious. They did not have enough wood to build the meeting house and a lot of their livestock died on the voyage. It would be hard for them to survive this winter.

Sam was 15 years old which meant he had to help the community. Both his parents had died on the voyage, so it felt like he had no one on his side except for his one and only good friend John. John’s dad was the captain so everyone knew him well. Sam and John picked up their heavy axes and went into the woods to start chopping.

It was starting to rain and they didn’t have much wood yet. While they were chopping Sam was talking about how he missed his parents and how John was his best companion in the world when **whoosh**.

Sam swung around to see what the noise was. John was on the ground with an arrow through his warm and thoughtful heart, struggling and moaning. Then he stopped breathing. Sam checked his pulse, but, unfortunately, there were no beats.

Sam ran back to the village with John in his arms and tears in his eyes. He saw a fire going and people huddled near it. “Help! John has no pulse!” Sam cried. After hearing that, everyone gasped. They saw the arrow in his chest. The men said things like “bring him to the nurse,” and “let’s go scout the area for any more bowmen.”

 Sam brought john over to a women who was a nurse. She said “Don’t worry, I will take good care of him.”

They told the puritans that weren’t going with them to get back on the ship and be prepared for anything. The men went into the woods with their muskets, lots of ammunition and gun powder. The blizzard was getting closer.

As they walked, one of the men fell down, then another. They were being assaulted! The leader said “Now, fire like heck!” The puritans fired their muskets. With a bing and a bang, they ran for bunkers like rocks and trees. The men continued to walk forwards until they saw a native village. Sam gulped hard. He did not want war, he wanted peace.

 Fifty bowmen were lined up with knocked arrows, then fired furiously so the puritans did the same. Sam lost himself in his mind, hearing all the screams and explosions, it made him so angry!

“**STOOOOOOOP**!” Sam screamed at the top of his lungs. Everyone stopped firing. He walked into the middle of the battlefield and said “We have both lost many of our people. We can live together in peace, share, and be kind to each other. We can work together.”

After the speech, the natives invited the puritans into a big tent. For awhile they sat down together talking about rules and how much the puritans needed supplies. They developed a trade system and made a rule that declared if one of our groups needs help the other group will help them. The tribe leader said, “This should help you.”

It was enough wood to build the meeting house. The puritans told them about John and how he was close to death. “Bring him to me,” the native leader said. Two puritans went back to their village to get John.

It started to snow. When the two men got back, the natives brought him into a tent and did something secret because nobody could see. They waited and John was out of the tent walking in no time at all.

 With John healed and enough wood for their meeting house, the puritans said, “We will help you too, soon,” as they walked away.

When they got back to the village, the puritans cheered with joy because of all the wood the men brought and John was back on his feet. They had a moment of silence for the ones that had died, and then they went to the fire for warmth.

The End