**MY LIFETIME IN THE NEW WORLD**

**by Nic Colella**

It was the year 1642. My name is Damon Toodeck. I have two brothers, a sister, and my father. My sister’s name is Elli and my brothers’ names are James and Chris.

My mom passed away after a terrible storm. She died from a type of fever. She must have picked it up from the last of the storm. I was horrified as she was a lifeless corpse lying in a bed when I woke up in the morning.

I was raised here in Newbury but I was also partly raised in England. It’s not a bad life in Newbury, there is lots of fun time for children. We play games like tag and spindle, and you can even make yarn necklaces! Someone made up tag, it’s a really fun game to play, all you have to do is touch someone and they try to (tag) other people too. The last person that stands as a non-tagger wins! We usually play tag until the sun sets, then we play spindle.

But usually, my friends and I would be working. The older boys and girls stop at about noon, to do chores around the house. We do too, but they’re much smaller chores like help haul the fresh kill for dinner.

Anyway I hate that we don’t go to school here! So do my brothers. I guess the Reverend don’t care about children’s education. But they’re trying to build ships and trade goods; I guess that’s a little bit more important? Three years have passed. My brothers and I were very skilled warriors and joined the militia. Chris, the oldest, is the captain of our Division.

We are at war with an Indian tribe! It’s the Coonalakas! We were fighting them because they thought we settled on their land! And what bad timing, the Wampanoag are fighting another tribe so they can’t help us.

Our division was sent to battle, stomp, stomp, stomp, stomp. Without warning, “ppphhhhhsswwew, aaaaaaahhhhhhhh,”an arrow pierced through my arm. I fell to the ground and it was throbbing harder than I have ever felt. But I got back up, was I going to heaven? N0, I was being lifted up by my brothers, Chris and James. They dragged me to shelter behind a tree. Chris picked up a musket and shot an Indian rushing toward us. James pulled out the arrow in my arm. I screeched with pain and it was bleeding more than ever now. Blood already shed the battlefield. He wrapped something tightly around my arm. I couldn’t make it out. It was blurry.

I heard someone yell, “Sir, we need you!!” I tried to get back on my feet but I felt pushed back. James held me down. He yelled “you stay here, you are hurt.” So James leaped over me and shot an Indian about to kill Chris. Chris grinned back at him.

After James left I got up and saw someone on the ground. I ran and dragged him. It hurt my arm to do it because the muscle was torn. It was Max! My teacher!

“Are you ok?” I asked. “Yep,” he said. He told me his leg hurt. I lifted the cuff up……… his leg was ripped open, there was a bone broken, pieces of it stuck out. I said, “You are going to have it cut off,” I said, “I’m sorry.” He said [quivering in pain] “it’s ok. I lived my life. I’m 49, after this I’ll be out of all the ruckus”.

I ordered someone to take care of Max; I grabbed a musket on the ground and shot an Indian. I had never done that before, I felt a pang of regret. But I did it, and you can’t go back in time to change things. Then out of the corner of my eye I saw Chris on the ground with two men bringing him somewhere. James was in front of the two men providing cover fire. I ran to help him but my arm delayed me a few seconds. I helped James protect Chris.

*What’s going on*, I thought. Then out of nowhere an Indian sprang up in front of James. James dodged him, pulled out his knife and tried to stab him. He missed. I pulled up my musket to his head and we took him prisoner. James was half smiling, half shocked. I asked Chris what happened. “I went to the heart of the battle and was cornered. I grabbed my knife and musket and shot a few, but the rest jumped on top of me. I didn’t have time to get away so one stabbed me with a tomahawk in my ribs and I pretended I was dead. It worked and then I shot the two that were still there. And” “Ssshhhhhhhh,” I said, “that’s enough talking. Save your breath,” as they carried him off.

Boom, pow, bam, ahh, phsew. That happened for about three days. “James!” I whispered.

“What?” he whispered back.

“I have an idea to defeat the Indians.”

“What is it, Damon?”

“Tell all the men to run a little ways up then jump behind a tree when I yell retreat.”

“Why can’t I say retreat?” complained James.

“Just do it!”

I ran as fast as I could swooshing through the bloodshed battlefield. “Ben, when I say retreat, hop behind a tree, tell that to the rest.”

“Yes sir,”replied Ben.

“Peter, when I say retreat, hop behind a tree,” I whispered.

He replied, “yes sir.”

“Go spread it to the others,” I whispered. I told some more people when James and I ran into each other and fell backwards on the ground. As we got back up we both yelled “Retreat!!” like we were in agony. I watched every one run as fast as they could then hop behind a tree! I took a quick peek behind my tree with James. The Indians looked puzzled, and confused. How we were gone so quickly? When they were a few meters away, Chris shouted “Charge!!!!!!!!!” Because this tribe didn’t know English, they were still confused. Then everybody leaped out from behind their trees and “aaaahhhhh,” everyone screamed rushing in with guns and knives galore. I too, with my three brothers, charged into battle, though we had to slow down due to Chris. I saw Indians run away as fast as their legs could take them! We all chanted, “yaaaa” and “wooohooo”, “yarg” apparently too.

After the war we all went home and celebrated a feast that lasted 2 days!! There were families all over the nearby towns coming to celebrate a lovely, grateful feast. The best part was I didn’t have my arm cut off, and I’m actually glad that the Indian shot me because now I can bend my arm in some very odd ways!

The End