

# Fannie Moore Plantation slave



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English

Non Fiction



# Fannie Moore Plantation slave

A biography  
By Carol Smith

Images by Sarah Jane Capper.

English  
United Kingdom

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This book is part of the SIL Cameroon Branch mother Tongue Based Multilingual Education 5th year reading curriculum.

# Fannie Moore

## Plantation slave

A biography



## Fannie Moore 1849 – 1937

Born a plantation slave in South Carolina, USA.

Adapted from an interview with Fannie when she was an old woman.



Master Jim Moore he own the biggest plantation in the whole country. One side of the river stood the big house, where the white folks lived. Painted white with lots of rooms. We lived the other side of the river in a row of dirt cabins, one room for each family.

Old Mrs. Moore She say slaves didn't need nothing to eat. They just like animals, not like other folks. She whip me many time with a cow whip.

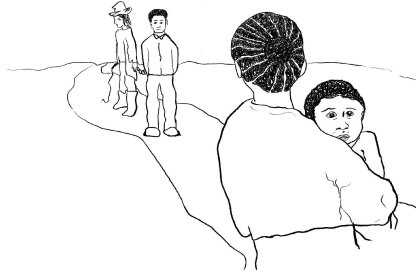
Master Jim's wife She was the sweetest woman I ever saw. She was always good to every slave.



My granny cooked corn bread with milk for us children and looked after us while my mama worked.

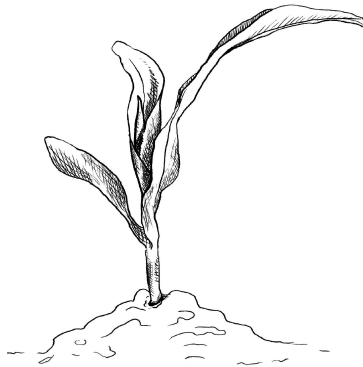
My mama she work in the field all day and then had to sew for the white folks all night. Some nights I never went to bed because I had to hold the light for her to see by. I could never see how she could stand such hard work. She had twelve children.

My pappy was a blacksmith, shoeing all the horses on the plantation. He was sold to the Moores with his mama, she was brought over from Africa. She never could speak English plain. All her life she had been a slave.



Sometimes a tradesman would come to the plantation to buy a slave. Everyone was frightened that they would be taken away and sold to a new, bad owner. None of us slaves had any learning, we were not allowed to learn to read or write, or go to church. The white folks were afraid we would get too smart and be difficult to manage.

When I was 12 my pappy went off with the Master to fight in the Civil War. My pappy go to do the Master's cooking. My pappy say some days he run four or five miles before he could stop to cook with the bullets falling all around the pots.



After the war Pappy go back to work on the plantation. Now he was no longer a slave but a worker, and could grow some of his own crops. He sure was happy that he was free. Mama she shout for joy.



**Text in English:** Fannie Moore Plantation slave Fannie Moore 1849 – 1937. Born a plantation slave in South Carolina, USA. Adapted from an interview with Fannie when she was an old woman. Master Jim Moore – he own the biggest plantation in the whole country. One side of the river stood the big house, where the white folks lived. Painted white with lots of rooms. We lived the other side of the river in a row of dirt cabins, one room for each family. Old Mrs. Moore – She say slaves didn't need nothing to eat. They just like animals, not like other folks. She whip me many time with a cow whip. Master Jim's wife – She was the sweetest woman I ever saw. She was always good to every slave. My granny cooked corn bread with milk for us children and looked after us while my mama worked. My mama she work in the field all day and then had to sew for the white folks all night. Some nights I never went to bed because I had to hold the light for her to see by. I could never see how she could stand such hard work. She had twelve children. My pappy was a blacksmith, shoeing all the horses on the plantation. He was sold to the Moores with his mama, she was brought over from Africa. She never could speak English plain. All her life she had been a slave. Sometimes a tradesman would come to the plantation to buy a slave. Everyone was frightened that they would be taken away and sold to a new, bad owner. None of us slaves had any learning, we were not allowed to learn to read or write, or go to church. The white folks were afraid we would get too smart and be difficult to manage. When I was 12 my pappy went off with the Master to fight in the Civil War. My pappy go to do the Master's cooking. My pappy say some days he run four or five miles before he could stop to cook with the bullets falling all around the pots. After the war Pappy go back to work on the plantation. Now he was no longer a slave but a worker, and could grow some of his own crops. He sure was happy that he was free. Mama she shout for joy.





