**On The Boat with Cromwell**

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*Note: The italicized words were circled by the author in his original. This has been retyped with his original spelling, capitalization and punctuation. Author wrote a watermark on his paper.*

* *Teacher’s notes:* Character of Conner happens to be the author’s best friend and his father is Irish. The author also claims Irish heritage, but his family came to Ireland with Cromwell.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1642- Today is a gloomy day. It is also the day my family and I leave for Ireland with Mr. Oliver Cromwell. My dad a *famose* soilder in England’s war against the Welsh, has been chosen by King Charles II to help Cromwell lead our army to victory in conquering Ireland. Today I have met the son of one of the famaily’s friend: Conner Sheehaun who’s family also *arigenates* from Ireland. He will be *journeying* with us to Ireland for no *certian* reason.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1642- This day is not the best one I *has* experienced in my adventure filled days. We have hit a fierce storm that I predict well last for days. A wave has ruined part of the starboard side of the poop deck. We have not yet found a place to stop for repairs.

SEPTEMBER 31, 1642- Today the fiercest storm I have ever experienced has ended. We still have not found a place to stop for repairs. We believe the wind has thrown us of course by one and a half mile.

FEBRUARY 8 1643- We have finally found a place to stop for repairs. The damage is not just the poop deck; the main mast has rotted and fallen and knocked three people off the ship. The first mate, the captain’s cabin boy, and the cook who drowned.

FEBRUARY 19- The place we have landed is not an island. It is just 10 miles north of the colony: Jamestown. Cromwell is mad as a wild boar in captivity. If he doesn’t go to Ireland and *conquer* it and be back in England in one year he will be *executed* by the king.

FEBRUARY 28 1643- Cromwell took a group to Jamestown today (including myself) to see if we could find a carpenter or a blacksmith to fix the deck and replace the main mask. Jamestown is a large, admirable and safe colony to live in.

MARCH 18- While searching with Conner in unknown fields. We heard laughter coming from *abandon* shed. We ventured toward the door (what was left of it) and found a boy wrestling with a pig. After talking to him we learned that he was the son of an indentured servant. If he was found by his father’s master, he would be forced to labor.

MARCH 30- Today we have found a carpenter who, unlike the others, does not charge you 25  to fix a mast. Looks like we’ll be heading out to sea again in a month or two as soon as the weather breaks and we recruit some more men for the crew to replace the ones who have sorrowfully died. My mother, may God rest her soul, joins the growing list of dead. I know she is now with our King of Kings. Her body will always remain in this God forsaken land.

APRIL 5- Johnathan (the son of the servant) was found and sold into Cromwell’s *servitude.*  Cromwell did not use him as a slave, but as a cabin boy. Johnathan, Conner and I have plenty of time to venture up the river on a raft we built. We saw some natives today. They were canoeing to Jamestown we thought probably to trade food. On our way back we saw streams of smoke on the horizon in the direction Jamestown. Jamestown was on fire! As we neared our vessel, we could see the natives we had seen earlier were not as friendly as we thought. The few natives that got on bord were shot and the rest *ether* were shot or drowned.

APRIL 20- We have finley set sail and are on our way to Ireland. Mr. Oliver says that we’ll be there in 100 days if we keep up the pace.

JUNE 14- Today is the birthdate of myself. We *celibrated* day and night. My dad gave me his copper shield that protected him in the war with the Welsh. Every day we verge closer to the great conquer of Ireland. Maybe I will use this shield.

JULY 4- Today we can see the harbors of Cork. Conner has *cellibrated* his birthdate once again.

JULY 29- Today we venture closer to Dublin and another victory.

AUGUST 21- As we enter County Dublin, we realized that we many not have to fight, but to convince the people that a better life is ahead of them if they become united with our motherland.

AUGUST 28- Dublin seems large from the outside, but inside it is quite small. If we do have to fight, it would be an easy fight. It is highly unlike that a fight will occur.

AUGUST 30- The unlikely has occurred! A battle emerges upon our party. As my father was fighting for the sake of the Protestants, an Gallic emerged from behind my father and stabbed his sword through his upper thigh. My father fell to the ground almost to be beheaded by the Gallic. Cromwell came out of nowhere and pierced the Gallic’s heart.

SEPTEMBER 4- A year after we left for a long journey to Ireland, it ends right here. My father like most of the famaliy past away. He bled to death after the other day. On the battlefield the blood and guts stop spilling. Cromwell *conqued* Ireland and went back to England with no *magor ingoris,* just an internal scare on his foot. As for me I will live with Conner in the Stewwart Castel (in Schotland).