

Slave Diary - Lívínia Drummond 8yrs

8th November

It is terrible. I wish I were somewhere else, anywhere else but here. Buried in sand would be better. I am scared and hungry, I feel so sick and I think my time has come. My back is scarred all over from the whip. The stone feels heavier than ever before and I sit here wondering what will happen tomorrow. Will there even be a tomorrow?

I barely have any clothes and the King is very strict. The guards have weapons and are so strong I will never get out. The bell strikes suddenly like a death call. I just wish Mama and Papa were here.

When I am made to go outside, it is like I am standing on the hottest part of the sun. Throughout the day it gets hotter and hotter and the stones become so heavy. I am dehydrating quickly. At the end of this terrible day I feel like I have not drunk in a whole year. They feed us slop but not very much. I guess it's better than nothing. At least I'm not dead, but as the days go on I wish I were. All the slaves are threatened, whipped and starved but we must keep building the pyramids.

I count the seconds. 1...2...3... They go so quickly. I wish they would get lost in the harsh hot sand so it was never time for the bell to ring again. I want to be alone but the guards do not trust us, for Mama and Papa had been left alone and tried to escape. They were caught and killed.