

Isaac:
From Dark to Dawn
By: Andrew R. Fogle

It was a bright sunny Virginia evening and I, Isaac, was walking home thinking nothing could dampen this beautiful day. On my way home, I encountered one of my family's servants. The servant told me that my mom had just died of a sudden illness. I felt so incredibly sad. That meant that I only had my stepfather, whose favorite thing to do seemed to be crushing my spirit. I realized that it might even go farther than that; my stepfather might hate me.

The following week my mother's funeral was a very depressing event. I imagined that living with my stepfather was going to be much more depressing than this. Already, I had been beaten multiple times and now I no longer enjoyed the freedom of having my own bedroom, the freedom to spend time with my friends, or the freedom to eat my fill at meals. Instead of eating the fine food that I used to eat, I now was forced to eat stale bread and soup in a wooden bowl or even the scraps from my stepfather's plate.

Today I was banned from going in public for anything except begging. Meanwhile my stepfather is enjoying the things I used to have. I now must live in the servants shack instead of my family's manor.

One night the following week, I decided to go into the kitchen and steal some food instead of eating moldy bread. I went into the kitchen, grabbed some rolls before the cook saw, and then overheard a conversation that my stepfather was having with another man. I knew that multiple people had been coming to the house in the last couple of days and my curiosity got the best of me. I heard my father talking about a former slave who had started to become successful with his new drug store. I heard them saying they were going to set his store on fire with "group" members! I realized they were talking about the K.K.K! My stepfather was in the Ku Klux Klan!

I decided to help this man whose name was Josiah. I don't really know the guy, but no one deserves what my stepfather is planning to do to him. My plan is to warn him so he can get ahold of the local police officer. Hopefully, the police will come and stop my stepfather and he will go to jail! If it works out, I will go live with my aunt and Uncle in New York. I hope this works!

I was only a mile away from Josiah's shop when I heard shouting. I saw fire in the night sky, and I realized that I was too late. The K.K.K. must have changed their plans and come earlier. My stepfather was not among the group, and I realized where he was. He was at home making sure that if anyone heard they could not warn the police! That meant that I needed to be inside my shack, or I would be in big time trouble!

Luckily, no one saw me sneak out of my shack, and I soon went to sleep dreaming of that night's ventures. When the newspaper delivery man brought our paper and I read it (before my stepfather saw it) my hopeful spirits soon crumbled. Josiah was lynched that night. I couldn't believe they killed him! I didn't hear anything about that when I was eavesdropping in the kitchen. They probably decided that night.

Another week has passed since my encounter with the K.K.K. I went back into the kitchen and strangely again, I overheard one of my stepfather's conversations. They decided to destroy the local printing press which was owned by a black man. Little did they know, they weren't the only ones who planned that day. I was going to stop my stepfather once and for all!

Today, I planned to go to the printing press after lunch about ten hours before they planned to strike. I knew I must get there first. I was going to warn the owners and then alert the police. I wanted to wait, so I could watch them take my father to jail. I couldn't wait to go and live with my aunt and uncle. I would not have to worry about my stepfather anymore.

When I arrived, I told the owner who then told the police. They set up a stakeout. The plan was in progress. At ten o'clock we heard yelling and screaming coming from the road and suddenly ten Klan members ran screaming towards the printing press. Before they made it, the police came out of the woods and pointed their guns at them which stopped them in their tracks. I was pleased to see my stepfather among them, because there would be no escape for him today! When he saw me, a total look of surprise covered his face that soon turned to anger. He screamed at me, threatened me, and even tried to hit me. He had to be dragged away with his fellow Klan members to be charged and given a trial in a court of law. I was relieved that there was no chance for him to get off the hook, and after only a week he was sentenced to life in jail.

At the age of thirty I can now look back at my past and tell you my story. I wonder what my life would have been like if I had had to live with my stepfather

until I was 18. I know, however, that I'm better off than I would have been, and I am grateful to God!