

The Quest of The Salem Witch Trials

By: Jacob S.

It all started when two girls claimed there were witches controlling them. Then an outrage was invoked. Now the whole town of Salem was saying almost everyone was a witch and I was scared. My name is Elizabeth Peterson and I have lived in Salem my whole life and nothing as crazy as this has ever happened. Right now, I was making my famous stew in my house along the swamp. Suddenly I heard a knock on the door. I slowly walked over to the entry. I had no idea who it could be. When I opened the door, I saw one of the political leaders standing with a young girl next to him. "This girl accuses you of being a witch," he glared. "She claims you have poisoned and manipulated your famous stew that you hand out." "What! I'm no witch," I yelled considering all of my options. "You're under arrest," he sneered waving a piece of paper wildly. Then some soldiers walked towards me and hauled me off towards the prison. I was still in shock when we arrived. Then they threw me in the prison cell as if I was a dog as they locked the doors.

"Hey," I heard a gruff voice snarl as I walked into the eerie cell. "My name is Eloise Crocker. I heard they're going to bring us to the gallows tomorrow morning," she muttered. Then we heard a faint sniffle from behind a barrel. "Don't mind her. That's just Margaret," Eloise said. "Brilliant," I gulped. "That means we only

have one day to escape." "Escape?" Eloise retorted. "They have guards 24/7". "I don't care. We have to find some way to get out of here if we want to live." I yelled, kind of scared of the idea myself. "Let's at least try," Margaret exclaimed as we all looked at her in shock. "It's a deal then" Margaret purred. "My cousin lives in Boston. We can go to her house and hopefully she'll understand." "Let's get some rest so we can be fueled for tomorrow's journey," I yawned. "We'll plan our escape from prison by ear."

The next morning around 10:00 we all had finally awoken. "When the guard walks in for routine check in around 15 minutes we are going to do something to the guard to distract him and then one by one we'll slip out silently and then meet at Coopers street near my house where we will gather supplies." Eloise plotted. "Let the journey begin!" I whispered. When the guard arrived in the prison cell I was hiding behind the door. When he walked in I banged his head with a chair. He soared into the wall and was unconscious. Then we ran out of the prison, through the peach orchard, and over the hill all the way to Cooper's street. "The authorities could come looking for us any minute now so we need to hit the road," I lamented.

In no time we were on the road. We had to find a map in order to find our way to Boston. After we got out of the town and near Marblehead we stopped at the first house and asked for a map and they happily obliged and gave us a map of the area. After a long day of traveling we found a forest where we could spend the night under a tree. After Eloise fell asleep. Margaret and I had a talk. "I think Eloise is still torn that she was accused of being a witch," Margaret whispered. "Well how would you feel if you were taken away from your children," I asked. "She was lagging

behind on the journey too," Margaret added. "We need to wake up early. I suspect the authorities are in close pursuit," I replied. I looked over at Margaret and she had fallen asleep in mid conversation. Henceforth, I went to sleep as well.

The next morning, we woke up early so we get a head start on the political leaders. We went straight to walking. We decided to take the scenic route to avoid other people. We talked about our lives and why we had been accused of being a witch. We really got to know each other better. When we reached a small village, we decided to grab some lunch. We found a small café. When we entered the building, we saw a newspaper headline that showed our faces. It said we were wanted by the law for witchcraft and escape from prison. This isn't good. "Now that we're framed we need to get out of here before someone recognizes us," I gasped. The other two girls nodded and we headed towards the door. "Hey you're the witches in the newspaper from Salem," a young man exclaimed. Then he ran out the door saying something about alerting the police. "Oh no," Eloise yelled as we scampered out the door. Then we ran and we ran and we ran.

As we turned the corner we could hear the horses of the policemen behind us. "It's over," Eloise whimpered. Margaret and I could see that Eloise was lagging behind. As we turned into the woods we could see Eloise collapse. The policemen stopped and bent down. They checked her breathing. After a few seconds we could tell what this had come to. The policeman looked up and shook his head solemnly. Eloise was dead. In a lick of a second, we were both crying as we ran through the forest desperately trying to stay unseen. We looked down at the map and after all of this we were getting close to Boston. We had finally lost the police and we were safe.

After a couple of hours, we finally reached Margaret's sisters house. Then we were let in the house. We were safe and all I could think of was that I Elizabeth Peterson had escaped from the Salem Witch Trials.