

The Enchanted Oak Tree by Josiah Cherian October 23, 2008

A.P. Beutel Elementary School Mrs. Hatfield's 4th grade Class

Hey, it's me the Enchanted Oak Tree. I get some of you younger sapplings would say "Man, when will I grow up?" Luckily the younger you are the more things you get to see. Take me for an example, when I started to be just a little acorn, I saw millions of things. Though many were sad, some were intresting. In 1865, the Jackson's 85 slaves gained their freedom. That was interesting to see, but then they were asked to work for the plantation for pay, yet they were charged for rent, food, and clothing. Life was better for some later on because in 1867 it was the end of the Civil War! My branches felt the freedom!!

For others, times were painful because the owners of the Jackson Plantation were fighting over the land. George Jackson shot his brother John 75 yards away from me. The sound of the gun made my leaves fall, and my tree limbs crack. It made me so sad to see brothers fighting because of greed. Days after the fight, things were still dreadfull, because after a few months in 1969, the Jacksons would soon lose the plantation because of owed taxes and heavy debts.

In 1872, Ward and Deavy Co. purchased the plantation. Then I grew to 2 feet in diameters long. I became very appreciative about myself. At about that time a levee was constructed within 50 yards away from me. The levee led to the New Freeport Harbor.

In 1943, I was 2 ½ feet in diameters while Dr. A.P Beutel built a home on the lake about a half mile away from me. Dow Chemical was building chemicals for World War II.

Now that it is 2008, I am 142 years old. My grandpa is 1,000 years old and lives in Louisiana!

