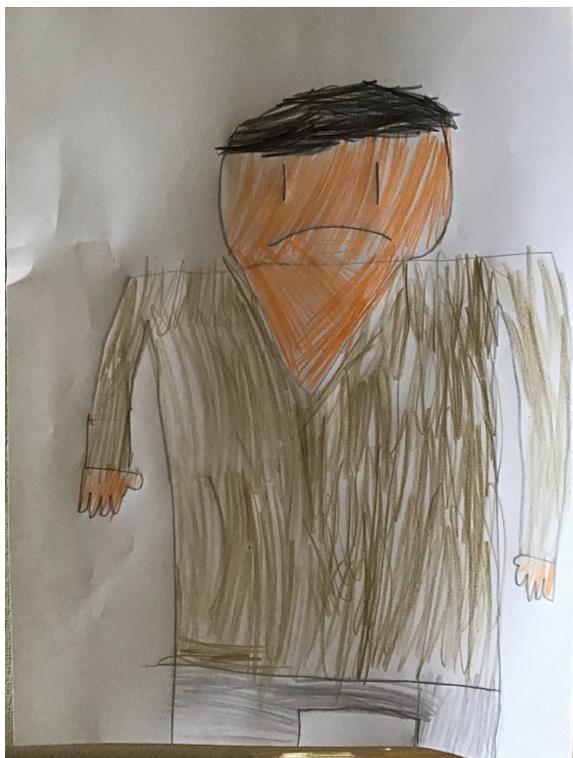
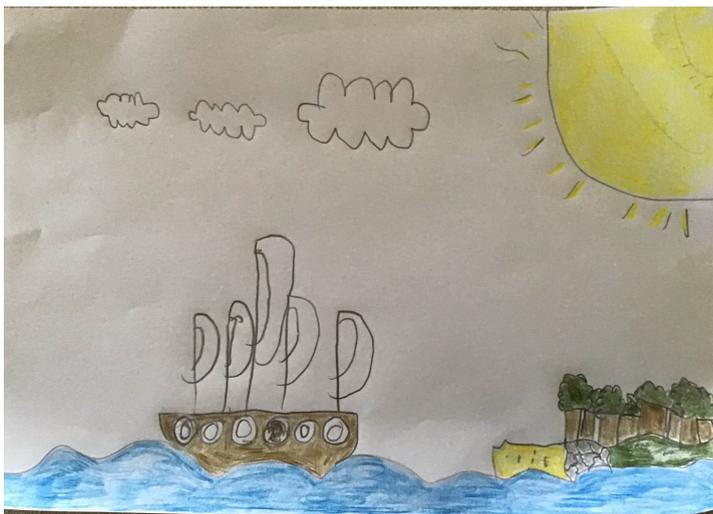


A New Beginning



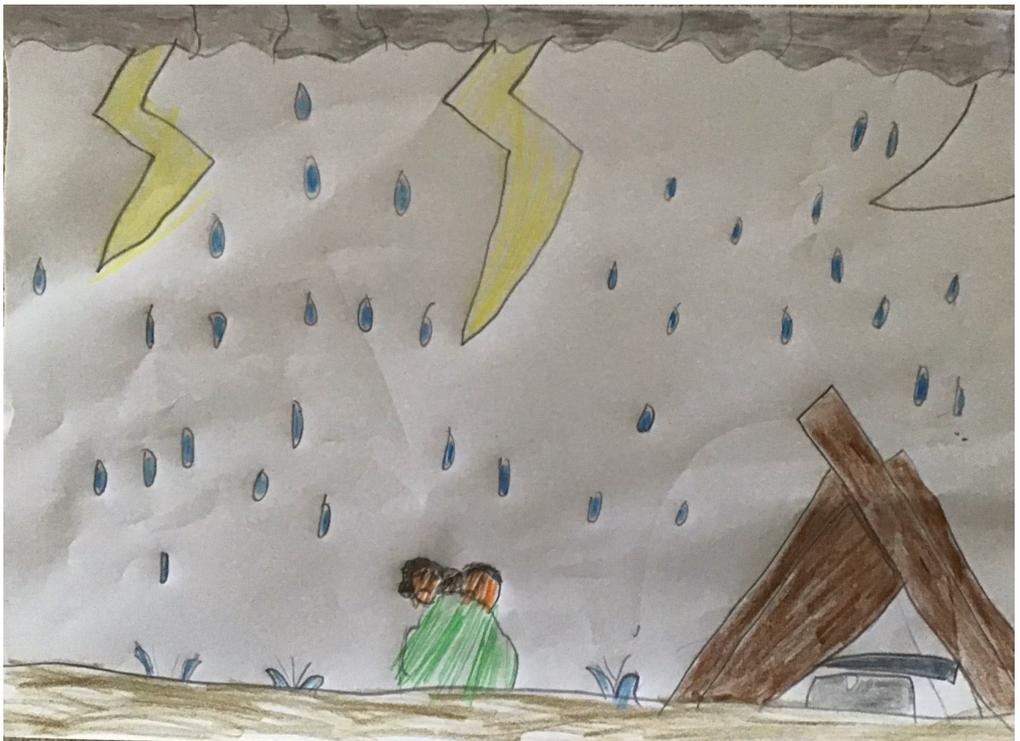
My name is Lucas Smith. I'm 25 years old. I work as a blacksmith and I am from Manchester England. I am married to Elizabeth and have a beautiful five year old son named John. We were sentenced to 7 years transportation for stealing loaves of bread to feed our hungry son. After a long and difficult 252 days at sea, we finally arrived at our new destination. As I look out into the distance, there are dense trees as far as the eye can see, the land was dry and that the weather was blazing. Looking around, I noticed there are no buildings, no roads and it appears that there are no inhabitants. Holding my little boy, with Elizabeth by my side, I feel very afraid and anxious about our new home. I also feel excited and optimistic as I dream about the bright future we can build together in this vast and wondrous place.



Life in the early days was extremely tough. We lived in a tiny hut with barely enough room for the three of us to sleep. It had a leaky roof and a dirt floor. The days were usually awfully hot and often there were frightening thunderstorms. Our food was provided to us in rations which included oatmeal, salted beef or pork, bread and corn. It wasn't very tasty but it kept us going. As time went on, we settled into daily life, me as a blacksmith making tools for building and farming and Elizabeth as a cleaner and cook. It was tiring and dirty work but we worked hard to try and reduce our sentence as well as making our home attractive and more comfortable for our family. Things were looking up.



Then one eerie night, as we were sleeping, there was a thundering BANG outside which woke us up. It was a thunderstorm. Heavy rain started to leak through the roof and a howling wind started to rattle the walls of our hut. John started to scream and cry in terror as the floor started to flood. I picked him up and yelled loudly to Elizabeth, "WE NEED TO GET OUT!" Just as we hurried outside the roof caved in and the walls collapsed. As we huddled tightly together, I realised our home was destroyed and everything we worked for was gone. What are we gonna do? Where are we going to live?



As we cried and thought about all that happened and everything we had lost, we knew life had to go on. The next day we hastily gathered everything we could from the ruins and went to work. I told my supervisor what had happened and because of my diligent work and positive behaviour, he organised for our family to move into a new house. It had wooden floors and stone walls. It had two large rooms and a cosy fireplace. Outside there was even enough room for John to play. We worked exceptionally hard and we were granted a “Ticket of Leave”, which allowed us to work independently and make our own money.



For the next few years we worked hard and saved our money and because of our impeccable behaviour, earned our “Certificate of Freedom”. Now we were free citizens and with the money we saved, we bought farmland, built a beautiful home, bred our own cattle and planted vegetables and fruit trees which gave us comfortable living. Our son John became a prominent doctor treating and working with the native aboriginal community. From challenging beginnings, we went to on to live a very happy and contented life in our new and magnificent country.



The end