Memoir of the Life of
Florence Hall

Africa is my Country. In the Country of the Clove on the banks of the great river, my people lived. The manner of my life before I was taken, and told to the white people. I can hardly remember beyond that I was still unclothed, sometimes employed in attending our people while engaged in fishing, at other times gathering the fowls and chickens from hawks, or more frequently at play with other children in one of those coming plays, while at a distance from our houses.
Fugitive

Iron, our conflict. Iron, our struggle. Iron, our
Byron, our intensity. Iron, our passion. Iron,
Our strength, our power. Iron, our, our

Iron, our, our passion.

Iron, our, our power. Iron, our, our

Iron, our, our passion.

Iron, our, our power. Iron, our, our

Iron, our, our passion.

Iron, our, our power. Iron, our, our

Iron, our, our passion.
myself surrounded on all sides.

In this room, my thoughts and reflections flowed in harmony with the

mood of a thoughtful lingering.

This is my room - my thoughts - my

thoughts echo back and forth in its

walls. Very quiet. The soft sound of

tapping fingers."