

# *My Life as a Serf*

*By Rosie*

**I** am Farrah Bancroft, and I live in the year of our lord 1053. My family and I are serfs on a large manor in the kingdom of Sussex. It is early fall, and we have just a few weeks left before the nights start getting cold. My daughter, Ada, and I are harvesting vegetables from our garden to store for our food this winter.

**M**y husband, Selwyn, and our two sons, Chilton and Carter, are working in the fields. They work from sunup till sundown five days a week to harvest the grain in our lord's fields. Once harvesting the wheat is finished, my husband and sons will only have to work three days a

*week. Selwyn brings home wheat from our family's small section of the field, which Ada and I take to the lord's house to be ground into flour and to be made into bread.*

***A** da is already preparing dinner. Selwyn, Chilton, and Carter have been working very hard and well, so our lord has given us two hens for dinner. We are also having vegetables from our garden, freshly baked bread, apples, other fruits, and ale to drink. We almost never have a meal so good, because we hardly get any meat. We cook our dinners over a large fire pit in the center of our one room house. It is very smoky in the house, but that is all right, for it is good for us.*

*A*fter we are done eating we will go to sleep, or at least try to, on uncomfortable straw pallets. I will fall asleep to the sound of the bugs and bats, crawling around in our roof made of thatch. My family's life is rough, and because we are serfs, they will be serfs forever, and their children also, and so on. The only way that they could be free is if they ran away and survived for a year and a day, or if they became a knight and went off to fight in wars or the Crusades.