You might think it “fate”… me name being “Savage”… what some called the people we found in Virginia— the Indians. But you’d be wrong on both counts.

I was an ignorant boy of 13 years, having no future but wishing to have some adventure, so I sailed off on a ship to America with Captain Christopher Newport. I had not been in Virginia long when I went off with him and Captain Smith—to meet with the Powhatans. Smith knew their king—the Great Powhatan—who welcomed us. I never sat wif’ no king of England, but this one showed such kindness, I no longer feared the worst.

After a few days, they left me with Powhatan… to get a lay of the land, so to say… their ways… and their language. Captain Newport took one of them—the Indians—back to England… to learn our ways… so Powhatan could find out how strong the English were. The two of us was traded, me and him. Were we spies… adventurers… or captives? (winks)

Of course, I was afraid, but what were me choices? Everyone trembled if Powhatan was not pleased… he were a hard man… but, all in all, good to me. Treated me as a son, he did… and I had food! Many didn’t!

I was one of the first English to understand and speak Powhatan’s language. Better than John Smith at it, I was… and I saw truly how they lived. They was not like us. Some might say they worshipped the devil… their priests did more than a bit of conjurin’. They had other gods as well, and they offered up beads and such for favors. Some men had many wives. Him with the most copper and beads might have the most. They played games and danced… much like to ours in England.

The land there was full of wood and water and marsh, and the Indians burned clear small fields for the growing of corn. The gathering of corn, beans and other crops was chiefly women’s work. The men hunted. In the summer there was fish in abundance. There was punishment for them who broke their “laws”. To steal their neighbor’s corn or copper was death. Their weapons were bows and arrows, and their “tomahawks.” When they went to war, their shields was made of the bark of a tree.

Most of the Indians saw I was a good lad… not out to do no harm. But there was some of them what did wrong… stealing knives, swords, and such from the English. Some of them was taken to the fort… and I spoke for Pocahontas when Powhatan sent her to try and gain their freedom in exchange for food. There was trouble enow’ between Indian and English. I’d say, without me, there would have been more. Trouble is easy when you can’t converse wif one another, in’ it?