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Life Defining Moment of my Ancestor

Sir St. August Parmelo Odugona the third stood facing the golden décor of his window inside his 15-foot library study room. Mr. Odugona began to reflect upon the more tragic days of his life during the 1600's where his days as a slave left him weak and utterly demolished his skin. As he looked at the healed scar on his palms, he remembered constantly being whipped like an animal by Mrs. Josephine Devereaux- an upper-class maid that lived in the East Egg.

All the 'white folks' had treated him badly as though his life was worthless. Mr. Odugona, alongside his wife, Mrs. Odugona, and 2 beautiful children had experienced manual labour in the most devastating manner. Everyday, they were tasked with washing the royal horses, cleaning the already spotless streets that were driven on by \$80 million dollar cars, and barely received food to keep the average man alive. Sometimes if they were "well behaved", they would get 1/4 of protein to share amongst their whole family, because as on a normal day, they would have received mud stew with immediately plucked out leaves from unkempt branches.

He stopped reminiscing. He could not bear to think of the days his children died and yet he lived. They had killed his children at such tender ages for not "working hard enough", but what really does a 5-year-old child know of cleaning out gardens and animal remains? Racism and exploitation of the working class was further seen as they made profit off their labour and Marxists would argue that this is the work of a capitalist society as it reproduces social inequality

in society. Although slavery has been abolished Slavery Abolition Act 1833, these past years still haunt Mr. Odugona.