



## Sent Away

Deborah's mother looked down at her five sleeping children. She had not slept all night.

In a few hours the sun would come up. It would be a new day — the terrible day she would have to give her children away.

Deborah's father had left home to sail the seas in search of adventure. Now he was dead, drowned in a shipwreck at sea.

Deborah's mother was sick and poor. She could no longer take care of all her little ones.

She touched the sleeping children, one by one. Her hand stayed the longest on Deborah's soft, brown hair.

“You are most like your father,” she thought. “It is you I will miss the most.”

Deborah Sampson was only five years old when she had to leave her mother and her home in Plympton, Massachusetts. It was the year 1765, ten years before the start of the Revolutionary War.

She was sent to live with Miss Fuller, her mother’s cousin.

Cousin Fuller was sweet and jolly. She never had children of her own. But she knew just what would make a sad little girl happy again.

She baked cookies for Deborah. She gave Deborah a bed of her own — a soft feather bed that she did not have to share with anyone.

Deborah loved her kind cousin.

Miss Fuller taught her how to spin and weave, and how to make bread.



But best of all were the wonderful hours of reading lessons.

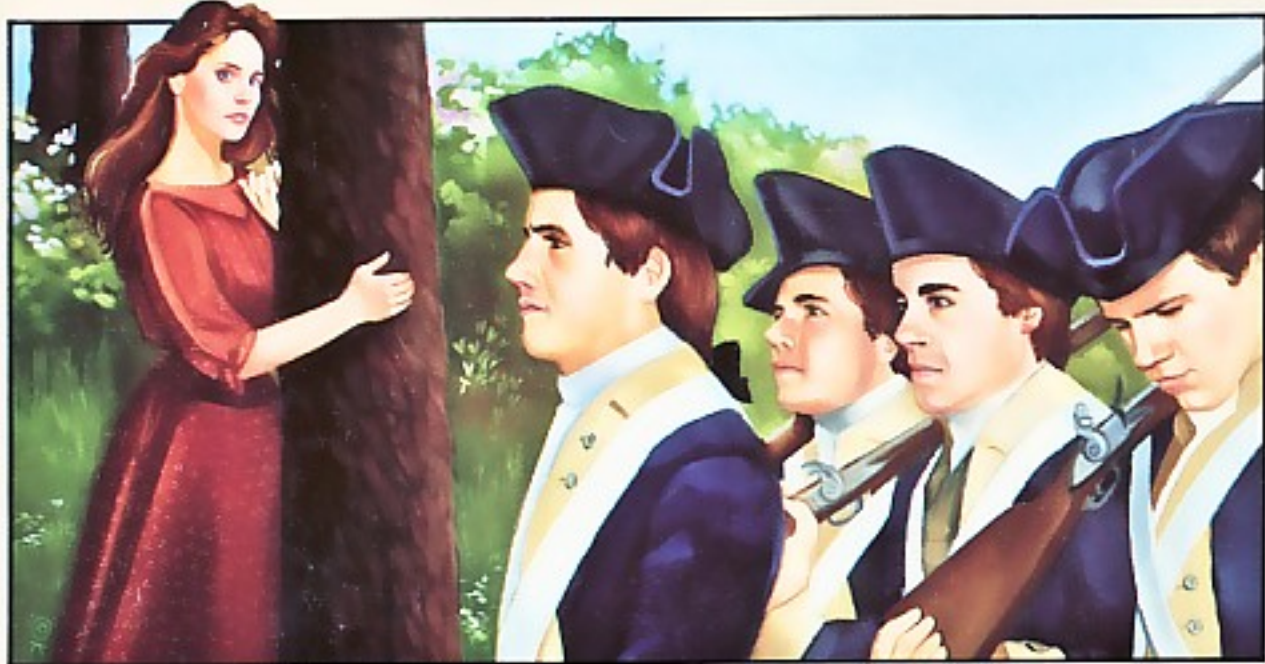
Deborah learned the alphabet by heart. She learned to read quickly.

For three years Deborah was happy.

Then one day Miss Fuller became ill. Three days later she was dead. Deborah cried. Dear, sweet Cousin Fuller. She had been like a mother to Deborah.

Deborah was now eight years old and without a home. Her own mother was still too sick to take care of her. She tried to find another place for Deborah to live.

## SCHOLASTIC BIOGRAPHY



**It was the time of the Revolutionary War—  
and Deborah Sampson wanted to join the army!**

In 1778, when Deborah Sampson was 18 years old, most girls her age were settling down and getting married. But Deborah had other ideas. She wanted to travel and have adventures—even if it meant joining the army and dressing like a man!

In 1782, the Revolutionary War was still going on. And no one suspected that the man in the uniform was really a woman.

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