

THE SECRET OF WADBOO SWAMP



ByGone Berkeley
Adventures in History



A Berkeley County Junior Historian Adventure
Illustrated by ByGone Berkeley



Ten-year old Toby loved living near the big, mysterious cypress trees of Berkeley County. He always carried his homemade notebook, wanting more than anything to become a true Junior Historian.

One breezy fall afternoon, Toby was exploring near the old ruins of Biggin Church, outside of Moncks Corner. The sun cast long, dancing shadows through the broken brick walls. As he kicked a pile of pine needles, his

boot struck something that made a noise. Toby knelt down and brushed away the dirt. It was an old, rusted metal button with “S C 2” written on it. “What could this be?” the curious boy thought.





Suddenly, a playful splash echoed from the nearby swamp. Toby looked up. Sitting on a giant cypress knee was a small, glowing green marsh fox. But this was no ordinary fox—it wore a tiny, colonial-style tri-corner hat!

“Looking for clues, Junior Historian?” the fox barked merrily.

Toby blinked, rubbing his eyes. “You can talk?”

“Of course! I’m Francis, the trickster of the marsh,” the fox said, leaping gracefully to the ground. “But back during the American Revolution, the redcoat soldiers called my old friend General Francis Marion, the ‘*Swamp Fox*!’ We knew these woods better than anyone. Do you want to see where we outsmarted them?”

Toby nodded and followed Francis into the canopy of the Francis Marion National Forest. The swamp looked like a magical kingdom. Spanish moss hung down like silver curtains, and the water was as still as a dark mirror.

“The British soldiers had big heavy boots and horses that got stuck in the mud,” Francis explained, trotting over a fallen log. “But General Marion and his men used secret paths. They could disappear into the shadows like ghosts!” Francis led Toby to the edge of Wadboo Creek. “Right here at Wadboo Barony, we kept our secret camp. We didn’t have fancy tents. We

slept under the stars and ate fire-roasted sweet potatoes.”

“Wow,” Toby whispered, writing frantically in his notebook. “So, the swamp wasn't just a scary place; it was a hiding spot!”

“Exactly! The swamp was our protector,” Francis said. “That button you found belonged to a soldier from long ago.”





“Toby! Time for dinner!”

His mother’s voice echoed from far down the trail. Toby blinked, and when he looked back down, the little fox in the tri-corner hat was gone. Only a tiny web of ripples remained on the water.

Toby smiled, carefully placing the historic button in his pocket. He raced back home, eager to log onto ByGone Berkeley to look up old stories of Wadboo Creek and Francis Marion. He had his own new story to share and knew his adventure as a historian was just beginning.

Stay tuned for more adventures with Toby, the ByGone Berkeley Junior Historian!

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