

Cassandra Adkisson

Mrs. Taylor

Butner Public School

20 January, 2026

February 3rd, 1793

It is cold today. My hands are stiff, but there is too much to write about, so I will push through. Arthur told me that I should stop, that this journal would bring us trouble. I can not stop, though. Every day, the streets become less safe. Only two weeks ago, they strung King Louis by his neck at the public garrison. I had not wanted to go, but Arthur had insisted it would look bad if we did not. I suppose that was true. They do not take lightly to any signs of disobedience, or of rebellion. It had been a brutal affair, and when the rope snapped taut, I could not resist burying my face into Arthur's arm.

I fear that this conflict will last forever. Neither side is showing any signs of slowing, or stopping. Despite my friends warnings to keep my head down and let it pass over, I find myself stalling in work rooms, and leaning my ear against doors. It is hard, as a woman, to obtain any information about such serious conversations. However, in some ways that makes it easier to eavesdrop because men would never suspect it.

Recently, I have acquired knowledge beyond my jurisdiction. Yesterday, I got a letter from the Lacroix's, inviting me to join them for tea. The Lacroix's are well furnished. (Overly so if I must say so.) Their estate is large, and the tea room alone was as big as my home! They invited me as a 'Family friend' although really, I don't know them well. My father knew Mr

Lacroix's father, years and years ago, and both are deceased. Mrs. Lacroix, who told me to call her Louise but I refused, told me that she too has been shamefully curious about the events her husband participates in. Her husband had been drafted only the day before, after war was declared on Great Britain and the Dutch republic. Mrs Lacroix spoke for hours on her fears for her husband, but eventually delved into her worry about prices rising in the market.

Personally, I don't believe she cares much for her husband. I heard that she and a certain soldier had been very close a few months prior. If Arthur had been drafted, I'd be pulling my hair out by the roots, not making tea with strangers!

Not as though I could, anyway. Prices truly were rising in the market, undeniably so. Arthur and I had always struggled, but now our cabinets were empty, our fabrics were gaining dust, and some nights I slept with a rumbling stomach. I try not to complain to Arthur, he works hard and comes home tired and stressed. He could be written to any day and torn from our home, and I hold him a little tighter with each passing night as the thought consumes me.

Tonight I will attempt dinner with the hardened bread and day-old soup, but I will warm it over the fire so Arthur will not notice. I pray that soon we will know peace, but I don't truly believe it. All I can do now is occupy myself with trivial matters and hold my slowly protruding stomach near my husband every night, and silently, ever so secretly, pray to God that our child will be safe.

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