

Tuesday 13th June 1664

Hello!

(Is that how you should start a Diary?) I didn't realise that starting this off would make me so nervous. All the blank pages are looking up at me, I feel pressured to start off by writing something amazing - like solving a massively important maths problem or something. It's probably not going to happen though, maths is not a strength of mine, at least according to my tutor. I'm going off topic, sorry. This isn't a massive notebook, I hardly have time to ramble. *Anyway*, back to the point, today was Father's birthday, I'm not sure what age he's turning, and when I asked he said he was 18, but I think he is at least 35. Back to the point, I met this AMAZING girl! Her name is Andromeda, which is so cool (even though she vehemently insists I am to call her Andy) and she has this short hair, which is also cool, even though Mother disapproves.

Sunday 22nd August 1665

I completely forgot about this diary- oops! This morning has certainly been dramatic, it was good, but also really bad, you know? Andy's dad passed away just before the cry of 6 this morning. He had been diagnosed with consumption a few weeks ago, but we *all* know it was Plague that killed him - it's been taking off recently, in these sultry summer months. If I can steal a Bill of Mortality off his desk I'll stick it in here. But back to the point, Andy's mother has said she should live with me and Father, since apparently she (Andy) needs a Father figure to tame her 'unruly nature' or whatever. She hasn't arrived yet, and I expect she'll be pretty torn up when she gets here, death of her dad and all, but they were never that close, as far as I know, ~~so I expect she'll get over it fairly soon.~~ Thinking about it, that sounds insensitive. I'll cross it out.

The Diseases and Casualties this Week.



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Christned { Males — 121
 { Females — 111
 { In all — 232

Buried { Males — 195
 { Females — 198
 { In all — 393 } Plague 0

Decreased in the Burials this Week — 69

Parishes clear of the Plague — 130 Parishes Infected — 0

The Aſſize of Bread ſet forth by Order of the Lord Maier and Court of Aldermen;
 A penny Wheaten Loaf to contain Eleven Ounces, and three
 half-penny White Loaves the like weight.

Wednesday 9th March 1666

Last time I wrote in this diary I swore I would write in it at least once a week. Clearly that didn't happen - oops! Father and Mother set off on a journey this morning, they're going to the New World! I would've come along, but Andy gets seasick, and we would've had to leave her home alone, which I didn't want to do. Also, her mother mentioned she might move to Wales next month, and take Andy with her, so I want to cherish whatever time together we have left. Don't want to end on a depressing note, but I really need to use the loo, so I've got to go!

Friday 18th March 1666

I think I might finally get the hang of this whole write-once-a-week business. Nothing much happened this week except a boy who lives two doors down called Christopher invited me to a museum opening next week, which I agreed to, providing I could bring Andy too. When I told her about the event she teased me, saying he and I will get married, and it really got on my nerves. I don't think I could ever marry a man, it just doesn't feel right. I would much rather buy a big house in the countryside and live with Andy, rather than marry a man and have his children or something *gross* like that.

Saturday 26th March 1666

Me and Andy were just playing around at the museum opening. Together, we watched in slow motion as the statue of Medusa fell, our lives crumbling around it. It would've been okay and we would've gotten off with nothing but a harsh fine, if the Lady of The House hadn't been there. But she was there. Right underneath the statue as it tumbled. Andy ran left, I ran right, and now I am spending all my remaining energy worrying about her. My money has been spent on a boat to dilapidated France, which I will board soon, provided I am not found by the police, holding my handbag in one hand and my breath in the other.

Sunday 27th March 1666

Arrived in France. Found a newspaper in the bin. I never said goodbye to them properly, and now I won't even be able to go to their funeral.

~death announcements~

It is with our saddest regret we announce the deaths of loving husband and wife Benedict and Sara-Claire Baker, who drowned a mile out from England while on their voyage to the Americas. They leave behind their young daughter Penelope, and her friend Andromeda, who they took under their wing. A public service will be held a week from now.

Friday 3rd December 1667

Today I got the best news I've had in years. A customer at my clothes darning business had been telling me about her travels around the world, when she mentioned an odd girl she met. "I thought she was a man at first, with bobbed hair and a boyish name." I pressed her harder about the girl, but she could recall nothing more, not even the country they met. However, that cannot diminish my hope. I have found a ship which will leave in a week to travel round the world, and I intend to go on it, now I have hope that the girl I love isn't dead.

1668

Exactly a year has passed since I left to find Andy. No results so far.

1669

Two years have passed. Nothing yet.

1670

Three years and still nothing.

1671

Four years and a day.

1672

Five years. This will be the last one before I head home. Still nothing.

1673

Arrived in a small village in Greece today (have lost track of the date). It is my last stop before I head back to France, but my hopes are high but I am trembling with nerves. On the way, I heard my cart driver talk of a monster of sorts - like one from a myth - that has been hunting people in this town, and tomorrow, at the cry of 6, they will tie a beautiful girl, by the name of Andromeda, to the rocks where the monster feasts, in order to subdue it. The rumour may hold no value, but I will check it out none-the-less. My love for Andy hasn't ceased these past few years, instead it has only grown stronger. I know now, as I knew back then, I would die for her, in a heartbeat, if the situation calls for it. Hopefully, that is not what will happen tomorrow morning, but if it does, then I will go in peace.

~ death announcements ~

Penelope Baker, presumed killer of Lady Harrington, dies this morning, while saving friend from drowning on a small beach in Greece. With no close family still alive, there will not be a public burial.