

15th January 1843

Dear diary,

Today was a dreadful day. It all started this morning. Shivering, I was woken by a bitter wind meandering its way through the many cracks and crevices in the windows and doors. My blanket has already been missing for several days. I am convinced that the master has sold them to make himself a bit of money. By the time I had reached the front of the long queue for the washing bowl, the water was stagnant and resembled a pool of mud. However desperate I was, I wasn't going to wash in that! Disgusted, I decided to make my way to breakfast.

After chewing my way through the tasteless, lumpy gruel, I made my way to the mill. There I spent a long, monotonous day cleaning out the machinery. At one point I almost lost a finger! Eventually, the working day came to an end and we could finally stop for yet more lumpy gruel.

As I sit here, the light of my candle is starting to fade. Raging outside is a storm and the windows are rattling something rotten. I am surprised that they don't come crashing down around me, covering the close quartered people with shards of razor-like glass.