Dear Diary

 By: Toni Cabral

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ear Diary,

We recently arrived in Newbury. The weather here is absolutely horrid it’s cold and rainy. I am afraid the snow will ruin all of our hard work. We will be crushed if it’s all lost we gave up everything to be here. I always think of my old friends

 “Mary Jane come assist me in the kitchen.” Mother said in an eager tone.

 Quickly Mary dropped her feather and ink and slid her diary under the Quilt. She ran to the door and swung it open, her thick blonde hair swung as she ran. She passed young Harold who was almost as tall as 16 year old Mary, Mary ruffled his hair jokingly Harold’s glasses slid down his slim nose as he chuckled.

“Mother I am on my way” Mary responded

 Swiftly she entered the kitchen area. Right away she began to cook the dinner. She had enjoyed the chicken with a side of tossed salad. Harold and Emily didn’t ever go to bed without a fight and just Moments after they were in bed so were her parents. Deagh deagh somebody was knocking at the door. Mary was the only one awake. She sat tears in her eyes thinking of all she had lost. Missing her friends most of all.

“Yes” Mary asked soft spoken as she opened the large wooden door. A tall thin man stood. In front of her. The lanky man seemed to be very displeased with the hospitality.

 “Is this Mrs. Jenkins of the Jenkins residents? A strange man requested.

 Mary slammed the door as fast as she could; she twisted the lock. All the doors and windows were tightly blocked from all human contact.

“I knew visitors at this hour would be odd looking men.”

Mary pushed the chair out of the way cautiously .she spun the lock and opened the door. Mary unfastened the door closed behind her and slid to the long oak fence light brown hair hurdled up behind the short divider.

“David, you’re here.” Mary shrilled with excitement

“Oh Mary, I thought I lost you forever” David replied sincerely

 A breeze suddenly drifted by, their warm bodies turned cold as ice.

Mary’s blonde hair spun around her pale face.

“Go inside Mary, before I lose you for real.” David protected her.

Mary stared into David’s sea blue eyes before turning away she saw a small tear trickle down his smooth cheek he lifted his hand and swiped the tear away as if it was never there.

“Oh David always protecting me.”

She opened the door and walked into the warm area accompanied by the fire.

Dear Diary, September 29th 1635

David he is alive he has been all this time. I missed him so dearly I hope I will see him again soon. I could not watch his beautiful sea blue eyes cry. Even the tear was beautiful he’s perfect. I just wish we had more time together. Also an odd man came looking for Mama; I of course slammed the door at his request.

 Sincerely,

 Mary Jane Jenkins.

Slowly Mary tucked her journal under the pillow her blinks slowed until they stopped completely. She saw a beautiful face in her dream; she could make out who it was. Those eyes were David’s she could recognize those eyes anywhere, anytime Mary knew them threw fog and rain. Mary loved is eyes they were true and never left her mind.

Mary awoke suddenly, after feeling a large gust of wind she rapidly rose to her feet and dashed for the door. This was more powerful than what she felt last night. Quickly as fast as she had opened the door it was closed.

“Mama, Papa. MA!! PA!!” She called nervously.

She had given up finding her parents and ran to the front door. She screamed at the sight of empty fields. Her parents finally came running they all stared into the open fields, the only thing standing was the long oak fence. A huge wind came the night before, her family was lucky to have had survived as well as the people. After Mary made a fine meal she tucked in the children, it was night now and Mary ran to the children’s room to write in her diary.

Dear Diary, September 30th 1635

 Mama and Papa had to spend the day out in the fields replanting and looking for any surviving crops. I’ve heard a nasty plaque took the lives of many people I think the plaque will kill us before we starve. I hope for the best but I expect the worst we have been here for a whole entire year I feel at home now but I miss England sometimes I miss my friends who did not dare to join us in this strange journey.

She closed her diary and laid her head down to sleep. Dreams of David twirled her mind her friends hugging her back in England. She awoke in time to make breakfast for Ma and Pa. as soon as she stepped out the door and saw her two dead parents lying on the ground. Mary dropped the breakfast and ran to the fence. Nobody popped up. She waited for minutes before breaking down.

“David I didn’t lose you for a reason, and I can’t lose you, now come out.” Mary screamed afraid she was wrong

 “I’m here but you must go inside and whatever you do,” David reassured her

 He paused wondering what to say and how to say it.

“Just don’t touch your parents.” Continued David

Mary ran to the door and once again turned back looking into those sea blue eyes reminded her of looking of the side of the ship, at first sight of land.

 “David you stay safe, don’t die on me David, just don’t”

Mary slammed the door behind her and slid down it thinking

 “Their alive I know it, no they aren’t how am I going to tell Harold and Emily.”

 Mary walked slowly away from the door. Thinking only of the plaque. She closed her eyes, right in front of her was the open door of her parent’s room. Mary’s ice cold hand turned as white as snow, she reached out and gripped the knob as tight as she could. Mary slammed the door and placed a large log in front.

 Dear diary, September 31st 1635

Both ma and pa died today or maybe last night I am not sure, Harold and little Emily are both asleep I can’t bear the thought of telling my dear Harold and innocent Emily that they have passed. It will not be any easier that my sweet Emily was almost five years old. I will think of something.

Before she could even end the passage she was forced to hide her book as young Harold wiped his eyes and sat up

 “Why on earth are you still up, Mary?” Harold yawned as he spoke

Mary thought of a quick lie hopping Harold wouldn’t catch her.

“I just could not wait to see my favorite brother.”
Harold being Harold of course snapped back with wit.

 “So you have another brother do you, it’s that Charles from down by the port, is it, he looks rather like pa you think.” He sounded quite serious

“No, I am talking you, little jokester.” Mary quickly responded

Harold sat up and walked to the door a nervous expression covered Mary’s face in the anticipation of the question her curious little brother was about to ask.

“Why is Ma and Pa’s door boarded up?”

“Come here I will tell you but you cannot tell Emily.”

They ran out the door and shut it behind them they didn’t even hear little Emily’s tiny feet walk across the cement floors stopping as she heard whispering.

“Ma and Pa both spent the night in the fields; neither knew a plaque was going around. They stayed out all night and this morning I went to give breakfast to them but they lied dead on the grass, gone just like that.” Mary remarked tearing up at the end.

 Harold and Emily cried Mary soon noticed Emily heard it all.

She opened the door to see young Emily with her head in her knees crying.

“My dearest Emily you know perfectly well they loved you very, very much” Mary tried to console Emily but her cry for her parents continued when Emily finally looked up Dried her wet little face

“Good morning beautiful, I love you and I am not going anywhere.” Mary loved her little sister Emily jumped up and hugged her sister.

“May I, um, we see them, Mary” Emily asked not know what she’d rather hear.

Mary had decided it was safe to go outside for the first time sense her parents had been found. She just couldn’t lose her sweet David. She held the knob of the wooden door.

“Now don’t scream, or touch” Mary repeated just as David said to her.

The door swung open and Harold gasped as Emily’s eyes wide open as she stared at the two dead people lying on the ground. Mary stood stunned at her mother’s beauty, before she could cry again. She walked to the long oak fence and knocked slowly “David I think Harold and Emily may want to talk to and about you” Mary didn’t dare mention her parents, not after the happenings just minutes before. David jumped the fence and together they walked to the door. Mary reached at the door knob and allowed them all in. all of them took seats children sat on the floor silently, Mary whispered to David the kids couldn’t make out what she had just spoke of. After a long conversation with tears red faces and crossed arms Mary made dinner and sent the children to sleep.

“What were you asking earlier?” Mary questioned

“Will you marry me Mary?” David hoped he knew the answer.

“Yes a million times yes” Mary said happily

 Mary asked David to go cut the fence down more land more space and more fields. When Mary and the others awoke there was work to do. Mary and David together told Harold and Emily who couldn’t have been more ecstatic, their reaction surprised Mary she hadn’t seen such joy in their eyes sense the passing of ma and pa. Glad to see they were okay with it David set off to work on the fence, Mary took Harold and removed the boards blocking the door that led to their late parent’s chamber.

 “Now you don’t have to but if you want to you may go in before we put it in a box you will have a room of your own” Mary opened the large wooden door.

A long creek was the only sound as Harold stared in at the room his parents stayed in. Without a word Harold stepped in, thinking of the past year, and his parents remembering every time he ran in crying after he awoke from a bad dream not wanting to leave Emily; afraid she’d have a bad dream like his. Emily sat in her new room spinning, smiling, dancing enjoying every second; it seemed like as she spun every bad memory slid of her. David ran in the door smiling and pointing at the fence laid on the ground. They all started to laugh, all but Harold who looked as if he had seen his parents. He turned around and smiled at the house next door.

“It was not sturdy, not a bit. Didn’t even have to take an axe to it before it fell.” Proud David bragged

Mary clutched David until his face was blue; rapidly she let him go allowing him to inhale again. David and Mary had decided a small wedding at the port was best. They wanted to marry as soon as possible. So they could share land properly. Mary and David chose the date and the reverend. That night Mary wrote in her diary.

Dear Diary, October 1st 1635

Tomorrow I will wed my love, David Perkins. He and I will be ever so happy. I remember it will be hard, but I work at the trades shop. David works as a farmer and fisherman during the summer. This will be a wonderful life I am thinking of letting people who pass through stay at one of our delightful residence. Emily and Harold will stay with us and we will make some money~~, Breakfast included~~ breakfast extra. I still wish ma and pa could watch me marry the man I love and who loves me.

 Sincerely,

 Mary

Mary rose out of bed with a yawn and sped to her late mother’s closet and grabbed the most beautiful dress she could reach. Mary changed into the dress and woke Harold and Emily. She tossed a pair of trousers and shirt to Harold and Emily was in the dress in a moment. Emily tied Mary’s hair up with ribbon faster than Harold was dressed. She grabbed their hands and ran out to the cold fall breeze winter was starting to settle. Mary dashed to the port where she and David joined hands and spoke their vows, a kind reverend blessed them in marriage. They spent their day in the common room dancing gently and playing around Mary made apple pie. All the misfortune in the past few days vanished as they danced and played life was perfect. The party lasted until Emily fell asleep on the floor. Mary carried little Emily and David laid Harold down on the bed.

Dear Diary, June 18th 1749

You were once my mother’s she has passed away months ago I miss her. My Brother Henry found you in a small box will a rag doll. We are cleaning out her house. It is beautifully written. I just came to Newbury from plimouth the weather here is terrible.

 Sincerely,

 Emma Perkins