

May 29, 1754

I was sittin in Ye Ol' Pub today with Sam, and heard we was goin to war. I ain't ready to go to war, I got granddad's farm 2 months ago. I got ta tell Abby the bad news. She's not gon' be happy.

June 20, 1754

Abby ain't happy that I'm goin ta war and told me I shoulda never joined the damned army. She also told me shes about 3 months pregnant with my babe. When I told Mum about leavin she just cried at my feet. Pa patted me on the back and told me "its about time that you don't put our family to shame boy." I'm gon' bring my journal with me to war, 'cause I don't know how long I'm gon' be gone, so I'm gon' write about it. I'm gon' give the journal to our babe.

June 27, 1754

I left today. Abby was cryin on her knees to get me to stay. I told her I got ta go and I love her and I'd come home in time for dinner. She didn't laugh. I kissed her head and was off. All I could think about was the little babe in her belly. I wonder what it will look like. Abbys got a pretty face so our babe should too.

June 28, 1754

Today we started marching south. I don't know how long we marched. It felt like a hundred kilometers or more. I don't know how Abby is doin. I'm worried about her and the babe. Mum is gon' take care of her while I'm fightin though.

July 3, 1754

We battled today at Fort Du Quesne. I didn't expect it one bit. I got shot in the back and I'm hurtin bad. I can't move my legs. I'm scared and missin my Abby. Sam is dead, and we had to leave him behind. I don't know where we goin to next, but Colonel Washinton told me I won't be fightin no more. Tomorrow I'm hopin to see a doctor.

July 5, 1754

A doctor never came today. Washinton told me I'll probably die real soon. They said I prolly won't make it home. I told them I got ta 'cause I got a babe on the way and a farm and a wife. I can't move my legs no more and a comrade told me I won't walk ever again. Oh God I'm scared. I prayed 3 times today. I cried once. I need to see my Abby. I can't leave them like this.

July 6, 1754

You'll probably never hear my voice again Abby so I thought I'd tell you on paper. I guess my life is almost over 'cause I'm real ill now. Our babe is going to be good, I know it. You're a strong lady. I know you'll do a good from now on. I love you, my Abby. Pray to me, I'll hear you.

Love, Phil