

DAILY DIARY

June the 6th

Again.

We woke up this morning in a cabin, and I found this book under my pillow. I don't know if I've kept a diary before.

That's not a memory that remains with me. Of course, that is the point of a diary: to remember for you. But how is one to remember if one can keep neither their diary nor the memory of a diary? Well, that is my plight, and there is nothing to be done about it.

What did I see when I woke? Our bunk has five girls, including me. I do not recognize the others (of course, I do not truly recognize myself), but I know immediately that one is the serpent. The serpent I remember. Still, I commit her to the page because I do not know how long I shall remember. I suppose I will put it to the test and see if I wake up tomorrow to find these words. If so, then, at least for a time, I will remember who I am.

For that is something that I also remember: I often do not remember myself. Not truly. I do not remember myself, and I

have not remembered myself many times. This is a fact. Remember it as a fact. I commit it to the page as a fact.

I have not always been here, nor did I come to this place in any kind of normal way. I did not ride a horse, or walk, or sit in a carriage as it jostled me over lumps and dips. I simply appeared here, much as I have appeared in other places before. These are facts that I do not remember, but I feel them. I feel them deep in my soul that I have been to other places and woken in strange beds. I feel it, so I record it as a feeling.

I was writing about what I saw when I woke. We are five.

One is a serpent. The walls are wooden, like a cabin, but there are many decorations and festoons. It seems to be a gay place, though I feel no gaiety. Perhaps, when we rise and go out into the world, I shall feel something other than the dread and forgetfulness that weigh on me.

But perhaps not, for I have chanced a look out the window and there is a heavy fog over the land. No, as I sniff

the air, it is not fog, but smoke. I have awakened in a smoky land, and now I must close this first record, for they are rousing themselves and looking about. They all look frightened and confused. I shall endeavor to comfort them as I can, even the serpent — if she will allow me.

My name is Phoebe. Remember that.

June the 7th

Huzzah! I have found my words from yesterday, and none are a surprise to me. At least for now, I remember accurately.

I could not write more yesterday because our day was full of labor. It was smoky work, for the clouds hid the sun and stung our noses. I do not know where the smoke comes from, or it seems to arise from the very earth, and sometimes it appears as if the cabins are ablaze, and the trees, and the river. But these are apparitions, for all is whole.

We are apparently the ones in charge of something Saman — tha calls a 'camp,' though it looks the antithesis of a camp

to me. There are so many buildings that it might be a small town, and I have seen nary a tent nor a teepee. The mad one and the dull one agreed that we are in this 'camp,' and so I acquiesce with protest, as does the serpent. This is, perhaps, one of the few things she and I are aligned on.

As I mentioned, our day was full of labor. Yesterday, we took canoes out of a building by the river that arcs across the northern and eastern edges of these 'camp-grounds.' I have only traveled in such a boat once with my uncle, but I have seen many. However, in my years, I have never seen a vessel so well constructed as the ones we carried yesterday. They were sturdy and painted bright green with red lines running along under the gunwale.

We didn't just have to bring the canoes out. There were oars, strange, bright orange vests, and many lines with flags and some with egg-shaped devices, which I was instructed—once more by Samantha—are buoys, though they do not look like the buoys I have seen. There was sweeping to be done, and

boards to be replaced on the dock. It is strange that five young women are asked to do this kind of labor. It is also strange that I do not know who asks us to do it. We just know.

June the 7th Continued

Today was another day of sweeping, lifting, and carrying. We went into the bunkhouses and tidied them for the incoming children. One bunk is full, which will be pleasant, I suppose, for the girls within. Though there is a pesky boulder set just outside the door that one must constantly avoid when carrying things.

I expect that someone could easily trip on it and dash their brains out, especially with seven girls stamping in and out at once. Seven girls, seven beds, seven satchels that Samantha calls rucksacks. I am suspicious of the number, and am curious if, indeed, we will see seven girls here in a week's time.

Samantha came up to me today and made a show of comforting me. No, a 'show' is uncharitable. She did try to comfort me.

I believe she saw me looking forlorn and homesick, which I am.

I feel as if I've been homesick for a thousand years. But I could tell that, despite her more obvious intentions, she was also seeking her own comfort. She has the double pain of being sick for her home and of enduring the mockery of the serpent and her mad assistant. I have sought to never hate, but to obey the Lord's command to love my enemies and to pray for them. But I find this command exceedingly difficult with the ser ... no, Theresa. If I am to try to obey the commands of divine love, I must not turn her into a devil. Still, it is very hard when she stares at me with her serpent eyes and leers as if she wants to do unspeakable things to me.

Lord, grant me peace and charity. And sleep. I ache all over from this work!

June the 8th

Today was beautiful, and we could see the sun several times between the patches of smoke. Beyond the haze and sharpness of the air, the day was marred only by one unfortunate encounter. Breakfast was pleasant. Though there are many things that are strange and surprising in this place, the food is often wonderful. And, at least when we break our fasts, it is familiar. Sausage, bacon, eggs, cheese, fruit, and bread. The other food is good too, but it is often new to me. Ground meat pressed into round disks with cheese, mustard, tomato ketchup, pickles, and onions between two pieces of the softest bread I've ever eaten. Potatoes cut thin, fried, and generously covered in salt. Chicken made into little hunks and breaded to be dipped in sauces. They are all delicious, but where do they come from?

We walked to the archery range today to prepare it for our incoming 'campers,' as Samantha names them. Many of the targets had to be remade with new straw, and three of the

bows had cracked over the winter. Charity and I went into the forest to find young saplings to cut to give us greenwood to shape into new bows. We know how to do this, but I have no memory of learning this skill or craft. Charity is not, as I first suspected, burdened with a 'molasses mind' as my father would have said. She is slow to speak, quiet, and simple of intention and feeling. I sense that perhaps she is the most morally upright of us all, the most righteous before the Lord who loves a pure heart. I am duly admonished by the Spirit in Charity's presence, for my pride is reminded that it is not swiftness of thought, nor steadiness of hand that is the most treasured imitation of our Lord. Instead, it is goodness, simple and true.

As we walked and spoke concerning the forest about the camp, I saw within her the same sadness that I see in all of us, even Theresa with the serpent eyes. We are, all of us, longing to return home. But I suspect that none of us has a home to return to. I believe that I have not had one for

many years.

I have read back over the entries in this journal and find that I have not forgotten anything of importance since we woke up on the first day. That is reassuring. Though I can remember little from before that waking, at least I am not losing days as they pass.

Oh! I almost forgot to record the one black stain on today.

I went into the archery cabin to find a knife to whittle the saplings that Charity and I found, and came upon the two Theresas harassing Samantha. I understand why she fears them, for they have about them a darkness, but I do not understand why she allows them to treat her thus, when she could just walk away. Still, I told them to let her be, and, after a long moment in which I thought the older of the two—the one I have called 'the serpent'—would hurl herself at me, they laughed and left the cabin. Samantha was so sad, but we comforted each other.

I am confused by everything, and even more so as I ponder

the reason why the Theresas were treating Samantha so poorly.















