

Monday 21st April, 1760

Our Quarters

Upon receiving the most delightful news that Tacky and his noble comrades—Quaw Badu, Sang, Sobadou, Fula Jati, and Quantee—have ignited a fervent uprising in the parish of St. Mary, we found ourselves enveloped in a wondrous blend of astonishment and profound Black joy.

Master Thistlewood stands in fear, oblivious to our awareness regarding this unfolding tale. Ere long, we shall partake once more in joyous revelry, with the Spirits looking kindly upon us.

*With empowerment,
Molia (never Coobah).*

Tuesday 23rd August, 1763

Under the Lime Trees

In a fleeting moment of tranquillity and respite, having deftly eluded the clutches of Master Thistlewood and the burdens of my day, I found myself beneath the generous shade of the lime trees. Their spreading branches casting delightful shadows upon the ground at my feet.

I beheld the insects in their liberated realm, animated and unrestrained, engaging in a most lively dance upon the earth. The surrounding air and intoxicating fragrance of limes enveloped me and ushered me into a profound experience that was altogether overwhelming.

With Black hope,

Molia

Sunday 8th February, 1767

Morass Duck Pond Side

This day did unfold like a most enchanting dream.

Phibbah didst add her potion unto Master Thistlewood's rum, which did grant Abba, Phoebe, Peggy, Nanny, Kitty, Sukey, Bess, Damsel, Fanny, Sally, Franke and myself the gracious opportunity to convene by the Morass duck pond — one of his favoured spots to release his semen.

Enveloped by the gentle murmurs of the Fertility Spirits, we did form a circle, thereby ensuring that our eggs would remain untainted by his seed, and in that Sacred moment, we did cast a spell of protection, safeguarding ourselves from the dread prospect of bringing forth his child into this world.

Gratefully,

Molia.

*Friday 17th September, 1770
The Pantry, Thistlewood's House*

In a serene moment before dawn, whilst Master Thistlewood lay still in slumber, I did procure the plants from the modest patch of earth I have tended, concealed behind the tall grass where Master Thistlewood would scarce venture to look.

I lent mine ear to the gentle whispers of the plants, and with a humble heart, I fervently beseeched the Spirits that, in due course, the enchantments of these potions would render Master Thistlewood bedridden. Thus shall we discover our path to liberty, where our worth shall no longer be fettered by the chains that confine us to Breadnut Island Pen.

*With utmost reverence to the medicinal
powers of plants,
Phibbah.*

Friday 1st May, 1772

Near the Yam Vines

*This morn, after enduring a night in Bilboes for refusing
Master Thistlewood and his most foul breath, I am
exceedingly gratified to learn that the potion hath borne
fruit. Phibbah hath conveyed to us that he now suffers in
excruciating agony — a most fitting taste of his own
medicine.*

With unbroken spirit,

Molia.

Friday 1st May, 1772

By the Kiln

Last eve, Master Thistlewood remained blissfully ignorant of our daring escape. Beneath the bewitching canopy of the night sky, we cherished the moment, entwined in each other's arms as we ascended the mountains to commune with the Spirits. In this enchanted realm, our Black love blossomed as the guiding light of the evening, softly illuminated by the twinkling stars above.

Until the morrow,

Ethereally,

Phibbah.

Saturday 23rd April, 1774
Front Parlour, Thistlewood's House

Today, I find myself awash in gratitude to the Spirits and Gods for the splendid opportunity granted to me through Master Thistlewood's fervent pursuit of amateur science. With his absence on a journey to Savanna-la-Mar, I have been afforded the privilege of delving into his experiments and instruments. This day hath unfolded into a wondrous tapestry of success, woven from the bounteous insights derived from his esteemed notes. The community of Breadnut Island Pen shall soon be graced with new medicinal remedies for our sacred rituals to nurture both ourselves and our kin. This day hath an air of magic about it, suffused with promise and imbued with hope most profound.

*With gratitude,
Phibbah.*

Sunday 25th July, 1779

Near the Soursop Tree

Under the luminous embrace of the nocturnal sky, Molia and myself did convene the entire community of Breadnut Island Pen to partake in moments of affection and tenderness whilst Master Thistlewood lay stricken and confined to his bed, afflicted with another bout of syphilis.

We did indulge in the delightful offerings from the house, our hearts soaring as we engaged in joyous revelry beneath the watchful gaze of our Spirit Gods. The moon and stars twinkled like precious gems, casting a wondrous glow upon our Black skin and causing our eyes to sparkle with the very essence of Black joy. Our laughter did ascend into the night, enfolding us in a dream where time didst seem to pause and love did envelop us all.

Bathed in bliss,

Phibbah.