

15th January 1843

Dear diary,

Today was a dreadful day. As I sit here, the light of my candle is starting to fade; I shall need to be quick as we are only given one candle a month. Raging outside is a storm: 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. The blankets, which should cover us, have been taken away by the master – probably to sell.

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.