

My Life During The French and Indian War

Hello, my name is Juliet Rose Aza. I am thirteen years old and have always lived a carefree life...until now.

Dear Diary,

The French have built a great fort. It is called Fort De La Presentation. Father has gone out to battle and mother is taking it hard. She has gone out to find food. She shall return in a few days time. For now I must go tend to the little one, Ella.

Dear Diary,

It has been three weeks and mother has not returned. I believe she has been captured. Oh how can I possibly tell Ella what has happened to our beloved mother? From this day on it is just Ella and I living at home. Oh how I wish for father to be here! This awful war seems to be going on and on forever. It is lost in time it seems. The French are using their fort as a base for attacks on the British in the Mohawk Valley, the Champlain Valley, and the Ohio Valley.

Dear Diary,

The worst news has just reached me. Father has been shot and killed. Oh what shall I do? It is only Ella and I living in this cruel world now! She still doesn't know about mother... She shall find out soon enough. I must tell her gently, but for now she must enjoy her life as much as possible. No need to put emotional pain on a baby now is there? Ughhh....will this war ever come to an end?!? The French have begun to evacuate Fort De La Presentation and construct Fort Levis on Chimney Island to prevent a British attack up on the St. Lawrence River on Montreal and Quebec.

Dear Diary,

This dreaded war continues on and I do not know what to do about Ella. She has just realized that mother and father will not be coming home. I must go and calm her down...I shall write more in a few days time.

Dear Diary,

For five days and five nights 300 of the French soldiers at Fort Levis stand off 10,000 Anglo-American troops led by the Sir Jeffrey Amherst, blocking them as they speed down on the St. Lawrence River on their way down to Montreal. This is the last battle of the French and Indian War.

Dear Diary,

After five years of brutal fighting the war has finally come to an end. 10,000 to 20,000 were seriously injured or killed. My mother and father were a couple of these people. Even though I have not lived the life I would have especially liked to live...I think everything will be just fine. I am quite a blessed person to be standing here today.