

Aurelia's journal of Bad luck

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the diary of a roman slave. very interesting. kind of sad.

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July 18, 100 BC

Dear Journal,

This morning I was extremely bored and now I'm extremely tired. It's my baby brother, Marcus' fault. He had a cold and he's sneezing and coughing. You know, I am probably going to get it next...I'm always unlucky. ALWAYS!

I had to stay home and take care of him all day...because my mom was very busy with all the chores. All day Marcus cried. He did it last night and I didn't get any sleep and I probably won't get any tonight either. It was SO bothersome.

My friend Marcia Farnilla came over today, but my mother said that I couldn't play with her and she wasn't allowed to come inside because my brother was sick. I could have used a little help though. It's very difficult to take care of Marcus because he doesn't like me very much. He likes my mom, but when he's sick, upset or tired, nobody can co-operate with him.

So all day he was screaming and crying. But whenever I tried to give him his medicine, he just cried harder. It was so exasperating, I'd rather do chores.

I'm beginning to feel light headed and weak, but I can't tell my mom because she'll either "not believe" me or give me sickening medicine. Even my brother hates it. Seriously, it's nasty. It makes you feel even worse (kind of), because when you finally get over your cold, you still feel bad because you have the foul taste of the medicine in your mouth. YUCK!

I wish we were patricians, we would be able to do what ever we want...but I'm not. I a slave; and I extremely dislike it. It's horrible, I work all day and hardly eat anything, and my mom's always busy and never has any time for me or Marcus. My brother will have to work as soon as he turns 5. The only friend I have is Marcia, and she's a plebeian so her mom doesn't like us because we're slaves.

I can't even go to school; I would love to learn how to read and write better, and count. Marcia is the one who is teaching me how to read and write.

Now I have to go because Marcus is crying and my mom can not get him because she is still busy.

Aurelia Annia Lucilla .

July 19, 100 BC

Dear Journal,

Today I got sick (like I knew I would) and I spent the whole day crying like Marcus. He's feeling much better but he slept all day.

When my mom came in with the medicine, I screamed and she said "If you wake up your brother, you are in big trouble!"

I think she's mad because she has to do whatever chores she can and take care of me and Marcus. So I took the medicine with some water to get rid of the taste, but the unpleasant taste was still noticeable.

I didn't say anything because I know my mom needs my help so I need to get over my cold very quickly. It actually feels worse than a regular cold. My head is throbbing and I'm very weak and sore.

Marcia came over again today. I couldn't play or even talk to her, Even though she told my mom that it was very important.

I couldn't be able to play even if I wanted to. I was way too sick. I can hardly write. I feel like I'm going to vomit. I have to sleep now. Aurelia Annia Lucilla

July 20, 100 BC

Dear Journal,

I feel much better today. And I guess that water I drank did help because I didn't taste the medicine today.

Marcia came by again today but OF COURSE I wasn't allowed to play because I had to catch up on all the chores that didn't get done yesterday.

It's been so hot and I've been sweating all day. All the water is warm, so I'm dehydrated. That made everything worse.

I washed the dishes and did the laundry. I swept and mopped the floor. My work never seems done. I cooked the food for our master's feast, stuffed dormice, and snails. But my mom helped since I just learned how to cook. The dessert was grapes and dates. I burned myself but I'm okay now.

Aurelia Annia Lucilla

July 21, 100 BC

Dear Journal,

Today was the worst day of my life, and being a slave, I don't have many good days.

I got hit for making Marcus cry. It was because I yelled at him because he made me really, really angry. He was bragging about how he was like a patrician because he didn't have to work like me and my mom and he ordered me to go bring him some grapes!!!

"How could you say that?" I screamed "You horrid child! We are all slaves in this family whether we like it or not. And as soon as you turn 5, you'll have to work like us!"

I had a break in the middle of the day. I had hoped Marcia would come by, but she didn't. I waited. She never showed up.

So I asked my mom if I could go down the road to see her and she said "Yes, Aurelia, just hurry up". I went out to ask Marcia if she could play with me. But she came out with a sad look on her face. "My mother and father said I can never play with you again, you're a slave." She cried "I'm so sorry." She turned around and went inside.

Those words rang over and over in my head: You're a slave.

I had to work for the rest of the day, but I'm not tired. I don't think I can sleep tonight.

I can't believe that I can never play with Marcia ever again.

I hate my life.

I really do.

Aurelia Annia Lucilla