

Dearest Tomas,

Today was among one of the hardest days I've experienced in my whole existence. In the occupation of being a French bakery owner things are not very safe these days. A revolution has begun. Part of the reason is because of the shortage of bread recently. Also members of the third estate don't believe our estate should be only allowed one vote.

It was terrible; a horrible mob of hungry children entered the shop yesterday morning. Upon arrival I could tell they were out to cause trouble. The children approached the counter. I simply asked if I could assist them with anything. They barked back saying if I didn't start handing out bread they would begin to tell others that I was against the revolution. So, I just ignored their threat and told them to leave. I didn't think much of it at the time, but when a few hours later I saw the same kids with rocks in their hands pointing at my store I began to rethink what had happened earlier. In the midst of pondering a few loud bangs came from my shop's wall, and then a rock soared through my one small store window. I grew angry. I drew the stone from amongst the glass and walked out the door in a rage. I hurled the rock in the kids' direction; only with the intention to scare them. The stone hit the ground, but along with it one of the young men. It had struck him atop the head. I felt bad in a sense, but thought he got what was coming to him. I swept the glass and closed the shop. This morning when I got to the door of my shop there was a letter driven into it with an old worn knife. The letter stated that the children's father wasn't thrilled with my actions. Suddenly a handful of men surrounded me. First the boy's father revealed who he was. Then he hit me directly in the nose. I

fell to the ground and was pummeled by the men. Soon this small group of men turned into a large mob of hungry people. I was repeatedly beaten by crowd members who I'm sure had no idea of what was even going on. Then the key to my shop was removed from my hip. My store was cleaned out in a matter of minutes. Well Tomas, in closing I must first say, brother, I love you. Please send my love to the rest of the family. For this will be the last letter I write. The mob is outside setting up to lynch me. Goodbye.

The date is July 17<sup>th</sup>, the last day a breath will enter my body.