

Boudicca betrayed



16th November 60 CE

Dear Diary,

No greater injustice has been brought to the Iceni tribe! How could they do this to us? I'm scribing these words on paper as a testimony to the cruelty of the Romans, especially their Emperor! Be cursed, Nero!

While my daughters and I were under my husband's protective watch, our relationships with the Romans had been stable and relatively prosperous. King Prasutagus reigned for a long time and was a renowned warrior and fierce negotiator since he knew how to deal with the invaders. Oh, diary, how I miss him dearly! After my husband's death, as we had no son and heir, Prasutagus bequeathed his private wealth to our daughters and Emperor Nero. He assumed that we would be looked after following his passing. He couldn't have been more wrong! Our once peaceful allegiance with the Romans has been brutally severed. It appears that those vile human beings wanted the King's wealth for themselves. They have seized our kingdom and possessions, humiliated my family and mutilated our chief tribesmen. I have been beaten and battered in front of the public. On top of that, I had to watch my daughters' lives being viciously ruined.

Following recent events, my initial shock has grown into a fiery ball of rage. I'm enraged at how my family and brethren have been treated, for they have done nothing wrong. The Roman commanders' actions cannot be forgiven, nor will they be forgotten. Enough! For as long as I live, I vow to make them pay to my dying breath. I will have my revenge. I promise!

Over the last few months, I have been silently plotting my vengeance. I plan to gather a vast army by reaching the neighbouring tribes. Together with the Iceni's tribesmen, we will sack the colonia of Camulodunum. After some calculating, I could gather thousands from across the region who share the same deep resentment towards the Romans as I do. I plan to lead the army to burn the city to the ground, slaying every Roman within it because they do not deserve to prosper. Who are they to tell us how to live our lives and share our wealth? I will not let this happen again to my daughters, nor will I let them treat our people this way. Every Roman in Britannia deserves to die! The city's inhabitants will never suspect my plan because we are such a small tribe. How surprised they'll be!

Although it's really early, I need to go now as I hear a group of soldiers marching nearby. I do hope to write soon with updates.

Boudicca