

*The Journals of Louise Bergeret*

February 5, 1870

While I find this practice tedious at times, it is a useful break from my work on the Clockwork Autonomous Simulacra Homunculus - my CASH project. It does take some notable endurance, mental and physical to achieve each step of success. This journal entry practice shall assist me in keeping my mind clear and my work my own.

I am an idealist and an inventor, some may call me a Mastermind though that is their prerogative, who is moving to free the proletariat from the yoke of labor. My CASH should help those who toil and labor to enjoy a greater amount of leisure and freedom to create rather than just provide the labor for others.

Perhaps it is best if I find a way to encapsulate who I am before I go further into the history of the oppression of the people of New Europa. I am Louise Bergemet. If you are reading this, then by now you already know my name and my fame. I am an inventor and an idealist. I am a woman learned of Science and of the people. I am here to ensure that the sweat and toil of the people of New Europa is never again needed to be wasted in service to Capital. I am assuredly well read as I have been educated at the Sorbonne [*Excellent Education*] and I have applied that knowledge to the mechanics and physics of the world [*Great Tinkering*]. I am well acquainted with what society and Society expects from a woman [*Good Social Graces*] but they are often at odds with what I can discern [*Good Perception*] and my lack of backing down [*Good Courage*]. I am perhaps unexpectedly rather accomplished in fisticuffs as well [*Good Fighting*]. Regrettably, this did not extend to learning the finer arts of the dance of the blades, save that I understand that the pointy end goes into the fleshy bits [*Poor Fencing*]. This carries on in my way of being forthright in the world as well as my thoughts [*Poor Stealth*] and I must be honest that I tend to spend every centime I can to improve my CASH rather than on myself [*Poor Exchequer*].

This peculiar combination leads others to see me as *insightful yet acerbic*. I expect that the thought of an accomplished lady scientist is not as developed amongst the population as that of the adventuress or the Demoiselle. This does provide me a strength in that the *Iconoclasm* my insight offers provides new ways to solve these problems and new methods to change my inventions and the world at large, but it does sometimes grow to *Resentment* where those who have harmed me do not leave my memory. My mind is my greatest treasure and my greatest weapon and those that have stepped against me or against the betterment of New Europa's people have earned my enmity.xxx

It should come as no surprise that my Diploma from the *Sorbonne* is kept close to my heart. I am proud of that achievement, especially in light of the incessant doubts subtly communicated by me fellow students. It seems Napoleon III's edict carried not as much weight into academe as he may have expected. This is something I seem to discuss often with ma mere, *Margaret*, when we have our fortnightly days of bread, and brie. My mother understands better than most what sacrifices must be made in service of humanity. My father left her in a fit of violence, speaking against the cruelty shown our fellow man. It is that fight for *Equity* which motivates me yet. I understand that not all will be as equal or able to achieve the same, but the chance should be provided. This is where my CASH comes in, freeing those individuals from the tyranny of labor. That is, however, another conversation.

I must admit that *Sir Williams-Smith* of Wellington Steel has not yet stopped hounding my every move since that incident at his factory where I had the misfortune of being near. No matter, the Steam Lords take Britain, as I am more concerned my time with Garibaldi has left the *Austrian-Hungarian Special Service* to keep

me in their sights. I know that they loathe the idea of losing the Veneto and the Northern parts of the peninsula, but the Italian State should be formed and allowed to find its way apart from the Papal State's. At least Garibaldi's disciples and followers still grant me some succor. While they often take actions more radical than I advocate, the *World Anarchist Brotherhood*, and Msr. Marx have also been a valuable ally. I would hope they see the CASH as a way of the future as well, and not merely as a tool for further polemic and trickery but I expect they wish otherwise. Their support helps to propel the acceptance and use of the CASH system [Professional Goal] and so I do continue to rely on them. Similarly, they and Garibaldi may be the first to recognize that the future of labor is in the machines we build, especially as those Bayernese sky navy ships show the next stage. [Social Goal]. And while Mere Margaret does ask about whether I will find someone with whom to share this life, and to provide a grand baby on which she may dote, I have not yet found one who can maintain their own sense of elan and wit in my presence. [Romantic Goal].

At this point, it is perhaps best that I return to the beginning of the story and remind the gentle reader, and perhaps myself, of my own history and how I got here. While France, and Paris in particular, may seem to exude a timeless beauty and sophistication, it masks the history of rebellion and insurrection deeply engrained in the persona of our citizens. My father was one of those who strove to better the lives of all Parisians and all French. He paid the price early in my life as the Army responded with the violence that the State holds over all of our heads. My mother, Margaret, did not lose her way on her own. She proved that strength comes from within and is not so dependent on the body itself. It is no surprise that I slept soundly early in life and I took quickly to the books and solving problems. My father's friends would come into town and help my Mother if they could between fomenting uprisings in what they hope to call Italy and Spain.

Napoleon III has some good points and he was convinced to open the Universities to women. Even the Sorbonne could not deny my admission when my sex was taken out of the equation. It was there that my natural facility with knowledge, bolstered by my father's library left for me, allowed me to outshine the scions of the nobility. Their egos bruised, it became the way of their world to make things more difficult for me. MY views of the CASH became more encompassing. My time travelling to the outskirts of the city saw the workers struggling to succeed. It was only my days with Mere Margaret that kept me going. She reminded me how much I sounded like my father, though I never truly heard him. It became our tradition to meet over wine, bread, and cheese - to revel in the connection that our lives had and the connection to the ineffably French way of life.

I graduated, and my father's friends gave me the chance to go to work with Giuseppe Garibaldi. I greatly enjoyed my time with these irregular forces and learned much about how those in power maintain their power. Perhaps I shall revisit my lessons from this time in a later missive. I have rested enough and the Cygne Doret is becoming quite loud. It is time to see what these other regular attendees have found in their day, and perhaps find the latest funding source for the next CASH advance.