

Indigo Girls

watch as history unfolds



through the eyes of
colonial visionary
Eliza Lucas Pinckney

Homecourt  Publishers

■ Greenville, SC

Indigo Girl

the story of Eliza Lucas Pinckney

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I'm not happy that
Father is leaving,
but I'm 16 years
old and I can
handle it.

1 — All Grown Up

My father rubs his thumb under my eye, as if he is wiping away a tear.

"Are you crying?" he says with a smile.

"No!" I say, which is true for the most part. My eyes might be watering, but I'm not crying!

"Of course not," says Father. "Elizabeth Lucas is far too grown up and independent to cry."

2 — *Indigo Girl*

I do my best to smile. Whenever he calls me "Elizabeth" instead of "Eliza," I know he is mocking me.

But I *am* grown up now. I am sixteen years old, and that's an adult woman. I have traveled to England to attend the best schools, and now across the oceans to be in the New World. I am ready for anything.

Besides, we aren't living in the Middle Ages. This is the year 1738, when a strong woman can make a difference!

Still, I am going to miss him.

"I'm going to miss you," he says, as if reading my mind. "I don't have a choice, though. It's time for me to leave South Carolina. I have to do my duty and go back to the islands."

Father is always talking about doing his "duty," and even when I roll my eyes it makes me proud to hear him say it. I know that he has to go back to Antigua. That tiny island needs him. It is always being threatened by Spanish ships, and the British government can't let one of its colonies slip away to one of its rivals.



Father is an important man in the British Army, and he is needed in Antigua.

All my life, Father has been a high-ranking officer in the British military. People are always saluting him and calling him "Sir." He's going back to be the governor of the island, and I know he is the right man for the job.

It just all seems to be happening so fast. We only moved here, to South Carolina, a few months ago after Mother got sick. Father thought it'd be a nice change of scenery. But he has barely unpacked his suitcase before they are calling him back home.

A ship blows its horn. To everyone else, it's just another sound in the background of the

4 — *Indigo Girl*

busy port of Charles Town. Dock workers are loading crates onto boats, passengers are climbing aboard, and people are scattered everywhere.

Among all of that chaos, it's easy not to hear the sound of a single ship's horn. But I sure heard it. I know that it means that Father's ship is ready to go. He will be leaving in just a few minutes.

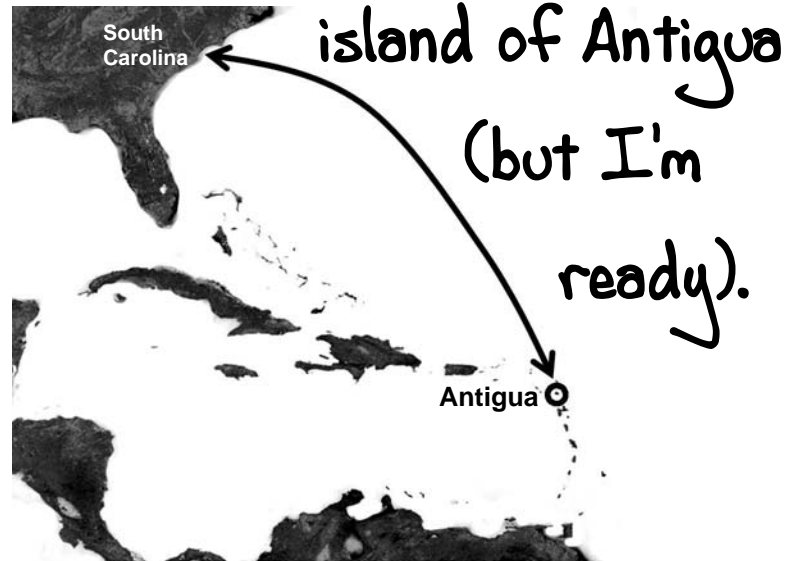
I give him one last hug, and so does my little sister, Polly. She has been quiet ever since we got on the wagon at the plantation. I know it's hard for a little girl to say good-bye to her father.

"Are you two going to be okay?" Father asks, although it is a little late for that question.

"Of course," I declare, proud of myself for seeming so calm and confident.

"What about the plantation? Are you sure you can run it? I can get your brother, Thomas, to return home from England. Or I can have one of the overseers at the other plantations help you."

South Carolina is going to
be different than the tiny



I look at him in shock, and he gives a smirk to show that he was only half kidding. I am the one who had begged Father to allow me to run the plantation while he is gone. I have grown up around the sugar cane plantations in Antigua, and I know I am up to the task.

The thought of my younger brother coming back from his schooling in England to help me... that is enough to make me laugh.

6 — *Indigo Girl*

And the overseers at Father's other plantations?
I am supposed to be the one who is in charge of
them!

The ship blows its horn one final time. I
give Father one last hug, and so does Polly. He
turns and walks away. I have no idea when I'll
see him again.