

DEFIANT ONES:
Prudence Wright

The American Revolution's Bravest
Women - Patriots, Prophets,
Poets & Spies

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
HEATHER BLANTON



DEFIANT ONES

The American Revolution's Bravest Women - Patriots, Prophets, Poets & Spies

Prudence Cummings Wright

By Heather Blanton

A Beautifully Flawed Productions Original

This story is part of the Defiant Ones immersive storytelling universe from Beautifully Flawed Productions.

Copyright © 2026 Beautifully Flawed Productions

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law.

This novelette series is inspired by actual events and historical figures. For dramatic and narrative purposes, certain characters, events, and elements have been fictionalized, dramatized, or combined. The depiction of any person or event should not be understood as a literal account of history. Any resemblance to actual persons or to entities or events other than those specifically intended to be portrayed, is coincidental.

To authentically portray eighteenth-century America, this work may include language, cultural references, and societal attitudes reflective of the period. Some content may be sensitive or unsettling to modern audiences but has been included to preserve historical authenticity.

Defiant Ones and related marks are trademarks of Beautifully Flawed Productions LLC.

First Kindle Edition 2026

Published by Defiant Ones LLC & Beautifully Flawed Productions

Alpharetta, Georgia

www.beautifullyflawedproductions.com

Cover design: Shari Rigby and Katie Kenny Phillips

Interior design: Heisia Bello

Scripture quotations taken from the (NASB®) New American Standard Bible®,

Copyright © 1960, 1971, 1977, 1995 by The Lockman Foundation.

Used by permission. All rights reserved.

Scripture quotations marked KJV are taken from the King James Version of the Bible.

Prudence Cummings Wright stands in history not as a lone heroine but as the visible point of light in a wider circle. Without a community of women who trusted her judgment and valued her wisdom, she wouldn't even be a footnote in history. Her courage was real, but it was the collective resolve of over thirty of her friends who helped change the course of the Revolutionary War. Prudence's story humbles me. It reminds me of what women working together can accomplish. If you're alone, find your tribe. If you are a leader, speak with wisdom and reason. Then, together, you may change the world.

“Have I not commanded you? Be strong and courageous!
Do not tremble or be dismayed, for the Lord your God is with you wherever you go.”

Joshua 1:9

Contents

Chapter 1

Chapter 2

Chapter 3

Chapter 4

Chapter 5

Chapter 6

Chapter 7

Epilogue





Chapter 1

In 1775, Massachusetts was considered the most rebellious of the colonies. Some of the feistiest, most unreasonable patriot women of the Revolution came from this state, but none can actually claim to have captured British spies.

Except for the ladies from Pepperell.

Pepperell, MA

March 1775

Dear Mother,

Thank you so much for the lovely gift of the blanket. Little Liberty sleeps warmly with it every night. He is growing faster than spring wheat and has already managed to say *Mama*—at only eight months. Like his mother, I fear his tongue may be a weapon of strife rather than peace. But he was so unexpected, I am deliriously in love with him.

No, to your question, David's business is not faring well. The British closure of Boston Harbor in retaliation for the Boston Tea Party has wreaked havoc on our shipments of cloth and tea. In fact, I hear the city of Boston is suffering greatly under Parliament's punitive action.

Worse, here in Pepperell, as we've attempted to protest, we've been threatened with jail. In fact, our local magistrate was stripped of his seat and replaced by an English barrister who has called us all "seditious rebels." I fail to see how he can be impartial in the courtroom, but we are left with no recourse.

David says the fledgling America is one lead ball away from war with England.

A few soldiers have been quartered among my friends—in private property—and we hear Parliament is going to vote to make the action commonplace. The lack of respect for us, much less the taxation without representation, bespeaks England's disdain for the Colonists.

And I can honestly say, we return the affection.

But I digress. I'm sorry. I know you are weary of my rants.

Again, thank you for the blanket. I will bring my darling Liberty and all the children to see you soon.

Love,

Your most humble and obedient daughter,

Pru

Despite the snow and blustery wind, Prudence Wright dragged her five children, bundled up like fat bears ready for hibernation, to the town square in Pepperell. The eight-month-old baby in her arms bundled in four quilts squirmed, and then found solace in his thumb.

"Oh, Liberty, where is your glove?" Pru hugged him and kissed the knit cap on his head. At least he had that. "My darling, we won't be here long." She fussed with the quilts, tucking them in around her boy more tightly. "I just want to hear this great man." She reached back and squeezed Silas's hand, speaking to the eight-year old over her shoulder. "Make sure everyone holds onto each other's hands now. I promise, we won't be here long."

"Yes, mother." Embarrassed, he pulled his hand from hers and checked the line of children behind him. Sandwiched between him and nine-year-old Elise, Pru's other children, ranging in age from three to seven, obediently dawdled along with them.

"I cannot see on what grounds the king of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us!"

Pru gasped. He was already speaking. "Hurry, children, I want you to hear this man. I think he's going to be a great orator for the Cause."

"A common murderer," Thomas Paine yelled out over the crowd, "a highwayman, or a house-breaker, has as good a pretense as King George." The crowd cheered with firm support.

Pru hurried, eager to get closer. She was giddy like a school girl, impatient to see the man who could inspire thousands to fight for America. She had scoured his pamphlets and found his passion and wisdom awe-inspiring, more so than even Patrick Henry.

She snaked through the tight assembly, dodging elbows and arms thrust heavenward, pulling her gaggle to the front. Her heart beat like galloping horses, and the hammering tripled when she saw him. Tall, handsome, bundled in a long, black coat, his tricorne cap firmly on his head, Paine ignored the wind blowing his silver hair free from its stay.

He raised his gloved hand to heaven. "And in the fifteenth century, the whole English army, after ravaging the kingdom of France, was driven back like men petrified with fear; and this brave exploit was performed by a few broken forces collected and headed by a *woman*, Joan of Arc. Would that heaven might inspire some Massachusetts maid to spirit up her countrymen, and save her fair fellow sufferers

from ravage and ravishment!”

The crowd erupted into applause and shouts of support and encouragement. A kind of spiritual warmth spread over Pru. Thomas Paine believed even the women had much to contribute to the fight for freedom. She hugged Liberty tighter, kissed his bright pink cheek. He giggled at his mother’s affection. “I would do what needed doing to see the fruit of liberty come to this country for your future, my darling boy.” She glanced down the line of her children, her heart swelling. Oh, how she loved them and wanted freedom for them all. At any cost. “Freedom for all of you.”

We cannot live under the tyranny the King wishes to force upon us. We will be free, won't we, Lord? I feel it. I know it. America will have no king other than Jesus.

Paine slapped the podium in front of him. “What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly—”

Suddenly, fearful shouts broke out in the crowd, followed by the sounds of horses screaming. Gunfire erupted. The crowd surged in a panicked flow, wedging its way between Pru and her children. Silas’s hand was wrenched from hers. “Silas!” she screamed. But he was gone, obscured by the terrified river of men and women forcing past her. Pru tightened her grip on Liberty and screamed again. “Silas! Elise!” *Oh, dear God, may they hold on to each other.*

Liberty wailed in fear as soldiers on horseback swarmed the group. One animal lunged past her, hitting her shoulder. The impact nearly knocked her off her feet. “Silas! Elise!” Panic sliced through her as screams, barked orders, and gun smoke followed the panicked, retreating crowd.

Where were the children? She ran, stopped, pivoted into the strong current of people, scouring the faces around her in desperation. Oblivious to anything but finding her children, she did not see the mass of black hair riding down on her. A mountain of muscle, iron-shod hooves, driven by a man with a leering grin. There was a flash of glistening black boots, and a scarlet coat.

No time to run. Protect Liberty. Pru spun away from the behemoth, folding her body over the child.

The man on the horse yelled, “This is the cost of treason!”

The horse slammed into her like a boulder, sending her crashing to the ground. Searing pain burst behind her eyes, sharp and white-hot, as her skull bounced off the cobblestone. Liberty screamed but it ended suddenly.

Blood. Snow. Pru’s nonsensical thoughts scattered like leaves.

Then darkness...





Loved the sample? The full story of Defiant Ones: Prudence Wright by Heather Blanton is waiting for you on Amazon. Dive deeper into Prudence's journey — and unlock exclusive bonus content including discussion questions, historical facts, a timeline, a travel guide, and a link to the immersive audio series.

Purchase here

