I owned a small store in Paris. Named it Francois's Surplus. Whenever factories made too much, I sold it. I made quite a bit of money, discount goods were popular among the working class. I cannot say that my country's government was having a good time as me. The king, Louis XVI assumed the throne in a time of great fiscal trouble. The Assembly of Notables did not approve of the king's reforms, so he called upon the Estates General.   
 The king had this coming. Six weeks of deadlock and the Third Estate declaring themselves the National Assembly had the king worried. The king locked the National Assembly out, but they just met at a tennis court and pledged to write a constitution. Well that was that, the king could no longer push his agenda of solving the financial crisis with the National Assembly spreading the idea of power with the common people.   
 Normally, I would stay out of this whole political mess. Just one little problem now, a lot of bad harvests had raised bread prices too high for my community to handle. I lost customers and factories started to make less surplus for me to sell. The money I reserved for emergencies was robbed while people started fleeing from the coming king's royal forces. Might as well join the crowd of people at this point.   
 Following the crowd led me to the Bastille. I could not believe it, but I was swamped into the crowd and ended up raiding the Bastille. I thought that I might as well take a couple more weapons than necessary and sell it later. I was the first one to leave the crowd as the commander's and Paris's chief magistrate heads were stuck on pikes.  
 I returned to my shop with five guns and sack of coal. My shop used to belong to a blacksmith. I was a skilled working with metal as a hobby. I guess this time, I would be making gun parts modeled after the guns I took, and sold them.  
 I guess I got on the good side of the National Assembly. Once again, money was flowing into my store as I churned out ore gun parts. Several days later, one of my associates from whom I bought scrap metal from came into my store, and started to spew out everything about the Declaration of the Rights of Man and the Citizen. It was one heck of a declaration, it promised rights in liberty, property, security, resistance to oppression, free expression of ideas, equality before the law, and representative government. A couple months later, the Jacobin club arrived en masse at my shop and demanded I make weapons to help them overthrow the monarchy. The nervousness I had at the time could be seen seeping through my own eyes. The money loving part of me bargained with them, saying   
 "I would sell them to you at half price. I would likely go bankrupt before I finished making all the guns you want if I made it for free."   
 Their leader laughed and said "I like this guy, still thinking about making money!"  
 I had no idea if he was being sarcastic and going to order his subordinates to shoot me in my leg or something. The leader continued laughing for at least a minute before actually accepting my deal. Over the course of the next few months, I saw them overthrow the monarchy and establishing a republic. The republic was very disappointing. It did not deliver upon any of its promises. The Girondist faction of the Jacobin club was replaced with the Mountain faction, those people who sat on the highest benches of the Assembly. Serves the Girondist faction right for bothering me.  
 Robespierre personally visited my shop and told me how the whole Jacobin club was overturned like this.. The king was caught trying to flee, thus eliminating any popular support of the royalty. The newly elected National Covention convicted the King Louis XVI of treason and sentenced him to death by guillotine while declaring France a republic. The guillotine was to be a symbol of the revolution as it was a machine that beheaded people swiftly, embarrassing the rich and the poor alike. Rumors of counterrevolution from the rich kept the working-class angered. Nearly all members of the National Convention were from the working class, and nearly all of them were Jacobins. Robespierre confirmed that the Girondist faction was the one that gathered at my shop. Robespierre dominated the Mountains. Using the press and politcal clubs he united himself with the turbulent working class. He used his increasing strength to eliminate many of his enemies in the National Convention and placed executive power in the hands of the new Commitee of Public Safety, which sought out and punished enemies of the current revolution. He then left my shop after buying out my entire stock of guns.  
 With those sweeping changes came along rebellion and foreign invasion. He and his allies created a period of repression called the Reign of Terror. Hundreds of thousands of people were executed and imprisoned. Priests were forced to marry and the calendar was changed to 10 day weeks. I think at this point, he had gone insane. By the spring of 1794, the revolution was secure from enemies inside and outside, but the repression continued. Former allies of Robespierre were executed as well, throwing away the loyalty of any of his remaining partisans. The National Convention ended up executing him in July 1794, marking the end of The Terror stage of the French Revolution.   
 Mary Wollstonecraft, a well known advocate for feminism stopped by my shop as well. Is my shop a magnet for political figures or something? She was having a conversation with her friend, who was wondering why the people of Paris were so volatile. Wollstonecraft's answer to her was that the lower class had no confidence in the laws of the rich that only seemed to show to the lower class that they were only in the way of getting more rich.   
 I accidently let my mouth slip, saying "That's about right."  
She gave me a look like I was rude for eavesdropping and promptly left my shop. How rude.   
 Skip ahead about eight and a half years, and Napoleon Bonaparte walks into my shop. At this point, I was not even surprised. I asked him if he wanted to buy all the guns in my shop, and he just gave me a look like I was a magical mind reader. I just told him this was not the first time a military power wanted all my guns. Napoleon laughed. Here was the man who used his military reputation to unite the French, gave the Church some power, and continued denying women's rights, just laughing. I asked him if he was going to invade several countries or something.  
 "You really are a mind reader! I do plan on invading the Portuguese, the Spanish, and the Russians," he responded.  
 "Here we go again," I said with a hidden smile, knowing that France was in another mess.