

The Boston Massacre

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St. Elizabeth Ann Seton Grade: 8

DAR Chapter: Rachel Donelson

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My little sister Elizabeth and I were rushing down Main Street. I knew it was a bad idea because mom had specifically told us to not go near King Street but I didn't care. We were in a big hurry, I had to. Or that's what I've been telling myself all these years. As we rounded the corner onto Kings, I heard shouting.

"Oh no" I thought to myself. This is the very reason mom told us to avoid this part of town. She said that the people in this area were dangerous and to avoid them, otherwise we would get hurt. In the past month there have been fights between the RedCoats and the townspeople. One little boy was even killed because one of those cold-hearted beasts. I thought my mom was just being paranoid, but now I see that she was right though I would never admit it to anyone.

It looked as if another fight had broken out among the RedCoats and the Townspeople. I don't know what it was about, but that didn't matter anymore. All that mattered was that they were fighting. The people around them started to gather sticks and any other materials that had the potential to be deadly to the RedCoats. They started to band together and their shouting grew to be almost deafening.

I should've turned around and went the other way. Instead I couldn't move, it was as if my feet were stuck to the ground as I watched the scene unfold in front of me. Elizabeth whimpered and pulled on my coat sleeve trying to turn me around but I wouldn't budge. I wanted to see what happened next.

When I thought it could not get louder, the first shot rang out into the chilled air. It was the loudest thing I had ever heard, I jumped at the sound of it. I felt Elizabeth jump too, I heard her muffled cries as she buried her face in my coat. I knew in my head that I should run, pick up Elizabeth and run for our lives. For some reason I didn't, I was

drawn to the scene. I watched as the protesters charged at the Redcoats out of self preservation. Like a wounded animal backed into a corner, they were just trying to survive. A volley of shots cut through all of the commotion like a hot knife cutting through butter. The protesters scattered in panic and the bystanders cowered into the surrounding buildings.

It was as if I had woken from a nightmare, I regained control of my body and finally came to my senses. People were running in all directions, it was utter chaos. As a large group of people rushed toward us I grabbed Elizabeth and dragged her to the side so we wouldn't get trampled. After a big chunk of the crowd cleared out, I noticed that there were people still left in the square. I wondered why they weren't trying to leave like everyone else. That's when I noticed that some of them weren't moving. I counted three lifeless bodies all together. There were two others who weren't making an effort to leave, but I knew they were alive because I could hear them groaning in pain. There were about six people who were wounded but not as badly as the other two. One man was limping away, another one crawling, and one was being dragged away by a fellow protester. There was so much blood everywhere.

I dragged Elizabeth behind me as I ran back towards home. I didn't even stop when she told me she was tired, I just picked her up and kept running all the way home. I ran into the kitchen where mother was cooking supper. When she saw my face and how panicked I looked she called Father into the kitchen and had me explain everything. Elizabeth was still crying by the time I finished talking about what we had seen.

By the time I was finished talking, my Mother scolded me for going where I wasn't supposed to go. Then she embraced me and had me sit down at the kitchen table while she made me some tea and finished supper. From that point on I swore to never go near that area again. Little did I know what was going to happen next.

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