

The Boston Massacre

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St. Elizabeth Ann Seton Grade: 8

DAR Chapter: Rachel Donelson

Word Count: 692

Dear diary,

It is quite a relief to be in my warm bed after what happened earlier today. I can not quite figure how to feel about all of this. Mother and I were in town, running errands and picking up items from the market. It was getting late and we were about to make our way home. That is when I heard it. It was a loud boom, and a lot of shouts. Mother and I did not know what to do. We had quite a lot of things to carry home, but she told me to stay quiet and calm. I really did not have time to feel anything, as everything seemed to happen extremely fast.

Many other people in the stores were extremely frightened and did not know what to do. As I was looking out the window I saw so many people running and looking terrified. Then I saw him fall. He was a large, bulky man. I am not quite sure of his name, but I knew I was scared. Mother pulled my arm and said that we absolutely had to leave. We both knew that we could have gotten badly injured, or worse, killed.

We oddly left the store without a word, and no one noticed. We only took what we needed for the house and made a run for it. We were about halfway home when I fell and badly scraped my knee. I assumed I'll be fine, I probably just need to bandage it up a bit. I was so frightened that I did not feel it that much, so I got up and continued to sprint alongside Mother. When we got to the gate I was completely out of breath. I stopped and rested my hands on my knees, forgetting that I was hurt.

Mother noticed and rushed me inside to clean the gash on my knee. She kept apologizing as if any of this was her fault. I tried to calm her down by saying "It is not your fault Mother please do not worry." But she was so startled and sorry that I had to run that long distance home. I kept asking her questions, but she

was responding with that same thing each time, “Darling, I have absolutely no idea what happened, please stop asking.” But I don’t know I just could not stop.

While Mother was wrapping my gash, she was telling me about what we still needed to get from town. When she had finished, she started to cook some chicken. I could not eat anything. I was sick to my stomach, as if I would throw up right there. She kept insisting that I eat, but I kept telling her that I simply could not. I at least drank some water, but that was not much. I just closed my eyes and pretended it was all a dream. I knew those soldiers were not any good from the day they arrived.

I slowly started to calm myself, but everything was still a little too hard to believe. The warmth of the house was slowly comforting me, as I was still frantic. I could not and still cannot comprehend what had just happened on King Street. I felt as if everything had been a huge dream. Then I realized Father still wasn’t home and I was even more worried. I asked Mother and she looked even more worried as well. She said “I had perfectly forgotten about your father! He will be home in a few hours. Do not worry!” But she was obviously trying to hide her real thoughts.

I was even more worried about Mother now. But what if Father does not come home? I know we will not be able to sleep soundly until he arrives back home. But after Mother said that, I decided to give up and get ready for bed. So I combed through my knotty hair and tried to think positively. I can already feel myself losing my mind over all this, so I better try to get at least two hours of sleep. It will be completely better than none.