

The morning sunlight slices through the window in my bedroom, alerting me to the day ahead and waking me from my peaceful slumber. I reach my arms heavenward, my fingertips itching to scrape the sky. I step over to the window, and gaze at the beautiful view. My night shift is hanging below my ankles, my brown hair trailing down my back.

“Nabby, come downstairs, now!”

A sigh escapes my throat. It’s Father, so predictable, interrupted not by the stunning sky with the beautiful tumbling clouds. With a thud, I collapse back down onto the bed.

“Abigail!”

A warning cry from the floor below, and I lurch to my feet, regaining my balance, as I ready for the new day, March fifth in the Year of Our Lord seventeen hundred and seventy.

Stumbling away from the comfortable safety of my bed brings me to the maple cabinet where my clothes are kept. I thrust the door open and examine the interior with a critical eye. After a moment, I select the blue dress with white petticoats beneath it. A matching blue parasol completes the outfit. Finally, I carefully entwine pearl necklaces ‘round my neck.

“One thing is missing,” I murmur as I examine the mirror thoughtfully. “Ahh,” I whisper, angry with myself for forgetting something of such importance. I clasp a brush and drag it through my hair ‘till it shines like the sun.

After a glance to the mirror I gallop down to the base of the stairs. Standing before me with an impatient look etched into the lines of his worn face is Father, tapping his foot to a consistent beat.

“It is not my outing I am preparing,” Father cries, throwing his hands up in despair at my timing. “I do not have to take you to the butcher, the baker, and the scribe, but I am!”

“Yes,” I respond. “Because you love me, Father.”

I still see disapproval in his face, but Father turns and stomps noisily out the door. After a moment, I follow him, only to be cut short by a hand thrust before my eyes.

“Mother!” I cry, trying to step past her and out into the bustling street, but Mother will not let up.

“Abigail,” Mother murmurs, her eyes searching mine. “Tell your Father, my beloved Mr. Adams, to return with you by half past the hour,”

“Why?” I ask foolishly, though I know the answer.

“You know very well young lady that the soldiers come out then!” Mother snaps, with a very uncharacteristically sharp tone. “Just be careful, and tell your Father to do the same, I fear Boston’s streets are no longer safe.”

After gently pushing Mother’s hand aside, I turn and rush for the door, hoping to catch up with Father before he begins to acknowledge my absence. It is at times like these when I feel that Father or, Mr. John Adams, lawyer, never sees me, never sees the dark shining brown hair, or the bright blue eyes, or the sparkling pearl necklace. All that he sees are the problems of justice and injustice that he must deal with in order to keep

our home safe. Finally we approach the butcher's stall, and Father opens his mouth to strike a deal, when I hear the dreaded sound of marching feet. I feel fear pulsing through Father's movements; we have been here too long. Young ladies should not be around when the soldiers come out.

“Right, left, front!” cries the lead soldier.

Even from a distance, I can see their bright gleaming red uniforms, the English, the enemy. Their feet trample down the small grasses lining the cobblestones of King Street, and then suddenly they stop, as an apprentice from the wigmaker's shop, Edward Gerrish, comes running towards them and starts yelling. All six soldiers turn to listen to him, but the flashes in their eyes tell that their patience is waning. Even across the distance, I can tell that Edward is insulting them. I am able make out a few words:

“Never paid... Highest quality wig... Master will see to you!”

After seemingly getting his message across, Edward steps back, glaring after the soldiers as they march down the street. Trembling, I clutch Father's arm and we hurry towards the baker's. Quickly, Father and I round a corner and almost run directly into Edward who is standing in front of yet another British soldier. The only thing between them is a small mound of snow that has yet to melt.

“Mr. Gerrish...” I caution, attempting to lead him away from the soldier, but Edward bends down and packs a snowball into his clenched fist. Before I can stop him, the apprentice hurls the snowball at the Lobsterback... and then there was a musket in Edward's face. A cry from the soldier calls the other six to him in a matter of seconds, until all seven soldiers stand before us, guns in hand.

Terrified, I yank at Father's sleeve and pull him away from the dreadful scene. Captain Preston, the leader of the soldiers, steps forward and starts to raise his gun, but Edward yells for help, and a group of civilians from nearby shops gather around. The entire mob picks up stones, and clubs, anything that can do damage, to hurl at the soldiers. After a few heart wrenching minutes, the soldiers pick up their muskets and fire five shots into the crowd. Two civilians fall instantly; three stagger but do not fall. A scream wrenches from my throat as the soldiers are dragged away by the rest of the mob, and Father runs after them, leaving me to face the dead and wounded. I run over to a black man, a sailor by the looks of him, and lift up his head, which merely lolls onto my arm. Sadly, I bend over and close his eyes gently and murmur,

“Be at peace, savior of Boston.”

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