**Name:\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

**For Crown or Colony: American Revolution Game**

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| slaveryfreedmanslaveartisan | apprenticemasterpatriotcontractprinter | journeymanredcoat Seven Year’s War merchant |

My dear Mother and Father,

I thank you for signing the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ with Mr. Edes. While he does not strike me as the kindest of men, so far he has been a very fair \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ to me, and I hope he will decide to take me on here as his \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. Of course, I understand that there wasn’t much future for me in Uxbridge. Even though Christopher went off to fight in the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ against the French, Samuel will stay on with you, and so it makes good sense for me to be here in Boston learning a trade rather than to have remained at home. Perhaps I will someday become a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ printer at Mr. Edes’s shop, and when you come to visit me, I will announce it in the newspaper. Maybe some day, I will have a shop of my own and be a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_!

Boston is a rather puzzling place compared to Uxbridge. You know, Mother and Father, many of the citizens of Boston look unfavorably on the British soldiers here. They call them \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ or lobsters! On my first day, I was to sell some advertisements for the newspaper. I wandered up and down the streets, which are filled with the shops of various \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, cabinetmakers, blacksmiths, chandlers, coopers, potters, leathersmiths and more. It’s a busier and more interesting city than ever I imagined. I met a girl who had lost her dog, Thimble. I told her I worked for the \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and that she might take out an ad announcing that fact. She said she would. At the harbor, I met yet another man, named Solomon. He was a black man, but he was a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and not a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. He seemed as good a man as any white man I have ever met. Yet there might be an advertisement for a runaway dog next to one for a runaway slave! I don’t really understand \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, truth be told.

A person is not a horse or a table. How can good people presume to own another person?

I met a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ named Paul Revere who made no secret that he opposes Americans importing goods from England. And then I met yet another man, a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ named Mr. Lillie, who feels importation of goods from England is a normal and necessary part of trade.

There is a lot to do, and a lot to think about. I will write you often about my progress. I pray you and Samuel are well. Your grateful and loving son, Nat

**Part 2**

1. What is the difference between a Patriot and a Loyalist?

2. What is Liberty tea? Why does the drink have this name?

3. Who is Christopher Seider? What has happened to him? Why and how did it happen?

**A CHILD DIES**

Think about what you already know about the death of Christopher Seider. Now imagine this similar, contemporary situation: a group of adults go to protest a dealership that sells imported cars in your neighborhood. The protesters feel that when imports are made available, fewer American cars will be sold, and so fewer American workers will have jobs. A group of boys you know from school passes by. It looks like fun, so they join the protest. An angry man appears on the scene and yells at everyone to go home. The protesters hoot and boo and ignore him, but some of the boys laugh and throw rocks at the man. His wife, who is with him, gets hit. This angers him. He goes into a building. The boys throw rocks at the windows and break them. Suddenly, the man appears at one of the windows, points a shotgun at the crowd and fires. One of your schoolmates is shot, and he later dies.

a. Think about this for a few minutes: Whose fault is it? The owner of the dealership? The protesters? The group of boys? The angry man? The man’s wife? The boy who got shot? Explain your reasoning. If you feel more than one person is at fault, explain your thinking about that.

b. Do you feel that a crime has been committed, or that this was just a terrible accident? Explain why.

c. If the person who died had been an adult, would this seem as sad? If it was a girl? If it was a man in his nineties? Explain your reasoning.

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| importhomespuntaxes | exportprotestLoyalist | effigyboycottTownshend Acts |

My dear Mother and Father,

You know that I have always been proud to be a British subject. I have even thought that someday I might visit England and see the king. But the events of the last few hours have awakened doubts I feel I must relate to you. Mr. Edes made it clear to me that, in his opinion, to \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ British goods, even necessities like paper or tea, is in some way evil. I overheard a conversation in which Mrs. Edes said she would rather take the time and effort to make and wear clothing of \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, rough as it is, than to enrich an Englishman who would \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ fine cloth to America while the King collected \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ from Americans on the trade. She feels there should be a \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of all British goods.

I found a newspaper article that identifies the American merchants who are \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and who continue to import British goods despite the taxes levied on them as a result of the hateful \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. I must keep my distance from these men when I go out to sell because Mr. Edes would never accept a ha’penny’s business from them. I believe that for Mr. and Mrs. Edes, for a great many people in this city, the very word “Importer” has become a profanity!

Until today, I felt it was not my place to take sides. But now things have changed. Remember Mr. Lillie, about whom I wrote you yesterday? A crowd of people gathered near his store this morning to \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ against his continued trade with England. A neighbor of his, Mr. Richardson, also a Loyalist, was roughed up by the crowd. His wife was hit by an egg. In response, he went to his roof, loaded his musket and snapped off a shot at the protestors. A boy younger than I am, Christopher Seider, was cut down, and later today, he died of his wounds, may G-d have mercy on his soul! I have overheard talk of a further protest in which an \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of Mr. Richardson will be hung from a limb of the Liberty Tree. And I have heard some plans about Poor Christopher’s funeral about which I will write further after it is done.