Hey David! Look what I found! It is a notebook and the English looks ancient. I’ll read it out loud. I am mark Johnson, and I am going to tell you how I got to America, and how I got into the revolutionary war. It starts like this I was telling a friend, I must go to America! It is my last chance to escape the jaws of the English government! He said “ you have a point that we should go to America, but how? We are poor and I don’t like the thought of being an indentured servant. Suddenly I heard a knock on the door. It was my mom. She told me that a load of tea was going to America, she didn’t like the tea act and she thought it was a stupid idea send tea to the Americans with such a high tax. The tea they were sending gave me an idea. I’ve got it! We could be stowaways. They both looked at me then looked at each other and laughed, and laughed, and laughed, until it was quite annoying. I stood up and said “well who is with me? They just laughed harder, I was sad that they wouldn’t come with me. But the boat would leave tomorrow and I had work to do. I ran to the docks. Slowly and quietly. I jumped into the freezing water. I swam to the boat. A window on the boat was open. I was surprised that they had windows at all. I climbed through and found where the tea was. I broke a box with the knife I had brought and I climbed into the box. I latched up the box to make it look normal. I stared in that position for days, weeks, months until one day we stop moving and I knew I would need to stay until I was taken away. I waited. Suddenly I heard calls and angry voices. Before I knew it I was being lifted up! I was being tossed in a small box around and around until I heard a splash! Then more splashes. I then felt icy cold water lapping onto my arm! I had been thrown into the water! I gathered my wits and took my knife out and cut the box open. I was half drown and half bruised. I had no idea where I was. I swam to shore. I hid until my raggedy cloths were dry. I talked and found out that I was in Boston Massachusetts. Then I went to ask someone on the streets about why tea had been thrown into the water. I asked a strong grim man. Apparently he was one of the men that threw the tea into the ocean. He told me that there was taxation without representation. Like everyone else I asked what on earth that was. He explained that the king put a tax (apparently a high tax) on tea and they wanted no one to pay the tax so they dumped the tea into the ocean. I got tons of information and I decided to… um David, there is a rip in the page. OH! It’s not ripped. It’s just folded over! I’ll read on. I decided to join the cause for the freedom of America. Soon after lots of protesting a war broke out. Long hard years of nothing but blood. I was in battle when I felt a sharp piercing pain in the back of my neck I yelped and grabbed my neck. I felt blood but it wasn’t a bullet hole. I noticed that right when I felt the pain a man dropped his gun. I think that his bayonet cut my neck. I am in a room with a nurse I am 38 years old and I am feeling faint. Hey David, It stops here. Wow what a story I think it was this mark Johnson’s life. Wonder if it’s true? Let’s get into a museum, ok? Sure, let’s head!