

**December 7<sup>th</sup>, 1765**

It was early morning when I set foot on my front yard and I smelled the fresh smell of soft butter biscuits. I noticed we were in dire need of supplies. So I grabbed some of my crops and told Kiara, my slave to come with me to the market. I was asking myself what kind of things might we talk out when we get there.

As Kiara and I walked towards Mr. May shop we notice him talking to a tax collector. When we arrived the collector had left. I asked what happened and she said that the king had passed a new act called the stamp act. He said that all paper products were to have tax on them and too approved with a stamp on them. This outraged me, my blood came to a boil and we got into a heated discussion about the acts. I also saw that Mr. Mays beard was as majestic as a wild mustang on the prairie.

We first talked about how we couldn't move westward beyond the Appalachian Mountains due to Proclamation of 1763. The intolerable acts were set in place a week ago. With Boston not being able to receive anything from the port, we can't receive our goods. With Britain not allowing Massachusetts to hold town meetings they are going to revolt. With the colonists having to house British soldiers they don't have enough for themselves. I soon fear that we might not be able to keep our deep longing hatred under control. I told Mr. May that all of the taxing is because of the French and Indian war. Britain spent too much money and they tax us to repay all those whom they borrowed money from, those scandals. I told Mr. May that this taxation without representation was not to continue anymore!



When Kiara and I left I was still aggravated about the new act she had told me. On the way home I was quite and everything went downhill from there because I saw the same tax collector awaiting me at my front door. His name was Mr. Togglebottom. He was saying I had to pay taxes on things that I had already purchased. I was outraged beyond belief, so I took him outback and killed Mr. Togglebottom.

When we returned back to the house, a henchmen for the king waited on our porch. “Kiara, go ahead and begin making dinner.”

Not a minute later, I rushed into the kitchen, eager to inform my friends of the news of the day.

“Junie! Helga! Come close, I have much to tell you!” We gathered around the stove by the fire, the loud pop and crackle drowning out our whispers.

“Yes, apparently they released a new set of laws. Somethin’ called the “Intolerable Acts”.

“What does it do!?” They chimed in unison.

“Whoa, Let me start from the beginning”

The smell of butter and bread filled the air as we pulled the biscuits out of the oven, a signal to the days beginning. Soon after, the household’s owners began making their way down the stairs to their dining room. A clamor began to rise as they waited for their food; which was something they were normally not used to.



“Mama, I’m so very hungry...” I heard some of the kids cry.

I looked down at the food grudgingly. Normally we would put sprinkles of sugar over the children’s grapefruit, but not today. Ever since the Sugar Tax, we had to start conserving the little sugar we had. Not to mention those good-for-nothing tax collectors. All they do is come by and harass you- I swear, if they come by here again, I’ll give them a real lesson in cooking!

As we set the plates down in front of the children, the evidence of their displeasure began coloring their face. “Papa! There’s no sugar!” Their cries grew louder until it rang through the whole estate. “Enough!” Bishope said, a small frown creasing his forehead. He stood, motioning for me to follow. “I will go and get you your sugar. Kiara, come with me.” He stormed out after that, leaving behind the troubles of his children to his wife.

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The market was a busy and crowded place; dust filled the air as merchants called for your attention. There was only one shop that Bishope went to though, Ms. May’s Warehouse. As we began making our way towards the store, a newspaper boy rushed past us, flyer’s littering the ground as he did so. A painting of an Indian and American fighting illustrated the paper, the title being “Protect our country!”.

I couldn’t help be a bit scornful about this, “damn politicians..” I muttered, shaking my head. The pandemonium of the market was left outside as we entered the store; Bishope already knowing what he wanted headed straight for the counter. “What happened?” I glanced over at them as I stood in the corner,



listening silently. Ms. May's face soured as she began retelling the news the Tax Collector had left her with. Apparently, the king had passed something called "The Stamp Act". All I could understand from it was that it put a tax on paper. Next thing you know they'll be taxing the very air we breathe!

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