

Dear Diary,

This letter will never be sent, I will tear it up and burn it in tonight's fire like I wish I could do the British government. If I could write to King George I would say something like this.

To King George and Parliament,

My name is Fred Thompson. I live on the frontier in Pennsylvania. My family is originally from Scotland and Ireland. We migrated looking for what we thought would be religious freedom and an increase in my families wealth, fairness, and a happy life. I moved to the Americas but I am not American, nor am I in any way british. I am a small scale farmer who grows wheat and I probably have no significance to you, a 56 year old man with a wife and three kids. You must see me as nothing with no worth to make me move my whole life for no reason other than to keep peace with savages. We used to live on the crest of the Appalachian mountains on my farm, until the Proclamation of 1763 forced my family and I to leave. I just don't understand why those Indians were given MY land when I had already been settled there. We created a life there and we were happy, and I am taking it back. I fought in the war for you, the "mother country", and this is how I am repaid. I came here to be free, not controlled and not poor, yet what we experienced in Ireland is better treatment then we receive here. The hatred that I have toward you is immense almost indescribable. Although to an extent I'm not surprised you are all greedy and care about no one, especially the good of the colonies. "Purchased land from the Indians", never I will just take it.

Sincerely,
Fred Thompson

Dear King George and Parliament,

My name is Henry Smith. I am a publisher from New York. I am a white, 34 year old man and I live in a larger house by myself. I went to the Stamp Act Congress, where we as colonists discussed our concerns about the Stamp Act that was recently enforced. When the freedom of the press was brought to light by my idol, John Peter Zenger, it showed me how important protecting our liberties was. This was the very reason I became a publisher. I am writing this letter to you to express my grievances that are common among the rest of us.

Being a publisher, I was especially upset when I heard about this act. Not just because a tax was placed on my publications, but because this was another act where us colonists had no say in what happened. We don't want taxation without our voices being represented.

I am very angry with this assault on our liberties, and I know that I am not alone. Many of my brethren share my same concerns and anger. I've heard about the assault on the stamp distributor, Andrew Oliver. I want to let you know that these acts of violence will not stop until our voices are heard. We want to keep our loyalty to the Crown, but not at the cost of our freedom.

From an angry publisher,
Henry Smith

Dear King George and Parliament,

My name is Thomas Attucks. I am the cousin of Crispus Attucks. My cousin was the first killed in the Boston Massacre. I am extremely sad and angry that something like this could happen. My cousin was innocent! He was unarmed! He did not have to die. This injustice cannot stand. My cousin should not have died that day.

You dirty British have no right to remain in our city. You have brought misery and destruction to Boston. Your outrageous Townshend Acts have yet again become an example of taxation without representation. It is astonishing how much you belittle us citizens, how you treat us as if we are below you. Being from African decent, I have always been treated as inferior, but this is an outrage. I have never been treated so badly before than by you British.

Crispus was a good man. He was standing up for his rights as a sailor, and standing up for his fellow sailors around him. Yet you dirty rats took his life away from him. I grew up with Crispus and noting has shattered my heart more than hearing the news of his death.

I hope you British get what is coming to you. You've torn my life apart, and I will not stand it any longer.

From,
Thomas Attucks