

Juliana
Heidel.

William's Freedom

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William Smith lived in a big house outside of Boston with his family, all a sixteen year old could ask for. But, William wanted more. He wanted freedom to have opinions and choices. However, William lived in a household that only supported King George III. This was hard for William, but what made it even harder was his parents didn't want William to be independent. They didn't care that he was 16 and could begin to make his own decisions. All William wanted was freedom from his parents, but how was he supposed to tell them?

Later that night, William sat down at the dinner table with anticipation. He had something to say, but how to say it? There was something inside him that told him he had to. He knew that if he didn't say something, he never would. William closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, and takes a chance that he knew would never come again and says with

a confidence he didn't even know he had, "Dad, I am going to join the militia against the British."

William waited until his father responded with "Son, your mother and I would be proud for you to join the British army."

William was furious. William fired back with, "Dad, I don't want to be one of the men who steal our freedom. I want to fight for freedom from the king. I don't think you understand. All my life has been obeying mom and dad, and you're always right. Dad, you don't even pay attention to me. Dad, do you really care what I want? Or, do just care about yourself." William realized what he had done before his parents reacted. He ran out of the house, mounted his horse, Andrew, and galloped into the night.

After a few hours of riding, Andrew was tired. William stopped in a clearing in the woods. He will camp there tonight. William had a hard time sleeping; he was thinking about what he had said to his dad. Did he mean it?

After a long night, William woke up to yelling. He heard a British voice. It took him a moment to realize where he was. That he wasn't at home. William got up and grabbed his horse by the reins to check out what was happening.

There were hundreds of British soldiers and a lot less militiamen. William was watching, and waiting to see what would happen. "Boom!" a gunshot rang out. He had no idea where it came from. All of a sudden, there were gunshots everywhere. He saw a guy shot and lying on the ground, so William picked up the gun and started shooting. All he was thinking was that this is where he was meant to be, that a battle happened at the exact time that he wanted to join the militia. Then, as soon as it began, it was over.

William heard a voice. He turned around to see a man. He wasn't sure if he was wounded or just sitting there but the

militiaman stood up. "Hey kid, what are you doing here?" William didn't know what to say. He just stared for a minute. "Hey kid, are you alright?"

"Yes, yes sir." William muttered. "I want to fight for freedom with you."

"How old are you, boy?" the militiaman asked.

"I am sixteen years old," William answered, standing up straight.

"My name is Robin Taylor. Nice to meet you. I can take you to John Parker. He is the one you want to talk to about joining us. He led us today."

"Thank you. My name is William Smith," William said as Robin led him to John Parker.

"John, this is William. He wants to join us protecting our freedom."

John says, "welcome to our brotherhood, William."

William finally felt like he belonged.