

VOLUME 1
DANIEL DAWSEN
FREEDOM FIGHTER

Written and Illustrated by
Julianne Skousen Kimber

*A story for young people
about a family who lived through the
Revolutionary War of the 1700s*

This series is dedicated
to today's young people in America
who may have the
challenge and opportunity
to stand up for and defend freedom
in their own lifetime.

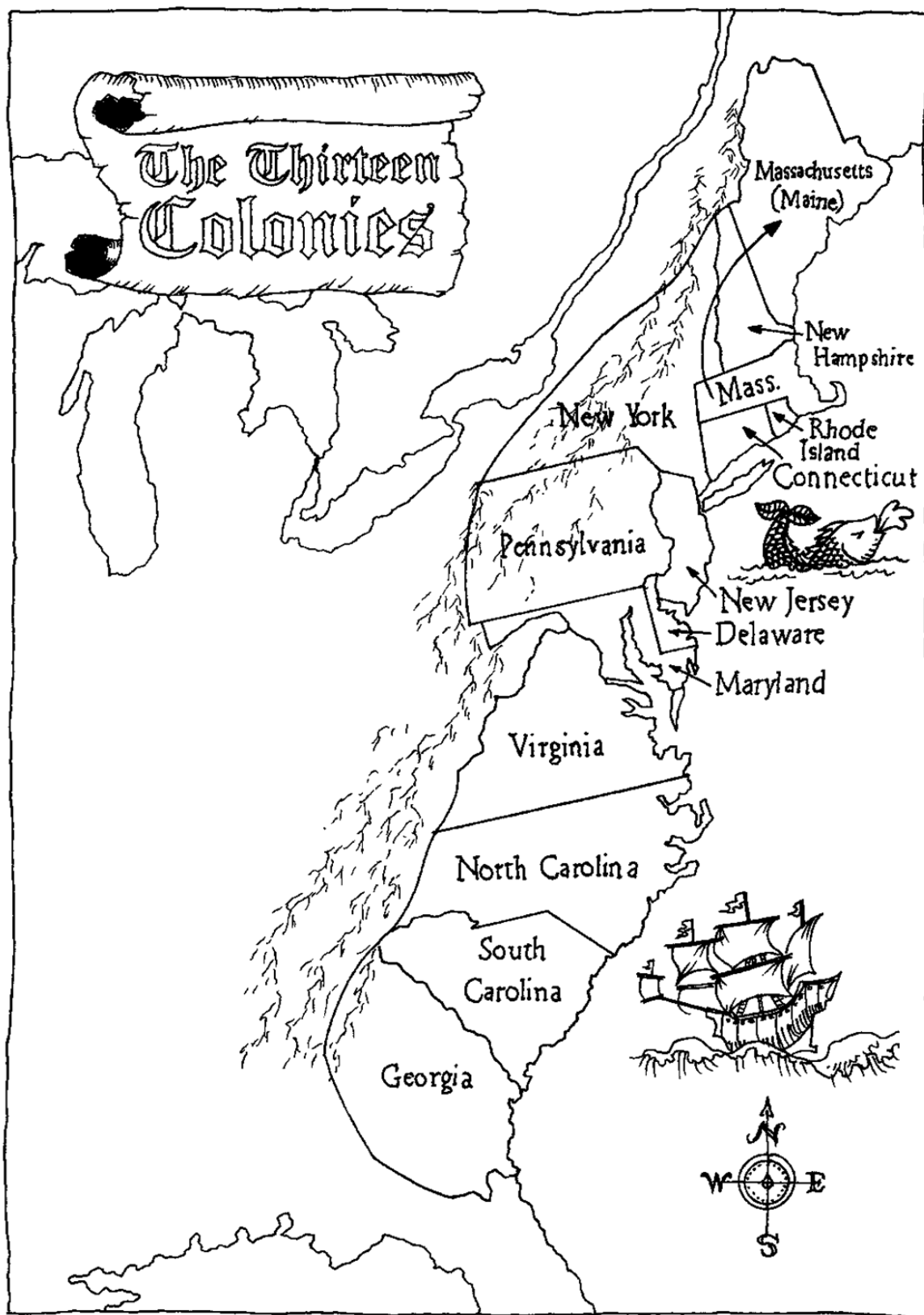


© Julianne Skousen Kimber 2010, 2022
Published by Textbook Publishers
Grouse Creek, Utah

All Rights Reserved.

061022jk

ISBN 9781630729486





King George III

CHARACTERS OF THE BOOK

Authentic historical figures mentioned in this volume:

BRITISH

King George III, of England
Lord North, King George's confidant and member of Parliament
Governor Francis Bernard, the King's appointee over the colony of Massachusetts
Thomas Hutchinson, successor to Governor Bernard
Private Hugh White, British guard at the Custom House, Boston
Colonel James Preston, leader of the British guard in Boston
Frances Rotch, captain of one of the king's tea ships

AMERICAN COLONISTS

James Otis, Colonial statesman, and orator
Samuel Adams, Colonial leader; formed the Sons of Liberty
John Adams, patriot and Colonial leader, later U.S. President
Josiah Quincy, lawyer, patriot, defense for the British -- Preston's trial
Thomas Young, physician and organizer of the Boston Tea Party
Ed Garrick – Revolutionary at the Boston Massacre
Samuel Gray, James, Caldwell, Samuel Maverick, Patrick Carr, victims of the Boston Massacre
Crispus Attucks, African-American victim of the Boston Massacre
Paul Revere, patriot and promotor of Independence

Fictitious people, created by the author:

BRITISH

Anthony Haws, British officer
Jonas Webster, British soldier, assistant to Anthony Haws

AMERICAN COLONISTS

Thomas Dawsen, colonist, shipping merchant – Daniel's father
Abigail (Abby) Dawsen, wife of Thomas – Daniel's mother
Daniel Dawsen, oldest and only son of Thomas
Becky Dawsen, younger sister of Daniel
Robert Cranston, Boston leader
Ginny Cranston, wife of Robert, Thomas Dawsen's aunt
Mr. George Williams, neighbor of the Dawsen family
"Corky" Baines, prisoner
Josiah Blake, captain of Thomas Dawsen's two ships
Ebenezer Swift, shipmaster who replaced Blake
Hans Ludwig and his family, German watch/clock maker in Boston
Jonathan Hess, Daniel's friend and Son of Liberty



PREFACE

This is the story of Daniel Dawsen, a young boy who grew up during the 1700s in America.

Daniel Dawsen is not an actual person who lived at that time. He and his fictitious family were invented by the author. Through this story, it is hoped readers will experience the feeling of living in the bewildering, exciting, and dangerous 1700s. The adventures that happened to the Dawsen family did happen to colonist families in America over 250 years ago. If tyranny were ever to return to the United States, similar scenes could be repeated.

George the Third of England was crowned King at the age of 22. This young, handsome king was well-liked, and a majority of the citizens who lived in the English-owned colonies in America respected him as their sovereign leader. At the time, England was the most powerful empire in the world.

King George the Third was the first king in three generations to be a true English king. His father and great-grandfather were from Germany and had shown little interest in the affairs of England. Neither of them could even speak English! So when George the Third was born and raised in England, people felt they would finally have a true and loyal ruler who understood the ways of the English people.

But, as the reader will soon discover, something went very wrong.

Our story begins in the year 1760. There were nearly 2 million Englishmen living in the British colonies. Young George the Third has been King of England for only a few short months. In America, George Washington was 28 years old and employed by King George as a surveyor of new lands in the colonies. He was only five years older than the new king.

How could the American colonists know that these two Georges would become bitter enemies?



Chapter One

"Quiet, Spwinger! You have to be good!"

Two stately riders in bright red uniforms guided their horses towards the open gate. As they turned towards the house, the dog's muscles tensed, his ears perked up, and with eyes steady, a low growl threatened in his throat. Five-year-old Becky shivered and gripped the dog's collar.

When the strutting horses clomped through the gate, Springer suddenly bared his teeth and barked furiously.

"Stop it, Spwinger!" she commanded. "They won't hurt you if you don't get mad at them!"

Becky held the dog tighter as she watched the men dismount from their fine horses. She didn't like the tall man who had a long nose and half-shut eyes. He glanced suspiciously around the yard. But Becky thought the short fat one looked funny with his powdered wig sitting crooked on his head.

The tall one adjusted his red coat and vest and approached. "I say, young miss. Is your father in the house?"

The barking dog was distracting her. "I – I'm not sure. I don't think so. But maybe." The two men walked forward.

"You will stay right where you are!" a voice demanded from the doorway. Becky turned to see her mother standing rigidly, holding a long wooden spoon.

The tall one, smirked as he bowed a little, and the fat one laughed. Maybe she was going to beat that dog with a wooden spoon!

The tall one spoke again. "Begging your pardon, Madame, but we have business with a Mr. Thomas Dawsen. We have reason to believe that..."

Becky's mother interrupted him. "If you have business with my husband, you can meet him in town."

"But Madame," he replied, "He is not in town. You see, we followed him here." The man stepped forward, "To be sure, we know that he has..."

Suddenly Springer leaped from Becky's grasp and lunged toward the man and stood on all fours, barking and ready to pounce. Becky shot up in alarm. She covered her ears as the angry dog slowly advanced toward the officers as if preparing to attack, barking ferociously.

"Springer!" shouted Becky's mother. "Come back!" The dog advanced threateningly, and the men stepped back. The two horses tossed their heads nervously.

In fear, the fat officer turned around and reached for the reins of his horse. If only the horse would stand still, he could get up on it!

The tall man looked at the snarling dog with disgust and kicked at him with a big black boot.

"How dare you!" cried Becky's mother.

In tears, Becky called again, "Spwinger! Pwease! Come back!"

The loyal dog glanced back towards the porch where Becky and her mother stood. The hair on the barking dog's neck rose threateningly as he turned to face the men again, his bared teeth dripping.

"Madame," demanded the tall one. "We insist that you control your dog. We are officers of the Crown and we have important business here with..."

But at that moment, Springer leaped upon the tall officer. The man jumped aside, and the dog's teeth shredded his red sleeve instead of his entire arm.

The force of the dog's leap thrust the tall man against his horse, which reared up and plunged against the horse next to it. The plump officer had one foot in the stirrup and hopped around clumsily trying to mount. But being knocked about he suddenly found himself sprawled on the ground.

That was Springer's chance. The dog pounced on the fat one with vigor. It all happened so fast that no one had time to react.

"Call off your dog! Call off your dog!" screamed the fat officer, rolling on the hard ground. His powdered wig was nowhere to be seen.

Becky's mother raced down the steps. "Springer!" she shouted running towards him. "Stop! Come here!" But the alarmed horses were rearing and whinnying at the dog's furious attack and she couldn't get close. The tall man just watched, much amused. The fat one was scrambling out from underneath the horses' hooves, trying to get away from the dog who was now tugging fiercely on the toe of his boot.

Becky watched fearfully from the porch. She saw blood on the fat man's hand. Springer was out of control. No one knew what to do.

Suddenly Becky screamed, "Mama! Look out!"

The tall officer had pulled a long pistol from under his coat. There was a dreadful look on his face as he pointed the gun. Becky and Abby screamed as a terrible explosion shook the air.

Behind the house by the barn, 11-year-old Daniel and his father had unhitched the horses and were desperately trying to work the canvas over the last of the crates in their wagon. But when they heard the gunshot, they dropped everything and raced at top speed towards the front yard.

As they rounded the corner of the house, a streak of brown fur sped past them, yelping for all it was worth. Daniel glanced back to see Springer heading towards the tool shed behind the barn.

When they reached the front yard, Mr. Dawsen and Daniel stopped and gaped at the two British officers. One was sitting on the ground, clutching a bloody hand, and the other officer stood holding a smoking pistol with a smirk of triumph on his face.

Mr. Dawsen sprinted up the porch where his wife was consoling the sobbing Becky. "Are you two all right?"

Frightened and trembling, she looked up at her husband. "Becky couldn't keep Springer back. Neither could I." She continued to soothe Becky, caressing her head with trembling fingers.

Daniel hurried up the porch steps, sat down next to Becky, and put his arm around her. "It's alright, Becky. Papa will take care of these men."

"But what—what about Spwinger?" she sobbed.

"He ran to the tool shed. I'm going to check on him right now. Don't worry." Daniel gave her a reassuring squeeze and then hurried off.

Mr. Dawsen stepped off the porch and stood firmly before the officers, hands on his hips.

"I know you," he said to the tall one. "You are Anthony Haws. Customs officer. What business do you have with us, and why did you shoot our dog?"

"You should teach your dog better manners, Mr. Dawsen," replied Haws, replacing the pistol in his waistband.

With the same haughty smirk, he looked down his long nose. "Next time I will not be so kind. Had the ladies not been present, I most assuredly would have destroyed that savage animal."

"Oh!" cried Becky, burying her face in her mother's apron.

Anthony Haws reached down and helped his whimpering friend, who was still struggling to get up off the ground.

"Come, Webster," he said. "We shall see that justice is done." Webster finally regained his balance and fumbled to find his wig in the dried weeds near the gate. He shook it out, slapped it a few times, and unceremoniously set the wig on his sweaty bald head.

His cheeks were very red now, as well as his eyes. "Your neighbors go to prison for fewer offenses than this!"

With his one good hand, he tried to straighten the lop-sided wig. "I'll have that mongrel dog of yours shot and skinned, by order of the Crown! And boiled in oil to finish the job!" he raged.

"Oh, pwease!" Becky wailed. "Pwease don't boil Spwinger!"

Daniel, had he been there, might have laughed out loud at that remark. But Mr. Haws was the only one who reacted. With a sniff, he said to his partner, "Perhaps a dressing on your wound would suffice for the moment. Madame, would you be so kind?"

"If *you* would be so *kind*," Mr. Dawsen said stepping closer. "Get off my property!"

From the porch, his wife remarked, "It's all right, Thomas. I can at least bind the wound. It wasn't his fault." She took Becky by the hand and the two stepped inside. Anthony Haws looked at Mr. Dawsen as if to say "Ha!" But he said nothing.

Mr. Dawsen was extremely unhappy about that. Reluctantly, he said, "We shall dress your wound. After that, I will be enormously pleased to escort you off my property."

He turned to go inside, then turned back. "Both of you wait out here."

Anthony Haws took Webster by the arm and led the limping one towards the house.

"Oh! exclaimed Webster, stumbling on the steps. "I feel a swoon coming on! I need to sit down! Someplace where it's warm!"

Mr. Dawsen was on his way through the door when the two officers started to follow him into the house. He put up a hand to stop them. "You do NOT have my permission to step across my door!"

"We do not *need* your permission, Mr. Dawsen." Haws pushed him aside roughly and led Webster into the entryway of their home.

Mr. Dawsen wished Springer were here to finish the job on these two invaders. Stiffly, he stood aside and let them in.

They Mrs. Dawsen down a hallway into the kitchen. Becky clung to her mother's skirts but would not take her eyes off the two strangers--especially the long-nosed one with the pistol. She was thinking about what he might still do to Springer -- if indeed the poor dog was alive. And, with that pistol, what would he do to *them*? Tears welled up in her eyes and spilled over onto her little cheeks.

Without asking to be seated, fat Webster plunged himself heavily onto a kitchen chair, still clutching his bleeding hand. "It's cold in here!" he complained. Becky's mother ignored him and poured water from a pitcher into a bowl and retrieved a clean cloth from a shelf.

Pulling out another chair, Anthony Haws sat down and stretched out his legs on the hearth. Little Becky wiped at her tears and watched as he casually picked up an apple from a plate on the table.

He was rubbing the apple on his sleeve when he noticed the long rip. "You shall be charged a fee for the repair of my sleeve, to be sure," he said, taking a bite from the apple.

Ignoring that remark, she set the bowl of water on the table and began to wash the blood from Webster's pudgy hand. He winced, but she paid no mind. Haws was not interested in the wound either and looked around the room with narrowed eyes. Mr. Dawsen had stomped in and stood nearby, arms folded, fists clenched.

"Charming little home you have here, Dawsen." Becky looked up at her mother to see if she was going to punish the officer for talking with his mouth full. But she was busy unrolling and cutting a cotton strip of bandage from the sewing basket. Haws leaned over and took two more apples and put them in the pockets of his red coat.

Mr. Dawsen stood there trying to keep his extreme annoyance under control. The air was tense when the clock in the parlor chimed three times.

"You have lots of fine furniture here," drawled Haws. "I am especially charmed by that big clock in your parlor." He chomped another bite. "Did it, perchance, come from the mother country?"

Mrs. Dawsen was instantly dismayed that their beautiful grandfather clock from Germany had been noticed by Haws. She and Thomas glanced at each other but did not answer. Why was he so interested in that, anyway? The thought made her angry.

"Ow!" cried Webster. "That's too tight! You're hurting me worse than the dog did!"

Mrs. Dawsen kept her irritated feelings to herself and said nothing. She knew he wanted to make it look worse than it was.

After another awkward silence, Officer Haws sighed and put his feet down. Tossing the partly eaten apple into the fireplace ashes, he stood, straightening his vest and the lace ruffles under his sleeves. "I believe I shall take the liberty to observe some of those fine furnishings, Mr. Dawsen."

Mr. Dawsen moved in front of him. "You have no right to observe anything, Haws. Take your wounded Mr. Webster there and get off my property!"

"Who's to say we shall do you any harm, Mr. Dawsen? There is no law against *looking* at things!" Haws extended his arm in front of Thomas, to push him aside.

He resisted. "I don't think you heard me, Haws. I *said* get off my property! You have no right..."

Anthony Haws interrupted him again with a cruel, condescending smile. "Mr. Dawsen. May I remind you that when the authorities hear of this attack on British officers by your dog, and that you and your family were not cooperating, there could be – shall we say – very unhappy consequences."

Haws adjusted the pistol in his waistband threateningly, shoved past him, and walked into the parlor.