

TEACHER DEMONSTRATION WRITING

SESSION 15 MINILESSON

I stood on my tiptoes and peered out of the window to see what was going on. I heard loud voices and shouting coming from the street below. The window of my bedroom looked out to the courtyard in front of the Boston Customs House. For weeks, I'd been watching the Redcoats stationed outside marching back and forth. I'd also noticed that a gang of men had been giving them a very hard time, shouting insults and even throwing sticks at them. It seems the situation here in Boston is getting worse by the day, especially since the government just passed a new law saying we have to pay taxes on practically everything, even things like paper and glass.