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The Adventures of Munford
THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

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Munford character and concepts created by George Wiggers

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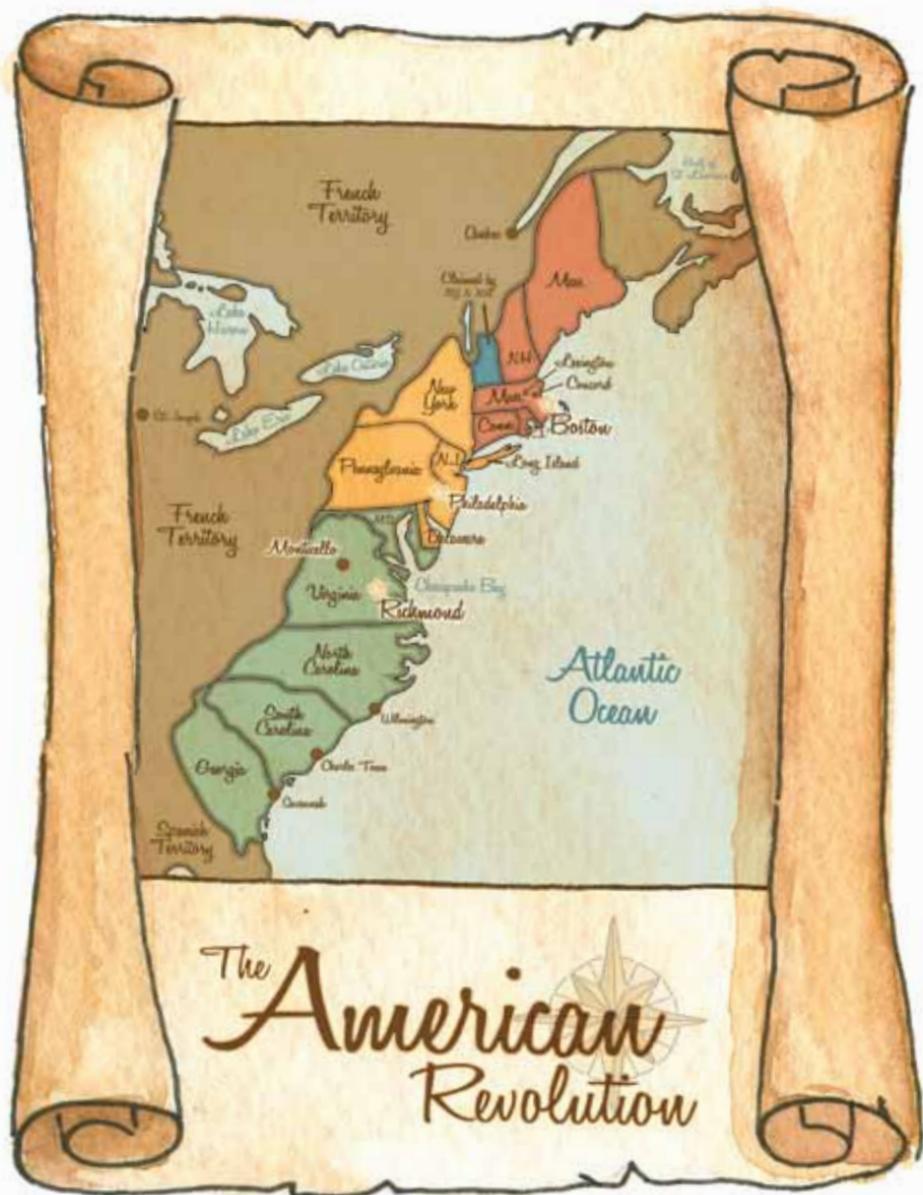
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DEDICATION

For Joey and James

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Thanks to Josh and Cindy Wiggers for trusting me with your dream of Munford. I am honored to have the privilege to write this book.



The American Revolution

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KERPLUNK! I landed with a splash in the middle of a mud puddle. Dozens of others fell around me. Oh, boy! This puddle was filling up, and fast.

The water was rising towards the top of the hole it was in. Drip, drop, drip, the rain kept falling down. Closer and closer to the edge we went.

Whoooooaaa...the puddle spilled over the top. I was now floating down a street in a rush. What street was it? I didn't know for sure. I had just been in a cloud—What was that? Why, yes, I was in a cloud. Actually, I am in them quite often. You see, I'm a water molecule. My name is Munford. I am two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen. I can be rain,

sleet, snow, or fog. I'm not just your average water molecule, either. I'm an adventurer!

Perhaps you've been with me before. Or is this your first adventure? I've been on so many, it is hard to keep track. The great thing about being a water molecule is that I never get old. I simply get recycled again and again and again and—well, you get the idea.

Just a few days ago I was in the ocean. I was there a while, until the sun heated me up. Then, I evaporated. Evaporate is a fancy word that means I turned into a gas. I floated high into the sky where I joined up with other water molecules as I traveled. Together, we formed a cloud.

The cloud slowly filled up with more water. Then I fell down, down, down...splashed into the middle of the puddle. . . and met you! You just never know what will happen when you are a water molecule. This process of turning from liquid to gas and back again is called the water cycle.

The water cycle is how I keep from getting old. It is also how I get from one place to another. The

next time you see a rain drop falling on your window, or a drop of dew on the grass, look closely. I might be in there with a thousand others like me. We molecules are very, very tiny—but we sure do get around! Think of all the places the water drop might have been. Think of all the people it might have seen. It sure does make a rainy day a little more fun that way.

It is cool to be a water molecule. I get to travel all over the world and see lots of things in history. As I floated along, I looked for clues as to my location. The streets were made of cobblestones, which are large round stones often used to pave city streets. So, I was in a city rather than the country. The buildings looked like those of a city I had visited before. What was the name of that place? Let me think...Rome, Paris, London...This must be London!

Wait one minute. I had caught a glimpse of the ocean as I was falling from the cloud. This meant I was somewhere along a coast. A coast is the part of the land that meets up with the the ocean.

Does it matter that I was near the coast? Of course, because London is a landlocked town. There



would be no ocean nearby. If I wasn't in London, then where? I slowed to a stop in front of a building with wide steps.

A sign reading “Boston Tavern” hung above the door. So that was it! I was in Boston, Massachusetts. It was my first time here. I had heard of Boston a few weeks ago while I was in London. Boston (and the rest of the American colonies) were the talk of the town over there.

What's a colony? It is a settlement. The colonies in this story are in North America. These thirteen

colonies were ruled by Britain's King George III. He had the help of Parliament in running the country.

It is all a little confusing. I hoped it would make more sense now that I was in Boston. A whole ocean (the Atlantic) lies between Britain and the colonies. It took weeks for news to travel from one place to another. So, it was obvious that North America was the best place to learn about the colonies.

I wasn't sure what all the fuss was about, to be honest. I had heard some of the British talk about family and friends who now lived in the colonies. Others weren't so nice. They talked about the Stamp Act and those "rebellious" Americans.

I didn't know why the colonists hated the tax so much. It was a small tax, but the issue wasn't really the tax. The people were upset about their rights. They didn't think Parliament had the right to do that.

It was now 1773. I was confused about it all, so it was quite lucky I had landed in Boston. When you don't know what is going on, go straight to the source. At least, that is what I always say.

I didn't have much longer to think about it.

Adventure always has a way of finding me—if I don't find it first, that is. A fat orange cat sauntered over to the spot where I had stopped. It let out a loud “meow.” Oh, dear! It leaned down and peered into the muddy water.

Aahhh! The cat was licking up the water. If I wasn't careful, it was going to get me, too. There are few things worse to a water molecule than getting stuck inside an animal. The cat licked me up, but I managed to stay on his lip. I wasn't going to be anyone's supper tonight. It went into Boston Tavern and I held on for the ride. “Hey there, old fella,” the barkeeper said. He reached down and rubbed the cat's face. He wiped me onto his hand in the process. “Head to the back an' the missus will warm you some milk.”

The furry creature trotted off to the back of the tavern while the man wiped his hand on a rag. Then he started refilling a customer's mug. I dropped from his hand and grabbed onto the side of the mug. I looked around from my new spot. The tavern was quite empty, I noticed. Only this lone man sat on a barstool.



“Have you heard the news?” the man asked in the direction of the barkeeper.

“I don’t know what you are talking about,” he said.

“Ah,” said the man. “Can ye get me a cup of coffee then?”

Behind the counter, the barkeeper didn’t move to make any coffee. “Alright, what is it, sir?” It seemed pretty obvious to me. The man just wanted some coffee.

“We will meet tonight. Sam thinks it is time to take action. We must do something about that blasted tea. He says we won’t let it in the harbor. It will be coffee or nothing for those loyal to the cause.”

Hmm...it seemed the man’s coffee order had just been some kind of secret code.

“Tell Mr. Adams he can count me in. It was bad enough when King George thought he could profit from our tea with that ridiculous tax. And now to limit who can sell it! What will it be next, I ask? They’ll be telling me what ale I can serve, that’s what. I won’t stand by and—” He stopped talking as two men in red coats came in and took a seat. I knew from the red that they were British soldiers.

The man took one last drink from his mug, catching me up with it. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. I held onto a ring he wore as he tossed some change onto the counter and headed

outside with a nod. “I’ll let ‘em know you’re coming, then.” With that, we headed out the door and into the street.