

Not Your Typical Tea Party

"I can't believe this!" John said as he threw the *Boston Gazette* across the room.

"What's wrong John?" Julia asked as she was restocking the shelves. Julia worked for John in the tea shop. They have been friends since they were young.

"The British Parliament is taxing us.....again! This time on tea! How will our shop do well if everyone has to pay even more money for tea. *This is a disaster!*"

Julia's face looked shocked, she walked over and put her hands around John as he sat there with his head in his hands. "Its ok John. Everyone loves tea, I'm sure we will be fine."

John looked up at Julia, "This shop has been in my family since I was a little boy. My father ran this shop and when he died, he left it to me. I can't imagine not having this shop. We have to figure out a way to stop this tax or we will lose everything."

That night, John thought and thought about what he could do. He had an idea.

John rushed over to his desk and grabbed paper and his quill. He began to write ferociously on the paper....

Dear King George,

I hope this letter finds you well. I see the British Parliament has put another tax on tea. You see, I am a shop owner of a tea shop. The colonists are already struggling to survive because of the other taxes - the Sugar Act, the Navigation Act, the Stamp Act, and now this.

Please King George, I am begging you, can you please repeal the tax act. My shop will not stay open if the tea is not being bought. Please take this into consideration.

Sincerely, John Carey

The next morning, John runs to the post office excited to deliver his letter. He has a good feeling about this. He feels proud of himself for taking the initiative and writing a letter to King George.

Shortly after he drops off the letter, John walks into the tea shop and greets Julia with the biggest smile.

"Why are you so happy this morning?" Julia asked John with a suspicious look on her face.

"I wrote a letter to King George asking him to repeal the tea tax! I am hoping when he reads the letter he will understand how ridiculous this is and and he needs to stop!"

Julia was unpacking crates of tea as John shared what he wrote in his letter. "Good job John! Hopefully we hear positive news in a few days."

Days and weeks went by and John had not heard back from King George or the British Parliament. He realized, no one read his letter. To make things worse, less and less people were coming to his shop because they could not afford to buy any more tea. What was once the busiest tea shop in Boston, has now become nothing but merely a vacant spot.

One day, John had no other option but to close his shop. "I knew this would happen, I can't continue to afford to keep the shop open when we have no customers. I'm sorry Julia, you will have to find a job somewhere else." John said sadly as he was staring out the window.

For the next few days, John and Julia spent hours cleaning and packing up the shop. They put all the tea in crates, closed the curtains, dusted the shelves, and locked up the shop. Julia went on to work for Mrs. Smith, as a seamstress.

John is determined to find a way to save his shop.....

One day as John is walking down the street looking for a new job he sees someone running towards him.

"John! I've been looking for you!" This voice called out. As John gets closer he sees it's his old friend Sam, Sam Adams.

"Hey Sam! I know I have not been around. I've been busy looking for jobs since I had to close my shop because of those taxes! King George has ruined everything for me...."

"I know John, that's exactly why I want to talk to you. Meet me tonight at the harbor, we have an idea." Sam said in a whisper

John was confused, but had no reason to doubt his friend. He knew Sam was part of the Sons of Liberty. The group of men who were doing their part to protest King George. John was desperate to get his life back to the way it was, especially reopen his shop. He was not sure what was happening tonight at the harbor, but he knew he wanted to be part of.

That evening, John waited for the sun to set and walked inconspicuously to the harbor. When he arrived, he was shocked to see Sam and about 60 others of the Sons of Liberty dressed up as Mohawk Indians.

“Sam, what is going on? Why is everyone dressed this way?” John asked in a confused voice

“ Tonight, we will board the *Dartmouth*, *Eleanor* and *Beaver* and dump the precious British tea into the harbor. This will show King George! Are you in?” Sam asked John grinning from ear to ear.

After a few minutes of thinking, John responded, “ Let’s do this.”

John, Sam, and the Sons of Liberty boarded the three ships. After 3 long hours, 342 chests of tea were dumped overboard.

The next day, the town got wind of what happened and called it the Boston Tea Party. It was in every newspaper.



Finally, after a couple months, John was able to reopen his tea shop.

The news of the Boston Tea Party reached London, England on January 20, 1774, and as a result the British shut down Boston Harbor until all of the 340 chests of British East India Company tea were paid for. This was implemented under the 1774 Intolerable Acts and known as the Boston Port Act.

The colonists had another reason to be angry with King George. Just when they thought things were getting better...

