The Memoir of Paul Revere

Over the years I have had many adventures but my favorite was my midnight ride as well as being a messenger and express driver. My life has been a great journey just like the one that I took at midnight to warn Mr. Adams and Colonel Hancock. I was asked recently what I want to be remembered for after I am gone. My thoughts on the issue have me remembering a good number of things for which I am proud. However, I have grown old but as I write this memoir I reminisce on the great times of my life and feel young again. How will I, Paul Revere, be remembered? Finally I decided my greatest memory to share is to tell my grandchildren about the Midnight Ride. Thus, I decided to take some time to write this memoir.

At about 10 o’clock I crossed the river on April 18, 1775. Before I could cross I had realized I had forgotten my spurs but luckily my trained dog ran back to my house to fetch them. My small sailing vessel landed near the Charleston Battery and proceeded into town where I acquired a horse. I told the sexton of the Old North Church before that day to send a warning of one lantern if the British were coming by land and two lanterns if by sea which worked well. I received information from Richard Devens, Esquire that there were nine regular officers with good horses moving toward Concord. Once again I set off at 11 o’clock anxious and wondering about what would come next. As I arrived on the Charlestown Commons I saw something unusual, two officers on horseback and knew it meant trouble. One of the burly officers started toward me and the other tried to come around my front but they soon realized as I turned down Mystic Road they could not catch me and I was filled with relief.
Pumped with adrenaline, I proceeded to Lexington to warn Mr. Adams and Colonel Hancock. I met with Mr. Dawes who also came from Boston and a gentleman named Prescott who was there as well. As my fellow riders were warning a house, I was continued riding ahead and once again saw the all too familiar shape of a Regular officer. Suddenly, I saw two more officers. It was a blur after that, but eventually they had pistols pointed at me and there were four of them. I was marched into Concord eventually, as a prisoner. We were heading to a meetinghouse when gunshots rang out. After some fighting I was released from captivity.

You may wonder why I did it. It comes down to one word, freedom. I wanted it for my fellow colonists and I do not have to pay unfair taxes. It is insensible to be ruled by king 3,000 miles away who has never been here or seen our way of life. I longed to help my fellow colonists by warning them to either hide with their loved ones or help with the rebellion. In my vanity, I suppose I wanted excitement and perhaps the thrill of a lifetime.

I am very happy that my country won the war and gained independence from the awful Redcoats. We now have a fair government under the Constitution and we also have the Bill of Rights that give us more freedom. We have the freedom of speech, the freedom of religion, the freedom of press, the freedom of assembly, and the freedom of petition to the government.
After the revolution I went back to my job as a silversmith, running my hardware store, and making false teeth. In my old age I will recount these stories to my children and grandchildren, for these are what I would want to be remembering for.