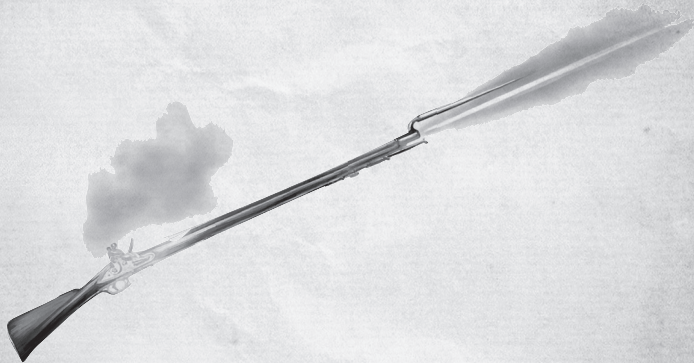


# I SURVIVED

THE AMERICAN  
REVOLUTION, 1776



by **Lauren Tarshis**  
illustrated by **Scott Dawson**

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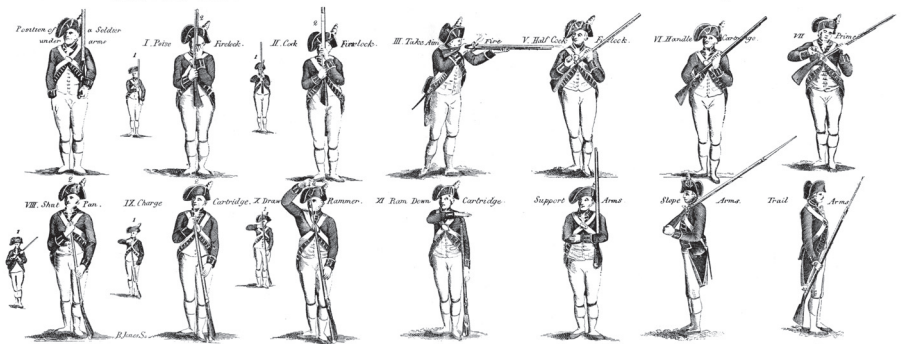
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First printing, September 2017

Designed by Yaffa Jaskoll

TO ALL BRAVE, HEALTHY, ABLE BODIED, AND WELL  
 DISPOSED YOUNG MEN,  
 IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD, WHO HAVE ANY INCLINATION TO JOIN THE TROOPS,  
 NOW RAISING UNDER  
 GENERAL WASHINGTON,  
 FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE  
 LIBERTIES AND INDEPENDENCE  
 OF THE UNITED STATES,  
 Against the hostile designs of foreign enemies,

# TAKE NOTICE,



THAT *Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday at Shelswood in Middlesex* with his music and recruiting party of *the 11th regiment of infantry*, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Aaron Ogden, for the purpose of receiving the enrollment of *such youth of SPIRIT, as may be willing to enter into this HONOURABLE SERVICE.*

The ENCOURAGEMENT at this time, to enlist, is truly liberal and generous, namely, a bounty of TWELVE dollars, an annual and fully sufficient supply of good and handsome clothing, a daily allowance of a large and ample ration of provisions, together with SIXTY dollars a year in GOLD and SILVER money on account of pay, the whole of which the soldier may lay up for himself and friends, as all articles proper for his subsistence and comfort are provided by law, without any expence to him.

Those who may favour this recruiting party with their attendance as above, will have an opportunity of hearing and seeing in a more particular manner, the great advantages which these brave men will have, who shall embrace this opportunity of spending a few happy years in viewing the different parts of this beautiful continent, in the honourable and truly respectable character of a soldier, after which, he may, if he pleases return home to his friends, with his pockets FULL of money and his head COVERED with laurels.

GOD SAVE THE UNITED STATES.

# CHAPTER 1



AUGUST 29, 1776  
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Nathaniel Fox was too young to be fighting in the Revolutionary War. He was only eleven years old. But here he was on a blood-soaked battlefield in Brooklyn, New York. Thousands of British soldiers were on the attack. And Nate was sure that he was about to die.

Gunfire crackled through the air.

*KI-crack!*

Cannon blasts shook the ground.

*Kaboom!*

Already one of Nate's friends was lying dead in the dirt, shot through the heart. And now Nate was running for his life. He tore through the thick forest, dodging trees and stumbling over rocks. His mind swirled with fear. Blood pounded in his ears. And then came an even more terrifying sound: heavy footsteps right behind him.

Nate whipped his head around in panic. Over his shoulder, he saw an enormous soldier chasing after him. The man's musket was aimed at Nate's back. Attached to the gun's tip was a killing sword — a bayonet.

Nate ran faster, desperate to escape. But he could hear the man's pounding steps, and his grunting breaths.

"I'm not a soldier!" Nate wanted to scream.

But it was too late. The man was closing in.

*Closer, closer, closer.*

Nate braced himself for the killing stab. He was sure this was the end.

And then came an ear-shattering blast.

*Boom!*

Nate saw flames. A blinding light.

And then the world went black.