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The Journey of Rueben Eli Mason



Reuben Eli Mason After "THE" Incident from the Siege of Boston

There was a beginning for me. Although it was a cruel and haunting beginning, it led me to where I am today. Therefore let me tell you how it all began. My parents had met during 1722 at 16 years old, their families had heard of a good life farming in the countryside of Boston. Their names? I never learned them...I had only known them as father and mother or heard them be called Mr. and Mrs. Mason. Then there is my grandparents... My grandparents were one of the best family members I could have as I loved visiting them. Yet tragedy struck...they had both passed away due to a disease when I was 4 years old. This had given me a heartbreak, I didn't want to eat, I didn't want to do anything. Yet it wasn't the end to my pain. 4 years later...THOSE GOD DAMN FOUR YEARS LATER... THEY...oh they forced me to watch. They forced me to see the light that emitted from their very own bodies. THEY...MADE...ME...WATCH. THEY made me watch my parents get tortured, they made me watch my very own father get his tongue ripped, his guts spilled, and then executed him. THEY made me listen to the horrors they did to my mother...and when they were done they murdered in cold blood saying the words...

"This tramp is no longer useful, burn their bodies."

Now who's they you may ask? Well they are the cruelest of the bunch, the bloodthirsty red Fucking coats. And you know the names I had red on their badges?

"Clinton Tifferan"

AND

"Clay Merkel"

I no longer felt anything but hatred that day. So after they made me witness their deaths and their very own corpses burn. Guess what I decided to do. I decided to get stronger, I decided to plan for this very moment. I decided to use this hatred to drive me to what I desired the most. To see their very eyes cry and beg for mercy. To see their very own corpses burn like how my parents did. They will feel my wrath and don't worry, don't you worry. I will make sure I remember names and their faces. Cause I will...and I mean I will make sure they get what they deserve. Those damn red coats will not live to see another day after I'm done with them. This was the beginning.

Sadly, I had to wait a whole 9 years before I could have done anything. 9 whole years till I heard the words from one person who resides within the actual city of Boston. This man was none other than Paul Revere himself. Riding on his horse, he yelled out in the middle of the night.

"Everyone! Hear my words! Britain is no longer our country! They implement taxes on us to pay for their very debt! They tax us without representation! Come join us brothers and sisters! We must fight for our rights, for freedom, for liberty!"

Paul Revere held up an official paper that said those very words. An angry mob came upon the countryside. While everyone was angry and "riled up" in a way I stood still with a serious intensity in my eyes. I wanted to smile, I wanted to laugh like a maniac because what I hoped for was finally coming after waiting 9 WHOLE YEARS. Everywhere was silence, I heard nothing but my heart racing and my mind racing a million miles as I thought of what I could finally do to those damn red coats.

After a bit of being lost in my train of thought, I saw Paul Revere pull out a quill and a page as he goes around, but I didn't hear what he had said. Though everybody was backing up as if they were angry and "riled" up, emotions were now gone. He looked defeated and this was the moment I tuned in. I guess Paul Revere had noticed a little spark of interest coming from and walked up to me. He had asked me.

"Will you join me, become a soldier, and fight alongside us as a soldier?"

There was a moment of pause as he waited for an answer. I don't know why but I instinctively gripped onto his soldier staring him down as if I had a crazy look in my eyes. I took a deep breath and exhaled and spoke the words that made me excited.

"When do I start?"

"At first light. Grab your thing and meet me here." Paul said

Paul seemed nervous after what I had just done. Yet he seemed relieved. Oh well I went into my home and grabbed everything I had important such as clothing, my firearm, a journal, my father's ring I decided to wear on my middle finger, my mother's watch necklace pendant on my neck, my grandmother's very own hat, and finally my grandfather's horse, Hermes, whom was also waiting for me outside as if he knew what was going to happen. I was packed and I was there 30 minutes away from first light. I was ready, I was ecstatic, I was bloodthirsty. I couldn't wait to go and find them.

Paul had finally met me a few minutes after first dawn. We looked at each other and I nodded as I mounted my horse. He leads me to a saloon in Boston where there was some sort of meeting. I didn't pay attention, but I did hear some words on attacking and defending the British. All I hoped was to see THEM and make them pay for what

they have done. Maybe add a bit more bloodshed just for fun, you know. Then all of a sudden the door was kicked open by a red coat. Barging in, they began yelling.

“Everybody get down now! Any sudden movements and we will kill you where you stand!”

Everybody in the saloon had already scattered and escaped through a trapdoor, while I just stayed within the shadow of the room, slowly walking away before regrouping with the others, the red coats had thought they caught some colonists, but failed miserably. It was funny seeing their confused miserable faces. Though what was worst to come was the red coats who took over Boston. Paul had led us to a safe house nearby, somewhat by the countryside, where some sort of important people were there to meet us. Although Paul shooed everybody to go rest for the day and to get ready for a battle as the red coats were coming towards the countryside. Meanwhile, everybody left, I stayed, not visibly to others, but on a dresser, staying in the dark.

They spoke of a plan to retake Boston. Yet they were afraid. It was said that their best soldiers resided there. Ha best of soldiers my ass. They were all pitiful and weak. But it was my time to get out of the shadows after I heard the words coming from one of the commanders of the army.

“What if we all die, can’t we just surrender and live a good life under Britain’s rule?!”

“Are you-” Paul tried to speak but the thud coming from me jumping off the dressers stopped him. He was about to question me till I spoke.

“Are you afraid? A coward? Someone who doesn’t know when to fight for themselves?!” Instinct kicked in and I grabbed the commander’s shirt and twisted it.

“You are no commander! You are pitiful, a scared boy. You want to live a good life? You fight for your freedom and your rights given by god himself..” I paused for a moment before continuing. “DO you even want to live! These red coats won’t EVER give you an easy life after this. It’s time to fight and it is time to kill! If you are too much of a coward to do so then step the fuck down.” I tossed him to the floor.

Paul couldn’t believe his eyes on what he just witnessed. Though that’s what he said to me. I walked out filled with the desire to have blood spilt on my very own hands. A few hours later I was given instructions. Not any formal instructions. But when the time was right, when there was a signal I would strike.

“The Plague”

This was the nickname I was given. Just because I wasn't “sane” enough to be in my very own group. Oh well, they were in my way anyways.

It came. OH HOW THIS GLORIOUS DAY CAME. Today was the day I was stationed in my little area. I camped for the night, staying in silence, delivering letters of the red coats' routines. What they ate, what they drank, what they did in the morning, when they slept. Now was the moment, now was the time, well, not for me yet, but Paul and the rest went towards Boston, marching with their rifles in hand. Red coats spotted them as they started at Paul, and the others, both parties armed and ready.

They had a stare off. They stared at each other for hours until finally, one man had gone forward and spoke. And you should've seen the smile on my face when I saw who it was. Who was it you may ask? Why it was none other than Clinton Terkel himself! Oh how I was so happy. I was ready, my rifle aiming at well, not his head but his soldiers. Before I could ease myself of the joy THE signal. I fired off a bullet killing one. In less than a minute I fired another. That's two, although Paul Revere and others were only wanting to drive them away.

I WANTED BLOODSHED

Each minute there was either one dead, or one injured. Before I lost count I had killed off 20 red coats and injured only 5. I was the sharpshooter and I was about to murder all of them single-handedly. Till another signal was given by Paul. I sighed as my fun was over. The red coats had run away, well, all except two. I saw THEM. Both are hiding in the bushes, they seem to be wanting to get at least some information. I grabbed an extra rifle and I aimed directly at one of their knees. 3...2...1...

BANG!

Two screams were louder than Bloody Mary's screams. I hopped down, landing on my feet with a grunt. Paul turned around and saw me walking. I think he was trying to tell me something but I didn't hear him. I just wanted to see their blood spilt. All senses but only the feeling of wanting the desire of revenge overflowed me. If I remember correctly, one of the older soldiers said Paul was yelling at me to stop. Oh well, but the horrified look Clinton and Clay had. They knew it was me. They were sobbing, tears and snot filled their face. I didn't care.

BANG!

Another kneecap shot. Clinton was now crippled soon after I reloaded and made Clay crippled. It was finally happening, my sweet desired revenge. I grabbed two swords. You know what I did with them? I stabbed their very arms, making them pinned to the ground. Hearing their screams got me even more excited to torture them. A smile on my face, with an intense stare glaring at the two. They were still begging. I grabbed two metal rods and well stabbed their legs to the ground. Their blood was being spilt.
P E R F E C T

I didn't yell at them; I crouched between them and said "This was your fate. Not by being unlucky in meeting me this very day. Just fate. Now you will die before me. By MY hands."

Yet when I got up to reload my rifles. I stopped for a moment..? Why'd I stop? Some sense reentered my body as I have seen Paul grab my shoulder. I blankly stared at him, no emotions, no feelings, all but senses of hearing and sight. Then I heard a clink hit the ground. He had accidentally broken the chain of my mother's clock pendant. I stared as it bounced. Every single emotion came flooding in, I felt everything at once. My memories flooded...hearing their voices...I wanted to scream but I couldn't...

Next thing I know...I saw me? Yes, me...younger me back when I was 7 years old spending time with my mother.

"Dear, you look so terrible! Were you fighting with those wild dogs again?" A familiar voice said. I quickly turned around and here I was standing in the middle of the backyard of my home seeing my mother...and mini me..? I still felt nothing though, and yet I wondered. Was I dead? Was I reliving my 7 minutes of memories?

Little me had run up to my mother and was crying. I was badly hurt by those dogs that day. Filled with scars, blood on my legs and arms. Mini-me had yelled " I hate those damn dogs! They will die and suffer by my hands! I swear it!" It was odd hearing me yell that way but I just stared blankly. I was right to think that. Those fucking dogs were like those red coats. Those stupid r-

I was cut off by her voice. "Oh dear nobody deserves suffering and should die. Come. let me show you something." She had grabbed little me's hand and brought me to those dogs again, while intrigued I followed. "Look at them, they are just hungry, doing what they can to survive and to provide for themselves." She pointed towards

them as the wild dogs whined in hunger while lying next to a puppy of theirs. She gave mini me a piece of raw meat. And pushed mini me forward.

I started panicking, what if I was about to get hurt, all these what ifs started storming around me till. I heard laughter, Mini Me was laughing as the wild dogs attacked him, not with their jaws or claws but their kisses. Mini me had run back to my mother filled with a smile...

“I remember now...my promise to her.”

My promise to my mother... Next thing I know I was in the place of mini me. I was 7 years old at this time. And my mother gave me a big ol' hug as I had giggled. She spoke the very words I remembered.

“Promise me no matter how much pain you are in, you never make them suffer a painful death, that you won't harm unless it is to protect.” I looked upon her and nodded with tears. Tears...I felt tears leaving my eyes. I came back from my senses and saw Mr. Revere hugging me. I cried. I was sobbing. I screamed in agony and pain as I felt like my heart was ripped to shreds. I was clearly in pain but wasn't physically hurt. I cried and cried into the arms of Mr. Revere. I passed out soon later...

The next day I woke up and felt so much relief. Everything that was weighing me down was now lifted. I walked out and Mr. Revere gave a comforting warm smile as I walked up. In a happier mood as he described. I now knew what my journey was to be. It was to protect but to also write. I changed. I felt changed. As if god was here saying “don't lose yourself, it takes time to heal.”

I held the clock pendant close as I heard of us going on another journey to be free from Britain. And I will be the one to journal it, to write about it. After all, everybody has to remember the past so they can know what to do in the future. To end my very first journal write, I must say to future me.

“A lot has changed, we have changed. Fighting isn't what we do. What we do is protect others and understand others. We will write to let everybody remember the past. In other words, don't lose yourself, Reuben. We turned from the deadliest soldier to the most peaceful journalist. Take care!”

Signed,

Reuben E Mason

Journey of Reuben Eli Mason Timeline

