

It was 1754 the French and Indian War was just beginning, there I was in the arms of a soldier. I am all alone, the last of my family has lost its last bullet. I scoped out a French soldier and then "BANG!" he was dead. I feel so guilty because I was once on the French side. Now I'm on the British side at fort Duquesne. Washington attacked the French and they lost their commander, Sieur de Jumonville. As we retreat the soldier who has been carrying me drops me and I hit the ground with a 'THUD!'. Suddenly I'm in his arms again and I watch as Washington builds a makeshift post that they call "Fort Necessity".

Two years had passed since then and I'm being carried by a Native American. He is on the French side and is in the Iroquois tribe. I'm jealous that a gun, the same age as me, is held by Montcalm. That was a big deal since Montcalm is a general. My carrier and other Native Americans are starting to get angry with Montcalm because they were told they can't have captives or trophies. I feel a feeling I've never felt before, fear. I fear the native Americans because they are wild. I'm afraid that I might break and die.

It's 1762 and it's nearing the end of the war. There is one more year left and I'm still alive. The Battle of Quebec is in full swing. I'm held by Wolfe. This is a great honor for a gun since Wolfe is a British general. Wolfe attacks and we fight on the Plains of Abraham. Suddenly Wolfe drops dead and I lie there. I watch as others shoot and the British win. Montcalm is wounded. Two commanders are dead. I'm lost!