

Me family came to the colonies from Ireland before I was born to seek a new future. Me father built a farm for us to get started and traded with the American Natives in the Ohio River Valley at that time. Me father grew such cash crops like corn on our farm and raised livestock. I was born in the summer of 1742. At the age of nine our household encountered numerous attacks by French Traders in the area. We lucky fended them off and went on with our daily lives. In the year of 1756 natives hired by the French drove us from our farm and burned our house down. I always thought this was a reason me mother's health failed it just broke her heart to see everything we worked for destroyed. She died that same year from a strong fever.

Dark times these days in this country. There is turmoil everywhere erupting between Britain and France. We do not like both armies the king could rot in his grave for driving us broke in Ireland and forcing us to move here. France is no better than them burning our house down killing our livestock and ruining our crops. We want revenge for our mother and our farm so decided to fight for Britain and let bygones be bygones. Were on a path of revenge for our loss and will stop at nothing to carry it out. We want to get back at those French chaps and protect our new English homeland from the invaders. The other day we enlisted in the English army and they sorted us into one of the four newly formed battalions. They stuck us into this new unit called The 60th Royal Americans First battalion out of the region just getting ready to go on a campaign. Hopefully after this conflict we could just be settle down at peace, as long as the crown does not try to run our lives, like in Ireland.

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