

Just Another Prisoner

By [REDACTED]

I was standing guard as the man called Henry Laurens was brought into The Tower of London. I wanted to follow him because I was wondering why he had been brought here but I had to stay and guard the crown jewels. Later that day when I went to check out my duties I saw that I was to stay guard at Henry Lauren's room. As I arrived at his room I saw a fairly big man hunched over a desk writing away. I started to take pity on the man because he did not look like the kind of person who would do something to come to this prison. The pity did not last long for as the days went by I realized he was just another prisoner and I had seen many of prisoners and many beheadings. Sometimes as I sat watching him I would wonder what he would write about. On one of the days that I was watching him I asked him why he had been sent to such a prison. As he spoke to me his voice was soft and felt like the calmness of the wind. He told me he had been on his way to Holland to ask for funds for the American Revolution. From my point of view the whole American Revolution was wrong. I thought we should just let these people have their own land because we already have ours. Although I felt a little sorry for him I am a very patriotic to my homeland. I started to feel angry that this man has betrayed Britain but I still thought that there was no reason that he should be in this prison at all.

He had been in the tower now for 4 months and each day his face looked more worn with loneliness and depression. The only thing that never changed with Henry Laurens is that every day he would take out his journal and start writing. On the day he had been in the tower for 16 months he must have just gotten sick and tired of doing the same thing every day because on this day he tried to escape. He did not get very far but when the guard tried to give him his lunch he pushed him down and rushed out the room. Once he was at the end of the hallway he was immediately surrounded by a dozen guards.

One day while standing guard a man named Cornwallis was brought into the tower. I accompanied the warden as we marched to Laurens room. We told him that he was being exchanged for Cornwallis. As he was presented with this news his face lit up as if he had just been granted life.