

Chapter 7

# Blowback in Boston







## Sour Fish

Emily tapped the plate with her baseball bat and pulled her cap down to block the sun. Ethan took a lead off second base. He dug his cleats into the dirt, getting a good grip for running.

On the mound, the pitcher leaned forward, getting ready to throw.

Emily saw Ethan digging in so she stepped away from the plate and took off her hat, pretending to wipe sweat from her forehead... but this was really a signal to Ethan: *don't try to steal third*. She made sure Ethan could see her. Then she put the hat back on, and stepped into the batter's box again.

Despite Emily's warning, Ethan dug in deeper. He tensed his muscles and waited.

The pitch was a fastball. It was wide of the plate. Emily let it go by, a ball.

Ethan rocketed toward third base.

"He's stealing!" the second baseman yelled.

The catcher had a clear throw to third base, and it was right on the money. Ethan dove like Superman but was tagged out by at least a foot.

The other team erupted in cheers. They'd won the game!

Emily stood at the plate leaning on her bat, defeated. Ethan lay in the dirt, hands outstretched toward third, like he was trying to touch it, but it was just out of reach.

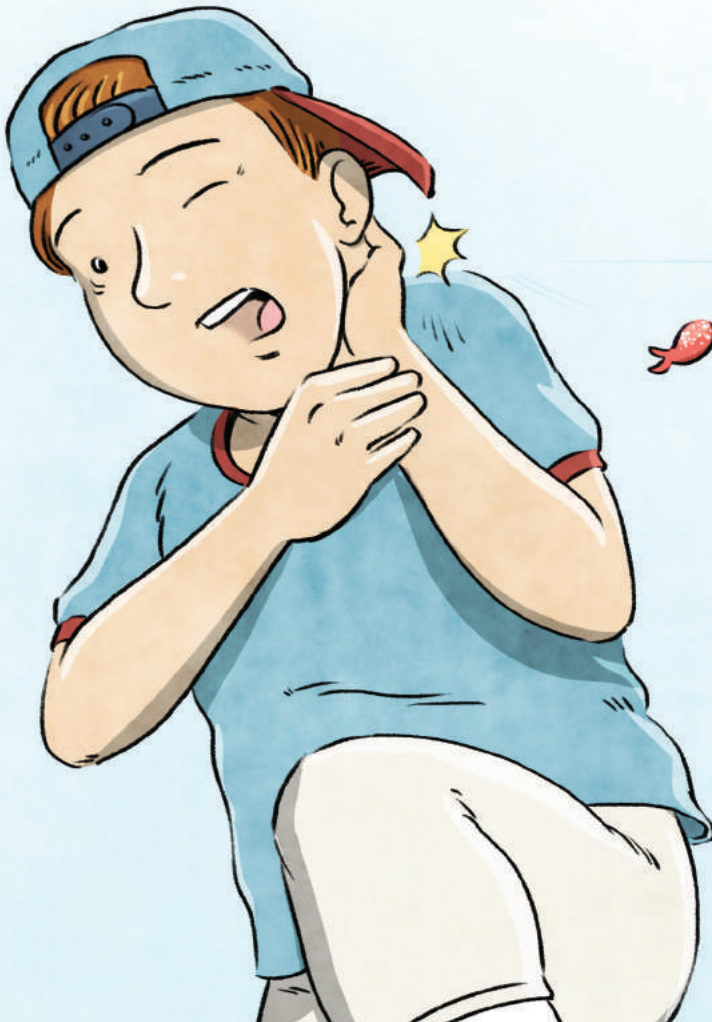
Their team filed onto the field and shook hands with their opponents. "Good game," they all said. They'd had their share of losses, but they were sadder than usual. Emily was their best hitter and could have put them back in the lead. If only she had gotten a chance to hit!

Even after everyone else had gone home, Ethan and Emily still sat on the dugout bench, Ethan at one end, and Emily at the other. Ethan picked dirt out of his cleats. Emily rooted around in her bag, looking for something.

"I could have made it to third," Ethan said.

"But you didn't," Emily said, disgusted. "And I told you not to try it."

Ethan knocked his cleats together. He didn't look at her. "I was sure I could make it."



“But you *didn't*.” Her fingers found the thing she was looking for. She drew it out of the bag—a little pouch of gummy fish. The candy had been in there a long time. The pieces of candy wouldn't be good for eating. But they would be hard. That was what she wanted.

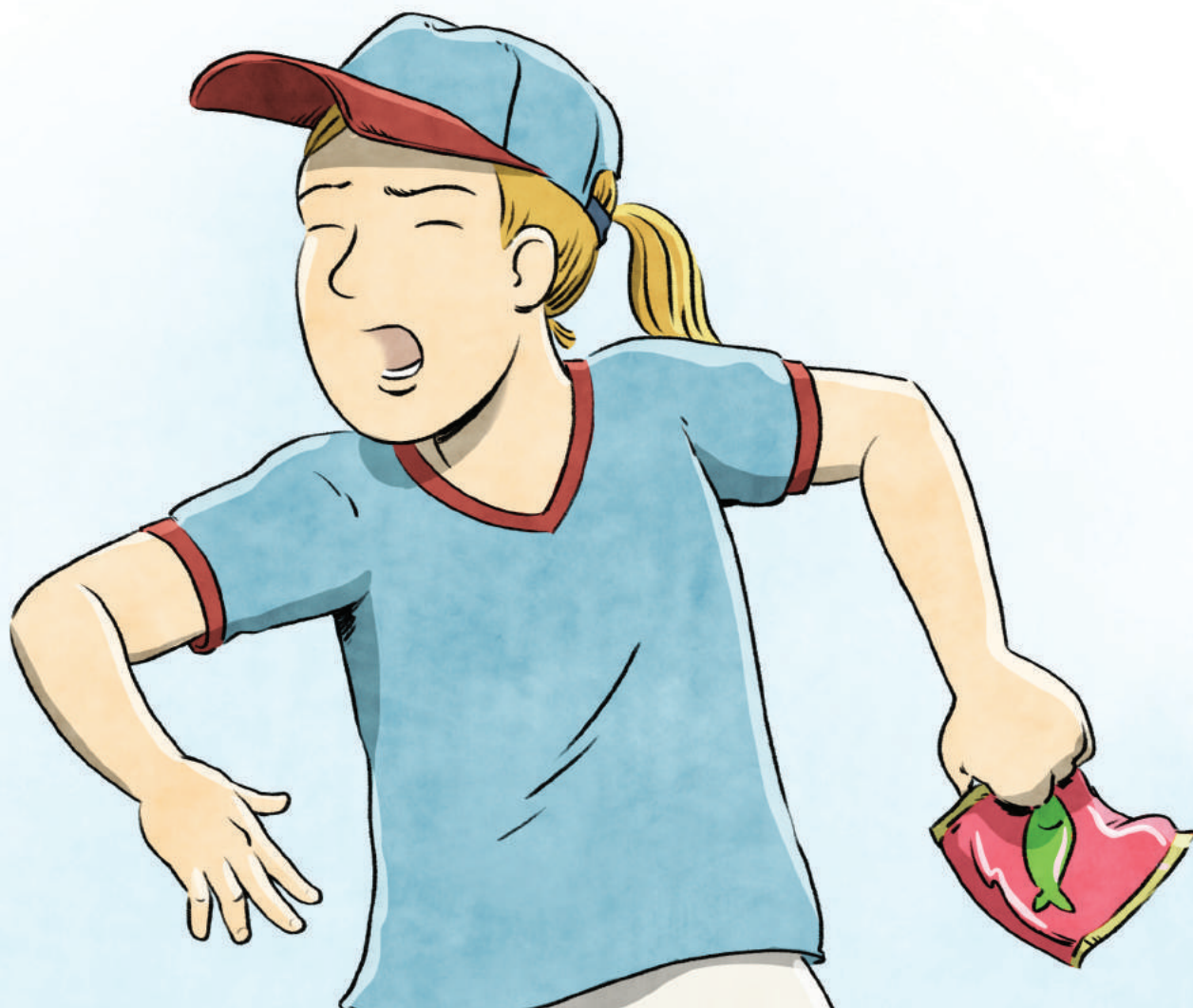
She ripped the pouch open and grabbed one of the fish. Like lightning, she whipped it down the dugout and pegged Ethan in the neck.

“Ouch!” he said. “Why did you do that?”

“You saw me,” she said angrily. “You watched me take off my cap and put it back on. That's the sign for *don't steal*. You saw it. But you didn't listen. I didn't even get a chance to hit, and that cost us the game.”

“You might not have gotten a hit,” Ethan said. He looked down at the ground. He knew she probably would have. And then they'd probably have won the game.

Emily didn't answer him. She stormed out, got on her bike, and rode home.



The twins were putting their baseball gear away when their mom came in from the mailbox with a pair of letters. “One for each of you,” she said, handing them over.

The twins had become familiar with the envelopes with fancy script on them. “Another lesson with Fred,” Emily said, her mood lightening a bit.

Ethan tore into his envelope and drew out a single card with a question: “How can you reason with someone who is being unreasonable?”

“Is this a question or a riddle?” Emily said from across the room. She held up her card. Printed on it was the same question Ethan had read.

“Flip it over,” Ethan said. On the back, it read “Lake Ocowoc, East Dock, 6pm, Tuesday.”

“That’s tomorrow,” Emily said. “I guess you only have one day to try to figure out the answer to Fred’s question.”

“Why do I have to figure it out? What about you?” Ethan said.

“I already know the answer because I have a brother who doesn’t listen to reason!” She took her letter and left the room in a huff.

Ethan rubbed at his neck. It didn’t hurt

anymore, but he could still remember the tiny sting of that sour fish. “Yeah... I get it.” He kicked at the carpet. “Em, I’m sorry.” He didn’t think his sister could hear him, but he wanted to say it anyway.

Emily came back in, as if she had been standing in the hall waiting for him to say it. “I forgive you, but don’t do it again. We have to be able to trust one another, or we can’t be a team.”

A storm chose that moment to roll through. A clap of thunder startled Emily, and rain began pouring, so the twins spent the rest of the day reading and watching it streak down the windows.

Emily thought about their recent history lesson with their dad. She knew a way to figure out what came next in the story and figure out Fred’s question. She took the history book her dad used off the bookshelf and leafed through it. Sure enough, there was the Sugar Act of 1764, the Stamp Act of 1765, and the Townshend Acts of 1767. The next chapter started three years later in 1770.

The colonists wanted to be treated like any other British citizen—with rights and government representation. How could they get the attention of King George III? Would he listen? And if he didn’t, then what? She decided to read ahead to figure out the riddle. Tomorrow couldn’t come fast enough.





The next morning was still cold and rainy, but the storm passed by the early afternoon. The air felt sharp and cool, as if it had been thoroughly cleaned and hung out to dry in the sunshine. The still-wet grass sparkled. Birds swooped down, wriggled in it for a bath, and flew off in search of worms.

Mr. Tuttle came home from work in time to drive the twins to the lake. "I think I'll do a little fishing on the pier. It's been too long," he said, fetching his tacklebox from the garage.

This made the twins sad; they loved fishing with their dad, but they had a lesson with Fred. Mr. Tuttle smiled at them. "Don't worry. Chances are, I'll end up as part of Fred's plans. His lessons are a lot more interesting than just waiting around for fish to bite."

Lake Ocowoc had four piers, one on each quarter of its oval shape. The north and south docks were extensions of grassy parks with benches and tables for picnicking. The west dock jutted out from a sandy beach where kids swam in the shallows. The east dock, though, wasn't used nearly as much. It stuck out fifty feet into the water, like a wooden thumb from a thick band of trees. The water was deeper and colder there, more dangerous for swimming, but wonderful for fishing. The Tuttles knew it well.

They parked in the gravel patch at the side of the road, exactly at 6pm. Mr. Tuttle grabbed his rod from the truck while the twins ran ahead through the woods, along a thin, dirt path. At the end of the path was the pier. At the end of the pier was Fred... with fishing rods!

“Yay!” Emily shouted, running down the dock. “We get to fish too!”

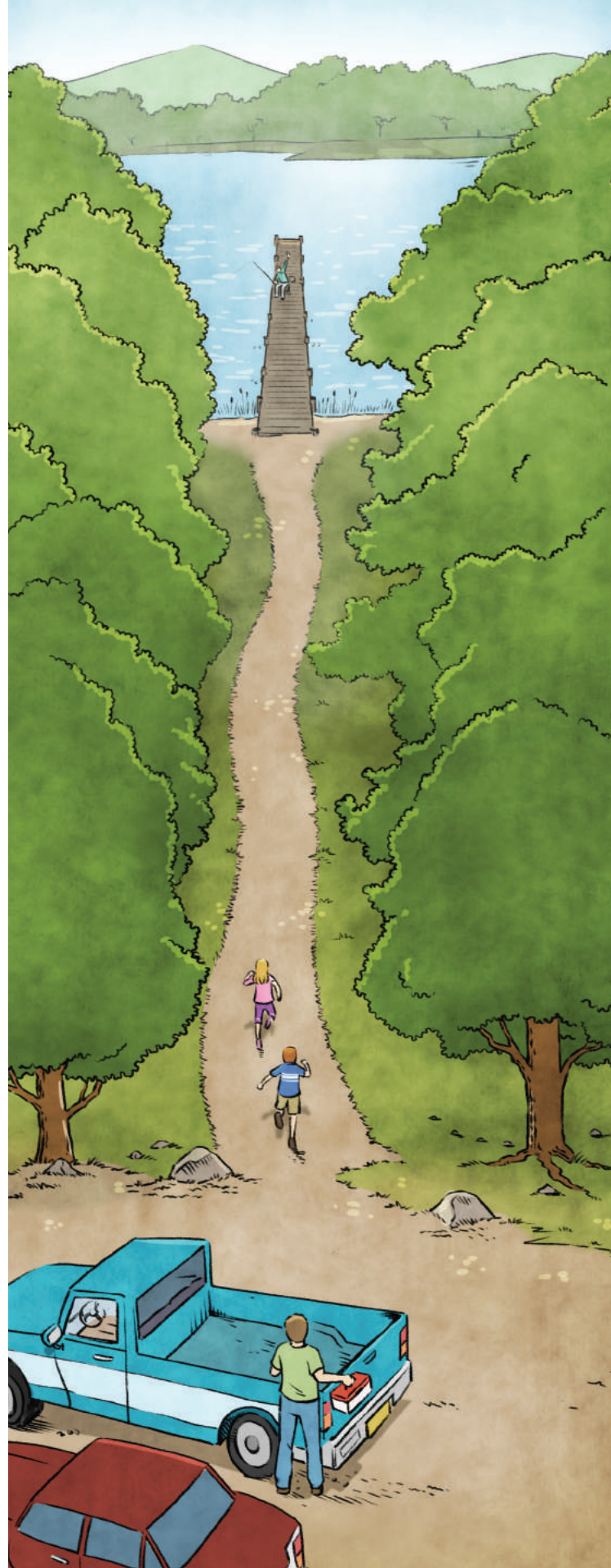
Ethan was only a couple of steps behind her. Fred smiled as they came running up. “Glad to see you. And you brought your father. He may come in handy.”

“Are we going to fish while we learn today?” Ethan asked.

“Well we can try, but the fish in Lake Ocowoc aren’t easily hooked.” A pile of small crates sat at the end of the dock. Fred chose one and sat down on it, inviting the children to find spots of their own. Ethan didn’t remember these ever being there before, but they sure were handy now.

When the twins were seated, Fred asked, “So, what answers did you come up with to my question? How *can* you reason with someone who is being unreasonable?”

Emily went first. “It’s frustrating. If you start out talking, but they won’t listen to you, then you get louder and louder until you’re yelling.”





Fred nodded. “And then what?”

“Emily hucks some sour fish at you,” Ethan said.

“She does?” Fred said, surprised.

“Only the one time,” Emily said, a little embarrassed. “But it’s like that, right? I felt like I had to do *something* more than just talk, because he was being stubborn and wouldn’t listen...”

“That’s very normal. We all want to be understood. And the more important the thing is, the more desperate we can get to have people understand it. Sometimes, people may even resort to physical action, especially when the person not listening is affecting them negatively.”

“Sour fish?” Emily asked, sheepishly.

“Or rioting,” Fred said.

“The Boston Tea Party!” Ethan said, snapping his fingers. “I knew we were going to talk about that!”

Fred smiled. “It’s no good trying to surprise you two. Yes, we’re going to talk about the Boston Tea Party. But first we have to talk about another event that had similar consequences. It also happened in Boston.”

Emily knew the event Fred was going to talk about because she had just read

about it, but she didn’t want to sound like a smarty pants... at least not yet.

“Before I tell that story, though, we should get our lines in the water.”

The twins enthusiastically baited their hooks and cast out, their bobbers tossing brightly on the gently rolling water. As usual, on the first cast, it felt like any second a fish would bite, but a few minutes went by with no action. Fred used a lure instead of the bobber method, casting it out and slowly drawing it back in.

“When last we left the Sons of Liberty,” Fred said, “they were trying to convince the British government that collecting taxes wasn’t going to work—at least, not until they had representation in Parliament. By the way, your father told me about your discussion the other night.”

“Yup. We know about ‘No taxation without representation,’” Ethan said.

“And we know that the colonists beat the taxes with boycotts and riots,” Emily added.

Fred nodded. “The colonial leaders sent many letters to the government in Great Britain—to Parliament, to the King’s ministers, and even to the King himself, listing their many grievances and trying to get them to understand.”



“Wasn’t Benjamin Franklin still in London?” Ethan asked. “If he was there to help, it didn’t seem like he was doing a very good job.”

“In some cases his recommendations were the reasons people were upset. Still, at this point, most of the anger was directed at Parliament. Even the liberals weren’t blaming the King. He was, after all, head of the Church of England, and divinely appointed to be king—or so many people believed.”

Emily reeled in and found a fish had taken her bait without getting hooked. “That would have made it hard for people to believe he was also responsible for the bad stuff going on.”

“Both of those are correct. It’s one reason it was so hard to get some colonists to move from conservative to liberal,” Fred said.

“You mean Tory to Whig?” Emily said, before Ethan could.

“Royalist to Parliamentarian,” Ethan said, with a smile. He wasn’t going to let his sister get all the credit.

A ways back down the dock, they heard Mr. Tuttle laughing. It appeared a big fish had broken his line. Fred glanced that way. “I see you’ve already had a teacher explain those ideas to you. That makes things simpler. Some people use other names to describe those groups too, and

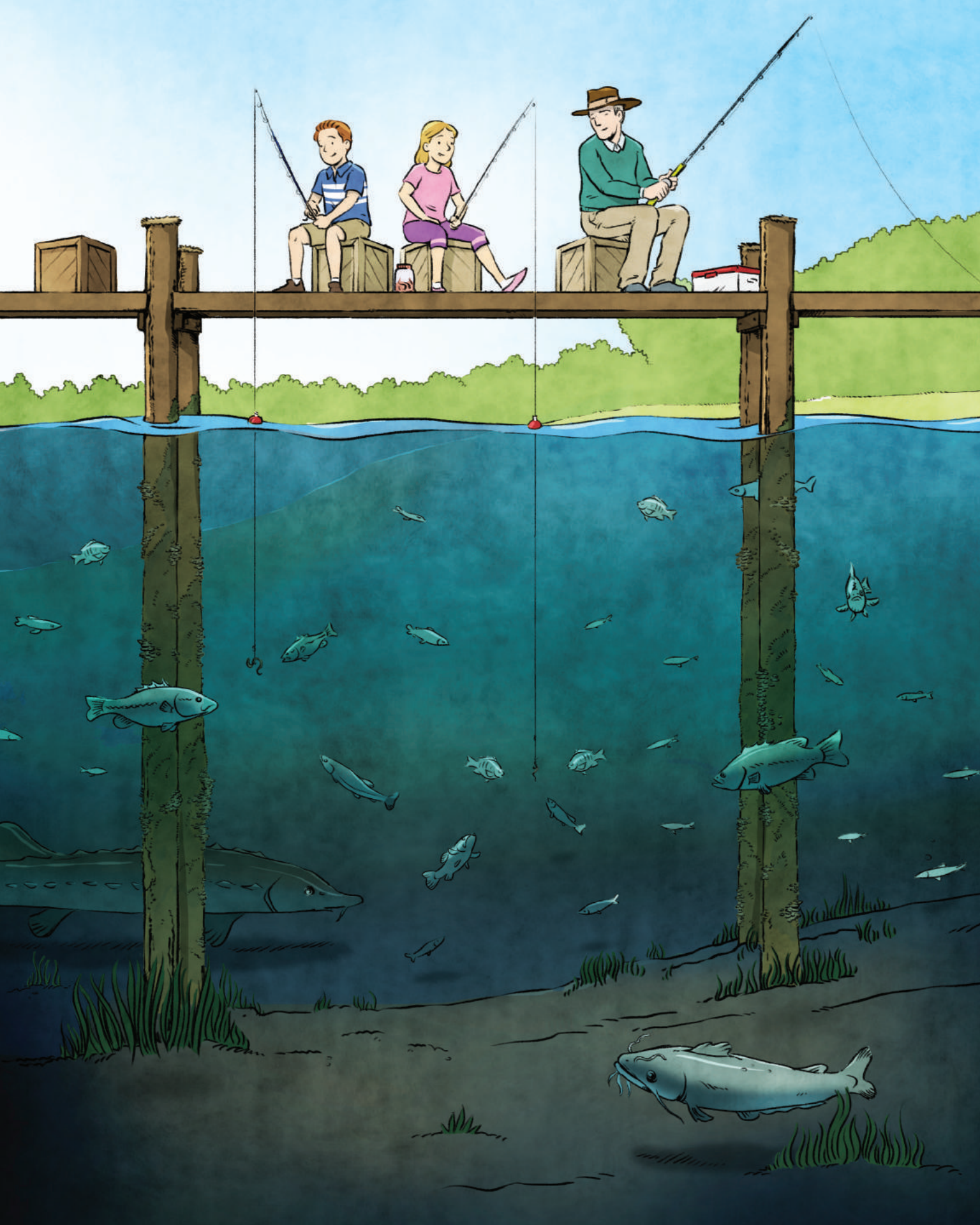
maybe we should talk about that before we get any further. Sometimes, they call them ‘good guys’ and ‘bad guys.’”

Ethan thought for a second. His bobber bounced once, but then was still. “How can we know if one side is really good and the other side bad? The conservatives thought the colonists should have to pay taxes and obey the laws just like everyone else.”

“And the liberals evaded taxes and smuggled goods in and out—breaking the law,” Emily said. “Wouldn’t people call that ‘bad’ most of the time? But how else were they going to survive so far away from Europe? The British taxes and regulations would have ruined them. Maybe they could have explained that if they had representation in Parliament.” She jerked as her bobber bounced, but she had no fish on the line.

“Bummer,” she added. “The fish are really winning the battle right now.”

“I’m glad you two can see that there are usually at least two sides to every story. And understanding who’s right and who’s wrong isn’t always so easy,” Fred said, drawing in his lure. His line came in dripping from the water, with a bare hook. He rummaged in his tackle box. “Think about that as I tell you the next story. It’s about an event we call the Boston Massacre.”





Ethan cast closer to shore, toward some reeds. That was usually a good spot. “I saw Emily reading about it yesterday. She probably knows all about it.”

“Well, not *all* about it,” Emily said, glad that Ethan had noticed. “But some, yeah. Because of the Stamp Riots, British soldiers occupied Boston in 1768. There were redcoats everywhere, and colonists were forced to feed and house them too. That’s called *quartering*, I think.” She looked over at Fred for approval.

“Exactly right,” he said, fixing a bright yellow lure to his line. “Keep going. You’re doing great.”

“The people in Boston hated it,” Emily continued, encouraged by the affirmation. “They protested and called for more boycotts of British goods. Mobs roamed the streets looking for tax collectors to rough up. But that made things much worse. And one time, there was a Tory colonist, Ebenezer Richardson, who shot at a mob of children who were throwing rocks at his office. He killed an 11-year-old boy named Christopher Snider.”

“That made the people super angry,” she added. “Later there was a mob of colonists who surrounded a British redcoat and shouted at him, calling him a child killer. Eventually, they knocked him down with snowballs and sticks. He shouted out for reinforcements,

## More About This!



### Two Funerals

The procession for Christopher Snider’s funeral was two miles long, perhaps the largest gathering in American history to that point! This spectacle was organized by the Sons of Liberty, but it was linked to another funeral in England.

The *Boston Gazette* wrote, “The blood of young William Allen may be covered in Britain. But a thorough inquisition will be made in America for that of young Christopher Snider, which crieth for vengeance.”

But who is William Allen of Britain?

Two years earlier, Parliamentarian and celebrity rabble rouser, John Wilkes, insulted the King in his satirical newspaper, *The North Briton*. Because of this, and another highly inappropriate pamphlet, he was sent to prison.

Thousands of Wilkes’s fans swarmed the prison. In the chaos, an innocent William Allen was shot and killed by a guard. His death resulted in an explosive riot in the field by the prison, and then spread into other parts of the region, where several more people were killed by British troops. This would be known as the Massacre of St George’s Fields.

News reached Boston where Allen’s death in Britain soon caused anti-government sentiment to grow. Over the next two years, the Sons of Liberty became pen pals with Wilkes from prison, who encouraged them to keep fighting.

The killing of their own Christopher Snider was the last straw that pushed the Boston Sons of Liberty to a new level of rage.



and then someone began to ring the town bell, like there was an emergency. Everyone poured into the streets and nobody knew what was happening."

Ethan's bobber dunked under the water. "Hey, Ethan," Mr. Tuttle called out. "You've got a fish."

"Forget the fish, Dad," Ethan said. "The liberals are fighting back!"

Emily loved telling stories. Ethan put his chin on his hands and waited for the next part. "The redcoat's call brought a troop of more soldiers to his aid. They lined up to defend their fellow soldier. The crowd waved sticks and threw ice balls, daring the troops to do something about it. All the redcoats were backed up against a wall. They pointed their muskets at the crowd, telling them to keep back!"

"They pointed their guns at the colonists?" Ethan asked in shock and suspense. He forgot all about his fishing for a moment and used his rod like a weapon. "Like this?"

"Like that," Fred said. "Imagine how that would have felt. But surely they wouldn't *fire* at them. Would they really shoot at their *own* people, especially after how the colonists reacted to the shooting of young Christopher?"

"I think they didn't want to," Emily said, "but the people were furious. They used sticks and snowballs as weapons. Finally, someone called out 'Fire!'—and that's what the soldiers did. They shot five of the rioters dead. The crowd exploded, running every which way, crying out that the redcoats were murdering people in Boston."



“Whoa,” Ethan said, letting the air out of his lungs. “How horrible. Soldiers shooting their own people? That’s only going to make things worse. Did people burn down the redcoats’ barracks or something?”

Fred shook his head as Emily tended to her fishing line. “They didn’t. But they did arrest the soldiers and put them on trial for murder.”

“Good luck to them,” Ethan said. “What lawyer would dare try to defend them?”

Fred grinned. “Would you believe... John Adams?”

Ethan’s mouth dropped open. “*The* John Adams?! The second President of the United States? *That* John Adams...?”

“That’s him,” Emily said confidently. “He was also the cousin of Samuel, the founder of the Sons of Liberty. But he still believed everyone was entitled to a fair trial. I think he hoped that by showing the British that the colonists were willing to listen and be reasonable, they would act the same way toward the colonists. He did so well as the lawyer for the redcoats that none of them were convicted of murder.”

Fred added, “Oh, and Ebenezer Richardson, the Tory who shot young Christopher? He was pardoned by the King for his loyalty to the crown.”

## More About Me!



### **John Adams**

Lawyer, Politician

Though a cousin to the rabble rouser, Samuel, John Adams had a significantly more polished reputation. As a distinguished lawyer and legislator, he used his influence to persuade the higher classes of colonists to resist unrepresented taxation, and he eventually pushed for independence from the Crown. Initially, his rhetoric reflected a firm belief in liberalism, but by the time he had become the second president of the United States, his policies were very much conservative, and even authoritarian.

“Well that doesn’t sound like a fair trial.” Ethan picked up his pole again and reeled in. The fish was gone, along with his bait. “It would have been really hard to get people to calm down after that, and then for the shooters to be let off the hook?”

“Indeed,” agreed Fred. “At this point, many people in Boston weren’t looking for representation in Parliament anymore. They didn’t want to be British citizens—they wanted out. They wanted independence.”

Fred’s rod bowed. “Fish on!” he said. Then the line sprang back slack. “Fish off. These fish are about as easy to reel in as a Son of Liberty in Boston.”

## The Last Straw

The sun dipped to the tree line, its rays directly on their faces. “The Sons of Liberty—especially a silversmith named Paul Revere—published reports calling the British murderers and tyrants. The redcoats were so scared they left Boston and moved to Fort William, a little island off the coast. For a while, there wasn’t any more fighting. Until the Tea Act.”

“I know this story,” Ethan said. “A bunch of the Sons of Liberty dressed up as Native Americans and threw three shiploads of tea into the harbor.”

“Right,” said Fred. “They’d had enough of Parliament making rules without their representation. And this new law gave one British tea company a special tax break that made their tea very cheap.”

“Wait, now they’re mad because of *lower* taxes?” Ethan said. “Why?”

“If they let that tea be sold in Boston, it would put all the other tea merchants—and even the tea smugglers—out of business,” Fred said. “It was another sneaky trick to make the colonists pay them money, but also to interfere with the trading of smuggled products that many colonists actually relied on.”

Ethan concentrated on his bobber. He wanted a catch badly. “Parliament is having as much luck getting money from the colonists as we are getting fish!”

“This is just like the unfair law our mayor made to help Bob’s Big Barbecue put the food trucks out of business,” Emily said. “Sounds like they wanted a monopoly on tea!”





“Exactly,” Fred said. “Although the tea belonged to the British East India Company, the ships were actually owned by their fellow colonists.”

Emily chimed in. “I read that other than the tea, the protestors didn’t do any other damage to the ships. They even swept the deck clear when they left.”

“Still, the law-abiding conservatives didn’t like the Tea Party one bit. In fact, even George Washington and Benjamin Franklin said they thought it was a bad thing. Franklin went so far as to offer to pay for the ruined tea with his own money.”

Ethan stared blankly out over the lake. “Ben, don’t you realize it’s not about the money? What they want is control.”

Emily thought for a moment. “I know you said to be careful about labeling good guys and bad guys, Fred. But the Sons of Liberty had a point. They were only asking to be treated fairly—to have a say in their government. But the British wanted to prove that they were the boss. They wouldn’t listen to reason.”

Fred nodded. “The Tea Party persuaded Britain that the Americans were uncivilized ruffians and that they needed to be taught a lesson. That lesson was called the Intolerable Acts of 1774, and they were the final straw—the last break between the colonies and their mother country.”

“Intolerable... that’s a nasty word. Laws the colonists just couldn’t put up with,” Emily said. “It kind of seems like discussing this reasonably is off the table. And it’s going to lead to shooting.”

“Yeah, and not with gummy fish, either,” Ethan said.

“That is what everyone feared,” Fred confirmed. “Just like with the Stamp Act crisis before, delegates from each colony, except Georgia, were elected to meet at The First Continental Congress to prepare a unified response, which became the Articles of Association. This was a significant document, because for the first time colonies officially united as one body to oppose the British Parliament’s abusive actions.”

The sun was setting as Mr. Tuttle joined them at the end of the dock, and the four of them cast out their lines. Just before true dark, Fred hooked a huge fish, jumping and splashing for five minutes before it reached the pier. Just as he reached the net down to capture it, with a mighty splash, the fish snapped the line and vanished into the deep lake.

They all stood there staring sadly after it. Nobody knew what to say.

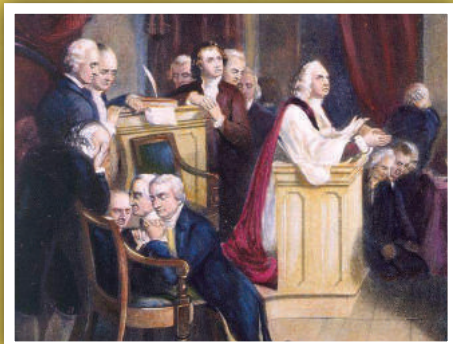
Finally Ethan grabbed one of the crates and heaved it into the water. It struck with a splash and floated there on the surface. “Take that, fish! Hope you like tea!”

## More About This!



### **The Boston Port Act**

This authorized the Royal Navy to blockade Boston Harbor to any commercial imports or exports. The only imports allowed were provisions for the British army and necessary goods, such as fuel and wheat, until the cost of destroyed tea was repaid. It ensured there would be no illegal trading with foreign competitors and affected everyone, as their economy depended on sending and receiving goods through the port.



### **The Massachusetts Government Act**

This changed the Massachusetts Charter, making local government positions (e.g., council members, judges, sheriffs, jurors) royally appointed, instead of chosen by democratic election. Even public meetings had to be approved by the Royal Governor!

All of this was intentionally focused on disempowering the Sons of Liberty and their subversive tactics.



### **The Act for Impartial Justice**

This act allowed the Governor to relocate the trial of British soldiers, accused of wrongfully killing a colonist, to another colony or to Great Britain for trial!

The act was referred to as the Murder Act because by making it nearly impossible to convict an officer, it enabled redcoats to become more reckless about opening fire on colonists, knowing there would be little to no consequences.



### **The Quartering Act**

The Quartering Act stated that if a colonial town would not provide barracks to British troops, all colonial governors had the power to quarter troops on people's private property!

This was the only act of the four to apply to all of the colonies; it allowed high-ranking military officials to demand better accommodations for troops in uninhabited houses, outhouses, barns, or other buildings at the colonists' expense.



Emily tossed in one of her own. Mr. Tuttle and Fred heaved a couple as well, laughing so hard they could barely fling the crates. The half-dozen boxes now bobbed gently on the swell.

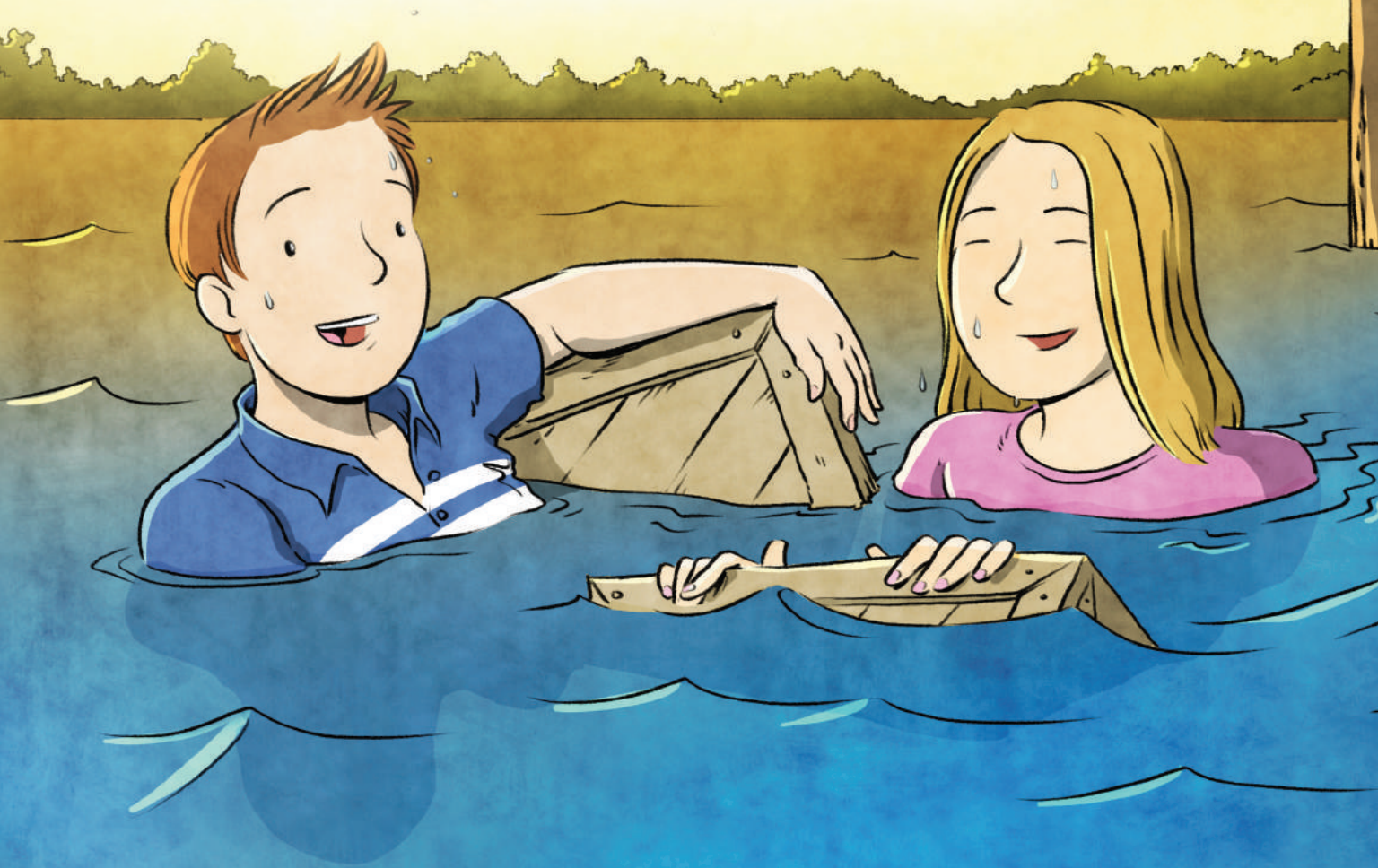
“Nothing like the three hours it took the Tea Partiers to dump all that tea,” Mr. Tuttle said, “but strangely satisfying.”

“Except I need my crates back,” Fred said. “But I wouldn’t dare tax you for them.”

Emily cranked on her rod. “I bet I can snag them back with my hook.”

A mighty splash rocked the surface and then Ethan’s head burst upward out of the water. “Never mind that,” he said. “I’ve been dying to cool off!” He seized a crate and dragged it to the dock. “Plus, I need to prove that I can listen when someone says something. It’s worth it!”

There was another splash, and Emily swam over to her brother. “I can listen better too. You get those over there, and I’ll get these. And you’re right—the water is great!”









## More About This!

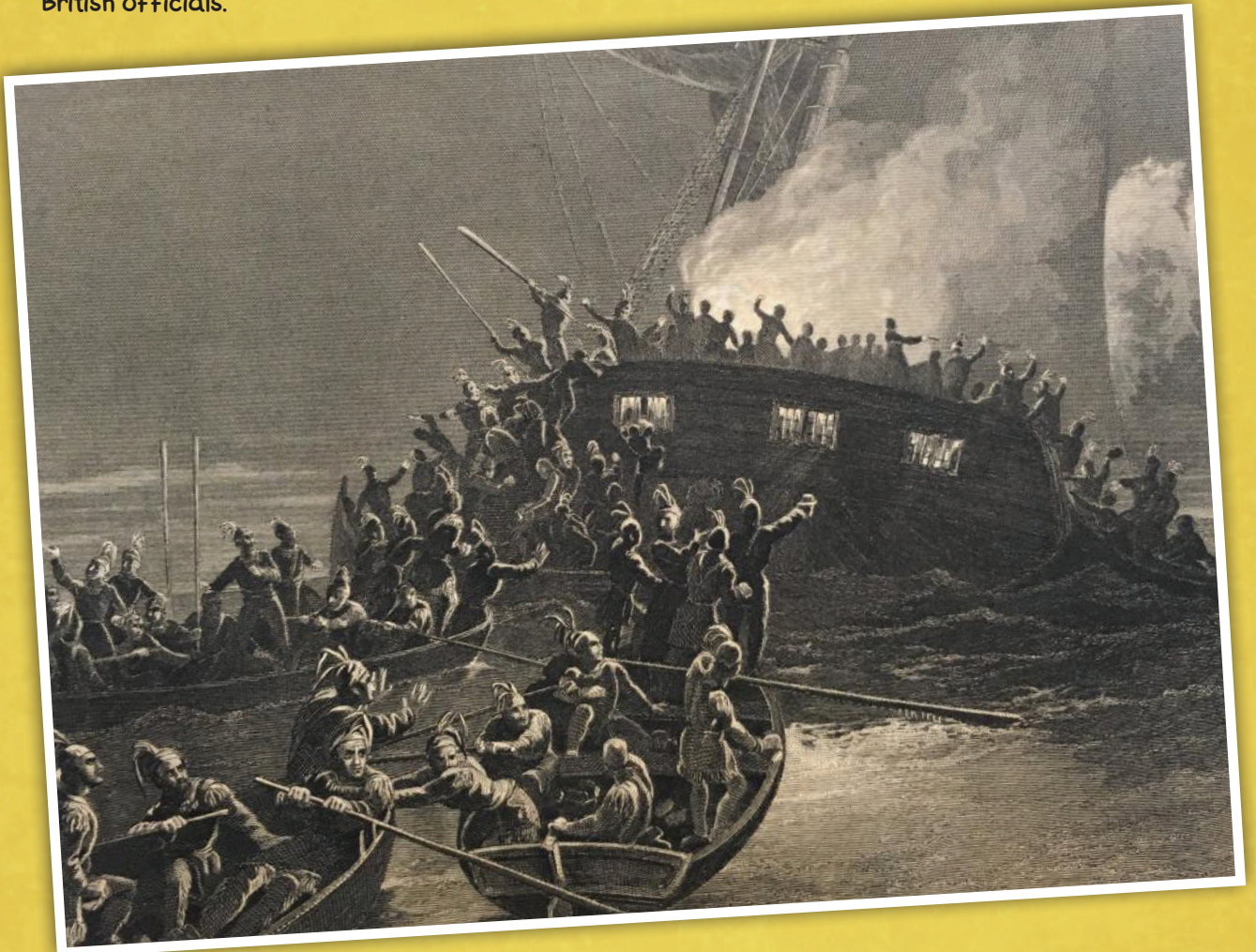
### Important Committees and the First Congress

1772-1774

After the Boston Massacre, the Sons of Liberty looked for any opportunity to sabotage or attack abusive British soldiers and officials in the colonies. One such opportunity presented itself in Rhode Island.

Lieutenant William Dudingston was a particularly abusive commander of the *Gaspee* in the Royal Navy. One day, the ship accidentally got stuck in the bay. A band of Sons forcibly removed the crew and set fire to the ship. Some of the band of arsonists were arrested but, similar to the citizens of Boston, the rowdy and rebellious Rhode Islanders had a reputation for producing court jurors who wouldn't prosecute rebellious acts such as this. So, the British government removed that right to be judged by a local jury by sending these political prisoners to London to be tried.

Additionally, in Massachusetts, they changed the way that judges were paid. No longer would their salary be paid by the colonial assembly—they would now be paid directly from the King. This essentially incentivized judges to rule more harshly against rebels and less harshly against abusive British officials.







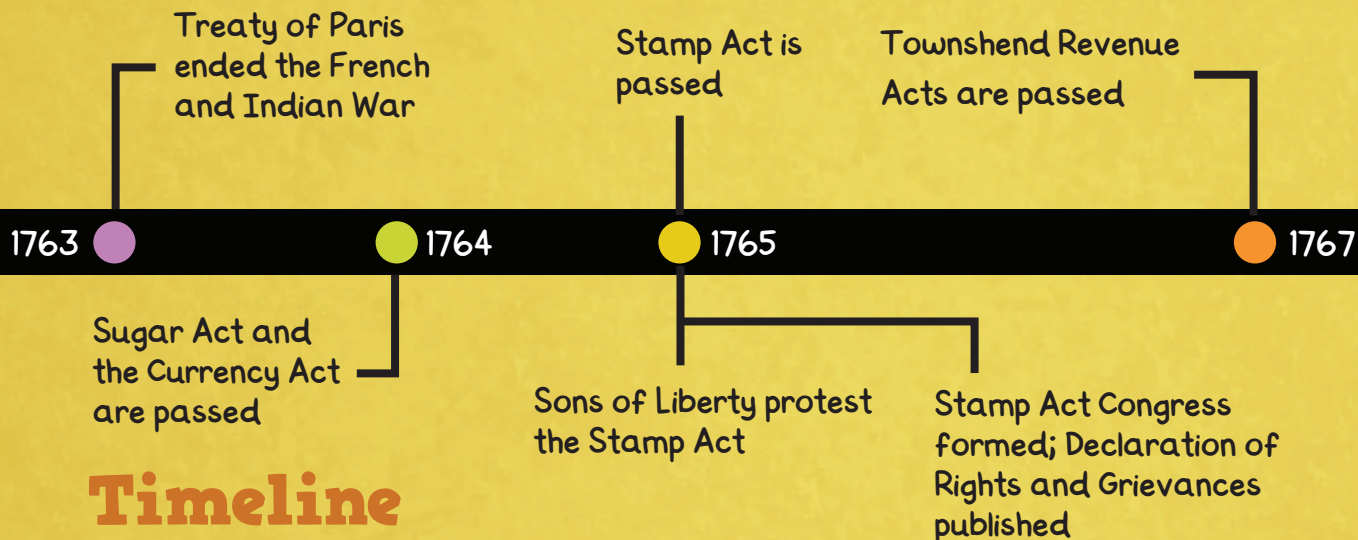
As soon as this policy was made known, Samuel Adams called for a series of town meetings. He was successful in persuading the assembled council to create, for the first time, a permanent Committee of Correspondence. Usually, such committees were created for specific issues—for example, a committee was called to address the civil unrest around the Stamp Act. But this time, the permanent committee would address the continued usurpations of their rights. He also proposed passing the Boston Resolves, which not only declared their rights as British citizens, but went further by declaring their *natural* rights—ones that are owed to us simply for being human.

The Resolves passed unanimously, which even surprised the liberals. Permanent Committees of Correspondence were set up in dozens of towns, each passing the Boston Resolves. It was clear that the people of Massachusetts were in agreement about this, unwilling to stand for the trampling of their rights any longer. Many more towns also created a Committee of Safety, which would oversee the organization of the militias.

These Committees of Correspondence occasionally sent delegates to a Provincial Congress, which was essentially a replacement government for the old colonial assemblies that had now been taken over by the British government. Under their direction, the many Committees of Safety and the militias might be formed into a larger group in order to defend these newly declared rights from anyone who threatened them... including the British military.

This system was used just a few years later to defend the towns of Lexington and Concord, and also to create the First Continental Congress, in which delegates from all of the colonies were invited to participate. That new Congress unified the colonies under the Articles of Association. The delegates also decided to raise a militia and to not obey the Intolerable Acts. They then decided to meet again in the spring for a Second Continental Congress to take more action!





## Timeline

# A Thought From Connor

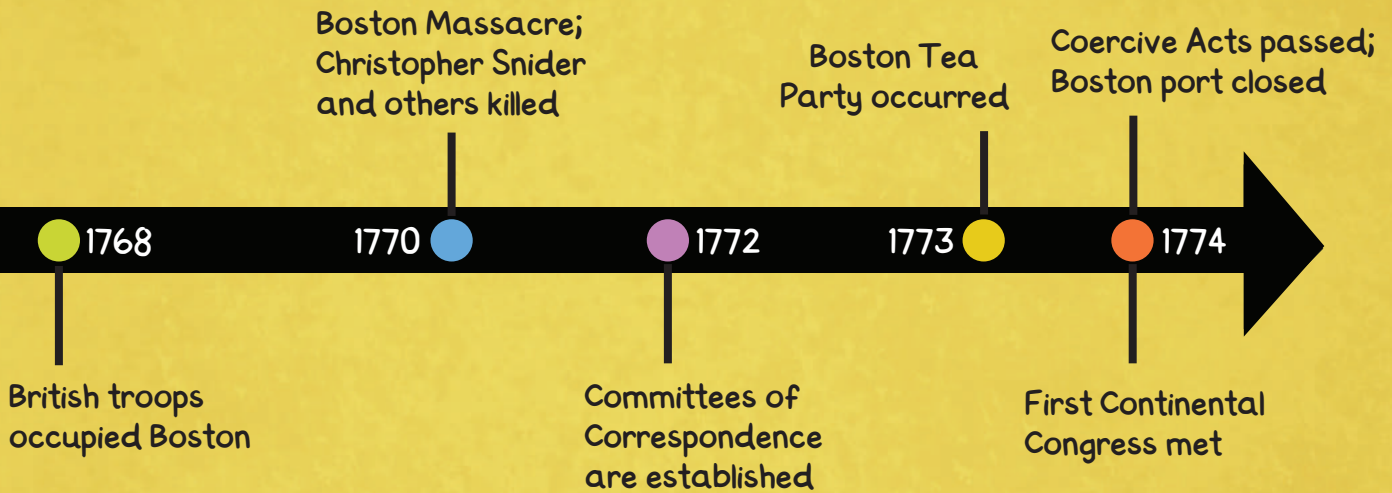
People typically don't listen when they fight. In an argument, each side is trying to vocalize its views and assert the correctness of their position. Think of the Boston Massacre... do you think anyone in that environment was sincerely trying to understand what others were thinking or feeling about what had happened?

So much of the conflict in our world comes from poor communication or a misunderstanding about what actually happened. That includes massive wars and family quarrels. It's so important that we try to understand others if we want to persuade them... because after all, it's unlikely that you're going to persuade someone who you're shouting at or attacking.

In battle, this is sometimes referred to as the "fog of war"—a lack of clear information to make good decisions about what is actually happening.

What does that look like in our lives? Well, despite all the information we have access to, we are often bombarded with propaganda and misinformation; some people do this intentionally to try and deceive us. They don't care what we think or feel. As we learn about current events, it's critical that we try to see truth through the fog that surrounds us.





## Let's Talk About It!

The Sons of Liberty had so much success precisely because so many of the colonists felt that they were being dismissed and disrespected by the British. How would you feel if you felt that your own government was violating your rights and was unwilling to listen to your concerns?

This is why it's important to listen to what others are saying and try to understand how your actions are affecting others. If you ignore criticism and instead push forward to get your way, it may lead to an escalated conflict—and sometimes, to war.

Think of how black people across America felt as they marched for years, petitioning the government (and the public at large) for equal civil rights. Their concerns were often ignored and even ridiculed by those in power. Some black people even joined together to defend themselves from abusive police, leading many white people to consider them radical criminals. (Of course, that's how the British described the minutemen, too...)

How can you do better at listening to people you disagree with?

