



## Chapter 21

***“The oldest home was home to me.  
Sixteen children sat on my knee.  
I was a silversmith, a coppersmith, a dentist, a spy;  
but the greatest was—a Son of Liberty!  
Come visit my home and buy my coin.”***

“That’s easy,” Ben declared. “We’re going to Paul Revere’s house to buy a penny. How do you buy a penny? With a penny?” He laughed at his own question.

“I’ll find it on the map,” Bekka offered. As she opened and spread out the map, their father took a picture of them on the ship with the harbor in the background.

Ben looked behind them and saw a Coast Guard boat chasing a speed boat around the harbor. “Look at them go! What’s happening?”

“I just got a text on my phone,” their father replied. “Remember back home I told you something big was happening in the harbor? There’s a big smuggling ring operating out there somewhere,” he said, pointing to several larger ships that were docked.

He leaned toward them and said softly, “I wasn’t really taking a picture of you. I was getting pictures of the boats and you



happened to be my decoy. You never know who is watching us, so please just act natural.”

“How do we act natural when something big is happening right behind us?” asked Ben, looking around for anyone who might be looking at them.

Two more boats zipped by in the water. Bekka was amazed how fast they were going. “Wow, what are they smuggling? Do they chase them way out into the ocean?”

“There’s a United States Coast Guard base near here, so probably they’re out there trying to stop the smugglers.”

Ben couldn’t believe they were so close to the action. “Awesome!”

“Because I know some inside information, we need to come up with a code word in case I have to warn you that something is going to happen. How about if I say I like Boston Cream Pie. Got it? Anytime I say that phrase, don’t say anything.”

“Okay, but you mentioned food and made me hungry. I need more pancakes,” Ben moaned.

“Forget your stomach, Ben. We’re in a race. Paul Revere’s house—here we come,” Bekka declared, pulling on his arm. “Help me read the map. I think it’s this way.”

Ben looked at the map, then down the street. “Don’t look now but here come Luke and Duke.”



“Do we say *we know your team is trying to make us quit?*” Bekka asked using a nasty tone of voice.

“Sh-h-h, they’ll hear you,” her brother said, giving her arm a good poke.

Bekka didn’t know whether to say *hi* or not, so she just looked at them as they got closer. Mr. Cooper spoke first. “Hi guys, how’s the scavenger hunt going?”

“Great. Everybody we talked to has had bad luck. Not us,” Luke replied. “How about you? Any bad luck?”

Bekka wanted to tell them *yes*, but their father gave her a look that said *not to*, so she just shook her head.

“We’re done here and on our way to the next place. Hope you don’t have any bad luck,” Mr. Cooper remarked.

“Oh, we won’t,” replied Duke.

“How can he be so sure?” Bekka asked as they walked toward Paul Revere’s house at 19 North Square.

“Because someone connected to their team might be doing some bullying to other teams,” her father reminded them.

“How far is it from here?” Ben asked after they had walked about ten blocks. “How come Paul Revere lived so far away?”

“It does seem like miles. Lucky for him, he got to ride his horse around Boston,” his sister said. “There it is—there’s the sign to his house.”



“Dad, got a penny? We need to buy a penny,” Ben asked, stepping inside the house that was built in 1680. Doing the math in his head he declared, “Wow! This house was built more than 335 years ago.”

“Yes, it was. I once heard it was probably built by one of the Pilgrims.”

“Sweet!” declared Bekka. It was the oldest building she had ever been in.

“Welcome to the home of Paul Revere,” the greeter said. She noticed their Freedom Quest nametags. She looked around and leaned forward. Ben and Bekka wondered why she was acting kind of strange. It seemed like she had something to say—just to them.