

We said good-bye to our home, our land

New: Narrative

Title: The Trail of Tears

Subject: History

Jargon: Indian Reservation, soldiers, the Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Muscogee, Seminole

“ No, mama I don’t want to do this,” I told my mother.

There were already soldiers that were lining up behind our fort.

“ You know we have to leave Alo, now come on,” she replied back to me.

About three years ago the Cherokee tribe had made an agreement to give away our land over to the United States. We had to always tried to make peace with them, but they just won’t accept us. **We have even tried to be more like them, by dressing up the same way and also by trying to learn their language; however, they don’t even care.** To save ourselves from a possible war, our chief decided to sign a contract that gave all of our land away to them. The reason why they wanted to give it away was because our land was filled with fertile soil which is great for growing crops. In return they created an Indian Reservation where they would place all the tribes there. **On paper that seems like a lot of land, but try having these five different tribes in the same place: the Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Muscogee and Seminole.**

Suddenly, we heard another bang on the door and my mother told me to hurry up. We said goodbye to our home and before we knew it, we were off onto a long journey west to the Indian Reservation. We were lucky because since I am still classified as a child, We got to stay in a small covered wagon. It isn’t the best space ever, but it was still better than walking. I had to share my space with a couple of kitchen supplies. Most of the people have to walk the whole trail in every single type of weather. There were a couple of soldiers that were with us to lead us to the reservation and that got to ride on horse back. There were also a lot of people crying because for the loss of their homes and they started to get a little angry at the soldiers. Luckily the soldiers had some weapons for protection. To be honest I felt kind of sorry for them. They have to walk with us all the way and back again to get home to their families. Although they still got horses, while we had to move on the muddy trail. I was starting to get a little worried because winter was going to be coming soon and we were going as slow as snails. I was hoping that we would begin to move faster before we started to see snowflakes up north. For now the crying and tears stopped, but I could hear the shiny boots of the soldiers stomping.

Before we knew it night came down on us. I was hungry because I haven't eaten all day, so I started to complain to my mom. Although, she just told me to stay still for a couple of more minutes. Then all of a sudden the wagon stopped.

"We must be resting here for the rest of the night," my mom told me.

That was a good thing because everyone was exhausted from today. Then it hit me. How are we supposed to travel over a thousand miles to a camp where we might not even get along with the others. This is the worst idea ever, how come no one saw this coming?

The wagon was so uncomfy that night. I had to sleep on top of the pots and pans to make room for the elders. The elders are very respected here in this tribe. Well I can't really complain because at least I had someplace to sleep. There were people that spread out their blankets and slept on top of the dirt. I didn't even think that the soldiers slept that much either because they still had to keep an eye on us and protect us too. When I woke up, I was starving. We had to preserve the food so I couldn't have a lot. In fact I only had a few pieces of bread. This was going to be a long journey.

We got to stop from time to time to stretch out our legs. I got to play tag with the other children, but each day there were fewer and fewer children. It was also getting extremely cold as we started to head north. No one really packed any warm blankets because in Georgia it was usually always warm. Luckily my mother had packed a blanket made out of buffalo skin that had been passed down from my great grandparents. That was keeping me warm, but a lot of other people were still getting sick. The elders were also starting to get really tired all the time and often had fevers. Whenever someone passed, the soldiers would grab a shovel and bury them at least a couple of feet into the ground; you can tell that they really didn't look forward to it. I bet that there was one thing that they wanted: to go home.

It was going to be like this for the next six months. I lost a lot of friends and our tribe started to get really small. At one point I was worried that my mother would get sick, but luckily she had a very strong soul. It took way longer than we expected because of the heavy snow fall. When I knew that the journey was over once we saw the sign that said "Welcome to the Reservation". We didn't know whether or not to be excited or sad. I was the only kid along with three others in this reservation. We were the only ones that survived, but I knew that things still weren't going to get easier. There were some other tribes that still needed to come, that is if they survived the long journey. I turn to my mom and notice how much her eyes were filled with tears.

I walk in front of her and say "I wish that things were different."

"Me too," she replied back while she was holding me back as if I was going to leave her all alone.

