

"Today is the day my Ma and Pa have decided to leave our quaint little town of Independence, Missouri. I sure will miss my family, my fellow schoolmates, and especially that one handsome young man who sits across the classroom from me. Pa says that once we reach our destination in a place he calls Oregon, we can start a new life. He told me to make sure that I pack everything that I will think I need - clothes, blankets, that kind of stuff. I made sure to grab the ring my grandmother gave me. She claimed that every time she wore it, she was surrounded by good luck. I hope that it brings me good luck along the trail. I have heard many stories about strange people and animals out west. It is possible that I could encounter them along the way."

"It feels like it has been forever, but we finally made it to Fort Kearny. There were two river crossings on the way here. Every time we crossed the river, it felt like the current was going to sweep us away. The food that we brought with us has not been too bad, but I feel like it is going to get old fast eating the same thing every day. I can not complain though. My Pa went hunting and almost got eaten by a BEAR! He claims to have had the entire situation under control, but now I am worried that a bear might walk into our camp one night and try to eat us in our sleep. One of the things that I enjoy doing is feeding and petting the oxen driving our wagon. They seem to really enjoy it when I scratch them behind their ears. I did some exploring today and found a neat stream filled with little fish. I took a piece of bread that I was carrying with me and sprinkled some of the crumbs into the water. They acted as if they had never seen food in their life! I wonder what other kinds of animals I will discover along the trail?"

"We are now a long way away from home. Today we reached Fort Laramie. On the way here we passed this GIGANTIC rock formation they are calling Chimney Rock. There were a couple of times when it started to rain as we were traveling. The thunder spooked the oxen and they started running. We almost crashed our wagon. Ma said that we are out of bear country, but now I am worried about getting caught in a storm. What would happen if our wagon were to crash, and we were stuck in the wild frontier with naught but what we could carry on our backs. I hear talk from the townsfolk that there are savage men who run in the wilderness and attack anyone they find. There are so many different things to be afraid of out here! Hopefully the luck from grandmother's ring really works. Pa is out restocking supplies so we can continue moving in the morning. I am getting really tired of all this moving that we have to do, but there is still a long way till we get to Oregon."

Ma wanted to stop at Fort Bridger because she felt it was a safer passage to take, but Pa was determined to get to Fort Hall as fast as possible. He has always been extremely stubborn. They are starting to argue more and more. I think it is the summer heat getting to them. We have been traveling for a few months now and I have seen and learned so much. Those large brown animals I heard about back home are called bison, and they travel in packs of THOUSANDS. There were a few really spectacular rock formations that we passed along the way. I actually met one of the savage men that I heard about back at Fort Laramie, and they are not as people said they were at all. He was a kind man who called himself Mohe. He said he was of the Cheyenne tribe, and that there were a bunch of different tribes of people like him living all over the area. I asked him as to why people seemed to think they were scary. He said that it was just because of the differences in their ways of life. For example, the people traveling across the trail do not ask permission of the animal's spirit before they kill it, and they hunt for sport. He told me that this was disrespectful to the Great Spirit Maheo which created the Earth. He then said something in a language that I could not understand, and put a beautiful bead necklace around my head. "May the Great Spirit guide you in your journey," he said. I hope to meet more people like him when we get to Oregon. With grandmother's ring, and the blessing of the Maheo, I am sure that we will make it to Oregon soon."

"After weeks of traveling along the Snake River, we finally arrived at Fort Boise. The river crossing had to be the most dangerous one yet. But worst of all, one night when my family and I were sitting around the fire, we heard a strange rattling sound. All of a sudden, a snake with a ribbed tail slithered up near the camp. Pa told all of us to get inside the wagon. He grabbed his pistol and shot the head of the snake clean off! I grow tired of the constant attack from wildlife. If it is not the weather trying to kill us it is the animals. I long for the memory of my soft bed. I still remember the smiling faces of my schoolmates back home. I often wonder what kinds of trouble my friends are getting themselves into. I even miss the tales that were told by my friend Mohe. However, we are almost to our final destination. Pa says that this last trek will be the most dangerous, because we are about to travel through the mountains. The days are starting to grow colder, and I believe that my brother is starting to get sick. He won't stop coughing. I sure could use some guidance from Maheo."

"The Blue Mountain pass was treacherous. On multiple occasions parts of our wagon broke, and Ma and Pa had to work together to fix it. I had to tend to my sick brother the entire way. One night a terrible storm came through the mountains and caused a rockslide. A few of the oxen were swept away by it. I had to stay brave though, trusting that Makeo would guide me through. More than ever I wish that our family would never have embarked on this foolish endeavor. We may have made it through to Fort Walla Walla, but we passed so many destroyed and abandoned wagons that it is as if we were walking through a graveyard. Pa says we are in the final stretch to Oregon City. I hope that is true. I can feel autumn slowly turning to winter, and if my brother does not start getting better soon, he will surely die."

"We did it. We made it to Oregon. After around 7 months of traveling we finally finished our journey. My brother did eventually get better, thankfully. Surprisingly, the boy from across my class back home is here too! I guess his parents got a similar idea after we left. I will never forget some of the adventures we had. There are all kinds of new adventures to be had here too. There is a school in this town, which means that there are also other kids my age here. While I will always remember my friends from back home, it will be nice to make new ones here too. Ma told me not to talk about Maheo to the other kids, and that I should only talk about God. She said something about making myself an outcast, but I will still wear the bead necklace Mohe gave me every day. I guess it is time to find myself a new adventure to go on, and after traveling all this way, I believe that anything could be possible."