

Read the text and answer questions 1–9.

**Antoine of Oregon**

A Story of the Oregon Trail  
by James Otis

Susan rode with me, as she had from the beginning of the journey. Nothing of note happened to us, unless I should set down that this day was stormy, and on that day the sun shone, until we came into the valley of the North Fork of the Platte, through a pass which is known as Ash Hollow.

There we drove down a dry ravine on our winding way to the river bottoms, stopping now and then to gather a store of wild currants and gooseberries which grew in abundance.

Near the mouth of the ravine we came upon a small log cabin, which had evidently been built by trappers, but the emigrants on their way into the Oregon country had converted it into a post office, by sticking here and there, in the crevices of the logs, letters to be forwarded to their friends in the States. Hung on the wall where all might see it, was a general notice requesting any who passed on their way to the Missouri River to take these missives, and deposit them in the nearest regular post office.

The little cabin had an odd appearance, and Susan confessed that, almost for the first time since leaving Independence, she was growing homesick, solely because of seeing this post office.

After crossing the stream we came upon a party of emigrants from Ohio, having only four wagons drawn by ten yoke of oxen, and driving six cows.

Truly it was a small company to set out on so long a march, and when the leader begged that they be allowed to join us, I could not object, understanding that unless the strangers had someone of experience to guide them, the chances were strongly against their arriving at the Columbia River.

There was in the company a girl of about Susan's age, whose name was Mary Parker, and from that time I had two companions as I rode in advance of the train.

I could have found no fault with these new members of our company, for they obeyed my orders without question from the oldest man to the youngest child.

Mary Parker was a companionable girl, and she and Susan often cheered me on the long

way, for even when the rain was coming down in torrents, drenching them to the skin, they rode by my side, laughing and singing.

On the twenty-fourth day of June we arrived at Fort Laramie, in the midst of a heavy storm. We had traveled six hundred sixty-seven miles since leaving Independence, if our course had been the most direct; but allowing for the distances some of us had ridden in search of cattle or here and there off the trail looking for a camping place it must have been that we made at least a hundred miles more.

Fort Laramie is on the west side of a stream known as Laramie's Fork and about two miles from the Platte River. It is a trading post belonging to the North American Fur Company, and built of adobe, by which I mean sun dried bricks, with walls not less than two feet thick and twelve or fourteen feet high.

This fort, if it can be called such, is simply a wall enclosing an open square of twenty-five yards each way, along the sides of which are the dwellings, storerooms, blacksmith shops, carpenter shops, and offices all fronting inside, while from the outside can be seen only two gates, one of which faces the north and the other the south.

Just south of the fort is a wall enclosing about an acre of land, which is used as a stable or corral, while a short distance farther on is a cultivated field, the scanty crops of which give good evidence that the soil is not suitable for farming.

About a mile below Fort Laramie, and having much the same appearance as that fortification, although not so large, is Fort John, which is in possession of the St. Louis Fur Company.

We were given quarters inside Fort Laramie, which was much to our liking.

Then, when we set off once more, it was with greater cheerfulness and increased hope, for the way could not have been improved nor made more pleasant.

Ten days after we celebrated the independence of this country we encamped near the Narrows, within sight of the snow-capped Wind River Mountains, and then it was that our company got some idea of what a herd of buffaloes looked like.

When we broke camp in the morning it seemed as if the entire land was covered with the animals. They were in such throngs that the sound of their hoofs was like the rumbling of distant thunder.

One could compare the scene to nothing more than to an ocean of dark water surrounding us on every side, pitching and tossing as if under the influence of a strong wind.

It was such a sight as I had seen more than once, but to my companions it was terrifying at the same time that it commanded their closest attention.

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Item	Grade	Claim	Target	DOK	Standard(s)
#6	8	1	6	2	RL.5

Evidence Statement
The student will analyze or interpret why the author structured elements within the text in a certain manner and the impact of that structure on meaning.

Read the sentence from the text.

One could compare the scene to nothing more than to an ocean of dark water surrounding us on every side, pitching and tossing as if under the influence of a strong wind.

It was such a sight as I had seen more than once, but to my companions it was terrifying at the same time that it commanded their closest attention.

Which of these **most likely** describes why the author ended with these lines of text?

- Ⓐ The author wanted to share his fondest memory about traveling on the Oregon Trail.
- Ⓑ The author wanted to include a summary of the events that occurred on the Oregon Trail.
- Ⓒ The author wanted to inform the reader that there were many herds of animals on the Oregon Trail.
- Ⓓ The author wanted to describe a scene on the Oregon Trail that could be harsh for those experiencing it for the first time.

**Key:** D

**Rubric:** (1 point) The student selects the correct option.