

How I

became a

ghost

*A choctaw trail of tears*

Tim Tingle

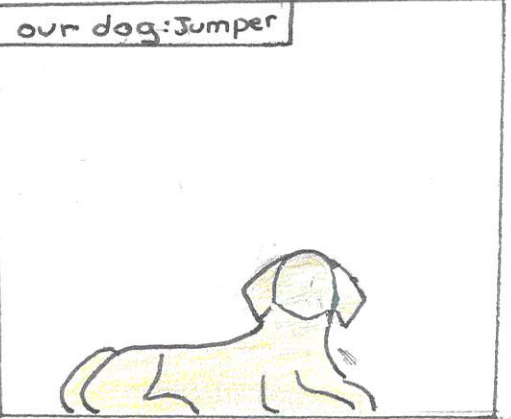
By:

Maryam  
Sidonie  
Octave  
César

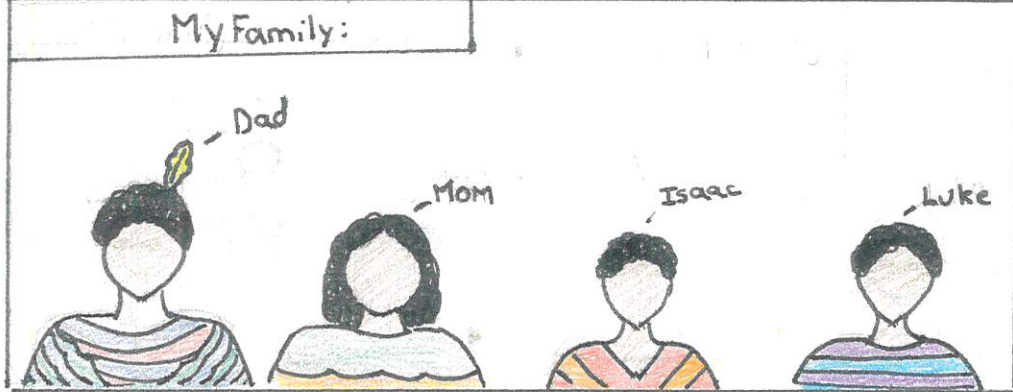
A peaceful day in a Chactaw village



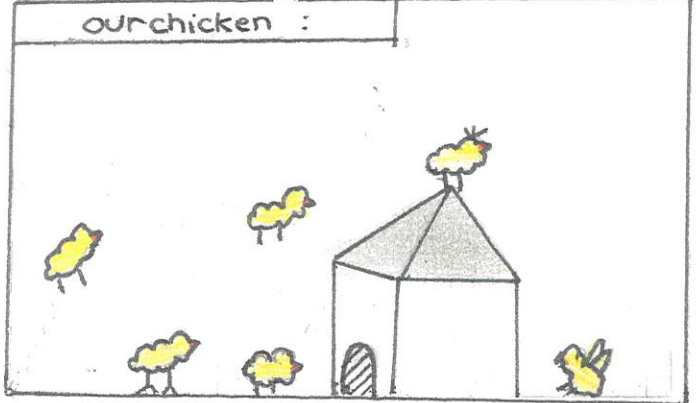
our dog: Jumper



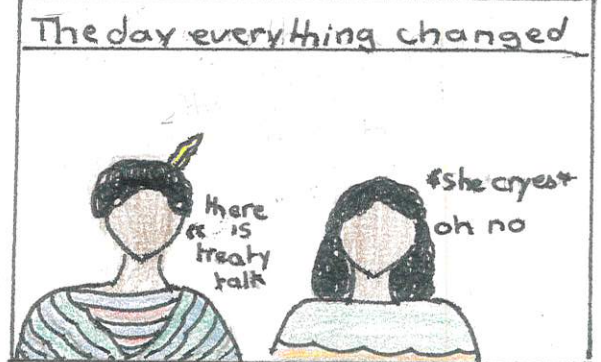
My Family:



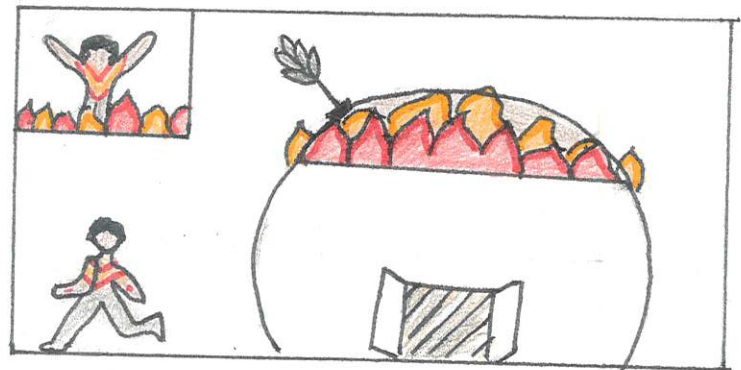
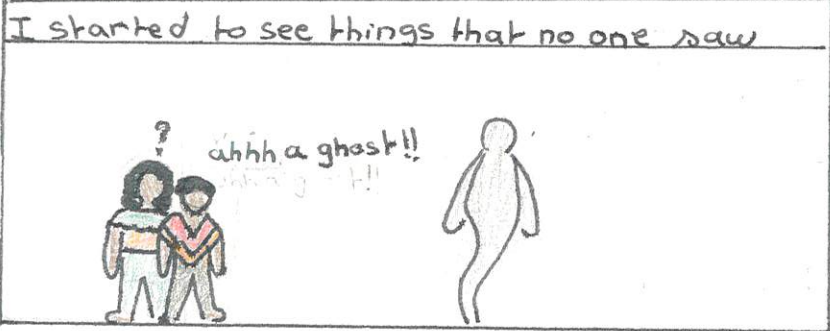
our chicken :



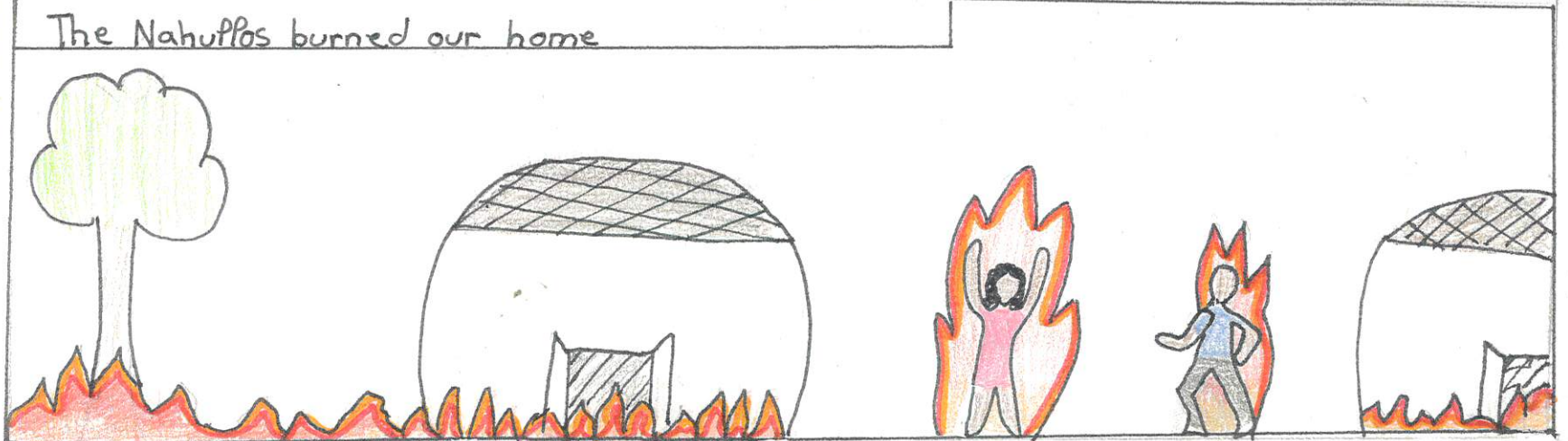
The day everything changed



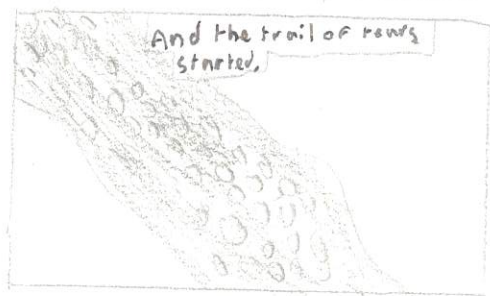
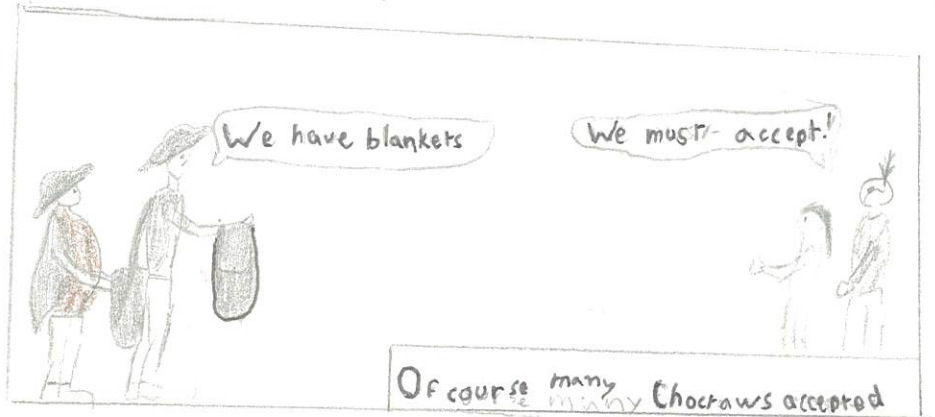
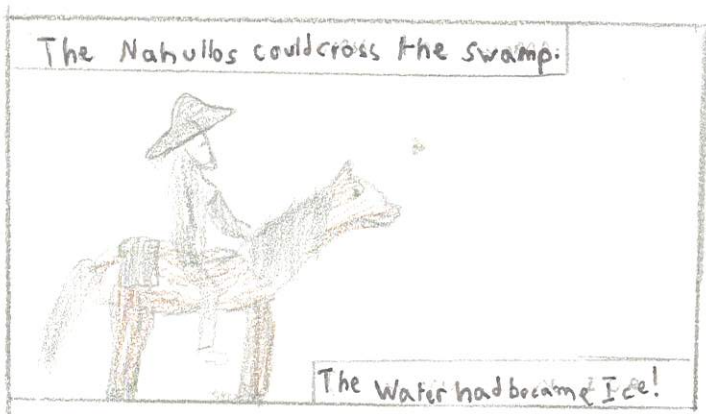
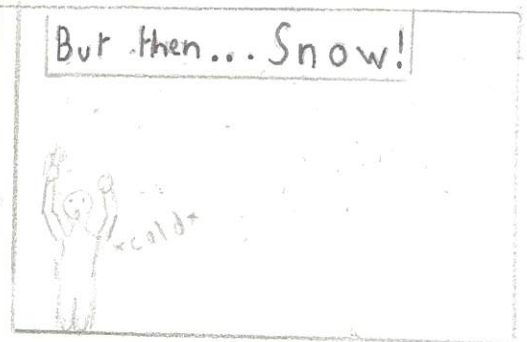
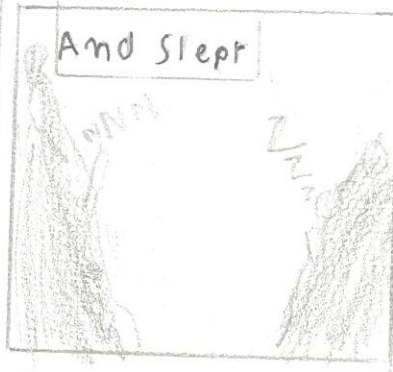
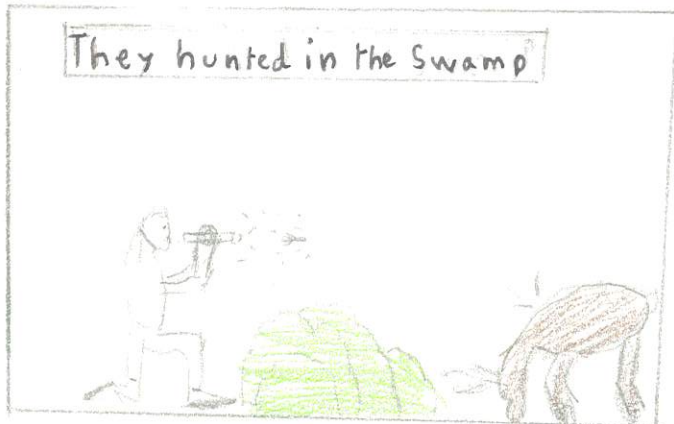
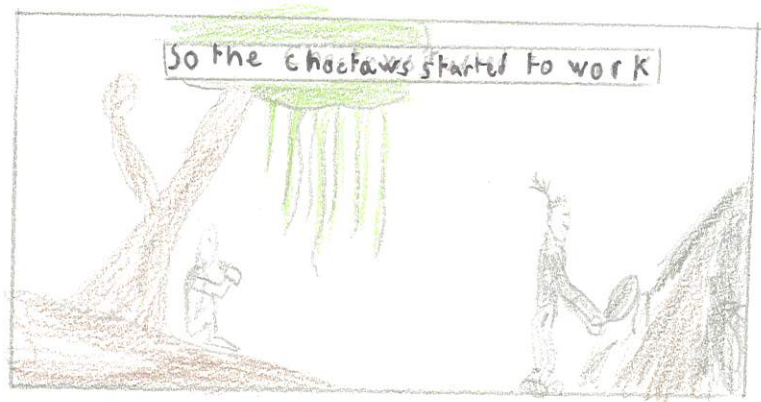
I started to see things that no one saw



The Nahuppos burned our home







So we moved to another group, as the last one were in before is dangerous.

we need blankets

Hi will you be my brother!

sure

are these blankets safe?

yes, we have had them in the village

they went to sleep

But Nira rolled from her blankets, and died

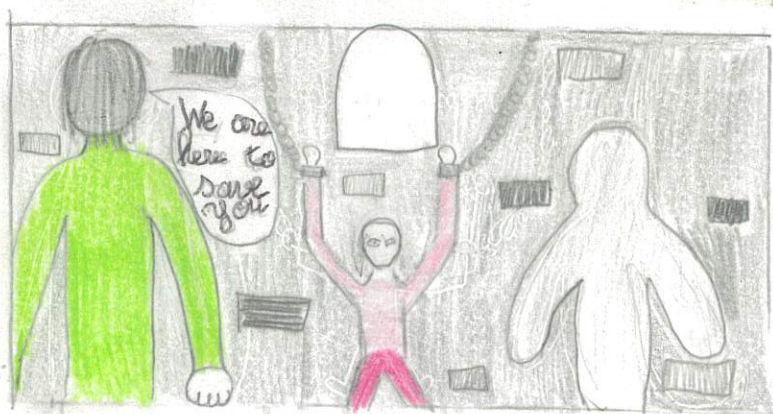
So they grieved...

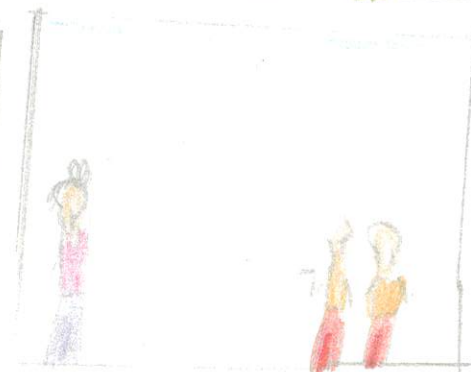
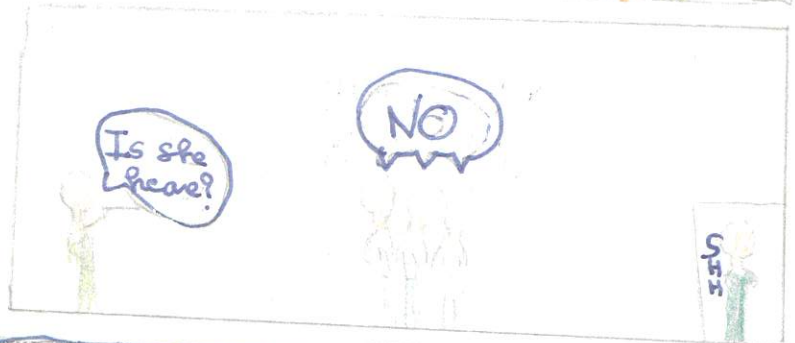
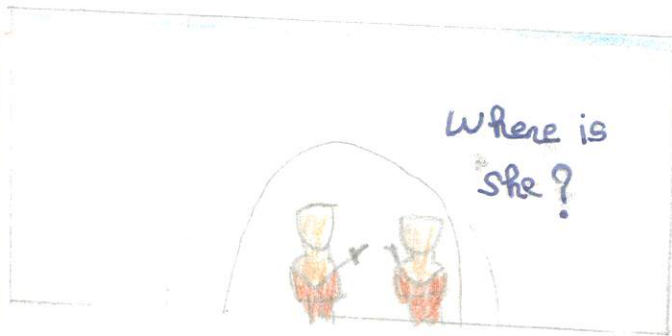
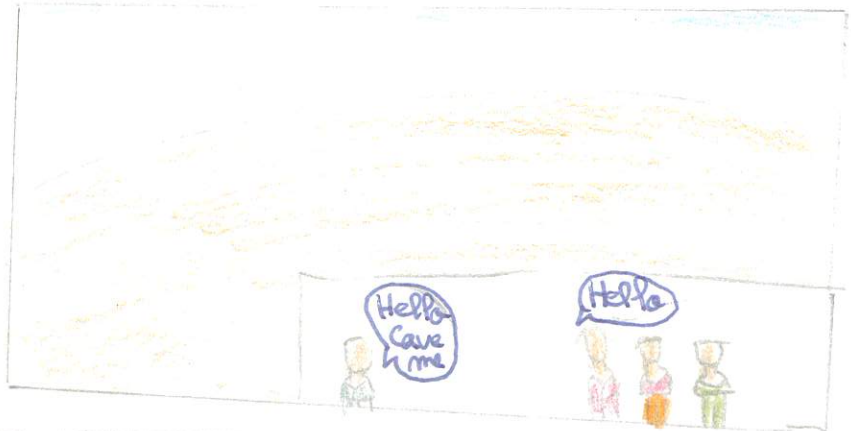
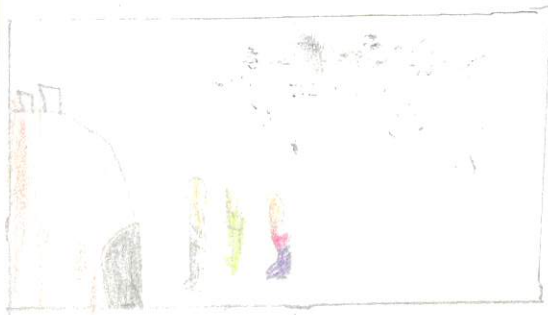
Isaac and Joseph were hunting

The whole Day

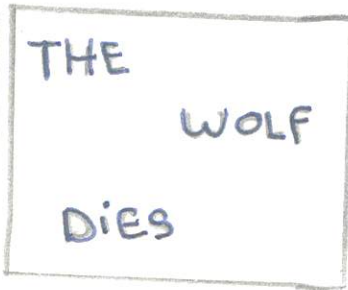
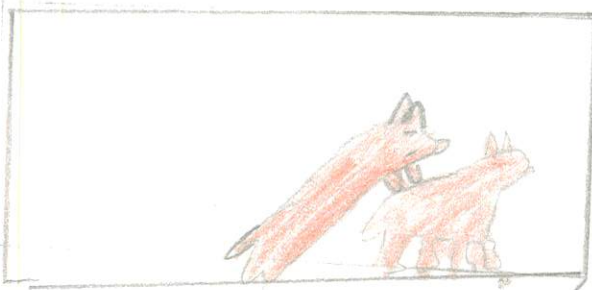
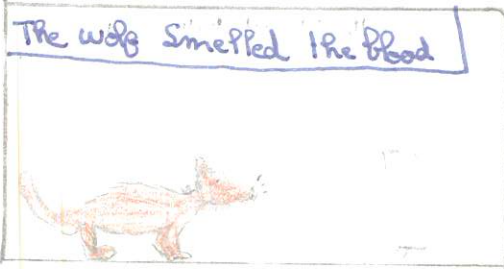
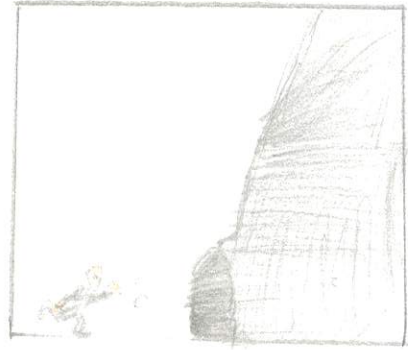
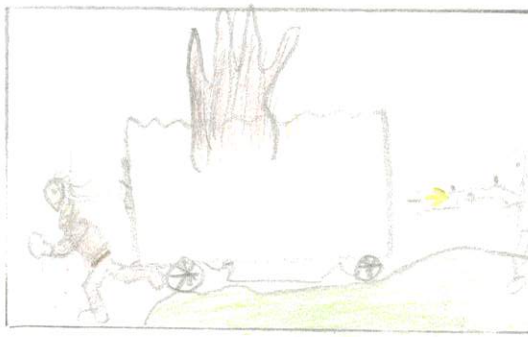
But it didn't go as planned.













the  
end