

Mrs. Naqvi Colin Crotty
English 9, Per. 3

Kip Carson

Looking at the sun rising over the dusty clay hilltops I thought to myself about attacking the Navaho Indians, thinking they might fight back. I guess I'll try an easier way and attack their food supply. After burning the crops, my sergeant started yelling at me. He was getting complaints from his boss about the cowardness in fighting the Indians. He said to fight the Indians face to face, show them who's boss. I thought about it for a while and came to the decision to attack them. I knew the risks, having lost five men in a battle where a group of brave men gave up their life protecting their families.

I got ready for the attack on the Indians and gave my men a talk about what to do. We took off late that afternoon hoping to catch them eating because it was harvest season. As we got there I had butterflies in my stomach and I kept hoping that they didn't have weapons to fight back with. As the horse's galloped through the smooth rusty sand I thought about how awful it would be to get an arrow in me. The Indians didn't put up much of a fight. They would just group up and protect the little ones. It didn't work. Suddenly as I was just about to get this kid he threw sand in my horse's eyes making him buck me off. I never did get that kid!