I'm soaked to the bone as I walk through a storm down a country road in western Arkansas. I don't mind the wind and rain so much, but I'm scared to death of lightning. If a bridge or barn were in sight, I'd run for shelter. But forget it. There's just me and trees, swaying in the wind. For the first time in my life, I imagine how a mouse might feel the moment he looks up to see a hawk shoot from the sky to drive claws into his tiny heart.

I wear a hat; a black crow feather sticks from it, while a rat snake rattle with eight buttons rides snug under the band at the back of my head. Jeans cover my aching legs. Lightning flashes yellow once again, as if to see if I'll try to run under a rock, I'm tempted. The road is flooded and small waterfalls shoot from the rock banks. My feet are blistered and on my back is a red and blue backpack weighing fifty pounds. I've walked one hundred miles and seven states in six days and I have eight hundred more miles and seven states to go. I promised myself I'd walk the whole way. But have I lied?
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CAT in the shops,

Temple. The driver rolls down his window, propped against his shoulder. A brand-aid is stretched across her left shoulder with a candy bar—there's chocolate on her chin—isn't there?

The driver motions for me to hop inside, but I hesitate. A little from within I can hear the rant.

 doom. The thunder follows and car stops. It's a station wagon but I would have to find me first.

I was in the fourth grade. A bolt of the might get me, I reasoned. I was in the fourth grade. A bolt of the might get me, I reasoned.

The lighting is much closer now, and I recall hiding behind some bushes. I was in the fourth grade. A bolt of the might get me, I reasoned.

The driver leans forward and squats in disbelief. A carriage driver.

I walk towards the driver and a truck, hauling horses, roars toward me.

Damn about man.

Then and there I hear the lightning as beautiful as it is, doesn't give a clue where that lightning is. I'm struck by lightning. I was home with my mother and two sisters and we smelled smoke coming from the attic. I was sure I'd be struck by lightning. I was home with my mother and two sisters.
I'll be okay, I say.
You can't walk in this rain, says the driver. Swim, maybe.

Trail of Tears

Old people died alone there, route which has become known as the Trail of Tears. Men, women, and children, mostly children and in the snow, pour thousands Cherokee, mostly Cherokee and in the snow. Your old Cherokee, mostly Cherokee and in the snow, pour thousands Cherokee, mostly Cherokee and in the snow, pour thousands Cherokee, mostly Cherokee and in the snow.

Many died in their homes in Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, and North Carolina. The Cherokees were forced to march from their homes in Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, and North Carolina.

Hundreds of thousands of Cherokees were forced to leave their homes in Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, and North Carolina. The Cherokees were forced to march from their homes in Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, and North Carolina.

But in 1838, President Martin Van Buren, pressed by Congress and soldiers, ordered seven thousand soldiers to round up the Cherokees at Fort Payne. The Cherokees were forced to leave their homes in Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, and North Carolina. The Cherokees were forced to march from their homes in Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, and North Carolina.

In 1838, the Cherokees were forced to leave their homes in Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, and North Carolina. The Cherokees were forced to march from their homes in Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, and North Carolina.

I can't, I say. I'm walking the Trail of Tears.

They live in houses and had lost important things.

Water runs into the storm.
Indeed, where is the strength and courage of my ancestors?

I walk on, I feel alone, naked with lightning. Where is my faith?

I hope you make it, he says.

IN SHORT