

Paige Horton

11/17/10

Social 5

Essay

It seems like it's been centuries since this war has started. My clothes are stained with blood and I am surprised to be well enough to write this journal entry. My name is Night Wolf. I am a Native Warrior and one of the youngest in the tribe too. My tribe is the Iroquois and I am proud to represent my family in this war. I live with my parents and older sister. My older sister is married to Sachehm an older warrior who was injured in the last battle we attended. It is true when I say we aren't given enough credit by our French allies. We are good warriors and the French could be losing without us.

My tribe has many strong beliefs. For example, we believe in war prizes. Also we live in groups and wear animal skins. When we lose a loved one we replace them with captives.

Last month my father survived a case of smallpox. It was hard for my family to watch him suffer. When we found out he was ill we were horrified and I was kept away from him so I wouldn't get ill and be unable to fight.

We have been fighting a lot lately and we have lost many warriors, but we keep trying and hope to one day have our lands to ourselves. It will probably be months before I write in this journal again so I now close this journal entry.