

Trip to oregon

[Linguistics](#), [English](#)



Trip to Oregon

We just arrived here in Oregon. My parents are missionaries and they wanted to spread the word of God among the natives of Oregon. I begged them to stay and just spread the word of God in Missouri where I can be with my friends but they were insistent. There are not much people here except for the natives and I think we are one of first settlers.

I am exhausted. The journey was quite an adventure passing through the Oregon Trail (Lothes, 2011) before settling here in Wilamette Valley. My parents chose to settle here because this is the most accessible part of Oregon where a series of trails can get anybody here. The Oregon Trail we passed through is a 2, 000 mile east to west route and I think the trail was made by the fur trappers. The road was horrible especially during “ spring when the melting snows and the up-heaving of the frost made mud” (A Portrait of America, 1830) that buries the wheel of our carts. We traveled through the new invented mode of transport which is really a big cart called wagon. We passed through the Missouri River to the Valleys in Oregon but mostly dirt road. Although it was more comfortable than riding horseback, the long travel was draining. It took us a year by a wagon that I missed my 17th birthday because I was on the road with my parents on our way here. I am going to make up that birthday with my debut this year.

Since the travel was anticipated to be long, we brought foods that can be stored to sustain us during the travel. Among those we brought with us were dried meat, live poultry (yes we brought live chickens with us), potatoes and beans. I also brought furs and comfortable shirts because the weather can get extremely hot and extremely cold.

We met Indians along the road which was also traveling because of the enactment of the Indian Removal Act where they will be relocated. We also met other missionaries when we were near here but mostly, it was the natives who my parents intend to minister.

I was first worried about the travel that Indians might attack us. But they were more scary in the stories than in real life because we were more worried about the weather, cholera and lack of food during the travel.

Anyway we are already here, the books that used to bore were all read during the travel and now I can keep them away and maybe write my own when I grow up about our travel here.

References

Lothes, Scott Of rivers and Rails. Trains, Mar2011, Vol. 71 Issue 3, p38-43, 6p; Reading Level (Lexile): 1300

A Portrait of America, 1830", EyeWitness to History, www.eyewitnesstohistory.com (2008).