

# They Cried on the Trail

## Chapter 8

By Carolyn Estes

Many years went by while Sally and John attended different schools. The two young Cherokees often thought about each other.

John wondered if Sally was safe and being taken care of.

Sally wondered if John was still in school and what would become of him once school was over.

John was hired to teach in a school in Tahlequah. The city was the capital of the Cherokee Nation.

Sally had also been selected to be a teacher in Tahlequah.

One beautiful late summer day, Sally was getting her classroom ready for her students. She dusted the desks and made sure everything was in place for the first day of school. She placed her blanket, an old friend, over the back of her chair.

There was one thing missing. She needed a good pen.

She walked to downtown Tahlequah. She spotted a mercantile store that might have what she needed. As she looked around the store, she heard a familiar voice.

"No, it couldn't be!" she thought. She was almost scared to turn. But she couldn't resist.

"John," she said in almost a whisper.

"Yes?" he asked as he turned around to see who was calling his name.

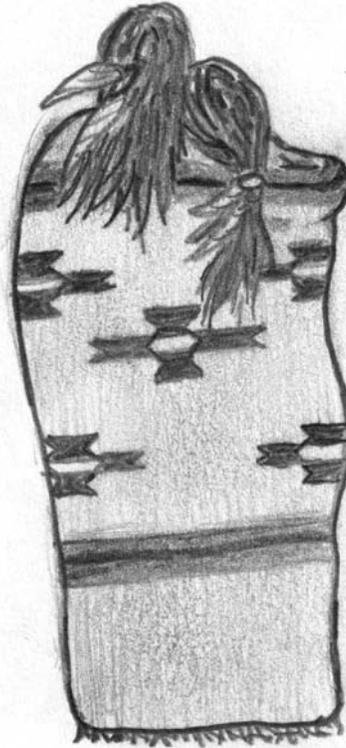
"Oh, my, Sally, is that you?"

John reached out to take the hand of his childhood friend.

The pair left the store and walked down the street. They found a bench and talked into the evening. They had a lot of catching up to do.

Fall turned into winter. The two shared dinners and many of their memories of the days on the trail.

"I wasn't sure we would be alive at the end, but here we are," Sally said to John one evening. "There were thousands who died on the trail."



"I know," he replied softly. "Now I know I can never take the chance of losing you again. Will you be my wife?"

And so it was to be. Their friends and students came to the wedding.

John stood in the front of the church with his blanket from the trail wrapped around his shoulders. When he saw Sally at the back of the church he removed his blanket from his shoulders. He waved it toward Sally, just like he had done on the trail.

Sally smiled and wrapped her blanket around her shoulders as she walked slowly to meet John. He welcomed her by wrapping his blanket around both their shoulders.

Their life together would be warm!

The End

### About the story

This is the final chapter in a fiction story about two Indian children. It is based on the history of the Trail of Tears.