

Independence Rock

Dear Diary,

I am Mary, the Hankin's family mother. Today we have reached Independence Rock in Wyoming Territory. As soon as we reached it the children took giant sticks and went right up to the rock to carve their names in it. I argued on and on but in the end the names John Jr., Jim, Anne, and Michael were on the bottom of the rock, forever like many settlers had done in the west.

We collected water from the Sweet Water River and drank and listened to other pioneers tell their tales and hardships of the Oregon Trail with my friend Alice. We ate and slept soundly, the first time I remember I have in the time of our Oregon Trail journey. We woke up and said a sad good-bye to our friends on the Oregon Trail and left. This was one day I will never forget at this giant 193 foot tall rock.

-Mary