

A Daring Dream Come True

Characters:

Michael Wolder

His mother

Meriwether Lewis

William Clark

George Drouilliard (*pronounced: Drew'll-yerd*)

John Shields

Scenes:

1: Michael's bedroom

2: Campsite in woods

3: The Pacific Coast

4: Michael's bedroom (same as Scene 1.)

Notes:

- *Fog must be used during the scene changes of scene 1-2 and scene 3-4. Dry ice can also be used.*
- *In Scene one she reads to him out of the journals of Lewis and Clark. These excerpts come from the journal, with nothing added, and nothing taken away.*
- *All props listed are essential (example: pouch on buckskin belt).*

Note on Costumes: Michael is wearing blue jeans, a tee shirt, and tennis shoes in scenes 1&2. Michael's mother should be wearing a casual dress that the audience can easily identify as modern. Lewis, Drouilliard, Shields, and Clark (and Michael in scenes 3&4) wear buckskin shirts, pants, moccasins, and coonskin caps. They can also wear hunting knives, and their buckskin shirts and pants should be moderately fringed (no beads).

Scene 1: Michael Wolder's bedroom.

At Rise: There is a chair by Michael's bed at the left of center of stage. Bedside table with lamp on it stands at head of bed. A bookshelf stands along the wall, with quite a few books upon it, one of which is a small leathery book. (*Remember: This has to be fairly simple, so as to be easily removed at scene change.*) Michael is sitting at foot of bed, frowning at a book in his hand (*preferably a large volume*) He groans, drops book and rolls over.

Michael: (*standing up*) I give up! I can't stand it! (*Points at volume*) I just can't!

(His mother enters through door.)

Mother: What's wrong, Michael Dear?

Michael: It's this stupid history book. It's so B-O-R-I-N-G! I've been unable to get anything out of it though I've been reading it for a thousand years! And I have another page left!

Mother: Are you still reading about Lewis and Clark?

Michael: Yeah. (*Mockingly*) The "Corps of Discovery". To top it all off, Mrs. Ferton wants everybody at school to create and do a presentation on it tomorrow, because tomorrow's the two hundredth anniversary of their departure from St. Louis.

Mother: Michael, Mrs. Ferton is a very sensible teacher, and she wouldn't assign you anything impossible. You can come up with something.

Michael: (*despairingly*) Mom, who is going to need to know anything about something that happened 200 years ago? It's entirely ridiculous!

Mother: It looks like you need to have some appreciation for what the expedition achieved in geographical and scientific knowledge. For instance, they discovered that there wasn't a way to sail by ships north of our continent, and they discovered many different animals then unknown, including the coyote, the jackrabbit, the pelican, the buffalo, the porcupine, and the prairie dog. They were constantly in danger from sinking sandbars and bears. Do you remember anything about the expedition that your book told you?

Michael: They got in boats and rowed up a river and climbed a few mountains, but what's so great about that?

Mother: Well, textbooks aren't always the best way to learn history. (*Walks over to bookshelf, pretends to be searching for a book, then sees the small leather book, takes it from shelf, sits down in chair by bed, and begins to thumb through it.*) I'll read a chapter from this to you, to see if you understand some things that you didn't understand in your textbook. (*Michael lies down on bed,*)

Michael: What is that book?

Mother: This is a copy of the journals of Lewis and Clark, written in their own words. Here. This place looks interesting. (*reading*) (*Bold print below comes from the journals*)

"May 5th, 1805 A fine morning. I walked on shore until after 8 A.M., when we halted for breakfast, and in the course of my walk, killed a deer, which I carried about a mile and a half to the river. It was in good order. Soon after setting out, the rudder irons of the white pirogue were broken by her running foul on a sawyer."(*Looks up*) By the way, Michael, this is Lewis writing.

Michael: Mom, what is a sawyer?

Mother: Well, what boatmen called sawyers were snags, often whole trees, which had one end stuck to the bottom of the river, and the other loose. So the loose end would go up and down with the current, and they often were totally under water. Boatmen always feared them, because they could easily rip a hole in a boat and sink it.

Michael: Oh. Go on.

Mother: (*reads on*) "**She was,**" (*looks up*) that is, the pirogue was, (*reads on.*) "**however, refitted in a few minutes with some tugs of rawhide and nails. As usual, saw a great quantity of game today: buffalo, elk, and goats or antelopes feeding in every direction. We kill whatever we wish. The buffalo furnish us with veal and fat beef. (*Michael falls asleep*) We also have venison and beaver tails when we wish them. The flesh of the elk and the goat is less esteemed, and certainly inferior. (*Here the stage starts to fog up from a fog machine hidden underneath the bed. The lights fade out to darkness, while a spotlight focuses upon Michael and his mother. The backstage crew or the other actors change the scenery to the woods in Scene 2. Meanwhile the mother's voice continues.*)** We have not been able to take any fish for some time past. The country is, as yesterday, beautiful to the extreme. We saw the carcasses of many buffalo, lying dead along the shore, partially devoured by the wolves and bear.

"Captain Clark found a den of young wolves in the course of his walk today, and also saw a great number of those animals. They are very abundant in this quarter, and are of two species: The small wolves, or burrowing dogs of the prairies, are the inhabitants almost invariably of the open plains. They usually associate in bands of ten to twelve, sometimes more, and burrow near some pass or place much frequented by game. Not being able alone to take a deer or a goat, they are rarely ever found alone but hunt in bands. They frequently watch and seize their prey near their burrows. In these burrows they raise their young, and to them they also resort when pursued."(*Mother stops reading, puts down book, kisses Michael tenderly, and exits. Spotlights turn off. Fog machine turns off once scene change is complete, and is removed from stage. If necessary, a very silent fan could be set up to blow the fog from the stage. This is the start of Scene 2.*)

End of Scene, but No Curtain

Scene 2: The Campsite of Lewis and Clark in the Woods

At Rise: Michael is asleep on ground where bed was in Scene 1 and in same position. On right side of stage is a Campfire, beside which sit Lewis and Clark, with maps and navigational instruments beside them. They are in buckskin clothing, and a buckskin shirt is on the ground behind them, scarcely visible to audience. Clark is drawing on a piece of paper carefully. They don't notice Michael.

Lewis: (*laughing*) It was a *full* den of them?

Clark: (*enthusiastically*) Yes. And they were all young cubs. I've noticed that they tend to bark at you as you walk towards them, and when they see that you aren't running, they run themselves! Most of their caves are near the most populated game trails. (*as if telling his favorite story*) There was, right outside one den I saw, a well-trod trail, and as I watched I had the luck to see a bighorn ewe and two of its young come down the trail, and the small burrowing wolves suddenly leaped from their den. The sheep turned to run, but were pulled down.

Lewis: I have seen the caves and trails, but never the attacks that you mention. The burrowing wolves are very abundant in this quarter.

Clark: (*Still drawing on paper*) Yes. You are undeniably correct in saying that. (*Looks at his work admiringly*) There! I am finished with this for the time being. I am glad that I studied navigation and map making when in Virginia. If I had not, I am sure I would be entirely lost, considering all the turns and twists we have been making. (*Michael awakes with a start*)

Michael: Where am I? I'm sure that I wa- (*sees Lewis and Clark*) Who are you? (*Lewis and Clark jump to their feet with a start*)

Lewis: Where in thunder did you come from, young man?

Michael: (*frightened; frantically searches for bed and room, but in vain*) I'm not s-s-sure. I- um - well, I'm so c-confused. I was in my bed and m-mom was r-reading and I came here, but what h-h-h-happened?

Clark: Calm down, young lad. We didn't mean to frighten you, but where on Earth did you come from?

Michael: From Tulsa.

Lewis: Tulsa? Where is that?

Michael: In northeastern Oklahoma.

Lewis: I've never heard of Oklahoma. Is that in the United States of America somewhere?

Michael: Of course it is. Do you mean to say that you've never heard of Oklahoma?**Lewis:** Of course I haven't.

Michael: It's east of New Mexico and Colorado, and south of Kansas, and north of Texas, and west of Missouri, a-

Lewis: (*Interrupting him.*) West of Missouri! You must be making it all up.

Michael: (*annoyed*) What makes you say that?

Lewis: Because, excepting the settlements in the Pacific Coast, and on the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, there are almost nothing but Indians and wilderness from the Mississippi River to the West Coast. There is very little American settlement west of Missouri.

Michael: (*getting angry*) There most certainly is not! You mean to make a fool of me! Do you not know a thing about American geography?

Lewis: (*firmly*) The two of us were selected by the President for our present task because of our expertise in Geography.

Michael: Then who are you that you don't know where or what Oklahoma is?

Lewis: My name is Meriwether Lewis, and this is William Clark.

Michael: (*double-take, amazed*) Lewis and Clark? You're the famous Lewis and Clark?

Clark: (*laughing with Lewis*) I don't know about famous, but if you mean "the Lewis and Clark of the Corps of Discovery" sent by President Jefferson, I suppose that's us.

Michael: Wow!

Lewis: What is your name, boy?

Michael: It's Michael. Michael Wolder.

Lewis and Clark: It's nice to meet you, Michael. (*They shake hands*)

Michael: (*dumbfounded; says hesitatingly...*) And it's nice to meet you.

Clark: (*walking around Michael, studying his clothes intently. Kneels and feels pant leg. Michael looks on, bewildered.*) Lewis. Come here! Feel this cloth! I have never felt such cloth as this. Why, it's more sturdy and rugged than canvas! It almost is as nice as buckskin! (*Lewis hurries over and begins to feel his pant leg*)

Lewis: (*to Michael*) Where did you get these incredible leggings?

Michael: They're just blue jeans. Everybody wears them.

Clark: Wherever did you chance upon such marvelous cloth?

Michael: Right here in the United States of America! They are made of- what was it- Oh!- denim!

Lewis: Denim? I've never heard of denim.

Clark: Put on this shirt. (*holds up buckskin clothing that has up to now been on the ground behind the campfire.*) You'll feel, and possibly look, more comfortable in it than in that silly thin one that you are wearing. Then lay down there in the shade, and rest. You are so affected by the heat that your tongue is rattling on ahead of your brain. (*Lewis and Clark laugh, and Michael exits.*) He's a strange fellow! (*Pauses*) Have you ever heard of any of those places he named?

Lewis: Only Missouri. (*another short pause*) I think he made the rest up. There is almost nothing beyond the Mississippi.

(Sudden crashing in bushes. Lewis, Clark, and Michael jump to their feet, startled. Lewis and Clark grab their guns. George Drouillard and John Shields come running out of bushes, with terror plainly showing on their faces. Crashing continues in bushes)

Drouillard: (*frantically*) A loaded gun, Captain! (*Snatches rifle that Lewis holds up, turns and fires into the bushes. Crashing stops. Lewis stands.*)

Lewis: (*concerned*) What was it that was following you, Drouilliard?

Drouilliard: A bear. A big grizzly bear. It was chasing Shields and me. We've had some adventure this morning. We came upon the biggest bear I have ever seen. It was huge. Thinking that our larder could use some bear meat and oil, I shot it and Shields followed my example. We put five bullets - FIVE bullets - through its lungs, and, wheeling about in a rage, it charged at us and chased us half a mile, though to us, it seemed more like ten miles. It gave up, turned around, and returned back twice that distance.

Shields: We still persisted in our folly that had led us into this state, and followed it by the trail of blood that it left. We trailed it to the river, where we found it swimming against the tremendous current. It swam to a sandbar in the middle of the river, and started to dig. It made a bed for itself that was two feet wide and five feet long, and lie down. It lie still for a long time, and as it was nearly two hours after this bear had received the wounds, we thought that it was dead, and started to work our way across the river. The current was terribly strong, and it was with difficulty that we reached the sandbar. We advanced toward its carcass, when suddenly it stood up and roared at us, apparently as alive as ever, so we hastily retreated to the shore from whence we came.

Drouilliard: I finally found my opportunity and put two bullets in its skull, and that finished it off. We swam to the sandbar and in measuring it found that it was eight feet, seven and one half inches long from the top of its nose to the utmost of its paws and I reckon it was at least 500 to 600 pounds in weight.

Lewis: Incredible! What an enormous creature!

Shields: It was about six feet around the breast, and about 4 ft. around the neck! It was much larger than the regular black bear, and I would rather to be unarmed and meet two hostile Indians than a single one of these bears!

Clark: Are you sure you measured it properly?

Shields: Quite sure, Captain.

Drouilliard: We encountered another on our way back. I think it was a female, and we had come between her and her young. This bear was very ferocious, and chased us back here, and 'twas it that I just fired at with your gun.

Lewis: (*to Drouilliard*) You have had much adventure since you left camp yesterday afternoon. But we also have had a thrill. My Newfoundland dog, Scannon, is now a hero. A wild buffalo crossed the river at about midnight, while we were all asleep but the guards. It was a very large beast, and as it came around the tents, curious of the light of the fire, it suddenly stumbled upon the surprised guards. They raised a cry of alarm that frightened the beast, and it went mad. It couldn't find a way out of our camp, and thundered around, its hooves scarcely missing the heads of several of our men. It headed for Clark's and my tent, and would surely have trampled on the two of us when Scannon leaped from the tent. He surprised the buffalo, and barking and howling like mad, he chased that buffalo out of our camp. Oh, but it was a brave endeavor of his, my friend.

Drouilliard: Truly. I think your dog reserves much recognition, for things such as when he fought that large beaver. He's a heroic dog.

Shields: Captain Lewis, who is that? (*Gestures with thumb that he means Michael*) **Lewis:** He says that his name is Michael. But he was mysteriously here this morning, and I don't know when or how he came here.

Clark: (*chuckling*) He was wearing the strangest clothes, and it was like he came out of thin air. He says he's from "Oklahoma"! He says he lives in a state of the United States west of the Mississippi! Imagine that! (*All laugh. Michael looks confused.*)

Shields: Maybe he's from heaven.

Drouilliard: You say his name's Michael? Maybe he's St. Michael the Archangel! (*All roar with laughter but Lewis and Michael*)

Shields: That would explain the appearance from thin air.

Lewis: (*thoughtfully*) "Oklahoma" sounds like an Indian word.

Drouilliard: (*growing thoughtful*) You're right, Captain. It sounds familiar to me, I who know several Indian dialects. But I can't recall what it means.

Michael: (*trying to be helpful*) It means "Home of the Red Man". I learned that in school.

Drouilliard: "Okla-Homa". "Red-Mans' Home". "Home of the Red Man"! Certainly. I should have known.

Lewis: Will you join the Corps of Discovery?

Michael: Yes! I'd love to! You see, when I first heard of you, I wasn't all that interested, but now I'm thoroughly interested. My mom was reading to me in your journals and she w-

Lewis: (*interrupting*) My journals! But I haven't shown them to anyone but Clark yet!

Michael: (*sighing; to audience*) Oh, no! I did it again! I am confusing everyone! I've gone back in time. I don't know how or why, but I've gone back in time two hundred years, and because I'm from the future, I know things about the Expedition that haven't even happened yet! No wonder they think I'm weird!

Curtain

Scene 3. The Pacific Coast / mouth of the Columbia River

At Rise: The scenery must make this scene appear to be actually on a beach, with the ocean on left side of stage, or painted into the backdrop. There needs to be a large rock near ocean, and several bushes to the right of the stage. The lighting must make it clear that the daylight is starting to fade. By the time the men return from chasing the Indians, it must either be twilight or total darkness. Michael, Lewis, Clark, Drouilliard, and Shields enter from right of stage. Michael is now, like the rest, wearing a full buckskin outfit (a buckskin shirt and pair of pants, a belt, attached to which is a leather pouch, [which is necessary {see end of scene 3}], a coonskin cap, and a pair of moccasins). They start cheering and shouting when they see the ocean. Lewis jumps on rock and looks at the water, then turns and shouts to the others.

Lewis: Men! We've done it! Behold the Pacific Ocean, the goal of our journey! (*All cheer loudly*)

Drouilliard: We'll be the most famous Americans on the day that we arrive at home! (*Cheering and shouting*)

Shields: We'll be made governors, and be given much land to raise crops on and much stock! (*Cheering and shouting*)

Lewis: (*after cheering has died down*) Let us take stock of our past occurrences and discoveries according to our notes. Drouilliard, how many Indian tribes have we met so far?

Drouilliard: I believe we have made contact with 24 or so major Indian tribes, and of all the minor tribes we have met or heard of that were unknown, there are at least 100.

Shields: We lost only one man to the jaws of death, that being Sergeant Charles Floyd, may he rest in peace. (*All remove caps for a moment. Michael nudges Lewis*)

Michael: Didn't he die of a ruptured appendix? (*All look at him*)

Lewis: What is an "appendix"?

Michael: You don't know what it is? Oh, yeah! Good grief. Why do I have to keep doing that? It hasn't been discovered. Never-mind. I'm sorry that I even spoke.

Lewis: Oh, it's nothing. We've gotten kind-of used to it. (*All turn attention to Clark*)

Clark: We have discovered 178 plants and 122 animals up to now unknown by scientists.

Lewis: Gentlemen and fellow explorers, we have come to our goal, our supreme destination in this perilous journey. (*Cheering and whistling*) We have fulfilled the dream of President Jefferson. We have completed our task! (*Cheering and other forms of applause*) Men! This day, November the seventh, 1805, shall be the most memorable day in our lives. (*Cheering and applause*) When we left St. Louis on May 14, 1804, we left as explorers without much chance of survival in this brutal wilderness. When we return, we will be returning as heroes of the United States of America! (*Cheering and applause from actors. After they calm down...*) Now, pitch camp. (*Drouilliard, Shields, and Michael start to pitch camp, using camp items from Scene 2. Lewis and Clark stand aside.*)

Clark: The sight of the ocean thrills me to the core.

Lewis: Indeed, I feel the same joy as you. Soon the American ships might arrive here to take us back home.

Clark: That is, if any have set out to pick us up at all. Lewis, what will happen if the promised ships do not come?

Lewis: Then we must journey back across the Louisiana Purchase to St. Louis, instead of sailing south around the horn, and up the Mississippi. I wonder if they are out there anywhere. Where is my telescope?

Clark: The Chinook Indians have stolen it along with many other things.

Lewis: That is quite troublesome. Is yours in your possession still?

Clark: Yes. Here it is. (*Hands telescope to Lewis*)

Lewis: *(scanning horizon through telescope. After pause...)* No, Clark. There is nothing at all. *(Hands telescope back to Clark. Sudden noise in bushes on right of stage.)*

Drouilliard: Hey! The Indians are at it again! *(Shields and Drouilliard grab their guns and run off into bushes. Michael dashes over to Lewis and Clark.)*

Michael: Captain! It's the Chinooks again! They took some beaver skins, and your tomahawk peace pipe and other stuff!

Lewis: *(startled)* My tomahawk peace pipe! Why that's too precious to lose!

Clark: *(seizing gun)* We *must* get those things back! I'm going to join in the chase. *(Darts into bushes)*

Michael: I hope they catch those thieves. I really wish we had a cell phone to call the police!

Lewis: What is a "cell phone"? And what is a "police"?

Michael: *(ashamed)* I'm sorry. I forgot that they haven't been invented yet.

Lewis: What hasn't been invented yet?

Michael: Police. It's a type of law force. Never mind. *(Pretending not to know what had just been said)* What? Who said anything about something not being invented yet?

Lewis: *(Laughing heartily)* I am kind-of taking a liking to you, even though you can often act so strange.

(Drouilliard, Shields and Clark come wearily out of bushes)

Clark: They got away, the scoundrels! They had two canoes on the shore, so they threw the articles in, jumped in themselves, and shoved off. They disappeared around the bend before we could even draw a bead on them. We trailed them along the shore as well as we could, but it was useless. They had vanished.

Lewis: If only they had taken some less valuable things instead. Oh well, I suppose there is nothing we can do about it. Who's ready to turn in?

Shields: I am.

Clark: So am I.

Lewis: Michael Wolder and George Drouilliard, you're on guard duty until one o'clock in the morning. Shields and I will relieve you.

Michael and Drouilliard: Yes, sir. *(Lewis, Clark, and Shields get in bed after bidding each other good night. Drouilliard turns to Michael)*

Drouilliard: Feel free to go to sleep if you want. You look tired.

Michael: Thank you, George.

Drouilliard: Will you tell me something that I want to know?

Michael: Most certainly.

Drouilliard: Then, how did you end up in our camp? I'll believe you, so don't be afraid.

Michael: Well, I'm from the- the future. I was supposed to make a presentation about the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and I wasn't at all interested in it. I had to perform it on May 14, which turns out to be exactly 200 years after the departure of the expedition. My mom started to read to me in the journals of Lewis and Clark that have been published in the future. I fell asleep while she was reading, and woke up in the past. I don't know what happened that I came into the past, but I did. Well, that's why I'm here.

Drouilliard: (*awed*) That's very interesting. What does the geographical U.S. look like in the future?

Michael: Where there is right now only wilderness from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean, excepting a few settlements along the river and the coast, in the future there were now 22 states.

Drouilliard: (*amazed*) States like Virginia and Massachusetts and New York?

Michael: Yes, but much, MUCH bigger, and one is Oklahoma, and that's where I live... or used to live. And there are hundreds and thousands of people living out here. There are several big cities, like Dallas and Denver, with millions of people in them.

Drouilliard: Wow! That is interesting. Thank you for satisfying my curiosity.

Michael: (*gratefully*) And thank you for believing me, which is something that none of the others have done.

Drouilliard: You're totally welcome. You know, I have a weird feeling that you won't be with us much longer.

Michael: It's strange, but I think that we both have the same feeling about it.

Drouilliard: (*takes an arrowhead out of pouch on his belt and hands it to Michael*) Here take this arrowhead with you, and it'll remind you of all that has happened. Don't ever lose it.

Michael: Thank you, George. This treasure is awesome. The cool thing is, if I ever return to the future, it will be a two hundred year-old antique!

(Drouilliard and Michael recline by the fire, while Michael places arrowhead in pouch on belt. Fire looks like it is merely coals. Blue stage lights [with optional dim spotlight] will be sufficient at this time. Drouilliard is still awake, but Michael falls asleep, in the same posture that he was in when he awoke in scene 2 and when he went to sleep in scene 1. Fog machine is hidden in bushes at right side of stage. Fog machine turns on and fills entire stage [like in Scene 1]. Scene is changed to Scene 4.)

End of Scene, but No Curtain

Scene 4. Michael Wolder's Bedroom Again (*same as scene 1*)

At Rise: As fog clears out, we see the exact setting for scene 1, but with the same morning light used in scene 2. Michael is on his bed asleep in the same posture that he went to sleep in scene 1. He is still in his buckskin clothing that he received from Lewis. He awakes, startled to find himself back in his room. He frantically searches for arrowhead, and reaches in the pouch on his belt, draws forth the arrowhead, smiles as if relieved, and places it slowly back in pouch. He climbs out of bed.

Michael: Mother! Mother! (*His mother enters through door*)

Mother: (*kindly*) Good morning, Michael. How did you sleep?

Michael: Did you miss me?

Mother: (*laughing*) What do you mean? Why would I miss you?

Michael: Because I've been gone for six months *-(doubtfully)* haven't I?

Mother: (*confused*) You're so silly! What do you mean? I was reading to you just last night. You've never been gone for more than a week.

Michael: (*perplexed*) Do you mean that I just dreamed it all?

Mother: Dreamed what?

Michael: I must have dreamed all of it.

Mother: (*sees his clothes*) Say, where did that fancy costume come from?

Michael: (*looks down at clothes; thrilled*) That's it! It *was* real! I couldn't have dreamed it. Dreams aren't this real!

Mother: (*concerned*) What's wrong with you?

Michael: Wrong? Nothing is wrong! You should say, "What's right?" I had the strangest experience last night. It wasn't a dream. I got these clothes six months ago, in other words, tonight!

Mother: (*totally confused*) Oh, come now!

Michael: I mean it! You'd never believe what happened last night.

Mother: Well, what happened?

Michael: Last night I went back in time, 200 years.

Mother: (*unbelieving*) You can't be serious!

Michael: (*emphatically; rattling on at 100 mph.*) I am totally serious. Last night you read to me in the journals of Lewis and Clark, and when I woke up, I met them! I joined the expedition for six months, and we had bears attacking us, and buffaloes, and stealing Indians! And we canoed down rapids, and saw waterfalls, and coyotes, and wolves! And we saw the Pacific Ocean, and I've seen it every time we've gone

to see Grandma, but it was different that time! Thomas Jefferson's dream came true when we caught sight of the Pacific Ocean that time. When I fell asleep on the day we saw the ocean, I woke up here. They had given me these clothes to wear instead of my tee shirt, jeans, and tennis shoes.

Mother: They do look pretty cool on you.

Michael: I think so too. I wish that everyone still wore them.

Mother: Do you still think that the Lewis and Clark Expedition is boring?

Michael: (*exited*) Not by a long shot. I understand fully what they achieved. I experienced with them the dangers, the toiling, and all those things of which I had very limited comprehension up to now. I felt the same anxiety as they did when they couldn't find the Shoshoni Indians to gain the much needed horses to cross the Rockies. I bore with them the brutality of the uncharted wilderness where no one knew if death was silently and swiftly tracking him in the form of a hostile Indian, a ferocious bear, an angry buffalo, or a steep cliff in his path. We would never have a home in Oklahoma, were it not for their stubborn courage. They had no maps or GPS systems to guide them, no roads or automobiles to give them a hand. They had no stoves with which to cook, and the only guns they had were everlastingly tiresome to load, and quite inaccurate. They had no one near to help them were they in trouble. They lacked many modern things that we take for granted, like policemen! Imagine that! No policemen, or firefighters, or ambulances! They risked their very lives in order to allow civilization safely to enter the west. They risked everything when they set out on May 14. My presentation, which I'm going to do today, May 14, exactly 200 years after, is going to glorify and honor them better than any presentation ever! I'm an eyewitness! (*grabs backpack and runs out door, whooping*)

Mother: (*smiles*) He is certainly fired up about the Corps of Discovery now. I'm so glad for him. That must have been some dream. Wow! That's going to be some presentation!

Final Curtain

The End