

## Great Falls

### *Streams to the River, River to the Sea*

pp. 110–112

We started off on the portage that was to last for more than eighteen very bad miles.

Those miles were bad because of many things that happened to us. On the first day it hailed. The next day it snowed. Then the sun came out, scorching hot. Overnight, a violent wind blew and black clouds rose in the west.

Captain Clark, Charbonneau, Ben York, and I—with Meeko in my arms, not in his cradleboard, because something had frightened him and he was crying—were in a deep gully not far from the river.

Charbonneau said, “The sky, she ugly up there. Better get under the trees.”

“Better yet,” Captain Clark said, “we’ll look for a cave.”

But there were no trees or caves. We were in a gully strewn with cactus.

Captain Clark led us along a riverbank to the head of the ravine. Here he found a rocky shelf that would give us some shelter from the rain and from the wind that had blown violently on the first day of the portage. If the wind blew again, we were now so near the bank that without this shelter we might easily be swept into the river.

The rain fell gently at first, mixed with large hailstones. Suddenly it fell in a glittering mass that hid the sky.

Through the hail I saw a yellow wall gathering at the head of the ravine. It was moving toward us. Before I could find the cradleboard, before I could shout a warning, Captain Clark had me by the arm. He was pushing me and the baby up a steep cliff.

Charbonneau had clambered ahead already. He reached down and caught the sleeve of my jacket, but he was so terrified that he could not hold on.

But we were safe. With one hand I desperately clung to the baby. With the other I grasped a bush that grew in a crack between two rocks.

Below us the yellow flood roared through the gully. It pushed rocks and brush before it and surged over the precipice. It was deep, higher than my head. Meeko’s cradleboard, Captain Clark’s compass, Charbonneau’s gun, all had disappeared.

**How does Sacagawea feel during the storm?**

**Facts from “On Foot” on page 25 of *Going Along with Lewis & Clark* that match Scott O’Dell’s story:**

**Underline the facts from the journals of Lewis and Clark that match Scott O'Dell's story.**

*June 29<sup>th</sup> Saturday 1805—*

I determined myself to proceed to the falls and take the river. According we all set out. I took my servant and one man, Charbonneau our interpreter and [Sacagawea] accompanied. Soon after I arrived at the falls, I perceived a cloud, which appeared black and threatened rain. I looked out for a shelter but could see no place without being in danger of being blown into the river if the wind should prove as turbulent as it is at some times. About a quarter of a mile above the falls I observed a deep ravine in which was shelving rocks under which we could shelter near the river and place our guns, and the compass under a shelving rock on the upper side of the creek, in a place, which was very secure from the rain. The first shower was moderate accompanied by a violent wind, the effects of which we did not feel. Soon after, a torrent of rain and hail fell more violent than I ever saw before. The rain fell like one volley of water falling from the heavens and gave us time only to get out of the way of a torrent of water which was pouring down the hill in the River with immense force, tearing everything before it, taking with it large rocks and mud. I took my gun and shot pouch in my left hand, and with the right scrambled up the hill pushing the Interpreter's wife (who had her child in her arms) before me, the Interpreter himself making attempts to pull his wife by the hand much scared and nearly without motion. We at length reached the top of the hill where I found my servant in search of us greatly agitated for our welfare. Before I got out of the bottom of the ravine, which was a flat dry rock when I entered it, the water was up to my waist and wet my watch. I scarcely got out before it raised 10 feet deep with a torrent which was terrible to behold, and by the time I reached the top of the hill, at least 15 feet of water.

I directed the party to return to the camp at the run as fast as possible to get to our load where clothes could be got to cover the child whose clothes were all lost, and the woman who was but just recovering from a severe indisposition, and was set and cold. I was fearful of a relapse. I caused her as also the others of the party to take a little spirits, which my servant had in a canteen, which revived them very much.

I lost at the river in the torrent the large compass, an elegant fuse, Tomahawk, [Umbrella], shot pouch, horn with powder, ball, Moccasins, and the woman lost her child's bear and clothes and bedding. The compass is a serious loss, as we have no other one.

**How does Sacagawea feel during the storm?**