

One day i was in my tribe playing Lacrosse when i heard a lot of wows and ohhhs. I looked around and saw are chief with a crowd of people around him so i went to go check out what was happening. The chief was holding a weird looking stick with metal on it, at least that's what i thought it was. Then I asked the chief what it was and he said it was a gun...I thought what the heck is a gun. Then the chief pointed it at a target a ways away, then i thought of what could happen next. then there was a large BANGG, i was so scared that i ran into my tipi think that the end of the world was about to happen. Then the chief came into my tipi and said that everything was ok and that it was just the gun, I walked outside and saw that there was a hole in the target. I thought that it was insane that he shot and hit a bullseye 50 yards away, because i know with a bow it's hard to hit that. One year past and we were more used the things called guns, we started using them on horses. When we would go hunt with the guns (also called rifles) on are horses and shoot the buffalo. It made hunting a lot easier, because you wouldn't have to get as close but there was one down side some horses would get scared of the guns and buck people off so we had to train them to get used to the gun shots, because we would rest the guns on their heads for a steady clean shot. Guns took a huge role in battles because we could take shots at farther ranges. I am 13 now and my parents died when i was four, but now chief is the only person i have now...And now he's gone. The chief got shot in battle while trying keep are tribe safe but he went down fighting and because we had guns we would all be dead by now and i wouldn't be writing this story, but because we had guns we lived to tell the tale.