

Connor Dobrzycki

### The Dusty Trail

It is the year 1818, and it is pretty boring for a 13 year old boy living around here. The most exciting thing my friends and I do is go fishing. We make our way down the dusty trail from our houses to the River Huron and catch as much fish as we can.

A fancy man came into town a few years ago. His name is Christian Clemens. Today, he and some other men have started marking the land around the River Huron. They are giving the land names like, "New" and "Market". The town is even named after him. We now live in Mt. Clemens.

My family will never live on one of those fancy streets. We live on a farm with lots of land and animals. I can't even go fishing until I'm done with my chores. I've been working on our farm since I was six years old. My brothers and I get up really early and meet my dad in the barn to get started taking care of the farm. He has taught us how important it is for everyone in the family to help out.

My first chore of the day is to walk the dusty trail down to the River Huron to get some water for the family and for the animals. Once I get back with the water, I take some of it to the house for mom and my sisters, and then I head to the barn to feed and give water to the sheep and the cows.

When the animals have been taken care of, there is always wood that needs to be split. My brothers and I head to a wooded area just down the dusty trail to chop

down a tree. The tree will make good firewood. We bring it back to the barn and split it, stack it and take some to the house. Mom will have the house nice and warm with this firewood when we are all done for the day.

One last chore and then I can go with my friends. I have to hook the horses up to the wagon for my dad so he can head down the dusty trail and into Mt. Clemens. My friends and I hitch a ride to the River Huron. We jump off the wagon and head to the water. We are all pretty sweaty from working on the farm and the water looks great, so before we head back down the dusty trail, we jump in for a swim.

As I walk back down the dusty trail to get home, I hear mom saying that dinner is ready. I run as fast as I can leaving my foot prints in the dirt on the dusty trail.