September 2nd

We arrived at Devil’s Flat. It’s been five months since we left Fort Independence. We had some bad stuff like my other ox died. I have no livestock left! One of the good things is that we crossed the river! Isn’t that cool? Also Pearl’s daughter died. She says that it is terrible. I think so too.

When I looked at the dry, deserted Devil’s Flat, it did look like a devil, wicked and mean, trying to take our lives. I felt like something bad was going to happen. To my children? To my friends on the wagon train? We might fall into the tracks of the evil devil. I hope we don’t.

 --Anna Ives