

Rasputina, My Captivity By Savages

This is "The Story of My Captivity by Savages," or "How I Learned to Fight" by Eliza Elizabeth Cook, age 13

Written in my own hand on this, the 23rd day of August, 1829.

Chapter one.

"Fine Day for a Flaying," or "The Brutal Massacre of All I Held Dear." The valley that runs down the trail over the west bank of the glorious state of Natchez-Pierce was the scene of a most horrible massacre. How I came to be spared, by the grace of God, I shall never know.

I had been smashed in the head with a boulder over fourteen times by a young Indian brave. When

I clenched my long, graceful fingers into tight fists at my sides, and turning my head away, laughed

I felt about my waist for a weapon. Oftentimes, I kept sewing tools hanging from ribbons pinned to my

Brushing a strand of pale yellow hair from my brow, I pretended to reach for a stray silken slipper that

The silent commander had only to reach down to capture me by the hair. Yanking hard, he pulled me