

# The Last of the Mohicans

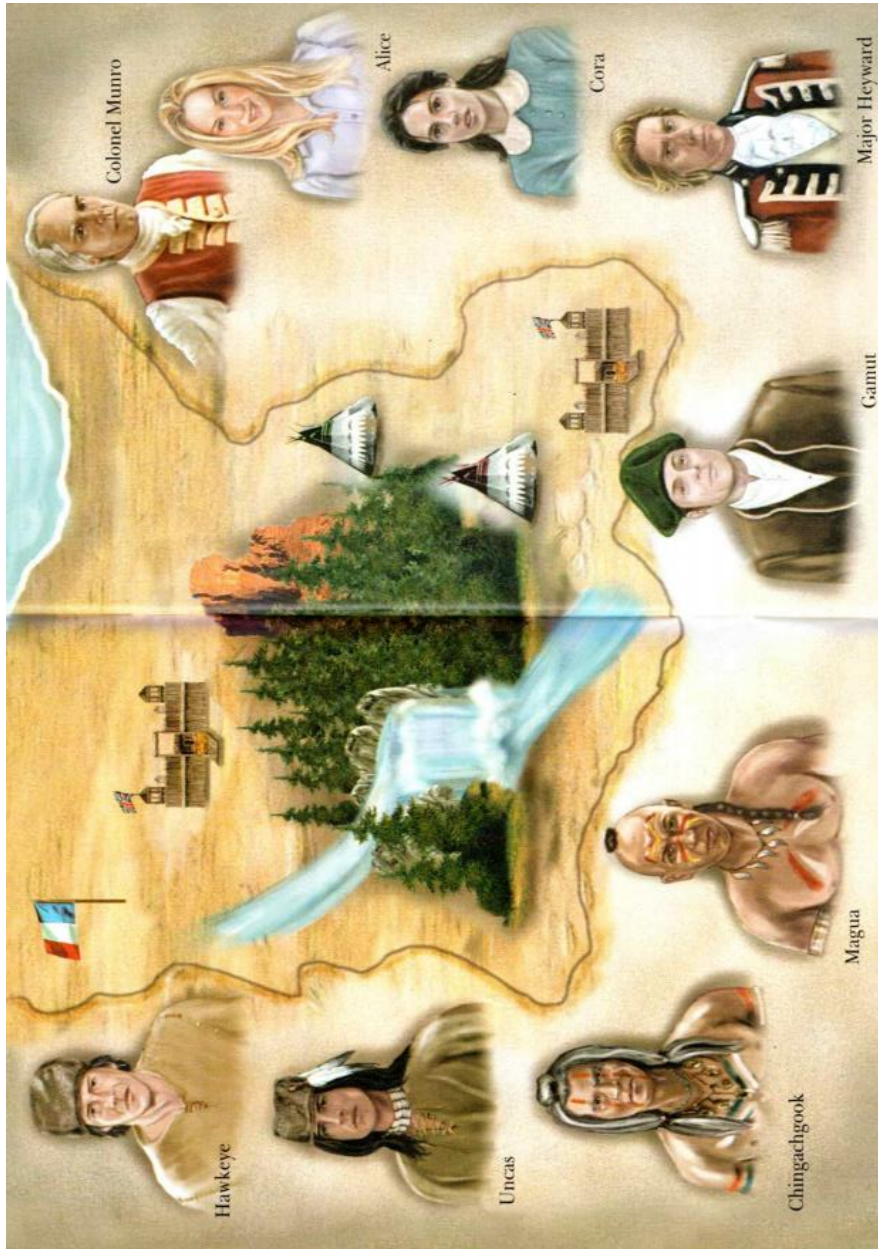
James Fenimore Cooper



*retold by Elizabeth Gray*



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Colonel Munro

Alice

Cora

Major Heyward

Gamut

Magua

Chingachgook

Uncas

Hawkeye

## *The War*

In 1757, in the north-east part of New York state, the English and the French were fighting over who would one day control the land. The forests around this area were filled with danger. There were enemy soldiers everywhere. Also, the Indians, who knew the land very well, were either very friendly or extremely dangerous.

Everybody in Fort Edward, an English fortress built on the northern part of the Hudson river, was very busy. One day, an Indian called Magua arrived there from Fort Henry to see General Webb.

General Webb was a short powerful man with white hair and a white beard. He wore a row of medals across his chest. The long yellow coat of his uniform was down to his knees and it almost touched his black riding boots.

Major Heyward saluted him and began to speak. "General Webb, the Indian here has news from Colonel Munro. The French are moving south towards Fort Henry. Colonel Munro is asking for more men."

"Well, I need men myself. We have no protection on either the east or the west."

"Perhaps I can take a thousand men with me. We'll push the French back to the west away from Fort Henry, and then come back."

The Indian, Magua, was silent the whole time. His face was painted in red, white and yellow war paint. He looked completely

different from Major Heyward. The Major was tall with curly blond hair and a handsome face. The Indian was small with a bald head and a long black ponytail. General Webb looked at the Indian suspiciously.

“All right. Take a thousand men with you in the morning. But, the moment you reach Colonel Munro and you fight off the French, I want you to send a message to announce your return.”

“Yes, sir.”

General Webb was about to return to his tent when Major Heyward began to speak again.

“General Webb, sir. There’s one more thing. The Colonel asked us to bring him his daughters.”

Just then, they could hear women laughing. The two officers and the Indian all turned towards a tent where two women were washing clothes. The tall one with long black hair and darker skin was Cora, Colonel Munro’s elder daughter. She held a basket full of clothes. The younger sister, Alice, was a small blonde girl with rosy cheeks and she was hanging the clothes up to dry.

“I don’t want them to travel with the troops. It’s too dangerous.”

Major Heyward, who could not stop looking at Alice, had another idea.

“Why don’t Magua and I take them separately through the forest? We will be safe with him, and it’s much harder to see four people travelling through the forest than it is to see a thousand.”

The General agreed to the idea and the Indian smiled in an evil way.



