

James Fenimore Cooper
*The last
of the Mohicans*



Retold by
Graham Read

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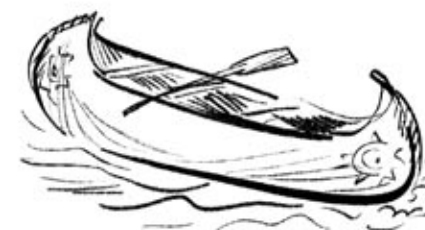
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Chapter I

Silent Dangers



It is a strange characteristic of the French English war of North America that the dangers of the natural world had to be defeated before any fighting could be done between the two countries. The land was covered in mountains, lakes and forests, which, although the French and British fought over for three years, neither would eventually possess. We start our story in a large forest, where Fort Edward stands. At the time an enormous French army, commanded by General Montcalm, was in the region and the British were worried about an attack.

A group of people are travelling from Fort Edward to Fort William. Two of them are daughters of the British general, a man called Munro. Instead of going on the normal road between the forts, a journey of two days, they had decided to journey through the forest. The party also included an English officer, a religious man and a native Indian.

Duncan, the officer, had fair golden hair and bright blue eyes. The younger of the sisters, Alice, was also blonde and fair, and



she was very beautiful. The other, Cora, was also beautiful, but had black hair, darker skin and was perhaps five years older. The fourth white man, David, was a strange looking man. His head was large, his shoulders narrow, his arms and legs long and thin. He was a pilgrim who had come to America to tell the natives about the word of God. As for the Indian who was guiding the group, he was silent and angry-looking.

While the Indian was walking ahead, Alice asked Duncan about their guide.

"I don't like him. Can we trust him?"

"I would not let any man guide us who I do not know. I met him by accident. He once had some trouble with your father, but he has been punished for that."

"If he has been my father's enemy, I like him even less," said Alice.

"Should we distrust a man because his skin is darker than ours?" asked Cora coldly, and the conversation stopped.

After a time David began singing a religious song and Alice joined in. The group relaxed as they continued through

the narrow forest path. However, after one song the Indian came to the group and spoke quickly to Duncan.

"Though we are not in danger, our guide suggests that we should avoid attention while on these paths," Duncan told them.

Their journey continued in silence, and none noticed when an Indian face looked out from behind a tree, viewing his potential victims.

Later in the day, and only a few miles to the west, we can find two men standing together by a small river. One of the men was a redskin while the other, although dark, was a white man - a strange couple. One carried the tomahawk of a native; the other had a long hunting rifle. The native was almost naked, whereas the white man wore a green hunting shirt. They called each other by their Indian names, Chingachgook and Hawkeye, and spoke in the Indian language.

The Indian was telling Hawkeye about the history of his people.

"The first whitefaces were Dutch. In those times we, the Delawares, were a happy people. The lakes gave us fish; the



wood, animals; and the air, its birds. We took wives, who gave us children. Then the Dutch came and gave my people firewater, and we drank until the heaven and earth seemed to meet. Then they gave away their land. My whole family departed to the next world, and when Uncas follows me to that land, there will be no more of us, for my son is the last of the Mohicans."

In the next instant a youthful warrior passed between them.

"Uncas is here!" he said.

"Do the Huron walk in these woods?" Chingachgook asked seriously.

"I have been following them. They number as many as the fingers on my two hands."

Suddenly the older Indian bent down and put his ear to the ground.

"I hear the sound of feet!" said Hawkeye.

"No. The horses of white men," said Chingachgook. "Hawkeye, they are your brothers; speak to them."

In a few moments a man on a horse rode into the area.

Hawkeye and the rider quickly spoke to each other.

"Who comes?" asked Hawkeye.

"An officer of the king. Do you know the distance to Fort William?"

"You must be lost. It is many miles. I suggest you go to Edward."

"But that is where we started our journey this morning. We trusted our Indian guide to lead us the way."

"An Indian lost in the woods! It is very strange. Is this man a Delaware?"

"No, I think he is a Huron. But he has worked for me before and I trust him."

"A Huron! They are thieves. I would only trust a Mohican or a Delaware. We should try to take this Indian prisoner. Then I will take us to a safe place to sleep."

The other three riders then appeared with their Indian guide, Magua. The two Indian friends of Hawkeye disappeared without being seen.

"I see the ladies are tired. Let's rest a moment," said Duncan.

"The whitefaces are slaves to their women,"



said Magua in his own language.

"What does Magua say?" asked Duncan.

"He says it is good," said Magua.

"It will soon be night, Magua, and we are no closer Fort William than when we started. Luckily we have met a hunter who can lead us to a safe place to stay the night."

"Then I will go, and the whitefaces can be together."

"No, Magua, are we not friends? Stop and eat with us."

Magua went to sit down, but stopped when he heard quiet sounds from the forest near him.

"Magua doesn't eat," he told Duncan.

Duncan decided to get off his horse and offer Magua some of his food. He hoped to capture him as Hawkeye had advised. As he got close to the Indian, he tried to hold his arm. Magua, feeling the danger, ran into the forest. In the next instant Chingachgook and Uncas jumped out of their hiding places and chased after the Indian. Hawkeye fired his rifle, but missed, which was unusual for him.

Chapter II

Hunted



Duncan followed the three men in the hunt for Magua, but he didn't get more than a hundred metres when he saw the three men returning.

"Why have you given up?" Duncan asked.

"It would be stupid. All he would have done is take us to the tomahawks of his comrades, then all of us would have been killed."

"What is to be done? Don't leave us here for God's sake!" Duncan cried.

"I will take you to safety, but first you must promise two things."

"Name them."

"Firstly, you must be as quiet as mice in these sleeping woods. Secondly, you must never tell anyone of the place where you will be taken."

"I will do everything I can to keep this promise," said Duncan, thankful that he had a new guide.

"Then let us go. The first thing we must do is hide the horses, or the Indians will find us easily."

He then spoke in Indian to Chingachgook.

"Hide the animals, and we will meet by the river."

Without speaking the Indians led the horses away, and the others followed Hawkeye along one of the forest paths. After a while they came to a valley with a wide and fast river running through it.

The whites and redskins met up again by this river, and it was the first chance the travellers had had to look properly at the Indians. It was obvious just by looking at them that they were proud, strong and trustworthy.

"I can sleep in peace," whispered Alice to Duncan, "with such fearless and generous looking men guarding us."

"They certainly look like good men, but it is easy to look friendly. Let us hope that that is what they are, unlike Magua."

"Now Duncan speaks as a white man," said Cora. "Who could look at such people and forget the colour of their skin?"

"You are right, Cora. I shouldn't make decisions about them because they are not Christians like us," Duncan replied.



They followed a path along the river and then they took canoes and went to a large group of rocks in the middle of the river, where Hawkeye planned to spend the night. Thick and heavy blankets covered the entrance of a cave from view. Examination showed that the place had another exit, hidden from view by a waterfall.

Hawkeye lit a fire, and the group ate wild deer. To improve their mood the group decided to start singing, led by David, who was quite musical. In the middle of one of the songs there was a cry from the forest. It sounded neither human nor like that of any animal.

"What was it?" whispered Alice.

Neither Hawkeye nor the Indians replied.

"Are our enemies trying to frighten us?" asked Cora.

"We are hidden in this cave. No light or sound can escape here," replied Hawkeye.

The same strong, horrid cry was heard again; and so some of the men decided to go outside.

"Do not leave us," said Alice.

"You will be safe here, and we will return as soon as possible," replied Duncan.

As they left, Cora asked Hawkeye,

"Are we in danger?"

"Only he who makes strange noises in the dark knows the answer."

They were standing outside when the noise was heard again, and it echoed through the valley.

"I think that sound belongs to no animal I've ever heard," said Hawkeye.

"I know it well," said Duncan. "It is the scream of a horse in great pain."

"So we have some visitors. They are either wolves or perhaps the Huron."

The men went back inside and told the others the new information. For some time everything was quiet, and some of the travellers were able to sleep.

It was still dark when Hawkeye woke up Duncan.

"We must leave."

"Alice! Cora! Wake up!" Duncan said to the sisters.

The younger of the sisters let out a cry, for no sooner had they woken up than the shouts of many voices were heard. It seemed as though the Hurons filled the woods. The Mohicans bravely shouted back at their enemies. The Hurons replied to this with rifles. Hawkeye took aim, and even in the bad light, he shot one of the Indians dead, and the rest of them moved back a little.

"Will they be back?" asked Duncan.

"They will be back, like hungry wolves," replied Hawkeye.

After a short time four Indians were seen swimming towards the cave. A fallen tree in the water gave them protection. A fifth swam to join them, but he was too slow for the fast moving water, and in seconds he was carried over the waterfall. For a second there was a terrible scream, and then silence, like a cemetery.

Duncan, Hawkeye and Uncas waited for the attack. The first two had pistols. The Indians charged, and Hawkeye fired his deadly rifle again. The first of the attackers fell.

"Take the last man, Uncas, for we are certain

to kill the other two," said Hawkeye.

Uncas ran to meet his enemy. The two whites both stood and fired their pistols, but each without success. Hawkeye took out a knife and then wrestled with his opponent for a minute, each holding the others right-hand. The Indian was the weaker man, and Hawkeye stabbed his knife into the other man's heart before pushing him into the water.

Duncan's fight was not so easy. He had no knife, so could only try and defend himself. He and the Huron stood by the side of the river. A long drop into the waterfall and certain death waited for the loser. Duncan felt the other man's fingers around his throat and, for an awful moment, he thought he would die. The Indian smiled, but this turned into a look of surprise when Uncas deeply cut his arm. He was then thrown over the edge into the river, never to return.

"To cover!" shouted Hawkeye, "for our work is only half finished."

The men hid behind the rocks outside



the cave while the Hurons fired bullet after bullet at them.

"I imagine the Indians will become tired of this before the rocks cry out for mercy," said Hawkeye.

At that moment a shot hit the rocks very close to Duncan's head.

"That shot was closer than any of the others," he said, turning to Hawkeye. He was surprised to see the soldiers rifle aimed up at the sky. Looking up at where it pointed, he saw an Indian at the top of a tree. Hawkeye took one shot, and the Indian fell to his death.

"That was the last of my gunpowder. Uncas, go to the canoe and get some more!" Hawkeye ordered.

Uncas moved quickly down the rocks to the river, but when he got there he gave a loud shout of panic. Duncan knew immediately that something was wrong and looked down at the river. The canoe was moving slowly down the river away from the rocks.

"All is lost," said Hawkeye.

Chapter III

Hellos and Goodbyes



Duncan looked at Hawkeye in surprise.

"Surely our situation is not so bad," he said.

"You are young, rich and have friends. At such an age it is hard to die," Hawkeye said. Then he turned to Chingachgook. "We have fought our last battle together."

"Let the Huron women cry over their dead men," replied the Mohican.

"Their dead are with the slimy fish," said Uncas. "They fall from the trees like fruit."

"I can die without a bitter heart," replied Hawkeye.

"Why die at all?" asked Cora. "Run to the woods or swim in the river, my brave men. You may leave us to our unhappy fortunes."

"And what would I say to Munro when I saw him?" asked Hawkeye.

"Tell him that the Huron have his daughters, but that we may still be rescued."

Hawkeye thought for a moment and then replied, "There is wisdom in your words.

We can escape where the waterfall is."

With that they walked through the cave and to the other opening. The two older men were first to jump into the water. When it came to Uncas, he said simply, "Uncas stay here."

"Go, generous young man," replied Cora, "and you can live to rescue us later."

And so Uncas left the four of them alone in the cave. Duncan stayed on in the hope that he might help the others if they were captured.

They waited nervously in the cave, their room hidden by blankets over the small entrance. For a time it seemed the Indians might not find them, but then one of the blankets was lifted, and a figure entered the room. From the look on his face it was obvious that he couldn't yet see in the dark. Duncan recognised the face of Magua and raised one of his pistols to kill his enemy. The Huron's face changed into a smile as he realised what he had found. He ran away just in time to avoid Duncan's shot. The noise echoed through the cave.



Moments later Indians filled the room, and they were all captured. The Indians were, however, deeply disappointed not to find Hawkeye.

"Where is he?" asked Magua. "Is he a bird that can fly away? Or a fish that can swim without air?"

"He isn't a fish, but he can swim," replied Cora.

"And why did the white chief stay? Is he like a stone that goes to the bottom?"

"The white man thinks only cowards leave their women," replied Duncan.

The prisoners were led from the cave, and the Indians divided into two groups. Most left and disappeared into the forest together, but five savages stayed with the prisoners; their leader was Magua.

When they began their journey back to the home of the Huron to the north, it was still early in the morning. During the journey, Cora tried to leave a sign of their path by leaving a glove behind, but an Indian saw this and picked it up. After that, all the prisoners were closely watched.

In the afternoon the group stopped at the top of a hill to eat a meal. The Indians had killed a small deer, but they ate it raw instead of cooking it.

Magua sat away from the others, and so Duncan went to speak with him, but Magua wasn't interested in speaking to him.

"Go to the dark-haired daughter and tell her that Magua wishes to speak to her."

Duncan went to Cora and told her to offer gold, gunpowder and furs for their freedom. Then she went to speak to the chief.

"What does Magua want from the daughter of Munro?"

"Magua was born a free chief in the tribe of the Hurons. He saw his first twenty summers and was happy. But then the white men came, and they taught Magua to drink the firewater. Then one night, when he had drunk the firewater, he went walking in the camp of the white men and walked into the wrong place. He was punished." He took off the fur that covered his chest. "Look at these," he said pointing to many scars. "These are the scars given by the bullets

and knives of my enemies. These a warrior can be proud of." Then he turned to show his back. It was covered in the scars of a whip. "But the scars given by your father, Magua must hide like a woman, under clothes."

"And what do you want with us?" asked Cora

"Revenge. If I have the white man's daughters, I have his heart," said Magua.

"Why not become rich by returning my gentle sister and take your revenge only on me," replied Cora.

"Magua will let the young one go, if the dark-haired one will agree to live in his wigwam."

"And what pleasure would Magua get from a wife that didn't love him?" asked Cora.

"He would know that Munro was forever unhappy," Magua told her.

"Monster!"

She left him and returned to the others, but she stayed quiet about the offer. After the meal, Magua came to her and said, "Is

your head too good for the pillows of my wigwam, or would she prefer it to be the toy of wolves?"

"What does he mean?" asked Duncan.

"He wants me for his wife," said Cora.

"It is better to die than buy life at such a price," replied Duncan seriously.

The prisoners were then each tied to a tree, and the Indians prepared to burn them to death. At this Alice began to cry.

"Look at the young one. She is too young to die. Send her to Munro," said Magua.

"Never. It is better we die together," replied Cora.

"Then die!" said the chief.

But Magua was too impatient to wait, and he threw his tomahawk at Alice. It struck the wood above her head. Another Indian rushed to her and lifted his tomahawk over her head. Just as he was about to strike, a shot was heard, and he fell to the ground. Suddenly, three figures were seen running towards the scene. The Hurons gave a shout and then prepared for battle.

Uncas was the first to the scene and



immediately struck his tomahawk into the brain of an enemy. Chingachgook searched for Magua, and the two wrestled on the ground, each unable to kill his enemy.

The other two Indians were killed by Hawkeye and Uncas, and after they had finished, they went to help Chingachgook. When Magua realised he must fight three enemies, he stopped moving. Chingachgook jumped off him and gave a victory cry, but no sooner had he done this than Magua rolled over and jumped down from the top of the hill. He landed on his feet and ran off into the forest.

Despite this, the group were happy to be back together. However, there was little time for celebrations, because they still had to get to the safety of Fort William.

Early the next morning, before daylight, they saw the fort from the top a nearby hill. To their horror, the fort was surrounded by ten thousand of Montcalm's soldiers. The French general had arrived with his huge army and now getting into the fort would be almost impossible.

Chapter IV

A Sorry Agreement



The group stood on top of the hill, looking down at the French camp.

"We are a few hours too late. It will soon be daylight," said Hawkeye.

"Is there no way we can get to the fort?" asked Duncan.

"We have one chance. A fog is coming down fast, and it is possible we may go through the camp unseen."

They quickly went down the hill and followed a path which led through the French camp. The fog was incredibly thick, and it was difficult to see further than a few metres. However, Hawkeye knew the path well and was able to get them close before they were discovered. A cry went up from a French soldier, and the group began to run, the sound of guns coming from behind them.

As they got closer to the camp, the two women heard a familiar voice.

"Wait until you see the enemy! Fire low!"

"It's Alice! Save your daughters!" cried Alice to her father.

"Don't fire! God has given me back my



children!" shouted Munro, the British general.

Munro rushed to meet his daughters and hugged both of them. "Thank the Lord!" he said. Then all of them ran inside to escape the French.

A few days of safety passed, and the travellers rested. The conditions weren't good for the British soldiers, and they waited for an army to come from Fort Edward to save them. Hawkeye had been sent out to find information about these soldiers, but sadly, when he was returning, he was caught by the French. They took the letter he was carrying, which came from the commander of Fort Edward.

Montcalm sent a message that he wished to speak to Munro personally to talk about the British giving up. Without the letter, Munro had no idea when help would arrive. But instead of risking his own life, he sent Duncan to speak to the French general.

When they met inside the French camp, Montcalm was very polite to Duncan.

"Your commander is a brave man, but

I think you have all been brave enough. Now is the time to give up."

"Do we seem to be so weak to you? We are protected by the fort, and an army of six thousand is only a day or two away from here," replied Duncan.

"I do not think they will be coming to help you. Tell Munro that if he wants to receive this letter, he must come and speak to me."

With that, Duncan returned to the fort to speak with his commander. Duncan told him what the Frenchman had said, and Munro decided that he would go and speak to Montcalm. So he took Duncan and a few soldiers and went out to the French camp. When he and Montcalm met, they were silent for a few moments, then the Frenchman spoke.

"Sir, I believe you have done all you can to defend this place. You have earned much honour in your resistance. It takes as much bravery to recognise when you have lost as it does to fight a battle. I think now is the time for you to give up your fort."

"Do you know when the army from Fort Edward will arrive?" Munro asked the Frenchman.

"The movements from that army will not be embarrassing to me," he replied.

Then the letter was given to Munro, and he quickly read it. His face turned from a look of confidence to a look of shock as he read the letter. When he finished it, it fell from his hands on to the floor. Duncan picked the letter up and read it. It was from Fort Edward and said that the general should give up because the French army was too big.

"The commander of Fort Edward has betrayed me," said Munro quietly.

"Before you make any decisions, hear my conditions," said Montcalm calmly.

"I will hear you," Munro replied.

"It is impossible for you to keep the fort, but I will let you keep your weapons and your honour. You may walk from the fort as free men."

"I have lived to see many things, but I never thought I would live to see an Englishman



betray his friend, or a Frenchman too honest to take advantage of his situation. I will make plans immediately for us to leave."

And so Munro returned to his fort, and those who were living there prepared to leave. That night in the French camp, not everyone was celebrating. Magua wanted revenge, and so he went to speak to Montcalm.

"None of Magua's warriors have killed. What can he do?" the chief asked.

"We have made peace with the British, and you are not to attack them. They are friends now. Teach your tribe what peace is," he was told by the French general.

The Indian left, but he was unhappy that there would be no fighting for him and his men.

The next day the British left their fort. The soldiers went first, then came the horses and carriages, carrying wounded soldiers, food, drink and equipment. Other wounded men walked slowly and painfully behind these carriages. The

French soldiers and officers respectfully watched them as they passed. There was also a group of Hurons who watched the people like vultures.

The final group to leave the fort were the women and children, many of them scared and crying. As they passed the Indians, Cora noticed Magua moving quickly among the Indians and speaking to all of them.

One of the Hurons saw a bright piece of clothing he liked, and so he ran up to the owner and stole it. Then another went to the group of women and children. He had seen a scarf he wanted, but it was being used to cover a little baby. The woman screamed in terror when the Indian came close to her, and she wouldn't give him what he wanted. The sly Indian grabbed the baby from her and then, holding it above his head by its legs, showed that he wanted to exchange it for the scarf.

"Take everything, but give me my baby!" she cried. Indians surrounded her, stealing everything they could. Before

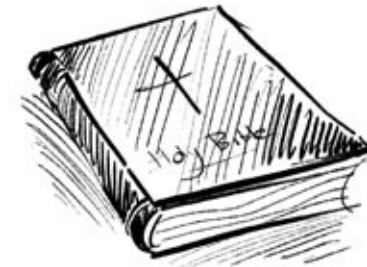
the exchange between them could be completed, another Indian had taken the scarf.

The Indian's smile turned to a look of anger. He smashed the head of the child against some rocks and then threw it to the feet of it's mother. For an instant the mother stood like a statue of lost hope, looking down at her dead child. She then looked up to the skies. The Huron, maddened by disappointment, but excited by the sight of blood, struck his tomahawk into her head, ending her misery.

At that moment Magua let out a cry, and from the surrounding forest came hundreds of Indians who threw themselves into battle. Death was everywhere, and blood flowed like a river. Some of the Indians even drank the blood from the ground. It was a massacre. The British soldiers who were strong enough collected into small groups, and the Indians left them alone. But the sick, wounded, women and children were all attacked by the bloodthirsty savages.

Chapter V

Many Surprises



Many of the Hurons rushed up to Cora and Alice, but they found the older sisters' fearlessness strange and didn't attack either of them. David was with them and he thought he was sure to die; so as a pilgrim, he decided to sing to God and he sang a song of death, holding his bible in front of him. His behaviour saved his life as the Indians were interested in this strange man, singing in the middle of the battle, and so they didn't kill him. Magua searched among the crowd for the sisters, and when he found them he smiled with pleasure.

"Come, the wigwam of the Hurons waits for you. Is it not better than this place?"

Magua, with a small group of his men, took the sisters into the forest. David, standing alone in the middle of the battle, decided that he would follow them.

A day after the massacre, five men searched among the dead. A few hungry crows were also there, enjoying their horrible meal. The men - two of whom were red skinned, the others white - were looking for any sign of the two sisters. Not surprisingly, the



sharp-eyed Uncas was the first to discover what had happened. A path led towards the Huron camps in the north.

"We will light our fire here tonight, and in the morning we will be fresh and ready to work like men," Hawkeye decided.

They followed for many days, across forests, lakes and mountains. On the fifth day they discovered a beaver lodge. Close to this they saw an Indian figure quietly walking through the forest.

"What shall we do with him?" asked Duncan.

"He is not a Huron. But from the clothes he is wearing, he has stolen from a white man. Can you see if he has a rifle?" said Hawkeye.

"I think he is unarmed," replied Duncan.

Hawkeye slowly walked towards him, and then when he stood behind the Indian, he tapped him on the shoulder. "How are you my friend? Are you going to teach the beavers to sing?"

And so they had found David, who was now dressed as an Indian with feathers in

his hair. He had been following the Indians for days, and although they knew what he was doing, they accepted him because of his strange habits. He was able to tell the group that the sisters were safe, but they were prisoners in different villages. Alice was being kept with Magua, while Cora was with a Delaware tribe, old friends of the two Mohicans. After David had told them all the news, Hawkeye told him that he should return to the Hurons and tell Alice of their arrival.

"I will go with you," said Duncan to David.

"Are you tired of life?" Hawkeye asked Duncan.

"I can also act like a madman. I will do anything to rescue Alice and Cora," said Duncan.

And so Duncan was disguised as a French clown and followed David to the Hurons. Their camp had about fifty badly made wooden huts, and the children playing outside gave a shout when they saw the white men appear, even though they had

seen David before. Several brutal looking warriors appeared, but they accepted the clown as a friend of the mysterious singer.

That evening Duncan smoked with the Indians and was able to speak French with them. Later, a man came into the hut, and Duncan was shocked to see his enemy Magua, but his clown disguise worked, and the chief didn't recognise him.

Suddenly a great shout went through the village, and Duncan went outside to see what was happening. Two figures were being pushed by a great crowd of people towards the camp. One of them was very scared, but the other stood up proudly as the crowd surrounded him.

As they got closer, Duncan recognised Uncas, but he didn't know the other man. Duncan soon understood what was happening. The other prisoner was a man of the tribe, but he was afraid of battle, and when he had met Uncas, he had run away. Uncas followed him and was then caught by other Hurons. Magua spoke to the coward.

"Your enemies know the shape of your back, but they have never seen the colour of your eyes. Your voice is loud in the village, but quiet in battle. You are an embarrassment to us." Then he drew a knife and stabbed it into the Indian's heart. Strangely, the dying man smiled, as if his death had not been as horrible as he thought it might be.

Then Magua turned to Uncas. "Mohican, you have shown much bravery in battle, but tonight will be your last night."

Uncas was tied up and kept prisoner in one of the huts, and Duncan returned to the hut he had been in with David. One of the Indians came to him and asked for help. He thought Duncan and David were witch-doctors and wanted them to cure his daughter. Duncan finished smoking, and they went to the hut. As he was walking outside, he noticed a large black bear in the village. The bear started to follow him closely, sometimes even touching the back of his legs.

They arrived at the hut where the Huron's daughter was staying. David quietly told him that it was the same hut that Alice was

being kept in. Then he left and Duncan went inside. The Indians, frightened of magic, left him alone, but the bear was allowed to go inside.

The bear sat and watched Duncan, who was quite scared. Then the bear took its head off, and the animal's face was replaced with the kind face of Hawkeye.

"Quiet, the savages are everywhere. Have you seen Uncas?" asked Hawkeye.

"Yes. He is a prisoner and is to die in the morning. Where did you get such a disguise?"

"There is a magician in the tribe who I saw in the forest. I attacked him and took his costume," said Hawkeye. "Where is Alice?"

"She is in the next room in this hut," replied Duncan, and then he rushed to see her. She was delighted when she saw his familiar face.

"Duncan!"

"Alice!"

"I knew you would come and rescue me."

They hugged, and Duncan felt her shaking.

"If we follow Hawkeye, I think we may escape these terrible people."

Just then he received a tap on the shoulder. To his horror, when he turned around he saw the smiling face of Magua in front of him. He had entered through a different doorway. Alice let out a cry of shock.

"The whitefaces are not as clever as the Huron."

A growl interrupted them. Hawkeye was at the doorway, again dressed as the bear and making frightening noises. The Huron ignored him, thinking that he wasn't dangerous.

"Fool! Go and play with the women and children."

Suddenly the animal grabbed Magua, and Duncan rushed to the Huron and tied him up. Hawkeye then removed his bear's head and looked at Magua, who angrily looked back.

"We must now go to the woods," Hawkeye said to the others.

"It's impossible. Alice is too frightened to move," said Duncan.

"I think we have another way out of here. Cover her in Indian clothes, and then we can pretend she is the sick Indian girl."

So Alice was covered, and the four of them left the hut, leaving Magua and the sick girl behind.

"What are you doing?" asked the father of the Indian girl as they left.

"There is an evil spirit in the hut. We are taking her out and into the forest to make her strong again. She will be well by tomorrow. You are not to go in there, as the evil spirit is strong," said Duncan, still acting like a witch-doctor.

Hawkeye growled at the Indians outside the hut, and they moved back. Hawkeye walked with Duncan and Alice into the forest. When they reached a path, he told them to follow it to the river, and the river would lead to the tribe of Delawares who would be able to help them.

"Are you not coming with us?" asked Duncan.

"No. In that camp is the finest warrior of the Delawares. I must rescue him or die trying."

"Then I hope we will meet again," replied Duncan.

Chapter VI

Lucky escapes



Hawkeye went back to the village, still dressed as a bear. He looked around the huts until he found one where David was sitting. Then he walked in. David was very surprised to find himself face to face with a bear.

"What do you want, dark and mysterious monster?"

Hawkeye took the head off.

"Can it be true?" asked David.

"It can and is," replied Hawkeye. "We are soon to leave this place. Can you take me to where Uncas is staying?"

"It will not be difficult."

The two of them walked to the hut where Uncas was being kept prisoner. The sight of the singing white man and the magician in his bear clothes made people afraid, and they were not given any trouble by the Indians. Before they left the hut Hawkeye had told David what to say.

"The Delaware are women!" he shouted to the Indians who stood outside the hut. "Do you want to see the man inside shake and cry like a child?"



"Hugh!" was their reply.

"So let us in. My friend here will take away his courage and bravery."

The Indians let them in, but wanted to watch what would happen.

Again David spoke to them. "My friend is worried that if you see and hear what happens, you too will lose your courage."

The Hurons, who could not think of anything worse than losing their courage, left the hut. Hawkeye walked up to Uncas. At first the young Mohican thought they were enemies, but he soon realised that something was not right about the bear. Hawkeye took the head off.

"Hawkeye!" said the Indian, surprised and pleased to see his old friend.

"Cut his ropes," Hawkeye told David.

"We must go," said Uncas.

"But how? There are six warriors outside, and David will be no use in a fight."

"The Hurons are cowards. We will beat them easily," replied the Mohican.

"But after that we would have to run for the forest. I'm sure that you are faster than

any of them, but I don't think I would be so lucky. Still, one of us would escape."

"I wouldn't leave the brother of my father to be killed by these rats."

"I have an idea, but we must all change clothes," said Hawkeye.

And so David was left in the hut, pretending to be the captured Indian. Hawkeye dressed as the strange singing man, and Uncas walked like a bear. As they left, Hawkeye wished David luck.

There was a lot of interest from the Indians outside.

"Is he afraid?" they asked.

Uncas growled loudly at them, and they moved backwards. The two men walked between the Indians and towards the forest. The Indians slowly started to look into the hut, but they were still scared of what might happen.

After the two had walked about fifty metres, a shout came from the hut.

"Wait!" Hawkeye told his young friend. "We will run at the sound of a second shout."

Just then, a second shout was heard, followed by many more. The two men took off their disguises and ran towards the forest. They were soon within the darkness of the trees.

David had been mistaken for Uncas for several minutes before he was recognised. The Indians were mad when they discovered their mistake, and David feared for his life. He began to sing a funeral song, and the Indians remembered they were with a mad man. The escape had happened at night, so no hunt was made until morning.

That night Magua sat alone in his hut, thinking evil thoughts. Before daylight, warrior after warrior came to his hut to find out his decision. Some of them hoped for a war, but Magua thought differently. When the sun rose, he left with twenty of his warriors to speak to the Delaware.

When Magua arrived, he met with the chiefs of the tribe and gave them many gifts. They were pleased to see their friend being so generous. Then he began to speak about Cora.

"How is my prisoner, does she trouble you?"

"She is well, we have had no trouble with her," replied one of the chiefs.

"And have you seen spies in these woods recently?"

"We have seen nothing."

"You don't know that a friend of the British is now staying in this camp?" Magua asked. He then explained what had happened and told them that Hawkeye, Duncan and Alice were all hidden somewhere in the camp.

After hearing this news, one of the Delawares went to get their head chief. He was a man who had reached an age few humans ever reach. When he arrived, he was dressed in expensive furs and jewellery. A whisper went from mouth to mouth that "Tamenund" had left his wigwam, and all the Indians of the tribe came to watch what would happen.

Then a small group walked to the group of chiefs. They were to discover what would happen to them. Leading the group

was Cora, with Alice shaking beside her, as well as Hawkeye and Duncan. Uncas was not with them.

Magua was the first to speak. "I am a friend to Tamenund. These are my prisoners. They are British and are our enemies."

"A friend! What do you want Huron," replied the ancient chief.

"Justice. I want my prisoners."

The eyes of the chief moved to Cora, and she walked forward and knelt at his feet.

"Please do not listen to this man. His words are like poison. He lies to you. All we ask is to be given permission to leave this place and return to our homes."

At that moment Uncas walked towards the group. The eyes of the whole tribe were on him. He stood in front of Tamenund.

One of the Delaware chiefs, who had no love for white men, said, "He is a friend of the British. One of their dogs."

"And you are a dog of this Huron," replied Uncas, pointing at Magua.

Twenty knives were drawn around the young man.



The old chief watched all this and then made his decision. "You are not worthy to call yourself a Delaware. You shall be killed by the torture of fire." With that, men grabbed him and removed his furs. One of these men let out a cry of shock when he saw Uncas's chest. On it was a small tattoo of a blue tortoise. Suddenly they realised who Uncas was - a chief of the Mohicans.

"Great chief, this man is our enemy," Uncas said pointing to Magua.

"It is the law of the Indians that what is borrowed, shall be returned," said Magua cleverly. "The dark-haired one is mine to take back."

"It is true," replied Uncas.

Tamenund turned to Cora. "This man is a great chief. Your race will not die if you marry him."

"I would rather a thousand times it did, than to marry such a monster."

"Huron, an unhappy woman makes an unhappy wigwam," said Tamenund, looking at Magua.

"Magua," said Duncan, "the money you



will receive instead of her will make you very rich."

"Magua is a redskin, he doesn't need the gold of the white men."

Hawkeye stepped forward, "I will give you myself instead of her. I have killed many of your men, and I will kill many more if you do not take my offer."

"Magua is a great chief. He knows what he wants," said Magua.

With that, the decision was made, and the Huron walked towards the forest path, with Cora as their prisoner and Magua's woman. As they left, Uncas gave them one last warning.

"Magua, you only have a little time. After that time, I promise you will be hunted by many men."

"Dogs! Rabbits! Thieves! I spit on you!" shouted Magua back at him. Then he left the camp, protected by the ancient Indian laws of hospitality.

Chapter VII

The Last of the Mohicans



After the Hurons left, Uncas went and spoke with Hawkeye.

"What does Hawkeye say?" asked Uncas.

"Give me twenty rifles; then you go and find them, and we will attack them. After that, we will take the woman from his cave."

So, twenty warriors were selected, including David and Duncan, to follow Hawkeye, and they walked to an area close to the beaver lodge. Here they would make the first attack against the Huron. The two groups left together and went in their different directions. When Hawkeye and his men reached the beaver lodge, they were pleased to see Chingachgook and Munro join them.

The Hurons soon appeared nearby in an open area. A shout came from Uncas as he came from the other side of the forest leading a hundred warriors. Hawkeye and his men fired at the Huron, and many of their warriors fell, while some of them began to run away.



However, one little group stayed. Magua was within this party. As soon as Uncas saw his enemy, he ran towards him despite being outnumbered. Magua, thinking the kill would be easy, waited with secret joy. At that moment, Hawkeye came to the rescue with his white friends. As a group, they fought together and killed many Huron. But Magua, when he saw his comrades falling, ran away from the place with one of his surviving friends. Uncas and the others followed him and were led into the cave of the Huron.

Inside the cave were hundreds of women and children, but Uncas kept his eye on Magua, and he followed him out of the cave and up a narrow mountain path. Suddenly Duncan saw a white dress blowing in the wind.

"It's Cora!" he shouted.

"Cora! Cora!" shouted Uncas.

They continued their hunt; Duncan and Uncas followed closely, while Hawkeye was more cautious because the way up the mountain was dangerous. Slowly, the two

men in front got closer to the Hurons.

Suddenly Cora stopped. "I will go no further," she cried. "Kill me if you want, you hateful Huron."

The Indian with Magua pulled out his knife to kill her, but Magua stopped him and pulled out his own knife.

"Woman, choose; my wigwam or my knife!"

"I am yours! Do what you will with me," she replied.

At that moment, there was a cry from above them and Uncas, jumping from a frightening height, landed on the narrow path between Magua and Cora. Magua stepped back in fear. His comrade took the chance to stab his knife into Cora's heart. Uncas watched in horror, powerless to stop her death. Magua jumped like a tiger towards his enemy and stabbed him in the back. The Mohican fell, but then got up and, with the last of his strength, killed the murderer of Cora. Then he turned to face Magua. The look in his eyes told Magua what he would have done if his



power hadn't left him. The Huron stabbed him three times before Uncas, still looking into his eyes, died.

"Mercy! Mercy!" cried Duncan in horror.

Magua looked at him and then let out a wild cry of delight that could be heard by those who fought in the valley hundreds of metres below. Hawkeye let out a cry of shock, and Magua continued to run. He reached a point where a wide gap in the path had to be jumped. After this, the mountain would give him safety. He turned one last time to look back at his enemies.

"The whitefaces are dogs! The Delawares are women! Magua leaves them on the rocks for the crows."

He then made his desperate jump, but fell short and was left holding onto the edge of the path. Hawkeye got closer, then he raised his rifle. At the moment of his shot, his arms was as motionless as the stones of the mountain. The body of the Huron shook, and for a moment Magua

turned to look at Hawkeye. Then he lost his hold and began his quick fall to death.

On the following day, the nation of the Delawares was in sadness. The whole community of the Huron had been destroyed, and hundreds of crows flew over the scene of the battle. There were no shouts of success or songs of victory. The whole tribe gathered around one place. In the centre were the bodies of Cora and Uncas. Six Delaware girls sat around them, throwing sweet smelling forest flowers onto them. Cora was wrapped in fine Indian cloth, her face forever shut from the eyes of men. At her feet sat Munro, his head bowed. David and Duncan were at his side.

As sad as this group looked, they looked less miserable than the Indians. Uncas was seated as he had been in life - serious and thoughtful. He wore the finest clothes that the wealth of the tribe could offer. In front of him sat Chingachgook. The Mohican warrior's eyes were fixed on his son's cold and lifeless face. Hawkeye stood next to him.



Tamenund spoke.

"Our God's eyes are not looking; his ears are shut; his tongue doesn't speak. His face is behind a cloud."

The women of the crowd began to sing in honour of the dead, and they described Uncas as a panther, a man faster and braver than any other, his eyes brighter than the stars, his voice louder than thunder. They then spoke of Cora, a woman of incredible beauty and intelligence, and they compared her to a flake of snow. Their final wish was that the two would meet together in the afterlife and be forever happy.

Next, a warrior came and stood before Uncas. "Why have you left us? Who that saw you in battle would believe that you could die?"

All of the other warriors followed him to say their final goodbye.

When they had finished, the women stood and lifted the body of Cora above their heads. The group of whites followed. Cora was carried to a small hill, which was to be her final resting place.

"You have done well, we thank you." Hawkeye said to them. Cora's body was then lowered into ground and covered. David sang a hymn, and the Indians listened, seeming to understand every word. After he had finished, all eyes turned to Munro and listened as he spoke to Hawkeye.

"Say to these kind and gentle women that a heartbroken old man thanks them. Tell them that the One we all call God will remember their charity." He then looked up to the sky. "I understand You. It is your wish, and I give you Cora, my daughter."

Then all the white men, except Hawkeye, left the Delawares, and were soon lost from sight in the forest.

Uncas was buried next, in a seated position, facing the rising sun. Once his body was covered, attention turned to Chingachgook, who then spoke.

"Why are my brothers so sad? Why do my daughters cry? My son filled his time with honour. God needed a warrior, and Uncas was called. My line has ended. I am alone."

"No, no," cried Hawkeye, "you are not alone. God has put us on the same path. We will journey together. The boy has left us, but you are not alone."

Chingachgook took his hand, and the two of them bowed their heads. Tears fell to their feet, watering the grave of Uncas like falling rain.

Tamenund slowly stood up and spoke with sadness. "My day has been too long. In the morning the Delawares were happy and strong. Yet, before night, I have lived to see the last warrior of the wise race of the Mohicans."

Glossary

advantage – korzyść, pożytek
angry – wściekły, zły
animal - zwierzę
arm - ramię
to attack – atakować
battle – bitwa
bear – 1. niedźwiedź, 2. nosić, znosić



beaver - bóbr
to betray – zdradzać, odzukiwać
bird - ptak
bitter – gorzki, zawzięty
blanket - koc
blood - krew
bloodthirsty – spragniony krwi
brave - odważny
bright - jasny
bullet – kula, pocisk
canoe – czółno



cave - jaskinia



charity – dobroczynność, miłosierdzie
chief – szef, wódz
clown – kłown
community – społeczność, wspólnota
condition – warunek
confidence – zaufanie, poufność, zwierzenie
conversation - rozmowa
couple – para, kilka
courage – odwaga, męstwo
crow – wrona, gawron



crowd – tłum
to cry - płakać

danger – niebezpieczny
darkness – ciemność
daughter – córka
deer – jeleń, łania
delight – radować się, zachwycać, rozkoszować
to discover – odkrywać, znajdować
disappointment – rozczarowanie
disguise – przebranie, udawanie, maska
echo – echo, odbijać się echem
edge – brzeg, krawędź
enemy – wróg, przeciwnik
equip – zaopatrzyć, wyposażać
to escape – uciekać
feather – pióro (ptasie)



feet – stopy
fire – ogień



fish – ryba

fog - mgła
fool - głupiec
forest - las



funeral - pogrzeb
fur - futro
general - generał
gift – prezent, dar
glove - rękawiczka
to grab – porywać, chwycić
grave - grób
to growl – warczeć, mrużyć, burczeć
guide – kierownik, przewodnik
gun – broń
hair - włosy
heart - serce
heartbroken – ze złamanym sercem
to hide – ukrywać się
honour – honor, cześć, zachwyt
hope – nadzieja
horse - koń
to hug – przytulać
hut – kapelusz

hymn – hymn
impossible- niemożliwe
intelligence – inteligencja
jewellery - biżuteria
joy – radość, uciecha
knife - nóż
lake - jezioro
loser - przegrany
mad - szalony
magician – czarodziej, magik, iluzjonista
massacre - masakra
meal – 1. mąka, 2. posiłek, jedzenie
miserable – godny litości, żałosny
monster – potwór
motion – ruch, chów, skinienie
mysterious - tajemniczy
night - noc
panther - pantera
path - ścieżka
peace – pokój, spokój
pillow - poduszka
pistol – pistolet



to point – wskazywać

poison - trucizna
polite - uprzejmy
powerless - bezsilny
price - cena
prisoner - więzień
to promise - obiecywać
rat - szczur
raw – surowy, nie wykończony
to rescue - ratować
to rest – odpoczywać
to ride – jeździć (konno)
rifle – ograbić, zrabować
river - rzeka



room - pokój
rope – lina, sznur



sadness – smutek
scar - blizna

scarf – szal, szarfa
to shake – trząść, potrząsnąć
sharp – ostry, szpiczasty
shirt – koszula męska
shoulder - plecy
silence - cisza
skin - skóra
slimy – mulisty, grząski
to smash – rozbić się, potłuc
smile - uśmiech
soldier - żołnierz
to spit – 1. rozeń, 2. cypel, 3. pluć
spy - szpieg
to stab – pchnąć sztyłem, zasztyletować
star - gwiazda
statue - statua
to strike – uderzyć, ugodzić, strajkować
strong – mocny
surprise - niespodzianka
surround – otaczać
to tap – kran, szpunt, kurek, zawór
thief - złodziej
thunder - grzmot
tomahawk – indiański topór bojowy, tomahawk



tongue - język
tortoise - żółw
toy – zabawka
tree- drzewo
tribe – plemię, szczep
trustworthy – godny zaufania, pewny
unarmed - nieuzbrojony
victim - ofiara
victory – zwycięstwo
villager – wieśniak, prostak
vulture - sęp

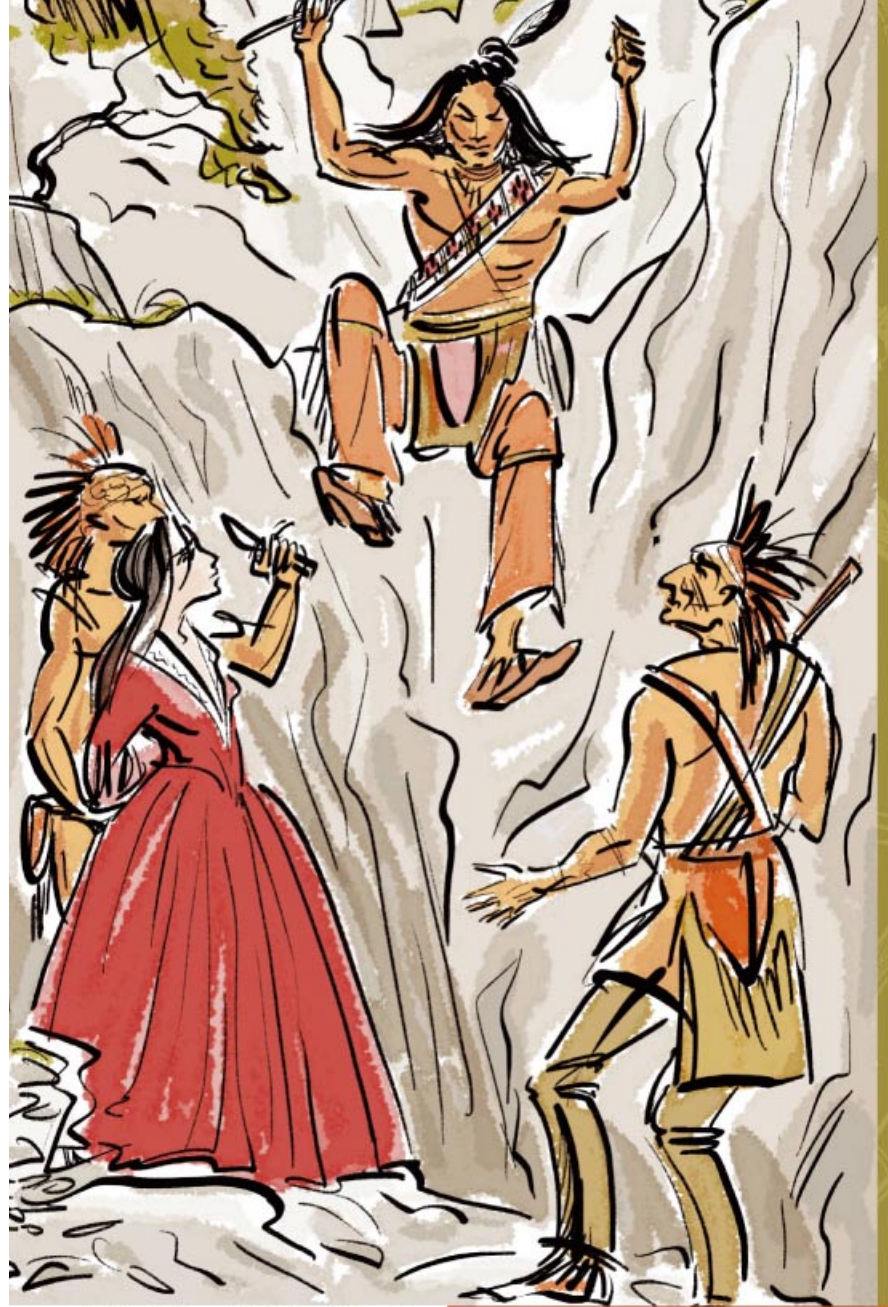


waterfall – wodospad
whisper - szept
wigwam – wigwam - namiot indiański
wise - mądry
wood - drewno

Notes

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