

*When I Was Young
in Worthington: 1800s*

The Routs



*written and illustrated by
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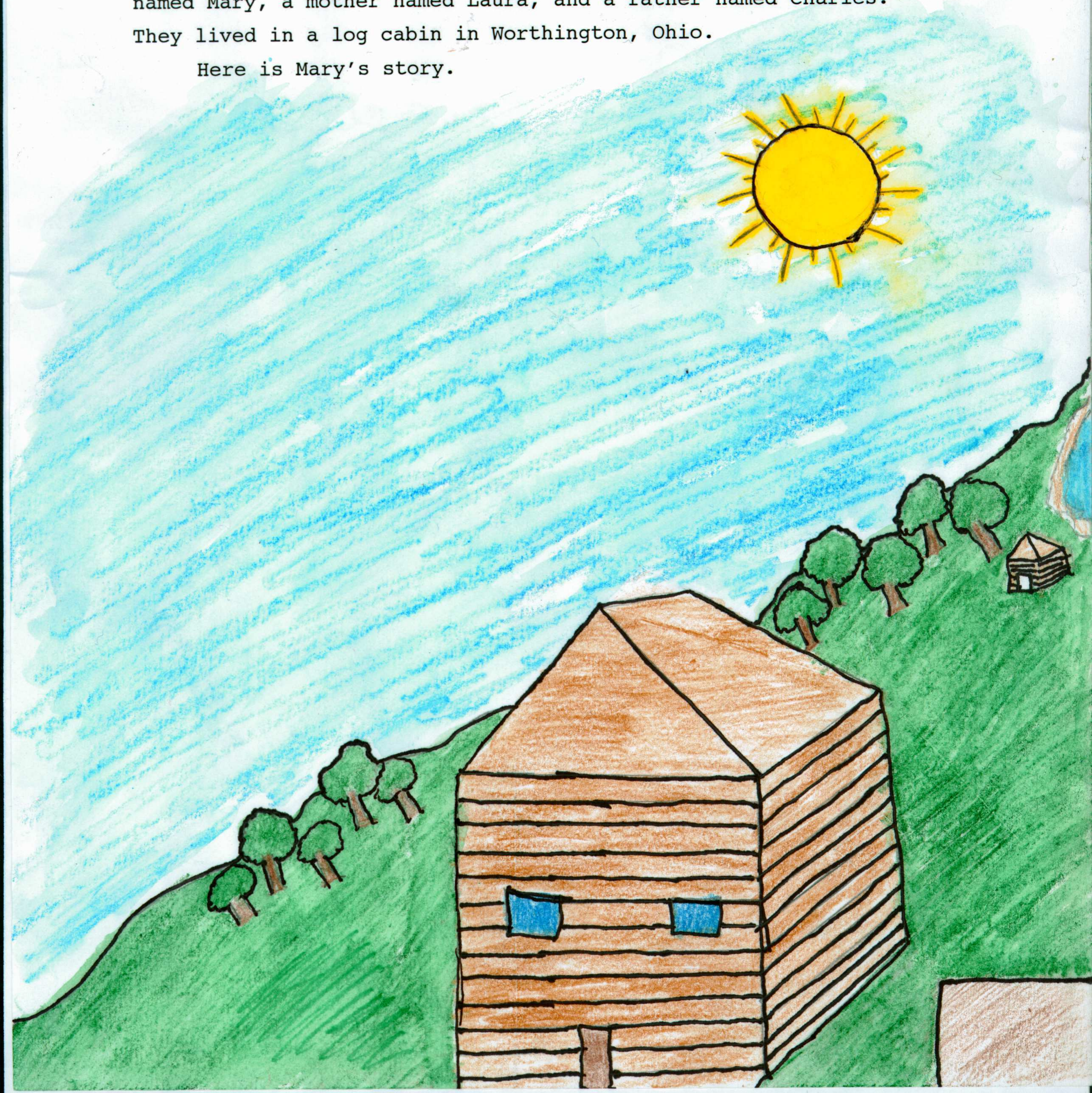
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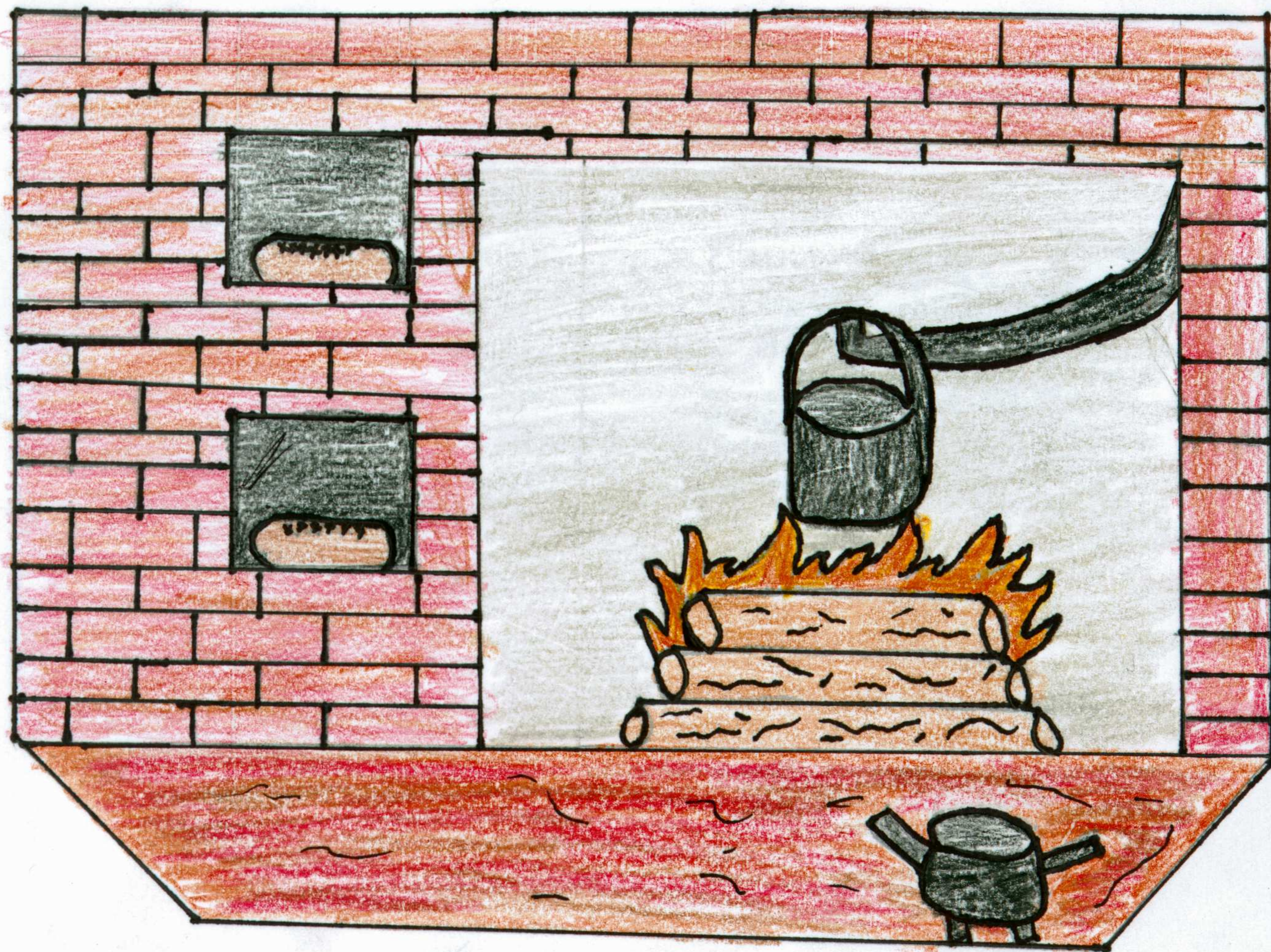
**We dedicate this book to
Mrs. Watson, Miss Swearengin, and
Miss Wood for helping us put it
together and all their hard work.**

The Scioto Company was organized in Granby, Connecticut. In May 1802, James Kilbourne and Nathaniel Little left Connecticut to look for land that is now Worthington.

It was a scorching fall day in the 1800's. There was a family named the Routs. In there family was a 13 year old girl named Mary, a mother named Laura, and a father named Charles. They lived in a log cabin in Worthington, Ohio.

Here is Mary's story.





One day Pa was out in the forest hunting for food for the winter, as Ma and I were churning butter, baking bread, and gathering food for dinner. Pa said he was going to be bringing home some wild game. Ma and I are going to have a surprise dinner ready for him just in case he does not get any game. We are planning on having chicken pot pie, as it is his favorite, with a side dish of dried apples and cottage cheese. Even if he doesn't have any game, he sure will be happy when he finds out what we have prepared for him.

Dinner is ready now and still no sign of Pa. He must have killed something and is having a hard time getting it home. It sure is rare for him to be this late. I'm getting really worried! Ma is reading her Bible, so I hope everything is okay. The last time she read the Bible like this is when she found out that Uncle Scottie had died. I think something is terribly wrong. Ma says that it is too dark and too dangerous to go and look for Pa. She tells me to say my prayers and go to bed, and we will search in the morning if he has not returned. I will pray for him to come home tonight. I will get into bed, but it will be difficult to sleep knowing my father is out in the woods.

As I lay in bed, I wonder what is wrong with him. There are so many things that could go wrong hunting. Another hunter could have mistaken him for game, he could have fallen and broken his leg, arm or hip, a bear could have attacked him, or even worse, he could have fallen and shot himself. I'm just so worried!





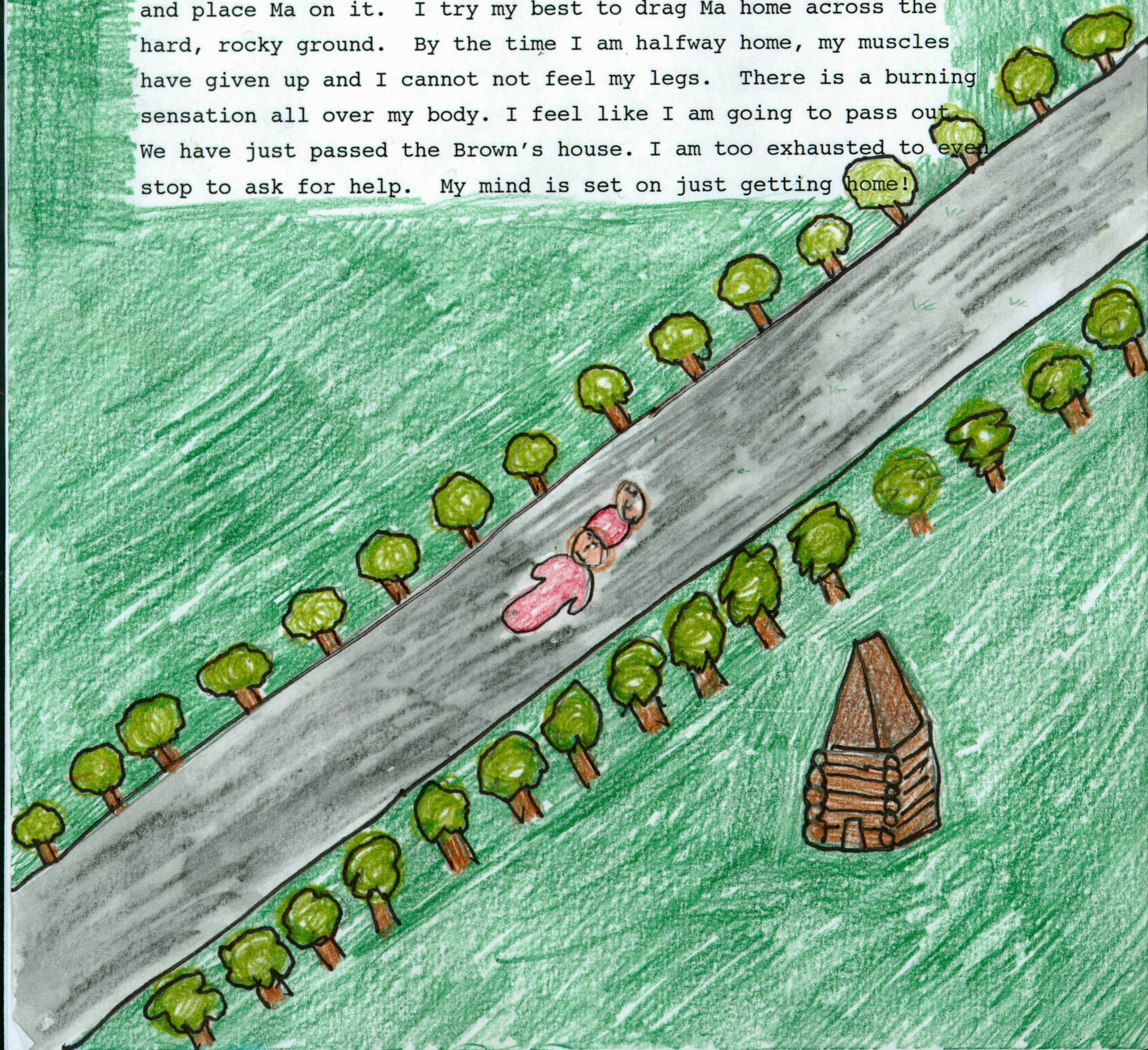
In the morning I take no time to eat or get dressed. I throw on one a dirty dress and grab a piece of bread as I run out of the house. I hope Pa is okay!

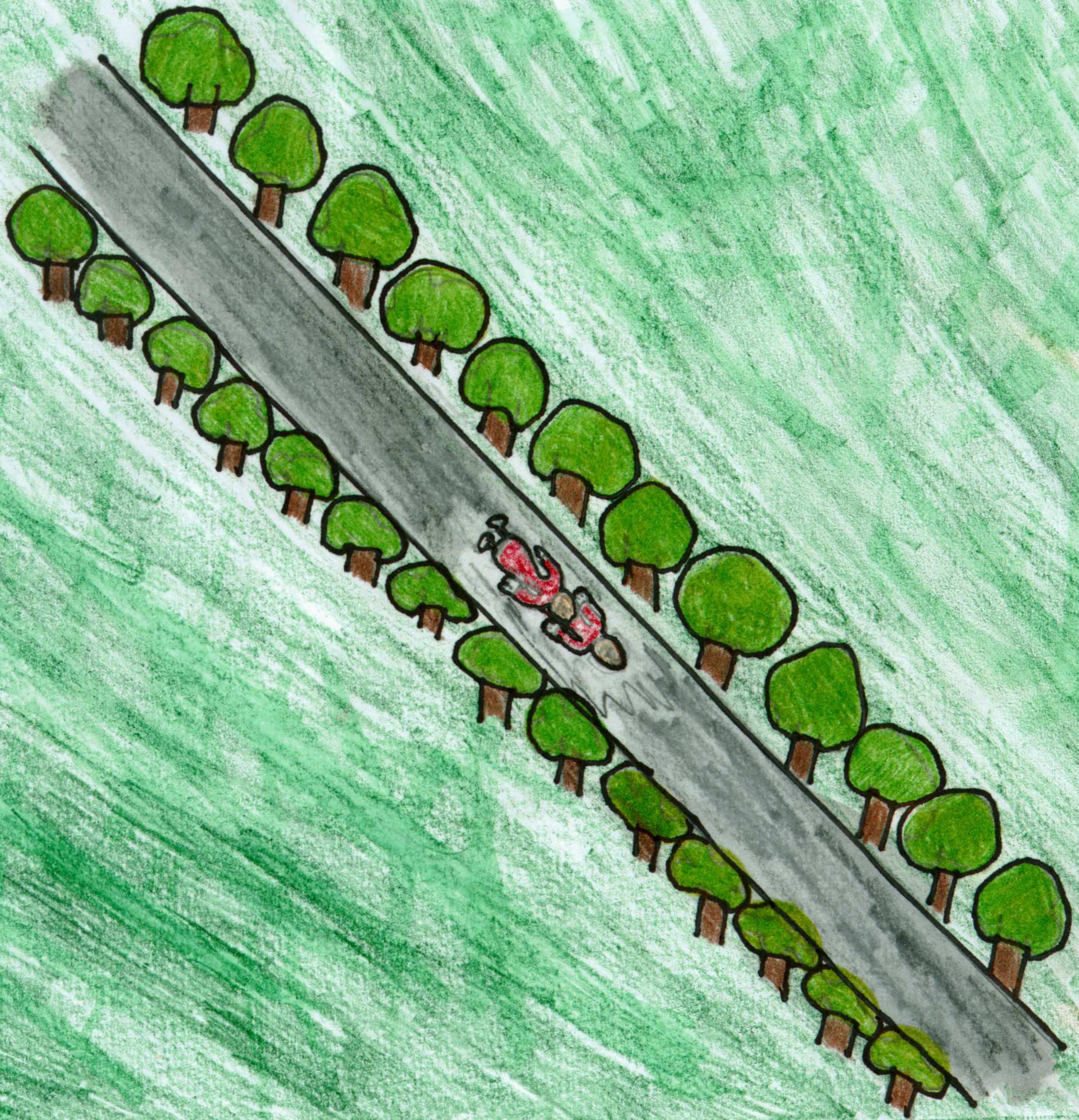
Ma and I are running everywhere and looking for Pa. We look all over our 200 acre farm. Still we cannot find Pa. I only fear the worst.

We have now come to the river. Why has this happen to Pa and not to me, I wonder. I can't bear it any more.

Finally, we find a pack of wolves in a circle surrounding my Pa's limp body. I cannot stand to look! The beasts acted as if they had never eaten before and this was their first kill. As Ma and I approach, the wolves leave the area.

In horror, Ma collapses next to me. We will never see my Pa again. What am I to do with my Ma passed out? How am I to get my Ma home? I will have to do it quickly and silently so not to attract the wolves. I tear off my apron and lay it on the ground and place Ma on it. I try my best to drag Ma home across the hard, rocky ground. By the time I am halfway home, my muscles have given up and I cannot not feel my legs. There is a burning sensation all over my body. I feel like I am going to pass out. We have just passed the Brown's house. I am too exhausted to even stop to ask for help. My mind is set on just getting home!





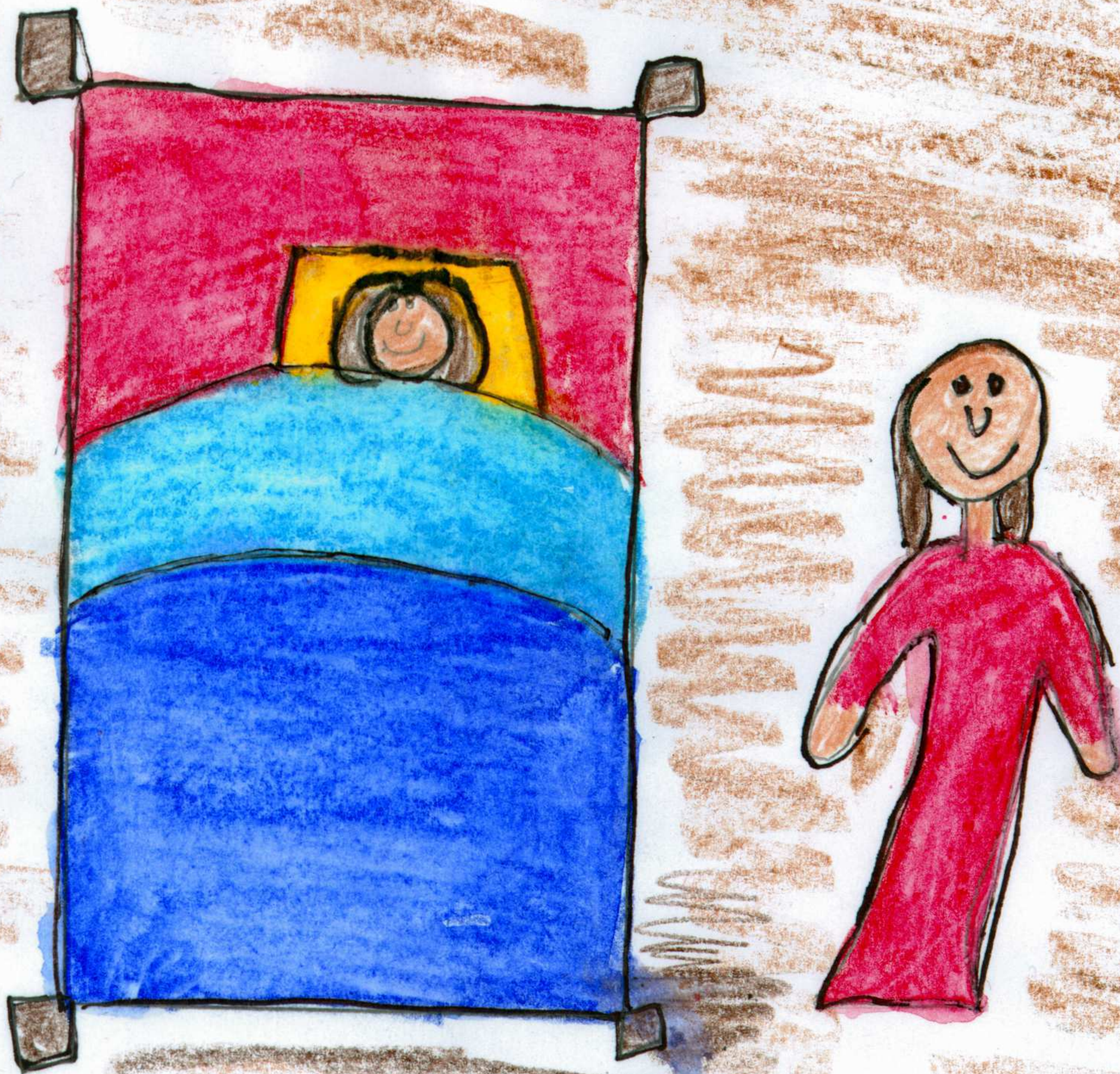
Finally, I have gotten mother home safely. Now I must run in to town and get the doctor. On the way, I pass the first store in Worthington. The doctor is in and hurriedly, we ride back to my home in his covered wagon. On the way home I keep thinking to myself in disbelief that my Pa is dead. I cannot even think of what my mother and I will do without a man in the house. He just can't be dead!

The doctor rushed into the house to tend to Ma. She is still passed out in bed, so I put a cold rag on her head using water from the well outside. The doctor uses smelling salts to bring her around.

Finally, Ma wakes up and I have a bowl of soup ready for her. I must go and get it off the fire.

When I return, Ma is telling the doctor about a dream she has just had. The hardest thing I have ever had to do is to tell Ma that what she thinks is a dream is truly reality.





As Ma calms down, I tell her how I dragged her home and then ran to town to get the doctor. She is proud of me for that and is very thankful that I got her out of the woods. I tell her that the doctor said some of the neighbors would go to the woods to bring back Pa's body.



It has been two years now since Pa's death. Ma still thinks of him every day, even though she has remarried a man by the name of Walter. He is a very nice man and a hard worker. Walter provides our family with food and shelter.

We have a puppy now, its name is Charles after my father. I too still think of him everyday. I will never forget my pa. He will always be a part of my heart and soul.

The Browns returned with Pa's body. Ma has decided that we will bury him right away. We are going to bury him in the cemetery on the Worthington Green.

We are at Pa's funeral. It looks and feels as if it is raining because there are so many people crying. This will be the last time I will see my dear Pa. Oh, how I miss him.

Pa has has been buried for a few days and the visitors have faded away. Ma and I spend our days doing chores, then we reflect and sleep for the rest of the day.

