

# The Night George Wolfe Died

by, Robert J. Conley

<sup>(Pov 3rd)</sup> George Wolfe was on his way home from a meeting of the National Legislature of the Cherokee Nation, <sup>(char)</sup> to which he had been elected to represent his home district of Going-snake. The citizens of Goingsnake District, <sup>(set)</sup> at least a majority of them, had thought that George, a full-blood Cherokee who was fluent in both Cherokee <sup>(char-nd)</sup> and English and owned his own business, a mildly prosperous general store, would represent all Cherokees well <sup>(mot)</sup> in this time of great tribulation. The United States government was exercising ever-increasing pressure on the <sup>(set)</sup> small nation, and whites were moving into the Nation in great numbers. <sup>(Ext)</sup>

The meeting itself, George's first, had gone well enough, but George was walking away from it with mixed feelings. True, he had been a storekeeper for some time, he had a good education, and he was learning more and more to live like a white man. This night represented his greatest triumph to date, yet George felt <sup>(set)</sup> emptiness. He remembered his father, who had lived all his life in the old way, had never taken a white man's <sup>(char)</sup> name, never worn a white man's suit, and never let his whiskers grow. He had always remained Tsalagi, one of the Real People, and he had had a good life. George knew that, and he <sup>(set/pov) had</sup> wondered if he were not betraying his <sup>(Int)</sup> traditions and his father by doing so well in a life modeled on that of the yoneg—the white man.

<sup>RA2</sup> He was moving toward his wagon, lost in these thoughts, when he ran into someone.