**Greene, Jerome A. 2004. Washita: The U.S. Army and the Southern Cheyennes, 1867-1869. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press.**

Moving Behind pp. 128 - 129, 130

At dawn on the twenty-seventh, some of the people got news of the soldiers’approach. Moving Behind, who was fourteen years old at the time, rememberedpeople calling to others to wake up, that the soldiers were coming. But as they didso the assault commenced.

***At that instant****,* said Moving Behind*,* ***the soldiers let out terrible yells, and there was a burst of gunfire from them.”***The young girl joined her aunt, Corn StalkWoman, outside her lodge.She could see the people racing about frantically and noted*, “****Black Kettle and his wife were last seen when* *they rode off on a horse.”*** (p. 128 -129)

In the chaos, Moving Behind joined her aunt in getting through and south of the camp and seeking refuge in the tall grasses there…

***The air was full of smoke from gunfire, and it was almost impossible to flee, because bullets were flying everywhere. However, somehow we ran and kept running to find a hiding place. As we ran, we could see the red fire of the shots. We got near a hill, and there we saw a steep path, where an old road used to be. There was red grass along the path, and although the ponies had eaten some of it, it was still high enough for us to hide. In the grass we lay flat, our hearts beating fast; and we were afraid to move…*** (p.130)

**Hardorff, Richard G. 2006. Washita Memories. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press.**

Part 1 of Moving Behind’s narrative pp. 327-28

***The soldiers would pass back and forth near the spot where I lay. As I turned sideways and looked, one soldier saw us, and rode toward where we lay. He stopped his horse, and stared at us. He did not say a word, and we wondered what would happen. But he left, and no one showed up after that. I suppose he*** ***pitied us, and left us alone.***

Part 2 of Moving Behind’s narrative pp. 327-328

***A long time later, when the whites and Indians had quit fighting, George Bent asked us to go shake hands with a soldier. We went, and he said that this was the soldier who saw us hiding, and pitied us and saved us. Of course, we shook hands with the tall soldier. I recall that he had a brown mustache and blue eyes.***

**Additional Resources:**

Read Moving Behind’s complete narrative. **Washita Memories – Chapter 32 Moving Behind Woman, Cheyenne** (pp. 323-328).