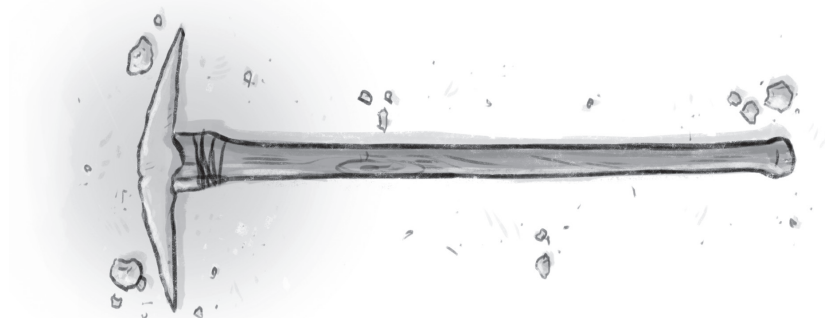


*Adventures on the American Frontier*

# **GOLD RUSH ADVENTURES**

Part One

John Sutter's Golden Dream



A Royal Fireworks Production

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Unionville, New York



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This book features QR codes that link to audio of the book being narrated so that readers can follow along.

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Wind tossed the battered sailing ship from the crest of one ocean wave into the pit of the next. It seemed certain that the ship would be broken to bits on the rocky California coast.

The mate barked orders, sailors scurried up the rigging, and the ship changed its course and headed toward the land.



Big, handsome John Sutter stood on the deck near the ship's prow, his feet apart and his body leaning as the ship rolled. His heart beat quickly, but not with fear for the *Clementine*. The ship had brought him and his men safely all the way from Hawaii to Alaska and down to California. He was confident that she would make it to the safety of San Francisco Bay.

No, he was not afraid. He was excited. Here, at last, lay the land of his golden dream.



“Here in California I will be master of my own land and live like a king!” he shouted into the wind. His words were lost in the roar of the breaking waves, but John didn’t care. His words were not meant to be heard.

He let his eyes take in all they could of the land and the neck of water that led from the Pacific Ocean into San Francisco Bay. There were low mountains and a rocky coastline to the left. On the right, the land rose more gently.

The neck of water was called “The Narrows” in that year of 1839, but in a few years, the explorer John Fremont would give it the lasting name of “the Golden Gate.” No matter the name, to John Sutter, going through it meant the end of a long journey.

As the sailors brought the *Clementine* into San Francisco Bay, John’s eyes searched the land. Above and to the right were the stout old adobe walls of the Spanish-Mexican fort that had guarded the harbor



for sixty years.

The ship moved on, toward a place where the shoreline curved inward. That was the journey's end, in the smooth waters of the harbor at Yerba Buena.

John looked at the little town of Yerba Buena that would someday grow into the city of San Francisco. There were fewer than a dozen buildings huddled near the muddy cove. Above the little buildings, the land rose, bare except for low bushes and a few scrub oak trees and pines.