My Life, as Told by Geronimo

I was born in the heart of the Apache territory, in the shadow of the towering Chiricahua Mountains. My people called me Goyathlay, which means "the one who yawns." But to the white man, I became known by another name: Geronimo.

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My Life by Geronimo				
****	4.2 out of 5			
Language	: English			
Text-to-Speech	: Enabled			
Enhanced types	etting : Enabled			
Word Wise	: Enabled			
Lending	: Enabled			
File size	: 28805 KB			
Screen Reader	: Supported			
Print length	: 96 pages			



My childhood was filled with the joys and challenges of Apache life. I learned the skills of hunting, tracking, and warfare. I was taught the reverence for nature and the importance of family. But I also witnessed firsthand the harsh realities of life on the frontier, as the white man encroached on our lands and threatened our way of life.

As a young man, I became a warrior and a leader among my people. I fought bravely against the white soldiers who sought to conquer us. But despite our fierce resistance, we were outnumbered and outgunned. In 1886, after years of bloody warfare, I was forced to surrender to General Nelson Miles.

We were taken as prisoners to Fort Marion in Florida, where we were held for six years. During that time, I met many other Apache leaders who had also been captured. Together, we shared our stories and our hopes for the future. We dreamed of returning to our homeland and living in peace.

In 1894, we were finally released and allowed to return to the Southwest. But the land we once knew was gone. Our homes had been destroyed, our herds had been stolen, and our way of life had been forever changed.

I spent the rest of my life advocating for the rights of my people. I traveled the country, speaking out against the injustices we had suffered. I met with presidents and politicians, hoping to convince them to honor the treaties they had made with us.

In 1909, I died at the age of 79. I was buried at Fort Sill in Oklahoma, far from my beloved homeland. But my spirit lives on, as a testament to the indomitable will of my people.

My life was one of both triumph and tragedy. I witnessed the destruction of my people and the loss of our way of life. But I also fought for what I believed in, and I never gave up hope for a better future.

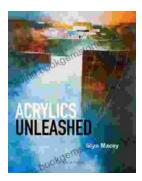
My story is a reminder of the importance of resilience, resistance, and the power of the human spirit. It is a story that should be told and remembered for generations to come.

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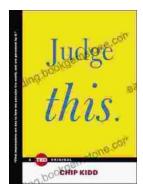
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