

DOWNLOAD PDF RACE WITH BUFFALO AND OTHER NATIVE AMERICAN STORIES FOR YOUNG READERS

Chapter 1 : NEA - Native American Booklist

The stories in this collection are vessels of century-old Native American lore, some of them perhaps brought to this continent by the original Native American settlers over 12 Race With Buffalo: And Other Native American Stories for Young Readers (American Storytelling): Richard Young: blog.quintoapp.com: Books.

Share via Email Long history of women and girls from the Colorado River tribes. Orange is an enrolled member of the Cheyenne and Arapaho tribes of Oklahoma. And to tell the story of his small cast of characters Orange gives his readers a sense of the great sweep of history that was initiated when a group of settlers showed up and took a continent from the people living there. It appeared on US TVs until the s. The head had no name. It had no body. It had no tribe. It was just the Indian Head. Orange moves from this glowing TV head to the severed head of the chief of the Wampanoag, which was kept on a spike outside the Plymouth colony. The prelude goes on to describe how European settlers murdered Native American people. Because Orange cannot rely on his readers to know it. They live in Oakland, ride bikes and drive postal vans. As if anticipating a reader who expects a book about mythical figures who commune only with trees and grass, the prologue scoffs: Each wishes for something different from the event. Orvil Red Feather aims to win, despite having a mediocre costume. Edwin Black wants to meet his real father. Blue works for the festival and the job is her chance to escape an abusive partner. Tony Loneman plans to steal the prize using a 3D printed gun, and the reader is conscious throughout of this threat of violence. The brilliance of the book lies in what Orange does with this tension. With the plot device of the powwow holding the book together, he has the freedom to tell many different stories in many different voices. We learn about ripping the fur from a live badger in order to create a medicine chest. We learn too about the gentrification of Oakland, the excitement of buying a drone, about encountering the man who once raped you. The word Indian was imposed. The novel grants each character the gift of complexity. It is possible to love and to be selfish, to have a limp and to walk with a swagger. The theme of addiction runs throughout. For several characters this is to alcohol, but drugs, Pepsi and even the computer also offer an escape. Orange refuses the common conflation of being Native American with being an addict. Instead he describes the sorrow that drives each character to their individual obsession. Like we ourselves are something wrong We drink alcohol because it helps us feel like we can be ourselves and not be afraid. But we punish ourselves with it. At times this comes in the form of AA confessions, at others it is the hope of writing a short story collection, or compiling video testimonials after the loss of a family member. Perhaps to tell your own story is an attempt to heal, at least a little. But many of the characters are confused about how to tell their story. Some, like Dene Oxedene, are mixed race. Blue was adopted and brought up outside the community. Thomas Frank is half Native and half white, and thinks: And from a people taken. You were both and neither. These characters are simultaneously Native American and teaching themselves to be Native American. Edwin Black takes Native American studies in college and goes hunting for his father. Thomas Frank immerses himself in the Indian drum circle. Blue feels white inside and so gets a job at the Indian Centre to find a way to belong. Orvil Red Feather conducts his own research. He watches hours and hours of powwow footage. He even goes to Urban Dictionary. But his grandmother argues: He needs to dance with it. Even in its tragic details, it is lyrical and playful, shaking and shimmering with energy. The novel dips into the tiniest personal details and sweeps across history. Orange, like Orvil, creates beauty out of tragedy. Yet the novel remains a warning about the desolation that results when you separate parents from their children and try to eradicate a people. There There is published by Harvill Secker.

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Chapter 2 : Race with Buffalo and other Native American stories for young readers (Book,) [blog.quintoap

The stories in this collection are vessels of century-old Native American lore, some of them perhaps brought to this continent by the original Native American settlers over 12, years ago. These stories include tales about ancient times, young heroes, tricksters, magical beasts and much more.

Admittedly, I am on a mission to promote one of my favorite authors, Joseph Bruchac. I have a post about him here. I updated this list: Contemporary Native Americans in KidLit. More Native American notables here on my Instagram post: Humetewa, Hopi, First Native American woman to serve as a federal judge. Buy her books and other Native American books there to support Native Americans. This is a good book to learn about the genocide of Native Americans through disease, specifically smallpox. Louise Erdrich has a way with words that is just mesmerizing, and yet so straightforward and simple. The Birchbark House is part of a series consisting of four novels. In August, a fifth novel, Makoons, will be added to this wonderful series written from an authentic Native American perspective. Otsaliheliga by Traci Sorrel, illustrated by Frank Lessac The Cherokee community is grateful for blessings and challenges that each season brings. This is modern Native American life as told by an enrolled citizen of the Cherokee Nation. Coming out September 4, This river was the line between slavery and freedom for their slaves. When Martha Tom, a young Choctaw crossed the river in search of blackberries, she met Little Mo, a young black slave who helps her find her way home. His family, with the help of the Choctaws, would cross to freedom. Jingle Dancer by Cynthia Leitich Smith The author is a mixed-blood member of the Muscogee Creek Nation and this is a gentle tale about a contemporary Native American girl who turns to her family to help her find her dancing voice via rows of jingling ornaments on her special dance costume for the powwow. The Warriors by Joseph Bruchac Anyone who loves lacrosse which was sacred to the Iroquois should read this book. Set in contemporary Washington D. Lacrosse is the bridge that crosses both worlds for Jake, but is it enough? The elders usually bring out the stories in November and put them away again when the snow is gone. It is said that snakes will come to those who do not follow this custom or that cold weather will come during the warm months. Please enjoy this book at the first snowfall. It is a long and dangerous journey and Cornelissen portrays this vividly through the eyes of Soft Rain, a nine-year-old girl. The Navajos both developed an unbreakable code all other codes were broken by the Japanese and risked their lives in battle to transmit messages that used their native language. Infused with this experience is his Chickasaw heritage. He includes how the Chickasaw Nation supported his journey to space, and how he brought them along too symbolically through an eagle feather and flute which floated next to him on board the space station. This is an important picture book that gives all children role models both in space travel and in the Native American community. Purchasing this book supports books that capture the experiences, culture, and history of the Chickasaw. His picture book covers a multitude of Common Core and elementary school topics including bullying, immigration, Civil Rights and contemporary Indian Americans. It cuts her eye which leads eventually to losing her vision. The grandmother passes down her knowledge of the plant world as they collect herbs and mushrooms. This happened in both the United States and Canada. He became both a great leader for the Lakota people also known as Sioux and one of the most famous Native Americans in history. There are federally recognized tribal nations in the United States, each with its own diversity of language, ceremonies, and naming. To respect the deeper meaning of the naming, classroom activities where kids pick their own Indian names are not recommended as it is not culturally sensitive. This is a delightful picture book sure to engage kids. The vibrant illustrations by Caldecott illustrator Yuyi Morales perfectly match the story. A New Look at Thanksgiving. He was to finish the story before the guests came that evening. When Moss refused to help with the preparations, he told his parents that he would run away before he ate with them. Moss left the village while he followed another Native American girl named Trouble. He followed her into the woods, even though she asked him not to. When Moss first told her that he was going on his away time, she did not believe him. Even though he was lying, she was persuaded when he adventured into

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the forest by himself. He found an animal in the forest that helped him dig deep into his heart and pull out the real Moss. When he found that he was lost, he became discouraged and walked in one direction. He came upon Trouble who showed him the way back. Moss is unhappy that the guests were coming and thought he might not return to the village. I recommend this book to children from ages who enjoy exciting stories. When I told her I was having trouble finding stories about the experience of Native Americans versus nonfiction about their customs, she told me about Joseph Bruchac who is a talented and prolific writer of over 70 books both chapter and picture that reflect his Abenaki Native American culture. This is a great story about a contemporary boy struggling to straddle two cultures, American and Mohawk. The original code they used as well as Navajo words are in the back pages as well. While visiting her Potawatomi friend Fawn and mistaken for one of the tribe, young Libby Mitchell is forced to go too. This is the sequel to Next Spring an Oriole. He weaves the backstory to the Indian Boarding Schools including the underlying racist history behind it seamlessly into a page-turner of Jim Thorpe, Pop Warner and the rise of football in which the Carlisle Indian School was its most unlikely team to succeed. But succeed it did, going on to a season in which they would best the Ivy Leagues, then the most competitive in this new sport. In some ways, this is the rise and fall of super athlete Jim Thorpe. Had he be born in different times, the outcome would be very different. In more modern times, he would be sitting on a multi-million dollar contract in football. For non-football fans like myself, this is a page-turner fascinating read. As an IndieBound Associate, I earn from qualifying purchases. Please follow and like us:

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Chapter 3 : Race with Buffalo: And Other Native American Stories for Young Readers by Richard Young

The stories in this collection are vessels of century-old Native American lore, some of them perhaps brought to this continent by the original Native American settlers over 12 Race With Buffalo and Other Native American Stories for Young Readers (American Storytelling): Richard Young: blog.quintoapp.com: Books.

The following titles are listed by grade level and include fiction, nonfiction, and poetry. Illustrated by Lynn Moroney. A Boy Called Slow: Illustrated by Shonto Begay. A Celebration of the Powwow by Susan Braine. Alicia of Acoma Pueblo by George Ancona. Illustrated by Synthia St. Lee and Low Books Illustrated by Paul Lee. Albert Whitman and Company Jingle Dancer by Cynthia Leitich Smith. Illustrated by Cornelius Wright. Knots on a Counting Rope by John Archambault. Illustrated by Ted Rand. Illustrated by Paul Goble. Illustrated by Michael LaCapa. Illustrated by Michael Lacapa. Mama, Do You Love Me? Illustrated by Barbara LaVallee. Illustrated by George Littlechild. Illustrated by Robert F. My Arctic 1,2,3 by Michael Kusagak. Illustrated by Vladyana Krykorka. Powwow by George Ancona. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich Return of the Buffaloes by Paul Goble. Sing Down the Rain by Judi Moreillon. Illustrated by Michael Chiago. Simon and Schuster Books for Young Readers Grades Arctic Memories by Normee Ekoomiak. Arrow Over the Door by Joseph Bruchac. The Birchbark House by Louise Erdrich. Children of the Sun: Four Seasons of Corn: A Winnebago Tradition by Sally M. Indian Shoes by Cynthia Leitich Smith. The Soccer Trails by Michael Kusagak. Pushing Up the Sky by Joseph Bruchac. Dial Books for Young Readers Illustrated by James Watts. Margaret McElderry Books University of Arizona Press Food and Spirits by Beth Brant. Full Moon on the Reservation by Gloria Bird. Greenfield Review Press A Gathering of Spirit: New and Selected Poems by Dorise Seale. House Made of Dawn by N. Power by Linda Hogan. Norton and Company Skeleton Man by Joseph Bruchac. Speaking for the Generations: Native Writers on Writing by Simon Ortiz.

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Chapter 4 : NPR Choice page

Includes bibliographical references (pages) Race with Buffalo and other Native American stories for young readers Item Preview.

Suhtai[edit] This story relates to the origins concerning the medicine lodge. In this time buffalo ate human beings. A Suhtai man dreamed that he was shooting at a certain buffalo however his arrow turned away and hit another buffalo standing far away. This dream occurred for three nights. They responded by telling him that the dreams meant nothing. However, that night the young man had the same dream and the young man knew what he had to do. The next day he woke up early to go hunting. Just like in his dream when he shot at a buffalo his arrow diverted its path and hit another buffalo cow. The young man followed her until sundown but could never catch up with her so he went back to camp. The next morning the young man went out looking for the buffalo cow again and found her standing in front of a tipi but, now she was a beautiful woman. The young man fell in love with her and she bore him a son and he looked exactly like his mother. One morning the young man discovered that his wife and child were missing. For four days the young man searched for his family and on the fourth day he came to a high ridge and a herd of buffalo were grazing below. As the young man approached the heard a young buffalo calf came running out to meet him; this buffalo was his son. The young man told his son that he wished to follow them. However his son informed him that the trip was too long and that he would die. A few days later the buffalo decided to put the young man through a test, by seeing if he could identify his son in a group of other buffalo calf. When the test came the father and son had no problem communicating with each other so the young man passed the test. The herd proceeded to carry on after this until a few days later when the young calf again approached his father. Again the young calf informed his father on how he could defeat them, instructing his father to stay calm and to have a pure heart. The grandfather then charged at the young man but was unable to kill him realizing that the young man had "a strong heart and great human power". The young calf then approached his father again informing him that his grandfather was going to challenge him to a race in an attempt to kill the young man. The young calf told his father to take the black stick and not the red one and to run on the inside near the rim rock. He also instructed his father to duck down when his grandfather turned around for it was here that he would be trying to kill him. The race began and the young man ran along the inside of the track like his son instructed. The grandfather then turned around and charged at the young man. The young man ducked when the buffalo charged, and the buffalo ran by the young man off a cliff to his death. The animals then proceeded to hold a council and decided to have a great race between man and buffalo. If man won he would eat buffalo and buffalo would no longer eat man. However if buffalo won they would eat man and man would no longer eat buffalo. All birds and animals showed up and painted their bodies the colors that they are now today. The buffalo selected Slim Walking Woman to be their racer "for she was the fastest and most long winded". Only swift hawk, crow, magpie, and eagle sided with the young man. The race began and Slim Walking Woman got off to an early lead as magpie flew very high. Many racers passed out from exhaustion. Slim Walking Woman lead the whole race but just as she was about to pass the finish line magpie plunged from the sky passing her right before she crossed the line. After the race the buffalo elders said they must have the medicine lodge. In it "all will be performed that has happened since the beginning of this great race. On the fourth day of the ceremony it will belong to human beings". They believe the race took place at Inyan Kara and occurs before the summer equinox. Normally this story is not associated with the Falling Star stories that originated in the s and s by Nicholas Black Elk. While they are dancing, the instructor pushes the pledger against the cottonwood brush surrounding the altar. This represents the attempt of the buffalo grandfather to push the Suhtai over the edge of the cliff. This was because the "buffalo originally ate human beings. They fled, taking some human flesh with them.

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Chapter 5 : Native American Stories for Teachers- Retrospection - Children's Indian Tales

Race with the Buffalo and Other Native American Stories for Young Readers by Richard Young, Judy Dockrey Young
The stories in this collection are vessels of century-old Native American lore, some of them perhaps brought to this continent by the original Native American settlers over 12, years ago.

Destinations by Andy Milroy North America has a long, rich history in ultrarunning, one that stretches back thousands of years. For much of that time, walking and running were the only means of travel and communication to bridge the huge, open spaces of the American continent. The migration route to the Americas was through the steppes and tundra of Siberia and Alaska, via the Bering land bridge, which was exposed by vast quantities of water locked up in the huge ice caps of the last Ice Age. Sometime between 15, and 12, years ago, humans followed mammoth, musk ox and caribou through a gap in the ice sheet that dominated North America, to emerge upon the great plains. These earliest inhabitants of the continent probably marched in small groups, most of their meager possessions perhaps carried by women using head straps loads of as much as pounds were reported in the pre-equine era among plains Indians. From the great plains the way was then open for their descendants to walk across mountain and desert, through jungle to the far reaches of Patagonia, a journey that may have taken less than a thousand years. Without the horse for transportation until the Spanish introduced it in the sixteenth century , these Native Americans evolved a lifestyle delineated by their abilities as walkers and runners. Surprisingly, however, the first recorded ultra distance performers in the Americas were not born in the Western Hemisphere, but came from across the sea. He had been given two Scottish runners, a man named Haki and a woman Hekja, both reputedly fleetier than deer. When Karlsefni arrived in this new land, he put ashore the Scots, ordering them to run south, to discover the nature of the land and to come back before three days had passed. The runners wore only a bjafal or kjafal, a hooded poncho, which fastened between the legs. It is likely that the Scots explored what later became known as Newfoundland. They returned three days later carrying grapes and self-sewn wheat, which may sound surprising today, but 1, years ago the province had a warmer climate than at present. Native Americans that the Scots may have met would have been part of the running culture that permeated the entire continent. There were, in fact, extensive trading routes throughout pre-Columbian America, used by traders and their porters traveling on foot. Within this wider context, early European settlers were to record networks of runners that tied tribes together. In the Northeast, in what was to become New York state, the Iroquois Confederacy was held together by running messengers who could cover the mile Iroquois Trail within three days. In , a network of Hopi and Zuni runners coordinated a revolt against their Spanish conquerors among some 70 pueblos or villages, covering over miles in what is now Arizona and New Mexico. Without horses, using only dogs as pack animals, Native Americans were conditioned to cover great distances on foot from an early age. It was recorded that Apache Indians, who were renowned for their toughness, at the age of 15 or 16 had to undertake a long run over rough country carrying a load on their back. Young men would be expected to go without sleep in a vigil that could last 48 hours. They then were required to go out into the wilds for two weeks, living through their own skill and toughness. An adult Apache could travel on foot over the roughest terrain from fifty to seventy-five miles a day, keeping this up for several days at a stretch. Outstanding runners in such a culture would become key figures in holding together widespread associations, such as the Iroquois Confederacy, or even loose groupings of proximal tribes, by carrying news and other urgent messages. Such messenger runners were probably part of the culture of the Sauk, Creek, Omaha, Kickapoo, Osage, and Menominee tribes, and possibly many others. Such runners dedicated their lives to this endeavor, following a strict diet and often practicing celibacy. On their runs they would carry a dried buffalo heart. We can get some idea of the kind of distances such runners covered from the journals of early settlers. As early as , James Emlen wrote that Sharp Shins, one of the Iroquois Confederacy messengers, ran 90 miles from Canandaigua to Niagara between sunrise and sunset. In , a correspondent to The Spirit of the Times newspaper told of a Native

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American who had run miles in a day carrying a sixty-pound bar of lead. Another wrote of a member of the Osage tribe to skeptical members of the Indian Commission. Seeking to prove his veracity, he proposed a wager. An Indian was to take a message to Fort Gibson at sunrise and return with an answer before sunset, a round-trip journey of some 80 miles. The wager was won. His claim to have run such a distance was not believed. The Wichita chief arranged to ride back with him, sending a relay horse to the mile point so that he could change horses there. The Wichita chief eventually reached the Pawnee village before sunrise, less than 24 hours after their start, and found Big Hawk asleep. He had come in around midnight, covering the miles across mountains, hills, and streams in about 20 hours. Other writers recorded similar feats. The Hopi Indians particularly have many stories told of their running prowess. Walter Hough described a Hopi Indian running 65 miles in eight hours, from Oraibi Pueblo to Winslow, before turning around and running home. George Wharton James wrote in that on several occasions he had employed a young man to take a message to Oraibi to Keams Canyon, a distance of 72 miles, and that he had run the entire way and back within 36 hours. Another Hopi, Letayu, carried a note from Keams Canyon to Fort Wingate and returned, covering over miles in three days. The greatest feat attributed to an Indian runner was by Charlie Talawepi in the early s, when reportedly he ran from Tuba City to Flagstaff and returned to Moenkapi, covering around miles in about 24 hours. Charlie was apparently reduced to a walk by the finish, and took days to recover. For this feat he was given a twenty-dollar silver piece. The most famous of the Hopi Indians was Louis Tewanima, who won the silver medal in the 10, meters in the Olympics, and finished ninth in the Olympic Marathon. In his younger days he would reputedly run from his home to Winslow and back, some miles, just to watch the trains pass. In the Native American culture, the ability to cover great distances on foot was not limited to males. Around eight Tarahumara women contested a mile race around an oblong mountain on a loop of some 7. Two villages had selected them as their fastest runners. Having started at 6: Wild betting was to be a feature of the contest over the last few miles. It was two women from the village of Baconia who finished together, in a little over half a day. Like other Native American ultrarunners, they had eaten parched corn in the form of a gruel, sweetened with sugar. Some of the early European settlers adapted to the Native American style of life and became adept at covering great distances on foot. In , Daniel Boone was returning home from the depths of hostile territory when his horse became exhausted and had to be turned loose. He was forced to cover miles through the wilderness on foot in under four days, much of the time on limited or no rations. A more remarkable feat was recorded for an earlier female settler escaping from the Shawnee. Mary Ingles, age 23, was abducted in July and carried far from any white settlement. She eventually escaped with a Dutch woman. Living on nuts, roots, berries, and wild grapes, and wrapping their feet in strips of cloth torn from their clothing to replace their disintegrating moccasins, they began their long walk home through the Appalachian Mountains. By mid-November, after walking more than miles, the two women reached safety. Life in the nineteenth century was a little easier for later immigrants, but they still needed considerable endurance. Although they may not have been used to covering great distances on foot within days, as the Native Americans did, they generally came from cultures that were used to walking. Wagon trains from Kansas to California and Oregon carried the goods of the overlanders, as they were called. Many pioneers had to walk alongside the wagons. By the nineteenth century, white Americans were regularly recording feats of their contemporary native American runners, but by now the entire Native American ultra culture was in decline. The horse, introduced by the Spanish to the New World, had meant that the ability to cover great distances on foot was no longer crucial to survival. Over very long distances, a runner could still outlast the horse, as shown by the exploits of Big Hawk. But as Native American areas contracted under the pressure of white settlement, Indian running messengers became an occasional convenience for the thinly spread white settlers, instead of the precious lifeline among Native American communities that they had once been. In the first decades of the twentieth century, Native American runners were to feature in a series of well-publicized ultra distance races, and indeed they also made an impact on the early American marathon scene. However gradually, the changing lifestyles of the Native American communities and access to motorized vehicles were

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to gradually eradicate the last remnants of the Native American ultra culture. The lone exception seems to be the Tarahumara tribes of northern Mexico, who have managed to maintain their Native American ultra culture despite the challenges of the entire century, and have recently begun to merge it with the modern American ultrarunning culture of today. From childhood, running games, hunting, and often a nomadic lifestyle inured Native Americans to covering long distances on foot. This ability to cover ground on foot was of paramount importance. Such were the pressures on the pedestrian nomads that no allowances could be made for anyone who could not keep up. Sometimes cruel necessity forced tribes to abandon the aged and infirm, in order to reach areas where game could be found. It would be those individuals who would implore their families to leave them. I cannot go and I wish to die. Sedentary Tarahumaras have running capabilities little different from the average individual. It is ironic that many modern-day American ultrarunners should seek to escape the pressures of everyday life, and to unconsciously emulate their Native American forerunners, following trails running across mountains and rivers to reach distant destinations, viewing panoramas first revealed to tribal running messengers hundredsâ€”even thousandsâ€”of years ago.

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Chapter 6 : Native American Stories, Printable Indian Short Stories for Teachers

Race with Buffalo and other Native American stories for young readers. [Richard Young; Judy Dockrey Young;] -- Thirty-one stories in this collection include tales about ancient times, young heroes, tricksters, and magical beasts from tribes such as the Caddo, Cherokee, Choctaw, Seneca, and many others.

A Sacred Story This story was sent to us by Peaceseeker, who said it is a true story that came to him from "beyond the mists," perhaps from an Ancestor. It was only yesterday, as time is told in the old stories, before the coming of the white man. It was a time when "The People" lived with respect for all living things. It was a time when "Yah na see", the mighty Buffalo, still roamed the great plains of this vast land, a time when Brother Wolf still howled at Grandmother Moon in the night. It was also a time of change, as the white man was building a road across the land for his Iron Horse. It was late in the afternoon; Wakan Tanka was watching the Mighty Buffalo on the land below. There was stillness in the air and the smell of rain. The clouds in the distance said that Mother Earth would soon be replenished with rain and there was the smell of danger in the air. If you listened carefully you could hear the sound of Thunder in the distance. As Father Sun moved closer to the edge of the world, the sky darkened, lightning played among the clouds and Old Man Thunder roared with a mighty voice. The Mighty Buffalo lifted their heads from grazing and gathered their young about them. The young calves moved closer to their mothers as thunderbolts filled the sky. The herd milled aimlessly and watched with fear and with anger knowing that death was near at hand. There was the sound of a mighty wind and a dark shadow crossed over the land. The Bird of Thunder dropped lower over the edge of the herd and a young calf was lifted into the air. Soon other shadows dropped near the earth and more of the young calves were taken. Lightning streaked across the sky and the voice of Old Man Thunder spoke with a vengeance. The Mighty Birds that brought the storm disappeared in the distance as Mother Earth opened her arms to receive the rain. The herd returned to their grazing now that the danger was past. Again the Mighty Thunderbird had stolen from the herd and loosed another storm upon the land. Everything was as it should be, the herd had grown too large and Mother Earth had needed the rain. As the Giant Birds disappeared into the distance, "She Who Ran Away", a young heifer with her second calf gave thanks to Wakan Tanka that this calf had been spared. Her first calf had been given to the Thunder Birds. Many of her friends had also lost their offspring to these storm bringers and spoke often of the ache this had instilled in their hearts. She thought again of the pain she had suffered at this great loss and gave another silent prayer that this would happen no more. Sometimes prayers are best not prayed. The road for the Iron Horse was cutting deeply into the plains and many white men were filling the land. Many times in their migration the Mighty Buffalo herds had to cross these iron tracks to better grazing. The white man, not knowing Mother Earth, found great sport hunting many of the herd members as they traveled near the Iron Horse. The white man took the hides of these Buffalo east in his journey and found they were worth much barter. Soon many white men came and slaughtered all the Buffalo, leaving Mother Earth strewn with the carnage, a graveyard filled with the bleached bones of a once mighty race. Old Man Winter had lost his hold on the land. The North Wind was weak from his long stay and soon would be the time to plant. Where once the lands rolled like the sea with the Mighty Buffalo, there was only grass. The birds of the air had finished their winter sojourn in the south and would soon be returning to the land. The Giant Thunderbirds would soon be bringing the storms and rain to feed the new growths. Every year the Giant Birds returned to the north to build their nests in the high places and bring their young into the world. As the Thunderbirds moved over the plains and looked upon the Earth, they found that the Buffalo were no more. Without the Buffalo there was not enough food for these Mighty Giants and many died on their journey to the north. So few reached the nesting area that only a few chicks were hatched this season. The loss of these mighty herds made migration very difficult and many of the young birds died on their way south that fall. Soon they were no more. Wakan Tanka looked down and cried. There have been several sightings in the last few years of a very large bird with a wingspan of over 20 feet. It has been estimated that a

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bird of this size would be capable of lifting a young buffalo calf off the ground. Any bird this large would need a large thermal updraft to help hold it aloft in any long flight. There is almost always a large thermal updraft in front of a moving storm. This would of course give the impression that these large birds, "Thunder Birds", were bringing the storm with them. Hence the name, "Thunder Birds". The loss of the Buffalo would have a devastating effect on the migratory habits of a bird of this size. My Sister helped me with a few of the names. My thanks to her. This story was partly inspired by a program on the Discovery Channel. Llewellyn Clark, Peaceseeker "Let us continue to honor that which remains only in our dream memory.

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Chapter 7 : Native Women's History: American Indian Heritage | ColorÑn Colorado

Probing Sudden Death of A Buffalo & illness of Another Young Cow Super Why Super Readers Challenge Cartoon Animation PBS Kids Game Play Walkthrough [Full E.

A footpath wound its way gently down the sloping land till it reached the broad river bottom; creeping through the long swamp grasses that bent over it on either side, it came out on the edge of the Missouri. Here, morning, noon, and evening, my mother came to draw water from the muddy stream for our household use. Always, when my mother started for the river, I stopped my play to run along with her. She was only of medium height. Often she was sad and silent, at which times her full arched lips were compressed into hard and bitter lines, and shadows fell under her black eyes. Then I clung to her hand and begged to know what made the tears fall. I was a wild little girl of seven. Loosely clad in a slip of brown buckskin, and light-footed with a pair of soft moccasins on my feet, I was as free as the wind that blew my hair, and no less spirited than a bounding deer. She taught me no fear save that of intruding myself upon others. Having gone many paces ahead I stopped, panting for breath, and laughing with glee as my mother watched my every movement. I was not wholly conscious of myself, but was more keenly alive to the fire within. It was as if I were the activity, and my hands and feet were only experiments for my spirit to work upon. Returning from the river, I tugged beside my mother, with my hand upon the bucket I believed I was carrying. One time, on such a return, I remember a bit of conversation we had. My grown-up cousin, Warca-Ziwin Sunflower , who was then seventeen, always went to the river alone for water for her mother. Their wigwam was not far from ours; and I saw her daily going to and from the river. I admired my cousin greatly. I will do it for you. The bronzed Dakota is the only real man. This aroused revenge in my small soul. Stamping my foot on the earth, I cried aloud, "I hate the paleface that makes my mother cry! Since then your father too has been buried in a hill nearer the rising sun. We were once very happy. But the paleface has stolen our lands and driven us hither. Having defrauded us of our land, the paleface forced us away. Many others were ailing, but there seemed to be no help. We traveled many days and nights; not in the grand, happy way that we moved camp when I was a little girl, but we were driven, my child, driven like a herd of buffalo. With every step, your sister, who was not as large as you are now, shrieked with the painful jar until she was hoarse with crying. She grew more and more feverish. Her little hands and cheeks were burning hot. Her little lips were parched and dry, but she would not drink the water I gave her. Then I discovered that her throat was swollen and red. My poor child, how I cried with her because the Great Spirit had forgotten us! And soon your uncle died also, leaving a widow and an orphan daughter, your cousin Warca-Ziwin. Both your sister and uncle might have been happy with us today, had it not been for the heartless paleface. Though I saw no tears in her eyes, I knew that was because I was with her. She seldom wept before me. During the summer days my mother built her fire in the shadow of our wigwam. In the early morning our simple breakfast was spread upon the grass west of our tepee. At the farthest point of the shade my mother sat beside her fire, toasting a savory piece of dried meat. Near her, I sat upon my feet, eating my dried meat with unleavened bread, and drinking strong black coffee. The morning meal was our quiet hour, when we two were entirely alone. At noon, several who chanced to be passing by stopped to rest, and to share our luncheon with us, for they were sure of our hospitality. His name was on the lips of old men when talking of the proud feats of valor; and it was mentioned by younger men, too, in connection with deeds of gallantry. Old women praised him for his kindness toward them; young women held him up as an ideal to their sweethearts. Every one loved him, and my mother worshiped his memory. Though I heard many strange experiences related by these wayfarers, I loved best the evening meal, for that was the time old legends were told. I was always glad when the sun hung low in the west, for then my mother sent me to invite the neighboring old men and women to eat supper with us. Running all the way to the wigwams, I halted shyly at the entrances. Sometimes I stood long moments without saying a word. It was not any fear that made me so dumb when out upon such a happy errand; nor was it that I wished to withhold the

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invitation, for it was all I could do to observe this very proper silence. But it was a sensing of the atmosphere, to assure myself that I should not hinder other plans. My mother used to say to me, as I was almost bounding away for the old people: If other plans are being discussed, do not interfere, but go elsewhere. Rising at once and carrying their blankets across one shoulder, they flocked leisurely from their various wigwams toward our dwelling. My mission done, I ran back, skipping and jumping with delight. All out of breath, I told my mother almost the exact words of the answers to my invitation. Frequently she asked, "What were they doing when you entered their tepee? Often I told my mother my impressions without being questioned. While in the neighboring wigwams sometimes an old Indian woman asked me, "What is your mother doing? At the arrival of our guests I sat close to my mother, and did not leave her side without first asking her consent. I ate my supper in quiet, listening patiently to the talk of the old people, wishing all the time that they would begin the stories I loved best. The increasing interest of the tale aroused me, and I sat up eagerly listening for every word. The old women made funny remarks, and laughed so heartily that I could not help joining them. She added some dry sticks to the open fire, and the bright flames leaped up into the faces of the old folks as they sat around in a great circle. On such an evening, I remember the glare of the fire shone on a tattooed star upon the brow of the old warrior who was telling a story. I watched him curiously as he made his unconscious gestures. The blue star upon his bronzed forehead was a puzzle to me. Looking about, I saw two parallel lines on the chin of one of the old women. The rest had none. I was a little afraid that he would rebuke me for my boldness. Here the old woman began: I shall, however, tell you a wonderful story about a woman who had a cross tattooed upon each of her cheeks. I fell asleep before the story was completed. Ever after that night I felt suspicious of tattooed people. Whenever I saw one I glanced furtively at the mark and round about it, wondering what terrible magic power was covered there. It was rarely that such a fearful story as this one was told by the camp fire. Its impression was so acute that the picture still remains vividly clear and pronounced. Soon after breakfast, mother sometimes began her beadwork. On a bright, clear day, she pulled out the wooden pegs that pinned the skirt of our wigwam to the ground, and rolled the canvas part way up on its frame of slender poles. Then the cool morning breezes swept freely through our dwelling, now and then wafting the perfume of sweet grasses from newly burnt prairie. Untying the long tasseled strings that bound a small brown buckskin bag, my mother spread upon a mat beside her bunches of colored beads, just as an artist arranges the paints upon his palette. On a lapboard she smoothed out a double sheet of soft white buckskin; and drawing from a beaded case that hung on the left of her wide belt a long, narrow blade, she trimmed the buckskin into shape. Often she worked upon small moccasins for her small daughter. Then I became intensely interested in her designing. With a proud, beaming face, I watched her work. In imagination, I saw myself walking in a new pair of snugly fitting moccasins. I felt the envious eyes of my playmates upon the pretty red beads decorating my feet. Close beside my mother I sat on a rug, with a scrap of buckskin in one hand and an awl in the other. This was the beginning of my practical observation lessons in the art of beadwork. From a skein of finely twisted threads of silvery sinews my mother pulled out a single one. With an awl she pierced the buckskin, and skillfully threaded it with the white sinew. Picking up the tiny beads one by one, she strung them with the point of her thread, always twisting it carefully after every stitch. It took many trials before I learned how to knot my sinew thread on the point of my finger, as I saw her do. Then the next difficulty was in keeping my thread stiffly twisted, so that I could easily string my beads upon it. My mother required of me original designs for my lessons in beading. At first I frequently ensnared many a sunny hour into working a long design. Soon I learned from self-inflicted punishment to refrain from drawing complex patterns, for I had to finish whatever I began. After some experience I usually drew easy and simple crosses and squares.

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Chapter 8 : Los Angeles Times - We are currently unavailable in your region

In this collection of 31 Native American tales, the Youngs provide not only entertaining stories but also insights into the culture and beliefs of our earliest Americans. The title story of the book describes how the human people, through their avian surrogates, won a race with the buffalo people to determine who would be leader of all the animals.

Many of the girls in the Caddo village wanted to win Braveness as a husband, but he paid little attention to any of them. One morning he started out for a day of hunting, and while he was walking along looking for wild game, he saw someone ahead of him sitting under a small elm tree. As he approached, he was surprised to find that the person was a young woman, and he started to turn aside. Braveness went up to her and saw that she was very young and very beautiful. I want you to take me home with you and let me stay with you. One day she asked him, "Will you do whatever I may ask of you, Braveness? After they had walked a long distance they came to some high hills, and all at once she turned round and looked at Braveness and said: I will tell you when we get to my mother. I know there will be many coming there to see who you are, and some may provoke you and try to make you angry, but do not allow yourself to become angry with any of them. Some may try to kill you. Through magic I made you come to me that first day. I said that some will try to make you angry, and if you show anger at even one of them, the others will join in fighting you until they have killed you. They will be jealous of you. The reason is that I refused many who wanted me. He rolled over twice, and when he stood up he found himself changed into a Buffalo. For a moment Buffalo Woman looked at him, seeing the astonishment in his eyes. Then she rolled over twice, and she also became a Buffalo. Without saying a word she led him to the top of the hill. In the valley off to the west, Braveness could see hundreds and hundreds of Buffalo. Buffalo Woman led the way, Braveness following her until they reached an old Buffalo cow, and he knew that she was the mother of his beautiful wife. For two moons they stayed with the herd. Every now and then, four or five of the young Buffalo males would come around and annoy Braveness, trying to arouse his anger, but he pretended not to notice them. One night, Buffalo Woman told him that she was ready to go back to his home, and they slipped away over the hills. When they reached the place where they had turned themselves into Buffalo, they rolled over twice on the ground and became a man and a woman again. They had not been long in the valley of the Buffalo when she told Braveness that the young males who were jealous of him were planning to have a foot-race. That night Braveness could not sleep. He went out to take a long walk. It was a very dark night without moon or stars, but he could feel the presence of the Wind spirit. If you lose, they will kill you. If you win, they will never challenge you again. The Wind spirit gave him two things. If the Buffalo catch up with you, first throw behind you the magic herb. If they come too close to you again, throw down the dried mud. At sunrise the young Buffalo gathered at the starting place. When Braveness joined them, they began making fun of him, telling him he was a man buffalo and therefore had not the power to outrun them. Braveness ignored their jeers, and calmly lined up with them at the starting point. An old Buffalo started the race with a loud bellow, and at first Braveness took the lead, running very swiftly. But soon the others began gaining on him, and when he heard their hard breathing close upon his heels, he threw the magic herb behind him. By this time he was growing very tired and thought he could not run any more. He looked back and saw one Buffalo holding his head down and coming very fast, rapidly closing the space between him and Braveness. Just as this Buffalo was about to catch up with him, Braveness threw down the dried mud from the medicine wallow. Soon he was far ahead again, but he knew that he had used up the powers given him by the Wind spirit. As he neared the goal set for the race, he heard the pounding of hooves coming closer behind him. At the last moment, he felt a strong wind on his face as it passed him to stir up dust and keep the Buffalo from overtaking him. With the help of the Wind spirit, Braveness crossed the goal first and won the race. After that, none of the Buffalo ever challenged him again, and he and Buffalo Woman lived peacefully with the herd until they were ready to return to his Caddo people. They named him Buffalo Boy, and soon he was old enough to play with the other children of the village. One day while Buffalo Woman was

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cooking dinner, the boy slipped out of the lodge and went to join some other children at play. They played several games and then decided to play that they were Buffalo. Some of them lay on the ground to roll like Buffalo, and Buffalo Boy also did this. When he rolled over twice, he changed into a real Buffalo calf. Frightened by this, the other children ran for their lodges. About this time his mother came out to look for him, and when she saw the children running in fear she knew that something must be wrong. She went to see what had happened and found her son changed into a Buffalo calf. Taking him up in her arms, she ran down the hill, and as soon as she was out of sight of the village she turned herself into a Buffalo and with Buffalo Boy started off toward the west. Late that evening when Braveness returned from hunting he could find neither his wife nor his son in the lodge. He went out to look for them, and someone told him of the game the children had played and of the magic that had changed his son into a Buffalo calf.

Chapter 9 : Great Race (Native American legend) - Wikipedia

The Great Race is a Native American legend surrounding the Red Racetrack, a ring shaped depression surrounding the interior of the Black Hills.: The legend tells the story of when buffalo and man raced each other to establish order in the universe.