



On the
Way Home

By Madeline

Preface

This is a story about the Catawbas. They were a Native American tribe that lived in what now is South Carolina and in North Carolina. There are two boys who learn how traitorous life can be after losing a sister and then your entire tribe. This is an exciting story that isn't sad, but isn't happy either. The young boys die on their sister's birthday. But they were on the way home.

Chapter 1

On the Way Home

Big Tooth and Long Jump splashed in the river. "Long Jump, look out!" cried Bigtooth. An Alligator and its mighty jaws clamped down on Longjumps leg ripping away flesh, skin, and bone. The smooth flowing crystal white river had turned into a bloody red and brown mess. "She is dead!" cried Bigtooth. "No she is not, she has gone to the spirits. They will tell her whether her life has ended or if her leg will heal," said Spiritwalker.

Chapter 2

6 Days Later

"She has passed on. She was a good sister" said Bigtooth. "Boys!" yelled Canio, "She has passed, let her to rest in peace." "Yes Mamacanio" said the boys.

“Shortstump play with Smallstack. Bigtooth help your mother make some fresh jerky, they need fire though so go get the dead tree” demanded Mamacanio

Chapter 3

The Ceremony for Longjump.

Spiritwalker said, “She was an outstanding, person, daughter and sister...Oh no foreigners!”

Bigtooth answered, “No, no those aren’t foreigners, that IS are Mr. Big and his friends coming to marry my mother! Spiritwalker can we have one ceremony?” “Yes we need to hurry” said Spiritwalker. The two love birds ran to the center of the clan. “Kiss her” the tribe chanted “... kiss kiss”

Chapter Four

The Turkey Incident

“Beguak” squawked the turkey. “Calm bird” said Spiritwalker as he started to pluck the feathers of the turkey, then put them in a basket. “Your spirit will walk with Longjump now, but your body will stay to help the people of the Catawba’s” exclaimed Spiritwalker. Shivy Shivy! Slice!

“Food!” cried Smallstack. “Wow you’re hungry, huh” said Bigtooth. “yeah we only ate this morning,” said Smallstack. “I know I was there,” said Bigtooth

“Hey Bigtooth come play lacrosse with us.” said Bigleaf. “We need even teams.” “Oh uh I can’t I’m helping my grandmother make jerky,” said Bigtooth. “Oh ok maybe next time.”

Chapter 4

Turkey Strikes Again

Fwump! Stip! Cradilll!

“Oh no! The turkeys.” said Smallstack. “They have broken our T shaped doorways.” “We are in danger!” he exclaimed. “We must repair them as soon as possible.” declared Bigtooth “There is no way we can.” said Canio “We have no one who knows how other than Tealeaf, and he is trading with the people to the West.” said Spiritwalker “We have to wait until he gets back sun rise tomorrow.”

Chapter 5

Our Awaiting Death.

Bigtooth and Smallstack went on a hunting trip up into the hills to find food for their tribe. Bigtooth told Smallstack, “look at the ocean, there’s a gigantic wave.” Smallstack looked at the village not far from the beach and said, “Our tribe is in danger, we must warn them.” The boys ran toward the village as the wave rushing in and played a horn to warn them. But it was too late! The wave had beat them to the village and washed away

their homes and tribe. They sat on the hill sobbing and their tears came down like rain.

Chapter 6

The Next Day

The boys had no food other than the jerky that Mamacanio and mother had made for their hunting trip. They had no pure drink. They were truly all alone.

The boys decided to go and find a different tribe for water, food, and hope. They packed what they could carry on their backs and headed on their journey.

They were about half of their way to another Catawba's village when Bigtooth said something that made the hairs on their necks stand up....."Run your hair is sticking straight up" ... the boys hightailed it to the village. A lightning bolt had almost struck them 50 feet away. They were close to the northern village and thought things couldn't get any worse. Then it started raining on them really hard. Smallstack had noticed a rumbling sound coming from the hills above them.

Smallstack and Bigtooth yelled till their throats were dried. "There is a flood coming." But this was no ordinary flood it was a runoff from the hills. They were alone again. They grabbed their supplies and hopped in a canoe sitting by a small stream that had become a river of thrashes and flops and jerks. They

rode the river for about the same length of a fourth as the journey before. Starved, they hopped of the canoe and strolled into town looking for a morsel to eat.

“Welcome to the river people,” came a loud voice. “We see you are river people too.” “We are hungry, tired, and thirsty,” said Smallstack. “Come and join our feast,” said the friendly man.

The boys were happy to be with a tribe that they knew about and lived in. So over time they grew into it. Small stack became the new medicine man after the first died and Bigtooth was his assistant. Twenty years had passed and one night on Longjump’s birthday they both passed. They were sad to leave their friends and family, but they were on the way home.