

S

Hawaii

O

Xmas

Bj. Kuhn



Shawnee Quest

By Kaelyn

Preface

The Shawnee lived in Eastern Woodlands around current Ohio, Kentucky, or Indiana. It was a moist area full of water and rivers. Fish were in the rivers and they ate a lot of them. The story took place before the Spanish arrived in the 1600's A.D.

Story Begins

The lush green forest never looked so intimidating for Little Salmon. Little Salmon stood at the impressive edge of the alarmingly big forest. Truth is, Little Salmon had to do a spirit walk, most unwillingly. Little Salmon sighed and walked right in.

Little Salmon refreshed his memories as he walked the trail his mind made up, twisting left and every so often. A ceremony was held in his honor, this happened every so often for 12 year olds in Shawnee tribes. It was finally Salmon's turn for the spotlight. The only thing Salmon hadn't had at his ceremony was important and wonderful fish and food. The Shawnees ate fish for every meal, yet mysteriously the fish were disappearing! The very thought made Little Salmon shudder. No fish was terrible! Of course they'd farm, but the soil had dried up! Now everyone was suffering from the dreaded, hunger! Little Salmon wanted to help fight this crisis even if his life depended on it!

"Little Sam!" A voice rippled over the trees.

"What?" Salmon said.

"What do ya' mean '**What**'? You forgot lunch!" It said again.

Salmon moaned. It was obviously Tiny Fish, Little Salmon's little-er sister. Tiny Fish loved to look on the bright side of things. Salmon walked back to Tiny Fish and their village.

By the time Little Salmon got his fish from Tiny Fish it was well past noon. With his stomach full, he walked a few miles farther from the village. Little Salmon then found a clearing and quickly made a wigwam with mud twigs and anything he found. He then curled up in his crudely made wigwam and he barely slept that restless night.

Birds cawed, a cricket chirped, and a woodchuck made a weird thumping sound. It came closer and as is it did, Little Salmon had second thoughts about the woodchuck making it. He thought it was a bear. In a blur of color he was up fully regretting this move. Sunlight poured in making him close his eyes until adjusted.

"Pardon, I just wanted to see you alright, sorry", the voice giggled uncertainly. Little Salmon opened her eyes and saw Tall Man smiling with his lovely daughter Chirping Bird.

"Well, good morning, glad, you're up! We'll just go." Tall Man said. Little Salmon heard them walk out of the clearing. Little Salmon HATED to be woken up, and when he did there's no point getting back to bed. Little Salmon decided Tiny Fish wakes him up normally.

With that happy thought, Little Salmon trudged on. Little Salmon stopped to pick a ripe berry, for he had nothing to eat that mourning. Juice dribbled down his chin. Satisfied, he continued. A growl made

Salmon stop in his tracks, it was low and creepy. Little Salmon looked left, then right, then slowly he turned back. The sight made him scream like a little girl seeing this sight!

Little Salmon's knees shook, he couldn't run or he'd be flattened like a fish on land! It was....A snarling, growling, 500 pound....BEAR!

Now, Little Salmon didn't like bears acting this way. He never saw one, but bears had a way of making Little Salmon uncomfortable. Now he was facing one. Now, he wanted to leap into his mother's arms. Now, there is no NOW!

The bear was startled by Little Salmon's noise, but... then he charged! Little Salmon instinctively drew his knife. The bear had been threatened by a knife before and didn't want to experience the conclusion, so he fled.

Little Salmon sighed, full of relief. The bear had fled, everything was quiet, and so was the day, as quiet as a drop of morning dew. As the day grew darker, new sounds erupted from the depths of night. It was a peaceful night at that golden sunset.

The morning approached quickly. Once he awoke, he was surrounded by moist farmland, berries on each side of him and a lake obviously overflowing with fish of all sizes. A surge of hope overwhelmed in him. It was an unmistakable feeling... hope. Somehow Little Salmon knew he solved the hunger crisis. The End