

Indian Upraising
(Prelude and Chapter 1)

That is not a spelling error in the title. I thought I would try to write a story about a young white boy who was captured by the Indians and raised in their traditions. This is inspired by a recent movie I watched that starred Kurt Douglas called “Indian Fighter” He wasn't captured though. How things have changed. All the Indian actors in the movie, including the female Indian companion were white with obvious sun tans. I am also writing this in protest against the woke movement that got rid of the Washington Redskins and the Tomahawk chop.

I will admit that I have “reservations” about writing this. Yes, it will be filled with my lame puns. Perhaps I should write this as a satire like my “Real Jesus” story. I chose the Sioux tribe. I hope no one sues me over this.

Besides warring with nearby enemy tribes, I imagine the life of early Indians was idyllic. Ride ponies, hunt and fish for food using a bow and arrow in the pristine natural beauty and fresh air. The men went out on hunting and war parties while the woman tended to the young, cooked the food, and kept the wigwam warm.

I chose a time frame in the early history of white man's encroachment on Indian lands. A time when settlers were just beginning to show up in their territories. Before the Army started an all out war to enslave all Indians in their own lands.

There are plenty of precedent movies for me to draw from.

“Little Big Man” with Dustin Hoffman

“A Man Called Horse” with Richard Harris

“Jeremiah Johnson” with Robert Redford

To Begin:

I never knew my real parents. They were killed in an Indian raid by the brutal Comanches. No one really knew why they were so brutal. Often

killing babies and burning their captives alive. Why were they so violent compared to other tribes?

It's possible the viciousness of the Comanche was in part a by-product of their violent encounters with notoriously cruel Spanish colonists and then with Mexican bandits and soldiers. But a more persuasive theory is that the Comanche's lack of central leadership prompted much of their cruelty.

My parents had hid me in the wood shed and I had survived. A war party of Sioux found me and brought me to their camp. My blond hair and blue eyes were a rare sight to these Indians. The chief of the tribe took me under his care and he and his wife were the only parents I ever knew. You would think that being cared for by the chief was a blessing. Not so. I was ridiculed and despised behind their backs by the rest of the tribe. I am sure jealousy was a part of that too. I was raised along with my “step sister” Dakotah. I had been given the straight forward name Wasichu. This simply meant “White Boy”. They had not meant for it to be derogatory, but the other children treated it that way. They even picked up some English and often called me WishyWashy. Dakotah was protective of me and that saved me many times. Her name Dakotah, has the following meaning in the Sioux language.

Friend, ally. A striking gender-neutral name that commands the listener's attention, Dakotah comes from a Native American Sioux tribe and means “friend” or “ally.” The Dakotas were fierce warriors and are known for their gorgeous artwork, intelligence, bravery, and morals.

The early tribes did not have any sort of official education or schools like we have now, but the children were expected to learn. The boys followed the men around and were taught how to hunt and do men's chores. Young girls followed the women around and learned to do traditional women's work like making baskets, working the fields, and cooking.

Children learned of the history and moral rules of the tribe from stories told by the elders. These stories were not only entertaining, but also held meaning and taught the children how they were expected to behave.

During my upbringing, I was never disciplined by hitting. In fact, none of the kids were. Other methods were actually much more effective. Out of line kids were shamed in front of the other tribe members. Those who preformed good deeds were praised and honored.

The transition from child to adult was usually clearly defined in Native American tribes. The child would go through some kind of rite of passage ceremony and then be considered an adult. They were expected to act like an adult from that day forward. The ceremonies varied between different tribes and were usually different for boys and girls.

One type of ceremony was called a vision quest. During the vision quest, the child would go off alone into the wilderness. They would stay there without food or sleep until they had a vision. The vision would provide a guardian spirit or direction for the child's new adult life.

In general, my early years were just like the other boys. I didn't know what ethnic background my real parents had, but my body grew into a very strong and hardened frame. Perhaps I was a descendant of the Vikings. At around the age of 12, no one was ridiculing me any more. It was normal for young boys to get into skirmishes through the years. By the time I was 15, no one dared challenge me.

I went through the rite of passage at the age of 15. I did spend three nights without sleep or food. The only thing I had was water and peyote. I did indeed have visions. Most of them were of Dakotah.

Peyote is a small, spineless cactus. The active ingredient in peyote is the hallucinogen mescaline. WHAT IS ITS ORIGIN? From earliest recorded time, peyote has been used by indigenous peoples in **northern Mexico and the southwestern United States** as a part of their religious rites.

Author's note: My girlfriend gave me some of this stuff one time at a party. It really messes up all your senses. For me, it distorted time. I had difficulty understanding speech from every one except her. I left the party and sat in the middle of the apartment complex on the grass. I could smell the dirt under the grass. It also made me real paranoid. My girlfriend drove me to

her apartment. I was afraid to cross the street because I could see a car that was ¼ mile away. I also saw visions. Very scary experience.

To continue:

So now I was considered an adult. I was expected to act like an adult. Other changes were happening too. Dakotah was no longer the skinny step sister that I relied on to protect me. Now it was the other way around. Although, she never seemed to need much protection. She was as fierce as any of the boys and had a temper to go with it. As our bodies changed, we both acknowledged that we were not really brother and sister. A mutual attraction was apparent in our daily encounters.

Who would not be attracted to such a beauty?

Dakotah



Trouble was just around the corner. And not just from enemy warring neighbors.

Wasichu



Indian Uprising
(Chapter 2)

Now that I am an adult I got to go on my first hunting trip. I can't tell you how excited I was. Our goal was always was to hunt the buffalo. These animals were the mainstay of our food and clothing. The hides were also used to make war shields. They were not easy to take down. It takes a shot right through the throat to bring them to their knees. Many times our arrows would only bounce off or barely penetrate their thick hide. In addition to that, they run fast. Think about trying to hit a moving target about the size of a 6 inch rock while mounted on a galloping horse.



As it turned out, shooting a bow and arrow was something that came natural to me. I had spent hours upon hours practicing and I could hit a circle the size of a pendant from a distance of 10 horse lengths. There were no measuring methods used by the Indians, except for small measurements using body parts. My horse stood 20 hands tall.



We had been hunting for a few days and had not seen any buffalo. They were an elusive breed. Finally, on the next morning, our scouts spotted a herd. As I came over the rise, I won't forget the awesome sight of 100 buffalo grazing in the meadow grass. The hunt was on. After hours of riding and shooting, our tribe had taken down five nice carcasses. I had shot my first buffalo. This was most unusual for a newbie like me. Many young hunters spent months and sometimes years before getting their first kill. I was pumped up. I knew that I was in for some serious honors around the campfire back home. The next hour we spent carving and skinning the ones we had shot. One of our traditions is, who ever kills a buffalo, cuts out the heart and eats some of it.



Then he shares the rest with his brothers. Our attention was on the task at hand. We did not see the Comanche war party that had snuck up on us. I was still retrieving my used arrows when the first warrior appeared on the run at me.

Comanche Warriors





(Smithsonian American Art Museum, Washington DC/ Art Resource, NY)

Our party was outnumbered. I recognized these as the tribe who had killed my real parents. A rage came over me. I was surprised by the intensity of it. These fierce warriors should have easily been the end of us. When the battle was over, only seven of us remained. The rest of the Comanche warriors fled, seeing how unexpected the course of the battle had taken. I had single-handedly killed seven Comanche and my strong stance encouraged the rest to fight harder. When we got back to our camp, there was much rejoicing.

The Indians had a different view of what had occurred than I did. I felt sorrow for the 3 brothers we had lost. I soon learned that dying in battle was a great honor. The next several hours were spent re-telling of my killing of the buffalo and my heroic defense against the fieriest warriors known to all.

Some Sioux grew crops like corn, squash, and beans, however the majority of the Sioux gained most of their food from hunting. Their primary food source was meat from bison, but they also hunted deer and elk. They would dry the bison meat into a tough jerky that could be stored and lasted for over a year.

We feasted on the meat of our kill. Besides roasted meat, the women had prepared stews made of squash, beans, and corn. What, no wine? Maybe life as an Indian wasn't so great after all.

My Tribe had over 70 members
This picture doesn't depict our real feast



I could see that my father was indeed proud of his adopted son. From that day on, I was given a new name. I will now be forever be called “Nabahi” Navajo for brave warrior. My father wasn't the only one who was impressed. I could see a light shining in Dakotah's eyes when her gaze fell upon me. If I could have announced our marriage engagement right there, I would have. Unfortunately, things were not quite that simple in the Sioux tradition.

Dakotah was a couple years past when girls should have already been married. I knew that Chantan (means hawk in Sioux language) had always had his eye on her. I am sure he had approached the Chief before requesting permission to marry her. The Chief had always refused after asking Dakotah's opinion. I knew their tradition. The next day, I approached my father and asked for her hand. I saw a troubled look come over his face. He

said, my son, even though I have raised you since your were a baby, all the tribe know that you are still a white man. I am not sure how this would go over in their eyes. Yes, it is true that you have greatly distinguished yourself of late. But Chantan is older and a great warrior. He had previously asked me for her hand. Father, I know of our tradition, I ask that you allow me to compete in the ring of fire for her.

This is not commonly done. It happens when two warriors vie for the affection of one female. Since Dakotah is the chief's daughter, this takes on much more importance. The danger here is that one of us could be killed or severely injured.

The Chief assembled the tribe and told them of what was to happen. I could see that Dakotah was worried. Chantan was older and more skilled in hand to hand combat. I was stronger and quicker. Which one of us would prevail was anybody's guess.

Indian Upraising
(Chapter 3 The Ring of Fire)

This ceremonial tradition wasn't intended to eliminate either of the combatants. No one wanted to see one of their favorite warriors taken out. There was danger involved though. Each was given a tomahawk with a rock bound on the handle. The rules were specific in this manner. No hitting in the head or crotch. What good would it do if you won, but were brain dead or worse erectile challenged. Hey, I coined a new term. Instead of ED, we have EC. Wouldn't be much of a honeymoon would it?

No axes here. Although you might say that each one had an ax to grind. Where did that saying come from? The origin is murky. But it generally means you have a grievance against someone. The tomahawk chop was outlawed here just like in Atlanta.

Before our scheduled match, Dakotah came to me and I could see she was angry. Who do you think you are? Do you think I am some horse that you two can fight over and win? It doesn't matter who wins. I will chose who I

want to marry, not by some fighting match. I tried to calm her down. I agree with you. I really don't want to do this either. The problem is that Chantan put his claim on you before I asked. Unless I beat him, he will never let it go. If you chose me without this match, he will lose face. I have a plan. I hope you can trust me. I saw that some of the anger had left her. She was reluctant, but could see that this was a necessary step.

The bout was clearly in Chantan's favor. If I fought normal hand-to-hand combat, I would probably lose. I had something else in mind. Along with my archery practice, I often went off by myself unseen by others. I had been practicing a different kind of combat. Your arm had a limited reach, but your legs were much longer. I had been swinging my leg in an arc and hitting the trunk of a tree about 10 hands up. The muscles in my legs were getting more powerful after each practice.

My plan was to introduce this new kind of combat against Chantan. The match was ready to start. As the name implied, a ring of fire was set up. Each of us had to stay inside the ring or we would immediately lose. My first priority was to not get clobbered. I didn't want to hurt Chantan. I actually liked him and respected his ability.



Two Indians fighting minus the Ring of Fire and my white skin and blond hair.

He charged me and I side stepped narrowly missing getting hit. As he was off balance, I kicked him in the rear and he went sprawling in the dirt. This enraged him even more. As he came at me again, I tried the same maneuver, but he caught me in my side with a hard hit of his stone tomahawk. That bruise was going to take a while to heal. I decided to switch tactics. I threw my stone weapon down in the dirt. He looked confused but not deterred. He thought he had the advantage and came charging at me again. I ran at him and at the last moment ducked down and slid under his swing as if I was playing for the Cleveland Indians sliding into home plate. There I would have been safe, but not here. As I slid by, I did a leg sweep and upended him. He again landed in the dirt. I needed to end this before one of us got seriously hurt. He jumped up and came at me again. He only knew one attack method. Straight on confrontation. I took a boxer's like stance and as he approached, I stepped back, then swung my leg in an arc. I aimed one hand past his mid-section. This caught him totally by surprise and I heard a crunch as his ribs cave in. He went down and didn't get back up. In fact, he was having trouble breathing. I signaled for the witch doctor to advance inside the ring. I helped him sit up so that his breathing was easier. Several of his brothers carried him off and brought him to his tepee. I noticed one of the young maidens enter through his door. I think he may have not won the girl of his dreams, but second prize was not bad either. She also was a beauty.

So I thought I had accomplished my goal. Dakotah was now within my reach. Or so I thought. Later that evening, my father informed me that although I had won the combat contest, my status as a great warrior wasn't quite yet up to standards. The father had full command of who his daughter would marry. He often would consider his daughter's wishes. As for Dakotah, her personality and temper took president over her father's wishes. She was indeed of a strong spirit. I had seen that side of her during the years we had grown up together.

The evening meal was a continuation of last night's celebration. Still no wine.

Before European colonization, the native population of the territory that would eventually become the United States was relatively naive to alcohol's

effects. Some tribes produced weak beers or other fermented beverages, but these were generally used only for ceremonial purposes.

I got to prove myself on our next outing. This time we were on a scouting mission. The Comanche had come too close to our settlement for us to feel safe. We needed to see where they were. We set out in the same direction that we were attacked last time. Two days ride and we spotted smoke from someone's campfire. This time it was us who snuck up on them. I was among the same warriors that had been part of the buffalo hunt. We had added several more braves, including Chantan. He had recovered enough from his broken ribs to ride with us. I could see that he still was in some pain as we bounced up and down on our ponies. We had not spoken since our encounter in the Ring of Fire. We needed to send the Comanche a message. Stay away from our encampment. We rode down at a swift pace and caught them off guard. Still, these are fierce warriors and not to be taken lightly. As we clashed, we had the edge this time. They made for a retreat, but one of them had Chantan at a disadvantage. Chantan was about to become history as another honorary death in battle. I nocked an arrow and just as the tomahawk was descending, I shot the bastard right through his heart. Chantan looked up and saw me. He just gave me a nod. That was all the acknowledgment I needed. From that day forward, Chantan was my best friend.

Back at the home campfire we relayed what had occurred with the Comanche. I didn't mention the fact that I had saved Chantan's life. The next day my father took me aside. He said that he had decided to honor my request to marry his daughter. He told me that Chantan had told him about what had happened at the Comanche camp. He said that Chantan vouched for me that I was indeed a great warrior.

Now my path was clear. I just had one obstacle to overcome. Would Dakotah agree to marry me? In general, there were no forced marriages among the Sioux. Especially in her case.

Fighting hostile Indians was one thing, but asking a girl to marry you was more terrifying. What if she said no?

I needed some privacy. I asked her to meet me at our favorite fishing spot. We had spent many days there enjoying the sunshine and the running rapids. Looking like a sheep going to slaughter, I mentioned that our father had given me his blessing. Stumbling and mumbling along, she finally said, if you have something to say then spit it out. She wasn't shy and had little patience at times. If she had known English, she would have said, "Don't beat around the bush!" This is one of the things that I loved about her. I quickly replied, "Will you marry me?" At first she said nothing. My heart skipped a beat and I held my breath. She just came close to me and gave me a passionate kiss. This was much better than any words she could have said. I knew at that moment that she had said "Yes".

"Don't beat around the bush! Where did that phrase come from?"

The origin of the idiom 'beating around the bush' is associated with hunting. In medieval times, hunters hired men to beat the area around bushes with sticks in order to flush out game taking cover underneath.

What is the real meaning of "Don't beat around the bush!"?

To talk about lots of unimportant things because you want to avoid talking about what is important. That about sums up my marriage proposal.

Indian Uprising (Chapter 4)

Double Ring Ceremony:

There were many different customs among the Native American Indians for wedding ceremonies. One custom had the couple wear a blue robe symbolizing early mistakes they had made. Then they would don white robes symbolizing a new beginning.

Another custom had each stand at their parents tepee, then meet in the middle to enter their own tepee. This showed each parents approval of the match and the uniting of the couple as man and wife. Or in this case, brave and squaw. Sounds demeaning for the woman, yes? Those terms were not considered a slight by the Indians themselves.

Chantan had decided it was time to take a bride too. He chose the young beautiful maiden who had nursed him back to health after his defeat in the “Ring of Fire”. As you can see, he chose well. Her name was Neakita (means wild rose).



Here is a picture of Chantan. You can see why Nabahi was fearful of losing to him in the Ring of Fire.



They decided to have a double wedding ceremony. There were no cameras to take wedding photos, but you can get the idea from these other depictions.





I like this one where the man carries the squaw on his back. I guess that is their version of carrying the bride over the threshold. So the two couples became best of friends. They accompanied each other everywhere. Nabahi and Chantan were always together on hunting and war parties. Dakotah and Neakita kept each other company waiting for their men to return.

Even enemy tribes sometimes trade with each other. A rumor had been circulating among the tribes about a "White Demon Sioux Warrior". Each year the legend grew. Of course this had been started by the Comanche warriors who had survived the first encounter with our war party. Chantan had asked Nabahi to teach him the new combat style he had used to defeat him. Nabahi complied. Chantan had become and even more formidable foe to the enemy than Nabahi. Together, they enhanced the legend. Now there were two demons among the Sioux. Nabahi thought this was a good thing. Each encounter with other war tribes only added to the legend. Eventually, other war parties avoided encounters with the Sioux all together.

American Indians were creative. They found ways to live in deserts, in forests, along the oceans, and on the grassy prairies. Native peoples were great hunters and productive farmers.

It is crucial to understand that all of life of Native American tribes—celebrations, rituals, hunting, fishing, farming, and storytelling took place within a distinct place or region of land and was shaped by the land. Tribes were intimately tied to the land they inhabited and treated Mother Earth with reverence and gratitude.

Tribes who created southern baskets utilized pine needles, river cane wicker, coiled sumac, and willow wood. The four techniques used and perfected by Native American basket makers include plaiting, coiling, wicker weaving, and twining.

They created some of the most beautiful and unusual items imaginable. Here are some examples:

Baskets





Baskets weren't the only thing they were creative at. Some of the most beautiful jewelry made out of my favorite stone turquoise was abundant.



You can see where my fascination with Indian beads came from.



Besides the meat from buffalo, deer, elk, and fish, they subsidized their meals with an abundant amount of grains and plants. Maize was one of their main staples.

Here are some other foods common among the early Native Americans.

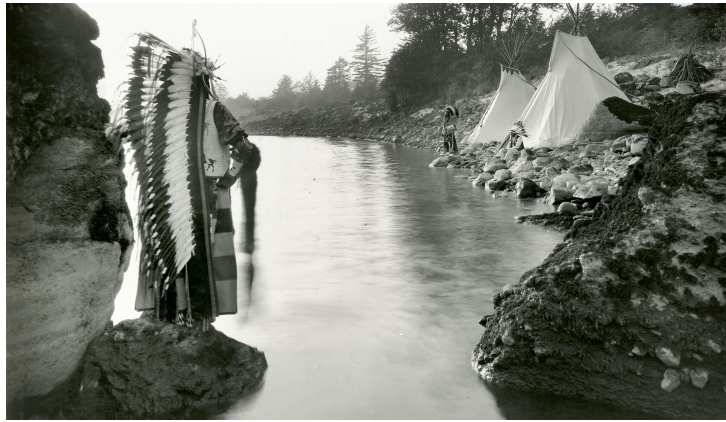




As I said before, except for the lack of a fine bottle of wine, Indian life was idyllic.

Here are some presentations of that kind of life.





In between hunting and war parties, fishing was one of my favorite pastimes. Many times our wives joined us. It was one of the most enjoyable parts of Indian life.



They also utilized fish traps. Rocks positioned so that when fish entered, they could not find there way back out.



Here is the remnants of one right here in Southern California. This is near Indio. Five hundred years ago, the Salton Sea basin was a giant fresh water lake. The Cahuilla Indians lived there and employed fish traps in the streams feeding the giant lake.



Aside from the occasional war battle, our life was perfect. Two things

happened in the next several months that would alter my life considerably. Can you guess what they were?

Indian Uprising
(Chapter 5)

One year after we were married, Dakotah gave birth to a beautiful baby princess. The combination of my blue eyes and Dakotah's dark skin produced a stunning result. She was definitely the pride of the whole tribe. We named her Aiyana. A native American name that means eternal flower, forever blossoming.



That was the first thing that would bring major changes to my life. I am now a father. Unlike other braves, Dakotah did not let me get away from parental duties. I had to do my share of child upbringing. That was OK. I was not so arrogant that I thought my being such a brave powerful warrior would get me out of helping.

Several peaceful years past. My daughter was now 4 years old.

The first change was expected. This next one was not. We were out on a hunting trip, typical of most of our others, when we came upon smoke in the distance. We needed to see what was going on. As we rode over the rise we saw a horrible scene playing out before our eyes. The Comanche were doing what they do best. Terrifying and killing a family of settlers. As we came storming down the hill, the Comanche recognized the two Sioux demons. They quit their raid, but not before one was about to scalp a young boy. I fired my arrow with my usual deadly accuracy and cut him off before he could finish the job. The boy fell down in terror. As far as he was concerned, we were just another bunch of savages here to end his life. As I dismounted my pony, he got his first glimpse of me. A state of confusion replaced his former terror. Something was out of whack here. He must have thought he was dreaming. He then collapsed from exhaustion. I picked him up and mounted him along with me on my pony. He did not wake up until we were almost back at our camp. When he observed the serenity and peace that was prevalent in our camp, he relaxed. I brought him to my own tepee and gave him to Dakotah. She welcomed him as far as he could tell. She always had a calming affect on everyone. She gave him some water and food. By using sign language, pointing and drawing, she learned his name was Tomas. Actually it was Thomas, but we took on the Mexican style of pronunciation. Aiyana was delighted. Here was another white person. She was old enough to know that her father was different and special from all the other tribes people. This boy also had blue eyes and blond hair. Aiyana laid claim to him. What I mean is, she took over watching him and made it her job to make him feel at ease.

Tomas



What occurred over the next year was something that I would never have guessed. In the beginning of course, no one in the tribe could understand him, including me. A kind of a miracle took place. Aiyana quickly learned English. It is true that young children pick up a language much quicker than older kids. She was soon conversing with him in perfect English. Not only that, she forced me to learn English too. How did she do that? When she was alone with me and Dakotah, she spoke Sioux. When I was alone with her and Tomas, she only spoke English. She would switch back and forth without pause depending on who she was talking to. Because of my white skin, she automatically switched to English. If I wanted to communicate with my own daughter, I was forced to learn English too. So this is how it happened that I learned English. Aiyana escorted Tomas everywhere around the camp. He never underwent the teasing and harassment that I did growing up as a white kid. Who would dare cross the granddaughter of the chief. Aiyana was not unaware of the power and prestige she carried.

Tomas settled into the camp routine and I felt that this was therapeutic for him. We never discussed the savagery that he had witnessed. I don't even know if he had seen his parents being killed. We just did not discuss it. Perhaps in the future, when he was more mature, we will have this conversation. For all intensive purposes, Dakotah and I sort of adopted him into our family. A couple years went by, and I taught Tomas how to behave and integrate into life as a Sioux. I also told him how to differentiate between the dangerous tribes, like the Comanche, and the peaceful ones like the Cheyenne. None of this, if you've seen one Indian you've seen them all mentality.

Besides the Sioux, these were the most peaceful of the Native American tribes:

Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctaw, Muscogee, and Seminoles.

I had a talk with Dakotah. I was thinking that Tomas is not like me. I came here as a baby not knowing any other life. Tomas was raised 7 years among the white people. Maybe his place is not with us. To be fair to him, I want to give him a chance to choose. I had also been talking with my father. Where did you find me? Now that I can speak English, perhaps I can locate the

cabin where you found me and see if other English settlers live there. Maybe they are relatives of my parents.

So I asked Tomas what he would like to do. He said that he would like to go back to the cabin and see who lives there now, if anybody. My father drew me a map of where they found me. For this trip, I didn't want anyone else to accompany us. A white Indian and an English boy might not be too fearsome to scare other white folks.

First we went to Tomas's old cabin. There was indeed someone living there. As we approached, someone came out holding a rifle aimed at me. I got down off my horse. Tomas did the same. He walked in front of me and held up his arms. Do not shoot. This is my Uncle. Why is he dressed like an Indian? Because he is an Indian. He saved me from the hostile Comanche who killed my parents. He is Sioux, a friendly tribe. The man lowered his rifle and indicated that we follow him inside. They offered us coffee. I had never had coffee before. I liked it. I thanked them for their offer. We talked for over an hour and found out that they had come out west looking for his brother. As it turned out, the man was Tomas's Uncle. Tomas was just as surprised as I was. The man realized he was looking at his nephew now at the age of 12. I asked Tomas what he wanted to do. Of course his Uncle offered to let him live with him and his wife. Especially after finding out that his brother and wife were murdered by the Comanche. I told them that I needed to talk with Tomas alone. We left their cabin and walked a distance from the front porch. Tomas, what do you want to do? You are always welcome to stay with us, but these are your real people. He had been content to live among us, but the white man had many advantages over the Indian. Our future was limited and perhaps ending. He said he needed some time to think about it. We told his Uncle that we would return to our camp. Tomas hadn't decided what he wanted to do yet.

The Uncle asked me, are you the White Demon Sioux warrior that we have heard about? I said, yes it is I. I want you to know, I will station some of my scouts near your cabin area to protect you from hostile enemies.

With that, we said our goodbyes.

Tomas, I want to make one more trip before we head back and I need you to

accompany me. I followed the map my father had made for me. I came upon another cabin. It too was occupied by settlers. The same scenario played out. Someone came out with a rifle aimed at me. Tomas made the same move and told them that I was his Uncle and who had saved him from the Comanche. Of course there was no way that I could know these people. I only told them the story of how my father, the chief of the Sioux, had rescued me and raised me. You should have seen my face when they said to me, you must be James. My cousin and his wife had ventured out west and this was their cabin. I had come upon their remains years ago and have been living here every since. We never new what had become of their son.

This news stunned me. I never thought I would ever find out anything about my real parents. I had to ask what they were like. I found out that my real mother was Swedish and that my father was Norwegian. My newly acquired relatives said that explains your blue eyes, blond hair, and striking body features. Your father was a descendant of the Vikings. They too had heard of the Demon Sioux warrior. I admitted that it was indeed me that had acquired that title. I also mentioned Chantan, my closest friend who was the second Sioux demon. I explained that I had acquired that title defending those who fell under the Comanche's wrath. Tomas verified my story by telling how I had saved him from certain scalping and death. Unlike Tomas, I didn't need to wonder where my allegiance lay. I am and would always be a Sioux warrior.

After returning to our own camp, both Tomas and I were somewhat dazed by our recent enlightenment. After a few days, Tomas came to me and said that he wanted to return to the white man's world. He said that the time spent with us was one of the most enjoyable times of his life. But he needed to see what the white man's world had to offer. Dakotah and I fully understood. Aiyana did not. She had become so attached to Tomas that she felt she was losing a brother. Tomas told her that he would never forget her and that he would return to visit often. That somewhat appeased her.

This was not the end of Tomas's involvement with the Sioux. Future events would dictate his return.

Indian Uprising (Chapter 6)

Tomas had made several return trips to visit us. Or should I say, to visit Aiyana. Each time, her eyes would light up when he arrived and fade out when he left.

The U.S. government was talking about putting all the Indian tribes into reservations. Bands of white citizens were armed and indiscriminately killing Indians that they claimed were all savages and heathens no matter what tribe.

Tomas had made a fortune mining gold. He was now 20 years old and returned to inform his Uncle of a great threat. A group of hostile whites were marching toward his camp with the intent of eliminating all. Tomas had purchased 50 rifles to arm the Sioux to help fend off the invasion.

During the battle, Nabahi's father and mother were killed. Tomas was an active person in our defense. We successfully defeated the enemy. When the fighting died down, because my father had been killed, there was an immediate need to name a new chief. Many were calling Nabahi's name. He stood in front of the tribe and said the following. I am greatly honored that you would choose me. But at this time, we need a true Sioux warrior to lead our people. I nominate Chantan. I think the tribe understood that this was the best course.

Tomas then asked for Aiyana's hand in marriage. Nabahi said, we don't have time for this. Aiyana said father, if there ever was a time for this, the time is now. Then I saw the light in Aiyana's eyes. The same light that I had seen in Dakotah's eyes 20 years ago. I realized that it was futile to deny their request.

(What am I becoming, a romance novel writer. Should I put my finger down my throat and vomit?)

To continue:

I realized that it was futile to deny their request.

It was unusual to conduct a wedding ceremony so soon after a funeral ceremony, but these were unusual times and time was of the essence. I didn't want to deny my daughter the respect she deserved for herself and Tomas. Had he not supplied us with rifles, we would all have been exterminated.

After the wedding ceremony, Nabahi told the tribe that he was leaving for higher country where the whites would not follow. Those too old or feeble to fight, should go to the reservations. Chantan took the best of the rest of the warriors. They would continue to defy the white man's order to surrender.

Nabahi would take Aiyana and Tomas with him, if they wanted to go. In spite of the fact that we were defending our home, we will be labeled as murderers and savages. There would be no justice for us after this.

Tomas and Aiyana stayed with us several years. My granddaughter was born a year later. She had gotten genes from both me and Tomas. A blond and blue eyed beauty. They named her Chenoa, which means "White Dove".

Here is her picture.



Tomas eventually returned to the white man's world. Aiyana was light enough to pass for a mixed breed. Chenoa looked totally white. Very unusual because dark characteristics usually took precedence. Tomas was savvy enough to protect them. I had no worries about that. Dakotah and I would live out our life enjoying the nature that we had come to love.

I learned of Chantan's fate from none other than his own son. Chantan had

finally achieved the honor he had cherished. He died in battle against the aggressive white army. He had taken 10 enemy with him. A Sioux warrior right up until the end. His wife Neakita, had died on the reservations, seemingly from grief after Chantan's death. Both he and I had been marked as enemies of the state after the successful defense of our camp. No one would believe our side of the story. It got distorted as many stories did. The white man twisted the facts around to suit his lie. We would be hunted all the rest of our lives.

During one of my rituals involving peyote, I had a vision. It was some kind of Indian revenge. I didn't quite understand what it meant. What kind of revenge would work against the great white oppression. The word "Casino" kept popping up in my dreams.

The End