

## Once There Were Books

Thomas Schneeweis

**Mystery:** Two teenagers are sent by their parents to their grandfather's farm in South Dakota for the summer. The story involves their search for their own cultural history while being at the center of a battle over land, oil, and regional development.

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### Abstract

A young teenage girl, Kathryn, and her brother, Kip, are sent by their parents to spend the summer with their grandfather at his ranch in South Dakota. Kathryn and her brother have to learn to come to terms with different local cultures, many of which have little interest in their 'big city' background and which, for many, the modern society's reliance on computers, cell phones and other modern means of personal interaction hold little interest. The story interweaves the life of Kathryn as well as her younger brother with the lives of other competing forces within the region. These conflicts form the basis for the action within the story. They discover that their grandmother and her father's sister were killed in a mine explosion as ranchers, farmers, and developers battled for control of the valley. They also discover that their grandmother's mother was full blood Indian and that she had unique medicine women skills passed down through generations of the tribe. Moreover, they find that the local Indian tribe is in fact the only 'full blooded' white Indian tribe in existence. This is unknown to the anthropological community. The tribe are decedents from the early "White" European settlers who arrived after the last ice age (about 10 thousand BC) as well as 'White Viking' settlers of the 10<sup>th</sup> century. The story also goes back in time to when the 'Indian tribe' was created and proof of that history as Kathryn and Kip's parents, both anthropologists, attempt to prove the existence of the tribe's heritage and the impact that this truth has on the battle for ownership of area resources.

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## **Preface and Forward**

### **Books Are Not Dead But They Are On Life Support.**

In a 2021 study, the Pew Research Center reported that nearly a quarter of American adults had not read a single book in the past year; not a hardback, not a paperback, not a book on a laptop or kindle, not a book of any kind. The Pew Center reports that this is “three times” the number of American adults who failed to read a book in 1978. If this continues, soon over 50% of Americans will have not read a book in the past year. I feel sorry for them. I was fortunate. I grew up in a world without TV. A world in which evenings were spent reading (even if it was a Readers’ Digest Condensed Book). Around me everywhere was a world of books. Today, for many Americans, there never was a Cooper, a Poe, a Sinclair, a Verne, a Hemingway, the list is endless. In a world where one’s daily life can be restricted by the necessity of meeting one’s own or one’s family’s daily needs, it is sad that many Americans will not have taken the opportunity of using books as the vehicle for visiting a world outside of their own. Books let one travel; to travel to other worlds, to engage other cultures, to visit places one has never been and to explore other ideas as well as to expand one’s own. Books provide one with the knowledge that we are not alone and yet that we are special each in our own way. They give us the chance to dream. So, to all of those out there, pick up a book and dream away.

### Chapter 1: The Beginning

“This is going to be a great summer” Becky whispered to Kate as they sat together on the bus that was bringing them home from their last day at South Side Middle School. Becky continued, “with your parents gone for the summer we can just party and in three months we will be at Harding High School. Think of it, High School and a private one at that. Finally, no more having to ‘share and care’ with all these other ‘South Siders’.” “Sure” Kate said as she sat back in her seat and turned to glance at some of her fellow South Side Middle School bus companions.

South Side Middle School was near the east side of the University of Chicago. It was considered one of Chicago’s better middle schools since most of its teachers were the wives or husbands of University of Chicago faculty. But South Side Middle School was also an attempt by the University to group students of its faculty with kids who lived in the local government housing projects. While in theory it offered the students a chance to mix with kids that had a different set of personal experiences, in fact, it simply convinced most of them that they had few ‘shared’ experiences. Moreover, for the privileged few who lived near the University it also fixed on them that they had no wish to share the personal experiences of their fellow South Siders. Kate’s friends would say that the best thing about South Side Middle School was that you could see the class struggle from there, safe in the knowledge that you would never have to be part of it.

As Kate looked outside at the changing landscape, the school bus passed a series of low-rise tenements, passed boarded up homes set for demolition, passed concrete playgrounds with kids leaning on chain fences and passed the park where Kate, as a kid, played with her friends.

Kate's mind drifted to the hours she spent at the park. Each summer was an adventure. As Kate grew to be a teenager, these childhood ventures stopped only to be replaced by other adventures; trips to the city, biking through the streets near her home, and other adventures. But now Kate's biggest adventures were in her own dreams. Dreams which often frighten her, dreams in which she was not just an Indian maiden or even an Indian warrior but something even more powerful. Of even greater concern to Kate was that some of her dreams found their way into her real life. Earlier that week, while walking round the University of Chicago campus, Kate had accidentally bumped into an elderly woman. The woman did not look as if she belonged in the area. She was dressed in a type of 'American Native dress' with an unusual charm on the end of a gold chain which circled her neck. Kate turned to offer her apology. The older woman looked at Kate with both recognition and fear. The woman grabbed her charm, back away and simply exclaimed "you are one of them." Kate never saw her again, and as the week went on, Kate became increasingly unsure if the interaction with the woman really happened or if it was just part of one of her dreams.

Kate felt Becky touching her arm. "Are you OK?" Becky asked. "I'm fine" Kate responded. But Kate was not fine. As any young teenager, Kate wanted many things, but more than anything, she wanted the dreams to stop and to be out of Chicago's South Side, away from her friends, away from the turmoil that she felt surrounded her. Kate wanted to be almost anywhere else, but she was just stuck there. Stuck, she thought, in a kind of her own tribal reservation, not the Indian reservations of her dreams but the upper class white academic tribe which encompassed the area around the University of Chicago and Kate knew a lot about tribes. Kate's Dad taught

at the University of Chicago, and he was not just any teacher but a chaired professor of Anthropology. Anthropologists study old things, really old things like ancient rocks, ancient animals, even ancient tribes. They help explain where things, that exist today, really came from. Even worse, her Mother was into old things even more than her Dad. Her Mom was a 'forensic anthropologist' in the research department of the Chicago Museum of Natural History. Her mom used the findings of other anthropologists to study how our ancestors lived and, more importantly, how they died. Kate's Mom was an expert in the use of modern medical technology to trace human evolution through the use of genetic testing on human fossils. While her field was in its infancy, it showed promise to provide a scientific means to trace the movement of humans over the centuries.

Unfortunately, for Kate the objects that most interested her parents were not near the University of Chicago or near its adjacent South Side or in fact anywhere near Chicago. Each summer, her parents went off to the middle of nowhere to search for really, really old things and, as they would say, snag it, tag it and bag it. For as long as Kate could remember (or about 10 years) she would spend the summer in the 'City' with her Mother's Mom and Dad. Except, though Kate did not know it at this moment, this summer would be different. "Well at least you will not have to be seen with your brother next year" Becky continued. Kate turned around and glanced at her brother Kip. Kip was seated by himself three rows behind Kate and Becky. Kip was only two years younger than Kate and was in his first year at South Side Middle School. By himself as usual, Kate thought. She could hardly see him behind the row of seats. Small and quiet, Kip was an easy target for the bigger and tougher kids that dominated his class at South

Side Middle School. I will probably still have to look out for him whatever school he is at, Kate thought. Chicago was a tough town and South Chicago was tougher than the rest of Chicago. I guess I can always stop by my old school to make sure he can take care of himself, Kate said to herself as she turned back to talk to Becky, her friend.

As the bus took a right turn and approached the University the geography changed. Green grass replaced concrete. Rows of small but neat homes replaced the public housing that surrounded South Side Middle School and the area east of the University. The bus stopped in front of a house that was affectionately called 'a two-four'. The larger house was split into two separate homes with a common wall between them. Each home had two floors with four rooms on each floor or 'a two-four'. Kate had no affection for her house. Becky, Kate, and Kip descended through the bus door and began the walk to their homes. Having a common wall between families meant that Kate knew more about Becky's family than she wished to admit, and Kate thought that Becky probably knew more about her life than either of them ever spoke of. From the outside, Kate's and Becky's homes were just like one of the many other two-fours up and down the street. If one looked at the two homes from across the street, they could never have guessed how different they were on the inside. A single porch ran across the front of the two houses. Both houses had fresh coats of white paint on them. Ok, one might have guessed that Kate's life somewhat differed from Becky's. At one end of the porch in front of Becky's house were a modern gas grill and a picnic table. At the far other end was a double porch swing. It looked like a porch that people actually lived on. On the porch in front of Kate's house, things were different. To the left of the wooden door which led into her house were two old metal chairs with a plastic table between them. In all of her fourteen years, soon to be fifteen years,

she could never remember her father or her mother ever sitting in either chair. Just before the section where the two outside porches connected, Becky's parents had put up an arbor with a number of plants to separate the two conjoined houses. Kate looked at the two porches.

Separate but equal, Kate laughed to herself. "I will see you later" Kate yelled over to Becky and walked through her front door.

Inside things were even more different. If one entered her friend Becky's house the surroundings looked like most homes. There was a hallway that ran down the length of the house to a kitchen in the back, to the left through an arched doorway was a room dominated by a 50-inch television. Across from the TV was a large sofa with a low table in front of it. On the table were copies of Peoples and Teen magazine. Under the table were headsets for video games and boxes full of this and that including a deck of cards ready to be played. If one turned right through a set of wooden doors was a dining room that had been turned into more of a study lounge for Becky and her brother. There was a computer at each end of the dinner table. Under the front window, which looked out to the porch, was a low cabinet which contained the china that Becky's parents had purchased on their wedding day but had never been used and on the cabinet were pictures of the family taken on various trips the family had taken over the past fifteen years.

In contrast to Becky's house, Kate's house was, as Kate would say, a kind of science experiment and Kate hated being part of anyone's experiments. In Kate's house, as one entered and turned left one did not walk into the living room but into her father's office. It was huge. Her Father had extended it from the front of the house all the way to the rear of the house. On the walls



on either side of the room were rows and rows of glass bookcases. Each case was full of books and small stone artifacts, or figurines and each case contained the objects her father or mother had discovered on their anthropological digs and represented a different area of the world. Her favorite case contained an artifact that he said had dug up on the shore of the Apostle Islands in northern Lake Superior north of their home in Chicago. Kate was strangely drawn to it. It was an old stone and there were several small holes in one end that looked like small caves while at the other end there were some small bumps which might have represented small rock formations. On the bottom of the rock were what looked like some sort of engraved figures. She had no idea if it meant anything, but to her it was special. To Kate, the rest were just glass cases of old things. On the wall across from the entry, was a large map, a very large map covering the entire length of the room.

The map was almost ten feet high and twenty-five feet long. On the map was a series of yellow push pins tracing a line drawn from southern Africa, up along the east African coast, through the Sudan, then over to Saudi Arabia and up to an area north of the Caspian Sea. From there the line broke in two, one took a track west toward Europe and the other southeast through what is now China to the area now known as the China Sea. Kate's Dad said the line represented the path that current humans' ancient fathers took as they immigrated from Africa and moved throughout the world. In the back of the room was a large wooden table, empty but for a wooden frame containing a single picture of her Dad, her Mom and herself with Kip and next to it, a metal (she thought silver) plaque etched with the name of her father, David Emery, and under his name "Donner Prize for Research in Anthropology, 1997."

1997 was almost sixteen years ago. Her father was regarded as a pioneer in the theory of the 'Alternative Migration of Man.' Kate had heard it so often that she could almost recite it by memory. The traditional theory about how humans migrated into North and South America was that the gigantic ice sheets, which formed during the last ice age (almost thirty thousand years ago), took up so much of the ocean's water that the water level of world's oceans were lowered resulting in a dry seabed between what is now known as Alaska and northern Asia. Near the end of this ice age, or about ten to fifteen thousand years ago, tribes of humans in Northern Asia simply migrated from Asia across this land bridge and into what is now known as Alaska. Eventually they dispersed down along the Western Coast of North America into Mexico and South America. Then, when the last ice age ended and the ice sheets melted, the world's ocean water level rose submerging what had been the dry land bridge (called the Beringia) between Asia and Alaska and stranded those early immigrants from Asia in what is now known as North and South America.

The land bridge between Asia and Alaska was not the only theory of how humans emigrated into the Americas. Other anthropologists dated early immigrants to even earlier times with stories of seafaring inhabitants of Asia coming to the Americas 5,000 to 6,000 years before the land bridge was even in existence or about 25,000 B.C. These differing immigration theories and sites labeled 'Monte Verdi' for a site in southern Chile and 'Clovis' for a more tool-based site in southern North America were used to explain the wide diversity of genetic code among American ancestors up and down the South American Coast.

In the end, whether it be by land or water, the weight of academic community came down on the earliest Americans coming from Asia. Other academics suggested a more complex history of the source of the earliest immigrants into the Americas including DNA evidence from various Native Americans tribes that supposedly connected them to European ancestors. Kathryn's Father was the founder of one of these "Out of Europe" theories of the settlement of North and South America. He believed that some of the first Americans also migrated from Europe to the East Coast of America and eventually dispersed throughout much of what is now called the United States. If one looked at the map on the wall one could see a small trace of yellow pencil, across southern Europe to a small area on the coast of France over to what is now Britain. As her Father pointed out, few Americans realize that for much of its recent history Britain was joined to Europe by a land bridge called Doggerland and that for centuries before the warming of the last ice age, land extended from what is now Britain toward what is now North America. From there one could follow a small line along through what is now the Northern Atlantic Ocean but which during the last ice age was the southern edge of the Northern Ice Cap. Along the edge of the ice cap, the yellow line traced their movement toward eventually what is known as the United States.

### Ice Sheet during Last Ice Age



As her Father explained to Kate, the lower ocean level caused by the ice age which provided a land bridge to Asia from Alaska, also resulted in the East Coast of America extending 100 miles farther east toward Europe. Kate's Father would argue that this land was where the European migrants first made camp. But just as the land bridge from Asia to Alaska became covered with water, the ice sheets from the last ice age melted and the ocean levels rose so did the dry land which extended the East Coast closer to Europe. At this point, the European American settlers headed West and North into the woodlands similar to those that they were familiar with in Europe. From there, over the centuries they eventually interacted and intermarried with the tribes of the North and Mid-West Coast.

Few academics, however, followed this 'Out of Europe' migration theory. In short, to most anthropologists hard empirical evidence and oral evidence lead to the same conclusion; Asia was the source of the earliest Americans. There was even evidence that this first migration from

Asia settled in the lands along the Pacific Ocean before expanding throughout the Americas (North and South). Some of these tribes may have even migrated as far west to what is now

New Mexico. These first migrants were labeled Clovis since many tools and arrow heads used by these early ancestors were found in a small town called Clovis in what is now New Mexico.

Kate's father thought differently. Her Father was a leader in what later would be known as the 'Solutrean' hypothesis, that is, that the same Europeans who were known for the paintings and tool development in the South of France between 10,000 and 15,000 years ago were also the source of early European immigration to the North American Continent. His contemporaries disagreed with him and said that if European DNA could be sourced to any early American inhabitants it was due primarily to a few Europeans who made it to the land bridge of what now is the floor of the Bering Sea rather the western movement of a group of Europeans to the east coast of America the during the last ice age.

If her father had stopped there, he would have made little noise in his profession. But her father went even farther. Her father believed that certain U.S. Indian tribes could, in fact, trace their lineage directly back to these early European roots. Her father maintained that there existed a limited number of Indian tribes who by geography, pure chance, or simple stubbornness failed to intermingle with other local tribes over the centuries. These tribes could show a purer DNA more closely related to their European Cousins than other American Indian tribes. In addition, these tribes kept alive a different oral history as to their origins as well as a tribal style more akin to their European roots. He had spent the last almost twenty years trying to address evidence of this linkage.

It was hard work. While there were some local finds along the east coast of America which indicated that small groups of Europeans may have come to the North American Continent over past centuries and some as early 15000 B.C. There was little evidence, however, if any of those incursions resulted in major impacts on early Americans and certainly never resulted in continuous line of decedents down through the centuries. Her Father did not want to overturn the Monte Verdi or Clovis Theory that many of American's first immigrants came from Asia but he wanted to show that a portion of what is considered as 'Early American History' had its origins in tribes who were wedded by blood and tradition to an European not Asian past and as important an European past that was rooted in Southern Europe. For the most part, his contemporaries had little time for this hypothesis. His fellow anthropologists argued that it made little difference if a few fishermen made it to the shores of what is now known as Massachusetts. In any event, they were just a sidebar to the true story; that is, the slow but steady evolution of early Americans from the diverse set of Asian immigrants who came by boat or who settled in America before the waters that rose after the end of the ice age separated them from their homelands. Her Father simply thought otherwise and some of his early research had supported his idea. He was awarded the Donner Prize for this work, but sixteen years later he had little "anthropological evidence" to show for it.

Across from the door that led into her father's office, were a set of sliding doors that opened into her mother's office. Unlike her father's, this room had no bookcases, no maps. There was a modern glass desk next to a set of windows looking out onto the porch. On the floor was a very large 12' by 24' rug. Weaved into the rug was with some sort of tree with the various branches

of the human race growing out of the tree at various levels. Each of the larger branches had even smaller branches and at the end of various branches were names of various tribes or nationalities. While her mother refused to take sides for or against her husband, her early research had shown dramatic differences in the size and shape of the skulls of many early Americans. For many this was due to the difference in diet and small evolutionary changes among concentrated tribes. There was no evidence of a multi-racial diverse source and certainly none of the branches on the rug that represented human expansion into the America's extended back to Europe.

The critics of Kate's Mom and Dad pointed out that they did not believe in stories, they did not believe in chance, they believed in facts and for them, the simple fact was that there existed little "hard" evidence that any of the earliest Americans came to America from Europe. The simple fact is that Kate's parents may have agreed that there existed little evidence, but if it existed, they would find it.

What an odd pair, they must have been. Kate often thought. So odd that she often dreamed that she must have been adopted. But one look in a mirror confirmed to her that she was her father's daughter. Kate just wanted to be normal and to feel normal. She wanted to live in a house like Becky did. Kate wanted to be like other kids. As she was becoming a young woman, she felt more and more separated from her own friends. They spoke of a world Kate rarely saw, a world of malls, of music, of large inter-connected families. In short, they spoke of their normal lives; lives which Kate felt she never had. Moreover, when she and Becky and their friends

discussed their hopes or even the actual dreams they might have had, they were not Kate's hopes and dreams. Certainly not the dreams Kate recently had been having, dreams of past lives, past lands, and people she had never met. Kate thought it must merely be her acting out the frustration of having two parents whose lives focused on the past but even worse, Kate felt she could not talk about any of this stuff with her parents. Her parents were married soon after they met at a conference on human anthropology. She was born soon after. She never even knew if they had ever really married. She often thought of herself as the result of an anthropological experiment. But Kip was born just about two years later, and her parent's lives soon seem to revolve around them and their work. In recent years, however, the work part seemed more important with fewer and fewer friends coming over to the house. Kate could feel the pressure her parents had and simply did not want to interfere with their lives at this point.

A quick look at the hallway which separated her parents' offices reflected the separation Kate felt from her family. The hallway was barren except for a few photographs of her parent's travels. The kitchen at the end of the hall was never used for cooking except when Kate got bored of takeout and had to cook for herself and Kip. As for the rooms at the top of the stairs, her Mom's and Dad's room were down at one end of the hall with a mattress on the floor and a little if ever used TV. She and Kip each had a room at the other end of the hall. Her room looked like any other soon to be fifteen-year-old, except that it was remarkably neat. Nothing was out of place. Kip called it 'Katonian Schizoid.' The room consisted primarily of a four-poster bed with a canopy and a row of dolls along the floor across from the bed. Next to the bed on the



stand was a picture of her first and only friend; a dog called 'Southside.' Southside was a small white lab that was her constant companion for as long as she could remember until it died last year. Even to this day, she missed him. In her closet was a rack of clothes all black. Kate wondered if anyone, but Kip, even noticed. She would have put a sign on the door warning everyone to keep out, but she doubted if anyone would care.

Kip's room was on the left side of the hallway across from Kate's room. Kip's room was full; I mean full. A computer lay on his desk which was to the right of his bed (which was never made). To the left of his bed was a table with every sort of sports figure, a Michael Jordan bobble head, a hockey puck he had caught at a Blackhawk's game, a signed football from the Chicago Bears (in truth, he faked the signatures but who would know he thought). There was a set of weights on the floor next to his closet with a book on how to get fit. There was only one other book in the room, and one would have had to pick up his mattress to find that one, 'The Evolution of Mankind: An Alternative Hypothesis' by David and Karen Emery, (Patten Press, 2001). He did not understand all of it except that it was written by his parents and more than that on the second page, was written 'for Kate and Kip and their descendants.'

Given that her parents spent most of their time in their own world, Kate often wondered if Kip felt as isolated as she did. Kate felt a closer kinship with her brother, Kip, than most sisters but she had not shared with Kip the strange feelings she had been experiencing over the past year and did not know if Kip had similar feelings. Perhaps there was more than one reason why Kate felt it was her responsibility to look after her younger brother.



### Chapter 2: Summer Plans

As they entered the house, Kate was brushed by her brother Kip as she headed down the hallway to the kitchen. “Watch out” Kip called out. “Who could see you?” Kate yelled back. Kate’s Mom rushed out of her office and up to her. “Now watch it you two” Kate’s mother was the referee in all of the battles between Kate and her brother. “Come into my office, I have a surprise for you.” Great, Kate thought, a surprise. As mentioned earlier, Kate hated surprises. Her Mom continued, “Jim and Linda.” (Jim and Linda were her Mom’s parents and her Grandparents but it was by their first names that they wanted to be called). “Jim and Linda are going off to Europe for the summer.” Kate’s hopes rose, summer in Europe. Even if it meant spending it with her Grandparents this summer could be great. She might even convince her parents that Becky should go with her. “Fantastic” Kate said excitedly. “Europe, when do I leave?”

“Oh no” Kate’s Mom interjected, “they are going on an European tour with their friends, no kids allowed.” “When will they see that I am no kid?” Kate thought. “This year you and Kip will have the chance to spend the summer with your Dad’s Dad.” Kate felt her knees go weak. Her Dad’s Dad lived in the small town of Swift River Junction outside of Reston, South Dakota. “But I don’t want to go. I love the City” Kate said defiantly. “Me Too” Kip said. While Kip had an independent streak in him, he just did not know it yet and found it simpler in many cases to agree with Kate. “I have friends here” Kate pleaded. “There is lot to do; the mall, the beach on

Lake Michigan, and people - real people, lots of them. Am I repeating myself?" "I have friends too" Kip echoed.

"Sorry" her Mom said. "But your Dad's Dad (or as Kate's mother would often say – your other grandfather) is really nice." Kate and Kip could hardly remember him. There were pictures of Jim and Linda up and down the downstairs hallway and they saw them almost every weekend but Dad's Dad? Kate remembered seeing him at Christmas when she was seven. He gave her a necklace with a stone ornament which hung from it. The stone was in the shape of what looked like a half moon and if one looked very close at it, it had what looked like an arrow that pointed north. Kate had no idea if they meant anything or if she would ever know. Her Grandfather said he had found it near his home in South Dakota. He told her the ornament was very old and very special. From that year on Kate never took it off. It was the only gift from her Grandfather she could ever remember receiving from him. She heard that he was actually putting money somewhere so she and Kip could go to a really, really great college. But Kate was going to be an actress and Kip – Well Kip did not know at this point.

"Not Dad's Dad" Kate said. "He is really old." "Not any older than Jim and Linda" her Mom replied. "Ok, but he acts a lot older" Kate said. "In his letters he is always asking me about things, like what stories do I read or what music do I play. And worst of all he lives in the middle of nowhere. I mean really nowhere. He lives in South Dakota, on a farm. I could simply die out there."

“Me too” Kip added.

“Well,” Kate’s Mom interrupted, “until you are out on your own, when we are out on a dig, it is either here in Chicago with my parents or out to Reston with your Dad’s Dad and this summer it’s Reston, South Dakota.” Kate’s father had heard the conversation from this office across the hall. “Kate” her Dad said as he came over from his own office and joined the discussion. “You know your mother and I are close to determining if your Dad’s work can be proven.” Dad’s work; she was sick of hearing of Dad’s work. “How much work can it be?” Kate said. She was tired of always hearing about how hard it was for them, how about her. “You both run around in strange countries and meet new people while I am stuck here with Mom’s parents and Kip. When do I get to do what I want?”

Kate’s Dad saw the defiance in her face. Not all that different than when he was her age. They were so alike in so many ways. “Kate, we have been going to the hills outside of Albuquerque for four years. If we are right and we can prove that some of American’s first settlers were not only from Asia but also arrived from Europe almost 15,000 years ago, it will make all of our years of work worthwhile.”

Kate was old enough to know what her Dad and Mom did for a living. When she was Kip’s age and even younger, she would spend hours at her Dad’s office at the University or at her Mother’s laboratory at the Institute. At that time, she thought it was really cool. Pieces of pottery, small bones (animals and people), and knives made of stone and shellfish. Best of all

was the photo at her Dad's office of the big map in this office back home tracing the tracks of human ancestors not only from Asia to America via a land bridge during the last Ice Age and down the coasts to Mexico and beyond but the line from southern Europe to the land and ice north of the Doggerland eventually to the East Coast of America and then branching out into the center of America. How cool it was, she thought, as if she was part of every voyage, every trip. Of course, her Dad, being what he was, was trying to disprove much of what was on the map. In red pencil, he had circled little areas in Massachusetts and along the coastal areas off of the Carolinas. There was even a small blue circle around where he grew up in South Dakota, but she thought that had to be simply to remind him to call his Dad once a year. Back then, this was all cool. Then one day, someone had contacted her Mother at the Chicago Branch of the Museum of Science and asked if her Mom and Dad would be interested in looking at an old dig (that is what they called them) just outside of Albuquerque New Mexico. The caller said he was an amateur but thought he had some finds that might be of 'special' interest to them and would be willing 'to fund' a series of summer digs in the area.

The magic words, 'to fund.' So, for the past four years she and her brother were left in the hands of her Mom's grandparents as her parents went off and did "worthwhile" stuff. "You have a weird idea of worthwhile" Kate said, as she sat down on the sofa. Kip just stood there. He had never heard Kate go off on her parents like that before. He just assumed that spending the summer with one's grandparents was normal. As for his parents, most of his friends did not even have two parents and his were cool. What could be better than going out looking for evidence of ancient dead people and then getting paid for it? Kip thought. He too had been to

his Dad's office at the University. He remembered a picture of his Dad's Dad. He was standing in front of a large barn. He wore jeans, boots, and a wide cowboy hat. Next to him was a man who also wore jeans and boots but whose hair was tied back in a braid and a band wrapped around his head. Kip had no idea who this man was. For Kip, this summer could be a real adventure just like his Mom and Dad took every summer.

"You have to go. We have no choice. When you get older you will understand" her father said. Kate did understand but Kate yelled back. "You always have a choice. Every year since I can remember, you leave Kip and me for what, old dead people buried under tons of dirt. What is there not to understand?"

"Where is South Dakota?" Kip asked. Kate rolled her eyes. "Close to Death" she said. "You will know it when you see it. It's where the earth goes flat and you could actually drop off it or at least see the end from there."

Two weeks later, Kate and Kip were on the bus from Chicago and headed west. Their Dad's Dad (Bill) would pick them up in a town called Sioux Falls. "Are there Indians?" Kip asked. "I saw a movie once and the Indians were called Sioux." Kate sighed. Kate did not hate Kip, she just hated being with Kip. Kate turned and opened up the backpack she had on her lap. The pack contained all of her most special belongings; a picture of her, Kip and her parents; picture of her dog which had just passed away; a black hat with the words University of Chicago written into it, and a stone artifact that resembled the stone artifact she had around her neck. The stone

had been in the glass case in her Dad's office. Kate had gone into the room before they left, opened the glass case, and took it. She did not know why she took it, it was just that she sensed that she had to.

The next six hours were, as Kate would later write in her journal, a decent into Hell. Away from the town where they lived, passed big houses with swimming pools, passed large malls with stores she had heard of but never actually been in, passed the towns near the Mississippi river with casinos and music 24 hours a day. Soon, she saw no towns, no trees, just acres and acres of some kind of green stalk which she assumed must be corn or something like it. There was a town here and there and once in a while one would see a couple of houses or a farm (or so she thought because she had never really been on one). Kip really did not think of anything. He simply looked at the movies on his iPad and listened to his music on this iPhone. "Why is it called an iPad and iPhone" Kip asked. "Because it's yours silly" Kate answered. "When you have it on, it is the one time when it is all about you. No one else is there to control you. It is all about what I want to see, what I want to listen to, what I want to do, so it starts with I." "Sounds like they should have called it the MyPad or MyPhone" Kip added. Kate just rolled her eyes and sank back into her seat.

As the hours passed and the bus drove toward the soon to be setting sun, Kate saw the summer of her fourteenth year slowly dying. This was the last year she was really a teenager, this year she would grow up, really grow up; stay up past ten, talk to her friends about all sorts of things (even about boys) or ask if they had real dreams like the ones she did. Dreams that Kate had



never spoken about to anyone, not even her parents. Now in this most critical year of her life – the most important summer ever – she was spending it with her little brother with her very old grandfather in the middle of nowhere. What could be worse? Kate was soon to find out.

The bus came to a stop at the bus station in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. They got up from their seats, got off the bus, and walked into the station. This is not so bad, Kate thought. While not a real town like Chicago, Sioux Falls at least seemed to be populated with people. It was sort of a toy town. Kip, however, was really disappointed. He saw no Sioux Indians and no falls. He turned up his music and looked for a new movie. Kate looked for someone who reminded her of the old man from seven year ago. She recognized no one. Soon they were the only ones in the bus station except for a somewhat odd older couple walking toward them. He was tall, really tall – taller than her dad and taller than the tall women with him. This could not be him. She knew he was not married.

“So, you must be Kate” he called out. “I’m your Dad’s Dad. But you can just call me Grandpa.” Oh my god, Kate thought. How uncool. No one called their grandparents, grandpa, or grandma anymore. She had even started to call her parents by their real names. “This is Kathryn,” her Grandpa said. “She owns a farm just south of mine. We thought it would be great to introduce you to her. Her name is the same as yours and she knows much more about girly things than I do.”

“And this must be Kip. Well, this is a real pleasure. You look just like your Dad did when he was a boy.” Kip had never really thought of his Dad as a kid or what he did when he was a boy. Kip started to like his new Grandpa immediately.

“Well, let’s get going” Grandpa said. “We still have a three-hour drive.” “Back to Chicago I hope” Kate said. “That’s funny” her Grandpa replied. “Your Mom and Dad said you were pretty grown up for your age and had a wry sense of humor. No, we are heading up Northwest. Both Kathryn and I live up there near a small town called Swift River Junction.” Smaller than this? Kate thought. “Well, I won’t blink,” Kate said. Her Grandfather let her comment go. “Why is it called Swift River Junction?” Kip asked. Well, there is a river which descends from the hills just west of the city. It flows really fast due to the drop in elevation from its source, so it is called the Swift River. The river splits into two just north of the town of Reston which is the county seat and which is located just about 15 miles from our farm. The two branches of the river join back together just south of our farms. There are a few businesses located at the junction where the of the two branches of the river reconnect; so, there you have the name of the town, Swift River Junction.”

The rest of the drive was uneventful. Just pass rows of rows of corn separated by a few signs for towns one could never see from the road. Kate sat in the backseat of the 1970 Cadillac. It was like being sent back in time. “This car must use more gas than all of Chicago” Kate commented. “Well,” Bill said. “Since we provide most of the gas to Chicago, we felt it only fair that we keep a little bit of it for ourselves back here.”

Kip, however, was excited. “Are there real animals on the farm?” he asked. Kip could hardly wait to see real animals where they really lived, not just the ones in the zoo. “Well certainly more than you see in the city” his grandfather replied. “On the farm we have mostly cattle, cows, and horses, but out on the prairie there are wolves, buffalo, and other animals of all shapes and sizes. If you want to, we can even go hunting for some of them like I did with your Dad when he was your age.” “My Dad went hunting when he was my age? What else did he do when he was my age?” Kip asked.

“Well, he did things not much different than what kids today do in Reston” Grandpa said. “But Dad’s ancient” Kate blurted. “Oh, I may have exaggerated a little. Of course, things are different. But I don’t think kids your age do things a lot differently than what kids did when your Dad was young. I mean, the farm is still a farm, chores are still chores, and for many in Reston life has not changed dramatically from the lifestyle of their parents. Your parents did not tell you, did they?” “Tell us what” Kate said. “Oh, while Reston has grown up a bit since your Dad was your age it still has a large Amish colony on the edge of town and an Indian reservation just a few miles from our farm. Amish life has changed little over the years and many of the Indians on the reservation have dedicated themselves to keeping connected to the past. For both of them life has not changed much since your Dad was a kid which is good or bad depending on how one views Indian life on a reservation or the Amish commitment to simplicity.” “Who are the Amish?” Kip asks. Kip knew about Indians but little about Amish. “Oh” his Grandfather said, “Well we do not have the time here to go into the details, but the Amish are a group of

individuals who follow a particular religious faith. However, it differs from many of the traditional faiths you know such as Baptists, Catholic, or Lutheran.” “How does it differ?” Kip asked. “Well for example they are Pacifist and refuse to engage in any wars. In fact, one of the reasons they have a settlement so close to the Indian reservation is that historically, the Amish refused to fight the local Indians and as a result have a closer relationship with Indians than many other Americans.”

This did not satisfy Kip. Kip’s Grandfather may not want to give him information about the Amish but his iPad would. He tried to look it up but there was no connection. “Grandpa, my iPad does not work.” “What?” Grandpa asked. “My iPad” Kip responded. Kathryn turned around, “Let me look. Your Grandpa is driving. I heard about them, just never saw one before.”

“Never saw one before” Kate said. “Never saw one before. Where do you live?” Kate called out. “These were her first real words since leaving the bus station.” “Now, hold it Kate” Grandpa responded. “We are not totally isolated out here. The Pony Express comes through every week or so and you do know that ‘Once there were Books’.” Kate was old enough to know sarcasm when she heard it, but Kip was left wondering when he could see it (the Pony Express). “This is going to be a new experience for both of us. So, settle down little lady.” Kathryn interrupted, “we do not get much Wi-Fi reception here. There is a cafe in town which has Internet, but out on the farm there are just no cell phones, no internet, just television with three channels on it.” “No internet and TV with just three channels?” Kip asked. Even some of Kip’s enthusiasm was starting to disappear.

“But there is still lots to do” his Grandfather chimed in. “I grew up out here and never had a dull moment. The farm is kind of like a small town. There is always someone around working with the animals, working on the machinery, planting the crops, and preparing them for harvest. Moreover, there is land all around us for exploring. When your Dad was young he spent most of his time in the hills near the reservation and the house is large enough so that you not only have your own room but there is a large library with space for drawing and writing and with tons of books just in case you want to read. Just wait, you will see.”

Kate turned and looked at the corn fields outside the car. She mused. Decent into hell, just as I thought.

### Chapter 3: The Farm

They arrived at the farm about 6 PM but the sun still shown over the hills to the West. Kate thought it looked like something right out of an old episode of Andy Griffith. The setting sun almost made the hills look golden. Out in the field which stretched to the bottom of the hills in the distance was a green sea of corn which at this time of the year was about two feet high. Kate had never been to the ocean, but as the wind moved the corn it reminded her a bit of Lake Michigan on a windy day as the corn undulated with the changing breeze. It was a three-silo farm as Kate's Dad would say. Her Dad often said that one silo farms were hardly making it while four silo farms were mostly run by corporations. A three-silo farm was just large enough to be competitive but not so large that a family with some help could not manage it. Kate looked at the house. They would tear down a house like this in Chicago, she thought. They got out of the car and crossed over to the porch. The porch reminded Kate of her neighbors' porch in Chicago. On the left end of the porch was a wooden swing and on the right were two wooden chairs with a small table between them. The house faced south to the road. If you looked west of the house one could see a small garden. In front of the garden were two metal chairs. To the East and right of the porch was a large oak tree with an old tire swing. If Kate closed her eyes, she could see her Dad as a kid rising up and down.

Grandpa walked ahead of Kate and swung open the door. "Don't you lock the house when you are away?" Kip asked, "Back home, Dad would kill me if I did not the lock the house when I left." "Well, we are not back home" Grandpa said, "Out here no one seems to feel the need to

lock their doors when they leave. Maybe the simple respect for each other's belongings is so strong that the question of taking something that you did not earn yourself does not seem to occur to people." "More likely there is nothing worth taking" Kate whispered to her brother. Walking into the house was like walking into an antique store. This was nothing like home. No leather chairs, no glass tables. "Where is the phone?" Kate said. "I promised to call Mom and Dad when I got here." "The phone is over there next to the couch" Grandpa said. "Where?" Kate said. "I don't see it."

"On the side table" Her Grandpa answered. "I still don't see it" Kate called back. "Oh" her Grandpa yelled. "It's black, with numbers on it and a handle thing on top. It's a dial phone."

"But I need to talk in private. I can't use that 'Thing'" Kate pleaded.

"Well, it's the only 'Thing' we've got and if you don't want to call them I can."

"Can I at least leave the room?" Kate asked.

"The cord is only 10 feet long. But don't worry I am hard of hearing anyway" he called back. This is going to be a long summer her Grandpa thought. "When you own your own house you can make the rules" he finished. Make the rules, what century am I in? Kate thought. "Back home my parents always let me talk in private. "Don't you trust me?" she called back to her Grandfather.

“You are fourteen soon to be fifteen. No, I don’t trust you and trust is not given it has to be earned” Grandpa said. “You may not believe this, but I was fourteen once and that phone is not a replica. You’ll see. Pick it up, dial the phone number and magically you can talk to someone on the other end.”

Kip said, “This phone is cool, and Dad used it too, right?”

Kate sat down in the chair next to the phone, picked up the handset and put it next to her ear. What prehistoric land have I landed in? she thought. No wonder Dad decided to become an anthropologist, everyone here simply lives in the past. A quick phone call to her parents would fix this. They simply did not know how backward Reston was. Back in Chicago, this would count as child cruelty. Kate dialed her parent’s cell phone and waited.

As the phone rang she looked around the room. The room was large, at least by Chicago standards. The chair she sat in was an old wingback chair of the 1920’s covered with a green cloth of some sort that had gone through several color changes over the years. The table that the phone sat on was round with three legs spread out underneath with some sort of lace dolly under the lamp which sat next to the phone. The lamp was equally old and the lampshade on it looked like it came from some type of church bazaar. Behind the sofa to her right was a set of windows through which one could look to the West. To the West, Kate could still see the sun setting over the corn fields. There was not a house in sight, just rows and rows of green stalks



waving in the wind. There was a round rug in front of the sofa. It was something she had never seen before with a mix of brown, green and gold. It was not like the rugs in her house in Chicago but was braided like her hair. For a second she thought it might have been designed to look like the field and hills just outside of the house.

She heard the first ring with no answer. She gazed across the room. On the other side of the room was a brick fireplace with a large, wooded mantel above it. On the mantel was a set of pictures which she could barely see from where she sat. It looked like a picture of her Dad's Mom and a picture of her Dad and his younger sister, Mary. Kate did not know all the facts, but her Dad's Mom and sister both died when her Dad was just her age. This was now almost thirty years ago. Her Dad was raised alone by his Father, Bill, the old man in the kitchen. All she knew was her father left for college four years later with a vow never to return to Reston. He never did.

Across from her and down a small corridor she could just see into the kitchen. The kitchen was all white except in the middle there was a metal table surrounded by a set of four red plastic chairs. There was a door that led from the kitchen out to the back yard and from there the barns and corrals. She surmised correctly that to the left in the kitchen was an old white refrigerator with the freezer on top and next to the refrigerator there had to be a set of cabinets where the ceramic dishes and glasses were kept. To the right was the rest of the kitchen which contained the normal electric stove, double sinks, and a wooden platform for

cutting. If she had taken the time to see the kitchen before asking where the phone was, she would have seen that it had no dishwasher, no garbage disposal, but off of the back of the kitchen next to the door that led out into the backyard, there was a pantry full of canned pears, peaches, and all the 'non-necessities' of Chicago life. In the pantry were also a set of cookbooks, cookbooks from all parts of the world. She also would have seen from the window above the kitchen a driveway which was wrapped around the house. In the distance she could see the barn and a small corral. In the corral she would have seen a horse. The horse was as red as the earth it stood on with a white spot in the middle of its forehead. Even at this distance, she would have seen how big the horse was. In the shed next to the barn, she also would have seen two dogs lying spread eagled with their feet in the air and their backs on the ground. The larger dog (called Dog) was a brown and black Sheppard/Husky mix while the smaller one was a white and black English retriever called Rowdy. Kate would have loved to have had either.

The phone was on its second ring, still no answer. Kate saw Kip with her Grandfather. Each was bringing it some luggage from the car, up to the porch and in through the front door. "We will bring your stuff upstairs" her Grandpa said. Straight up from the front door was a staircase to the second floor. At the top of the staircase was the door to the bathroom with a single sink and claw foot tub. On the inside of the bathroom door was a latch and above the latch was a hook on the door frame with a set of towels hanging down. To the right of the top of the staircase was a hallway leading down to two rooms. A large room at the end of the hallway was Bill's, while to the right was a small bedroom. The door to this room was locked. To the left at the top of the staircase and down a short hallway were two other rooms, a large one at the end

of the hall and a small room on the left. Kip would end up in the small room while Kate would claim the big one. While not obvious, there also existed a third floor. In Bill's bedroom, a door led up to a third floor which was a single large room with a low ceiling and two windows, a small window overlooking the land to the east and a small window overlooking land to the west.

Kate heard someone pick up the phone at the other end. "Dad" Kate screamed so loud that Kip and her Grandfather came running down the staircase. "Is anything wrong" her father said. Before she could get another word out her Grandpa picked up the phone from her hand. "Is everything OK?" Kate's father asked. "Dave" he said. "Just wanted to call and say that everything is just fine. Kip is helping with the luggage and Kate is taking a look at the place. Nothing much has changed since you left. But I will let Kate explain it all to you."

He gave the phone back to Kate with a look that could kill and walked into the kitchen to see what Kathryn was up to. Kate had lost her chance. "Well, I am glad you made it" her Dad said. "I appreciate you doing this Kate. You're Mom and I really needed to get away and this was our only choice. Be a big girl and take care of your brother. We will call you when we get to the dig. We have to finish up a few things in Chicago and we should head down to New Mexico in a couple of weeks." She heard him hang up.

She thought of calling her Mom's cell, but she knew she had already lost. For the most part, Mom could ease the way, but Dad still saw her as a little girl and there was no way he was going to let her spend the summer in Chicago alone. She slipped back into the chair. She took another

look around the room. Nothing exciting here. She took a look to the left. Next to the bottom of staircase which led up to the second floor was a set of sliding wooden doors.

She yelled into the kitchen that she was heading upstairs to empty her suitcase. Her Grandpa yelled back. "It is almost 6 o'clock so come down in about ½ hour."

Kate walked over to the wooden sliding doors and slid one back. It was a large room which ran the entire length of the house. At the far end, to the right was a large wooden desk which measured almost three feet by eight. Behind it was a set of windows and on each side of the windows were a set of bookcases, each one eight feet high and six feet across. Each had glass doors which were lit from the inside. In front of the desk was a large leather chair. The chair was so large that she could easily fit into it, and no one would ever have seen her. On the far wall were a number of chests and above them were pictures of her grandpa with a number of individuals. She had no idea who they were. Most of them were dressed in different garments and looked as if many of them were from Asia, North Africa, or the Middle East. To the left of the door where she had entered was a small desk under the front window which looked out onto the front porch. On the desk were more pictures. Pictures of her Mom's mother and father, pictures of Bill and her Father and a young girl who she assumed was her Father's sister. Also, on the desk were pictures of her Grandfather with another family. The family looked like they were Indians, American Indians. One of the women in the photograph was wearing a necklace with what looked like half-moon carved out of some kind of white bone or rock with what looked like an arrow through it pointing north. Kate looked down at the stone carving

hanging at the end of the silver necklace around her neck. Kate thought her stone looked similar if not the same as the one hanging from the women in the photo.

In the bookcase to the right of the desk were a number of books and photo albums. The books were certainly not what she expected. Some of them dealt with anthropology while others focused on the original Indian tribes of the area. Others dealt with the geography of Reston. Many of the books had her Grandpa's name on them. Bill Emery "Early Americans and the Rise of Indian Tribes;" Bill Emery "The First Americans;" Bill Emery "Class of Cultures: The Story of Indian Simulation;" and Bill Emery "American Interaction with Foreign Cultures: Oil and the Destruction of Native Culture."

On the bottom shelf, she saw "Women of any Age" by Kathryn Waters. Next to it were Waters other bestsellers, "Women versus Women: The Secret Battle;" "Tribes in America: Where do Women Belong;" and "Growing up a Girl Among Men." For Kate, Kathryn Waters was a god. Kate had hidden it from her friends, but on her iPad she had all of Waters books and had read and re-read them all. Sure, they might contain some ideas she had yet to confront, but she felt a kinship with the characters in Waters books. The heroines of Waters' books were always in confrontation with someone, someplace or something. Likewise, for Kate, life was a battle almost every day. She felt alone, at home, at school, even with her friends and she was too scared to ask if they felt the same way too. The last year had been particularly hard. Change was all around her; her school, her friends, and her body (she had just started to have her first period about a year previously). In recent months she had also started to have strange dreams,

dreams about strange places, ancient tribes, dreams about hills which as she looked out the window of this farmhouse were way too similar to those in her dreams. It was as if she could simply dial into the entire history of a people; a people she did not know and had never seen. She simply did not know who to talk to.

She took one of the Kathryn Waters books out of the case. She wondered why her grandfather would have any of these books in his room. They had all been written in the last thirty years. Not much on farming in these. Kate turned the book over and there on the back was a picture of a young Kathryn Waters but even more surprising was that it was a picture of a woman who looked like a younger version of the woman who was now with her Grandfather. It had to be the same person, but how could it be? She looked at all the books. On the back of one of the book jackets was a small summary of Ms. Waters life. The short bio did not say anything she did not already know. It said the author lived in Chicago but had lived for various periods in her life, in cities such as London, Paris, and Rome as well as three years as Editor of Women's World in New York City. Kate had even promised herself that she would search for Ms. Waters some day and tell her how much her writing meant to her. Now, this very same woman was less than 50 feet from her. Another mystery to be solved. Why would any woman, especially a woman who preached self-reliance and self-understanding disappear to a small town in South Dakota?

Her Father had never discussed her Grandfather. She had just thought he was a farmer. If this was right, he was certainly much more and why did her father leave and never come back. She heard her Grandfather call her for dinner. "Coming" Kate called back. This room would certainly

require further investigation, she thought. She closed the sliding doors and made sounds as if she was coming down the stairs. Kate walked through the living room and into the kitchen.

“Just sit down at the table” Kathryn said. Kate sat down on a red chair in front of some colored Formica plates and glasses with some sort of Bear characters on them. “Sorry if the glasses look a little dated” her Grandpa said. “I don’t have too many guests over and these have just worked out well for the past twenty years or so.” Kate thought, my friends will never believe this.

Plastic plates and glasses with pictures of Yogi Bear and his animal friends.

“Do you want to go into town tomorrow” Grandfather asked. “Why” Kate asked. “Well,” Kathryn responded. “I just thought that we could do some shopping while Kip and your Grandfather go to the stockyards for a horse auction.” “What is there possibly in Reston that I would want?” Kate asked. “Oh” Kathryn replied, “it is just that a young girl of your age all dressed in black might be mistaken as Amish and I do not know if you want to answer a lot of questions your very first day in town.” Kate looked at her wardrobe. “What was wrong with black?” She was wearing a black turtleneck sweater a black set of Capri pants, a black set of dance shoes and a black French Beret. “This is how most of my friends dress in Chicago and I am not going to change just because I am out in the hicks” Kate stated.

“Can I get new clothes?” Kip questioned. “Boot, blue jeans, maybe even a cowboy hat?” “Sure” Grandpa said. “Can’t have you hanging around the stock yard in khakis, a blue button-down shirt and a blazer. We will leave at 9 AM. It takes about a half hour to get to Reston.” “I generally don’t get up until 9” Kate said. “Well, if you can sleep through all the noise around

here in the morning you are a better person than I” Kathryn said. “The work hands generally arrive around 5:30 AM and we feed everyone about 7 AM. They generally start the farm machinery by 7:30 and it’s a pretty noisy racket the rest of the morning.” “Are they real cowboys?” Kip said. “I don’t know if you would call them cowboys” Grandpa answered. “But they help with the cattle, the corn and as well as some drilling we are doing out in outer acres.” “Outer acres” Kate asked. She had thought that the farm was just what she saw from the house. “How big is this place?” “Oh, your grandfather has one of the biggest spreads in the county” Kathryn responded. “About 20,000 acres or about 6 miles in every direction. My farm is only half the size but between the two we farm, range, or drill about everything in a ten-mile radius from here”

Ten miles, in every direction. I am kidnapped, Kate thought. “I might as well go into town” Kate said. “Great” Grandpa said, “Let’s finish dinner, put everything away, get to bed early and put a full day in tomorrow.” Kate looked down at her dinner. She did not want to tell her Grandfather that as of last month she had become a vegetarian and all she saw on the plate was red meat with some white beans. “Do you have any salad?” she asked, “Oh the green stuff” Grandpa asked. “We generally serve that after dinner.” “No that is Ok” Kate answered. She felt defeated. There was nothing to do but resign herself to her fate and go to bed. Dinner was done by 7 PM and Kate and Kip climbed the stairs to their rooms.

“Don’t worry about the bathroom kids. I am up at 5AM and it is all yours in the morning Kathryn generally comes over about 7AM to help with the breakfast, so if you hear noise downstairs don’t worry.” Kate opened the door to her room. It was certainly larger than she expected, and



it was certainly different than she expected. The bed was a full four poster with lace around the four corners of the top. On the bed was a comforter with a set of Indian motifs woven into it. On one of the walls was a set of bows and arrows and next it was various Indian artifacts, masks, drawings, woven disks. Her suitcase sat on the bed. She opened it and took out the contents. She had not packed it for a long stay since she thought she would not stay that long. It was now obvious that that was not going to happen. She put her stuff in a large chest of drawers next to one of the windows. Next to the bed on the other side of the bed near the window that looked out onto the distant fields was a long full-length mirror. She put on her grey gym shorts and a tee shirt top with the words Harding High School on it and walked over to the mirror. She pulled up her shirt. She was growing up in so many ways and here she was stuck in South Dakota. Well, that's all there is she said to herself. She was to be fifteen in July, but she told everyone she was already 15. At 5 foot 7 inches she was tall for her age. She liked her hair (it was pitch black that she wore in a long braid down her back). The rest of her she thought would just have to fill out. She had hoped she would take after her mother, 5 foot 8 inches slim, golden blond hair with an ease and confidence that comes with beauty and brains. Her mother had plenty of both. Her father too was handsome in a way she thought; 6 feet two with dark straight hair. He was losing his hair, but he mostly wore a hat during his digs, and he certainly knew what he liked and did not. She was afraid that she was more like him than her mother. She had his hair color, his nose, his eyes, and she had heard the doctor say that she could grow another two to three inches. Kip on the other hand looked nothing like her. He was short even for his age; barely over 5 feet two inches with blond hair and an openness about him that confused her. How could he be so trusting when no one could be trusted and given what

she had seen today, she was having more and more questions even about those she trusted the most. What was her Grandfather all about and why had her Dad not told her more?

Kip put his head in through the door. He had his pajamas on and had only recently stopped sleeping with his bear, which was almost as big as him. "Can I sleep with you tonight?" Kip asked. My room is kind of scary." "Scary?" Kate looked quizzical. "How could it be scary? Let me take a look." She went out of the room and to his door. She opened it and saw what he saw. His room was considerably smaller than hers. There was a large elk head on the wall with glass eyes. Next to the closet was a stuffed bear and on the floor was the bear's cousin. On the bed stand was a set of photographic books which had pictures of the Indian tribes in the area, mostly in war paint. There was no light in the closet and the drapes over the one window made noise as the wind blew through the small opening at the bottom of window.

"OK" Kate said. "Go get your pillow. In truth, I could use some company tonight myself." As he went to get his pillow, Kathryn came up the stairs and when into Kate's room. "This must be quite strange for you. City girls like yourself suddenly pushed out into the country. I grew up in a city myself and came out here 20 years ago just for the summer. I met your Grandfather, bought the ranch next to his and never left. You will get used to it. You may even find that you like some of it. But no matter what if you have any questions please just ask. I know your Grandfather is a little too much at times. He had been on his own most of this life. He raised your Dad by himself and that is not easy out here. He has traveled the world and now is happy

to stay here. He is much more aware of the world and your life than you might think. And he does love your father and would do anything in the world for you. Give him some time.”

Some time, perhaps they should give her some time and while they were at it, a little bit of truth from their side would be helpful, Kate thought.

### Chapter 4: Reston I

Kate awoke to the sound of men outside her window. It was still somewhat dark outside, so it had to be early in the morning. Kip was sound asleep on the other side of the bed. Kate got up and went over to the window, the one facing the barn. In the distance she could see four men. It was still hard to make them out, but each had a cap on. They wore tee shirts and blue jeans and three of them wore Western boots. One seemed to have some type of sneakers on and from this distance seemed younger than the rest. For a second, she thought the one with the sneakers might be a girl since it looked as if a long braid of hair hung down from the back of his or her cap. The braid was almost as long as hers. It was also hard to hear what they were saying since the one with a braid had a portable radio with him and had turned on some station that played 'country music.' How boring" Kate thought, but at least there might be someone here beside old people.

Well, Kate thought, they will be coming in for breakfast around seven, or at least that is what Grandpa said. Maybe I just walk down. Kate looked out of her bedroom door and could see no one else on the floor. She walked into the bathroom and saw a set of towels with a piece of paper on them with her name written on it. She looked at the tub and the shower head above it and a metal ring surrounding the tub with a plastic sheet that could be pulled around the tub. In the tub was a bar of soap and shampoo of a kind she had never seen before. Thank God we are going to Reston today. I will at least be able to find some items from the 21<sup>st</sup> century. Kate got into the shower and turned on the water. Thank God, Kate thought, at least the water is warm.

She heard a voice call through the door. It was Kathryn. "I just came over to help your Grandpa serve breakfast. Heard you were up, so come down when you can. Watch the hot water we only have so much." She got the soap out of her hair just in time for the water to turn cold.

She returned to her room and put on her everyday clothes; that is, the black T-shirt, jeans, and sneakers. She even decided to wear a black Chicago Blackhawks cap her father had given her. She put it on backwards. She woke up Kip and told him to get cleaned up. Getting out of here sooner rather than later seemed like a good idea. She decided not to tell him about the cold water and headed downstairs. The men were already around the kitchen table when she walked in.

"This is my granddaughter, Kate" as her Grandpa introduced her. "She is all the way from the Big City so be nice to her." Each man rose from this seat to introduce himself except one with the braid. The look on Kate's face might have startled some, but these men had probably seen it before. "I am Red Eagle" said the man next to her "and this is Sam or in the tribe he is known as White Cloud, and Jake or Big Bear is at the end of the table." He also kicked the chair of the fourth man next to him and said something in a language Kate had never heard before. The fourth man rose up. He was considerably younger than any of the other men. In fact, he could not have been that much older than Kate herself. "This is 'William White Cliff' " Red Eagle said, "He is my youngest son." The boy raised his voice; "all my friends just call me WC." As he sat down, Red Eagle interrupted. "I am sorry for my son's rudeness. Young people today sometimes forget their manners."

“It’s ok” Kate said. As most young people, she had a difficult time with new people and felt sorry for the young man having to introduce himself to a stranger. She and her friends would have died rather than sit at the same table as their parents for breakfast. In any event, Kate’s mind was elsewhere. She had never seen an Indian up close before and certainly not one of WC’s age whatever it was. Most importantly, he was just plain good looking. Her girlfriends back in Chicago would simply die if they could be here. He was about 5’ 10’ and about 150 lbs. She could not see under his shirt, but she could imagine. His eyes were dark, and the hair hung in a braid to the middle of his back. “Well, it’s back to work” Red Eagle said. “Thanks for breakfast Kathryn. I hear you are all going to Reston today. I am sure you will all have a great time. Your Grandpa is a great guy. He and I have been friends for years. Both of our wives knew each other since they were kids.”

Kate turned to her Grandfather and whispered into his ear. “You did not tell me that the men working on the farm were Indians.” Her Grandfather turned around. “I never thought about it. They have worked with us here for years. They are our friends.” Kathryn overheard the conversation and cut in, “The Swift River Reservation borders your Grandpa’s land. This land was once theirs and the hills you see in the distance are very sacred to them.” “What of the boy with the braid” Kate asked. “What is he doing here?” “It’s almost summer” Kathryn said, “and he is out of school very soon.” She saw he was wearing a tee shirt with the words, Reston High School on it. If he is in High School, he must be at least fifteen or sixteen.” Kate thought. Math was not her best subject, but if she needed to it came relatively quick to her. Her Grandpa

leaned over and spoke in her ear, “Young men out here, especially those on the reservation, are used to working in the summer and the money comes in handy for their families. He is not Red Eagle’s real son, but Red Eagle has raised him from his youth after his parents died in an explosion in the hills.”

“It is already after eight” Kathryn interjected. “Eat something and we can clean up and get started on the road to Reston.” Kip had just come down and stood at the entrance of the Kitchen. He just stood and stared. He had never been in a room with real Indians. “Sit down next to me,” Kate called over to Kip. They had never seen food like this before at breakfast; eggs, bacon, juice, with a side of banana muffins. “Where is the coffee?” Kate said. “Sorry young lady you are still a little too young for coffee” her Grandpa said. “Ok but I don’t eat much for breakfast” Kate said. “Ok, but if you ever want to fill out that form of yours, you may want to reconsider.” “Grandpa” Kate screamed, somewhat embarrassed. “Sorry” Kathryn said, “Living here out on the farm with mostly men make your Grandpa a little ‘rusty’ in the manners area. You will get used to it. At least, I suspect we will be seeing you at breakfast most days” Kathryn said smiling. Kathryn could use a little course in manner herself, Kate thought. People are just so different out here.

Kate turned around and walked out of the kitchen to go upstairs and Kip ran out to see the men in the barn. Kate went back up the stairs and into the bathroom. “What would a fifteen-year-old boy want with a little girl like herself?” she thought. She looked into the mirror and pulled up her shirt again. Nope, no fifteen-year-old would want to have anything to do with her. Her mom said she matured late and look at her now. There was still hope.

She walked out of the bathroom, closed the door, headed down the stairs and through the front door. On the porch, was the young man she had met at breakfast. He was working on the swing. "Your Grandpa told me to make sure this was working," he said. Kate sat down in one of the chairs. "Kathryn said you live just over the hills." "Yep, on the rez." He said somewhat sarcastically. "You probably have not spent a lot of time with Indians in Chicago at least not the South Dakota variety" he replied. Kate was taken aback. Again, maybe sarcasm was the natural trait of 'South Dakotans'. "No" Kate replied. "We have a lot of Indians in Illinois. If I remember my American history and anthropology right, our Indians drove your Indians out here."

WC looked please. "Well paleface has a mouth and a brain, but for your own information, we were here well before your Indians kicked the horses end out of other Indians. No one ever kicked us out of anywhere. Sorry if I was a little rude. Sometimes, it is easier to push people off than to pull them in." Kate looked a little more relaxed. May be this summer would not be so bad after all. She heard her Grandpa call and went back into the house. "Just a hint" WC called back. "Drop the hat or at least turn it around. Locals might not understand that it is a Chicago Thing" As she took off her hat, her black braid fell down her back to her waist. WC was a little startled, with her complexion, facial features, and dark hair she could easily pass for one of the young women on the Reservation. Kate turned back, stuffed her hair under her hat and replied. "Let them think what they want" Kate yelled back. William White Cloud smiled. This summer might not be so bad, he thought.



Kip was already in the back seat of the Cadillac. Here Grandpa was at the controls and Kathryn was sitting next to him. As they drove off, Kate looked back at the farmhouse. It looked a little strange sitting all there by itself, but it was not as lonely as it looked when she first arrived.

“Well not the way I wanted to spend my summer” Kate thought. “But I must find a way to get through it until Mom and Dad get back.”

Kip did not say anything. He continued to look out at the rows and rows of corn. In contrast to Kate, Kip was usually quiet. He was not only the smallest in the family, but he was also one of the smallest kids in his middle school. While this may not seem like a big problem to most in South Chicago to be a small twelve-year-old (soon to be thirteen) white kid with no real athletic ability and whose father and mother were anthropologist made, by force of nature, Kip somewhat isolated. As important, no one really noticed. Every year his father and mother would disappear to Southwest America to look up old dead stuff. Unlike some of his friends (the few he had) he could never remember his Dad teaching him how to throw a football or a baseball. When he asked for a bike, his parents said where he would ride it? So, Kip spent much of the summer, with his grandparents helping around the house, playing computer games, and wishing he was somewhere else. And here he was finally, somewhere else. He tried to pretend he was as bored as Kate seemed she was, but he wasn't. He had seen an old bike in the barn before they had left in the car. He would make the bike his. It was not fancy, but it could take him anywhere and if it could not take the bike there, he would simply walk there or run.

No one knew Kip, not Kate, not his Mother or Father, not his Mom's parents and certainly not his Grandpa here. During the school year, each day, his parents would leave Kate and him at the bus stop. At the end of the day at school, Kate often stayed at the school talking with her friends. Although his parents often thought he came home with Kate, they did not know that almost every day (even in the winter) he would walk the three miles from the middle school to his home near the University. Sometimes he would run some or all of it. Run through areas where he was the only white kid on the street. At first, the people on the streets would wonder who or what he was. But for the past year, he was a common sight. Not one bothered him, he had no money and most of the kids or adults in the area just thought he was some poor white boy caught up in the hood.

Then one time, just a year earlier when he was walking home, a group of black kids his age or a little older, tried to stop him. He stopped for a second and when he saw an opening, he went for it. The chase was on. One block, two blocks. Some kids in the gang were fast, but not as fast as him. He pulled away fast, so fast that after about 8 blocks he stopped. By the time they caught up with him, everyone forgot why they stopped him earlier. "Shit your fast" said the biggest guy in the gang. From that time on, he was just known as "Faster." He would stop each day to talk with his new friends. No one knew, not his parents, not Kate, no one but him but if he knew one thing however, it was that he could run far, and he could run fast.

As they drove over the hills, Kate asked where the 'Reservation' started. Her Grandfather was a little startled. "Who told you about the Reservation?" "Oh, Kathryn mentioned it and I talked to

the boy on the farm” Kate said. “William” her Grandfather voice rose a bit. “When did you have a chance to talk to him?” “He was working on the swing on the porch before we got into the car. He said your land borders his and that these hills were sacred to his people” Kate replied.

“Well, you must have had more than a short talk” Grandpa said. “But yes, his tribe and their forefathers have been on this land for centuries. Some folks even have a theory that the very earliest ancestors of his people were the very first ‘permanent Americans’ even before the Maya, even before the Inca. Whatever or whenever their forefathers came from, they have lived in or round these hills for centuries upon centuries. Some may tell you that this is just bull and that they are simply Indian savages who were pushed here from the east, as the white man moved west. It is a question yet to be answered.”

Kathryn reached over and touched Bill’s hand. He realized that he was going off on one of his rants. “Oh, Well” Grandpa said. “We all have our beliefs and what we regard as sacred. To them this land is sacred. It is as much a part of them, as the farm is to me, as your Dad’s digging is to him.” “And as running is to me right” Kip said. Everyone stopped talking and stared at Kip. “What did you say?” Kathryn said. Kip thought fast. “Oh, I thought I saw something running out there.” Everyone went back to what they were doing. No one said anything else until they got over the hills and could see Reston in the distance.

Kate was a little puzzled. If Reston was such a big deal why did it seem so small? Grandpa raised his voice, “Well there it is, the great metropolis. I know that it may seem a little small by

Chicago standards, but Reston is a city of about 2500 and is large by South Dakota standards.”

“No way” Kate said, “small by almost any standards at all. The boat my Mom’s parents are on a boat that has 4500 people.” “Hold on you two” Kathryn said. “Kate, for a town of 2500 you will see that you will find all you need. Reston is the county seat, so it is the center of government services. The grade school, middle school and high school are all on the outskirts of town and the livestock center is just outside of town near the railroad station. Downtown has the hardware, clothes, appliances and all the other stores you will find in Chicago. The only difference is that rather than five of each, we generally find that one of each is sufficient.”

“Where can I get on the internet?” Kate said. “Oh, you can get on the internet several places downtown or at the new energy complex near the junior college. It’s next to the college bookstore and the college library” Grandpa replied. “There is a College in town?” Kip questioned. “Oh yes” Grandpa said. “It is only a junior college for two years before the kids are off to the main campus in Pierre, but it offers a place for many of the kids in the area to stay near home for a while, help on the farm or the reservation and yet get the education they need for later. They even have a sports and equestrian center which offers courses in physical education and animal husbandry. The new energy center next to the school has been financed by several energy firms who are interested in some of the natural resources in the area. In many ways, what is happening in Reston reflects the future of America more than many towns and cities of America. We are trying to find ways to bring education to relatively unpopulated areas, while we are trying to find ways of working with energy firms without hurting the

environment, and we are trying to find ways to offer our local kids, an opportunity to stay rather than a reason to leave.”

“What of the reservations.” Kate said. “That to” Grandpa said. “Reston reflects the same problem we see in other parts of the U.S. In Reston, we have a host of individuals who fundamentally differ in their vision of America. We constantly hear that the U.S. is a melting spot. In truth it is a mix of tribes each with their own sacred vision, but who must find a way to live together? Maybe I have lived too long, but here in Reston we have a tribe of Indians who see their land as their sacred trust. We have a tribe of Amish who see their religion as their sacred trust. We have a number of ranchers and farmers, each of whom see the land as theirs. And then we have a new set of tribes, those who see the government as a means to push their vision of land use with windmills across the landscape while others see the wealth under the ground as the only way to insure an American future. If you want to see a war or a set of tribes who are in conflict, you do not have to go to the Middle East you only have to drive into Reston.”

“Hold it, Bill” Kathryn came in. “Put it back into the box, the kids here have a long time to solve the problems of Reston or those of the world. We are here today to have some fun. Just drop us off downtown and you two can go over at the stockyards. I am going to go shopping with Kate so she will have something to wear and show her a little more about her home for the summer.” Home for the summer, Kate was taken back. She never really thought about this as her home.

Bill dropped Kathryn and Kate off in front of the 'Reston Coffee Emporium'. "Kip and I are off to the stockyards. We will meet you back here about noon and we can go to lunch." "What if we want to leave sooner?" Kate asked. "How can we get in touch?" "Oh, I know most of the people in town and they know me. Just have one of them call the Reston stockyards and they will find me." "Or you can call me on my cell" Kip spoke up. He had been checking his cell as they drove into town. It suddenly had three bars. Kate reached into her pocket. Saved, there was hope; she could call her friends, perhaps even find a way to get back to Chicago. "Put your phones away" Grandpa said. "Most of the kids in this town either do not have the money for one or have restrictions against their use. For the time being, please act as if you care about what others can do or wish to do."

As they drove off, Kate looked up and down the street looking for something familiar, a Starbucks, a TJ Max, an Old Navy. "Is there a modern store anywhere near here" Kate asked. "Modern is a funny word" Kathryn responded. "We had a small shopping center start up about ten years ago just outside of town. It had a Wal-Mart, a JC Pennies and a Barnes and Noble. After just two years, the Wal-Mart closed, the JC Pennies moved just down the way and most of us found the Reston Book and Music Center adequate for our needs. There is a small Home Depot next to the stockyards, so we have access to modern items, just thank you young lady." Kate was getting a little tired of being yelled at. If JC Pennies or a Target was this town's idea of modern, she had gone back in time. This town was anthropology 101. "I know your Grandpa would not approve" Kathryn said. "But before we hit the town, let's drop in and have a coffee."

Kate nodded and walked into the Reston Coffee Emporium. She was a little surprised how similar it was to the various coffee huts near her home and school in Chicago. “This is just one of several ‘coffee houses’ in Reston” Kathryn pointed out. “They have both brought people together and split them apart. The Reston Coffee Emporium here mostly serves the business crowd and their kids. There is a Dave’s Breakfast Bar near the stockyards that serves the farmers and ranchers. The Black Sheep Coffee Shoppe near the College bookstore mostly serves the local liberals. While the Reston Coffee Hut near the junior college is the meeting spot for most of your generation and those a bit older.” So not all that much different for Chicago, Kate thought. She looked around the room. Most of the coffee drinkers were adults but in the corner were a group of what looked like ‘High School Kids.’ They were on their iPhone and had their computers or iPad online. Next to them was an empty table with two chairs.

Kate walked over to the table and sat down. With Kathryn at the counter, she pulled out her phone and started to call Becky in Chicago. One of the boys at the table next to her leaned over to her. “I did not think you were allowed to speak on those” he said. The boy next to him spoke up. “Well with her shoes and hat she must be one of those City Amish.” “She must be holy horror to her parents” one of the other boys in the group spoke up, “and since when is coffee on the menu.” The rest of his friends smiled a bit. “What’s your problem?” Kate responded. “Oh, and she talks back” the boy said. “This one is never going to be Amish forever. Aren’t you about to be married soon?”

Amish? Married? what are they talking about? Kate thought. "Give her a break," one of the boys in the back spoke up. "She has every right to be here." She looked over at the young man. He could be anyone of the boys in her class in Chicago. He was almost 6 feet tall, blond hair and about 170 lbs. "Aren't you getting all liberal?" the other boy called over. "Well at least she looks good in black."

Except maybe for the boy in the back, the rest were definite Jerks, Kate thought as she looked down at herself. Yes, she was dressed all in black. Even to the cap she had on her head and the sneakers on her feet. Just at that moment another young teenage girl walked into the coffee house. She too was dressed in black from top of her head to the soles of her boots. Her mother was with her, and she was also dressed in black, just an older version of her daughter. She heard the women call over the Kathryn. "I thought I saw you walk in with a young girl and just wanted to make sure it was you." "Betty" Kathryn called back. "It's great to see you. I am here with Bill's Granddaughter. She is here for the summer. And we are trying to show her the town. She is over there at the table next to the windows. Have Margaret go over and sit down. I will get an iced tea for her, and they can talk while we go over to the old folk's section."

Betty thanked the girl behind the counter for the tea, gave it to her daughter and spoke briefly to her. "I know she is next to those 'city kids' but she is here by herself, and it is just good manners not to leave her there by herself." Margaret nodded and went over to the table where Kate was sitting. "Sorry" she said. "But I've been asked to keep you company while my Mother



and your Grandpa's friend discuss old times. My name is Margaret, and we have a farm just over the hill next to your Grandpa's place and the Indian reservation."

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"My God" one of the boys at the table suddenly said. "Now there are two of them, they must be multiplying. Let's get out of here." The kids shut off their phones and got up to leave. "If this continues, we might just have to start our own café" one of the boys said as they walked past the table. As they passed by the table, the young man who had spoken up for Kate, dropped a piece of paper. It simply read, 'Sorry.'

Kate bent over to pick up the piece of paper. "They are not all bad" Margaret said. "The tall one in the back is a friend of my twin brother, Tomas. Well, I do not know if the word friend is correct, but both of them are at the local high school. In fact, my brother Tomas is really smart, I mean really smart and is about to graduate from Reston High. He plans to go to the local junior college this fall. He is planning to be a veterinarian. Richard, the blond boy in the back, is just as smart but tries to hide it a bit. His father is one of the biggest ranchers in the area and to tell the truth is kind of tough on him. I think he is just waiting to get out of town. But I'm sorry, I talk too much. It is one of my weaknesses that my Mom and Dad have tried to correct but I continue to struggle with. By the way, what Amish colony do you come from, I thought I knew all of them in the Midwest, but I have never heard of one where they let us wear caps and sneakers."

“Oh, I am not Amish” Kate blurted out. “I just dress this way. Margaret was taken aback and a little ashamed of speaking so freely.” “Not Amish” she said. “No, I am nothing.” Kate thought how weird that must sound. In fact, her Mom and Dad had not really talked about religion, faith, or anything like that. “Nothing” Margaret responded. “You must believe in something.” Kate turned to Margaret, “well, we all believe in something, maybe just not as structured as you.” In fact, Kate knew little as to what Margaret believed or did not believe. Once, about four years ago, her parents had taken her and Kip to a town called Spring Grove in Southeast Minnesota, about four hours from Chicago. Spring Grove was one of the largest Amish colonies in the United States. In Spring Grove, she felt like an outsider and was glad when they returned to Chicago. Here in Reston, she was sure that Margaret and her family were the outsiders.

“I should have known” Margaret said. “I know that Kathryn is not Amish, and I was never sure what your Grandfather is. It is just that they both have always been kind to me and my family as well as the rest of our colony, so I figured he must be one of those Amish who I call ‘Soft Amish.’ One who has left the colony but who remains at heart one of us. Well again I talk too much, but a word of warning, you may wish to add a bit of color to the outfit, or you are really going to confuse people here. And here people do not like to be confused.”

“OK” Kate said as she took her hat off. Her hair fell down her back almost to her waist. “Well, that is not Amish” Margaret blurted out as Kate turned to look out the window. Margaret continued. “With your hair like that and looking out at whatever you are looking for, you look just like your Grandmother.” “What do you mean, my Grandmother” Kate said, “My

Grandmother is on a boat somewhere in the Mediterranean.” “No, I mean your Dad’s Mom. You look just like the picture I have seen of your Dad’s Mom.” Kate turned white. “What do you mean I look like my Dad’s Mom? She is dead,” Kate said as she turned toward Margaret. “I know” Margaret said. “I did a paper on the explosion in the Indian reservation near the sacred hills where she and your Dad’s sister died. From the photo in the newspaper, your Dad’s mom must have been one of the most beautiful women on the reservation when she married your Grandfather.” “My Grandmother was an Indian” Kate blurted out. “Of course, but so what,” Margaret said. “I hope I haven’t spoken out of turn. But as I said I talk too much.”

“Are you ok, Kate” Kathryn said as she came back to the table. Kate was still too confused and startled to say anything. Margaret’s mother spoke up next “Margaret, I hate to break up your conversation, but we have to pick up your brother, Tomas, at the library. He should almost be done with his research.” “Research” Kate questioned. “Why not just do the work here on the internet?” “Well for one thing” Betty spoke up. “We try to minimize use of modern tools; we believe that for the most part they are not necessary and interfere with who we are and with our goals here on earth. In addition, what Tomas is checking up on is simply too old to be found on the internet. You know all knowledge is not necessarily found online, once there were books.” I have heard that before, Kate thought.

“I know” Kate said. “We don’t even have communication at the farm. All we have is books.” “Oh Well” Kathryn said books have their place.” Margaret turned to Kate, “I am sorry if I bored you. But you are only five miles from my house, just drop over any time. It would be great to have a

friend of mine so close.” If five miles is close this must be near the end of the world. Kate thought. This is going to take some getting used to. As Margaret and her Mother turned to walk toward the library, Kate and Kathryn turned left toward a large neon sign ‘Wilson’s.’ “I guess that’s where I become local” Kate said sarcastically. Kathryn turned, “It’s only four months. You said you wanted to be an actress when you grew up. This is a good chance to start.” Well, Kate thought to herself, in the last twenty-four hours, I have found out that my Dad’s Mom was an American Indian, that she and her daughter (her own Dad’s sister) had died in an explosion almost twenty years ago and that her Grandfather was a noted archeologist who had traveled the world and that his current partner was a noted author who now lived in a small town in South Dakota and that she had given no one the idea that she knew any of this. Kate turned to Kathryn “Going to be an actress? I already am.”

### Chapter 5: Reston II

Grandpa and Kip reached the stockyards just before ten. They parked the Cadillac next to a number of trucks and joined the number of people walking around the pens and towards the bleachers. "What are you doing here today, Bill" Kip heard an older cowboy yell across one of the pens. "I thought you were with Kathryn and your grandkids. "You know that it is impossible to keep anything quiet in this town" Bill replied. "Oh, don't worry. I just spoke to Red Eagle this morning and he said he had met the two youngsters earlier today. Is this one of them?" Bill's friend called back.

"Kip, this is Jeff Clausen, one of my oldest friends. He runs the stockyard and is chairperson of the local ranchers and farmers association. He is also running the weekly rodeo as well as Reston Days at the end of the summer. In short, he is a pretty important person around here." Kip was impressed. He hardly knew anyone who was a pretty important person.

"Oh, don't let your Grandpa fool you" Jeff continued. "Your Grandpa is one of the real pushers and pullers in town. If you ever want to hear the truth about your Dad and your Grandpa well you just come over and ask me some time."

The look on Kip's Grandpa's face said it all and Jeff read every word of it. "Of course," Jeff continued "I really do not have anything to say about them that they have not already told you but feel free to come over to the rodeo pen any time."

Kip continued to look around. Most of the folks entering the grandstand were dressed in jeans, cowboy boots and had different hats, some like Grandpa's were the typical cowboy variety while others were regular hats with sticker on them, John Deere, South Dakota Farmers, SD Truckers Association. As they sat down on the rough wood benches of the Grandstand, he could see several men going over to the side of the pen and start to let several yearling horses out into the pen. "Is this what we are here for" Kip asked his Grandpa. "Yes" he said. "Each week they auction off some of the young horses. You may have seen the horse I have in the pen at the farm. He is a thoroughbred, but he needs a companion to help quiet him down. So, we are here to purchase one."

"Well, I see that I could not keep you away" the man said to Bill as he sat down behind him. He continued speaking, "if we start bidding against each other this could get to be an expensive day." Kip turned around. Behind him, was a man a bit smaller than his Grandpa but with the same demeanor. "Well Jim Wilson, I have not had the pleasure of seeing you here lately" his Grandpa said. Kip had spent enough time around his sister that he was getting used to knowing sarcasm when he heard it. The man behind Bill continued. "Well between the ranch, the oil exploration, and the businesses downtown, I have been keeping pretty busy. Still, with the Reston days coming up at the end of the summer, I have to make sure that you do not steal one of these young runners out from beneath my eyes."

“Well,” Bill said, “I doubt if that would happen. I am sure that you have a good sense of when to show up and when not to. In any event, it is just a race Jim; it is not like it is the end of the world. I have just gotten lucky the past two years. You won it the previous four.”

“And I will this year, Bill. I still have the best breeder in the county, and I suspect I have the best bunch of young studs too.” Kip tugged at his Grandpa’s shirt. They were starting to bring the horses out into the pen and parade them in front of the grandstand. After the five yearlings were walked around the pen, each one was brought up separately to the front of the grandstand, and a middle-aged man started to ask for bids. He started at \$100 but as various men raised their hands the price soon rose to over \$800. “Keep your hands in your pockets.” Kip’s Grandfather said. “I will tell you when you can raise your hand.” The first four horses sold quickly, and Jim Wilson bought two of them. The fifth, the last horse left in the pen, was the smallest of the five.

Kip and his Grandpa could hear Jim on the phone behind them. “This deal is too big for you to back out now. If you have to meet them at the airport just do it. You are not going to screw up the last four years of hard work.” “You are a real doer,” Bill said as he turned to Jim. “You don’t know how much,” Jim answered as he got up to go. “Well, I’ve done my work” he said. “The only one left is worth what it will get at the slaughterhouse. It’s yours if you want it” and he left.

The bidding started at \$100, just like the others, but it stalled quickly. At \$200, Bill turned to Kip and asked him to raise his hand. Kip stood up and his Grandpa put his hand on his leg, “No” he

said, “just raise your hand, I will make sure they see you.” Kip raised his hand and saw the auctioneer point toward him. \$200 to the young boy in the fifth row. \$200 going once, \$200 going twice, \$200 going for the third and last time. Sold to the young man in the fifth row. – “There you are boy” the auctioneer said, “You have a find horse. Treat him well.”

“Is he really mine, Grandpa,” Kip could hardly keep his excitement. He had never really owned anything by himself before. To his parents he had always viewed himself as kind of an afterthought. Kate was the really smart one. “Is he really mine?” Kip asked again. “Yes, he is” his Grandpa said. “But we will have to keep him out at the farm, I doubt that he would fit in South Side Chicago, but he is yours forever and ever. I have to go over to Jim to finish up some paperwork, you can go down to the pen over there and take a look at your horse. I will be back in about five minutes. Don’t disappear.”

Kip’s Grandpa left and Kip jumped down the rows of benches and walked over to where they were keeping the horses. He walked over to the pen and stood up on the railings. The horses seemed big from a distance and up close he could really see how large they were. “They are big aren’t they?” Kip heard a voice from behind him. It was Red Eagle, Grandpa’s friend from the farm. “Your Grandpa asked that I bring the truck and the horse trailer down to the stockyard this morning. I guess he must have thought he would need it. Which one is ours” Red Eagle asked. “Which one is mine, you mean” Kip countered. “Grandpa said it was mine forever.” “Well, these are wild horses” Red Eagle answered. “I don’t know if they ever become anyone’s.



They are a bit skittish and to tell you the truth a little mean. They can take quite a while to tame.”

Just then, Kip’s horse began to act up. He was, of course, the smallest and one of the larger horses had tried to push him away from one of the watering barrels. Kip jumped off the top rail before Red Eagle could respond. He was about to run over to the two horses and put himself between the two animals but when one of the men in the pen opened up one of the shuts and his horse moved quickly to the gate.

“Be careful” Red Eagle yelled. “If anything happens to you like it almost did to your Dad, your Grandpa would kill me. Aren’t you afraid? “

“Afraid?” Kip responded. “Afraid of what?” “Of the horses of course” Red Eagle said as they walked over to the pen where Kip’s horse was now kept. Kip walked up to the horse. Red Eagle was taken aback. Kip showed no fear and the horse seemed to sense it. Red Eagle walked over to Kip and the horse. “Amazing” Red Eagle said. “I see few people so comfortable around horses. You are a natural. You show no fear.”

“Fear” Kip responded. “Be a short, small white guy in South Chicago. You learned to handle fear.” Red Eagle was taken aback. There is certainly more to this boy than he first thought.

“What do you want to call him? Red Eagle said. “Oh, I don’t know” Kip said, “but he was certainly first to the gate before all the other horses. Why don’t we just call him ‘Faster’.”

“Well, I have never heard a horse called that before, but I think it’s a great name. Let’s go, I have to get ‘Faster’ home before the evening and get him bedded down. You know that since he is yours you will have to get up at 6AM every morning to help feed him and clean out his stall as well as start to train him.” Kip nodded his head, but he was not really listening. He had a horse, his horse, this was going to be a great summer.

Kip and Red Eagle saw Kip’s Grandpa coming toward them. “Well, I see you have introduced yourselves already. Red Eagle will take care of your horse” Grandpa said. “Faster” Kip responded. “His name is Faster.” Grandpa looked a little surprised “Ok Faster it is. Let’s get in the car we still have a lot more to do today.” More, Kip thought. In truth, it just didn’t matter.

### Chapter 6: The Dig

It had been almost a week since Dave and Karen had sent their kids off to Reston. “This is it” Karen said as she turned to her husband as they exited the plane and walked toward the baggage claim. “I know, but you’ve been in this airport before” Dave responded. “No, I meant this is it. We find an answer this summer or it is over. No more climbing rocks, crawling down holes, no more weeks away from my kids.” Dave took one look at his wife, and just nodded. “They must be downstairs” Dave said. “Tom and Tess said they would meet us when we landed so I am sure that they are waiting for us near the baggage section.” Tom and Tess Wilson had come into Dave and Karen’s life four years previously when they received an unexpected phone call. The call was from a Tom Wilson. Tom’s Grandparents had homesteaded the area around Albuquerque and to put it bluntly had made a lot of money. Some of it legally and some of it, people would say today, on the backs of the locals. Whatever the story, Tom owned most of the land between Belin and the hills to the east. In addition, he was the biggest shareholder in the major oil refineries outside of town. As they would say in the Southwest, Tom was a Mover and a Shaker. Tess cared for Tom, but she was different from her husband, Tom. Tess was the same age as Karen and took care of their ranch and their kids who were the ages of Kate and Kip. Tess was a local but again as some of her husband’s friends might say, a local with a little too much local in her. If she turned a certain way it was difficult to tell which side of the Rio Grande her ancestors came from.

“There they are” Dave said as he saw Tom and Tess across the baggage claim area. “Thanks for showing up” Dave continued, “it is always nice having someone you know to help you after a long trip.” “We rented a house for you near the dig this year” Tom began. “I know you have roughed it in tents for the past three years, but we thought as we are getting so close to where we think the clan or tribe would have built their settlement, that making it a little easier on you might allow you to spend more of your time at the dig.” “The dig is what we are here for” Dave replied.

“Slow Down” Tess said. “We can put off work for at least one night. Tonight, you are having dinner and staying with us. I have already hired someone to look after the kids, so we can spend some quality time together.” “Quality time” Karen thought. Karen had nothing against Tess. She was a good mother from what she could tell and living with Tom could not be easy. Karen simply did not trust Tom. Dave was just too trusting. Maybe that was the result of working in a University where everything comes for free. Dave always said that the next best thing to inherited wealth was a tenured position at a major university. As for her, there was money in the family, but she would just never see it. Her parents were fixed on spending every last dime of her grandparents’ inheritance. She lived in a different world than Dave. The world of get grants or get lost.

She loved her husband, but sooner or later he would have to make a choice. Between the two of them, they just did not make enough money to take off every summer to search for the lost city of early American nomads. She had been offered an executive position at the Museum, and

unless they found something this year that led to some committed funds for the future, she was going to take it. Karen was even suspicious of Tom's support for this dig. Why her and Dave? OK, they had written a book on Alternative American ancestors, but there were more famous people. While she hated to say it, what of Dave's own father. She realized that he had been out of the business for well over twenty years, but he was the original supporter of the "Multi-American" alternative to who was here first. More importantly, why would Tom, with more money than anyone could spend in a lifetime, decide to spend almost a million of it on two academics looking up skulls? He just did not seem like the type to fund other individual's dreams.

"This is a great car" Dave said. "What is it?" "It's a Porsche SUV Hybrid" Tom replied. "It could take you anywhere." "But mostly to Wholefoods and the country club" Tess replied. "So, I guess there has been very little progress on the dig since we left last year" Dave questioned.

"No on the contrary" Tom said. "I just received a report from Joaquim that they have run into a top layer of stone foundations next to the arroyo. Given the date of the surrounding geography the encampment must be at least 10,000 years old. As important, they are finding a number of new implements that are not local. They are made, if he is correct, from certain animals that only inhabited the northern parts of America near Montana and the Dakotas at that time. They certainly were not in Asia, and it is unlikely that the American who first inhabited American took a side trip to Bismarck before heading south to New Mexico."

Dave was encouraged. If this was true this would support the previous work of his father that the central parts of America were settled European ancestors who inhabited southern Europe at the end of the last ice age but who at the end of the last Ice age somehow reached America. When the ice receded and the water rose, their coastal villages would have been submerged. Dave's father surmised that when they had to leave, they went west through what is now known as the Great Lakes and settled in the upper great plains. His father had discovered remnants of an early migrant people in the caves of the hills near his childhood home in South Dakota. Some of the pottery he had found also suggested that at some time they must have migrated south to the hills above the Rio Grande and then returned to the northern hunting grounds. The discoveries were, however, near the sacred lands on the west of his ranch. While no one took his father seriously, his father kept searching for an answer. The answer, Dave's father thought, had to be related to the very Indians in the land next to this farm. The Indians on the local reservation called themselves the descendants of the "White Bear" and in their stories they traced their ancestors from the beginning of time. They had stories of a great ocean and of a land south where the gods walk the earth leaving their footprints behind. This Dave's father had believed was the Atlantic Ocean where they first settled and the land where the Gods walked were stories of the Grand Canyon.

Dave took his Father's beliefs seriously. Dave has begun looking into this area above Albuquerque. They had primarily looked in the area just East of Taos near a plateau on which, according to current scholars, lived the longest continuous settled community in the Americas. The community was named Oraibi is now a Hopi village in Navajo County. It is also known as

Orayvi by the native inhabitants and is located on Third Mesa on the Hopi Reservation near Kykotsmovi Village. This tribal area had been in existence from about 1100 BC. In their oral history the local Indian population there often spoke of people who came each year and then left just as mysteriously. They call these people the 'pale Indians' and for some they were the source of the legends that someday 'white men' would come and battle their ancestors. But archaeological digs take money. People don't let you just trespass on their land for nothing. Dave had spent every last cent of the "Donner Prize" to get the local landowners at the current dig near the local Indian reservation near Taos to give him the land rights to anything thirty feet deep in an area almost 2 miles by 3 miles. He had an option on even more land to the south and west, but that option was coming to an end this summer. But when just three years ago Tom Wilson had called and was even willing to fund a new archeological dig for four years to the tune of ½ million each year, Dave had to answer yes. Tom said he had heard of his work from his Father Jim Wilson who lived in Reston, South Dakota and had talked with Dave's Father about Dave's archeological digs. All Tom wanted was an equal share of the glory as well as future potential land rights which could be purchased at the end of this summer. It was a little surprising therefore that after Tom had paid to keep the search going in Taos that later that summer he suggested that they concentrate their time on this new site outside of Albuquerque. Even more surprising the site began to deliver. But this was the last year and if nothing came up, he was back to square one. In short, Dave knew Karen was right, this was it.

"Well, I guess one night will not make much difference" Dave said. As Tom and Tess drove up the long driveway to their home in the hills above Albuquerque, Dave and Karen took deep

breaths. They had not seen the home before. The house was something out of Architectural Digest. In fact, it had been covered in the magazine in one of the past issues. Inside on the walls and in some locked cases, were the results of some of their earlier finds. Dave and Karen dropped their baggage in the guest room to the right of the entry. They had never been invited to Tom and Tess's house during the past years. In each of the past years they stayed at the dig site. When they needed a day off, they simply drove to the nearest town and stayed the weekend at the local motor inn. They had even got to know the locals in the dig area. But one night should not make a difference and a night's rest before going to the sight might make sense. They showered, got dressed and proceeded to go downstairs for dinner. The dinner featured the best of the local cuisine, but the conversation soon went to the dig. "Is Joaquim and his team at the sight tonight" Dave asked. "I don't know" Tom responded. Dave continued, "it is just, that if these finds are what he thinks they may be, I am a little surprised that he did not contact me directly. I could have flown down to authenticate what he had found, and Karen has the tools in Chicago to date their age and authenticity."

"Remember, Dave" Tom interjected. "Joaquim works for me. While you and Karen are up there in Chicago, doing what you do, I am down here overseeing not only my own business but our dig as well." "In truth Tom" Dave replied. "I thought it was my dig, I mean mine and Karen" Dave replied. Tess jumped in, "now simmer down, this is not the time to determine who is first or second."



Tess turned to Karen, "How are your kids" Tess asked. "Are they spending the summer with your parents as usual?" "There h fine" Karen replied, "except this year they are staying with Dave's father in Reston South Dakota." "How have they found it so far" Tess asked. "Well in fact, Dave has spoken to them, but I have not had a chance to talk to them. I am sure that I will have a chance tomorrow." In fact, Karen was a little upset with Dave for putting down the phone when Kate had called the previous week. Kate was now almost 15 and Kip was going to turn 13 soon. They seemed to grow up so fast, and Karen felt more and more estranged from them, especially Kate. Soon she would be in and out of high school and off to college and then what. More and more, Karen felt that she had simply not made the right choices over the past four years. "I am sure they are having a great time," Tess jumped in. "What young kids would not? I mean out there on a farm with all that activity." "Well, our kids would, I am sure of it" Tom said. "Albuquerque is getting a little too city these days. I don't know if our kids have even seen a cow." "It's been a long day" Karen interjected. "If we are going to get up early and check out the site and talk to Joaquim we should get to bed. Thanks for the dinner and letting us stay the night."

Morning arrived at about 5 AM, as Karen and Dave went downstairs to make some breakfast. Dave's years on a farm and Karen's years of getting up early for riding lessons and the like had made them early risers. They were a little surprised to see Tess up and making coffee. "I thought you might want something more than some cold bagels" Tess said. "Tom has already left for work. He is really busy these days trying to grow the businesses related to the refinery." "I hope everything is OK" Karen asked. "Who knows with Tom" Tess replied. "This whole oil, gas

and refinery business is increasingly crazy, with government greens, and the like. Well, Dave, you must understand, with all those oil and gas problems up there in Reston.” Dave turned around from making the coffee. “In fact, I don’t.” “You must” Tess replied. “You talk to your father, right. From what Tom says, the initial explorations up there indicate there is a ton of that stuff just sitting under those hills next to your dad’s ranch down to the reservation” “Well in fact” Dave said, “My Dad and I don’t talk much.”

“Well, that’s too bad” Tess replied. “I lost my parents when I was young. In fact, I was raised by my aunt and uncle, just east of where the dig is. If you ever have time, you might want to drop over and say Hi or I can come over sometime, pick you up, and introduce them to you.” “That would be great” Karen chimed in, “but for now we have to get going, we only have so much time and we really do have to get to the dig.” “Ok, Tom took the SUV, but here are the keys to my car. Just take it out to the dig or to your trailer. When Tom comes back tonight he can drive me out to the dig in the morning and I can pick it up.”

The drive to the dig was uneventful. Past the adobe houses to the adobe huts until there was nothing but acres of brown grass and dirt. ‘How is it that anyone would settle here?’ Dave said. “Even for a nomadic tribe I just don’t see it, but facts are facts and if what Joaquim has found is really authentic, we have our answer.”

“Sometimes don’t wish for too much” Karen interjected. “Things have a way of just playing out. If it is less than what you hoped for, it is not the end.” “You don’t know” Dave shot back. “You

did not have a famous father who gave it all up to marry an Indian woman in the middle of nowhere. A mother who cared more for her tribe than for you and then gets herself killed with your sister when you are only just a teenager. As for me, this is the end, the end of all those years of my father trying to make it up to me for sending out my mother to check out his dig and to have her take my sister. Once this is done, I can finally end it with my Dad. I would have proved what he could not, and I can move on.”

Karen had heard this before, but just once too often. “Dave, just grow up” she answered and turned toward the window. When they arrived at the dig, they were surprised to see Joaquim and Tom near the primary dig area. “Your wife said you were at the refinery” Karen said. “Oh, it is just down the way as you know, so I thought I would stop by and see what Joaquim had dug up today. Take a look.”

Karen and Dave walked over and stood over the table with the artifacts neatly laid out in rows. Each one was tagged with a number representing where it was found during the dig. Dave picked up each piece, turned it over and examined it. “They certainly looked as if they belonged to the period in question.” The shards of pottery were consistent with the types made during that period. More importantly, the bones were not similar to any of the local animals known to frequent the area 10,000 years ago. In fact, this was Karen’s area of expertise, but it certainly looked good. Karen stepped in front of Dave and Tom and took a closer look. She picked up several of the bone fragments, turned them over in her hand. “Well bones are bones until we can look at them in greater detail, but they certainly seem like they are consistent with the

Great Bears of the upper north central plains. If they are, someone is going to have to have a great story on how they got here. But before I say anything further, perhaps we should drop our stuff off at the house, get the gear I need and come back here and do the proper tests.”

“Of course,” Tom said. “I need to get to the refinery, and you need to get onto your work. I will stop by later tonight. The house is just a half a mile down the dirt road. Well in fact it is a little more like a ‘trailer house” but it is certainly better than what you were used to her at the dig. Here is the key” Tom got into the SUV and took off, while Dave and Karen started to walk to Tess’s Chevy.” “I can’t see anything but positives” Dave said as they got into the car. Karen kept nodding. As they drove off, Dave turned to Karen, “What’s wrong” I thought you would be excited. This is it. If they are real we are in.” “Oh, they are real” Karen replied, “Only they are not from here” “What” “Now don’t get mad” Karen said, “I just do things a little different from you. Whenever, I find a bone, I use a small laser pen to put the date, time, and place where I find it. I generally put it back on the ground if I do not have the time to bag it and tag it. That way when I go back or if we dig up the area for sifting and I find the piece again, I know where I had located it previously.” “Ok” Dave said, “a little unorthodox but passable. So, what is the problem?” “These pieces of bone are not from this site they are from our site near Taos” Kathryn went on to explain. “When I looked at them, I put on the glasses which pick out the laser date. Someone got this from our other dig, brought it down here and is trying to pass it off as local to this area.” “Someone has a lot of explaining to do.”

Dave parked the car in front of the trailer. They exited the car and walked toward the trailer. The inside was not that much different from the tents they were used to. They put down their baggage and sat down at the table. "I just don't understand it" Dave continued. "Well, what should we do? Obviously, Tom is up to something. But why go through all the effort of funding the exploration and then salt this area with finds from an area that looks like it was the true site from the very beginning." "That must be the secret. We need to find out why. But as important, we need to get back to Taos and check over the old site and find out where Joaquim found these relics." But before he could continue he heard something outside the door of the trailer.

### Chapter 7: Reston III

It had been several days since they had brought back 'Faster' to the barn and Kip had spent the next several days working on an alternative form of transportation, a bike. He had spent the previous day cleaning the frame, oiling the gears, and checking the tires for pressure. Red Eagle had walked in on him as he worked on the bike. "That was your Dad's old Bike" Red Eagle said. "It may look a little dated but with all the dirt roads in the county most kids your age still use them. The new bikes with their thin tires just don't work out here on the dirt roads." "That's ok" Kip answered. "It is just the right size for me and I have to start somewhere." "Well, here is

the good point” Red Eagle answered. “That bike is solid and will hold up well in these hills.”

“Well, that is where I am going today.” “Be careful” Red Eagle called out as he left the building.

“There are a lot of caves in those hills and in the past, we have even lost a young brave in the caves during the test.” “What test?” Kip asked. “Each year when a young brave turns thirteen, he must go to the sacred ground in the hills. He must spend at least one night in one of the caves that dot the hills. In the cave he must pray to his ancestors that he remains true to his tribe. Unfortunately, some young braves are a little too brave or foolish and have attempted to go farther down the caves than is wise and some have not returned” Red Eagle explained.

“Well, I don’t have to pass any test and I have to be back at noon to look after Faster. I will see you then” Kip called back as he set off on his bike.

It took Kip only twenty-five minutes to follow the dirt road the two miles or so to bottom of the range of hills that separated his grandfather’s farm and the Indian reservation. While the hills were legally held by his Grandfather, his Grandfather and never placed any restrictions on the use of the land by those on the reservation. Kip got off his bike, placed it next to a large boulder at the bottom of the hill and started to walk up a warn path from the dirt road up the hillside. The path rose quickly and soon separated into several different footpaths. Kip took the one less traveled and soon found himself at the base of a sharp rock cliff. About thirty feet up the rock face, Kip thought he could make out a small opening in the face of the rock. He also noticed a set of notches which ran from the bottom of the rock face to the opening. He started to crawl up the rock face, until he heard a voice coming out of the cave. “Stay down there” the voice called out. Kip saw the face of a young Indian come out of the opening. “You can’t come up

here unless you belong to the tribe” he said. “I don’t mean anything” Kip called back. “I just came up from my Grandfather’s farm, he said it was ok.”

The boy came out of the cave and walked himself down the hill to where Kip stood. “So, your Mr. Emery’s grandson” the boy said. “My brother is WC and he said had met Bill Emery’s two grandkids. Welcome to the Rez, I’m known as Dennis outside of the reservation and as DW on the Rez.”

“I’m Kip both on and off the Rez. What are you doing up in the cave?” Kip questioned. “Oh, this is part of our heritage. When you turn 13, you have to come out to these hills and spend at least three days alone.” I found this little cave to give me some shelter” DW continued.

“Can I look?” Kip asked. “No” DW replied. “Maybe afterwards but if anyone found out that I broke the silence I would have to start over. So don’t tell anyone we met.”

“Don’t worry” Kip replied. “I can keep my mouth shut (as he thought of his friends in Chicago), but no one ever listens to me anyway.”

“I will walk you down the hill” WC said. “Until you know these paths, it is easy to get lost.”

When they reached the bottom of the hill, Kip let out a yell. “The tires on the bike are flat. I guess I did not put the tubes on right. It is a pretty old bike and I kind of had to get it up without a lot of instructions.”

“It looks like a great bike to me” DC said. “I still have to walk or run wherever I want to go.”

“Same here” Kip replied. “In the city I have to run or walk when I want to go anywhere.”

“Well, let’s us see how fast you are. You can come back later with your Grandpa to pick up the bike” DC called back as he took off running down the road toward the farm.

Kip was not ready for this, and DC was almost 25 yards in front of him before he took off after him. But by about ½ mile he had already caught up to DC. Kip had not run since he had come to the farm almost ten days ago, and he was fresh and felt like he could run forever. When DC looked back to see how far Kip was back, he almost tripped when he saw Kip within five yards. But Kip was not behind for long. Kip just kicked it into another gear and by the end of the first mile he was 50 yards ahead of DC. By the end of the second mile, he could see his grandfather’s farm and he stopped and turned around to see where DC was. He could barely see him. When DC caught up, he turned to Kip. “You did not tell him how fast you were or how far you could run. I am one of the fastest boys on the Rez, and I am nowhere nearly as fast as you. Are you sure you do not have some Indian in you?”



“Not unless I am one of those Chicago Indians that no one has heard of” Kip joked. “You better get back to your cave before anyone sees you” Kip reminded DC. “I have to get back to the farm and workout my horse.” “You have a horse? DC questioned. “My grandfather got me one when I first came here. He is pretty small but at least he’s mine” Kip continued. “When you are done with your period of silence come down to the farm and I can show you ‘Faster’.” DC nodded and headed back towards the hills. Kip turned and took off toward the farm. DC looked back as he saw Kip take off. DC thought, that is one crazy white guy but he sure is fast.

Kip made it back to the farm about Noon, just in time to see his grandfather walking out to the pen where Faster was walking. He ran up to his grandfather. “What do I have to do” Kip asked. “Well, this may be a lot more than you expected, but let’s get to it. Faster has to be walked every day. He has never been trained to a halter or bit and is certainly not used to having a human around her, so this is the best way to get her accustomed to being around you.” His grandfather took Kip into the barn and gave him a small rope halter with a six-foot corded leather lead connected to it. “This should do.” His Grandfather said and they walked out of the barn door together and walked toward Faster. Faster of course, had enough with humans the last several days, and the last thing he wanted was to be led around in circles on the end of a rope, but the look in Kip’s Grandfathers eye’s convinced Faster that there was no other choice but to go along. Within five minutes, Bill had Faster trotting around the pen. “Well, he is yours now,” Bill said to Kip as he handed him the walking lead. Just let him know who is boss and all will be well.” “OK” Kip responded “but who is going to tell him.”

“Well, what are you doing today,” Kathryn said to Kate as she took some eggs out of the skillet on the stove and put them on her plate in the kitchen..” “I don’t know,” Kate replied. “I thought I would just walk around the farm a bit and get a fix on what it takes to run this place.” “Now hold it young lady,” Grandpa replied. “I hope you are not thinking of taking over the place.” What a funny thing for her Grandfather to say, Kate thought. While she had only been there a short time, she felt more and more like home. She had even started to write again in her journal. Her journal, Kate thought. I think I must have left it on the table on the Porch. “Sorry, Grandpa” she said. “I have to run.”

As she ran out the door and looked onto the table, she failed to see her notebook. “Is this what you are looking for” Kathryn said as she held the notebook in her hand. “You are not supposed to be looking at that,” Kate yelled at Kathryn. “It’s mine.” I am sure it is but take it from me, you are not the only young women who has felt these things or was unsure of what she was or where she intended to go. You have some real talent with words” Kathryn continued. “and I know. But don’t try to use them to hide, use them to uncover yourself.” “It is just that life seems so mixed up” Kate started crying. “I feel that I am completely lost, and I have really no one to talk to.” “Well, I am always here and that while I can never answer all of your questions, you should never feel that you are alone.” Kate went up to Kathryn and gave her a big hug. “Well, here is your book back and I have a little surprise that you can add to your writing.” “A surprise. I am not sure if I can use any new surprises” “Well in your note book I did see that you did have a special friend, once.” Kate looked confused. “I do not know what you are talking about.” “Well,” Kathryn continued, ‘one of my dogs at my ranch just had a litter a couple of

months ago. I have given most of them away, except for, .... Well wait a moment.” Kathryn walked back into the house and returned with a small white lab pup about six months old. “It is the runt of the litter, and it needs a home. I know that it can never replace your own dog, but this little one needs a home and perhaps you two can learn a little from each other right here on the ranch.” Kate took a look at the little dog. It was just like her old dog except this one was a girl and smaller and it had a black circle around one of its eyes. “Is it really mine?” Kate asked. “It is yours,” Kathryn replied. “but be careful, it doesn’t even have a name yet.” Kate took the little dog into her arms and started to cry. “What do you think you will call her?” Kathryn asked. “Well, every girl has to feel special and to come across as a little different, so I think I will call her Blacky.” Kate answered. “Then Blacky it is,” Kathryn said as she went back into the house. “If nothing else I understand dogs are good listeners and she might even be willing to hear some of your stories. I know mine did when I was growing up.” Kate put Blacky on the porch floor. “Well, what do you want to do now” Kate said as she looked directly into the little pup’s eye. I guess I might as well get you acquainted with the farm. Kate noticed that Kathryn had left a small collar and a leash on the table next to the chair she was sitting in. “let’s see how these fits and let’s go for a walk.” As Kate headed down the porch stairs with Blacky in tow and out toward the barn. The two seemed perfect for one another.

As Kate and Blacky came to the fence in the horse’s ring, they saw Kip next to the smaller horse. “Well so that is Faster. He looks great and you sure look as if, you are starting to fit in.” Kip turned around to see Kate standing on one of the rails next to the gate which opened into the pen. “Hi Sis and yes he is great, and he is all mine” he responded. “One thing for sure, it is

certainly different from South Chicago. Do you think Mom and Dad will let me keep him in the back yard?" "One can always dream" Kate responded. "What is that on the end of your leash" Kip asked. "It seems a little smaller than Faster" "Oh" Kate looked down at Blacky. "Well, if you have new friend, I guess I deserved one too. Blacky let me introduce you to Kip and Faster. Faster is the smarter one." Kate suddenly felt a little embarrassed for making fun of her brother. "I am sorry I have been a little distant for the last year or so" Kate said to Kip. "It was a little over a year, I think." Kip replied. As soon as Kip said it, he felt bad. "No, you were always there for me, with Dad and Mom gone so much. In truth, I don't know how other brothers and sisters are supposed to interact. I always felt you had my back and I had yours." Kate looked at Kip. He is a lot bigger than he looks, Kate thought.

Just then Bill came out of the barn, "Ok you too, get back to chores "Kip has to get use to Faster and Faster has to get use to Kip. The same I suspect goes for you young lady and your new friend. Remember heavy is the weight of new-found responsibilities." Bill said as he turned and went back toward the barn Kate suddenly had a "vision" of the barn door swinging open, hitting her Grandfather and a horse bolting into the pen. "Get out of the way of the barn door" she yelled out. "Her Grandfather was startled but stepped back, just in time to avoid the door swinging into the paddock and a large Black Horse charging toward Faster. "Hold it Thunder" he called out, and the large horse halted. Bill ran over to the horse and the Horse quieted down. "I do know how he got loose or why he charged out into the pen, but thanks for the warning." Her Grandfather said. "Without your warning, I would be on the ground and a lot worse for it. But how did you know." "I don't know" Kate responded. "Sometimes, I just seem to see things." Bill

looked at her. She certainly looked like her Grandmother and maybe she had some of the ‘gifts of seeing” that his wife had but this was not the time or the place to bring it up, he thought.

“Well just thanks” he said.

### Chapter 8: Mexico

As they turned around, Dave and Karen saw Tom outside the door of their trailer. “I stopped by to make sure all was well. Things look a little complicated don’t they? You obviously are looking for a few answers.” “A few answers, I want all the answers” Dave said forcefully. “You know, Dave, most of my resources come from natural gas and oil refineries. There has been no new refinery built here in over thirty years and the only one with a current permit is mine. But I need the land to put it on.” Dave and Karen were taken aback. “I thought this was about understanding the past rather than destroying the present” Dave replied. Karen was even more direct.” Let me get this straight you have supported our efforts for the past three years as you attempted to gain permits for expanding your refinery south of town. Ok I understand, but a refinery without gas and oil is an empty one. Where did you expect to get the rights to gas or oil? The only pipelines are north of the city and to reach your refinery they would have to go through.” It suddenly became clear to both of them. Dave and Karen’s land near Taos had permits for digging rights for exactly the area between the plots of land controlled by Wilson. As part of their contract with Tom. Dave had signed over co-ownership of the digging permit. Under the rights of the permit, Tom had been conducting tests on various land sections to insure the usability of the land for the pipeline. He knew that Dave and Karen had digging rights and he needed those digging rights if the refinery project was to move forward.

“Sorry Dave” Tom said. “I know how much this means to you and Karen but this means a lot to local residents.” “You mean ripping up the land of their ancestors so you can own more land

and a bigger house means a lot to local residents.” Karen yelled back. Tom turned to Dave and Karen, “you never get it did you, you, or your father. The land in South Dakota near your Dad’s ranch holds some of the largest gas and oil reserves in all of North America. Twenty years ago, when your Dad was conducting his searches he came upon evidence of an Indian tribe which was on the land outside of Reston after the end of the ice age. Much of that evidence was in the caves between his land and the local Indian reservation. The explosion which took your mother’s life and that of your sister was an accident. Jim Wilson, my father was blasting to trace out the oil and gas deposits in the area. Your Mother and sister were merely in the wrong place at the wrong time. Never mind, over the past twenty years we have gained mineral and land rights to most of the land in the area. We have testing rights in the hills just north of your dad’s land. Once we have finished our blasting no one will ever be able to determine if or when the Indian tribes lived in those hills. Oil will flow from Reston to the southern connections near Sioux Falls, down through Kansas and Oklahoma to our refinery. Consider it a modern-day migration of the best in South Dakota to Mexico just like your Alternative Americans.”

“But why have us as part of this plan. Dave asked.

“Well, we had little choice. You are at the center of the plan. You are the sole survivor of your Dad’s family. If you meet an unfortunate end there is no one else in line and the land goes up for sale” Tom explained.

“No there is Kate and Kip and my father will never accept two accidents.” Dave said.

“No but he and your kids may have their own accident. Just like your Mom and sister who were searching for artifacts when their accident happened. Consider it the Emery curse.”

“You will never get away with it” Dave yelled back.

“Oh yes we will. Down here it is simple. We will simply explain that you went back to your old site to clean it out. There are many caves there and, well an accident is an accident” Tom stated matter-of-factly. Dave went after Tom, but at that moment Joaquim came up the driveway. In his right hand he held Tom’s handgun. “You may be good archeologists, but you have a lot to learn about life, however short that one will be for you” Tom said as he walked toward the SUV. He turned to Joaquim, “Get them into their car. We have some driving to do.”

Tom tied up both Dave and Karen and duct taped their mouths. “Joaquim put them in the back of their car and take them to the dig near Taos. I have to make up a story and some evidence that they had to go back to the original digs to close it down and had to use your truck. I will have Joseph come up to the old site and pick you up there and drive you back.”

As Joaquim put them in the car he took off the duct tape. One cannot find the bodies with duct tape over their mouths’ Joaquim continued. “Where do you think they are taking us?” Karen turned to Dave. “Wherever it is it is a long way from Albuquerque. We must have been on the road for well over three hours” “You two keep quiet” Joaquim yelled as he turned toward the



couple in the back seat.” This was all so well planned out” then you two get smart. “Get smart about what?” Dave replied. “You know Joaquim” Karen said. “You are getting way over your head here.” “Why are you taking orders from Tom? He simply cannot be trusted.” “And why should I trust you?” Joaquim replied. “For a year I worked for you, helped you dig my ancestors’ bones and for what? Nothing Tom at least offered me some return for my hard work. Now shut up we are almost there.”

The car came to a halt and Joaquim put his gun in Karen’s back. “You two come this way. You can yell all you want but no one is going to hear you.” “Why take us back here” Dave asked. “If you do anything to us, this is going to be the first place someone would come looking.” “That’s the point” Joaquim replied. “We expect to have someone come looking for you. In fact, you two just wanted to take a look at the original excavation to make sure that there would be no question that the finds outside Albuquerque were one of a kind. You said it might be a couple of weeks before you returned. So, we were never concerned until that time went by. By the time we came up here – well it was too late.”

### Chapter 9: The Past

Evan was worried. Each year the number of fish off the coast was diminishing. Each year he had to head farther up the coast to find the cod his family and that of the clan lived off of. His tribe had lived in the caves off the coast for as long as he and his tribe could remember. A few other tribes in the area were primarily fisherman but other tribes in the hills were natural hunters. They had lived in peace for the past generations. He often traded his fish for the hides and animal bones the hunters had collected. Animal bones were used to make fishhooks. The hides were used both for clothing and to create the boats he and his tribe used to venture out into the oceans. But with the reduced fish there was less available for barter. While Evan had no idea, the warming weather was driving the fish farther north along with the cooler water and was also affecting the local hunters. The larger animals were also heading north and increasingly other tribes from the South were coming into the territory. Tensions were rising between the tribes and he would have to act soon.

Evan had been thinking of moving the camp for several weeks. His youngest daughter had been raised by the 'God Women' of the tribe. The God Women was the wisest women of the tribe. All past knowledge as to herbs, medicine, food preparation was kept by her and it was believed by the rest of his tribe that she could see both into the past and into the future. Evan believed this was false. Still false hope is better than none. But his daughter, Rea, sometimes scared him. She was just entering childbearing years. In the past year, she began to tell him her dreams. In one she saw his boat coming apart as it was dragged out by one of the fish he had just speared.

Two days later he caught a fish similar to the one in her dreams and as it turned to the ocean, he cut the line just to be sure. She also told him her other dreams. Dreams of hunters attacking the village, Dreams of voyages north, Dreams of a new land.

From that day he moved the camp just yards from the beach. The dogs gave the first warning just as he had brought his hide covered boat on shore. From the beach he could see about ten men on top of the crags above his village. He saw one of men with a large pole trying to dislodge one of the boulders at the top of the rock outcropping. Evan yelled to his brother, "Barth get the tribe into the boats." Barth turned toward his brother just before the first rock came loose from above and started the rockslide toward the village. Evan's tribe numbered almost twenty. He and his brother were the primary tribal leaders but there were three other men in their twenties. There were three younger men in their teens as well as two girls just coming into childbearing years. Evan also had two younger children under ten, a boy and a girl. He had lost his female mate last year in childbirth. The young female was taken by another woman who had just given birth and the other two huts had a total of five under the age of ten. But the young tribe was no match for the men on the hill who were just starting to run down the hill toward the village.

"Run to the boats," Barth yelled to his fellow tribesmen. Each hut had a boat and each boat could hold about five people. The boats were about sixteen feet long and 4 feet wide. They were of use primarily to fish but only in the bays up and down the coast. The boats had no rudder or keel but with poles lashed to the boats and a log connecting the two poles, the boats

were remarkable stable. At least they were good enough for the purpose. Evan and his fellow fishermen usually just went out with the tide, paddled to the bays protected from the ocean's waves, and then used the tide to get back to shore. The boats were basically whale ribs from dead whales found on the beach with animal hides stretched across the ribs. Pine pitch was used to seal the parts where the hides were sewn together. The paddles were basically poles which were used to push the boats out to sea.

"Don't pick anything up. Just get to the boats" Evan called out. For the tribe it was fortunate that most of the huts were no more than thirty yards from the high-water mark. Evan's boat filled up first. Ivan, one of the younger men in the tribe, and his mate started to pole the boat out to sea. In short time, three other boats were twenty yards and soon thirty yards from shore. Evan and Barth were the only ones left on the beach except for the old God Women and Rea. "I can't leave her" Rea looked up at her father. "You have to" the old women said. "I've seen the future. You have to lead them." "At that moment, the old women removed herself from Rea's grasp and threw herself into the rockslide."

"There is no saving her" Evan turned to his daughter. They made it to the last boat just yards ahead of the attacking band of hunters. But that is all it took. The beach dropped off quickly from the shore. Two hunters jump at the boat as it left the beach. Three feet into the ocean they grabbed the side of the board. Barth took his pole and hit the hunters as they tried to climb into the boat. As they slid off the side into the sea, they tried to touch bottom. Evan could see the panic in their faces as they tried to keep their heads above water. Covered with hides

the hunters did not stand a chance. Their fellow hunters looked at their friends drowning with no way to help. To enter the water meant sure death. A few tossed spears at the boats as they drifted out into the sea, but against the wind they fell harmlessly into the ocean.

Evan looked toward the beach. Hunters began to look through the huts. There was little to find and they soon left. Still there was no going back to the beach. As the boats gathered together they all looked to Evan. The tide was just going out. He signaled each of the boats to tie the boats together. The boats lashed together increased their stability. He waved his hand toward the north. The farthest North Evan had been was when he was a child. In one year, the fish had disappeared. His father and his father's brother took him north until they had found the schools of fish. They had gone on shore to smoke and filet the fish to bring them back to the village. After a week of preparation his father and Evan had started to fill the boat. The boat was tied to a log on the beach. Evan was in the boat when the ocean started suddenly to well up. Within seconds, the sea was all a rage. The hide cord tying the boat soon broke free, and the boat, with Evan in it, headed out to sea. As he turned toward the beach, all he could see was his father and his father's brother standing on the beach, jumping up and down trying to see the boat as it disappeared in the waves.

The storm raged for three days. When it stopped, the Gods had favored Evan. He found himself and the boat in the fishing grounds just north of the village. One of the village's fishermen saw the boat, made it out to Evan's boat and lashed his to it. Together they made it back to the village. There was nothing to do. Evan was too young to go back on his own and he had no clear

remembrance of how far north he had gone. For years Evan had planned to go back. He never had the opportunity, now he had no choice. North it was.

The Gods were with them. The winds were from the south and two weeks on the way north, they started to find the fish which had left the bays near their old home. They continued North and two weeks into the voyage, they saw a large beach surrounded by two rock faces at each end. "This is where I last saw my father and his brother." The boats drifted onto the shore. They saw no one. Evan had the tribe set about putting up camp. They took the fish they had caught and started to clean and smoke the catch. The tribe had little time to gather on the sea. Being back on shore gave everyone the change to thank the Gods for making it back this far. Evan sent Barth and two other men of the tribe into the forest next to the beach. Evan and two of the younger men of the tribe headed north into the rock facing the ocean. At the base of the rock face, Evan could see two caves leading in. He had one of the boy's head back to pick up a fire stick and return.

They started to walk into the cave. Along the walls they saw drawings they had never expected. There were drawings of the sea animals they were familiar with but also etched into the rock were creatures they had never encountered. There were drawings of creatures twice the size of the men around them. Some of the creatures he had never seen before. Some of the animals had sticks coming out of their heads. There were painted pictures of men with spears attacking the animals. There was also a series of pictures. They looked like a set of curves or small bays with etching of different fish. It was hard to determine the age of the drawings or what they

meant. But etched the curves was an arrow pointing north. Under it was a sign he had seen before. His father had often made this sign in the ground when he had come back from a successful trip. The sign was of a fish standing on its tail and its head toward the heavens. He did not know what the signs meant, but he thought, if someone perhaps his father had taken the time to carve it into the walls it must have been important, and he had to continue north.

By the time Evan had returned to the beach, Barth had returned. He had walked to the top of each rock face. It was nothing but forest as far as the eye could see, but he could see some smoke rising in the distance. Evan brought the group together. He discussed the choices in front of them. To stay on the beach and hope for the best or to head north and follow the fish and perhaps just perhaps find his father. All was quiet when Rea spoke. She spoke of the dreams she had and the visions in them. All of them warned of disaster if they stayed but offered little hope if they moved. That vision was clouded. Eric then spoke of the signs in the cave. The Gods had taken them here for a reason. He had been led into the cave for a reason. The symbol was a map of where they were and where they should go. So, it was decided. That night Rea found what looked like a special rock on the beach. It was pure white and it was shaped in a semi-circle which reminded her of the very sand on which she stood. There were two little holes at each end. She picked up a whale bone and carved it, so it fit in the two holes in the ornament. The bone stuck out of the semi-circle and if one looked at it with the setting sun the bone looked like an arrow pointing north. She strung the carving around her neck. From that time on, it would be both the symbol of her tribe and a map to where they had been and to where they were going.

In two days, the fish would be dried and north it was. In the next two days, the tribe mended their boats, sharpened their tools. On the third day the tides took them back out to the sea. They kept moving north. Whenever they stopped on shore, it was only a matter of weeks before Rea saw new visions, visions of danger. Several months into the voyage north, Barth came to Evan. "We have to make a decision. We can't simply keep coming ashore hoping that the hunters will not find us. We are water people and water people we will always be. The waters are getting colder, and the ice flows are stopping us from heading much farther north. We have only two choices. Head on shore and become hunters like our enemies or follow the Sun God to where he sleeps." "But we have never gone out of the sight of land. No one has ever gone toward the land where the Sun God sleeps." Before they had finished the meeting, Evan heard something in the forest. As he was turning about, he saw a group of about twenty men, women and children move out of the forest. It had been about twenty years since he had last seen his father's brother or his own father, but despite the years, there his Father's brother stood in front of him.

"Well, it took you long enough to get back, Rea bent down and picked up one of the children who had come out of the forest." Evan was speechless. "How?" was all he could say. "Well, we assumed you were dead or soon would be and we had no way of getting back against the winds and tides even if we could build a boat. About a week after you were swept to sea, a group of about ten women and children came out of the forest. There were no men only a couple of teenage boys. From what we could tell their tribe had been attacked by a larger clan, but after a



while we learned to communicate with them we discovered that their leaders had been killed by one of the animals we drew on the walls of the cave. We convinced them that if we drew the pictures on the wall we would have control over the souls of the snow creatures and the wood beasts. For the last ten years we have shared skills. Still, they were a small clan and your father helped them learn how to fish and we have learned how to fight or follow the snow beasts. Still, we are a small clan, but between them and your tribe we have enough men to meet the tribes who come from the hills. “

“Where is Father” Evan asked. “I am sorry” Rea answered. “He went to the Sun God last year, we have put his earth body in the sea cave up the beach. That is his Talisman you saw on the cave wall down the coast. We left it there in case you returned. We knew that if you saw it, you would stay until you found out what happened to him. Now that you are here, we plan to wall up the cave where your father is buried. We do not want anyone to know if anyone was here or where we are going. Evan thanked Rea. “We are not staying” Evan said matter-of-factly. “The sons of the Sun God’s have told us that we must follow the Sun God to where he sleeps” Rea nodded. “Between our tribe’s fishing skills and this tribe’s knowledge of the ice we must search for a new world. A world where we can sleep at night without fear of the human animal.”

It took about a week to gather all that was needed. The tribe’s plan was to hug the coastline until the ice prevented them from going farther north and then follow the ice until, well until it ended. From there they would simply put their trust in the Sun God and follow it west.

### Chapter 10: Tribes

Kate was never an early riser, but as Kathryn expected, there she was every morning for breakfast. As the days went by, Kate started to help Kathryn with running the household. It also gave Kate the excuse to spend more time in the pantry checking up supposedly on local food traditions. It also gave her more time to spend with WC. Kip spent almost of his time in or near the barn with “Faster.” He had actually started to train him. He had him working around the pen. Working out required Kip to hold Faster on a six-foot rope and have him move around the pen. Next to Faster’s pen, was the corral that held Thunder. Thunder was Grandfather’s pride. He had won the last two annual two mile runs in the Reston Roundup. But Thunder was becoming increasingly difficult to control. Moreover, for this year’s race Bill needed a new rider. Most of the riders were young men from the ranches in the area and most were on the small side so the horses did not have to carry too much weight. Red Eagle spoke up. “The problem with Thunder is that he needs to be ridden every day and with all the work around the farm, Thunder is getting less and less attention.” But as Red Eagle had noticed, Kip was a natural around horses, and at just five feet and two inches and less than 100lbs he was just the right size to be a jockey.

“Don’t worry” Red Eagle said. “He has been ridden before; he just has to know who the boss is.” “Sure, I know that I am” Kip said, “I just hope he knows it.” Red Eagle saddled Thunder and led him out into the training pen. Kip followed. From a distance, he looked like a real cowboy. His grandfather had purchased him a set of boots as well as all the necessary equipment for

riding. Of course, he thought that Kip would be using these to eventually ride Faster, but Faster was months away from being ridden. He was still too wild and needed to be broken in before letting Kip take him for a ride. Red Eagle put his arms under Kip and threw him onto the top of the saddle that rested on Thunder's back. Kip took the reins.

"What are you doing." Kip and Red Eagle could hear Kate yelling as she ran toward the pen. "Are you crazy? You are going to get him killed." It was fortunate that WC was just two feet behind Kate because Kate was just about to let into Red Eagle when WC grabbed her from behind. "Let go of me" Kate screamed at WC. "I am just trying to save your life. We have been taught not to disrespect our elders no matter what insane thing they are doing" WC said as he glared at this father. "That's Ok, son but now slow down little lady" Red Eagle said. "You have only been here a little over two weeks and you still have a lot to learn. Your Grandpa had your Dad riding horses before he was ten and your Dad's sister had her own horse when she was six." Kip was still sitting up on Thunder when he heard Kate yelling, but all he could remember was Red Eagle talking about his Dad and his Dad's sister riding when they were his age. If they could do it he could too. Kip ripped the reins out of Red Eagle's hands and used his boots to kick Thunder behind his saddle.

Thunder reacted as any horse who had just been kicked. He took off. Normally this would not have been a problem, but Kate had left the pen's gate open when she had rushed into the pen. Red Eagle, Kate and WC looked on in horror, fear, and every other emotion one can imagine as

Thunder took off through the gate and out onto the open range with Kip on his back. The last thing they saw was the two heading out toward the hills.

From the moment, he was out of the pen, Kip knew he was flying. He had only been on a horse twice before and that was when his class took a trip to a farm south of Chicago, but he had watched cowboys on television and his iPad since he was eight. It was his dream to be on the back of a horse riding across the plains and here it was, the only problem was that it was not a dream, this was reality. But just like in Chicago, when he thought he was running for his life he somehow went into his own world, where the running overtook the chase. Soon, the riding took over from the running.

Kate wrestled herself out of WC's hands and went after Red Eagle. "Get Kip off that horse" she screamed. "Get Kip off of what?" They all turned around and saw Kate's and Kip's Grandfather standing next to the gate. "Where is Thunder?" He asked. He looked around. "Where is Kip? Kate what is going on here?" "Your friend let Kip run off on Thunder" Kate said as she kept struggling to get to Red Eagle. "In fact," WC spoke up, "it was more like Thunder rode off with Kip." The look on Bill's face went from questioning, to concern, to panic and back. "I will get to the bottom of this later, but for now let's get on the truck and find those two. With a little bit of luck, they will both be alive and if anything happens to Kip." He let his voice trail off.

WC grabbed Kate and took off toward one of the tractors. He jumped up into one of the cabs and Kate sat down on the seat next to him. "You two head off west and we will head out north. Meet me back here in an hour." "What are we going to do" Kate said as she turned to WC. "We are going to find your brother" WC responded. "I used to ride Thunder myself. He is a lot to handle even for an experienced rider." "So, you know where he has gone?" Kate pleaded. "I might." "Do you think he has a chance?" Kate asked as she looked out onto the range. "I have a brother about Kip's age" WC went on. "I always thought of him as just a young kid but five days ago he just goes and grabs a backpack, fills it up with a few essentials and sets out for the hills for what we call an Indian bar mitzvah where you have to spend three days by yourself in the hills. There he goes, he never asked anyone, never talked to anyone and there he goes. I guess there comes a time when everyone just grows up. Hey, look at us. We were kids once." "I don't know if I can remember when I was a kid anymore" Kate said softly.

Bill and Red Eagle climbed into the truck parked next to the barn. "This can't be happening" Bill said as he turned to Red Eagle. "If anything happens to Kip?" "Nothing will" Red Eagle answered. "There is more to that boy than you think."

Just then, around the barn, came Thunder with Kip on his back. Kate saw him first and jumped out of the tractor cab. She ran over to Kip and Thunder. "What do you think you are doing Kip? If anything happens to you Mom and Dad will kill me." "I just let him run and run until he was all run out. I remembered seeing it on one of the YouTube riding videos. It said that if your horse gets spooked and takes off, simply take off with him. It said that horses can go a long way

slow but only a short way fast. So, whenever he wanted to slow down, I simply kicked him again until he was exhausted. After that it was simple to turn him around and all he wanted to do was get back here.”

Kate looked at Kip with a newfound respect. There was certainly more to her brother than she had previously thought. Bill grabbed the reins out of Kip’s hand and Red Eagle helped Kip off of Thunder. “That was pretty quick thinking” Red Eagle commented. “Don’t encourage him” Bill called back. “You are in enough trouble already.” Bill turned to Kip. “I don’t know if I should hug you, kill you, or shake your hand. That is a hell of a horse.” “Well, I figured if my Dad could ride at my age, why not me. Red Eagle even said that Dad’s sister even rode when she was only six.” “Red Eagle said that” Bill turned around and stared at his friend. “And he said my grandmother was almost born on a horse.” “Well Red Eagle was right, but this is not any of your business.”

Kate ran over and hugged Kip. “Don’t ever do anything like that again.” Bill called over. “This is enough for the day. Let’s all head off to Reston for a celebratory lunch. I will go and get Kathryn and take Kip in the truck. Kate you and WC go with WC’s father in the Cadillac and we will meet at ‘Dave’s Cookhouse’ just outside of downtown near the high school. Red Eagle took the wheel of the Cadillac next to Kate and WC sat in the back seat of the car. Nothing was said as they drove toward Reston. All of a sudden, Kate blurted out. “I know about my grandmother.” “Know what” Red Eagle said. “I know my Grandmother was Indian.” Kate answered. WC looked at Kate and then at his Father. “Kate is part Indian?” WC blurted out. “Well yes, everyone who

is my age knows it but we felt it is up to her Dad to tell her if he wants to.” “Wants to. You told me that one has to be proud of our heritage. Now you tell me that Kate has to be ashamed of being Indian.”

“Hold it you two. This is all happening pretty fast. Yes, Yes, and Yes. We did not tell Kate. No one should ever be ashamed of your heritage, but most of us are born into a tribe. We grow into our heritage we are not thrust into it. Kate has to have some time to figure this out for herself.” No one said a word for the rest of the way to Dave’s. The same was not true for Kip and Kathryn as they drove with Bill to Daves. From the time, all three got into the truck. Kip was asking questions. Questions about his Dad, Dad’s sister, just about everything. Only a mile out, he remembered the bike. “Could we take the next side road?” “Why?” Bill answered. “Well, several days ago I rode Dad’s old bike out to the bottom of the hills at the end of the side road. The tires went flat so I had to leave it there. Could we go out and pick it up.” “Why not” Bill said, “Well you have had quite a couple of days. How did you get back to the Farm?” “I ran” Kip said. He said nothing of DC. They took the side road but could not find the bike” I left it right here. I’m sure.” “Well flat tire bikes don’t simply get up and go off on their own. We will come back later and look around. It is easy to get turned around up here.”

Red Eagle, WC and Kate arrived at Daves first. They entered the restaurant at the same time and sat down together. At the other end of the restaurant were Jim Wilson and a few of his friends. The truck Jim had come up in was parked out in front of the restaurant. Jim walked over to Kate. “Tell your Grandfather that here we know who we are and what people we belong

with” Kate could not take it anymore. “I am with my people.” Jim took a closer look at Kate. She certainly looked like her grandmother. As Kate turned, the stone amulet she had on a gold chain around her neck sparkled in the sun. “Where did you get that?” Jim asked pointing to the necklace. “I got it from my Grandfather who told me it was from my Grandmother. It is from these hills and it’s from my people.” Jim had seen it as a symbol on the caves he had ventured into. He needed to act soon before people started to look too closely at what was in these caves.

As Kathryn, Bill and Kip arrived, they noticed Kip’s bike was in the back of Jim Wilson’s truck. “That’s my bike” Kip yelled. They enter the restaurant. “What’s the bike doing in the back of your truck, Jim?” “I was just looking around the hills and saw the bike and picked it up.” Jim replied. “Given the problems in your family, it surprises me that you would let your grandson head off to the hills by himself.”

Just then, a horse drawn buggy drew up to the restaurant. Out of the buggy sprung Margaret, Tomas, and DC and into the restaurant. “What this” Red Eagle asked. “We were heading into Reston. He explained that DC had just finished his ‘awakening’ and we thought this would be a great chance to celebrate with a Dave’s ‘all you can eat \$2.99’.” he explained. Margaret turned to Tomas. “This is Kate and Kip. They are the friends I talked about” “Talked about. Talked about what” Kate asked. “Don’t worry” Tomas turned his head from the front seat. “Margaret only said good things. I understand that you are here for the summer” Kate’s mind was still concerned with ‘talked about’ what had Margaret told Tomas.” Margaret interjected, “Don’t



worry Kate. I only told Tomas about you being from Chicago and that the “Oilers” thought you were Amish.” “Well, there are worse things” Tomas said. Kate came back to reality. “Sorry, I have just been here a little over two weeks and I have had more happen to me than in the previous fourteen years in Chicago. Who would have guessed? Well so much for the ‘nothing ever happens in a small-town theory.’”

Red Eagle then turned to introduce DC to Kate and Kip. “I have a lot to talk about with your Grandfather. All of you are about the same age, so I am sure that you have some things to talk about.” Red Eagle and Bill went to sit at a separate table while Kathryn headed outside to talk on her phone. “Don’t worry” Kip said to DC. “I have not told anyone about our adventure.” “What adventure?” WC asked. “On nothing” Kip responded. Just then DC saw the white bond charm at the end of Kate’s necklace. “Where did you get that?” DC asked. “You are not the first person who has asked that question?” Kate responded. “Just several hours ago, Jim Wilson asked the same question.” “Well,” DC continued. “It is certainly strange, because in the cave where I slept, there was a drawing on the cave wall of the exact image.” “Do you think you could locate the cave where you slept?” WC asked. DC hesitated, but Kip spoke up “I don’t think DC will have any problem finding it.” Soon everyone returned to sit together for lunch. A full family even if no one discussed it.

That night, Kate had a dream. In the dream the past Dream See-ers’ came to her. She saw Rea and those that followed her. Kate saw visions of the various trials and successes of her ancestors over the centuries, of their time on the East coast of the America’s, of their time

moving west until they came to this land. Similar to the very Amish that lived in the lands next to the current reservation, they kept steadfast to their traditions and to their ancestors. Tribal members never married outside of the tribe and if one did not want to remain in the tribe, they were told to leave and never return. In addition, wherever they settled they tried to keep a log of the tribe's movements and how they tracked those travels. One other constant was that from Dream See'er to Dream See'er the circled whale bone had been passed. Now, it seemed, it was Kate's turn. Kate, of course, woke up in a sweat. She did not know what to say or who to say it too. She turned over and went back to sleep.

### Chapter 11: Graduation

“This ought to be fun” Tomas said sarcastically to himself as he tried to place the mortarboard on his head and still look cool. “I think the whole reason for this ridiculous outfit is to make sure that high school students don’t get too caught up with themselves” Tomas said to his sister. “Don’t Worry” Margaret said. “There are many of your classmates who are. Think of it this way. At least you are used to wearing black and it is your best color.” Tomas smiled. His sister could always make him laugh. “How you ever made it into an Amish family I will never understand.” “Oh, that is easy or have Mom and Dad not have that little talk with you yet” Tomas smiled, “In fact, they never did, but growing up on a farm offers a very early lesson in the dynamics of procreation.” Margaret turns to go down the stairs. “You know it is words like that which will make your speech the most boring in school history. I will see how Mom and Dad are doing.”

Being Valedictorian is not the biggest thing in this life, but it was for his parents. In addition, he was the youngest graduate of the school in years. While many sixteen-year-olds have left the local high school, they generally left before graduation. Tomas turned his mortarboard one more time and headed downstairs. He heard his sister call out. “Your Chariot is ready and in this case I really mean it.” He walked out the door and saw the black buggy out in front of him. His parents were in the front seat while Margaret sat in the back. “Are you ready for all of this” his Dad said? Tomas thought. His father never spoke. He knew his Dad cared but one word from

his Dad was generally regarded as a sentence and three words a paragraph and six words a book.

“Well get into the Car?” Bill yelled up the stairs. “Now tell me why we are going to someone else’s graduation” Kate yelled back. “In a small town like Reston, where many of the students do not go onto college, high school graduation is significant. In addition, it is one of the few chances where the cross section of Reston meet where they all have something in common. Amish, Indians, ranchers, oilmen, all have kids in the local high school.” “But I don’t know anyone who will be there” Kate spoke up. “Yes you will. Margaret will be there, her brother Tomas is the Valedictorian and WC will be there, his older sister is also graduating. Lastly, this will be a great chance to meet a whole new set of kids in the area. After the graduation ceremony, the town throws a big ‘town gathering’ at the stockyards. Outside of the ‘Reston Roundup’ this is the biggest annual social event in the City.”

“Do I have to go too” Kip broke in. Kate answered back “if I have to go, you have to go to, that is the meaning of family” “Since when were you big on family” Kip responded. “Since I found how much you need them in this world” Kate answered. Their Grandpa came into Kate’s bedroom. “Enough of why, what, and when. Sometimes you do something simply out of respect for your friends. I have known Red Eagle since he was a boy and was your Dad’s best friend and Tomas’s Dad is one of the leaders in the Amish community. When you spend as much of your life in one town as I have, you feel close to most of the parents and their kids. In short, we are going.”

Kate took a look at herself in the mirror. I should try to look grownup, but I can't look too forward, Kate said to herself. What am I thinking? She thought. WC could be my brother for all I know. We are just friends and he is two years older than me. Get that silliness out of your head. She put on the same outfit she had the first time she went to Reston. Black has always been my best color. But instead of putting her hair up under her hat, she braided it and let it hang down her back. When Kate came down the stairs, her Grandpa almost gasped. "You look just like your grandmother, did at your age."

Two miles down the road, they saw Tomas and his family. Bill slowed down and Kathryn called over to Margaret's mom. "Congratulations. You must be very proud of Tomas." "Well, I know that pride is something we have to work against, but I will put in a special effort tomorrow for what I feel today" Betty replied. Kathryn continued. "We have not had a chance to talk in days. Why don't you and Dave join us in the car and let Kate and Kip join Tomas and Margaret in the buggy? It would be exciting for them." "Can I" Kip called from the back seat of the car. "I have never been in a horse carriage before." Well today is a special day, and one day in a car will not change me. Can we Dave" Tomas's father just nodded. He and Mary stepped off and Kate and Kip exited the car and jumped up onto the carriage.

Kate took a second to really look at Tomas. "He would have been every girl's dream in Chicago except for the fact that he seemed to think and live on a different planet. That and a scar that ran from just below his left eye to just above his left ear. Still, in his quite way, she felt strangely drawn to him." She turned to Margaret, "So the boys who were in the coffee shop are called

‘Oiler’ who or what are ‘Oilers’.” “For the most part, they are the sons of the families who make their livelihood from working in the oil industry just north of town. For them, the ranchers, Indians, the Amish are in the way of their livelihood, their future.” “OK, hold it there” Tomas broke in. “We have to get to town, I am supposed to give my “sixteen years’ of wisdom to my fellow Reston Graduates.”

“We are not required to have wisdom at sixteen” Kate responded. “No, I’m sorry” Tomas replied. “Not wisdom, but knowledge.” “This is way too deep for me” Margaret interjected.

“We have to get going. If we show up late, Mom and Dad will never let us forget it.”

“Can I drive” Kip shot up. “I ride horses and I will be very careful.” “Sure why not” Tomas said. I will be sitting right here next to you. Just give them their heads, they know the way.”

They took off at a slow trot toward town.

“Ok, you two are not going to get off that easily” Kate continued. “These Oilers, how do you interact with them?” “You have been here for only two weeks and you are leaving in three months. This is not your problem.” “Not my problem” Kate yelled back. “My Grandmother died here. My Dad grew up, and I feel closer to this town in two weeks than to Chicago in fourteen years. Again, why do the ‘Oilers’ hate us so much?”

“They need or want to put a pipeline through your Grandpa’s land, but he won’t sell. The whole issue has split the town” Tomas explained. “Not all Oiler are bad,” Margaret said. “Richard does not always back them up. He thinks for himself.” “He thinks about you” Tomas replied.

Margaret turned red. "Who is Richard?" Kate asked. "He was at the coffee shop when we met" Margaret answered. "He was the boy who dropped the note on his way out. His father "Jim Wilson" is a big player in town and owns some of the best ranch land, mineral rights, and horse ranches in the area." "I met him at the stockyards last week" Kip added. "Met Richard? What was he doing there?" Margaret questioned. "No met his father, He was buying horses when I was with Grandpa. It was when I got 'Faster.' He did not seem very nice."

"He has a different view of the use of the land and who should benefit from it. He constantly talks about the manifest destiny of the original pioneers who came here two hundred years ago." "From what I remember from my Grandpa writings, they were not the original pioneers. What about the Indians who came her centuries before that" Kate said. Tomas turned to Kate, "To him, it is always about winning. Unfortunately, except for your Grandfather, no one seems to stand up to him. Even my Dad, would rather simply let what is going outside remain outside. He does not realize there is time to fight."

"Hold it" Margaret raised her voice. "We are only teenagers. We are not in the place to force the issue. I still believe that there are enough individuals in Reston who can reach agreement on this."

"Perhaps so, but this is our home too." Tomas replied.

"How long will it take us to get to Reston" Kate asked to change the subject.

“Well, we need to be there in about a half an hour. You are doing a great job, Kip but give me the reins I want to see if I can speed them up a bit.” But before Kip could hand them over to Tomas, a truck came up from the rear with horns blaring. Tomas heard shots ring out. The horses were used to the blare of horns but not rifle shots. The lead left horse broke gate and headed off the road, over the gravel down a shallow gully and out into the brush land. Just before the buggy took off from the road, Kate looked over at the truck as it sped past on the left. She recognized the boys who were at the coffee shop. She saw the looks of disdain on their faces as they shoved the guns through the windows and shot over the horses. In an instant they were gone but before Kate would turn back, she felt herself flying through the air. The simple dynamics of the carriage dropping into the shallow gully and then turning off into to the brush, sent Kate flying off her seat into the dirt field. Margaret and Tomas who had ridden the buggy often, had grabbed the handrails as soon as buggy went off road and Kip had the reins in his hands which whipsawed him up and down but kept him in the carriage. Later Kate remembered seeing Kip trying to pull back on the reins and Tomas reaching over to help him as the buggy turned into the wheat field. She heard Margaret scream and then Kate hit the ground for the first time. The doctors would later say how lucky she was that the horses had gone off into the brush rather than crossing the highway. As they told her, when a rock hits a pitcher, or the pitcher hits the rock it is bad for the pitcher. South Dakota humor Kate would say. Her body came to rest behind a desert bush on bottom of a small gully well off the side of the road about thirty to forty yards into the bush, Tomas finally got control of the reins but just enough to slow



the buggy down before the connector holding the horses to the carriage broke and the buggy turned on its side.

“Is everyone all right” Tomas asked as he got up from the ground. “All right over here” Kip replied. Tomas turned toward Kip’s voice and saw him over in front of the horses trying to calm them down. Tomas felt himself lucky to have Kip with him. “Margaret where are you” Overhear,” he heard her call, but I don’t think I am going anywhere soon. Tomas climbed over a small mound and saw his sister on the ground with her hands on her ankle. Mom’s going to kill me when sees what I did to this dress. She worked months on this.” “Is everyone else OK?” Tomas looked around. “Where’s Kate?” They all raised their voices but got no answer. Kip had finally got the horses under control and was leading them back toward Tomas and Margaret. Tomas took a quick look at Margaret’s ankle. “I can’t determine how bad it is, but you are not walking anywhere soon” “As he helped pick up his sister and put her on top of one of the horses. He turned to Kip. “Help her out to the road and flag someone down. Get her to the hospital in town and have them send the Sherriff and ambulance out here. Don’t worry about the other horse it will find its way home.” “I have to find my sister” Kip said. “I will do that” Tomas said, “I need you and Margaret to go get help.” Kip headed toward the road as Tomas led the other horse with him back to where the carriage had left the road. He kept calling but received no reply. The problem was in part that the brush was quite dense. He made it back to where the carriage left the road. Just in time he saw an old truck heading down toward town. It came to a quick halt. And Tomas heart felt relief as he saw Red Eagle and WC climb out of the front seat.

“What’s going on”? Red Eagle asked. Tomas replied “We were forced off the road by those crazy oilers. The horses bolted and took off into the brush with the carriage which turned over about a hundred yards down toward the valley.” “Is everyone all right? How are your Mom and Dad?” Red Eagle asked. “They are with Bill and Kathryn at the stockyards, they met us on the road and Kip and Kate changed places with them and Margaret and I were taking them to the graduation.” “So where are Kip, Kate, and Margaret?” “Margaret hurt her ankle and Kip took one of the horses to help her to the road and find help. Kate must have flown out of the Carriage before it turned over, but she has not responded to any of our calls and I have not found her yet.”

Red Eagle turned to WC. “You take the truck and head down the road and see if you can find Kip and Margaret in case they have not found help. In any case get to a phone and call in help as soon as you can. No argument. Go.” WC grabbed the keys and headed down the road.

Red Eagle had tracked many a horse and the carriage left a pretty good trail through the brush. Just follow the tracks the wheels made. You go to the left and I will take the right. Focus about twenty yards out and track back toward the center. She could not have gone out much farther than that. She should not be that hard to find. “She was dressed all in black.” That will make it harder but let’s get to work. The longer we wait the worse it could be for her.”

About a mile down the road, WC could see what he thought were two kids on a horse. As he got closer, he could see it was Kip and Margaret on top of the horse heading toward town. He

slowed down and got out of the truck. "You will never get to town that way" He turned to Kip. "Take the truck and get yourself to town and get help for her." "Your only twelve how can you drive" Margaret asked. "I have spent the last two weeks driving and riding everything I can on the farm. They haven't even noticed the miles I have put on the truck on the ranch." "Margaret you know the way and flipped the keys back to Kip." WC grabbed the horse and headed back up the road. "Just tell the police and ambulance it is at mile marker 248."

It took about twenty minutes for Red Eagle and Tomas to walk the path the carriage took from the road. "Well, she has got to be somewhere. She would not have crawled off somewhere. We are just going to have to keep on looking. This time you walk off about ten yards from the track lookout about twenty yards and scan back. Let's get to it." As they headed back, they heard WC who had just returned on the other horse. "Over here." Only about twenty-five yards off the road down a small ravine, lying against a set of bushes was Kate's body. From on top of his horse, WC had a better view of the area the carriage took. Kate's body had been thrown only about twenty yards from the path but she had landed on top a gully which led down into a small ravine and her body rolled down another thirty yards before coming to rest against the group of bushes at the bottom. Dressed all in black, she was almost indistinguishable from the ground around her. "We might have gone hours before we found her if you hadn't seen her, but what are you doing here."

I found Kip and Margaret on the road and sent them to get help" WC replied. "Whose driving?" Red Eagle said, "but why should I ask" Red Eagle was careful as he climbed down the small

ravine. "Is she all right?" Tomas voice almost broke as he saw her lying at the bottom. Red Eagle turned her over. "She's alive but she has a pretty nasty gash on her head she needs help, and we have to get her out of here to help. It is pretty steep, so we are going to have to work together to get her out of here."

They had just carried Kate to the side of the road when they heard the sirens in the distance. "See Good luck does follow bad luck" Red Eagle commented. "Kip must have driven like the wind to get to the hospital and to help get the ambulance back here. The emergency room attendants must have been more than surprised as he drove up. He can hardly see above the steering wheel."

### **Chapter 12: The Home of the Sun God.**

Tali had just entered her childbearing time last year, but unlike any of her fellow females, she had not been paired with any of the male warriors. Tali had been raised under the guidance of the Dream See'er. The tribe did not make a major move without first asking the Dream See'er for a sign. So, it had always been and so it would always be. Tali had been schooled in the history of the tribe. She drew pictures of animals she had never seen; she could recite the tribal rules that had governed the tribe from the beginning of time. She knew that the golden hills to the West was where the Sun God went to sleep at night only to rise each morning and to run

across the plains. She was in charge of all of the tribe's artifacts. The most sacred item was a Dream Catcher which showed a set of stars in the night sky which were not the stars that she looked out at night. There were other items. Bones carved in the shape of animals that were on the walls of the sacred caves. Animals that were twice as big as men. There was the carving in bone of the great white bear. The bear still roamed the valley. His legend starts tens of thousand years ago when the world was covered by frozen glaciers. No one knows how long it had been like that, but the first story she learned was of Raven, The Creator.

Raven had created it all. And yet Raven was not satisfied. Raven wanted something to remind him of the Long White Time of before. So, he looked for Black Bear, the keeper of dreams and memory to help him out. He didn't have to go far, as even he is always seen as a constellation of the stars in the night sky. Raven made a pact with Black Bear. Black Bear would keep the memory of the 'White by letting one out of every ten Black Bears turn white. This was a reminder for Raven of the misery of the great ice age of before. The White Bears to this day are still called Moksgm'ol, by the Kitsoo and T'simshian people.

There the tribe had lived in the hills for generations upon generations. The hills to the west were sacred. They were the gateway to where the sun god would go down to sleep. Each year for generations, they had used the caves in the hills to bury the Dream See'er when she died. There was the great cave where the sacred knowledge was kept. On the walls were drawings of where they had come from. They had been born from the water in the great river where the

God Sun rises each morning. They followed the water from which they were born. One day they could go no farther. The Sun god would go to sleep behind the Hills to the West. Each night he would disappear. But each morning he would come again rising from where the tribe had been born.

The cycle of life was unchanging. But Tali's life was about to change. The Dream See'er was sick. When she died, Tali would be the new Dream See'er. She already was having dreams. "Dreams of the running bears that provided her tribe with the cloths and food for the winter. Dreams of the river god, who guided the water around her village. She was having dreams, however, that other Dream See'ers did not have. Dreams of people of a different color, the color of the sun. Her tribe was the color of the winter water. In her dreams, her tribe was jumping on the wings of the flying beasts that headed south when the Sun god slept in the white time.

The death of the Dream See'er was the biggest event of the tribal history. The passing of the "dream power' to the new Dream See'er as sacred. Each girl who took over the power supposedly had the power to look over the "people of the White Bear." Over the years, many of the Dream See'ers showed little ability to tell the future, however, at times a young woman would come along who could see the dangers or future of its people. Tali did not know it, but she was one of those people.

Yeli was Tali's best friend. He and his friends were the future of the tribe. They were just past their own change and were just being sent out on their own to hunt and fish. Yeli had gone one

step further. Unlike any of his age, each of the past five winters, he had gone farther and farther south as he followed the great birds. He had come back with stories of devils and places where the ground boils up. Tali told him of her dreams of the golden people who were south from where the devils lived. The warm sun of that land had burnt their skin so that it was red.

“What should we do?” Tali asked. “Should I tell the elders that there are other tribes who want our land. our sacred land?” Her tribe had stories from the past. The primary rule of her people was to remain separate from any other people. Other people brought death, they always brought death. The valley they lived in between the Sun Gods sleeping place and the water god’s home was theirs. No other people could enter.

She had no choice. The elders had to hear her dreams. “She is so young how do we know if she can really dream tell.” “Well, if she is right we must find out. If she is not, what is the cost? All we have to do is send a small group of men to follow the bird gods to their winter home. Maybe these people are related to them, and they visit us each year only in the summer and return to their human form each winter where they live. They must learn that we are no danger to them. We let them fly over us every year. We talk to them. We have no anger with them.”

“Who should go?” “I will go” Yeli spoke up. I know the trail they take through the devil’s home.” The elders agreed. “If we lose a few braves, we will morn them, but the rest of the tribe can continue its old ways. If they live and return they will have a long life to pass on their knowledge.” Tali agreed. In her dreams those that left were seen on the wings of the bird

people as they returned. She did not tell her elders that not all of the young braves would return.

“It is time to go” Yeli called over to Bey. “Are you sure you know what we are doing?” Bey asked. “Why do we follow these bird people? They have never given us harm. Our people came from the great river where the sun god rises each day. If we are to leave the valley why not go to the great river? That is where we came from.” Yeli replied “we need to know where the bird people go to and what knowledge they come back with each year.”

Yeli, Bey and two of their fellow tribesmen left the village as the forest god went to sleep and dropped their leaves. They left as the last birds flew south. They followed the birds for months as the birds often settled down only to return to the sky. Yeli and his fellow tribesmen kept the hills where the sun god slept to their right. “If we do not disturb where the Gods’ sleep they will not disturb us.”

It was months before they saw the birds disappear. But what they did see was a land carved by the great waters. The canyons were longer and deeper than they had ever seen. There Gods must be very large to leave footprints this deep?” Bey exclaimed. They continued south into hills of pine similar to their home. But from these hills all they could see was dry flat land stretching into the distance. There is nowhere to go. “The bird gods must sleep in these hills. Yeli told his braves. “We can go back now.” That night they heard sounds. Not the sounds of



birds they had come to know as well as their own tongue. But human sounds. Soon they were all around them.

The men around them were smaller than they and looked like they were burnt brown by the sun, but around their heads and waists were bands of feathers. These must be the people that the birds turn into, Yeli thought. When they spoke to each other the sounds they made were like birds chirping and they moved among the pines as if they had flown through them for years. They were led to a cliff face. From the cliffs they could see what looked like homes built into the rock walls. Bey turned to Yeli, "These must be the bird people. There is no way they could make it to those nests without flying." "But how can they protect themselves when they are on the ground" Yeli asked. Just then, one of the bird people grabbed a long piece of wood that bent and between each end as a rawhide string. From a bag on his back, he grabbed a stick with a sharp end and tails made out of feathers. In one motion the stick with feathers flew through the air and struck one of Yeli's fellow tribesmen. His fellow warrior fell. Bey yelled out. Stop it. We have done nothing. The red man quickly took a second bird from the bag and sent it to the second warrior. He too fell at once. "See how they make their own birds and send them out to kill what would kill them. They are truly dangerous. We must escape and let our people know" Yeli said Bey nodded in agreement.

Three days later they were led up a mountain up to what looked like a hole in the ground. They were given some ground corn which put them to sleep and the next morning they found themselves at the bottom of a large cave. The only light came from the hole they were taken

through some thirty feet up. “Unless you can fly like the Bird People, there is no getting back through that hole” Bey said as he turned to Yeli. Bey sat down and put his head into his hands. I did not think it would end like this. If I were to die I would have hoped it would at least be of worth to the tribe, he thought. “Look over here” Yeli yelled out to Bey, there are some etchings on the walls, we are not the first people they have left in this cave. Yeli looked around the cave. At the other end of the cave was an opening. Bey walked over to the hole at the back of the cave. “It is hard to see with so little light” but it looks as if this cave continues from here through the hill.” Yeli continued to look around. In the corner of the cave room, behind some rocks he found a flat stone of flint and a break stone. He also found some bones of some of the previous prisoners the Bird People had dropped through the hole. Lying next to the bones were pieces of clothing that the dead had worn. The Bird People can fly but the Sun People can make fire, Yeli thought. After a few attempts, the sparks from the flint caught onto the hides Yeli had wrapped around one of the dead’s bones. “Let’s see where that opening takes us,” Yeli called out to Bey.

Both Yeli and Bey, crawled through the opening. We must put some rocks over the opening so that if the Bird people return, they will not discover how we escaped and try to follow us.” To their surprise, the cave continued for hundreds of yards. “I do not understand” Yeli said to Bey. “The walls of this cave looks like it was dug out. I do not understand unless it was used for some other purpose.” “This would be a perfect time to have our Dream See’er with us.” Bey sighed. “They must have had a reason” Yeli continued. “Perhaps they used this as a storage or a place of hiding. If they did there may be an opening at the other end. Take one of the bones I picked

up a draw a line on the side of the cave, so we can track our back if necessary.” Bey took one of the human bones, Yeli had taken from the cave room they had been dropped in. “Yeli” Bey screamed. “Look at this, there is already a line drawn on the cave wall. Others have been here before us.” “So, we follow it and see where it takes us.” Yeli responded. About a hundred yards through the cave, Yeli and Bey entered a larger cave room. “Look” Bey called out, “the line in the wall points up to a break in the cave ceiling. I do not see any human bones here so this must be the way out.” But before we leave we must leave our story so that if any of our tribe comes for us, they will know it was us and that there is a way out.”

That day Yeli and Bey drew the history of their tribe on the walls of the cave. They left symbols of the great river and the hills of the Sun God. They even drew a picture of the symbol their See’er wore around her neck. The next day they followed the line which pointed to the opening in the rock above them. By that night they were on their way back to their people, but as they left Yeli found one of the Bird Peoples’ thrower and Bird stick on the trail down the mountain. “This will show our people, what the Bird People can do and that we must prepare for the day that they may return in the form we see here”

The next day, the Chief of the Bird People returned with one of his braves who he dropped down the hole. When the brave returned he was almost as white as Yeli and Bey. “The two White Gods are gone. There is no sign of them.” The Bird People Chief knew what to do. Without warning, he pushed the young brave through the hole into the cave room and covered up the hole. He then returned to the village. His story was simple. Waca, his brave, had gone

down the hole. He said to his people that Waca had called back that the two white Indians had created great magic. He had then heard a great scream. He covered up this hole so the white men could not escape and use their magic. He then warned his tribe that no one, no one could ever enter those caves again.

It took Yeli and Bey several months before they could find their way back to the tribe. Their story is a simple one. The Bird People, whatever or whoever they came from, were not to be trusted. I do not think they would or could follow us on foot, only in the air and in the air they are not as dangerous. One thing we have learned, is how they are so powerful on earth. They showed their other warriors the wooden bird that flew through the air and how to send it on its way. This weapon will protect us from the bird people if they ever come north as well as any of our enemies that come to take this land from us.

In fact, the weapon Yeli and Bey did protect their people. For centuries none of the people in the north were familiar with the Bird Arrow and Yeli and Bey's decedents flourished.

### Chapter 13: The Hills

Dave turned to Bill. "They should be here by now." "You know kids. I am sure this is the last thing they want to do but they would never not be here." "Something could have happened to the horses or the carriage. I was waiting until next week to reshod Whitecap." "If it will make you feel better, I will grab the car and check out where they are. I can even pick up Tomas and make sure he makes it here for the ceremony." "I'll go with you" Dave said. "No, in case they show up, you should be here" Bill called back as he headed for the exit. "Leaving already" Jim Wilson spoke up as he saw Bill leaving. "Knowing the Amish and their quite ways, I don't think the Valedictorian address is going to take much time." "Come on Dad" Rick who was sitting next to his father, spoke up. "Tomas is ok and he deserves his moment." "OK, but I hope it is not one of those, the sacredness of the past. Reston has lived in the past too long." Bill looked back at Jim. They had known each other since they were kids. How could they be so different? They both cared about Reston but for Jim he believed he had to destroy it in order to save it. Those years in Vietnam must have really changed him more than he thought.

Bill started up the caddy and headed up Route 23 to where they dropped off the kids. He was not more than a half mile out of town when he saw the ambulance race past him heading for the hospital. He knew something had happened. Bill slammed on the brakes, made a quick turn on the shoulder of the road, and headed back toward the hospital. He arrived only minutes behind the ambulance and ran into the entrance. He saw WC and Tomas in the emergency room. "What happened? Is anyone hurt? Where are Kate and Kip? I do not see Margaret?" "Sit

down” WC said. “Or you will be in there rather than out here. Tomas spoke up. “Some kids in a truck forced us off the road. The buggy turned over. Margaret hurt her leg. I think she is ok but Kip is in there with her. He is a little shaken up but he is fine. He really acted grown up out there.” “What about Kate.” “We really don’t know? They are looking after her now. She was thrown from the carriage and slid down a ravine away from the road. She was unconscious when we found her and she has a pretty big bump on her head.”

Just then, one of the emergency room doctors entered the room. Kip was at his side. “Is there anyone her who is related to the young women in there.” I am Margaret’s brother” Tomas spoke up” The Doctor looked confused for a second. “There are two young women in your charge right. The first one who came in is fine. She is not going to be running anywhere soon and will have to wear a leg brace for a while, but she should be coming out soon. As to the other young lady we need someone’s permission for a few more tests.” WC and Bill all spoke up at once. “I’m her cousin” WC said first. Kip turned toward WC. Her cousin how can you be her cousin if you’re an Indian” Well really her second cousin. Kate’s Grandmother and My Grandmother were sisters.” “We don’t have to go that far out the limb,” Bill said. “I am her Grandfather. I will sign whatever I need to.” The Doctor turned to Bill. “She is unconscious and under observation right now. We are keeping her sedated and just want to check that there is no swelling going on in her head. We have to do an MRI. If that is normal, we will reduce the sedatives and we will simply have to wait for her to wake up. I presume that will be later today.” “Thanks.” Bill replied “Tomas you have to go to the graduation ceremony. I will stay here” I don’t think so.” Tomas said. “I am not leaving until she wakes up.” WC replied. “I’ll head

out to the ceremony and let everyone know that you are here.” WC got up to grab his keys. Kip turned around. “I will go with my cousin.” “Second cousin” WC replied. Kip continued, “Here is one good thing that came out of this.” “What good could possibly come out of this”? Bill asked. “Well back in Chicago.” Kip answered. “I will be the most minority minority in Chicago. I will even be cool.” Bill just shook his head and sat down.

The Doctor returned. “The MRI has come back negative and we have moved her into her own room. You can go up and wait with her until she wakes up.” Just as they were leaving, Margaret came out of the emergency room.” “Well, that was unexpected” she said. “How is everyone else? Where is Kate?” She is upstairs. I guess she is going to be ok, but we are going to have to wait and see. I have called Kathryn, she will come and pick up you and WC, DC and Kip, Tomas wants to stay here and your Dad is already worried about you and your brother.”

“I understand. I want to see the look on his face as I limp up the stairs. I always wanted to be part of a great entrance.” Tomas shook his head. How could he and his sister be so different?

Ten minutes later they were in the caddy on the way back to the graduation ceremony. “Ok,” you two” WC said as he turned to DC and Kip. “you two are too close never to have met and from our previous conversation it seems Kip has a better idea of the cave DC spoke of than DC himself. I am not going to get anyone in trouble. I do not care but I need to know the truth.” DC was the first to speak up and told the whole story of the cave he found, of the drawings in the cave, and the artifacts that the cave contained. He also pointed out that they needed to return

to the cave quickly and retrieve the material. “Jim Wilson men found Kip’s bike just below the cave. If they go looking they may find the cave and destroy it.” “OK” WC replied. “We meet there tomorrow, take what is there out and seal up the entrance.”

### **Chapter 14: The Find**

Joaquim shoved Dave and Karen into one of the caves in the hillside next to their dig. Dave whispered to Karen. “We have to act now, or we will never have another chance. When I take off down the cave you come after me, there is a branch in the cave about thirty yards down. Take the left branch. About twenty yards later, take the right branch. He will never be able to find us.”

Just as Joaquim turned to make sure no one was looking. Dave and Karen took off, down the cave, first a left then a right into the darkness and soon out of Joaquim’s sight. “If that is the way you want to play it OK” Joaquim yelled. “But you are never going to get out of there.” Joaquim kept looking at the cave entrance. He returned to the cave entrance. “You are going to be sorry, really sorry. “All they will ever know is that somehow you were in the cave when the entrance collapsed.” He took out a sledgehammer from the truck. He raised it above his head and brought it down on the cave supports near the entrance. Two swings that it was over. The entrance to the cave collapsed along with several tons of rock.

Dave turned to Karen. Put your head down and cover your ears. “The entrance collapsed ripped through the cave and shook the ceilings. Part of the roof collapsed on Dave’s head. It was the



last thing he would remember until he woke up later. When he did, all he could see was Karen holding a lamp over his head. "Are you alright?" "Alright is the least of our problems." They walked back to the cave entrance. It was sealed up tight. "Well, we are not getting out this way, are we screwed or what." "I thought so too" Karen said. "Until I looked down the cave, after the collapse. At the end of the dig, the shock ripped open a hole to an old underground pathway. I could feel some air moving so maybe that path may lead us out of here. At least it is a chance."

Dave dusted himself off and together they fit themselves through the hole in the wall into the adjacent cave system. "I wonder who built this" Dave said. "It was obviously carved out of the hillside' but why?" "Perhaps this will answer some of it" Karen said. On the wall of the cave was a line etched into the rock. Dave and Karen took the flashlight they had from their own excavation and started down the old Cave tunnel. About a hundred yards down they entered a large cave room. On one of the walls was a set of drawings. Drawings of animals long since extinct. Animals that were never even native to this area. "Well, you wanted proof that whoever lived here were not natives of the area." "Sure, but I wanted to be able to enjoy the moment." "What are we going to do now?" Karen asked. Dave took a deep breath. "If they carved this they must have left since I do not see any human bones. There must be an entrance somewhere and that should be our exit." Karen just sighed, "They must have done a great job of hiding it, because for the last three years we never found it." "Well," Dave answered. "We might as well start looking now."

“So how did it go” Tom asked Joaquim when he returned about 5PM. “Everything is ok boss. It went just as you planned. They are trapped in the cave with no way out. No food but more importantly, no water. They will be dead in three days. If we wait a week or so, we can take a trip up there to find out what happened, alert the authorities, and then find the unfortunate victims of the entrance collapse which buried the cave with them in it.

“Where are Dave and Karen?” Tess asked as Tom entered the house. “Oh” Tom said quickly. “They suddenly said they had to drive up to the old site to finish closing it up before their license ended. They said they might be gone for up to a week.” “Funny” Tess said. “They never mentioned anything to me.” “Well, you never know diggers. They get it into their heads to do something and off they go. Joaquim is outside with your car. I will have one of my employees drive him back to the site.”

Tess looked around at some of the equipment Dave and Karen had left at the house. “But they did not take anything with them” she said. “Oh, they must have a lot left up at the old site.”

Tom went back to the desk. He sat down in front of the computer and switched on the email.

jc@wilson ranch “Dig is going fine as planned. Soon will go public. Make sure everything goes well at your end. Tom was about to sign off when he saw another email come across his

`computer. info@tomoil.com. It was from Kip. This was the email address he had given Kip to send to. He had pretended for the last several weeks that he was Kip’s father and that this was the only way to contact him. Tom put a quick message back. “Would love to talk but heading up to the old site with your mom. Will get back to you the end of the week. Hope all is well.” That

should end that. Tom got up, walked out of his office, and took a deep breath. All was going according to plan.

“How long have we been in here” Karen turned to Dave. “About 24 hours I suspect. But I don’t have a watch and the cell phone has no signal. In any event, all we can do is continue to look for an opening. It must be somewhere. I am sure that someone will be up here soon. It wasn’t their plan to have us be alive, we were supposed to get killed in the collapse. Right now, Tom and his associates are trying to cover their tracks, but there is always a mistake. I don’t think Tess is aware of his plan and I am sure she is starting to ask questions and how long can they hide this from my Dad. After a couple of days of no contact I am sure he is going to be suspicious, given what happened to his own wife.” “But they didn’t get out” Karen paused. “Yes, but who was ever in the cave before did and we will.” Just then, Dave brushed part of the wall face behind a large rock. “Look at this” He yelled back to Karen. Behind the rock was a line pointing upward toward an opening at the top of the cave room. It was the very same line that Yeli had seen centuries earlier and which led them out of the cave. It was they that had left the pictures on the cave walls to leave a history of their adventure. Dave raised his lantern to get a better look. What he saw took his breath away. Along the walls, were hieroglyphics which represented the history of someone that used this cave. “There are some artwork which is more reflective of the work we have seen in the earliest ancestors of the Americas; others seem more reflective of the tribes around where I grew up. What I don’t understand is some of the material reflects what I have seen in Europe in the caves in southern France.”

“Only you could get absorbed in archeology when we are facing death” Karen gulped and held back a tear. “I don’t know” Dave said. “It just when it’s all hell around you, it takes one’s mind off the real situation. But we are going to get out of here. Let’s get going. When we get out of here, we can always come back and figure this thing out.”

### Chapter 15: Growing Up

Kathryn helped Margaret enter the stadium. Kathryn went ahead to talk to Margaret's father. Kathryn turned to Dave. "You know kids, you never know what will happen next." "I don't want things to happen the first time" Dave said. "Things are going way too fast these days. It is God's will that we live for him and our family, all the rest can wait." "Well, you may have to wait a couple of years to see one of your kids graduate, because I think God's plans just changed for this one." Dave turned toward the front of the stadium and could see his Margaret with two crutches making her way up the stairs. "Mr. Emery, I'm sorry, the carriage turned over, I got hurt, Kate is still in the hospital and Tomas is not leaving until she wakes up." Dave did not hear a word, he turned to Karen. I leave home for one day and look what happens. Let's go over to the hospital, head home and leave this town for the townies."

Just as he turned to head out of the stadium, he saw Jim Wilson walk over. "What happened here?" "We are heading out; we do not need this." "Well, this does not surprise me when it comes to Reston, you and the rest of your kind just don't get it. People look at graduation ceremony as a big thing. Most of these graduates will leave Reston in the next month. For many, this celebration is the last good memory they will have of their family. At the very least, Tomas could have made the effort to show up." Margaret simply could not take it anymore. She grabbed the bottom of one of her crutches and swung it at Mr. Wilson. She was not use to the brace on her leg and the force of the swing sent her sprawling. Fortunately, Richard was standing next to his dad and caught her before she hit the steps. "You better be careful about

who you swing that stick at young Lady.” “And you better be careful about what kids you send out to push us off the road” Margaret replied. “I do not know what you are talking about young lady but before you start blaming others for riding a cart down the middle of a highway, you better have proof.” “Let’s get out of here” Jim looked over at his son. “I have to say goodbye to some of my classmates” he said to his Dad. “I will see you at home later tonight.” “Richard when I say we are leaving we are leaving.” “You just don’t get Dad, do you? You can’t just boss people around because you can. Someday someone is going to fight back.” “Fight back, all I am trying to do is to get this town moving forward. All the Indians on the Rez want is for the government to continue to support them. Why because their way of life died over 100 years ago. The Amish have the same problem, hide your head in the sand and say live off the land. Bill Emery is the worst of all. He is smart enough to know that change has to come but he is trying to control it. Everyone in this town wants what they want they just don’t want to pay for it. The protestors in Seattle run up and down in \$90 Nike’s made in China. Wholefoods bans plastic bags but hawk water in plastic jugs that is worse than what you get from the tap. They promote their own charity which goes to fund new farms which sell their product back to Wholefoods. You found their ‘BY brand.’ It goes on and on. College students want free college loans but who pays for it, the trucker who never went to college. Climate warming. OK yes, but the climate is always changing. Sure, the polar bears may not make it but are they more important than the millions of people in India, and what gives you the right to tell people in another country that they have no right to have the same standard of living as you. It happened before and it will happen again, mammoths die, one volcano goes puff and its greater CO2 than all the electric cars in the world.”

Richard had heard all of this before. “OK Dad. But get this, you don’t have the right to make all the decisions for us either. You have the responsibility to at least leave enough left so that we can make our own decisions as to what we want to create. It might mean to push fast and furious forward and hope for a miracle to bail us out. It might mean returning to a simpler world in which people learn to live with less, less government, less business, less medical care, less of everything or it might be a world in which Reston simply does not have a place and it remains only a memory. I don’t know, but you can’t bully your way to the top and if you try you will lose. I love you Dad, but you simply can’t have everything just because you want to.” “We will see” Jim said.

It was almost 6PM when Kate started to come out of her comma. Bill had just left to get some coffee and sandwiches for himself and Tomas. Kate turned over on her right side and could barely make out the shape of a young man in the chair next to her. “Who are you and where is my Grandfather.” “It’s ok, it’s Tomas here. You gave all of us quite a fright and your Grandfather is downstairs. He will be back within fifteen minutes. How do you feel?” “Like someone hit me over the head with a rock.” “Well in truth it is more like you used your head to hit the rock” but the doctors have looked at that hard head of yours and said the rock got the worst of it.” Kate would have laughed if it did not hurt so much. “Where is everyone else” Kate asked. “Well WC, Margaret and Kip are at the graduation ceremony.” “Hold it” Kate was getting her bearings. “What are you doing here, you were supposed to give the Valedictorian address.” “Well, everyone is for the better that I did not, including me. I am not much of a speaker and what I

had to say would probably not make any friends. In any event, I feel partially at fault for you being here. If I had handled the horses better, you might not have fallen out of the carriage.” It all started to come back to Kate. “Now I remember, the car, the kids, Kip with the horses, me being tossed out of the carriage. The last thing I remembered was watching the buggy head off into the brush as I sailed through the air.”

Just then Kate’s Grandfather came into the room. He handed Tomas a coke and sandwich and sat down to hold Kate’s hand. “If something had happened to you I would have simply died” he said. “Well, it didn’t, but I have just about had it with everyone and everything in Reston.” Her Grandfather and Tomas were taken aback. “It must be the concussion” Tomas said. “What did I do” Bill questioned. “It is what you did not do. Did I know that my grandmother was Indian, did I know that you were a worldwide noted archeologist, that Kathryn is an award-winning author. That WC and I are related, after I made a fool of myself dragging myself after him. No wonder, he acted as if I was crazy.” “Well, you can now blame it on your accident. Just say you don’t remember anything” Tomas said in a low voice. “Oh and you. Margaret never said a thing about you. How smart you are and how caring you are about everyone around you.” Tomas started to blush. “Maybe I should get a recording of this when I make a fool of myself” Kate just laid back in the bed and put a pillow over her face.

Just then Dave, Kathryn, Margaret, and Kip came in the door. “Well, is she alive or am I a single child in my family” Kip yelled out. “Under the pillow you could hear Kate. “Shut up or there will be only one kid left in the household.” “Is everyone all right” Dave asked. “Bill nodded. “They



are keeping Kate overnight just to make sure but nothing permanent.” “What are you going to do about the kids in the car.” “Don’t know” They will simply say that they were passing, and the horses went crazy. It is simply they said versus we said.” “But they shot at us” Kip announced. “Doesn’t matter. Facts matter and with no Facts there is no case.” “Well, they just better not go to Chicago and drive through my neighborhood” Kip said. “Unlike Kate, no one would ever find the bodies.” “Hold it,” Kathryn said. “We don’t get mad. But we do get even.” Kate thought to herself. “I am not staying one more hour in this hospital. If they want to check me out I can come back tomorrow. For the last month everyone has told me what I am, who I am, where I go, and who I go with. I know I am only fourteen, but I am old enough to start growing up.”

Bill looked over to the Doctor who was standing in the corner of the room. He nodded that that was OK with him. “Ok” Bill Said. “We can all get out of here while Kate gets cleaned up and we can head home. As they stood up to walk out, Kate reached out from under the bed spread and touched Tomas’s hand. “Thanks” she said. “Thanks for taking care of all of us and staying here with me. Most of my old friends would have ....” She stopped there.

“Quite a start of the weekend” Bill said as they walked out the door. As they left the building, he turned to Tomas. By the way, I am an old man but I understand that this being graduation weekend, that there are some celebrations for kids of your age. In case you wondered, since Kate is new to the town, I would appreciate it if you might think of asking her to go to some of these events. I know it’s the Amish way to ask permission, but I don’t think Kate is the kind of

girl who would understand that. Just thought you might like to know.” “if you think she would say yes” Tomas replied. “I think I can assure you that she would say yes.”

Kate came out of the room. “Now take it a little easy” the Doctor said “and if you feel any pressure or if your eyesight starts to fail please come back here. This is nothing to fool around with.” “Yes Doctor” Kate said. “As they walked out of the building, Tomas walked up to her side. “You know” he said, “it would probably be safer if someone was with you over part of the weekend, just to make sure nothing happens. I have to go to several Reston get togethers, friends and the like, and we could tag along together. I wouldn’t feel like such a loner and if anything happened to you I could get you back here.” Kate didn’t know if she heard right. “Are you asking me out” she said. “You are not making this easy” Tomas said. “Margaret would tell you; I am not the easiest to get along with.” “You obviously don’t know Margaret that well, I am used to not being easy myself.”

Kip came up. ‘OK, with my Dad not here, It is my responsibility to protect my sister from foreign invaders. I even brought my tribe, as he motioned to WC with me to enforce any illegal activity.” “Kip, you have been, are and will always be ‘the best’”, as Kate hugged him. “OK no one saw that. Let’s get home, I have to put my horse to bed and I have a great weekend coming up.”

### Chapter 16: The Find II

“Have you called your Dad like you promised” Bill said to Kate over breakfast. It has several days since you had your accident.” “I know but why don’t they call me instead” Kate replied.

“Well based on your last conversation with them, I presume they thought this would be a good time to let things settle down” Kathryn spoke up. ‘OK. I will call them when I get back from the library.” “Why are you going there?” Kip added. “Can I go with you?” “No, I promised I would meet Tomas there and Kathryn promised to take me.” “Behind my back” Bill commented.

“That’s women for you, Kip. I guess it’s just you and me today. What do you want to do?” “Well, I have almost got Faster to the level where he is willing to let me ride him a little and Thunder hasn’t been ridden in weeks. Plus, I have never seen you ride, Grandpa” Bill saw the expression in his eyes. “OK but if both of us get killed, you know you are making your sister a wealthy woman eventually. Let’s let the women go do what they have to do and you and I take a day out on the range.”

“Before you head out, I will make some lunch for you to take with you and remember to take some water, it’s dry out there and this family has already had its run of bad luck.” “Kathryn, I know this land as well as anyone in the plains. If there is one place you do not need to worry about me, is when I am on the range. But if it makes you feel any better, I promise to be back here by five. Kate can ask Tomas to join us after an exciting day at the library and we can roast something on the grill tonight.” “Remember, I don’t eat meat” Kate relied, “Well at least not red meat.” “I always knew there was a reason the cows are friendly with you, but the chickens

act as if you were the agent of death” Kip commented.. “As for me, just kill me some cattle. They are just big range rats from what I can tell. Anyway, Dad once said that we humans did not work our way up the food chain by being especially nice to some of our co-inhabitants.”

As they got into the car, Kathryn asked Kate. “Why do you want to meet at the library.” “Well,” Kate said “since my grandpa and dad are archeologists, Tomas figured that I must have picked up something over the years. Lastly, since I am a quarter Indian I have the right to go into certain sections of the library that he cannot enter.”

As she exited the car , she saw Tomas at the door of the Library. It was almost a week since the accident and Tomas dropped over to the farm almost every day to see how Kate was getting on.

Being stuck at home has its benefits. Kate spent most of the week in her grandfather’s study. From the material in the bookcases, Kate discovers that most academics believed that her ancestors were part of the great migration from Asia to the Americas as early as 13000 BC. Her Grandfather and Father had proposed a different hypothesis. They believed that the Indians in the Reston area had originally came from Europe as they went along the southern tip of the glaciers in Europe to America somewhere around 10000 BC. They had originally settled on the eastern coast of America but as the ice melted, a unique blockage changed the direction of the water near what is now known as the Great Lakes toward the Atlantic. This caused what is known as an Ice Age reversal and the weather in North America changed. Their European ancestors were forced to leave the Eastern part of the Americas and move west. Some went

south and integrated with the local tribes whose ancestors had come from Asia and who had settled there. Other parts of the eastern tribes moved north and west and eventually moved to the area near Reston which then was at the border of the woodlands of the Midwest and the prairies of the Great plains. The evidence was weak but included a lengthy oral history but that her dad and grandfather also had spent considerable time looking for physical evidence which would link the Indian ancestors to animals and other time dated material. What interested Kate, however, was her own ancestry. Her grandmother was born in 1915. Her great grandmother was a born in 1875 and was a young woman when the Indians in the area were rounded up into the reservation in the early 1900's. The railroads were just coming into South Dakota providing a means to ship both cattle and farm goods. Ranchers and farmers saw the land as a gift from god. On top of all of that Gold was found in areas of the Black hills. The Indians were forced to move to a small area bounded to the east by the Red River, the south by the Northern Pacific railroad, the North by the Reston River which eventually flowed into the Red River. To the West was the Reston Hills. For as long as the tribe can remember the Reston Hills were sacred to the tribe. The reasons are less well known but the potential for Gold resulted in the hills being taken away from the tribe and split into various tracks of land that eventually found their way into a number of current families who are either ranchers or farmers. Jim Wilson and his family held over 20,000 acres of land just off the northwest corner of land of the reservation. Kate's Grandfather owned over 30,000 acres a part of which included parts of the Reston hills. Kathryn owns about 15,000 acres just down from Bill's farm.

What brought the current conflict was that a new form of gold was found just off of the Reston hills, that is, a major portion of the Hills were found to be surrounded by shale as well as underground oil and natural gas. The question remained however, what was the source of the potential wealth, who rightfully owned it, and how to develop it. The primary means of transportation was the Railroad to the south but that required going over Indian Land in the reservation or over farmland owned primarily by Bill and Kathryn. The only other alternative was going east along the Reston River, but the River had changed course several times over the last 200 years. What was the original riverbed?

“Are you sure that the maps at the library are authentic” Kate asked Tomas. “To be honest I do not know, but I am sure no one put them there for me to find. No one had touched that stuff in over 100 years. But if they are correct, the true northern border is over 30 miles farther north, that would place the major portion of the oil and gas under Indian land. As important, there are real issues as to the original treaty and ownership of the Reston Hills. I do not have copies of the initial agreements, but from what I have read, the lawyers representing the U.S. government did not understand the local Indian language but did sign off on the maps given them by the tribe. If the area of the tribe was greater than that in the later version of the agreement and we can show that the changes were made in Washington or even in South Dakota the Indians would have right to the land or at least the resources found in the hills. Unfortunately, between the historical past and the current present, the tribe never kept the kind of records that stand up in federal courts. The tribe was fairly nomadic; that is, each summer and winter the tribe would follow the buffalo. Each winter some of the tribe would

follow the various parts of the herd south and back north in the summer. For them, the land of their forefathers stretched as far as the animals would take them. The U.S. government countered that the Reston tribe had only been on the land over less than 300 years and were simply a branch of the Ojibwa of Minnesota. From what Kate had read in her grandfather's library, however, there was little to connect them to the Indian tribes to the east. Their facial features, their historical stories. there had to be an answer.

"Where do you want to go" Kip said to his Grandfather. "Let's take a ride out to the Hills" his grandfather said. It is only about two hours and if we take off now we can be back by dinner.

Faster had not been ridden in over a week and was ready to be outside of his pen. Thunder did not care but when Bill came up to the pen, Thunder knew who was boss. "What do you want to do with the rest of the summer" his Grandfather asked Kip. "Just what I am doing now" Kip said. "I have never had so much fun." "You mean getting up at dawn each day, working with the horses and helping the rest of the farmhands is fun." "Well in Chicago, I really can't go out very much. Mom and Dad are gone each summer and the area we live in is not conducive to a short, white, red head kid. Here I can go anywhere when I want and with whom I want." "But do you have any friends" His grandpa asked. "Well, I like all the guys on the farm, and I have met a few kids my age. I know WC stepbrother, DW" "Well you could do worse than spending time with DW. He knows these hills better than anyone."

As they approached the hills, they saw the sun reflecting off an object near the base of one of the trails heading up the slope. As they got closer, Kip turned to his Grandfather, "That's the truck that drove us off the road last week." As they approached the truck, Bill saw one of Jim Wilson's farm hands get out of the truck. "You have no right to be here. Get out now." "No Right" the driver said. "You can't keep the future from coming. My boss had more power than you know. You will see." "So are you leaving or not." "Just then, three other farmhands came down the hill, with DC walking in front of them." "JB, we found this kid watching us from the hills. What do you want us to do with him?" "Bill raised himself on his horse. "I tell you what you are going to do. You are going to get into that truck and get out of here, now. Your boss may be able to pull a few strings in Pierre but in Reston I can cause all of you a lot of trouble."

"We will be seeing you later" the head farmhand said. "And you better not be alone when we do." "Well, you better bring more than what you have here" Bill answered. As they took off, he turned to DC. "What are you doing here?" "Just checking out these caves" DC said. "My brother WC maintains that these Hills hold the secret of our past and if I find something I can really do something for my tribe." "Well, I have been looking for longer than you now but lots of luck. There is lots of land here and lots of hidden spots, with a little luck you may just find something." "Kip can you put DC on your horse and take him back to the reservation. I am going to ride home and call the sheriff to give him a heads up on what we saw here."

"OK Grandpa" Kip said. "He lowered his hand and helped DC onto the horse." "Where do we go" Kip asked DC. DC answered. "Just follow the base of the foothills and it will lead to the



reservation.” “I have never been on the reservation” Kip said. “Well, there is not much to see. Just a lot of flat land, a few houses, and some animals but if we can get some of the revenue from the rights to our land we might finally be able to help our tribe, get some decent education, maybe even help some of our older tribal members.” “So, what are you looking for?” Kip asked. “I really don’t know” DC replied. “Can I see what you have found so far” Kip asked? “Well, I don’t know. I don’t even know if you are allowed on the reservation.” “Allowed” Kip said defiantly. “I am a quarter Indian and I am from your tribe.” “I forgot” DC said. “Your sister looks like an Indian but a red hair white kid is pretty rare even for our tribe.” “What do you mean pretty rare even for our tribe?” Well, DC replied. “Every once and a while one of our tribe is born with reddish hair and is almost white.” Kip’s interest was raised. “I have never heard of a red haired Indian?” Kip explained. “In fact, WC’s girlfriend can almost pass as a white.” As they came onto DC’s house, WC came out with his girlfriend, Lisa White Wolf. Kip could see immediately what DC meant. She could pass for almost any one in Chicago or at least the Swedish part. Her hair was reddish blond, her skin was as light as his and her nose was European. As they approached the reservation, WC’s girlfriend approached. “It is good to see you Kip. It is nice to be reminded I am not the only White Indian in the tribe. I kept telling Tomas that you would be coming this summer but of course it is not cool to believe in that stuff.” “What stuff” Kip turned to DC.

“What is Kip doing here?” WC asked. “Bill Emery and Kip came upon Jim Wilson’s farmhands in the hills. They had found me when I was searching some of the caves. Bill kicked them off the land and Kip gave me a ride home on Easter. I promised him some soda before he heads back to

the farm.” “Thank your Grandpa for helping out” WC said. “How is your sister? Is she feeling better?” “Oh, she’s fine. She is at the Library today doing I don’t know what but she has always been a little bit of a bookworm.” They got off the horse and headed into the house. DC took Kip to his room and closed the door. “WC and I went to the cave we spoke of.” DC continued. “We have taken out most of the artifacts and walled up the entrance. Here is what I have found so far.” DC pulled out a box and dumped the contents on his bed. “Most of it was a collection of bones, a few trinkets and several bracelets made out of bone.” It’s difficult to know how old this stuff is” DC said. Kip looked at the writing on the bracelets. “This certainly doesn’t look like any Indian symbols I have ever seen” “It is not” DC said. “I figure that some of those farmhand kids took their girlfriends into one of the caves and dropped the bracelets. Its writing certainly is not Indian.”

“I used to go to the Chicago museum to see my mom at work and I am sure that I have seen this writing before. Can I borrow it and take a look on the Museum site on the computer.” “OK but bring it back tomorrow and I can show you where I found it.” As he headed out to get back on his horse” WC came over. “Thanks for dropping DC off” There are few kids his age on the rez. Welcome to the tribe.” Kip got up onto his horse, turned Faster around and headed back to the Farm.

When he arrived back at the farm, he unsaddled Faster, wiped him down and headed back to the house. He took the bracelet and went over to the computer and uploaded the Museum site. Kip typed in “bracelets North America Indians.” He looked over the various pictures and

saw nothing that resembled the ones he held in his hands. He typed in “bracelets North American Explorers.” There it was or one just like it. The bracelet on the page was sourced to Viking Explorers who supposedly had visited America between 1000 and 1200. Kip remembered his paper on the path the Viking explorers had supposedly taken during their trips to America almost 1000 years ago. Some had even suggested that the Vikings had been captured or intermarried with local tribes in what is now called Minnesota and North and South Dakota. This find may not only add additional proof of the Vikings as early American explorers but the unique characteristic of the Reston ‘Sioux Tribe.’”

“I can hardly wait until I call Dad” Kate called over to Tomas. “What” he called back. “There is a whole set of maps from the 1800’s that give a better picture of the area before the settlers took over. According to this set, the Reston River was originally 5 miles west of the city and the Indian burial ground was originally in the valley north of the city. The Reston Hills was in fact where the Indians traditionally settled. It looks as if the original tribe used the caves in the hills not as a place of burial, but they lived in the caves similar to what many Indian tribes did in the southwest. It is difficult to say if there is any connection, but it is consistent with what his dig has shown” “This is great” Tomas said “but what does this mean for the development of the Reston Area. How can what we have here, help stop ‘Wilsons’ ideas.” “I don’t know but my Grandpa is an expert on the subject, and I hope he can help us.”

The next day, Kip headed to the reservation. “Well, it looks like your bracelet is from some early European ancestors somewhere around 1200, probably Viking in origin.” “This is great” DC

spoke up. ‘You find out you are part Indian, and I find out that I am part Swedish.’ I can hardly wait until I call Dad, was all Kip could think. “But our stories go well before then. In fact, some of our stories have white men staying with our tribe because it was the only white tribe they had come in contact with.”

### Chapter 17: The Standoff

“I just got a call from the Sheriff. He says Bill found you in the hills. What was he doing there?” Jim Wilson asked. “He doesn’t know anything.” Dusty replied. “We took off before he could take a look in the truck. He simply could not see the monitor or the tools for checking out the geography under the hills.” “Well regardless it is time to move. The longer we wait, the more likely Bill and his associates may find out what our plans are and start working to stop the development of the pipeline or the fracking in that area.” “I have called the Governor as well as the head of the State Natural Resource Commission. We are going to have a news conference this weekend to set the stage for the push for legislation. Now is the time to move.”

Bill turned to Kathryn. “I’ve tried to stay above all of this, but we may have to get involved. I have known Jim Wilson all of my life. He may be a bit crazy, but I have always found it hard to believe he would act to destroy the very land he grew up in.” “Bill we live in a new world. In some way, Jim feels he is saving the area but whatever he feels it doesn’t matter. At the end, it is a simple case of who wins. I am sure that he is going to do everything he can to push his agenda and guess what you are going to have to do everything you can to push yours.” Just then, the door swung open, and Kip came in. “Guess what I discovered after I dropped DC off at the reservation” “Could it wait till later,” His Grandfather responded, “I have to make a few phone calls and I have to do it now.” “Sure, but I was just wondering what you knew of the Vikings in the Reston Area.” Bill turned around, “I know that you are excited and that there is a lot happening in the last several weeks, but this whole Viking thing has been around for years

and for the most part has been shown to be a hoax. Don't get caught up in it." "Ok Grandpa, but it still seems cool and if I can find anything you and Dad may not be the only noted archeologists in the family." He turned and slammed the door as he walked out.

"I know that you are busy, and your mind is elsewhere, but you could have taken a moment to find out what he had, he is only thirteen." "Ok, I will talk to him tomorrow but right now I have to check what Jim is up to and why his farm hands were up in the hills." "Well," Kathryn replied, "Your best source just walked out the door. DC was there from what you said, and he and Kip are as close as thieves. If you want to know what they were doing, you will need Kip to help you find out." "What a summer" Bill said to himself as he turned to go out the door and find Kip.

Before he left, Kathryn called out. "I have started setting up dinner. It should be ready in about 45 minutes. Could you turn on the TV for the nightly news before you walk out?" "Bill turned the Channel 5 adjusted the volume and was about to walk out, when he heard Jim Wilson's voice explaining the joint effort of the state's government and the local business community to work together to create a joint Reston/SD energy development area. "We all take this very seriously" the governor spoke up. "Energy is the future of this area. We cannot just stand here and look to the past, we must use every legal and regulatory avenue we have available to move this forward." "What the hell" was all that Bill could say? "You try to act justly in a fair matter for all and this is what it gets you. Those guys in the truck must have told him of our run in but how could that have set him off unless he was scared that I knew something." He saw Kip out

near the horse pen. Bill thought, a young boy just entering manhood without a clue as to what that meant or what he would be facing in the future. But if anything had been shown over the past weeks is that he seemed capable of taking on almost anything that came up. “Kip, could we speak.” “Sorry Grandpa, I know that you have a lot on your mind. This has been the greatest month in my life. It is just that I want to help and make my Dad proud of me. I know that he has always been a little ashamed of me. I was this short red-haired kid who watched TV and worked on computers. I just wanted to show him what I could do, and DC showed me this bracelet he found in one of the caves in the hills and I recognized the writing as something I had seen at the Chicago Museum when I visited Mom. I looked into the computer and there it was, a similar bracelet was part of a big Viking find on the coast of Maine. Supposedly from about 1000 AD” Bill took a look at the Bracelet. “You may just have found something here” Bill said. “What else did DC show you. “Well, most of it was just pieces of pottery and some bones” Bill looked disappointed. “But he can show where he found it. I am sure that there must be some other old stuff there.” “Was there anything else he found? Anything at all?” “No nothing I can remember. I look at everything he brought back. it was just this stuff and a bunch of paper with charts.” “Paper with charts? What kind of charts” Oh, computer paper with lines running across them but what can that mean for Viking explorers.” “Nothing for Viking explorers, but for men in search of oil, that is another thing. Let’s get back to the house and have dinner. I’ll call Red Eagle and make sure that DC brings his findings down here tomorrow morning.” “Ok but make sure that DC does not get into trouble. He has not done anything wrong”

“What’s going on?” Kate said as she walked in the door. “I take an afternoon off to spend some time at a library and from what I could tell from the car radio on the way back, all ‘heck’ is breaking out on this Jim Wilson and the Governor’s talk” “How did you get back here” Kathryn spoke up. “You were supposed to call me. Tomas was with me. He called his Dad and he came over to pick us up and dropped me off here.” Kate turned to her Grandpa who had just entered the kitchen. “What is Mr. Wilson up to and what are you going to do about it?” “Enough of what am I going to do about it” Bill spoke up “What is this with you spending the afternoon with Tomas? You are only fourteen.” “Almost fifteen Kate responded. “Ok almost fifteen but your Dad would kill me if they knew you were out with a seventeen year old boy without my permission.” “My God” Kate said, “a seventeen year old Amish Boy at a library. What do you think could happen? Nothing that’s what happened Nothing, Nothing, Nothing” and then Kate broke into tears. “Way to go Bill” Kathryn took Kate in her arms. “Swedish men just don’t get it.” Eventually Kate settled down. “I’m sorry. The last month seemed like a lifetime. “I am sorry” Bill turned to Kate. “What were you doing there.” “Well, Tomas had spent the summer trying to get a fix on the Indian settlement with the U.S. Government. He thinks that the material sent to Washington DC from the state leaders was different from what they signed with the representatives from Washington. However, since he is not Indian, he was unable to get into the restricted files in the library. That is where I fit in. If what I found can be believed, the Indians thought the agreement related to “their historical lands.” To them the historical lands ran from the plains of Reston from the Riverbed to the west, the burial grounds to the north and the settlements to the south and then East to the valley of the Ojibwa. When the final



agreement went to Washington, the river became the east branch of the Reston River, and the burial grounds were the southern hills. So, the question remains what were the original lands.”

Well, I have been in this area for now almost fifty years, and I have never heard of the East and West branch of the Reston River and the current Indian leadership has also claimed that the southern hills are their sacred lands. “I don’t know what to say. Most of Indian knowledge is passed down through a Verbal tradition. We repeat what we were told. In the last 150 years, much of that oral history has been transformed to fit the current conditions. The collapse of this historical tradition led to a new set of stories consistent with the current conditions. The tribe being moved changed their historical home to the sacred lands. The East branch of the Reston becomes their Western limit.” “So how do you know all of this?” “In the 1820s when the first whites came to this area an early settler took the time to learn the native language and spent time with the local shamans to write down all of the ancient stories.” “I have heard stories but despite all my checking I could never find proof” Bill commented. “Well, I just got lucky, Kate replied. “In one of the government documents is a reference to a Bill Dickey as an assistant to the government surveyors. I check the computer section in the library for the antiquities section at the National congress. When I search the section for early contact there was a reference to a William Dickey who was initially part of the Lewis and Clark in the early 1800’s. The whole collection was recently computerized. So, I called up all references to William Dickey. He had a son, Bill who grew up in the frontier of the then west and was considered a friend of the Indians. He kept a copy of his father’s notes and those notes were kept in the family archives given to Iowa State University in Sioux Falls. A Quick check to that library and I

was able to download the records.” “All This in one Day” Kathryn asked incredulously. “Well in fact we have been meeting at the library for the last two weeks” I have been looking into the geography of the area while Kate has been checking out the literary history.” Tomas Said. “If I am right, sometime in the last several hundred years, an event took place which changed the historical landscape of the area. I suspect an earthquake caused the land to shift in the north creating the barrier that created Reston Lake north of the city and changed the course of the river.”

“Where did the old river run?” “Well basically under Jim Wilsons land. There is a reason he has such access to water for irrigation. The old river runs under these lands.” “So basically, what you are telling me is that when the Indian tribe signed onto the treaty, they fully believed that the land they had went 20 miles West and 20 Miles North.” “Basically yes” Kate said. “By the time the final signing took place, the Whites saw the land mass as X and the Indians as Y” “So where are the ancient burial grounds?” Kathryn questioned. “Well from what I can tell, Tomas added, “Somewhere 20 to 50 feet under the water of Reston Lake. That is where you will find evidence of their ancient history.” “I suspect” Kate said. “Is that they brought much of what was on the burial area to the hills as the lake formed that is why there is a mix of historical material in the hills.”

“What you are telling me is that what we have here is a mess” The Indians who signed the agreements in the 1800’s believed that they would have control over a much larger area than the U.S. Government of the 19<sup>th</sup> century and surely the current representatives. Yet if one goes

back to the initial agreements, the Indians have a much larger claim. As important, current Indian America policy increasingly respects the sacredness of certain parts of the Indian tribal areas. If that holds, the entire idea of fracking and access to the oil reserves would lay on how one views that problem.”

### Chapter 18: Arizona

“I guess this would be a good time to call my Dad would it” Kate asked her Grandfather. “Let’s see it has been almost a week since you have spoken to your parents and emails do not count. Yes you have to call.” “But what can I say?” Kate asked. Kate’s Grandfather looked up. “Let’s see. You almost got yourself killed. From what I can tell you have gotten yourself all involved with this oil and gas controversy in Reston, and have a crush on an Amish boy who just graduated from High School and is three years older than you.” “It’s not a crush and he is only 2 and 1/2 years older than I am.” “Well, whatever, you and your brother have to give him a call.” Kip spoke up. “They simply cannot be reached. I have tried. Except by email and in those they seem really busy. I even sent one to them last night after I found this Viking stuff but I did not receive an answer.”

Bill looked surprised. If Kip had given Dave the same findings he shared with him. Dave would have gone to hell and back to call. “What email have you been using?” Bill asked. Kip showed him the email. [info@tempoil.com](mailto:info@tempoil.com). “Why are you using this email” Bill asked. “Well, I sent one to Dad’s email, but I got a response that it was no longer working and to use this one instead.” Kathryn also looked surprised. “I do not know about Dave, but from what you have told me Karen would never let someone contact her on a general email, especially for family business. I don’t know what is going on, but I have the home phone of Tess and Tom in Albuquerque and I am going to give them a call.”

Tess closed the door of the car and headed into the house. Just as she entered the house, she heard the phone ring. Tess picked up the phone, just before Kathryn hung up. "This is Tess."

"Tess this is Kathryn, maybe Dave and Karen have spoken to you about me. I am a good friend of Bill, Dave's Father. We have been trying to get ahold of Dave or Karen but have not been able to contact them. Do you know where they are?" "I am sorry that you are not in contact. I just saw them yesterday when they went up to the site. Last night Tom told me they had left earlier in the day to go back to the original site. It is almost impossible to reach them up there since there is no email or phone access. I will have to call the local sheriff and have him drive over and get in contact with them." "Are you sure they left yesterday for the old site" Kathryn asked. "Well, I am not sure when they left. Why do you ask?" "Well Kip just sent him an email last night and did not get a response." "What email did he use" Tess asked. "The one they had been told to use [info@tomoil.com](mailto:info@tomoil.com)." Tess thought how strange that was. She had emailed back and forth with Karen and Kate before they came to New Mexico and had always used their personal email. The Info@tomoil was Tom's business email. Why would they send email there?

Just then Tess heard Tom's car come into the driveway. "I'll get back to you as soon as I find out where they are and how best to get in touch with them." "OK" Kathryn said. "But call back soon." "What was all that about" Tom asked as he entered the house. "The summer school office just called, and the kids failed to sign out when they left. I am going to check if they are still in the backyard and will get back to the proper officials." They seem to be taking this watching over the kids a little too seriously" Tom replied, "Just let them do their work we have enough to do here. I have to make a few phone calls. Just check on the kids and let me know

when dinner is ready.” “When are Dave and Karen going to return?” “They did not tell me why or when they intend to return.” “Don’t you think that is strange?” Tess asked. Tom called back, “They are very strange people. I have to go to the office.”

Tess took the cell phone and walked into the backyard. Tom Jr. and Terry were playing together in the corner of the yard. Tess dialed the number Kathryn had given her. Kathryn picked up the phone immediately. “I don’t really know what is going on” Tess explained. “Tom says they just left to go back to the old site. I don’t get it. They only just got here and from what Tom said, all of the real evidence shows this site being the main focus.” “What about the email” Kathryn asked. “Again, I do not understand. When they are in town I use their personal emails.” Kathryn sighed “Something does not seem right I will talk to you tomorrow.” “What is going on” Bill asked. “I got no real information. Something is wrong. I can tell it” “Well I know what I am going to do. I am grabbing the next plane and checking out the old claim where Tess said they are.”

Tom came out of his office and went to the kitchen Tess and the two kids were already at the table. “What was the phone call about?” Tess asked. “Oh, just some work stuff. The town manager wants to know how we are coming at the site. We only have two weeks left to submit our findings which give us a claim on the historical artifacts and control over the digging rights in the area. Just to make sure that all is well, I am going to leave early in the morning and go up to the old site to check with Dave and Karen to make sure that all the documentation is ready.” Tess did not know what to say or to say anything. “That is a good Idea” Tess responded. “When you were in your office I received a cell call from Bill. He had not heard anything from Dave in

almost a week and wondered what was happening.” “What did you tell him” Tom asked. “I said I would ask you and give them a call tomorrow morning, but as long as you are going up there I will tell them that you are checking it out and I will call them after I hear from you.” “Well, that makes sense. But it is a big area up there and I may not be able to find them immediately. It may take a couple days before I find where on the mountain they are doing their digging and as for Bill, don’t worry I will call him.”

“It was about 9 AM when Bill walked out of the plane at Phoenix. The airport was about a two hour drive from Tempe and from Tom and Tess’s house. He did not want to call them and just wanted to surprise them. If something is going on, I don’t want to give them a heads up, he thought. As he went down the walkway from the Gate toward the exit, he looked to his left. On the other side of a glass wall was the security section for entry. To his surprise, he saw Tom Wilson leaving the security area walking down the walkway to the gates. Kathryn did not mention that Tom was leaving Arizona, but if he is leaving the site it must mean that Dave and Karen are ok. He would never leave either site unattended. As he headed out to the car rental area, he took out his phone and called Kathryn. “Have you spoken with Tess yet” he asked. “No and it is almost 10 am. She said she would call first thing in the morning. I am getting more and more concerned.” “Well, I should be at Tess house by noon. I will call then.”

Tess spent the morning going through Tom’s office. If he knew what I was doing, Tom would go crazy, she thought. Tom’s office was his personal room. He never let anyone in, not Tess, not the kids, no one. Everything looked normal. She opened up the right drawer. Tom was anything

if not organized. In the folders, were various expenses? Taxes, credit cards, phone bills. She opened the credit card folder. Each credit card was maxed out. She pulled the house file. Six months in arrears. She had no idea. Maybe this is why Tom was acting so strangely over the past year. She then opened up the folder with the tab phone bills. While most of the phone calls were local, there were a number of calls to the same number in South Dakota. She had never seen this number before. It was not for his Father she knew that one by heart. She then heard a knock on the door.

There was a knock on the door. "Who is it" "Bill Emery, I am Dave's Father" "What are you doing here" Tess asked. "Well to tell the truth, we were getting a little concerned back home. We have not heard from Dave and Karen for over a week and after Kathryn called, you really did not have any more information than we did. I have not been the best father to Dave in the past, but I am sure trying to be the best one now. So where are they?" Tom left this morning to find out. He said he was heading up to the old site to make sure everything was ok. "Well, that strange." Bill said. "Why" Tess asked. "Well, I just saw Tom at the Phoenix airport as he was leaving security and walking toward the Delta gateways." "Did he see you" Tess asked. "No, I was on the other side of the security area, but it was Tom." "This makes no sense. Why would he be at the airport?"

"What is going on" Bill looked directly at Tess. "I don't know" but he has been acting strangely. I just went through Tom's office. We are broke and his business is failing. If he doesn't get the rights for the oil pipeline the business is bankrupt." "Well, I have to find out what is happening.



Exactly where is the site up north” “I have only been there once but let me get the kids and let’s head up there. I want, I need to know what is happening as much as you.”

Dave and Karen found the exit from the cave room using the same point that Yeli and Bey had used. Dave knelt down to pick up some artifacts. “Why are you carrying that with you”? If they find the bodies, I want us to be remembered for finding something.”

Tess and Bill arrived at the site late that afternoon. “We should find a place to spend the night and get over to the site first thing in the morning.” Tess suggested. “No way. I have lived out in the country my whole life and most of it on digs worse than this. You take the kids and find a motel. I will see you later.” “No way” Tess answered; “the kids love camping and this will give them a story for the summer.” The site was at the end of a dirt road which led to the side of a rock face the top of which offered a view of the entire valley. Tess turned to her kids. “Rule 1: never go far enough away that you cannot see the campsite. Rule number 2. Remember Rule number 1. Tom Jr and Terry headed out to explore the area, while Bill walked to the central site. “Well, if they have come up here, they certainly haven’t stopped here.” “How do you know?,” Tess asked. “Well, the first thing an archeologist does when he or she is going over a site. Is to check your name next to the site map and date it, it is the only way to put order on the search pattern. According to the search map in the container at the camp site at the bottom of a walk they haven’t been to this site in over two weeks.” “That’s impossible” Tess responded. “Tom said they left for the site over 36 hours ago. I presumed they used one of the trucks from the oil company.” “I do know my son, Dave lives his life by the book, unlike his

father, he simply would not move one step up here without checking in here first.” Bill started looking around the campsite. To the left was the rock wall. He noted a series of carved steps into the rock face. ‘I can see way they chose this site to excavate,’ he thought. “If I was an early visitor to the area, this is where I would settle and it looks like they started to find something. Why did they leave this area?” “Well,” Tess replied. Tom called them after he found some interesting finds near Albuquerque. I know that Dave and Karen were running out of time and money to keep looking here. I don’t think they had a choice.” Tess called out to her kids. “What are you two looking at?” “I thought you said we were the only ones on this site for decades” Tom Jr. called back. “Yes” Tess replied. Well, there are tire tracks over here,” TJ called back. “Bill and Tess ran over to where the kids were calling. They moved a log and brush and saw a small logging road heading up the hill around the rock face. They all jumped into the car and headed up the logging road. At the end of the road was a clearing. At the end of the clearing was what looked like a rockslide from the top of the hill into the edge of the clearing? Bill got out of the car and walked over to the rockslide. “This is not natural” What” Tess asked. “When there is a rockslide it is the small rocks that fall first with the large rocks over them, here is it the exact opposite. Someone created this cave in. It looks like there was a cave entrance. This does not look good.”

“I can’t believe Tom would be behind this” Tess said. “Well, that’s not the current problem. If we cannot find Dave and Karen outside here we have to believe that they are in there somehow.” “Tess, you take the car and head into the town, find the sheriff, and get a team up here. We have to unblock this entrance” Just then, TJ yelled down from the area below the

logging road. "Hey Mom" he called. "Take a look over here, under this bolder there is another entrance." Tess and Bill ran over, "Terry get the bill flashlight out of the car and bring some rope with it." Bill looked at Tess. "What are you doing? I grew up out here, I know a cave opening when I see one. I explored many of these as a kid. I didn't grow up in a City or a ranch like you. This is what I did as a kid. She started to fit a rope harness around TJ." "What are you doing" Don't worry we have gone down many cave openings before. Take the lantern but do not go down more than ten feet." TJ took the lantern and entered the small opening. Down below, Dave and Karen kept moving up the tunnel. "Do you think we are getting close to the surface? I don't know. We seem to be going sideways toward the side of the mountain." "Just then Dave saw something in the distance." "We are down here." TJ turned back to his mother. "I hear someone calling from below." Bill started pulling rocks away from the cave entrance. 'Hold it" Tess said" we do not want to start a landslide here." Dave crawled up until he could see a small plateau on the edge of the rock outcrop. He would see TJ waving the light. "We are over here." Dave yelled. "I can see them" TJ said. "Tess take the car and get help." Dave thought he could hear his father's voice. It must be the lack of oxygen he thought. "Who is up there? It's me TJ Wilson. I am here with my Mom, Tess, and Dave Emery's father." Tess came to the cave entrance. "We were scared something had happened to you and came looking."

"Thank God you did" Dave replied.

About four hours later, Dave and Karen were able to fit through the cave opening. "What happened?" Bill asked. "Let's talk in private. It really lucky that came looking for us and we would have been in really bad shape." What happened here?" "It is a long story." Dave said,

Bill cut in, "First let's get you to the hospital and then we can sort this all out" No, first I have to register these on the site map." Dave pulled the artifacts out of this backpack" What are these? Bill asked. "I don't know. There is a treasure chest of material down in a cave below the surface"" Bill took a brief look at one. It was the very same bracelet, he had given Kate.

"So, what do we do now?" Dave asked. "We do not do anything" Bill replied. "I am going to go back to Reston, talk to the sheriff and track down Tom and his crew." "Well, we are going with you. We will pick up the kids and then head back to Chicago" "Are you sure you want to do all that so quickly" Bill asked. Dave replied. "OK so I am the bad guy. I can handle that. Look Dad, Reston is not my home, it was not then, is not now and will not be in the future. It almost took my family then and as I said it almost took my family today. My kids will thank me someday." "So you are going to let them win" Bill answered.

"Well, I do not know about winning" Dave turned again to his father. "But I do know about losing. I lost my mother about this, my sister, I almost lost my wife. I so not want to lose any more. If they want they can have it. For me it's back to Chicago."

"OK, but we have to get back to Reston as soon as possible. As soon as Tom or whoever he is working with up in Reston finds that we are free, who can tell what they are going to do."

### Chapter 19: Last Contact

The years that followed the return of the Bey and Yeli from the south were peaceful for the people of the north. Families were raised. Other tribes came to the valley, but none of them stayed. The White Bear tribe was feared by most of the other clans in the area. The bronze people saw them as dead people who rose from the ground with their color gone. Not only were they white but they had spirit dogs and commanded the Spirit Bear. As time went by, however, the tribe became more of a story among the local tribes. They guarded the way to the area where the sun gods slept. Other tribes started to have stories that these people held the secrets of the Gods. The stories of these people moved through the tribes toward the great river. Stories of a tribe of “white winter people” had even made its way to the Great River.

Eric turned the tiller of the ship as it eased into the harbor. The Viking sea boat was similar to the boat used for raiding villages up and down the coast of Europe, Ireland, and England but it was built for the ocean. The tribes from Norway had found their way to the Islands west of their homeland. The largest of the islands is named Greenland today and the smallest Iceland. These islands provided a base for exploring the local lands but little else. They had spent several years there and had begun to trade with the local villagers. The stories they told spoke of greener lands to the west, full of game and fruit.

The boat eased its way onto the shore. The land reminded them of their homeland. The forest came down to the ocean’s edge. Off the coast were small rocky islands that gave Eric and his

fellow sailors places to put up camp without the fear of any creatures from the forest surprising them?

Eric and his group set up camp on the islands offshore and began to take small forays into the woods. Within a week they had filled the boat hull with salted fish, and smoked venison. They also had contact with some of the natives of the area. The local Indians spoke a dialect similar to the ice people Eric was familiar with on the little island. Eric turned to Blandu. The land is rich and is certainly a better choice than the Islands of the North. In addition to fish and game, the land is full of vines and wheat. For many of our people this could be their new home. "What of the native Indians. What makes you think they will give up their land so easily?" "I don't know but it seems that they regard the fish of the sea or the animals of the forest as just gifts from their God's. If we leave them alone I am sure that they will leave us alone. They also seem afraid of us. There are stories. Stories of an Indian tribe to the West. Many nights away, three new moons. The tribe is known as the "White Winter People."

"So" Blandu replied. "They could just be a tribe similar to the ice people of our islands to the North. "No" Eric Replied. "They say they are called the Winter People because they are white like us. Stories are told that this tribe is the most feared of all tribes andt hat no other tribes dare cross their land. They live in the land where the sun god sleeps but they came from the great river that we now are on."

“How is this possible?” Blandu replied. “We are the first people on this land. But if we are not and if a ‘white’ tribe exists we may be able to join forces with them and control the land between these islands and their land. The ships are full. We can send them back to the islands. It would take about six moons for them to leave, drop off the goods and return them to us. That would give us time to head inland toward to where the Sun God sleeps. If these people are really from our tribe we could create a land of our own, a land full of game and food away from the enemies of the old land to the east.”

And so, it was decided. The ships left the next day. Eric, Blandu and twenty men took some of the food. They bribed the local tribe with iron bands for three of the water boats and convinced the head of the local tribe to have his son travel with them. They started up the great river that flowed from the west. Utku the son of the tribal chief had taken many trips up the river. “It is not that difficult” Utku said. There are some great falls, but we can portage around them. Your people will be close to the water for it is said that they are water people. That they were bound for the water of the great river by the Sun God as he rose in the morning and left on the land when he went to sleep that night”

The days went quickly and by the end of the second month they came to the far shore of what the local Indians called the great inland ocean. The farther they went, the more often one heard of the white Indians. But it was only on the shore of the great inland lake, did they finally meet one.

Aska saw them first from the rocks on top of the bay. They were dressed differently from any of the tribes he knew. Aska had been captured as a young brave as he was on his 'spirit days.' He had been raised by the local tribe as their own, but he knew he would never be one of them. These men, these 'other winter people' could be his way back home or to a tribe similar to his own. They certainly looked different. He would wait his time before making himself known to them.

Eric and Blandu pulled the water boats ashore. "If we do not find them soon we must turn back" Blandu spoke to Eric. If they are water people they cannot be far from this great lake. Utku came back from the woods. "I have met with the local people. They say the white tribe is one half-moon west across the open land to the river that runs north. The river is a sacred one. No one knows of any other river that runs north. Some Indians say that the "Winter People" turned the river around to that they could return to their homeland someday."

"Well Eric, We have come this far. Another moon will not make any difference and the water runs east on our return, we can make good time" That night Eric had a dream of meeting the white Indian, or at least he thought it was a dream. When he awoke, standing over him was a young brave who could have been his brother. Aska stood six feet tall and was almost naked. His clothes were brown of the skin of the deer, but his skin was as white as his own. Eric reached for his sword but Aska was too quick. Aska placed his foot on the sword and put his knife to Eric's throat. Aska looked carefully at Eric. While he remembered seeing white men in his own tribe as a youth, he was raised to believe that they were the only sons of the Sun God,



taken from the waters and sent to guard his tepee as he slept. Perhaps there were more sons of the Sun God. If this was true, it was his responsibility to find them and bring them to his original home. He slowly took his knife away from Eric's throat and moved his foot from the blade. He sat down in a cross-legged position about four feet from Eric and kept staring at him.

Eric had been taken completely by surprise. After almost three months of travel, he had almost given up on every finding anyone who resembled the story of the "white warriors." Just then, Blandu came into the lean to. He took one look at Aska and started toward him. Eric raised his hand. "Stop. He could have killed me if he wanted to. This is our chance. Get Utku, See if he can talk to this savage." Utku came running when he heard that a "white warrior" was in the camp and sitting in front of Eric. Entering the lean-to, he could see immediately that the young brave was dressed in the clothing of the local tribe. "You are different from your fellow warriors, why" Utku said to Aska in his own Indian tongue. "My tribe parents said I was found in the snow and that is why I was white. That there were no others like me. But I remembered. In my dreams I remember many of my kind. And here, at the bottom of the rock face were men who reminded me of my dreams."

Eric turned to Utku. "Where is his homeland?" Utku turned to Aska. "Where did you come from?" "I was a child at the time, but I know we walked toward the rising sun, away from my village. I was raised here but as I have grown, I have met others who have told me that men who look like me, live seven days walk to the setting sun. If you wish I will take you there. I have been too long way from my people." Eric turned to Blandu. "What do you think? We have come

this far. Who knows what these people are or where they came from.” “If it were up to me” Blandu replied “I would follow you, but the men are far from their home. They have been away too long and they know that the boats are waiting for us toward the rising sun. They will not stay here forever. We know that these people exist, why not simply return to the great lake follow it to the sea and return when we are stronger.”

Eric could not argue the logic in Blandu’s answer. “You are right, return with the men but I am going to continue on with Aska. He could have killed me when he wanted to. He is a brave warrior and I want to see his people.” “It is your choice” Blandu replied. “You can take two of my slaves with you. They probably would regard it as a blessing not to have to carry all the plunder we have found along the way.” Tuck and Rata have also asked to stay with you. That will give you enough men to fight anyone you meet on the way. We will head back tomorrow.”

The next morning Aska headed west with Eric, Utku and four of his men. Blandu gathered all the belongings and along with the fifteen men left started to head back toward the rising sun. By the next day, the head of the Ojibwa tribe, discovered Aska had left and the ‘White Warriors’ had split up into two separate groups. “We have to stop them from returning to their homeland. They will assuredly come back for their friends who have gone toward the Sleeping Sun’s Tepee.” By the time the chief had gathered his tribe, Blandu was about one day’s walk toward the Great Lake. Eric traveling with a smaller band was almost two days west.

The chief split his warriors into two groups. The largest of almost twenty braves went after Blandu while a smaller group of seven warriors followed the trail of Aska. When the sun rose on the fourth day Eric could see the river Aska spoke of. Eric had never seen water heading north. "What kind of people have the power to change the direction of water" Eric turned to Aska. "We will soon know" Aska replied. Aska started up the river. About fifty feet up on the banks of the river, Aska found a circular boat similar to the one's he was familiar with the tribe he met several days earlier. Aska yelled to Eric, "No one would leave a boat like this. There must be someone in the area" Just as Aska was pulling the boat out into river. The local tribe attacked. One used a sling to throw a rock which hit Aska in the back of the neck and he fell forward into boat and out into the river. The other warriors ran toward Eric and his team. Eric has already started to walk to where he heard Aska call. He had his sword at his side when he saw the attacking tribe running down the hill. He called back to his companions. As the chief warrior went after Eric, his companions when after the rest of Eric's clan. The two slaves had never taken up a sword and were killed quickly. Rata and Tuck however were warriors. They held shields made of metal and skins which the local tribe had not met. Their spears broke on Rata's shield and his sword broke the spear of the second. Tuck was not as lucky. One of the Indian's hatchets found his head. Utku made it to his bow and his arrow hit the heart of the second warrior. One of the Warrior's own arrow hit just below the left Rata's knee but before Rea fell to the ground his sword found the throat of the second warrior. Utku had two arrows left in his quiver and both found two Indians as they ran back up the hill to help their leader. Eric was considerable smaller than the chief warrior, but Eric was considerably quicker. The final warrior reached for his hatchet but Eric dipped below his arms and struck a knife into his

heart. Eric looked up to see where the rest of the Indian band was attacking, but all he saw was seven men with bird sticks on their bodies and each had a sling to send them in the air.

Standing over them were a number of 'white warriors' he had never seen.

Eric rushed to Rata's side, the blood was rushing down his leg. Eric put a tourniquet around it and looked for some salve to stop the bleeding. As he looked around he saw the boat with Aska in it floating away from the shore. He tossed off his weapons and leaped into the river. The boat was about fifteen feet from shore but still away far enough from the force of the rivers flow. He reached the boat just before it was caught in the river's current. Eric was able to pull the boat to shore. But just as he was able to touch ground, he looked up to see two of the Indians who were as white as he walked out into the water and helped Eric pull the boat to shore. Once on the bank, they reached the boat and pulled Aska onto the ground. The oldest of the white Indian group walked over to Aska's body and turned him over. As it did so, he let out a gasp. On the Aska's right shoulder was a brand, the brand of the night sky that had been handed down for century to century to the oldest son of the tribe chief. Ina, the leader of the group, called out to the rest of his party, "we have found Aska, the chief's son who was taken so many years ago."

He looked over at Eric. Ina was as confused as Utku was when he first saw Eric. Another white tribe, but from where? Ina looked over at Rata as he lay on the ground. He motioned to his men to look after Rata's leg. If there is an answer to all this, it is in making sure that Aska did not die.

Blandu and the rest of the Viking party were only a couple of days from the lake that would take them back to the Ocean from which they came. But without Utku to guide them, Blandu was careful to follow the tracks that took them from the lake. This slowed them down and allowed the larger Indian party to catch up to them. Blandu was unaware that any Indian party would attack them, but as any leader he was careful to have his fellow tribesmen ready for battle at all times. Years of ravaging the coast of England and Ireland had made Blandu and his fellow Vikings skilled warriors. The Indian war party came upon the Blandu's party early in the morning of the fifth day. Blandu could hear the calls of the back of his party, and though he had no idea of what was happening, he set about the rest of his party to put down the water boats and use them as a type of fort similar to what he had learned on the shores of Iceland.

The Indians had not seen other tribes put up such a foreclosure. Among Indian tribes, show of force was generally enough to make the other tribe give up and offer a number of their men as slaves to stop the fight. In this case, they would have a fight. They charged full force onto the barricade set up by Blandu. Twenty warriors against fifteen is generally a bad sign, but the first wave of Indians broke on the bulwark put up by Blandu. After the first attack, there were only twelve Indians left in the war party, but Blandu had lost four men in the attack. Blandu knew that he could not withstand losing four men for every eight Indians. The next time the warriors charged into the fortification made by the water boats, Blandu opened the fortification so that the Indians came through the same opening. As they did, Blandu had his fellow Vikings fall upon the Indians as they were grouped together, this enabled his men to use their advantage in size and equipment. Soon after realizing their predicament, the Indians tried to escape back

through the opening, but Blandu had already closed the opening. He had to make sure no one returned back to the Ojibwa to let them know if anyone escaped. When the fighting had stopped, Blandu took a view of the landscape. There were twenty dead Indians but ten of his original party were dead. He was unsure if any other Indians would soon follow the attackers. He orders his men to bury the Indians and his men in a common burial pit, but as his men dug the trench, Blandu had his men leave a rock etched with the events. If we never make it back, our fellow Vikings who come this way will at least know that we had come before them. Blandu, however, was ever more driven to make it back to the Big River. This land was not safe. Vikings should never venture too far inland. Eric would have to make it back on his own. Moreover, Blandu thought, if the tribe had sent a similar war party to reach Eric, he knew Eric had to be dead. Twenty versus ten maybe, but twenty versus five. He had to be dead.

The white Indians, put Aska on a carry structure and moved him up the river to where they had crossed earlier. Eric and Utku were bound. They all cross the river together. On the other side, and safe from the warring tribes. They set up camp. Aska was slowly improving, By the third day, Aska finally awoke. Ula turned to the rest of his party to bring up Utku. Utku had never heard the White Bear tribe's language but it was close to that of this native people in the lakes where the river ends. Surprisingly as Aska gained greater strength and full awareness of the surroundings, he started to remember the language of this youth. He was soon up and about. Rata, however, was becoming worse off. His leg was turning color. His fellow Indians knew that he was not far from death.

Aska however, knew of Utku support and encouragement to return to his homeland. He turned to Eric. "If we do not act soon Rata will surely die" In all of your travels and warfare can nothing be done?" Eric had seen many battles and many injuries. Rata's injuries were serious but Eric had seen worse. The real issue was how to make a clean cut. Such a cut required a sharp blade and a sharp blade required a hot fire. None of the Indians in the tribe had ever seen what Eric built in the rocks on the hillsides overlooking the river. He created a wind bladder from one of the moose that they had killed for food. This enabled him to heat his blade enough to create the sharpness required.

The Indians knew enough of the local herbs to create a potion to put Rata to sleep and Eric operated on Rata that night. To the amazement of all, Rata survived. Eric also showed an ability at language and after almost two months with the local tribe, he was at least partially fluent in the local language and found he could communicate with his captures. As they came to the camp of the White Bear, the rest of the tribe were intrigued by this white warrior and his weapons. He was a man from where the great sun king rose each morning. At the very least he must be a warrior in the army of that king. The chief of the tribe, Laska was less astonished. He had spent most of his life setting boundaries which could protect his people after he departed to the stars above. After his son had been kidnapped, he had dedicated his life to making the history of his people engraved on the walls of the caves which dotted the hills that the Sun God slept at night. These writings would permit his people to have a record of what to do in the years ahead.

Already Laska had seen changes in this tribe. Over the years, the Indian slaves his tribe had taken in war had become a significant part of his tribe. No longer were all the white Warriors all white. In fact, half of the tribe was bronze or at least the color of the sun. Laska tried to keep his personal guard as pure as possible. And of course, the Dream See'er had to come from the Line of white warriors originally from the waters where the Great sun god rose each morning.

Laska saw in Eric a messenger from God. To Aska, Eric was merely a friend. Aska had none of his father's superstitions. Having lived near the Great lake, he had seen many people, People of the north, the south and now with Eric one from the east and Eric brought one great story to Laska. Eric was entranced by the shape which covered Laska's shoulder. He had seen it many times as his ship went south along the coast of Europe. One night as they gazed at the stars above them, Aska turned to Eric "you are like a brother to me" I must take you to see our sacred temple. Late that night they rose and ventured to the mountains to the west. As they walked up the hills and into the cave, Eric raised his head to see a great etching on the ceiling above. The etching offered a look at the stars from Europe to the land of the White Bear. Eric was familiar with these stars, they had guided him throughout the years, but here was a guide to and from this place to back home.

Eric opened up to Aska as to the world he knew. A world outside of the White Bear. A world of white, black, and yellow. A place where the plentiful was shared with the poor but only if the poor had a sword. Laska worried about such a place. Laska's people had learned how to take only what one needed but as people came closer to the land of his youth, he had tried to learn



to live with others. Even within the tribe he was trying to bring both ends of the tribe the whites and the non-whites together. Eric simply did not care. Each night he would climb the mountain and enter the sacred chamber. By the end of the month, he had memorized the sky chart, as soon as Rata was well, he planned to head across the river running north across the great lake and back to his people on the coast.

On his last night, as he entered the sacred room, he saw a young woman by the praying wall, as he was turning around, she called out his name. "I knew you would be here tonight. I saw you in my dreams." Eric had heard about the 'women who dream.' "I am here to ask you not to leave" "How can you know what I was planning" Eric replied. "You don't believe in the ability to dream, do you"

I don't care what you think" Night Sky said. "I had a dream. If you leave you will die, if you stay, that is less clear" "I have to leave. This is not my land. Not my family. I have done my part, I brought Aska back to his people. It is time for me to join mine." "How do you know we are not your people" Northern Sky replied.

Eric left before anyone had risen. He had crossed the river and had made it to the very camp where he and his party had been attacked months earlier. As he looked around, he could see that the entire camp had been overrun. There must have been ten fire pits and enough bones to have feed a party of over thirty braves. Near the river he could see red and blueberries. He had seen this back in his raids in the north of the Great Lake. War paint. As he followed the

river south, he could see where they crossed the river. They were headed straight for the Aska's tribe. The white tribe had been isolated for so long, they were simply not ready for a raid of this size. They would certainly die. It was not his problem. Many people died each day. As he started back up to his track, he was startled to see Blandu and the remaining four men of the original party".

"Where is the rest of the men" Eric asked Blandu. "We were attacked by over twenty warriors about a moon's day north toward the Great Lake. Your men thought well, but we were overmatched. All the Indian warriors were killed but we lost the rest of our men. We buried everyone and began to walk toward the camp next to the great lake. As we got to the lake, Helos raised his voice. If they sent twenty men toward us, how many would have gone after you. He said we all go back together or none of us go back. We took a vote, and it was unanimous, we turned around and came back to see if you were still alive. So here we are."

"It is great to see you. I have been to the village of the 'white warriors.' They have been there for many moons. They came from our land and have settled in this new land. I suspect they were once a great tribe, but they have not remained a great tribe. Stories of their past have kept their neighbors away from them, but from the tracks by the river, the tribes in the area have joined forces to kill them. They will fight well but against the men that are coming toward them they do not stand a chance." "Well, what are we to do?" Blandu replied. "I don't know, we have already lost many men. The men of the White Bear tribes are our ancestors but I do not know if we owe them our lives." Blandu stood up. "If we are ever to come back here we

need these people. As important, if word reaches the Great Lake that the white men are not warriors, we will have to fight then rather than now.”

Eric took a deep breath. “Ok let’s see what we can do.” Eric picked up his sword and led the men to where the Indian war party crossed the river” Helos turned to Eric, “there must be more than thirty warriors. How can we help them” “It is simple” they do not know we are coming. Aska and some of this tribe will fight hard. It is their land and their people.”

The Indian war party had never been in the valley of the Sun King, but a week after crossing the river, they saw a small party of the White Bear Tribe. They were not all white, so they were unsettled as to what to do. But they did send a few of their party to follow the party to where they came from. Two days later they came back. “About two days north, is their encampment. It is not fortified and I saw about forty men. About twenty of them are white warriors but some of them are old. If we attack early in the morning, we should be able to clear the valley of their curse. If they are gone, the white warriors who came to our village will never come back.”

That night in the village, all was quiet. But Northern Sky did not sleep well. In her dreams she saw a fire rage through the village and kill its people. A few of their warriors survived. With their backs to the hills, the fire came back to destroy them, but before it had killed them, a cloud came from behind it and put the fire out. She could not understand all of it, but it was the most vivid dream in her life. She got up from her tepee and went to Laska her father. “Father, I know I am young, and I am the youngest Dream Mother the tribe has had. I have questioned

my own dreams, but this dream is from the Gods. It is given to me to save our people. We must move now to the hills or we will not live through the day” Laska looked at his daughter. She was a young woman, but she had always been true to him and the tribe.

“You are my daughter but you are our Dream See’er, too. Go wake up your brother. Tell him to take most of the tribe up to the caves. I will remain here in the encampment with a few of the elders. We will keep alert. If anything happens we hold them off until you can prepare. Perhaps it is something, perhaps it is not, Perhaps all the peace of the past years has made us soft and this dream is merely a warning to prepare. But the Sun God has given Dream See’ers as a voice to his warnings, we are not going to go against her now.”

Laska got his white warrior council together and Aska took the tribe to the caves. As Aska waited he looked at the history behind him. For as long as time, the Dream See’ers of his tribe had been buried in this cave. This Dream See’er however, was his sister. He had played with her as a child. How could she be a messenger of the Gods. He went to Utku. “You are in charge here. I know you are not a white warrior but you have become one with our tribe. Stay here and protect my people. I have to find out what is the cause of her dream.”

The morning rose as normal. Laska rose early. He looked to the hills and then to the rolling hills south and the plains to the east. The grass was tall and waved as the morning wind rose. He could see nothing. Laca his warrior chief turned toward him. “Maybe we need a new Dream See’er.” Laska could hear the tone of his voice. “Dreams are our Gods way of communicating

with us.” He sat down to the fire. He looked up for a final time and for a second, he thought he could see something move in the grass. The sun was in his eyes, so it was difficult to see. He turned to Laca. What do you see in the Grass? Laca turned to the east. “I see nothing but the waving reeds” All of a sudden Laska’s dogs began to bark. Laska turned to the small band of warriors in the camp. Get your dogs unleashed and bring your bows and arrows.” Laca turned to Laska. “I am sorry to question you but something is out there, when the grass waves fall I think I see red paint in the grass.”

“To the caves” Laska yelled to the warriors left in the village. It was too late. Laca gripped his spear, picked up his bow and shield but before he could turn around an arrow pierced his heart. Four of the ancients simply smiled. They knew this was a good day to die. They simply grabbed their spears, bows and arrows and knelt down behind their buffalo shields. From there they waited for the attack. Behind their shields the few men left in the village withstood the attack, When the Indians came out of the grass and ran toward the village, they were ready. These men were not the women the Indians had spoken of. As they rose from their shields to fire, in full war armor. White eagle feathers, and hides bleached white. The arrows, their spears, their bows were all white. The sun shining off their barricades made it even more godlike. Their arrows met their mark. The first four arrows hit the first four Indians leading the charge. Laska let loose his dogs. They went for the next wave of attackers. One of the Indians took his spear, and it pierced the lead dog, but by the time he had taken the spear out the second dog was at his throat. Each of the dogs were as white as snow. By the time, the second wave of four dogs hit the wave of Indians, some of the braves started to turn to run. Ula the leader of the war

party whipped them as they passed him. Ula stood over 6'5". He had been in many battles. As the third rain of arrows from the encampment rose in the air, he stood straight. The arrows fell around him. "Fellow warrior, our families wait for us in the next world. Our souls join in the holy war. You see the enemy before us. They are men, they are no different from us. This is our land, the land of our forefathers, this is not land for people of another land." His men regrouped and again charged the encampment. The old warriors were running low on arrows, and they could throw spears only so far." "Head for the caves," Laska yelled. This time the war party overwhelmed the barricade. They swept through the village. When they reached the end, Ula turned and surveyed the damage. Eight white warriors lay dead, but only one was an ancient. Of the over 30 warriors who attacked the village ten lay dead and another 5 were gravely injured.

"Someone must have given away our attack. The tribe is not here." Ula looked at the ground and saw where the footprints lead. He looked up to the hills which were less than a mile from the campground. "There is only one place they could have gone. Follow me" The war party moved forward to the hills. From the caves, Aska looked down upon the advancing party. The White Bear had the advantage of the high ground, but Ula still had over 15 experienced warriors while Aska had only 5 men who had experience with bow or spear. The Indians would have to come through a narrow space between two rocks and then up the rocks to where the caves open. After his sister warned him, he had his warriors set up a land slide of rocks and wood at the opening of the great cave. He looked at his supplies. His father had placed too much faith in the tribe's history. No one had replaced the spears in the great cave as they aged.

There were numerous arrows, but they were arrows to bring down a bird. They had not been sharpened and few would pierce the hides of the warriors coming up the valley toward them. To his advantage, the Indians and Ula did not know what they had or how many of them were in the caves.

He turned to Utku. "You know what they are doing and capable of, what do you think their next action will be." Utku turned to Aska. "There is no reason here. Even if you kill all of them, more will come" I do not want to tell you what to do, but you must find a way to put such fear into their hearts that the stories will grow such that no one will ever return. You need to convince them the Sun God has made you the chosen ones."

Aska looked around him; He turned to his sister. "Take the old women and children and get them to the back of the cave." He called the tribe together. "We are here together. The Sun God had brought us here and he will not forget us but he will require us to do our best. We are going all have to fight. Each of us must grab whatever you can rock thrower, bows and arrows. Pick up any of the old warriors' weapons – their hatchets, their hides for protection. Find a warrior who will lead you. He gathered his men together. The rest of the tribe is looking up to each of you. Utku you take three men and as many arrows as you can and scale the rock face to the points above the cave. Turk you go to the small cave on the far right, if they break through the funnel, they will try to circle us from that end. Rea you take the rest of your group to the rock face just twenty yards down. Take the last of the dogs with you. If they break through I want you to push them toward Turk's group. If they break through we must fall back into the

cave to protect the children. If all else fails we go down into the caves below the sacred cave and wait them out. We will not leave this valley or sacred hills.”

Eric, Blandu and the four other remaining men crossed the river and headed toward the last known campsite. The trail was easy to follow. Indians may leave little tracks but 30 Indians make quite a path. They were at least two days from the campsite. He only hoped it would not be too late.

Ula stopped the attack only long enough to survey the hill side and the caves in the rock face rising from it. He could only see one way between the two rock faces that led up to the cave entrance. The choice was attack now or wait and let them prepare for their attacks. He waved in the first wave. He used his youngest warriors. If this would not work he would want his more seasoned warriors for later.

As Aska started to move his men, he saw five more white warriors come through the space between the two rocks. He saw his father leading the men. “Father” called out. I thought you were dead for sure.” “It is probably sooner than you think. But we will not let our people down. I see that you have prepared well for the battle but you must also prepare to lose. I have already had Northern Sky set up to take the youngest into the caves, if all fails”

“That is not an answer.” Laska responded. “Those who go down to those caves never return. What is down there is more dangerous than you know. We have only one choice. We have to



win” His father went into the cave and returned with a great horn. “I cannot explain it now but if all is lost blow through the horn as loud as possible.” Just that moment Aska saw first wave of Indians come though the opening, Aska signaled to his fellow warrior to let lose the rockslide which ran down the hill toward the braves who charged up hill toward the caves. The rocks were channeled into the Indians the young braves were quick but some of them were not that quick. Two of braves were hit head on by the rush of rocks but the other braves made it through between the rocks and headed right for Turk’s men on the left. Turk was ready for them. He signaled his men and they threw their spears. But moving men are not the same as stationary elk. By the time they had reached back for their bows and arrows, the young warriors were upon them. Utku saw the battle and turned his men’s arrows on the Indians. Utku’s men were the best of the tribe, soon three warriors were dead, but by shooting they gave their position away to Ula, soon a rain of arrows fell upon their position. Sitting on a ridge above the caves did not offer much shelter and the first rain of arrows wounded two of Utku’s men. Utku looked around. He looked at the other three men around him, pick up the arrows. I think we are going to need these. Utku said to himself.

Aska pointed to a group of warriors to the left. He pointed to the caves and the next wave of Indians went toward the gap. This time Aska was ready and he, the women of the tribe and the elders started throwing anything they could get their hands on in the cave. As the Indians looked up toward Aska, the sun which had been at their backs in the morning started to rise above the hills behind Aska, the sun shone directly into the faces of the Indians and blinded some, for others the sun made the white warrior even more mysterious. They turned and ran.

Ula had seen enough. The number of men in the tribe were less than he had ever believed. They had run out of spears and the last rush of men had depleted their weapons even more. He would spend the night having his men find a way to the top of the rock face. In the morning he would have them between his two forces. It would be quick work.

Aska turned to his father. “Well, what do we do next? They will know enough not to come through the opening without some shields. We have enough weapons to beat back one or two attacks but after that we will be out of weapons and perhaps even men.” “The Gods have not forsaken us in the past and will not now.” Laska responded.

Ula led the charge this time, they broke through the break between the two rocks and headed up the hill toward Aska and the main tribe. Aska formed a barrier with the 5 men left to fight. He turned to his father, 5 versus 10, we do not stand a chance. Laska spoke up, “Take the men you have back into the cave, they would follow. I was waiting to tell you all the secrets of the cave, but this looks like the best time. There is another tunnel off the left of the cave – all we have to do is draw them into the cave and then cause a collapse. We may die but we will all die together.”

“No way” Aska replied, “that cave is our history. If we are going to die it is facing our enemy not with our backs to them.” As they grabbed their weapons and headed down the hill, suddenly they came out of the cave, ghosts, goblins, with fire, spears. and horn blaring while Aska’s men

were fighting, the rest of the tribe dressed up with the cloths of the dead ones. On some were the skeletons of the dead, the dogs had animal skulls, the White Bear led them out of the cave, surrounded by a pack of white dogs. The Indians had never seen such. Men they could fight, the dead they could not, but as they turned to run on the other side of the tunnel with the sun behind their backs were six men with the sun shining off their swords. Most of them had never seen blades like this. They were weapons of the gods. Eric and Blandu took no mercy on the men who ran past them,

Within a matter of minutes, Aska was the only one left in front of the cave. He faced Ula. This is for my family and my friends (with one swift move Ula was dead). As for the rest of the war party, what came as aver 30 strong, was now about five frighten and scared men. They would report back to their tribes that the White ones have made a pack with both the Gods of the Sun and the Devils of the Deep. No one must ever return – they must be left in peace.

Eric turned up to Aska. I believed you needed some help. I am sorry I could not have come earlier. “Well, we have lost a lot of men” We were a small tribe before, we are a smaller one now. I know you are not of this tribe, but we are both same of the same tribe of the Sun God. I ask you to stay and all of your tribe. Aska sister stood next to Eric, and looked up to him, “You are needed here.” Eric turned to Blandu. “what do you think? It is too late to meet the ships and when we do not return, I doubt if they will come back. This is where we are and this is where we should probably stay. This is a new world and a new life and if I speak for the rest of the group a better life.”

### Chapter 20: Reston III

They all arrived back in Reston two days later, Bill, Tess, TJ and Terry, Dave, and Karen. At the airport, Kathryn, Kate, and Kip were waiting. Jim Wilson was also in the visiting area. Jim turned to Kathryn. "You have to believe that I had nothing to do with this. We have our differences on what is best for Reston, and I don't pull any punches around here in doing what I think is best for the town. But I have never would never put someone's life in danger to get my way." "That might be a little more believable if your farm hands did not try to drive Kate, Tomas, Kip and Margaret off the road." "I had nothing to do with that, but kids have to learn that if you are going after other people's livelihood they may not react so kindly." "Well, that is for another day." Kathryn replied. "I just hope that if and when Tom calls you, you will recommend he give himself up." "Tom is on his own now. You dig your hole you rest in it." Kathryn turned to Tess, "You did not have to come." Tess replied. "If Tom is here, the best way to get him to give himself up is to have me here. So far no one has been hurt and we have to keep it that way."

"Good to have you back in Reston" Kathryn said to Dave and Karen. "Not so fast, Kathryn. We are here to pick up the kids and then it's back to Chicago." "No way" Kip said. "Who is going to take care of Faster?" "I am with him" Kate turned to her father. "Your whole life has been about us growing up to think for ourselves and when we do it's shut up and head back home." "Listen you two. From what you have told me, it was not necessarily my life that has been in danger but yours."

Karen said. "I hate to burst your bubble, but for an individual who spends most of his life bringing connections between things, you're trying to break these connections seems a contradiction. I would not have said this a year ago, or even two months ago, but seeing your life go by in front of focuses you. Your children are no longer kids. I have spent the last four years away from them as they have grown up. I am not going to lose the next four years. Head back to Chicago if you need to, but at least for the summer, just close the place down and come back. For the rest of the summer at least, Reston is home." She turned to Bill, "You got some more room in that old house of yours."

Just down the road from the house, a young man stood with a cell phone to his ear. "Well Tom from what I can see, we are on our own here. Maybe you can distance yourself from the mess down in Arizona and put the blame on Joaquim, but I think the best we can do is to head out of town. "Look" Tom said. "That my wife and kids are there and while I haven't been the best husband I am not going to leave them broke and penniless. A major portion of the land that lies above town is owned by me. If that land is proven to show it has the reserves as I believe it does, she will be taken care of for the rest of her life. After that who cares."

"But boss, if this goes wrong things could really blow up and I mean that literally." "If there is one thing I have learned is that it is easier to ask forgiveness than permission. We have the drilling material. Who is going to know if we do a little fracking and if we find what think is there, the potential wealth will simply force the issue in our favor."

After they reached home and Dave and Karen had settled into his old room, they all met on the porch. "What is the real problem" Dave asked his father. "There is no simple answer" Bill sighed "To the Indians to the real value of the land around here is not what is on top of the soil or under it, it is the land itself" To farmers and ranchers it is what the land can support. In short, its value is in what it can produce. While for Jim and his ilk, the value is in fact what is under the ground. The natural resources that hold the future, for us the land permits the present, and for the Indians the land is a link to their past.

Not everyone is going to win. "So, who is?" Dave asked. "Well, if I were a betting man right now, I would put my chips on Wilson. This whole thing with his son certainly has not helped his cause but he knows it is now or never." "What do we have on our side" Dave continued. "Well, your daughter and son have given us the best ammunition. It seems that the land given to the Indians may have been greater than we or they previously thought. Over the past hundred years, the geography has changed. To the Indians of the time, their sacred land went all the way over to the hills west of Wilson's ranch" "What proof do we have of it" Well we have a copy of an old book written in the 1820 by one of the first settlers in this area. He speaks of the oral traditions of the Indians and of how the entire valley was surrounded by water to the West and the hills to the south and the valley to the east and north. If that is true then the sacred lands spoken of in the treaty covers much more land than they have today.

And Kip's findings are even a little more interesting. In the book, the Indians talk of the tribe being a water tribe. That part of their oral tradition has always confused me. Water in South

Dakota. “Well,” Dave answered. “It really all depends on how old the tribe is. Given the geography around here, it looks like this valley was once one big lake” “That yet to be determined” Bill continued, but Kip has found some artifact linking some of the tribe’s ancestry back to Europe. If that is true the very importance of his find may protect the area. The book even refers to the early immigrant to the area saying their ancestors who were gods and ventured across the seas before there was land. The only explanation I have is that this refers to the Europeans who came to America from the East before the end of the last ice age. We have been looking for some of Americas earliest ancestors from the east and they were always right here in front of us.”

“Well, if that is true, in Karen we have the best physical anthropologist in the country – I guess we have to open it up to her while you and I try to find out the answer the old fashion way. ‘You mean dig.’ Bill said.

Just then Kip and Kate came out the front door. “We are simply not going and you can’t make us.” On that was yesterday’s news, Dave said. “You can thank your Mother, at the very least we are going to stay through August.” “That means I can run Faster in the Rodeo right Grandpa.” “Hold it, you can take Faster to the Rodeo and put him up in a stall with all the other horses, but he is still too young to ride in any of the races, but he can ride with the rest of the riders when they enter the arena.”

Remember what we started out this summer to do. Trace the history of the Reston tribes.

What we find is not always what we go looking for and sometimes more exciting.”

### Chapter 21: Event

The event of the summer was only one week way. The Reston Rodeo. More importantly, the Governor and the Resource Development council was set to meet in Reston for two days after the Rodeo to determine what plans were needed to move the energy development forward. “Have you heard from Tom,” Bill Winter, the governor’s chief aide, said to Jim. “Not a word” Jim replied. “And it is best for us, if it stays that way” We have all the information we need to get this moving forward. The borings north of the city show the real potential for oil. It must have been one big swamp here in the past and the soundings we took just south of Reston in the hills surrounding the Indians reservation indicate one of the biggest gas reserves to be found in the past century. All we need is some help from the governor, and South Dakota becomes the Saudi Arabia of the America’s. The oil pipeline starts just north of Omaha or about 200 miles south, from there is it a straight shot to New Mexico. I already have the refinery capacity near Santa Fe and from there it’s to the Gulf and out to the rest of the world”

“Big dreams” Winter replied. “But we have to get all the ducks lined up” The Governor has a host of other constituencies who see it a little different; ranchers, farmers, and environmentalists As soon as they get the hint that the Governor is in your corner, they will come out swinging” “At who and with what” Jim answered. “For most American’s South Dakota



is in the middle of nowhere. If some drilling here lowers their gas by 10 cents a gallon, reduces their taxes, a few Indians, wealthy ranchers, and a snail darter is not going to get in the way. So, when do we meet the Governor.”

Tom let the phone ring and then reached over to pick up the cell from the floor in front of the passenger’s seat. “Well boss everything is set. All we have to do is set off the charge and start drilling through the rubble. If all of our calculations are correct, we should hit the gas hole in less than a day. When do you want to get going on this?” Our best bet is to wait until the entire state is up in Reston at the Rodeo, that way there will be no one in these hills to hear the ruckus and even if they do who are they going to call. We will set it off Saturday morning just when the festivities start.”

“So, when do we get to start getting ready for the big event” Karen turned to Kathryn as they began preparing breakfast. It is still the middle of the week, but I suspect, Bill will take Kip and the horses up to the stables tomorrow and we will probably head up Friday evening. Most of us simply camp out on the arroyo west of Town. The festivities really don’t get started until noon on Saturday. As the two women continued talking, Kip and Kate were focusing on other issues. “Kip had spent the last week getting Faster used to a saddle and helping WC with Thunder.” “I don’t know why your Grandpa just doesn’t let you ride Thunder” WC said to Kip. “He certainly seems more comfortable with you on his back than me.” “No” Kip replied, “Thunder doesn’t mind me on him around here, but running round a track, he needs someone with a much

stronger hand than mine and to tell the truth, I would rather just walk around with Faster. He is mine and it just seems a little more special.”

Kate had spent the first part of the week, in the library with Tomas and Margaret. “I just don’t get it” Kate turned to Tomas. These old maps and oral history depict a much different typography that what we have here today. The river certainly headed down at least 25 miles to the west of where it is today, and the lake north of the city looks more like a part of a much larger water area” “Who knows” Tomas replied. “The glacial changes in this area have been shifting for centuries. The river flows from the Lake, but the Lake seems to sit on top of some sort of artesian well. It is back up to the mountains to the west and is filled in part by the runoff each spring. If that mountain was ever to change however, who knows what the valley would look like. Reston sits on a small rise in the middle of the valley, with the river running along its eastern side, but I guess it could just as likely be sitting here with the river running by on the other. It makes sense, however that when the early settlers came here they put down roots here. Always take the highest land and they did. The Indians just didn’t care. High land, low land, the hills south of town were the only sacred land to them.”

The Rodeo covered a range of events including agricultural shows, 4H, cultural events. The horse race and other typical rodeo events took top stage only on the last day of the seven day event. “Are you ready” Bill turned to Kip. “Let’s get the horses into the truck. If we get them to the stables today, that will give Thunder a couple of days to settle down before the race on

Sunday. It is good that we have Faster with him, it seems to settle him down having his stable mate with him and anything that settles Thunder down is good. You excited Kip”

“Think so, but this is my first year, I really do not know what to expect” Kip said. “Just have a good time” Bill said. This year would have another event which made it special. The governor of the state was showing up to cut the ribbon for the final race. The governor was there for other reasons. Off site, representatives of the various interest groups were meeting.

By the time they reached the stables next to the Rodeo grounds, the place was bustling. There had to be thirty riders in the stables area and the campgrounds just west of the stables was almost already full of campers and tents. Just north of the Rodeo grounds were about five miles of range land leading up toward the western hills and the rise that led to where the Reston River began to run from what is now a gateway from the lake which rested on the side of the mountain. The lake was used as a reservoir for the entire city. It was about three miles at its greatest width and about five miles in length to the bottom of the western hills. The range was mostly scrub grass. Unlike the land near Bill Emery’s farm. There most of the land had three to four feet of topsoil. As if something had pushed all the good soil from this area and left it on his.

That night, Kip settled into his sleeping bag but was up before dawn to check on Faster. He often took Faster out early in the morning before it got too hot, so Faster was not surprised when he entered the stable around 6AM. “Well Faster” Kip said. “Since no one else is up, we might as well take a ride and be back before the festivities start.” Kip saddled Faster and set off

up the range toward the lake. In another part of the town just south, Tom met with JD to check on the operation. "What do you think JD" Tom asked. "All of the charts say that all we need to do is break through the shale wall and that should open up the gas and oil deposits" "I have to make sure, I am not connected with this, in case they find me. Give me about 30 minutes and set off the explosives. That should give me enough time to get to my Dad's place north of the city and give me an update on what we are doing."

About the same time Tom set off in the truck, Kip headed north to give Faster some exercise. Meanwhile the activities around the Rodeo were starting to move forward. The stable boys started getting the horses ready for the opening ceremonies about noon. Most of the visitors started to set up breakfast. Kip was just about 2 miles north when Tom's pickup truck sped passed him. He recognized the truck as the very same that pushed him and Kate off the road earlier in the summer. Kip saw the truck turn right into the Wilson double W ranch. Kip gave Faster a little kick and followed the truck up the road. At the house, he tied Faster to a small tree and went up to the window. "Dad, I had no other choice" Tom said. "You always have a choice" Jim Wilson turned to his son. "I have played pretty close to the line several times, but I have never crossed it." "Sure" Tom replied.

Just that second, the ground shifted. "What's that" Jim explained "You got me" Tom replied. "What are you doing," Jim turned to Tom. "Just a little explosion down near the reservation. You know where your little accident occurred. We both know the potential reserves there, It just needs a little kick to get them started" "Are you crazy" Jim turned toward the phone. "Did

it ever occur to you as to why I never went back there? It is not what happened to Dave's sister or mother, it's that the results indicate that the substratum around the valley is directly impacted by the movements of the land south of town." The ground started to shift again this time in rapid successions. The movement sent Kip to the ground. When he got up what he saw put the fear of God into his soul. The movement started to send the rocks at the top of the hills just north of the ranch above the lake down toward the north end of the lake. The next movement did even more. The entire south face of the mountain started to slide into the lake. Kip did not stay around to see what was next. He ran over to Faster. Untied his horse and jumped onto its back.

He turned around just in time to see the water start to rise on the far end of the lake. He turned Faster south and hit this horse hard. At the Rodeo, the movement in the ground startled a few but many of the visitors had felt smaller earth movements in the past.

Kip turned around only once; he saw the lake rise to about a fifth-foot wall of water. He saw Tom and Jim running out of the house toward their truck. He saw the wave hit the house and he turned south even faster. The water headed down the old riverbed across the range toward town and the Rodeo campground. Kip had about a ten minute head start on it and he would need every second. When he came into the campground, he looked around and he took Faster immediately into the rodeo area. Many of the visitors were already in the stands. He took Faster up the steps to the bandstand. There he grabbed the microphone from the announcers and put the volume on full. "This is an emergency. This is not a drill. Get to High Ground

immediately, again this is an emergency. This is not a drill. The lake reservoir has broken and is coming this way. You have ten minutes at most. Get to high ground.”

Bill did not know what to make of it. It sounded like Kip. Most of the cowboys in the area did not wait or wonder. They immediately went to the barn area and let the horses loose. Those in the campground area did not wait to pick anything up. the cars and trucks simply headed around the stadium toward the highest point in the area – The Town of Reston. Those in the stadium headed up the concrete steps to the top of the grandstand. From there what they all say must have put fear in the hearts of all of them. A thirty foot wall of water was moving down the old lakebed toward the stockyards. About ¼ quarter mile in front of the wall of water was a truck going as fast as it could but the water was moving faster. The water first hit the stockyard area, most of the horses had enough time to get to higher land west of the old riverbed, the cattle, sheep, and other animals were not so lucky. Jim Wilson and Tom Wilson were not so lucky either, they simply did not make it.

Kip could see it all from the top of the band stand as the water moved into the rodeo grounds. He turned to hide his face, the water started to move up the steps, the water raged at the steps where he stood. He felt one surge pick him up and start to throw him down the steps. Just then a strong hand reached out and grabbed him by the shoulder, it was his grandfather. As he turned back he saw the water rush out of the building toward town, “where is Faster” he cried. Bill pointed to an area at the other end of the rodeo grounds, there was Faster swimming in the

muddy residue of the flooded rodeo grounds. “Maybe he needs a different name – How about Lucky.”

The water did not stop at the stockyard. The old riverbed followed the main road around town and south to where it connected with the current river. Combining both resulted in the river breaking its banks as it headed south. The only break was that most of the individuals in the valley were listening to the radio to the Rodeo events or watching the local TV station which carried the event until the transformers went down in the flood. On the reservation, the tribe gathered its elderly and went for the hills above Bill Emery’s ranch.

On the ranch, Kathryn, Karen, Kate, Tess, and Tess’s kids were just finishing breakfast. “Do you want me to turn on the radio to find out what is happening at the Rodeo or what caused the ground tremors?” “When you have been in Reston for as long as I have” Kathryn replied, “You learn to live with a few ground shakes every now and then and as for the Rodeo, we will be there to catch all the real action.” “We let’s round everyone up and get in the van” Karen yelled from the driveway. “It only took about five minutes to get everyone in the car, and Kathryn backed the car out of the driveway. “Well, we will be at the Rodeo in just about 20 minutes”, Kathryn called back to the kids in the back seat.” Only after a side tour.” Karen called from the second row. “I promised Tomas that I would stop over and pick up him and Margaret.” “No problem, there is extra space in the third row. It is only up the road about a mile.” “Can I hear some music Mom?” TJ called from the back seat.” “Sure” Tess said as she turned on the radio. All one could hear was static. “That is strange all the stations have static. That ground

tremor must have wrecked more havoc than I thought” Kathryn said. “Go to station 1330, that is the public emergency channel.” It’s dead too.” TJ replied. As they turned into Tomas’s and Margaret’s farm they saw Tomas and Margaret waiting for them from the porch” “Ready to go.” Tomas called out. “Great.”

Kathryn called back but before we go, you have a short wave right. “Yes” Tomas replied. “We are not allowed radios or TV so it is our main contact.” “Will you call one of your friends? We can’t seem to raise anything on the radio or TV.” Tomas went back in and called Bill, one of his classmates and short wave responders” Bill answered quickly. “Why didn’t you answer” “I had the short wave off, we are going to the Rodeo.” “No, you’re not” Bill responded. “The earthquake set off a rockslide at the reservoir; the lake broke through the dam and is heading for the town. You have about ten minutes to get to the southern hills or any high ground. Help as many as you can” Just then the line went dead. “What’s that.” “That is Bill my friend. He is or was in the high school just outside Reston. The dam has broken and there is a wall of water heading this way. We have got everyone we can to the hills; we only have about then minutes” Meanwhile, Red Cloud and WC were starting up a old bus to takeindians up to the Rodea but on the side of the hill road, they could see Reston in the distance. The first thing they saw, was the water take a right as it rolled through the high school, from the high school it headed for downtown Reston. Fortunately, Reston was set up on an arroyo about 300 feet from the old lake bed on the west and the current river on the East. The water hit the north of the town, destroyed the outlying businesses, circled around the southern part of the town and combined



with the current river as it headed south along the main highway as it snaked through the hills south toward the open farmland and reservation just south of the city.

As they turned toward the east, two things caught their eyes. First, racing across the plains toward the very place they currently stood were about fifteen carriages full of men, women, and children. Even at this distance, they could see that the individuals in the carriages were dressed in Black. "There are too many in some of those carriages. They will never make it" Red Cloud said as he turned to WC. But he had jumped onto the bus. "We got five minutes at most."

They also saw a plume of dust about 2 miles behind the carriages and the river leaving its banks as it spread across the plains rushing toward the break between the hills. It only took a couple of minutes for WC to get to the front carriage. "Let the horses loose and get on the bus" Within about a minute over 30 men, women and children were on the bus and speeding toward the road which led up the lower hills toward the tribe as encamped. By the time the bus hit the lower part of the road which led up the hill, the water was already up to the bus's hubcaps. The Wheels began to spin as the weight of the bus was too much for the hill. Just then Red Eagle shows up with 5 horses and their riders. Ropes were wrapped around the front of the bus.

By the time they reached the top of the hill, all they could see was a mass of mud, trees, cars, and dead animals heading south. Tess and Karen were heading south looking for any stragglers. Off to the right there were two young Amish boys on the back of a horse, heading to where the buggies had gone. Kate put her head out the window. "We are the cavalry" she said to the

boys. Get off the horse and into the car” “One of the boys turned to the other, “Do you think its ok.” “I don’t see the problem” Kate is a good friend of Tomas and Margaret; I have seen them together” In a minute they were in the car. “We are never going to make it to the hills” Tess said, as she looked to the left and saw the water already breaking the banks of the river” “Head for the farm” Kate said. “I remember Grandpa saying that in all his years at the farm, the river only broke its banks once. He barely made it out alive, so when he built the three silos, one of them he added reinforced steel rods and a ladder to the top in case he ever had to get to high ground in a hurry” “This is a hurry” Tess turned the car toward the south.

WC, Thomas, and the rest of the refugees on the hill could see Tess and Karen in the distance turn south. “They must be heading for the farm” Red Eagle said. “Let’s hope they make it” but before he could finish the sentence, Tomas was into one of the cars and headed down the back road off the hill toward the farmhouse. “Tomas made it to the farm just seconds before Tess and Kate, but the water had already made it to the house and was rising quickly” Tomas ran to the first silo and grabbed a rope that Bill kept in a bin next to the ladder that led up the side. In a few seconds, he secured the rope to the ladder and as he turned he saw Tess and Kate turn into the farm. The driveway had already been washed away. Tess gunned the car as fast as she could and made it to about forty feet from the barn. “We will never get the kids to the Silo” Tess said, the water is just too strong” Just then Tomas came out of the barn with a rope tied to his waist. In each arm he carried two other cords. Tess, Kate and the two kids made it to the top of the car. After struggling through the water, Tomas made it close enough to throw two lines to Tess and Kate. Kate helped the two boys off the car into Tom’s hands. Tess and Kate just

made it out of the car before it took off down the river. They pulled themselves to the barn.

“We have to make it to the first silo; the barn will never hold up in this flood. The only way to make it is in the cross over on the second floor of the barn.” They headed up the ladder and over to the walkway between the barn and the first silo.

Tomas first walked fifteen feet on the wooden planks between the first silo and the barn. The plank was connected to the ladder which rose up the side of the silo to the top section where a small door led to an upper room. He threw the rope to Tess who tied it around one of the boys, who then walked across the plank. “We do this all the time back home” one of the boys said. Tomas sent the first boy up the ladder and Tess sent the second over the plank. By the time, Tess and Kate were ready to start over the plank; the barn was already starting to sway. “You go first” Tess said. “Not likely” Kate responded. As she wrapped the rope around Tess’s waist. And then wrapped the other around her. Tess just made it to Tomas and had started up the ladder when the barn started to collapse. Kate leaped from the Barn toward Tomas. Tomas wrapped his arm around the ladder as Kate hit the side of the silo about ten feet below. Tomas was about 5 feet above the rising water. Tess came back down the ladder and between the two they pulled Kate up to them. From what it looked, Kate’s arm was broken. And she was dazed. Together they got her up ladder and into the silo’s upper floor.

### Chapter 22: The Secret

Kate woke up suddenly. She looked left and then right. She was unsure of what was real and what was not. Her dreams were getting more and more vivid, but this dream was real. She remembers Kip racing ahead of the water after the hill side slid into the lake. She remembered the Indian and Amish trying to get to the high ground in the hills before the river engulfed them and if she closed her eyes she could see Tomas trying to pull her out of the water and up the silo out of the rising water. She did not know who to turn to. Kate threw off her covers and headed down the stairs. "Well, I am glad you are up" Kathryn said. "I was about to go wake you up. The festivities start in about two hours and I know you want to be there." "What time is it?" Kate asked. "Well, it is almost 10 AM. Kip and your Grandfather have already left for the Stockyards with Thunder and Faster and your Dad and Mother have taken Tess's kids to help them get seats for the parade." Just then Tess walked in from the outside. "It is good to see that you are up" Tess said as she walked over to get some coffee. "But you look white. Is something wrong?" Kate sat down at the table. "OK" Kathryn started. "I have been with you long enough to know when something is wrong. Fess up."

Kate did not know where to start. "I think something terrible is about to happen." Tess and Kathryn were taken aback. "What a terrible thing" Kathryn asked. "I had a dream last night that someone is going to set off an explosion in a cave in the hills near Reston. The explosion set off a small earthquake above Reston. It broke the reservoir, and the wall of water destroys Reston, the stockyards and continued through the pass through the hills to our farm." "Well, everyone

has bad dreams” Kathryn pointed out. “This was not a dream” Kate said. “This was a warning.” For the past year months, I have started having these warnings. They began when I started having my period. I knew I was going to be here this summer before I was told about it and after I was here I had dream (if that is what you want to call it) of me flying in the air before the accident at the road.” “Ok a few dreams do not a See’er make.” “Why do you think I ran out to the barn when Kip took off on Thunder? Because I somehow sensed he was in trouble. I have had dreams for months about caves full of the long dead and last night I felt I was watching this six-foot two white man with a dragon tattoo on his arm setting up a charge to try to let loose the gas and oil under the hills.” “A dragon tattoo” Tess suddenly raised her voice. “Yes it was red with a yellow head.” “How could she know” Tess continued. “It’s Tom. That tattoo is his. There is no way she could have known that. What other events have you seen?” “Well, you may regard this as totally insane, but I have seen them joining white men to fight local tribes, I see them in the hills outside of Albuquerque. I see them creating a great cave in the hills. I see them writing on the walls this symbol.” Kate drew the northern sign that Dave had shown Tess that he and Karen had seen on the wall of the cave in Mexico.

“Something is not right here” Tess continued. “That symbol is the Indian symbol of the “White” tribe that Dave and Karen believed interacted with the Indians of my region. I don’t know what to say, but there is a story of the “White Tribe having a Dream See’er who could see the future and who helped determine the actions of the tribe.” “I don’t know about any Dream See’er but something terrible is going to happen and I have to do something.” “Do you think the Indians on the reservation have any knowledge of this? Perhaps we should go there.” “If we go, we

have to go quickly. I remember the explosion when the sun was over the farm so it must have been soon after noon.” They jumped into Kathryn’s car and headed off to the reservation. It was about 11 AM when they reached the center of the tribal area. Most of the Indians were women and children. Most of them had headed out to Reston for the rodeo. Kate jumped out of the car and headed over to WC house. She knocked on the door. There was no response at first, but then the door opened slowly. Lucy walked out. Tess was surprised, she had never seen a ‘White Indian.’ Lucy looked straight at Kate. “You saw it too, didn’t you” Lucy said in a soft voice. Kathryn turned to Lucy. “You have dreams too.” “They are not dreams; the winds take me to a different place. My body may remain here but the rest of me is somewhere else. Only a few of the old women believe me. I thought I was going crazy until Kate dropped over here last week. One look at her and I knew that she had the gift and a gift greater than mine.” Kate felt her body tremble. “What do we do” Kathryn said. “Well, if Kate is right. We have little time, and we have to get to the hills and find Tom before he sets off the explosion. If I can just find him I know I can talk him out of it before someone is hurt.” Kathryn turned to Linda. “Do you think you can get to Reston?” “There is no one here, but if you drop me off at the path leading up to the hills. I can go in from there. I have tried to call the town, but no one believed me, I’m just an Indian.” “This would be a great time to have cell phones” Kate said sarcastically. “No time for that” Kathryn replied. “Let’s get going. We do not have much time.” Linda took Kate aside as they went back to the car. “Be careful, I see death in the hills.”

“We have about an hour to put this together” Tom said. “Once we set the timer we will have enough time to get to my Dad’s ranch to establish our alibi. The charges were to be set in the

caves above the path where Bill Emery and Kip had found the team several weeks earlier. Tom's associate turned to Tom. "How much explosives do you think we need." "We have a chain of explosives. That will create a greater overall impact on the gas reserves below us."

"Where do you think he is?" Tess said as they drove towards the hills. Well, several weeks ago, Bill and Kip ran into a bunch of Wilson's men taking tests on the hill just north of the ranch. I do not know the exact area, but they said there was a truck there, so I suspect that it is off one of the roads that leads up into the hills up from the ranch. We have no choice but to check out each one." As they reached the first road heading off into the hills, they let Linda off. Kathryn got out of the truck and flagged down the next car coming on Route 5. She talked briefly to the driver. "He is heading to the Rodeo. Try to find Bill and tell him where we are. He has enough pull to make things happen."

Linda got into the car and headed into town. It was about twenty minutes before she made it to the Rodeo. She immediately went over to the stables. "What are you doing here" Jeff Clausen asked as he saw Linda looking in and out of the various horse stalls. "Do you know where Bill Emery is? Kathryn Wilkins asked me to find him and give him a message." "Well, he just left to go over to the racetrack, but I believe Kip is still here. He is with Thunder and Faster in the third stall around the corner. Lucy ran to the corner of the stable and was about to turn the corner when she almost ran over Kip. Kip got up off the ground. "Well, you're in a hurry. I don't know where WC is, but I presume he is over near the stadium." "I am not looking for WC right now. I need to see your grandfather." "Why?" "Kate needs him to warn the town about a possible disaster." "A disaster? How does she know about a disaster?" "I do not know if you know but

Kate has a gift to see things that might happen. She is what we call a Dream See'er." "Well, I do know that she has been troubled in past months. Before I went out riding with my grandfather to the hills last week, she warned me that she had seen men at the site. She was right and I hear her talking in her sleep at night. It scares me so it must scare her." "She had a dream of an explosion in the hills above the ranch which brings devastation to the valley. Kate, Kathryn, and Tess are driving over to the hills to see if they can find out what is happening. But if Kate is right, and I believe she is, we have to stop whatever is going on or many are going to die."

"When is this supposed to happen?" Kip asked. "Around 1 PM. Kate said." "That only gives us about an hour. You head over to the stadium and see if you can find my grandfather or someone who can help you. I know where we ran into Jim Wilson's men. I am going to get Thunder and head out to the hills." Kip ran to the stable and saddled Faster. Within ten minutes Kip was heading out to the hills. As he headed out over the prairie. He heard the first fireworks in the stadium. He thought it must be close to noon. It would take almost twenty minutes to get to the hills where he and his grandfather saw the men. It didn't leave much time.

Kathryn stopped the car at the bottom of the first road leading to the hills. We have to make a choice; it's either up into the hills here or follow the base and hope we find some evidence of Tom and his men. Was there anything in your dream that could give us a clue?" Kathryn asked.

"Well, I do remember that there was a break in the rocks above where the explosion took place." "There is nothing like that around here so let's take the road to the left. It is getting close to 1 AM so we better find wherever they are at and find them soon." "What else did the dream say" Tess asked. "There are two dreams, and it is difficult to separate them "In one



dream the caves were the place where many of the old ways were kept and where for centuries the ancients were buried. I also saw battles over the years as the White Indians tried to keep their own way of life. But I have another dream in which there are explosions which open up the hills to disaster. As we get closer I might come up with more but it is not like a road map.” As they drove along the bottom of the hills, Kathryn could see some flashes of light at the top of a path which ascended from the hillside. “I am not sure if there is anything there but we have to check it out.”

“Boss. I hate to bother you but I can hear something out at the bottom of the hillside.” “Go take a look and get back here quick. We have to get this ready to go and get the hell out of here.” Tom prepared the series of explosive charges and dropped them down the shaft into the lower levels of the old cave. “If this works it should open up the old fissures that hold the gas.” “How can we protect ourselves from being connected to this?” Brett asked. “Each charge has its own timer. I will be at my father’s house and you will be at the Rodeo when we start to see these off. We will have hundreds of witnesses.” Tom set the timer and headed to the exit of the cave. As he reached the exit, JC came running back up the path. “It’s three women. I believe one of them is Kathryn Wilkin’s and Bill’s granddaughter. There is another woman who I have never seen before.” “Well, I don’t care about either Kathryn or Dave and Karen daughter but who would the other women be.” Tom grabbed the binoculars from JC and looked down the hill. “What is she doing here?” “Who?” “The other woman is my wife; she is supposed to be in Albuquerque and if she is here where are the kids.”

Kathryn, Kate, and Tess exited the truck and headed up the path. As they reached the top, they were met by JC and Brett. "What are you three doing here? I would suggest you turn around and walk back down to the truck and get out of here." "I could ask you the same question. What are you doing here? This is trespassing. I would expect that the authorities would like to ask you a few questions as to what you are doing here." Just then Tom came around the corner of the rock outcropping. He turned to Kathryn. "You just had to put your nose into where it did not belong, and you had to bring the young girl into it. If anything happens to you too it is your fault. He then turned to Tess. "You are supposed to be home in Mexico with the kids." "No, I am supposed to be here. Bill saw you getting onto the plane leaving Albuquerque. We also found Dave and Karen at the old site just north of the city. They are OK but Joaquim is talking. It is time to give up. You owe it to the kids and to me." "This is all for you. If we find what we think is here, you and the kids will never worry about money ever again." Tom turned to Brett. "Take Kathryn and Kate and take them into the cave. We will worry what to do with them later." As Brett took Kathryn and Kate into the cave. Tom grabbed Tess and started to head down the hill. Tess had enough of it. She pushed Tom, who given the pitch to the hill and started to tumble down the path. As he hit the ground, the force of the landing set off one of the charges connected to the charge pack in his pocket. The ground shook and the rocks around the cave entrance collapsed. Tess fell backward and hit her head on one of the rocks as she hit the ground. Tom picked himself off the ground and ran toward his wife. He turned to JC, take Tess to the hospital. Just tell them that you found her on the side of the road. I am going up to the cave. I have to find out what is happening there."

As Linda searched the crowd for Bill Emery or WC she felt a small tremor run through the stadium. Just then she felt a hand on her shoulder. Richard Wilson stood next to her. "You look terrible. What is the problem and where is WC." "I need your help. Kathryn Wilkins, Kate, and Tess Wilson are up in the hills near the reservation. We think that someone is trying set off a series of explosions that could lead to a disaster." "What kind of disaster. Just then a second tremor went through the stadium. The crowd had disregarded the first, but this second was stronger. Bill Emery was in the speaker's room in building above the stadium. "What do you think we should do? The announcer said as he turned to Bill." "There is one thing I have learned in my years, better to act safe now and explain later. Don't scare people but get them out of the stadium and into the open until we can sort this out. Soon a voice came across the speaker system. "There are no problems. But please leave the stadium in an orderly fashion." Bill already had headed out of the booth down the stairs and was walking to the stables when he ran into Jeff Clausen. "Do you know where Kip is. "Well, I ran into Linda White Cloud and she said Kathryn was looking for you. She ran into Kip and ten minutes later, Kip was on the back of Faster heading out of town toward the hills. Bill turned to Jeff. Something big is happening or going to happen. Find Jim Wilson, he is probably still at his ranch getting ready for the race later today. I will find the Mayor and his team. There is no time to waste. Just as he was finishing a third tremor shook the land.

As the smoke rose into the air, Kip could see it as he turned Faster up the road which led to the hill section where he and his grandfather meet Jim Wilson's men. But this smoke was farther

down the hill near the section where DC found the bracelet which Kip believed had origins in northern Europe. He gave Faster a kick and headed for the smoke.

In the cave, the dust was just settling. The few electric lights offered gave the cave a little glow. Kathryn got up from the dirt floor and went over to Kate. Kate was lying next to the shaft that led down from the cave floor. Kathryn pulled Kate away from the shaft. As she was moving Kate, she could feel Kate waking up. Kate sat up just as the third tremor shook. “What was that?” “The explosion obviously has unsettled some of the rock strata below us” Kathryn responded. “If this continues, this cave is not going to hold up. But I do not see a way out. Kate looked around. The third tremor has opened up a small hole in the cave wall. Kate crawled over to the opening. Before she could get there, one of Tom’s men got up from the cave floor. He started toward her, but he failed to look at the floor in front of him. Kate put her hands to her ears as she heard his cries as he fell down the open shaft.

Kathryn found her way over to Kate. She took one of the lights off the wall and put it through the opening. “You will never believe this?” Kate put her head through the hole in the cave wall. What she saw reminded her of one of her dreams. On the ground were skeletons of dead animals while on the walls were drawings of strange animals that no longer existed. Most important hanging from the ceiling was the circle catcher which showed the way to the old lands. “I think I have found a way out.” Kathryn and Kate crawled over to the opening and together they went into the larger cave opening. For a second, they looked around. “Well, I guess this is important to Dad and Mom” Kate said. “The only thing that would be important to

your Mom and Dad is getting you out of here. What is this place?" "I don't know it looks like a burial ground for the chiefs of the White Bear. But there is little order to it. I just don't know?"

The third tremor knocked Tom back onto the ground. This was not what he expected. He walked up to the cave door. There was no way of getting in. He was unsure of what to do next. He had sent Tess out with JC and Brett was inside with Kathryn with Kate. The question was what to do next.

As Kip rode along the road, he saw a truck heading toward him. The third Tremor shook the road and JC could not control the truck. It headed off the path and into a rock face. By the time Kip got there, JC was lying on the ground. He got off of Faster and looked into the truck. Strapped into the passenger side was Tess. The crash had woken her. She was a little dazed, but she remembered Kip. What are you doing here?" Lucy found me and said Kathryn needs me. So here I am. Where are Kate and Kathryn?" "I don't know, there was an explosion at the cave and that is all I remember. We have to get back there."

Jeff Clausen drove as fast as he could to Jim Wilson ranch. Jim would be loading his horse into the van to take him to the racetrack. As he sped past the reservoir in front of Jim's Ranch, what he saw scared him. There was a small crack on the left near the spill way. Jeff got on his cell and called Bill. "We have a problem a Big Big problem." "What now?" Bill asked. "Those tremors we just felt. Well, we have a crack near the spillway at the reservoir. We need to lower the level of the lake and fast." "Ok I am heading over to see the Mayor now. We need some time to get the

news out and give people a chance to get their livestock and horses to higher ground. Once we open the spill way, the river will rise three to four feet real fast.” ‘OK, but if we have one more tremor before we get that water level down, the river is going to rise a whole lot higher than that.” “Give me Fifteen minutes.” “You have it. It will take me that long to get to the Mayor’s Room.” “Can you do it by yourself?” “I don’t know if I have any choice.”

“I will call Jim. He is not more than five minutes from you. Lots of luck.” Bill dialed Jim’s cell as he rushed to the section where the Mayor and his staff were to watch the festivities. Jim answered on the second ring. “Jim this is Bill. NO time for talking” those tremors have cracked the reservoir dame. Jeff Clausen is there trying to lower the water level. He needs help.” Jim may have been many things but he knew when he was needed. “Tell him I will be there in five minutes.” Bill saw the Mayor in the distance. He barged through.

Bill was so worried about what was happening that he stopped thinking about Kathryn, Kate, or Kip. No one is listening to the announcer, we need your help, get on the speaker, and have everyone move to higher ground. “I want you to know I am doing this at your request. But if this goes south, don’t look at me to stand beside you.” “I never did.”

As he exited the stadium and headed toward his truck, he saw WC, Dave, and Tess’s kids heading toward WC Truck. “What is going on?” Lucy said that Kathryn, Kate, and Tess were heading out to the hills. Kate had a vision that explosions in the hills would lead to a disaster for the valley. We were going to drop Lucy and the kids off in the town and head out to the hills.”

"I'm joining you. These tremors may be more than just chance and there is something happening in the hills that are causing it we need to find out now."

Tess slowly crawled out of the car. "We need to get back up the road" "I will jump on Faster behind you" "Are you up for this" Kip asked. "I have been on horses longer than you have lived." As Kip headed Faster up the path, he saw Tom sitting on a rock outcropping next to the old cave entrance. His head was down but as he heard Kip's horse he raised his head. "What are you doing here, hasn't your family done enough to ruin this town and all the people in it." Kip dismounted the horse, and Tom saw Tess sitting on the back of the Faster. "Get out of here." "I'm not going anywhere. What do you think you are doing? You have done a lot of crazy things, but this is out of bounds. You have to stop. No one is hurt. Dave and Karen are safe. The kids are safe but if you continue what happens to them." "I am doing it for them. No one is or was supposed to come to harm." "What of my Dad and Mom" Kip lunged toward Tom but Kathryn stopped him. "They were never to be involved. I am sorry. I just did not see any other option," "Well you have one now." Kathryn said. "I certainly do" Tom reached into his pocket but instead of pulling out the trigger for the detonation. He took out a gun, put it to his head. Tess screamed and the shot echoed throughout the hills.

Dave heard the siren. The bus had broken down just miles from the stadium. They had just enough time to pull the bus off the road which ran along the river north of Reston. "What is use of the siren as a way of starting the celebration?" "If it is, it is the first time." I wish Bill carried a cell phone as Dave pulled out his cell phone. "Give WC a call, he is at the stadium and I know he

has started to carry his phone.” WC heard the phone ring as he stood next to Lucy and Bill. When he saw that it was from Dave, he handed it over to Bill.” “Where are you?” “We are out on Route 35. The bus we were using to bring in the kids from the Amish farms broke down here. We are waiting for a tow truck so we will be a little late.” “How far are you from here?” “About 5 miles.” “What was the siren all about?” “You have to get to high ground soon. You have felt those tremors” “What caused them?” “We do not know but Jeff Clausen is out at the reservoir dam. They are concerned over its stability. If it goes you are right in the path of the water.” “Well, we can stay here or get the kids to the mountain to the West but that is over 1 mile it will take us over twenty minutes to get there.”

Bill looked down at the ground. There are no easy choices here. “I will get back to you.” Bill thought for a second and called Jeff. “How is it going at the dam?” We are about to start letting the water out” “Is Jim there” “Yes why.” “Get him on the phone.” “Jim we need your help. Do you have your truck there?” “Of course, how did you think I got here?” “My son Dave is on a broken-down bus just two miles below you. There are twenty kids on the bus. There is no help coming. They need you to get there and help pull the bus to the mountains west of the road before the water gets there.” “Already gone.”

WC turned to Bill. “How is this going to end?” “I don’t know. There are too many moving pieces here.” “How is Lucy doing? She seems to be coming around.” Lucy took a deep breath. “Sorry, I just passed out.” “What did you tell Kip?” “Only that Kathryn, Kate and Tess had headed for the hills.” “Why?” “Kate has a gift. She saw something last night. An explosion in the hills that



caused disaster to Reston” “She was taking them there.” “Bill had read and heard of the Indian sayings. He did not know what to believe or not and he had no way of getting to the hills at this moment. He was needed here.” “Well Kathryn, Tess, and Kate. Don’t worry those are three strong women, I am sure they will take care of themselves” “But who takes care of Kip.” “Kip can take care of himself. That I know.”

Just then a fourth tremor hit. It was stronger than any of the previous three. Jeff was turning the second valve to let more water the water out of the spill way when the tremor hit. The river below the reservoir had already risen two feet. The last tremor loosened the already weakened dam structure and as with any structure it impacted the weakest part. Fortunately, that was where the spill way had already opened. The concrete broke and the upper half of the spillway gave way. Jeff did not have time to get out of the spillway cabin.

Five miles downstream. Jim had just arrived at the bus. “What is happening?” I don’t know but I cannot think it is good. We have to get this bus onto higher ground and do it quick.” Tom. had already tied a chain to the front bumper of the bus. Within a couple of minutes he had tied it to the ball at the back of the truck. Jim got into the truck and gunned it. Nothing happened. “We have to lighten this thing” Tomas said to Dave. The kids threw out all of their gear, knocked out the window and since the Seats were held in by slates they were soon unhooked and tossed out the back.”

It was when the last seats were tossed Jim gunned the truck again and this time it moved. It was a race to the hills. Jim had gotten halfway there when the water hit the bus. By the time he had reached the hills, the water was over the wheels of the bus. The bus got up the first part of the road leading up the hillside at the bottom of the mountain when the back wheels started to spin. "This is as far as we are going." Tomas broke the window out at the front of the bus and started pushing the kids out over the front of the bus onto Jim's truck. From there they crawled over the top of the truck. Tomas had taken a rope from the back of the truck and had tied it to a tree about 25 yards up the hillside above the current water level. The kids started up the hill side. As the last kids were getting out of the bus, the water level was up to about four feet. "Get out of the Bus, Dave yelled from the top of the hill. Just as Tomas was about to get out, the concrete parts of the spillway hit the bus, the bus took a half a turn and tilted on its side. Jim had just gotten out of the truck's cab. He could just see Tomas fighting to stay above the water and to escape through the front window. Jim quickly moved to the back of the truck as the bus started to pull the truck farther into the water. Jim jumped onto the front of the bus, grabbed Tomas hand, and pulled him out the window. They jumped back onto the truck just before the bus broke free and headed down the river. Two miles later on, where the river headed east, the new rush of water headed west. Along the edge of the mountains toward the refinery. The bus hit the bridge above the oil storage and the entire edifice headed into the oil complex. "The team of men who had been working to shut down the operation, did not have a chance. Two made it up the side of one of the oil silos, but the other four men were carried down the stream. The bodies were found a week later in the remnants of the metal wreckage.

In Reston, the residents climbed to the top of those buildings which had a second floor. By the time the water had reached Reston, the citizens were safe and simply sat in awe as the water rushed south below the town. Back in the stadium, Bill stood on the top of the stairs, around him were many of his friends along with fifteen horses, the Mayor, and several officials from Pierre. "What could have caused this?" "That can be determined later. Right now, we have to make sure that it never happens again."

### Chapter 23: Future 1

It took about two hours for the water level in the reservoir to reach its new level. The typography was changed. The Reston River separates several miles below the reservoir and then reconnects two miles below the city and then continues on its old pathway. The refinery area to the west of Reston had been shut down as it set about refitting the operation. The ranching areas south of Reston had been impacted by the oil which spread over open range for a ten square mile area. Reston remained whole and the area above and east of Reston remained the same.

There was time to heal. They found Jeff Clausen's body five miles south of the spill way. They renamed the Stables in this name. For the four men who lost their lives at the refinery, the company set up four annual scholarships for local students to go to the college of their choice. Tom Wilson's body was returned to Santa Fe. Tess returned with the body and settled affairs before selling the house and returning to Reston. Dave and Karen return to Chicago, Karen set about closing her office at the Museum. She had a large grant to open up the cave in the hills. The land was still under the control of Bill Emery and he had yet to determine what should be done.

Kate and Kip were a little bit different but the same. While Kip would never be tall, over the next year he grew three inches and put on twenty pounds. At this rate he could eventually be almost as tall as his Dad. Kate was in her first year in high school in Chicago but her friends said

she was different. She kept a bit to herself, she listen to country music as well as some Indian music on iPhone when no one is listening. Dave took a semester off to spend more time with kids but the past summer hovered over the entire family. "This is not working" Karen said as she turned to Dave. "I know you do not want to ever go back to Reston but we have to think of where we are going to be. Kip is doing fine but Kate is trying to find out who and what she is. "I simply do not accept the whole Dreamer thing" Dave said. "I think I have as open a mind as most, but this is the twenty-first century. We do not live in a world of spirits of the past being passed on through the generations and I refuse to accept that my daughter has spirits running about her telling her what has happened or what is going to happen." "Well, whatever, you are not the one who has to live with it" Karen said. "She has been going to the psychiatrist. She has nothing to stay." She continues to have dreams. Some of them are quite scary. She does not know what this is all about. I am thinking of having her spend the rest of the year out in Reston."

"Well, I do not know. I know she needs a change. We have the sabbatical maybe we should take some time off. But sending her back to Reston may just bring back the wrong memories."

"Maybe we should ask her?" As they were finishing, Kate came in the front door. "How did school go?" Karen asked. "Just fine Mom" Kate responded. "Did you see the Doctor today" her Dad asked. "No. I have decided to stop seeing her" "What?" her Dad turned from what he was doing. "I have simply accepted that I will always have these dreams. I have no idea where they come from or what they mean but having someone twice a week trying to tell me to stop having them, does not help me." "Ok, it is your decision. But we want you to make sure that

you feel you can tell us or talk to us about anything you feel you need to.” “Well since you asked. I just don’t feel right in Chicago. I understand that I should be excited seeing my friends, shopping, going to the mall, I just keep thinking about doing something with my life. I need to know if what I have is crazy or if others have had this. I have been talking to Kathryn by email and she has spent the last months gathering material for a book on Dreamers. I would like to go visit her and help her with her book or at least try to understand what happened.” “I don’t know” Dave said. “The closer you get to Reston, the more those thoughts seem to come to you.” “Doesn’t that tell you something about what I may have? Look Dad, you and Mom are busy putting together your results from New Mexico and North Dakota. When your book is ready to be published both of you will be off and about pushing your theory. But for you this is all about ancient people, ancient artifacts, and all that it means to you. For me it is alive. You may still not believe me but for me all of your dead stuff is alive.”

Ok, I will call your Grandfather and see if he can get you into the local school. We can get you on the bus and he can pick you up. We have to visit Reston to map out the cave you and Kathryn chanced upon.” Kate threw her backpack on the ground. “That is the problem, you really think it was by chance.” Two days later Kathryn picked her up at the bus stop. I am sorry Bill could not be here, the town is trying to determine what to do about the energy, ranching and stuff. You would have believed that all that happened would have brought everyone together, but just the opposite. Everyone has returned to their own corner” “But with all the stuff Tomas has found and the documents about the area back in the 1800, how can they think of ripping up the mountains” “Well people live for the day, and what happened decades or

centuries ago have little importance to them.” “How is everyone else doing?” “Tomas is up at the University in Pierre and is in advanced chemistry. But I understand that when he heard you were coming back to town. He is going to be here this weekend. Margaret is out of her cast and she will help you get used to school, WC is working with the tribe to push their rights.” “What about Lucy?” “She more than anyone is looking forward to seeing you. She felt different before she met you and people do not know how to interact with her.” “Well, it is no better in Chicago?” “I should not but in all of us and perhaps you and Lucy more than others, need to get used to the fact that you have to create your own life. There are others around you who care about you, but you create your own path.”

“Well, we are having a dinner tonight. Everyone is getting together tonight. Let’s try to have one night of fun.” It had been almost three months since Kate had been in Reston and seen her old friends, but the moment they started walking up the porch and into the house, it was like they never left. Richard was there with Margaret. Soon WC arrived with Lucy. Tomas had yet to arrive, but I was expected that he would show up before dinner. Bill came into the room from the stable area. He went immediately over to Kate and gave her a hug. “It is great to see you. We all missed you very much but how did it go back in Chicago.” “Well in fact, not very well. Mom and Dad mean well it is just that they have no idea what I went through and continue to experience. It is not so bad the farther I am away from Reston, but the closer I am to the hills I have a sense of past experiences like I am linked to past dreamers.” “Well you did sense what Tom was doing in the hills. So that must give you some satisfaction for the lives you saved.” “Well maybe but I just have a sense that was not all. I keep having dreams of a host of dead

men and women. More importantly, when I arrived at the spot in the hills I felt an even stronger pull to the West. It is like there is a magnet drawing me to the place of my dreams or should I say nightmares.”

“Well let’s worry about it tomorrow.” The evening was a joyous one. Tomas arrived about eight and everyone had a chance to go over the past months. After a while, Kate walked out onto the Porch and sat on the swing. Lucy came out and sat next to her. “There is still something out there isn’t there. I sense something. After all that has happened, I don’t want to spook people but there is more to know about what we are and where we came from.” “What are you doing tomorrow? I think we have a job to do.” Just then Tomas came out. “You look like you are no longer the young girl who came here last summer. “I am still the same just a little more directed.” “Have you kept up with the work you had been doing on the Indians in this area.” “Well not really. When college started I put all the documents into a drawer in my room and left it there.” “Could I see them?” “Of course, but do you really want to go back there?” “Go back. I have been kept here. It is not that I don’t like it here it is just that I have to know how I fit here before I go somewhere else.”

The next morning, Tomas came over with a box of background material. “Well, where do you want to start?” “I don’t know? Someone comes to me in my dreams about a place where she and her companions are. I presume she just wants to join her tribe. I don’t think there is anything deep in all of this.” “Then why your concentration on death and destruction in your dreams?” “I do not know. I presumed that stopping Tom would stop the dreams or that the



town would no longer consider using fracking to obtain the natural gas under the hills above the farm. I was wrong. The Indian artifacts that Kathryn found were just pieces from somewhere else and while important it has not changed the states view of Indian rights.”

“Well, what do you think we can do?” “Someone is trying to tell me something. I do not know what it is, but I got to start looking somewhere?” They started looking through the papers. Much of the material related to the discussion about land rights when the government took over the land in 1850. The primary issue remains what is Indian land. If you agree with the Dillon material the Indians never believed that were letting go of their land near the reservoir and the new boundaries of the river seems to support their belief that for most of their history, the Reston River ran near the base of the western hills. There is evidence that the government officials agreed with that assessment but today who cares? The Mayor already says that he will use eminent domain to take over any land that is given over to the Tribe and expanding the current reservation land impacts the Amish and other farmers much more than it did Jim Wilson and his supporters.”

“I know that this sounds insane, but from what I can read here how did the Indians in the area first respond to the government incursion.” “What do you mean?” “Well in our history books we read about the Sioux, the Cherokee, the Indians in Mexico fighting the incursion of the white man, why do I never see anything about the White Bear. If they were a band of such tremendous fighters how come I never read about their efforts to stop the white man from coming onto their land.” “I don’t know, maybe because the government officials were white

and they trusted them to take care of them?" "It just seems strange to me. I can find little or no material on the White Bear in the earlier writings of the trappers." "Well, that is not all true. Donnelly refers to earlier voyagers in the area as commenting about the Tribe in the area. They were supposedly so large with such power that no one went into the area." "How could the tribe that went to the thousands in 1850's be less than 250 when they went to the reservation?" "How do you know that? The government took a census when they took over the land." "This is hard to believe. There had to be many more White Bear in the area, if the earlier French reports are to be believed." "Does it talk about it at all in the Donnelly material?" "From what I could tell, the tribe felt more comfortable around Donnelly's than the other Indians." "That is not surprising, given their past history. What happened to Donnelly after the conference in Rapid City?" "I do not know if anyone has even asked that question?" "Did anyone ever check if any of his relatives kept his material or past in on to a university?" "Not to my knowledge. I do not know whatever happened to his family after the 1850 conference." "I think we need to know." "Well," Tomas answered. "In fact, they still live in the area?" Everyone raised their voices at the same time. "What." "Yes, Bill Donnelly graduated ahead of me in high school. "They own a piece of land above where Jim Wilson lived. In fact, Jim bought a lot of land from Donnelly when they had problems during the 1930s. I took a look at Reston when it was established in the late 1800s and a large part of the land where the new Reston River runs was owned by the Donnelly. It looks like the Original Reservoir was created just after the first conference when the Indians were taken off of the land and sent to its new place." "Our ancestors said it was a time of crying. But no one knows why they called it that."

"I am starting to get a feeling that something happened then that local and government officials tried to close over. "We can always just ask." Tomas went to the phone and gave Bill a call. "I haven't heard from you over the past year. Are you and all your friends OK? It must have been traumatic for all of you" "Well thanks." "But more to the point, why are you calling now?" "We are just trying to find out if any of your great great grandfather or other relatives gave their writings to any of the schools in the area. We are trying to make sure that some of the energy firms are not successful in their efforts to take over the city." "I appreciate your efforts and I wish you your best but I have my family to protect and what happened over 150 years ago is of little concern to me, but it was of concern to some of my family. Remember Kate when we met at the library. You said you were there to figure out what land the tribe believed was theirs. I said who cares if there is no tribe. It is hard to keep a secret and I suspect this is a good time to get it out. You did not hear it from me." "You saw Bill at the library." "I did not know it was Bill, he was just another member at the Library." "What do you think he meant by 'who cares if there is no tribe.'" "It's time for us to check a few things out" Kate raised voice. "Tomas if you could head back to the library and take another look at the Donnelly material."

"Margaret and Richard, could you use your contacts to get the material from the government archive as to its actions during the 1850s. WC could you check out with your elders what they really know about their past. Lucy and I are heading out to the mountains. I do not know what we will find but maybe what is happening to us is out there someplace."

### Chapter 24: The Promise

“Where do you think this will lead it” Linda said to Kate as they when back into the house. “I don’t know. I am starting to believe that others are leading us to the answer.” “What are you two talking about” Kathryn asked. “Is it a secret or can I help?” “Well, we don’t want to get you in trouble but we may need your help” “That is what women are for. What is it?” “Well, you know that both Linda and I have been seeing things. We thought it was about Tom. Maybe it was about other events as well. “What do you mean?” “We know the Indians in the early 1800 held much of the land around what is now Reston. We know that they gave up a large portion of that land in response to government promises. Soon the Government changed its view on what was Indian land and the Indians themselves seem to give up on challenging the government. Soon after 250 Indians were put on the reservation. “250, that’s impossible. The land around Reston must have held well over 1000 Indians” “There is the problem, what happened to the other 750.” Tomas is checking out the material in the library. WC is reviewing what his elders know and Richard and Margaret are looking into the government logs about the activity. We are looking when the tribe went near the mountains.” I don’t want Bill to know at this point, so could you drive us out there tomorrow.” “How could I say No?”

The next morning was a South Dakota fall day. What people in Chicago call an Indian summer. Kate could only laugh when she heard that phrase these days as she got up and headed down for breakfast. Her Grandfather came in with Red Cloud as well as the rest of the farm team. This was harvest time and everyone was working to finish up. “So, what are you doing with your

day?” Bill asked. “Kathryn is taking Linda White Cloud and myself to Reston to check out the new TJ Max.” “Well, it is great to hear all is getting back to normal.” “Normal is a funny word isn’t it Grandpa” Kate asked. “There is a New Normal it seems, but at the end truth comes out.” Bill got up with Red Cloud and headed out, he called back “enjoy yourself today you deserve it.” “Deserve is a funny word too” Kate said to herself. Kathryn started the car with Kate next to her. “You ok?” she asked. “Yes and No. It is great to be back here but it is different. Tomas is different, WC is different, they are all different.” “Well for young people, six months can mean a lot for old people like myself, six months hardly changes us at all.” Within 10 minutes they were at the reservation. Lucy was sitting on the doorstep of her doublewide. ‘Well jump in” Kathryn called to Lucy. “Thanks for coming” Kate said. “I had to. This is my village. You get to leave when all of this is over. I do not know how I fit into all of this, but I have to have answers, if not for everyone else at least for myself.” Kate just nodded.

About forty minutes later, they were at the bottom of the hills where the new branch of the Reston turns east and connects to the eastern branch of the river. “There has been no attempt to damn up this branch” Kate asked. “I am sure that there are those who would like to turn all of this land back into pasture, but it would bring up issues that many in the town are not quite right to address.” “What is all the gravel on the edges of the creek here?” Kate asked. “Well, some of it is just gravel and rock from the dirt at the bottom of the hills where the rising water pushed here. Some of it are parts of the concrete from the upper part of the spillway which broke under the pressure of the water and the tremors. Jeff Clausen’s body was found just about 200 yards father down next to some of those boulders in the distance.” Lucy and Kate got

out of the car and walked toward the boulders at the base of the western hills. From the base several paths led up the hill until the rocks rose up to offer rock faces that prevented passage into the valleys to the west of the mountains.

“What are you looking for?” Kathryn asked. “If I knew I would tell you” Kate responded. “The dreams I had said that death and disaster surrounded me. What happened at the hills near the farm may have answered a few questions for my Dad and Mom but not for me. I remember seeing a yellow light coming down on me and I see red feathers covering the backdrop of my dreams.” Lucy just kept looking up at the hills above her. “What do you see?” Kate asked. “The hills above are those in my dreams?” Kate stopped for a second and looked at the boulders that were pushed up against the bottom of the hills. She pushed the dirt with her feet. “I don’t seem much around here” Kathryn said. “If there is one thing I have learned from working with my parents is that big things come from small finds.” Kate continued toward an area where the water from the reservoir left a small set of stones or sediment from the reservoir. Kate sat down and began to move some of the gravel and concrete pieces. “Kathryn could you take a look at this?” “What?” Kathryn responded. “Do you have any idea what type of bone this is?” “Why do you ask?” “Well, this looks an awful like some of the bones I found when Kip and I went through a burial ground in upper Wisconsin. This one looks like finger bones.” Lucy gave out a yell. “What is this? It looks like more than a finger bone.” They walked over to the area behind the boulders and there Lucy was holding a skull with a large gap in the left-hand side.” “I guess this raises more questions than answers doesn’t it” Kathryn said. “But I fear no one will believe this.” Kate took out her cell phone. I may not work as a phone, but this makes a great

camera.” Kate started taking some pictures of the area. She went back into the car and pulled out the paper that Kathryn had been reading. She put it next to the skull and rock pile to time date the finding.

I think we need to get this back to Grandpa and ask him how we should go forward.” “And I need to come back to check out the hills here. They seem to be part of my life, either now or in the past.”

As Tomas walked into the library where he had spent so much time earlier in the summer. He did not know why he was there. He had looked at every book and document related to the activities in the 1850’s. He turned to the head librarian who had given him access to much of the material. “Are things settling down a bit” she asked him. “Well, I thought so” he responded. “I thought all that was in the past but we are taking one last look at the past.” “Sometime, the past holds a lot for the present if you just know where to look. I would not be a librarian if I did not believe this.” “I know, once there were books.” “Well yes.” So, what are you looking for now?” “Well, if you remember there was a James Donnell who was part of the government and Indian treaty party in the 1850 which led the White Bear to their current reservation. It looks like from what I read the Government came with one agenda and left with another.” “So, are you looking for all the government documents related to this conference?” “Well, we have the final documents, but we have very little commentary on the actual conference.” “Is that strange?” Tomas asked. “Well yes generally there are a number of newspaper men who are part of any government treaty party. The Reston news did not exist at that time, but it is hard to believe that no paper in Chicago did not send anyone or that it was not reported in the

papers in Chicago at that time.” “Did anyone in Reston ever go back and look at the period of the first treaty?” “Well not really. It is kind of strange, but it was mostly frontier at that time. Reston did not become incorporated until near the turn of the Twentieth century, but at that time the local school did a ‘Verbal History’ of some of the earliest settlers of the area. Some of them would have been around during the first conference. “Where is the material?” “It was supposed to be opened up on the 110th anniversary of the State’s founding in 1889. It was supposed to be earlier this year. But with everything that happened, it simply has been forgotten. “Where do you keep it” Well it is upstairs in the vault room.” “Can I see it?” “Well, it is past it’s due to date, but you would be first to look at it. Here sign this document, it will show when you looked at it but be careful not to disturb it or bring any of it out. It is kind of exciting looking up the past isn’t it? I guess that is why your girlfriend is so good at it.” Tomas took a step back. He was so busy at school and everything else, he had stopped thinking how all of this was affecting Kate. “I guess she is into some cool stuff.”

Tomas headed up the stairs and opened the vault room. The documents were wrapped in an old ribbon. One the front of the documents was a piece of paper in which the opening date was signed and seals. The Date November 14, 2019 was still legible. He pulled out a knife and opened the material. Most of the documents were newspapers of the day, both local and national. There were articles about William Jennings Byran and others. There were books on cooking, cloths, and the development of the new reservoir. He had never thought of when the first reservoir was built. He continued to read the material, according to the material the first dam was built before 1860. Soon after the tribe was sent to the reservation area east of the



hills. He looked a little deeper. "Near the bottom of the pile" were five verbal histories. He took a brief look at what was written. These first two were from the Mayor at the time a Hiram Walker and the head of the local Lutheran church. The other three represented the various parts of the city, a rancher by the name of Luke Thomas, local businessman, Ben Wilson (no relative to Jim Wilson) and a farmer by the name of Bill Donner. He wondered if Bill could have been related to the Donner party who were part of the original conference. Not much there at least at first look the thought. As he was about to wrap the material back together, a letter fell out of the local newspaper. It was a letter with a government seal on it. The name on it was William Trask. The name seemed familiar. William Trask was one of the Government officials representing the Indians at the first conference in the early 1850's and who had signed the original document that the Indian land extended the base of the Western hills. This was his signature. He must have been almost ninety when he wrote this, Tomas thought. He used his pen to open the letter and started to read it.

"I would like you to add this to your verbal history. I am almost ninety years old and I have lived with this history for the past fifty years. I can only hope that when this is read 100 years from now the decedents of this town and the nation will have changed enough that they will forgive what we did and what we did not do. Most of the residents of this town are unaware of their past. Let me give a brief history of the events. I and three members of the war committee came here in the fall of 1850; the purpose was to establish contact with the White Bear. We were already having interactions with the local Indian tribes in Iowa, Minnesota, and some of the other Western states. We had heard of an Indian Tribe that had not taken part of any Indian

tribal meetings. There was a belief among some that they may join with our calvary to either work to convince the local tribes not to act against our advance or if not to help join us in the development of the area. Note our surprise when James Donner told us that the heads of the tribe were willing to meet with us. We were even more surprised when we met our hosts. They were not like any Indians we had ever seen. Some of them were almost white and not distinguishable from us. They said they had waited for centuries for us to arrive. According to their stories we would bring back peace and prosperity to their tribe.

On the fourth day of the conference, we had come to an agreement. As part of the signing, they were to keep their land from the west river to the Easter hills. We sat down for the celebration. The Indians had set down their weapons. Our party brought alcohol to the celebration, by morning many of the braves had returned to their wigwams to sleep. It is then that Captain Harvey began to have an argument with some of the younger braves about one of the squaws he had put his hands on. Soon, there were ten young braves around him and several of his men. I do not know who struck the first blow but in a matter of minutes. Captain Harvey laid dead. And his contingent of fifty men started to take it out on the Indians. By the dawn of the light, over 500 braves, their squaws and children were dead. I had been warned. As a young woman, their Dream See'er had seen me the night before. She warned me that something terrible was about to happen. I asked if she had gone to her leaders. She said no, the white man coming was viewed in her tribe as a good sign and no one would believe her. I should have listened.

The calvary men took the rest of the day digging graves in the area of the massacre. The newspaper men were told in no uncertain terms never to speak of what happened. This had to stop here. The survivors were gathered and moved to their land near the hills to the east. "They gathered some of their tribal effects and moved. They buried whatever they took in the eastern hills. The shock of the White man destruction so destroyed them and their history that the people underwent a total cultural and historical collapse.

Within years, the army set up an earthen damn to cover the graves of the Indian dead. In recent years that dam has moved the river father east from where the river existed. Upon return to Chicago, I reported the events to the Western Commander, General Hamilton. He instructed me to let it die. Gold had been found in the hills west of the area. The government would be unable to prevent white settlers from overtaking the area. If the Soldiers had done what they had done then, they would have had to destroy the tribe in the future. The killing was just a delay in time. I returned to Washington. Within years, an even greater tragedy came across our nation. When hundreds of thousands of our boys are dying, any number of Indians on the frontier seems of little consequence. At the end of the war, the area became increasingly settled. While rumors existed, life when on.

I presume that I could not write this. I do know what happened, but it is also true that no one cared. I can still see the dead men, women, and children on the ground. They were an honorable tribe looking for our friendship and we gave them death. I hope that their future has been better than their past. I am sorry for my part in it or my failure to be a better man about

this. Perhaps my ancestors or the ancestors of Reston will rise to a higher level of human dignity than we showed that night. May my God Forgive me.

For a second Tomas thought. "What do I do?" In 1817, an American fur trading post was set up at present-day Fort Pierre, beginning continuous American settlement of the area.<sup>[53]</sup> In 1855, the U.S. Army bought Fort Pierre but abandoned it in 1857 in favor of Fort Randall to the south.<sup>[53]</sup> Settlement by Americans and Europeans was by this time increasing rapidly, and in 1858 the Yankton Sioux signed the 1858 Treaty, ceding most of present-day eastern South Dakota to the United States. He took out his camera and made a copy of the letter. He took the letter out of the documents and put it under a set of books with enough dust to grow vegetables. As he walked down the stairs he thanked Sara Wilkins for her help. "Did you find anything?" she asked. "life was as boring then as it is now" and walked out. "He felt he could almost hear the cries of the dead." "I wonder if the town can handle this." He thought. "Whatever, it was going to have to."

WC walked into the tribal meeting. The leaders had been about to close. White Eagle asked if it could wait. "Well, it has waited 150 years so I guess it could wait a little longer." "I would think you would show a little respect to your elders." "I have never acted in a way to disrespect you or my family, but we have to show respect for ourselves. We have been on this reservation for over 150 years, yet I have never heard the story of how we got here. I hear stories of our distant past. I know our lives of our recent past. I know nothing of the period between." It is not a period that we wish to remember. We have washed that from our past. Look at the great log.

It has the names of our past leaders and Dreamers. You will note that only one name has been removed. We were only failed once in our past. We will not relive it or remember it. It is gone.”

WC could see that any further effort was worthless. Something had happened and someone one on the council knows or at least has the history of that event. If there is one thing he has learned about his tribe is that the past is part of the present. All stories are remembered. The question was who and what the story was. As he walked back to his house, he saw an older woman he had seen near the house in the past. She motioned to him. “You want to know more about what happened to us before we were sent here. My Great Great grandmother was the God Dreamer then. She is the name that has been taken off the great log. She warned the Whites of something. I do not know exactly what happened but the tribe was never the same. All of our traditions were lost. We no longer followed our past, we no longer believed in God Dreamers, We no longer view ourselves as the “lone Tribe” of the White Bear. We lost our spirit. We must find a way to get it back. Maybe you can help. Maybe Lucy can help. You are young your future depends on how you act now.

WC thought. Why does the future of a tribe depend on a fifteen year old? As he turned toward the house, he saw Kathryn drive up with Lucy and Kate. He felt a little ashamed of himself.

“Lucy and Kate were fifteen and they had faced more danger than he had. His younger brother’s best friend, Kip had stood up to all those before him and they were only part Indian and until recently did not even know that they were. Maybe that was the problem, he had been raised to be ashamed of himself to be less than the white man. But he was both, white and

Indian. He and his tribe were special. It was time for him and his friends to stand up. But stand up to what.

“I hope your day has gone better than mine” WC said as he went up and put his arms around Lucy. Lucy started to cry. “Everyone has looked at me as the crazy one. They have hated me because I was white, they have hated me because I dream, They have hated me because I reminded them of a past they do not want to accept. I am not going to take it anymore. I know what I know, I know what I am. Maybe it took seeing someone who was strong enough to see her gift and not back away from it. Whatever, there is a cloud that has hung over our tribe all these years. It has to break.” She kissed WC on the cheek and headed into her house.

“Well, what happened to you out there.” Kate spoke up. “Well, we don’t know yet, but we found evidence that the tribe lived in the plains below the hills. We also found some evidence that when they were forced to settle here in the 1850’s, they did not come peacefully. What happened is yet to be determined, but I think it may raise more issues than it solves. We have to talk to my Grandfather and my Dad and Mom but history does have something to say to all of us, it keeps trying if we are only willing to listen.

“Well, I will see you in the morning. Maybe Tomas has found something.” WC walked back into the house. Kathryn and Kate got back into the Cadillac and headed back to the Farm. When they headed into the house, Kate put the skull on the table in the Kitchen and headed up stairs to clean up. She had only reached the top stair when she heard her Grandfather yell. “Who

disturbed an Indian burial ground?" Kate turned around and headed down the stairs. She knew that her Grandfather had been under a lot of stress in recent months, but this set him off. "If I find that you touched something you were not supposed to after all that I have said about respecting the past of others you better have great story." "Hold it Bill" Kathryn had heard Bill from outside on the porch. "We do have a great story. We found this skull two miles below the reservoir among the wash of the spillway. We did not have the time to look in greater detail but Kate found this and more. You are the expert. But this skull just didn't get there by chance and from what I can tell the poor soul did not die in his bed. Even worse, Kate pulled a bullet out of the skull, but it is a bullet that I have never seen." Kate pulled the bullet out of the plastic bag she had in her purse. Bill took a long look at it. "Unless someone used the skull for target practice 150 years ago, we know when he died and what he died of and given the facial characteristic of the skull, it looks like one of your ancestors Kate. I don't know where this takes us but you sure have raised the stakes."

Tomas threw the door open. "I am afraid we know where it takes us. Tom opened his phone and handed it over to Bill. It looks like our forefathers decided to clean up the territory before they made it a state, and the locals had to go. It looks like it was an accident, but the cover up wasn't."

The issue is where are they? 500-750 people just don't disappear." "I hate to suggest something" Kathryn raised her voice. "I am the novice here but if I found a skull at the end of a wash coming from a reservoir and from what my earlier reading tells me, an earthen dam was first put in just a few years after the massacre. The dam shifted the river to the east which

reduced the Indians claim on the land and solved another problem; that is, the other bodies are to be found under the reservoir.”

Bill just sat on the chair. “This is too much.” I have researched the area for years. I have had many questions. I always questioned where the original tribe lived. I did not understand what had happened to their past. Most of what we knew about the White Bear was more from the other tribes in the area than from the tribe itself. It is as if they fell off of the earth with no or little history. From what bits are here and there we seem to coming to an answer at least to what happened to them here.” “If we can find a little more maybe we can find out even more about their past.” “Hold on little girl. One step at a time. Let’s answer the first question first.” “Well Grandpa” the letter says the tribe was looking for Whites from the East to come and bring them to the power and status they deserve. They always saw themselves as an eastern tribe. I have seen them in the past, they were white before the first explorers. They were the first explorers. I have seen them. I have seen them here, I have seen them in the north, I have seen them on the coasts of France. I see them everywhere; I just want them out of my head.” Kate put her hands on her ears, and ran out of the door, down the porch out into the yard. She sat down on the old picnic table and just cried.

“I guess this is a good time for Women to go out and talk to her girl to girl.” Kathryn said. Kathryn headed out the door and over to the wooden table where Kate sat. Kate had stopped crying and was just looking out over the recently cut corn to the west. “Not like it is in the books is it” Kathryn said quietly. Kate kept looking forward. “It seemed so simple then and each



of your characters had such confidence. They knew exactly what they had to do and did it. Me, I don't know what to do or how to do it. You wrote those characters. Was it easy for you?" "Why do you think they called it fiction?" Kathryn replied. "It is what I hoped it would be or what it could be. I wrote those because it was the only thing I could control." "I never asked. Why did you leave the City and come out here to a farm." "Well, in truth I was ready for a change. I don't want things in chaos but I wanted something I could work on. Ranching kind of fit both, call it controlled chaos and it gave me time to think and write. Miles of open space opens the mind too" and of course, I met your Grandfather. "From the start he treated me as an equal and never cared if I wrote a book or not. Some of my friends in Chicago cared for me because of my books and not the other way around." Sometimes things just fit. If you are lucky you will find someone who just fits you. Just let yourself be willing to be surprised."

Kate was coming around. "Well, this summer really surprised me." "Sometimes things or someone is given to us. We often view them as chores but maybe one should look at them as gifts. You can see things that have happened. Somehow it got into you and your ancestors' DNA. Take it as a gift. Find out how it works for others. Best of all don't try to fight it. I fought coming out here for years, I had to be a sophisticated city girl; that is ok if that is what you are, but if it is not, that is ok too. You have to feel good in your own skin while letting others live in their world."

"What should I do next?" Kate Asked. "Well, you probably know. You are lucky. You have right here about 50 yards from you one of the most respected anthropologies and Indian experts in

the world. He has knowledge and you do too. It might be time to tell him all you now and you may want to talk to your Dad. But he cares too much for you, if that is possible, he wants to shield you from all that he has experienced, but in time he will come around. "What about my mom?" "Well, I have never been a mother, but I saw her face when she thought you were in trouble, she is one your side no matter what. More importantly, she will always be your best friend, cherish that. Let's go in"

As they entered the door and walked into the kitchen, Bill, Tomas, Lucy, WC were around the kitchen table. "It is about time, we have almost solved the entire puzzle but if you want to put in the last piece we would not stop you" Her grandfather took her and put his arm around her and helped her to the table. "I want to thank all of you for your help. It is obvious that we would not have come this far if you had not pushed us all. From now on we have to be very careful. There is a lot riding on what we way and do so we have to do this step by step" "Similar to an anthropological dig?" Kate asked. "Exactly like an anthropological dig." Her Grandfather replied.

### Chapter 25: The Dig

Bill had not spoken to his son since Dave had left for Chicago at the end of the summer. Dave was focused on consolidating his discoveries in Mexico and the findings in the cave above Bill's ranch in Reston. After fifteen years of criticism, he had real evidence that supported, at least in part, his theory that some early Americans had come from Europe or at the very least there existed a tribe of Indians whose ancestors were European. Moreover, the connection between the two sites indicated a close connection between whoever lived in the Reston area and who spent time in the caves in the north of Arizona. Dave and Karen had sent some of the evidence to be analyzed by independent authorities. Results were mixed and for many in the field confusing. This is what was agreed. Artifacts were consistent with similar jewelry and metal weapons of the period in northern Europe around 10000 BC. There was no evidence that any of this material was the result of domestic development. Since the material was at both sites, it is also consistent that the tribe in near Reston had connections with the individuals who visited the sites area in Mexico in the centuries before 7000 BC. DNA evidence also was consistent that the Reston tribe had a significant European heritage among their decedents. The degree of DNA decreased as the dead were from periods closer to our current period. There also seems to be some evidence that some of the material was pure European. The confusing element is that a portion of the DNA is southern European in origin. While some academics were willing to accept some of Dave's concerns over an Asia only theory of American heritage, they pointed out that some of that DNA could simply be a mix of northern European settlers having some southern heritage. Much of the results were in Karen's area of expertise, but Karen had

remained uncharacteristically quiet on this matter. The whole set of events in the summer had led her to question what she had focused on and what she wanted to focus on going forward. At least one thing had been settled. The results of the findings resulted in some major sources of funds finding their way to the University and the Museum. Their jobs were secure even if the results were not settled.

“Dave, this is your father. I just wanted to call and say Kate has arrived and is doing well. We had some of their friends over for the weekend and they are getting reacquainted.” “Well I am glad she is comfortable there; she was obviously not happy here.” “When do you think you might be coming up here?” Bill asked. “Well in fact we were about to give you a call. We have to check out the cave area to reset the current layout before we do any additional analysis. We were thinking of showing up around Thanksgiving.” “That is about four weeks away right” well five to be exact but so what.” “Is there a chance you might be able to make it up a little sooner?” “How soon?” Dave asked. “I was thinking this weekend.” “What is happening Dad?” “Well, you know kids?” “What is happening Dad?” “Well, the kids went out and started to review some of the material they had put together earlier this summer. They found some interesting results near the area south of the dam. There is evidence of some sort of battle in the area. I have not yet dated it, but it might have been relatively old or relatively new. I am having it dated now. But more importantly we have discovered a letter from the War offices representative in the White Bear Treaty that indicates a mass killing of Indians at the time of the signing that changed the entire history of the tribe and our relationships with them.” “Let’s get this straight. You have some evidence of someone killing Indians in the past. You have a

letter from a Washington representative of some sort of killing of Indians by Americans in the mid 1800's. From what I can see this does not affect us or to be honest affect me in any way and one of the reasons I took Kate away was just this type of activity. I do not want her in any danger or doing anything that puts her in danger. If I find out that she is or that you are not doing all you can to protect her I will drive up there to get her out of there in a minute." "OK, I understand. There is no danger here. All that is in the past. I just wanted to keep you abreast of things and that all is going well. Say hi to Karen for me and get up here when you can. Love you son." He got no response, and he heard the phone go dead.

"How did that go?" Kathryn asked. "He is well meaning but I raised a Jerk?" "I take it he was not interested in helping." "We did not even get that far. If he ever thinks that Kate is in trouble or that we knew about it, we are going to have fewer family members at the Christmas table." Kate came into the kitchen. "Was that Dad on the phone?" "Yes he called to ask how you were doing" Kathryn chimed in. "Did you tell him everything?" Kate asked. "It just did not seem the right time or until we have some clear evidence?" "What does he need?" Kate said loudly "An engraved invitation." "In truth, probably yes" Kathryn concluded. "So, what do we do, next?" Kate asked. "Well in part, we have to wait for the DNA and dating results." "When should we hear?" "Well, they need several days" so I will call late tomorrow. For now, go to bed relax and spend some quality time with your friends tomorrow.

Bill bent over and kissed Kate. "Should I get you up for breakfast tomorrow" Kathryn asked.

"Let's see" Kate answered as she walked up the stairs to her room. As she crawled into her bed

she looked around the room. So far from Chicago? It was a world that her friends there would never even have believed existed. As she drifted off to sleep, she felt at home. It was sometime early in the morning that the dreams started. Over the past weeks, the dreams had become more real as if they were part of a big film of the God Dreamers over the centuries. She saw Rea who guide the first boat people from the coasts of Southern France near Biarritz upward toward the coasts of Denmark and from there she saw Vinay who took the tribe to the coasts of northern America near the islands off of what is now Nova Scotia. Latta took the tribe farther west to the Great Waters of the mid-west. From there Naya, Ullana and others helped the tribe to their current home in the Hills of the Gods. It was here that the tribe fought the local Indian Tribe (the future Ojibwa) and were saved with the help of Eric and his men. From there the God Dreamers oversaw the men who visited the bronze men of the south and returned with knowledge of the great mountains. Years later as they waited for the White Men of Eric to return, they lived in peace as the Indians of the area came to view them as Ghosts or heaven people. People never to be seen. Then the dream turned ugly. She saw the killing, the blood, she saw the God Dreamer standing in front of the very same cave that Eric had fought. She saw the boulders that Ula and the Ojibwas had fought through. She saw Eric blade come down on Ula's head. She woke up in a cold sweat with her heart beating faster than it had ever been in the past. As she sat up, Kathryn raced into the room. Are you alright? Bill was right behind here. "We cannot wait" Kate said. "I need to go back to the spot tomorrow. Something happened they want me, they need me, to bring this out into the open."

"I guess this is a good time for breakfast. I will get the crew to do the morning chores and we can head out to the mountains. "Can I have pancakes?" "Of course you can but only if I get to put some strawberries on them. I just picked some from the garden yesterday." By seven, most of the chores had been done. Red Cloud and his team were at the kitchen table when Bill told them what he was doing. Red Cloud stood up. The rest can stay here but I am going with you. This affects us more than you. WC has been torn apart by this whole thing and Lucy my only daughter is an outcast. If there is something I need to see, I want to see it firsthand. One half hour later Bill, Kathryn, Kate, and Red Cloud stood in front of the Boulders where they had found the Skull. Kate looked up between the Boulders. She started to walk up the hillside. "Be careful" Bill called out. "It's ok, if this is what is in my dreams the answers will be known soon." Kate looked around. She could see, the top of the rock face where Utku and his archers held off the attackers. She looked up the path to a ledge and a crevice in the rocks. It reminded her of the cave opening where Nana came out with her people dressed in the animal skulls and attacked the Ojibwa. She could see no opening into the rock face. Red Cloud came up behind her. Kate pointed to the rock face where her dreams said an opening existed. He walked up to the Wall and looked around the crevice. "I don't see an opening but something is wrong" "What is wrong' Bill called up to Red Cloud. "The rock face has a break between the rock face and the crevasse" "Do you have that chain in the back of the truck and the hook for pulling up rocks." "What rancher does not?" Bill went to the back of the truck and carried the chains and hook up to Red Cloud. RC found a break between the rocks and pushed in the hook. He threw the chain down to Bill. Bill put the chain over the ball in the back of the truck. "Everyone get off of the hill." After everyone had returned to the bottom of the hill, Bill gunned the car. The wheels

turned in the gravel. Nothing happened. Then suddenly, part of the rock wall pulled back. It fell to the ground. Bill stopped and looked back. RC rushed up the hill to where the crevice was. A small opening existed in between what was a solid rock face. "Bring up a flashlight" RC called down. "The opening is pretty small; we are going to have to make this wider for all of us to get it." "It is big enough for me to crawl through" Kate asked. "I think not" Bill replied. "If anything happens your Dad will never speak to me again and I don't blame him. "I came here and I am not sleeping another night until I go in there." RC came up the hill with a rope. Tie this around your waist. Here is one flashlight and I will keep the other on you. Kate slipped through the opening. She let the light follow the walls. Pictures of the past, of the stars of Europe, of the history of the people. This was what she saw each night. This was the story of her people. As she turned to go out of the cave, her light fell on an opening in the cave floor. Kate walked over to the darkness. She let her light fall on the opening. It looked like a hole in the floor that might have been used as a fire pit or a place to store food in the winter time. It was over fifteen feet across and almost 15 feet deep, but it did not contain food or artifacts, it contained human bones. She did not know it at that moment. But she had answered the question of where the bodies had been buried. She turned and squeezed back through the opening. She fell into RC arms. "I am so sorry" she said. RC looked into Kate's eyes. "You are Indian, you are part of us. You have solved your own history there is nothing to be sorry about. Others not you have a lot of to answer."

"Before we do anything let's get the ducks in order. No words were said as they drove back to the house. When they walked into the house, Tomas was there. He handed Bill a note to call



the lab. Bill went into his office and returned. "That's strange. The lab says the skull is about 150 years old and is definitely America Indian. Some of the smaller bones are also about 150 years old. I don't know if it matters." "Well, it matters to someone" "Why" Kate asked. "Well, I went back to review the material at the library. Sarah said someone from the government had come in earlier and took all the material. Something about national interest." "Did they get everything" Kathryn asked. "Well, they got everything but what they wanted." He pulled the letter out of his pocket. It was wrapped in plastic. "Just making sure" he said. Kate went over and kissed him. When she stopped, she turned to those around her "never let a good excuse go to waste." "What do we do next" "Well this is above our pay grade" No one knows how far we have come or what we have." I think it is time to raise the walls and fight" but before we do, let's get as much ammunition as possible." Well, when I found out what happened I emailed Kip. He spent the day checking out the newspapers and what they said about the treaty. He sent me copies of all that he found. "250 Indians moved to secure land." "Colonel Harrison and 3<sup>rd</sup> Calvary put down revolt in Dakota's." In short, there was no discussion of any massacre. While there was some discussion that the Indians in the area had some type of uprising there was no indication of the type of killings in Wilson's letter." "So, he found nothing" Kate said. "Of course not, Kip does not give up easily. He went over to the library and asked for any information on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Calvary. It looks like that each Calvary unit kept a record of its daily activities and that those records are kept in government records offices at the library where in the state where it was located. The 3<sup>rd</sup> Calvary was stationed in Dearborn. Illinois. He sent me zeroxed copies of the daily log as well as members of the Calvary that were on the mission with Harrison. From the names he tweeted all the names that existed in the Chicago area. There

were fifty names and of those names, 20 had a filial connection, of those 20, ten families responded and of those ten five sent copies of letters that their great grandfathers had sent home. It will take some time to get the final letters but each expressed dismay at the disaster.”

“Remember it was a different time and a different place” Bill said. “South Dakota was just opening up for Development. It was going to be a state. Like today anything in the way was considered dispensable.” “Even Indians” Kate said. “Especially Indians.” Bill said. “Let’s be honest there was no love lost for the White Bear by the other Indians in the area. In the 1870’s treaties were made with other tribes in the area. Getting rid of the White Bear opened the talks up with other tribes that and the realization of what happened to what many in the area regarded the fearest warriors eased the treaty process with the other tribes”

Ok, but what do we do next? “We have sat back long enough” Red Cloud spoke up. “We are taking this to the wall.” “If what is there is the home of the ancients as well as the burial site of many of our brothers, we will fight to get what is ours. I will tell you this as soon as I tell the tribal council of our findings, things will happen very quickly, and I will not be able to stop it.” Bill looked up in the air. “Ok let’s see if we can get in front of this. Someone took the material from the library, but it is hard to believe it was taken because of someone’s concern over the existence of the cave. I am going downtown to the Mayor’s office. I would like to believe that after I tell him of our findings, he will want to reach out to the entire community.” “And if not?” Kathryn asked.

Bill arrived at the Mayor's office by 11 AM. He was surprised to see Jim Wilson and members of the energy council in the office. The Mayor's second in command came out of the meeting.

"Sorry Bill, but the Mayor is very busy. Can you come back tomorrow?" "If he does not want me to see me now, he will not want to see what I come with tomorrow." "What are you threatening?" "I am not threatening anything I am telling you a fact." "OK, the Mayor will see you." Bill walked into the office. "So, what is the problem, Bill?" "Well, we are in the midst of a whirlwind, Mayor" "What do you mean?" Well yesterday Kate, Red Cloud, Kathryn, and I were in the mountains south of the dam break. Several days before Kate, Lucy White Cloud, and Kathryn had found some interesting anthropological findings. We went back and came across something that will change how we as a city interact with the White Bear as well as the future of energy and mining in the area." Bill was about to continue but he could see the Mayor turn white. "What do you know about a cave in the hills" the Mayor asked. Bill responded quickly "What is going on here. I never mentioned a cave in the hills. What is going on?" "We were there yesterday. We have pictures, we have evidence, We have letters of government and others about what happened that day. The Tribal council is being told about these findings at this moment. You must set up a meeting with all parties to use this as a way for all of us to get together." "It may be a little too late." "Too late for what. Some of Jim Wilson's men saw some tracks in the area and followed it to the hill. They saw the opening and reported it to Jim. Jim called the governor's office, and the state conservation board has taken control of the property. "No one in and No one out until it can be secured." The Mayor picked up the phone. In a second Jim and the rest of his party came into the room. "Bill it would be nice when you find something to share it with authorities before spreading it out across the country. From what I

am told whatever is there is in the past. Who cares about the past? It's just the past, we have to move forward."

Bill did not know what to say. "Jim, if anything is destroyed or moved out of that cave. Whoever gives the order will be sued up and down this town, this state, and this country." This is no longer we can work something out. Too much is out. This is on the TV in three hours, we have already sent for the local broadcasting." Bill was bluffing but not really. This was war. "What is this man talking about", the man from the governor's area said. 'You said that the cave was on your land and that you were only asking us to oversee your management of the cave.' "If the Indians get ahold of this, tell the governor and his supporters that this is all over, if they gain control of that cave and what is in there, you might as well give up using Reston as a hub for any of your energy plans."

"Jim. I realize you have lost a lot but this is it. We know." "I do not know what you are talking about" Jim replied. "Jim, there are over 500 dead Indians in a pit in that cave. We know why" "There are no dead Indians in that cave" Jim responded "There was and they better still be, too many people saw them there. Again, Jim we took evidence. Jim it is over."

About noon, there was a knock on the door. Kate walked out of the kitchen and opened the door. "Margaret" Kate yelled out. "How are you? I'm sorry I have only been in town four days and if you only knew." "It's ok, you're cool, and I am not, I understand." Kate felt really guilty. The truth was that Margaret was Kate's first and best friend. "I guess you always give the least

time to those who you should give the most. But Tomas must have told you how busy we have been?" "You could have included me." "This is risky stuff. We have not told anyone?" "Well, someone knows." "What do you mean?" Richard just called me. His dad received a phone call and headed down to the Mayor's office but as he left, his dad warned him not to leave the house. He said that there might be some blasting in the hills next to where the river bent east. From what Tomas said, that is where you were yesterday. I could be wrong, but it does not sound like a coincidence."

"There is no way to get hold of Bill. We have to find what is going on." Kathryn, Kate, and Margaret drove back to the cave. As they approached the hills they were surprised to see activity in front of the hills. Kathryn stopped and asked one of the state police. "What was happening?" "Something about setting up an explosion to clean up some of the leftover material from the flood." "An explosion?" Kate said. In an instant, Kate and Lucy jumped out of the car and headed for the hills. Tomas jumped out behind them. Kathryn gunned the car and headed for the path that led up to the cave. When she got there, police sirens went off everywhere. "No one is going up there. We are minutes from blowing up the area and sealing the hillside." "You can't." "Why?" "Because there are three kids on the hillside." "Well get them out of here." As the captain was turning around, he saw two girls on a ledge above the cave. Get off of there. "He turned to his men to get them off the hill." Then as if an instance, the girls were gone. "Where did they go?"

“How did you know that there was an opening to the cave from here” Margaret said as she turned to Kate. “I have been here before or at least my memories have. this was the escape that they used to attack the Ojibwa. They descended the shaft until they were in the cave. The cave was bigger than they had thought. The walls were full of drawings. Drawing with stars that showed the voyages and history of the people. A map of a world that no Indian in the past 2000 years was aware of. A map of a world that no Asian had ever seen.

“One of the lieutenants on the hill, called down” There is someone in the cave.” The Captain called up. “They get them out” I can’t It is too small an opening.” The Captain got on the phone and called the Mayor’s office. The phone call was in range of Jim, Bill, the Governor’s staff, and the Mayor as they stood and stared at each other.” “Well stop the explosion. Now shut down the operation.” “Explosion, operation. What are you fools doing?” “We did not know” Jim said. We wanted to hide any evidence of Indian activity, sealing the cave just made sense.” “And hiding the truth, destroying the past of an entire tribe, and going against the law is just” Bill stopped.” “I have to call Kathryn. She was supposed to drive up to the Reservation and let Red Cloud know how our meeting went.” “I don’t think you will catch her there. Some kids got into the cave somehow and there are some women with them. I have a sense that it could be Kathryn.”

Bill turned to the door but before he headed out, he turned back to Jim and the Mayor. “If anything happens to any of them, you have a lot more to be worried about than an Indian tribe.”

The Mayor turned to Jim. "Jim this is over. Call your associates to call off the dogs." I am calling my representative at the reservation and asking to meet with them to work out with the state on them overseeing the find." "They will find out about what we were doing. Look it over. Perhaps we can work with them. But we need to take a new take" Jim left the office. He saw his son Richard in the car in front of the office. "Dad, it's over. Time to come to grips with it and move forward." Richard had never seen his dad look so small.

"By the time" Bill got to the cave. Kathryn was in the back of a cruiser. "He turned to the Captain. "You may not know who I am. But I just left the Mayor's office. Give him a call if you must, but I am the guy who you do not want to mess with at this moment. Shut down this operation. Set up a perimeter but within minutes there will be a new sheriff here to run this operation." The Captain had no idea what to do. He gave a quick call to the Governor's office. "He passed the phone to Bill." "Bill this is the governor's chief of Staff. "We have to work together on this. "Dick, I don't have to work together with anyone. I am getting my granddaughter out of this cave. I am taking her, her friend, and my friend out of here and from then on, I am using all my influence all my evidence, all my contacts to ensure that the Indian tribe gets everything they deserve. You and your staff are at the bottom of my list of concerns. Let's be honest. You and yours should get ready for a bumpy ride."

By the night news came on, the news staff were aware something had happened. Even in South Dakota, one could not tape off a large area and then have all hell break loose with local and

state police going in every direction. Soon government choppers were in the air. When Bill made it to the cave, they made it out. "You have no idea" Grandpa. "It is just like in my dreams." "You are going to be famous" Lucy said to Kate. "Famous, I don't care. It is just great to know that I am not crazy." "How can we get a hold of you" the Captain said. "You know where I live."

"We have to get home and call your parents before they see this or someone calls them before we get a hold of them. This is not going to be fun." "Perhaps I should speak to him first" Kate said.

As they drove past Reston, she heard her cell ring. Kathryn turned to her. You may want to turn that off. Unless you want the world at your doorstep" Kate was about to shut it down, until she saw it was from Kip. "Hope all is alright, being grilled here. What is happening up there? Need help soon." "Grandpa if you think things are not going well for the Mayor and the rest things are coming apart in Chicago too." "Maybe I should just keep on driving" Thomas and Lucy spoke up from the back seat. "Before you do, please drop us off could you" I suspect that both of us are going to have to answer some questions." "Both of you have every reason to be proud of what you have done. Crazy but proud"



### Chapter 26: The Future II

The next weeks were all a blur. The Governor set up a special committee to oversee the exploration of the Cave. The committee included both the head of Historical artifacts of the museum of modern history at the state capital, the head of the State's committee of Indian affairs, as well as members representing the house, senate, and business organizations. The Washington Bureau of Indian affairs also had a supervisory member. their purpose was to make sure that issues related to the burial of Indians in the cave was fully explored. What was missing was direct representation of members of the White Bear. The reason given was that there was no direct evidence that the Indians or the relics in the Cave were from that tribe. "This is insane" Bill said as he walked back and forth in the Kitchen. "No evidence. The nearest tribe other than the White Bear are over 100 miles from here. Do they think some Alien spaceship picked up dead Indians from around the area and deposited them in a cave next to the White Bear and nobody knew? As for the relicts in the cave, the White Bear have been in this part of South Dakota for well over 1000 years. This is insane." Red Cloud just sat at the Table. "What do you think we should do? The tribe is split on this. Many believe we should just keep quiet. They are afraid that any action will prejudice the state against them. Others feel that they have been pushed aside long enough. This is the time to step up."

Dave spoke up. "You all know that I really don't care what happens to Reston. I almost lost my daughter twice, but this has little if anything to do with me or the Indian heritage of those around me. This has to do with oil and who owns it. If the original Indian land extended to the

hills to the West then the treaty signed in 1850 has an entirely different meaning. I presume that it would take a long legal battle but from people I have spoken to said we have a good case.” Bill raised his voice. “Even if we did win, however, we would bring the powers of government and business down on the tribe and its supporters. I fear that whatever comes out will be a whitewash in which nothing is determined” “What do you suggest?” Kathryn asked. “What do we have at this table?” “I mean what do you mean?” “What resources do we have? What facts do we have? And what do they know about what we have? Lastly How can we best make our points?” Bill continued. “Their committee is supposed to report back before the Christmas recess. They hope to hide this over the recess. If I were a betting man, I would have my money that they will contend there is insufficient information as to which tribe was the origin of the relics in the cave and to how and when those bodies were buried there.” “We have information as to the opposite and we have anthropologist, we have authors, we have experts in DNA and we have experts in the heritage of the White Bear. If they have two months to prepare a report. We have two months to prepare our report or book. Let’s get to work. Kathryn you are head writer, Dave and I will organize the anthropology, Tess will organize the findings in Arizona, Karen will handle the DNA and scientific evidence.” “Who is going to cover the government activity as well as the newspaper oversight?” “This sounds strange, we need someone who can manage the system’ Bill continued. Tomas would not be where he is or have the information without the help of Sarah at the library. She asked him if she could help. She can use her position at the library to get copies of material from other libraries as well as government data that none of us could get.”

Margaret sat in the corner during the discussion. "Can I be of any help" "Without you Margaret everything would be under 100 tons of stone. You have already done enough." "Thanks, but I thought these might be helpful" "What are they" Well when we were in the cave, Kate spent most of her time taking pictures of the walls and relicts. I was just standing there next to the gravel pit. So, I started taking pictures. I am sorry I did not mean to demean the dead I only wanted to honor them." Bill looked at the photos. It showed details of the bodies in the pit. Around the necks and wrists was jewelry consistent with the current White Bear. The pictures were from all angles. "This gives a perfect basis for determining how many died" but we do not have any actual bodies from inside the cave. "I was hoping I could use this at my show and tell but this might be important." "When they wheeled me out from the cave, I shook some bones under the garment." "What well it was not like a body just two arms with jewelry" here is the picture. There is enough DNA here to date the death and we have proof of where they bodies came from."

I guess it is time to get to work. Over the next several weeks, Bill and Dave detailed all the known material in the Western Cave as well as what was taken from the Hills above the Ranch. Karen had all the DNA from the bones in the cave with material taken from the Easter hills along with members of the tribe. Tomas and Kate worked with Sarah to gather all the background material from newspaper and government files as well as correspondence from decedents of cavalry members who left their commentary on the events of the day. Kip had shown up for Thanksgiving with everything he had gathered from the local 3<sup>rd</sup> Calvary documents. He had merely lied when he said he was doing an in-depth report for his high

school about the Western experiences of the troop. They never knew what hit them. By the time, the Government report was ready to be presented. The response report “White Bear – Immigrant Indians Under Attack” was ready. “If nothing else it will make a great ‘coffee table’ book. The book detailed the entire known history of the tribe. It built it known and presumed history. It provided the consistency of evidence that the wall portraits, the artifacts, as well as the DNA supported a direct connection between those in the cave and the current tribe. They were ready.

At the Committee meeting the week before Christmas, the state review committee met to summarize the report. As expected, the material accepted that Indian artifacts existed in the cave as well as considerable evidence of the burial of a number of Indians. However, there was no evidence or proof of the actual heritage of these people. Before the committee concluded, the head of the committee asked if there were any questions. A few reporters asked the normal questions. Where there any plans to make the area off site for future work? The head of the committee responded. “We appreciate the concerns of the public and our Indian brothers over the potential sacred aspects of this find. However, if we were to prevent actions every time we found an Indian artifact in South Dakota we might as well fold the state up. We will act with great sensitivity however; we see no reason to stop some of the infrastructure and development issues in the area.” Bill raised his hand. “Yes Mr. Emery do you have any final comments.” “Well, I wonder if there was a minority report.” “What do you mean a Minority report.” “I mean there was no individual who questioned any aspect of the report.” The committee head looked up and down the row. “I see none.” “Well then I would like to present

this to the committee as an alternative minority report.” Bill took the book. It was well over 500 pages. “What is this?” The committee head asked. “This is a full report printed by the anthropological national science foundation. You will note that it was awarded the 2018 award for anthropological research. It provides both anthropological and direct scientific support that the Indian artifacts and human remains in the cave are those of the White Bear. The study also provides evidence of state and federal government attempts to hide a massacre conducted in 1851 during the treaty discussions with the White Bear. The evidence presented supports that over 500 men, women and children were killed during an interaction with the 3<sup>rd</sup> cavalry based in Chicago under Colonel Harold Harrison. Evidence supports that the entire range of the White Bear went from the Western Hills to the Eastern River.” This information has been given to the office of the Internal Indian affairs to revise its assessment of the earlier land agreements with the local tribe. The newspaper reporters rushed to get copies of the books. “We refuse to accept this unofficial report” the committee head asked. “You can refuse all you want but truth will win out. I would suggest for your own sake that you read the book and then re-conduct your own analysis. This was Indian land, to an extent that portions of it were promised them in the past it still is. It is our heritage also. Honor is a strange word, but it is one that does not change over time. We must be true to our word.”

The committee called the meeting to an end. Two days later Bill received a phone call. It was a representative of the Governor. “The head of Indian affairs and the economic development group would like to meet with you and who you think represents your concerns later this week to discuss issues of joint concern.” Bill answered quickly “You must have the wrong number. I

am Bill Emery. I own a ranch just west of the White Bear reservation, I suggest you call their tribal head, Red Cloud. I have his phone number if you want it.” Bill came out of the room. It was a week before Christmas. Kate and Tomas were putting together packages for the less fortunate of Reston. Richard and Margaret were doing likewise. “You know that black wrapping with white ribbon is very non-holiday” Kate said to Margaret “Yes I know but it is so Amish.” At the other end of the room, Lucy and WC were signing books; White Bear: the immigrant Indians. It was now into its second printing. All profits were going to help the education initiatives of the tribal foundation. Kip, DC, and Tess's kids were putting artifacts on the tree. Consider it a heritage tree, Spanish, Indian, America artifacts. Dave and Karen were on the couch next to Kathryn. What do we do for next Christmas? “Well, I think of spending it in Europe” I understand there are some caves in the south of France that need exploring.

### Chapter 27: The Future III

Ten years go quickly. 2025 found Reston not much different than it was when the western hill cave had been discovered. The agreement between the Indian tribal council and the state and federal government officials put the cave area under Indian control and supervisions. The Indian tribe received final say for the path of any energy pipeline to ensure that it did not conflict with Indian property. Similarly, any development rights in the area had to include a plan to ensure that the tribe received reasonable compensation for those development rights. A portion of those funds would be used to fund training and college costs for Indians raised on the reservation as well as those in the area who had Indian heritage. It was surprising how many white Restons found an Indian in their family tree.

That summer was a turning point for all of their lives. She heard her name called. "I'll be right down. As she came out of the door, her Dad came up behind her." "With your PhD, you may become increasingly impossible. "I don't know Dad, but having a PhD is not all that special in this family." "OK, but 'Young Writer of the Year' now that's cool." "Dad, don't try to be cool" "Your Mom is so proud. She wanted something on the mantel above the fireplace to compete with the Donner Statue." "Dad that statue has been used to hold the door open for years. But thanks for you and Mom coming here I know you are busy back home. "I never thought of Reston would ever be home." But your Mom is very happy there. Who would have ever believed she wanted to be a country girl?" "How is my youngest brother?" Kate asked. "Well.

As for independence he may even outduel you. But this is your day and most of your friends are here for you.”

As she walked toward the award room, she could see Margaret and Richard with their two-year-old. Kate’s first book, the book that won the national young writers award was in fact, a book about Margaret, about a young Amish woman growing up in the middle of nowhere who came to fit in with the diverse world around her. Tomas could not make it. He had just finished medical school and was in the Amish missionary in Costa Rica. She still kept in contact with him.

In the front row, were Lisa and WC. Kate did not want to tell her, but she had already started her next book on Dream Seer. Kathryn sat next to Bill. Kate wondered if they would ever get married. After years on the farm, they had switch homes with her parents. Bill was teaching classes at the University of Chicago and Kathryn was active in the local writer’s groups. All of the people she cared about. If one is a dreamer, you would hope you could at least hope you could see your own future.

Kip could not make it. He was in his first year at Northwestern in a pre-vet program. But this summer he was part of an anthropological team funded by Reston center searching for the historical evidence of the White Bear in Europe and then along the coast to America. But as she prepared to go up to the stage for the award ceremony, she received a note from Kip that the team had uncovered caves with the same writings as those in the Dakotas. There were even several bones wrapped in some time of burial cloth with a stone jewel similar to hers from the



White Bear tribe. There may not be enough DNA to prove direct lineage, but it certainly supports their parent's work. Kate just smiled. She had always known.

### Names

Dave Emery: Son of Dave and Kathleen

Kate Emery: Daughter of Dave and Kathleen

Bill Emery: Grandfather of Dave and Kate – Father of Dave

Dave Emery: Son of Bill Emery

Kathleen Donner-Emery: Wife of Dave Emery

Kathryn Waters friend of Bill

Tomas

Margaret

Thomas Wilson

Tess Wilson

Terry Wilson

Tom Wilson Jr.

Richard Wilson

Becky (Friend of Kate)

Lisa White Wolf (Fried of WC)

William White Cloud

Red Eagle

Jim Big Bear

Sam White Cloud

Jim and Karen Donner (Donner Prize)

Betty (mother of Margerate)

Jeff Clausen friend of Bill's

Jim Wilson

Joaquim

David White Cloud (DC)

Evan

Rea

Barth

Rea (Brother of Evan)

Tela

Yeil

William Dickey (trapper)

Eric

Blandu

Utku

Aska

Ata

Ala

Rai

Ula

Laca

Ojibway