

# Story Told By an Elder

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**Publisher**

ScribeSlice 2015

An old Native American Indian man is telling a story to his grandson. His grandson does not know his Grandfather is very sick, and slowly dying. Before he leaves this world he has to know if his grandson walks the good red road, and that he will keep the stories alive and tell them to the next generation.

One sunny day in an Indian village in the forest, there stood a boy named Running Toad and his older brother Lester Silly, as they wandered deep into the forest they came across a huge tall village with wooden walls around it and a big pole in the middle. So they went inside. The White Americans were not afraid, they slowly walked up to the indigenous men and greeted them with smiles, trying not to startle them or scare them away. Then they started talking.

"Would you like to see more of my village and people?" asked Lester Silly.

"Yes," said Paul with excitement.

So Lester Silly and Running Jug took the White Americans to their village, when they arrived they told there new friends to stay hidden behind the trees. Lester Silly and Running Jug went to their Chief's home and went inside.

"Chief, my brother and I were wandering in the forest, when we came upon a village of White Americans," said Lester Silly.

The Chief grabbed an iron helmet from behind him and looked at it with worry in his eyes.

"Let them come and eat with us, we welcome our new friends," said the Chief.

So Lester Silly and Running Jug went back to the forest and told the White Americans to come. When they arrived inside, they were amazed at how they lived and did things, their homes were big like a long house and some were domed shaped as well. The children were half dressed, the women were staring at the White Americas, and the old ones saw the past in the White Americans. Lester Silly walked them to the long house where they can sit and eat and drink.

"Sit our friends, 'untchore' (eat), today we will feast on our friendship," said the Chief in the Nottowa language.

As the White Americans were eating and drinking, the Chief told those stories which he told his people, and then he pulled an iron helmet from behind him and showed it to the White Americans.

"I have told my village, about this day, when the White Americans come again. When I was a young warrior, growing up in the Nottowa tribe, I saw the first White Americans with my own eyes; they wore clothes of steal, like nothing I have never seen before. They came looking for land and gold; they came on ships with white wings like birds. So I ran and told my father, when they arrived on our land, they were on big animals they call horses. The White Americans came and sat down just like you are doing right now, they ate and drank and left. Next day they came back, they wanted to trade, and they promised my people long ago, that no harm will come to us, but they lied and killed my people, I and a couple of warriors lived and now we are all old now, but we do not forget," said the Chief.

"We are different sir, we are Pilgrims," said Paul. "All we carry is our bible and the Lords word by our side."

"So you will not harm us?" asked the Chief.

"No, we are your friends," said Paul.

"Lester Silly, take our friends home," said the Chief of the Nottowa Tribe.

Lester Silly and Running Jug walked the White Americans home and they went back to their village.

Next morning Paul came back to the Nottowa village.

"Come inside, tell me more about your people, and how many more are coming?" asked the Chief.

"Great Chief of the Nottowa tribe, there will come a day, a time when there will be many of my people, and what you saw long ago, they will come and destroy your village, your land and take your homes and children, and women," said Paul worried for his friends.

"You say many, I told my people about this day, let them come there bullets cannot harm me," said the Chief.

"I will fight beside you," said Paul leaving.

As Paul was walking home, he was thinking about how it would end, if they did discover this land, when he arrived in the village he told his people to gather around.

"Some of you may know, that more of us will soon be coming to this land, but others are coming for gold, that is not here, and they will kill our indigenous friends, the others are not like us, they are different, they will take this land from them and us. We will fight beside our friends, we will fight for our homes and theirs," said Paul.

So far everything has been good; no other White Americans have come to this land of the Nottowa people or the pilgrims. It's been a long time since the Nottowa people have seen their pilgrim friends so they paid them a little visit.

"How are you my friends?" asked Paul.

"Good, we brought food for winter, it is almost here," said the Chief

"Yes, thank you, are supply storage was getting low," said Paul.

"We must go now," said the Chief.

"Please stay, we have plenty of food," said Paul.

"We will stay and eat with our friends," said the Chief.

So they stayed and ate with their friends.

"This is not very good," whispered Running Jug to Lester Silly.

"Just eat it and be quiet," said Lester Silly.

Running Jug ate the food, when finished they got up and left to go home. When they arrived home Running Jug went walking around the sandy beach with a full moon out, when he looked across the waters he saw small lights, then he heard shouting, voices, so he quickly ran behind a sand hill and waited. When they arrived on shore he saw that it was White Americans on their land.

So he quietly got up and ran back to the village waking everyone up.

"Brother the Chief's prophecy has come, White Americans on boats," said Running Jug catching his breath.

The Chief woke up as well, and was ready to make war. The Chief quickly grabbed Running Jug by the arm.

"No, you're not a warrior yet, one day you will be, go with the old men and women and children lead them to safety," said the Chief.

Running Jug went with the women, children, young men and women and the old and took them deep into the forest to hide. Lester Silly ran through the vast forests to get Paul and his men.

"Paul, they have come," said Lester Silly out of breath.

"Come on men," said Paul.

They all started running through the forests to the village.

"LORD, I ask that you guide and forgive us, forgive them for what they do not know, Amen." said

Paul running through the forests.

When they arrived they could hear shouting and saw smoke, they jumped out from the forests and went into battle and started shooting. When the battle was over and the sun started to come up, everybody came out from hiding. Both sides were dead and injured." said Grandfather. "That is enough for today."

"Aw grandpa, what happens next, did Lester Silly, live and Paul, does Running Jug become a man or a warrior, did they live forever?" asked White Wolf getting off the floor.

"I don't remember, it was told to me long ago, but your father will tell you the rest so pay attention. Before I leave this world, I have to know grandson, and do you walk the red road?" asked Grandfather. White Wolf stood tall.

"I do Grandfather, I walk the red road, and I will always walk it, and I will keep the stories alive, it's what holds us together right?" asked White Wolf.

"Right grandson, now go on and play with your friends," said Grandfather.

White Wolf walked outside and rode his bike with his friends around the Reservation.

"Dad you've been saying that for years now," said Eddie Mohawk.

"When I leave this world son, I hope you tell him our stories. Does it not matter if the stories are no longer told, who will tell them when my generations are gone?" asked Grandfather.

Then he lay back in his chair and sang a death song and went to sleep. Eddie Mohawk went and called his friends to bring the van and they did. So they gently put Eddie's father in side and drove up to the woods. They got out of the van and gently carried his body deep into the forests and buried him next to his ancestors that disappeared.

White Wolf grew, as he grew, he was telling stories that were told to him from his dad, who he heard it from his

dad; he was a story teller at the Pow wow in Canada. White Wolf keeps the stories alive.

What will happen to the stories if they will no longer be told, the old ones are not going to live forever, and if we do not tell stories that were passed down they will be forgotten, along with our old ones and ancestors?

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