



My heart beat faster and faster, either from excitement or fright. I am sitting in a brush wickup, waiting, waiting. I was not playing with the other boys this morning, perhaps because I didn't want to have so much fun that I missed my father coming back from trading with puebloans. As I wait, suddenly my father pops his head into the wickup, saying "It's time to go, Whistling River."

Jumping with excitement, I rush to put on my buffalo hide shoes. "And one more thing," he tells me. "Take this." In my hand he places a bow.

We were in the forest a few moments later. Making a slight swishing sound, the river is where I got my name. The forest is a very peaceful place to be, and I love listening to songbirds. I am looking around when

my father says "You'll need these!" From him I take three elegant flint-tipped arrows. I can only say "Wow" as my father disappears into a tall, brown oak tree covered in thick branches.

I stare down at the worms at my feet. The worms and my father have one thing in common - they can both melt into the thick foliage of the forest. "Be very quiet," whispers my father, who seems to be in a tree. "And if game comes, don't be afraid to shoot. I won't be mad if you miss."

Yellow rays of early morning sun touch my feet. I love the forest more than ever at this time of day. The smell of pine trees fill my nose. Early morning sap smells sweet and glints with an amber color. Only one thing is not wonderful: the undeniable hunger at the bottom of my roaring stomach.

A movement catches my eye. Then another. I look expectantly at my father, but see only dense green. Suddenly, an arrow appears and my father's bow is behind it. This is my chance. I raise my bow as two bison break through the leaves. I notch an arrow. I shoot.

Time seems to slow down. I watch as the arrow pierces a bison's foot. The bison stumbles. Almost without thinking, I notch another arrow. Flying from my bow, it pierces the bison's chest. A vital area to get shot. Back at my home sweet home, the bison's delicious meat fills my empty stomach. The taste of victory.