

## **Book I Tsu-yv-so-li (North)**

<sup>1-1</sup>In the time before time, Ha-wen-ne-yu – the Creator of us all – grew lonely. She had no one with whom she could speak or laugh or tell stories around Her heavenly campfire, the sun. Thus, after creating the moon and stars, She decided there must be more to do.

<sup>1-2</sup>The Creator fashioned a man-God from a bit of the sun's campfire and from each of the three bright stars in the heavens. This man-God She named Sotuknang. And She was pleased with her creation.

<sup>1-3</sup>Yet, She still felt incomplete. Thus, She compelled Sotuknang to leave their domain to create another world. This, Sotuknang did not want to do. He was comfortable around the campfire and his belly was full and he wanted not.

<sup>1-4</sup>But Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, continued to insist and in time Sotuknang did as she bade him to do so.

<sup>1-5</sup>Once in the void, Sotuknang was filled with the knowledge of what Ha-wen-ne-yu wanted and the powers necessary to do what must be done. Gathering the dust of the heavens into his great hands, he squeezed mightily until the dust clung together to form the earth, and he saw this was a good thing. Then he shed a tear of sorrow for leaving the great campfire and this covered parts of the earth with water, and he saw this was a good thing. Then he breathed upon the earth creating the winds, and he saw this was a good thing. And then because he saw that the light from the great campfire glowed on one side of the earth and the other was always in darkness, he set it to spinning so that all sides would enjoy the warmth of the sun. And he saw this was a good thing.

<sup>1-6</sup>But he felt incomplete and beseeched Ha-wen-ne-yu, “Oh divine Creator, what more must be done?” And Ha-wen-ne-yu said unto him, “Now, Sotuknang, give this place purpose.” And Sotuknang asked, “How can that be, oh divine One?” And Ha-wen-ne-yu instructed him.

<sup>1-7</sup>A look of understanding covered Sotuknang’s face and he was well pleased that the Creator had chosen him for this task. With energy he did not know he possessed, he had a vision and with a concentration of energy, the vision became person, Spider Woman, and he saw this was a good thing.

<sup>1-8</sup>Now, Sotuknang said to Spider Woman, “Mother of Earth, this place I’ve created by the divine desire of Ha-wen-ne-yu needs to be a place of life and purpose. I entreat you to use your powers to fulfill our Creator’s yearning.”

<sup>1-9</sup>Without speaking or hesitation, she took a pinch of soil and soaked it with her saliva, after which she fashioned two beings from the moist earth. Spider Woman began to sway back and forth over the two clay figures singing the song of creation until they sprang up and alive. The girl human she named Awanata and the man human she named Palongawhoya.

<sup>1-10</sup>And Palongawhoya said without hesitation, “We hunger mother of earth.”

<sup>1-11</sup>And Mother Earth saw as this was so. So, she made all the plants and trees, all the birds in the sky, the animals on the ground and the fish in the seas, singing the Song of Creation as she went about her task. And when she was finished, she said to Palongawhoya and Awanata, “Come now and feast. Eat until your hunger is no more, but eat no more than that.”

<sup>1-12</sup>And Palongawhoya and Awanata ate until their hunger was no more. And then they became sleepy and lay down together. When they awoke, Awanata was heavy with child. And before the sun had set, she gave birth. Palongawhoya understood that Awanata and the baby would need shelter, so he built a long house as instructed by the mother of the earth.

<sup>1-13</sup>So was it day after day that Palongawhoya and Awanata ate until their hunger was no more, they became tired, laid together to rest, and Awanata awoke with child, which she birthed before the setting sun. These male and female humans grew so quickly, they were of full size before the moon was full again. Each found among the offspring of Awanata a mate, with whom they feasted, grew tired and lay down together. Each time the female human awoke heavy with child, which she birthed before the setting sun.

<sup>1-14</sup>Before the cycle of three new moons could be seen, the long house was crowded and the plants and animals became more and more scarce. And Palongawhoya and Awanata asked Mother Earth, “What are we to do, Grandmother? The long house is crowded and the streams no longer have fish and the fields no longer have animals enough nor plants enough to eat. And the mother of the earth replied, “Send you now those born under the first moon away from this land to begin their own tribe. And next full moon, send those born under the second full moon, so shall you continue until Lord Sotuknang says it is to be no more.”

<sup>1-15</sup>But Awanata wept saying, “Grandmother, these are children of our flesh. We do not want to cast them out.”

<sup>1-16</sup>“I understand, child,” Spider Woman said. “But the streams and fields will not provide for all who are born, and it must be so.”

<sup>1-17</sup> Awanata wept more and withdrew from Mother Earth’s presence to seek the intervention of Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all. “Oh, She who created the People and gives of this land and provides us with nourishment and other things we need, hear me! Oh, Creator, Spider Woman says my children must leave us to begin anew somewhere else where the fields are plusher and the game more plentiful. Oh, Ha-wen-ne-yu, Creator of us all, I cannot live

without my children around me. Please, Ha-wen-ne-yu, tell Mother Earth she must tell us differently. Please.”

<sup>1-18</sup>But Awanata’s prayers were not received by Ha-wen-ne-yu, but rather by the Creator’s evil brother, Ha-ne-go-ate-geh, who spoke back to her as if he was the Creator. “I hear your prayers, child. Go you now, this moment, to the small stream on the other side of the long house. Take you care that no one sees you. There, I will tell you what to do,” he said to Awanata,” still pretending to be Ha-wen-ne-yu.

<sup>1-19</sup>As if the most knowledgeable doe in the herd, Awanata crept through the forest so that none would see her go to the stream from which she ate many times. A single figure occupied the lush, green field next to the stream, but Awanata could not see who it was. It was as if it was like the first moment in the morning when she awoke when she could see, but not quite see. She carefully and respectfully approached the figure.

<sup>1-20</sup>“Are you, Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all?” she asked timidly. And the figure responded, “Yes, child. But do not try to look too closely at me. It will make you blind.” Thus, Awanata averted her eyes. “Come sit, child, that we may talk through your dilemma,” the Evil One motioned to the green carpeted floor of the field. And Awanata sat as bade and for the first time she noticed that there was food aplenty about her and gourds filled with a clear liquid she thought to be the fresh water from the stream.

<sup>1-21</sup>“Here, child, let us feast.” And she did, eating and drinking until she was full and sleepy. The wind played beautiful music through the trees and she became intoxicated with the delicious food and fresh, clear liquid from the stream that had become wine. “Ha-wen-ne-yu, Creator of us all, I have eaten my fill and have drank the clear water, but we have not spoken of that which Mother Earth wishes me to do and now I am very sleepy,” Awanata said with a yawn.

Ha-ne-go-ate-geh replied as the Creator, “Come child, you can sleep a little while and we will speak of these things when you awake.”

<sup>1-22</sup>As Awanata lay sleeping, Ha-ne-go-ate-geh laid down next to her and spilled his seed into her womb and caused a terrible burning, which did not awaken her but killed her gift from Mother Earth to propagate abundantly.

<sup>1-23</sup>When Awanata awoke Ha-wen-ne-yu was nowhere to be seen nor was the food nor was the cool liquid in the gourds, only the impression in the grass where she lain sleeping.

<sup>1-24</sup>But as a consequence of her choice, she would have to wait for nine cycles of the month before a child would be born. Too, her womb would weep blood during her youthful years to remind her of her disobedience to the mother of earth. Still too, each daughter of hers and their daughters and theirs would be disadvantaged similarly.

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<sup>2-1</sup> Awanata found Palongawhoya in the long house when she returned to the village. And Palongawhoya said, “Awanata, we must do as the Mother of the Earth has commanded. I too have grown fond of our many children, but we may not disobey her,” he cautioned.

<sup>2-2</sup>To which Awanata replied, “Palongawhoya, I too love our children. And while it will pain me greatly, I will be an obedient servant of Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, and will send those born under the first moon away from us tomorrow.”

<sup>2-3</sup>Palongawhoya nodded his understanding and said, “Come Awanata let us feast and lie down together and in the morning we will bid our children farewell and give them food to comfort them on their journey.” But Awanata replied, “Palongawhoya, I’m full and wish nothing to eat, but we can talk of what things we wish to give the children while you eat and then we can lie down together.”

<sup>2-4</sup>This was not to Palongawhoya's liking to hear, fearing Awanata ill. He asked, "Do you not have hunger because you're upset the children are leaving us?" To which she replied, "No, I've accepted that we will lose them and the others. I do not know, but I have no hunger."

<sup>2-5</sup> Awanata busied herself preparing Palongawhoya's meal, while they talked of those things the first born would need to carry with them. They agreed that it was best for the young men to carry stone axes of the best quality, since they knew not where they would go. Too, they decided it was best the young women should carry gourds, cooking things and scrapers. Again, because they did not know the abundance of these items in the place they would go. After a time, Palongawhoya finished his feast, yawned and prepared his sleeping place to lie down. Awanata willingly joined him.

<sup>2-6</sup>"What bad magic is this!" demanded Palongawhoya, jumping up when he awoke. "What?" asked Awanata as she slowly opened her eyes.

<sup>2-7</sup>"This!" he exclaimed. "You're not with child!" Palongawhoya acquiesced. Awanata arose, placed her hands to her belly and then pulled them away as if she had placed them on a stone around the campfire. "What bad magic is this?" she unknowingly repeated the words of Palongawhoya.

<sup>2-8</sup>Palongawhoya continued to stare at her midsection for a long time, before he spoke and then he said, "You have disobeyed Spider Woman," he said pointing a single finger at Awanata. "And because you have offended the mother of this earth, Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, is also displeased. She will destroy us all!" Palongawhoya lamented, fearing the wrath of the Creator.

<sup>2-9</sup>"I did nothing" Awanata demanded. "You know I had agreed to let the first moon children go," she reasoned.

<sup>2-10</sup>“You have destroyed us, Awanata,” Palongawhoya replied. “I shall seek to speak with Mother Earth and ask her to seek the benevolence of Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all.”

<sup>2-11</sup>“I will go with you,” Awanata offered.

<sup>2-12</sup>“No,” Palongawhoya almost shouted. “You have disobeyed Spider Woman and displeased the Creator. You will not go with me. You will leave and return no more,” he pronounced.

<sup>2-13</sup>“Leave?” asked Awanata. “What do you mean? Leave where? Go where?”

<sup>2-14</sup>“Awanata, only if you leave this village and return no more is there a chance that Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, will forgive us for our disobedience and not destroy us all,” he reasoned. “You must go far away and not return.”

<sup>2-15</sup>In a moment of highest understanding, Awanata resigned herself and sighed. “I will leave my place beside you in the long house this day. I will leave with the first moon born tomorrow.”

<sup>2-16</sup>Palongawhoya nodded his understanding and agreement. “I will see you in the morning.”

<sup>2-17</sup>“No,” Awanata replied, brushing her coarse, dark hair back with her fingers. “I have done no wrong, but you will not believe me. This is not how it should be,” she said softly. “A man and a woman who lay together should believe one another, and believe in one another. I will leave to return no more, so that you can assure Spider Woman that she who disobeyed her has been banished and is no more.”

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<sup>3-1</sup>Palongawhoya looked for Awanata after humbling himself before Spider Woman and again in the morning as the first moon born were assembling. Alas, she was nowhere to be

found. Awanata decided it best that she hide herself along the first moon born intended direction of travel and join their number as they passed by.

<sup>3-2</sup>When her child, Bornbazine, traveling with his mate, Wikimak, passed by, Awanata stepped from behind a tree revealing herself for the first time to the band of first moon born. Bornbazine had been her first child and Wikimak her second. Upon seeing her, Bornbazine said, “Anna – mother - what are you doing here?” he said with a bit of a start. To which she replied, “Shiye – son – I’ve decided to travel with you and Wikimak, if that is acceptable.” He thought before saying, “Shizhe'e – father - sought for you this morning. Last night, too, I think,” he answered. Ignoring what seemed to be a request for further explanation, Awanata said again, “I will travel with you.” In response, it was Wikimak who spoke, “Anna, you are always welcome to be with us.”

<sup>3-3</sup>Thus was the beginning of the *GREAT TREK*. By general consent, Awanata took the lead, followed by Bornbazine and Wikimak, followed by the other first moon born children of Awanata and Palongawhoya. And they walked. Not a moon following their departure, one and then another and then many of the People’s women began to bleed between their legs. Awanata and several other women whose belly were beginning to show did not bleed. And they walked. Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, must not have been displeased with Awanata, because She was careful to place eatable roots and berries along the way. And they walked. And She also provided herds of deer and later bison and antelope. And they walked. Between the eighth and ninth moon, Awanata gave birth to Chayton, her son. And they walked. The weather became colder in the direction they traveled; and despite the passing seasons the snow never melted. And they walked. The wind blew across the harsh landscape without trees to slow its constant movement. And they walked. Sometimes they would come across the skeletons of giant

animals they did not know. Some of the bones they would take with them as framing for their tents when the wooden braces began to wear from the *GREAT TREK*. And they walked. They would camp from time-to-time to allow the men to hunt the herds and dry the meat. Their sharpened wood spears were replaced with stone tips and the shafts grew shorter in length to make possible the use of a throwing stick. And they walked. When wood for fires became scarce, Bornbazine found that the dried dung of bison would kindle. And they walked. The days became warmer and longer and the sun rose on their left shoulders as they walked where it had been on their right at the beginning of their journey. And they walked. Flat plains gave way to wooded lands; dry expanses to great waters. And they stopped.

<sup>3-4</sup>“This is the land Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, intends us to occupy and live for the rest of time,” Awanata declared. “Here, the People will flourish, grow strong, and our numbers will grow until from sunrise to sunset the People will hunt and fish and gather the bounty of the earth. Go now and build a long house for the comfort of the People,” she ordered.

<sup>3-5</sup>“Wikimak and Bornbazine, the Creator has made known to me that you and your seed are to lead the People when I am gone. Heammawihio and Kanti, the Creator took note of your counsel during the *GREAT TREK*, and She was well pleased. You and your seed are to be the chief counselors at the campfires to offer advice the People will need.”

<sup>3-6</sup>“Ashkii Dighin and Pauwau, Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, took note of how concerned you were when Chitto fell while picking fruit and broke his arm. She saw how you healed the arm with the splints you made of bison bones, and She was well pleased. You and your seed are to be the care for the People, gather the roots and sweet grass necessary to cure their ailments.”

<sup>3-7</sup>”Not only beasts, but perhaps even other human males and females will want what we have. Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, has given me this vision. She has ordered that from your seed Apiatan and from yours Tis-see-woo-na-tis that the People will be protected from man or beast.”

<sup>3-8</sup>“The People will need many new things in this land, and will need to understand nature and how best to use it to the Peoples’ advantage. Antinanco and Nadie, you and generations from you will help fulfill the needs of the People.”

<sup>3-9</sup>“Last, yet first, Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, has taken note that Powwaw and Kachina rise before dawn to give thanks to Her for the day to come, and then again before sleep takes you into his arms. From your loins countless generations will provide a greater understanding of the Creator and the People’s place in nature. The Creator has allowed me certain visions which will help you in this task.”

<sup>3-10</sup>And Awanata was exhausted explaining the will of Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, and said, “People! The Creator has looked inside each of our hearts to find the best to serve Her and the People. It is now up to us to submit to Her divine will. May the Creator’s will be done.”

<sup>3-11</sup>And then a great tiredness overtook Awanata. And she ordered a long house built. And then she slept for six full moons, rising only to eat from time-to-time. When she awoke, her hair was as white as the snow the People had left in the cold country. Awanata spent most of her time alone, often sleeping in the woods nearby, even though she was offered a place of honor among the People.

<sup>3-12</sup>Now not three moons after Awanata awoke she gathered the council before her at the flat high place that overlooked the People's village. Her health was frail and her person fragile; yet, she carried herself with such purpose, all in the council turned their attention to her.

<sup>3-13</sup>“Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, has spoken to me,” she began. The Council gasped aloud. To use the name of Ha-wen-ne-yu verbally was falling from favor with the People. But to declare that one had actually spoken with Her was beyond their grasp, regardless of the infirmed condition of the speaker.

<sup>3-14</sup>“Surely mother, you must be mistaken,” said Powwaw politely. “The Creator makes Her will known through Kachina and I. You said thus yourself.”

<sup>3-15</sup>“Sit down,” Awanata said with simple dignity. “I have spoken with Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, and She has instructed me to explain why She has brought us to the land of the People and to give you Her *Assurances*.”

<sup>3-16</sup>“When the Mother of Earth ordered the first moon born children to leave to make room for others, I was sick for longing for you, even though you had not yet left. In my sorrow, I foolishly tried to speak with the Creator directly. My prayers were taken from the winds by Ha-ne-go-ate-geh, the Evil One, who pretended to be the Creator. He laid with me and filled my womb with his evil seed. Chayton, my son, is the result of that union,” she added sadly. “All the women of the tribe now know the reason the bleeding comes and the birth time is so long. Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, has bound her evil brother with the strongest rope and cast him into the deepest pit, but not before Ha-ne-go-ate-geh had time to place many kaga – demons - among us. Your work Kachina and yours Powwaw and those of your making who follow you is to find out the kaga and keep them from their mischief.”

<sup>3-17</sup>“What of Chayton?” ask Bornbazine, whom most acknowledged now as the rightful leader of the tribe.

<sup>3-18</sup>“You will have to observe him closely as he grows. If he pleases the People, then he should be honored. If not, then he must be cast away,” she said, wondering if she’d condemned her last son to death.

<sup>3-19</sup>Awanata bowed her head for a moment before continuing. And when she lifted her head a radiance beamed from her and the voice with which she spoke none had heard from her lips before. “I am Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator. My servant Awanata has been sent to you to give you *My Assurances*.”

<sup>3-20</sup>“I am Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator. Worship as you please; yet, worship as it pleases Me. On this matter, I will say no more.”

<sup>3-21</sup>“I am Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator. The honorable spirits of our ancestors will rise to aid us when we need them most. On this matter, I will say no more.”

<sup>3-22</sup>“I am Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator. As tribes come to live with tribes, as families mingle, as language becomes one, forget not the roots of your family and the place of your origin. On this matter, I will say no more.”

<sup>3-23</sup>“I am Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator. Cast not aside the old, the infirmed, or those which evil spirits have taken hold of body or mind. No! Celebrate their lives as you would the greatest among you. Weep until your chest is wet with tears when they pass from this life to the next. On this matter, I will say no more.”

<sup>3-24</sup>“I am Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator. Daily, thank the *catori* - small spirits - that inhabit every plant and animal for the nourishment they provide. On this matter, I will say no more.”

<sup>3-25</sup>“I am Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator. Children can do no wrong. The elderly can do no wrong. Mothers with babes in their wombs can do no wrong. Yet every man and woman, young and old, must honor the laws and traditions of the People. On this matter, I will say no more.”

<sup>3-26</sup>“I am Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator. Lay down your weapons when you meet your brothers and sisters. Do not seek to take the spouses of another or any other possession. Yet, if you have more than is needed, share among the People that which is unneeded, plus a tenth part that is thought needed. On this matter, I will say no more.”

<sup>3-27</sup>“I am Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator. Remember the lean times and set aside a tenth part during bountiful harvests for those. On this matter, I will say no more.”

<sup>3-28</sup>“I am Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator. Repel all invaders, each of you young and old, healthy and sick, weak and strong. For if an invader from another land far away takes only a little land, he will want all lands. Hear me! Three times the enemy of the People will come from the East. The first time will follow a great light I will place in the sky which will make night day. The second time will be after the sun seems to bleed from a deep cut. And the third time will follow a rain of flying locusts which will drop vast boulders on the villages of the people. On this matter, I will say no more.”

<sup>3-29</sup>“I am Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator. Beware though. A certain tribe from the east will cross the great sea to dwell among you. They will reveal themselves as your brothers with the sign of the star. They will know they are among friends when you show them Our sacred symbol. They are not of the People; yet, they are of My People. On this matter, I will say no more.”

<sup>3-30</sup>“I am Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator. Seek not battle, but hide not from your enemies. On this matter, I will say no more.”

<sup>3-31</sup>And the Spirit of Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator, left Awanata and she fell to her knees. Yet, only Pauwau rushed to aid her saying, “Mother of the first moon born, come let me take you to the long house where you may rest and take nourishment.”

<sup>3-32</sup>But Awanata’s reply was not what the People had thought it would be. “I have sinned. Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, has said there are only two punishments for sinning: death or banishment. I will leave now and not see another sunrise.”

<sup>3-33</sup>The twelve children, half male humans and half female humans, for whom she had defined roles, pressed close to her to hear her final words. “Bother yourselves not with me, my children. I am weary and it is my time.”

<sup>3-34</sup>“There is one more *Assurance* Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, gave to me for your ears only. When the time is right, when the People and others have inhabited these lands, when we have grown to a number none of the People can count to, She will send Her son Sotuknang from her own campfire to dwell among us for a time. He will bring with Him Our sacred symbol and the way by which we will live in harmony with each other.”

<sup>3-35</sup>Awanata touched the faces of each of the twelve and then turned to leave. They watched as she walked without haste or hesitation into the woods.

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<sup>4-1</sup>I am Ukaleq, daughter of Lalawethika, granddaughter of Rayen, great-granddaughter of Sacnite. As you can see from my belt, I trace my lineage back to the great leaders Wikimak and Bornbazine. I give my story to Nuka, son of Aucaman, grandson of Ulloriaq, great-grandson of Pipaluk. As anyone can see from his belt, he traces his lineage back to the Chayton, and then further back to Awanata. I give my story to Nuka the Story Teller because of the foretold prophecy of a giant light in the night sky having come true.

<sup>4-2</sup>It was soon after the departure of Awanata that Wikimak became with child. As foretold it took nine moons before the boy-child Hah-gweh-di-yu came from her loins. The following season another son, Hah-gweh-da-et-gah, was given to the couple.

<sup>4-3</sup>Now as Hah-gweh-di-yu and Hah-gweh-da-et-gah grew older, each contributed to the tribe in their own ways. Hah-gweh-di-yu was interested in finding more plant sources for food and even took to trying to make some things grow where he wished for them to grow.

<sup>4-4</sup>Hah-gweh-da-et-gah, too, wished to contribute to the community, so he sought ways to pen up animals in fenced areas, so that they might become tamed and docile, the easier to either put to work for the tribe or as a source of nourishment.

<sup>4-5</sup>Now Powwaw and Kachina instructed the People that the proper way to give thanks to Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all as She was called then, was to make a sacrifice to Her. And because She lived in the sky above, the best way to ensure that She received it was to burn the gift.

<sup>4-6</sup>Both Wikimak's fruit gifted as bade by Kachina and Powwaw. They built a small fire in a field clearing and placed upon it their offerings to the Creator. The flames consumed their sacrifices and carried them to the heavens.

<sup>4-7</sup>The following day, Powwaw spoke with the young men. He said he didn't know why, but for some reason the Creator had accepted Hah-gweh-da-et-gah's gift of a young buck with great pleasure, but she had been less than pleased with the sweet grass and tobacco offering made by Hah-gweh-di-yu.

<sup>4-8</sup>And Hah-gweh-di-yu's face grew dark and his heart cold that his gift was not well received. And the more he considered his dilemma, the more resentful he became toward his brother, Hah-gweh-da-et-gah.

<sup>4-9</sup>Seething for a moon or longer, Hah-gweh-di-yu found Hah-gweh-da-et-gah at his pen tending the stock he'd been able to domesticate. "Say now, brother, how is it that you found greater favor with Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, than with me?"

<sup>4-10</sup>To which Hah-gweh-da-et-gah replied, "Brother, it is nothing. While I'm pleased that She was satisfied with my gift, surely next time it will be your offering that will please Her more.

<sup>4-11</sup>Seizing the opportunity when his brother turned away to tie a loose rail, Hah-gweh-di-yu raised his wooden staff and struck his brother over and over again in the head until his life left his body.

<sup>4-12</sup>Hah-gweh-di-yu dragged the lifeless form into a dense growth of Ash, before going to the nearby stream to wash the blood from his hands.

<sup>4-13</sup>"Hah-gweh-di-yu!" the murderer heard his father call in the distance. "Hah-gweh-di-yu! Where is Hah-gweh-da-et-gah? I need him to help me move some stones to a fence I'm building," Bornbazine called.

<sup>4-14</sup>"Am I responsible for Hah-gweh-da-et-gah?" Hah-gweh-di-yu answered in a sullen manner.

<sup>4-15</sup>Unbeknownst to Hah-gweh-di-yu, the Ash grove in which he had hid the body of his brother was the rooting grounds of a herd of feral pigs. They had found the body and drug it out into the open, the easier to devour their meal.

<sup>4-16</sup>Seeing the exposed body, Bornbazine screamed, "What have you done? You have slayed your brother with your own hand. His blood soaks the ground."

<sup>4-17</sup>And Bornbazine took Hah-gweh-di-yu before the council, so that they might judge him.

<sup>4-18</sup>And it was Heammawihio who pronounced sentence upon him, “I say to you, Hah-gweh-di-yu, you are banished! You will wander the earth and never find a home. Woe unto you should you return to the land of the People, for surely you will die. So, that the People for all times will know you, a brand will be placed on your face.” And Heammawihio bade a glowing brand be brought forward which he pushed into the forehead of Hah-gweh-di-yu. “Now, you will leave to return no more forever.”

<sup>4-19</sup>And after Hah-gweh-di-yu stopped to gather his wife and his possessions, he drew aside Heammawihio and thus said, “It was not my fault that Ha-wen-ne-yu, the Creator of us all, did not accept my offering. Too, had Kachina and Powwaw not decided that we needed to burn offerings to the Creator, none of this would have happened. And nothing would have happened had not Hah-gweh-da-et-gah gloated to me.”

<sup>4-20</sup>“You vile creature. Your self-pity is more than I can stomach,” Kanti condemned him. “Your words have no meaning among the People any longer. Be gone with you.”

<sup>4-21</sup>And thus the first of the People to splinter from the group was Hah-gweh-di-yu and his wife.

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<sup>5-1</sup>I am Itzel, daughter of Hokolessqua, granddaughter of Wapasha, great-granddaughter of Aqissiaq. As you can see from my belt, I trace my lineage back to medicine makers Ashkii Dighin and Pauwau. I give my story to Nuka, son of Aucaman, grandson of Ulloriaq, great-grandson of Pipaluk. As anyone can see from his belt, he traces his lineage back to the Chayton, and then further back to Awanata. I give my story to Nuka the Story Teller because of the foretold prophecy of a giant light in the night sky having come true.

<sup>5-2</sup>Mid-way between the just governance of Sacnite and modern times, a great draught plagued the People for the sun scorched the crops and game was scarce to find. The bellies of the People remained empty moon after moon, and Qillaq, the Leader, heard the cries of the little ones during the night.

<sup>5-3</sup>Now it came to Qillaq's understanding through his war chief Aputsiaq that another tribe was camping on the edge of the People's land. And it was said that they were rich in food and poor in numbers. And that it was possible that they were part of the second moon born family.

<sup>5-4</sup>And so Qillaq met with the council and they agreed they should make war on the outsiders. Thus, Qillaq ordered Aputsiaq to ready the warriors, and the women and men of that caste readied themselves for the conflict to come.

<sup>5-5</sup>Whoa unto Qillaq though, he failed to seek the blessing of the Creator for the ensuing conflict nor did he make an offering, so that She would view his decision with pleasure.

<sup>5-6</sup>On the third day of the warriors' march, they came upon the other's camp at dawn, which had been located along the Twisting River. Unsuspecting of treachery, the others were ill prepared for a skirmish, and the People easily won the conflict before the sun rose high in the sky.

<sup>5-7</sup>In the heat of the battle, Qillaq slew the other's leader, Cowessess, and afterwards finding his mate, Ayelen, hidden in their tent, he debauched her and took her to the People's camp as his own.

<sup>5-8</sup>Along with Ayelen, Qillaq brought the others to the People's camp to increase the People's numbers. Upon their return, a feast was organized to give belated thanks to the Creator for Her aid in their conquest.

<sup>5-9</sup>Ayelen saw the People give thanks to the Creator, sacrificing some of her people's food to the deity. Thus she sought retribution for the death of Cowessess, whom she thought a good man, and for the spectacle of a feast that wasted her peoples' food.

<sup>5-10</sup>And thus, Ayelen would daily attend the meetings of the council, which was her right, to denounce this or that member of the priest caste. And since she was Qillaq's mate, the council felt obligated to hear her out and in many cases to take action ranging in degree of severity from flogging to banishment.

<sup>5-11</sup>One such priest was Isi, who was brought before the council and made to understand that her own mate had accused her of not showing proper and customary reverence when passing Hah-gweh-da-et-gah's place of death. Too, she was charged with improperly burning sweet grass for the fragrance and not for religious ceremony.

<sup>5-12</sup>Upon hearing the charges, Isi said, "You have committed a grave sin, Ayelen, falsely testifying against me and so many of my caste. Yet I care little for you or what you have to say, and I know the Creator will take Her vengeance for me."

<sup>5-13</sup>The council banished her, where upon Isi left the village before the sun moved noticeably in the sky. She purposefully hiked to the site of the recent battle, as if she'd been directed to do so.

<sup>5-14</sup>Isi spent the night in a crag of rocks from where she could smell the smoke of a cooking fire coming up to her from the valley below. In the morning, she followed her nose until she came upon the cook fire and the two occupants of the camp, a man much her age and a young child.

<sup>5-15</sup>“Hello to the camp. I bring you no harm,” Isi announced the traditional greeting. The man leaped to his feet prepared to defend his location with a spear. Isi noticed the child languished on his pallet.

<sup>5-16</sup>“Come in,” came the response near the fire. “I fear I have nothing to offer you,” the man said. “I am Kawacatoose, survivor of your people’s unwarranted attack on us. My woman was killed, and I fear my son mortally wounded,” he said angrily.

<sup>5-17</sup>“I am Isi of the People,” she responded quickly. “What has happened here?”

<sup>5-18</sup>“Your people. We were peacefully passing through this territory. They attacked a harmless village without warning. They killed as many as pleased them, took all the food and those they didn’t bother to kill. A handful of us escaped. The boy’s mother was raped before she was killed.”

<sup>5-19</sup>Kneeling next to the boy, Isi said, “Get us something to eat, and I will tend the boy. I know a little of the healing arts.” To which the man replied, “There is no food. I told you, you foolish woman, your band took everything we had.” Where upon Isi answered him thus, “I bade you look in your sack, stupid man. The Creator has never failed to provide for one of Her People.”

<sup>5-20</sup>In disbelief, the man removed his hand from his pack clutching jerked venison, sweet with herbs, upon which he said, “What bad magic is this?” To which Isi replied, “Not bad magic, but the bounty of the Creator bestowed upon one of Her People.”

<sup>5-21</sup>Isi continued, “Now, help me get the boy into the sunlight.” And when this was done, she laid her body over that of the boy’s and sang the healing song, imploring the Creator to take the illness from his body and replace it with good health. After a short time, Isi removed her body from the boy’s, who sprang upright as if he were a new sapling.

<sup>5-22</sup>“Hold! What magic is this?” demanded the man. To which Isi replied, “It is no magic. It is the beneficence of the Creator. Prostrate yourself upon the ground with me to give thanks for Her intercession.”

<sup>5-23</sup>And the man and Isi and the boy gave thanks to the Creator for Her intervention. And Ha-wen-ne-yu saw this was good and gave them all to each other as a family.