

THE LEGEND OF
KAWANHEE



This book was made possible by the generous support of Camp
Kawanhee for Boys under the non-profit organization
George and Raymond Frank Foundation.

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First edition.

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Printing and binding by Franklin Printing

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Preface

Since 1921, Camp Kawanhee has thrived in a summer dream that has transformed the lives of countless boys on the shores of Webb Lake in Weld, Maine. Aside from local legend, the name Kawanhee had no other real meaning or history. This story is an attempt to use the ancient art of mythology to contextualize our subject, named Kawanhee, using and respecting the local Abenaki customs as much as possible. This is certainly not an attempt to illustrate any historical data or infringe on traditions of any group, only a well-intended story to inspire benevolence and personal growth.

Special thanks to Sam and Rosaura for their beautiful work on the images for the Legend, to Bernice and Chelsea for typing the majority of the text. To all those receptive ears and minds who helped shape the story and especially to Mark Standen, who has always seen the potential and importance of storytelling.

Thank you.

*This book is dedicated to all the young readers who happen by this story.
May the power of imagination and dreaming always be with you.*

Abenaki Creation Myth

The Great Spirit, in a time not known to us, looked about and saw nothing. No colors, no beauty. Time was silent in darkness. There was no sound. Nothing could be seen or felt. The Great Spirit decided to fill this space with light and life.

From His great power He commanded the sparks of creation. He ordered Tôlba, the Great Turtle to come from the waters and become the land. The Great Spirit molded the mountains and the valleys on turtle's back. He put white clouds into the blue skies. He was very happy. He said, "Everything is ready now. I will fill this place with the happy movement of life." He thought and thought about what kind of creatures he would make.

Where would they live? What would they do? What would their purpose be? He wanted a perfect plan. He thought so hard that he became very tired and fell asleep.

His sleep was filled with dreams of his creation. He saw strange things in his dream. He saw animals crawling on four legs, some on two. Some creatures flew with wings, some swam with fins. There were plants of all colors, covering the ground everywhere. Insects buzzed around, dogs barked, birds sang, and human beings called to each other. Everything seemed out of place. The Great Spirit thought he was having a bad dream. He thought, nothing could be this imperfect.

When the Great Spirit awakened, he saw a beaver nibbling on a branch. He realized the world of his dream became his creation. Everything he dreamed about came true. When he saw the beaver make his home, and a dam to provide a pond for his family to swim in, he then knew every thing has its place and purpose in the time to come. It has been told among our people from generation to generation. We must not question our dreams. They are our creation.

THE LEGEND OF KAWANHEE

Chapter 1

Our story begins with the melting of the great ice sheets of the last Ice Age, as these tremendous layers of hard rock and ice receded, more and more hospitable land was made available. Thus indigenous groups moved in from the south west to what is now referred to as New England. After generations of civilization, this umbrella of tribes became known as the Abenaki. These peaceful, dexterous, and happy people lived in abundance for generation upon generation.

One day, around the year 1596, a very special loon took off from a pond at the top of a sacred mountain in the early dawn. A quick movement released a beautiful feather into the cold morning air. As it descended, the first rays of dawn projected its elegance. In a spiraling dance of air and perfect natural design it descended toward a small burgeoning tribe in the Abenaki nation. Nanatasis, a loving mother was nursing her recently born boy. To her amazement the feather gently fell right on her boy's head just as the summer solstice's dawning rays painted their wigwam with a blessed hue. All of the hairs on her arms stood on end as she felt the sublime implication of this highest of auguries.

The boy opened his eyes wide and looked at his mother as if he knew exactly what it meant and grasped the feather from his forehead. Nanatasis dressed the boy in his new white tail deer hide pants and moccasin booties, and sought out the chief to tell him of the news.



The village was a harmonious Eden of forests and fields. The people knew every stone, root and waterfall as their own kin. Children laughed and played, women worked and maintained crops, and the men built domed wigwams and hunted when needed. These people knew nothing but peaceful abundance for generations. As far as the eye could see fields of what they called the three sisters – corn, beans and squash with potatoes and the sacred tobacco interwoven. Of course surrounding the village

were the mighty maples trees from where they would boil sap and make syrup for their specialty foods.

Near the maple grove was the wigwam of Chief Awasos. He was a stern and stoic man, who spoke only when it was of utter necessity and purpose. All the tribe knew him as a gifted listener. Not only did he devote all his attention to the person speaking to him but had the keen ability to hear the opening of flower buds or the howl of a wolf from another range.

Today, however was special, the summer solstice is an event of great festivity in the tribe, as it is the longest day of the year. Every person donates a part of their crop in an offering of gratitude to the sun and a great feast is prepared. Chief Awasos was very busy indeed. But when Nanatasis walked in with her christened boy, he was perplexed by how familiar the boy seemed. Chief Awasos stopped everything he was doing to greet Nanatasis and the nameless boy. The mother then explained to him about the omen she witnessed that morning. The chief listened very closely and felt the integrity of Nanatasis' words. After she spoke he stayed silent for a few minutes, looked straight at the boy

And then.....

Chapter 2

He walked out, eyes full of bewilderment and sent a runner to find and bring the elder Gluskabe. There were many elders in the tribe, but Gluskabe was known throughout the lands as the oldest person to have ever lived. No one, not even Gluskabe, knew his age. Some conservative estimates reached even five ages of man. Awasos stared off into the distant mountains, still as a boulder. When he turned back towards Nanatasis and the nameless boy in a diplomatic manner he asked that they go back to their wigwam until Gluskabe arrived, for he had not the wisdom to interpret the omen. By now there was a stirring in the tribe. Word had gotten out that a special omen had blessed the nameless boy, and all wondered what it meant. So by the time they got back to their wigwam, the boy's father Tmakwa was waiting for them. Tmakwa was a man of little power in the tribe, was neither the greatest hunter nor the wisest story teller, but none in the land could deny his utmost integrity, respect and honor. There was no self-sacrifice too large or permanent for Tmakwa to assure the well-being of his family, an eternally selfless man, his only conquest in his life was that of his own ego.

He immediately stood up and warmly hugged Nanatasis and kissed the boy on the forehead. "Is it true?" he asked.

Nanatasis simply nodded while looking at the boy. Tmakwa chuckled to himself, proud as ever of his beloved son, and then someone knocked on the outside of their home.

"The great Gluskabe has arrived!" they announced. Soon, the whole tribe gathered at Chief Awasos' wigwam, to be able to witness the timeless man, for such an appearance had never happened before. Tmakwa, Nanatasis and the boy were escorted to the center of the eager mass next to Chief Awasos. Slowly but

surely, Gluskabe made it up the hill only to fall asleep at the top. Out of respect no one dared wake him up, so 5 or 6 quiet minutes passed before a horsefly bite woke him from his slumber. Gluskabe looks around, perplexed and asks "What is everyone waiting for? Let us sit!"



So, everyone who had any sense dropped immediately. The meeting began with the passing of the peace pipe between the chief and Gluskabe, greetings and warm hearted jokes were exchanged. Chief Awasos then presented Nanatasis and the boy to the great sage. His eyes widened and flooded with tears as he saw the nameless boy.

“Ah, yes” he said. “I’ve been waiting for you.”

The crowd gasped. Gluskabe reached across and touched the boy’s forehead.

“Mmm, a loon’s feather was it?” he muttered. Awasos and Nanatasis glanced at each other in awe. “And today is no regular day...” He thought. He then let out an uproarious laugh that echoed across the lake. “This is he!” he exclaimed amidst even more laughter. He then looked around the crowd and said very calmly, he must be named. The crowd was then very surprised and a bit confused when he closed his eyes and seemed to have fallen asleep again. But this time he had entered into a deep trance, searching for the right name. After several minutes he opened his eyes and asked for the ceremony to be prepared. All the tribe organized into concentric circles, women on the inner circle and men in the outer circle, and Tmakwa, Nanatasis, Gluskabe and Awasos in the four cardinal directions and the boy in the center. They then all sang together:

Yu we ha yo, Yu we ha yo, Yu we ha yo, Yu we ha yo, We ha ya
he we ha, We ha ya he yo, Yu we ha yo, We ha yo, We ha.

Amidst the blessed chant Gluskabe raised his arms to the sky and gave thanks to Gichi Niwaskw, the creator. He then thanked the elements, fire, water, wind and earth. Then Gluskabe looked at the boy, held him high and exclaimed, “This boy, thrice blessed

by Gichi Niwaskw, shall be known across many lands as **Kawanhee!** Tmakwa and Nanatasis’ hearts soared as they knew that Kawanhee meant “*Brother to All.*”

And then.....

Chapter 3

Seven years later....

As the first rays of light poured through the horizon, Kawanhee, now seven years old, bolts out of bed to go outside, for there was nothing he’d rather do than be in the woods. Kawanhee was not like most other boys in the tribe. He spent most of his time by himself in nature, especially in the very early hours of the morning, because that is when mysterious creatures made their appearances. Kawanhee was often in trouble for his curiosity which was interpreted by many as some sort of indifference to worldly affairs. He was certainly bright and mature far beyond his years; it was generally the simple, mundane matters that vexed him. He was even picked on by the other boys of the tribe been called names like “Tree talker” or “Bird kisser”. None of this seemed to bother him very much, though.

Now on this particular morning Kawanhee was walking through a new part of the woods, with eyes wide open, very excited. Out of the corner of his eye he saw a bright light. He immediately stopped and walked toward it, but he saw nothing then again in another direction, a luminous orb floating across the woods. At first he thought it was a big firefly, but it didn’t blink, a steady large glaring light, unlike anything he had seen before. So he ventured on, following the light. He kept doing so

until it disappeared again, and again. Eventually Kawanhee looked around, and recognized nothing in the woods. He was lost. His breathing got faster, his heartbeat quickened, eyes wavered uncontrollably, he ran around without direction, only getting more and more lost, until finally he broke down in tears on the forest floor.

Almost intuitively Nanatasis woke up and felt something wrong with her boy, so she shook Tmakwa and asked him to search for him, to which he diligently acted upon. After some time Tmakwa finally found Kawanhee in the eastern woods and consoled him. "Whenever you feel lost or in trouble my son, you need only to do three things: Stop, breathe, and sing this song: Yu we ha yo..." Tmakwa explained. "It is the song of your naming and carries a powerful meaning. For you are 'Brother to all' and if you sing this sacred song you will never be away from home, you shall never be lost" said Tmakwa. The boy then emphatically hugged his father in gratitude.

Three years later. The temperatures drop and winters last longer than before.

On this day Kawanhee turned 10 years old. Now, in the Abenaki tribe, a boy's tenth birthday is a very special event. His training as a man of the tribe begins with a rite of passage. For most boys this meant a solo trip into the woods for a week with only a few objects to survive, but Kawanhee was no ordinary boy. Chief Awasos came by the family's wigwam that morning and announced that Gluskabe had requested a council with Kawanhee specifically on his 10th birthday. Of course, the boy had no idea who this man was. So the idea was very strange to him, and even more so when he saw his parents silently understanding why. Kawanhee was taken to Awasos' wigwam and was greeted by a somber look from Gluskabe's gray, glassy eyes. After a cordial greeting, Gluskabe got right to the point.

"Kawanhee, when I am about to tell you, I have not spoken to any other person. I need this to stay only between you and me." Kawanhee silently nodded. "I have been having many nightmares for the last decade, warning me of a great tragedy our people must endure in the near future; pestilence, death, pillaging, war, genocide... I fear this may all be our fate" muttered Gluskabe. "We as a people, as a nation, as a tradition, need you, Kawanhee. You must go to the highest peak of this land to consult with the gods and ask for their help, you must go to Katahdin" said Gluskabe.

After a long silence...

"Why me?" asked the boy.

To which Gluskabe chuckled. "Let's just say you were at the right place, at the right time."

Kawanhee then went home, his mind racing with questions and doubts, and told his parents the task he was assigned for his rite of passage. "Katahdin!" exclaimed his father, who then looked at Nanatasis and bolted outside. Tmakwa, furious and scared, went to go speak with Gluskabe.

"How could this be his fate? A mountain adult men fear for its difficulty; a three week expedition at the least!" exclaimed Tmakwa. Gluskabe understood his emotion and quietly explained the circumstances. Tmakwa was taken aback and then asked if he could go with him on the journey, Gluskabe then told Tmakwa that only he could decide.

Back at the wigwam Kawanhee was very nervous as he and Nanatasis were packing for the trip. Hiding his head under the bedding and acting as a child would, Nanatasis held him in her

arms and comforted him. "You have been given a tremendous task only because you carry a tremendous power, you were named 'Brother to All', my son. This is your greatest power. Remember this always. *You should love your brother as yourself.*" He hugged his mother in gratitude and picked up his pack basket filled with his bow drill set, moccasins, bow and arrows, food supplies, a flute and maps. In that moment Tmakwa walked in, hugged the boy with tears in his eyes and walked with him to the edge of the tribe and said "See you later my boy".... as he would always say.

And Kawanhee set off. His first nights were very difficult as he was very homesick, but he soon gained strength and courage from the wilderness. At some point he realized he had always dreamt of having a great adventure, so he stayed positive and that made his steps lighter. After two weeks, Kawanhee entered what is now called the 100 Mile Wilderness. When to his surprise he saw again the white shining orb hovering across the woods, the very same he saw as a boy, this time he followed slowly behind until he discovered an entire village of little houses made of sticks and bark and needles, brimming and glistening with these luminous beings. He approached the first one he saw.

"What are you?" he asked.

"We are Pukwudgies. We are forest spirits who are very selective of our friends. We have been following you for many days now and have decided to reveal ourselves to you because you are kind to our home." She squeaked.

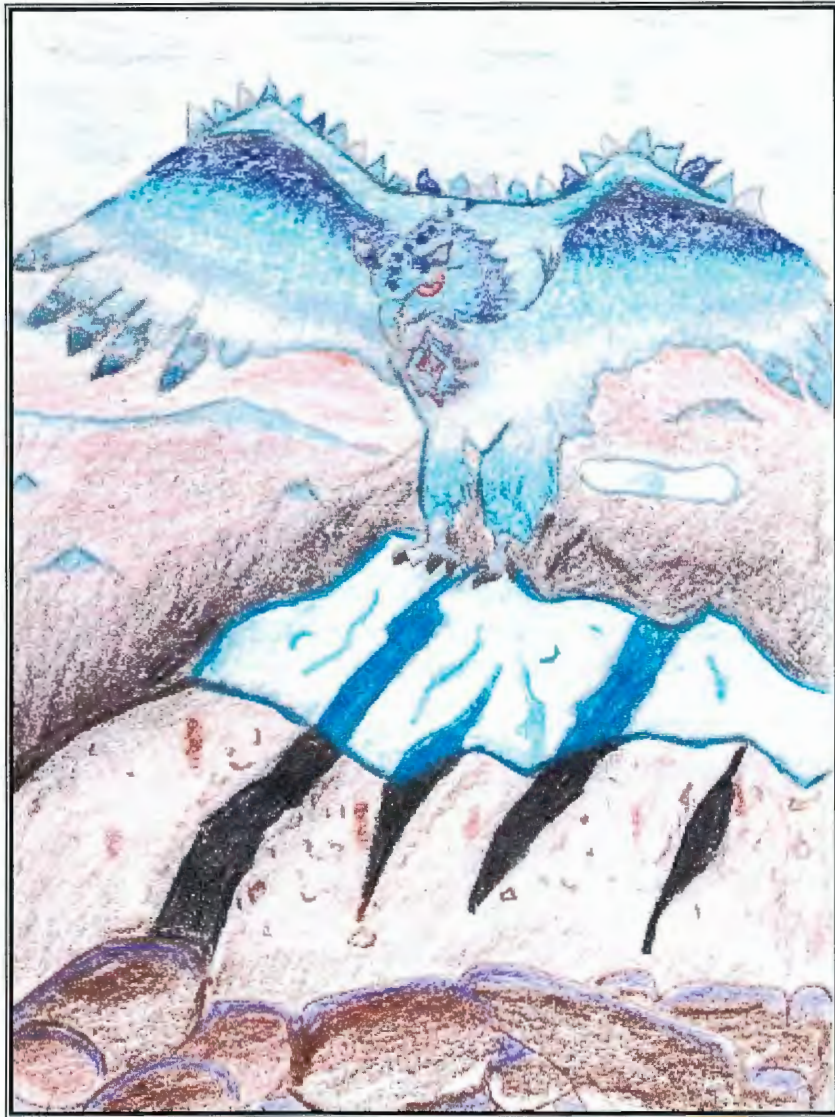
"Thank.....you" said Kawanhee, at a loss for words.

They soon became good friends and the Pukwudgies helped Kawanhee find his way to Katahdin. They warned him as

well, for the mountain had become a desolate, freezing place. All the Pukwudgies started getting riled up as the name Pamola was mentioned. They explained that Pamola was a giant, ravenous bird whose powerful wing thrusts caused terribly cold weather. It was Pamola that destroyed much of the forest surrounding Katahdin where the Pukwudgies used to live. They were in an uproar by now so they changed conversation. It was getting much colder, and Kawanhee hadn't packed enough for the cold. But to his amazement the next morning when he woke up, Kawanhee was covered in a thick deer hide, but he looked around and no one was there. Stupefied, he simply was grateful and trudged on up the glorious mountain. After miles and miles of freezing hiking, he saw it, Pamola. Scarier than anything he had seen before, it was flapping its enormous wings in every directions, screeching a terrible, deafening noise.

Pamola quickly caught scent of the boy, for he had been traveling for weeks on end, and let out a furious screech. "Who dares approach My peak? No mortal shall sully its eminence." Shivering and shaking in fear the boy answered "It is I, Kawanhee, on behalf of Gluskabe of the Abenaki people. I have come to seek council of the gods."

"Gluskabe! Ha! That old dog sent you to your death, too old to climb my peaks anymore, huh? As for your 'gods', they are gone. I am the one true god!" As it said this, Pamola shot off toward the boy, screeching, its talons open and closing in on his shivering body. Kawanhee could feel his life closing to an end, when suddenly, out of nowhere, Tmakwa dives across and pushes the boy safely away from Pamola's claws. "Take cover!" yelled Tmakwa. He then pulled three arrows and shot them at the giant, piercing its wing. Pamola then began flapping uncontrollably, dove down, grabbed Tmakwa and tossed



him off the edge, as it crashed onto the mountainside. Kawanhee screamed out as he helplessly saw his beloved father disappear into the mist. Tears of fear, despair and then anger flowed out of his eyes. He then clutched his bow and arrow and marched over to the wounded snow bird, pulled the arrow, pointed to its head and suddenly remembered his father's advice from the woods near his home. He stopped, took a breath, and sang the sacred song to the snow bird.

"Yu we ha yo...."

Suddenly the wind stopped blowing and the sun came out. The boy had forgiven the beast, and it cried out – great tears of healing, as no one had ever treated it in this manner. The boy then pulled out his father's arrow and tended the wound.

"Why are you helping me?" asked the confused Pamola.

"Because you are my brother, and I wish for you to love me as well." said Kawanhee. Pamola embraced the boy for no one had ever given him words of love. Then he gave the boy a stone with an engraving on it. "I've neglected these words for many years now... this was once my duty to uphold, but I've strayed far from this path. I shall give this to you, and flee from this land, for I now regret my actions."

"I forgive you" said Kawanhee.

With this the snow bird took off into the horizon. The boy felt an immense power inside him, began to weep uncontrollably and fainted.

And then.....

Chapter 4

Kawanhee slowly opened his heavy eye lids completely disoriented he looked around and to his surprise was in the heavy woods again. He was greeted by a short, hairy creature with quills on his back and a spear in his hand. "What are you?", squirmed Kawanhee. "We are the true Pukwudgies." answered the strange fellow. "We are the guardians of these woods you stumbled through last week."

"But the small bulbs of light..." muttered Kawanhee. The Pukwudgie interjected. "We never show our true form unless we can trust the other. We've seen how you saved Katahdin from Pamola using only love as your weapon; we feel we have a great deal to learn from you, Kawanhee." At this point a great number of Pukwudgies had gathered around him. "When you need our assistance again, simply send a crow in our direction."

That night there was a great festivity in the Pukwudgie village, celebrating the exodus of Pamola, which meant that Katahdin was now hospitable enough for the magical forest dwarves. "We would like to extend to you a gift, Kawanhee, for your bravery. Please accept the service of our friend Moz for the remainder of your journey." A moose calf approached, nudged and licked Kawanhee's head leaving half of his black hair on end. "Moz is the one who found you and carried you down the mountain." Kawanhee graciously accepted the gift and new friend. That next morning Kawanhee packed his things and mounted Moz but remained with one question. "What were the floating white lights I witnessed in the woods then?" The Pukwudgie looked down and replied, "Those are will o' wisps. They are the spirits of brave warriors of generations past. We simply use them to attract prey for hunting." "Hunting?! Then why didn't you kill me in the night?" exclaimed Kawanhee. "Because of your father, Tmakwa,

he caught us approaching your campsite that evening and traded us a fortune of wampum necklaces to spare your life...." Kawanhee's eyes watered up and his hairs stood on end. He said his good byes and ventured back to his own land.

Moz was a precariously fast moose for his age, so the return trip took only a few hours. When Kawanhee returned he was greeted by the whole village with excitement and grief, somehow they all knew what had happened. Kawanhee immediately sought his mother and they embraced in tears. Nanatasis was just happy he was safe, as any mother would. Gluskabe asked for his presence, however at his home this time, so their reunion was short-lived. Nanatasis, as intuitive as she was, understood why and simply let the river of fate continue flowing. Kawanhee on Moz's back climbed what is now Tumbledown up to Crater Lake, and on the little island in the middle of the sacred mountain-top lake, was a white wigwam with a loon's nest nearby. Gluskabe greeted Kawanhee with open arms, already knowing exactly what happened. He asked to see the stone Kawanhee had received. So he reached into his pouch and handed it over. Gluskabe jumped into the air in excitement. "The ancient language!" he exclaimed. Quickly he sat down and began interpreting it, Kawanhee just happy to relax, strolled around the island until running into the loon's nest. To the boy's amazement the loon looked straight at him and said "Although you don't know who I am I've been watching over you since the moment of your birth." Gluskabe then approached slowly and said "Kawanhee, please meet Medawisla, my most faithful companion and messenger. We have lived through many adventures, across countless ages of man. She is my friend." Kawanhee bowed in respect and gratitude.



Gluskabe then presented the gem and said "I've been seeking this stone for centuries. The language of the engraving is of a pre-Sanskrit prose from an era beyond the grasp of even the oldest historians. It is one of the root languages of all humanity, the language of the gods." Kawanhee sat down in awe. "The stone on which it is engraved is one of the four sacred gems called the wind-stones. This is the North Wind and it reads: (and of course this is only a crude translation) "***Be just. Speak the truth. Play fair as you compete.***" Kawanhee, I now see what we must do. There is hope indeed. Your mission will be no easy feat, but if you succeed, our fate may be re-written... our tribe transcended, recreated. For it is said he who reunites the four winds gains the power, wisdom and valor of the Great Spirit Gichi Niwaskw. Kawanhee, you must go to the other three winds, West, South and East and retrieve these wise messages. This is our only hope. Here, take the North Wind with you, when you are near another wind-stone this one will illuminate in a bright green hue."

Kawanhee thought for a while and asked "And shall we ask for help in this mission? What about Chief Awasos?" Gluskabe understood his questions but answered "The tribe must not know of this for we wouldn't want panic to ensue, and Chief Awasos, as great a leader as he is, is not ready to handle widespread fear. I'm afraid this is your mission, and your mission alone, Kawanhee. But remember, Medawisla will always be watching you..." Moz grunted "And me too. I'll be with you till the end, Kawanhee." Gluskabe then said "And your father, Kawanhee he has now entered a far more expansive, brilliant and powerful realm, pray for his aid and he shall be there."

"And you?" asked Kawanhee. "Me?" said Gluskabe. "I have many spirits to consult, many friends to awaken, for there is little time and much that needs to be done. I will be here at this island

for your return of each wind. Medawisla will keep me informed.” Medawisla called out and nodded. Kawanhee then packed his things, grasping the North Wind in his hand and in his heart, mounted Moz and started down Tumbledown, then turned towards the sunset, to the West.

And then.....

Chapter 5

A few days pass, many miles traveled and one night while camping under a full sky of star's Kawanhee asked Moz if he had any family. “Nope” replied Moz, “Never got to meet my mah and mi pah he died in a battle. Mer father wuz the chief Pukwudgie’s moose and one swift flap from Pamola sent a pile of rocks down on the battlefield and buried meh pah”

“So I see we’ve both lost our fathers to the same mountain” mentioned Kawanhee. “Well don’t you know? That keend of mekes us family, don’t it?” exclaimed Moz jokingly. They both laughed into the night.

The next day they traveled even further until arriving at the Atlantic Ocean somewhere between modern day, Massachusetts and Connecticut. They were both appalled at the enormity of the ocean, for neither of them had ever seen one before. But to their surprise they saw a very large white mass on the beach down below in distress, so they immediately went down to the shore. Once they got closer then they realized it was a whale! So they asked it if it needed help. “Oh, yes please! I have been suck on this shore for two days. I am very hungry and thirsty.” Kawanhee and Moz resorted immediately to pushing the

whale back into the water, saving its life. It was infinitely grateful and offered to help for anything Kawanhee needed. After a kind goodbye Moz and Kawanhee continued for days until they reached modern day New Jersey and heard the incessant wailing of a horse, so they sought it out and sure enough they found a horse on the ground yelling “A splinter, a splinter, I’ve got a splinter in my hoof!” Kawanhee calmed the horse and swiftly yanked out the foreign nuisance. “Thank you, and bless you Kawanheel!” neighed the horse from a distance as they adventured on. After a week or so, once again an animal was in distress. This time they were near modern day Columbus, OH and it was a baby deer that had lost its mother. So Kawanhee taught the deer the same technique his father taught him as a boy, and helped the fawn find its mother. They were extremely grateful and gave them both food and a point in the right direction. Kawanhee checked the stone in his pocket, but still no glow. “We must be weeks away still” wondered Kawanhee.

Meanwhile back at the tribe there was quite a stirring. Rumors had surfaced that there were strange pale-faced people in the area, but no one could have ever imagined the shock and awe the peaceful Abenaki people felt when Samuel de Champlain, a French Businessman, dressed in his finest embroidered clothes, plumed hat and shiny iron clad breast plate, stockings and curly moustache, presented himself and his entourage as if the king of France had arrived. Chief Awasos who had heard the commotion from miles away was prepared and offered gifts and a great feast in hopes of the preservation of peace. Using an interpreter the Frenchmen provided, they began to converse. Samuel’s eyes widened as he observed the quality of the furs that all the tribe’s people were wearing. He then interjected the conversation pointing at chief Awasos’ clothing demanding some furs and at what cost. After a reluctant round of negotiation, Awasos acquiesced his inquiring and accepted to a fur trading relationship

with the French. Samuel combed his moustache emphatically shook the chief's hand and left in a fanfare of awkward trumpets.

Back on the west coast after months of weary travel Kawanhee noticed a particular mountain in the distance. It was a solitary Mountain with a snowy peak but it was covered in strange clouds and lightning flashed every two seconds. Kawanhee looked at the North Wind and it began to slightly glow! "This must be our mountain", said Kawanhee. As they approached the ominous peak they, yet again, heard the plea of a forest animal. "Help me get down, please somebody!" They followed the cry until they found a large bear stuck all the way up in a tree. Immediately Kawanhee grabbed some homemade rope and climbed all the way up. There they hung out for a while and talked. The bear warned Kawanhee of the clouded mountain Shasta. "There lives a pair of brothers named Badogiok. They are in a constant fight between each other tossing lightning bolts as they retaliate. Kawanhee thanked him for the information and hoisted the bear down the tree. With a determined look and a firm grip on the now glimmering North Wind stone, Kawanhee and Moz started up the thunderous peak. The higher they went, the less trees were standing and the ones that were, he knew to stay far from. Wildfires blazed as far as the eye could see, it was an infernal backdrop. After dodging five deafening close encounters Kawanhee reached the summit, the most dangerous place to be in a lightning storm. As lightning crashed down all around him, Kawanhee, gripping the shining wind, let out an explosive whistle that his mother taught him. There was a brief pause and then two enormous heads popped down from the clouds.

"Who dares approach our furious quarrel?" "Who could possibly survive our explosive might?" thundered the brothers.



"It is I, Kawanhee, on behalf of the Abenaki, the people of the dawn. Our way of life is at risk, our people are endangered. Our only hope is through your help", announced Kawanhee.

"Well then let me be the first to give you my hand" Boomed one brother. "You? No, no, no, that is a terrible idea! I of course should be the first to help the boy, you would just scare him away!" boasted the other brother.

This sparked and argument which then ignited into a cataclysmic thunderstorm tearing down even more of the summit. Kawanhee had to whistle again, and once again, their heads popped down, this time, both of them had black eyes. "I'm sorry" said one of the brothers to Kawanhee. "No, I'm sorry" said the other and just as they were about to escalate again Kawanhee interrupted yelling "Have either of your ever considered who *you* would be without each other? You two live together and fight all day, destroying this entire region, for what purpose? You two would be the most powerful force in the world if you could get along! My mother taught me: ***"You should love your brother as yourself."*** The two thunder brothers' lips began to quiver and soon after they both exploded into tears and a great rain storm ensued, putting out all the wildfires. They then hugged and cried together begging for forgiveness from the other. As they tapped each other's backs a great earthquake shook the boy off his feet. The Badogiok both reacted apologetically and reached down to pick him up. Kawanhee was raised above the clouds and witnessed what the elders described as paradise. White shimmering clouds with brilliant rays dancing and bouncing around. Rainbows and shooting stars filled the sky. The Badogiok brothers then set Kawanhee down on their shoulders and offered him great thanks for his wise words.

"We just became so accustomed to fighting we forgot to take a step back and think. We now have learned how to forgive and we owe that to you Kawanhee." The other chimed in, 'I suppose you seek the west wind stone. Here it is, its inscription

translates to: ***"Do justly. Love Mercy. Walk with humility and show respect for all life."***

As these words were pronounced the stormy clouds disappeared and the brothers could suddenly see the damage down below. "Is this destruction because of our quarrels?!" "This is terrible!" and in a remarkable act of solidarity the brothers then took it upon themselves to reforest the valley below. Kawanhee was set down next to Moz and together they set off back towards their long journey home. When one Badogiok asked, "Where are you headed?" "As far east as I can get, where the ocean meets the land." One brother then picked up Kawanhee and Moz, looked to the other brother and said "Go long!" The other took off across the sky as fast as he could and the first brother said "Farewell Kawanhee, may your people be blessed." He then launched the two with a powerful 'Hail Mary' pass across the continent. Kawanhee at first was scared but then felt the soaring peace and happiness of flight. He could see the immense landscape below and felt the interconnectedness of it all. Love overflowed in his heart and he began to understand his purpose.

Medawisla then approached them in the sky mid-flight and passed on Gluskabe's message: "Your efforts are inspiring Kawanhee. Unfortunately there is no time to meet, you must continue south with expedience. Your mother sends her love."

After about half an hour they began to descend until finally the other Badogiok brother caught them and gently laid them down on the sandy beach where they had met a whale. The boy then played a melody on his flute to call the whale. After about a minute or so the whale surfaced and greeted them cheerily. Kawanhee explained that he needs to go south. "After what you did for me I'll take you anywhere you need brother!"

sang the whale. Kawanhee and Moz then swiftly jumped on the whale's back and fell asleep as they swam southbound.

Up north the fur trade was creating much wealth, specifically in the Penobscot region. Samuel de Champlain had created a fortune but needed to move his fort from St Croix because of its inaccessibility. So he moved to Port Royal, Nova Scotia, in the Micmac nation. The Micmac's and the Abenaki had an honored truce for centuries but ever since the fur trading began, tension rapidly built. Champlain simply continued to trade with both tribes making a fortune off the highest bidder. Greed had begun to spread in the hearts of few but slowly its infectious grip spread. And as friction become fire, anger cracked loose. Until one day a Micmac leader called for an attack on the Penobscot tribe of the Abenaki Nation.

And then...

Chapter 6

Kawanhee woke up to the sound of waves lapping against the side of the whale, the unforgiving sun shining and the pervasive scent of sea water. He suddenly found himself quite stationary allowing room for introspection. His mind wandered, realizing that he had grown; he was around the age of 13 by now. His life has been a whirlwind ever since his tenth birthday, but somehow, it seemed okay, he felt protected by the purity of his mission. Out of the open blue, Medawisla, flies by and then elegantly lands in the water beside them. "Greetings young hero", said the ancient loon, "There is even less time now than we originally thought, the Micmac nation has unleashed a series of attacks on numerous sectors of the Abenaki nation. Fueled by

economic greed, they are no longer subject to reason. Our home is still safe, but that cannot be guaranteed anymore. I'm afraid you have to find a way to travel faster." Kawanhee thought about his mother and Gluskabe, gave a quick strong nod and asked the whale if there was any way that it could swim faster. It replied that it can go faster underwater, so after a farewell to Medawisla, Kawanhee hopped inside the mouth of the whale and down they went. Inside there was a small beach of sand with a little shack built by a previous visitor, it even had a rainwater collector and a fire pit.

So for the next three years Kawanhee traveled inside the whale hugging the eastern seaboard of the great continent, carefully monitoring any changes in the wind stones. They reached the peninsula at the southern end of the continent and proceeded to island-hop from there. The climate and scenery changed dramatically; there were palm trees, lusciously colored flowers, and exotic creatures. They first swam by a very long and beautiful island, but no glow, a smaller but wider island with an enormous mountain, but nothing, it was at the third mayor island with a sort of rectangular form that the stones began to hint of green. They then landed on the northern coast of this tropical mystery. He was immediately greeted by a group of natives who all seemed gregarious and fun. They were a strong and short people, with thick black hair, tanned skin and large smiles. There was festive drumming in the distance and gorgeous fields upon fields of succulent crops. It reminded Kawanhee of his home in the sense that it was a peaceful paradise. They too however were in the process of coming in contact with foreign pale-faced visitors from the east. Kawanhee could see they're enormous vessels along the coast. The natives then presented Kawanhee to what seemed like a chief, of course they had no way of communicating directly but they both were adept at the languages of animals so they found this as their way of translating. After a

quick explanation of his situation and the urgency, Kawanhee asked if there were any who could guide him to the mountains. The chief assigned a group of young men to the task and they set out immediately up the "Tanamá" river as they would call it. After three days of journeying up a gorgeous winding canyon they reach a small tribe way up in the white porous mountains. Kawanhee checked the stones and they were lit up! The natives then seemed to be discussing something and Kawanhee asked what it was. "They are trying to warn us no to enter the cavernous tunnel. They say Gita Skog lives there, a giant man-eating serpent" relayed one of the guides. Kawanhee then answered, "That is precisely where I must go", in a brave tone.



The natives then offered him a hand carved canoe made from the 'tsayee-baa' or Ceiba tree and paddle to aid him. After a blessing from the people in a ceremonious dance, Kawanhee paddled out towards the opening in the mountain where the Tanamá River entered into complete darkness. Luckily the two stones were now glaring with light, enough to see a little inside the tunnel. He could see it stretch out for about a half mile under the cold silent mountain. The only sound was that of an occasional, echoed drop of water. Somewhere in the middle, at the darkest part, Kawanhee could see, deep underwater, a glimmering, exactly like those of the wind stones. With his courage as fiery as ever, Kawanhee, dove into the cool, dark water. He descended almost to the extent of his breath and just about snatched the stone, when suddenly a giant eye opened behind him and screeched a hellish noise. It was Gita Skog, with fangs as long as paddles, the agility of a viper and the temperament of wolverine; it was a fearsome beast indeed. Kawanhee swam to the surface as fast as possible, dodging the crushing bites of the serpent. With little to no lighting, Gita Skog had an immense advantage. In an act of desperation, Kawanhee took cover under the canoe just as the beast lunged for a final blow, but Gita Skog bit the famously sturdy Ceiba canoe and broke its fangs unleashing an unholy wail that echoed out both ends of the cave.

Kawanhee stood up in the canoe and started waiving the bright stones to catch its attention yelling, "Why are you attacking me? I mean you no harm!" After a few minutes the giant calmed down and answered, "Well, you scared me". Kawanhee then began to calmly converse with the beast until arriving at the pivotal question, "Why are you afraid my friend?". Gita Skog began to tear up, "I suppose I've always been very different, so I was always segregated, ostracized. Before long, I became terrified of further rejection so I gave up making friends. I've been living

in this cave for a long time fearing the light and all the terrible creatures it brings.” Kawanhee then stated, “What you need, rather than running away or controlling or suppressing or any other resistance, is understanding your fear; that means, watch it, learn about it, come directly into contact with it. We are to learn about fear, not how to escape from it. And the only way to do this is by living, experiencing, committing errors and growing from them! I am willing to be your friend Gita Skog, if you will have me.”

The great serpent's cold blooded heart began to swell with emotion, and tears of gratitude began to flow out of its giant eyes. “You are a true brother Kawanhee! Thank you for your inspiring words...” Kawanhee then taught it the sacred song: Yu we ha yo. Its powerful notes echoed in the cave and energized Gita Skog, it soon then took off downriver towards the Atlantic Ocean to explore the world and all its wonders. Kawanhee sat down in a sigh of relief, and then remembered the wind stone and dived back down to fetch it. Coming out the other end of the tunnel, he felt a purifying renewal in his being, a feeling of facing death and coming back out reborn, into the light, he felt the convergence of his purpose and his inner growth. Kawanhee was then lifted up by the natives who were celebrating the departure of the great serpent. After a sacred feast of delicious food, Kawanhee made his way back down the mountain to the ocean and met up with the whale that had kindly waited for him, while flirting with a special female he had met in the warm waters. Kawanhee swam unto his back and was surprised to encounter Medawisla waiting for him.

“You've done exceedingly well young hero, three stones down, and only one left to find: the eastern wind. I come again to bring you worrying news. The Micmac attacks have now developed into the Tarrateen War, many have evacuated the

village, and others have joined the ranks. Chief Awasos is fighting under Bashaba, the Penobscot Sachem. Fear has begun to spread in the hearts of our people Kawanhee. We need you now more than ever to retrieve the final stone with utmost priority, it is our last hope. Oh, and your mother is alive and sends her abounding love. She is so proud of you my boy.” Kawanhee broke down in tears and thanked the loon for the information. And with little hesitation they took off towards the rising sun.

And then...

Chapter 7

Kawanhee is woken by the early morning sun. He spends the first minutes of the day staring directly at its luminance. Somehow he is energized by its influence. The Abenaki are aptly named the people of the dawn, Kawanhee, now 16 years old, was feeling the profound implications of the sun's generosity on all life. Every creature small or large, every plant, shrub and towering tree, all our seasons, cycles and crucial decay, all is powered by the consistent service of our mighty cosmic father. Kawanhee then began to feel particularly insignificant, small beyond measure. There he was, a speck in the middle of an immeasurable ocean, no means of direction but the night sky, and the rising-setting sun. His thoughts then wandered home.

“War... How did it come to this?” he wondered. “Will there even be any one left by the time I get back? Why am I out here in the middle of nowhere? I should be helping my community...” He



then remembered Medawisla's words. "I am our people's only hope..., but what if I fail? How am I supposed to carry the weight of my nation? What if I'm not good enough? Kawanhee then broke down and cried heavy tears of desperation. He felt incredibly lost, mentally and physically. He then remembered Gluskabe's advice, so he got on his knees, and prayed for his father's guidance, over and over again. And almost by a miracle a shooting star streaked across the sky, curved down, darted from the horizon and landed right on the whale. It was a huge will o' wisp!

"Father?!" asked Kawanhee. "Yes, that was my role", echoed the bright orb, "I've been watching you throughout this journey, you've represented your people well, your mother would be so proud, we always were Kawanhee, since the moment of your auspicious birth." "Auspicious birth?" asked Kawanhee confusedly. "Yes, oh yes, my boy. When you were just an infant, Medawisla's feather descended from the heavens and blessed your forehead just as the summer solstice's dawning rays peaked out from the horizon. Gluskabe himself interpreted the omen and named you Brother to All. You are the chosen hero Kawanhee, since the day you were born; Gichi Niwaskw had a special plan for you." The young man still in doubt, replied "Yeah that may have been true in the past, but look at all this! Everyone is dying at home while I'm stranded here in the middle of the ocean! How could I possibly save everyone?" The orb began shining more brightly, "Can the burgeoning sapling comprehend the archetypal towering pine that is within? We can only go a step at a time, and you are currently exactly where you must be and headed in the right direction.

Remember Kawanhee, it is only through heat, that change is possible, only through scary visions that we wake from our slumber. Our people are facing a necessary evil, and you need only to focus on the most important battlefield, your Self. Let not the toad of fear disturb the lion's gaze. Go forth and fear not my son, for so long as you breathe your heart will guide you towards the almighty. Love is all you need. Farewell and I'll see you later my boy." With that Tmakwa's spirit took off towards the sky and settled in the middle star of Orion's belt. Kawanhee's heart felt immediately restored and was now overflowing with purpose; he exclaimed gracious words to the evening sky as tears of joy trickled down his cheeks. He then asked the whale to open its mouth to go inside, "Our destiny awaits!" he chuckled.

Inside the whale, Kawanhee was shocked to meet another person inside! She was a young native from the tropical island, apparently she was astounded by the whale and they had become friends. The young hero was just happy to have someone to share time with. Her name was Liani Macu, or Liani for short, she was a beautiful, strong, independent and intelligent woman of the same age as Kawanhee. For four years they traveled across countless leagues searching far and wide for the stone to glisten. The two had fast become best friends, and like an ember slowly grows into a searing bed of coals, their love grew. Kawanhee's drive to provide a new world welled inspiration from his passion for Liani. One morning soon after the stones finally began to hint a glow of light! And sure enough when they checked the horizon, a sprawling continent was upon them. Liani after hearing all of Kawanhee's stories wanted nothing else but to help find the last stone to save his people, so they both swam to shore together,

and ventured forth in a strange new world. The whale decided to wait for Kawanhee's flute. As they explored, they were constantly astonished by the advanced technologies and buildings. Everywhere they went the natives, clothed in elegant and intricate attire, would stare in disbelief. After a few strange encounters a young boy tugged on Kawanhee's deer hide pants. Our hero turns and greets a 10 year old French boy stating his name as Baron de Castine. He seemed particularly fascinated by the two and wanted to help them, so he took the two to his home. There, through a slow process of gesturing, they found out, they were on a volcanic island that belonged to a great nation called "Yspania" as it sounded to Kawanhee, but the young boy was from a different country called "Ferancya". Kawanhee then asked for directions to the volcano, which he later found out was called, Teide. The boy gave them food, shelter and the next day guided them to the mountain. As the gigantic mass boomed out of the horizon, Kawanhee could see it was almost five times as big as Katadhin! The boy then warned them about Gici Awas, a giant bear-like monster from the past, which was said to live in Teide. Kawanhee then asked the little Castine boy to go home, for he did not want him to get hurt. But before they said goodbye, Kawanhee invited him to journey west across the ocean if he ever wanted to meet more natives in the other world. The boy promised to do so and skipped his way home.

The hike up the mountain was arduous and steep, but Kawanhee kept trudging along just trying to keep up with Liani who barely broke a sweat. Several hours later the stones began to shine very brightly but there was nothing to be seen at the top, they then began to explore and Liani found the mouth of a giant cave on the side of the peak. As they entered the stones lit up

even more, they searched around but found nothing more than strange thicket in the middle of the cavern. Kawanhee decided to sit down on a stone, but it let out a great roar as he did! He jumped back and realized he had sat on the nose of Gici Awas! But it was stuck under a massive mound of soil and shrubbery. The beast groaned in mild annoyance, "Who disturbs my slumber? I was having such a nice dream... Come over closer so I can bite your head off..." Kawanhee very confused asked, "Who has buried you under all this earth? Do you need help to get out?" The bear then explained, in a very exasperated tone, that he had been very bored for many years and had no energy to rise from his cave, so he just slept for years on end, until one evening he woke up and he was buried under a mountain of fertile bat droppings, not being able to budge, plants and trees eventually took over. So he just continued to sleep, eventually becoming very depressed. Kawanhee sympathized for the beast and offered him a long, inspiring speech on life and living in the present and taking advantage of the day, but Gici Awas simply shrugged it off and preferred to keep napping. Remembering the urgency of his people's needs back home, Kawanhee grasped the stones in his hands and felt a new power surging through them. He pointed the West wind stone at the thicket and was amazed that it sparked a small fire! He then pointed the North wind stone at the fire and it blew a great gust, spreading the flames, engulfing the shrubbery. Gici Awas then immediately sprang up with great strength and unearthed himself, screaming, "Put it out, put it out!" Kawanhee then pointed the South wind at the beast and a jet of freezing water drenched it from head to toe. The giant then began to weep uncontrollably, "I didn't realize I had that



strength inside of me...For years now I had just given up on life, and the weaker I felt the larger the mound grew, the more hopeless I became. I won't lie, I definitely hated you for lighting me on fire Kawanhee, but I now realize the wisdom behind it. Nobody can change under comfortable conditions, sometimes we do need adversity to realize how strong we really are. I thank you Kawanhee, I feel I want to go out from this cave and redeem my years of sloth. Please take this stone as a token of my gratitude." And with that Gici Awas set off into the wild, Kawanhee and Liani rejoiced as they looked at the four stones now reunited, they all lit up like never before, but that was it. They soon realized that they most certainly needed to bring the stones to Gluskabe for the next step. They immediately hiked down the mountain and got to the nearest shore. Kawanhee then pulled out his flute and called the whale. They swam onto the whale and set off back northwest, back home. Kawanhee mentioned to the whale that they need to visit Gluskabe for interpretation of the stones. "Gluskabel!" cried the whale; "my great-great-great grandfather would always tell a story of a man named Gluskabe, with whom he had many adventures. In fact he was something more than a man; he would refer to him as a sort of demi-god, a benevolent mythic hero, the great father of civilization." Kawanhee looked down and chuckled, all this time he had been in the presence of what he thought to be a delirious old man. Kawanhee then promised himself to look up all the old mythology of his people when he got home, for its importance has no exaggeration.

After three years of travel, Kawanhee now 23 and happily married to Liani, finally arrived to his home in 1617, but was crushed to see the sheer devastation of his tribe. Gone were the warm wigwams, the sprawling fields of hearty crops, the

children... It was utter silence. There was no sign of his mother Nanatasis. Kawanhee expecting the worst for many years was still totally unprepared to witness such relentless injustice. He knelt and simply observed in silence, recreating the scenery that had to of occurred. He could see it, women carrying their precious commodities nudging along frightened offspring, men packed up for war, fashioning weapons from farm tools. But he could not explain amount of bodies lying prostrate with no wounds, only pink spots all over their chests. Kawanhee went to the beach and silently observed the view of Tumbledown, trying to center himself again, fighting back tears, trying to find his next course of action. Out of the sky then came gliding down Medawisla. She greeted Kawanhee with a greatly reborn hope in knowing he had gathered all the wind stones. She then explained the events that destroyed his home, the Tarranteen War, the horrible outbreak of Typhoid that decimated 75% of the Abenaki people, and the desertion of the French businessmen. She also said that Gluskabe was waiting for him, and that he was not in good health, time was of the essence. So they all hurried up the hallowed mountain, it seeming so small to Kawanhee, for he had not been there since he was just a boy. As they approached the wigwam at the top, Gluskabe, was not outside to greet them as usual. They entered and met him at his bed, Gluskabe's eyes expanded at the sight of Kawanhee, the old sage gathered strength enough to sit upright and interpret the stones. After a long, spirited conversation, Gluskabe revealed the South wind as: "***Be kind. Be brave. Conserve and protect wildlife always.***" After internalizing its implications, Gluskabe read the East wind aloud, "***Be cheerful. Smile whenever you can. Be glad you are alive.***" Gluskabe and Kawanhee looked up at each other and immediately shared a

deep cathartic laugh. Despite all that had happened, all the trials and tribulations, they still felt incredibly blessed to receive these four wise messages from ages past.

Gluskabe then spoke, "Kawanhee, I have walked this earth for millennia, since the creation of Earth's cycles, to the formation of all its creatures, since the dawn of man and civilization, till now to this most special of all circumstances. My purpose has now finally met its culmination; I am now to teach you the sacred ceremony of the four winds. Hidden within this act is the power to redefine ourselves, our people, our destiny... I have been saving my strength for this moment alone." Gluskabe then took Kawanhee outside and began drawing in the sand. He showed that the stones be placed in their respective directions with a cedar fire on top each. Then in the center a great fire built in honor of Gichi Niwaskw, the Great Spirit. Then he drew a circle to connect the four winds. "You must read out loud the message of each wind as you light their fires, first North, then East, South and finally West. And with the messages held deeply in your heart you then light the central fire of the Great Spirit, Gichi Niwaskw." "What happens after that?" asked Kawanhee. Following a brief pause, the old sage answered, "Only you can decide, Brother to All, there are none living who know." Gluskabe let out a deep whooping cough and got back into his bed. "I feel death closing in Kawanhee... Oh, it is beautiful indeed - my long neglected rest - ah..." And just as an infant closes its eyes for an unexpected nap, Gluskabe was no more. A familiar smile remained on his wrinkled face. Gluskabe's body then magically transformed into sixteen baby loons, Medawisla, gawked, and rushed over to take care of them. With sublime tears in their eyes, Kawanhee and Liani then started back down the

mountain, they returned to the shores of that most majestic lake, and walked up to the point with the tallest pines and prepared the ceremony accordingly. And after a long period of relaxation and centering, they performed the ceremony just as Gluskabe had taught. As the flames of the central fire of the Great Spirit rose higher, surrounded by the wisdom of the four winds, all began to swirl and a great flash of light knocked Kawanhee to the ground and he instantly fell into a deep sleep-like trance.

For three hundred years Kawanhee dreamt... Every, bird, rock and tree, every friend and foe, all the details of his journey, all the characters: Nanatasis, Tmakwa, Awasos, Gluskabe, Moz, Medawisla... The Pukwudgies of the North, the whale, horse, deer and bear of the West, his beloved wife Liani from the South, and his young friend Barome de Castine from the East, he imagined them, and wished to bring it all together, he dreamt of a new community, a new family, with constituents from the four directions, all unified by the wisdom of the wind-stones and the basic principle of the Golden Rule. He envisioned a place where peace would abound, growth would be nurtured and consciousness expanded, where boys became men, as he did, through direct, purposeful experience, and willful service to all.

His eyes quivered, singular rays of morning light fluttered through the canopy of pines. All was different but strangely similar. Kawanhee had to dig himself out of a thick layer of decomposed organic matter. The year was 1917. After walking around his old home grounds and reminiscing, he came across two brothers, one from Ohio, the other from New Jersey. They sat down and became fast friends; Kawanhee shared the long dream he had with the two. They were extremely enthusiastic, because they had precisely been talking about making a camp on

that very same piece of land which boys from the world over could come. They continued growing a strong relationship for many years and Kawanhee watched from a distance as all of his dreams materialized, as his people were reborn, the spirit of his tribe transformed. That first day however, Kawanhee decided to hike up Tumbledown as the brother's called it. When he arrived at the top, he could not believe his eyes; the wigwam was still there, exactly as he had dreamt. In the pond were sixteen adult loons all as strong and wise as Medawisla. Kawanhee then entered the wigwam and was embraced by Liani who carried a baby boy. "This is your son Kawanhee, his name is Skookamee."

And then... You'll find out next year...

