THE POWWOW THIEF



BY JOSEPH BRUCHAC

ILLUSTRATED BY DALE DEFOREST

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1

GOING TO THE POWWOW

Jamie Longbow opened his eyes. It was still dark outside. His light had been turned on. His sister Marie tugged at his covers.



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Jamie didn't argue. No one could win an argument with his sister. She also won every game they played. Even marbles. The only things he could beat her at were running and tree climbing. Especially tree climbing. Jamie was a great tree climber.

"Come on, sleepyhead. Get up. Get dressed or Grama and Grampa will go to the powwow without you."



Jamie threw off the covers and stood up. He was already dressed. "I know," he said. "I *am* ready!"

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The twins helped their grandparents load the van. Grampa Longbow had loaded the tables and chairs and blankets. But there were lots of other things to carry. Grama Longbow made great things to sell. They carried out baskets made of ash and sweetgrass. Boxes filled with beadwork. Bags stuffed with silver and shell earrings.

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