THE POWWOW DOG

BY JOSEPH BRUCHAC



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DALE DEFOREST

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THE OLD HOUSE

The old house at the edge of the reservation sat empty. It had something like a little house built on top of it.

That's called a cupola, Marie thought.

All the windows were dark. They looked like staring black eyes. The shingles needed paint. The metal roof was rusted. Its front door stood partly open. The only thing nearly new was a garage on the side. The garage door was pulled down.

"That place looks haunted," Marie said.

"It sure does," Jamie agreed.



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Grampa slowed down their van to look.

"Nobody there now. Your Grama and I went to Indian School with the man whose family owned that place. Thomas Jefferson Jimmerson. He used to live there."

"Is he . . . you know?" Marie said.

"As far as I know," Grama said, "he's still alive. He moved away about ten years ago. He went to Buffalo to be closer to his grown children. They have good jobs there. Hard to get work around here, you know. We haven't seen Tommy in years."

Jamie turned around in his seat to stare at the house. Did he see something white move next to it? A shiver ran down his back. Then they turned a corner and he lost sight of whatever it was.



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"Here we are," Grampa said. A broad field stretched out in front of them. Other vans were already there. Jamie could see people setting up their booths. A fire burned brightly in the center of the dance circle.



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2 US INDIANS

By early afternoon, the powwow grounds were crowded with folks of all sorts. Native people and non-natives. African Americans and people who had Spanish accents. Men and women wearing leather jackets and motorcycle boots.

Grampa chuckled.



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The twins tried not to stare. But it was so interesting. Some people looked and dressed as if they had come from other countries. They were speaking languages the twins had never heard before.

Grama nodded in the direction of a young woman wearing a colorful sari.

The young woman came to their booth.



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