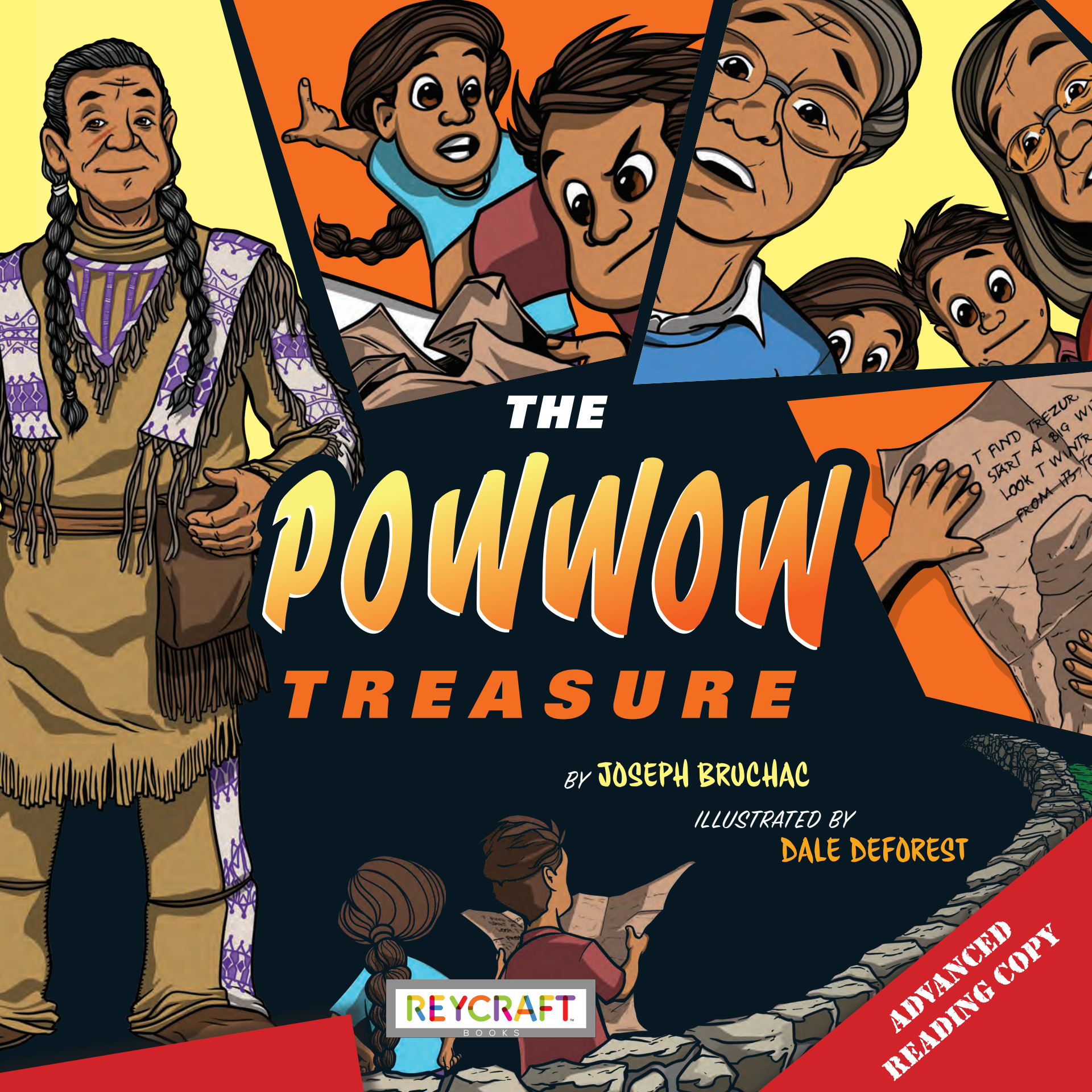

THE
POWWOW
TREASURE
BY JOSEPH BRUCHAC
ILLUSTRATED BY
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BOOKS
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FOR MY GRANDCHILDREN, CAROLYN ROSE,
JACOB BOWMAN, AND AVA RAE- AND ALL OF THOSE
IN THE COMING GENERATIONS OF STORYTELLERS
-JB

FOR MY LOVES AT HOME.
NOTHING ELSE MATTERS
-DD

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THE POWWOW TREASURE

BY JOSEPH BRUCHAC
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1 JUST IN TIME



Drops of rain hit Jamie's face.

Why did I go out in the rain without an umbrella? he thought. Then he felt the pillow under his head.

Wait a minute! I'm in bed.

He opened his eyes in time to see the next drop of water falling from the glass held over his head.



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Jamie could feel the beat of the drums and hear singing in the distance. The two drum groups were warming up. He was late. It would be time for Grand Entry soon.

He threw off the covers, jumped up, and landed with both feet inside his sneakers.



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Jamie looked down. His right sneaker was on his left foot. His left sneaker was on his right foot.

"I look like a bear," he laughed.

Marie laughed with him. They had learned animal tracking from their father. They knew bears have their big toes on the outside of their feet.

Jamie switched his sneakers, and they both raced to the booth. Grampa Longbow stood on a small ladder. He stretched the canvas roof into place.

"Just in time, Grandson," he said. "Hand me those tie-downs one by one."

"You see," Jamie whispered to Marie. "I'm not late. I'm just in time."

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Marie waved him away. Then she helped Grama arrange her beading things. Today she would sit next to Grama. Both of them would be making beaded bracelets.

Will there be another mystery to solve at this powwow? she wondered.



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