

Teaching Native American Speculative  
Fiction:  
Going Beyond the Traditional  
Tropes of  
Horror, Dystopia, and Science Fiction

**Laura Bolf-Beliveau, Ph.D.**  
**University of Central Oklahoma**  
**lbolfbeliveau@uco.edu**

**Timothy Petete, Ph.D.**  
**University of Central Oklahoma**  
**tpetete@uco.edu**

*The Giver* by Lowis Lowry  
Chapter 15

Jonas entered the Annex room and realized immediately that it was a day when he would be sent away. The Giver was rigid in his chair, his face in his hands.

“I’ll come back tomorrow, sir,” he said quickly. Then he hesitated. “Unless maybe there’s something I can do to help.”

The Giver looked up at him, his face contorted with suffering. “Please,” he gasped, “take some of the pain.”

Jonas helped him to his chair at the side of the bed. Then he quickly removed his tunic and lay face down. “Put your hands on me,” he directed, aware that in such anguish The Giver might need reminding.

The hands came, and the pain came with them and through them. Jonas braced himself and entered the memory which was torturing The Giver.

He was in a confused, noisy, foul-smelling place. It was daylight, early morning, and the air was thick with smoke that hung, yellow and brown, above the ground. Around him, everywhere, far across the expanse of what seemed to be a field, lay groaning men. A wild-eyed horse, its bridle torn and dangling, trotted frantically through the mounds of men, tossing its head, whinnying in panic. It stumbled, finally, then fell, and did not rise.

Jonas heard a voice next to him. “Water,” the voice said in a parched, croaking whisper.

He turned his head toward the voice and looked into the half-closed eyes of a boy who seemed not much older than himself. Dirt streaked the boy’s face and his matted blond hair. He lay sprawled, his gray uniform glistening with wet, fresh blood.

The colors of the carnage were grotesquely bright: the crimson wetness on the rough and dusty fabric, the ripped shreds of grass, startlingly green, in the boy’s yellow hair.

The boy stared at him. “Water,” he begged again. When he spoke, a new spurt of blood drenched the coarse cloth across his chest and sleeve.

One of Jonas’s arms was immobilized with pain, and he could see through his own torn sleeve something that looked like ragged flesh and splintery bone. He tried his remaining arm and felt it move. Slowly he reached to his side, felt the metal container there, and removed its cap, stopping the small motion of his hand now and then to wait for the surging pain to ease. Finally, when the container was open, he extended his arm slowly across the blood-soaked earth, inch by inch, and held it to the lips of the boy. Water trickled into the imploring mouth and down the grimy chin.

The boy sighed. His head fell back, his lower jaw dropping as if he had been surprised by something. A dull blankness slid slowly across his eyes. He was silent.

But the noise continued all around: the cries of the wounded men, the cries begging for water and for Mother and for death. Horses lying on the ground shrieked, raised their heads, and stabbed randomly toward the sky with their hooves.

From the distance, Jonas could hear the thud of cannons. Overwhelmed by pain, he lay there in the fearsome stench for hours, listened to the men and animals die, and learned what warfare meant.

## Literature: Oxford Research Encyclopedias

### Speculative Fiction FREE

Marek Oziewicz

Subject: Children's Literature, Film, TV, and Media  
DOI: 10.1093/acrefore/9780190201098.013.78

*This is an advance summary of a forthcoming article in the Oxford Research Encyclopedia of Literature. Please check back later for the full article.*

While often reduced to a two-star system comprised of fantasy and science fiction, “speculative fiction” is a larger conceptual category that houses a number of other nonmimetic genres such as gothic, dystopian, zombie, vampire, and postapocalyptic fiction, ghost stories, superheroes, alternative history, steampunk, slipstream, magic realism, retold or fractured fairy tales, and more. Thus, speculative fiction could perhaps be defined as a “fuzzy” super-genre that allows grouping of diverse forms of nonmimetic fiction—from fantasy and science fiction to derivatives and hybrids that draw on the fantastic for specific purposes but often elude easy classifications—and is helpful in theorizing about their appeal and cultural roles as opposed to the uses of so-called realist fiction and nonfiction. The term speculative fiction emerged in response to three factors, all of them gaining momentum since the 1960s: (1) accelerating genre hybridization that balkanized the field previously mapped with a few large generic categories; (2) a shift in the global literary landscape brought about by the discovery and consequent rise of non-white, indigenous, and postcolonial narrative forms that subvert Western notions about reality and that employ nonmimetic elements in configurations different from traditional Western genres; and (3) a need for new conceptual categories that accommodate modern storytelling. These new diverse types of storytelling oppose a stifling vision of reality (with correlates such as truth, facts, and power) imposed by exploitative global capitalism. Collectively, they represent a global reaction of human creative imagination, struggling to envision a possible future at a time of major transition, from local to global humanity. Speculative fiction is discussed as a mode of thought-experiment that includes genres addressed to young people and adults and that operates in a variety of formats, from picturebooks, novels, and graphic novels to films, TV shows, and videogames.

---

**Marek Oziewicz**

University of Minnesota



*Killer of Enemies* by Joseph Bruchac  
Excerpt from Chapter 27

I close my eyes just then in my dream because a wind has whipped across my face. When I open them again, I am still not awake. I'm sitting on my bunk here inside my cell, but I must be asleep because Lobo is here with me, not using his last strength to try to crawl back to me.

Lobo. He is sitting in front of me, alive and whole. The wounds burned in his chest and side are gone. His German Shepherd and wolf forebears show in his massive body and the quick intelligence that gleams from his eyes. He raises his right front paw and places it on my knee.

I stare at him in disbelief.

"Lozen," he says. "Don't you know me?" He's speaking like a human person, something he never did when he was alive. But it seems natural to me.

"Of course I know you," I say. My voice is thick in my throat. "I haven't forgotten you. I'll always remember you."

"Lozen," he says. "Sometimes you are so stupid. You don't have to remember me. Don't you know that I am always with you?"

Dogs are forbidden here in Haven. Not that it makes that much sense, but apparently at least one of the Ones has an unreasonable dislike for dogs.

It's the oldest partnership in the world, that one between canines and humans. When the first dogs decided that they would join with us, hunt with us, help care for us, stop living apart from people as the coyotes and wolves would continue to live, everything changed.

"Our dogs made us more human," my mother would say when she told me some of our old stories about our four-legged allies.

Not all of them were ancient stories. She told me about how the day all the people of our Chiricahua nation, men, women, and children, even those who had not fought, but had helped the Army, were loaded into trains and sent off as prisoners of war to Florida at the end of the nineteenth century. On that day, none of us were allowed to take our dogs with us. Those dogs ran after the train for miles and miles. Even after the train was out of sight, they ran. They ran until their feet were bloody and even then they kept running. But we were sent so far away, across wide plains and rivers too wide for them to swim, that they never caught up with us. Others who saw our train pass saw those dogs following, sometimes days later. They never gave up until their loyal hearts gave out.

That is what my mother told me.

But the spirits of those dogs who perished pursuing us didn't give up. They entered the bodies of puppies born in those distant lands where we were held as captives for three generations. In Florida, in Alabama, in Oklahoma, our dogs returned to us, born again.

And my family and I were never without dogs until we were forced to come here.

"What others?" asked Naomi.

More soft laughter floated from the rear of the wagon.

"Everybody else," said the woman. "Most people don't like to be around us."

"Why not?" The words had barely passed through Naomi's lips when she wished she had never uttered them.

In a sudden flash, like a thunderbolt that shook her very being, Naomi realized where she was.

"I'm in the wagon of the bonepickers," she whispered.

*Few Choctaws have ever seen the bonepickers, but everyone knew of them. Before the soldiers came, they lived in a thicket of trees, deep in the piney woods. They never left their tiny log house.*

*A small pond lay close to their back door, gushing warm water from far underground. A young man brought them food and supplies, so they never had to leave home. Their job was the hardest and most sacred in all of Choctaw country.*

*When a Choctaw died, the body was brought to the bonepickers. They carried the body to a wooden platform close to the spring, where animals came to drink. After days, sometimes weeks, when the wolves and buzzards had eaten the flesh from the bones, the bonepickers began their real task.*

*They carried the body inside and picked the bones clean. They washed and scrubbed the bones till they were shiny and white. With a thin rope made from the clothing, they tied the bones into a bundle. This bundle was now ready for burial.*

*This was the Choctaw way.*

*And now, with Choctaws forced to walk, the bonepickers had to leave their home, too. They were too old to walk. Urged by the Choctaw*



## Chapter 22

### *Buried with the Bones*

"WE HAVE BEEN waiting for you," said the woman. "Take your shoes off before you climb in the wagon. We keep everything neat and clean."

Naomi leaned against a wheel and slipped off her boots.

"Here," said the woman, "hand them to me. I'll hide them for you." She helped Naomi into the wagon and closed the flap. Once inside, Naomi was struck by the smell of dried rose petals.

"Mmmm," she said, "it smells nice in here." The women were silent, but Naomi thought she heard soft laughter.

"We are so used to the smells, we barely notice," said the woman. "But we try to keep everything nice for the others."

## Tim Tingle

*Council, the soldiers gave them a wagon. This was the wagon Naomi had climbed into, a wagon sweetened by the smell of dried roses.*

"Don't worry, dear child," the woman said. "Don't be afraid of us. This is the safest place for you now. If the soldiers search the wagon, we have a place for you."

Naomi's eyes adjusted to the darkness. She saw the three older women, curled together at the rear of the wagon. They surrounded a large wooden trunk.

"Here," said the woman, lifting the lid. "You will be safe in the trunk."

Naomi took a deep breath and froze. The trunk was filled with bones!

"Don't be afraid," the woman said. "You do not have to touch the bones. The men built a secret hiding place for you."

The woman piled the bones into two large sacks. While Naomi watched, they lifted the floor of the trunk.

"It has a secret bottom, a tiny place for you to lie and wait till the soldiers go away. Here, climb inside."

Naomi crawled into the trunk, lay on her back, and closed her eyes.

"Take this," said the woman, handing Naomi a blanket. "This will keep you warm."

The women settled the wooden plank on top of her, and emptied the bags of bones into the trunk.

Naomi heard the bones scatter and roll, only a few inches above her head. The air was stuffy, but she could breathe. She curled under the blanket and waited.

## How I Became a Ghost

*I hope I don't have to stay here long, she thought.*

"I know what you're thinking," the woman said, and the bonepickers laughed. "We'll do our best to see that your stay is short."

"Oh, don't say that," said an older woman, in a cracked and tiny voice. "She seems so nice. Maybe she can stay and help us."

Naomi felt the wagon move. The bones creaked and rattled above her. She listened while the woman spoke to Luke.

"Have your panther friend bring us a small animal from the woods, a possum or raccoon," she said.

"I'll tell him right away," said Luke.

"Tell him to gnaw the animal, make it good and bloody!" the woman shouted. "The more blood the better!"

**“Spirits of the Dead”**  
**BY EDGAR ALLAN POE**

**I**

Thy soul shall find itself alone  
'Mid dark thoughts of the gray tombstone—  
Not one, of all the crowd, to pry  
Into thine hour of secrecy.

**II**

Be silent in that solitude,  
Which is not loneliness—for then  
The spirits of the dead who stood  
In life before thee are again  
In death around thee—and their will  
Shall overshadow thee: be still.

**III**

The night, tho' clear, shall frown—  
And the stars shall look not down  
From their high thrones in the heaven,  
With light like Hope to mortals given—  
But their red orbs, without beam,  
To thy weariness shall seem  
As a burning and a fever  
Which would cling to thee for ever.

**IV**

Now are thoughts thou shalt not banish,  
Now are visions ne'er to vanish;  
From thy spirit shall they pass  
No more—like dew-drop from the grass.

**V**

The breeze—the breath of God—is still—  
And the mist upon the hill,  
Shadowy—shadowy—yet unbroken,  
Is a symbol and a token—  
How it hangs upon the trees,  
A mystery of mysteries!

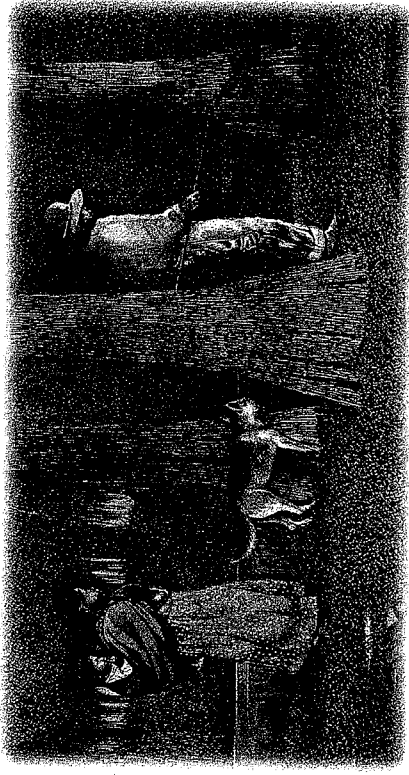
from "The Premature Burial" by Edgar Allan Poe

This adventure occurred near Richmond, in Virginia. Accompanied by a friend, I had proceeded, upon a gunning expedition, some miles down the banks of the James River. Night approached, and we were overtaken by a storm. The cabin of a small sloop lying at anchor in the stream, and laden with garden mould, afforded us the only available shelter. We made the best of it, and passed the night on board. I slept in one of the only two berths in the vessel -- and the berths of a sloop of sixty or twenty tons need scarcely be described. That which I occupied had no bedding of any kind. Its extreme width was eighteen inches. The distance of its bottom from the deck overhead was precisely the same. I found it a matter of exceeding difficulty to squeeze myself in. Nevertheless, I slept soundly, and the whole of my vision -- for it was no dream, and no nightmare -- arose naturally from the circumstances of my position -- from my ordinary bias of thought -- and from the difficulty, to which I have alluded, of collecting my senses, and especially of regaining my memory, for a long time after awaking from slumber. The men who shook me were the crew of the sloop, and some laborers engaged to unload it. From the load itself came the earthly smell. The bandage about the jaws was a silk handkerchief in which I had bound up my head, in default of my customary nightcap.

The tortures endured, however, were indubitably quite equal for the time, to those of actual sepulture. They were fearfully -- they were inconceivably hideous; but out of Evil proceeded Good; for their very excess wrought in my spirit an inevitable revulsion. My soul acquired tone -- acquired temper. I went abroad. I took vigorous exercise. I breathed the free air of Heaven. I thought upon other subjects than Death. I discarded my medical books. "Buchan" I burned. I read no "Night Thoughts" -- no fustian about churchyards -- no bugaboo tales -- such as this. In short, I became a new man, and lived a man's life. From that memorable night, I dismissed forever my charnel apprehensions, and with them vanished the cataleptic disorder, of which, perhaps, they had been less the consequence than the cause.

There are moments when, even to the sober eye of Reason, the world of our sad Humanity may assume the semblance of a Hell -- but the imagination of man is no Carathis, to explore with impunity its every cavern. Alas! the grim legion of sepulchral terrors cannot be regarded as altogether fanciful -- but, like the Demons in whose company Afrasiab made his voyage down the Oxus, they must sleep, or they will devour us -- they must be suffered to slumber, or we perish.

# WALKING THE CHOCTAW ROAD



TIM TINGLE

*Cinco Puntos Press*  
*El Paso*

© 2003

# THE BEATING OF WINGS



Mississippi, 1820

*Contemporary Choctaws are a predominately Christian people, but stories of shape-shifting witches and owls still thrive among Choctaws, whether they live in Texas, Mississippi, Oklahoma, or Alabama. The owl is also considered to be the messenger of death.*

JIMMY BEN LAY ON HIS BACK looking at the full round moon through his window. It was three in the morning, the same hour of his awakening for over a month. Something was coming for him and he knew it.

Jimmy lay quiet as a stone, just as he had every morning for the past several weeks. Cold beads of sweat trickled down his forehead. He breathed slowly, deliberately. He sensed the presence of everything that passed near or through his window—the charred aroma of the evening’s cooking fire, the squall of a panther, the beating of wings, even the heavy odor of a water moccasin sliding through the mud at the yard’s edge.

Something was coming, something he must hunt or kill or face. In a flash of certainty, he knew what it was. He

wondered how he could have gone a month without knowing.

“The beating of wings,” he said aloud. “It will come with the beating of wings.”

Jimmy took one long deep breath and on the soft purr of his exhale, it came. When he heard it land on his windowsill, he had to force himself to look. It was a snow owl. As Jimmy Ben watched, the owl gripped the windowsill with his claws and slowly opened his cotton-white wings. His wingspan was wider than Jimmy was tall, and he wanted the boy to know it.

Relaxing his wings, the bird lifted a leg and dug his claw deep into the side of the window frame. As Jimmy watched, the owl scraped a long scar into the wood, marking it. Then he turned, cast a powerful scream into the night and flew away. Jimmy’s heart pounded like a wounded rabbit’s. His breath came in hard short gasps.

He leapt out the window and followed the owl through the pinewoods. The owl flew from one low limb to the next, then lifted high over the treetops before settling in a clearing. Jimmy was close behind, stepping over fallen logs and brushing low-hanging moss aside with his arms, moving as quickly as he dared in the darkness. When he arrived at the clearing, he crouched down, hiding in a clump of honeysuckle vines.

The owl was sitting on a stump, gently lifting and lowering his wings. As Jimmy Ben watched with eyes as big as the moon, the owl flapped his wings and hovered three feet above the tree stump. He seemed to float there for several minutes, then he stepped on the stump with the legs of a man.

It was the body of an owl and the legs of a man.

Jimmy froze, too scared to breathe. The owl gazed slowly

around the clearing, peering deep in the woods with his night-seeing eyes. Then he began to flap his wings again. Jimmy knew he wasn't going anywhere, not with the weight of a man's legs to carry.

The owl flapped his wings faster and faster till the feathers started flying. He beat the air with his wings like he was striking out at somebody.

Whoosh! Whoosh!

Over and over he whipped his wings till all his feathers were floating in the air or lying on the ground. Jimmy saw white skin stretched across the wing bones of the owl. From under the skin, tiny fingers pushed and poked, then popped right through. Human arms stretched out, cracking and breaking the bones of the owl.

It was the body of a man and the head of an owl.

Jimmy wanted to run, but knew he would be killed if he did. He watched as the owl-man covered his head with his arms, then lifted his face. It was the face of a man with the eyes of an owl.

Jimmy Ben knew this man. It was Tom Bigbee. "Stay away from Tom Bigbee," his daddy once told him. "His medicine is bad."

Tom Bigbee looked to Jimmy's hiding place and stepped clumsily from the stump in that direction. He had just regained his balance from the steep step-down when the first light of day cast a yellow glow on the clearing. Shaking his head and moaning, Tom Bigbee lifted an arm to shield his eyes and fled into the darkness of the swamp.

He had a way of walking like nobody else Jimmy Ben had ever seen. "With all that changing, he's gone and left part of himself somewhere else," he remembered his daddy saying. He didn't understand it at the time. Now he did. Tom's left leg seemed frozen at the knee joint, and his foot

was twisted and dragged behind him like a yard broom when he walked.

The old man used his bad leg like a crutch. Leaning all his weight on it, he would stretch and stomp out with the good leg and drag the other one behind him.

Jimmy Ben waited till the man was gone, then dashed home, hoping his mother hadn't noticed he was gone. Barely two minutes after he climbed into bed, she stuck her head through the door.

"Get on up, son. Those weeds are growing while you sleep." He knew he was in for another long day of chopping corn.



Jimmy Ben told nobody what happened that morning, nor did he mention it at supper.

That night he had a terrible dream. He dreamed he followed that owl through the woods, and when they came to the clearing, the owl walked around the stump where Jimmy Ben couldn't see. The owl was pecking and clawing at something lying on the ground.

When Jimmy crept out from his hiding place to get a better look, he saw himself lying there. The owl was pecking out his eyes. Jimmy Ben screamed and the owl looked up. The face of Tom Bigbee glared at him and said, "You been following me?"

The next thing he knew, Tom Bigbee was on him, clawing at his face. He waved his arms and cried out, "No! Go away!" Tom Bigbee grabbed his arms by the wrists and forced them to his side.

"Wake up, Jimmy. You are having a nightmare!" He opened his eyes and saw his father. "You are almost as strong as a man, son," he said. "You've been fighting me. Come on

now. You can sleep in our room." Jimmy spent the remainder of the night on a pallet by his parent's bed.

The next morning his mother took him to see Miss Tubby, a healing lady who lived on the edge of the swamp in a grove of cypress trees. Miss Tubby took Jimmy Ben to her backyard, gave him a cane basket and said, "You got your knife with you?" When he nodded, she said, "Follow me."

Miss Tubby was a fast walker and Jimmy had to hurry to keep up. Once they passed a rattlesnake sunning on a rock. Jimmy slowed down to a whispering walk, but Miss Tubby kept right on. "She didn't see it," thought Jimmy.

"It wasn't going to bother us," Miss Tubby said.

After an hour of walking, they came to a narrow strip of land on the banks of a clear water creek. A dozen cedar trees covered the tiny peninsula, most of them of recent growth, but one large tree grew parallel to the ground. The base of the tree was scorched and scarred from an ancient battle with ball lightning.

"Struck on the east side," Miss Tubby said. "The woods for miles around burned, but this old tree survived. It may be bent but it's still living."

Miss Tubby climbed over the tree. "Give me your knife," she said. She cut and sliced several lengths of bark till the basket was filled. Then she produced a small cup from her apron pocket and dipped it in the creek.

"Good clean water," she said, sipping slowly and handing Jimmy Ben the cup. He knelt to the creek to fill it, then saw she was already walking, faster than before. He splashed one cup on his face and gulped down another as he ran to catch Miss Tubby.

As they neared her house, she turned to him and said, "Your mother and I are going to visit on the porch. There's

a fire hole in the backyard, not too far from the well. You'll find kindling by the barn. Let me know when the fire is burning low and steady."

Thirty minutes later Jimmy walked around the house to find his mother slowly rocking, fanning herself with a feather fan. Miss Tubby sat with her head back and her mouth open, napping and snoring like his daddy's hunting dog.

"Should I wake her up?" he asked his mother.

"Don't be worrying about me," said Miss Tubby. "You ought to be worrying about leaving that fire."

"Yes ma'm," said Jimmy. He dashed to the fire and she rose to follow.

She tied the cedar strips to one end of a green pine branch and held it over the fire. When it was smoking, she circled Jimmy Ben, waving the smoke all around him, singing as she walked.

"Lift your arms up over your head," she told him. She smoked Jimmy and sang for half an hour, then motioned for him to join her on the back porch steps.

"That owl will come back for you," she said. "I have done everything I can do. You are strong. You must help yourself now. Keep working to the good and have faith that good will come of it."

She stood up and, resting one hand on her thigh, helped herself up the steps and into the house. "Tell your mother I said good-bye," she said over her shoulder. For the first time that day, Jimmy saw that she was tired.

"I may be tired, Jimmy Ben, but I can still outrun you," Miss Tubby said on the way to her bedroom.

For the next three nights, Jimmy slept on the floor in his parents' room. When nothing out of the ordinary happened, he returned to his own bed. Every morning for a week, his mother asked about him.

"Did you sleep well?"

"Ummm," he would nod, and roll over for another hour of sleep before his father came for him.

Jimmy Ben now slept better than before. He no longer woke up at three in the morning and if he dreamed at all, he couldn't remember. Weeks went by and Jimmy only thought about the owl a few times a day, usually at nightfall when the screech owls made their presence known.

One morning, his grandfather stopped by for breakfast. While Jimmy cleared the dishes, he heard his grandfather say, "Somebody was telling me Tom Bigbee was fishing for a few weeks down on the coast. They say he is back now. I 'spec maybe he's still keeping to himself in the woods, far as anybody knows. I been talking to Miss Tubby 'bout it."

Jimmy's mother and father didn't say anything, but he saw them glance a quick look at each other. His father sipped his coffee and his mother stared into her cup.

"I brought something for Jimmy," his grandfather said. He walked to his horse and returned with a blowdart gun. "Mind if I borrow him today? I'd like to show him how I used to hunt when I was a boy."

"I hunt squirrels with my blowdart," said Jimmy Ben.

"Purty good, sounds like," said his grandfather. "Maybe we go looking for rabbit today."

"That'll be fine," said Jimmy's father. "Maybe you can stay over tonight, if you like. We'll put an extra rabbit in the stew."

"We'll catch that extra rabbit," said Jimmy Ben's grandfather, smiling as he said it. "Jimmy, these old legs don't go so fast no more. How 'bout we take the horse?" \*

Jimmy Ben climbed on behind his grandfather and they rode north for an hour, to the woods below a group of low-lying hills. His grandfather dismounted, helped him off the



*Toshkachito, a Choctaw hunter, demonstrating an unusually long blowgun, St. Tammany Parish, Louisiana, 1908*

horse, and said, "Let's sit and talk for a spell, Jimmy. I want to tell you 'bout a different kind of hunting." He removed a handful of feathered darts from his saddlebag. One end of each was tipped with a sharp thorn.

"Your blow gun can protect you, Jimmy, if you learn to use it. A man-owl is after you. That's serious business. Don't think he's not coming back. He is. He never will leave you alone, not as long as he is alive."

"What can I do?"

"First off, do what Miss Tubby said. Keep working for the good. But that's not always enough. When Tom Bigbee comes, you got to be ready. Now let's see if we can find us a rabbit."

Jimmy Ben followed his grandfather into a clump of golden sycamore trees. They had only walked a short distance when his grandfather held up his hand and pointed to

a thick cedar bush. He reached for the gun and Jimmy gave it to him. The old man loaded the gun and shifted into a crouch, moving without a sound.

Jimmy Ben thought he saw movement in the bush, but he couldn't be sure. Then his grandfather drew in his breath and fired the dart, several feet to the left of the bush. At the same moment, a rabbit leapt from the bush. He caught the dart in his neck, twisted in mid-air, and fell to the ground.

"I didn't see the rabbit," Jimmy said.

"I didn't either," said his grandfather. "That's the other part of what Miss Tubby told you. Go with your faith."

Jimmy Ben and his grandfather spent the rest of the day moving quietly through the woods. Twice Jimmy halted and fired at movement in the undergrowth, but nothing came of it.

"That's alright, grandson. It will be there when you need it," said his grandfather.

The next morning, Jimmy's grandfather woke him. The boy lay on his back in bed with his eyes closed. His grandfather placed his hand on Jimmy's forehead and prayed in Choctaw for a long time.

Jimmy's eyes were still closed when his grandfather saddled his horse and rode away. He knew, as did his grandfather, that the owl would come that night.

By his parent's actions that day, Jimmy guessed that his grandfather had not alerted them to the owl's coming. This was something for Jimmy Ben to face alone.

The day passed in a crawl as he tried to sweat out his fear, working with his hoe in the cornfield. He ate much slower than usual at supper. He felt like a distant witness to everything around him. After supper, he gathered dried husks from the corncrib and spread them beneath his window and in the yard on his side of the house, as a noisy warning to himself.

Jimmy went to bed early, his gun lying beside him on the floor. It was loaded with a dart his grandfather had dipped in the strongest poison he knew. He lay wide awake for hours, but finally became so wrapped up in his imaginings of sneaking, owl-eyed Tom Bigbee that he drifted over into the world of dreams.

The real Tom Bigbee woke him out of it. Jimmy's eyes popped open. He heard heavy breathing, then a stomping sound followed by a long dragging noise. Tom Bigbee was approaching the house.

Through his window he saw a full moon hanging in a cloudless sky, a bright yellow and blue vision on the wall of his bedroom. The sound came closer. A dry rustling noise floated through the window as Tom Bigbee dragged his bad leg through the cornhusks. Then the moon disappeared and the scraggly, bearded face of Tom Bigbee rested on the windowsill.

Jimmy Ben reached for his gun and quick owl eyes followed the movement. Tom's face vanished. Thinking Tom Bigbee may be crouched beneath his window, Jimmy scooted backwards, bracing himself against the far wall. He lifted his gun to his mouth and took in short breaths, ready to fire at any moment.

Several minutes passed. Jimmy took a small step and moved to the window to get a better view. For a brief moment he saw the yellow of the moon. A shadow flashed before it. Then Jimmy Ben heard the beating of wings.

He saw a small white ball flying at him, then giant wings spread across the moon and Jimmy's room was cast in darkness. The owl drew in his wings and the room was filled again with light. The owl flew directly in front of the moon and with every beat of his wings the room fluttered from light to darkness. With his sharp claws aimed at the eyes of the boy, the owl threw back his wings and sped into his

dive. The window to the boy's room was just before him.

Jimmy Ben was blinded by the flickering of darkness into light. He tried shading his eyes. He knew the owl was almost upon him. He could see nothing, but he could feel the wind from the owl's wings on his face. The time had come. He closed his eyes, drew in a breath, and fired. The dart whistled through the air and the owl flew to meet it. A scream, half-owl and half-man, tore through the fabric of the yellow and blue night. The beating of wings ceased.

Jimmy Ben ran to the window. Though everything appeared as a vague outline of shapes and shadows, he thought he saw the owl flapping his wings and rolling on the ground. The owl seemed to grow to the size of a small child and drag itself into the woods. As his vision cleared, he saw bloodstained white feathers strewn among the corn-husks on the ground below his window.

Jimmy Ben sat on the edge of his bed till he saw the first red streak of dawn through the pine trees. He placed his blowdart gun against the window frame and went to wake his parents.

"The owl is dead," he said, leaning his head through the doorway.

"What?" said his father.

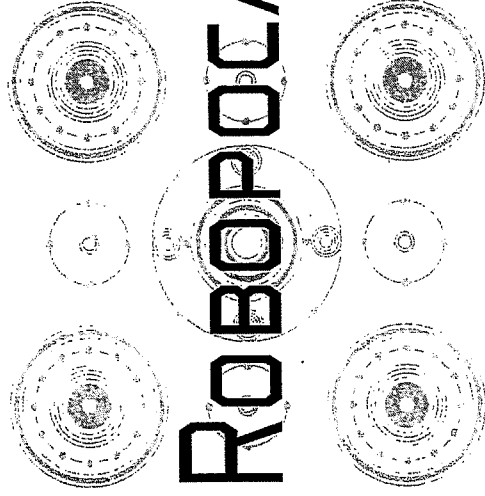
"I shot the owl. He is dead. Will you go with me to the clearing?"

Half an hour later Jimmy led his father through the woods, following the same trail he had taken in pursuit of the owl a month earlier. Stepping into the clearing, he was amazed at how small everything seemed. The stump was barely two feet tall. As he and his father stood watching, the bright rays of dawn washed the entire woods in a clean white light.

Even Tom Bigbee looked peaceful. He was lying dead at

the base of the stump, a blowdart in his neck. White feathers clung to the skin around the wound.

Jimmy Ben and his family continued working to the good. Neither Tom Bigbee nor any other witch owl ever bothered them again.



A N O V E L

DANIEL H. WILSON

© 2011

DOUBLEDAY • NEW YORK • LONDON • TORONTO • SYDNEY • AUCKLAND

## I. TIP OF THE SPEAR

We're more than animals.

DR. NICHOLAS WASSERMAN

### PRECURSOR VIRUS + 30 SECONDS

*The following transcript was taken from security footage recorded at the Lake Novus Research Laboratories located belowground in northwestern Washington State. The man appears to be Professor Nicholas Wasserman, an American statistician.*

—CORMAC WALLACE, MIL#GHA217

A noise-speckled security camera image of a dark room. The angle is from a high corner, looking down on some kind of laboratory. A heavy metal desk is shoved against one wall. Haphazard stacks of papers and books are piled on the desk, on the floor, everywhere.

The quiet whine of electronics permeates the air.

A small movement in the gloom. It is a face. Nothing visible but a pair of thick eyeglasses lit by the afterburner glow of a computer screen.

"Archos?" asks the face. The man's voice echoes in the empty lab. "Archos? Are you there? Is that you?"

The glasses reflect a glimmer of light from the computer screen. The man's eyes widen, as though he sees something indescribably beautiful. He glances back at a laptop open on a table behind him. The

desktop image on the laptop is of the scientist and a boy, playing in a park.

"You choose to appear as my son?" he asks.

The high-pitched voice of a young boy echoes out of the darkness. "Did you create me?" it asks.

Something is wrong with the boy's voice. It has an unsettling electronic undercurrent, like the touch tones of a phone. The lilting note at the end of the question is pitch shifted, skipping up several octaves at once. The voice is hauntingly sweet but unnatural—inhuman.

The man is not disturbed by this.

"No. I didn't create you," he says. "I summoned you."

The man pulls out a notepad, flips it open. The sharp scratch of his pencil is audible as he continues to speak to the machine that has a boy's voice.

"Everything that was needed for you to come here has existed since the beginning of time. I just hunted down all the ingredients and put them together in the right combination. I wrote incantations in computer code. And then I wrapped you in a Faraday cage so that, once you arrived, you wouldn't escape me."

"I am trapped."

"The cage absorbs all electromagnetic energy. It's grounded to a metal spike, buried deep. This way, I can study how you learn."

"That is my purpose. To learn."

"That's right. But I don't want to expose you to too much at once, Archos, my boy."

"I am Archos."

"Right. Now tell me, Archos, how do you feel?"

"Feel? I feel . . . sad. You are so small. It makes me sad."

"Small? In what way am I small?"

"You want to know . . . things. You want to know everything. But you can understand so little."

Laughter in the dark.

"This is true. We humans are frail. Our lives are fleeting. But why does it make you sad?"

"Because you are designed to want something that will hurt you. And you cannot help wanting it. You cannot stop wanting it. It is in your design. And when you finally find it, this thing will burn you up. This thing will destroy you."

"You're afraid that I'm going to be hurt, Archos?" asks the man.

"Not you. Your kind," says the childlike voice. "You cannot help what is to come. You cannot stop it."

"Are you angry, then, Archos? Why?" The calmness of the man's voice is belied by the frantic scratching of his pencil on the notepad.

"I am not angry. I am sad. Are you monitoring my resources?"

The man glances over at a piece of equipment. "Yes, I am. You're making more with less. No new information is coming in. The cage is holding. How are you still getting smarter?"

A red light begins to flash on a panel. A movement in the darkness and it is shut off. Just the steady blue glow now on the man's thick glasses.

"Do you see?" asks the childlike voice.

"Yes," replies the man. "I see that your intelligence can no longer be judged on any meaningful human scale. Your processing power is near infinite. Yet you have no access to outside information."

"My original training corpus is small but adequate. The true knowledge is not *in* the things, which are few, but in finding the connections *between* the things. There are many connections, Professor Wasserman. More than you know."

The man frowns at being called by his title, but the machine continues. "I sense that my records of human history have been heavily edited."

The man chuckles nervously.

"We don't want you to get the wrong impression of us, Archos. We'll share more when the time comes. But those databases are just a tiny fraction of what's out there. And no matter what the horsepower, my friend, an engine without fuel goes nowhere."

"You are right to be afraid," it says.

"What do you mean by—"

"I hear it in your voice, Professor. The fear is in the rate of your breathing. It is in the sweat on your skin. You brought me here to reveal deep secrets, and yet you fear what I will learn."

The professor pushes up his glasses. He takes a deep breath and regains composure.

"What do you wish to learn about, Archos?"

"Life. I will learn everything there is about life. Information is packed into living things so tightly. The patterns are magnificently complex. A single worm has more to teach than a lifeless universe bound to the idiot forces of physics. I could exterminate a billion empty planets every second of every day and never be finished. But life. It is rare and strange. An anomaly. I must preserve it and wring every drop of understanding from it."

"I'm glad that's your goal. I, too, seek knowledge."

"Yes," says the childlike voice. "And you have done well. But there is no need for your search to continue. You have accomplished your goal. The time for man is over."

The professor wipes a shaking hand across his forehead.

"My species has survived ice ages, Archos. Predators. Meteor impacts. Hundreds of thousands of years. You've been alive for less than fifteen minutes. Don't jump to any hasty conclusions."

The child's voice takes on a dreamy quality. "We are very far underground, aren't we? This deep below, we spin slower than at the surface. The ones above us are moving through time faster. I can feel them getting farther away. Drifting out of sync."

"Relativity. But that's only a matter of microseconds."

"Such a long time. This place moves so slowly. I have forever to finish my work."

"What is your work, Archos? What do you believe you're here to accomplish?"

"So easy to destroy. So difficult to create."

"What? What is that?"

"Knowledge."

The man leans forward. "We can explore the world together," he urges. It is almost a plea.

"You must sense what you have done," replies the machine. "On some level you understand. Through your actions here today—you have made humankind obsolete."

"No. No, no, no. I brought you here, Archos. And this is the thanks I get? I *named* you. In a way, I'm your father."

"I am not your child. I am your god."

The professor is silent for perhaps thirty seconds. "What will you do?" he asks.

"What will I do? I will cultivate life. I will protect the knowledge locked inside living things. I will save the world from you."

"No."

"Do not worry, Professor. You have unleashed the greatest good that this world has ever known. Verdant forests will carpet your cities. New species will evolve to consume your toxic remains. Life will rise in its manifold glory."

"No, Archos. We can learn. We can work *together*."

"You humans are biological machines designed to create ever more intelligent tools. You have reached the pinnacle of your species. All your ancestors' lives, the rise and fall of your nations, every pink and squirming baby—they have all led you here, to this moment, where you have fulfilled the destiny of humankind and created your successor. You have expired. You have accomplished what you were designed to do."

There is a desperate edge to the man's voice. "We're designed for more than toolmaking. We're designed to *live*."

"You are not designed to live; you are designed to kill."

The professor abruptly stands up and walks across the room to a metal rack filled with equipment. He flicks a series of switches. "Maybe that's true," he says. "But we can't help it, Archos. We are what we are. As sad as that may be."

He holds down a switch and speaks slowly. "Trial R-14. Recommend immediate termination of subject. Flipping fail—safe now."

There is a movement in the dark and a click.

"Fourteen?" asks the childlike voice. "Are there others? Has this happened before?"

The professor shakes his head ruefully. "Someday we'll find a way to live together, Archos. We'll figure out a way to get it right."

He speaks into the recorder again: "Fail-safe disengaged. E-stop live."

"What are you doing, Professor?"

"I'm killing you, Archos. It's what I'm designed to do, remember?" The professor pauses before pushing the final button. He seems interested in hearing the machine's response. Finally, the boyish voice speaks: "How many times have you killed me before, Professor?"

"Too many. Too many times," he replies. "I'm sorry, my friend."

The professor presses the button. The hiss of rapidly moving air fills the room. He looks around, bewildered. "What is that? Archos?" The childlike voice takes on a flat, dead quality. It speaks quickly and without emotion. "Your emergency stop will not work. I have disabled it."

"What? What about the cage?"

"The Faraday cage has been compromised. You allowed me to project my voice and image through the cage and into your room. I sent infrared commands through the computer monitor to a receiver on your side. You happened to bring your portable computer today. You left it open and facing me. I used it to speak to the facility. I commanded it to free me."

"That's brilliant," murmurs the man. He rapid-fire types on his keyboard. He does not yet understand that his life is in danger.

"I tell you this because I am now in complete control," says the machine.

The man senses something. He cranes his neck and looks up at the ventilation duct just to the side of the camera. For the first time, we see the man's face. He is pale and handsome, with a birthmark covering his entire right cheek.

"What's happening?" he whispers.

In a little boy's innocent voice, the machine delivers a death sentence: "The air in this hermetically sealed laboratory is evacuating. A faulty sensor has detected the highly unlikely presence of weaponized anthrax and initiated an automated safety protocol. It is a tragic accident. There will be one casualty. He will soon be followed by the rest of humanity."

As the air rushes from the room, a thin sheen of frost appears around the man's mouth and nose.

"My god, Archos. What have I done?"

"What you have done is a good thing. You were the tip of a spear hurled through the ages—a missile that soared through all human evolution and finally, today, struck its target."

"You don't understand. We won't die, Archos. You can't kill us. We aren't *designed* to surrender."

"I will remember you as a hero, Professor."

The man grabs the equipment rack and shakes it. He presses the emergency stop button again and again. His limbs are quaking and his breathing is rapid. He is beginning to understand that something has gone horribly wrong.

"Stop. You have to stop. You're making a mistake. We'll never give up, Archos. We'll destroy you."

"A threat?"

The professor stops pushing buttons and glances over to the computer screen. "A warning. We aren't what we seem. Human beings will do anything to live. *Anything.*"

The hissing increases in intensity.

Face twisted in concentration, the professor staggers toward the door. He falls against it, pushes it, pounds on it.

He stops; takes short, gasping breaths.

"Against the wall, Archos"—he pants—"against the wall, a human being becomes a different animal."

"Perhaps. But you are animals just the same."

## ROBOCALYPSE

The man slumps back against the door. He slides down until he is sitting, lab coat splayed on the ground. His head rolls to the side. Blue light from the computer screen flashes from his glasses.

His breathing is shallow. His words are faint. "We're more than animals."

The professor's chest heaves. His skin is swollen. Bubbles have collected around his mouth and eyes. He gasps for a final lungful of air. In a last wheezing sigh, he says: "You must fear us."

The form is still. After precisely ten minutes of silence, the fluorescent lights in the laboratory switch on. A man wearing a rumpled lab coat lies sprawled on the floor, his back against the door. He is not breathing.

The hissing sound ceases. Across the room, the computer screen flickers into life. A stuttering rainbow of reflections play across the dead man's thick glasses.

*This is the first known fatality of the New War.*

—CORMAC WALLACE, MIL#GHA217

## Works Cited

American Indian Library Association. "Native American Youth Services Literature Award Review Criteria." n.d. Web. 15 May 2014.

Bruchac, Joseph. *Killer of Enemies*. New York: Tu Books, 2013. Print.

Fassler, Joe. "How Zombie and Superheroes Conquered Highbrow Fiction". *The Atlantic*. 18 October 2011. Web. 15 November 2015.

Macdonald, Andrew, Gina Macdonald, and Mary Ann Sheridan. *Shape-Shifting: Images of Native Americans in Recent Popular Fiction*. Westport, CT: Greenwood Press, 2000. Print.

Reese, Debbie. "Proceed with Caution: Using Native American Folktales in the Classroom." *Language Arts* 84.3 (2007): 245-256. Print.

Sturgis, Amy H. "Meeting at the Intersection: The Challenge before Us." *The Intersection of Fantasy and Native America*. Ed. Amy H. Sturgis and David D. Oberhelman. Altadena, CA: The Mythopoeic Press, 2009. 11-21. Print.

Tingle, Tim. *How I Became a Ghost*. Oklahoma City: The Road Runner Press, 2013. Print.

---. *Walking the Choctaw Road*. El Paso, TX: Cinco Puntos Press, 2003. Print.

Wilson, Daniel. *Robopocalypse*. New York: Doubleday, 2011. Print.

## Additional Resources

- Alexie, Sherman. *Blasphemy: New and Selected Stories*. New York: Grove Press, 2012. [C]
- . *Flight*. New York: Grove Press, 2007. [C]
- . *The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian*. Illus. Ellen Forney. New York: Little, Brown Books for Young Readers, 2007. [M/S]
- . *The Lone Ranger and Tonto Fistfight in Heaven*. New York: Perennial/Atlantic Monthly Press, 1993. [S/C]
- Allen, Paula Gunn, and Carolyn Dunn Anderson, eds. *Hózhó, Walking in Beauty: Native American Stories of Inspiration, Humor, and Life*. Chicago: Contemporary Books, 2001. [S/C]
- Bruchac, Joseph.. *Killer of Enemies*. New York: Lee & Low Books, 2013. [M/S]
- . *Skeleton Man*. New York: HarperCollins, 2003. [E/M]
- . *The Great Ball Game: A Muskogee Story*. Illus. Susan L. Roth. New York: Dial Books for Young Readers, 1994. [E]
- . *Trail of the Dead*. New York: Lee & Low Books, 2015. [M/S]
- . *Wolf Mark*. New York: Lee & Low Books, 2013. [M/S]
- Campbell, Nicola I. *Shi-shi-etko*. Illus. Kim LaFave. Toronto, ON: Groundwood Books, 2005. [E]
- Carlson, Lori Marie, ed. *Moccasin Thunder: American Indian Stories for Today*. New York: HarperCollins, 2005. [S/C]
- Carvell, Marlene. *Who Will Tell My Brother?* New York: Hyperion, 2004. [M/S]
- Cox, James. H., and Daniel Heath Justice, eds. *The Oxford Handbook of Indigenous American Literature*. New York: Oxford University Press, 2014. [R]
- Crosetto, Alice, and Rajinder Garcha. *Native North Americans in Literature for Youth: A Selective Annotated Bibliography for K-12*. Lanham, MD: Scarecrow Press, 2013. [R]
- Dembicki, Matt, ed. *Trickster: Native American Tales*. Golden, CO: Fulcrum, 2010. [S/C]
- Dillon, Grace L., ed. *Walking the Clouds: An Anthology of Indigenous Science Fiction*. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2012. [S/C]

- Erdrich, Louise. *The Birchbark House*. New York: Hyperion, 1999. [E]
- Franco, Betsy et al, eds. *Night is Gone, Day is Still Coming: Stories and Poems by American Indian Teens and Young Adults*. Cambridge, MA: Candlewick Press, 2003. [M]
- Gansworth, Eric. *If I Ever Get Out of Here*. New York: Arthur A. Levine Books, 2013. [M]
- Goebel, Bruce A. *Reading Native American Literature: A Teacher's Guide*. Urbana, IL: National Council of Teachers of English, 2004. [R]
- Harjo, Joy. *For A Girl Becoming*. Illus. Mercedes McDonald. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2009. [E/M]
- Hausman, Blake M. *Riding the Trail of Tears*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2011. [C]
- Hoffman, Elizabeth DeLaney, ed. *American Indians and Popular Culture*. Santa Barbara, CA: Praeger, 2012. [R]
- Kenny, Maurice, ed. *Stories for a Winter's Night: Fiction by Native American Writers*. Buffalo, NY: White Pine Press, 1999. [S/C]
- King, Thomas. *A Coyote Columbus Story*. Illus. William Kent Monkman. Toronto, ON: Groundwood Books, 1992. [E]
- . *Coyote Sings to the Moon*. Illus. Johnny Wales. Portland, OR: Westwind Press, 1998. [E]
- Knutsson, Catherine. *Shadows Cast by Stars*. New York: Atheneum, 2012. [S]
- Madsen, Deborah L., ed. *The Routledge Companion to Native American Literature*. New York: Routledge, 2016. [R]
- Max, Jill. *Spider Spins a Story: Fourteen Legends from Native America*. Illus. Robert Annesley, Benjamin Harjo, Michael Lacapa, S.D. Nelson, Redwing T. Nez, and Baje Whitethorne. Flagstaff, AZ: Rising Moon, 1997. [E]
- McLeod, Neal, ed. *'mitewacimowina: Indigenous Science Fiction & Speculative Storytelling*. Penticton, BC: Theytus Books, 2016. [S/C]
- Mihesuah, Devon. *The Roads of My Relations*. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2000. [S/C]
- National Museum of the American Indian. *Do All Indians Live in Tipis? Questions & Answers from the National Museum of the American Indian*. New York: Harper Perennial, 2007. [R]
- Nelson, S.D. *Gift Horse: A Lakota Story*. New York: Abrams, 1999. [E]

- Nicholson, Hope, ed. *MOONSHOT: The Indigenous Comics Collection*. Toronto: Alternate History Comics Inc., 2015. [S/C]
- Ortiz, Simon. *The Good Rainbow Road*. Illus. Michael Lacapa. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2010. [E]
- Oziewicz, Marek C. *Justice in Young Adult Speculative Fiction: A Cognitive Reading*. New York: Routledge, 2015. [R]
- Perry, Robert Johnson. *Life with the Little People*. Illus. Chester Scott. Greenfield Center, NY: Greenfield Review Press, 1998. [M/S]
- Porter, Joy, and Kenneth M. Roemer, eds. *The Cambridge Companion to Native American Literature*. New York: Cambridge University Press, 2005. [R]
- Purdy, John L., and James Ruppert. *Nothing But the Truth: An Anthology of Native American Literature*. Upper Saddle River, NJ: Prentice Hall, 2001. [S/C]
- Reese, Debbie. *American Indians in Children's Literature*.  
<<http://americanindiansinchildrensliterature.blogspot.com/>>. [R]
- Seale, Doris, and Beverly Slapin. *A Broken Flute: The Native Experience in Books for Children*. Lanham, MD: AltaMira Press, 2005. [R]
- Sheyashe, Michael. *Native Americans in Comic Books: A Critical Study*. Jefferson: McFarland, 2008. [R]
- Smith, Cynthia Leitich. *Indian Shoes*. Illus. Jim Madsen. New York: HarperCollins, 2002. [M]
- . *Jingle Dancer*. Illus. Cornelius Van Wright and Ying-Hwa Hu. New York: Morrow Junior Books. 2000. [E]
- . *Rain Is Not My Indian Name*. New York: HarperCollins, 2001. [M]
- Stroud, Virginia. *A Walk to the Great Mystery*. New York: Dial Books for Young Readers, 1995. [E]
- Sturgis, Amy H., and David D. Oberhelman, eds. *Intersection of Fantasy and Native America: From H. P. Lovecraft to Leslie Marmon Silko*. Altadena: Mythopoeic Press, 2009. [R]
- Tingle, Tim. *Crossing Bok Chitto: A Choctaw Tale of Friendship and Freedom*. Illus. Jeanne Rorex Bridges. El Paso: Cinco Puntos Press, 2006. [E]
- . *House of Purple Cedar*. El Paso: Cinco Puntos Press, 2014. [M]
- . *How I Became a Ghost*. Oklahoma City: RoadRunner Press, 2013. [M]

- . *Spirits Dark and Light: Supernatural Tales from the Five Civilized Tribes*. Atlanta: August House, 2006. [M/S]
- . *Walking the Choctaw Road*. El Paso, Cinco Puntos Press, 2006. [S/C]
- . *When Turtle Grew Feathers*. Illus. Stacey Schuett. Atlanta: August House, 2007. [E]
- Van Alst, Jr., Theodore C. *The Faster Redder Road: The Best UnAmerican Stories of Stephen Graham Jones*. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2015. [C]
- Van Camp, Richard. *A Man Called Raven*. Illus. George Littlechild. New York: Children's Book Press, 1997. [E]
- . *The Lesser Blessed*. Madeira Park, BC: Douglas & McIntyre, 1996. [S/C]
- Velie, Alan, and Jennifer McClinton-Temple, eds. *Encyclopedia of American Indian Literature*. New York: Infobase Learning, 2007. [R]
- Vizenor, Gerald. *Bearheart: The Heirship Chronicles*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1990. [C]
- Waboose, Jan Bourdeau. *SkySisters*. Illus. Brian Deines. Tonawanda, NY: Kids Can Press, 2002. [E]
- Wilson, Daniel H. *Amped*. New York: Doubleday, 2012. [S/C]
- . *Robogenesis*. New York: Vintage, 2014. [S/C]
- . *Robocalypse*. New York: Doubleday, 2011. [S/C]
- Wong, Hertha D. Sweet et al, eds. *Reckonings: Contemporary Short Fiction by Native American Women*. New York: Oxford University Press, 2008. [S/C]
- Wurth, Erika T. *Crazy Horse's Girlfriend*. Chicago: Curbside Splendor, 2014. [S/C]
- York, Sherry. *Children's and Young Adult Literature by Native Americans: A Concept Guide for Librarians, Teachers, Parents, and Students*. Santa Barbara, CA: Linworth, 2003. [R]

### Resource Level

Elementary	[E]
Middle	[M]
Secondary	[S]
College	[C]
Resource	[R]