

But my father held me. It was not all. Even then warriors were streaming back down the river and a messenger was coming, his arm pointing back across the river towards the encampment. “More soldiers are attacking!” Where were the women and children? “Let a few stay here and watch those on the hill; the rest go against the new ones. Hurry! Hurry!”

We did not know how many more soldiers there were. Perhaps they were already killing the women and children as they had done to the Cheyenne on the Washita. What had become of my mother and my little sister? The way back to the camp seemed long. I wished then that my horse had wings as well as four legs, like

the one Thunder Horse had painted on his tipi. This was indeed Sitting Bull’s vision of many soldiers falling into the camp.

There was nobody in the Hunkpapa camp and the shooting was still farther up ahead, across the river.

But the helpless ones were safe. Above the shooting and the thunder of many horses galloping, we could hear them out on the low hills to the west making the tremolo to encourage us. They knew we had done a brave thing by driving back the first soldiers. I felt proud to hear them. We all shouted back and I held up my new six-shooter hoping that my mother and my little sister would see it.



