





We dove behind some large crates, settling in where we wouldn't be seen. From where I hid, I could see through a window to the outside. Before long, I spied the Indian agent striding up the path with my father close behind. I placed my finger across my lips to warn George and Ephraim to be quiet. Then the door creaked open.

"I know you're in here." I remembered the voice of the Indian agent. Sweat trickled down my back.

"I sent the children to stay with family farther north." It was my father's voice. "Don't know when they'll be back."

I moved my head ever so slightly to try and see what was happening. The Indian agent, feet apart, arms crossed, was staring at my father. "You'd better not be lying, Ernest," he snarled. "You'll be in a lot of trouble if you don't send your kids back to the school."

Then my loving father – chief of the community, strong and wise – raised himself up to his full height. "Do whatever you want," he replied in a voice that was low and even. "Call the police. Have me arrested. You will NEVER, TAKE MY CHILDREN, AWAY, AGAIN!"