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Age: 17

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The Legend of Indian Summer

Nanabush had been sitting at his wigwam on a hot summer day; the summers had always been hot and windless, through out the whole season. He had been wondering if he should go and see his brother, Pee-pauk-a-wis, for the afternoon.

Pee-pauk-a-wis is a very fast runner, Nanabush is mighty quick himself; he was able to out distance his brother easily and neither of them had noticed.

Wherever Pee-pauk-a-wis runs, he is followed by great gusts of winds, swaying the trees and plants in his path. Wherever Nanabush runs, flowers spring up in full bloom, where the land makes peace with the sky.

Pee-pauk-a-wis was never one to ever really try to challenge his abilities.

Nanabush was always full of ambition and always liked to test his speeds.

Pee-pauk-a-wis was very restless and energetic that day, he had been running through the forest. He was on his way to Nanabush's wigwam to ask him for help to get rid of his restlessness. Not long after he arrived at Nanabush's wigwam.

"Ani, Brother!" Pee-pauk-a-wis greeted Nanabush.

"Ani, Pee-pauk-a-wis, How are you today?" He answered.

"Today I am very restless and energetic; I can't seem to keep still, what should I do?"

"Well brother, I do not think I have any remedies for you. The best thing to do is, try running north and back; you will probably be back in a year or so, and then tell me if you still have too much energy left."

"I am not that slow brother; I will be back by fall."

"Ha! Fall? If I went, I would be back much earlier than you."

"How could you be back here before me? I am probably faster than you."

The two brothers had argued right until around lunch time. Then Nanabush had finally come up with a solution.

“I have a solution to our problem. After we eat lunch, we should have a race towards north and see who comes back first”

“I agree, and then we shall see who is fastest.”

After lunch, the two brothers had lined up for their race north. Nanabush began the count down “Peyahk, neso, nisto, go!”

All summer long they had raced up north and back. After each step they had taken, flowers and gusts of winds mixed together causing beautiful smelling flowers and cool breezy winds throughout the land. Nanabush had easily out distanced his brother. Letting Pee-pauk-a-wis pass him a few times only seemed fair.

When they had gotten back to Nanabush’s wigwam, Nanabush had beaten his brother. It had been almost fall and the gust of winds became colder as the earth became further and further away from the Great Spirit’s home.

“We shall race again, and next time I will win.” Pee-pauk-a-wis had challenged to his brother.

“I will accept your challenge.” Nanabush replied.

With great confidence Pee-pauk-a-wis raised his head high, “I will beat you.”

Whenever Nanabush beats his brother, Pee-pauk-a-wis schedules another race for the same time next summer. Whenever the flowers are at full bloom and the air is nice and breezy, the two brothers are off somewhere having their race to the north. This is why they call this weather, Indian summer.