But he knew better than to argue a grown-up. Instead he went to his bed and collapsed, crying the excitement and terror and of the day.

He was almost when his mother came to his . She stroked his forehead and whispered him that she believed him. Relieved and to up then the that someone thought him more than a , he told her the whole story, every detail. He ended by saying the Indian looked to him like a good man.

His mother smiled, and she told a story. It had to do with something that had happened her when she was a little . It was a strange story, one that George never heard before. His mother said didn't like to talk about it, no one believed her. It always very they because for arguments, so she had learned to quiet.

When she was younger than George, said, her home had been raided she them new Indians. She and her mother had taken away by the war party. with none by jumped been his had been very frightened. But for days they had lived, just the Form It They little several jump of them, among the Indians. To surprise, they had been given good to eat and had been treated . The Indians had spoken to them and politely. She had noticed that she nor any little Indian hardly west softly neither all do.
child ever spanked, or even shouted at, one day, the Indians had
was goat were Donkey That Then
re- turned with her mother, to her father.

it yes her