

THE
TURNING
STONE

By

Lauresa Tomlinson

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Dedication

I dedicate this little story to all the children of the world who get picked on because they are a little different from the majority of those who are around them.

I wish you the strength and the wisdom to see you through these years. And that you can become that very special person that you are meant to be.

With loving thoughts

Lauresa Tomlinson

CHAPTER ONE

“Hey! Half-breed!” yelled one of the kids from across the playground.

“His name isn’t half-breed, it’s Bow. You guys are just mean.” Angie yelled across the playground at the bullies.

I had only been in this school for a week, but I soon found that it was the same as all the rest. Half-breed kept running across my mind all through math class. ‘What was a half-breed anyway? If I was a half-breed what was a whole breed? Was there such a thing in America, or anywhere in the world for that matter?’

At one time, being called half-breed would have made me angry, but not anymore. At least not since I turned ten, when my dad told me, “the people that call you names are just jealous, because you are part of two

nations and they can only dream of that. Most people are so mixed that they don't know what they are."

My parents had taken me back to the reservation in Oklahoma right before my birthday. While I was there, I got to know some of the people. This time became very magical for me. I learned about the magic of my great-grandfather and the rest of the Elders. Grandfather Elk would tell stories by the campfire at night and it was as if I was really there. I could see myself singing the chants of the Elders and watching the magic come into being.

My Grandfather said, "You have what it takes to become a great medicine man someday."

I was brought back from these thought by the teacher shaking me.

"Aren't you listening? Why can't you pay attention? You're all just alike -- always daydreaming." She yelled pointing her finger at me.

All I could do was look down. Everyone's attention was on me.

"You had better learn that this is the real world. What was it this time?" she said, standing over me with he hand on her hips.

"Were you flying like an eagle? Go to the Principal's office and wait for me." she screamed.

Getting up slowly from my seat, I walked toward the door leading to the hallway.

I could hear “half-breed trash” again in the same breath and then giggles from some of the boys in the class as I passed them. Those words still hurt for some reason, but I didn’t understand why.

As I walked to the principal’s office I could hear Grandfather Elk’s words echoing in my head, “Be proud of who you are and what your people stand for”.

Angie was my best friend and she was just coming out of the restroom as I passed by.

“Are you going to the principal’s office again, Bow?” asked Angie.

“Yeah, I was daydreaming again about the way things were when Great-Grandfather Elk was very young.” I answered.

“I know what you mean, some of the stories are a lot more interesting than the history we have to learn in school,” she agreed.

“I remember my Grandfather Elk telling stories that would make the hair rise on your head.” I said.

“Well, I have to get back to class before I end up in the principal’s office too.” she said as she left.

I finished walking the long hall to the principal's office, walked through the door, and looked over the chairs. So far I had sat in most of them.

Ms. Blake looked at me and smiled. "Back again I see, this makes your third time so far this week and it's only Thursday."

"Yes ma'am," I answered. "Mrs. Waldone will be here soon. She said I had to wait for her." I informed her.

"Okay, sit over there while I finish this little bit of work." she said giving me a wink.

As I sat and waited for Mrs. Waldone I went into deep thought.

I was thinking how lucky Angie was. Her whole family including her great-grandmother lived in the same neighborhood as her.

She could go see them anytime that she wanted. Her great, great grandparents had been considered the lower classes in the old country. During their lives, they had to work harder than the average person, just to feed their families.

She had told me that when her great great grandparents first got to America that they worked in the fields for the richer farmers and only got food and housing. But her great great grandmother knew how to weave baskets and managed to sell a few once in a while

and they saved all that she could get hold of and finally had enough to get a better job that paid them. And soon could live anywhere they wanted, and do most anything. Angie and her parents and grandparents all live within a few blocks of each other.

My family on the other hand, still had to go to the reservation to see our Grandfather.

He was told he could live anywhere in the world he wanted, but he had to give up the rights to certain things. So he decided to stay on the reservation and take a seat on the Council of Elders. He wanted to try and keep the history and old ways alive, so everyone could know about them. Sometimes I think he did the right thing by staying there. At least he'd be with the rest of his family and friends.

My Mom wanted to go to the University and he said he thought it would be okay for her to go to school off the reservation. He just asked for her to keep her heritage in mind and while she was at college she met my Dad.

My Mom finished college and got her degree in medicine, and my Dad received his in archeology. They got married on the reservation and I came two years later.

My Dad finally got permission from the Elders to look for artifacts on the reservation, but only where they

said and nowhere else. He had already been given permission by the state, but he wanted to show honor to the elders by asking their permission. My Dad was always showing his respects for the Elders in one way or another. I think this was the reason he and Grandfather Elk got along so well, plus Dad's uncle was still on a reservation.

I was snapped out of my thoughts as Mrs. Waldone walked out of Principal Orland's office in a huff, slamming the door behind her.

Mr. Orland came to the door and motioned for me