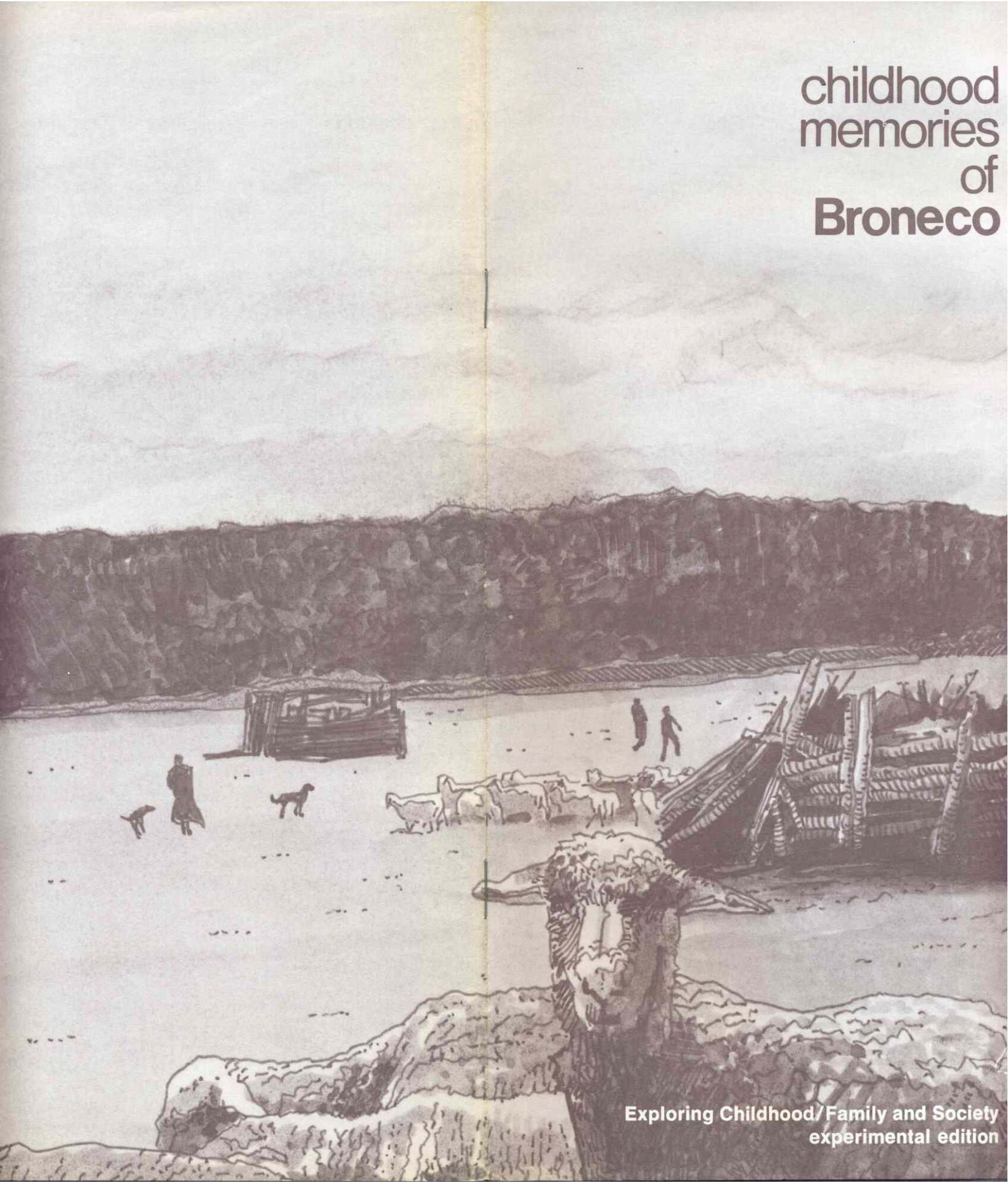


childhood
memories
of
Broneco



Exploring Childhood/Family and Society
experimental edition

Each autobiography in this series presents one person's experience, lived and remembered in his or her own special way. While aspects of this person's life circumstances may be shared by others, each life is a unique combination of events, and should not be viewed as typical of any group.

Emerson Blackhorse Mitchell describes his early childhood in the American Southwest in the 1950s.

From *Miracle Hill: The Story of a Navaho Boy*, by Emerson Blackhorse Mitchell and T.D. Allen. Copyright 1967 by the University of Oklahoma Press.

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As the result of a high school writing assignment and the continuing encouragement of his teacher, Mitchell produced the story of Broneco, the autobiography of his Navaho boyhood.

Because ideas thought in Navaho are expressed in English, this writing may occasionally puzzle you. Try to follow the flow of the story for what it tells you. These recollections offer a unique opportunity to gain understanding of different ways of thinking, and of the universal loves and desires of human beings.

“I Do Have a Name”

It was in the year of 1945 on a cold morning, the third day, in the month of March. A little boy was born as the wind blew against the hogan with bitter colds and the stars were disappearing into the heaven.

The little puff of smoke was gradually floating skyward. The floor of the earth was hard as ever with a few stripes of white snow still frozen to the grey colored ground. With a queer squeaking, the baby awakes. His eyes were as dark as the colors of the ashes. His face is pink.

Following year, it was May and the bright sun shines in the land of enchantment close to the Four Corners, which was about thirty miles away. Four Corners is where the four states meets. They are New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Colorado.

The boy stood on his two little fat legs. Part of the time he crawl, but mostly he walks against chairs and his grandmother's loom. Very many lambs jumps and plays near the tent. The boy sometimes play with the lambs and goats. They smell like a wet dry dirt and the smell of corral.

But life was hard. Year after year the boy, his Grandmother, and Grandfather moved to various part of the reservation area. The boy was four now and begins to wonder, as he looks in the yonder valley and in the afar distance. With his sharp, dark brown eyes he would stand against the tree-shade house and look.

Day by day and step by step he learns different things. Very often Grandfather would say, "My beloved child, when you grow big, I got a surprise for you, Little One."

The boy would smile and sits on his Grandfather's lap.

But still, the boy would go to the hill and look into the distance, wondering when will he ever be there to see the place. The days were long, and, as he herd his flock of sheeps, he began to think about things that were around him.

As the summer has gone by suddenly, they moved back to the Mesa where during winter it is warm and partly cold. The winter slowly passes. When the boy herd sheep, he would play with the shepherd dogs and sometimes his pet lamb. Still yet he hasn't learn much, but he knew every tree and mountain passage through the great forest.

Very often when he herd sheep he would play bareback on the branch of a springy cedar branch which would throw him off. When he feel like playing, he would make his own toys out of clay. They were yellow, grey, orange, and blue. These were the color of his toys which are made by his own five fingers.

Many times he hunted rabbit and animals, carrying his four-feet bow and arrow. It belonged to his Grandfather who had given it to him for a birthday present. First, he learned how to shoot the flying arrow. It was taught by his Grandfather. He was very skill at shooting the arrow.

Since the boy is too small, he would sit and put his bow at the front of his feet and stretch the bowstring to shoot the arrow. Surely enough, the arrow flies like a diving eagle bound to catch a rabbit.

With his practice of shooting arrow, it gave him more and more ideas. While herding sheep he would shoot trees, imagining it as a huge lion, bear, and such. With his ability of learning, he quickly learn how to jump from rock to rock. He could run like an antelope when he runs into rocky hills and forest and down the rocky hillside.

When the boy was six years old, of what he has learn, he never forgets. But he has never seen yet much of a white man's ways. Then one day he came home, carry a loads of rabbit in his bag made of buckskin.

Grandmother stood outside the hogan. "How many rabbit did you kill?" she asked, grinning.

"Oh, I kill six."

Then in English she spoke. "Oh, six."

The boy dropped the bag and put down his arrow bag and bow against the hogan. "Grandmother! What's that word mean?"

"What word?" said Grandmother.

"The word 'ce-e-ex,' " said the boy.

Then she laugh as though the whole mountainside crushing. She dance around a little bit and sang an old song, saying, "Oh twinle, twinle, little star."

"Grandmother, are you going nuts or something?" the boy asked, "or is it you feeling happy because Grandfather's coming home today?"

"No, Little One," she said.

Then the boy stand up against the hogan. He didn't know that his grandmother had been a student once. Now, Grandmother never spoke none of a white man's tongue. "Grandmother," he said.

"Quiet, Little One. Go get some water from the spring. Then I'll answer your question," she said.

The boy pick up the bag and runs down the hill into the forest with a white water bag made of goatskin. With his skill, he has no problem of running swiftly and no problem of falling. It was a mile and a half.

At the spring he filled up his water bag and started walking up the hill. He saw his Grandfather riding his horse through the canyon in the yonder hills.

The boy thought of an idea that he would have a race with him. So, with a quick jerk, he put the bag on the shoulder and jumps on the rock. Like he always did, he made the short cut, doing nothing but jumping from rock to rock. When he got home, Grandmother was preparing a meal outside the hogan.

She turns around with her hands on her waist, holding a big silver spoon. "What did you do," she said, "fly or something?"

"No, I ran," he said.

"Impossible," she said.

The boy sits on the log of an old cedar, his pants all dirty and shirt sleeves torn off on both sides, and wearing a white headband with a black eagle feather. He laughs at his grandmother.

"What is it?" she said.

"Oh, nothing," he said, "it just that, I didn't know you can speak a white tongue! So now would you tell me what the word 'six' mean?"

"It means six rabbit," she said. "Six mean six." She picks up a stick and writes figures in the sandy dust—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—counting as she writes.

"One," the boy said, and "six." Then, "What do you call this?"

"That's a bucket," she said. "Now enough of that."

"Ooh, my Grandfather coming," the boy said.

"Where?"

"See, there he is down yonder."

She is stirring up the mutton soup, and on her left hand she holds a dough in a form of a ball. The soup smelled with vegetable, and the smell of fried bread made the boy grow hungrier than ever as she stack the brownish bread in a white plate. She was putting another stick and more in the fireplace to burn.

"Little One, get me the broom and I'll teach your Grandfather a lesson that he'll never forgets," she said. "He never thinks of us. He's always going."

The boy went back into the hogan and closed the door. As he peep through an opening of the door, Grandfather got knock off the horse, and Grandmother quickly grabs the broom and hits Grandfather again. Then she throws the rubbery dough into Grandfather's face.

"Take that," she said.

The boy just laugh in the hogan and suddenly Grandmother said, "Time to eat."

While they were eating, Grandfather said, "We're moving to summer home."

"Where we used to live in a tent?" the boy asked.

"No," Grandfather said. "We are leaving tomorrow noon, and your uncle is coming on the pickup to haul our blankets, dishes, and few lambs that are small."

Yes, surely enough, it was the next morning. As Grandmother and Grandfather packed the bundle of blankets and suitcases, clothes, putting and setting boxes in place.

It was a good day for traveling.

"Little One, take the sheep out of the corral and get a head start," said Grandfather.

As he opened the gate to let the sheep out, the boy look up the valley and down the steep canyon. He wondered as he stands there, wearing his white shirt, carry a big bow in his hand. The arrow were kind of heavy, but he was used to carrying it all the time. He kept saying the word 'six,' and 'one' and 'bucket' as he stroll after the sheeps down the grassland.

It looked like a green pasture with a stream of water. Only the prairie dogs barked in the far distance at the edge of the woods where there is an open sight. The boy didn't like prairie dogs. The crows flew across the blue sky as the white cloud are moving eastward like a big white sheep in the grazing land.

Down into the canyon he walks and jumps from rocks to rocks as he's going after the flock of sheep. He would ask himself, "What will I do when I'm seven years old next year?"

He wanted to speak English, but how would he learn? He would say, "When I was young, which was two years ago, I used to wondered about that rock down yonder. I have been there a few times now. Surely, there is a way," he said to himself.

Finally he brought his sheep to the edge of the mesa. It was around about three o'clock now. All this time he didn't know he has gone many miles with the sheep. The dust of clouds were up in the air like a dust storm. He didn't mind walking in it. Many times he rested.

Then finally it was getting dark as he arrive with his sheep at the next spring which has a bitter taste. It's good only for sheep so the poor boy has to thirst until Grandmother and Grandfather arrive. He waited and waited until late. He heard horse hoofs beating against the hard floor of the earth. The sheep rested quietly and the dogs barked. And the big yellow moon shined as the stars twinkle above.

The rumbling sound grew louder and louder. The owl hoot in the brushes. There were bushes and tall grass. Soon the boy saw them approach. It was Grandmother and Grandfather riding horses along the road. Then they turn off the road and headed towards the spring. As they watered their horses they joined with the boy.

"We'll make it tonight." said Grandfather, "but first, you must eat."

Grandmother built a fire and putted the sandwich aside for the boy to eat. There were roast mutton, baked potatoes and biscuit. Now it was around nine o'clock.

As soon as they had eaten, they started off for another journey which will surely take until the morning. The sheep knew their pack so they were going single file along the road.

The boy fell asleep sitting behind his Grandfather. Part of the time he would almost fall off, his head goes this way and that way. He didn't know that he was asleep until he wake up in a tent where he has never been before, or nor seen the place.

It was morning. Grandfather snores while

Grandmother was outside making coffee and tortillas.

The boy went out to see the place, to see what it is like. As for him, he'd never seen a water tower, or big building, and real green trees. As he runs to the top of the hill, he could now see distance away. For many years he had seen Shiprock [an enormous rock, visible for miles across the desert] stand, but had never looked what was below and beyond. It was for the first time he is seeing buildings and towns. There were smokes going up in the air. In about four miles there runs a river. He could heard many ducks and various kind of sounds by the river.

He rushes back to Grandmother and asks, "What are the building and great tower like a ball in the air?"

Grandmother said, "They are town, and many people live there, and your mother lives there at the farm."

"My mother?" said the boy. "I don't know her."

Then Grandmother calls to Grandfather, "Get up and tell the Little One about his mother."

"Come, Little One, let's go up the hill and let me tell you more about the place," Grandfather said.

The boy and Grandfather first had a cup of coffee, as Grandmother sweeps the hard earth floor outside under the shade house. Grandfather stretch himself and then gets hold of the boy's hand, and went up the hill.

At the top, the boy again looks across the hills. Grandfather sat down with his leg crossed. The boy sit besides his Grandfather like a pet dog.

"Your aunt is coming on horseback before

noon," said Grandfather, "and she's bringing watermelons and fresh green corns, and a few vegetables."

At that moment, the boy sees his aunt riding in a distance. His Grandfather said, "How do you know it's her?"

"Because I know it's her by the color of the horse." The horse was black and walks like he's about ready to take off on a race track. The boy turns and looks at his Grandfather with his eyes twinkling. "Grandfather?" he said, "tell me about my mother."

"Oh, yes," Grandfather said, smiling at him. "Sit down and let me tell you."

The boy sit against a brush.

"Your mother Emma has left you when you were eleven month old. She only went and took your brother with her."

"I had a brother?" said the boy. "I have a brother," he repeated it several times. "Then Grandmother isn't my mother," he said, "and you aren't, aren't my father."

"Your father was killed," he said, "during World War II in over sea."

"My father was killed." The boy quiet down and looked at his Grandfather.

Then Grandfather looked up and said, "Your father was a very kind man. Before he left, he made many plans, but he was killed." He wipe his tears.

The boy got up and looked below the foot of the hill. There were four kids playing. "Grandfather, let's go back to the tent," he said, "and see my aunt."

Grandfather gets up and hold the boy's hand. Grandfather didn't feel too well.

When they reached the house, Aunt Amy greet her father. "Oh father, I was late coming 'cause I was irrigating and plowing the field, and I had planted more corns," she said.

Grandmother was fixing a loom with yarn of colored strings to weave another rug.

The boy stood against a post which was there to hold up the shade house. He wondered why his Grandfather didn't told him more about his mother, or where she is now. Nor he didn't know he had a cousin too until his aunt told him that she had a daughter and she has no father too.

The boy asked, "What has happen to her father?"

Aunt Amy said, "My husband was the brother of your father. He has gone four years ago, and never came back."

"What's her name?"

"Her name is Annie," Aunt Amy said. "And she's coming to see us tomorrow and live here with her Grandmother too."

Later Amy was preparing meal as the sheep were in the green grassland over yonder on the tiny hills. By now it was getting hot, and the ground is getting hotter too. On the north side of the tent there were blooming flowers, colors were red and pink. Very often Grandmother would go out and get the blooming flowers and chop them into tiny bites and cook it and when it's cooled, she would serve it for dessert. It tasted sweet and part sour.

"Aunt Amy," the boy said.

"What is it?" she said.

"Why do they call me Little One?"

"I don't know. I suppose because you're

small," she replied.

"Why don't I have a name?" asked the boy as he look at his aunt making a vegetable soup. She didn't stop. She went ahead and continue about her work. And Grandmother was busy rolling up more strings. She was ready to weave. Grandfather sleeps and snores.

"Do I have a name?" the boy said slowly as he looked down at his moccasins.

"Yes," she said.

"I do have a name," he said as he smile shyly.

Amy turned around and grinned. Then she said, "You were named after a colt that was born on the same day you were born. So your Grandfather named you Broneco."

"Broneco," the boy said and giggle with his hand over his mouth.

"Hello, World"

Now the week has gone by. The days went as the same routine. Then one day Aunt said she was going to the store.

Broneco wanted to know what it was like to go to town. He asked his aunt many times that he would like to see white's civilization.

Finally, Amy said, "O.K." Then Amy looked at Broneco. "Are you going in that dirty clothes?" she said, as she puts on a red, bright colored squaw dress with a white lace at the edge of her dress which made her look handsome. She was young and she wore an earring made of plain silver and a turquoise necklace. "Change your shirt and pants."

"What for?" Broneco said.

"All right, you go like that," she said. Aunt

knew that Broneco would be embarrassed, but she understands that although Broneco has seen cars, he has never been to town. She didn't want to say no more.

It was five miles from where they live. So Broneco and his aunt walked for five miles when they came to the edge of the town street.

Broneco saw white kids, and they were dress up. They weren't dirty as he was. Broneco stop and said, "Amy, I'll wait here for you."

"All right. Don't you ran all the way back home, 'cause you going to help me carry some grocery," she said.

Broneco stood there alone. Right near a house there was a yard and green grass, and besides the house there stood a tall tree. He looked down the road as Aunt enter the trading post. He walked up to the tree and sat on the green, cool grass. Nearby a water sprinkle turns in a clockwise. As he watches the sprinkle, a white boy came out of the house slowly.

Broneco didn't look anywhere except watching the sprinkle.

The white kid step slowly down the steps. Then he reached the gate and slowly opened it. Then he snick around the white fence and stand there a yard away.

Broneco looked up and jerk back.

Then the boy said, "Hello!"

Broneco looked straight at the boy as he wore a white shirt and a blue jeans. Then Broneco got up and bowed instead of saying hello. The boy understood. Broneco smiled as the boy grinned.

Broneco stood there as the boy stands too. Broneco thought for a while to show some

expression to tell him that he's waiting for his aunt. Then Broneco point his finger to himself and said, "Broneco."

The white boy smiles, then he pointed to himself and said, "Dale."

As Broneco and Dale communicate, they both learn quite a bit in the next four hours. By now, Broneco knew a little. Then he would repeat them again to Dale. Dale was the teacher. Broneco by now learned that "hello" mean to greet.

When his aunt returns he said, "Hello," to his aunt.

The white boy smile, waving him good-by.

When they got home, Broneco would say the words to himself. His ambition was to learn to speak English. By now, Broneco knew a little about white man's way. When another week went by, he has changed.

He learned to keep his clothes clean. He kept himself out of dirt. Broneco knew the way to Dale's house. So he went there on his second visit.

Broneco stood outside the fence. A man open the door and said a few words.

Broneco didn't understand so he said, "Dale."

The man smiled and shook his head and left the door open.

Broneco stood there for a while, then Dale came out and said, "Oh, hello there."

Then Broneco repeats the words and smiles.

Now Broneco was clean, but his hair was still long. Dale holds Broneco by the hand and leads him into the house. Inside the house there were colored carpets, and various size

of rooms, and different kinds and shapes of chairs.

A woman looks from the next room as Dale's father walk up and said, "I'm Mr. Curley and that Mrs. Curley," as he points to the woman who was in the kitchen with her apron on.

She was slim and short as her lips was red and had a long curly hair. Mrs. Curley hair was blond.

"You need a haircut," Mr. Curley said to Broneco, but he didn't understand at all. So Mr. Curley points. Then Broneco would understand.

So Broneco gets a haircut at the Curley residence. They washed Broneco's hair and putted some hair oil on it. Although Broneco didn't have any socks, so Dale gave him a pair. It was white.

Now Broneco looked like a real American boy with his short haircut and his white socks. He learned many more things while he spend his day at Dale's house. Dale's family were nice.

So, at the end of the day, Broneco said, "Good-by," in English, as he waved his hand and left....

As he approach home, his cousin Annie walk outside the tent and said, "Broneco, your Grandmother come home and she was mad because you went to town to see your white friend. And my mother went back to the farm to help my Grandfather and I'm going back with you and Grandmother said we're moving back to Salt Water Canyon tomorrow. And Grandmother has got through packing."

Broneco sat down on a log sadly as his head hung down like a tired dog.

"You better go inside the tent before Grand-

mother comes out with that long stringlike metal bar," she said. "I'm scare too."

Broneco didn't say a single word as Annie left and walked back into the tent sadly. Broneco got up and stride and kicked a can and stepped into the tent.

Grandmother looked up like a mad bull. Like Annie said—"a metal bar"—Broneco got hit in the head with a bar. Then a broomstick over his back. . . .

"That should teach you not to run off from your work at home, and you knew that there's a wood to chop and sheep to take care of," Grandmother said. "From now on, don't you dare ever run off again." She throw the metal bar outside. Then she stepped through the door and is gone....

Broneco turned around and said, "Annie, please go to sleep, for tomorrow it is again my long journey with my flock of sheep in a dust of cloud."

Annie covered herself with a woven rug.

But Broneco didn't go to sleep. He kept thinking and wondering when will he ever be happy again. Thinking, all his life he had never been happy, as he recalls his past time, and thinking of the future. Thinking, will he ever reach it? He didn't know.

Grandfather's Surprise Comes True

It was dawn by now as the star were disappearing. At that moment, Annie wake up and gets up fast. "Brother! Brother!" she said.

"What is it?" Broneco said, slowly like if he had a cold.

"We'll leave to my mother's place, right now," she said. . . .

[The two children start to drive the flock of sheep to where Grandfather awaits the family. There are many miles to travel, and Grandmother expects to catch up with the children later in the day.]

Broneco stops and looks at Annie. "We got to make it, or else we'll have to spend a night and sleep on the cold ground," he said.

Then Annie stop. "Look," she said, "there, down yonder."

"Those are horses," Broneco said.

"Perhaps we could ride one," Annie said smiling.

Broneco grins. "Perhaps," he said as he look at Annie again. "But there's no rope," and he look around for a while. "Oh, what's the use!" he said, tearing his both sleeves off.

Then Annie reached into her bag and had a two-by-three foot white cloth. Then they tear it into a narrow stripes and made a woven laced rope.

"Maybe that white mare is tame," Broneco said.

It was tame all right, but lazy. With her is a gray colt. When Broneco looked to the right he saw a fat stud, the color of his fur was shiny black gold. He stood up and stamp his feet and bowing his head. . . .

But Broneco was too small to climb on the horse's back. So he swings himself on the neck, grabbing a hold of the shiny, long hair. He made it to the top as Annie steps backward away from the horse. There was no worry for Broneco because he was skillful at it. He turns the horse around and kicks him a little and the horse moves like a springy bed

as he steps. . . .

It didn't take very long for Broneco, Annie, the sheep to reach the Canyon.

When they came upon Salt Water Canyon, it looked like a river as the water rushes like a stream of water running in an irrigation ditches, many salt trees and green as ever. The breezes of the wind became cool. The birds flew about.

So Broneco and Annie got off the horse and takes the rope off his nose.

"You can go now," said Broneco, "and we'll see you again real soon."

Annie groaned as she walked a little ways, carrying her bag. Then Annie sits down on a rock as Broneco followed and also sit on a rock too.

Annie and Broneco didn't know that their Grandfather was watching from the top of the canyon. Quickly he whip his horse and rides down the steep side of the rocky canyon, along an old road made by the ancestors. He rides through the salt trees and salt water.

"Grandfather coming," said Annie. She gets up and stand there.

Broneco just sat there and didn't say a word.

Grandfather jump off the horse and rushes over to Annie "Oh, sweet darling, are you hurt?" he said.

"No," said Annie. "Why?"

"That horse you were riding is Bronka."

Broneco turns around and looks with an amazement.

Grandfather breathing heavily and said, "Don't you know that horse, Bronka, has

never been ridden before?"...

The next morning, just as soon as Broneco woke up, he washed his face with cold water. Then he stretch his arms out and yawned. Then he took a deep breath, filling his chest with fresh air. He looked at the hill and looked toward the mountain where he usually played and jumped.

He stood against the post. The puff of smoke smelled strongly. He wondered of Bronka and the grey colt which he seen yesterday, and it was Grandfather's horses.

Then he said to himself, "I'll see you again, Bronka, and ride you again."...

Then Annie said, "Broneco, can you teach me how to shoot an arrow?"

Across the small valley the sheep grazing where the green grass is. "Your arms are too short," Broneco said as he pull one arrow out of his arrow bag.

"Just let me try," she said.

Broneco give the bow and arrow to Annie. "Put the arrow in between the bow."

Annie followed the instruction. Then she lifted the bow in the air as she stood and pulled the string.

"Downward."

Then she pulled downward and letted the string go. The arrow struck the side of a cedar tree as it bounces in an angle toward Broneco.

"Oh!" she said.

Broneco was struck with an arrow. Gladly he was skinny. It only struck his shirt which was kind of big for him. "I'm shot," he said, "and it doesn't hurt, Annie."...

Then Broneco broke the arrow. "No harm will come us," he said. Broneco gave the bow and a new arrow to Annie again.

"You shoot first," she said gently.

Again, of what his Grandfather taught him, he lift the bow and arrow in its place, and lifted it above his head in the air. Then he brought it down slowly and made the arrow flying, and struck the tall cedar tree down in the yonder hill. "Now it's your turn," he said as he gave it to Annie.

Annie has been watching Broneco carefully. Then Annie puts the arrow in the bow and slowly, as her eyes twinkle, she pressed her lips together and stretch the bow with the arrow in its side. Then slowly she lifted it in the air as the wind blew while her shiny long black hair waves.

Annie shut her eyes and slowly brought the arrow down. In the distance, the crow crowed, and Broneco with a watchful eyes just stood silently and never said no words. Finally Annie letted her arrow go. The arrow flew soundly then struck the cedar tree near the next tree which Broneco shot.

"It's very good," Broneco said. "I'll teach you more and I want you to practice every day here," he said.

Sure enough, day after day, Annie learns how to shoot arrow and how to aim. Broneco taught his cousin just as much as he can. It was winter now and it was in the month of March which was the third day....

Grandfather stared at Broneco as he is jumping and laughing, playing with his dog, Pinky and Yellow. "All of a suddenly my boy, Broneco, has changed," Broneco hears Grandfather whisper.

Then Annie step out from the hogan and putted her arms around Grandfather's neck.

"Is there something wrong?" she said, looking at her grandfather charmingly.

"No, Annie," he said and smiled, kissing her on the cheek. "Now go help your Grandmother," he said.

Annie skipped back into the hogan.

Then, back in the edge of the woods, Aunt Amy came riding the horse. On her side there hung a big bundle of goods. Broneco still playing with his dog when finally she reached the hogan and got off the horse as she spoke. "Whoa! Steady, Blacky."

Annie peeped out of the small window. "Grandmother, my mother is here," she said.

"Sh! Quiet down, Annie, and stir up your berry pudding, and put more sticks into the oven, and see if the yeast bread is now done," Grandmother said.

In the next moment, Amy knock on the door.

"Come in," call Grandmother, sitting on her woolly goatskin.

Annie got up and rushed up to her mother and hug her.

"Where's your Grandfather?" Amy ask....

"He's probably out after the horse, Pinto," said Grandmother.

"What Pinto?" Annie asked her Grandmother.

"Oh, it's the son of Bronka," she said.

"Bronka?" Annie again asked.

"It's your Grandfather's wild stallion," said Amy as she describe the color and what color his mate is.

Annie thought about it. "That's the horse I

and Broneco rode once," she said.

"You rode Bronka?" said Annie's mother strangely.

Grandmother dropped her dipper and looked at Annie. "I can't believe it," she said gently.

"It's true. Grandfather saw us," Annie replied.

Broneco went jumping and running after the sheep.

It is late in the afternoon when Broneco gets back and Amy opened the door. Broneco is tired and stepped into the hogan and saw that the food was really prepared. Annie smile as she leaned against her Grandfather.

After dinner, Grandfather said to Broneco, "Remember the time you use to sit on my lap, when I use to mention that I had a surprise for you which is approximately two years ago. It is now out there in the corral."

Broneco didn't know it was his birthday. He looked at Grandfather with a surprise and rushed out the door. Then he looked toward the corral. There he was a young horse. The color of the horse was black and at its feet it looked like he has been in a snow. At the neck there is a white spot. . . .

Broneco spoke to his given horse and said, "My dear horse, Pinto. I'll teach you every trick."...