

The Tale of Pungishemoo

Long before the dominant white race arrived, the country surrounding Gitchi Gummi and the upper Mississippi Valley was a fair land of great forests and sprawling prairies teeming with bird and animal life. Its rolling hills were green and gold in the summer sunlight. Countless lakes bejewelled its vast landscape like a million stars fallen from the sky. In that primitive time it bore a name by which the people throughout the region knew it: Minisota ... Land of Sky-tinted Waters. It was mutually occupied by two great peoples: The People of the Woodland inhabited the lands to the north and east; those called the Friendly People dwelt on the lands to the west and south. All the People found peace and contentment here where food was found in great abundance. Through many centuries, the wise leaders of both peoples maintained their villages in a strong alliance of friendly peace. It was an alliance the people of that time called the Great Peace; all found security and happiness in this brotherhood, and Manitou, the Great Spirit, and Wakan Tanka, the One that Is, smiled on them.

But suddenly a very unfortunate event occurred which would change everything. Wica, the great chief of the Friendly People, died from a mysterious illness during a severe winter, and his eldest son, Maujeekeewis, succeeded him. No one knew that Maujeekeewis had poisoned his venerable and kindly father. This young man was restless, cunning, and cruel—ambitious for power—and he had become discontented with the peaceful ways of life. He was bored with just hunting for food. He hungered for more excitement. All his life he had thrilled to the old legends of ancient warriors who had covered themselves with blood and glory in the tribal wars many generations before his time. And now, finally, his lust for blood had taken possession of him. He longed to feel the thud of his tomahawk in a human skull. He dreamed of the day when he could aim his arrows at another—besides only the prey which provided meat and hides for his father's people.

Thus, when he became chief, Maujeekeewis knew that he was free to lead the Friendly People as he chose. He had one time scouted very far to the northeast and gazed covetously at the great forests and lakes which were abundant with moose, caribou, bear, beaver, muskrat, fish, and water birds. Here, he thought, was a rich hunting ground which the People of the Woodland had possessed long enough. He was determined to overthrow them and take control of that rich green land of many waters.

He began in great earnest to prepare the young men of his villages for the great day of

conquest. He confided his plans only to a few of his trusted confederates, but to the rest of his people he said only that he was preparing for a great hunting expedition which would provide food for many moons. They threw themselves trustingly and wholeheartedly into the task. Bows and arrows of ash and cedar were made in great number. Hard chert stones were chipped and shaped into sharp arrowheads, spearheads, hunting knives, and tomahawks. Many canoes were made and stowed in the woods near the Father of Waters. Little did they realize what a great tragedy their young chief's evil ambition was to bring upon every village throughout the smiling land of the People.

After many weeks, all was ready. Every able-bodied man had the deadly implements he would need. There were contests among the villages in which the young warriors matched their skills in the use of their weapons. The excitement of it gradually worked them into such a wild competitive fervor that it could not help but eventually lead to some fiercer, bloodier activity.

Maujeekeewis had planned well. Behind his stoic calm there now burned an intense inner frenzy. His friendly, peace-loving people were becoming the warriors he wanted them to be ... and never did they suspect the gradual change nor that his own evil motives were behind it. And if he was satisfied at the progress he had made in arousing their ferocity, he was also becoming impatient to begin his career of murder and destruction.

One day his scouts returned from a long expedition. They reported that twenty-one days to the northeast there was a large unsuspecting settlement, armed only with hunting weapons, in the place called Pungishemoo, near the Lake of Many Voices. It was a place considered sacred to the People of the Woodland. It was a place of such peace and beauty and contentment that no one there would ever starve—where Manitou, the Great Spirit, provided food and materials in great abundance: herbs, berries, mushrooms, wild rice ... mussels, crayfish, turtles, and fishes. The land was rich with meat and furs: beaver, otter, fisher ... caribou, moose, and bear. The forests of Pungishemoo contained a plethora of medicinal plants as well as superb birch stands which yielded the finest bark for making baskets, makuks, canoes, and wigwams.

It seemed an ideal opportunity for Maujeekeewis to launch his deadly plan. But now, even as he contemplated this first chance to attack the People of the Woodland, there came also the first of a series of omens which were to plague him with recurrent flashes of apprehension and fear.

The first omen came one night in a dream in which he was warned by a spirit voice that it would be folly to violate the sanctity of Pungishemoo ... that only death and suffering could come of any desecration of that sacred place. Maujeekeewis had been taught by his father that the People of the Woodland revered this as a place where Maka, the earth, imparted her wisdom in mysterious ways. There the Sky and Water spoke in strange tongues—sometimes with the sound of a thousand thunders, sometimes in echoes, sighs, and whispers. It was said that any mortal who came peaceably with open ears and a seeking mind might one day begin to understand these Nature Voices; hence, great truth and beauty would be revealed to them.

There was also an island in the Lake of Many Voices where no enmity or warfare was permitted, where whoever came would find refuge. It was the falling place—the place of the setting sun. It was the sanctuary where Earth and Sky met ... and the ancient meeting place of the chiefs of the Great Peace.

The dream warned Maujeekeewis that when *tewape*, the water lotus, appeared near this place in clusters of five—and spirit fire appeared in the forest—it was a sign that Maka was angry and, therefore, to beware her wrath.

But as the night passed, so did the dream, and Maujeekeewis was up with the sun, eager as

ever to pursue his ambition. All that remained now was to somehow incite his people against the People of the Woodland and lead them to the attack. And he accomplished this with his usual heartless cunning, resorting to the most diabolical treachery.

On a dark night, Maujeekeewis lured his own beautiful sister, Winyan, to the shores of the Father of Waters and there cold-bloodedly murdered the defenseless child with a tomahawk stolen from the People of the Woodland. The finding of the girl's mutilated body the next day, with the accusing hatchet still buried in her forehead, shocked every village of the Friendly People.

"Let us rise up! Let us avenge the murder of Winyan!" cried the young warriors.

"Yes, who would murderer a child ... must die!" echoed the women young and old as they, too, tricked into fiendish hatred, urged their men forward to the grim debaucheries of war.

And so, after a great pow-wow, Maujeekeewis led a large band of his best hunters into the Big Woods, paddling by canoe up the Father of Waters. He ordered utmost secrecy, as well as silence, so as not to warn the People of the Woodland of the disaster which was moving upon them like a soundless breeze through the forest. No fires were lit at night. The warriors slept wherever they stopped, their weapons always ready on the ground beside them.

On that very first night Maujeekeewis began to have a series of troubled dreams which would haunt him relentlessly. Sleep brought him face to face with his guilt, and the evil of his deeds would invade his thoughts whenever he lay down to rest. Now came a dream in which he heard a great sighing and saw his murdered sister Winyan standing on an open patch of rock on an island. The rock glistened like snow in the bright moonlight, and he saw her holding in one hand the *wacinhe xa*, the adorned plume which symbolized the seventh year of a woman's life journey. Off the end of the plume onto the moonlit rock trickled a steady crimson stream of blood, which came from a gaping hole in the child's forehead. She said nothing ... only stood there and stared at him, as if her silence itself was an eloquent condemnation of his crimes. He awakened with a terrible start and slept no more that night.

It was not so much the image of his sister which disturbed him as it was the *wacinhe xa*; for the feather, taken from the breast of the eagle—near its heart—had a symbolism which even the unscrupulous could not dismiss. The feather meant to the Friendly People that peace with one's enemies must exist before one could find peace with one's self. This troubled him, for he knew ... only in this way could peace also be found with Wakan Tanka, whose very sanctity he was about to violate. Without peace with the One that Is, his people could meet with incredible disaster—and many, many deaths—not at the hands of the enemy but, rather, by freezing, starvation, and disease!

The adorned plume would continue to haunt him from that night on.

At daybreak the warriors sifted through the forest on foot with their light canoes for many miles, then skid them anew into alien waters and paddled for many hours. Maujeekeewis led them along a route that would give them the advantage of complete surprise at the moment of attack. They traveled thus for many days, moving swiftly under cover of the woods and avoiding open water as much as possible. Pungishemoo was very far from their home. Of course, Maujeekeewis knew that it would be difficult to reach; but he began to think about other strange things he had heard about the place. For instance, into the Lake of Echoes, a stream entered; but none left it. Its waters seemed to vanish into the earth, as if Maka herself drank it up. Also, what of the Nature Voices on the island? Would any spirits oppose him? What strong magic might the People of the Woodland have to thwart him, he wondered.

One night, when he and his warriors again sought rest on the cool forest floor, the young

chief received another visitant to his dreams. It was his father, standing at the pinnacle of a great pine tree, framed against a turbulent sky filled with Thunderbirds and huge, boiling black clouds. In his hand he held a long eagle feather, which was bright crimson. Then his father spoke: "My son ... my own flesh and blood ... what fiendish scheme have you embarked on that you would defy the Earth and Sky and destroy the peace wrought by Wakan Tanka? What fateful venom fills your poisoned mind? You have betrayed all trust ... deceived your father and your people! In this way you have betrayed all the People. It is to the treachery and greed of human beings like you that the world will owe its misery. You have opened the way for a new and deadly evil ... and long after your flesh has fed the scavengers, your accursed handiwork will undoubtedly remain to plague those who follow. It is my wish that you go soon to your well-deserved death, though even that cannot lessen my regret at having been the seed which gave you life. I await your terrible destiny, which belongs to the raven ... and the eagle!"

With that, amid a babble of wailing spirits, the ghost of Wica faded into the darkness, and Maujeekeewis lay sleepless until dawn began to gild the eastern edge of night.

So intent was he upon his mad project that Maujeekeewis again dismissed the omens of his dreaming and trudged forward as soon as there was light enough to see. Coming ever nearer to Pungishemoo, Maujeekeewis and his marauders began to see growing signs of its fabled abundance. In the swamps and along the forest fringes were seen many woodland caribou, an occasional moose, and other animals, such as bear and beaver. In certain broad marshes flourished *anibimin*, cranberries, and *manomin*, wild rice, which the People revered because it was plentiful and could be stored for many moons—to carry over the long periods between seasons of good hunting and fishing. Maujeekeewis saw this abundance and felt more than ever that he must possess it.

On yet another night, the young chief's restless slumber again was interrupted by a dream in which eerie voices chided him, and he seemed to see countless accusing eyes like a sky full of cold stars staring angrily at him from every direction. And when he tried to turn away, it was only to find himself gazing right into a huge bowl, which turned into an eagle's nest atop a tall pine tree. There a great crimson plume was nestled. The tree stood on the shore of a lake whose waters were as red as blood. From somewhere—beyond a beautiful green island in the lake—came the dismal call of a loon.

Thereupon the dream faded and Maujeekeewis found himself sitting upright in the darkness, chilled by a cold sweat, listening to every wild sound that ruffled the stillness of the night. For some time the voices of the forest continued, and even those that had once been friendly seemed now to revile him angrily. The owl shrieked, "Look, brothers of the forest, here is the evil one himself who comes amongst us!" And the timber wolf howled in the distance, "The day of feasting is near. Look who comes to kill. Soon there will be blood and flesh for all of us!" And from the marshes rose the steady dirge of the frog and his mournful choristers whose song seemed to say:

Never before such tragedy
Since mortal life began ...
For each shall slay his brother,
And man shall die of man.

On the day that the war party approached the Lake of Many Voices, a wave of restless anticipation spread among the warriors. Maujeekeewis called them quietly together and outlined

his plan of attack. They would leave their canoes hidden in the forest and travel the rest of the distance on foot. They would strike just before daybreak on the following morning, falling upon the unsuspecting village from three directions and destroying everything in their path. He cautioned them that no life was to be spared; no one was to be allowed to escape and warn other villages; even women and children must be slain.

But Maujeekeewis was to encounter yet another omen before the onslaught. The villagers had placed around the entire settlement a series of charms, consisting of dried hyssop and the small dried carcasses of sundry animals, hanging from low tree branches to help fortify the settlement against evil influences.

One charm—a shriveled animal head no larger than his fist—stopped Maujeekeewis in his tracks at the edge of the village. The head wore a grotesque face which leered forebodingly at him. He thought for a moment that he recognized the features of his dead father in that hideous countenance. A wordless, haunting terror gripped him for a moment as he violently tore down the dangling charm and crushed it beneath his foot. Then he turned frantically to the bloody business at hand, hardly realizing even then that a formidable, inescapable curse was upon him.

Within the lakeshore clearing stood some fifty birch-bark wigwams and cooking lean-tos peacefully clustered in slumberous silence in the early morning. Redwing blackbirds now astir in nearby rushes had begun a lively chatter, and an occasional splash on the smooth surface of the lake disclosed the presence of fish foraging for food in the shallows. On the lake the mists rose up like smoke from smoldering coals. No one yet moved in the village.

Then, loud and distinct, came a piercing cry which was Maujeekeewis' signal for attack. As soon as it sounded, a frightful war cry burst upon the quiet air; the tranquil scene of a moment before became a horrific spectacle of butchery and destruction, accompanied by savage yelps and agonized screams. Like a relentless deluge, the raiders fell upon the village, inflicting quick death upon all they encountered. So thorough and so rapid was the slaughter that the victims—most of them elders, women, and children—were slain before they could even comprehend the disaster which had overwhelmed them. By the time the sun had scaled the tree tops and pushed back the thick concealing vapors from the lake, many bodies lay crumpled and scattered about the clearing, while still others lay in gory death where they had lain in peaceful sleep upon their balsam and caribou hide litters.

Thus had the warriors of Maujeekeewis reverted to the savagery of their primitive ancestors; thus had come to the world of the People the universal curses of humanity: blood-lust, hatred, war ... and the martyrdom of innocents. All because one man coveted more than was his right to possess.

But now, Maujeekeewis had his first intimation of futility and serious trouble to come; for he learned that most of the able-bodied men of the village had departed on a hunting expedition two days before and, therefore, had escaped his carefully planned mission of extermination. To further heighten his apprehensions, not every occupant of the village had been slain as he had ordered. Two young boys, awakened by the first warning cry, somehow evaded the attackers, reached a canoe, and—before they could be caught—were seen to paddle out around the Isle of Pungishemoo and vanish in the heavy mists that still obscured the lake. At the far end of the lake the boys set the canoe adrift to further confuse the enemy; then, leaving no trace, they made their way through the woods to another nearby lake known to their people as the Lake with Fighting Black Fish. There they found a canoe and paddled swiftly to seek the camp of their village's hunting party. Also, three others—an old man, a girl, and a boy—swam unseen to the nearby island and, hiding inside a rock, survived to tell of the terrible slaughter.

Meanwhile, Maujeekeewis' warriors, baffled by the empty canoe drifting across the lake, vainly searched the entire lakeshore for tracks. After half a day, not a trace could be found. This meant that the People of the Woodland could be expected to retaliate should they get word of the massacre. Almost as if this knowledge rendered Maujeekeewis completely mad, he had his men inflict countless atrocities upon the murdered village. The bodies of the women and children were hacked and slashed into small bits and thrown upon a huge pile near the lakeshore. Every wigwam was put to the flame until nothing but that hideous stack of human flesh stood above the level of the ground. Satisfied that no further destruction could be done, Maujeekeewis finally led his band of warriors once more into the forest, intent upon finding the village's hunting party before the two escaped boys could warn them.

Maujeekeewis' raiders roamed the vast wilderness for eleven days. They swung westward then moved in a great circle to the north and east. But in this wide foray for more bloodshed, Maujeekeewis made his first big mistake.

Their search proving futile, Maujeekeewis and his warriors finally turned southward, making their way by canoe toward their own villages. Often now, Maujeekeewis noticed the bald eagle circling high overhead; he wondered if this could be another omen.

At night Maujeekeewis would gaze for long spells at the moon as it rose in full, solemn splendor above the tree tops, before he could find sleep. Successively, the moon waned and rose later each night, until Maujeekeewis was no longer able to endure the late hour at which it arrived, now just a dim fragment, in the early dawn sky.

Finally, the warriors neared their home. The men crossed the Father of Waters, stowed their canoes, then headed on foot toward the village. Soon they arrived ... and they came upon a sight which horrified even their savage hearts. Swift and sure had moved the forces of retribution. The People of the Woodland had had their revenge! While Maujeekeewis had been searching for them in the north, the hunting party—having been found by the two boys—swept southward upon his own undefended village and completely annihilated it. The vengeful warriors left as gruesome a scene as Maujeekeewis had done. They mutilated the bodies of his people and stacked them high in the center of the charred, rubble-strewn clearing.

All this had happened three days before. Now, as the crestfallen warriors of the Friendly People began to recognize the mangled faces in the gory heap ... of their wives and children, their mothers and sisters, their elder men and women ... their dismay was sharpened the more by the nauseating stench of flesh three days dead in the hot sun. The wild scavengers of the forest had left livid signs of their feasting where bare unrecognizable bones, picked clean of flesh, glistened white in the sunlight. And as if this were not enough, the warriors—in a parting gesture—had spread a wide circle of eagle feathers, stained with the blood of their victims, around that hideous, reeking mound of death.

Thus was the Great Peace flung back into the face of the man who had dared to shatter the sanctity of Pungishemoo ... and the smiling beneficence of Wakan Tanka.

Once kindled, the flame of war spread far and abroad like a gale-driven forest fire. No longer was there a peaceful village throughout the Land of Many Waters. Far into the heart of the woodland on the Isle of Pungishemoo—where they had often celebrated peace—the chiefs among the People of the Woodland held a great council. They sat in solemn conference for three days, pledging all-out vengeance against the Friendly People.

Likewise, in their own war council, the chiefs of the Friendly People gathered to hear from the treacherous lips of Maujeekeewis how they must wage relentless war against their northern enemies. Deadly bands of raiders were dispatched by both sides to roam the lakes and

forests, and not a village of either people was safe from surprise attack. Accounts of further massacres came from trembling survivors who told of unbelievable orgies of butchery and torture. Such a wave of savagery and hatred and destruction moved through the land that within two summers half the populations of both peoples either had been slain or had starved or had frozen during the bitter winter which followed Maujeekeewis' first summer of bloodshed.

Many of the villages' best hunters were dead, while those who remained were so occupied with raiding enemy villages or defending their own that they had little time to hunt for desperately needed food and hides. Weakened by cold and famine, many of them succumbed to disease.

Maujeekeewis had not had any additional disturbing dreams for some time after that first massacre near the Lake of Many Voices. Believing himself freed at last of his father's curse, he plunged blindly into the full course of his madness and continued to add to his victims. He carried on his depredations until late autumn of the second year of war, seeming for a time to have rare good fortune in his encounters with the enemy.

Meanwhile, the enemy, having been caught off guard and outnumbered in the beginning, had been forced gradually to withdraw deep into the trackless forest and take the necessary time to prepare for the intense struggle which they knew would be renewed with the first warming winds of another spring.

Another long, harsh winter kept Maujeekeewis and his people busy gathering food and furs—which were never quite enough—and it made him realize he could not sustain a long, drawn out struggle. He determined that his only chance to effectively drive away the enemy lay in gaining full control of that area about the Lake of Many Voices ... and its hallowed Isle of Pungishemoo.

When spring came at last, with restless throngs of birds returning to their summer haunts and redwing blackbirds nesting in the swamps, Maujeekeewis summoned the warriors of his seven camps. After several weeks of feverish preparations ... when *tewape* was finally in bloom ... he led them once again toward Pungishemoo, intent on ending this deadly conflict once and for all. With one decisive stroke he would seek out their main camp, crush all opposition, and thus wrest the rich north country from his enemies.

As if hoping to discredit old traditions by defying them, he took with him a large eagle feather which he would use to commemorate his conquest in blood and to demonstrate how much more powerful was he, Maujeekeewis, than this meaningless peace symbol of his ancestors.

But now the People of the Woodland were ready. Inferior in number, they had become superior in cunning. They were now led by the wise chief Anib, who had spent the winter listening to the *manido*, or spirits, on the Isle of Pungishemoo. He had learned he must follow the bear path—the path with good heart—in order for his people to survive. They would resort to defensive warfare, using their forest skills and prowling soundlessly in small bands among the lakes and woods they knew so well, remaining always out of reach yet ever near enough to harass Maujeekeewis' warriors at every turn. They would steal into his camps in the depth of night like silent shadows, leaving always some terrible reminder of their visit.

Even after the first day's trek, while encamped for the night where the Father of Waters began its long, mysterious journey, Maujeekeewis learned that his enemy intended to give him no rest. Near the outposts of his camp, three of his sentries were found dead, each with a cedar arrow imbedded in his heart—and each arrow fletched with the rare *xuya xa*, the adorned wingtip feathers of the eagle, signifying forebodingly that these warriors had shed their blood so that others may live!

At the sight, Maujeekeewis grew fearful; for he realized that the curse was still upon him, as surely as was the blood of his own people. Now came also ominous sightings of spirit fire in the woods. This was the dreaded fox fire presaged by the spirit voice. He doubled the night lookout; yet, despite the extra precautions, each morning there would be still another victim ... always slain in the same manner, always with the rare fletching which made the arrows fly with special force.

Amid great difficulties—having to move a large war party through trackless wilderness, amid growing dissension among his warriors, and being relentlessly tormented by the stalking People of the Woodland—he finally brought his band to the Lake of Many Voices. There, fearful of the spirits of his former victims, he avoided the side of the lake where lay the charred ruins of his original carnage and set up a carefully guarded camp on the opposite shore.

By now, Maujeekeewis had become ever more troubled by continuing signs of his father's curse. While walking along shore to check his defenses to the north of his camp, he came upon the small, strange inlet to the lake which he had heard tell of. He was suddenly startled to see—in a lily bed just off shore near the mouth of the stream—a perfect cluster of five *tewape*, as if somehow mysteriously placed there to warn him again of the wrath of Maka for the desecration of her sacred place. All this had begun to weary him; he found himself struggling against a growing dread about the outcome of the war he had started. He kept asking himself how he might quickly crush the People of the Woodland, take their territory, and restore peace and order before he and his own people should suffer some great calamity.

As if in answer, a raven appeared to him in a dream and told Maujeekeewis that, by defiling the bird of peace, he had seriously offended Maka. His only hope of ending his conflict and escaping the forceful arrows of his enemy was to appease her. This could be done by returning to the Thunderbirds the crimson *wacinhe xa* he now had in his possession ... by placing the blood-stained plume in the eagle's nest at the top of the tallest pine in the vicinity of Pungishemoo.

Next day, the tree was found not far up the shore from his camp ... a magnificent white pine with a huge eagle's nest at its crest. So distraught had Maujeekeewis become that he mistakenly interpreted the dream to mean that by the mere act of offering the adorned plume to the Thunderbirds he would make amends for his past actions and a quick victory would be given him. Thus he lost no time in making the long, arduous ascent to the top of the tree, little suspecting the fateful trap into which his lust for blood and power was leading him.

As Maujeekeewis reached the gnarled branches just beneath the nest, he stretched upward to deposit inside it the long crimson plume he had originally intended as an insult to the long-standing tradition of the Great Peace. Suddenly, a burst of wind shook the tree. In an instant a thunder squall swept out of the west and moved swiftly across the lake. Fierce wind gusts whipped up huge waves that crashed against the rocky shore. The great pine began to sway wildly. Maujeekeewis, almost torn from its branches, clung to the tree in terror. In his frantic effort to save himself, the tainted *wacinhe xa* slipped from his fingers and fluttered downward with the wind into the lake. The churning waters of the Lake of Echoes appeared instantly to change to blood. Now lightning flashed and, looking up, Maujeekeewis saw the Thunderbirds soaring toward him, roaring angrily. The thunder echoed deafeningly across the lake.

And then ... SPING! A blinding bolt of lightning flashed from their eyes, splintering the great pine into several sharp shafts, one of which crashed to the ground, breaking in half as it fell across a large round boulder. Another shaft, lower down, remained upright ... and it was upon this that Maujeekeewis fell, skewered like a rabbit on a spit.

Fear and horror gripped the warriors of Maujeekeewis as, from the ground below, they helplessly watched their leader held up on high as if staked to the wild sky, kicking and screaming in agony, his anguished voice echoing frightfully from ridge to ridge. From the opposite shore of the lake there arose a wild, jubilant uproar of victory where a band of warriors had gathered in puzzlement to watch Maujeekeewis' desperate climb to the eagle's nest. And, as he slowly expired, his men left his body to be picked clean by the raven ... and the eagle ... as the ghost of his father had foretold; they fled in panic into the forest, many to be ambushed by the waiting enemy. Only a few survived to reach their home villages and bring the news of their defeat.

Thus did the evil design of Maujeekeewis come to its inevitable end. An uneasy truce returned to the People, but not again would the People of the Woodland and the Friendly People trust each other, nor would their chiefs smoke the peace pipe together. In generations to come, the lands west of Gitchi Gummi would change hands repeatedly as the villages from time to time struggled for dominion. But whenever the Friendly People won possession, the People of the Woodland would eventually drive them out again.

And Peace, that precious fragile flower that all people wanted but few humans cherished, never again took root and flourished in the forests and lakes of the Land of Sky-tinted Waters. Only at the falling place, at remote Pungishemoo—now deserted and avoided and forgotten—did Peace still prevail ... but now it was the Peace of Wakan Tanka, of Manitou, of Maka, and the Nature Spirits. Now only the wild things know and understand its nurturing magic.