



**We Want You!!
FOR AN UNDER COVER REPORTER!!**

QUALIFICATIONS: Eyes that can see good deeds done by others or good qualities demonstrated by others.
WAGES: Unmeasurable feelings of joy, goodness and self satisfaction.
REPORT TO: The people of Akwesasne
By now we hope we have your attention. It is my feeling that for too long and too often we look for the 'bad' in our fellow community members. By introducing this column, **CAUGHT YA, I hope to start something new — PEOPLE OF AKWESASNE SEEING THE GOOD IN EACH OTHER.** With your help we want to report the neat, nice, kind, caring things we do. If you see someone doing, 'a neat thing' report it!! The Indian Time will take reports placed by mail, phone or delivered in person. We want to hear from YOU. We want you to report the GOOD things you see, each day. Instead of catching people with their hands in the cookie jar, let's catch them handing out cookies!! Report the incident to:
Indian Time
P.O. Box 196
Mohawk Nation
via Roosevelttown, NY 13683
Phone 358-9535
or
Rana Maracle, R.E.E.A.Ch. Coordinator
Community Building
Akwesasne Mohawk Nation 13566
Phone: 358-2272

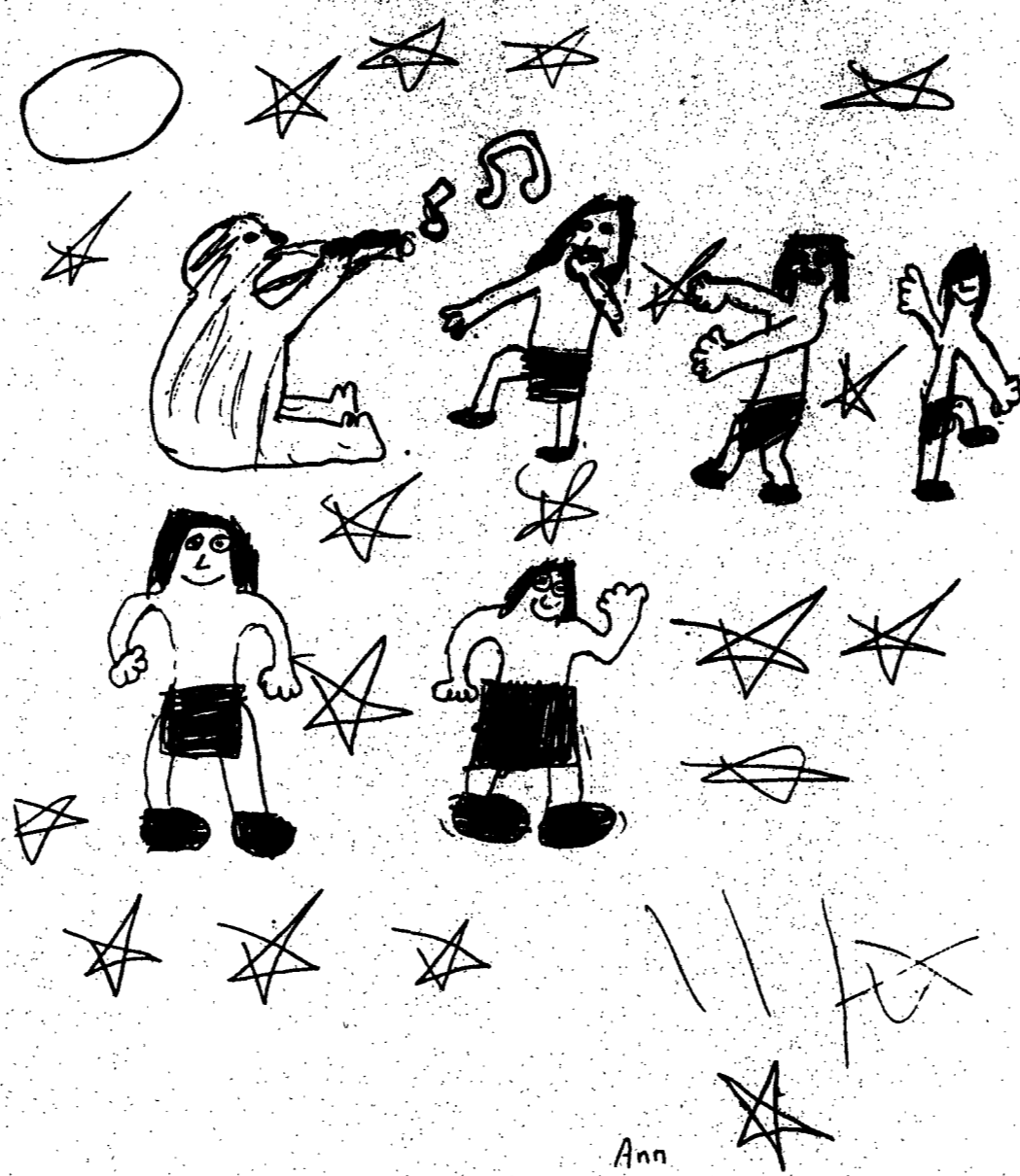
- Kim Hathaway-Carr caring about the single parents on the reservation.
- Lois, Henry, Shelia, Jeanine and Faye doing a good job on Wednesday nights.
- Brenda LaFrance helping a friend get her teeth pulled.
- Carol Whelan working on a holiday to get the Unity House funded.
- To my #6 Brother Herman for helping BaBa with chores during the week and for being there when we need you, and your truck.
- To Marie for all the typing she did and for getting our tickets for the concert.
- To Leanne, keep up the good work, your family is proud and supportive of your efforts in your studies.

The Seven Stars - By Selena Boeavauls

One day in a Mohawk village long ago one child and his friends went far in the woods. They found a clear place and then the child said, "let's have a feast." And they all ran back to their tents. They asked their parents for some bread, corn, soup, and some drinks. They all went back to their place. Their parents didn't let them bring anything. And then all of a sudden they started to lift off the ground. When they were over the woods their mothers and fathers came running out. They were going higher and higher. When they disappeared the parents started to cry. And then at night they all looked outside and they saw seven shiny stars.



Selena



Ann

The Dancing Brothers — by Ann Deer

Once there was seven brothers that lived in the Mohawk tribe. They loved to dance. Every ceremonial dance they always were one of the first to get up and dance. One night the ceremonial dance was cancelled. So instead of going to the dance the dancing brothers went outside to play in the woods. And while they were playing they heard pretty flute music. While they were listening they started to dance. The more they danced the higher into the sky they went. When the mother called for them the youngest one heard her. Then he ran after her. As he ran he looked like a shooting star. When it landed his mother stood there and cried. When she cried the star turned into a beautiful flower. It kept growing taller and taller. The mother took great care of it.

**From the
Children at the
Akwesasne
Mohawk School
on Cornwall
Island**



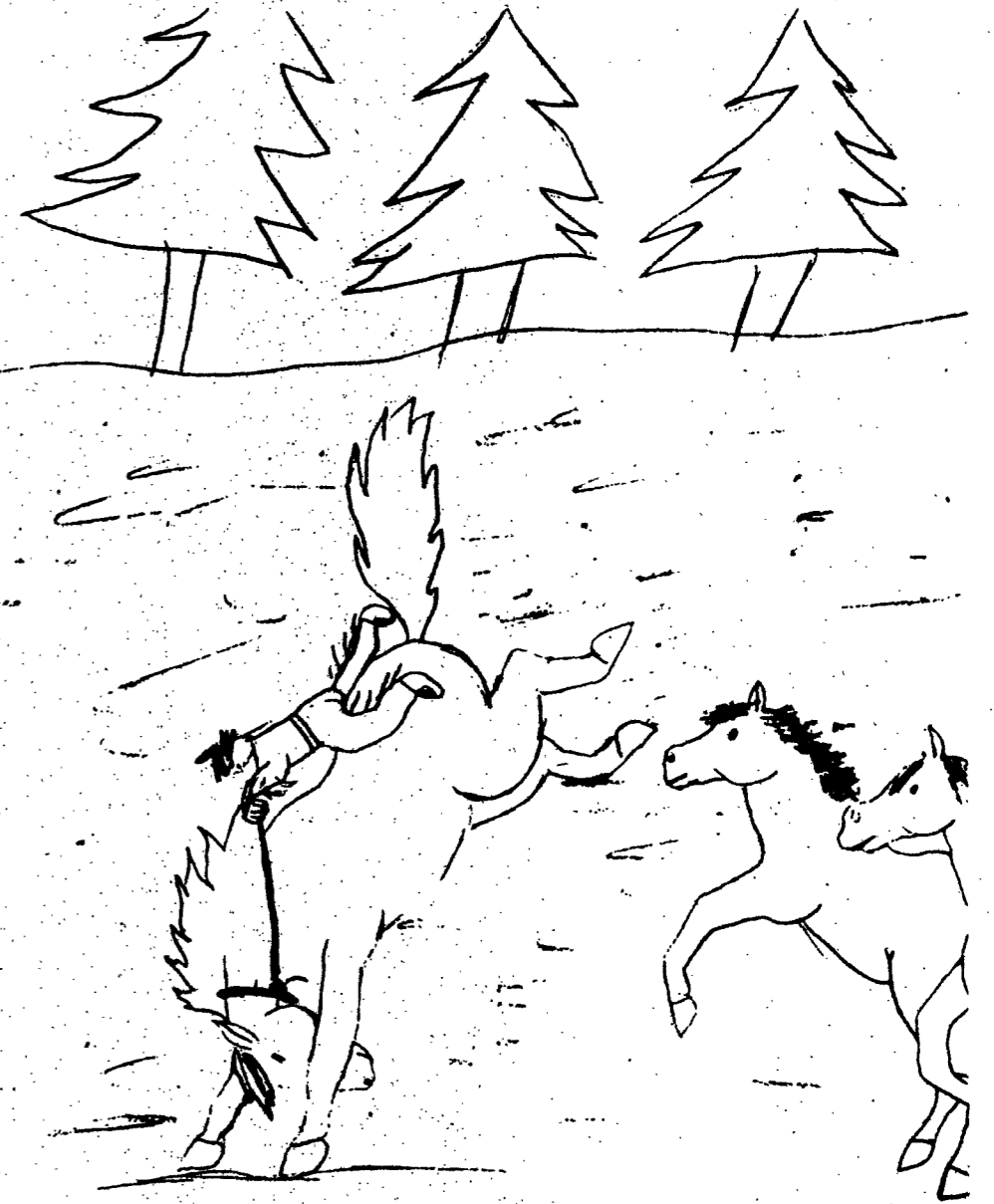
Melanie

The Old Man - by Melanie Leaf

Once upon a time there was an old man who told all kinds of stories. He would tell all the little Indians. They sat in a big circle and listened to the stories. The old man would eat his dinner and go to sleep. In the morning he would try to make up some more stories. And he would tell them to all the children in the village and tell them more stories. Sometimes he would go and take the children and take them to get some maple syrup. Then he would tell some stories.

The Wild Pack - By Lisa Mitchell

There was once a horse called White Horse. He was bigger than all the others. Stronger than the others. Faster than the others. He was the leader of the pack. They called the pack the Brumbies because of all the beautiful horses. It was a dream of all the Indian braves to catch White Horse. Even all the little boys had a dream of catching White Horse. There was one boy named Little Feather. Little Feather had an idea. He went to his father the chief. He told him there was a canyon where they would trap him and his pack. So they worked on it. All the beautiful horses came running into the canyon with the braves behind them. Everybody had their eyes on White Horse. The beautiful white stallion. He pranced with his head up in the air. When they got in the canyon they shut the door so the horses were trapped. But White Horse always knew of a way out. The boy saw the horse almost getting out. So he quickly got a rope and roped the horse and jumped on him. At first the horse went crazy. Then he calmed down. The boy was scared but hung on. He realized that he had tamed the horse. So it was he that had the most beautiful horse in the world.



Lisa

**The Five Indian's And Two Swamp Creatures
by Michael Leaf**

There once lived five Indians. They lived near a swamp. One day they were going hunting in the woods. They went too close to the swamp. They didn't know there were creatures in the swamp. Out came one of the swamp creatures. They all ran back to their village. They wanted to know who was the bravest in their village. There was only two Indians that were brave in their village. Those two went to the swamp. They didn't know there were two swamp creatures. One of them came up again. They got scared. They hid behind two trees. They got their bows and arrows. They killed the first one. They went back to the village. They told the others they killed the first one. They went hunting again. They went near the swamp. They were lucky the two brave Indians were with them. When the other creature popped up, the three Indians ran back to the village. The two brave Indians killed it. They ran back to the village. They celebrated because the two creatures are no longer in the swamp.



Michael Leaf