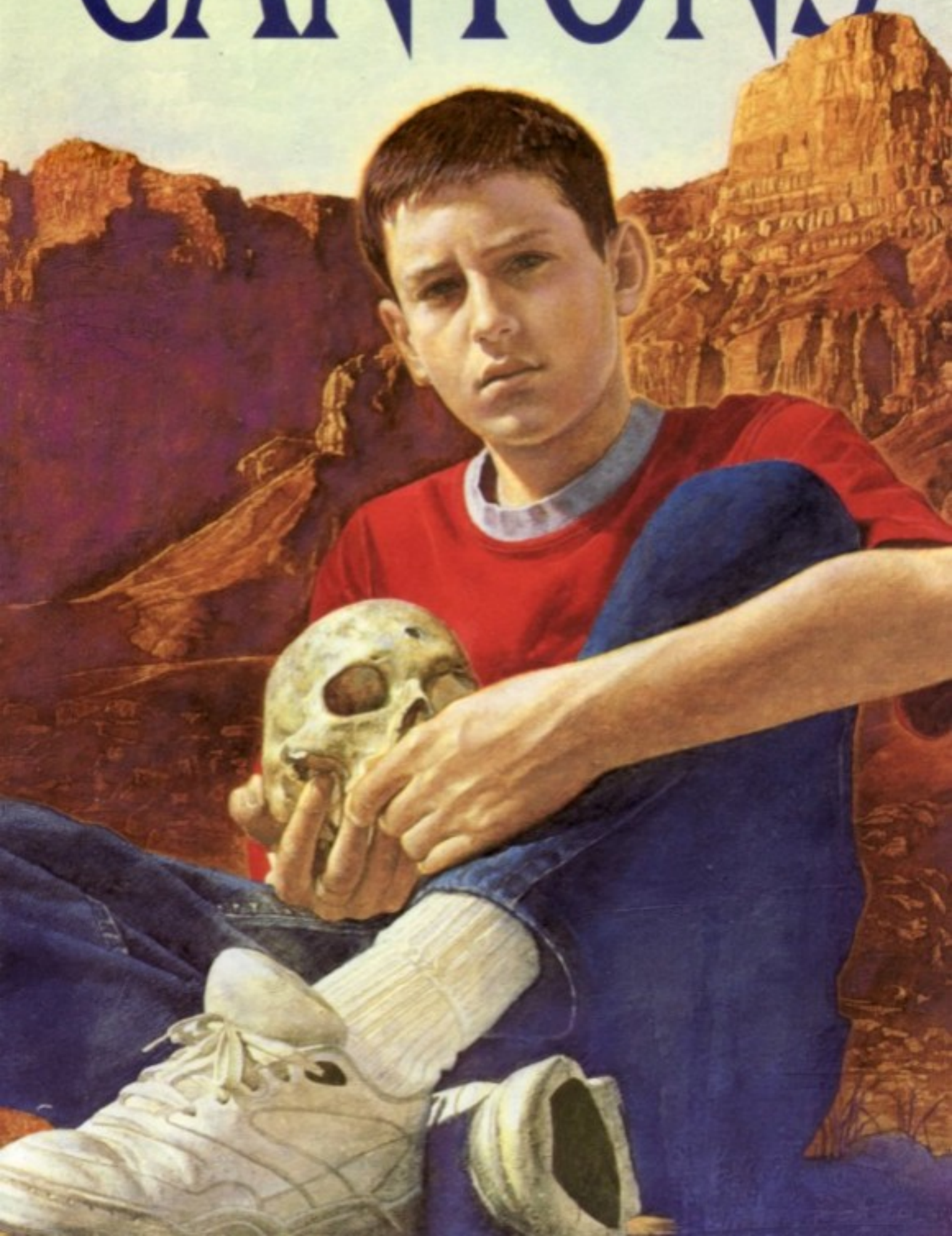


BY THE THREE-TIME NEWBERY HONOR BOOK AUTHOR
GARY PAULSEN

CANYONS



Soon he would be a man.

Not after months, or years, as it had been, but in a day. In a day Coyote Runs would be a man and take the new name which only he would know because finally after fourteen summers they were taking him on a raid.

He had difficulty believing it. For this summer and two summers past he had gone time and time again to the old place, the medicine place, the ancient place in another canyon only he knew about, and prayed for manhood—all for nothing. For the whole of this summer and two summers past he had been ignored, thought of as still a boy.

And now it was upon him.

In the morning he had risen early and walked

away from the camp before the fires yet smoked and gone to the stream to rinse his mouth and take a cool drink and nothing seemed different.

He had gone to the ponies and looked at them and thought how it would be someday to own a pony, two of them, many of them, when he was a man and could go on raids to take horses and a Mexican saddle with silver on it like Magpie had done when he became a man and who could now walk with his neck swollen.

All someday. That's how he thought then, in the morning, it would all come someday. He would be an Apache warrior and ride down past the bluebellies' fort across the dirty little river into Mexico and prove that he was a man.

Someday.

After he had watched the pony herd for a time he walked back to the huts in the early morning sun and saw that his mother was making a fire to heat a pot of stew made from a fat steer they had taken from Carnigan's ranch. The rancher had many such steers and did not mind when the village took one. He liked to watch his mother make fire. She was round and her face shone in the sun and her hands were so sure when she piled the sticks and struck the white man's lucifer stick to make the fire that he thought of her as not just his mother but the mother of the fire. As she was the mother of the stew and the wood and the sand and the hut and Coyote Runs. The mother of all things.

Then Magpie had come out of his hut where he slept with his family though he was a man because he did not have his own wife yet. He saw Coyote Runs sitting near his mother and came to him and squatted next to him in the dirt.

"It is a fine morning," he said, which caused Coyote Runs to look at him because his voice was light and teasing. "A fine morning to be a man. . . ."

Coyote Runs said nothing but had a sour taste in his mouth. It was not like Magpie to make fun of him or to be proud so that it showed in a teasing voice.

"I have heard stories," Magpie said, and now Coyote Runs could tell that he was teasing openly. But he was smiling and his eyes were not mean.

"What kind of stories?"

"I have heard stories of a new raid to where the silver saddles are. A raid which will leave tomorrow. A raid which will have all the warriors on it."

Coyote Runs felt it now, the small excitement that came from surprises.

"All the warriors and men there are. Tell me, warrior, do you have a pony?"

"I'm going?" Coyote Runs tried to keep his voice even.

Magpie smiled wider and nodded. "It is thought that you could come to hold the horses and see how it is to be on a raid. Sancta said it, said you could come by name."

CANYONS

GARY PAULSEN

Two boys, separated by the canyons of time and two vastly different cultures, face the challenges by which they will become men.

Coyote Runs, an Apache boy, takes part in his first raid. But he is to be a man for only a short time. . . .

More than a hundred years later, while camping near Dog Canyon, fifteen-year-old Brennan Cole becomes obsessed with a skull that he finds, pierced by a bullet. He learns that it is the skull of an Apache boy executed by soldiers in 1864. A mystical link joins Brennan and Coyote Runs, and Brennan knows that neither boy will find peace until Coyote Runs' skull is carried back to an ancient sacred place.

In a grueling journey through the canyon to return the skull, Brennan confronts the challenge of his life.

www.garypaulsen.com

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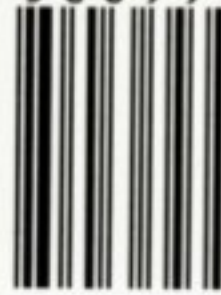
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