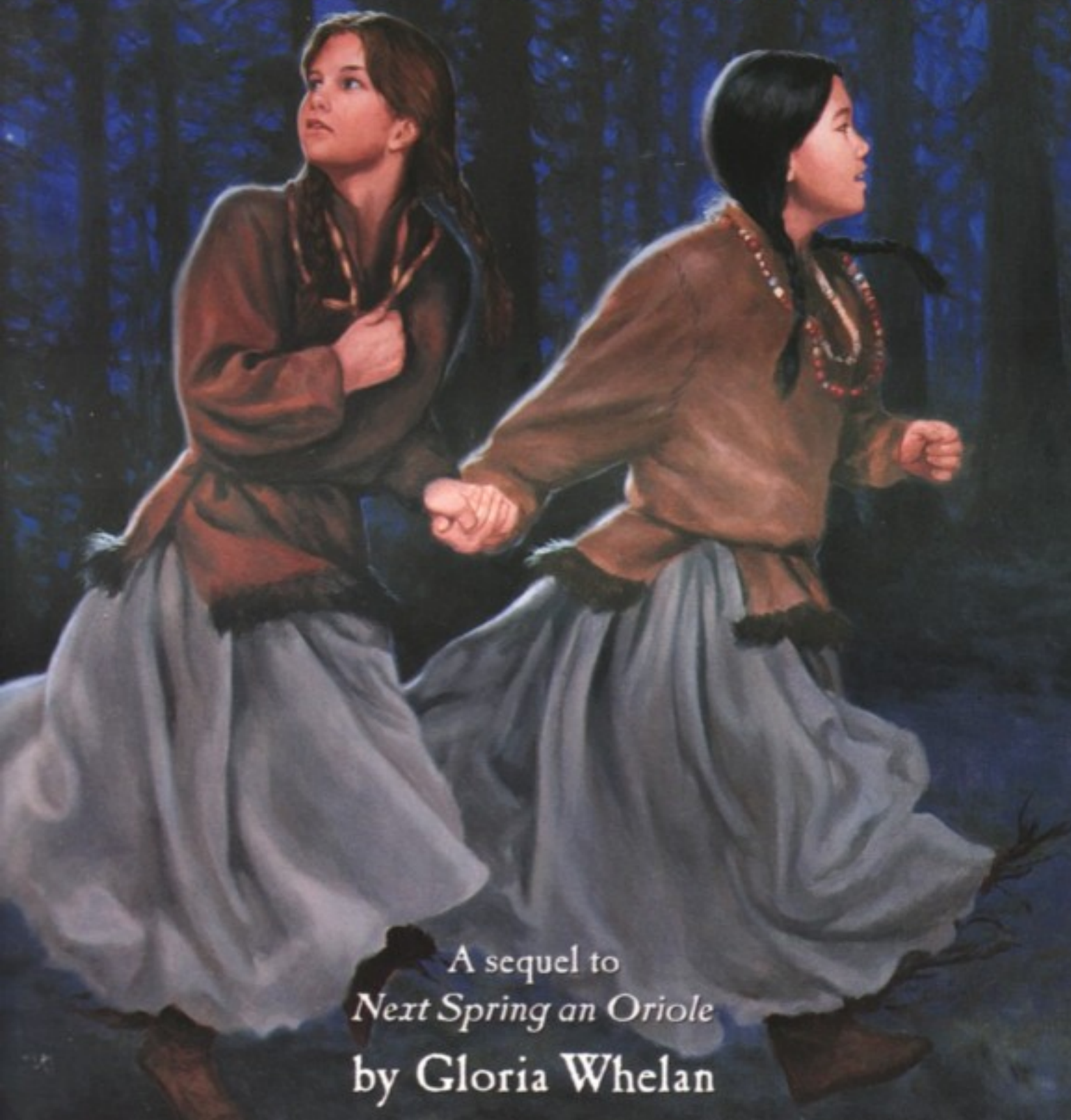


STEPPING STONES™

a chapter book



Night of the Full Moon



A sequel to
Next Spring an Oriole
by Gloria Whelan

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THE WINTER of 1840 was a snowy tunnel. We entered it in November and couldn't find our way out until April. Then spring surprised us. Almost overnight the white field by our cabin turned back into a pond. When Mama saw the last of the ice melt, she said to me, "Libby, it's like something heavy lifting from my heart."

Black-and-white bufflehead ducks sifted down onto our pond. The blue heron was back stalking frogs. One morning we heard the oriole sing and saw it flash through the

trees. Papa unraveled rope and hung the strands over branches. The oriole carried off the strands in its beak to weave into a nest that hung like a little bag at the top of an oak.

By June all the rows had pushed out green in our vegetable garden. I was kneeling pulling out weeds when Fawn appeared, like she always did—as softly and suddenly as a butterfly lighting on a flower. Her name was really Taw-cum-e-go-quā, but that was hard to say. Fawn was the name my papa made up for her. “She’s like a young deer,” he said. “Graceful, with those long legs and big eyes. Wary, too. I’m always afraid of startling her into skittering away.”

Each fall Fawn and her family, along with the other Potawatomi Indians in their camp, went north to their winter trapping grounds. They didn’t call themselves Potawatomi. They called themselves *Neshnabek*, which means “the People.”

Fawn was splendid in a red and blue calico dress embroidered with red and blue

beads. There was beading, too, on her deerskin moccasins. Her dark hair was braided with a red ribbon. "You have a new dress," I said. "And a ribbon." I'm afraid I was a little envious, for my own pinafore seemed dull, and I had no ribbons. Papa says beauty has nothing to do with fancy adornments, but I would have given anything to look like Fawn.

"The hunting was good this winter," Fawn said. "Each day in the forest the spirits of the animals called to my father. They told him where to put his snares and traps. He brought back many skins. At the store where he sold them he bought calico for me and my mother. I have another ribbon. I'll give it to you."

The Indians were always giving things away. When Papa was not able to find enough business as a surveyor to provide us with food for the winter, Fawn's papa brought us corn and wild honey and smoked fish. "Where did you make your winter camp?" I asked.

"We had to travel many nights' journey

Libby Mitchell cannot wait for the night of the full moon. That's when she will attend a special ceremony at the Indian camp where her best friend, Fawn, lives. But something goes terribly wrong at the celebration. Soldiers rush in and order everyone to move off the land immediately—including Libby, who is mistaken for a member of the tribe! Forced to travel on the terrifying journey with the tribe, Libby wonders . . . *will she ever see her family again?*



"An exciting adventure sure to provoke strong feelings."

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"With quiet dignity, Whelan's simple story, based on a real event, conveys the Native American point of view concerning land ownership."

—*Booklist*

★ "This satisfying chapter book is as captivating as any in the Little House series, but far more insightful and thought-provoking with regard to historical events and the not-so-rosy aspects of settler–Native American relations."

—*Publishers Weekly*, Starred

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