

## THE MISPELED SMOKE SIGNALS

LITTLE BEAR

DRUMS

SMOKE SIGNALS

INDIAN

MOTHER

"I'll get this right!"

hit thighs rhythmically

"Pooff, Pooff!"

War whoop

"You can do it!"

LITTLE BEAR \_\_\_ was a very hard working INDIAN \_\_\_ boy. He studied hard to learn to play the DRUMS \_\_\_ so he could send messages to his friends in other villages. But LITTLE BEAR \_\_\_ had trouble with his lessons in SMOKE SIGNALS \_\_\_. After one particularly frustrating experience, LITTLE BEAR \_\_\_ ran into his teepee and threw himself down on his buffalo skin bed. "What is the trouble, LITTLE BEAR \_\_\_," asked his MOTHER \_\_\_ who was busy sewing new buckskins for his father. "MOTHER \_\_\_," why must INDIANS \_\_\_ learn to do SMOKE SIGNALS \_\_\_?" LITTLE BEAR \_\_\_ asked. "To communicate," she replied, "this was the INDIANS \_\_\_ from our tribe can talk to other villages." "But we have the DRUMS \_\_\_," said LITTLE BEAR \_\_\_. "This may not always be enough," his MOTHER \_\_\_ replied, "we also need the SMOKE SIGNALS \_\_\_. Now go on back and practice your SMOKE SIGNALS \_\_\_ some more."

LITTLE BEAR \_\_\_ left the teepee. He stopped by his DRUMS \_\_\_ and sent a little message, but no one answered. So he made a little fire, just the right size to send SMOKE SIGNALS \_\_\_. He took out his blanket and when the fire was just right, he trapped the smoke and let out a nice little puff. But it just didn't look right. Then an old INDIAN \_\_\_ who had been watching from a little ways off came up to him. "LITTLE BEAR \_\_\_," he said, "I see what you are doing wrong. You are not spelling it right." LITTLE BEAR \_\_\_ looked surprised; he did not know you could misspell SMOKE SIGNALS \_\_\_. "Let me show you," said the old INDIAN \_\_\_. He took the blanket and held it a bit differently. As he released the SMOKE SIGNAL \_\_\_ it floated softly into the sky. And it looked just right.

"I see," said LITTLE BEAR \_\_\_, "I was holding it wrong." He took the blanket and tried it himself. Once again a perfect SMOKE SIGNAL \_\_\_ drifted into the afternoon sky. "Oh, thank you, thank you," he said turning to where the old INDIAN \_\_\_ had stood. But the old INDIAN \_\_\_ had disappeared. LITTLE BEAR \_\_\_ ran to the teepee. "MOTHER \_\_\_," he called, "I can do it! Now I can communicate with DRUMS \_\_\_ and SMOKE SIGNALS \_\_\_. MOTHER \_\_\_, who was the old INDIAN \_\_\_ who helped me?" But LITTLE BEAR'S \_\_\_ MOTHER \_\_\_ did not answer, she only smiled.