

Koko

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For english

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Chapter 1 - Adventure

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1 - Adventure

Koko

My name is Koko “night”, I feel at home under the night sky. For half the night I go out and roam the forest, when I was younger I woke people up so me and my family were permanently moved to the edge of the encampment. I hated having to tiptoe through the tepees, so the change was refreshing. My mother’s name is Inola “black fox”, my father’s name is Jacy “moon”, and my brother’s name is Dynami “eagle”. And then there’s Chenoa “dove” my best friend, she is understanding, clever, knowledgeable, and insightful. This morning I asked her to go on a night outing with me, I also told Inola not to expect me in the morning. I made this decision because of how desperately I wanted a horse, the men get to ride horses but I can’t ride them. But if the horse was mine then they have to let me keep it, I remember when Chenoa and me rode some of the horses on a night outing, no one had a clue except Dynami. With a horse I could travel long distances at night, Dynami agreed to take care of the horse during the day as long as I took care of it at night. Last year Chenoa managed to get me a dog, I named her Luyo “wild dove” because she was sweet but often hyper; I brought her along with us. I brought food in a buffalo hide bag I made myself and another one to put stuff I collected in. That night our little oddball group of three started on our way towards a camp of bloods. The moonlight lit up Chenoa’s face and her anxious smile with it, Luyo started running circles around us, so I took a buffalo hide ball out of one of the bags, Luyo stopped in place. I chucked the ball through the trees and she darted off after it. We made good time and soon we were at the camp, Most of the men were out hunting buffalo. We met Akando “ambush” my cousin and asked him for his help, it didn’t take much persuasion he was always in when it involved troublemaking. He went to the other side of the camp and distracted the others while we snuck in and led out a calm white horse.

“This will teach Dichali to insult my beadwork” I told Chenoa, by then we were a ways from the camp.

“How do you know it’s his?”

“He puts braided blue Buffalo hide strips around his horses’ ankles” I kneeled down, cut the braid, and tossed it aside.

“What if he finds out?”

“He wouldn’t think a couple of girls did it” Luyo started chewing on the braid until I threw the ball again.

“He might think he’s being punished for being rude”

We walked in silence the rest of the way back, stopping to collect stuff often. We got back a little after sunrise and gave the horse to Dynami, Luyo went ahead of us into the teepee and laid down on her bed of soft dyed rabbit skins I made her, I also wove the basket they were in. I put the food we collected on a hide by the fire. Chenoa has lived with us since her parents died of a terrible illness; Chenoa went to her “bed” and fell asleep. Despite the long night I didn’t feel tired at all, I went to my pile of rabbit skins and started dying them. Dying the skins made the skin vibrant and colorful, if you let them soak in the dye for long enough the soft hair would be colorful too. Then on the back of one I painted Chenoa with brushes made of horsehair and rabbit fur, the combination made them pick up the color well yet they still held their shape. I never did like the simple designs the others made, they were too easy, and they didn’t capture the beauty of nature very well. I can spend days on one painting but I never showed any of them to anyone that didn’t live with me, I didn’t want everyone to know who I was, they would ask me to paint stuff for them, and I would never get the chance to paint for myself. I painted a dove on her shoulder and a creek behind her with the trees all around, I carefully painted the slightly fluffy blue feather she kept tied to her hair, and painted her intelligent blue eyes. By the time I was done the sun

started sink below the mountains and Inola walked into the teepee.

“Koko your back, your painting is beautiful” she was used to my irregular routines by now.

“Where were you, when I come back your usually in here”?

“Collecting roots and berries, although you brought in quite a bit too”.

“I’m going to sleep now and I don’t think I’ll be up tonight” the exhaustion of our “little” trip had finally caught up with me.

I dreamt that I was riding my horse through the forest with Luyo running along beside us, a full moon illuminated the night sky, I felt something in the hand that wasn’t guiding the horse, in the palm of my hand was a beautiful gold-like stone.