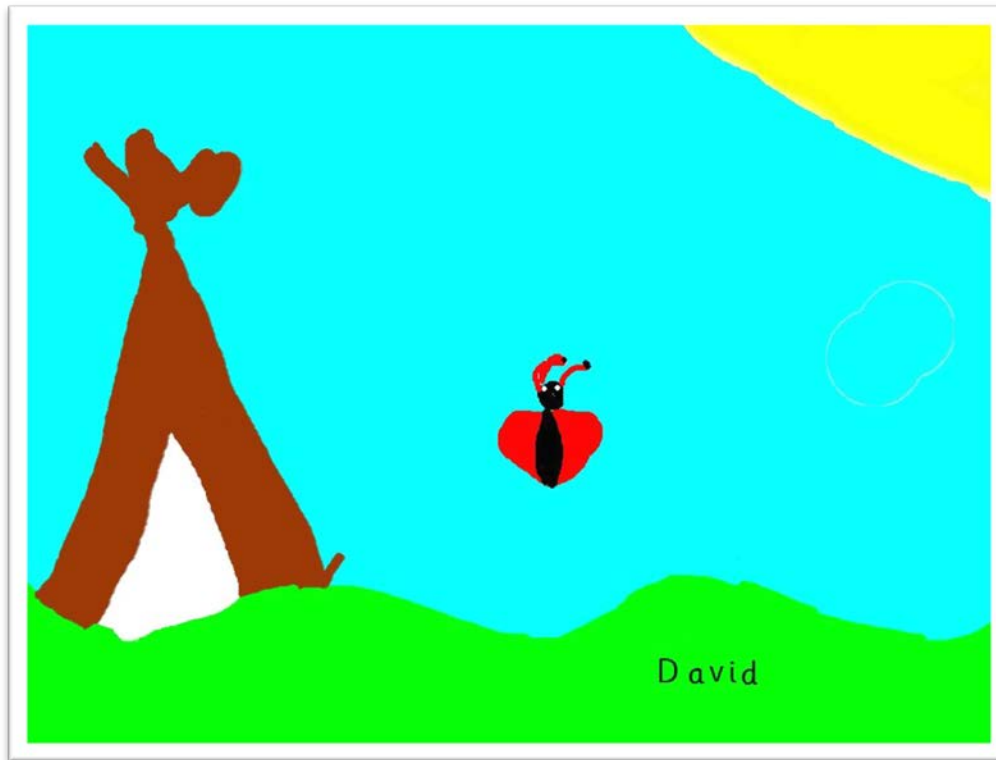


A Day in the Life of a Cheyenne Indian Girl

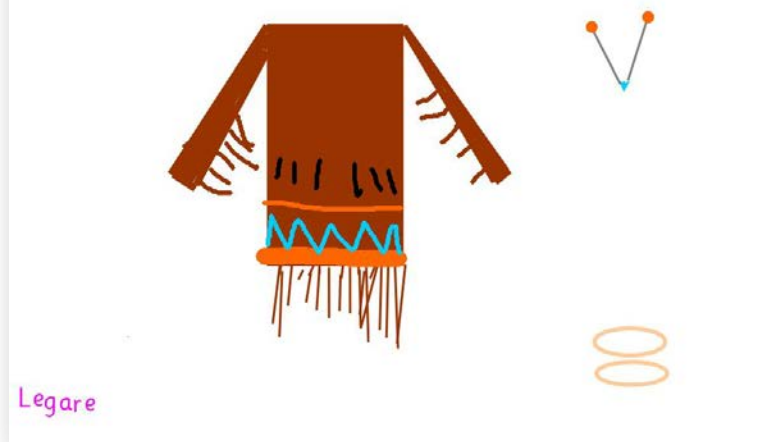
By David, Legare, Lucy, and Will T.

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Hi, my name is Flowing River. I am a Cheyenne Indian. I live in the Plains where we have extreme weather. There are a few hills, trees, rivers and creeks. My family members are my mom, my dad, my two brothers, my aunt and uncle, my grandma and grandpa, and I. When I woke up in the tipi, I was sleeping on a buffalo skin mat, my dad hunted for it last fall. It's the first day of summer.

Buffalo skin dress



I'm excited to put my new dress on! I stretched the skin out on a wooden frame, then I scraped it with a bone. I soaked it in water and then scraped the fur side clean. Next we dried it. Then we put on a paste of crushed animal brains to make it soft. Then my mom sewed it into a dress. My brothers are gone right now on a vision quest. I went to go have breakfast which was a jelly-like pudding made from buffalo blood. I kept the extra blood so I could paint. I went to do my chores, first I had to check on the crops, then I went down to the river to wash the clothes, next I helped my mom around the village. I went to the fields to pick berries and corn.



When I got back to the tipi it was lunch time. My dad came back and he had killed a buffalo! We had some for lunch and when we finished, we had extra which we are going to have later for dinner. After lunch I go visit my grandmother and grandfather. My grandmother teaches me how to sew and to keep a good tipi, and my grandfather teaches me the wisdom of the plains. My tribe has a permanent camp so we can have gardens. I went back to the fields on my way home and picked corn, squash, beans, and tobacco.

how to make a tipi



Then I saw my friend waiting for me outside my tipi. Let's go play by the river! We played for hours before I heard my mother calling for me. A new family had moved to the village and needed help putting up their tipi. When we got there the wooden poles were already put up. We helped them put the skins up on the tipi to cover it, then we helped make the smoke hole. While we were helping them, my father gathered fire wood for our fire.

stew



lucy

Grass basket



Leqare

We headed back to our tipi and had dinner which was a stew of veggies and buffalo meat. After we ate, mom taught me how to weave a basket out of grasses I had picked on the prairie. It was a little tricky but I got used to it. Then I went to my buffalo skin mat. I took off my outer clothing and said my prayers to the creator and went to sleep. It was a great day.



I looked around my room one more time. I could see out of the tipi and an owl flew over it. I can't wait to see what happens tomorrow! I know it will be exciting because my brothers will return with new stories of their journey to tell my family and their friends.