Diary of a Paiute Child
Diary of a Palau Child
by Manley

Dear Diary,

Today was an eventful day. I learned to weave baskets with Chonca. First, the men came back with the willow. Then Mom came to help me. When she weaves, her baskets are beautiful. She is the best weaver in the tribe. Chonca kept joking herself with the willow. Grandmother said that I work like my mother when she was younger. Next time I weave baskets, I want to learn how to dye them. Mom said that we dye them with the mud. Today I had a good day.
Dear Dairy,

Today I made tribal shakers. The process takes from sunrise to sunset. First, I had to go collect some small rocks. Back at where our tribe was staying, the elders were making the outside of the shakers. We also collected pine nuts. Chenoa and I thought this was not very smart because we ate some of the pine nuts. Once we got back, the outsides of the shakers were ready. There was a little hole in the bottom where we could put the stuff we collected. While we were putting stuff in the tiny hole, the elders were making the handles. Once we finished, we put the two things together with some sticky web. Then we had to color them with some mud. Today was a fun day.
Dear Diary,

Today I went to my first tribal meeting. We talked about who we are going to trade with next and when we are going to move next. I did not want to hear this because this has been my home forever, but I know that we are going to get rain soon. Then we used the shakers that we made yesterday to wish for rain. After we danced for rain, Chief Running Water shared a legend with us. He told us the story of his great-great grandfather, Chief Crystal Water, who saved the tribe by fighting off bears and wolves. I know the Great Spirit will stay with me, just like it helped my great-great grandfather.
Dear Diary,

Today I went out of the tribe's camp with my father to do my first petroglyph. He took me to a special cave where he showed me his first petroglyphs. He said he had been saving an empty space just for me. I have been waiting for this moment forever and now the time has finally come. Once I dipped my finger into the mud and touched the blank cave wall, I felt like I had moved one step closer to becoming an adult. I think my father was pleased with my petroglyph of a bear hunt. I know the time will soon come where I would be on my own to find my Manitou.