

Mommy, Don't Hug Me! relates story of child sexual abuse

Editor's note: Young wordsmith Frederick Bobb is once again offering an interesting and informative story to Spilyay readers. Unlike "The Way It Is," this story, entitled "Mommy, Don't Hug Me," is based on facts. The people in the story are fictitious, but the story could be true. Frederick spent weeks reading and researching much information for this latest story.

Mommy, Don't Hug Me discusses one of life's most heinous and disgusting crimes, child sexual abuse. We would all like to say there is no abuse on the reservation, but we can't. The following is about a nine-year-old girl who is taken in by a young man—their friendship is strong and "special." The story will be broken into several segments for easy reading.

MOMMY, DON'T HUG ME!

by Frederick D. Bobb
THE CHILDHOOD
(NINE YEARS OF AGE)

She was named Angel, Her friend called the Sandman, He brought her dreams of gold, Then crushed them in his hand, She dared not cry her anger, For fear of angered punishment. She was named Angel, So why did the Lord send her demean't. Her mother hadn't the time, Her brothers and sisters way too old. The only loving one, The Sandman, he turned cold. She was named Angel, An angel who turned bold!

—RBK

"Hurry mother!" cried Angel, her small, frail body neatly decorated to suggest that she was going out with her friend again. Her long black hair trailed down her back, silky, yet it had body. Her mother stood lighting another Camel, then stuffed the lighter neatly back into her purse.

"I don't see why he couldn't have picked you up!" Lily proclaimed. "If he wanted to take you to the carnival, then it should have been his responsibility." Her voice carried the obvious chill of sarcasm, Angel quickly thought up a way to pull it away from her.

"You should marry him, Mommy," she said, buttoning her small blue jacket. Her small fingers barely had enough control to bring the button up to the holes. "I need a daddy."

"Honey," began Lily. "I don't even know your new friend. You're just lucky I'm letting you go with him. If he wasn't related to Tarker. I wouldn't even think twice about making you go straight to bed."

Angel rolled her eyes, and fastened the last button.

"Geel!" yelled a voice. "Angel's first date!"

Angel turned to see her oldest brother standing in the entrance to the living room.

Anger began to rise in her, she thought dating was the most disgusting habit to get into. Besides smoking two packs of Camel's a day.

"He's not my date!" yelled Angel. "If you had the sense he did, you'd see that!"

"All right," her brother said.

Turning back into the hallway, he yelled "You don't need to be so darn uppity!"

"Mother!" Angel said, bouncing up and down.

"That'll be enough." Lily ordered her son.

"No, I'm late already!" Angel corrected.

"Oh, honey. I'm sure he'll understand. If he's like you said he is, then there's no reason to hurry. By your words, he sounds quite nice."

"Can't we please hurry?"

"Just hold your horses. I have to go make a very important phone call before we leave." Lily headed down the hallway towards her room. "You should have told me about this before! Then we might not be so late."

"Gosh!" Angel said, taking a seat on the Honey's Beehive couch. Her lips jabbed way out, then she pulled them back into her mouth, remembering that she couldn't get her way any longer.

Since her father had died, nothing worked the same. Her mother had made arrangements to move away from the house in Greeley Heights, and they had moved into a small pink trailer in a small valley off to the north of Warm Springs called Dry Creek. Dry Creek was the type of housing where people were people who knew all kinds of people. You could walk up to almost any house, knock on the door, and whoever might answer would almost always know you. That's just about the way all people were in Warm Springs. The term for Warm Springs in

school now days was "Springs," a name thought to have come from the place far away of Palm Springs.

Springs was small, but contained almost anything desired from any person who might move here from New York. Macy's, the general store, had a gas station, museum, small clothes store, post office, and was the main place to buy Icee's that always seemed to taste a little better after school.

But, all was well in the small town. People were especially concerned about matters with most other families and hardly talked about their own problems. That's the way it is on the rez. Nothing out of the ordinary could happen here, and that made it the best place to live. A place that felt as if you were snuggled up in your bed on a rainy night.

Five minutes passed, and ten was working its way up.

"Mother!" Angel cried.

A rumbling sound, followed by sharp cracking sounds filled the air. Bright lights that flashed into the front window suggested that a car had pulled into the driveway.

"Mommy, mommy!" Angel said, jumping up and down and at the same time waving her hands in unknown directions. "He's here, mommy!"

"Uh-huh?" her mother said into the telephone in the other room. "Yes, I understand that part, but what about Wednesday?"

"Mother, he's here!" Angel repeated.

"Yeah... Well could you hold on for just a minute? We have a minor disturbance."

Lily put down the telephone receiver, and walked sluggishly into the living room. There, she saw Angel standing next to the front window, peering out into the darkness with her fake binoculars—made from her small hands.

"Now what's all the havoc?" Lily asked.

"He's here," Angel said for her last time.

"Great," Lily said, not too enthusiastic.

Several seconds later, there came a knock at the door. Lily

walked over to the door, and before opening it, she whispered to Angel "If he's hyperactive, you're not going anywhere but into your room to go to sleep!"

She opened the door, and saw what she really didn't expect.

On the front porch, stood a man who looked as though he wasn't too sure he was at the right house. His hair was shiny black, a little longer than Angel's older brother's. His face looked so square, if he'd laid it on a piece of paper for a person to trace, he might have gotten an A in geometry. He wore no more than teenage clothing, one's that looked quite silly on an older man. His build suggested he might be in his early twenties, but the boyish face told Lily she might be a little worn out on her guessing game. What struck Lily, was that in his pocket, he had neatly stuffed a pack of glowing Camel's. Same brand, she thought.

"Uh," he stuttered in a low, metallic voice. "Is this where Angel stays?"

Lily took some time to respond, but eventually did, "Yes," she paused, not able to believe this man was actually from the reservation. "Would you please come in?"

"Sure," the man said, stepping over the threshold as if it might jump up and bite him on the leg.

Once inside, he studied the house—trailer. The living room was quite large for such a small trailer, and it held more decoration than the Administration Building he'd thought to be so fanciful. So many plants near every corner of the room—he began to wonder how the planters kept their original soil with a girl like Angel. Leading off to the right, there lay a dimly lit hallway, and the kitchen was visible from where he stood, and in the sink sat heaps of unwashed dishes. Angel was not in sight.

"You're Angel's friend?" asked Lily, still not able to believe. "Yeah," he said, after letting out a sequence of chuckles. "She calls me the Mr. Sandman and I call her Fluffy Bunny Angel. It's our little game, I live in her dreams and she's the answer to the child I never had."

"Then you're married?" Lily asked, stepping in front of him—the action made him feel self-conscious.

"Divorced," he replied. "Couldn't find a woman who liked children."

"Ah, I see," Lily said, raising her head a bit. Her features were those that were expensive. A slim nose, perfect oval eyes that seemed to burn in her skull, black hair that often taunted on her dangling fake-diamond earrings, and a slender neck. The man wondered if she'd always dressed as if she were ready to go out.

"Is Angel here?" he asked. "I was hoping I'd get here before she left. I wanted to meet you, and just tell you that your daughter reminds me of my niece."

"She was around here somewhere—"

"Rawr!" Angel said, dashing out from behind the long curtains that rested from the front window. She grabbed the leg of the man, and clung on tight.

"Oh, you got me!" said the man, reaching down and grabbing her. He lifted her up, and held level with his face. "Are you ready my little Angel. My little Fluffy Bunny Angel?"

"Only if you are, Mr. Sandman." Angel called, laughter in her voice.

"Then we're off to see a wizard!" cried Mr. Sandman.

"Can I go then, Mommy?" pleaded Angel.

Lily thought that such a nice man would have taken care of Angel with the tenderest love found on earth today. Besides, what could happen to a small girl on an even smaller reservation?

"Have fun," Lily replied.

"Yay!" Angel cried.

"Shall we?" the man asked.

Angel had heard this line before. She knew what to say, "Surely."

They were off on a trip, one that would become a regular event.

When they had left, Lily turned into the small kitchen. "Mr. Sandman," she began. "If only I was your age!"

Then she remembered the patient person on the phone.



Becoming officers of the court—During a recent swearing in ceremony the Probation and Parole officers (left to right) Sondra Miller, Frank Smith and Papo Cruz took a step toward becoming officers of the courts. Chief Judge Richard Frederick (far right) performed ceremony. The ceremony marked a big step for the officers as it has increased their authority in their present job. The trio will now be able to go into the field to work with their clients. They will have more input in the courts and hearings. Before the swearing in the officer's work was largest confined to the office. They now have the power of arrest.

Adherence to rules essential for activities

To be eligible for extra-curricular activities at Madras High School, students must be on track for graduation and conform to all OSAA rules and regulations.

In addition, the following building rules shall apply: Every student will be required to attend regularly and be passing in six (6) subjects. In addition, during the immediately preceding semester, he/she must have been enrolled in school, attended regularly and passed six (6) subjects.

1. To determine the "be passing" portion of the rule, a check of grades and attendance will be made at mid-quarter. This check will cause the activities director and coach to warn students that they must be passing six (6) subjects at the end of the quarter.

As soon as report cards are available, the activities director will check to determine who in the student body is not currently passing six (6) subjects at the end of quarters one and three.

Students will be informed that they are ineligible if they are not passing six (6) subjects that carry credit at the end of quarters one and three.

The period of ineligibility will be for 14 calendar days beginning the day the student is notified.

At the end of the 14 day

period of ineligibility a check will be made of all students determined to be ineligible. If, at that time the student's grades (semester) are passing in six (6) or more subjects, the student will be determined eligible until the end of the semester. If the student is not passing in six (6) or more subjects, he/she will be ruled ineligible until the end of the semester. If a student is determined ineligible at the end of quarters two and four. That student will remain ineligible until the end of the next semester.

2. To determine "attending regularly" students will be ruled ineligible should they get 12 or more absences per semester in any two or more classes, including study halls.

3. Students who have been ruled ineligible shall still have the opportunity to try out for and practice with their respective teams. This opportunity will be granted only one time during a student's high school career. Any student becoming ineligible a second time will not be allowed to practice nor participate with their respective teams.

4. The above conditions are subject to an appeals process with the building administration and/or the OSAA where exceptions may be made should an unusual or extreme situation occur that caused the student to become ineligible.

Sampling shows crayfish abundant

A limited sampling of the Metolius River arm of Lake Billy Chinook showed crayfish to be abundant. Special crayfish traps dropped to depths between three and twenty feet, baited with fish attracted crayfish in lengths varying from 70-121 mm, according to tribal fish biologist Cris Stainbrook.

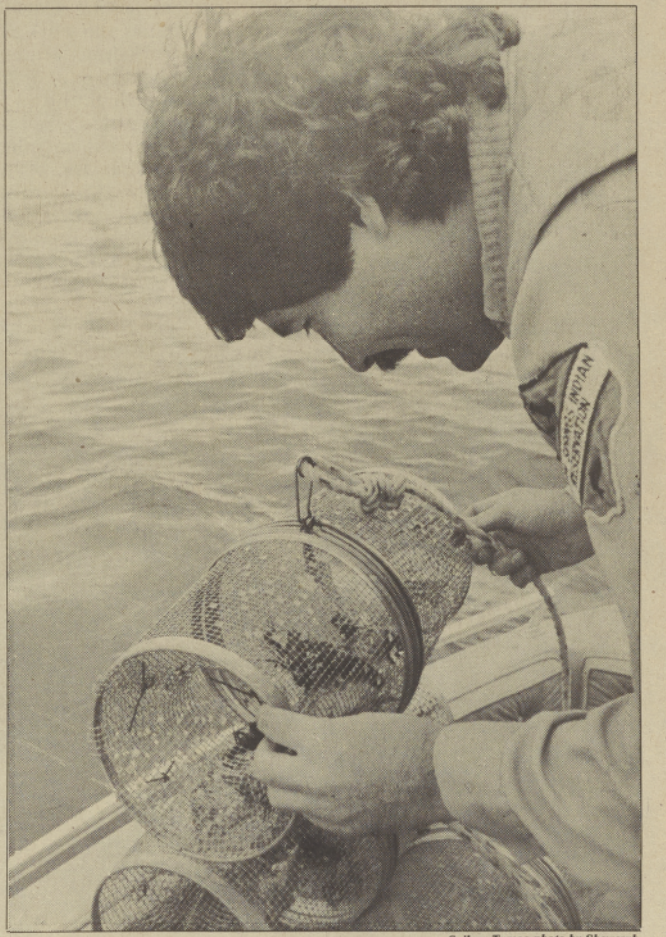
Commercial crayfisheries currently operate in the Deschutes

River and Crooked River arms of the lake. Sportsmen are permitted to take up to 50 crayfish daily throughout the year by angling, hand, baited line, net rings and traps.

In the Metolius arm however, tribal regulations state, "No person shall take crayfish from Reservation water for any purpose without authorization from the Fish and Wildlife Committee."



Crayfish were found to vary size during sampling from 70-121 mm.



Tribal fish biologist Cris Stainbrook raises crayfish trap during sampling on the Metolius River Arm of Lake Billy Chinook.