

## Mommy, don't hug me! Part III

## Angel fails to reveal sexual abuse

The following is the third segment of Frederick Bobb's "Mommy, Don't Hug Me!" Readers learned in the second segment that Mr. Sandman was a drug addict and alcoholic and that Angel was sometimes afraid of him. She was disappointed in Mr. Sandman.

by Frederick Bobb

## The older brother...

"I would have stayed there to protect her, if I had known what was going to happen. But I didn't. She's my sis, and I'll always love her. That nerd had no right to go into our house and beat up on her like that. If I would have found out earlier, I would have killed the sucker! She's my sister, and I care for her."

"I went to a party that night. When I got home, she was crying. I couldn't see her face, but I kinda figured what it looked like. I tried to fix her up so that mom wouldn't notice, but she did."

"I'm happy she did, now."

Lily Prescott drove into her driveway, her body aching from another "social" night in the Kah-Nee-Ta lounge. Somehow, it didn't seem right for her to dress up in her most precious clothes, doll herself up, and even have her children wash the car the day before just so she could go down to the lounge after the seminar to see the most fancy people on the reservation become wild and free-moving. The real person they hid deep within their fake personalities really did seem to come to the surface when they were intoxicated.

A pounding headache started in as soon as the engine had died.

"God forgive me," she said, shutting the door then walking toward the front door. "But I just didn't have fun at all tonight."

She reached the door, and fumbled with her small purse. The keys were clever, and hid near the bottom of the miscellaneous objects.

"Come on," she said, biting on her bottom lip.

Leaning against the door, she felt it give away. What? She had locked it, hadn't she? Bob, if you left the little one's alone I'll kill you!

Entering the trailer, she heard small, weeping sounds. It was clear that they came from a little girl: the pitch was high, the sobs came in short, frail bursts.

"Dear God!" she yelled, dropping her purse and running for Angel's room. The trailer was

dark, making Lily stumble over several skates and replicas of the Incredible Hulk.

Angel sat on the edge of the bed, Bob near her with a wet washcloth. Angel's hair had fallen over her face—which was lowered along with the musical sobs.

"What the heck happened?!" Lily asked.

Angel's face rose, showing the large, dark, almost purple marks near her eyes. Several slits in her face had begun to bleed, her face would probably never be as pretty.

"Mommy!" the blood curdling sobs stopped, Angel ran to her mother, throwing her arms around the only person on earth who could comfort her.

## 1:00

Little more than bruises, and thank God there were no broken bones.

Angel had convinced her mother that she had fallen out of a tree. "All the way from the top to the bottom!"

"What were you doing climbing a tree in the middle of the night?" Lily scolded.

"Well," Angel countered, "You always tell me that small girls were meant to be girls, and that they shouldn't play on rough things like trees. I saw William playing in a tree, I thought it looked pretty fun, so I waited until it got dark to try it."

Angel's voice quivered with mutual terror, as she tried desperately not to tell her secret. Her small face looked as if she hadn't washed in months, the bruises were neatly outlined like large paint marks on her precious face.

"Now, do you see why I tell you not to be a boy, just be a little girl?"

Angel didn't reply, but only sat on her bed, scared. Tears began to flow once again.

Time,  
It pokes at your sores.

Time,  
It turns pleasure into pain.

Time,  
It mends the holes in life for some.

Time,  
With it comes the rage.

—RBK

June 18, 1982

Angel had been very quiet ever since she "fell out of a tree." Her life seemed to shift on its axis. She would recoil when her mother tried to hug her, she wouldn't play with her dolls, she wouldn't even watch Webster anymore. Her brothers and sister had given up hope, and had switched to treating her in a more violent manner, her mother still cared, and began taking her

to several doctors.

All that day, she had sat under a tree on a blanket, looking outward into the small valley of Dry Creek. Nine years old, and too many problems arising. It wasn't easy being a person who had nothing to do all summer. Lily had tried to ease some of the boredom by taking her children out—usually to places where children liked to go (movies, toyshopping, carnivals and circuses)—but none of these things would help Angel get over her miniature mourning.

Swimming classes had just begun, held at Kah-Nee-Ta swimming pools. Angel and William were persuaded by their mother to attend—although Angel felt a little self-conscious about her own body. William gladly boarded the bus early that morning.

"I just can't see why you don't want to go!" Lily scolded, driving back to the trailer after dropping William off at the Community Center. "Your brother went, why can't you?"

"I don't like swimming," Angel replied, curling in deeper into the seat of the car.

"You've never swam in your entire life," Lily countered, her voiced loaded with sarcasm. "Sure you get your feet wet, but you've never really swam."

"I don't know how to swim," Angel replied, realizing how stupid her words had sounded. Would mother notice what she had said?

"Angel,"

She did notice. "That's why these classes were made! They teach little girls like you to swim away from sharks if you're ever caught in an ocean."

Angel's eyes increased the look of concern. "You mean there are sharks in the water?"

"Mmm-hmm," Lily said, proud of the way her voice was flowing.

"Even in the Shitike!" Angel cried.

"Yup," Lily lied. "There are sharks in all the waters. Except for water made by man. The pools don't have sharks in them. They wait until the students become better swimmers, then they put the sharks in."

Angel's eyes filled with panic. "Mommy, what about William?"

Lily laughed, proud of her small joke on her daughter. "Oh well, there's no sharks in any water except for the oceans. But still, you should try to learn how to swim. It may help you one of these days."

The small red Plymouth Reliant crossed over Highway 26, and began to climb the small road toward Dry Creek/Kah-Nee-Ta. The decision would have to be made soon, made by Angel.

Angel sat quietly on the passenger side of the car, watching the yellow buses that carried loads of children who wanted to

learn to swim. William sat to the rear of the last bus, the one the Plymouth followed. The Dry Creek Road was coming on fast, William's face enlightened and fell at the same time. He began to wave out the rear window at his mother—at his sister.

"I'll go then," Angel said in a low, disappointed voice. "But first we have to go back to the house and pick up my swimming clothes."

"You don't need to do that," Lily said.

"Why?" asked Angel.

"You can swim in your underwear, can't you?"

"Mommy, everyone will tease me!" Angel cried out in fear.

Lily heaved forward another laugh, proud of yet another joke. "I already put your swimming clothes in the back. I knew you'd change your mind."

The car sped toward Kah-Nee-Ta, passing the Dry Creek turnoff. Angel's goal; to swim like a fish by the time swimming classes were over.

The mother...

*I knew something was wrong, she would never turn down a swimming class. She was the type of girl who—when around water—would not get out even to go to the... well, you know that part. It made my heart sink to see her mope around all day, nothing to do. She had good grades in school, so she didn't need to go to summer school. But during the last few weeks of school... she had fallen asleep. During class—of course. Mrs. Vastiga was her teacher, and she'd send Angel home with a note. All said one thing. Angel has fallen asleep in class again. Is there something wrong at home? I'd be glad to help in any way I can.*

*I didn't know what was the matter, so I sent a note back to Mrs. Vastiga saying that I'd make Angel go to sleep a few hours earlier. That didn't help much. Angel continued to fall asleep during class.*

*Mr. Sandman stayed away for the longest time...*

June 25, 1981

The too hot pools held dozens upon dozens of small children—who would scream with delight, trying to make it from one side of the pool to the other. Some children tossed small beachballs, giggling whenever another child would get bonked on the head—getting mad if they were the one's who were the bonkees. The bears were turned on, hold-

ing fish that sprayed water high into the air. The cool water emitted from the fish felt good, it eased the heat of the naturally heated pools.

One week at swimming class, and Angel hadn't learned a thing. She wouldn't get out of the water, unless it was time to leave. William hadn't learned much himself, but he had learned to float on his back. The small job wasn't easily accomplished, he would usually sink as soon as he let go of the edge, pushing himself into the middle of the pool. He was mad, thinking it was the shallow water that made him sink, and had argued with his instructor that if he were to go into the deep end of the pool, things would be a lot better. His instructor never let him. Soon enough, William was shocked when he let go of the edge of the pool, and stayed afloat. Filled with excitement, he began to kick and scream. Then he sank.

Lily sat on the benches near the edge of the pool, watching her children receive instructions from the teacher—who just happened to be a woman—but never really getting the idea of swimming into their minds. Lily's company seemed to make them throw their minds onto watching Webster, or screaming at the silver screen.

"Okay, dokey. Angel," said the young swimming instructor. "Have you learned how to float yet?"

Angel's small head bobbed above the blue water, her face smothered with tiny glistening drops of water. "Hmm-mmm," she would say.

"Okay, then I'll try to teach you that today. Do you know how to float, Amil?"

"William," William corrected. "Oh yeah. Sorry. Do you know how to float?"

"Yup. Did it yesterday."

"Good. You can go have free time while I teach your sister."

"Oh goody!" William yelled, taking off sooner than the sentence was finished.

The young woman pulled Angel closer to her, lifted her up on her back, and said "Okay, just relax and take a deep breath."

Angel squirmed, as if trying to break free of the grip around her.

"What's the matter?" asked the swimming instructor.

"You're tickling me," Angel said, although she showed no signs of being tickled.

"Sorry," the instructor said, loosening the grip. "Okay dokey,

just relax."

They had been through this entire procedure before, and the same thing always happened. Soon, the instructor would let go of Angel, then Angel would sink to the bottom. Angel would sit near the edge of the pool for the remainder of the day. Lily would change all that, today.

"Angel, don't sink down to the sharks," Lily called.

"Mommy, don't talk about sharks!" Angel cried.

"Well," Lily said in a low, hypnotizing voice. "That's what makes little girls sink. The sharks always get them that way. If you're afraid of them, then you might as well give up right now and sink to them. Then they can gobble you up."

"Mommy, don't!"

"Don't be afraid of the sharks!" Give them a piece of your mind!" she thought. "I meant that literally."

The instructor laughed.

"Mommy, I wanna get out now," Angel said, squeezing her eyes shut.

"Are you afraid of the sharks?" Lily asked.

"No."

"Well, then, float! They can't get you then."

The splashing sounds filled the air even louder, children laughing made Angel mad at them for learning to float before she did.

"Let go now," Lily told the instructor.

Time seemed to tick by. Angel held her eyes shut, squeezing her eyelids together with tremendous force. She could hear laughing, splashing and talking all around her. Several drops of water fell onto her face, but she felt no water covering her body—giving her the sign that she'd have to stand up and do it all over again. Then silence.

Silence. "Angel, you're doing it!" the two voices of her mother and the swimming instructor harmonized together.

Angel opened her eyes, her breath held tightly in her lungs. She was floating!

"Mommy! I'm doing it, Mommy, I'm doing it!"

Then she began to sink.

The instructor laughed, and pulled Angel out of the water, setting her on the firm edge of the pool.

Lily rose to her feet, ran to where Angel stood, and hugged her little girl.

Angel pulled back, her face painted with fear. "Mommy, don't hug me!"

## Cut powerline ignites grass

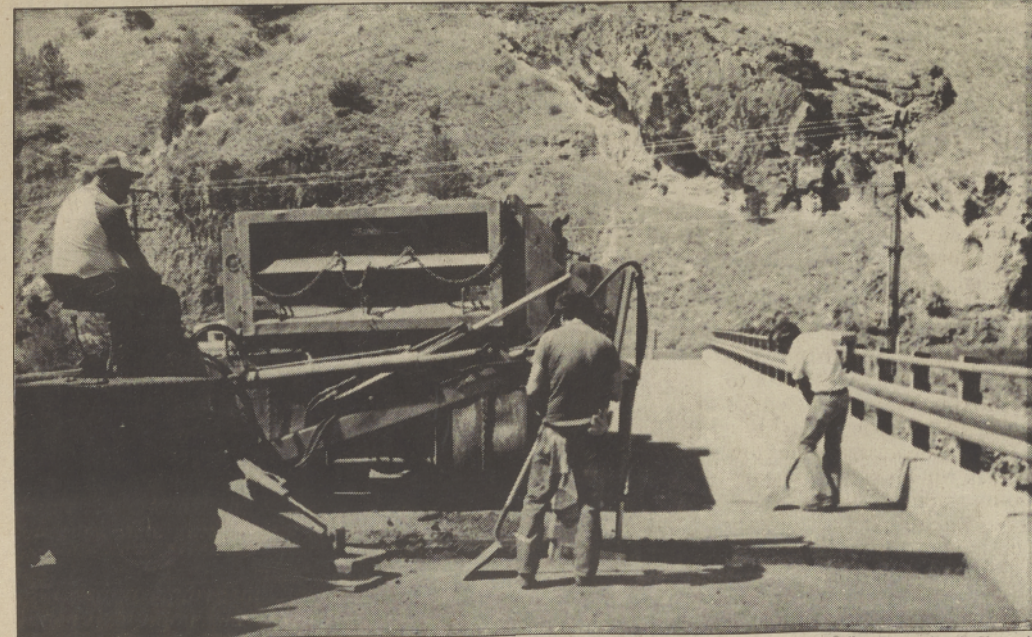
An electrical arc from a powerline to a ground cable ignited a small patch of grass near Kah-Nee-Ta Village the morning of June 12. Firefighters were called to the scene.

A maintenance crew working

to strengthen the foundation on the bridge over the Warm Springs River at the Village struck an underground high voltage line. When the line was cut the transformer went off. As it automatically turned back on an arc was created. With dry

grass bordering the ground cable the spark touched off a fire.

Fire and Safety Department units from Kah-Nee-Ta, Simnasho and Warm Springs responded to the call. The fire was extinguished within thirty minutes.



Spilyay Tymoo photo by Shewczyk

Fire ignited—Road maintenance crewmen accidentally cut an underground powerline at Kah-Nee-Ta which caused an electrical arc to ignite a small grass fire.

## Up With People visit reservation

Representatives from the Warm Springs community welcomed the Up With People group with a presentation of Indian culture during their visit to the area.

A visit to the Warm Springs agency longhouse, June 7, provided the group an opportunity to see Indian fashions, Indian dancing and traditional Indian foods. A short history of the reservation was presented along with a chance for members of the group to ask questions.

Members of the Up With People program were in the area as part of their nationwide tour. They entertained the community with a musical concert, "Beat of the People," presented at Madras High School.

The Up With People tour group is an independent, non-profit, educational organization. Five international casts, each with 120 students from 18-25 years of age travel approximately 32,000 miles and live in the homes of host families in 47 countries.

Acceptance to the Up With People program is based on a personal interview. Qualities looked for are maturity, leadership, motivation, international interest and desire to communicate with others.

Each participant is responsible for the payment of a student fee plus the cost of transportation to the staging area, any transportation during mid-year break and transportation home following completion of the tour. Most students raise all or part of their fee by their own efforts. Up With People scholarships

are awarded to those qualifying.

The Up With People program enables young men and women from many different nationalities to travel together and to express their concern and hope for the future, experience dif-

ferent cultures and people and develop new abilities.

For more information on the Up With People program contact Up With People, 3103 North Campbell, Tucson, Arizona 85719, (602) 327-7351.



Spilyay Tymoo photo by Shewczyk

Tribal Public Relations—Up with our people tour group members ask Denise Clements (left) and Connie Daniels (right) about Warm Springs culture.