

When the other boys returned to camp, Son of Big Foot was still working on the present. The boys made fun of him.

“You can’t trap or fish. You can just make baskets,” said Blue Feather, the biggest and strongest of the boys.

This made Son of Big Foot very sad. He wanted to do the things the other boys did, and he wanted to win a real name.

“When can I go camping with my brothers?” he asked his uncle, Thunder Bird.

“When you grow stronger,” answered his uncle.

One night after everyone else had gone to sleep, Son of Big Foot went down to the lake. He did not know how to swim, but he was not afraid of water. That first night Son of Big Foot did not swim very far. The next night he went a little farther.

At the end of the week, he could already swim halfway across the lake without stopping. By the end of the third week, he could swim all the way across the lake.

One night everyone was sitting around the campfire when a yell came from the other end of



the lake. No one except Son of Big Foot seemed to hear the yell. He had good ears. He knew that someone was in danger.

“Come with me,” he said as he turned to his sister. “Hurry!”

Son of Big Foot and his sister quickly ran to the lake. In the water they could just see Blue Feather.

“He needs help!” screamed Singing Waters.

“I’ll save him,” said her brother.

“No! Come back!” called Singing Waters.

“You can’t swim!”

It was too late. Son of Big Foot was already in the water swimming towards Blue Feather.

Son of Big Foot began to get tired, but still he went on. He had to get to Blue Feather in time to save him. Over and over he told himself, “I’m just about there! I’m just about there!”