

# The Chief of the rebirth.

By Marcela Castaño



An American indigenous tribe had a handsome young man named Hali. He was the favorite grandson of Yona his grandma. Hali had long black straight hair. He was thin and tall. He had expressive honey eyes and shiny brunet skin. He was also the smartest man in the tribe.

Hali developed a special skill to communicate with birds and his favorite animal was the Eagle, he trained for a few years and the result was a melodious whistle. Hali and his grandma enjoyed their travels around the valley. Hali loved to smile, run, and climb rocks like a leopard. He would jump from one side to the other like a rabbit while whistling. Yona was so happy when she looked at her grandson.



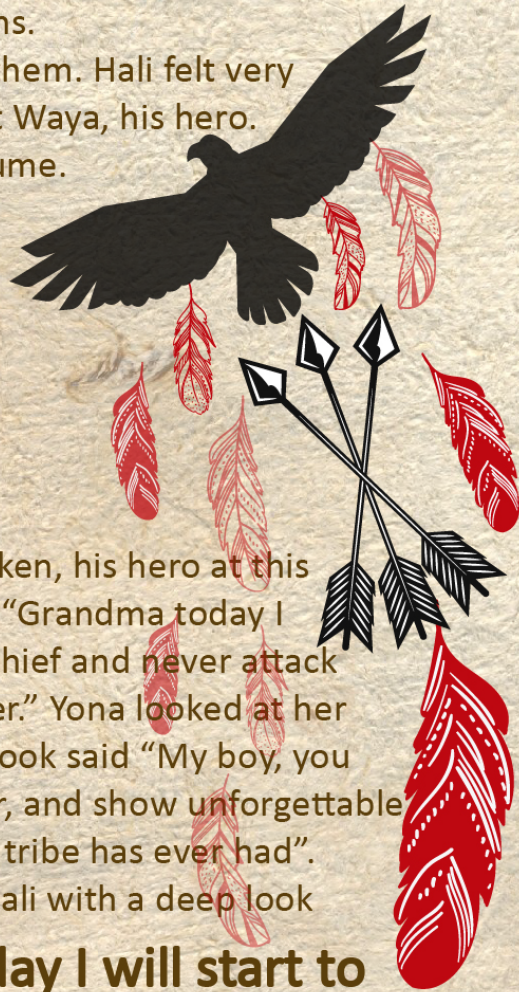
Hali had a huge dream. He wanted to be a chief in his tribe. He looked up to Waya, the chief, with admiration. Hali looked at Waya with his grand, fantastic plume made of amazing colorful feathers. In this tribe, the people decided their chief, who is the most important, should have a feathered headdress to show power and leadership.



One day Hali and Yona had an amazing trip, they were sitting in front of the clear blue river next to a fresh, cool and beautiful waterfall behind them. They could view an awesome rock wall with fantastic red, yellow and orange striations.

Hali whistled and eagles and birds flew over them. Hali felt very sad after Yona told him a horrible story about Waya, his hero.

Waya was hunting many birds to make his plume.

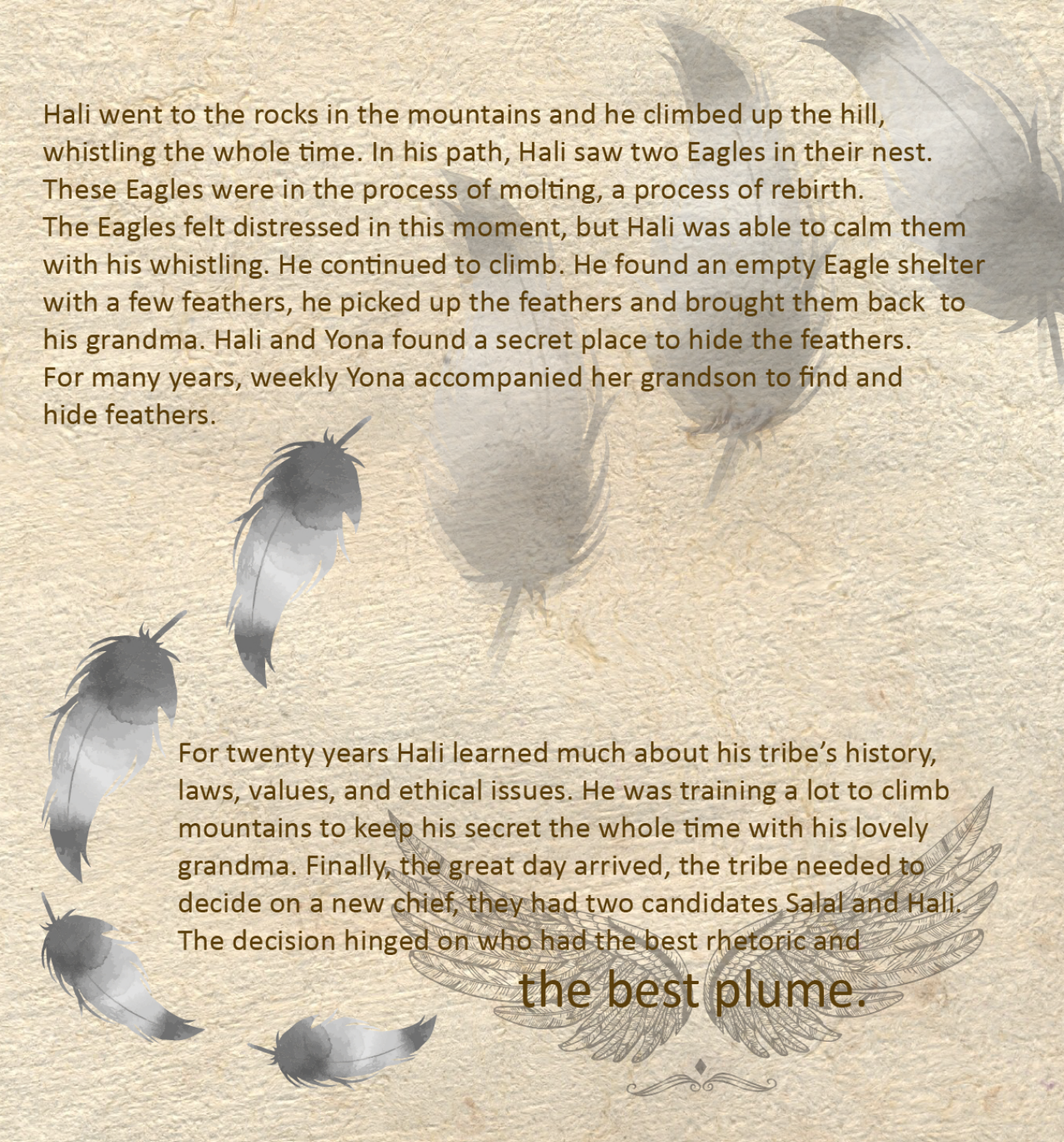


*Hali*

felt angry and his heart was broken, his hero at this moment was a horrible person. Hali said “Grandma today I promise you I will be the most peaceful chief and never attack any person or any animal to get my power.” Yona looked at her lovely Hali, she smiled and with a lovely look said “My boy, you will be. You will be strong, a good mentor, and show unforgettable leadership. You will be the best chief our tribe has ever had”. Her words forever being in Hali’s mind. Hali with a deep look said Yona,


**“Yes, I will be and today I will start to build our future grandma with your love”.**





Hali went to the rocks in the mountains and he climbed up the hill, whistling the whole time. In his path, Hali saw two Eagles in their nest. These Eagles were in the process of molting, a process of rebirth. The Eagles felt distressed in this moment, but Hali was able to calm them with his whistling. He continued to climb. He found an empty Eagle shelter with a few feathers, he picked up the feathers and brought them back to his grandma. Hali and Yona found a secret place to hide the feathers. For many years, weekly Yona accompanied her grandson to find and hide feathers.

For twenty years Hali learned much about his tribe's history, laws, values, and ethical issues. He was training a lot to climb mountains to keep his secret the whole time with his lovely grandma. Finally, the great day arrived, the tribe needed to decide on a new chief, they had two candidates Salal and Hali. The decision hinged on who had the best rhetoric and **the best plume.**

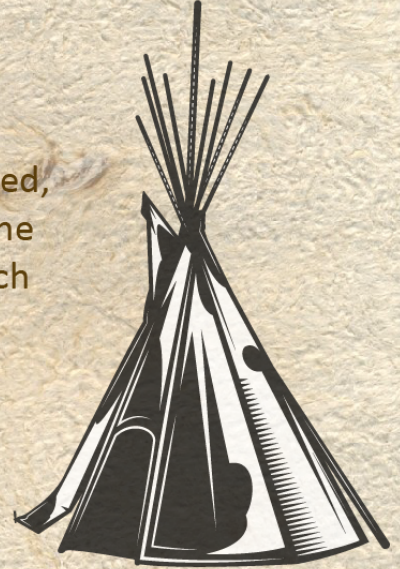




**Yona** helped Hali put on the amazing, gorgeous and awesome plume with eagle feathers, she gave her blessing and she said

“You will be the winner”

Hali walked to the stage. The tribe looked surprised, they didn't have words when they saw Hali, and he looked like a god. Salal started first with his speech when he finished, the people applauded and felt admiration. “Hali, it's your turn,” said Salal.



Hali started his speech. When he finished, people went crazy and applauded for five minutes. They continued and shouted “He is the winner... He is the winner...” Yes, Hali became the new chief and the people celebrated. Yona and Hali told their secret and Salal with a friendly attitude named him “The Chief of The Rebirth” because he took the feathers from

the molting eagles.