COYOTE AND THE TURTLE'S DREAM

The Graphic Novel

Volume One

THE VANISHING

Created by
The Native Diabetes Wellness Program

Written by
Terry Lofton

Illustrated by
Patrick Rolo

The Eagle Books

In the original Eagle Book series, a young boy, Rain that Dances, discovers an unhappy eagle. Mr. Eagle is tearful because many of the people in the community are developing a disease called type 2 diabetes. Rain that Dances invites his friends Thunder Cloud, Little Hummingbird, and Simon to hear what the eagle has to say about staying healthy. The great bird assures the children that people can help to prevent type 2 diabetes by eating nourishing foods, being active, and following the traditions of their ancestors.

Coyote and the Turtle's Dream

In the original Eagle Books stories, Rain and his friends were about six years old. However, in this new story, Coyote and the Turtle's Dream, they are entering the 7th grade. Once again, the eagle gives a warning to Rain, but this time it is about the disappearance of water on their reservation. Never forgetting the health messages taught to them by the eagle, the kids embark on a mystery/adventure to solve a riddle about ancient fossils that will restore the water's flow.

Hummingbird's Squash

In *Hummingbird's Squash*, our young heroes continue their adventures under the watchful eyes of Sky Heart, the eagle, and Thistle, the rabbit. In this story, Hummingbird pursues an ambitious plan to grow healthy foods that will help the community prevent type 2 diabetes. Little does she know that Coyote is leading her, Rain, Boomer, Simon and her new "sister," Arianna, on a path of knowledge that reveals what it means to embrace all of one's relatives and honor the wisdom of ancestors.

To obtain free copies of the Eagle Books series and the youth novels, please go to the CDC's Native Diabetes Wellness Program website at http://www.cdc.gov/diabetes/projects/diabetes-wellness.htm. Books can also be requested by Phone: toll free 1-877-CDC-DIAB (877-232-3422) or e-mail: diabetes@cdc.gov.

About Diabetes

Diabetes is a disease in which blood glucose levels are above normal. Most of the food we eat is turned into glucose, or sugar, for our bodies to use for energy. The pancreas, an organ that lies near the stomach, makes a hormone called insulin to help glucose get into the cells of our bodies. When you have diabetes, your body either doesn't make enough insulin or can't use its own insulin as well as it should. This causes sugar to build up in your blood.

Type 1 diabetes, which was previously called insulin-dependent diabetes mellitus (IDDM) or juvenile-onset diabetes, may account for about 5% of all diagnosed cases of diabetes. The causes of type 1 diabetes appear to be much different than those for type 2 diabetes, though the exact mechanisms for developing both diseases are unknown. The appearance of type 1 diabetes is suspected to follow exposure to an "environmental trigger," such as an unidentified virus, stimulating an immune attack against the beta cells of the pancreas (that produce insulin) in some genetically predisposed people. Researchers are making progress in identifying the exact genetics and "triggers" that predispose some individuals to develop type 1 diabetes, but prevention remains elusive.

Type 2 diabetes, which was previously called non-insulin-dependent diabetes mellitus (NIDDM) or adult-onset diabetes, may account for about 90% to 95% of all diagnosed cases of diabetes. A number of studies have shown that regular physical activity can significantly reduce the risk of developing type 2 diabetes. The Diabetes Prevention Program (DPP), a major federally funded study of 3,234 people at high risk for diabetes, showed that people can delay and possibly prevent the disease by losing a small amount of weight (5 to 7 percent of total body weight) through 30 minutes of physical activity 5 days a week and healthier eating.

For more information, visit the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention's Diabetes Public Health Resource at http://www.cdc.gov/diabetes/consumer/index.htm

Coyote and the Turtle's Dream

Created by the Native Diabetes Wellness Program

Written by Terry Lofton

Illustrated by Patrick Rolo

Produced by Westat Graphics

Linda Beatty, Graphic Designer
Shayna Heller, Graphic Arts Manager
Gary Mosteller, Art Director
Monelle Williams, Coordinator
Edmond Ng, Color Scanning
Michael D'Amato, Print Production

Based on the original Eagle Books characters by
Georgia Perez

Eagle Books

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES

Centers for Disease Control and Prevention
Division of Diabetes Translation
Native Diabetes Wellness Program

Indian Health Service
Division of Diabetes Treatment
and Prevention

Preface

To all the fans of the Eagle Books, CDC's Native Diabetes Wellness Program is pleased to present *Coyote and the Turtle's Dream: the Graphic Novel*. We hope that our readers enjoy this adaptation of the original youth novel, *Coyote and the Turtle's Dream*. The story is shorter, but we have enlivened the plot with new characters and more action. We think you will really like the dream scenes—Rain's dream of the eagle and a new dream in which our young hero swims with the Great Turtle in her ancient underwater world. Coyote's encounter with a bad tooth and illustrations of the fossil poaching gang in their hide-out are pretty exciting, too. Needless to say, the graphic novel puts you right in the picture when Rain and his friends bring the eagle's messages about preventing type 2 diabetes to their school and community.

On behalf of Terry Lofton, our author, and Patrick Rolo, our illustrator, we hope that the "power of words" (and imagery) take you on an adventure with Rain, Boomer, Hummingbird, Simon and Arianna that you will long remember.

Acknowledgements

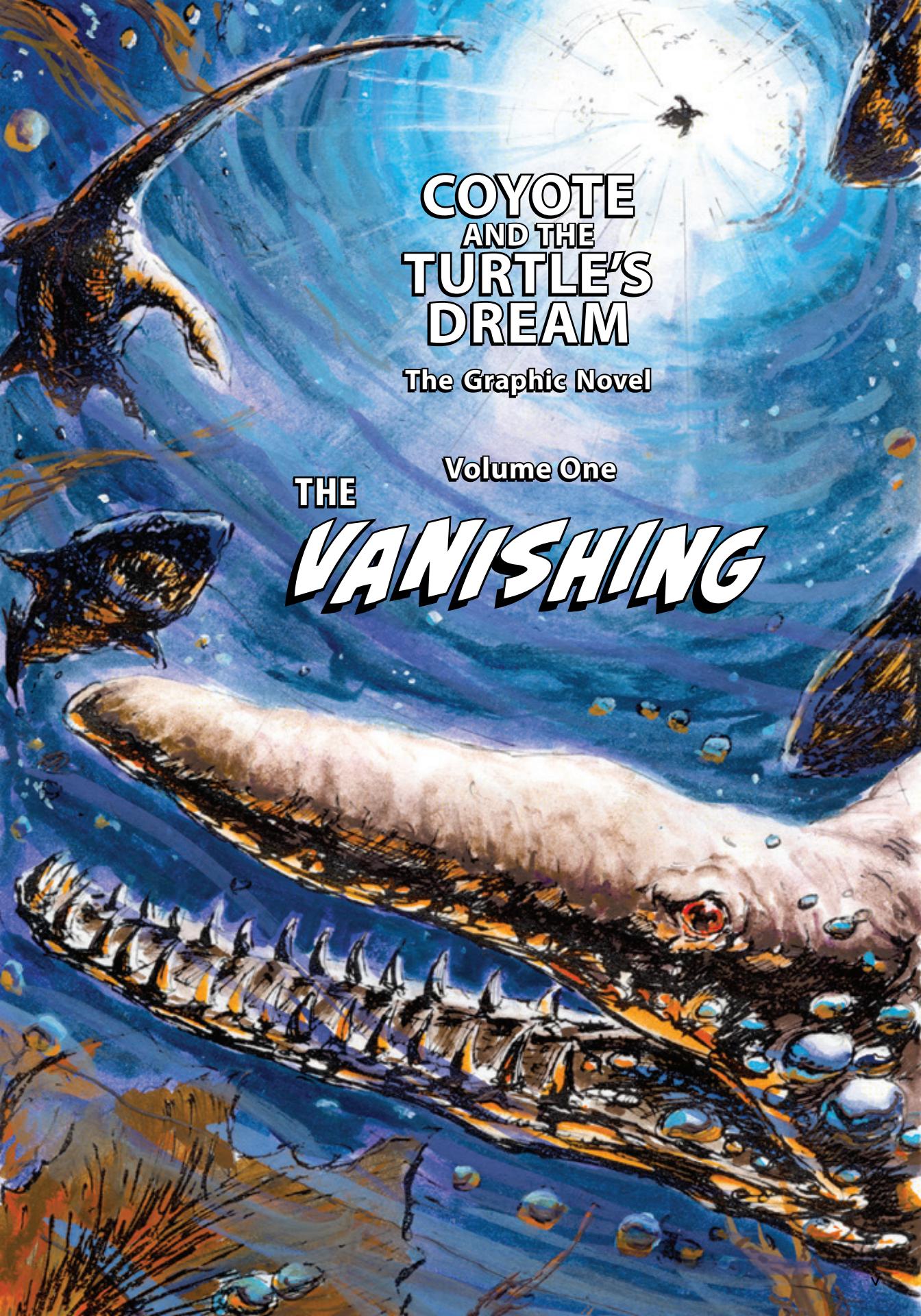
The Native Diabetes Wellness Program would like to thank the following people and organizations that played a role in the development of *Coyote and the Turtle's Dream: the Graphic Novel*.

First, we want to recognize the Tribal Leaders Diabetes Committee (TLDC) for its unfailing support of the Eagle Books project. Buford Rolin, Chairman of the Poarch Band of Creek Indians, Chair of the TLDC and Vice Chair of the National Indian Health Board (NIHB); Judy Goforth Parker, Chickasaw Nation Health System, former TLDC member; and H. Sally Smith, NIHB board member and Alaska Area Representative, former TLDC member, all saw the potential for storytelling as a way to reach children with a message of hope. As a result of their support, children who read the *Coyote and the Turtle's Dream: the Graphic Novel* will learn that healthy foods and physical activity can help to promote health and prevention of type 2 diabetes.

Many thanks also go to Indian Health Service, Division of Diabetes Treatment and Prevention, and CDC's Tribal Advisory Committee (TAC) for their continued partnership and support.

Additionally, the Wellness Program wants to express its gratitude to Georgia Perez, the author of the original Eagle Books, and to the Baros Family for all their insights regarding type 1 diabetes.

And lastly, we acknowledge our great partners on the Eagle Books project, Westat, and Kauffman and Associates, Inc.


COYOTE
AND THE
TURTLE'S
DREAM
The Graphic Novel
Volume One
THE
VANISHING

THISTLE?
THISTLE?
WHO IS IT?
IT'S ME--
GRANDMOTHER TURTLE.
GRANDMOTHER?! WHY ARE YOU IN THE HIGH MEADOW?
I'M LOOKING FOR--
OHHH, I'M SO TIRED-- SUCH A LONG WAY--
I FEEL-- SHAKY

GRANDMOTHER!
WWWHHHOAH
HELP!
BOINK
BOINK
BOINK
BE CAREFUL, GRANDMOTHER!
OOPS, SORRY ABOUT THAT.

Under usual circumstances a rabbit and turtle would never expose themselves to a bird that hunts small animals.

But these were not common circumstances, nor were these common animals.

They were the animals of stories,
those animals whose wisdom is taught
by storytellers on the long winter nights
when the snowy winds howl
and the people draw close to the fire.

After a short time, Sky Heart saw the tiny upturned faces of the rabbit and the small reptile.

GRANDMOTHER!
THISTLE!
SKY HEART, I KNEW YOU WOULD COME!
HOW CAN I HELP YOU, GRANDMOTHER?
I'M AFRAID, SKY HEART.
OUR WATER IS GOING AWAY!
YES, IT'S TRUE. THE CREEKS ARE DRY.
WHY IS THIS HAPPENING?

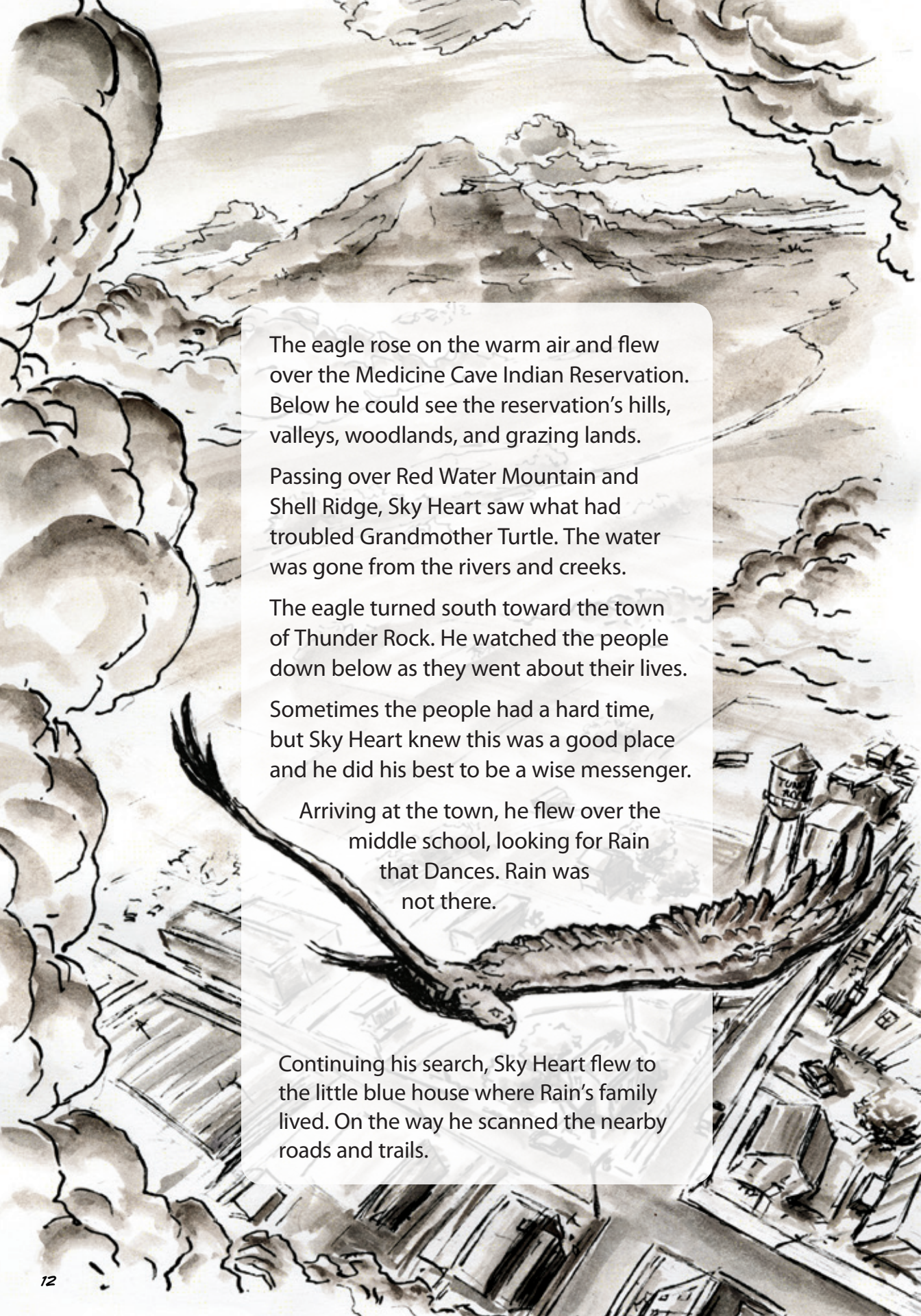
"IT'S BECAUSE OF MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT--OH, SO MANY GREATS I CAN'T COUNT THEM--GRANDMOTHER."
"HER BONES LIE IN THE BED OF AN ANCIENT SEA THAT ONCE COVERED THIS LAND."
"SHE SWAM THAT SEA FOR A HUNDRED YEARS."

"BUT SHE NO LONGER SLEEPS THE LONG SLEEP."
WHY?
THE HUMANS.
THEY'RE PULLING HER BONES APART!
GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S HARMONY IS BROKEN.
AND HER DREAM OF THE WATER IS VANISHING!

CALM YOURSELF, GRANDMOTHER.
WE WILL HELP YOU.
I THINK I'LL REST, NOW.
THISTLE, IF GRANDMOTHER IS RIGHT--
ONLY THE HUMANS CAN MAKE THE WATER COME BACK.
I WILL HAVE TO GO TO ONE WHO WILL LISTEN.

YOU MEAN OUR HUMAN FRIEND, RAIN THAT DANCES?
YES.
REMEMBER, SKY HEART, HE WAS A LITTLE BOY WHEN WE LAST SPOKE TO HIM.
NOW THAT HE IS OLDER, WE CAN ONLY SPEAK TO HIM IN DREAMS.
GO TO RAIN, BUT BE WATCHFUL. I SENSE TRICKERY-- COYOTE MAY BE SETTING A SNARE!

DON'T WORRY, THISTLE.
A TRICKSTER ALWAYS REVEALS HIMSELF.
NOT ALWAYS, SKY HEART.
NOT ALWAYS.



The eagle rose on the warm air and flew over the Medicine Cave Indian Reservation. Below he could see the reservation's hills, valleys, woodlands, and grazing lands.

Passing over Red Water Mountain and Shell Ridge, Sky Heart saw what had troubled Grandmother Turtle. The water was gone from the rivers and creeks.

The eagle turned south toward the town of Thunder Rock. He watched the people down below as they went about their lives.

Sometimes the people had a hard time, but Sky Heart knew this was a good place and he did his best to be a wise messenger.

Arriving at the town, he flew over the middle school, looking for Rain that Dances. Rain was not there.

Continuing his search, Sky Heart flew to the little blue house where Rain's family lived. On the way he scanned the nearby roads and trails.

Suddenly, Sky Heart spotted Rain and his friend, Boomer. They were running on a path that led to the old park. He circled above as they tossed a basketball back and forth between them.

Rain that Dances stopped and looked down the hill to the old stump. It was barely visible in the shadows of the late afternoon sun.

Boomer glanced back at his best friend. What was he worrying about now? Boomer, an easy-going boy, just couldn't figure out RD sometimes.

LIGHTEN UP, MAN. REMEMBER? WE'RE ONLY 12 YEARS OLD!
BOOMER! YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR THAT NOOGIE!
Rain, rubbing his head, laughed and followed. Just wait 'til they got on the basketball court!
Crossing Salt Lick Creek, the boys noticed something strange.
HEY! WHO DAMMED UP THE CREEK?
ASK YOUR DAD. MAYBE HE'LL KNOW.

The boys ran up the bank and crossed the road to the park.
BOY, THIS PLACE IS DESERTED.
YEAH, WONDER WHERE EVERYBODY IS.
WOW, LOOK AT THE CRACKS IN THE COURT.
I NEVER NOTICED IT BEFORE.
MAYBE 'CAUSE NOBODY'S ON IT.
LOOK AT THAT PICNIC TABLE. IT'S FALLING DOWN.
HEY, HERE'S YOUR MOM'S NAME. SHE MUST HAVE PLAYED HERE WHEN SHE WAS A KID.
YOU KNOW--IN THE OLDEN DAYS.
AND YOUR AUNT SISSY, TOO.
AUNT SISSY A KID? HA HA! NEVER!
COME ON, LET'S PLAY--
SISSY
ROBERTA
CLASS OF

Rain ran to the basketball court. Boomer followed. Laughing, Rain passed the ball to Boomer and the game was on.
SOMEONE CALL THE DOCTOR 'CUZ THAT MOVE WAS SICK!
WATCH OUT, MAN!
BAM
WHAHHH HAHAHAH
LOOK, RD. THERE'S JIMMY. LET'S MAKE IT TWO-ON-ONE.
HEY! JIMMY!

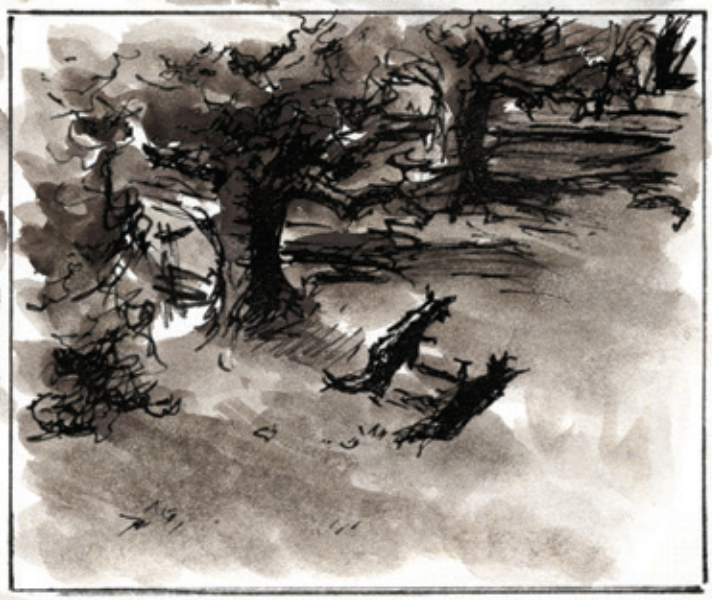
Jimmy didn't look up. He was too busy throwing something into the trash barrel.
GOTTA GET RID OF 'EM! I GOTTA!
HEY! JIMMY!
HE DIDN'T HEAR YOU.
YOU KIDDIN'? AS LOUD AS I AM?
THEY DON'T CALL ME BOOMER FOR NOTHIN'.
LET'S GO SEE WHAT HE THREW AWAY.
WHAT IS IT?
AN OLD CIGAR BOX.
OPEN IT.
ARE THEY ROCKS?
I GUESS.
WE BETTER GET HOME. IT'S GETTIN' DARK.
I'LL BRING 'EM TO SCHOOL TOMORROW.
CIGAR

From his perch on a telephone pole near the park, Sky Heart had watched the boys play basketball. Each boy had his strong points. Rain's long legs made him a good jumper, while Boomer was shorter and had a faster dribble. He also had seen Jimmy's strange behavior.

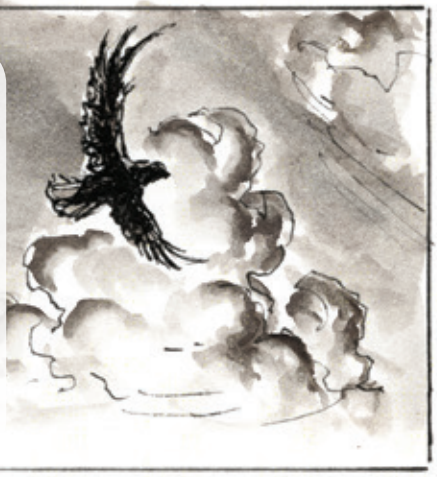
Now, Sky Heart's sharp vision revealed another player in the warm twilight. It was Coyote.

He saw the trickster sniff the ground and then follow Jimmy's trail.

Sky Heart ruffled his feathers. Thistle was right. The old scoundrel was up to something.



But Sky Heart couldn't worry about Coyote. He had work to do. He launched himself into the night sky and flew to a tree near Rain's house. There he would carefully fold his wings and wait for the hours to pass—wait until the lights went out and the house would sleep.

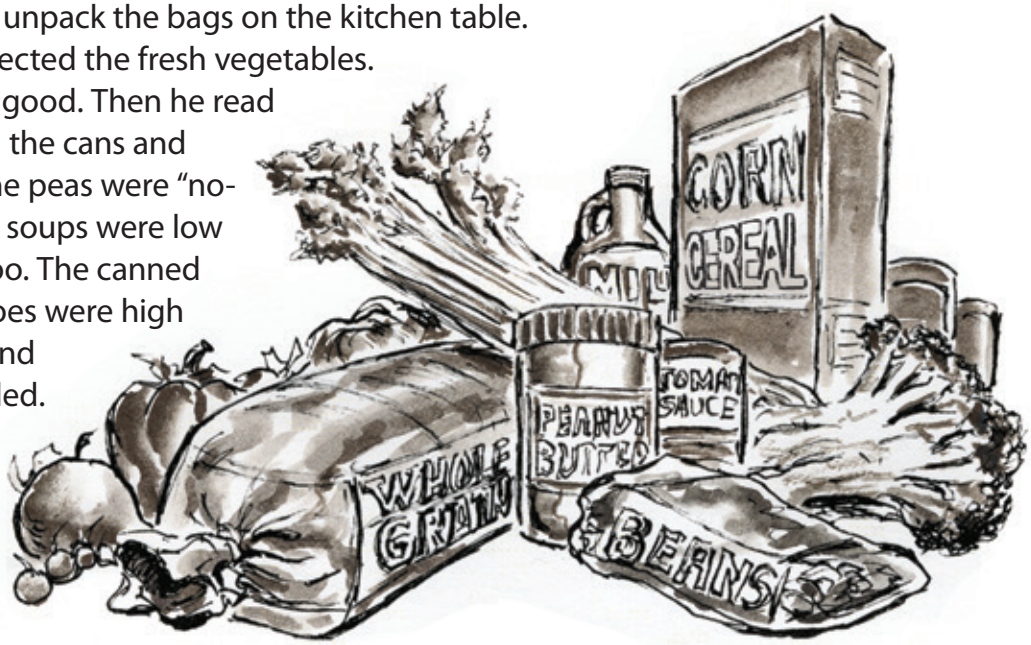


Rain ran up the pathway to his house. Roberta, his mother, was waiting…

RAIN, HELP ME UNLOAD THE GROCERIES, OKAY?

SURE, MOM. I'M COMING!

Rain grabbed the groceries from the trunk of the car. He began to unpack the bags on the kitchen table. First, he inspected the fresh vegetables. They looked good. Then he read the labels on the cans and packages. The peas were "no-salt" and the soups were low in sodium, too. The canned sweet potatoes were high in vitamins and fiber. He smiled. His mom was really a good shopper.

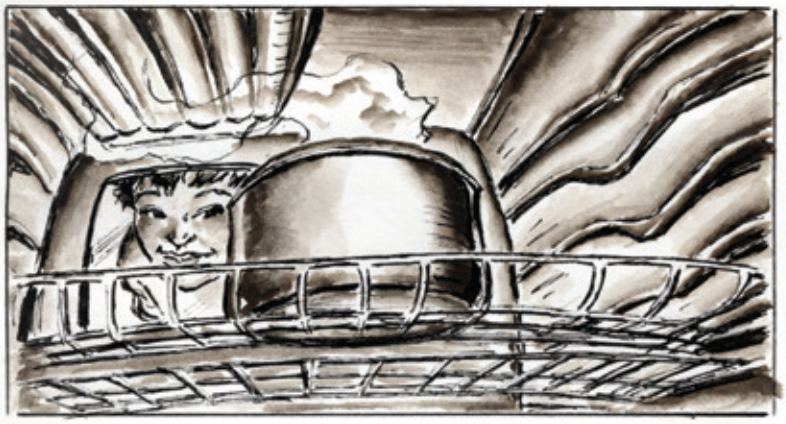


Rain picked up an armload of canned goods. Heading to the cupboard, he turned and almost tripped over his little sister, Margie.

Rain was Margie's hero. She always wanted to be doing what her big brother was doing.

Roberta watched her son go through his nightly routine.

After putting away the groceries, Rain headed to the stove. He checked the vegetables that were starting to bubble in the pots.



Then he leaned down and peered through the oven's glass window. Steam was rising from the bean pot. He loved his mother's baked beans. They would be great with the leftover bison meatloaf.

For years now, Rain had watched what his family ate. He also paid attention to their physical activity. Strangely, Rain and his best friends were extremely interested in type 2 diabetes. They said eating healthy food and being active helped to prevent it. They were always searching for information about diabetes on the Internet.

Roberta learned a lot about type 2 diabetes from Rain. She learned so much that she decided to become a CHR* for the Tribe. She liked teaching about prevention and how people with diabetes could stay healthy.

*Community Health Representative

Suddenly, the back door banged open. Gerald, Rain's father, trudged in from work. Gerald developed jobs for the reservation. He was a busy man. But not too busy to ask Rain about the first week of school.

Rain told him about the new Native language program. He was also excited about the family interview for Mrs. Corn's language class. The class was supposed to write up family stories they never heard before.

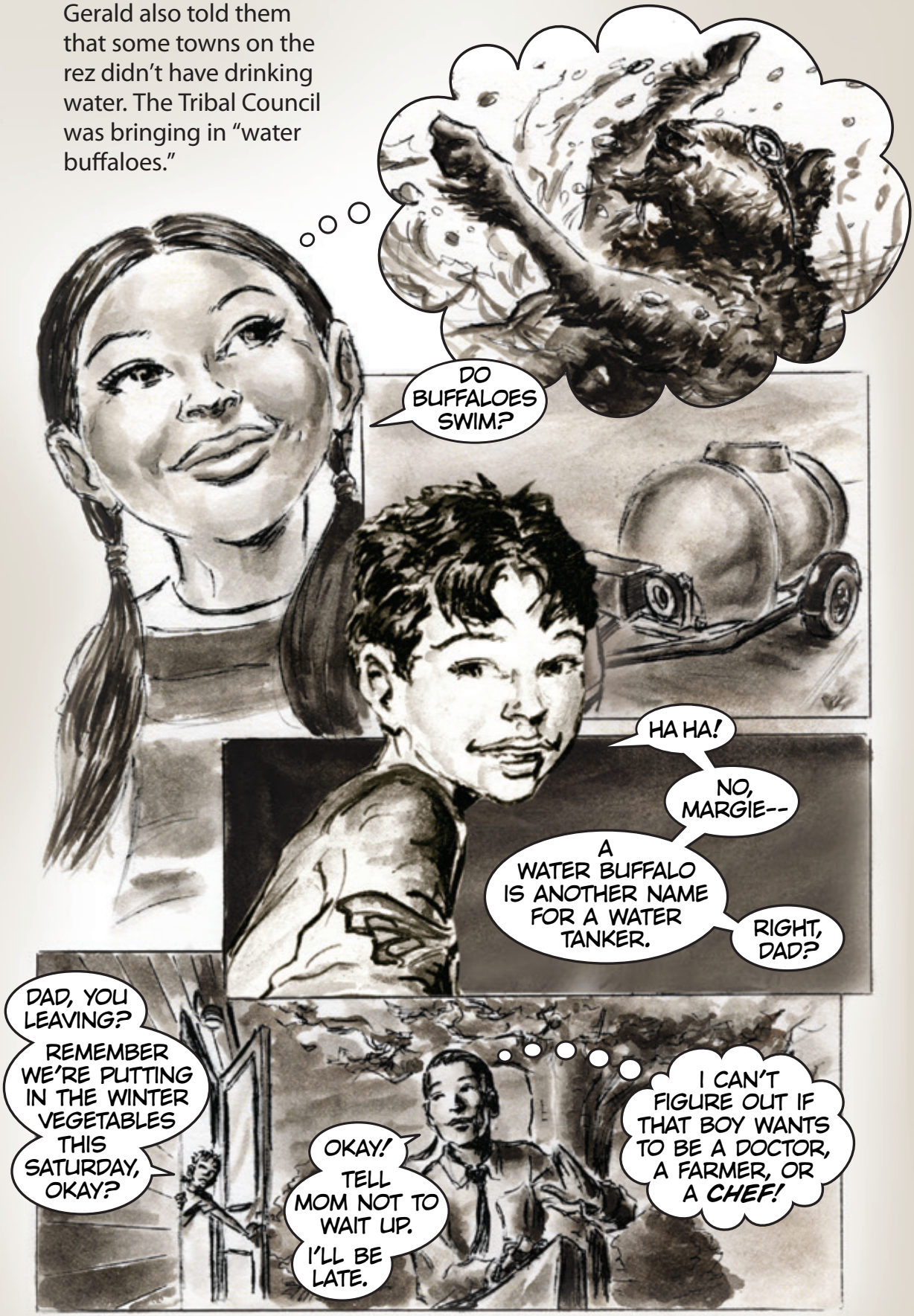
Gerald was really interested in the family interview.

Thankfully, the phone rang before Gerald could dig up another old tale.

Gerald hung up the phone. He looked worried. He said water was drying up everywhere on the reservation. Rain asked if someone was damming the river. Gerald shook his head. Even the water in the wells had dropped.

Roberta was suspicious.

Gerald also told them that some towns on the rez didn't have drinking water. The Tribal Council was bringing in "water buffaloes."



When supper was ready, Roberta sent Rain to get Granma and Margie. Granma Hettie, Roberta's grandmother, was watching the weather channel. Granma and Margie loved to watch the big storms together. Gerald called them the "weather girls."

The TV was so loud it hurt Rain's ears. Supposedly, Granma was deaf, but she heard things when she wanted to.

After supper, Rain went to his room where he had stashed the cigar box.

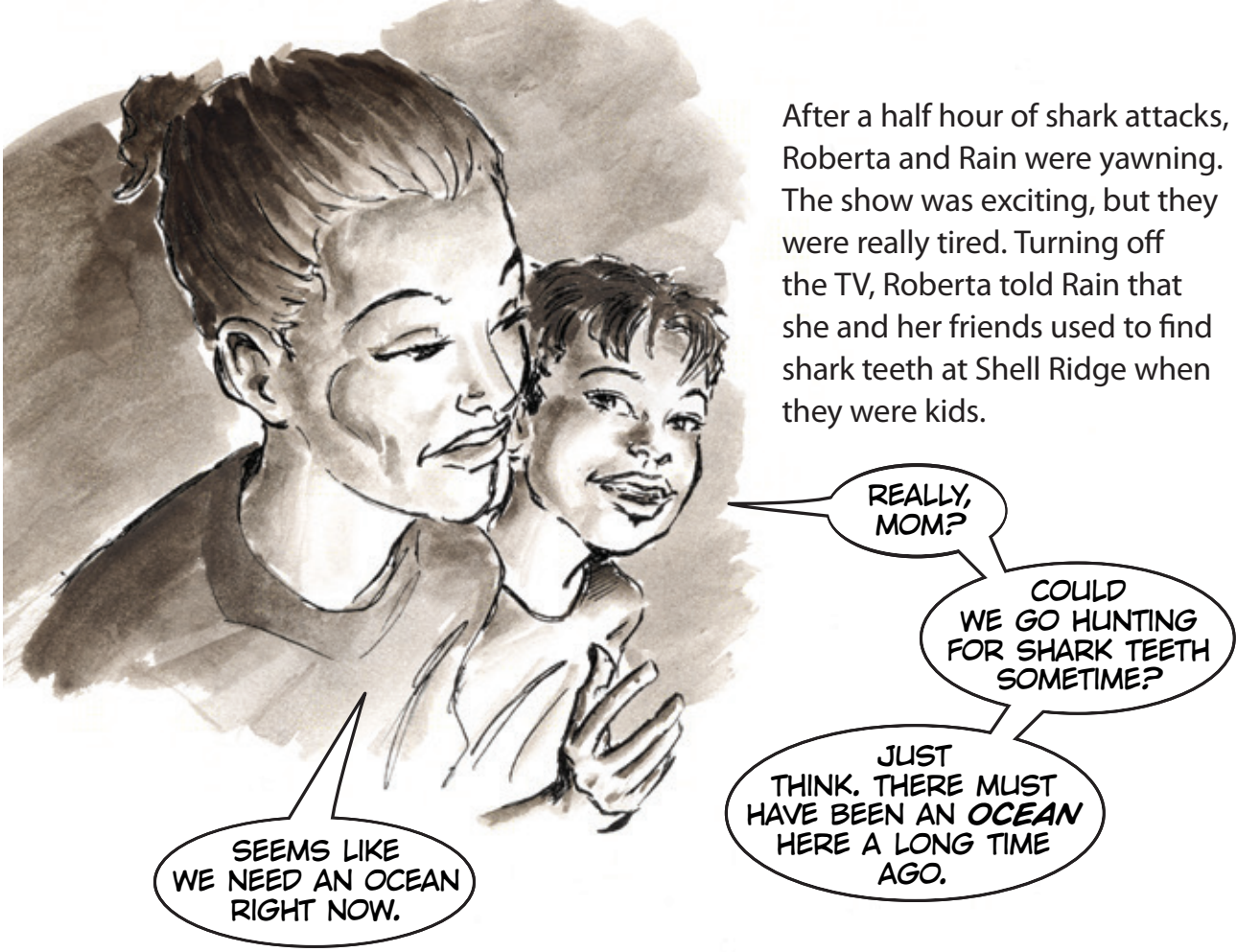
He opened it and stared at the puzzling objects. Forget this, he thought, I've got homework to do. He turned his attention to pre-algebra. Happily, the worksheet of number problems was easy.

Looking at the clock, Rain saw there was time for some TV. He went to the living room. The weather channel was silent. Granma and Margie had gone to bed.

Rain picked up the remote and clicked through the programs. "Eat or Be Eaten"—Boomer's favorite show; "Jobs for Jerks"—seen it; "Future Auto World"—almost over. Finally he settled on "Shark Mania."

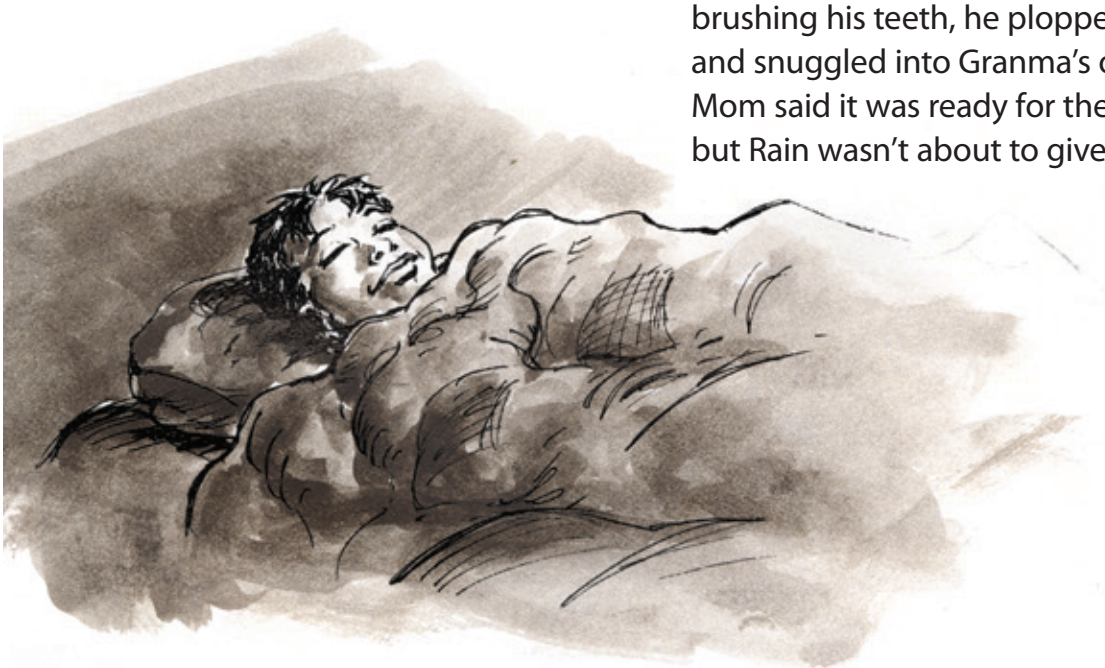
Rain called out for his mom to come watch the show. She loved sharks.

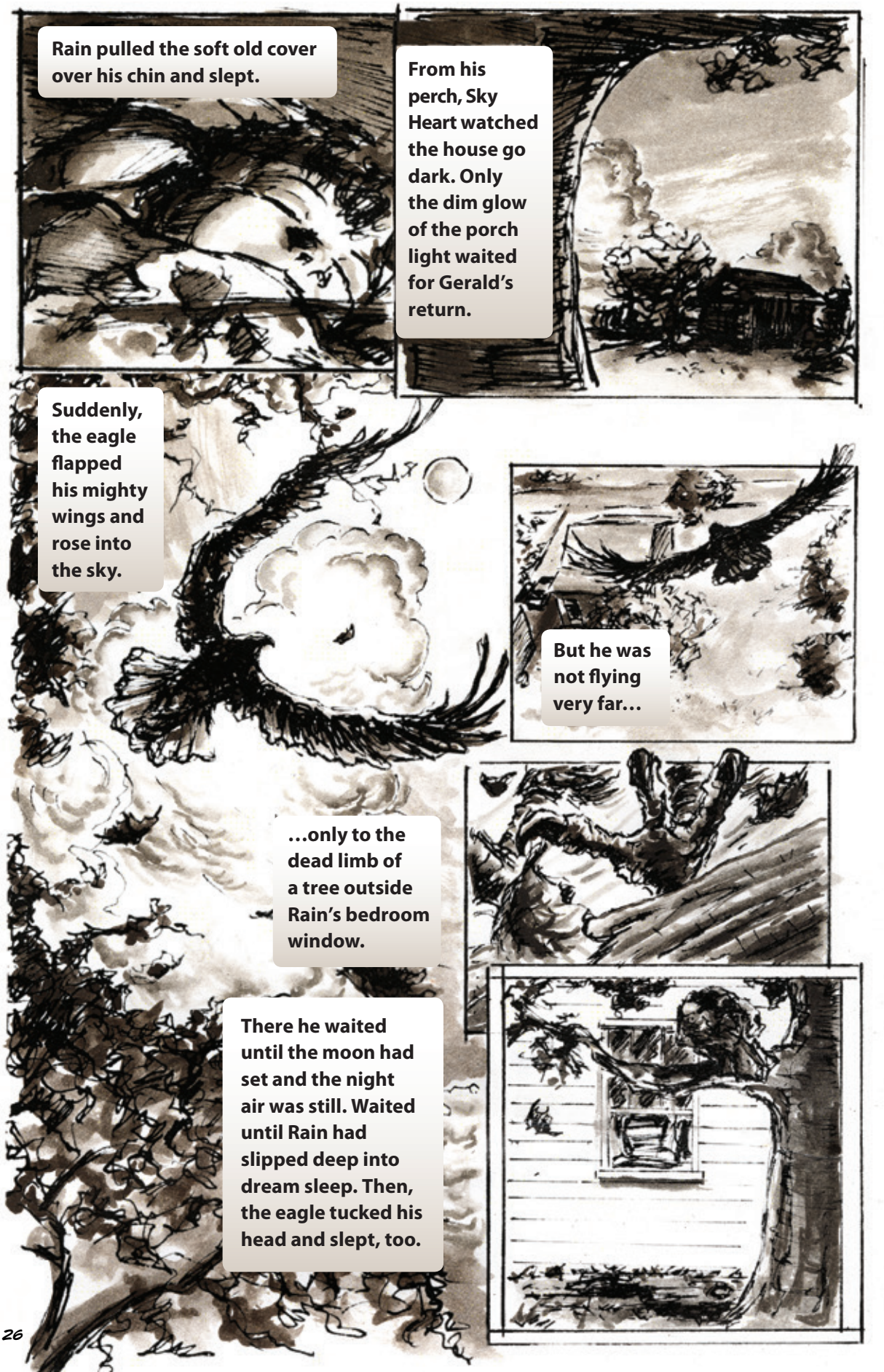
After a half hour of shark attacks, Roberta and Rain were yawning. The show was exciting, but they were really tired. Turning off the TV, Roberta told Rain that she and her friends used to find shark teeth at Shell Ridge when they were kids.



Rain said good night and went to his bedroom. He resisted the urge to look inside the cigar box one more time. Why did Jimmy throw it away? Maybe Hummingbird and Simon could figure it out. For some reason the strange rocks worried him.

Rain put on his favorite pajamas. After brushing his teeth, he plopped into bed and snuggled into Granma's oldest quilt. Mom said it was ready for the ragbag, but Rain wasn't about to give it up.




Rain pulled the soft old cover over his chin and slept.
From his perch, Sky Heart watched the house go dark. Only the dim glow of the porch light waited for Gerald's return.
Suddenly, the eagle flapped his mighty wings and rose into the sky.
But he was not flying very far…
…only to the dead limb of a tree outside Rain's bedroom window.
There he waited until the moon had set and the night air was still. Waited until Rain had slipped deep into dream sleep. Then, the eagle tucked his head and slept, too.

Drifting into sleep, Rain began to dream.
OH, NO. I'M LATE.
WHAT? WHERE'S MY PANTS?
HOW COULD I HAVE COME TO SCHOOL-- IN ONLY A T-SHIRT?
DOESN'T ANYONE NOTICE?
IF I CAN JUST GET TO MY SEAT--
PLEASE, NO! DON'T CALL ON ME!
I CAN'T STAND UP IN FRONT OF THE CLASS LIKE THIS!
HUH?

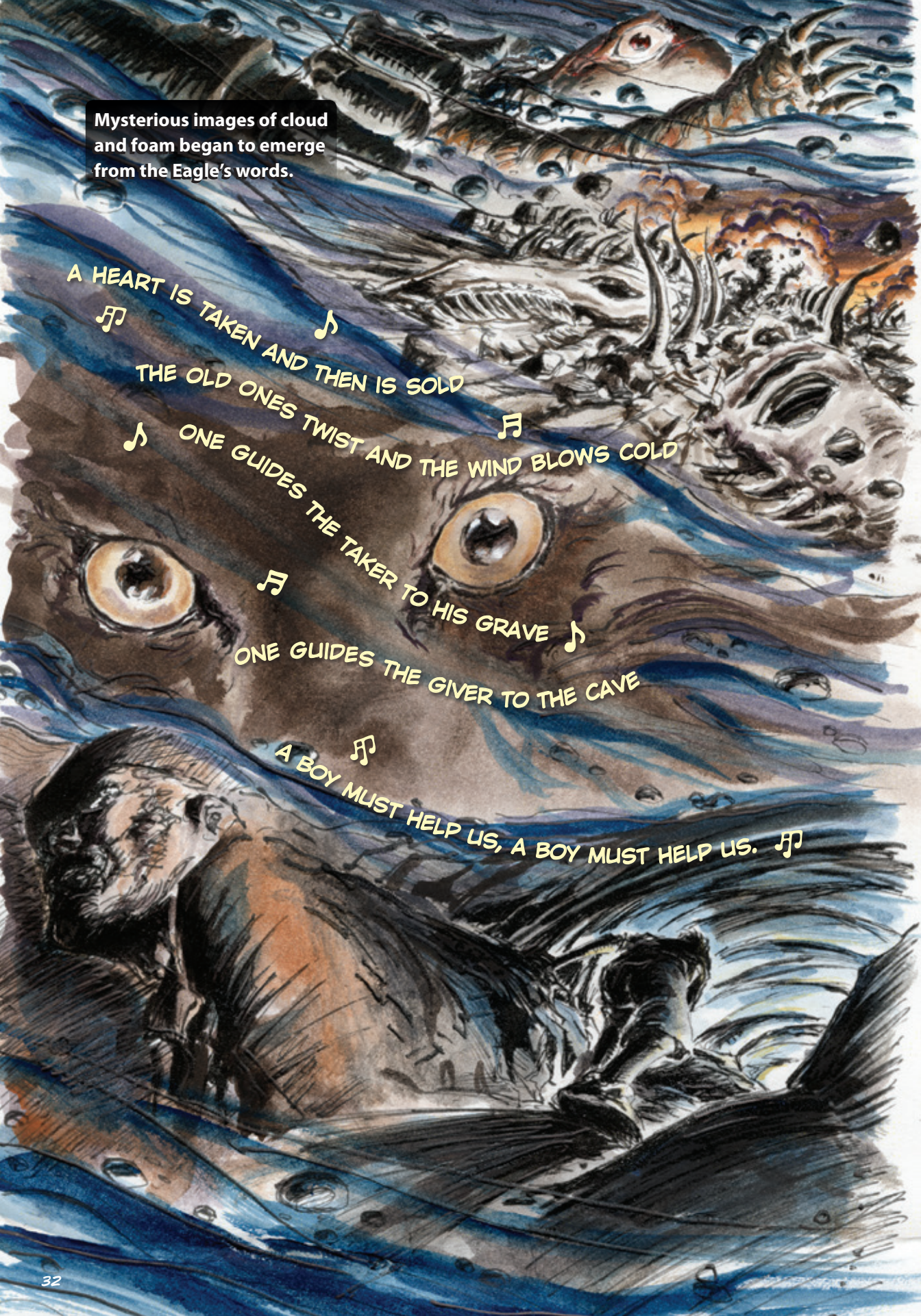
Suddenly, Rain was in a different dream. A dream full of butterflies.
HEY, THERE'S THE STUMP WHERE I FIRST MET THE EAGLE!
I HEAR SINGING!
♫ TAP OUR FEET ♪ ON THE GROUND. LEFT FOOT FIRST THEN RIGHT FOOT NEXT. ♫

♫ CLAP OUR HANDS AND MARCH AROUND ♫
KNEES LIFTED HIGH ♪
AS THEY LEAVE THE GROUND.
MR. EAGLE? IS THAT YOU SINGING?

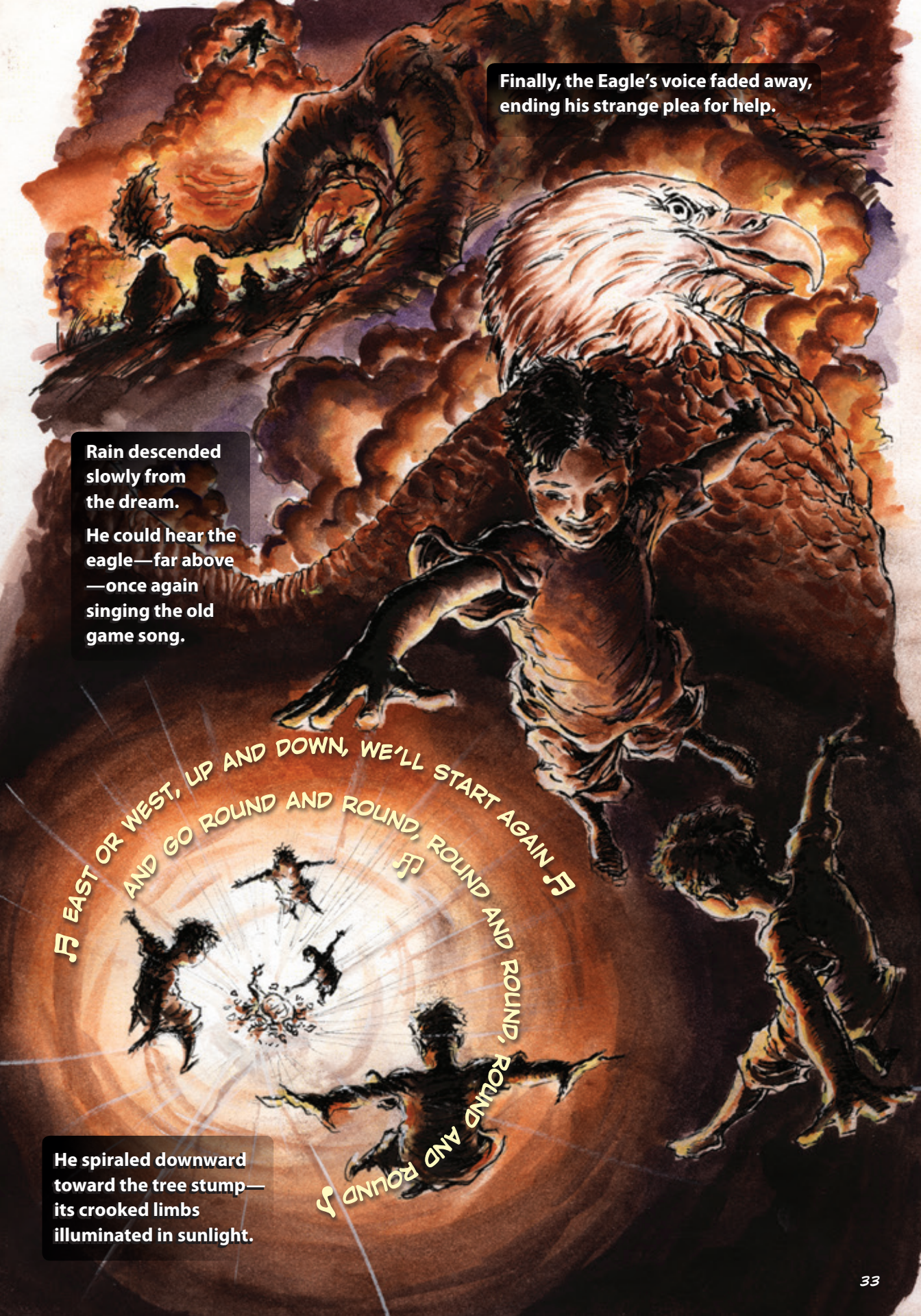
Rain began singing but quickly stopped. The bird had started to sing words he didn't know.

As the Eagle's voice climbed higher and higher, Rain felt an odd sensation. He was beginning to float—as if in a strange sea.

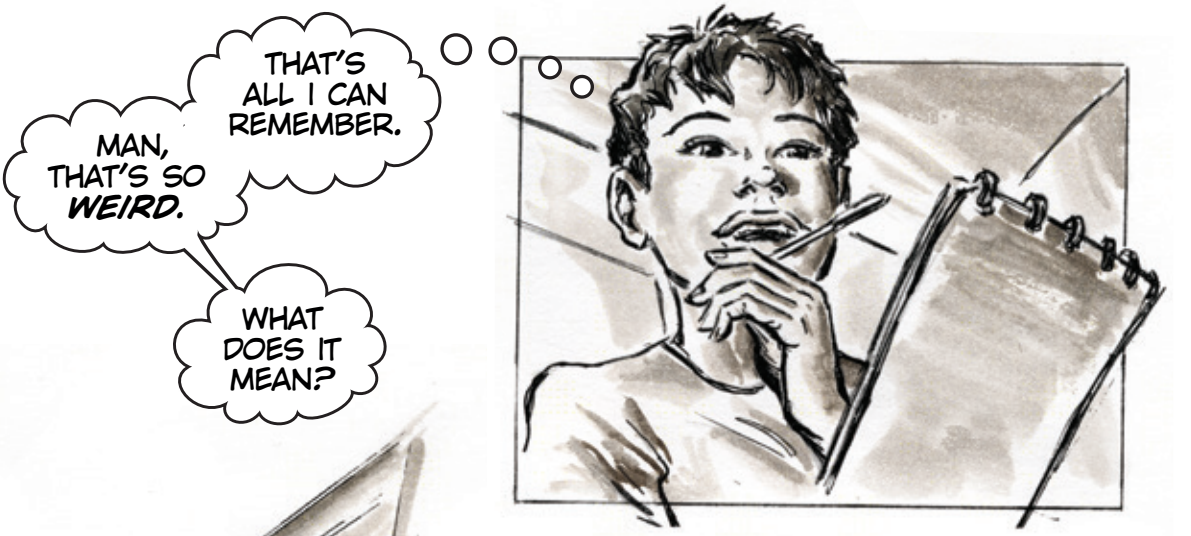
On the song's power, Rain began to rise high into a dreamscape of sky and water.
♫ TURTLE DREAMS AND THE WATER FLOWS. ♪
TURTLE AWAKENS AND THE WATER GOES.
♫
♪ EARTH AND BODY IN BALANCE BE ♫
WATER AND BLOOD IN HARMONY. ♪
A BOY MUST HELP US, A BOY MUST HELP US.
♫
♫



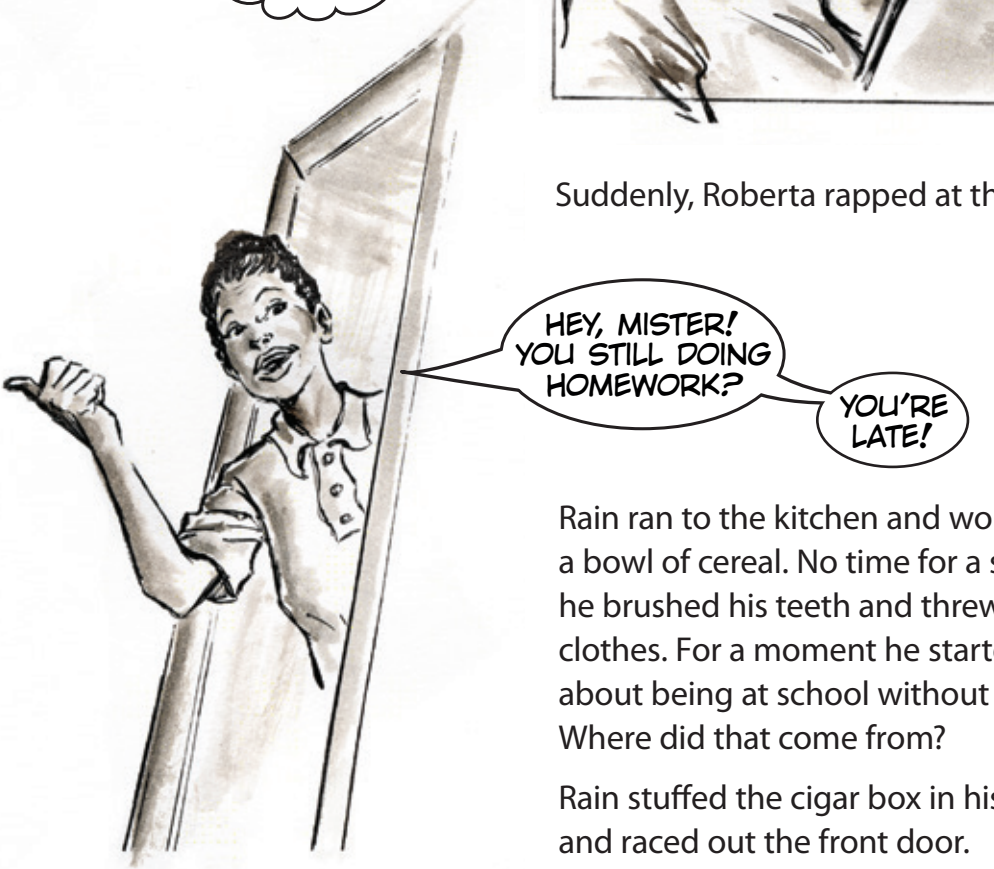
Mysterious images of cloud and foam began to emerge from the Eagle's words.


Finally, the Eagle's voice faded away, ending his strange plea for help.
Rain descended slowly from the dream.
He could hear the eagle—far above—once again singing the old game song.
♫ EAST OR WEST, UP AND DOWN, WE'LL START AGAIN ♫
AND GO ROUND AND ROUND, ROUND AND ROUND, ROUND AND ROUND ♪
He spiraled downward toward the tree stump—its crooked limbs illuminated in sunlight.

Rays of early morning light were shining through the window. Rain turned his face to the sun. Although awake, he didn't move for several minutes. Confused, he forced his eyes open. Rain sat up and swung his legs onto the floor. Even though he was groggy, he reached for a pencil and started writing down the dream as fast as he could.

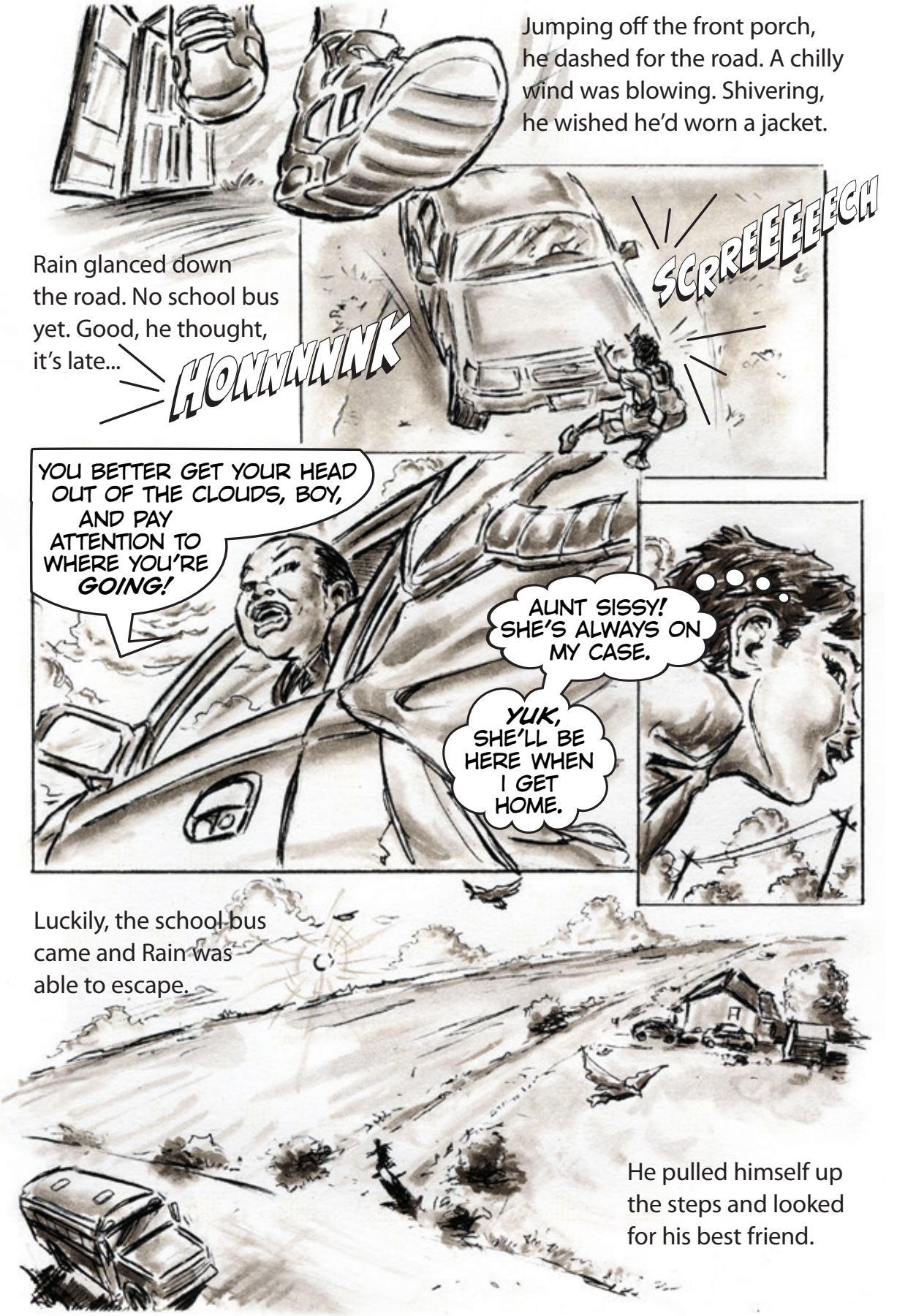


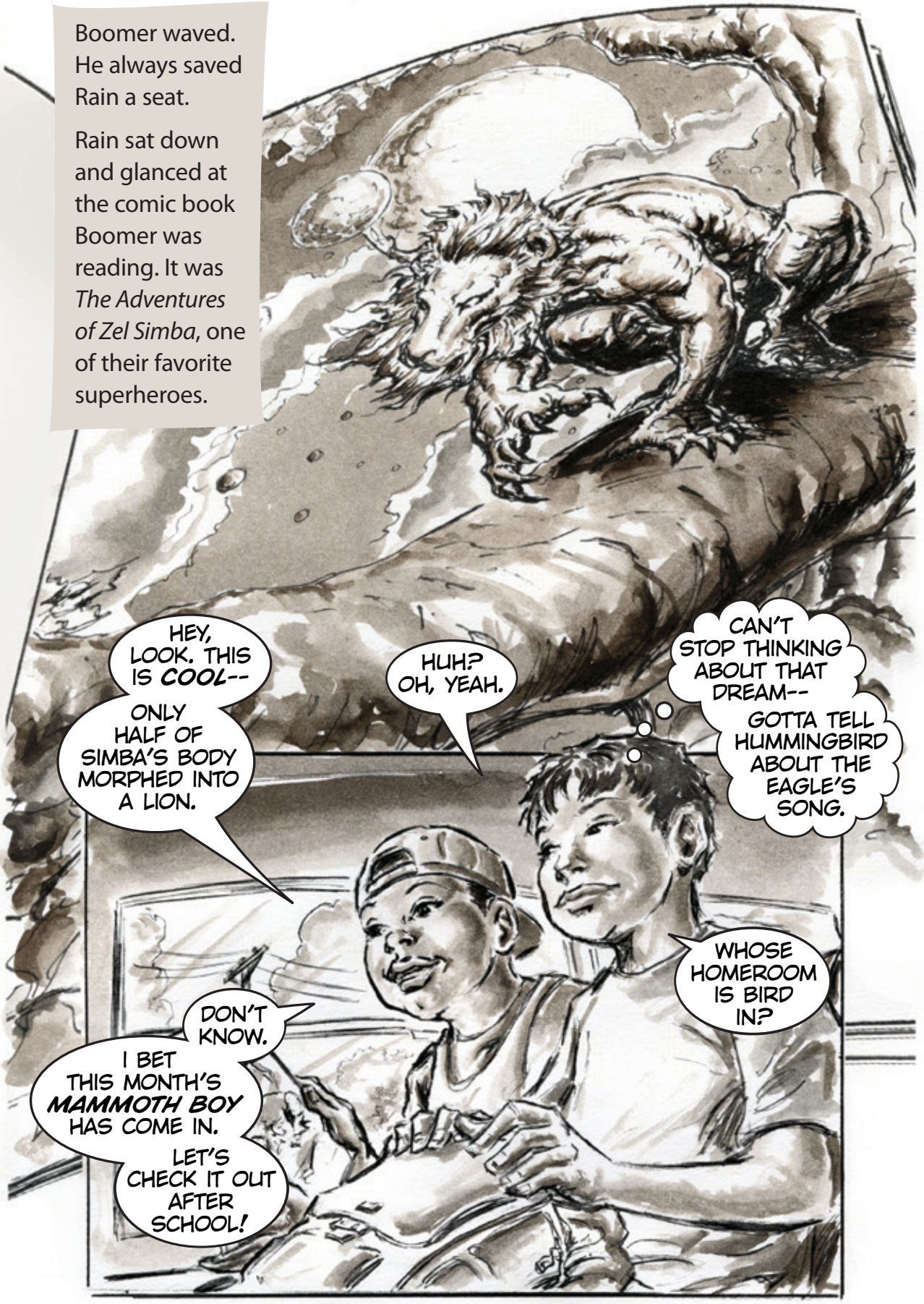
Suddenly, Roberta rapped at the door.



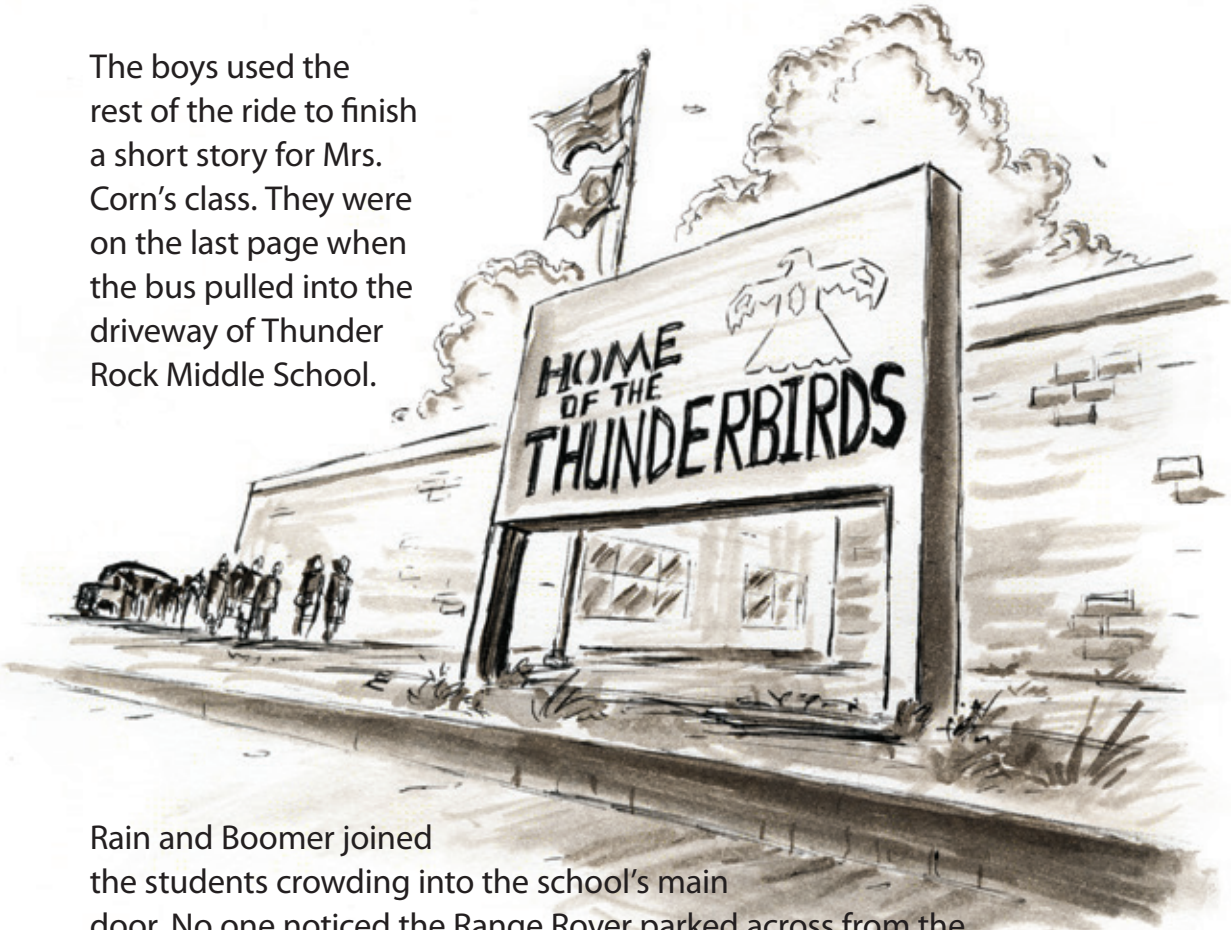
Rain ran to the kitchen and wolfed down a bowl of cereal. No time for a shower, he brushed his teeth and threw on some clothes. For a moment he started thinking about being at school without his pants. Where did that come from?

Rain stuffed the cigar box in his backpack and raced out the front door.


Jumping off the front porch, he dashed for the road. A chilly wind was blowing. Shivering, he wished he'd worn a jacket.
Rain glanced down the road. No school bus yet. Good, he thought, it's late...
HONNNNNK
SCRREEEEECH
YOU BETTER GET YOUR HEAD OUT OF THE CLOUDS, BOY, AND PAY ATTENTION TO WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
AUNT SISSY! SHE'S ALWAYS ON MY CASE.
YUK, SHE'LL BE HERE WHEN I GET HOME.
Luckily, the school bus came and Rain was able to escape.
He pulled himself up the steps and looked for his best friend.

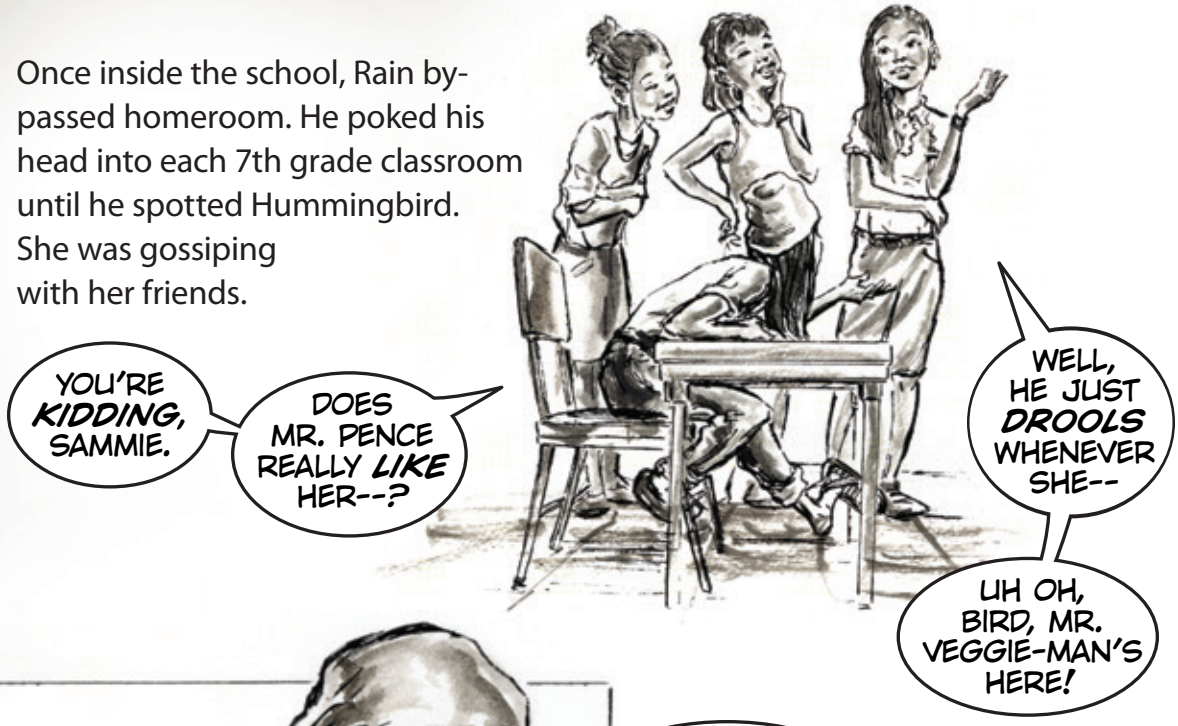

Boomer waved. He always saved Rain a seat.
Rain sat down and glanced at the comic book Boomer was reading. It was *The Adventures of Zel Simba*, one of their favorite superheroes.
HEY, LOOK. THIS IS COOL--
ONLY HALF OF SIMBA'S BODY MORPHED INTO A LION.
HUH? OH, YEAH.
CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT THAT DREAM--
GOTTA TELL HUMMINGBIRD ABOUT THE EAGLE'S SONG.
WHOSE HOMEROOM IS BIRD IN?
DON'T KNOW.
I BET THIS MONTH'S MAMMOTH BOY HAS COME IN.
LET'S CHECK IT OUT AFTER SCHOOL!

The boys used the rest of the ride to finish a short story for Mrs. Corn's class. They were on the last page when the bus pulled into the driveway of Thunder Rock Middle School.



Rain and Boomer joined the students crowding into the school's main door. No one noticed the Range Rover parked across from the school. A shadowy figure sat on the driver's side. He was in no hurry. He searched the face of every kid getting off the buses. When he didn't see what he was looking for, he drove away—very slowly. Men in his business didn't want to attract attention.

Once inside the school, Rain bypassed homeroom. He poked his head into each 7th grade classroom until he spotted Hummingbird. She was gossiping with her friends.



Rain motioned her over. Hummingbird stepped quickly to the door. Lowering his voice, he asked her to meet him in the library after lunch. He had something important to tell her. Hummingbird was puzzled.

Rain skidded into class—just before Mrs. Biddy slammed the door. Being in her homeroom was embarrassing. Kids were always clucking and flapping their arms at the "chickens" in Mrs. Biddy's "coop." It got old.

Rain took his seat in front of Boomer. Mrs. Biddy called the roll. Friday was always a big day for absences. When she repeated Jimmy's name twice, the boys noticed that his seat was empty. This wasn't good.

Mrs. Biddy peered through her glasses at the class. She wasn't happy. She squawked a warning about the truant officer* before the class stood to recite the pledge of allegiance. The words "and justice for all" were lost in the "brriinnnnggg" of the next bell. The boys joined the crush in the hallway and hurried to their first class.

*An official who investigates absences from school that are not excused.

First period dragged on to second and third. Rain thought lunchtime would never come. All he could think about was the dream. Then he would start thinking about Jimmy and the cigar box. Finally, Coach Brown released the boys from gym class.

Rain followed the smell of baking bread to the cafeteria. The school cook made the best whole wheat rolls! Rain was glad he didn't have time to make his lunch today.

Simon, one of Rain's best friends, already had a table.

Rain waved and headed for the food line. Pushing his tray along, he picked up chicken chowder and a whole wheat roll. Then he spotted the salad fixings.

Grabbing a load of lettuce, he glanced at the boy ahead of him in line. It was Ronald from gym class. He had piled his tray with two packaged burgers, fries, macaroni salad, and two brownies Ronald was eyeing Rain's tray. He didn't look impressed.

HEY, MAN, YOU EAT LIKE A ***RABBIT.***

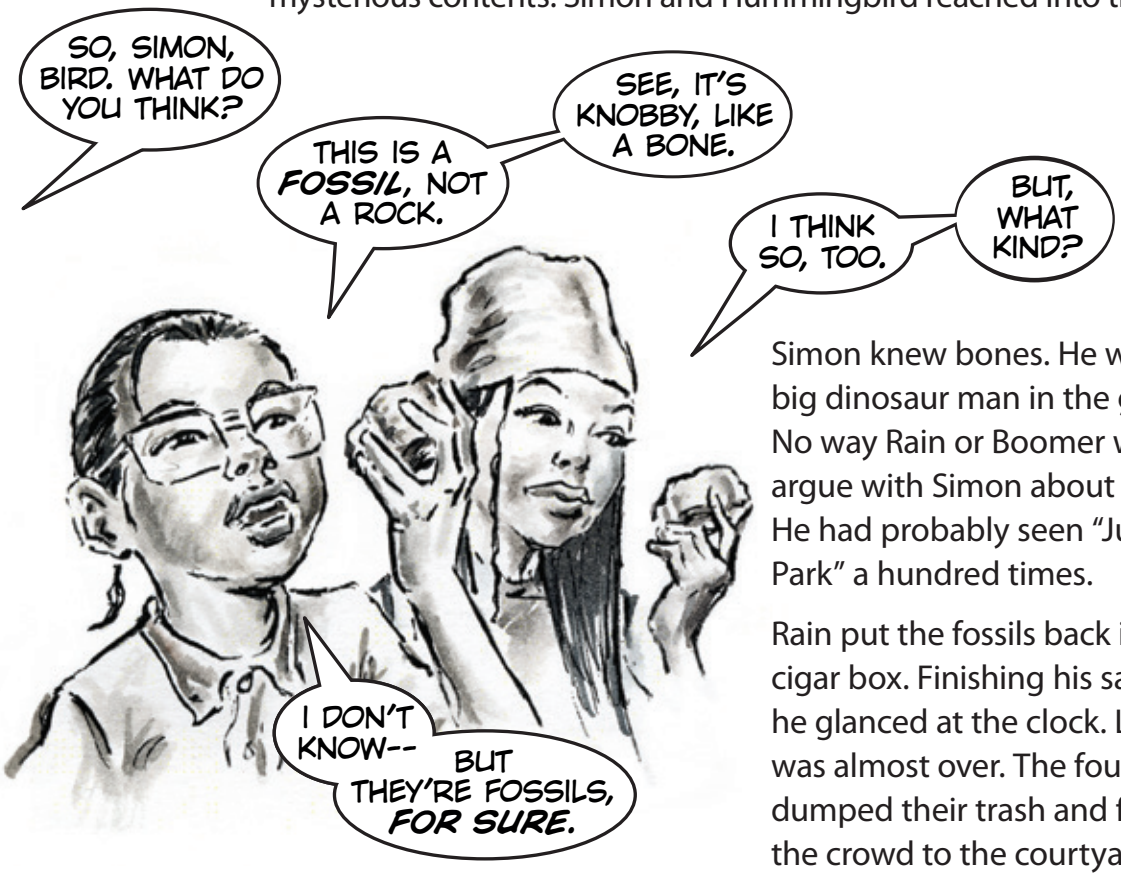
NO WAY YOU'LL MAKE THE FOOTBALL TEAM NEXT YEAR.

YOU'RE RIGHT, RONALD. I'M JUST LIKE A RABBIT.

EVER TRY TO ***CATCH*** ONE?

Rain paid for his lunch and hurried to sit with his friends. Boomer and Hummingbird had joined Simon.

Rain put down his tray. He gulped down a couple of spoonfuls of chowder. Then, without saying a word, he pulled out the cigar box. He put it on the table so everyone could see. Slowly, he opened the lid. Four pairs of eyes stared at the mysterious contents. Simon and Hummingbird reached into the box.



Simon knew bones. He was the big dinosaur man in the group. No way Rain or Boomer would argue with Simon about fossils. He had probably seen "Jurassic Park" a hundred times.

Rain put the fossils back in the cigar box. Finishing his salad, he glanced at the clock. Lunch was almost over. The foursome dumped their trash and followed the crowd to the courtyard.

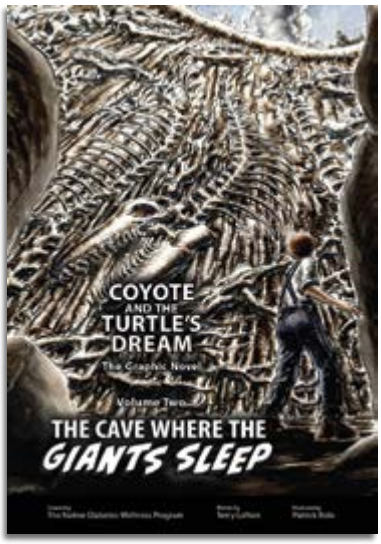
The students got free time after lunch. Most kids went outside to the courtyard. The girls usually talked under the big tree, while the boys just ran around. Today Rain, Boomer and Simon weren't interested in running around.
WHO'S BIRD TALKING TO?
THAT'S DEBBIE.
SHE RUNS ERRANDS FOR THE SCHOOL OFFICE.
I WISH BIRD WOULD COME ON. I WANT TO TELL HER ABOUT MY DREAM.
WHAT'S UP?
DEBBIE SAID JIMMY DIDN'T COME HOME LAST NIGHT.
HIS MOTHER'S OUT LOOKING FOR HIM!
The news spread like wildfire around the courtyard. The rumor mill began to grind.
I KNOW--HE RAN OFF WITH THAT CARNIVAL THAT WAS IN SKY BLUFF LAST WEEK.
HE'S JUST CAMPING OUT.
I BET JIMMY HAD A FIGHT WITH HIS BROTHER.
HOW OLD DO YOU HAVE TO BE TO JOIN THE ARMY?
MAYBE JIMMY'S IN JAIL.

THIS SOUNDS SERIOUS.
YEAH. SO, HE GOES TO THE PARK LAST NIGHT--
DUMPS THE FOSSILS--
RUNS OFF--
--AND VANISHES!
To be continued...

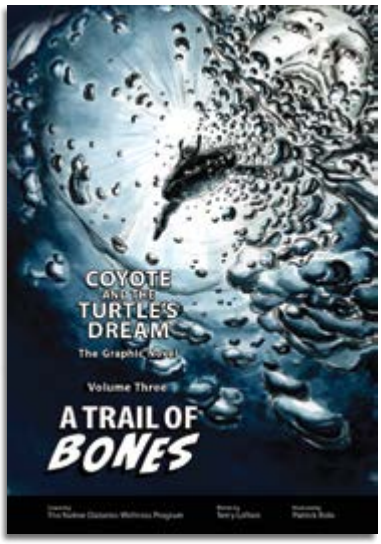
Don't miss the continuing story of

COYOTE AND THE TURTLE'S DREAM

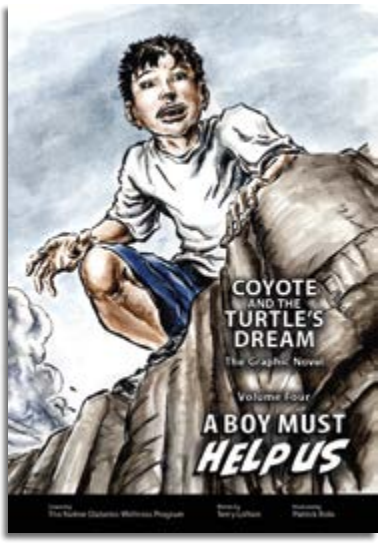
The Graphic Novel



Volume Two
The Cave Where the Giants Sleep



Volume Three
A Trail of Bones



Volume Four
A Boy Must Help Us

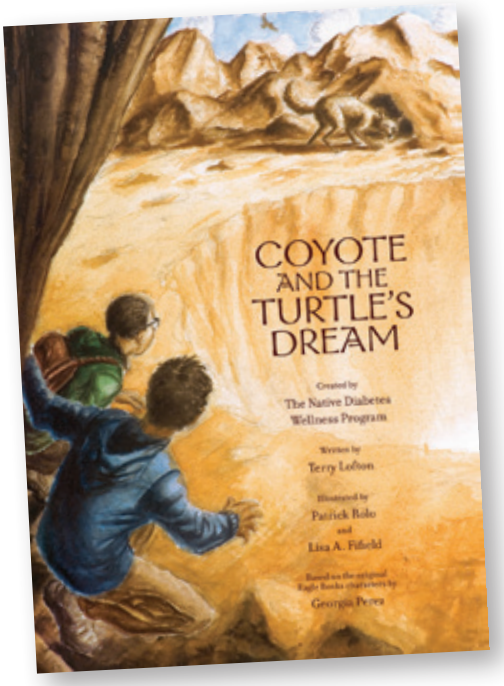
Coyote and the Turtle's Dream: The Graphic Novel,
is available for download at the Native Diabetes Wellness Program:
http://www.cdc.gov/diabetes/projects/diabetes-wellness.htm

For more information about the Eagle Books program,
please contact the CDC.
Phone: toll free 1-877-CDC-DIAB (877-232-3422)
E-mail: diabetes@cdc.gov

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH & HUMAN SERVICES • USA

CDC
SAFER • HEALTHIER • PEOPLE

INDIAN HEALTH SERVICE
PHS • 1955



We invite those who have not read the novels,
Coyote and the Turtle's Dream and *Hummingbird's Squash*,
to contact the CDC for free copies.

Phone: toll free 1-877-CDC-DIAB (877-232-3422)

E-mail: diabetes@cdc.gov

http://www.cdc.gov/diabetes/projects/diabetes-wellness.htm

About the Native Diabetes Wellness Program

The mission of the Native Diabetes Wellness Program is to work with a growing circle of partners to address the health inequities so starkly revealed by type 2 diabetes in Indian Country. With social justice and respect for Native and Western science as grounding principles, we strive to support community efforts to promote health and prevent diabetes.

For more information about diabetes and diabetes prevention, go to the National Diabetes Education Program's website, http://ndep.nih.gov. Under "Find Publications for Me," select the drop down box for "Age" and find "Teens and Children." Posted are tips for teens with diabetes, and tips for how kids can lower their risk for developing type 2 diabetes.

About the Author

Dr. Terry Lofton is a senior study director at Westat. She has been Westat's project director for the Eagle Books project since 2002 and has worked in public health for almost thirty years. A former middle school science teacher, Dr. Lofton often drew on the lessons of Native science in her classroom activities. She says that the collaboration with the illustrators of *Coyote and the Turtle's Dream* and the Eagle Books project's many friends in Indian Country has been the highlight of her career.

About the Illustrator

Patrick Rolo, Bad River Band of Ojibwe, draws from his rich Native American heritage to illustrate the Eagle Books. Mr. Rolo's career includes newspaper, magazine, comic book, and court room illustrations. Also a painter, his works in oil hang in galleries in Minnesota and Washington.

COYOTE AND THE TURTLE'S DREAM

The Graphic Novel

Volume One

THE VANISHING

Created by
The Native Diabetes Wellness Program

Written by
Terry Lofton

Illustrated by
Patrick Rolo

Produced by
Westat Graphics

To request free copies of the Eagle Books series, or for more information about the program, please contact the CDC. Phone: toll free 1-877-CDC-DIAB (877-232-3422). E-mail: diabetes@cdc.gov

33182.1112.841701.0107