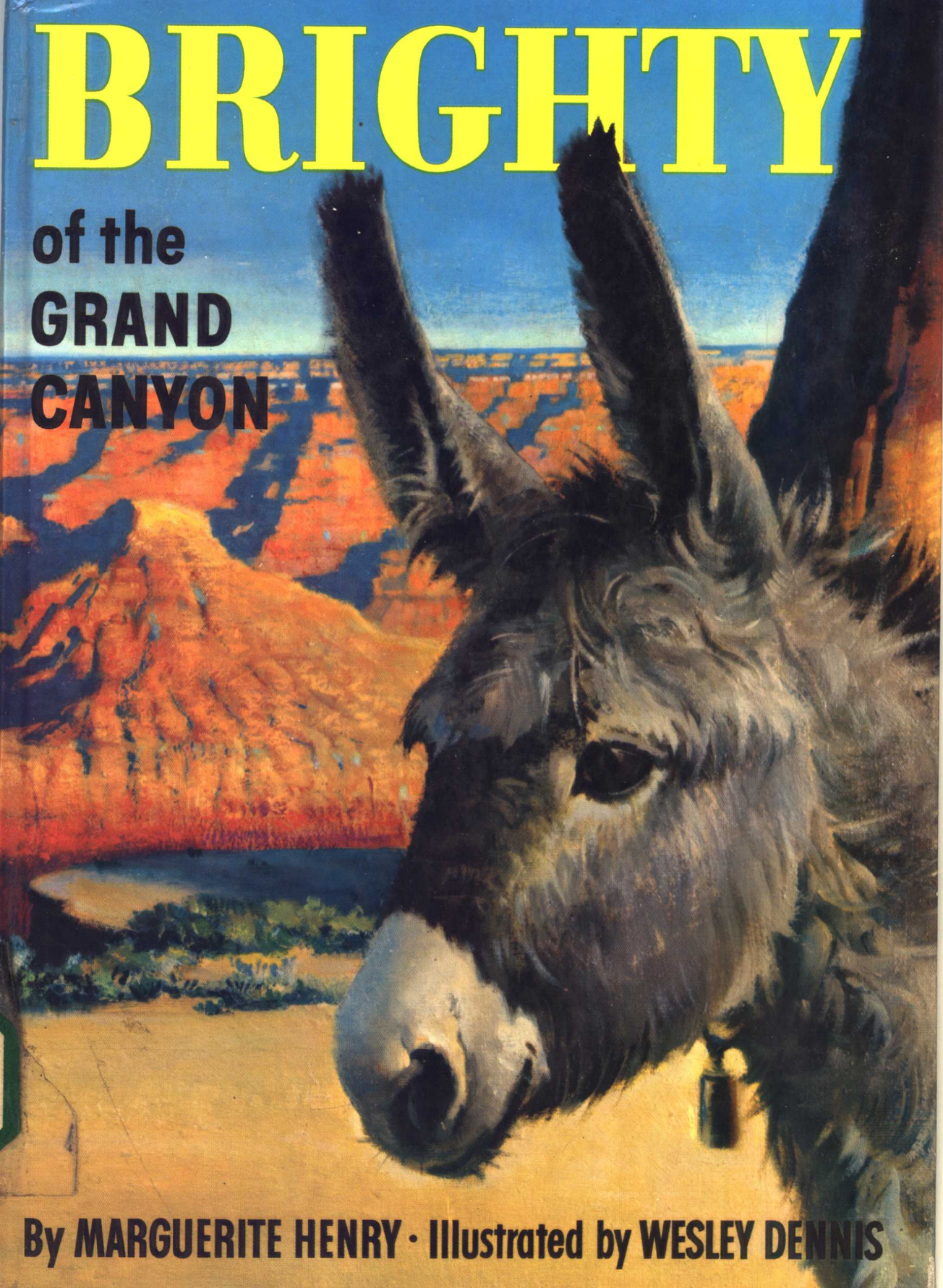


BRIGHTY

of the
**GRAND
CANYON**



By **MARGUERITE HENRY** • Illustrated by **WESLEY DENNIS**

BRIGHTY
of the
GRAND CANYON

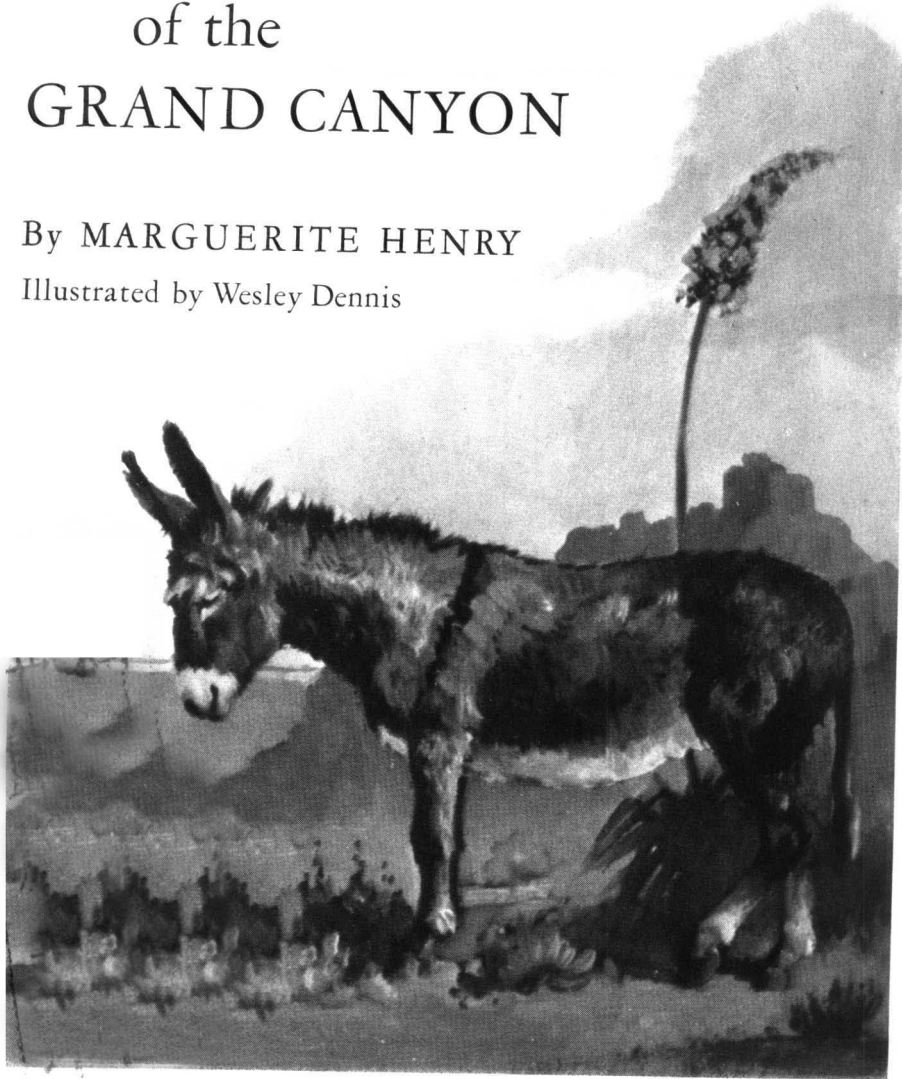


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NEW YORK

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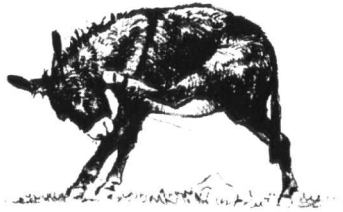
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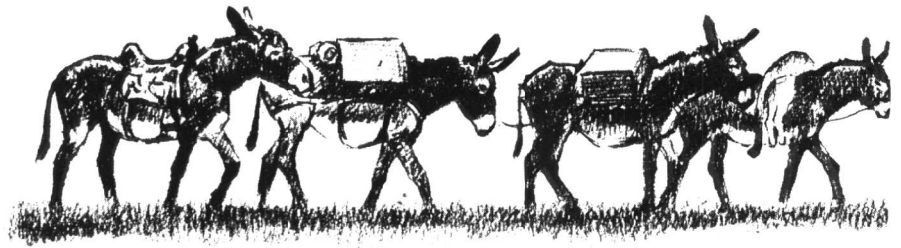
Most of the characters in this story are real and
most of the incidents actually occurred. However,
with the license often granted to writers, I have
altered a few facts for Brighty's sake.

M. H.



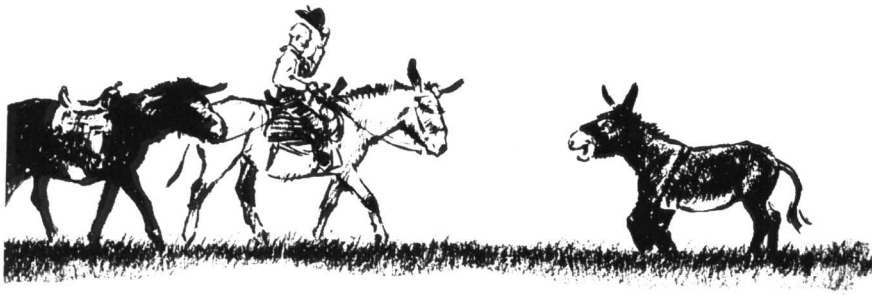
To
HAROLD C. BRYANT
Superintendent
Grand Canyon National Park
and
ERNIE APPLING
Uncle Jim's friend
and a cowboy's cowboy

7752647-6

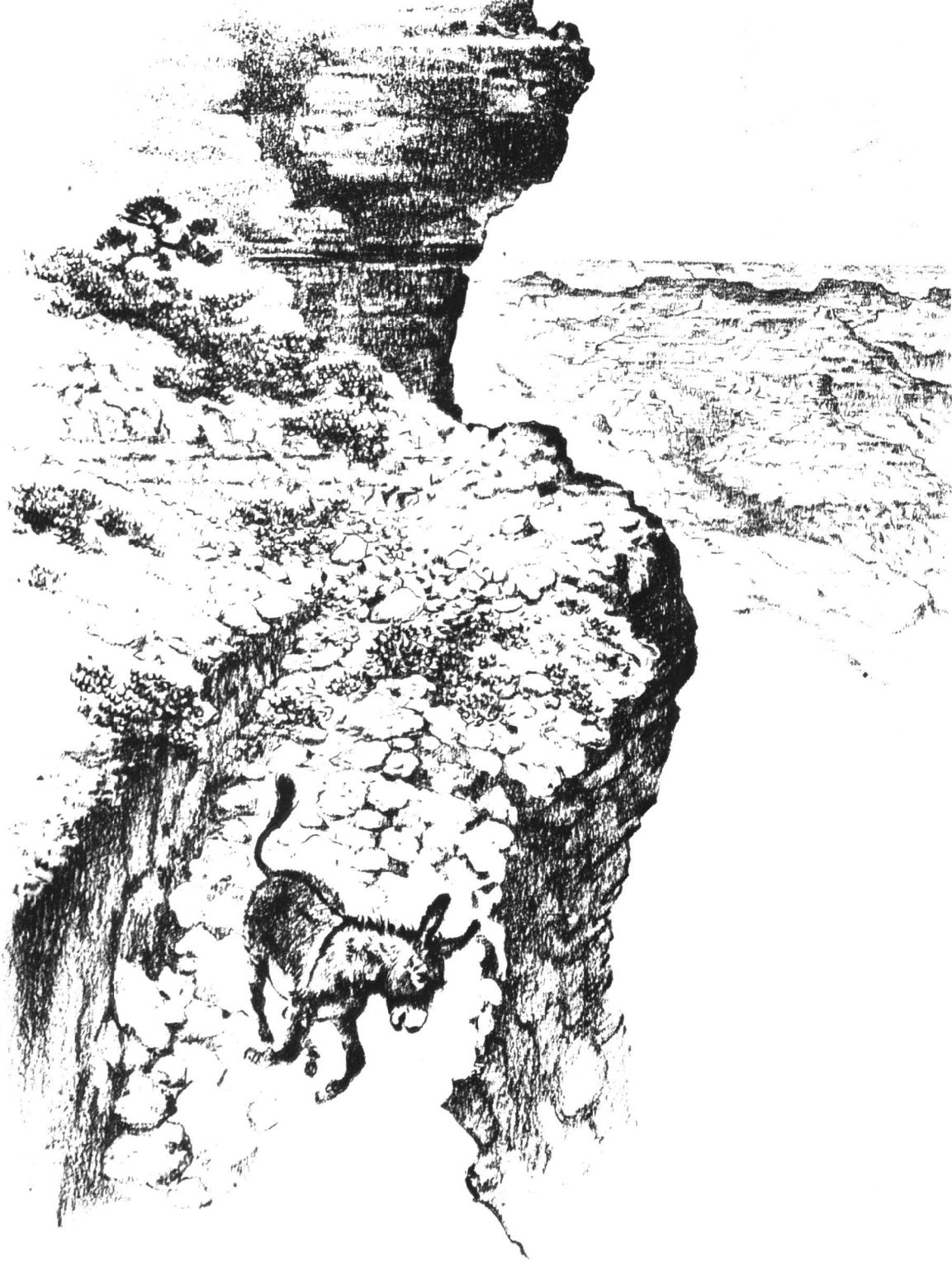


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FOREWORD

THIS IS THE STORY of a little lone burro who lived in the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

An old prospector found him running wild along Bright Angel Creek, that tumbles down the north wall of the canyon into the Colorado River. The prospector roped and gentled him, but then he gave him his freedom! Instead of hobbles or pickets, he held onto him by the invisible cord of friendship—flapjacks shared, and small talk around the campfire, and a warm hand scratching the itchy places on his back.

In return, the burro carried the prospector's pick and pan and even packed water for him. The rest of the time was his own. He was free to browse or to splash in the creek, or just to sit, dog-fashion, dozing in the sun.

After the prospector died, Brighty became a wild spirit again. He migrated like a bird. In winter, all alone, he roamed the warm inner reaches of the canyon where snow never falls. But in summer he high-tailed it to the rim, to live in the cool mountain meadows of the Kaibab Forest.

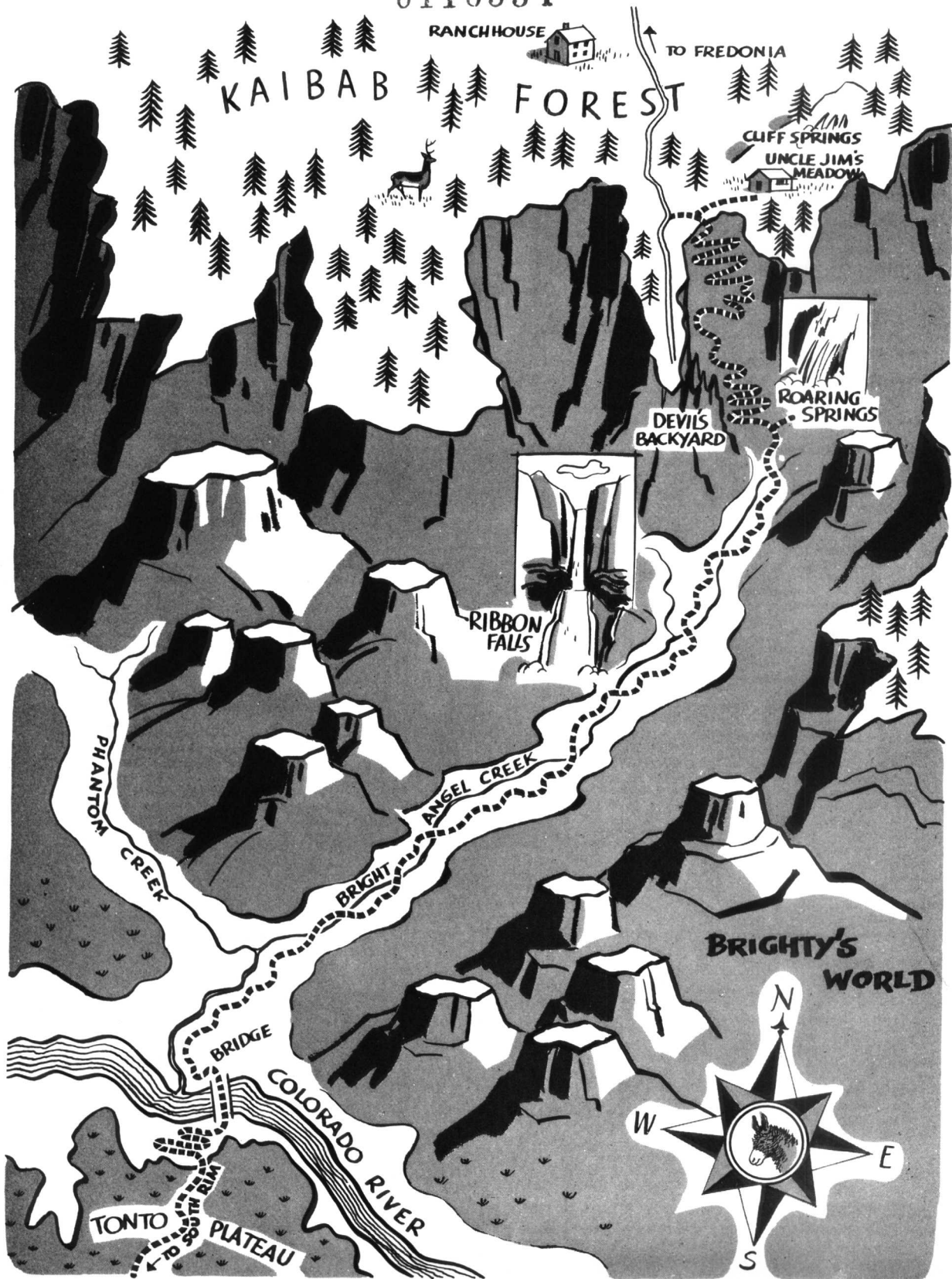
Soon men began using the trail he made—explorers and rangers, artists and tourists. Brighty greeted them with hearty brays, took potluck with them, and enjoyed their company; that is, until they tried to hobble him. Then he went bounding off, heehawing at their foolishness.

But in spite of this—or perhaps because of it—men loved him, respected him, and envied him. He became their symbol of a joyous way of life.

To Brighty, then, my gratefulness for luring me to the Grand Canyon. May his wild, free spirit forever call men to his haunts. And on still summer nights may they hear, as I did, his faraway voice singing to the moon.

M. H.

0116534



RANCHHOUSE

TO FREDONIA

KAIBAB FOREST

CLIFF SPRINGS

UNCLE JIM'S MEADOW

ROARING SPRINGS

DEVILS BACKYARD

RIBBON FALLS

PHANTOM CREEK

ANGEL CREEK

BRIGHT

BRIDGE

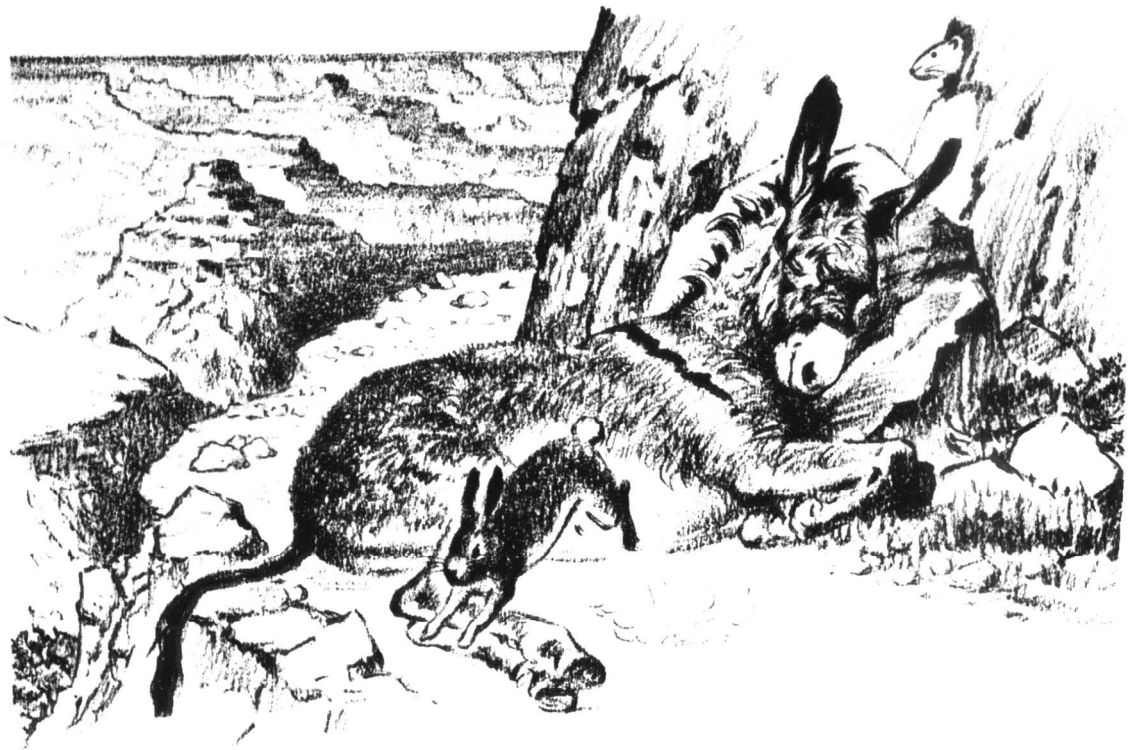
COLORADO RIVER

TONTO

PLATEAU

BRIGHTY'S WORLD





BRIGHTY'S WORLD

A SHAGGY young burro lay asleep in the gray dust of the canyon trail. Except for the slow heaving of his sides and an occasional flick of an ear, he seemed part of the dust and the ageless limestone that rose in great towering battlements behind him.

The sun had been shining fiercely on his belly and now began climbing up over his sides, then slowly up the canyon wall. But for a long time the rocks held their heat and the solitary figure dozed on.

A ground squirrel peered out from a chink in the wall, watching a moment with friendly eyes, then dived back where it came from. A cottontail rabbit played hop, skip, and jump around

him. But nothing disturbed the little gray lump, not even a nuthatch hammering away at a juniper tree.

It was the wind, an uprising current of wind from the depths of the canyon, that finally aroused him. It whirled up his nose and down his ears, tickling him awake.

With a grunting sigh he began rolling, and with each turn just missed falling off his ledge into Bright Angel Creek, hundreds of feet below. Now he sat up on his haunches, squirming his back against the rough, warm limestone. He gave a luxurious yawn and gazed at the opposite wall as if in search of some creature like himself. But there was only rock, rising sheer and lonely to the sky.

He stretched his forelegs and then he was up, shaking the dust from his coat. Over the ledge a few spears of bunch grass grew in a crevice. He leaned out into space and cropped them, jaws swinging sideways as he chewed, while his eyes, from under their thatched roof of hair, looked out over his world. It was a world of rock piled up and up, layer on layer to the sky, and down and down to the Colorado River far below.

Slowly, as if balancing the weight of his great ears, the little fellow swung his head around to follow the winding river. His eyes suddenly fixed on a tiny white spot, and at sight of it he opened wide his jaws, swelled out his nostrils, and began braying: "*Yeeee-aw—yee-aw! Yee-a-a-aw!*"

Instantly the canyon took up the cry. South wall to north and back again it banged and bounced the bray until there was nothing left of it.

The burro waited, listening. His ears probed the white spot as if to pull something out of it. There it was! An answer-

ing sound! A bellowing halloa, almost as big and brassy as his own. It set the little burro into action.

Down the trail he plunged, zigzagging from ledge to ledge, ears flopping, tail swinging, hoofs toe-dancing the narrow path. Once on his way, a kind of momentum took hold of him and he fairly flew, rounding one cliff only to face another.

Time and again he crossed Bright Angel Creek, a foaming mountain stream that tumbled downward to the river. For yards and yards he walked in its bed, picking his way around the glossy boulders. But he neither drank nor played in the water.

Only once did he stop to study his goal. The white spot had grown to a tent, and nearby, campfire smoke was curling upward. Satisfied, he plunged on again, always traveling within sight and sound of the busy creek.

The afternoon was late and purple shadows were spilling down the canyon walls when he came at last upon the source of the smoke. An old, old prospector with flowing white hair was piling driftwood on a fire. And beside the fire stood an iron skillet and a bowl of yellow batter.





A STRANGER IN THE CANYON

STEPPING SOFTLY in the sand, the burro sneaked behind the prospector and playfully butted him up from his crouching position. The old man spun around, his face lighting with joy.

"Brighty!" he shouted happily. "You li'l ole pussyfooter! You eenamost upset the batter, to say nothing of me, myself." He let the burro nuzzle his grizzled beard. "'Tain't hay!" he howled with laughter.

He laid more driftwood on the fire, then turned and began scratching Brighty, starting with the scruff of mane and kneading down the dark stripe along his back.

"Feller!" he thundered above the river's roar. "You sure