



**BROTHER TO
THE WIND**
Mildred Pitts Walter

**THE CAT
WHO THOUGHT
SHE WAS A DOG
AND
THE DOG
WHO THOUGHT
HE WAS A CAT**
I. B. Singer

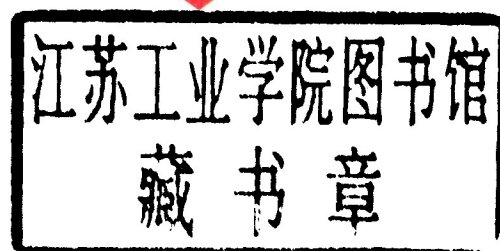
**APPEARANCE
APPEARANCES**

APPEARANCES

Brother to the Wind



The Cat Who Thought
She Was a Dog
and
The Dog Who
Thought He Was a Cat



HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY BOSTON

Atlanta

Dallas

Geneva, Illinois

Palo Alto

Princeton

Toronto

Acknowledgments

Brother to the Wind by Mildred Pitts Walter. Illustrations by Diane and Leo Dillon. Text copyright © 1985 by Mildred Pitts Walter. Illustrations copyright © 1985 by Diane and Leo Dillon. By permission of Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Books (A Division of William Morrow).

"The Cat Who Thought She Was a Dog and the Dog Who Thought He Was a Cat" from *Naftali the Storyteller and His Horse, Sus, and Other Stories* by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Copyright © 1973, 1976 by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Reprinted by permission of Farrar, Straus and Giroux Inc., 19 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003.

"Dreams" by Aileen Fisher from *Up the Windy Hill*. Copyright © 1953. Reprinted by permission of the author.

"Pretending," from *Windy Morning* by Harry Behn. Copyright 1953 by Harry Behn. © Renewed 1981 by Alica Behn Goebel, Pamela Behn Adam, Prescott Behn and Peter Behn. Reprinted by permission of Marian Reiner.

Credits

Cover Illustration Margaret Sanfilippo.

Illustration Linda Medley: pp. 42, 43, 45, 46, 47, 49, 50.
Melinda May Sullivan: pp. 53, 54, 55.

Photography Bert Andrews: p. 56L.
AP/Wide World Photos: p. 57L.
UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos: p. 58R.

Copyright © 1989 by Houghton Mifflin Company. All rights reserved.

No part of this work may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, including photocopying and recording, or by any information storage or retrieval system without the prior written permission of Houghton Mifflin Company unless such copying is expressly permitted by federal copyright law. Address inquiries to Permissions, Houghton Mifflin Company, One Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02108.

Printed in the U.S.A.

ISBN: 0-395-45992-3

JKLMNOPQRST-B-99876543210

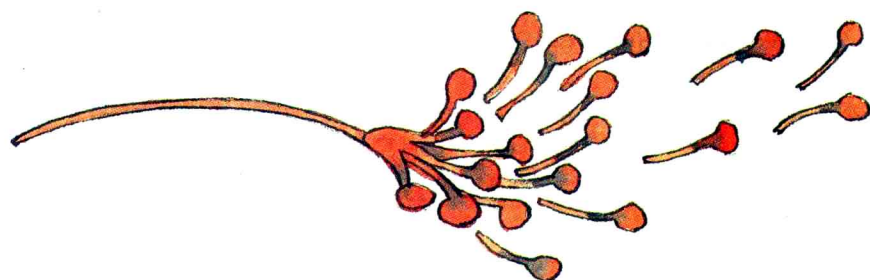


We often judge people and animals by their appearance. What would we do if we couldn't use their appearance as a clue to their behavior?

You are about to read two tales. In them, you will read about people and animals who find that appearance may not always be the best way to judge one another. They find out that sometimes looks may be deceiving.

Table of Contents

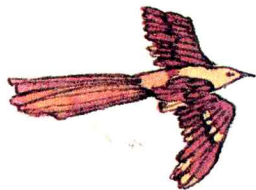
BROTHER TO THE WIND	by Mildred Pitts Walter	5
<i>Would you trust a hyena? Emeke seems to have no choice.</i>		
Discussion		37
THE CAT WHO THOUGHT SHE WAS A DOG AND THE DOG WHO THOUGHT HE WAS A CAT		
by Isaac Bashevis Singer		41
<i>What will happen when the dog and the cat discover they're wrong?</i>		
Discussion		51
Roundtable Discussion		52
DREAMS	by Aileen Fisher	53
THE WIND	by Robert Louis Stevenson	53
PRETENDING	by Harry Behn	54
About the Authors and Artists		56
Glossary		60





B · R · O · T · H · E · R
T · O T · H · E W · I · N · D

by Mildred Pitts Walter
pictures by Diane and Leo Dillon



TO
HASHIM
IFEYINWA
CHIENYENWA
UCHENNA

M. P. Walter

TO
R. WILLIAM BYNUM

D. & L. Dillon



"GOOD SNAKE can make any wish come true," Emeke's¹ grandmother often said. And every day in the village of Eronni,² Emeke herded his family's goats and dreamed of finding Good Snake. He wanted to make a wish to fly.

¹ Emeke (ə mī' kā)

² Eronni (ə rō' nē)



Emeke rose early to herd the goats high up on the mountain. Dark clouds clung to the earth. Morning was almost like night. The rains would soon come.

"Say, Emeke," Ndumu³ shouted in the dim light, "still want to fly like a bird?" Other boys on the road laughed.

"Our friend thinks he can move like the wind," Mongo said.

"No, he really thinks he will find Good Snake and that Good Snake will help him fly." Nizam's⁴ words brought great bursts of laughter.



High up on the mountain, alone with his goats, Emeke looked out at the farms and his village below. Fires blazed and sent up smoke as the men cleared thick brush for new farmland. They worked hard to beat the rains. Their clothes, the colors of the rainbow, flowed with the wind.

Finally Emeke sat watching his goats eat greedily. Then, with his knees drawn to his chest and chin, he closed his eyes. He tried to imagine now what he had often felt in dreams. He wanted to feel the wind, to soar up, up, up, then wheel off like a bird. But his mind filled only with the laughter of his friends.

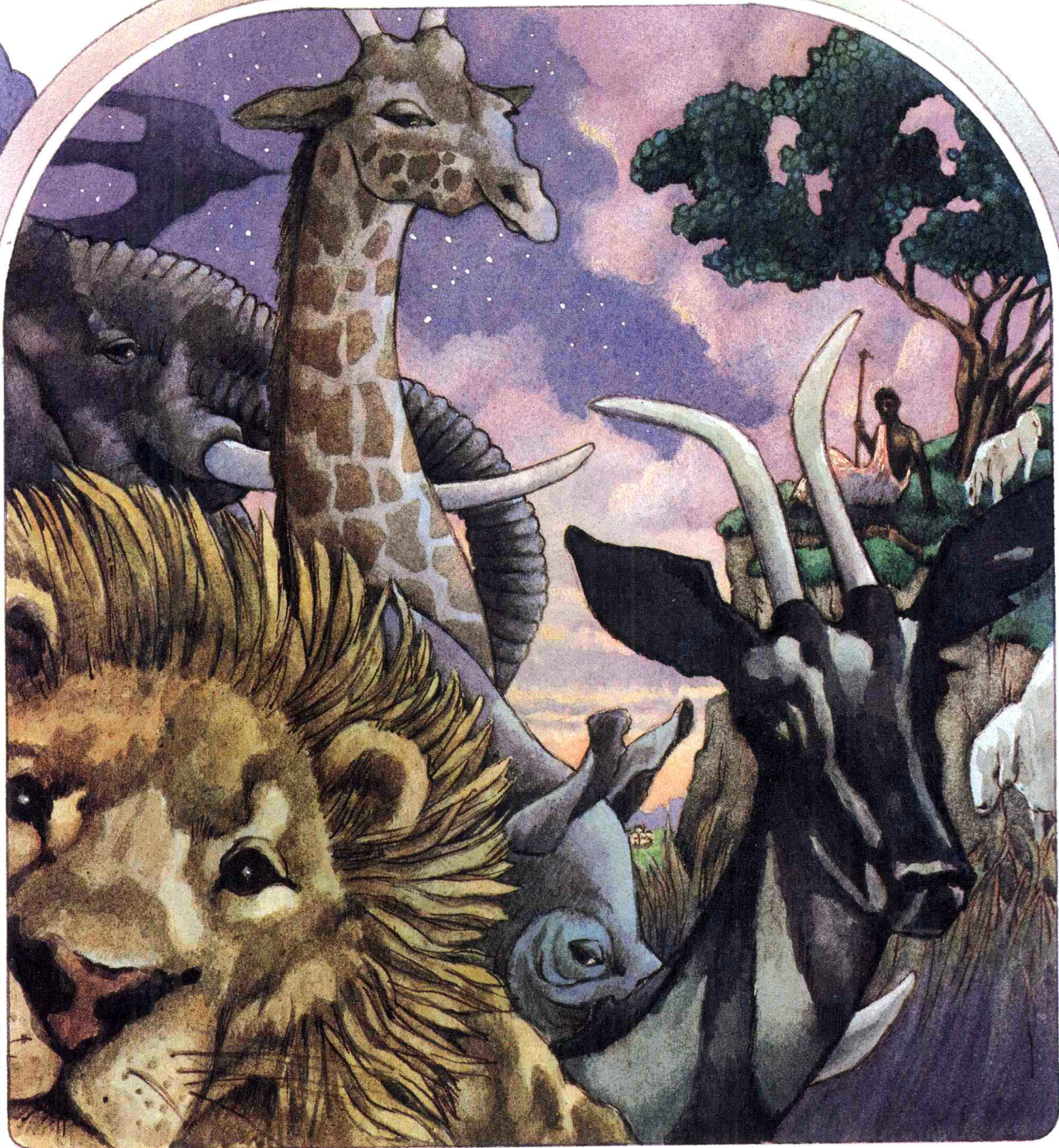


Then he remembered his grandmother's words: "If you find Good Snake, he will help you fly."

If only I could leave my goats for one day, he thought. I would go searching deep in the bush for Good Snake. But Father would never let me do that.

Maybe he should go into the bush at night when the village was asleep. No boy would go there after dark. Secrets of the bush unfold, and the silence of ghosts grows loud in the dark. No. No boy would do that. "But no boy in my village can fly," Emeke said aloud.

He would find Good Snake and make his wish.



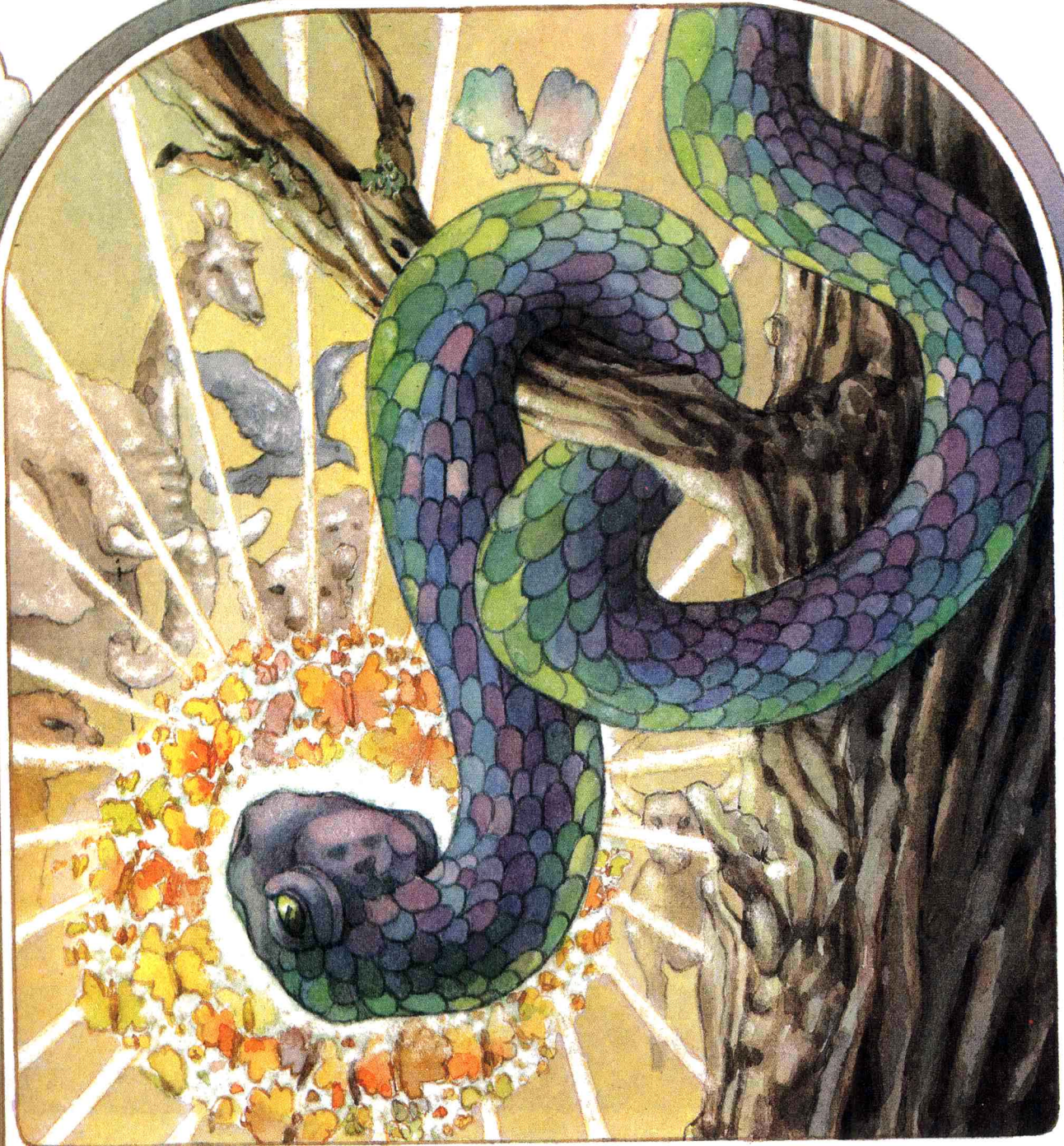
Suddenly he heard a low rumbling noise. What could it be? Not thunder. Thunder came only with the rains. Emeke put his ear closer to the ground and heard the sound of many feet.

Then Emeke saw the strangest thing. A swarm of fireflies moved in a circle in the distance. In their light Emeke saw animals moving toward a tree, not too far from where his goats were feeding.



Emeke jumped up. He saw Elephant, Rhinoceros, Giraffe, and Zebra. He moved closer and saw smaller animals: Turtle, Hyena, Wild Dog, and Hare. There were many birds too. How peacefully and quietly they all moved together. Emeke's goats were calm, still eating the short grass. They will be safe for a little while, Emeke thought.

Curious, he hurried.



Cautiously he fell in line with the animals.

When they reached the tree he saw an unusual thing.

A huge snake was wrapped around the biggest branch. His tail was hidden in the leaves, but his head hung down toward the ground. Emeke's heart beat wildly, his skin went hot, then cold, and his scalp tingled. This is Good Snake, he thought. Emeke wanted to run away, but his feet felt rooted to the spot.



Hyena, Elephant, Rhinoceros, and all the animals, one by one, made wishes. But Turtle stood off to the side, laughing. He did not believe in Good Snake.

As Emeke watched Turtle laughing, he thought of Ndumu, Nizam, and Mongo. Would he dare ask to fly like a bird?

Finally Good Snake nodded at him. Emeke knew it was now his turn. "Oh, Good Snake, I would like to fly."

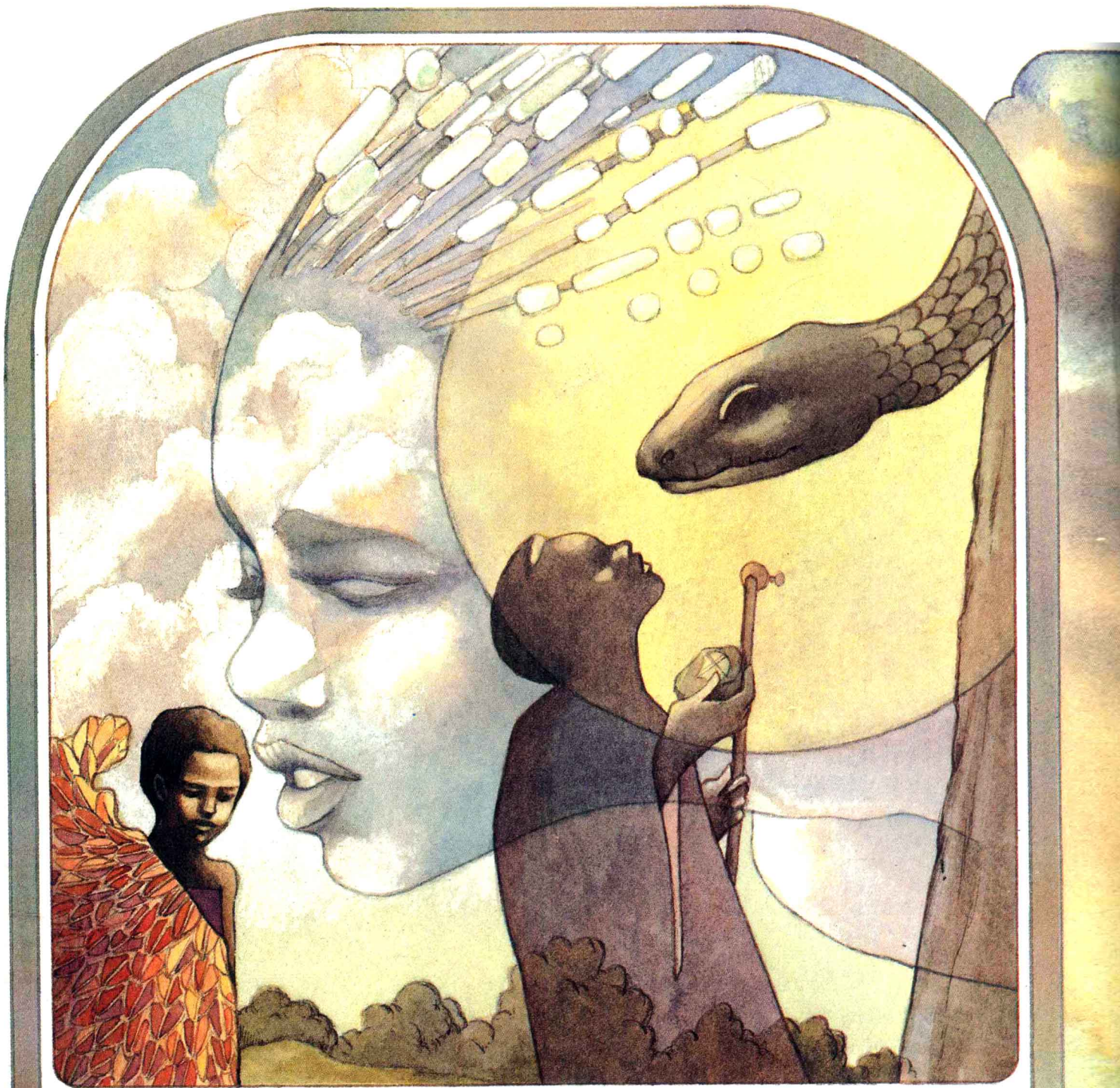


Good Snake uncurled his tail and brought forth a rock. "Are you sure you want to fly?"

"Oh, yes, Good Snake," Emeke whispered, hardly able to speak.

Good Snake held out the rock. "This is what you must do: Before the rains come, find the bark of a baobab tree and three large bamboo poles. Then make a kite exactly like the one on the back of this rock."

Emeke took the rock and placed it in his pouch. But what did a rock and a kite have to do with flying, Emeke wondered. He wanted to say, Why make a kite? All I want to do is fly like a bird. Instead he listened as Good Snake went on: "Before the feast of the harvest, you must find the right wind for the kite."



"Good Snake, how will I know the right wind?" Emeke asked.

Good Snake curled up his tail again and looked at Emeke. "The right wind will whisper words that will let you know for sure. Then, on the day of the feast, meet me high on the mountaintop. If you have done all the things that I have asked, then on that day you will fly. One other thing: Keep that rock with you always. It will help you."