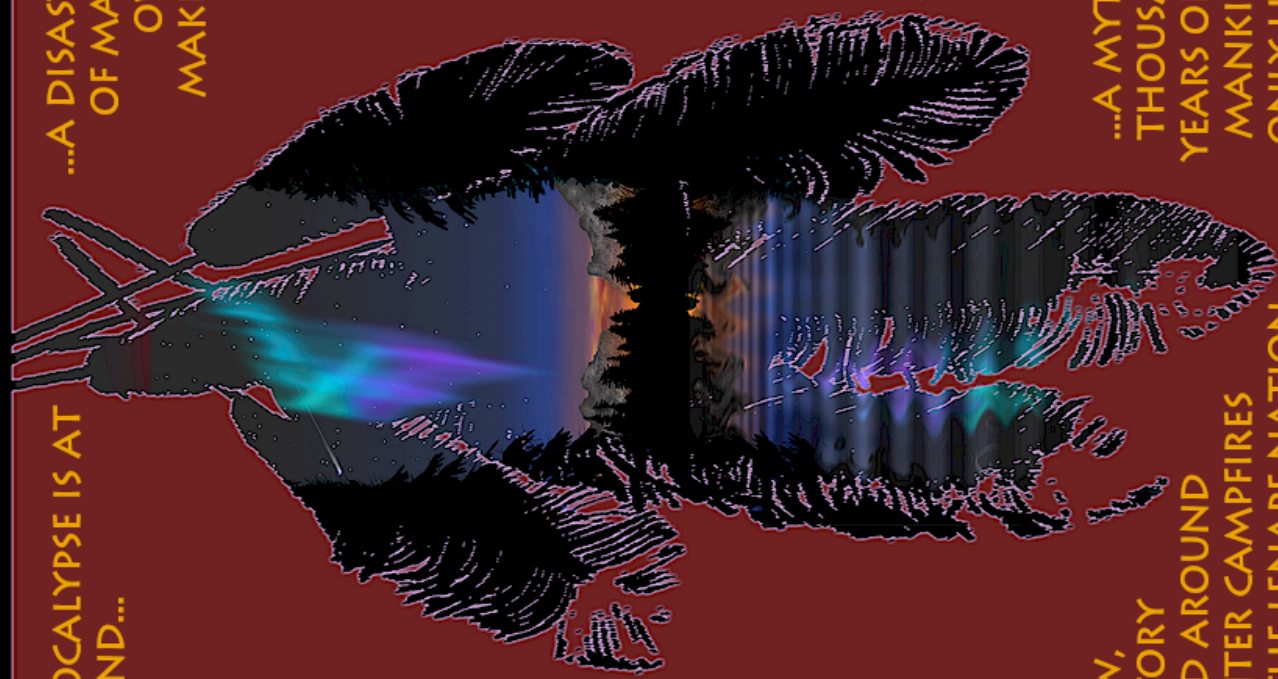


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GRANDFATHER'S

APOCALYPSE IS AT
HAND...
...A DISASTER
OF MAN'S
OWN
MAKING



NOW,
A STORY
TOLD AROUND
WINTER CAMPFIRES
OF THE LENAPE NATION...
...A MYTH A
THOUSAND
YEARS OLD IS
MANKIND'S
ONLY HOPE.

GEORGE

Excerpt...

The wind shifted, and Talking Coyote could smell death in the air. The trees, moments ago full of leaves and life, were stripped of their bark by hungry animals. Turning circles, he could see hundreds of dead animals. All were emaciated and predators had marred none. All died of starvation. It was still the same path he was on a moment ago, walking to his favorite trout stream, but it was also different.

As he went on toward the stream the smell of death almost made him gag. *I need to get to the stream and wash my face. This has to be a dream.*

From behind him came a voice: "It is not a dream, *N'gsisak.*"

Talking Coyote turned, and Red Hair shape-shifted from a spruce tree to a man. He spoke again, "This is very real. They are all dying. You must help them."

Red Hair was dressed in only a breech-clout, and his white skin, although tanned, was still a white man.

"I am not afraid of you, white man who speaks Lenape. You are not a danger to me." If only Talking Coyote could convince his mind of that bravado. On the verge of cracking and running for his life, he decided to speak for some reason. "Why do you bother my dreams?"

"I speak Lenape because I am Lenape, not a white man; I am no danger to you, and I do not bother your dreams." Red Hair smiled and sat in front of Talking Coyote. "Smoke with me, my son," he said, as he removed a pipe from a plain leather bag. The pipe was anything but ordinary. It shone like the silver of a full moon on a still lake. It was not metal but actually made from water.

JAKE

GRANDFATHER'S SONG JAKE GEORGE



GRANDFATHER'S SONG

The world is crying out from the imbalances of nature. Death is a stench in the air. With the giant Xinkwelenowaks as his spirit guides, Tom Talking Coyote Jefferson has to find the way back through a portal older than time, back into the Old World where man came from, to a place known only in the myths and legends of Native American peoples.

And time is running out.

An authentic Native American voice relates stories of modern reservation life blended with ancient Lenape tribal lore. Take a read: you'll find yourself seated in tribal councils and conducted on vision quests into the farthest reaches of the universe. You'll watch the animals turn human and tell their tales, and finally you may come to understand and respect the vitality of a culture which seeks balance in all things. Jake George is a writer who deserves the same attention and respect earned by such fine novelists as Sherman Alexie and Tony Hillerman.

Sara Williams
Archebooks' best-selling author of
The Don Juan Con and *The Serenoa Scandal*.



ISBN 1-59507-069-9

About the Author



Jake George

Jake George has been writing professionally for many years. His articles and books range from medical self-help to stories and essays about Native Americans. Jake is of mixed Lenape (Delaware Indian) and White blood. He grew up in Rochester, NY and has visited numerous other countries throughout his life interacting with the Native peoples he met along the way, to learn what he could of their cultures and to impart on them some of his Native American culture and heritage. Married to his High School sweetheart almost thirty years ago, Jake and his wife Jan, live in central Florida.

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Cover Art by Julie Rodriguez Jones