

# 1866

## ARIZONA AND NEW MEXICO TERRITORY

1864 to 1866, in an attempt for the ethnic cleansing of the Navajo people by the United States government, *The Long Walk* began forcing the Navajo people to trek over eighteen days, three hundred miles from their traditional land in Eastern Arizona Territory to Bosporus Redondo in The Western New Mexico Territory. During this period, over two hundred Navajo perished from the harsh environment along with the brutal treatment from the United States Calvary soldiers sent to protect the Navajo from the New Mexicans and Utes raiders during the walk.

Toward the end of *The Long Walk* in 1866, a brave, beautiful Navajo woman, Kai Waugh, grossly pregnant and almost to full term, struggled to keep up with her tribe as they approached the last outpost east of the New Mexico border from the Arizona territory where they would rest before their push over the Manzano Mountains and to the land the American government was forcing her people toward. The cold, dry wind helped push her oversized body, along with many tumbleweed bushes, toward the camp set up alongside the outpost wall.

Her mother, along with her husband's parents, helped watch after her three young boys as Kai continued to fight the pains caused by the physical stress of the long walk under horrible conditions, which pushed her unborn child toward a premature birth. Kia screamed out as the first of many terrible pains sent shock waves throughout her frail body.

Safely reaching the warmth of the fire, Kia laid back across a smallpox-infested blanket the Calvary provided, hoping to spread the deadly disease in the United States government's attempt of genocide. Kia's mom, Mosi, moved her fingers through Kia's long dark black hair, trying to comfort her exhausted daughter, knowing the birth was nearing due to the stress of the grueling walk.

The following day, Kia stood with her tribe for the final push over the Manzano mountains. Following her tribe toward the back, Kia let out a gut-wrenching scream as her frail body decide the time had come for the new life to enter the cruel world.

Realizing the Navajo woman had entered into labor, one of the assigned soldiers shoved Kia to the ground along with her mother Mosi to aid the birth before removing her three small, scared boys to continue the journey without their mother. Kia laid back on the smallpox-infested blanket as the birthing pains overtook her frail body. Late into the afternoon, Kia fought the pains of natural childbirth as the head of the infant started down the birth canal toward its first breath of air as slimy brain matter, skull fragments, and warm blood from Mosi's head splattered across Kia, followed by the echo from the rifle blast from which the hot spinning lead was released.

Just after dinner, inside the second level of the newly assembled wood plank outpost, the six-foot-four, arrogant Sargent Ed Burkett's razor sharpen sword exited the side of the helpless Navajo worrier prisoners' stomach, separating the worrier's upper body from his waist, spilling dark red blood along with intestines across the wooded floor.

"Damn right! Damn right, like cutting hot butter!" Sargent Burkett yelled in his deep northern voice, splattering tobacco juice across the wooden floor as he held his arms above his head to celebrate another grand victory from slicing a Navajo prisoner in half with only one swoop from his sword.

"Boy, that's a mid-evil swing you got there, Sarg," Private Dillon McCarron said with his slow southern accent as he handed over the coins won by the feat.

"Yep, gotta have the blade sharpened just right for that clean of a slice!"

Sargent Burkett shared his knowledge from past victories as he walked over, grabbing a bottle of whiskey for a swig.

"See boy's," The Sargent turned towards Private McCarron and the other two Privates' participants listening for words of wisdom from their intelligent Sargent, "these savages we have here are devil worshippers; they are too far gone beyond the salvation of our

Christian church." Sargent Burkett takes another swig from the whiskey bottle. "We must use any and every means under God's Heavens to kill these savages," Sargent Burkett said as two slaves removed the four butchered corpses still expelling gassed into the room.

"Tell 'em about your trophies, ha, ha! Show 'em your trophies," Private McCarron said in an excited tone, eager for the two new Privates to hear about the greatness of his beloved Sargent.

With a proud, arrogant smirk, Sargent Burkett pulled his tobacco pouch from his saddlebag lying on the table. "This here tobacco pouch I made from a milk-filled Navajo titty I removed from one of them nursing savages before feeding its baby to my dogs. Boy, them dogs sure do love to eat them Navajo babies." The Sargent smirked as Private McCarron giggled, "titty-baby, ha, ha, titty-baby," in his slow, illiterate accent.

The two new Privates inspected the tobacco pouch, impressed by the sergeant's accomplishment.

"Show 'em ya hat, show 'em ya hat!" Private McCarron said, still giggling.

With the left side of his lip curled up with pride, Sargent Burkett reached for his hat displaying three vulvas looped around the hatband. "After I'm done with the savage women, I remove these with my Bowie knife! I have a couple of dozen hanging from my saddle," Sargent Burkett proudly shared.

"What the hell are those?" One of the new Privates asked.

"They are quim whiskers," Sargent Burkett said as he spat a mouth full of tobacco juice onto the floor, surprised the new Privates were clueless about his trophies.

"Quim whiskers?" One of the new Privates not familiar with the slang asked while inspecting the trophies.

"Yeah, quim whiskers, you know the cunt!" Private McCarron clarified, also surprised by the new Private's unfamiliarity with the slang.

Clearly impressed, the four soldiers continued to drink whisky as the fresh blood seeped through the crack in the wooden floor,

dripping onto the last five Navajo warriors imprisoned inside the outpost.

Finished with showing off his trophies, Sargent Burkett noticed two Navajo women left behind just outside the outpost wall.

“Hey McCarron, you think you can place a bullet between that savages’ ears?” Sargent Burkett asked, challenging the faithful Private. The three Privates looked out the window as Private McCarron stepped forward, pulling his rifle from the mount on the wall. “Please!” McCarron said with confidence as he lined his rifle site just center of the back of the savages’ head. Nice and steady Private, McCarron held the rifle as he spat tobacco juice out the window before taking a deep breath. Boom! The rifle blasted the hot lead bullet which entered the target’s head. “Bam, now that is perfection,” Private McCarron announced from the successful shot.

“Now, now, I believe you were slightly high,” Sargent Burkett announced said not willing to hand over his coins. As the corpse of the headshot savage flopped around as the soul tried to fight its forced exit, the two Calvary soldiers raced down to see who would win the coin.

For a moment, Kia forgot about her baby crowning. She began crawling away from the approaching soldiers, begging for her life as Sargent Burkett removed the Bowie knife from its holster. Realizing her fate, the proud Navajo mother stared down at her newborn baby only attached by the cord of life as the Bowie knife was forced into her skull, ending her suffrage.

Sargent Burkett wiped the blood and brain matter off his knife before returning it to the holster.

“What are we gonna do about that baby?” Private McCarron asked.

“Give me your rifle,” Sargent Burkett ordered the Private. With a forceful downward stab, the Sargent splattered the infant’s head with the butt of the rifle. “Now let’s see where that bullet entered the savage’s head,” Sargent Burkett said as the two squatted down to inspect the target.

“Well, shit!” Private McCarron exclaimed, realizing the bullet did indeed enter the top of the head, missing the between the ears mark by an inch.

“Give me my money, ya quim whisker!” Sargent Burkett said as he held out his hand to receive another victorious coin.

Kia’s husband, Red Waugh, returned to Bosque Redondo with his mentor, the great spiritual leader, Libero Hastiin, from meeting with United States Federal Government, where they were working on an effective treaty to return the Navajo people to their land in Arizona. Expecting to reunite with his family, Red Waugh was surprised to find his three little scared boys with his parents. “Where is my Kia?” Red Waugh asked as he looked around for his wife.

“She stayed behind with her mom to give birth at the last outpost just before we crossed the mountain,” his father explained.

Realizing the danger of her situation, Red Waugh, accompanied by Libero, turned their horses west toward the outpost in desperation to find the two venerable women.

Arriving at the outpost just before lunch, Red Waugh spotted the corpse lying outside the outpost’s protective walls. The feeling of our hot dread lumped into his throat as he galloped his horse toward the blood-soaked blanket still protecting the dead woman from the cold New Mexico land. Sliding off his horse, Red Waugh knelt next to his murdered wife. “Why? Why do these white savages murder our people?” Red looked up at his mentor.

“It could have been the Utes or the New Mexicans who murder your women,” Libero suggested, not wanting anything to cause more friction with the United States Government being so close to a treaty to return their people to their Arizona land. Pulling Kia close to his grieving heart, Red noticed the life-changing sight causing a burning rage of hate to overtake his already confused soul. “What is this?” Red asked as he scooped his newly born infant with the crushed head up into his arms. Before Libero could respond, laughter began as soldiers from the outpost yelled insults at the two spirit leaders, confirming responsibility.

Realizing the overwhelming dark rage forming in Red Waugh’s eyes, Libero slid off his horse, grabbing Red by the shoulder. “Their time will come. Let the God of our ancestors take care of their souls

after the treaty is completed, allowing us to return to our land," Libero commanded his understudy.

"We must release the Skinwalker to decide the fate of this evil place," Red Waugh cried as large tears filled his eyes, sliding down his sunbaked dirty skin. "Let the Skinwalker decide their fate," Red again expressed his desire for revenge.

Grabbing Red by the chin with his left hand, Libero's voice became assertive, "You will do nothing until after the treaty is signed returning our people back to our land," Libero commanded. "Now let's gather our dead and return to Bosque Redondo."

Respecting Libero's command, Red wrapped his murdered wife and infant child in the blanket before strapping them across the rear back of his horse as Libero did the same with Kia's mother as both Navajo men ignored the laughter and insults echoing from the outpost. Reaching the land set aside by the United States government, the two spiritual leaders buried the three corpses with the other Navajo who didn't survive the long trek.

The next evening, Libero, accompanied by two Navajo elders, left toward the Arizona territory to speak with United States officials about the murders of Red Waugh's family along with the overall treatment of the Navajo people from the Calvary. Not able to resist the urge for revenge, Red Waugh waited for darkness to overtake the village before digging up his freshly buried infant, removing its fragile shin bone, stopping every few moments to wipe his tear-filled eyes.

Back in his Hogan, Red Waugh used the sacred stones passed down from Libero to grind the infants' bone into power. Continuing to focus on the revengeful hate still boiling deep in his soul, Red Waugh gathered the supplies needed before slipping away toward the outpost responsible for the murders. Under cover of night, Red found the bloodstain ground where the murders took place. Pacing back and forth, the desperate Red began an inner battle to go against Libero's orders or return to the tribe and wait for the treaty to be signed. Deciding to return to his tribe, Red turned to mount his horse when a sparkle from the silver and turquoise medallion caught his eye. Squatting down, he inspected the find, realizing it was Kia's chain covered with her blood. Gripping the chain in his hand, Red

Waugh began a soft cry caused by the needles of pain piercing his venerable heart. Red slipped into a trance for revenge, with no further thought, beginning the dance passed down through Navajo history.

The experienced Shaman began the chant, "OooOOooOOooOOooOO, OooOOooOOooOOooOO," [left foot, left foot, right foot spin, left foot, left foot, right foot spin], Red Waugh stepped the dance in the clockwise circle around the blood dried ground!

"OooOOooOOooOOooOO, OooOOooOOooOOooOO," [left foot, left foot, right foot spin, left foot, left foot, right foot spin].

Continuing the dance, Red Waugh, as he chanted the prayer for punishment, "I walk the sacred path asking for ultimate punishment even through the obstacles that are out before me, I sing, I chant and I pray with all my faith in the sacred people and the universe who was here before me and will be here after my existence. As I sing, I chant, and I pray for the sacred wind to carry my words, asking for ultimate punishment to be cast upon these evil men who destroy my Navajo people!" Red Waugh cried out into the night!

"OooOOooOOooOOooOO, OooOOooOOooOOooOO," [left foot, left foot, right foot spin, left foot, left foot, right foot spin],

"OooOOooOOooOOooOO, OooOOooOOooOOooOO," [left foot, left foot, right foot spin, left foot, left foot, right foot spin].

Reaching into his sacred medicine bag, Red Waugh grabbed a hand full of spiritual dust, tossing it up into the air before yelling out, "Yeraldlooshi! Mia-coh! Limmikin! I call to you oh Black God, son of the fire, son of the comet! Send down your wrath upon these evil white men of hate! Release your fierce anger against these white men who destroy your faithful Navajo people!"

Taking the white dust, he had grounded up from his infant's shin bone, Red Waugh scattered across the dried blood. Grabbing his silver dagger from its holster, Red Waugh slid the blade opening across his palm before squeezing his dark red blood onto the dirt, holding his wife's dried blood as he again shouted, "Yeraldlooshi! Mia-coh! Limmikin! I call to you oh Black God, son of the fire, son of the comet! Send down your wrath upon these white men of hate! Release your fierce anger against these white men who destroy your faithful Navajo people!"

Red Waugh continued the dance in a deep trance as the ground deep below his feet rumbled as dry lightning lit up the cloudless black sky. Large hail started pounding the ground as the straight-line winds blew tumbleweed across the plains. Red Waugh continued to dance, protected by his prayer.

A strong musky rotten stench of death surrounded the circle as all became still. Red Waugh stopped his dance, staring down at the dried red blood from his family, waiting to see if his God approved his request. Standing with both fists balled up in anger, Red Waugh smirked a small smile as the black smoke began funneling up, confirming his request.