

The background of the cover is a detailed illustration of a forest. A young boy with brown hair, wearing a white short-sleeved shirt, brown trousers, and brown boots, is running from left to right. He has a surprised or excited expression, with his mouth open and hands held out. In the background, a large, light-colored rock with horizontal layers (Drum Rock) sits on a dirt path. The forest is filled with tall trees and green foliage. The title 'DANIEL AND THE DRUM ROCK' is written in large, bold, white letters on a black banner that looks like a piece of torn paper, with the words 'AND THE' in smaller green letters. The author's name 'Florence Parker Simister' is written in white below the banner.

DANIEL AND THE DRUM ROCK

Florence Parker Simister



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DANIEL AND THE DRUM ROCK

Fallen twigs and branches crackled beneath his feet. Animals scurried away, frightened by the noise of the running. Occasionally a vine slapped his face, but he only laughed and ran on effortlessly.

He had a friend his own age. He had not known such joy as filled his heart now since the days in France before the king's soldiers came and made life unbearable for the French Huguenots.

Daniel Chapelier and his family have traveled from France to England to America, fleeing religious persecution and seeking land to call their own. When they finally settle in the colony of Rhode Island, they hope their trials are over. All is well until their English neighbors start making trouble. Can Daniel and his new Indian friend, Netop, find a way to keep the peace between the angry settlers?



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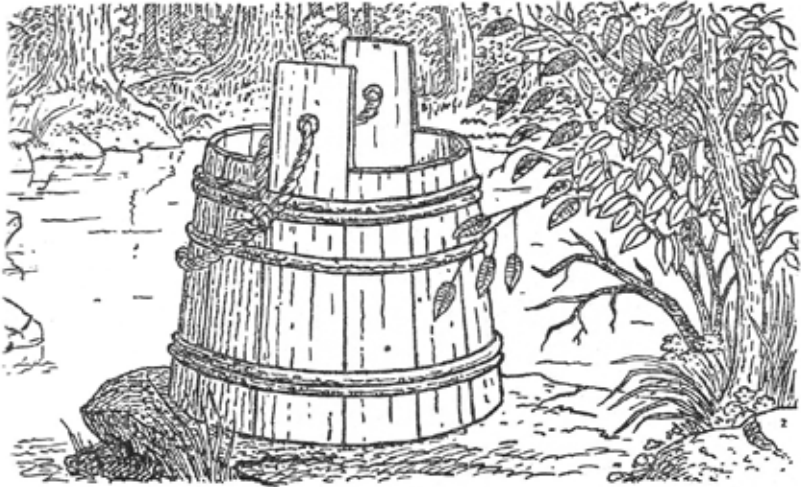


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Chapter One



Swinging his water bucket, Daniel Chapelier walked down the footpath that ran through the little French settlement in the Narragansett country of Rhode Island. He was on his way to fetch water from the brook.

On each side of the footpath was a row of cellar-huts, cellars that were floored and roofed. The roofs were covered with sod but were so close to the ground that they hardly looked like roofs at all. In these huts lived the French Huguenots who had come to America to settle the land.

Daniel passed the church set back from the huts. It was crudely built of rough-hewn logs, but it was the only real building in the village, and Daniel liked to look at it.

“Good morning,” he called to fat Widow Millet, who was just coming up the path from the brook. He stepped aside to let her pass.

“A fine morning,” she answered, huffing and puffing.

It was the gossip of the village that Widow Millet always went to the brook and not her daughter, Clotilde, who was much stronger and better able to do it but was too lazy to help.

Daniel waved to Old Galay, the oldest man in the settlement, who was sitting in the sun in front of his hut, but he did not return Daniel’s wave. He sat in the same position, staring at nothing day after day, and people said he stared inward, at his memories of France.

Daniel noticed smoke rising from the chimneys and heard from some of the huts the crying of infants or the loud sound of young children’s voices.

He continued down the path to the brook, and as soon as he was out of sight of the huts, he took off the broad-brimmed beaver hat his mother made him wear because, as she said, “The sun is different in America than it is in France.” In spite of his mother’s words, Daniel liked the feel of the sun on his head and enjoyed the breeze ruffling his hair.

When he reached the brook, he leaned over to fill his bucket, but a harsh cry startled him and made him drop it. He remained motionless, frozen with fear.

“Anaqushento!”

The cry was repeated and seemed to Daniel to come from the woods on the other side of the brook.

“Indians?” thought Daniel and, even as he wondered, a group of Indians walked out into the clearing from behind the trees.

“Anaqushento,” they called again as they walked toward the brook. They held baskets of corn in front of them as they approached. One carried a bundle of sticks.

Daniel’s heart raced with fear. The French had had no trouble with the Indians since they had arrived the previous autumn, but there was always the chance. The back of his neck prickled in fright and, as he stood there, not knowing what to do, a young Indian about his own age came up to the water’s edge on the other side of the brook.

“We come as friends,” said the Indian in English. “Let us trade. Anaqushento.”

A great surge of relief welled up in Daniel’s chest. Trade? That was what they wanted? He smiled. “I will run for my father,” he said quickly. “Do you understand? I will fetch my father.” He pointed up the path toward the French settlement.

The young Indian seemed to understand. He turned to the older men and spoke a few Indian words. Daniel clapped his hat back on his head, turned and ran up the footpath calling out, “Indians! With corn to trade. Indians! At the brook. To trade!”

The Frenchmen who were not in the fields or in the vineyard came out of their huts and ran to the brook. In the doorways, Daniel could see the women holding back the children, but he didn’t stop. He ran the length of the village, shouted the news to his father, then raced back to the brook so as not to miss any of the excitement.

As he approached, the Frenchmen were calling out in English, “How many fowl?” They had all learned this language during their stay in England.

The Indian with the bundle of sticks held it high over his head. “So many,” he answered and threw the bundle across the

brook.

Ezekiel Carré, the pastor, picked it up and counted the sticks. There were ten.

“As many fowl as this?” he asked the Indians, shaking the ten sticks.

They nodded and pointed to the woods behind them as if to indicate where the fowl were. Then they called out, “Wiaseck, Chichegin, Anaskunk.”

The Frenchmen looked at each other blankly. They did not understand what was meant. Finally, one of the men, Mr. Picard, had an idea. He held up his knife.

The Indians nodded when they saw the blade glisten in the sun.

Mr. Picard’s son, Raymond, lifted his hoe.

The Indians nodded again.

Daniel’s father had a hatchet in his hands. He, too, held it up for the Indians to see.

When they smiled and nodded, he said to his companions, “They want knives and hatchets and hoes in exchange for ten fowl and several baskets of corn. We need these. Shall we trade?”

“Aye,” the men answered in the English fashion, “aye, let us trade.”

As if they understood, all the Indians except two crossed the brook. These two dashed back to the woods, then joined the rest in carrying the fowl. A great babble arose.

Out of the loud talk and the mixture of languages, Daniel heard many Indian words and many English, too, for the

