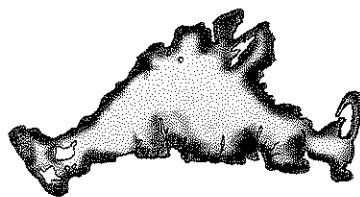
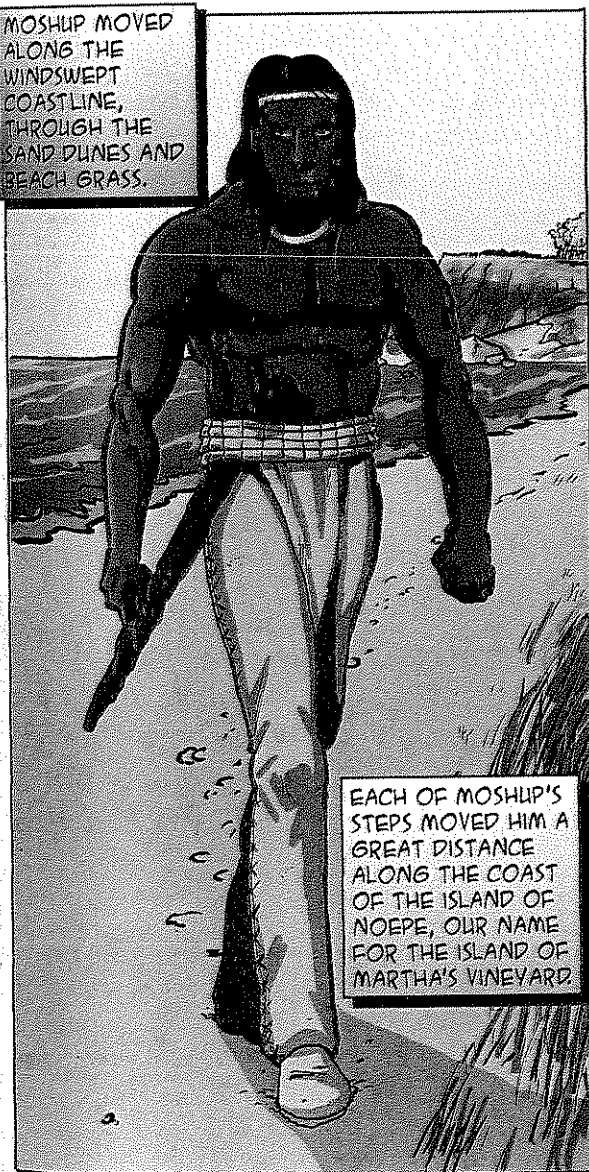


MOSHUP'S BRIDGE

As told by Jonathan Perry, with art by Chris Piers & colors by Scott White

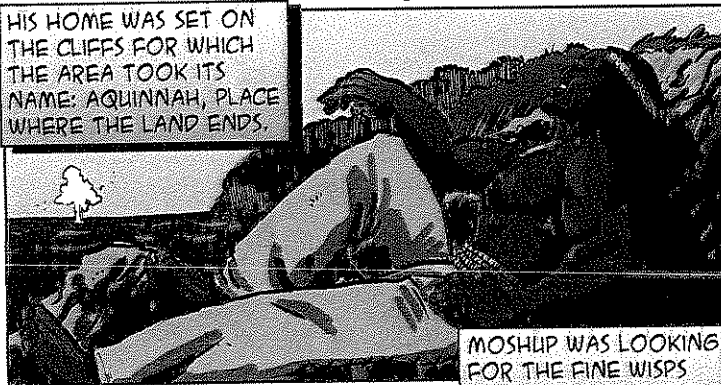


MOSHUP MOVED ALONG THE WINDSWEPT COASTLINE, THROUGH THE SAND DUNES AND BEACH GRASS.



EACH OF MOSHUP'S STEPS MOVED HIM A GREAT DISTANCE ALONG THE COAST OF THE ISLAND OF NOEPE, OUR NAME FOR THE ISLAND OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

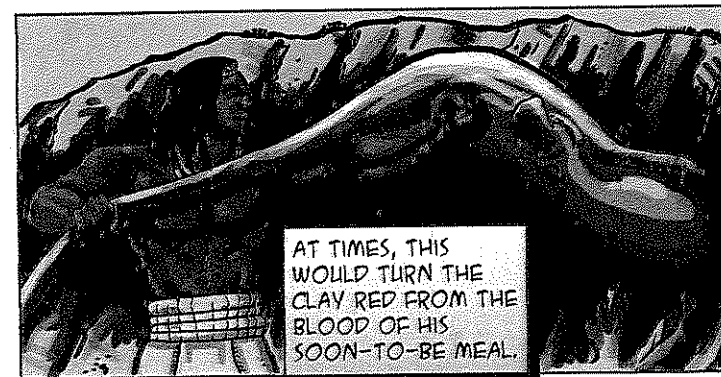
HIS HOME WAS SET ON THE CLIFFS FOR WHICH THE AREA TOOK ITS NAME: AQUINNAH, PLACE WHERE THE LAND ENDS.



MOSHUP WAS LOOKING FOR THE FINE WISPS ON THE SURFACE OF THE OCEAN WATER THAT MEANT ONLY ONE THING—WHALES!

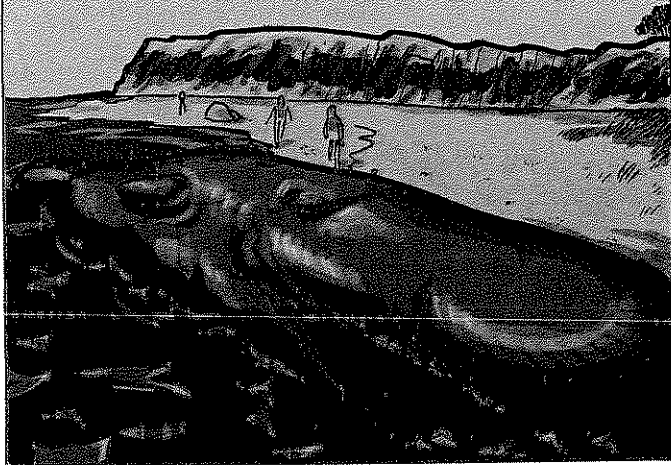


HE WOULD GRAB ONE OF THE HUGE ANIMALS BY THE TAIL AND THROW IT AGAINST THE CLAY OF THE CLIFFS.

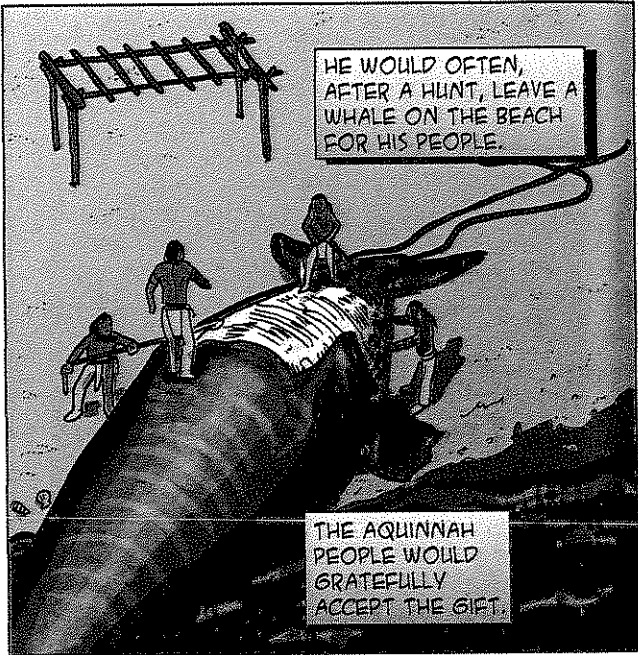


AT TIMES, THIS WOULD TURN THE CLAY RED FROM THE BLOOD OF HIS SOON-TO-BE MEAL.

ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE ISLAND LOVED MOSHUP BECAUSE HE MADE SURE THEY ALL ATE WELL.

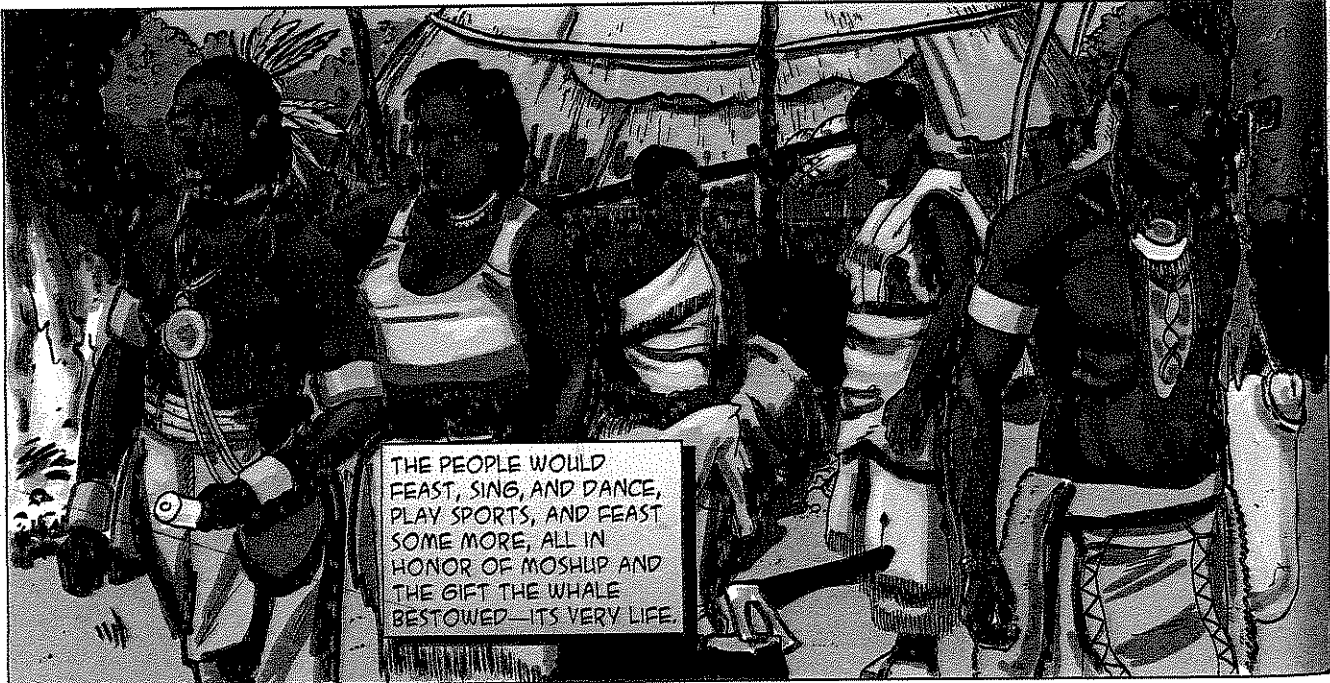


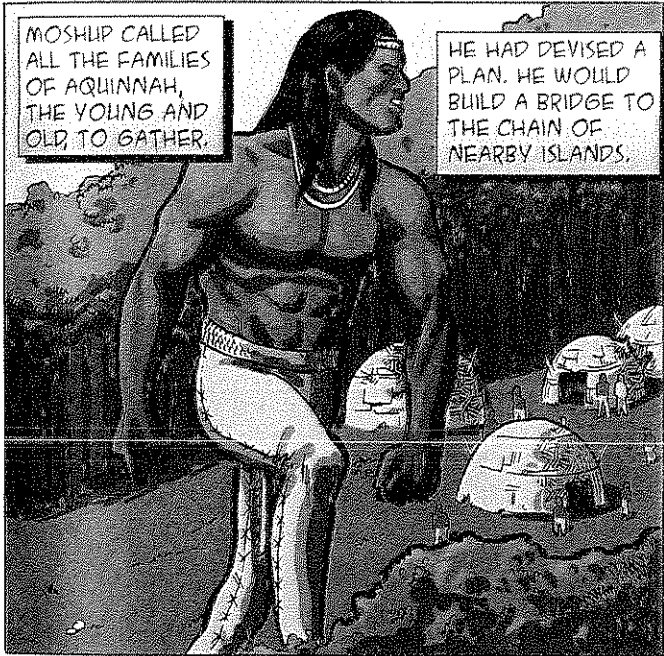
HE WOULD OFTEN, AFTER A HUNT, LEAVE A WHALE ON THE BEACH FOR HIS PEOPLE.



THE AQUINNAH PEOPLE WOULD GRATEFULLY ACCEPT THE GIFT.

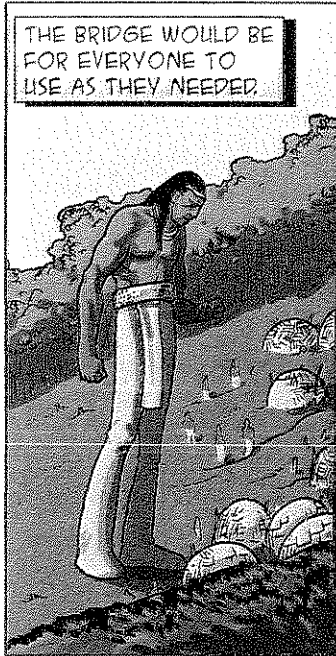
THE PEOPLE WOULD FEAST, SING, AND DANCE, PLAY SPORTS, AND FEAST SOME MORE, ALL IN HONOR OF MOSHUP AND THE GIFT THE WHALE BESTOWED—ITS VERY LIFE.



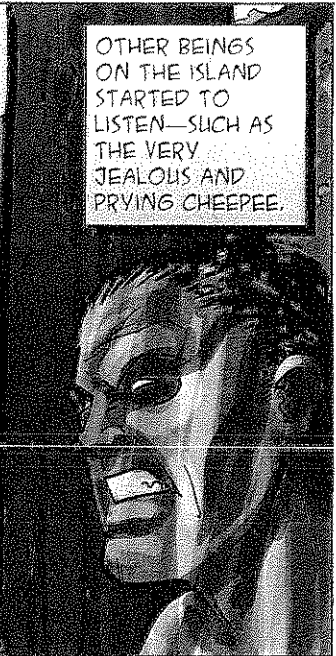


MOSHUP CALLED ALL THE FAMILIES OF AQUINNAH, THE YOUNG AND OLD, TO GATHER.

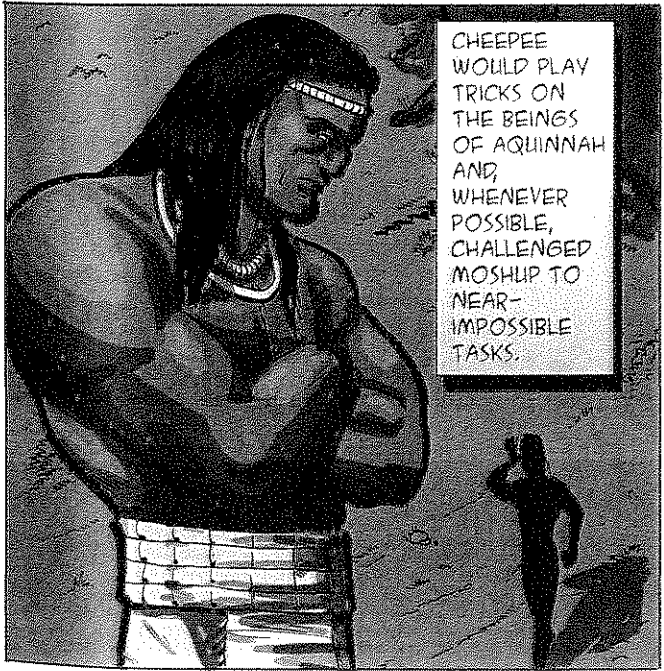
HE HAD DEVISED A PLAN. HE WOULD BUILD A BRIDGE TO THE CHAIN OF NEARBY ISLANDS.



THE BRIDGE WOULD BE FOR EVERYONE TO USE AS THEY NEEDED.



OTHER BEINGS ON THE ISLAND STARTED TO LISTEN—SUCH AS THE VERY JEALOUS AND PRYING CHEEPEE.



CHEEPEE WOULD PLAY TRICKS ON THE BEINGS OF AQUINNAH AND, WHENEVER POSSIBLE, CHALLENGED MOSHUP TO NEAR-IMPOSSIBLE TASKS.




CHEEPEE WENT TO MOSHUP WITH A GREAT CHALLENGE: MOSHUP WOULD HAVE TO BUILD THE LONG BRIDGE THROUGH THE SEA IN JUST ONE NIGHT. MOSHUP WOULD HAVE TO COMPLETE THE TASK BEFORE THE FIRST CROW CALLED OUT TO SIGNAL THE RISING OF THE SUN IN THE MORNING.

MOSHUP ACCEPTED THE WAGER, CONFIDENT HE WOULD SUCCEED.



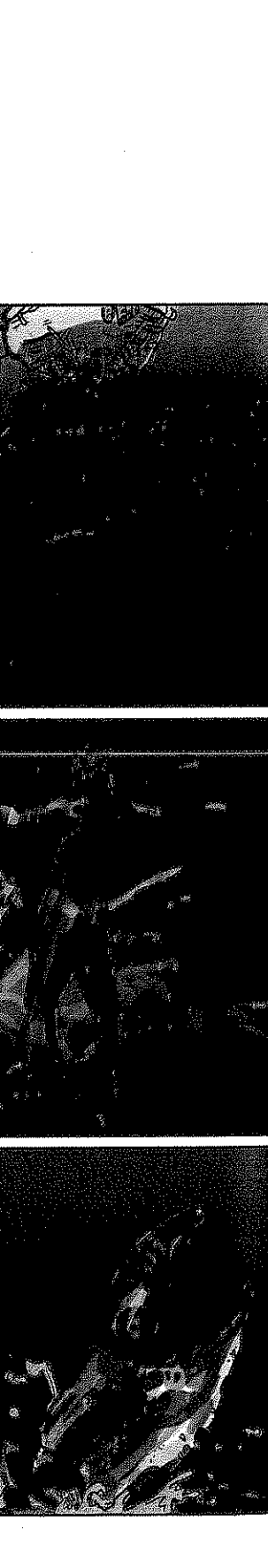
AT DUSK, MOSHIP
FELL TO HIS LABORS.

HOUR AFTER HOUR, HE
TREKKED FROM THE
ISLAND INTO THE SEA
WITH HIS LARGE WILLOW
BASKET OF STONES
ATTACHED TO A CEDAR
TUMPLINE ACROSS HIS
MASSIVE SHOULDERS.



THE TRICKSTER CHEEPEE
EYED MOSHIP'S PROGRESS
FROM THE SHADOWS AND
HE BEGAN TO DOUBT
HIMSELF.

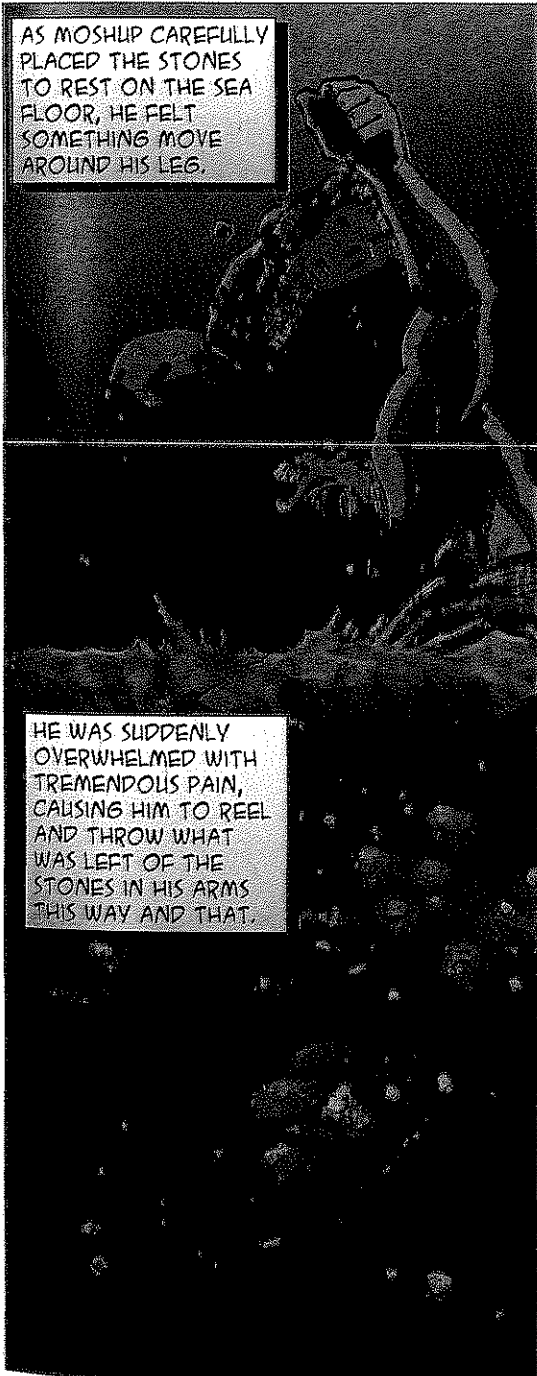
CHEEPEE DESCENDED
TO THE WATER'S EDGE
AND CALLED UPON
THE LARGEST CRAB OF
THE SEA.



CHEEPEE WHISPERED
TO THE CRAB THAT
HE WANTED IT TO
SNEAK UP ON
MOSHUP AND PINCH
HIM CRUELLY WITH
HIS CLAWS SO HE
COULD NOT
COMPLETE THE
BRIDGE.

THE GREAT CRAB
RETREATED BACK TO
THE DEEP, DARK
WATERS TO CARRY
OUT CHEEPEE'S
ASSIGNMENT.

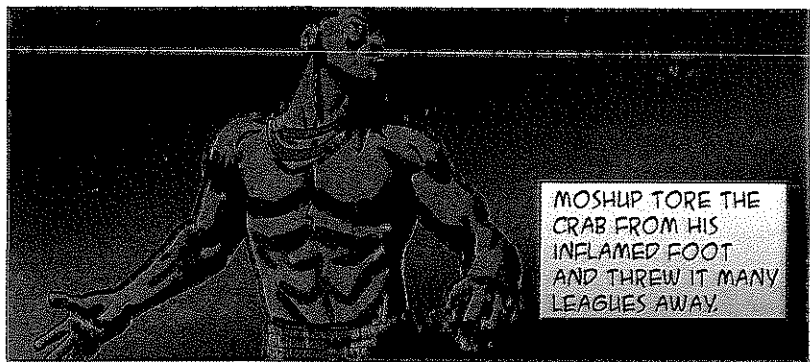
AS MOSHUP CAREFULLY PLACED THE STONES TO REST ON THE SEA FLOOR, HE FELT SOMETHING MOVE AROUND HIS LEG.



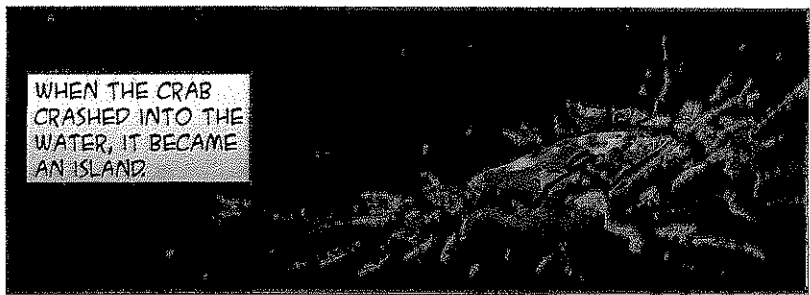
MOSHUP UPSET AND FULL OF ANGER, REACHED DOWN AND GRABBED HOLD OF HIS ASSAILANT.



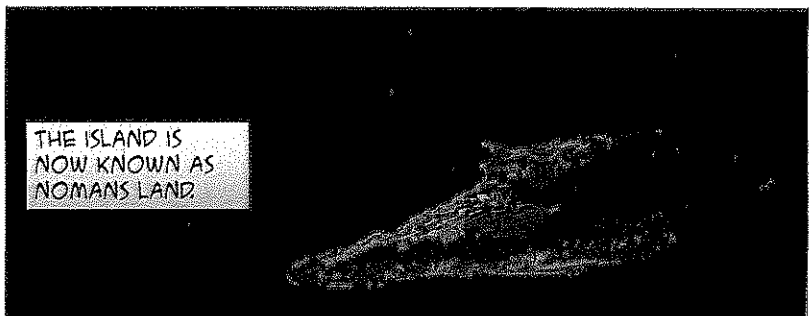
MOSHUP TORE THE CRAB FROM HIS INFLAMED FOOT AND THREW IT MANY LEAGUES AWAY.

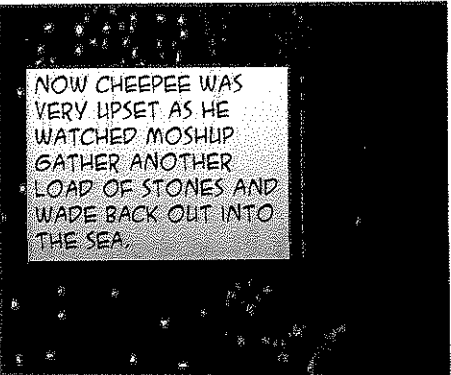


WHEN THE CRAB CRASHED INTO THE WATER, IT BECAME AN ISLAND.

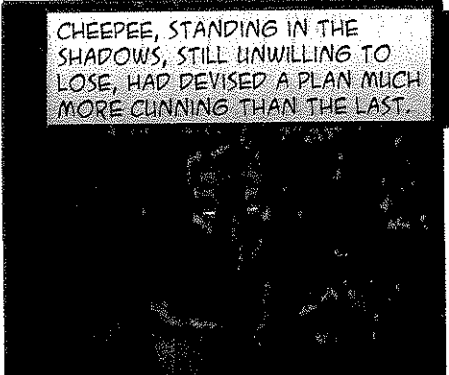


THE ISLAND IS NOW KNOWN AS NOMAN'S LAND.

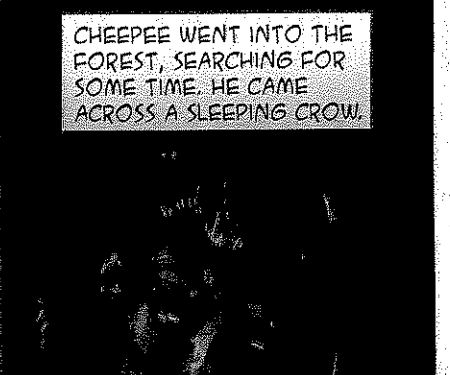




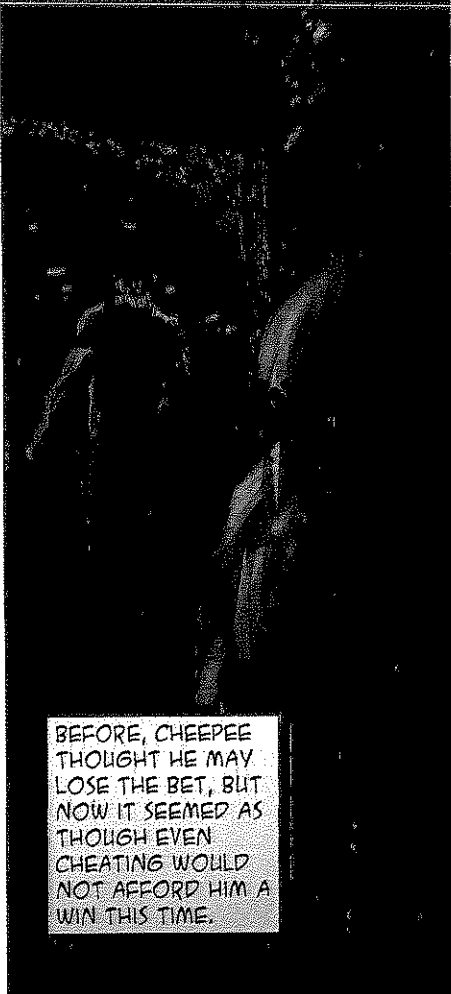
NOW CHEEPEE WAS VERY UPSET AS HE WATCHED MOSHUP GATHER ANOTHER LOAD OF STONES AND WADE BACK OUT INTO THE SEA.



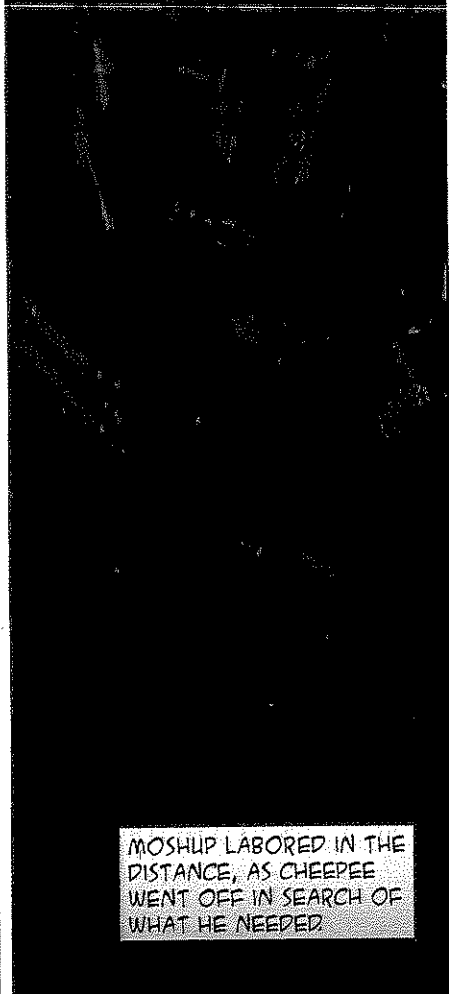
CHEEPEE, STANDING IN THE SHADOWS, STILL UNWILLING TO LOSE, HAD DEVISED A PLAN MUCH MORE CUNNING THAN THE LAST.



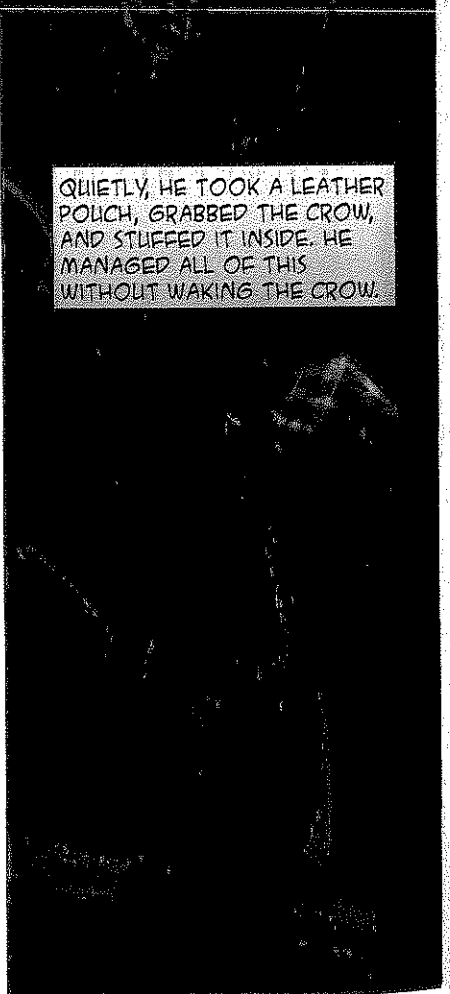
CHEEPEE WENT INTO THE FOREST, SEARCHING FOR SOME TIME. HE CAME ACROSS A SLEEPING CROW.



BEFORE, CHEEPEE THOUGHT HE MAY LOSE THE BET, BUT NOW IT SEEMED AS THOUGH EVEN CHEATING WOULD NOT AFFORD HIM A WIN THIS TIME.



MOSHUP LABORED IN THE DISTANCE, AS CHEEPEE WENT OFF IN SEARCH OF WHAT HE NEEDED.



QUIETLY, HE TOOK A LEATHER POUCH, GRABBED THE CROW, AND STUFFED IT INSIDE. HE MANAGED ALL OF THIS WITHOUT WAKING THE CROW.

CHEEPEE THEN WENT INTO THE NEARBY VILLAGE OF NUNNEPOAG AND SEARCHED THROUGH PEOPLE'S HOMES AND FIRE PITS.



CHEEPEE LIT A TORCH, CAPTURING THE BRIGHT FLAME. HE LEFT THE HOME ABRUPTLY, KNOWING THAT HE DID NOT HAVE MUCH TIME LEFT.



CHEEPEE TOOK THE BAG THAT HAD THE SLEEPING CROW IN IT WITH ONE HAND. HE THEN TOOK THE BRIGHT TORCH IN THE OTHER HAND, AND CAREFULLY OPENED THE BAG SO THAT THE CROW WOULD BE ABLE TO SEE OUT.



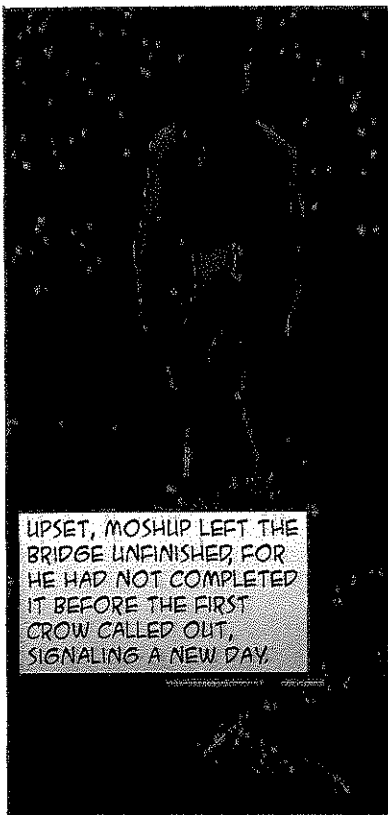


THE CROW SNAPPED AWAKE. BELIEVING IT HAD MISSED DAWN, IT QUICKLY CAWED OUT A NUMBER OF TIMES.

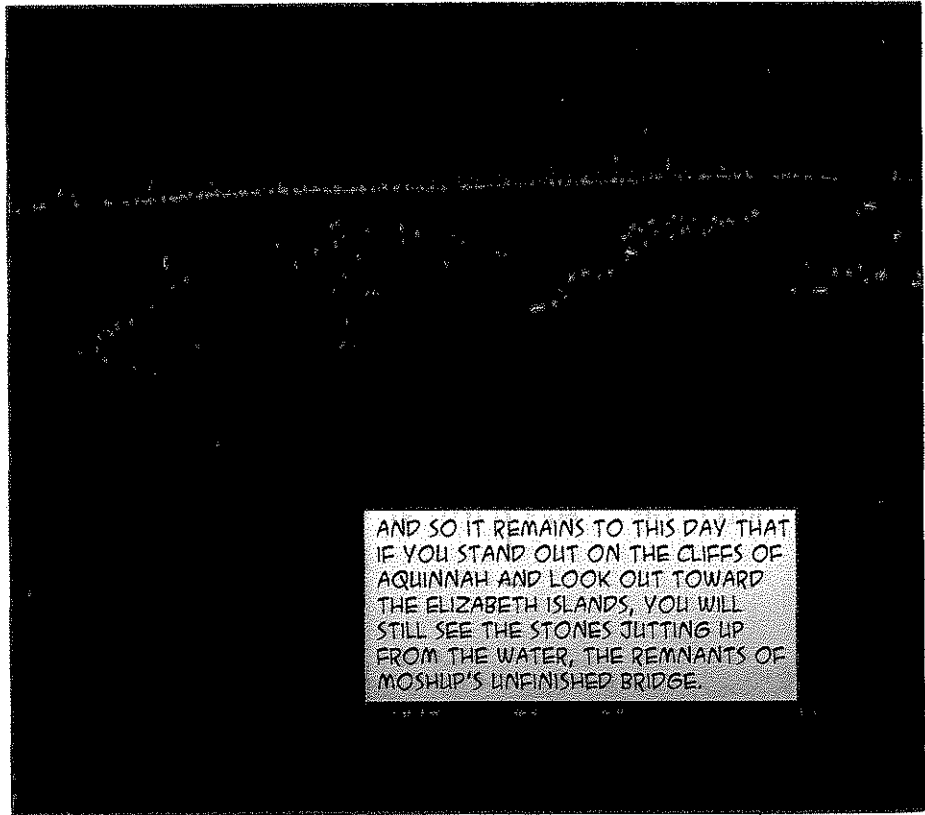


THE CALLS RESONATED IN MOSHUP'S EARS. MOSHUP STOOD UP FROM HIS WORK AND LOOKED ABOUT.

IT SEEMED TOO DARK AND TOO EARLY FOR MORNING, HE THOUGHT TO HIMSELF



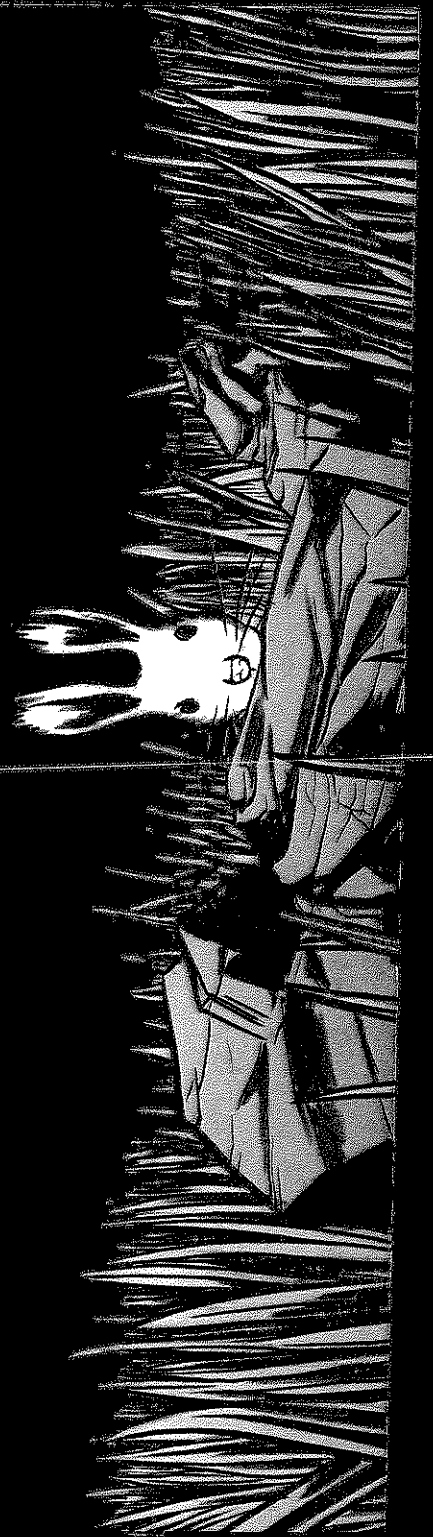
LIPSET, MOSHUP LEFT THE BRIDGE UNFINISHED, FOR HE HAD NOT COMPLETED IT BEFORE THE FIRST CROW CALLED OUT, SIGNALING A NEW DAY.



AND SO IT REMAINS TO THIS DAY THAT IF YOU STAND OUT ON THE CLIFFS OF AQUINNAH AND LOOK OUT TOWARD THE ELIZABETH ISLANDS, YOU WILL STILL SEE THE STONES JUTTING UP FROM THE WATER, THE REMNANTS OF MOSHUP'S UNFINISHED BRIDGE.



NATIVE AMERICAN TALES
A GRAPHIC COLLECTION



Trickster: Native American Tales
A Graphic Collection
Matt Dembicki, Editor

Golden, CO: Fulcrum Books, 2010

FROM THE EDITOR

I WAS CASUALLY THUMBING THROUGH BOOKS AT OUR LOCAL LIBRARY WHEN I CAME ACROSS *AMERICAN INDIAN TRICKSTER TALES* BY ALFONSO ORTIZ AND RICHARD ERDOES. I WAS FAMILIAR WITH THE TYPICAL EUROPEAN MYTHS AND TALES AND A FEW ASIAN ONES, BUT I HAD NEVER READ A NATIVE AMERICAN TRICKSTER TALE.

MY INTEREST WAS PIQUED. GLANCING THROUGH THE BOOK, I SAW THAT IT HAD A WONDERFUL RANGE OF STORIES AND WAS PEPPERED WITH POWERFUL, NATIVE AMERICAN-STYLE ILLUSTRATIONS OF COYOTES, RABBITS, SHAPE-SHIFTERS, AND OTHER CRITTERS AND BEINGS. THE STORIES WERE SERIOUS, FUNNY, MISCHIEVOUS, NAUGHTY, ALLEGORICAL. I WAS HOOKED; I COULDN'T PUT THE BOOK DOWN. WHEN I FINISHED, I REALIZED HOW LITTLE I KNEW ABOUT NATIVE AMERICAN CULTURE. HERE I AM—AN AMERICAN—AND, PROBABLY LIKE MOST OF US, I DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE CULTURE OF THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED HERE FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS PRIOR TO EUROPEAN SETTLEMENT AND WESTERN EXPANSION. WHEN I TRAVEL ABRCAD, I OFTEN THINK ABOUT THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED IN THAT PLACE HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO. I THINK ABOUT THE RULING ROYALTY, THE MARCHING ARMIES, AND THE PEOPLE WHO TILLED THE SOIL. BUT, FOR SOME REASON, I'D NEVER THOUGHT THAT WAY WHEN I STOOD ON AMERICAN SOIL.

AS A COMIC BOOK CREATOR AND SOMEONE WHO APPRECIATES NATURE, I MULLED OVER THE APPEAL OF PRODUCING NATIVE AMERICAN TRICKSTER STORIES IN

A SEQUENTIAL FORMAT. A LITTLE RESEARCH REVEALED THAT SUCH A BOOK DIDN'T EXIST. FOR THIS BOOK, I WANTED THE STORIES TO BE AUTHENTIC, MEANING THEY WOULD HAVE TO BE WRITTEN BY NATIVE AMERICAN STORYTELLERS. FINDING WILLING STORYTELLERS WASN'T THAT EASY; AFTER ALL, THERE'S SOME HEAVY HISTORICAL BAGGAGE BETWEEN NATIVE AMERICANS AND WHITES, AND SEVERAL PEOPLE I APPROACHED ABOUT THE PROJECT WERE UNSURE OF MY INTENTIONS.

EVENTUALLY I GAINED THE SUPPORT OF FEW KEY PEOPLE, WHO IN TURN HELPED ME FIND OTHER PARTICIPANTS, AND PRETTY SOON THE BALL WAS ROLLING. TO ENSURE A PROPER FIT BETWEEN THE WRITTEN STORIES AND THE ILLUSTRATIONS, THE STORYTELLERS EACH SELECTED AN ARTIST FROM A POOL OF CONTRIBUTING TALENTS TO RENDER THEIR STORIES. ADDITIONALLY, THE STORYTELLERS APPROVED THE STORYBOARDS. IN TERMS OF EDITING, TEXT WAS CHANGED ONLY WHEN PANEL SPACE WAS AN ISSUE AND ONLY WITH THE APPROVAL OF THE STORYTELLER. THE POINT WASN'T TO WESTERNIZE THE STORIES FOR GENERAL CONSUMPTION, BUT RATHER TO PROVIDE AN OPPORTUNITY TO EXPERIENCE AUTHENTIC NATIVE AMERICAN STORIES, EVEN IF SOMETIMES MEANT CLASHING WITH WESTERN VERNACULAR.

I HOPE THIS BOOK SERVES AS A BRIDGE FOR READERS TO LEARN MORE ABOUT THE ORIGINAL PEOPLE OF THIS LAND AND TO FOSTER A GREATER APPRECIATION AND UNDERSTANDING AMONG ALL INHABITANTS.

—MATT DEMBICKI