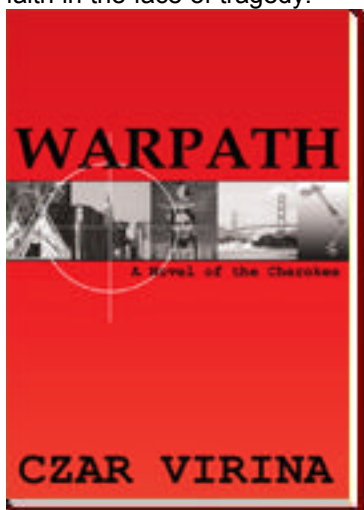


# WARPATH

A novel of the Cherokee  
by Czar Virina

## WOULD YOU ACCEPT A NUCLEAR POWER PLANT FOR A NEIGHBOR?

**NO NUKES!** When Continental Electric Company gets approval from the Nuclear Regulatory Commission to build a nuclear power plant in the Great Smoky Mountains, the Cherokee tribe vows to stop the project at all cost. They elect a militant Sioux leader to be their War Chief. WARPATH is a fast-moving novel of modern-day Native Americans defending their homeland against Big Business. It is a novel of murder and revenge, of love and betrayal, of unflinching faith in the face of tragedy.



## MEET:

Dennis Morgan, the Bureau of Indian Affairs agent at the Cherokee Reservation; Chief George Walker, the half-black, half-Cherokee tribal leader; Marcia Highwater who embodies the struggle of all Native Americans in American white society; Rachel Frank whose family hides a dark secret from the Confederate past.

## WARPATH PREVIEW

Powell turned to look at the lake and saw a flotilla of canoes heading towards their project site. He quickly ran towards the fence which was set back some ten meters from the sandy beach. He counted a total of fifteen canoes, with three to four men aboard each one.

“What the hell are they up to now?” he muttered. He glanced at his men and saw that their weapons were drawn and aimed at the approaching boats. “Hold your fire, fellows. Just take it easy. Nobody shoots until I say so.”

The people in the canoes were a mixed squad of Indians, blacks, and white men. Most of them wore military camouflage outfits and held automatic assault rifles and shotguns. At the bow of the leading boat, however, stood a long pole with a white piece of cloth fluttering in the breeze.

Powell beckoned to one of the security guards. “Give me that bullhorn!”

Keeping his voice as steady as he could manage, the security foreman addressed the men in the approaching boats. “That’s far enough, fellows. I recognize your little white flag, but I also see you’re heavily armed. One boat, and one boat only, can come forward. You got somethin’ to say, I’ll listen.”

Powell watched as the lead canoe with the white flag continued its course toward the shore. The other boats stayed still in the water. He saw that three men were in the lead canoe. A blonde haired man with a full beard was paddling from the bow while an Indian with long braided hair had the stern. Both men had rifles slung across their backs. Sitting in the middle was another tall Indian with a husky build and a revolver in his belt.

When the canoe touched the shore, the tall Indian jumped out. He stood firmly on the ground and inspected the faces of the security men behind the fence. “I’m Willy Gates, chairman of the First Nations Movement. I want to speak to the man in charge.”