

Nevaba mucho. En la sala, con la cara pegada al cristal helado de la ventana, Araña apenas podía ver los caballos de su padre que se agrupaban contra la cerca. Muy pronto la oscuridad cubriría la reservación.

Araña tiritó. Cualquier otra noche hubiera esperado que su padre llegara a casa antes de que la nieve se acumulara y le dificultara el paso. Pero esa noche era diferente. Esa noche temía su llegada.

Araña tocaba los dos papeles de la escuela que tenía en el bolsillo. Quería mostrarle uno de ellos a su padre, pero el otro no. No esa noche. Ni nunca.

A su lado, en el sofá, su hermana Winona jugaba con una muñeca. “Qué suerte tiene”, pensó Araña. Winona era demasiado pequeña para preocuparse por nada, y mucho menos por la escuela.

En ese momento, Araña vio pasar las luces rojas del camión quitanieves frente a su casa. Justo detrás venía la nueva camioneta azul de su padre. Araña suspiró. Al menos papá había llegado a casa sano y salvo. ¡Ahora empezarían los problemas!

It was snowing hard. Pressing his face against the cold glass of the living room window, Spider could barely see his father's horses crowding against the fence. Soon the reservation would be covered with darkness.

Spider shivered. Any other night he would have been hoping his father would reach home before the snow drifted too high to push through. But tonight was different. Tonight he dreaded his father's coming.

In his pocket Spider could feel two pieces of paper from school. One he wanted to show his father. One he didn't. Not tonight. Not ever.

Beside him on the couch his sister Winona was playing with her doll. Lucky kid, thought Spider. Winona was too little to worry about anything, especially school.

Just then Spider saw the blinking red lights of the snowplow clearing the road beside their house. Right behind came his father's new blue pickup. Spider sighed. At least Dad was home safe. Now the trouble would begin!