

opened his eyes and saw the face of the young girl, with her beautiful dark eyes.

'No, Opekankanu!' she cried. 'No! I am the King's daughter, and I say no!' She looked at her father. 'Father – don't kill this man – please! Give him to me!'

At first Powhatan said nothing. Then, slowly, he smiled. 'Very well, Pocahontas,' he said. 'You are only thirteen years old, but this white man is not very big. He is a boy with hair on his face. You can have him.'

Angrily, Opekankanu put his stick down.

Pocahontas smiled. 'Come with me, white man,' she said to him. 'You are my Englishman now. Come!'



'Come with me, white man,' Pocahontas said.

A friend for the English

John Smith stayed with Pocahontas for some days. She learnt some English, and he learnt more of her language. Soon they were good friends.

But Powhatan's men watched Smith carefully, and he could not leave the village. Then one day Powhatan said: 'You can go home to Jamestown, John Smith. But you must give me two of your big guns.'

John Smith did not like this, but he could not say no. So he went back to Jamestown, and Pocahontas, Opekankanu, and some Indians went with him.

In Jamestown Wingfield was not happy. 'We can't give our big guns to the Indians!' he said. 'Then they can kill us, with *our* guns!'

'It's all right,' said Smith. 'Wait.'

He took Opekankanu and his men to the guns on the town walls. 'Now watch,' he said. He put some gunpowder and some stones in the gun. 'Put your hands over your ears,' he said, 'and look at that tree.'

BANG! Pocahontas closed her eyes. Then she opened them, and looked at the tree. It wasn't there!

'What happened?' she asked. 'Where's the tree?'

'I killed it with this gun,' Smith said. He looked at