

(Carl, unidentified speaker) Huh-uh, I don't know that one.

She wasn't supposed to touch the ground, and nobody wanted to play with her so she asked her mother and father. Well, he promised the mother they wouldn't let her touch the ground.

(Carl) That one I don't know.

I don't know whether it was spider husband or snake husband that was killed.

(Carl) That's a snake isn't it?

Yeah.

(Carl) Little boy killed that snake when there was no one around.

(Interruption. Child speaking in background.)

(Carl) That one about the bird and the girl, I don't know.

Well, is that the one he wants? Is it that one or this Indian doctor?

(Carl) Just any one of those I guess.

I might be telling a lie. (Laughter)

(Well, any of them. I tell you, when did you first hear it?)

(Interruption)

(When did you first hear the story?)

When I was a little girl, about, well, I had a grandfather, his name was Kiowa George Poolaw. And he always get all of his grandchildren together in the evening and he laid down on the bed and he said, "All of you come on around here, I'm going to tell you all a story." They're like fairy tale to us.

(Uh-huh)

So we all gathered around him and we lay down by him, there wasn't enough room there but we just pile on one another. So he started telling us, shall we go ahead and start? (Whispers: Why don't you tell me when we stop?)

(Okay)

You get the other part, about grandpa?