

And I guess he said, "He's killing us." Then they all went. Then I guess he cleaned these three and he done the same thing--put sticks and hang them up, you know, to roast. And I guess he said, "I'm going to sit up all night. Nobody's going to get my food," I guess he said. I guess he cook these ducks, by the fire. I guess he get up over there and get wood and put it up. And I don't know--he heard a tree. You know, these trees--in them limbs--"Yii-yii!" (imitating squeaking of limbs rubbing together). They always go that way. I guess he said, "Hey, quit your fighting," I guess he said. "Don't fight that way," I guess he said. So he went up there and he try to separate these limbs. And his hands got caught. I guess he was hanging there and here a skunks and them come over there and got-- "Leave my meat alone! Brother, just leave me one, anyhow!" I guess he holler. And he was hanging up there. After they ate it up, I guess them limbs move and he drop. That was the end. (Laughs)

STORYTELLING: HOW MYRTLE HEARD HER STORIES

(Interruption. Conversation resumes as Myrtle talking about her grandfather.)

--he used to make bed outside, my grandpa used to say, "You going to pay us." One of us would have to get up and cook gravy or something. We used to feed them. We used to do that.

(Who would be with you--would it be your brother?)

My brother, and I had a half-sister. And then my grandmother's daughters and boys. We used to all lay together, you know. They used to spread big canvas and we used to lay down. And while my grandfather is telling it, we used to have to say "Hiiih! Hiiih!" That way, you know. If we don't say it, he used to quit.