

STORY ABOUT A MAN THAT ATE HIMSELF:

There was two mens, they used to go on the warpath just about four or five of them and their wives go with them and they be riding horses. They go way out onto the plains were those Pueblo and Navajo people live. or either ~~they~~ ~~go~~ ~~up~~ south were the Mexicans live and those tow mens they took off with their wives and they went for a long time...three or four ~~days~~ they went. Keep going till they come to great big mountains. These mountains were tall. They try to go over them on the other side of these mountains, but they couldn't pass, those mountians they were so high just way back here. And finally, they, one of these womens got sick and died. So they buried her, and they went on keep a going, keep a going till they got lost. They don't know which way is the sun or wheres the north. They didn't know were they were going, but they keep going. Finally their horse gave out. One of their horses was limping and it wouldn't go no more so they left it there and they had just one horse and this woman was riding it. One of the womens that was his friends wife, so they went on with that horse and her husband leading her and these two mens walking and they just keep agoing. I don't know how far they went way back that way and they got lost in those mountains. When they were still going this other woman got sick and she died too and they had to bury her. Keep going till they went way up somewhere. The cold weather came and they climb a big high mountain with lot of cedar trees and they said we might just as well...there's a place her and the winters here now and we ~~can't~~ can't go up no further so we might just as well build us a home so we can winter here. So they cut some pine trees and cedar trees and they set them out like that, close to one another just like a wall you know. They cut those