

THE WHITE PLUME BOY (told by Adam Le Clair)

There was a boy who lived on the side of a hill. He was born with a white plume feather in his head. One day his father went to the next village. He never returned home. White Plume said to his mother, "I am going to look for my father." His mother said, "Don't go. There are some bad men there at the village." But the boy went and didn't listen to his mother. When he got to the village he heard that his father was with some gamblers and lost everything, even his life. And White Plume looked for them for many moons. Finally he came to a lonely abandoned house and came to the door. He peeped through the keyhole and saw some men in there by a dim light. The men were very ugly, they had long noses and small eyes. They were gambling. They were so ugly nobody seemed to associate with them. There were seven of them so White Plume tried to kill them. Finally he blew a small arrow through the keyhole, cut off one man's nose and killed him. The rest ran and scattered out. There were six of them left. No White Plume started looking for them again. He knew they were the ones that killed his father. So again for many moons he looked for the men. He looked everywhere. Eventually he came to another house in the woods that was abandoned. He looked around and came to a window. He peeped in the window. It was a poorly lit house. Over in the far corner he saw the ugly fellows with the long noses and small eyes and big ears. They were the same ones. Before they could move he shot one of them and killed him. The rest scattered and ran. This time there were five left. White Plume again went looking for them. Many moons have passed. He came to a valley and on the side of a hill he saw a hole. As he came near it he saw that it was a door and he crawled inside a little way and saw the ugly men again. Before they knew he was in there he shot another small arrow and killed one. Again they scattered. Only four of them were left. He looked at the men when they came by and they looked like elk or moose. They were so ugly. White Plume looked for the rest of them for a long time. He came to a small village and at the edge of it there was a log cabin. The cabin had no windows but did have a small door.