

make them fancy. I call it "Indian embroidery work." That's when they used these quills--porcupine quills. It's almost like embroidery work--you've seen it. And that's all she would do. Maybe she'd be dying these quills--porcupine quills. They get dye from these plants, you know. And that's all she did all day long. Sit there inside their wigwam and she'd be doing that. And her brother would be out there playing, the one that was watching her. And one of her brothers told her, he said, "Sister, if anything blows in here, don't take it. Don't grab it. Maybe somebody might be after you and they'll get you that way, if something blows in and you take. That might mean--you'll be giving yourself away, or something like that. That's what he meant, but he didn't come out and say that. He said, "Leave it alone. Just go on about your business. Never mind if anything blows in." So one day when she was sewing away, she saw a very pretty feather blow in all at once. Some kind of feather. And she looked at it and oh, it was so pretty. It just drew her eyes away right now from her work. And see, her brother had warned her not to take her eyes away from her work. "If anything comes in or there's any kind of sound, just keep on working and ignore whatever it is." But she just stared at this feather. It already worked on her mind, I guess. So without thinking she took that feather. She said, "I'm going to give it to one of my brothers. So beautiful a feather!" And pretty soon somebody hollered, "Come on out. Come on out." And she used to have a big bundle of these porcupine quills that had never been pressed or dyed. See, I guess they used to press them. You know, they're sharp, and they're hollow inside. And I guess they used to press them. And she had lots of them in a big bundle. That's the only thing that she took. And just then that little boy went along or either he walked away hunting by himself. His