

when they ran out. And here, when she was chasing them, she begged for them to wait for her. She shouldn't have scared them like that. And so they would go on again, and the little boy would say, "Sister, I'm all tired out. I can't go any further. I just can't go any more." So she said, again, "There used to be a big patch of this long-thorned cactus," she said. "And I used to couldn't hardly get through." And she turned around and looked back. She said there was nothing but cactus behind her. And this head--I think it happened four times like that. And then she looked back and that head was coming closer and closer and then it hit this cactus patch, and couldn't come through. She said, "My children! Children! Wait for me! Wait for your mother! Wait for me--please!" She was pleading with them like that. And they went quite a ways off again. They looked back and she wasn't coming. They looked back again ~~and~~ there she come. She'd crossed it come ~~way~~ again. And then the little boy said, again, "Sister, I just can't make it any more. I can't go any further any more, sister." She said, "Oh, when I used to play there used to be a big old ditch. It was so deep that I was afraid to cross it." So this crowbar she was carrying, she laid it across. It reached the other side and they walked across it. And the little boy was still tired. She knew that her little brother couldn't go any further. And he was standing there and there come that head again. She said, "Oh, my dear children! Please, my children, wait for me! Help me get across! This time help me!" She said, "you know I love you." Oh, she had just all kinds of good words, trying to work her children. So they just stood there. They didn't run any more. And she kept telling her little brother, "Wait. Wait." I guess she already knew what she was going to do. She said, "All right, mother, I'll help you across." The little