

no animal, it was a human. It was a man, and he could see the quiver on his back. So he didn't get excited and run. They all were told how to report incidents so he was sharp enough. And as small as he was, he didn't get excited. He made out like he was shooting birds and shot an arrow close to his mother and then ran over and picked up the arrow and shot back over there in order to get near his mother. When he got to his mother, he said, "Mother, there is a man behind the rocks and large boulders, spying on us." And I'm just going to give you in my common language and you can straighten it out. You can make so you can understand what I mean. You can write the story yourself. Well, anyway, the mother said, "Are you sure?" "Yes, I'm sure! It's a man and he had his quiver behind his back and it's not our tribe. He had a war costume and a porcupine over his head. Back of his head was shaved." The mother kept picking plums all the time, making out like they was talking about something else. "And the man, Mother," he said, "Is right next to the foot of the largest boulder and you can kind of peep over there that way and you can see for yourself." Must have been half a mile away or so. Quite a ways. And she peeped over there and sure enough it was a man. And she said, "Now, what I want you to do is to shoot your arrows toward the ponies and get to your horse as quick as you possibly can, and I'll tell the other women an enemy's spying." And the boy, he began to shoot towards his pony and go off. Well, the boy was waiting there and the mother said, "Women, don't get excited. There's a man spying on us, an enemy. And what I want you to do is run toward your horses but don't run all at once, all the way. Run to some other bushes like you say, 'Oh, here is