

young girl, young woman, I guess. And they took her. They took her wherever they at. We didn't know what tribe, but they were Indians. And they took her way off to their home or wherever their camp is. They didn't have no houses, just camp there. And they took her there. She wanted to go back to her people, her own tribe. She tried every way but they guarded her so heavy that she couldn't get away. In the night they'll put her somewhere and they guarded her all around her. To sleep, you know. She make a move, why, they'll wake up. They wouldn't let her get away. But somehow, one night, they all was sleeping. She couldn't sleep so she kind of look around and everybody was sound asleep hard. Everybody was sleeping hard. So she set up. Nobody made a move around her. So then she stood up. She thought of all kinds of excuses--like if one of them wake up, "I want to go to rest room." Something like that. Nobody made a move. So then she got away. She got away and she just run and run and run, I guess. She was doing a marathon. I don't know how but when daylight come, she get down in a creek or somewhere and just laid there, hiding. But when they look for her, they wouldn't find her. And then a night came again and she went. Some night, not the first night--I don't know. She was afoot. She didn't know where her peoples were but she went out to look for them. And one day, must have been late in evening, she was coming along and a storm was coming. It looked bad. And nothing to run to--no creek or nothing to run to for the shelter. So she looked around. She saw something laying out there--kind of dark. She thought it was a big log or something she could lay by the log for shelter. She ran over there and it was a dried up buffalo. It had been dead for so long that the inside, it was all dried up. Maybe