

TWIN TERRITORIES

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UNCLE DICK'S SOW

By Chinnubbie Harjo

Uncle Dick's sow was a mean hog. She gave the neighborhood something to talk about, and her vagaries have not been forgotten by the people of Possum Flat. She raised enough trouble for both herself and master, and had trouble to spare.

In fine, she raised more trouble than pigs.

"Dat ol' sow", Uncle Will once observed, "was bo'n out'n de bresh. She weren't bo'n in no pen, kaze she lub liberty better'n de white folks. Cunnie'? She's cunnin' 's cousin Dick hiself, an' dat's sho givin' huh lots o' cunnin'!"

She was a razorback, but a fine one. The cast of her countenance would have led one to infer at a passing glance that she was disposed to delve deeply -- cause a drouth in the bottom of a jug, or explore the mysterious depth of a potato hill. Her eyes were a vicious brown and her color

was sanguine or autumnal. Her tail would have set a saddler up in business selling buggy washers. She was swift and with it, wise. If persued, she would run until she thought herself entirely out of danger and, then, center a little peace further, to be sure. She was no common sow. She had tastes approaching refinement.

Her pompadore would have aroused the jealousy of Aguinaldo. Her attitude towards "sofkies" in general was not calculated to breed familiarity. She despised them individually, collectively and as a race.

Nothing gave her greater pleasure than to make a vain young cur run over himself.

She was wild. I remember how Tom and I for once, slipped up nigh unto her and gave a scare. Besides doing other things equally as well, she plunged off a high embankment, forded a swimming creek and broke up enough dry limbs to tickle a Eufaula wood peddler.

She was partial to such delicacies as yams and "roast'n' ears," and her fondness for these things finally brought about her undoing.

Uncle Will awoke one morning from a dream

trouble. He dreamed of yams and -- Uncle Dick's sow -- and the dream came to pass. Through the dense fog, so characteristic of the lowlands along Coon Creek at daybreak in wet weather, he clapped his eyes on the vague outlines of Uncle Dick's sow. He clapped his hands over his ear and listened for fear his eyes were deceiving him. Once, twice, nay three times did the sow grunt. The superstition aroused in Uncle Will by the fulfillment of his dream suddenly gave away to certain remarks that would have caused Uncle Dick to act rashly.

"Yah! yah! yah, Majah!"

At this, the sow snapped her jaws together in a furor and hastened to put distance considerably behind her, while Majah stretched himself on the air in pursuit. Unluckily, however, the sow tore down the fence on herself and was captured. Uncle Will in the vehemence of his wrath, did, there and then, bruise her nose until such time as it pleased him to remark, "Now, den; I 'spects maybe yo'll let dese heah taters 'lone!"

The sow, bleeding at the nose and grunting in deep dejection, struck a bee line for home.

She had never realized until then that she had a home. Moralists might brood upon her misfortune with profit.

Uncle Dick made no delay in calling Uncle Will to account. "Yo' ol' black rascal yo', I's gwinter mash up yo' nose twell hit spread ober yo' face sos yo' cant smell de cabbage on yo' bref!"

"Look here, Uncle Dick, don't yo' --

"Heish up yo' mouf! Yo' caint lie out'n hit. Yuse de scamp whut bruise my sow's nose up kaze yo' dog annoy huh twell she git home an' I chunk 'im off. I's gwinter hu't yo' an' hu't yo' bad!"

Uncle Dick made a demonstration and Uncle Will scattered. He shook the dust of the potatoe hills from his brogans and pulverized the air. Uncle Dick, seeing himself outstripped and having knowledge of the fact that Uncle Will had a musket over the door, picked up a beanstick and let fly, striking Uncle Will on the head. The blow caused Uncle Will to veer down a lane. Uncle Dick secured the musket himself and emptied the contents thereof in the blue heavens above the owner.

"Man," says Uncle Dick, "I jis tell yo', when dat muskit eksplode, Uncle Will fly out'n his shoes!"

When Uncle Will checked himself up at Aunt Judy's the children ran out to meet him.

"G'way chillun!" exclaimed he. "G'way, I tell yo'. Somethin' to cu'ons been happen."

"Whut been happen, Uncle Will?" asked Aunt Judy, in great suprise. "An whar yo' cum f'om? Yo' got yo' ol' breeches so tore up yo' looks like a striped zebra. An' whar yo' been lef' yo' hat an whars yo' -- "

"Heish yo' mouf, Aunt Judy! yo' aint been whar I's been er yo' wouldn't be axin sich foolis' questions."

"But, Uncle Will, whut been git at chew?"

"W'y dat ol' feller! Now is yo' satisfied?"

"Whut ol' feller, Uncle Will?"

"Dat whut I been had ober de do'!! Dat whut I' been load fo' de Wah wid two whistler an' one blue one whut 'mos' fit um!"

The sows' career thereafter was smooth and uneventful. Realizing that she was leading a bad life and being a wise sow, she resolved to cut

loose from her wickedness, and she did. She became a devoted mother and replenished Uncle Dick's larder with numerous fat shoats -- some of them weighing not less than fifty pounds.

(Note) Sofky is a Creek word and stands for a very delectable dish; but it has been corrupted by the white man and is made to denote a contemptible dog. Therefore, the sofkyies mentioned in the above story are "puppy, whelp and hound and curs of low degree."