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THE CORN FABLE OF THE CREEKS

As told by Hon. Taylor Post oak, Second Chief.

"I am going to tell you about the fable of the old people.

There was a woman, and she was alone. There was no house very near, and there was a mountain standing off at a distance. And the woman went over that mountain, and returning from that place, came back to her home. And crossing over a tree that was lying across the road, she saw blood very near her feet. And, thinking 'what is it?' She looked at the blood. And moving it around, she looked at it, and it could not be scattered or spoiled, as she took it, and carrying it home, she reached her home with it, and, having put it into a clay pot, covered it. And, having done this, after a long time she uncovered it, and looked at it. Looking at it, she saw that the blood was growing large, and again putting it in she covered it, again after a longer time, uncovered it. Having uncovered

and looked at it, she saw a babe had been created, even all its body having been created. And again she put it into the same thing, into the pot, and again looking, it moved and had become old. She took it out. It was a little boy, and, she taking care of him, he grew up to manhood. And she made a bow for him, and said to him 'Kill birds, and kill squirrels, they are food,' and he killed them. And again she said to him, 'Kill deer,' and he killed them. And, going around hunting, when he came back he found the old woman had a great deal of food that she had cooked. And, preparing that food, there was nothing to make it of, and yet there was a plenty of food. And, as that young man went about, he wanted very much to know what she did.

And the old woman, speaking to the young man, said, 'You must not go on the top of yonder mountain and look around from it,' forbidding him to do it, 'Why does she forbid me?' thought he; and then he thought 'When she does not see me, I will go on top of the mountain and see.' And he went; and, having gone onto the top of the mountain, he looked around on what was on the other side, and saw, and came back

again. When he looked around on what was on the other side of the mountain, he saw that there was a town, and saw a great many people. When he came back, he drew a blanket over his head and lay down, being lonesome. And the old woman knew. That old woman said, 'I think you have come back from what I forbade you to do, from having gone to the top of the mountain and having looked around from it. And so, although I have been taking care of you, you may go,' she said to him. 'And, there is no one in that town who will feed you as I have done.' she said to him. And what that old woman said to him was thus: she said to him, 'I am corn, corn I am; it is I who have fed you. And in the fall, when it grows cold, you must come back. When you come back you will see that the corn is ripe, and you must make a corn crib and do it with stone.' And she said to him, 'When you are going you will cross water lying just by the town, and, on the other side of that, go to a house. And then, when you are going there, I will give you a plume, and again I will give you a fife.' And she gave him a plume and a fife also. And she said to him, 'When you reach the house where you are going you will see three women sitting down. And when you

reach there, one woman will say to you, 'Sit down,' and the one that says that to you, it will be your wife speaking to you. And when she becomes your wife, you must kill fish for her. The people that dwell in that town that you will go to do not know that fish are to be killed. You must be around helping them.

And, when it is cold, and you come back, you and your wife must come together, and you two must gather the corn. Having made a stone barn, you must put it into that. That is my flesh, I am corn. And you must make just the same that I fed you with and eat it. So now go; she said to him.

And, sounding the fife, he went, and she gave him a living plume. That plume was a jay. And he went and reached the place where there were the three women, and, on reaching it, he saw the three women. And although the three women saw him, they sat there and did not speak quickly to him. And one said to him, 'Sit down.' And he sat down, and that woman sought food for him. That one at once became his wife.

And the people in that town sought, but could



was broken down, all the various birds devoured the corn. Then the crow, taking an ear of corn, went to flying about with it and dropping it. The man, having found it, pursued it, and took the corn from it, and come back to his home with only one ear of corn; and, planting that, raised a great deal.

And all the inhabitants of that town became corn planters, and corn became plenty.

Therefore it is commonly said, 'The crow greatly wants corn.'

Mrs. . . E. W. Robertson, Tr.