

I got that paper. Some kind of paper. I went over here that night (Anadarko) and used that same paper. They mark it where they use it. I think I lost that paper. We took that paper, and went upstairs, put me to bed. And that night I had attack.

(Now that was all after your operation?)

No, before, before...when I...before it (the operation) it happened...every night, every night. Every evening, I rushed to the doctor...Carnegie. I don't know what makes me turn. Every time when I set table. (Several minutes of essentially irrelevant conversation and data on diet.)

(Do you have to watch your diet now?)

No, I eat anything. But that nurse she say you better get back on your...I say I can't, I can't reduce myself anymore. I'm not going to do that no more, I said. What the good lord give me, the flesh, I'm going to keep it, I say, I'm not going to destroy it. I'm not going to reduce myself, for the doctor to tell me. Some doctor's don't tell me anything. If I go to some doctors, or nurses that know me, they don't tell me nothing about. They get it from me too.

(After a long pause, Annie returns to her operation.)

That little boy stayed with me. All the time I was looking, he was right by my bed.

(Who was this?)

Donnie, they call him. He stayed with me all through the time I was in bed. It was just a dream. And he talked to me like a growing man. Encouraged talk. He talked like his Grandpa, Frankie Redbone. He talks to me, He wet my face, and give me water. He even gave me the water. He prayed in Apache (the boy does not speak Apache in fact.) I dream. I didn't know all about what he was talking about, he praying in Apache. I drink that water that time. I took, I drink it. In the morning, you'll be alright.

(Annie is planning to buy a Shetland pony and give it to Donnie during the annual Blackfeet Dance at Steve Mopope's, August 6, 7, 8, 1967.)