

Fifth Story  
A Traditional Story.

Myrtle Lincoln, Arapaho.  
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I guess there was a man camping. He had two boys. He would go hunting. There was a big mountain west of where they were camping. He told his wife, "When I go hunting, keep the boys here. Don't let them go anywhere. But I'm going to fix them arrows and bows so they could shoot around here close." I guess he did fix them. Then he went off to hunt. On the first day the boys played close to home. Their mother was there. On the second day they were gone. She couldn't find them. They went up the mountain and there was a thunderbird nest there. I guess there were little ones in there, and I guess they bothered them thunderbirds. Their father came home. He said, "I didn't want my boys to go up there. There's gonna be a storm." They bothered them thunderbirds. I guess he was getting ready and all at once that storm came up and blow these boys away. Water was just running all over everywhere.

He kept telling his wife, "My boys are blown away." I guess this woman and this man used to walk around all over and cry, that they lost their boys. There was some drift wood nearby. A big pile of driftwood there. They heard a boy hollering. "Father, I'm under here." They went to work and moved all that driftwood and they find their boy in there. He told them, "My name is gonna be Driftwood from now on." They ask him if he knew where his brother was. "I guess my brother's over there where that red bank is." The three of them went over there. This woman was crying. When they got close he said, "Mother, here I am. Come and get me," I guess he said. They went and from his waist on down he was buried in this red earth. When they got him out, he said, "My name is gonna be Red Man from now on."

So they got both their boys. I guess this boy said, "We're gonna move away from here. We're gonna go east." They start packing and start moving. They went as far east as they could go. This boy knew where was the place they were supposed to camp. He told his folks that he was gonna be the sunrise. His brother was going to be the Morning Star. I guess after that, these boys were gone. They went up. One went to be the Sunrise and the other was the Morning Star. And this Morning Star is that boy that was named Red Man. That's Morning Star. And these people kept moving, kept moving. Finally they come to a big river. A man and a woman and a little dog went under the big river and they never did come up. That was the end. They never see them again.

Somehow these boys had to do that, to get away from the earth. This man was a leader. My grandfather Sitting Bull, told me this story.

(Note: This grandfather Sitting Bull is the Same Arapaho Sitting Bull that introduced the Ghost Dance to the Oklahoma Arapahoes.)

(Cf. Tale 41, Arapaho Traditions)