

harbor like and he got away. And nobody didn't help him. So this boy began to walk on foot, and he was long, long away from home. And he was running and early in the morning when the sun would come up he would look for a place to hide in. At day and night he would look, and he would go out and would walk toward home. So the boy began to think how will I get home, what would I do, what can I do?" And the days were many and many days had passed and he began to grow tired and weary. And there were his people that were looking for him that he did not know about so these people that were looking for him that he did not know about so these people that were loooking for him that he did not know about camped, and this boy was a very wise boy. He was smart. And then he heard somebody talking and as he came closed he began to see the fire and smelled smoke and he was preparing himself and he looked and he seen this horse and this horse had a saddle so he crawled and he caught the horse. And so, where they were cooking the meat he got a piece of rag and stole the meat and these people chased him but they couldn't catch him so he journeyed home. The nights began to come but day by day he traveled in the woods but he was a very wise yong man. And the story goes how this boy used his.....instead of being captured and dying, he had used this....it is strange how the Kiowas does, they believed in Gods different kinds of Gods that would come to their aid and help them in time of need. And how these other off-tribes are always set against capturing the Kiowa and that is how the story goes about how he used this good sense and thinking. And that was a short story. That was the shortest story I could think of. Horse-Tossel song.-----A