

I guess this coyote went and laid down somewhere in the shade. He was full. He had plenty. So this man, he went and gather wood, and he make poles and hang meat up to roast, you know. And I guess it was getting late, and I guess he hang some up on a tree, this meat. And this what he was cooking. Oh, I guess that thing was just cooking grease--dripping. And he got sleepy. And he said, "All right," I guess he said. "When you hear footsteps or when you hear anything close, you must always jump." I guess he said this to his ass-hole. So I guess he went to bed, and I guess it never did jump. And when he got up in the morning, all that meat that was cooked was gone. The coyote got it. And oh, I guess he was mad. "I told you to always wake me up when anything come around. All my cooking--my meat--is gone," I guess he told it. I guess he took a firestick and wipe his ass with it. And I guess he just lay there. I guess it was burning. And when it got well, I guess he said, "Well, all the people's going to have wrinkled ass."

WHITE MAN TRICKS DUCKS AND GETS CAUGHT BY A TREE

That's what he did. And then another time I guess he went east. He come too close to a creek. And it was lot of ducks on that. And I guess he made fire. Oh, I guess he just start drumming--singing, you know. "Come and dance for me," I guess he told them ducks. So these--there was seven ducks--I guess them came up. And I guess he used to sing, "Whoever open his eyes is going to die." He told them to all shut their eyes, you know. I guess then he got the first one and wring its neck. He kept drumming and singing and they were dancing, I guess--these ducks. And the fourth one, I think, I guess he kind of open his eye and he see him wringing this one, "Hey, he's killing us!" I guess they flew up. They flew away and he already killed three. The fourth one open his eye.