

Their father, I guess, used to tell them. I never did hear it.

"Tell us about the eagle," they used to tell me. But there was one story that my grandmother told us. I guess there was a man and a woman. They were camping. Siouxs, I think, she said. And I guess they had twins. They had twin boys. And they were born--this is one of the Night Stories--and I guess-- By the way I guess they sure talk, these kids. "We want arrows and bows," I guess they told their father. So their father made them bow and arrow. And I guess he told them, when he give them, "Don't you go up that mountain over there. You stay away from it. Don't bother them birds up there," I guess their father told them. Instead I guess they went up there. And they kill--you know, they always call them "Rain Birds." And I guess, oh, just as soon as they kill one, I guess the storm come up and they blew away, these two boys. And their mother's home, I think, broke down, and she got killed. And I guess this man just walk and walk around. I guess there was driftwood there and I guess he said, "Father, come and help me get out." I guess that driftwood was just all around and he was in there. So he got him out. "Where's your brother?" "I think my brother is over there." They went north, and here they found that boy. "Your mother died," I guess he told them. And I guess they had their arrows and I guess they went and told their father, "Make sweat lodge." You know, sweat tent. "And drag my mother in there," I guess he said. "Oh," he said, "We can't do nothing." "Go ahead. Do it." I guess he told him. So I guess this man he hurry and make that medicine--sweat lodge. And they took his wife in there. I guess these boys told him, "Lay her on the west side." I guess these boys come around and they shoot their arrows way up, you know. And when these arrows come down, when they hit the top of that sweat lodge,