

he said. That deer. And Sainday said, "Well, it's healing now. It's healing, now. Don't worry about it. You will be all right tomorrow." So when he got enough he went out you know. So he let that deer lay there. So early that next morning--they went to bed again, and that next morning before daybreak, he sing that song, Sainday. He said, "When morning comes, he's gonna be dead," he said. "I'll go and bury him myself. I'll find a place for him." That's the song he sang. (Referring to song Able sang in his Kiowa version.) And sure enough, that next morning that deer was dead. He was after all that meat, you know. So they got up that next morning, the herd and all. They came in and said, "Hey he is dead. What did you do?" He said, "Well, I thought he was healing but I guess he just turned for the worse. He died," he said. "I can't fix his wound anymore," he said. He said, "You all let me take him. You all stay back. I'm going to take him to a good place. I'm going to bury him real good." So he took this deer when he took it so far, he said, "I don't want you all to follow me. So when he took this deer, when he got it so far he start butchering it. When he started butchering it, this little bird came along and sat on a tree, and was watching him eat. And before he started to eat, after it was all fixed, that bird said, "Hey, why don't you give me some?" And that Sainday said, "No! You get out of here! Don't bother me!" Then that little bird said, "All right, I'm gonna go back. I'm going to tell on you--what you have done." He said, "No!" He said, "I'm just a poor man. See me? I had to steal this and I'm cooking it." And that bird said, "No, I'm gonna go back and tell on you." And so that bird went back. Sure enough he told the herd, and boy, pretty soon, you could just see that herd coming with all that dust flying! Boy, he said he just went to the nearest thicket and he just dove in there. And he said