

Eula Hill, Cheyenne

Interviewed by: Roxana Blakely

Transcribed by: Roxana Blakely

Interview Date: July 14, 1967

TRADITIONAL STORIES

My Grandpa taught me these stories, a long time ago, I guess. It happened. It's a true Indian story.

LEGEND OF THE ARROWS

I guess there were seven boys, and they lived all alone. And they had a little brother. And they had seven arrows which they tied in their tipi. And every time they go hunting, they'd tell their little brother to stay home and watch the arrows. They didn't want anybody to come around. And the boy, he made his own bow and arrow. He used to hunt around for birds right around the tipi, I guess. And these boys always used to go off, way off. So one day there was a pond right close to their tipi. He went out there and start shooting at a duck. He used up all his arrows, so he still didn't know what to do. Couldn't go out there and try to get his arrows from the pond--the water, so he went to the tipi. He said, "Well, I'm goin' to use my brothers arrows." And he was told never to touch them--to use them. Well, he took them down and he went back to the pond and started shooting at that duck again. He used three of them, shooting at the duck till he hit that duck, the fourth one he hit that bird--that duck. He went and hit him on the wing, I guess. He started flying out, and he just now realized that he wasn't supposed to touch them arrows. Well, he followed this duck and he couldn't find it. So he shot one of these arrows way off, and he got there somehow, real quick. Where he shot that arrow there was a big camp there and a tipi in the middle. So there was a real old funny tipi at the end of it, at the edge of the camp. He went right in there. There was an old lady sitting there cooking. He said, "Grandma, I'm hungry." This old lady said, "Come in, come in, you should always come in early, I got your supper ready."