

hiding during the day because they're going to be looking for her, you know. They'll get on their horseback. You know, they're bad. Them Indians are bad. They go distance and do things just to find her. But she always hide during the day and the night time, that's when she travels. Travel during the night. And one day she was coming to, maybe just a distance, just a long ways from where she left and a cloud came over. Storm was coming. She didn't know where to go for shelter. There was nothing there, no creek, nothing to run to. So it was just out in the open, just grass, no trees, nothing. So she looked for a shelter but she couldn't find nothing. Later she was running and there was a buffalo. Something was laying out there so she went over there thinking that it must be a big log that she might lay down beside the log until the storm goes by. Well, she came and it was a buffalo and it had been dead, I don't know how long. And the inside was all out, you know. Maybe the coyotes and wolves ate out the inside, the meat and all. Just some bones were there and some ribs. The hide was all dry. They're thick, those hides, you know, So she crawl in and layed in there while that storm came. It didn't bother her, that thing just lay still because it was so heavy. It couldn't blow away. You know how buffaloes are big. Just enough place to crawl in. She was in there. So when she was laying there she cried and talked to some idols, I guess. That was the way they worship that way. Finally this storm went over and still she's tired out from walking and running and nothing to eat or water and all that. And finally she went to sleep. And something spoke to her. And said, "Since you come in to me for shelter"--it was that buffalo. It said, "I ain't got no life. I'm dead and just the bones there and you come to me