

wonder were did I cut that meat. From the leg, from the back, from the head? I wonder what part was that meat, what I slice and cooked and eat it?" He said, "I don't know, it must be some place on there. You could look for it in the morning." So the next day, he start doing the same thing. He just cut a piece of meat and cook it and eat it and still it don't taste good as his meat you know what he sliced off his hand. So he got kind of funny you know. He wouldn't talk to his friends. He would just sit around. Seem like he was just wondering and thinking all the time, were he got that meat. Which part of that meat. So he just sat around, sat around and finally his friend said, "I'm going way down there and look for deer. I'll be back after awhile. Do you want to go with me?" He said, "No. I am not going. I'll watch our meat. You go down and look for deer." And so he went down there. After dark, he brought in the deer. They start cutting it and in the morning they clean it and hang it up. It's cold now so they can let it go till next morning. Next morning he cut again and he tasted all pieces of that meat again and nothing did't taste like the meat he ate. Finally they eat their meat up. It was cold and they didn't know were to get meat and his friend would go out and the snow was deep and he couldn't get nowhere. They struggled around and they didn't know. Inside their house was real nice. They had a door on it. I don't know what they were eating then, but one day he took out this man said, "I guess I'll go out and see if I can get us some deer meat. You sick, so I got out myself." He went out all day and when he came back he saw something cooking on the fire and he said, "What kind of meat is that? Where did you get it?" Well, I found it over here, I found it behind my bed. Under these weeds what I'm laying on" and here he cut this