

other hand off and he was eating it. Ever night he start cutting himself. He would slice right here off and cook it and eat it. And he said, "Doesn't that hurt when you cut it?" "No, it doesn't hurt. And it don't even bleed." He start from his feet and slice a piece of it and he cook it and then he cut up here and way up here, he start eating himself and he got so he look crazy and he look funny. But all the time he was eating himself up. He would cut his flesh off and cook it and eat it and he told his friend, "Go ahead, eat, it's good, real good." He said, "No, I don't want to eat it." So he keep eating himself. All around. Everywhere he could get hold of. Just cut it off and cook it and eat it. Finally his muscle just was all dry and he was boney and he look funny and he didn't even care to fix his hair or nothing. He didn't even wash his face or nothing. And whenever he wakes up from sleeping, he just slice himself. Think of his flesh. He eat all his arm flesh off and his legs and right in here and all around here where he could reach. He just keep eating he look wild and his friend got scared of him and he said, "Boy, if I sleep, he sure going to kill me." And he went to sleep and his friend...it was getting warm up you know, the snow had melted and he put his blanket, not his blanket you know, buffalo hides. He took ones of those and he wrapped it around his waist and he tied a rope around it and he went out slow and just about the time he got out this other man that was eating himself up he woke up and he said, "Where you going?" He said, "I'm going hunting," W. When you go hunting you never did take your buffalo hide with you. You must be going somewhere." He said, "Yeah, I'm going to look for deer."