

and it was daylight, these that were still alive jump up and start to holler for their buddies in the next foxhole. All they could see was the blood. There must have been something in that deep creek that went and ate them and got them out. And that's why you can't get Cheyennes to stay all night close to a river or a creek.

(Did they have a name for this thing in Cheyenne?)

minh (transcription is not accurate. Last sound is whispered nasal)

(Were there any other stories you had in mind right now that you wanted to tell?)

Well, I know so many. What kind would you want to hear?)

(It doesn't make any difference.)

STORY ABOUT WHITE MAN KILLING PRAIRIE DOGS AND GETTING TRICKED

BY COYOTE

Let me tell about a prairie dog town. I had an old grandfather and old grandmother. My father's mother and his step-father. After we laid down and they'd be talking a while and they'd start telling me stories. My grandfather was great in singing these songs that these people sing that were in these stories. They taught me there was a big prairie dog town. And these prairie dogs--you know how they stand out in front of their little holes? Well, these prairie dogs were just standing out there and they were talking to each other. And one said, "Look at that man coming. What has he got on his back?" Well, all of them, they got to thinking. You know how they make those funny noises--little prairie dogs. "Ask him where he's going." And the other one said, "Yes, you ask him where he's going--where he's taking that big bag he's got on his back." So one of them says, "Say, where are you going?" "Oh