

tired and laid down. He thought this man quit following him. Pretty soon he come up on him. He was sound asleep. He just keep going around him. "Let's see--how am I going to kill him? If I hit him, I might bruise him. Or if I scare him I might bruise him, too," he said. By this time that coyote woke up. Anyway, he made four stops. Fourth one, he didn't wake up. This man took his blanket and put this coyote in there. Tie him up. Built a big fire. Said, "Now I'm going to have my meat!" After this fire got way back, he got this coyote with his blanket. He threw it in that fire. This coyote got loose. He jumped over on the other side, but this blanket--it was hide--it fell in that fire. When it started to burn--you know how leather burns. It moves, he'd poke it every little while. "I thought I'd get you some day!" And then this fire went down and this thing, he thought it was that coyote. He looked over and here it was sitting over there watching it! That's why they say foxes are sly! Coyotes are sly. That's how come they say "the sly fox." He'll outwit you in every way.

Then he didn't know what to do. He was afraid of his wife--to go home without his blanket. So he thought up a story to tell her. He went home and he didn't want to tell her what he done. Threw that coyote in there with his blanket. So she said, "Where's your blanket?" And he said, "Oh; I heard about my brother--he died. He got killed somewhere. So I threw my blanket away," he said. And he had cut his hair, too, here and there. You know Indians, they used to cut their hair when someone died. And he just cut it here and there. "My brother died. I heard my brother died. That's why I threw my blanket away and I cut my hair." Well, she didn't say anything. And he got by that way. He never did tell her what he done with that blanket. That's the end of the story. (everyone laughs)