

some mean animals up here. I used to hear people talk about maybe wild bears--" Let's see--what kind of other animals did she name? And the oldest one was the only one that used to answer. And he told his grandmother, "Grandmother, don't worry about us. We're all right. We're boys. We can take care of ourselves." Their grandmother said, "No, you're not that old to take care of yourselves. You think you are," she said, "But you're inexperienced. You don't know what to do when you run in to something like that. Just don't go to a certain place." She named a certain place. "Don't go there," The oldest boy said, "All right. We won't. We'll just hunt, that's all." So the grandmother packed their lunch and off they went. They used to have to climb down this big cliff. They had a way of getting down and up. Hardly anybody could just come over there and get right on up, but the little boys knew how. And they were gone all day again. The old grandma got worried. She looked every direction, looking for them. She didn't see them nowhere. So towards evening she saw them coming up--climbing over that cliff. She stood there watching them. And this little boy, the oldest boy, told his little brother, "Just as soon as you get on top of this cliff, you start running. And you holler and scream and act like you're real excited and scared of something. Run toward our grandmother." The old lady was still standing there. And this other little boy was coming kind of slow and the other one was running. And grandmother got scared. She kind of went toward them to go meet them. And she said, "What's the matter? What's the matter? I been cautioning you. I supposed you did something I told you not to do. I told you not to go where that animal was. I suppose you been there." That boy was just abely coming over that cliff. And his grandmother started to run over there. And just as soon as he got on top, he started running, too, this oldest boy. There was something