

brother. When you were born you were one of a set of twins, but the other one died. We believe He didn't die he just went into the other world. I guess that is where he lives. I guess it is okay for you to play with him. One of these days we'll bring your brother back. Get used to playing with him. If you can get him to come back with you go ahead." The other little boy would not go home with him. When he'd ask him to go home and eat with him, he'd run as fast as he could and jump into the pond. After a little while, he'd come out again to play, He'd tell the little boy, "If we're going to play, lets play right here." The little boy told his father, "When I want to bring him home with me he runs and jumps into the pond." "I guess he does," the father said, "but one of these days we'll make plans to catch him. As time went on they did make plans. He told his boy, "It is time to make plans for the capture of your brother, I have a buffalo bladder that I kept from my last buffalo kill. I'll wet that and put air in it and you'll tie it to him with a rope. You tell him you're going to sing for him and tell him to dance. Tie this around him telling him that this is his bustle. You must tie it on him while it is wet. When wet it is pliable when dried it is very hard." So the boy did as he was instructed. He played with the other boy and toward evening their father called to them, the other twin ran and tried to jump back into the pond but he couldn't the buffalo bladder prevented him from going under the water. As hard as he tried he couldn't, the buffalo bladder kept bringing him to the surface. He told the other little boy, I was just fooling. I didn't want your father to see me, that's why I ran. He became acquainted with his brother and his father. The boys played together and their father watched them. He was pleased that the boys were getting along so well and were learning to play with each other. The second day the father tied another buffalo bladder onto the little boy. When his father went hunting again, the other twin tried to take his brother back to the swamp. He said, "Let's go to the swamp and play." The other one replied "No we'd better not, our father told us not to." The other one said, "We won't play there very long we can play with our stick canoes. At last