

like our mama." He said, "It tastes like our mother." She said, "no. Eat. Don't be saying that. You make a true statement-- how could it be our mama?" She said, "Eat." So he started to eat again and he stopped again, and he said, "No, sister. I still say it's our mama's flesh, because it tastes like her." Just about that time they heard something come rolling. They looked out there. It was a head rolling toward them. She grabbed her little brother's arm and at the same time she grabbed this crowbar. And they started running in one direction. They didn't know which way to go. And they ran a long, long ways. And the little boy said, "Sister. I can't go any more. I'm all tired out." And that was when she said it--she said, "When I play, there will be so many sandburs. I used to couldn't cross them." Behind her there was a big patch of sandburs. When she looked back, her mother's head was coming closer and closer. I guess they started going slower, you know, and this thing was catching up with them. And her little brother was giving out. And this head kept rolling back and forth, back and forth. It said, "My children, come help me get over. Please, children--my children!" it said. "No." That give them a chance to gain some more ground ahead of her. They ran again and then the little boy said, "Sister, I'm giving out again. I can't go any more." She said, "Oh, when I used to play," she said, "There was a plum thicket with long thorns. I used to couldn't hardly go through," she said. And she looked back and again there was a big plum bush behind them. It had long thorns. And that thing was coming closer again, before she said that. And that thing couldn't make it under and couldn't go over. She said, "Wait for me! My children, wait for me! I'm your mother! Wait for me!" But at first, while these kids were inside the tipi, she said. "I'm going to get you!" That's