

Jenny: Yes, it's a man. And a woman is mæ.yî, mæ.yî. Man is k'á.hì and a woman is mæ.yî. Pretty alike, the last words, k'á.hì and mæ.yî.

(And meat is gi?)

Jenny: Gi.

STORY ABOUT TWIN BOYS

Granddaughter: Grandma, did you ever tell her that story about those two boys that look alike--that woman that was up in heaven, you know and she--

Jenny: No, I never told her that one. I forgot. I know a lot of stories but it's been so long. I heard it and I just kind of forget some of it. Yes, now let's see, how did it start. (speaks Kiowa)

Cecil: Well, that's what I was gonna start with. You know where they first lived.

(Jenny and Cecil converse in Kiowa for a few minutes)

Cecil: Go ahead. Well, that's what I was gonna tell a while ago but you go ahead.

Jenny: (to Cecil) You know the beginning of it.

Cecil: No.

Granddaughter: (unintelligible) something like that, grandma.

Jenny: I know it. Oh, how did (unintelligible)--young widow woman.

Cecil: (speaks Kiowa)

Jenny: I know it.

Cecil: All right.

Jenny: But don't bother me now.

Cecil: But all I was just telling you about that wheel.

Jenny: I know.