

So this boy cried--wanted to stay with his mother but she was dead already. So she finally took him and took him to her camp. I don't know what she feed him. But anyway he stayed there. But every day this boy always go where his mother lay and stay with his mother. Been dead long time but he never miss going over there to stay with his mother. He sleep by her, you know, like she was alive. So then this witch really treated him nice. So one day she said, the witch woman said, "You lonely. You're the only one here and you ain't got nothing to play with." She said, "I'm going to fix you a ring---a wooden ring." But it was kind of a big ring she made (8-12" in diameter) And she said, "You play with this ring." And this witch was living in a tipi. There was tipi poles like that, you know, way up there. She said, "Play with this ring. Throw it somewhere and just chase it." And you know, just play with--like some of those rings for little kids, you know. Only she fixed it herself with a willow or something. So she gave it to him and she just, this witch woman said, "Just one thing I want to tell you, boy," she said. "Don't you ever throw this wheel up on--up to the tipi, to the tipi poles. Don't ever throw it up there. You could throw it around on the ground--anywhere. Just throw it and chase it and play with it. But don't you ever throw it on top of that tipi." And just like his mother--the witch woman always go out. Maybe to get something to eat or something. So he was playing around, around the tipi. Then he, this little boy, said, "I wonder why she always tell me not to throw it up there on them poles. I'm going to throw it up there and see what happens," he thought. So one day she was gone and he was playing with it and then he throw it up there, that ring, throw it up to the tipi. It went up to the poles. And there