

THE INDIAN JOURNAL

Eufaula, Ind. Ter.
March 22, 1901
26th year, No. 12
Editor's name not given

FABLE OF THE FOOLISH YOUNG BEAR

Once upon a warm spring day a foolish young bear went abroad in search of food. The long severe winter had reduced his supply of fat to such an extent that he vowed he could eat anything and it would taste good. Moreover he was not so concerned about what he was going to find as he was about finding it. He prowled about in the woods a long time thrusting his arms into this dark hole and that and peeping into everything that looked hollow. He scratched vigorously, too, here and there, yanking out obstructing roots until he felt itchy with the heat and craved water. But he found not a morsel. There was nothing in the hollow log or tree but trash; nothing in the dark holes but darkness, nothing in the earth but obstinate roots. While the foolish young bear was holding counsel with himself about what next to do, he saw

a commotion in the dead grass ahead of him. His eyes beamed with satisfaction and the inner bear was pleased. Hugging the ground closely, he followed the motion of the grass until all at once he sprang into the air, turned a somersault backward and retreated as if suddenly afflicted with the blind staggers. While he was plowing up the earth with his nose and rubbing his eyes nearly out, the skunk escaped. An old crow, who was foraging in a pecan grove near by, was astonished at Brer Bear's rashness and said so plainly.

The foolish young bear then left the woods and went up into the mountains, suspiciously giving every movement he saw in the grass plenty of room. He looked under the ledges, examining every seam and crevice, but found nothing except a mountain boomer with fast colored rings around his neck, who all but jumped him out of his skin as he scampered by within a foot of his nose. He did not like the way the boomer had of turning around and looking at him as if he would as soon fight as not. Finally, he came to a large pine log lying on the steep hillside. As it looked, wormy he began to dig under the log. He scratched first on one side

and then on the other. It was not long before he had scratched away all the dirt under the log and it rolled down over him, bruising him badly. He got up enraged. He pounced on the senseless log and beat it and beat it. He tried to beat the tar out of it. Then he put his ear to the log to see if it was dead.

MORAL: -- Have you not been a foolish young bear?

CHINNUBBIE HARJO.