

## Native American Hero Stories of the Northwest

### **Coyote and Wishpoosh from the Chinook tribe retold by S.E. Schlosser**

Now Wishpoosh the monster beaver lived in the beautiful Lake Cle-el-lum which was full of fish. Every day, the animal people would come to the lake, wanting to catch some fish, but Wishpoosh the giant beaver drove them away with many threats and great splashing. If they refused to leave, Wishpoosh would kill the animal people by dragging them deep into the lake so that they drowned.

Coyote was very upset at Wishpoosh for the way he treated the animal people. Coyote decided that he would kill the monster beaver and so he went to Lake Cle-el-lum with his spear tied to his wrist and started to fish. As soon as Wishpoosh saw this upstart person invading his territory, the giant beaver attacked. Coyote threw the spear and it pierced the beaver. Immediately, Wishpoosh dove to the bottom of the lake, dragging Coyote with him.

Well, Coyote and Wishpoosh wrestled and tugged and fought each other at the bottom of the lake until the sides gave way and all the water rushed out, pouring out over the mountains and through the canyons until it collected in Kittitas Valley and formed another, larger lake. Coyote and Wishpoosh burst forth into the new lake, shouting and wrestling and fighting each other with renewed vigor until the second lake gave way and the water rushed out, joining in with the waters of several rivers to form a massive lake at Toppenish.

Wishpoosh the monster beaver would not give up the fight. He bit and clawed at Coyote and tried to drown him in the massive lake. Coyote fought back fiercely, and at last the massive lake gave way, the water roared down into the meeting place of the Columbia, the Yakima, and the Snake, where it dammed up into a lake so huge none has ever seen its like before or since.

Coyote and Wishpoosh dragged at each other, pulling and tugging and ripping and biting until the dam gave way and a huge wave of water swept down the Columbia River towards the sea. Coyote and Wishpoosh were tumbled over and over again as they were swept down river in the mighty wave of water. Coyote grabbed bushes and rocks and trees, trying to pull himself out of the massive wave. By these efforts was the Columbia Gorge was formed. But Coyote could not pull himself out of the great wave and so he tumbled after Wishpoosh, all the way to the bitter waters at the mouth of the river.

Wishpoosh was furious. He was determined to beat this upstart Coyote who had driven him from his beautiful lake. The giant beaver swept all the salmon before him and ate them in one gulp to increase his strength. Then he swam out to sea with Coyote in pursuit. The monster beaver threw his great arms around a whale and swallowed it whole.

Coyote was frightened by this demonstration of the monster beaver's strength. But he was the most cunning of all the animals, and he came up with a plan. Turning himself into a tree branch, Coyote drifted among the fish until Wishpoosh swallowed him. Returning to his natural form, Coyote took a knife and cut the sinews inside the giant beaver. Wishpoosh gave a great cry and then perished.

Coyote was tired after his long fight with the monster beaver. He called to his friend Muskrat, who helped drag the body of Wishpoosh to shore. Coyote and Muskrat cut up the giant beaver and threw the pieces up over the land, thus creating the tribes of men. The Nez Perce were created from the head of the giant beaver, to make them great in council. The Cayuses were created from the massive arms of Wishpoosh, in order that they might be strong and powerful with the war club and the bow. From the beaver's ribs, Coyote made the Yakimas and from the belly the Chinooks. To make the Klickitats, Coyote used the beaver's legs, so that they would become famous for their skill in running. With the leftover skin and blood, he made the Snake River Indians who thrived on war and blood.

Thus were the tribes created, and Coyote returned up the mighty Columbia River to rest from his efforts. But in his weariness, Coyote did not notice that the coastal tribes had been created without mouths. The god Ecahni happened along just then and fixed the problem by assembling all of the coastal tribes and cutting mouths for them. Some he made too large and some he made crooked, just as a joke. This is why the mouths of the coastal tribes are not quite perfect.

## **Attack of the Mammoth**

**A British Columbia Myth  
from Kaska First Nation  
retold by  
S.E. Schlosser**

A man and his family were constantly on the move, hunting for beaver. They traveled from lake to lake, stream to stream, never staying any place long enough for it to become a home. The woman sometimes silently wished that they would find a village and settle down somewhere with their little baby, but her husband was restless, and so they kept moving.

One evening, after setting up camp on a large lake, the young mother went out to net some beaver, carrying her baby upon her back. When she had a toboggan full of beaver meat, she started back to camp. As she walked

through the darkening evening, she heard the thump-thump-thump of mighty footsteps coming from somewhere behind her. She stopped; her heart pounding. She was being followed by something very large. Her hands trembled as she thought of the meat she was dragging behind her. The creature must have smelled the meat and was stalking the smell.

Afraid to turn around and alert the beast, she bent over as if to pick something off the snowy path and glanced quickly past her legs. Striding boldly through the snowy landscape was a tall, barrel-shaped, long-haired creature with huge tusks and a very long trunk. It was a tix - a mammoth - and it looked hungry. She straightened quickly and hurriedly threw the meat into the snow. Then she ran as fast as she could back to camp, dragging the toboggan behind her. Her little baby cried out fearfully, frightened by all the jostling, but she did not stop to comfort him until she was safe inside their shelter.

She told her husband at once about the terrible mammoth that had stalked her and taken the beaver meat. Her husband shook his head and told her she was dreaming. Everyone knew that the mammoth had all died away. Then he light-heartedly accused her of giving the meat away to a handsome sweetheart. She denied it resentfully, knowing that he really believed that she had carelessly overturned the toboggan and had let the meat sink beneath the icy waters of the lake.

After her husband went to set more beaver nets, she prepared the evening meal. While it was cooking over the fire, she walked all around the camp, making sure that there was an escape route through the willow-brush just in case the hungry mammoth attacked them in the night.

The husband and wife lay down to sleep next to the fire after they finished the evening meal. The husband chuckled when he saw that his wife kept her moccasins on and the baby clutched in her arms. "Expecting the mammoth to attack us?" he asked jovially. She nodded, and he laughed aloud at her. Soon he was asleep, but the woman lay awake for a long time, listening.

The wife was awakened from a light doze around midnight by the harsh sounds of the mammoth approaching. "Husband," she shouted, shaking him. He opened his eyes grumpily and demanded an explanation. She tried to tell him that the hungry mammoth was coming to eat them, but he told her she was having a nightmare and would not listen. The wife begged and pleaded and tried to drag him away with her, but he resisted and finally shouted at her to begone if she was afraid. In despair, she clutched her little child to her chest and ran away from the camp.

As she fled, she heard the harsh roar of the giant creature and the sudden shout of her husband as he came face to face with the creature. Then there was silence, and the woman knew her husband was dead. Weeping, she fled with her child, seeking a village that she had heard was nearby. Sometime

in the early hours of the morning, she heard the thump-thump-thump of the creature's massive feet stomping through the snow-fields, following her trail. Occasionally, it made a wailing sound like that of a baby crying.

The woman kept jogging along, comforting her little baby as best she could. As light dawned, she saw a camp full of people who were living on the shores of an island on the lake. She crossed the icy expanse as quickly as possible and warned the people of the fierce mammoth that had killed her husband. The warriors quickly went out onto the ice and made many holes around the edges of their village, weakening the ice so that the mammoth would fall through and drown.

As evening approached, the people saw the mammoth coming toward them across the ice. When it neared their camp on the island, the creature plunged through the weakened ice. Everyone cheered, thinking that the animal had drowned. Then its large hairy head emerged out of the water and it shook its long tusks and bellowed in rage. The mammoth started walking along the bottom of the lake, brushing aside the ice with his large tusks.

The people panicked. They screamed and ran in circles, and some of them stood frozen in place, staring as the mammoth emerged from the ice and walked up onto the banks of the island. The wife of the eaten man fled with her baby, urging as many of her new-found friends as she could reach, to flee with her. But many remained behind, paralyzed with fear.

Then a boy emerged from one of the shelters, curious to know what was causing everyone to scream in fear. He wore the bladder of a moose over his head, covering his hair so that he looked bald. He was a strange lad, and was shunned by the locals. Only his grandmother knew that he was a mighty shaman with magic trousers and magic arrows that could kill any living beast.

When the boy saw the hungry, angry mammoth, he called out to his grandmother to fetch the magic trousers and the magic arrows. Donning his clothing, he shook his head until the bladder burst and his long hair fell down to his waist. Then he took his magic bow and arrows and leapt in front of the frightened people and began peppering the beast with arrows, first from one side and then the other. The mammoth roared and weaved and tried to attack the boy, but the shaman's magic was powerful, and soon the beast lay dead upon the ground.

Then those who fled from the mammoth returned to the camp, led by the poor widow and her baby. The people whose lives had been saved by the bladder-headed boy gave a cheer and gathered in excitement around the boy. In gratitude, the people made the shaman their chief and offered him two beautiful girls to be his wives, though he accepted only one of them. The widow and her baby were welcomed into the tribe, and a few months later she married a brave warrior who became close friends with the shaman-become-chief.

And from that day to this, the people have always had chiefs to lead them, and no mammoths have troubled them again.

<http://americanfolklore.net/folklore/native-american-myths/>

## **AMERICAN LORE & LEGENDS**

### **Tamanous Of Tacoma**

**By Charles M. Skinner in 1896**

Mount Tacoma has always been a place of superstitious regard among the Siwash (Sauvage) of the Northwest. In their myths it was the place of refuge for the last man when the Whulge was so swollen after long rain that its waters covered the earth. All other men were drowned. The waves pursued the one man as he climbed, rising higher and higher until they came to his knees, his waist, his breast. Hope was almost gone, and he felt that the next wave would launch him into the black ocean that raged about him, when one of the tamanouses of the peak, taking pity on him, turned his feet to stone.

The storm ceased, and the waters fell away. The man still stood there, his feet a part of the peak, and he mourned that he could not descend to where the air was balmy and the flowers were opening.

The Spirit of all Things came and bade him sleep, and, after his eyes were closed, tore out one of his ribs and changed it to a woman. When lifted out of the rock the man awoke, and, turning with delight to the woman, he led her to the sea-shore, and there in a forest bower they made their home. There the human race was recreated.

On the shore of the Whulge in after years lived an [Indian](#) miser--rare personage--who dried salmon and jerked the meat that he did not use, and sold it to his fellow-men for hiaqua--the wampum of the Pacific tribes. The more of this treasure he got, the more he wanted--even as if it were dollars. One day, while hunting on the slopes of Mount Tacoma, he looked along its snow-fields, climbing to the sky, and, instead of doing homage to the tamanous, or divinity of the mountain, he only sighed, "If I could only get more hiaqua!"

Sounded a voice in his ear: "Dare you go to my treasure caves?"  
"I dare!" cried the miser.

The rocks and snows and woods roared back the words so quick in echoes that the noise was like that of a mountain laughing. The wind came up again to whisper the secret in the man's ear, and with an elk-horn for pick and spade he began the ascent of the peak. Next morning he had reached the crater's rim, and, hurrying down the declivity, he passed a rock shaped like a salmon, next, one in the form of a kamas-root, and

presently a third in likeness of an elk's head. "'Tis a tamanous has spoken!" he exclaimed, as he looked at them. At the foot of the elk's head he began to dig. Under the snow he came to crusts of rock that gave a hollow sound, and presently he lifted a scale of stone that covered a cavity brimful of shells more beautiful, more precious, more abundant than his wildest hopes had pictured. He plunged his arms among them to the shoulder--he laughed and fondled them, winding the strings of them about his arms and waist and neck and filling his hands. Then, heavily burdened, he started homeward.

In his eagerness to take away his treasure he made no offerings of hiaqua strings to the stone tamanouses in the crater, and hardly had he begun the descent of the mountain's western face before he began to be buffeted with winds.

The angry god wrapped himself in a whirling tower of cloud and fell upon him, drawing darkness after. Hands seemed to clutch at him out of the storm: they tore at his treasure, and, in despair, he cast away a cord of it in sacrifice. The storm paused for a moment, and when it returned upon him with scream and flash and roar he parted with another. So, going down in the lulls, he reached timber just as the last handful of his wealth was wrenched from his grasp and flung upon the winds. Sick in heart and body, he fell upon a moss-heap, senseless. He awoke and arose stiffly, after a time, and resumed his journey.

In his sleep a change had come to the man. His hair was matted and reached to his knees; his joints creaked; his food supply was gone; but he picked kamas bulbs and broke his fast, and the world seemed fresh and good to him. He looked back at Tacoma and admired the splendor of its snows and the beauty of its form, and had never a care for the riches in its crater. The wood was strange to him as he descended, but at sunset he reached his wigwam, where an aged woman was cooking salmon. Wife and husband recognized each other, though he had been asleep and she a-sorrowing for years. In his joy to be at home the miser dug up all his treasure that he had secreted and gave of his wealth and wisdom to whoso needed them. Life, love, and nature were enough, he found, and he never braved the tamanous again.

Compiled and edited by [Kathy Weiser/Legends of America](#), updated December, 2012.

<http://www.legendsofamerica.com/wa-tamanoustacoma.html>

**Heroes: Bluejay and His Companions**

**This story is part of the [Native American Hero Tales unit](#). Story source: [Tales of the North American Indians](#) by Stith Thompson (1929).**

**Bluejay and His Companions**

## Quinault

Bluejay and his chief, with Land Otter, Beaver, and another man, used to go out seal-hunting together. In the same house with them, but at the other end, lived Grouse, who was a widower with a lot of children, and he spent most of his time in the woods building a canoe.

Every trip that the five men made, they caught five seals, very fat ones, but they gave nothing but the poor, lean parts to Grouse. Bluejay was at the bottom of this and kept saying that fat was too good for Grouse, and he poked fun at him and sneered at him whenever he was about. Grouse never said a word, but took what was given him without complaining.

One day Grouse made a wooden seal, carving it out of cedar and burning it until it was black. Then he talked to the seal and told it what it was to do, and it dived down into the water and went out to sea.

Next day before daylight, the five men started out, and about sunrise came upon a big seal, and speared it. The seal dived, and swam to the westward, dragging the canoe after it until they were out of sight of land. The spearman tried to get rid of it, but could not, and when night came they were still rushing westward, and when they waked in the morning they were still going, but not so fast.

Not long afterward the line slackened, and they heard something butting against the canoe. Bluejay looked over and saw a wooden seal with the harpoon sticking into it just behind the flipper. Then his chief began to scold Bluejay and said, "I know this is Grouse's work. He is angry because we gave him no fat, and because you talked to him so much." Bluejay could only hang his head and say nothing.

They cut the line and began to paddle back, but had no idea where they were going. Three days and two nights they paddled, and the third night they all fell asleep from exhaustion. When they waked in the morning, the canoe was stuck fast, and they thought they were ashore, and one of them, the fifth man, jumped out, but he sank and was drowned, and then they saw that they were not ashore, but that the seaweed was so thick that they had stuck fast in it. So now there were only four of them, and they paddled on.

On the fourth night they did not feel like sleeping, for they thought they could see the hills back of Quinault. In the morning they could discern the coast plainly, and after paddling all day they reached the shore and landed at a place quite strange to them. Next morning they went on again in what they thought was a southerly direction and suddenly, as they rounded a point, came upon a village. Several canoes came out through the surf and helped them ashore, and they were taken up to the village.

In the centre of the village was a tall smooth pole which the people said was Squirrel's pole, which he used for climbing, and they said that Squirrel would like to have a climbing-match with Bluejay. Bluejay's master said to him, "Now don't get frightened, but go in and do your best. You know you can climb well, and if you are beaten we may all be killed."

Then both Squirrel and Bluejay took sharp bones, so that if one got ahead he could hit the one behind on the head, and they started to climb. All the people crowded around to see the contest, for the pole was high and the two were well matched. At last the people saw them reach the top and saw one of them strike the other on the head so that he came tumbling down, and all the people shouted, for they thought it was Bluejay. But when he reached the ground, they found it was Squirrel who had lost. So now, since Bluejay had beaten their best climber, they let him and his companions go.

They paddled on down the coast, and after some time they rounded a point, and come upon another village, much like the first. Here Hair-seal challenged Bluejay to a diving-match, and Bluejay found himself in a difficult position, for he was no diver at all. But his master turned the canoe over and washed it out, leaving the brush from the bottom floating about it on the water. Then he told Bluejay to accept the challenge and dive, but to come up under the brush and lie there concealed, and not to show himself.

So both Bluejay and Hair-seal dived, and Bluejay came up immediately under the brush and floated there where no one could see him. He waited until he shivered so with the cold that the brush moved with his shaking, and his master began to be afraid the people would notice it, so he rocked the canoe and made waves to conceal the motion of the brush, and no one suspected that Bluejay was hidden there.

Now, they had agreed that when the sun had passed from one tree to another not far off, each was to have the right to hit the other in the head with a sharp bone. So, when Bluejay saw that the sun had reached the second tree, he dived down and found Hair-seal lying with his head down close to the bottom. Bluejay jabbed him with the bone before Hair-seal knew what was happening, and Hair-seal came floating up to the surface. All the people shouted, "Bluejay's up!" But it turned out to be Hair-seal, while Bluejay went back under the brush without showing himself. There he waited about half an hour longer, and then came out shouting and laughing, and saying that he felt splendidly and not tired at all. In that way Hair-seal was beaten, and the people let Bluejay and his party go on again.

They paddled on as before until they came to another village, and there the people challenged the four wanderers to go into a sweat-house with four of their people and see which could stand the most heat. So four of the village people went into one corner of the sweat-house, and the four travelers into the other. Then the door was closed so that it was pitch



dark, and soon it became very hot. But Beaver and Land Otter began to dig, and in a very short time they had tunnelled to the river. Then all four got into the water and were as comfortable as could be, while the four men from the village were nearly baked.

When the time was up, Bluejay and his friends came back into the sweat-house, and when the door was opened, they all jumped out. Bluejay and his friends were as fresh as possible, while the four men from the village were nearly cooked, and their eyes were all white from the heat. So, having beaten the people at their own game, they were allowed to go on and, paddling as hard as they could, before they knew it they had rounded another point, and come upon a village as before. They ran the canoe clear up on the beach and tied it, and, taking their paddles, went into one of the houses.

The people immediately challenged the new arrivals to sit up five days and five nights without sleeping, against four of their own number. The friends were afraid not to accept, so they started the match. One party sat on one side of the house and the other on the other. The men from the village had spears, and when any one of them was falling asleep, they would prod him with a spear and wake him. They kept calling out to each other all night, "Are you awake? Are you still awake?" And they reviled each other constantly.

Bluejay did all the talking for his side, and was hardly quiet a minute. All the next day they jeered at each other, and so they did the next night. Bluejay and the spokesman of the other side kept talking back and forth the whole time. The next day they did the same thing, and so on the third night, and the fourth day and the fourth night it was still the same.

On that night the men from the village nearly went to sleep, but Bluejay's men were all right as yet. Bluejay himself was almost done up, but his master would pull his ears and kept him awake, for Bluejay's master was the best man of them all.

The fifth night, the men of the village went to sleep, and Bluejay's master told Land Otter and Beaver to dig so that they could get out. They did so and fetched four pieces of old wood with phosphorescent spots on them, and they placed the pieces where they had been sitting, one piece for each man, and the spots looked like eyes. Then, while the other crowd was still sleeping, they got out, and, taking everything they could lay their hands on, they stole away in the canoe.

Just before daylight one of the other four waked and called Bluejay several times, but got no answer. So he waked the others and, taking their spears, they speared what they thought were their rivals. But when daylight came, they saw that they had been fooled, and that their spears were sticking into wood.

There was great excitement, and the people decided to give chase and, making ready their canoes, they started after the fugitives. Along in the afternoon, Bluejay's master said, "I feel sure some one is following us," and, looking back, they saw a lot of canoes in pursuit. Then they paddled with all their might, and Bluejay's master paddled so hard that at every stroke he broke a paddle, until he had broken all they had, and they floated helpless.

Then the others turned to Bluejay and said, "You are always talking about your tamanous. Make use of him now, if you have one, for we are in a bad fix." But Bluejay could only hang his head, for he had no tamanous.

Then Land Otter called on his tamanous, and a little wind arose.

Then Beaver called upon his, and the wind became a little stronger, but all the time the other canoes were drawing closer.

Then Bluejay's master called upon his tamanous, and there swept down a great storm and a fog. The storm lasted only a short time, and when it had passed, they looked about them and saw hundreds of capsized canoes, but not a man living, for all the people had been drowned.

They went around and gathered up all the paddles they wanted and went on, and at last reached the Quinault country and were among good people. The people who had pursued them were probably Makahs, for they are a bad lot.

Finally they reached their home near Damon's Point and, after that, whenever they came in from sealing, they were careful to give Grouse the biggest and fattest seal.

<http://mythfolklore.blogspot.com/2014/06/heroes-bluejay-and-his-companions-cont.html>

### **Dirty-Boy Okanagon**

The people of a certain region were living together in a very large camp. Their chief had two beautiful daughters of marriageable age. Many young men had proposed to them, but all had been refused. The chief said, "Whom do my daughters wish to marry? They have refused all the men."

Sun and Star, who were brother and sister, lived in the sky, and had seen all that had happened. Sun said to his sister, "The chief's daughters have rejected the suits of all our friends. Let us go down and arrange this matter! Let us try these girls!" They made clothes, and at night they descended to earth.

During the darkness they erected a lodge on the outskirts of the camp. It had the appearance of being very old and of belonging to poor people. The poles were old and badly selected. The covering was tattered and patched, and made of tule mats. The floor was strewn with old dried brush and grass, and the beds were of the same material. Their blankets consisted of old mats and pieces of old robes; and their kettles and cups were of bark, poorly made. Star had assumed the form of a decrepit old woman dressed in rags, and Sun that of a dirty boy with sore eyes.

On the following morning the women of the camp saw the lodge and peered in. When they returned, they reported, "Some very poor people arrived during the night, and are camped in an old mat lodge. We saw two persons inside - a dirty, sore-eyed boy, and his grandmother, a very old woman in ragged clothes."

Now, the chief resolved to find husbands for his daughters. He sent out his speaker to announce that in four days there would be a shooting-contest open to all the men, and the best marksman would get his daughters for wives. The young men could not sleep for eagerness.

On the third day the chief's speaker announced, "To-morrow morning every one shall shoot. Each one will have two shots. An eagle will perch on the tall tree yonder; and whoever kills it shall have the chief's daughters."

Coyote was there and felt happy. He thought he would win the prize. On the following morning an eagle was seen soaring in the air, and there was much excitement as it began to descend. It alighted on a tree which grew near one end of the camp. Then the young men tried to shoot it. Each man had two arrows.

The previous evening Sun had said to Star, "Grandmother, make a bow and arrows for me."

She said, "What is the use? You cannot shoot. You never used bow and arrows."

He replied, "I am going to try. I shall take part in the contest to-morrow. I heard what the chief said."

She took pity on him, and went to a red willow-bush, cut a branch for a bow, and some twigs for arrows. She strung the bow with a poor string, and did not feather the arrows.

Coyote, who was afraid some one else might hit the bird, shouted, "I will shoot first. Watch me hit the eagle." His arrow struck the lowest branch of the tree and fell down, and the people laughed. He said, "I made a mistake. That was a bad arrow. This one will kill the eagle." He shot, and the arrow fell short of the first one. He became angry, and pulled other arrows from his quiver. He wanted to shoot them all.

The people seized him and took away his arrows, saying, "You are allowed to shoot twice only."

All the people shot and missed. When the last one had shot, Sun said, "Grandmother, lift the door of the lodge a little, so that I can shoot."

She said, "First get out of bed."

She pulled the lodge mat aside a little, and he shot. The arrow hit the tail of the eagle. The people saw and heard the arrow coming from Dirty-Boy's lodge, but saw no one shooting it. They wondered. He shot the second arrow, which pierced the eagle's heart.

Now, Wolf and others were standing near Dirty-Boy's lodge, and Wolf desired much to claim the prize. He shouted, "I shot the bird from the lodge-door!" and ran to pick it up, but the old woman Star ran faster than he, picked up the bird, and carried it to the chief. She claimed his daughters for her grandson.

All the people gathered around, and made fun of Dirty-Boy. They said, "He is bedridden. He is lousy, sore-eyed, and scabby-faced." The chief was loath to give his daughters to such a person. He knew that Dirty-Boy could not walk.

Therefore he said, "Tomorrow there shall be another contest. This will be the last one; I cannot break my word. Whoever wins this time shall have my daughters."

He announced that on the morrow each man should set two traps for fishers, an animal very scarce at the place where the camp was located. If any one should catch a fisher one night, then he was to stay in the mountains another day to catch a second one. After that he had to come back. Those who caught nothing the first night had to come home at once. Only two traps were allowed to each man, and two fishers had to be caught -- one a light one, and one a dark one--and both prime skins.

Coyote had boasted that he would certainly catch the fishers. When he went up the mountain, he carried ten traps instead of two. He said, "Whoever heard of setting only two traps? I shall set ten." He set them all, remained out two nights, but got nothing.

When all the men had gone to the mountains, Sun said to his sister, "Grandmother, make two traps for me."

She answered, "First get out of bed!" However, she had pity on him, and made two deadfalls of willow sticks. She asked him where she should set them, and he said, "One on each side of the lodge-door."

On the following morning all the men returned by noon; not one of them had caught a fisher. When Star went out, she found two fine fishers in the traps.

Now the chief assembled the men to see if any one had caught the fishers. He was glad because he knew that Dirty-Boy could not walk and unless he went to the mountains, he had no chance to kill fishers.

Just then the old grandmother appeared, dragging the fishers. She said, "I hear you asked for two fishers; here are two that my grandson caught." She handed them over to him, and then left.

The chief said to his daughters, "You must become the wives of Dirty-Boy. I tried to save you by having two contests, but since I am a great chief, I cannot break my word. Go now, and take up your abode with your husband." They put on their best clothes and went.

On the way they had to pass Raven's house and heard the Ravens laughing inside because the girls had to marry Dirty-Boy.

The elder sister said, "Let us go in and-see what they are laughing about!"

The younger one said, "No, our father told us to go straight to our husband."

The elder one went in, and sat down beside Raven's eldest son. She became his wife. Like all the other Ravens, he was ugly and had a big head, but she thought it better to marry him than to become the wife of a dirty, sickly boy.

The younger one went on, entered Dirty-Boy's lodge, and sat down by his side. The old woman asked her who she was and why she had come. When the old woman had been told, she said, "Your husband is sick, and soon he will die. He stinks too much. You must not sleep with him. Go back to your father's lodge every evening, but come here in the daytime, and watch him and attend him."

Now, the Raven family that lived close by laughed much at the younger daughter of the chief. They were angry because she had not entered their house and married there as her elder sister had done. To hurt her feelings, they dressed their new daughter-in-law in the finest clothes they had. Her dress was covered with beads, shells, elk's teeth, and quill-work. They gave her necklaces, and her mother-in-law gave her a finely polished celt of green stone (jade) to hang at her belt.

The younger sister paid no attention to this, but returned every morning to help her grandmother-in-law to gather firewood, and to attend to her sick husband.

For three days matters remained this way. In the evening of the third day Sun said to his sister, "We will resume our true forms tonight so that people may see us tomorrow." That night they transformed themselves." The old mat lodge became a fine new skin lodge, surpassing those of the Blackfeet and other tribes, richly decorated with ornaments and with streamers tied to the top and painted. The old bark kettle became a bright copper kettle, and new pretty woven baskets and embroidered and painted bags were in the house.

The old woman became a fine-looking person of tall figure with clothes covered with shining stars. Dirty-Boy became a young, handsome man of light complexion. His clothes were covered with shining copper. His hair reached to the ground and shone like the rays of the sun.

In the morning the people saw the new lodge, and said, "Some rich chief has arrived and has camped where the poor people were. He has thrown them out."

When the girl arrived, she was much surprised to see the transformation. She saw a woman in the door, wearing a long skin dress covered with star pendants, with bright stars in her hair. She addressed her in a familiar voice, saying, "Come in and sit with your husband!" The girl then knew who she was.

When she entered, she saw a handsome man reclining, with his head on a beautiful [parfleche](#). His garments and hair were decorated with bright suns. The girl did not recognize him and looked around. The woman said, "That is your husband; go and sit beside him." Then she was glad.

Sun took his wife to the copper kettle which stood at the door. It contained a shining liquid. He pushed her head into it, and when the liquid ran down over her hair and body, lines of sparkling small stars formed on her. He told her to empty the kettle. When she did so, the liquid ran to the chief's lodge, forming a path, as of gold-dust. He said, "This will be your trail when you go to see your father."

<http://mythfolklore.blogspot.com/2014/06/heroes-dirty-boy-cont.html>