

b. by Tom Miyal

The numbers of the abstract refer to corresponding numbers in the analysis of version a; only the incidents which differ are mentioned, the others are understood to be present.

2. Chief orders people to hunt each his own kind
3. Coyote calls Grizzly kind and cubs
4. Cubs kill Coyote
7. Coyote destroys Grizzly cubs

Once the chief of a village said, "Go hunt, Coyote hunt Coyote; Grizzly kill Grizzly; Mouse kill his kind, Mice; each eat your own kind."

Then in the morning they went, they hunted. Mouse cried, "Mouse, my kind!" It ran up. Grizzly called, "Grizzly, my kind!" It ran up. He killed it. Then Coyote called. A coyote ran up. Coyote killed it. He took it home; he and his family ate. Then Mole, Coyote's wife, said, "My! That which we ate was awful!"

The next morning Coyote said to Mole, "I am going to call, 'Grizzly, my kind!' Mole said, "Goodness no! He might bite." "No, I am going to call him." Then he called Grizzly's kind. He carried it home to Mole's house. The family ate until they became surfeited with the fat. Coyote asked Mole, "Did you like it?" "Yes, I liked it."

In the morning Coyote said he was going to call the three bear cubs who were full grown. Mole said, "No! They are fierce. They might kill you." The next day he went to hunt. Suddenly the call was heard, "Grizzly, my kind! Cubs, my kind!" Then they growled. The people said, "Now Coyote is going to get it."

There in the brush the cubs growled. Coyote screamed. He was killed. His head was bitten. The people all gathered. "Is Coyote gone?" Fox went around and asked at all the houses. He said, "Have you seen Coyote?" He was told, "Right there in the brush on the mountain we heard growling because he called Grizzly his kind."

Fox went and searched for Coyote. Near the brush he said, "My boy-friend, I proud one, my boy-friend." Fox called Grizzly and he answered, "My friend, proud one, my friend!" Fox said, "Are you alive? I'll turn back again."

Then Fox went to where Coyote lay. Just fur was lying there. Only pieces of Coyote were lying there, even some of them had been eaten. Fox stepped over Coyote. He became alive again. Then Coyote yawning, said, "My! I must have been sleeping a long time."

¹ Fox and Coyote use a reciprocal term which is a mispronunciation of the usual word for "friend."

"You were dead, your head was bitten by Grizzly. Look where you were lying. The place is all full of maggots." They went back. All gathered in the morning and went hunting. Coyote went also. The people said, "Look out, there's no telling what he will say. Listen when he talks. If he says something different we'll run back." Coyote called, "You, big Halistones of our kind! You, Rain of our kind, big as pitch-forks! You, Wind of our kind, blow strong! Come you, Thunder of our kind!"

The people ran home. For a long time it hailed, it rained, it thundered. Everybody was wet. Coyote went around looking. Under a tree sat the three Grizzly cubs. He killed them. He went home.

The end of the trail.

No analogues to the Coeur d'Alene Hunting One's Kind story were found in the myth bodies of the tribes studied.

Most tribes tell stories of one kind or another in the unfolding of which a dead person is revived by being stepped over. The stylistic element of Fox reviving Coyote in this manner, as it occurs in the Coeur d'Alene myth, is found in stories of the *Okeamagon* (cp. BBAE 59:283; MAPLS 11:72); Pend d'Oreille (MAPLS 11:114, 115, 116, 117); *Sahapim* (MAPLS 11:169) and Nez Percé (CUCA 25:306, 465).

18. Coyote Kills Cricket with Elk Fat (*Mistaken Kindness*)

Coyote and Cricket visit
Cricket kills elk for Coyote
Coyote, feeling sorry for Cricket, feeds him meat
Coyote revives Cricket

As Coyote was going along he heard a noise which frightened him, *ta ta ta*. He looked for it and found it was a cricket. He said, "Hello, my younger brother! It's a long time since I saw you." They shook hands. Both were glad. Coyote said, "Do you know we are real brothers? My father and his father, then his father and his father were related. So you are my little brother. Where is your house?" Cricket answered, "I have no house." "But what do you do at night?" "I just go to sleep in the grass." Then said Coyote, "Oh! You must take the trail to my house."

Then both went. Coyote returned home and just as he started to build his fire Cricket arrived. "Come in! Sit down," said Coyote. Both were glad and talked. After a while Coyote said, "I am poor (humble). I

have nothing to eat."¹ "I am not hungry," said Cricket. Coyote said, "But I am hungry."

He did nothing but walk around looking for food. They went to bed and slept. The next day Coyote went out again to look for food. Cricket went out and ate grass. Then he slept. Every time he was hungry he just went out and found plenty of grass. Toward night Coyote came back with two mice. Cricket said, "I saw something good for you." The next day he said the same thing. Coyote thought, "You go and eat grass."

The grass was dry and Cricket did not like it. Coyote went far that day. Cricket found good grass and ate his fill. Then he lay down, but soon he heard a noise like a horse walking. He thought it might tread on him. He went in another direction and still heard it. He saw it was an elk. He made his noise *ta ta ta ta*. It frightened the elk. He looked around. Then Cricket went *ta ta ta*. He ran off, fell over a cliff and was killed. Cricket was glad. He thought, "Now Coyote can eat. He is starving. He can have plenty."

Cricket went under the cliff. There lay the elk. He had large antlers. Cricket climbed up on the largest branch and sang, "*Tuts tuts tuts*, I killed him."

When Coyote came home he wondered where Cricket was. He slept in the morning. He thought, "I wonder where he is. Maybe he is dead."

Thinking he was dead Coyote pulled Cricket's little bag of belongings apart, took out the sinew which was the only thing of value, toasted it and ate it. Then he cried for Cricket. He took the sack and burned it. Then he cried, "*ävü väü äväü väü*, my brother. Is it his big belly that ought to be mourned; *ävü väü*, is it the back of his neck which is pitiable? Is it because he spits?"

(This song is repeated four times.)

"Why is his thigh long?" He heard someone shout, "Tuts tuts tuts."

"Ha! he isn't dead. He is still alive." Then Coyote sang the mourning song again and Cricket answered with his hunting song louder and louder. Then Coyote said, "What is the matter? So you are still alive?" Cricket said, "Come and cut up the meat or it might spoil." Coyote said, "Oh my! Thank you, so you killed something."

When he had cut half of the elk he roasted it and offered it to Cricket. "No, I don't eat it. Fix it for yourself." Coyote cooked it and while he was eating Cricket ate grass. His stomach swelled. He lay down to sleep. His mouth was open.

Suddenly Coyote looked at him and said, "Poor thing, my young brother. Here am I eating all the meat I want and his mouth is all down to sleep. His mouth was open."

¹ Formal way of inviting guests to eat but, as is usual with Coyote, the phrase was only too true!

chapped from eating grass." He dipped fat off the meat with a spoon and put it on Cricket's mouth *uswts uswts uswts*! He burst open. His stomach was all spread out flat. Coyote cried, "I didn't mean to do it, my young brother."

He took elk sinew and sewed him the entire length of his body. He smoothed down the sewing. He stepped over him. He became alive. "I told you I never eat meat, only grass." Coyote was happy again. He said, "I pitied you because your mouth was so dry. I thought I ought to grease it."

Then Coyote went away. Cricket went away.

Allied myths, as far as the Cricket-Elk incident is concerned, are to be found among the *Sampoil* and the *Thompson*:

In the *Sampoil* myth Cricket kills a buffalo bull; he and his brother, Grasshopper, feast upon it till Coyote carries them away; Cricket's grandmother pursues Coyote in the form of a rook (MAFLS II:103).

In the *Thompson* version Mountain Grasshopper, kills Elk, upon whom he and his brother, Common Grasshopper, feast (MAM 12:331).

The outstanding characteristic of the Coeur d'Alene myth, Coyote's unusual kindness which makes for evil, was not found duplicated.

19. Coyote and Nighthawk Change Coats (Rolling Rock)

Coyote pursued by rolling rock
Nighthawk carries Coyote to safety and splits rock
Coyote secretly exchanges shirts with Nighthawk
Nighthawk recovers shirt from Coyote; rock fattens his head

In the morning Coyote went off. All day he walked. All at once he saw a rock on the ground. He sat down and started talking. "This rock is good. I wish it was at my house. I would sit on it all the time because it is so nice and smooth." He defecated on the rock. He went away. He went far during the day. Every time he looked back he saw dust on his trail. It frightened him so he went in zigzags because he thought the rock was trailing him. He went in a circle; always the dust was there. He thought, "They are chasing me." He ran faster, then down to the water. He jumped in. The rock fell in and just missed his tail.

Coyote swam across the river which was very wide. When he came out of the water he walked a little to get warm. He spread his wet blanket and lay down because he was cold. Just as he was going to sleep he heard