

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*. 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, "*awä wä awä wä*, my brother. Is it his big belly that ought to be mourned; *awä wä*, 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." "Hal 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 ¹Formal 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 *uwts swts swts!* 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 rock (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 flattens 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

something like a person coming out of the water. It was the rock. Coyote grabbed his blanket and ran. The rock touched his blanket and tore a piece out of it. He ran further and saw a nighthawk flying around. "Come down and help me out, partner," he begged. Nighthawk came down. He said, "Hold on to my belt." Coyote said, "It's too little, it will break. Let's double it with mine."

"No, it won't break."

They flew up, Coyote holding on to Nighthawk's belt. The rock called to Nighthawk, "Put him down here. I want to kill him because he defecated in my eye."

Coyote said, "No, don't take me down!" Whenever Nighthawk flew down Coyote begged him not to alight. Finally he flew suddenly down on the rock and it split into pieces. Coyote was glad. Nighthawk said to him, "Come, take some for earrings." Then he said, "Come, let me carry you again," but Coyote said, "No, my chest might get sore, but because I am grateful I will carry you." He carried him around. Nighthawk went to sleep. Coyote went slowly, then put him down. He looked at him and covered Nighthawk's shirt. He took off Nighthawk's shirt and his own. He put his on Nighthawk and Nighthawk's on himself. He thought he looked nice and said to himself, "Now when I go to Spokane how nice I will look!"

He went away. He had not gone far when he found himself walking in jerks as Nighthawk flies. Every once in a while he jerked upward, each time higher, but each time swooping to the ground again. Finally he went very high, bumped into a tree and was killed.

When Nighthawk woke he felt chilly. He said, "Where is my shirt? It is gone." Coyote's shirt was on him. "That Coyote is crazy, I suppose he's got my shirt all bloody by this time," he remarked as he took Coyote's shirt and trailed him. A little way off he found tracks, they were lost and found again after a short distance. Finally he found Coyote lying dead. He took his shirt off Coyote and put it on. Then he went to sleep. When he woke up his head was heavy because a rock was on it. It had made his head flat. His mouth was stretched out wide and pinched together on each side.

Myths which somewhat resemble the Coeur d'Alene story are to be found in *Wasco* and *Shuswap* mythology. In the *Wasco* myth the pursuing rock gets stuck in mud and Coyote escapes unassisted (PAFS 2:272). In the two *Shuswap* versions, which belong in the series of Coyote-Fox episodes, one occurring among the North Thompson Shuswap, Coyote obtains for himself Fox's golden eagle feather (silver fox skin) robe which Fox recovers in turn with the aid of a whirlwind. The

rolling rock element is lacking as well as the Nighthawk character (MAM 4:634, 742).

A *Sampoil* myth (MAFLS 11:103), which in its essential features correlates with the Coeur d'Alene story "Coyote kills Cricket with Elk Fat," concludes with the Rolling Rock episode: Cricket's grandmother turns into a rolling stone and pursues Coyote who escapes by resorting to his magic power (MAFLS 11:103).

Reference to the Rolling Rock episode as a variant of the Rolling Skull myth may be found in PAFS 2:272, footnote 2.

20. Cricket Rides Coyote

Coyote coaxes Cricket to ride him

Cricket tickles Coyote

Coyote bucks, Cricket's legs fall off

Coyote was walking. Suddenly he heard "tswuhutt!" He jumped. He saw a Cricket, "Ha, my younger brother," he said, "Do you know we are brothers?" "No, I didn't know it." "Yes, I am your brother. Where is your house?" "I have none." "All right, let's go together." "No, you go too fast for me. I am very slow." "Well," said Coyote "Ride me." "You're too tall, I can't mount you." "Come," said Coyote. "We'll look for a rock. I'll stand by it. You can climb up on it and mount me."

They found a rock. As Cricket was mounting Coyote said, "My! I am ticklish. I might buck. I haven't been ridden for a long time. Hold fast!" They started off. Somehow Cricket switched Coyote. Off he went. He started to buck. Cricket fell off. He said, "That's enough! You go on." But Coyote insisted, "No, come on. Ride me again. Put your legs under my arms and I'll squeeze you tight." Cricket mounted again. "Now hold tight, because you know how ticklish I am."

Cricket rode Coyote. Soon he bucked because he was being squeezed. Cricket's hip came off. Coyote bucked and the other hip fell off. Coyote looked back. There lay Cricket without his legs. Coyote said, "I guess I better go on." He went off.

That is the end of my road.

No parallels were found to the Coeur d'Alene Coyote-Cricket myth. Among the *Kutenai* Coyote incidentally gives Locust a ride. The ride is interrupted however by a meeting with Grizzly Bear, whereupon Coyote sets Locust down at the edge of a cliff; Locust scares Grizzly into falling off the cliff; Grizzly dies (BBAE 59:2). The *Kutenai* myth fits more aptly into the category of those myths dealing with the power of the small one.