

## *Stories of the Cahto Tribe*

### Coyote Competes with Grey-squirrels

(This is a line-by-line translation (within the limits of English readability))

Grey squirrels built a fire, they say.

They built the fire under a tree.

Six of them were jumping across, they say.

Coyote arrived, they say.

"Hah-hah-hah!

I did that sort of thing a long time ago when my grandmother took care of me.

Help me up, my friend."

"Yes." (squirrels said)

"Help me up, my friend."

"Yes." (squirrels said)

"Help me up, my friend."

"Yes." (squirrels said)

"Help me up, my friend."

"Help him up," he said, they say.

Then he jumped across, they say.

Then, when he jumped across, he fell, they say.

Then he fell into the fire and burned up, they say.

Then the coals rolled out of the fire, they say.

Then, "Come back to me, my hair!"

That is all.

## **Professor Goddard's Translation**

*Some grey squirrels built a fire between two trees. There were six of them amusing themselves by jumping from one tree to another over the fire. Coyote came along.*

*"Ha, ha, ha," he cried. "I used to do that when my grandmother was still leading me around. Take me up, my friends."*

*"Yes," they said.*

*" Take me up, my friends, " Coyote insisted.*

*"Well, bring him up," one said. They brought him up, and he tried to jump across, but failing, fell into the fire. He burned up. The coals which remained of him rolled out of the fire*

*"Come back, my hair," he called.*