

Stories of the Cahto Tribe

A Supernatural Experience

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

We were killing lizards.

I carried many lizards in a sack

We filled the sack.

He killed one young one.

Its mother ran.

It lay over yonder

"Where is the big one lying?" he asked me.

"There it is," I said.

He was about to shoot it.

"Do not kill me.

You have already killed my child.

As for me, let me live."

Fire burst forth from inside its mouth.

I dropped (what was) in the sack.

I ran back up the hill.

I was sick.

They doctored me.

I was senseless.

I must have died.

I heard my mother when she cried, when she said, "My boy!"

It was very dark.

Up there were my mother and father; I stood over there at the base of a rock hidden behind some brush.

From the north something flew there.

He spat spittle on me.

"Your feathers are about to grow

You are about to fly up into the sky.

There are flowers there.

It is beautiful/good.

It is light

The sun shines.

It is a good country."

Again a large one flew there.

"Did you already prepare him?"

"Yes, I already prepared him.

Why haven't the feathers come out?"

"Listen! There are two (doctors) doctoring him

Okay, we will leave him alone.

Make him fly."

I fell back right there,

because I didn't know how (to fly).

I didn't go anywhere.

I was right there, senseless

That is all.

Professor Goddard's Translation

We were killing lizards. I was carrying the sack. We had many of them. The sack was full. He killed a small one. Its mother ran off and lay near by.

"Where is the big one lying?" he asked me.

"There it is," I said.

He was about to shoot it.

"Do not kill me. Already you have killed my little one. I would live," she said.

Fire burst out of its month. I dropped the load in the sack and ran up the hill. I was sick. They doctored me. I didn't know anything because I had died. I heard my mother when she cried and said, "My little boy." It was very dark. My father and mother were standing over there. I was standing at the base of the rock behind a bush.

From the north something flew there. It spit over me.

"Your feathers will grow. You will fly up in the sky. There are flowers there. It is a good place. There is sunshine. It is a good land."

Again, a large one flew there.

"Have you fixed him already?" he asked.

"Yes, I fixed him some time ago. Why have not the feathers come out?"

"Listen, two are doctoring him. Well, we must leave him. Make him fly up now."

I fell back because I did not know how (to fly). I did not go anywhere. I was senseless right there

That is all.