

Stories of the Cahto Tribe

Stealing the Baby

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

Ten women were soaking buckeyes, they say.

The baby cried, they say.

"Here give the baby," said a woman, "give the baby here," they say.

"Take it!"

He gave it to her, they say.

It got very dark.

The wife arrived, they say.

"Where's my baby?"

"Is he asleep?" she said, they say.

"I gave it to you a long time ago."

"You didn't give it to me!" she said, they say.

"You did not give it to me!"

They looked for it.

They did not find it, they say.

The baby cried in the west in the deep darkness, they say.

An owl hooted, they say.

It kept hooting along, they say.

They followed it far west, far into the deep darkness, they say.

They gave up, they say.

That is all.

Professor Goddard's Translation

Ten women were soaking buckeye flour at the creek. A man was tending the baby in the house. The baby cried. Some one came in keeping her face turned away and said, "Here, give the baby to me." " Take it, " he said, and put it in her arms.

It was quite dark when the woman came home. "'Where ia the baby? Asleep? " she asked.

"I gave it to you long ago."

"You did not give it to me," she said.

They looked for it a long time, but did not find it. They heard the baby crying toward the west in the darkness. An owl kept hooting. They followed it far into the dark night toward the west. They finally gave it up.