

Title: Conversations

Subtitle: Native Lore: The Magic Arrows

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URL: https://www.wizanda.com/modules/newbb/viewtopic.php?topic_id=57

Quote:

Native Lore: The Magic Arrows

Native American Lore

There was once a young man who wanted to go on a journey. His mother had dried meat and pairs of moccasins, but his father said to him:

"Here, my son, are four magic arrows. When you are in need, shoot one."

The young man went forth alone, and hunted in the forest for many days, but was unsuccessful, but a day came when he was hungry and could not find meat. He shot the magic arrows, and at the end of the day there lay a fat Bear with the tongue cut out the tongue for his meal, and of the body of the Bear he made a feast. Mystery.

Again he was in need, and again in the morning he shot a magic arrow. In the camp-fire he found an Elk lying with the arrow in his heart. Once more he shot up the body as a sacrifice. The third time he killed a Moose with his arrow. The fourth time he killed a Buffalo.

After the fourth arrow had been spent, the young man came one day on a journey. To him there lay a great circular village of skin lodges. At one side, and so close to the people, he noticed a small and poor tent where an old couple lived alone. In the wood he took off his clothes and hid them in a hollow tree. Then, touching his bow-staff, he turned himself into a little ragged boy and went toward the poor tent.

The old woman saw him coming, and said to her old man: "Old man, let him stay in our own! He seems to be a fine, bright-eyed little fellow, and we are all alone."

"What are you thinking of, old woman?" grumbled the old man. "We cannot take him in, and yet you talk of taking in a ragged little scamp from nobody knows where."

In the meantime the boy had come quite near, and the old wife beckoned him.

"Sit down, my grandson, sit down!" she said, kindly; and, in spite of the old man's objections, she handed him a small dish of parched corn, which was all the food they had.

The boy ate and stayed on. By and by he said to the old woman: "Grandmother, have grandfather make me some arrows!"

"You hear, my old man?" said she. "It will be very well for you to make a boy."

"And why should I make arrows for a strange little ragged boy?" grumbled

However, he made two or three, and the boy went hunting. In a short time he had killed a few small birds. The old woman took them and pulled off the feathers, thanking her for what she did so. She quickly made the little birds into soup, of which the old man ate. The soft feathers she stuffed a small pillow.

"You have done well, my grandson!" he said; for they were really very good.

Not long after, the boy said to his adopted grandmother: "Grandmother, when you are on the edge of the wood yonder, you must call out: 'A Bear! there goes a Bear!'"

This she did, and the boy again sent forth one of the magic arrows, which killed the body of his game and kept by him. No sooner had he shot, than he saw the animal offered up, lying before him with the arrow in his side!

Now there was great rejoicing in the lodge of the poor old couple. When the boy had cut the Bear and cutting the meat in thin strips to dry, the boy sat alone in the lodge. It was the Bear's tongue, which he wanted for himself.

All at once a young girl stood in the doorway. She drew her robe modestly over her head and said in a low voice:

"I come to borrow the mortar of your grandmother!"

The boy gave her the mortar, and also a piece of the tongue which he had kept. She went away.

When all of the Bear meat was gone, the boy sent forth a second arrow, and the third and fourth he shot the Moose and the Buffalo as before, each time killing the animal.

Soon after, he heard that the people of the large village were in trouble. The birds, he said, flew over the village every day at dawn, and the people believed that they were the souls of the dead, for they no longer had any success in hunting. None of their braves had killed a Bear, and the chief had offered his only daughter in marriage to the man who should kill one.

When the boy heard this, he went out early the next morning and lay in wait. At the touch of his magic arrow, it fell at his feet, and the boy pulled out his knife and cut the tongue without speaking to any one.

But the thankful people followed him to the poor little lodge, and when he had brought the chief's beautiful daughter to be his wife. Lo, she was the girl who had borrowed the grandmother's mortar!

Then he went back to the hollow tree where his clothes were hidden, and there he found a young man, richly dressed for his wedding.

Do you not know that the red horse is due to blood shed on the land?
We speak in one tongue we have forgotten what to speak with forked tou
If are to vist, how can we when we will not come near dead meat or anim
We do not wish to suffer in life and as in our next we became that eagle.

We then found that we go shot by an arrow and our mother eagle cried as
So understand this is prision and we here to learn the ways of reality, no