

trail and started the ascent. He climbed and climbed until he reached the very top. Then he dropped the fish and lay down to rest.

The grayling, however, only laughed, and told his captor he would have no trouble in getting back to water. The caribou thought this was just another case of youthful boasting, and paid no attention to him. A fish couldn't walk, he couldn't jump, and he couldn't fly, so how could he ever hope to reach the river?

In his eagerness for revenge there was one point which the caribou hadn't even considered. He didn't know that this grayling had the powers of a medicine man, and that there was no task which he could not accomplish. If he couldn't get to the water, then he would bring the water to him.

As he lay there, the fish made big medicine. He ordered the clouds to send water, as his fathers had done on many occasions in the years gone by when the streams were low. Instantly the heavens opened and the rain came down in torrents. The storm increased in volume until the caribou could see nothing but the small pinnacle on which he stood. Creeks overflowed their banks, carrying trees and rocks in their mad rush down the hillsides. The Yukon rose higher and higher. The storm showed no signs of abating. Now the lower hills were submerged, and only the great mountain was visible above the surface of the water. Down pelted the rain with increasing fury.

Through the din of the storm could be heard the taunting voice of the grayling. The caribou was terror stricken. He realized only too well that his great strength was of no avail against the powers of a medicine man. He coaxed and pleaded, but the fish only laughed at him.

The water had now reached the feet of the caribou. The fish was submerged, and bidding a hasty farewell to his companion, swam gaily away. Overjoyed at his deliverance, he forgot to stop the medicine, and the rain continued in torrents, until finally the caribou was submerged and drowned.

Swimming along near the surface of the water, the grayling noticed that the clouds were still sending rain as he had commanded them; so he again made medicine and ordered them to cease. No sooner had he done this than the sky cleared and the sun shone brightly.

But the big flood which the grayling had brought forth to save himself had obliterated every living creature on the earth.