

"Come forth here, brother wolverine," called Wesakchak. "I want to talk to you."

The wolverine came out and stood in front of him. He did not look a bit sorry for what he had done.

"You are always getting into mischief," said Wesakchak. "Now, I am going to punish you for playing so many mean tricks. After this your legs will be very short and crooked, and you will not be able to run as fast as you did before."

As he said this, the wolverine's legs grew short and bent, and with an angry growl the animal disappeared among the trees.

## II. A WONDERFUL JOURNEY

ONE day Wesakchak decided to go on a long journey. He knew that somewhere, many miles away, there was a village where people lived, and he made up his mind to go and see them.

The birds all loved Wesakchak, so a great many of them had given him their feathers to make into a suit. When it was finished, it was very beautiful. The vest was of snow-white feathers from the pigeons' breasts, the coat, of shining blue ones, given by the bluebirds. The leggings were made of black and brown feathers, which the blackbirds