

Childhood of Ji-shib

She became bolder, and twice struck the boy a cruel stinging blow with her heavy wing. Then Ji-shib, with his side lying close in against the rock, his left hand clutching a crevice above his head, his legs supporting him from two narrow ledges below, drew his knife from his breech-cloth, and, fastening his determined eyes on the bird, waited his chance to strike. He could not reach out far, for he dared not lean away from the rock, but soon, emboldened by her evident success, the brave war eagle came to sink her cruel claws in his side. Then he struck. Her fierce cry died half uttered, and she fell away, carrying the knife sunk deep in her breast. They listened as the heavy body fell crashing down the cliff, breaking branches and knocking off loosened pebbles, until it reached the bottom.

But both of the boys knew that Ji-shib was now in greater danger than before, for every moment they expected the eagle's mate to come in response to her calls, and there they were, both of them without weapons.