

I. — NĀNABUSHU TALES.

SERIES I. Nos. 1-18.

1. THE BIRTH OF NĀNABUSHU.

In a wigwam lived some people, an old woman with her daughter dwelt. Once she spoke to her daughter, saying: "I beg of you, my daughter, be on your guard. I would have you listen to what I am going to tell you. Verily, am I greatly afraid, I am in fear for you. Never bring to pass when you go out¹ that you sit facing toward this westward way. Something will happen to you if toward that way you sit facing. That is what causes me to entertain fears for you. Be careful to give heed to that which I now tell you to do; (or else) you will bring (an evil) fate upon yourself. Now that was what I had to tell you."

Now such was the way it was, for it was true that at the time heedful was this woman who was a maiden.² Never with men had she intimate association. But once on a time unmindful became the maiden; so when out of doors she went (and) afterwards sat down facing the west, then heard she the sound of wind coming hitherward. When she felt it, she was chilled there at the place of the passage out.³ Accordingly she quickly leaped

³ Osāga'a'mōwining, "at the place of the passage out," a euphemistic expression for the vulva.