

Torihās went to Karili, who lived a little way off, and said: "Come into the sweat-house. I wish to talk with you."

Karili went in. "Take this block," said Torihās. "No one is willing to carry it away, but you are strong. Carry it north for me."

Karili took up the flint, but when he had it outside the house he said: "I cannot carry this. It is too heavy. I am not able to carry it."

Torihās called in Tichelis, and said: "My uncle, will you take this north for me?"

"Why will not others take it? Why are they unwilling to carry it?" asked Tichelis. "Well, I will take it," said he, after thinking a little; and he made ready.

"Take it and start right away," said Torihās. "Daylight is coming. Go straight. I will go, too, and when I am on the top of Torihām Pui Toror I will shout, and show you where to put the block."

Tichelis put the flint on his back and hurried away with it.

When Katkatchila reached home he told his brother-in-law, Tilikus, and his brother-in-law's brother, Poharamas, and Yonot, his sister, how his flint had been stolen.

It was just before sunrise. Tilikus and Poharamas went out in front of the house and swept a space clean and smooth; then they ran off to the east and got pine as full of pitch as they could find it. They brought a great deal of this, split some very fine, and made a large pile there on the smooth place.