

Once when he shot his arrow through the open door, he lost it. He took another arrow and shot it from the same place to see where it would go. Soon he saw a boy pick up the arrow and run with it towards the stump. He said to him, "Well, are you the one who wishes to steal my arrow? Come along with me and I will give you some meat." But the boy said, "I will not go with you, for your father will not let me return." Then the son told the boy that his father was not at home, and together they went into the house. The strange boy ate some meat and, when he had finished, said, "Now, I will go."

In the evening, when the father came home, he noticed that a great deal of meat was gone and he asked his boy who had eaten so much meat. The boy said, "I was here alone." The next morning he told his son he was going to hunt, but instead he hid himself in the bushes near the house to watch. Soon he saw his boy run towards the stump and then two boys come back to the house. He went into the house and told the boys to remain there very quietly. As soon as he went away, however, they ran outside to play. The son wanted to play, "Cutting our heads off," but the other boy did not want to have his head cut off, so the son cut his off first and then the other one followed suit, and so they played for some time.

After a while the son said, "Our father told us to go to the river," but the other boy said, "He did not." "I heard him say so," said the son. So they went to the river and they saw someone running along the shore on the opposite side of the river. "Did you see the one who ran along the shore?" said the son. "Yes," said the other, "and that is the one who killed our mother." "What shall we do to kill him?" Then the son answered, "Let us walk a little further, and soon he will come to this place, and then we will fight him."

Soon the lion arrived, and the boys fought and killed him. They skinned him, so that their father might have something to lie on. When the father came home, he found a lion's skin on his bed and wondered where it had come from. Then the boys told him how it all happened, namely, that they had left the house when he went away and had gone down to the river. There they saw the white lion running towards them. The younger boy had run down the hill to fight the lion first, and then it was not long before they had killed him. Then they had skinned the lion and had brought home the skin for their father to lie upon, that his bed might be soft.