

8 Creation Myths of Primitive America

katchila stood back to shoot. Hau was ready to spring forward to get the weapon. The moment the weapon was shot, Hau ran with all his strength, reached the deer first, took out the weapon and hid it in his ear.

That moment Katkatchila was there. "You have taken my flint!" cried he. "Give it back!"

"I have not taken it," said Hau. "I have nothing of yours. I have just come."

"You have it. I saw you take it," said Katkatchila.

"I took nothing. I only put my hand on the deer's head."

"I saw you take it."

"No, you did not. I have n't it."

Katkatchila kept asking all day for his flint, but Hau would neither give it back nor own that he had it. At last, when the sun was almost down, Katkatchila turned to Hau and said,—

"I saw you take my flint. It would be better for you to give it back to me, better for you and very much better for your people. You want to keep the flint; well, keep it. You will see something in pay for this, something that will not make you glad."

He left the hunt and went away in great anger, travelled all night and was at home next morning.

Torihās's people went back from the hunt, and Hau with the others. He went into the sweat-house, took the flint out of his ear and held it on his palm. Every one came and looked at it. It was just a small bit of a thing.