

COYOTE STEAL THE ROLLONG ROCK'S BLANKET

As Coyote was walking around one day; he saw a rock with a blanket on it. He liked the blanket, so he carried it off with him. After going a short distance, he looked behind him, for he feared the owner of the blanket would come after him. And he did see something coming along. It was coming fast and leaving a cloud of dust behind it. Then Coyote ran up on a high hill. He thought the blanket's owner was coming after him, for he thought it belonged to a Ute. Down the other side of the hill he ran, where he saw a man standing in the road. He told the man that an Indian was coming after him. Then he ran until he met a Bear. Coyote said to the Bear, "Some one is coming after me, because I took a blanket." Then he ran off and the Bear said, "I'll catch him." Then the Bear stood out in the middle of the road. He was angry. The Indian came along fast; but when he got close, the Bear saw that it was the Rock. It knocked the Bear down and went on after the Coyote.

Coyote ran on up a high hill, the Rock coming easily after him. Here he met another Indian, who asked him, "Why are you running, Coyote?" Coyote answered, "Because I took this blanket." The Indian said, "That blanket belongs to some one." But Coyote kept on running and did not stop. He ran over a mountain and down to the bottom, but the Rock came swiftly after him. At the bottom he met a number of Utes, and he said to them, "Someone is coming after me. I don't know what tribe he belongs to. I took a blanket and he

keeps coming after me, keeps coming, keeps coming." The Indians laughed and said, "All right. We don't care who it is. We'll hold him." But when the Rock came, it crashed through the Indians and killed two of them.

Now Coyote saw it was a Rock and no Indian, and he ran away fast. Soon he came to a river where lived some Water Indians, little men with long hair. He said to one, "A Rock is coming after me." The Water Indian said, "You stole that blanket! That's not right. That blanket belongs to the Rock, and that's the reason he comes after you. You stole it. That's not right, and you did wrong to steal it." But Coyote ran way. Then the Water Indian stood still, and when the Rock came along, he caught it. He held it firmly, threw it back and made it stop. Then he laughed.

But Coyote turned into a Ute. He became a good Indian and never stole anymore.

