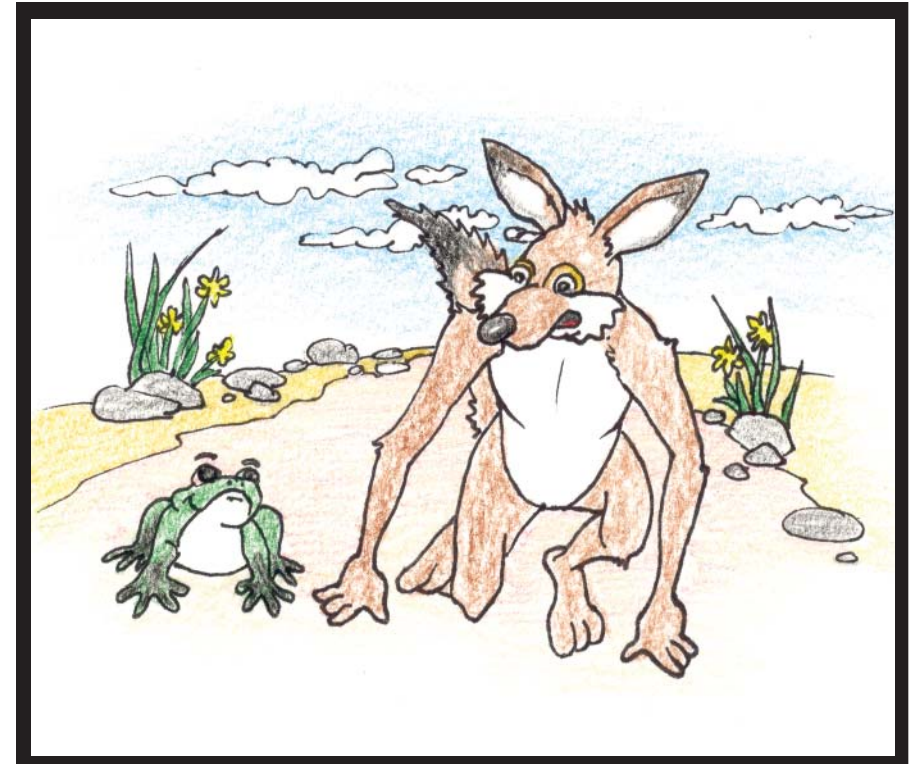


Coyote and Frog Race

A Goshute Tale



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For more information, visit
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To purchase copies, call
435-678-1229.

Cultural Note

According to Goshute tradition, Coyote tales should only be told during the winter time.

Traditional Goshute elders are botanists. They use many herbs and plants from the area for food, medicine, and spiritual healing.

Vocabulary

bounded

celebration

exhausted

googly

yelped

Glossary

toonampi - chokecherry

isappe - coyote

natthea - race

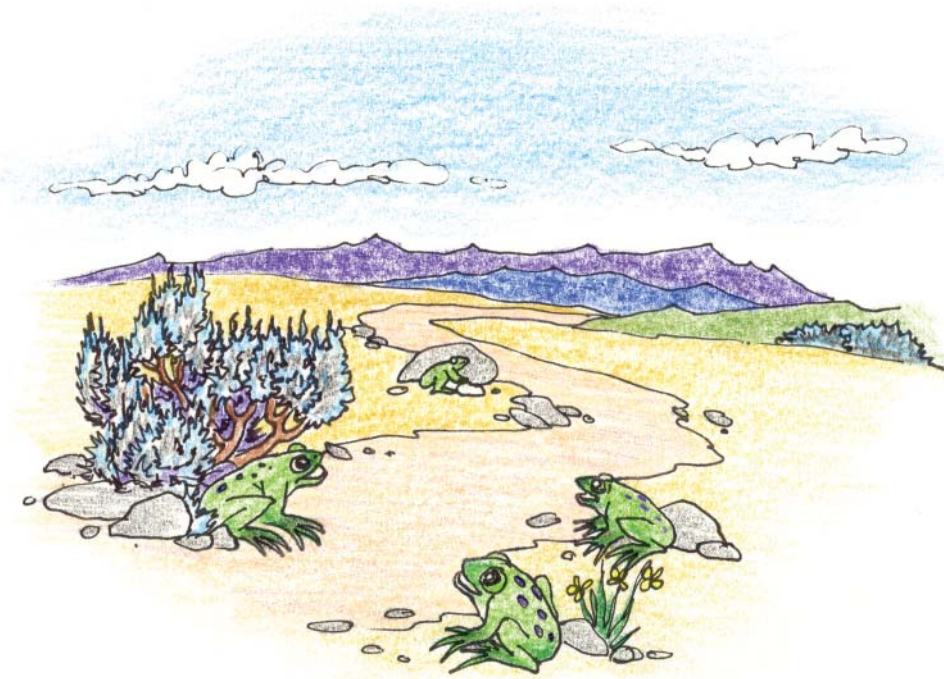
poho - sagebrush

tempi - rock

wako - frog

Reading Suggestions

- Have you ever been in a race? How did you do? Write a story about your race.
- Compound words are two little words put together to make one bigger word. For example, “roseberry,” “coneflower,” “background,” “buckskin,” and “outside” are compound words. Find at least five more compound words in the story.
- Retell the story in your own words. You may want to record yourself telling the story, then listen to see how you like your story.

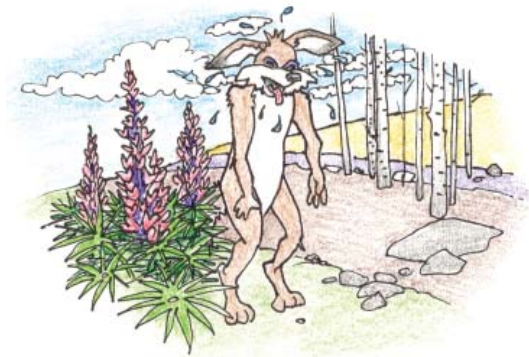


Frog just blinked his big, googly eyes and smiled. And all along the trail, down the mountainside and across the meadows, all the other frogs smiled too!

Poor Coyote! He lost his feather to Frog. He never did race Frog again, and to this day, the frogs sing the night song as a celebration in remembrance of the day they won Coyote's feather.

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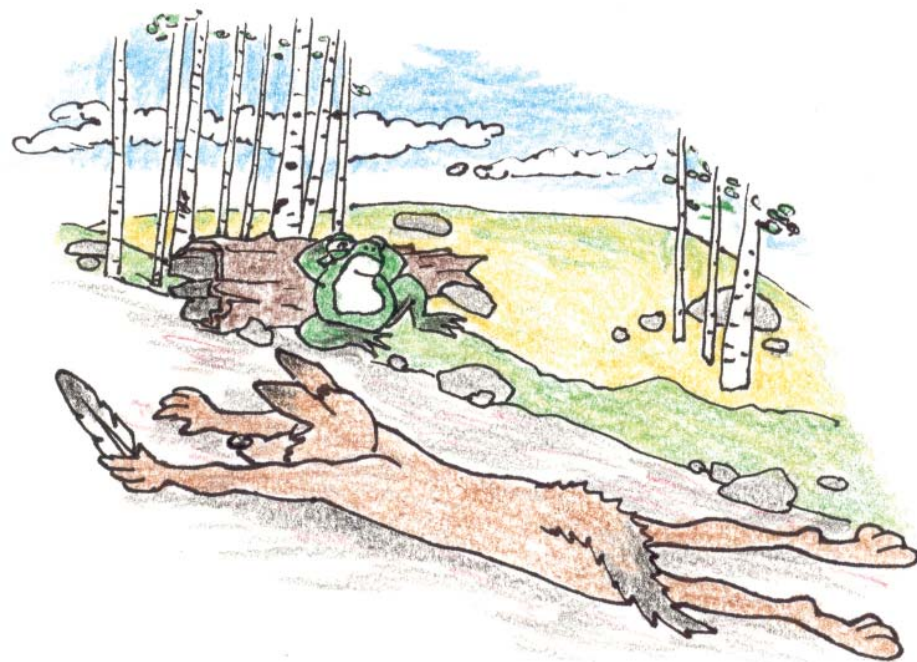
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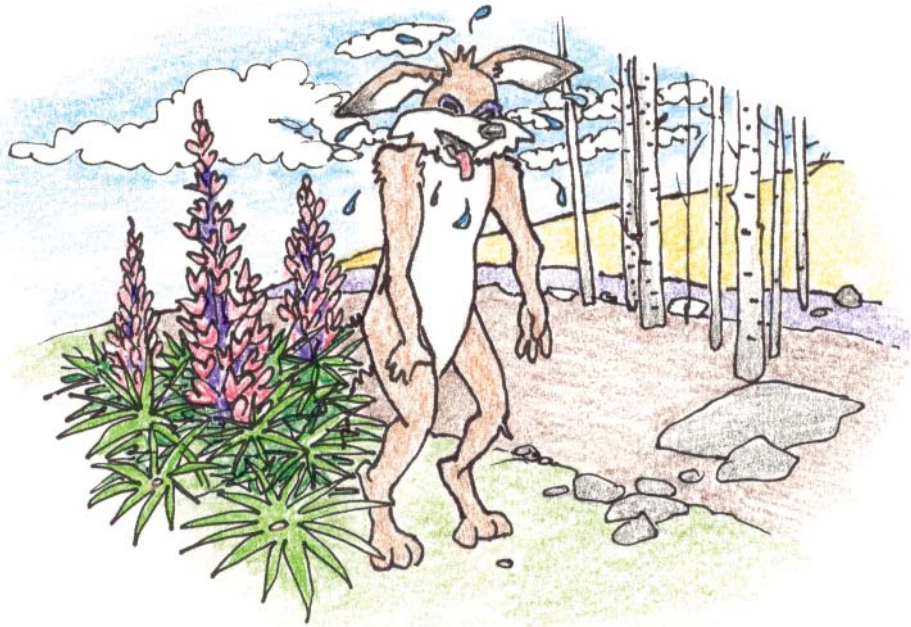
The Native American Indian Literacy Project was made possible by funds from the Utah State Office of Education (USOE). It is a joint effort of the USOE and San Juan School District Media Center. For more information about this project, contact Shirlee Silversmith at (801) 538-7838.

The booklets are available on a CD from the USOE. You may print the booklets off the CD, free of charge, for educational purposes. If you would like to purchase printed copies, contact the San Juan School District Media Center at (435) 678-1229.

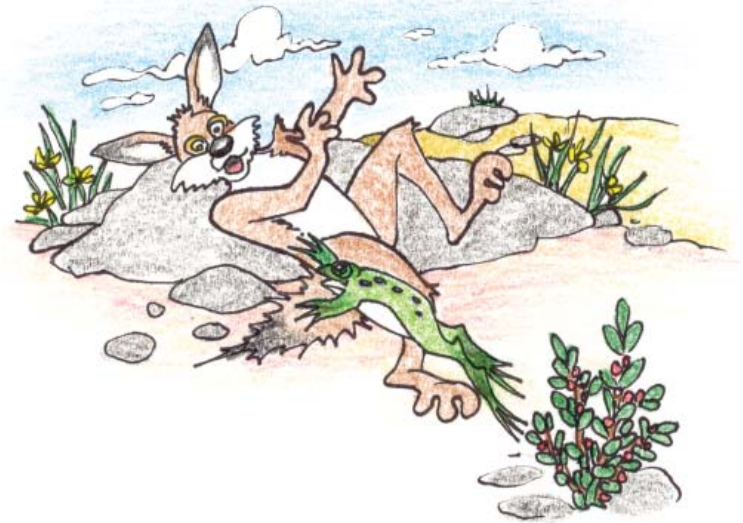
With the last of his energy, Coyote finally reached the end of the trail and leaped across the finish line. But poor Coyote! There sat Frog, resting in the shade of a fallen log. Coyote, with sweat pouring down his face, collapsed on the ground in front of Frog.

He panted and heaved and coughed for a few minutes, shaking his head back and forth the whole time. After a few minutes, he caught his breath. "Impossible!" yelled Coyote, glaring at Frog. He handed over his feather to Frog. "Just you wait! I'll race you again someday and earn back my feather!" he said.





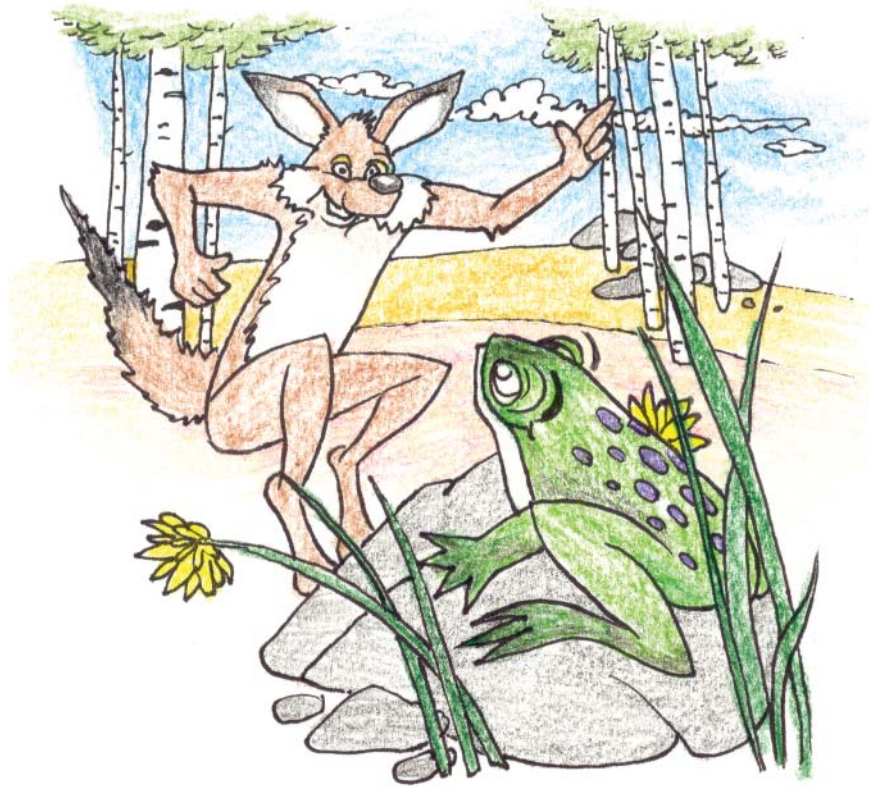
Coyote sped past the flowering lupines, zoomed over the grove of quaking aspen, and raced toward the finish line at the top of the mountain. But he grew tired and out of breath. He could hear Frog's deep-throated croak, but he couldn't see him. "Is Frog behind me? Could he possibly be in front of me?" he wondered. He couldn't tell. He took off running, even though he was exhausted. "Hehe, Frog," he hollered. "I'm going to win your feather!"



One lazy summer day *Isappe*, Coyote, sat on the rocks. He snapped at the flies buzzing around his head. He yawned at the clear blue sky. He stretched his paws in front of him. "Maybe I'll take a nap," he thought to himself, and he closed his eyes.

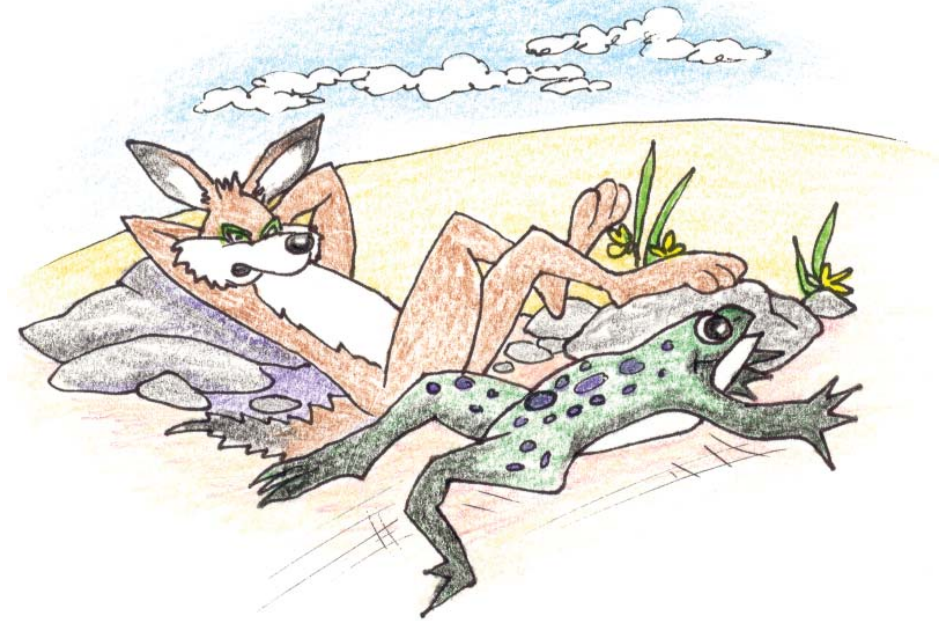
Wako, Frog, hopped out from under a low-growing chokecherry bush. It startled Coyote, and he rolled over and landed in a crooked heap—his legs crossing each other in different directions. He jumped up and brushed himself off. He rubbed his eyes and shook the last of the sleep out of his silly head and looked around him. Frog blinked his big, googly eyes at Coyote. "Hmph! So it's you, Frog!" snapped Coyote.

He stared at Frog for a moment. He was a little angry at him for interrupting his nap. "If frogs didn't taste so nasty, I'd eat him right now!" he thought to himself.



Suddenly, an idea came to him, and a big grin spread across his face. He started dancing and yelping around Frog. "Frog," he said, "let's race! Come on, just you and me. A race, a race, a race! Whoever wins gets to keep the other's feather."

Frog blinked his big, googly eyes at Coyote. "Crazy Coyote," he thought. "OK, Coyote," he smiled. "I'll race you. But how about in the morning, when the air is crisp, and the land is cool with early morning dew?"

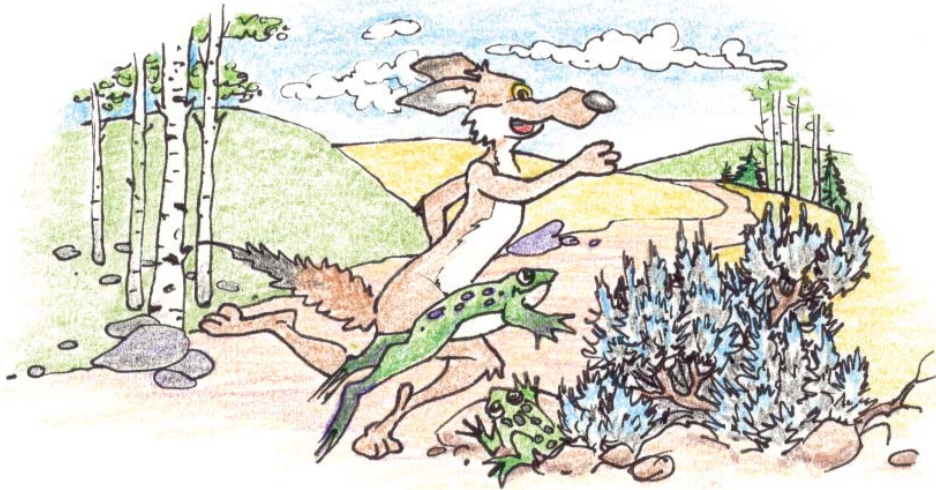


Soon, however, Coyote grew tired again. He stopped to rest, but only until he saw Frog hopping by. Frog wasn't even breathing hard! "Hey," Coyote thought to himself. "How'd he get ahead of me so quickly?" He took a deep breath and bounded ahead of Frog.

As Coyote sped forward, Frog hopped along. When he had gone a few yards, another frog jumped in and took his place. As he passed the cedar trees where another frog hid, a new frog secretly traded places with him. In the grassy meadow, another frog waited, and, at the right moment, they traded places again. All along the path of the race, the frogs took turns.

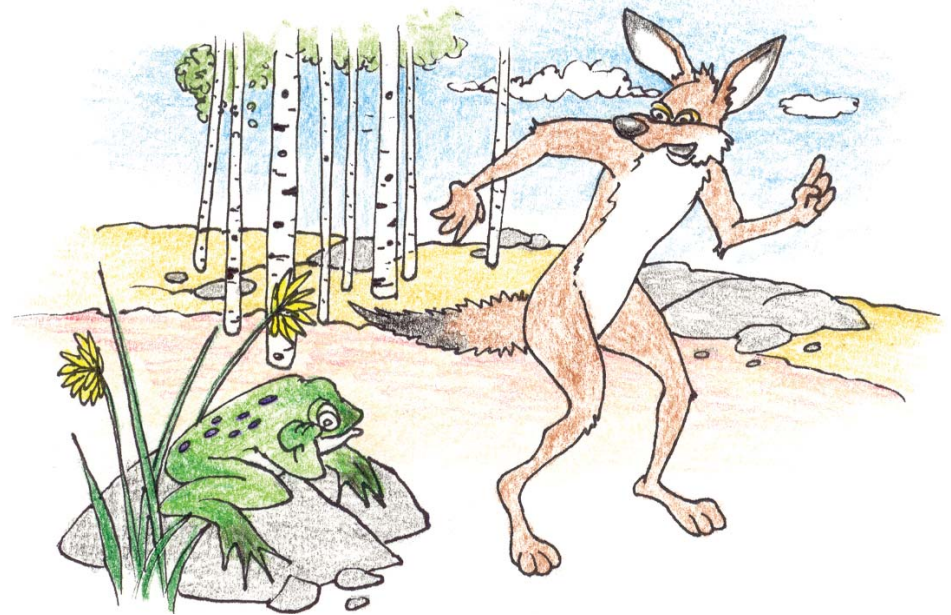
Coyote leapt ahead, but soon he grew tired. He stopped to rest, but only until he saw Frog hopping by. "Hey," he thought to himself. "How come he's not tired?" He took a deep breath and bounded ahead of Frog.

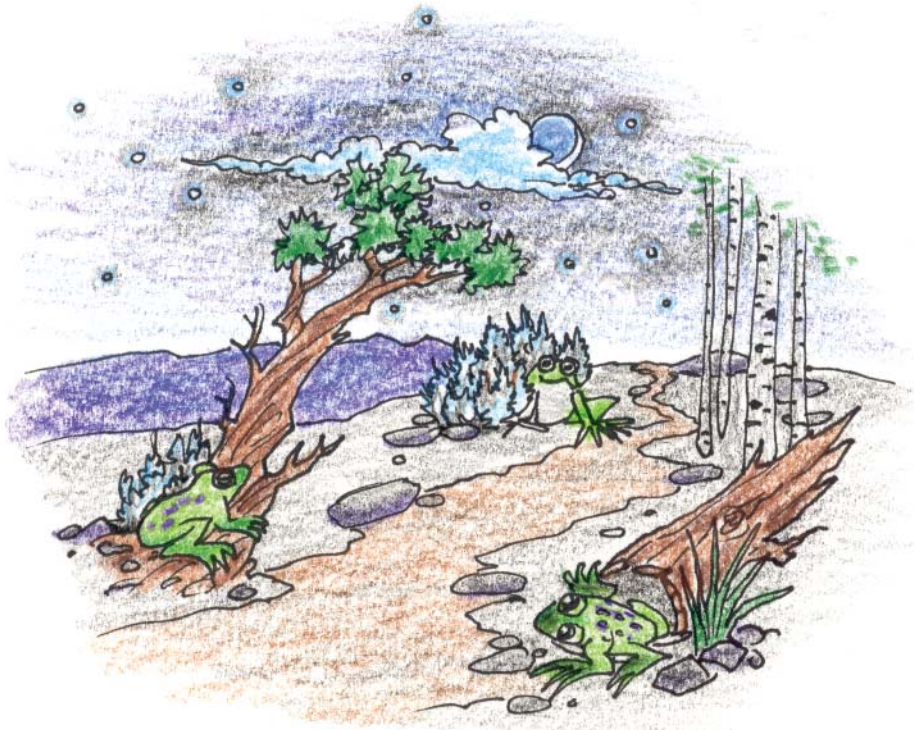
"Hehe!" teased Coyote, looking back at the frog. "I'm going to win!"



Coyote thought about it. It was rather hot at the moment. "You better be there," said Coyote, and he turned and left to chase a lizard.

Frog just blinked his big, googly eyes at Coyote. "Oh, don't worry. I'll be there," he croaked.





That evening, Frog gathered all the rest of the frogs together. They were going to play a trick on Coyote. The frogs hopped along the path where Coyote and Frog would race. Behind the juniper, one frog hid. Under a fallen log, another frog hid. Behind a sagebrush, another frog hid. All along the path, the frogs hid, croaking quietly the whole night through.

The next morning, every frog was in his place, and all was quiet. Coyote bounded back to the spot where he and Frog would begin the race. Frog was waiting. Coyote danced and yelped around Frog. "I'm going to win, you know," he bragged.

Frog blinked his big, googly eyes at Coyote. "Maybe you will, maybe you won't," he smiled.

"Quit stalling!" whined Coyote. "I'm ready."

Together they counted, "One, two, three," and off they went.

