

The Boy Who Had Dog Power

by James C. Webber, Dewey, Oklahoma

There's a story about a boy and a dog left alone in a village -- where the tribe had left them during a war with other tribes. It was in the days when roving bands moved from one location to another. Sometimes these bands would leave people behind who were not able to go along for some reason or another. It happened in this case that the boy's parents had died, leaving him a sole survivor and only about fourteen or fifteen years of age.

He awoke one frosty fall morning with nothing to eat. For that matter, very often an elderly person who was feeble and sometimes sick and unable to go would be left in case of quick removal. So this boy was left, and he went about the desolate village grounds and managed to pick up old bread and some bones left by the fleeing villagers.

So he came to one spot. He heard the cries of a little pup. So he listened, he located a little, poor, bony, flea-bitten puppy. He was glad, overcome with joy. So he took charge of him, fed and cared for his little pup. So he kept on hunting, caring for him, feeding the little dog.

By the fall, his dog had gotten to be a big dog and was a great aid to him in providing food for both. So now the boy was studying about how to find the band who had left him homeless. So one day the dog spoke to him. The dog told him, "Master, you've been kind to me and reared me to be able to help you. So now I make friends with you. We will be pals for a lifetime." The dog told him, "You're thinking about going to your people, so I'm going to help you." They set out, the boy and his dog.

So the dog conferred power on him to turn into a dog, and gave him power to have the animals' instinct to know their home. These two pals would travel together. At night they would locate game -- deer, buffalo, and other game. So

wherever this boy went, the dog went along. By this time they had caught up with the boy's tribe.

So successful was the boy in killing plenty of game that the other young men began to guess about how he had gotten his skill. So, finally, he brought in so much game that the other young men began to envy him. And a good hunter those days was always in demand. He became popular with the women. More and more he was closely watched. So the younger set began to plan to beat him somehow. He oftentimes counseled with his dog friend. In every occasion the dog friend would bear him out in his struggles against his enemies.

So, he had so many offers to marry some of the most prominent girls in the country, that they planned every way to get the best of him. So at last the other young men caught his pal the dog and killed him. So at once he began to fall down on his hunting skill. So, he went down in pity and despair. The dog was his witisa -- his friend.

That ends my story.