

Thunder Myth

**Told by Fred Washington
To W. W. Newcomb an anthropologist**

An old woman and her six-year-old grandson lived together, The boy just played around camp with his bows and arrows. He wasn't anything but a little boy. At this time there was a drought, it was hot and dry, the creeks were dry and the crops had burned up. His grandmother was beginning to get after him for being such a worthless little boy.

One day as his grandma was berating him he looked up and said, "I can make it rain." His grandmother replied, "You can't do nothin'." And the other people just laughed at the little boy too. The boy said he was going off and "hope" four times for rain. The boy went off and soon a cloud came up. Soon it was thundering, the lightning flashed, and it started to rain.

The grandmother was in her wigwam bailing out the water when the little boy returned. He said, "I told you it was going to rain." Lightning was still striking every minute.

Then the boy told his grandmother, "I'm going with my friends, but someday I'll come back, although I won't be able to stay. When you hear the lightning cracking around you think of me because it's me."

The old people say that the sharp cracking of thunder is the little boy playing, and that the heavy, rumbling thunder is the old thunder birds.