The Man who Ran with Horses

Told by Mary Kate Underwood in June, 2002

Nehe’ nebesiibehe’ woxonoh’oe ni’ii3eihit, woxon nihbi’ii3oo3i’,
My grandfather, Bad Boy he was called, woxon they just called him for short.

nih’iiteco’onoonoo3itooneinoo.
He used to always tell me stories.

Nih’oo3itooneinoo nuh’uuno, nihi, nuhu’ tih’ii- nihii neyeiheeneisitenoo3i’ woxhooxebii.
He told me this one, well, this [time] when they were trying to catch horses,

Tih’iibeetoonokooteesisee3i’;
when they wanted to get new/different riding horsesæ

Beeh’eihehinini3i hitonih’inoo,
Their horses were getting old,

wo’ei3 neneenooneihini3i.
or they died.

Nihneyeihiisitenoo3i’.
They tried to capture them.

Noh hu’- nuhu’ he’ihiyih’ooneeno’ woxhooxebii.
And these [men] went after horses.

Heetneyeiciiteso’ono3i’, neyeihiit- hiisitenoo3i’.
They will try to drive them into [an enclosure], they will try to catch them.

‘oh nehe’ noohobeeno’ nuhu’ hinenin,
And these ones saw a man.

hinenin, he’ihbisnihi’koohun.
A man was running with all [the horses].

He’ihcebe’eihii nuhu’ woxhooxebii.
He was running faster than the horses.

He’ihno’o3ibee.
He was beating them.

Noh nuhu’ he’ihkohtowu3ecoono’ nuh’uuno,
And they thought this was very strange,

konoo’oeniini ne’yiih’oneeno’ nuhu’ hinenin.
They chased this man with great care and patience.

_Noseìnini_

nooxeihi’ nuhu’ hoonoh’oehiinit, toh’uni
Maybe this was a young man, that

ne’nih’iisiyoheit nuhu’ woxhooxebii.
The horses raised him.

Noh nee’eecisiini nii3oonoot, tohwoxhooxebiiinit ci’.
And he accompanied them for a while, because he was a horse too.

Noh he’ne’iisini ciiiteso’ono03i’ hinit nono’ooniihi’.
And then somehow with a lot of effort they chased him into an enclosure right there.

He’ne’ii’ciite’eikuu3oo3i’.
Then they roped him.

Noh nih’ee3neetei’eihiiyookun.
And he very strongly resisted them.

Noh siih’eesiini.
And I guess that’s really how it was.

Neihoowoe’in wohoe’ihciinkuu3eeno’ wo’ei3 he’iisihoonoo3i.
I don’t know whether they let him go or what they did with him.

‘oh ne’nih’iisnoohowo03i’tihwoxhooxebiiiniti3.
And that’s how they saw that he was a horse.

He’ii3owo3nenitee3i.
He was some kind of indian.

‘Oh nee’ee3003ittooneinoo nehe’ nebesiibehe’ woxonoh’oe.
And that’s the story my grandfather Bad Boy told me.

Hoonoo3ittooneiht ciinonoo’onihi’.
He was told that story fairly often.

Noh ne’- nee’eesoo’ nuhu’ hoo3itoo.
And that’s how this story is.

Woow.
That’s it.