The Crow Chief

Told by Dickie Moss, September 17, 2003

hinen  noh hihi’o  he’ihniisneniino’.
man  and  his  son  they  lived  alone

he’ihbiibixoo3ee  hihi’o.
he  really  loved  him  his  son

he’ihbi’niis.
they  were  just  two

hoowbeexookeihin.
[the  son]  was  not  full  grown

he’ih’itonih’in  woxhooxebih’o  heeteniihoot.
he  had  a  horse  small  horse  he  cared  for  it

hoonoxowoot,  [he’ih]bebenohooxobei  heenei’isiihi’.
he  fed  it  he  watered  the  horses  and  so  forth

he’ih’iito
ukuhun.
he  kept  it  tied  up

‘oh  huut  nookoo3  he’ih’ootiino’  houuno’.
but  here  off  to  the  side  they  were  camping  Crows

houuneniteeno’  he’ih’ootiino’.
Crow  Indians  they  were  camping

‘oh  nehe’  neeccee,  hounun,  he’ihneen  honootii3i’.
and  this  chief  Crow  man  it  was  his  [band]  they  are  camping

wohei  hini’  honoh’oehi’  hitonih’o  he’ih’iiicinhoo3ee.
wohei  that  young  man  his  horse  [the  Crow  chief]  would  steal  it

he’ih’iice3i3e’eici3ee  hi’in  heetootiit.
he  would  lead  it  away  from  there  [to]  that  where  he  was  camped

‘oh  nehe’  honoh’oe  he’ih’iice’noo3ee  hitonih’o,  ce’noxohoe.
and  this  young  man  he  would  steal  it  back  his  horse  he  brought  it  back  [home]
koox  nehe’  houuneecee  he’ih’iice’noo3ee,  ce’ce3i3e’eici3ee.
once again this Crow chief he would steal it back again he led it away again

honoh’oe hi’[he’ih]ce’nookoohuuhee.
young man he rode it back home again

he’ihciisibihee nehe’ houneecpee.
he wore out his patience this Crow Chief

“yeh, heh3iikoniin.
fine! you’re going to be a ghost

nehe’ honoh’oe nih- ci’cihnnoo3oot notonih’o.”
this young man he fetched it home once again my horse

heiihi he’ihneen hiitonih’it.
soon it was him he had a horse [back again]

‘oh hi’in honoh’oe hitonih’o kooxhe’ihce’noo3ee.
but that young man his horse once again he stole it again

ne’ehce’xohoot nehe’ honoh’oe.
then he brought it back with him this young man

ne’ce’nookooohuuhoot.
then he rode it back home again

“ ‘ee, wotowusoo.
wohei little brat

heetxou’ubeno’.”
I will straighten him out

[he’ih]hiten kokuy.
he got it a gun

he’ihcebi hi’in honoh’oeihi’. he shot him that young man

he’ihneh’ee.
he killed him

‘oh nehe’ hinen, noh hiyoh’ou’ni’ heestoot.
and this man and there is nothing what he does

nono’oteiht hini’iit houunen neeceee, nono’oteiht.
he is very powerful that Crow chief he is very powerful

hoowu’un kohtowuhei.
not he does something harmful to him

nee’eetnousi’.
that is where he is stuck

hoowuni’ooxohoenee.
he cannot pay him back

hoowuni’iini.
he cannot

nono’o3iheit, noh’oot hiih’en; tesbixoo3oot.
he was cruel to him he killed him his son he loved him very much

hiiyoh’ou’ niistoot.
there is nothing he does it

he’ih’ii3i’ok.
he was sitting there

“wohei noonoko’ heetno’o’useenoo.
wohei might as well I will go out far away

heetwonokooyeinoo.”
I will go and fast

he’iiitoxno’o’usee.
he went way out from camp for some number of days

he’ih’iciiini ceese’.
it didn’t work the first time

he’ih’iice’no’us.
he came back again

he’iiitoxno’o’usee.
he went out away from camp for some number of days

yeneini’owoon he’ihno’o’us.
the fourth time it arrived

he’ih’ii3i’ok hinit.
he was sitting right there

wohei ne’koxuuteno’oute’, booh’oonoosoo’.
wohei then suddenly storm clouds arrived a thunderstorm

kooko’xohei’it.
lightning was striking

he’ih’ii3i’ok huut nookoo3.
he was sitting here off to the side

he’ne’heebe3ii’eihii ne’ihcihk’esinen.
then there was an eagle then it landed on the ground by him

beexceece’e3oo’oon .
[his eyes] were flashing different colors

“neneeninoo tohkooko’xoheinoo.
I am the one who is sending the lightning

neneeninoo hiheebe’.
I am the one up above

ceebhe3ieecoo!
do not have fearful thoughts

heeyou tohnuunee’enee3oxuuhetin?”
what because you have come out here for some reason

nuhu’ “heeyou?”
this what

“hi’in houunen neec3ee no’o3iheinoo.
that Crow chief he was cruel to me

noh’oot neih’e.
he killed him my son

hitonih’o nee3ebeitenoot, noh nehe’ neih’e nee3ebce’nookoohuuhoot.
his horse he would steal it there and this my son he would ride it back home

nih’iice’noo3oot hitonih’o hiinco’oooeniihi’.
he would steal it back his horse over and over

noh ne’e’esnihoot.
and then he made him angry

ne’coboot neih’e.
then he shot him my son

noh’oot.
he killed him

no’o3iheinoo, noh neihooowuni’ooxohoenoo.
he was very cruel to me and I cannot pay him back

nono’oteiht.
he is powerful

ne’ciini’iiiiho’.”
then there is nothing I can do to him

“hee,” nii3eihok.
yes [the eagle] would say to him

“neneeninoo, neneeninoo tihbiino’ no’oteihiit.
I I am the one when I gave it to him power

neneeninoo heetniehteibe3en.
I I will help you

heetneenin toohnoh’t.
it is you you will kill him

neniisootxei’i huut kokuyoono3ii; nookbei’ci3e’, nee’eesiini.
they are seven here bullets silver that is how they are

heetniniibiine3en.
I will give them all to you

woow benee3toon huut, hetce’eeckoo;
now you have finished doing it here you must go back home

hetcihnookeihi, heteexokuut,
you must get a white one your saddle horse

kokiy hetiienen hokokuy, nuhu’ het3ein kokuyono3ii.”
gun you must take it your gun this you must put them inside bullets
“wohei hi’ in houuneecce niiko’eiciibe’et.
wohei that Crow chief he sits in a ceremonial circle

hinee heetoot hii3ou’ooni’i niiko’eiciibe’et.
that where he is whenever it’s evening he sits in a ceremonial circle

hetyiisikohe’.
you must ride over there

huut hikoobe’ hetchihne’touu’ukohein.
here his back you must ride up behind him and stop

niiyou nuhu’ hice’eenoone’;
here it is this at his shoulder

cebiisiiteeniihi’ cihne’sebiyohet, nee’icobot.
on the right side you aim at him then you shoot him

heetneenin tohnoh’oot.”
it is you who will kill him

wohei ne’nih’iistoot.
wohei that’s what he did

[he’ih]heeneise’enouhet, [he’ih]nookeihin hitonih’o, kooxneene’eh koky he’ih’iten.
he got himself ready it was white his horse once again there gun he got it

ne’ehyiisikoheit;
then he rode off to over there

hiitouk he’ihko’eiceebe’e nehe’ houunen neecce.
sure enough he was sitting in a circle this Crow chief

he’ihko’eiciibe’e.
he was sitting in a ceremonial circle

wohei hi’in heet3i’okuni3 he’ihyisiikohe’, tou’ukoheit
hiikoobe’.
wohei that where he was sitting he rode over there he stopped his horse at his back

he’ihcinhei’oohobe’.
[the cheif] looked back at him
“hoo,” nii3eihok.
hey he was saying to him

“hoo,” niixoo he’ih’ii3ee.
hey also [the man] said to [the chief]

ne’sebyohoet, [he’ih]nihi’kuutii.
then he aimed at him he shot the gun

“wohei,” hee3oohok nuhu’ 3ii’okuni3i, “nooxohowu’! nooxohowu’!
wohei he said to them these they are sitting dig for it! dig for it!

bii’inowuneehek, neihoownehe’.
if you find it he does not kill me

ciibii’inowuneehek, noh ne’neh’einoo.”
if you don’t find it and then he kills me

wo’oe’onoun he’ih’inoxoheino’.
on and on they were digging for it

he’ihnooko’wuuteen.
there was a white mark in the ground

niisootoxuuus ne’no’oxoo’; nooxoheino’.
seven days then it arrived they are digging for it

hoo3ontii3i’, ne’ceto’oot nehe’ houunen.
they failed to do it then he died this Crow

wohei nehe’ hinen he’ih’entooino, heetniiteheibeit.
wohei this man they were there they will help him

“wohei nooxohowu’!”
wohei dig for it

hoowehciisnooxoheino’, ne’bii’inou’u kokuyono3ii, they didn’t dig for very long after that then they found them the bullets

nookbei’3ice’ ni’iihi’.
silver [made] from

hi’in nenee’.
that it
they took good care of it Arapahos

here old lady far out she lived she I knew of her as the last

‘oh neihoowoe’in he’itou’u’u hiiwoonhehe’.
but I don’t know where it’s located now

wohei ne’nih’iisiixoowotonoot.
wohei that was how [the eagle] satisfied him

he’ih’iisi’ooxoenee nii’ehiho.
he did it to him in exchange bird

he’ihneeni3 [hi]biineiton no’oteihiit.
it was him the one who gave it to him power

tenhe’ houunen, wohei nehe’ nii’eihii.
this Crow wohei that bird

‘oh hoowounonoot nehe’ hinenin;
and he took pity on him this man

no’o3iheit tohneetoneit hiih’o.
he was cruel to him when he killed his relative his son

ne’biineit kokuyono3ii.
then he gave him bullet

“heetneenin toohnoh’ot,” nii3oohok.
it is you you will kill him he would say to him

“neneeninoo tihbiino’ no’oteihiit.”
I am the one who when I have it to him power

wohei ne’nih’iisiini.
wohei that was how it was

nee’eesoo’ nhu’ hoo3itoo.
is is thus this story
A man and his son lived alone. The man loved his son a great deal. It was just the two of them; the son was not yet fully grown. He had a pony which he tended to. He kept it fed and well watered, and so forth. It was tied up [by his tipi].

And off over there somewhere, the Crows were camping. The Crow Indians had made camp. And a Crow chief, it was his band which had made camp.

Wohei the Crow chief came and stole the young man’s horse. He led it back to where he was camped. But the young man went and stole his horse back and brought it back. But once again the Crow chief came and stole it, and led it away again [to his campsite]. Again the young man went and got it back.

He wore out the Crow chief’s patience. “Well then, you’re as good as a ghost now!” [the Crow chief said]. “The young man stole my horse away yet again.” Soon he was the one who had the horse again.

But once again that young man went and stole back his horse. The young man took it back again, and rode it back home.

“Well you little brat! I’m going to straighten you out!” He got his gun. He shot that young man. He killed him.

And his father, there was nothing he could do about it. That Crow chief was powerful, powerful. He couldn’t be harmed. That was the dilemma the father was in. He couldn’t avenge his son’s death. He wasn’t capable of it. [The chief] has been cruel to him; he killed his son whom he loved very much. And there’s nothing he can do – he’s just sitting [helplessly].

“Wohei I might as well try to go out away from camp. I’ll go fast for power.” He went out there for several days. The first time, nothing happened. He went out again – he went out there for several days. He went out there a fourth time, and he was sitting right there.

Wohei suddenly thunder clouds rolled in. Lightning was striking. He was sitting off to the side here, and then a large eagle flew down and landed. It’s eyes were flashing different colors. “I am the one who sent the lightning. I am the one from above. Do not be afraid! What is the thing that you’re suffering so much for?” The [eagle asked him] “what [do you want]?”

“That Crow chief was cruel to me. He killed my son. He stole my son’s horse, and my son want over there and rode it back home. He would fetch his horse back over and over. That’s how he made [the Crow chief] angry, and then he killed my son. He killed him. He was cruel to me, and I can’t take vengeance. He is too powerful; I can’t do a thing to him.”

“Yes,” [the eagle] said to him, “I’m the one, I’m the one who gave him power. Now I’m
going to help you. You’re the one who will kill him. Here are seven bullets, made of silver. I’m going to give them to you. Now you’re done here. Go on back home. You’ll need a white horse to ride. Get your gun, and load it with these silver bullets.”

“Wohei that Crow chief sits in a ceremonial circle with his men. Over at his camp, once evening comes, he sits in a ceremonial circle with his men. You have to ride over there. Right here behind his back, you have to stop. You’ll see his shoulder: you take aim at the right side, and you shoot him. You’re the one who’ll kill him.”

Wohei that’s what he did. He got himself ready, got a white horse, and took his gun. Then he rode over there, and sure enough, the Crow chief was sitting in a ceremonial circle with his men. He was sitting in a ceremonial circle.

Wohei he rode over to where [the chief] was sitting, and stopped behind his back. The chief looked over at him. “Hello,” he said to him. “Hello” the father said to him as well. Then he aimed his gun at him, and pulled the trigger.

“Wohei,” [the chief] said to the others sitting there, “dig for [the bullet]! Dig for it! If you find it, he doesn’t kill me. If you don’t find it, then he has killed me.”

They were digging away furiously. There was a silver hole in the ground [where the bullet had gone through his shoulder and into the ground]. The seventh day came, and they were still digging. They failed to find it, so then the Crow died.

Wohei the father, there were some [Arapahos] there to help him. “Wohei dig for it!” They didn’t have to dig for very long, and they found the bullet, made of silver. That was it.

The Arapahos kept it. There’s was an old woman who lived way out from town here, she was the one who I know of [who had it] most recently. But I don’t know where it’s at now.

Wohei that’s how [the eagle] fulfilled [the father’s] wishes. The eagle gave him something in return for [his suffering]. He was the one who gave him power – the eagle gave it to the Crow. But he took pity on the man whom the chief treated cruelly when he killed his son. He gave him the bullets. “You’re the one who’ll kill him,” he said to him. “I’m the one who gave him the power.”

Wohei that’s what happened. That’s how the story goes.