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[s.l.]: [s.n.], 1970/1979

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My Father

This happened to my late father back in Oneida New York. Long ago my father was travelling by himself at night and he heard an owl calling somewhere. So he hid by a stump and when she was close he recognized this old woman. He jumped right up and said, "What happened?"

She just said, "Oh my!"

He asked her if he could buy her medicine or if she would teach him to become a witch. He asked her how much it might be that she would charge him for him to buy her medicine.

She said, "Thirty dollars."

But then he swore and she heard it. On another time when they saw each other, she said, "I can't teach you anything."

There were a lot of medicines that my father used to have but I don't play around with that. I didn't learn love medicine or witching medicine. When my father died, then I started working in the field and I am still able to work nowadays. Now I am eight seven years old.