



Onishuhlo·lú.

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

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The Devil

I suppose I should tell you what happened to this one man, an Oneida man. In the old ways they would ride around in big wagons. They would pour a group in and go to town. So when they were returning. I guess I'm a little ahead in my storytelling. These people had been in Green Bay and they were on their way back. Several of them had been drinking. Two of them were quarreling and they were stopping now and then as they were drinking. These two must have got out and they were fighting. The others didn't realize they had got out as I am telling this. One man was being bettered and when he realized he would be killed, this one somehow happened to jump back up and he must have found a pole and kept hitting him until he killed him. Then he went on and caught back up with those who rode ahead who just now realized that the two of them were not riding along. This one who caught back up said, "Give me a drink."

Then he said, "Now that guy won't be bothering us any more because I killed that guy." Then he got himself another drink. At that point two of them went back and sure enough they found the body.

So then while he was asleep, they say this man had a dream in which he saw the devil who said, "Now you have become my slave and I will come after you in a few days."

When he awoke, he told them what he had dreamt. In a few days he showed up at the log cutting place and he said, "Do you have any liquor? I want a drink."

They pointed him to where the jug was and he went over there while the logcutters went away from there. It went right towards where he stood and as they came running they say he had been crushed and he was quite dead. So the devil had come after him. He sure paid back in a hurry for what he had done.