



LokstÁha Lotle?áha Yatahi·sáks.

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

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An Old Man and His Grandson Pick Berries

One time an old man and his grandson were looking for blackberries and they were in a big forest. The old man said, "Grandson, just be careful not to get lost. This is such a big forest and there are bears living here."

And his grandson was full of mischief and he would often do things to play games on his grandfather where they travelled, but this pleased the old man. He enjoyed the kind of grandson he had and he loved him. They two had a good friendship and wherever the old man goes his grandson tags along.

He had found lots of berries and he almost had a pailful. He noticed it seems someone is touching his back, but he is working hard at picking berries. He didn't even look back. He said, "Help yourself now, grandson, look at the size of the berries growing here." Then in a little while someone really kicked his behind and he still seems to be stooping over to pick berries. Then he became impatient and now he said, "Gosh, grandson, be still. Now hurry up and fill up. I've already put them in."

He didn't realize that his grandson was picking berries far on the other side of the bush. Santa Claus had given him the straw hat he was wearing. Then in a little bit there was a pinch on his shoulder and he yelled out "Ow!" Then he struck behind him and hit the bear on the belly. Then the bear dropped one and struck him on his head. He flattened his straw hat and a little bit of the claw went in his scalp.

At that time his grandson answered and said, "Grandfather, what is that being standing at your back?"

Then he noticed the bear with his face standing there. So he jumped right up and yelled. He said, "Grandson, we better run away - that bear will kill us if he catches us."

It was quite a way that they ran back to the road. They spilled almost all the berries. The old man said, "It might be best for us to go right home. We'll be picking berries only along the road."