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Yah se? Kóskos Té·κλ.

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

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It was no pig

Long ago there was a large forest near our house. So this Thomas and I often went hunting rabbit, partridge, grey squirrel, and whatever else. A little ways from the house there was a beech tree with nuts growing. Wild pigeons were around it probably gathering nuts. Towards evening a big crowd of them were perched and that is where we'd go. He would kill three or four of them and we would eat the meat. We liked that kind of meat.

So this Thomas wasn't home on this particular day when he might return about five o'clock in the evening. In the afternoon it rained really hard and then suddenly after the rain stopped, the sun came out again and I went into the woods. I thought I'd go investigate if the wild pigeons were there. I was thinking I'd tell Thomas when he got there so he might kill some again. So when I got there, there were none sitting around.

At that time we were neighbors to some white people and we were often around. We'd see the pigs they had and they were quite big. So we started for home since I had my pet dog along. We went a little ways back on the path I had come on and then I took up the path that branches off in the direction of my house.

I saw something coming that had a black body. It was quite big and there was some brush there and a lot of leaves growing nearby. So I got down on my belly behind where the brush was.

I thought I'd scare it. I thought it was a pig that was coming. I was such a child then, probably just eleven years old at the time. I wasn't too observant.

So underneath where a stump was turned up something was peeking out. And when I lay down our dog also came running and lay down near me. It just showed how scared he was that he was shivering. As I was watching there his nose poked in my tracks in the mud at intervals. He must have been tracking me. Sometimes he'd look up as he sniffed along and realize that I was around there somewhere. Then I realized also that this was no pig. It was too furry and the tip of its nose was white. And for another thing the way it walks he seemed to have big legs. Then it came to me that it must be a bear and I really got scared. I had heard often as they tell how they would grab a child when they see them in the woods. Now because he got so close, the only idea I had was to jump around where the brush was and yell just as loud as I could saying, "Soo wee." And the dog jumped up as well.

Just that quick it turned around and took off running in the direction it had come from. As this bear ran off, the dog gave chase. For quite a ways he nipped at its heels. As much as he'd bite, the bear would drag his hind end and raise his tail. Near the house in the direction of the dense forest it went into the woods.

And so I went on and I was just about flying when I got back. I said, "Come look over there at the tracks of a bear." Then we all went to investigate where it had gone. It was just amazing how deep the holes were that the claws made and how big were the pieces of bark that had come off where it rubbed its body a bit.