

The story could open with
the two boys digging the grave.

Langue takes the shield
and the spear last the
old man kills the horse.
When Langue is killed in
Texas the old man appears
and gets the shield and the
spear and takes them back. He
goes home and cuts off
his finger and his off

Run With The Rest

The agency doctor came out of the room with his black bag in his hand. Billy stood up. Behind the doctor, through the open doorway, he could see his great, great grandfather named Crow sitting straight and still in his rocking chair before the open window. He was not dead yet.

"Why in hell did you call me out here? There's nothing wrong with that man." *the doctor said - Commonly*

*make it good
smooth*
The boy looked at the doctor. "He does not talk and he will not eat. He does nothing but sit in that chair and look out the window, saying nothing. He does not recognize me when I come into the room to bring him food. I think he is dying."

"Of course he is dying. We have on his health record that he is over a hundred and ten years old. He has a right to die ~~of~~ that age."

"~~It could be~~ ^{it is sickness?} sickness."

"It is age my boy, nothing but age. When a ~~man~~ gets to be that ~~phenomenal~~ age — I don't care if he's indian or white — it's not the disease that you got to worry about; it's a tired body."

The doctor picked his hat off the table and walked out into the sunlight to where his buggy and horse waited for him. The horse, somnolent in the sunshine, stood with head bowed, making no visible movement ~~an~~ the

the agency doctor climbed into his rig. The doctor leaned down into the boy's face.

" I'm positive that there is nothing organically wrong with your great grandfather ~~or~~ is it your great great grandfather. He is not sick. The man is old and is apt do ~~do~~ funny things and you must indulge those whims. He'll probably snap out of it in a couple of days. "

" I do not think so, " said the boy.

" I'm sure that you have nothing to worry about, but you still better have somebody look after him so that he doesn't get any fool notions about dyin in his head. Have your father watch over him, and tell him to watch him close. By the way where is Sangre? "

" He has gone off to be by himself. He was very unhappy because I ~~wanted to bring you out here.~~ wanted to bring you out here. "

" Well tell him that he better stick around and be ready to fetch me if something goes wrong with the old man. "

" I will come. "said the boy.

The two boys sat in the corner of the room watching Crow. The old man's head, still straight and unmoving, was now a silhouette before the window and the fading horizon. A slight wind blew at the two feathers in his hair.

"Then what do you think your father will do, now that you have disobeyed him."

"I don't know," said Billy, "I must wait for him to decide what he is going to do."

The two boys whispered in the darkness, a sign of respect for the old man sitting in front of the window, though they knew that if they had talked loudly the old man would not have heard them anyway. There was no light in the room nor in the rest of the house either.

"I thought I had to do it to save the old man's life and now that I know he is going to die anyway and that it is only a matter of time now, I know that I acted with haste in defying my father."

"From what you have told me, Billy, I do not think he will forgive you. I know your father. He is a proud man, perhaps too proud."

"He is not too proud. He is Commanche. He was born in a difficult time."

"These are difficult times for Commanches."

"It was more difficult when he was young. He was too young to be a warrior, too old to forget. He carries the humiliation of our people on his shoulders. It is a heavy burden."

"It is true."

"He believes that we are a great people when all of us know that we are no longer great. The only thing that we have left is that we are Commanches, and I do not know if that is a curse or a blessing. Because we are Commanches and Indians we are hated even by the other tribes who share this barren land with us."

"It is true that we will not escape the deeds of our forefathers."

"Yes it is true."

The other Indian boy leaned over and whispered lower into Billy's ear.

"Crow was a great warrior, a great chief."

"I do not know; my father says that it is so, but I am not sure. He is still alive is he not. We are ~~here~~ in this reservation are we not? Why are

we not out there, free, instead of here on this reservation. Ft. Sill is a barren land. "

" All of Oklahoma is a barren land. "

" No, not all. "

" There is good land, green land, not for hunting but for farming and it is for the white man. If Crow was a great warrior, and a great chief we would be sharing that land. We would be in Texas. "

" You are disrespectful. "

" I am tired before I grow old. It is this land. It makes me care not. "

" I think your father would leave the reservation. "

" It is his desire. But even if he were permitted, he would be leaving a bad world for a worse one, a world out there where there is no place for the indian. We are better off here where we are with our own, where we can die with our ~~own~~ own. "

" Die like the white man, in a bed with soft sheets on it and a woman holding your hand. "

" You ~~sounded~~ speak like my father. "

" I admire your father. I think he is a man. He would have made a great warrior. "

" My father believes this. "

" I have heard Crow, your father's own great grandfather, a great warrior a great chief say that it would be so sixty years ago. "

" Does your own father believe that my father would have been a great warrior. "

" He does. "

" Then why did he not make my father leader of the council. He would not say this but he wanted to die when they did not take crow's advice and make him chief. "

" I heard my father say that he is still too young. He is too impetuous like a young warrior and that he needs years to mellow. "

" And do you believe this? "

" I respect my father and I will not stand against him inspite of what I believe. "

" Then you do believe that my father should have been chief. "

" It is true. He walks with the dignity that is lacking in our other men. My father calls it arrogance, but I see it to be dignity. I know

Handwritten notes:
Your father told
me he was the
great chief of
himself and
I am
sure
that
he
was
a
great
man

I know that he would bow before no man. "

" Then you can see why every moment that he spends upon this Ft. Sill land is a humiliation for him. "

" I can see. "

" I am no warrior like Crow, my great, great grandfather. I do not have the pride of my father, but I will follow him if he leaves the reservation even if he leads me to death. And this I believe he will do. "

" Why would you follow him if you do not believe in what he believes. "

" I love my father as you do yours. To have defied him this afternoon has proved to be a greater humiliation to me than was his humiliation when your father and the other men refused to make him chief. I would rather die than to dishonor my father's authority in his house. Now that Crow is going to die it is for nothing, so I must show my father the respect. I will go with him if he wishes to leave Ft. Sill. "

" But they will come after you. They will find you whether you are in Oklahoma or in Texas. This is no longer the old days; this is nineteen twelve. They will come in ~~xxxx~~ motor cars to get you. I know that even you, Billy, can not run faster than a motor car. "

" A car can not ~~xxxxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ run into the mountains. It can not cross a stream where there is no bridge. A car is a silly toy. Besides, ~~My father~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~ my father, I told you is too old to have forgotten his life on the prairie. I know we can make it to Texas and it is Texas which my father knows, places to hide, to find food. No, once we get to Texas we will be safe. "

" I would come with you, were it not for my father. He would not permit it. "

" ~~xxxxxxx~~ I understand. I do not want to go. "

" But I do want to go. I would but I can not defy my father. "

" No, you can not defy your father. "

The two women sat by the iron stove in the corner. Both of them rolled and patted tortillas and dropped them on them on the surface of the stove to cook. They too talked in a whisper. Maria, Sangres wife, was talking.

The two women sat in the corner of the room by the stove talking, like the boys, in a low voices, but unlike the boys, not talking in a low out of respect for the old man, but out of their habit of squaws. The food had been prepared and little of it eaten, for Sangre had not returned home after he had left in anger that morning. The ubiquitous smell of ransid grease rose like an invisible steam from the hot surface of the oven. The women as they talked dipped their two fingers into the pot of bean paste.

"I must agree with you that it is not good. It does have a bitter taste."

"I do not taste it and I am the one who made it."

"Then you are fooled by what you have made because it does have a bitter taste."

"Then perhaps Sangre my husband is right. I did not think it was my food but this life here at Fort Sill which gave him the bitter taste in his mouth."

"I do not know much about how Sangre, your husband thinks of Fort Sill. True it is bitter here, this life, but your beans are bitter too. Do you clean the pot."

"Clean the pot?"

"Yes, do you clean the pot?"

"What is there to clean. Even Sangre, my husband, who complains most, eats it all. Clean it? There is nothing left to clean.?"

"That is why your beans ~~are bitter~~ have a bitter taste in them. You must clean the pot after a few meals."

"I will do it tomorrow."

"Do it tonight."

"No, tomorrow. I cook no more tonight. Tonight I think about my husband."

"You would do better to think about his stomach."

"Nothing appeals to his stomach now. He eats only to keep alive and he lives for only one thing. He wants to leave the reservation. He has not said it but I know that he thinks it. He will not be content until he follows what his thoughts tell him."

"I do not like the idea at all. I do not like it. You will meet hardships, maybe death. The soldiers will come to get you, for you will not get away."

Surely you can see that it will only bring destruction down upon ~~he~~ your family and dishonor to Crow. "

" Crow will die soon. "

"That is no reason to want to leave the reservation. The men honor Sangre, your husband, and someday ^{we} ~~he~~ will most certainly be leader of our people."

" I do not think he ~~xxx~~ wait that long. If he decides to leave then I will go with him and my son will go with him. Crow will die soon and should not make the trip. Freedom has no appeal to him now. "

" And does it have appeal for you? Are you willing to go out into the white man's world, not knowing the white man's ways and with a white man's army after you to bring you back to this land or kill you if you refuse. "

" I can only do what is my duty as a woman and as Sangre's wife. "

" Bah, Now I know you are a stupid woman. Yes very stupid. A woman's duty, bah. What do you know of a woman's duty, you who cook these bitter beans. If you knew your duty you would keep Sangre here; you would keep these ideas out of your husband's mind. You would fulfill your woman's duty by keeping your husband alive, by satisfying his needs, not by helping him with his own destruction. Moon, you are a stupid woman. "

" I fulfill my duties as best I can. I can do no more. "

Both women looked up at the same time to see Sangre leaning against the doorsill. He was not looking at them but at the floor and in his hands was a bottle. Moon pulled her fingers out of the bean pot and wiped them on her dress, then she stood up. Her friend stood up too.

" I must leave," she said. " Come with me. He will beat you tonight. I don't know where he got it but it makes all our mean and he will beat you for sure. Come with me and it will be all right in the morning. "

" It is my duty to stay with my husband. If he beats me, I will deserve it for being so foolish as to listen to you. "

" Then stay with him. You deserve it. "

The squaw turned and started to walk toward the door, but Sangre put his arm across it, blocking her way. Sangre looked up slowly from the floor.

" Let me pass, Sangre, she said.

" I will let you pass if you address me with respect. " he said.

" You do not deserve my respect when you are like ^{this} ~~that~~. "

" You should be beaten for your insolence. I said address me with respect, woman. You are drunk Sangre. Let me pass. "

Sangre lifted the bottle up ~~xxxxxxx~~ and pushed it toward her face.

"What? With this?" he said.

"You are sotted with it," she said. "You are so sotted that you drool at the mouth like a dog."

"Mind your tongue woman if you want to keep it," he said.

"Let me pass."

"Let her pass, Sangre," said moon.

✓ "Shut up woman. I'll let her pass when she addresses me with the respect I deserve."

The woman stepped to get around the man, but he countered her step and ~~block~~ blocked her way through the door. He was unsteady though so that in that ~~instant~~ instant the squaw saw the bottle glitter in the stove light she swatted ~~and it~~ it from Sangre's ~~hand~~ hand. It fell unbroken to the floor. As Sangre ~~escaped~~ went after the bottle the squaw escaped through the door out into the darkness. Most of what was left in the bottle was spilled before the ~~indian~~ ^{man} reached the ~~bottle~~. Some of the whiskey spilled out on his hands. He licked them. He was still on his knees when he looked up to see the boys standing in the doorway of Crow's room, still and intent upon him. Sangre was still. There was silence. Then, with ^{supreme effort} ~~not too much trouble~~, Sangre stood up with the whiskey bottle in his hand. He walked across the room and grabbed ~~his wife~~ the squaw with his other hand. He pulled her into his room and pulled the curtains behind them.

Elaph

The night and the early morning had given no relief to the heat of the day, before so that the boys spent most of the night talking because they could not sleep. Neither had shown shame at Sangre's drunkenness, neither of them talked about it. It was because the old customs of ostracism were gone. They talked only of crow in that room where the old man sat sleeping in his chair before the open window. They had blankets on the floor in the corner of that room and it was late into the night when the talking slowed, then stopped and the two boys were asleep.

It was Little Dog who first sensed the presence of someone else in the room. An instant later he felt a hand. It was Sangre.

" Billy. "

" Billy is asleep. It is Little Dog. "

Billy heard the talking, rolled over and sat up. It was early morning ^{and} still dark, though already a few birds ^{were} awake, making noises. Billy felt his father's hand on his arm.

" You are to come with me, Billy, I am leaving the reservation. "

" Now, " said Billy, " Tonight. "

" Yes, now. You must come. "

" But it is nearly morning, we will not have time. They will know that we have left the reservation in a few hours. "

" It will be dark for two hours. Come, get ready. I have packed what we need on the mules, so that we can be gone from here now. "

" But Father, those mules do not belong to you alone. "

" They belong to me now; I paid for them and they are ready for us so you must hurry. And Little Dog, you must come with us too. "

" I can not, " said the boy as he stood up. " My father would not consent to it. "

Sangre stood up too. He was a short man and not as tall as the boy.

" You are a man now, Little Dog, you need your father's consent on nothing. "

He is my father ~~and I will not~~ I want his respect and I will not disobey him.

" If you want his respect you will leave this land with me, you will come back to the country of ~~our~~ your ancestors. You will do the deeds that a young man like you ought to do, the deeds of a warrior. Come with us and your father will really be proud of you. "