
For now I was only one of many little animals driven by a herder. A coward’s! In my anguish I moaned for my mother, but no one came to comfort me. Not a soul reasoned quietly with me, as my own mother used to do; … During the first two or three seasons misunderstandings … frequently took place, bringing unjustifiable frights and punishments into our little lives.

Generous hospitality. “How! how!” he said, and placed the dishes on the ground in front of his crossed feet. He nibbled at the bread and sipped from the water. Carrying the bowl in one hand and cup in the other, I handed the light luncheon to the old warrior. I offered them to him with the air of bestowing ashes, and served me the moment I came.” They both laughed, and mother said, “Wait a little longer, and I shall build a fire.” She meant to make some coffee, for she knew I had never made any, and that she would have to teach me how to do it. The warrior had finished eating, my mother entered. Immediately she wondered where I had found coffee, for she knew I had never made any, and that she would have to teach me how to do it. They treated my best judgement, poor as it was, with the utmost respect. …

… I was a wild little girl of seven. Loosely clad in a slip of brown buckskin, and light-footed with a pair of soft moccasins on my feet, I was as free as the wind. I knew no more than a bounding deer. These were my mothers’ pride – my wild freedom and overflowing spirits. She taught me no fear save that of intruding myself upon others. …

… Lifting the lid, I found nothing but coffee grounds in the bottom. I set the pot on a heap of cold ashes in the center, and filled it half full of warm water. The earth is a great island floating in a sea of water, and suspended at each of the four cardinal points by a cord hanging down from the sky vault, …

… At least it seemed to be time, and they sent out the Buzzard and told him to go and make ready for them. This was the Great Buzzard, the father of all the buzzards we see now. He flew all over the earth, low down near the ground, and it was still soft. When he reached the Cherokee country, he was very tired, and his wings began to flap and strike the ground, and wherever they struck the earth there was a valley, and where they turned up again there was a mountain. When the animals above saw this, they were afraid that the whole world would be mountains, so they called him back, but the Cherokee country remains full of mountains to this day.

When the animals and plants were first made – we do not know by whom – they were told to watch and keep aware for seven nights, just as young men now fast and keep awake when they pray…. Men came after the animals and plants. At first there were only a brother and a sister until he struck her with a fish and told her to multiply, and so it was. In seven days a child was born to her, and thereafter every seven days another, and they increased very fast until there was danger that the world could not keep them. Then it was made that the woman should have only one child in a year, and its been so ever since.