TWO HOPI TALES FROM ORAIBI

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AMERICAN Indian folklore has been intensively studied by many American anthropologists because of a conviction that "in the tales of a people those incidents of the everyday life that are of importance to them will appear either incidentally or as the basis of a plot. Most of the references to the mode of life of the people will be an accurate reflection of their habits." [1] Although the late Professor Franz Boas has several times demonstrated the possibility of reconstructing a tribe's pattern of culture from its mythology,[2] other scholars have expressed a need for caution in this regard, since "Many aspects of everyday life that are of interest to the people are neglected in the myths, while others are either exaggerated or transformed into their opposites." [3] Nevertheless, even if one grants the likelihood that a number of stories present distorted pictures of a group's life, it is still highly probable that those themes which occur again and again reflect the main interests of a given tribe. This is particularly true of the Pueblo Indians, who live by farming in a semiarid environment and "whose continual reference to the water problem" [4] is a direct expression of a major concern of their lives. The following tale clearly illustrates the attitude of the Hopi, one of the most important Pueblo tribes, toward their supplies of water.

The Stolen Spring [5]

Early one summer, about forty years ago, a Lizard clansman named Na'usi discovered a damp spot while hoeing near his orchard, and on

[1] Boas, F., *Tsimshian Mythology*, in *Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, 31 (1916) : 393.

[2] Boas, *op. cit.*, pp. 393–477; *idem*, *Kwakiutl Culture as Reflected in Mythology*, in *Memoirs of the American Folklore Society*, Vol. 28 (1935).

[3] Wittfogel, K. A., and Goldfrank, E. S., "Some Aspects of Pueblo Mythology and Society," *Journal of American Folklore*, 56 (1943) : 17.

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 24.

[5] This tale was narrated in the winter of 1933–34 by a Hopi woman named Hahai'i, late head of the Sun clan at Oraibi. She was the daughter of Homikni, a Lizard clansman with a great reputation as a medicine man, and the mother of Don Talayesva, my interpreter and chief informant.

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digging deeper he found a good flow of water just beneath the surface. He told the welcome news to Homikni, his clan brother, and asked him to help develop the spring for watering their orchards. Homikni hurried to the place and on sampling the water found it to taste so good, just like rain water, that he readily agreed. The next day he dug a hole about two feet in diameter and was overjoyed at the steady flow of clear sweet water that resulted.[6] Immediately he filled a water jug (olla), and as he was bringing it home he met Na'usi, who thanked him for having developed the spring and willingly granted him permission to use it.

It happened that the season was particularly dry that year, and it was not long before people began to notice that Homikni's family was fetching plenty of water from some place near the village, whereas they had to carry their supplies a great distance. As a result of the eager questioning of their neighbors, Homikni and his daughter Hahai'i, having filled as many containers as they had, threw the spring open to the use of all. For three days there were steady lines of people going to and fro, and still the spring ran full. In the hope that it might be a permanent source of water it was decided to set aside a day for communal spring building and cleaning. A large force responded to a call for volunteers, and while the men did the heavy work the women brought *somiviki*, *tcukuviki*, and *piki*.[7] Owing to the fact that the spring's capacity was much greater than anyone had guessed the task of building retaining walls proved harder than expected, because the foundations were constantly being undermined. At last, in order to make sure of getting on solid ground, they had to begin again at some distance off. All this took so much time that after forty-eight hours of work it was decided to skip a day so that the men might attend to their farming and other duties. On each of the working days the women brought food to the men, bits of which were "fed" to the spring. When everything was completed the spring was named Masduma ("Grave Soil"), after a point of land near by, and its discoverer put down prayer sticks (*paho*), prayer feathers (*nakwakwosi*), and sacred meal. All were happy to have such a good source of water near the pueblo, and for three

[6] At the start of his work, Homikni deposited four prayer feathers and sacred cornmeal as thanks to the gods for his good luck.

[7] *Somiviki* and *tcukuviki* are foods made on a cornmeal base and wrapped in corn husks; and *piki* is a crisp unleavened bread made with a cornmeal batter and baked in paper-thin sheets.

years it flowed continuously, but in the fourth year it began to fail a little, so that if too many women tried to fill their ollas at one time, the spring would run dry temporarily but would soon recover.

At last it came time for the Snake dance that was to be held in the fifth year following the spring's discovery. On *totokya* (the day preceding the public performance) Hahai'i was hastening to get water with which to make stew for the next day's feast. Clouds were gathering and rain threatened, but she continued on until, just as she came abreast of her father's peach orchard, she noticed a man coming rapidly toward her. He was dressed in ordinary Hopi fashion except for a single eagle plume, which he wore fastened to the top of his head like an *omaunakwa* ("cloud prayer"). On his left shoulder he carried a rolled-up blanket, and in his right hand he held a wing plume of an eagle, and a glass bottle in which Hahai'i made out the movements of a small yellow wormlike creature swimming about in a mixture of grass and water.

The man appeared anxious to avoid detection, but as Hahai'i was squarely in his path he could not escape. He greeted her in the Isleta tongue, whereupon she immediately recognized him as Yayama ("Emerging," a reference to the rising sun), a Chimopovy man of the Pikyas clan who was a medicine man and a member of the Wuwutcim, Snake, and Flute societies at that village. He was in the habit of showing off by greeting people in Isleta before he spoke Hopi, so that Hahai'i had no doubt of his identity.

"Where are you coming from, and what have you got there that seems so important?" questioned Hahai'i, who was made suspicious by his appearance. "Where are you going yourself?" he countered. "You know it's *totokya*[8] today, and you ought to be home watching the dance." "Never mind me," replied Hahai'i. "Answer my question. What have you got there?" Yayama hesitated, and showed signs of alarm before he spoke. "Well," he said at last, "you've recognized me, and you know what I've got here. I came on a secret errand, and I never thought that anyone would meet me here on *totokya*."

By now Hahai'i was convinced of the importance of the en-

[8] On *totokya* there is a sort of rehearsal for the Snake dance, during which a member of the Antelope society dances with a bundle of vegetation dangling from his lips. See H. R. Voth, *The Oraibi Summer Snake Ceremony*, Anthropological Series, Field Columbian Museum, 3 (1903): 321–336.

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counter, so she looked carefully at Yayama and then asked, "Why are you dressed like that? What are you doing here?" "Well, there's no hope for me," said the Chimopovy man. "The peopel from my village heard that you folks had discovered a wonderful spring, so I came here to taste it. In this way I found that it is true that someone from Oraibi stole our spring called Chimopovy — no wonder it is getting dry. I came here to take this living creature out and to bring the spring back to our village." [9]

"Did you take that living thing out of the spring?" asked Hahai'i. "Yes," he confessed. "Years ago Kelwushioma, an Oraibi man, came to Chimopovy in secret, and I've heard that he is the one who stole our spring, so I came here to taste the water to see if it's true. Sure enough, it tastes like our water, so this spring doesn't belong to Oraibi but to us." "Well," retorted Hahai'i, "you were sent here to do an errand not for our good but for our harm. What living thing have you got there? Are you taking it out so that our spring will run dry?"

"No," replied Yayama, "I just came here to taste the water and to put some of it into our spring so that it will run better." "But what have you got there?" insisted Hahai'i. "That's a tender living thing," answered the Chimopovy man; "if you touch it with your hand it will die. You've got to lift it out on the edge of this feather." "Why do you put those bits of grass [*patusaka*] [10] into the water?" "That is the food of this living creature," was the reply, "and if I didn't put some in it would die." "You must be one of the bad men [witches]," said Hahai'i. "Yes," admitted Yayama, "I am caught as I told you before, but don't tell this to anyone. Keep it a secret in your own heart." [11]

[9] Every spring and water hole is thought by the Hopi to harbor a *palulokong*, a reptile ranging in size from a worm to a serpent, from which water is supposed to issue. This creature, usually in its large form, plays an important part in Hopi mythology and ceremonialism. For further details consult E. C. Parsons, *Pueblo Indian Religion* (The University of Chicago Publications in Anthropology, 1939), p. 184, note *, *et passim*.

[10] *Patusaka* was described as a grass that grows near water and looks like millet (*lehu*). The narrator said that Kelwushioma, accused of having stolen the spring from Chimopovy, belonged to the Water Coyote clan, but in my Oraibi census he is listed as Lehu. Both clans are in the same phratry.

[11] The Hopi generally hesitate to reveal the identity of suspected witches for fear of their revenge. In addition, sorcerers often try to bribe people to keep silent. See M. Titiev, "Notes on Hopi Witchcraft," *Pap. Mich. Acad. Sci., Arts, and Letters*, 28 (1942): 549–557. 1943.

"Well," argued Hahai'i, "you warn me not to tell this story, and here you are taking this thing to your home. It seems to me that it must be a *palulokong*, but here you have only a tiny creature. We were glad to have a spring close by, and now you are taking it from us." "Listen to me, my daughter," [12] said Yayama, "I will pay you to keep it secret. Now it looks like rain, so hurry home, and I will repay you by having it rain so hard that it will fill all your cisterns." [13]

With that he hurried off, and Hahai'i saw him stop in the center of her father's orchard, where he put down the plume he had been wearing as a plea for rain. Then Hahai'i went on to the spring. When she arrived the water looked soapy (foamy), and it was rolling and dashing so madly that she was afraid to go down to the edge, but at last she got up enough courage to approach and begin filling her ollas. Whenever the lightning flashed it seemed to skim along the top of the water in broad jagged streaks, and the thunder kept up a continuous roar. Badly frightened, Hahai'i hurriedly filled her water jars and started for home, pausing only to examine the plume which Yayama had left in the orchard.

Before she could get back to the village it began to rain so hard that soon she was soaked to the skin. When she was near her house one of her neighbors called out: "I'm sorry for you. When it's raining so hard why don't you empty your jugs so that you can get home faster? There's plenty of water here."

"I went to the spring to bring this water," Hahai'i shouted back, "and I'm not going to waste my time by dumping it out. This rain won't hurt me." [14]

Although she did not know where he had gone, Hahai'i felt that Yayama had kept his promise to pay for the spring by sending a heavy fall of rain. From that day on she kept close watch of the spring. Later that year it began to fail, and by the next year it had completely dried up. Although Yayama had stolen the entire spring from Oraibi, it had not done the Chimopovy people much good, for

[12] A medicine man has the right to call all people his children.

[13] The fact that rain was already imminent when she set out for the spring is completely discounted by the narrator, who was convinced that the storm which soon broke had actually been sent by Yayama.

[14] Water is such an unqualified blessing to the Hopi that they go to extremes never to waste any, and they have nothing but contempt for those who fear to get wet.

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their spring, too, ran dry, probably because Hahai'i had caught the thief in the act.[15]

As a punishment for his misdeeds Yayama died about eight years later. Feeling that she was at last relieved of the need of maintaining silence, Hahai'i went to Chimopovy to talk with the dead man's daughter, who happened to be an albino. From her she learned that in Yayama's last illness the water (perspiration) had poured so abundantly from his body that it had been impossible to keep dry the sheepskins on which he lay. He complained constantly that he could not cool off; his eyes were big and gaping, and his tongue hung out like a dog's. Then, just before he died, the folds of his skin took on the appearance of a *palulokong* design, a sign that his death was being brought about by his theft of the living creature from the Oraibi spring.

The constant concern of the Hopi with water, which is strikingly reaffirmed in the story given above, has long been known and has properly been associated with the basic agricultural pattern of their lives. Less widely recognized is their interest in meat foods and hunting. This may be due to the fact that in recent years the game supply has shrunk so markedly that hunting is greatly restricted. Nevertheless, rabbit hunting is still an important practice,[16] and there is reason to believe that in pre-European times, before the introduction of domesticated livestock, the natives put far more emphasis on success in the chase. Again and again in Hopi folklore one finds expressions that show the great joy of the Hopi when game is plentiful and their sorrow when it is scarce. Moreover, a number of rituals whose primary purpose is to stimulate the growth of crops contain important pleas for success in the hunt. During the performance of the Oraibi Soyal ceremony, for example, special objects called hunting prayer sticks (*makbaho*) are manufactured;[17] the

[15] Witches caught in the act are supposed to have their plans frustrated, and the Hopi believe that they will be punished by death, although it is acknowledged that many of them live on indefinitely. On this point consult M. Titiev, *op. cit.* (see note 11).

[16] For details regarding this aspect of Hopi life see E. Beaglehole, "Hopi Hunting and Hunting Ritual," *Yale University Publications in Anthropology*, 4 (1936): 3–26; and *Hopi Journal of Alexander M. Stephen* (edited by Elsie Clews Parsons), pp. 1023–1024, *et passim* (Vol. 23 [1936] in *Columbia Contributions to Anthropology*).

[17] Dorsey, G. A., and Voth, H. R., *The Oraibi Soyal Ceremony*, Anthropological Series, Field Columbian Museum, 3 (1901): 57.

men of the pueblo deposit other offerings at an Antelope shrine with requests for good luck in hunting;[18] and the rites culminate in a three-day rabbit hunt by the members of the Soyal society.[19] Furthermore, one of the most important deities worshiped in the course of Oraibi's Tribal Initiation ceremonies is Tuwapongtumsi, patron goddess of all game animals.[20] From these examples it seems plain that hunting was once an extremely important aspect of Hopi culture, and the following tale supports this contention.

Sitiyo and the Hawk

Once there was a boy named Sitiyo ("Blossom Youth") who lived at Oraibi long, long ago. He was very eager to become a successful hunter, but try as he would he never had the luck to kill even the tiniest of rabbits. Sitiyo had an only sister, of whom he was very fond, and he used to feel heartbroken at the conclusion of every hunt when he thought of all the other families feasting on freshly killed game while his sister went without because of his lack of skill. The poor girl's mouth would water as she watched her neighbors dining on roasted rabbits and other dainties, but long though she did, she never dared ask for some for fear of being repulsed.

During the Soyal ceremony Sitiyo made some special prayer feathers and gave them with fervent prayers to be deposited at a shrine by the head of the Rabbit clan, but throughout the three-day hunt that follows the termination of the Soyal he did not succeed in killing a single animal. By now his kiva mates had lost all patience with poor Sitiyo. "Why is it that you have legs and arms like the rest of us, and yet you never kill anything?" they asked angrily. "If you don't contribute something after the next Soyal, we won't let you join our feast."[21]

[18] Titiev, M., "Old Oraibi," *Papers of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology*, 22 (1944): 144–145.

[19] See footnote 17.

[20] At Oraibi Tuwapongtumsi ("Sand-altar-young-woman") is also known as Tuwapongwuhti ("Sand-altar-woman"), and as Tihkuyiwuhti ("Childbirth-water-woman"). Compare E. C. Parsons, as cited in footnote 16, p. 178, and H. R. Voth, *The Traditions of the Hopi*, Anthropological Series, Field Columbian Museum, 8 (1905): 140.

[21] Kivas are subterranean rooms, generally shared by groups of men who belong to the same secret societies. In the post-Soyal hunts each kiva unit acts independently, the total kill of its members being pooled. Sitiyo's mates were angry not only because he partook of feasts without contributing to them, but also because his lack of skill lowered his group's average and made it look as if the entire kiva consisted of poor hunters.

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At last another year passed by, and again the men were out on the hunt that follows the Soyal. It happened to be a particularly good season, and most of the men were enjoying exceptionally fine luck, some of the best hunters getting as many as eight or ten rabbits on the very first day. As each man returned to the kiva, the kiva chief greeted him, saying, "How many rabbits did you touch [kill] today?" and each would joyfully announce a number, but when it came the luckless Sitiyo's turn he was forced to admit complete failure.

"I'm sorry, my son," said the kiva head kindly, "but I've got to warn you. Your fellow members are angry, and if you don't bring in something before the hunt is over, you won't be allowed to take part in our feast."

Still, try as he would, Sitiyo failed to kill a thing during the entire three days, and when the rabbit feasts began in all the kivas he appeared hopefully, carrying a batch of fresh *piki* bread that his sister had prepared for him. However, when the chief of the kiva called the men to partake of the stew that was set on the kiva floor, Sitiyo's name was not mentioned, and he sat alone eating dry *piki* while the others dined heartily on their favorite dish. Some of the meaner fellows went so far as to taunt the forlorn youth as he sat disconsolately by himself, and no one took pity on him or offered him a single mouthful, until at last he lost what little appetite he had and left the kiva, carrying his scarcely tasted bundle of *piki* with him.

Ten days later an announcement was made in the village that another hunt was to be held, this time in the direction of the Little Colorado River.[22] In spite of all his previous failures Sitiyo decided to try his luck once more, so he prepared his weapons, asked his sister to put up a sufficient quantity of baked sweet-corn meal (*tosi*) and *piki*, and set out with the others. Although each man left singly they united into kiva groups when they reached the hunting ground, and early the next morning the chase started. In the evening, as the hunters began to return, the kiva leader greeted them in the usual manner, and when Sitiyo arrived he again had to reply that not a single rabbit had fallen to his lot. "Well, there's no hope for you," answered the chief of the kiva. "When we roast our rabbit meat for supper you won't get any."

Thus it happened that, while everyone else was supping on savory

[22] In former days the Little Colorado River territory was a favorite hunting ground among the Hopi.

flesh, the unhappy Sitiyo had to satisfy his hunger with *piki* and as much rabbit gut as he could force himself to eat.

So it went until noon of the fourth day, when it was decided to bring the hunt to a close. Each kiva head then began to portion the combined kill evenly among all the members of his unit. Sitiyo looked on longingly, hoping against hope that the chief might relent at the last minute and give him one or two rabbits with which he could gladden his sister's heart. First the cottontails were parceled out, and then the jacks were distributed, yet not a single one of either kind did Sitiyo get.

It was with a heavy heart that Sitiyo watched his mates tying up the rabbits that had fallen to their lots, and when the men began to depart for home he could not bring himself to join them empty-handed, but decided to remain a little longer in the hope that his luck might change. As soon as he was alone he made a prayer feather for Tuwapongwuhti, the patron deity of all game animals, praying fervently that she might help him. Then he set out to hunt for the rest of the day, but when night fell he had nothing to show for his efforts. Sadly he prepared some supper, and while it was cooking he wondered what he should do next. As he sat looking at the light that still lingered after the sun had set, he thought he heard something being sung just across the river, and soon he was able to distinguish the words. "Over there, over there," sang a woman who seemed to be grinding corn, "Sitiyo was walking while the afterglow was fading."

Then the singing stopped, and without waiting to taste his supper Sitiyo hurried to investigate. Crossing the river, he headed for a large house from which a light was gleaming. Here he found a ladder, and climbing up he peeped through a partly opened door. Inside he saw a woman busily grinding corn; she was singing the song that had attracted his attention. He was afraid to enter because he did not know what sort of power this person might have, but as soon as she noticed him she invited him to come in, and she fixed a seat for him.

"I knew that you were tired and hungry," she said, "so I sang my song to bring you here." "Yes," admitted Sitiyo readily, "I am tired and hungry and very nearly worn out."

At this the woman bustled about and soon spread before Sitiyo a bowl of hot rabbit stew and a plentiful supply of *piki*. At her invi-

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tation he ate and ate until his hunger was completely sated. When he had finished his hostess promptly cleared away the dishes and then spoke. "I took pity on you," she said, "because you were so unlucky during the last four days. Now you and I will sleep together tonight, and tomorrow I will tell you what I have in mind for you."

The woman was young, pretty, and as plump as most men desire, so Sitiyo offered no objections and did not hesitate to accept her offer. Next morning, even before breakfast, his companion said to Sitiyo: "Follow me and I'll show you something." She led him down some steps, and on her opening a door there was heard the sound of a large number of cottontail rabbits running about. "Now, 'my husband,'" said the woman, "we have enjoyed each other, and I'm going to give these animals to you as a reward.[23] They are my children and my pets, but I give them to you."

Then she led him to other doors facing in each of the four cardinal directions, where she gave him jack rabbits, deer, and antelope. "All these other boys," she said, "have become lucky at hunting because they have slept with me. Now I am going to make you a good hunter, so go out and kill all the game you want before you go home. From now on you will be a good hunter." The boy thought for a while and then replied: "Yes, I think I know you. You must be the one living here at Little Colorado, as my ancestors have told me." "Yes," she admitted, "I am the woman whom the Hopi call Tihkuyiwuhti, who owns all the game.[24] But I'm not the only one. When you leave here you must go along the river until you meet an old woman, and she will tell you something else to do."

So Sitiyo took leave of his hostess and followed the river, watching closely for the person he was supposed to meet. Suddenly he felt the need of performing his natural office, but just as he prepared to relieve himself a voice said: "Please don't do that here, my grandson, move off a little way." "I'm sorry," replied Sitiyo, "I don't like to harm anyone, but I did not see you there. Who are you?" "I am the one you are looking for," was the reply. "When you are ready, come back to me." Sitiyo did as he was bid, and then Spider

[23] It is a Hopi convention that all who receive sexual favors must pay for them. Voth has recorded a different tale which contains several of the features in this story. Consult Voth, *op. cit.* (see note 23), pp. 120–121.

[24] For a description of this supernatural personage see *ibid.*, p. 140.

Woman — for it was she whom he had disturbed — led him to her *kiva* [house] and asked him to enter.[25]

"Now," said Spider Woman, "it was I who told Tihkuyiwuhti to call you with her grinding song. After you had enjoyed her she promised to make you into a good hunter like the other men, and sent you to me. It is getting late, and we must hurry. Have you any baked sweet-corn meal left?" "Yes," said Sitiyo, "I still have some." "All right," answered Spider Woman, "make some *qömi* [cakes or loaves baked with sweet-corn meal dough] and give some with *nakwakwosi* [prayer feathers] to Kisa [Cooper's hawk][26] and me."

Sitiyo hurried back to his camping place and quickly obeyed Spider Woman's instructions by making two cakes of *qömi* and depositing them with prayer feathers at the edge of a cliff where Kisa was accustomed to perch as he kept a sharp lookout for game. Then the youth ran off and hid, as he had been told to do, but after a time he returned to the spot and, finding that his offerings had disappeared, he realized that they had been accepted by Kisa.

Next day, still acting on Spider Woman's orders, he left his camp early in the morning, carrying his weapons with him. While he was trying to locate his prey, a shadow fell across the plain, and on looking up he saw a hawk circling about high overhead. Soon he noticed a jack rabbit, but before he could throw his stick, the hawk swooped down and killed it with one jab of its powerful sharp-pointed wing. Rabbit after rabbit was slain in this way, until the happy Sitiyo decided that he had had enough and returned to his camp. At the same time Kisa flew back to the cliff where he lived.

Immediately after breakfast the next morning Sitiyo hurried to seek out Spider Woman again. "Are you arrived?" she asked. "Yes, I'm arrived," he replied.[27] "Now it is time for you to go home," spoke Spider Woman. "Your parents and your sister are lonesome for you, and are afraid that some wild beasts may have

[25] This is the conventional mode of meeting Spider Woman in most of the stories told at Oraibi. She is a powerful figure, grandmother of the Little War Twins and ancestress of all witches. She is both venerated and feared.

[26] Kisa is not only a great hunting deity; he is also said by the Hopi to have taught them the use of the curved throwing sticks which they employ for killing rabbits. Cf. Parsons, *op. cit.* (see note 9), p. 187.

[27] This exchange of questions is the formal way in which the Hopi greet new arrivals.

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killed you. Now, my grandson, when you get home tell your sister and mother to divide your game into two parts. With one half let them make a stew for your kiva mates, and with the other half let them make stew for everyone else in the village. When your kiva mates taste this stew it will be a lesson to them for having been so mean to you."

"Also," she continued, "when it comes time for the Soyal ceremony and your people make *nakwakwosi* for every living creature, don't forget to make some for your 'wife' [Tihkuyiwuhti], for me, and for your servant Kisa. We will watch you at Soyal to see if you are thinking of us, and we shall be glad when we get *nakwakwosi* from you."

Sitiyo thanked his benefactress and started back for Oraibi, but on account of his heavy load of rabbits it took him about three days to make the return journey. As he was approaching the village he was met by one of the men from his kiva, who said: "I'm glad to see you coming home. Your folks were worried when you didn't return with the rest of us. Now they will be happy. Just let me help you with your load." Then, taking only a few of the rabbits with him, Sitiyo's friend rushed on ahead, promising to send the boy's father to help with the rest of the burden.

Soon the father came running gladly to meet his son, and on seeing the large number of rabbits he exclaimed: "Thank you for bringing so much game. We were worried for fear wild beasts or enemy tribes had killed you." Together they shared the load and speedily reached the pueblo. Sitiyo greeted his mother and sister and then hurried to his kiva, where the men had been puzzled by his absence and had begun to blame themselves for having left him behind. Now they were overjoyed to see him, and all began to ask how many rabbits he had killed. "Oh, I killed a great many," he answered without making mention of his supernatural helpers, "but I didn't bother to count them."

Then Sitiyo announced the two feasts that he was going to provide the next day, and on the morrow there was enough to satisfy everyone in the entire village. As Spider Woman had foretold, his kiva mates were now ashamed of the way they had treated Sitiyo, and many of them apologized, promising to treat him from then on as a true brother.

So the time passed happily for Sitiyo until the next Soyal. He

did not disregard Spider Woman's instructions, but prepared prayer feathers for her as well as for Tihkuyiwuhti and Kisa. From that time on he was one of the most successful hunters at Oraibi, supplying much game for making stew to his parents, sister, and paternal aunts.[28]

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[28] Note how kinship factors are woven into this story. Reference is made to the strong bond between parents and children, between brother and sister, and between a boy and his paternal aunts. Moreover, when Sitiyo's kiva mates repent, they promise to treat him like a true brother. The tale thus reflects quite accurately the importance of these relationships in everyday Hopi life.

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