



Thunderbird and Whale Stories

From "Some Additional Myths of the Hoh and Quileute Indians", Albert B. Reagan, Utah Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters, Vol. XI, 1934, pp. 17-37.

A HOH VERSION OF THE THUNDERBIRD MYTH

You know Forks prairie, Quillayute prairie, Little prairie, Beaver prairie, Tye prairie and all the other prairies of our country. Well, these are the places where the great, elder thunderbird had terrible battles with the killer whale of the deep.

This whale was a monster destroyer of the whales that furnished oil to the children of men. It slaughtered the oil producing whales till none could be obtained for meat and oil. What were the people to do? There was no oil to drink and dip their bread and dried berries in. What were they to do! Were they to starve!

Thunderbird saw their plight and soared from her nest in yonder dark hole in the mountains. She soared far out over the placid waters and there poised herself high up in the air and waited for the "killer" to come to the surface of the water as it chased its fleeing prey. It came and as quick as a flash, the powerful bird darted and seized it in her flinty talons. Then above the watery surface she lifted it and with great effort soared away toward the land areas.

Passing beyond the oceans with her ponderous load, she, tiring, was compelled to alight and rest her wings; and each and every time the bulky beast was allowed to reach solid land there was a terrible battle; for it was powerful and fought for its life with terrible energy. In addition, each time they fought in desperate encounter, they tore all the trees up by the roots and since that time no trees have grown upon these places to this day; they have been prairies ever since. Furthermore, the great thunderbird finally carried the weighty animal to its nest in the lofty mountains, and there was the final and terrible contest fought. Here in this death struggle, they uprooted all the trees for many miles around the nest and also pulled the rocks down the great Hoh valley. Since then there has been no timber on the up-country; and the heap of debris they pulled down that valley is known as the bench; (the last terminal moraine of the Olympic glacier). Thunderbird, however, finally triumphed. It killed the beast and tore its great and mighty body to pieces; and, then, finding that it was not good to eat, it hurled the pieces from its nest in all directions, where the respective pieces turned to stone under the curse of the enraged bird. You can see them there now. They are the projecting points and rocky ridges of that high region. Before that time that section was practically level. Now you know what a broken-up rocky place it is.

That is not all. Killer whale had a son, called Subbus. So after thunderbird had killed the parent whale, it set out to capture and destroy this beast also.

This young monster was much smaller than its father, smaller on account of its not being

fully developed. Nevertheless, it was more agile and wary. Consequently it took days and days of hovering over the sea before the bird of the upper sky could drop down upon it and seize it in its talons. But the unfortunate day came to it also, as it had to the parent, "killer." It was chasing a school of sperm whales and was just in the act of making an onslaught on the largest fellow of the school when there was a rustling noise and then before it could dive to the lower depths of the watery ways, it felt itself being lifted into the air, as at the same time it felt the excruciating pain caused by the huge claws of the bird being sunk deep into its body. It fought, but it was no match for its adversary.

High into the air the bird carried it over the land, finally dropping it to the land surface at Beaver prairie. Then at this place there was another great battle. Subbus was at length killed and his body torn to pieces; Moreover, its huge body damned the original channel of the Soleduck river and caused it to make the big bend to the southwestward at that place. And the huge pieces of blubber, now stone, cover the ground in the direction of its longitudinal extension. (This is a lateral moraine of the Selkirk-Mt. Baker glacier that crosses the region here--Reagan.) You can see the line of rock (boulder train) there at any time.

My father (father of the medicine man who related this story to the writer) also told me that following the killing of this destroyer of the food-animals of mankind, there was a great storm and hail and flashes of lightning in the darkened, blackened sky and a great and crashing "thunder-noise" everywhere. He further stated that there were also a shaking, jumping up and trembling of the earth beneath, and a rolling up of the great waters.

From Franz Boas, 1898, Traditions of the Tillamook Indians, Journal of American Folklore, V. 11, pp. 23-38.

The Thunder-bird A Tillamook Legend

Once upon a time there was a man who lived at Slab Creek. One day he went up the creek to spear salmon. When he started out the sun was shining, but soon dark clouds came up and it began to thunder and to rain. Then it cleared up again, but soon a new shower came on and he was unable to secure a single fish. He became angry and said, "What is that great thing that always darkens the water and prevents me from seeing the fish?" He went on and came to a tall spruce tree in which a large hole had been burned by lightning. He looked into it and discovered a little boy. When he looked closer he saw the boy coming out. As soon as he had stepped out of the hole he began to grow, and soon reached a height taller than the spruce tree; his skin was covered with feathers. Then he said, "Now you see how tall I am. Don't look at me; I am the one whom you have scolded."

Then the speaker, who was no other than the Thunderer, took the man's salmon spear and blanket. He leaned the spear against the tree and hung the blanket on to it. He took the man under his armpits and flew with him towards the sky. When they reached a considerable height the man almost fell from under the Thunderer's armpits, and the latter descended again and allowed him to regain his strength. He thought: "Where shall I put him in order to prevent his falling down?" He said, "When we reach a great height, close your eyes, so that the strong wind which prevails up there will do you no harm." Then he flew up again and ascended in large circles. Each flapping of his wings was a peal of thunder, and when the noise ceased the man knew that they had arrived at the Thunderer's home and he opened his eyes. On the following day the Thunderer told him to go and catch salmon. The man went to the beach but did not see any salmon, while many whales were swimming about. Then he went back to the house and said, "I do not see any salmon, but many whales are swimming

about."

"Those are the fish I was speaking of," replied the Thunderer. "They are our food. Catch a few!" The man replied, "They are too large, and I cannot catch them."

They went out and the man saw that the people were catching whales in the same way as he was accustomed to catch salmon. The Thunderer told him to stand aside, as he himself was preparing to catch whales. He caught the largest one and carried it up to a large cave which was near by, and when he had deposited it there the whale flapped its tail and jumped about, violently shaking the mountain, so that it was impossible to stand upon it.

One day the man went up the river and saw many fish swimming in it. He thought, "I am tired of whale meat and wish I could have some fish." He went back to the house and spoke to the Thunderer, "Grandfather, I have found many fish, and I want to catch them." He made a fish spear, which he showed to the Thunderer. The latter looked at it, but found it so small that he was hardly able to feel it. It slipped under his fingernail and he was unable to find it again. The man said, "How large are your nails! They are just like the crack of a log," and the old grandfather laughed.

The man made a new spear and went fishing salmon. Before he went the old man said, "Don't catch more than you are able to eat. You may take four of five." "I cannot even eat one." Then the grandfather laughed and said, "If I should eat one hundred I should not have enough."

The man went out, caught one salmon, and brought it home. He was going to split it, but was unable to find knife small enough for cutting the fish.

Then the Thunderer split a rock, as he thought, into very small pieces, but the smallest of these was so large that the man was unable to lift it. Then the Thunderer broke it into still smaller pieces and said, "I fear I have spoilt it, for it has become dust so fine that I cannot take hold of it." The man went out, but even then the smallest piece was so large that he was unable to lift it. After the Thunderer had broken it again and the man had selected the smallest piece, he said, "It is still too large, but I think I must try to make use of it. Then the Thunderer told him how to cut the fish. He followed his commands and cut the fish, as the people of the Thunderer were accustomed to do.

He roasted it and ate it, but was unable to eat all. Then his grandfather laughed and said, "Put it aside and go to sleep. When you awake you will be able to eat more." When the man awoke and wanted to continue to eat the fish it was gone. It had returned to the river from which he had taken it. He took his spear and went down the river to catch another salmon. There he saw one half of a fish swimming about. It was the one he had been eating. He caught it, roasted it, and finished eating it. The next day he caught another fish, and when he had eaten half of it and went to sleep he tied the rest to a pole in order to prevent its returning to the river. But when he awoke he found it had returned to the river. He had burned one side of the head of this salmon, and the next day on going to the river he saw the same salmon swimming about. It had taken some grass into its mouth and covered one side of its face, as it was ashamed to show how badly it was burned. The Thunderer said, "Don't burn the salmon when you roast them, for they do not like it. They might take revenge upon you."

The next day the Thunderer again went whaling, and the man asked him to be allowed to

accompany him, as he wished to witness the spectacle. The Thunderer granted his request, but when he came home in the evening he found that the man was badly hurt. He had been unable to stand on his feet when the whale was shaking the mountain, and was hurt by falling trees and stones. But on the following day he asked once more to be allowed to accompany the Thunderer. He tied himself to a tree, but when the Thunderer came back in the evening to fetch him he found him again badly hurt, as he had been knocked about by the swinging trees.

Meanwhile the relatives of the man had been searching for him for over a year. They had gone up Slab Creek, where they found his spear and blanket leaning against a large spruce tree. They did not know what had become of him. They believed him to be dead, and his wife mourned for him.

One day while he was staying with the Thunderer he thought of his wives and children and longed to return. He said to himself: "Oh, my children, as you still alive? There is no one to provide for you, and I am afraid you are dead." The Thunderer knew his thoughts and said, "Do not worry, your wives are quite well. One of them has married again. I will take you back tomorrow." What the Thunderer called the next day was actually the next year.

The following day he took him under his armpits and put him back at the foot of the spruce tree from where he had taken him, and then flew back home. The man believed that he had been away only four days, but it had been four years. He did not go to his house, but stayed in the woods nearby. There his son found him. He asked the boy, "Who are you? Is your father at home?" The boy replied, believing him to be a stranger, "No, I have no father; he was lost four years ago. For a long time they looked for him, and finally they found his clothes and his slamon spear." Then the man said, "I am your father. The Thunderer took me up to the sky, and I have returned." Then he inquired after his wives, and the boy replied, "Mother is well and all my brothers have grown up and are also well. Your other wife has married again, but Mother remained true to you." Then the man sent him to call his wife. The boy ran home and said, "Mother! Father is in the woods!" His mother did not believe him and whipped him for speaking about his father. Then the boy went out crying. He said to his father, "Mother did not believe me." The man gave him a piece of whale meat and said, "Take this to your mother; I brought it from where I have been." The boy obeyed, and took the whale meat to his mother, who said, "I will go with you, but if he is not your father, I shall beat you." She accompanied her son and found her husband. He returned with her into the house, and she invited the whole tribe. The man danced and became a great shaman. For ten days he danced, and the people feasted. Then he told them where he had been and what he had seen, and said that whenever they wanted to have a whale he would get one.

After some time the Thunderer came back and took him up once more and he stayed for 10 years with him. Then he came home and lived with his people.

One day he went elk-hunting, and came to a small lake, where he found a small canoe. When crossing the lake he heard a voice calling him from out of the water, and on looking down he saw a hole in the bottom, and a human being in it which called him. He jumped overboard, went to the bottom of the lake, and stayed with the supernatural being for 10 years. Then the latter sent him out in company of the beaver to gather some skunk-cabbage. They followed a trail and came to a parting of the roads. The man did not know where they were going. Then the beaver asked him, "Do you know where we are going? This trail is Nestuka River, which we are now descending." They followed the trail to its end, where they found a large cave, from which the man emerged to the open air, while the beaver returned

to the lake. At the entrance of the cave the man flung down two skunk- cabbages which he had found, and ascended the mountain. Ever since that time two stems of skunk-cabbage have been growing at the entrance of the cave.

His two sons found him on the summit of the rock. They took him home and invited the whole tribe. He danced and became the greatest shaman among his people. When a person died he was able to bring back his soul and restore him to life."

Flood Stories

From the Diary of James Swan JANUARY 1864, Tuesday 12th

Today took an inventory of Government property for Mr. Webster. Billy Balch came in this evening and gave me a very lucid explanation why the spirits of the dead did not molest me. He says that it is because we have a cellar in the house and a floor over it. But in Indian houses there is nothing but the bare ground or sand. That when any of the Indians are alone in a great house and make a fire and cook, that the mimilos or dead come up through the earth and eat the food and kill the Indian, but he thinks they can't come up through our floors although as he says he would be afraid to try to sleep alone here for there might be some knot hole or crack in the floor through which they could come.

Billy also related an interesting tradition. He says that "ankarty" but not "Irias ankarty" that is at not a very remote period the water flowed from Neah Bay through the Waatch prairie, and Cape Flattery was an Island. That the water receded and left Neah Bay dry for four days and became very warm. It then rose again without any swell or waves and submerged the whole of the cape and in fact the whole country except the mountains back of Clioquot. As the water rose those who had canoes put their effects into them and floated off with the current which set strong to the north. Some drifted one way and some another and when the waters again resumed their accustomed level a portion of the tribe found themselves beyond Noothu where their descendants now reside and are known by the same name as the Makah or Quinaitchechat.

Many canoes came down in the trees and were destroyed and numerous lives were lost. The same thing happened at Quillehuyte and a portion of that tribe went off either in canoes or by land and found the Chimahcum tribe at Port Townsend.

There is no doubt in my mind of the truth of this tradition. The Waatch prairie shows conclusively that the waters of the ocean once flowed through it. And as this whole country shows marked evidence of volcanic influences there is every reason to believe that there was a gradual depressing and subsequent upheaval of the earth's crust which made the waters to rise and recede as the Indian stated.

The tradition respecting the Chimatcums and Quillehuyte I have often heard before from both these tribes.

From "Some Additional Myths of the Hoh and Quileute Indians", Albert B. Reagan, Utah Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters, Vol. XI, 1934, pp. 17-37.

Informants were Hal George, Luke Hobucket, Harold Johnson, Klakishkee, Bucket Mason, Elon Mason, M.B. Penn, Mrs. Jimmie Howe, Frank Bennett, Klekabuck, Kikabuthlup, Dixon Payne, Weberhard Jones, Arthur Howeattle, Eli Ward, Jack Ward, Beatrice Pullen, Mark Williams, and Carl Black and his wife, Sally Black.

A STORY OF THE FLOOD

In the beginning Kwattee created the animals of the earth. Then by the union of some of these animals with a star which fell from heaven, came the first human beings. And from these sprang the various races of men.

Years came and went and all was good. Then Chief Thunderbird attempted to destroy all the good whales of the ocean. Kwattee then interfered, and a terrible drawn battle was fought between him and Thunderbird.

Enraged, that bird caused the waters of the great deep to rise. For four days the sea continued to rise. It rose till it covered the very tops of the mountains.

Again Kwattee joined his adversary in battle, and while the conflict was in progress, the waters receded. This engagement, too, was a drawn battle, and following it the waters again rose. The water of the Pacific flowed through what is now the swamp and prairie westward from Neah Bay on the Strait of Juan de Fuca to the Pacific, making an island of Cape Flattery.

Again Kwattee and Thunderbird engaged in terrible conflict, and again the waters suddenly receded, leaving Neah Bay, the Strait of Fuca, and Puget Sound perfectly dry. For four days the water ebbed out, and numerous sea monsters and whales were left on dry land.

The battle was again indecisive. Then without any waves or breakers the waters again rose till they had submerged the whole country. Then Kwattee killed Chief Thunderbird. The waters were then four days receding. And since then there has been no great floods on the earth. Also each time that the waters rose, the people took to their canoes and floated off as the winds and currents wafted them, as there was neither sun nor land to guide them. Many canoes also came down in trees and were destroyed, and numerous lives were lost. And the survivors were scattered over the whole earth. One segregation of the Quileutes found themselves at Hoh, another at Chemakum (near the present Port Townsend), and a third succeeded in returning to their own home here on the Pacific.

From: Gunther, Erna, 1925, "Klallam Folk Tales", University of Washington Publications in Anthropology, Vol. 1, No. 4, pp. 113-170 *Informants cited: Told by Joe Samson of Elwah, interpreted by Vera Ulmer*

The Flood

There was a man who told his people to make some canoes and to make them large and strong so they could endure storms. There was a flood coming. The people said the mountains were high and they could just go up the mountains when the flood came. He warned them again. Soon it began to rain and rained for many days. And the rivers became salt. The people said they would go up the mountains. When the flood came they took their children by the hand and packed the small ones on their backs. It became so cold that the children died. They had no way of getting to the mountains for the valleys were full of water

and the rivers overflowed their banks.

The people that walked all died. Those that had canoes and water and food lived. Some who were in a canoe tied themselves to a treetop when their canoe hit the tree and split. Many died. Some tied themselves to mountains and the highest ones were saved. The flood uprooted all the trees. That is why there are no really large ones left today. All the trees of today grew after the flood.

From: E.Y. Arima, Louis Clamhouse, Joshua Edgar, Charles Jones, and John Thomas, Barkley Sound Southeast, 1989, Between Ports Alberni and Renfrew: Notes on West Coast Peoples, Canadian Museum of Civilization, pp. 207, 230, 231, 264, & 265

Preface: These West Coast notes were gathered from 1964 on as "salvage" or "urgent" ethnology, under the auspices of the Canadian Museum of Civilization during the 1960's and subsequently of National Historic Parks and Sites, from Bamfield, Nitinat, Clo-oose and Port Renfrew. They were assembled in 1975-1976, omitting the Bamfield traditions by Chief Louie, into an earlier ms., "Notes on the Southern West Coast native world: peoples, place names, environment, and selected economic pursuits", in which form they already were useful to West Coast studies (e.g., Turner et al. 1983). In the 1980's the work was expanded for Parks, Environment Canada, as "West Coast native peoples of the Pacific Rim National Park region" to help encourage inclusion of ethnological and historical aspects in a Parks study of Pacific Rim's native dimension, an archaeological survey conducted by James Haggarty assisted notably by Richard Inglis and Denis St. Claire. The prime native contributors are duly recognized as co-authors: Louis Clamhouse who provides the Ho:^ɬ i:^ɬath traditions; Joshua Edgar (Ch'ili^ɬ, f. Ch'ila:qetid) for Ditidaht historical and geographical data; Charles Jones (Kwi:la:tso:t), source for the Pacheedaht and more; John Thomas (Cha:xwi:yittx), for Ditidaht and Makah, also transcriber-translator. Native names given are just their recent ones; all are leading hereditary chiefs.

The Tsunami At 'Anaqtl'a or "Pachena Bay"

This story is about the first Anaqt or "Pachena Bay" people. style="mso-spacerun: yes"> It is said that they were a big band at the time of him whose name was Hayoqwis 'is, 'Ten-On-Head-On-Beach.' He was the Chief; he was of the Pachena Bay tribe; he owned the Pachena Bay country. Their village site was ʔoht'a; they of ʔoht'a lived there. I think they numbered over a hundred persons. They were members of the Pachena Bay tribe.

Now it was he who did so, it is said, he who was the First Chief of the Ki:x'in'ath. He performed a ceremonial woman purchase according to the native marriage procedure. He went to he whose name was Hayoqwis 'is. They got in marriage the elder daughter.

The Ohiaht chief had four sons. The woman buying party set out Ki:x'in. They were made to go through several topa:ti tests. One was broad jumping. If they jumped four fathoms they would get the girl. They were doing so on the rocky shore of ʔoht'a. They were jumping uphill. They were a big tribe. Those ways were big.

The woman buying party was successful. They got the girl for one of their number jumped the required four fathoms. He, the younger brother, jumped the four fathoms, but in doing so he landed on his face against the cliff, broke his head, and died. The jumping game topa:ti belonged to him who was Chief, Ten-On-Head-On-Beach. His country extended to

Tłosa:yo: at and reached the point of Łoht'a:. There is now no one left alive due to what this land does at times. They had practically no way or time to try to save themselves. I think it was at nighttime that the land shook. It was a sandy beach, it is said, Ma:łts'a:s extending to Cha:hsow'a. Its name was Ts'a:ts'axwach'a'aqołh, 'Place-On-Rocky-Shore-For-Spearing'. It is now called Ka:nop'ał, 'Carrying-Person-On-back'. It was floating, it is said, consisting only of sand, a house right up against the hill out of the woods, its name Satsnit, 'Place-Of-Many-Tyee-Salmon'. It was a place of many tyee salmon when they came to land from the sea. They were at Łoht'a:, and they simply had no time to get hold of canoes, no time to get awake. They sank at once, were all drowned; not one survived. Only his elder daughter went to Ki:x'in as a bride from whom my former grandfather was descended.

This is it now, the Ohiahts of today. Their Chiefs are big. This is their very own history, thus the land became theirs. Now when the Ohiahts were all gone into hiding, Chief N'a:si:smis, 'Carrying-Day-Along-Beach', of Kildonan [Ho:choqtłis'ath], it is said, went on war raids and killed off the band of Ts'axq'o:'is, killed off the band of Tł'a:ni:wa'a, and conquered as far as Tsosayi:'at. Because of that it is said that my grandfather's domain reached Tsosayi:'at. This was brought about by the Pachena Bay Chief, brought as dowry for his elder daughter to my grandfather's ancestor before the big earthquake, before the big flood. By that my grandfather's land reached Tsosayi:'at, along with all chiefly rights, songs, topa:tis. Many are now today descended from that. Only my grandfather survived who now has many descendants. It is them now who are descendants from the first Pachena Bay people. It is said no one ever knew what happened. I think a big wave smashed into the beach. The Pachena bay people were lost. Their food was whale meat. That is why they were living there. Nothing was known about what happened and what became of them. But they on their part who lived at Ma:łts'a:s, 'House-Up-Against-Hill', the wave did not reach because they were on high ground. Right against a cliff were the houses on high ground at M'a:łsit, 'Coldwater Pool'. Because of that they came out alive. They did not drift out to sea along with the others.

Everything then drifted away; everything was lost and gone. To the Chiefs of old this land was very great in their sight because they ate the drift whale that drifted on the shores of their land, also drift sea lion and everything that drifted onto their land.

Other Related Stories

From: George Benson Kuykendall, 1889, \fI in \fR History of the Pacific Northwest: Oregon and Washington, Volume II, Part VI, Elwood Evans, North Pacific history company, Portland, Oregon, pp. 60-95.

Reprinted in: Clarence B. Bagley, 1930, "Indian Myths of the Northwest", Lowman and Hanford Co., Seattle, WA.

SPEELYAI FIGHTS EENUMTLA

Eenumtla, or Thunder, was a very mighty god in the days of the Wat-tee-tash. He lived in the high mountains and clouds. His terrible roar filled every living thing with fear; and his

searching gaze penetrated from his home in the clouds to every spot on the earth. The wink of his eye was the flashing of fire; and no living thing could hope to escape his notice. This thunder god abused his power, and made himself a tyrant. Seated high in the clouds, and always watching, whenever he saw anyone, he immediately spread dark clouds over him and thundered so violently as to make the world tremble; and with a flash of lightening his victim was stricken out of existence. The people were living in a state of continued terror, and scarcely dared come out of their houses for fear of being shot by the lightning.

The Indian god Speelyai (Coyote) came along one day and found the people in great consternation. He said to them: "What is the matter? Of what are you all so fearful?" They related how they lived in constant dread of the mighty Eenumtla, and scarcely dared to go out to fish, hunt or do anything. He told the terrified people he would break the power of the dreaded storm god. After much thought he failed to come to any conclusion as to the best mode of getting at the monster. As was his custom when in need of counsel or help, he called forth his sisters; and, when they had told him what to do, he said: "That is just what I thought, my sisters; that is my plan."

Following their directions, he transformed himself to a downy feather, and floated on the wind up to the thunder god, and over him, so as to get a good sight of him. He then came down in a whirlwind and alighted on a dry sunflower stalk, and sat there watching Eenumtla. During these movements the thunder god had been watching, and kept thinking: "That looks like a feather, and yet it looks like a man." He then raised up and took a better look. Being suspicious and in doubt, he said: "It probably is a feather that I knocked from someone the other day; and the wind has blown it here. I will try a little rain on it and see what it will do." So saying, he raised up and thundered and sent a shower of rain down. The magic feather did not move. When the rain ceased all of a sudden, Coyote, in the form of a feather, rose up in the air and began to peal out thunder and flash lightning and pour rain down at a terrible rate. Eenumtla was amazed and sorely perplexed that so small an object as a downy feather should do such a wonderful thing. "I thought I was the only Thunder in the world." Feeling jealous at this usurping of his power and dignity, he flashed lightning at the little down and thundered at it, and sent down a deluge of water at his insignificant enemy. The disguised god Coyote became very angry, and began to flash lightning in the very eyes of the thunder god himself, so that he began to dodge and blink. Determined not to be outdone by so puny an antagonist, Eenumtla the thunderer shot back hot lightning, sending the fire at his eyes; yet Coyote did not dodge nor wink, but answered with lightnings more fierce and thunders more loud. The contest waged hotter and hotter. The thunderer shot thunderbolts at Coyote, and tore up the earth about him; and he in turn answered lightnings with flashes more terrific, and hurled the thunder god from his seat in the clouds. The enraged combatants then raised high up over the world, and fought amid rollings and crushings of thunder, and the demoniac play of lightnings and thunderbolts; while the storm clouds darkened the sky, and rain deluged the earth with fearful violence.

They finally came together in a fearful last death grip, in the midst of thick clouds and tempestuous elements; they fell to the ground with such force that they shook the whole world. Coyote fell on top of Eenumtla the thunderer, and began to beat him unmercifully with his war clubs. The fallen giant pleaded for mercy; but coyote continued to pummel his antagonist until all the clubs were broken; and then he pronounced sentence upon the once haughty thunderer: "You shall no more make it your business to kill and terrify people. You may live, but can only thunder on hot, sultry days. You may flash lightning, but not to destroy." From that day the power of Eenumtla has been broken; and, though he sometimes terrifies, he seldom kills.

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