

# LITTLE GROWLING BIRD-WINDEGOLAND



One day Nokomis made a fine Pinj-gosoin, or Medicine bag, for Little Growing Bird. He had no pockets in his trousers (which were not REAL trousers, but only leggings), so the bag was just the thing to hold the collection of odds and ends that all little boys like to carry in their clothes—such as bits of string, and fish-hooks; and worms, and gum, and live frogs. Aundak, the Crow, had no pockets, either, but he used to hide, in secret places, everything he couldn't swallow. When he saw the bag, he said: "What-a-dandy bag! Let us go and dig some nice eatable roots and fill it up!" So—

They went down to the Spruce Valley, where the Wuh-tuh-bineeg, or Sweet-tasting roots, grow. There were many other kinds of roots to be had there, such as Meezh-waywushik, the Medicine root, good for cuts and bruises; Sah-suh-beequ, the Headache root, and Naybah-kaywin, o-cheebik, the Sleep-making root. Aundak had often gone with Nokomis when she went to gather roots, so he knew all the different kinds. Little Growing Bird began to dig with a sharp stick, and Aundak to peck away with his strong beak, until they soon had gathered enough to fill the Medicine bag.

Suddenly Aundak, the Crow, whose ears were very sharp, heard a scraping of claws, and, looking around, saw a fat little animal creeping backwards down a nearby pine tree. "Waygoonain? Who is it?" asked Little Growing Bird. Aundak looked hard at the creature, who had now turned his head in their direction, and said: "Hullo! Aren't you Kaug, the Porcupine?" Now, at this time, Kaug, the Porcupine, had no sharp quills on his back to protect him. He lived in a hole in a hollow tree and fed on the bark. His seldom came down to the ground, and was, therefore, very fat, chummy and goovish.



"Oh, yes? I'm Kaug, all right!" Porcupine replied. "But I wish I were someone else!" "What ails you?" asked Little Growing Bird. "Everything ails me!" said Kaug, who was very sulky and goovish. "I can't go outside of the Refuge Ground here but every one picks on me. I am too stout, and my legs are too short to run away; my teeth and claws are no good to fight with, so all the animals abuse me, and some would even EAT me, if I didn't stay up in the trees all the time." Here Kaug shed a couple of large tears.

"I used to live in the treetops before I came to stay with Little Growing Bird and take care of him," said Aundak. "I thought it a very desirable location!" "You didn't have to eat bark for breakfast, dinner and supper!" Kaug replied. "And worse than that, I daren't go to sleep for fear of falling down and breaking my neck, and I've got a fierce headache for want of rest. Can a fellow get anything decent to eat around here?" he asked, and looked very hard at the pile of roots.

Little Growing Bird was sorry for any one that was hungry, and gave Kaug some of the Wuh-tuh-bineeg, the Sweet-tasting roots. "How do you feel now?" asked Aundak. "I feel a little better," said Kaug, "but I've still got a bad headache!" "Well, here's the stuff to cure that," and Aundak gave him some of Sah-suh-beequ, the Headache root. "How does THAT strike you?" he asked, after Kaug had finished it. "Oh, just middlin'," grumbled Porcupine, "I wish I could get some sleep!" Well, they took him over to a thistle patch near by and gave him some Naybah-kaywin, o-cheebik, the Sleep-making root.



Then they led Kaug aside to where Me-sah-nushk, the Bull Thistle, grew in a solid bank, with strong, sharp prickles pointing in all directions. Kaug lay down and fell sound asleep in a minute, and Aundak, the Fig, "Let's play a trick on him!" said Aundak. "He acts like a hog, so let us stick him full of thistle spines so he'll look like one!" "Won't it hurt him?" asked Little Growing Bird. "Kaw—No! It will do him good!" said Aundak. "Besides, he can't feel it when he's asleep, and the scibers will give him something to grumble about when he wakes up." So—

They broke off the spines of Me-sah-nushk, the Thistle, and stuck them among the thick hair of Kaug's neck and back and tail, until he looked like a big pincushion. Now, the Sleep-making root possessed magic powers which made the spines take root in Kaug's skin and grow into hard quills, with needle-like points covered with wee, tiny hooks pointing backward. Some little boys think that Kaug can shoot his quills at his enemy, but that is a mistake. They are attached very slightly to his skin and come out very easily, but stick like fish-hooks into the flesh of any one who touches him. Little Growing Bird soon found THAT out, because—

He got his hands stuck full of quills, and Aundak got a mouthful. They ran home to Nokomis, who pulled the quills out, but scolded them for playing such a trick on Kaug because he was ignorant and rude. Now, that is how Kaug, the Porcupine, got his quills, and, ever since then, no one dare touch him without being sorry afterward. If you should ever notice him whining and digging around among the weeds, you may believe that he is trying to find the magic Sleep-making root. Maybe HE thinks it will change his quills into feathers—but what a funny bird he would make!