

APPENDIX 4-A

TRIBAL WATER STORIES

TRIBAL
WATER
STORIES
OF
COASTAL
SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA

INTRODUCTION

The San Diego Integrated Regional Water Management (IRWM) Program is an interdisciplinary effort of San Diego Region organizations and stakeholders to develop long-term water supply reliability, improve water quality, and protect natural resources. The tribes of San Diego County are essential stakeholders to the IRWM Program.

In 2009, as a part of the California Water Plan Update process, the Department of Water Resources identified stories as powerful and effective educational tools to learn about Native American tribes, as they teach about people, places, history, culture, and spirituality. Although the California Tribal Water Stories (<http://www.waterplan.water.ca.gov/tribal2/tws/>) offers a wonderful collection of stories from tribes throughout California, it did not include many stories from Southern California tribes.

This Tribal Water Stories of Southern California document is filled with stories, myths, and songs from several Native American Tribes of greater San Diego County.

This document aims to entertain and educate its readers while honoring and celebrating the people and culture that have kept these stories alive for generations.

Special thanks to the Kumeyaay and their website, www.kumeyaay.com, which aims to promote and preserve Kumeyaay culture. The site is filled with educational material told from the Kumeyaay perspective and is a great resource for all.



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JATIO WA MEYA JATIO
THAT TALKS OF WATER

This song, sung by Kumeyaay singer Gloria Castañeda Silva (1947–2008), repeats the phrases, “the water is flowing” and “the water is mixed.” The song contains both Spanish and Kumeyaay words. Kumeyaay belongs to the Yuman language family and there are approximately 50 surviving speakers. The rhythm is meant to echo the speed and movement of the water it describes and honors the natural resource most valued by the Kumeyaay.

AH-HA’ WI-AH-AH’
WATER COLDER WATER

In the Kumeyaay tradition, stories explain the reason for the existence of all things. There is a spring located high in the Cuyamaca Mountains named Ah-ha’ Wi-Ah-ah.’ This story tells of how the spring was named by a mythical giants and how it protected Kumeyaay maidens from the giants’ torturous ways.

CUPEÑO CREATION MYTH

In this Cupeño Creation Myth, we are introduced to the gods Tumaiyowit and Mukat. They created the world and all that is in it. Despite their great power to create, they were unable to live peacefully with each other. After Tumaiyowit died, Mukat was left to the ill-will of mankind and trouble-maker Coyote. This story teaches us how the gods used water to determine if all is well in the world.

IN-YAR’EN AH-HA’
NO EYES IN WATER

There is a spring known to the Kumeyaay, located at the edge of a river flat at Descanso, in which an evil spirit once dwelled. The evil spirit’s cries and screams filled the women of the nearby village with fear for generations. This story illustrates the power of water and the type of spirits it can sometimes attract.

CHAUP, THE SPIRIT OF THE SHOOTING STAR

In this story, we meet Cenohow, a beauty who bathed in a clear lagoon every night. One night, she gave birth to two sons who eventually fall in love with women from a neighboring tribe. Both men are killed, but not before one brother had a son, named Chaup. Upon growing up, Chaup learns of his father’s fate and becomes consumed by revenge. Chaup leaves his village and finds his grandmother, Cenohow. At night, Chaup comes out of the cave to fly across the endless sky in search of little boys and girls in order to steal their souls for his grandmother to eat. This story tells of how their two hearts were changed by these events, and how pride and revenge can get the better of you.

1 CHUMASH FLOOD STORY 11

This Chumash story describes the symbiotic relationship between the sun and water. Through the experience of Spotted Woodpecker surviving a great flood, we learn why woodpeckers love acorns and how the sun protects all living things.

THE FLOOD 13

This story teaches us of the power of nature and the fragility of life. For when the flood engulfed the land, only a chosen few survived on a little hill. From those few, all Indians descended, the story explains. Their spirits take the forms of deer, bears and snakes; these people were to become the ancestors of all things on earth.

3 KUMEYAAY CREATION STORY 15

In the beginning, there was nothing but water. One of two brothers, Teaipakomat, decided that he wanted more, so he took it upon himself to fashion the land we walk on, the sun in our skies, and the people themselves. This was cause for celebration, but the people lacked knowledge for things such as dance, for a large snake that lived out in the ocean had swallowed all learning. This story tells of the brave volunteer who traveled to the sea and brought the snake back to the village, ultimately resulting in the snake providing knowledge to the world.

5 COYOTE AND THE FLOOD 17

In this Cahuilla story, we follow mischievous Coyote on his hunting adventure, searching for ducks to bring home to his starving family. Despite wise advice from his brother, Bobcat, Coyote learns a difficult lesson about frogs, ducks, and the powers of water.

7 THE LAND OF THIS LIFE 19

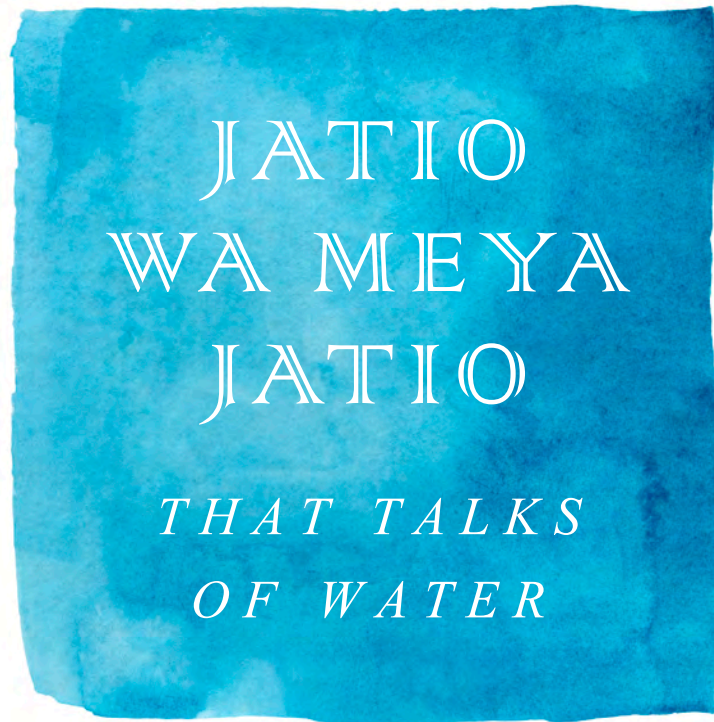
When westerners arrived in San Pasqual, it was a time for joy as the Mexican army was vanquished and the people were free. But this arrival also marked the beginning of two cultures colliding. Felicita meets the man with the golden hair by the edge of the water and begins a love affair that sadly ends in sorrow. This story teaches us about sacrifice in the face of great pain, for in the Land of Death all wrongs are made right.

9 THE SPRING BEHIND THE CEMETERY 21

This Luiseño story describes a cemetery where a spring has flourished and oddly enough, fresh coals are produced from it. The spring came to be when a man lost his stick while looking for yucca to harvest. The man happened upon another world that, once revealed, would become his undoing.







A KUMEYAAY SONG

KUMIAIS

HOMENAJE A GLORIA CASTAÑEDA SILVA, CANTANTE KUMIAI (2008)

WWW.CDI.GOB.MX

Jatio wa meya jatio, Jatio wa meya jatio, Jatio wa meya jatio, Jatio wa meya jatio

Kuame ya, kuame ya, jatio wa meya.

Jatio wa meya jatio, Jatio wa meya jatio Jatio wa meya jatio, Jatio wa meya jatio

Kuame ya, kuame ya, jatio wa meya. [Se repite ocho veces]

Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah.

El agua va corriendo, el agua va corriendo El agua va corriendo, el agua va corriendo

El agua está revuelta, el agua va corriendo

The water is flowing, the water is flowing, the water is flowing, the water is flowing,

the water is mixed, the water is flowing. [Repeat 8 times]







[HTTP://KUMEYAAY.COM/KUMEYAAY-HISTORY/84-AH-HA-WI-AH-AH-WATER-COLDER-WATER-.HTML](http://kumeyaay.com/kumeyaay-history/84-ah-ha-wi-ah-ah-water-colder-water-.html)

The cold spring, located on the high peak of the Cuyamacas, is well known to all lovers of these mountains, and the Indians, who must ever have a reason for the existence of things, tell how it was created and named by one of their mythical creatures long ago.

At one time in the ages past, the Ah-ha' Kwe-ah-mac' (Water Beyond) mountains were infested by monstrous giants with loathsome, ill-shapen bodies, who terrorized the surrounding country. These marauders, lurking and watching their opportunity, frequently stole the Indian maids from their villages, keeping them in bondage as slaves.

One of the giants, named Hum-am' Kwish' wash (Whip to Kill People), lived in the vicinity of Pam-mum'am-wah' (Green Valley).

He reveled in the most fiendish greediness, but his innate sense of the beautiful was keen and strong. He not only selected the most delightful places to live, but surrounded himself with objects pleasing to the eye. Always he stole the fairest of the Indian maids and required them to weave the most exquisite designs known in their art of basket making.

His cruelty was extreme, and did his slaves displease him in the least, they met with the most horrible death imaginable.

This hideous being possessed supernatural powers, which he employed in various ways. It seems that he wanted nothing but the coldest water to drink. He tried the water in the streams and tried the water in the springs that abound throughout the country, but never did any of it suit his taste, so he created for himself a spring of colder water.





In one of the most alluring spots on the mountainside, in the dense shade of the fragrant forest of pines and cedars, he brought forth a crystal spring of icy water and named it Ahha' Wi-Ah-ha' (Water Colder Water).

Here in this nook of surpassing loveliness, where the graceful lilies nod their stately heads, and delicate fronds of lace-like greenery push their way up through the carpet of velvet moss, he sent his slaves with their beautifully woven water-baskets to fetch him a drink when he grew thirsty.

One day, calling a slave, he commanded her to bring some water instantly, with dire threats of punishment should it become tepid before it reached him.

This maiden, radiant with the beauty of the starlight, was so good, so pure, so true that she had been fairly adored by her people before she was so cruelly snatched from their midst.

Swiftly she wound her way up through the towering aisles of solemn pines, softly intoning their prayers to the heavens above them. Wistfully longing to be free from the dreadful ogre who held her captive, she begged the trees to plead with the great In 'ya (Sun), who rules over all, to take pity on her distress.

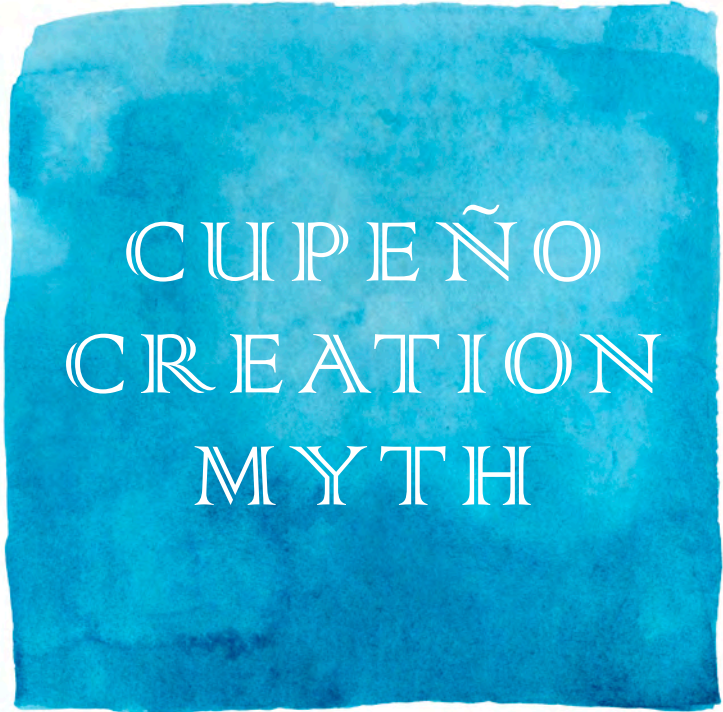
The flowers and the birds felt the quivering throb of her anguish. The starry-eyed snow-flowers, gleaming in the shade by the wayside, gave their incense to be wafted on high by the whispering breeze; the cooing dove sent its most plaintive cry above; and every other living thing along the pathway offered its gift in her behalf to In 'ya riding the heavens in his flaming ball of light.

When she reached the spring, she sat on its brink and filled her basket with its cold, refreshing water. Gazing into the crystal depths, she caught a glimmer of a shadow quickly passing and at once knew it to be that of the good spirit of the spring.

She beseeched and pleaded with it to save her from the clutches of Hum-am' Kwish 'wash, and as she leaned over farther and farther, trying to get one more glimpse of the shadow, the waters rose up and gently engulfed her.

All nature hushed in a sweet silence of gratitude as she was drawn into the protecting arms of Ah-ha' Wi-Ah-ha', and there she has dwelt in safety ever since.





CUP E Ñ O CREATION MYTH

HILL, JOSEPH J.

"THE HISTORY OF WARNER'S RANCH AND ITS ENVIRONS,"
LOS ANGELES: PRIVATELY PRINTED (1927)

The gods Tumaiyowit and Mukat created the world and all that is in it. They quarreled and argued as to their respective ages. They disagreed on many things. Tumaiyowit wished people to die. Mukat did not. Tumaiyowit went down to another world under this world, taking his belongings with him. People die because Tumaiyowit died.

Mukat, who remained on earth, finally fell under the ill-will of mankind, because he caused quarreling and fighting. Each evening he put the people to sleep by blowing tobacco-smoke from his pipe. When they were fast asleep, he arose stealthily, stepped over them, and went to the ocean to defecate. Each time, he heard his excrement strike the ocean floor and he knew that all was well. Three times he would hear the sound. Then he returned. When the people awoke they found him in his place. They tried every possible way

to discover when and where the god attended to his natural functions, but to no avail.

Finally, a very slim lizard hid on the god's cane. The god did not see it. The lizard discovered where the god went and what he did, and reported to the people. Then they set the frog to bewitch the god. The frog hid in the ocean and, as the god defecated, swallowed his excrement. The god, not hearing the usual sound, knew that something was wrong. He poked downward with his cane, which rubbed along the back of the frog, making the marks that we see there today. The god Mukat became ill and died. When ill, he told the people, "If I die today or tomorrow, burn me. Do not let Coyote come near me, for he will do an evil deed."



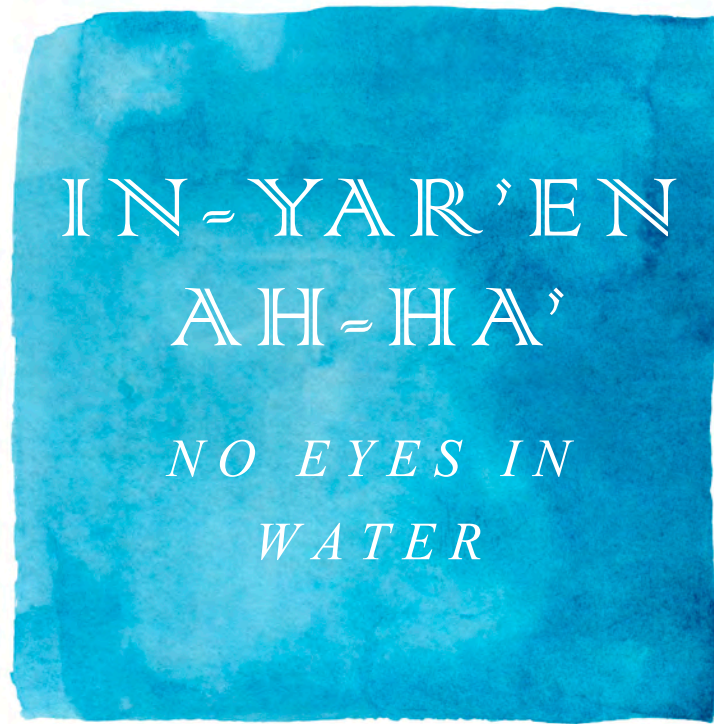
Upon the death of the god, his body was burned. The people sent Coyote to fetch wood for the funeral pyre, for they feared that he might eat the body of the god. Coyote departed. He was away nearly a day. As soon as he left they started to burn the body. The fire-drill and the hearth with which the pyre was ignited were two men. The body of the god was burning when Coyote reached the end of the world. He saw the smoke and hurried back. When he arrived at home, all the body was burned except the heart, which the people kept turning to make it burn. When Coyote arrived, the people were standing close together about the pyre. He said, "Brothers and sisters, let me see this. He is my god." They only stood the closer together, but Coyote jumped over them and seized the heart. He ran north, where he ate it. Where the blood dripped, there is gold. The people pursued in vain. Coyote looked back as he ran with the heart in his mouth. That is why a coyote, when running, always looks back to this day.

The people who stood around that pyre became trees—some tall, others short. It was over the short people that Coyote had jumped. The people pursued Coyote northward. Across the mountains in that direction the trees stretch today. They are the people who pursued Coyote. Some have been knocked down, just as Coyote knocked down the people.









[HTTP://KUMEYAAAY.COM/KUMEYAAAY-HISTORY/88-IN-YAREN-AH-HA-NO-EYES-IN-WATER.HTML](http://kumeyaay.com/kumeyaay-history/88-in-yaren-ah-ha-no-eyes-in-water.html)

A spring that rises in the edge of the river flat at Descanso is pointed out by the Indians as one in which dwells a bad spirit. The following tale concerns its evil power.

All night long those who were awake heard the uncanny screams of Kwin Mari' (Blind Baby), who dwelt in the bewitched spring of In-yar'en Ah-ha' (No Eyes in Water), which oozed from the muddy bank and trickled down a sedgy flat to the river. Sharp, distressing sounds they were, like the cries of a frightened baby, and left a shuddering fear in the hearts of all who listened in the little village of Pilch 'oom-wa (White as Ashes).

This village, so called because nearly every morning the frost caused the ground to appear as though powdered with ashes, was just west of the river, and so near the evil

spring that the piercing wails penetrated the remotest 'ewaa (house).

Old women and fearless men listened with bated breath; young mothers clasped their little ones closer in shivering fear, thinking how they might perchance have been born under the blight of Kwin Mari'; those dear women, who were living in daily hope of giving a beautiful, brave man-child to their people, cowered in agony on their pallets of fur, drawing the soft robes closer about their heads to deaden the shrill cries.

All who heard know that the spirit of Kwin Ma-ri' was seeking a victim. Even the children knew that it could cast a spell over the mother before her little one entered the



world, which would seal its eyes to earthly sight forever. So throughout the night they lay in waking dread.

As the first gray line of dawn pushed up through the blackness of the night the cries ceased, and a strange woman crept into the village faintly calling for help.

Eagerly the people succored her; and when her strength returned she told how those in her own village had been killed, she alone escaping.

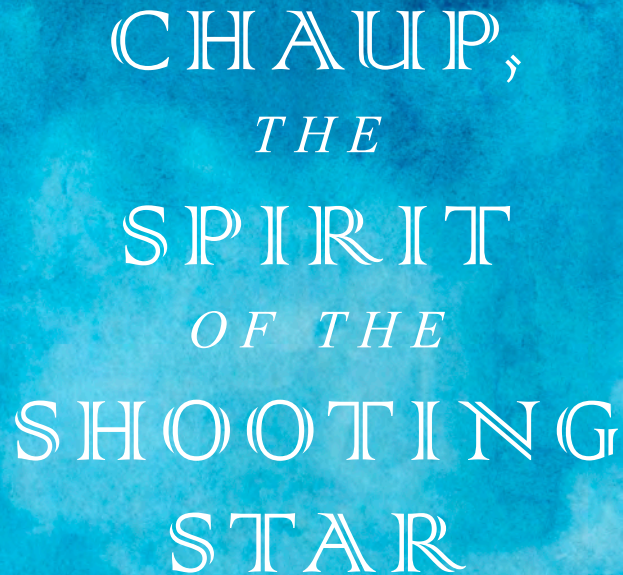
She spoke of how, after wandering about for several days, she had heard in the night the screams of a baby in distress and set out at once to find it. Stumbling in the dark, over rocks and thorny brush, she at last entered an open space soft under foot with the touch of new grown grass. As she drew nearer and nearer to the sounds, she reached a bank,

mucky and wet. Here she stooped down to pick up the baby, thinking she had found it, but her hands plunged into a pool of water instead, and, as the sharp cries rose again from her very feet, she fell back, paralyzed with fear.

Not until dawn had she been able to move. Then she crawled to the nearest shelter, which she saw rising ghost-like on the hill before her. Little did she know what had befallen her, but the people, who well knew, kept her with them caring for her tenderly till her little one was born.

Only after she had seen how tightly closed were his tiny eyelids, resisting all efforts to open them, did they tell her of Kwin Ma-ri', dwelling in the bewitched spring of the In-yar' en Ah-ha', and how it had the power, could it but touch the mother, of blinding her unborn babe.





CHAUP,
THE
SPIRIT
OF THE
SHOOTING
STAR

ROBERTS, ELIZABETH JUDSON
INDIAN STORIES OF THE SOUTH WEST (1917)

*“The little ones play by the laguna,
By the water of the laguna in the reeds;
The sun goes to rest, the mothers call,
‘Come, come, or Chaup may get you!’
Then the little ones run to the mothers in fear,
Soon the fires turn white with ashes,
The people sleep.
Across the river the coyote calls his mate.”*

Long ago when the world was young, there lived on the seashore, a maiden named Cenohow. She was very beautiful, but her heart was cold and proud. She was quis-see-i (Spirit person), and at this time everything on earth was connected; she had a beautiful home by a laguna of clear water where every morning she bathed. All creatures loved Cenohow; they called to her as she sang to them a low sweet

song. When she walked on the white sand of the seashore, the waves whispered to her, “Where is your mate, lovely one?” and the maiden answered proudly, “Earth has no mate for me, oh Sea.” For many years the birds and animals tried to woo the maiden, but she would give herself to none of them, as her scorn grew so did the animals hate and they conversed no more. Finally, it was the gopher that cunningly won her as a mate. The gopher found red earth that the Indians use for paint and threw it into Cenohow’s laguna. Cenohow cautiously entered the red water of her laguna. She felt something touch her again and again. Rushing from the water she lay as if dead and, when she awoke, she knew that something had changed. Trembling with fear, she turned away from the water that she now hated and she sensed that she was to be a mother. When the time came, she brought forth twin boys, Qualth and Key-yo-ho-mar-r.





Cenohow, though no longer lonely, retained a bitter heart. One day the maiden said to them,

“Go to the mountain and on a high cliff you will find two birds; the larger one is Qualth’s and the smaller one is Key-yo-ho-mar-r’s.” When the boys reached the owls to which their mother spoke, they quarreled over which owl they wanted and in their selfishness called the spirits for rain and drowned the two owls. Now, with two owls lying wet and dead, the boys felt ashamed. “We will not hunt anymore; we do not wish to cause death.”

As the twins grew toward manhood there came into their hearts the human longing for a mate. Carving little flutes, they began to play a low sweet call that seemed to speak to the heart of love. Eventually, two buzzard-maidens came to them from across the mountain -Namlawey and Epaclune - and became their wives. However, the next day, Namlawey came to her sister troubled by Qualth’s lack of regard for her, requesting to leave. Epaclune, too afraid to stay alone with the spirit-people, agreed to leave and they set upon

their way back to their mountain home. The buzzard people were a strange, fierce tribe who worshiped the sun and could change their form to many animals. They ate the men and children of other tribes when they had the opportunity, and were the lowest and vilest people of earth. Epaclune knew that she was to be a mother. When the old cannibal chief discovered this, he proclaimed, “If thy child by those cursed spirit-people be a girl, it may live; but if it be a boy, we shall have a fiesta and eat it.”

When the baby was born, though a boy, the two sisters lied to the chief and from that day forth the sisters protected him by dressing him as a girl. Key-yo-ho-mar-r, being a quis-see-i knew that his child had been born, and much to Cenohow’s dismay, both brothers set off up the mountain. Key-yo-ho-mar-r took the boy in his arms; tenderly passed his hand over the beautiful little face and said, “Son of my heart, thou shalt carry my name to the stars.” At that moment, they were discovered. Quickly the brothers fled and for a long time the brothers ran strong, far ahead of the howling crowd behind them, but finally Key-yo-ho-mar-



r began to lag. Qualth, realizing that his brother could go no further, quietly replied, "I care not for life without you, my brother. We will live or die together." Soon the angry buzzard-people reached them and tore them to pieces and used the brothers' knee bones as balls.


As Little Key-yo-ho-mar-r grew larger, it became harder to make him appear as a girl. Eventually, the sister gave in and told him of the distant sea, of Cenohow and his father and the danger to his life. Key-yo-ho-mar-r listened until she had finished, and a new look of hatred came into his eyes. The boy spent much time planning how best to avenge his father.

Not long after this, he saw some boys in the village playing with some white bones. Little Key-yo-ho-mar-r took the bones from them and kicked them far over the mountain and, with the help of the spirits, out into the sea.

That night he went to the fierce chief's hut and killed him while he slept. Then, without a word of farewell, he left the hated tribe towards his father's distant home by the sea. When the chief's dead body was discovered, all the hateful buzzard-people set off after the spirit-boy. Little Key-yo-ho-mar-r ran until he reached the spot where his father and uncle had been killed by these same people. There he stopped and faced them; he stretched his arms towards the sky and prayed to the spirits for help. And the spirits heard! Dark clouds gathered over his head and the rain began falling in torrents; the forked lightning darted around about him in blinding light, while the thunder shook the very mountains themselves.

When at last he dropped his arms to his sides, the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun. But between him and the frightened buzzard-people ran a wide river of water. His mother and aunt begged to join him. He placed his bow across the river and it grew and grew to form a bridge over the river. When they and the other buzzard-people that followed reached the middle of the river, he callously tipped them into the water. "You wished to come over the water," he cried; "now you may ever remain by the water," and he changed them into the little birds called 'kildees'. Always may you see the kildees by the rivers or lagunas or on the seashore; they are the buzzard-people who tried to cross on Little Key-yo-ho-mar-r's bow and fell into the water. After this, Little Key-yo-ho-mar-r went on his way and, when he drew near the great ocean, he fell on his face and for a long time he lay listening to its mighty voice.

Together Little Key-yo-ho-mar-r and his grandmother Cenohow lived together by the sea talking of the wrongs done to them, their hearts growing full of hatred; they came only to think of revenge. When all the love had left Little Key-yo-ho-mar-r's heart, he called to the evil spirits and gave himself into their hands. He and old Cenohow were lifted high above the earth to the snowcapped mountains to the cave of the Wind Spirit. Cenohow's lower body was changed to stone. Little Key-yo-ho-mar-r's lower half of his body was transformed into a great fish with shining scales of blue, red, and gold. His name was changed to Chaup (Shooting Star) and to this day he flies through the skies as a shooting star collecting the souls of children to be devoured by Cenohow. There are times when the night sky is clear, and Chaup grows so angry that you can see his grand fish tail flash far across the sky....



CHUMASH FLOOD STORY

BLACKBURN, THOMAS C.

*DECEMBER'S CHILD: A BOOK OF CHUMASH ORAL NARRATIVES (1975)
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS, BERKELEY*

94-95

Spotted Woodpecker, Sun's nephew, was the only one saved in the flood. We don't know why the flood came or how it started, but it kept raining and the water kept rising higher and higher until even the mountains were covered. All the people drowned except Woodpecker, who found refuge on top of the tallest tree in the world. The water kept rising until it touched his feet. He cried out to Sun, "Help me, Uncle! I am drowning! Save me!"

Sun's two daughters heard him and told their father that his nephew, Woodpecker, was calling for help. "He is stiff from cold and hunger," they said. Sun held his torch down low and the water began to go down again. Woodpecker was warmed by the heat. Then Sun tossed him two acorns. They fell in the water near the tree and Woodpecker picked them up and swallowed them. Then Sun threw down two more acorns. Woodpecker ate them, too, and was content. That is why he likes acorns so much—they are still his food.





THE
FLOOD

DUBOIS, CONSTANCE GODDARD

"THE RELIGION OF THE LUISEÑO INDIANS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA" (1908)
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PUBLICATIONS IN AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY AND ETHNOLOGY
8(3): P. 286

There is a wonderful little knoll, near Bonsall, the Spanish name of it Mora, the Indian name Katuta; and when there was a flood that killed all the people, some stayed on this hill and were not drowned.

All the high mountains were covered, but this little hill remained above the water. One can see heaps of seashells and seaweed upon it, and ashes where those people cooked their food, and stones set together, left as they used them for cooking; the shells were those of shell-fish they caught to eat.

They stayed there till the water went down. From the top of this hill one can see that the high mountains are lower than it is. This hill was one of the First People.







KUMEYAAAY CREATION STORY

[HTTP://KUMEYAAAY.COM/KUMEYAAAY-HISTORY/80-KUMEYAAAY-CREATION-STORY.HTML](http://kumeyaaay.com/kumeyaaay-history/80-kumeyaaay-creation-story.html)

In the beginning there was no earth or land. There was nothing except salt water.

This covered everything like a big sea. Two brothers lived under this water; the oldest was Teaipakomat. Both of them kept their eyes closed, for the salt would blind them. The oldest brother, after a while, went up on top of the salt water and looked around. He could see nothing but water. Soon the younger brother too came up. He opened his eyes on the way and salt water blinded him. When he got to the top he could see nothing at all, so he went back.

When the elder brother saw that there was nothing, he made first of all miskiluwi (little red ants). They filled the water up thick with their bodies and so made land. Then Teaipakomat caused certain black birds with flat bills, xanyil, to

come into being. There was no sun or light when he made these birds. So they were lost and could not find their roost. So Teaipakomat took three kinds of clay, red, yellow, and black, and made a round, flat object. This he took in his hand and threw up against the sky. It stuck there. It began to give a dim light. We call it the moon now, halya.

The light was so poor that they could not see very far. So Teaipakomat was not satisfied, for he had it in mind to make people. He took some more clay and made another round, flat object and tossed that up against the other side of the sky. It also stuck there. It made everything light. It is the inyau (sun). Then he took a light-colored piece of clay, mutakwic, and split it up part way. He made a man of it. That is the way he made man. Then he took a rib from the man and



made a woman. This woman was Sinyaxau, First Woman. The children of this man and this woman were ipai (people).

They lived in the east at a great mountain called Wikami. If you go there now you will hear all kinds of singing in all languages. If you put your ear to the ground you will hear the sound of dancing. This is caused by the spirits of all the dead people, who go back there when they die and dance just as they do here. That is the place where everything was created first.

A big snake lived out in the ocean over in the west. He was called Maihaiowit. He was the same as Teaipakomat but had taken another form. This snake had swallowed all learning. All the arts were inside his body—singing, dancing, basket making, and all the others. The place where the snake lived was called Wicuwul (present day Coronado Islands).

The people at this time at Wikami wished to have an Image Ceremony. They had made a wokeruk, a ceremonial 'ewaa (house), but did not know what else to do. They could neither dance nor make speeches. One man knew more than the others did. He told them they ought to do more than just

build the 'ewaa, so that the people who came after them would have something to do. So they made up their minds to send for Maihaiowit and ask him to give them the dances. Another sea monster, Xamilkotat, was going to swallow everyone who tried to go out to Maihaiowit. So the people said the man who went had better change himself into a bubble.

So the man who had first spoken about the matter changed himself into a bubble. The monster swallowed him anyway. When he found himself down inside the monster, he first went north, but he could find no way out. Then he went south, east, and west but could find no way out. Then he reached his hand toward the north—he was a wonderful medicine-man - and got a blue flint, awi-haxwa. He broke this so as to get a sharp edge. Then he cut a hole through the monster and got out. Then he went on and on till he got to the place where Maihaiowit lived. The snake had a big circular 'ewaa, with the door in the top. The man went in there. When the snake saw him he called out:

“Mamapitc inyawa maxap meyo?” (Who-are-you my-house hole comes-in?)



The man answered:

“Inyatc eyon enuwi.” (I it-is, Uncle.)

“Tell me what you want,” said the snake.

“I came over from Wikaimi,” said the man. “They are trying to make a wukeruk ceremony there, but they don’t know how to sing or dance.”

“All right,” said the snake, “I will come and teach them. You go ahead and I will come slowly.”

So the man went back. The monster came after him reaching from mountain to mountain. He left a great white streak over the country where he went along. You can still see it. The people at Wikami were expecting him, so they cleared a space. He came traveling fast as a snake travels. He went to the wukeruk.

First he put his head in. Then he began slowly pulling his length after him. He coiled and coiled, but there was no end to his length. After he had been coiling a long time the

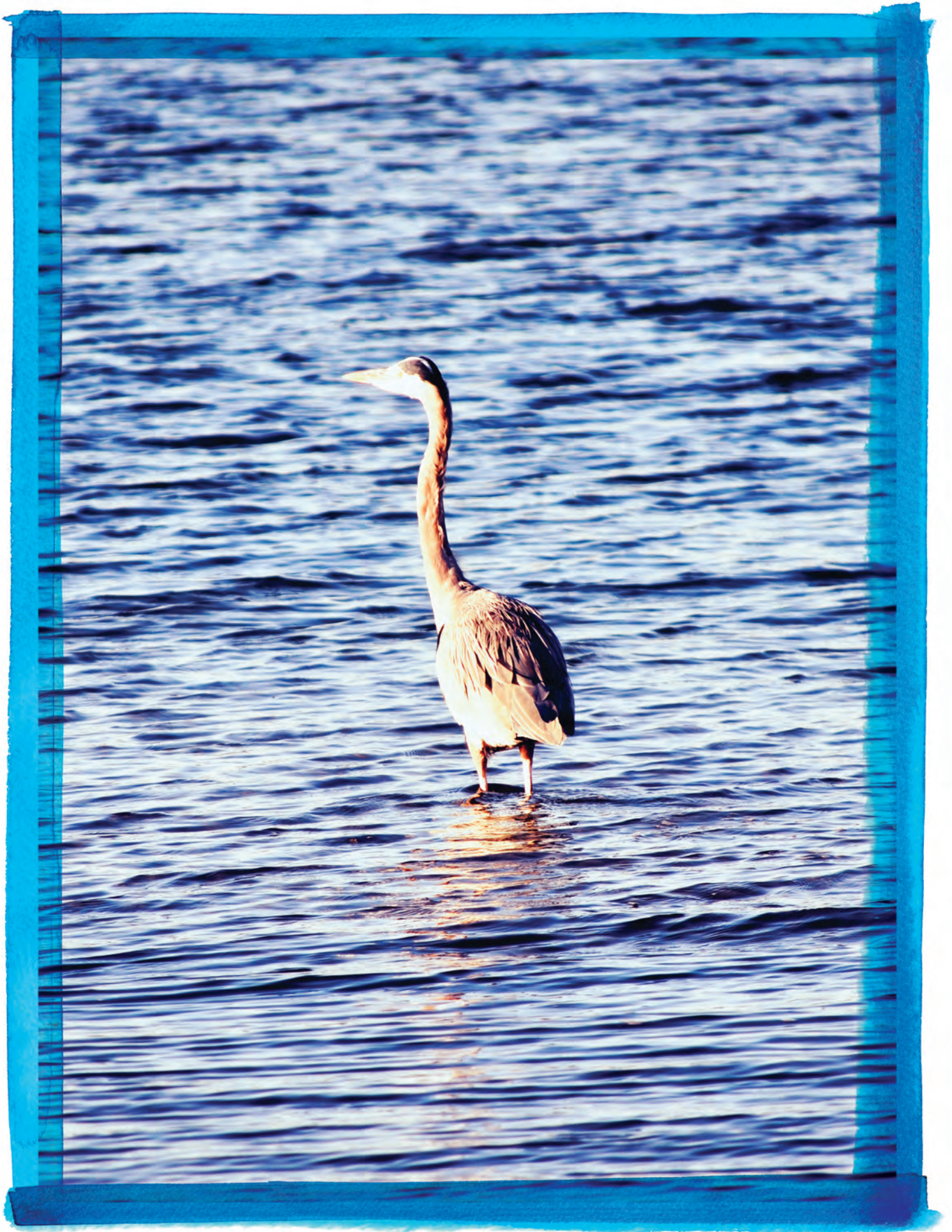
people became afraid of his size. So they threw fire on top of the ‘ewaa and burned him.

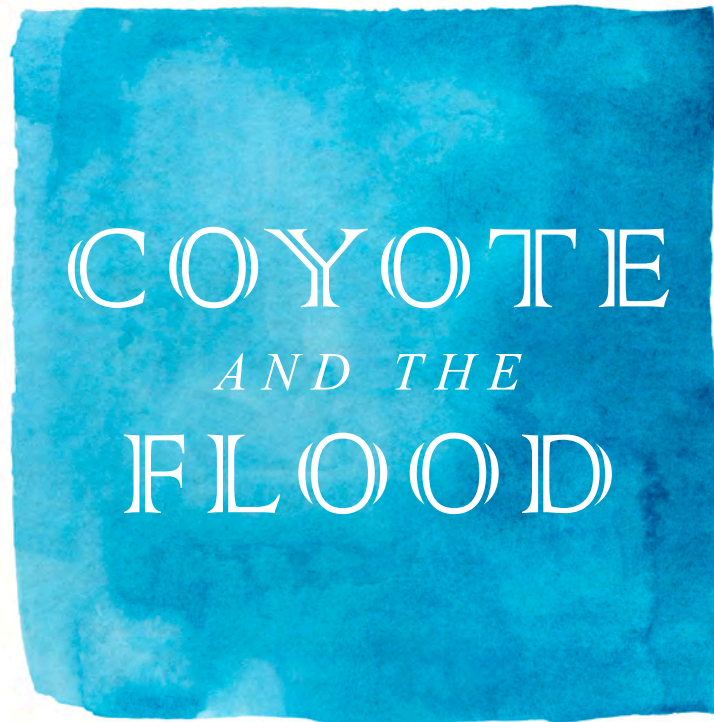
When they put the fire on him he burst. All the learning inside of him came flying out. It was scattered all around. Each tribe got one thing. That is the reason one tribe knows the wildcat dancem and another the wukerukm and a third are good at peone. Some people got to be witches or kwusi-yai (medicine-men), and orators, but not many.

The head of Maihaiwit was burned to a cinder. The rest of his body went back west. It did not go very far. In the Colorado River there is a great, white ridge of rock. That is his body. A black mountain nearby is his head. The people go to the white rock and make spearheads.

After the ‘ewaa was burned up, the people were not satisfied, so they scattered in all directions. The people who went south were the oldest. They are called Akwal, Kwiliyeu, and Axwat. The rocks were still soft when the people scattered abroad over the earth. Wherever one of them stepped he left a footprint. The hollows around in all the rocks are where they set down their loads when they rested.







COYOTE
AND THE
FLOOD

MODESTO, RUBY AND MOUNT, GUY
 “NOT FOR INNOCENT EARS: SPIRITUAL TRADITIONS OF A
 DESERT CAHUILLA MEDICINE WOMAN” (1980)
 SWEETLIGHT BOOKS, CALIFORNIA

Coyote had a den along the banks of a wash. He lived there with his family. When he went hunting he’d bring home a rabbit, but usually he caught nothing. He was down and out. One day he went over to visit his big brother, Bobcat. Bobcat was eating ducks.

“E-ah! Where did you get those ducks?” asked Coyote.

“I got them at the river. Sit down and eat with us,” answered Bobcat.

Coyote said, “I’ve been having hard luck lately. My family is starving!”

“You can take home some of this duck,” said Mrs. Bobcat and she gave him some beans too.

Coyote went home with his gifts and the kids met him at the road to see what he had.

“Oh! Oh! I know where my brother gets these ducks, so now I can get some.”

“E-ah!” his wife exclaimed. “Now we can eat!”

They had enough for several meals, and of course, Coyote ate again. But finally the food gave out.

“Our larder is empty,” his wife said.

“I’ll go get some ducks,” Coyote said.

Coyote tried to sneak up on the ducks but they saw him and



flew off. Coyote went three times but never caught any. After the third time Coyote went over to Bobcat's den.

"How did you catch those ducks? When I get near the water, they fly off. All I get is feathers! How do you do that?" asked Coyote.

"I sing my shaman songs. That way they don't fly away," said Bobcat.

Bobcat's wife gave Coyote some food to take home. Coyote ate at bobcat's again as he did before. Coyote went hunting the next morning. He sang his songs, then he jumped into the water but they all flew away. He tried this for three mornings but it didn't work.

"This is embarrassing," Coyote said. So he told his wife he'd be gone for several days. "You hunt for the family, but when I come back I'll have loads of ducks!"

So he went. But the ducks just flew away! Coyote tried to catch the ducks for three more days but could not catch any.

"Oh, shoot! I'm determined to catch them!" He was starving to death.

Then Coyote saw a frog. "Oh! Something to eat!"

"Don't!" said the frog. "If you eat me you'll drown in the water." But Coyote ate the frog anyway. "Now my stomach feels better."

The next day Coyote found another frog. This frog also said, "Don't eat me or you'll drown in the water."

But Coyote ate this one too. Two or three days later, Coyote found another frog.

"Don't eat me. You've been warned that the water will rise up and drown you."

But Coyote ate him anyway. He then went back to duck

hunting. He noticed that the sand was wet but he kept on walking and that afternoon the water was up to his belly. Later that evening he had to climb a willow tree. He climbed way up to the top and was sitting on a limb. Water was everywhere. The ducks were laughing at him.

"This is your fault. It's because of you ducks!" Coyote said, forgetting about the frogs' warnings.

"Do you want us to help you?"

"Yes," Coyote said.

"We'll hold our wings open under you and you jump, and we'll take you to dry land."

One of the ducks got a sharp stick and told the other ducks to fly away when coyote jumped.

"Go ahead, jump. We'll take you to dry land."

"All right, here I come."

The ducks spread their wings to hide the sharp pointed stick. When Coyote jumped, the ducks flew away and Coyote was impaled in his behind.

Later the water receded and Coyote was stuck up on the stick, dead.

Mrs. Coyote was out searching for her husband all this time. It had been months since he left. She went over to Bobcat's den and ate with them.

"How is my little brother?" Bobcat asked.

"I don't know. He went hunting last summer and never returned! Would you look for him?"

Bobcat said he would look for his brother and gave Mrs. Coyote food to take home. He got up early in the morning and he walked miles and miles. Finally he met a frog.



“Have you seen my brother?”

“Yes. He ate one of my relations and was told he would drown.”

The next day Bobcat met another frog who told him the same story. Then he met a third frog who said,

“Yes, Coyote is laying down there under a tree. We warned him.”

“My goodness! This is terrible.” There was Coyote’s bones with just a little fur left.

“So this is where you were all these months. Well, this is what I’ve told you about copying me.” So Bobcat sang his shaman song:

“My Brother, My Brother is smiling, Face to the West, Behind to the East.”

As he would sing, he’d jump over Coyote, and the flesh started to come back. On the third jump all the flesh came back. Then he blew smoke on coyote and brushed him with feathers. Coyote came back to life.

“What did you do?” Bobcat asked.

“I came out looking for ducks.”

“You ate a frog too, didn’t you?”

“Oh, yes. I remember. I remember the ducks told me to jump and they would catch me. That’s the last I remember.”

“Well, we’ll see,” said Bobcat. “I’ll call the ducks and you can pick all you want.” And he sang his songs, “Here come the ducks!”

Coyote caught a whole mess of them. He was so greedy. He was drooling. They cracked the necks of the ducks.

“Let’s go home,” Bobcat sang his song and they flew home.

Upon returning, Mrs. Coyote asked, “Where have you been?”

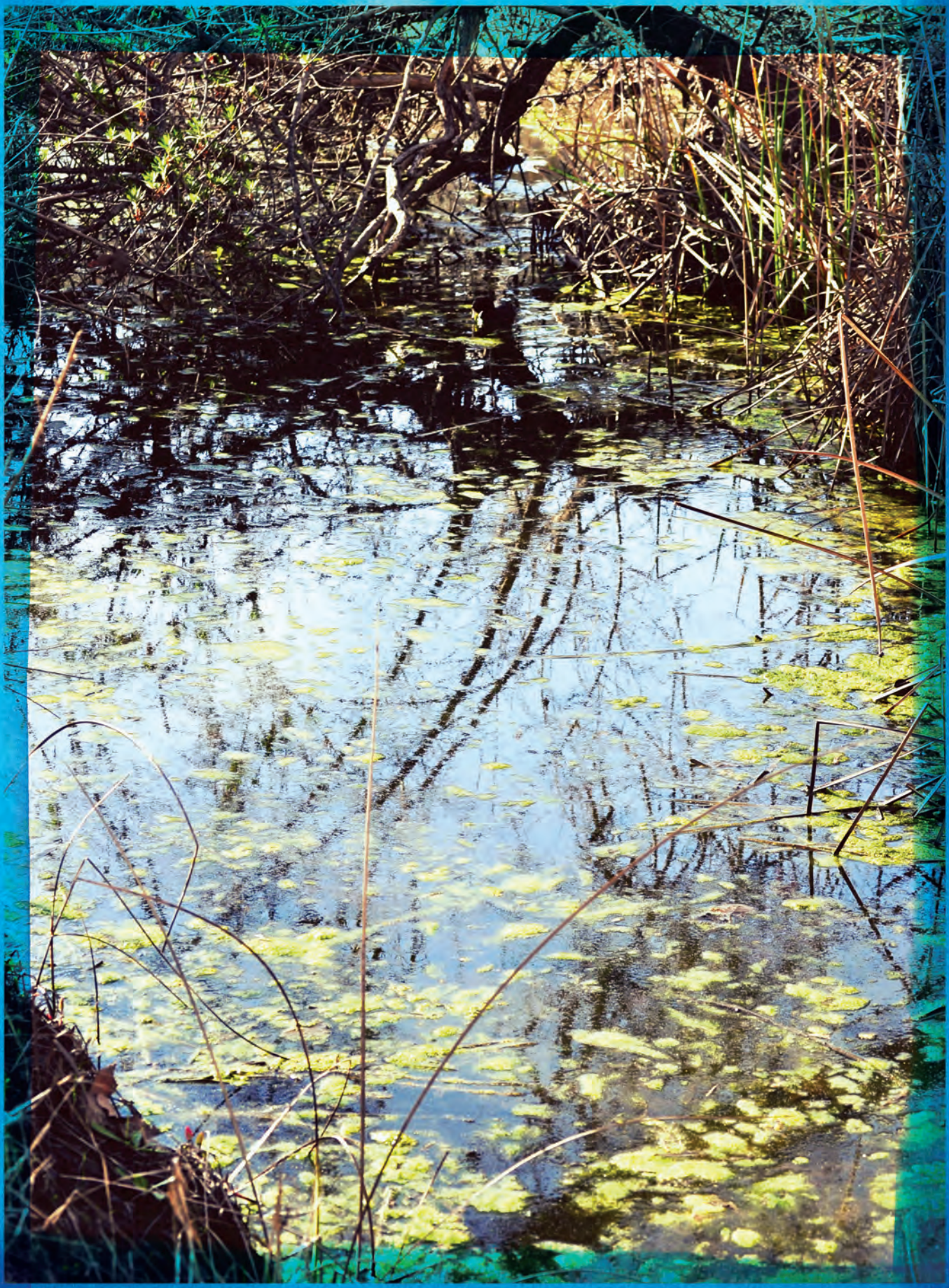
“I went duck hunting,” said Coyote, not mentioning the frogs.


“Have you been hunting all this time?”

“Yes,” he said. “It took me all this time to catch them.”

And Coyote never mentioned the stick or the flood, either.







THE
LAND
OF THIS
LIFE

ROBERTS, ELIZABETH JUDSON
INDIAN STORIES OF THE SOUTH WEST (1917)

When I was a child, I lived here in the San Pasqual. Our village was by the lagunas and the river; with the other children I played among the reeds and tules. When I was about twelve years old, a priest and some soldiers came to our village and insisted that all the children must be brought for baptism. I watched the children who came before me as they were touched by the strange man, and seeing no harm come to them, I lost my fear. When it came my turn to stand before him, I smiled into his face, "I name thee Felicita," he said, as he touched me with the water, and that is how I gained my name. The years passed and I grew to be a woman and we lived well. But there came a day when a great company of Mexican soldiers rode into our valley, we ran to hide and wait until they had passed, but they did not leave. My father Pontho was the chief of our village and spoke to the soldiers. They agreed that we may come from

our hiding places and live in the huts that the soldiers did not need, so at night we crept back, for it was cold, and the rain was falling.

The soldiers stayed many days and there was much rain. One morning, we heard the sound of voices; as they drew closer we saw they were wearing coats of blue: Americans. Soon there came sound of a battle. As I was watching that afternoon, I saw an American with hair like gold, shining in the sun. He and a Mexican were fighting in the willows at the foot of the hill where we were hiding. Eventually, the American failed to defend the Mexican's advances and the lance entered his side. After a moment, the Mexican rode away and I crept towards the fallen man. He groaned and my heart moved to pity; the soldier man opened his eyes, looked at me and smiled, and I remember thinking




how like the sky they were. From that moment, I was no longer frightened. I collected water for him from the lagoon, opened his shirt, and laid green leaves over his wound and bound them tight. After the battle died down, I told my father and he went to the Americans to alert them of the wounded man. Soon he returned with Americans, “Jim!”, “Dick!” they cried to each other. Then Dick is the soldier man’s name, I whispered to myself and Jim is the name of the friend who loves him. At last the sick man was taken away; he opened his eyes to smile and wave his hand a little, as a farewell. It was long before I saw him again, but I did not forget.

After many hardships, the Americans claimed the land from the Mexicans. When Americans sometimes would ride through our valley, I would always look for the soldier man with hair of gold, but I never saw him. Even when the son of the chief from another village asked for my hand in marriage, I said no, as I could not forget my soldier man. One day my brother went far down the valley hunting for rabbit; toward the evening he came running back to the village, “Americans!” he shouted. My father found out that they had come to retrieve the dead from the battle of San Pasqual. The next day, many Indians visited the soldiers including me. All the time I was looking, looking for my soldier man. Then I heard voices behind me; it was Jim and

Dick, my soldier man. They remembered me. “Good afternoon, little girl,” he called, “so you have found us again? I never thanked you for saving my life, little girl; but I’ve remembered every day, and I thank you now,” he said. I could not answer him for the beating of my heart. “What is your name little girl?” “Felicitita, and I am not a little girl; I am a woman,” I finally answered. We laughed and he gave me sweet crackers and raisins and my heart filled with joy. The next day I went down by the river and washed my long hair. As I sat on the bank, I thought of my soldier man and he came, riding on his white horse. He met me every day by the river, in the evening, with the moon shining over our heads. Then came the day when the soldiers had to leave and he promised that I would see him again.

I tried to be content but the days and nights after he went were lonely and I would visit the river where we had met. It was there he found me, when he came at last. He had brought me two rings of gold for my ears and a silken scarf of blue, but he could stay with me only a little time. One day I went to the river to wash my hair; the hairs caught in one of my ear rings, tore it from my ear and sent it far out in to the river. With a cry I sprang into the water; I searched long for it, but to no avail. I feared that this was a sign that I would never see my soldier man again, so I ran to the quis-see-i (Spirit person), the old wise man. “In six





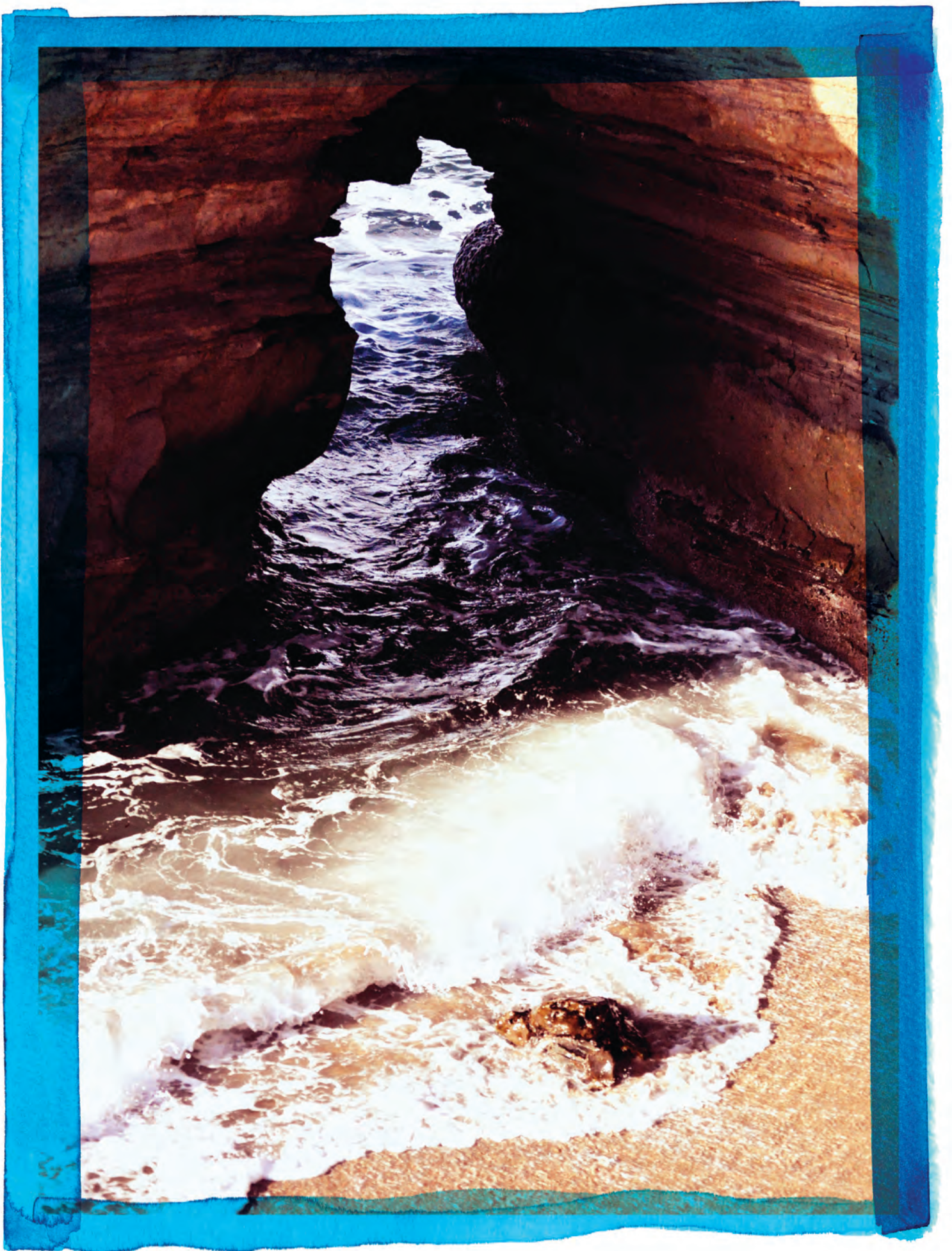
moons,” he said; and that night my baby came. When the baby came, my heart stood still for a moment as its skin was as the white people’s skin and on its head were tiny rings of hair like gold. Though my soldier man had not come back, I still had his child. I named her Niña, which means “little girl” in Spanish as that was what my soldier man called me. One evening, as I sat by the laguna, the old quis-see-i came to see me and again said, “Six moons.” I wrapped my baby in the blue silk scarf and waited for my soldier man, but it was Captain Jim. He saw my Niña and dropped down on the doorstone and covered his face with his hands. Why should he grieve when the child was so like the friend that he loved, my soldier man. “I will tell him of the child,” and with that he rode off. I waited two days before he met me in the willows of the laguna. His face was grave when he saw the child but I did not understand why. Holding the baby, he cried, “Felicita, I did not know of this; I should have come before. You must come to live at the mission with me so that I can see the child often.” The week before I moved, I went to the laguna and to the river often and I wondered why I cared more for the places where I had met the soldier man than for the places I had known all my life. I could not understand, but it was so.

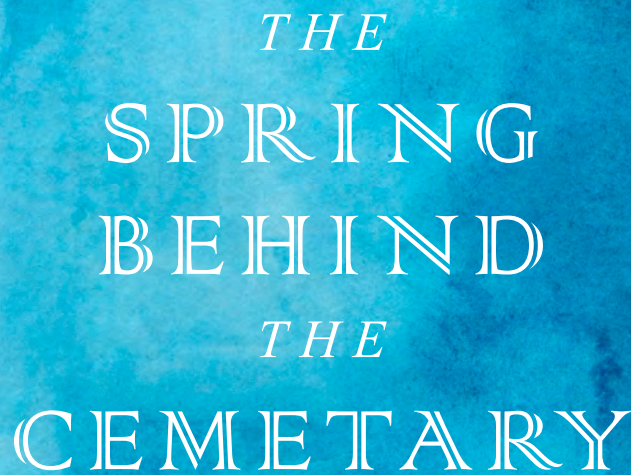
Life at the mission was strange, but I took comfort in the time that my soldier man and Niña spent together. He told me of his family, “I have one sister older than I, who is proud and beautiful. As I grew from a child, I was selfish. I did many things to cause my father to be angry with

me, but always my sister helped me through my troubles. I thought that this year I might go home, for I am weary of this soldier’s life, but, now, how can I leave Niña?” Then my heart was like the water when it whirls and breaks on the rocks, and I prayed that my baby might keep him for me. Winter brought sickness to my soldier man. After many days, Captain Jim came to me and told me that he had called for Dick’s sister as he did not have long left.

Niña and her father cooed and laughed together for a while, but then he turned to me. “Felicita,” he said, “I want to ask a great favor of you. Little Niña is like me; she is not like your people. Felicita, I want my sister to take Nina when she goes back to her home. She will teach her as the white people are taught and she will grow into a beautiful lady. Will you let her go, Felicita?” I nodded my head yes, but it broke my heart; it has never in all these years been happy again. I wished to run away into the darkness with my child, but I had made a promise to her father and handed her to his sister. Soon all was ready; the wagon drove away, and I never saw my baby again. It was more than I could bear. I would search all through the shadows of the trees by the river where I had watched him playing with the baby; I thought I might see his spirit shining for a moment in the darkness but I never saw it. My Nina must now be a woman; perhaps she has children and grandchildren. I cannot know. Sometimes I feel my baby in my arms and see my soldier man standing by, smiling. But soon I, too, shall go to the Land of Death and there all things that are wrong will be made right.







THE
SPRING
BEHIND
THE
CEMETARY

DUBOIS, CONSTANCE GODDARD

"THE RELIGION OF THE LUISEÑO INDIANS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA" (1908)
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PUBLICATIONS IN AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY AND ETHNOLOGY
8(3): P. 155

A man was going out to get some yucca and went to the spring. He had a stick in his hand, and he dropped it into the water, and it sank so deep he could not get it. He was a witch, so he went down under the water to look for the stick.

And he came out into a place where a man and woman lived, sitting, making baskets.

"Who are you, cousin, and where do you come from? What are you doing here?" they asked.

"I live up there, and I came down to look for the stick which I lost."

He stayed there three days. He was very thirsty, so the woman gave him a little shell full of water. He drank and

drank, and still the shell was full of water. He was hungry and they gave him honey to eat.

Then he began to wish for his home, and the man who lived there saw that he wanted to leave them, so he said he might go if he would promise never to tell where he had been. If he told this secret, the rattlesnake would immediately bite him and he would die. So the man promised not to tell, and they painted him all over and pushed him out, and he found himself in his own home.

His wife and his brother asked where he had been, but he would not tell them. But his wife was determined to find out and gave him no peace day or night until, at last, he consented to tell her.



“I shall be killed for telling this,” he said, so he called all the people together and told them he must die; he wanted them to burn his body in a certain open level place where there was no water, but after his ashes were buried there, water would come up and there would be a nice spring.

So he went out of his house, and a rattlesnake was there, which bit him, and he died.

The people got wood for the funeral pyre and burned his body and buried his ashes. There was no water in this place, but two or three days after, there was a spring of water there. One can see it now behind the cemetery, and fresh coals, pieces of charcoal, are always rising where the water bubbles up.





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