



# COYOTE

The Indian Reading Series

Level IV Book 5





THE INDIAN READING SERIES  
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Coyote and the North Wind

Coyote and the Crow

Coyote and the Tick

Level IV Book 5

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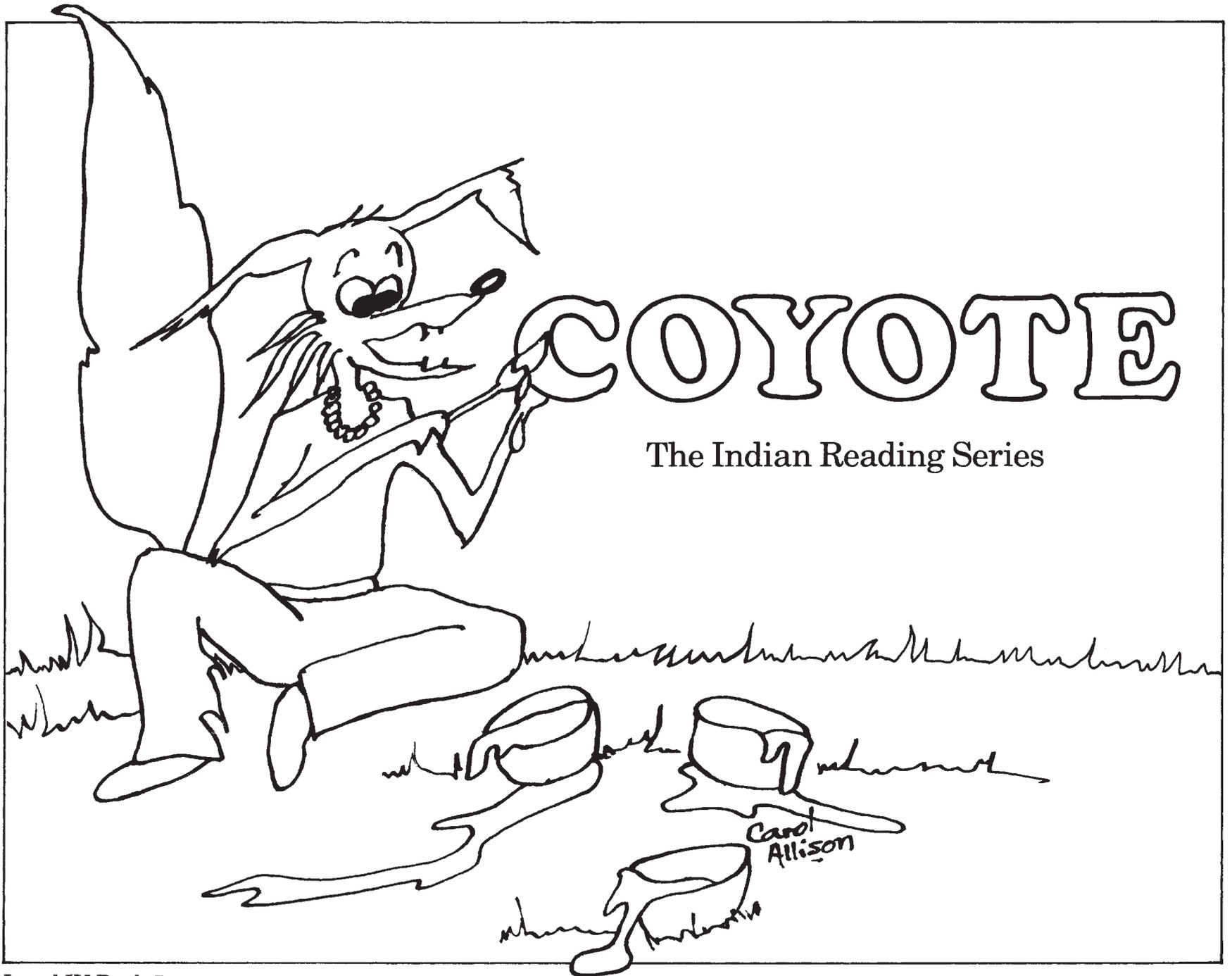
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The Indian Reading Series

*THE INDIAN READING SERIES: Stories and Legends of the Northwest* is a collection of authentic material cooperatively developed by Indian people from twelve reservations. Development activities are guided by a Policy Board which represents the Indian community of the Pacific Northwest. The Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program Policy Board members are:

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# Coyote and the North Wind



**Long ago, the Indian people lived out in the open air more than they do now. Wind was an important part of nature to them. The wind carried clouds to different parts of the country and cleaned the odors from the air.**

**The wind helped to cool the hot, dry summer days. Wind helped to dry the clothes after a good washing in the river. Wind also helped to dry the meat and the fish, as it hung to dry for the long winter.**

**This is a story my mother told me of Coyote and the North Wind. I will share it with you. Maybe you will be able to tell it to someone someday.**



Many years ago when animals lived like people, Coyote was angry with North Wind. When Coyote was hunting, the North Wind would blow the grass and scare away the rabbits. When Coyote would try to sleep, the North Wind would wake him up.

Coyote decided he would trap the North Wind. Coyote set all kinds of traps of many sizes. He set them by the river. He set them in the tops of trees. He set them in the tall grasses or wherever he could see the wind blowing things. He worked very hard but could not trap the North Wind. North Wind was just too fast for him.



Coyote tried four times and failed each time. Coyote called to his brother and sister, "Come out and help me! Tell me what I'm doing wrong!" They answered him saying, "No, you do it yourself. You always know more than anyone, or at least you think you do!"

Coyote became angry. "I'll make it rain hard, if you don't help me." he growled.

His brother and sister didn't like to hunt in the mud, so they agreed to help him.

Coyote's brother and sister told him, "Set your trap over on top of the knoll on that hill." As always, Coyote said, "That is just what I thought." Coyote acted like he knew it all the time. Without even thanking them, Coyote set off to trap the North Wind.

He set the trap on top of the knoll just as they had told him. The next day, Coyote trapped the North Wind.



Coyote was so happy at his success, he danced and sang two whole days and nights. The wind didn't blow for a long time. Coyote kept North Wind trapped on top of the knoll.

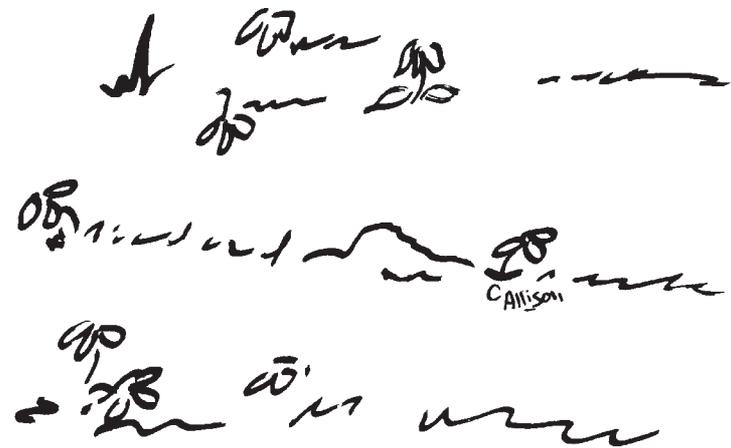
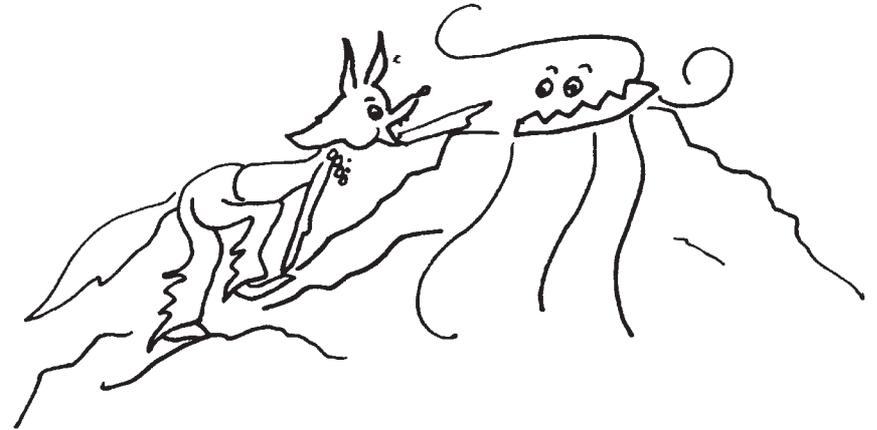
Then one day, Coyote became very warm. The sun was shining very bright. Coyote thought of North Wind trapped on top of the knoll on the hill. Coyote decided to let North Wind loose.

“North Wind will blow a cool breeze,” thought Coyote.

Coyote was singing as he climbed to the top of the knoll. He was thinking. “How cool North Wind will feel blowing through my fur.”

Coyote let North Wind out of the trap. “Blow North Wind! It is so warm today. You might do us some good!” said Coyote in a rude voice.

North Wind was free once more to blow across the trees and grasses.



“North Wind! We are so glad to see you. Please, blow your cool breeze and cool us off!” the animals shouted, as they jumped up and down with joy. “North Wind, we are so glad to see you!” sighed the trees. “Our leaves are waiting for you to blow them off. It’s getting late and soon the snow will fall!”

North Wind was glad his friends all missed him. “I will help you all,” said North Wind, “but I am going to teach Coyote a lesson.”

North Wind blew very very gently the first day.

Coyote hollered at North Wind, “Blow harder! It’s warm today!”

North Wind just looked the other way and gently ruffled the leaves as he passed over the trees.

The second day, the sun shone very bright. North Wind was blowing just a tiny bit harder.

Coyote went out into the desert to hunt. As he walked and ran through the sagebrush chasing rabbits, he became very warm. He called to the North Wind, “Can’t you blow harder?” But North Wind closed his ears and gently rippled the grass as he moved across the fields.



Coyote woke up early on the third day and went to the river to wash his clothes. As Coyote hung his clothes up to dry, he thought to himself, "Hmm, North Wind is blowing a little harder than yesterday but still not hard enough to dry these clothes." So Coyote called to North Wind, "Blow harder! My clothes are wet! Can't you blow harder?"

North Wind was busy blowing flower seeds across the meadow.

The fourth day came and North Wind was blowing a little harder than he was yesterday.

Coyote went off to pick berries with the other animals. Skunk was picking huckleberries from a bush next to Coyote. "That North Wind only blows when you don't want him to!", Coyote said to Skunk.

"You just want your own way," said Skunk and walked away.

Coyote went over to Porcupine who was picking berries near the river. "I trapped the North Wind!" boasted Coyote, "He's not as windy as he thinks he is!"

The animals picked up their baskets of berries and walked away from Coyote. They didn't like to hear Coyote talk about their friend that way.

North Wind peeked at them from behind one of the clouds he was chasing across the sky.

The morning of the fifth day, Coyote woke up and sleepily crawled out of his tepee. He had been up late cleaning his berries and spreading them out to dry. North Wind saw Coyote and blew across the hill with a strong gust of wind.



“Is this hard enough?”  
howled the North Wind. He blew  
Coyote head over heels, rolling  
him down the hill and knocking  
him out.

When he woke up he told his  
brother and sister, “Oh, I just went  
to sleep for awhile.”



# Coyote and The Crow



**Indian art is very close to nature. Indian art very often is made from natural materials and is given life through the natural elements: ground, fire, air and water. Many paints are made from boiling berries, bark roots and different types of dirt.**

**The bark of the cedar tree makes a deep brown color. The color yellow is made from the willow tree. Charcoal made the color black. Many other materials are used to make different colors. The color pigments are mixed with animal fats in small stone bowls or pots especially made for that purpose.**

**The Indian people long ago painted on rawhide. Rawhide is the hard dry skin of the deer. The rawhide was used to make drums and Indian suitcases. Suitcases are "Suptaki" when pronounced in the Warm Springs language. The old Indian people long ago painted their bodies in time of sorrow or when dancing. They even painted their tepees.**

**They drew pictures on rocks, cliffs and trees. Designs were made with porcupine quills and beads sewn on their deer skin clothing. Sometimes the paint from berries was also used to decorate clothing.**

**This is the story my grandmother told me of how Coyote painted the birds.**



Coyote was walking along a trail one day. He was in a very angry mood. He was angry with everyone and was looking for trouble. As he walked along with his head down, he passed an Indian. Coyote spoke to the Indian but the Indian did not answer. This made Coyote very angry. Coyote, still walking with his head down, walked over to the Indian and jabbed him as hard as he could in the ribs with his elbow.



But to Coyote's surprise, it wasn't a person! It was an old tree stump. Coyote's elbow caught in the rotted stump. Although he pulled hard, he could not get his elbow out of the stump. Coyote began to howl and scream for help. He made so much noise that all the birds of the forest came flying to see what was the matter.

The birds all took turns pecking at the stump trying to set Coyote free. At last Woodpecker came and pecked the wood away from Coyote's elbow. Coyote was free at last!

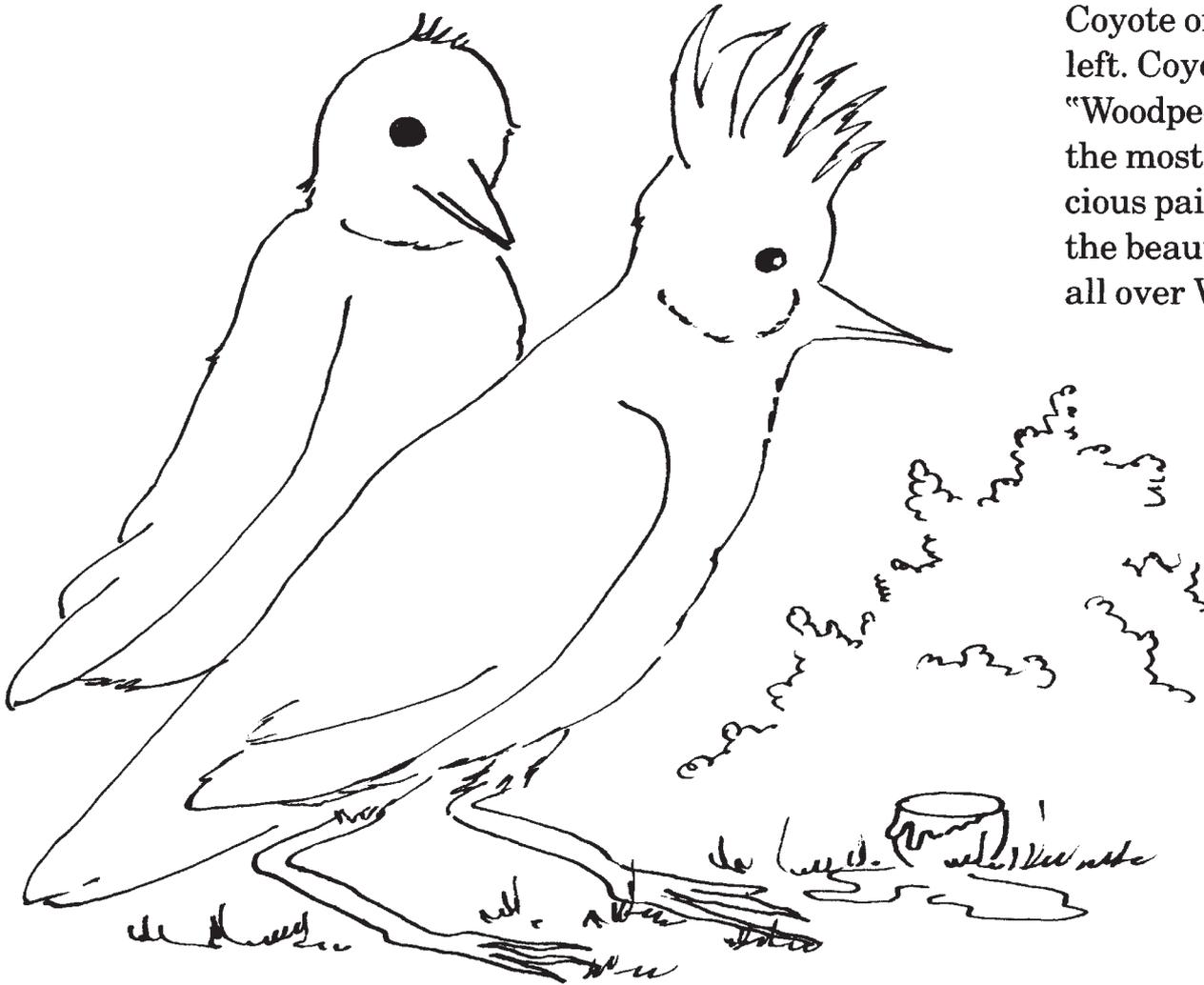


“You birds have been so nice to me this morning,” Coyote said, smiling. “I am going to do something very nice for you. I will take by Indian paints made from berries and bark dyes and make you very beautiful!”

Coyote took his brush and paints and painted the birds.



After a while it became Woodpecker's turn to be painted. There was only a little bit of the beautiful red paint left in the rock pot. It was very hard to get. And Coyote only had a very little bit left. Coyote thought to himself, "Woodpecker was so good and did the most work. I will use this precious paint on him." Coyote took the beautiful red paint and put it all over Woodpecker's head.



Crow saw the beautiful head of the Woodpecker and said to Coyote, "When you paint me, do not be stingy with the red paint. I want to be red all over!" Alarmed, Coyote said, "But this is all the red paint I have!" The crow screeched, "Go and find some more. I want to be red all over and be the most beautiful bird in the world!"

"All right," Coyote replied, "shut your eyes, and I will paint you red all over." Crow shut his eyes and Coyote painted him. But when Crow opened his eyes, he was painted black instead of the beautiful red.

Crow was very angry and scolded Coyote, "Caw! Caw! Caw!"

Coyote shook his finger at Crow. "I thanked you for helping to set me free from the stump but you wanted the best paint. After this, be satisfied with what people are willing to give you."





# Coyote and Tick



**The Indian people long ago lived very close to nature. They lived in huts made of tule reeds and slept on mattresses made of fir boughs. They covered themselves with clothing and blankets made of animal hides. The people observed the winds, the sun, and the moon. They watched how these things affected all life here on earth. They also watched the birds and animals, noticing how they lived, learning many things from them. The insects were another part of life the Indians had to live with. In watching them, they learned which ones were poisonous and which ones were edible.**

**Tick was an insect the Indians always had to be careful of, for he always was the first insect to come out in the Spring. Many stories were told about him. This is the story my father told me.**

**Long ago when the Indian people and the animals could talk to each other, there lived a Tick. Tick lived in a nice big tepee, and had built a very fine sweat house beside the river.**

**Tick was very good to everyone. So, the Great Spirit blessed him with a nice place to live and plenty of deer meat, eels and all good things to eat. Tick was so good, he shared all that he had.**





Coyote was walking along through the sagebrush one day, hunting for a rabbit to eat. Coyote was very hungry. He had not eaten for two days. "I think I will visit Tick," said Coyote to himself. "Maybe he will give me some dried deer meat."

As Coyote came upon Tick's camp, he could smell the stew simmering over the fire. Tick heard Coyote coming through the sagebrush and called to him, "Coyote! I'm so glad to see you! Come and have some lunch with me!"

Coyote went into the tepee and Tick gave Coyote a very large bowl of stew. Coyote was so hungry, he ate two bowls of stew and then licked the pot clean.

"Please, take some of my dried deer meat home with you, Coyote," said Tick.

After they finished their meal, Tick invited Coyote to a sweat bath in his nice sweat house. "It will make you feel better after all the hunting you have been doing," said Tick, being very polite. Tick built a fire to heat the rocks. As they were sitting inside the sweat house, Coyote noticed the sweat house melted the fat on the deer ribs, making the fat drip and sizzle deliciously along the roof.

Coyote could not let that nice, tasty fat go to waste. He went from one place to the other, opening his mouth and catching the dripping fat.

The second day Tick asked Coyote, "Please stay and sweat with me again." "I would be glad to," said Coyote greedily. He was thinking of the sizzling fat dripping in the sweat house. The third day, as Coyote was sitting in the sweat house, Coyote became even more greedy and was thinking of a plan to take Tick's camp and food away from him.

Tick got up from his seat in the sweat house and picked up a bucket. He went outside to get some water to pour on the hot rocks for more steam.

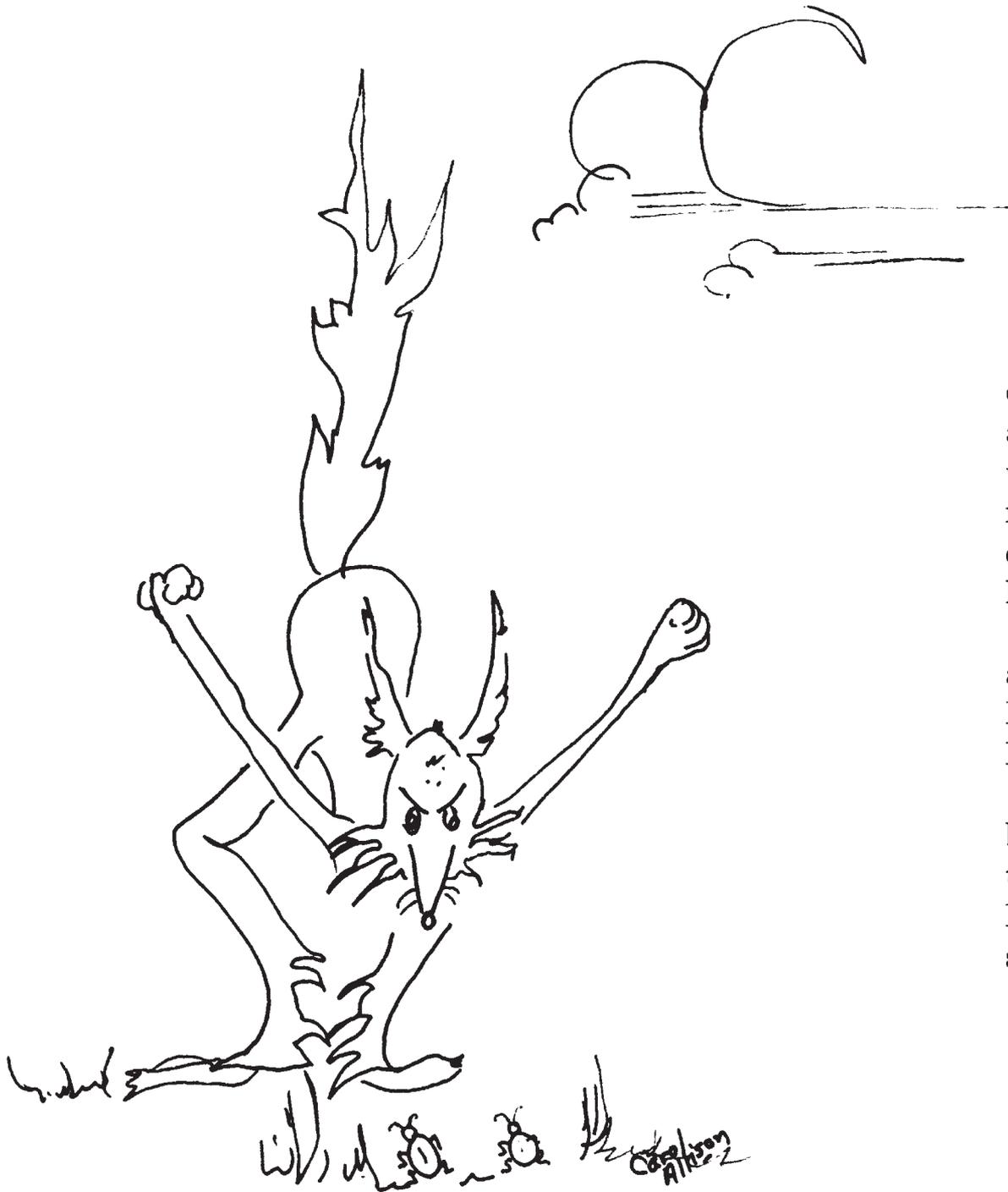


While Coyote watched Tick, he got an idea. Coyote stood inside the door waiting for Tick to come back with the water. Just as Tick stepped inside, Coyote jumped right on top of poor Tick, and flattened him. Tick didn't know what happened to him. Because he was a good Tick, the Great Spirit always took care of him.

Tick called out to his sweat house, "Run away! Run away!" Tick grabbed onto the sweat house so Coyote could not catch them.

Coyote was so angry he called Tick names. Tick called out once more and ordered his whole camp to run away. "Take the sweat house and the big tepee and all the deer meat." The whole camp ran away. It knocked Coyote end over end. Some time later, after being knocked out, he came to.





Coyote was so angry, he called for Tick's brother and sister and demanded them to tell him what happened because he didn't remember. Brother and sister Tick didn't want to tell Coyote because his anger frightened them.

Coyote growled very loud and threatened, "I will call upon Rain to come if you don't tell me. Rain will wash you all away!"

Brother and Sister Tick begged him not to call on Rain and they told Coyote what happened. But, as usual, Coyote just answered, "That's what I thought."



VERBENA GREENE



CAROL ALLISON

Booklets available in the Level IV sequence are listed below. Numbers refer to the Planned Sequence of use in the *Teacher's Manual*. Materials developed by these tribes and others in the Northwest are included in the Levels I, II and III sequences.

1. *Warm Springs Animal Stories*  
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs  
Reservation of Oregon
2. *Snail Women at Sq<sup>3</sup>a'le*  
The Suquamish Tribe of the Port Madison  
Reservation
3. *Blue Jay – Star Child/Basket Woman*  
Muckleshoot Tribe
4. *Assiniboine Woman Making Grease*  
Assiniboine Tribe of the Fort Peck Reservation
5. *Coyote*  
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs  
Reservation of Oregon
6. *How the Summer Season Came*  
Assiniboine Tribe of the Fort Belknap  
Reservation
7. *Little Weasel's Dream*  
Salish and Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead  
Reservation
8. *Fort Hall Stories*  
Shoshone-Bannock Tribes of the Fort Hall  
Reservation
9. *The Bear Teepee*  
Northern Cheyenne Tribe
10. *Sioux Stories and Legends*  
Sioux Tribe of the Fort Peck Reservation
11. *Kootenai Stories*  
Salish and Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead  
Reservation
12. *Chief Mountain's Medicine*  
Gros Ventre Tribe from the Fort Belknap  
Reservation
13. *Coyote the Trickster*  
Burns Paiute Reservation
14. *Running Free*  
Shoalwater Bay
15. *Salish Coyote Stories*  
Salish and Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead  
Reservation
16. *Coyote and the Cowboys*  
Shoshone-Bannock Tribes of the Fort Hall  
Reservation
17. *Napi's Journey*  
Blackfeet Tribe
18. *Warm Springs Stories*  
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs  
Reservation of Oregon
19. *Teepee Making*  
Salish and Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead  
Reservation
20. *Baskets and Canoes*  
Skokomish Tribe
21. *Warrior People*  
Blackfeet Tribe



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