

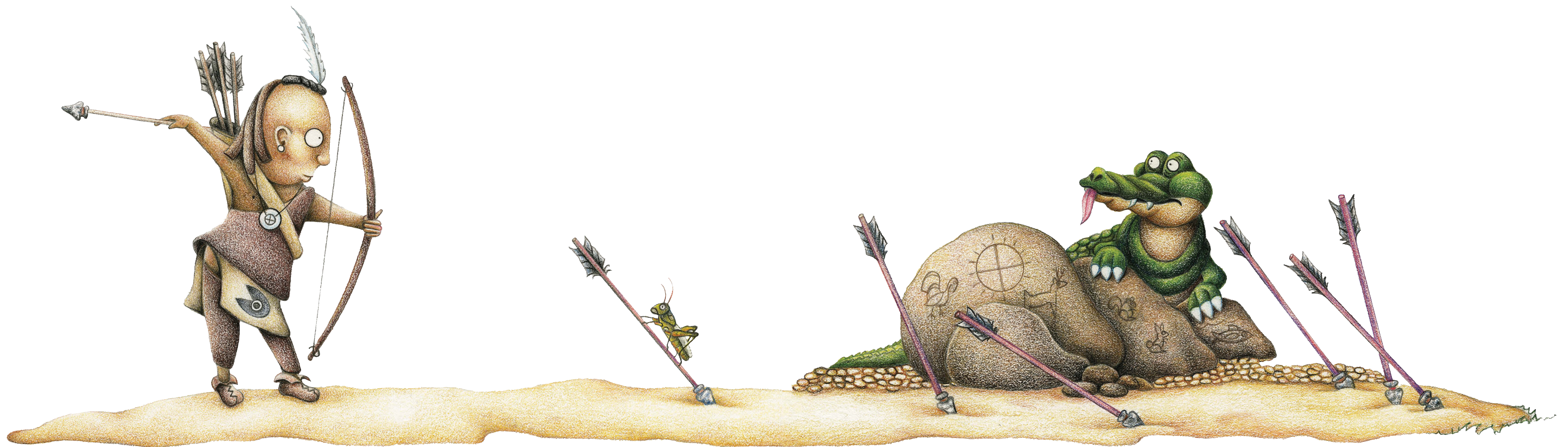
MANY, MANY MOONS

had passed since these Chickasaw hunters left our homes in search of deer.

Once, the deer had been plentiful in our lands, but our hunters had traveled farther than ever, until they knew not what was before them.

All of the hunters had killed enough deer and turkey to bring back to their families—except one. He could get close, but was never successful in getting the arrow to the target.

The other hunters decided to return home with their meat and skins, knowing how excited their families would be. They would feast and celebrate for days. On the third day back toward



HOPAAKIKASHOOKANO

hashi' lawat abaanapahma hattak owwatta' yammat
issi' hoyo pitayatook miya. Nittak chiiki' mishshaash
issi' lawat aa-aasha poyaaknihookya hattak owwatta'
alhiha'at yaakni' ila' hopaaki' pitaya mak illatook.

Hattak owwatta' alhiha'at issi' micha chaloklowa' abitookhookya
hattak owwatta' chaffa'siakillaat ikabokitook. Yammat
milinka'sit onna'sihookya naki' ish_hosa' ki'yokitook miya.

Haatokoot hattak owwatta' alhiha'at inchokka' falamakat
nipi' micha hakshop shaalikar ittibaachaffatook.

