

From time to time my father would turn off to one side up a slight rise to see if we were being followed. The trail we left was broad and easy to follow. Thunder Horse rode ahead to pick out the best trail while we followed with riders out on both flanks to keep the horses bunched up. I rode with Charging Bear.

By the time the sun was overhead we began to hope the Crows had given up the chase, but soon we saw a cloud of dust way back on our trail. Everyone hurried to catch a fresh horse; the Crows would soon be upon us. There were no trees anywhere to give us cover; the ground

was cut by gullies leading into a dry creek with steep sides. We drove the horses down into the bottom.

“My friends,” said my father, “this is a good place to hide; we will take them by surprise. I am going back with Thunder Horse to lead the Crows here. Nobody must show himself until they are right upon us. Then shoot! Fight bravely! Their horses will be tired with carrying them since daybreak.” We watched my father and Thunder Horse go back a little way on our trail; they sat down, pretending to smoke.

