



“Be patient, my son, there is no hurry; the horses of our enemies, the Crows, will not walk away. They will be there next summer and the summer after.” My father’s answer was the same whenever I asked if I could go with the warriors to capture horses.

I had already killed my first buffalo; I was fourteen years old and wanted to make a name for myself. I did not want to play games any longer with the other boys, and I was tired of looking after the horses. I liked best to listen to stories the warriors told of battles with our enemies; I was impatient to do what they had done.