

The following text is an example of an oral-nuanced transcription of a segment from Tom Yellowtail's re-telling of "The Little People" we tape-recorded in the summer of 1993 (Frey, Aripa and Yellowtail 1995:122-25). Notice Tom's use of repetition and pacing, with frequent pauses, as indicated by commas and a series of dot ellipses, depending on length of the pauses, and stressed words, indicated in italic type. A few of his hand and face gesturings are noted in parenthesis. Also notice the importance Tom places on the location of the story.

We talk about the Little People...,  
that are among the mountains.,  
in fact...my own medicine..come from the..Little People that I call on....  
And..this one time.,  
not too long ago.,  
possibly I would say..about fifteen years ago when this happened.,  
on our present day..buffalo pasture  
on..the south of the Big Horn Canyon.,  
what they call the Yellowtail Dam..., (Tom points)  
branches of canyons that run into the..main Big Horn Canyon are the Black Canyon.,  
the Bull Elk Canyon., (continues to point)  
and so worth that lead into it.  
And in that area is.,  
where our buffalo pasture is..*now*.,  
comprising a big area.,  
of some near thirty thousand acres.,  
there where our tribal buffalo herds..are being kept.  
They have natural..canyons that comprise *high walls*, (Tom motions with hands to sky)  
that *not..not very much* fencing has been done to close up this..wide space  
comprising around twenty-five to thirty thousand acres.,  
where our tribal herd of buffalo are being kept *today*...  
And..some fifteen years ago..the buffalo warden.,  
a man...,  
a clan brother of mine.,  
who comes to visit me.,  
josh with me.,  
because that's our..general..custom,  
according to our Indian ways,  
that we josh each other.,  
whenever we meet.,  
not meaning anything *real*  
but we josh.,  
make jokes.,  
and so forth.

And...this..buffalo warden at that time who is Frank..He Does It.,  
who *lives*..in the Big Horn valley,  
his home is on the Big Horn valley,  
close to..the present day..Fort Smith....

And..he had this job of being the buffalo warden,  
so he *stays up there*..

There is a cabin up there  
which we call "hunter's cabin"..

And it's a place provided by the..tribe.,  
for the buffalo warden to live in..,

its a..log cabin,  
a barn,

corrals,

a good spring close by..

And..the areas..for camping is very..nice  
around near that..cabin

where the buffalo warden stays..

And he stays up there,  
has his saddle horses to ride around with.,

looking over the buffalo herds.,  
check the..fence lines,  
and so forth..

And he lives and stays there.,  
*all alone*...

And..*this..one night*,  
when he rode during the day  
and come back and put his horse away.,  
in the barn.,  
corral.,  
for the night.,

he retired.,  
nightfall had come..

He come into his cabin,  
and prepared himself a little..supper..

And..after he ate.,  
had his supper,

he laid down on his bed,  
had his lights..his lights on,  
and..reading magazines.,  
old newspapers,  
and so forth.

He was laying on his bed.,  
*all alone*...,

he's baching it up there (a bachelor)  
*he's all alone...,*  
*nobody near...*  
And while he's..laying there.,  
silent,  
reading..by his..lights...  
And..all at once he heard a *little noise?*, (Tom has a questioning on his face and looking off to his porch)  
out on his porch,  
porch like this that's out here.. (Tom points to his own porch to his left)  
He heard a *little noise*..out there.,  
thinking  
*"Somebody's coming?"* (Tom whispers)  
He's listen! (whispering)  
Pretty soon...there is a *knock* on his door., (Tom patting his hands together)  
a *knock*...on his door..  
And he says,  
*"Hay, hay, come on in,* (in a loud, welcoming voice)  
*come in!"* (Tom motions with hand to come in)  
The door opened.,  
and in walked *four little men...*, (Tom holds out four fingers)  
standing about three and a half..four feet...*high,*  
that's..the height of the Little People.,  
a grown man.,  
he maybe a hundred year old man.,  
only..standing about three and a half feet high  
or so.,  
*Little People* just like a little.. a little..tiny child.,  
is what they are.,  
that's the size of them.  
*Yet..they are powerful...*  
*the strength of a giant..,* (in a strong voice)  
is what those Little People.,  
*as little as they are....*  
They have the *medicine*.,  
they have the *strength*.,  
*so they take care of things..*  
But...they come to the buffalo warden to do them a favor...