Coyote Gets Lovesick

Told by Pete Beaverhead
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Coyote and Camp Robber lived in the same tepee. Camp Robber was Coyote’s roommate and friend.

Early in the morning Coyote would wake up. His friend would already be gone. It would be dark when he returned, tired and hungry.

As soon as Coyote would wake, he would look at his friend’s bed. Already he would be gone.
The next evening when Camp Robber got back tired and hungry, Coyote asked him, "Where do you go?"

"Ah, yes. That's right. I haven't told you. When you go out, go straight from here, not far. Go until you get to the end of the trees and go to the top of the hill. It's not too high. At the bottom of the hill there is a big clearing. A lot of people are camped there."
"That is where I go. There is one woman among them. She is the most beautiful woman in all this land. No one is as beautiful as she. I go there to yearn for her."
“Everyday the young men crowd there from afar to flirt with her. They are all dressed in their finest. They are all crowded around her. Me, I always watch her from the top of the hill.”
“Each morning just as the sun shows, you can see her go out of the tepee. The young men are all around flirting. Me, I flirt from the hilltop far away. I don’t get near. Later, she goes back into the tepee. Then just as the sun touches the evening she comes out again. We see her again. Twice a day we feast our eyes. Beautiful, beautiful is the chief’s daughter.”

“Okay, now you stay home this time,” Coyote told his friend.
Early in the morning Coyote fixed himself. He bathed and put on his finest.
Coyote went out into the woods then entered a clearing. There was the hill his friend had told him about. Below in the clearing he saw that there were already a lot of young men around the camp.
He went up the hill and found the place his friend had lain to watch. It was well worn. He sat there. He looked toward where the sun rises. It was bright. Soon the sun would come out.
“Now I’ll see what this woman looks like.”
Just as the sun shone brightly she came out.
"Ha yo! She really is beautiful. Ha yo! This is good. She has such good clothes," Coyote thought.

The young men were many that crowded about her. She went to the edge of the camp and went into the trees. A little while later she came out. She went back into the tepee. That was all for now. The young men left.
“Yo! I am not going back. I’ll stay here until this evening when she comes out again so I can see her. After I see her I’ll go back. I have nothing to do. I have no further business. It will be good to stay here.”

Coyote lay there. Just as the sun touched the evening she came out.

“Hay yo! Beautiful! That’s the way it is. She is beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful!” Coyote couldn’t stop saying how beautiful she was. “Beautiful! Beautiful! Beautiful!”
She went back in. “Ho! I’ll stay overnight here. After I see her in the morning I’ll go home. I am going to sleep anyway.”

Morning came. He saw her again. Again he felt the same way.

“Hoy! I’ll stay until evening. After I see her I’ll go.”

Morning came. Ha yo! Coyote couldn’t see very well. It was like there was fog all over as he watched the people cooking. He rubbed his eyes. He was going to get up, but he couldn’t. He had been lying there several days not drinking or eating. He tried to stand but couldn’t.

He raised his head and tried to bend backwards. Nothing. He tried his eyes but they weren’t very clear.

The brightness of the sun was shining over the mountains. Soon, the sun came out. As soon as the woman came out he knew, even though his eyes were cloudy.

“Oh, that woman is beautiful.”

She went back in the tepee.
Again he tried raising his back. Nothing. He had gone his farthest this time. He couldn’t move.
"Yo, my breath is short. I wish whoever wants it that way that I might live to see her again this day."
He didn’t get to see her again. He died.
"Yo," the Camp Robber thought, "My friend has been gone for many days. I'll go see."

He left and got to where he used to watch. There was Coyote all dried up, dead.
When he brought Coyote back to life, Camp Robber said, "Let it be that when man gets lovesick for someone, it won't be a way to die. There will be a lovesickness, but man won't die from it."