

and wide over the trees on the earth below. Thus, every year, comes the red on the leaves, reddest on the maples because the maple in the sky receives the most blood. The sky, as you know, is just the same as the earth, only up above and older.

After Robin kills Mooin, Chickadee arrives, and together they cut the meat and cook it in Chickadee's pot. As they begin to eat Moose Bird arrives. He had almost lost the trail, but when he found it again he did not hurry. He knew it would take some time for the others to cut the meat and cook it, and he did not mind missing the work. Indeed he was so well pleased with lagging behind and arriving just as the food was ready that he has ever since ceased to hunt and follows the hunters sharing with them the spoils of the hunt. "He-who-comes-in-at-the-last-moment," Mikchagogwech he is called.

Robin and Chickadee being generous share their meat with Moose Bird, and together Robin and Moose Bird dance around the pot as Chickadee stirs the meat. And so did the old Micmacs in the old days when the Indians were brothers and shared their food.

All winter Mooin's skeleton lies on its back in the sky. But her life-spirit has entered another Mooin that lies on her back, invisible in the den, and sleeping the long sleep of winter. When spring touches the sky she will awake and come from her den, and will descend the steep slopes of the sky, and again will be chased by the hunters. In the chill days of autumn she will be slain, and will send her life-spirit into the body of a bear that lies invisible in the den. Thus life goes on from generation to generation. There is no end.

Traditional Micmac tale, Canada
in Robertson, *Red Earth*