

# The Weasel and the Eagle

Series IV



Long, long ago when animals could talk, Eagle and Weasel were traveling east to visit their friends.

They traveled as far as The Dalles, Oregon, when all at once, an alligator started to chase them. They ran here and there, not knowing where to go next. They came upon a big rock and ran under its ledge.

The alligator waited outside the opening of the rock for a long time. But Eagle and Weasel crouched back into the rock ledge as far as they could. The alligator had waited for them so long, he became angry!

He bit down on the rock ledge with his big powerful jaws so hard that his eyes closed.

Weasel cried to Eagle, "Look, he has his eyes closed now. We can get him!"

Eagle whispered to Weasel, "You grab him, while I kill him!"

After killing the alligator, Weasel and Eagle were free and could continue on their journey east to visit their friends.

Weasel was carrying the alligator skin. He thought it might make a nice gift for one of his friends. But Weasel became tired of carrying the skin and threw it on Eagle's back. Eagle was tired too, and did not want to play.

Eagle told Weasel, "I'll fly away and let you walk alone if you do that again!"

Weasel said he was sorry and promised not to do it again.

Weasel took the alligator skin and walked on. After walking a long way, Weasel became restless again. He started throwing the alligator skin up into the air and catching it, throwing it higher and higher each time. The skin went up into the air again, landing on Eagle's back. Eagle didn't say a word. He just flew off into the sky with the alligator skin still on his back.

Weasel thought to himself, "Oh no! He's going to leave me alone!" Weasel begged Eagle to come back, "Oh please Eagle, I won't do it again."

Eagle flew back down beside Weasel. Weasel took the skin off Eagle's back. The trip was long, and it seemed to Weasel they would never get there.

Weasel became restless again, so he began to skip instead of walk. Skipping along, he started to whistle. It seemed to make the walk shorter for awhile, but he soon got tired of that.

Weasel twirled the alligator skin around and around, watching it fly. Weasel thought, "Eagle might want to play now," so he let the alligator skin fly from his paw onto Eagle's back. This time when Eagle flew away, he went higher and higher. "Oh Eagle!" cried Weasel, "I'm sorry, I thought you might want to play now! Please! Please come back! I'm sorry!"

Eagle looked sharply at Weasel, then flew back down beside him.

Weasel took the skin from Eagle's back and walked on, trying to be very quiet. It seemed they would never get to their friends' place. They walked on and on.

They came upon a creek which they had to cross. Weasel, just for a change, went swimming back and forth while he crossed the creek.

Eagle, of course, flew across quickly. Weasel caught up with him at the other side. Weasel, still carrying the alligator skin, walked on beside Eagle. They walked and walked and Weasel had not pestered Eagle for a long time.

“Eagle must want to play now!” Weasel thought. “How can he just walk along and not want to do something fun?”

The alligator skin was getting heavy again. He pulled the skin behind him, rolled it up, and carried it under his other arm for awhile.

“Maybe Eagle will play now,” he thought, and threw the alligator skin on top of Eagle. Eagle flew up and up, until Weasel thought he was going to fly away forever.

Weasel called and called, begging Eagle to come back. Eagle circled two or three times listening to Weasel call and then flew down beside him once more. Weasel took the alligator skin and walked on, pulling it behind him. "Funny bird anyway," Weasel grumbled, "All I want to do is have a little fun." They walked on and on together. Weasel walked for a long way trying to be as good as he could.

The afternoon was almost gone and Weasel was still walking. Weasel started to sing, "Maybe singing will liven things up," he thought.

As Weasel sang, he started to dance. He danced faster and faster, and the alligator skin was flopping here and there as he danced and sang merrily. "It makes the walk seem shorter," he thought. Weasel sang at the top of his voice and danced all around. The alligator skin was flopping up over his head and to the side. Weasel was dancing and singing for all he was worth.

All of a sudden, the alligator skin flew out of his paws and landed on Eagle's back once more. This time Eagle flew straight up in the sky and out of sight.

Weasel turned around and when he saw what had happened, he called to Eagle, but he was gone.

Eagle flew on and on. When he reached the east, he let the alligator skin drop. The skin fell until it landed in what is now called Florida. That is why there are lots of alligators in Florida and none in The Dalles, Oregon, anymore.