

The story Notkoniihii was told by Paul Moss and recorded by his son Alonzo Moss in the 1980s when Paul was in his 70s. This is the old language of the 1800s, frequently referred to as the "Narrative" style. As with the story Co'ou3ih'ohut, Amber learned this story by only hearing it said in Arapaho. Whenever she didn't understand something it was explained in a much simpler way in Arapaho using words that she could comprehend so she could better understand the meaning of this older way of speaking Arapaho. Below is the English version of Notkoniihii, The Scout, that Amber translated and wrote out on February 17, 2008.

NOTKONIIHII/THE SCOUT

Long ago when these old Arapaho men were sacred (fasted) here. Over that way where the ridge these old men call Beaver Rim is. Well where the cliffs are high this Arapaho man saw soldiers from Lander scouting down along the creek somewhere. He was secretly watching them because he wanted to do something foolish. Maybe he thought he could get away with it because those horses weren't fast, they were only big. They happened to find him because he also had a feather on his head just like those scouting men. Then he saw them again making noise on those whistles (which were bugles). Then they chased him again, and he ran away from them. Somewhere down along that mountain Sandraw, where there also are cliffs, that's where he was running to. But when these Arapaho men were sacred, well that's how he was with his horse. He was far away, but these soldiers still chased him. He jumped off and blessed his horse with earth then got on again. Well now, they almost caught up to him but he ran away from them again. But when those others caught up to him they were going to close in on him where the cliffs are. Alright then, when he stopped him and turned a little bit at a small hill, his horse reared and jumped again and again. He was riding him that way close to where the cliffs are rocky, but only his horse ran up that way over these rocky cliffs. He looked again but when they all got there (to that spot) and tried to go up they couldn't. Their horses couldn't go up it like his did! Because he smudged him he made him sacred, and that's how this horse felt. Maybe he knew and he ran up this cliff. Alright this horse climbed to the top, again and again, up he jumped. Then he started running. But these other soldiers just couldn't go up. He ran far, all the way until he got right up to Powder River. That's right (because) that's the way it was!