

Why the Ravens Are Always Black

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Eskimos on St. Lawrence Island, an island in the Bering Sea, used to believe the stories that were told by their parents to be true. These stories are now like fairy tales we now read in the books. As we Eskimos don't have written language, they were told and told for ages by any one that is interested enough to remember them and keep them in memory: generation after generation. Many many thanks to the education we can now keep them without forgetting parts of them.

But this is the story of Raven and the Owl, and how the Ravens got black.

Once upon a time, the ravens and owls were all white. Now Mr. Owl was setting so quietly on the rock, when Mr. Raven came flying by and making a few rounds over his place and landed right by him. He was very lively, and seemed to be full of some very exciting plans.

When Mr. Owl finally gave him some evidence of greeting, he told him of his idea. When asked, Mr. Raven replied, "Planned a point for us." How do you like to be painted?" he asked. "If you give me mine, I would give you your's and we will be spotted all over, instead of plain white."

When Mr. Owl agreed, he flew away for a while. Then he came back with a bucket of black paint. "Here, we will be nicer with some design, on us," he said as he landed. So, Mr. Raven got to work while Mr. Owl sat so quietly. He put spots all over Mr. Owl, some very tiny and some large, all so pretty. With a feather, he painted Mr. Owl, dipping it in a black every once in a while.

He was so excited over his work. He also was real proud of his idea. Mr. Owl was beginning to look very pretty. When he got him done, oh he was so beautiful. "Alright, you are done." "It is my turn to be

painted, "Mr. Raven said as he sat down before Mr. Owl.

So, Mr. Owl got to work after limbering up for a while. He worked and worked so carefully. Mr. Raven was beginning to be very beautiful looking bird now with spots tiny and large. But Mr. Raven never kept his mouth shut, he always liked to say something, until sometimes he got so aggravating.

And this time he kept bragging of his idea, and how the other birds could set so long a time without doing anything and all that was always in his tune. Mr. Owl couldn't stand it any more. He was getting so hateful. And oh, what a terrible thing Mr. Owl did!

Poor Mr. Raven, he should just not talk so much of how smart he was. Mr. Owl dumped the whole black paint on Mr. Raven! Poor Mr. Raven, should just not talk so much of how smart he was. He flew away so silently, now he has a shiny black coat with some feathers in deep shiny blue.

So, up to this day the ravens are black and the owls are spotted.