

Many Trails

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A boy heard the voice of the whippoorwill one night and went out to find where he was singing. He had to walk quite a ways through a big field, because the song of the whippoorwill carried so well in the wind he sound much closer then he really was. And on the way the boy found a well worn trail, so he stayed on it for a while. And sitting in the middle of the trail was coyote, and coyote was singing too. He turned and saw the boy and he said "Why are you follow me?" The boy was frightened and said "Well the trail you made happened to be a short and easy way through this field. Then coyote asked "Well if your not following me then why are you here?" "Well I heard the beautiful song of the whippoorwill and wanted to watch him sing." "Well do you not think my songs are beautiful?", said coyote. "Oh", said the boy, "there good but I hear you all the time. I much prefer the songs of the whippoorwill" This made coyote furious and he was jealous of the whippoorwill's song. He said "Listen to my night song you might like this one" And he pulled back his head and yodeled out a tune. The boy covered his ears and politely said, "Thank you for the song, but I must be going now." "Well", coyote said, "I can show you a short cut to the whippoorwill boy, and where he sings is just over there." Pointing his claw, smiling out of the side of his mouth. The boy paused, looked around, he knew the night was passing fast so he agreed to follow coyote. But coyote's trail was rough and rocky. And the boy fell in quite a few gopher holes along the way. Coyote turned around and laughed and he yelled to the boy. "Were almost there, hurry up." Coyote was at a full trot but the boy had just fallen again and hurt his knee. And by the time he got to the place where the whippoorwill had been singing all night, it was morning. Whippoorwill was gone. And so was coyote, in fact he could hear coyote's songs in another field. So the boy turned and headed for home, covered with burrs, misq bites and a skinned up knee. And it was many summers later when the boy became a wiser man. And he realized, there are no shortcuts to find something you really love. But there are many trails in this life. So you must stay true to your path, and always keep and eye out for coyote