

# COYOTE TEACHES

*COYOTE TEACHES LITTLE LESSONS ON LIFE  
TAUGHT IN A TRADITIONAL AND GOOD WAY*



Folktales By Alton Long

Wondrously Illustrated By Dotty Long

Lovingly Edited by Dotty Long & Betsy Long

“There, sitting within wisdom, is a wise coyote-teacher. He is singing and he is in Harmony with the People.”

From Seven Arrows, Hyemeyohsts Storm,  
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## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS AND DEDICATIONS**

There have been so many good people who have encouraged me to take the path of the Good Coyote. It was Rena Swifthawk, a Native American shaman, who brought the message of “doing things in a good way” to so many and who revealed to me my need to be aware of the wild coyotes, but that I, as a Good Coyote, could probably deal with them.

There are others, like Yvonne and Holly, who are the keepers of the flame for the circle of Kindred Spirits and who have helped me see the beauty and gifts of Healing and Spirit Circles, and Carey, who showed me the way and the wisdom of listening to animals as spirit guides. To these and others of like spirits whose paths I have crossed, I give my thanks and a hardy Ah Ho!

Special appreciation and thanks also go to Dallas Denny who laid out the book and who encouraged me to complete this work.

I am thankful for my children and their friends and partners, who have become part of our extended family who over time, and to at least some degree, have accepted my wily coyote ways.

Most of all, I must express my eternal gratitude to Dotty, who for over half a century shared my journey as my Most Significant Other, my Sweetheart, Companion, Helpmate and Ultimate Friend, who has been an inspiration in all that I do. I give very special thanks to her for her special illustrations and all the editing she did that makes this publication more special than I had ever dreamed. She has left this life, though somehow she is still with me, I miss her and her loving and peaceful continence. I know the Great Spirit has her in the special place for such angels who have shared their love, peace and well-being with so many others, but especially with me.

Finally, I dedicate this book to my loving grandchildren, my three grandsons, Gene, Malcolm and Shane, and to my granddaughter, Jocelyn. They need the wisdom of the Good Coyote as they mature and make their way in a world of wily and wild coyotes.

May the Great Spirit bless my grandchildren, my children and my extended family, and all my special friends as they travel on their journeys.

A. L. 2014

## PREFACE

For centuries, lessons in ethics and morality and important principles of human behavior have been taught and illustrated best by short stories. Some of these are as short as the Proverbs. Others are more like the Parables of Jesus or Aesop's Fables or even Grimm's Fairy Tales.

Abraham Lincoln was a master at using a tale to make a point both in his law practice and as the great President. Other yarn spinners included Davy Crockett and, later, Will Rogers.

Today we have the pleasures of good stories from folks like Garrison Keillor and his stories of Lake Wobegon and many other storytellers, including those from the Native American population.

Morality tales particularly abound in indigenous cultures, and they often use animals to illustrate the story. This is particularly true with the Native Americans. The various tribes and clans often selected specific animals for their totem and created a mythology illustrating their attributes and powers. But it seems the coyote is a favorite when it came to being the star of many of their stories, especially with the Pueblo, Navajo, the Plains Indians, and those of the Pacific Northwest. In these instances, the coyote often served as a teacher, a trickster, a clown, or, in some cases, a shaman. But in other cases, the coyote had the role of being a wicked witch or even the devil. I prefer the coyote in the teacher role.

These tales were passed down from storyteller to storyteller, generation to generation. Anthropologists have done what they could to record them.

Often, there are many versions of a similar story, but the point is usually the same. Sometimes it is obvious, but at other times it is subtle or even obscure. This is especially true when it is related to a tribal taboo about which the general public may not even be aware.

The stories collected here came to me either while I was trying to resolve some issue by taking it out of reality and putting the situation in one with the coyote and other animals, or as visions that came to me while I was attending a spiritual gathering or participating in a healing circle. Some are obviously similar to legends and stories from other cultures, but the use of the coyote makes the point more poignant. In addition, I sometimes feel I must play the role of the coyote in my own efforts to make peace, get a point across or resolve a tough problem among friends. I hope some of these stories will be helpful to you.

## ABOUT COYOTES

The coyote is a Native American wild canine. To many people it appears to be a cross between the larger wolf and the smaller fox. Its range is widespread, going from as far north as Canada, to the south into Mexico, and in the U.S. mostly west of the Mississippi, but coyotes are seen in the Northeast and even the New England states, where there are notices warning rural residents to be watchful of their small pets.

The name is said to have come from an Aztec word “coyotl,” meaning singing dog. And everyone knows that coyotes do sing. Some nights their singing, which is a high-pitched howl along with some yipping, can be annoying to those living nearby and trying to sleep.

Coyotes figure into much of Native American folklore. In some cultures, the coyote was considered evil, even a manifestation of the devil. In the Zuni tradition the coyote is sometimes feared and said to be a witch devil that changes its form at will from coyote to witch, but in other cultures, coyotes are considered harmless, more clown-like than evil. Some cultures see the wily coyote as a trickster and often as a teacher, sometimes using pranks to impart lessons.

Coyotes demonstrate many tricky attributes. In nature, two coyotes will team up to catch a fastfooted jackrabbit. When the rabbit is spotted, one coyote takes off after it while the other lies near the location where the rabbit was spotted, which is often near the rabbit’s home. When the rabbit eventually returns to the region where the chase was begun, the other coyote picks up the chase and the first coyote lies down to rest. It takes only a few such rounds before the rabbit begins to tire and slow down, leading to its ultimate capture and becoming dinner for the two cooperating coyotes.

Similarly, when a coyote wants to catch a prairie dog, she watches for a woodchuck that begins to dig in the prairie dog’s burrow. The prairie dog usually has a second entrance and uses it for an escape. Occasionally, if the prairie dog doesn’t move fast enough, the woodchuck catches it. If not, the tricky Coyote will look for the escape exit and watch it; so, if the hapless prairie dog uses that exit, the coyote grabs him as soon as he reaches the surface.

For whatever reason, the coyote seems to know that most humans usually will not do them harm, so coyotes often will seek out and hang out near a camp site, a road stop or the edge of towns, hoping to steal a morsel from the trash.

The coyote has fairly won its reputation of being wily and clever, a distant friend of humans, and a bit of a clown, yet wise. The Native Americans seem to have learned a lot from the coyote over the years. Let's see what lessons these coyote tales have to offer us.



## THE OLD WOMAN AND THE BEAUTIFUL DAY

One day Coyote went out for a stroll. It was a beautiful day. The sky was clear with just a few beautiful puffy white clouds. The birds were flying around and the butterflies were flitting from flower to flower. The buffalo were grazing in the meadow and the deer were running in the woods. The rabbits were hopping around in the brush and the trout were jumping in the lake. Then Coyote saw Old Woman sitting on a rock crying. “Why are you crying, old woman, on this most beautiful day?” Coyote asked. She replied, “Because it may not be as beautiful tomorrow.”

Coyote answered, “Foolish woman, don’t you know, worrying about tomorrow can only spoil today.”





## WHY HAPPY VALLEY IS

### STILL HAPPY

All the small animals had been living together for oh so many years that no one remembers. They had congregated in a small valley near the edge of a big mountain with a wooded slope on one side and a steep cliff on the other and with a small stream coming down off the mountain. One end of the valley ended by becoming narrow part-way up the mountain and the other in a pile of large rocks that had fallen off the cliff where the stream flowed into a small, meandering river.

Somehow, many of the animals had agreed to let each other live there in peace without chasing or bothering each other. They lived so peacefully that they all called it Happy Valley. Having such a wide variety of animals living together was unusual, but more unusual was how the Happy Valley stays happy. And this is the story of how that happens.

Each day, and even through the night, one or two of the animals take their turn watching the entrance in the rock pile near where the stream meets the river. Following a river is one the favorite ways larger animals stroll looking for smaller animals that might be taking a sip, trying to catch a fish, or washing themselves.

If one of the bigger animals shows up, it is the job of the watch animal to run around the rocks and away from the entrance to make sure the larger animal doesn't follow them into the valley. It has worked for years. But sometimes it is a smaller animal that is spotted, and to be polite the watchers usually greet them in a friendly way.

Over the years, some of the small animals that come by have been welcomed to join the others, as it is a big valley and there has always been room for more. But the watchers are careful who they let in.

One day when Coyote had the watch, another coyote passed by. Coyote greeted him with "Ah Ho, coyote! Where are you going?"

The new coyote said, "I am looking for a new place to live. Do you know of a good place?"

Coyote replied by asking, "First, tell me why you left the place where you were living."

The other coyote replied, "My place down the river was filled with people who always argued. Everyone was nasty and nobody got along. So I am looking for a new place."

Then the wise Coyote replied "Well, I guess you would not like it where I live because they are that way there too."

The other coyote said, "Thank you for warning me" and moved on.

Later that same day, a small red fox came down that same trail. Coyote greeted her with "Ah Ho, red fox! Where are you going?"

The red fox replied, "I am looking for a new place to live. Is there any place nearby you can recommend?"

Coyote asked the same question as before; "Why have you left the place where you were living?" And the red fox replied, "Oh, I hated to leave; it was a perfect place where every one was so nice, but we have become too crowded, so several of us agreed to look for new places. I only hope I can find a new place that is as nice and friendly."

The Coyote said, "I think I know just the place. Welcome to Happy Valley. I know you will like it here, too."

So this is why only animals that were happy themselves, ever ended up in Happy Valley.

And that is why Happy Valley is still happy.

The lesson is: When traveling, leave your troubles behind.



## **HOW RABBIT GOT HORNS AND MORE!**

Coyote was admiring the nice, young, plump rabbit down by the stream, but knew that, being alone, he could never catch even this young thing. Rabbit had been watching the deer sipping their morning water before going into the woods to sleep.

Then Coyote overheard rabbit talking out loud to himself. Rabbit said. “My, what beautiful horns on those deer! If only I could have horns like that! Buffalo and elk also have horns, and they aren’t afraid of anything. If I had horns, I would look so majestic, and I could be brave and never have to fear coyote.” Rabbit continued. “I think I’ll go ask Spider Woman how I can grow horns. She is oh, so, wise. She must know how I can do it.”

Now, Coyote knew Spider Woman was away at a special medicine powwow and would not be at her cave. So Coyote thought of a plan. He slyly followed Rabbit as he hippity-hopped to the cave where Spider Woman lived.

When Rabbit got there, he hollered up to Spider Woman, thinking she was there, “Oh, Spider Woman, you are oh, so wise and so understanding. Can you tell me how I can grow horns?”

Coyote waited for a moment, just in case Spider Woman had returned. Rabbit called out again.

Coyote, who had now hidden himself near the entrance to the cave, answered in a shrill falsetto, “Oh, dear rabbit, are you sure you really want to have horns?”

Rabbit replied. "Oh yes, oh yes! I want them more than anything in the world." Then Coyote continued, "Then you must do exactly as I say."

Rabbit replied, "Oh yes, I will, I will."

Coyote replied, "Go find two identical branches from a mesquite tree that are the size and shape of the horns you want. Then get some pine pitch and sinew and fasten the branches to the top of your head. Tie it on really tight and add some more pitch to the sinew and the knot so it will not come loose. Then go down to the stream and put the cool water on the pitch so it will become hard. And then you can proudly strut around with the most beautiful set of horns any rabbit ever had."

Rabbit was so pleased that he might get his wish, he said "Thank you so much! I will wear them with pride."

Rabbit went about looking for just the right branches and the pitch and sinew. Coyote rested down by the stream and waited for rabbit to return with his new horns.

It took Rabbit quite a while to gather all the needed materials, especially the matching mesquite branches. It took even longer for Rabbit to tie them on his head and to apply the pitch.

After about a quarter of a drop in the sun's height, Coyote saw Rabbit come down. and he observed that Rabbit's horns did indeed look handsome. They were broader than Rabbit was long. Rabbit splashed cool water on the pitch to harden it and then looked at his image in a quiet, still part of the stream. "Oh, how beautiful and majestic I look," said Rabbit, who felt so proud. He strutted along the bank of the stream admiring his new image. He was quite proud of himself.

Then suddenly, Coyote popped up and said, "Now, let me see how sweet a young rabbit with horns will taste." Rabbit said, "Oh you foolish coyote. You know you can't catch me by yourself," and immediately ran to his hole. But when he got there, there was no way Rabbit could get into his hole with the big set of horns on his head. Whereupon Coyote caught up and proceeded to have a nice meal of tender young rabbit, although the pitch did give it a strange but not unpleasant taste.

The lesson is: Be careful what you wish for. You might get stuck with it... and more!



## **COYOTE TRICKS**

### **PRAIRIE DOG AND MOUNTAIN LION**

Coyote had been chasing speedy Prairie Dog all morning and had not been able to catch him. He usually did this kind of chasing with another coyote so they could take turns resting until they wore the elusive little morsel down. But, Coyote chased this one alone, knowing he would probably never catch him, but figuring it was at least good exercise.

About noon, Coyote realized he had somehow ended up near Mountain Lion's den. "Probably a trick of that smart Prairie Dog," he thought.

And just as he thought that, he heard a sort of a roar and a loud yawn and realized it was Mountain Lion waking up.

Now Coyote looked around and realized there was no easy way out and no place to hide. But he spied a pile of old bones nearby and hit upon a great ruse (that's a fancy word for a trick). He sat near the bones, picked up a big, clean, dry one, and began to lick it. He said loudly, "This was the best mountain lion I've ever eaten. I wish I could have more. I love mountain lion. Yum Yum."

Mountain Lion heard this and became rather frightened. He wasn't fully awake yet and the idea of tangling with a Mountain Lion-eating coyote did not seem like a very good idea. So he trotted off away from his den.

Prairie Dog was shocked and quickly ran after Mountain Lion with an idea of his own. When he caught up with Mountain Lion he shouted "Wait, you're being tricked. Coyotes can't eat mountain lions. He was just pretending."

Mountain Lion stopped and thought about it for a minute and realized he had been tricked. He turned back and began to sneak up on Coyote. But Coyote heard Mountain Lion coming. Coyote quickly thought and came up with another great idea. "I fooled him once, I'll do it again!"

So Coyote started looking around and said in a loud voice, “Where is that prairie dog? I sent him out to find me another mountain lion and I am still hungry.”

When Mountain Lion heard that he turned back again and chased little Prairie Dog away for what he thought was the real trick. Coyote then took a deep breath and sauntered back to his Happy Valley to look for an easier lunch.

The lesson is: “Don’t Ever Show Fear,” or “Never Let’em See You Sweat.”



## **COYOTE AND THE NIGHT PEOPLE**

It was a beautiful day and Coyote went out.

Grandfather Sun was shining brightly, the sky was beautifully clear and blue, there were no clouds, and there was even a sliver of Grandmother Moon high in the sky. The birds were flying, the deer were leaping, the rabbits were hopping, the fish were jumping, and the buffalo were grazing. It was truly a lovely day.

“Isn’t this a great day to be alive?” said Coyote out loud. Then Coyote noticed a molehill, and then spied Old Owl hiding in the hollow of a tree.

She realized there were many creatures who would not come out in the daytime. So she began running around, shouting, “Come out! Come out! Enjoy the light of this beautiful day. You can see so much more in the sunlight.” But nobody came out.

So Coyote went over to where Old Owl was hiding. She asked Old Owl, “Why don’t you want to come out?”

Old Owl replied, “We are night people and we can see quite well in the night, thank you.

Coyote thought quickly and replied, “Look!” and pointed to the small crescent of moon in the sky. “Even Grandmother Moon has come out this day.”

And Old Owl just gave a soft “Hoot.” So still, none of them would come out from their hiding places.

Coyote thought more and more, as she really believed it was important that the night animals should come out, even for just a few minutes. She thought until her head hurt. And then she came up with another idea.

Coyote went back to the tree where Old Owl was hiding and said, “But we can’t see you, and you are all so majestic and special! It would be good if we could see you, even if it is for only a few moments.”

Well, as wise as Old Owl was, he thought, “I guess I am a very handsome bird. How can the day people know that if I never let them see me?”

Even dear little Mole thought, “Yes, I have a beautiful shiny fur coat, and it’s about time I let every one else see it.”

So several of the night creatures slowly peeked out of their hiding places and saw Grandmother Moon and all the happy day people. They made sure they were not too close to some of them and stayed near to their homes just in case it was a trick. They stood outside and let themselves be seen, and saw all the others and they felt good about it. After a while they went back into their hiding places, but they all felt it had been a good experience.

So this is why even now, once, and a while you may see a night creature during the day. But as you will notice, they will always keep their distance.

The lesson is: “A guarded risk can often provide a worthwhile reward.”





## **WHY RABBIT AND OTTER DO NOT HAVE A BIRCH TREE**

Coyote was walking along the stream when she came upon Rabbit and Otter arguing. “Why are you arguing?” asked Coyote. “This birch tree belongs to me and Otter thinks its his!” said Rabbit. “It does belong to me,” said Otter.

Coyote said “Well, why don’t we have a race to settle this and see who should have this tree?”

“O.K.” said Rabbit (because he knew he was very fast). “Sure,” said the Otter (because he knew he could trick Rabbit somehow).

Coyote said, “All right, whoever can race to the pond at the end of the stream and get back here first will be the owner of the tree.” So, Rabbit and Otter set out as fast as they could go. Otter jumped into the stream, knowing it would carry him down to the pond very quickly. But Rabbit started hopping as fast as he could and almost kept up.

Meanwhile, Beaver came out of the stream and began gnawing the birch tree. By the time Otter and Rabbit got back, Beaver had gnawed the tree down and had taken it up the stream to where she was building a dam.



Rabbit and Otter returned at about the same time, each claiming he had won the race.

Then, suddenly, Rabbit shouted, “Someone has stolen our tree!” And both Rabbit and Otter shrilled “Where is our tree? Where did our tree go?”

Coyote said, “I don’t know. But obviously it was never your tree in the first place.”

## **WHY BEAR SLEEPS ALL WINTER**

During her wanderings Coyote had strayed far from her home in Happy Valley. She began to worry about where she might spend the night, for it was a cold, wet evening and she had not found a dry sleeping place. She thought she could smell people and a fire. Perhaps there she would not only find a dry place, but maybe a scrap of food.

It got colder as she ran through the woods, and then she saw a strange sight. There was a big fire and Bear was lying near it. People were sitting further away, just close enough to get some warmth, but still outside in the cold, wet air instead of being inside their teepees.

Coyote crawled up and asked Old Woman, "Why don't you take some fire and put it in your teepees where you can stay warm and dry?"

Old Woman answered, "Bear keeps all the fire to himself. He lets us stay here only so long as we gather sticks and logs to keep the fire going."

Coyote noticed that Bear growled when one of the braves got a little closer to the fire, scaring him back to the distant circle of cold, wet people.

Coyote looked at the big fire, with lots of sticks, logs and branches. Then she looked at the cold wet people. Then she looked at Bear, fat, sleepy, with just one eye barely open.

Coyote quietly moved around to the back side of the bear and took a running leap, bounding off Bear's back into the middle of the fire. She grabbed a burning branch with her teeth and bounded into the woods.

Bear jumped up, surprised and angry, and immediately raced off after Coyote.

While Bear was chasing Coyote, all the people grabbed sticks with fire and took them to their teepees. Even until this day, each teepee and each home has its own fire.

As Coyote ran, the wind fanned the flame at the end of the branch, making the bright fire easy for Bear to follow. Coyote ran into a big hollow tree and Bear followed right behind.

As Coyote, followed by Bear, went further into the hollow log, it got narrower and narrower, until Bear became stuck in the log. Coyote said, "O.K. Bear, you have a nice cozy and dry place to sleep. Sleep until you lose enough weight to get out."

Now, even until this day, bear eats a lot in the fall and then goes to sleep in a cave or a tree trunk until spring. It is also thought that running with the flaming branch is another reason Coyote's coat has singed hair, especially on her tail, and why "The people" always give scraps of food to Coyote.

The lesson: A good deed done is well-remembered.



## **BADGER AND WEASEL AND THE BOWL OF STEW**

When Badger got back after searching all day for just a few bites, she saw Weasel sitting by the stream watching the fish, but knowing he would never catch one at this time of day. The sun was far too bright. But to be polite, Badger whispered as she approached, “Any luck today?”

Poor Weasel slid back off the rock and looked so dejected and replied, “Close, but all I ever did was get soaking wet a few times, and it's too cold for that this time of year.”

Indeed, the sun was moving to the south and the days were getting shorter and colder as the season of the snow was approaching.

So they both just sat there, smelling the campfires from the caves and other nearby shelters.

Then Weasel asked, “What am I smelling that smells so good? That’s more than just burning wood.”

Badger stood up and raised her sensitive nose as high as she could and replied, “I think we are smelling a stew of some sort. It seems to be coming from the south side of the cliff.”

So they scampered in the direction the smell seemed to be coming from and quickly realized it was coming from high on the side of the cliff where Spider Woman lived.

They could see a small trail of smoke creeping along the edge, but being blown down into the valley below by the wind (which is why they were able to smell it). So Badger, being a little bigger and braver than Weasel, hollered up to Spider

Woman, “Ah Ho, Spider Woman! The smell of your stew has enchanted us. Will there be enough of it to share a little with Weasel and me?”

They sat and waited because they knew Spider Woman always thought before she answered a question. Finally, they heard her squeaky voice answer. “There might be a little left for you, but you will have to earn it.” Spider Woman also always made good trades. Then she said, “If the two of you can bring me a bundle of small sticks and branches and place them near my fire pit on the ledge below, I’ll give you a bowl of stew to share. But it must be a pile bigger than the two of you.”

Badger and Weasel looked at one another and hesitated, but just then a powerful whiff of the delicious-smelling stew wafted by their noses and they both said “Oh yes, Spider Woman!”

Then Badger added, “We’ll be pleased to help you out for some of that stew.”

They knew Spider Woman was only big enough to gather twigs and leaves which were of little value in building even the smallest fire. So it would actually be a big help to her.

They set about, scurrying along, as they had both grown hungry from being so close to the boiling pot of stew.

It took them a little more time than they thought it would to get the pile big enough, as there was little wood of any size around the camp. They had to go deep into the wooded area to find good sticks and branches.

At last they were bringing in their final load. When they approached the cliff, they could see Spider Woman moving farther up the cliff. She turned and shouted as best she could, “I’ve left your bowl by the fire pit. I hope you both enjoy it.”

Badger and Weasel rushed to get up to the ledge on the cliff, and there it was, a lovely bowl with a helping of delicious-smelling stew. But they both realized the bowl was not filled to the very brim. Badger said, “Look, the bowl is barely half full!” And Weasel said “Worse than that; it’s almost half empty.” They both felt they had been cheated and were obviously disappointed. In addition, they began to argue with one another as to which was right. Was the bowl half empty or half full?

Finally, Weasel saw Coyote watching them. They slowly climbed down, carefully carrying the bowl so as to not spill a drop. They approached Coyote, who immediately said, “Oh, so that is where this wonderful aroma has been coming from!” Then Coyote asked, “However did you manage to get Spider Woman to part with such a precious bowl of stew?”

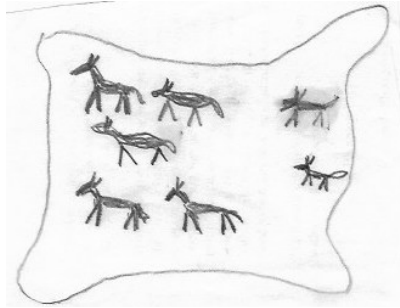
So Badger and Weasel told Coyote how they had worked oh so hard gathering such a lot of wood to earn this bowl of stew that was only half full or half empty and proceeded to ask Coyote which way would be the proper way to describe what they had.

Coyote asked them to hand him the bowl. He looked at it closely, so closely that the end of his snout was down into the bowl. And Coyote was able to gulp down a nice big swallow.

Badger and Weasel were shocked and were about to attack Coyote, but Coyote put up his paw and said, "I've solved the riddle." It's not really that important whether the bowl is half full or half empty, but whether the contents are any good. And this is the best stew I've ever had. Thank you very much.

"And now I'll tell you a secret. This bowl is one of the finest pieces of pottery ever made, and that's the real gift. You both better thank Spider Woman real good."

The lesson is: It's not important whether the bowl is half full or half empty but whether the contents are any good.



## **COYOTE AND THE BRAYING JACKASSES**

The dawn was just beginning and Coyote was tired after an evening of catching mice, yipping at the moon, and trying to stay out of trouble. So when the daylight came, he went to his favorite place in the rocks to sleep in the cool shade of the overhanging ledge.

No sooner had Coyote fallen asleep than he was awakened by the braying of a jackass. So Coyote went out and yipped at the jackass, chasing him away. Then he went back to sleep.

The next morning the same thing happened again. No sooner had he gone to sleep than once again he was awakened, this time by three or four jackasses braying. He got up and went out and yipped at the jackasses to scare them away. This continued for several more days.

Coyote thought, "This has got to stop! I wonder if Wolf is having the same problem."

So Coyote waited until dusk when he figured Wolf would not mind being disturbed and went to him.

"Wolf, are you having trouble with braying jackasses waking you up in the morning?" Wolf said, "Yes. And I'm getting tired of it." Coyote said "I have a plan. Let's wait until night, when the herd of jackasses is all together and trying to sleep, and then go and chase them away."

Wolf said, "That sounds like a good idea. Perhaps we can get some of them to run over the cliff. That would really get them to move and stay away."

So they waited until it was good and dark and begin to look for the jackass herd. They finally heard what they thought was a large group of jackasses, sort of standing around half asleep.

Coyote and Wolf began to yip and howl to get them upset and then rushed in yipping and barking to see if they could get them to stampede over the cliff. The herd started off that way but begin to scatter, going every which way. Coyote and Wolf were disappointed. They wondered how jackasses were smart enough to avoid the trap.

The next morning, Coyote and Wolf went to look at the herd and saw to their surprise that there were only a couple of jackasses left. The rest of the herd were wild mustangs, who are known to be smart and wary. They were thankful they had not chased them over the cliff because the mustangs were good animals. But the good news was, for whatever reason, the jackasses never bothered them again.

Lesson: Be careful who you hang around with; you could get into trouble because of what the others do.





## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

### **Alton Long**

Alton Long was a proud Texan, born in Liberty, TX, spending his youth in New Braunfels, TX, met his wife, Dorothy Morgan, while attending college in Pittsburgh, PA, and they raised their family in Wayne, PA before retiring to Tiverton, RI. He was very dedicated to his family, and he and his wife Dotty made sure their children got to experience the history, cultures and geography of the US and the world. He also enjoyed making redware pottery with his wife, Dotty.

Alton earned his Bachelors and Masters Degrees from Carnegie Tech University, Pittsburgh, PA in Nuclear Chemistry, where he was also a bagpipe and French Horn player with the Kiltie Band. He later in life earned a Masters Degree in Organizational Dynamics and strategic planning at the University of Pennsylvania. He was also a graduate of the Defense Systems Program Management College in Virginia.

He was a veteran who served as a 2nd Lieutenant in the U.S. Army Signal Corp, stationed at Fort Monmouth, NJ, initially working in intelligence and then was assigned to do research in Nuclear Weapons Effects at Los Alamos, NM.

In his professional career, he was employed as a Sr. Engineering Manager at Burrroughs/Unisys for Computer Engineering. He had the opportunity to work on the creation of the ILLIAC IV computer which was the largest in the world at that time and helped to install it at the NASA Ames Research Center in Mountain View, California in the San Francisco Bay Area. He was also offered an opportunity to become a White House Fellow and he and Dorothy had the opportunity to meet LBJ and Lady Bird Johnson in the White House.

He was an experienced wine educator, public speaker and certified wine judge. He served as the Past President for the American Wine Society and was a member of the AWS Premier Cru Chapter. He was a member of the Rhode Island Academy of Wine, the German Wine Society, the Portuguese Wine Society, the Wine Society of Wine Educators, American Institute of Wine and Food, and the Pennsylvania Wine Association. He produced many wine, beer and food events, and was a regular contributor of wine articles to the Morning Call in Allentown, PA, the Suburban in Philadelphia and the New England Wine Gazette. Additionally, he served as the Vice-Conseillor of the Rhode Island Le Confrérie de la Chaîne des Rotisseurs.

He was a member of the Elizabethtown, PA Masonic Village Lodge, was a Baron of the Magna Charta and a Son of the American Revolution, assisted in the discovery of the element, Aluminum 26, and was listed in "American Men of Science".

He and his wife Dotty were very active and committed to fighting for and educating about LGBTQ rights.

He attended the United Methodist at the Elizabethtown Masonic Village Church, and in his earlier years, was very active at St. Matthew's United Methodist Church in Valley Forge, PA where he served on many committees and was Church School Superintendent. At the Portsmouth United Methodist Church in RI, he helped create a program to support homeless families; he was also a Boy Scout Master in the Valley Forge area. He enjoyed being a teacher that taught chemistry and physics at Monmouth University in Long Branch, NJ; was PTA president in Wayne, PA and was a well liked substitute teacher in the Portsmouth and Bristol-Warren school districts in Rhode Island, and then moved to the Masonic Village in Elizabethtown, PA.

## **ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR**

### **Dotty Long**

Dotty was an excellent chef and a master potter. Professionally, Dotty was a renowned caterer and cooking instructor, receiving many awards, and induction into Les Dames d'Escoffier, a by-invitation-only philanthropic organization of women leaders in the fields of food, fine beverage and hospitality. She was an officer and award-winning member of Le Confrérie de la Chaîne des Rotisseurs, the world's oldest, largest and most prestigious food and wine gastronomy society. She was also a member of the American Wine Society, German Wine Society, American Institute of Wine and Food, and was a certified wine judge.

She earned her B.S. in Chemistry from Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh, PA, an interest inherited from her father who was an inventor with over 60 patents. Those included day/night car mirrors, heated windshield glass for WWII planes, and many of the bright

colored '60's clothing dyes that came from Impatiens plant flowers (you will recognize the colors).

She grew up doing ceramics with her mother, and Mom later had her first shop in Long Branch, New Jersey in the 1950's, DEL Ceramics. Over the years, she also became interested in making pottery from scratch. In the early '70's, she opened a crafts and pottery studio in Devon, PA off of Lancaster Pike.

She founded Old Eagle Studios and as a master potter, she began producing reproduction redware for Independence Hall, Valley Forge and other parks along with many historical colonial homes. She presented a reproduction redware pitcher she made to President Gerald Ford at the Valley Forge National Park Bicentennial celebration in the summer of 1976 which is now at the Smithsonian Institute. She moved her shop to a store on Bridge Street in Phoenixville, PA and started Long Family Potters. Her husband Alton and daughter Margie were very involved in the reproduction redware, as were her daughter Mary Anne and Charles, her son.

