THE LEGENDARY ADVENTURES OF
RAVEN
-FEATURING-
HOW RAVEN BECAME BLACK
AND GAVE WATER TO THE WORLD
ADAPTED FROM JOHN R. SWANTON'S
TLINGIT MYTHS AND TEXTS (1909)
BY TOM LOWENSTEIN
AND PAT PARTNOW

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY LOGUE
Long ago, before Grandfather can remember, Raven, whom we know as Black, was white.

Here is the story of how he became black.

Raven and Petrel had been cut together in a boat...

The fishing was good and Petrel was in a generous mood, so he said, "Raven, come home with me to Tekiu Island. I will give you a feast with fresh water to drink."

Raven accepted the invitation immediately, for fresh water was very rare in those days;

Sure, pal.

There were no lakes, rivers or streams; only salt water in the sea...
...and one box filled with fresh water which Petrel kept hidden in his house.

Raven was very, very thirsty, and when the two arrived at Petrel's house, he drank a lot of water.

His thirst could not be quenched but he was ashamed to ask for more and more water...

Gee, thanks.

So he thought of a plan to get as much water as he wanted.

Raven waited until the meal was over. The two friends made themselves comfortable, Raven sitting on the bench, Petrel on his precious water box.

Blah, blah, blah.

...then Raven started telling Petrel the history of the world, and what he had done to help make it...

Petrel sat and listened for awhile...
...But he got bored...

...and soon fell asleep, still sitting on the box.

As soon as Petrel was asleep, Raven took some dog-dirt and put it all over his companion.

Then he woke him up, saying, "Petrel, Petrel! Look what you've done to yourself!"

The startled Petrel looked at himself, and when he saw the dog-dirt he jumped up quickly.
HE RAN TO THE SEA AND WASHED HIMSELF.

WHILE HE WAS GONE, RAVEN LIFTED THE COVER OFF THE BOX AND DRANK AS MUCH WATER AS HE COULD HOLD.

WHEN HE WAS VERY FULL, HE TOOK A LITTLE MORE WATER INTO HIS MOUTH AND JUST HELD IT THERE.

THEN...

CRASH!

HE QUICKLY FLEW TO THE SMOKE HOLE, INTENDING TO ESCAPE BEFORE PETREL RETURNED.

BUT BY THIS TIME, PETREL HAD ALREADY RETURNED FROM THE SHORE. HE SAW THE EMPTY WATER BOX.
AND THEN HE SAW RAVEN ABOUT TO ESCAPE THROUGH THE SMOKE HOLE.

"STOP, YOU SNEAK!" HE CRIED

AND AS IF BY MAGIC, RAVEN STUCK IN THE SMOKE HOLE!

OH, DRAT!

HE COULD NOT FLY OUT AND HE COULD NOT COME DOWN.


GASP CHoke!

RAVEN'S PRETTY WHITE FEATHERS WERE TURNED A Dull BLACK!
...when the fire went out, petrel released raven and let him fly away.

so long, pal!

Some drops stayed where they fell; others trickled or rushed downhill to join the sea.

As raven flew over the countryside, he let drops of water fall from his beak onto the land.

Raven laughed quietly, for he knew he had outsmarted petrel after all...

Hmm... I must remember that.

And that is the story of how raven became black, and how he gave water to the world.

—the end—