

burning. Then it turned black, pitch dark, though it was not yet night. At last when Wild Woman was nearly burned the man went down to the beach, got into the canoe he had kept there, and paddled down. He arrived at the place where his people were. He said, "I killed her when she was preparing to cook me. I put her eyes out, I mashed her after that, and I burned her."

No one has ever lived in that place since. Everyone is afraid of that place. After Wild Woman was dead that older girl could speak again. She described what Wild Woman had done, how she had smelled the children's mouths and cooked only those who had been eating. In the olden days [myth age] Wild Woman ate only lizards and poisonous things. But later on she ate children.

That is a kind of real happening. This story was told to children to keep them from eating when their parents were away.

### Bloody Fingers

Ghost stories are a staple of children's folklore and are often performed at slumber parties or on camping trips. The performance of ghost stories is often highly dramatic as narrators attempt to provide a scary experience for their audiences. This tale, collected in 1971 from eleven-year-old Muffin Rheinburger, was told in a "quavering, low, gravelly voice." (RVMA, Joel Marrant, 1971)

It was a really windy night, and the hotel, this hotel—they say it was haunted. One room of it was haunted, and that was the only room vacant. And this man went into this hotel, and he sat down and waited for the clerk. And the clerk came, and he said, "May I help you?" And the man says, "Yes, I'd like a hotel room." So the clerk says, "There's only one left, and it's the haunted one." And the man goes, "Oh, I don't believe in that haunts thing; I'll take the room. How much is it?" "You can have it for free if you want it." "Okay."

So he goes upstairs, and he washed his face, and he's watching TV for a while, and then he decided to go to bed because it was twelve o'clock. So he went to bed, and after a while he heard: "Blo-o-o-o-dy fing-g-g-gers, blo-o-o-o-dy fing-g-g-gers." And he was looking all around the house, and he got so scared that he jumped out the window and killed himself.

So the next night—it was the same kind of night—all bleary and windy and rainy and stormy, and lightning out, and a little boy rushed into the room with

his parents, and they were waiting for the man [hotel clerk], and the man came and said, "May I help you?" And he said, "Yes, we'd like a hotel room." And he says, "The only one left is the haunted hotel room." And so he says, "Okay, we'll take it." And the family went to bed, and that night they heard: "Blo-o-o-o-dy fing-g-g-gers, blo-o-o-o-dy fing-g-g-gers!" So they all killed theirself.

And then, it was another stormy night—just like the other two, and the nurse came in. And she said, "I'd like a hotel room, please." And the man said, "The only one left is the haunted room." And so she said, "Oh, I'll take it. I don't believe in haunt any way." So she took the room, and she went up. She put down her nurse kit and her robe. And she went to bed, and she heard, "Blo-o-o-o-dy fing-g-g-gers, blo-o-o-o-dy fing-g-g-gers!" And she said, "Well, if they're so bloody, why don't you put a band-aid over them." The end.

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