

Friendly Fire (side 1)

Laughing Fox bent over me with a look of concern I'll never forget. "Get outta here," I said, "The people need you. I'll come back . . . Go!"

He turned and fled as I lost consciousness. Next time I opened my eyes I was staring up the barrels of three six-shooters. "Wait," I said, "I'm American."

"You don't look American. You ain't gone and went native on us have you?"

"What if I said I had?"

"Then we'd treat you like a native and take your scalp back to the bar where they'd stand us a round of drinks."

"Trouble is, your hair ain't straight and black, so maybe they wouldn't."

Well, I ain't no hero. I passed out again before I could answer.

I was unconscious for near a week. I finally woke up in a tent hospital. Oh, they treated me with real Christian kindness, just as soon as they was satisfied I was a white man. . . Real, tender kindness, god bless 'em. . . Somebody had even went to the trouble to fabricate a story, how I was rescued from bloodthirsty savages who was holding me hostage. When I told 'em the truth they said I was delirious. Said it with such pitying kindness! Said I was dreamin' up a story in my feverish brain. Oh, I couldn't possibly know anything 'bout how savages really is.

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