

THE GOSHUTES

THE TALE OF PIA TOYA



Deep Creek Range

Long before there were people, there was a place called the Ibapah Valley. On one large mountain lived Coyote, but he did not have the whole mountain to himself. Mother Hawk had a nest in a tree high up on that mountain as well.

One morning Mother Hawk caught a small mouse. It would be her breakfast. Coyote saw Mother Hawk catch the mouse, and he thought it should be his breakfast. He decided to think of a way to turn Mother Hawk's breakfast into his breakfast. Spotting a rabbit hopping through the trees, he made his plan.

Coyote told Mother Hawk that she was so strong and graceful that she deserved the fat juicy rabbit for her breakfast. A powerful creature like Mother Hawk shouldn't be satisfied with a tiny mouse for breakfast, he continued. As Mother Hawk glanced up to see the rabbit, Coyote grabbed the mouse right out of her talons. Mother Hawk became powerfully angry.

Her mighty voice cried, "Return my breakfast you trickster."

Coyote argued back, "What if I don't?"

He quickly swallowed the small mouse. Mother Hawk flew high into sky beating her strong wings with all her might. From high above she watched that trickster Coyote. When he wasn't paying attention she swooped down on him. At the last moment Coyote saw her and jumped free from her attack. Mother Hawk's talons scraped the earth, gouging into the mountain that was their home.

Her anger only grew when she missed hitting Coyote. Up again she rose into the sky, and down again she dove for Coyote with her talons out. Once again Coyote jumped free at the last moment. Coyote wondered how long his luck would last; he wondered how long Mother Hawk's rage would last.



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A third time she rose high into the air, circling and gathering her power. She dove for Coyote again. Dust filled the air, mountains shook, trees bent, all from the powerful wind of Mother Hawk's wings. Coyote ran this way and that; still she kept coming for him.

After a long chase Mother Hawk's rage was exhausted. She landed in her tree to rest from the events of the morning. The wind storm from her wings blew out leaving a mountain of rubble greater than all the rest. The great mountain was called Pia Toya.

The peaks of Pia Toya are marked with the talon strikes of that angry morning. Mother Hawk will always have Pia Toya as a reminder of her power and strength. Coyote will always have Pia Toya as a reminder of his shameful behavior. And as the talon marks became the pathways for spring water and creeks, the Goshute people who call Ibabah their home will always have a source of water in the desert.