There once was a hoca who had a woman. This woman loved the hoca. One morning she asked the hoca where he was plowing that day, and the hoca told her where he would be working. She told him she would kill a goose and send it to him.

Meanwhile, her child was eavesdropping on their conversation.

"My plowing ox is red-waisted. You bring it to the Ala farm," said the hoca.

The child then ran to find his father. When he did, he asked him to take off his head-dress quickly. He took his father's turban and found his father's plowing ox and wrapped it around its waist. So that ox's waist also became red.

The woman took the goose and started up the hill near the Ala farm. She came across some of the hoca's men at the foot of the hill. They asked her what she was doing there, and she told them that her goose had died and she brought it for them to eat with their bread. She recognized the hoca who was plowing beyond the hill. The men sent the child down to ask him to come up and join them, in order to eat the goose. The child went down and said to the hoca, "God has given my mother a load and the load will be born unto my father." Then he returned and told the men that the hoca would not come to eat with them.
One of the men said, "Of course, if you send a boy down to ask him, he won't come. I'll go and ask him to break bread with us."

But when he got up to go, the boy cried out, "Watch out, he has a stick!"

The hoca having heard about a baby, and now hearing "stick" turned and ran. The man tried to get to him, but the hoca had a good head start and was out of sight before anyone could reach him.

The child then turned to his mother and said, "I overheard your conversation with the hoca and told my father all about it. He will beat you up." So, the woman became frightened and ran off too. The child then was left with the goose, and he ate it.

The child's father then came to the scene. So, the child said to his father, "I told mother what you did with the female ox. She reported it to the authorities. They recognized the situation and something interesting came of it. Then added, "Father, they are coming!"

"What shall we do?" asked the father.

And the child said, "There's a hole there. Hide in it!"

Some mounted hunters came by and said, "Wow there, have you seen a fox go by? They tried to get the father out of the hole.

They sent the hounds into the hole. The father happened to have a quilting needle on his lapel. As the hounds nosed in, he jabbed one after the other with the needle.

The child finally said, "You'll have to smoke him out, or you'll
never get him to come out." So they built a fire near the hole.
When the father could no longer stand the heat and smoke, he
came out, furious, and shouted, "So I fucked my own property! What is it to you?"