that calf, using about the persuasion you would to a dog. I was afraid not to obey him, so after the young bovine I went and caught him. Carnoviste jumped down, cut the calf’s throat, cut it open, plunged his knife into its stomach, got out the soured milk contents, and ate that nasty stuff with a relish that was sickening to see. I turned away disgusted and sick at the stomach. He made signs for me to eat some, but I made signs that I could not and would not. He grabbed me and soused my head into that calf’s paunch and rubbed that nauseous stuff all over my face, in my eyes, up my nose, into my ears and forced some down my throat. He held my nose and made me swallow, but the stuff would not stay on my stomach, and I vomited copiously. He then cut out the kidneys and liver and compelled me to eat some of them while they were warm with the animal heat. I would vomit the mess up, but he would gather it up and make me swallow the same dose again, and again I would vomit. He would soak it in the warm blood and make me swallow it down again. The blood settled my stomach, and I finally retained the revolting filth. Then Carnoviste took me to a hole of water, washed my face, put me on the horse with him, and we went to rejoin the other Indians of our party. (end of excerpt 1)