

The great Muequito. There used to be two great mosquitoes that stood one on either side of a narrow ^{strait} ~~strait~~ and as the people passed through, they would seize them and eat them. At last they got up a great war party and killed the giants, leaving their carcasses on the shore. There they dried and dried and finally a great wind came and blew them all into little pieces and made all the little mosquitoes (Clara Francis).

In Leland's Algonquin Legends pg 49. "Pitcher the
pitcher turns into a mosquito