Text Sixty-Three

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mišcâkalâš kâ-kî-nipikopanê, êko mâka kâ-kî-waniškâkopanê

opaskowi-pîsim nîšitana-pêyak ê-kîšikâk.1

mišcâkalâš kî-..., ê-kîy-išinihkâsot, nâspic mâka kî-n'tâ-n'tawihot mišcâkalâš. kî-nôtinitôwak mâka ililiwak wîla mâka nêsta kî-mâš'hkêw. kî-têpwêw mâka kotak ililiw: "âšay nipahitowak ôko ililiwak." kî-pâhpahtâw mâka ošâwasko... ošâwaskwapîway. kî-mâš'hêw mâka mišcâkalâša. ošâwaskwapîway mâka nâspic kî-k..., kî-kisiwâsiw, mišcâkalâš² ê-..., ê-iši-..., ê-mâš'ikot. ôko..., ôko 'sa nâspit mâka ôhk... ôhk... ôhkomisa, ôhkomisa k'-îšinihkâsoliwa, ošâwaškwapîway kî-išinihkâsoliwa ôhkomisa. "piko nimâkonikawin ê-..., mâna piko n'kî-mâciwêpišokawin, ê-'tamahcihoyân," piko itwêw, ê-mâkonikot ôhkomisa ê-ohcihikot ê-mâšihkêt.

pêyakwâ mâk' ê-kîšikâlik, kî-pôsiw ispî kâ-iškwâ-mâšihkêcik. kî-... [clears throat), êko mâka, kâ-itwêt awa mišcâkalâš, êwakwâwa mišcâkalâš: "n'kî-nipinâkopan 'êcik' âni." êko mâka, awasitê, kî-..., awasitê mâka kî-šîh..., kî-sîhciškawâkaniwan.

"kêkwân 'nima... kêka k'... wêcik' âni âšay nikoskosin. nikî-nipinâkopan 'êcik' âni. âšay niwaniškân. mitoni osâwaškâw wêniškâyân. ispî kâ-kwêtipîyân n'tôtinâw n'cîpêy-ospwâkan3 ê-pîhtwâyân. êko kâ-kîwêyân nâspic n'kiskêlimik nikâwiy, ê-kî-..., ê-kî-takošiniyân ê-'kišêpâyâk. âšay niwâpamik nikâwiy. mâtow nikâwiy: 'tâpêkâ nâspic ê-sâk'hak n'kosis, nâspic ê-n'tâ-n'tawihot.' "

'êcik' âni, êkwâni k'-âti-pôsiyân, ê-n'tawatihkwêyân.

kâ-matê-nâsipêt nikâwiy, wiyâpamit ê-pêtâstamiškâyân. âšay pêci-nôkosiw, ê-pâmiškât.4

"paskwahcîliw kâ-pêtahotât."

nitôt..., n'tôtihk,5 n'tô..., cîmânihk, nîkân n'cîmânihk ê-kî-pakitinamân.6 "iyapêwatihkwa wêcik' ani ka-nipahat."

âšay mâka kiskêl'htam nikâwiy mîcim ê-pêtâyân.

mâtow nikâwiy: "tâsipwâ nikosis ê-kî-mihtâtak kâ-nipit, ê-ispîhci-n'tâ-n'tawihot."

Mishchagalash who is supposed to have died and then to have risen

Excerpt from "âtalôhkâna nêsta tipâcimôwina / Cree Legends

and Narratives from the West Coast of James Bay" (1995)

The twenty-first day of July.

Mishchagalash was ... as he was called, Mishchagalash was very good at hunting. The people fought with each other and he too wrestled. The other person hollered: "Now these people are killing each other." But ošâwasko... ošâwaskwapîway laughed at it. He wrestled with Mishchagalash. But ošâwaskwapîway go... got very angry, being ... being wrestled with ... there ... by Mishchagalash. These ones ... these ones, of course, very much his unc... his unc... his uncle, his uncle's name, ošâwaskwapîway was his uncle's name. "I was only grabbed as... again and again I felt just as if I were slashed," he just said, as his uncle seized him and stopped him from fighting.

Now one day he went away by boat when they had finished wrestling. H... [clears throat], so then, this Mishchagalash, this very Mishchagalash said: "It would seem I had died." So then, more, he was ... then he was more conf... he was confined.

"What is that ... at last uh ... it seems now I am awakening. It would seem I had died. Now I am getting up. The grass was yellow when I got up. When I had turned over I took my ghost-pipe and smoked. Then when I went home my mother knew me very well, since I had ... since I had arrived in the morning. Now my mother saw me. My mother wept: "To be sure I love my son very much; he was much given to hunting."

It seems, then that I started to go away by canoe, looking for deer.

My mother went down the bank in the distance, as she saw me as I came paddling facing her. Now she came into sight, paddling towards me.

"It's a stump which he's bringing back."

My cra... in my craft, my cr... in my canoe, I had put it in the bow of my canoe.

"It's a buck deer, it seems, which he has killed."

And now my mother knew that I was bringing food.

My mother wept: "No wonder, it's my son for whom I was sorry when he died, because he was such a good hunter."