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REPORT

OF THE

CANADIAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION 1913-18

VOLUME XIII: ESKIMO FOLK-LORE

PART A: MYTHS AND TRADITIONS FROM NORTHERN ALASKA, THE MACKENZIE DELTA AND CORONATION GULF.

By D. JENNESS

SOUTHERN PARTY, 1913-16

OTTAWA
F. A. ACLAND
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Myths and Traditions from Northern Alaska, the Mackenzie Delta and Coronation Gulf.

By D. Jenness

Victoria Memorial Museum, Ottawa, Canada

INTRODUCTION.

The myths and traditions that are contained in the present volume were collected along the Arctic coast between December, 1913, and June, 1916. They are divided into two parts; the first comprises the Alaskan stories, with which are included one story from the Siberian coast and four others from the Mackenzie river delta; the second comprises the tales collected among the Copper Eskimos, from the regions of Dolphin and Union strait and Coronation gulf.

Even a surface examination will show that there is a great difference in the tales from the two regions. The Alaskan stories are more sophisticated, as a rule; they are longer and more detailed, and have a definite beginning and ending. The various incidents, too, are placed in their proper setting with just the descriptive touches required to give them an air of reality. The Copper Eskimo tales, on the other hand, have the appearance of disjointed fragments without any setting, and lacking both beginning and ending. They were never told straightforwardly, as in Alaska, but had to be drawn out of the natives piecemeal, word by word and sentence by sentence, with many repetitions and digressions by way of explanation. The English translations tend to gloss over their crude and disjointed character, which is far more noticeable in the original Eskimo.

This difference in the tales from the two regions seems to have its origin in a difference of mentality. In Alaska story-telling is one of the most favourite pastimes wherever three or four natives are gathered together, especially in the long evenings of winter. The old tales and traditions are repeated again and again in semi-stereotyped forms to never-wearying audiences, until they become almost as familiar to the young men of twenty as they are to the old men of fifty and sixty years. There are special "raconteurs," men who are famous for their knowledge of the old tales and traditions, and these men are welcomed in every household. Many of the stories are so long that two or three evenings are required for their narration.

Among the Copper Eskimos, on the other hand, there appears to be very little interest in the old traditions. A shaman will occasionally refer to some story in the dance-house, and those natives who are ignorant of it will be enlightened by their neighbours; but for the most part the traditions are told by the parents to their children, or by a hunter to his companions, on various odd occasions, without any special cause or ceremony. There are no professional story-tellers, and no prestige to be gained by a knowledge of the old traditions. Consequently a man may live to old age and die without ever learning more than half a dozen of the tales that have been handed down by his forefathers. Many natives seem to have a smattering of a few stories without knowing one of them perfectly.

It is possible of course that the sketchiness and incompleteness of the Copper Eskimo mythology is rather more pronounced in this collection than it should be, owing to the difficulty I experienced in inducing the natives to impart their knowledge. Even those Eskimos with whom I had lived in the closest association for over a year were reluctant to tell me anything for fear that their fellow-countrymen might disapprove. Towards the end of our stay, indeed, as more natives became gradually involved, they were more communicative, and their reluctance will doubtless rapidly disappear with the influx of white men and western natives into their territory. It may then be found that the traditions known to these Eskimos are considerably more numerous and complete than would appear from this collection.

The original stock of mythological tales and traditions that were the inheritance of the Eskimo race before its diffusion has probably undergone more change in Alaska than among the eastern tribes, partly by reason of the contact that the Alaskan Eskimos have had with the Indians of the interior and with the Ural-Altaic races of northeast Siberia, partly also owing to the very passion of the Alaskan natives for stories, a passion that has led to the creation amongst them of a vast wealth of romantic tales and pseudo-historial traditions of which we have as yet only a fragmentary knowledge. It is unfortunate that no large collection of tales has been published from the Mackenzie river Eskimos, so that we could discover whether the same development has taken place in that regon also. In Coronation gulf, as I have already mentioned, the mine of mythological lore is very much poorer. The tales that are current there show a far greater affinity with the tales recorded from Hudson bay and Baffin land than with those of Alaska; they seem to indicate that the Copper Eskimos have had closer relations with the tribes south-east of them than with those to the west. A list of the mythological themes common to the various regions would make this point more clear, but I have not considered it worth while to attempt such a list for a small and isolated portion of the American continent, and folk-lorists have not as yet compiled a systematic and comprehensive list that would embrace a wider area.

No distinctions are made by the Eskimos, as far as I am aware, in the types of stories that are current among them; all alike bear the same name, *oniɹkat*, from Point Hope in North Alaska to as far east as Coronation gulf. It is very difficult to say how far they are regarded as true records of past events. The more sophisticated Eskimos of Alaska appeared to consider the animal stories somewhat in the light of fairy-tales, but they still retained an absolute belief in those that recounted shamanistic miracles or the activities of ghosts and other supernatural beings. Among the Copper Eskimos, on the other hand, all the tales seemed to be regarded as equally true. In the absence, then, of any distinctions made by the natives themselves, I have arranged the stories in this collection according to their subject-matter, both as a convenient method of grouping and to give greater ease of reference.

PHONETIC SYSTEM

VOWELS—

a as in *father*.
ä as in *fat*.
e like the *a* in *fate*.
ɛ like the *e* in *let*.
i as in *pique*.
ɪ as in *pit*.
o as in *note*.
ɔ like the *o* in *not*.
u as in *rule*.
ɑ like the *u* in *but*.
ə a short indefinite vowel like the *a* in *soda*.

CONSONANTS—

	Velar	Back palatal	Front palatal	Dorsal (alveolar)	Dental	Bilabial
Stop	*q*	*k*	*tʸ*	*tᵉ*	*t, d*	*p*
Nasal	*ŋ*	*ŋ*	*nʸ*		*n*	*m*
Voiced spirant	*γ*	*γ*	*γy*	*j*		*v(w)*
Voiceless spirant	*χ*	*x*	*χ*	*c*		*f*
Lateral				*λ*	*l*	
Trilled				*r*		
Aspirate	*h*					

ACCENTS—

· inverted period, indicates a lengthening of the preceding consonant or vowel.
' after a vowel, indicates the main stress.
' indicates a glottal stop.

ESKIMO TEXTS

TEXT I

äna·luγik *ɪnʸunialɪγɪt·cuk* *tɪkiγaγmi* *taγium*
Grandmother and grandchild | they made their home | at Tikiraq | of the sea |

cɛnani *kic·ɛmɪk* *ɪnʸuɪt* *aulaqtut* *nunamunlu* *kavuŋalu*
at its edge | they alone | the people | went away | both inland | and to the N.E. |

kɪc·ɪŋuqλuγik *äna·lua* *nɛqɪγuqpaktɔq* *tutkan*
leaving them two alone | his grandmother | she used to procure food | her grand-

cumɪnʸ *nɛqiγoqtɪlaŋa* *näluγa* *acɪnʸ* *tautukpak·a*
child | whence | her procuring of the food | he did not know it | but | he used to

ɪγλuraγmɪk *ciλätani* *kätcimaroaq*
see her | a certain small house | outside it | one that was covered with earth |

anäŋan *ɪnʸuɪt* *cävaŋnɪŋɪt* *tu·tuλu* *qav·ɪγλu*
his grandmother | the people | their workings | both caribou skins | and wolverine |

ämaγoλ·u *kakivak·ai* *kätɪλ·uγɪt* *ɪλaiciγun*
and wolf | she used to sew them together | putting them together | into a bundle

tu·tulu *ämaγoλ·u* *qav·ɪλ·u* *po·γätamun* *anaŋan*
of them | both caribou | and wolf | and wolverine | into a bag | his grandmother |

ikovak·ai *itɛγamɪk* *anaŋan*
she used to store them away | when they rose in the morning | his grandmother |

tautuk·ai *cua* *makwa* *tu·tu* *calumaŋaroaq* *qav·iq*
she saw them | behold | these | caribou skins | having been cleansed | the wolver-

calumaŋaroaγλu *ämaγoλ·u* *kɪc·iəman·a*
ine skins | having been cleansed also | the wolf skins also | well then | they

ukumatiγuqpuk *kɪc·iəman·a* *aulaqtoai* .
obtained bedding and clothing (?) | well then | those who had gone away |

qairut *äna·luγik* *umiäliγoqcimaruk* *qav·ɪγλu*
they came | grandmother and grandchild | they had grown rich | both wolverine

ämaγoλ·u *tu·tulu* *inʸuγiaqcimarut* *ɪnʸuɪt*
skins | and wolf skins | and caribou skins | had become abundant | the people |

umiäliγɪλutiγai *ɪλiəpak* *nuliaqtɔq* *umiälɪγum*
he was made the leader among them | the orphan | he married | of a rich man |

päniänık acınᵛ aquvɛγıt qaimata umiγıkcɔq
a daughter of him | well | whales | when they came | he made a fine boat | when

umiaγamık aquvaqtut täλ·ımänık qaγγuγmata
they sailed the boat | they captured whales | five | when they brought | his

anäγan aıtcɔqtotiγiγe· ınᵛuknun kıc·iəman·a
grandmother | she distributed them around | among the people | well then |

qituŋivuk nukätpiaγuŋmık anäγan cınᵛıqätiutiγa
they had a child | a boy | his grandmother | she took him for a sleeping-com-

αγλiman iqnıŋak anäγa toqoγami
panion | when he grew up | their son | his grandmother | when she died | she

mıtiγoqtɔq ınᵛuniaγäluaγamık ayayuqaqtuk,
changed to an eider-duck | when they lived on for a time | they became old |

ana·k tävrαptauq
his parents | finished also.

Text II

tcıkcrıkγoq cıtımın·in änɛqtoaq ukpiγum
A squirrel, the story goes | from its hole | which went out to play | an owl |

ulαk·a taimulαγmani icıqtɔq icıγman änıtqoaqciγa
went over to it | when it went over to it | it entered | when it entered | it called it out |

ukpiγum tcıkcrık äniɛqcualuk kiaγoγa tcıkcrık oqaqtɔq
the owl | squirrel | come out and play | the sun is warm | the squirrel | said |

cäpıniarimαpta ki äniɛqcualuk änirɔq änıŋman
we shall be blocked out | come | come out and play | it went out | when it went

cäpiγa ukpiγum cäpım·ani tcıkcrık oqalaktɔq
out | it blocked it | the owl | seeing that it had blocked it | the squirrel | said |

mumirıniaktuŋa äto·tuŋa ukpık ätoqtɔq tcıkcrık
I am going to dance beautifully | sing for me | the owl | sang | the squirrel |

una cicani cävrıγiγa yeyaq cıkıλ·u yeyaq
this one | its hole | I have blocked it | . . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . . |

cıkıλ·u yeyaq tci tci icıqcäluaqtɔqγoq
. . . . | . . . . . | tci | tci | though it tried to enter, they say | it

icıγıt·ɔq ukpık oqalaktɔq a cucaktıtpit na·ka
failed to enter | the owl | said | ah | what art thou trying to get | not at all |

mαn·a iviγätciaq picaqtɛriγa tcıkcrık oqaqtɔq ki iloq
this | small blade of grass | I went to get it | the squirrel | said | come | cousin |

avlaitayakpαk·avit äto·tuŋa ciqon·ɛrıqcaλ·utıŋ
when thou hast spread wide apart thy legs | sing for me | closing thine eyes

kuiniruŋa pαmiumaγλan nuvutciaŋanun
tightly | I am covered with backfat | right up to my tail | to its tiny end | I

uqcγuqaqtuŋa ukpiγum äto·tiaqciγa avlataklunilu
possess fat | the owl | began to sing for it | both spreading out its legs | and closing

ciqon·ɛriqcaqlunilu tcikcrık una cicani cävrıγiγa yeyaq
its eyes tightly | the squirrel | this one | its hole | I have blocked it | . . . . . |

cıkıλ·u yeyaq cıkıλ·u yeyaq tcıkcrık una
. . . . | . . . . | . . . . . | . . . . | the squirrel | this one |

cıcan tci tci tci icıqtɔq tcıkcrık pαmiuŋan kıc·ian kiγäluaγa
its hole | tci | tci | tci | it entered | the squirrel | its tail | it alone | though it bit it |

ämia *piqλuγo* *pɑmiuŋan* *nuvoa* *kɪc·ian* *ɑγ·iciγa* *ɪγλumi*
its skin | tearing it off | its tail | its tip | it alone | it took it home | in the house |

qilanun *nɪvɪŋaγa* *tcɪkcrɪk* *qɛ·ciulɛqcɔq* *nutaqɑni* *tcɪkcrɪγum*
to the ceiling | it hung it | the squirrel | began to weep | its children | the squirrel |

tiliγait *ukpɪŋmun* *pɑmiumi* *nuvoa* *aitqovλuγo* *aulaqtut*
sent them | to the owl | of its tail | its tip | asking him to give it | they went |

ɪγλum *ciλatanun* *tɪkɪnᵛamɪŋ* *ätoqtut* *a·kaməγoq*
of the house | to its outside | when they reached | they sang | my mother she says |

pɑmioqotua *nuvuqotua* *aiγiγa·γoq* *ɪŋmɪn·ɪk* *piλiuŋ*
her long tail | its long tip | she sends for it she says | herself | let her get it | the

nutaqɑt *a·kamɪγnun* *airut* *iλɪŋnɪkγoq* *piuŋ* *a·käŋät*
children | to their mother | they returned | thyself he says | get it | their mother |

oqalaktɔq *oyaγaq* *tiγuvλuγo* *uv·aγoq* *iγɪqcγaŋa* *nutaqɑt* *oyaγaq*
said | a stone | picking it up | here she said | an eye for it | the children | the

tɪγumiaqλuγo *aulatqɪqcut* *culi* *ätoqtut* *taimatun*
stone | taking hold of it | they went away again | again | they sang | in the same

culi *a·kamaγoq* *pɑmioqotua* *nuvuqotua* *aiγiγa·γoq*
way | again | my mother she says | her long tail | its long tip | she sends for it

uv·a *iγiqcγan* *qaitka·γoq* *oyaγaq* *iγaucuγäluγo*
she says | here | an eye for you | he gave it, it is related | the stone | thinking it

taimakiaq
an eye | really finished.

Text III

ɪnᵛumγoq *tuluγaq* *äpɛriγa* *tuluγaq* *culianiaqpit*
A man, it is related | a raven | asked it | raven | what art thou going off to

ätata *quγucɪŋɪkoa* *ainiarɪγa* *nɛniaγλan*
do | grandfather | his piece of neck | I am going to take back to him | where to |

patitaq *aγγoaγni* *kinami* *ätatän* *ɪtqac·iγaq*
patitaq | on the windward side | who pray | thy grandfather | the thirker |

kinami *aγnan* *ɪpɛγautaq·inaq* *kinami* *anatcian* *tcɪkuyuvaγγoaq*
who pray | thy mother | the dog-trace | who pray | thy grandmother | big old ice |

kimɪγmi *iλəvɪt* *pirarivatɪn* *iγλiγɪlɛγan·ɪk* *pirariγaŋa*
by what pray | thee | do they name thee | by the name poor little thing | they

culi *ätɔ·ta* *qaqtɔq*
name me | also | its song | exists |

tuluγaluγγuaq *änavɪŋmɪk* *uvɪnᵛilɪk*
the big raven | having flesh |

tuluγaluγγuaq *änavɪŋmɪk* *uvɪnᵛilɪk*
the big raven | having flesh |

qɪmɪq *qɪmɪq* *ätaucɪq* *itivɪλ·uγo*
hill | hill | one | go to the other side of it |

ailuta *yailuta*
let us return | let us return |

naumɪpkwa *cɪvoaktätɪn* *taukcɛλ·aγɪn* *kɪγλatcämnɪk*
where are those | thy head-bands | let me buy them | with a flint knife |

putcauγan
its case |

ämamanık änaγa
yonder | my feces |
ämamanık änaγa
yonder | my feces |
ɛγiätciät akunγani qaqoliqtaγiau
the low hills | in between them | go and devour |
qγa qγa qγa
Kra | kra | kra |

Text IV

ιnᵛukγoq una pιc·ualaqmi tucarɔq ätoqtuämık
A man it is related | this one | walking along | heard | something singing |
tcιku mαn·a avätaqmaγo iγiγi-i-iγa qiλautaŋiyaq
the ice | this one | when it came along the shore | I looked at it | his big drum |
nipakınᵛιqcɔqγoq taina culi tucaγaγiγa kιc·ɛma
it was a low sound, it is said | thus | again | he kept hearing it | at last | he stopped
nalakciλiγιtcpɔq cuaγoq cαmna nipαnŋɔγaqtoaq
again to listen | behold, it is said | down there | that which kept making the noise |
änmınᵛi nivαkmaγo cuaγoq una käneyuq
beneath him | when he dug it up | behold it is said | that one | a sculpin |the
ätoqtoaq toqotιqnᵛιqλuγo.
one that was singing | finding it to be killed.

Text V

ιnᵛu·k ιnᵛuniqcuk aγnata kαmiɔγaγiγa
Two people | were living | his wife | was always making boots for him |
aŋotat acınᵛ qaγiγaqniqcɔq kιc·ɛma aγnata
her husband | however | was continually making arrows | finally | his wife |
tιγλiculιqpa kαmiɔγaγiγäluaγamιuŋ
desired to steal after him | because she was constantly making him new boots |
tumaica cänɛγanιciγun mäliγinᵛiγa qaλ·ikαmiuŋ
his tracks | on one side of them | she followed him | when she drew near him |
tautuk·a aŋɔγιŋ ιmnamun pιcιktaqtoaq än·ɔγanilu
she saw him | her husband | against a cliff | repeatedly shooting | his clothes also |
aγιkniγe· aitgätnilu kαmιknilu ätoγoni acınᵛ
he rubbed them | both his mittens | and his boots | singing | however | when
aγiocaqαmiuŋ pιciγaγiγa uqpiγam qayaŋani uqpiγam
he finished it | he kept shooting it | the small willow | on its branch | the small
qayaŋani aŋa ιŋi yaŋa ιŋi yaŋa·a tautuänikαmiuŋ
willow | on its branch | anga | ingi | yanga | ingi | yanga-a | after she had seen
airɔq aŋonmınᵛ civoani aiman acınᵛ
him | she returned home | her husband | before him | when he returned | however |
änäqaqγilaqmιŋ ιmnaluγaqcirɔq ätο·tanιk
they whiling away the evening | she began to murmur | his song | when he
qaŋɛqciγamiuŋ aŋotata cuäk·a nakınᵛ iλιtpiuŋ
recognized it | her husband | he scolded her | whence | didst thou learn it |
aγnata kioγa tamaŋa nunamınᵛ poiλaqimaŋa
his wife | answered him | hither | from the ground | while it came up to me |
iλιtkiγa
I learned it

Text VI

ɪnᵛu·k *ɪnᵛuniqcuk* *ku·kmi* *tu·tuqaqtuami*
Two people | had their dwelling-place | on a river | on one possessing caribou |

kɪc·ɛma *nɛqɛ·qlivut* *oqaγaqtuk* *nuliaγɪk*
finally | they began to lack food | they two repeatedly said | husband and wife |

qitunγatɪk *nɛqɪqcγainᵛiaqnɪvλuγɪtᶜ* *pɪγacunɪk* *qitunγaqaqnɪqcuk* *tu·tunɪk*
their children | commencing to lack food | three | children they two had | caribou |

paqɛtcɪλiaqman *nuliaγɪk* *niγa·tuliqcuk*
when one could find by hunting | the husband and wife | proceeded to set snares

paiγaqtut *tapkwa* *qitunγaγitᶜ* *niγalɛ·qcainaliqcuk*
again | they used to stay at home | those | their children | they failed at last to

acɪnᵛ *unoaqmaγo* *aivλutɪk* *unoaqtitaliqmaγnɪk*
snare any more | well | when it was night | they two returning | when they were

tapkwa *pairuat* *äniγaqtut*
very late at night | those | who stayed at home | went outside frequently |

aγayuqakica *omɪktotiγaliγait* *ilani* *niγamɪγnukamɪγ*
their parents | closed the door tightly on them | on one occasion | when they went

aiγɪt·cuk *tapkwa* *nɛqaiqamɪγ*
to set their snares | they two did not return | those | because they lacked food |

tunᵛionmɪγnɪnᵛ *apaiyaγäta* *nɛγɪpqaγaγiγaik*
their own bed-skins | their eldest brother | used to give the two of them to eat |

taimɔna *nɛγilavλutɪγ* *tunᵛiomɪγnɪnᵛ* *kɪc·ɛma* *nuγuvut*
that one | they eating for a time | their own bed-skins | finally | they were used

tunᵛiotiγitᶜ *omɪktotiγamiruat* *nɛqɛ·qcut*
up | their bed-skins | those who were kept confined | they were without food |

apaiyaγäta *oqautiγaγiγɪk* *nukakni*
their eldest brother | he kept saying to the two of them | his younger brothers |

toqotaunɪvλuγɪk *taina* *qeəγäluaγamɪγ* *ätoaqcirut*
that those other two were dead | so | when they had wept for a while | they began

nukaqλium *tuγλia* *ätoqtɔq* *cuxλuγatɔq* *cuxλuγatɔq*
to sing | of the younger ones | the second | sang | being what he said | being what

änɪxλaγali *qaiyɔqtɔγoqλuγatɔq* *änɪxλaγali*
he said | let me go out pray | changing myself into a red fox he said | let me go

maq *qaiyɔqtɔγoqλuni* *acɪnᵛ* *änirɔq* *nukaqλiq* *acɪnᵛ*
out | maq | changing into a red fox | well | he went out | the youngest | then |

äto·liγɪt·cɔq *cuxλuγatɔq* *cuxλuγatɔq* *änɪxλaγali*
sang again | being what he said | being what he said | let me go out | changing

tuluγayoqλuγatɔq *änɪxλaγali* *kr-r-r* *kr-r-r* *tuluγayoqλuniγoq*
myself into a raven he said | let me go out | kr-r-r | kr-r-r | changing into a raven

änirɔq *apaiγaγak* *ɪcumaγäluaγami*
it is said | he went out | their eldest brother | when he had pondered a while |

ämaγoγoqλuni *ɪcumaqcirɔq* *aγoniaγacuγäluγɪklu*
changing himself into a wolf | he came to the conclusion | believing that he would

ɪcumarɔq *ätoqtɔqli* *cuxλuγatɔq* *cuxλuγatɔq*
overtake the two also | he decided | he sang | being what he said | being what he

änɪxλaγali *ämaγoγoqλuγatɔq* *änɪxλaγali*
said | let me go out | changing myself into a wolf he said | let me go out |

mu hu ämaγoγoqλuni acɪnᵘ änirɔq oqautiγɪk
mu | hu | changing himself into a wolf | then | he went out | he told those two |

nukatciakni mäliγɪnᵘiɔγaqovλuni aulaqamɪŋ
his younger brothers | telling them to keep following him | when they departed |

qaiyɔqtɔq onitckak acɪnᵘ tälɪλ·utɪk
the red fox | they two left it behind | well | they two disappearing from sight |

kɪŋɪktuamun nuiman cua kan·a tu·tutanɪknɛγoni
to a high hill | when he came into view | behold | down below | a caribou that had been

apaɪyaŋa tulukam nɛγiγikli iluk acɪnᵘ
killed by | his eldest brother | the raven | ate them | its intestines | while |

qaiyɔqtum tunuk ilan acɪnᵘ amaqum tɪŋoa
the red fox | the two halves of its backfat | all by itself | while | the wolf | its liver |

taina tävra ɪnᵘuniaqtut
thus | thereafter | they continued to live.

Text VII

ɪnᵘuit ɪnᵘuniaqnɪqcut taγium cɛnᵘani acɪnᵘ opɪnγaqcγaq-
People | had their dwelling-place | of the sea | on its edge | well | when spring

maγo ku·k·un nunamun aulaγayukniqcut acɪnᵘ
came | along a river | inland | they were in the habit of going away | well |

tu·tucɪɔγotɪŋ okiəqmaγo culi utiγotɪŋ ɪnᵘu·kli
they having hunted caribou | when winter came | again | they returning | two

tävrani ɪnmɪnᵘɪqcuk ätautcɪmɪk qitunγaqλutɪŋ aγnamɪk
people | there | were dwelling also | just one | child they possessing | a woman |

äλ·ämɪk aγonmɪk apaiyaqaγäluaqnɪqcuaq toqonɪqcɔq aγnaq
another one | a male child | one that was older however | was dead | the girl |

tamna uʷɪλɪγacuγoqman aγotɪt nuliaγuk·äluaγat
this one | when she was believed to be marriageable | men | though they wished

pɪculaitkai umiäliγumlu ɪγnᵘɪŋɪca
to marry her | she did not want them | a rich man also | his sons | although

nuliaγuk·äluaγat pɪcuŋɪtᶜkai kɪc·ɛma apaŋan
they wished to marry her | she did not want them | finally | her father | wishing

ɪγitcuqλuγo oqautiγɪlɪqpa a·kaŋan ɪγitcuŋɪtckäluaγa
to turn her out | he began to speak to her of it | her mother | although she did not

apäŋan ɪγitcuk·a aŋayuqakica
wish to turn her out | her father | wished to turn her out | her parents | took

aulautiγak ɪγitcukluγo ku·k·un tätpauŋa
her away | wishing to abandon her | along a river | into the interior | taking

utɪvλuγo maniγaγalɪkmun aulautiγak ätautcɪmɪk utkutciγaqtut
her back | to the tundra | they took her away | only one | pot they possessed |

tɪkɪnᵘamiγuŋ ɪmiqtaqtɪtcaγak aŋayuqakica
when they reached it | they sent her to procure water | her parents | when she

aulaqcaqman a·kaŋan aitcɔγa uluŋolukmɪk qiλamiqγuqλuni
went for it | her mother | gave her | a wretched little knife | she wishing to make

ɪmiγɪkcuämɪk ivaqlɪqλuni acɪnᵘ
haste | some water that was good | occupied in looking for | well | when she

ɪmiqcualuk·amiuŋ utɪqtɔq ku·k älätqaqmaγo
had obtained the water | she returned | the river | after she looked from afar at it |

cua *ukwak* *ayuɣanikniqλutik* *qɐərɔq* *tavrani* *qɐɔcuiqami*
behold | those two | already fleeing far away | she wept | then | when she fin-

uluŋolukmik *maniɣaɣakun*
ished weeping | with her wretched little knife | through the tundra | beginning

cicilivλuni *cinᵛiktɔq* *itiqami* *taina* *aɣliɣaɣiɣa*
to make a cave | she slept | when she got up | in the same manner | she kept

kic·ɛma *tupiqpaɣoqpa* *itiqami* *uvλuqman*
making it larger | finally | she made a tent of it | when she got up | when it was

iŋminᵛun *oqalaktɔq* *panɛqniaktuŋa uv·äni* *tivrakniuɣaqλaŋa*
light | to herself | she conversed | I shall starve | here | let me go out continually

oqalaqaqλuni *taɣium* *cɛnᵛanun*
and seek drift on the shore | after conversing with herself | the sea | to its edge|

aulaqtɔq *tikinᵛami* *tautuk·a* *cutliqa* *qopilɣotλu*
she went | when she arrived | she saw it | some odds and ends | both worms |

ɛqälukätλu *kätitluɣitᵛ* *aɣ·iciɣai* *acinᵛ*
and small fish | putting them together | she took them home | well | when it

uvλutqiqmaɣo *kätitcipcaliɣit·cɔq* *aɣlikamiɣitᶜ*
was light again | she went and collected more | when she had amassed a great

ɛqälukät *ciλulinᵛiɔɣaɣaqcirɔq*
number of them | the small fish | she kept on looking about for dead seals | she

pic·uaqtualaqmi *paqɛt·ɔq* *nätcɛqmik* *aɣ·icivλuɣo* *pilak·a* *uluŋolukmik*
walking along | she found | a seal | taking it home | she cut it up | with her poor

näniqcuk *acinᵛ* *ikitka* *niɣonmik* *cävaminᵛik*
little knife | a make-shift lamp | then | she lit it | with a drill | one that she made

itiqami *ciλulivcaliɣit·cɔq*
herself | when she got up | she went out again and found another dead seal |

acinᵛ *pilaλ·uɣo* *ämiän* *iɣλua* *täluliɣa* *acinᵛ*
well | cutting it up | its skin | the one of them | she made a curtain of it | well |

iɣλua *iɣalalivλuɣo* *ciλulinᵛiɔɣapcaliɣit·cɔq*
the other one | making a window of it | she went out and found another dead

uɣɣukmik *acinᵛ* *paqɛtλuni* *pilak·a* *acinᵛ* *aulatkäluaqnaɣo*
seal | a bearded seal | then | finding | she cut it up | then | not however taking it

acinᵛ *aɣɣaɣa* *okiupak* *acinᵛ* *tapkuniŋa*
away | then | she took it home | in the winter | then | by means of these | she

nɛqiq·aqcirɔq *okiəqmaɣo* *tauna* *tautuk·a*
became possessed of food | when it was winter | down at the sea | she saw him |

apaŋi *uniaqtuaq* *acinᵛ* *tävrani* *qɐəliɣit·cɔq*
her own father | dragging a sled | well | thereupon | she wept again | she did not

taututqiŋitᶜka *apaŋi* *okiupak* *kicutλiqa* *tautuɣaɣiɣa*
see him again | her father | in the winter | some one or other | she frequently saw

nuliaɣuktuatlu *tauna*
him | and also the men who had wanted to marry her | down at the sea | she

tautuɣaɣiɣa *opinɣaqmaɣo* *man·iknᵛiaɣaqtɔq*
frequently saw him | when spring came | she used to go out and gather eggs |

inᵛipqaqnainᵛman *man·iknᵛiaɣiaɣukλuni* *änirɔq*
whenever there was no mirage | going out wishing to seek eggs | she went out |

ilani *cua* *ukwa* *nänmait tu·tut* *tautukλuɣitᶜlu* *acinᵛ*
on one occasion | lo | these | packs | caribou | and seeing them | then | she carried

ɪtcqotɪliγai *nɛγɪvλuni* *acɪnᵛ* *tu·tumɪk* *tu·tu*
them home again | after eating | then | with the caribou skin | the caribou |

tamna *kɑmɪγiγa* *acɪnᵛ* *niunᵛi* *ätukäluγɪvλuγɪtᶜ*
that one | she made trousers of it | then | its leg-skins | converting them into

tapkwa *ɪnᵛiqɑmiγɪtᶜ* *aulaqcaliγitᶜλuni*
boots | those | when they were finished | she going out again for something | she

änirɔq *uvλami* *cua* *acɪnᵛ* *ukwa* *nänmait* *ɪtcqotɪliγɪtᶜkai*
went out | in the morning | behold | then | these | packs | she carried them home

qoyarɔq *apamɪnᵛun* *paɪyuktaγacuγäluni*
again also | she was grateful | to her father | believing that he kept presenting

tapkwa *nänmait* *ilaŋät* *ätiγɪliuγa*
her with | those | packs | some of them | she made into a coat for herself | when

ɪnᵛiqɑmiuŋ *cɪnɪkcγaitoaq*
she had finished it | there being no material for the bottom fringe | there was no

avatɪkcγaitcɔq *uvλami* *änɪkami*
material for the fringe of the hood | in the morning | when she went out |

tautuk·ai *nänmait* *ɪtcqotɪliγɪtᶜkai* *aŋmakmaγɪtᶜ*
she saw them | packs | she carried them home again | when she opened them |

cua *mɑkwa* *cɪnɪkcγatlu* *ɪciqvɪkcγatlu*
behold | these | both material for the bottom fringes | and material for hood

icɪqami *cäväliγɪtᶜkai* *ilɪmaculiqoni*
fringes | when she entered | she made them also | wishing to learn about it | she

monaγicaqciγa *kina* *makuniŋa* *kina* *qaγγimaγan* *pa·mi*
went to watch for him | who | with these | who | was bringing it | at the door |

itcuɪnaqcirɔq *uvλaqman* *cua* *ɪmna* *ɪnᵛum*
she was standing outside | when it was light | behold | that one | a man | his

aniqniŋa *tävranätciaq* *ɪnᵛum* *tiγuγa* *tiγuγini* *tautukɑmiuŋ*
breath | slightly there | a man | seized her | her captor | when she looked at him |

cua *una* *nukältpiaq* *än·ɔγaγɪkcuaq* *tavruma* *tamätkuniŋa*
behold | that one | a youth | wearing beautiful clothes | he | with these things |

payukalan·iγa *ɪqcɪnᵛacuγäluγo*
had presented her from time to time | thinking that she was afraid of him | after

nulianɪkɑmiuŋ *ɑγ·icicuk·a* *aulaqtuk*
they were married | he wanted to take her home | they two set out | when they

qäλ·ikamɪk *tautuk·ai* *iqiγγaqpaitᶜ* *tautukɑmiγɪtᶜ*
drew near | she saw them | big platforms | when she saw them | she did not wish

iγλaucunarɪqcɔq *uʷɪŋän* *täcioqλuγo* *tɪkiutiγa*
to go any further | her husband | taking hold of her by the hand | made her

aŋayuqak *tävrani* *opicalaktuk* *oqalaqλutɪk*
reach it | his parents | then | they were greatly amazed | frequently saying |

iγɪn·acuγälutɪn *aŋayuqaŋnun* *ɪcumaŋɪtᶜkäluaqtuaγuk*
having suspicions of casting you out | against your parents | yet we not think-

aŋotata *acɪnᵛ* *aγnaqtɪŋ* *tɪliγa* *än·ɔγaqcγaŋɪnᵛɪk*
ing it was so | her husband | then | his own women* | sent her | some of her own

icɪqcɪtᶜqovλuγo *airanɪkmaγɪtᶜ* *än·ɔγatqɪqcɔq*
clothes | bidding her bring it in | when she brought them | she had beautiful

tavruma *nuliätciani* *tiγumɪvλuγo* *ɪtqätiγiγaγiγa*
clothes | he | his new wife | taking her | he always made her his companion |

*There is apparently some mistake here.

aɣoniaɣami *acɪnᵛ* *mäliɣaɣiɣa* *uʷɪŋɪ* *ilani*
when he went hunting | well | she always followed him | her husband | on one

aɣoniaqnialaqmɪk *aɣotata* *äpɛriɣa*
occasion | they two being out hunting | her husband | asked her | whether she

aɣayuqaqaɣuliŋɪnᵛmaɣan *taima* *piɣa*
were not longing to see her parents again | so then | she said | although she

aɣaɣuqaqaɣuliɣäluaqtɔq *ätanɣoɣɪnᵛirɔq* *aikamɪk*
longed to see her parents again | she had become not her own mistress | when they

aɣayuqakica *oqautiɣak* *tamna* *nuliaɣa* *iɣniqmiŋ*
returned home | his parents | said to them | that one | his wife | their son's |

aɣayuqaŋi *aɣnaqätiɣiŋiwλuɣɪk* *acɪnᵛ* *tautuɣuliɣaɣoliqnᵛivλuɣɪkλi*
her parents | being relatives | moreover | they also often longed to see them

itqaniayanɪk·amiŋ *qäniɣiɣaqtuk*
again | after they had loaded their sled | they two constantly freighted ahead |

cupayaɣatiŋ *aulauticaɣait* *nɛqautɪtɪŋlu* *nuliaɣɪk*
their possessions | they had them all removed | their food also | the married

qäniɣiɣaqtuk *aulaqtut* *acɪnᵛ* *qäniɣiaqcɣaiqamiŋ*
couple | continually freighted ahead | they set out | well | whenever they had fin-

aulaqtut *taina* *iɣλaurut* *qaniɣiɣaqaqλutiŋ*
ished the freighting | they set out | thus | they travelled | after freighting ahead

tautunaqcɪm·ata *ɪn·ɪt* *tava*
all the time | when it was time for them to be seen | tracks | over yonder |

ɪnᵛuɪt *paqtut* *qaλ·ɪmata* *tavruma aɣnam* *apaŋi*
people | came to meet them | when they drew near | she | the woman | her own

iλicaɣiɣa *aŋotata* *oqautiɣa* *aŋayuqaŋik*
father | she was able to recognize him | her husband | told her | her parents | to

ɪnᵛukλuɣɪt *qoŋɪtᶜλuɣɪk* *tɪkɪnmata* *apaŋan* *qɪnᵛiroaqciɣa*
kill them | not to look at them | when they arrived | her father | looked hard at

pänɪnᵛi *iλicaɣimɪnaɣolu* *tɪkɪnᵛamiŋ*
her | his own daughter | and not able to recognize her | when they reached | to

aɣnaqätimɪn·un toqoɣuk *nuliaɣɪk* *cävaktuk* *ataɣamɪk*
their kinsmen | they two died | the married couple | worked | incessantly | also

iqiɣɣaliviλutɪkλu *cävaktuk* *aŋayuqakta* *iloqätɪk* *qɪnᵛiɣukak*
building platforms | they worked | her parents | both of them | liked to gaze at

iλicaɣiλainmiwλuɣolu *uluŋoluɣanɪk*
her | although not able to recognize her | her wretched little knife | because she

nɛɣɪnᵛiaɣotiɣilainmaɣo *ilani* *itɪɣami* *ciutiɣotɪkni*
never used it to eat with | on one occasion | when she awakened | her two ear-

iλ·iɣɪk *apami* *cäva·k* *apaŋan* *tautukamiɣɪk*
pendants | she put them on | her father's | his working | her father | when he saw

qɔɣluvirɔq *acɪnᵛ* *iλoqätɪk* *qɔɣviruk apaŋa* *oqalaktɔq kɪc·imi*
them | he wept bitterly | well | both of them | wept | her father | said | he alone |

qɛəcukλuni *iɣɪtcuŋɪtᶜkäluaqniwλuɣo* *cävaktɔq* *tamna*
wishing to weep | though he had not wanted to cast her out | she worked | she

aɣnaq *acɪnᵛ* *taina* *cävakayuknɪwλuɣolu* *qɛəɣaqtuk* *kɪc·ɛma*
the woman | well | thus | she striving to work | they continually wept | at last |

iɣnᵛɪni *toqλuqpa* *ätqanɪk* *ätciutɪnikaŋa* *apaiyani*
her own son | called her | her name | that he had bestowed on him | her elder

toqoŋaroaq *toqλuqmaγo* *iλɪtᶜuγiruk*
brother | who was dead | when he named her | they believed they recognized |
pänɪkmɪknɪk *acɪnᵛ* *äperiγa* *aγnaqani* *cumɪnᵛ* *paqɪnmaγan*
their own daughter | well | he asked him | his kinsman | whence | he had found
acɪnᵛ *oqalautiγa* *iγnᵛɪqmɪnun* *paqɛnᵛɪvλuγo* *toqλuγaγak*
her | well | he told him | due to his son | finding her | they continually addressed
acɪnᵛ *pänɪktɪk* *ätgonaqλutɪk* *acɪnᵛ* *tävrani*
her | then | their daughter | telling her to give her name | well | thereafter | in
ätautcɪmi *ɪnᵛuvλutɪŋ*
one place | they continuing to live.

Text VIII

ɪnᵛuɪt *ɪnᵛuγiakɪt·cuat* *ku·kmi* *ɪnᵛunɪqcut*
People | were dwelling in small numbers | on a river | they had their dwel-
äna·luγɪk *tävranɪnmɪnᵛɪqcuk* *tutɪtciaŋa* *tu·tunɪk*
ling | a woman and her grandson | were living there also | her grandson | caribou |
qaγγɪmata *ulaγaγiγai* *nɛqɪqcγaŋanɪk*
when they brought in | he used to go over to them | some of its meat | they
aitcɔγaγiγat *aitcoqmani* *äλ·änun* *aulaγaqtɔq*
used to give him | when one gave him | to other people | he used to go | when
nɛqɪqcγanɪk·ami *aiγaqtɔq* *nukaγɪk* *ätaniγɪmatun ɪtkɪk*
he had obtained food | he would return home | two brothers | like chiefs | were |
tapkunuŋa *icɪqman* *nuliaŋan* *aŋiγuamɪk* *aitcɔγayuk·a*
to those two | when he entered | his wife | a large piece | usually gave him | they
aitcupacäliaγat *aitcupialɛqmani*
did not give him so much | when one had really ceased to give him anything |
tapkunuŋa *nukaγɪnᵛun* *iciγaqtɔq* *tavruma* *aγnam*
to those two | to the two brothers | he continually entered | she | the woman |
aitcot·a *qanoγiλicutcut* *ciλalɪtᶜ* *aitcotɛqλicainᵛ-*
gave him | how should they begin not to | the people outside | at last beginning
aqλutiŋ *kɪcᶜema* *aitcolɛqpat* *iciγaγäluaqami*
to stop giving | finally | they ceased to give him | although he continually
aitcoŋɪnᵛmani *tapkunuŋa* *nukaγɪnᵛun*
entered | when one gave him nothing | to them | to the two brothers | he con-
iciγaqtɔq *aitcoqmani* *aiγaqtɔq*
tinually entered | when one gave him something | he used to return home | on
ilani *tapkunuŋa* *icɪqman* *aγnam* *aitcɔγa* *nɛqimɪk*
one occasion | to them | when he entered | the woman | gave him | some meat |
tiγulɛq·aγa *iγnᵛɪγan* *qitcutɪn·ɪk* *kɪγγaviam*
he was beginning to take hold of it | her son | with a scratcher | a duck-hawk |
iciγɛnᵛɪk *qitcuk·a* *nɛqɪq* *tiγumiγäluaqamiuŋ*
with its claws | he scratched him | the food | although he was just catching hold
piλɪtka *tavruma* *a·kaŋan* *tautuŋɪtᶜka* *änirɔq*
of it | he let it drop | she | his mother | did not see him | he went out | with
ɪγλuanɪk *qitcunait·cuanɪk* *tiγuvλuγo* *qɛɔcautiγiλaqmi*
the other one | with the unscratched one | taking hold of it | being made to cry
änirɔq *icɪqoni* *acɪnᵛ* *qɛəŋaqmi* *ana·lukmɪnᵛun*
a little | he went out | entering | then | in a state of crying | to his grandmother |

äna·luan *äperiγa* *cumun* *pimaγan* *iγnᵛiγanun tokomun*
his grandmother | asked him | whither | did he get it | to his son | to Tokok | he

pɪnᵛiγɔq *anäγan* *tamuγalɛq·oγa* *uvλuqman*
answered | his grandmother | told him not to go there | when it was light | when

pulaγaγäluaqami *tapkunuγa iciλiγɪt·cɔq* *icɪqman*
he nevertheless kept visiting | to them | he entered again | when he entered |

aγnam *aitcoqcaliγɪtᶜka* *nɛqɪmɪk* *tiγumaγo*
the woman | gave him a little again | some meat | when he took hold of it | the

nukätpiäm *qitcuk·a* *tiγumiγäluaqamiuγ*
young man | scratched him | when nevertheless he had caught hold of it | he

piλɪtka *piλɪtmaγe* *piγa* *nukätpiäm* *iλiəpaluγaq*
let it drop | when he dropped it | he took it | the young man | the orphan | being

qɛəcautiγiλaqmi *änirɔq* *änɪm·an* *a·käγan* *tautukamiuγ*
made to cry a little | went out | when he went out | his mother | when she saw

iγnᵛɪnᵛi *oqautiγa* *ar·a* *uma iλiəpaknɪk naγlikcγainᵛiaqpat nukätpiaq*
it | her son | she said to him | alas | you | orphans | do they not pity | young man |

iλiəpaknɪk ɪnᵛukluqaqλutɪn *ɪnᵛunɪnianiλaγluaqoatɪn ciutɪn*
orphans | you having become an adult | ? | ? |

nukätpiäm *cuqotiγɪnɪtᶜka* *a·kanɪ* *nalauγaqcɪn·aqtɔq*
the youth | paid no heed to her | his mother | he remained lying on his back in

uvλuqman *äna·luγɪk*
spite of it | when it was day | the woman and her grandson | when they

ɪtkɪnᵛiakamɪk *pulaγaqcilɪt·cɔq* *aitcoγɪnmani*
were going to breakfast | he went again on his round of visists | when one gave

tapkunuγa icɪqman *taina* *piλγɪtᶜka*
him nothing | to them | when he entered | in the same way | he treated him

aiman *äna·luan* *oqalautiγa* *tutalun*
again | when he returned | his grandmother | said to him | her grandson | they

naγliγirɪcγainmɪvλutɪn *taima äto·nmɪk iλicautiqaqλuγo*
have no pity again on you | well | a song | she having first taught him | she told

ätɔγiaqoγa *tɔqcγoqni* *cumɪk* *acɪnᵛ* *oleqpan*
him to go and sing it | in the passage-way | something | then | when he dreaded |

ɪqciqoγɪtᶜλuγo *uvλutqɪqman* *aulaqtɔq* *tamuγa* *acɪnᵛ*
telling him not to fear | when it was light again | he went | thither | and | into

tɔqcγoqnun *qopcukλuni* *ätoqtɔq* *ätɔγuɛγami*
the passage-way | crouching down | he sang | when he had finished singing |

oqalaktɔq ät·a· *cumɪk* *oliγɪnᵛmaγan*
he said | beware | something | whether he had not made a mistake | he had not

oliγɪnᵛirɔq *acɪnᵛ* *taina* *ätoqtiλ·uγo* *uγiaqtuatun*
made a mistake | well | in the same way | while he was singing | as if things

nɪpiqaqtuatun *cuakäluaγat* *tapkwa*
fighting | there being sounds, as it were | though they scolded him | those people

nukätpiaq toqonᵛiaqnivλutɪnᵛ tucanaqcɪmata *iλiəpaluγaq*
boy | you going to die | when the people were listening intently | the orphan |

cukacirɔq *qaimaγnɪk* *tapkwak* *uγiaqpäluktaqtuak*
went faster | when they two came | those two | that were perhaps frequently

ar·akäluaγat *nεqautimiŋnin^{v}* *ilatun*
fighting* | though they told him to stop | from their food | like a relative | he
nεγin^{v}iaqnivλuγo cuqotiγiŋit^{c}kai *icιqmaŋnik*
going to eat | he continued to pay no attention to them | when they two enter-
iλiəpaluγaq *änirɔq* *paqλuγik* *tätqam·a* *nipatkäluaγamiŋ*
ed | the orphan | went out | meeting them two | outside | although they had been
nipεqcut *in^{v}uit* *tävrani* *itkäluaγamiŋ*
making a noise | they were silent | the people | there | although they stayed |
pänεqotiŋ *toqoγaqtut* *acin^{v}* *äna·lua* *itiγiaγoqtɔq*
they starving | died one after the other | well | his grandmother | changed to a
acin^{v} *tutalua* *ämaγoγoqλuni*
weasel | and | her grandson | changing to a wolf.

Text IX

in^{v}uitγoq *in^{v}uniaqtut* *ku·γum* *pa·γani*
People, it is said | were dwelling | a river | at its mouth | going away from
tu·tulialavλutiŋ *opinγami* *acin^{v}* *okiəqmaγo*
time to time after caribou | in the summer | and | when it was winter | re-
utiqλutiŋ *äna·luγik* *tävrani* *aulalain^{v}iqcuk* *tutalua*
turning home | a woman and her grandson | there | never went away | her grand-
nukätpiaqγuk *äna·lukmi* *än·ɔγaγin^{v}ik* *ätivλuni* *äniγami*
son | a mere boy | his grandmother | her own clothes | putting on | when he went
qaŋätiγun *äniqcuaγayukniqcɔq* *nukätpiätγoq*
out | through the ceiling | he was in the habit of going out to play | the young
aŋoniaqtuat *ilani* *aŋiliγalait·cut*
men, they say | who went out hunting | sometimes | frequently failed to return
tapkwa *in^{v}uit* *mälγoknik* *umiäliqaqtut* *aŋayuklιq* *piŋacunik*
home | those | people | two | rich men they had | the elder | three | sons he pos-
iγn^{v}iqaqniqcɔq *acin^{v}* *nukaqλiq* *mälγoknik* *piŋayuqaqλutik* *aγnamik* *tapkwak*
sessed | but | the younger | two | they two having a third | a girl | they two |
iγn^{v}iŋit^{c} *ataγamik* *aiγayukniqcut* *tamna* *iλiəpaluk* *in^{v}ukni*
their sons | invariably | used to return home | he | the poor orphan | his people |
novεqcuaγukniqcɔq *nεqiqcγaqniaqλuni* *qaγiγimun* *icιqman*
he used to visit continually | going for food | into the dance-house | when he
nukaqλium *umiäliγum* *kiluwaq·oγayukniγa*
entered | the younger | chief | would always tell him to go to the back wall |
acin^{v} *qaγiγimiɔγuat* *payukmatiγit^{c}*
those who were staying in the dance-house | when they brought presents
aitcuqλuγo *nεqiqcγaŋanik* *aŋayuklium* *iγλuanun*
of food to them | giving him | some food for himself | the elder chief's | to his
icιqman *iγn^{v}iγica* *ilaŋäta* *oqalautiγaγiγa*
house | when he entered | his sons | one of them | would frequently tell him | he
kamŋiγotcaqnivλuγo *aŋoniaqtiqalaŋitcumlu*
quickly making himself bootless | and not possessing anyone to hunt for him |
tama·ni *acin^{v}* *nεγiokäluaγami* *äniλuni* *nukaqλium*
here | well | when he waited in vain | going out | the younger chief | when he

* There is evidently some mistake in this passage.

ɪγλuanukman *aitculaγaγiγa* *aitcoqmani*
entered his house | would frequently give him something | when one gave him |

qomɪkλuγɪtᶜ *älˑanun* *ɪγλunun aulaγaqtɔq* *tainacɛγaqλuni*
putting them under his clothes | to other | houses he would go | being thus con-

nɛqɪqcγaniγaqtɔq *acɪnᵛ* *αγˑicɪvλuγɪtᶜ*
stantly supplied | he constantly obtained his food | and | taking them home | to

änaˑlukmɪnᵛun *ilani* *umiäliγum* *iγnᵛɪγa* *aiγnᵛɪvλuγo* *tucˑaγami*
his grandmother | once | the rich man | his son | failing to return | when he

ilɪəpaluγaq *anaˑni* *äpɛqcγoaqciγa* *ɪnᵛuknɪk*
heard | the poor orphan | his grandmother | he kept asking her | some people |

nälumaγan *äna·lua* *näluniγaqtɔq* *tutalua*
she not knowing them | his grandmother | always was ignorant | her grandson |

oqalaktɔq ɪnᵛuɪt *pilɪγuɪtculaco* *nukätpiät* *aulaitcuat*
said | the people | never do anything (?) | the young men | that never go away |

äna·luan *kioγa* *pilɪγovɪtᶜ* *tapkunaγa* *nukätpian-*
his grandmother | answered him | are you stronger than | those | young men |

ɪnᵛ tutaluän *piγa* *tuγnγauγɪtˑcuamun*
her grandson | said to her | against one that is not an evil spirit | against one

tautuknaqtuamun *toqotɪniaγɪtˑcuγa* *tutaluän* *taina äpɛqcγoqλuγo*
who can be seen | I will not be made to die | her grandson | thus | repeatedly

näluniluqtoqoni *kɪcˑɛma* *qoliaqpɔq*
asking her | she saying falsely that she did not know | at last | she said | his

änaˑlua *ɪnyurɔqλu* *ätirɔq* *tamna ɪnᵛuɪt*
grandmother | whether he lives | it makes no difference | he | people | on an

qɪkiqtami ɪnᵛuqaqnailaqaqtuat *kivanmun* *iγλiqλutɪn*
island | who have a man named Inuqaqnailaq | to the east | you travelling | a

qicuk *tautukniaγɪn* *ilɪəpaluk* *pilɪqtɔq* *i* *aulaqtɔq*
water sky | you will see it | the poor orphan | replied | oh | he went away | the

umiäliγum ɪγλuäta tuγanun *umiälɪk* *iγnᵛɪptɪk* *piriγa*
chief | his house | towards it | chief | your son | he who killed him | although I

qaγitcukˑäluaγiγa *änˑɔγaqcγaitˑcuγa* *umiälγum* *kiulaitcka*
want to discover him | I have no clothing | the chief | he did not answer him |

umiälɪk *qeəniqcɔq* *nukaqλiq* *aiγnᵛɪqcɔq*
the chief | was in a state of weeping | his younger son | had not returned home |

tucaqnɪtˑcɔq *iciγonilu* *taina äpɛqcγotqɪqcaqλuγo* *kɪcˑɛma*
he did not hear | his entering even | so | asking him again about it | finally |

kiova *päniγ* *änˑɔγaqcγaγɪnᵛɪk* *qakɪmna* *qaitciuγ*
he answered him | daughters | some articles of clothing | from without | bring

icɪqman *umiälγum päniän* *aitcɔγa* *nutanɪk* *änˑɔγanɪk*
him | when she entered | the chief | his daughter | gave him | some new | clothes |

aitcuanɛqmanɪ *pilɪγɪtˑcɔq* *iqaitcuanɪk* *culi*
after she had finished giving him | he said again | some soft ones | also | he

änˑɔγaqaγopcaliγɪtˑcɔq *umiäliγum* *nɛγɪtcqoˑγäluaγa* *ilɪəpaluγaq*
wanted to have more still | the chief | although he asked him to eat | the orphan |

nɛγicuγɪtˑcɔq *nɔγaqnɪk* *acɪnᵛ* *päniγminᵛun*
did not wish to eat | some fawn-skin clothing | then | to his daughter | he said

änˑɔγaqcγɪtcqoγa *aitcuanɛqmani* *aulaqtɔq*
to give him the clothing | after she had finished giving him | he went away |

unuγiaqtuami tiγumiaγai än·ɔγaluγani unoəpak
towards night | he proceeded to carry them | his old clothes | in the night | he

iγλaurɔq ilani ɔqtɔγaqtɔq uvλuqmaγo uvλupak
travelled | once | he kept spying out his route | when it was light | in the day |

iγλaurɔq unuγiaqman ɪnᵛuɪt tumiŋɪnᵛɪk
he travelled | when it grew towards night | people | some tracks of theirs | he

tautularɔq canmun qɪnᵛɪqman tautuktɔq qicuktun
saw one after the other | seawards | when he gazed | he saw | like a water-sky |

ɪt·uamɪk äna·lukmi oqauta ɪtqaqamiuŋ
something being | his grandmother | her saying | after he remembered it |

aulaqtɔq tuŋanun taina iγλauvλuni nuna tautukamiuŋ iqaitcuanɪk
he went | towards it | so | travelling | the land | when he saw it | some of the soft

ätirɔq oqoqtuat acɪnᵛ tamauŋa onɪtᶜluγɪtᶜ
clothing | he put on | that were warm | well | to that place | leaving them be-

aulaqtɔq qaλ·ipayaqami ayuktaqtuanɪk tucarɔq
hind | he went | when he drew near | some who were playing football | he heard |

än·ɔγaluγani ätiγai ɪnᵛuɪt aqpamɪk qairut avɪvλutɪŋlu
his old clothes | he put them on | the people | running | came | and hallooing |

piqtut ɪnᵛuk tava aqpamɪk qairut ilɪəpalum tuŋanun
they shouted | a man | yonder | running | they came | the orphan | towards him |

qaλ·ɪmata tamäγ·a civuλiunɪqɔq acɪnᵛ tavanipaqγɔq
when they were near | that one | had become in front | well | he was far behind |

ɪnᵛuk culi tɪkɪnᵛami oqalaktɔq aulaq ociuma
a man | also | when he arrived | he said | the traveller | we were mistaken about |

una ɪnᵛuk nälainᵛ taina culi ɪnᵛuk tɪkɪnᵛami oqalaliγɪt·cɔq
this | man | rascal | so | also | a man | when he came up | he said in turn again |

ɪnᵛuɪt taina oqalaγaqtut ilɪəpaluγaq aqpat·ɔq ɪnᵛuɪt
the men | thus | spoke one after the other | the poor orphan | ran | the men |

pɪc·uaqtiλ·uγɪtᶜ ɪnᵛuk qaikami oqalaktɔq yahi· culiapayukpitᶜ
while they walked | a man | when he came | said | well | what did you come here

ɪnᵛuyuγaqtuatɪn qɛqitɪn·ᵛɪtckäluaqpatɪn
for | you who possessed the means of life | yet it was not freezing you, was it |

culiaqpin kioγa ilɪəpaluγam umiälγum iγnᵛɪŋa
what did you come for | he answered | the poor orphan | the chief | his son |

cumun picilaγa ilitcurɪnᵛuγaγiγa
through what | his not returning | I wanted to go and enquire about it fully |

tavruma kioγa ɪkpaqcγaqamɪq toqotka ɪnᵛuqaqnailam
he | answered him | the other day | he killed him | Inuqaqnailaq | while they

oqaqtiλ·uγɪtᶜ ɪnᵛuɪt airut aimata
were speaking | the people | reached home | when they reached home | the

ilɪəpaluγaq än·ɔγatqɪqɔq iqaitcuanɪk än·ɔγaqaqtuaqlik
poor orphan | had beautiful clothes | soft ones | a person possessing clothes |

una umiälɪkmɪnᵛ än·ɔγaqcγailɪkiätka aulaqcɪkama
he | from the chief | I obtained possession of the clothes | when I was leaving |

nɛγiyaqtualakumaγutɪn aŋiγa ilɪəpaluγam
pray will you proceed over to the house and eat | he assented | the poor orphan |

icɪqmaynɪk cua·kɪmna aγnaq avγuiroaq
when they two entered | lo | up there | a woman | who was cutting up | some

maktaknik acinᵘ negɣipqaɣa negɣipqaglugo inᵘu·k oqalaktuk
whale-skin | and | she gave him to eat | after his eating | two men | said to him |

inᵘuqaqnailam ilisəpaluɣaq tautuɣuk·a aŋiɣa acinᵘ aŋotik
Inuqaqnailaq | the poor orphan | wishes to see him | he assented | and | the two

tapkwak qonuɣak aulaɣäluaqtin·aɣo tätqaɣma oqalaktuk
men | those two | pitied him | yet before his going | outside | they two said |

kiki ilisəpaluɣam tavruma aŋiɣa ilisəpaluɣam tautuktuaɣiak
beware | the poor orphan | he | assented | the poor orphan | simply watched

qoicuɛqcaqtil·uɣo tapkwak icuqtuk icuqami
them two | while he went to one side | they two | entered | when he entered |

pa·m cänɛɣani makitarɔq nätɛqmi inᵘuqaqnailaq
the door | at the side of it | he stood erect | on the floor | Inuqaqnailaq | was

nalaniqɔq cävikpaklu ämiqɣamiitluni inᵘuqaqnailaq oqalaktɔq
lying on his back | and Savikpak | being on skins | Inuqaqnailaq | said | what

ociuma una iɣlaq nälainᵘ cuna icumaɣivluɣo
a mistake we made | this | traveller | a rascal | what | having come to think of it |

qaivinᵘ ilisəpaluɣam kioɣa umiälɣum iɣnᵘiŋa cumun
do you come | the orphan | answered him | the chief | his son | through what |

piciläŋa qaŋeqcicuklugo inᵘuqaqnailam kioɣa
his not returning | he seeking to know it | Inuqaqnailaq | answered him |

qi'mitᶜ negɣianiakat umiälɣum iɣnᵘiŋa negɣiɣicimiɣatin
the dogs | they have already eaten him | the chief | his son | they are going to

qi'mitᶜ iliptik iɣnᵘirinᵘlu negɣiniaɣatik iɣlaq imani
eat you | the dogs | you two | your son also | they will eat you | the traveller |

aɣiɣoaŋaqciɣäluaqniqɔq ilisəpalutᶜ
in this way | would however become a rather fine person | orphans | they

ilitqociɣat qainᵘ qaniqpinᵘ ikayuriciɣatin ilisəpaluɣam
tell them to learn it | come | your mouth | will need to help you | the orphan |

cupiɣa iɣnᵘiŋa inᵘuqaqnailam tuŋanun ilogätik cävium
breathed on him | his son | Inuqaqnailaq | towards him | they both | the knife |

tuŋanun aulaqiruk iɣnᵘiŋa avalaqami ilisəpaluɣam
towards it | began to go | his son | when he screamed | the orphan | he however

kinatak·äluaɣik ilogaktun kic·ɛma nucaiɣotivuk
kept them back | ? | finally | they two became deprived of their

oqautiɣäluaɣa inᵘuqaqnailaq kic·ɛma qɔɣviliqpɔq
hair | he spoke to him however | Inuqaqnailaq | finally | he began to weep |

ilisəpaluɣam cuakäluaɣa iɣnᵘiŋa toqoniaqnivluɣo
the orphan | scolded him however | his son | saying that he would kill him |

qal·iman apaŋan tiɣuɣa acinᵘ avɣoqluɣo
when he approached | his father | caught hold of him | but | cutting him to

ilisəpaluɣam piŋuvluɣo cavikmun niəqoira
pieces | the orphan | pushing him | towards the knife | cut off his head | hewing

avɣoqluɣolu inᵘuit qovɛəculiqcut ilisəpaluɣaq aicaqtɔq
him to pieces too | the people | rejoiced again | the orphan | went home early |

negɣiäluaqamivluni piliɣoniqcɔq ilisəpaluɣaq inᵘuit
eating shortly before however | he had become very strong | the orphan | people |

qaninŋalaitᶜkätluni taimani picaŋoaqniqcɔq
not being able to approach him | in this case | he used only a little of his strength |

tikɪt·cɔq *ilamɪnᵛun* *qaγicɪmiγun* *umiälɪk* *iγnɪptɪtᵉ*
he reached | to his relatives | along his own tracks | chief | your son | his

toqotɪγa *qi'mɪtᵉ* *nɛγiγiγat* *umiälγum* *pänɪkmɪnᵛɪk*
murderer | the dogs | have eaten him | the chief | one of his own daughters |

nuliaqcγɪtᵉka *acɪnᵛ* *cakiraγan* *nakoaγiγa*
she married him | well | his brother-in-law | had enduring gratitude to him |

iλiəpaluγaq *umiäliγotiγat* *ɪkpaqcγaγo* *tapkwa* *ɪnᵛuɪt* *qairut*
the orphan | they made him chief | a few days later | those | people | came |

acɪnᵛ *ätautcɪmi* *ɪnᵛuniaqtut* *iλiəpaluγam* *anäγa*
well | in one place | they continued to dwell | the orphan | his grandmother |

ɪγλumɪnᵛɪn *aulaγɪt·cɔq*
from her own house | did not go out.

Text X

ɪnᵛu·kγoq *ukwak* *ätautcɪmɪk* *mɪkλɪqtoqaqtuak* *ɪnᵛunɪqcuk*
Two people, it is said | these | only one | child possessing | had their dwel-

taγium *cɛnᵛani* *ɪnᵛukmɪk* *nälunɪqcut*
ling-place | the sea | on its edge | mankind | they were in a state of ignorance |

cumiunɪn *ɪnunɪqcut* *kic·imɪŋ* *tävräni* *acɪnᵛ*
about | where being | they had their dwelling-place | they alone | there | well |

taina *ɪnᵛuvlutɪŋ* *päniäk* *uʷiλɪγacuγoqnɪqcɔq*
under these circumstances | they living | their daughter | grew to the state of

ilani *ɪtiλiγɪnᵛami* *äna·kmi* *cɪnᵛɪktɪλ·uγɪk*
womanhood | once | when she rose again as usual | her parents | while they still

änirɔq *cumunlɪqa* *qɪnᵛiγäluaγami* *tautuktɔq*
slept | she went outside | everywhere | when she gazed for a while | she saw |

maγaqtuamɪk *kilumɪγni* *qɪnᵛiγäluaγamiuŋ*
something that was black | over inland from her | when she had gazed at it for

ulakciγa *tikɪnᵛamiuŋ* *tautuk·a* *tu·tu*
a while | she went over to it | when she reached it | she saw it | a caribou |

toqotqamɪqcaq *aivλuni* *oqalautiyaqtɔγɪk* *aŋayuqakni*
one recently killed | returning | she went over to tell them | her parents | that

qiλ·ɪnᵛivλuni *tu·tumɪk* *acɪnᵛ* *apaγan* *piγa*
she had discovered a carcase | a caribou | then | her father | said to her |

päniŋ *qiλ·imaγutɪn* *tätpam·a* *makɪn·amɪk* *ɪλoqaqmɪŋ*
daughter | you have found a carcase | up there | when they two rose | all of them |

ulak·at *acɪnᵛ* *piλaγaqcirut* *nɛqɪnaqirut*
went over to it | then | they proceeded to cut it up | they had it for food |

tavrumani *uvλumi* *änäqaqγiγäluaqamɪŋ*
on that | day | when they had passed away the evening for a while | they

ciqoliγɪt·cut *cɪnᵛɪknialaqmɪŋ* *päniäk* *ɪtiaqcirɔq*
went to bed again as usual | they sleeping | their daughter | she began to wake

umata *kaukcɪqpakλuni* *qiviaqtɪqami*
up | her heart | beating fast | when she turned her head repeatedly to look |

tautuk·a *cumkiaq* *pamiuγa* *ämaqum pamiuγatun* *ɪt·uaq*
she saw it | something or other | its tail | a wolf | like its tail | that it was |

ciqotqiliγɪt·cɔq *taututqɪŋɪtᵉka* *tavrumani* *unoəmi* *uvλupakλu*
she went to sleep again | she did not see it again | on that | night | and by day |

taututqiŋɪtᶜka *änäqaqγiγäluaqamiŋ*
she did not see it again | when they had passed away the evening for a while |

ciqonaqcim·an *tutaliγɪt·cut* *taina* *cɪnᵛɪknialaqmɪŋ*
when it was bed-time | they lay down again as usual | thus | they sleeping |

ɪtiaqciliγɪt·cɔq *päniäk* *umata* *kaukcɪqpakλuni*
she began to waken again | their daughter | her heart | beating fast | being in

ɔɪnᵛuγaqλuni *qiviaqtɪqtɔq* *taimänatun*
a sleepy state | she was repeatedly turning her head around to look | like that

culi *ämaqum* *pamiuŋatun* *ɪt·uaq* *culi* *tautuliγɪtᶜka*
one | also | a wolf | like its tail | that it was | also | she saw it again | she was

aŋoŋiciliγɪtᶜka *culi* *ciqolaliγɪt·cɔq*
not able again to catch it | again | she went to sleep again for the second time (?) |

acɪnᵛ *tautuknaqcɪtqɪqmɪnᵛanilu* *ɪtɪqami* *äna·kni*
well | she not being able to see it again | when she rose | her parents | while

cɪnᵛɪktɪλ·uγɪk *ɪtcuqtaliγɪt·cɔq* *qɪnᵛiγäluaγami*
they were sleeping | she went outside again to look around | when she looked

cänmun *qiviaqtɔq* *cua* *kän·a*
about for a time | out to sea | she turned her head to look | lo | down there |

maŋaqtoaq *acɪnᵛ* *ulakciγa* *tɪkɪnᵛamiuŋ*
something that was black | well | she proceeded to go over to it | when she

iλɪtcɔγiγa *nätcɛq* *toqoŋaroaq* *nutaq*
reached it | she definitely recognised it | a seal | that was dead | newly | she

airɔq *aŋayuqakni* *ogalautiγɪk* *nätcɛqmɪk* *toqoŋaγɔqnɪvλuni*
returned home | her parents | she told them | a seal | she finding a dead one |

apaŋan *piγa* *päniŋ* *toqoŋaγɔqnɪqcutɪn* *qaγiciyaqtɔruŋ*
her father | said to her | daughter | you have found a dead animal | go over and

päniän *aiγanɪŋmaγo* *apaŋan* *piλak·a*
bring it here | his daughter | when she had brought it home | her father | cut it

nätcɪqculiγɪt·cut *tavrumani* *änäqaqγiγäluaqamiŋ*
up | they ate seal meat again | on that day | when they had passed away the

ciqonaqcim·an *ciqoliγɪt·cut* *taina*
evening for a while | when it was bed-time | they went to bed again | thus |

cɪnᵛɪk·äluaγamiŋ *päniäk* *ɪtiλiγɪt·cɔq* *umata*
when they had slept for a while | their daughter | awoke again | her heart | was

kaukcɪqpaliγinnᵛɪqcɔq *qiviaqniuγaqλuni*
in the condition again of beating a little fast | turning her head slowly to look |

qiviaqtiλiγɪt·cɔq *cua* *acɪnᵛ* *pamioq* *aŋoliγälualiγɪtᶜka*
she brought herself to look again | lo | then | a tail | although it almost es-

man·a *ämaqum* *pamiuŋanɪn* *äλ·auvalɪqcɔq*
caped her again | this one | a wolf | from its tail | was a little different | a

qav·iumγoq *pamiuŋatun* *ɪtpalɪqcɔq* *makɪt·ɪqami*
wolverine they say | like its tail | it was a little | when she made herself rise |

nänirɔγɛqλunilu *änirɔq* *cumɪk* *taima* *tautukmɪnᵛanilu*
and taking the lamp-stick | she went out | anything | thus | she not seeing again |

sumɪk *iciλiγɪt·coq* *uvλupakλu* *cumɪk* *tautuŋɪt·cɔq* *taina*
anything | she went inside again | by day too | anything | she did not see | so

änäqaqγɪpqaqλuγɪtᶜ *ɪnᵛuk* *tätqaγma* *qiqiγaqtaqtoaq*
after they passing the evening | a man | outside there | who was tramping on

acɪnᵛ *iciqtɔq* *uk·wɛγman* *cua* *una*
snow repeatedly | well | he entered | when the door opened | lo | he | a

nukätpiaq *ämaqonik* *cɪnliγanik* *än·ɔγalik* *icɛγami* *tavruma*
young man | with wolf | fringes | having clothes | when he entered | he |

uʷilɪγacum *akianun* *aqovit·ɔq* *aqovitanɪk·ami* *oqalaktɔq* *apama*
the maiden | opposite | sat down | when he was seated | he said | my father |

tɪlimaγa *qairuγa* *oqalatqɪγaunaγo* *ɪnᵛuk culi* *tätqaγma*
because he sent me | I came | he not speaking again | a man | also | outside |

tucaliγɪtᶜkat *taina* *culi* *icilɪγɪt·cɔq*
they heard him call again | in the same way | also | he entered too | when the

uk·wɛγman *cua* *una* *nukätpiaq* *ätiquluγätciaqtoaq*
door opened | lo | he | a young man | who had beautiful caribou-skin boots |

qαv·ɪknɪk *cɪnliγanɪk* *än·ɔγaγɪptauq* *qαv·ɪknɪk* *cɪnɪqaqmɪγɪqcuat*
with wolverine | fringes | his clothes also | wolverine skin | having also for

tavruma *nukätpiam* *cänɛγanun* *aqovit·ɔq* *qαv·ilɪnγaγaqtoaq*
fringes | he | the young man | beside him | sat down | he who wore wolverine

oqalaktɔq *ɪlain·ᵛaq* *civulɪqniγɪγma*
skin | said | is it so indeed | you have managed to precede me | I am going

nuliaγɪniaγiγa *na·umi* *pɪnᵛanɪtᶜkɪn* *tävräni*
to marry her | not at all | shall you have her | thereupon | when the two were

qapɪqtailiγäluaqmaγnɪk *tavruma* *nɪviaqciäm* *apaγan* *oqalautiγɪk*
wrangling together for a time | he | the maiden | her father | said to them | she

maqotauniaγɪvlʌγo *päni* *acɪnᵛ* *tävra*
not being something to fight about | the daughter | well | then | they again be-

maqonialɛγmiukʌu *änɪl·ʌγɪk* *pɪtqoγɪk* *äniruk* *acɪnᵛ*
gan to fight | going out | he told them to do it | they went out | well |

tätqaγma *icaγotimaγnɪk* *qiqiγaqtaqpäluaq*
outside | when they were told to go out | loud continuous stamping | they

tucaqnacuγɔγuktuk *änimaγnɪk* *mälɪktait·cuk* *cuγoγɛqamɪk*
believed they heard | when they went out | they did not follow | when they fin-

qiqiγaγak *nipakʌicainaqʌuni* *nuγurɔq*
ished whatever it was | their stamping | at last gradually disappearing | it fin-

änäqaqγiγäluaqamɪγ *cigoliγɪt·cut*
ished | when they had idled away the evening for a while | they went to bed again |

itiγamɪγ *päniäk* *itcuqtaliγɪt·cɔq*
when they rose | their daughter | went outside again as usual to look around |

tautuk·ɛ· *tapkwak* *tumiγɪk* *iγʌua* *ämaqum* *tumaicun* *acɪnᵛ*
she saw them | those two | their tracks | the one | a wolf | like its tracks | but |

ɪγʌuaptauq *qαv·ium* *tumaicun* *tαvγaγai*
the other also | a wolverine | like its tracks | she followed them | those that were

auqolaqnɪqcuat *taina* *tαvγaqnialaica* *tautuk·a*
greatly stained with blood | thus | proceeding to follow them | she saw it |

maγaqtoaq *acɪnᵛ* *ulakciγa* *tikɪnᵛmaγo* *cua*
something black | well | she proceeded over to it | when she reached it | lo |

una *qαv·ɪk* *toqoγaroaq* *taina* *qɪnᵛiγäluaγamiuγ*
it | a wolverine | that was dead | so | when she had examined it for a time |

tautuk·a *älɪknicuγγuk* *cänɛγani* *aivʌuni* *oqalautiγɪk*
she saw it | a great rent | in its side | returning home | she told them | her

aŋayuqakni apaŋan oqalautiγa päni aulatqonᵛιλ·uγo
parents | her father | said to her | the daughter | telling her not to go away |

taina unutiliγiŋmatiŋ änäqaqγiliγit·cut
so | when night came on them again | they whiled away the evening again |

tapkwak nukatpiak qaγiviak tιkınᵛman tucarut
those two | youths | their time of coming | when it came | they heard | a

ınᵛukmık qiqiγaqtaqtuamık icιqman cua
man | one who was stamping on the snow frequently | when he entered | lo |

una ınᵛuk ämaqonık cınliγanık än·ɔγalık nukätpiaγoŋınᵛιqcɔq
he | a man | with wolf | fringes | having clothes | yet he was not at all

icɛγami oqalaktɔq qairuŋa iγnᵛiγa
a young man | when he entered | he said | I have come | my son | not being

nakoγınᵛιvλuγo aŋoniaŋıtcpälukiγaluni
well | whether or not I am going perhaps to be in time for him | I

aiγiγa pänıkcik iγnᵛiγa ınᵛuniaŋıtcpälukiγaluni
have come for | your daughter | my son | whether or not perhaps I shall find

cuviγo tamna culi oqalaktɔq iγnᵛiγa iroγiγaqcγaitkäl-
him alive | whichever one | he | also | said | my son | there is however no

uaqtɔq aŋayuqak änilaitkäluaγamık
use in discussing | the two old people | although they could not go out | they

änɛqtuk änɛqmaŋnık oqalaktɔq taimainŋan ämaγoaqciγa
assented | when they assented | he said | it being so | they telling her to go |

pιc·uaγomınaitkäluaqnιvλuγolu taima äpɛγiγak
and she however not being able to walk | so then | they asked him | whether

qamociγaqmaγan taima kiuγık qamotainnᵛιvλuni
he possessed a sled | so then | he answered them | he not possessing a sled |

äniγamık täcioqλuγo nunäm tuŋanun
when they two went out | taking her by the hand | the land | towards it | they

aulalaqtuk tälın·amık ämaγoaqciγa
kept travelling | when they disappeared from view | he proceeded to put her on

ämakɑmiuŋ qιŋiqoŋıtcλuγo oqautiγa
his back | when he had put her on his back | telling her not to look | he told her |

aulaqami aqpɑt·ɔq acınᵛ aqpɑtkäluaγami paŋalıkmatun ιλ·irɔq
when he travelled | he ran | but | although he ran | like galloping | he acted |

taina paŋalıkmatun ıtγäluaγami niuγa cuaγoq
so | as though galloping | when he was for a time | he put her down | behold

iŋna uvλukäpcäknιqoni täcioqλuγo
it is said | up yonder | it having become slightly daylight | taking her by the

aulautiaqciγa cua ukwak ιn·imun tıkıtnɛγotık
hand | he carried her along | behold | those two | to a settlement | after reaching |

ιγλumun ıtcqotiγa täkiniqcuamun iciγmaŋnık
into a house | he drew her inside | into a place that was long | when they entered |

tätkivɔqpaqγuk tununŋaŋniqcuaq apaŋa
they met someone up there | one who had his back towards them | his father |

oqalaktoq aŋoŋıtcqιqpιŋa iγniŋa qiviaqtɔq
said | you have not again got ahead of me, have you | his son | turned his

tautukɑmiuŋ apaŋi nuliaγukanilu iγλaŋalɛk·a
head | when he saw him | his father | and the wife he wanted | he smiled at him

aqoaqcγautan *piγa* *tamna aγnaq* *iλanikλu*
a little | her future mother-in-law | said to her | that | woman | by herself (?) |

aulatqovλuγit^{c} *nεqit* *pamatqovλuγolu* *u^{w}iqcγauta*
telling her to take them out | the meat | and telling her to feed him | her future

tavruma *qaγγiγan* *nuliani* *piγa* *äλ·änik*
husband | he | who brought her | his own wife | he told her | some other |

än·ɔγaqcγaqovλuγo *nuliaγa* *änirɔq* *taina*
clothing material bidding her give her | his wife | she went out | so | after they

it·uaγäluaγamiŋ *icιqtɔq* *än·ɔγanik* *nutanik*
were there a short time | she entered | some clothes | some new ones | while

mätaqtiλ·uγit^{c} *tapkwa utoqait* *atipqaγai* *än·ɔγatciät*
stripping them off | those | old ones | she put them on | the new clothes | she

pamaγiaqciγa *u^{w}iŋi* *pänεqniqcuaq*
continued to feed him | her husband | who was in a starved condition | at last

pic·ualacicain^{v}aqλuni *kic·ema* *pic·uaλaqcivoq*
being able to walk for a little while | finally | he began to walk vigorously | after

pic·uaλacianik·ami *aγoniaλaciλiγit·cɔq*
he was able to walk vigorously | he began to hunt again for caribou | when he

aγoniaλacim·an *aγayuqaγan* *iγn^{v}iktik* *oqalautiγak* *aitqovλuγik*
began to hunt vigorously | his parents | their son | they told him | bidding them

nεqaiγomin^{v}aqcinivλuγikλu *nuliaγan aγayuqak*
return | and they probably beginning to be short of food | his wife | her parents |

u^{w}iγa *itqänaiyaqcirɔq* *qiλ·iγinik unianik* *uciliγaqciroq*
her husband | went to get ready | a sled | a sled | he proceeded to load |

iqiγγan·in *nεqinik* *tu·tunik* *ɔqmätinikλu*
from the platforms | some meat | some caribou meat | some caribou skins too |

uciliγai *qitqanun* *acin^{v}* *nuliani* *in·iqcγivλuγo*
he proceeded to load them | in the middle of it | then | his wife | making a place

tupiliqλuγolu *itqänaiγami* *acin^{v}* *ikɔpqaγa*
for her | making a tent for her too | when he was ready | then | he placed her in-

aulaqciqami *qiŋiqoŋit^{c}ka* *tavruma*
side | when he began to depart | he told her not to look | he | they de-

aulaqtuk *aulaqamik* *cukait·cuk* *acin^{v}* *taina*
parted | when they departed | they were travelling slowly | well | in this way |

iγλauγäluaγamik *cukacicain^{v}aqmatun*
when they had travelled for a little while | as if beginning to go faster at last |

iλ·iruk *iγλauγäluaγamik* *niuqoγa*
they proceeded | when they had travelled for a while | he told her to get down |

cua *imna* *uvλuayaqnεqoni* *iγλaulakäluaγamik*
lo | over yonder | the dawn becoming brighter | when they had gone on for a

tautuknaqciγak *tavruma* *aγnam* *ana·kni* *in·ak*
little while | they saw it in due time | that | woman | her parents | their

tikin^{v}amik *icιqtuk* *taima oqalaktuk*
dwelling-place | when they arrived | they entered | then | they said | themselves

nεqiqcγan^{v}ivλuγik *apaγan* *pänia* *kioγa*
having brought some food | his father | his daughter | he answered her | from

qamotain^{v}in nεqiqcγɔq·ovλuγo *acin^{v} taima* *nεqiqcγaγik*
their sled | telling her to fetch some meat | well | then | she brought them meat |

itiγamıŋ *tamna* *uʷıŋa* *tu·tuliaγuktɔq*
when they arose in the morning | he | her husband | wanted to go out for cari-

aulaqcıqami *uvλuq* *qıtiqɔγmınᵛaqcıkpan*
bou | when he was departing | the day | when it should become mid-day | he told

äniqoŋıtᶜkai *taima* *aulaqtɔq* *uvλuq* *acınᵛ* *qıtiqoaqcım·an*
them not to go out | then | he departed | the day | then | when it was becoming

icıqtut *taina* *tätqaγma* *iciaqciroq* *icɛγami*
noon | they went inside | so | outside | he began to enter | when he entered |

oqalaktɔq *tu·tunivλuni* *qänıniγai* *acınᵛ* *ulakciγat*
he said | that having killed caribou | he had them near | well | they proceeded

aŋayuqaŋica *tıkınᵛamıciγık* *cua* *ukwa* *täλ·imät* *tu·tut*
over to it | her parents | when they reached them | behold | these | five | caribou |

ciaklauriŋaroat *piλaqλuγıtλu* *acınᵛ*
having been laid in line near each other | and cutting them up | then | they

tutqoγait *taina* *culı* *tu·tuliaqami* *tu·tutaqtɔq*
stored them away | in this way | again | when he hunted caribou | he often killed

nätcıliaγatɔqλu *ilani* *aŋınᵛaqtɔq*
caribou | he went sealing also | sometimes | he constantly returned unsuccessful |

qanoq *nunämicɔγovλuni* *apaŋata* *tavruma* *nuliaŋan*
how | he having become a land-dweller | her father | she | his wife's |

ilicautiγa *taimäni* *aŋoniaγotcimınık* *culi* *qaitka*
he taught him | then | his old method of sealing | also | he gave him | his own

aŋoniotın·i *tävrəŋaγλan* *aŋonialɛqcɔq* *taunuŋaqami*
sealing-weapons | until then | he had ceased to hunt seals | when he went out on

uγγukami *tavra* *aγ·icıniaγaγiγa*
the ice | when he killed a bearded seal | then | he would constantly bring it home |

änulioqλuni *taina* *kic·ɛma* *mälγoknık* *iqiγγanıkput*
making a harness for it | in this way | at length | two | platforms they com-

kıc·ɛma *aλ·iγınᵛık* *nɛqautaucirut* *acınᵛ*
pleted | at length | other kinds | they were in possession of food | well | her

aŋayuqakica *tıliγaik* *aitqovλuγıkλi* *nɛγiolıknivλuγık*
parents | sent them | telling them to return | they beginning to be in a state

tamna *acınᵛ* *uʷıŋa* *itqänaiyaqciλiγıt·cɔq* *uqcγunıkλu*
of waiting | he | then | her husband | he began to go and get ready | blubber

acınᵛ *ucilıλiγıt·cɔq* *taipkuniŋa* *qıλ·iγınik*
also | then | he brought to load on again | with that | with the sled | when he

ıtqänaiyanık·ami *ın·ıkcγioqaqλuγo* *nuliani* *ikotqoliγıtcka*
had it ready | first making a place for her | his wife | he told her to get in

ıkiɑnıkman *tupiq·aqλuγo*
again | when she had placed herself inside | first making a tent for her | they

aulaqtuk *cukaitkäluaγami* *cukaciλiγıt·cɔq*
departed | when it was slow for a while | it began again to go a little fast |

iγλauγäluaγami *ätqaqoγa* *ätqaqman*
when he had travelled for a while | he told her to alight | when she alighted |

cua *uvλucuγγuγaqnɛqoni* *uciaqtovλutık* *uvλuq*
behold | there being now much daylight | they being well-laden | the day | they

nutqautiγın·iγak *tıkınıpqaqλuγıtᶜ* *iγλut*
had it for resting | just before being made to reach them | the houses | they

iγλaulakcɪn·aqλutɪk *tɪkɪt·cuk* *tävräni*
travelling every little while nevertheless | they arrived | then | they being

ɪtpiaγäluaqotɪk *aγayuqakmɪŋni* *kɪvγɪt·cut* *tamna* *uʷɪŋa*
really for a time | at their parents | there were messengers | he | her husband |

ire·λaq *kɪvγɪtᶜkat* *ana·k* *oqalaktuk* *ire·laq* *nuliaqaiyunaɪt·cɔq*
Irelaq | they invited him | his parents | said | *Irelaq* | probably will cease

acɪnᵛ *oqalaliγɪt·cut* *äλ·ät* *mälɪγmɪγman*
to possess a wife | well | they said again | others | when he followed also |

tɪŋmiaŋata *ɪnᵛupqalainmɪvλuγɪkλu* *mälɪkpan* *acɪnᵛ*
their bird | causing them two to be killed also | if he followed | well | the runners also |

aqpat·aqcγaptauq *ɪnᵛuɪt* *ɪtqänaiyaqcirut* *tapkwakλi* *ire·λatkuk*
the men | they went to begin to get ready | yet those two | *Irelaq* and his

ɪtqänaiyaqmiuk *ɪtiγamɪŋ* *aulaγut*
wife | went to get ready also | when they rose in the morning | they departed |

aulaqamɪŋ *ɪnᵛuɪt* *tamäγ·a* *qamuktoaqλutɪŋ* *ire·λam* *nuliani*
when they departed | the men | here | hauling on the sled | *Irelaq* | his wife |

iλ·ɪvλuγo *uniämɪnᵛun* *aulaqtɔq* *qamukλuγɪtᶜli* *uniani*
placing her on it | on his sled | he departed | but he drawing it | his sled | and

uciaγλuγolu *nuliani* *iγλauγäluaqamɪŋ* *tɪkɪt·cut*
loading her on it | his wife | when they had travelled for a while | they reached |

ku·kmun *ɪmnalɪkmun* *civuλɪtᶜ* *aquλiγoqtut* *ire·λatkuk*
to a river | to a place with a cliff | the front men | went behind | *Irelaq* and his

aquλiγoqtuk *ɪnᵛuɪt* *tävra* *pɪc·uaqλutɪŋ* *ätqaγaqtut*
wife | fell behind | the men | thereupon | walking | they descended one after the

iλoqaqmɪŋ *taina* *ätqaγaqtut* *ire·λatkuk*
other | all of them | in this way | they went down one after the other | *Irelaq* and

acɪnᵛ *aquλirni* *tɪkɪnmaŋnɪk* *nutqaqtuk* *äλ·ät*
his wife | then | in the rear | when they arrived | they stopped | the others |

mäγ·a *nutqalaitcuλ·unɪ* *ku·kun* *tamäγ·a* *pɪc·uaqcɪn·aqλutɪŋ*
here | not wishing to stop | through the river | here | walking one after the

ikaγaqtut *acɪnᵛ* *pɪc·uaqcɪn·aqλutɪŋ* *mayuaqλutɪŋ*
other | they crossed over | well | walking one behind the other | climbing up |

tɪkɪyacɪkamɪŋ *qaŋanun* *nɪvɪŋacɪvλutɪŋ*
when they had almost reached | to the top | beginning to lean back | they

pɪc·uaqtut *mayuanɪk·amɪŋ* *aŋotɪt* *ikayɔγiaγat*
walked | when they had completed the ascent | the men | they began to help

ire·λaq *tɪkɪnᵛamɪŋ* *tamna* *aγnaq* *cikcγat*
him | *Irelaq* | when they arrived | she | the woman | the sled-cover | to its

iλuanun *naqitaqγutɪvλuγo* *ätqautiaqciγat* *akλunan·ɪk*
inside | lashing her | they proceeded to lower her down | some ropes | holding

tiγumicɪqλutɪŋ *ätqaqcirut* *cukailaqλutɪŋ* *ätqatɪpqauγaγat*
on to them | they proceeded down | going slowly | they with difficulty low-

ku·kmun *tɪkɪnᵛamɪŋ* *cqγoqλuγo*
ered her down | to the river | when they reached | carrying her on their shoulders|

ikaγotɪliγɪtᶜkat *mayuaqciλiγɪt·cut* *taina*
they carried her across | they began to ascend again | in this way | when they

iγλauγaluaqamɪŋ *qamotɪt* *qaŋataqtauγaqmatun* *iλ·iγaγaqtut*
had travelled for a while | the sled | as if rising into the air | it gradually became|

qaŋataqtauγaqmatun *ɪtkäluaγami* *kɪc·ɛma* *qaŋata·piaqpɔq*
as if rising into the air | when it was for a time | finally | it really rose up |

qiλ·iγɪn·un *tätpam·a* *ikiγaqtut* *taina*
upon the sled | there on top | they placed themselves | in this way | when they

iγλauγäluaqamɪŋ *qamotɪŋi* *tutqataliqcut* *tunmata*
travelled for a time | his sled | they touched ground again | when they touched

iγλaulaqcɪn·aqλutɪŋ *nutqaqtut* *acɪnᵛ* *ho·q* *kɪc·iän*
ground | travelling nevertheless a little way | they rested | well | hoq | only |

nipiγɪλiγɪtᶜkat *naqitaγotiλɪtᶜkat* *iγλaupiγäluaqotɪŋ*
they uttered it | they lashed her on again | travelling along really for a while |

ku·kmun *tɪkɪλiγɪt·cut* *taina* *culi* *cirλɪqiλiγɪt·cut*
to a river | they reached again | in this way | again | they pulled harder again |

civuλiqtun *aγlan* *cirλɪqipiäŋɪt·cut* *mayaqamɪŋ*
as at first | but | they did not really pull harder | when they ascended | they

naqitaγotiλiγɪtᶜkat *iγλauγuγälakλutɪŋ* *cua* *ɪpkwa*
lashed her on again | continuing to travel on for a time | behold | those yonder |

ɪn·ɪt *ɪnᵛuɪt* *taika* *ätoqpaucianɪkniqcut* *tɪkɪnᵛamɪŋ*
dwellings | people | over there | were already engaged in singing | when they ar-

maγλaktotirut *qaγiγɪmi* *ire·λam*
rived | they exchanged presents with them | in the dance-house | *Irelaq* | when

maγλakmaγoli *kimɪnᵛi* *ɪnᵛuɪt* *aviɔrut* *ɪnᵛuɪt*
he gave presents to him however | his host | the people | shouted | the people |

oqalaγaqtut *akɪqcγainᵛivλuγo* *maγλaktoγɪqamɪn*
kept saying | there being nothing equivalent | when they had finished giving

ɪnᵛuɪt *aiyarut* *ire·λatkukλi* *airuk*
presents | the people | went back home | but *Irelaq* and his wife | returned |

kimɪŋmɪŋnun *ciqoaqciqamɪŋ* *ire·λam* *aγnat*
to their host | when it was becoming bed-time for them | *Irelaq* | his wife |

qoicuiqcaγiaqtɔq *qoipqaqλuγo* *cua* *una* *nɪviaqciaqam*
went outside | after she had finished | behold | that one | a little girl | in the

tɪkɪcanɪkniqλuγo *tiγuvλuγo* *taima* *oqalaktɔq* *äna·lukma*
act of coming up to her | taking hold of her | then | she said | my grand-

am·a *piγatɪn* *cuälaγukλutɪn* *am·a*
mother | she yonder | summons you | something wishing with you | she yonder |

piγatɪn *qain* *qiλamɪk* *kinatakäpcak·äluaqtiλ·uγo*
she summons you | come | quickly | while she held back unwillingly however |

noqin·iaγaqciγa *picuŋɪlakäluaγami*
she was going to keep dragging her along | when she was rather unwilling how-

kɪc·ɛma *mäliaqciva* *ku·k* *mälilaqλuγo* *aulautiγa*
ever | finally | she proceeded to follow her | the river | following it | she took her

tɪkɪt·cuk *manɪγauγamun* *cicitun* *ɪn·ɪqcuamɪk*
away | they reached | to a low mound | like a cave | having a dwelling | to a

upkwaqaqtuämun *icɪqtuk* *icɪqniälaqmɪk* *nairoq*
place that had a door | they entered | they being about to enter | she smelt |

auqcuknimɪk *icɪqmaŋnik* *cua* *una* *utkucɪk*
something with blood | when they entered | behold | it | a pot | that was

qalauqtoaq *auktun* *ɪt·uamɪk* *oγaqaqnɪqcuaq* *anaγoaq*
boiling | like blood | being | what it contained cooking | the old grand-

oqalaktoq *naγliγocukλuni* *mätaq·oγa* *uvaqtɔγukλuγo*
mother | said | wishing to show love | she told her to strip | wishing to wash

mätaqtɔq *taima* *an·ɔγani* *ätautcimun* *iλ·ivλuγit^{c}* *puγutaqpak*
her | she stripped | then | her clothes | into one place | placing them | a big pan |

nakcimaγoaq *icɛq·a* *tavrumaγa utkucıkmin^{v}* *kucicıvλuni*
one that was hung up | she brought it in | from it | from the pot | pouring out |

uvaqtoaqciγa *aγiokamiuŋ* *tutıtciani* *uva·liγıt^{c}ka*
she proceeded to wash her | when she had finished her | her grandchild | she washed

uvanikamiuŋ *kuvıtcqoγa* *ku·kmun*
her in turn | when she had her washed | she told her to pour it out | into the

ɛγmiγuŋnaq·oniγa *tävra* *oqalautikamiuŋ* *tavruma*
river | she told her probably to wash it | well | when she told her | she | the

aγnam *tuŋanun* *änicicaqciγamiuŋ* *kuviγa*
woman | towards her | when she was presumably taking it out | she poured it |

tavruma *aγnam* *qaŋanun* *kuvım·aγo* *mikλirɔq*
she | the woman | on top of her | when she poured it | she became small |

tavrumatun *nıviaqciγaqtun* *aciλi* *tamna* *aγnaγoqλuni*
like her | like the girl | next | she | changing into a woman | when she had

aγnaγoqtiqami *än·ɔγaqtɔq* *än·ɔγaŋin^{v}ık* *pikiaqλuni*
been changed to a woman | she put on her clothes | with her clothes | escaping |

acın^{v} *oqaγnıtγäluaqtɔq* *oqayuiλimın^{v}ɛqλunilu*
well | although she tried to speak | and being deprived of speaking in her usual

än·ɔγaqoaqciγa *tutıtciaqmi* *än·ɔγaŋin^{v}ık*
manner | she told her to clothe herself | of her grandchild | with her clothes |

äticuŋit^{c}käluaγami *ätiγai* *änivλuni*
although she did not wish to put them on | she put them on | going out |

acın^{v} *aulaqtɔq* *tuk·oqmi* *tuŋanun* *tıkın^{v}ami* *icıqtɔq*
then | she went away | her host | towards him | when she arrived | she entered |

tätkiva *u^{w}ıqapqaŋanıqcuaq* *cuγokλuγolu*
up there | she who was already hugging her husband (?) | and grabbing him |

pın^{v}ıtkaŋa *ici·pilukman* *ire·λam* *aqpiγiaqciγa*
? | when she entered in a terrible state | *Irelaq* | cried to her to go

nuliaγiŋıtcuγaluγo *aqivλuγo* *änıtka* *ciλami·tqaqcirɔq*
out | thinking she was not his wife | kicking her | he sent her out | outside she

amuŋan^{v}ıt·cɔq *qanoq* *ilaγin^{v}ıt^{c}ka*
had to remain | she did not go over there | how | she was not a relative of her |

itiqmata *ire·λatkuk* *aŋaiyuqamık* *aγnaq*
when they rose | *Irelaq* and his wife | when they two danced | the woman |

qaγaıtcaqtɔq *aγiokamiŋ* *aiyaliγıt·cut*
moved energetically | when they finished | they went back home again | to

tamauŋa *cın^{v}ıkcalanıqcɔq* *cın^{v}ıktiλ·uγo* *in^{v}um*
that place | she was trying to sleep for a while | while she slept | a person |

civuλoaqγiγun *tiγuvλuγo* *äλ·ɔqtıtka* *nıviaqciaqam* *pın·ɛγa*
by the fore-lock | taking hold of her | lifted her head | a little girl | took hold of

acın^{v} *oqalaktɔq* *äna·lukma* *am·a* *piγatın*
her | well | she said | my grandmother | she yonder | summons you | they are

aulaŋniaqtut *am·a* *ilatın* *taima* *aulaqtɔq* [1]
about to depart | she yonder | your relatives | well | she went | and since she

culatuaγumilu *iλ·uni* *mälεk·a* *ku·kmun* *culi*
might really do anything | being | she followed her | to the river | again |

pιc·ualεqλutιk *ιγλɔγuamun* *aulautiγa* *icιqmayηιk*
walking a little | to an old house | she took her away | when they entered |

upkwa·piamιk upkwaq·aqnιqcuaq *icιqtuk* *iγavaun*
a real door | being in possession of a door | they entered | a cooking vessel |

ιmiqmιk *ιmaqaqtoaq* *tautuk·a* *qälanγɔγaqλunilu* *pιn·εqcuaq*
water | one that contained | she saw it | and boiling slightly | one that was in

äna·luγa *tavruma* *nιviaqciaqam* *oqalaktɔq*
the condition | her grandmother | hers | the little girl's | said | claim-

naγλiγiuγaqλuγo uvaqtɔγoaqciγa *mätaliγιt·cɔq* *acιnᵘ* *tamna*
ing to love her | she was going to wash her | she undressed again | well | that |

aγnaq *puγutamιk* *icιqcirɔq* *tavrumaηalu* *iγavaunmιnlu*
woman | with a basin | she proceeded to enter | and from that | and from the

kuvicιvλuni *uvaqciγa* *uva·γäluaqamiuη*
cooking pot | proceeding to pour it out | she washed her | when she had washed

äpεriγa *irucιmicun* *iλ·ιγainmaγan*
her for a while | she asked her | like her usual form | whether she had not be-

kioγa *na·ka* *tavrani* *oqalautιγmani*
come | she answered | no | thereupon | because she had made her speak |

qoyaγa *oqalain·acuγäluni* *icumaroaq* *ιmaγa*
she thanked her | thinking she could not speak | she who thought | its contents |

kuvιλ·uγo *kuvιtcqoγa* *ku·kmun* *ätiγaluηilu*
pouring it out | she told her to pour out | into the river | and her old coat |

ιmιpcaqλuγo *uvaqtoaqciλiγιtᶜkai* *tavruma* *aγnam*
fetching water | she simply washed them also | she | the woman | not

än·ɔγaqcγainnᵛιvλuγo oqalautiγa *tcιkcriviηεqmιk* *ιmutaqλuγo*
having any clothes | she told her | a piece of squirrel-skin | wrapping it | into

avλaknun *iλ·ιqiγa* *ätulauγaknιkλu* *atιpqaqλuγo*
the fork of the legs | she put it on | a small pair of shoes too | after putting on |

qɔγvιk *culi* *qaiλiγιtᶜka* *oqautivλuγo ciutanun* *kuvιtcqovλuγo*
a pot | also | she gave her next | telling her | into her ear | telling her to pour it |

acιnᵘ *tamna* *tcιkcrιkλu* *ätulakλu* *qɔγvιkλu*
well | that one | both the squirrel-skin | and the shoes | and the pot | telling

iγιtqovλuγιtᶜ *kät·akun* *icumaγinᵘaqovλuγo*
her to throw them away | into the passage | telling her to be in the state of

utιq·oλ·uγitᶜ *taima* *oqauticuεγmani*
thinking | telling them to return | then | when she had finished speaking to

änirɔq *iraitcuaq* *nälauluγo* *pιnᵘιqcɔq* *pa·ηanun*
her | she went out | being naked | going straight | she did | to its entrance |

tιkinᵘami *tupakλιqcaliuγaqλuni* *icιqniuγaqtɔq*
when she reached | hardly waking anyone at all | she proceeded to enter | when

aqpan·ιqami *ciuta* *qolanok·ami*
she was in the act of running | her ear | when she had become above | both the

tcιkcrιkλu *ätulakλu* *ιtqänaiyaqλuγιk* *kuviγa* *tapkwak*
squirrel skin | and the shoes | having got them ready | she poured it | those two |

acιnᵘ *iγιtkιk* *kät·akun* *qɔγvιkλu* *icumavλuni*
then | she threw them | out through the passage | and the pot | thinking |

utiq·oλ·uγik *kayiγaluγmun* *acinᵘ* *imulakλuni* *kuvimani*
telling them to return | into a corner | then | crouching down | when it was

aγnaq *tamna* *irucimicun* *iλ·iliγit·cɔq*
poured on her | the woman | that one | like her usual appearance | she became

ire·λaq *makγiktɔq* *tiγuvλuγo* *tamna* *aγnaγoluk*
again | *Irelaq* | sprang up sharply | taking hold of her | that | bad little

nucaγiγun *acinᵘ* *iγitka* *kät·akun*
woman | through her hair | then | he threw her out | through the passage |

ire·λam *ulak·a* *nuliani* *acinᵘ* *tiγuvλuγo*
Irelaq | went over to her | his wife | well | taking hold of her | although he was

cinᵘikvikminᵘutiniaγäluaγa *tiγumani* *tamna*
going to have her in his sleeping-place | when he caught hold of her | that |

aγnaq *piλitit·ɔq* *acinᵘ* *oqalakλuni* *curoaq* *amna*
woman | made herself free | well | asking | why | that one | do you not

nuliaricuγitᶜpiuγ *nuliarianik·an* *ire·λaq*
wish to marry | the one you were starting to marry | *Irelaq* | when she

tainaqmani *qinaliγit·cɔq* *acinᵘ* *oqalalaktɔq* *inᵘuit* *iλoqaica*
acted thus to him | he became angry | well | he said again | the people | all of

toqotniaqnivλuγitᶜ *ire·λam* *tuk·oγi* *iqciλiqλutiγ*
them | he going to kill them | *Irelaq* | his hosts | they becoming afraid | they

ar·aqciγat *utiq·ovλuγo* *uʷiγanun* *tävra* *acinᵘ* *utiqtɔq*
bade her stop | bidding her return | to her husband | well | then | she returned |

naγliγivλuγitᶜ *tuk·oγi* *itiqamiγ* *aulaγut*
having pity on them | her hosts | when they rose in the morning | they departed |

acinᵘ *tikinᵘamiγ* *tavrumuγa* *ku·kmun* *ätqautipqauγaliγitᶜkat*
well | when they reached | to that place | to the river | they let her down again

mayuticaqaγamiγuγ *tikinᵘipqaqλuγo*
with difficulty | when they went next to carry her up | before reaching it |

cicurut *pitqiqamiγ* *in·ɔγat* *pitqaγviktiγ*
they slipped | when they tried again | they fell short of it | the place they at-

tainacuγainᵘaqpivλutiγ *kic·ema*
tained before | they not being able to reach even thus far | at last | they became

qaγataleqpat *qaγataleγamiγuγ* *umialiaqcirut*
unable to raise it | when they became unable to raise it | they began to make a

qamotin·ik *acinᵘ* *cikovan·ik* *ämikλuγo* *qäλ·erikcitλuγitᶜ*
boat | with the sled | well | with a ? | covering it | piling the skins on top of

ämiqamiγuγ *pa·leqciλ·uγo* *qolaγun*
one another | when they had covered it | providing a door for it | through its

neqinikλu *culiaqcγaγinikλu* *cunikliqanikλu*
top | both some food | and some sewing material | and some miscellaneous

imaliγat *nänilιqλuγolu* *ayakcikamiγuγ*
things | they filled it | providing it too with a lamp | when they were pushing it

oqautiγat *tamna* *ku·k* *aγayuqaknun* *in·ivλuγo* *acinᵘ*
off | they told her | that | river | to her parents | reaching | well | when she

qoiculiγovikpan *icumaγinᵘaqovλuγo*
should have occasion to wish to satisfy nature | telling her simply to think | it

kamaγiniaqnivλuγo *ire·λam* *piγa* *nuliani* *piγacun·un*
being of a nature to give heed to her | *Irelaq* | told her | his wife | to three |

ɪn·inun *ɪn·ɪŋniaqnɪvλuγo* *acɪnᵛ* *monaγɪniaqnɪvλuγolu*
settlements | she going to reach | but | he going to keep watch over her also |

acɪnᵛ *tɪkɪtcumɪnaqcɪkpan* *aŋayuqaknun* *tɪtcɪnᵛiaqnɪvλuni*
well | after she should reach | to the parents | he going to send someone |

apaŋan *qaγivia* *tɪkɪtpan* *ayak·at*
his father | his time of coming | when it should arrive | they pushed it off | she

icɪqtɔq *acɪnᵛ* *culɪnᵛiɔγaqcɪvλuni* *ɔɪnγaleqami* *ciqoγaqtɔq*
entered | well | sewing a little | when she grew sleepy | she slept repeatedly |

acɪnᵛ *qoiculeqami* *icumarɔq* *tulaqovλuγo*
well | when she began to wish to satisfy nature | she thought | telling it to put

acɪnᵛ *ɪŋmicun* *tulaktɔq* *qoiγanɪqami*
in to shore | well | as if of itself | it put into shore | after she had finished | al-

ayäyniaqcaγäluaγa *aulayaŋɪtkäluni*
though she tried to make it put off | she not being able to push it off at all |

icɪqtɔq *taima* *icɪqman* *ɪŋmɪŋnɪk* *ayaktɔq* *tainacunainᵛaq*
she entered | then | when she entered | itself | it pushed off | just like that |

iγλaurɔq *ilani* *icɪqmiulaqmi* *nipimɪk* *tucarɔq* *itcuaqman*
she travelled | once | entering again | a noise | she heard | when she looked out |

cua *ukwa* *ɪnᵛuɪt* *äniγäluaqtut* *tautuŋɪtᶜkat*
behold | these | people | although they went out of their houses | they did not see

taina *tävra* *ɪnᵛuknun* *tɪkɪnᵛman* *tautulaitᶜkat* *ɪγλaulaqmi*
her | thus | then | to people | when she reached | they did not see her | travel-

ilani *ciqoliγɪt·cɔq* *itεγami* *ikäliritcayɪqcuaq*
ling | once | she slept again | when she rose | it had gone and grounded fast |

umiaŋa *itcuaqman* *cua* *una* *nunamun* *apɔqcimauγaqnɪqcuaq*
her boat | when she looked out | behold | it | against the land | having gone and

atqaqman *ilɪcaγiγa* *nunaniaqvɪnᵛi* *nacɪn·ami*
struck | when she alighted | she recognised it | her berrying-ground | when she

mαniqαmun *tautuk·a* *aŋayuqakmi* *iγλuaq*
ascended | to a hummock | she saw it | of her parents | the old hut | after un-

ucieqaqλuγo *umiäni* *qaqɪtqaqλuγolu* *airɔq* *icɪqman*
loading it | her boat | and after drawing it up | she went home | when she

aγnata *piγa* *aŋotätλu* *qaimaγaŋnɪk*
entered | her mother | asked her | her husband also | whether they both had re-

taima *kioγɪk* *kic·ima* *qairuŋa* *aqpαt·auvλuta*
turned | then | she answered them | I alone | I have come | our dancing being

airoaq *ima* *acɪnᵛ* *nälupqinaqniroaq*
ended | he went home | over yonder | well | she was left simply in a state of ignor-

tɪkicilakcγamɪnᵛɪk *okiuq* *qaγivɪnᵛi* *tɪkɪtpan*
ance | his former time of arriving | winter | its coming time | when it arrives |

qaiγukcγaqaqpan *maunaqtɪtcɪnᵛiaqnɪγäluaqtɔq*
if there is anyone willing to come | he will send him hither however | they

neqiqaqλutɪŋ *qaγγiγaŋɪnᵛɪk* *ɪnᵛurut* *qaγivia*
possessing the food | the things she had brought | they lived | his time of com-

tɪkɪnᵛman *neγiɔktut* *taina* *ɪt·ɪλuγɪtᶜ* *tätqαγma* *ɪnᵛuk*
ing | when it arrived | they watched | thus | while they being | outside | a man |

qairɔq *cua* *una* *ire·λam* *apaŋa* *oqalaktɔq* *ainᵛɪvλuγo*
came | behold | he | *Irelaq* | his father | he said | taking her back | the

aγnaq *aγonianᵛɪtᶜpäluknɪvλuγo* *acɪnᵛ* *ɪnᵛukpan*
woman | he perhaps not reaching him in time | but | if he lives | not thus after-

tainaqaqniaγɪnᵛɪvλuγo *aulaqtuk* *änikamɪk* *amaγa*
wards he going to act | they departed | when they went out | he put her on

acɪnᵛ *qɪnᵛɪqonɪtᶜλuγolu* *taina* *paγalɪkmatun*
his back | and | telling her also not to look | thus | as if running | when he

ɪtkäluaγami *ätqaqoγa* *uvλuγɪnᵛɪqcoqλuni* *icɪqmaγnɪk*
was for a time | he told her to get down | it not yet making day | when they

tätkiva *niaqoliγɪnᵛaq* *qatciraqnɪqcɔq*
entered | up there | the simply normal head | was standing out prominently |

pamätλuγo *nεqɪm* *ɪpciaγanɪk* *nεqilɪγɔγaqλuγo*
feeding him with a spoon | meat | its juice | adding a little meat to it | when he

pɪlογociɔγaqman *kɪnɪqcɪpcaqaqλuγo* *kɪcᶜεma*
was becoming a little better | after her making it thick | finally | he began to go

aγonialaciλiγɪtcpɔq *airuk* *acɪnᵛ* *nuliaqmi* *aγayuqakniɪtuk*
out hunting again a little | they returned | well | his wife's | at her parents they

ɪnᵛuγotɪγɪk *icukλiliγätaqtɪλ·uγɪk* *acɪnᵛ* *ire·λam*
stayed | their lives | while they continued right up to the end | well | *Irelaq* |

aγayuqaγi *culi* *ɪt·uk* *toqolaγataqtɪλ·uγɪk.* *culi*
his parents | also | they were | while they continued towards death | also |

toqomaγnɪk *ire·λam* *aut·aγai* *nεqautɪni* *mälγokni* *iqɪγγän·ɪk*
when they died | *Irelaq* | distributed them | his food | his two | platforms |

ɪt·uanɪk *äλ·äγɪn·ɪk* *culi* *oqautɪvλuγɪtᶜ* *näγlɪkcaqnait·-*
that there were | having different kinds | also | telling them | in a place that had

cuami *ɪnᵛuniaqnɪvλutɪk* *icuɪt·cuämi*
no cause for sorrow | they two going to spend their lives | in a place that was not

acɪnᵛ *tävra* *amaγoγoqλutɪk* *iλoqatɪk* *aulaqtuk*
evil | well | then | they two changing into wolves | both of them | they departed.

Text XI

ɪmαn·aγoq *ukwa* *ɪn·uit* *aγayuqaqcaluk* *nutaγaituk*
Thus it is said | those | people | two old people | they had no children |

ɪn·uɪt *nätciγaγamɪk* *nεqaitɔkticuitäkɪt* *taimäna*
the people | whenever they killed seals | never gave them any food | therefore |

ɪt·uaqλutɪk *cɪλalimɪγnɪn* *nänukmata*
continuing to be | on the outside of them | when they killed polar bears | some

auγatcämɪk *nεqaitɔγami* *cän·ätqaγa* *nänɔγɪvλuγo*
of the blood | because he had nothing to eat | he made it | fashioning it into a

aγayuqaqcalum *po·γɪvλuγo* *pɪktamun* *ɪλ·ɪvλuγo*
bear | the old man | putting it into a vessel | into a bowl | setting it down | the

nutɪmγoq *nänuaraluk culi* *äλ·ämɪk* *aγɪtqiγanɪk*
original one, it is said | polar bear | also | other ones | bigger ones | putting into

po·liqätaqλuγo *αγλiman* *nätcɪkniaqtɪγilɪtqaγak*
the vessel continually | when it grew big | it went out and caught two seals |

tapkwak *aγayuqaqcaluk* *nεqautiγutλa* *tamna* *nänɔq* *uγγuγnɪγλu*
those two | the old couple | had plenty of food | that | bear | some bearded

aγɪλγauγuivaktoaq *aγayuqaqcalum* *kaimätqaγa*
seals too | it used to bring home continually | the old man | sent it |

nän·unun *tamna* *nutɪm* *nänɔq* *uvλami* *kaɣauɣaλaqnɪqtoaq*
against bears | that | original | bear | in the morning | was very moody | when

aulaɣami *nän·unɪk* *qaɣɣiɣiɣami* *toqotɪkcɪn·aqλuɣɪt*
it went away | some bears | when it brought | having killed them nevertheless |

aulatλa *aulaɣami* *qaiŋɪtλa* *tapkwak* *aŋayuqaqcaluk*
it went away | when it went away | it did not return | those two | old people |

qaiŋɪnman *aqɛɣatλutɪɣλu* *qɛəyaɣaqλutɪɣλu*
when it did not return | both singing a magic song | and weeping continually |

toqotλa *taima* *nälukcɪnmiyaɣa* *uvaŋa*
they died | finished | I do not know any more | I.

Text XII

ɪmaŋ·aɣoq *una* *tuluɣaq* *aulaɣäluaɣami*
Thus they say | it | the raven | when it had travelled for a while |

cäviaɣaluŋmɪn·ɪk *nuna* *tutakλuɣo.* *pɪtätqaɣa* *pitaɣamiuŋ*
with its knife | the earth | digging it | it entered it | when it had entered |

tävyumaŋa *aulaqtuaq* *tɪŋmioɣaqλuni* *yaɣäluaɣami*
from that place | it travelled | flying constantly | when however it grew tired |

nuna *mɪkiyoaɣaluk* *paqɛtqaɣa* *tavyumuŋa* *mɪtλaqtɔq* *täjvani* *cɪnɪktuaq*
the land | a small piece | it found it | thither | it settled | there | it slept.

Text XIII

uvλumi *qaŋmalɪt* *pɪŋacut* *nätcɪknɪk* *tuniciyaqtoqλutɪk*
Today | Copper Eskimos | three | two seals | coming over to sell them |

taima *ämi* *äλ·ät* *culi* *onɪpqaɣniaqtuŋa* *aŋätqonɪk*
finished | and | others | also | I am going to tell about | some shamans | their

qoliaqtainɪk *ämiɣoq* *ɪn·uk* *ätaucɪq* *niuknilu* *täλ·il·u*
stories | and they say | a man | one | both his legs | and his arms | they

uŋavaqpaɣait *ämɪptauɣoq* *tunɣiyaɣaŋan* *nutaqat*
cut them off | and also they say | they shamanising | the children | they for-

änit·ailivaɣait *ämiɣoq* *äniyuat* *toqovaktuat*
bid them to go out | and they say | those that go out | frequently die | and

aŋiyuaqλuɣoq *toqonmiɣa* *taima* *ämi* *ulɔqcamunŋoq*
they say one who was big | he killed him too | finished | and | into Uloqsaq they

qeyuɣait *nutpaktuat* *ulɔqca·ɣoq* *tunɣiyaɣaŋan* *nutaqat*
say | spirits | crossed over | *Uloqsaq* they say | they shamanising | the children |

änit·ailivaɣai *toqo·caɣuɣäluɣɪt* *taima* *culi*
he forbade them to go out | believing that they would die | finished | also |

ɪnuɪt·au·ɣoq *äniaqtuat* *amucivaɣait* *caunɪknilu*
people also they say | people who were sick | they drew out of them | both some

qopɪlɣonɪklu *amucivaɣait* *taima* *äλ·ämɪk*
bones | and some worms | they drew out of them | finished | some others |

qoliaqcailuami *ämi* *ilait* *qoliaŋnitätka* *uvaŋa* *taima*
I being told | and | some of them | I have not told them | I | finished.

TRANSLATIONS

1. The Orphan Boy

(Translation of Text I. Told by *Angotitsiaq*, an Eskimo of Point Hope)

At Point Hope an old woman and her grandson were living all by themselves on the seashore. The other people had gone inland and along the coast, leaving these two alone. The old grandmother always managed to get plenty of food, but her grandson had no idea whence she obtained it. However, he saw a little house covered with earth on the outside. The caribou, wolverine and wolf skins that men brought in his grandmother sewed together into a bundle and stored away in a bag. When they got up in the morning she found all her skins cleaned and dressed. This gave them skins in abundance for their clothes and sleeping gear. After a time the people who had gone away returned, but the old woman and her grandson were now very wealthy, possessing all these wolverine, wolf, and caribou skins. A lot of people settled down in the place, and the orphan boy became their chief and married another rich man's daughter. When the whaling season came round he had a fine boat of his own. The men went out in their boats and secured five whales, which they took home and the old woman divided up amongst the people. The orphan and his wife had a child, a boy, whom the old grandmother used to take to sleep with her. Not until this boy grew up did the old woman die, and then she turned into an eiderduck, while the boy's parents, the orphan and his wife, lived on to a ripe old age.

2. The Owl and the Squirrel

(Translation of Text II. Told by *Pautcana*, a Barrow Eskimo man)

There was a squirrel outside its hole, and an owl went over to it. The squirrel at once darted inside. The owl called to it to come out, saying, "Squirrel, come out and play; it is warm in the sun." But the squirrel answered, "You will only block up my hole." Still the owl called out, "Come out and play," till at last the squirrel did come out. Immediately the owl planted itself in front of its hole. Thereupon the squirrel said, "I am going to dance beautifully. You sing for me." So the owl sang, "This squirrel's burrow I have blocked it, squirrel, squirrel." The squirrel made a dart towards its hole with a sharp squeak, but the owl stood directly in the entrance and stopped it. "Ha, ha," said the owl, "How do you think you will get in?" "Oh, I wasn't trying to get in," replied the squirrel, "I was merely darting for this piece of grass." Then it added, "Come, cousin, spread your legs out and sing for me while I dance. Close your eyes too. I am covered with fat all over, right to the tip of my tail." So the owl spread apart its legs and closed its eyes, singing, "This squirrel's burrow I have blocked, squirrel, squirrel. This squirrel's burrow I have . . . . " The squirrel darted for the hole, squeaking "tsi tsi tsi," but as it squeezed through between the owl's legs, the bird snapped off the tip of its tail, which it carried away home and hung up to the ceiling. The squirrel was in sore trouble, and wept, then sent its children over to the owl to ask for its tail again. The children went over, stood outside the bird's house and sang, "My mother says she wants the tip of her tail back again." But from within the owl made answer, "Let her come for it herself." The children went back and told their mother, "He says, go and get it yourself." Then the squirrel picked up a stone and said, "Here, take this and give it to him for an eye." So the children went back and sang again, "My mother says she wants the tip of her tail again. This, she says, will serve for an eye." The owl took the stone, thinking it was an eye, and restored the tail.

Cf. Nos. 19 and 43.

3. The Man and the Raven

(Translation of Text III. Told by *Pautcana*)

A man once said to a raven, "Raven, what are you doing?" "I am taking a piece of a neck to my grandfather," replied the bird. "Where is he?" asked the man. "Over on the windward side of Patitaq." "What is his name?" "The Thinker." "What's your mother's name?" "The Dog Trace." "And your grandmother's?" "Old Ice." "And what is your name?" "I am called Poor Little Thing." There is a song extant which the man sang:

> The big raven's skin is the colour of feces.
> Go over to the other side of the hill.
> Where are your fillets of mountain sheep teeth? Let me buy them with a flint knife and its case.
> My feces is over there, there between the small hills.
> Go and devour it.

Cf. Meddelelser om Grønland, Vol. XXXI, p. 312; Kroeber, p. 173.

4. The Singing Sculpin

(Translation of Text IV. Told by Alfred Hobson, a half-caste Eskimo of Barrow)

A man was walking along one day when he heard something singing, "When this ice came in along the shore I looked at his big drum (?)." It was chanted in very low tones, but he heard it repeated again and again until at last he stopped to listen. Lo, whatever it was that made the noise, was down at his feet. He dug the thing out and found a sculpin, but he had already killed it.

5. The Mad Hunter

(Translation of Text V. Told by *Otoiyuk*, a Colville river Eskimo woman)

Once there lived a man and his wife. The woman had always to be making new boots for her husband, while he was always equally busy making fresh arrows. At last the woman began to wonder why he was always needing new boots, and resolved to follow him without his knowledge. This she did one day, keeping to one side of his trail. As she drew near she saw him shooting his arrows at a cliff, and rubbing his clothes and mittens and boots against the ground. Then he would shoot another arrow and sing, "On the branch of the small willow, on the branch of the small willow, anga ingi yanga ingi yanga a." She listened for a while, then returned home ahead of him. Later on he appeared, and they were spending a quiet evening together when she began to hum the words of his song. He recognized it and began to scold her, asking where she had learned it. "Oh", she replied, "I learned it as it came up here out of the ground."

6. The Imprisoned Children

(Translation of Text VI. Told by *Qapqana*, a Colville river Eskimo woman)

Two people, a man and his wife, were once living on a river where caribou were plentiful. At last, however, they were in want of food. They said to each other, "Our children have no food," for they had three children. Whenever any caribou could be found they went out to set their snares again, while the children stayed at home; but they failed to secure any more caribou, though it was late each night when they returned. The children at home could always go outside when they wanted to, but one day when their parents went away to their snares they closed the door fast and never returned. Thus the children were left without any food. The oldest boy fed himself and his two brothers with bed skins, but at last all of these were used up, and there they were still

shut in without food. The eldest kept telling the two younger ones that their parents must be dead, whereupon they wept, but after a time began to sing. The second one sang, "What form shall I take to go out? Let me change into a red fox and go out—*maq*." So he turned into a red fox and went out. Then the youngest began to sing, "What form shall I take to go out? Let me change into a raven and go out—*kr-r-r kr-r-r*." So he became a raven and went out. The eldest thought for a while, then decided that he could best overtake the other two if he changed into a wolf, and in this mind he sang in his turn, "What form shall I take to go out? Let me change into a wolf and go out—*mu hu*." So he turned into a wolf and went out. He told his younger brothers to keep following him, but as they went along, the red fox fell behind. The two in front disappeared behind a high hill. When the fox reached the top, he saw below him a caribou that his eldest brother had just killed. The raven ate the bowels of the caribou, the red fox the back fat all by himself, and the wolf the liver. So they lived thereafter.

Cf. Rasmussen, p. 142.

7. The Castaway

(Translation of Text VII. Told by *Qapqana*, a Colville river Eskimo woman)

There were some people once living on the seashore. In spring they used to go inland along a river, but when the caribou season was over and the winter returned, they went back to the coast. Amongst them was a couple who had one child, a girl. She had once an older brother, but he died. When the girl grew up men wooed her, but she refused them all. A rich man's sons wooed her, but she refused them. Her father wanted to turn her out, but when he spoke of it to the girl's mother, she objected. However, as the father insisted on turning her out, her parents took her away, proposing to abandon her. They went back along the river up on to the tundra, taking the girl with them and only one pot. When they reached the place, the girl went off to bring water for her parents, and as she was going off, her mother gave her a small ulo. She hurried along, looking about for good water, and after finding it started back again; but far away towards the river she saw her parents hurrying off in the distance. The girl cried, then set to work with her little knife and made a hole in the bank. She went to sleep, and on waking kept enlarging the hole till at length she made a large dwelling of it. In the morning she said to herself, "I shall starve here. I had better search for jetsam along the seashore." So she went down to the shore and found some worms and small fish, which she collected and took home. Next morning she gathered more of the fish, made a large heap of them, and went to look for dead seals. As she was walking along she found a seal, which she took home and cut up with her ulo. Then she made a lamp and a drill, and taking them inside the house, lit the lamp with the drill. She found a second seal and cut that up. One skin she used to cover the doorway; the other she converted into a window. She looked about again for a third, and found a bearded seal, which she cut up also. However, she did not carry it home at once, but took it in the winter; thus she obtained a supply of food for that winter. Down by the sea she saw her father pulling a sled, and cried afresh at the sight. But she did not see him in the winter, though she frequently saw on the coast the men who had wanted to marry her. When spring came she used to gather eggs. One day when the atmosphere was free from mirage she went out to get eggs, and saw some packs of caribou meat, which she took home and ate. From the skin of the caribou she made a pair of trousers, and from the leg skins a pair of boots. After they were finished, she went out again in the morning and found more packs, which she carried home likewise in great joy. Her father, she thought, was giving them all to her. From some of the skins in this pack she made a coat, but when it was finished she had no fringes for either the bottom or the top; so in the morning she went out again, and found more

packs, which she carried home and opened up. Lo and behold! there were her fringes, both for the bottom and for the hood of the coat. She took them inside and sewed them on; but now she began to wonder, and went to see who it was who had brought the packs. At dawn she was standing at the door, looking about, when suddenly a man's breath struck her, and someone caught hold of her. The captive looked, and saw a young man wearing very fine clothes; it was he who had sent her all the things, thinking that she was afraid of him. After they were married, he wanted to take her home, so they set off together. As they drew near his home, she saw some large platform-caches. The sight of these made her unwilling to go on; but her husband caught hold of her wrist and dragged her along. The old couple at the house were amazed, and said to the girl, "We did not believe that your parents had cast you out." The young man told his mother to bring in some good clothes for her; she did so, and the girl clad herself in decent garments. The young man always wanted to take his new wife with him when he went hunting, so whenever he went after caribou she followed him. Once when they were out hunting together he asked her if she did not long to see her parents again. She said yes, she did, but she could not go without his permission. However, when they got back home they told the young man's parents, who said that the girl's parents were relatives of themselves, and that they too would like to see them. So they made ready and started to freight their things ahead. They took everything they had, food and all. Then he and his wife did the freighting ahead, and when that was done the whole party set out. So they travelled along, making a freighting trip ahead each stage of the way. At last they saw some tracks, and people came out to meet them. As they drew near, the young woman recognized her father, but her husband told her to bear no resentment towards her parents. As soon as they came up, her father wanted to have a good look at her, but he did not recognize her as his daughter. After the travellers joined their kinsfolk the old couple died. The young man and his wife worked hard and built a platform-cache. Her parents liked to gaze at her, but they never recognized in her their own daughter, for she never used her little ulo to eat with. One day she went outside wearing earrings that her father had made. Her father burst into tears when he saw them, and both he and his wife wept, though the father said that he alone had missed the girl, for he had never intended to cast her out. The young woman took no notice, but went on with her work, and all the time she worked the old people cried. At last her own son called her by the name of the old man's son, which he had bestowed on his daughter when the son died. Immediately he mentioned it they knew who she was, their own daughter. Her father asked his relative where they had found her, and the man said that his son had discovered her. Her parents then would call their daughter time after time and ask her to say her name (?). After this they all lived together.

8. The Abused Orphan

(Translation of Text VIII. Told by *Qapqana*)

There were a few people living on a river, and with them was an old woman with her grandchild, a boy. Whenever the men brought a caribou to camp this boy would go over to them for the distribution of the meat. Then, after the distribution, he would visit the different houses, receive some food, and return home. Two brothers were the principal men in the settlement, and whenever the boy entered their house the wife (the mother of the two brothers) would give him a great quantity of food. After a time the people were short of food, so but little was distributed. Still the boy would go to the brothers' house, and the woman would give him something to eat just as before. The other people had little to give, and finally gave him nothing; and even though he kept visiting them, they still gave him nothing. However, he continued to go to the brothers' house, and as soon as he was given something, would return

to his home. Once when he went in the woman gave him some meat, but just as he was taking hold of it, one of her sons scratched him with a scratcher made from the foot of a duck-hawk. The boy immediately dropped the meat, then picked it up with his unscratched hand and went out crying. All this passed without the mother noticing. The boy was still crying when he entered his home, and his grandmother asked him, "What made you cry?" The boy replied, "Her son Tokok made me cry." The grandmother told him not to go there again, but in the morning, when he went visiting the other houses, he went to the same house, and the woman again gave him some meat. Again the young man scratched him as he was taking hold of it, and when he let go the man took it away from him altogether. The orphan went out crying as before, but after he had gone out the man's mother, who had seen what had happened this time, said to her son, "Alas, the people have no pity for a poor orphan boy. You may be grown up, but perhaps you may not live very long (?)" The young man, however, paid no attention to his mother, but went and lay down. In the morning, after the old woman and her grandson had breakfasted, the boy went visiting again; receiving nothing from the other people, he entered the same house, and again received the same treatment. When he went home his grandmother said to him, "Grandson, the people don't like you or they wouldn't act in this way." Thereupon she taught him a song and told him to sing it in the passage. He was a little afraid, but she told him not to be frightened. So next morning he went out into the passage, crouched down and sang his song, then at the end of it said "Beware." The inmates asked him whether he were not making a mistake and he said no; but even while he was thus singing there was a sound like dogs fighting. The people scolded him, saying, "Boy, you are going to die;" but as they listened the boy began to sing faster than ever. The two youths went outside as soon as they heard the noise of fighting and promised the boy that he should share their food in the same way as their own kinsfolk, but he paid no heed to them. As they were going inside again he started to go outside and met them in the passage. There had been an uproar just before, but now everyone was silent. The people stayed in the same place, but they all starved to death, one after the other. The grandmother turned into an ermine, but her grandson became a wolf.

9. The Orphan's Gratitude

(Translation of Text IX. Told by *Qapqana*)

There were some people living at the mouth of a river. They used to go inland in summer and return to the coast in winter. With them lived an old woman and her grandson, but these two never left the coast. The little boy was wont to put on his grandmother's clothes and go out and play on top of the house. The young men, on the other hand, used to go out hunting, but sometimes they did not all return. Now there were two leading men in the settlement. The elder one had three sons, the younger two sons and a daughter. The two sons of the younger chief always returned home after hunting. Now the orphan boy would visit the different houses in order to get food. Whenever he entered the dance-house, the younger chief would tell him to sit at the back, and the people would then give him some food when it was distributed around. But whenever he went to the elder chief's house, one of the sons would make scornful remarks, telling him that he was wearing his boots out, and that he was a burden because he had no one to hunt for him. The boy would wait for someone to give him a little food, but in vain; in the end, he would always leave empty-handed. But at the younger chief's house he could always obtain some food, which he used to conceal under his clothes while he went on to another house. This was how he procured food for himself and his grandmother.

One day the boy heard that the son of the younger chief had failed to return. So he asked his grandmother, "Grandmother, do you know whether there are any other settlements in our neighbourhood?" "No," the old woman answered, "I don't know of any." "The people in this place are a useless lot," continued the boy; "The young men are afraid to go out and find out what is happening." "What!" said his grandmother, "Do you think you could do any better than they?" And the boy answered, "Well, as long as I don't encounter an invisible spirit, I at least shall not be killed." The old woman had told him that she did not know whether there were any other settlements; but now, thinking that it did not matter much whether he escaped alive or not, she said to him, "There are people living on an island, and amongst them is a man named *Inuqaqnailaq* ("one with whom others cannot live," *i.e.*, a cut-throat). If you travel eastward you will see the dark land-sky." The boy merely said "Oh," and went away to the younger chief's house. "Chief," he said, 'I want to go and look for the man who killed your son, but I have no clothes." The chief was weeping for the death of his son and did not hear him, so the boy spoke to him again. Then the man told his daughter to bring in some of his own clothes, and the girl went out and brought him in some new garments. But the boy said again, "I want some soft clothes as well." The chief invited him to stay and eat, but he declined. However, the daughter gave him some good fawn-skin clothing, whereupon he took his departure towards evening, carrying his old clothes along with him.

He journeyed by night, but one morning he examined the route ahead of him and travelled all that day, until towards evening he came upon men's tracks in the snow, one following the other. He looked out to sea, and saw a dark land-sky, so, remembering his grandmother's words, he travelled towards it. After a time he came in sight of land, and stopped to put on his soft warm clothes. Then, leaving his other new suit behind, he continued his journey. As he drew near the island he heard people playing foot-ball, so he put on his old clothes. They saw him, and came running towards him, hallooing to one another, "There's a man over there." One was a long way ahead of the rest, and as soon as he came up he cried, "Oh, I thought the stranger was some fine-looking man and it's this rascal." The rest said the same when they came up. Then they all turned back to the settlement, the men merely walking, though the boy was compelled to run to keep up with them. One man came up to him and said, "What is it you want? You were all right in your home. You are not frozen, are you?" But the orphan asked him, "What has become of the chief's son? That is what I came to find out." "*Inuqaqnailaq* killed him the other day," the other man replied. They were still talking on that subject when they reached the settlement. There the orphan put on his fine soft clothes, so that people said to one another, "That boy has fine clothes." He told them that the chief had given them to him just as he was leaving.

One of the men then invited him over to his house to eat, and the boy accepted. Going inside, they found a woman cutting up black-skin (*i.e.* the skin of the whale). She gave some of it to the boy, and he was still eating when two men called from outside, "*Inuqaqnailaq* wants to see the orphan." "Very well," the boy responded. These two men expressed great sympathy for him, and before he went over they told him to be on his guard. The boy stood and watched them enter the house first, then entered himself and stood on the floor beside the door. Up on the platform, lying on top of the skins, were *Inuqaqnailaq* and his son, *Savikpak*. *Inuqaqnailaq* said to the boy, "I thought it was some fine-looking stranger who had come, and it's this rascal. What idea did you have in mind that brought you?" The orphan told him that he wanted to find out what had become of the chief's son, whereupon *Inuqaqnailaq* answered, "Oh, the dogs have eaten him, and they are going to eat you too." "No," said the boy, "It's you and your son that they will eat." "Indeed," replied *Inuqaqnailaq*, "Wouldn't our visitor become a great man if they did?

But then orphan boys are taught to speak in that way. Come, let your fine talking help you now." But the orphan breathed on the son, who was driven towards *Inuqaqnailaq*, and both men moved towards the knife. The son began to scream, and the orphan held them both off by the hair of their heads until it was all pulled out. He spoke to *Inuqaqnailaq*, upbraiding him and threatening to kill his son, so that *Inuqaqnailaq* began to weep and caught hold of the son. But the orphan hewed him to pieces, then pushed the father also against the knife, and cut off his head and hacked him to pieces. All the people in the settlement rejoiced. The orphan ate a little food, then set out for his home early in the morning. Everyone was afraid to approach him, for he was immensely powerful; in this contest with *Inuqaqnailaq* he had not exerted half his full strength. Following his old trail home, he reached his kinsmen, and told the chief that he had thrown the murderer of his son to the dogs to devour, whereupon the chief gave him his daughter in marriage. Her brother became much attached to him, and the family made him very wealthy. A few days afterwards they were joined by the inhabitants of the settlement he had just visited, and all lived together. The boy's grandmother never went outside of her house.

Cf. Rasmussen and Worster, p. 71.

10. The Wolf's Bride

(Translation of Text X. Told by *Ugiarnaq*, a Cape Prince of Wales Eskimo man, to a household at Cape Halkett, January 1, 1914, and dictated afterwards by two of his audience, *Itaqluq* and Alfred Hobson, both of Barrow)

There were two people, a man and his wife, living alone with their only child on the seashore. They knew nothing of the existence of other people until their daughter reached womanhood. One morning she rose as usual while her parents were still asleep, and went outside to look round the horizon. As she gazed, she saw something black a little way inland, which she watched for a while, then went over to examine. She found a freshly killed caribou, so she returned home and told her parents. They immediately arose, and all three went over, cut it up, and carried it home. That day they had a good feast, and in the evening retired to bed, just as usual. While they were sleeping, the daughter woke with a violent throbbing of the heart. She started up and looked round, and saw what seemed to be a wolf's tail. However, it disappeared, so she went to sleep again, and was not disturbed any more that night.

The following day there was no sign of anything, and when evening came on, the family all retired to bed as usual. For the second time, the girl was awakened by the violent throbbing of her heart. She opened her eyes rather sleepily, and saw again what looked like a wolf's tail; but just as before it immediately disappeared, and she fell asleep again and did not see it any more. When she went outside and scanned the horizon again in the morning, leaving her parents still asleep, she saw something black down on the sea ice. She went over, and found a freshly killed seal, so she returned and told her parents. Her father told her to bring it in, and when this was done, he cut it up, and they ate heartily of seal meat that day; then at night they went to bed again. Once more the girl was awakened in exactly the same way, but as she looked slowly around she saw, not a wolf's tail, but a wolverine's. This time she rose and took her lamp-stick and went outside; but whatever it was it had disappeared, so she went inside again.

Next day she could find no trace of anything, but in the evening they heard the footsteps of a man outside. Then the door was opened, and there entered a young man whose clothes were fringed with wolf fur. He sat down opposite the girl and said, "I have come at my father's bidding;" but before he could proceed any further more footsteps were heard outside, the door opened a second

time, and another youth entered. This one wore clothes fringed with wolverine fur. He sat down beside the first youth and said to him, "You may have got here before me, but I am going to marry the girl, not you." "No, you are not," the other replied, and the two began to wrangle. Then the girl's father told them that if they wanted to quarrel they had better go outside; so they both got up and went out. Presently the family within the hut heard heavy stamping up and down outside. However, they took no notice, and after a time the noise died away, so they all went to bed.

In the morning the girl saw two tracks outside, one a wolf's, the other a wolverine's. They were covered with blood stains, and when she followed them along, she saw something black ahead of her. It was a wolverine, dead; there was a great gash visible in its side. She went home and told her parents, and her father warned her not to go away. They sat up that night, and about the same time as the two youths had appeared the previous evening, they heard the sound of footsteps again. Then a man entered, and he too had clothes fringed with wolf fur; but he was not a young man. As soon as he came in he said, "My son is very ill, so I came to get your daughter. He may be dead already, so it is no use wasting time here talking over the matter." The two old people were unable to travel themselves, but they agreed to let the girl go, though they said that she couldn't walk very far, and asked if he had brought a sled. He said he had not, but when he left with the girl, he took her hand and led her inland. Then as soon as they were out of sight of the house, he put her on his back and, warning her not to look about, started to run; only, as he ran, the motion became more like galloping. At last he set her down just as it was growing light, and, taking her hand, dragged her along until they reached the house. There he drew her down into the long passage, and they entered. In the rear of the hut sat the son, with his back towards them. "Am I too late after all?" said his father; but at the sound of his words the youth looked around, and, seeing both his father and his bride, he smiled. Then his mother said, "Let the bride take charge of his food and feed her future husband." The father told his wife to bring in some clothes, so she went out and after a time brought in some fine clothing. They stripped off the old clothes that the girl was wearing, and gave her the new ones to put on, after which she took over the care of her husband.

The young man was woefully thin, but after a time he began to walk again, and soon was able to resume caribou hunting. Then his parents bade them return to his wife's father and mother, for they thought they might be in want of food. So the young man made ready his sled. First he set a load of caribou meat on it, then laid deer skins in the middle, and made a kind of tent for his wife to sit in. When all was ready, he placed her inside, warning her not to look around. At first they travelled rather slowly, but soon their speed greatly increased. After a time he bade her alight, and they walked on a little farther, until, just as dawn was breaking, they saw her parents' home. As soon as they reached it, they went inside, and told the old people that they had brought them some food, whereupon the old man bade his daughter bring some in off the sled. She then went out and brought some in. When they got up in the morning, the young man wanted to go hunting, but before he left he warned them not to go outside about noon. They therefore stayed indoors at that time, and after a while he came in with the news that he had killed some deer close by. Her parents went over and found five caribou lying in a row one beyond the other, so they cut them up and stored them away. The young man was very successful in his caribou hunting, but never managed to secure any seals. How, indeed, could he be expected to seal, when he had always lived on the land? But his father-in-law gave him his own sealing weapons, and taught him to seal as he himself used to in his younger days. After that the young man would go down to the sea, spear a bearded seal and drag it home with a special harness that he made for the purpose.

In this way they finally filled two stagings with food of various kinds. The girl's parents then sent them back to the young man's father and mother, who would be waiting for them. So the youth made ready again, piled blubber on his sled, then made a kind of tent on top for his wife and told her to get in. She climbed in, and the two started out, travelling first slowly, then very swiftly. After a while he told his wife to alight. By this time it was broad day, for their sled was very heavy, so they rested where they were that day, not far from the houses. Later they continued their journey and reached home. Here they remained with his parents for a short time till some men came with an invitation to the young man, *Irelaq*, to attend a dance at another place. His parents warned him that his wife would die if he took her there, adding further that there was a big bird in that country which would kill them both. However, the runners who had brought the invitation began to make their preparations for returning, and *Irelaq* and his wife did the same. One morning they all started out, the men pulling their own sleds and *Irelaq's* as well, while his wife sat on top.

They had not travelled far before they came to a river with steep banks, and the men, who until then had been walking in front of their sleds, went behind them. *Irelaq* and his wife dropped into the rear. The men walked down the slope, but *Irelaq* and his wife, as soon as they came to the cliff, stopped. Meanwhile the men in front crossed the river without stopping and ascended the other bank, which was so steep that they had to lean back as they neared the top. No sooner were they on top, however, than they returned to help *Irelaq*. They lashed his wife inside the sled cover, and lowered her down the cliff in front of them by means of ropes, themselves descending slowly afterwards. Thus they managed to reach the river below. There they took her on to their shoulders and carried her across, then began the ascent of the opposite bank. After they had dragged the sled up a little way it began to rise into the air. For a moment it seemed to pause, then it rose straight up. The men climbed on top of it, and it was pulled up the cliff the remainder of the distance, till finally it came to rest on the top. They moved on a little farther, and at last stopped altogether, everyone uttering a deep sigh of relief.

Irelaq's wife was lashed on top of the sled again, and they travelled along to another river, which they crossed in the same way. This time, hard as they pulled on the sled, it did not move as fast as before. On reaching the top, they lashed the woman on again, and continued their journey a little farther until they came in sight of some houses where the inhabitants were already singing. The visitors on their arrival entered the dance-house and began to exchange presents. When *Irelaq* produced his presents and gave them to his host everyone cheered and said they had nothing of equal value to give in return. At the conclusion of the exchange of presents *Irelaq* and his wife retired to the house of their host.

Bed-time came, and *Irelaq's* wife went outside. A little girl came up to her and, taking hold of her, said, "My grandmother over there wants to speak to you about something or other. Come quickly." The woman hesitated, but the girl began to drag her along, so at last she followed. The girl led her along the bank of a river till they reached what appeared to be a cavern in a small knoll. As they were entering the door the woman smelt something like blood, and as soon as they were inside she saw what seemed to be blood boiling in a pot. The old grandmother, with many protestations of affection, requested her to undress so that she might wash her. Her clothes were laid all in one place; then the old woman took down a large pan that was hanging up, emptied the contents of the pot into it and washed her visitor. As soon as she had finished she washed the little girl, her grandchild, and told her to pour the bath water into the river and wash out the dish. But the child, as she passed *Irelaq's* wife with the tub in her hand, poured it all over her. Immediately the woman shriveled up to the size of the girl and the girl took the form of the woman.

The false woman then put on the other's clothes and escaped with them. *Irelaq's* wife tried to speak, but her voice had changed. The old witch bade her put on her grandchild's clothes, which she did very unwillingly and returned to her host's house. There she found the witch's grandchild hugging her husband. *Irelaq*, not recognizing his wife when she entered, ordered her out, and kicked her to make her go. So the poor wife had to stay out-of-doors; she could not go back to the witch's house, for the witch was not her relative.

When they rose in the morning *Irelaq* and his new wife danced, the latter making a great flourish and display. At the conclusion everyone went home to sleep. The real wife was trying to get a little sleep out-of-doors, but as she dozed someone took hold of her by the front hair and raised her head. It was a little girl, who said to the woman, "My grandmother over there bids you come. Your kinsfolk are going away soon." Then the child departed. The woman, not caring any longer what happened to her, followed the child to the river, along which they proceeded until they reached an old hut. They entered, this time through a real door, and inside the woman saw a pot full of hot water. The old grandmother said that to show her affection for *Irelaq's* wife she wanted to wash her, so she stripped again while the old woman brought in a pan and filled it with hot water from the pot. Then she washed her for a while, and finally asked her if she had the same shape as before. The woman said she had, and thanked the old woman for restoring her speech, for she had believed herself incapable of speaking. The old woman bade her throw the water out into the river, then took clean water and washed the old coat that *Irelaq's* wife was wearing; and because she had no clothes of her own, the old woman gave her a loin cloth of squirrel skin and a pair of slippers. She handed her too a pot and bade her empty it into the false wife's ear, after which she was to throw the squirrel skin, the slippers and the pot into the passage and wish them to return to their donor.

After receiving these instructions from the old woman *Irelaq's* wife went straight back to the house, naked save for the loin cloth. She slipped in quietly without disturbing anyone and emptied the pot over the false wife. Then she threw the squirrel skin, the slippers and the pot into the passage, wishing them to return to their donor, and went and crouched down in the corner. The false wife immediately changed to her real shape, and *Irelaq*, springing up, seized her by the hair and flung her out of the house into the passage. Then he went over to his true wife and tried to take her up on to the sleeping platform, but she broke away from him and asked him why he did not wish to keep his new wife. *Irelaq* became very angry and threatened to kill everyone in the settlement. This so alarmed his hosts that they begged his wife to return to him, which she did out of affection for them.

Next morning *Irelaq* and his party took their departure and travelled to the river. There they let the woman down the cliff without any difficulty, but when they tried to carry her up the other side they could not keep their footing. They made another attempt, but failed to reach even as far as they had gone before, and at the last could not even lift the sled. So they made a boat of it, and laid skins one above the other on top of it. Then they made a little door in the top, and filled the boat with food and sewing materials and various other things, with a lamp to give light and heat. They told the woman that the river would take her to her parents' home. Whenever she wanted to go ashore she had only to wish and the boat would obey her. *Irelaq* further told her that she would pass three villages on the way but that he would protect her. Then, after she reached her parents, he would send a messenger to her about the same time of year as his father had visited her before.

The woman entered the boat and the men pushed it off. She sewed a little, and slept whenever she felt inclined. When she wanted to go ashore she merely wished, and the boat put into the bank of its own accord. She tried to push it off again, but it would not move; she re-embarked, and it moved off of itself.

Thus she floated down the river. Once, just after she had re-embarked, she heard a noise, and looking out she saw a crowd of people outside their houses; but they did not see her. So it happened that every time she reached a settlement she passed unseen. Then, one day, she awakened to find her boat aground and looking out she saw that its bow was resting on the beach. On getting out she recognized the place; it was her old hunting-ground for berries; climbing a low hill, she could see her parents' hut. First she unloaded her boat and pulled it up on to the beach; then she went home. . .

As soon as she entered her mother asked her if her husband had not come also. But she told them that she was alone, that her husband, after the dance was over, had set out on his return journey and she did not know when he would arrive. However, if there were any messenger he could send he would send him in the winter at the same time as he himself had come before. The three lived very happily on the food that she had brought, and when the time came watched for the messenger. *Irelaq's* father appeared. He had come for his son's wife, he said, though he did not know whether her husband would be dead or not before they got back. If he lived, however, he would conduct himself better in the future. The two set out, and the father took her on his back, telling her not to look about. After galloping apparently for some time, he bade her alight, just a little before daybreak, and they entered the house. On the sleeping platform was *Irelaq*, but only his head was of normal size, so thin and shrivelled had he become. His wife took a spoon and fed him on soup that contained a few scraps of meat, and with this diet he began to recover his strength. Then she fed him on a thicker broth until at last he recovered and was able to go hunting again.

They returned to his wife's parents and lived with them until they died of old age. Then they went to live with *Irelaq's* parents until they too died, worn out with years. Finally *Irelaq* made a distribution of all his food, two stagings laden with meat of various kinds. He told the people that he and his wife were going away to live in a place where sorrow and pain could never enter,[1] and then the two turned into wolves and departed.

11. The Magic Bear

(Translation of Text XI. Told by *Palaiyaq*, a Mackenzie river Eskimo man)

There was once an old couple who had no children. They lived in a house apart from the other people, because these never gave them any meat when they caught seals. Once when they killed some polar bears, the old man, having nothing to eat, took some of the blood and put it into a wooden pot and made a polar bear of it. This, they say, was the first bear he made, but afterwards he took to making bigger ones. When this first bear grew up it went out and caught two seals (*Phoca hispida*), so that the two old people had plenty to eat. The same bear often brought them bearded seals also (*Erignathus barbatus*). But one day the old man told it to go and bring some polar bears. Next morning the bear was sullen, but at last it went off and killed a number of bears and brought them in. Then it went away and never returned, and the old couple, when it failed to reappear, sang a magic song and wept and died.

12. The Raven

(Translation of Text XII. Told by *Palaiyaq*)

A raven once set out to travel. It dug a hole in the earth with a knife, entered the ground and continued its flight. When it grew tired, it found a resting place on a small patch of land. There it stayed and slept . . . . . (The rest of the story *Palaiyaq* had forgotten).

[1] Apparently an influx of a Christian idea.

13. A Letter

(Translation of Text XIII, a portion of a letter written to me by *Palaiyaq* while working for the Canadian Arctic Expedition among the Copper Eskimos.)

Today three Copper Eskimos brought two seals over to try to sell. I shall tell you too about some other (Copper) Eskimos, some stories about shamans. There was a shaman who cut off his legs and his arms. The people say that during shamanistic performances the children are not allowed to go outside; further that those who do go out at such times generally die. Even an adult was once killed by a shaman for this reason. The people say too that *Uloqsaq* and another shaman, when holding a séance, forbade the children to go out for fear that they might die. Moreover, the people say that *Uloqsaq* drew worms and bones out of some persons who were ill. I was told other stories, but some of them I have not narrated. It is finished.[1]

TRADITIONS RECORDED IN ENGLISH

A. BIRD AND ANIMAL STORIES

14. The Separation of the Red and White foxes

(Told by Fred, an Eskimo of Nome, Alaska)

The red fox and the white fox were living together. The red fox set hooks through holes in the ice and caught a number of tomcod, which they ate frozen in the evening. The white fox said, "I'll make some hooks too and set them; perhaps I shall get some tomcod." So he spent the next day in making hooks. Early the following morning he went out on to the ice, dug some holes, and set his hooks. All the morning he kept examining his hooks, but he caught not a single fish. In the afternoon he noticed something out on the ice—something strange. "What is it?" he said; "It certainly was not there before. What can it be? Is it a block of ice? Or perhaps a seal or a walrus?" He went towards the object. "What is it? I can't make it out yet;" and he went a little nearer, and again nearer still. Then he saw that it was a great walrus lying asleep on the ice. "What shall I do? How am I to kill it? I have no weapon, not even a stick. Suppose I run back home and get something. But then it may be gone before I come back. I don't know how it lives, what it feeds on. No, I had better go back home." So the white fox returned home empty-handed. The red fox was vexed, and said to himself, "What is the use of living with this fellow; he never catches anything." So in the morning the red fox ran away to the mountains and the two have lived apart ever since.

15. The Red Fox's Adventures

(Told by Mike, an Eskimo of South Head, Siberia, who married a Mackenzie river woman and lived for many years at Herschel island)

A wolf and a fox were once together. They had no food, so they decided to fish through a crack in the ice of a lake. The fox told the wolf to let his tail down through the crack into the water. The wolf did so, and the fox covered it all round with snow, telling the wolf to stay there even if his tail should hurt a little, for soon he would catch a big fish. The fox then went away. Soon the wolf's tail froze and he was unable to pull it out, so in despair he bit it off and started out to follow the fox, intending to punish him for his treachery. But the fox, seeing the wolf coming, covered his eyes with some leaves as though he were snow-blind. When the wolf came up he said, "Why did you tell me to do that?" The fox blinked up and replied, "What do you mean? It must have been some

[1] For this man *Uloqsaq* see Vol. XII of this series, "The Life of the Copper Eskimos," p. 197, *et seq.*

other fox, not I; you see I am snow-blind." So the wolf went away. Then the fox dropped the leaves and set out to look for food. He came upon a moose and said to him, "I know where there is plenty of food. Come with me and I will show you. The wolf is there already." The fox led the moose down a steep cliff where his victim, having no claws to hold on by, slipped and fell to the bottom, and was killed. The fox lived on the carcase until it was all consumed, then set out again on his wanderings. He met a brown bear limping, and asked, "What is the matter with you?" The brown bear replied, "Some men shot two arrows into me." "Oh," said the fox, "I'll soon make you well." So he kindled a fire and told the brown bear to lie down. Then he heated on the fire a long flat stone with sharp edges, and, taking it up with two other stones, pressed it into the wound. The bear howled with the pain, but the fox told him to lie still and not to mind, for soon he would be cured. Again he heated the stone, and this time he pressed it deeper into the wound until the inside of the bear was all burnt up and the animal killed. The fox then ate the carcase.

16. The Red Fox's Adventures

(Told by Jennie Thomsen, an Eskimo woman of Cape Prince of Wales)

One summer a red fox left her young ones at home and sallied forth in search of food. She met a black bear on the tundra and greeted him with "How do you do, cousin." The bear returned the greeting and said, "I'm hungry." "So am I," said the fox. "Let's go and look for something; I'll go this way and you go that." "Oh, I only frighten the ptarmigan," the bear said; "When I try to catch them they just fly up." "Ptarmigan are easy enough to kill," returned the fox, "It's men that I am afraid of." "I am not afraid of men," the bear said, "But I can't catch ptarmigan." "Well," the fox said, "I'll get you some ptarmigan quickly enough; you just wait here." So the bear waited, and soon the fox came back with some ptarmigan. The bear was very grateful and said, "Thank you, thank you, fox;" and when he had eaten them he said: "You were very good, you brought me some ptarmigan; now I'll go and bring you a man. You wait for me here." So the fox waited and waited, and after a long time the bear returned. But he brought no man with him; instead he was staggering as he walked, and the blood was dripping on to the ground, for the man had shot him in the side with an arrow and the shaft had broken off, leaving the head in the wound. The fox said, "Alas, my cousin! This is terrible. However, I'll soon make you well." Then she made a fire, heated some stones in it and said to the bear: "Lie down here and stretch your legs out. If I hurt you, don't flinch; if you do you will kill yourself, for I shall not be able to extract the arrow." The bear lay down and the fox pressed the red-hot stones into its flank, deeper and deeper the more the bear squirmed and groaned. Presently the groans ceased—the bear was dead. Then the fox danced round and round on her hind legs, gleefully exclaiming: "What a clever person I am; now I have plenty of food." She never returned to her young but stayed all the summer in this place, living on the bear. Winter came round and she was short of food again, for the whole of the bear had been eaten up except the bones, which she gathered together into a heap. A wolf came along, and the fox went to meet him. "How are you, cousin?" she said; and they shook hands. The wolf said "I'm hungry." "Are you?" replied the fox. "I'll show you how to get something to eat. You see that river down there." There was a river near by partly frozen over. Here and there were holes in the ice and pools of water on the surface. "Go down there," the fox continued, "And catch some salmon. I'll make you hooks. All you have to do is to sit beside a hole and lower your hook into the water. You must sit quite still all day until the sun is about to set; then pull up your hooks; there will be plenty of salmon on them. Believe me, I've done it often myself." Well, the wolf sat down beside a hole in the ice and waited. Meanwhile the fox went off—she was going to

look for food ashore, she said, but in reality she hid behind a mound and watched. All day the wolf sat there, patiently waiting. Now the sun was low in the west; with a quick jerk he pulled up his hooks—there was nothing on them. He was boiling over with rage. "That fox has been fooling me," he said. "I'll follow her and eat her." He tried to stand up, but his tail was frozen to the ice. He tugged and tugged, and at last with a desperate wrench he broke loose, but he left his tail behind. He looked for the fox's trail and followed her over the tundra, mad with pain and anger, and with blood pouring from the roots of his tail. The fox fled and hid in a hole in a bank. After a time the wolf approached. "Come out," he said, "I'm going to eat you." "What's the matter," said the fox, peering out with her head on one side and with one eye closed; "I never saw you before. What do you want?" "You fooled me today down on the ice and made me lose my tail. Now I'm going to eat you." "I don't know anything about it," replied the fox, emerging from her hole; "You see that fox away over there; that must be the one. I heard some steps a little while ago outside my hole." "Thank you," said the wolf, "I'll soon catch her;" and he set off again, the fox watching him. Soon he stumbled and fell, and a few moments afterwards lay dead, for he had drained all the blood in his body. The fox sprang up and danced around, exclaiming, "How clever I am." That winter she lived on the carcase of the wolf, and when it was finished she piled the bones into a heap and went away.

Summer came round and the fox again wandered about in search of food. One day she saw an enormous black bear, bigger than any she had ever seen. She was in a bad temper and called to the fox, "Do you know anything about my son?" "No," said the fox, "I don't know anything about him." "He left home last summer," said the bear, "To go and look for caribou, and he never came back. I have found his bones on the hill-side." "I don't know anything about it," answered the fox; "I never saw him. Come and show me where the bones are." So the two went along together and came to the place where the fox had killed the bear and piled the bones together. Here the mother began to weep. The fox was very sympathetic, but said at last. "Well, weeping won't mend matters. I think I know who killed him. You wait here a little while." So the fox went away and climbed a low ridge; looking down on the other side, she saw a great brown bear. Then she ran back quickly to the black bear and said, "There's a big brown bear over there. I think he killed your son. Go and fight him. He is very big and strong, but I'll help you." So the black bear went to fight the brown bear. Both were very strong and the fight lasted a long time. The fox jumped around pretending to take part in it, but cunningly did nothing save get herself covered all over with blood. At last the black bear was victorious, and her adversary lay dead on the ground. Then she turned to the fox and said, "Thank you, my son.[1] You have been very kind. You shall have all this meat as a reward. I am very tired myself and don't want any of it; you can have it all." She turned to go away but fell dead also. The fox danced triumphantly and ate them both.

17. The Mice

(Told by Jennie Thomsen)

The great mouse *qiäγaiyuɪt* received an invitation from the small species *uγγunaq* to go and celebrate a dance together. But when *qiäyaiyuɪt* stood up to dance *uγγunaq* sang:

qiäγaiyuɪt aγa qutai iliŋniliŋnin aγa hai
"*qiäγaiyuɪt* his teeth are black."

[1] The bear called the fox "son" because it was very grateful to it for the help it had apparently given, such help as might be expected from a son—so, at least, the narrator thought.

Cf. Jochelson, pp. 37, 376; Journal of American Folk-Lore, Vol. XXVIII, p. 256.

qiäγaiyuıt was overwhelmed with shame and burst into tears, saying *haγa haγa haγa haγa*. Then crying:

tamautotıpkun taiɔɔγovalukpaγa
"After inviting me to a feast it treats me thus,"

he fled from the dance-house.

18. The Snowy Owl and the Snow Bunting

(Told by Jennie Thomsen)

The snow-bunting (*iγıganıt·cuq*) had lost her mate; he had gone out one day without his bow and coat and never returned. The little wife went to look for him crying:

ceyeyeye ceye	Seyeyeye seye
ceyeyeye ceye	Seyeyeye seye (her weeping)
tamäraγλan cɛtkui	Here is your arrow
tamäraγλan aiyupkai	Here is your bow
tamäraγλan ätiγai	Here is your coat

An owl called to her:

waγa waγa uʷihyuγa	Me, me, marry me
uqpıtᶜ qaγäni nɛkcaiyuktuγa	On the willow tops I wait to take you.

But the snow-bunting answered:

wihyiamepın	Do you want to marry?
cuγoqtumiutın	Your forehead is too big.
qıγaqtumiutın	Your back is too big.
iγıqpın qɑvık tcıkık	Your eyes are red—their edges.

The owl retorted:

qıγaq kıλra mıkλirɔq	Your nose is too small.

And screeching *pıq pıq pıq* it flew away.

Cf. No. 42.

19. The Squirrel and the Loon

(Told by Jennie Thomsen)

A squirrel (*tcıkcrık*) returning home with some grubs one evening found a red-throated loon (*qaqäcuk*) blocking the entrance to its hole. Inside were four young squirrels, but the bird could not enter because the hole was too small. It said to the squirrel, "You can't go in; I am standing at the entrance and blocking it." "Open out your tail a little," the squirrel replied, "And close your eyes." The loon spread out its tail a very little and half-closed its eyes so that it could still see what the squirrel would do. "Open your tail a little more," said the squirrel, "And shut your eyes tight." The loon did not move, but opened out its tail a very little more and closed its eyes tight. The squirrel made a quick dive for its burrow, but the loon managed to snap off the tip of its tail. The poor creature lay down amidst her children feeling very sick; it was afraid it would die if it did not recover its tail, so it sent its oldest child to the door to beg the loon to return it. The little one found the loon still standing there and said, *a·kamaγoq pɑvyɔγlua nɑv·ä tiuγwia* "Mother says, give her back the tip of her tail." The loon sniffed scornfully and replied: "Tell your mother to come and get it herself." So the little one went back and told its mother. It sent the second child out, and the third, with the same result. Then it told its youngest to wrap some stones inside a little blubber and smear some blood on the outside and take that out to the loon. The young squirrel went out and said to the bird: "Mother says, give her back the tip of her tail; here

is a piece of meat in exchange." The loon without hesitation handed over the tail and greedily swallowed the lure. It tried to fly away, but could not. Then it wept, saying, *tämɔktotɑtka*, "I broke my jaw in swallowing it;" and it lay down and died. The little squirrels danced on its body.

Cf. No. 43.

20. The Raven and the Loon

(Told by *Unalina*, a Mackenzie river Eskimo woman)

Long ago the raven and the yellow-billed loon met and conversed together. They agreed to make each other look beautiful, and the raven began on the loon. He marked him all over with black dots, drew the lines on his body and painted the bill yellow. When he had finished the loon began on the raven, and as a preliminary painted him black all over. But before he could proceed any further a man came along and frightened them both away, so the raven was never finished and has remained black to this day.

Cf. No. 45.

B. MAN AND THE ANIMAL WORLD

21. The Caribou's Spell

(Told by Fred, an Eskimo of Nome, Alaska)

There once lived a man, his wife, and their only son. The man and the boy spent their days in hunting caribou; in their neighbourhood all the caribou were very large. One day the boy saw an exceptionally large one, and eagerly set out after it. The caribou fled, but presently turned round and allowed the boy to approach. Just as he was about to shoot his arrow, however, it pushed back the hood from its face and said, "Don't shoot me; go and look for other caribou; you will soon find plenty of big ones." But the boy said, "No, it's you I want. You are a fine big one." "No," said the caribou, "Don't shoot me; if you do you will never return home." "I don't care," replied the boy, "I am going to shoot you;" and he shot and killed it. After he had skinned it and gathered up the meat he started off home. Suddenly it became so dark that he was quite unable to see his way. "How is this," he said, "It is all dark. Shall I ever find the road home? Perhaps I can feel my way along." So he groped along, sometimes knocking against sharp rocks, sometimes plunging into water. Soon he grew very tired and hungry and thirsty. He lapped up water with his hand and tried to drink it—it tasted like blood. He staggered on, growing more and more weary at every step. "Alas!" he said, "It is no use. I shall never reach home now. I shall never see father and mother again. I had better kill myself." So he took a sharp rock and tried to cut his throat, his face, his body and his limbs, but he only succeeded in gashing himself without inflicting any fatal injury. He took another rock, and another, but it was all in vain. He struggled on in the darkness, growing thinner and thinner till at last his limbs wasted away and he died.

22. The Black Bear's Spell

(Told by Fred, an Eskimo of Nome, Alaska)

Long ago, near Cape Prince of Wales, there lived a woman and her young son, all alone. Often they were starving, for there was no man to hunt for them. Sometimes the woman would say to her son: "Are you hungry?" and when he replied "Yes," she would give him a small piece of seal meat. In time the boy grew bigger and stronger. One day he said, "To-morrow I shall go and look

for game; perhaps I shall find something." But his mother said, "Don't go. You are only a little boy yet. You may meet a white bear or a black bear and never come home any more." "No," said the boy, "I shall be all right; I shall come back safely. I may find something, perhaps a caribou." That night he hardly slept for thinking of his journey on the morrow. Long before dawn he started out and wandered about all day, but saw nothing. At last he came to a great wall of rock where something lurked in the shadow. "What is it?" he said. "Is it a black bear, or perhaps a white one? I'll crawl up close and see." He felt somewhat afraid, but nevertheless he crept a little nearer. At last it was in plain view—a black bear. Every now and then it raised its head and looked around, and then the boy dropped his head and hugged the ground. He was terribly frightened, so frightened that he could not stir from the spot. "Alas," he said to himself, "It is all over now. I shall never go back home to mother again." Presently the bear saw him, and slowly rising to its feet shambled towards him. "It's all over now," the boy said to himself; "It's going to eat me." As the bear drew near he looked up at it and slowly stood up, waiting. But the bear said, "Speak, boy, what is it you come for?" and the boy answered, "I came out to look for game. Mother told me not to come. 'You may meet a white bear,' she said, 'or a black one, and it will eat you and you will never come home again.' " But the bear said, "Don't be frightened; I am not going to eat you. I am going to tell you something. When you kill any game, caribou or seal or whatever it may be, and are cutting it up, throw some small pieces on one side for me—I may be hungry. I am your father. If you don't you will never return home." The boy said, "All right." He was terribly frightened and ran all the way home. He panted hard as he entered the house, and his mother, noticing it, asked "What is the matter? What have you seen?" "Nothing," said the boy, "I walked about all day and saw nothing." "Oh, but you are panting," she said, "I think you must have seen something." "No," he replied. "I saw nothing. I was afraid it would get dark and I should not be able to find my way home, so I ran. I did not see anything at all." However, he was very tired and soon went to bed and fell asleep. His mother was troubled and unable to sleep, but lay and watched him all night with her eyes half-open. The next day the boy went out hunting again. As he was leaving his mother said, "Don't go hunting; you are only a little boy yet and may never come back again. Wait until you are bigger." But the boy said, "Oh I shall come back all right." So he went away and came upon a large caribou, which he shot and skinned. A few small pieces of meat he threw aside; the rest he packed in his shirt and returned home. His mother was delighted; "Well done," she said, "Well done." They had a good meal that evening, and went to bed satisfied. Another day the boy saw a bearded seal near the shore. He speared it, threw aside some of the meat and dragged the rest home. "Well done, my son," his mother said, "Well done. We shan't be hungry now." So they lived happily, and the boy became a young man. One day he did not go out as usual. His mother said to him, "What is the matter? Are you sick, that you do not go out?" "No," he said, "It's merely that I don't want to go today." "Are you sure it's not because you are feeling unwell and weak, and are afraid you will never reach home again?" "No," he said, "I don't want to go. Do you want me to go away and get lost and never come back?" "No, that is not the reason," she said, "I thought that perhaps you were sick." So the boy stayed at home that day, and ate and slept, ate and slept, until it was time to go to bed. The next day he went out and shot a caribou, but he forgot to throw away any small pieces of meat when he cut it up. Hardly had he started back home when it suddenly became dark and he could not see his way. "How is this?" he said. "It was easy enough to get back home before in the one day. Now it seems as though I shall have to sleep out here and shall not reach home until tomorrow." But neither did he reach home the next day, nor the next, but went on walking and walking until he died.

23. The Duck Wife

(Told by Fred, an Eskimo of Nome, Alaska)

Long ago, near *Tapqaq* (Cape Prince of Wales), there lived a man, his wife, and one son, a youth. The woman constantly urged her son to go and find a wife for himself, but the youth refused, saying that he did not want a wife. "Nay," said his mother, "I am growing old, and shall soon be unable to dress the game that you kill. You had better find a young wife who can help me." However, the youth refused; later, he said, he might look for a wife, but for the present he was quite content without one. Then one day he went off in his kayak to look for ducks and other game. All day he paddled up the river, but he saw nothing. When night came he made a rough shelter for himself among the willows that fringed the bank and lay down. But he felt a little nervous and did not sleep very well, so before daylight he rose, ate a little seal meat that he had with him, and set out again up the river. All that morning he paddled along without seeing any signs of game. Dense willows lined the river bank on one side, but on the other there were short stretches of beach. In the afternoon the youth turned his kayak towards the more open bank and went ashore to examine the country ahead, for it was all strange to him. He took the kayak out of the water, turned it on its side, and propped it against a stake, intending to return after a while. He pondered a moment as to which way to go, then started off inland. Evening was drawing near when suddenly he noticed a number of girls playing hide and seek (*imutaq*); strangely enough, they wore no clothes. He crept near to watch them. "I never saw girls like this before," he said to himself, and crept closer and closer until he had a good view of them. There was one he particularly admired; she was more beautiful than the rest; but how was he to seize her and carry her off? "Here is a fine place for you to hide," he thought. "Come over this way." Even as he thought thus, she began to run towards him. He concealed himself cautiously behind a bush, and when the girl approached, sprang out and seized her. "Let me go," she said. "Let me go." "No," he answered, "You are my wife now." "Let me go. I'm cold." "No, no, I'll give you a skin shirt and you won't be cold any more." "I don't want it," she said; "I never saw one like that before. I don't want it." However, he took her away to the place where his kayak was lying. "I'm hungry," the youth said, and she answered, "So am I." "Well," he continued, "I'll give you some seal meat." "I don't know that kind of food," she said; "I don't want any." "Why, it's good food; it's what I eat all the time at home." Nevertheless she hardly touched it. By this time it was dark, so they slept there that night. The next morning he put his wife inside the kayak and started off home. All that day they travelled, and at sunset they slept on the bank again; the following day they reached his home.

Meanwhile his mother had been anxiously watching for his return, but when several days passed and still he did not appear, she lost hope and began to weep. "Alas! I shall never see him again," she mourned. Still she kept going outside to look, and at last saw him paddling down the river in his kayak. Presently she caught sight of the girl in the bottom of the canoe. "Why, he's bringing a wife back with him; well done, my son, well done." At last the kayak put in to the beach and the old woman went down to greet them. "You have found a wife at last," she said. "Yes," he replied, "I found one." "Well, I expect she's hungry," his mother said; "There is some seal meat and caribou meat in the house. Let her come in and eat." So the young man turned to his wife and said, "Go inside and have something to eat." "No," she said; "I don't want that kind of food," and she ate but little of it. But when all was quiet and the rest had gone to bed she gathered a lot of grass and ate that, and so appeased her hunger.

The days passed quietly; the young man went out hunting, while his wife stayed at home and made his mittens and boots and whatever other clothes he needed. In time she bore him a son and later a daughter, but still she continued to eat grass as before. One day the old woman said to her: "What kind of girl are you that you are always eating grass? Are you a duck?" Then the girl was very angry; she went inside, weeping, dressed her two children, and went out again with them. Her husband was away hunting on the ice. When he came home in the evening he looked round for his wife, but could not see her anywhere. "Father, mother," he said, "Where is my wife?" "I don't know," the old woman answered. "This afternoon she came inside, dressed the two children, and went out again. Perhaps she has run away." The youth was vexed with his mother and said, "What did you say to make her run away? I shan't stay with you any longer." The old woman began to weep bitterly, but all in vain; in the morning the young man went to look for his wife. He found her tracks and followed them day after day. One evening he came to a rude shelter. "Ah," he thought, "This is where my wife slept last night. I'll sleep here too, and in the morning I'll overtake her." So he rose early the next morning and hurried forward, hoping to come up with her very soon; but when night came there was still no sign of her. Another evening, just when darkness was drawing on, he discovered the ashes of his wife's fire, and they were still warm. He lay down beside them, but could sleep very little for thinking of how he should overtake her on the morrow. Again he rose early and pressed forward, but suddenly, looking at her tracks, he exclaimed, "Why, one of her feet is webbed like a duck's! Perhaps I shall never find her now;" nor indeed did he come up with her that day. Still he continued to follow her tracks day after day. Once he found the remains of a fire she had kindled, and this time the ashes were very hot, but still there was no sign of the girl herself. The next evening though he saw a house in the distance, and hurried towards it, thinking to find his wife there. As he drew near a man called out from within *tiaγaγaγa* (lit. "Some one has reached me," *i.e.* "Hallo"). "U, u," the youth replied; "Where is my wife?" "How should I know?" the man answered; "I know nothing of your wife." "O yes, you do," the young man answered. "Tell me where she is and I'll make you a present." "What will you give me?" he said. "I'll give you an axe." "All right," the man answered; "I'll tell you. Your wife was here last night, but she went away again this morning; she's a long way off now." "Never mind," the youth said; "I'll find her." "Well, stay here tonight and in the morning I'll show you which way she went." So the youth slept with him that night. In the morning the man said, "This is the way she went; but she is a long way off now and you are tired; you had better give up the pursuit." "No, I'm never tired," the young man said: "I'll soon catch up with her," and he gave the man his axe and went on. Day after day he travelled along until he came to another house. A man inside called out *tiaγaγaγa*, and the youth answered "U, u, where is my wife?" "I don't know anything about your wife; what are you talking about?" "Yes, you know all right. I'll make you a present if you tell me." "What will you give me?" "I'll give you a pair of sealskin trousers." "Well, your wife was here last night but she went away again this morning. She had two children with her, a boy and a girl." "Yes, that was she; tomorrow I'll overtake her." All the next day he hurried along and in the evening he came to a third house. This time he offered a skin coat. "Yes, his wife was there yesterday, but had gone on that morning." He slept at the house that night. Early the following morning the man said, "This is the way that your wife went. Very soon you will come to a big lake. But you are worn out; perhaps you will die on the trail. Better give up the chase." "No, no, I'm not tired. I'll overtake her soon;" and away he went. Presently he came to a great lake. "Alas!" he said, "How am I to cross. I have no skin boots, no kayak, no axe. I shall never catch her now. I may as well lie down and die." So he lay on the edge of the lake

and fell asleep. He was awakened by something tugging at his leg, and looking down he saw a red fox. He sat up. The fox pulled back its hood, changed into a man, and said, "Where have you come from?" "Oh, I have come from a long way off in pursuit of my wife. Now I have reached this lake and cannot get across; I shall never find her now." But the fox said, "You see that big mountain on the other side; you must climb that. There will be dead Eskimos lying all about the path, but you must take no notice of them; you must keep on and on and on, however tired you are. If you stop only once you will surely die, and never see your wife again. Never mind the dead bodies, keep on going until you reach the top. Then when you get there you will see down below a large village containing many people. One house will be bigger than the rest; that is where your wife lives. Around it there will be plenty of reindeer, and inside abundance of everything that you can wish. Your boy you will find as tall as yourself, and your little girl has grown too. Now sit on my back and close your eyes; don't look, but just hold on tight." So the young man climbed on to the fox's back, closed his eyes, and the fox started off. Presently it stopped—the lake was far behind them and they were at the foot of the mountain. Here the young man alighted, and the fox said *älienamiuk* ("We are both glad," *i.e.* "Goodbye"). "Goodbye," said the youth. "Some day I'll requite you with a piece of caribou meat or something." "Very well," said the fox, "Only remember, don't stop until you get to the top, however tired you may be."

So the young man set out to climb the mountain. All day he walked, never turning to right or left, never heeding the dead bodies with which his path was strewn. No darkness came to obscure the way now, but his legs began to ache long before the top was in sight. Still he struggled on. Once he stumbled and almost fell, so terrible was the aching in his limbs, but looking up he saw the summit just a little way beyond, and with one last effort he managed to gain it. Slowly he recovered and looked around him. There below was the village, as the fox had told him; and there was the big house with the reindeer near by. Hurriedly he descended and approached the houses. But now two men came from the big house directly towards him. "What does this mean?" he said to himself; "What do they want?" He searched about, found a stout willow stick and hid behind a bush. The men came close up and were passing by when he sprang out and smote them one after the other on the back of the neck and slew them. Quickly he dug a hole in the ground and buried them, then hurried on to the big house. In the passage he stopped to brush the snow off his clothes and boots. Suddenly the door opened and a boy came out, said *tiaγaγaγa* and quickly went inside again, calling out "Mother, father is here." But the young woman within laughed at him. The boy went outside again and the young man said to him, "Boy, give me some water, I'm thirsty; tell your mother to bring it out." So the boy went inside and told his mother that his father wanted her to take him out some water. Still she did not believe, but said, "What are you talking about, my son? Your father is a long way from here. Your father's mother was a bad woman, so we left them;" and she refused to go out. Then her husband went inside himself and found another man sitting on the sleeping platform. "What are you doing here?" the young man said; "She is my wife, not your's." The other man was afraid and said never a word, but presently took his mittens and coat and departed. Then the young man turned to his wife and said, "How the boy has grown, and the girl too." But his wife answered, "You are not my husband. He is far far away and can never come here." "O, but I have come. I am he. You know the river beside the house. I followed you up the river and walked day after day, never stopping until I reached here." "No Eskimos ever come here," she rejoined. "This is my country, the ducks' country. I think you must be some other man, not my husband." "Do you remember the big mountain on this side of the lake? I climbed right up that mountain, never stopping once. My legs ached, my body ached, often I nearly stopped, often nearly dropped down, but I was afraid I

should die if I did, and should never reach the top, so I kept on and on, and at last I reached it." Now at last his wife believed him. Her old mother said to her: "Perhaps your husband is hungry and would like something to eat." So his wife went outside and brought in some food—berries and a few small fish, for, being ducks, they had no seal or caribou meat. Her husband was not used to this kind of food and ate but little, but when his wife's mother asked him if he had finished he said, "Yes, I have eaten plenty." Then they settled down to talk and his wife's father said to him: "You know, in your country there is an abundance of everything; plenty of caribou, plenty of seals, plenty of white fish, plenty of white ducks, plenty of willows, plenty of wind; sometimes it is very hot, sometimes very cold; everything is in abundance." The young man said, "Yes, that is so." And the old man continued, "Well, how long do you expect to stay here?" "I don't know," answered the young man. The old man went on talking and said, "Sometimes strange people come here to attack us, so we have to keep watch."

The young man settled down with his wife and her people. One day a villager went outside, and, looking around as usual, saw a dark cloud like smoke coming down from the mountain. He watched it come nearer and nearer until at last he could distinguish what it was—a host of duck Eskimos. The villagers turned out to oppose them, and a great battle ensued. The young man —the only real man amongst them all—looked round for a weapon with which to help his wife's people. He found a stick and laid about him mightily, slaying the enemy by hundreds. All day he pursued them ruthlessly, and ceased at night only because he was tired out. Some of the slain he took home with him, and said to his old mother-in-law: "Cook some of these ducks for me. I've been hungry for ever so long." But the old woman said: "No, no, we don't eat that kind of meat; I don't want to cook them." "Well, but I like them," he rejoined. "Well then, I'll cook them outside away from the house," said the old woman. So she cooked them outside, and the young man went outside and ate them. "They were fine," he said when he came in again, "I had an excellent meal from them and am not hungry any more."

He stayed in that place for some time longer, and his wife bore him another son. Then he said, "I shall return to my home again. My wife and her baby, they shall come with me, but the boy and the girl shall stay here." His parents-in-law asked: "When will you be coming back again?" "I don't know," he said; "Perhaps we shall never come back at all. It is a very long way." So he departed with his wife and baby.

Cf. No. 64.

24. The Loon's Brides

(Told by Fred, an Eskimo of Nome, Alaska)

Long ago there lived at *Tapqaq* a man, his wife, and their one daughter, a girl of marriageable years. Her parents often urged her to take a husband, and there were indeed many youths who sought her hand; but always she declined, saying that she did not want a husband, but was well content to live as she was. One day there came to the village two young men dressed in fine fur clothes. The girl was outside at the time playing ball with the other women. The young men approached her and said "Hallo" (*tiaγaγaγa*). The girl answered, "Hallo. Will you go inside?" They entered the house and greeted her parents. The mother brought out some seal meat and whitefish and began to prepare a meal for them, while her husband questioned them as to whence they came. But they merely answered "O, our country is a long way from here; we do not know how you would name it." They ate a hearty meal, although one of them could not take his eyes off the girl, so greatly did he admire her. A little later he said to his companion, "I'm going to have her for my wife." But the other said, "No, I am," and a dispute arose between them. At last

the father said, "Well, my daughter can't marry both of you;" so they stopped arguing for a time. When it was bed-time the girl slept over on one side of the house and the two youths on the other, with the father and mother between them. Hardly had they lain down when the youths renewed their dispute. "I'm going to make her my wife very soon," said one. "No, you're not. I am," retorted the other. The father told them to be quiet and go to sleep, but every now and then the dispute would break out afresh. In the morning, after breakfast, the boys and girls played football on the beach, and the two youths joined them. During the game one of the youths took a fancy to another girl who was playing, and said to her, "Come here." "What do you want?" she replied. "I want to talk to you. Come over here." "Well, what is it you want?" "Tell me, where is your father's house?" "There it is up on the hill." "Well, I'm going up there by and by." "All right," replied the girl. So for the remainder of the time that they stayed in the village, one youth lived in one house and one in the other. One night one of the girls woke up and fancied that she saw something like a black-throated loon (*qaqayuaγuk*), but, as it disappeared almost immediately, she thought she must have been mistaken and went to sleep again. After a few days the youths decided to return home, so after breakfast one morning they set out, taking their brides with them. They walked all the morning without stopping, but in the afternoon the girls became very tired. Their husbands said, "Sit on our backs and close your eyes; mind you don't look, but hold on tight." So the girls mounted on their husbands' backs, closed their eyes, and gripped tight. Immediately they heard a noise like the steady flapping of wings and felt themselves rising into the air. Soon they were told to alight, and, opening their eyes, they found themselves outside a small house; but when they went inside they were surprised to find nothing there. "Our husbands are no good," they said to each other. "Here we are with nothing to eat, no skins to lie on, nothing at all." All that night they were cold and hungry, and unable to sleep. In the morning the young men went out to hunt seals, as they said, and their wives had to stay at home with nothing to do except weep. They went outside to see if there was any place to which they could flee, but on three sides they were surrounded by the sea and on the fourth a steep mountain rendered escape impossible; so they went inside again and wept. At dark their husbands returned. "Here is some seal meat," said one, throwing down some dung. "Cook that and eat." The other threw down some rotten pieces of skin and told his wife that was for her to eat. The poor girls burst into tears, and said, "We can't eat that. We are not used to that kind of food;" and again they had to go to bed hungry. The next day the youths went away again, leaving their wives at home. The girls heard a noise in the afternoon. Presently an old woman entered the house; her teeth, they noticed, were like a fox's. "It's a wicked shame," she said, "For your husbands to treat you like this; they are not men, they are loons." The poor girls began to cry bitterly. "How shall we escape? How can we get back to Tapqaq? There is no way out of here; we shall just die." The old woman left them still weeping, and a few minutes later they saw a red fox running up the side of the mountain. At dark their husbands returned, bringing the same kind of food as before, which the girls again refused to eat. Escape was impossible; they died of starvation, and their husbands ate their bodies.

25. The Black Bear's Foster-child

(Told by Jennie Thomsen, an Eskimo of Cape Prince of Wales)

In the neighbourhood of Teller there once lived a man and his four daughters, the eldest of whom was married and shortly expecting a child. It was summer, and the man told his daughters to go out and gather berries. They had gone some distance when heavy rain began to fall. The married woman said to her sisters, "Here is a bear's cave; let us take shelter inside. If a bear comes we

can make a hole in the roof and escape. It may be the cave is not inhabited at all. On the other hand if we keep on we shall certainly get very wet and then our heavy clothes will soon tire us out. We had better stay here." So they all went into the cave. Presently a black bear made its appearance. The women quickly cut a hole through the roof and climbed out—all except the eldest, who stuck half-way by reason of the child in her womb. Before her sisters could release her the bear had dragged her down and killed her. It ripped open her womb, took out the child, a fine boy, and laid it on a platform at the back of the cave. Then it lifted up the body of the mother, and laid it also at the back of the cave close to the baby. Meanwhile the other women had been watching through the hole in the roof, but when they saw this they ran home to tell their father.

Time went on and the baby grew into a fine boy. The bear fed him on meat, squirrel, fox, caribou, and other kinds. Meanwhile the dead woman lay on the platform at the back of the cave; slowly the flesh rotted away and the bones fell to the floor. Summer came round and the boy wanted to go outside, for hitherto he had never left the cave. In winter Bruin covered him with the skins of foxes when he lay down to sleep; otherwise he ran about naked, for she did not know how to make clothes for him. So now when he said to her, "I want to go outside," she answered, "Not today, my son. It is raining hard today; to-morrow you shall go out if you want to." The next day was bright and sunny, and the boy began to run about outside; but the light hurt his eyes and the sun scorched his body so that he soon ran inside again. Bruin asked him how he liked it. "It was fine," he said; "Only the light hurt my eyes and the sun was like a big fire and scorched me." Soon he ran outside again, and this time he was able to stay out a little longer; so it continued until at last he was able to stay out all day. By and by he noticed Bruin bringing in dead caribou, wolves, and other game. "How do you kill them?" he asked. "Why," said Bruin, "I just run after them on all fours like this and seize them in my hands and break them; that's all I do." One day when the boy was outside he saw a mouse, which he caught and killed exactly as Bruin had shown him. He took the body home and gave it to his foster-mother, who was delighted at his success. Another day he caught a squirrel, later a fox, then a wolf, and last of all a caribou. He was now a sturdy lad and a very skilful hunter. From time to time Bruin would bring home some black whale-skin which they both enjoyed very much. One day the boy said to her: "Do you like seal?" "Yes," she said, "I do." "Well, I'll try and catch one." "No, don't go down to the beach. You might fall into the water. You keep to the land. If I want black-skin or seal I'll get it myself; keep to the land." However, the boy determined to go in spite of her, so the next day he started off inland as usual, but as soon as he was out of sight he circled round and went down to the beach. There he saw a huge stranded whale, from which he cut a large piece of black skin and returned home. Bruin took the black-skin, but scolded him for disobeying her. "Don't go down to the beach again," she said, and he replied, "Very well." So he hunted on the land for a time until game became very scarce and difficult to catch. He was out looking for caribou one day and wandered about for a long time without seeing anything. Then he began to ponder over his foster-mother's warning; "Why doesn't she want me to go down to the beach? I'll go and have a look whether she wants me to or not;" so down he went. This time he saw something moving near the whale. He crept near and saw a crowd of people like himself. This puzzled him, and he pondered over it all the way home. "I wonder what it all means. My mother is different from me; she has a long nose, big teeth, and great nails on her hands and feet, and her body is covered with hair; besides she walks on all fours, not upright as I do. And what is the meaning of those bones at the back of the house? They are like my bones, her's are different. Perhaps she is not my mother after all; perhaps those bones belonged to my mother and Bruin killed her." It was very late when he reached

home, and his foster-mother said to him: "Where have you been? What makes you so late?" But he merely answered, "I walked round all day and saw nothing at all. I think we have too many skins in the house. The animals smell them and won't come near. I think we had better take them outside and burn them." "Very well," said Bruin; so they took the skins out and made a great fire. Then the boy said to Bruin, "Mother, come and lie down here while I search your head." So Bruin lay down and the boy picked the lice out of her head. Soon she fell asleep and began to snore. The boy cautiously slipped her head off his lap and let it drop on to the ground. Bruin woke with a start, but the boy ran away laughing. After the skins were burnt the caribou came round again and he was able to secure plenty of game. He would catch every animal that was to be found in the neighbourhood; only the ducks and the ptarmigan he did not know how to catch. But one day he noticed some ptarmigan resting among the willows on the bank of a river. He crept up very quietly and when he was underneath sprang up and caught one by the tail. After that he caught many of them.

Winter came, and they remained in the cave without venturing to stir abroad. In due season winter changed to spring, and spring gave place to summer; the boy, now grown into a hardy young man, resumed his hunting. He made up his mind to visit the beach again, but told his foster-mother that he was going after caribou. As he approached the whale, he saw a great number of people gathered round it exactly like those he had seen before, and he thought to himself: "Perhaps these are my people after all and Bruin is not my mother. She doesn't want me to know my own people, and that is why she forbids me to come down here to the beach. I believe that was my real mother whose bones are lying in the back of the cave. Well, I'll go down and talk to these people." So he descended to the beach and approached the group round the whale. They drew their knives when they saw the stranger, and were about to fall upon him and kill him when an old man suddenly cried "Stop," and checked their onslaught. "Long ago," he told them, "My eldest daughter went out one summer to gather berries and a black bear killed her. She was due to have a baby at the time and this youth greatly resembles her. Perhaps he is her son." So they asked the youth where he came from. He said, "My home is inland in a cave in the mountains. My mother Bruin lives there, but she is not at all like me; she has a long nose and big teeth and hair all over her body; on her hands and feet are great long nails. Perhaps she is not my mother, for in the back of the cave are some bones just like my bones." Then they were sure that he was their kinsman, and the old man told him who he was and how the bear had killed his mother. "Take this bow," he said, "And kill her when you get back." The youth had never seen a bow before, and held it very gingerly in his hands. They showed him how to string it. He laid the arrow on the string, but was afraid and dropped it immediately. He tried again, bent the bow a little, and dropped it again. "I'll kill her with my hands," he said, "In the same way as I kill caribou." "Better take the bow and arrow," his grandfather said; "She is big and strong and may be too much for you." So the youth tried once more and succeeded a little better. Before long he knew how to use it quite well. Then he went back to the cave, taking the bow and arrow with him and a small piece of black-skin as well. Bruin said, "Where have you been? Why are you so late in coming home?" "Oh, I wandered round and round and saw nothing, so I went down to the beach and have brought a piece of black-skin." "Never do that again, my son. I warned you about it before. You might fall into the water." However, they ate the black-skin. The next day the boy said, "I think we had better burn the skins again; there seems to be no game around, and it must be because they smell the skins." "I'll go out and have a look myself," said Bruin; "Perhaps I shall find something." "No, you stay at home, you are too old now to go hunting. Long ago, when I was very small you went out and got food for me; now I want to do the same for

you—I want to show my gratitude." Bruin believed him and said, "Oh, very well, we'll burn the skins." So they carried them outside and made a great pile of them, and set them on fire. They burnt fiercely and the flames mounted into the sky. Then the youth said, "Come here and lie down while I search your head." So Bruin lay down with her head in his lap and he began to scratch it very gently. Soon she fell asleep and began to snore, whereupon the youth quietly slipped away and went to take up his bow and arrow, which he had hidden near the door. But before he could string it, Bruin woke up and saw him. Immediately she rushed at him, saying, "So you thought you could fool me as you did before? You have been visiting your people down on the beach. I killed your mother, and now I'm going to kill you too, and afterwards I'll eat you." The youth ran round the fire with Bruin close on his heels. She was almost on top of him when he jumped right through the fire out to the other side. Bruin jumped too, but she fell into the midst of the flames and was burnt to death.

After this the youth went to live with his grandfather, but he was unaccustomed to the smell and heat of an Eskimo house, and could never endure to stay indoors for any length of time; so soon afterwards he built a house of his own. One of his aunts made him a fine set of deerskin clothes, but he found them very uncomfortable, for he could not move his limbs freely in them. So she made him another set of thin clothes with very little hair on them. These were very stiff too, but he grew accustomed to them in time. He lived a long time after this and became a very famous hunter, but he never married.

26. The Caribou Woman

(Told by Jennie Thomsen)

There once lived at *Tapqaq* a man and his wife who got on very badly together. He used to beat her continually and maltreat her in every way. At last she decided to run away to the mountains. One day her husband went hunting out on the ice. She waited until he was out of sight, then went inside, put on her best clothes and started out, carrying a little food on her back. She walked on and on, day after day, sleeping at night upon the ground. Winter was drawing near, and she found little to eat, only a few roots and berries. Gradually her strength failed her, and at last one day she sank down in the midst of a clump of grass, saying to herself, "I can't go any farther; I may as well lie down here." But what was her surprise when the earth gave way beneath her; unconsciously she had lain on a door that opened on to the underground passage of a house. She hesitated a moment before entering, but thought, "Well, my husband would only have killed me if I had stayed at home; whoever it is that lives here can't do any worse." Inside she found abundance of everything, skins to sleep on, meat to eat, everything that could be desired. She was very faint and hungry, but was careful not to touch any of the food. After a time she heard someone outside, and a voice called down, "Who has broken in my door? Who is it inside there? If it is a man I shall kill him, but if it is a woman I shall let her live." Then the man came in and found the woman sitting in a corner. "What are you sitting over there for?" he said. "Why don't you take and eat something? You are thin and starved. Eat something." So the woman took courage and ate. Then the man said to her "Where have you come from?" "From down by the sea," she replied. "Well, stay here and cook and sew for me. I'll provide for you, and see that you have plenty of food and everything that you need; you'll soon be fat and strong again." So the woman stayed there and became his wife.

In time she bore him a son, and not long afterwards another. Her husband frequently warned her before he went out hunting that she was not to wander about outside, and if any visitors came she was not to take any notice of what they might say. One day an old woman came to the house while the man was

out, and sat and talked for a long time, but the wife paid no attention to her words. Finally she left, changing as she went into a red fox. The man asked his wife when he came home who had been visiting her, and she said, "It was an old woman who talked and talked for a long time, then, as I paid no attention to what she said, she went away." "Remember never to listen to anyone who may come," he answered. "I was married twice before and both my wives were lost through giving heed to the words of others." The old woman called again and again, but always with the same result. Then one day the man's wife forgot what her husband had told her and listened to what the woman was saying to her. "Let me search your head," the old woman said. "There is nothing in my hair," replied the other. "Well, let me look anyway." "No, I am busy. My husband will come home and be very angry if his food is not ready." "Oh, no, he won't be angry. Besides there is plenty of time." "Oh, very well then." So the wife lay down while the old woman searched her head. Cunningly she scratched it lightly until the young woman fell asleep, then quietly stole out, changed into a red fox and went away. Soon afterwards the wife was awakened by a terrible pain in her head and an uncontrollable desire to go outside. She put her hands to her head and felt horns beginning to sprout there. She went outside; her head was already changed to the head of a caribou; she ran round and round, then went straight towards the mountains. In the evening her husband returned home and searched for her in vain. Outside he found her footsteps and noticed how they suddenly changed to a caribou's. He went inside again and said to the elder of his two children, "I am going to look for your mother. You must look after your little brother until I come home. Perhaps I shall be away a long time, and come back an old man, or perhaps I shall come back very soon." Before he left, he filled the house with food and skins and made a small bow and arrow for the boy, then set out to look for his wife. For a long time he wandered about, searching in vain for any signs of her. At last he came to a small dark house on the side of a hill, and listening on the roof he heard a little child say in a tearful voice: "Mother, tell me a story." He heard the mother answer, "I have no story to tell you, my child. Oh, well, I will tell you just one. Listen. There was once a man and his wife and two little children living in a house all by themselves. The man was very fond of his wife and used to tell her not to listen to the conversation of any visitor who might happen to come in while he was away hunting." The man above said to himself, "She is referring to me." "One day," the voice continued, "the woman forgot, and she listened to a red fox and let it scratch her head. Then she was changed to a caribou and fled to the mountains to join the herd." The man outside could contain himself no longer and called out: "That's my wife you are talking about. Tell me, where is she now?" "Oh, I didn't know there was anyone outside. Come in, come in." So the man entered the house and the woman gave him something to eat. When he had finished eating she said, "You want to find your wife, do you? Well, you must go to the other side of this mountain and there you will find a great herd of caribou. Your wife is amongst them; you will easily recognize her, for she is very strong and leaps and races about much more than the rest. Take a rope with you and steal up close, and when she is near enough throw the rope over her horns or her legs, or anywhere where it will hold. Then throw her on her back and skin her. You must be very careful not to kill her, and when you are skinning her, mind you don't cut the flesh anywhere. Then when you have skinned the body, make a small incision in the belly and your wife will come out from within unharmed. Now go quickly and don't look round as you go. Only when you are a long way off you may look round if you want to. I shall be following you." So the man thanked her and hurried off. When he had gone some distance he looked round, and there coming away from the house was a black bear with her young cub following closely behind her. He hurried across the mountain and came upon a big herd of caribou; one of the deer was leaping about much more

than the rest—it was his wife. He stole up close and watched his opportunity; then as she circled round him, coming nearer and nearer, he suddenly threw his rope round her horns, and dragged her down. He turned her over on to her back and slit the skin down the belly and drew it off, then made a small incision; forth came his wife naked. "What did you do that for," she said. "Give me some clothes to put on." So he gave her some clothes, and together they set out for their home. They travelled for many days and at last approached the house. Two young men came towards them, one carrying a bow and arrow which he was on the point of notching. "Don't shoot," the man called out, "Let us talk first, then afterwards if you want to shoot us, shoot." "Very well," said the elder of the two youths; "What is it you want?" "Where are your father and mother?" asked the man. "We have none," the youth said. "Well, but how did you grow up? Where did you get your food?" "Oh, our father left us plenty of food before he went away to look for our mother." During this conversation, the man had been drawing nearer and nearer, till the younger boy became afraid and concealed himself behind his brother. But now the man said: "It was I who procured you that food, and I made you that bow that you are holding in your hand. I am your father." "Is that so?" said the elder youth. "Come on inside." So they all went inside. The father had returned an old man. While he was away many strangers had tried to intrude but the elder boy shot them all with his bow and arrows.

27. The Mouse Woman's Coat

(Told by Jennie Thomsen)

The mice, *qiäγaiyut*, inhabited a great country in the mountains where they built a large dance-house. One of their women went home and drew out her intestines, which she hung up to dry. When they were dry she made a rain coat of them. She put it on and returned to the dance-house, and after a while, when it came to her turn, she stood up to dance and sang this song:

qαvɪtia tamna älɪpnaupɪciun uγγuaq
"My rain coat, that one, don't break it, (it is) of bearded seal intestine."

But a man put out his hand and touched it. It broke, and the woman died.

28. The Caribou Man

(Told by an Eskimo woman of Cape Prince of Wales)

There was a settlement of Eskimos living at *Tapqaq* (Cape Prince of Wales). Amongst them was a man named *Nakasunaluk* (Small Calves), who had a wife and two children. One day *Nakasunaluk* went caribou hunting and saw a herd of five or six deer. He stalked close to them and was about to launch his arrow when one of the deer pushed back the hood from its head and changed into a man. It called *Nakasunaluk*, telling him to come near. *Nakasunaluk* went over, and the deer asked him if he would like to join them. He said he would, so the deer removed his clothes and turned him into a caribou like themselves; then they all moved off together. In their wanderings *Nakasunaluk* was always behind the others. They said to him, "Why are you so slow?" He replied, "I keep stumbling all the time." They told him to look up at the stars as he walked along, for if he watched the ground he would always stumble; after this, by following their advice, he was able to keep up with them. But when it came to feeding-time he could never find anything to eat, and in consequence became very thin and weak. The deer said to him, "How is it that you are so thin?" and he replied, "I cannot find anything to eat." So they taught him their food—the *pupci* that springs up so fresh after rain and would make him fat, and the *pɪniq* that was like the fat of the bearded seal. Thus he lived for a long time with the deer, until one day they asked him if he would like to go

back home. "Yes," he said, "My people will think that I am lost." "Very well," said the deer, "We will take you home." Accordingly they all started back. As they travelled the deer said to him: "While we sleep one of us is always watching with its head up; when that one sleeps another takes its place, for we are afraid of men and wolves. If you see a wolf or a man you too will want to run away." At last they reached the place where they had first encountered one another. There *Nakasunaluk* put on his clothes again and returned to his human shape. He told the deer just before he left them that they should keep away from both wolves and men who would want to kill them. So the deer departed, and *Nakasunaluk* went on to his home. His people said to him "Where have you been?" "The deer," he said, "Took me with them far away." "We watched for you for a long time," they told him, "And when you did not come back we thought that you were lost." *Nakasunaluk* said, "When I wanted to shoot the deer one of them removed its hood and asked me whether I would like to become a deer and go away with them. So they changed me into a deer and taught me what to eat and how I should look up at the stars when walking over the land." This man, *Nakasunaluk*, had very small legs (hence his name); one deer-leg was sufficient to make a boot for him (two are required for the ordinary adult). After his return home he was able to run very fast.

Cf. Rasmussen, p. 108f.; Rasmussen and Worster, p. 101; Turner, p. 328f.

29. The Boy and the Walrus

(Told by *Mangilɛna*, an Eskimo of Mackenzie river)

Some little boys one summer were playing hide and seek (*himo himo*). One of them hid behind some walrus bones which lay bleaching on the shore. Suddenly the bones were transformed into a live walrus which carried the boy out into the sea to its house. There it changed to a man and kept the boy tied up by a long string, one end of which was securely fastened inside the house so that he could not run away. Even when the boy was obliged to go outside the cord still remained attached to him. For a long time he lived there in the walrus' hut. At last one day the other children came over and saw the boy picking crustaceans from the walrus' hair. The boy looked out and saw them. He said to the walrus, "I want to go outside." "Very well," said the walrus. The boy went out, but the long cord still held him fast. There was a post at the end of the passage, and the boy, when he went outside, taught it to say whatever words he should want it to say. This task occupied him a long time, and the walrus began to call out "Haven't you finished yet." "No," replied the boy, "Not yet," and continued his instructions to the post. Finally he began to call over the names of his brothers whom he could see not far away:

ukokani umiät ukokani qayät
"There are some umiaks over there, there are some kayaks over there."
aucilu aiyaucilu qiliiliyucilu älunaɣlu qilɛqpän·alu aɣlulu
"*Ausiq* and *Aiyausiq, Qiliiliyusiq, Alunaq, Qileqpanna, Arluk*"
uvilulu kiluluakpaɣlu qilul·iklu—nuŋuyut
"*Uviluq, Kiluluakpak* and *Qilullik*—that is all."

After calling over their names he unbound the rope from his body, fastened it to the post, and ran off to join his brothers. From time to time the walrus called out, "Haven't you finished yet," and the post would answer, "No, not yet." At last the walrus became impatient and pulled the cord. It held fast without yielding an inch. He pulled harder, and finally the post fell, bringing the whole passage down with a crash. The walrus ran outside, wild with anger when he saw what had happened. He took his proper walrus form and followed the children. Soon he caught up to them, but they threw overboard some of their clothes. He stopped to fight them, and meanwhile the children pushed

ahead. Again he overtook them, and again they threw more clothes over to delay him. At last they reached the shore. The walrus followed them up on to the land. They said to him: "Turn round and look the other way." The walrus turned round, and immediately they killed him with their harpoons, and cooked and ate the carcase. Only the boy refused to share in the feast, saying that he had lived with the walrus and therefore must not touch it.

Cf. No. 56.

C. SHAMANISM

30. The Orphan and the Spirit of the Tide Crack

(Told by Jennie Thomsen)

There was a little orphan boy who had no home and no one to look after him. In summer he slept out of doors, in winter in the big house of the men. Someone out of pity would give him a few clothes, another a little food. One winter's evening a number of small boys, about ten in all, were playing in the men's house (the dance-house). *Amisunaq*, the little orphan, was sitting on some bearded seal skins which had been hung up to dry near the ceiling. The boys noticed him there and began to sing:—

ämicunaq tätumnouktɔq	*Amisunaq* is crazy.
ämicunaq tätumnouktɔq	*Amisunaq* is crazy.
ɪnᵛiɣɑpqɑ·ni tätpiɣɑni	Up there in the ceiling
ɪnᵛiɣɑpqɑ·ni tätpiɣɑni	Up there in the ceiling
iraatɔqtɔq iraatɔqtɔq	He is hiding.
ämicun icɔɣɪn	*Amisunaq*, go outside.

Then one of the boys took him by the hair and threw him outside, telling him to see what he could find out there. Presently he came in again. "What did you see?" "I saw nothing," he answered. Again they sang the song and threw him outside. This time he saw a light out on the ice; it was like a star or a lamp. He went inside again. "What did you see?" they asked him. "I saw a light far out on the ice," he said, "Like a lamp or a star, but it was neither. You had better look out, better take care, it may be a spirit." However, they took no notice, but sang their song over again, and again threw him out. This time the light was much nearer; it was like a great fire on the beach. *Amisunaq* hurried inside, frightened. "What did you see?" "I saw something like a great fire down on the beach. It may be a spirit. You had better hide." The children too were afraid now, and hid in various parts of the dance-house. Presently a loud cracking and rending was heard outside as when heavy ice crushes together and raises a pressure-ridge. Then an enormous arm was thrust in through the trap door; from the wrist upwards it was covered with the most elaborate tatooing. Slowly it waved about, seized one child and dragged it outside, returned and seized another, and continued until all the children had disappeared except *Amisunaq*, who was hiding among the bearded seal skins. There he stayed all night afraid to move, although the arm had vanished. Before daylight one of the old men came to the dance-house and tried to enter, but the door was blocked with ice and he was unable to open it. This vexed him and he called out, "Children, open the door." *Amisunaq*, however, was too frightened to move. The old man called out more angrily, "Children, open the door;" but still *Amisunaq* did not move. Now the old man in his rage threatened to thrash them when he got inside. "Open the door," he cried; "I am cold." Then *Amisunaq* called out, "There is no one here except myself. A spirit came in the night and carried off all the others." "Who are you?" asked the old man. "*Amisunaq*," he replied. So the old man tore out the window and, peering in, saw *Amisunaq* sitting on the seal skins. "You had better come out here and

tell us all about it," he said, and, taking hold of *Amisunaq* by the arm, he dragged him out through the window and led him away to his house. There *Amisunaq* told them all that had happened. As soon as it was broad day, all the men in the village began to search for the missing children, but all they found were huge footprints in the snow leading from the door of the dance-house, and a great pressure ridge of ice on the beach in which were embedded the childrens' mangled heads and trunks and limbs; it was the giant that lived under the ice that had carried them off. The villagers determined to revenge the outrage, but at the time they could do nothing. *Amisunaq* went to live with the old man during the remainder of the winter and all through the following spring and summer. Late in the autumn, just when the ice began to pack in from the sea, the men all gathered in the dance-house one evening and played as the children had done the year before; they sang the same song, and threw *Amisunaq* out of doors in the same way. Everything happened as before; first there was nothing, then a light far out on the ice, then a great fire on the beach. But the men, instead of hiding, gathered round the trap-door. On one side stood a man with an axe in his hand; opposite him another with a large knife; on the third side a man wielded a great club, and a fourth held three or four big stones. So they waited. Presently loud rending and crashing was heard outside, and a gigantic arm was thrust in through the door. Axe, knife, rocks, club, all fell at once; the arm was immediately withdrawn. Next morning the same huge tracks were visible in the snow outside the house, but this time they were stained with pools of blood—the giant had gone away only to die.

Cf. Rink, story 10; Rasmussen, p. 197; Rasmussen and Worster, p. 117; Boas, Bull. A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, p. 497; Nelson, p. 510f.

31. The Ptarmigan Thieves

(Told by Jennie Thomsen)

At Tin City (the *täpqaγmiut* lived in this neighbourhood long before any township arose) there dwelt not very long ago an old woman with her two grandchildren, a boy and a girl. The boy was very skilful at catching ptarmigan in a net and kept the household well supplied with them; but after a time, when he visited his net each morning, he always found it empty—someone had stolen the ptarmigan in the night. He told his grandmother, "I can't catch any more ptarmigan because someone is always stealing them from the net." The old lady mumbled—she was so old that she could hardly speak—"Well, never mind, my boy." "Oh, but I don't want you to go hungry," he said. "I'm going to find out who it is." That night he lay in hiding near his net and watched. Soon two men came along and he could hear their conversation. One said to the other, "I don't like it at all. I feel very frightened; someone must be watching us, for I never felt like this before." His companion told him to come on and not to be a fool. "You're dreaming," he said. "No, I'm not dreaming," protested the first; "I tell you I don't like it. I feel nervous." "Oh, come on," exclaimed the other. "Let's take these ptarmigan out." So one held the net up on one side and the other on the other, and they stripped it of all the ptarmigan. The boy said to himself, "What right have they to steal my ptarmigan?" and suddenly called out *pɔq-pɔq-pɔq-pɔq-pɔq-pɔq-pɔq*. The men dropped the ptarmigan in their alarm and ran, but the boy was determined to find out who they were and gave chase, shouting at their heels all the time *pɔq-pɔq*. He pursued them over a low ridge (close to the present Tin City) and saw them enter a small round house on the other side. Quietly he stole on to the roof, lifted up a corner of the window and looked down. Inside was a shaman sitting on the sleeping platform and the two thieves were breathlessly relating to him their adventure. Suddenly the boy called out from the roof *pɔq-pɔq-pɔq*. The thieves sprang up almost simultaneously, shrieking "The spirit, the spirit," and pitched forward on to their faces and lay dead. The shaman, seeing his two

accomplices dead—for they were but his instruments, he the real thief—called out "Who will help me against that spirit up there? Friend black bear, you come." Immediately a host of mice swarmed round the boy and threatened to eat him alive, but he sprang to his feet and stamped on them and killed them all. The shaman called out again, "Who will help me against that spirit up there? Friend white bear, you come." A host of lemmings then sprang up round the boy, but he tore them off him and stamped on them and killed them just as he had killed the mice. Again the shaman called out, "Who will help me against that spirit up there? Friend fire, you come." A great ball of fire suddenly appeared and began to roll towards the boy, who fled precipitately. The fire rolled after him, and had almost overtaken him when he drew his dogskin mitten from his left hand and threw it back, saying, "My pup, help me." Immediately the fire and the mitten began to fight, and the fire killed and consumed the mitten. Then it continued the pursuit, and was almost on top of the boy when he drew off his other mitten and flung it back, saying, "My pup, help me." This time the mitten was victorious, and the fire was destroyed. The boy reached home in safety and thereafter had no more trouble with his nets.

Cf. Nelson, p. 510f.

32. The Ghost

(Told by Jennie Thomsen)

Long ago at a place a little south of Nome there were three houses standing together. A man died in one of them, and the other inhabitants left the settlement and went to live some distance away. With them was an orphan boy named *Oyupkataliq*. One day he was gruffly told to go off and get some food for himself, as he could not expect other people to provide for him all the time. He said, "All right, I shall go tomorrow." He borrowed some dogs, a sled and a pair of mittens from the man with whom he was living, and set out the next day for the deserted settlement. There he unharnessed the dogs and took them with him into the dead man's house, leaving the sled beside the rack. Inside he found a lamp, and soon he had everything arranged for passing the night. All was quiet for the first hour or two, then suddenly he heard a voice calling him: *oyupkatäliq, oyupkatäliq, anu tapaymik tunγum pıciakatın, taγeoqpaum uqγoa tamakli-i "Oyupkataliq*, go out quickly; the spirit is going to seize you, the sea-salmon its oil let it devour." At first the chant was sung slowly in a low voice, and the boy took no notice, but a little while afterwards it was repeated louder and faster. The boy was rather frightened and hid behind the lamp. A third time the chant was sung outside, louder and faster than ever, then came a crash on the roof, and a moment afterwards the door was pushed violently open and the spirit entered. It searched all round the room without finding the boy and went out again. All was quiet for a while, and the boy began to think that the spirit had gone away altogether when he heard the song again, and a moment later it burst into the house a second time, made another futile search and went out. The boy, now thoroughly alarmed, fled outside and hid on top of the rack among a pile of king salmon. There was a light, he noticed, rather like a lamp, on the dead man's grave; presently he saw the spirit emerge out of it and enter the house, then come out again quickly and follow his tracks to the rack. Hurriedly he pulled some salmon out of a seal-poke and threw them down. The spirit stopped, picked them up, carried them on its back to the grave and vanished. Soon it reappeared and came towards the rack again. This time the boy threw down a few pieces of the poke itself, which the spirit carried off similarly. Then the boy jumped down, harnessed up his dogs as quickly as he could and raced off. Presently he saw a ball of fire pursuing him.[1] The terrified dogs travelled their fastest, but gradually it overtook them and

[1] See Stefansson, Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, Vol. XIV, pt. I, p. 341f.

drew near. The boy took off one of his mittens and said to it, "Help me, my pup;" and threw it back at the fire. There was a short fight; then the fire ate up the mitten and continued the pursuit. Far in the distance the boy saw his home, but the fire was close behind again. He hastily drew off the other mitten and addressing it in the same way, threw it back; again the fire swallowed it up. But now the house was near at hand, and with one last effort the boy gained the entrance and rushed inside. Dark matter oozed from his nostrils, and he fell on the floor exhausted. "What's this?" said a shaman who was present. He looked out and saw the fire, but by the power of his magic he killed it, and saved the boy's life.

Cf. Rink, story 77.

33. The Orphan who Became a Great Shaman

(Told by Jennie Thomsen)

There was once a small boy whose father was dead, and only his mother left to look after him. The other people in the place constantly ill-treated him and made his childhood miserable. Years rolled by, and he grew older and stronger. One winter the people in the village built a large dance-house where they used to gather every evening. The boy spent nearly all his time in the open air; even while the others stayed in the dance-house he would often be wandering about outside. One evening, when he was gazing around outside as usual, he saw a bright light some distance away. A great desire filled him to find out about that light, so he started out, and walked for a very long time till at last he reached a big dance-house. He was gazing in through the window, but someone inside called out: "What are you standing out there for? Come inside." So inside he went. Men were sitting all round on three sides of the room, and the boy took his place on the fourth side near the door. Time after time the men asked him whether he were not a shaman, and each time he would answer, "No, I am not a shaman." Finally a man sitting opposite him on the platform said, "No, you are not a shaman; you are only a poor orphan boy whom everyone illtreats. I know all about you and I should like to help you." Then, getting down from the platform, he turned to another man and said, "Bring me in my seal-spear and my ice-scratcher." The man went out and brought them in. Then the shaman said "My spirit, help me. Make ice appear in the floor." A moment later a tiny circle of ice appeared in the middle of the floor, and gradually widened until it covered the whole space. A seal hole opened up in the middle, and a seal emerged and crawled out on to the edge of the ice. The shaman crept up and speared it, dragged it home, cut it up, and distributed it among all the people in the dance-house except the boy. Then the ice disappeared and the floor came back; at first it was only a small patch in the middle, but gradually it expanded and superseded the ice. The shaman asked the boy if he wished for more, but the boy was too frightened to answer. "You are a poor boy," the shaman continued, "and I should like to help you. Soon it will be light and then it will be too late. Shall I do some more?" In a voice barely audible the boy managed to whisper "Yes." The shaman immediately called out, "My spirit, help me." The floor became covered with young ice pierced with a row of holes through which a fishing net was set. The shaman drew it in—it was full of white fish (*ănaxlıq*), which he laid out on the ice to freeze, then divided up among the people on the platforms as before. Once again the ice vanished and the house resumed its usual appearance. Again the shaman called out: "My spirit, help me." This time a moor appeared, and a ring of nooses into which caribou were driven and caught; these too the shaman divided up among the inmates. Before daylight the boy was sent back home. A short time afterwards, when all the people of his village were gathered in the dance-house one evening, someone said to him, "You play us something

too." Then the boy thought to himself, "Why did everyone over there ask me if I were a shaman? I am not a shaman, but if they are going to call me a shaman, I may as well act like one." So he sat down in the middle of the floor and called, "My spirit, help me." Every one remained silent, watching to see what would happen. Presently the floor turned into ice and a seal appeared, which he speared, cut up and distributed among the people for them to eat. Similarly he obtained white-fish and caribou. Thereafter all the people of his village were afraid of him, for he was now a great shaman.

34. The Woman and her Grandfather's Skull

(Told by *Angotutsiaq*, an Eskimo of Point Hope)

Long ago a man and his wife lived on one bank of a small river, while on the opposite bank were the woman's father and her four brothers with their families. For a while her husband killed plenty of caribou, then he began to return home empty-handed. "I have wandered all over the hills," he would tell his wife, "And have found no caribou." One day when he returned home after dark unsuccessful again, his wife looked into the quiver that he had left outside the house. There she saw four arrows tipped with the nails from four little fingers, which she immediately recognized as her brothers'. She wept over them for a time, then wiped her eyes and went inside without letting her husband know what she had discovered. In the morning, when she arose to cook the breakfast as usual, she sharpened her big knife, saying to herself, "My husband is sound asleep, presently I shall kill him." She went into the kitchen (*iγa*) for a while, and when she came back her husband was still sleeping, so she picked up her knife and cut his throat; then she crossed the river to her brothers' home and went inside. There were her brothers all stretched out dead; dead too were their wives and children and the woman's father; her husband had slain them every one, and taken the little finger nails from all the men. She wept, then gathered up their quivers, their beads (*cuγauγät*), their wolverine and wolf skins and everything that was of value, for they had been very prosperous. She packed them all into a kayak and started off down stream. All day she travelled, carried along by the swirling waters. Towards evening she heard a voice calling "My grandchild, my grandchild, come and look at me;" so she turned the kayak ashore and landed, drawing her boat up on to the bank. Climbing the bluff, she looked all around, but saw nothing. She heard the voice again, this time saying, "My grandchild, you almost stepped on me." Then she noticed a small mound of turf and, kicking off the top, found a man's head underneath. It said to her, "My grandchild, you see that big village down stream there at the first point. Those people are very wicked; they never hunt caribou or any other kind of game, but feed on men all the time. By and by you will see them. But at the second point beyond them is another large village and there the people are good; they eat caribou and never kill men. Start out in the night, and when the first people are about to seize and kill you, think of me. I have a sister at the second village living with her grandchild, and she has a large dog of which these near villagers are afraid."

So the woman set out about midnight and kept close to the bank, holding on to the trees to check the speed of her kayak. The wicked people were asleep, all except one man who came out of his house and saw her passing. He gave the alarm, and the people rushed out and pursued her. They had almost overtaken her when she thought of her grandfather—the skull which was buried in the ground. Immediately she fell into a profound sleep, and when she awoke she found herself lying alongside of him. "Ah, my grandchild," he said to her, "You were very slow in thinking about me." "Yes," she said, "I was." "Well then," he continued, "Start out again at midday. By and by when you are safe you will plant a stick in the ground and fasten to it a little blubber and a deerskin and some beads. That is all that I want." So she started out at midday,

keeping this time to the middle of the stream, and passed the first village unseen. She saw the inhabitants there lead a man up to a great fire, and, gathering round him, slay him with a horn and dismember him, broiling the pieces over the fire and licking up the blood; but she herself passed unseen and reached the second village. There she landed near a small hill in which there was a cave. Placing the kayak with all that it contained within the cave, she approached a house which stood not far away. Lying on the roof of the passage was a large dog which pricked up its ears at her approach. She was very frightened. "This must be my grandmother's dog," she thought, and ran hurriedly into the house. Finding a very old woman inside, she exclaimed, "Oh, my grandmother." The old woman answered, "Why, my granddaughter, where have you come from?" "From far up the river," she replied. "My husband killed my father and all my brothers;" and forthwith she related all that had happened to her.

Some of the people in the village had noticed her arrival and a woman came into the house with her sons. The old grandmother was lying on the sleeping platform. She said to her grandchild, the young widow: "There is someone coming. You had better hide behind my back." So the young woman climbed up and concealed herself. The visitor entered the house and said to the old woman: "Where is your daughter? I want her to marry one of my sons." But the old woman answered "I have no daughter, only a grandson whom you know already." Thus she got rid of her visitor. As soon as she had gone the old woman turned to the young widow and said, "That woman wanted to take you away and marry you to one of her sons." But her granddaughter replied, "I don't want to marry anyone but this grandson of yours."

So the young widow married the old woman's grandson. She told her husband about the kayak and the other things that she had hidden in the cave, and they set out with the dog to bring them in. The man placed the kayak and all that it contained in one of the dog's ears, while he himself and his wife climbed into the other. Away galloped the dog, and very soon they were home again. Then the dog said to them: "Tomorrow we shall go and look for caribou." So on the morrow the man placed his bow and arrows in one ear, and climbed with his wife into the other. Soon they sighted two caribou. The dog lay down while the man jumped out and shot them both with his bow and arrows. Then the dog sprang up and ran to where the dead animals were lying. The man put the two caribou and his bow and arrows inside the one ear, climbed into the other again, and all returned home. Not long afterwards he sought out a stick, and he and his wife set it up in the ground on top of the hill. They strung a little blubber and a deerskin and some beads to the top of the stick. Next morning when they went to look at it, the stick was still there, but everything they had hung upon it had disappeared—their grandfather had taken them away. After that the two lived for many years; they became rich and had many children.

35. The Stone Baby

(Told by *Pautcana*, a Barrow Eskimo)

There once lived three sisters. One married an Eskimo from another district and went away to her husband's home. The other two married amongst their own people. After a time one of the women bore a child, but the other was barren. They lived together in the same house, and the young mother continually reproached her sister for her barrenness. The childless woman became in consequence very despondent, and said to herself, "Would that I might have a child, whatever it were like." Some time afterwards she did conceive and bear a child. She said to her sister, "I have a child now;" but neither she herself nor anyone else had ever seen it, for as soon as it was born she had wrapped it up in a sealskin without looking at it and had never unwrapped it afterwards. In moving about she carried it on her back beneath her hood. One day she went outside to cook, and laid the baby, still wrapped in

the sealskin, on the drying frame (*ɪn·ität*). The people living in the house wanted to open it up and look at it, but the mother, before going out, would not let them, saying, "No, it is better that you should not see it." Suddenly as she was cooking outside she heard a loud report and a cry *ma·a ma·a.* She rushed inside and found all the inmates cut in two; they had tried to open up the baby and it had killed them.

This made the mother more careful than ever not to unwrap her child. She stayed but a short time in that place, then took the child on her back and went away along the coast. She reached some people and arranged to stay with them. They too wanted to see her baby, but she told them "No, it is better not to look at it; it has already killed others who tried to see it." However, while she was outside the house cooking, and had left it on the drying frame, they too tried to unwrap it and were killed in the same way. The mother was so alarmed and distressed that she left the place without eating at all, and wandered about with the stone baby on her back until she was tired out and very hungry. She saw some caribou and said to herself: "I wonder how I can get something to eat—I am very hungry." She laid the baby on the ground behind her back and, without looking at it, removed its wrapping; then she went off to one side. After a time the caribou approached the baby and looked at it. Immediately they were all cut in two and fell dead. The woman returned, recovered her child and wrapped it up again without looking at it. For a long time she stayed there, living on the caribou, but at last all her meat was consumed and she had to move on. She went down to the sea and saw a house. No one was about, so she went inside and sat down. There was plenty of food in the house, but she was afraid to touch it lest its owner might be angry and kill her. She waited a long time, then at last a man appeared—a powerful shaman who had already killed many people. He said to the woman, "You had better stay with me and be my wife." When they rose in the morning the man wanted to see her baby. "You had better not see it," the woman told him. "It has already killed a great many people who tried to look at it." A few minutes later she laid it on the drying frame and went outside to cook. Soon she heard a loud report and the cry *ma·a ma·a,* then a hard crash inside the house; the earth too began to rock up and down like the waves of the sea. After a moment or two it ceased, and everything was still again. The woman looked all round for her baby, but could not find it. At last, after searching about for a long time, she found it, but the shaman had been so powerful and the struggle so tremendous that the wrapping had been torn off and the woman herself was killed by the sight of her own child.

D. MISCELLANEOUS TALES

36. The Giants

(Told by *Angotitsiaq,* an Eskimo of Point Hope)

There once lived at Point Hope (*Tikiraq*) an Eskimo who was very short but very strong. He heard that somewhere there were three giants, two women and a man, so he set out eastward to find them. One day he saw a giant down below him on the sea ice; he was spearing white whales (beluga) from the top of an ice keg. The Eskimo climbed on to a higher keg above him, broke off a lump of ice, and threw it down on his head; but the giant merely said, without looking up, "It's beginning to snow." The Eskimo broke off a larger piece and let it drop. Now the giant looked up and saw him. "Hallo, my nephew," he said, "Where do you come from?" "From Point Hope," he replied. "I want to see you." So the giant gathered up in one hand two whales that he had speared, and took his guest home with him. There were two houses, both very large, but one was larger than the other. The giant led him inside the smaller house and began to cook one of the white whales, broiling it over the fire. He

gave a small piece to the Eskimo and ate all the rest himself. Then he said to his guest, "You saw the second house over there. Two women are living there, giants like myself. They have one son who has only one tooth. Those two women are always trying to kill me. Tomorrow you must take a copper adze and stand outside the door and sing:

aγnak malγok iγnıŋak ätautcımık kiγutılroaq
"Two women, their son has only one old tooth."

The Eskimo said, "Very well." So the giant broke a small fragment from his great copper adze and made of it a smaller adze that the Eskimo could handle more easily; then they lay down to sleep.

Next morning the Eskimo went outside and, standing near the door, called out:

"There are two women with one son, and he has only one old tooth."

Immediately two giantesses with breasts full of milk rushed out of the other house. They did not wait to put on their coats, but ran into the giant's house and shouted, "Where is that son of yours?" "I have no son," he replied. "But someone called out just now, 'There are two women with one son, and he has only one old tooth.'" "It may be so," he said. "I don't know. I heard a noise too, but you see there is no one here." The women went out again, but as soon as the first one emerged the Eskimo struck her on the heel with the copper adze and slew her. He killed the second one in the same way. The floor was flooded with water and dirt which put out the fire.

The giant and the Eskimo then went to the giantesses' house and the giant tore out the window. Entering, they found an old man with one tooth lying on the sleeping platform. The giant dipped up water from a great pot and poured it down the old man's throat until his stomach was distended like a huge bag. Then the giant squeezed him till he burst and so died.

After they were all slain, the giant turned to the Eskimo and said, "Thank you, my nephew." But the Eskimo went outside, and, when the giant followed, he struck him also on the heel with the copper adze and slew him.

Cf. Petitot, p. 97f.

37. The Youth who Went in Search of a Wife

(Told by Fred, an Eskimo of Nome, Alaska)

Once near *Tapqaq* there lived two young men with their widowed mother. One day the two went inland and came upon a rabbit which they shot. After extracting their arrows they tied a cord around it and took it home. Their mother was very pleased with their success; she cut up the rabbit and boiled it, and they ate it that same evening. The next morning the lads went along the river bank, and saw a caribou grazing there. They stalked it very cautiously, crawling flat along the ground until they were within range, then both together launched their arrows; the caribou fell dead. They ran up, pulled out their arrows, cut up their victim and carried it home to their mother. She was immensely pleased and said, "That's fine, my sons, well done; we shan't be hungry for a while now." They had a hearty meal that evening before going to bed. As they were turning in for the night one lad said to the other, "I think I'll go seal-hunting by myself tomorrow." "I'll go with you," said the other; "Two are better than one." So after breakfast they both went out on to the ice. A seal was basking in the sun beside its hole. Cautiously they crept up and harpooned it, then tied a rope round its neck and dragged it home. "Thank you," said their mother; "This is splendid," and she took the seal, cut it up and boiled some of the meat at once. "Supper is ready," she said, and they all sat down and ate. The next day one of the young men said to the other, "I am going inland to hunt." "I shall go out on the ice again," replied the other. So they went off, and the one brought home a caribou while the other brought

a seal. They were always successful in their hunting after this, and brought in rough seals and bearded seals, white fish, rabbits, and caribou. One day their mother said to them, "We have plenty of food now, why don't you go and find wives for yourselves?" "We don't know the country about here," they replied. "Still you can go out and look," their mother said. "Well," said one, "I'll go," and the next morning he went out in the direction of *Tapqaq*. He saw nothing all day, but towards evening he came to a small house, and walked all round it without seeing any sign of an inhabitant. Finally he stole quietly on to the roof and lifted up a corner of the window and peered down. In the corner was a young girl combing her hair, which hung in a luxuriant black mass about her shoulders. The youth was fascinated and stood watching her until suddenly she looked up and saw him. Starting to her feet she went outside and said to him, "I am glad you have come. Come inside." So they went in and she said to him, "Are you hungry?" "Yes," he replied, "I am," whereupon she brought in some white fish and cooked them for him. After he had finished he said, "How about my staying here tonight?" and she replied, "If you wish." So he stayed and she became his wife. In the morning she wakened him and said, "Wake up, it's time to get up." So he rose, and they had breakfast together; then he took his departure. As he was leaving she said, "Come back again soon," and he promised that he would. When he reached home his mother and brother said to him, "Where have you come from? Where were you last night? How was it that you did not come home?" "Oh," he replied, "I walked such a long way that when evening drew near I was tired out, and just lay down on the ground and went to sleep." They were still doubtful, and asked him, "Perhaps you met something up there inland—perhaps you found a girl and that is why you did not come back? It was too cold to sleep out of doors." "No, no," he said, "I was not cold. I was very tired and just lay down on the ground and went to sleep." His brother was still sceptical and questioned him again, but received the same answer. When they went to bed that night the young man said, "I shall go inland again tomorrow," and his brother answered, "I'll go with you." "No, you stay at home, I'll go by myself." "No, I'll go too." "No, no, you stay at home; if you went you would get too tired and never be able to return." "Oh well, I'll stay then." So the youth went away again alone, and reached the girl's house towards evening. She heard his footsteps outside and said "That's my husband coming back;" and she went out to greet him. Everything happened as before; she cooked him some white-fish, and they slept; then in the morning she wakened him up and after breakfast he went back home. He was greeted with the same questions as before, and returned the same answer; and when he went away again in the morning he would not let his brother accompany him. So it happened several times, till at last his mother and brother were sure that he must have a wife inland. Then one morning after breakfast the girl said to her husband, "Well, I'm your wife now, I'll go back with you;" and they returned together. His mother saw them coming and said, "Yes, he has found a wife; he's bringing her home with him." Pleased with his success she greeted them very warmly and immediately prepared a good meal for them.

The other youth was rather chagrined, so he too went away and found a wife and took her home. Then together the youths built two racks and went hunting each day. One rack they loaded with caribou and rabbits, the other with whitefish and seals, both the rough and bearded varieties.

38. The Unsuccessful Hunter

(Told by Jennie Thomsen)

Long ago there lived at *Tapqaq* a man of wealth and influence. One summer he secured very little game, so that when the snow came he had not much food. During the late autumn he ate nothing in the morning, hunted all day,

and partook of a scanty meal at night; then during the winter he ate a little seal meat in the morning and nothing all the rest of the day. Spring came round and he cleaned up his skin boat, replaced everything that was worn or dirty, made new paddles, and had everything ready to launch and start out at a moment's notice as soon as the whaling should commence. Meanwhile some Eskimos had gone out sealing at the open leads. One evening a man brought back word that he had seen a whale spouting. Then the rich man took out a seal-poke, extracted from it some seal blubber, and distributed it amongst the children. Addressing the rest of the people gathered round him, he said, "At present I have very little food; but when I catch a whale I'll make liberal presents to you all."

39. The Boy who Committed Suicide

(Told by Jennie Thomsen)

A boy once went inland until he came to a great river teeming with fish. He took off one of his boots and threw it into the water, saying:

qαλ·uγa ha qαλ·uγa ha qαλ·uγa qαλ·uγa qαλ·uγa caγavαkpa

"My fish-net, my fish-net, it carries it away."

The boot went floating down the stream. He removed his other boot and threw it in with the same words. All his clothing followed in the same way. Finally he threw himself in, and as he sank still murmured *qαλ·uγa ha qαλ·uγa ha qαλ·uγa qαλ·uγa qαλ·uγa caγavαkpa.*

40. A Strange Country

(Told by an Eskimo woman of Cape Prince of Wales)

Long ago a boy, who had gone out sealing at Point Hope, was carried away by drifting ice and unable to return home. He drifted about for some time and at last reached a strange country of whose inhabitants he had never heard; but as he did not know in which direction to look for his own home, he settled down among the strangers and married one of their women. In due time his wife became pregnant. When her confinement was drawing near her father sharpened an *ulo* (woman's knife) intending to cut open his daughter's side in the night and take the baby out. The husband remonstrated, saying that it would cause her great pain, but the father replied, "That is how we always deliver our women. We cut open the mother's womb while she sleeps, take the baby out and sew the wound up again. When the mother wakes the operation is over and she is all right." But the young man said, "In my country we let the child come forth of itself," and he persuaded the parents to allow his wife to be delivered naturally, for he could not bear to have her undergo so painful and dangerous an operation. The baby was born at the proper time and all the people rejoiced. Thereafter no more women had to undergo the operation, and many who had been so delivered lamented having suffered it, for it had left them stooping on one side; some had even died from its effects.

Cf. Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, p. 171.

41. The Orphan who was Drowned

(Told by *Angotitsiaq*, an Eskimo of Point Hope)

Once there were living on the sea shore an old woman and her young grandson. They had no neighbours, but lived quite alone. The boy made a wooden kayak one day and, going inside, asked his grandmother for the lampstick (*ätqun*) to make into a paddle. A little while afterwards he went back again and asked for the stick on which melting blubber is held over the lamp (*ayaγγaun*); he wanted to make a spear from it, he said. When all was ready

he entered his canoe and went east along the coast for some distance, then returned home. The next day he went east again until he came to a great mountain, when he turned round and went back. As he drew near the house he saw his grandmother walking outside leaning on a stick. She said to him: "Did you see what there was on the other side of the mountain?" "No," he answered. "Well, you go tomorrow and see." So the next day he got into his wooden kayak and went round to the other side. There he saw a great village full of people, but instead of approaching it he hurried home to tell his grandmother. But on his way back a storm suddenly arose and the sea became very rough; the kayak capsized and the boy was drowned.

II. COPPER ESKIMO TRADITIONS

A. BIRD AND ANIMAL STORIES

42. The Snowy Owl and the Snow-bunting

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*, a *Kilusiktok* shaman)

A snow-bunting (*nahau'λιk*) once sat on top of a knoll and sang:

u'wiγa qe'əvaγa
u'wiγa qe'əvaγa
pι'γum ha·'tam qa'γani ιkcivoγa'tkaiyuιnman

"My husband I mourn him, my husband I mourn him. On top of the low knoll he does not settle."

A snowy owl (*u'kpιq*) heard it and replied:

uvα'γa uvα'γa pι'γum qa'γani ιkcivavα'ktuγa uwiγι'γa qɔvλutu'yuγa mιtqutu'-yuγa

"I, I, the knoll on its top, I am wont to sit, marry me. I have big eyebrows, I have long feathers."

However, the snow-bunting refused.

The Snowy Owl and the Snow-bunting—Second Version

Told by *Ikpakhuaq*, a Dolphin and Union Strait Eskimo)

The snow-bunting (*nahau'λιk*) was singing:

u'wiγa qe'əvaγa
u'wiγa qe'əvaγa
pι'γum ha·'tam qa'γani ιkχivautaiyuι'nman

"My husband I weep for him, my husband I weep for him. The knoll, the low one, on its top he comes not to settle."

The owl heard it and replied:

uvα'γa uvα'γa pι'γum qa'γani ikχivaiyu'ktuγa uwiγi'γa

"I, I, the knoll on its top I wish to sit—marry me."

But the snow-bunting answered:

ki'a uwaγιnia'katιn
qɔvλutu'yutιt mιtqutu'yutιt kιymιtqaxaqtu'yutιn
a'γnaq qänarιdlɛkχι'γna
ki'γutιt aku'nγinut kukiyutiχai'naq

"Who is going to marry you? Your eyebrows are too large, your hair is too long, your heel is too big. A woman her beautiful mouth (?) for the teeth between (*e.g.* the interspaces) is no tooth-cleaner."

(Another native in the same group varied the words a little. Instead of *kɪɣmɪtqaxaqtu'yutɪn* he said *kɪɣmɪtqoaqχaqtu'yutɪn, i.e.,* "your old heel is too big"; and instead of *kukiyutiχai'naq* he said *kukiyutiχaiɣau'nman,* which has the same meaning.)

Cf. No. 18; Rasmussen, p. 163; Rasmussen and Worster, p. 77; Kroeber, p. 19, 173f. Meddelelser om GrΦnland, XXXI, p. 293, 311; Boas, J. A. F. L., Vol. X, p. 110.

43. The Owl and the Squirrel

(Told by *Natsin,* the adopted son of a *Kilusiktok* shaman)

The owl once said to the squirrel:

umä'tɪkcaɣa qaλ·u'tɪkcaɣa hɪta'ni hä'pivaɣa
"Heart for me, back-fat for me, its holes I have blocked it up."

But the squirrel answered:

umätɪt·ɔɣimaɣɪ'ŋmaka qäλ·utɪt·ɔɣimaɣɪ'ŋmaka
cɛqɪni'q·a ha·'λu tivaλxɣoa'ɣlaɣɪn
"You wish to eat my heart, you wish to eat my back-fat.
Turn towards the sun and let me hop towards you."

But when the owl turned towards the sun the squirrel ran into its hole.
(Another version gives *cɛq'ɪnɪq ha·'λuɣo tivα'λ·ain,* which means the same.)

The Owl and the Squirrel—Second Version

(Told by *Milukattak,* a Dolphin and Union strait Eskimo woman)

The snowy owl once said to the squirrel:

χɪɣχɪk χɪɣχɪk umä'tɪkχaɣa qäλ·u'tɪkχaɣa
"Squirrel, squirrel, my heart, my back-fat."

But the squirrel came out of its hole and with its paw speckled the owl all over. Then it went back into its hole and the owl flew away. That is the reason why the owl has black specks on its feathers.

Cf. Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, p. 219, 319; J. A. F. L., Vol. X, p. 111.

44. The Seagull, the Raven, and the Old Squaw Duck

(Told by *Milukattak,* a Dolphin and Union strait woman)

The seagull was always stealing the raven's food till one day the raven got angry. But the seagull took some charcoal (*pauq*) and blackened the raven all over; that is why the raven has black feathers, for originally it was white. The old squaw duck too was white at first, but the sea-gull, when it blackened the raven, at the same time blackened the old squaw too.

45. The Loon and the Raven

(Told by *Ilatsiaq,* a *Kilusiktok* shaman)

The yellow-billed loon once met the raven. They talked together and the raven tattooed the loon (*tu·'λɪk*), putting all the streaks on it, and painted its bill yellow. Then it asked the loon to paint it in turn, but the loon threw lamp-black over it. The raven was white before, but thereafter it was black.

Cf. No. 20; Rasmussen, p. 309; Rasmussen and Worster, p. 66; Kroeber, p. 174; Boas, Central Eskimo, p. 641; Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, pp. 220, 320 and 360; J. A. F. L., Vol. VII, p. 49; Hawkes, p. 160.

46. The Raven

(Told by *Ikpakhuaq*, a Dolphin and Union strait Eskimo)

Long ago a woman was left to mind camp while the other natives were away hunting. She saw a raven flying over her head and called to it:

tuluγaγγulu'ni onɛrqaγavuı't·ɔq ı'nyuıt tamai'ta taγɛkpaγɔ'xuγıt

"He is a raven, but he never tells tales, people, all of them, though he can visit."

The raven sang to her in reply:

qäno'mi onɛrqa'γavän iγaγɛ'γiγa kakilɛ'γiγa ilä'tka nɛqpıktɔ'xutıŋ uvα'ŋa qo'tχ̣ık kaiyu'χ̣ık

"How should I tell tales. A little while ago I put a man's eyes out, I stabbed them out (with my bill). My relatives ate the flesh while I (ate) the hips, *kaiyu'χ̣ik*."

kaiyuχ̣ik, it was thought, was the woman's name.

Cf. Kroeber, p. 19.

47. The Ptarmigan and the Sculpin

(Told by *Avranna*, a Dolphin and Union strait Eskimo)

The ptarmigan (*aqa'γγiq*) gazed over the edge of the water and saw a sculpin down below. It addressed it thus:

kä'neyuq kαn·a tiγuχ̣i'γu kα'n·a ika't·uma katıktuaiχ̣aq

"The sculpin down there is holding something down there, you there, you with the big fore-head."

The sculpin called up:

nɛqinɛktotihaq·a'xoniγoq aivaktuvaχ̣ıŋna'q·ɔq uvα'ŋa

"After having plenty to eat, they say, he nevertheless tried to quarrel with me (?)"

And the ptarmigan replied:

nɛqinɛktotiha'q·uŋa χ̣uvanı'γlu päpɛqomı'γlu aλ·amı'γlu onamı'γlu

"I have plenty to eat, spawn and tail and belly and breast."

The Ptarmigan and the Sculpin—Second Version

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*, a *Kilusiktok* shaman)

A ptarmigan once peered over the edge of the water and saw a sculpin down below. The ptarmigan said:

takα'n·a uqγuhaqpαklain·a'xoni puŋnauya'q·ɔq natqa'ni

"The fellow down there, he without any fat, he crouches on the bottom."

The sculpin answered:

tıŋuγa'luk qaγɛtaγa'luk uqγuınätkoŋilä'tka

"My liver, my brain, I have plenty of fat on them."

Then it made the retort:

tätpı'ŋna mıtcimeya'qtɔq uqγuhaqpαklain·a'χ̣oni

"The fellow up there, he is settled on the ground, a fellow without any fat."

And the ptarmigan replied:

oγoni'pkalu äλ·ık·a uqγuınätkoŋilä'tka

"My stomach, my breast, I have them covered with fat."

48. The Mouse

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*, a *Kilusiktok* shaman)

A little mouse, *α'vιnγaq*, whenever it visited the holes of the other mice, would say:

pulaqaγnaχiuvu'γa hitaqaγnaχiuvu'γa nuna'nun piχ·uχu'ι't·uγa
"I always visit the others; I keep close to the holes and don't wander about the land."

49. The Mammoth

Two Copper Eskimos said that, according to the tradition handed down to them by their forefathers, the *kilι'γvαk* was a very large animal whose feet were doubled under. The ground cracked as it walked along. They had never seen one themselves, nor any bones of it.

50. The Mammoth and the Musk-ox

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*, a *Kilusi'ktok* shaman)

Once the *kilι'γvαk* and the musk-ox agreed to change horns. The musk-ox tried his new horns against a stone and broke them, so they changed back again.

51. The Brown Bear

(Told by *Avranna*, who learned it from *Atqaq*, an Eskimo from the *Akiliniq* or Thelon river)

The brown bear once said:

αkχlαt äniχuιtunε'γamιk oki'umi χιγχi'ι't·un
χitiqaiγunε'γamιγ opιnγa'qχami χιγχi·'t äniaγa'γata
äniγa'γamιk nεqiq·aiγunε'γamιk χιγχι'γnιk χiγχi·'t
hitai'n χαkälαkχuγιn
"Brown bears don't do out in winter, there are no squirrels. They always have holes. In spring, when the squirrels come out, they have plenty of food from squirrels. The squirrels' holes they scratch up."

52. The Rough Seal and the Wolf

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*, a *Kilusiktok* shaman)

Once the wolf met a rough seal on the ice, both having the forms of men. The wolf said to the seal, "Whenever an arrow is shot at me I jump quickly to one side and it misses." The seal answered, "I too, whenever a spear is hurled at me, dodge to one side." The wolf retorted, "I can jump out of the way quicker than you." So the seal took a bow and shot three arrows in succession, which struck and killed the wolf. Then the seal put on its seal-coat and dived into the water.

53. The Wolf

(Told by *Uloqsaq*, a Coppermine river man)

In the first days, the wolf used to attack both men and caribou. To check his ravages, people tied a fox to his tail so that he could not run. This rendered him harmless, but some other people removed the fox, so now he is as dangerous as ever.

The Wolf—Second Version

(Told by *Ikpakhuak*)

Originally the wolf had a fox tied on to his tail, but he lost it. One day he killed a caribou, and was returning to pick up his bow and arrows when he met a white fox which was following in his trail. He said to the fox:

pɨχɨkχita'ɣɣuɣa qätqa'ɣilan
"Did you not find my bow-case?"

The fox replied:

na·'una pɨχɨkχita·χɪŋɪ'l·uŋa äma'qum kɪχ·iämi
pɑmeɔ'ɣɣuaɣa qätqaɣlua'ɣiɣa həhəhə
"I know nothing about it. I haven't the bow-case. I found a wolf's tail; that was all. Ha, ha, ha."

But the wolf was enraged at the fox for mocking him, so he promptly bit it and killed it, then returned and devoured his caribou.

B. MAN AND THE ANIMAL WORLD

54. The Man and the Squirrels

(Told by *Avranna* and his wife *Milukattak*)

A man was sitting on the ground all by himself one day when he heard a slight noise behind him. He turned round and saw a squirrel in the very act of pushing back the mask from its face and changing into a human being. The man thought to himself, "I am afraid that all the Eskimos hereabouts are going to starve." So he said to the squirrel, "You tell all your brothers and sisters to come out. Remember, I have spared your life. Let them come out in great numbers so that we Eskimos may live on them and not die of starvation."

55. The Caribou and the Hunter

(Told by *Avranna*)

A man was once on the point of spearing a caribou when it opened its mouth and said:

ɪnyuɪ't·ɔq·ɑ'n·a qayäqtai'tɔq·ɑ'n·a ɪma'qhuŋulɛ'ktuŋa
kapitɛ'ɣlɑŋa nu'lian au'yaq tunuyuäqtaŋɪ'n·avɔq
käpituaqχɪn·ɑ'ɣnɑŋa χuli qaqituaqχɪŋna'qtuŋa[1]
"There is no-one down here, there is no kayak down here. I am going into the water, let me escape being speared. Your wife this summer has plenty of deerfat. Although he tried to stab me I got ashore before he speared me" (?)

56. The Whale and its Wife

(Told by *Ikpakhuaq*)

A whale was once married to a woman. The two lived on an island and the whale had the form of a man. Opposite them, on the mainland, lived two Eskimo men. One day these crossed over to visit the whale's wife, and on their return they plotted to carry her off. Now the whale was afraid that his wife might some day try to escape, so he always kept her tied up whenever he went out himself. The Eskimos landed near the whale's house and stole quietly

[1] There is some doubt as to the meaning of the last three words. *Avranna* learned the story from an *Akilinik* (Thelon River) native named *Atqaq*, who visited the Dolphin and Union strait Eskimos in December, 1915.

up to the tent. They peeped inside and saw the woman picking the parasites from the whale's head. She looked up and saw them, whereupon they immediately beckoned to her with their eyes to follow them. She said to her husband, "There's a raven and a seagull." But he only answered, "No, they are people. What is it you want to do?" However, the woman managed to slip the rope and cautiously steal outside, where the Eskimos, one on each side, caught hold of her arms and hurried her down to their kayaks. Presently the whale caught hold of the rope to drag her in, but its end was slack. Then he prepared to follow, and, hastily dressing, took to the water, where he immediately changed into a true whale and rapidly overhauled the two kayaks. The men in great alarm seized some of the woman's clothes and threw them overboard, and the whale stopped at once to tear them up. In this way the Eskimos got ahead, but soon the whale overtook them again and they had to throw overboard more clothes till finally the woman had no more left. But just at this crisis they reached the shore and hid her in their tent. Presently the whale came floundering up on to the beach. One of the men said to it, "If you will only turn round and look out towards the sea I will let you marry my daughter." But when the whale turned round they shot it with their bows and arrows. Its carcase they cut up and cooked and ate; only the woman would not touch it because it was her husband.

Cf. No. 29; Meddelelser om Grønland, Vol. XXXIX, pp. 259 ff; Rasmussen and Worster, p. 130 f.; Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, "A tale about two girls," p. 360, with references; Hawkes, p. 155 f.; Smith, J. A. F. L., Vol. VII, 1894, p. 210; Jochelson, pp. 365 (8), 369 (2).

57. The Caterpillar Husband

(Told by *Kaneyoq*, daughter of *Higilaq*)

Once there lived a woman who could never obtain a husband. She was walking along one day and picked up a caterpillar, which she kept in her hut and nursed until it should grow large enough to marry her. Whenever she wandered she carried the caterpillar with her. But one day when she went out she left it behind in her hut, for by this time it had grown too big for her to carry. Her companions preceded her home and entered her hut, but, terrified at the monster that they saw, they threw it out to the dogs to devour. When the woman returned she enquired where her caterpillar was, and they told her that the dogs had broken into the hut and devoured it while everyone was away. The woman was very angry, for, as she said, it was the only husband she had ever been able to obtain.

(This story is probably unfinished, but my informant had forgotten the rest.)

Cf. Rasmussen, p. 171f.; Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, pp. 178f., 555; Nelson, p. 516.

58. The Snow-bunting and her Husband

(Told by *Ikpakhuaq*)

Long ago a man named *Pisiksi* ("Bow") married a woman who talked like a snow-bunting. She eloped with another man named *Asina* ("Astray"), whereupon her husband transformed himself into a brown bear, followed her and bit her to death. Now the snow-bunting sings *pixɣikɣiɪ'tˑutɪn pixɣikɣiɪ tˑutɪn* ("You are not *Pisiksi*").

59. The Shaman's Pets

(Told by *Uloqsaq*)

At *Netsilik* there once lived two shamans who took a polar bear cub from beside the sea, a red fox cub from a river and a wolf cub from the land. These three they trained up, but when they were fully grown the men became afraid of them and fled to their own country.

60. The Wolf-people

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

A woman was travelling alone over the land, carrying a baby on her back. One day she came to a house. She went inside, and found only a woman with a wolf-skin stretched out alongside of her; all the men, she was told, had gone out hunting. After a time the hunters drew near, and this woman took her wolf-skin and went out to meet them. Her visitor, looking out, saw her change into a wolf, and wag her tail from side to side as she advanced to meet the hunters, who were also wolves. Presently they all changed to human beings again and entered the hut. They began to talk about their hunt, and the men said that they had not been successful, so they were going to hold a shamanistic performance to discover the reason. Now it happened that while the hunters were out the woman had fed her baby with some caribou leg-sinew to which the meat was still attached. This, the wolf-men said, was taboo and had prevented them from securing any game that day. However, the next day, they went out hunting again, and this time they were successful. They kept the woman with them to dry the meat that they brought home.

61. The Fox-woman

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

An Eskimo was once married to a fox, which had the form of a very beautiful woman. Beside him there dwelt another man and his wife, and the two families were united by the bond of "wife-exchange." Once when they had agreed to exchange wives for the night the second man went over to the fox-woman's hut. No sooner had he entered, however, than he remarked, "How vilely this fox smells." The woman was intensely annoyed, and immediately ran outside and fled to her own people. Next day her husband followed her tracks and reached the foxes' settlement, where there were snow-huts just like the huts that men build. The fox-woman was afraid when she saw her husband coming, and tried to hide behind her people, but her husband discovered her and took her back to his home. Thereafter, however, the people were very careful not to offend her again by remarking on the bad smell she exuded.

Cf. Rink, stories 11 and 83; Rasmussen, pp. 167, 330f; Rasmussen and Worster, p. 79; Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, p. 224f.; Hawkes, p. 156; Jochelson, p. 364 (3).

62. The Bear-husband

(Told by *Taptuna*, a Dolphin and Union strait Eskimo)

A woman was once married to a polar bear. Some hunters shot at it one day and killed it. Then for several days his wife never saw him, but at last he reappeared in the form of a man. The woman was a shaman; by her magical power she was able to heal him so that he could hunt as before.

Cf. Meddelelser om GrΦnland, XXXIX, p. 290f.; Boas, Central Eskimo, p. 638f.

63. The Woman and the Polar Bears

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

A woman who was living alone with her husband went out one day and on returning told her husband that she had seen a settlement of polar bears. He told her she lied, and in spite of her protests refused to believe her story. So next morning she said to him, "You said I lied. Now come with me and see for yourself." They hitched the dogs to the sled and started out. After a time they drew near to the polar bear camp and the bears came out to meet them. The man was very much afraid; he pushed the woman off the sled,

wheeled the dogs round and fled back. The woman stayed where she was and the bears passed right by her, pursuing her husband. Soon they overtook him and tore him to pieces, then returned quietly to their camp without attempting to molest the woman, who went home and slept. Early the next morning she heard a noise as of strangers arriving. They were the polar bears, which at once set about building snow-houses for themselves. But before the woman rose and went outside they had all gone again, breaking holes in the backs of their houses by which to leave. She never saw them again.

Cf. Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, pp. 527f., 545.

64. The Goose-wife
(Told by *Ikpakhuaq*)

A man once found a grey goose bathing. He stole her clothes, and when she came out of the water and was looking for them he rushed out and seized her. Then he made her put on his own clothes so that she could not run away, and took her home to be his wife. In time they had a child. But the grey goose was not happy; her husband was always urging her to eat meat when what she craved for was grass. At last she determined to leave him and to take her child away with her; but when the mother rose on the wing the child was unable to follow; it merely fluttered along the ground. Its mother said, "Cry *ni·l ni·l ni·l.*" As soon as the young bird repeated this cry it was able to rise into the air and they flew away together.

The Goose-wife—Second Version
(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

A grey goose was once married to a man by whom she had three children. One day, while the woman was gathering fuel, her husband in fun caught hold of her and said, "Why don't you want to eat this grass?" Intensely annoyed, she inserted feathers between her fingers and between those of her three children. Then she cried to them, *ni'γλutın ni'γλutın qayataγlia'γici* "Geese, geese, rise up into the air." Immediately they rose on the wing and flew away. Only the youngest was unable to mount into the air; instead it fluttered along the ground, striving to follow them. The father ran after it and took it back to his home, but his wife and the other two children never returned.

Cf. No. 23; Rink, story 12; Kroeber, p. 170f.; Rasmussen, p. 165f.; Boas, Central Eskimo, p. 616; Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, pp. 179, 555; Golder, J. A. F. L., Vol. XVI, 1903, p. 98 *et seq.*; Jochelson, p. 370 (5).

65. The Eagle and its Wife
(Told by *Ikpakhuaq*)

An eagle, coming on a woman in the course of its wanderings, seized her and carried her away to its eyrie, which was a hole in the face of a cliff. There it kept her as its wife, leaving her at home whenever it went hunting. She could not escape, for she had no means of descending the cliff. Her body became all lacerated with scratches from the eagle's talons. Often it would bring her young fawns to eat; for full grown deer it never attacked. The woman preserved all the sinew and plaited it secretly into a line, which at last was long enough to reach the bottom of the cliff. One day when the eagle had gone hunting she fastened the end of the line to a rock and slid down till she reached the ground; then she fled towards her home. The eagle, finding its wife gone, followed her tracks to the settlement. It looked inside one of the tents and the people were very frightened. But one of the men said to it: *niγonaniyumaγi'pkın χε'qınıq ha·'λuγo tivaxγau'yaγın* "I want you to marry my sister. Turn your face towards the sun and dance." But when it faced the sun and lifted up its long legs to dance, the people shot it with their bows and arrows. Then they cooked and ate it; only the woman refused to share the feast, saying that the bird had been her husband.

The Eagle and its Wife—Second Version

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

A woman was gathering wood one day when an eagle flew down from the sky and carried her off to its home in a high cliff. At home it assumed the form of a man, but whenever it went hunting it became an eagle again. She lived there with him as his wife, but constantly urged him to go hunting so that she might have plenty of sinew to lay up. She was careful not to let him know the real reason why she wanted the sinew, for while he was absent she was plaiting it into a long line. One day she measured it and found that it would reach to the bottom of the cliff. Then when the eagle returned, she asked him to bring her up a big stone. This he did, and the next day, while he was absent, she fastened one end of the line to the stone, lowered herself down the cliff, and fled away to her own people. When the eagle returned it found the woman gone, but it changed itself into a man and followed her trail to the settlement. The woman's father came out to meet him and said, "Turn your face towards the sun and flap your arms like wings; after that you may marry my daughter." But when the eagle turned round, the woman's father stabbed him through the side with a knife and killed him. The corpse was left lying on the ground.

Cf. Rink, story 8; Kroeber, p. 175; Rasmussen and Worster, p. 130f.; Meddelelser om GrΦnland, Vol. XXXIX, pp. 259f.; Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, pp. 556, 360, with references; Smith, J. A. F. L., Vol. VII, 1894, p. 211.

66. The Giant Fish

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

In a lake at *Saningaiyoq* (the region of Backs river) once lived a giant fish. Two Eskimos were crossing the lake with their kayaks lashed side by side, while another Eskimo in a single kayak was paddling in front of them. Suddenly the latter heard a cry, and, looking round, he saw the fish in the very act of swallowing the two kayaks together. He paddled furiously for the shore with the fish in pursuit, but so fast did it travel through the water that it drove the waves in front of it and carried the kayak before it. As soon as the boat touched the shore, the man jumped out and ran away.

Cf. Boas, Central Eskimo, p. 640; Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, p. 539.

C. AETIOLOGICAL MYTHS

67. The Origin of Day

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

In the first times the land was dark. Both the fox and the brown bear were men. They met once out on the ice and the brown bear said:

ta·'ɣliun ta·'ɣliun naɣɣuaɣihuata'ɣiɣami iλuaqciyuma'qtɔq
"Be dark, be dark, then dogs will smell out the seal-holes better."

But the fox said:

qau'λiun qau'λiun uvλɔ'ɣliun naɣɣuaɣihuata'ɣiɣami iλuaqciyuma'qtɔq

"Be light, be light, be day, then dogs will smell out the seal-holes better." The fox was the greater magician and the light came. The brown bear then went off to the land and the fox stayed on the ice. Ever since that time the Eskimos have been grateful to the fox for creating the light.

Cf. Egede, Descr. of Greenland, 1818, p. 199f.; Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, p. 306.

68. The Origin of the Clouds

(Told by *Ikpakhuaq* and *Uloqsaq*)

The earth was once very warm; there were then no clouds, no snow, no ice, no fog. The sun said, "I know the people all over the earth." In the evening, when the moon went down, it said, "Now the people are going to have their eyes protruding from their heads because of the darkness."

During those days animals talked like men. A female brown bear captured an Eskimo named *Upaum* and carried him off to her den for her young cubs to eat. *miluq·aqcaγa'luk, miluq·aqcaγa'luk,* "Here's something for you to suck," she said to them. She lay down to sleep, leaving the two cubs to keep watch. *Upaum* pretended to be dead and lay with his eyes closed. After a time, when all was quiet, he opened them very cautiously, but the cubs saw him. *U·paum i·ŋ wi·palɛ'k·ɔq* "*Upaum* is opening his eyes," they called to their mother. The old bear sprang up, but seeing *Upaum* lying quite motionless with his eyes closed, she lay down to sleep again. After a time the cubs went off to get some wood. *Upaum* said to himself, *U·paum wi·'luni pi·'li* "*Upaum,* open your eyes and do something." Then he rose, seized a billet of wood and smote the mother bear over the head. The blow was not fatal, but it left the animal stunned for a few minutes, during which time *Upaum* made his escape. Presently he heard the bear following him, so he climbed to the top of some willows and remained there while the bear was vainly searching for him on the ground. "As long as it is light," he thought to himself, "I can hold on to these willows without getting tired." After a time he descended and ran away, but the bear found his tracks and followed. Then he stooped down and drew an imaginary line along the ground. Immediately a great stream of water gushed forth, which swelled into a mighty river flowing between him and his enemy—the modern *qɔγλɔ'ɣtoq* or Coppermine river. *qanoq hɑ'm·a ikaq·eun,* "How did you cross this river?" called out the bear; and the man replied *ălu'γλuγolu kuni'γλuγolu imɛ'qaγa,* "I drank it and snuffled it up and emptied it." The bear tried to do the same, and drank and drank until it burst. The warm steam that mounted up from its body became the clouds.

The Origin of the Clouds—Second Version

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

In the first days the sky was serene and cloudless. There were not many people living then, and bears could talk like men. A man and a woman went hunting one day. They met a brown bear and the man in his terror stood still. The bear seized hold of him, bit him to death and carried him off to its den. The woman followed it and, waiting until it was asleep, struck it on the head with an adze and killed it. But there was another bear sleeping beside it, and it sprang up and pursued her. She sat down on top of a hill and waited for it to come up. When it drew near she said:

ku·k ɱau'ŋa aula'γli "Let a river spring up hither."

Immediately a raging torrent burst forth from the ground and flowed between her and the bear. The bear called out:

qa'noq hɑ'm·a ika'q·eun "How did you cross this?"

and the woman replied:

kuni'xuγolu alu'xuγolu ika'q·aγa
"Snuffling it up and drinking it up I crossed over it."

The bear tried to do the same, and drank and drank until it burst. The steam from its body clouded the sun. The river which was thus created is now called the *Saravaktoq, i.e.* the Raging Torrent.

Cf. Rasmussen, p. 183; Rasmussen and Worster, p. 84; Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, p. 177f., 308f.; Jochelson, p. 364 (6).

69. The Origin of Death

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

In the first days no one died upon the earth. Now there was a family dwelling inland in the country of *Kigliniq* one summer. As winter came on they dropped down to the coast, where they wandered about from place to place, without food, until at last the woman dropped in her tracks and died. She became a hill which now bears the name of *Uvaiyoq*. The father and the two boys went on a little farther, then the boys also dropped down and died, one after the other, becoming two hills which are called *Uvaiyokuk*. Finally the man himself dropped down, and the hill into which he was converted is known as *Uvaiyuluaq*. On its sides one can still discern his ribs. These four hills lie close to the shore in the country of *Kigliniq*, and are recognisable by their precipitous faces.[1]

This family was the first to perish. Other Eskimos in the same country went to a fishing lake named *Ariaq*. There, desperate with hunger, they killed and ate each other. In this way they all perished. But at another lake, *Eqaluktutsiaq*, a short distance away, there were some other families, and one of the natives managed to shoot a loon with his bow and arrows. This was divided up amongst the people, but so many were they that the bird had to be cut at every joint in order that everyone might receive a tiny morsel. However, it saved their lives.

70. The Origin of Caribou

(Told by *Higilaq*)

Once upon a time a man carved a caribou out of a piece of wood. It had large teeth, and was so savage that forthwith it began to kill everyone it saw. Then the man took a stone and knocked its teeth out, whereupon it became very timid and the caribou have remained so ever since.

The Origin of Caribou—Second Version

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

In the first days caribou had teeth given to them by the wolf. Once three caribou, a young bull (*nukä'tukaq*), a doe (*ku'lavaq*), and a fawn (*nɔ'γaq*), attacked and killed a man. In consequence another man knocked their teeth out, and since then caribou have been harmless.

Cf. Boas, Central Eskimo, p. 587f.; Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, pp. 168, 306, 536f., 554; Hawkes, p. 160; Nelson, pp. 449, 460; Murdoch, p. 595.

71. The Origin of Fish

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

There lived once a man who had no inward parts, but a straight cavity from mouth to anus. He chopped up some sticks and shaped them into fish, which he threw into the water. They turned at once into real fish and swam away.

Cf. Crantz, Vol. I, p. 204; Boas, Central Eskimo, p. 617; Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, pp. 181, 339, 555; Hawkes, p. 152; Golder, J. A. F. L., Vol. XVI, 1903, p. 101; Murdoch, p. 595; Jochelson, p. 370 (6).

72. The Origin of Mankind

(*a*) Told by *Higilaq*

A white woman (*qɔ'vλuna·*) was constantly changing her husbands. At last a man said to her, "You are always wanting to change your husband, you had better marry a dog." She did, and her offspring were brown and white bears.

[1] Probably they are the hills marked on the chart behind Wilbank bay on the south coast of Victoria island.

(*b*) Told by *Milukattak*

Once there was a woman who was always changing her husbands till at last her father made her marry a dog. Her children were a brown bear, a white bear, human beings and dogs. The human children wandered off to different places, and became different, some turning into white men, others forming the different tribes of Eskimos.

(*c*) Told by *Ilatsiaq*

A woman's father once said to her, "You don't want to marry any man, you had better marry a dog." The result of the union was a litter of pups, which turned into brown bears when they grew up and devoured their grandfather, then ran away.

(*d*) Told by *Uloqsaq*

In the first times there were no men and only a single woman. She mated with a dog, and bore therefrom a litter of dogs and human beings. The latter increased in numbers, and the woman proceeded to plant them out in different places. Some in one place became white men, others in another place Indians, while still others became Eskimos. Thus the different countries were populated.

(*e*) Told by *Ikpakhuaq*

There once lived a man with a wife and one daughter. The daughter, as fast as she married one man, deserted him and married another. At last her father married her to a dog and marooned her on an island. There the woman bore two children. After a time the man went to visit his daughter, leaving his wife on the mainland. As soon as his kayak put in to the beach he was approached by a brown bear and a white bear, his daughter's children, whom their mother had sent to kill their grandfather. They licked all along the side of his kayak till the man became angry and attacked them, whereupon the brown bear turned on him and killed him. The woman continued to have the dog for her husband, and used the two bears to drag her sled, but the brown bear ever since that time has been very savage and goes out of its way to attack mankind. Finally the woman went into the water to live. Now when the Eskimos are plagued with bad weather their shamans call upon this woman to relieve them. Sometimes she is kind and helps people, but sometimes she is angry and tries to kill them by sending bad weather and breaking up the ice.

Cf. Rink, story 148; Kroeber, p. 167; Rasmussen, p. 104f.; Meddelelser om GrΦnland, Vol. XXXIX, p. 270f.; Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, p. 359 with references; Hawkes, p. 152; Nelson, p. 482f.; Jochelson, p. 374 (19), Petitot, p. 301f.

D. QUASI-HISTORICAL TRADITIONS

73. The "Golden Age"

(Told by *Ikpakhuaq*)

Long ago there were but few Eskimos living on Victoria island. No caribou ever visited that country, and there were neither trout nor salmon in the lakes and streams. The only food which the people could obtain consisted of snow-buntings and longspurs, and the very small sticklebacks that live in the lakes.

74. Raids by White Men

(Told by *Avranna*)

Long ago there was a settlement of Eskimos on the bank of the *Nagyuktok* river in the south of Victoria island. A party of white men came along and killed all the inhabitants except two men, who took refuge in some holes in the banks. Two white men pursued them, but one of them, as he peered over the

bank, fell into the water and was drowned. These same white men killed a large party of Eskimos just below Bloody fall on the Coppermine river. *Avranna* had seen the skulls of their victims there, some protruding above ground, some buried underneath the surface.[1]

(*b*) (Told by *Uloqsaq*)

Long ago, when a large party of Eskimos were living on the ice near the mouth of the Coppermine river, and all the men had gone sealing, a body of white men attacked the camp and killed all the women and children except three, a woman, her child, and another child. Then the white men went on their way and built a snow hut at the foot of a high cliff. When the Eskimos returned from sealing and found all their women and children slain, save these three who had hidden away, they were filled with grief and rage, and, seizing their weapons, they followed in the white men's trail. Overtaking them, they built a snow wall all round their hut to prevent anyone from escaping, then speared all the white men except one, who flew up into the air and disappeared.

Cf. Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, p. 315, 541f.; Hawkes, p. 151.

(*c*) (Told by *Uloqsaq*)

Near the Rae river there were three Eskimo settlements. A party of white men came from the west and completely destroyed both the first and the second. They would have killed all the Eskimos in the third settlement also, but the latter changed into musk-oxen and fled. Then the white men travelled about looking for more Eskimos to kill. A shaman named *Kalupik*, however, brought his magic to bear on them and prevented them from approaching his fellow-countrymen. A man cut off the legs of *Kalupik* one night as he lay sleeping. When he wakened in the morning he saw them lying on the floor where his enemy had thrown them down. He began to weep, but presently dried his eyes and by the power of his magic restored them into place.

(*d*) (Told by *Aneraq*)

Near the country of the *Netsilingmiut* a large ship was crushed in the ice long ago, and many white men went down in her.[2] In the same locality a number of Eskimos once died of starvation.

75. The Ravages of the Brown Bear
(Told by *Uloqsaq*)

A brown bear once lived at *Killivik* or *Nagyuktok* (two names for the same place, in the south of Victoria island). One day it grew very big, bigger than any other living animal. It crossed over the strait to *Kilusiktok* and ate all the Eskimos there. This region at that time was thickly inhabited, much more so than it is now. But all these Eskimos were eaten by the brown bear, and the present day inhabitants are immigrants from surrounding places.

76. The Destruction of the Kilusiktok Eskimos
(Told by *Uloqsaq*)

Long ago at *Kilusiktok* a great number of people were travelling towards the coast to begin the winter's sealing. In play they began to throw lumps of snow at one another. Presently the snow-balls went up and up into the sky and never came down again. The people could not see what became of them, but they changed into spirits and killed a great many Eskimos at *Kilusiktok*, *Nenitak* and *Nagyuktok*. This happened when the narrator of the story was a little boy.

[1] These were probably the relics of the Eskimos massacred by Hearne's party of Chipewyan Indians in 1759. They were seen by Richardson and Rae's party in 1851.

[2] This may possibly refer to the fate of Sir John Franklin and his party.

E. GIANTS AND DWARFS

77. *Nahaingalaq*

(Told by *Higilaq*)

There once lived a giant woman named *Nahaingalaq*, the daughter of a man named *Akulugyuk*. She carried an adze and an ulo for killing people, whom she used to slip inside her coat and carry off. Once she found an Eskimo fishing on a lake. He fled, but she pursued him and was on the point of seizing him when he turned and shot her with his bow and arrow. He left her lying where she fell, but other Eskimos found the body and laid it out properly in burial.

Cf. Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, p. 537f.; Stefansson, Anthrop. Papers, A.M.N.H., Vol. XIV, pt. I, p. 326 (The Eskimo words at the bottom of the page mean "They insert them into their coats"); Jochelson, p. 374f.

78. The Giant and his Dwarf Companion

(Told by *Aneraq*)

There once lived a giant who had for his companion an extremely small man. This giant was addicted to oversleeping, so he told his companion to wake him up if ever he observed the approach of a bear so big that it obscured the sun. When the bear appeared, the small man woke the giant by rapping his head with a stone, whereupon he rose up, tied the little man to the inside of his foot out of sight, and slew the bear with his spear.

Cf. Meddelelser om GrΦnland, Vol. XXXIX, p. 232f.; Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., V XV, pt. I, pp. 196, 368 with references; Jochelson, p. 369 (9).

79. The Giant and the Eskimo

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

A giant had adopted an Eskimo as his son. One day they were fishing in a lake in the country of *Saningaiyoq*, where the giant fish dwells, while another giant was fishing high up on a cliff near by. The two down below caught no fish, but the giant above caught two, whereupon he taunted them saying, *cı'γcık kıγutı'nık kıγutı'lık mäλγoha'qtɔq* "The squirrel who has teeth himself has caught two things with teeth." This exasperated the giant down below, and he said to the Eskimo, "Stay down here and drive a knife into him when I drag him down." Then he climbed the cliff, seized his adversary by the knees and pulled him down, whereupon the Eskimo immediately stabbed him with his knife.

Cf. Meddelelser om GrΦnland, Vol. XXXIX, p. 234; Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, p. 314; Petitot, p. 400.

80. The Giant's Revenge

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

In the early days, giants, *ınyu'kpain*, lived upon the earth. One couple had a baby who crawled away from home while the parents were sleeping, and came to a settlement of Eskimos. It was wearing a bright band on its forehead, and some of the Eskimos tried to examine it, but the baby persistently held its head down. They tried to force it up, and in so doing strangled the child. The next morning the parents appeared, searching for their child. The first people they encountered were innocent of the crime, but they told the father what had happened. He bade them go high up from the beach and from that vantage point watch him paddle his kayak; then he went on to the murderers and said to them, *quyiaqc'ıŋa cena'nun ta'vuŋa naŋıkpaγia'γlici qayaqtɔγnıaqtuŋa* "Watch me. On the beach there stand. I am going to paddle my kayak."

The Eskimos went down to the shore to watch him, standing in a line. But when he entered his kayak he splashed the water so high up on to the land that it flooded all the beach and drowned them. So the murder of the baby was avenged. The giant then gave liberal presents to his Eskimo friends and departed to his own home.

Cf. Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, p. 539.

81. *Ahungahungaq*

(Told by *Anauyuk*, a Dolphin and Union strait shaman)

Long ago a giant crossed over from the mainland to the most southern of the Liston and Sutton islands, in Dolphin and Union strait. It was midsummer, and the sea was free of ice, but so tall was he that the water hardly reached above his knees. The sun did not see him as he crossed. As soon as he reached the island he took up two huge boulders and began to toss them up in the air, juggling with them. There was a party of Eskimos living on *Putulik*, the most northern island of the group, and they were terrified at his appearance. One of their shamans chanted a spell against him, and the giant immediately dropped his stones and tried to flee, but before he reached the edge of the island he was changed to rock. Now only his nose and eyebrows are visible; formerly he wore a red belt, but the wind has carried that away. His juggling stones can still be seen lying where he dropped them, on top of the rock *Ahungahungaq*.[1]

82. The *Tunektan*

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

Long ago there lived in the ground a people named *Tunektan*. The women were very beautiful, and the men, although only about four feet high, were exceedingly strong. One day an Eskimo attempted to carry off one of the women, but her husband seized him by the wrists and snapped them. Unable to hunt or to help himself in any way, the Eskimo starved to death.

83. The Dwarfs

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

The dwarfs (*ɪnyuɔ'γliγat*), are a very numerous people. They are so short that whenever they travel their bows trail along the ground behind them, yet so strong are they that many of them can carry singly a whole bull caribou on his back. They are friendly toward the Eskimos. Once very long ago an Eskimo, seeing a solitary ice-cake floating out in the sea, paddled over to it in his kayak. On top he found a dwarf, who said that he had been marooned there through his kayak washing adrift. The Eskimo offered to carry him home if he were not too heavy, and the dwarf replied that he could make himself light or heavy at will. So the Eskimo took him on board and ferried him to his home. All the dwarfs rejoiced and made the Eskimo many presents, after which he returned to his home, reaching it in two days.

Cf. Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, p. 317, 540f.

F. SHAMANISM

84. The Shaman and his Wife

(Told by *Uloqsaq*)

Long ago a shaman who was living at *Kilusiktok* drove all the deer out of the country by his magic. His wife, who was also a shaman, was very vexed with him, and said, "Why do you want to starve the people? Don't you suffer from hunger too? Is it because you don't feel hungry yourself that you want

[1] According to *Ikpakhuaq* the figure is kneeling. The spell which was chanted is said to be extant, but I could never obtain it.

to drive away all the deer and kill off the people." Then her husband was afraid of her and transformed himself into a bearded seal; but the woman transformed herself into a white fish (*qlä'luγaq*) and pursued him. She fought him under the water and obliged him to take refuge out on the beach. Before leaving the water, he took off his bearded seal coat and left it in the water, going up on to the land naked. The woman white fish seized the coat and made it sink so that the man was unable to resume it, but had to remain naked and helpless on the land until finally he starved to death. The woman went away to another country and brought many musk-oxen to *Kilusiktok* to take the place of the caribou which the man had driven away. Now she lives in the water and makes the weather fine and sometimes helps the Eskimos with their sealing.[1] Thereafter the natives of *Kilusiktok* lived on musk-oxen, but at the present time these are becoming scarcer. However, the caribou are returning to the country in great numbers, so that the Eskimos can still procure plenty of food.

[1] The narrator had forgotten her name.

85. The Contest of the Shamans

(Told by *Uloqsaq*)

A *Netsilik* man named *Pannaq* and an *Utkusiksalik* man named *Naniligaq* once met out on the ice. One said to the other, "You are no shaman;" so they agreed to have a trial of strength. *Pannaq* changed himself into a polar bear, and the other man into a musk-ox. The musk-ox strove to pierce the bear with his horns, but his adversary jumped about, snapping with his teeth and striking out with his paws. Once he succeeded in biting the musk-ox, but the latter turned and ripped open his flank with his horn. Then the musk-ox said, "You will never be able to get the better of me, so we had better change into human beings again." They did so, but the *Netsilik* man retained the wound in the side which he had received during the fight, and died shortly afterwards. His people wanted to kill *Naniligaq* in revenge, but they were afraid to attack him. Soon afterwards he returned to his home, where he still lives.

86. The Girl's Braid

(Told by *Ikpakhuaq*)

A shaman, desiring to bewitch a girl, said:

qauciapa'lum pä'nia oyaγa'ŋoλ·e oyaγa'ŋoλ·e

"*Qausiapaluk's* daughter, turn into a stone, turn into a stone."

One of the girl's braids forthwith turned to stone. She said to her father:

tuγλi'ŋma mai'ya i'γλua oyaγa'ŋulialunɛ'ktɔq

"One of my two braids has turned to stone."

So the father took a knife and cut it off.

87. *Kimaktun*

(Told by *Uloqsaq*)

There is a lake which is called *Kimaktun*, after a man who was killed beside it. He camped beside this lake one summer with his wife and child and one or two other families. His father, *Natkulisaq*, a great shaman, had gone to another land, but one day with a number of other people he flew through the air to his son's camp. There he and some of his party made a great fire, using their companions and some of the party of *Kimaktun* for fuel. *Arnangnaq*, a companion of *Kimaktun*, attempted to shoot some of the aggressors through his tent door, but his tent caught fire and burned him up before he could launch his shafts. *Kimaktun* then rushed out, knife in hand, and killed some of his assailants, but he too was burned in the flames.[1] *Natkulisaq* and his allies then

[1] According to *Higilaq*, it was fire from heaven that came down and burned up *Kimaktun* and his party. It left a large hole in the ground.

flew home. The former told his people that he had been fighting with a great number of men, but had evaded their blows and escaped unhurt. The eldest brother of *Kimaktun*, however, discovered his father's crime in a séance, and said to his father, "It was your own son *Kimaktun* whom you burned up." *Natkulisaq* was overwhelmed with grief and remorse and begged his son to kill him with his own knife. But the son answered, "No, you are not good to eat; we shall not kill you." So they lived together afterwards as though nothing had happened.

G. MISCELLANEOUS TALES

88. A Cannibal People

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

In the early days there lived a strange people, some of whom were cannibals. A *Netsilik* man, with his wife and child, appeared among them in the course of his wanderings and was entertained by some of the more hospitable villagers, who warned him of the murderous designs of their neighbours and advised him to hide his child among the sleeping skins. One day two men entered the hut, carrying a large stone. They warned their guest that an old man was coming to murder him, and advised him to kill the old man first with the stone that they had brought. Soon afterwards the old man himself entered and began to prowl about the hut, but the *Netsilik* stranger struck him behind the ear with the stone and killed him. Then his two friends went out and called some of the other people, who carried the corpse away and ate it. After a time a friend suggested to the Eskimo that he might escape by cutting the lashings of all the sleds while the people were asleep, thus preventing pursuit. So in the night the Eskimo stole outside, cut all the sled-lashings, and fled away with his wife and child. Towards morning he heard the sound of pursuit, and soon a man overtook him riding on a sled. The Eskimo shot an arrow at the dog which was dragging the sled, and the wounded animal turned round and dragged the sled into a lake near by, where both its master and itself were drowned. The Eskimo then continued his journey undisturbed, and on reaching his home told his countrymen of his narrow escape.

Cf. Rink, story 101; Rasmussen, p. 216; Kroeber, p. 167; Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, pp. 230, 544f.; Rink, Hans Hendrik the Arctic Traveller, London, 1878, p. 33f.

89. The Punishment of the Cannibals

(Told by *Higilaq*)

There was a settlement of people living on the sea-shore, some of whom used to murder every stranger that put into their village and throw his head to their dogs. One day they saw a man paddling towards them in a kayak. The news spread from house to house till it reached the ears of a man named *Inneralisi*. The people cried to him, *tɔ'ɣmiät tıkı'tpɔq ınᵊɛɣa'lici ai'ciun* "There's a stranger coming, *Inneralisi*, bring him in." So the man went out and called his dog: *Hai pcai pcai pcai tɔ'ɣmiät qınyanı'tpa mıtquıtoa'tcia* "Hai psai psai psai, there's a stranger in sight, isn't there, Long-Hair?"

The two went down to meet the stranger, but he killed *Inneralisi* and threw his head to his dog, Long-Hair. Then he went up and killed all the other murderers in the village, in the way in which they had been wont to kill others, by throwing a knife over the back of the neck and shearing off the head as with a draw-knife. He threw their heads to their dogs to devour, but the animals would not touch them. Then he returned to his own country, taking with him a man whom the other villagers abhorred and dreaded.

90. The Man who Deserted his Wives

(Told by *Ikpakhuaq*)

A man was living beside a lake with his two wives. One day he went deer-hunting and never returned. The two women were sitting inside their tent when a snow-bunting perched on the ridge-pole and sang:

pɪɑkɔ·le'cɔ·lecɔ·le aicɔ·le'cɔ·lecɔ·le
nunavau'n ɑlu'ani nulia'qtoak cɔ·le'
"*Pisiksole* . . . . inland in the interior they two are married."

Then the women, who were both shamans, held a séance, and discovered that their husband had eloped with another woman. So they changed themselves into seals and wandered about until they reached the country to which he had fled. There they stayed in the water alongside the beach until the new wife came down for water. She saw them there, and went back and told her husband, saying, *nätci·'k nuiyuitalɛ'kpuk* "There are two seals which keep bobing their heads up out of the water unafraid." Her husband replied: *a· paqɛ'-tyuɑm* "They have found me out."

The two seals disappeared out of sight round a hill, then changed into brown bears and approached the camp. *Pisiksole* saw them coming and, taking his bow and arrows, went out to meet them. But the two bears fell on him and bit him to death. They left the new wife undisturbed, and, changing back into women, returned to their own country.

The Man who Deserted his Wives—Second Version

(Told by *Uloqsaq*, who learned it from *Qaqsavina*, a *Palliq* Eskimo man from Hudson bay)

A *Palliq* native once had two wives, both of whom were shamans. He wanted to get rid of them, so one day he pretended to die. The women looked at him and one said to the other, "He isn't dead; he is only trying to deceive us." However, they laid him out in the proper manner on top of the ground with his kayak and weapons beside him and went away. After a time the man rose, took his kayak and weapons and went away. He came to a lake across which many caribou were swimming, so he launched his kayak in pursuit and killed a great number of them. He cached the meat on the bank, but took the skins and crossed over to the opposite side of the lake where a woman was living. Seeing a man coming paddling across with his kayak laden with skins, she put on her finest clothes and went down to meet him. The two were married and settled down beside the lake.

Meanwhile his two former wives found out by their magic what he had done and were very angry in consequence. They changed themselves into brown bears and went in pursuit. One day, while he was out hunting, they fell upon him and killed him. Then they changed back into women and went to his tent to see his new wife, but as she had married him in ignorance they did her no harm. Finally with a younger brother they went away to the country of the *Utkusiksaligmiut* to find new husbands, because the men of that country were reputed to be very handsome. There they married and settled down.

91. The Marooned

(Told by *Avranna*, who learned it from *Atqaq*, an *Akiliniq* Eskimo)

Once two men paddled over to an island, leaving their wives on the mainland. There one of them took the other's kayak and rifle and paddled off. When he was a little way off shore he called out: *Ha ha nu'liän e nuliaγyumalɛ'kpara* ɑλγɑ'*ni e* iλɪ'*kpan qaiyumalɛ'kpara* "Ha ha, I am going to marry your wife. Next summer I shall probably return."

His marooned companion replied, *hɪtqoqtiyu'tiγa qai'λugo* "Give me my gun." However, the man carried off both the kayak and the gun. The marooned man wandered about the island, looking for whatever he could pick up. Once he found a bearded seal stranded on the beach, and another time a walrus. On these he managed to subsist during the winter.

The following summer the man who had deserted him came again to the island in a kayak, expecting to find his remains. The marooned Eskimo, seeing him coming, hid in a cave by the shore. On drawing near the kayaker called out: *ɪnyuɛ'γqa ɪnyuɛ'γqa toqovi·'l toqovi·'l* "Is no-one there? Is no-one there? Are you dead? Are you dead?" The marooned Eskimo made no reply. Thereupon the man left his kayak on the beach and went up to look for the bones of his victim. The other immediately rushed out, seized the kayak and rifle and paddled off. Now it was his turn for revenge, and when he was a little way off shore he called out: *än·aktɔqtu'ŋali än·aktuacuatu'λ·i* "I managed to survive the winter, now you do the same," adding at the same time, in the words of his enemy, "Next year I shall come back to look for you." Then he paddled away. In the following summer he returned, but all that he could find were the bleached bones of his enemy lying on the ground.

Cf. Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, p. 551f.

92. The Boy's Revenge

(Told by *Uloqsaq*)

There were living on the seashore a man, his wife, and their two sons. The boys, who were nearly grown up, went off one day to look for other people and came to a settlement of strangers. They were welcomed and taken into a house, where they were told to undress and make themselves comfortable. They therefore undressed and went to bed, but in the middle of the night they overheard the people plotting to kill them. One of the boys immediately rose and fled, stark naked, in the direction of his home. The other lad stayed in the hut, and presently his hosts entered and murdered him; they then set out in pursuit of the boy who had fled.

Meanwhile the boy reached his father's house and hid beneath the seaweeds on the shore. After a time the murderers appeared and asked his father where he was, but the parents said, "We don't know; we haven't seen him. He isn't here." They searched all round, but when they failed to find him they returned to their settlement. Throughout that summer the boy nursed plans of revenge. He made a small bow with arrows to fit it, a bow so small that it could be carried on his back without being seen from the front. He was anxious to test its strength, so he set up a musk-ox skin and shot his arrows at it. They pierced right through the skin and stuck in the ground beyond. When winter came round again he went off to find the murderers. They had been wondering where the boy was all this time, and would say to one another, "How is it that the boy *Ameryuaq* never appears, the boy who was wearing a fine white coat?" Then one day he did appear, and the people rushed out to meet him, intending to kill him. But, unseen by them, he was carrying his bow and quiver full of arrows on his back. He waited until the people drew near, then suddenly drew his bow and began to shoot them down. Many of them he killed; the rest fled back to their camp. Then the boy returned to his home.

(According to *Ilatsiaq*, ten men came out to meet him. Three of these he killed; the rest fled back to the houses while the boy returned to his people.)

93. Strange People

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

Once there lived a man named *Alguna*, a native of Eqaluktok.[1] Going out one day to hunt musk-oxen he met some strange people with whom he stayed for a time, living in a snow hut adjacent to them. These people never ate meat, but merely sucked it, for their bodies were imperfect. After a time the Eskimo went away and wandered about until he met two men wearing belts of a very extraordinary nature. With them also he remained for some time, then resumed his travels and came to the country of *Saningaiyoq* (Backs river). From the top of a hill he saw two men, but even as he watched them a band of women suddenly appeared and pursued them. One man succeeded in making his escape, but the other was captured. The women fought for his possession and in the struggle he was torn to pieces. *Alguna* himself escaped unseen, and after wandering about for some time longer returned to his home. His people had given him up for dead, as he had been absent several years. When he had left his child was only about eight years old, but when he returned the boy was almost grown up.

Cf. Boas, Bulletin, A.M.N.H., Vol. XV, pt. I, pp. 171, 538; Jochelson, p. 364 (2).

94. The Sick Man

(Told by *Ilatsiaq*)

A young man named *Ilornaq* was once very ill, and his leg came off about the knee. He kept the severed limb near him in his hut, and whenever he looked at it would sing a song. For a time he appeared to be recovering, but then his malady increased and in the end he died.

[1] During his boyhood the narrator of the story had seen both *Alguna* and his son.

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