Text Thirty-Six

ayâkwâmisîtotaw môs!

pêyakwâ ê-takwâkihk k'-âti-mâci-pâm'pahtâcik môswak ê-wî-âmaci-môsocik ilikohk, ê-kîy-ati-kihtohtêyân mâka ôta ohci kêšîciwanohk, cîpayi-sîpîhk ê-'t'-îtohtêyân, pêyak ililiw 'îcêwak.¹

pêyakwâ mâka nêt' ê-'ti-kapâyâhk, ê-kotawêyâhk, nawac ê-'ti-pêšonâkwahk cîpayi-sîpiy, ispî mâk' ê-wîy-ati-pôsiyâhk, niwâ'mânân² môs nawac ê-nâwinâkosit, ê-matwê-nîpawit lâlih sîpîhk.

êko ê-'pâmohtêyâhk anta, kêka pêci-kihtohtêw.

êko kâ-'pâmohtêyâhk anta, tâpiskôc ê-nêwihki niskâtinânîy³ ê-'mohtêwâkêyâhk nisitinâna nêsta nicihcînânîy, kimiwaniyân mâka êy-akwaniyâhk.

êko kâ-pêc'-îši-kihtohtêt ana môs, "nîci-môsw'," ê-ytên'tahk. pîliš nâspic kî-pêšonâkosiw.

ispî mâka kêka nâspic ê-pêšonâkosit, êko kâ-otatâmâpiskîšimakiht, êh..., olâkan êy-âpacihtâyâhk.

êko nâspic kâ-koškopalit, nâspic k'-êlikohk kî-kihcipahtâw.

Beware of the moose!

One fall when the moose were beginning to run about, at the mating season, I had begun to set out from Albany Post here, on my way to Ghost River in the company of a certain person.

Excerpt from "âtalôhkâna nêsta tipâcimôwina / Cree Legends

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

At one point as were landing there, we built a fire, as Ghost River was getting quite near; but when we wanted to push off again we saw a moose appear a fair distance off, standing within sight at the waterside.

Then as we walked around there, finally he left and walked towards us. So we walked there, as though we had four legs, using our feet and our hands to walk on, covered over with a raincoat.

So the moose came walking away towards us, thinking, "It's a fellow moose of mine." Until he got within very close view.

But when at last he got within close sight, then we banged on the rocks, uh..., using a dish.

Then he was very startled, and ran off as hard as he possibly could.