

pakwaciliw

- 1 wēskac ēy-awāšišīwīyān n'kī-kanawēlimik ē-..., nōhtāwiy ispiy ēkā
kā-pimātist¹ nikāwiy ōta ē-..., ē-yhtāspan *Moose Factory*² ēy-āpacihtāt
kampaniwa.
ēko māka mōla ohci-pimātistw n'kāwiy. n'kī-pēti-nātahokonān māka
nōhtāwiy ē-kanawēlimiyamiht,³ ē-n'tawihot nētē, wāskēyokāw kā-išin'kātēk,
kā-k'-iši-otaskispan mōsak, ē-pēci-pimātist. ēko māka, n'kī-n-..., -n'tahēnān
māk' anima sipiy, wāskēyokāw-sipiy ē-išin'kātēk, ē-pōsihiyamiht ē-pāmiskāt
ē-nātahāhk otēyāna,⁴ ē-stahcikot antē.
2 ēko māka, m'pēhtawānān 'wē'hkān ē-miškāyāhk. matē-otatām'ham
kē'wāhkāniliw. mōl' ani wiskāt māka pēhtākwān 'wēnihkān wiskāt
kici-kalakihtāt. ēko māka matē-..., ē-twēhikēt⁵ [*beats a frying pan*]. kinwēš
māka nawac otatāmāhwēw pīiš māka n'tati-lāwīnākosinān. kiyāpac
matē-otatāmāham, anima, askihkwa,⁶ kēkwān ē-tihtākwāhk [*beats frying
pan again*].⁷
ēko māka nōhtāwīnān n'titānān. išk'wēšišak māk' anta kī-nišiwak
ē-pōsihtāt, nīla māka nēsta. ēko kī-kōstāciwak ōko kā-miškitičik
išk'wēšišak. ēko itwēwak: "pakwaciliw 's' āwa kā-matē-kalakihtāt."
"mayēw ana pakwaciliw. pakwantaw ani kititihtēnāwāw. mistikwak
wēs' āni māt' ayamiwak nēsta.⁸ kaškihtāwak wēs' ān' ē-yam'cik mistikwak."
ē'kwān' ētwēt nōhtāwiy.
3 (hēntriy sēlors māka k'-išimihkāsow awa nōhtāwiy.) ē'kwāni māk' étāt ōho
išk'wēš'sa, otānisa. pēyak māka kotak išk'wēšis ē-..., ē-wicēwākanihāt
ocawāšimiša, ē-kaškēl'htamīl'ci ohci. kōstāciwak māka ōko 'škwēšišak.
ēko māka kā-pēci-māhamāhk anima sipiy. mōla mīna
ohci-matē-kalakihtāw. mōla n'kī-whci-pēhtawānān mīna. ē'kwānim' ēšpiš⁹
kā-pēhtawakiht piko ē-matē-otatāmāpiskāhikēt.

The Bushman

- 1 Long ago in my childhood I was taken care of as ... by my father when my
mother died, as ... as he used to stay here at Moose Factory working for the
Company.
So then, my mother died. My father came to get us by canoe to take care of
us, since he was hunting away off, at Grassy Bay Creek as it was called,
where he always used to have his trapping grounds, while he was alive. So
then, we went u... up that river called Grassy Bay River, with him taking us
by canoe as he paddled fetching his trapping outfit, caching it there.
2 Well then, we heard someone as we were paddling. He was hitting away at
something in the distance. It was never heard of that anyone should ever
disturb the quiet. So this is the banging sound which he made [*beats a frying
pan*]. He beat upon it for a long time, but at last we began to get further and
further away. He could still be heard in the distance beating it, that thing, –
it sounded somewhat as if he were beating on a kettle [*beats frying pan again*].
So then we told our father. Now there were two girls there that he was
taking with him in the canoe, and myself as well. Well then, these two big
girls were afraid. So they said: "This is a Bushman for sure who's making
that noise in the distance."
"That's not a Bushman. You imagine you're hearing things. The trees
frequently talk too, you know. You know the trees are able to talk." That's
what my father said.
3 (Henry Sailors was my father's name.) And that's all he said to these
girls, his daughters. There was one other girl though uh ... who came along
as a companion to his children, since she was lonesome. But these girls were
frightened.
So then we came down that river. He didn't make any further noise. We
didn't hear him again. It was only at that time that we heard him, drumming
away in the distance on metal.