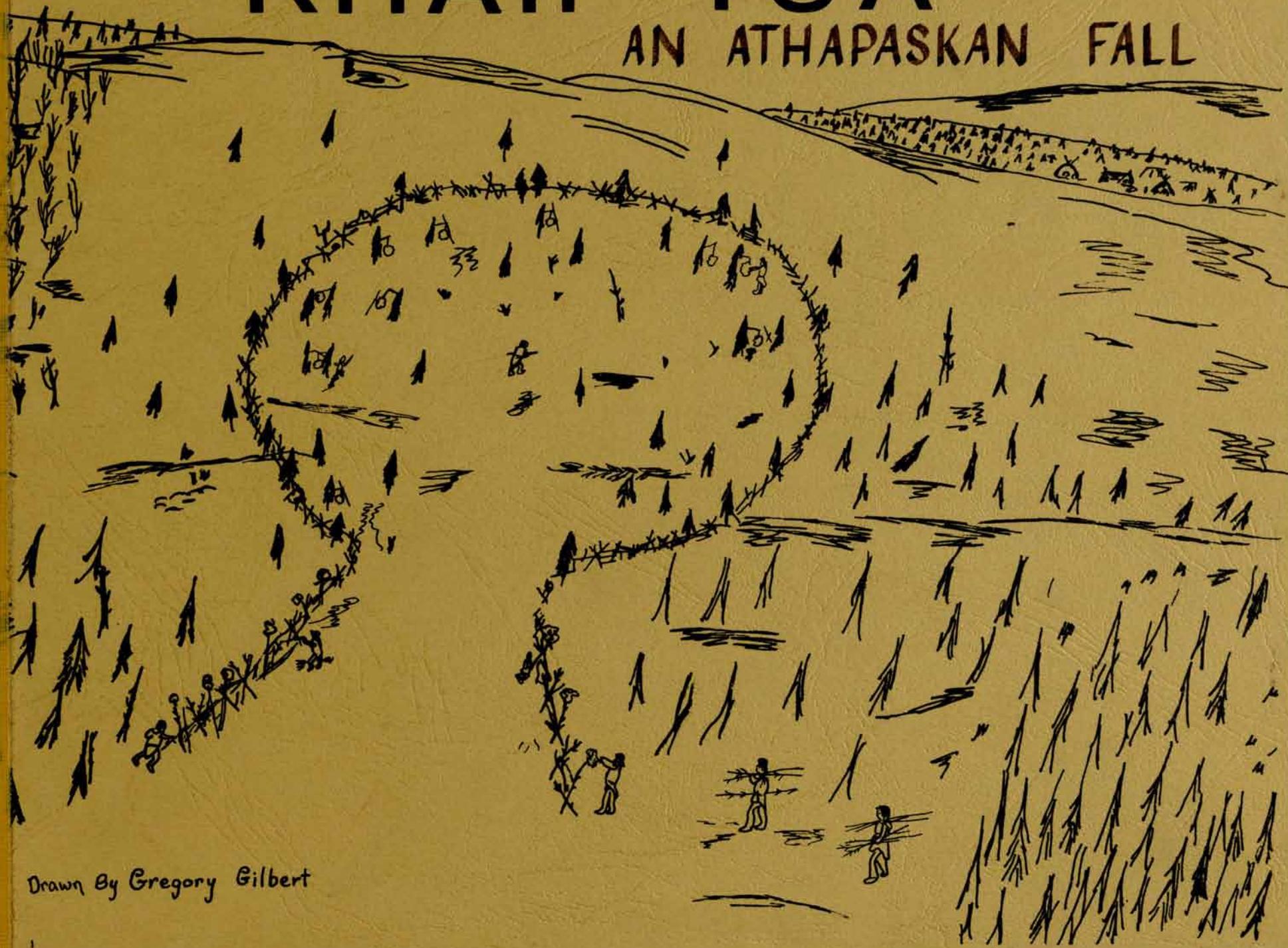
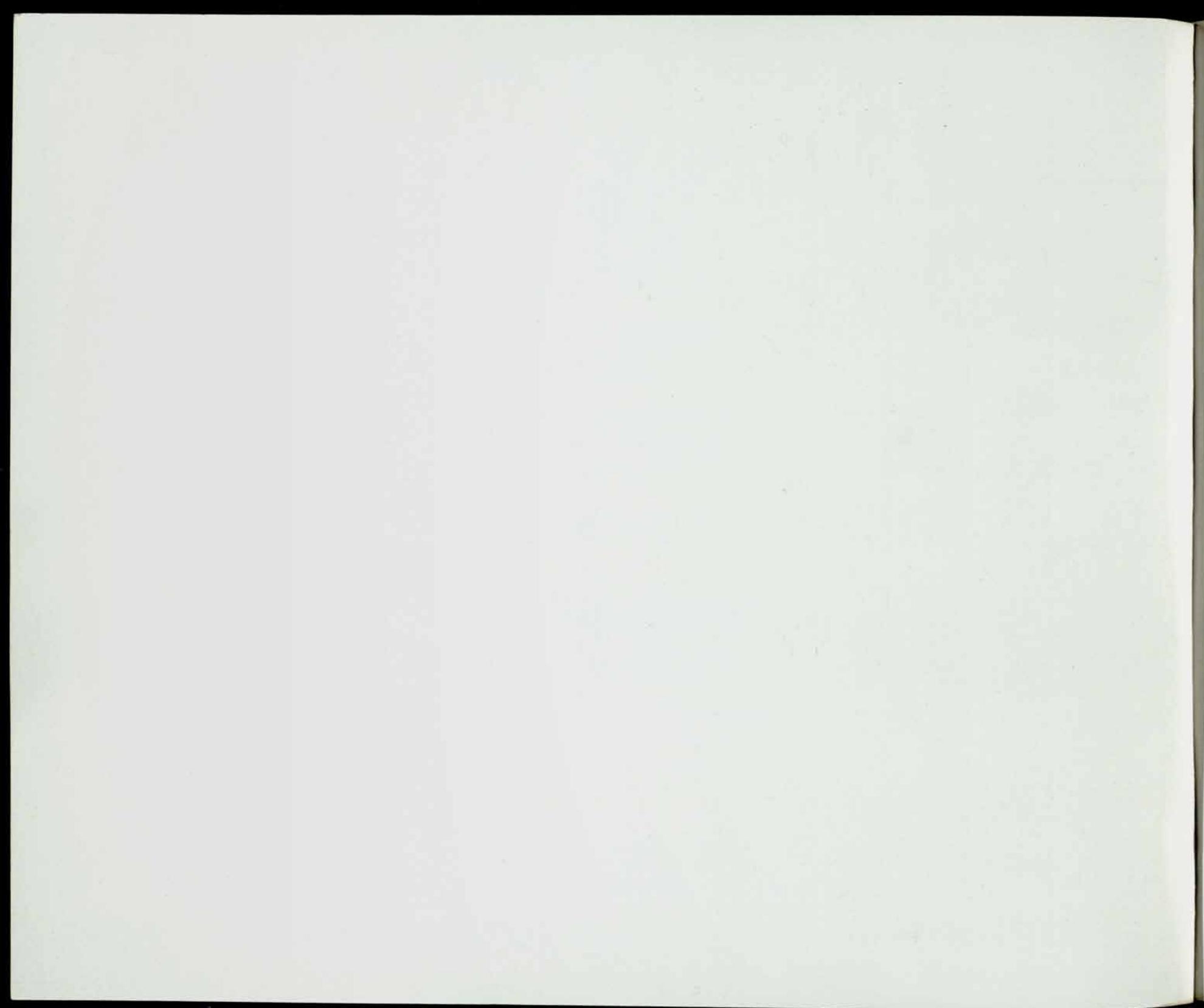


KHAI TS'A

AN ATHAPASKAN FALL



Drawn By Gregory Gilbert



KHAI TS'A

Written by Katie Moore

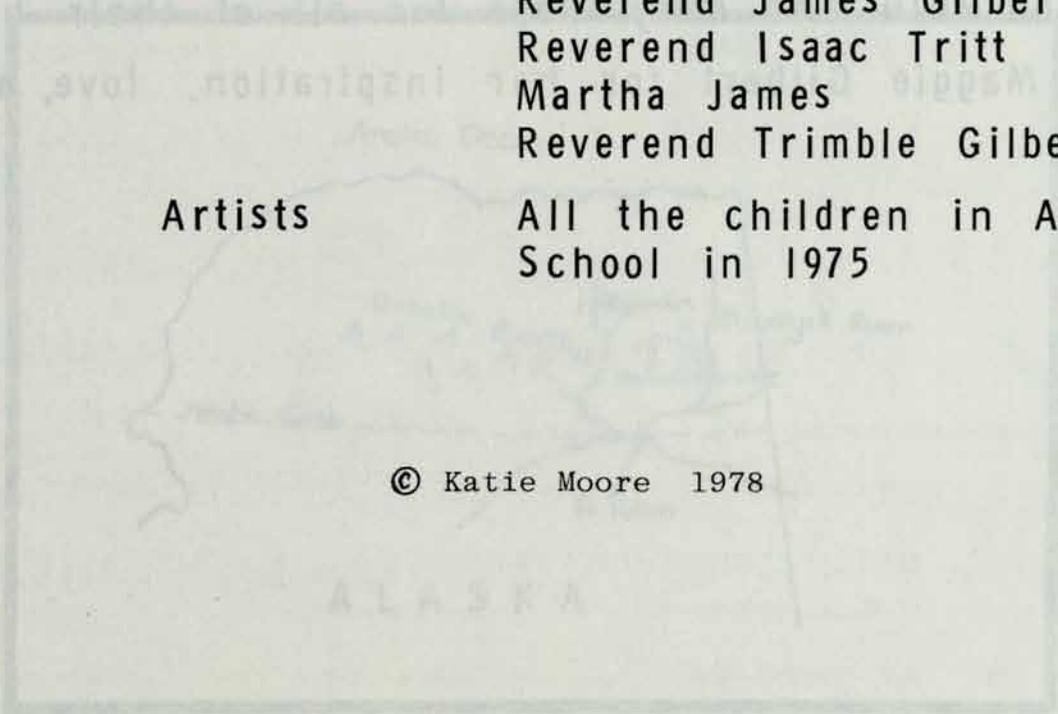
Translated by Caroline Tritt
Lincoln Tritt

Edited by Richard Mueller
Katherine Peter

Informants Maggie Gilbert
Reverend James Gilbert
Reverend Isaac Tritt
Martha James
Reverend Trimble Gilbert

Artists All the children in Arctic Village
School in 1975

© Katie Moore 1978



KHAIL T'SA

Written by Katie Moore

Translated by Caroline Tritt

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Artists: All the children in Arctic Village School in 1975

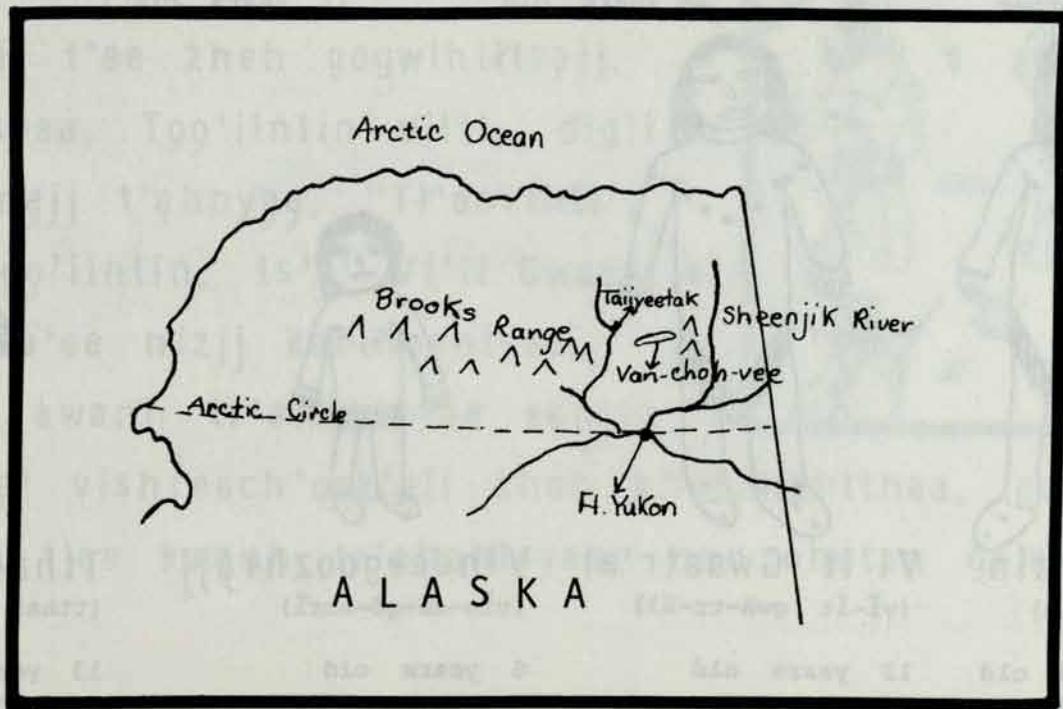
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INTRODUCTION

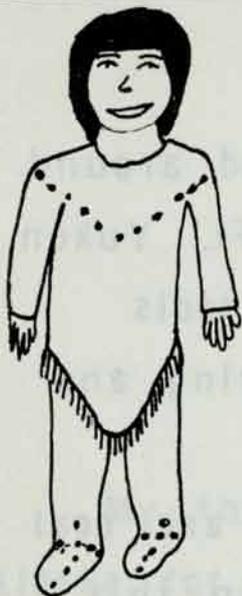
This is a story about the way the Nets'i' Gwich'in lived around the year 1858. This was just after the white men came to Ft. Yukon.

The Indians didn't have guns, and they made all their tools themselves. Their food came from the animals and plants living and growing around them.

The characters and story line are fictitious. The names are real Athapaskan Indian names, those of actual people who lived in this area. The entire story is based on fact.



CHARACTERS



Tr'ootsyaa
(tr-ō-tsē-a)

Father



Ditr'ik
(dītr-īk)

Mother



T'eevihti'
(tā-ā-vēh-tē)

24 years old



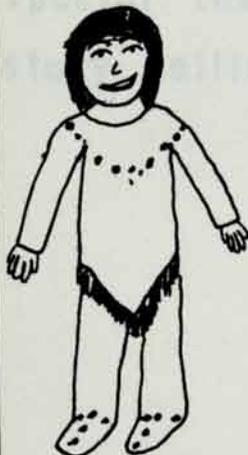
Geh ik
(gē īk)

17 years old



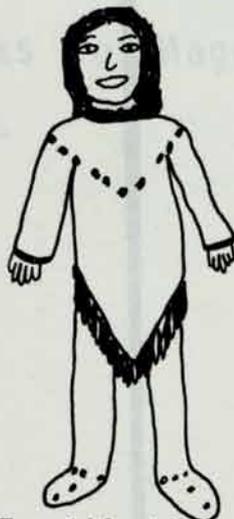
Deets'e'
(dāts-ē)

19 years old



Deedzii
(dā-dzē)

15 years old



Tōō'iintin
(tō-ēn-tīn)

14 years old



Vi'it Gwaatr'al
(vī-īt gwā-tr-āl)

12 years old



Vindeegoozhrəjj
(vīn-dā-gō-zhrī)

6 years old



Tthaʔ Dhahkhwəjj
(tthaʔ thāh-wī)

13 years old, a friend

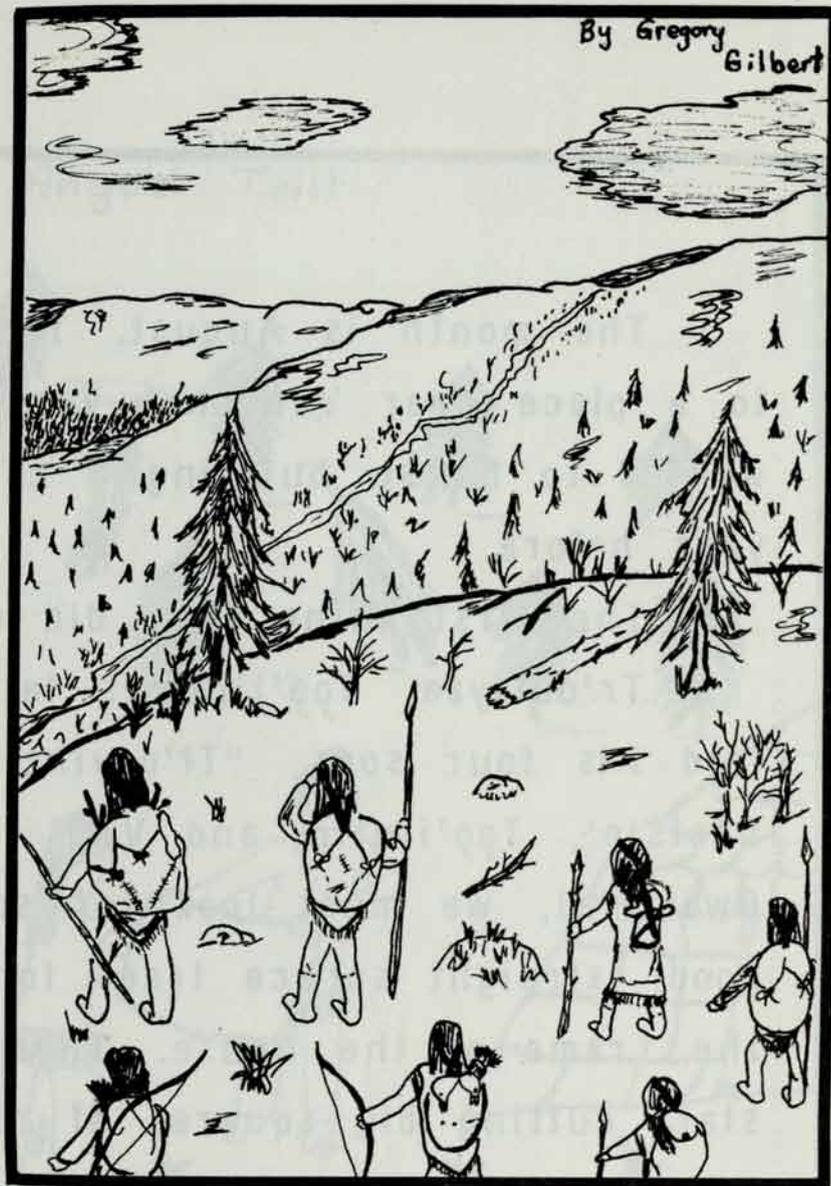
KHAI TS'A

Di'ilii t'oonchy'aa. Tōō'iintin ts'ā' dizhehk'āā nāj̄j haa Van-choh-vee, Old John Lake chan oozhjj, geeghah nigiindjj. K'eejit khaii gwanljj gwizhik t'ee vadzaih-tthaʔ ts'eegohoondjj, giyedaa tr'iheendal eenjit.

Tr'ookit t'ee zheh gogwihiktsāj̄j.

Tr'ootsyaa, Tōō'iintin viti', digii tsyaa dōō nāj̄j t'āhnyāā, "Tʔ'eevihti', Deets'e', Tōō'iintin, ts'ā' Vi'it Gwaatr'al, ts'iivii ky'aa'ee nizjj kariheentyaa, ts'iivii vaa kwanh tr'ahahtsyaa eenjit.

Ajjtʔ'ēē nyā' vishreech'ook'aii choh kharahahtthaa, gwakat deeriheelyaa eenjit. Juk t'ee kwanh tr'ahahtsyaa, nan ohotan geh'an."

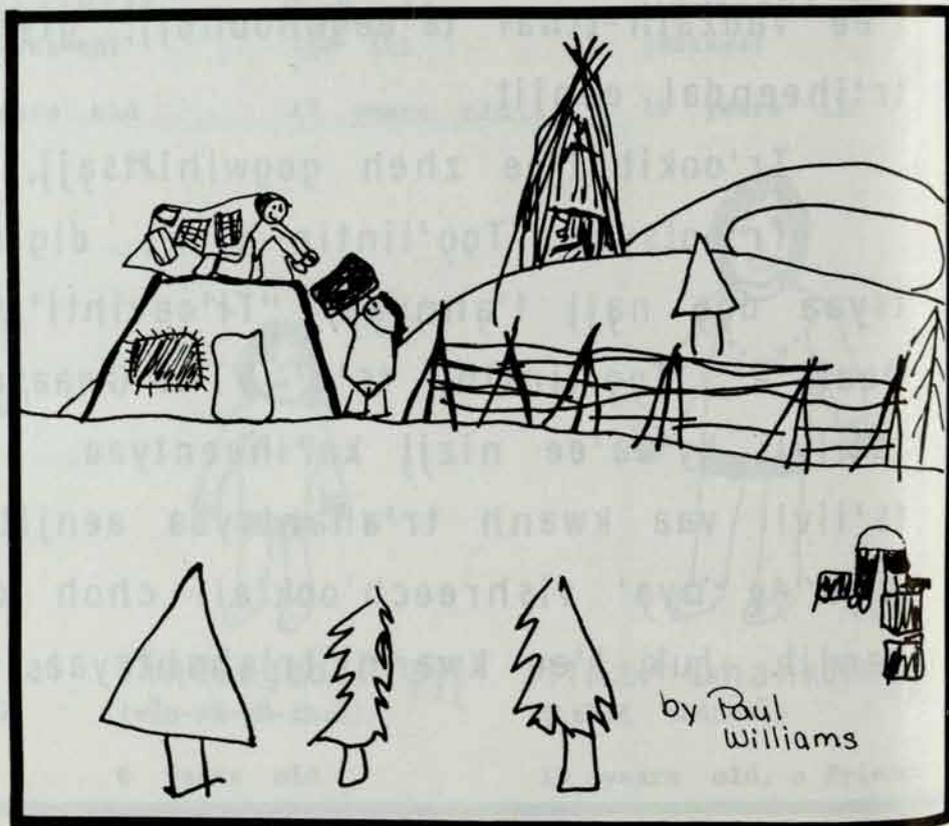


FALL

The month is August. Tq̄'iintin and his family have just moved to a place near Van-choh-vee, also known as Old John Lake. They wanted to finish building a caribou fence that they had started the year before.

The first thing they did was build a house.

Tr'ootsyaa, Tq̄'iintin's father, told his four sons, "T̄'eevihti', Deets'e', Tq̄'iintin, and Vi'it Gwaatr'al, we must look for some good, straight spruce trees for the frame of the house. Then start cutting big squares of moss to put on top. Now we can build the ground house because the ground is frozen."



Tɔɔ'iintin va'han, Ditr'ik,
vinjyaa'yaa njjghan, zheh gwizhit
drin gwiheelyaa eenjit. "Dzəə, jii
aadzii vinjyaa'yaa eenjit
vat'əəhchy'aa," Ditr'ik yahnyəə.

"Gwjjzjj," Tr'ootsyaa yahnyəə.
"Zhit ts'əjj nihih'aa, drin-t'ə'an
hee gwizhit nideeshreehee'aa
eenjit."

Zheh gwiltsəjj. Əjjet'əə zheh
gwizhit ah nankat nigjjlii.

"Vadzaih k'iinaa nah'oo ji',
ch'adhah-chyah k'eejit ah kat
nineeriheelyaa," Tɔɔ'iintin əjj
dijuu ji'khəjj Vindeegoozhrəjj
t'ahnyəə. "Əjj ji' juk khaii
tr'iheedluu kwəə t'oonchy'aa."

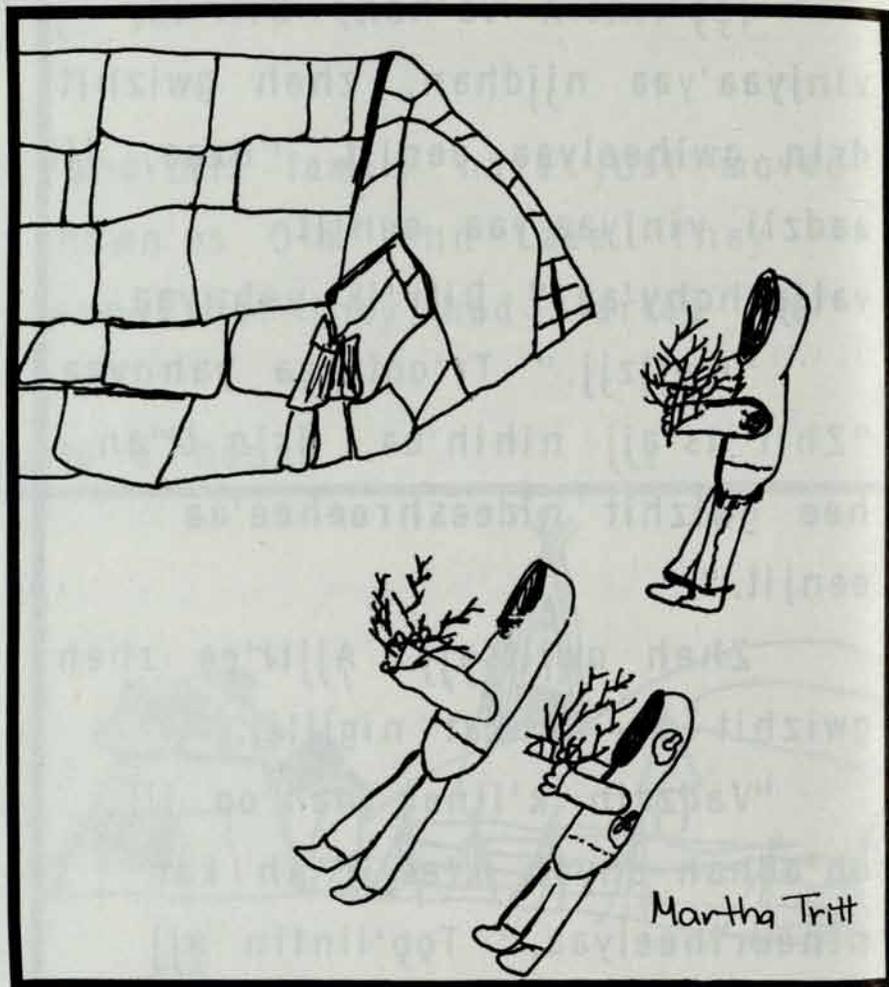


Tog'iintin's mother, Ditr'ik, wanted a window to make the house bright. "Here, use this caribou skin for the window," Ditr'ik said.

"Good," said Tr'ootsyaa. "I will put it on this side so the sun will shine inside in the afternoon."

The house was built. Then spruce boughs were laid on the ground in the house.

"When the caribou come we will lay new caribou skins on the spruce boughs," Tog'iintin explained to Vindeegoozhrəjj, his little sister. "That way we won't be cold this winter."



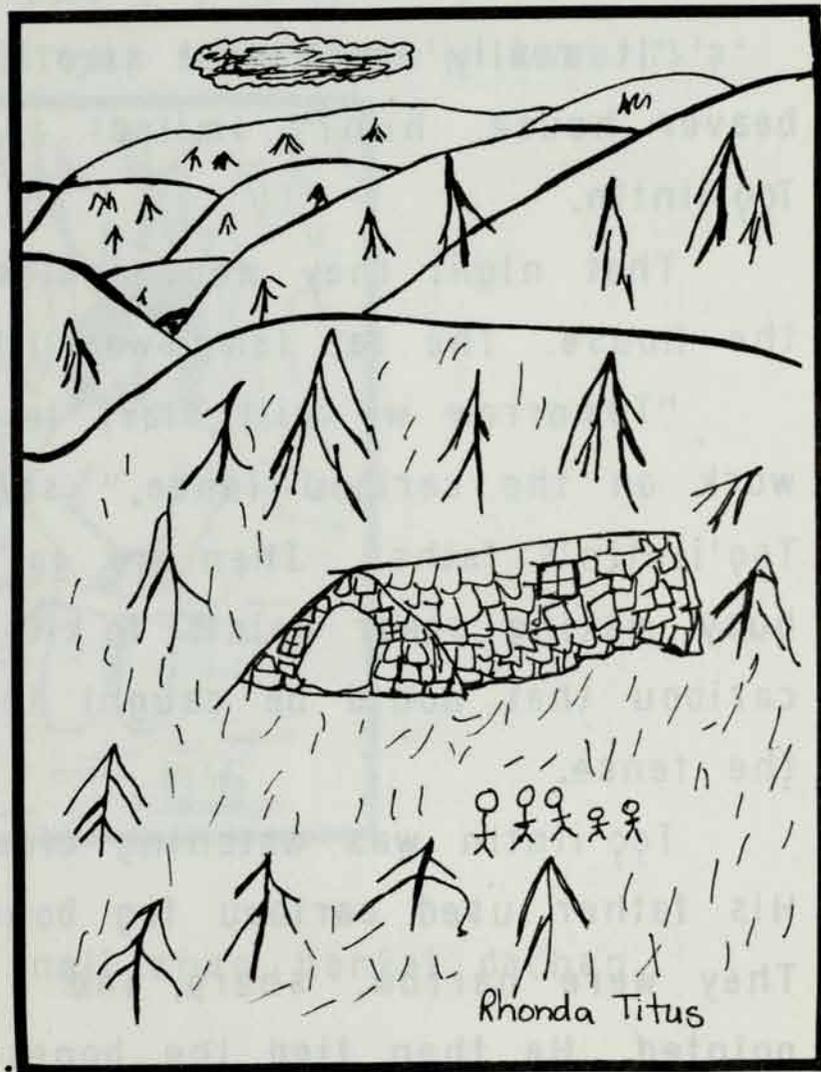
Zheh k'eejit gwiltsąjj. Ajjtł'ęę juu nąjj datthak gwats'a' neelzhii ts'ą' gogwąąh'in.

"Łyaa tsee kwan k'it tiinchy'aa, hee?" Tųų'iintin dlok haa nyąą.

Zhat khaa datthak zheh nihdineegeejil. Ch'ik'eh-daak'a' neegeetk'in.

"Nehkaa ji' tr'ookit vadzaih-tthał tr'ahahtsyaa," Tųų'iintin viti' nyąą. Ajjtł'ęę iidzee ahtsii ts'ą' neiilii kwaa, vadzaih-tthał zhit iilok kwaii yaa haahkhwaa eenjit.

Tųų'iintin Łyaa gwjjzjj yak'aahtii. Ch'angwal ts'ą' tth'an haa t'ąhchy'aa. Tth'an dits'ik, jiinin ts'ą' chan dach'ok. Ajjtł'ęę tth'an ch'ok aii k'aii ninjyaa ky'aa'ee tsjj tł'il haa diyahchaa.



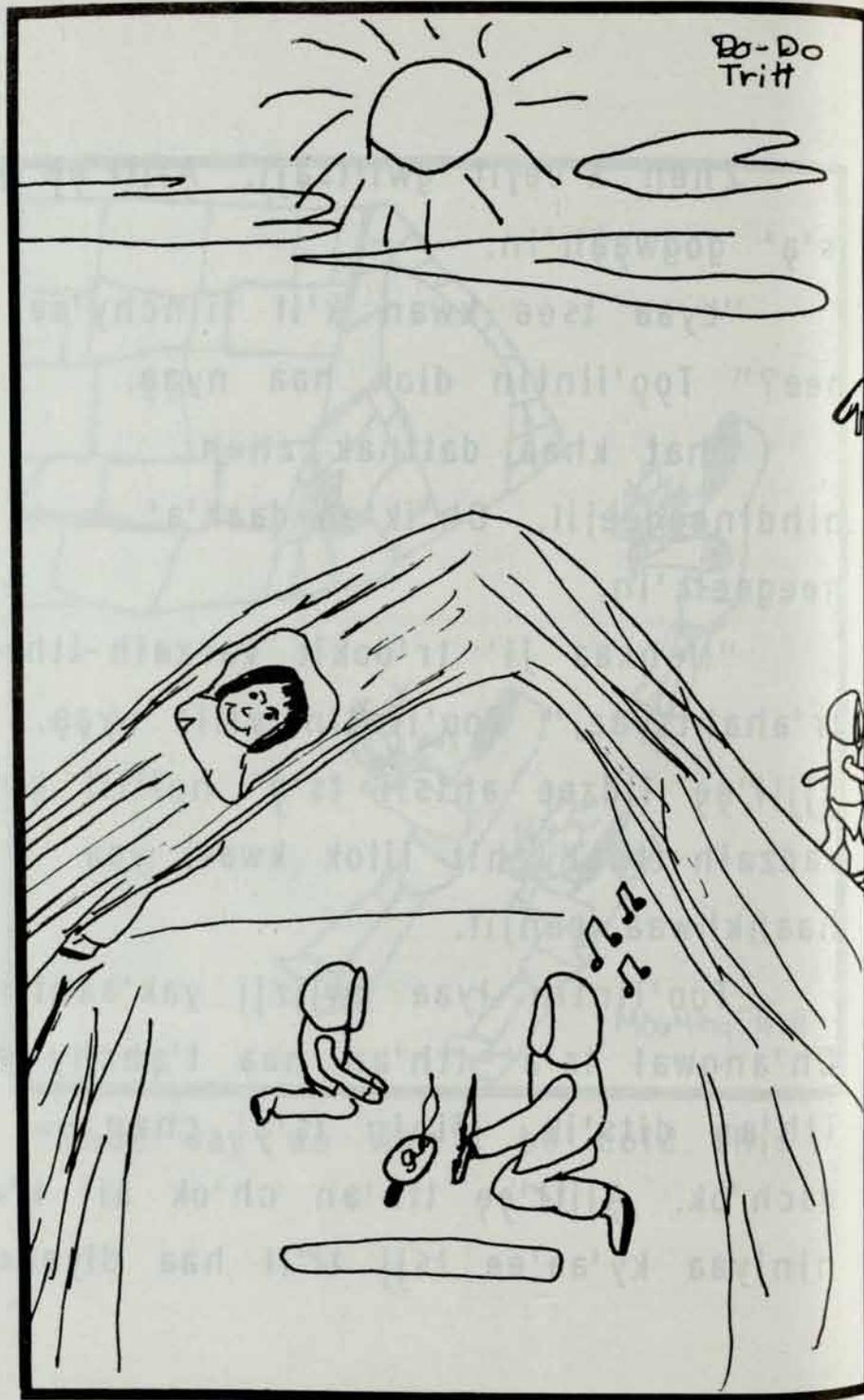
The new house was finished. Then everyone stood and looked at it.

"It really looks just like a beaver house, huh?" smiled Tq̄q'iintin.

That night they went inside the house. The fat lamp was lit.

"Tomorrow we will start to work on the caribou fence," said Tq̄q'iintin's father. Then he got busy making spear points to kill the caribou that would be caught in the fence.

Tq̄q'iintin was watching closely. His father used caribou leg bones. They were narrow, sharp, and pointed. He then tied the bones to long, straight willows with babiche.



Geh Ik, T'eevihti' va'at, Deedzii, T'oo'iintin veejii, Ditr'ik
n'ajj haa vadzaih-dhah kwaiitryah k'eegaahkaii, ttha' zhit giizhihee'yuu
eenjit. Kwaiitryah ch'ajat niljj zhit gaa'yuu ji', vadzaih yahahtsan
ts'a' duuyeh gwizhit gah'oo. Geetee kwaiitryaa k'eejit gii'jj kwaa ts'a'



chik-luu dagwakwaiitryaa kat t'igilik.

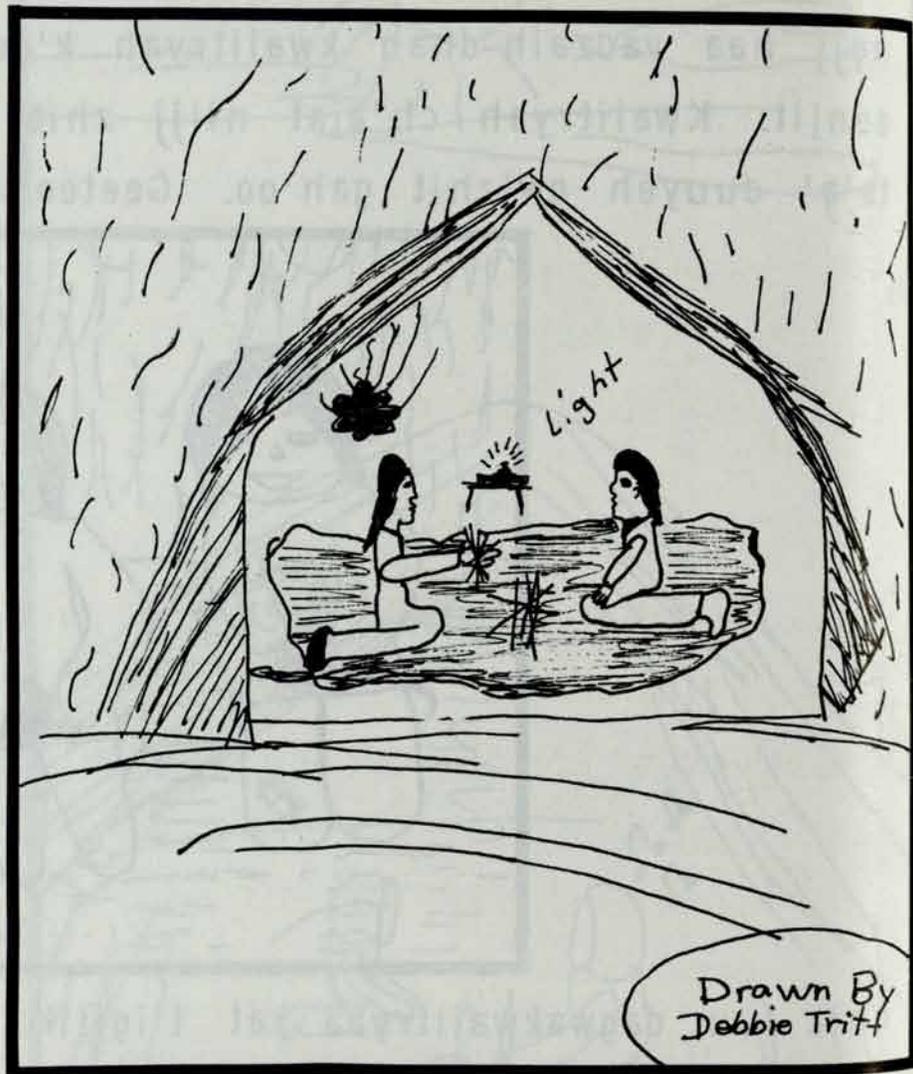
Vi'it Gwaatr'al ts'a' Vindeegoozhr'ajj n'ajj chan nankat dachan
tsal zheht'ineegahaat'ak haa tseegee'in.

Khwaii-daak'a' naatthaa ts'a' juu n'ajj datthak nit'chuu.

Geh Ik, Tł'eevihti's wife, Deedzii, Tɔɔ'iintin's oldest sister, and Ditr'ik were sewing new caribou skin boots to wear inside the fence. If old boots were worn inside the fence, the caribou would smell people and not go in. When they had no new boots, ashes were put on the boots to take away the smell.

Vi'it Gwaatr'al and Vindeegoozhrəjj were playing zheht'ineegahaatł'ak, a game with sticks, on the ground.

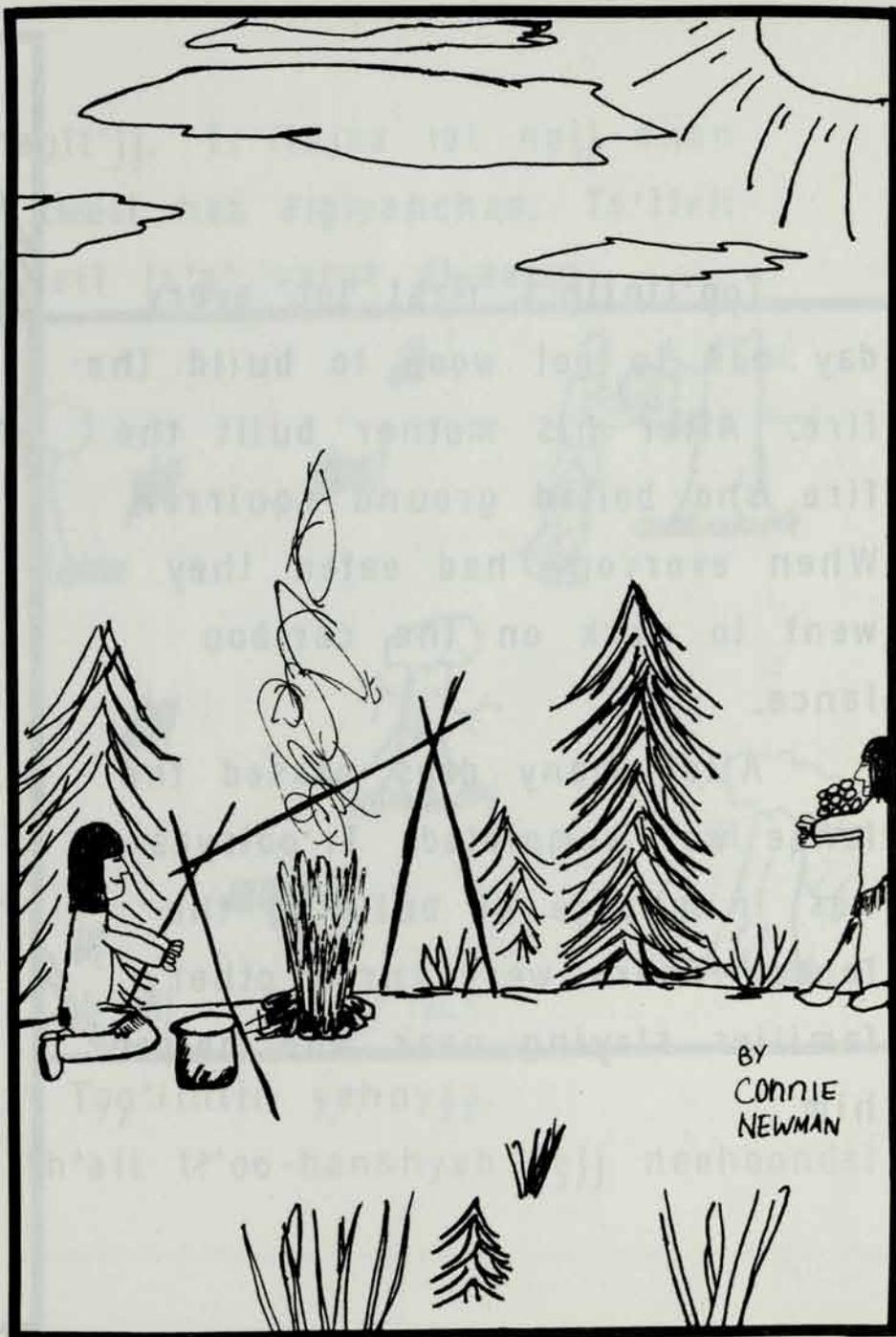
When the fat lamp went out everyone went to bed.



Drawn By
Debbie Tritt

Təp'iintin tr'ookit vigwitr'it
drin gwiteegwaanchy'əə t'ee tra
oonjii niljj, gwiheek'ə eenjit.
Gweek'in, əjjet'əə vahan tthaa
ahvir. Juu nəjj datthak ch'jj'al,
əjjet'əə t'ee vadzaih-tthał gihirtsəjj.

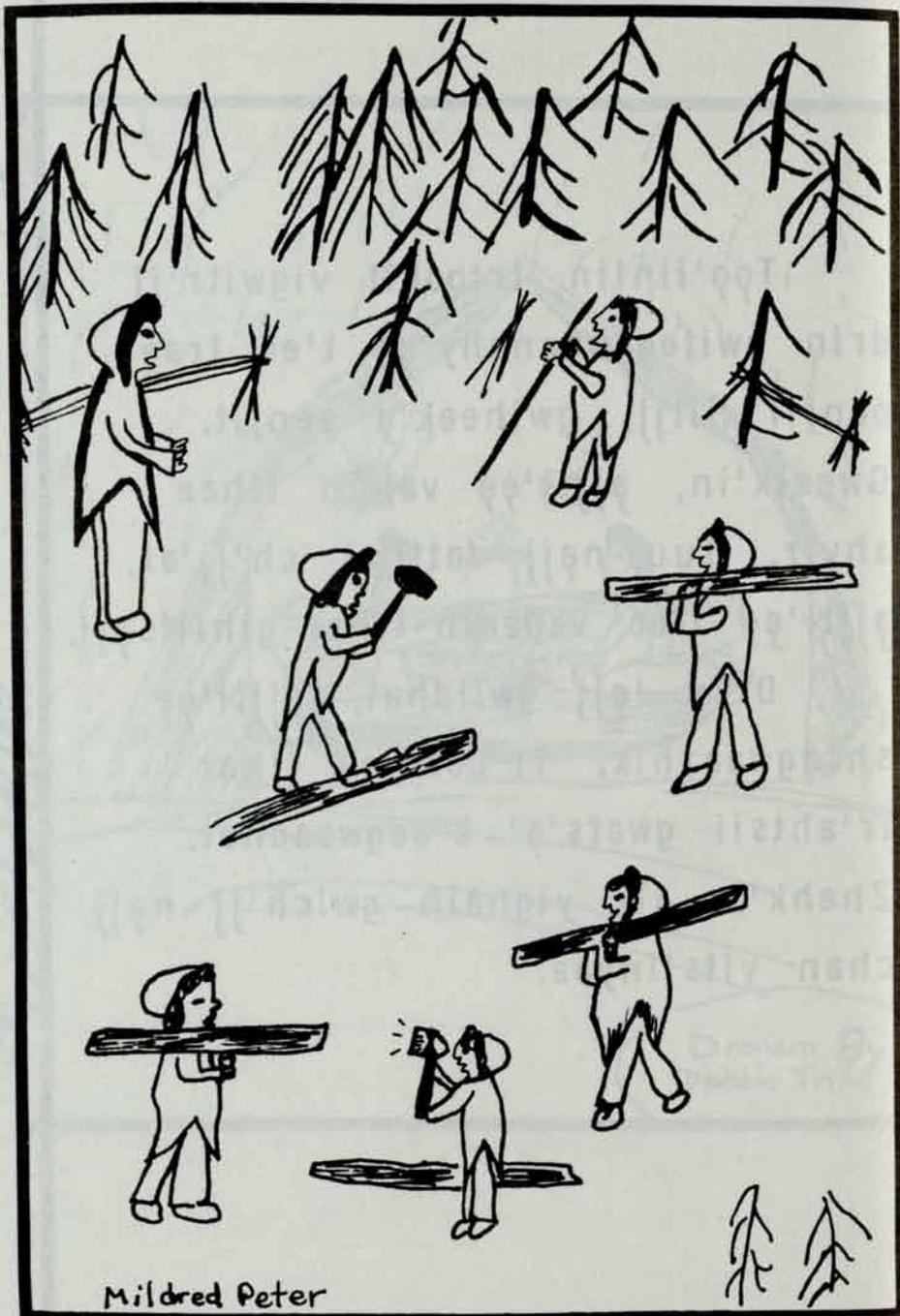
Drin ləjj gwiidhat, əjjet'əə
shragwaazhik. Tr'ootsyaa tthał
tr'ahtsii gwats'ə' k'eegwaadhat.
Zhehk'aa tik yighaih gwich'jj nəjj
chan yits'inyaa.



BY
CONNIE
NEWMAN

Tgg'iintin's first job every day was to get wood to build the fire. After his mother built the fire she boiled ground squirrel. When everyone had eaten they went to work on the caribou fence.

After many days passed the fence was completed. Tr'ootsyaa was in charge of building the fence. There were three other families staying near who helped him.



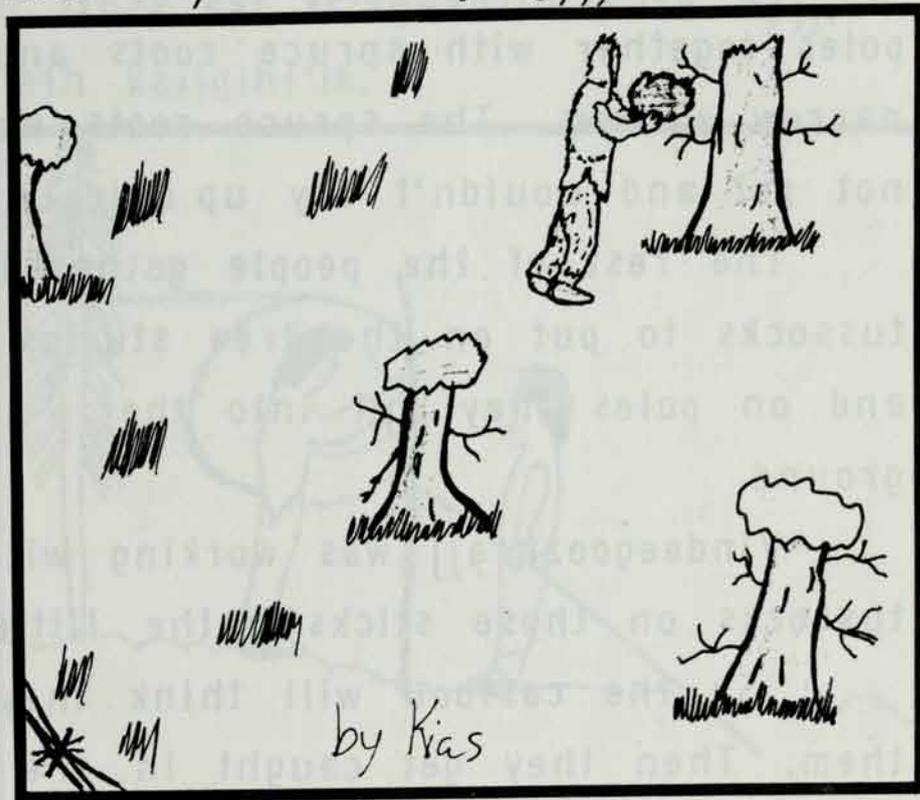
Dinjii lat nąjj chan dachan khagit'jj. Tr'iinjaan lat nąjj chan dachan ts'iivii-ghaii ts'a' k'aii-t'ak kwaii haa ąigiyahchaa. Ts'iivii-ghaii duuyeh khan ahjat ts'a' deeniitrii ts'a' vakat diyaagąjj.

Ants'a' dinjii lat nąjj chan t'oo-hansyah khaihan nigilii, ch'aghat ts'a' dachan nan zhit gatthat kat deegiiheelyaa eenjit.

Vindeegoozhrąjj, Tąą'iintin haa tr'agwah'in. "Jaghaii t'oo-hansyah jii dachan kat deerilii?" nich'it-tsal ch'oaahkat.

"Vadzaih nąjj dinjii t'igjjchy'aa googoheenjyaa ts'a' giyeelin needigiheendaa gwik'eegwigwiheendaii eenjit. ąjtt'ęę vyah zhit giheelok," Tąą'iintin yahnyąą.

"ąyaa gogoonzhjj," nyąą ts'a' tth'aii t'oo-hansyah lejj neehoondal eenjit tr'anąągik.



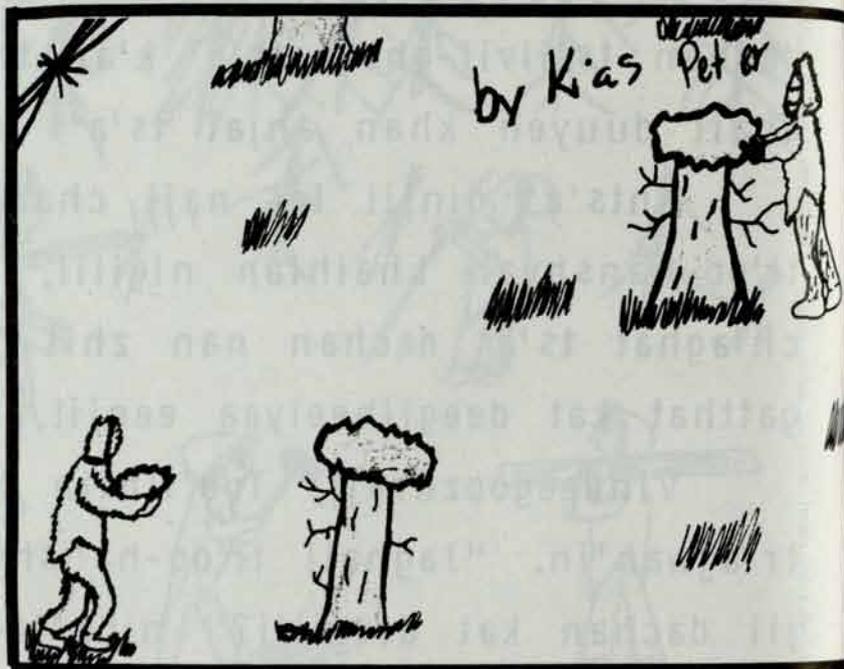
Most of the men cut the poles for the fence. Some of the women tied the poles together with spruce roots and narrow willows. The spruce roots would not rot and wouldn't dry up quickly.

The rest of the people gathered tussocks to put on the tree stumps and on poles they put into the ground.

Vindeegoozhrəjj was working with Təq'iintin. "Why do we put tussocks on these sticks?" the little girl asked.

"So the caribou will think they are people and try to go around them. Then they get caught in the snares," Təq'iintin answered.

"That's smart," she said and ran to get more tussocks.

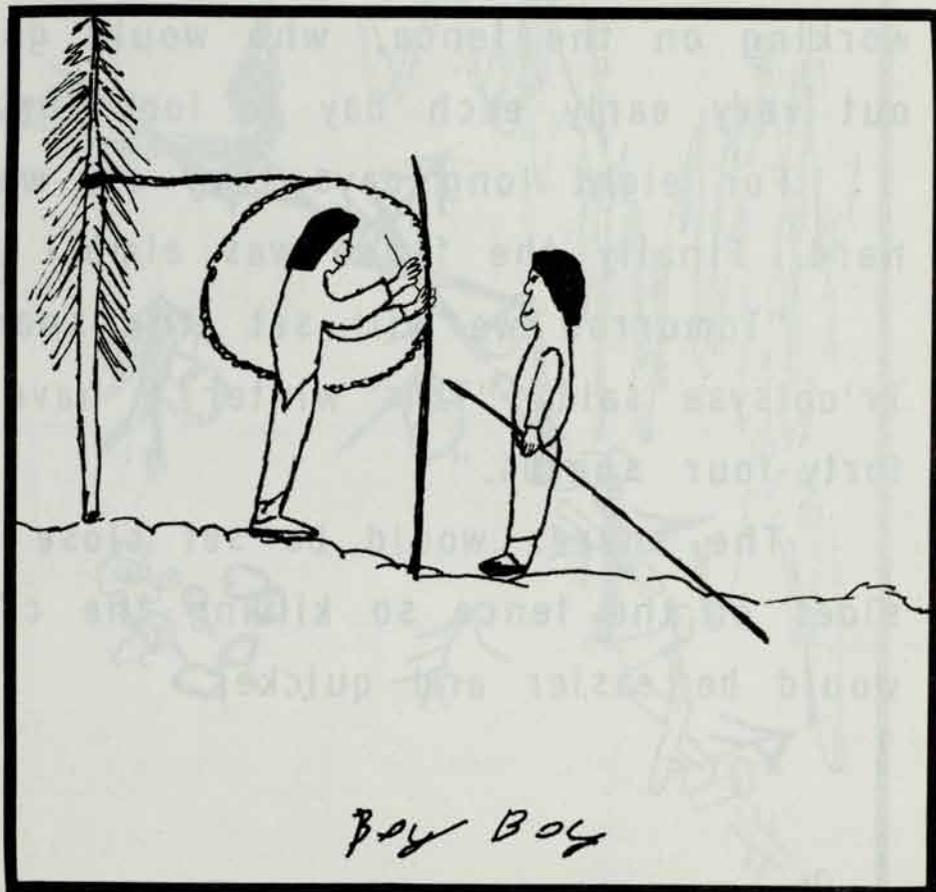


Dinjii lęjj kwąą nąjj chan, juu tthał kat tr'agwah'in kwaa nąjj,
vanh dai' hee hikigaazhik ts'ą' vadzaih kaiigihi'ik.

Drin nihk'iidęę niijuk
gwahaadhat datthak gwjjt'aii
tr'agogwah'ya'. Gohch'it dee tthał
khainjih giłtsąjj.

"Nehkaa jih vyah
diriheetły'aa," Tr'ootsyaa yahnyąą.
"Juk khaii vyah dęę daatin ants'ą'
dęę shi'jj."

Vyah kwaii tthał ts'ą' nahgęę
nigiiyilii, gogwiheetrii kwąą ts'ą'
khan vadzaih giheeghaa eenjit.

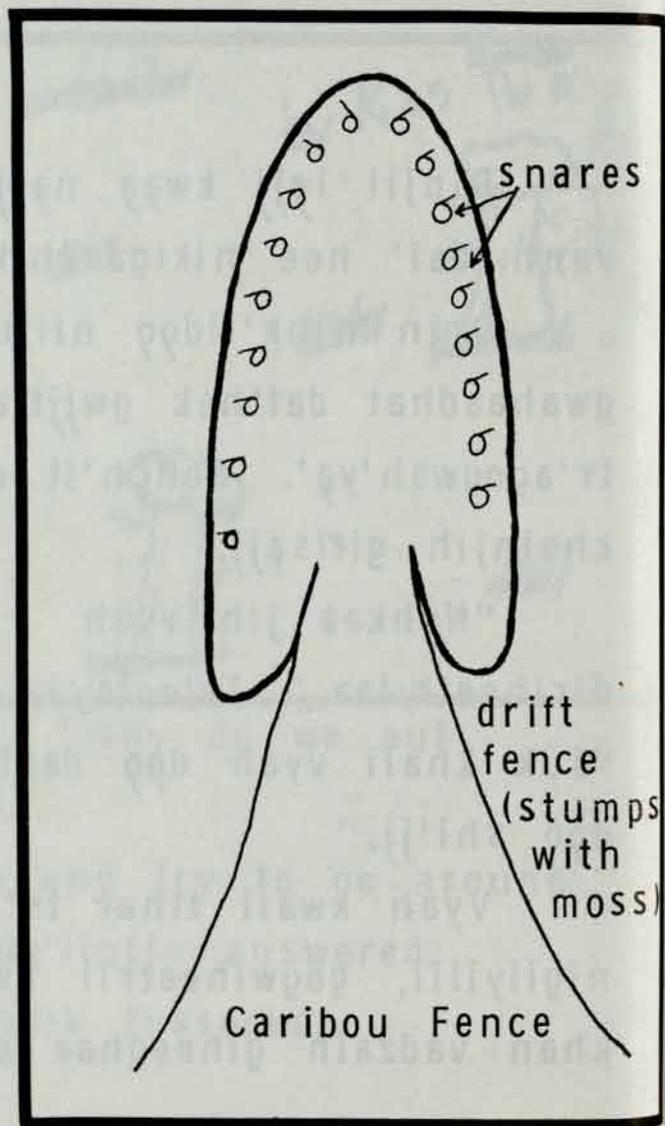


There were a few men who weren't working on the fence, who would go out very early each day to look for caribou.

For eight long days they all worked hard. Finally the fence was almost ready.

"Tomorrow we will set the snares up," Tr'ootsyaa said. "This winter I have forty-four snares."

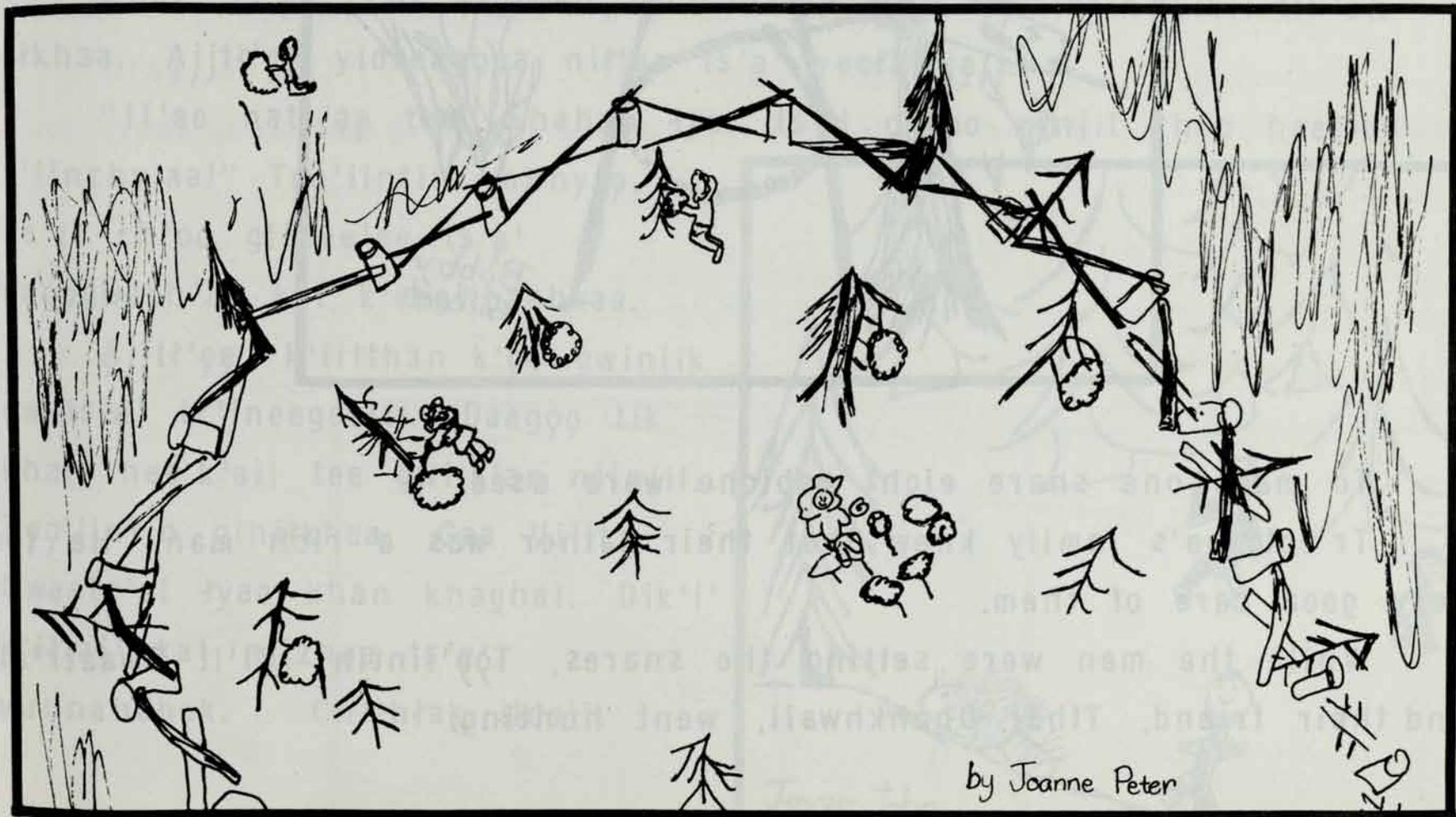
The snares would be set close to the sides of the fence so killing the caribou would be easier and quicker.

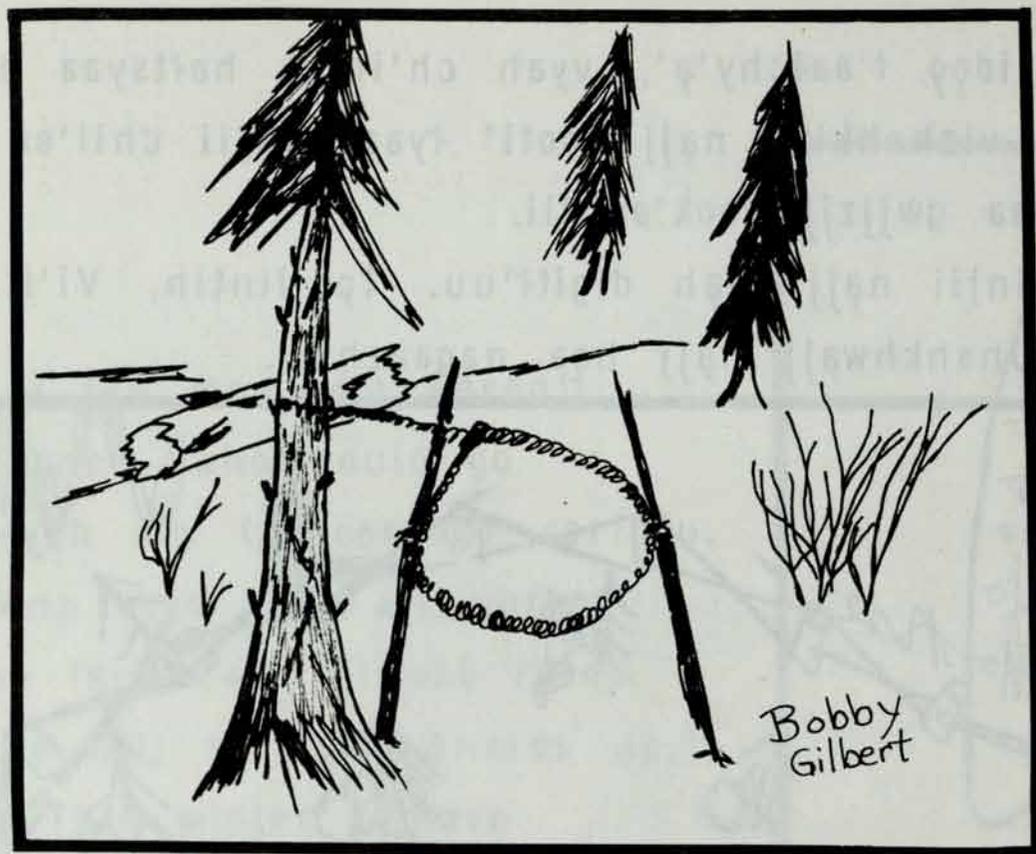


Tłil nihk'iidoḡ t'aakchy'a', vyah ch'ihłak hałtsyaa eenjit.

Tr'ootsyaa vizhehk'aḡ naḡḡ gooti' łyaa dinjii chil'ee niljj
gaagiindaii. Łyaa gwjjzjj gook'aahtii.

Gwizhik dinjii naḡḡ gyah digitł'uu. Tḡḡ'iintin, Vi'it Gwaatr'al,
goojyaa Tthał Dhahkhwaḡḡ naḡḡ haa nagaazhrii.





To make one snare eight babiche were used.

Tr'ootsyaa's family knew that their father was a rich man. He took very good care of them.

While the men were setting the snares, Tgg'iintin, Vi'it Gwaatr'al, and their friend, Tthał Dhahkhwaii, went hunting.

Tajh tah gahaajil ts'a' k'oo gwiniik gwats'a' geedaa akhai' khan hee... "Ahhh. Yeezhee ts'iivii t'eh ts'it dhidii!" Ttha' Dhahkhwajj daadzit ts'a' t'inyaa.

"Shhh. Vats'a' tr'ahoojyaa. Ga' neehihchik t'oonchy'aa," T'oo'iintin yahnyaa.

Khai' ts'a' ts'it eeghah nich'idzigjj'ajj. T'oo'iintin yikii-tth'an ikkhaa. Ajjt'e'e yidreeghaa ni'taa ts'a' yee'khwajj.

"It'ee nats'aa tee! Shahan tyaa ts'it ch'oo eenjit shoo heelyaa t'iinchy'aa!" T'oo'iintin yahnyaa.

Ts'it ch'oo gihee'ee ts'a' dagogwach'aa kat k'eegiihaahkaa.

Ajjt'e'e k'iitthan k'oo gwiniik gwats'a' tr'ineegeejiil. Daagoo tik khan hee k'aii tee gwits'an niinjil. T'oo'iintin gihi'khaa. Gaa Vi'it Gwaatr'al tyaa khan khaghal. Dik'i' k'itai' kat njjzhaa ts'a' yuunahdhak. Ch'ih'ak ildaii.



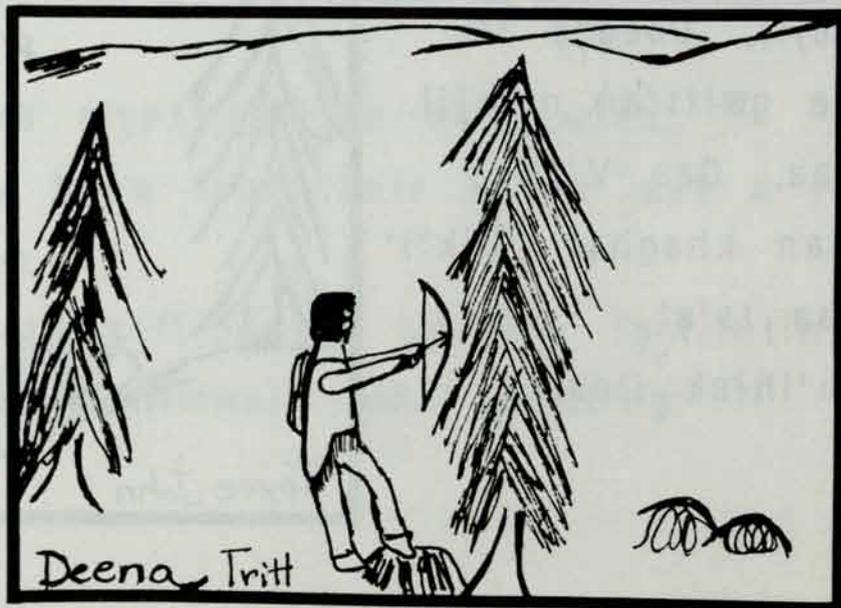
They were walking over a hill and down to a creek when suddenly Tthał Dhahkhwǎjj whispered, "Ahhh. There is a porcupine under that spruce tree!"

"Shhh. Let's go. I have a stick," said Tǒǒ'iintin.

Very quietly they crawled close to the porcupine. Tǒǒ'iintin hit it over the head. Then the artery to it's head was broken and it was killed.

"Oh boy! My mother will be happy to get these porcupine quills!" exclaimed Tǒǒ'iintin. The porcupine quills would be dyed and sewn on their clothes.

Then they continued walking down to the creek. Three ptarmigan suddenly flew out of the willows. They scared Tǒǒ'iintin. But Vi'it Gwaatr'al was quick. He put an arrow in his bow and he let it fly. He shot one down.



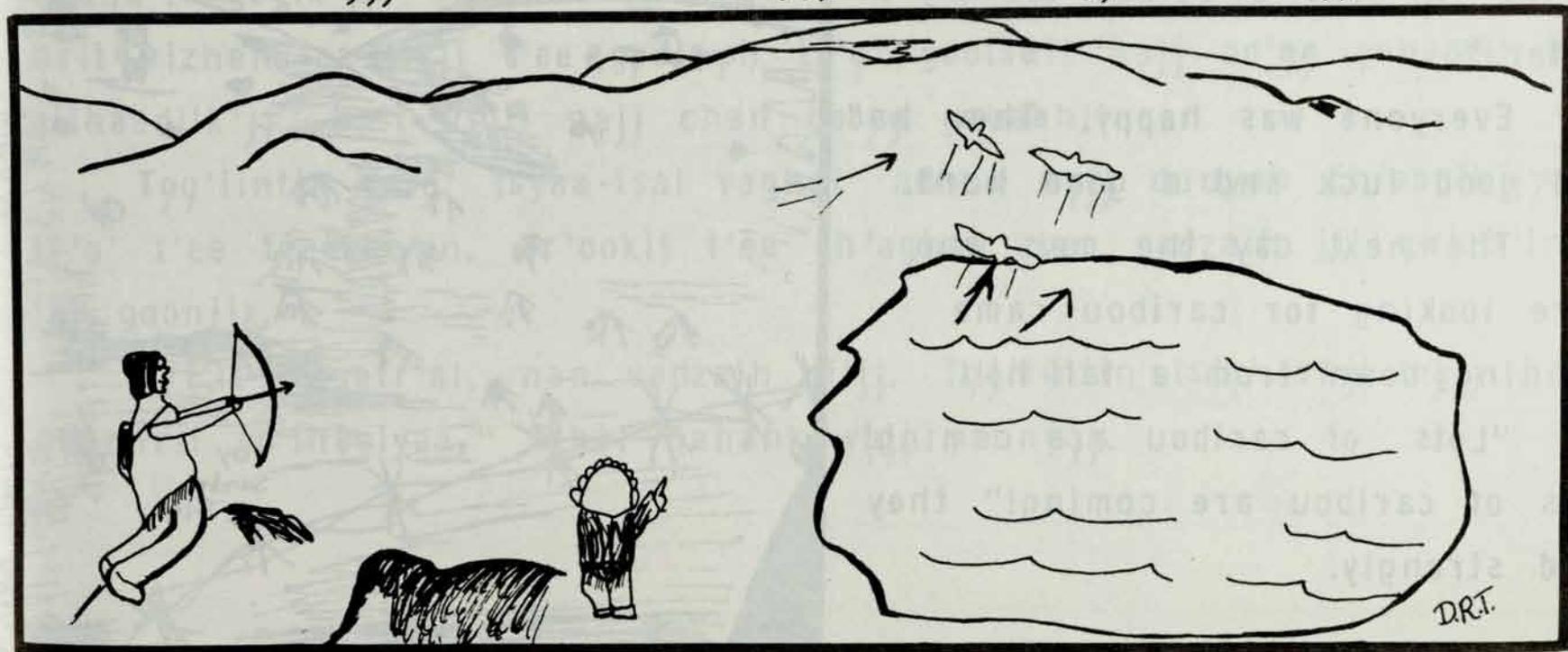
"Tthał Dhahkhwajj, dzaa. Nan jii daagoo ts'an an'jj. Diikhwan
ajj ts'it tr'ii'jj t'oonchy'aa," Vi'it Gwaatr'al yahnyaa, gwizhik daagoo
yant'ahchjj.

"Mahsj'," Tthał Dhahkhwajj yahnyaa. "Daagoo xyaa veet'ihthan.
Vinjyaa-dhah shijuu veenjit vizhihihshol ts'a' ch'iighoo hałtsyaa eenjit."

Juu najj datthak shoo niljj. xyaa goodiveegwijnzi' ts'a' gwjjzjj
nigilzhrii.

Drin gwjjdhat ajjt'eę khan hee dinjii vadzaih eenjit khach'ooa'ya'
najj tajh choh ts'an k'iidaa neegaagal.

"Vadzaih lejg ah'al! Vadzaih lejg ah'al!" gwjjt'aii ginyaa.



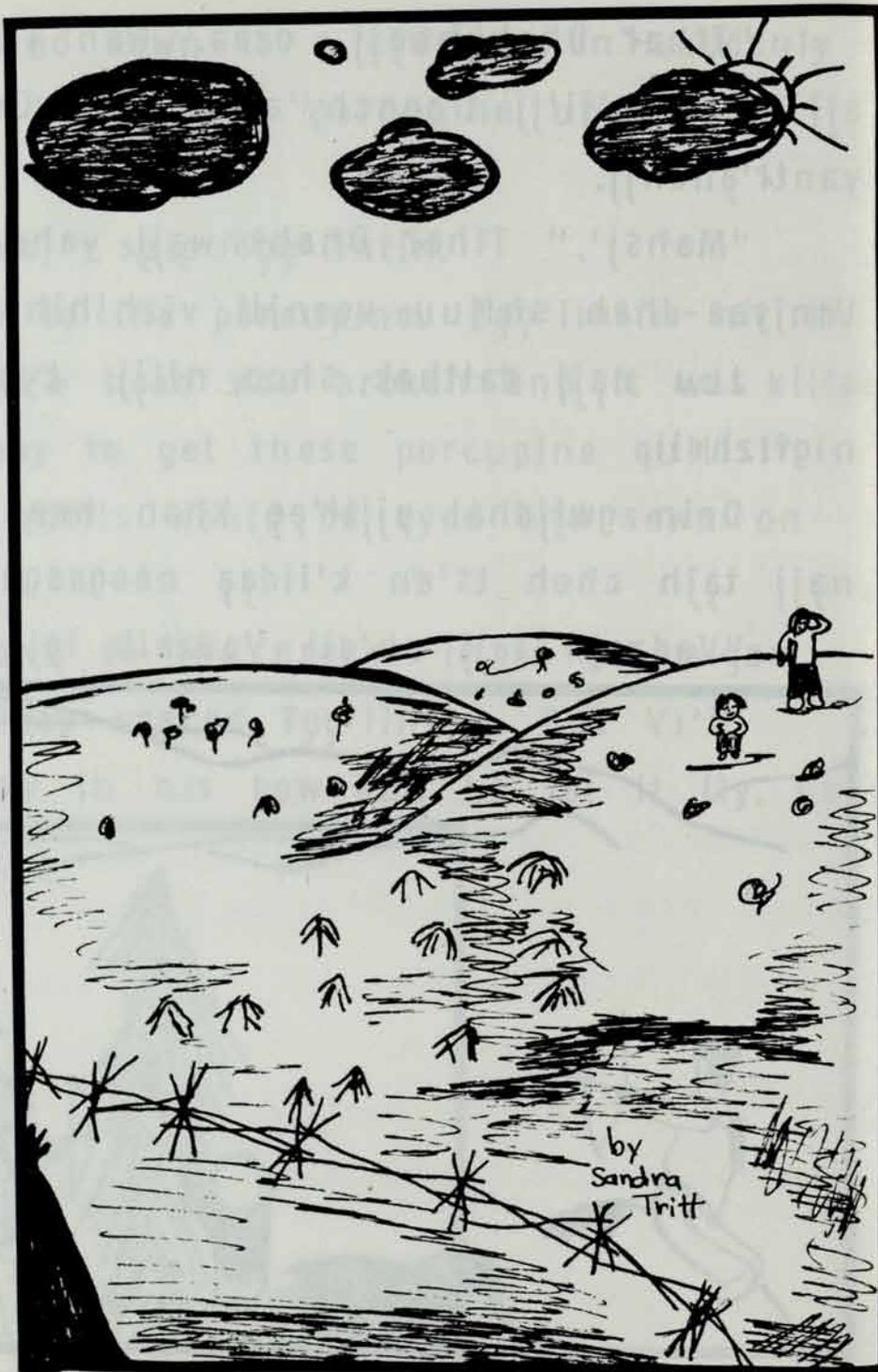
"Here, Tthał Dhahkhwǽjj. You can have this ptarmigan. We have the porcupine," said Vi'it Gwaatr'al, while giving him the ptarmigan.

"Thank you," said Tthał Dhahkhwǽjj. "I really like ptarmigan. I will blow up the crop inside to make a ballon for my sister."

Everyone was happy. They had had good luck and a good hunt.

The next day the men who were looking for caribou came running down from a tall hill.

"Lots of caribou are coming! Lots of caribou are coming!" they said strongly.



Jii drin t'ee juu datthak geenjit nagogol'in t'oonchy'aa. Dinjii tr'iinjaa n̄jj dagats'an shruh neegoonjik, dagakwaiitryaa k'eejit zheegee'yuu ts'ǎ' tthaʔ ts'ǎ' tr'agal ḡhjiil.

T̄ōō'iintin voondee neekw̄jj n̄jj digiyehkhan haa gahaajil. Deets'e' tr'ookit veenjit gwanljj. T̄ōō'iintin govaa hoihshi' jjdhan gaa vaghai' nitsyǎ'. Tr'iinin tsal n̄jj eenjit gogwaanjat t'oonchy'aa.

Vadzaih l̄jj ah'al d̄jj', tr'iinin ts'ǎ' ch'anjaa n̄jj haa khik kwank'it geelk'jj. T̄ōō'iintin vitsyh ts'ǎ' vitsii n̄jj haa nigjjnjik ts'ǎ' Drit vizhehk'aa n̄jj t'ee gootsyh ts'ǎ' gootsaii n̄jj oo'ęę gahaajil ts'ǎ' giihaadilk'jj. Drit vigii n̄jj chan oo'ęę gahaahil.

T̄ōō'iintin ts'ǎ' tsyaa-tsal vaghai' adhaa n̄jj duuyeh ch'aagihijyaa ts'ǎ' t'ee tseegee'in. Tr'ookit t'ee ch'aghat avee vadzaih ji' gwich'in lat goonjik.

"Vi'it Gwaatr'al, nan vadzaih jlljj. T̄ōō'iintin ts'ǎ' shjj n̄jj haa naazhrii tr'iheelyaa," Tthaʔ Dahahkhw̄jj yahnyǎǎ.

This was the day they had all waited for. The men and women got their caribou bone spears, put on their boots, and ran to the fence.

Tḡḡ'iintin's two older brothers went with his parents. It was the first time for Deets'e'. Tḡḡ'iintin wanted to go too but he was not old enough. The fence was too scary for small children.

The children and old people always stayed in camp when the caribou came. Tḡḡ'iintin's grandmother and grandfather were dead so the grandmother and grandfather in Drit's family came over and stayed. Drit's children came, too.

Tḡḡ'iintin and the boys his age couldn't go and so they played. First they got a piece of gray dried wood that looked like caribou horns.

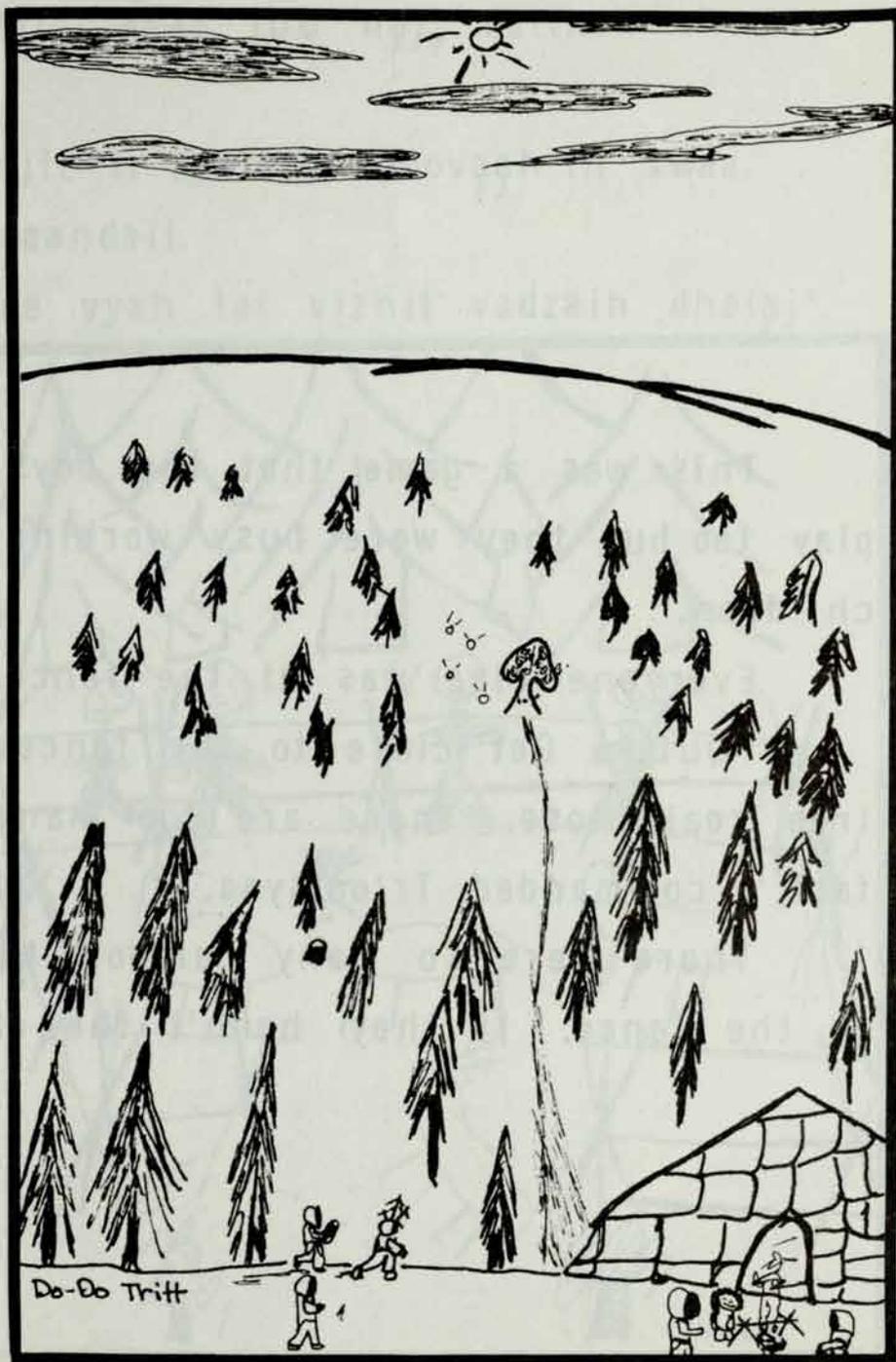
"Vi'it Gwaatr'al, you be the caribou. Tḡḡ'iintin and I will be the hunters," Tthaḷ Dhahkhwajj said.

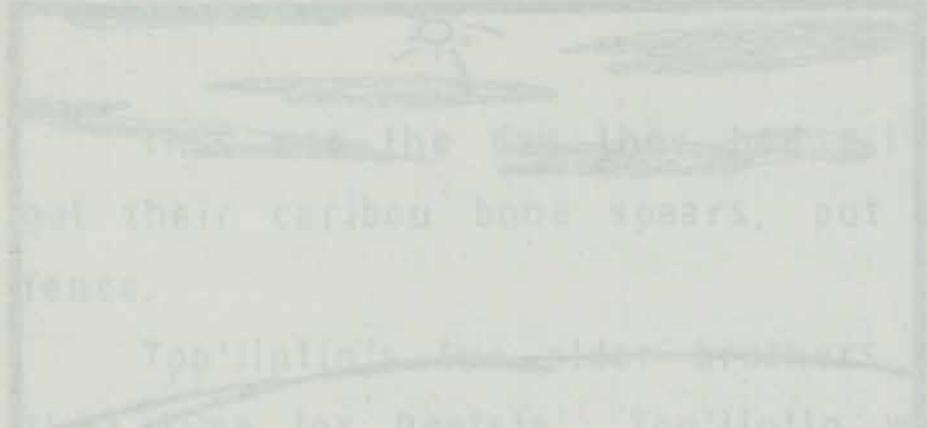
Jii t̄yaa tsyaa-tsal n̄jj
giyaatsee'in giyeet'iindhan. Nitch'it-
tsal n̄jj gaa tseegee'in
geet'igiindhan gaa ch'adhah
eetr'agogwah'in ts'ǎ' tr'iinin tsal
chan k'eegǎhtii haa googwitr'it
gwanljj.

Juu n̄jj datthak tthaṭ eeghah
geelk'jj.

"Khan t'akho'in! Tthaṭ eeghah
nahgǎ nohyyaa! Ditr'ik, zhik
ts'iivii eeghah nahgǎ njjdhat.
Vadzaih l̄jj ah'al ts'ǎ' gwjjt'aii
gah'al t'igiinchy'aa," Tr'ootsyaa
gwjjt'oo t'inyǎǎ.

Tr'ikhit vadzaih l̄jj ts'ǎ'
juu n̄jj datthak tthaṭ ts'ǎ' nahgǎ
neelzhii. Jyaa digeezhik kwǎǎ ji',
vadzaih govaa goohah'al
t'igiinchy'aa.



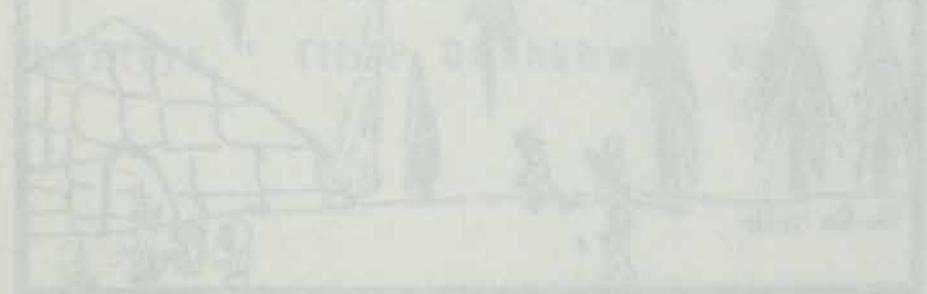


This was a game that the boys loved to play. The girls liked to play too but they were busy working with skin and watching the little children.

Everyone else was at the fence.

"Quick! Get close to the fence! Ditr'ik, stand by that spruce tree real close. There are too many caribou and they will be coming fast," commanded Tr'ootsyaa.

There were so many caribou that everyone had to get very close to the fence. If they hadn't the caribou might have run them down.

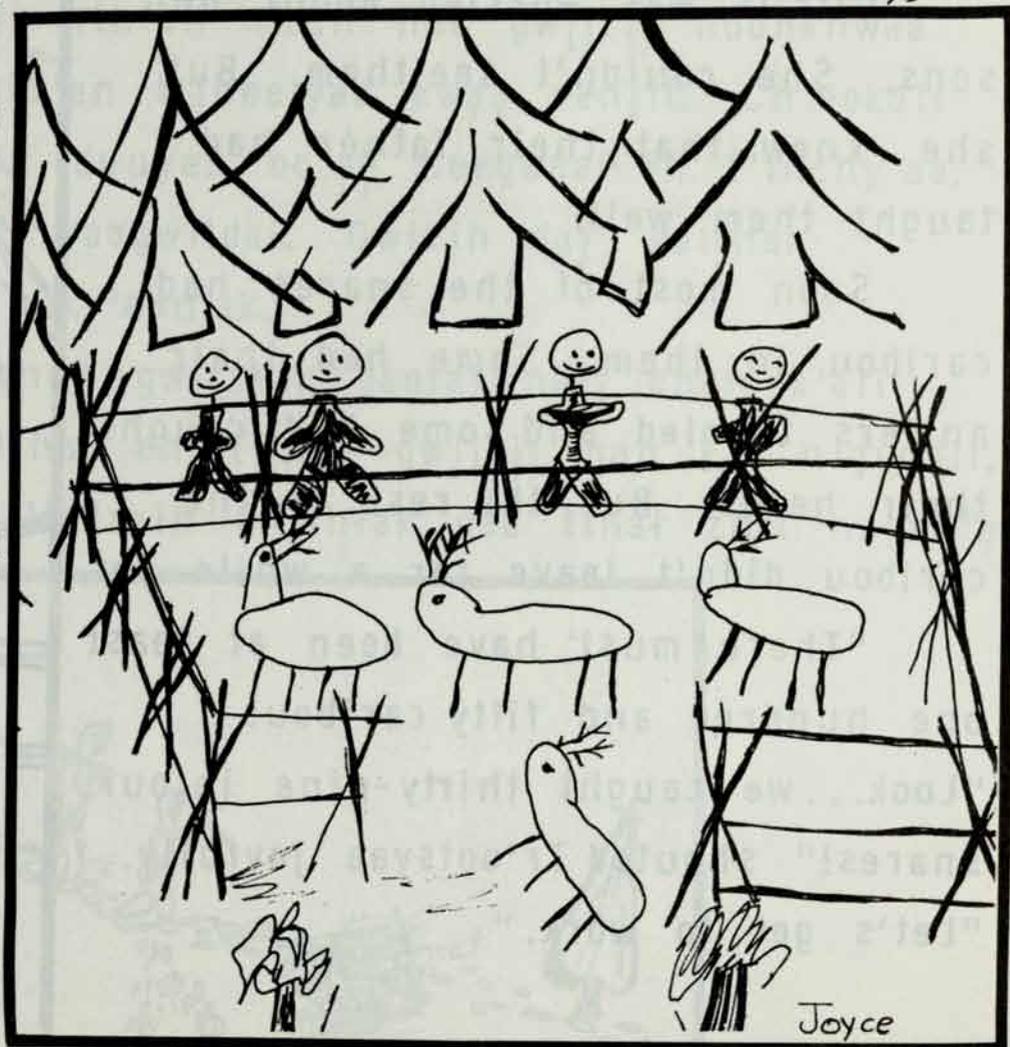


Tr'ookit vadzaih vyah zhit dhalai', ɣyaa juu nɔjj datthak shoo
iɬtsɔjj.

Ditr'ik ɣyaa digii tsyaa nɔjj eenjit tr'igwidii. Goovɔɔh'in kwaa.
Gaa gooti' ɣyaa gwjjzjj geegoveeɬtin gaandaii.

Njyyuk gwahaadhat kwɔɔ ts'ɔ' t'ee vyah lat vizhit vadzaih dhalɔj'.
Goolat nɔjj goojj' vyah zhit
nideelchaa ts'ɔ' goolat nɔjj chan
gooki' dhalɔj'. Gaa gwjjtsal
njyyuk gwahaadhat ɔjjtɬ'ɛɛ
t'ohju' hee vadzaih lat nɔjj
t'oohtjj neehi'oo.

"ɣyaa vadzaih ch'ihɬok
dinanli' k'it ts'ɔ' juutin ch'ihɬak
gwanli' daatin ɔɔchy'ɔɔ niljj!
Gwɔɔh'in...diivyah zhit tik
daatin ants'ɔ'
vanchoh-nak'ɔh-zhak-dhitin
tr'aalɔj' ɬee!" Tr'ootsyaa shoh
haa azhral. "Tr'agoroh'ɔ'."



The first caribou caught in a snare made everyone happy.

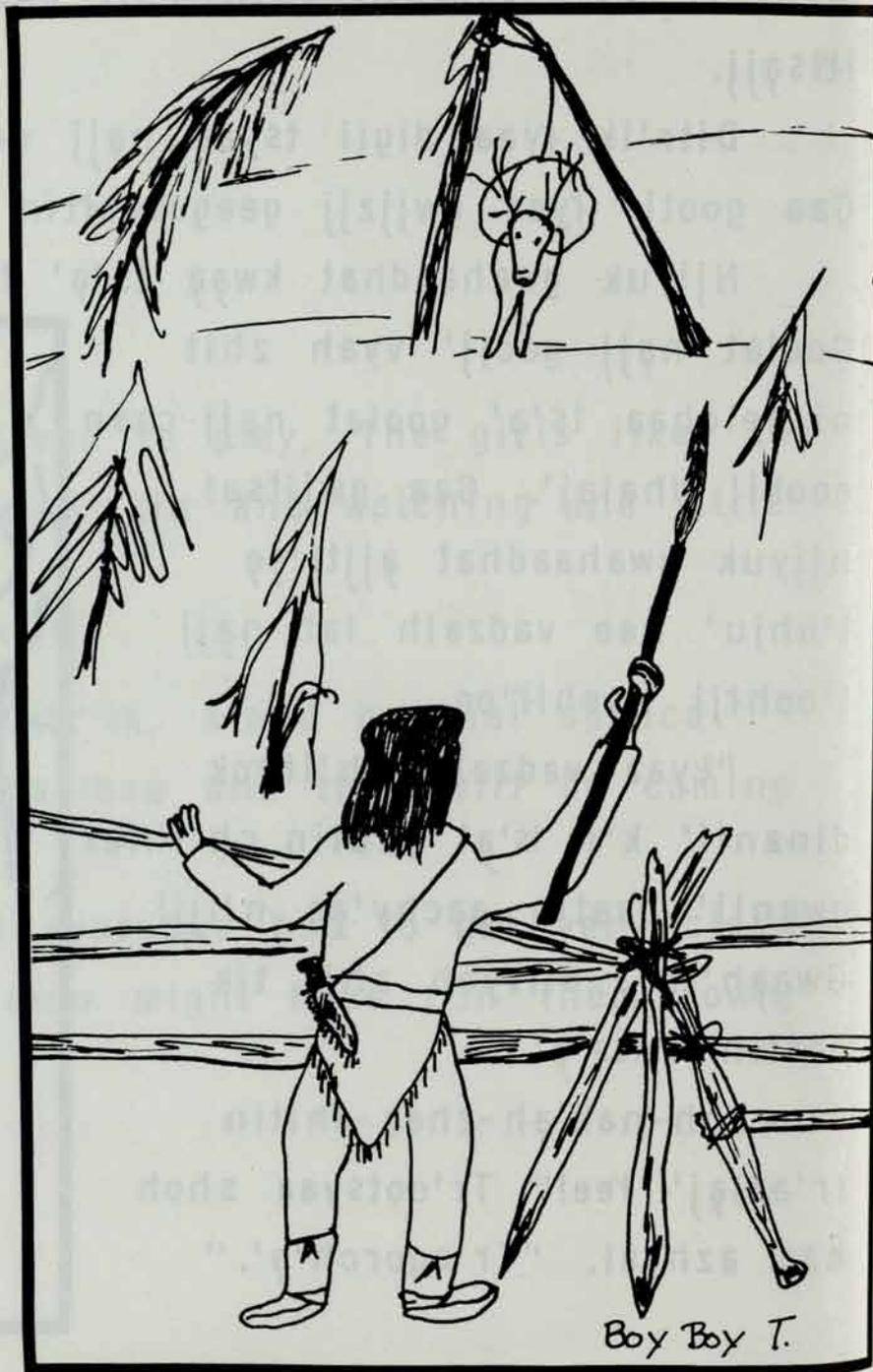
Ditr'ik was worried about her sons. She couldn't see them. But she knew that their father had taught them well.

Soon most of the snares had caribou in them. Some had their antlers tangled and some had caught their heads. But the rest of the caribou didn't leave for a while yet.

"There must have been at least one hundred and fifty caribou!

"Look...we caught thirty-nine in our snares!" shouted Tr'ootsyaa joyfully.

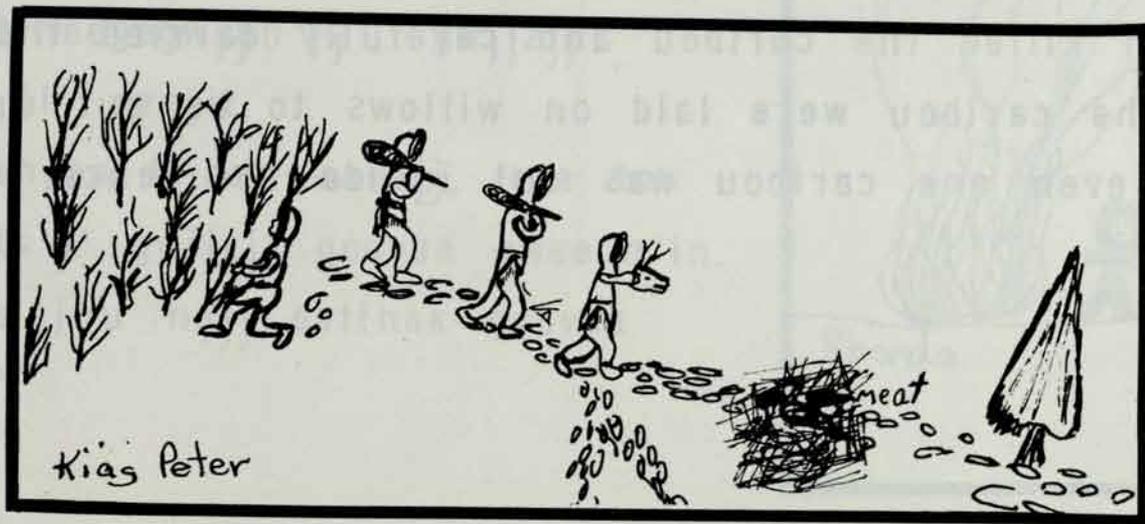
"Let's get to work."



Deets'e' ts'ə' T'reeviht' haa it'ee digiyihkhan eeghain giilk'jj.
Deets'e' ch'ihłok gaa vadzaih-tthał eenihee kwəə ts'ə' diti' eeghain
nahgwan dhidii, viti' jidii haandain datthak agwahaa'ee eenjit.

"Łyaa gwjjzjj gwik'eerahəəhtyaa gwizhrjh, ch'eeəəjj nan kat
t'iriheelyaa kwəə eenjit. Vadzaih tth'an shyh haa gwjjzjj hoohkhwaa
gwizhrjh, gwjjt'oo ch'eeəəjj vats'an t'ihee'yaa kwəə eenjit. Ch'eeəəii
ləjj ooəhok t'irinlik ji', vadzaih duuyeh oo'əə neegwaah'in t'inchy'aa."
Jii datthak Deets'e' viti' gwjjzjj yaagwildak. Gwikjh dəj' datthak
gwiitth'ak gaa juk Łyaa gwjjzjj giky'aanjik.

Dinjii lat nəjj vadzaih gaghan gwiizhik goolat nəjj chan k'aii
khaihłan nahəjyaa. Jii kwaii tthał eh'at hee gwjjzjj nan kat nigiyilii,
giikat vadzaih nahah'əə eenjit. Vadzaih ch'ihłak gaa tthał zhit nahah'əə
kwəə.



Deets'e' and T'eevihti' were by their parents now. Since Deets'e' had never been to a caribou fence before, he stayed close to his father so that he could learn all that his father knew.

"We must be very careful not to get blood on the ground. You must kill the caribou with the spear so that very little blood comes out. If we get too much blood around, the caribou will not come back." All this Deets'e''s father explained to him. Deets'e' had heard it all before but now the words really meant something.

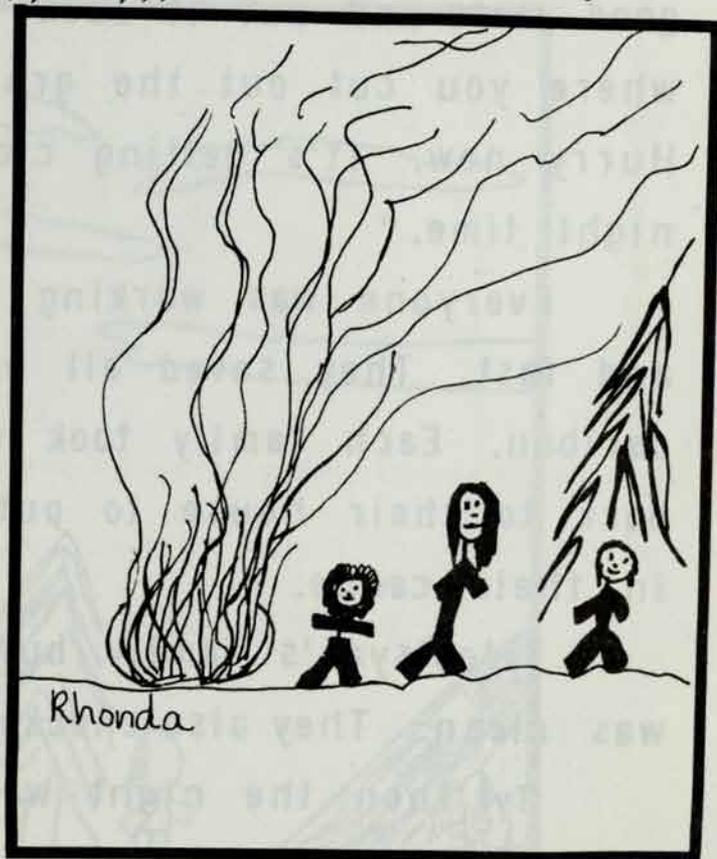
The men killed the caribou and carefully carried them outside the fence. All the caribou were laid on willows to be cut up by the women. Not even one caribou was cut inside the fence.

Tr'ootsyaa digii tsyaa neekwajj oozhrijj. "Dinjii neekwajj ghjii ts'a' tthał zhit ts'a' geelin kwaii haa datthak shriitr'ineegooh'aii. Nijin nan kat ch'eeakaii noh'in dajj', khoht'ii ts'a' tthał eh'ok nijyit hee nqphłjj. Nya' nizjj oo'eę noo'aii ts'a' nijin nan khoht'uu gwjjzjj k'itinooh'aii. Khan t'akho'in. Khaa gwats'a' nahggg gwilii."

Juu najj datthak gwjnt'aii gwitr'it t'agogwah'in gwiizhik chan khan t'igii'in. Vadzaih datthak shrigjjnlik. Zhehk'aą najj gooteegogwaahchy'aa ts'a' niljj oo'an digizheh gwits'ee gihiłtsit ts'a' dagadraa kat deegiyilii.

Tr'ootsyaa vizhehk'aą najj k'aii datthak giłk'in ts'a' nijuk datthak gogwaah'yą'. Gwjjzjj neegogwiłtsąjj ji' eenjit ts'a' chan vyah datthak tineegogwąąh'yą', gwjjzjj dineegiyaatł'jj ji' eenjit.

Izhik gwandaa khaa gwanłjj, gaa too oozhrii adrii ts'a' gwjjzjj goovaa gweech'in. Zhat drin łyaa juu najj datthak goovaa shrigwjjnchy'a'.

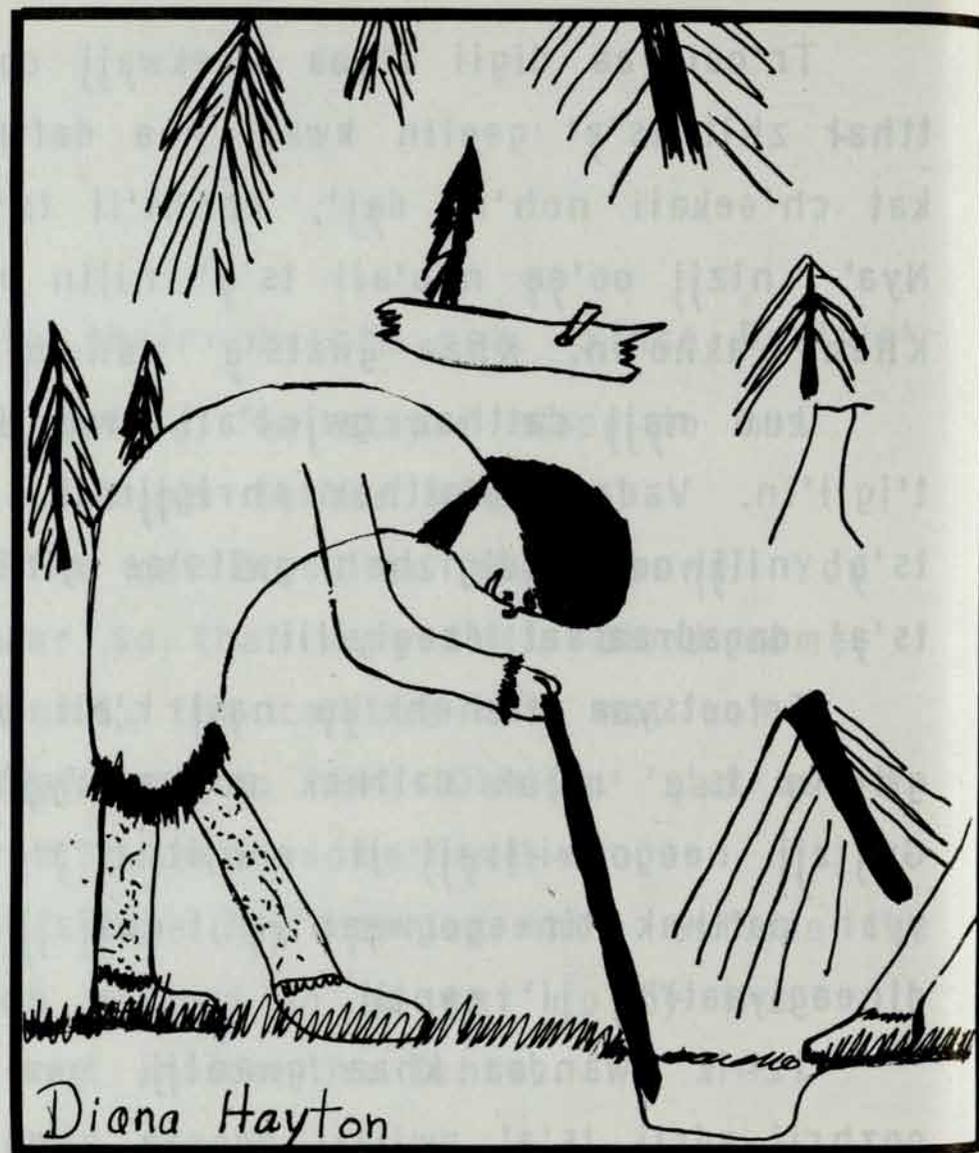


Tr'ootsyaa called his two sons. "I want you to get two more people and clean inside the fence and all around it. When you see any blood on the ground, cut out the moss and take it far from the fence. Bring back good moss and put it back neatly where you cut out the ground. Hurry now. It's getting close to night time."

Everyone was working hard and fast. They saved all of the caribou. Each family took meat back to their house to put it in their cache.

Tr'ootsyaa's family burned all the willows and made sure that the ground was clean. They also checked all the snares to make sure they were set.

By then the night was late, but the moon was bright so they could see easily. The day had been a very happy day for everyone.

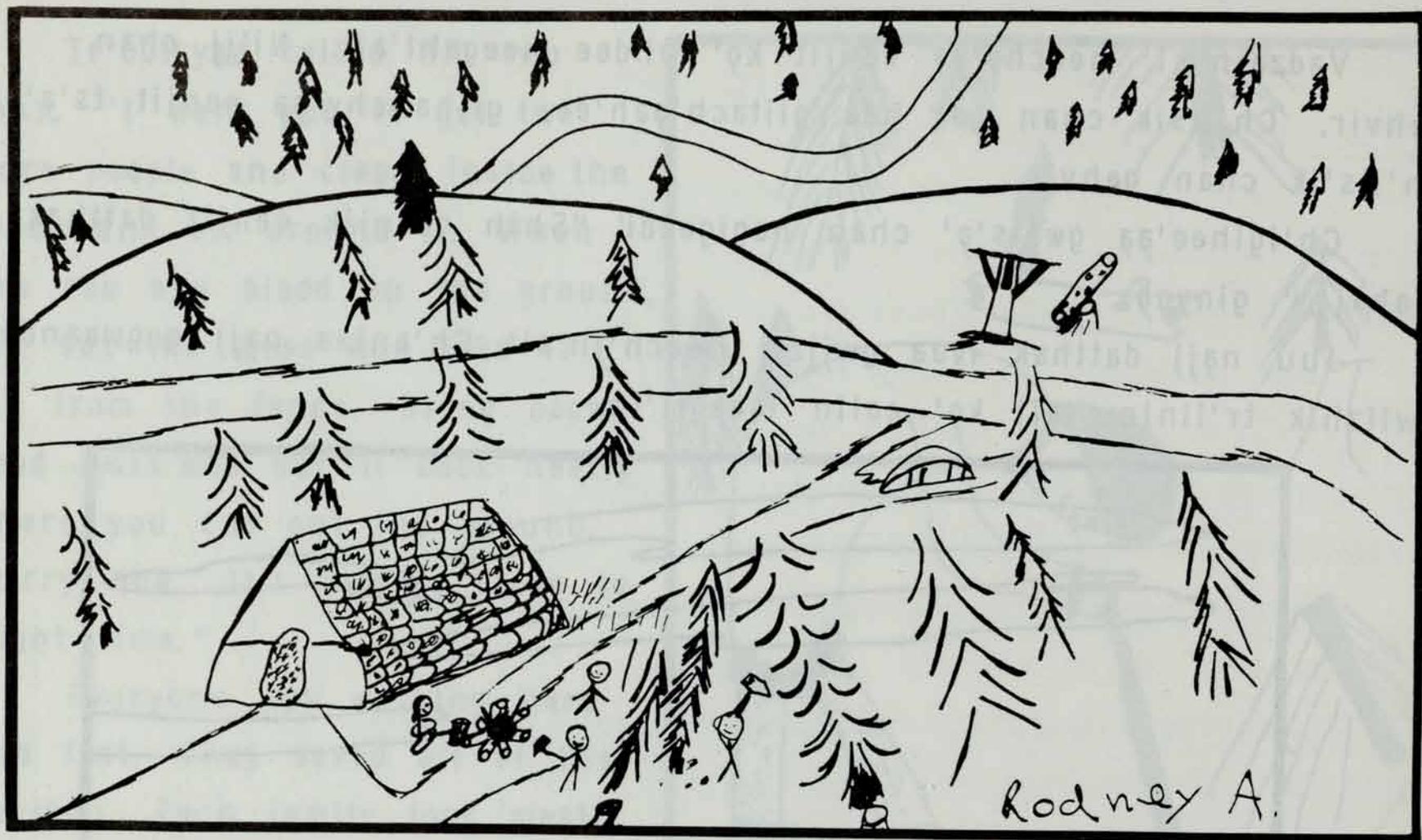


Vadzaih-ki' heechy'ąą eenjit kọ' ehdee neegaht'aii. Niljj chan gahvir. Ch'itsik chan gał haa giitach'ąąh'ee, giihahchy'ąą eenjit ts'ą' ch'its'ik chan gahvir.

Ch'igihee'ąą gwats'ą' chan hagigeedi, "Shih goonjik eenjit datthak mahsj'," ginyąą.

Juu nąjj datthak łyaa gwjjzjj neech'jn'al! Ch'anjaa nąjj gogwaandak gwiizhik tr'iinin nąjj kọ' eelin tseegii'in.





The women hung caribou heads over a fire to cook, boiled meat and intestines, and hung ribs on a stick to cook.

Before they ate they prayed. "For all the food we have taken, thank you," they said.

What a feast everyone had! The old people told stories and the children played around the fire.

Nihkaa vanh daj' hee juu najj datthak hikyaazhii. Dinjii lat najj chan vadzaih kineegohoojil. Goolat najj chan kwank'it giilk'jj, niljj tr'eegiihaht'ii eenjit.

"Tog'iintin, nan ts'a' Vi'it Gwaatr'al najj haa Deets'e' vaa dachan ohjii. Niljj eenjit ch'agajhk'it vaa gwarahahtsyaa eenjit," viti' jyaa nyaa. "Shach'adhah tr'ihchoo ałtsii vehdaa tr'ihihndal, niljj ootthan drah ts'a' neehihłyaa eenjit."

"Nijin ji' hinhaa?" Tog'iintin ch'oaahkat.

"Nijin niljj dhagajj ji'," viti' yahnyaa.

"Khan naa hihshyaa lee t'oonchy'aa?" Tog'iintin yuaahkat.

"Gwich'in roh. Drah shaa shrineehjnlyaa."

Ajj łyaa Tog'iintin shoo deetsajj. Ch'adhah tr'ihchoo zhit neehidik łyaa geet'jjndhan. Gaa ch'adhah tr'ihchoo łyaa gwjjt'oo vit'eegwaałhchy'aa kwaa, han k'iidj' ts'a' geetee van kat eenjit gwizhrjh chan.

The next day everyone got up early. Some men went out to look for more caribou. The others stayed in camp to cut the meat.

"Tɔɔ'iintin, you and Vi'it Gwaatr'al go with Deets'e' to get poles. We have to make drying racks for the meat," said their father. "I'm going to finish making a skin boat to take some meat down to our cache."

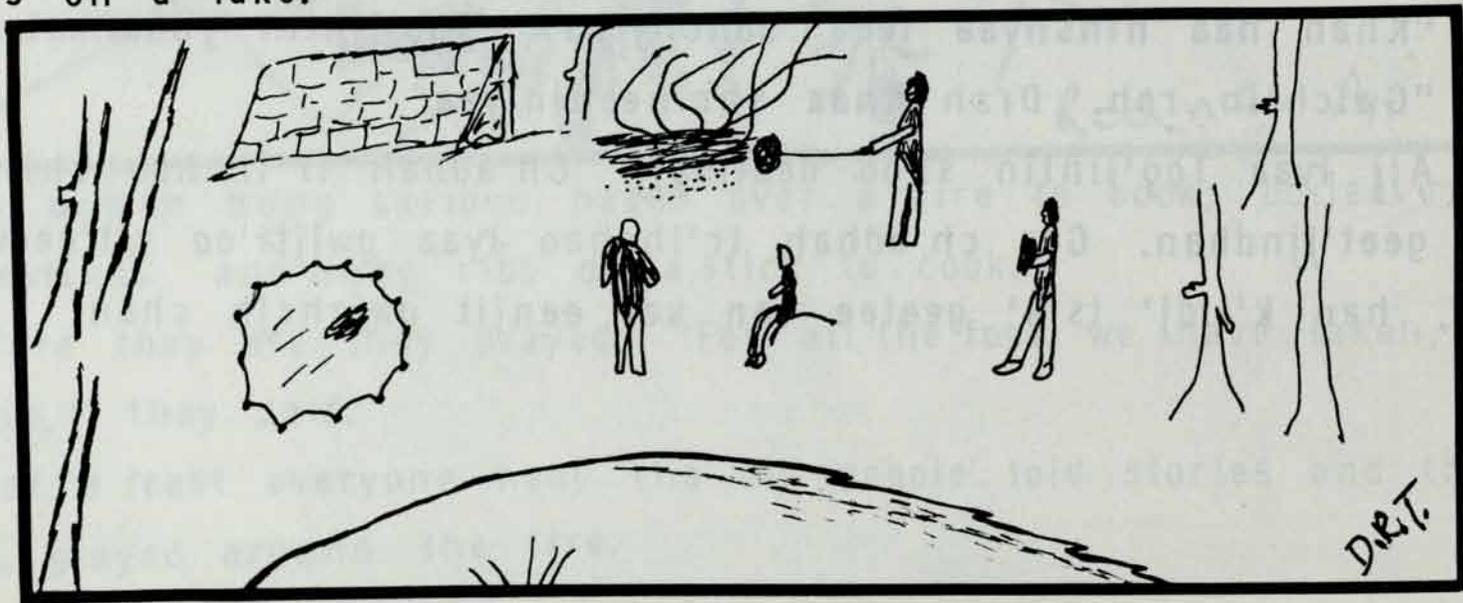
"When will you go?" Tɔɔ'iintin asked.

"When the meat is dried," answered his father.

"Can I go with you?" asked Tɔɔ'iintin.

"Maybe so. You can help me fix the cache."

That made Tɔɔ'iintin happy. He liked to go in a skin boat, but his people didn't use boats much, only to go down river and sometimes on a lake.



Gwiizhik khaa hee ch'adhah tr'ihchoo dachan kat tr'agwah'in.
Vigii tsyaa cheegohoo'oo ajjt'ee, ch'adhah tr'ihchoo eelin ch'adhah
k'aahkaii. Vadzaih choh dhah nihk'iitik t'aachy'aa, ch'adhah tr'ihchoo
ch'ihlak hahtsyaa eenjit.

"Vindeegoozhrəjj, tth'aii tseenjyaa k'ih-khəjjdoo oiinjii gaa nahan
vagwadal kwaii shrihtoinlyaa shrə'," Tr'ootsyaa yahnyəə.

"Ti'yaa, khan ch'its'ihihjyaa lee t'oonchy'aa? Ch'adhah tthah
t'aałchy'aa gaachandaii t'oonchy'aa," Vindeegoozhrəjj yahnyəə.

"Nakwəə, jii ch'adhah kwaii łyaa dach'at t'inchy'aa," Tr'ootsyaa
yahnyəə.

"Nijin gwats'an tth'ałvit ihdi' oodhjjnjik, ch'adhah tthah eenjit?"
Vindeegoozhrəjj yahnyəə.

"Van choh kat. Deets'e' shreenyəə dəj' yeekhwəjj t'inchy'aa."

Tr'ootsyaa had been working on the skin boat frame in the evenings. After his sons left he sewed skins on the frame. He used six bull caribou skins to make the one skin boat.

"Vindeegoozhrąjj, go find more sinew but don't mess up your mother's things," said Tr'ootsyaa.

"Dad, can I help? I know how to use the awl," Vindeegoozhrąjj asked.

"No, these skins are too tough," Tr'ootsyaa answered.

"Where did you get the loon bill for the awl?" Vindeegoozhrąjj questioned.

"On the big lake. Deets'e' killed it last spring."

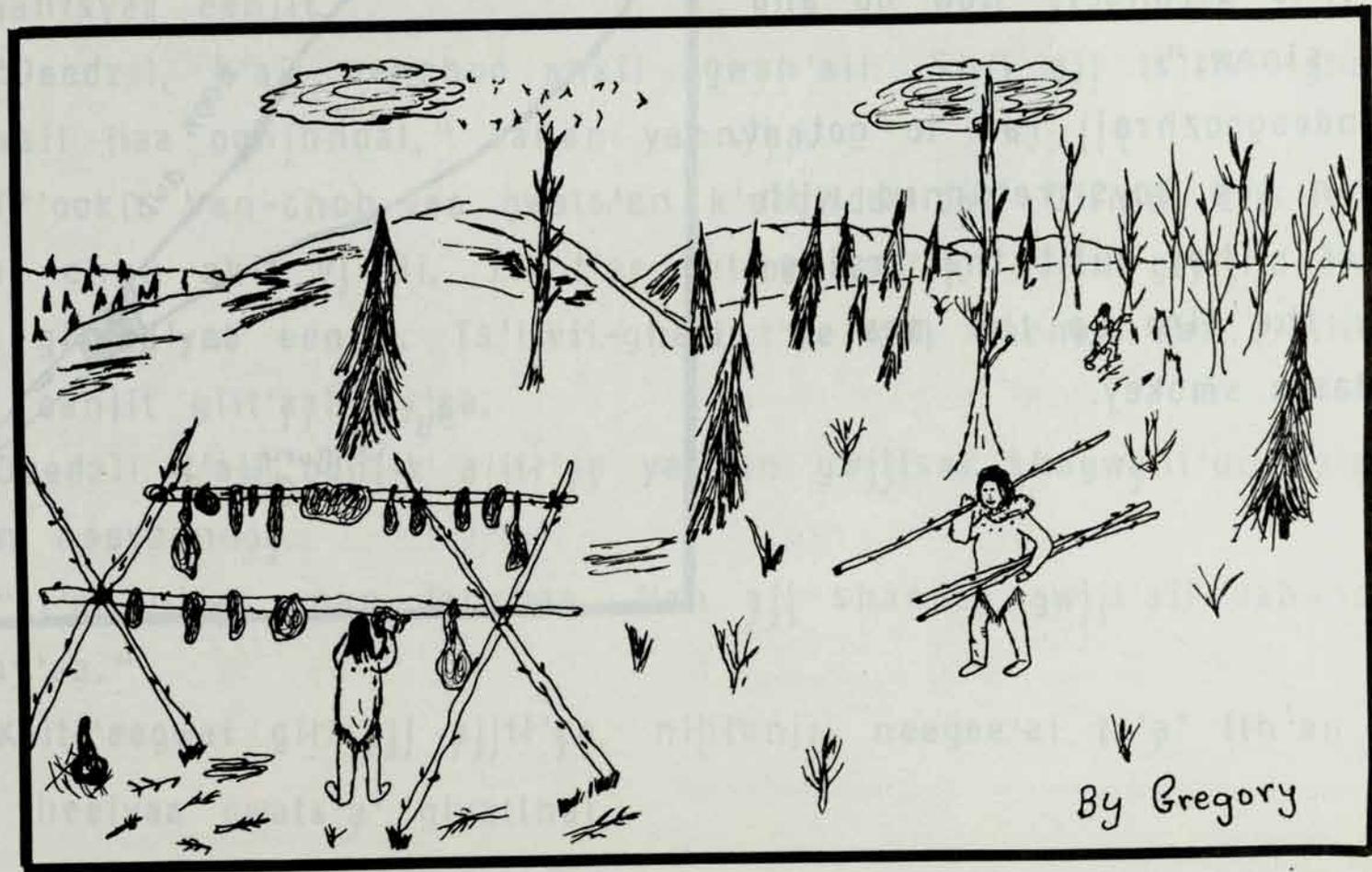


by Rodney Albert

"Tth'an gaa nizjj, gaa ts'ałvit ihdi' ąjj gwāndaa dach'at. Ako' t'ee khan oo'an hjnhaai ts'ą' k'ih-hąjjndoo oiinjii."

Vindeegoozhrąjj tr'aangik, yuuheendal eenjit.

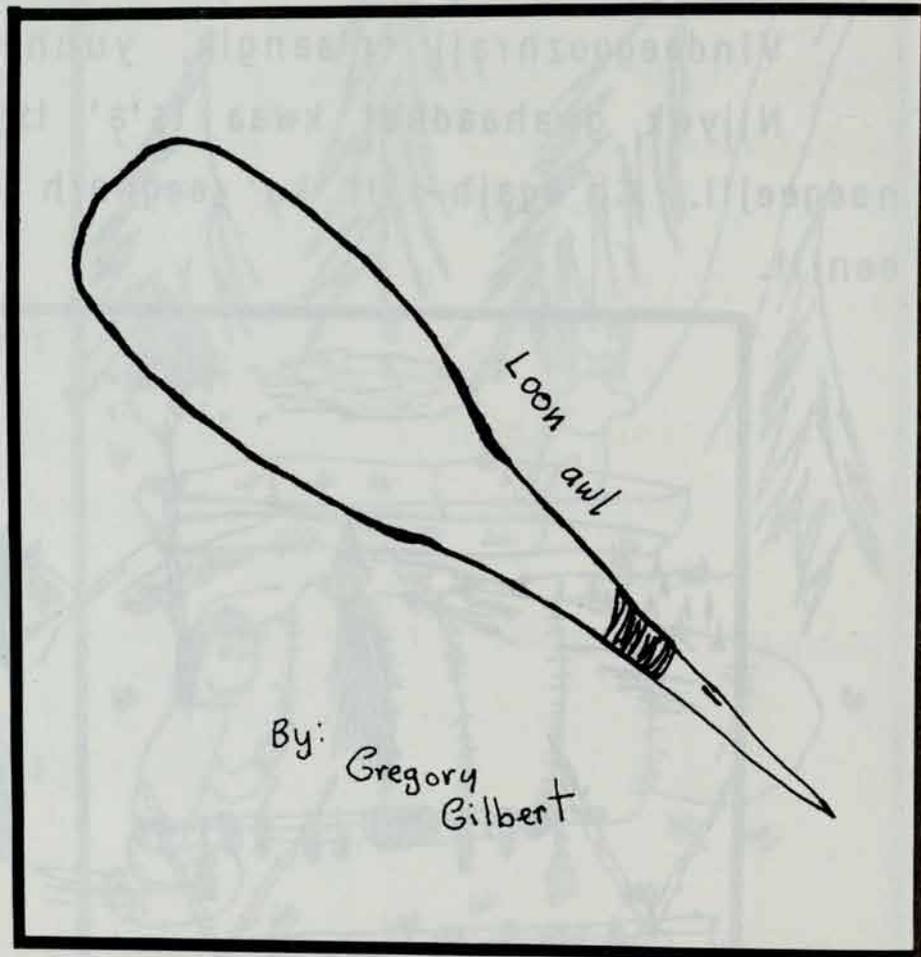
Njyyuk gwahaadhat kwaa ts'ą' tsyaa-tsal nąjj dachan haa oo'ęę neegeejil. Ch'agąjh-k'it kọ' eeghah gogwiłtsąjj, niljj łat vagwahąndaii eenjit.



"A bone is good too, but the loon bill is stronger. Now go and get the sinew."

Vindeegoozhrąjj ran to get it.

Soon the boys returned with the poles. They built the drying rack by the fire so the meat would taste smokey.



Geh Ik niljj tr'aht'ii ts'ǎ' ɣyaa vigwitr'it gwanljj. Tɣ'eevihti' ts'ǎ' Deets'e' nǎjj niljj ch'agǎjh-k'it gwakat deegilii.

Deedzii ts'ǎ' dahan nǎjj haa chan ɣyaa googwitr'it gwanljj, kiitɣ'eegwat gahtsii, tth'an giyaaheetthat ts'ǎ' ch'aghwaaghwai' giyaaahatsyaa eenjit.

"Deedzii, k'aii nanchoo ǎhkii agwǎh'aii. Shjj ǎjj ts'iivii-ghaii ts'ǎ' kii kwaii haa oohjhndal," vahan yahnyǎǎ.

Tr'ookit Van-choh-vee gwats'an k'eegiidal dǎj' Ditr'ik dits'iivii-ghaii datthak chyɣ zhit yjnlii. Jii t'ee datɣok yah'jj, nijin giyjjndhan dǎj' tɣy'ah gihaa'yaa eenjit. Ts'iivii-ghaii t'ee kii, dachan kat gigiiahchaa, tɣy'ah eenjit giit'ǎǎhchy'aa.

Deedzii k'aii oonjik ǎjjtɣ'ǎǎ yatɣ'an gwjjtsal khagwǎht'uu ts'ǎ' kii eendih neeyaandǎǎ.

"It'ee ni'ǎǎ, nan dǎhchaa. Nan ǎjj shandaa gwjjt'aii dahǎhdhyaa t'inchy'aa."

Kiitɣ'eegwat giɣtsǎjj ǎjjtɣ'ǎǎ, nihɣanjii neege'e'al ts'ǎ' tth'an jidii ddhak heelyaa gwats'ǎ' giyatthat.

Geh Ik was busy cutting the meat. T'eevihti' and Deets'e' hung the meat on the rack.

Deedzii and her mother were busy making a sledge hammer to pound bones with to make bone grease.

"Deedzii, find a willow as big around as your thumb. I'll get the spruce roots and rock," her mother said.

When they had first come to Van-choh-vee, Ditr'ik had taken all her spruce roots and put them in water. This kept them soft so they could use them for rope any time. The roots would be used to tie the rock to the stick.

After Deedzii got the willow, she cut it a little in the middle and then bent it over the rock.

"Now Mother, you tie it. You can tie it tighter than I can."

When the rock hammer was made they took turns pounding the bones into small pieces.

Vindeegoozhrəjj t'ohju' hee diti'
k'ih-khəjjindəg eent'eiinlii ts'ə'
dahan ts'ə' haazhii. Tth'an
vit'eegwəəhchy'aa kwəə hadaahzhii
nah'in.

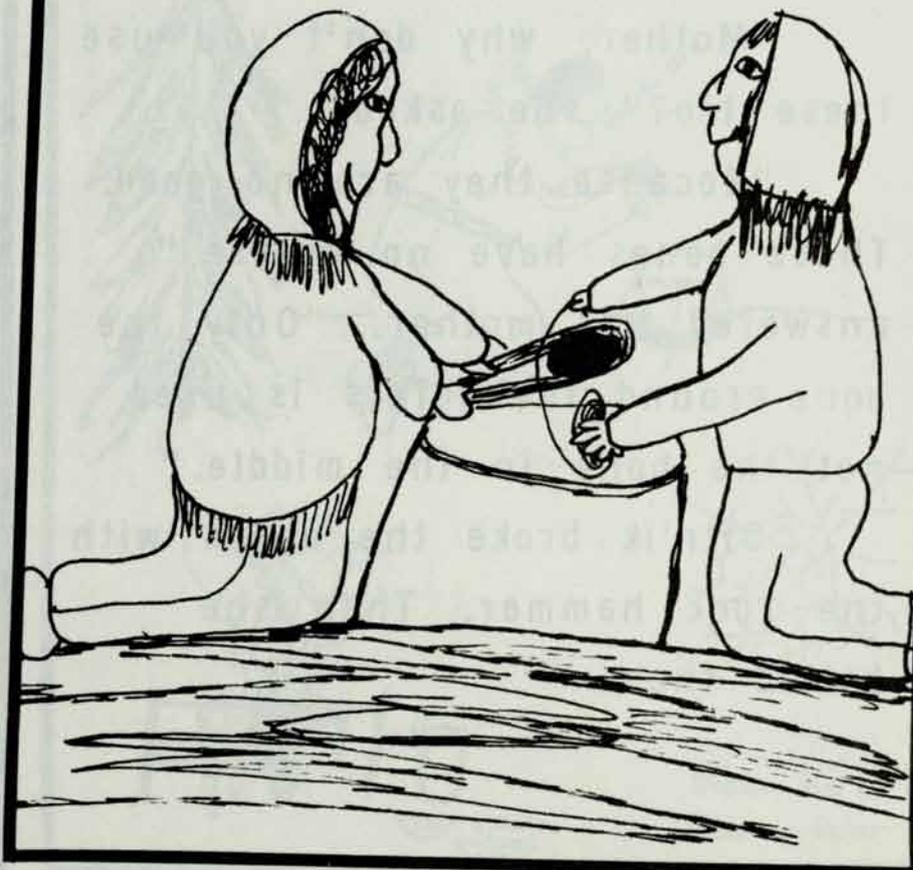
"Ni'əə, jii kwaii chan
t'əghchy'ə' jaghaii?" yahnyəə.

"Iizyy geh'an reh. Əjj tth'an
kwaii vitee khwaii kwəə ts'ə'
duuyeh khwaii ləjj tr'ii'jj
t'oonchy'aa," vahan yahnyəə.

"Tth'an ch'agwat eelin t'inchy'aa
zhrjh t'eegwəəhchy'aa. Vat'an
tth'an aii haa nigwirii'aa kwaa
t'oonchy'aa."

Kiit'eegwat haa tth'an datthak
gaatthət. Əjtt'əə chuu zhit
giyahvit.

Angela Peter

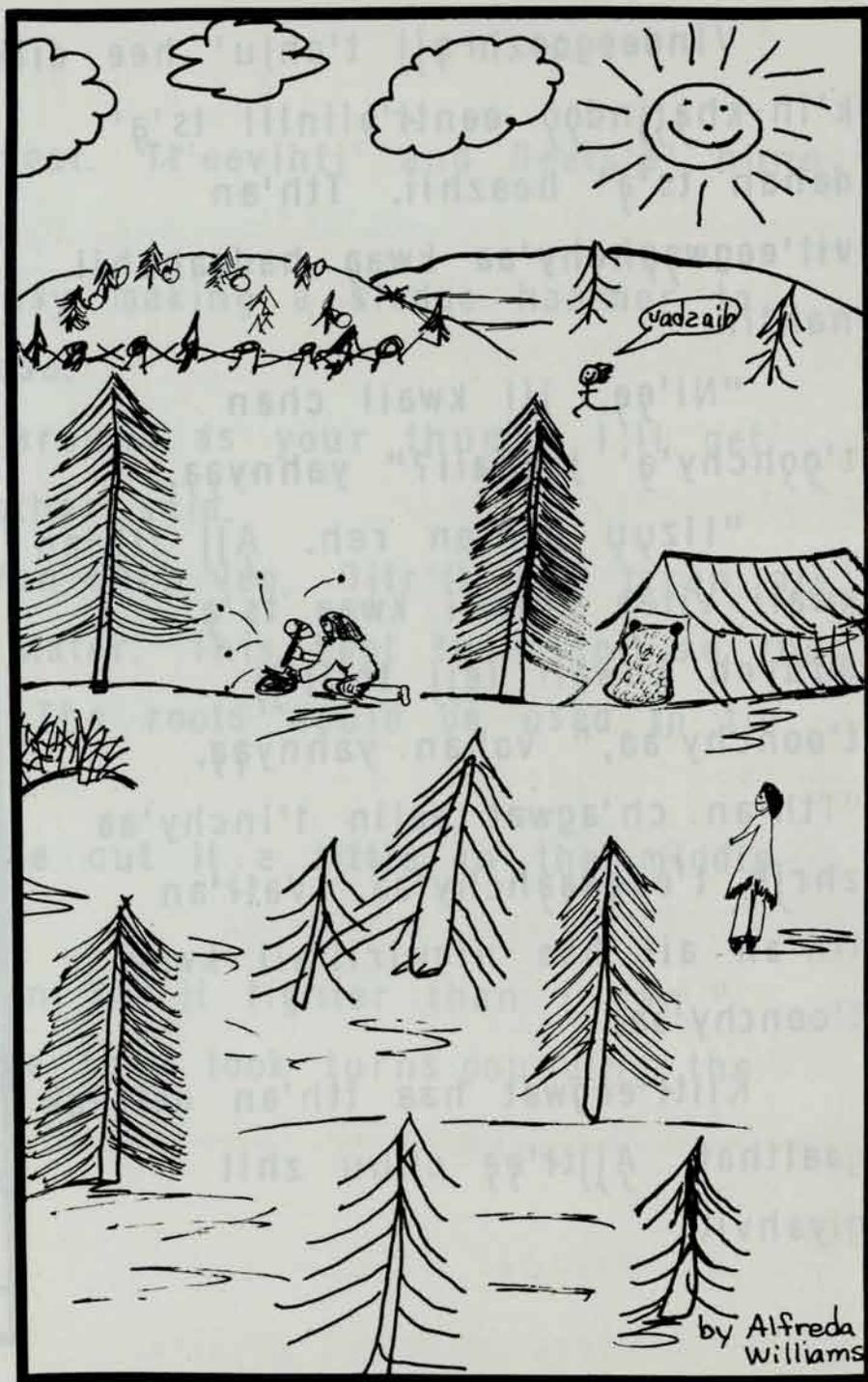


Vindeegoozhrąjj had just given her father the sinew and walked over to her mother. She saw a pile of bones not being used.

"Mother, why don't you use these too?" she asked.

"Because they are no good. Those bones have no grease," answered her mother. "Only the bone around the joints is used, not the bone in the middle."

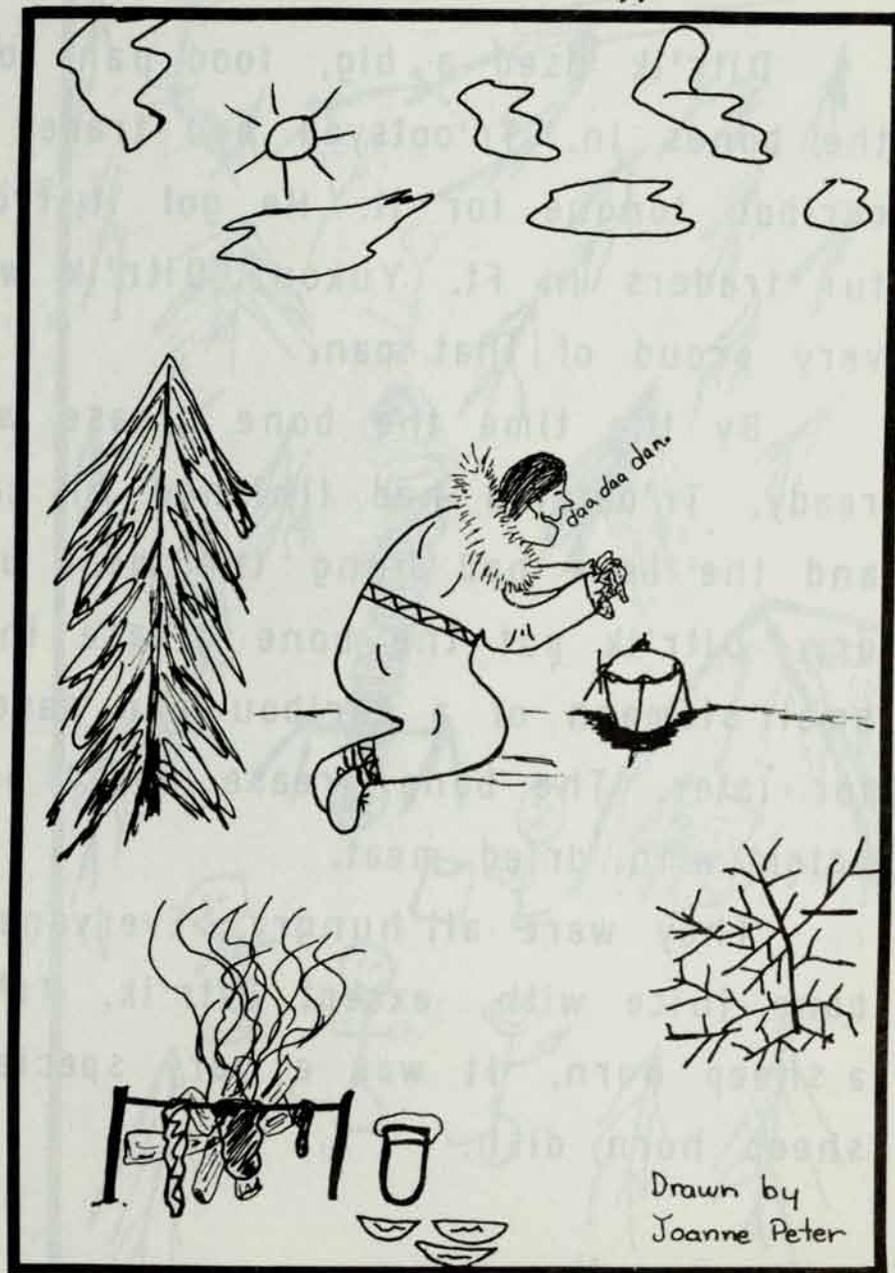
Ditr'ik broke the bones with the rock hammer. Then she boiled them.



Ditr'ik shih-tyah-choo t'aahchy'aa, yizhit tth'an ahvir. Tr'ootsyaa vadzaih-kyaa gəjh yit'jj haa'əjj. Gwichyaa-zheh ch'adhah niht'jjrihilii gwats'an yuunjik. Ditr'ik ɬyaa yeech'i'in.

Ch'aghwaa-khwai' it'ee nizjj əjj gwandaa t'ee Tr'ootsyaa ch'adhah tr'ihchoo shrinlik ts'ə' tsyaa-tsal nəjj chan niljj datthak deegaadlii. Ch'aghwaa-khwai' ch'ihdheeghwat zit giyjjnjaa, gwiɬ'ee gwats'ə'. Niljj gəjh haa giihee'əə.

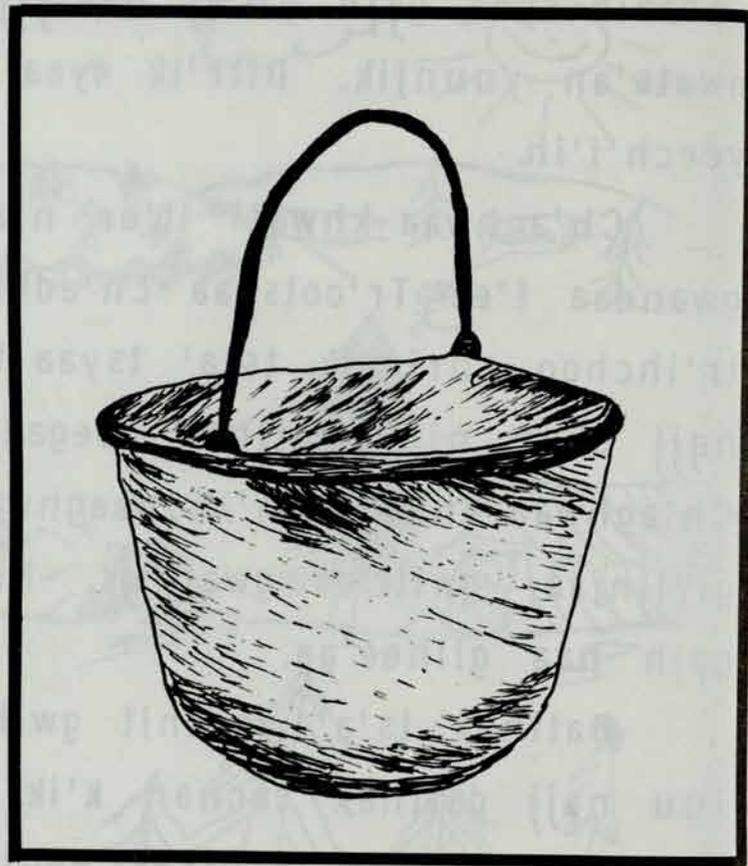
Datthak ts'ə' goozhit gwiɬts'ik. Juu nəjj datthak dachan k'ik di'jj tth'an-chu' giyaaheenjyaa eenjit, Ditr'ik zhrii nakwəə. Tr'ootsyaa divii-ji' ts'an ch'iji' k'ik yee'ixtsəjj. ɬyaa yihiɬ'ee. Dinjii ləjj nəjj ɬyaa divii-ji' k'ik di'jj kwəə.



Ditr'ik used a big, food pan to boil the bones in. Tr'ootsyaa had traded dried caribou tongue for it. He got it from the fur traders in Ft. Yukon. Ditr'ik was very proud of that pan.

By the time the bone grease was ready, Tr'ootsyaa had finished his canoe and the boys had hung the meat up to dry. Ditr'ik put the bone grease in the small stomach of a caribou and saved it for later. The bone grease would be eaten eaten with dried meat.

They were all hungry. Everyone had a wooden dish to drink the bone juice with, except Ditr'ik. Tr'ootsyaa had made her a dish from a sheep horn. It was a very special present. Not many people had a sheep horn dish.



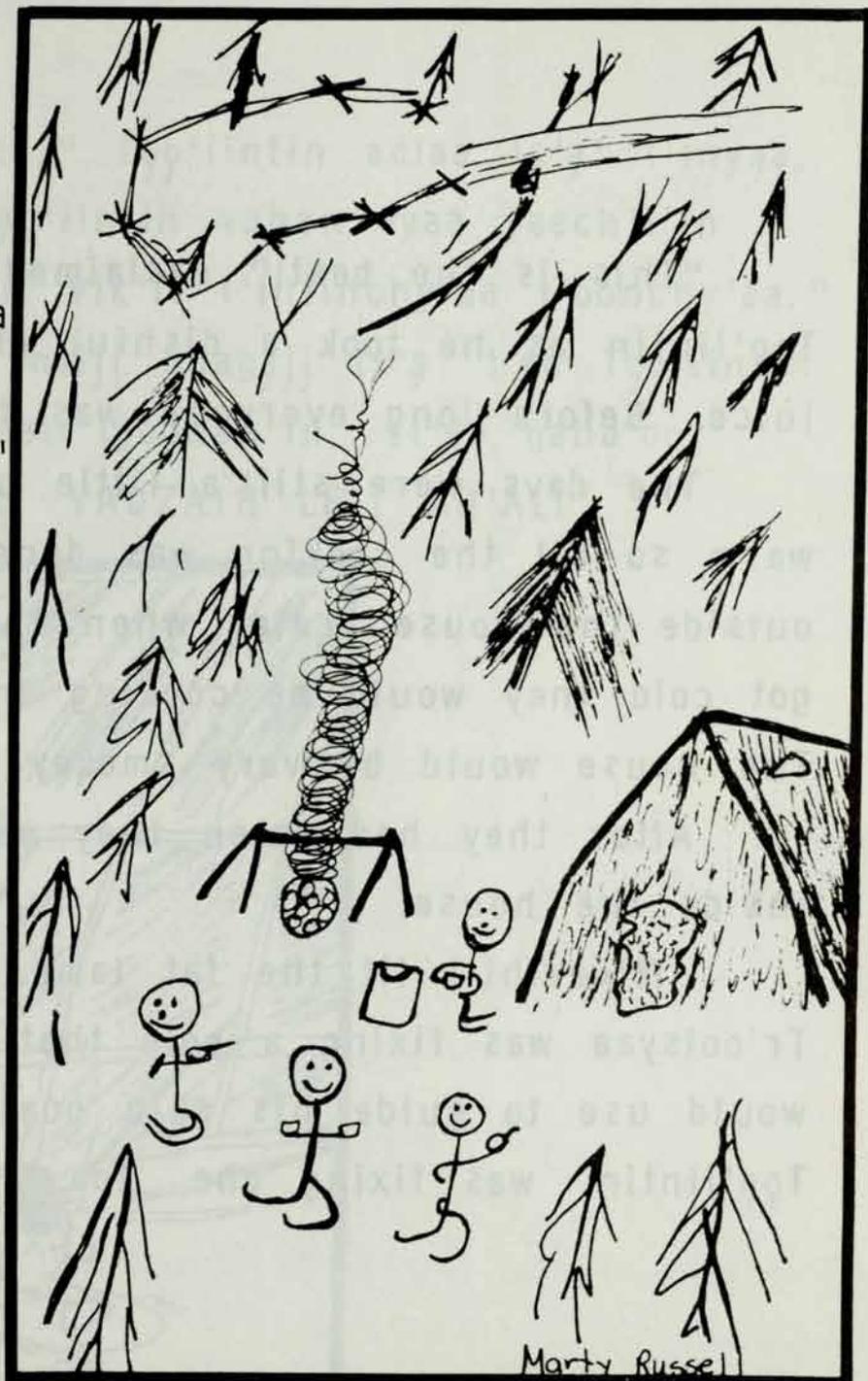
"Jii ɣyaa gehdaa kwəə nizjj!"
Tɔɔ'iintin yahntəə, gwiizhik dadachan
k'ik oonjik ts'ə' tth'an-chy'
eech'iintthaii. Njyuk gwahaadhat kwaa
ts'ə' juu nəjj datthak ch'anagoho'al.

Drin hee gwijtsal gwjjndhəə ts'ə'
chiitəjj hee vikeech'agəhchy'əə.

Gwitɣ'əə gwjjnk'oo' nagwaanəjj ji'
zheh gwizhit vikeech'agəhchy'əə.
Zheh gwizhit ɣyaa ɣat gwiheelyaa.

Datthak ch'igin'al tɣ'ee zheh
gwizhit nihdeeginjil.

Tɣ'eevihti' ch'ik'eh-daak'ə'
neetk'in. Tr'ootsyaa juhtoo
shriitr'ichii, ch'adhah tr'ihchoo yaa
ineech'ahahtthak eenjit. Tɔɔ'iintin
chan ch'ihɣak daatsii.

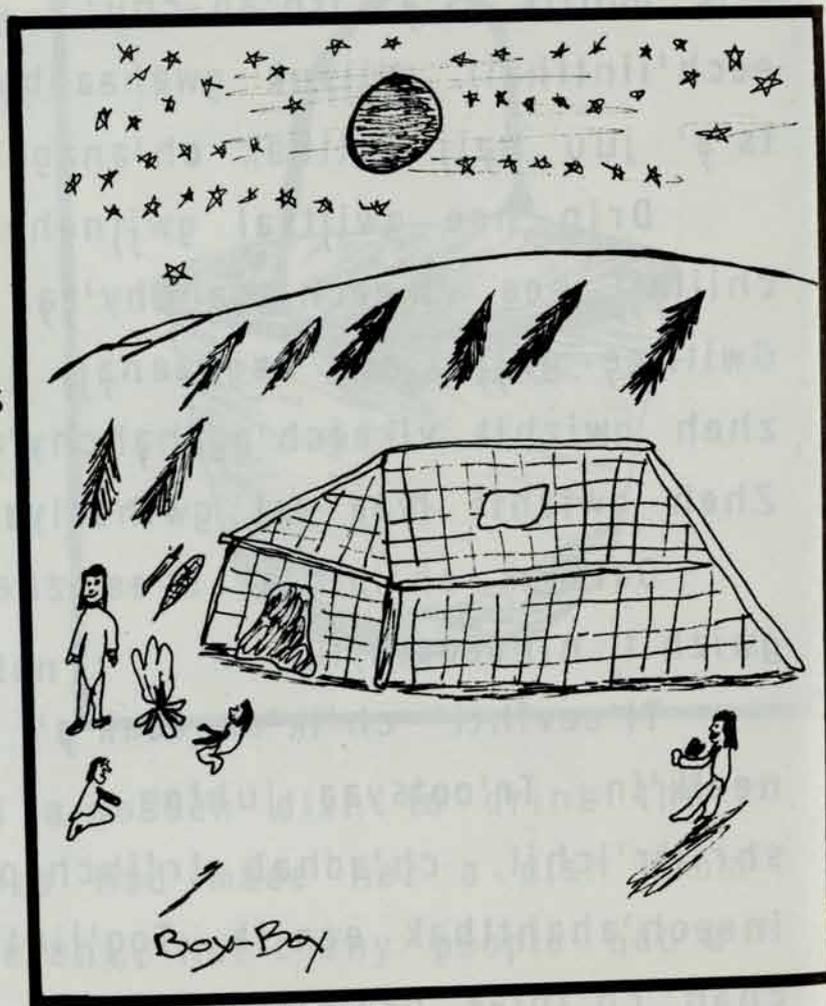


"This is the best!" exclaimed Tgg'iintin as he took a dishful of bone juice. Before long everyone was full.

The days were still a little bit warm so all the cooking was done outside the house. Later when the days got cold they would be cooking inside. The house would be very smokey then.

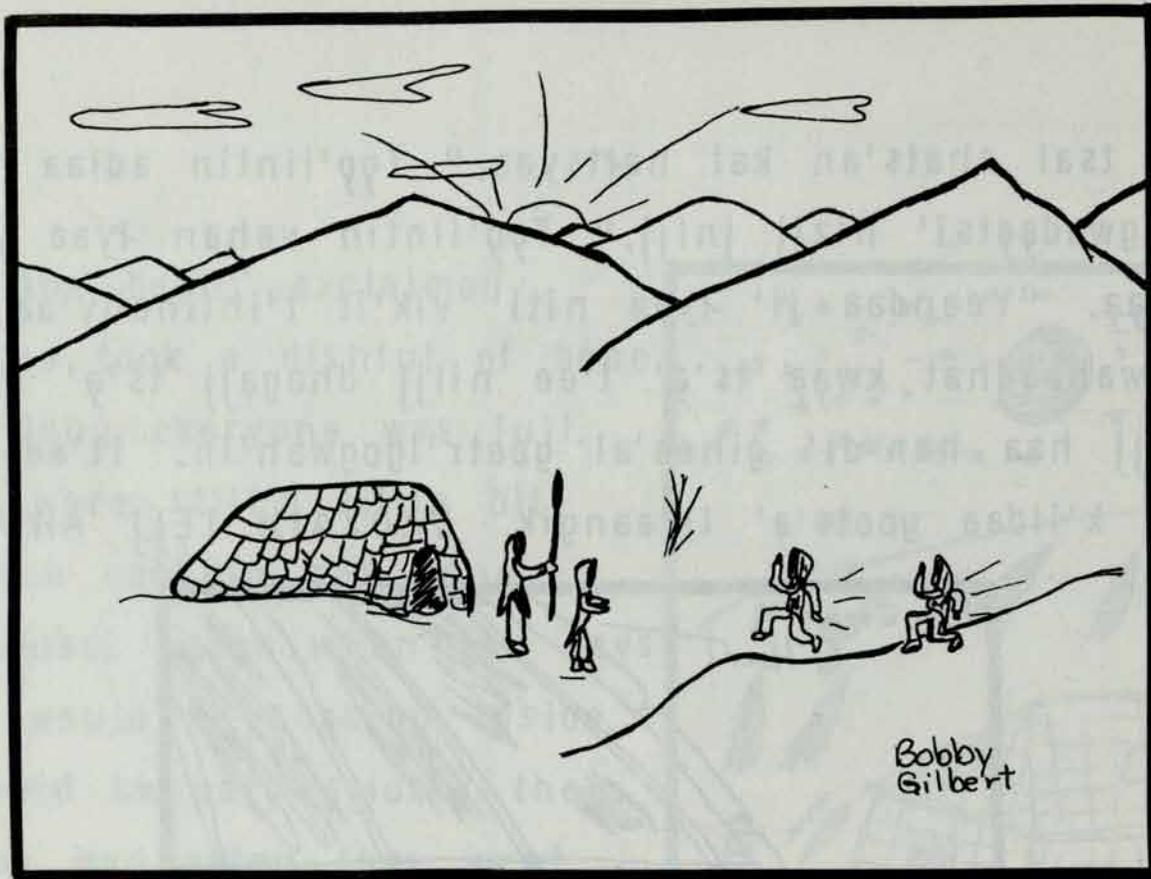
After they had eaten they went inside the house.

Tt'eevihti' lit the fat lamp. Tr'ootsyaa was fixing a pole that he would use to guide his skin boat. Tgg'iintin was fixing one, too.



"Vadzaih tsal shats'an kat hałtsyaa," Tqo'iintin adlaa ts'a' t'inyaa.
"Łyaa nagwadaałtsi' nizjj jnljj," Tqo'iintin vahan Łyaa yeech'i'in
ts'a' t'iyahnyaa. "Yeendaa ji' Łyaa niti' vik'it t'ihinchy'aa t'oonchy'aa."
Njyyuk gwahaadhat kwaa ts'a' t'ee niljj dhagajj ts'a' t'ee Tqo'iintin
ts'a' diti' njj haa han-di' gihee'al geetr'igogwah'in. It'ee gaha'oo
gwizhik dinjii k'iidaa goots'a' tr'aangik. VADZAIH LEJJ AH'AL!





"I think I will make a little caribou on mine," smiled Tq̄q'iintin.
"You're quite an artist," said Tq̄q'iintin's mother proudly. "Later on you will be like your father."

Soon the meat was dry. Tq̄q'iintin and his father were getting ready to go down river. Just before they left a man came running towards them. LOTS OF CARIBOU WERE COMING!

"Tr'iheedaa ʒjj nagoorahaa'yaa. Vadzaih ʒjj gwandaa chil'ee.
Goovehdan duuyeh tr'agwandaii t'oonchy'aa," viti' khai' ts'ʒ' t'iyahnyaa.
"Niljj datthak k'it tinejjlii. Gwadʒʒhk'ʒ', ʒat gwiheelyaa eenjit. Drit
vizhehk'ʒʒ nʒjj oo'ʒʒ giheedaa ts'ʒ' chan drin neegahaahky'aa."

Tʒʒ'iintin viyehghan ts'ʒ' voondē nʒjj haa gahaajil.

Jii vadzaih ah'al nʒjj ʒyaa gwjʒtʒ'oo gjlejj kwʒʒ, duulee ch'ihʒak
gwanli' daatin agʒʒhchy'ʒʒ. Vadzaih tik daatin ʒʒʒ gaalʒj'.

Vadzaih tsal shriit'ʒʒhchy'aa chan vyah zhīt gaalʒj'. Tʒ'eevihti'
goovinghan ts'ʒ' vyah ts'an tr'igivinlii. Oo'at k'aii ts'ʒ' goohaadlii
ts'ʒ' khai' ts'ʒ' nagoovit'ʒʒ.

Vadhah ʒyaa datʒok. Tr'iinin tsal eenjit ʒyaa nizjj. Va'at njjyit
kwʒʒ ts'ʒ' tr'iinin hee'yaa ts'ʒ' jii ch'adhah kwaii gwach'aa eenjit
vit'eegwahaahchy'aa.

"The trip will have to wait. The caribou are too important. Without them we cannot live," Tq̄q'iintin's father told him quietly. "Put all the meat back. Keep the fire going so there is lots of smoke. Drit's family will be coming over again to stay for the day."

Then off went Tq̄q'iintin's parents and brothers.

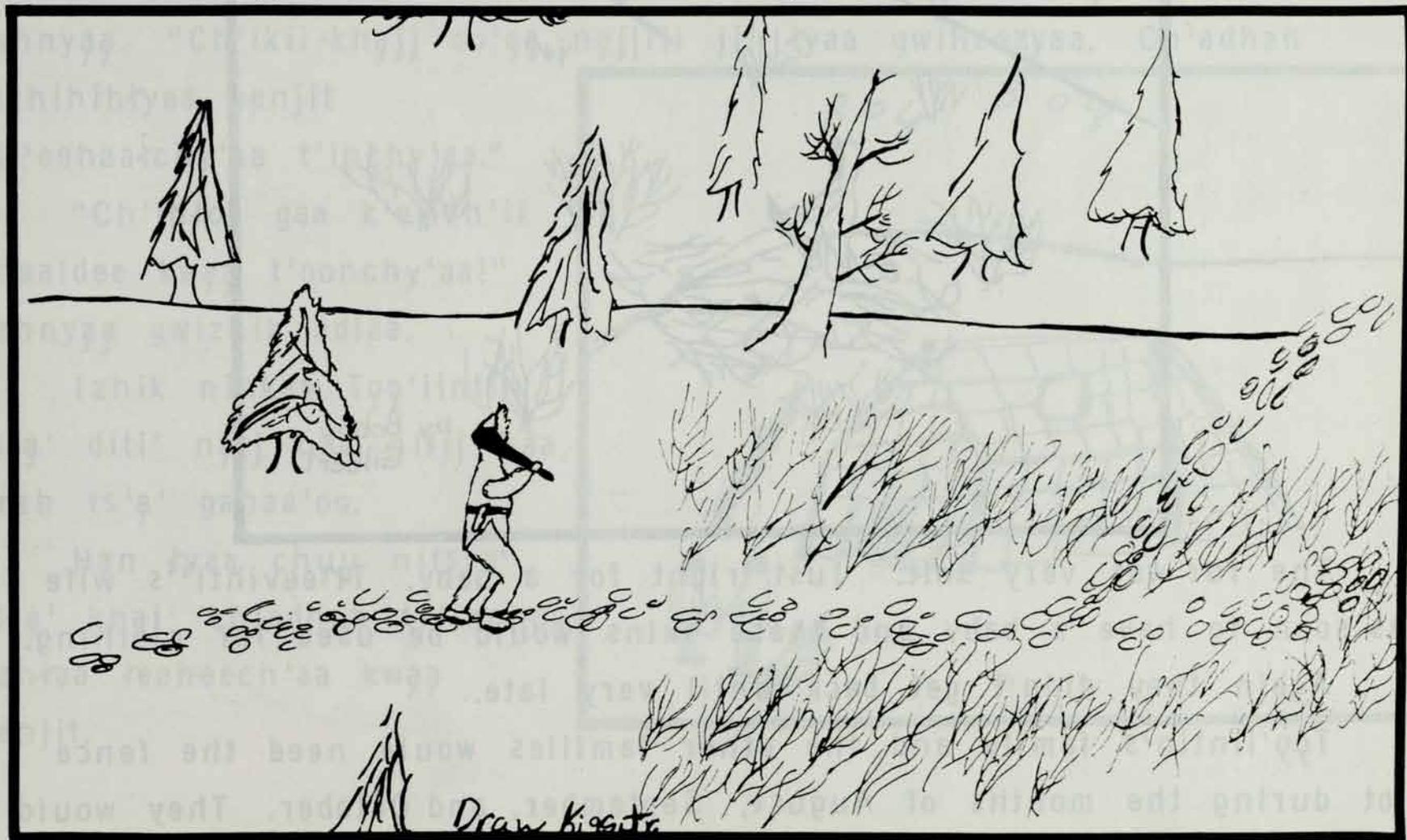
This herd of caribou wasn't as large, maybe fifty animals. Thirty caribou were caught.

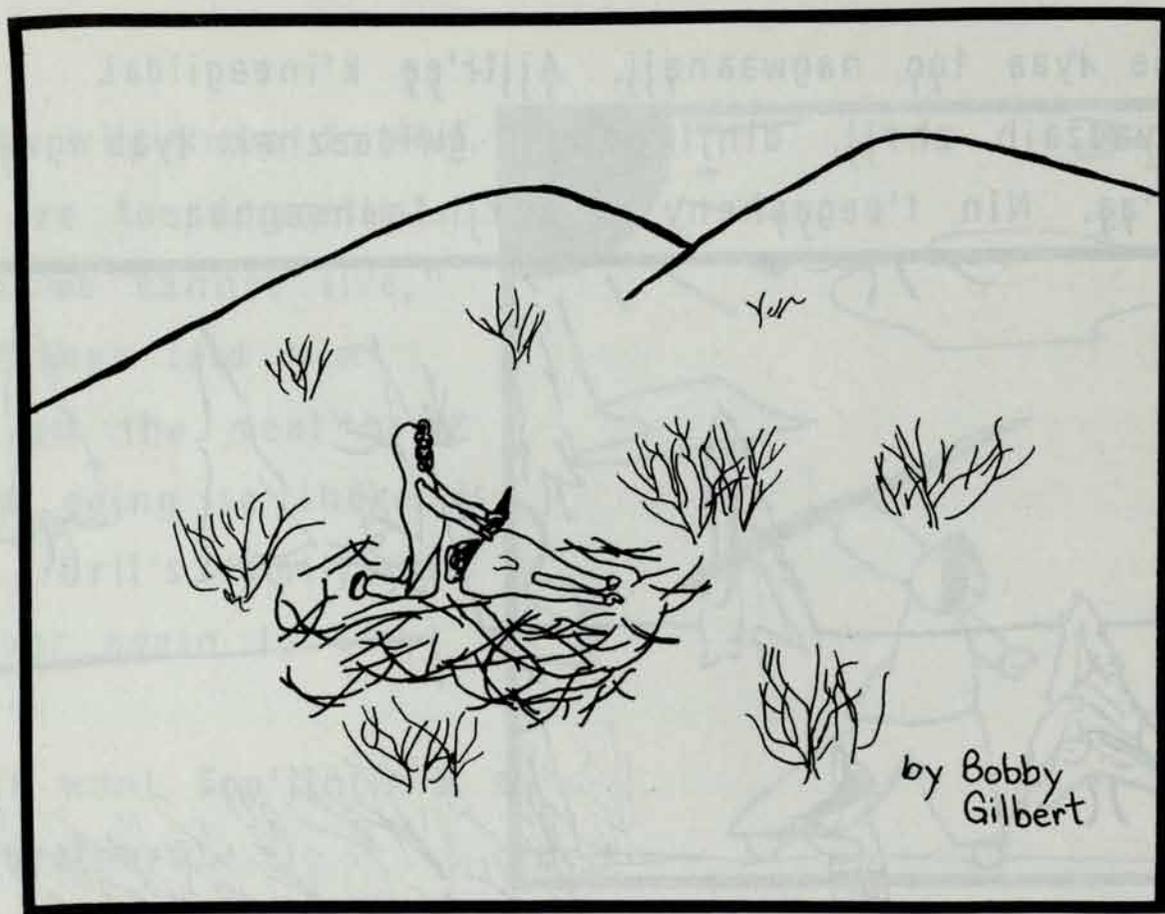
Several young caribou were caught in the snares. T̄'eevihti' killed them and took them down from the snares. He carried them over to the willows where he skinned them very carefully.



Chan hee ʔyaa tʔʔ nagwaanʔjj. ʔjjtʔ'ʔʔ k'ineegiidai.

Di'ilii, vadzaih zhrjj, dinjik zhrjj gwideezhak ʔyaa gwjjtʔ'oo tthar
t'eegahaahchy'ʔʔ. Nin t'eegʔʔhchy'aa zhrjh giheeghaa.





The fur was very soft. Just right for a baby. T'eevihti's wife was soon to have a baby and these skins would be used for clothing. Again they didn't get back until very late.

Tog'iintin's family and the other families would need the fence alot during the months of August, September, and October. They would kill only the animals they needed.

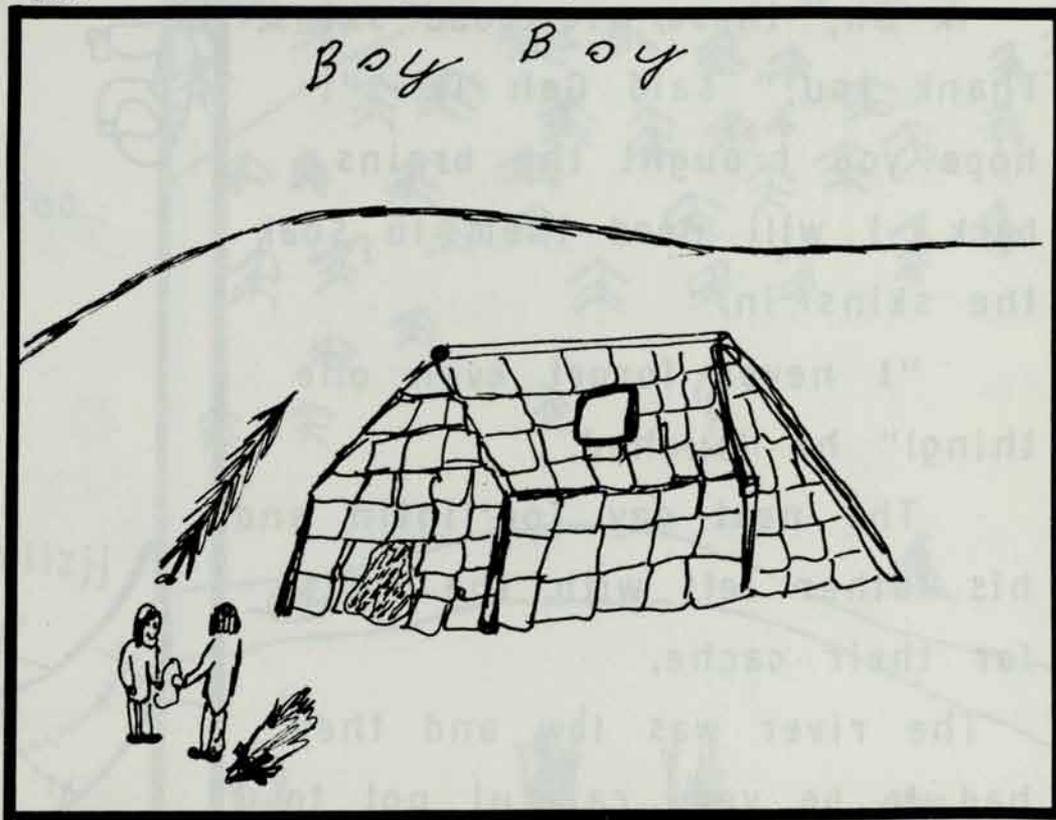
Tł'eevihti' izhik khaa ch'adhah neekwajj da'at eenjit oo'ęę naahtsuu.

"Dinjii ahtsii, jii ch'adhah kwaii łyaa nizjj. Mahsj'," Geh lk yahnyąą. "Ch'ikii-khąjj oo'ęę nejjlii ji' łyaa gwiheezyaa. Ch'adhah vizhihihłyaa eenjit vit'eehaałchy'aa t'inchy'aa."

"Ch'ihłok gaa k'eiich'ii anaaldee kwąą t'oonchy'aa!" yahnyąą gwizhik adlaa.

Izhik nihkaa Tąą'iintin ts'ą' diti' nąjj haa niljj haa, drah ts'ą' gahaa'oo.

Han łyaa chyy nitsyą' ts'ą' khai' ch'adhah tr'ihchoo gahłaa łeeheech'aa kwąą eenjit.



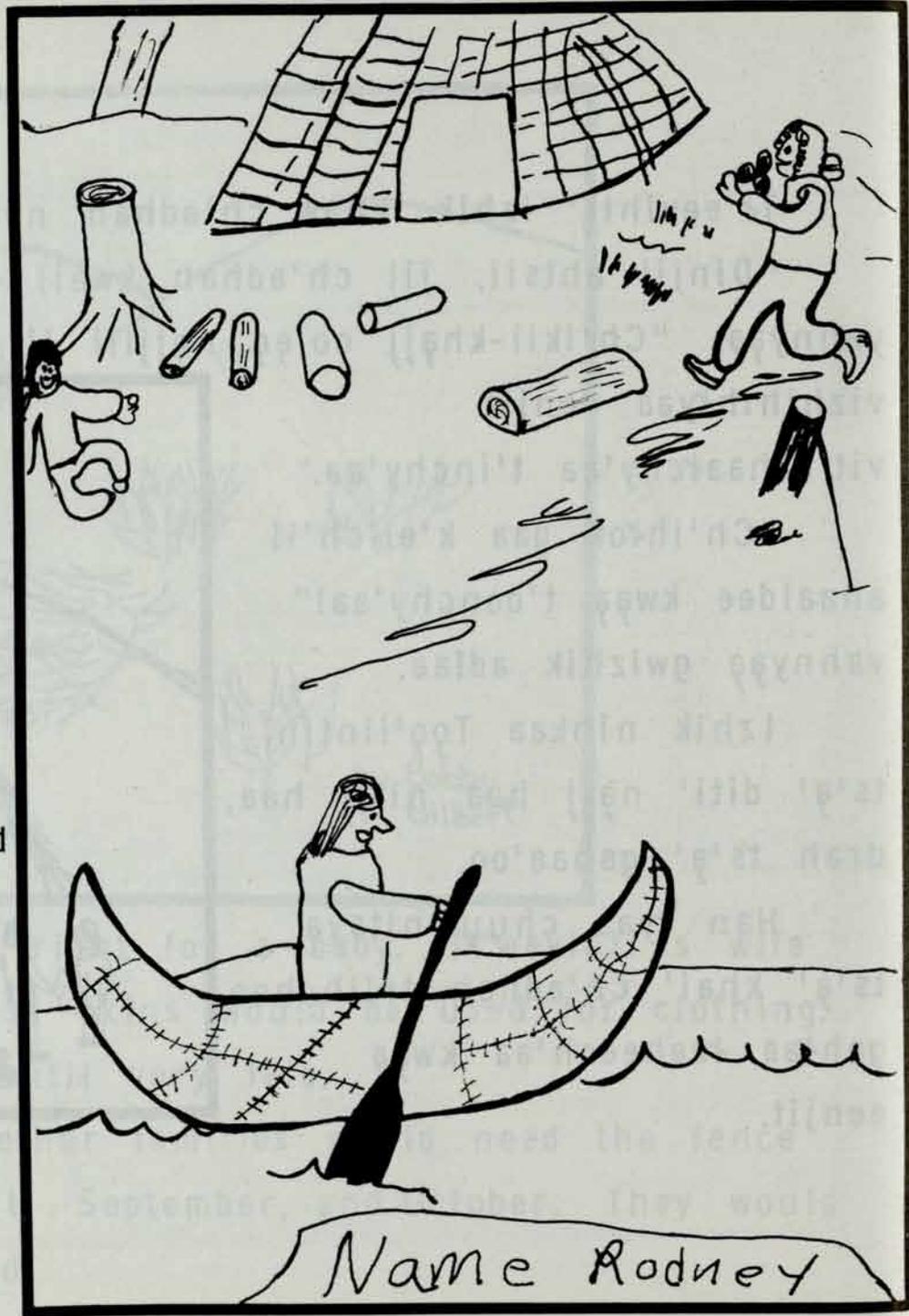
Tt'eevihti' brought two of the skins to his wife that night.

"Oh, these are good skins. Thank you," said Geh Ik. "I hope you brought the brains back. I will need them to soak the skins in."

"I never forget even one thing!" he laughed.

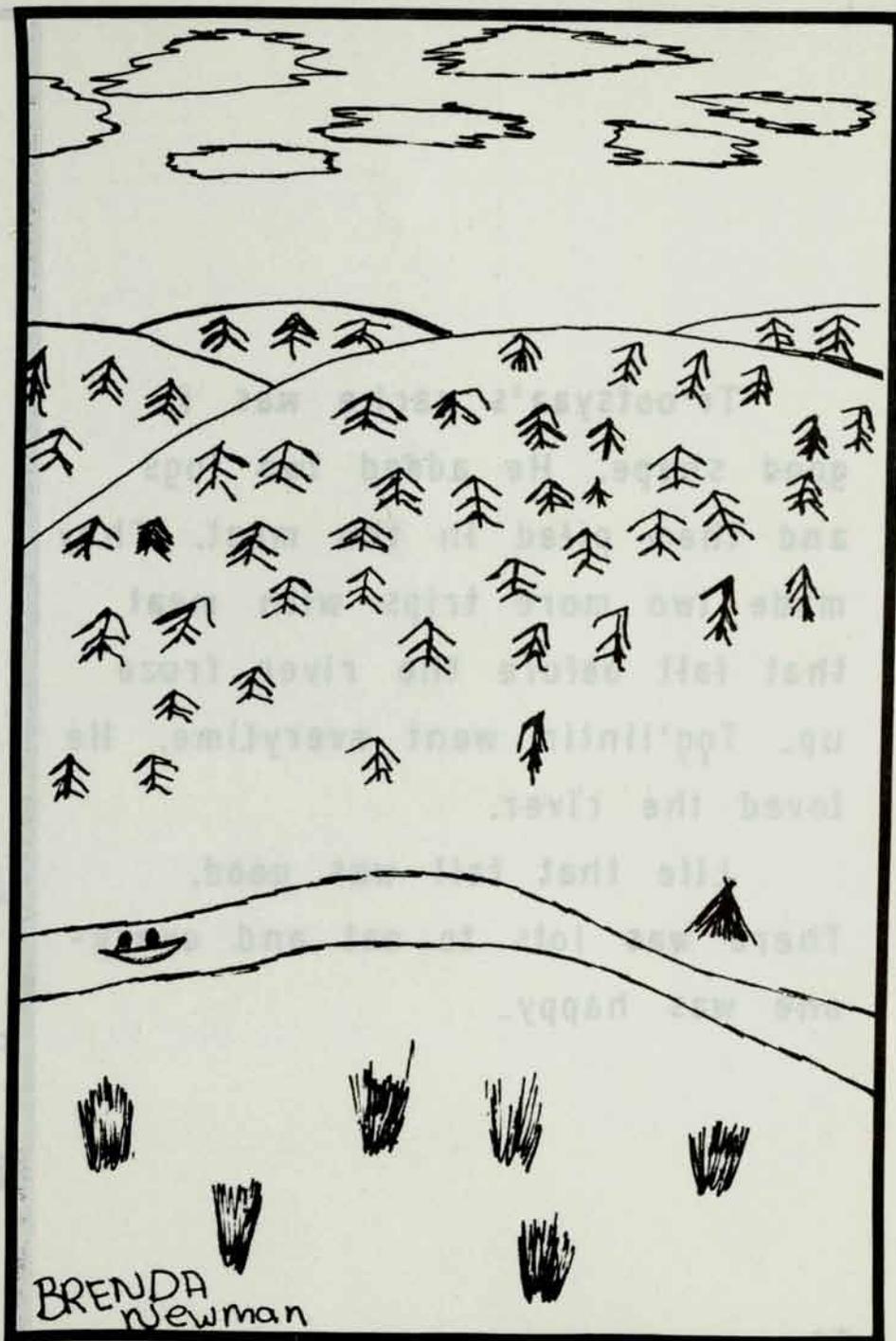
The next day Tgg'iintin and his father left with the meat for their cache.

The river was low and they had to be very careful not to tear the skin boat.



Tr'ootsyaa vadraa tth'aai
nizjj. Dachan neekwəjj gookat
nineegiintin ts'a' niljj chan
gwizhit gjjnlii. Neekwəjj
gogwaahchy'a'a izhik nineegoho'oo
niljj haa, han teediheechyaa
gwikjh. Təg'iintin khik
ch'aanehidik. Łyaa han
geet'jndhan.

Izhik khaii ts'a' Łyaa gwiizjj
gogwjjndaii. Shih gwanljj ts'a'
juu nəjj datthak shoo niljj.



Tr'ootsyaa's cache was in good shape. He added two logs and then piled in the meat. They made two more trips with meat that fall before the river froze up. Tgg'iintin went everytime. He loved the river.

Life that fall was good. There was lots to eat and everyone was happy.

