Tthedinhonh Sughiliq
The Poor Orphan

Bertha Rock
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A traditional story
told in Holikachuk Athabaskan
Bertha Rock

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Kel ey go monh yił quł go mito’ yił quł tthedinhonh sughiliq.
Mitsoo yiniłyax.

Once there was an orphan boy who had no mother or father. His grandmother raised him.
Tsoo’oł dinxił’anho.
Yixidz niq’adalin yił kelqay yił enhdi xiq’a di’et’a ts’in’.
Some children were playing.
The boy did not like any of the other boys and girls.
Gili-gqinh naq’ałonh koo tthedinohonh xoolanh.
Eyqin yam’ q’a dinct’a.

There was one girl who was also an orphan.
She was the only one that he liked.
Tsoo’ol dit’aanh di xoolanh ni’oogh.
Yixi tthidath ninaxedidatl.

There was a play area outside.
They gathered there again in the dark.
Yixts'i tsoonxidil'ol.
Endi yixidz xiq'a di'et'a ts'i ey kel.

They were playing games,
but the boy did not like any of the other children.
“Dant’a sanhyix xidadhisoy,” yinedhinh.
“Q’oon’ ggunh dat’a sitthe’ q’a dadhis’oy,” yinedhinh.
“I should go to the smokehouse,” he thought.
“I can take some dried fish eggs from the top of the pile, and put them on my head,” he thought.
Yixi natadliggok ts'í sanhyix xidaneyo.
He ran home and went into the smokehouse.
Yix q’oon’ dhiggun ditthekt’ogg dadhi’onh.
Yiyil nagidat’onh yixts’inn’.
He put some dried fish eggs on the crown of his head.
He put his hat on over them.
Ey doogh q'axedidał koon hiyigh na'edidatl.
Enh, “Dziy, dima tłaxu go maxadathigidinh?” xiyiłne.

A bunch of the children came to him again.
“Gee, who stinks?” they said to one another.
Xingo xìldi xiyigh natathidatl.
Xidana’elgguk.

Then they all left him.
He ran back inside.
Giligginh niq'ålonth xil dik ilne. 
Yiq'a dint'an thhedinhon koon.

He told the one girl that he liked her because she was an orphan like himself.
Ey yigg ditsoo iłne.
“Eyдinh yan’ q’a dist’a,” ne.
“Ey’, niq’a dint’a,” yиłne.

Then he told his grandmother.
“She’s the only one I like,” he said.
“Yes, she’s like you,” she said.
Ditthe’ ti nadhi’onh.
Ditthe’xułedz ts’i tinadhi’onh ts’i yoodhnek.

He washed his head.
He washed his head well and took her [as his wife].
Xułedz xitadhdọ', nełyil q'axedineyh ts'in'.
They started living a good life, working together.
Xungo ey ggidinh xiłde’ “Maxiditth’e tlagg tl’agheyo he,” yiłne. Ximiyendaxididax.
Q’ade koon q’oon’ ixi daxidelyoq.

Meanwhile, the others said, “She married somebody who stinks.” They were complaining because he had put fish eggs on his head.
Ts’i xiyinats’i xuneg. Xiyighi dlig gidilghus yixidz.
“Dima yigh tadalinh,” xiyîne.
“Maxidixigidinî?” xiyîne.

They did not know about it. They laughed at her.
They said to her, “Who would marry a person like that, somebody who stinks?” they said to her.
Xungo xoołezd dinadiyoq, ditthe’ tinadh’ohnh.
Xoozoonh ts’i didyoq.
Yixi ximigoog yił xooldlat gliigginh.

In the meantime, he had gotten better; he had washed his head.
They lived well.
They had one baby.
Nełq’a dixidit’anh xułez niq’axedineyh.
They worked well together.
Ximtsoo xiłde’ ximugh soogidixidhet.

Their grandmother was very thankful for them.
“You did the right thing, taking an orphan like yourself,” she told him. “I’m very happy,” she told him.