Kalgguy
Fox
Bertha Rock
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A traditional story
told in Holikachuk Athabaskan
by Bertha Rock

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Iditarod Area School District
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Xadiy na’an neługh dadlitth’en himigoog didiyoq.
Niq’ałonh gudz enadhiyonh.
Xiłdi’ didiyoq.
The child of two people who were living together died.
The little girl grew up.
And then she died.
Ta'on ts'i natidoyh.
Dixoon ni'oogh kalgguy q'a'elggoyh.
En yitatllet.

When the father would go to the fishtrap,
a fox would be running around.
But he would leave it alone.
Xiluxdon' tix yit'loyiłkik.
Ta'on ye ts'agilayh.
Oonyeyh yi'łonh.

Once in a while he would feed it.
He would take the fish from the trap.
He would feed it some blackfish.
Tagitl'-'onh.
Oonyeyh y'iilonh.
Yit'ogikik. Yuxu na'idoyh ts'ix.

He had set a fishtrap.
He fed it some blackfish.
He would feed it whenever he went to the trap.
Naxhindzik tikx nants’i xits’i gits’ılıghoox.
Yit yidana’idoyh.
Whenever the couple would go to bed, somebody would be snoring across from them.
It had come inside.
Anats’iin xits’i gits’îlhooł di xiq’a dagîtlkooth.
Kalgguy ts’id miq’a da’îthkooth.

The place where the snoring was coming from was covered.
It was covered with a fox skin.
“Minda’ da’ dats’i disot’eł?” nił’ixididne.
“Q’oon’ yił xidanasałyál,” yiłne.
“Ts’enaltłux q’oon’ axa yidixuno geligginh yetołył.”

“What will we do tomorrow?” they asked each other.
“We’ll bring in some fish eggs,” he told her.
“One of us will smear it with fish eggs and the other one will grab it.”
“Yiggi kalgguy miq’a dayetłkoodh. Ts’etołyil,” yiłne.
Yixidz xildi’ dixiyeloq.
Xiyetlyil ts’i xiyinatłłuq.

“We’ll grab the fox that covers it,” he told her.
That is what they did.
They grabbed it and smeared it up.
Xiyil ey yiggi naq’alohn gudz didiyoy xinh eydinh le koon xanh kalgguy gudz ye’lq’a’elggok.

It had been their little girl who had died who had been running around as a fox.
“Tālq’a xuye gitalyal,” xidne.
Ginaghunik dit’anh yixidz.
Yinnogixineth’ax ts’i xiyił. Xiye golyo xichix.

“There’s going to be a potlatch at the Kashim,” they announced.
Everybody was cooking.
They made ice cream and everything. It was a big potlatch.
Xiyigh soogidathidhet.
Xiyigh sooghdixit’anh soogidathidhet. Na’ediyo ts’i xighi’ìn.
Naxiyoolnek ts’i xaxa. Xiyigh soogidathidhet.

They became thankful.
They did good things because they were thankful she had returned. They were thankful for getting her back.
"Talk a xwe gitahyaal," x'dne.

"There's going to be a potlatch at the Kash including the nearby community. Everybody is invited.

They did good job inviting because they were busy making the food for the feast. Many people from the surrounding area came to participate.

The feast was held in the community hall. The hall was decorated with flowers and other festive decorations. Everyone was dressed in their finest traditional clothing.

The food was delicious and varied. It included traditional dishes such as salmon, wild rice, and bannock. There were also many other foods that were prepared by the community members.

The dance floor was packed with people. The dancers were dressed in colorful traditional clothing and performed many traditional dances.

The music was provided by the local band, and it was quite lively. The sound of the drums and the singing filled the hall.

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