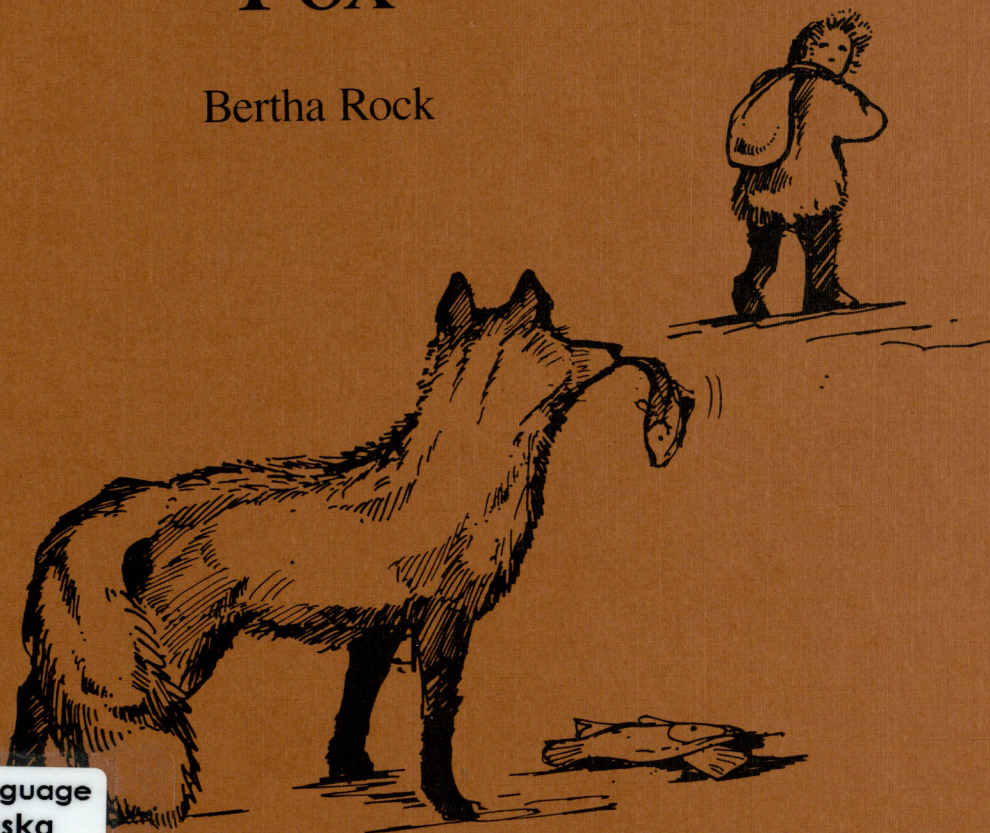


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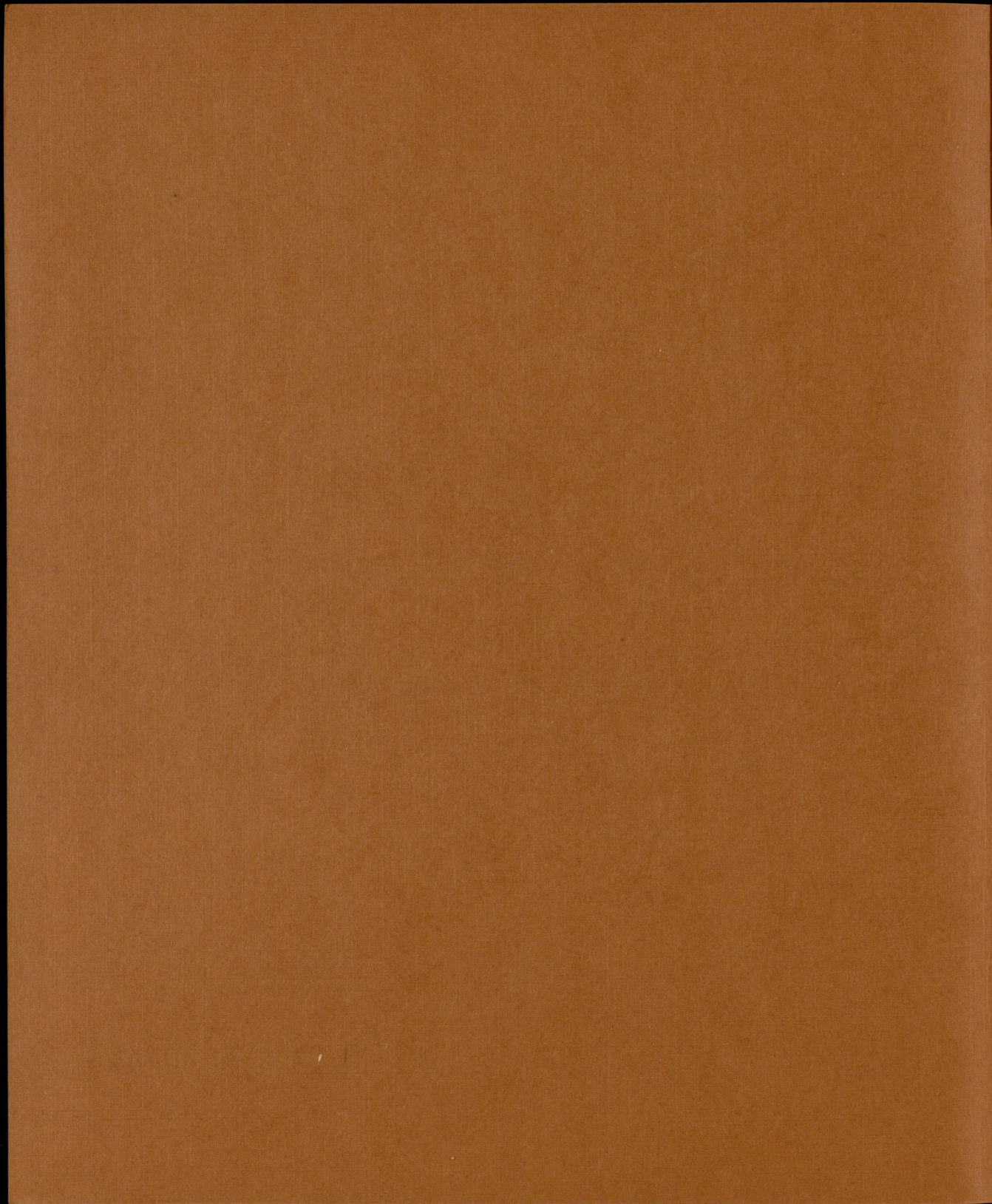
Bertha Rock



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# Kalgguy Fox

A traditional story  
told in Holikachuk Athabaskan  
by Bertha Rock

Transcribed by Eliza Jones and Chad Thompson

Translated by Bertha Rock, Eliza Jones,  
Lena Demientieff, and Chad Thompson

Illustrated by Cindy Davis

Iditarod Area School District  
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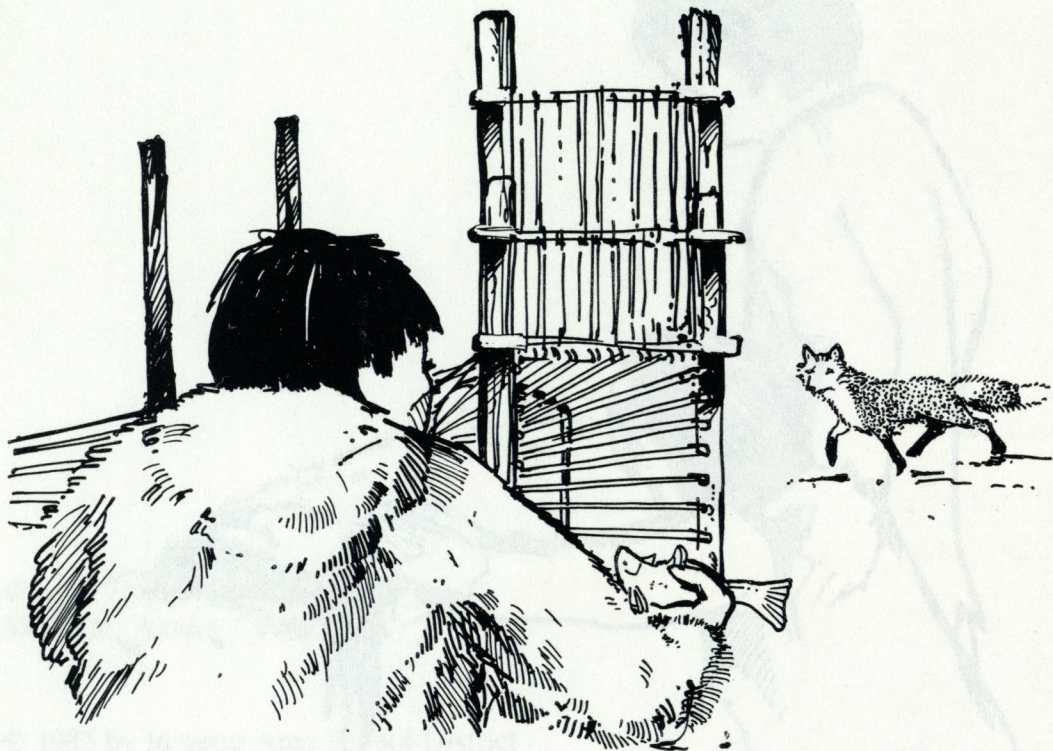


Xadiy na'an neługh dadlitth'en himigoog didiyoq.  
Niq'atlonh gudz enadhiyonh.  
Xildi' didiyoq.

The child of two people who were living together died.  
The little girl grew up.  
And then she died.

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Ta'on ts'i natidoyh.  
Dixoon ni'oogh kalggu y q'a'elggoyh.  
En yitatlet.

When the father would go to the fishtrap,  
a fox would be running around.  
But he would leave it alone.





Xiluxdon' tix yit'oyilkik.

Ta'on ye ts'agilayh.

Oonyeyh yi'ilonh.

Once in a while he would feed it.

He would take the fish from the trap.

He would feed it some blackfish.





Tagitł-'onh.  
Oonyeyh yi'ilonh.  
Yitł'ogilkik. 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.





Naxindidzik tix nants'i xits'i gits'ilghoox.  
Yit yidana'idoyh.

Whenever the couple would go to bed, somebody would be snoring across from them.

It had come inside.





Anats'in xits'i gits'ilghool di xiq'a dagitlkooth.  
Kalgguy ts'id miq'a da'ithkooth.

The place where the snoring was coming from was covered.  
It was covered with a fox skin.





“Minda’ da’ dats’i disot’el?” nił’ixididne.

“Q’oon’ yił xidasalyał,” yiłne.

“Ts’enałłux 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.”

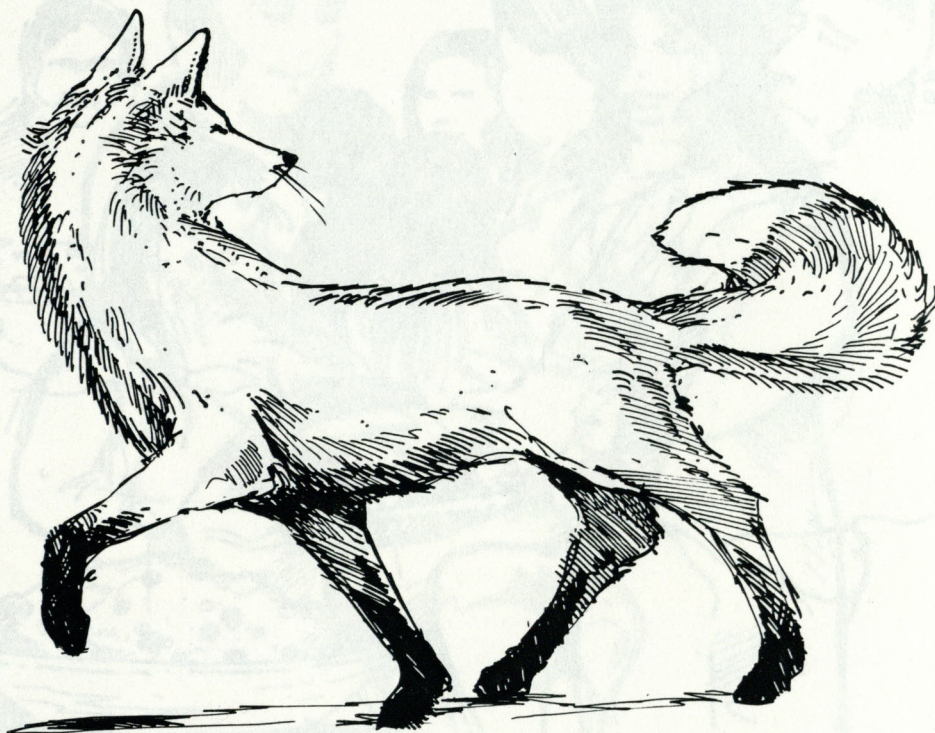




“Yiggi kalgguy miq’a dayetlkoodh. Ts’etolyil,” yilne.  
Yixidz xildi’ dixiyeloq.  
Xiyetlyil ts’i xiynatltluq.

“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'alonh gudz didiyoq xinh eydinh le  
koon xanh kalguy gudz yelq'a'elggok.

It had been their little girl who had died who had been  
running around as a fox.





“Taḷq’a xuye gitalyaḷ,” xidne.  
Ginaghinik dit’anh yixidz.  
Yinnogixinetth’ax ts’i xiyiḷ. 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'in.  
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.







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