TSYAA
TSAL
ŁUHGAIIFAA
OOZHII
TSYAA TSAL ḥUHGÁJIIFAA OÖZHIÍ
(A Boy Named Cooky)

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kuhajifaa gwin' ro aiyaa ts'a' viti' vahan, vijuu, vooondee naii haa gvoonejii kuhajifaa zhyaa kuhajifaa gwin' ro aiyaa.

kuhajifaa gwin'ch'it t'iyahnyaa, "Gwin'ch'it gwinch'ya a hinyaa,"
Vahan khyik ḥuhgajijfaa lejj ahtsii aii datthak chan ajyaa. Ch'ookwat zhen gwats'an ḥuhgajijfaa tthak chan ajyaa.
Gwich'it vahan t'iiyahnyaa, "Khyik Łuhgajjfaa anjyaa juk gwats'an veenjit tr'agwahah'yaâ, sheenjit traa nihdananzhik." Łuhgajjfaa dahan eenjit traa leji nihdanaazhik. Gwich'it vahan "inee" yahnyaa.
Viti', vahan, viju, voondee haa gwich'it t'igiighyaa, "ughajiifaa, seenjyaa uughajiifaa anjyaa kyaa uughajiifaa eet'iindhan gaagwiiindaii."
Łuhgajiifaa veechii t'igwinyaą. Łuhgajiifaa vik'it nik'eę" aanandaii?
A BOY NAMED COOKY

1 This little boy loved cookies. He was always eating cookies, so those who knew him called him Cooky. Whenever they saw him people would say, "Here comes Cooky."

2 He was always eating cookies so there were never any cookies left for his dad, mom, sister or brother. His mother finally told him, "You eat so many cookies, you're going to look like one."

3 His mother baked lots of cookies all the time; he ate all those. He'd eat all those bought from the store too! At last his mother said to him, "You're always eating cookies! From now on you're going to have to work for them! You are going to pack in wood for me."

4 Cooky brought in wood for his mother. He brought in so much wood his mother had to tell him to stop.

5 His mother, dad, brother, and sister finally told him, "Cooky, eat all the cookies you want. We know how much you love to eat cookies."

6 How happy Cooky was!
Do you know anyone like Cooky?
A BOY NAMED COOKY

This little boy loved cookies. He was always eating cookies so those who knew him called him "Cookie." Whenever they saw him people would say, "Here comes Cookie!"

He was always eating cookies so those who were never any cookies left him very sad. He always ate his mother's cookies. He knew his mother had made all those delicious cookies. His mother finally told him, "You must stop eating so many cookies. You are going to have a stomach ache." Cookie promised his mother he would stop eating so many cookies. He promised his mother, "Sister and father and I will not eat as much as you love to eat cookies."

"How do you know anyone like Cookie?"