

Small Number and the Old Canoe: Story Transcript English and Nisga'a



Kwsdins xk'uuhlkwhl hlgutk'ihlgum gat tgun txaanitkws aguxw-anbilwilt ganhl nidii, nidii amukwst k'ilhl wilt iit k'ap gan wilaa siip'indiit.

Gadim Gan is a five year old boy who gets into a lot of mischief.

Sil jogat dip Nits'iits't gans Niye'et iit anookst dip gun k'ilhl wilt, wil nigii aamhl wilt, nigidiit wii kw'ihl wilaakwdiit hluut'uxwdiit nigan wilt.

He lives with his Grandma and Grandpa, who patiently put up with his antics most of the time.

Sa tgun ii dim hlisa'ans Niye'ethl ts'ak' hooksit ahl lilgit.

Today, Grandpa needs to finish carving a feast bowl.

Ii nihl sagihl anhis Niye'et dim k'ax ksaxw niin, k'ax kwsdakdiit ado'o ahl galaak'an silgawils, silgal dip dihitgwin diya Niye'et loot.

And Grandpa decided that Gadim Gan should go out and play with his friends.

Amgoogidim sa, sa ahl gwooyim, gyamgim sa, way nihl dim go'odiit dim wil galaakdiit ganhl ansipsiip'inskw.

It is a beautiful, sunny, spring day and the boys run down to play near the water.



T̄xaan̄itkws aguhl dim wilaa galaak̄diit ii nihl wildiit gans Wakhl Ts'imilx, aniip'inskw̄t tgun, silgawilit, silgasgootgwit iit sagootkw̄diit dim guutdiithl lo'op, t̄xa'am lo'op siwadim' bax lo'op tgun ahl lax aks, hlaa ma'uxw̄diit bax̄t.

Everything there sparks a new game, and Gadim Gan's friend, Wakhl Ts'imilx, suggests they see who can make a stone skip the farthest on the surface of the water.

Wilaaxdiit wil nakwhl dim wil baxhl lo'op tgun lax aks iit guutdiit sim t k'ubax̄a'atdiit ahl ga'at ni wilaa jabihl game dip siwadis gun huxw̄dii wilim' yukw sisuusin.

The boys quickly learn that for a stone to go far it needs to be smooth, black and oval shaped.

Yukwhl wilt gigihl lo'op dim angalaakt̄ iit nihitkw̄hl ligii agu sbayt, ligii agu, um, haas, gan haas t'ahlil̄h lax̄ts'eehl aks ni wil t'ahlil̄h gan haas nihl nii bax̄at, nidiit wilaax aguhl wat nigit t'ilt wilaax̄t.

As Gadim Gan wanders far along the shore looking for a good stone he scrambles through the tall grass, tripping over something.



Iit n̄ihl hitkw̄hl aguyama'ahl watch̄it logam t̄gwantkw, logam ksgook̄ t'imgest ahl agu tgun, loga m̄maal an win n̄ii bax̄at ii n̄idiit t'ilthl wilaax̄t.

He falls headfirst into an old canoe hidden in the grass.

Hlaa haldim bax̄t iit dashl t'imgest kw'ihl hlibal̄hlt hupxwt, yee wil logam t'igwantkw ahl ts'im logam m̄maal tgun.

Gadim Gan stands up, rubbing his forehead as he looks around at the canoe.

Ji n̄ihl sgetkw̄t wilt t'imgest hupxwt wil yeet simgit yeet sgekskw̄dima'a ii nigii an guut loot ḡigilthl wilaa wilhl ansiip'inskw̄t sil gasgootgw̄t dim x̄biyukw̄dim ahl aguhl w̄aayit.

Even though his head hurts, he is very excited at his discovery and he calls to his friends who come running.



Ii hagwin ak̄kw̄hl ansiip'inskws sa silgasgoot ii yukw ga'adiit iit dasdiit, ndayima'ahl x̄nagwit hlgis agu t tgun ahl lax̄ ts'eets'iks tgunsa, n̄igit wilaax̄diit.

Yukw̄hl alalgax̄diit ii n̄i wil hit ahl silgawilt si'ansiip'inskw̄t, "Ndahl gabiidima'ahl gathl batsdihl luwandit gan m̄maal dip gūnsa?" N̄idiit wilaax̄diit.

Gadim Gan asks, "How many people do you think it could hold?" They didn't know.

"Ndayima'a hlaa gaṅagw̄ihl hlidaa japkw", diyahl friendtt Wak̄hl Ts'imilx yukw̄hl liseexkw̄wdiit sim git agu tgunsa.

Wak̄hl Ts'imilx asks, "How many generations ago was it built?"

Ii wandiit yukw liseexwdiit wilaa wilhl m'maal tgunsa, naayima 'a anjap dihiida, ndayima 'ahl ahl gan'agwihl waayit wil hookst.

The boys forget their previous game and spend a long time talking about the canoe and who might have built it.

Yukwhl wildiit si'ii nii wil algaxhl Wakhl Ts'imilx silga wilsihl, "Hlaa xwdayiy'. Hlaa nu'whl xwdayiy'hl aamhl dim k'ax hawum' ii dim ii txooxgum'", diya.

As they are talking, Wakhl Ts'imilx's tummy starts to growl, "I'm hungry. Let's go eat," he says to his friends.

Ii nihl hihl ansiip'inskw't ji loot huxwdii wiliy', hlaa huxwdii nu'wiy' xwdayiy', way di, dim luuwiiyalt nuum' ahl dim galts'ap dim ii txooxgum' Gitwinksihlkw.

The other boys realize they are hungry too, and they all run back to Gitwinksihlkw.



Hlaa bakwdiit wil jokdiit iit ga'adiit hlaa wil yuksw Niye'etdiit way laayum ts'ak'im ganhl jabit dim hookst ahl dim wil lilgitdiit.

Gadim Gan races home where Grandpa is carving the surface of a huge wooden dish.

Yukwhl wildiit kw'ihl luu-amaamhl gagooddiit luu-si'amaakwdiit aguhl ga'adiit jabis Niye'ediit iit ga'as Niye'et wil mukwhl hupxt iit gidaxat, "Ndahl wilhl hupxt gangan mukwt?" diya.

Gadim Gan shouting very excitedly and Grandpa looks up. He sees the bruise on Gadim Gan's forehead. "What happened?" Grandpa asks.

Iit t'akst Gadim Gan siwil wilaa wilhl t'imgest wil bruised, wil sgekswt wil mukwt iit mahlit as Niye'et aguhl wadiit, aguhl wayt.

Gadim Gan has forgotten that he bumped his head and starts to tell Grandpa about finding the canoe.

“Wáyihl m̄maal loḵ hlaa gi-one hundred years dim ahl sgit n̄ihl wáyit” diya.

“I found an old canoe down the beach! It must be at least one hundred years old!”

Iit n̄i wil algaxs Niye’et. “Wilaayiȳ anheenis,” diya, “N̄ihl m̄maal tgus k’a aluubaxat w̄itgwit dim galts’abim̄,” diya.

Grandpa smiles, “I know that canoe, it was once the fastest canoe in our village.”

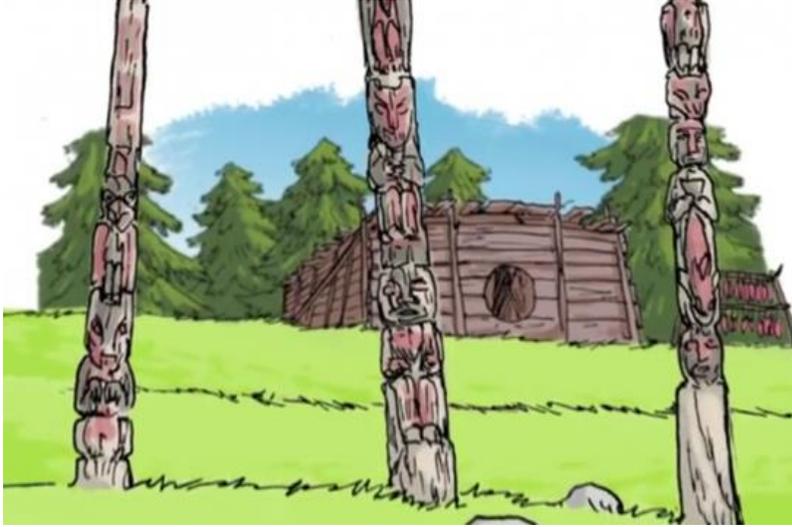


“I yukwt mahlis niye’et wil n̄idiit ganhl wakkwt anjaphl agu tgun n̄ihl w̄ayisim̄,” diya.

“It was carved by my father and two of his brothers,” Grandpa proudly continues.

“T̄xaan̄itkwshl n̄uum̄ n̄iwagiit iit wilaaxt, wilaaxt gat wil dip wilaaxhl hlixhlalbihl gan siwadiit ahl carve.”

“All the sons of my grandfather were known as great wood carvers.”



“Ga’asim̄hl gwilal̄hl gabīhl gan m̄aksgwit alīhl gigalgahl wilp?”

“You know those three totem poles in front of the Longhouse?”

“Mahlik’īhl gan tgun ahl jabihl nibibim̄, nibibiȳ,” diya, “Mahlik’yooldiit gwilal̄hl gabiit gan japdiit niwaḡt dip gun.”

“Each of them was built by one of my uncles.”



Ji t’aayihl goott hlaa yukwdim woḡt iit k’oomaḡkw goot dim hugaḡ wils dip nibipt̄ gans dip niye’et dim dii jabithl agu dim hlalbihl gan, totem pole, ts’ak’, lip agu nīhl hasakthl dim jabit.

That evening just before falling asleep, Gadim Gan thought, “I’d like to carve canoes and totem poles just like my ancestors.”

K'iit gidaḡat, "Dim misoolhl wakgwin," diya, "Silga tḡalpxdool, kwsdinsool n'ihl gidaḡat as Niye'et."

I have to ask Grandpa tomorrow how many brothers his father had, four, five or more?

Aguhl gant hañiigoodihl huxw wans wakkwt tḡalpxdool, kwsdinsool, gidaḡas tgusda?

Why did Gadim Gan think that his grandpa had two, three, four or five more brothers?

Hliskw, aam.

Finished, good.