

Small Number and the Salmon Harvest – Huu-ay-aht

Story Transcript: English and Huu-ay-aht

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Small Number and the Salmon Harvest	
ʔeʔimʔaʔquu mimityaqš ʔanaḥʔis Huksyuu	
Small Number is a young boy who gets into a lot of mischief. He lives in a small village by the water with his mother and father.	ʔanaḥʔis Huksyuu ʔukʔaa meʔiʔqacʔi. Saačink wiwipalča. Hiʔathma ʔanaḥʔis maʔas ʔawaa ʔupaʔʔi ʔukčiqʔas ʔumʔiiqsak nuwiiqsak.
It is a crisp autumn day and Small Number is helping his father to prepare the nets for tomorrow's salmon harvest. "There is a school of salmon by Straight Line Beach. We need to set our net in the morning while the tide is still high," says Small Number's father. It is the first time that Small Number will go with his father to catch salmon and he has many questions.	Maʔukaʔ ʔayiičh. Hupiiʔaʔ ʔanaḥʔisʔi Huksyuu. "ʔayaačištaʔma miʔaat ʔaaqhsis taqhtaak hitinqisʔi. ʔusimʔaaqʔin mityaqšiq kuʔaʔ ʔiiqʔiiquu muuʔuk," waaʔaʔ nuwiiqsak ʔanaḥʔis Huksyuu. ʔeʔimwitasʔaʔ ʔanaḥʔis Huksyuu ʔuukʔiʔ naʔuuqs nuwiiqsak ʔuʔuʔiihʔitas miʔaat. ʔayaaʔuk ʔaʔaatuucamis:
"Why are these round pebbles on one side and those pieces of cedar on the other side of the net? Why do we need those two big rocks? What is the weight of those pebbles? How far apart are they? Why are the pieces of cedar	"ʔaaqinqhʔaʔʔha ʔanaḥʔis muksaapiih čawaakcpa ʔanaḥminhʔisʔi humiis kʔiscpaa mityuuʔi? ʔaaqinqhʔaʔʔin ʔusim ʔaʔeʔi ʔeʔiih muksyi? Čuu kʔatyikʔi muksyiminhʔi? ʔanacminhʔha? ʔaaqinqhʔha qʔaa čiyuu

<p>cut in this shape? How long is the net? How deep is the net? “</p>	<p>ḥumiisʔi? ʔaanayi mityuuʔi? čaa ʔanuuk^waʔʔi mityuuʔi?”</p>
<p>“Be patient, Small Number, you will learn all tomorrow,” smiles his father. “Now run and tell your grandfather and your uncle that the net is ready and that they should be at our beach before dawn!”</p>	<p>“Wikii ʔeʔiis̄miḥsa, ʔanaḥʔis Huksyuu. ʔamiiqḥʔaaqʔeʔic ḥamatsap. ʔiḥšiʔaʔ ʔu^wiis̄su. Kamatq̄siʔaʔči ʔiiqḥuk naniiqsakʔitqak ʔaḥʔaaʔaʔ neʔiis̄su: “Čačimḥaʔma mityuuʔi. ʔusimʔaaqʔmaʔaʔ hiʔ hitinqisʔi wikyuuquu neʔiis̄siʔ.”</p>
<p>Small Number is very excited about his new adventure and when he finally gets to sleep, he dreams about a big salmon jumping out of the water and falling back with a splash.</p>	<p>Pu^wic̄siʔaʔ ʔuʔutuʔaʔ miḥaat ʔiʔiḥataʔ huʔaačis̄tuuʔaʔ ʔaḥʔaaʔaʔ ḥustq̄siʔaʔ.</p>
<p>“Wake up, Small Number. Your dad is already down at our beach,” Small Number hears his mom’s gentle voice.</p>	<p>ʔupk̄siʔi ʔanaḥʔisʔi Huksyuu! Hitinqisʔaʔluk^weʔic ʔu^wiis̄su, ʔanaḥʔis Huksyuu,” waaʔaʔat ʔumʔiiqsak kinsaatak.</p>
<p>When he steps outside, Small Number stops and looks around. He sees dark sharp peaks of mountains to the north and hears the sound of waves and the squawks of seagulls.</p>	<p>Yacwaasʔaʔ ʔanaḥʔis Huksyuu winapuʔaʔ ʔaḥʔaačmaʔapuʔaʔ. Načuʔaʔ tupk̄qii sačqii nučii^minḥ yuuʔatucpa, neʔiis̄čiʔaʔ čaʔuʔatuk ʔaḥʔaaʔaʔ neʔiis̄čiʔaʔ q^winiim̄inḥ.</p>
<p>Down on the beach, Small Number sees a group of men and starts running towards them as fast as he can.</p>	<p>Hitinqisʔaʔ ʔanaḥʔis Huksyuu ʔačuʔaʔʔaʔ ʔaya ḥa^wiḥaʔ, kamitq̄siʔaʔ ʔucaḥtakaʔ hiščiⁱʔi, ʔa^yaax kamitquk ʔucaḥtak.</p>
<p>“Just on time, Small Number,” says his grandfather hugging him. “Our canoes are</p>	<p>“ʔuʔumḥičiⁱʔeʔic hinin, ʔanaḥʔis Huksyuu,” waaʔaʔat naniiqsu ḥap^kʔaaʔaʔat. cumaaʔaʔluk^win čapac ʔuqsʔaʔ mityuu</p>

<p>loaded with nets and baskets and we are ready to go.”</p>	<p>ṖahṖaaṖaḷ qaṖuuc. Hawičaḷin ṖusimṖaḷin ḷihšilqun.</p>
<p>When they arrive at Straight Line Beach, Small Number’s grandpa and uncle pull their canoe out of the water. Small Number and his father stay in their canoe and pass the ends of the net lines to Grandfather.</p>	<p>HinasṖaḷṖaḷ ṖaaqsčiiṖi hitinqis, čiiwisčisapḷaḷaḷ čapacukṖiṖaḷ ṖanaḷṖisṖi Huksyuu naniqsu neṖiiqsu. *minapḷsuḷaḷaḷ čapacṖi ṖanaḷṖis Huksyuu ṖuṖiiqsak hiniṖaḷ hiṖaḷtakṖi mityuu čistuup ṖuukṖiḷ naniqsakṖi.</p>
<p>Small Number paddles away from the beach while his dad continues to pay out the net lines. When they reach the beginning of the net, they turn the canoe parallel to the beach and dad throws a big rock that is attached to the net into the water. “This anchor will hold the net in place,” he says to Small Number. “Oh, I see,” yells Small Number, “the pebbles will keep one edge of the net on the bottom and the pieces of cedar will float and keep the other edge of the net on the surface!”</p>	<p>ḷiiḷakaḷ ṖanaḷṖis Huksyuu taakḷtačilḷ histaqšil hitinqis. Łaaḷaaquḷ yaa ṖuṖiiqsak čistuupukṖi mityuu. QṖiyiiṖaḷ hinasṖaḷ mityuuṖi mitxšiiṖaḷaḷaḷ čapacṖi miiḷḷcaapiṖaḷ hitinqisṖi ṖahṖaaṖaḷ ṖuṖiiqsu ṖičiṖaḷ ṖiiḷṖii ṖuḷksṖi maḷaaḷ ṖuukṖiḷ mityuuṖi ṖiičičiṖaḷ. “ṖuhṖaaḷma ṖayuusimṖi wiinapup mityuuṖi,” waaṖaḷat ṖanaḷṖisṖi Huksyuu. “Haah,” waaṖaḷ Ṗičiḷšilḷ ṖanaḷṖisṖi Huksyuu, “ṖuhṖaaḷma ṖuḷkswaapiihṖi wiinapup yee hiṖaruṖisṖi mityuuṖi ṖahṖaaṖaḷ ṖanaḷṖinḷṖisṖi ḷumiisṖuhṖaaḷaḷma puxṖačičiṖaḷ ḷaṖuucpeṖi mityuuṖi!”</p>
<p>Small Number sees how a large group of salmon have drifted inshore with the incoming tide. He looks at their large smooth bodies and feels his heartbeat fasten. “How strong and beautiful these fish are!”</p>	<p>ṖanaḷṖis Huksyuu ṖačuṖaḷṖaḷ Ṗiiḷtaqimḷ miṖaat Ṗaacinḷ Ṗuusaḷḷi muuḷšilqqa. ṖaacsiičiṖaḷ ṖeṖiiḷṖi ḷaaskapiihṖi miṖaat ṖahṖaaṖaḷ neṖiičičiṖaḷ ḷaṖuucičiṖaḷat Ṗiičma. “Čamiḷta našuk qṖačičiṖaḷ miṖaatṖi!”</p>
<p>The anchor secures the other end of the net and Small Number turns the canoe towards</p>	<p>ṖayuusaṖaḷ ṖayuusimṖi hiṖiḷḷeṖi čistuup mityuuṖi ṖahṖaaṖaḷ ṖanaḷṖisṖi Huksyuu</p>

<p>the beach where his dad passes the net lines to Small Number’s uncle.</p>	<p>mitxsaap̄aλ č̄apac̄i ʔucahtakapaλ hitinqis̄i. ʔahʔaaʔaλ n̄uw̄iiqsak̄i laq̄siʔaλ č̄istuup̄i ʔucaaʔap neʔiiqsak̄i ʔanahʔis Huksyuu.</p>
<p>While his dad pulls the canoe out of water, Small Numbers asks, “How many salmon will we catch today? How are we going to divide the salmon among our families? Will there be enough for everybody? How do we know that the salmon will come back?” “We have our ways,” answers his father. “Now, you stay here to help your uncle pull on the net lines. I’m going to help grandpa.”</p>	<p>ʔahʔaaʔaλ č̄iwwis̄č̄isap̄aλ n̄uw̄iiqsu č̄apacuk̄iʔaλ, ʔanahʔis Huksyuu ʔaʔaatuuʔaλla: “Qūm̄iip̄ʔaaq̄lin miʔaat ʔahkuu n̄aas̄ii? ʔaqis̄ʔaaq̄λhin xaač̄k̄w̄aap miʔaat ʔuw̄aatinm̄inhuk̄qin? ʔuʔum̄haaq̄λha qūmaa ʔunaak̄siλʔaλ hač̄atakʔaλ? ʔaaqis̄ʔaaq̄λhin hamat̄ap huʔinquu miʔaat?” “Hamat̄aminʔaala,” waaʔaλ n̄uw̄iiqsuʔi. Wiinapuλama ʔahkuu hił: “Hupiiʔaλsuk neʔiiqsak̄iʔitqak č̄iiłč̄iia č̄istuup̄i ʔucahtak mityuuʔi. Hupiiʔaaq̄lah naniqsu.</p>
<p>They start hauling in the net. Small Number sees that all fish within the area between the beach and the net are captured and says to his uncle, “Good that we came during the high tide. If the tide were low we wouldn’t catch this many fish. Our ways are good!”</p>	<p>Č̄iiłč̄iiač̄iʔaλ mityuuʔi. ʔanahʔis Huksyuu n̄ačuʔaλʔaλ miʔaat ʔani hiłʔaλ hiłshuł hitinqis̄i ʔaaλ (= ʔahʔaaʔaλ) mityuuʔi hiniip̄aλʔaλ. ʔahʔaaʔaλ waaʔaλ ʔuuk̄w̄ił neʔiiqsak̄: “ʔapstiiyałitin wahaak hił muułuk̄iʔitq ʔuyi. Wikaahałitin ʔayiip miʔaat haayiyimtqun. λułuk̄w̄in q̄w̄aaʔapqin!”</p>
<p>Question: Why did Small Number think that during a low tide the catch would be much smaller?</p>	<p>ʔaʔaatuʔaλ ʔanahʔisʔi Huksyuu łapat̄siʔaλ: “ʔaaq̄hinkmatakith̄in wik ʔayiip ʔuyimtqun haȳiia?”</p>