

TR'AN SUGHILUQ TTHUXDI DHIDONINH

The Little Old Lady Who Lived Alone

Chapman 31, 199-201.

The storyteller is not named.

Tr'an sughilug dhido. Ideyan' noghinik ilt'et. Sanhtux
 Old dear stayed. Alone she worked always. In summer
 lady
 xuyil tigitlcheth. Yitots'in' legg long it'anh. Yitots'in'
 then she set a net. Then fish many she had. Then
 yit'oth ts'ixuyil doyighidilayh. Ts'ixuyil yiyilggoyh.
 she cut and she hung them up. Then she dried them.
 them
 Ts'ixuyil tso ye yilayh. Gidingidz tso it'anh. Yitots'in'
 Then cache in she put Grass cache she had. Then
 them.
 vav long it'anh. Sidaits'eyh ts'ixuyil vav long
 food much she had. She was happy then food plenty
 it'anh ts'in'. Xiyh che nonxudidhit yitots'in' gilvatr
 having. Winter also came again and then she cooked
 ts'ixuyil. Tth'inh yan' ilvatr hingo[^] vav long it'anh
 also. Bones only she cooked while food plenty she had
 ine'i. "Xiyh igidenatlghul," inedhinh. Idughutux xuyan'
 though. "Winter I will run short," she thought. Sometimes only
 niginith'ix iy xildik ihonh idughutux.
 she made "ice that then she ate sometimes.
 cream"
 Yitots'in' chenh nighilighatl yadz gititlcheth.
 Then again at dusk she opened the curtain.
 Nixudilq'onh. Yitots'in' tthaggi nigine'onh. Yitots'in'
 She made a fire. Then she put (a pot) on the Then
 fire.
 gilvatr. Diyinilqonh yitots'in'. "Gil dodo iy," inedhinh.
 she cooked. She dished it then. "Now enough," she thought.
 out
 "Xidon-gitatlchith. Enastal yitots'in'," inedhinh. Yitots'in'
 "I'll close the curtain. I'll go to then," she thought. Then
 bed

digiqun' ngiduggits'in' xoyighildatl. Yitots'in' xuts'in'
her fire over she put (dirt). Then there

tthan'idiyo. Duxsin xadhiyo. Xudon-ginilcheth. Xudoy
she went out. Up above she climbed. She closed the Doorway

non'idiyo. Yitots'in' natadhit, gatotth'eil xug'i. Xeledz
she went in. Then she stood she will as if. Well

gidhitltth'onh. Didze ^ xuyetth'iqgheyil. Ixuyil gidetth'onh.
she listened. Her ears she put her fingers Then she heard

Gazrile ts'in' xudetth'onh. Xudoy xudon'iliggok. Xut'ox
Someone singing she heard. Door she ran into. Under (shelf)

viye dinalo' viq'antr'ildax iy' ilchet'. Viyet te
into washbasin she took. In it water

ghengil ts'in'. Dina q'an-gitldanh. Ditthegh yil ghetth'iq.
she poured. Her face she washed. Her hair she combed.

Yitots'in' idiq'an'elnek. Tth'eyigg xeyighenek. Nolchidl
Then she finished with Down she reached. Workbag
herself.

tr'iniltonh. Viye tr'iginelo dina'ideloy. Leq'ath da'
she got out. In it she took out clothing. Fishskin parka

yil nondolyo.
also she put on.

Yitots'in' chenh tthan'idiyo. Nilggudzi di xuts'in'
Then again she went out. In a little while

gazrile. Yitots'in' xudon'idiyo. Dux don'ithiyo. Tth'ax
someone Then she went back in. Shelf she got up on. Sinew
sang.

enathditth. Yitots'in' yit dhido. Nilggudz xuyozr ts'in'
she spun. Then there she stayed. In a short while

chenh tthan'idiyo. Chenh gitidhitltth'onh. Yit xuyan'
again she went out. Again she listened. There only

xuts'in' gazrile. Ixuyil tr'an inedhinh, "Dina sre'," "
from someone sang. Then old lady thought, "A man I wonder,"

inedhinh. Yix xodo' tadhiyo. Ngiyiggi ts'ixuyil xunil'anh.
she thought. House down- she went. Down below also she looked.

Teq'avon xuyil leggik'idz iltthonh. Gidile ghilix hingo.
On shore then a little fish she saw. It sang it swam while.

Tritr ilchet. Toqogg yititlghul. Yitots'in' yi'in'idiyo.
Stick she took. On water she struck it. Then she went back home.

THE LITTLE OLD LADY WHO LIVED ALONE

Note Chapman notes (p. 102): "Few stories contain so many of the details of the monotonous every-day life of an old Indian woman in so short a compass as this one does. It gets its point, to the Indian, in the haste with which she makes ready to see a man." Chapman's title is "The Old Woman and the Singing Fish."

There was a little old lady who lived alone. She always worked by herself. In summer she set a net and caught a lot of fish. She cut them and hung them up and dried them, and then she put them in the cache. She had a grass cache. Then she had plenty of food. She was happy, since she had plenty of food. When winter came again, she cooked it. She cooked only bones, although she had plenty of food. "In winter I will run short," she thought. Sometimes she just made "Indian ice cream" and ate that.

Every evening at dusk she opened the curtain. She made a fire and put on a pot and cooked, and dished up her food. "That's enough," she thought. "I'll close the curtain, and go to bed." So then she put dirt over her fire, went out, climbed up on the roof, and closed the curtain. She went back in the doorway. She stood there, as if listening. She listened really well. She stuck her fingers in her ears and twirled them around. Then she heard something--someone singing. She ran inside. She grabbed the washbasin out from under the shelf and poured water in it and washed her face. She combed her hair. When she was done, she reached down and got out her workbag and took out clothing, and put on her fishskin parka.

Then she went out again. In a little while, someone sang. Then she went back in. She got up on the shelf. She stayed there, spinning sinew. After a short time, she went out again, and listened again. There was someone singing. The old lady thought, "I wonder if it's a man!" She went down below the house, and looked around on the shore. And there she saw a little fish, singing as it swam. She picked up a stick and struck the water with it. Then she went back home. She went back inside. After she sat there a little while, she went back out. It was quiet. "It must have been a man," she thought. She went back in and ate some Indian ice cream. She got lonely, and began to cry. Then she went off crying into the woods.

And that is the end of the story.