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Edited by Heather Parkhill

### **Acknowledgements**

*This book is dedicated to the loving memory of Sam, you were taken too early.*

*Thank you to the dedicated people, from the past, present and future, involving themselves in passing ancestral knowledge to future generations.*

*This book would not be possible without the generous funding from the Indigenous Affairs and Northern Development Canada - First Nation Student Success Program, Kim Kirk and Seven Generations Education Institute. The local leadership by the Principal - Debbie Atatise - has led to the production of this book. Thank you for providing access to your staff..*

*This book is written to provide some thought about the clan system and being who are supposed to be. We are seeing the erosion of such knowledge and wish to use this story as a forum to bring the knowledge back to our youth.*

*Translations and guidance has been provided by Elder Nancy Jones and Jason Jones.*

### **How to use this book**

There are three different versions of each sentence as described below:

**1. English translation**

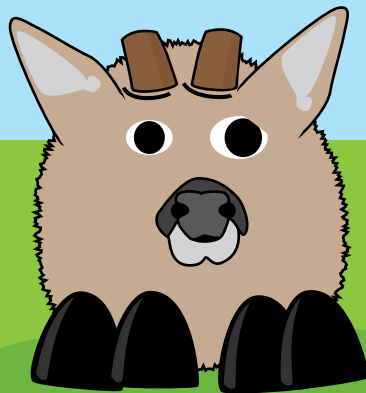
**2. Ojibwe translation**

**3. Veronica's Simplified phonetic pronunciation of the Ojibwe translation,**  
***Italic BOLD*** means hang onto the syllable just a little longer.



Sam owiindamawaan owiijiwan,  
“Ninaniizaanendam gaawiin dash  
ningikendanzii onji.”

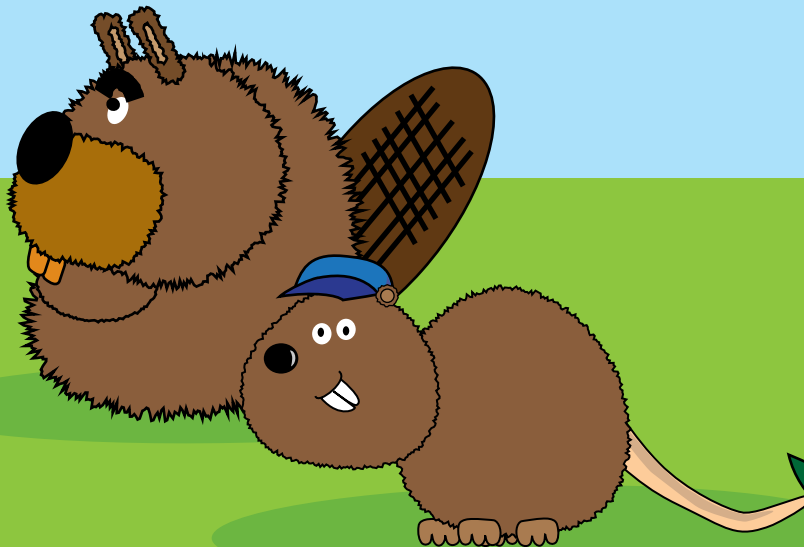
Sam oh-ween-duh-muh-wawn oh-wee-jee-wunn,  
“Nih-nuh-nee-zaw-nayn-dumm gaw-ween dush  
ninn-gih-kayn-dunn-zee own-jih.”



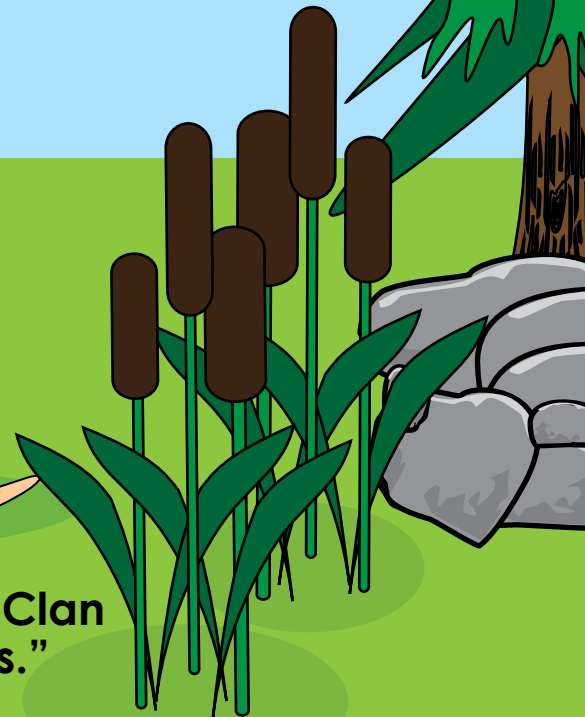
Sam tells his friends, “I am feeling uneasy and do not  
know why.”

**“Niniigi’igoog indigoog Wazhashk iinzan  
nindoodem, gaawiin idash  
ningikendanzii aaniin ekidowaad.”**

**“Nih-nee-gih’ih-goog inn-dih-goog Wuh-zhushk een-zunn  
ninn-doo-daym, gaw-ween ih-dush  
nin-gih-kayn-dunn-zee aw-neen ay-kih-doe-wawd.”**

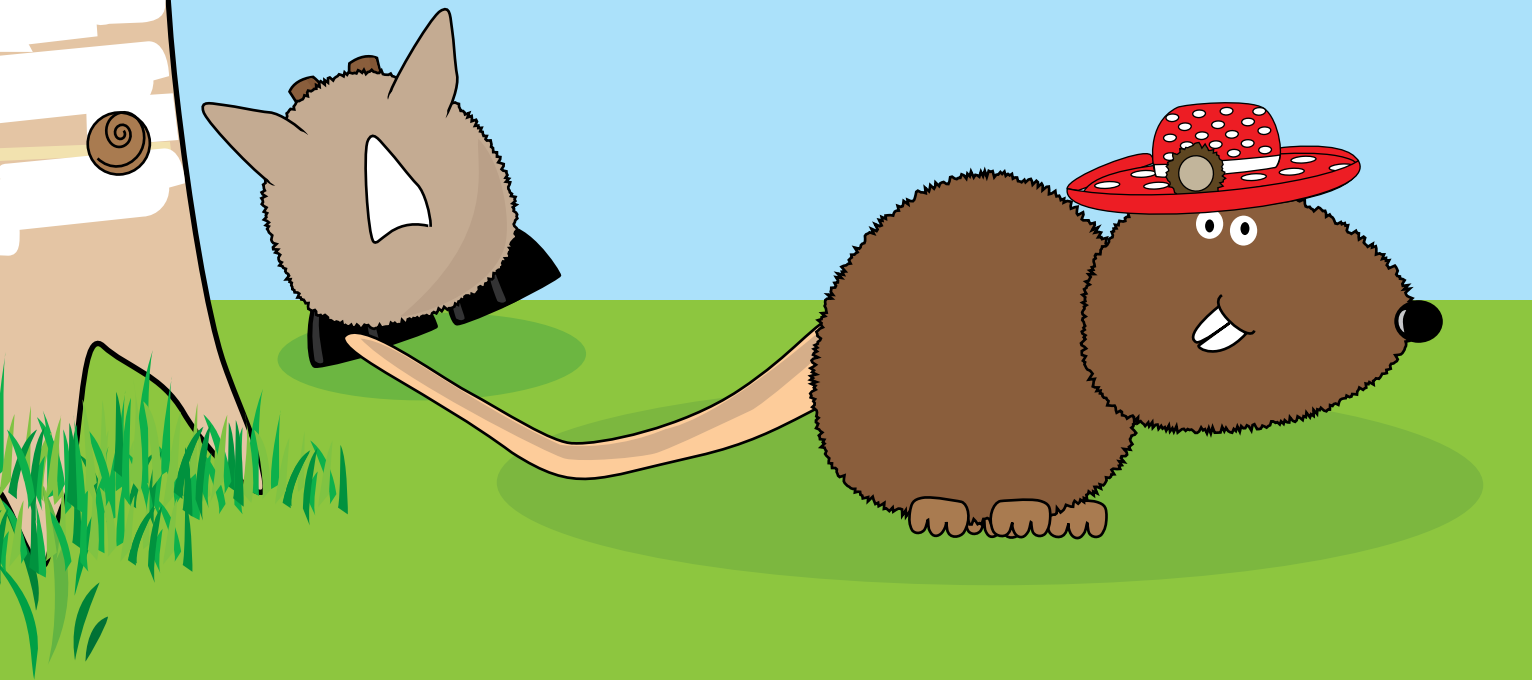


**“My parents say I am from the Muskrat Clan  
but I have no idea what this means.”**



Ogiin odigoon, “Wazhashkwan  
odoodemid ogichidaawi. Wazhashkwag  
ginaanaagaji’igonaanig.”

Oh-geen oh-dih-goon, “Wuh-zhush-kwunn  
oh-doo-day-midd oh-gih-chih-daw-wih. Wuh-zhush-kwugg  
gih-naw-naw-guh-jih’ih-goh-naw-nigg.”

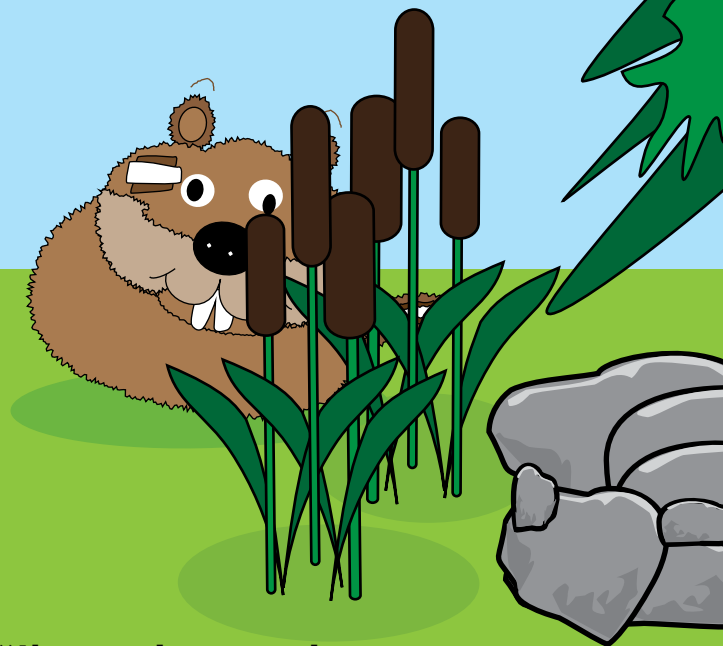
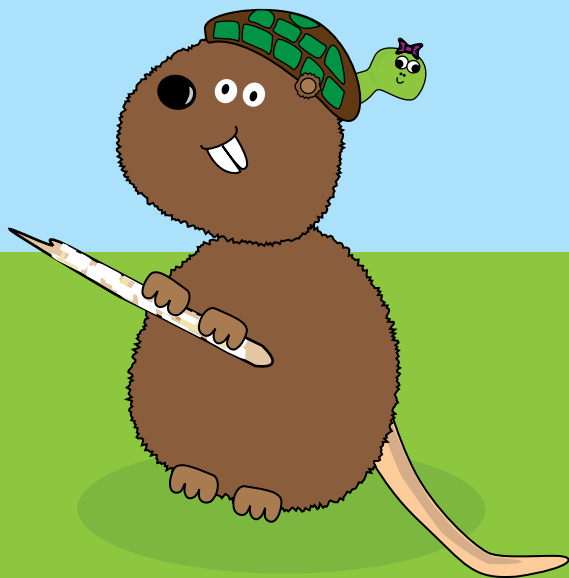


Mom tells him, “The Muskrat clan is the  
warrior clan. Muskrats are the protectors.”



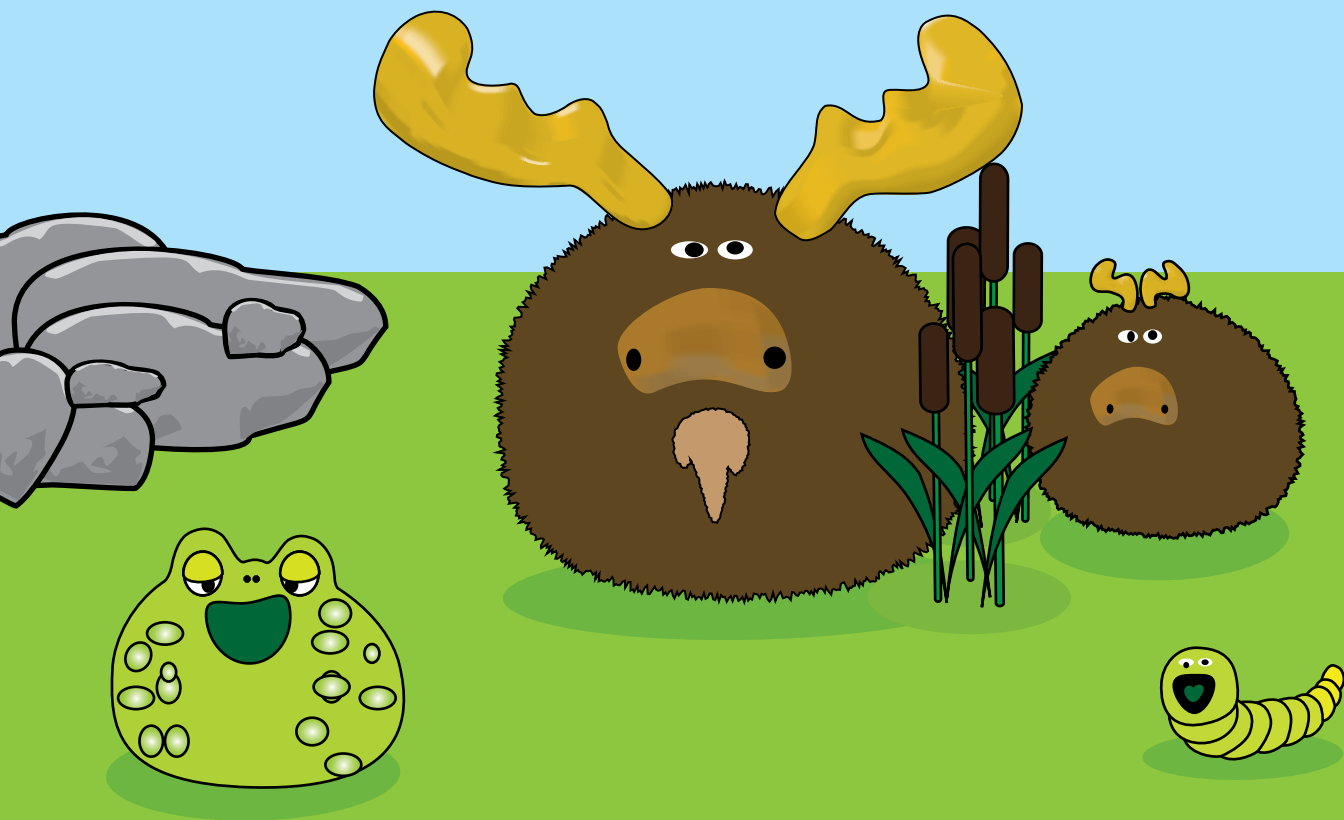
“Idash Nimaamaa,” Sam inwewegamizo,  
“Gaawiin gosha aapiji  
nimashkawenimosii, awiya gosha  
apane miikinji’ioog. Nindishkwenimigoo  
gaye gii-odaminowaad.”

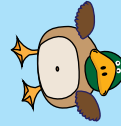
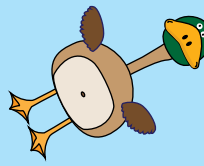
“Ih-dush Nih-maw-maw, “Sam inn-way-way-guh-mih-zoe,  
“Gaw-ween goh-shuh aw-pih-jih  
nih-mush-kuh-way-nih-moh-see, uh-wih-yuh goe-shuh  
uh-puh-nay mee-kinn-jih’ih-oog. Ninn-dish-kway-nih-mih-goo  
guh-yay gee-oh-duh-mih-noh-wawd.



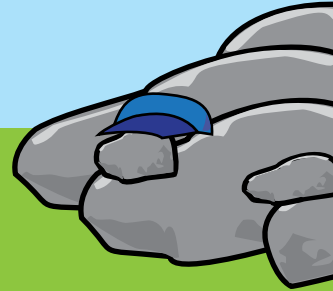
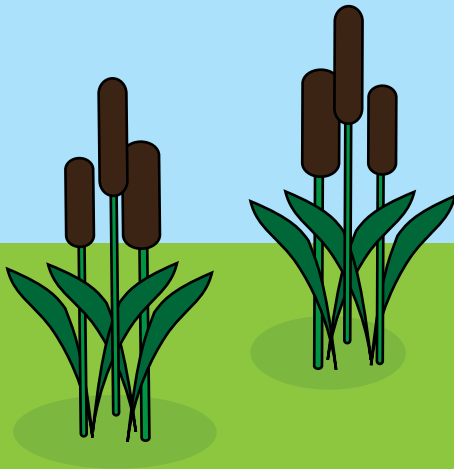
“But Mom,” Sam whines, “I’m not very strong,  
everybody picks on me. The other kids always  
choose me last for games.”

**“I always think I am from the Moose Clan because I am so gentle,” the muskrat tells his Mom. “They don’t want me because they tell me I can’t change clans.”**






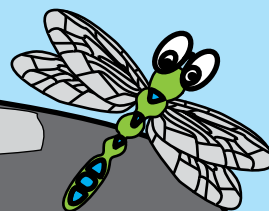
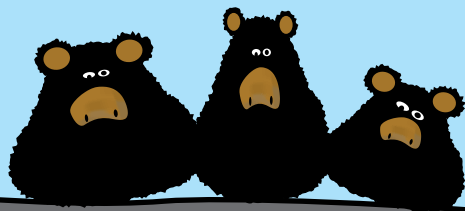
**“Mii iko apane enenimaan Mooz  
odoodemiyaan ezhi-nookaadiziyaan,”  
wazhashk odinaan Omaamaayan.  
Wenji-andawenimigoosiwaan gaawiin  
nindaa-aanji’aasii nindoodem.”**



**“Mee ih-koh uh-puh-nay ay-nay-nih-mawn Mooz  
oh-doo-day-mih-yawn ay-zih-noo-kaw-dih-zih-yawn,”  
wuh-zhushk oh-dih-nawn Oh-maw-maw-yunn.”  
Wayn-jih-unn-duh-way-nih-mih-goo-sih-wawn gaw-ween  
ninn-daw-awn-jih’aw-see ninn-doo-daym.”**



"I always help other kids who are being picked on and I always follow the rules. I asked the Bear Clan if I could join them," he pouts. "They don't want me because they tell me I can't change clans."



“Apane go abinoojiinyag  
gaa-miinkiji’indwaa weweni apane  
nindizhichige. Ningii-gagwejimaa  
Makwa ji-wiiji-doodemimagwaaban,”  
Ezhi-mawitaagozi. “Gaawiin  
nindanawenimigoosiig ikidowag  
indigoog gaawiin nindaa-aanji’aasii  
nindoodem.”



“Uh-puh-nay goh uh-bih-**noo-jeen-yugg**  
gaw-**meen-kih-jih’inn-dwaw** way-way-nih uh-puh-nay  
ninn-dih-zih-chih-gay. Ninn-**gee-gugg-way-jih-maw**  
Muh-kwuh jih-**wee-jih-doo-day-mih-mug-waw-bunn**,”  
Ay-zih-muh-wih-**taw-goh-zih**. “Gaw-**ween**  
ninn-duh-nuh-way-nih-mih-**goo-sigg** ih-kih-doh-wugg  
inn-dih-**goog** gaw-**ween** ninn-**daw-awn-jih’aw-see**  
ninn-**doo-daym**.”

“Oh well, I guess I will go into the village to see if someone wants to play,” Sam tells his Mom.

“Ahaw isa, ninga-izhaa gaa-daawaad  
ninga-ando-inaab awiya  
ji-wiiji-odaminomid,” Odinaan Ogiin.

“Uh-how ih-suh, ninn-guh-ih-zhaw gaw-daw-wawd  
ninn-guh-unn-doh-ih-nawb uh-wih-yuh  
jih-wee-jih-oh-duh-mih-noh-midd,” Oh-dih-nawn Oh-geen.”



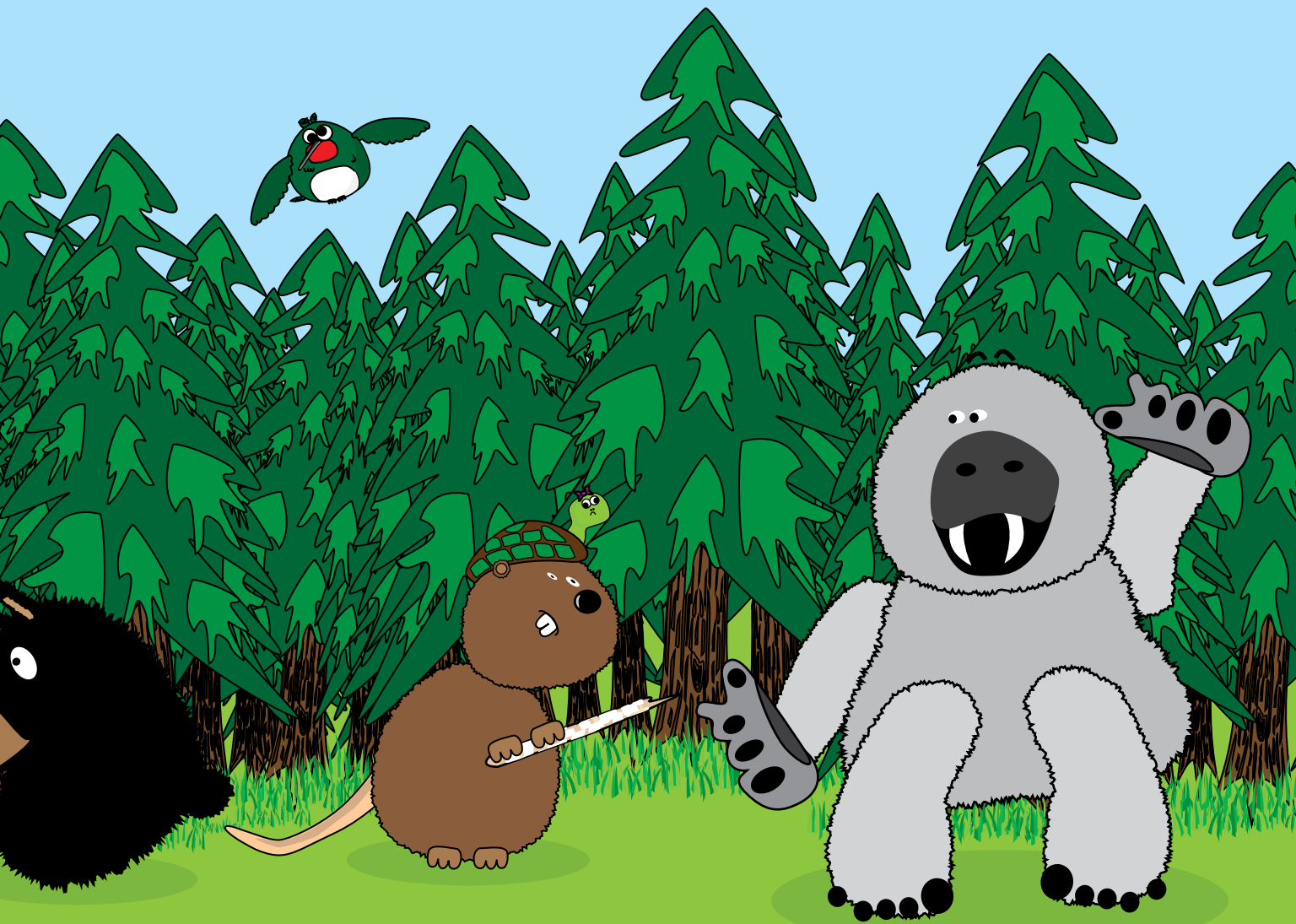
What is that screaming? I better find out, someone  
sounds like they need help.”

“Awenen gaa-biibaagid? Nashke  
ninga-awi-inaab, awiya andawendam  
ji-wiiji’ind.”

“Uh-way-nayn **gaw-bee-baw**-gidd? Nush-kay  
ninn-guh-uh-wih-ih-**nawb**, uh-wih-yuh un-duh-wayn-dumm  
jih-**wee**-jih’ind.”







**“Yikes, it is a Windigo. It is chasing everyone.  
They are in trouble.”**

**“Yaaay, ganabaj Wiindigoon.  
Obiminizha’waan awiyan. Zegiziwag.”**

**“Yaaaw, guh-nuh-budge Ween-dih-goon.**

**Oh-bih-mih-nih-zhuh’wawn uh-wih-yunn. Zay-gih-zih-wugg.”**







“Double yikes, it looks like he wants to chase me!”

“Yaaay inaa, indigo geniin  
niwii-biminizha'wik!”

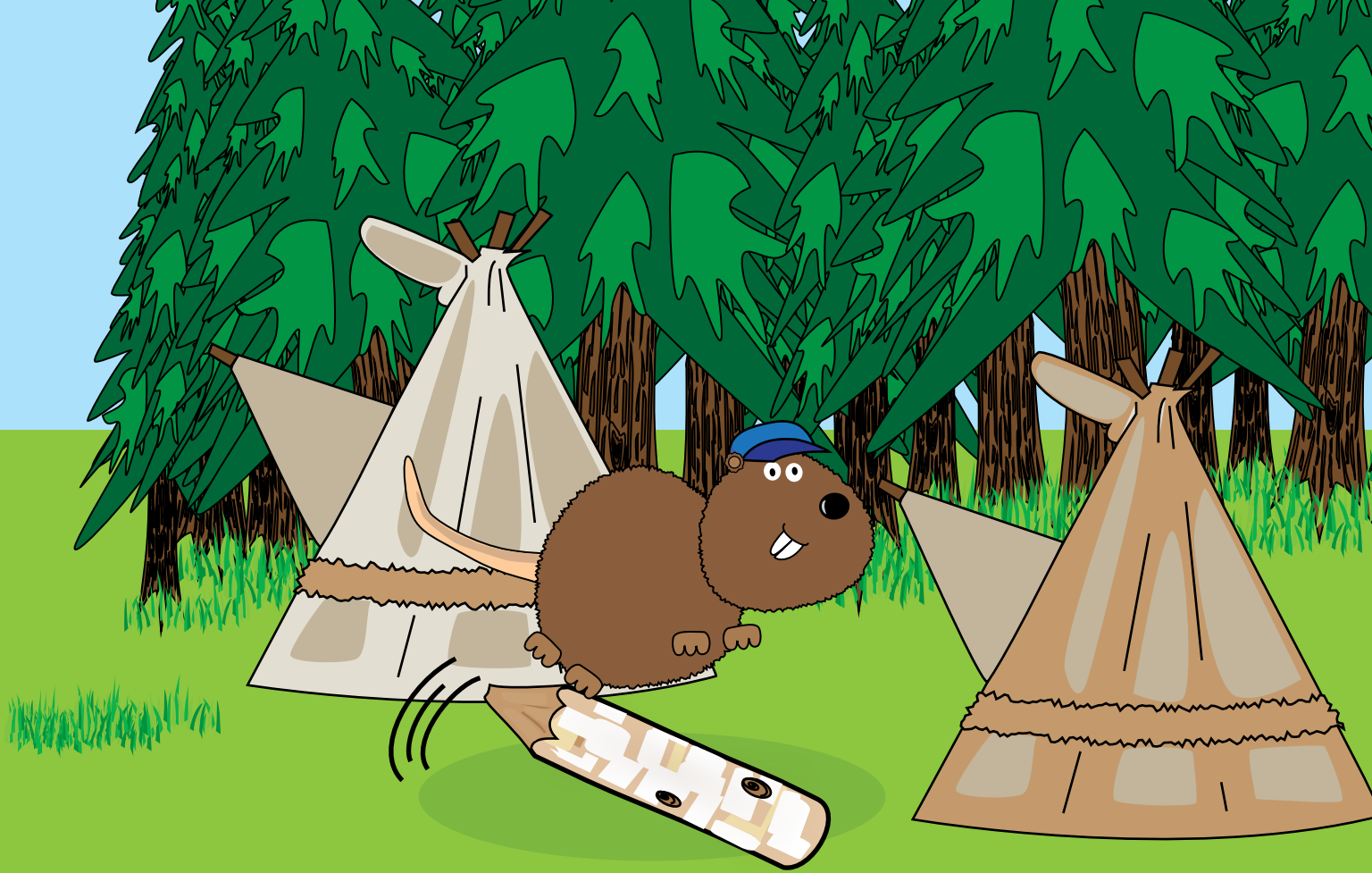
“Yaaa ih-naw, inn-dih-goh gay-neen  
nih-wee-bih-mih-nih-zhuh'wick!”



**“Maybe if I run to the river, he will stop chasing me,” Sam says hopefully.**

**“Maagizhaa ninga-bakobiigwaashkwan  
ziibiing,” izhi-misawendam.**

**“Maw-gih-zhaw ninn-guh-buh-koh-beeg-wawsh-kwunn  
zee-beeng,” ih-zhih-mih-suh-wayn-dumm.**



In his head, he hears his mother say, “Stay away from the river Sam, it flows much too fast, the current is dangerous.”

**Inendam onoondawaan ogiin, “Gegoo  
izhaaken ziibiing, gizhijjwan gosha.”**

*lh-nayn-dumm oh-noon-duh-wawn oh-geen, “Gay-goo  
ih-zhaw-kayn zee-beeng, gih-zhee-jih-wunn goh-shuh.”*



**“I’ve got an idea,” Sam screams as he passes the fisherman all hiding under a nearby log.**

**“Heee ningikendaan,” Sam izhi-biigaagi  
odani-gabikooba’aan gaa-wewebanaabiinid  
mitigoon madaabiyaagoshininid.**

**“Hay ninn-gih-kayn-dawn, “Sam ih-zhi-bee-gaw-gih  
oh-duh-nih-guh-bih-koo-buh’awn gaw-way-way-buh-naw-bee-nidd  
mih-tih-goon muh-daw-bee-yaw-goh-shih-nih-nidd.**



One of the fisherman yells, “Why are you running away, you are supposed to protect us.”

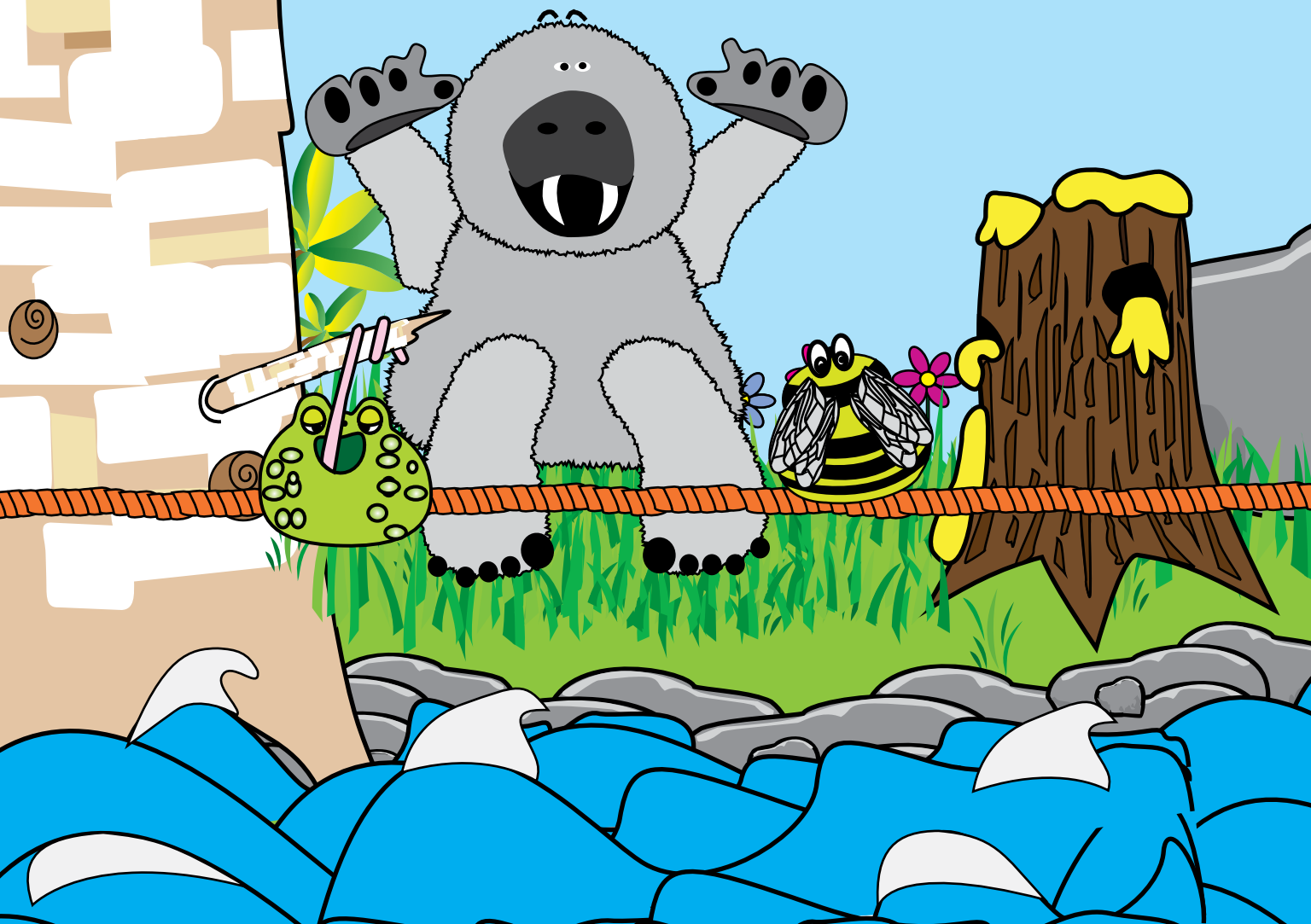
**Bezbig gaa-wewebanaabiinid  
obiibaagimigoon, “Wegonen  
wenji-maajiiba’iweyan,  
ji-gii-kanawenimiyaangiban gosha.”**

Bay-zhigg **gaw**-way-way-buh-**naw-bee**-nidd  
oh-**bee-baw**-gih-mih-**goon**, “Way-goh-nayn  
wayn-jih-**maw-jee**-buh-ih-way-yunn,  
jih-**gee**-kuh-nuh-way-nih-mih-**yawn**-gih-bunn goh-shuh.”





Without answering the fisherman, Sam strings some rope around some trees and screams, "Hey Windigo, I bet you are too slow to catch me."

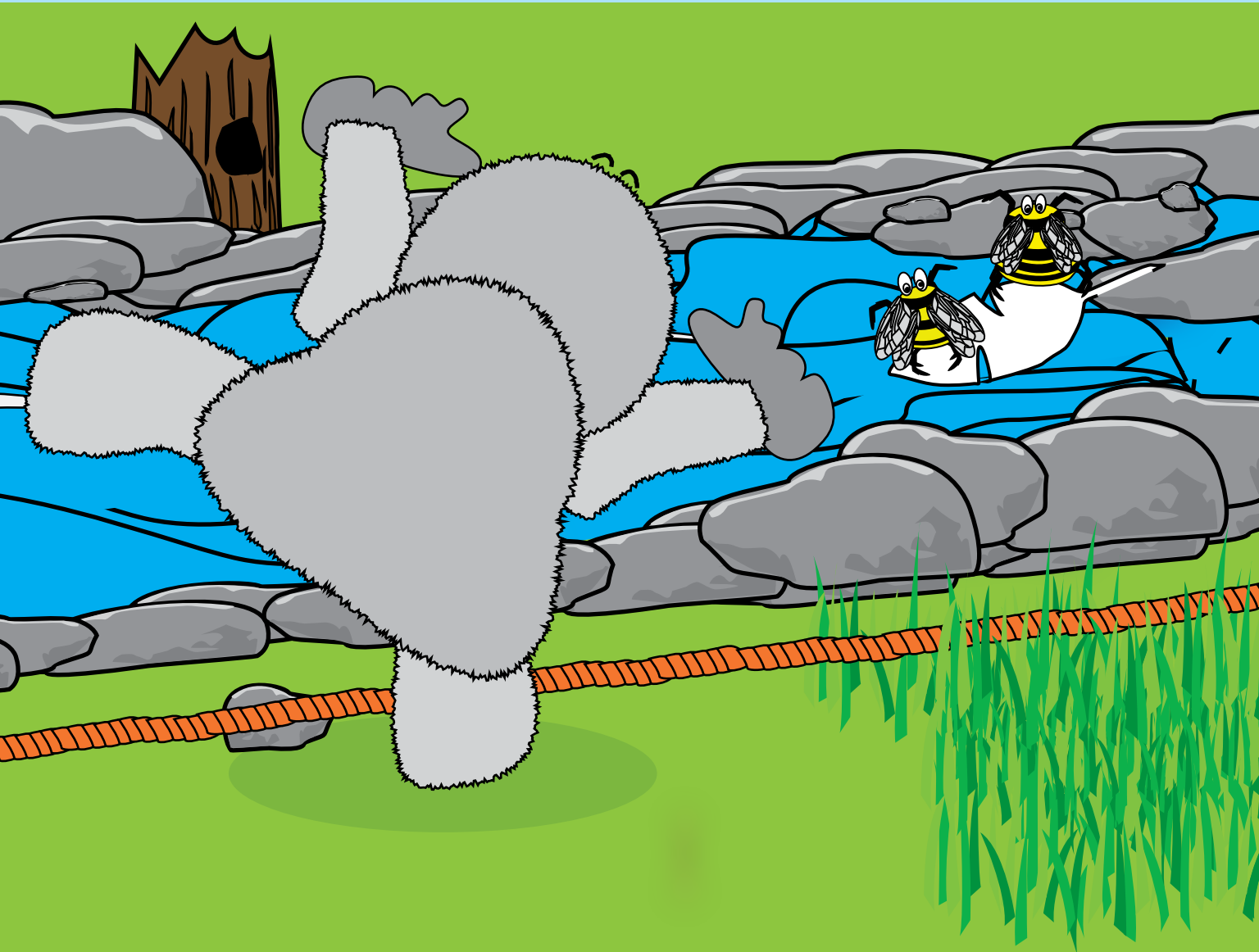


Gaawiin genoonigod, Sam gaa-izhi-dakobidood  
zhinoodaagan mitigokaan  
gaa-izhi-biibaagimaad, "Heee Wiindigoon,  
gaawiin gidaa-adimisii."

Gaw-ween gay-noo-nih-gode, Sam gaw-ih-zhih-duh-koh-bih-dood  
zhih-noo-daw-gunn mih-tih-goh-kawn  
gaw-ih-zhih-bee-baw-gih-mawd, "Heee Ween-dih-goon,  
gaw-ween gih-daw-uh-dih-mih-see."



The Windigo stops chasing the fishermen and turns to Sam.  
“Too slow to catch you? You sure are going to taste good  
when I cook you up for dinner.”







Wiindigoo gibichinizha'ige odibaabamaan  
Samiyan. "Onzaam ina nimbejibattoo  
ji-adiminaanbaan? Aapiji giga-minopogoz  
giizhizwinaan wii-amwinaan."

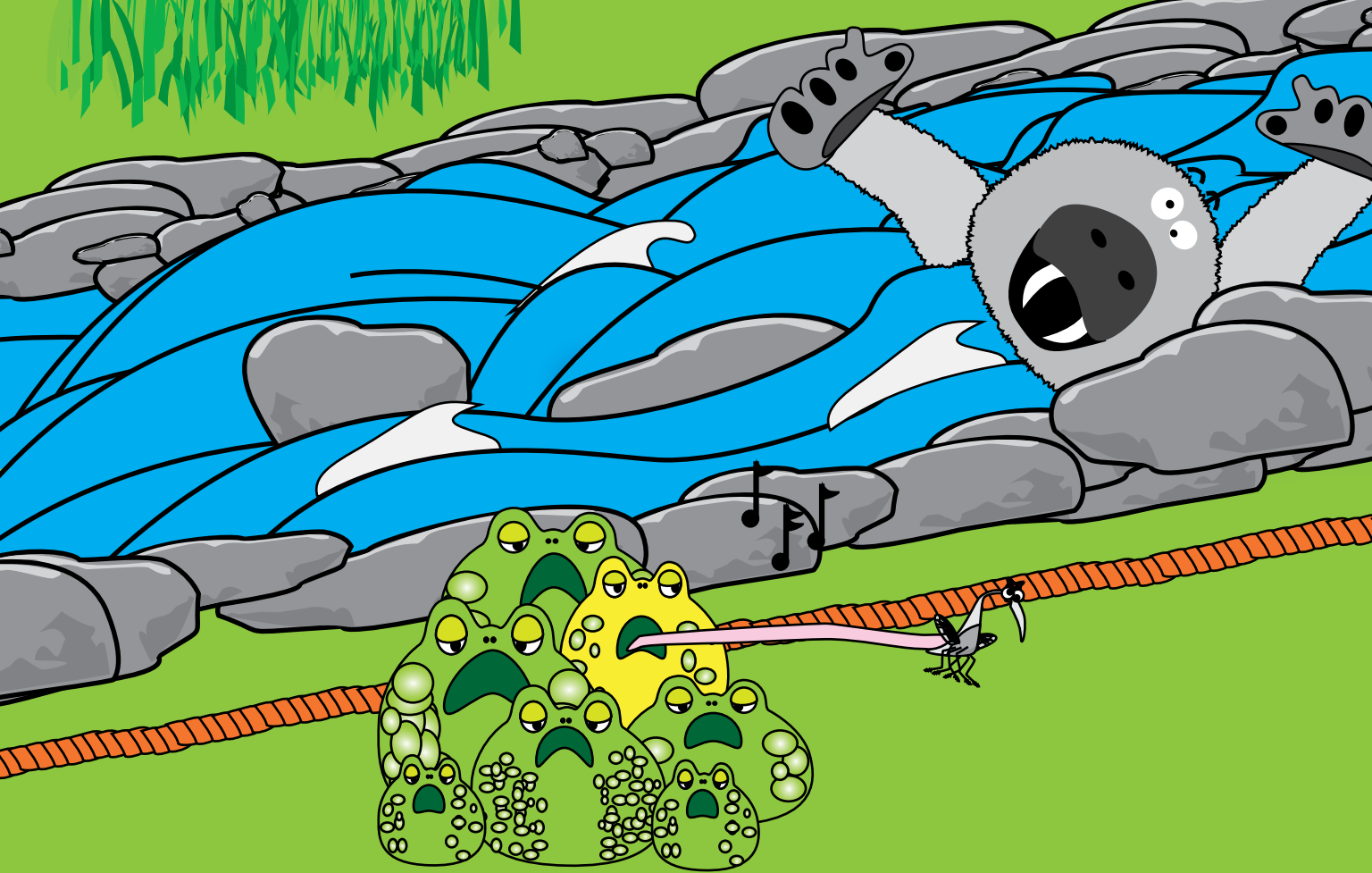
"Ween-dih-goo gih-bih-chih-nih-zhuh'ih-gay oh-dih-baw-buh-mawn  
Sam-ih-yunn. "Own-zawm ih-nuh nimm-bay-jih-buh-too  
jih-uh-dih-mih-nawn-bawn? Aw-pih-jih gih-guh-mih-noh-poh-goze  
gee-zhiz-wih-nawn wee-umm-wih-nawn."



**“Hey, who put this rope here,” the startled Windigo shouts as he trips into the rapids.**

**“Hee awenen gaa-atood omaa i zhinoodaagan,”  
bizogebizo Wiindigoo ani-biibaagi  
ani-bakobiised baawitigong.**

**“Hay uh-way-nayn gaw-uh-tood oh-maw ih zih-noo-daw-gunn,”  
bih-zoh-gay-bih-zoe Ween-dih-goo uh-nih-bee-baw-gih  
uh-nih-buh-koh-bee-sayd baw-wih-tih-gong.**



**"You tricked me," Windigo shouts as he washes  
away down the river.**

**"Gigii-gayezhim," Wiindigoo izhi-biibaagi  
ani-maajiiyaabogod.**

**"Gih-gee-guh-yay-zhaym," Ween-dih-goo ih-zhih-bee-baw-gih  
uh-nih-maw-jee-yaw-boh-gode.**



The whole village came out to cheer for Sam. They said,  
“You protect us Sam, that’s why we tell you that you can’t  
change clans.”





Gakina gaa-daawaad gii-pi-zaaga'amoog  
 howa idininaawaan Samiyan,  
 "Gigii-pimaaji'inaam Sam, mii iwe  
 gaa-onji-wiindamawigooyan,  
 ge-onji-aanji'aasiwad gidoodem."

Guh-kih-nuh gaw-daw-wawd gee-pih-zaw-guh'uh-moog  
 hoh-wuh ih-dih-nih-naw-wawn Sam-ih-yunn,  
 "Gih-gee-pih-maw-jih'ih-nawm Sam, mee ih-way  
 gaw-own-jih-ween-duh-muh-wih-goo-yunn,  
 gay-own-jih-awn-jih'aw-sih-wudd gih-doo-daym."

Later that day, the bear and moose children are playing a game by the wigwam. The moose says, "First pick, I'll take Sam."



Naagaj igo apii, Makwe gaye Mooz  
onijaanisiwaa' gii-pi-odaminowag  
jiigi-wigiwaam. Mooz ikido, "Niigaan  
odaapinaadaa Sam."

Naw-gudge ih-goh uh-pee, Muk-wuh guh-yay Mooz  
oh-nee-jaw-nih-sih-waw' gee-pih-oh-duh-mih-noh-wugg  
jee-gih-wih-gih-wawm. Mooz ih-kih-doh, "Nee-gawn  
oh-daw-pih-naw-daw Sam."





Veronica Atwin (1921–1989) was a dedicated linguist and Maliseet teacher in the Kingsclear First Nation in New Brunswick, Canada. Veronica recognized that it was critical to document and make a permanent record of the Maliseet language. From the early 1950's until 1989, she recorded thousands of words from the Maliseet language including their phonetic pronunciations. Her foresight allows linguists today the opportunity to reclaim hundreds of Maliseet words that were previously thought to be lost forever. SayITFirst continues and expands on Veronica's important work by providing books translated into a variety of Indigenous languages with accompanying simplified phonetic pronunciations.

Parents can share these books with their children and pass on their language traditions while helping to prevent many of these languages from vanishing.

This story is written because of a certain Anishinaabe Traditionalist's view that the clan system is not being understood by the children as much as it has in the past. While this book does not strive to teach about the clans, the authors' wish is in reading this story, a guardian and child will be curious about their own clan family and will find out more.

Look for other titles and other recordings in this series.

**Visit our website at: [www.sayitfirst.ca](http://www.sayitfirst.ca)**



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