

Swapping Stories

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SG Nehé, kil-õna keqsèy akõnutõmùn.

[Hey, you tell about something now.]

FT *Well*, nil-õkahk téhpu kisi-wihqessi wàht ihík, *St. Croix River*, *well*, *well*, 'címaci

Vanceboro tókki ihík *Loon Bay*, nit-õlu *Grand Falls*. Nèqt nkoti-kahtopáassin. Keqsèy-al yèy... *Well*, nkoti-kahtopàss-ehta nit. Nuskitõmélkin yá, 'kankéhson. Moccokíye, pihcéyu, nit-al 'taspópin. On-õtahk yèy, nmoccokkúwan eli-skitkomelki.

[*Well*, I had just come down the St. Croix River, from Vanceboro by way of Loon Bay, and then Grand Falls. At one point I wanted to land. There was something there... *Well*, I wanted to land there. And I stepped out onto an old log. It was rotten and long, about this high. I got my feet dirty as I stepped onto it.]

SG Mm, hm.

FT Naka pileyal-õte npolcisol, *khaki pants*. Naka kinahqekiye, yèy...

[And My pants were new, khaki pants. And the legs flared out, you know...]

SG *Bell bottoms*.

FT Ahà. Cèss-öte-na elömatökomessik yüt olöqìw. Nìt-te ali-kikcokihpútek yúta.

Ntahtölitahasíhpon athusòss. Ntahtölalökittiyenukcíkõnan. Ntahtöli-alüwinéhtun npolcísol.

[Yes. And then it felt like something was wriggling up this way. Then it was tickling and wriggling around here. I kept thinking it was a snake. I kept on squeezing the damn thing. I kept trying to rip my pants.]

SG [laughs] Wèn-ölu? Apiqsèhs?

[But what was it? A rat?]

FT Apiqsehsalökittis-öte-na. Nìt-al 'qonéyin, wapéyu. Nìt-al 'qonalökittiyahqálüwan. Nìkk-ölu wapeyícik.

[A damn rat it was, too. It was about this long, and white. It had a damn tail about this long. It was (one of) those white ones.]

SG Ahà.

[Yes.]

FT Nòt-ehta níta. Kìs, kìs-öte etöli-ketapekhòm npolcísol. Naka tèt olöqìw yüt-tahk sakhi-nutyámit apiqsehsalökíttis. Kinalökittiyéna. Élüwe-te nsiktalökittiyehpáwöloq. *Oh boy, oh boy.*

[That was it. I was already undoing my pants. And down there here comes flying out this damn rat. Holy smokes. The damn thing almost scared me to death. Oh boy, oh boy.]

FT Àpc nekè yèt olòqìw ìhík... Ntoli-sòliposkahtinèn *Waite*. Elápòmuk wòt *cedar*. Nòt-òna, ma-na... Ma-te yúhtol wèn 'tomiksáwīyil. Ma-te wèn 'tomihpuláwīyil. Ma nkociciyàw eli-ihìts nòt yá... Amūwésok nìt tamà 'tihinīyasòpónik. Kí! Nmacīyalòkittiyeksáwan níla. Níktok-òna mèt-al *dozen* kisi-pisapasíhtit npolcisíhkuk. *Boy*, on nmace-pokehlókun, lamìw. *Boys, oh boys, oh boys*. Nìt-te ntotoli-apuckolòtòqq ìhík, tàn-òte eli-wewòliqetqihì, àpc-òtahk kótòkik nmatòliqénkun. Níta, on nkisi-pisòtóqqin ìhík *jackfirs*, nìt-al 'qoneyossínīya, lamìw. On nkisi-ketséwan. Tókki kisi-ketsewì, psí-te nokka-soqskómkuk yùt olòqìw.

[Then another time out there in... We were cutting sleepers (railroad ties) in Waite (ME). I was looking at this cedar. It hadn't been... No one had sawed this one down. No one had cut it down. I didn't know there was this thing in it... Apparently there were bees in it there somewhere. Well! I started sawing away on it. And about a dozen of them crawled on into my pants. Oh boy, then they started to bite me, inside there. Boy, oh boy, oh boy! Then I flipped right over there, jumping any damn way I knew how, and sure as hell some others went after me. Well, then I jumped into a stand of jackfirs, about this high, inside there. And I took my clothes off. By the time I got my clothes off, they had bitten me all over, down here.]

SG Yá.

[Oh.]

FT Yá.

[Yeah.]

SG Psí-te knokka-pokehlök?

[They bit all over?]

FT Alökíttis, alökíttis.

[Hell yes.]

SG. Yellow jackets nikk.

[Those were yellow jackets.]

FT Ahà yá...

[Oh yes...]