Chulenstet Alai

by Zack Wiener

Lomewe, newa chulensak wikuwak hitkunk. She nan kahes, nisha kwisana, ok Long ago, four birds they lived in a tree. There was mother, two her sons, and kweti nihan. Kweti kishku, chulens wtelao kwisa, “Nkwis, katupwihëna! One daughter. One day, bird she told him her son, my son we are hungry Yukwe kemaxkil ok kchitanësi. Knatunaok mukwesak!”

Now you are grown and you are strong. you look for/hunt bugs “E-e, ana, xu nta tekenink ok ntalai!”

Yes, mother, I will go to the forest and I hunt Chul

ene,tala en, “Nimat, kata hëch kwichemë?!”

The little bird he said to him, his brother Brother you want? you help me Tenuyema luwe, “Ku! Nshinki kwichemë!”

his brother said, No I don’t want/like to I help you Chul

en sth kenthu eshi ne teken, shek tola wenyëek mukwesak.

Little bird he said, to the forest, but he cannot he sees them insects. Matanake maxkåm en elikwëkaon.

After a while he found it an anthill. Wemi nek elikwëk ahpwak.

All the ants they are there Shek na chulenstet kaihele ok shai kanchiheleyok nek elikwësek.

But the little bird he fell and immediately they hid quickly the ants Kixki welistamen sukelan. Hateyo kumhokot ok sasapelehele Nearby he heard it it is raining There were clouds and lighting, chulenstet luwe, “Shewaha! Ntixemwi a! Kench ntaxamaok elankumakik.”

the little bird said, “Great! I bathe should must I feed them my relatives Na chulenstet litehe, “Ntala lukahele. Kwetki hitkunk.

The little bird he thinks I can’t I give up He returned to the tree Petunëyo tukwima, pisim, ok tehima He brings them walnuts, sweet corn, and strawberries.

Kahtutameneyo. Somi winkan. Kaheschulens kwisa wtelao, They wanted to eat them. It tasted good. Motherbird her son she told him, “Kulinakwsi, nkwis.”

You did good work, my son.