

Na Tipas

By Louise St. Amour

Enta wesksia, nkatalaok tipasak. Nux ok ni manitunen tipasikaon. Yu tipasikaon kwsukon ok takuu apuwawtu. Nulhalaok kwintipasak, na nemilaòn n'xans. Yukwe n'xans wulahalaok kwetash tipasak. Wikuwak ne tipasikaonink, shek tamse papuwak lamamenxkeink katahtite. Hinke, mpentao nemis. Melimu. Kshihede wikewamink ok luwe "Wentaxa! Awen weshitehaok nek tipasak!" Nteluwe, "Awen hech nan?" Nemis luwe "xinkchulens nan." Ntahena kochemink. Takuu neyo wa xinkchulens. Shek ahpuwak mikwenak hakink. Ntakimaok nek tipasak. Ahpuwak lenii palenaxk! Nteluwe, "Tani hech ahpu pali tipas?" Eli nuwatun tipasak kanchixiyok enta wishasihtit. Shek nemis luwe "Ntite na xinkchulens wetenao." Lehapa ntunawena. Shek takuu nēmàxkawana. Ntitehehena mata ahpii. Owiye, nemaxkawana wtenk ne hatemopilikaon. Wishasu shek ku ahelentamu. Ntahkentam welamhitameweokan. Titeane ku ne le, kaski ktuxtao na tipas.

The Chicken

When I was young, I wanted chickens. My father and I built a chicken coop. This coop was heavy and not cheap. I had the chickens for a long while, then I gave them to my brother. Now my brother has six chickens. They live in the chicken coop but sometimes they play in the yards if they want. Not long ago, I hear my sister. She is crying. She runs into the house and says "Come here! Something is hurting the chickens!" I say "What is it?" My sister says "It is a big bird." We go outside. I do not see this big bird but there are feathers on the ground. I count the chickens. There are only five! I say "Where is the other chicken?" because I know chickens hide when they are frightened. But my sister says "I think the big bird picked her up." For a while we look for her, but we don't find her. We think she is not here/she is dead. Later on we find her behind the garage. She was frightened but not hurt. I tell the truth. If you think it is not so, you can ask the chicken.