

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 nichan. 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, will I go to the forest and I hunt
Chulenstet wtelao tenuyema, “Nimat, kata hëch kewichemi?”
The little bird he said to him, his brother Brother you want ? you help me
Tenuyema luwe, “Ku! Nshinki kwichemel!”
his brother said, No I don't want/like to I help you
Chulenstet kenthu eshi ne teken, shek tola weneyook mukwesak.
Little bird he flew through the forest, but he cannot he sees them insects.
Matanake maxkamen elikwsikaon.
After a while he found it an anthill.
Wemi nek elikwesak ahpuwak.
All the ants they are there
Shek na chulenstet kaihele ok shai kanchiheleyok nek elikwesak.
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 lukahela. Kwetki hitkunk.
The little bird he thinks I can't I give up He returned to the tree
Petuneyo 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.