The King of the Birds

Told by Dickie Moss, June 8, 2003

tih’eeneinihi3i’.
when they lived nomadically

“wohei,” heehkh ceese’, “siiniibeetee’inono’
toonono’oteihit
nii’eihii,
wohei he said one I really want to know it which is the strongest bird

toon- tooncebe’eino’oteiht
niine’eno’ nuhu’ nii’eihiiho’,
which is the most powerful of all here they are these birds

heetoxtu3i’
toonneniitobeekuut.
among all of them the one who is the foremost

beneete’inono’.
I want to know it

heetnoh’ohuseenoo hoho’eni’.
I will go up in the mountains

heetnoh’ohusee-noo.
I will go up

hetcihniiwookuxonibe.
you must give me food to take along

heetnoh’ohuseenoo.
I will go up [in the mts]

heetneyeihe’inono’ toon- tooncebe’eino’oteiht
nii’eihii,
I will try to know him whoever whoever is the strongest of all [the] bird[s]

toonneniitobeekuut.”
whoever stands first among them

wohei ne’iise’enou’ut.
wohei then he got ready

ne’ce3ei’oot nohkuseic noho’uuhu’.
then he set off early in the morning uphill
right there on top somewhere on the rocks that’s where he is sitting

then he smoked it this pipe he carried it along

that’s where he filled his pipe then he smoked

he looked all around and then he saw it golden eagle

“yeh, there he is a golden eagle

maybe he is the one who he is strong[est]

I will find out about him

very suddenly then it was darting around quickly falcon

it flew around it that eagle

they were quarreling

soon up there soon he didn’t see them [any more]

wohei ciinoohobee: bbeebei’on he’iitnei’i nuhu’.
wohei he didn’t see them way far away somewhere these [birds]

he’ih’ii3i’ok nuhu’ nuhu’;
he was sitting there this this [man]

very suddenly he looked back again then he saw it that golden eagle
it was soaring around towards him in circles

“yeh, hiiwo’ nenee’eehek nono’oteiht,” heehhk.
yes I guess there he is he is strong[est] he said

[he’ih]nei’oohobee.
he looked at it

“hiiwo’ nenee’eehek nooxeih’ neneenit neniiitobekuut;
I guess there he is maybe he is the one who he stands first among them

nono’oteiht hinee nii’eihii.
he is strong[est] that eagle

kookoxuuten hiheche’ [he’ih]cihibiscoo’oo nehe’ heeyei.
suddenly above it came shooting into view towards him this falcon

[he’ih]to’obee nii’ehio;
it hit him the eagle

heebe3ii’eheiho, [he’ih]to’obee.
the big eagle [the falcon] hit him

[he’ih]cih’oowoonooso’oo, [he’ih]ko’os.
it came tumbling downwards and fell to the ground

ne’nehyonihoot nehe’,
then he went to check it out this one

‘oh hehnenehii3[ei’] [hi]tookuh’eene’ he’ih’iiyhohtonotin.
and truly the middle on his head there was a nice clean hole

nooxeih’ nuhu’ niitoxu’kosei3i’...
maybe this [falcon] where the sharp claws were

hiit nee’ hiiyohtonotin.
here it there was a nice clean hole

nehe’nih’iisnoh’oot, neh’eit.
that was how he killed it it killed the eagle

ne’ee’inonooot niiniitobekuuni3 nii’eheiho nehe’
heeyei.
then he knew him     he stands first among them     birds     this     falcon

Translation

[This is a story about] when they lived nomadically.

“Wohei” a person said, “I’d really like to know who is the most powerful bird, the most powerful among all the birds, the campion of them all. I’d like to know that. I’m going to go up into the mountains. I will go up there. The rest of you must pack me food to take along. I’m going up there; I will try and find out who is the strongest bird, who is the king.”

Wohei then he got ready. He set off early in the morning, heading uphill. [Once he got there], he sat down right there somewhere on some rocks. Then he smoked – he had brought a pipe along with him. He filled his pipe and he smoked.

He was looking all around, and then he saw a golden eagle. It was soaring in circles. “Hey, there’s a golden eagle! Maybe he’s the strongest. I’m going to find out.”

Then suddenly a falcon came darting around and about. He flew around the eagle. They were contesting with each other. Soon they were way up there; way up there; soon he didn’t see them. He didn’t see them because they were way far away somewhere.

He was sitting there and suddenly...he turned his head, and he saw the golden eagle. It was soaring towards him in circles. “So, I guess that’s the one who is the strongest,” he said. He looked at it. “So that’s the one! I guess he’s the champion. That bird is the strongest.”

But suddenly up above the falcon came shooting into view. He hit the eagle, the golden eagle, he hit him. The eagle came tumbling down from the sky and struck the ground. The man went to check it out, and right in the middle of its head, there was a nice, clean hole, apparently where the sharp talons [of the falcon had penetrated]. Right here there was a nice, clean hole.

That’s how he killed it, how the falcon killed it. And then[the man knew who was the king of the birds. It was the falcon.]