The Dwarf

Told September 4, 2002 by Mary Kate Underwood
Recorded by Hartwell Francis

Nehe’ hinono’ei he’ih’iinoo’ei, noh he’ihneh’ei.
This Arapaho was out hunting, and he killed some things

He’ih’iinosouniini kooko’osii woowoti’enee nuh’uuno hihnho’o’on.
He was still cutting off the meat and cleaning out what he had killed

Bih’ihii he’ih’ieneenin, noh he’ihneyeibebbiien.
deer, that was what it was, and he was trying to get it all dressed out properly

Noh heetniineyehookoooot.
And he’s going to try to take it home

He’ne’- he’ihbistii hiit he’itnei’i wootii he’ihnei’oohobe’.
Then he felt like here somewhere it was as if someone was looking at him

He’ne’nei’ooku’oot, ‘oh nuhu’ cesiiteihio he’ihcihi3i’okun.
So then he looked, and a dwarf was sitting facing him

“Wohei,” nih’ii3oohok  “koohu’an... heiciibeetiten heeyouhhuuho,” hec3oohok.
“Well,” he said to the dwarf, “do you [want] this...would you like to take some pieces,” he said to him.

“Howeyote’” he’ih’ibi’ii3ei.
“That’s heavy,” was all the dwarf said to him

Nuhu’uuno kookon he’ihnoonoh’oen; nuhu’ “hiheyot,” “hiheyot’,” nihbi’ii3eihok.
He kept raising up various parts, but that guy just kept saying “it’s heavy, it’s heavy.”

“[he’ii]sii3ou’u,” he’iheee’in.
“I wonder what he means by that,” he didn’t know

He’ne’ii’tobeit.
Then the dwarf hit him

Hei’iiniini nei’ooohowoot, he’ne’tobeit.
When he wasn’t looking at the dwarf, it hit him
He’ihneneesnoxowuhu.
He pretended that he was knocked unconscious

He’ne’iinohe’oneit, he’ihce3xohoe.
The dwarf lifted him up and carried him away

He’ih’iineen hiiheyoti’.
He was the one who was heavy

Ce3xohoe he’iicxohei3i.
The dwarf carried him away some distance

‘oh he’ih’ii- he’ih’iito’obe’, co’oheeto’obe’.
But then he started hitting the dwarf, hitting him with his fist

‘oh nhu’ hiisiieii he’ih’oono’oowoook’oo hu’uuhu’, hei’to’obeit.
And it had to keep its eyes closed because the man was hitting him

‘oh ne’ciinenoot hinit, he’ihciinoohoo3ei.
And then it put him down right there, it couldn’t see anything

He’ne’iisc3xoheit nhu’uuno hiiheyotini’.
So that’s how it carried him away, this heavy one

He’ne’ee’iseet, he’ne’ookootiit hi’in hoseino’,
Then he went back, and he took the meat home with him

‘oh nehe’eeno hinen, nhu’ nih’iibeetbiineit, nehe’ hesiiteyeihio.
That man, he wanted to eat him, this dwarf.

“Nihoo3oo,” nihi’ii3oo3i’.’ oe.
“Trickster” they called him. Yep