



LIĞ^wILDAĖ^w RESEARCH CENTRE



We are continuing regular newsletter updates to share exciting Liğ^wildaĖ^w history from the Research Centre. Some of you know these stories but others do not, so it is our pleasure to introduce you to the fifth installment of: **Tales from the Vault.**

D^zunuĖ^wa and the Salmon

THIS STORY WAS TOLD BY JAMES JUMBO (J.J.) WALLAS TO THE SCHOOL DISTRICT IN 1982.

A family was camping by a river so that they could put up salmon for the winter. All of the fish they have caught and cut is hanging in the smokehouse. Before the eldest son went to bed he went into the smokehouse and saw that the fish had been disturbed because there were many missing where they had been hanging.

He told his father, "Some of our smoked salmon are not there."

"We're the only ones here," his father said.

"We're the only ones from our family..."

"Just forget about it, we'll get some more."

The next morning when the boy built the fire in the smokehouse he noticed even more missing. "When it becomes night, I will hide in here to see who is stealing our salmon. I'll take my bow and arrow, if it's a man I won't shoot him." But, there wasn't a very big fire so it burned out. The boy was hidden in a dark corner.

There was no noise, just the wind and river. It wasn't long before the boy heard a sound... Footsteps! Heavy footsteps were approaching the camp. The noise came close outside the smokehouse, the boy was frightened but he got his bow and arrow ready. The roof of the smokehouse lifted up, the boy pulled his bowstring taut.

He dimly saw an arm reach in toward the salmon so he got his bow ready. There was a real cry, it woke up the others.

"I think I got it! I think it's d^zunuĖ^wa," said the boy to his parents. "Let's go after him!"

"We'll wait till morning. We will see the trail better tomorrow, if you hit him he will probably be dead."

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8:30am - 4:30pm, Monday – Friday.

They all rose early. The father and his children headed out on the trail of the dʒunuq̣ʷa. The trail had drops of blood on it and led to a house built of branches. A pool of fresh water was nearby the house with a tree leaning over the pool.

“You wait here,” said the father. “I’ll go around to the back of the house with your younger brother.”

The eldest boy climbed up the tree, it was a good place to see below. Soon a large hairy girl, daughter of dʒunuq̣ʷa, came with a bucket in her hand and walked to the pool of water. When dʒunuq̣ʷa scooped up water with the bucket, she saw the reflection of the boy who was up in the tree in the water.

“I didn’t know how pretty I was,” she remarked. “I’m different than the rest of my family! Their eyes all sink in their head, mine don’t. They are hairy and I’m not.”

The boy moved on the branch and his foot slipped. The girl jerked her head up and saw the boy sitting up above.

“Oh, it’s you that I see in the water,” said dʒunuq̣ʷa. Then she paused and added, “My father has been terribly sick since he came home at night. Can you come and help my father?”

“I’ll get my father,” said the boy. When he reached his father and brother he said, “This must be where the person lives who is stealing from us. I think he is very sick from my arrow. His daughter wants us to help him.”

“Okay, let’s go,” his family agreed.”

They went to the cedar bark house and a big hairy man lay almost dead with an arrow in him. His wife and children were just standing around him. The boy tried to pull the arrow out. It would not come out straight, he had to twist it this way and that way. Finally, it pulled free.

“I’m getting better quickly,” said dʒunuq̣ʷa. “You have helped me so I will give my daughter to one of you to marry.”

“No, I want a pretty one for a wife. I do not wish to marry your daughter,” said the oldest brother.

“I do not wish to marry your daughter either,” said the youngest.

“Have you another offer then?” Asked the boy’s father.

“My offer is this: You may use us on your totem poles and masks. You can make the face just like our face.”

The father accepted this offer and went home, taking their arrow with them. No other had a mask like theirs. It was a frightening mask with the eyes sunk deep in its head.