

Ngoding zaag'igan gaa-gbading.

Now, by and by he came out upon a frozen lake.

Ezhi-maajiiyaadagaagwod, [wabigamaanig] beshwaabandang, awiya owaabmaan bmaadgaagpatoonid; aazha miinwaa, niw'wag.

As he started forth on the ice, as nigh to the narrows of the lake he drew, he saw some one running past over the ice; then some more, four of them.

Mii'sh miinwaa, mhiinganag!

Behold (they were) wolves!

Ezhi-biibaagmaad: "N-shiimensag kawe, ga-waabminim!"

Then he called aloud to them: "O my little brothers! Wait, I wish to see you."

Gchi-geskana gii-ningaabtoowag; mii dash gii-nmadbidwaad gii-oo-naazikawaad.

To be sure, they came to a sudden halt; then they sat down, while he went up to where they were.

Mii dash gii-gnoonaad: "Niiji-ziikzi, aapiish naa e-zhaayeg?"

Then he spoke to them, saying: "My old friend, whither are you going?"

"Kaa, oodi, giizhkaandgookaaning, mii widi e-zhaayaang.

"Oh, over here, for the place of cedar boughs, is where we are bound.

Niibnong gii-sanjigoobaniig giwi gdooshimag, gchi-ayaaben ogii-nsaawaabaniin.

Last summer did these nephews of yours make a cache there, a great bull (moose) they killed then.

Mii dash widi e-zhaayaang.

Now, that is the place (for which) we are bound."

"Endgwenh, mii genii widi e-zhaayaanh, giizhkaandgookaaning, - mii sa wi ji-ni-waawijiiwninagog.

"Why, that is the place, too, for which I am bound, - to the place of the cedar boughs, so therefore it is my wish to go along with you."

Aaniish, mii iw zhigo naagoshin'nig.

Well, it was then evening.

"Aaniish wi, Jiijiigwaanowis,(1) ni-ndaneyan waa-nji-gbeshying,

gnimaa da-ni-gsinaa ni-dbikag.

“Now, Thin-Tail, do you go find a place where to camp, for perhaps it will be cold in the night.

Taga, g-mishoomewaa nda-ndane’aan wii-gbeshying.”

I say, let your uncle find a place where to camp.”

Aaniish, mii sa geget Nenabosho gii-mkamwaad waa-nji-gbeshnowaad.

So thereupon, truly did Nenabosho go to find a place to camp.

Gaaw[ii] sa ntaa-wenaabsii wii-giiwsed, aano-wiijiwaad wi mhiingan.

Not at all was he familiar with (their way of) travelling, as he tried going along with the Wolves.

Gaa-zhi-wiindamawind maaba Nenbozhoo: “Ambe sa naa, endoodmaang go bembatooyaang, mii gegii ge-doodman.”

Then was Nenabosho told: “Come, as we do when we run along, so in like manner should you do too.”

Taayaa, gewii doodam.

Ah, and he did the same.

Aaniish mii dash iw gaawiin gegoo wi ozowaanag, mii dash wi odahiim (bjaagan) wi gaa-zowaangwod.

Naturally, there was nothing in the way of a tail, therefore his penis was what he used for a tail.

Gaawiin gnige noomag zhigo ni-mshkawaakwadin’nig.

It was but a very little while before it was frozen stiff.

“Geget mii wi ji-nbod g-mishoomenaa, mshkawaakwadin’nig iw odahiim.

“Surely now without doubt will our uncle die, for that his penis is frozen stiff.

Ndawaa giizhooshkwaadaa.”

Therefore let us warm it for him.”

Mii dash wa bezhig mhiingan biidmawaan waaboowaan wii-wiikwepjidamwaad odahiimni.

Accordingly, with the top blanket of one of the wolves was it wrapped

about the head.

Aapji go wiisgitoonaagzi aano-ni-pimbatood.

And very awkward was his aspect as he tried in vain to run along.

Zhigo sa mikaan aapji dabinwaanig.

In time he found where there was excellent shelter from the wind.

“Mii sa maa ji-nbaaying.” kido Nenboozhoo.

“Now, here is where we will sleep,” said Nenabosho.

“Ii! Gaawe sa, gdaa-giikjimi.”

“Why, impossible! We might be cold.”

“Taga, giin Jijiigwaanoowis,” gii-naan niwi kiwenziinh mhiingnan.

‘I say you, Thin-Tail, (go look for a camping place),’ thus to one said the old Wolf.

Geget mii dash wi nda-gbeshid aapji mikaan e-naasmaamgadnig.

It was so that when he looked for a place to camp, he found a place that was exceedingly windy.

“Mii sa maa ji-nbaaying.”

“Here is where we will sleep.”

Aaniish misan odoookookwebnaan.

So a great pile of fire-wood he heaped on.

“Ahaaw, Nenboozhoo, boodwen,” inaa Nenabosho.

‘All right, Nenabosho, do you kindle the fire,’ was told Nenabosho.

Aaniish mii sa Nenaboozhoo aanwii-boodwed.

So accordingly Nenabosho tried in vain to kindle the fire.

Akawe giizhkan gii-zhiigowebnaan.

He first tried twirling a piece of cedar wood.

Ezhi-gnoonind: “Nenboozhoo, aanii naa endoodaman wii-boodweyan?”

Then he was addressed: “Nenabosho, how do you go about it when you want to make a fire?”

Nashke sa, gnawaabmishin endoodaming waa-zhi-boodweng.”

Just look, observe me (and see) the way it is done when fire is made.”

Gmaapii go kiwenziinh-mhiingan gii-ni-bzigwii, oodi kosing misan ezhi-baashk’jigwaashkwanid; mii sa gii-bskane’aasing shkode.

Behold, the old Wolf then rose to his feet, (and) over where lay piled the heap of fire-wood he leaped; thereupon the fire blazed up.

Zhigo sa ni-dbikadni, gii-ni-gwiishmod Nenboozhoo.

It was getting night, when down to sleep lay Nenabosho.

Nigaazi Nenboozhoo! Aapji noondaajgaazod, e-piichi-giikjid.

Poor Nenabosho! He was heard making a very loud noise, he was so cold.

“Ndaa-kid go naa, g-mishoomenaan mii maawiin wi wii-aabdajid, ndawaa biitoo-gozhe’ig.”

“I declare, our uncle no doubt is about freezing to death, therefore put another cover over him.”

Bezhig ba-izhi-naanweninid.

One then laid his tail over him.

Wiiba go naa gii-bi-gshkose bi-gzhijiizod.

In a little while he became awake because of the warmth.

“Enwek sa go, wa nimshish, gwetaani-bweshkaagoon wi zowaanag!”

“Oh, how really much am I made to sweat by this confounded tail of a dog!”

Aaniish wiiba go miinwaa gii-ni-giikaji.

So in a little while he was again cold.

Nenboozhoo ezhi-noondaajgaazod, “Aaniinde, biitoo-gzhe’ig miinwaa g-mishoomewaa.”

When he was heard making a noise, “Why, put another cover over your uncle,” (said the old Wolf).

Bezhig dash gii-kido: “Ngoji gsha ogii-pagidoon aano-biitoo-gzhe’ind.”

One then spoke up: “Why, off he flung the cover when I tried to put it over him.”

Geget miinwaa bi-zhi-inaanwenid niwi mhiingan.

Truly again the wolf laid his tail (over him).

Mii dash naa wi gii-bi-waabninig.

And so by that time it was day.

Zhigo kizheb ezhi-gnoonind Nenbozhoo: “Naawkweg mii pii ge-oditmang wi sanjigon.”

Then in the morning was Nenabosho addressed: “By noon is when we shall arrive at the cache.”

Ezhi-maajaawaad, shkweyaang bmozewag niwi wiiji-kiwenziiyan pane niigaanaajin.

When they started, behind walked he and his old companion who always had him keep ahead.

Ngoding go gnoonigoon kiwenziih mhiingan: “Nenboozhoo, ambe sa naa, ndawaa, gegwa sa naa nakaazke gdahiim g-zowaangoom, zaam go naa nchiiwmaagwad.

And once he was told by the old Wolf: “Nenabosho, I beg of you, really, do not use your penis for a tail, for it smells too vile.

G-daahaan go ge-zhichgemba, gegii e-zhi-ngadsiiyin sa ge-zhichgen ji-bimiyaayin.”

Therefore, according to the manner you are accustomed (to), so you do when you travel.

Nenboozhoo mii sa geget ezhichiged, mii sa bijiinag mino-bimosed.

Nenabosho then truly did so, whereupon he then travelled with ease.

Aapji go gii-bi’aan wi mhiingan.

And very well he kept pace with the Wolves.

Zhigo sa dgoshinoog sanjigoning.

In time they arrived at the cache.

Zhaazhi dnakmigziwag giwi moon’anwaad wi sanjigon.

Already were the others busily at work digging up the cache.

Gnoonigoon wiiji-kiwenziiyin: “Nenboozhoo, mii sa nongo jidseg ji-wiisniying.

He was addressed by his old companion: “Nenabosho it is now time for us to eat.

Ahaaw, maajaan, bi-naadmaagen mooksanjigong.”

Come, go aid in the work of opening the cache.”

Geget Nenabosho naadmaage wi baaknigaadenig sanjigon.
Truly, Nenabosho aided them in the work of opening the cache.

Wiiba dash go Nenboozhoo waabandaanan e-tenig zhiwe.
In a while Nenabosho saw (what was there).

Aaniish, ezhiigowaamjigaadgin snii nondamsan, miinwaa aanind nagekwan, ge-daawnaanid.
Why, it was choice fire-wood and some bark that they were taking out.

“Boontaak! Boontaak! Kiibaajenyig!
“Stop, stop, you rascals!

Mii wi gaawiin wiin wiikaa miijsiim niwi mtigshan!”
Why never is this wretched wood to be eaten.”

“Nenboozhoo, gego kidken.
“Nenabosho, do not say that.

Baabiitooon baamaa kizheb mii ji-gnaajwang waa-miijyin.”
Just you wait till in the morning, you will have nice food to eat.”

Bangii gii-miinaa zhiigowaamjigni msan miinwaa nagekwan.
A little was given him of the choice wood and the bark.

“Gego gnawaabndange noondaa-dibik.
“Do not look at it during the night.

Baamaa kizheb ka-wiisnimi.”
Not till in the morning shall we eat.”

Mii sa zhigwa dbikdinig Nenaboozhoo enikweshing odatooon iw gaa-miinind.
Thereupon, when it was night, then Nenabosho placed where he lay his head that which had been given him.

Mii dash gii-ni-nbaad Nenboozhoo.
Then to sleep went Nenabosho.

Gmaapiich dash go niibaa-dbik, aaniish ge-zhichgepa oginwaabndaan’sh wi gaa-miinind.
By and by, in the night, what should he do but look at that which had been

given him.

Tahaa, mooz-nagish gaa-bi-naagdinig dbishkoo go naa zhiigowaamjigni boodwe msan, miinwaa nagekwan mii niwi oshoobiin.

Why, behold, a moose-gut was that which had appeared to him as choice fire-wood, and the bark was tenderloin.

Mii go wi ezhi-pkwendang, geget minpidaan.

Accordingly, when he bit off (a piece), he truly found it savory.

Mii sa miinawaa gii-nakaazod pakweshmod.

And then he used it again for a pillow.

Zhigo sa waabanini, pane dash go gii-mnonendmoog mhiinganag, wendago miinwaa geget aapji weweni gii-wiisniwag.

In time came the morning, and forthwith pleased were the Wolves, and very heartily indeed did they eat.

“Ahaaw, Nenboozhoo, gegii aabibidoon miijim gaa-miingoowin.”

“Now, then, Nenabosho, do you too unwrap the food that was given you.”

Nenboozhoo’sh gniwaabndaan, etawaa, mii geyaabi zhiigwaamjiani-msan miinwaa nagekwan.

When Nenabosho looked at it, why, it was yet choice fire-wood and the bark.

Ezhi-gnoonind Nenboozhoo: “Dbikong sa ggii-waabndaan maanda.”

Nenabosho was then told: “Last night you really looked at this.”

“Gaawiin ngii-waabndaziin.”

“I did not look at it.”

“Nenboozhoo, g-danmeyaabdeshin dbikong iidig gaa-bkwendman.”

“Nenabosho, you have left the mark of your teeth on what you must have taken a bite last night.”

“Maanoo, shamig g-mishoomewaa.”

“However, do you feed your uncle.”

Mii sa geget gii-shamaa, wendago geget Nenabosho de-wiisni.

Thereupon truly he was fed, and thoroughly indeed was Nenabosho satisfied with food.

Zhigo sa ezhi-gnoonind Nenboozhoo: “Gdaa-ni-giwe.

Presently was Nenabosho addressed: “Thereupon go you back home.

Ga-niindaa’goo aanind miijim g-mindimooyemish ge-miijid.”

We will send by you some food for your old woman to eat.”

“Gaawiin zaam bkade.

“No, she is too hungry.

Gesnaa ga-wiijiw’ninim.”

Please let me go along with you.”

“Aaw, Nenboozhoo sa, ga-wiijiwigoo.

“Very well, Nenabosho, you may go along with us.

Aangwaamzin, gyak wii-zhiwebzin.

Do you be careful, in the right way do you conduct yourself.

Waabang ka-aandoodegzimi.

Tomorrow we will move camp.

Wii-ndawenjgewag gonda gdoozhimag, moozoon wii-ndawaabmaawaan.”

For some game do these nephews of yours intend to hunt, for moose do they expect to hunt.”

Mii sa weyaabang gii-aandoodegziwaad.

And so on the morrow they moved camp.

Gchi-kizheb maajaawag i’iw shkiniigshag; wiikaa dash ni-maajaawag Nenboozhoo niwi wiiji-kiwenziyan gii-naagnaawaad mhiingan.

Very early in the morning started the youths; and a long while afterwards departed Nenabosho and his old companion, they followed the path of the wolves.

Nayaawakwenig mii wi gii-naaknigewaad waa-zhi-debnaawaad moozoon.

At about noon was when they laid plans how to get at the moose.

Bezbig dash go gii-maajinaazhkawaan moozoon, maamwi gii-naagnaawaan moozoon miinwaa mhiingan.

Now, one pursued after the moose, whereupon they trailed after (the

moose and wolf).

Ngoding'sh go mhiingan gii-ni-tateni shki-moo eni-zhi-zhaad.

And once some fresh dropping of the Wolf lay along the way.

Nenboozhoo ezhi-gnoonind: "Nenboozhoo, eni-piiskaayin, daapnan niwi netmigzhed wa gdoozhim."

Nenabosho was told: "Nenabosho, as you go along, pick up the top blanket of your nephew."

"Aaniinda ge-doodmaanh animo-moowich ge-ni-dkonamaan eni-piiskaayaanh?"

"What am I to do with the foul dropping of a dog, that I should pick it up as I go along?"

"Tayaa, Nenboozhoo! Gaawiin gdaa-kidsii wi!"

"O Nenabosho! You should not say that."

Mhiingan ezhi-daapinang, mkadewegin gii-daapnaan zhiwi; niwi mhiingan baapaagwebnaan.

When the Wolf picked it up, lo, a black cloth he picked up from the place; the Wolf then gave it a shaking.

"Nishiimens, niin nga-ni-bmiwdoon ndoozhim wi netmigzhed."

"My little brother, let me carry for my nephew his top blanket."

Mii sa eni-zhi-dkonmawaad.

Thereupon as he went along, he carried it for him.

Mii sa wi eni-nakwenid gii-bmi-naazhkaagewaad niwi mahiingan.

And so along the trail the Wolves made in their pursuit was the way (Nenabosho and the old Wolf) went.

Ngoding go mtigong gii-bi-zaagaaksin'ni wi wiibi wa mhiingan.

Now, once there was sticking out of a tree the tooth of a wolf.

"Nashke gsha! Gdoozhim gaa-pchi-btaakshkwaagbane iidig mtigoon.

"Oh, look! Your nephew must have struck the tree accidentally.

Taga naankibdoon, Nenboozhoo, ka-ni-bmiwdamwaa gdoozhim wi da-bkokman (mtigwanwi) ni-dkonmaw."

I say, pull it out, Nenabosho, carry along your nephew's arrow!"

“Aaniinda ge-doodmaanah nimoosh wiibdaash ge-ni-nji-bmiwdoowaanh eni-piiskaayaanh?”

“What am I to do with the miserable tooth of a dog, that I should carry it as I go along?”

“Nenbosh, gego kidke wi!”

“Nenabosho, do not say that.”

Akiwenzii-mhiingan ezhi-naankanendang.

“The old Wolf took it out with his mouth.

Shtaahaa, mtigwanwi (bkokan) gii-bmaan.

Behold, an arrow he took out.

“Taga, niin nga-ni-dkonaan.”

“I say, let me carry it along.”

“Nenboozhoo, gego ngoji ni-pagdooke.

“Nenabosho, don’t you fling it away

Ka-znag’aa gdoozhim giishpin ngoji pagdamwad.”

You will make things difficult for your nephew if you throw it away.”

Ngoding go naagnaawaad mhiinganan miinwaa moozoon waabndaanaawaa, bezhig niwi ni-zidaabaadenig zidan gooning, niibdeyaabaangoznid.

Then presently, while trailing after the Wolves (and the moose), lo, (they saw that) one of them went with dragging feet through the snow as they moved abreast in line.

Nenaboozhoo gnoonaa: “Awenen giin gezhiikaagwen gidinendam?”

Nenabosho was addressed: “Which one do you think is swifter?”

Odizhinoowaan’sh niwi eni-gdagzinjin, mii dash gaa-kidod: “Aaniish maaba bezhig gaawii go naa gegoo maaba aawsii, mdimoowen’sh go naa eta go.

He pointed to the one that trailed along in difficulty, then he said: “Why, this one here is nothing but an old hag.

Mii gondag ge-ni-niigaan’naashkigewaad.”

Now these are the ones that will lead in the run.”

“Gaawiin, mii maaba ge-ni-niigaan’naashkiged.”

“No, this is the one that will be in the lead

Ni-bimosewag dash go.

On then they went walking.

Eshkam dash go getin bmi-naashkigewag.

Now, very hard were they pressing the pursuit.

Gmaapiich dash go waabmaawaan aanind zhingishninid.

Then by and by they beheld the others lying down.

“Gegoo naadnaawaan wii-wiisniying.

“Halloo! Why, they are getting us something to eat

Ahaaw, Nenabosho, zhiitaan, ka-zhitoonaa waa-nji-bkonang mooz.”

Come on, Nenabosho, get ready! A place for us to dress the moose we will make.”

Aaniish Nenboozhoo aano-naabid, gaawiin wiya waabmaasiin ji-binid moozoon.

Naturally, Nenabosho tried looking about, but to no purpose: he saw nothing of any moose that was there.

Aaniish mii eta go wi miskwiwaagonagaanig weyaabandang.

Now, the only thing he saw was some blood on the snow.

Aapji sa dadebisiniiwag.

Thoroughly sated was each one with food.

Mii dash Nenboozhoo gii-naanaad baapaashkaandgoon, mii go oodi nikeyaa gaa-ni-zhaad mhiingan zhingishing.

Then Nenabosho went for some balsam boughs, and the way he went was directly where one of the Wolves lay.

Wenjida go gii-bzagwiinjwebshkowaan wii-naaniibwinid.

What should he do but give him a kick to make him stand up.

“Aaniish go appji! Mii na go wi mnik gaa- wiisniyin?”

For goodness sake! Have you eaten so much as that?”

Jaangaakwenowan.

Up he raised his head.

“Geget sa g-waawiisagishkaw, Nenboozhoo.

“Really, you hurt me with your kick, Nenabosho.

Gego miinwaa zhichgeke wi, Nenboozhoo.”

Don’t do that again, Nenabosho.”

Gnoonaa Nenabosho: “Bzaanyaan.

Nenabosho was told: “Be quiet.

Giishpin miinwaa gegoo wii-doodman, mii iw gaawiin ka-shamigoosii.”

If you intend doing anything (like that) again, then you will not be fed.”

Aatayaa, Nenabosho gchi-nokii.

Oh, but Nenabosho laboured hard.

Jina dash go naa gii-zhiikaanaawaa wi waa-dzhi-bkonaawaad moozoon.

In a little while they finished working on where they intended to dress the moose.

Ezhi-ganoonaawaad: “Mii sa wi gii-giizhiitaayaang.”

Then they said to him: “Therefore are we ready.”

Gii-bzigwiiwaad gii-zhaawaad gii-nji-pishmonkewaad baapaashkaandgoon.

Then up they rose to their feet (and) came over to the place where they had spread out the balsams.

Zhigo bezhig zhishigowewan, mii go wi bezhig wi ozgagiini-akaad ezhi-mziwe-pangisninig.

Presently one began to vomit, whereupon the whole of one foreleg fell.

Geget maamkaadendam Nenboozhoo, geget minwendam; wendago bekish nanagamoosiwi, epiichi-minwendang wa Nenboozhoo.

To be sure, amazed was Nenabosho, really pleased he was; and during all the while he hummed a song, so very pleased was Nenabosho.

“Ambe sa, wiiyaas onaakhigan zhitoodaa.”

“Come, let us make a meat-rack!”

Gegpii gii-zhitoonaawaa wi wiiyaas-onaakhigan.

In a little while they completed the meat rack.

Mii sa bjiinag giizhisekwewaad Nenboozhoo aapji sa weweni gii-wiisni gii-zaamshkine.

Thereupon, when they had finished cooking, Nenabosho became thoroughly sated with food.

Gmaapiich dash gaa-dbikdinig, mii dash gii-oo-nbaawaad.

When it began to grow dark, then they went to sleep.

Gii-bi-waabnini.

In time the morrow came.

Kizheb go giigdowan niwi kiwenzii-mhiingan: “Mii sa zhigo ji-ozamaa okanan, bmide nga-zhitoon.

And in the morning up spoke the old Wolf: “Therefore now will I make some grease from the bones.

Aaniish gaawiin wiikaa wiya n-gnawaabmigoosii ozamaa bmide, kaneyin.

Of course, by no one am I ever observed while boiling grease from the bones.

Ndawaa kawe bdagwiingweshinog.”

On that account you shall first cover up your faces.”

Geget bdagwiingweshinoog.

To be sure, they covered up their faces.

Aaniish Nenboozhoo gewii bdagwiingweshin.

Now, Nenabosho covered up his face too.

Wendgo mmadwenjige noondaanan go kanan debwenjgaadenig, gii-nendam Nenboozhoo.

It seemed that he heard the sound of bones being cracked with teeth, so thought Nenabosho.

Wegnesh go naa ge-zhichgepaa giimozaabmaan dash wi pii jaachiigwaapndamnid wi akan.

What would he do but take a little peep at him at the very moment when he was gnawing ravenously upon a bone.

Aaniish go naa mhiingan ge-zhichgepa, gii-bshignendang wi akan.

What should (the Wolf) do but let (the bone) slip from his teeth.

Tayaa! Aapji go myaa gii-dkamaakseni shkiizhigong.
Poor (Nenabosho)! Right square across his eyes it fell.

Nenboozhoo mii sa gii-mkaamjishkaagod.
Nenabosho was then knocked out of his senses.

Anishaa go mii go eta go wi dkaabaawanind wenji-mkawid.
It was only by having water splashed upon him that he was revived.

Gaa-mkawid, gnoonaa: “Nenbozhoo, gaa-gniwaabmiyin iidig gaa-piichi-zhitoowaanh bmide kaneyin.”
After he had revived, he was addressed: “Nenabosho, you must have watched me while I made grease from the bones.”

Mii sa wi miinwaa ezhi-dbikadnig; zhigo waabnini.
And so it was night; then came the morrow.

Gchi-kizheb gii-giigdo Nenboozhoo: “Mii sa jnongo ji-zhitoowaanh akani-bmide.
Very early in the morning up spoke Nenabosho: “And now I want to make some grease from the bones.

Gaawiin anishaa wiikaa n-ganawaabmigoosii ozhitoowaanh wi akani-bmide.
Never for mere sake of observing am I watched when making grease from bones.

Ndawaa bdagwiingwewdzog.”
Therefore cover up your faces.”

Mii’sh kina gaa-bdagwiingwewdzwaad, Nenbozhoo mdwewe’ige biigwa’ang niwi okanan.
Now, when all covered their faces, Nenabosho could be heard breaking up the bones.

Aaniish, aapji bmidikweshinon niwi kiwenziinh-mhiingan.
Now, in plain view, with his head resting on his side (facing Nenabosho), lay the old Wolf.

Odani-naazkawaan dash go mhiingan yaanid.
What should he do but go over to where (the Wolf was).

Gaa-mmood odookanim, gchi-engok okweganaaning ezhi-bkite'waad.

When he had picked up his bone, then with all his might upon the back of his neck he struck him.

Wendago geget mii wi ezhi-deyaabidaganaamaad.

To be sure, he then laid him out completely with the blow.

Geget sa zegziwag giwi weyooswaad.

Really scared were they who were his children.

Mii dash gii-dkaabaawnaawaad.

Poor fellow! They then dashed cool water on him.

Geget bangii gegoo naa mekawinid: "Nenboozhoo, ndawaa mii iw izhi-shkwaataan, zaam wijiigooyin, nooj go gdizhiwebis."

Indeed, a little something was said (to Nenabosho) after (the Wolf) had revived: "Nenabosho, therefore now you had better cease, too much have you been in our company, and you do things you should not."

"Gaawiin maanoo go gii-wijiwininim!"

"Nay, please let me go with you!"

"Aaw, Nenboozhoo, bzaanyaan ka-wijiigoo."

"Very well, Nenabosho; if you behave, you may go along."

Eni-waabninig miinwaa go gbe-giizhig gii-wiisniwag.

On the morrow throughout the whole day were they eating.

Zhigwa e-naagshinig giigidowan niwi akiwenzii-mhiinganen: "Ndawaa sa waabang ka-maajaami ji-ndowaabndamang waa-nji-gbeshying."

When evening came on, then up spoke the old Wolf: "Therefore tomorrow will we depart to find another place to camp."

Aaniish Nenboozhoo nawaj go zhiingenimaa.

Now, Nenabosho was somewhat disliked.

"Nenboozhoo, ambe sa, waabang kwii-bkewdimi."

"Nenabosho, come! Tomorrow we will part company with you."

"Gaawiin. Ambe sa naa wa bezhig ndoozhim nga-wijiwaa giishpin nendaman.

"Nay. Please let me remain with one of my nephews if it will be your will."

Gaawiin wiikaa gegoo de-zhiwebzisii.”

Never will anything (harmful) happen to him.”

“Aabdeg sa go, Nenboozhoo, ka-miinin bezhig n-niijaanis.

“Of course, Nenabosho, I will give you one of my children.

Giikenmin mnidoowiyin, mii wi waa-nji-miininaa.”

I know that you are a manitou, for such is the reason why I give him to you.”