

## Another Time When Wee-sa-ka-chak Was Walking



told by Georgina Fox  
transcribed and translated by Evelyn Baxter  
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These legends were collected from northwestern Ontario. They were transcribed from the original Oji-Cree and later translated into English. Attempts have been made to retain the authenticity of both versions while ensuring their readability.

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# Another Time When Wee-sa-ka-chak Was Walking

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*I will tell you about Wee-sa-ka-chak. [When] he was walking around.*

It was spring time when Wee-sa-ka-chak was walking around. Unexpectedly he saw shit on the ground. He started talking out loud near the foot of a hill where there were many tall trees. "Whose shit is this here? I am here if he wants to eat me," said Wee-sa-ka-chak. Someone answered, "Come here then." Wee-sa-ka-chak went to where he heard the voice scaring himself. There sat a bear, a grizzly bear, not a black bear. It was a big bear. "My friend," said the bear, "go look for a stick. I want to roast you." Wee-sa-ka-chak went looking for a good stick. "I want a stick that is nice and smooth," continued the bear. Wee-sa-ka-chak cut down a stick and dragged it over to the bear. "Not this one. It looks too ugly. It is too small," said the bear. Wee-sa-ka-chak went looking again, crying as he went along, because he was afraid that he was going to be roasted over a fire.



Wee-sa-ka-chak saw a weasel running by. He called out to him. Wee-sa-ka-chak said, "My brother, come over here." The weasel went towards Wee-sa-ka-chak. "My bother," he continued, "go and crawl into the bear's behind, because he wants to kill and roast me." The weasel went over to the bear.

*Wee-sa-ka-chak was a relative of everyone he saw. He called everyone my brother or my grandfather. That is what he called them.*

Wee-sa-ka-chak pretended to look for a roasting stick, scared that he was going to be roasted. He would sneak a peek at the weasel to see if he had killed the bear yet. Wee-sa-ka-chak started to wonder if the bear was killed, but the bear still called out to him, "Hurry and bring a stick. I want to eat." The weasel was busy eating the bear. The weasel thought he was having a good feast. Suddenly the bear fell over. Wee-sa-ka-chak was very happy to see this happen and he ran over to the bear. The weasel crawled out from under the bear.

*That is why the weasel is half brown in the spring and summer today. He had crawled into the bear's behind.*



Wee-sa-ka-chak started to cut up the bear. He cut up the bear and smoked some meat. Later, Wee-sa-ka-chak began cooking some meat in his pot. He started to take some meat out of his pot to eat.

*Wee-sa-ka-chak was really going to have a good meal.*

Some trees nearby were knocking against each other, particularly those that were leaning over. "You stop making that noise," said Wee-sa-ka-chak to the trees.

*When the wind blows, trees usually make that noise.*

Wee-sa-ka-chak climbed up a tree to break off its branches. Suddenly he fell getting his leg caught between a branch and a tree. There Wee-sa-ka-chak hung upside down. He did not eat. One tree rubbing against another tree yelled out, "Come and eat Wee-sa-ka-chak's bear." All sorts of animal people came to eat.

*All of the animals came to eat.*

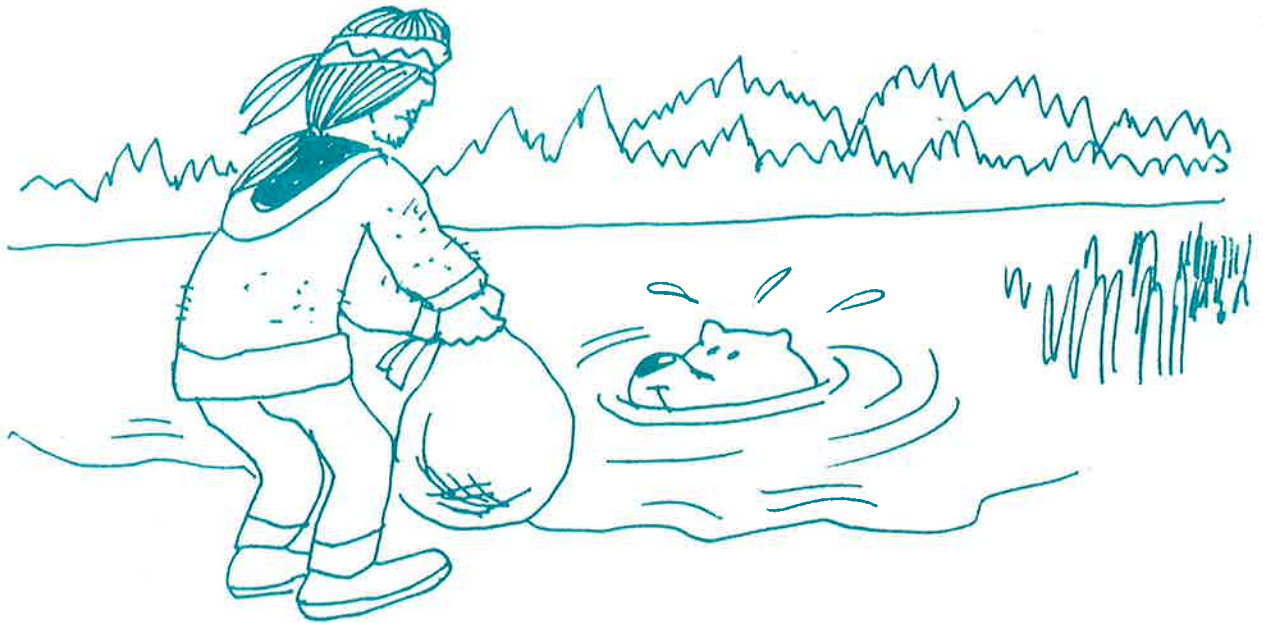
They ate the bear in no time. After everything was eaten, the tree let Wee-sa-ka-chak go.



Wee-sa-ka-chak stood where his smoking rack was. All of his meat was gone. He gathered all the bones and ground them up. Then he boiled the bones and made fat from them.

Wee-sa-ka-chak blew up the bear's bladder to store fat in it. He wanted to harden the lard, so he took the bag of fat and placed it in water [nearby].

Unexpectedly a muskrat came swimming by. Wee-sa-ka-chak spoke to the muskrat, "My brother, would you tow this bag of fat for me so that it will get hard." The muskrat did just that. Wee-sa-ka-chak tied the bag to his tail. As the muskrat towed the bag around in the water, Wee-sa-ka-chak said, "Do not go where there are lots of sticks. Do not go where it is thick with weeds." The muskrat swam all around in the water. Suddenly there was grease all over the water because the muskrat had broken the bag of fat. Wee-sa-ka-chak called out to him, "Come here my brother." The muskrat went to the shore to see him.



*The muskrat used to have a flat tail like the beaver.*

Wee-sa-ka-chak grabbed the muskrat out of the water and pulled hard on his tail.

*That is why the muskrat does not have a flat tail because Wee-sa-ka-chak got really angry with him.*

All of the animals ran down to the water's edge to drink the grease on the surface. The otter, the beaver, and all the animals who liked fat ran down, even the rabbit. Wee-sa-ka-chak grabbed the rabbit because he was angry with him too. He grabbed the rabbit and threw him towards the shore. The rabbit started laughing. He rubbed the fat on his shoulders and on other parts on his body. The rabbit used the fat from Wee-sa-ka-chak's bladder bag.

*That is how this legend goes. Wee-sa-ka-chak lost all his grease on that lake.*

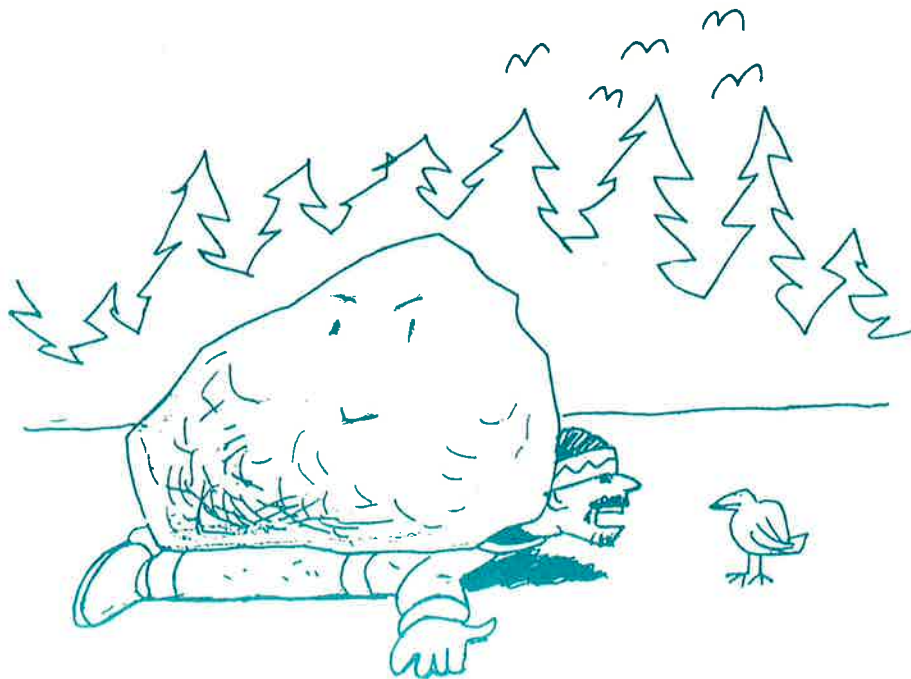
Wee-sa-ka-chak was walking around [another time].

*He spoke to everything and he tried to know everything. Wee-sa-ka-chak tried to do things, whenever he saw someone or something.*

Wee-sa-ka-chak saw a rock sitting there, the kind of rock that sits along the side of a hill. He said to the rock, "My brother, let me go around with you." The rock replied, "I never move. I have been sitting here since the beginning of the world. As long as there is a world, I will sit here." Later, the rock changed its mind and said, "I will go with you." Wee-sa-ka-chak started rolling the rock. "This is what you do," said the rock. "Go ahead of me." Wee-sa-ka-chak could hear the rock close behind him. The rock almost hit him even though he was running. "My brother, go slow," Wee-sa-ka-chak said. Suddenly he fell flat on his face. The rock rolled on top of his back. Wee-sa-ka-chak was pinned under the rock. He screamed at the rock. He started yelling around, "My brothers, come and help me. My grandfather will not get off me."

*Those that told this legend said Wee-sa-ka-chak was becoming mossy.*

Wee-sa-ka-chak could hear birds coming closer. They pecked on the rock. The birds pecked the rock to little pieces. Finally, Wee-sa-ka-chak got up and shook his jacket. His caribou hide jacket was just like ribbons. It was cut when they pecked at the rock. Wee-sa-ka-chak held his coat as he walked along.





Wee-sa-ka-chak saw a tent set up over there. He looked inside the tent and saw a bull frog. The bull frog was sitting inside. "Hi, my brother. Would you sew up my caribou hide jacket?" asked Wee-sa-ka-chak. "The birds tore-up it up," he continued. The frog sat there and sewed up Wee-sa-ka-chak's jacket. He was done in a hurry and gave it back to him. "Here is your caribou jacket," croaked the frog. Wee-sa-ka-chak went outside and spread out his jacket to put it on. His jacket was sewn up any old way—a very poor job of sewing. Wee-sa-ka-chak ripped up where the sewing was done. He went back inside the frog's tent. He squeezed the frog. "You are going to look very ugly," he told the frog. "All the people that live in the future will not like you," said Wee-sa-ka-chak. The frog bulged in all directions as Wee-sa-ka-chak kept on squeezing him. "Look how ugly and poor your sewing of my caribou jacket is!" exclaimed Wee-sa-ka-chak.

*That is why the bull frog looks bulgy today. That is what they say.*



Wee-sa-ka-chak started walking away. As he was walking, he saw another tent set up in the bush. He went inside that tent. There he saw a mouse. He started talking to him. "My brother, would you sew up my caribou hide jacket?" he asked. Wee-sa-ka-chak told him the same story. "The birds tore up my jacket," he said. The mouse started to sew up Wee-sa-ka-chak's jacket. He sat there sewing for long time. After a while, he finished sewing the jacket.

*The mouse did a good job of sewing.*

The mouse did a very good job of sewing the caribou hide jacket. As Wee-sa-ka-chak held him, he made the mouse's nose pointed. He also rubbed the mouse's fur so that it began to shine. "The people of this world will think of you as cute-looking as long as the world goes on," Wee-sa-ka-chak told the mouse.

*That is why the small mouse looks the way he does with his pointed nose and shiny fur. Wee-sa-ka-chak was very pleased with the mouse for doing such a good job of sewing up his caribou hide jacket.*

