

ANCIENT TALES OF CHUKOTKA



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PREFACE

This volume is a translation from Russian into English of 126 Siberian Yupik and Chukchi tales, legends, and myths. Fifty-five Siberian Yupik stories (1–55) are translated from *Fairy Tales and Myths of the People of Chukotka and Kamchatka* (*Skazki i Mify Narodov Chukotki i Kamchatki*) compiled by Georgiy Menovshchikov and edited by Evgeniy Meletinsky (1974), and four stories (56–59) are translated from the *New Life of Ancient Legends of Chukotka* (*Novaya Zhizn Drevnikh Legend Chukotki*) compiled and written by Tatyana Mitlyanskaya and Irina Karakhan and edited by Lyudmila Savelyeva (1987). Fifty-six Chukchi stories (60–115) are translated from *Fairy Tales and Myths of the People of Chukotka and Kamchatka* (*Skazki i Mify Narodov Chukotki i Kamchatki*) compiled by G. Menovschikov and edited by E. Meletinsky (1974), and 11 stories (116–126) are translated from *New Life of Ancient Legends of Chukotka* (*Novaya Zhizn Drevnikh Legend Chukotki*) compiled and written by T. Mitlyanskaya and I. Karakhan and edited by L. Savelyeva (1987).

Altogether, Menovschikov's and Meletinsky's Russian edition consists of 206 Siberian Yupik, Chukchi, Kerek, Koryak, and Itelmen stories. Dolitsky's English edition begins with the Chukchi stories that was published by the Alaska-Siberia Research Center entitled *Fairy Tales and Myths of the Bering Strait Chukchi* (Dolitsky 1997). The other stories of Menovschikov's and Meletinsky's edition had been also translated and published by the Alaska-Siberia Research Center as *Tales and Legends of the Yupik Eskimos of Siberia* (Dolitsky 2000) and *Ancient Tales of Kamchatka* (Dolitsky 2002).

This revised and updated volume combines the English editions of *Fairy Tales and Myths of the Bering Strait Chukchi* (Dolitsky 1997) and *Tales and Legends of the Yupik Eskimos of Siberia* (Dolitsky 2000). Dolitsky's editions, published in 1997 and 2000, are out of print. This new edition is a pioneering translation of the *Paleoasiatic* narratives from Russian into English.¹ It consists of the transliteration table, preface, foreword, introduction, ethnographic information, 126 indigenous stories, glossary, bibliography, and index.

For their useful comments and constructive suggestions, I would like to express my thanks to Dr. Linda E. Kruger, a former research social scientist with the U.S. Forest Service, Pacific Northwest Research Station and a copy editor of this edition; Dr. Oksana Danchevskaya, associate professor in cultural studies, Moscow State Pedagogical University, Moscow, Russia; Peter Metcalfe, Metcalfe Communications Inc., Juneau, Alaska; board members of the Alaska-Siberia Research Center — Linda Kruger, Peter Metcalfe, Mark Kissel, Charles Holmes, David McMahan, and Maria Skuratovskaya; and, especially, Dr. Henry N. Michael (1913–2006), former visiting scholar at the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania and the translator of this volume.

Alexander B. Dolitsky

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¹ Editor's note: *Paleoasiatic* is the term coined by S. Schrenck (Shrenk), a Russian ethnographer of the middle 19th century, under which he grouped, on the basis of languages, several Siberian peoples, among whom were the Yukagir, Koryak, Chukchi, Siberian Yupik, Kerek, Itelmen, Ket, Nivkh and Ainu.

FOREWORD

As a gift from distant ancestors, humanity received the greatest and invaluable cultural heritage — ancient tales and stories mirroring essential aspects of life on our planet — created from men’s cognition of the universe and experiences of the world around them.

Ancient societies were characterized by a desire to realize, understand, and explain how the world came into being, what the *beginning* was and the *end* might be, where the sun disappears and why night replaces day, who the first person on the earth was, what birth and death are, and why invisible natural forces bring down their “anger” on people or “pleasure” them.

Our distant ancestors contemplated countless questions and, according to their logic and rational thinking, they interpreted surrounding phenomena in order to explain the world they lived in. The fantastic stories created by these early hunters and gatherers made the inexplicable clear. Embracing spiritual, social, and economic needs, this collective understanding of the world was shared by word of mouth, oral narratives that passed from one generation to the next.

In the minds of early hunters and gatherers, reality and fiction merged into one and did not contradict one another. For them, the tales and stories were true and were carefully preserved by many generations to reflect historical past and present of their people — from origins and living conditions to their social organization, surrounding physical environment, core cultural values, spiritual beliefs, norms of behavior, customs and traditions, and elders’ wisdom and experience.

Ancient tales accompanied people through their entire life, leaving an imprint on their core beliefs. Because these oral traditions seamlessly merged the real with the spiritual, the veracity of the stories was never in doubt. Subsequently, the roots of spiritual beliefs nourished the religious and moral system of the traditional societies.

Long before the emergence of writing, it was by word of mouth and memory that kept the stories alive by which relationships were established and strong ties created both among their members and between their past and future. The art of the storyteller required the ability to make an indelible impression on fellow tribesmen, using vocal intonations, metaphors, facial expressions and body language to stir the imagination of listeners. Such a narrator conveyed the spirit of ancient stories by simultaneously acting several roles: the co-author of the tale, the director lining up each scene, and the performing actor.

The exceptional storytellers enjoyed special respect by their tribesmen. Today, oral narratives that trace back to deep antiquity are in decline. In the modern world traditional narratives have been replaced with modern theatre, cinematography, radio, television, internet, and social media. Most traditional narratives are nearing extinction.

Some ancient stories that have fascinated people for centuries persist beyond oral folk art, having provided source material for literature, theatre, fine arts, philosophy, history, archaeology, and many other natural and social sciences. While conducting research in various scientific fields (e.g. archaeology, anthropology, history, medicine), scientists have focused on these stories as primary sources for information and knowledge accumulated by mankind over thousands of years.

Much information found in the legends and ancient tales that scholars had previously considered of dubious value turned out to be real. For example, recall the amazing discoveries during the excavations of Troy and Mycenae, when evidence of the existence of these ancient Greek “mythic” cities appeared before the world. Such examples

explain the unending searches for Atlantis and other civilizations of legend.

The present book *Ancient Tales of Chukotka* is a reader's guide to the vast expanses of storytelling of two indigenous peoples of the Russian Far North — the Siberian Yupik and Chukchi. It is a collection of original tales and stories of these two ethnic groups that were told to and recorded by various prominent Soviet researchers in the second half of the 20th century. The stories were carefully translated from Native languages into Russian to preserve essential features of the Native languages, core cultural values, and spiritual beliefs.

By the end of the 20th century, few traditional storytellers could be found in region of the Chukchi Peninsula. Today, there are even fewer, giving publications such as *Ancient Tales of Chukotka* enduring value.

Each recorded story is preceded by a commentary about where, when, and by whom it was told, and accompanied with the relevant editorial notes and interpretations. It is our hope that this collection of stories will serve as a serious ethnographic and anthropological source.

I would like to express my gratitude to the scholars who gathered the traditional stories published in this book, to its compiler and editor Alexander B. Dolitsky, with editorial assistance by Linda E. Kruger and Peter Metcalfe; the translator from Russian into English Henry N. Michael; and to the entire creative team that was engaged in the production of this edition. Through this work they have made *Ancient Tales of Chukotka* available to present and future researchers, students of ethnohistory and anthropology, and general audiences.

And now take a look at the map of the Russian Federation, find Chukotka in the north-eastern tip of Asia, washed by the seas of the great Arctic and Pacific Oceans, and mentally travel to the severe Russian Far North and St. Lawrence Island, Alaska. Use your imagination to picture this harsh, but beautiful region where many visitors come to experience untouched landscapes, wildlife, and ethereal northern lights of the remote north. It was here, where the Siberian Yupik and Chukchi tales and stories originated and developed into a precious fruit on the tree of human culture. Read and enjoy the stories for an enhancement of your understanding of these peoples' remote past and present.

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INTRODUCTION

The oral narratives of the aboriginal peoples of the Chukchi and Kamchatka Peninsulas preserve much valuable information for the study of the remote past of the Siberian Yupik, Chukchi, Kerek, Koryak, and Itelmen indigenous population (see Figure 1). Indeed, these peoples' oral narrative creations are both a literary and an ethnohistoric source. The oral narrative creations of peoples with no written language don't yield precise data on historical events during various epochs and periods; these oral traditions reflect ancient notions, customs, beliefs, and the particulars of their economy that are directly tied to the productive and spiritual life of the people during various stages of their history.



Figure 1. *Populations and Speakers of the Asian North Pacific Region Languages.*

A number of legends and tales were derived from the ancient myths of a hunter-gatherer, egalitarian society. Many of these legends and tales evolved during the break-up of the egalitarian society and later were continued in other social organizations such as reindeer herding and sea-mammal hunting (Vdovin 1948). Under these conditions, many elements of spiritual culture, Siberian Yupik-Chukchi bilingualism, and ethnic assimilation between the Coastal Chukchi and Siberian Yupik were inevitable (Vdovin

1961, Menovshchikov 1970). There formed a distinctive chain of major tale cycles such as the legends about the raven, the orphan, the woman (creator of people and animals), conjugal unions of people and animals, and myths about other worlds. This chain of relationship of oral narrative creations among natives of Chukotka and Kamchatka may be expressed as follows:

Siberian Yupiks ↔ Chukchi ↔ Kereks ↔ Koryaks ↔ Itelmen

This outline does not indicate that the chain is restrictive. The oral narratives of each people in contact with one another at various times interacted with the oral narratives of other neighboring peoples of related or unrelated languages. Up to the 1930s, the Siberian Yupiks, aside from the Chukchi, had regular contacts with the Alaskan Yupik and Inupiat, and the latter with the Canadian Inuits and northern Indians. The Chukchi, aside from the Siberian Yupiks and Koryaks, mingled with the Kereks, Yukagirs, Yakuts, and Evens. The Koryaks, aside from the Chukchi and Itelmen, were in contact with the Kereks and Evens.

In translating the texts from the Siberian Yupik and Chukchi languages into Russian, the translators sought to preserve the specific traits of the language without violating its grammatical and stylistic norms. Such factors as the time of the recording, the skill, age, and literacy of the narrator, and the genre of the work strongly influenced the formal expression and content of the text. Examples of the oral creations of the *Paleoasiatics* recorded from illiterate narrators at the beginning of the 20th century are told among these peoples in a different style today. When, in a Chukchi tale with the mythological content of a conjugal union of a she-polar bear and man (no. 68, page 181 herein), the contemporary narrator says, "They were to compete in a fifty-kilometers race," that detail cannot be left out of the translation since it refers to a qualitatively new conception of the *Paleoasiatics* about the notions of space, distance and time.

The classification of the genres of the oral narrative traditions of Siberian Yupik was first done in connection with the publication of the translations of the tales of Siberian Yupik (Menovshchikov 1958, 1969). That classification had more of a methodological [systematic] character with the goal of consistency in the presentation of the material in genres and subject matter, but did not pretend in any way to be complete.

The following genres were assigned to the oral narratives of the Siberian Yupik: (1) magical tales and myths, (2) heroic legends, (3) economic tales and stories, and (4) tales about animals (Menovshchikov 1969: 10–19).

1. Three genres of tales represent magical tales and myths: (a) cosmogonic tales about the creation of the universe; (b) magical tales about the struggles of man with evil beings; (c) tales about the adventures of shamans. The term "magical tales" is taken literally and does not stand for the traditional interpretation of it in the spirit of the Russian magical tales.

2. The heroic tales are dedicated to the struggles of strong and brave people with the *tannity* (strangers from another tribe), usurpers, and offenders.

3. Economic tales and stories describe ordinary, everyday situations and realistic events. These have their mark in the memory of the people and have been preserved in their oral traditions. In these stories, fantasy yields to a realistic description of living conditions. In a fight with tricksters and oppressors the hero is not helped by mythical forces or mythical transformations but by being clever, resourceful, and by being physically superior and courageous.

4. Many tales about animals go back to ancient totemic myths and myths about cultural heroes. The heroes of the tale are animals, birds, and insects always occupied with the search for

food. Similar to people, they conduct their housekeeping, and have hunting gear, reindeer, boats, human-like dwellings, and clothing.

Aside from the four mentioned genres of the oral traditions, the Siberian Yupiks also have amorous tales to dance to, improvised songs, and exorcisms. Siberian Yupiks call tales of the amorous genre and narratives, *unipagan* (the story of true happenings), *unipamsyuk* (news), and *unipak* (new things). All three terms are derived from the basic verb *unipa* (to tell, to narrate). Songs to dance are called *tukagan*, and improvised songs with words are called *ilagan*. The principal genres of the narrative of the Siberian Yupiks are in close interaction with the narrative of the Chukchi and other *Paleoasiatics* with whom the former had long-lasting cultural ties.

Close and long-lasting cultural and economic contacts of the Siberian Yupik with the settled coastal and the nomadic Chukchi created the necessary conditions for a mutual diffusion of cultural elements. Interaction of cultures is directly reflected in the development and existence of the oral traditions of the Chukotka aborigines. At the same time the original elements of their mythological stories were preserved in Siberian Yupik narrative. These elements date back to remote antiquity, to an epoch when the Siberian Yupiks formed an integral part of the all-Yupik community, that is, before groups of Siberian Yupiks were territorially isolated from each other. These elements of Siberian Yupik mythology come to life, for instance, when we compare some of the contents of the narrative of Siberian Yupik with that of the remote in time and distance Greenlandic Inuits.

In the collection of Greenlandic Inuit tales of Holtved (1951), the subject matters are similar to that of the Siberian Yupik. These tales refer to the young girl who refuses to marry (no. 15 herein), the mythological subject matter of the transformation [reincarnation] of a person or a person's soul into animals (Menovshchikov 1974, no. 131), the magical assistance to an orphan given by his dead ancestors (no. 18 herein), myths about giants and dwarfs (no. 27 herein), about orphans who are helped by their grandmothers and magical amulets (nos. 33 and 34 herein), of conjugal ties of people with animals (nos. 36 and 39 herein), about the dwellings of the moon and sun in the skies and apertures through which the green world can be seen, about the origin of thunder, and so on. These cosmogonic stories which originated at the dawn of the formation of the Eskimo ethnic community were preserved to various degrees and forms among the Siberian Yupik. From the Siberian Yupik they passed on in part into Chukchi narrative and into the narrative of the Koryaks and Itelmen. The genres of heroic legends and economic narratives among *Paleoasiatics* originated and developed primarily in the conditions of contacts of the Chukchi, Siberian Yupik, Koryaks, Kereks, and Itelmen, and also within each of these peoples separately.

The classification of oral national creations of the Chukchi was first undertaken by Bogoras (1900, 1901, 1902, 1909, 1910, 1931). Bogoras distinguishes the following basic genres of Chukchi oral creations: (1) legends of cosmogonic and mythological content; (2) tales of the monstrous *kele*; (3) shamanistic legends; (4) domestic tales; (5) traditions related to the Chukchi wars with neighboring tribes and the Russian newcomers; (6) tales about animals; (7) exorcisms; and (8) songs.

To the legends with cosmogonic and mythological content, Bogoras assigned tales about the creation of the earth, sun, moon, stars, various animals and mankind, the organization of the universe, various divine beings, and constellations. To the second group he related tales about monster *kele*, shamanistic legends, and some domestic legends in which the fantastic element plays a secondary role. Assigned to the third group were legends about the wars of the Chukchi with neighboring tribes, principally the Tanga and Ayvan. Under the Tanga were implied the Koryaks, Yukagirs, and Russians; the Ayvan were the Eskimos. Bogoras particularly distinguishes tales about animals. To exorcisms and songs, he assigns appropriate philological and ethnographic characteristics (Bogoras 1900: IV-XXXIV).

In classifying the Chukchi oral creations, Belikov (1956, 1960, 1961, 1965, 1967) considered their centuries-old practice of socio-economic development from the Neolithic economy and simple communal system to the division of labor and societal differentiations. Belikov provided the following basic categories (genres): "(1) cosmogonic legends, that is, tales of mythological content dealing with the origin of the earth, stars, and people; (2) an extensive cycle of tales about animals, and (3) heroic tales about *bogatyr*s [powerful fighters]." He also distinguished the genre of archaic tales filled with fantasies of mythological content; these are tales about bad monster *kele* and those of the adventures of the hero in the country of the polar bears. To a much later genre, Belikov assigns the tales about the orphan. He also notes exorcisms, songs, and, in their initial forms, proverbs and sayings. Belikov believes that the basic and most widespread genres of Chukchi narratives are cosmogonic legends, tales about animals, and heroic stories (Belikov 1960: 282).

Meletinsky (1958, 1963) assigns to Belikov's first category of legends the events of the mythical epoch foretelling the contemporary state of the world. The principal actors in these legends are cultural heroes — the creators of the world: light, fire, man, animals, and local landscape. The role of the cultural hero in the legends about the events of the mythical epoch in the narratives of the *Paleoasiatics* was also enacted by such beings as the raven, the creator of the inhabited and uninhabited worlds; a brother and sister who enter into the skies to create rain and thunder; and a human-like creator living in the skies and regulating the lives of earthly creatures. To his second category of genres, Meletinsky (1958: 8–9) assigns stories in which the action takes place at a time when world order was firmly established. In this genre, the hero is most often nameless — "a man." He leads the life of an ordinary hunter, or, if a woman, one who is in a complex life situation. In tales of this kind, the nameless hero (or heroine) has not become detached from the community and represents a generalized member of it. The fate of the hero depends on various harmful beings — the *kele*, *tungaki* (werewolves), giants, "masters" of various objects, and manifestations of nature — with whom the hero fights with the help of magical helpers who grant him in miraculous ways magical powers, proper keenness of wit, and dexterity. The other hero-creators in the Chukchi mythical legends were a "creating" woman, usually a young girl, and various rulers of the sea and "upper world." The basic beliefs of the Chukchi mythical ancestors could be quite different — heroes, creators, animals, birds, and human-like rulers of the sea and "upper world." The raven is not the only creator of the universe of the Chukchi; parallel with him there existed other "creators," among whom the most widespread is the "creating" woman.

Among the Siberian Yupik and the Chukchi, a woman-creator comes from the village of Mamrokhpak. She refuses to marry at the command of her father. She goes away into the tundra, acquires miraculous powers, and creates shore-dwelling and nomadic people as well as reindeer and sea mammals. Myths about a strong woman who refuses to marry at the command of her father are widespread over the northern regions of Asia and America. Such, for instance, are the Chukchi legends of the "creating" woman Kytgy [no. 93 herein], the Siberian Yupik and Chukchi-Koryak legends about a woman organizing her life at her own discretion, about orphans fighting cruel village-dwellers or uncles, and women-warriors. These legends reflect familial and marital relations, the decay of the traditions of the division of communal labor, the appearance of property differentiation, and the isolation of families.

The plots of the Siberian Yupik tales are repeated in Chukchi tales about the master of the heavens. However, in the Chukchi tales the ruler of the "upper world" is called

Tynagyrgyn ("Dawn"), or Tenantomnyn ("Creating"). In turn, the mythical legends about Tynagyrgyn were adopted by the Siberian Yupiks.

The mythical elements in the magical tales of the *Paleoasiatics* find their expression in the steadfastly preserved motifs about the dependence of humans on the manifestations and objects of nature that surround and spiritualize human life with its traits. Animals, birds, insects, and fish are endowed with anthropomorphic traits. The wind, sun, moon, northern lights, and thunder are also endowed. The cosmogonic, animistic, and totemic images are particularly clearly expressed; they are the constituent elements of the world view of a people in an egalitarian society. The artistic and worldly view of the tale had an enormous influence on the upbringing of members of each society. On the whole, it gave useful and stable moral and ethical norms of behavior to a people; these people believed in the tale, and thus it was a school of life, not merely an artistic reflection.

There are mythical Chukchi legends about giant eagles who could carry two whales at the same time and could swallow them as if they were small fish. In the peoples' fantasies these great birds were personified in the legends and tales and served as prototypes of the mythical giant eagles appearing in the narratives as hunters of wild deer or sea mammals. A characteristic content of the stories about eagles is the invariable search for food. The realistic life of the aboriginal population along the Bering seacoast is directly reflected in the legends and tales about giant eagles. Their large catches reflect the importance of securing raw food in the harsh and vast expanse of the Arctic.

The zooanthropomorphic rendering of animals is not only distinctive for the animal tale, but in equal measure for the magical-mythical tale. This distinctiveness relates particularly to the Siberian Yupik-Chukchi tales where the characters, aside from man, are polar bears and giant eagles, sea swallows, wolves, spiders and beetles, foxes and ravens; they often change into human beings, speak a human language, and lead a human existence.

The principal heroes of the magical-mythical tales are people who have gotten into a complicated life situation. The helpers and advisors to the human heroes appear as wise men endowed with the gift of foresight. Animals and miraculous objects also relate in this way. Such shamanistic helpers of man could be the fox, swallow, mouse, wolf, ermine, loon, brown bear, red phalarope, spider, whale, wild deer (caribou), raven, sea mammals such as the walrus, *lakhtak* (bearded seal) and *nerpa* (ringed seal). A special role in the magical-mythical tales is held by the giant eagle and the polar bear. They could take the role of either a totemic protector of man or his direct enemy. The swallow, loon, spider, fox, and wild deer most often play the role of a totemic protector.

The invariable antagonists of man in the animal world are crabs, worms, and beetles. The beetle in the form of a small, black-clothed old woman becomes a harmful being and brings bad luck to people. In that sense the beetle is the opposite of the spider, which brings miraculous help to the human hero who has gotten into trouble. As a rule, the fox and the spider appear as a small woman to help the people.

In the Chukchi narratives, the sword, charcoal, stone, flint, carpet-beater, flying boat [skin boat], arrow, grass blade, knife, skis, staff, oar, box, sack, torch, candle, drum, gloves, hat, deerskin garment, entryway to a semi-subterranean hut, fly agaric, berries, and dead head [skull] appear as miraculous objects. Spiritualized objects and natural phenomena in the tales are represented by the sun, moon, northern lights, or splashes of summer lightning and thunder. The rulers of the "upper world" — the sea, the universe, fire, and light — appear as human-like creatures. These "rulers," particularly heaven-dwellers [sky dwellers], appear as protectors of the hero, but also as his antagonists. In

the genre of magical-mythical tales a specific place is held by the harmful “spirits,” which are called by the Chukchi and Koryaks *kele* or *nynvit*, by the Kereks *kala*, and by the Siberian Yupiks *tungak* or *tugnygak*.

Elements of family life, traditional ways of hunting and gathering, and other subsistence activities are well-preserved in the magical-mythical tales. The fantasies of the magical-mythical tale are different from the mythical [cosmogonic] legends. The belief in the tale is directly tied to the world outlook about cosmogony, animism, and magic. The magical-mythical tales about the struggle of man with malevolent “spirits” were particularly widespread among the Siberian Yupiks and Chukchi. A characteristic peculiarity of the tales in which *kele*, *nynvit*, and *tungak* are present is that the name of the human hero is rarely mentioned. Usually it is “reindeer herder,” “person,” “man,” “little old man,” “young girl,” “orphan,” “younger son,” “shaman,” and various other names. Only in separate tales in which these spirits appear does the principal hero have a proper name – for example, Yynuue in the tale “The Herder Yynuue” (no. 72 herein) and Kykvat in “The Shaman Kykvat” (no. 81 herein).

Despite the resourcefulness of the *kele* and *tungak*, including their ability to transform into people, they cannot escape human punishment. The hero catches up with the *kele* and thrusts a harpoon into him, as into a walrus. The wounded *kele* disappears into the earth; but with a float tied to the harpoon with a long thong, the hero finds the enemy and finishes him. In one of the Chukchi tales (no. 81 herein), the shaman Kykvat cunningly vanquishes a man-eating *kele*. Kykvat’s fellow-villagers firmly tie up the *kele* and hold his jaws open with a stick. Throughout the summer the people of the Neten village pour slop into the *kele*’s mouth. Afterwards, Kykvat demands a promise from the defeated and humbled monster. The latter gives his word not to bother people and to go away forever. The plot of this archaic tale has an obvious satirical trend. The struggle of man with the *kele* and other monsters takes place against an ironic background, and also with a mocking attitude of the hero toward his ancient enemies.

The helpers and protectors of man – wolves, loons, swallows, spiders, foxes, wild deer, and sea mammals – are furnished with magical powers that the hero uses to reach his goals. Giant eagles appear as antagonists of man (no. 61 herein). After a hunting flight, usually for whales or wild deer, the eagles take off their clothing of feathers and transform into giant people. Brown bears and polar bears appear in various situations as antagonists or helpers of people with whom they often enter into amorous or conjugal relationships [nos. 67, 68 herein].

Tales about the rebellious daughter who will not marry according to her parents’ wishes are historically tied to the ancient concepts of the Siberian Yupiks and Chukchi about women – the creators of people and animals. Mythical legends about “the creating woman,” similar to the legend “The Toy People,” (no. 60 herein) lost their mythological base and developed into magical tales as the result of the transformation of this type of oral creation when gradual changes in the conditions of social life occurred. In the mythical legend, the girl living on the coast is banished by her father because of disobedience or unwillingness to marry as he demands. She becomes the mythical creator of the reindeer herders, the coastal dwellers, sea mammals, land animals, dwellings and tools necessary to sustain life, or she changes into a walrus and casts a spell on her parents. On the other hand, in the magical-mythical legends, she often loses her ability to create and becomes an object of miraculous powers, enters into a conjugal relation with animals, or falls into the domain of other mythical beings.

Narratives about shamans may also be classified as magical tales. Narratives about shamans as bearers of a definite form of world outlook developed from mythological and animistic notions that preceded and coexisted with them. Among the *Paleoasiatics* these narratives address the contact of shamans with spirits — the *kele* and *tungak* — about the removal of the souls of the dead from the “upper world” or from captivity by the *kele*, about reviving the dead, curing the sick, and of magical contests between the shamans (Bogoras 1900: IV ff., Meletinsky 1963: 49 ff.). These narrations are not told by the shamans themselves, but by any storyteller. Motifs and subjects of traditional mythical legends and magical tales are often interwoven into the stories about shamans. The heroes of the tales about shamans, who themselves may be heroes, besides fulfilling their direct ritual mission of magic, accomplish a number of deeds distinct from other heroes of the magical-mythical tale. Here the ritual act and the artistic imagination flow into each other. In Chukchi, Siberian Yupik, and Koryak tales, the shamans, as well as the *kele* and *tungak*, may be not only kind, but also harmful. People, animals, inanimate objects, and natural phenomena are all subject to their magical powers. In the Chukchi tale “The Man from the Hot Springs” (no. 71 herein), the hero pacifies [controls] the shaman who kills children. In the tale “The Man in White Clothing” (no. 75 herein), the shamans compete in the art of bewitching. In “Ravklyavol and the Orphan” (no. 79 herein), a hunter loses his son at sea. He begs the shamans to help the lost one to return, but their shamanizing proves useless. The orphan, versed in the art of magic by a swallow in human form, the latter being the mythical protector of people, comes to the rescue. The orphan returns the son to the father. In this way, the bewitching powers of the professional shamans are questioned and are set in contrast to the magical powers of the mythical heroes. In other Chukchi tales, the magical power of transformation is assigned to the shamans. In the tale “The Shaman” [no. 80 herein], the scene of the combat of the hero with a harmful *kele* is described. In the ecstasy of the shamanistic performance, in trying to revive the deceased son, the shaman is directed to the stars, into the sea, and into the earth.

The magical-heroic tales of the *Paleoasiatics* belong to a special sub-section of magical-mythical tales. Their differentiating trait is the accomplishment by the hero of fantastic activities for the sake of protecting the members of his tribe, his family, or himself from enemies who appear as various fantastic creatures. The hero of these tales undertakes journeys to places beyond the sea and to fantastic worlds and combats singly the giants and monsters. He endeavors to aid, with proper forces or magical means, people who have fallen on bad times, or protects himself from enemy attacks. In his combat with enemy forces, the hero uses miraculous helpers and wonder-working objects. The hyperbolism and fantasy of the magical tale is interwoven with the realistic conditions in which the hero lives. The realistic events are related in this type of tale through the medium of fantastic transformations and actions of the hero.

The magical-heroic tales in the Chukchi and Siberian Yupik narratives are particularly well represented in the cycle of tales about the helpless orphan who fiercely fights his offenders. The enemies of the orphan are violent elders, malevolent uncles, harmful *kele* and *tungak*, and other tale objects. In the different variants of the tales the friends and helpers of the orphan are a grandmother, a sister, a good uncle, animal personages, and magical objects. Anthropomorphism continues to occupy an important place in these magical tales, thus tying them to the ancient mythical narratives.

The principal indications in heroic tales are the glorification of the Herculean strength, deftness, and courage of the hero; his victorious combat with the enemies of the tribe, community, or family; his absolute devotion to his people; the emphasis of the social

meaning of the hero's combat; the exact rendering of the details of the dwelling, clothing, and armament; the tireless physical pursuit of the hero of power and deftness; the colorful description of the duels of the hero with enemy *bogatyrs* or entire detachments of the enemy; and the dominance, when telling about him, of truthful elements over fantastic ones.

The heroic narrations extend the tradition of the magical-heroic tale in a number of structural (morphological) signs and subject matter. For instance, in the Chukchi heroic narrative "Kunlelyu" (no. 89 herein), the realistic combat of two tribes, the Chukchi and Koryaks, for the control of reindeer herds is depicted in a fanciful way, interwoven with elements of the magical-heroic tale. This tale includes the adventures of the hero, who is killed in a hand-to-hand fight with the enemy in the country of his deceased ancestors and is later miraculously revived. The beginnings of such narratives can be traced to the ancient mythical tales. An inserted element of the fantastic journeys of the principal hero is merely a distinctive, artistic way of depicting real, historical events, although its roots are in the magical-mythical tale. However, the magical element in this narrative is episodic, and its basic content reflects the realistic struggle and way of life of reindeer people. In "Kunlelyu" the Chukchi *bogatyrs* achieved full victory over the Koryak enemies who had earlier taken their herds. The realistic rendition of the journey to a foreign land, the overcoming of natural obstacles, the description of duels, the return of the herd, the punishment of the offenders, the capture of women, and other military and domestic details add up to a striking ethnographic portrayal of the way of life of the Chukchi and Koryaks in the remote past.

The heroine of this epic narrative, Kytgy, the sister of Kunlelyu, is pictured as a freedom-loving and independent woman struggling for peace between the tribes and for the glorification of the Herculean strength of her brothers — Kunlelyu and Reyipgev, who lead the fight against violence and injustice. At the same time Kytgy displays anxiety over the importance of preserving the tribe. She goes to various villages, marries, and produces children. She leaves her children to be brought up by their fathers and goes to another place. Kytgy's struggle for the peaceful coexistence of the various tribes has a social ring to it. The mythological motifs about the "creating" woman and surviving elements of maternal descent are reflected in the depiction of the Kytgy character (nos. 93 and 97 herein).

In content and composition, close to the heroic narrative are the historical legends that deal with specific historical occurrences, or separate episodes that reflect the life of the Chukchi during the various historical periods. These legends differ from the heroic narratives by containing, instead of epic-related depictions of battles of individual heroes with foreign or local enemies, a description of specific events without concentrating on the acts of a single hero. They tell about "authentic" facts of combat with a preponderant enemy in which there is no place for hyperbolism, fantasy, and glorification of feats of individual heroes. A characteristic feature of historical legends is often the appearance of heroism of a people in their struggle with an enemy.

Ancient tales about the orphan describe mythical oral narratives about the adventures of the heroes in another world, and about their battles with evil forces. For instance, in the Siberian Yupik and Chukchi tales about the orphan, notions of cosmogonic images about nature, world views, and collaboration and blood relationship [consanguinity] between man and animal are evident. In the Chukchi tales about orphans the hero is often subjected to oppression by his violent uncles with only one of them interceding for him. The miraculous helpers of the orphan are the blades of grass

exhorting the orphan to great deeds and an arrow made by the uncle that leads to the lair of the *kele*. The tale "The She-Polar Bear" (no. 67 herein) is about an orphan who lives with his grandmother. Its principal thrust is based on the widespread belief of the Coastal Chukchi in the mythical narrative about the conjugal relation of a hunter and a polar bear. In this case, the hunter's place is taken by an orphan who is taken to the sea on an ice floe and who is saved in a miraculous way by a polar bear. In gratitude, the orphan marries the polar bear, who takes off her hide and becomes a fair-skinned woman. The birth of two sons to the polar bear, one human-like, and the other bear-like, and also the fantastic relationships of the hero-orphan in the country of polar bears are testimony to the mythological base of the ancient tales about the orphan. They are related to the animistic and totemic beliefs of the people.

Historically, the image of the orphan in the traditional oral narratives of the Coastal Chukchi and Siberian Yupiks originates with the break-up of the simple communal relationships and the appearance of social differentiations between the common sea-mammal hunters and the elders (*umilyki*), who had separated themselves from these hunters as owners of *baydaras* (*umiaks*), placing themselves at the head of the heterogeneous community or the boat collective (*artel*).

In tales about the orphan of a later period, the social aspect is particularly emphasized. These tales reflect new communal relationships that developed with the beginning of uneven property holdings among *Paleoasiatics*. The moral and ethical norms formed in the conditions of the egalitarian community undergo substantial changes. The heroic deeds facing the orphan are now directed to the eradication of the violence and injustice perpetrated by the chiefs and rich oppressors.

During the times of starvation, the state of the helpless orphans, old people, widows, and indigent solitary hunters among the coastal dwellers became particularly insufferable. This predicament occurred when the sea mammals did not arrive or bad weather raged because of a protracted winter. During such periods, the disaster affected the entire population, and people deprived of food became "deprived mouths." During periods of hunger, some of the villagers would mercilessly put orphans out from their houses, and the "orphaned" families found themselves without food. The orphaned children, old people, widows, cripples, and unlucky solitary hunters were economically dependent on those who had previously secured a lion's share of the catch — *umilyki* ("rulers of the land") or owners of large *baydaras*. These social and economic conflicts of the orphan found expression in the magical-heroic tales of the *Paleoasiatics*.

An analogous process of social differentiation is found also among the nomadic population. A concentration of most of the animals in the hands of individual reindeer herders was a result of the Chukchi-Koryak wars for the control of the reindeer herds. Those neighbors or kin who did not have reindeer or had only a few became economically dependent on the owners of large herds. In fact, the owner of the reindeer herd became the head of the camp, and the people who were dependent on him became his herders (Belikov 1960: 289, Vdovin 1965).

In the development of new oral creations of the coastal dwellers and the nomadic population of the Chukchi Peninsula, the principal influence was the difference in the economies of sea hunting and animal herding. New relations developed between the coastal dwellers and the reindeer herders. With the depletion of the wild deer, the coastal people became dependent on the reindeer herders because deer hides were necessary for their clothing and bedding. Besides, during periods of hunger, with no sea mammals in sight, the coastal dwellers had to approach the herders for reindeer meat. On the other

hand, with the growth of the herds it was necessary to use all means available to pasture the herds in the far reaches of the tundra. With the steady specialization of the economy and the concentration of all human effort on the pasturing of the reindeer, the herders felt the need for the raw materials of the sea hunt — the bearded seals and walrus hides for thongs, soles for footwear, sled runners for transportation, seal fat for lighting and warming the dwelling, whale *baleen*, and various domestic objects made by the coastal people.² The peaceful, reciprocal exchange between the two groups, however, was sometimes disrupted by armed conflict between the groups or extended families.

Tales about animals were widespread. The differentiating feature of tales of this genre were their ties with the cosmogonic, totemic, and animistic concepts of the *Paleoasiatics* in the early epoch of their formative communal system. This kind of oral creation developed in the same social and economic conditions of hunters as did the mythical legends and magical-mythical tales. Traits of friendly relations toward animals are often reflected in the Chukchi tales. Animals, who were the object of the hunt, were not enemies of people. The hunter, by killing animals, endowed them with spiritual and human qualities that he himself possessed. Having created the fantastic legends about animals and other creators of the world, people began to believe in their reality and protective forces. With the development of human society, the myth, artistically reworked and enriched, developed into a magical tale in which there are reflected moral and ethical norms of early hunter-gatherer societies.

The personification of the animal world in the oral creations of the *Paleoasiatics* interacts in an intimate and direct way with their graphic and singing-dancing arts. The Chukchi and Siberian Yupik folk dance and ditty [short song] are dedicated to the successful whale or walrus hunt, and slaughter of reindeer. The cosmogonic beliefs of the ancient hunters about the world of the tale of raven, swallow, and other animals are also reflected in these works of art.

An early artist depicted impressive figures of the hunt of the wild deer and sea mammals in petroglyphs found on the Chukchi Peninsula. Figures of wild deer, a wolf, a dog, and a hunter in a kayak thrusting a spear into a swimming deer, as well as scenes of hunting a whale, are carved on the rocky spurs of the Pegtymel Cliff. These images have been a witness to highly developed early graphic arts that also reflect the life of the indigenous people of the region.

Domestic narratives tell of particularly memorable and typical events that occurred earlier in various situations and that were incorporated into the oral traditions of the people. A particularity of this genre of oral narrations is the reflection of the domestic and social aspects of life, inter-tribal relations, battles of the hero with trickster enemies, violators, and oppressors. Bragging, conceit, laziness, and stupidity are ridiculed in this tale. The hero of the domestic tale is not helped by magic-wielding helpers, but by brains, justice, resourcefulness, and superiority in strength and deftness.

Domestic tales reflect the contrast of the strong and weak, the rich and poor, the clever and stupid. These tales often have a story-telling [fable] aspect. The narrator, with a good-natured irony, exposes and ridicules the stupidity, sluggishness, and impracticability of his characters as they try to surmount the difficulties of every-day life.

The Siberian Yupik and Chukchi tales served three main purposes: to explain, to teach, and to exemplify how to behave in society. Although the Siberian Yupik and Chukchi tales did not give man an authoritative moral code by which to live, they

² Editor's note: *Baleen* is the durable, elastic, horn-like material found in plates or strips in the upper jaw of some species of whales.

conveyed a moral directive, examined the extent to which man is a victim of circumstances, and the extent to which he brings his destiny upon himself.

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ETHNOGRAPHIC INFORMATION

Siberian Yupik

The Siberian Yupik (Asiatic Eskimo), one of the groups of indigenous people of the Chukchi Peninsula, live predominantly in communities along the peninsula's southern Bering Sea coast in Russia, and on St. Lawrence Island in Alaska (see Figure 1).³ The word "Eskimo," which is tied to the language of the Indian tribes of Abenaki and Athabaskans, means "raw-eaters" — that is, "those who eat raw meat." During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the term became firmly established in the literature of the American north, after which it began to appear as a self-designation among the Eskimo population itself. Sometime after that, the far north peoples of Asia also began to refer to themselves as "Eskimos." Today, the term has been rejected by most in favor of the original self-designation *Yupik*, but is used herein to harmonize the text with the Russian language versions of the tales, which were translated from recordings of the stories made in the early twentieth century.

Once numerous, the Siberian Yupik declined in population during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries due to infectious diseases and frequent conflicts with their neighbors. Presently, they number about 4,500–5,000, of whom 2,000 live in Russia.⁴ There are about 180,000 Eskimos worldwide. In genetic affinity, Siberian Yupik are tied to the North American and Greenlandic Eskimos. The Eskimo language is spoken in 25 dialects and has distant affinity with the Aleut language.⁵ Until the twentieth century, the Siberian Yupik were divided into three groups: Chaplino, Sireniki, and Naukan.⁶

From earliest times, the Siberian Yupik maintained close and continuous cultural and economic contact with the aboriginal peoples of the Chukchi and Kamchatka Peninsulas and western Alaska. Since Siberian Yupik also were in close contact with the people of St. Lawrence Island and western Alaska, they often served as intermediaries in the trade between Chukchi and Alaskan Yupik and Inupiat.⁷ The economy of the Siberian Yupik, similar to that of the Alaskan Yupik and Inupiak, centered around sea-mammal hunting, supplemented by fishing and terrestrial hunting and gathering. This subsistence maritime emphasis and life style are reflected in their oral traditions.

Interaction between the Siberian Yupik and their Chukotka, Kamchatka, and Alaska neighbors is evident in commonalities found in the genres and subjects of their oral narratives. In fact, the origins of the tales of the Chukchi and Siberian Yupik are difficult to assign with certainty to one group or the other. Due to centuries of intercultural contacts among the coastal dwellers, resulting from the reindeer-herding patterns of the

³ *Yupik*, meaning "real person"; *Yupigyt*, "real people" — both derived from *yuk*, "person."

⁴ Национальная Принадлежность и Владение Русским Языком. (National Identity and Knowledge of the Russian Language). Всероссийская перепись населения 2002 года. Федеральная служба государственной статистики, 2004 www.gks.ru/perepis/t5.htm.

⁵ A dialect is distinguished by its vocabulary, grammar, and pronunciation (phonology, including prosody).

⁶ William Fitzhugh, "Eskimos: Hunters of the Frozen Coasts," *Crossroads of the Continents: Cultures of Siberia and Alaska*. William Fitzhugh and Aron Crowell (eds). Washington, D.C.: The Smithsonian Institution Press, 1988, pp. 45–6.

⁷ William Fitzhugh, "Eskimos: Hunters of the Frozen Coasts," *Crossroads of the Continents: Cultures of Siberia and Alaska*. William Fitzhugh and Aron Crowell (eds). Washington, D.C.: The Smithsonian Institution Press, 1988, pp. 45–6.

Chukchi, and also due to shared ecological and social conditions, the majority of the tales recorded among the Chukchi parallel or share many elements with the narratives of the Siberian Yupik.



Figure 2. Alexander Dolitsky with the residents of the Chukchi-Siberian Yupik village, Lorino. July, 2006. Courtesy of Alexander Dolitsky.

In the mid-twentieth century, as part of Soviet state building and collectivization, the economies of the coast dwellers and the inland reindeer herders became unified, with the state-sponsored formation of composite hunting-herding cooperatives (*kolkhozy*), in which the Siberian Yupik and Chukchi population were made to coexist. Up to that time, Siberian Yupik had lived in large semi-sedentary clan-based villages along the coast, in round semi-subterranean structures (*yarangas* or *zemlyankas*⁸) occupied by communal families of given clans.⁹ In the 1950s, many of these Siberian Yupik villages were consolidated or relocated by the Soviet government according to the central government's economic plans. Today, the Siberian Yupik live in a relatively well-equipped houses and make use of many modern amenities.

Writing was first introduced to the Siberian Yupik of the Russian Far East in 1932. With the organization of a mixed traditional Chukchi-Siberian Yupik and planned Soviet economy, consolidation of villages, and the acquisition of the Russian language, the

⁸ *Zemlyanka* (Russian) — The semi-subterranean wooden dwellings of Siberian Yupiks, Coastal Chukchi, and Koryaks. The dwellings were made of driftwood, whale bones, turf, and/or stone.

⁹ William Fitzhugh, "Eskimos: Hunters of the Frozen Coasts," *Crossroads of the Continents: Cultures of Siberia and Alaska*. William Fitzhugh and Aron Crowell (eds). Washington, D.C.: The Smithsonian Institution Press, 1988, pp. 45-6.

indigenous languages of the Russian Far East have fallen out of a common use and daily life style.

The ethnographer W.G. Bogoras first recorded the oral narratives of the Siberian Yupik in 1901. During the Soviet period (1917–1991), many additional narratives, including those found in this edition, were collected and published by Siberian Yupik language and culture specialists.



Figure 3. Residents of the Chukchi village, Inchoun. July, 2008. Photo by Alexander Dolitsky.

Chukchi

The Chukchi, who call themselves *Lugora Vetlat*, that is “the true people” or “the real people,” are another of the indigenous groups of the Chukchi Peninsula (see Figure 1). The term “Chukchi” was derived from the Chukchi ethnonym *chauchu* – the self-designation of the nomadic Chukchi reindeer herders. The coastal Chukchi originally called themselves *ankalyu*, meaning “at the sea” or “coast-dwellers” (derived from *anke*, meaning “sea”). Adopted as early as the seventeenth century by the first Russian explorers, the term “Chukchi” soon found its place in the literature, and later began to be used by the Chukchi as a self-designating term.

The Chukchi, as distinguishable from the coastal maritime tribes of the Kamchatka Peninsula and Okhotsk seacoast, were formed as a result of the northward movement of hunters and reindeer herders at the beginning of the second millennium A.D. During this period, the present-day Koryaks and Itelmens also were formed. The Chukchi neighbors of the Bering Sea coast include the Siberian Yupik and Alaskan Yupik and Inupiak; to the southeast the Koryak and Kerek; and to the northwest the Even, Yakut, and Yukagir (see Figure 1). As a result of these peoples’ geographical proximity, a significant number of

Maritime Chukchi descended genetically from their seacoast neighbors. Reindeer hunters, the ancestors of the Chukchi and Koryak, probably occupied the interior regions of Chukotka for at least 3,000 years.¹⁰ Archaeological and ethnographic evidence suggests that the Chukchi and Koryak reindeer-herding groups make up a homogeneous ethno-linguistic population with similar, mutually understandable languages, names, and material and spiritual cultures. Despite apparent differences between Reindeer and Maritime Chukchi, they share similarities as well, due to their common dependence on the subsistence resources of northern northeast Asia.

The Chukchi numbered about 16,000 in 2002.¹¹ They settled in the Chukchi national *okrug* (rural district), and in part, in the Koryak national *okrug*, and in the Sakha Republic, the former Yakutsk Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic (see Figure 1).

The traditional occupations of the Chukchi included nomadic reindeer herding, hunting of sea mammals and fur-bearers, and fishing. Breeding animals in captivity emerged fairly recently as an economic activity. In the early 1950s, the economies of both settled and nomadic Chukchi were consolidated in reindeer herding-hunting cooperatives (*kolkhozy*). A number of hunting and reindeer-herding state-run cooperatives (*sovkhozy*) were organized in the *okrug* in the 1960s and at the beginning of the 1970s. In the 1990s, as a result of economic and political reforms in Russia, the Chukchi national *okrug* seceded from the Magadan *oblast* (administrative district) and received economic and political autonomy within Russia.

With the development of a written alphabet in the early twentieth century, the Chukchi language began to be written down, leading to a rapid increase in literacy and consequent social changes. A newspaper was published in the Chukchi language, as well as other literature. By 1931, the Kamchatkan area, which at the time included the present territories of Kamchatka and Chukotka, had become home to 123 schools, including 62 boarding schools that housed 3,000 Native students – 20 percent of all Native children of school age in the Russian Far North. Today, the Chukchi have their own indigenous teachers, writers, doctors, scientists, artists, livestock specialists, and other professionals.

Up to the end of the 1950s, the Chukchi lived in traditional semi-subterranean dwellings covered with walrus and reindeer pelts. Chukchi communities now boast up-to-date dwellings and social service buildings. Electricity, radio, televisions, telephones, public baths, hospitals, schools, boarding schools, cultural centers, stores, and centralized heating systems all occupy a place in the contemporary life of the Chukchi.

W.G. Bogoras, a well-known investigator of the cultures of far northeastern Siberia, first undertook scientific research of Chukchi narratives in the 1890s. Later, during the Soviet (1917 to 1991) and post-Soviet (1992 to present) periods, specialists in the Chukchi language carried out the extensive recording of Chukchi narrative traditions.

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¹⁰ Sergey Arutyunov, "Chukchi: Warriors and Traders of Chukotka," *Crossroads of the Continents: Cultures of Siberia and Alaska*. William Fitzhugh and Aron Crowell (eds). Washington, D.C.: The Smithsonian Institution Press, 1988, p. 39.

¹¹ Национальная Принадлежность и Владение Русским Языком. [National Identity and Knowledge of the Russian Language]. Всероссийская перепись населения 2002 года. Федеральная служба государственной статистики, 2004 www.gks.ru/perepis/t5.htm.

1. The Youth Who Became Northern Lights

Narrated in 1940 by an inhabitant of Chaplino village in Provideniya *rayon*, Gimuge, age 60, illiterate. Recorded by his son Tagikak, age 14. Translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. This is a mythical legend about a youth who became a principal component of the northern lights. For the episode of playing ball with the northern lights, see no. 39 in this publication.

So, it was. There was a man who lived with his wife on the coast. They had no children. The man went to the sea to hunt for seal, walrus and other sea animals. One time he did not kill any, and he returned home. It was late and becoming dark. The man walked and walked. He looked at the sky and saw the northern lights. Many of the northern lights were playing with a fiery ball! One small northern light broke away from the sky and fell, brightly lit, near the dwelling of the man. The man hurried home. He came in and he saw that his wife was pregnant. The man was happy. The northern lights brought him good luck. They ate and went to sleep.

One morning the man went hunting again. He killed a few seals and when he returned he saw that his wife had delivered a boy. The father named his son Northern Lights. Every day Northern Lights grew a little. And soon he became a youth.

Once again, the father went hunting. He walked far on the ice toward the open sea. A storm blew in and broke up the ice. The father was lost in the sea and there he died. The mother of Northern Lights mourned and mourned until she died of grief.

Northern Lights became an orphan among strangers. Once he thought to himself, "My mother and father died. Father died in the sea, mother finished herself off. Old people say: those that do not die a regular [natural] death but drown in the sea or put their hands onto themselves [commit suicide] are lifted to the northern lights in the sky. And surely my father with my mother are already there." At night he went to the sea and looked at the sky. And there the northern lights were playing with fiery balls. He took a long hunting thong and threw it upwards. The thong reached the northern lights and fastened itself onto them. The youth climbed up the thong to the sky, and the northern lights became even more frolicsome. He began to play with them. Playing and having a good time he forgot altogether about the earth. And so, as he had arrived from the sky, he returned to it. And among the northern lights he became an elder.

2. The Quarrel of the Wind and the Sun

Narrated in 1941 by an inhabitant of Sikluk village in Chukotsky (now Providensky) *rayon*, Imagmi, 50 years old, illiterate. Recorded and translated into Russian by E. S. Rubtsova. This subject matter is found only among the Siberian Yupik.

They say that this happened long ago. There lived a man; he had five children. All were small. The oldest one, as he grew up, became a messenger. The others remained small. The later-born had not yet gone outside the house. The man had a bow, net, and harpoon, but he lived poorly. He could not net fish. The sea was entirely covered with ice during the long winter. Where the man lived there was a spit of land running into the sea and the man hunted on that spit; often the sea would beach animals on the spit. During the summer his wife could not gather many edible roots and berries – the children were still small and there was nobody to watch over them.

Winter arrived. The land, lakes, and rivers were frozen solid, and the hunter's cheeks were often severely frostbitten. One time he went onto the spit and came to a steep bank. He walked and walked and examined all the nooks and crevices. Suddenly he heard voices: "No doubt the neighbors found all the animals washed ashore" – he thought. He was happy for the neighbors' good luck but he continued to search for the voices. He went around the cliff; he heard a voice, but nobody was there. He went around another cliff – again nobody was there. What a wonder: such a loud argument and nobody to be seen. He circled the high bank but found no one. He climbed up to the very top and began to hear voices. And this, they tell, is what he heard as he sat there:

– When I come with my frost, – spoke one voice, – I freeze the entire land. I cover the rivers and lakes with ice. And when I arrive with snow, I cover all of the land with it. I hide everything under the snow: edible plants, all the berries with which the orphans are nourished, and even the driftwood, which the sea brings to the shore. And if I become very angry, I'll freeze the sea over. If I become altogether furious, I'll break the beams of the *yarangas*. I'll freeze all the people. How amused I'll be!

– And I'll do the opposite, – the other voice answered, – I'll come and warm all of the land. I will thaw the ice in the lakes and rivers. People will begin to fish and gather berries, plants, and roots. There will be food for the poor. I will drive the ice farther out to sea and the hunters of walrus, seals, and even bearded seals will begin to hunt. People will begin to eat meat and be happy. They will remember me with a good word. And if there is last year's snow in some gully, I'll thaw it too. Then I'll be proud of my works and I will be happy!

Then the first voice said:

– Well, then; let's ask that little man there on the cliff whom of the two of us he likes better. Hey, little man, nod your head to the one you like better!

The man wondered to whom should he nod when nobody was to be seen. But, anyway, he nodded and said:

– Cold, that's bad. The spring sun is good. In the spring my wife doesn't freeze; she collects roots. And I'm warm in the sun too; my clothes are so poor. The sun brings happiness to my children. They don't freeze; they don't shiver with cold.

Then the unseen one replied:

– From now on you're going to be in good luck, you'll hunt for all sorts of animals; your cheeks will not be frostbitten. And in the summer your wife will store plenty of berries and roots. Go home man! Did you hear me?

The man heard the words and hurried home. He came home and said to his wife: "Now we are going to live well, in warmth and plenty. And you are going to gather many edible plants."

And the man began to live well. In the winter he did not freeze; he did not have to dig out of the snow, and he did not fear the cold wind. Soon spring arrived; the ice broke up on the rivers, and the lakes swelled with thaw water. The man hunted many animals and fished. The children grew up and the wife stored many edible roots and berries. They did not freeze anymore. And from that time on they were not afraid of the cold wind. They grew old and did not know poverty. The children grew up. One became a famous hunter, another a daring tracker, and the younger ones were good hunters of wild deer. The old parents died and their children lived well after they died. Pah! [Fie!].

3. Thunder and the Creator of Life

Narrated in 1941 by Gimuge, recorded by his son Tagikak. Translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. The subject of the narration is found only among Siberian Yupik.

This happened a long time ago. There lived Thunder. He had no children. His wives gave birth to sons but they all died. One day a wife gave birth to a son and he immediately became sick. Then Thunder decided to go to the Creator of Life [Life-Giver] and seek his help. So, he took to the path with Rain. They arrived at the Creator of Life and Thunder spoke to the Creator of Life:

– My children do not live. As soon as they are born, they suddenly die. Tell me how to get rid of this trouble, tell me what to do.

– Eh, Thunder, – said the Creator of Life, – I figured that you were all-powerful.

– You are all-powerful, not I, – answered Thunder.

Then the Creator of Life spoke to his wife:

– You see, Thunder's children die. Do you know who takes his children away?

– I know, – said the woman. – They live high in the mountains, Pelvis and Thighbone of the seal that the Master of the Day killed. They take the children from Thunder.

The Creator of Life ordered:

– Make clothes for the son of Thunder.

He hardly had time to say this when the clothing for Thunder's son was finished. And the clothing was an amulet. Thunder wanted to take the clothing but the wife almost nipped his finger.

The Creator of Life said:

– Take it. Don't be afraid.

Thunder took the clothing and the Creator of Life said further:

– Clothe your son with it. When he gets sleepy take him outside and put him on the ground next to the house; and let the name of your son be Leaf.

Thunder returned home. What the Creator of Life said, so Thunder did. He put the clothes made by the wife of the Creator of Life on his son and put him outside near the house. And the child slept there all winter. When he was a year old, the son disappeared.

Again, Thunder went to the Creator of Life. He arrived and said to him:

– My son disappeared!

– Go over to that Mountain, – the Creator of Life said to him, – and tell it: “Give me my child!” If it doesn't, take hold of it and destroy it.

Together with his wife, Thunder went to the Mountain. He arrived and said:

– Hey, you! Give me my son!

The Mountain answered:

– I will not!

The Thunder took off his left glove, grasped the base of the Mountain and shook it. One of the spurs crumbled, but the Mountain was silent. Thunder became angry, took off his right glove—and how he shook that Mountain! The Mountain opened up, and a voice was heard:

– Thunder will completely destroy the Mountain. Give him his son.

Thunder took his son. All returned home. And they called the son Leaf. He became very big.

That is all.

4. Tykyvak¹²

The Naukan village Siberian Yupik applied this word to “the ruler of the lower world” who broke up the earth's crust. Narrated in 1971 in the Nuakan dialect by Ykalak, an inhabitant of Nynyamo village in Chukotsky *rayon*, illiterate, 65 years old. “Tykyvak” was recorded on magnetic tape and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov with the help of the daughter of the narrator, Alma Ykalak-Ivanova. The subject of the personification of the cracking of the earth was found first among the Naukan Siberian Yupik.

Tykyvak — that's when there is a strong frost and the ground cracks. We know about that even now. Well, they say that in the old times beyond the strait there lived in Kygmik a certain youth. He was happy, strong and deft. Yet, he wanted to know everything. He could not stand when a strong frost caused the cold ground to crack. At once he said:

— What is it that is cracking and cracking without stopping? When it freezes and such cracking begins, I can't fall asleep! And today I can't sleep. I'm going to watch for Tykyvak. Maybe he walks near here. I'd like to look at him, to see who he is.

Daylight ended and night arrived. They had supper. The young man lived with his mother and father. He was not married. He was very mischievous even though he was brave and hardy. When he had eaten, he put on his clothes.

— Where are you going tonight? — asked his father.

— I'm going to look for Tykyvak. Why is he crackling all the time?

— I wouldn't go there, — his mother said.

The young man did not listen; he went. He took a harpoon, bow and arrow, a floating bladder made of the hide of a young seal, and a fish jig with all the tackle which one needs to hunt in a kayak. He prepared everything and checked it. Then he started for the spit. He walked far on the spit. He walked cautiously, looking around. It was a quiet night, beautiful night. Suddenly, not far away, there was crackling. The young man made ready his harpoon; he blew up the bladder. He stood still, his harpoon ready. A little later there was crackling quite closely; he looked, there was nobody there. Again, it crackled — and a man appeared. He came very close. He did not come all the way; he fell to the ground and clung to it. “Aha, so that's the way he is” — thought the young man. He pointed the harpoon, swung his arm and threw the harpoon at the fallen man. He harpooned him and began to pull the thong attached to the harpoon toward him. Even though he held the thong tight, he could not hold onto it. Suddenly everything disappeared: the man, the thong, the bladder; only the harpoon staff remained. The young man went home with empty hands and went to sleep.

Several days went by. Twice the young man went to the place on the spit and he met no one. He went a third time and, in front of him, he saw a mountain with a dwelling on top of it. He climbed in through the lower entrance. Inside, there was a husband and wife. The man slid from the sleeping bench and said:

— Come over here, come! What have you come to do?

— Really nothing, I simply came, — the young man answered.

— Ah, so, — said the master and he told his wife:

— Quickly, prepare food for the guest! Cook roots of plants and lay out the seal's stomach and guts [intestines]. Let him also eat the guts!

The wife began to cook the roots with meat. When the meal was done, the master said:

— Now you feed the guest! He has to go home and it's almost night.

¹² Tykyvak — Siberian Yupik word for the cracking of the earth caused by freezing.

The mistress took the broth to the youth in a bowl. He had a bite of the roots. Oh, how tasty they turned out to be! He regaled himself with the guts and ate the seal's stomach. He ate everything to the last morsel. He finished and wiped his hands. Then the master said to him:

—Now, you start for home. You must return there [home]. We go everywhere and wherever we arrive, we do not return. Just now you have eaten your harpoon and floater. The seal's stomach was the floater and the roots your harpoon and arrowheads. But now you go!

When the master said that, the young man quickly got up and hurriedly left for home. He walked and walked and his stomach began to hurt. Such was the gripping pain that he could not keep walking. The young man stopped. And he never reached home. The harpoon was piercing him from inside. The floater inflated itself and his belly became swollen. The thongs and *zakidushki* [fish jigs] stretched out and the point of the harpoon ripped open his belly and the poor fellow died.

In the morning people went to the spit. They saw him lying there dead, pierced from inside with his own harpoon. They carried him home and buried him. And from that time on, they told this story as a lesson to unruly children.

Since ancient times the village of Kykhtak was known for its miraculous and fabled stories. Great storytellers lived there. And that's where I heard about Tykyvak.

That is all.

5. The Boy and the Eagles

Narrated in 1956 by a student of the Anadyr Pedagogical Institute, the Naukan Eskimo Keynyn, age 20. "The Boy and the Eagles" was recorded and translated into Russian by E. S. Rubtsova. In the Chukchi-Siberian Yupik narrative, the theme of giant eagles occurs frequently. Most of them belong to the magical-mythical genre (see nos. 33, 34, herein; also see Bogoras 1900, nos. 98, 111).

Long, long ago, on the other shore of the sea, a man and his wife lived in a secluded place. The man was a good hunter — he brought home many sea mammals and furry animals. And so they lived and a child was born to them. The woman was very proud of her son: when they get old there will be somebody to feed them in their old age. The child grew quickly since he always ate fresh food. He did not get sick, learned to walk early, and learned to talk. He was bright, healthy and deft. When they woke up in the morning, they ate. They could hear the wind blowing outside. The father went out. The wind was blowing from the land; the sea was covered with white waves. The father glanced at the sea, at the sky, judged the weather, went back in the house, and said to his son:

— Come with me to the shore; I'll put you in a kayak.

The child, not yet having the power of thought, readily agreed. The father carried the kayak and together they went to the shore. He sat his son in the kayak. He covered the opening and tightened it firmly so that water would not get inside the kayak. He fastened a leather thong to the kayak and began to pull it hither and thither over the water. He pulled it a bit, and then he took out a knife and cut the thong. The kayak began to be driven by the wind out to the sea. It began to rock from side to side and was driven farther. It was carried far into the sea. The kayak floated all day, a second day, it floated for a long time. The child was hungry and he had to discharge his bodily wastes directly into the kayak. Finally, the kayak floated to a quiet place. It touched something hard, slid over pebbles, reached something solid, and came to a rest. The child could not get out of the kayak by himself; he was tied in. So, he sat in the kayak. "Who is going to let me out of here," he thought. He sat there for a long time without moving, listening for anyone who might come by. Suddenly he heard some kind of voice and he thought: "Who could that be? Surely, he will kill me and eat me." From outside the sounds came closer. And the voices were clearer. The child realized that two women were coming. When they arrived, one woman said to the other:

— Look, a kayak. Whose is it? It's tied up so tightly.

The other woman said:

— Let's untie it. It would be nice if a small child was inside! Maybe we'll find an infant!

They began to untie the kayak, turning it to all sides. They untied it, but they did not take the cover off at once. One woman made a small hole and from it came a foul smell. She pulled the thong off and uncovered the kayak. They found a small child there, a very dirty one. The other woman untied him, took him in her arms, and wiped him dry. She took off her *kukhlyanka*, wrapped him in it, and they went home. They walked and rejoiced. A brother had come to them. They arrived and told their father and mother about their happiness.

— We're not good-for-nothings, — they said, — we've found such a handsome child! When he grows up he will be our provider; he will hunt for our food.

They washed the child and behold, he turned out to be so comely! He raised his head — on his right an old man sat on a plank bed, on his left in a niche — an old woman. The girls started to feed their younger brother, holding back nothing, with whale cracklings, meat of wild deer, and walrus blubber. The child ate, had his fill, and fell fast asleep. He began to live in the place

for good. The sisters didn't let him go anywhere, not even outside. As for themselves, they never stayed away long. They went hunting and brought back ringed seals, bearded seals, and wild deer. The child thought, "How do they hunt for such large animals?" At one time, they were gone for a long time, longer than usual. It was becoming dark. Above the *zemlyanka* [earthen house] a loud noise was heard. The old man exclaimed:

— Good! For sure my daughters have killed a whale.

And, really, they had killed a whale. The foundling was curious as to how two women could hunt for a whale. So, he asked one of the sisters:

— How can you, women, hunt for all these animals?

One of the sisters answered:

— You must know that we don't live in the same way your kin do. We fly in the air. We are eagles. That's why we can hunt for any kind of animal.

It turned out that the child was carried in the kayak so far that he had arrived in the land of the eagles. He spent many years with the eagles. The food was good and the child grew rapidly. Finally, he matured and became a young man. But he never went anywhere; the sisters would not allow it. The sisters looked after him, so that nothing bad would happen to him. When he grew into complete manhood the old man said:

— He cannot live like this forever, and you, too, will not be the same. There will come a time when you will become feeble. Now, fetch my hide and let him learn to fly!

The women went to the canopy and brought out a large hide. It was the hide of a very large bird with a large curved beak and claws.

The old man told the youth:

— Now, put it on!

The young man put on the wings.

— Fly!

The young man wanted to fly off but he turned over and fell head down. He tried to learn at home, but all the same he fell head over heels. Patiently the young man was learning to fly, with the old man exhorting him to do it. And he finally began to fly — first at home, then in the air. True, he got tired. But then he got used to it and did not feel the tiredness. When he learned to fly well, he started to hunt rabbits. But even a rabbit protects his life; you will not catch him easily! Finally, somehow, he caught a rabbit. He grasped him firmly, killed him, and brought him home. They praised him and encouraged him. Every day he went hunting and killing rabbits. One day he killed a wild deer. Again, they encouraged him. In the end he learned how to hunt all animals. When he saw animals, he killed them.

The sisters began to teach him how to hunt sea-mammals. One day the three of them flew far toward the sea. They flew for a long time and high. After some time, they flew lower. They arrived at the ice floes. On the ice, as it turned out, many seals were resting.

One of the sisters said:

— Now see how I will catch a seal!

She darted down and caught a seal.

Then the second sister also took a seal.

— And now you also try to take one! — they said to him.

Without any difficulty he caught a seal. They returned with the catch. The brother carried his own seal. At home he was the first to be praised. Now all three began to bring home seals. Soon their brother began to bring in walrus. And when they got tired of eating sea animals, they flew to the tundra after wild deer and rabbits.

Soon he did not let the sisters go hunting. He became a good provider, had no fear, and flew after any animal. He also began to hunt for whales by himself. He prepared himself to fly

after prey. His sisters warned him to be careful. If anything [bad] happened he must call his sisters right away, even if they were at home at the time. His sisters forewarned him:

—If you see a large, fire-breathing whale, don't be tempted. He is very strong, he is dangerous to fight; it would be wrong. You are now bringing in large whales but the fire-breathing ones are many times larger. They cannot be hunted. *Look, did you hear us?*

The brother heard and he did not go after fire-breathing whales. Once he flew far into the sea; there wasn't a seal or walrus stirring. Suddenly he saw fire-breathing giant whales diving. They would come to the surface and swim at length without diving. He flew over them, he flew, and [suddenly] he was afire with the passion of the hunt. But he could not decide to attack; he was afraid; he thought of the warning. He circled over the whales looking for the smallest one. He saw two whales swimming side by side, and one of them was smaller than all the rest. His spouting was also smaller. He observed the whale, and still could not decide whether its strength was equal to his. Seizing an opportune moment, he dove below and sank his talons into the whale's back. He wanted to lift the prey into the air but he did not have the strength to do it. Each tried to pull his way: the whale down, into the depths of the sea, the eagle up, into the sky. For a long time neither could overpower the other. The eagle was becoming tired; he was sinking into the water. He wanted to release the whale but could not — his talons were deeply embedded in the whale's back. The water was reaching to his knees. The eagle called out, he began to call his sisters for help:

—Hey! I'm in trouble. Fly to me! A whale is killing me!

At that time the sisters were sitting at home. Then one of the sisters said to the other:

—Oy, how my heart is thumping! Is something happening to brother?

The other sister said:

—My heart is also restless.

They looked at each other, got up, put on their eagle skins and left. They were somewhat in doubt where to fly but they flew toward the sea. The brother was up to his hips in water. The sisters flew far. Suddenly they saw the brother struggling with the whale. The whale had pulled him into the water up to his waist.

They dashed downward and grasped the whale, one at the head, the other at the tail fin, and with little effort lifted him into the air. The three of them flew the prey home. When they were almost home, they let him drop to the ground; the ground trembled under the impact of his weight.

—A good catch, — remarked the father.

They entered the *zemlyanka* and saw how tired their brother was. They sat down to eat. After they ate, the sisters angrily scolded him for disobedience.

For many years they all lived together. The youth who had become an eagle always sought his parents when he flew to hunt. He saw many people in the tundra: some were developing their skills, others were interested in who-knows-what. The youth-eagle returned home. The old man sighed:

—Eh, those were the times but they're gone. When we were young and if we wanted to eat, we ate.

The youth thought to himself: "What does the old man want to eat?" Then, one time, he asked his sisters: what kind of tasty morsel does the old man-eagle want?

The sister replied:

—He wants to taste human flesh. But don't you listen to him. We don't measure up ourselves with people. In their hands they have something very sharp. Don't pay any attention to the little old man; people will kill you. And we have a custom: if somebody kills a man, when he enters the *zemlyanka*, he frowns fiercely.

The youth stopped listening to the old man. And the old one repeated his desire over and over again. The youth thought to himself: "It's bad that they don't respect the old man. What if I fly to hunt a man?" In the morning he left. In the tundra he saw a man training himself to be deft. He flew closer, waited for the right moment, grasped the man, and squeezed him with all his strength until he stopped breathing. He returned home and put the prey on the [outside] bench. At the entrance he took off his [eagle's] skin and went in frowning fiercely. The old man saw him and said:

— Eh, why is our man in a mood as if there was nothing to be happy about.

After the meal the young man told his sisters that on the bench there was a tasty bit for the old ones. But the sisters had already told the old ones what the young man had brought home. The old ones went outside and for four days, without returning to the *zemlyanka*, they ate of the tasty meal. Only on the fifth day, after they had eaten all of it, did they return.

Then again, the old ones wanted some human flesh. This time the young man flew to find his father. For a long time, he sought and found him in the end. He waited for the right moment, seized the man and with all his power squeezed him until he stopped breathing. He brought him home and put him on the bench. And he said to his sisters:

— Wouldn't it be interesting to know where my mother is?

— So, it turns out that you have a mother, — the sisters said in wonder.

— Tomorrow you fly after her. And why didn't you say anything about this earlier?

— I was afraid that the old eagles would eat her.

— Don't be afraid, we will not allow them to eat her. You fly after her soon.

The next day the young man flew to find his mother. He found her and descended to the ground in front of the *zemlyanka*. But his mother was afraid to come out — such a terrible bird had flown to her place. The young man took the eagle's skin off and went to his mother. He had a hard time convincing her that he was her son. They came out together; the young man put on the eagle's skin, carefully picked up his mother with his paws [claws] and carried her. They flew for a long time, but nothing happened to the mother. The sisters met her with kindness. And the old ones only asked:

— Your father, where is he?

The young man replied:

— I've killed him, and you've eaten him long ago.

— Why did you kill your father? — asked the old man.

— When I was very small my father took me to the seashore, put me in a kayak, tied me in it and let the kayak float into the sea.

And he told the old ones all that had happened. So, the mother of the eagle-man started to live well, was in no need of anything and did not have to work anymore. The eagles and the mother of the young man-eagle lived to a ripe old age. Afterwards they became related and lived well and in harmony.

6. The Ruler of the Sea

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Naukan village in Chukotsky *rayon*, Amnona, age 20. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. The rulers of skies ["sky worlds" in original], the underworld and ocean deeps, where the spirits of the lost, the dead, and drowned assemble, in Siberian Yupik tales are presented as giants or ordinary people who for services rendered, gifts, and often unselfishly, rescue the heroes of the magical-mythical tales who have gotten into difficulties.

Long, long ago, there lived in Imaklik an old man and his wife. They had one son. The old man used to go to the steep cliffs to catch sea horses [*morskiye kon'ki* or *morskiye petushki*]. Every time he caught several, he would always tie them to his belt so they would bring him luck.

One day the son of the old man went to the seashore and saw seaweeds and mussels thrown ashore by the tide. Suddenly, at the very edge of the water he saw an enormous crab.¹³ The child wanted to catch the crab and bring it home. He ran toward the crab and was just about to grasp it, but the crab seized the child with his claws. He held him very strongly and dragged him into the sea. The child could not tear himself away and the crab pulled him into the depth of the sea.

The wife with the father of the son waited and waited until they could not wait any longer, then they layed down to sleep. They woke up in the morning and still there was no son. They became very frightened. The father stopped eating. Several days went by and yet the son did not return. They looked for the child everywhere; they could not find anywhere. The old man aged in grief. He stopped eating even the tastiest of morsels. He only ate a bit from the hands of his loving sister. The grief shattered the old man and he decided to drown himself. He went to the shore and walked to the very edge of the water. His sister saw this and guessed that the old man was going to do away with himself. She called out to him:

— Where are you going, brother? You're going to drown! The water is ice cold. You're going to suffer very much! Come back, brother, come back!

The old man listened to his sister and he returned. But when night came and everyone fell asleep, he again went to the sea. He entered the water and walked on the bottom to the very depths of the sea. The old man walked under the water for a long time and finally found himself in an underwater village. He saw the *zemlyanka* [an earthen hut]. He entered the hut. There a man sat making something. The seaman saw the old man who had arrived and asked him:

— What did you come here for? Were you in a shipwreck?

The old man replied:

— I have not been in a shipwreck but I have lost my only son.

The seaman said:

— In the middle of our village there is a large *zemlyanka*. In it lives the ruler of this sea. Your son is at his place.

The old man from Imaklik went to the ruler of the sea. He entered the *zemlyanka* and saw an enormous man sitting in the middle of the *polog* [sleeping bench]. Shaggy hair entirely covered his face. Then the ruler of the sea asked:

— What did you come here for?

— For my son, — answered the old man from Imaklik.

The ruler of the sea spoke:

— I will not give your son back; he came by himself [of his own will] into my hands.

¹³ The crab, as a narrator, appears also in the narrative of other peoples of the Chukchi-Kamchatka region.

The old man looked at the upper beams. Two youngsters were sitting there. One of them was his son.

The old man said to the ruler of the sea:

—I will do for you whatever you want, only give me my son!

The ruler of the sea replied:

—I want nothing from you. I will not give him back!

Whatever the old man offered to the ruler of the sea, he rejected.

Then the old man remembered his sea horses fastened to his belt. He then said to the ruler of the sea:

—Look at my sea horses. Take them, but give me my son.

The ruler of the sea looked at the sea horses and asked the others living in the house what they thought of them. Vying with each other, they began to praise them to the skies. Suddenly, with a frown the ruler of the sea told all to be quiet. He forbade them not only to praise the sea horses but also to look at them; he was very pleased with the sea horses. He then told the son of the old man to put his clothes on. The other youth also put his clothes on. The ruler of the sea did not say anything about that and let them all go. The people from Imaklik left the *zemlyanka* and met the person who had sent the old man to the ruler of the sea. He said to them:

—Close your eyes tight and take three steps!

They closed their eyes and took three steps. When they opened their eyes, they saw that they were on the seashore next to their village of Imaklik. Then they went home. And the youngster who came with them from the ruler of the sea stayed in Imaklik for good.

7. Lost at Sea

Narrated in 1940 by Kalya, age 24, an inhabitant of Chaplino village. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. The difficult and dangerous hunt for sea mammals in the harsh Arctic climate invariably brought many disasters to coastal hunters. People were often separated when an edge of the mainland ice being tore away or, in inclement weather, when their kayaks were driven far into the sea. The loss of a food provider was a terrible disaster to the family and fellow villagers. Similar situations were described in economic accounts, which were shared from generation to generation. These accounts were enriched with new experiences and then infused with various plots of magical tales and myths. Here the story about the true adventures of a hero is entwined with the myth of the revival of the perished.

Long, long ago, there lived a man who had a family. He hunted seals; he was a successful and deft hunter. His wife almost never stopped skinning seals. After a time, he said to his wife:

— I will stop hunting now. The animals I killed will last all winter.

The next day he decided to clean and dry out his kayak. He was engaged in this work when suddenly he saw a large seal protruding from a wave near the shore. He couldn't contain himself. He pushed the kayak into the sea, jumped into it, and began to chase the seal. At times the seal hid under the water and at times it came to the surface. The man readed his harpoon. When the seal was very close it surfaced and again submerged. The hunter chased and chased after the seal and got so far into the sea that even the mountains disappeared from sight. He gave the seal up as lost, turned the kayak around, and started for home. Then mountains appeared in the distance and from them a fog crept over the sea. Soon everything was covered with fog. The hunter did not know which direction to go. He did not have any food for the road with him. He spent the night at sea. Hungry, he fell asleep in the kayak. When woke up in the morning, he was near the coast, but the coast was high and steep and he could not land anywhere. He looked for a gently sloping place but did not find one. He tried to think what he should do. "I'll try to hitch to the shore with the harpoon," — he thought. He took the harpoon and threw it at the shore. The harpoon stuck at the very top of the cliff. The hunter tied the harpoon's thong to the kayak, using the thong, climbed to the top. Then he pulled the kayak with it to the top of the cliff.

He looked for a place to hide the kayak and he found a small clearing with tall, dense grass growing in it. He hid the kayak in the grass. "If I stay here, — he thought, — I'll die of hunger. I'll go and look for a human dwelling." He started searching. He walked and walked until he saw many *yarangas* [semi-subterranean earthen houses] below a hillock. He decided to wait and not to go there until night fell. When it became quiet and the people went to sleep, he went to the village. He came to a *yaranga*. Quietly he entered it looking for food and he found a pan full of deer meat. The pan was above the *polog*. The hunter took the meat and started to eat it. The dwellers of the house slept on the *polog* and they could not see him. He finished eating and looked for a place where he could hide. Next to the entrance there was a heap of brushwood and he hid behind it.

In the morning when all had awakened, a girl left the *polog* and took the pan with the meat. She immediately saw that half the meat was missing. She took the pan to the *polog* and told her mother about the loss. The old woman began to scold her:

— What happened to the meat? You look after the goods poorly. Most likely you have a companion!

The old woman kept scolding her, but the girl insisted that she was not in any way at fault. They all ate. Then a neighbor came and from the outside of the entrance called out:

— There's ice on the sea. It's time to go hunting

The master of the house agreed. He prepared himself and soon went off to hunt. The daughter decided to sweep the outer entrance, and the newcomer, sitting behind the brushwood, watched her. She finished sweeping the entryway and went to the *polog*; the man followed her. The old woman saw him and shouted at her daughter:

—I knew for a long time that you had a companion. The daughter said nothing. What could she say? — She had never laid eyes on the young man.

The old women went to him and said:

—Our master will return and kill you. You will not stay alive unless you deal with him. If the master asks you if you have any kin, say that you don't and tell him that you are looking for a wife.

The hunter returned and asked him:

—Where are you from and why are you here? Do you have a wife, father and mother?

—I came here from the coast. I'm looking for people. I don't have parents or a wife. I heard that many people live here.

—Well, since you've come to us, — said the master, — we will not chase you away. Live with us, you'll be my helper and you'll marry my sister.

So he lived with the family all winter. The sister of the master became his wife and with the coming of summer she bore him a child. Time passed and the child grew. Already the child had begun to walk.

Suddenly the man began to pine for his old home. The woman guessed what was wrong and she asked him:

—Why do you look so homesick? Are your relatives waiting for you somewhere?

He replied to the old women:

—In my village I left behind a wife and a son.

In the evening the master returned from the hunt and the old woman told him why his brother-in-law was so depressed

—Well, what of it, — said the master. — Let him take his second wife and child and go back home.

The man was ready to return home but he did not want to take his second wife and child with him. He asked for food for the journey and began to get ready.

In the morning they gave him food for the journey and went with him to the place where the kayak was hidden. The man walked on and became fearful: "Will the master throw the kayak and me from the cliff?" He got a headache from the scary thought. But nothing happened. They accompanied him very well. He traveled in his kayak for five days and nights. Finally, he came to his native village. He moored his kayak. He saw his wife dressing a seal next to the dwelling. He called from the kayak for them to come and meet him. But the wife said to the child:

—*Oh, what is ringing in my ear?*¹⁴

The husband called to her from the kayak:

—Nothing's ringing in your ear, I'm calling you!

Again, the wife said:

—Oh, what is ringing in my other ear!

He began to call to his wife even louder. But she heard nothing. He finished mooring the kayak and came ashore. By this time, his wife had left the seal and entered the house and she started to give birth. The man followed her footsteps. But when he entered the house, he suddenly lost consciousness. When he came to his senses, he looked around. He was in the womb of his wife. His wife gave birth to him for the second time. He tried not to do it, but he squealed like an infant. They began to wipe his damp little body dry. They wiped him dry and he started growing

¹⁴ The magical phrase women always used: "Oh, what is ringing in my ears!" when a lost man, whom they took for dead, returned. In the animistic beliefs of the Siberian Yupik, the spirit of the lost man (most often the husband) when returning entered the womb of the women (most often his wife) who became pregnant and gave birth to the man for a second time. The newborn "cleansed himself" and again became a man. Women utter the same formula when they meet with talking invisible beings in magical tales (nos. 10, 11, 32 herein).

right away. Before the blinking of an eye, he became the man he was before. They gave him the name he had had before. He stood up and left the house. He went to the seashore. He looked for the kayak, but the kayak was not there. They then took the *zemlyanka* apart and moved to the tundra.

That is all.

8. Amek¹⁵

Narrated in 1948 by a 52-year old illiterate inhabitant of a Naukan village, Kutvenon. Recorded by N. Rukaktak, translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. The transformation of a human soul into a bear, wolf, fox, or bird is widely reflected in the narrative of all peoples of Chukotka and Kamchatka. It is also widespread in the narrative of the indigenous people of Alaska and American Northwest.

A man woke up and realized that he was sitting in a flat and barren place. He looked to one side and saw mountains and forests. He looked to the other side and saw the sea a giant sea gull was on the water. The gull apparently had been there since early times and never flew away. When winter comes, the sea is covered with ice, but the sea gull picks at the ice around her with her beak and the water does not freeze. There the man looked at the giant sea gull and thought to himself, "How did I get to this place? Why am I alone? What will I do without clothing and food? Are there people near here?" He sat there for a long time. Then he got up and walked to a tall tree. He climbed up the tree and looked at the sea. He saw boats floating very close to the shore. He lowered himself down the tree and walked to the sea. The boats passed by him and he began to call out to the people sitting in them. The people did not hear him and passed him by. The man became very sad. A little later other boats sailed by. They floated abreast with him and again he began shouting at them. He called out again and again. The people sitting in the boats finally heard him. They moored a boat at the shore. The man asked the people:

– Where are you heading? And where did the first boats sail?

– To a nearby village, – they answered him. – But the first ones sailed to a far-away land.

– May I sit with you in your boat? – asked the man.

– Sit with us, – they answered.

The man sat with them in their boat and soon they arrived at a village. They went toward their houses and the man followed in their footsteps. He began to talk to them but no one answered. They entered a house. They were asked to eat but he was not noticed. Again, he started questioning them but now they did not hear him. Then he started walking about the house without fear. It made no difference. Nobody saw or heard him. He entered a *yaranga* – and what a beauty he saw! She was pure and transparent. Through her light skin her entire skeleton and innards were visible. The man thought, "I will go inside that beautiful woman!" He thought and went into her womb.

After some time, a child was born to the woman. The child was the man who had entered into the woman's womb. He was smart beyond his years. He understood all and did not cry even when his mother worked him hard. He became a teenager and he thought to himself, "I'm tired of being a man, I should die!" And he died. They buried the body, but his spirit took him wherever its eyes looked. In one village he saw a beautiful dog-bitch. Her skin and fur were transparent so that the skeleton and innards were visible. The spirit of the man thought, "Oh, what a beautiful dog! I will enter her womb!" And he did.

Soon after the dog gave birth to puppies. The man was among the puppies. When the mother left the puppies, all of them whined; he was the only one that remained quiet – he was smart. The puppies grew up and their master started to train them to the harness. And he thoroughly beat those that did not want to be harnessed. The smart puppy was afraid that he was also going to be punished and he always burst forward. The master, returning from the ride, spoke about him:

¹⁵ Amek – lit. "skin" in Siberian Yupik language.

— He'll be a good dog! He always bursts ahead — not like the other, lazy ones.

And, so, he grew up and became a big dog. He tired of being a dog, and he died again. He left the dog's body and wandered all over the world. He was among brown bears, wolves, foxes, and birds. He came to Kygmik and was born again as a man. They called him Amek. He then remained forever in Kygmik.

9. The Tale about the Flying Shaman

Narrated in 1971 in the Naukan dialect by an inhabitant of Nynyamo village in Chukotsky *rayon*, Ykaluk, age 65, illiterate. Recorded on magnetic tape and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov with the help of the daughter of the narrator, Alma Ykaluk-Ivanova. The mythological notions of the Chukchi and Siberian Yupiks about flying people are widely reflected in their oral traditions. Flights of people to the various worlds in search and rescue of lost ones are reflected in the texts of nos. 34 and 35 in this publication. The subject about shamans competing in the art of flying is only found in the text that follows.

A man by the name of Kutylan lived in Unazik with his wife. They had no children. A bad year came. There were no walrus, bearded or ringed seals in the ocean. The people of Unazik began to feel hungry. The wife said to Kutylan:

— You should go to Sikluk for meat!¹⁶ We're really starving.

Kutylan agreed. He tied a strap to his sled and was on his way. He walked along the sandy beach for a long time. The weather was still with the moon shining. He passed by a lagoon and started walking toward the mountain. Suddenly some kind of shadow appeared that covered the moon. Kutylan looked up and saw nothing, and he walked on. He walked a little way and again something appeared above him. He again looked up and saw rushing about making noise and whistling a man above him above him. His head was covered with frost and he was naked to the waist. The man flew above the Kutylan's head. In place of one wing he had a very large saber, in place of the other, a stone. And how frightened was Kutylan! He thought to himself, "Now I'll be killed!" But Kutylan was a shaman. He then said:

— He will surely kill me. Help me, my Earth, help me!

He hardly finished saying that when, with noise and whistle, Kutylan flew upward dragging the sled behind him. The flying man did not stop pursuing Kutylan. He almost overtook him. Kutylan with his sled rushed downward, toward the lagoon and through a hole went under the ice. However, all of his clothing and his sled remained atop the ice.

Kutylan sat below the ice for a long time. Then he turned into a walrus and from a top of slid onto the ice. He saw the flying man sitting on a hillock, naked to the waist, his head covered with hoarfrost. In place of one wing he had a very large saber, in place of the other a stone-*ykugak*. So, he sat there. Finally, he said to Kutylan:

— Come out, I will not touch you!

— I will not, — said Kutylan, — you will kill me! It is not for nothing that you chased after me.

— Come out, I will not touch you! How could I kill you?! You're a strong shaman yourself.

Kutylan took the challenge and came out. He was completely naked and the frost was severe. He saw that his clothing lay side by side on the ice — his *kukhlyanka* with mittens, his boots tied up with laces. He took the clothing and started putting it on. The flying man asked:

— Where are you from?

— I am from Unazik. And you?

— I am from Tykygak, — answered the flying man.¹⁷

— By what name do they call you? — asked Kutylan.

— Asisak. Asisak is my name, and what's your name?

— Kutylan.

¹⁶ Sikluk (lit. "meat pit," or "meat storage"). Sikluk is an island and old settlement in the Strait of Senyavin. The settlement was transferred to Unazik (Chaplino) in 1941.

¹⁷ Tykygak — an old settlement in Alaska where journeys of Siberian Yupik and Coastal Chukchi ended. This place name is often mentioned in the narratives of the Siberian Yupik and Chukchi.

—You can't be bested. You're a strong shaman. I really didn't know that you were a shaman; I wanted to amuse myself a little with you. But you can't be managed. Now, come a little closer!

Kutylan did. Then he said to him:

—From here I'll return to Tykygak, my own Tykygak. There in Tykygak they will not believe that I had met such a person like you. What should I take with me as proof?

In Unazik they will not believe that I had met you, — said Kutylan.

Then Asisak from Tykygak said:

—Take my *osheynik*¹⁸ off.

The *osheynik* cannot be taken off over the head; it sits too tightly around the neck. So Kutylan pulled the *osheynik* toward himself and it came to him through the neck.

—Now you take my *osheynik* so your homefolk will believe, — said Kutylan.

He grasped his *osheynik*, took it off through his neck and gave it to Asisak. In this way they exchanged *osheyniks*.

Asisak from Tykygak said:

—Come with me to Tykygak! Tykygak is close by.

Kutylan answered:

—No, I will not go to Tykygak!

—If you don't believe that it's close by, just listen, — said Asisak.

Kutylan listened and true — he heard singing nearby. But even so he said:

—I will not go to Tykygak!

—Well, then I will fly home by myself. Look, — said Asisak from Tykygak. He cried out like a loon, flew upwards and quickly disappeared from sight.

Then Kutylan thought for a while, “You see I was to go after food. Since such marvelous things have happened to me once, maybe they will happen again.” He took hold of the thong and flew upward dragging the sled behind him. He flew to Sikluk, grounded himself and thought, “The provisions ought to dig themselves out and rid themselves of the stones frozen to them. Let it all happen by itself.” He went to the pit. The frozen stones removed themselves and the food dug itself out. He put two *tukhtaks*¹⁹ on the sled and again he thought, “It would be nice to return home in the same manner!” He took several steps and with a whistle flew upwards. He flew high pulling the sled with the *tukhtaks* behind him. As he neared the village, he let himself down to the earth, and hurriedly went to his dwelling. He went to the outer entrance and started stamping his feet so that his wife would hear that her husband had returned.

—Who's there? — asked the mistress. You've returned from only halfway there?

—But no, why should I? I've come with *tukhtaks*, — replied Kutylan.

—Oho! — His wife wondered and came to the outer entrance.

They carried the *tukhtaks* and stored them. They put the sled in the outer entrance and Kutylan lay down to sleep. Only on the second day did they cut the *tukhtaks* open.

From that time on Kutylan became a great shaman. Before he met the shaman Asisak from Tykygak, Kutylan never flew, but from then on, he did.

They say that it was so. The man from Tykygak was called Asisak and the man from Unazik — Kutylan. The fellow-villagers of Kutylan saw on his neck the *osheynik* of Asisak and did not doubt that he had met with the flying shaman from Tykygak. Asisak from Tykygak showed his fellow-villagers the *oshetnik* of Kutylan so that they would have no doubts that he

¹⁸ Editor's note: *Osheynik* — a small pouch containing a bead or bone amulet. It was worn by Siberian Yupiks around the neck to protect them from “evil spirits”.

¹⁹ *Tukhtak* — a strip of raw walrus meat sewn into a piece of walrus hide with blubber. *Tukhtak* was prepared by the Siberian Yupiks and stored for the winter and early spring consumption.

knew the shaman from Unazik. And that's how these two people met of whom only one could fly so far.

And that is all.

10. The Hunter and the Giants

Narrated in 1941 by an inhabitant of Chaplino village, Providensky *rayon*, Nalyugyak, age 68, illiterate. Recorded and translated into Russian by E. S Rubtsova. In the tales inherent to the narrative of the Chukchi and Siberian Yupiks, hyperbolism is achieved by extensive contrasts: man-like giants and giant fantastic birds (eagles, sea gulls) carry or eat at one time two or four large whales, and the lice on their body are as big as foxes (nos. 33, 34, 39 herein).

The weather got angry at the boats and carried them away. Somewhere in the south they were thrown onto the shore. The hunters walked along the shore in darkness. They wanted to drink and started to look for water on the surface. Groping in the dark they found a wolfberry. They put it in a pouch made of a walrus bladder. The berry served them as drink. They went further on dry land. They groped along. They finished the berry and began to look for water again. They searched and searched and found a cowberry. They put it in the pouch in place of drink. Suddenly, not far to one side, they saw a light like that of a star. They ate the cowberry and again began to look for something to drink. They found a blueberry. Again, they put it in the pouch and went farther. The twinkling light increased. They walked toward the light. Again, they finished the berry; and again, they sought something to drink. This time they found a crowberry. The light in front of them became stronger and stronger. They came to a bright patch. It was fast shore ice. There rose up [appeared] a bowman; they asked him to take a seat. And said:

— Eh, remarkable weather!

He came forward. And the people who were with him also sat down. Only one did not. Although he was alone he pushed the boat onto the fast ice, dragged it on, and made it small. He sat in it and shoved off. He went around a small cliff. Suddenly he saw a giant on top of it. The giant called to him and begged him to dispel his boredom. The hunter wanted to get away but the giant stretched his arm below the cliff, grasped the boat with the hunter in it and put it on dry land next to him.

— Let's play at hide-and-seek, — he said to the hunter.

— Let's, — said the little man. — But you close your eyes first!

The little man hid himself. He crawled into a fold of the giant's boot. The giant started to look for him. He could find him nowhere. Then he said:

— Ah, I'm a good-for-nothing; I let go a big piece of meat. Why didn't I eat him right away?!

From the boot fold came a small laugh:

— Ha-ha-heh!

The giant jumped up and began to look for the little man. But then the little man crawled out himself.

The giant said to him:

— So, there you are! Now, let's shamanize and cut each other's belly.

— Let's do that, — said the little man, — but wait a little bit until I get my knife from the boat.

He came to the boat and saw a young seal on the beach tossed out by the sea. He skinned her and pulled out the innards whole. He put his *dozhdevik* [raincoat] directly onto his body, put the seal's innards on his chest and tied them with thongs to his amulet pouch [secured tightly around his neck]. He girdled himself with a belt and returned.

— Well, — said the giant, — lie down little man, face up!

— Very well, — replied the little man, — but cut carefully, my belly is a bit thin!

The giant cut the man open and ate the innards. He came to the heart. The little man spoke to him:

– You shouldn't eat the heart!

But the giant ate the heart. When the giant finished his meal, the little man stood up.

– Oy, how full of life you are! – said the giant to the little man.

The giant lay down belly up and he spoke the same words:

– Cut carefully, my belly is a bit thin!

The little man sat on the giant's belly and pierced him with his knife as if by accident. And he killed him. Then he sat down in the boat and cast off. He sailed farther and again saw a giant. Again, the giant hailed him, but the little man sailed farther. At that point the giant called from the shore:

– I'll do you no harm!

The little man moored the boat. The giant then said:

– How did you sail past that big man?

The hunter answered:

– So, I just sailed by!

– You know even birds can't fly by him!

– If he is a stranger to you, I'll have you know I killed him!

Then the giant told him:

– Well, now the birds will be again flying past us! I see that you're hungry. So, I'll go hunting.

And he walked into the depths of the sea. After a while he returned. He had killed a young whale. He put it on the shore. The little man cut for himself a small piece of skin with blubber and ate it. And the giant, as if the whale was a small fish, put it whole in his mouth and gulped it down. He spat out the bones only. He finished eating and said to the little man:

– Let me build you a *zemlyanka*! How do your people build a *zemlyanka*?

– We build a frame of whalebones.

The giant went into the sea and brought back whalebones. With the bones he built a frame for the *zemlyanka*. And again, he asked:

– What do you cover them with?

– With turf, – the little man replied.

He covered the frame with turf and began to live in it.

The giant said to him:

– I am going to go hunting. I'll try to do a little better.

He left and soon returned with two whales. Again, the little man cut for himself a piece and the giant ate both whales with a single gulp. Winter came and the giant said to the little man:

– I'm going to lie down and sleep for the winter. I'm afraid that the lice will eat me. So you kill the lice. I will not remain in debt to you.

He left to go hunting again. He killed four whales. He put his fingers through their nostrils and brought them in with his fingers. The little man cut himself several pieces for the winter. The giant ate the rest. Then he lay down in a big pit and said:

– So that the lice will not eat me, cover me with meat; and this pit, made by the uprooting of a big tree by the wind, and the size of a lake, fill to the edge with snow. My older brother lives a bit farther. So, you wake me up in April, because if he wakes before I do, he'll leave nothing for me.

The giant spoke these words and he fell asleep covered with meat. And the little man began to live by himself. He lived there all winter and covered the sleeping giant with meat. And

the lice who supposedly ate the giant were, as it turned out, vixens, arctic foxes, and other furred animals.

All winter the little man lived there. When the little man saw an animal with beautiful fur, he killed it. As April arrived he woke the giant. The giant awakened, ate his meat covering and in addition fortified himself with the little man's supplies. He finished eating and drank of water in the pit. And again, he went into the sea to hunt. He returned and again brought two whales. They ate up the two whales. The little man began to prepare himself to go home. The giant put him and the boat on the palm of his hand and carried them. When the tops of the mountains showed, he wanted to leave him. But the little man said:

—Don't be afraid, nobody will see you. Carry me a little farther.

Soon the coast appeared; the thundering of the surf could be heard. The little man asked the giant to place the boat on the water. He sailed to the coast. He saw his wife separating blubber from the hide. He called to her:

—Wife, pull me out!

—Oh, what is ringing in my ears, — said the woman.²⁰

She cut off a small piece of blubber, put it to her ear and tossed it to the ground. The piece of blubber rolled to the boat and fell directly on the face of the little man. The little man said:

—Oy, what a bad one!

He left the boat and went up the beach. He kicked the woman who was separating the blubber in the rear. As he kicked her, he himself fell into her womb. The woman went home. It seemed that she got pregnant. Then she got ready to give birth. She gave birth to a child and wanted to wash it. But he stood up on his feet and washed himself. After that he took his wife.

That is all.

²⁰ The magical expression a woman always used was: "Oh, what is ringing in my ears!" when a lost man, whom they took for dead, returned. In the animistic beliefs of the Siberian Yupiks, the spirit of the lost man (most often the husband) when returning entered the womb of the women (most often his wife) who became pregnant and gave birth to the man for a second time. The newborn "cleansed himself" and again became a man. Women utter the same expression when they meet with talking invisible beings in magical tales (nos. 7, 11, 32 herein).

11. The Hunter and the Polar Bear

Narrated in 1940 by an inhabitant of Chaplino village, Kalya, age 24. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. The difficult and dangerous hunt for sea mammals in the harsh Arctic climate invariably brought many disasters to the coastal hunters. People were often separated by an edge of the [mainland] ice being torn away or, in inclement weather, by the kayaks being driven far into the sea. The loss of a food provider was a terrible disaster to the family and fellow-villagers. Similar situations find their reflection in economic accounts, which were transferred from generation to generation, were enriched by new episodes and then “contaminated” with various plots of magical tales and myths. The story about the adventures of a hero is entwined with the myth of the revival of the perished (nos. 7, 10, 32 herein).

There was a hunter who could not kill any animals. This went on for some time. One day, in searching for seals, he went [on fast ice] far toward the sea. A wind blew up and tore the ice from land. The hunter continued on the thin ice. Suddenly he saw thick ice. He went to it from his piece of thin ice. He built himself a dwelling with the ice, went in, took off his clothes, took out the inner linings of his boots and covered his thighs. He crossed his legs under his *kukhlyanka* [parka] and sat there for a long time. Suddenly he heard a voice come near. In the entrance opening he saw a polar bear's head.²¹ The bear crawled to the hunter. It seemed that he had no fur, was naked, with fur only on his head. Then the bear said:

– Help me man, I'm freezing.

The hunter offered the bear his *kukhlyanka*. The bear refused it. The hunter offered his breeches. Again, the bear refused them. The hunter also had a body garment made of bear fur skin. He offered it to the bear. The bear took the body garment and said to the man:

– Do you know why your hunting is so bad? Because your wife combs her hair at the same time she sews clothing.

He then put the *kukhlyanka* in the water, pulled it out, and the seal-oil of the stone lamp began dripping from it. Then the bear said:

– It's because of that grime that you can't hunt well. The animals are afraid of the stench of your clothing.

The bear rinsed out the garment and said:

– Now we're going to my place, and when you cure me, I'll take you home.

They came to the *zemlyanka* of the bear. The house was empty. They started to live together to wait until the wounds of the bear would heal. The bear put on the body garment of the hunter, made of bear hide so that it would grow to his stripped body. The next day the bear recovered and they were about to leave when suddenly they heard a voice from outside:

– Come out, master, let's compete for strength!

The bear said to the hunter:

– They will not leave me among the living.

The bear went out and the skirmish began. The bears scuffled for a long time. Then it began to get dark. The hunter saw one of the bears lying on the ice, he did not rise, and the other went away. The one who lay on the ice called out to the hunter:

– Will you now pull me to the house?

The man went out, grasped the bear and pulled him in.

The bear said:

²¹ The polar bear's head was cut from the body by the Siberian Yupiks and tossed into the sea as an offering to “The Ruler of the Sea.” It was the understanding of the ancient hunters that the bear's head would turn into an animal, which could be hunted again.

– Tomorrow, when my wounds heal, I'll take you home.

They got ready to leave in the morning when the other bear came there and again called out to the master to come out and fight. The hunter asked:

– Are there many out there?

– No, – answered the bear. – He's by himself like I am.

Then the hunter said:

– He ought to be killed, but that's going to be hard for you to do.

– Yes, – agreed the bear, – maybe he ought to be killed. Then things would be quieter for me.

The hunter went to his master-bear and made a sign on his back with soot. In this way the bear became conspicuous and when he grappled with the bear that had arrived the hunter grasped his spear, jumped out of the house and pierced the stranger. Then he took his bow and shot two arrows in his side.

The bear-master went in the house followed by the hunter. The hunter asked:

– Well, how is he out there?

The bear replied:

– He lies out there good and dead.

The man asked:

– What caused his death?

The bear answered:

– He has two wounds from arrows on his side and he was pierced with a spear.

The hunter said:

– Then I've killed him.

The bear said:

– You've done it right. I'll not have a ruffian for a neighbor any more. Tomorrow I'll take you home.

And, so, it was. In the morning, he led the hunter to his village.

12. The Younger Son

Narrated in 1940 by a blind storyteller from Chaplino village of the Chukotsky (now Providensky) *rayon*, Ayvykakh, age 28, illiterate. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov.

There lived a herder with four sons and a daughter. The sons and the daughter were all grown up. The sons killed many wild deer. One day the oldest son spoke to his father:

– We found a dead wolf in the tundra but we didn't bring him in. What good is a dead wolf!

The father said:

– Why didn't you bring him in? A wolf's hide is good for trimming clothing. Next time be sure to bring home the dead wolf.

The second time the sons brought in a wolf's hide. The hide dried and the father ordered the daughter to make a *kukhlyanka* trimmed with wolf fur for the oldest son. The daughter made for her older brother a *kukhlyanka* trimmed with wolf fur. In the morning, he put on the *kukhlyanka*, blood gushed out of his nose and he died in the evening.

The next day the second brother put on the *kukhlyanka* with wolf fur trimming. Blood started running out of his nose and he, too, died in the evening. The same happened with the third brother. So only the youngest son was left to the herder.

To the father it became clear why his children died and he forbade his daughter to make a *kukhlyanka* trimmed with wolf fur for the youngest son. They hung the rest of the wolf's hide on a post. The father did not ask his youngest son to pasture the reindeer and ordered him to stay home. So, all the time the brother stayed in the house with his sister.

One day the father returned from the herd quite angry. It happened that the wolves had cut down many reindeer. Then the father said to his son:

– How much longer are you going to sit in the house? I'm the only one working and you do nothing! You're not going to live with me anymore; go now wherever you want to. You can fall in the underground; you can fly in the skies. Or better yet – make yourself some trimming with the wolf's fur.

When the father said these words, the son was very much hurt and he said to his sister:

– Make me a white *kukhlyanka* and trim it with wolf fur.

His sister was frightened, saddened, and she began to make for him a white *kukhlyanka* with wolf fur trimming. She sewed and cried. She finished the *kukhlyanka* and in the meantime the youngster had made himself a staff with a little tinkle-bell. That night the father decided to spend the night at home. The father fell asleep and the young man, humming to himself, began to put his clothes on. He finished and with his staff he left the *yaranga*. The father awoke and his son was not about. Frightened he darted from the *yaranga* and ran after his son. He almost caught up with his son when the son fell to the ground and disappeared. And how did he fall through to the underground?! The father started for home, looked back and again saw his son. Quickly he ran to him. He began to catch up with him but the son detached himself from the ground and started flying in the air. The father called after him:

– Where are you going, son? Come back home! Why are you leaving me?

The son replied to him:

– No, I will not return to you. You've blamed me that I don't do anything; yet you made me stay home and didn't let me go to the herd. You've even wished me to die or to fly in the skies. And I've flown there.

The father cried bitterly and went home. The young man walked on the hill for a long, long time. Finally, he came to a very small *yaranga*. The master of the *yaranga* asked the young man where he was going. He answered:

– I'm looking for a nice village where people live happily.

The man said:

– In some time, you'll get to such a village, but first you'll come to a large village. The people there are bad; you'll hardly get out of there alive.

The young man stayed overnight with the man and then went farther. He walked for a long time. He came around a hill and saw a man fishing. He came up to him, hid behind the man to see what he was fishing. The man tugged at his fishing rod and pulled a little child out of the ice-hole.²² At first the little child stirred but soon he froze. When he froze, the fisherman broke off one of his little hands and ate it. Then the young man shook his staff and the bell tinkled. The fisherman turned around and saw a young man in white clothing. The fisherman said to the young man:

– Where did you come from handsome young man? I will make haste and go home and tell them to prepare to meet you. In the meantime, you can watch over my catch.

The man left and the young man followed in his wake. The man came to a *zemlyanka*, climbed up to the vent-hole and called out:

– Spread out the hide for dressing an animal. A good meal has come to me by itself. I'll bring it right now!

The young man heard those words, pressed himself to the ground being afraid that the bad man would see him. He didn't and the man went to the lakeshore. He walked to the ice-hole but nobody was there. He went to the other fishermen and said:

– An amazing thing! Just now a good meal had come to me all by itself. And when I went home to tell them to prepare everything for the dressing [skinning], a good meal ran away somewhere without any one telling me.

The fishermen said to him:

– Why do you fish all by yourself? That's why you lost a meal that came by itself.

By that time the young man came to the large village. There, opposite a large *zemlyanka* three girls and a youngster were playing ball. He came toward them. The youngster who was playing ball was very handsome and he could run very fast. The ones playing ball saw the newcomer and the youngster said to him:

– Where did you come from? Be my guest. Let's go to my house, I will feed you.

They went into a large *zemlyanka*. In it sat an old man and an old woman. The old people were gladdened when they saw him and they asked him:

– Handsome young man, where did you come from? Would it be that you'd become our son?!

The young man told them where he came from. The old man then said:

– Live with us. There in front of you are our three daughters. If you want to get married choose the one you like best.

The young man stayed to live with the old people. He married their youngest daughter. One day the old man said to his son-in-law:

– If it happens when you are walking that you hear a whistle, do not turn around or things are going to be bad for you.

The young man liked to take a walk. Once he heard a whistle but did not turn around. He walked on. Again, he heard a whistle. He turned around and saw in the distance a small *zemlyanka*. At the entrance to the *zemlyanka* stood a woman. She saw the young man and smiled at him affectionately. When evening came the young man went home. As they gathered to have supper, ringing and somebody's steps were heard in the *zemlyanka's* fore-room. The old man said to his son-in-law:

– You didn't listen to me! Didn't I tell you: don't turn around at a whistle, you'll perish!

²² In the mythological beliefs of the Siberian Yupiks, the hunters of the youngsters are the man-eating *tungaks*, and the youngsters venturing into water are the fish of the *tungaks*.

The same woman, in a beautiful *kukhlyanka*, entered the *zemlyanka*. She carried a pail and a dish with food. The woman again smiled affectionately at the young man and he smiled back. Offering the dish, the woman said to him:

— Eat!

The young man ate what was on the dish and drank of water from the pail.

— Put on your clothes, we're going home now, — said the woman.

The young man threw his breeches to the old man:

— Here, take them, you'll wear them!

He took off his *kukhlyanka* and threw it to the old woman:

— It's for you, wear it!

Then he went with the woman to the small *zemlyanka*. At the outer entrance to the *zemlyanka* two large polar bears were chained. The young man and the woman approached them. The polar bears growled and began to charge at the young man. The woman covered the bears' eyes and the young man walked past them. At the inner entryway two large brown bears were tied. They saw the young man, started to growl and also began to charge at the young man. The woman again covered the eyes of the bears and again the young man passed by them. They entered. The woman lived in the *zemlyanka* by herself. The *zemlyanka* was a tall one with the smoke hole at the very top. Large blubber lamps lit [the inside] dimly. Night came and the woman and the young man lay down together. The woman covered herself with her *kukhlyanka*, the young man with his garment. He fell asleep right away.

At midnight the young man awakened; he sensed danger. He opened his eyes and saw a little old woman emerge from below the oil lamp.²³ In her hands she had a very large knife. She came toward the young man, sharpening the knife, and looking at him with sharp eyes. The young man pretended that he had awakened only then, and he turned on his other side. As he started to shift, the ringing of a bell was heard and the tiny woman disappeared somewhere. The young man got up and cut off the braids of the sleeping woman. He carefully moved her to his place and covered her with his garment. He lay down in her place, fitted the braids to his hair, and covered himself with her garment. Again, he pretended to sleep.

In a short time, the little old woman emerged from below the oil lamp with the knife in her hands. She approached the sleeping ones sharpening the knife. She came right close. She touched the woman. "This, — she said, — must be my son-in-law, since he has no braids. And after all my daughter told him to cover himself with his *kukhlyanka*." Then she moved toward the young man. "This is my daughter, those are her braids and *kukhlyanka*." She put the knife to the throat of her daughter and again said: "This must be my son-in-law. If it were my daughter she would have braids." Once more she felt the heads of the sleeping ones and again put the knife to the throat of the braidless woman. She placed the knife and she cut the throat of her daughter.

Immediately the young man jumped to his feet, took the knife from the tiny woman, cut her up and threw the body pieces to the brown bears in the outer entrance. He glanced at the smoke hole and saw that it was becoming narrow. He jumped up and grasped the edge of the smoke hole with his hands. He barely climbed out of the smoke hole when it closed altogether. Then the young man saw that instead of the *zemlyanka* there was only a very small round hillock — with no entryway or smoke hole. Then dawn came. The young man walked to the large *zemlyanka*. He ran from the outer entryway to behind the *polog*. The old people were very happy and called out to him:

— Where did you come from? How did you save yourself?

The young man answered:

— I killed both of them.

²³ The "Little Old Woman" who climbs out from below of the blubber lamp is a harmful spirit, which could also appear as a beetle.

The old man put his clothes on. He went out, came to his *zemlyanka* and cried out in a loud voice:

—My son-in-law killed the people-eaters. Now our sons will grow up and be afraid of nothing.

The young man stayed to live in that village.

That is all.

13. The Reindeer Herder and the Wolves' Family

Narrated in 1971 in the Nuakan dialect by an inhabitant of Nynyamo village in Chukotsky *rayon*, Ykaluk, age 65, illiterate. Recorded on magnetic tape and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov with the help of the daughter of the narrator, Alma Ykaluk-Ivanova. The theme about wolves as protectors of reindeer herders, hunters, and orphans is widespread in the Chukchi narrative. The Yupik tale "The Wolf and the Loon" (no. 18 in this edition) represent an adaptation of corresponding Chukchi tales as well as the themes of the present tale.

Far away in the tundra there lived a reindeer herder. He had a wife and two sons. They lived by themselves, without neighbors. The sons pastured the herd during the day; during the night the father took over. The herd was a small one and could not be combined with those of other herders. The father and sons were careful with the herd. They killed very few reindeer for food, but there were enough hides of the killed to make clothing.

On a high mountain toward the sea there was a wolves' den. Not far from the den the man's reindeer were grazing. The herd was pastured during the day by the sons and before dark the father came and replaced them. And so, in this way, they lived quietly. Their small herd did not decrease or increase. Few of the calves died during calving. The father was already aging and weakening.

One day the children came home in tears.

— What happened? — their parents asked.

— Our herd is not big, — replied the children. — Two wolves came running and chased all the reindeer away. We ran after the herd but could not catch up with it. They disappeared from sight very soon.

The father took some food with him and went to look for the herd. Soon he noticed reindeer footsteps. Then also partly eaten carcasses of reindeer with their tongues ripped out. In the distance some of the remaining reindeer were roaming.

The herder removed the hides from the dead reindeer, then captured a pair of harnessed reindeer, put the carcasses of two of the killed reindeer on the sled and brought them home. His wife touched them up. Again, the master put them on the sled and took them to the den of the wolves. He walked to the den and called out:

— Hey! Is anybody there?! The wolves killed several of my reindeer. Let's eat them together! It makes no difference; I've been left with almost no reindeer.

Suddenly something black appeared before his eyes. He looked and saw that an entryway to the *zemlyanka* had opened. He heard them inviting him in. The herder entered. He looked around. He found himself in a large, well-lit *zemlyanka*. The master said to him:

— I know, I know that you have few reindeer. All the time I tell my sons to leave your reindeer alone. You are poor, I tell them. But my sons don't listen. They are the ones who cut up your herd. Sit down, wait a bit! They're just about to return.

Evening arrived, and they heard somebody's steps outside.

— Here they are. Now I'll give them a proper scolding, — said the master.

Through the lower entrance a tall youngster came into the *zemlyanka*. A small mustache barely showed on his face. After him a second one entered; he was still a child. The father said to them:

— You, naughty ones! How many times have I told you to leave that herd alone! Why did you cut up those reindeer? You miserable cowards, are you afraid to go farther away from home?!

The younger brother nodded toward the older one and said:

— He's the one who wanted reindeer from that herd!

The father became really angry:

— Look, that man has brought us food. Now, you, disobedient ones, when night comes you're going to go hunting. Far, far to the north lives a rich reindeer herder. He has a large herd and it roams about with little attention paid to it. You drive from it reindeer, but not many, and let them join the herd of this reindeer herder. Well, I've said all. Now, he's going home, and you go after the reindeer. Eat well for the journey, disguise [change] yourselves and be off!

The reindeer herder returned home. He said to his wife:

— I went to the wolves' den and took with me the two reindeer carcasses. The wolves gave me a hearty welcome and promised to help me. You know that we have only a few reindeer left. It seems that they had cut up our reindeer. The children did not listen to their father, he had always told them to hunt farther away. Tonight, they will go far, far away for reindeer and they will return to us our loss.

At that time of the year there were already light frosts. The next morning the reindeer herder and his wife awakened. The weather was clear and quiet. From somewhere there came a light patter, like the trampling of reindeer. But the very small herd of the master was pasturing far away from the camp. The master said to his wife:

— Do you hear that trampling; it's like a herd of reindeer coming near. Go and see what it could possibly be.

The wife put on her clothes, went out and saw that a large herd of reindeer was coming up to their camp.

— Come and see what a large herd of reindeer is coming! — His wife called out. — May be a very rich master has arrived.

The herd came to the camp and stopped. The master came out and saw a really big herd with some of his spared reindeer in it.

The sons awakened and the father said to them:

— Today we're going to forget about reindeer!

Again, the master took two reindeer carcasses to the wolves' den. And so it was that every time he slaughtered reindeer, he carted a pair to the wolves. From that time on he had a large herd. Other herders who had a few reindeer began to join his. The herd pastured by itself. The wolves protected it. A large camp spread out on the grounds of the old reindeer herder. At the time of slaughter, he gave the poor herders meat and hides for clothing. And he did not forget his protectors, the wolves.

The reindeer herder made many friends. The small herds of the poor reindeer herders grew quickly in his herd. These herders became rich and went their way. From that time on there were a large number of camps in the Enmelenskaya tundra. The coastal people began to visit the reindeer herders. The herders gave them meat and hides and the coast dwellers brought them seal gut rainwear, boots, thongs, and the blubber of sea animals. The sons of the reindeer herder grew up, married, and many children were born to them. In the tundra the number of herders increased. I've heard this tale from my grandmother.

14. The Man with Two Wives

Narrated in 1960 by an inhabitant of Sireniki village of Providensky *rayon*, Ragtyna, age 46. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. The subject is about the struggle of the hero with a harmful woman-spirit (no. 12 herein). The theme of the hero's travel to the land of sea people is also reflected in the Koryak tale "The Travels of Kuykynnyaku" and published in A. B. Dolitsky 2002, p. 42. Evidently, similar plots are inherent to the narrative of the coastal dwellers of the entire Chukchi-Kamchatka region.

A man had two wives. A child, a little boy, was born to the older one. The man brought to his wives three reindeer hides. He said to his second wife:

– Make a *kukhlyanka* from these two hides.

To his older wife he gave one hide to make him trousers. From the *kamus* [the tough skin of the lower part of the reindeer's legs] he ordered her to make a case for the spearhead. The hides were completely white. The wives sewed the garments. The man put on the all-new clothes. He waited until night came, took his spear and left the *zemlyanka*. The older wife said:

– Where is he going? I'll go see!

The younger, coming into the *zemlyanka*, answered:

– He went there, to the shore.

Just then the man walked into a breaker. Ahead of him some kind of bright light was shining. He went there and came near the earth. Suddenly he heard a voice:

– What kind of a man are you?

– I'm from the dry land, – he answered.

– What did you come here for?

– For a woman!

By night he lay down to sleep and found himself next to two women. He had arrived at the seals' domain. He awakened and again he walked on and arrived at the land of the bearded seals. Again, they asked him:

– What did you come here for?

– For a woman, – he answered.

He lay down to sleep and again, as at home, next to two women. He awakened and again walked on. And he found himself among the walrus. Again, they asked him what kind of man he was. He answered that he came from the shore through a breaker.

– What did you come for?

– A woman.

He lay down to sleep. Again, there were two women next to him. He awakened, went farther, and found himself among the whales. Again, they asked him the same question. He answered the same way and again slept with two women. He awakened and went farther. He walked and walked until he walked through the entire sea. He climbed onto dry land. It was getting dark. He saw a *zemlyanka*. In it a fire was flickering. He went toward the fire. He stopped at the entrance and drove his spear into the ground. A woman came out and heard the spear jingling. She returned to the *zemlyanka* and said:

– Outside the entrance I heard a little bell jingling.

The old man then said to his son:

– Go right now and see who's there. Be fast at it, boy.

The boy went out, listened and, true, something was jingling. He took a step in that direction touched the hand of the newcomer and said:

– Where did you come from? You know, I don't have a brother. Come with me. Then I will have a brother!

They entered the *zemlyanka* and the boy said to his father:

– I've found a brother.

The father answered:

– Quiet, do not talk! Tomorrow there will be a feast!

At night the old man told the guest:

– You've just stumbled on a feast. Tomorrow when we start feasting, a woman will enter with a dish in her hands. Her dish is filled with a meal of plant roots. She'll see you and will [try to] treat you. Don't eat her food; even if you just lick it once, she will take you for herself. She is jealous of us. If she takes a young one for husband, she will never let him go.

They went to sleep. In the morning they began the festivities. And truly, a girl with a dish entered. She saw the man, went to him and said:

– Here, taste this food.

The man replied:

– I will not eat your food.

And it seemed that the dish by itself reached out for his chest. He ate just a spoonful. Then the woman said:

– You know, you've taken me as wife. Let's go!

She took him by the hand and led him. They came to a large *zemlyanka*. The woman went to the entrance and said:

– Go in.

The man replied:

– This is the first time that I am coming to your *zemlyanka*, so you go in first!

At each side of the entrance lay a bear. The woman stepped over the bears' heads and entered. He followed her. The woman said:

– Well, that man knows how to enter a house!

They went inside and in the entry way there was a large lake. In the middle of the lake a large log was floating. The man said:

– You go first. You know, I'm here for the first time.

The woman stepped onto the log and crossed to the other side; the man followed her and crossed also. The woman said:

– Oh, it is already night, you have taken me for a wife; let's lie down to sleep!

They lay down and covered themselves with their *kukhlyankas*. Just as he was about to fall asleep the man suddenly saw an old woman leaning out of the wall. She took out a knife and began to wave it. The man threw his *kukhlyanka* over the woman and hid under hers. The old woman approached them. She saw the *kukhlyanka* of the guest. She leaned over her daughter and struck her throat with the knife. She thought it was the guest. The man sprung to his feet, and the old woman ran toward the wall. She threw the knife at the man. The man held out his little finger and the knife struck the flat of his hand. He grasped the knife and threw it at the old woman. It cut the right arm of the old woman from her body. The old woman grasped the knife with her left hand and threw it at the man. Again, the knife struck the flat of his hand. The man grasped the knife, threw it at the old woman and cut off her left arm. Then the old woman seized the knife with her mouth and again threw it at the man. The man also seized the knife with his mouth and threw it at the old woman and cut her throat. The man settled down, put on his clothes, and as he was about to leave through the smoke hole everything around him suddenly began to crack and the *zemlyanka* started to tremble. And at the smoke hole there appeared the very youngster the man was looking for. The youngster helped him get out of the *zemlyanka* and then he asked:

– Where are they, did you kill them?

– To be sure, I did, – answered the man.

They came to the village and the child said to his father:

– This man finished off our tormentors.

The old man put on his clothes. He went out, climbed up on the *zemlyanka*, and called out:

– From this time on this young man will be the strong man. The guest has destroyed our tormentors.

The man went home. He came home and saw an old man. It turned out that he was his son. That is how many years he wandered, was not home. When he was resting, the old man suddenly started to become smaller, smaller and smaller, and suddenly he disappeared altogether.

15. The Woman Who Did Not Want to Marry

Narrated in 1946 by a student of the Anadyr Pedagogical Institute, the Naukan Eskimo Keynyn, age 20. Recorded and translated into Russian by E. S. Rubtsova. Stories about women who do not wish to marry are widespread in the narrative of the Siberian Yupiks and Chukchi. The same theme is found in the narrative of the Alaskan and Canadian Eskimos. In early mythical narratives, female personages often appear in the role of sea rulers creating people and animals and also providing other cosmogonic functions. As in the majority of magical-mythical stories, here the personages do not have proper names but the place of action is defined with topographic exactness (the early Siberian Yupik settlements of Naukan and Imaklik are named).

In the village of Nunak there lived an old man, a successful whale hunter.²⁴ And his oarsmen were well selected for great endurance, daring, and were strong to a man. He had a daughter, an only one. There were no other children. The daughter had already entered girlhood. In the summer she often went to the mountains. She had a puppy which she had brought up herself. Every time she went to the tundra to collect edible roots and plants she took the dog with her so that she would not be lonesome. The dog carried everything she collected to the house. She did not even have to ask him; he learned to understand words. Each spring the father killed a whale for her. He was a successful hunter and he lived well. Besides he was good and just and friendly to people. He gave all the same portion of meat, he shorted no one, nor did he give more to anyone. So, in busy times his workers were never wanting.

His daughter was beautiful to behold. The young men of Nunak sought her in marriage. The father agreed to give his daughter in marriage to one of the fellows. The suitor established himself in the house of the old man to work for a time in order to gain her for his wife. But the bride would not as much as look at him. So, the suitor went home with empty hands. The daughter of the old man did not want to marry, no one could please her. Many of the Nunak men were refused. Men in neighboring villages sought her in marriage. Again, the father agreed to give her in marriage. And she chased away all her suitors. Then even her father's oarsmen sought her, and she did not even look at them. The oarsmen who wanted to become sons-in-law and whom she had rejected bore a grudge against the old man and they started to leave him. This one girl offended all of the Nunak suitors. Only a few oarsmen remained with the old man.

They wintered and again summer arrived. The daughter of the old man again started to gather edible plants. One day, when she went to the tundra, her father thought: "No good comes from my daughter, only harm. Even the oarsmen did not stay with me, and have I really treated them badly? And all of this because of my daughter. Maybe she wants to live all by herself? We need to tell all of the people of Nunak, let everybody prepare to travel while my daughter is in the tundra. Let's leave her by herself. Take with you all food that is stored in pits, in the *zemlyankas*, under the snow, and scrape clean the meat storage pits. And when you get everything together, go from here wherever your mind takes you. But be sure there's not even a small piece of meat left here."

The old man ordered that they leave the place. The Nunak people rushed to carry out his command. They took with them all of the food that was stored in the *zemlyankas*, in pits, and under the snow. And they left for wherever they wanted. The old man himself left for Imaklik.

The girl was collecting edible plants in the tundra and did not know that her village no longer existed. She collected bagfuls — evening was already near — and she went home with her

²⁴ Nunak (lit. "village") — a locality and inhabited point near Naukan.

faithful dog. She arrived, and there was nobody in the *zemlyanka*. There was not a thing in it. She wanted to eat but there was no food. She went to the pit where meat was kept, but the pit was empty. She returned to the *yaranga*, ate of the dry plants and roots, and lay down to sleep. The dog lay next to her. They awakened and again ate some of the plants. The girl went to all of the storage pits seeking meat. She would uncover a pit and there was not even a tiny piece of fat in it, it was scrubbed clean. And fall was in the air, everything became cold, the ground was covered with hoar frost. And they had nothing to warm them, they shivered, they gave warmth to each other.

One day, when there was altogether nothing to put in the mouth, the girl let herself down into a storage pit to see if there were any dribblings of fat under the plank floor of the pit. She took up the planks and began to scrape away the dribblings of fat. In the middle of the pit she saw a large, flat stone. She turned the stone over and under it, happily, was a large piece of whale skin with blubber. The girl rejoiced and also was dumb-struck: so much food! She took the skin and carried it home. She ate of it herself and also gave some to the dog. They began to feed on the skin but ate only small pieces so that they would not die of hunger and they stretched it out over many days. And it turned out that an aunt left that blubber especially for her. Then ice formed covering the sea solidly. They had eaten the skin, there was nothing left to eat. Where will they get food? Because of the cold they could hardly sleep day or night. The walls of the *zemlyanka* were covered with hoar-frost inside.

One day they could not sleep at all. The sky was full of stars, the night a quiet one. Suddenly there was a burst of laughter outside. "Well, — they thought, — no doubt a *tungak* came here. Who else could roar like that? Only a *tungak*!" Scared, they lay there. They did not get up. They looked at each other.

The roar of laughter stopped. The girl said to her dog:

—Go and see what's out there!

As she said so, the doggie jumped out of the *yaranga* but immediately returned to the entryway and began to whimper. Her mistress asked:

—What did you run into?

As soon as she said that, the dog ran to the entrance. But the dog did not go outside. The dog returned, looked at the girl and whined. The girl then asked:

—Is it alright for me to go out?

When she said that the doggie ran outside. The girl followed her. She saw that the dog was holding a seal with her teeth and was whimpering. She went over to the seal and grasped it by a flipper. They dragged the seal into the *zemlyanka*. When they dragged it in, the girl cut it open, removed the innards and they began to eat the fresh meat. They finished eating. The girl went to the entryway, found the crock for the oil lamp, stripped some blubber, put it in the crock and lit it. It became warm in the house, the hoar frost disappeared — and now there was meat. They ate very little of the seal at a time, just enough to keep from dying of hunger. It lasted for a long time. But one seal could not feed them forever! Even though they were very thrifty, the time came when they had to eat the last little piece. With it the blubber came to an end — the oil lamp was also a good eater. It became cold again. Again, everything in the *zemlyanka* was covered with hoar frost. Because of the cold they could not sleep. When cold and hunger chilled them to the marrow, very clear weather set in.

Moonlight made the night clear. Again, they could not sleep because of the cold. Suddenly they heard roaring laughter from the outside stronger than before. The woman cried out:

—This time it must be the *tungak*! Oh, surely, he will eat us!

They sat there for a long time, not moving. Then the girl said to her doggie:

—Go and look to see what's happening.

She untied the dog. She jumped outside and returned right away. She stood in the entryway, whimpering, looking at her mistress. The girl asked her:

– What did you run into?

When the girl uttered these words, the dog again darted to the outside. And she returned right away. She whimpered and looked at her mistress. The mistress said:

– Is it alright for me to go out?

When the dog heard the words, she ran out of the *zemlyanka*. Her mistress followed her. She did not hurry to get out of the *zemlyanka*. She stuck her head outside and saw the dog holding a bearded seal with her teeth. The girl ran outside, grasped the seal by a flipper and the two of them could hardly drag the seal inside. The girl cut the seal open. Again, they had fresh meat. When they filled their stomachs the girl again started the oil lamp. Again, they were warm. The hoar frost disappeared from the walls. Again, they had food and could sleep well. They fed themselves with the bearded seal for a long time – [you know] it was larger than the first seal.

Even though they were careful with the bearded seal, it was finally all eaten. The days were becoming longer. But living again became difficult: they could not sleep because of the cold. And when they were hungry and to the point of freezing, again there was roaring laughter in the night and something creaking. The girl said:

– This time it certainly must be the *tungak*. What man would come here? In the nearby villages they no doubt think that we're not among the living!

They sat there quiet, waiting to see what would be next. Then the girl said to the dog:

– Go see what's happening!

She untied the dog. The dog ran outside and returned right away, sat down in her usual place and looked at her mistress.

– What did you see out there? – asked the girl.

The dog could not answer; you know she could not talk like people. She sat there and looked at her mistress. The girl thought and thought and then said:

– We've suffered so much, so let him eat me!

She said this and went. She peeped out. She saw a shadow of a man. She looked closely – and there was a man. The young man was very well dressed. She looked at him in the face and saw that he was looking at her. He saw that the girl had seen him and he said:

– Don't be afraid, I'll do nothing bad to you! I'm sorry for you, that's why I came here. First, I brought the ringed seal then the bearded seal. I didn't want you to die of hunger so I brought food for you. But, finally, I came myself. I know how much you suffered! But, all the same, you probably will not have me.

After a long silence the girl answered him:

– Have it your way! You know, and it's true, you saved us. If it wasn't for you our bones would be covered with snow long ago.

They spoke thus and entered the *zemlyanka*. There was nothing to eat so they went to sleep with empty stomachs. The girl woke up in the morning but the man had already gone hunting. When it was becoming light he returned with a seal. The girl cut from the seal a piece of blubber, squeezed it, lit the oil lamp and began to cook the meat. When she cooked it, they ate the meat, a tasty tidbit. She continued to cook. Now she had plenty of meat since the man always managed to get animals as his daily task. And the man was a marvelous hunter; he always returned with a catch. He left to hunt at dawn; they never heard him leave. And that's how they lived. Toward spring the weather changed. Days were longer, the sun began to be warmer. And her chosen husband began to bring seals less and less often. Although he left to hunt in the morning he did not return until evening. And the seals he brought were smaller and smaller. He began to treat his wife badly. When he returned from the hunt he began pushing her and condemning her:

– Why didn't you fill out [get heavy, gained weight]? Didn't I feed you well all winter?!
He began to go hunting even earlier and as usual returned late with a very small catch. He pushed his wife aside and did not want to talk with her. He only said:

– I can't hunt for seals anymore; when are you finally going to put on weight?

Then one day he went out to hunt. His wife was doing house chores in the *polog*. Suddenly she heard that somebody had come into the entryway and without stopping headed for the *polog*. A small woman looked into the *polog*.²⁵ The mistress invited her in and hosted her with cooked meat. They started eating together. Then the mistress said:

– I have lived here so long but have seen nobody all the time. I thought that besides me nobody lived here. Where did you come from?

– Really, you're the only one living here. I'm from different places. I felt sorry for you so I came here. I want to warn you. You've picked for yourself a "good" husband. And did you notice that sometimes blubber was missing from the storage pit? You should know that your husband is a polar bear. He has gotten thin without the blubber. Late tonight he'll come from the hunt with a very small ringed seal and he won't give you enough sleep. Tomorrow at dawn he will again go hunting and will return without a catch. He will eat you if you don't do what I'm going to tell you. If you do it my way you'll be saved. Tomorrow run to your parents in Imaklik!

I'll give you my *kukhlyanka*, but don't take the doggie with you, she'll only be in your way. Take with you a switch, burn its point, and when you run see that you don't lose it. Don't run directly into the sea but to begin with take the path to Naukan. Only when you get to Cape Uyakakh, turn to the sea, on the ice.²⁶ When you are far out on the ice you'll see that your husband is chasing after you. He will begin to catch up with you, crying out as loud as he can. You look back and when you see him full well, take the switch and pass it over the ice with the burnt end, but do not linger. You'll pass it over the ice and then run farther the fastest you can. Again, look back and you'll see for yourself what's going to happen. He'll be delayed a bit but then he will run after you anew, again you will hear him, again he will begin to catch up with you. Again, take the switch and pass it over the ice but this time don't spare the charred end, you can use it all. Look back for the last time and run ahead with all your might. Soon you will see Imaklik. At that time the Imaklik fishermen are usually fishing. Go close to them but come to a stop. And don't go directly to the camp, hide among the boulders. It will become dark. Take off my *kukhlyanka*, hide it, and start for the dwelling of you parents. And as soon as your husband runs up to the fishermen, they will pierce him to death with their ice-picks. Be sure to do what I've told you. Look, if you disobey, he'll catch up to you and eat you.

The small woman said this and left. And the bear's wife thought: "So that good woman has given me good advice. She even promised to give me her *kukhlyanka*. I'll try to run away from the bear."

That night her husband returned from the hunt late; he brought a very small, thin seal. The woman wanted to talk with him, but her husband was silent, did not answer her. They ate without speaking and lay down to sleep. She could not understand her husband; he had become like another person: he pushed her away, then began to pinch her as if he wanted to tear out a piece of her skin. He did not let her sleep all night and at dawn he went hunting.

When it became fully light, the small woman of yesterday arrived. She came in and said to the bear's wife.

– Here's one of my *kukhlyankas* for you.

²⁵ A small woman — a good person who in Siberian Yupik tales is the defender of those in difficulties.

²⁶ Cape Uyakakh — present-day Cape Dezhnev.

She reached into her sleeve and pulled out a *kukhlyanka*. It turned out that the *kukhlyanka* was a fox's hide. She said:

— Here, put it on!

The mistress asked:

— It's so small! How will I put it on?

— It's really not that small; close your eyes and put it on!

The woman cautiously took the *kukhlyanka*, began to put it on and did so without effort. She looked at herself and saw that she had turned into a fox. She tried to walk, she could not; her muzzle was resting on the floor. Her guest said:

— Come, now; try again!

She tried once, she tried twice — to no avail: she fell on her side and overturned upside-down. The small woman taught her: you have to walk slightly sideways, hold your tail level with the body, don't lower it, don't turn it up. The wife of the bear learned how to walk like a fox; yes, and how fast could she walk!

The small woman said to her:

— Now take the switch, char it, and run. Your husband will return soon!

The bear's wife took the switch, charred one end, and went outside. She looked with sorrow at her doggie, and went down to the shore. When she got to the shore, she ran on the path leading to Naukan. At Cape Uyakakh she turned toward the strait, *Gyk!*²⁷ The vixen ran as fast as she could. She had already run far and yet there was no chase. Suddenly she heard that somebody from behind was calling her. She ran on with all her might. She could hear that he was almost catching up with her.

— Run, run, all the same I'll catch up with you! — yelled the bear.

The woman looked back. She saw that she was being chased by a big polar bear and it seemed that he was drawing closer to her. The woman was so frightened that she forgot about the switch. Suddenly she remembered and she exclaimed:

— Ah! She told me to pass the switch over the ice when the bear is about to catch up with me!

She took the switch, passed it over the ice, and ran on even faster. When she did not hear his voice, she looked back. And at the place where she had drawn the line there had formed a wide lead in the ice. The woman saw that her husband lowered himself into the lead. She ran even faster. She ran for a long time. She began to get winded, gave herself some respite, and started running anew. Suddenly she heard the voice of the bear again. She had already reached the middle of the frozen strait and Imaklik was close by. Again, it seemed that the bear was drawing closer to her. He was just about to catch up with her! She took hold of her switch, again passed it over the ice and stuck the charred end in the ice. And she ran on as fast as she could. She glanced back — a very wide lead had formed, so wide that the other end could not be seen. Now Imaklik was very near. Again, the fox heard the roar of the bear. The fast shore ice was near. She ran to it. She looked in the direction of the village and saw many old fishermen fishing. Among them was her father. The fox ran toward the fishermen. She came near them, they saw the fox and cried out:

— Hey, look, some kind of little fox is running there!

They wanted to block her way, but that was not to be. You know, she had four paws. She leaped by the fishermen, passed the houses, and climbed up the hillock. She hid herself among the boulders and looked down. She saw her husband-bear hurrying in her traces on the ice. He ran to the fast shore ice and, not lingering, went farther. When he reached midway on the fast ice, the fishermen saw him. Each of them took his ice-pick and waited. As soon as he reached them,

²⁷ *Gyk* — an encouraging exclamation.

they flung themselves at him and killed him with their ice-picks. The women-vixen saw that they had killed her husband, the polar bear, skinned him, divided the meat among themselves and went home.

She sat among the boulders until night came. When it got completely dark she took off the fox hide and hid it among the boulders. She became a woman again and walked down to the village. She saw her father go into the *zemlyanka*. She stopped, she was afraid to enter. She heard two people talking in the *zemlyanka*. She went into the entryway. She realized that it smelled of bear meat. But since she had already gone into the entryway, she should go farther. Her parents saw her; they were happy and amazed. They had missed their daughter very much and regretted that they had left her alone. As they began to eat the bear meat, they invited their daughter. She refused – how could she have eaten the meat of her husband?!

From that time on they began to live together. They lived well and they never scolded their daughter again. What a long tale this was.

What happened to her doggie, I don't know. And whether or not the woman married again – that also I don't know.

16. The Jealous Man from Ukivak and His Wife

Narrated in 1941 by an inhabitant of Chaplino village Utataun, age 57, illiterate. Recorded and translated into Russian by E. S. Rubtsova. This tale is about a woman suffering the cruel and unjust jealousy of her husband. It develops into a tale about the adventures of the heroine among the dwellers of another world.

An elder man from Ukivak was a jealous one. In the summer when he returned from the hunt, he would take his wife's boots and feel their soles. If the soles were damp, he would beat her. And so lived that elder man. His wife's face became black and blue from the beatings. She thought: "If I stay here things will be bad for me. It would be better to die. But if I died here, in the *zemlyanka*, that would be bad. Better I go to the sea. That will be better. If I kill myself here, my husband will come and he will see me. If I go to the sea, neither my husband nor the neighbors will see me. That will be fine with me." Her husband came home from the hunt, took her boots and felt the soles. If the soles were dry, the husband was good to her. They ate and lay down to sleep.

One day, earlier in the morning [than usual], the man left for the hunt. He hunted on the ice. His wife took her new garment, never worn before, put it on, and went outside. By this time the skies got light but it was still early [in the day]. The woman stood next to her *zemlyanka* and thought: "If I go to the tundra, they will see me. They will search for me and find me. If I go to the sea on the ice, they will not see me." She went to the shore to the mooring place for the boats. She followed the tracks of the hunter on the ice.

She walked and walked. The solid ice stretched out in front of her. She walked fast and thought she had gone far. She looked back and saw that everything was in the same place as before — the mooring place for the boats was very close by. She started to run. She ran and stopped — she walked slowly. She caught her breath and again started to run. "Well, — she thought, — now I must have come far." She looked back — again the mooring place for the boats was very near. That meant that again she did not move from the place. It was now broad daylight. The woman then thought: "Is it possible that the land of Ukivak does not want me to die in the sea and is preventing me from going there? Since they didn't see me yet, I should climb the Ukivak Mountain." She started to get up. When she got up she saw a large flat boulder. She sat on the boulder and put the hood of her *kukhlyanka* over her head, put its edge over her eyes and began crying. She thought about her whole life with her husband and how hurtful it became! She cried bitterly, kicking the large boulder with her feet. Suddenly she felt as if the boulder had moved in front of her. She stopped crying. She shifted the edge of the hood from her eyes and looked at the big, flat stone. She saw that the boulder lay there motionless. She took the edge of the hood off her eyes and said to herself:

— What am I afraid of? One thing is sure: I came here to die.

She started crying again. She cried bitterly. Suddenly she had the sensation that the boulder moved under her. The ground shook more intensely than before. She stopped crying. She shoved the edge of the hood back and looked down. She wiped the tears from her eyes and saw that in front of her was an entryway to a *zemlyanka*. She put her hands in it and groped about for the wall of the entryway but found none. She put a leg in, and moved it back and forth to find the wall. She put both feet in, supporting herself on her forearms and started to sway her legs. She stopped, moved her forearms and fell downward. She found herself on the floor together with her stone [boulder] seat. She felt the stone — and it was a whale. She sat down and thought: "If I go to the left, I'll get to something bad. If I go to the right, I'll get to something nice."

She got up and walked. She walked groping with her hands. First, she reeled to one side, then the other. She reached out with her right arm and went to the right, then with her left arm and to the left. And so she walked. Finally, she felt a wall. She saw ahead of her a faint light. She went directly to it. She came near and saw that the light came from the smoke hole of a *zemlyanka*. She stepped on a rib of the whale and looked around. She saw that there were kayaks tied to the roof of the *zemlyanka* together with the racks for the kayaks. Around the floats of the kayaks, harpoons, two-bladed oars, and mittens were hung. The woman thought to herself: "It seems that people live inside the earth." They say that the underworld people are *tungaki* [werewolves]. But they live just like people. She climbed a little higher. She stood on a rib of the whale, threw back her hood, grasped the edge of the smoke hole and looked inside. She saw that it was brightly lit. And one could not see the wall of the *zemlyanka*, it was covered with furs and deer hides. The sidewalls of the entryway also could not be seen — they were covered with meat. On one side there were the meats of various sea animals: whale, walrus, seal, on the other the meats of tundra animals. She looked at the *polog* and saw a man sitting there at the head of the bed with his legs crossed over the plank. His trousers were of deer hide; his *kukhlyanka* of spotted ground squirrel hides. He was a young man and handsome. The man saw her and asked:

— Who are you? A *tungak*?

The woman answered him:

— I'm not a *tungak*. I am from here, from Ukivak. I left home to die. The sea did not accept me so I was going to go to Ukivak Mountain.

The man replied to her:

— I'm also not a *tungak*. Come in!

The woman entered without hesitation as she would have entered her own *zemlyanka*. She felt at home. The man said to her:

— If you become bored, make for yourself whatever you want from those deer hides. And be afraid of nobody. Everything here is yours. Whatever you see in the *zemlyanka* belongs to you.

So the woman began to live anew, doing whatever she wanted to. Night arrived. The man said:

— Make two beds on the *polog*, one against the other.

She made the beds, and they lay down to sleep on the opposite edges of the *polog*. The next day they awakened and the man said to her:

— Winter will soon be here and we're without meat. I'm going to hunt from the kayak!

He let down the kayak with all its trimmings into the *zemlyanka*. He put on his [outdoor] clothes. Then he began to fit out the kayak. He put the floats in place. He got into the kayak. He put on his raincoat [made of seal intestines] and made the harpoon ready. He called to the woman:

— Push me!

The woman got up, went toward him, and grasped the stern of the kayak. The man thrust the harpoon into the wall of the *zemlyanka*. With a resounding thunder the wall slowly opened. Water gushed out of the crack. The woman saw that the entire floor was covered. The man told her:

— Now, push me!

The woman pushed him. The man cast off and floated into the sea. The stern slipped away. The crack in the *zemlyanka* closed. The woman went about her work. She was sitting and sewing and suddenly the walls of the *zemlyanka* started shaking. The woman saw the wall of the *zemlyanka* slowly open and in the opening the prow of the kayak appeared. The kayak was fully loaded. To the thong of the kayak were tied walrus, bearded seals and whales. And in the kayak proper were seals and bearded seals. They started unloading the kayak. They unloaded it and began to dress the walrus. They finished dressing the walrus and then the whales. They finished the work and

the man tied the kayak to the rack. He came back and sat down. The woman served the meat. They began to eat. They finished eating; the man sat down to the side and was quiet. The woman said to him:

— Eh, I thought that it was going to be better for me here than with my previous husband. But you don't talk with me either. Throw me out! You know that I've come here of my own will. If you don't feel right about things, tell me and I'll go!

The man answered her:

— I'm not silent because I want you to go! But, now, you come here!

The woman came closer. The man told her:

— You should go home. Your husband there, below, is preparing to hold a feast. Now there are two young women with him. When you get home, enter your *zemlyanka* and you will see there a sack with clothing. In the storeroom you will see meats covering its walls. When you arrive, wash your hair, tie your hair back of your head, go in the entryway and get two bowls. From the storeroom to the north take the meat of a wild deer and fill one bowl with it. After you fill it, take the other bowl, go to the storeroom to the south and cut some whale blubber with skin. When you finish coping with all that, braid your hair. When you finish braiding your hair, put one bowl atop the other and go to the guests. When you reach the entrance, push the bowls in first. After that enter yourself. Open the drape and in the back part of the *zemlyanka*, in the upper recess in the wall, you will see your husband with two young women at his sides. Bring to him the bowl with the meat of the wild deer and tell him: "Here, eat this." If he doesn't eat, put it near him. Take the second bowl and divide it for the guests. That will be sufficient and they will eat it to the last piece. If your husband does not eat the meat of the wild deer, take it and divide it between the guests. Then take your bowls and leave.

The woman replied to him:

— I'm not going to go; he's going to beat me again!

The man said to her:

— No, it won't be like that. Go home, he will not beat you. Look here, listen to them!

He took the woman by the head and put her ear on the wall of the *zemlyanka*. The woman listened but did not hear anything. The man asked her:

— Well, do you hear?

— No!

The man blew air into the woman's ear and said:

— Now listen!

The woman put her ear to the wall again and she heard as if all together the people of Ukivak were beating the drum, drinking and dancing. The woman took her head away from the wall.

— I'm not going home. I'd rather die!

The man told her:

— No, it can't be that way — you go! When you leave, I'll tie everything here into a knot. If your husband starts questioning you, don't tell him anything. If he insists, you tell him: "I will tell you tomorrow." When it becomes light [tomorrow] come with him here. And everything that you see here, I'll tie in a big bundle and place it in the middle of the *zemlyanka*.

He persuaded the woman and she started to put on her outdoor clothing. She put on her clothes and went out. The exit was right next to her. She went down the mountain. She went to her *zemlyanka*. She entered the *zemlyanka*, washed her hair, tied it, and went to the outer entrance. She took the sack with clothing and from it she took a seal-skin sack. She removed her clothing from it. She clothed herself and got two bowls. In the northern storeroom she cut pieces of meat of the wild deer and filled a bowl with it. She went to the southern storeroom and filled the second

bowl with whale blubber with the skin on it. She began to braid her hair. She finished braiding her hair and put one bowl on top of the other, put them on her shoulder, and went toward the guests. She reached the entrance and shoved the bowls in first. The guests stopped singing. She took the bowls, entered herself, and opened the drape. She looked deep into the *zemlyanka* and saw her husband sitting in the upper recess in the wall with two young women at his sides. She took the bowl filled with the meat of a wild deer, carried it to her husband and said:

—Here, eat this!

The man looked at the bowl. The woman waited but he did not eat. She put the bowl near him. She went for the other bowl and began to host the guests. They missed nothing, not even a little piece was left. She looked at the bowl with the meat of a wild deer. It was as if her husband had not eaten anything. She took the bowl and divided the wild deer meat among the guests. They missed nothing, not even a little piece was left. She finished hosting, put the bowls one atop the other, took them and went toward the exit. She pushed aside the drape and went into the entryway. She started to undress. She undressed and started twisting threads from animal tendons. And the man sat in the upper recess of the wall with the young women, and he thought: “Oy, to be sure, that was my wife.” He took his head in his hands and said:

—Hey, neighbors! It seems that my lost wife returned. Certainly, it must be her! She looks like her very much!

He grasped one of the young women by the scruff of her neck and pushed her away. She took to her heels, ran out the outer entryway and disappeared.

And again, the man said:

—Oy, it seems that my wife has returned! Certainly, it must be her!

He grasped the other woman by the scruff of her neck and pushed her away. She ran head over heels to the entryway and disappeared.

The man got up and said to himself:

—Oy, to be sure, my wife has returned! She looks very much like my lost wife. It is so, it is she!

He went toward the outer entrance. He came to his *polog*. He saw his wife twisting thread. He went to her:

—Oy, where did you come from? Where were you? We could find you nowhere.

—Don't question me, I'll tell you everything tomorrow!

He became angry and again questioned her:

—Where were you? Where?

The woman said nothing; she began to cut meat. And he repeated — where and where was she. His wife said to him:

—I'll not tell you now; tomorrow I'll tell!

They slept. When they awakened in the morning the woman said to him:

—Put on you [outdoor] clothes. Soon I'm going to tell you all.

They put on their clothes. They left. They went to the Ukivak Mountain. They saw the narrow passageway to the *zemlyanka*. They entered. A light was burning in the *zemlyanka*. In the middle of the dwelling were fur-skins, wild deer hides, and meat — all tied into a big bundle. The bundle was really big, but nobody was there. The man took all of the stores, carried them outside and rolled them toward his house. They took all of the contents of the *zemlyanka* outside. They went to the entryway, looked back and saw that the light had died out. They went out, looked back — there was no passage or entryway. They went down the mountainside. They freely divided everything among their fellow villagers: for each *zemlyanka* there was a bunch of deer hides, five pelts of red foxes, five of beavers, five of blue foxes, and five of otters. And they divided the meat of the wild deer among all equally. And the husband really did not beat his wife again.

He became richer than before. He became a successful hunter. He even brought whales from the hunt. And that woman lived lacking nothing.

The end. Tfu.

17. The Alikhpagmitsy

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Naukan village, Ytain, age 64, illiterate. Ytain was one of the gifted narrators of Naukan. He treated the integrity and completeness of the tale with exceptional responsibility. He regarded the fantastic adventures of the heroes as real. He was thoroughly convinced that the mastery of the narrator was tied to believing that everything rendered by the tale was true. This magical-heroic tale differs by its broad reflection of social-economic characteristics of an egalitarian community organization. The basic social units of the society were the large patriarchal families. Familial communities were represented by separate hunting groups that had their own names. In this case they are called the Alikhpagmit and the Imtugmit, competing in the hunting of whales and other sea animals. Similar groups had their own names, lived in a definite part of the village and buried their dead in a separate part of the cemetery. In Naukan alone there were about ten and in Chaplino eleven such groups. Among the Siberian Yupik, such familial groups formed by the union of several close and remote families of relatives survived until the 1950s. The integrity in the content and genre of this narrative about “The Ruler of the Universe” reflects the moral and ethical norms of conduct of sea-mammal hunters.

In the far past there lived in Naukan on the banks of the river four brothers — whale hunters from the family of Alikhpagmit.²⁸ On the opposite bank lived whale hunters of the Imtugmit family.²⁹ The Imtugmit people were deft and knowledgeable hunters. With the coming of spring the Imtugmit were the first to get ready for the hunt. At noon their oarsman ran from *zemlyanka* to *zemlyanka* calling the men to the whale hunt. And the people of Naukan rejoiced that they would kill a whale. And when the Imtugmit brought in a whale, the Alikhpagmit got ready for the hunt the next day. The four Alikhpagmit brothers went to the sea in a boat with an elder and also killed a whale. These brothers were successful hunters and were never lazy about hunting.

With the coming of winter, having stocked up with whale meat, the people of Naukan, as was the ancient custom, gave a feast. During it they gave part of the take to the Ruler of the Universe so that future hunting would be successful.³⁰ In olden times they believed that the Master of the Universe observed how earth people worked. If they worked hard, he gave them a lot to eat, if they were lazy, he punished them with hunger.

One day, when the Imtugmit killed a whale, the Alikhpagmit prepared for the hunt the next day. In the morning the oldest brother started to awaken his younger brothers. He got two of them up but he couldn't get the youngest one to get up. The youngest brother was lazy. “Ah, — he thought, — so what. All the same, I'll catch up with my brothers. I can go hunting a little later.” The oldest brother began to reprove him:

— Why don't you get up, why do you listen to your laziness and not to me?! You know that we are carrying out the wish of our father and because of that our catch is good and the children are well fed. Maybe your wife talked you into something, but why do you submit to the words of a woman?

²⁸ The Alikhpagmit were a familial group living in Alikhpagmit, an ancient village on the Asiatic shore of the Bering Strait. At the end of the nineteenth century, the Alikhpagmit transferred to Naukan.

²⁹ The Imtugmit were a familial group living in Imakyuk, an ancient village on the Asiatic shore of the Bering Strait. At the end of the nineteenth century the Imtugmit resettled in Naukan. Until the 1930s, a village of the same name was located in the vicinity of Sireniki in the Provideniya (earlier Chukotsky) *rayon*. Eskimo villages with the same name are found in Alaska and Canada.

³⁰ “The Ruler of the Universe” (*Silam osyna*) in the concepts of the Siberian Yupiks dwelled in the “upper world” (the sky) and from there kept an eye on the observance by people of the ancient hunting rules. He would take trespassers of these rules to his abode for “re-education” and he would lower them, through an opening, back to the earth.

But the youngest brother was altogether lazy and he would not get up. The oldest one left him and prepared to go hunting with his two brothers. They took all the hunting equipment and got into the boat. The sea was calm and the hunters cast off.

As the older brothers sailed away the youngest one got up and said to his wife:

– It is high time for me to get up! Very likely my brothers will go far and I will be left alone. Quickly, get me my raincoat, short mittens, long mittens, and a second, thick raincoat for the kayak. Get me all of my clothing that's drying on the racks and I will bring my hunting equipment here.

The younger brother went outside. His wife followed him. Apparently, he went to get the kayak. His wife returned to the *zemlyanka*. The hunter brought the kayak and through the smoke hole in the *zemlyanka* he called out to his wife:

– Grab the kayak, and then drag it quickly into the *zemlyanka*. If my brothers have gone far into the sea, I will not catch up with them!

They dragged the kayak into the *zemlyanka*. The hunter said to his wife:

– Quick, give me my hunting equipment and clothing!

While his wife was gathering the clothing and equipment the hunter took the kayak's double oar, planed it a bit and sharpened its ends. He then put on his kayak clothing and told his wife:

– Inflate the floater!

The wife inflated the floater; the hunter attached it to the kayak together with the harpoon and said to his wife:

– Now go out and see how far my older brothers have gone.

His wife leaned out of the smoke hole and said:

– They're already past the Ukigaluk.³¹ They're just about to disappear from sight.

The hunter went to the kayak. He put a long mitten on one hand, a short one on the other and he firmly fastened a visor above his eyes. He got in the kayak, neatly tucked in the ends of the raincoat and snugly tied the kayak's belt around himself. He told his wife to open the smoke hole and call for the wives of his older brothers. His wife opened the smoke hole and called for the wives of his older brothers. The hunter told the women:

– Now, grasp me together with the kayak and carry us outside!

The women took the kayak with the hunter and carried it outside. The hunter told the women to cover the smoke hole. He took the oar, set it against the corner of the *zemlyanka*, and called out to his wife:

– Now, push the kayak with all you have in the sea!

His wife said to him:

– If I push you strongly below you'll fall on the shore hummocks and you'll break to pieces together with the kayak!

Her husband told her:

– Don't be afraid, better push the kayak or my older brothers will go far in the sea and I'll be left behind!

The woman pushed the kayak with the hunter with all her might. The kayak broke loose from the high place but it did not fall to the ground but flew through the air to the edge of the fast shore ice. The women asked from the *zemlyanka*:

– Where is the kayak with the hunter?

The wife of the hunter answered:

– He flew through the air and landed near the edge of the fast shore ice. He got near a lead in the ice, put the kayak in the water and sailed away!

After some time, the women asked again:

³¹ Ukigaluk – a cliff in the vicinity of Cape Dezhnev in the Bering Strait.

– And where's the hunter now?

The wife of the hunter answered:

– He harpooned a sea animal. The animal is pulling him along with the current. He pulled him right up to Kygmik.³² Now it seems that the hunter has bested him. He pulled him with the harpoon thong to the kayak and hit him on the head with a stone hammer. Now they are near Mamrokhpak.³³ And now they're already out of sight.

It turned out that the hunter had harpooned a bearded seal. The seal had led the hunter farther and farther from Naukan. The hunter had pulled the animal to the kayak many times, hit it in the head with a *tukshugun* [hammer] but could not stun it. The animal dragged him much faster.³⁴

They had already arrived at Sanluk Cliff³⁵ and Oyuk Cliff³⁶ was behind them, and the hunter could not kill the animal in any way. Soon the current forked. Once more the hunter pulled the animal to the kayak, hit it over the head with the hammer, and finally killed it. He cut its throat, inflated the animal and dragged it over the water to the shore. Then, suddenly, a fog blew in, covered the land around him. But the hunter walked toward the shore. He walked and walked – and there was no shore. Then the fog lifted, and there was a land in the distance. But what land was this? The kayak reached near the shore, the hunter looked around. No, this was not Naukan land; it was a foreign land. The shore was low, there were no mountains, and green grass grew all around. The hunter moored his kayak to the shore. On a small mound he saw a *zemlyanka*. From the *zemlyanka* there came a man with a rucksack on his back, holding a wooden bowl in one hand and a bucket of water in the other. Right after the man a woman came from the *zemlyanka* and also walked toward the shore. They came down to the kayak. The hunter called out to them:

– Egey! [How are you?]

The woman said:

– Get out and take your kayak out there to the upper kayak rack. Then feed your bearded seal and give it fresh water to drink; after that cut it in three pieces.³⁷ Put the forepart in the rucksack, I will carry it.

The hunter did everything that the woman told him to do. The woman carried the rucksack with the meat into the *zemlyanka*, with the man following in her steps. The woman returned, put the hind part in the rucksack and again carried it to the *zemlyanka*. And the man always followed her. So, they transferred the entire kill. The hunter entered the *zemlyanka* after the mistress of the house. The inside of the *zemlyanka* was clean and beautiful. It shined as if it were bathed in sunshine. The guest stood still; so amazed, he could not utter a word. The mistress cut the bearded seal meat into pieces and cooked them. It turned out that the husband of the woman was the Ruler of the Universe himself. Then he said:

– I want to eat!

Then he looked at his wife and added:

– It seems that this hunter is very greedy. He denied the kill for me. And hasn't his oldest brother not once told him about the beliefs and wishes of his father that one should not be lazy,

³² Kygmik – a cape in the Bering Strait.

³³ Mamrokhpak – a former Siberian Yupik village and locality on the eastern shore of the Bering Strait.

³⁴ *Molotok* in Russian, *tukshugun* in Siberian Yupik. An ancient stone implement of coastal hunters with which they stunned a harpooned animal. It went out of use with the appearance of firearms.

³⁵ Sanluk – a cliff and locality on the Asiatic shore of the Bering Strait.

³⁶ Oyuk – a cliff on the Asiatic shore of the Bering Strait.

³⁷ To “feed and give fresh water to drink” to a sea mammal among Siberian Yupik refers to a hunter's ritual. Before skinning a killed bearded seal, ringed seal, or walrus they would “feed” it with bits of meat and “give it fresh water” to drink. They believed that the animals came to people as guests, left them their flesh, but their spirits [souls] returned to the sea. For giving drink and feeding the animal, the hunter carried a personal ritual spoon.

should always listen to his elders, and not deny the best pieces to me. This hunter paid heed to nothing; he wants to live only the way he sees it. Now let him spend the winter here.

The hunter heard the Master and thought to himself: "Where have I fallen? No doubt nowhere else but to the Ruler of the Universe. It probably would have been better to listen to my oldest brother and not disturb the wishes of my father." The Ruler of the Universe can hear all that men speak to themselves and he understands all that men think. In the evening the wife of the Ruler of the Universe said:

— The one that at the time of the winter whale feast gave me pieces of whale fins and then was sorry for doing it; he does not deserve pity!

The man fell asleep and the next day he thought again: "Where have I fallen?" And the Ruler of the Universe heard the voice of the man's soul and he said:

— You have not fallen anywhere. I have taken you here. You'll spend one night here, you'll spend the winter here, and then I'll release you. And if this is wearisome, take a look at your brothers.

He said this, opened the floor of his dwelling and led the man to the opening. The man looked below; he saw the entire earth and on it he saw his brothers.

The brothers had killed a large whale and were cooking the best pieces. It seems that the Ruler of the Universe decided to keep the man with him, punish him for his disobedience to his older brothers and his failure to carry out the wishes of his father. So he told the man:

— You see that your brothers on the earth are cooking whale meat, are living well and work together. They don't disobey the wishes of their father and they give me the best and purest of food. And for that I give them all the necessities. Look here, when you return to earth you will listen to nobody, but if you again fall to me then you will never return home!

The hunter thought: "When I return home I will listen to everything my older brother says."

The Ruler of the Universe started to pity the hunter: "So what, — he thought, — if he becomes more wearisome let him follow the earthly customs." The hunter went out of the *zemlyanka* and saw his kayak; on one side of the kayak lay the kayak's full equipment: a beautifully ornamented double oar, a floater, the long [steering] oar, and everything that is needed for sea hunting. On the other side was full equipment for hunting on foot. The hunter went to the *zemlyanka* and said:

— Here is my word: if it's possible for me to return to earth, I promise you that when I return I will follow all the wishes of my father and all the advice of my older brother.

He said that and entered the *zemlyanka*.

The Man of Customs said to him:

— I've heard how much your soul missed your home. Now go and bring your kayak here. You will equip yourself for the hunt just like you did the last time at home.

The man brought the kayak and began to clothe himself near the middle oil lamp. He finished, crawled into the kayak and sat down in it. The Man of Customs took a thong from the wall, tied it to the middle of the kayak and said:

— If this thong proves to be short, I'll pull you back up and you will stay with me forever. If the thong reaches to the earth you will return home to your older brothers.

The Man of Customs opened the floor of his *zemlyanka*. The hunter looked down and saw his brothers. The brothers had killed a whale and were preparing a meal from the best pieces. The Man of Customs grasped the thong and lowered the hunter toward the earth. The thongs proved to be long enough and reached to the very earth. The hunter floated on the sea and all at once there appeared a bearded seal next to the kayak. The man harpooned the animal and killed it with a single blow. He skinned it and approached the shore. And on the shore his brothers were skinning a whale. The oldest brother saw the kayak and said:

— Egey [what do you know], our lost brother is returning home!

And, to be sure, the hunter who arrived in the kayak proved to be their brother. From that time on the younger brother always listened to his older brothers. They say that the brothers were the best of hunters, were never lazy, and lived together in a friendly way.

The end.

18. The Wolf and the Loon

Narrated in 1960 by an inhabitant of Sireniki village in Provideniya *rayon*, Ragtyna, age 46. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. Here the actions of the loon and wolf, the traditional mythical helpers of man in the Chukchi and Kamchatka narratives, portray the struggle between two clans for the control of reindeer.

The girl Yari lived with her father. The father had many reindeer. Her brother was still small. Yari pastured the reindeer by herself. The *tannits* [strangers, outsiders] came and took her away with the reindeer. The father became poor. He began to make the rounds of the reindeer herders to get something to eat even though it was the contents of reindeer stomachs. Then his son grew into his teens and began to hunt. He earned his living by shooting ground squirrels with bow and arrow. One day when he was roaming in a river valley he saw a large wolf lying near a boulder. He took aim at him but the wolf came closer to him and said:

– You know, I've been waiting for you here. I've taken pity on you.

The youngster asked him:

– What are you going to tell me?

The wolf said:

– Do you think that there were ever any reindeer in your family? If you want to go and search for them, I will follow you. Before you go, ask your father: “Were there really no reindeer in the family?”

The youngster heard the wolf out, got up and went home. He came home and asked his father:

– Were there really no reindeer in the family?

The father replied:

– Oh no! Earlier, when there were many wild deer, they served as food.

The next day the youngster awakened and went hunting. At a lake he saw a loon and started to sneak up to it. The loon turned toward him and said:

– You know, I've been waiting for you here. I've taken pity on you. Do you think that there were ever any reindeer in your family? When you get home ask your father. If you go and search for the reindeer, I will follow you.

The youngster came home and asked his father:

– Really, aren't there any reindeer in the family?

His father answered:

– There are no reindeer in the family; earlier wild deer served as food.

In the evening the youngster did not go to sleep. He waited until his father fell asleep. When his father fell asleep, the youngster very quietly left the *yaranga*. As he left the moon was shining brightly. He went on. The wolf caught up with him on the path, sat him astride his back and ran with all his might until dawn came. He came to a lake and said:

– Egey! I'm tired and need to eat! Let me eat, please.

He said that and disappeared in a ravine. Suddenly the loon appeared and said:

– Now I will fly with you.

The loon flew with him. Only when it became dark did they stop to rest. The loon told him:

– We'll soon be at the place. It is there, beyond the mountain, where they drive the reindeer.

And there was the wolf, squatting, licking his paws. The loon told the youngster:

– I'm going to cry out behind the *yaranga* and call for rain!

The loon flew over the *yaranga*. She sat on the lake's water and cried out:

– Yari-i!

An old *tannit* man said:

– Why is that bird crying that way?

As soon as it became night dark clouds appeared on the horizon. A strong wind started to blow and it rained.

The wolf told the youngster:

—Go and lean against the drying kiln. When a woman comes to the drying kiln ask her: “Who are you?” She will answer: “I am Yari.” Tell her: “Quickly, untie your sack with the dryings. From the sack take the fat of an as yet unriden reindeer and put it in your trousers!”

The youngster went and leaned against the drying kiln. The reindeer were lying down around the *yaranga*. And it rained. The wolf began to gather the reindeer. The herd wheeled around, stamping. Suddenly a woman came to the youngster. The youngster asked her:

—Who are you?

She answered him:

—I am Yari.

—Quickly, untie the dryings! — said the youngster.

The woman untied the dryings. She took from the sack the fat of an unriden reindeer. Her brother told her:

—We don't need those supplies, leave them!

They went to the wolf. Yelling, the *tannits* ran into the stamping reindeer. The herd stamped many people. The wolf bit some to death. The loon pecked at others. The wolf enticed the herd and it followed him. The wolf put the woman on his back and the loon carried the youngster. They went and went and came to a small island. The wolf brought the herd to a stop. He asked:

—Eh, please, let's rest! Where is the reindeer fat?

The woman took out the fat. The wolf told her:

—Cut the fat in two pieces. Then, with your brother, swallow the pieces whole. Let your brother swallow one of the halves, you the other. If you are to remain alive, it'll be easy for you to swallow. If you are to die, you will not be able to swallow the pieces.

The brother lifted the fat to his lips. By itself the fat slipped through his throat. And the sister also swallowed her half easily. The wolf told them:

—The *tannit* will not kill you!

While they were still sleeping the chase was taken up again.

—Ira! Ira!

With warlike shouting they awakened the brother and sister.

The wolf enticed the herd. The reindeer were running in circles. They stamped to death all those intruders. The herd became free [wild].

The loon said:

—Fall is here; I will fly to my home. You know I didn't pity myself, but animals have eaten my nestling.

The youngster said:

—What can we do for you, how can we repay you?

The loon said:

—You owe me nothing. I only wish that next year you would live by the lake.

The youngster said:

—Why not, by summer I will live by the lake.

It is time for me to fly to warm country, — said the loon.

The sister and brother saw their *yaranga* from the slope of the hillock. The youngster said to the wolf:

—If you want to get married, take my sister!

The youngster told his sister:

—Now let's go to father.

The wolf said to the woman:

—Tomorrow, when you wake up in the morning, don't take out the pot right away but look to the north. If you see a woman, grab her, spit on her and take her home!

The woman turned out to be the sister of the wolf whom he promised to give in marriage to the youngster. The youngster took her with him so that she would become a mistress. Then the

brother and sister started for home. They entered the *yaranga* and saw that the old man's eyelids were swollen and reddened, so much had he cried. The old man soon died, the children buried him and when summer came they resettled at the lake. The loon flew in bringing with her many chicks, since the animals did not disturb them. Since that time there were many loons on the tundra. The youngster did not have to pasture his herd. The wolf pastured his herd and protected it.

19. The Nunagmit Whale

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Naukan village, Ytain, age 64, illiterate. Ytain was one of the gifted narrators of Naukan. He treated the integrity and completeness of the tale with exceptional responsibility. He regarded the fantastic adventures of the heroes as real. He was thoroughly convinced that the mastery of the narrator was tied to believing that everything rendered by the tale was true. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. This is a cosmogonic rendition of a whale born to a woman. Against the background of the fantastic description there unfolds a picture of realistic social relations between two extended families struggling over areas of sea hunting. Reminiscent of no. 17 in this publication, the extended family of Alikhpagmit opposes the Nunagmit. The Chukchi variant of this Siberian Yupik tale was recorded in an abbreviated version by W. G. Bogoras, 1900, no. 115.

A man had two wives; one gave birth to children, the other was childless. The second wife lived separately. One day she pretended to be ill. Also, the man stopped hunting because he was unhappy. He never crossed the threshold, thinking that, hopefully, his second wife would not die. He was sitting at the *zemlyanka* when a girl-orphan ran past him, laughing at him. The man became angry. And the girl went back and forth, laughing and teasing him. He could not endure it, ran after her to punish her for the mockery, but the girl-orphan then said:

– Well, you can beat me if you wish! You know, I have something to tell you. That's why I'm running around here.

The man heard these words and entered the *zemlyanka* of his first wife, where he also lived. He told his wife:

– The girl-orphan is laughing at me. I wanted to punish her but she promised to tell me something.

His wife said:

– If she comes again tomorrow, invite her. I'll give her good food.

The man told her:

– I will then fetch her and ask her to come

In the morning the girl-orphan came again. The man told his wife to host her. The girl said:

– Your second wife, the one who lives separately, is only pretending to be sick.

The man said:

– Tell me all you know! I'll have new clothing made for you.

The girl told him:

– Tonight, don't sleep so that you can see yourself what she is doing.

When night came the moon rose. He went outside and from a hiding place he watched for his sick wife. The [position of the] moon indicated that it was midnight. The sick wife came out of the *zemlyanka*. She had a raincoat on and hunting boots. In her hands she carried a dish full to the rim with meat and a pail of water. She climbed to the roof of the *zemlyanka* and started singing. She was inviting her husband-whale with the song. She stopped singing and listened. Far out in the sea could be seen the spouting of a whale. The woman again sang the inviting song. The spouting of the whale could be heard close by. She sang for the third time. The spouting of the whale was very close. And when she sang for the fourth time the whale came to the very shore and rested his head on a large flat boulder at the shore. The woman lowered herself to the edge of the water, walked to the whale, and fed him the meat and a drink of water. A man came out of the whale's nose [blowhole] and walked up the slope. He went into the *zemlyanka* to the woman and slept with her. The man returned to his first wife and said to her:

– You know that second one actually married a man [whale].

He lay down to sleep. And in the morning, when he woke up, he began to sharpen the whale spear. He sharpened it all day and tested its point on his cheek.

Eh, he sharpened it well! When he finished sharpening it, he invited the girl-orphan and hosted her in gratitude. You know, she told him the truth.

In the evening he again went to watch his wife. At midnight his wife again came out clad in hunting clothes. Then she sang her song to invite the man-whale. Again, she sang four times. The whale came to the shore and rested his head on the boulder. The woman went down to the shore. She fed the whale and gave him water to drink. Again, a man came out of the whale's nose, ran up the slope of the shore with the woman. They entered the *zemlyanka* and again made love together.

At that time, her actual husband left his hiding place and with the spear in his hands went down [to the shore]. He stole up to the whale and struck him directly in the heart. He killed the whale. As he thrust the spear at the very same moment the man who was with the women cried out and pushed the woman away. She grasped him but could not hold him. He rushed below to the shore, jumped into the whale's nose; the whale shuddered and died.

And the first husband of that woman went home. The next day they skinned the whale. In the evening he went to sleep at his second wife's place. It turned out that the woman was pregnant. Her womb was growing rapidly. Her husband started hunting again. Finally, the time came for the woman to give birth. She gave birth to a young animal. Her husband asked:

– Whom did you give birth to?

She replied:

– To a whale calf!

She put the calf in a basin filled with water. And so her son-whale calf grew up in water. She nursed him with her milk. The husband resigned himself to the whale calf. And the whale, born to a woman, grew fast. They dug for him a pit, which they filled with water from a nearby stream. That orphan-girl began to play with him. Soon the pit became too small. They dug a pit in another place near the sea. The whale had already grown to the size of a beluga. Soon he became even larger. At that point they dragged him on a walrus hide to the sea. They dragged him to the water and sewed to his nose a red marker made of sealskin died red. Then they let him into the sea. The whale went far out in the sea but he always returned to his native shore. With him came other whales. And the Nunagmit killed a lot of whales.³⁸

The Nunagmit whale took longer and longer to return. And then he did not return at all. The Nunak villagers worried about him. What happened to the whale born to the woman? It turned out that the inhabitants of the neighboring village of Mamrokhpak killed the Nunagmit whale.³⁹ The sister of one of the Nunagmit was married to a man from Mamrokhpak. She was sorry for what happened to her cousin and she sent a messenger to Nunak. He told the mother that the people of Mampokhpagmit killed her son-whale.

In Nunak there lived a strongman Levsha, a marksman with the bow and arrow. The hunters would return from sea hunting, the steersman would throw his oar in the water and Levsha would release an arrow from the village on the high bank and hit the thrown oar. The Nunagmit usually went hunting with bow and arrow to the north, to Cape Oyuk. Once when they went there to hunt a Mamrokhpagmit strongman started out for the same place in a kayak. When he reached the northern shore of Cape Oyuk alone he was not far from Mamrokhpak. The Nunagmit fell upon him. He jumped from the kayak on a boulder at the shore. With all his might

³⁸ The Nunagmit were an extended family-community living in the village of Nunak near Naukan. At the beginning of the twentieth century the Nunagmit resettled to Naukan.

³⁹ Mamrokhpak – a former Siberian Yupik settlement and locality on the eastern shore of the Bering Strait.

he ran to the mountain. He bounded to a place where much high grass grew and he stopped. Then the Nunagmit elder-steersman said to his rowers:

— Oh, how quick he is! He ran away through our fingers!

— And now Levsha, shoot him with an arrow!

Levsha asked that his bow be drawn. They did.

Levsha asked the elder-steersman:

— Where should I hit him?

The elder-steersman answered:

— In such a place so that he won't be able to run!

The Mamrokhpagmit strongman started to run again but Levsha hit him with an arrow directly in the heel, also shattering the bone. They left the boat, went to the mountain and killed the strongman. They left near him a seal-skin floater from which the fleece [hair] had been removed. After that they went to Mamrokhpagmit. They moored the boat and went ashore. There they were hosted with meat from a whale's spine. The Nunagmit went back to the shore. They seated themselves in the boat and left. As they were nearing Cape Umkuglyuk they tied a seal-skin floater to a harpoon and hoisted it. Then they began to yell, challenging the Mamrokhpagmit to fight. Quickly they got into a boat and started chasing the Nunagmit. But they never caught them. The Nunagmit returned home. They had taken revenge for their whale.

Up to the very autumn the Mamrokhpagmit could not revenge the loss of their strongman. They held a council. They decided to overcome the Nunagmit with cunning, to lure them into an ambush with the roar of walrus. They started for Nunak on land over the Mamrugagnak Mountain and at the small coastal cliff Typagruk they started roaring like a herd of walrus. Early in the morning the Nunagmit went hunting. They were nearing Typagruk in a *baydara* and they heard the walrus roars. The closer they came to Typagruk the louder the roar became. The Nunagmit came close to the shore and with a shout the Mamrokhpagmit jumped out of the ambush and began to shoot at the *baydara*. With arrows they pierced holes in the boat; it took in water and went down with all the people in it. In this way the Mamrokhpagmit took revenge for their lost man.

Then one day all the Nunagmit that remained alive went to Mamrokhpagmit. They took over a couple of Mamrokhpagmit *zemlyankas*. From that time on they lived in peace and friendship.

That is all.

20. The Old Man and the Wild Deer

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Naukan village, Erman, age 23. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov.

A long time ago there was a very small village near Naukan called Unykhkak. It was on the same hillock where today the central heating system is located. At that time, long ago, there lived in Unykhkak a man and wife, an old man with his old woman. One day during the winter the old man went to fish for cod. He started to fish but then a snowstorm blew in. The old man was sitting around the ice-hole in an *umkutak*.⁴⁰ Suddenly a *tuntut* [wild deer] ran into his snow enclosure all out of breath. The old man was happy that food had come to him and he said to the wild deer:

—Oy, how good of you that in time of hunger you came to me as food! Since you've come here yourself let me kill you!

The old man said that, took his knife from the scabbard and talked again:

—Now I'm going to kill you, wild deer! You know you've come here of your own will! What a good meal this will be!

The wild deer replied:

—Kind old man, don't kill me; better save me! A wolf is chasing me; he's right on my heels. He wants to kill me!

The old man saw that at the entrance to the *umkutak* there stood a wolf, beginning to puff and pant, hardly able to breathe.

The wolf said:

—Kind old man, please don't protect that deer! Give him to me for food! Let me kill him and eat him!

The wild deer said to the old man:

—Listen to me old man! Spare me, I ask you what is right. I will do anything for you. I can make you rich, a deft hunter or an all-powerful fighter. Whatever you want you will get!

The old man replied to the deer:

—I don't want any of these. The only thing I need is a back scratcher. Give me a back scratcher; I'll scratch my body to my heart's content when I get home. And I'll be so glad! If you give me a back scratcher I'll save you.

The wild deer then said to the old man:

—All that you asked for will be. Only save me from the wolf!

The old man took his staff, went to the wolf and said:

—I'll eat you if you don't go away! You know I also would like to taste meat.

The wolf begged:

—Oy, I am so terribly hungry! My belly is already hanging!

The old man did not hear the wolf out; he drove him away.

And that's how he saved the wild deer from being put to death.

And how glad that wild deer was!

⁴⁰ *Umkutak* — an enclosure built of snow around the hole by the Siberian Yupiks to protect them from the wind when fishing in the winter.

After this the old man went home. He arrived and the back scratcher lay there. It started to scratch the body of the old man with vigor. He took the back scratcher of the wild deer and began to scratch himself! It even scratched his skin!

21. The Miraculous Drum

Narrated in 1960 by an inhabitant of Chaplino village, A. Algalik, age 40. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. This tale reflects an important feature of the social life of women in the egalitarian societies of northeastern Siberia. It relates to the gathering of edible plants and roots in the tundra and of seaweeds. Chiefly women did this. Gathering was one of the subsidiary aspects of the economic activities of the Chukchi and Kamchatka peoples. This aspect of social life is reflected in many tales of various genres.

They say it was like this: there lived a girl whose parents were gone. She lived with her grandmother and grandfather. Then one day her girlfriends invited her to come with them to the tundra to gather edible roots. The girl asked her grandmother. The grandmother let her go. The girls went after the roots in the far away tundra. Many tasty plants and roots grew in that tundra. They started to pull out plants and dig up roots with hand hoes. And they did not notice that a dense fog was rolling onto them. The girls started to call to each other. They all gathered together but could not account for one, the one that they took with them. The girls became frightened. Surely their parents would scold them because they did not take proper care. They began to loudly call for the girl to get her to answer, but she never did. They figured that she had left already; they stopped searching for her and started for home. They came to the village, went to the *yaranga* of the old ones and asked if she was home. The old ones answered that their granddaughter had not returned.

At the time the girl looked and looked for her friends but she did not find them. She got completely lost in the fog. The girl cried, called them. Nobody responded. Suddenly she saw big openings in the earth. She went into one, sat on the ground and cried, cried — and fell asleep. She slept soundly, then suddenly someone was waking her. The girl awakened and saw a woman unknown to her. There were no such women in the village. The woman asked the girl:

— What are you doing here?

The girl answered:

— We were collecting edible roots, then a dense fog covered us and I got lost. My girlfriends left me and, no doubt, went home. I walked and walked, could not find the way home and got altogether lost. I stopped, wanted to rest, and I fell asleep.

The woman said:

— Come with me in this opening!

They entered. How amazing! The woman's *zemlyanka* was large and airy and in it were all sorts of things to eat. The woman began to feed the girl with the very best of foods — whale blubber and wild deer meat. The girl ate to her heart's content.

The woman said to her:

— Live here for a while. Every day I will go away, but you wait for me. If you want to eat, eat anything that's here, don't wait for me.

So the girl began to live in the *zemlyanka*. She'd wake up in the morning and the woman would not be there. Every day the woman would go after food and only when night came would she return. She always brought back food — either whale blubber or deer meat. And so they lived.

Throughout this time the grandfather with his neighbors looked for the girl everywhere but could not find her. Then he lost hope altogether and stopped looking for her. Then one day the woman asked the girl:

— Don't you miss your old ones?

The girl answered:

– Yes, I miss them, miss them, but how will I get home? I don't know where my home is; I don't know what my grandparents are doing.

The woman said:

– I will soon go to sleep and will not awaken for a long time. Very likely you will be even more homesick. And your grandparents have cried out their eyes for you and have lost sleep over you. Every night they lay forehead to forehead but they cannot fall asleep.

The girl asked:

– Will you take me to them?

The woman answered:

– First, I will teach you something magical. If you learn how to do it nobody will defeat you in the festival competition.⁴¹ You only have to do all that I'll show you.

The woman took a drum, struck it, and began to sing. And she sang so well that the girl remembered every sound, every motion. The woman stopped singing and asked:

– Well, did you learn it?

The girl replied:

– Yes, yes, I did!

The woman said:

– When you get home, in the festival competition do everything that I taught you. Well, now's the time. Put on your clothes, I'll go with you.

The girl put on her [outdoor] clothes. They went out, and outside fall had begun. They walked and walked; they walked for a long time. Night had overtaken them on the way. So they reached the *yaranga* of the old ones at night. The woman said:

– Now you'll go by yourself. I have to go back.

The woman turned around and started for home. The girl followed her with her eyes – and what do you know? On the path on which they came, a brown bear was running away. She then knew that she had been living with a brown bear.

The girl went to her *yaranga* and looked inside. She saw her grandpa and grandma sleeping forehead to forehead. The girl rapped on the door and called out to them. The old ones awakened and lamented:

– Oy, you know, that's the voice of our granddaughter!

The girl told them:

– Yes, I have returned. Open up quickly!

– Oy, our granddaughter has come back!

The old ones opened the door. The girl entered and saw that the eyes of her grandparents were red from crying and sleepless nights. They fed their granddaughter and put her to sleep. In the morning her girlfriends came and asked her how she got lost, where she had been, from where she had returned. The girl told no one that she had lived with a woman who turned out to be a brown bear.

Out of joy the old man arranged for a festival. The guests ate and began to narrate stories. They ate again and began to compete in shamanism and singing. Some crushed their beads, put them on the drum and tapped it with drumsticks. And behold – the beads were again whole. There were also shamans who turned a walrus tusk inside out by shaking it.

⁴¹ The Siberian Yupik arranged festival competitions in the summer or fall for days after a successful hunt for walrus and whales. As a rule, festival competitions were only a part of the festival. For instance, during the whale festival in the Siberian Yupik settlements of Chaplino (Unazik) and Sireniki, as late as the mid-1930s, festivities of many days were arranged during which the women competed in the arts of singing, dancing, ornamentation of clothing, and demonstration of their sewing skills. The men competed in [mock] fighting, running, weight lifting, narration of tales, singing and dancing.

The granddaughter spoke to her granny:

– I, too, would like to compete in singing.

The old man heard this and he asked his wife:

– What does granddaughter want to do?

Granny replied:

– She also wants to compete in singing.

The grandfather said:

– If she wants to, let her compete.

Some of the older people who came as guests began to whisper among themselves:

– Look at her, a bad-mannered little girl wants to compete with real shamans!

The girl went to the middle of the *yaranga*, took the drum and started singing. And as she sang a distant roar was heard outside. The roar came closer and closer. Soon waves started splashing at the entrance and water poured into the entryway. At that point the girl started drumming faster, the waves receded and, as in a miracle, left many water plants in the entryway. The girl took a pan, gathered the water plants in it and started to feed the guests. The guests were amazed. Then the girl asked for a small hoe, went to the entryway, struck the lower part of the earthen wall with the hoe and, as in a miracle, suddenly, from who knows where, there appeared various edible roots. Again, the girl took a pan, gathered the roots and fed the guests. She fed them, took the drumstick and pierced the wall of the *polog*. From the opening in the wall fresh transparent water poured. The girl filled a bucket with the miraculous water and offered it to the guests. The guests drank it and were even more amazed – they had never seen such miracles before. From that time on all recognized her great artistry and there was not a competition in singing, dancing, or shamanizing that could take place without the little wizard.

That is all.

22. The Master of Fire and the Child

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Naukan village, Ytain, age 64, illiterate. Ytain was one of the gifted narrators of Naukan. He treated the integrity and completeness of the tale with exceptional responsibility. He regarded the fantastic adventures of the heroes as real. He was convinced that the mastery of the narrator was tied to believing that everything rendered by the tale was true. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. This magical-heroic tale differs from others by its broad contemplation of social-economic manifestations of an egalitarian community. The tale about "The Master of Fire" has not been encountered before. However, the beginning of the tale, which describes the difficult living conditions of an orphan and his grandmother, is traditional for the subject matter of this kind of oral narrative in which the heroes are orphans.

A grandmother and her grandson lived in a small village. Their *zemlyanka* was at the very edge of the village, far from the others. Fellow villagers treated them badly, did not share the animals of the hunt with them, so that the old one and her grandson had to feed themselves with partridges only. Granny made traps and the grandson placed them somewhat farther from the village so that nobody would steal the birds. Partridges were trapped every day and the child and grandmother did not suffer hunger. They also saved a supply for the winter.

All of the child's clothing was made of dog fur — his cap, mittens, *kukhlyanka* and boots. In this clothing he went to check on the traps and he always found partridges in them. One day he went to check on the traps and saw that all the traps were ripped open. Somebody had broken them. He took the broken traps and went home. He got there and grandmother asked him:

— Well, how's your catch?

The boy answered:

— I've caught nothing. Somebody broke all the traps. All day grandmother repaired the traps. The next day the boy went to place them. He put them somewhat farther from the area they were before. He came home, lay down to sleep, but could not close his eyes; he was thinking about the traps all the time. In the morning he went to check the traps. And again, all of them were broken apart. Again, he brought the broken traps to grandmother. The grandmother became angry:

— You probably have broken them yourself! What are we going to eat?

The boy replied:

— No, I've not broken them. I know that without traps we cannot live. Today I saw footprints of a man leading to the north of the traps.

Again, grandmother spent all night repairing the traps. In the morning the boy again left to place them. This time he placed them even farther away. He came there the next day and the traps were again broken. And the footprints led to the north from the traps. The boy followed the footprints. He walked far. He climbed up a hillock and saw a very large *zemlyanka* at the foot of the hillock. When it got dark he descended to the *zemlyanka*. He went to the entrance. In the *zemlyanka* people were talking. The youngster decided to frighten them. He bashed his nose with his fist and drew blood. He spread the blood over his face and ears. How frightening his face became! He listened again. In the *zemlyanka* girls were laughing and their father told them:

— Quiet! There's somebody standing at the entrance. Go and see.

One of the girls went out and saw the boy and he stuck out his face and yelled out:

— P-a-a!

The girl was frightened and fell down in a dead faint. Again, the father said:

— Why is my daughter not coming back? Now you go and see who's there!

The other girl went out, saw the bloodied face, cried out in fright and fell in a dead faint. The father did not wait for his daughters to return and he said:

— Now, get me my clothes, I'll look myself and see what's going on! Even if there's a *tungak* [werewolf] out there, all the same I'll kill it!

The boy heard the words, became frightened and took off at full speed. He ran in his own footprints. He looked back and very close behind him there ran a column of fire. "Oho, — thought the boy, — it's the Master of Fire who is chasing me. It seems that I've set the traps on his land"

The fiery column was already very close. The boy heard it yell:

— You'll not get away! You won't be among the living!

The boy could not run anymore. He pulled off his mittens and flung them at the fire. The mittens fell to the ground right in front of the fire and began to bark loudly. The fire stopped. The boy ran farther. The fire burned the mittens and again ran after the boy. It was almost at his heels:

— You'll not get away, — it yelled, — you won't be among the living!

The boy pulled the cap made of dog fur from his head and tossed it at the fire. The cap fell in front of the fire and started barking loudly. The fire stopped and the boy ran farther. The fire burned the cap and again ran after the boy. When it was very close it yelled:

— You'll not get away! You won't be among the living!

Then the boy pulled off his *kukhlyanka* and tossed it at the fire. The *kukhlyanka* barked and again the fire stopped. And the boy ran further along his footprints. But the *kukhlyanka* became silent; the fire burned it and again ran after the boy. The boy was already running up to his *zemlyanka* and the fire quite near to him yelled out:

— You'll not get away! You won't be among the living!

The boy pulled off his trousers of dog fur tossed them at the fire and the trousers barked loudly. The fire stopped and the boy ran into the *zemlyanka* and cried out to his grandmother:

— The Master of Fire is after me! Do something so he doesn't burn us together with *zemlyanka*!

The grandmother grasped a stone and placed it in the middle of the *zemlyanka*. In an instant the *zemlyanka* became one of stone. The Master of Fire ran around the *zemlyanka*, he wanted to burn it to ashes but it would not catch fire. The Master of Fire had used up all of his force, he wore himself out and he went back to his own land. And as before the grandmother and her grandson began to trap partridges but only on their own land.

23. The Story about Ememkut

Narrated in 1971 in the Naukan dialect by an inhabitant of the village of Nunyamo in Chukotsky *rayon*, Ikaluk, age 65, illiterate. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. The subject of this Siberian Yupik tale is related to the Itelmen–Koryak cycle of tales about the raven Kutkh–Kutkynnekhu and his son Ememkut. Widespread over the entire Chukchi–Kamchatka region, the subject of the tale about the feigned death of the imposter Kutkh, or Kutkynneku, in the Yupik version of Ikaluk, is represented in an altered form. The “dead one” is not Kutkh–Kutkynnekhu, but his son Ememkut. The names of the other personages in the tale are not given.

Somewhere, past the village of Lorino, there lived a man called Ememkut. He lived in a little settlement with his wife and two sons. Ememkut had a large *baydara* [skin boat], but he didn't like to go hunting and the family often went hungry. Ememkut's sons were still very small. There were several families in the little settlement. And there was a single homeless orphaned girl.

One day Ememkut said to his wife:

– I am going to pay a visit to the nearby village.

And in that village the people were rich and had more than enough food to eat.

– Successful whale hunters live in that village, – Ememkut added.

And he often went outside to observe the weather.

Then one day, and it was rare, fine weather arrived. Ememkut awakened early and began to get the *alyki* [dog harnesses] ready. Ememkut's family lived in a *zemlyanka-ynlu* [a very small *zemlyanka*] but he also had another *zemlyanka-kaygi* [large *zemlyanka*] in which he lived alone. Ememkut awoke, readied a pair of small harnesses, although he did not have any dogs. It began to dawn. Ememkut went outside, turned toward the tundra and called out: “Se-se-se!” At once there appeared in the tundra two wolves and they ran to Ememkut. They ran so fast that their long tongues hung out from the effort. The wolves barely ran up to Ememkut when he lashed them with the harnesses and told them:

– You can't compete with me in a foot race!

The wolves turned around and ran back to the tundra. As soon as they disappeared from sight Ememkut turned toward the sea where there was fast ice and again yelled out: “Se-se-se!” At once two polar bears came from the sea. They barely came close when Ememkut lashed them with the *alyki* [harnesses] and told them:

– You can't compete with me in a foot race!

The polar bears turned around and ran on the ice to the sea. As soon as they were out of sight, Ememkut turned toward the tundra and again cried out: “Se-se-se!” Immediately two hares sprung from the tundra. As soon as the hares ran up to him Ememkut put the harnesses on them and made his large *baydara* ready. Then he harnessed the hares to the boat and said:

– Now I'm going to pay a visit to the successful whale hunters!

He took the helm and yelled out at the hares:

– A-a-a, forward!

With a fast start the hares pulled the *baydara* away. As they neared the village, Ememkut stopped the hares and told them:

– Now you walk slowly when we get to the village.

With seeming difficulty, the hares dragged on the sled-boat. The people of the village ran outside and saw that a man was riding a boat instead of a sled. The little hares could barely move the *baydara*. Ememkut arrived in the village. The people started to ask him:

- What have you come to our village for?
- I've come for food, – answered Ememkut.

The people said:

- Over there is the dwelling of the successful whale hunters!

Ememkut made his way toward the house of the whale hunters. He arrived. The whale hunters gave him a hearty welcome and asked:

- Have you come to us for food?
- Yes, for meat, – Ememkut answered.

– Well, you know you'll not leave without meat. Tomorrow you'll make a trip back, – they told him.

Then they had supper. Ememkut separated himself and went toward the *polog*. The master of the house told him:

- You're a traveler amongst us, so shamanize for us, entertain us!

Ememkut agreed and said:

- I'll shamanize right away but just now of necessity I'll go outside.
- You can do whatever you need to right here, the master told him.
- No, I'm going outside, – replied Ememkut.

He went out. It was dark, a moonless night. He went to his hare-dogs and told them:

– I am going to sing and at that time during the night you gnaw through all of the thongs of the *yarangas* [that hold up the walls of the *yarangas*]. Then come back to this place.

Ememkut released the hares and returned to the *yaranga*. He began to shamanize. During that time the hares gnawed through all of the thongs of the *yaranga* and then returned to their place.

Early in the morning Ememkut awakened and said to the master:

- It is time for me to get ready for the return trip.
- Right now, I'll make the load ready for you, – the master told him.

The people started to come out of the *yarangas* and they talked among themselves:

– We'll fill his *baydara* with meat to the top and he won't be able to leave. Of course, let's do it! And when he can't move from the place we'll take everything back.

They started to load Ememkut's *baydara* with meat and the successful whale hunters also gave him an entire back part of a whale together with the flipper.

There also lived in that village an orphaned boy and his grandmother. He ran in from the outside to his grandmother and said:

– All of the people are giving the guest lavish gifts. They're giving him everything – deer, walrus, and even whale meat. They are saying that if he can't move the *baydara* they'll take everything back. What should I give the guest?

The orphan looked and searched and he found a hammer.

– Let me give the guest the hammer, – he said to his grandmother.
– Don't, – said the grandmother, – the guest is only pretending to be a simpleton. You'll see; he's going to ride away in his *baydara*.

- If he can't move I'll take the hammer back, – insisted the boy.

He took the hammer, carried it to Ememkut, threw it into the boat and said:

- Here, I'm giving you a gift!

They loaded Ememkut's *baydara*-sled to the very top with all sorts of things, in particular deer meat. A great number of people gathered. All were smiling and joking:

- He can't move, couldn't be better! All the goods will be ours again!
- Well, perhaps I'll try to start, – said Ememkut as he sat himself in the *baydara*.

And when he cried out to his hares, how they did dash off! A snowstorm-like cloud developed behind them. The people ran after Ememkut. They ran in the tracks of the sled-boat. When they got hot they threw off their *kukhlyankas* and ran again. The village was now far away. Then Ememkut called for the northern wind with frost. A violent frosty wind blew in and with the snowstorm nothing could be seen. The people looked for the clothing that they had thrown off but it was not there—the wind had blown everything away. Many people were frostbitten, and those who sat at home did so without a roof. The wind blew the hide roofs from the *yarangas* since the hares gnawed through the thongs holding them. In the village only a few *yarangas* were left intact.

In the meantime, Ememkut came home. He brought home a full *baydara* of food. They unloaded the *baydara* and put it on the rack.

And now there was plenty to eat at Ememkut — walrus, deer and whale meat. Ememkut's family ate to its fill. Besides meat Ememkut brought with him much blubber stored in seal bags.

Several days went by and Ememkut said to his wife:

—Somehow, I got sick; I'll probably die soon. If I die, don't bury me but take me to the large *zemlyanka*. Next to me put all of the food that I've brought in. No doubt it's the reason for my sickness. Likely the people whom I left without meat put a spell on me, and because of that, I am dying.

But Ememkut was only pretending to be sick and later feigned death. His wife invited neighbors and they carried Ememkut to the large *zemlyanka*. They also carried there all the stores from the meat pits.

Life became hard for Ememkut's wife and her small sons. They gathered in a kettle of the last year's crowberries and fed themselves. But soon the boys learned to trap partridges. Their mother made traps of whale baleen. Their mother made many such traps and her hands were always hurting. Every day the sons brought back two or three partridges. Their mother prepared them. And so, they lived.

There was an orphaned girl in the village. She lived sometimes with one family sometimes with another. One day she wanted to spend the night in a particular *zemlyanka* but its door was locked. She was afraid to knock on the door so she remained outside. The night was bright and quiet. The girl looked toward midnight, the direction where the large *zemlyanka* was and in which the deceased Ememkut lay. She saw a bright light in the small window of the *zemlyanka*. "Sure, that is where they took Ememkut after he died! I'll go and see what's going on there," — the girl thought and she went to the *zemlyanka*. She looked into an opening in the roof and saw Ememkut cooking food—and his oil lamps burned so bright! He cooked some deer meat, made gravy of deer fat and let it cool off. Then he took some whale blubber and began to eat. He ate the blubber and said:

—Oy, how tasty! And why did I live with my wife until now?

Then he ate the deer meat with gravy, prepared the bed, put out the oil lamps, and lay down to sleep.

Morning came and the orphaned girl went to see Ememkut's wife.

—What's happened? — asked the wife of Ememkut.

—You know, I spent the night outside. I felt shy to knock [on the door]. But I learned a secret. You think that Ememkut died but last night he made gravy, cooked meat and ate it. He is alive. When he was ready to go to sleep, he put out the oil lamps and doing it he said: "Oy, how tasty! And why did I live with my wife until now?"

—I've exhausted myself so much, I've made traps of whale baleen, and he's deceived us! If you take any partridges today, bring me one alive!

The boys went to check the traps. They caught several partridges and killed them but one they took back alive. Toward evening they returned home and gave the alive partridge to their mother. She began to pluck the feathers off the partridge. She plucked all the feathers so that the partridge was altogether bare with feathers only on its head, feet and wings. She took the bladder out of a killed partridge, blew air into it and tied it to the chest of the plucked partridge. She colored the area below the bladder with charcoal, and invited the orphaned girl to sleep in her *zemlyanka*.

– At midnight we'll go together to his place and we'll see what he's doing.

Midnight arrived and they went to Ememkut's *zemlyanka*. They looked in the small window. They saw that Ememkut was keeping house. On both sides oil lamps were burning brightly, lighting up the dwelling. And the “dead” Ememkut was cooking meat. His wife then said:

– And I thought that he really died. How I suffered, how I languished!

In the meantime, Ememkut continued his household duties with agility. From the entryway he brought in the gravy, added it to the cooked walrus meat, got some whale blubber and took to eating. He ate everything, took a bite of the deer meat and said:

– Oy, how tasty! And why did I live with my wife until now?

His wife told the bare partridge:

– Look, scare him good!

And she shoved the bird into the *zemlyanka* through an air hole.

Ememkut heard the flapping of wings. He lifted his head and above him the bare partridge was circling. He was so frightened that he actually fell flat on his back. In the meantime, the women returned home. They barely entered the *zemlyanka* when Ememkut came right on their heels and cried out from the threshold

– Hey you in there! It is Ememkut, I've returned from that other world!

He stepped over the threshold, took a few steps and fell. His wife looked at him and, indeed, he was dead. The next day they buried Ememkut and they carried all the supplies from his *zemlyanka* to theirs. They say that it really happened.

That is all.

24. The Lost Brothers

Narrated by an inhabitant of Sireniki village in Provideniya *rayon*, Apata, age 60, illiterate. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. In this story the protector of people is a sky-dwelling woman whose husband is a half-man who always carries out the will of his deified sovereign.

There lived together four brothers. The youngest went hunting and did not return. His brothers waited for him; they waited but waited in vain. The second brother went to find him. Again, they waited in vain. Then the third brother went after them. And he did not return. The oldest brother was the only one left. He went to search for all of his brothers. It seems that he went to the sky. On his way he saw a little star. The star seemed to emanate hope. The closer he came the larger it got. He came to it and what he saw was a *zemlyanka*. The oldest brother stopped – a voice was heard from the *zemlyanka*:

– Oho, who's there? Even birds don't fly close to here!

The oldest brother went to the entrance. An old woman leaned out from the *zemlyanka* and asked:

– What kind of a man are you?

He answered:

– I'm searching for my brothers.

The old woman told him:

– First go in the *zemlyanka*!

She filled a bowl with meat and said:

– Here, now you eat!

The oldest brother ate, and he was full but the mistress ordered that all the meat was to be eaten. Even though he was full, the oldest brother ate it all.

The old woman said:

– Now you tell me what you came here for.

The oldest brother explained:

– My youngest brother went hunting and he did not return. The second brother went and we waited for him [to return] in vain. Then the third one went and he got lost. Then I went to search for my brothers.

The old woman told him:

– You'll hardly find your brothers!

– But you know how much I want to see them!

The old woman said:

– Well, all right, go. You'll meet with a worm on your way. The worm lies on the path and is so stretched out that it blocks the path.

She gave him a staff with a knob and also a small bag made of a seal's stomach. She said:

– When you come up to that worm, put the bag on him. And as you step over the worm, hit it with the staff.

The oldest brother came up to the worm, put the bag on it and hit it with the staff. He took the bag off, and saw that the innards of the worm had poured out.

He went farther. A *zemlyanka* came into view. Smoke was coming out of it. The oldest brother stopped. He heard a voice:

– Aka-ka-ka-ka-kaa, what kind of man is out there? Nobody has ever passed through my door! Aka-ka-ka-ka-kaa, I'll contend with him!

Suddenly a man came out of the *zemlyanka*:

- Aka-ka-ka-ka-kaa, who are you?
- I'm searching for my brothers
- Your brothers are over there in that pit.

The oldest brother leaned over the pit and saw his brothers. The youngest brother had gotten very thin. He looked up. He called to his brothers. They also looked up and with signs warned him to go away. At the edge of the pit there were many knives stuck in the ground. The master of the *zemlyanka* said:

- Wait a bit for me here!

It appeared that he also wanted to throw the oldest brother there. The master went back and the newcomer put his brothers in the bag and right away returned in his tracks. The path was free because he had killed the large worm on his way in.

He came to the *zemlyanka* where the old woman lived. She said:

- You've come back!

The oldest brother shook the bag. His brothers jumped out of it. They had already mended.

- Now you'll lower yourselves from here! – said the old woman.

They went into the *zemlyanka*. The old woman took a whale's shoulder blade from the middle of the entryway. The brothers looked through the opening. It turned out that they were in the sky. They saw their *zemlyanka* below. Again, the oldest brother put them in the bag. He began to lower himself with a rope to the ground. He lowered himself holding on to the rope as the old woman told him. They passed by clouds. They finally came to earth. The oldest brother opened the bag. His brothers came out of it. They filled the bag with all sorts of food; next to it they fastened a small bag with deer fat and on top of all this, a string of beads. The old woman pulled the bag up to the sky. She finished pulling it. Then the half-man came. The old woman gave him food from the bag. It turned out that he was her husband.

25. Five Brothers and a Woman

Narrated in 1966 by an inhabitant of Sireniki village, Kirgina, 54 years old, semi-literate. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. The spider, in the role of a magical helper of people, is most often represented as a little old woman or as a little woman.

There lived five brothers-hunters. The oldest brother prepared the meals. In the neighborhood an old man was giving his daughter in marriage. She refused all and chased the would-be-bridegrooms away. The old man scolded his daughter and told her that she better seek a husband herself. The daughter was offended. She made herself boots; three pairs she made. She awakened in the morning and gathered food for the road. When her father fell asleep she went away to the north. She came to the place where the five brothers lived. She looked into the *yaranga*. No one was there. She entered. She ate their broth. She hid herself in the tall grass. The brothers returned. The youngest went to get water. The girl observed the brothers secretly. The brothers were looking for the broth. The youngest brother said:

— You stay home, I'll go hunting.

The older brothers did not agree. They left him at home and went hunting themselves. The youngest brother kept quiet and waited. At midnight the girl went into the entryway and the youngest brother bolted the door behind her. He tried to convince her to agree to become the mistress of the house. Then the other brothers returned during the night. They saw the girl. The oldest brother took her for wife.

One day the brothers prepared to go hunting, but the youngest did not want to. All day he pressed himself on his sister-in-law, as she was sewing. The sister-in-law grasped a knife and brandished it against the youngster. The knife slipped from her hand and killed the youngster even though she did not want to. She took him out and put him on the drying rack. She hid him among the drying fur skins. She returned to the *yaranga* and started to prepare supper. She was preparing supper and crying bitterly.

The brothers returned and asked for the youngest one.

— He went to meet you, — the woman answered.

The next day it began to rain heavily. The oldest brother was doing something under the rack. At the place where he was sitting blood started to fall. He climbed up onto the rack, parted the fur skins and saw his youngest brother. The hunters buried their brother. The next day they went hunting. They walked the path talking things over. The oldest brother said to the younger ones:

— We'll dig a pit and we'll grow two worms. We'll feed them mountain sheep.

As the woman was preparing a meal, she cried without drying her tears. Her husband, who had returned from hunting, asked her:

— Why are your eyes so swollen?

— The smoke has irritated my eyes, — the woman said to him.

Every time she was preparing a meal a spider lowered itself to her face on a thread of webbing. The woman pushed the spider aside with her hand and said:

— Even though I suffer very much and live in constant fear, you're meddling with me!

The spider answered:

— I see that you are crying all the time. I took pity on you. That's why I lowered myself toward you. Your husband is growing worms to eat you to take revenge for his youngest brother. When the worms grow to the size of a bearded seal the brothers will take you to a funeral feast for the deceased. Give me a summer boot made of white suede and one of red; I will embroider

them. Well, now it's time for me to go. When I finish embroidering the boots, I'll make it clear to you what you are to do with them.

The brothers were not successful in the hunt and they returned home. Whenever they went hunting the woman cried all day.

Then one day the spider appeared again.

— Today your people will return with a kill. The worms grown to kill you are now the size of a bearded seal. Your husband will say to you: "In honor of our youngest brother we will go to feed him." First you will show your husband the boot of white suede, then the red one. But you will only show them when you get to the funeral feast. The brothers will try to frighten the bad spirits out of you. Don't you forget to reach up with your hands! I will watch over you. Tomorrow they will take you to the funeral feast. And now it's time for me to go.

Her husband returned with his brothers. All came burdened with the kill. The oldest brother called out to his wife:

— Cook all that we've brought. In memory of our youngest brother we will go to feed him!

They finished cooking and went on to the funeral feast. While they said that they wanted to honor their youngest brother, it turned out that there were big worms. They were clambering at the edge of the pit expecting food. They came to the pit, and truly, the worms had become the size of bearded seals. The brothers began to feed the worms. The oldest invited his wife:

— Come here, — he indicated the edge of the pit, — I'll frighten the evil spirits out of you.

His wife stood up. He wanted to push her in the pit but she showed him the boot made of white suede. He lay on the ground looking at the white boot.

Again, he called to his wife:

— Come here, I'll frighten the evil spirits out of you!

His wife gave him the boot made of red suede. Again, her husband began to examine the boot. This time he examined it longer. Then again, he called to his wife to come to the edge of the pit. He took her to the very edge of the pit as if to frighten the evil spirits out of her. He himself wanted to push her in! His wife reached up with her hands. The spider seized her and carried her upwards. Her husband called to her asking why she was leaving. His wife answered:

— And why have you been growing worms to eat me?!

Her husband saw that his wife would not return. He became vexed. In his vexation he jumped into the pit. His wife looked below and in a split second her husband turned into a skeleton.

That is all. The end.

26. Kayaksigvik

Narrated in 1940 by an inhabitant of Chaplino village in Provideniya *rayon*, Gimuge, age 60, illiterate. Re-narrated by his son Tagikak, age 14. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. The motif indicating the development of a foot-like mouth is found also in the narratives of Greenlandic Inuits, in which a boy-orphan frightens a wife of a giant with torn boots which develop into moving toes like a mouth. Therefore, the given theme dates to an ancient, all-Eskimo base. Tales about dwarfs who call a mouse, a fox, or a bear, and also those about giants in whom the fox appears as a tick on their bodies, are also described in the narratives of the Greenlandic Inuits. The topic about dwarfs appearing as ptarmigans are found in several variants in Chukchi tales.

It was like this. In the village of Kayaksigvik there lived a man. He had children. But their kayak rolled over and they drowned.

Then his wife gave birth to a boy.

Take good care of him, — said the father, — so he doesn't also die.

They named the child Kayaksigvik. The child began to grow up. His mother and father were afraid that something might happen to Kayaksigvik, so they kept him on a leash. He grew fast; he was already big. Kayaksigvik looked at the sea; he wanted to go to the sea in a kayak. His father told him:

— You know, there'll be no kayak for you!

But Kayaksigvik did not listen to his father; he went to the shore. He found the prow of a kayak and dragged it home. He asked his father:

— What is this?

— A prow of a kayak.

Kayaksigvik said to his father:

— Make me a kayak!

Having nothing to do his father agreed and began to build a kayak. He made the kayak and he drilled small holes in its prow and stern. He took a long thong of bearded seal skin, unwound it, and fastened one end of it to the prow of the kayak. Kayaksigvik sat in the kayak, lowered it to the water and floated. Kayaksigvik paddled away and his father played out the thong. Kayaksigvik disappeared behind a mountain. His father started to wind the thong back. He pulled the kayak to the shore and saw that Kayaksigvik had killed many seals.

The next day Kayaksigvik again went to sea. And again, his father unwound the thong. Kayaksigvik paddled directly to the open sea. He disappeared from sight. There he saw a sleeping white sturgeon. He began to approach the fish. The sturgeon heard him, dove below the surface and emerged again far to the side. Kayaksigvik went right after it. Again, the sturgeon submerged, remained long under water and came to the surface far to the side. So Kayaksigvik never caught up with it, and he returned home.

In the morning Kayaksigvik asked his father:

— May I go to the tundra?

It so happened that his father readily agreed. Kayaksigvik left for the tundra. He walked and walked and he decided to rest. He sat down at the foot of a mountain. A man in iron clothing came to him. And in the sole of the Kayaksigvik's boot was a big hole. Kayaksigvik moved his toes a little and the hole in the sole of his boot opened and closed like a mouth. The man saw this and asked:

— What's this — the foot opens like a mouth?

— I could eat you with one foot! — said Kayaksigvik.

In his fright the man called out:

— Oy, don't, I'll let you have this iron clothing!

Kayaksigvik let him be. The man took off his clothing and gave it to Kayaksigvik. Kayaksigvik put on the clothing and got up. And what did he see! Next to him a mountain ram ran. It turned out that the man dressed in iron clothing was a mountain ram.

Kayaksigvik went farther. He climbed to the top of the mountain and looked down. At the foot of the mountain he saw a large net. He went down. He lowered himself to the water and fell into the net which had been set there to catch seals. He couldn't get out. He sat in the net all day. Then the day was drawing to a close.

An old man came to the net. He saw Kayaksigvik and said:

— Aha-a, what a seal I've caught!

The old man pulled Kayaksigvik out of the net and started carrying him home like a seal. Kayaksigvik hooked his leg around a tree. The old man started to pull him with all his strength, Kayaksigvik freed his foot, and the old man fell down and scratched his face badly. The old man got up and again carried his catch. Once more Kayaksigvik hooked his leg around a tree trunk. Again, the old man pulled strongly and when Kayaksigvik freed his foot once more, he fell to the ground and scratched his face even worse. The old man was all broken up and he barely got to his house. His wife was happy. She thought that he had brought a seal. They dragged Kayaksigvik to the *polog* to thaw out.

The old woman was ready to skin the catch; she took a knife, and she wanted to cut it.

Kayaksigvik tensed himself, straightened out. The old man felt him and said:

— The seal is still frozen; you'll skin it tomorrow.

The old man and woman lay down to sleep. Soon they were fast asleep. Kayaksigvik got up and left the *polog*. He went into the tundra. He crossed over the hill and saw many, many *yarangas*. He entered the first large *yaranga*. A little girl lived in it and with her were many small people, her kinsfolk.

The girl said to Kayaksigvik:

— You'll live in my *yaranga*!

Kayaksigvik agreed and stayed to live there.

Then one day someone cried out in the middle of the day:

— A bear, a bear!

All the people were darting about. Kayaksigvik also wanted to run from the *yaranga* but the girl, who had become his wife, did not want him to go. He did not listen to her and he went out. He saw many people at the seashore. He went closer to them. All of them were crying out:

— Oy-ey-ey, oy-ey-ey, oy-ey-ey! A bear, a bear, there he is! There he is!

Kayaksigvik looked and saw: ice — not ice but lake water foam, a bear — not a bear but a tiny mouse. Kayaksigvik went to it, kicked it and killed it.

The largest among the people called out:

— Hey, kinsfolk, he killed the bear, he kicked it with his foot and killed it!

They dragged the kill to the *polog*. The women skinned the little mouse and cooked it. When it got dark they began to eat. Kayaksigvik saw how the little people ate the little mouse. For each there was a small rib. They even invited him:

— Kayaksigvik, eat!

So Kayaksigvik ate of the little mouse, he ate two small ribs.

Night arrived; all fell fast asleep.

In the morning Kayaksigvik again heard voices:

— A moose, a big moose has come!

All climbed up the mountain and Kayaksigvik with them. Suddenly Kayaksigvik saw that all the people were frightened and hid anywhere they could from a small marten. Kayaksigvik went up to it, kicked it with his foot and killed it.

Again, all of them cried out:

— Hey, kinsfolk, he killed the moose, he kicked it with his foot and killed it!

All went home and Kayaksigvik with them.

The next day Kayaksigvik went out from the *polog* and saw that all the people were flying. He looked at them closely and it turned out that all of them had become ptarmigans. No wonder that a marten looked like a moose to them and a mouse like a bear. After this Kayaksigvik returned home.

27. The Abandoned Young Man

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Naukan village, Kutvenun, age 52, illiterate. Recorded by N. Rukaktak, translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. Published for the first time. In the Yupik narrative, the magical tale about a young man refusing to marry is unusual and is encountered for the first time. Traditionally, it was a dissatisfied daughter who protested against marriage. In this tale, the roles are reversed: the son does not submit to the will of his father. The beginning of this tale, both in its plot and in toponymic details is close to the tale "The Woman Who Did Not Want to Marry" in no. 15 of this edition.

In the village of Imaklik there lived an old man. He had an only son. The old man was a successful hunter. In the winter, together with his son, he killed many wild deer, and during the summer — many sea mammals. Everything was fine except that the son did not want to marry. A bride-to-be would enter the *zemlyanka* and the young man would treat her affectionately. She stayed a while and then returned home.

The old man owned two *zemlyankas*. In the first, three of them lived — the master, his wife and his son. The second, smaller one, was a workshop. Here were made the boats, bow and arrows, spears, harpoons, and stone arrowheads.

Then one day a fog descended; it began to rain. The son of the old man went to the small *zemlyanka* to make something. He was very lightly clad. As he was working, voices were heard from outside. People were shouting that walrus were swimming past the village. But the son continued to work. A little later his father came to him to invite him to go hunting. He pushed the smoke-hole vent aside and saw that his son had turned into a monster. The old man cried out to his fellow villagers that his son had become a *tungak* [an evil spirit]. He ordered all to leave on the boats and to take with them all household goods, food, clothing, and all hunting equipment so that his son-*tungak* could not use it to hurt people.

The son heard his father's words, looked himself all over: no, he did not change; he was the same that he always was.

The young man thought to himself: "Why did my father say that I had become a monster? Yet my body is as before." After some time, the young man went out of the *zemlyanka*. He saw that nobody had remained in the village. He went to his *zemlyanka*. He entered. The *zemlyanka* was empty. The oil lamps were not lit. He wanted to change clothing — there was nothing to change into. He went outside. He looked toward the upper reaches of the rivulet and saw a campfire burning there. The young man thought: "Who could it be living there? I'll go there!" He went to the campfire that was burning at the upper reaches of the rivulet. He came closer and saw a woman sitting at the fire with her back toward him. The young man told the woman:

— Draw me some water!

Not speaking the woman drew some water from the rivulet and not turning around gave the mug to the young man. The young man drank the water and said:

— My fellow villagers have abandoned me. I'm the only one left. Will you refuse to come with me?

— I will not, — replied the woman.

They returned to the house. Night came. They lay down to sleep without beds [bedding] as they were, without taking their clothes off. In the morning the young man went to the tundra. He returned with full hands; he had killed a wild deer. The woman quickly skinned the kill. And they began to live together. In the summer the young man killed different sea animals; in the winter he brought wild deer from the tundra.

Finally, they began to live very well. One day the husband told his wife:

—Don't short yourself in anything. Whatever you want to eat, eat plenty of it. Fill a seal skin with the very best food and put it in the storage pit to preserve it. If my parents some day return with my fellow villagers we will eat that food with them.

The woman filled a seal skin with various foods and put it in the pit to preserve it. Now, in the village where the people of Imaklik had gone, hunger had befallen them. The Imakliks would go hunting in the sea and would return without a single seal. They went hunting in the tundra and did not kill a single wild deer.

Then sometime during the summer two Imaklik men went in the direction of Imaklik. There they saw a man in a kayak approaching the shore. Then he landed. A woman came down to the shore. Together they dragged seals from the kayak. They returned to the *zemlyanka* of the old man. The two Imaklik men looked at all this and returned to their camp. The Imakliks who had returned from a hunt and started talking about the news met them. And the old man was there with the hunters. The ones who had been in Imaklik told that they had seen a man there in a kayak returning with a kill, that a woman met the man, and they pulled the kayak onto the shore, took the killed seals and carried them into the *zemlyanka* of the old man. The old man said:

—Could that be my son? Well, let's return to Imaklik! How could we live here without food? We'd half starve ourselves! Well, get yourselves together!

So, all returned to Imaklik. They saw that the son of the old man got married. They began to live there. Then one day the son of the old man prepared a feast and he invited all fellow villagers to his *zemlyanka*. He and his wife put on fine clothes, which they had never worn before. Having invited the guests to eat, the son of the old man stood with his wife at the side of the entrance and said:

—Remember that at the time I was working in the small *zemlyanka* my father called out to you that I turned into a monster, that I became a *tungak*. I heard that, looked at myself. I hadn't change one bit; I was as I always was. And all of you abandoned me; all food, all clothing you took with you. It was only my wife who saved me from the cold and hunger. I was hurt very much by the way you treated me. I will not stay with you any longer, now I will really become a *tungak*.

In a flash his wife leaped to the entrance of the *zemlyanka*, and he right after her. They tried to run after them but they disappeared from sight.

That is all.

28. Isuklik

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Naukan village, Kutvenun, age 52, illiterate. Recorded by N. Rukaktak, translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov.

Isuklik lived with his wife and mother. He worked hard and killed many sea animals and wild deer. Isuklik's wife was young and beautiful. Isuklik feared to leave his wife without someone looking after her. Whenever he went hunting he always said to his mother:

– Mother, don't let your daughter-in-law go to the river for water when I'm not home, so that nobody would seize her.

To be sure, when her son went hunting, the old woman never sent her daughter-in-law to fetch water.

One day the young woman did not listen, went to fetch water, and did not return.

Isuklik returned from hunting and asked:

– Where is my wife?

His mother replied:

– I did not let her go. She did not listen to me; in the morning she went after water and she has not returned yet.

For days Isuklik searched for his wife but to no avail. Then one day he went hunting, killed a deer, and started going home. He sat on a boulder to rest, look at the mountains and saw a small *zemlyanka* in the distance. He lifted the deer to his shoulder and started toward the *zemlyanka*.

Isuklik entered the *zemlyanka* and in it were a man, a woman and three children. The man said to the newly arrived:

– Ehe, it is you Isuklik. And where are you carrying your deer?

– I've brought my kill for you.

The master of the house said:

– You've treated us generously; you are a good man. I see that for days on end you search for your wife. You'll not find her in these parts. A man from another world seized her to have her for his wife. You are a good man and to thank you for the deer, I'll help you find your wife. I'll guide you to a path, which leads to where you need to go. When it gets dark and nothing can be seen, you'll go farther by yourself. You'll walk for a long, long time. On the path you'll come across a very large berry; you'll cut a piece of it; you will eat it, and go farther in the dark. Again, you'll walk for a long time and finally you'll see a light. You will walk on the lit path and you'll come to a large village. In that village, in the largest *zemlyanka*, lives the man who seized your wife. From then on you'll have to do what you think is best.

After this the master and Isuklik ate very well, put in a rucksack supplies for the road and started their journey. They walked for a long time and finally reached darkness. The master told Isuklik:

– Now I must return.

So, said the man and he went back. Isuklik walked farther by himself. For a long time, he walked in the dark when suddenly he stumbled over something very large and rounded. It turned out to be the very large berry. Isuklik took his hunting knife, cut a piece from the berry and began to eat it. He finished and fell fast asleep. And when he awakened, he again cut a piece of the berry to replenish his supplies for the road, and he walked farther. He walked and walked and suddenly felt a stone move under his feet. Isuklik bent down and took in his hand several small pebbles. They were smooth and rounded. Isuklik took off the mitten from his left hand and

put the rounded pebbles in it. He went on and again felt a stone move under his feet. This time it was smaller. He took the mitten from his right hand and filled it with small pebbles. Then it became light. Isuklik looked into his mittens. In one there were large beads of various colors, in the other, small beads, even more beautiful than the others. Soon a large village appeared. In the middle of the village was a large *zemlyanka*. He went toward it and stopped. He stood there and he saw his wife come from the *zemlyanka*. She saw Isuklik and said:

— Why did you come here? You know that I can't go back anyway.

Isuklik said:

— I came to look at you; I wanted very much to see you.

They then went into the *zemlyanka*. In the *zemlyanka* Isuklik saw an old man, an old woman, and three women. The old man looked at Isuklik and said:

— Aha, it's you, Isuklik. You know I said to my son, do not take the wife of Isuklik. He didn't listen to me; he said that he took away the woman and did not leave any traces. And now you see — Isuklik found her!

By that time the son of the old man returned. He saw Isuklik, smiled cheerfully and said:

— You know, you're a good man, Isuklik. You found the one that I took away and did not leave any traces. Well, so be it, stay with us a short time. You see that your wife is safe. Take her, she is yours, not mine.

After that they began to eat. Various people came into the *zemlyanka*: some with a half torso, others without joints, still others with big mouths on their chests, and finally those resembling spheres. Isuklik thought to himself: "It seems that I've fallen into the world of *tungaks*." He slept in that *zemlyanka* for several nights. Then one day the master told Isuklik:

— Now you are going to sleep in the *zemlyanka* where my wife is. But let me tell you beforehand: if you are sluggish or slow in running, you'll never get back. When you get there leave your kayak at the shore ready to go. I'll go with you there.

They got into the kayaks and paddled together. They arrived at the *zemlyanka* of the wife of the man. The man told Isuklik to go into the *zemlyanka* and himself went back on the sea. Isuklik left his kayak in readiness and went to the *zemlyanka*. He entered the *zemlyanka* — there was nobody there. Isuklik waited for the mistress.

When night came a woman entered. In one hand she held a dish with some kind of food in it, in the other a pail of water. The woman bade Isuklik to eat what was in the dish.

Isuklik looked at the dish and in it was a large amount of white worms. He said to the woman:

— I will not eat that food.

Then she gave him good food in the dish. Isuklik ate it and washed the food down with water from the pail and lay down to sleep. But he was afraid to go to sleep and kept one eye on the woman. The woman waited for a short time, seized a knife and began to steal up to Isuklik. Isuklik jumped up, ran from the *zemlyanka* and rushed to his kayak. He ran up to it, pushed it into the water, got into it and pushed off with a paddle. He saw the woman running after him. She threw the knife at Isuklik but it missed the mark. Then Isuklik returned to the village where the man who had taken away his wife lived. The man said to Isuklik:

— Ehe, it seems that you have returned! Well, how alert you were — not a sleepy head, and you can run fast!

Again, Isuklik began to live in that village. The master would go sea hunting and he would return with the seals he killed; he would go to the tundra and bring back wild deer. But he never let Isuklik out of the *zemlyanka*. Then one day he said to Isuklik:

– You've been guest here with your wife for too long. It is time for you to return home. Your mother is worried about you. Tonight, you will again go to my wife, and together you should not be very long before you reach home.

Night came. Isuklik and his wife went to the *zemlyanka* of that man's wife. They arrived and suddenly it became light everywhere. They entered the *zemlyanka*. The mistress said:

– Well, now, Isuklik, go and look at what's outside.

Isuklik went out and saw that his village was very much nearby, just a few steps away. He returned to the *zemlyanka* and told what he had seen. The mistress said:

– Now go home. When you go out, take just one step and you will find yourselves in your village.

And so it was: they went out, took a step, and found themselves in their village. They began to sell the stones, which had turned into many-colored beads, to their fellow villagers.⁴² From then on, they lived well.

⁴² Editor's note: The ending of the story: "They began to sell the stones, which had turned into many-colored beads, to their fellow-villagers," reflects a period of decay of the egalitarian social beliefs and generalized reciprocity, and the appearance of balanced and negative reciprocities. Generalized reciprocity is a predominantly one-way, putatively altruistic exchange. In this transaction no return of a gift or equal value is required to balance any particular gift. The donor gains prestige and respect in return for his or her generosity and assistance, e.g. parent and child relationships. Balanced reciprocity is a form of direct exchange in which goods and services flow two ways. One party gives a gift to another party with expectation of return of a gift of equivalent value within a particular period of time. These relationships decrease and eventually disappear among peoples that are geographically remote from each other, e.g. Alaskan Yupik and Tlingit in Alaska. Negative reciprocity is the attempt to get something for nothing with impunity. It is an impersonal exchange in which participants confront each other as opposed interests, each looking to maximize utility at the other's expense. The objective of negative reciprocity is self-interest and profit making. Negative reciprocity is the kind of economic interaction in which kin and friends are not engaged in an exchange network, e.g. consumer and retailer relationships.

29. Akhakhanavrak

Narrated in 1940 by the blind storyteller from Chaplino village of the Chukotsky (now Provideniya) *rayon*, Ayvykakh, age 28, illiterate. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. The mythical-heroic tale about the contest of the hero with an evil-spirited giant appears to be a variant of the tale, "The Hunter and the Giants" (no. 10 herein).

It was like this. There lived at one time five brothers with their father and mother. Two of the brothers did not return from sea hunting, the third one went to the tundra and vanished there; the fourth was paddling a kayak and also was lost. Akhakhanavrak remained the only one.

One time, during the night, Akhakhanavrak was making a kayak. He finished the frame. All that was left to do was to stretch the skin over it. But he wanted to go to sleep very much. He went to the *polog* and lay down. He woke up at dawn and awakened his father. His father got up and Akhakhanavrak said to him:

— Will you draw the skin cover over my kayak?

But the father did the reverse and broke up his son's kayak. Akhakhanavrak cried. He was the youngest and his father never let him go anywhere because he was now his only son. As you know the others had disappeared.

Then during the night Akhakhanavrak made himself a new kayak, covered the frame with skin and quietly took all of his father's harpoons and floats. He then put the kayak on the water and began to paddle. As he left the shore a thick fog descended. And he paddled farther on. Soon the fog lifted and there was a steep cliff in front of him. And on top of the cliff a giant man sat. He lowered his legs and put his feet in the water. The giant saw a man and called out to him:

— Hey you, come here!

Akhakhanavrak did not answer him.

— Then I'll make waves all over the sea, — the giant told him.

He started to stir the water with his feet and made waves all over. Akhakhanavrak became frightened and paddled toward the giant. He arrived, got out of the kayak and started to climb the mountain. Then the giant said to him:

— Let's play hide-and-seek!

Akhakhanavrak answered:

— Let's play!

The giant said to the man:

— Now close your eyes!

Akhakhanavrak closed his eyes. The giant lay on his back. Akhakhanavrak started to look for him: "Where is he, where did he go?" Akhakhanavrak climbed onto the belly of the giant and said:

— This is like a belly.

He slid off the belly; the giant sat up and said:

— Here I am!

Akhakhanavrak told the giant:

— And now you close your eyes!

The giant closed his eyes and Akhakhanavrak crawled into the top of his boot. The giant barely found him at the top of his boot. Then he said to Akhakhanavrak:

— Now give me your liver; I'll eat it!

Akhakhanavrak answered:

— Wait just a little while; I only want to stash my kayak away!

He walked to the kayak and, on the way, he killed a seal. He took out the seal's liver and entrails. After this he took off his clothes and put a raincoat made of seal intestines on his bare body and again put on his clothes. He concealed the seal's entrails and liver on his belly and returned to the giant. The giant told him:

– Lie down on your back!

Akhakhanavrak lay on his back and waited.

The giant took a knife and cut his belly open. The seal's liver that Akhakhanavrak hid under the raincoat came into view. The giant thought it was Akhakhanavrak's liver and he ate it. He finished eating and said:

– Your liver tasted much like a seal's liver.

Akhakhanavrak answered:

– Yes, we have such a liver that smells like a seal's liver. You know, we eat seals.

Then he said to the giant:

– Now you lay on your back!

The giant lay on his back and the man took out a knife and cut open his belly. He then thrust the knife into the heart of the giant and killed him. The giant turned into a big mountain. The sea had calmed down. Akhakhanavrak went to his kayak, sat in it and paddled farther.

Soon he came to an island, pulled the kayak onto the shore, took the harpoons with the floaters attached and walked on. In front of him he saw a small fire burning. He stopped. From the underground he heard the howl of an evil spirit. The evil spirit leaped from the place where the small fire was burning and said to Akhakhanavrak:

– Akhakhanavrak, give me your entrails.

Akhakhanavrak gave him the seal entrails. The evil spirit opened his mouth and there, reaching to his insides, were row upon row of big teeth. The evil spirit gulped down the entrails and disappeared under the ground. Soon he appeared again. Akhakhanavrak threw to him the seal's lungs. The evil spirit disappeared, then again showed up and said:

– Akhakhanavrak, give me your heart!

Akhakhanavrak answered:

– No, I will not give you my heart. I live because of my heart. My heart gives me life, gives me my senses!

The evil spirit said:

– Then I will eat you!

Akhakhanavrak replied:

– Open your mouth!

And he threw a harpoon into the evil spirit's mouth. The evil spirit disappeared into the ground and dragged the float fastened to the harpoon with him.

Akhakhanavrak saw a large *yaranga*. He went to the *polog* and there lay the evil spirit sick. Akhakhanavrak pulled out his hunting knife and killed the evil spirit. He left immediately and ran to his kayak, sat in it and paddled home. He arrived home; his parents could not sleep; they were worried, and they did not know what happened to him.

Akhakhanavrak told them:

– I will live to be very old! I'm not afraid of any evil spirits.

That is all. The end.

30. The Orphan

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Naukan village, Nakayuk, age 50, semi-literate. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. This tale about the transformation of the hero is contaminated by a domestic story in which social problems are resolved when the egalitarian community's distribution of the products of labor are changed by being appropriated by certain elders and strongmen. The hero as an unfairly treated orphan struggling for social justice comprises the moral-ethical essence of the tale.

It was like this: a child's parents died and he was left with his grandmother. There was nobody to hunt animals for meat and clothing. The child did not even have boots; his clothing was worn out, and he could not go outside.

The child had an uncle who was a successful hunter and a good man. While it was still summer time he stored in the grandmother's and orphan's meat pit several raw *tukhtaks*.

— Here is food for you for the winter, — he said.

The grandmother and orphan preserved the *tukhtaks* and somehow fed themselves with what the hunters sometimes gave them. And so, they lived like that the whole, long winter not touching the stored supplies. The child was often hungry and he would say:

— Grandmother, let's take the *tukhtak* from the meat pit, I very much want to eat.

But the grandmother replied:

— No, it's not time yet. Early in the spring the supplies of the people will end and we will take our *tukhtak*.

One day the uncle came to their *zemlyanka* and called into the smoke hole:

— Hey, nephew, the bullfinches have flown in; spring is here!

The child happily shouted:

— Grandma, the bullfinches are here, let me get the *tukhtak*.

This time grandmother allowed him. The child put on his grandmother's outer clothing and ran to the meat pit. After he crawled into the meat pit he began to chop at the frozen *tukhtak*, something squeaked inside, and out jumped a mouse. The child looked at the *tukhtak* and saw that all the blubber had been eaten away and a hole was made to its inside. In his vexation the child cried. The mouse looked out from a chink in the stone lining of the pit and said:

— Inside that *tukhtak* are my little ones. Don't kill them, give them to me!

The orphan said:

— No, I'll not give them to you. You know you've eaten all the blubber from the *tukhtak*.

The mouse said:

— Give me my little ones and I'll make you strong and unbeatable.

The child agreed. The mouse told him to come closer and lie on the surface back up. The child did as the mouse told him. The mouse jumped on his back, did something on his back and on his neck and disappeared. The child looked at himself and did not recognize himself: his body had stretched long and filled out, and in his arms he felt great strength. His grandmother's clothing became tight. He cut a small piece of meat from the *tukhtak*, and left the rest of it to the mice.

When the orphan entered the *zemlyanka* his grandmother did not recognize him. There was no child in front of her but a grown man. She also thought that perhaps another man came who in face resembled her nephew.

— Who are you? — asked the grandmother.

The nephew answered:

– It's really me, your nephew. You know I was asking you during the winter to eat the *tukhtak* and now there is not a bit of blubber left on it. The mice have eaten it all.

The grandmother again said:

– But what happened to you? How come you so suddenly grew up?

The young man replied:

– Don't ask about that; I could lose my strength.

There were five brothers living in the same village. They were strong people and successful hunters. The oldest brother was also an elder and demanded that other hunters give him a part of their catch. All of them feared that man.

One day the uncle of the orphan came to the *zemlyanka* and said speaking at the smoke hole:

– The brothers-hunters are chasing after a polar bear!

The orphan said to his grandmother:

– Please let me try to kill the polar bear. Give me your outer clothing. Even though it's too small for me, I'll be in some way dressed.

His grandmother said:

– Don't go my nephew; you won't catch up with the polar bear.

But the young man did not listen to her; put on his grandmother's clothing, took his father's *molotok* [hammer] and ran after the traces of the brothers-hunters.⁴³ Soon he left all of them behind, caught up to the polar bear and hit him on the head with the *molotok*. With that single blow he killed the bear. He lifted his first kill onto his back with one arm and went home. And the brothers-hunters stood there, looked, and in their amazement could not move from the place.

The young man brought the polar bear home, and his grandmother cried in happiness.

After some time, messengers from the elder ran up to the young man and said:

– The elder wants you to bring the bear to him without delay.

The young man said:

– I am not going to give him my kill. Tell that to the elder.

The messengers left. But soon another man ran up and yelled through the smoke hole:

– Come out, the elder is challenging you! And take with you a spear!

The young man made himself ready for the duel and to meet the elder with a spear in his hands. They began to contest each other. The young man proved to be stronger and slew the elder. Then he said to the younger ones:

– If you want to contest me for your brother, I'm ready to measure my strength with each of you in turn.

But the brothers-hunters were not willing. The older of them said:

– You are the strongest in our village. We don't want you to kill us. Be our elder.

After this the young man became the best hunter and lived well with his grandmother.

That is all.

⁴³ Editor's note: *Molotok* — Russian for hammer, *tugshugun* in Siberian Yupik. An ancient stone implement of coastal hunters with which they stunned a harpooned animal. It went out of use with the appearance of firearms.

31. The Second Wife

Narrated in 1960 by an inhabitant of Chaplino village, A. Algalik, age 40. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. In this tale, an earlier mode of life of the hunters of the wild deer is reflected. On the shores of the Bering Sea, these could have been initially not only the ancestors of the Chukchi but also the Paleo-Eskimos since sea hunting, given the abundance and simplicity of wild deer hunting, developed slowly and over a long period of time. The intensive development of sea hunting began with the depletion of the wild deer. The opinion that the Siberian Yupiks borrowed from the Chukchi elements of land hunting is historically unlikely since territorially separate groups of Siberian Yupiks were engaged in the hunting of wild deer from earliest times to the present. This pertains to some groups of Inuits in Canada and is testified to by many ancient Eskimo narratives in Asia, Alaska, Canada and Greenland. The narratives emphasize the hunt for the wild deer, mountain sheep, and the musk ox, while the scenes of sea hunting are relegated to the later levels of their oral traditions.

A man from Igygak had two wives. The first one was childless; the second had two children – two sons. The second wife was from Anytykuk. The man from Igygak always hunted from a *baydara*. With him he took his first wife. When that man was after a whale he would tell his second wife to meet him with a sacrificial vessel. When he killed a whale, he would give pieces of it to his second wife but he, with his first wife, would enjoy morsels of deer meat.

Then one day when the master went sea hunting, his second wife said to her older son:

– The hunters will soon return. When the boats show up, tell me about it.

The women took a small pouch made of a walrus stomach and filled it with water. In another pouch she put cut pieces of whale skin with blubber and added the pieces of deer meat, which the first wife hid from her. After this she changed the bedding of her younger son, filling it with fresh, dried moss.

Evening arrived. The older son saw that the boats were coming near and he told his mother. She asked the son to come into the *yaranga*. She fed him and sent him off to the shore. It turned out that the hunters had killed a whale. The master sent a messenger to his second wife:

– Tell my wife that we've killed a whale. She should now come to the shore with the sacrificial vessel!

The messenger came to the woman and told her that her husband wanted her to come to the shore with the sacrificial vessel to make a sacrifice on the occasion of a successful hunt.

– Very well, I'll be there soon!

They waited for her for a long time at the shore, but the second wife did not show up. Again, the master sent after her. Let her, he said, come quickly, all of us are freezing here. The messenger came and again told her of her husband's order. The woman replied:

– My young one is crying about something, otherwise I would have come long ago.

The messenger returned and told the master what his second wife said. Then his first wife said:

– I'll go there and calm the child, and then she can bring the sacrificial vessel.

The master agreed. The woman went home. At the same time the younger wife hid behind the entrance door and waited for the older one. As soon as she appeared in the entrance, she hit her in the head and killed her.

She put the bag with supplies for the road on her back, grasped the young one and ran through the pass to the mountains. She climbed higher and hid among boulders. And it was already getting to be dark. All of the hunters who had killed the whale were still waiting at the shore. And the second wife never came.

They went home. The master saw his first wife lying dead in the entrance, and the younger one was not there. The master ran outside and sent his people for a search. They began to search for the second wife; but in the night you can't see anything! So, they found nobody and they returned.

The woman refreshed herself with her supplies and with her young one went down to the shore. There from weariness she dozed off. Suddenly she heard in her sleep the water splashing, the sand rustling, and somebody saying:

– Hey, sit up! What are you doing here?

The woman replied:

– I want to go to Anytykuk, but I don't know how!

The voice said to her:

– Go from here and get in our boat. We are ourselves from Anytykuk and we'll take you there.

The woman with her young one sat in the boat and heard somebody say:

– Close your eyes!

She closed her eyes. Again, the water splashed. After a short time, she was again told:

– Open your eyes and get out of the boat!

The woman stepped onto dry land and saw that it was not Anytykuk but some other land. She looked at the place where she was put ashore but the boat was not there, only in the distance killer whales were spouting. The woman looked in the direction of the land and saw a very large *zemlyanka* and behind it a very small one. At the large *zemlyanka* stood a man in outer clothing made of *chamois* [soft deer skin]. His outer clothing was puffed up and its hood, hem, and sleeves were tied with a knot. The man pointed a hand with the tied sleeve at the woman, untied it, and there arose a strong wind and rain. It carried the woman with the child beyond the shore wave. But then the wind died down and she again walked to dry land. The man untied the other sleeve and again there blew a strong wind with rain. Again, it carried the woman and the child beyond the shore wave. The wind died down and again she walked to dry land. As soon as she stepped onto dry land, the man untied the knot of the outer clothing; a strong wind with rain blew in and carried her with the young one beyond the shore wave. The wind ceased and again she came onto dry land. Now the man untied the knot at the hood and also at the hem. The wind blew all clothing off the woman and the child. Then the man came down from the *zemlyanka* toward the woman. In his arms he carried clean clothing. He came to the woman and said:

– I've brought you clothing. You know your clothing was very dirty. I am the one who sent the killer whales after you. I was very sorry for you. Put the clothes on and come with me!

The woman dressed the child and herself and went with the man into his *zemlyanka*. They started to live together. The man hunted wild deer and the woman skinned them. Then the child, the son of the woman, grew and started to walk. Now he spent whole days in the small *zemlyanka*. He came from there in clothes embroidered with fine needlework.

Time passed and the woman gave birth to yet another boy. The child grew fast and also began to walk. Every day he would go with his older brother to the small *zemlyanka*. And when they returned their clothing was always embroidered. When they came back to the large *zemlyanka* they would go to sleep straight away, without eating. The man said to the woman:

– Now, be sure you don't go to that *zemlyanka*!

But one day the man went hunting for wild deer and the woman thought to herself: “Why doesn't he let me go there? Well, I'll go there and see what's going on!” And she went to the small *zemlyanka*.

She arrived there and looked inside through the smoke-hole. She saw the children sitting on the plank bed and playing, dangling their legs. Furthermore, she saw a half-woman occupied

with three tasks: cooking, sewing, and scraping hides, all at the same time. The mother of those children was astonished and she gasped directly into the smoke hole. The half-woman fell to the floor. The children stopped playing and cried. The woman tore herself away from the smoke hole and at that moment the man appeared. He angrily told her:

—You are a mischievous woman, disobedient! You know that I told you not to come here!

And he took the woman to the large *zemplyanka*. He then got his drum and returned to the small *zemplyanka*.

And in the corner of the large *zemlyanka* there were two small satchels: one on the north side, the other on the south side. The man strongly forbade the woman to open the satchels. And so they lived on.

Then one day the man went to hunt wild deer, and the woman thought: “Why is he forbidding me to open the satchels? Well, I’ll look and see what’s in one of them!” She took one of the satchels and brought it outside. She untied it and began to take out hides of furry animals. And there were many hides of furry animals there! She took out a big heap of expensive furs.

It seemed to her not to be enough. She put her hand in the satchel—and it was badly scorched. It seemed that there were flames inside the satchel. She just managed to withdraw her scorched hand from the satchel when master appeared and told her angrily:

—You, mischievous woman, disobedient!

He again took his drum, rapped on it, and the skin started to climb into the bag by itself. He rapped on the drum over the burnt hands of the woman, and the burnt hands were stitched on without a trace. From that time on the woman was obedient and not troublesome. And they lived well for a long time. Then one day her husband said:

—Don't you miss your home?

The woman answered:

—Yes, I do, but how will I get there?

The man told her:

—Well, come over here!

He slightly lifted a stone slab lying in the middle of the *zemlyanka*. There was an opening there. The woman looked through the opening and saw her native Igygak and also the *yaranga* in which she had lived. Atop the *yaranga* bedding was being dried.

Then her oldest son came out of the *yaranga*. How torn and dirty was the collar of his clothing! The woman cried. Below they said:

—Oho, it's starting to rain, take in the bedding!

The man took the woman by the shoulders, led her away from the opening and said:

—It's enough that you looked down!

He then put the slab in its place and told the woman:

—Go out and gather couch grass and then tell your sons to take it to the small *zemlyanka* and bind it. When they finish binding it tell them to bring it here.

The woman did so. The children brought back the bundle of grass. The man said:

—Take the ears of two wild deer and sew two small bags. Fill one bag with the hides of different fur-bearing animals and the other with the hides of wild deer. Fill one of the sleeves of your *kukhlyanka* with the fur of live reindeer and the other with chips from the frame of the *yaranga*!

The woman did all of that. The man removed the plate and told her:

—Take with you your son with whom you arrived here, but leave the younger one, born here, with me. As soon as you lower yourself to the earth close your eyes and empty at first one of your sleeves, then the other. As you enter the *yaranga*, close your eyes and empty the bags made of the ears of two deer also. Your older son, left on earth, will arrive. Let him, together with

your younger son, go to the spit to see the blubber food intended for all of you. Let the older son go first.

So the man said and lowered the mother with her son to the earth. Soon they arrived at Igygak. The woman closed her eyes and emptied her sleeves. She looked and there were many reindeer walking around the new *yaranga*. She entered the *yaranga*, closed her eyes, and shook loose the furs from the bags sewn of reindeer ears. She looked and around her laid many kinds of furs and hides of wild deer. She collected them in a bag.

In the morning an Igygak man left his *yaranga*, looked toward the tundra and saw many reindeer herders. He went to them. As he arrived the disappeared wife of the whale hunter met him. She began to question the man about her older son and her husband. The man told her everything. She fed him, gave him deer meat for the road, and asked him to tell her oldest son to come and visit her.

The son arrived. His mother was very happy, fed him deer meat and gave him new clothing. After that she sent him with his younger brother to the spit, telling them to go on by the shore with the older ahead of the younger one. The husband of the woman realizing that his old wife had returned sent his new wife away. Indeed, she ran home to her parents. He himself returned to his old wife.

The sons of the woman walked along the shore; they walked and found a whale cast ashore by the sea. They invited their fellow villagers and divided the whale into parts. Afterwards the woman gave her fellow villagers much deer meat and hides, and a great number of hides of fur-bearing animals. They then lived to ripe old age.

That is all.

32. The Invisible Man

Narrated in 1960 by an inhabitant of Chaplino village, A. Algalik, age 40. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov.

A man from Napakutak was hunting in a kayak near a cliff.⁴⁴ Then, as he was proceeding, he saw men in *baydaras* [skin boats] dragging a killed whale. He came near the *baydaras* and was worried that they may see him. Even though he worried, nobody saw him. The man thought to himself: "Where are those *baydaras* with the whale going to moor? I'm going to follow after them." He followed the whale hunters in his kayak. They moored at the shore and there the man saw a village unfamiliar to him, in a strange land unknown to him. He set foot on shore, pulled the kayak out of water, and then he saw that some kind of people came down to the shore. He never saw them before. The people started to divide the whale. The man looked at them intently. He went into their midst, brushed against them with his elbows, but nobody paid attention to him. Then a woman with a child called out to her husband saying:

— Cut a piece of whale blubber for your daughter!

The man cut out the tastiest morsels and threw them at the feet of the woman. The woman could not get hold of the pieces since the man came up to them and stepped on them.

The woman lost the food, searched around herself but could not find it. She turned her back toward the man; the man quickly grasped pieces of the whale blubber and put them on her back. And what a wonder! The pieces suddenly disappeared having penetrated under the skin of the woman. The woman began to cry out and complain that something was piercing her back. Her husband ran up to her, put his wife on a sled and pulled the sled home. The man followed in their steps. But on the way they caught up with another woman who was pulling home a sled loaded with whale blubber. The man walked toward her and sat on the sled. The woman stopped, she could not pull the sled farther. She stood there and thought to herself: "Why has my load suddenly become so heavy. It seems that I've lost strength because I'm tired." The woman decided to rest and the invisible man from the kayak got up from the sled and walked farther. He arrived at the *yarangas* and looked into one. It turned out that a woman was cooking in it. Next to her, in a dish there were pieces of just cooked meat. The man from the kayak called out:

— Hey, woman, give me some cooked meat, I'm hungry.

The woman looked around saw no one, and she cried out:

— Oy, what is that ringing in my ears! It's some delusion! Somebody is asking for meat and nobody's here!

The man said:

— Now you're in for an even bigger surprise!

He began taking the meat from the plate and throwing it into his mouth. The woman saw the pieces jumping from the dish and disappearing in the air. Again, she said:

— Oy, once more a human voice is ringing in my ears! Oy, what trouble! My cooking has flown away somewhere, has run away! Oy, I'm truly ruined!

The man took all of the cooked pieces, left the *zemlyanka*, finished eating and went to other *zemlyankas*. In one *zemlyanka* he sat at the edge of the *polog*. Two young girls carrying whale

⁴⁴ Napakutak (presently known as Stolbovoye) — a locality and place inhabited by Siberian Yupiks beyond the Bering Strait.

blubber from the shore approached the *zemlyanka*. They wanted to enter through the *polog*. But how strange! The door was wide open but they could not go through it.

— How come our door suddenly became so tight?! — they said.

The man moved among the people, mixed with them. Nobody saw him. He had become completely invisible. He came to another *zemlyanka* in which there lived a sick woman. He listened. The woman was moaning. The shamans and wise men could do nothing. Somebody inside the *zemlyanka* said:

— Now you call on anybody and tell him that I will pay him anything that he wants if he can cure her!

The one who was sent walked past the man who was standing at the *zemlyanka*. He said nothing to him because he never saw him. A little later a man in indoor clothing came to the *zemlyanka*. The master sent him after the man. He approached the invisible man from the kayak and said:

— What kind of a man are you? From where? Why don't you go inside the *zemlyanka*?

The man from the kayak replied:

— In my kayak I followed the hunters who were dragging the whale and then I found myself here. As for me, I am from Napapakutak. And this is a place I don't know. I was worried that they would see me, but nothing happened. Nobody saw me. Only you have seen me. Also, I have put on the back of some woman pieces of whale skin with blubber. Because of that her back now hurts.

The newly arrived said:

— Follow me into the *zemlyanka*!

They entered. Now all could see the man from the kayak. The man who invited him said:

— This man from the kayak can heal the woman if you take him back to his land of Napapakutak.

The husband of the sick woman said:

— Of course, we'll take him back, only let him cure my wife! She's suffering so much!

The master of the *zemlyanka* was the same man who killed the whale. It was his wife onto whose back the man put the pieces of whale meat. The man went to the sick woman, took the whale pieces from under the skin on her back and put them next to the oil lamp. The woman heaved a sigh of relief. The master saw that the pieces were the same that he had cut for his daughter earlier in the day.

In the morning the master of the *zemlyanka* called his people together and told them to load a *baydara* with whale blubber. They loaded the *baydara* and floated it. They tied the kayak of the man to the *baydara* and asked him to sit in the *baydara* with the oarsmen. And they took him to his land of Napapakutak. When they arrived at Napapakutak, the man walked onto the shore. The oarsmen unloaded the *baydara*, untied the kayak and quickly cast off. The man looked at the land and saw his village. He looked at the sea — and there was no *baydara*, no oarsmen. Only a group of killer whales was swimming in the distance.⁴⁵ It turned out that the man was in the land of killer whales and they returned him to his home. That is all.

⁴⁵ Editor's note: Killer whales (*Orcas*) in the mythology of Siberian Yupik are considered magical defenders of man. When encountering man in the sea, the killer whales often take on the appearance of a boat with oarsmen and in their mythical homeland they become people and lead a human-like existence. In the tale "The Invisible Man" (no. 32 herein), the killer whales take up whale-hunting, skin a killed whale, put pieces of meat and blubber in storage pits, make use of household articles, and working tools, and have dwellings and clothing. The myths about killer whales apparently originated in the remote epoch during which the Siberian Yupiks were not proficient in the art of sea hunting. At that time the hunting of the wild deer and gathering of edible plants were the principal sources of their existence. It is known that killer whales in

33. The Hunter and the Eagle

Narrated in 1960 by an inhabitant of Sireniki village, Ilginaun, age 69, illiterate. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. The text is filled with ethnographic information about the manufacture of earthenware by the ancient inhabitants of the shores of the Bering Sea. It includes the preparation of the clay, the use of subsidiary materials, imparting a form to the vessel, and the process of firing. It is related that women made the pottery. One of the “contaminated” genres of the text represents a myth of ethnological content — the origin of various peoples: the Russians, Americans, reindeer-keeping Chukchi, Coastal Chukchi and Siberian Yupiks. The story also tells of a woman of the bird family, which apparently relates to the myths about birds — the ancestors of mankind in *Paleoasiatic* narrative. For the tales about giant eagles see nos. 5 and 34 in this publication.

I awakened. What did I remember to begin with? An old woman had a son. And they lived as a threesome: the old man, his wife, and their son. The old man and his wife started thinking of what they should do. The husband said:

— How are we going to live without food?

His wife said:

— Over there, when I was collecting wood, I saw clay. You have to bring me three pieces of clay and a bag of fine-grained sand.

The husband said:

— Where will I find a bag? You know that we don't have a bag!

His wife said:

— Take those high boots instead of a bag and go!

The man went. The woman also did, but in a different direction; and she took a small hoe with her. She gathered branches of crowberry and dwarf birch and deftly tied them together into a bundle. Her husband arrived with the clay and sand. His wife gave him an oblong stone and a bone of a walrus. The husband made a notch in the stone. For a handle he fastened the bone to the stone with a string made of whale baleen. He tied it firmly in the notch. His wife took the clay, crushed it, and mixed it with the sand. From this mixture she made a pan and an oil lamp. She put them out in the sun to dry. By the next day they dried out and became white in color. From the bundle of the day before — of crowberry, dwarf birch, osier — she made a fire. She fired the pan; she tapped it with a stick; when it became tempered it would ring. One of the oil lamps turned out badly; there was not enough sand in the mixture. Another one, though, turned out well. When one became tempered, she would mix the clay, without sand, with blood. With it she would paint the pottery. They dug a pit and built a *zemlyanka*. They lived and slept in it. They made everything that was necessary. At the shore the man killed ringed and bearded seals and after skinning them, brought them home. He did not go to the sea to hunt because only three of them lived at that part of the shore. But, nevertheless, there was enough food.

The old man died. His son cried bitterly. One day his mother said to him:

— What is smoking over there?

The boy answered:

— What does it matter? We'll die anyway. Let's go and see.

groups attack other whales. The “sea giants,” particularly the Gray or Greenlandic whales, injured by the killer whales often escaped the pursuers by hurling themselves onto a sandbar near the shore where they then perished. Carried to the shore by the tide, the whales were regarded by the seashore dwellers as a free gift. The blubber and meat of a single whale could satisfy the needs of a large village.

They started. They put meat with blubber in a backpack. When there was only little ways to go, the boy hid himself behind a boulder. Before them was a *zemlyanka*. His mother went toward the *zemlyanka*. When she was halfway there a woman with a pot in her hands came out of the *zemlyanka*. She was about to empty the pot. She saw the visitor, became frightened and began to run.

The visitor said to her:

— Hey, don't be afraid of me, I'm also human like you; I'm not a *tungak*. Come here!

The woman stopped and asked:

— And who are you?

The visitor answered:

— For several years we've lived in that country. They have let us down somewhere from above. I awakened and saw that there were five of us: a bundle of sticks and two pairs of mittens. From the left side a mitten with dark trimming rolled off toward dry land. Many people came out of it. They were the Russians. The second, with red trimming, rolled to a land beyond the sea. The Americans came out of it. The third mitten took itself to the northern land. It rolled beyond a hillock and from its thumb yellow leaves spilled out and turned into reindeer; with them appeared also reindeer herders. The fourth mitten rolled onto the shore. From it the Coastal Chukchi spilled out. We, Eskimos, came out of the bundle of sticks.

And the woman who was emptying the pot turned out to be a bird. She said to the newcomer:

— Go beyond the hillock and take your belongings there. Let yourselves into the *zemlyanka* and live there. My husband is a nasty one, don't let him see you or he will kill you when he comes from the hunt. He'll be bringing wild deer, sea animals and many others. He'll be hunting until tomorrow.

The woman started to bring them food every day, unbeknown to her husband. They had their fill. The son then said:

— We have food like when father was alive.

One day the man went hunting. After he had gone, an eagle flew in. His enormous wings darkened the sun. He sat on the ground. The wife of the hunter came out from the *zemlyanka*; the eagle seized her and flew away. The man came home from the hunt — and his wife was not there. He began to ask everybody about his wife but nobody knew where she was. He clambered up the *zemlyanka* and began to beat the neighbors with his hunting spear. He was so upset because he missed his wife. He wanted to see her soon.

The boy said to his mother:

— When that woman lived here we had plenty of food!

His mother told him:

— Go and invite the suffering man!

The boy said:

— You know that she told us not to show ourselves before his eyes so he would not kill us.

His mother said:

— If he asks you about where we came from, tell him that we are not from this land. We came from beyond the mountain, far from here, but in no way could we live there. When your father died, we came here and lived beyond that hillock. Then tell him: "Mother told me to invite you. Indeed, she had a dream."

The boy went to the man and said to him what his mother told him.

— Wait a while; I'll come down from the *zemlyanka*. And where is your *zemlyanka*? Go first, — the man told him.

— Follow me, we live close by, — the boy said.

They went. When they arrived, there was simply a pit, not a *zemlyanka*.

The woman said:

— I know that you haven't eaten for a long time — since your wife disappeared. Have some food.

But the man could not enter the pit. He found room for himself at the entrance. The old woman gave him a *kukhlyanka*. He lay on it and dozed off. She prepared food for him: a few pieces of dried walrus hide steeped in water.

The man said:

— Is this the only kind of food you have?

The old woman answered:

— Yes, that's the only kind. When my husband was alive we also fed ourselves with fine meats. But now we have to eat this kind of meal just to keep alive. When you go out, shake out your bedding, lie down, and drive a stick into the ground behind the *zemlyanka*. The stick will tilt toward the direction in which your wife left.

The man went and did everything he was told, lay down and fell asleep exhausted. Next day he awakened at dawn and went out. He saw that the stick was tilted toward the land spit. He went into the pit and told the old woman:

— The stick is tilted toward the sea.

The old woman replied:

— That means that your wife went in that direction, the stick shows that. Tell your remaining wives to sew boots, five pairs of them at least. To one side of the boots put grass for bedding, to the other side food for the road. After that, when you put your boots on, take some food. Again, place the stick firmly so that the wind will not shake it, and go to sleep. When you wake up you'll see to which side the stick is tilted. Go in that direction!

The man awakened and went on. Once he awakened during his journey and the stick fell to the ground. The man's heart began to throb at the thought that he would see his wife soon. Again, the stick showed him the way. He climbed up a small knoll and saw a *zemlyanka* with smoke coming out of it. Outside it was a large drying rack. From it hung a big bird hide with the wings and claws touching the ground. It turned out that this was the bird's clothing of the man who abducted his wife.

The man said to himself:

— It doesn't matter; I'm already dead. I'm going there.

He went to the smoke hole of the *zemlyanka*, looked inside and saw his wife. A man was sitting there with his elbows resting on a pillow, with a woman on either side of him. He looked at them from time to time and repeatedly said:

— When are you going to become fat?

It seemed that when they became fat he would eat them. The woman saw her husband in the smoke hole and she said in a loud voice:

— I'll never get fat on that food. My husband would bring me whales from the faraway sea. With such food I would do well again.

The man replied:

— All right, then. I'll bring you whales from the faraway sea.

The woman said:

— I'm now going to take out the pot. Yes, it's very hot in here!

She carried out the pot. She went out and said to her husband:

— Why did you come here? You know you're the last of the family. Hide here in the shrubbery. Hide yourself in the moss the best you can.

The woman returned. Her new husband said:

– Why were you outside so long? What did you see out there?

The woman said:

– What would I see? My family is far away.

– Well, that's enough; come with me outside, – said her husband.

They went out. The man went to the drying rack. He took his eagle-skin enormous *kukhlyanka* and put it on. He put it on and started to stretch his wings. When he took off even the bushes bent from the force of moving air. He landed and said:

– Aha, you're talking about getting fat on some faraway food and I smell something that's very near!

The woman said:

– What could you smell? This morning I washed and my anklets got wet, I took them off and threw them somewhere around here. That's what you smell.

The man-eagle took off for whales in the far away sea. When he flew away, the man said to his wife:

– Let's go!

The other woman replied:

– You go by yourself, you don't need me!

He took all her belongings and they went off together. Halfway there the eagle met them with a whale that he killed in his claws. The eagle said:

– Aha, this is how you fatten yourself with food from the faraway sea! Now you won't stay alive!

The woman said to her husband:

– Ah, I warned you about this! Let's go fast to that river over there that flows along the mountain.

They barely reached the river when the eagle caught up with them. The wife of the man said:

– You go up the river on that side, I'll go up the other.

They entered a gorge. The eagle dove low, fell, and with his wings scattered the snow around. He almost crushed the feet of the running ones. He started looking for them along the bank of the river.

– You bad ones! You hide in the gorge. Soon you'll not be among the living, – said the eagle. He rose from the ground and flew a little higher.

The man told his wife:

– When he flies the third time, we'll die.

For the second time the eagle hurled himself from the heights. He landed with such force that the ice on the river broke up. Again, he searched for the people. He said:

– You're very bad ones! You hide in the gorge but just the same you'll not be among the living.

The eagle sat over the deep water, stood on the bottom of the river, stretched out his wings, and covered the river with his wings. The man and his wife clinging behind the boulders ran up the slopes of the gorge. The man said to his wife:

– Well, now we'll really die!

His wife said to him:

– We'll not die! Not for nothing have I become so strong. Now I will call for frost and wind!

As soon as she spoke those words, the river was entirely covered with ice. The eagle's wings froze to the ice. The man and his wife left the gorge. The eagle looked at them. His mind had not frozen as yet and he said:

—Hey you thaw out the river! For that I'll divide all I have in halves and give it to you. And I will carry you to your house!

The man said:

—You know you wanted to kill us today. Now I'll kill you!

The hunter struck the eagle that was trembling with fear with his spear. The eagle shuddered, and so strongly that the ice shattered and threw people to all sides. Then he died. But the husband and wife remained alive. They were so tired that right there and then they fell asleep. When they awakened the man told his wife:

—I'll go back and take the woman who was left in the eagle's *zemlyanka*.

He went for the woman and the three of them walked together. They returned home. The boy had grown, had become big, and the old woman had aged very much. They gave one of the women to the young man in marriage. The young man and his mother took her in. That is all.

The end.

34. The Hunter and the Giant Eagles

Narrated in 1940 in the village of Yandagay by an inhabitant of Chaplino village, Vantyno. Recorded by Ole, translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov.

There lived a hunter and his wife. They had two children, but one day the children disappeared. They had gone to the shore to gather driftwood and they did not return. Who knows what happened to them? The hunter went to the shore thinking to himself: "Maybe I'll find the children?" He walked a far distance on the ice. Everywhere he looked for the children, but in vain. Toward mid-day a strong wind started to blow from the shore. The hunter turned back because he was afraid that the ice would break off from the shore. He walked and walked and saw a patch of water. It turned out that the ice broke away from the shore and the hunter was left on an ice floe. "I can't reach the shore without a *baydara* [skin boat], — he thought. — To be sure I'll die here! I must find the thickest floe of ice; it will not thaw as fast and maybe it will be carried to land."

But the wind was breaking up the ice floe and carrying it even farther from land. And so it carried the man for many days. The ice floe started to thaw in the spring sun. From hunger the hunter ate all of his leather belts and lappets of his fur clothing. There was nothing more to eat. He became very weak and fell into a deep sleep.

He slept for a long time. He woke up and saw that the ice floe had reached the shore. There was no snow on the shore and the tundra was greening. The hunter stepped onto the shore; with difficulty he climbed up a small knoll and reached the tundra. He walked slowly and he often fell down. He saw a small mound in front of him and he walked to it. He clambered up the mound and it had an opening. He looked in it and saw that in its depths two oil lamps were burning and near them a man and a woman sat. "This must be a very small *zemlyanka*!" — the man thought. Suddenly he heard them talking to him:

— Come on in!

He entered.

— Where are you from?

— I came from the ice, — the hunter answered.

And he told what had happened to him. The man told the woman:

— Give him something to eat!

The woman put a pan filled with fish in front of the hunter. The hunter ate it and fell asleep. He slept for some time; he did not remember for how long. He awakened and saw that he was lying near a sand mound surrounded by plants and flowers. "What has happened? — thought the man. — Is it possible that I saw all that in my dreams?" The man had become stronger and did not want to eat anything. He went on farther. Again, he came upon a small mound with an opening. Again, it proved to be a dwelling. He went in and saw a man and a woman inside. They asked him:

— Where did you come from, man?

— From the ice, — and again he told them all that had happened.

— Feed him! — the man told the woman.

Again, the hunter ate the fish and fell into deep sleep. He awakened and again he was lying near a sand mound surrounded by greenery and flowers. "It seems that a *tungak* is pulling wool over my eyes, — the hunter became frightened and walked farther. — I'll find people, — he thought, — I'll ask them!"

Once more he saw a mound with an opening. Again, it turned out to be a dwelling. "Eh, what is there to be afraid of? If I have fallen into the hands of a *tungak* I will not be able to get away from him. I'll go in," — said the hunter to himself.

He went in. And here also sat a man and a woman. They fed him fish. The hunter told them where he came from. But he did not lie down to sleep, he started asking them:

— Who are you? I know you are not people. Could it be that you abducted my daughter and son?

The man answered:

— No, it is not we. Look for your children in another place, if they are alive. Near here lives a giant eagle. He is so big that I can't even describe it to you. This giant bird eats anything alive: he catches sea animals and fish under the water, he hunts the tundra animals, and he kills the birds in the skies. If he comes across a man, he eats him too. Go to that eagle and on the path to him you'll come across a big fish but don't eat it, put it in your bag. And when you see the eagle, call out loud: "There's my grandpa, I've been looking for him for a long time!" The eagle will not touch you. Sleep there over two nights. When you're about to leave, cut the fish in two and give the larger part to the eagle!

After this all lay down to sleep and slept soundly. The hunter awakened and saw that he was again lying near a sandy mound. "Oh, the *tungak* has altogether dulled my judgement! If he is a helpful spirit, good; if he is a wicked spirit, bad!" He thought for a short time and then walked farther. To be sure, on the path he found a big fish. He put it in his bag.

He walked and walked. In front of him he saw a white mountain. He came closer and looked: it was not a mountain but a tremendous heap of bones — animal, bird, and human. Next to the heap sat the giant eagle. The eagle saw him, opened his beak, clicked his teeth and yelled out:

— Hey, food has come here by itself!

The hunter pretended that he was very happy and he called out:

— There is my grandpa; I've looked for him for a long time!

The eagle did not touch him; he sheltered him as a kinsman. The hunter buried himself in his white feathers and slept for two nights and two days. He awakened, divided the fish, gave the larger part to the eagle, ate the smaller part and asked:

— Have you seen my children?

— Look in another place for your children, go north!

The hunter went on farther. He walked and walked and came near to a small mound. Again, it was not a mound, it turned out to be a *zemlyanka*. The hunter searched for the entrance and went in. It was dark in the *zemlyanka*; nothing was visible. He stopped, he was afraid to go farther. Then he thought: "Eh, come what may, I'll go farther! Since I didn't die on the ice floe, I'll remain alive here!" He took a step and in front of him was an abyss. "Eh, from here it's only straight on, to life or death," — thought the hunter and he jumped in. He fell for a long time and heard only the whistle of the air. It was terrible for the hunter: his heart was pounding, his eyes were shut, and his ears were ringing. He fell and fell and then dropped on something soft. He opened his eyes and saw that around him was loose sand, and in the distance a small star was shining. "It must be, — he thought, — that I am among my ancestors. Could it be that I'm no longer among the living and that my soul is soaring in the heavens?" So, thought the hunter, and he walked toward the star.

As he got closer the light of the star increased. He went farther and saw that it was not starlight but lights shining from a large hole. He went into the hole. In front of him was a large, very large, underground dwelling, and in it was a giant woman sitting at the fireplace. The giant woman extended an arm toward the hunter, lifted him with two fingers and put him on her back, as if behind a cliff.

She sat there not talking. The hunter also did not say anything. Suddenly her husband-giant came in. In each hand he carried a whale.

— I caught these two fish, — he said to his wife. — Get me the cauldron.

His wife got him the cauldron and the giant threw his catch in it. When the whales were cooked, the giant took one, and sucked the meat of it as if it were a tiny fish. Only the bones were left. His wife did the same.

The giant said:

— Eh, it was tasty but not enough!

They then lay down and went into a deep sleep. In the morning the hunter awakened. Only the woman was in the house, the giant had already gone hunting. He soon returned, again carrying two whales. After they had eaten them they fell asleep again. The man awakened during the night and saw that the giants were sleeping, embracing, as if they were two mountains. The man felt terrible, he could not fall asleep. He opened his eyes a little and saw the man and the woman lying there, embracing, but in size they were the same as he. The man was amazed. He closed his eyes again. He then opened them a little and saw that they were giants again. The man thought: "I'm either having a dream, or it's a *tungak* laughing at me!"

In the morning the giant woman asked:

— Well, man, are you bored here?

— I want to go home, answered the hunter, — I want to find my children.

— All right, I'll help you. Your children would be missing if you had not gone looking for them. But, be that as it may, when you get home kill a young walrus, make a sack and fill it with blubber. Gather all your neighbors. Bring in the old shaman from the roaming people. It is he who called for the wind that carried you out to sea; he is guilty of everything. Sew that old man in the sack with the blubber and in front of the people throw it in the sea. You will then become the best of hunters. But your life will belong to me, whenever I wish I'll take it.⁴⁶ Now make me a *kukhlyanka* from skins of white reindeer; breeches, boots and a cap from polar fox fur. That is the price for your life!

The giant woman put the little man on the palm of her hand, took three steps and with them covered the entire space over which he fell in the abyss. The hunter saw that in front of him was the sea shore, and on the waves there rocked a boat, tremendous in size.

— Well, little man, sit down, and we'll be going!

The giant woman placed the hunter in the bottom of the boat. She pushed the boat from the shore.

Before the man could blink his eyes, they swept past seemingly endless cliffs and valleys and then the boat touched the sandy beach. And the giantess paddled with the oar only three times.

"Oho, — thought the man, — it would take me twenty days to cover that distance!"

— Well, come out! — the woman told him.

The man jumped to the shore and there, on the mound, was his *yaranga*. The hunter could not believe it; he closed his eyes. Then he opened them, took another look, and he realized that he was home. He looked back to the shore: "Where is the boat? Neither the boat nor the giants are to be seen, maybe they didn't exist!"

He went to the *yaranga* and knocked on the door:

— Hey, my wife, I've returned.

His wife cried out:

— You're alive, alive! Yes, it's you! — and she cried from happiness. — Our children have come back too!

She opened the door, took him by the hand and led him to the *polog*. For a long time, they felt each other, embracing:

⁴⁶ "Your life will belong to me..." is the motif of the pledge by the hero of the tale to the spirits (among the Siberian Yupiks "to the giants") for happiness on earth. This motif is found in the narrative traditions of many peoples of the world and, therefore, cannot be regarded as specific to the Siberian Yupik narrative.

— No, it is he! — said the wife.

— It is all of her! — said the husband.

And the hunter embraced the children; they had not changed.

The next day the hunter killed a young walrus, as the giant woman had ordered him to do. He gathered the people and in front of all told the old shaman:

— You will not need your drum anymore; now you're going swim in blubber in that sack. It is you who called for the wind; because of you I almost died on that ice floe. Let this not happen to others. Now you're going to die!

The hunter shoved the old man headfirst in the sack filled with blubber and threw it in the sea. Then he threw in the clothing for the giant made of white reindeer skins.

That man became the best of hunters and strongmen, and brought up good-looking children. He lived through many winters and when he became very old, the giantess took his life.

35. Two Brothers and the Raven

Narrated in 1940 by an inhabitant of Chaplino village, Providenya *rayon*, Tagikak, age 14, the son of Gimuge, age 60 (see the story no. 1 in this publication). Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov.

They say that it was like this: in the village of Unazik there lived a man and his wife. They had two very young sons. But one day their father became sick and after some time he died. Life became hard for the woman left with two children. There was nobody to hunt animals. Then a man from Sireniki, who had lost his wife, learned about this. He arrived in Unazik and went to the woman. He took the woman in marriage and her children as his sons and took them to Sireniki. At home he told the little boys:

— In this village there are bad people. If during the day you'll go out near their dwellings, they'll begin to beat you. Tomorrow when it's still dark you'll go to the mountains and there you will train yourselves to be strong.

The stepfather did not tell his stepchildren the truth. Good people lived in Sireniki and they were bold hunters. But the stepfather wanted his adopted children also to be strong and bold. So every day they ran up the mountains to train themselves to be strong. A few years went by, the brothers grew up and became hunters. In the winter they went after wild deer every day. Not a day had passed that both of them did not bring home a deer. The next day they went hunting for winter walrus. They went farther out on the young [thin] ice than any of their fellow villagers. They found a breathing hole. And there they killed a winter walrus. The Sireniki Mountains hardly appeared as deep blue in the distance. Even so they were the first to come home with their catch. And so, the brothers came to be recognized as good providers.

One day in the morning they went after wild deer. They each killed a deer and returned home early.

They left their kill in the house and went to hunt for walrus. They left all of their fellow villagers behind. They went far into the sea on the young ice. Their father told them often that they were to go no farther than the other hunters. They walked on the ice for a long time but in no way did they kill a walrus. In the meantime, all of the fellow villagers killed walrus near the shore and returned home. The brothers went farther and farther on the ice hoping to kill a walrus. With evening arriving they finally killed a walrus. When they skinned the prey and were ready to go home, the younger brother looked toward the shore. He saw a bank of thick fog.

— It's broken away! — he called out.

They left the walrus behind and ran toward the shore. They ran up to the edge of the ice but the crack in the ice had already become wider; it could not be jumped over. A strong wind blew up and swept water over the ice floe. The brothers started to run back, toward the sea. They clambered from the wet ice to dry ice but the water was lapping at their heels. With the wind came a snowfall, a real blizzard. The brothers ran ahead with the ice rocking under their feet. Finally, they ran up to old and thick ice, found a high ice formation and climbed up on it and dug out a snow cave. They got in the cave to wait for better weather. Then the younger brother said:

— So that we'll not die slowly, bring on some kind of miracle!

The older brother in place of a drum started clapping his hands and to the clapping he sang a song. He sang and the younger brother heard the cry of a raven very far away. The older brother stopped singing and asked the younger one:

— Did you hear anything?

Even though the younger one did hear, he said:

– No, I've heard nothing!

Anew the older one sang, clapping his hands. Again, the younger heard the cry of a raven, this time close by. The older also heard the cawing, but he asked:

– This time did you not hear anything?

The younger, though he heard quite clearly, again replied:

– No, I've heard nothing!

For the third time the older brother sang to his clapping. This time the cawing of the raven could be heard nearby. The brothers heard it quite well. Yet the older asked:

– Did you hear something?

The younger answered:

– No, I've heard nothing!

Then the raven started cawing right next to them:

– Caw, caw, caw!

The older one answered in raven language:

– Caw, caw, caw! No, I'm not going to do it; I will not leave my brother behind!

The younger demanded:

– What did the raven say?

The older answered:

– The raven said that he would save me only.

The raven started cawing again:

– Caw, caw, caw, caw!

The older answered him in the raven language:

– Caw, caw, try!

The younger asked:

– What did the raven say?

The older answered:

– He said that he is going to try to save both of us. But on the way out there is only one large ice floe where it is possible to take a short rest. Now let's get out of this ice cave!

They came out and the older brother told the younger one to lie upside-down. The younger did so. The older sat on him and covered his face with the edge of his *kukhlyanka*. Suddenly they were lifted from the ice floe and carried aloft. After some time, they came to a stop. They found themselves on a large ice floe. Again, the older told the younger to lie down face up. The younger did. Again, the older one sat on him and covered his face with the edge of his *kukhlyanka*. They were lifted from the ice floe and flew farther. After some time, they stopped, looked around and saw that they were sitting on a precipitous cliff amidst raven nests.

Then the older brother called for his helper, the ermine. The ermine responded to the call:

– Pik, pik, pik!

The older told him in ermine language:

– Pik, pik! I'm not going to climb up by myself!

The younger asked:

– What did the ermine say?

The older replied:

– The ermine said that only I could get out of this place!

The younger said:

– Let me climb up the cliff first, then you follow.

The younger started to climb and climbed slowly on the [face of the] cliff. The older started afterwards. He also climbed slowly. They left the cliff and went home.

At that time those at home were shamanizing. The singing shamans came from all around. One said that the brothers died at sea, others, that they were alive; still others were seeking an answer from the protecting spirits.

By that time the youngsters were coming close to their home. They went to their *zemlyanka*, climbed up to the smoke hole, and listened. Their father sang, then stopped singing and said:

— In my song I've gone on the ice. From there I heard the call of the raven!

He sang again, stopped and said:

— In my song I was sent among the ice floes; the raven flew there and there I've heard his call.

Then their father sang for the third time, again stopped and said:

— When I sang and became quiet, the raven said that he would carry me to the north, over the floes. And, truly, I flew there. On the way he stopped on the ice floe and rested. Then he flew again. On the way he stopped again and it turned out to be a camp of the ravens. But it could be that I'm in error.

The brothers heard the words of their father through the smoke hole. He sang once more, stopped and said:

— I was resting in the camp of the ravens. I climbed the cliff slowly, came down to the tundra and went home. I came to the *zemlyanka*, climbed up to the smoke hole and listened to what they were singing about.

The father said these words and said to the other youngsters:

— Go out and look to see if there's anybody at the smoke hole.

The brothers heard those words, jumped away from the smoke hole and hid themselves on the side. The youngsters came out, looked, but saw nobody. They went back into the *zemlyanka* and told the master that there was nobody outside. The brothers again climbed up to the smoke hole. At this point the father went out himself and saw them. He ordered them to go in the *zemlyanka*. He then said:

How did you get here from the ice?

The brothers answered:

— Far from here our ice floe was carried to the coast by a sea current. We got off the ice floe at that uninhabited place and came here.

Their father told them:

— Well, it seems that it did bring you to the coast!

The younger brother said:

— You know you've seen everything of this with your own eyes!

From that time on they did not go farther into the sea than others. And they hunted very well. That is all.

The end.

36. How the Raven Got Married

Narrated in 1940 by an inhabitant of Chaplino village, Provideniya *rayon*, Tagikak, age 14. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. In this magical-mythical tale the form of the "Raven-Creator" in which he is represented in the ancient Chukchi-Kamchatka myths is reduced to that of an unfortunate orphan who lives with his raven grandmother. In the Siberian Yupik and Chukchi narrative, there are variant themes in which conjugal ties are concluded between a seal and a woman or between a dog and a woman. The totemic concepts of the aborigines of the Chukchi and Kamchatka Peninsulas about animal ancestors of man in this case find reflection in their narrative traditions. Later the animal "personages" of the tales with a similar subject matter change into human beings. The tales themselves acquire a social aspect (see no. 37 in this publication and also the Chukchi tale "The Dog Who Proposed Marriage" in Bogoras 1900, no. 108).

They say that it was like this. There were five dwellings. Brothers lived in the dwellings. Each brother was the father of a daughter. Not far from the brothers there lived a family of ravens—a grandmother and her grandson.

One day the daughter of the oldest brother went to fetch water. As she was getting the water the raven approached her and begged of her:

—Give me water! Give me water!

The young girl gave him water and the raven started to drink it but in doing so he splashed the water from the pail all over the ground. The girl struck the raven with the palm of her hand and said:

—How clumsy you are! You've spilled all the water, not a drop did you leave!

The raven answered:

—But you have broken my skin. Sew it up!

The girl said:

—All right, come here, I'll sew it!

The girl went home and the raven went to his. He came home and said to his grandma:

—You now have a daughter-in-law; she lives in the first *zemlyanka*. Bring her here!

The old woman braced herself and went to the first *zemlyanka*. She entered. They asked her:

—What did you come for?

The old raven answered:

—My grandson sent me here to get his bride.

The master became angry and ordered that they nick the gristle of her beak. And they nicked it. She cried. She went home.

The next day the daughter of the second brother went to fetch water. As she was filling the pail, the raven approached her and begged of her:

—Give me water! Give me water!

The young girl gave him water. Again, the raven splashed the water all over. The girl struck him with the palm of her hand and said:

—How clumsy you are. You've spilled all the water; you didn't leave a drop!

The raven replied:

—But you have broken my skin. Sew it up!

The girl said:

—All right, come here. I'll sew it!

The girl went home and the raven went to his.

He came home and said to his grandma:

– You now have a daughter-in-law. She lives in the second *zemlyanka*. Bring her here!
The old raven went to the second *zemlyanka*. She entered. They asked her:
– What did you come for?
The old raven answered:
– My grandson sent me here to get his bride!
They told her:
– Ah, he's swarthy! He's shabby and dirty!
And they nicked the beak of the old raven.
The old raven cried bitterly and went home. This time her beak got swollen.
On the third day the daughter of the third brother went to fetch water. As she was filling the pail the raven approached her and said:
– Give me water! Give me water!
The young girl gave him water. The raven splashed away all the water. The girl struck him with the palm of her hand and said:
– How clumsy you are! You've spilled all the water; you didn't leave a drop!
The raven answered:
– And you have broken my skin. Sew it up!
The girl told him:
– All right, come here, I'll sew it!
The girl went home and the raven went to his.
He came home and said to his grandma:
– You now have a daughter-in-law. She lives in the third *zemlyanka*. Bring her here!
The old raven did not want to go. Her grandson, the raven, had his way. The old raven went to the third *zemlyanka*. She arrived. She stood in the doorway and said:
– My grandson sent me to get his bride!
They told her:
– Ah, he's swarthy! His shabby and dirty!
They nicked the beak of the old raven. She cried and went home.
On the fourth day the daughter of the fourth brother went to fetch water. When she was drawing the water. The raven approached her and begged of her:
– Give me water! Give me water!
The young girl gave him water. The raven began to drink and he splashed away all of the water. The girl hit him with the palm of her hand and said:
– How clumsy you are! You spilled the water, there's not a drop left!
The raven replied:
– But you have broken my skin. Sew it up!
The girl told him:
– All right, come here, I'll sew it!
The girl went home and the raven went to his. He came home and told his grandma:
– You have a daughter-in-law now. She lives in the fourth *zemlyanka*. Bring her here!
The grandmother of the raven refused to go but her grandson, the raven, had his way. She went to the fourth *zemlyanka*. And from the threshold she called out:
– My grandson sent me to get his bride!
They answered:
– Ah, he's so swarthy! He's shabby and dirty!
The old woman wanted to run away, but they seized her and notched her beak even deeper. She went home in tears. Night came. All of the people in the village were sleeping soundly. In the morning they awakened. Then from the fifth *zemlyanka* the daughter of the fifth

brother went to fetch water. When she was drawing the water, the raven approached her and begged of her:

— Give me water! Give me water!

The young girl filled the pail with water and took it to the raven. He began to drink and again splashed all the water away. The girl hit him with the palm of her hand and told him:

— How clumsy you are! You've spilled all the water, there's not a drop left!

The raven said:

— And you have broken my skin. Sew it up!

The girl replied:

— All right, come here, I'll sew it!

The girl went home and the raven went to his. He came home and said to his grandma:

— You have a daughter-in-law now. She lives in the fifth *zemlyanka*. Bring her here!

In her turn the grandmother of the raven refused point blank. Must she suffer so much for her grandson! But her grandson, the raven, had his way. For the fifth time the old raven went after the bride. She came to the door of the fifth *zemlyanka* and said in a loud voice:

— My grandson sent me for his bride!

She said that and ran away. They did not catch her. But the father of the young girl allowed her to go to the raven. The girl went. She arrived, but the raven's dwelling was so small that she could not stand it and she began to cry. And she fell asleep in tears. The old raven saw the tear-stained face of the girl and she began to sing and dance around her. And suddenly the small, dirty *zemlyanka* of the ravens turned into a large, roomy, and clean one. The raven became a man, and the old raven, a woman. The girl awakened — and around her everything was changed, everything was better.

The old woman began to feed all the fellow villagers with deer meat. Then she also feasted the young girl. Then the other young girls arrived.

The first said:

— You know I was the first to be chosen to marry!

The second one said:

— No, it was I!

The third one said:

— No, it was I!

The fourth one said:

— No, it was I!

But the raven married the one who came to him by herself. After that they became people and they lived well.

That's all.

37. The Marriage of an Orphan

Narrated in 1940 by the blind storyteller from Chaplino village, Chukotsky (now Provideniya) *rayon*, Aybykhak, age 28, illiterate. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. Here we have the same theme as in the tale "How the Raven Got Married" (no. 36 herein). However, in place of ravens there appear human beings as a grandmother and grandson. In this case, there are reinterpretations of the tale's theme in terms of the changing social and spiritual conditions of the narrators.

It was like this. There lived in one place five brothers. They were rich. They had many reindeer. A small boy, an orphan, lived with his grandmother in the neighborhood. Their *zemlyanka* was small, cramped, and dirty. Their clothing was ragged. The boy and his grandmother did not have their own food; they had to beg their neighbors for it. The boy seldom went out – his body was covered with scabs.

One day the orphan started thinking and he said to his grandmother:

– Now, go to the first *yaranga* of the five brothers!

His grandmother asked him:

– What do you want from them?

The orphan replied:

– I want to marry their daughter!

His grandmother agreed. She left. She went to the first *yaranga*. She went in and the master asked her:

– What have you come to complain about? You're probably hungry, and your grandson too?

The old woman answered:

– No, it's not so! My grandson sent me to tell you to give your daughter in marriage to him.

The master told his wife:

– Give me my knife. For those words I'm going to cut her little finger off!

His wife gave him the knife and he cut off the old woman's little finger. She cried of the pain and affront and went to her *zemlyanka*. She entered and her grandson asked:

– Well, how did you make out?

The old woman answered:

– They did not give their daughter in marriage but they cut off my little finger.

The grandson told her:

– Now go to the *yaranga* of the second brother and ask him for his daughter in marriage!

The old woman said:

– I'm not going! They will cause me pain again!

The grandson stood on his own. The old woman agreed and left. She came to the second *yaranga*. She leaned against the fore-post. The master exchanged greetings with her and asked:

– What did you come for?

The old woman answered:

– My grandson sent me to ask for your daughter in marriage.

The master told his wife:

– Give me my knife! For those words I'll cut her second finger off!

His wife gave him the knife and he cut off the second finger of the old woman. She cried of the pain and affront and went back to her *zemlyanka*. She entered and her grandson asked her:

– Well, how did you make out?

The old woman answered:

– Now they've cut off my second finger!

Her grandson said:

– Now go to the *yaranga* of the third brother and ask for his daughter in marriage!

The old woman said:

– Oy, I'm not going to go! I have only three fingers left. You know that they are again going to cut off my finger!

Her grandson insisted on his own. The old woman agreed and left. She went to the third *yaranga*. She leaned against the fore-post. The master exchanged greetings with her and asked her:

– What did you come for?

The old woman answered:

– My grandson sent me to ask for your daughter in marriage.

The master told his wife:

– Give me my knife! For those words I'm going to cut her third finger off!

His wife gave him the knife and he cut off the old woman's third finger. She cried from the pain and affront and left for her *zemlyanka*. She entered and again her grandson asked:

– Well, how did you make out?

The old woman answered:

– Now they've cut off my third finger.

Her grandson told her:

– Now go to the *yaranga* of the fourth brother and ask for his daughter in marriage!

The old woman told him:

– No, I'm not going to go! I have only two fingers left and now they will cut off the fourth one!

Her grandson insisted. The old woman agreed and left. She went to the fourth *yaranga*. She leaned on the fore-post. The master exchanged greetings with her and asked:

– What did you come for?

The old woman answered:

– My grandson sent me to ask for your daughter in marriage.

The master told his wife:

– Give me my knife! For those words I'm going to cut off her fourth finger!

His wife gave him the knife and he cut off the woman's fourth finger. The old woman cried from the pain and affront and returned to her *zemlyanka*. She entered and her grandson asked her:

– Well, how did you make out?

The old woman answered:

– Now they've cut off my fourth finger!

Her grandson said:

– And now go to the *yaranga* of the fifth brother and ask for his daughter in marriage!

The old woman said:

– Now I already have no fingers left on this hand. You know they're going to cut off my thumb too!

Even then her grandson insisted. The old woman left. She went to the fifth *yaranga*. She leaned against the fore-post. The master exchanged greetings with her and asked her:

– Well, old woman, what do you say?

My grandson sent me to ask for your daughter in marriage.

The master said:

– Oh, well, let her marry!

Then the father told his daughter:

– Well, little daughter, follow your mother-in-law!

The young girl did not object to her father. She put on her [outdoor] clothes and left with her mother-in-law.

They arrived. The young girl saw the small *zemlyanka*, tight and old. It was dirty and damp. Out of squeamishness the girl did not even take the hood of her *kukhlyanka* off. Night came. They ate and lay down to sleep. Only the old woman did not sleep. When the young ones were fast asleep, she got up and with her feet began to move the walls of the *zemlyanka* apart. As she moved the walls the *zemlyanka* became large and high. The old woman took a large washbasin, filled it with water, and awakened her grandson. The grandson got up. She sat him in the basin and began to wash his body. The grandson got out of the basin. Oho! What a handsome man had he become! His arms were strong and muscular.

The old woman put on her outdoor clothes and went out. She cut some turf, gathered it and brought it to the outer entrance of the *zemlyanka*. There she started to blow on the turf and it turned into meat of various animals. The old woman went out again. She went to the seashore and gathered an armful of fine seaweed. Then she took the seaweed to the *zemlyanka*, hung it up in the outer entrance and began to blow on it. The seaweed turned into furs of various fur-bearing animals. The old woman went out for the third time. She put many white stones in a bag. She brought them to the storage pit and began to blow on them. And the white stones turned into pieces of tallow of various animals. After this the old woman went into the *polog* and began to wake up the young girl:

– Get up daughter-in-law and feed us!

The daughter-in-law awakened, took off her hood and looked around. She saw that there was a new *polog* in a roomy *zemlyanka* and that next to her lay not a dirty youngster with scabs on his body, but a stately man. The young girl smiled at the man; she could not take her eyes off him. She began to prepare the meal. She cut a plateful of meat and blubber. They sat down to eat. The girl tossed up pieces of meat and the young man caught them in the air with his mouth and ate them. When they finished eating, grandma told them:

– Now, put on your clothes! I've made clothing for you.

The old woman went to the outer entrance. She carried the seal-skin bag from the entrance and took out of it clothing, man's and woman's clothing, all brand new. The girl put on a fur combination with its collar and sleeves trimmed with wolverine fur. The young man put on a handsome *kukhlyanka* with a black collar and fur breeches with wolverine trimming below. They stood next to each other as if they were purified by the wind. They then left the *zemlyanka* and took a stroll nearby. They then returned to the *zemlyanka*. It was time to eat supper. They ate again. The grandson said to his grandma:

– Now I have to give my mother-in-law a present – various foods and furs! I'll go there with my wife!

The young man began to prepare the gifts. He went to the outer entrance. He chopped up different meats and tallows. He put all of this in a basin. Then he told his wife:

– You look after this basin while I go outside!

The young man took a knife, went outside and fashioned a sled of snow. He also made the seats with a backrest out of snow. He also made the side supports of the sled out of snow. He finished the sled and began to blow on it with all his might. The snow sled turned into a real one. The ends of the bars became sharp runners. He brought out the basin filled with food and put it on the sled. He covered it with a piece of walrus hide and tied it to the sled. Then he called to his wife. She took a wooden mallet and came out. She sat on the sled with her elbows leaning on the backrest. The young man fastened a thong to the sled and pulled it. And so they went. The girl sat on the sled and sang a song.

The girls from the four *yarangas* ran out and began to grasp the backrest of the sled. The young wife began to hit the hands of the girls with the mallet. She was returning to them the pain they caused to her husband's grandma. She hit the fingers of the girls and laughed. Then they arrived at the *yaranga* of her father. The girl got off the sled and entered the *yaranga*. Her father came out of the *yaranga*. He untied the covering and saw the full basin of meats and tallows of various animals. Together with his son-in-law they took the food from the basin. The amount of food became several times greater. The son-in-law carried the meat and tallow to the outer entry. They then put the sled on the [drying] rack and entered the *yaranga*. The master told his wife:

– Look at how much tasty food our son-in-law brought us! Now we'll treat ourselves to it.

The women prepared the food. All began to eat. The young man and his young wife returned to their grandma. They lived with all their needs fulfilled.

That is all.

38. Mayyrakhpak

Narrated in 1952 by an inhabitant of Chaplino village, Itkhutkak, age 25. Recorded by V. A. Analkvasak, translated into Russian by E. S. Rubtsova. There exist several variants of magical tales about a woman-giantess who devours her offerings. In some cases, the offerings are represented as mice, in others as young girls. In this case each of the four contaminated subject matters stand by themselves or, in the case of separate episode, run into each other. As far as the theme about Mayyrakhpak devouring mice is concerned, there is a whole series of variants in the narrative of the peoples of the Chukchi-Kamchatka group and also among the Siberian Yupik. In these, instead of mice, the personages are young girls and in place of Mayyrakhpak-*kele* (evil spirit), the werewolf raven Kutkh.

They say that this happened long ago. Small mice went to eat berries. They were gathering the berries and at that time Mayyrakhpak left her house. As she walked she sharpened her knife on a grindstone and said:

– Pisk-pisk-pisk, how would it be if I struck you with my knife! Pisk-pisk-pisk, how would it be if I struck you with my knife!

On the path she saw the small mice gathering berries. She came near them. The little mice saw her and cried out. She took off her thin *kukhlyanka* and put all of them in it. She put the *kukhlyanka* with the mice on her back and took them to a tall tree growing in the tundra. She came to the tree, stood under it and told it:

– Tree, tree, bend down!

The tree actually bent down. Mayyrakhpak tied her *kukhlyanka* with the little mice in it to the top of the tree, stepped back and said:

– Tree, tree, straighten yourself!

The big tree straightened itself and Mayyrakhpak went to her *yaranga*. When she left the mice started to look through a small hole in the *kukhlyanka* to see who was going to pass by – some animals or a person. They saw a ground squirrel going to the river for a drink. They called to it:

– Squirrel, squirrel, is it true that you are human? Untie us!

The squirrel jumped and said:

– I'll not untie you for anything, for anything! When we go to drink you throw pebbles at us!

In his wake an ermine ran by. The mice saw him and called out:

– Ermine, ermine, is it true you are human? Untie us!

The ermine looked at them and said:

– I'll not untie you for anything, for anything! When we take a walk, you throw pebbles at us!

In a short while a fox ran by. The mice saw her and called out:

– Little fox, little fox, is it true that you are human? Untie us!

The little fox heard them and ran to the tree. She sat down and said:

– And how does the master do it?

The mice replied:

– When he goes to the tree he says: “Tree, tree, bend down!” – When he is leaving he orders: “Tree, tree, straighten yourself!”

The fox remembered the words and said:

– Tree, tree, bend down!

The tree bent down. The fox untied the *kukhlyanka* and released the mice. She released them and said:

– Now go and pick crowberries.

The mice gathered crowberries, filled the *kukhlyanka* with them. The fox tied the *kukhlyanka* to the top of the tree and said to it:

– Tree, tree, straighten yourself!

Indeed, the tree straightened itself. As it straightened itself the mice ran away and the fox went to her burrow. She poured in a pot red paint made from the dry bark of the alder-tree. She filled her cup and poured it in the slop-pail. Then she made the bed and lay down to sleep.

The next day Mayyrakhpak awakened, took her knife and went to the big tree. As she walked she sharpened her knife on a grindstone. “Pisk-pisk-pisk, how I'm going to hurt you! Pisk-pisk-pisk, how I'm going to hurt you!” She came to the tree and ordered:

– Tree, tree, bend down!

Indeed, the tree bent down. Mayyrakhpak cut the *kukhlyanka* open with her knife and the crowberries spilled out. Mayyrakhpak began to eat the berries and repeated again and again:

– Delightful, delightful!

She finished eating and said to herself:

– Where are the mice that I put in the *kukhlyanka* yesterday? Instead of them there are only crowberries. No doubt my cousin, the fox, untied them. She's easy to persuade.

She went to the fox; she decided to take vengeance on her. She bit her lip and said:

– Well, if I reach your place you're not going to be alive!

The fox heard steps. Mayyrakhpak was coming close to her burrow. She dipped her hands in the cup, smeared her nostrils with the diluted paint and began to groan. Mayyrakhpak looked in the burrow and saw that her cousin was lying under a cover. And in the cup and the slop-pail there was blood and her nose was bleeding. Mayyrakhpak became frightened. She sat at the edge of the *polog*. The fox, not looking at her said:

– I, your first cousin, am dying. I'm bleeding to death; I'm excreting and urinating blood too! You're so good and my only hope was that you would come to visit me! Will you really come when I die?!

Mayyrakhpak replied:

– Ah, how dumb of me! I was angry with you because I thought you untied the mice.

The fox again talked to her:

– Who's going to empty the cup and the slop-pail?

Mayyrakhpak said to her:

– But why am I here? I'll empty them!

With a groan the fox again talked to her:

– Only don't empty them right outside, on the path. Why make it unpleasant for those who pass by! Go over to that cliff and empty them there!

The fox thought a little and added:

– Your first cousin is really bad. My shadow [spirit] has left me. If you hear my shadow [spirit] don't look back, she might cast a spell on you!

Mayyrakhpak put the slop-pail on her shoulder, took the cup in her hand, and went to the cliff. The fox jumped up and ran after Mayyrakhpak. She caught up with her and started to tread on her heels. Mayyrakhpak began to howl, ground her teeth and said:

– I'm not going to look back at you for anything! I'm not going to look back at you for anything!

And the fox continued to run after her, treading on her heels. Mayyrakhpak came to the cliff, bent down, and started to take the slop-pail off her shoulder. At the very same time the fox pushed her, and then ran to the south.

Mayyrakhpak fell but as she was falling she grabbed hold of a bird's nest. She recovered her breath and started to ask all of the birds to lift her up to the cliff. The birds could not cope with the task because Mayyrakhpak was quite heavy. Then Mayyrakhpak took one of the puffins and with her fingers flattened his beak. From the edge of his collar she pulled out some downy hairs and attached them to him as two spurs. After that she covered the claws and beak with [red] paint. She finished the decorations and placed him on the cliff. The puffin sat on the cliff showing off his beauty to all. The other puffins started to beg Mayyrakhpak to make them so beautiful also and for this they promised to lift her to the top of the cliff. Mayyrakhpak decorated the puffins and they lifted her to the cliff – as difficult as it was for them. Since that time all puffins were beautiful. Mayyrakhpak made them so. When they lifted her to the cliff, she walked to the north.

At that time the fox was running to the south. As she was running winter caught up with her. The fox came up to Maskyn Island and started looking for ways to it. She saw that the current was carrying a small ice floe from the bank. She jumped onto the ice floe and started for the other side. When she was nearing land some boys from Maskyn saw her, took their bows and arrows and ran toward her. They ran and the fox yelled out to them:

– Hey you, on dry land, wait! Let me get to the shore; you know I could drown in the sea. The boys left her in peace.

The ice floe touched land; the fox jumped onto the shore and ran away from the boys. The boys started shooting arrows at her, but the fox was very soon out of sight. She made a burrow in the tundra and began to live there.

Mayyrakhpak walked to the north and arrived at Sireniki. She stopped on the bank of a small river opposite Sireniki. At that place were two cliffs that could open and close by themselves. Mayyrakhpak settled down inside the cliffs. She took to bring up a son of the *tugnygaks* [spirits] since she had no children. The boy grew up and began to go to the Sireniki children to play various games with them. If anybody started to contradict him, he seized him and killed him. And the people of Sireniki were afraid to take reprisal because his stepmother was also a *tugnygak*. If during the winter the hunters killed a walrus on the ice, Mayyrakhpak would squat and take the liver away from them, which was to be somebody's share. From that time on, the old people of Sireniki did not eat liver in the winter. Yet, finally, the people of Sireniki began to discuss this:

– What has it come to?! We manage to get the liver but we can't eat it. How long is this going to last?! Next time when we go hunting, let's take with us that ward of the old woman, Mayyrakhpak, who has settled near us in the cliffs. Let him, as a hunter; get his share of the liver.

Then, one day the weather was beautiful and it drove the ice floes toward Sireniki. The hunters invited the ward of Mayyrakhpak to do a little hunting on the ice:

– Hey, what are you doing sitting on the cliff? Come with us to hunt on the ice! You'll earn your share of the liver!

– Good, I'll come with you!

The young man began to prepare himself and he hurried. But during that time the hunters already killed a walrus and dragged it onto the fast shore ice. The master of the *baydara* told his people:

– Throw the whole liver on thin ice! Let the lad go there after it.

The young man arrived and they said to him:

– See the liver over there? Take it, it's your share.

The young man went after the liver and fell through the ice.

The hunters harpooned him and killed him. They cut his liver out. They gave it to the [snow] trailblazers and they loaded it on a sled. The master of the *baydara* told the trailblazers:

– Go to the land and give that liver to the old woman!

As always, the old woman, Mayyrakhpak, was squatting on the steep slope, waiting for the hunters. The trailblazers came to dry land and the old woman asked them:

– And where is my son?

The trailblazers told her:

– He's coming somewhere in our wake. He got a whole liver as his share. For the time being hold it for him.

They unloaded the liver of her ward from the sled. The old woman took it and went home. She arrived home and put the liver on a shelf above the oil lamp. She sat next to the oil lamp. As she was sitting next to the oil lamp, from time to time large lice fell in front of her from the liver. The old woman thought: "Oh, could this be the liver of my son?" She took the liver from the shelf and began to examine it. She looked at it and recognized it as her son's liver. She squatted before the entrance to the dwelling and began to cry.

Then one day the weather was again beautiful and again all of the men from Sireniki went to hunt on the fast ice. The old woman figured out when the hunters would be returning to the shore, went to the steep slope next to the shore and began to conjure a strong wind with snow blowing from the land. The wind, heavy with snow, arrived and blew the ice from the shore. All of the men who went to hunt on the ice were carried into the open sea. The old people of Sireniki gathered at the shore, looked at the sea, and started goading their shaman:

– What kind of a shaman are you? Where is your raven about whom you bragged so much? That old woman took away from us all our young men and her ward killed off our cherished hopes, our growing boys. Now we'll all die of hunger.

Night fell and the old shaman who owned the raven began to sing. The raven flew to him and the shaman ordered him to take the dwelling away from Mayyrakhpak.

The raven flew to her and ordered her to leave the dwelling. Mayyrakhpak told him:

– I'll go nowhere, this is my house!

The raven spoke to her again:

– Well, let's go out! If this is really your dwelling try to open it from outside!

When Mayyrakhpak went out, the doors, as always, closed behind her. The old woman began to tell them to open. The doors began to creak, began to open, the raven bit his mouth and said through his teeth:

– You just try to open and I'll crush you, smash you to pieces! The doors slammed shut. Then the raven told Mayyrakhpak:

– Well, that will do. Go away, you don't have a house here. Don't you see that the doors didn't listen to you!

Mayyrakhpak realized that she could not do anything and, saddened, she went north wherever her eyes would take her. And all that because the raven took her house from her.

Tfu!

39. The Five Daughters

Narrated in 1941 by an inhabitant of Chaplino village, Nalyugyak, age 68. Recorded and translated into Russian by E. S. Rubtsova. In this story three themes are brought together. In the Siberian Yupik narrative the themes either stand by themselves or in conjunction with related themes. In this tale, as in the Chukchi tale “Kytgy” (no. 93 herein), a strong and independent woman is portrayed. She defeats fellow-villagers, freely selects and changes husbands depending on circumstances, and leaves her children with the abandoned husband.

There was a man, a successful whale hunter. He had five daughters. The fifth, the smallest, was as yet breast-feeding. The oldest was already fully-grown. One day the men set off to hunt. They sat in the boat, cast off, and went not far into the sea. They started to look for sea animals. They saw a whale. They approached him paddling; they used short paddles in rowing. They came up to him; a marksman harpooned him really fast. They fastened thongs to his jaw, pulled him to the shore and moored there. They pulled out the boat and put it on the drying rack. The boat-master went to ask his wife to perform the necessary ritual. He arrived and his wife was not there. She had gone to the tundra to gather root plants. The oldest daughter came out to perform the ritual. The two of them went to the shore. They arrived and performed the ritual. The men began to cut up the whale. They separated the blubber and the meat. They divided the blubber and meat amongst themselves. They carried their shares to their storage pits. They finished cleaning up and went to their *yarangas*. But the wife of the boat-master had not returned as yet. Night came, they lay down to sleep, but she was not there. She did not return the next day. The man began to look for his wife. He stopped hunting and sought her in the mountains but could not find her anywhere. Eventually he stopped looking for her. Again, he readied himself for hunting and went to sea in a boat with other hunters. The oldest sister said:

— Come fall, we'll not have any edible roots if we sit idly by.

The young girl went to the tundra and dug out root plants with a hoe. Suddenly something shielded the rays of the sun. She looked and saw an eagle sitting in front of it. The eagle said:

— I came after you.

The young girl replied:

— What for? My father will scold me.

The eagle seized her with his claws. He flew up with her to the heavens. At that time her father again saw a whale. They approached him, harpooned him and killed him fast. They fastened thongs to his jaw and pulled him to the shore. They put the boat on the drying rack. The master went after his oldest daughter so that they could perform the ritual. He came home, called for his daughter, but she wasn't there.

— Where is my daughter?

— She went to gather plants.

He took with him his second daughter to perform the ritual. They performed the ritual in honor of the whale. The men started to cut him separating the blubber and skin. They finished and then divided the whale and lugged their shares to their storage pits. They stored everything and went to their *yarangas*. They went to sleep. In the morning they awakened but the daughter of the boat-master was not there as yet. Again, he sought her in the mountains but he did not find her. He came home and told his daughters:

— Don't go there anymore!

— All right, — the young girls agreed.

Again, the men readied themselves for sea hunting, sat in the boat and cast off. Again, they saw a whale. They approached with stealth. They harpooned him, killed him, tied thongs to his jaw and pulled him to the shore.

The man went to ask his daughters to do the ritual. Now there remained only two of his daughters.⁴⁷ He told the older one to perform the ritual. They managed to perform the ritual in honor of the whale. The men began to cut up the whale. They separated the blubber; they separated the meat. They shared it and took their share to their storage pits. When they finished they went to their *yarangas*. They went to sleep. They awakened the next day. The man told his two daughters:

— You better go nowhere. You see that your sisters disappeared.

— All right, — they agreed.

The men again got ready for sea hunting. They sat in the boat. They cast off. They saw a whale. They approached him stealthily, harpooned him, killed him, fastened thongs to his jaw and pulled him to the shore. They moored there. The man went to invite his daughters to perform the ritual. He arrived and neither of his daughters was there — they were gone.

The eagle had taken them to the heavens. In the heavens he brought them to a very large *yaranga* and entered it with them. The *yaranga* was very bright and warm and in it was much of deer, ringed seal, bearded seal and walrus meat and also of whale blubber and skin. The eagle told the young girls:

— Eat to your heart's content whatever you see — deer meat, whale skin with blubber, seal meat. Eat what you will, nobody will forbid you. I bring the food here.

They began to eat. They ate much, to satiety. The eagle said to them:

— Why aren't you growing fat?

The eagle went after wild deer. The young girl went out to empty the slop-pail. She emptied it and was ready to enter the *yaranga* when suddenly there was a fox in front of her. The fox told her:

— What are you doing? Do you know why he is urging you to eat so much? When you get fat, he is going to eat you. Look in the storeroom; you'll see your sisters there. They are still alive. When they became fat, the eagle sucked the blood out of them. Cook a little more deer meat for them, let them recover. Then when they become stronger give them tendons and, for days, let them twist it into thread. Twist thread from the tendons until there are no tendons left. And when you finish, tell me, and I will let you down to earth. When your husband-eagle comes and asks: "Why are you getting fat so slowly?" You tell him: "Because our father is such a good breadwinner. We will only get fat when we eat of the faraway fish."

The fox finished talking and left. The young girls started to do what she had told them. The eagle returned from the hunt of wild deer. He had killed many deer. And he spoke to his wives:

— Why are you not getting fat?

The young girls replied:

— Because our father is such a successful provider. We will get fat only if we eat of the faraway fish.

The eagle took off for the faraway river. The girls started to get busy. They started picking at the tendons and spinning thread from them. When they finished the work, they came out of the *yaranga*. The fox saw them and asked:

— What's doing?

— We've finished!

The fox went in and took everything.

⁴⁷ The narrator's memory lapsed here; the loss of the other sisters was not mentioned.

The sisters tied themselves to each other. The fox started to lower them, playing out the string a little at a time. It did not quite reach the ground. They began to pull on the string. The fox let them go. They jumped. The younger one began to sort out the twisted string. She sorted it and they started their journey.

The eagle flew in and there were no young girls.

– Ah, the good-for-nothings!

He chased after them.

– If I catch up with them I'll eat them!

The eagle was chasing after them. The young girls were running with all their might. Then the eagle saw them. The sisters ran even faster. He was just about to catch them.

– If I catch them I'll eat them! – he yelled out.

The sisters ran farther. One of them stopped and drew a line with her little toe. They ran and then looked back: they saw that there was a very wide river where the line was drawn. They hid themselves on its shore. The eagle flew near and sat in the middle of the river.

– All the same you're not going to save yourselves!

He spread his wings. The water in the river rose and almost drowned the girls. It rose very near them and up to the neck of the eagle. One of the sisters began to freeze the water. The water stopped flowing as it froze. And it froze in the eagle. The eagle tried to escape by flapping his wings: the ice started to crack and the fractured ice flew far, but he could not free himself. The girls came out of hiding. One of the sisters killed the eagle with her small knife.

The girls went to their native village. They entered their father's *yaranga*.

– Now look here, never again go away! – said their father.

– All right!

They lived quietly. But you know young girls can't live like that! The youngest one was bored. She took the twisted thread and left the house. She threw it into the tundra, went after it and began to gather plants. Suddenly the den of large brown bear was in front of her. The girl went into it. There was no master in it. The girl sat down. Suddenly a big brown bear entered. He started nibbling at her but then said:

– Oy, why am I doing this, after all she is my guest!

– Have you eaten? – he asked her.

– No!

He gave her meat and whale skin with blubber. The girl began to eat. She finished eating and lay down to sleep. The bear gave her a haft of a scraper:

– When you wake up, hit me with the haft of the scraper. Don't be afraid!

The girl put the haft where it could be seen. She fell asleep. The brown bear started nibbling at her.

– Oy, why am I doing this, after all she is my guest! But don't be afraid, fight me, or I'll bite you harder!

When they came out of the *yaranga* they started to run in circles. In the beginning the bear passed the girl, then the girl passed the bear. She left him behind. Then together they went into the den. They ate wild deer meat. They lay down to sleep. The bear said to the girl:

– When you wake up, hit me with the haft of the scraper. Don't be afraid.

They fell asleep. In the morning the girl awakened.

– Oy, he's going to bite me again!

She hit him with the haft of the scraper. The bear sat up quickly. They got up and ate. They went outside. The bear started fighting with the girl. He didn't let her get on her feet. Then the girl stopped falling. The bear told her:

– I don't live here alone. There, on the other side, are many *yarangas*.

The girl went there. She climbed up a little knoll and saw that they were playing ball. She ran there. Unnoticed she made her way to one of the *yarangas* and went to the summer *polog*. The mistress of the house looked at the *polog* and saw that the curtain was moving a little. She went to it, pushed it aside and saw that on the *polog* there was a young, beautiful girl. At that time the older brother of the mistress, who had been playing ball, came home. The woman hid the girl behind the *polog*. The young man came in. The woman started to feed her older brother telling him nothing about the girl. When her brother fell asleep, she brought out the girl. They lay down and fell asleep. The next day the young man awakened and saw that next to him was a young girl. The young man stopped going out; he married her. His wife became pregnant. She gave birth to a boy. The boy grew and began to walk. Again, she became pregnant. And again, she gave birth to a boy. Then one day she suddenly heard a voice from the outer entrance:

— Where is the young woman? Guests have arrived for the competition.

The young woman came out. They began to compete in a foot race. The young woman outran all. They then started fighting. Even here she won. She returned home and nursed her little son. When night came they fell asleep. The next day the husband of the young woman did not go outside. The young woman became restless. She got tired of her husband. She decided to go to her *yaranga*. She said to her husband:

— I'm going to go to my *yaranga*.

Her husband told her:

— I'll go with you.

The young one said:

— You can't; my *yaranga* is very far away. You know your children will stay here. They will live here instead of me.

— All right.

The young one got ready. She took the twisted string, put it around her neck and went to where she came from. She arrived at the big brown bear's. She spent the night there. The next day she went to her *yaranga*. She arrived. Her parents welcomed her heartily. She began to live with her parents. She lived there, lived there, and wanted to go to her husband again. She went out, took the twisted thread and threw it into the air. She climbed the thread toward the northern lights. She hoisted herself there and saw that they were also playing ball. Again, she walked by; nobody saw her. The mistress of the house saw that the curtain of the summer *polog* was moving a little. She went there and saw that there was a young woman on the *polog*. The woman hid her under a heap of clothing. Soon the brother of the woman came home. He entered. The woman told him nothing about the young woman. She began to feed him. Her brother finished eating, lay down to sleep and fell asleep. The lad woke up the next day and saw a beautiful young woman. The lad married her. He never went anywhere. The young woman became pregnant and again delivered a boy. They lived on, made the best of things. The young woman again became pregnant and again delivered a boy. She breast-fed the children. Then the fellow-villagers started to compete with the young woman in a foot race. The young woman outdistanced all of them. They started wrestling. Again, the young woman won. She went to her husband's *yaranga*. She lived there for a short time. Once again, she wanted to go back to her own *yaranga*. She told her husband:

— All the same, I'm going to go to my *yaranga*!

Her husband said:

— I'll go too!

— You can't, my *yaranga* is very far away. You know your children will stay with you and they will live with you instead of me.

The man agreed with the young woman and she left him. She went to her *yaranga*. She arrived. Again, her parents welcomed her heartily. She began to live with her parents. After some

time, she again thought of leaving. She walked to the sea, arrived at its shore and went under water. She saw a knoll ahead of her. She walked toward it and in front of her there was a *yaranga*. She entered the *yaranga* and there were men in it. They hosted her. They gave her cod. She finished eating and asked:

— Is there a village in this direction?

— Yes, there is a large village there.

The young woman walked away. She left the knoll behind her. She saw many *yarangas* in front of her. The young woman married again. And she stayed there for good. It's finished.

Tfu!

40. The Two Strongmen and the Oldster

Narrated in 1960 by an inhabitant of Chaplino village, A. Algalik, age 40. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. A magical tale about two strongmen weaned by animals.

On the island of Kigi there lived a man who was weaned by a dog.⁴⁸ They called him Ettuvi.⁴⁹ And in Yanrakinot there lived another man weaned by a brown bear.⁵⁰ They called him Kaynuvi.⁵¹ From the milk of the animals they derived enormous strength. They had never seen each other. But Ettuvi from Kigi had heard that Kaynuvi was very strong but the people told Kaynuvi that there was nobody stronger in the world than Ettuvi.

Through the people they sent to each other the desire to compare their strengths. Then one day an old man from Yanrakinot was casting a fishing net into the lagoon. In his boat there were two hard floaters made of the skin of a variegated ringed seal. Suddenly he saw the two strongmen coming – Ettuvin and Kaynuvi. They came up to the old man and said:

– Look at us, old man, as we compete in our strength and then tell us who is the stronger one.

The old man replied:

– Wait for me here while I place the net.

He spread the net slowly while never taking his eyes off the strongmen. They lay down on the sand, propped up their chins with their hands and talked peacefully to each other. Under the hand of Kaynuvi there was a bone from the joint of a walrus' flipper. He took the bone and crumbled it into dust with his fingers. And Ettuvi was leaning with his elbows on a floater made of seal skin. He wanted to mend it. He barely touched it with his hand, the floater could not stand it and it broke. The little old man saw all of this. He finished spreading the net and said to them:

– You have already competed. One of you has turned a bone into dust with his fingers, the other by just a light touch of his hand has broken the floater of seal skin. Could you not, Ettuvi, really say that your body is better in making dust of bones? And you, Kaynuvi, could you not say that your body is better at breaking floaters of seal skin filled with air? Both of you are such strongmen that if you start competing you will kill each other. It will be better if you don't fight! And you know you live in different villages!

The strongmen listened to the old men from Yanrakinot and did not fight. They went each his way.

That is all.

⁴⁸ Kigi (or in Chukchi “Kikhi”) – Arakamchechen Island in the Senyavin Strait.

⁴⁹ Ettuvi – “of a dog,” a Chukchi name.

⁵⁰ Yanrakinot is the Russian adaptation of the name of the Chukchi settlement of Yanrakynnot (“Stronghold”) on the shore of the Senyavin Strait.

⁵¹ Kaynuvi – “of the wild deer,” a Chukchi name.

41. The Revenge

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Naukan village, Akaluk, age 45. Recorded in the Naukan dialect by N. Rukaktak. Translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. This is a historical story about blood revenge by a nephew for the killing of his uncle by distant neighbors. Here all events are presented realistically. Mythical aspects are absent.

In the village of Kivaluk there lived together an old man and a boy, his relative. Many wild deer roamed in the vicinity of the village. In winter the old man killed plenty of deer. During summer he hunted sea animals. The two of them lived in want of nothing. The boy finally grew up and also began to hunt and kill wild deer and sea animals. The old man stopped hunting. He busied himself with domestic chores. Then, one day he said to his relative:

– What are you going to do when I die? Are you going to stay single forever? Who will keep house and prepare food when you are out hunting? To the south there is a village called Kygmik. They say that the women of that village are very beautiful. You should go there and look for a wife while I'm still alive!

After this talk the young man began to hunt even more zealously. Then the days became longer. Spring arrived. One day the relative said:

– Our supplies of killed animals will last for some time. Perhaps I should go to Kygmik village.

The old man told him:

– Go, but not for long. I'm likely to die if you're not here!

The young man prepared to go to Kygmik. He left in the morning dragging a sled behind him and toward evening he arrived in Kygmik. He went to the dwelling of an elder. The elder had a single daughter, a very beautiful girl. The elder received the young man heartily. He asked him:

– Why did you come to us?

The young man answered:

– I came after a woman.

The elder said:

– Well then, take my daughter. It is agreeable with me. Marry her if she pleases you!

The young man married the daughter of the elder. He stayed to live there. He killed many wild deer. And he went to the sea and hunted sea animals. But then one day the young man became saddened about something. The elder asked him:

– What are you so sad about?

The young man answered:

– At home all himself left my old uncle. I don't know if he's still alive or if he's in good health.

The old man said:

– A woman, when she marries, never stays in the house of her father. If you want to go home, go!

The next day the young man sat his wife on a sled and dragging it took her home. Night came and they arrived in Kivaluk.

It turned out that the old man was alive and healthy. He began to work with the bride tirelessly. The young hunter killed many wild deer in the tundra. He could not carry all of them home; he left some in the tundra. Later he and his wife went into the tundra after the deer

carcasses. In the meantime, the old man bustled about the house and having finished his work left the *yaranga*, squatted and waited for the young ones.

Then one day when they were returning, the old man was not outside the house. He was not sitting, as he always did, at the threshold. The wife said:

– Where is the old man? How come he's not here to meet us?

Her husband answered:

– No doubt he's doing something in the *yaranga*.

They arrived. The old man was not there to meet them. They went into the *yaranga* and he was not there. The husband said to his wife:

– Where did our little old man go? I'll go and see where his footprints go.

He went out. He found the footprints. The footprints led in the direction of the sea. Drops of blood were seen on them. He turned back. The next day he followed the footprints. They led to the sea. Far off in the sea the young man saw land. He went there. Soon he arrived at a large village. He feared that they might see him and decided to wait for darkness. When night arrived, he went toward the dwellings. Among the dwellings was a very large *zemlyanka*. Behind the *zemlyanka* there was a high post. The moonlight was bright and everything was visible. He looked at the top of the post and saw that a man was sitting there. He removed the earth holding up the post. He brought the post down. He looked at the man tied to the post. The man turned out to be his uncle whom the *tangi* [evil ones] had killed. He untied him, lifted him and brought him home. The next day they made new clothing for the deceased; they put it on him and buried him.

The man became very careful; he did not go very far from the dwelling. Then one time, when the weather was calm, he was walking around the house. He looked in the direction of the sea and it seemed to him that there were two black dots in the distance. And indeed, after some time, there were two men coming in his direction. He said to his wife:

– Over there two men are walking. No doubt, they are coming here. No doubt they want to kill me! When they arrive offer them food. While we are eating I'll go out as to get some air. And you come out after I do!

Then the two men with staffs arrived. The master of the house said:

– Oho! You are my first guests! Where did you come from? Where are you heading?

The guests replied:

– We've come to invite you to a festival!

The master said:

– Come to the *polog*. First eat something then you can leave!

The men entered. The woman hosted them with different foods. While they were eating her husband said to her:

– I'm sweating; I'm going out to get some air!

He went out. His wife went out as well. He put a large knife under his *kukhlyanka* and came back. He went to the men sitting at the *polog*. He killed them. He said to his wife:

– Where are we going to bury them? Outside the ground is frozen, and besides, if anybody comes searching for them they will guess what happened when they see the disturbed [loosened] ground. Let's hide them under the floor!

They lifted the planks of the floor a little and put the dead ones there.

From then on, the man did not go far from the *zemlyanka*. He walked about close to it.

After a few days five men appeared from the direction of the sea. The husband said to his wife:

– Five men are coming to us. I will do again what I've done before.

Then the five men arrived. The master said:

– Oho! You are my first guests! Where did you come from? Where are you heading?

The guests answered:
 –Some days ago, two men going in this direction disappeared. We came to ask if you know about them.

The master said:
 –Let's eat first! But I haven't seen your people.

His wife brought tasty food. While they were eating the master said:
 –I'm sweating; I'm going out to freshen up!

He went out. His wife followed closely. He took a big knife. He went back in. He killed the sitting ones. Again, they hid the dead ones under the floor.

After a few days, during calm weather, there appeared in the distance a great number of people. The man told his wife about it:
 –Now there are many people coming to us. Host them again with tasty food. I will go out supposedly to prepare gifts for them. You also go out after me!

The people arrived. The master said to them:
 –Oho! This is the first time I've had so many guests! Where are you coming from? Where are you heading?

The people replied:
 –First two got lost, then five went to search for the two and also did not return. All of them went in this direction. Maybe you know something about them?

The master said:
 –No, I haven't seen them! You must be tired from the journey. Have something to eat first!

The people went into the *zemlyanka*. The woman started to host them with various tasty foods. Her husband said to her:
 –Let's go and prepare some gifts for the guests. You know they are our guests for the first time! They cannot leave without gifts!

The husband and wife left. They filled the frame of a kayak with wood shavings and poured grease over them. Then they blocked the entrance to the *zemlyanka* with logs. They then lifted the kayak with the grease-covered shavings to the roof of the *zemlyanka*. The shavings were lit [burning]. Then the man opened the smoke hole in the roof and called out to those sitting in the *zemlyanka*:
 –Now I will give you your gifts through this opening! Take them!

And he shoved the frame of the kayak filled with shavings through the opening. One end of the frame fell in the entryway. If the guests wanted to run out they would find the entryway blocked with logs on the outside and a blazing fire on the inside. The man and his wife threw wood into the *zemlyanka* through the opening and poured grease inside. The *zemlyanka* was ablaze but did not tumble down. All the people inside it burned to death. The husband and wife built a temporary shelter. They spent the night there. The next day the husband said:
 –Now we'll return to Kygmik.

After this they went back to Kygmik having taken revenge on the *tangi* for the death of the uncle.

42. The Reindeer Herders

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Naukan village, Ytain, age 64, illiterate. Ytain was one of the gifted narrators of Naukan. He treated the integrity and completeness of the tale with exceptional responsibility. He regarded the fantastic adventures of the heroes as real. He was thoroughly convinced that the mastery of the narrator was tied to believing that everything rendered by the tale was true. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov.

There lived a reindeer herder with his wife and son. His herd was one of many heads. He felt sorry for his son and he did all the pasturing himself. Then one day he became thoughtful and he said to himself: "If I die my son will be left by himself and it will be difficult for him to handle such a large herd. I should take an orphan for myself so that he can be a helper to my son! Eh, it should be easy to find an orphan!" One day when he was roaming in the tundra he found an orphaned child and took him for himself. He began to exchange with him the pasturing of the herd every other day. Things got easier for the old man. When winter came and snow fell the young lads started taking turns in herding. The orphan learned to handle a spear quickly. But the son of the old man was lazy. With every day the orphan gained strength. Far to the north there were two additional camps. The closer neighbor had five sons. All the six men were experts in handling spears. In addition, the youngest brother was an excellent runner; he ran faster than anybody else. These brothers also had two sisters. And the far neighbor lived alone with his wife.

The son of that man was lazy. He guarded the reindeer badly and at night, as soon as the herd came to a stop, he went to sleep at once. And, unconcerned, he slept all night. And the orphan, while the master's son slept, practiced with the spear all night developing strength and deftness. The son awakened and the orphan said to him:

— Look here, don't sleep so much! Of what good is it? If you practice like I do you'll learn to handle a spear. Some year from now bad people will come here from somewhere.

Soon the orphan learned how to ride a reindeer well. While training he swung the spear above the heads of the reindeer. And he spoke to the son of the old man in this way:

— Look, when the skies cover the ground with snow it also covers the feed for the reindeer and it gets difficult for the herd. Or if bad people come from somewhere, even then the weather means much.

And the orphan added:

— That's why you shouldn't sleep so much but ought to train to get strong and deft.

The son of the old man replied:

— Who are you to give me advice? You must know that you depend on me for everything. I have a father and you don't have to teach me anything. You don't have a father and because of that you have to depend on me.

And the orphan trained even more; he wanted to become deft and strong.

Then the coastal people did not come for several years. One day the father said:

— There are not enough seal-skin soles for our boots; the reindeer harness is worn; there are not enough thongs for pulling the sleds; the linings of the sled runners are worn. How could we but envy our northern neighbors! The coastal people came to them and in exchange gave them seal skins for making soles, thongs for the sled and harness, and linings for the runners. I must go there!

His ward and his native son answered:

— Yes, you really should go!

The next day he left at dawn. Toward evening he arrived at a reindeer herder's who had a large family. He drove up to the first *yaranga*, the master of the *yaranga* came out, tethered the reindeer of the newly arrived and then said:

– Come in, you'll eat something!

The guest went in and the master asked him:

– No doubt you have some purpose in travelling?

– Yes. I have to get seal skins for soles, thongs, and sled runners. That's why I'm travelling. You know the coastal people have not visited us this year and that's why we don't have any of those things.

The master said:

– That's regrettable, but you know there were many coastal people at the neighbor to the north. You should go there! If you don't get anything there, then come to us. I will at least find something to share with you.

The guest said to the master:

– Thank you, I will go there!

The master asked him:

– If you get something there, are you planning to travel to some other place?

The guest answered:

– No, I'll come back here.

He left and traveled farther. And at that time the master was talking to his sons:

– When he comes here on his way back, I'll kill him. And we'll take all his belongings.

The reindeer herder arrived at his far-away neighbor. At that time the ground was covered with deep snow but with a southern wind and a late rainfall the snow was covered with an icy crust. The guest came to a *yaranga*. The master said:

– Enter!

They started to host the newly arrived. While they were eating the master asked:

– No doubt you're traveling for some purpose?

The guest replied:

– I need to get seal skin, thongs for a harness and linings for sled runners. That's why I'm traveling. You know the coastal people did not visit us this year, that's why we don't have any of those things.

The master asked:

– On which side did you pass my neighbor?

The guest answered:

– I came directly through their camp.

The master asked:

– What did the father of those brothers tell you?

The guest replied:

– He told me: "You've arrived at the right time. We have all of those things. But first go to the far away neighbor. If you don't get anything there, we'll give you what you need."

The master spoke to his guest:

– Certainly, I'll give you all that you've come for. And perhaps you're going somewhere else from here?

The guest told him:

– No, I'm going back to the one with many children.

The master told him:

– Look here, if you go to them you'll lose your life; they will kill you!

Then the master added:

—I think you should leave here at night. When you pass by the neighbor's camp, be on guard. And when you pass by, for safety's sake go on directly.

It was becoming dark. The guest prepared himself and left. When it became completely dark, he figured that he was already safe and he drove directly. All night he drove his reindeer as fast as they could run. And the father with the large family was on the lookout for him, waiting for him to drive through his camp. Toward midnight he waited no longer and hurled himself to pursue him at random. The fleeing one heard the crunch of the snow and the blows onto the backs of the reindeer with the driving stick. He thought: "The pursuing one must be very near." And the skin on the backs of his reindeer was badly frayed. He looked back and saw that his neighbor was really catching up to him. He was just about to catch up to him since his reindeer were running very fast. In the end he did so. When the sleds were abreast the neighbor threw his spear. The fleeing man bent down and the spear pierced the leg of one of the reindeer. He jumped from the sled and pulled out the spear. The neighbor also leaped from his sled. The fleeing man pointed the spear at him twirling it in his hands. The neighbor hid himself taking care not to fall. The reindeer hunter said to him:

— The one with the spear looks ahead! Now be on guard!

He pressed the foe toward a snowdrift and thought: "If I attack him now, he'll jump backwards and fall in the snow-drift." He threw himself at the enemy; he jumped backwards and fell down on his back. The reindeer hunter jumped at him and pierced him to death with his spear. Then he took off the clothes of the dead one and buried him on the spot. At his head he drove the spear into the ground with the spearhead upwards; then he hung the fur cap of the killed one on the spear and laced it to it. After this he went to his weakened reindeer and stabbed them to death. To replace them he took the neighbor's pair. Soon he returned home.

At dawn the sons of the slain one readied themselves to search for him. They went and they talked:

— No doubt our father again bent the grass to the ground last night [slept in the tundra].

They walked and walked and saw that in the distance there was a spear stuck in the snow. The older brother said:

— There, again father must have bent grass to the ground and then went to eat in their house.

When the brothers came to the spear they saw the fur cap. A younger brother recognized the cap and said:

— You know, that's our father's fur cap!

They made sure that their father had been killed and returned home. After this they were on guard.

The reindeer herder returned home but said nothing of what happened to his son or to the orphan.

Winter came and covered the tundra with a thick layer of snow. The young men drove the herd to the foothills of the mountains. And the sled runners were without lining, the draught reindeer were left without harnesses, the thongs for pulling the sleds were gone, and the soles of their boots were worn out. And the ground was covered with even more snow. The nearby pastures for the reindeer were all covered with snow. For days the orphan rode over the tundra seeking feed for the reindeer. Those in the neighboring camps were to be envied; the coastal people had visited all. They had everything: runner linings for the sleds, soles for their boots, and thongs. The far-away neighbor had particularly much of everything. At one time he had divided some things with their father. But to go to him took a day and another half-day. And, yes, that winter the snow was very deep. For days the orphan rode over the tundra seeking a thin layer of snow. Then one day when he returned he said to his master:

– For days I ride looking for places with shallow snow. Not far from us is the large family. Past them is a single mountain. The foothills of that mountain are covered with light snow. We should drive the herd there! If we stay here the reindeer will lose their strength altogether.

And so they drove the herd to the foothills of that mountain. They arrived there at night. The son of the reindeer herder said:

– We should go to the camp of the large family for a hot meal and eat properly!

The orphan answered:

– If you want to go there, go ahead. I'll stay with the herd. It's not the first time I'll stay [sleep] on the snow.

The son of the reindeer herder said:

– Why are you so disobedient?!

The orphan explained that they should not go there since there were somebody else's reindeer in the herd. He asked the son of the reindeer herder:

– Really, couldn't you guess that?

The son of the reindeer herder said:

– Very likely our father would tell us. Now I see that you, without a father, want to be a master. I'll have you know that I'm the present master of the herd! You should know that he's my father not yours!

The orphan then said:

– Well, let's go!

So they harnessed the reindeer and left. They arrived at the ones with the large family. They were very well received. They took them to the first *yaranga*, the *yaranga* of the oldest brother. He and his wife lived there by themselves. The young men left their sleds there. The sled of the reindeer herder's son had a tinkle-bell on it. The master of the house invited them:

– Do come in!

The son of the reindeer herder hurried to enter first. He went to the *polog* and took a place at the front wall. The orphan was the last to enter. And the other already had time to take his clothes off. The orphan thought: "Why did he take his clothes off?" And he inclined his head toward the front wall. And beyond the *polog* at the canopy the husband and his wife were talking. The orphan heard them. The husband said to his wife:

– The father of that pair that is sitting in the *polog* had killed our father. They are our enemies. Prepare a hot, tasty meal for them.

The son of the reindeer herder heard them talking beyond the *polog* but could not make out what they were talking about. The orphan also heard them and understood everything. The herder's son asked:

– What are you talking about?

And the master purposely said to his wife in a loud voice:

– Our father used to say that the father of those sitting in the *polog* was his best friend.

Again, the herder's son asked from the *polog*:

– What are you talking about?

The master replied:

– I was telling my wife that those sitting in the *polog* are our friends.

With alarm the orphan looked at the friend sitting at the front wall. Night arrived and only then did the woman finish cooking the deer meat. She brought the food to the *polog*. They began to eat. While they were eating the master said:

– Indeed, you are our real friends!

However, the cautious orphan also did not take his fur stockings off. After the meal they lay down to sleep. The herder's son, as soon as he lay down, fell asleep. But the orphan could not fall asleep; the overheard conversation did not leave him in peace. He closed one eye, with the

other he kept looking. After some time, the master got up took a pipe and smoked a bit. He finished smoking and threw the pipe at the wall of the *polog* so that the noise would awaken his guests. They did not wake up. He then took the night pot and started clanking with it. Again, they did not wake up. Then he told his wife:

– That pair is fast asleep. Now put your clothes on! We'll call on our brothers.

After they put their clothes on he told his wife:

– As I go out, you hold the curtain apart for me. Then I'll hold it so you can come out.

Then his wife lifted the *polog* [curtain] a little with her hand and her husband went out. Then from the outer entrance he lifted the *polog* curtain and his wife came out. They set out for the other *yaranga* to fetch the brothers. When they arrived at the first *yaranga* the master said:

– A pair is sleeping there in the *polog*. Put your clothes on quickly!

At the second *yaranga* he called out:

– There in the *polog* a pair is sleeping. Quickly, get your clothes on!

And so he called on all of his brothers.

But as soon as the masters left, the orphan jumped up and with his fist struck his companion on the thigh. He woke up and pulled off from the drying rack his breeches, fur stockings and boots. The orphan told him:

– You've already slept too much! You know that I've warned you that there are two reindeer in our herd that belong to somebody else. How many times have I told you to gain strength?! You've never listened to me!

The youngsters quickly put on their clothes and went out into the darkness. At that time their master spoke at the last *yaranga*:

– A pair is sleeping in the *polog* over there. We must kill them.

The orphan and the son of the reindeer herder left the *polog* and took their sleds. The bell on the sled of the reindeer hunter's son started to tinkle.

– What can I do about the tinkle bell? – he asked.

The orphan told him:

– Tear it off!

He tore it off and asked:

– Where should I put it?

The orphan answered:

– Put it in your breast pocket!

They then dragged the sleds behind them. They aimed directly for the herd. When they got close the orphan whistled, calling that way for his reindeer. Two reindeer ran toward him. He harnessed them. He told the herder's son:

– Now you call your reindeer!

He wanted to whistle but because of his fear he could not. The orphan told him:

– Let me tell you that when our father went to the camp to get seal skins, thongs and soles for boots, something must have happened to him, but he never told us. And you always say: "Father would have told us . . ." Well, call your reindeer!

But again, because of his fear, he could not whistle. Finally, he did whistle. Two reindeer ran toward him. They harnessed the pair, sat on the sleds and whirled away.

By this time the oldest brother had gathered his younger brothers. They went to the *yaranga* of the oldest brother. They went to the outer entrance and the oldest brother said:

– I'll stay here at the outer entrance and you go to the *polog*. When everything is finished, say: "Ready."

Then the oldest said further:

– Those two are sleeping just opposite this place. Go directly through the *polog* and kill them.

So they pierced the *polog* [curtain] with their spears but nobody cried out, nobody began to moan. The older brother lifted the *polog* [curtain] with his spear. The youngsters were not there. The oldest one said:

— Now, where are their sleds?

They went out to look. The sleds were not there. The oldest one said:

— Let's catch up with them!

They ran to their herds. The oldest whistled at his reindeer. At once two appeared. He harnessed them. The other brothers also whistled for their reindeer. The reindeer ran toward them. They harnessed them. The oldest told them:

— Forward with the chase!

The escaping ones rode very fast. At dawn they heard the crunching of sled runners behind them. The orphan said:

— They are chasing after us!

To be sure the brothers were very close. They caught up with them. They leaped from their sleds. The orphan said to the son of the reindeer herder:

— Well, they've caught up with us. So what, we'll fortify ourselves with the supplies for the road and then we'll get ready!

The orphan put on clothes for single combat and said to his companion:

— Now you practice a bit with your spear!

As soon as daybreak came, he stabbed two of his reindeer to death with his spear. He made a sacrifice to the almighty. The reindeer hunter's son also speared his reindeer, also made a sacrifice.

By this time the brothers also prepared themselves for single combat. The oldest brother rushed at the orphan. And the orphan rushed at him. They crossed spears. Dawn lightened and the orphan toppled his enemy onto his back with his spear. He jumped on him and pointed his spear to his chest. The toppled one said:

— Wait a bit, let me catch my breath!

But the orphan speared him and killed him. Taking the place of the killed one, the second brother rushed the orphan. Again, they crossed spears. The second brother started to press the orphan. But when things were becoming difficult the orphan was first to hit the spear of the onrushing enemy and to topple him onto his back. Then he jumped on him and pointed his spear at his chest. The toppled one said:

— Wait a bit, let me catch my breath!

But the orphan speared him and killed him. He was very tired; he jumped off the killed one and said to his companion:

— Now it's your turn!

The reindeer hunter's son rushed at the enemy. The orphan called out to him to be more daring. He encouraged him:

— Now, be more daring!

And with his spear he toppled the enemy onto his back. The toppled one said:

— Wait a bit let me catch my breath!

But the son of the reindeer hunter speared him and killed him. And when they struck down the third brother, the youngest ran home. The young ones chased after him on his own reindeer. And how fast the youngest brother ran! He was next to the *yaranga* when they finally caught up with him. The youngest brother said to them:

— My older brothers forced me to act like that against my will. They did bad things. Nobody should do such things. Spare me! I'll give you half of my reindeer herd and divide in half with you all my other belongings. And each of you take a sister of mine in marriage. And I will regard both of you as brothers!

The orphan agreed and said:

— You really spoke well!

They took the sisters in marriage and divided the reindeer herd in half. After that they went back to their camp. The orphan said this to his father who had brought him up:

— When you returned why didn't you tell us what had happened to you? You know because of that we almost died! I've worked enough for you. If you want to die, then die!

They then went after the dead brothers, took them and buried them. From then on, they had many reindeer.

That is all.

43. The Raven and the Fox

Narrated in 1971 in the Naukan dialect by an inhabitant of Nunyamo village in Chukotsky *rayon*, Ikaluk, age 65, illiterate. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. Tales with this subject matter can be traced to the Chukotka-Kamchatka raven cycle. In the given Yupik text, this is confirmed by the preservation of one of the Chukhchi names for the fox characters — Nuten.

It happened that there lived in one dwelling a raven and a fox. The raven occupied one half, the fox the other. The raven was a fisher. He would put his seat on his back and go fishing. He would return home, sit in his corner, prepare strips of raw fish and eat them with great pleasure. And from her half the fox said to him:

— Oh, how tasty it must be, and what a pleasant smell there is from that fish!

The raven replied:

— Now, just hold your tongue; I'll treat you!

He picked at the small fish for a long time and then put it near the fox:

— Here, eat!

The fox took it. What a very small piece of a little fish she got! She ate that small fish for a long time, slowly and with relish. And the raven-fisher ate as much as he wanted.

The raven slept it off for a long time as expected and the next day he again went to catch fish. He returned and it began all over again: he ate himself to satiety and gave the fox a very small fish. And the fox ate it for a long time and very slowly.

One time, when the raven was sleeping soundly, the fox got up at midnight and decided to catch fish herself. She took the fishing tackle of the raven and went to the ice-hole. She lowered the fishing line into the hole. She fished and fished but no fish fell for the bait. Then the fox thought: "Very likely the raven does not fish in such a simple way. He fished and must have said over and over: "Vayu, vayu, vayu, vay,"" The fox started to repeat like that. Suddenly there was a strong tug and the fox started to pull up the line. She could hardly pull it out. Just then a fish showed up in the water. She finally pulled it out and it cried as with a human voice! The fox threw away the fishing gear and rushed home. She ran up to the house, entered it quietly, went to her separate part and laid down. She fell into deep sleep.

The raven got up in the morning, ate of fish, made up his mind to go fishing, but there was no fishing gear. He started looking for it. He looked, looked and did not find it. He asked the fox:

— Nuten! Nuten! Where is my gear?

The fox responded:

— I don't know where it is.

The raven started to interrogate the fox in a severe way:

— If you don't tell me I'll beat you up!

The fox answered:

— Aha, now I remember! Last night I went fishing, something started pulling on the line and began to cry in a human voice. I threw the gear in the ice-hole.

— Now what can I do with you? How can we go on living without the fishing gear? — the frustrated raven said.

The raven went out of the dwelling and thought: "Where am I to go?" And he walked up river.

And the fox unobtrusively saw as to where he went. The raven walked and walked and, on the way, he saw a very small *yaranga*. He walked up to it and around the house was sauntering

a little mistress, a dirty, shaggy one with a running nose. From her nose the mucus ran down almost to her chin. One of her trouser-legs was lower than the other. The raven went up to her and said:

— What a beautiful woman! For many years I have lived in this world and never have I seen such a beautiful woman.

The woman said to him:

— Well, let's go in the house! Take off your outdoor clothing in the outer entryway.

The raven took off his *kukhlyanka*, put it on a pile of firewood, and then started for the *polog*, but lagged behind and looked about to find out why the little mistress asked him to come out of the outer entryway. The raven stuck his head from below the *polog* and saw that the woman had put on his *kukhlyanka* and was showing off swinging from side to side. The raven looked at her and said:

— What a beauty! She put on my *kukhlyanka* and now she is even more beautiful! For sure I have not worn my clothing, as I ought to have!

— Now climb up onto the *polog*, — the little mistress said.

The raven climbed to the *polog* again and the little mistress started to prepare something in the entryway. She then brought many fish on a wooden tray to the *polog*. The raven started to eat.

— You have a lot of fish! — said the raven.

— I'll give you some to take with you, — replied the little mistress.

The raven finished eating, went to the entryway and put on his *kukhlyanka*. In the meantime, the mistress brought from the storage pit a big armful of fish. The raven took the load and went home. He returned with the food and suddenly, there was the fox. She said to the raven:

— Ah, what a pleasant smell there is from the fish!

The raven cut the tail off a small fish and gave it to the fox.

As soon as the raven fell asleep, the fox left the *yaranga* quietly and followed his footsteps. She went upriver and saw a *yaranga*. She looked and there around the *yaranga* a little mistress was sauntering. The fox went to her and said:

— You should wipe your running nose!

The little mistress said:

— Well, let's go in the *yaranga*!

They went into the entryway.

— Take your *kukhlyanka* off and put it over there, — said the mistress.

The fox took off her *kukhlyanka* and entered the *polog*.

The mistress called out from the entryway:

— Now, take a look at the entryway.

The fox stuck out her head and saw that the little mistress had put on his *kukhlyanka*. She yelled out:

— Oy, why did you put on my *kukhlyanka*! You know you'll dirty it! Your nose is always running!

— All right, go to the *polog*, — the mistress told her.

Suddenly a loud crash was heard and the *yaranga* began to disintegrate. The fox jumped from the *polog* and saw that there was no *yaranga* but in its place a river was flowing. Quickly the fox put on her *kukhlyanka* but now the current seized her and carried her. Somehow, she was cast ashore. She started to shake her wet fur dry but just the same she could not do it, and it remained wet.

The fox returned home and right away lay down to sleep. She fell asleep and from her wet fur a puddle formed around her. In the morning the raven woke up, looked at the fox and said:

– Nuten, Nuten! What happened to you?

The fox answered:

– The river almost carried me away!

– You always spoil everything; you're meddling with my efforts to find food, – the raven said angrily.

The fox fell asleep. The raven left the *yaranga* and again started thinking as to where he should now go to get food. He walked in one direction [of the tundra] and saw in the middle of the tundra a large *zemlyanka*. The raven flew onto the *zemlyanka* and began looking through the smoke hole. He saw that the interior of the *zemlyanka* was spacious and in it reindeer were walking in a circle – very many reindeer. And in the middle of the circle a woman was sitting and combing her long hair. The raven thought: "What am I to do, what is to be done?" At that moment a small reindeer passed by in the circle below. The raven spat on it. The reindeer fell at once. The woman got up, looked, but the reindeer was dead. She tied her hair into a knot, took the reindeer and carried it outside and tossed it away. The raven skinned the reindeer, loaded the meat onto himself, left the skin in place and returned home.

The fox was still sleeping. The raven cooked some meat and began to eat. By that time the fox awakened and said:

– Ah, what a pleasant smell there is from reindeer meat!

– Now you be quiet, you little fox; I'll give you some meat, – said the raven.

He then cut off a little piece and gave it to the fox. She ate that little piece and then they lay down to sleep.

As soon as the raven fell asleep the fox again followed his footsteps. She walked on and saw a very large *zemlyanka* in the middle of the tundra. She climbed up onto the *zemlyanka* and looked into the smoke hole. There, in the middle of the *zemlyanka*, sat a woman combing her long hair. Around her, in a circle, reindeer were walking, very many reindeer. The fox thought: "How did the raven get the reindeer?" As soon as a very large reindeer appeared below her, the fox spat on it. With a groan the reindeer fell. The woman got up and said: "Why are the reindeer falling dead?" She grasped the reindeer's feet, dragged it outside and threw it away.

The fox went to the carcass and tied a thong around it. She wanted to roll it onto her back but could not move it. The fox thought to herself: "I'll ask the woman and let her help me to roll the load on my back." She went to the smoke hole and saw that the woman continued to comb her hair. The fox yelled into the opening:

– Hey, who's there?! Hey, who's there?!

The woman reacted. The fox said to her:

– Come here, help me to get the reindeer on my back!

– Wait a bit, I'll be right there, I'll help! – the woman said.

She put on her boots and took with her a plank on which the hides are pared and came out.

– While you hold the thong bend your head down, – said the woman to the fox.

The fox slipped the thong around her and bent down her head. The woman approached the fox and struck her head with the plank. At once the fox lost consciousness and blood trickled from her nose. After a while the fox came to. She threw off the thong tied to the load and started on the return journey. Her nose was bleeding, her head was pounding and splitting. She entered the *yaranga* and laid down to sleep. The raven awakened and said:

– Nuten, Nuten! What mess have you got into now?

– Oh, it's nothing, – said the fox.

– You're covered with blood! You've spoiled everything for me, you're meddling with my efforts to find food, – the raven again said angrily. – Don't live with me anymore, go to the

tundra. I will not let you stay here, you're bad! You're now going to lead a roaming life! Now, get yourself together and leave!

The fox left the *yaranga* and so she began to lead a roaming life in the tundra.

That is all. And that's the way I heard it.

44. The Ground Squirrel and the Raven

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Naukan village, Ytain, age 64, illiterate. Ytain was one of the gifted narrators of Naukan. He treated the integrity and completeness of the tale with exceptional responsibility. He regarded the fantastic adventures of the heroes as real. He was thoroughly convinced that the mastery of the narrator was tied to believing that everything rendered by the tale was true. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. A tale with similar content and with the same title was recorded in 1940 by the Chaplino Yupik, Tagikak.

It was like this: a ground squirrel went to the river to drink. In the meantime, a raven blocked the [entrance to the] ground squirrel's dwelling. The ground squirrel had her drink and returned to the house. She saw that the raven had blocked the entrance. She said to the raven:

–Go away from the path, I want to go into my dwelling!

–I'll not allow you to enter! First, I'll eat the fat of your groins!

The squirrel said:

–I'm telling you once more: "Let me in! As soon as I sing, I'll go in!"

The raven said:

–So what, sing!

The squirrel sang:

The fat of my groins
He wanted to eat,
Siy-ka-ta-ka-tak!
Siy-ka-ta-ka-tak!

Then the squirrel told the raven:

–Now close your eyes tight, bend down and spread your legs!

The raven closed his eyes, bent down and spread.

And the squirrel again said to him:

–Close your eyes tighter and spread your legs more!

The raven did close his eyes tighter and did spread his legs more.

And again, the squirrel sang:

The fat of my groins
He wanted to eat,
Siy-ka-ta-ka-tak!
Siy-ka-ta-ka-tak!

The raven opened an eye a little. The squirrel again said:

–Now, let's see you close your eyes tighter, bend down and spread a little better!

The raven did so. Again, the squirrel sang:

The fat of my groins
He wanted to eat,
Siy-ka-ta-ka-tak!
Siy-ka-ta-ka-tak!

And she jumped between the legs of the raven, and he grabbed her by the tail and tore it off. The squirrel cried and ran into the entryway. Her grandmother asked:

– What happened to you?

The squirrel said:

– The raven tore off my tail!

The grandmother asked:

– And where is that raven?

With tears in her eyes the squirrel said:

– Oy-oy-oy, he's there outside! Go and get my tail!

The little grandmother went. She told the raven:

– You have my granddaughter's tail; give it to me!

The raven said:

– I won't give it! Let her come herself! Ageh-ya-ya, ageh-ya -ya!

The grandmother returned and told her granddaughter

– He ordered that you come yourself! Ageh-ya-ya, ageh-ya-ya!

The granddaughter took a rounded stone, some blood, and a piece of dried gut and brought them to her grandmother. The grandmother put the small rounded stone in the piece of gut, then moistened it with blood so that it looked like an eye. She took it from the dwelling and called out to the raven:

– Little grandfather!

He responded:

– O-o-y!

She said to him:

– Give me the tail of my granddaughter.

Again, the raven said:

– Let her come herself. Ageh-ya-ya, ageh-ya-ya!

The grandmother told him:

– Let's exchange it for this eye!

The raven cried out:

– Day-day-day-day-day! [Give-give-give!]

They exchanged things. The raven took the eye. The grandmother took her granddaughter's tail to her. She entered and told her:

– Here, I've brought your tail! And she attached it to her.

The raven thought: "Where shall I gratify myself with this eye? Maybe I'll eat it over there on that small hill. Or maybe I should take it to my small daughter? But if I take it to her nothing will be left for me. So, I'll eat it right here." The raven held the eye and blood dripped from it. In delight the raven smacked his lips: "Lu-yup, lu-yup!" He decided: "I'll eat it right now!" He began to eat the eye but then he yelled out:

– Am-la-khym-m-m, am-la-khym-m-m, because of that slip of a girl I've broken all my teeth!

He spat out his teeth with the blood. And without teeth he died.

The end.

45. The Crow and the Owl

Narrated in 1948 by the chairman of the Naukan *kolkhoz* [collective enterprise], the Eskimo, Ytoyuk, age 37. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. A variant of this tale was written by the Yupik, Ermen, age 25, who had heard it rendered by his grandfather, Ivek, age 75. The ethnological tale is about a crow and an owl changing their appearance by painting each other. A similar theme is found among the Yukaghirs, the Greenlandic and North American Eskimos, the Japanese and Vietnamese. In the Vietnamese tale with the same theme, in place of the owl there appears a peacock.

In remote times there lived together in one dwelling a crow and an owl.

They lived in a friendly manner, did not quarrel, and always shared the catch together. And the crow and owl were female. And both of them were white.

So they lived as a pair and then they began to worry. The owl said to the crow:

— We'll get old, we'll die, our children and grandchildren will resemble us; they'll be the same as we are — white.

Then the owl asked the crow to paint her, to make her beautiful. The crow agreed. She took the old blubber oil from the oil lamp and with a feather from her tail she began to paint. The owl sat there with her eyes closed, not stirring. The crow painted the owl all day. She finished painting and said:

— As soon as you dry out, paint me!

The owl agreed. When her feathers dried she said to the crow:

— Now I will paint you. Close your eyes and sit there; don't get up!

The crow sat there with her eyes closed, not allowing herself to stir. And the owl took the oil from the oil lamp and poured all of it on the crow, making her all black. The crow became angry, offended by the owl. She said:

— Eh, how badly you've treated me! I've painted you with such care, I wasn't lazy. Look how beautiful you've become! From now on there'll be no love lost between us! And our grandchildren and great-grandchildren will be enemies. The crows will never forgive you for that. Look how black you've made me, how conspicuous. Now we'll be outright strangers to you and enemies forever!

From that time on crows were black and owls motley [many-colored].

46. The Little Mouse and the Mountain

Narrated in 1941 by an inhabitant of Naukan village, Uvrolyuk, age 22. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. I. Menovshchikov. Published in *Eskimoskiye skazki i legendy*, p. 41 under the title "*Pro myshonka*" [About a Little Mouse]. Reflected in this tale is a toponymic legend about the name of the Afsynakhak- ("*Myshonok*" [Little Mouse]) Mountain. This tale did not become widespread and is known only by the Chaplino Yupiks among whom, at that time, lived the Naukan Yupik, Uvrolyuk. Afsynakhak Mountain is located near the Chaplino volcanic islands [hot springs].

They say it was like this. In the past there was not a mountain at the end of the Chaplino spit, beyond the lake. Then, all of a sudden, it appeared. The people called the mountain *Afsynakhak-Myshonok*. And this is how it originated. At one time a little *afsynakhak* — *myshonok* [little mouse] became pensive and thought: "Why is it that for people there are tales and songs but for our breed of mice you don't hear anything good? People become heroes, witches, brave hunters, runners, and jumpers. Mice become nothing. What should be done so that my kin and I will become famous among people? Well, what I'll do is to gnaw through this tall tree, put it on my back and carry it to the top of the mountain. At last let people see that there is a mouse hero!"

And the little mouse began to gnaw through the tree and began to rock it from side to side. But the tree would not fall. He started to gnaw fiercely; the tree rocked slightly and fell. The little mouse would have rejoiced, but then he saw that he did not cut down a tree but a high blade of grass. The little mouse was shamed for his blunder. He thought: "It's good that the neighbors didn't see this; how they would have laughed! But what can I do so that the entire world will see?" He then ran over the tundra and in front of him was a very large lake. The little mouse thought: "Now I'll swim across this lake, I'll sit down on the other shore and I'll dry my *kukhlyanka*, breeches and boots. People will see me and say: "What a swimmer! What a big lake he swam over!" They will tell tales about me, they will sing songs."

Then the little mouse swam across the lake; halfway he almost drowned. He hardly made it to the opposite shore and began to dry his clothes. He was sitting on a pebble and he saw a man coming. The man walked and left footprints on the wet soil and in each footprint a large lake formed. "Now I see how large a lake I swam over," — thought the little mouse; and it hurt him to realize how small he was.

The little mouse put on his not yet dry clothes and started toward the rounded mountain [volcanic hill]. He stopped in front of the mountain, remembered his failure and became so upset that he almost cried. Then the little mouse ran to the mountain, rolled it burning [erupting] onto his back and carried it to the north. He carried it and carried and then stopped. He looked ahead and saw the village of Tyflyak. The little mouse thought: "I'll go to Tyflyak and take a little rest. People will see me and they'll say: "Oho, what a hero, he brought a mountain!" They will tell tales about me and sing songs about me!" The little mouse shifted the mountain on his back so he could carry it better. Because of the shaking [shifting], a pebble peeled off the mountain and struck the little mouse in the head. The little mouse squatted in pain and lost his strength. And there his mountain settled down. From then on, the Eskimos called that mountain Afsynakhak — Little Mouse.

That is all. The end.

47. The Raven and the Sea-Gull

Narrated in 1941 by an inhabitant of Chaplino village, Inyynaun, age 50, illiterate. Recorded and translated into Russian by E. S. Rubtsova. In the majority of Yupik tales about animals, the demoniacal nature of the raven-creator, which he projects in the mythical legends, is reduced to that of a simpleton whom everyone tricks. See nos. 44 and 45 in this publication.

The *yarangas* of the raven and the sea gull were far apart. The raven went to the sea gull as a guest. He arrived and saw five daughters of the sea gull playing around the *yaranga*. The raven said to the oldest girl:

– What's your name?

The girl replied:

– Mamana!

– And the others?

– We are all Mamanas!

– And of your father and mother?

– Mamanas!

The raven entered the *yaranga*. The sea-gull master of the house cordially greeted the raven and told his wife:

– Cook a meal for the guest!

His wife leaned out of the *yaranga* and called out:

– Mamana!

The oldest daughter came in. Her mother killed her instantly, began to dress her, but in such a way that the blood did not drip out and the skin did not break. She began to cook. She took the skin, as if it was one of a sleeping child, and placed it next to the back wall of the *polog*. When she finished cooking the meal the raven started to eat. He ate it all, not a bit was left.

The sea gull summoned his daughter:

– Mamana, give him a cloth made of grass [towel] to the guest so he can wipe himself.

The girl sat down, gave him the cloth [towel] and ran out of the *yaranga*. When the raven was ready for the return journey the sea-gull master said to him:

– I'll visit you too.

The raven went out. He arrived home and told his wife:

– When the sea gull comes, call for our oldest daughter, kill her, dress her, and cook her. Put her skin next to the back wall. When the sea gull finishes eating, tell a girl: "Give him a cloth!" And you, my daughters, when the sea gull asks you what your names are, tell him that all of us are Mamanas.

The next day the sea-gull master went to the raven. He arrived and saw that the raven's daughters were playing around the *yaranga*. He asked the oldest:

– What's your name?

– I am Mamana!

– And the others?

– We're all Mamanas!

– Your mother, your father, what are their names?

– They're Mamanas!

The sea-gull master entered the *yaranga*. The raven greeted him cordially and said to his wife:

– Cook food for the guest!

His wife leaned out of the *yaranga* and called out:

—Mamana!

The oldest daughter came in. Her mother killed her. She began to dress her but in such a way that the blood did not drip out and the skin did not break. She finished and put the skin in the corner as if it were a child sleeping. She began to cook. She took out the undercooked meat; she gave it to the sea gull. The sea-gull-guest did not eat it all. The raven's wife called to a daughter:

—Mamana! Give a towel to the guest.

The daughter did not answer. She called out louder:

—Mamana! Give him a towel!

The raven and his wife cried. The sea-gull guest jumped up and quickly went home. He arrived, gathered his children, his wife, and told them what happened. The sea gulls ran to the shore. From that time on they began to live on water. Apparently, the raven did kill his daughter. Tfu! [Confound it!]

48. The Bullock and the Little Vixen

Narrated in 1940 by an inhabitant of Chaplino village, Provideniya *rayon*, Gimuge, age 60, illiterate.
Recorded by his son, Tagikak, age 14. Translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov.

One day a small vixen was roaming along the shore of a lake. At that very time a bullock was getting out of the water. The little vixen sang to him:

Bull-bull-bullock,
Pot-bellied you are!
Bull-bull-bullock,
Big-mouthed you are!
And you choke on bones!

The bullock told her:

Your eyes are round,
Your hair is shaggy!

The little vixen cried and ran away. At the house her mother asked her:

— About what are you crying?

— Why should I not cry? — she answered. — The bullock told me that my eyes are round and my hair is shaggy.

Her mother said to her:

— Surely, you must have said something to him first!

The little vixen answered:

— Yes, but all I said to him was: “You're pot-bellied, you're big-mouthed!”

49. The Moose and the Bullock

Narrated in 1940 by the blind storyteller from Chaplino village, Chukotsky (now Provideniya) *rayon*, Ayvykhak, age 28, illiterate. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A Menovshchikov. This tale, just as no. 48 in this publication, is a children's tale, a mocking story, in which the bullock appears as an instigator who teases his neighbors for which he is punished.

It was like this. A moose roamed the lakeshore. He saw a bullock in the lake. The bullock began to tease the moose by saying over and over again:

A fat-bellied moose you are!
A big-antlered moose you are!
Your legs are thin,
Your hands are thin!

The moose said to him:

— Bullock, bullock, come a little closer, I didn't hear you well!

The bullock came to the shore; the moose lifted him with his antlers and threw him on the shore. The bullock began to cry out:

My body will dry out!
My tail will dry out!
My mouth has dried out,
My flippers are drying out!

The moose grasped the bullock and threw him back in the water. And he again began to tease the moose:

A fat bellied moose you are!
A big-antlered moose you are!
Your legs are thin,
Your hands are thin!

Again, the moose called out to the bullock:

— Bullock, bullock, come a little closer; I can't hear you well!

Again, the bullock swam to the shore; the moose grasped him with his antlers and threw him ashore. The bullock began to cry out:

My body will dry out!
My tail will dry out!
My mouth has dried out,
My flippers will dry out!

But this time the moose did not throw the bullock back in the water. So the bullock dried out on the shore. The moose began to eat the bullock and he said:

— What a tasty bullock!
That is all. The end.

50. The Smart Fox

Narrated in 1940 by an inhabitant of Uelkal in Anadyr *rayon*, Kaklya, age 20. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. The theme of the smart fox (or vixen) tricking and prevailing over his opponents – the bear or wolf – is one that is widespread among the peoples of Chukotka and Kamchatka. The inserted themes of the ptarmigans terrifying the bear and of curing the bear with heated pebbles are often encountered in other tales about animals.

A fox was roaming in the tundra and he met a brown bear.

The bear asked:

– Where are you coming from, my boy?

– I've been hunting.

The bear said:

– Let's be like brothers; we'll travel together!

The fox said:

– Why not; let's do it!

They went as a pair, talking. Suddenly they saw a moose coming against them. The fox whispered into the bear's ear:

– Let's kill the horned one!

The bear agreed and said:

– Why not; let's do it!

They hid behind a boulder and waited. The moose came up to them. The bear flung himself on him, pressed him to the ground with his paws and choked him to death. And the fox ran around in circles, repeating over and over again:

– So much fat, so much meat!

The bear said:

– Now let's have supper!

The fox said cunningly:

– Let's wait a bit brother, – he said, – until morning; let him cool off.

The bear agreed. They lay down to sleep. As soon as the bear laid down he fell asleep. And the fox had waited for this. He went to the moose and began to gather the fat from under the moose's skin and hid it under the collar of his *kukhlyanka*. He hid it and also lay down to sleep.

In the morning the bear woke up first. He awakened the fox:

– Hey, brother, the meat has cooled, get up!

Together they went to the moose. The bear looked and there was not a bit of fat on the moose.

– Eh-eh, – he said, – who picked the fat on the moose?

– Again, it's that tundra pilferer, the old raven, he has played his tricks! – answered the fox. The bear said:

– Yes, that raven stole all the fat from us.

They ate some and went farther. The fox would lag behind and covertly pull out some fat from behind the collar of his *kukhlyanka*. So, they went on for many days. The bear was becoming hungry but the fox was still living on his hidden supplies.

One day the bear looked back when the fox was eating the fat and he said to him:

– Ehe! You, brother, are too much for me; you've outwitted me! It seems it was you who took the fat from the moose!

– What do you mean brother? – said the fox. – I'm eating my innards. If you're hungry you can do the same.

The bear was a dullard; he believed the fox, tore open the skin on his belly and began to pull out his innards.

At that point the fox said:

– How stupid you are; you've killed yourself!

The bear threw himself at the fox but his innards snagged on the bushes and he fell dead. The fox thought: "What a stupid bear; he left me all of his meat and fat."

The fox began to stay near the bear. He had already eaten half of the bear. One day he saw that there was yet another bear coming from the mountain. The fox turned the dead bear sideways, sat down and cried. The bear came up to him and asked:

– Why are you watching over a dead one?

The fox said:

– You see, he was my best friend; it's a pity to lose one.

The bear said:

– You will not bring your friend back to life with tears, let him lie there! Come with me, you'll be my friend!

The fox went with his new friend. The bear asked him:

– Whom do you fear the most?

The fox said:

– I fear people most, their sharp arrows and their traps.

The bear laughed:

– Ha-ha-ha, you're afraid of the two-footed ones! But I always frighten them!

The fox asked:

– And of whom are you afraid most?

The bear answered:

– Above all I am afraid of the ptarmigans. When I roam in the tundra they fly away from right under my nose with such noise! I'm so frightened.

The fox said:

– Eh, brother, you know I feed myself with such little birds. You're so big and you're afraid of such small birds.

The bear was also a bit ashamed and he said:

– Let's see who'll manage to be the first to get food!

The fox agreed. They went in different directions. Soon the fox returned bringing two ptarmigans. He killed one but let the other stay alive. Then he saw the bear coming, limping. Two arrows were stuck in the hip of the bear. The fox laughed at him:

– Ehe, brother, look what those whom you're not afraid of have done to you! But yet I have a gift for you!

And he placed the living ptarmigan under the nose of the bear. Even then, in his fright, he sank to his knees. The fox said:

– Now I'm going to cure you. To do this find me two sharp stones.

The bear went to search for the stones and in the meantime the fox lit a fire. The bear brought the stones and the fox tossed them in the fire. The stones became red-hot. Then the fox said:

– Now, brother, be patient. I'm going to take the arrows from the wounds and put the hot stones in them. That'll get you well right away.

He pulled the arrows from the bear's wounds and in their place inserted the red-hot stones. The bear yelled out:

— Oh, oh, my insides are burning; they're burning so much!

The fox said:

— Ehe, brother, I roasted you a bit. If you must know I killed you!

And so the bear died. Again, the fox ate of the bear for several days. He had already eaten half of the bear. Then somehow a wolf came down from the mountain. The fox turned the dead bear sideways, sat down and cried. The wolf came up to him and asked:

— Why are you watching over a dead one?

The fox said:

— You see, he was my best friend; it's a pity to lose one.

The wolf said:

— You will not bring your friend back to life with tears, let him lie there! Come with me, you'll be my friend!

They started their journey together. They roamed the mountains and against them there ran a mountain sheep. Immediately the wolf seized him and finished him off. And the fox ran around in circles saying over and over again:

— So much fat, so much meat!

The wolf said:

— Now let's eat him!

The fox said cunningly:

— Let the meat cool off, — he said, — we'll eat him in the morning!

They lay down to sleep. The wolf went into deep sleep and that's what the fox was waiting for. He got a large stone and tied it firmly to the wolf's tail. Then he shouted in the wolf's ear:

— Let's run brother, people are coming! The wolf jumped up, hurling himself to get away and he tore off his tail. The wolf ran and thought to himself: "It seems that people were holding me by the tail!" And the fox stayed in place, skinned the sheep and started eating it.

And so lived the fox; he got his food by being clever and cunning.

51. The Little Bird

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Naukan village, Akaluk, age 45. Recorded in the Naukan dialect by N. Rukaktak, translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. In the tale about the little bird flying out of a boiling kettle, a short song is inserted. This is characteristic of Siberian Yupik magical stories about animals. This plot is found only among the Naukan Siberian Yupiks.

In the north winter caught up with a little bird. The bird lived in ice-free patches of water. Eventually she flew to solid ground. She flew into a village and the people of the village were hungry. She flew to the first house and sang into the smoke hole:

You who are in the *zemlyanka*!
Let me in, carry me in!
If you don't carry me in, you'll die of hunger,
If you carry me in, you'll have plenty to eat!

The people in the *zemlyanka* were saying:

– Let's carry her in.

They came out and saw a little dead bird.

They carried her in and put her down. After a short time, the dead bird uttered:

– Pluck my feathers away!

They plucked her and put her aside. After a short time, the little bird said:

– Kill me!

They killed her and again put her aside. After a short time, the little bird said:

– Cook me!

They hung the little bird over the oil lamp in a kettle filled with cold water. When the water began to boil the little bird sang out:

I'm being cooked, I'm shrinking
Under water, over land!

Suddenly she jumped out of the kettle and flew outside. They looked in the kettle and no broth was in it. She flew to the next *zemlyanka*:

You, who are in the *zemlyanka*, the *zemlyanka*!
Let me in, carry me in!
If you don't carry me in, you'll die of hunger,
If you carry me in, you'll have plenty to eat!

The people in the *zemlyanka* were saying:

– Let's carry her in!

They carried the dead bird in. After a short time, the bird uttered:

– Pluck out my feathers!

They plucked her and set her aside.

– Skin me!

They skinned her and set her aside.

– Cook me!

They hung the little bird over the oil lamp in a kettle filled with cold water. When the water began to boil the little bird sang out:

I'm being cooked, I'm shrinking
Under water, over land!

Suddenly she jumped out of the kettle and flew outside. They looked in the kettle and no broth was in it. She flew to the next *zemlyanka*:

A woman from the first *zemlyanka* went to visit a friend.
Suddenly she heard somebody singing outside:

You who are in the *zemlyanka*, the *zemlyanka*!
Let me in, carry me in!
If you don't carry me in, you'll die of hunger,
If you carry me in, you'll have plenty to eat!

The people in the *zemlyanka* were saying:

– Let's carry her in!

They carried the little bird in. The woman looked at her and saw that it was the same bird that had just flown away from them. The little bird uttered:

– Pluck out my feathers!

They plucked her and set her aside.

– Skin me!

They skinned her and set her aside.

– Cook me!

They hung the little bird over the oil lamp in a kettle filled with cold water. The guest said:

– This morning the same little bird flew to us. We put her in a kettle to cook, the water started to boil and she flew out and away. You should put a lid on the kettle at once!

They put a lid on the kettle. When the water started boiling, the little bird began to sing:

I'm being cooked, I'm shrinking
Under water, over land!

The little bird stopped singing. She wanted to fly out but only hit the lid. She sang out again:

I'm being cooked, I'm shrinking
Under water, over land!

She took to wing again only to hit the lid. She sang out:

I'm being cooked, I'm shrinking
Under water, over land....

She did not finish singing. She was being cooked. When she finished being cooked, they ate her. Only her little bones were left.

That is all.

52. The Smart Vixen and the Teals

Narrated in 1928 by an inhabitant of Naukan village, Erman, age 23. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. The Naukan Yupiks, Kutvenun and Yaeka recorded two variants of this tale in 1948–1949 as told. The theme of this tale is widespread over the entire Chukotka-Kamchatka region. While in the Yupik tale the vixen is tricked by the teal ducks who throw her into the water, in the Itelmen tale with the same theme the vixen is thrown from a raft capsized by gulls. Having reached the shore the vixen, in this and the other variants, dries her fur and eyes. Further, in the Itelmen variant there begin the adventures of the vixen with the mocking Kutkho and the miraculous berries, which pick themselves. The Itelmen theme of the tale is contaminated by other themes, while the Siberian Yupik one stands by itself.

One time the vixen was roaming along the lakeshore. She walked and walked and then saw a boat. She ran toward it and said to the oarsmen in a serious voice:

– Look here, you row toward me right away and take me with you! I've walked a long time and I am very tired. Row here right away! You know what strength I have.

The oarsmen recognized the smart vixen and they said to her:

– Ehe, you're such an important person and you travel on foot and we, the nobodies, travel in a boat. Come right-away, sit with us!

They moored the boat at the shore and the smart vixen with a proud look climbed into the boat. She sat in the middle of the boat, folded her arms and legs, leaned backwards and out of pure pleasure closed her eyes. They rowed farther. In just a little while the boat suddenly made a noise, rose into the air and the smart vixen found herself in the water.

What a miracle! The oarsmen turned out to be ducks, teals. It was they who carried the vixen on their wings. The vixen felt cold all over, the chill reaching to her bones. Ay, ay, the ducks had tricked her! You know, it seems that not for nothing do they call her the smart vixen, but now the teals turned out to be smarter. The vixen looked back at her water-soaked tail and said:

– Help me, tail, to reach the shore; you know if we don't reach dry land, we'll drown! Now let's climb up there!

The vixen got wet all over, almost sank in the water. What have those teals done! Barely, barely, she reached dry land and climbed up onto a boulder. She looked at herself and didn't recognize what she saw. Somehow, she had become a thin creature. All of her fur was clinging flat on her. The vixen got up on her feet, shook herself [dry] and burning with shame ran into the tundra.

53. Kanagakhsilyak

Narrated in 1940 by an inhabitant of Chaplino village in Provideniya *rayon*, Gimuge, age 60, illiterate. Recorded by his son Tagikak, age 14. Translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov.

This happened long ago. There lived an orphan by the name of Kanagakhsilyak. He lived with his uncle who brought him up. One day he left his home to take a walk. Just then a violent snowstorm blew up. Kanagakhsilyak bent forward and walked to the north against the wind. Then he saw in front of him, at a hillock, an old man with a long beard. He was squatting and pecking at the snow with a *kayugun*.⁵² The snow flew in different directions and because of this the snowstorm became more violent. Kanagakhsilyak thought: "It seems that the long-bearded old man is making a snowstorm with the *kayugun*."

The old man stopped pecking. He put the *kayugun* aside and rested. Kanagakhsilyak sneaked up to him, grabbed the *kayugun* and ran away. At home he wrapped himself in a raincoat, hid himself, put his feet under his *kukhlyanka* and warmed himself. Suddenly the old man with the long beard stuck his head in the smoke hole of the *zemlyanka* and said:

— Kanagakhsilyak, give me my *kayugun*!

Kanagakhsilyak said nothing. Again, the old man demanded:

— Kanagakhsilyak, give me my *kayugun*!

And again, Kanagakhsilyak did not answer. Then his uncle told him:

— Well, you know what the old man came for! Give him the *kayugun*!

Kanagakhsilyak took the *kayugun* and began to peck with its sharp edge at a stone. He dulled the edge.

Then he gave the *kayugun* to the old man. He took the *kayugun*, went to the hillock and started to peck at the snow again. But hardly any snow flew away. The old man went to the *zemlyanka*, stuck his head in the smoke hole and said:

— Kanagakhsilyak, you have dulled the edge of my *kayugun*!

After saying this the old man left, and since then there was never a violent snowstorm. That is all.

⁵² *Kayugun* — a transversal axe similar to a hoe. In antiquity it was made of stone and since the nineteenth century of iron.

54. The Grandmother and Her Grandson

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Naukan village, Ytain, age 64, illiterate. Ytain was one of the gifted narrators of Naukan. He treated the integrity and completeness of the tale with exceptional responsibility. He regarded the fantastic adventures of the heroes as real. He was thoroughly convinced that the mastery of the narrator was tied to believing that everything rendered by the tale was true. Recorded and translated by G. A. Menovshchikov. The theme of the tricking of animals is widespread among many of the peoples of Siberia and the Russian Far East. The animals are lured into the dwellings and then killed with fire, smoke or a mallet.

A grandmother and her grandson lived together. They had no food at all. One day the grandmother told her grandson:

— I'll clean our *zemlyanka* and make pitch out of old blubber. In the meantime, you go to the sea and tell those living in the open water, in all the leads [among the ice fields], in the ice-holes and holes that we are really inviting all of them to a feast. When you come back let yourself in the *zemlyanka* through the smoke hole.

So, the grandson went to the sea. He invited all of its inhabitants to a feast. He returned. He let himself in the *zemlyanka* through the smoke hole. The grandmother put the pitch in a pot and hung it over a hook. She then went to the plank bed. Her grandson was already sitting there. In a short time, the guests began to arrive. The whale, walrus, *lakhtak* [bearded seal], *nerpa* [ringed seal], *gorbuscha* [pink salmon], *navaga* [saffron cod] — all of them crammed the *zemlyanka* tight. The grandmother started to beat the drum and the grandson sang:

Lenekalunu-yay-kha-na,
Lenekalunu-yay-kha-na,
Anuagluna-aya-a-a-a-a-,
I invite you all,
I'll kill you all!

The grand son took the pot with the pitch and with it drew a band on each animal's forehead. He then returned to his grandmother and sang:

Lenekalunu-yay-kha-pa,
Lenekalunu-yay-kha-pa,
Anuagluna-aya-a-a-a-a-,
I invite you all,
I'll kill you all!

Because they were so crammed, the animals began to sweat. At that time the grandson jumped outside. The animals began to leave the *zemlyanka*, too. The youngster took a large walrus bone in his hands and with it he began to kill the animals one by one as they were leaving the *zemlyanka*: the whale, *beluga* [white whale], walrus, *lakhtak*, *nerpa*, gray seal, and then the fish — *gorbuscha* and *navaga*. Oho, so much to eat! And so together they got so much meat.

That is all.

55. The Stolen Ducks

Told in 1948 by a 10-year old Yupik boy from Naukan, Uvalik. Recorded and translated into Russian by G. A. Menovshchikov. The text is part of a series of tales about an orphan who punishes his offenders.

There lived a grandmother and a grandson. They were unable to get food. They were very poor. The boy made a snare for ducks, so that they would have something to eat. One day the boy ensnared two ducks and brought them to his grandmother. The old woman was happy and she thought: "Oho! Now we will have plenty to eat." She put the ducks on a rack and hurried to get some brushwood. The boy stayed in the hut. Two young hunters passed by. They carried seals that they had killed. They saw the ducks on the rack and they stole them. The old women returned and there were no ducks. She cried at the wrong done to them. The grandson said:

—Don't cry grandmother. I will catch more ducks. And those who eat our ducks will quack like ducks!

The hunters came home. They told the women to cook the ducks. They cooked them. They ate. They forgot to speak like people. They began to quack like ducks: "Quack! Quack! Quack!"

56. About a Little Whale

Narrated by Galina Tynatval, Nutek in Uelen in 1971. Galina Tynatval tells a story about a meeting of a woman with a whale, the birth and upbringing of a little whale, and about its death (cp. 19 and 58 in this publication). Published in T. Mitlyanskaya and I. Karakhan (1987, no. 5) *Novaya Zhizn Drevnikh Legend Chukotki* (*New Life of the Ancient Legends of Chukotka*).

There lived a hunter. He had two wives. One had children, the other, who was somewhat younger, did not. The husband was always with the one who had children. The other was unhappy. During moonlit nights she would go to the seashore. One time she went out, sat over the pit in which meat was kept, and began to sing. Then she saw a whale spouting on the horizon. Then it came closer and closer to the shore.

Suddenly the whale, in all its bigness, swam right in front of her. A young man walked out and came directly to her. She accepted him. And this happened every night. The woman stopped going out of the *yaranga* during the day; she pretended to be sick. She only went out during the night.

Her husband started to suspect her. He was on the watch when she went out for the meeting. He saw the whale swim in and the man walk onto the shore. Then both went into the *yaranga*. As the woman started to entertain the whale-man he began to feel uneasy; he suspected that something was awry. The whale-man ran to the shore where he had left his hide. Just as he entered into his hide, the other man [husband] harpooned him. The whale swam away wounded; he spouted blood. He never came back.

The woman had become pregnant and gave birth to a little whale. They kept him in a leather container with sea water in it. As he grew older they made a larger container for him. When it became impossible to keep him in the *yaranga*, they dug a big pit outside, filled the cracks with blubber, and covered the walls with stone. They filled the pit with water and put the little whale in it. He had become rather large. He stayed in the pit for a short time, he had grown so big. So they decided to let him into the sea. Before they released him into the sea, they tied a red piece of a squirrel pelt between the spouting holes of the whale. When the whale spouted, the red piece would be raised and could be seen from afar.

At first the little whale did not swim away from the shore. He stayed close to it. He would swim to the shore; his mother would breast-feed him, and then he would feed in the sea.

One day in the fall he swam away with the whales and returned in the spring with a large school of whales. The people of Nunayamo village became famous for killing so many whales. The little whale brought them other whales there while playing with them. And the people hunted the whales and had enough to eat through the winter. Their neighbors, the Mamrokhpagamits, began to envy them. One day they lay in wait for the little whale and killed him. When the Nunayamo people came to visit they saw that the Mamrokhpagamits were dividing something among themselves. They asked:

— What do you have there?

They answered:

— We killed a *beluga*, — and with their bodies they blocked the prey so that they could not see that the little whale had been killed.

In the fall the Nunagmits [Nunayamo villagers] expected the little whale, but he did not arrive. Then they knew for sure that their neighbors had killed the whale. They decided to take revenge. They lay in wait for the strongest, bravest man — there was one sea hunting from a kayak — and they began to pursue him.

They caught up with him when he cast a mooring line at a cliff and was starting to climb up on it. They shot arrows at him and killed him.

Since that time the neighbors were at war with each other. To this day the Mamrokhpagmits are called liars.

And they say that in Nunak there is a ditch where they had kept the little whale.

That is all.

57. The Man-Eater

Narrated by Vasiliy Emrykain, age 51, who heard it from his mother in the village Nakayuk in Uelen, 1976. Published in T. Mitlyanskaya and I. Karakhan (1987, no. 10) *Novaya Zhizn' Drevnikh Legend Chukotki* (*New Life of the Ancient Legends of Chukotka*).

There lived coastal people — hunters. They knew that a certain place was dangerous: those who went there to hunt never returned. The elders forbade the hunters to go to that place. But one of the hunters asked for permission to go to the place to find out why people were disappearing there.

He took a bow and arrows, and a spear, and started for the place. His wife went with him. The hunter saw a trap — there were sharp stones there [around it]. He went on carefully so as not to brush against the stones. Then he lay down and acted as if he were dead. He waited for the master [trapper]. The master arrived. It turned out that he was a man-eater who hunted people. He saw the motionless man lying there and said: "I have found him!" The man-eater lifted the man and carried him to his dwelling. The hunter remained motionless as if dead.

The man-eater brought him home. The wife of the man-eater met them and said:

— Tomorrow I'll prepare him; we'll cook soup.

The hunter lay, as if dead. The man-eaters fell asleep. The hunter quietly got up and ran home. He told all about the man-eaters, and the hunters did not disappear anymore.

58. The Legend about the Whale

Narrated by Vasiliy Emrykain, age 55. Uelen 1960. The subject is a favorite one along the Chukchi coast. The analogous subject in the stories of Galina Tynatval was already mentioned. However, the perception of the subject and its interpretation of Vasiliy Emrykain have a different mood. Published in T. Mitlyanskaya and I. Karakhan (1987, no. 11) *Novaya Zhizn Drevnikh Legend Chukotki* (*New Life of the Ancient Legends of Chukotka*).

There lived a woman in the village of Nunak. One day a whale came to her *yaranga*; a man came out of the whale and went to the woman in the *yaranga*. This happened every evening. Time went by and the woman gave birth to a son — a little whale. The people fed him and took care of him. He stayed in the *yaranga* in a leather container with water.

When the little whale grew older, the husband of the woman carved in the rock a tub-like container and they put the little whale in it. The little whale swam in it. His mother came to feed it. And the little whale grew and grew and finally grew to the size of a *beluga*. He did not fit into the rock container anymore.

The people gathered, got a walrus hide, put the whale on it, and carried it to the shore. They put a thong around his neck so he would not be killed by chance at the time of sea hunting, and they let him into the sea.

From that time on the whale always brought other whales to the village. The people of Nunak did not know hunger. Time went by and the little whale became a fully-grown whale, but all the same he drove whales to the village. People from the neighboring village of Memrepen were becoming hungry because all whales came only to their neighbors. They decided to kill that whale. One day they tracked him down and killed him.

The people of the village where the whale was born became very angry, and from that time on there were fights among the peoples of the villages. They say that the people of Memrepen destroyed the entire village of Nunak.

59. The Naukan Sea Swallows [Killer Whales – *Orcas*]

Narrated by Vasiliy Emrykain, age 51. Uelen 1976. Published in T. Mitlyanskaya and I. Karakhan (1987, no. 12) *Novaya Zhizn Drevnikh Legend Chukotki* (*New Life of the Ancient Legends of Chukotka*).

During the summer Eskimo hunters went to the sea in *baydaras* with sails and oars. The hunt for whales and walrus was done with harpoons and long spears. At times the large animals killed the hunters.

One day the hunters killed a whale. They towed it with two *baydaras* and, as was the custom, they cried out: “Ook, ook, ook!” The team leader of the second *baydara* wore earrings – he was a shaman. At his command the team started to shout: “Ook, ook, ook!”

While the hunters were towing the whale there suddenly appeared from who knows where, killer whales, and they drove the two *baydaras* with the killed whale toward the shore. The hunters became frightened: there were so many killer whales and they could capsize the *baydaras*; so they did not beat them off. Only the shaman in the second *baydara* got closer to the killer whales and whispered to them in their own language. All the same the killer whales did not go away.

The shore was already close by. Next to Naukan there was a cave into which the killer whales swam during the summer. They drove the *baydaras* toward the entrance to the cave. Some of the killer whales had already swum into the cave and began to drag the first *baydara* with the hunters with them. The team leader could not by any means cut the thong that connected the whale with the hunters' *baydara*. The largest of the killer whales was already pushing the *baydara* into the depths of the cave. The people tried to grab the boulders with their hands but, still, they were dragged into the cave.

The team leader of the second *baydara*, the shaman, took off his earrings and tossed them into the sea. After he did that, it was easy for him to cut the thong with a knife, and the *baydara* quickly got away from the shore. All remained alive. They returned to their village.

One day three women and a man went to the tundra to collect plants. They went far up a mountain and suddenly they saw broken pieces of a *baydara*. They guessed right away that it was the lost *baydara*, which the killer whales had dragged into the cave and then thrown onto the highest mountain. The people saw that and they cried.

60. The Toy People

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Uelen village in Chukotskiy *rayon*, Uvataryn, age 62. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik. This is a mythical rendition about a coast-dwelling woman — a creator of people, reindeer herds, sea mammals, and dwellings. This rendition is widespread among the coastal Chukchi and Siberian Yupiks.

A young girl from the village of Memerenen refused to marry an old, rich reindeer herder.⁵³ Her father said to her:

– I'm getting old. I want you to get married.

His daughter replied:

– No, I will not marry!

– Why?

– If I marry, my life will be a misery. For no reason at all!

The father said:

– In that case you will not stay in my house. Go wherever you will!

The daughter answered:

– Just the same I will not marry!

The father said:

– Hey, don't you see, I'm already old! And what will you do?

The daughter answered:

– Somehow, I will live.

The father became angry and said:

– I am finished quarreling with you. I don't need you anymore. Go wherever you want. You know you were my only one and I always meant well for you. Stay here in the house overnight. But tomorrow leave since you can't do what I want you to do. And that's all I am going to say.

– Well, let it be that you don't need me! Yet, I am not going to marry!

The father said:

– Very well, you go to sleep! And tomorrow before dawn I don't want to see you here.

The daughter cried. And her mother also quietly cried. Then the daughter stopped crying and said:

– Oh well, let me be just a girl, let me be!

They lay down to sleep. The father and the mother fell asleep. The daughter did not sleep. She got up quietly and said to herself:

– What am I to do? Father said that I can't survive by myself. Never mind, I will survive, I will not die!

She took a sack from behind the canopied *polog*.⁵⁴ She examined it, tied it, and put it back. She took a second sack in which the women kept roots of herbs and other plants for cooking. She tied the sack and put it back. Finally, she took a third sack, removed from it a small pouch, untied it, and spilled out its contents and said:

– And what is this?

⁵³ Memerenen is the Chukchi adaptation of the Siberian Yupik toponym Mamrokhpak. The Siberian Yupik community of Mamrokhpagmit was located between Uelen and Naukan. Judging by the rendition of toponyms, this presentation apparently originated among the Siberian Yupiks and then spread over the entire Chukotka region.

⁵⁴ Editor's note: *Polog* is the inner part of a Chukchi dwelling used as living and sleeping space.

It happened to be that there were toys in the pouch: various seal and walrus teeth and small bones. She looked at them and said:

– Aha, and what is this?

She took another pouch from the sack. It contained deer teeth. She took out a third pouch. It contained mouse hides. She put the pouches back in the sack, tied it, and said:

– This will do.

She took yet another large sack and removed from it a piece of *baleen* and a small whale bone. She put all in one sack.

The girl returned to the *polog*, took a *kerker* [woman's outer garment], *torbaza* [reindeer hide boots], white gloves, and a seal fur blanket. She again climbed up to the *polog* and got hold of another sack. From it she took a *dozhdevik* [rainproof cloak] made of seal intestines and a *kukashka* [outer fur garment]. She put the *kukashka* on. She opened the door, looked out, and said:

– What wonderful weather!

Indeed, it was very nice. The moon rose. It became as light as day.

The girl left. She found her father's boat. She took the mooring strap, a harpoon, spear, and oars, and she said:

– I will take all of this.

Then she looked around and said:

– Well, my father and mother will stay here. I feel sorry only for my mother.

She cried a bit, then got to her feet, saying:

– But it is so. I shall go wherever my nose leads me. They don't need me. My father threw me out. It's going to be a good trip. The night is wonderful.

She started to walk. She had loaded herself with the spear, harpoon, and all the other things. She came to the village of Kenypek and said to herself:

– This is not much of a place; it's better that I go on!

She arrived at Uelen. There was only one house there, a dugout. It was night. The girl knocked on the door. An old woman looked out and asked:

– Who is there?

– I!

– Who are you?

– I am from Memerenen.

– So, it's you, the one that doesn't obey. You are not a nice girl! You don't listen to your father.

The woman passed out of sight. She shook her husband awake. Sleepily he asked:

– What's the matter?

– A girl from Memerenen came.

– What does she want?

The wife told him:

– Maybe you don't know? She's the one that disobeyed her father.

The husband said:

– She must go!

Then his wife asked him:

– You should at least give her some meat!

The husband decided:

– Let her eat!

The girl ate a bit. The old man said:

– All right! You don't want to marry – go where you will.

The girl answered:

– Very well. I will leave!

She left. She walked farther. As she walked she said to herself:

– What shall I do? Where is a village? Where is a place where good people live? I can't find one anywhere. Most likely I am the bad one. I did not listen to my father. Yet this needs to be thought over. Oh, it could be that I'll die on the road! I have to travel far.

She came to the land of the Utens. She looked around and said:

– Yes, this is nice land. True, it is a narrow strip of land, but really, it's all right.

She climbed up a hillock and dropped her burden. She took out a pouch. In it were seal and walrus teeth. She thought a bit and said to herself:

– What should I do with these?

She walked to the seashore. She took all of the seal teeth, closed her eyes, and threw the teeth into the sea, saying:

– Tomorrow let there be many seals on the seashore.

Then she took the walrus teeth and spilled some onto the sand, saying:

– These are walrus on the sand, a walrus rookery.

She threw the rest of the walrus teeth in the sea, saying:

– There, I have thrown walrus!

Finally, she took the *baleen* and the small whalebone and threw them far into the sea, saying:

– Now I have done it. I have created seals, I have created walrus, I have created whales.

She went back toward the shore and with stones and turf she built a large dugout. She then returned to the seashore again, grasped two stones in her fists and said:

– This will be a good man, this a woman.

Again, she said:

– Since there is no village here, there are no men. So the man and his wife should have a boy and a girl.

She also created other people. She took a large stone, put it down, then another one, put it down, saying:

– This will be a strong man!

She made clothing for all from the mouse hides, *kukhlyanki* [deer-skin cloaks], breeches, *kerkers* [a woman's fur garment], and *torbaza* [reindeer-hide boots]. And she said:

– There are enough boys and men already. Soon, many, many people will be born here. I have finished my work here.

Then the Memerenen girl went to the tundra, to the Eet river. From it she gathered many stones: white, black, and many-colored. With these she made many reindeer. And she said to the reindeer:

– I will leave you now. Soon your keeper will be here.

She made a hut from bushes and covered it with grass. When she finished she took more of the stones and said to herself:

– Now I shall make reindeer herders, the men.

She put down two stones and said:

– One will be a woman, the other a man.

She took other stones, small stones, and said to them:

– You be a little boy, you, a little girl! Now I have finished all my work. Grow up and multiply now! I, a wretched girl, have created you.

She clothed them, put them in a *yaranga*,⁵⁵ and said to them:

⁵⁵ Editor's note: *Yaranga* is a semisubterranean dwelling of the Chukchi.

– Tomorrow, when you wake up, you will hear something that will frighten you, but it will only be the reindeer snorting and bellowing, many reindeer. But now you go to sleep.

She went to the seashore. She made a shelter of branches in the grass and fell asleep. At dawn a man and his wife arrived asking:

– Where is our old one, where is our grandmother? Let's look for her!

The Memerenen girl awakened and came out of the shelter. The woman saw her and cried out:

– There is our grandmother!

Her husband also looked at her and said:

– True, it's her.

And really, the girl had aged. Certainly, she had worked hard; she had spent so much of her strength!

The man said to the old woman:

– Grandmother, come home!

She answered:

– All right, let us go!

– Well, get up!

The old woman rose. The man cradled her in his arms and carefully carried her toward the house. And he said to her:

– What beautiful weather! Look at the sea. What is that on the shore?

The old woman looked and said:

– Nothing unusual. Those are seals for you so that there will be plenty to eat.

The man said:

– Listen. What is that calling out so loudly: Gy-gy-gy, gy-gy-gy?

The old woman said:

– Those are walrus that are calling; they are your future meals. You will not be hungry. You will eat seal, walrus, and whale meat. Let us now eat!

The man wondered:

– And what are we going to eat?

The old woman said:

– Here is my father's harpoon. Take it and go to the sea. Kill a seal with the harpoon!

There were many seals on the shore near the water. The man threw the harpoon at one. It hit the seal's head and killed it. He hauled it out, put it over his shoulders and walked to the house.

The old woman told him:

– Now, cut up the seal!

– All right, I will cut it!

Then the old woman said:

– Now we will cook it! But wait, first I have to make a kettle.

From a stone she made a kettle. The woman started to cook the meat. The broth boiled. They ate. The old woman got up, took the oars and said:

– These are my father's oars. Come with me.

From wood she made a single-seat boat and said:

– Try to make one like it! When you finish the boat take it to the shore!

The man made a wooden boat. The old woman told him:

– Now make a spear!

The man did. The old woman said:

– Now go to the sea shore!

The man went to the sea shore. There, on the pebbles, many walrus rested. The man thought: "I am afraid. Shall I kill one? Hear how strongly they cry." But, finally, he speared one. He cut open the carcass, cut it into pieces, removed the hide and carried it home. He told the old woman:

– Here's a *repalgyn* [walrus hide] I have brought.

The old woman told him:

– That will be the way to hunt animals! Take that hide and stretch it over a boat[-frame]. When you finish the boat, the children will grow older and all of you will go hunting. From the boat you will hunt walrus and whales, you will harpoon seals. This will be your food. And the children will multiply. Take care that you feed them well! And now I have done my work among you. Live like I have told you and your life will be prosperous.

Thus, the old woman taught the coastal people how to live.

After some time, herders with their wives appeared. A man inquired:

– And where is grandmother?

A shore dweller answered:

– She is here. And what a wise grandmother is ours! It is good that she also created you. The herder said:

– Please, grandmother, get up! Now you will visit with us! He took the old woman in his arms and carried her to his home. As he carried her he said:

– Look, there are many reindeer around our *yaranga*!

The old woman said to him:

– Well, that's the way you are going to make a living!

When they came to the house, the herder told his wife:

– Spread out a large hide! Let grandmother eat of deer meat, fat, and marrow!

The old woman said:

– I thank you very much! I have created this for you. And if you wait a while, you will live even better. Your children will multiply. I am from Memerenen, the one that did not listen to her father. But you have treated me well. May you be so nice in the future!

The old woman was good. She taught the herders how to live, how to pasture the reindeer, how to use them for food, how to make clothes, how to collect herbs. The old woman taught them everything. And there were many reindeer among the herdsman, and among the shore dwellers there were many seals, *lakhtaks* [bearded seals], walrus, and whales. The old woman taught the shore dwellers and the tundra herders to visit each other and to exchange things, the *pyghpygh* [a bag or a floater made of seal skin], and other things for deer meat and hides. So the herders and the shore dwellers came to help each other, and both lived well.

At this time the father in Memerenen began to think about the whereabouts of his daughter. One day he said to his wife:

– Well, I shall go and see where she died.

It was summertime.

– Tomorrow we shall go by boat, – said the father of the Memerenen girl.

Overnight the weather became very mild. The father and mother got in the boat. They arrived at Uelen. One dweller of Uelen saw them and said to his wife:

– Someone arrived in the boat.

The Uelen man and his wife went down to the shore. The Memerenen man asked:

– Have you seen my daughter?

The Uelen man answered:

– Yes, I have seen her! But she only ate at our place. I had told her, "You are bad, you don't listen when father speaks," and she went on farther.

The Memerenen man came to Uten. He asked a woman:

– Have you seen my daughter?
The Uten man said to his wife:
– Probably that is her father?!

And the Uten man answered the old man:
– She is our grandmother. She lives here.

The Memerenen man asked:
– Where is my daughter? I would like to see her!

The Uten dweller said:
– All right, let's go to the *yaranga*!

They climbed to the shore. The Memerenen man saw his daughter and said:
– Well, have you found a home here?
– Yes, I have. As one who according to you was not in the right mind, I have created this entire village. You see, I was right in not wanting to marry a rich old man. Of course, you think that I did not do the right thing? Well then, let's go to my *yaranga*!

The father asked:
– Where is your *yaranga*?
The daughter answered:
– In the tundra. Let's go there.

They arrived. The daughter said to her people:
– My bad father has arrived. I thought that he had forsaken me. Let him now eat! Slaughter a fat reindeer. Serve everything: the brains, the meat. And fish.

After they had eaten, the daughter asked her father:
– Have you eaten well?
The father answered:
– Let me and mother move here.

The daughter said:
– Certainly, move here. But, oh, you have aged very much! Well, you can age some more!

Then she said to the herder:
– Let my father grow old!
The father protested:
– No, I don't want to grow old!

Nevertheless, the daughter continued:
– Grow old! Why, being my father, did you send me into misery? And you did not want to hear me out. So now, I tell you: "Grow old." I tell you: "Die."

The father said:
– Very well, I will die!

The daughter said:
– If I would die, you as a father would age with sorrow. Now you will die comfortably. You will have deer meat, walrus meat, seal meat. When you die, my people will carry you high into the mountains, the tundra. Don't fear, you will die quietly. Remember, you threw me out of the house to die on the road. And now I tell you: "Die"!

She told the herders and shore dwellers:
– Fetch the thong!⁵⁶

⁵⁶ "Fetch the thong" is the accepted, usual formula/expression in the Chukchi-Siberian Yupik narrative. It signifies the decision of an overly aged or very sick person to be put to death by strangling. Voluntary death was regarded as honorable. Before leaving for "the world of his/her ancestors," the one who decided to die arranged with his/her nearest kin to offer lavish entertainment during which those present took turns in telling the good things associated with the person who decided to die. The act of strangling was

They placed it above his head. They made a noose. The daughter said:

– Put the noose around his neck!

They did. Then, the daughter told the people:

– Now, pull!

They pulled, and they strangled him. The old man died. The daughter told the people:

– Let us set out! You shore dwellers and also you herders, let us all go. My father was a bad, bad man! Tie him to a reindeer sled and take him to the mountains!

They left. They came to the tundra. There they put him on the ground. They killed the reindeer that pulled the sled. They tore asunder two reindeer hides. The daughter said:

– Now let us go home. Leave him here!

They left him. They went home. And on the way home the daughter said:

– So, my father has died.

The next day the daughter said:

– Oh, I have aged! Both of you – shore dwellers and herders – I have created well. Now I am altogether very old. Well, let us together, my creations, eat plenty of deer, walrus, and seal meat. All – men, women – all should eat, let all eat together. And now, fetch the thong.

Both the shore dwellers and the male herders exclaimed:

– Why should you, grandmother, die when you have not tasted the good life yet?

The daughter [grandmother] said:

– That's enough. Give me the thong right away!

She put the thong around her neck and said:

– When I die, take me to my father in the mountains! I am not a woman of the herders. Although my father was not a herder, he was taken to the tundra with reindeer. Let the shore dwelling men and the herders carry me to the tundra too!

And the men took her, not on a sled pulled by dogs or reindeer, but on their own arms. They carried her to the tundra and returned home. On leaving the tundra, two men talked among themselves:

– Yes, the village of Uten did not exist before! Thanks to the Memererenen old woman, our creator! Now life will be much better. Uten has now grown very much. There are many more men. Things are now better. And all was done by grandmother: reindeer, seals, walrus, whales. All this was created by grandmother.

And even today the village of Uten exists. It is farther north from Mitkulin. The Uten people made from toys have become a large tribe. Some of the Utens have spread over the countryside. Some have gone to the herders, others to the shore people. In Uten, even today, there are descendants of the toy people. There is Nenek, a descendant of the toy people. In the village of Mitkulin there is the family of Ettugi. Their mother is an Uten, a descendant of the toy people. And, yes, there are many more. And that is all.

carried out by relatives in the sleeping quarters. They believed that the deceased would enter into a world of abundant hunting and return from there as a newborn. The relatives slaughtered reindeer or dogs, which would be necessary to transport the deceased to the other world. Also they placed with the deceased implements for hunting and articles that belonged to the person during his or her life, as well a supply of food "for the road" (Bogoras, 1900, p. 50). Myths about the creation of people are found in Bogoras, 1900, nos. 53, 57–59.

61. Enavechgyn

Narrated by Uvatagyn. See remarks attached to no. 60. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik.

It is told that Enavechgyn lived with his wife. Every day he hunted for deer.⁵⁷ And he killed many deer. One evening he came home from the hunt and his wife was not there. He said to himself:

— Where could she have gone?

And it has to be said that the two were by themselves, there was no son or daughter, there was even no dog. Enavechgyn went into the empty house. He searched for his wife but nowhere was she to be found. So, he did not find her. He went to the tundra, sat down and cried. Suddenly a *pesets* [arctic fox] appeared. The fox asked:

— What are you doing? Why are you crying?

— My wife has disappeared. I can find her nowhere.

— Oh, what a pity! — said the fox.

— Help me, please, help me find my wife.

— Well, I'll help you if you wish! But to start with, cook me some of your best meat, then I will tell you what's going on, — so said the fox.

— Of course, I will cook for you the best meat, — said Enavechgyn.

— Now I will sleep a little. But wake me up when the meat is ready, — said the fox.

— Of course!

Enavechgyn cooked the meat.

— Wake up, the meat is ready!

— Give it to me!

The fox began to eat the meat. He ate much. He was full.

— All right, now I will tell you, — said the fox. — Your wife was in the house. Suddenly from nowhere there flew in a giant man with huge wings. It seems it was an eagle of tremendous size. He seized your wife and carried her in the air to his house. Now, here is what you have to do: Make yourself a small bow and two arrows and go to the other country. On your way you will see a big, long hill. But you cannot go over it. The path is blocked by a large eagle. He is so big that his body almost covers the long hill. Now if you don't kill him right away, he will kill you. This is what you have to do. He has to sleep, but all the same he is always alert, on guard that nobody enters the land of the eagles. You approach him stealthily. When you steal up to him shoot at him with bow and arrow. Aim directly at his head. When he begins to tremble shoot the second arrow right away. If you kill him, the path will be free and you can go to the house of the head eagle. He is the one who took your wife as his. But remember, go there secretly; if you go openly, he will kill you.

Enavechgyn's wife was named Vareny.

Enavechgyn made ready for the journey. The fox said to him:

— Well, go now!

And he stayed to live in Enavechgyn's house. On leaving Enavechgyn told him:

— For the time, you live in my house.

⁵⁷ Enavechgyn, lit. "The Vessel of Life." Chukchi names are formed from common nouns and in major part are precisely etymologized from the contemporary Chukchi language.

Enavechgyn left. He walked and walked. Suddenly he saw a very large eagle. Actually, the eagle was so big that he covered the whole length of the hillock with his body. With stealth Enavechgyn approached while the giant eagle slept. When he got close, he shot him with an arrow in the head. The eagle trembled; in the throes of death he wanted to run away, but Enavechgyn shot him the second time. Now he finally killed the eagle. Then he went farther. He walked very fast, as fast as he could. Suddenly in the distance there was a large house. He said to himself:

– This is, for sure, where Varený lives.

He remained at a distance and waited for the evening sunset. He sat in hiding and he waited. When it began to get dark he started toward the house. He arrived at it. Just a little to its side he saw a big lake. With stealth he got to the shore of the lake. He lay down.

Suddenly he saw Varený coming to fetch water. Her clothes were very long.⁵⁸ She came to the lake to get water. Apparently for no reason, when it got dark, the loons started to quack loudly. She came to the lake and fetched the water. All the way to the lake she was crying. Varený came, lowered her head, and cried. And there were many loons swimming in the lake. Varený stayed a little while, thinking. And the loons in different voices were calling:

– Varen, gug-gug-guk! Aau-ga-auu-gaa! Varen, gug-gug-guk!

The head eagle, lying on his back, called out:

– Why are the birds so noisy?

Suddenly Enavechgyn jumped from behind a hummock. His wife saw him:

– Where did you come from? – she asked.

– From home.

– Why did you come, you'll be killed!

– Fine! This is why I have come, to be killed.

– Oh, I'm afraid that he will be nasty because I took so long to go back!

– Well, let that be. Tell him that there are no people here. And then do this. During the night strike him like this. As soon as he falls asleep, cut his throat with a big knife.

– Very well, – Varený agreed and left.

When Varený returned with the water the eagle became abusive. Angrily he said:

– Why were you gone so long! No doubt you saw somebody there!

– No! I saw nobody. You know that there are no people there.

– And why were you there so long?

– It took a long time to get the water.

– Aa-a? Does that mean that there are not people there? No? And why were the birds so noisy?

– Because they are loons!

He seemed to believe her, but he again asked her:

– Why were they calling out: "Varen, gug-gug-guk?!" Why were they calling like that? No doubt your husband came here?

– How could he come? It's not possible for him to come here. It's too far.

– Aa-a! – Only now did he believe her.

They lay down to sleep. Through the evening Varený entertained the eagle. Finally, he started to fall asleep. Soon he was fast asleep. The woman quietly left, got a knife from under a pillow, lit a candle-end, raised the front curtain of the *polog*, and with all her might she struck the eagle.

⁵⁸ Editor's note: The garment of old Chukchi was considerably longer. The chest opening of the garment was covered with a square of fur, about 25 cm to the side, to protect that part from the cold. It was hung from the neck with thin leather thongs.

The huge head separated from the body. The body started to rise. Vareny struck him again. Finally, he was dead. Then she returned to her husband. They went home. They came to the house. The fox was still living in it. The fox said to them:

– Welcome. Good health to you!

– We are in good health! But the danger is not gone. They are after us. What are we to do?

The fox thought for a while:

– You go to the tundra now, hide, and I again will be the only one living here.

– Very well.

He and his wife went to the tundra. The husband hid in a thicket. So did his wife. They did not hide together but separately in different thickets on the bank of a river.

Suddenly a great noise was heard from a distance. Very many enemies appeared from behind the range. The fox diligently busied himself with household duties. The enemy horde came to the house. They asked the fox:

– Where is Enavechgyn?

The fox said:

– I don't know. And who is this Enavechgyn? What does he look like?

– You better talk! Where is Enavechgyn? If you don't tell us we are going to whip you with a knout!

– But I don't know who this Enavechgyn is!

– But whose house is this?

– What do you mean whose? Mine! I also have a house, – said the fox.

And then the fox said:

– Let me cook you a nice piece of tasty meat. It's been a long time since I've had such nice visitors. In the meantime, you can sleep a little!

– Well, why not. Thank you, we'll rest, – said the enemies.

As soon as they fell asleep in the house of Enavechgyn, the fox began to set the house on fire from all sides. The house caught fire, burst into flames. Then the fox cried out loudly:

– Enavechgyn! Your enemies are burning, they are turning to dust!

Enavechgyn bounded from the thicket and ran to the house. His enemies were doubled up. Some of them burned to death without awakening.

And so, did the fox trick the enemies. On purpose he told them: "I will cook you a tasty piece of meat, it's been long since I've had such nice visitors."

That's the end.

62. The Woman with the Ball

Narrated by Uvatagyn. See notes attached to no. 60. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik. In this rendering of the myth, the role of the cultural hero who returns the sun and the moon to the people is a human being. In the majority of other myths about the creation of the world, the sun, and the moon, the role of cultural heroes is played by birds — the raven and wagtail, and by animals — the hare (Bogoras, 1900, nos. 49–52, 57). The subject of returning the sun has multiple parallels in the raven tales of the North American Indians.

They say: Once there lived a woman. She had a big house, a nice house. She did not do any housework. All she did was play with a ball. One day she went to sleep, in the morning she got up, ate, and said:

– Well, now I am ready, I can go. I have a nice ball, a big one.

She came out of the house. She began to kick the ball. She played with it all day. Sometime later the woman thought, “Oh, from what can I make myself a new ball? Only, to be sure, I won’t be able to. But no, if you must know, I will be able to do it, because I, you see, will not use materials from here but much better ones from the moon!”

And then she took the moon and the sun and made herself a ball. She put the sun on one side of the ball, the moon on the other.⁵⁹ The ball was ready but there was nothing inside it; it was empty. The woman said to herself:

– With what can I fill the ball? It’s so big and nice!

She went out, looked up, and said:

– Once again, with what can I fill my ball? Well, I will fill it with all those things. I will take all the stars from the heavens!

She gathered all the stars from the heavens. She went back to the house. She took the ball. She filled it with the stars. She sewed it closed. When she finished with the ball, she went outdoors. There were no stars, no moon or sun in the skies. It was dark everywhere. The woman said:

– Now then, I will throw my ball up!

She did, and immediately it became light. The ball fell to the ground and again it became dark all around. When the ball was thrown up, it became light; when she caught it falling — dark. She stopped playing, took the ball, and went inside. It became pitch-dark! It was terrible for all people. The men were saying:

– What is this? Where is the sun? Where are the moon and stars?

An Inchoun man thought for a while.⁶⁰ Then he said:

– I will go on a trip with the dogs, on a dog sled!

He loaded the sled with two bags made of complete seal skins, filled with fat. He harnessed the dogs. He took with him a long thick pole. He said:

– So, this is what’s happening! All the people are gloomy because there is no sun, no moon, no stars. What if I go to Lorino?⁶¹ I will call on a sister who lives there.

⁵⁹ The portrayal of the sun on handballs among the Chukchi and Siberian Yupiks is associated with myths about the abduction and return of heavenly bodies.

⁶⁰ From a settlement which the Chukchi call Inchuvin. The latter is derived from the Siberian Yupik name for the same place, Insigvik.

⁶¹ Russian adaptation of the name of the Chukchi settlement of Luren.

He left. He dipped the pole in the fat and lit it, and, like a candle, it threw light — on the path. There was no wind. And all the way he dipped the pole in the fat. He was half-way through with the trip. The woman with the ball saw him and said:

— What kind of a man is this! How clever! He lights a candle and travels! Now I must go out; I have pity for such a man!

She took the ball and went out. She threw the ball upwards. Suddenly there was light everywhere. The man traveling to Lorino was frightened. After a while he said:

— Well, now, really! I think I know what happened to the sun, the moon and the stars. So that's it! And a woman at that! Where did she come from? All the people could be wiped out. What should I do about her? It would be the right thing to take the ball from her!

He walked toward her. The woman went inside the house. Again, it became dark. The man came to the house and said:

— Hey there, woman, come out!

The woman said:

— I will not come out!

The man said:

— Really now, come out!

The woman again said:

— I will not come out!

The man took out a stone knife. He went in the house, he grabbed the woman and said:

— Now I will kill you! How bad you are! Because of you all the people are dying. Now I will kill you!

— Don't kill me!

— I will!

Frightened the woman said:

— All right, I will throw the ball!

The man said:

— Then I will not kill you! Let us go!

They went outside. The woman threw the ball to the ground. The man told her:

— No, you throw upwards! What have you done with the sun, the moon, and the stars? Cut the ball and then throw!

The woman said:

— Oy, oy, oy! Then I will be without a ball!

She began to cry. The man threw the ball high into the air. And as he did so he said, "Ege." At once it became light. The man said:

— Don't do that again!

The woman answered:

— All right. I will not do that again.

The Inchoun man returned home. And the people were happy again. And from that time on the woman sewed and sewed. She made a ball and on it she sewed the sun, the moon, and the stars. She made many such balls.

That is all.

63. The Formation of the Strait

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Yandagay settlement in Chukotskiy rayon, Pakayka, age 62. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik. Reference to the personal name of the hero of the cosmogonic legend, in this case Tepkelin, is a rare exception for this masculine gender of oral transmission among the *Paleosiatians*. In the Siberian Yupik legend "Kanak and the Eagles" (*Skazki Narodov Severa*, p. 524) is another version about the origin of the islands in the Bering Strait: The eagles-giants and Kanak with his son having fallen into the sea and changed into islands and reefs, as the result of a duel.

It is told that in the past, before the arrival of Europeans, the islands of Inetlin and Imegelin were one island. There were two mountains on the island and between them was a small stream in which whale vertebrae were placed for crossing it. Eskimos lived on that island. They hunted for and killed many walrus and seals. Some kept reindeer in the tundra. The richest of the herders was Tepkelin. He was strong and successful. He had plenty to eat. His food storage-pit was always filled with meat. He and his wife lived by themselves.

One day during the summer Tepkelin went hunting in a kayak. The weather was just fine. Around him seals came to the surface, but Tepkelin did not harpoon them. He was waiting for *lakhtaks* [bearded seals] to show. When they did not appear, he rowed farther into the open sea. Soon the village on the shore was hardly visible. Tepkelin stopped and waited for the *lakhtaks* to appear. After some time, a large *lakhtak* appeared to the front of him. He surfaced close to the kayak. At once Tepkelin threw a harpoon at him. The harpoon head struck the *lakhtak* directly in the neck. Quickly Tepkelin lowered the inflated bladder into the water. The *lakhtak* dove into the water but did not get rid of the bladder. Tepkelin followed the *lakhtak*. Gradually the *lakhtak* lost his strength. Finally, Tepkelin pulled the weakened *lakhtak* to the kayak and fastened him to the bladder.

The sun was already setting. It was getting dark. Tepkelin hurried to the shore. The sun set when he was still a long distance out in the sea. Suddenly some kind of animal jumped out of the sea and dug its claws into Tepkelin's back. Tepkelin could not tear it from his back. He started to row to the shore with all his might. The animal began to tear his parka to shreds. Tepkelin increased his speed. The animal tore his parka to pieces, reached his bare back and began to tear Tepkelin's skin. In pain Tepkelin almost lost his oar.

Again, he tried to tear the animal from his back but he could not — it held on. Blood began to run from his wounds. Better get to the shore soon — there will be help there! With increased strength Tepkelin rowed to the shore, overcoming his pain. Now the land was near. People sat at the shore waiting. By now Tepkelin was weakening. When the kayak was near the shore, he cried out to the people:

— Some animal, I don't know what kind, is clinging to my back! Pull it from my back, but let it live!

The point of the kayak touched the sand. At once the people pulled it onto the dry land. They looked — stuck to Tepkelin's back was some kind of animal unknown to them. The animal left Tepkelin and tried to rush toward the sea. The people caught it and took it to Tepkelin in his *yaranga*. Before that they had carried Tepkelin there. Tepkelin had supper while his whole back was covered with wounds. The people said to Tepkelin:

— We have caught your tormentor! What should we do with it?

Tepkelin told them to skin it and let it go to the sea. Night came and all the people fell asleep. Even Tepkelin slept. During the night he woke up. He listened — the noise of the breakers seemed

very near. A strong wind was blowing and the lowlands around the village were covered with waves.

Quickly Tepkelin put his clothes on and went outside. The waves had already reached the first *yarangas*. The people were gathering to run to the mountains. Everywhere the dogs were howling, the people were shouting, the surf was pounding. The waves almost reached Tepkelin's *yaranga*. Tepkelin went into the *yaranga* and told his wife to gather herself to go to the mountains. He tarried just a bit. There came an enormous wave; it split the *yaranga* and carried it with the people into the sea. Thus, perished Tepkelin and his wife in the depth of the sea.

The wind raged all night. Many people perished, many dogs drowned, *yarangas* were swept into the sea by the waves. Only a small area of flat land remained. At dawn the wind increased in force. A fog crept in. The mountains were covered with black clouds. But soon it became light. The wind died down. The people who survived looked from the mountain for their village. The sun came out and they saw in its place the sea. All of the spit on which the village was located was swallowed by the sea.

And so was the strait formed. And the two mountains — Inetlin and Imegelin — exist today. Only they have become islands.

The end.

64. Kaymachikam

Narrated in 1953 by an inhabitant of Nunligran village in Provideniya *rayon*, Rentet, age 56. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Inzilikey. Wolves as miraculous helpers of people are also the content of nos. 7 and 11 of this publication.

There lived a rich reindeer herder with his grandmother. The reindeer herder always went with his herd. One time he was, as usual, with his herd. The reindeer were grazing around him. One of the reindeer shook himself. A small child fell from his ear. The man picked up the child. He carried it to the house. He gave the child to his grandmother and said:

– Bring up this child, who fell from a reindeer's ear, as quickly as possible.

The grandmother began to take care of it. Every day when the reindeer herder came home from the herd he asked his grandmother:

– Well, has he grown yet?

Soon the child began to crawl. He grew very quickly. Once again, the rich reindeer herder went to his herd. Suddenly, he heard the child crying very loudly. The herder began to worry and at once he led the herd toward the house. And he saw that there was no house, no grandmother – the child had eaten all. The child screamed and scolded his foster father. The herder killed the reindeer from whose ear the child had fallen. The child ate all of that reindeer. And again, he scolded his foster father:

– I want to eat! – he screamed.

The herder began to kill one reindeer after the other. Finally, he had killed off the entire herd. The child ate all of the reindeer and started chasing after the herder. It turned out that the child was a *kele* [evil spirit-werewolf] and could never be satiated. The herder was apparently a good runner: over four days the *child-kele* could not catch up with him.

At last the herder met up with the wolves. He spoke to them, saying:

– Hide me, please. A *child-kele* is chasing after me. He wants to eat me.

The wolves told him:

– You get out of here.

They hid him in a crevice of the cliff and warned him:

– Don't do anything, don't move! Remember, if thick blood flows, you will remain among the living, if thin [watery] blood flows, you will die!

The man sat in the crevice waiting, and he heard the wolves fighting the *child-kele*. They had surrounded him on a mountain slope just above the place where the man was hidden. When the *kele* killed a wolf, he gulped it down. He had already killed many wolves. But the wolves began to overcome him. The *child-kele* stopped. From all sides the wolves grabbed him. First, they tore off a hand, then a foot. The *child-kele* fell down leaving the foot in the snow. The wolves pounced on him and tore him to pieces. Thick blood flowed from him. Thus, death came to him.

The man left the crevice. He looked around. The pack of wolves was much smaller. No snow was left at the place of the fight and on the earth there was a heap of bones and flesh.

– And what am I to do now? The *child-kele* left me without home or reindeer! – said the man.

The wolves said to him:

– Well, simply walk over the countryside!

The man started to walk and suddenly he turned into a very large wolf. He began to live with the pack. He made out well. And in three years he became the leader of the pack because he was so fast on his feet and so strong.

That is all.

65. The Reindeer Herder and His Daughter

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Uelen village, Nenek, age 45. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik.

There lived a reindeer herder with his wife. They had only one daughter. There were no sons. The daughter pastured the reindeer. It happened that one day the daughter became sick and died. They buried her. The old man could not sleep all night. He cried. He grieved very much for his daughter. His wife said to him:

— Listen, don't cry through the night. It would be better if you cried during the day! You can't cry during the night.

The old man answered her:

— Leave me alone! I don't care what happens to me! I am grieving for my daughter! My only daughter has died! — And he kept on crying.

The old man's crying could be heard all over the tundra. Then five girls approached the dead daughter of the old man. All of the girls were sisters. It seems that the girls were the soul of the dead one. As they came to her they began to reproach her:

— Now, wake up! Your father is in sorrow. He cries all night long.

The oldest said to her sisters:

— Now you look at me and the old man's daughter and see if we resemble each other. If we do, say so!

They began to compare, side by side, the oldest sister and the dead daughter of the old man. They were altogether different.

— And now you try, — said the oldest sister to the next one.

They compared the next sister with the old man's daughter. Again, there was no resemblance. Then the third was compared. There was a slight resemblance, but overall — no. The fourth sister also showed some resemblance.

— And now you be compared, — said the oldest sister to the youngest.

They were. And they looked exactly the same. The oldest sister said to them:

— Now, sing!

The dead girl sang. Then the youngest sister sang. There was no difference in their voices. Not only did they sing but they also talked with one voice. Then the sisters said to the dead girl:

— We caused your death because you did not want to be a shamaness. But now you go to sleep.

They pushed the girl; she fell and died again. They removed all of her skin together with nails and hair. They told their youngest sister to clothe herself with the skin. The girl got ready to put on the skin of the dead one. They tied the hole in the back and put the skin of the dead over her. The oldest sister said:

— Now, go; the old ones are grieving very much!

The youngest sister left. When she arrived, she saw that the *yaranga* was surrounded by a wide turbulent river. There was no way to get to the door. She began to call the old man and old woman by name. The old man was crying. Suddenly, he heard his daughter's voice calling him. The old man was filled with joy, but his wife said:

— You are rejoicing for nothing, it is not she!

— No, it is she! — said the old man. — Yes, you have returned, my dear daughter! Come in the house!

— How can I come in? How will I cross the river?

In fact, there was no river. The old man, the father, came out, took a beater, and pretended to make a passageway across the river. Then he said to the girl:

— Now, come this way!

The girl entered. And the old man and the old woman saw that she was indeed their daughter. But the old woman did not believe it completely. The first thing the newly arrived girl did was to ask the old man about the herd of reindeer:

— Where is our herd? — she said.

The old man answered:

— You know, it has entirely disappeared! It's a good thing you have returned!

The girl became the best helper in the house. She was an excellent seamstress and, all-in-all, a very hard-working person. One day the girl said to the old ones:

— Now I am going to learn to be a shamaness.

From then on, she stopped sewing. She only ate a bit, and again started to shamanize. One time she shamanized through the night, and only toward the morning did she fall asleep. In a deep sleep she tossed on the bed, and the tied up place became uncovered. The old woman woke up and lit a lamp. When she saw the uncovered place, she awakened the old man and said to him:

— Look! I already told you that this is not our daughter. Now you can be happy that it is not your daughter that returned.

The old man looked and said to his wife:

— Hurry, put your clothes on quickly!

He also dressed quickly. Soon they got ready for a trip. The old man took with him a small piece of charcoal, a pebble, and a *vybivalka*.⁶² They dragged a sled to the herder's camp. The old man asked:

— Has my herd come this way?

They told him:

— This is your herd.

— And are there draft reindeer in the herd? — the old man asked again.

— Yes, — they answered — there are also draft reindeer here.

— Then harness them as quickly as possible for me, — the old man said.

They harnessed the reindeer. The old man and his wife drove directly to the north. They had just started when they heard a cry, a terrible cry! Chasing after them was their daughter's double. She had already changed into a *kele*. When she had almost caught up with them, the old man took out the charcoal, stuck it in the snow and spat on it. A large forest sprouted from the charcoal, burst into flames and blocked the way of the *daughter-kele*. While she had to go around the flames, the old people traveled a long distance. But soon the *kele* began to catch up with the old ones again. When she got close to them, the old man threw the pebble in the snow and spat on it. The pebble changed into a high cliff which could not be climbed over. As the *daughter-kele* had to go around the cliff, the old people got far away. When she rounded the cliff, she began to chase after them at an increased pace. As they looked back they saw her gulp down reindeer, bones and everything. This delayed her a little. When she had eaten all the reindeer she started the chase again. The *daughter-kele* was running on all fours and screaming:

— Why did you leave me? I am really your daughter! I want to eat. I am very hungry!

Finally, she caught up with them. She grasped the sled with one hand, but the old man took out the *vybivalka*-amulet and struck the *daughter-kele's* arm. The arm fell off. She grasped the sled

⁶² Editor's note: *Vybivalka* is a curved blade of reindeer antler used to remove snow from fur clothing and footgear.

with her other hand but it too was chopped off. The *daughter-kele* cried. Blood gushed from her. At last she died. If she had remained alive, it would have been the end of the old people.

The harnessed sled returned to the herders' camp. The old people remained there to live. From that time on it was strictly prohibited to cry at night after the burial of the dead.

The end.

66. The Wolf Pack

Narrated in 1948 by the inhabitant of Lorino village in Chukotskiy *rayon*, Ragtyn, age 36. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik. In this particular case the ancient tale motif about wolves as protectors of people was rendered by the narrator in a modern, present-day interpretation. About wolves as protectors of people, see for instance no. 64 in this edition.

There lived a wolf and a she-wolf. They were still young. In the spring cubs were born. By winter they grew up. But they stayed with their parents all the time. Then more cubs were born. They grew up and also stayed with their parents. So, they formed a wolf pack. The wolf-father taught the cubs how to get food and showed them how to separate reindeer from the herd.

One day they saw a small herd of reindeer. It belonged to a very poor old man. The wolf-father looked at the herd and said to his sons:

– Now see this; there are enough reindeer there. No doubt we have come across a herd belonging to a rich reindeer herder. Go and kill a few of them.

The old wolf himself did not go with them for the killing; he stayed back with his wife. The wolves killed all of the draft reindeer. Only a yearling doe escaped. She remained alive because she was grazing between stacked sleds.

The owners cried bitterly; they grieved very much for their reindeer. The owners were an old man with his old wife, four sons, and two daughters.

The wolf pack approached another camp that belonged to a rich reindeer herder. When they arrived, the old wolf told his sons:

– Let's now attack this large herd. The owner of it is a rich reindeer herder who oppresses his neighbor – the poor old man with a large family. He even treats his reindeer badly. I give you permission to destroy the entire herd. Now, go!

The wolves attacked the herd and killed many reindeer. They did much harm. They killed almost all the reindeer and ate them. Then they came to the father-wolf and said to him:

– Look, see, we destroyed the herd!

– Serves that rich man right! He will know how badly he treated his reindeer! – said the old wolf to his sons.

After this the wolf pack moved to an entirely different area.

The old man whose herd the wolves had attacked earlier soon became rich. The yearling that had escaped had several fawns, and she produced females only. So, the old man and his family became rich, and the erstwhile rich man who oppressed the old man became very poor and lived miserably.

The new reindeer herder assembled all of his poor neighbors and they worked in his camp. They took very good care of his grazing reindeer. When this old man became rich he regarded himself as equal to his poor reindeer herders. That was so because earlier he lived so miserably.

The wolf pack again returned to the locality. The old herder treated his poor neighbors well. The old wolf spoke to his sons:

– Let us do some hunting here. You know that we don't have any food. But do be alert. This is a closely packed herd. Be particularly fearful of one reindeer: He is white and the largest. He stands out among all of the reindeer. You will see him from afar because his antlers are so large. That reindeer is bewitched. If you kill him we will all die. Now, did you understand me, my sons?

– Yes, we did, – answered the young wolves.

– Then be gone, – the old wolf told them.

The wolves attacked the herd. They killed few reindeer, and not the bad one [the white reindeer] since the entire herd was well fattened. During the attack one of the wolves got lost. The young wolves returned to the father. The old wolf asked his sons:

– Well, how many reindeer have you killed?

– All told, six, – answered one wolf.

– That is quite enough. But there is one of your brothers missing. Where is he?

– He got lost somewhere when we attacked the herd. We did not see where he went, – answered the sons.

– Oh, oh. No doubt he was chasing after something! – said the old wolf, becoming anxious.

They started to search for the lost wolf. They searched everywhere but did not find him. They gathered at their den. The father then asked:

– And where could he be?

– We don't know where he could have gone! – wondered the sons.

– Where is he? – anxiously said the old wolf. – Let us wait for a while!

They waited. After a short time, the lost young wolf came running. He was covered with sweat, was out of breath but boasted:

– You know, I have become crafty and strong at the hunt. I killed that white reindeer that you talked about!

– Where have you been running? We have been looking for you for a long time, we were worn out! – said the old wolf to him. – You know that I told you that the white reindeer should not be killed. Now harm will come to all of us!

– Oh, I have completely forgotten about that! – said the young wolf.

– Well, anyway we have to get away from here. But we can't leave here, we will die anyhow. That reindeer should not have been killed! Let us divide into three groups and we will hide farther in the tundra, – suggested the old wolf.

They separated the pack into three smaller ones, and the wolves ran in different directions. The wolf that killed the white reindeer joined his mother. And it so happened that they came to the very same camp where they had killed reindeer. And there they perished.

Apparently, the old man bewitched them because the wolf killed the reindeer. You know, that old man had pity for many reindeer. And he was nice to his neighbors. He was always generous to the poor. He lived in peace and harmony with his workers in the camp. They were always happy.

From that time on among the wolves the sons came to hate their fathers and stopped living with them. That's why old wolves now roam by themselves.

The end.

67. The She-Polar Bear

Narrated in 1948 by Ynno, age 41, an inhabitant of the Akkani village in Chukotskiy *rayon*. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik. In general outline, tales about marriages of men and polar bears are interspersed by plots, widespread among *Paleoasiatics*, of willow partridges who take a rat for a polar bear. For a tale with a similar plot of man-polar bear marriage (see also no. 68 herein).

There lived an old woman and her orphaned nephew. The nephew's uncle hunted in the sea, killed many seals and fed the orphan. Always, when he killed a seal, he gave some of it to the orphan. Finally, the orphan grew up. He began to go hunting with his uncle, to help him. Soon the uncle made him a harpoon. He began to hunt seals and to feed himself. Then he started to hunt by himself. And the old woman divided the seals he killed.

One day he could not kill a single animal. He walked across the ice to the open sea. He looked back and saw that he had walked a very long way. He turned back. Suddenly a strong snowstorm broke out. It separated the ice on which the orphan was standing from the solid shore ice and carried it so far that land had disappeared from view. The orphan walked around the ice floe looking in every direction. Then he sat down on the ice near the water. Suddenly a she-polar bear appeared. She climbed onto the ice. She went toward the orphan. She asked:

– Where are you from?

– Oh, I really don't know! I can't tell in which direction my home is.

The she-polar bear said to him:

– Give me your raincoat to use.

The orphan answered:

– And what will I wear?

The she-polar bear said:

– Well, you see, I want to help you.

The orphan said:

– All right, take it!

The she-polar bear put on the raincoat and said to him:

– The reason you can't kill seals is because your old woman [aunt] is unkind to the seals.

That's why you can't kill seals.

The orphan then asked:

– And what am I to do?

– Let's swim to the shore!

The orphan said:

– And how?

The she-polar bear lowered herself into the water. The orphan sat on her back. She said:

– Close your eyes and grasp my ears!

And they started toward the shore. It took a long time. They arrived at the shore directly opposite his dugout hut. The she-polar bear said:

– Now, figure that you have taken me for your wife.

They went toward the house. They came to the fast shore ice. The she-polar bear took off her fur and put it in a crevice of the ice – and became a woman. She said to the orphan:

– Now you can hunt right here!

She scratched the ice with her claw. The ice shook. And seals appeared as if spilled onto it. The she-polar bear said:

– Always do the same! You will kill many seals!

They climbed onto the high shore. They came to the house. The orphan said to the old woman:
– Tattoo her face. She is now a member of our family!

The old woman came out. She tattooed the she-polar bear. They went in. The old woman asked:

– And where did you come from?

The orphan answered:

– I really don't know where we came from.

The orphan began to hunt in the sea. He killed many seals. His wife got pregnant. She gave birth to a bear cub. And the orphan always killed seals. The she-polar bear prepared the seals, but the cub only ate the fat. The she-polar bear again became pregnant. But this time she gave birth to a boy. Children from the neighborhood came to visit the cub. They played with him, had fun. The old woman began to grumble. She said:

– That will do, children! You are very noisy. Even the lamps are not burning well. Goodness knows who came to us. A she-polar bear.

The little cub grew quiet. His mother returned. She asked:

– Why are you so quiet?

– Because grandmother scolded us.

And the old woman again said:

– Goodness knows who came to us. Polar bears!

The mother dressed the cub. The boy asked:

– Where are you going?

The mother replied:

– We are leaving for keeps.

The boy said:

– I will go with you too.

The three went to the sea shore. They came to the shore ice. The mother put her hand in the crevice. She got the polar bear skin. She put it on and became a she-polar bear again. And the threesome went to the open sea. The husband returned from sea hunting. He had killed a seal. He came to the *polog* and said:

– Pour some water on the seal's snout!

The old woman did not hear. Again, the orphan asked:

– Where is the water?

The grandmother said:

– You know I thought some was here!

The orphan asked:

– And where are my wife and the children?

The old woman said:

– Oh, I don't know where they are!

The orphan said to the old woman:

– Have you again said something to them?

The old woman replied:

– True, I have grumbled a bit to them, and they left.

The orphan said:

– And what did you tell them?

– I only told them: "Goodness only knows who came to us. Polar bears."

The orphan prepared for a journey. He got his traveling sack and put in it a gray gurnard [*morskoy petushok*], a bow, a spear, and a harpoon.⁶³ He started his journey. He followed their footprints in the direction of Uelen. He walked and walked and suddenly he saw the threesome – the polar bear, the cub, and the little boy. The polar bear looked back. She saw her husband. They waited. The orphan came to them. The wife then said:

– Where are you going? You know they will kill you!

The orphan said:

– If it were not for you I would have been dead long ago.

The she-polar bear said:

– I have many kin, even a husband-bear. They will kill you.

The orphan said:

– Well, let it be so! It does not matter – without you I would have died long ago.

The she-polar bear said:

– Well, all right, let us go!

And they started out directly toward the middle of the ocean. They came to a lead in the ice. They got across it. They went farther. They walked and walked. Again, they came to a lead. They crossed it and went farther and farther. They finally arrived. The she-polar bear said to the orphan:

– There is our house.

And the polar bear's house was large! They entered. A large number of bears emerged from the *polog*. They saw who had arrived and they rejoiced. The father of the she-polar bear invited them:

– Come in!

They entered. The cubs surrounded the little boy. The old bear told them:

– Hold back! You see the hummock-headed people have come to us.⁶⁴

Then he said to the orphan:

– You know, the bears will kill you!

The orphan replied:

– Well, let it be so.

The bear said:

– You will see. They will invite you to see who can get more food by hunting. Then they will kill you.

– Well, let it be so.

The bear said:

– You see, I think that at your age I was of the same height [I would have done the same thing].

And indeed, the bears came after the orphan. They said to him:

– The first husband of the she-polar bear asks: "Where is the mate of my wife? Let him come."

The [old] bear said to the orphan:

– Put on my deerskin coat!

The orphan answered:

– No, thank you, I will go as I am.

⁶³An amulet in the form of a gray gurnard was widespread among Siberian Yupik. They believed that such an amulet would protect the bearer from bad luck and bring success. It is quite possible that the present tale is Yupik in origin.

⁶⁴In the original Russian *kochkogolovyy* (Chukchi *tymkylevyt*). In Chukchi tales this term is given to people by the animal characters.

The orphan got his travel bag and took out two arrows. The cubs ran about him looking. The old bear told them:

– Children, stay away from people a little farther. They could cast a spell on you!

The orphan left and walked to the sea shore. And there the huge polar bear was already waiting. And the polar bear said:

– So, you have arrived!

And the orphan said:

– Yes, I have arrived!

– All right, then let's see who can get more food out of the sea!

The orphan answered:

– Very well, let us see!

The bear told him:

– He who first kills five seals will win.

They came to the rookery. The polar bear lay on his stomach and guardedly waited for the seals. Soon the orphan killed his first seal. And the bear was still waiting. Soon the orphan killed his second seal. Finally, the bear killed one. The orphan killed his third. And the bear only his second. And the orphan killed his fifth seal while the bear had killed only three. Thus, the orphan bested the polar bear. Then they returned home. The orphan came home. And his brothers-in-law rejoiced! The old one told them:

– People always will be like that. You children listen to me. Keep your distance from people. As for you, they will certainly kill you tomorrow. The orphan said:

– Let it be so! You know I would have been dead long ago!

In the morning they again came after him. The old bear said to the orphan:

– Put on my deerskin coat.

– No, thank you, I will go as I am.

The orphan took the gray gurnard from the bag. The fish had dried and shriveled up completely. He put it under his belt. He then took out the bow and four arrows and went to the shore. The bears were already waiting at a cliff. And onlookers had gathered. The brothers-in-law of the orphan were very sad. The bear jumped from the cliff into the water, pulled out a stone from the sea, and showed it to the orphan. And he said to him:

– Now you find this stone!

And he threw the stone into the sea. The orphan backed up a few steps. And how he jumped into the water! While he was in the air he put on the gray gurnard. He plunged under water. He saw two stones – a light one, the stone that was thrown by the bear, and a heavier stone. The orphan was under the water for a long time. Then he came to the surface in a lead. At once the bear said:

– No doubt I have killed the mate of my wife!

Again, the orphan plunged into the sea. He pulled out the heavier stone. He put it on the ice. Everybody saw this. Then he threw the stone into the water again, and so he defeated the bear. The orphan's brothers-in-law ran to the house. The old bear asked them:

– Where is he?

– Well, the orphan won again!

The old bear said:

– People are always like that!

The orphan came home. And his brothers-in-law rejoiced!

– Tomorrow he will certainly kill you! Tomorrow he will fight you.

The orphan said to him:

– Let it be so!

The old bear said to the orphan:

– Put on my deerskin coat!

The orphan said:

– Thank you, I will go like this!

And in the morning, they came after the orphan again. The orphan hid on his back under his parka a bow and three arrows and then left. And the bear was already waiting for him. And many gathered to see the fight! The orphan approached the bear. And the bear hurled himself toward the orphan; the orphan jumped aside. The bear attacked him but could not grasp him. The bear grew tired, out of breath. And as he again rushed the orphan, the orphan shot at him with his bow and arrow. Again, the bear hurled himself against the orphan, and again he missed. And the orphan shot at him with the second arrow. The bear started breathing heavily. The orphan shot him with the third arrow. The bear sat on the ground and growled:

– Oh, oh, why has everything become so blue!

The bear stood up, fell, and was quiet. And everyone rejoiced! They said to each other:

– Thanks to man for killing our oppressor, the bear!

The brothers-in-law ran to the house. The old bear asked them:

– What happened?

– He killed the bear!

The old bear said:

– People are always like that!

Then he added:

– I always walked on land. People started chasing me! And I ran from them. As I ran, there rolled a ball in front of me. I stumbled! They almost caught up with me but I plunged into the water. I looked back and they were at the very shore. People are so bad!

Suddenly there were shouts outside: “A polar bear is coming! A polar bear!” The orphan said:

– Let me go after the polar bear!

The old one said to him:

– Oh, you’d better not fight with the polar bear!

Yet the orphan went outside. And again, the bears had gathered! But suddenly they all ran to their houses. The orphan thought: “Where is the polar bear, there is no polar bear to be seen.” The orphan went to the shore. And there, it seemed, they could not kill a rat. The orphan ran up to the rat, jumped on it and killed it. The polar bears then said:

– Yes, such are the hummock-headed people! All he had to do was to step on the bear, and he killed it!

The brothers-in-law ran to the house. They said to the old one:

– A man has come to us! He stepped on the polar bear and killed it.

And that is all.

68. The She-Polar Bear and the Man

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Uelen village, Enryme, age 32. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik.

It is told that long, long ago there lived a man who hunted sea mammals. One day he went to hunt in the sea. He saw a polar bear sleeping near a lead. The man began to steal closer to him. When he was very close, the polar bear rose on his hind legs. The man aimed a spear and was about to throw it when the bear sneezed. It made the man whirl fast. When he recovered, he said to himself:

— All the same, I will kill the bear!

Again, he tried to throw the spear, but the bear sneezed even stronger. The man became unconscious. When he recovered, he said:

— And yet I will kill that bear!

Again, he pointed the spear, and as he was about to throw it the bear sneezed with such force that the man fell down and died. The bear dove into the water. Very soon he came back to the surface. With his fangs he held a seal. He climbed onto the ice. He carried the seal to the place where he had slept. Then he walked over to the man. He revived the man and scolded him. He said:

— You're a naughty man! You have killed many of our cubs! And you throw their heads anywhere!

Then the bear said to the man:

— Go to the place where I had slept a bit! There you will find a seal. Eat all of the seal and go home. At the shore you will see polar bears. Don't go to them. To one side of them you will see yet another bear. Go to him.

So said the bear and he left. The man went to the place where the bear had been lying. There he saw a very large house and next to it there was a seal. The man stayed in the house, finished eating the seal meat, and left for home.

He walked on and indeed he saw many polar bears at the shore. It seemed that they guarded the place. The man walked on. Then he saw a bear separated from all the others. He walked up to the bear and said:

— I would like to say to you: Hello, how are you?

But it was not a male bear but a she-bear. She said to the man:

— Let me go with you to your house!

They started. Evening came. The she-bear said:

— Let us stay here!

Then again, she said:

— I thought that you were a good hunter. What will we eat before going to sleep?

The man started looking for a seal breathing hole. He found one. He was on guard for the seal. A seal surfaced. The man speared it and pulled it out. He brought it to the she-bear. She was happy and said:

— You are indeed a good hunter!

The she-bear ate the seal meat. Then she built an igloo. They lay down to sleep. And so the she-bear became the wife of the man.

The next day they went on. They traveled for two days. The she-bear became pregnant. Again, she built an igloo. And there she gave birth to two children — a boy and a girl. Again, the man fed the she-bear. For three days they traveled farther. It became night while they were on the way. They came to the shore. The she-bear told the man:

– I will go back from here! My relatives are waiting for me.

The man said:

– I will also go with you. I will be unhappy without you.

The she-bear said:

– Man, your children and wife are waiting for you! I would go with you but I am afraid of people!

The man answered:

– Well, then I will go with you!

Then she-bear said:

– How disobedient you are! It would be better for me to come with you! If you come with me the bears will kill you!

At the shore the she-bear took off her fur skin. She hid it in a crevice in the ice and turned into a woman.

After this they arrived home. His people were very happy – his mother, wife, and children. They all lived together.

One day the man went to the tundra. While he was in the tundra, the she-bear was preparing the food. The wife saw that the she-bear ate large pieces of blubber and the wife said:

– Why do you eat blubber in such large pieces? Most likely you are not a woman but a she-bear!

The she-bear was ashamed. She took the children and went to the sea shore. She came to the crevice, put the fur skin on, and went on the ice toward the open sea. In the evening the man came back from the tundra. He asked:

– Where is my new wife?

The old woman answered:

– Well, she left.

The man became angry and began to track the she-bear. He followed the tracks. Suddenly he saw the light of a [camp] fire in the dark. He went on and indeed there was his she-bear-wife. The she-bear became angry and said:

– Why have you come here?

The man answered:

– I am very unhappy without you.

The she-bear said:

– Go home! You take the boy, I'll take the girl and we'll leave: you to yours, I to mine. We'll live separately.

The man answered:

– I can't go home, I am very sad without you!

The she-bear said:

– You know my kin will kill you.

The man answered:

– Let it be so; you can't do anything about it!

They went farther toward the place. Finally, they came to the polar bear tribe. An old bear accosted the she-bear:

– Why did you bring a man with you?

The she-bear answered:

– I could not get loose from him in any way.

The old bear said to the man:

– This is bad. They are going to kill you!

The man answered:

– Nothing can be done about it. Without her I am unhappy.

In the morning the bears came. They said to the man:

– Let us compare ourselves in hunting. We will see if you really are good in hunting for food. If you lose we will kill you.

On the second day they went hunting. When they arrived at the place they began to look for seal breathing holes. The man saw two breathing holes. He guardedly went closer and killed two seals. The man came home with the two slaughtered seals. The old bear was surprised:

– You are remarkable; you certainly did well in getting food!

The bears had not killed a single seal. When it began to get dark they came home with empty hands.

Again, all of the bears were surprised. But they again challenged the man to a race. They were to compete in a fifty-kilometers race. They raced. Again, the man won, outrunning the bears quite handily. The old bear praised him:

– Oh, thank you! You are a good son-in-law!

The bears decided to compete in yet another way: to bring up stones from the sea. The old man said to the man, his son-in-law:

– Put on my clothes.

– All right, I will.

They started for the cliffs. They arrived. The water reached right to the base of the cliff. The bears jumped from the cliff into the water. They were under the water for a long time. They surfaced. Each of them held a small stone. Then the man jumped. He grasped two large stones. Very quickly he surfaced. He had a stone in each hand. Again, the bears were surprised:

– Yes, to tell the truth this man is a real provider. Well, we will not kill you. We could not overcome you.

They went home. The old bear was even happier. And the wife too. The old bear said:

– Well, now you will see off the man-stranger!

The man, with wife and children, started on the return journey. Suddenly they heard something making a loud noise. An arctic fox met up with them and said:

– I will go there and play a trick on them.

The fox ran on. Facing him were many bears. They were chasing after the man. The fox talked to them:

– Quiet! Do you hear?

The bears listened. They heard a noise from the lead in the ice. They became frightened and ran home. The fox returned to the people. He was laughing. He approached the man and said:

– Your chasers were frightened by the noise from a lead and they ran home.

And they all laughed. They went on. They came to the house of the man. The man killed the old woman and buried her in the tundra. The entire family rejoiced. And the man lived well.

That's all.

69. The Orphan

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Uelen village, Rychyp, age 69. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik. The motif of this tale is about an orphan who helps his protector-uncle to bring back his wife abducted by evil-*kele*. The tale is interspersed with motifs of early cosmogonic notions of the *Paleoasiatics* about the extent of the world and an opening in the earth through which mountains of another world could be seen. Personifications of the hedge sparrow and an arrow are given in this tale as the magic helpers of the hero.

Very long ago there lived an orphan with his uncle. Every day the orphan went past the *zavalinka* [earthen mound] near the house and cried there. Then he returned to the house. The uncle asked him:

– Where did you come from?

The orphan answered:

– From out there I came!

Then the uncle said:

– Eat something; don't cry!

The orphan said:

– Later on, I will!

One day the orphan was crying at the mound. Suddenly a sparrow started to talk to him:

– Now, don't cry! Stop crying! When you go home tell your uncle, "Make me a bow, I want to go hunting for birds."

Then the sparrow said further:

– Let him make a very good arrow! Let him make the point very sharp! When by itself it goes through the front wall of the *polog*, then say to your uncle, "That's enough sharpening!"

The orphan returned home happy. His uncle asked:

– Why are you so cheerful today?

And the little orphan said:

– Make me a bow and arrow, I want to go hunting for birds!

The uncle said:

– I will make it soon. But now you eat something and go to sleep!

The uncle began to make a bow. When he finished, the orphan said to him:

– Please, sharpen the arrow a little better!

The uncle answered:

– All right, I will sharpen it some more!

And the uncle started to sharpen the arrow. When he finished sharpening it he put it next to the back wall of the *polog*. The arrow advanced itself to the middle of the *polog*. The orphan said to his uncle:

– Sharpen the arrow a little more!

Again, the uncle began to sharpen the arrow. He sharpened it and put it next to the back wall of the *polog*. By itself the arrow flew to the front wall of the *polog*. The orphan begged his uncle:

– Sharpen it some more!

The uncle sharpened the arrow anew. He sharpened the arrow and put it down at the back wall of the *polog*. The arrow shot itself through the front wall of the *polog* and landed outside the house. The orphan said:

– All right, now it is sharp enough!

The orphan took the bow and began to shoot outside. Wherever the arrow landed, he followed it. One day the orphan said to an aunt:

– Prepare me some food for the road!

The aunt asked:

– What kind of food should I prepare?

The orphan answered:

– If there is reindeer meat, then reindeer meat.

The aunt said:

– Very well, then!

She cooked the meal and packed it for the road. The orphan again begged her:

– Add to the reindeer meat for the road some pieces of meat from the tundra and sea animals!

The aunt gathered the food for the road. The orphan put the sack with the provisions on his back and started. He shot the arrow and wherever the arrow landed he went.

The orphan traveled on. He saw a *yaranga*. He entered the *yaranga*. Inside was a little girl. She was playing string games with her fingers, only her string was not very good. The orphan took out his string for playing finger games. The little girl was happy. They began to make string figures together. The girl's mother was sewing and did not even look at them. Her daughter said to her:

– Come and take a look at how we're playing string games!

The mother glanced with one eye at the players, then turned and said to the orphan:

– No doubt you are going after something?

The orphan answered:

– I am looking for the wife of my uncle whom somebody took away the year before last. That's whom I'm looking for.

– Ah!

Then she fed the orphan. When he finished eating, she said to him:

– You might very well find her. As you will see, you will have a companion!

The orphan left the *yaranga* and again shot the arrow and wherever it went he followed it. As he traveled he came across a very small *yaranga*. He walked up to it and entered. They received him very well. It turned out that this was the bird's domain. An old bird asked him, saying:

– You probably are searching for someone?

The little orphan answered:

– I am looking for the wife of my uncle. The year before last somebody took her away. That's whom I'm looking for.

The old bird said to him:

– Eat something and travel farther. My son will accompany you as a friend.

The two left together. Suddenly it became very dark, but the orphan and his friend went on farther. The orphan said to his friend:

– I really need something to drink!

– I, too, am very thirsty, – said his friend.

They searched for water but could find none. Suddenly the little boy-bird said to him:

– I am groping for something round!

They began to feel around. The orphan said to the little boy-bird:

– Let me puncture it!

He did. Juice ran out from the small puncture. The little boy-bird suckled it and said:

– It is cool and a little sour.

The little orphan said to him:

– Well, let's drink it then!

It turned out that it was a cloudberry. They drank the juice of the cloudberry and went on. They walked and walked in the dark. Finally, they came to the edge of light. They saw a hole in

the ground. They looked through the hole and they saw two very large mountains which touched the sky. The mountains distanced themselves from each other; then they came closer to each other. Every time they separated, many birds flew through the gap. The little boy-bird said to the orphan:

– When the mountains separate next time and the first bird flies through, you start your journey! And when you reach that country you will see two *kele*. To the closer one leave the meat of the tundra animals; to the farther one, the meat of the sea animals. You will go past these *kele* and you will see a *yaranga*. In it lives the wife of your uncle.

The little boy-bird said this and flew away. And, indeed, the mountains again separated, the first bird appeared, and the little orphan began his journey. As soon as he got through the gorge, the mountains closed. He went on farther. He saw the *kele*, he touched its tongue and he put the meats of the tundra animals on it. He saw the other *kele*; again, he touched its tongue and put the meats of sea animals on it. Again, he went on. He walked for a long time. Finally, he saw a *yaranga*. He came to the door. Inside the entrance the largest of bears, one polar, one brown, were tethered. The orphan approached them; the bears began to growl. The orphan took off [a bear's] collar, wetted it, and shook it at the bears. The bears lay down and he bravely walked by their muzzles, but they only growled at him. The man said to his wife:

– Go see what's there!

The wife went to see. She answered him:

– It is my elder little brother!

– Let him come in!

He entered. They began to eat. In one corner of the *polog* somebody was laughing. The little orphan looked in that direction. And there several *kele* were eating. The mouth of some was on the belly, of others on the back. And several had a mouth across the face. They finished the meal. The host said to the orphan:

– Take a nap! – And he left the *yaranga*.

Under the floor something was hooting and resounding. The orphan did not sleep, he just lay there quietly. The uncle's wife said to him:

– Under the floor there is a hole. In that hole is a glowing fire. That's where the master is going to compete with you.

All of a sudden, the master came in and said to the orphan:

– Oh, you have awakened! Let us first eat and then we will play!

And so, when they had eaten, the master put on his old reindeer skin boots and gave new ones to the orphan. They opened the floor. All of the *kele* gathered around to see what was going to happen. The master spoke to the little orphan:

– Maybe you want to go down first?

The little orphan replied to the master:

– No, you go first!

The master lowered himself into the hole. After a little while he returned. It could be seen that only the edges of the soles of his boots were charred. Before he lowered himself, like the master, the orphan wetted his necklace of beads with water. The master said to the little orphan:

– Now you jump in!

The orphan said to him:

– Really, I should not, but I'll try.

The orphan lowered himself into the hole. He stayed there for a long time. He climbed out. Only the very edges of the soles of his boots were charred. The master said:

– Truly, you have not come in vain. Tomorrow we shall go to my wife!

The little orphan answered:

– So be it! But now let us eat, then sleep!

They left the hole. They ate. Again, the master left. Only then did the orphan sleep. He awakened the next day. They ate, then went to the seashore. There two boats were tied up. In one of the boats was a harpoon; in the other, a spear. The master said to the orphan:

– Which boat will you use: the one with the harpoon or the one with the spear?

The little orphan answered:

– I will sit in the one with the harpoon.

They left in the separate boats. On the way they talked peacefully. They reached the opposite shore. The master said to the orphan:

– There is the men's *yaranga* – the house of my wife. Right now, she is in the tundra collecting plant roots. Wait until she returns!

Having said that, he left. The little orphan tied up the boat and entered the men's *yaranga*. Suddenly he heard a strange cry. Before the woman-*kele* had time to come in, the little orphan leaped from the *yaranga* and to the boat. He sat in it and at once pushed away from the shore. The woman-*kele* entered the *yaranga*, grasped a woman's knife and ran down to the shore. There were some very large boulders at the shore. One of them was flat and smooth. The woman-*kele* came to the shore and with the knife cut the largest boulder in pieces, saying:

– That's what I wanted to do to you!

The little orphan returned and said:

– Aha! And this is what I wanted to do to you!

He went to the flat boulder. He threw the harpoon at it. The boulder split into many small pieces. One of the fragments hit the woman-*kele* and killed her. The little orphan went back. He came to the master. The master asked him:

– Well, what did she do to you?

The little orphan answered:

– She did nothing. And what could she have done?

– Well, you know, she has killed all the other strangers!

– Didn't you know that somebody who does everything can't kill me? – said the little orphan.

The master asked:

– And where is she?

– She lies dead at the bottom of the sea!

Said the master:

– Well, anyway, stay with me until tomorrow! In the morning you will start for home and you will take your uncle's wife with you!

He went with the master. They ate and went to sleep. In the morning the little orphan started home with his uncle's wife. They walked and came to the second *kele*. The *kele* said to the little orphan:

– Thank you! I was dying of hunger and you fed me. I will also do you a good turn. Farther on is my companion and he will help you.

The little orphan with his uncle's wife went on. They came to the other *kele*. The *kele* said:

– Thank you! I was dying of hunger and you fed me. Now I will also help you. Sit on my tongue. And when the mountains separate and the first bird appears, tell me and close your eyes right away. You can open your eyes only when you feel that you have come to a stop.

The mountains separated and when the first bird appeared the little orphan said to the *kele*:

– There! The first bird is flying! – and both closed their eyes tight.

The *kele* spit out the people. They felt that they were being carried somewhere but they did not open their eyes. When they suddenly stopped, they opened their eyes. It was dark. The little orphan said to his uncle's wife:

— Where have we landed?

They walked in the dark. Suddenly the little orphan stumbled on the sack. Right away he knew it was the place where he and the little bird had drunk the juice of cloud berries. He said:

— Now we have to go straight and proper! At this place my friend and I drank the juice of the cloudberry.

They went on in the darkness. Suddenly loose sand started grinding under their feet. The uncle's wife gathered some of it in the sack. They went on. Finally, they came to the edge of the light. The uncle's wife plucked a small branch and put it in her legging. They went farther. Suddenly they saw a *yaranga*. The little orphan said:

— We have come to the birds' domain.

The uncle's wife asked:

— Did the birds help you?

The little orphan answered:

— Know that they were the ones who brought you here.

The uncle's wife exclaimed:

— Really so!

They entered the house. The uncle's wife gave to the she-birds many beads from the sack which she not long before had filled with sand. Then they started anew. They came to the *yaranga* where the girl with the string games lived. The little orphan said to his uncle's wife:

— If you have anything on you, give it as a gift to the women!

They entered the *yaranga*. The uncle's wife pulled out from her legging a piece of embroidered material and gave it to the little girl. Then they began to eat. They finished and went on. Finally, they arrived home. The uncle, his wife, and the little orphan lived very well until the end of their lives.

And that's the story.

70. Eyguskey

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Toygunei village in Chukotskiy *rayon*, Elgin, age 48. The latter now resides in Uelen. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik.

There was a man who lived with his two sons near a forest. He treated his sons badly. And then he led the sons to the forest. He said to them:

– Children, let us go to the forest to pick berries!

Actually, he wanted to deceive them. His sons answered:

– Very well, let's go and pick berries!

The older son took with him a pancake, and they went to the forest. They arrived at the forest. The older son began to break pieces off the pancake and throw them to the ground so that he would remember the way. It seems that he knew his father was going to abandon them. They walked into the forest and the father said:

– Wait for me! I am going to check the traps.

The children answered:

– Very well, we'll wait!

The father left the children. As soon as they were out of sight, he returned home. The older brother said to the younger one:

– It's been a long time and father is not here. Let's go home!

They went home. The pieces of pancake which the older brother had thrown on the ground marked the way. The father was surprised and he asked:

– How did you find the way back?

The older son answered:

– It was very simple.

The father then said:

– Tomorrow, we're going to the forest again!

In the morning, as soon as they awakened, they went to the forest. This time the older son gathered pebbles and put them inside his shirt. He started to throw the pebbles to the ground. But the father led them far away and the pebbles did not last the distance. The father said:

– Wait for me here, I'll be back soon!

The father left the children in the forest. This time the boys were lost. Night came. They fell asleep and during the second day they walked wherever their eyes took them. They did not know where their house was. Finally, after a long journey they saw two *yarangas*. The older brother said to the younger one, who was named Eyguskey:⁶⁵

– Let us separate! You, Eyguskey, go to the back *yaranga*, and I will go to the front one. Maybe one of us will be given a friendly welcome.

The younger one said:

– Let us go!

And so they went – one to the first *yaranga*, the other to the second. Eyguskey entered the *yaranga*. A woman was there. And in the front *yaranga* lived her parents. A man in the *yaranga* said to the older brother:

– Well, what do you know! My son-in-law arrived!

The next day, early in the morning he saw Eyguskey in the other *yaranga* and he said:

– Oho! Yet another son-in-law. We will need a lot of polar bear meat to eat!

⁶⁵ Eyguskey, lit. "Little Northerner."

The man went home. The woman in the back *yaranga* said:

– Eyguskey, if you will be brave and clever, you will stay among the living! Over the mountain there is a wild deer. He is enormous in size; his body and legs are stuck in the earth. Take this bow and arrow! When you see the deer, shoot! Only you have to close your eyes tightly when you shoot. You can't look!

Eyguskey took the bow and left. As soon as he got to the mountain he saw a really enormous wild deer standing there. It had three heads and its feet were sunk deep in the earth. Eyguskey closed his eyes tight and released the arrow. Then there was a strong rumble as if a high cliff had split and fallen. Then it became quiet. Eyguskey looked – the wild deer was dead. Eyguskey took some of its meat and carried it on his back. It seems that the wild deer devoured all of the men who came here from all sides to work off time for their betrothed. Eyguskey came home and said:

– I have brought the meat!

And the man cried out:

– Oh, I am afraid. That little boy is very bad!

But the woman said:

– No, he is good!

The next day the man again ordered:

– Eyguskey! Go and bring back the word of the giant!

Again, the woman said:

– Of course, you can't bring the word of the giant back. But, all right, tomorrow morning you go directly to the tundra!

Eyguskey left. He walked for a long time. Suddenly he saw a giant wolf. It seems that the wolf was stuck to the earth and could not move. Eyguskey freed the wolf from the earth and let him loose in the tundra. Finally, Eyguskey came to a sounding rock. He hit the rock. A door opened. Eyguskey entered. Inside was the giant. He said to Eyguskey:

– Eyguskey, is it you?

– Yes, I have come for your word!

The giant said:

– To tell the truth, I can't help you in any way!

Eyguskey said:

– Well, we shall see!

The giant said:

– Now then, you look up!

After this he suggested:

– Let us eat!

Then a dish lowered itself from above and in it were all sorts of things. Eyguskey said:

– Let me give you something in exchange!

The giant replied:

– And what are you going to give me?

– This is what, – said Eyguskey. – Now we will eat!

At that moment, the wolf, holding deer meat with his fangs, came in and said:

– This has to be cooked!

The giant cooked the meat. Then he said:

– Oh! It is very tasty!

– Very tasty, indeed! Now, you give me your word!

The giant gave him his word. Eyguskey returned home. The man met him and asked:

– Well, did you bring the word?

– I brought it, – Eyguskey answered him.

The man made an offer:

– Let's exchange it for something!

Eyguskey said to him:

– For what?

– Here, for this staff. Look, it is a very nice staff!

Eyguskey answered:

– No, I'm not going to exchange it.

He went inside the *yaranga* and took the woman in marriage.

The end of the tale.

71. The Man from the Hot Springs

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Yandagay village in the Chukotskiy rayon, Pakayka, age 62. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik. In the tales of the *Paleoasiatics*, shamans, as well as *kele*, may be not just harmful but also helpful. Their magical forces could be applied not only to people but also to animals, objects, and natural phenomena.

This is what they say about the Lorino people from the hot springs.⁶⁶ There lived a man with his wife. They had no children; after they were born, they died. The man and wife grew old and gray. One day the wife suddenly announced:

– You know, it seems I am pregnant!

The husband responded:

– Well, that's fine. Thank you.

A child was born, a boy. He grew, started to sit up, and suddenly died. How they both cried! The next year the wife of the aging man became pregnant again. The husband said:

– Would it be that it not die!

This time a girl was born. And again, as she started to sit up, she also died. The old man said to his wife:

– Let's leave everything here and go to the hot springs!

They took the *yaranga* apart. They took the corner posts and covering of the *yaranga* with them. They carried everything on their backs. They traveled to the north. They stopped to catch their breath and started again. If they came across a village, they set up the *yaranga*. When they finished, they ate and lay down to sleep. At dawn, they again took to their journey. Each evening they set up the *yaranga*. Then the man said to his wife:

– Let's set up the *yaranga* and live here.

They set up the *yaranga* and went to sleep. When they awakened, the woman said:

– Well, I am pregnant again!

The husband replied:

– That's good, thank you!

The woman said:

– I hope the child will not die!

The husband left to hunt for sea animals. On the way, he saw a man. They met and got to talking. The man inquired:

– Where are you from? Where do you live?

The old man replied:

– We are from the hot springs.

And he also asked:

– And yourself, where are you from?

– I am from the north; I am a herder.

The old man then said:

– My two children have died young.

Then he questioned the herder:

– Do you have protecting straps?⁶⁷

⁶⁶ Lorino is a village next to which are hot springs. Some Chukchi tales refer to a toponymic detail of a locality. In this case the toponymic detail is reflected in the name of a person in the tale.

⁶⁷ Protecting straps are Chukchi amulets in the form of bundles or tassels made of thinly cut pieces of hide, which were fastened to clothing as defenders (protectors) from *kele*.

The herder replied:

– Of course, I do! You'll have to visit me sometime!

The old man asked the herder:

– And where do you live?

– Over there, on the mountain, – said the herder. – Well, now I will go after my work, and you go after yours.

And each of them went toward their homes. The old man came home and said to his wife:

– I met a man. I asked him if he had protecting straps.

When the herder came home he said to his wife:

– They say that children die at hot springs. We have to give the people of hot springs protecting straps.

– You can't do that, – said the wife. – You can't.

– No matter! Tomorrow I'll go there.

And he left the next day. When he arrived, he noticed that the *yaranga* of the old man was very small. The old man said to the herder:

– Won't you enter?!

The herder replied:

– I can't. The *polog* is too small!

– Enter anyway! You have not abandoned us, you have come, – said the old man. – I put the child, which is yet in my wife's belly, under your protection!

The herder said:

– All right, I will come in, but I will have to sleep sitting!

They fell asleep. The wife of the old man slept on her back and snored loudly. The herder could not fall asleep; insects were biting him. Not sleeping, he thought to himself: Why did I come here? Look how the woman sleeps. No doubt because of it the children die.

Suddenly, steps were heard outside. Somebody arrived, and another person quietly opened the door for him. The herder tried to observe them unnoticed. The one who opened the door, said:

– Come in here!

– I will not come in! There is a guest here!

– There is nobody here.

The newcomer said:

– All right, then I will come in.

Then the herder saw the newcomer in the entryway on all fours. As soon as he crawled onto the *polog*, the herder seized him and spat on him. He became quiet and could not move. He only inquired, saying:

– Where are you from?

The herder answered:

– I am from the north.

And he asked the newcomer:

– And where are you from?

– I live at the hot springs.

– Why did you come from there?

– To put the child of that woman to death!

– No, you will not bring death anymore. Now I will be here, I am a northerner.

The newcomer said:

– All right, I will not; I myself will begin to take care of it.

– Look, don't deceive me, – said the herder to him. – If you do, I will kill you!

– Really, I will not. I will not deceive you!

The herder reached from the *polog* and removed the spittle. The newcomer began to stir.

– Well, how clever! And where are you from?

– I have already said, from the north. I will help you bring up your children!

Suddenly he jumped through the smoke hole and disappeared. Morning arrived. The host and mistress awakened. The herder said:

– I will now go out and inquire about my brother!

He went out, walked around the *yaranga* backwards, and looked in the smoke hole. Suddenly a person descended from the roof and demanded:

– What did you come for?

The herder said:

– Look here, don't even think of deceiving me! And what if that child does die?

The murderer replied:

– Don't fear! I will not deceive you!

The herder said:

– You will not harm the child when it is born?

– Of course not! I will protect the child!

– All right, but beware!

The herder entered the *yaranga*. He looked at the smoke hole. Indeed, the murderer was hanging there, and he said to the herder:

– You now see! And you are afraid that I will deceive you!

The herder replied:

– If the child dies, just the same I'll get even with you!

He said this and then he climbed onto the *polog*. Later the woman delivered a child, a large baby boy. The herder said:

– Well, now I will go! After some time, I will visit again.

The old man said:

– For sure, the child will die! Stay with us!

– When the child grows up, I will come.

He left the *yaranga*, looked in the smoke hole and shook his fist:

– Look here, don't you touch that child!

The herder went hunting. He did not go far, looked back, and saw the murderer leaning out of the smoke hole. He cried out:

– You think I will deceive you? Don't worry about the child. I will look after him.

The herder left. He came home and said to his wife:

– Here I am. I have returned!

His wife asked:

– And what have you been doing?

– Well, there was a child born to them.

The murderer from the hot springs began to live in the *yaranga*. Soon the little boy began to sit, then he walked, and in the end, he grew up. The woman became pregnant again. The old man went to the reindeer herder. The herder asked:

– Well, what is happening there?

– My wife is pregnant again. I came after you.

The two of them left. They approached the *yaranga*. The murderer showed himself above the smoke hole and disappeared. They entered. It turned out that the sleeping quarters had been considerably enlarged.

– Look, my wife is pregnant again! – said the old man.

The herder stayed with the old man. Soon his wife delivered a large baby girl.

– Well, now I'll go out, – said the herder.

He went out, walked backwards, saw the murderer as he lowered himself from the *yaranga*. The murderer said:

– Why do you always come here? Didn't I say that I will not deceive you. Better go somewhere, to some other place! The old lady will not give birth anymore. This will be all. When her daughter grows up, come and visit. I will live together with them in the *yaranga*. That ought to protect the children.

The daughter grew up and had a big baby boy and not much later a girl. The herder's *yaranga* was carried to near the place of the old man's *yaranga*. The herder began to protect the children. They did not let him work, they did everything for him. And so, all of them began to live well.

72. The Herder Yynuue

Narrated in 1948 by the inhabitant of Uelen village, Nenek, age 45. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik. This is a tale of the wondrous helpers of man — objects that help the hero defeat the *kele*. Tales of magic about the *kele* are widely distributed among the Chukchi, Koryaks and Yupiks. There are few of this kind among the Itelmen tales.

His name is Yynuue.⁶⁸ One day, during the night, when he was out in the pasture, a snowstorm blew up. Yynuue fell asleep near the reindeer. Suddenly and unexpectedly he woke up startled. He said:

— Oy-ey-ey! Why has it gotten so terrible? No doubt, the *kele* are planning to attack me. Let my friends guard me when I am asleep!

And Yynuue said to the skis and staff, and to the knife and whetstone, which he carried on his belt:

— Now hear, you protect me while I sleep! I'm frightened. No doubt the *kele* are coming here. And you know that I am your master. Protect me!

And he stuck them in the snow: the skis, the staff, the knife, and the whetstone. Then he went to sleep again. And the snowstorm was a bad one. Suddenly the staff said:

— Oy! There are *kele* here, three of them!

The skis added:

— We'll have to protect our master as well as we can!

And the whetstone added:

— Yes, we have to protect the master!

But the knife was quiet and said nothing. The whetstone demanded of the knife:

— Why are you silent?

The knife answered:

— It's simply like this — when the *kele* come here I will speak.

And the three *kele* began to talk among themselves. They said:

— We have to manage somehow to kill the animal.⁶⁹ Otherwise we'll stay hungry.

One of the *kele* took a spear in hand and began to sneak up to the herder. The staff told the skis:

— To begin with, you attack the *kele*.

The whetstone told the knife:

— You have to throw yourself at the *kele*.

But the knife was silent, did not answer. And the *kele* continued to sneak up. Then, when he was very close, the knife said to him:

— Take me, I am sharp. And thrust me directly in the side of the sleeping man.

The whetstone yelled at the knife:

— Oh! So, you are also the enemy of our master!

The knife replied:

— Yes! I never saw anything good in the master. He struck my face directly on the ice.

— Ah, here's for you!

⁶⁸ Yynuue, lit. "Fiery."

⁶⁹ Editor's note: The *kele* living in another world regards all beings living on earth, including human beings, as animals.

And the whetstone rushed to the traitor and struck him directly on the blade, and the knife fell down. The skis struck the *kele* in the face, the staff in the chest, and the whetstone in the eye. The *kele* flew off far beyond the mountain. He barely made it to his companions. He said to them:

— We'd better leave that animal alone. He has defenders on which he can rely. Here, see, they gouged out one of my eyes.

An old *kele* said:

— It can't be that way. We must kill that animal.

He sent off another *kele* telling him:

— Finish off all the guards together with the animal.

— Very well, I'll finish them!

The second *kele* took off. Again, the skis, staff, and whetstone threw themselves at the enemy and chased him away. Again, the *kele* was left without an eye and barely made it to his companions. Then the old *kele* said:

— All right, I will go myself. And you will not be without food. It simply will not happen that I will not return with booty.

As he stood there, he sank into the ground and worked his way toward Yynuue. The staff exclaimed:

— Hey! Yynuue! Do you hear? They are coming to you underground. We can't protect you. Take care, think of something!

Yynuue said:

— It's all right, I'll take care, I will go to the *kele* myself.

He untied from his belt a small pipe made of a swan's bone. He put one end in his mouth and stuck the other end in the snow. Then he asked:

— Tell me, is the enemy already under me?

The staff answered:

— Yes! Better do something soon. He is now reaching for you!

With all his might Yynuue blew air through the pipette into the soil. With the very strong wind the *kele* was blown far away. At a long distance, he dug himself out of the ground and almost froze to death. His companions searched for him, they searched and found him just in time. The old *kele* weakened, he had lost his strength.

— Confound it! We'll leave that animal alone! — he said. — We'd better go home or we'll all be killed.

The *kele* went home. The guardians said to Yynuue:

— Now you can breathe easily; the *kele* are gone.

Yynuue took the knife, broke it on a stone, and threw it away. And he carried the skis, the staff and the whetstone home.

This is how Yynuue was saved from the enemy.

The end.

73. The Man Who Fed the Worms

Narrated in 1953 by the inhabitant of the Nunligran village of Provideniya *rayon*, Peneitegren, age 25.
Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Inenlikeya.

There lived a man and his wife away from neighbors. Every day the man went hunting for *nerpa* [ringed seal]. Every day he killed three or four. Sometimes he brought back as many as twelve. His wife did not give birth — they had no children. One day while hunting the man fell into deep thought. He became angry about his wife. He decided to kill her since she could not bear children. He constructed a large stone house at the sea shore. He collected various kinds of worms and tossed them into the stone house. As soon as he would kill a seal he would throw it to the worms. The worms ate all. Soon they grew large, to the size of an arm. The man stopped bringing home the animals he killed. His wife asked:

— Why have you stopped hunting animals?

To this the man replied:

— We have no children and for whom should I kill animals?!

Yet, every day he went hunting. He would kill five or six *nerpas* and give them to the worms. And the worms would eat all in a jiffy. One day the wife was sewing, making reindeer boots for her husband. Suddenly a spider dropped into her hair.⁷⁰ She took the spider out of her hair and said:

— Why did you do that?

The spider replied:

— I came to you because I pity you. Stop making those reindeer boots! Better put soles on these slippers. Now listen! While you worry about your husband, he built a stone house for you — full of worms. You will see: one day your husband will become very affectionate and he'll invite you to take a walk with him. And you, when you finish putting the soles on the slippers, put them in your trouser leg. But don't let him know this. When he invites you to take a walk, agree to it. Close to the stone house, where the worms live, toss one slipper on the ground. When he begins to look at the slipper, toss the second one. As he examines it, look up and say: "Now, where to?"

The spider said this and walked away.

The wife sewed the soles to the slippers and hid them. Then she started to make the reindeer boots for her husband again. Suddenly the husband arrived. He had killed forty-five seals. He began to talk:

— I left part of the kill out there; I brought with me only fourteen seals.

Then he spoke to his wife:

— Tomorrow you will also go hunting with me; you need some fresh air!

The wife replied:

— All right, I'll go with you! That'll be nice!

The husband continued:

⁷⁰ In the mythology of *Paleoasiatics*, a spider is endowed with wisdom and helps the heroes suffering distress. In these tales, the spider often approaches the hero in the form of a little old lady. She gives him advice or saves him from evil forces. The spider is an ancient mythological figure present in the narrative of all aboriginal peoples of the Chukchi and Kamchatka Peninsulas. The spider played the same role in the narrative of the northwestern Indians. The spider appears as an antagonist to the bearer of ill intent, the rogue (no. 75 in the present publication, and Bogoras, 1900, nos. 63 and 118).

– Please cook the various meats, but small portions only! Together we will eat to our hearts' desire only once!

The wife said:

– All right, I will cook. But why do you speak as if we were to die together?

The husband answered:

– Of course not! It's just that the word jumped out of my throat. We should decide, for the first time, to relax together. You need to breathe in some good air. I go out every day. Really, it is with worry that I speak to you this way.

The wife said:

– Well, all right. That's fine.

The wife cooked everything: deer, walrus, and seal meat. She cooked fresh meats and seasoned meats. They ate. They ate so much that they could hardly get up – their bellies were so full. Then they lay down to sleep. They slept a long time and only at noon the next day did they awaken. They got up and put on their best clothes. The husband also put on the new reindeer boots. The wife secretly hid the spider's slippers in her trouser legs. They started to walk. Suddenly there appeared a large stone house. The wife said to the husband:

– Look, what is that big thing there?

The husband answered:

– This is my hiding place from which I can watch for animals. Don't you remember that for a long time I could not kill any? Well, at that time I built this.

They walked. They came near the house. The wife heard a clamor in the house. She said:

– What's making that noise in there?

The husband replied:

– No doubt, it is probably that some of the badly placed stones are falling.

Actually, it was the worms in the house that were making the noise. With purpose, the wife spoke to the husband:

– Look, what is that so white moving on the slope of the mountain?

She said that and walked quickly, getting ahead of him. While the husband searched for the white thing that was moving on the slope of the mountain, at that moment, the wife tossed one of the slippers to the ground. They went farther and suddenly the husband saw that a slipper had fallen to the ground. He cried out in amazement and said:

– Hey, look! This is the first time I've seen such a slipper! And this in the day that you came with me. I've never seen such slippers before.

As he was examining the slipper, the wife tossed out the other slipper. The husband said:

– Where is the other to make a pair?

They walked on and saw the other slipper. The husband began to examine it. The wife stepped to the side a short distance, lifted her head, and in a low voice said (and it needs to be told that they were already standing at the wall of the house with worms): "Now, where to?" The spider lowered a rope, tied the woman to it, and quickly hoisted her above the house with the worms and hung her up there. She looked down at the house with the worms. And there was a huge number of worms the size of an arm crawling about. There were many, many! The husband looked around and said:

– Oy, where is my wife? I didn't see where she ran to.

He looked at the house with worms. He saw her. He said:

– Look at her! What's happened to her?

Quickly he clambered up the wall. He tried to grasp the wife, but he couldn't. He rose up on his toes and stretched out his arm, but hardly reached her heels. When he tried to reach his wife

the second time he stumbled and fell into the house with a huge number of worms the size of an arm. The worms ate him in a brief moment. Only white bones showed between the worms.

The spider took the woman home. They arrived. Now two houses were there. In one of them a single man lived — the spider's son. He was not home at the time; he was out pasturing reindeer. So, the spider ordered him back. The man, the son of the spider, came home. A woman was there. The spider said to them:

— How about getting married? You will live in peace and friendship!

They agreed. The spider told the woman:

— Everything that's in the house you may look at and move, but don't touch the little pouch that lies next to the *polog*!

The woman saw a tiny pouch not more than two fingers long. The spider left. The woman began to sort out everything. And when she had arranged everything, she said to herself:

— Why did the spider forbid me to touch the pouch? I will go and open it!

The woman untied the pouch. She emptied all that it contained. There were a number of animal hides. Immediately the animal hides started to grow, to become big. Here there were hides of polar bears, brown bears, and also of arctic foxes, hares — and what have you! The woman became frightened: how to put everything back in the pouch? It is so small — even the arctic fox-brush would not fit in. Fortunately, at that moment the spider returned. He entered the house and scolded:

— Why did you empty the pouch? Didn't I tell you: "Don't take anything from here."

The spider gathered everything. The woman looked, and all was back in the pouch. She did not see how the spider did it.

The woman lived well. She had children. The herd increased. Yes, and her tormentor was eaten by his own worms.

That is all.

74. The Girl Who Refused to be Married

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Uelen village, Nenek, age 45. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik. In *Paleosiotic* narratives, there are many cases in which a young girl refuses to marry at the request of her parents. In some cases, the reason for the refusal is a secret marriage of the girl with an animal (a bear, walrus, whale), in others with a skull, a *kele*, or miraculous object. This type of genre is widespread in the narrative of the North American and Greenland Eskimos.

A girl refused to get married. Her father built her a *yaranga* to dwell with a husband, but all the same, she did not allow any man to approach her. It happened that at one time the daughter requested of the father:

– Will you please make me a deep wooden trough!

At once the father fulfilled her request. For some reason the girl was not in the house for two days. And for another whole day they did not see her. When evening came, they suddenly heard a cry of a little walrus. The father said:

– From where is that baby walrus crying?! Now then, I will go and look!

He went to his daughter's *yaranga* and it seemed that the walrus was crying on the *polog*. He peeped in. And he saw that in the trough which he built a just-born little walrus was swimming and crying. He seized the walrus and killed it. He brought it home. He said to his wife:

– Here, I've killed a walrus. You prepare the meat and we'll enjoy eating the young walrus meat!

The wife was pleased and started to prepare the meal. She finished and they began to eat. At that moment the daughter came in. They said to her:

– Come, eat with us!

She came closer and recognized the meat of the walrus. She said, retreating:

– I will not eat the meat of my child, – she cried and went home.

She came home, then right away she went to the seashore. She stood at the shore and cried bitterly. Suddenly she saw that in the sea four big walrus were swimming directly to her. One of them crawled onto the beach and asked her:

– Why are you crying?

The girl answered:

– Ah, I came home, and my parents were already eating our little child. Take me with you forever. Let me come with you, I will live with you. Let me be your wife.

The walrus said:

– But then my father will scold me.

Yet the girl insisted:

– Better that we get away from here; you know that my parents ate my child!

– Well, if that will please you, let us leave, – said the walrus.

The four walrus formed a line with the girl sitting on the back of her husband. They left directly for the open sea. They swam around the clock several times. They swam a very long time. Finally, there showed in the distance something like a mist. One could hear a noise, a cry. It turned out to be the land of the walrus. The husband-walrus said to the girl:

– Over there you can see our land. We'll be home soon!

And there appeared a very large piece of dry land, tightly filled with walrus. They swam to the shore, crawled onto it, and walked a long distance among the walrus. When they got to the center of the land they saw a large herd of walrus. The husband-walrus said:

– Well, we have finally come home.

But there wasn't any sort of home. In the large area there only lay walrus close to each other. The old parents of the walrus told their son:

— I see that you have brought a foreign girl here. Yet we have told you to marry your own kind. You did not listen and you married a foreign girl. But now you look after her so she will not be hungry. Protect her so that our relatives don't accidentally crush her.

And so the girl began to live in the land of the walrus. Her husband brought to her mollusks every day. Even though the girl ate them she soon became very thin. At that time the old walrus said to his son:

— The foreign girl will die of hunger here. You must know yourself what kind of food she likes to eat. All the same, let me remind you: Meat of the deer, ringed seal, harbor seal, whale, and walrus—those are her food. You know yourself that you can't kill all of these. You can only kill a young walrus, but then your people will turn away from you.

The son remained quiet and looked at the ground. His father talked to him again:

— Better take her back to her home! She is miserable! You ought to know that she will die here, a foreign daughter. You see how wasted she is!

The son agreed:

— Yes, it's better to take her back or else she will die — a poor figure!

He told his three comrades:

— Accompany me once more! We'll take my wife back!

Again, the foursome left. On the way the girl said to her husband:

— Don't take me home! I don't want to see my parents! I can't live with them! You know that they ate our son! Take me to some better place.

Her husband-walrus answered:

— All right. That will be possible. I will take you to another village. Before you became my wife, I had married another girl. My father told me also to take her home. I know her family very well. So, we'll take you there.

— Yes, that's right, — replied the girl. — With my rival we will live as friends and we will remember you, our husband.

The land appeared. As they swam closer to it, the husband-walrus said:

— In the beginning let my friends bring food. When you get there, be host to my first wife with your food and eat it together.

Two of the walrus swam away and soon returned with mollusks. The girl walked toward the shore with the supply of food on her back. The four walrus swam away. She came to the beach. She saw a large *yaranga*. She entered, but there was nobody there. The girl said to herself:

— Well, it seems I made a mistake! Somebody will come and kill me!

There was a lot of deer meat in the *yaranga*. The girl thought:

— If I am to die, I should eat like one does before dying!

She began to eat, but for the time being she put her supply aside. Suddenly she heard steps from above and a voice. Somebody was saying:

— Oho! Who is in my *yaranga*? And what an awful stench! I'll teach that uninvited guest a lesson.

The girl looked and saw a brown she-bear enter the *yaranga* dragging two wild deer with her. She saw the girl and asked her:

— Why did you come to my house? You, a human!

The girl answered:

— They brought me here from the land of the walrus. There was no other *yaranga* in sight, so I came here. Ah! If you would only become my companion!

The she-bear said:

– You know, I was also married to a walrus!

The girl said:

– Aha! Your past husband then married me. Look, here is my food supply for the road. He told me: “You eat all of this together with my first wife.”

The she-bear said:

– Well, let’s eat, and then we can eat some deer meat! Stay with me forever; you will be my companion!

– Very well, – said the girl. – I will live with you forever.

Then the she-bear warned her:

– When I go out hunting don’t be idle. Train yourself to be crafty and strong. Then they won’t be able to kill us. And I have many enemies. In the fall they will attack us. Every year they attacked me. And I have become old and am afraid that I can’t cope with them. They are many, I am only one.

The girl said:

– Fine, I will develop my strength when you are hunting!

The girl began to train herself. Every other day the she-bear tested her. Then one day the she-bear could not keep up with the girl. Yet she told her:

– Keep training yourself. And learn to run swiftly!

Finally, the girl became very strong. She could toss the she-bear up like a feather. And she could run so fast that she could not be overtaken. At that time the she-bear said:

– That’s enough. You’ve become strong. You can’t become any stronger! Now you can overcome my enemies for sure.

And it happened so. In the fall they were attacked by a band of men armed with spears. The she-bear said:

– You now hide in this thick grass! They will look out for me. They will be attacking from all sides. When I am tired I’ll say: “Oh! I’m tired!” Then jump up, take this whalebone, and kill the enemies with it.

Three men were battling with the she-bear for a long time. Finally, the she-bear said:

– Oh! I’m tired!

There and then the girl jumped up and killed all the enemies with the whalebone. And so the girl saved the she-bear.

And the she-bear and the girl remained together.

The end.

75. The Man in White Clothing

Recorded and translated into Russian in 1954 in the village of Khatyrka in Anadyr *rayon* by P. Inenlikey. The tale is about man-eating *kele* who, with fishing rods, catch young men through holes in the ice. The motif of fishing through ice-holes by spirits-*tungaki* (Siberian Yupik “werewolves”) is characteristic of Siberian Yupik narrative. It is quite likely that similar topics penetrated into Chukchi narrative from the neighboring Siberian Yupik culture.

There lived a man in white clothing with two wives. One day he said to his wives:

– Sew me new clothing, but everything must be white!

The women obliged. They made white boots, a parka, breeches, a fur cap, and gloves. Evening came. The man put on the new clothing. He said to the women:

– I am now going outside. After some time, you go out and try to find me.

The man in white clothing went outside. He lay on the snow in the lee of the *yaranga*. He then shouted:

– Come on out!

The women came out. Although they searched for a very long time, they could not find him. At last they called out:

– Where are you?

– Well, here I am, – said the man in the white. – You actually walked over me as if I were snow. Anyway, now I can start my trip!

The women asked him:

– Where are you going?

– I am going to Peegti; I want to take his wife away, – said the man in white. – Nobody was able to take his wife away.

The women said to him:

– Even you will not take her away. You are going to certain death.

– So what! I will simply call on him.

The man left. A full moon arose. He walked in the darkness of the night. Suddenly, he saw at a cleft in the earth that *kele* were fishing. An old *kele* fished out a small child. The child cried pitifully. The man in white said:

– Well, it seems that you are killing children. That’s why our small children are disappearing!

The old *kele* was startled. He said:

– Oh! It’s nothing! It’s nothing! Now, we better go home. If my companions will hear you they will kill you. You go first!

The man in the white said to him:

– Better you go first. I don’t know the way.

So the old *kele* went ahead. They came near the house. It was already dawn, but for the *kele*, to the contrary, darkness was just beginning. The old *kele* said to the man in white:

– Stay here for a little while! I will go and tell my wife that a guest has arrived and that, to be sure, she has to clean the *polog*.

He entered. The man in white listened. The old *kele* was saying: “An animal-seal arrived here. Prepare all my tools!” The man heard this and ran. He lay down in the snow at the ramp surrounding the house. The old *kele* came out. He started looking for the man in white. He could not find him. He walked on him, stamped his feet, but could not find him. Finally it got completely dark. The old *kele*’s companions arrived from fishing. They asked:

– What are you looking for in the dark?

The old *kele* told them:

– A seal came by himself and then he suddenly disappeared!

His companions said to him:

– Why did you not tell us before?

And they began hitting him in the face one after the other. The face of the old *kele* became swollen. Then all of the *kele* entered the house.

As soon as all of the *kele* left, the man in white went on farther. He walked. He came to a small dwelling. He approached the house. He stuck his staff in the snow. Suddenly a little dog howled. An old man shouted from the house:

– Oho! Why is the dog howling? We have to go and look, – he told the children.

The oldest son went out. As he left the house he said:

– Look, there is a full moon!

And the man in white answered:

– Yes, there is a full moon!

The youth was startled. He did not see who was talking.

– Oho! Who's there? – he inquired.

– It is I, the man in white clothing!

– Well, all right, come on in.

They entered. The youth said to the old man:

– Look, the man in white has come to us!

The old man said:

– So, that's how it is. And it's not a *kele*?

The man in the white answered:

– No, I'm not a *kele*!

– In that case, climb to the *polog*, – said the old man – and have a bite!

Afterwards he asked:

– Where's the journey taking you?

– I am going to take Peegti's wife away, – answered the man in white.

– There will be no taking by you! – said the old man. – You are going to sure death!

– Well, I may just call on him. And how far is it to his place?

– When you leave here, you'll get there, – answered the old man.

In the morning he awakened and started out again. He walked. Toward evening he arrived. He saw guards walking around. One was called Kuurky. And Peegti was sitting on a stone at the wall of the house. Kuurky said:

– Welcome! What have you come for?

– It's like this: I want to take Peegti's wife away.

Suddenly, Peegti arose and said:

– Perhaps! But first we have to play games a little!

And he said to his children:

– Go to one of the herds. Kill four fawns and one old bull!

They went and killed the reindeer. They brought in the carcasses, made a big fire, and cooked all the reindeer meat. They took the meat out of the kettles. Peegti said to the man in white:

– Well, now we shall look at the first game!

He opened a large door in the ground. He told him to look in. The man in white looked in the pit. Then Peegti shoved him in! There was a large fire burning in the pit. The man fell through the fire into the earth. He also saw that Peegti was eating. Peegti finished eating and suddenly he saw before him the man in white. Peegti said to him:

– Well, it seems that you have come here not without purpose! You have come to take my wife away!

The man in white said:

– I have only come to call on you!

Again, Peegti sent his children to the herd, saying:

– Kill three fawns and two old bulls!

They did and cooked the meat.

– Now, have a bite before tea, – said Peegti when the meat was cooked – but first let's look at the second game.

He opened a second door in the floor and said to the man:

– Look in there!

The man did and again Peegti shoved him in. Two huge brown bears were sitting in the pit. And Peegti locked the man in white in. The man in white made a wish and turned into a voracious mosquito. He began to fly around in the pit. He flew and in turn sat on the ears of the bears. Peegti finished eating. He lifted the door a little. And from the pit a voracious mosquito flew out. He hit the ground – and again became the man in white. Peegti merely remarked:

– Not for nothing did you come to take my wife away!

The man in white said:

– But I have only come to call on you.

Then Peegti said to him:

– Now, let's look at my last game!

Peegti ordered that a singing old woman be invited. Again, he opened a door in the ground. The man looked in and discerned something like a large saw in the pit. They put the man in white in a sack made of *rovduga*, tied it with a rope, and placed it under the saw.⁷¹ The old woman prepared to sing. Suddenly a spider lowered itself from above, tied a rope around the man in white, and hoisted him out. Then the spider said:

– Listen and see what the large saw is going to do!

And under the saw only the *rovduga* sack remained. The old woman started singing: “Oy, how good it will be to cut a *rovduga* sack in which there is a man.” The old woman stopped singing. They pulled out the sack and there the man in white stood safe and sound. Peegti said to him:

– It seems that not for nothing did you come to take my wife!

The man in white replied:

– I only wanted to call on you. But now let us compete with drums.

They started to compete. Peegti put one of his wives in front of him, the other in back of him. He tied the legs of the one sitting behind him in front of him, and the legs of the one sitting in front behind his back. The man in white played the drum and Peegti said to him:

– Look after the women with consideration! I am going home!

He played the drum a little more and then the drum continued drumming by itself. Peegti never knew how he fell asleep.

The man in white was nearing his house. With him were the wives of Peegti. Suddenly the spider [appeared and] said:

– That Peegti is chasing us on reindeer!

The man in white replied:

– Well, let it be!

⁷¹ *Rovduga* – a soft, pliant leather, prepared by kneading and other means, from the skin of reindeer, sheep, goats, and other animals. Chamois.

They arrived. The man in white rubbed soot on Peegti's wives. Soon Peegti arrived. The man in white asked him:

– Why have you come?

– For this: I want to call on my wives!

The man said:

– I left them at your house. Look, are those really your wives? Haven't I told you: "Keep an eye on the women, I am going home." True, I have a sister but she is very ugly.

Peegti said:

– Show her; maybe she is nice!

The man in white said:

– Wait here, I will go after her!

Unseen he dropped a knife and a candle. He went behind the *polog*. He fashioned a woman out of snow and said to her:

– Let us go quickly to the house!

He took her to the house. He said to Peegti:

– Here is my sister, I have brought her.

Peegti exclaimed:

– Oho, what a nice woman!

At once they quickly started for home. On the way the woman said to him: Go faster, I am just about ready to give birth! They arrived home. They began to eat. Soon the nose of the woman began to thaw because of the heat. She slid from the *polog* and fixed her nose of snow. And the whole time she was saying to Peegti:

– Eat faster, I am already beginning to deliver!

Pieces of food stuck in Peegti's throat – so fast was he eating. As soon as he finished eating, the snow woman began to thaw. The *polog*, the whole house, became filled with thawing snow and was flooded. Peegti drowned. At that time his companions were with the herd. Suddenly a big snowstorm blew up and scattered the reindeer over the land. The companions tried to gather the reindeer but all had frozen to death.

All of the descendants of the man in white lived a good life.

That is all.

76. Mutlyuvi

Narrated by Tegrelkut, an inhabitant of Akkani village, Chukotskiy rayon. Recorded by V.Yatgyrgyn. Translated into Russian by P. Inenlikey. Motifs of cannibalism are also reflected in no. 81 of this publication.

It is told that very long ago there lived in the outskirts of the village of Pinakul an orphan and his sister. They lived very poorly and for food depended on what people gave them.

Once there blew up a snowstorm that lasted all winter. All people went hungry. Only the people living in the first, rich *yaranga* did not suffer from hunger. Despite the snowstorm, one day Mutlyuvi, as the orphan was called, decided to go somewhere.⁷²

— Where are you aiming to go in such a snowstorm? You'll freeze to death, — said Mutlyuvi's sister.

— Don't hold me back, it's useless. I am going to look for a child, — said Mutlyuvi angrily.

He went out. The wind was against him. He walked. His clothing began to freeze against the skin. Mutlyuvi turned back. It was far to the house and his legs began to buckle. He started to call his sister. His sister heard him, ran out, and dragged her freezing brother into the house.

But the orphan was not content. Soon he began to plan leaving again. And again, his sister did not want to let him go; there was no question of that! Really, he did not listen! Again, he walked against the wind. Finally, he walked out of the wind; it became calm; there was not even a breeze. He saw a *yaranga* with an elevated covering on the bottom. Mutlyuvi stood against the door. Nobody could see him; he made himself invisible. The dwelling, as will be seen, was one of the *rekken*.⁷³

— Will you give me that thing with which questions can be asked of ancestors? — an old *rekken* was asking of his companions.

They gave the old one a large rounded head. The old *rekken* began conjuring about the direction in which the village of Pinakul lay. Mutlyuvi placed his staff over the head with which the old man was conjuring. The head stopped moving. The old man threw the head away and said to his companions:

— Give me another; this one talks nonsense!

They gave him the pelt of an ermine with the head attached. Again, the old man started to conjure. The pelt started to shake. Mutlyuvi touched it and it stopped shaking. So the old man could not conjure any more.

A large dog was tethered near the door. It howled in the direction of Pinakul. Finally, it tore away from the tether and ran off in the direction of Pinakul. And Mutlyuvi started for home. He arrived at Pinakul and the dog came running to him. It tried to enter the *yarangas*. It began with Mutlyuvi's house but could not get into it. It had no luck with other houses. Only in the first, rich house was the dog able to burst in, and it devoured a man.

Mutlyuvi had on his belt a bone amulet in the form of a seal pup. The fins on it were of walrus ivory and they stuck out in various directions and its eye sockets were enormous. Mutlyuvi tied the dog to the seal-pup amulet. The *rekken* came after the dog. They were afraid to take him away because he had been tied up by Mutlyuvi who had instilled fear in them. They began to call out to Mutlyuvi from the outside:

— Hey, Mutlyuvi, give us our dog!

— No, I will not! Why have you sent the dog to Pinakul? Now he will work for me!

⁷² Mutlyuvi, lit. "Breathing blood."

⁷³ *Rekken* — people-eating evil spirit.

- Give us the dog — we'll teach you how to shamanize!
- I am already a shaman.
- Then you will become a successful hunter!
- I already kill enough animals.
- If you need a servant, we'll give you a son!

The *rekken* brought in a child. Mutlyuvi gave them the dog and said to them:

– If you take the child back, I will find you anywhere, even under the ground. Then things will be bad for you!

The *rekken* left. And soon the child also left.

– Eh, they have fooled me!

As he was saying this, Mutlyuvi's sister began to feel uneasy, became agitated, and soon gave birth to a *rekken* child but in the form of a human child. The named him Taykygyrgyn.⁷⁴ Mutlyuvi began to teach the child to gather sea *kale* [kelp]. One day Taykygyrgyn said to Mutlyuvi:

– Mutlyuvi, let us go and gather sea *kale*!

They started out. When they came to the shore Taykygyrgyn put a harpoon in the water and began to twist it. He pulled in a lot of sea *kale*. With the *kale* he even caught a seal. It so happened that Taykygyrgyn wanted to go to his village. The father let him go but said to him:

– Take with you a belt and a staff! When they feed you, eat three pieces of meat; they will eat only two. If they want you to shamanize, don't refuse!

Taykygyrgyn started out. He came to the village. His hosts offered him two pieces of whale meat before tea time. And Taykygyrgyn asked for a third. In the evening the master of the house started to shamanize. He finished and requested that Taykygyrgyn shamanize. Taykygyrgyn told him that he was not a shaman and did not know how to shamanize. The master answered:

– How can it be that you are not a shaman when you are the son of Mutlyuvi! Don't refuse.

Taykygyrgyn began to shamanize. During his shamanizing the *yaranga* took to the air and flew toward his house. They told him to stop shamanizing; only then did he stop. In the morning he started for home and took with him a very large amount of whale meat. It barely fit into the *yaranga*. He and his companions started to live adequately. Soon he again wished to go to some village. Mutlyuvi said to him:

– In this case, to be sure, there is nothing for you to get because the shaman of that village eats three whale fins before tea time.

– So what! I can only try. And can you tell me how we are going to live without meat?

So, Taykygyrgyn left for the second village. When he arrived at the village he was greeted with great hospitality because they knew that he was the son of Mutlyuvi himself. They began to eat; each ate three whale fins. Taykygyrgyn asked for a fourth fin. In the evening the host decided to make merry. He invited Taykygyrgyn to be his companion.

– I don't know how to shamanize, — said Taykygyrgyn to the host.

– It can't be that you don't know how, because you are the son of Mutlyuvi, — insisted the host. — Let's shamanize together!

They began to shamanize. Suddenly the host covered Taykygyrgyn with the *polog* and himself jumped into the outer entrance. But Taykygyrgyn jumped with the *polog* over the *yaranga* and covered it entirely.

– Well, that's enough of games!

Taykygyrgyn took with him the meats of many tundra animals and went home to his father. Again, there was a good supply of food in the village. Once again Taykygyrgyn said to Mutlyuvi who was sitting on the *polog*:

– Let me go to some village now!

⁷⁴ Taykygyrgyn, lit. "Creation."

– At the seashore there lives a very strong shaman. Go there! He has a very beautiful wife. Go after her. They will ask you to shamanize. Shamanize through the night. When everyone falls asleep, take the woman, and while shamanizing, fly away. In the middle of the ocean you will see a rock. Say to it: “Help!” Then you will learn what to do further on.

Taykygyrgyn started out. They greeted him with great hospitality. But where and how did they learn his name, and that he was a *rekken* who was taken away by Mutlyuvi? In the evening the hosts asked Taykygyrgyn to shamanize a little. So he began to shamanize. He woke up those that fell asleep so that they could respond to him. Finally, all fell asleep and were not at all responsive. He seized the woman and started for home with her. At dawn he reached the rock in the middle of the ocean. He spoke to the rock:

– Rock, help me!

The rock cracked and Taykygyrgyn with the woman entered it through the crevice. The crevice closed and the rock appeared the same as it was before. The shore-shaman sent white headed geese to find and return Taykygyrgyn. The geese flew to the rock in the middle of the ocean. They tried to break into the rock but they could not. Then, with much effort, they pried the rock from the waters and flew back with it. The rock was very heavy; they dropped it and left it. They flew to the shaman to ask him what they were to do further. As the geese were flying to the shaman, the fugitives arrived at home; and they began to live there.

– If you want to see your kin we should move closer to them, – said Mutlyuvi to Taykygyrgyn.

They left the *yaranga* and then and there started on the journey. They arrived and the *rekken* were sleeping. They climbed up to the *polog* and themselves fell asleep. In the morning Mutlyuvi said to Taykygyrgyn:

– Go to the neighbors, gather them, and tell them that we have come here.

Taykygyrgyn started toward the neighbors. He arrived. The *rekken* growled at him but then they recognized their son.

– Ah! Welcome! Where are your friends? What are they doing? Why are you by yourself?

– They are in good health. They are staying with our neighbors.

– Well, thanks for that! Tell your father that he should become our leader, – said the old *rekken* to Taykygyrgyn.

– They want to make you the leader of the village, – said Taykygyrgyn to Mutlyuvi when he returned.

Mutlyuvi agreed. He gathered all the *rekken* and said to them:

– From now on you will eat only the meat of animals; you’ve had enough of human flesh! If you don’t obey I will give you a good thrashing! Remember my words!

The *rekken* people started to hunt sea mammals and also wild deer. But at times they desired to have human flesh as a tasty morsel. So, once they begged of Mutlyuvi:

– Let us go, please! Let us search for our food once more! We will return soon!

– Well, since you want it so much, I will let you go! But search only for enemies; don’t touch our people!

The *rekken* left. And indeed, they returned soon. They brought with them many humans. Mutlyuvi went to see. Suddenly he began to recognize them as people from Pinakul. He then talked to the man-eaters:

– You let them go! You did not obey! Didn’t I tell you that you are not to touch my kin. I will not let you leave again!

From that time on he bent the *rekken* to his will and began to feed them animal meat only. And they stopped hunting people.

77. The Man from Ikychurin, the Man from Kolyuchin, and the Woman from Naukan

Narrated by an inhabitant of Anadyr, Tegrylkut. Recorded by V. Yatgyrgyn. Translated into Russian by P. Inenlikey.

It is told that at one time there lived a man from the village of Ikychurin, a man from Kolyuchin, and a woman from Naukan.⁷⁵ All three were shamans. The woman from Naukan did not want to marry. One time during shamanizing, the shamans from Kolyuchin and Ikychurin met. The Kolyuchin man invited the Ikychurin man to visit with him. In the morning after he woke up the Ikychurin man said to his mother that he was going to be hosted by the Kolyuchin shaman. He said that and he left.

– Oho, who is there? – asked the Kolyuchin man who was sitting on the *polog* and who had heard someone coming in the outer entryway.

– It is I, the man from Ikychurin, – answered the guest.

– Well then, do come into the *polog* since you have arrived. We'll eat a full meal, – said the host.

And indeed, the Kolyuchin man's mother prepared a tasty meal. She cooked a young bird. The shamans ate and decided to relax. In the evening they could not do anything anyway.

– Let us now play, – said the Kolyuchin man and he brought in the drum.

The guest began to shamanize. The Kolyuchin man asked:

– I'd be interested to know: Whom did you take for a companion?

– A cormorant! And you?

– An arctic fox! Tell me, do you know the Naukan woman who doesn't want to marry?

– Why do you ask me about her? No doubt you want to go to her? – said the Ikychurin man in answer.

– Let us go! They praise her beauty very much.

– All right. We'll go! But really, I don't trust your fox, – said the Ikychurin man.

– Don't you worry! It's better to go now! Today marks the third day that the woman has not made a ball. You see, every day she makes balls because they protect her.

The shamans started out. They walked. The Kolyuchin man turned into a fox, the Ikychurin into a cormorant. Sniffing around, the fox ran back and forth. The Ikychurin man said:

– Let us hold that fox back!

They started again. They went on and on. Suddenly the Ikychurin man went underwater and when his companion said "Why?" he answered:

– Don't you see the guards of the woman searching for us? That's why I went under water.

Then the Ikychurin man dove directly into the sea and being already in the village of the woman said to his companion:

– The woman came outside; she is checking on her guards. And we must hide under two stones!

And a ball was the guard for the woman. She walked around with the ball in her hands. The ball began to burn, throwing light in all directions, illuminating everything around it. Its light just barely missed the shamans. The woman returned to the house. The men followed her in stealth. Then the father said to the woman:

– Tomorrow fill the ball with bird feathers. You can pick up feathers on the seashore.

⁷⁵ Naukan is the Russian adaptation of the Siberian Yupik toponym of Nyvuakak, lit. "Turf."

— Let's go to the shore and turn into feathers, — said the Ikychurin man to his companion.

They went to the shore and turned into feathers. In the morning the woman began to gather feathers. She examined the feathers thoroughly and began to stuff them into the ball. She put the Ikychurin one into the ball right away but examined the Kolyuchin feather for a long time, probably because she was suspicious of something. But just the same she put it in.

Anyway, the woman fussed about the ball but she finally sewed it closed, not having satisfied her suspicions. She started to test the ball. As always, it lit up. She started throwing it around, checking its light weight. Suddenly it rolled into the water. The woman chased after it. All of a sudden, she saw a walrus. The Ikychurin man jumped out of the water, grasped the ball and the woman, and started for home.

— Since we have managed to get her together, both of us should be her husbands, — said the Kolyuchin man to the Ikychurin man. — Let her live with you for a while; then I will take her to my place.

Not long afterwards the Kolyuchin man took the Naukan woman to his place and kept her for good. One day the Ikychurin man said to his mother:

— You know that we are living without descendants. You kill that woman and I will then revive her!

The woman became ill and, although the Kolyuchin man tried to heal her, she died. For a long time, the Kolyuchin man did not bury her. He did so only after his mother gave permission.

— You know, the Kolyuchin man buried the woman. Now I will go after her, — said the Ikychurin man to his mother.

Suddenly something was crackling on the roof. From the outside the son was calling to his mother:

— Don't be startled, I will carry her in right away! And you thaw her out as fast as possible!

The woman thawed out, filled out, and became as before. When she was completely thawed, the cormorant made her sit up — and the woman revived. They began to live well, and the Kolyuchin man lived by himself.

78. The Rainbow Over the Sea

Recorded by V. Yatgyrgyn, translated into Russian by P. Inenlikey. Published in Yatgyrgyn (1963) in the Chukchi language. The mythological topic about the change of a rainbow into a woman is combined here with the topic of a domestic story — the uneven property holdings of two brothers. This sort of combined topic was initially found only in the Chukchi narrative.

There lived two brothers. One was rich; he had two wives. The other was very poor. The poor brother lived separately in a pit-house. Every day at sunrise all of the people in the rich brother's house gathered to learn about their daily tasks; who is going to carve wooden dishes or do whatever. The younger brother was always the last to arrive in the house of the rich one.

— Oh, welcome brother! Women, prepare us something to eat, — the older one always said.
— My wives feed you and you are the last to arrive, as if you were already married.

In shame, the younger brother shuffled his feet on the floor of the entryway. He sat down to eat only when the others reminded him that there might not be anything left for him. He ate only two handfuls and was satisfied with that. And in the evening, he was the last to leave. He went to his hut. In the morning, as the morning breeze arose, again everybody assembled at the rich brother's house, and as usual the younger brother was the last one to arrive. They laughed at him but he had got used to mockery long ago.

One day he again left the very last. At the edge of the sea, where the small wave starts forming, he saw a rainbow. He looked at it and started for home. He stopped near the house and again saw a rainbow. He became curious and walked toward it. He stepped on the place where the rainbow formed and he saw a woman who was kindling a fire in the water. The woman was very beautiful; she had rings on all her fingers. The woman looked up:

— Well, come on here!
— How am I to go?
— Close your eyes and jump in!

The youth looked for a while; it would be frightening to jump. Finally, he decided and jumped. He saw a very beautiful woman, quite engaging. Immediately he started embracing her.

— First, I will prepare you something to eat; then we can lie down to sleep, — said the woman to the youth.

— No, I am not hungry, let's lie down right now!

— If I did not know that you are always hungry, if I did not see how your brother taunts you, I would not have approached you.

The woman cooked all sorts of food. They ate and lay down to sleep.

— Tomorrow your brother will say again that his wives feed you. After you eat put your hand to the outside and I will give you a dish. Then you say: "You have always fed me but today I will feed you a little."

Again, in the morning he was the last to arrive. Again, his older brother said to him:

— Your wife will not feed me but my wives will feed you. Why are you always late, the very last to come?

They ate. When everything was eaten, the youth put his hand to the outside and brought in a very nice dish with all sorts of food on it.

— You have always fed me, now I will feed you a little. Taste that food!

The older brother was quiet. When all the food was eaten, the youth tossed away the dish. It broke into smithereens. They could not find the fragments.

– Let's become companions to wives, – said the older brother to the younger one.⁷⁶

Again, the youth was the last to leave. He went directly to the rainbow. In the morning the woman awakened him:

– Get up! Or they will trample us.

He arrived at his older brother's place and again the brother said to him:

– Why are you always late? Let my wives feed you! I will not be fed by your wife.

They began to eat. The youth ate a little and then said to his older brother:

– Your wives have always fed me, but today my wife will feed you.

As he said this a very beautiful woman entered carrying a dish. The rich man grasped her with one hand and ate with the other. He wanted to embrace her after he ate but then next to him there was nothing. The older brother followed the young one close on his heels, would not let him go, and begged that they become companions to wives.

– How stubborn you are! – said the younger brother. – Do you see the rainbow over there?

– I see it, – replied the rich brother.

– If you see it, go there, since you are so insistent!

The man went to the rainbow; he saw the woman kindling a fire in the water. The woman invited him to come in. The man wanted to jump down very much, but it was terrifying. Finally, he decided and jumped. Early in the morning the woman awakened him and said:

– You've slept enough; get up, or they will trample us!

But no, the man did not want to get up. He embraced the woman firmly. But then there came from the *yaranga* some kind of a man. In a split second he divided the edge of the small wave in two. A strong crashing sound was heard. The rich man started choking. And then he died.

⁷⁶A custom of temporary exchange of wives between two married companions existed among the Siberian Yupik and Chukchi. This custom has its reflections also in the tales about personified animals (Bogoras 1900, no. 78).

79. Ravklyavol and the Orphan

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Uelen village, Enryme, age 32. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik. The myth about swallows as helpers of sea mammal hunters is widespread in the Yupik narrative. It was wholly adopted by the Chukchi from the Siberian Yupik. The myth about swallows is deeply reflected in the narrative of these two peoples, who have been in close and lengthy contact over the millennia.

Very long ago there lived a man, Ravklyavol. There were three in his family – his wife, son, and himself. The son grew up. He began to hunt by himself in a skin-boat. One day he went hunting by himself. He ran into foul weather. He got lost; he didn't know where he was. Ravklyavol waited for him. His son did not return. Several months had gone by. Ravklyavol then thought: "He probably died somewhere!" He then decided to arrange for a session of shamans. He called on all shamans and also an orphan. He spoke to them:

– I will have you shamanize for a month.

Then he added:

– If you don't find my son, then put me to death also!

All of the shamans gathered and began to shamanize. Only the orphan was missing. He decided to come on the second day. So, he started toward the group of shamans by going into the open under the cliff. He was halfway there when he heard somebody summoning him:

– Hey! Come here!

The orphan answered:

– But I am going to the shamans. I am going to have something to eat.

The voice said:

– Come with me! You'll be all right!

The orphan went with him. They entered the living quarters. The man said to his wife:

– Get the drum for me!

The wife gave him the drum. It turned out that the man was a killer whale. He began to shamanize, and became completely entranced. Suddenly two *kele*-birds flew into the living quarters. And then there were two small holes in the *polog*. As he was shamanizing, seawater poured from the holes. He shamanized more. Finally, the prow of a skin-boat showed. The *kele*-birds flew in circles around it. Then the man spoke to the orphan:

– Now you shamanize! But sing my song only!

The orphan began to shamanize. He did exactly what the man did. Then the man said to the orphan:

– Well, now you can go. You have to do everything the way I taught you!

The orphan said to him:

– Very well, I will!

The orphan started toward the shamans. Ravklyavol spoke to his companions:

– Look carefully! The orphan should be here soon!

They shamanized and tried to trick Ravklyavol. Some said: "He's nowhere to be found." Others said: "He died." Still others said: "We don't know." Suddenly they saw that something was coming. They said:

– Somebody is coming over there. His clothing is of dog fur.

Ravklyavol said:

– Really, it is he; invite him to come here!

They did. He came to the shamans. Ravklyavol said to him:

– Now you try to shamanize!

The orphan answered:

– I'm sorry, but I can't. I don't know how!

Ravklyavol said to him:

– Well, try a little!

The orphan started to shamanize around the fire. He sang all the songs of the swallow. Finally, he became completely detached. Then the *kele*-birds flew in. The shamans sat there looking at each other. Then they got up and left, leaving their shamanistic gear behind. Finally, water started pouring from holes in the roof. Then the prow of the skin-boat appeared. The orphan said to Ravklyavol:

– Now let's do this: I will shamanize a little more and you take hold of the skin-boat and pull.

He began to shamanize again. Ravklyavol recognized the skin-boat. He had build it himself. He grasped it with all his might. They pulled out the hunter. After this Ravklyavol took the orphan home on his sled over the portage and, yes, he gave him a lot of meat!

The end.

80. The Shaman

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Uelen village, Enryme, age 32. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik. The tale is about a contest of a shaman with a harmful *kele*. The plot of the tale is somewhat inconsistent. The second, fifth, and fourth worlds are cited out of order; there is no description that would differentiate them. However, the text is of definite interest because it reflects the fantastic images of the ancient *Paleoasiatics* about other worlds.

Long ago there lived a shaman. At one time they [people] came after the shaman from a faraway place and begged him for help. His wife said to him:

– I am much worried; you are leaving our only child behind.

The shaman retorted:

– Don't worry! If he dies, I will revive him!

And the shaman left for a long journey. As soon as the shaman left, his son died. For a long time, the shaman did not return. And the mother did not bury the son. After three years the shaman returned. He arrived late at night. The mother placed the child across the entrance to the *polog*. And she said to the shaman:

– Well, now climb up to the *polog*!

The shaman climbed up and touched the corpse with his hand. He only said:

– What has happened to you?

The shaman had five drums on the *polog*: two hung at the entrance, two on the back wall, and one, with decorations, in the middle. The shaman started drumming. First, he lowered one drum. He began to shamanize. He went to the underworld. Then, he returned and right at the wall of the *yaranga* he broke the drum. He could not find his son. He took the second drum. He began to shamanize. Now he plunged into the sea. Again, he returned empty-handed and he broke the drum at the second wall. In this way he broke four of the drums. Only one drum remained, the one that hung in the middle of the *polog*. The shaman took that drum and flew away. He arrived at the North Star. At the North Star was a fat young reindeer. It turned out that the North Star was a *kele* protecting the shaman. The shaman went farther. He arrived at Yalyaut's place. Yalyaut told him:

– Your son was taken away by someone who is outside the house. The *kele* are going to prepare dishes for two nights. Then they will kill him.

– You take my reindeer and sled. One of the reindeer is called *bubenchik* [bell], the other *botalo* [clapper].

The shaman returned home. He said to his wife:

– Tomorrow I will leave. And you, during the next two nights, kill my best dog. Carry him around the house and place him on his belly on the eastern side of it.

The next day the shaman left while it was still dark. He arrived at Yalyaut's place. He told the shaman:

– Beware, they will invite you but don't accept!

The shaman left with Yalyaut's reindeer. He had already gone through the "third world," a very dark one. Finally, he arrived at the "fifth world." He looked into a small hole: He saw six *kele*. The shaman thought: "What am I to do about them?" Finally, he resolved it. He said to himself:

– I will put them to sleep!

So, he wished sleep on them. The *kele* sat down and suddenly all started to yawn. They wanted to sleep. An old *kele* said to his companions:

– Why is it that we are so sleepy? No doubt the son of the great shaman wished it on us. Watch him very carefully!

But just as they had suddenly sat down, they fell asleep. The shaman looked around and he saw his son with both his arms and legs tied up. He took a deep breath. He drew his son to him and swallowed. He immediately started for home. In the morning the *kele* woke up. They could not understand what had happened – they were frightened. The old *kele* asked them:

– Where is the man?

Two fast running *kele* darted in pursuit of the shaman. The shaman rode through the “fifth world” and saw the pursuers. When the *kele* almost reached him, there suddenly appeared the shaman’s dog before them. He threw himself at the *kele* but in the end he tired. The *kele* started after the shaman again. The shaman went through the “fourth world” and the pursuers went after him anew. Again, they started to overtake him. In the back of the shaman’s sled there hung a bell and a *botalo*. Also, the drum with decorations was tied up there. He cut loose the bell and it fell on the path. The first *kele* saw it and picked it up. He barely put it next to his ear when the other ran up to him and started wresting it from him. The *kele* seized each other trying to get hold of the bell. In the end they broke it. Again, they began to tear along after the shaman. Soon they caught up with him.

Finally, the shaman cut down the *botalo*. It fell onto the path. The first *kele* grabbed it. He put it to his ear; the second *kele* caught up to him. Again, they began to scuffle and fight. They broke the *botalo*. The shaman rode through the “third world,” and again the *kele* appeared. They were just about to grasp the shaman. The shaman thought and thought and said to himself:

– Where are the *kele* that are going to save me?

Suddenly there appeared, on both sides, does. The first *kele* stopped. He said to his companion:

– Oy! What’s wrong with me? Why am I so dizzy?

He turned around running and only said:

– Oy! Why is it so strange?

The *kele* ran on, followed by the does. The *kele* reached the house and yelled out:

– Quick, open the door!

They opened the door for them. The first one stormed into the house. And the second one right after him. The first one grabbed one of those sitting in the house.

The shaman and his son returned home. He began to shamanize. And he brought his son back to life.

And that is the end of the tale.

81. The Shaman Kykvat

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Uelen, Nenek, age 45. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik.

Long ago there lived in the village of Neten a shaman named Kykvat.⁷⁷ At that time there was a terrible disease approaching from the north. People were dying everywhere. But the disease had not reached Neten as yet. Kykvat said to the inhabitants of Neten:

– Tonight, you should not sleep. The disease will arrive in this village tonight. I will watch for it. When you hear my voice, run to me right away.

He himself put on his shaman's costume and late at night he left the *yaranga*. Not far from the *yaranga* he dug a hole in the snow and squatted in it. At midnight there appeared a giant *kele*. In place of a sled he rode in a *baidara* [skin boat] pulled by a dog. He approached and saw the crouching Kykvat. He asked:

– What are you doing here?

Kykvat replied:

– The people over there will not let me stay with them; I have no place to sleep!

The *kele* said:

– If there is no place for you to go, be my helper! I will feed you. You can eat whatever you want. I have many kinds of meat.

Kykvat said to him:

– All right, agreed. But I am very hungry!

The *kele* made a *yaranga* of animal hides and they entered it. The *kele* said to Kykvat:

– There is meat over there in the *baidara*; go and eat whatever meat you want.

Kykvat went to the *baidara*. At the prow he saw corpses and people still living, tied up with thongs. At the stern there were several wild deer. Kykvat ate some deer meat and returned to the *yaranga*. Then the *kele* started to question him:

– I heard long ago that Kykvat is a great shaman. You probably know where he is. Maybe he lives in this village?

Kykvat answered:

– I don't know! He probably died because we don't hear about him.

Kykvat sat in the *yaranga* and thought: How can I get a better deal with the *kele*. He thought and thought and then said to the *kele*:

– I have a strong urge to go outside and urinate.

– Why go out?! – said the *kele* to Kykvat. – It doesn't bother me. Go ahead here!

– Oh, no, I am not used to it!

Kykvat went out. As soon as he got out he threw himself onto the dog and killed it. Then he untied the people captured by the *kele*. Then one by one he stood them on their legs. As they stood he smacked them on the backside and said:

– Run quickly home, to the place where you were captured!

Those whose souls were still intact took off for their homes at breakneck speed. But those whose soul the *kele* had eaten could not stand up; they fell down. Finally, all, to a one, had run off. In the *yaranga* the *kele* became uneasy: "Where is that helper of mine? Maybe he went to get Kykvat? Woe is me if Kykvat comes here!"

⁷⁷ Kykvat – lit. "Dried Meat."

Then the *kele* sent his wife to see where Kykvat [his helper] was. The woman-*kele* went out. Kykvat seized her and killed her. Then he entered the *yaranga*, hurled himself at the *kele*, and called out as loud as he could:

– Quick, quick, run to me!

At once the people of Neten ran to him, all of them armed with spears. They tied up the *kele* doubly tight and put a stick in his mouth so it would stay open all the time. From spring and all summer, the Netens poured slop into his mouth. Only with fall did it start to leak out of his mouth since only by then did it fill his stomach. At that time Kykvat asked the *kele*:

– Are you going to hold people in contempt again?

– Oh no, I certainly will not. And I will not come close to that village, – said the *kele*.

Kykvat told him:

– Now see here: As long as I live, I will show you no mercy.

He said that and set the *kele* free. From that time on the *kele* stopped going to Neten.
The end.

82. The Dog and His Wife

Narrated by an inhabitant of Vaegi village in Anadyr *rayon*, Nutenen. Recorded by V. Yatgyrgin, translated into Russian by P. Inenlikey.

They say that at one time a dog went to another village to seek a wife for himself. He came to people and sat at the door. They invited him to come in.

- Where are you from? No doubt you came here for some reason? – an old man asked him.
- I came here to seek a wife, – the dog answered.
- Did you hear that, girls? – asked the old father of the girls.
- I will take him for a husband, – said a young girl.

In the morning the mother made food ready for the trip. She prepared homemade sausage.

– If you come across sickly dead dogs, give the food to them, – she said in farewell to her departing daughter.

They left. On the way the husband said to her:

- This is where my ancestors are buried.

But the wife went on, quiet, not saying a word. They came running up to the house. They were met by pups whose fur was muddy and falling out. The wife said:

- Why are we being met with such mud-covered pups?

The pups cried, ran home, and told their mother that their older brother had brought home a very bad wife. An old dog came out to meet the bride. In her mouth she held a piece of burning kindling. The wife began to chase the old dog away.

- Go away, you'll only burn your fur and whiskers, – she said.

They said to the woman:

- Enter the house with your eyes closed.

But she entered with her eyes open. They told her to go to the storage room behind the *polog* and then go to the creek with closed eyes. Again, she did not listen. She did not find meat there or in an ice-hole. She came back home and said:

- There is no ice-hole and all I found were dog claws.

– Well, all right then. Lie down and sleep! During the night go out only when you hear a noise twice, – the husband told his wife.

Again, she did not obey and she went out whenever she heard a noise. Finally, the husband renounced her and took her back to her parents.

The dog returned home and started right away for another village to seek out a wife. He came to the village and sat at a door.

- Where are you from? No doubt you came here for a reason? – asked an old man.
- I came here to find a wife, – answered the dog.
- Did you hear, girls? Which one of you wants to get married? – asked the old man of his daughters.
- All right, let it be me, – said the youngest.

Upon rising in the morning, the mother prepared food – homemade sausage. After this the dog and his new wife left for the journey.

– Wait, don't hurry; first I want to treat your ancestors, – said the wife to her husband who trotted ahead and never stopped.

It made the husband happy to hear his wife speak like that. When they were near the house the pups ran out to greet them. The new wife gave all of them a piece of meat with the rib attached. The pups ran home and told their mother that their older brother had brought home a very good

wife. The old dog left the house to greet the bride. In her mouth she held a piece of burning kindling. The girl ran to her and said:

— You know you are already old and you could burn your fur. It will be better if I carry it!

They told her to enter the house with closed eyes and she did what they told her. They told her to go to the storeroom beyond the *polog* with her eyes tightly closed and she did. She opened her eyes and saw that the house was full of all kinds of bronze dishes. She went toward the water with her eyes closed and found a very good ice-hole right away.

— You go out when you hear a noise for the fourth time, — said the husband to his wife before they lay down to sleep.

When she heard the noise for the fourth time she went out and saw that there was a very large herd nearby and in front of it stood her husband — a very handsome youth. Next to him little ones frolicked, all dressed in beautifully made parkas and breeches. And the mother was there also, dressed in beautiful woman's clothes. The reindeer were so fat that they urinated on their feet and their droppings were like a continuous piece of twisted wire.

The first wife began to complain to her friends saying that she was the first wife of the dog. But you can't turn around what has been done. Why did she treat the dogs so badly?!

83. Shamanizing While Asleep

Narrated by an inhabitant of Uelkal village in Anadyr *rayon*, Vaalgyrgyn. Recorded by V. Yatgyrgyn, translated into Russian by P. Inenlikey. Published in Yatgyrgyn (1963) in the Chukchi language. The motif of bringing back to life the deceased is reflected in a number of Chukchi and Yupik tales (Bogoras 1900, no. 78).

It is told that an old man's last son died. The old man was in misery. He did not bury his son but kept him on the *polog*. He missed his son very much. The old man called on many shamans but they could not bring the dead son back to life. Finally, the old man found one that shamanized while sleeping and asked him to revive his son. The shaman who shamanized in his sleep sought the deceased son but could find him nowhere. He awakened and said to the old man:

– I can't find your man anywhere! Give me some beads; I am going to look for him on a faraway star.

The old man gave him beads. Again, the shaman lay next to the deceased and then told the old man:

– I will sleep for three days. See to it that I am not moved or awakened!

Shamanizing while asleep he left for the faraway star. He arrived there and saw two wolves sitting near the door. He gave beads to the wolves and asked them:

– Isn't our man here with you?

– Yes, he is here. He is nailed to the back wall of the *polog*.

The one shamanizing in his sleep entered the house and saw the man nailed to the wall. The master of the house asked the shaman:

– Hey! What are you doing here?

– Well, I am looking for our man. He is here with you.

– Yes, your man is here with us, but we will not give him back.

– Yes, you will! If you don't give him back I will lower all of you, with your houses, to the earth!

– I will not return him! You can't lower us to the earth!

They began to quarrel. The old man would not release the man. Then the man shamanizing in his sleep went outside. He gave beads to both wolves and told them:

– Drag this dwelling below!

The wolves were happy that they were given beads and they dragged the dwelling below. They arrived at the earth and the one shamanizing in his sleep said to the old man:

– Well now, go and look at the earth!

The old man went outside. And in truth it turned out that he was standing on earth. The old man was much taken aback and he said to the shaman:

– Lift us back to the faraway star and I will give you the man!

– You give first and then I will lift you.

The old man agreed and gave the body of the youth to the shaman. The shaman brought the youth home. In exactly three days and nights the shaman and the deceased awoke together. Then the one shamanizing in his sleep said to the youth:

– In the summer, when the sun is really hot, don't go beyond the village fence! Do you hear?

One day during the summer the sun was very hot. The youth did not listen to the shaman and he went beyond the fence. An eagle swooped down and killed the youth. This time he was dead forever because he did not listen to the shaman.

84. The Old Woman and Her Grandson

Narrated by an inhabitant of Tavayvaam–Anadyr village in Anadyr *rayon*, Tymietyna. Recorded by V. Yatgyrgyn, translated into Russian by P. Inenlikey. Published in Yatgyrgyn (1963) in the Chukchi language. The motif of the tale is match-making by an animal or human being, a widespread one in the narrative of the Chukchi and Siberian Yupik.

There lived an old woman with her grandson. The grandson had already grown up, but he was covered with pimples. And the grandmother was already old. There were five families in the neighborhood and in each of them there were sons. Although the youth had a name, they all called him Pimple-Vapyrkan. Vapyrkan always watched over the herd by himself. He was very careful. But he was always scratching himself and so his face was covered with pimples. It happened that he became drowsy at a place where the reindeer were pasturing. He started to fall asleep and at that moment a small mouse crawled into his sleeve. The youth began to grumble:

- I am ticklish and that mouse crawled directly into my sleeve. You know I could squash it.
- I have crawled to you because I have pity on you, – answered the mouse.
- I am always scratching and now you are here!
- Be patient and I will gently cure you, – said the mouse. – Just don't get up.

She said that and began her work. She removed the crust off the pimple and licked the wound. She removed and licked. Very soon all of Vapyrkan's pimples dried up. And after two days there wasn't a pimple left. He returned home from the pasture and said to his grandmother:

– You have become very old and soon you will not be able to take care of the house! When you are sick there will be nobody to draw water. Will you go to the neighbors and arrange for a bride for me? It could happen that one of the girls will agree. They say that there are many daughters among our neighbors.

The grandmother went to the first *yaranga*. Many girls lived in it. And all of them with one voice said:

- He makes us all disgusted! Who would marry him?!

In the other *yarangas* the girls said the same. Only in the last one a girl said to her father:

– It seems that I will have to take him for a husband. Where would you find me a better husband?

– That's right, daughter, – answered the father. – Don't be squeamish about the man. Vapyrkan is a good worker.

The day came to claim the wife. Vapyrkan said to his grandmother:

- Get for me and yourself clean clothing. It is time to go for the bride!

He took his grandmother on a sled to the bride. Without pimples and in fine clothing Vapyrkan presented a really handsome appearance. He took the bride home. The girls from the neighboring houses were angry at Vapyrkan's bride. They said:

- He should have proposed to us first.

But what can you do? Vapyrkan married. They lived well and even brought a number of children into the world.

85. Tyneskyn in a Bear's Den

Recorded in 1938 by a student of the Preparatory Division of the Institute of Northern Peoples in St. Petersburg (then Leningrad) who was a son of a Chukchi reindeer herder in *Vostochno-tundrovskiy* (Eastern-Tundra) rayon of the Chukchi Peninsula, F. Tynetegyn. Translated into Russian by G. Melnikov. Published in *Skazki Chauchu* in the Chukchi language with a Russian translation. All of the tales about domestic life and animals rendered by F. Tynetegyn are characterized by unfeigned humor. The narrator, while adhering to traditional subjects of tales, enriches them with accurate and limited, short linguistic formulae. In particular F. Tynetegyn offers a dialogue which differs in its depth of content and laconic artistic expression. The moral and ethical motifs in the domestic life and animal tales of F. Tynetegyn bring them close to those genres of the Chukchi narrative that are of the fable type. The tales nos. 37, 38, 44, 45, and 46 published in this edition belong to the genre of tales dealing with domestic life.

One day in the autumn Tyneskyn was looking for reindeer which had become separated from the herd. A snowstorm blew up and because he was lightly clad he began to freeze. He saw a bear's den and he crawled into it. Soon the bear arrived. He began to sniff the den, looking all around. Then he climbed in. He saw Tyneskyn, beat him unmercifully, tore his clothes to tatters. Tyneskyn said to the bear:

– Oy! You are hurting me!

– Oy, oy, oy! I really didn't know it was you. Why didn't you tell me right away?

Afterwards the bear asked:

– Where did you come from?

Tyneskyn answered:

– I was looking for reindeer; I was freezing, so I crawled in here.

The bear said to him:

– Aha! Then spend the winter with me. Only, you must know, I sleep the winter through.

Tyneskyn agreed:

– All right. I will also sleep a lot.

The bear forewarned him:

– If you want to wake me up, don't touch me with your hand but take a stone or a stick and hit me on the head.

They lay down to sleep. Tyneskyn began to pull on the bear's fur very quietly. Right then the bear sprang up:

– Oy, oy, oy! Who came here? Probably an evil spirit?!

Tyneskyn said to him:

– Eh! I was only pulling on your fur.

The bear became angry:

– Ah, you're such a scoundrel! Why do you want to wake me up by pulling on my fur!

Again, they lay down to sleep. The next day Tyneskyn again started to waken the bear. He took a stone and tapped the bear's head with it. The bear heard the sound. He asked:

– Well, what do you want?

Tyneskyn answered:

– I want to go home.

The bear said:

– All right. Be off. Your family lives just beyond that mountain.

Tyneskyn left. He came home. They greeted him with embraces, and then asked him:

– Where were you?

– I was with a bear. I was wintering with him.

86. The Little Old Man

Narrated by an inhabitant of Khatyrka village in Anadyr *rayon*, Tro, age 65. Recorded and translated by P. Inenlikey.

It is told that there lived an old man with two sons. The sons were still small. They grew up like orphans since there was no mother with them. Every day the father made the sons run and compete in spear throwing. In the end the sons learned how to walk and run quickly and became deft and fast. The sons grew up. Both married. Just the same they continued to run and to train themselves to be deft and fast. They ran very well and deftly competed in spear throwing. One day the sons decided to go for a few days to the tundra. The father got them together and spoke to them:

– Take care; don't go over the big mountain. Go around one side of it!

In the morning the sons left. They walked all over the tundra. They came to the big mountain. They turned around to walk anywhere else. In the end they were bored. Then the older brother said to the younger one:

– Why did the old one prohibit us from going over the big mountain?

– I don't know.

The older one spoke again:

– Let's go there, over the mountain!

– Don't! You know that father didn't warn us for nothing, – answered the younger one.

– Let's go! If we meet somebody, we'll run away. You know, we're good at that.

– Well, we'll see!

The younger brother resisted for a long time. But in the end the brothers started for the mountain. They walked very quickly. They came to the mountain. The younger brother spoke to the older one:

– This is enough, let's go back! I am afraid that father will scold us.

– Aren't you ashamed! Yes, it seems that you are a coward and no doubt you don't run well either. Let's go. Father doesn't have to know, we'll not tell him.

– It'll be better if we don't go! If we do go I will keep up with you. You will not overtake me.

But the older one did not hear. He looked around the countryside. He saw the big mountain in the distance. It was blue because it was so far away. The older brother said to the younger one:

– Let us now go to that mountain there, we'll simply look at it.

The younger brother refused. Finally, the older brother said:

– You know I am older than you, listen to me and believe me!

The younger one agreed. They started. They walked and walked. They walked fast. They came to the mountain. They looked around. Suddenly they saw a wide river with large forests growing on both of its banks.

– Let's go and look at the river, – suggested the older brother.

They walked along the forest. They stopped and again looked around. Suddenly they saw an old man on the bank of the river – a completely gray-haired old man. He was fishing with a net. As soon as he cast the net it filled up with fish. And he caught fish in huge numbers.

He then put the net aside. He took two huge knee-guards and filled them with fish. The knee-guards became as big as a house. The old man did not look at the youths even once but, apparently, he sensed their presence and began to worry. After a short while the older brother said to the younger one:

– Let's kill the old man. We can then put more fish in the knee-guards and bring them home. Those at home will be really happy!

– No, don't do it. We can't kill him all of a sudden. You know that father forbade us to come here – and he knows better what's good for us. Let's run away from here, – said the younger – since he hasn't seen us as yet.

– Let's kill him! As soon as we shoot the arrows, we'll run – you know we run quite fast.

They drew their bows. And the old man just kept on fishing. He didn't look at them but he knew that the brothers were there. The brothers released the arrows. The arrows fell as one near the old man. The old man looked at them – not at anything else but directly at them. And he disappeared. The brothers also disappeared: They threw away their bows and ran away. They ran toward the mountain. Suddenly the old man appeared in front of them. He asked them:

– Aha, is it you who came here? You have even frightened me! Who allowed you to come here?

– I allowed it myself, you dumb old man, – replied the older brother. – No doubt your wives have stayed back at home? But anyway, die!

The old man seized the older of the youths and killed him then and there.

– And you, you go home! If you come here again I will kill you too.

The youth went home. The father became very angry. He scolded his son, now the only one left to him.

– Didn't I tell you: "Don't go over the big mountain." Serves you right: one was killed, and from the other they took his wife. Now, what are you going to do?

The son didn't say a word. The little old man took all the women over the mountain. The youth thought: "By all means I have to pay a visit to the old man. I will take my wife away from him." And again, the youth began to train himself every day to become stronger and faster. He learned to jump quite high. A year passed by. At that time the youth said:

– I am going to that old man again. After all he is not an old man, he just looks like one, yet he is very crafty and strong. No doubt he is a shaman. But what of it, I will overcome his witchcraft with my deftness.

With that he started. He walked and walked. But he already knew the way. The youth came to the river and went directly to the old man. As before he was netting fish in the same old place. The knee-guards were already filled with fish.

– You have come here? Welcome! Let us go and eat. Take one of the knee-guards and I will take the other, – the old man offered.

They shouldered the burden and started. They walked very fast. The old man went first, the youth behind him. The youth did not fall back; truly he had become very strong and fast.

Finally, they came to a very large house. Many women were working about the house. The men arrived. They dropped their burdens. They entered the house. They sat down. As soon as they sat down the women brought for them two enormous dishes full of fish. In a split second the old man emptied his dish. The youth, although he ate cut fish only, nevertheless, lagged behind the old man.

– So! You don't even know how to eat, – said the old man.⁷⁸ – No doubt you came to visit your wife? What do you think! Maybe I should cook your wife. But now let us compete a bit. We're going there, to those two mountains!

And the mountains were so far away that they appeared as if cast in blue. There were no stones there, only ice. They walked for a long time. The youth again followed the old man. They

⁷⁸ Editor's note: Among the Chukchi, fast eating was a sign of accomplishment.

walked and walked. At times the old man would lift the youth into the air with his sharp-pointed staff. But nothing happened to the youth; the sharp staff could not penetrate his strong muscles.

They came to the mountains. They started ascending a mountain. And how those two did compete! The youth broke the old man's leg. And the little old man continued to compete anyway. They fought with spears for a long time. How many days, who knows? Finally, the old man said to the youth:

— Go down the mountain and take a look!

The youth went. And there he saw many dead people lying on the ground. Some of them had not decayed yet. Apparently, they were killed quite recently. It seems that the little old man wanted to boast to the youth: Look, see how many people I've killed.

— Anyway, you have defeated me, — said the old man in the end. — Why didn't I kill you before?! Why did I let you go home?! Now take me home and kill me there!

While they were going home the youth tossed the old man into the air with the pointed staff; he was revenging for himself and for the murdered people. And so, the old man hobbled home on one leg. The women brought them a kettle filled with all sorts of tasty food. They began to eat. This time the youth did not lag behind. They finished eating. The old man prepared for death. He then said:

— It is only proper that you kill me! Let's go!

The youth killed the old man; he stabbed him with a spear through and through. He also cut off his hands and legs. And how the blood gushed out! It reddened the large river. The stones, the fish — all were reddened with the blood. All the women whom the old man had taken away from the people went back to their homes. Only the wife of the youth and the wife of his older brother stayed back. They laughed and cried in happiness.

— How is my father? Let's go and visit him. Is he still alive?

They left. As it happened, the father had died — the old man [older brother] took him away. They buried the father. They returned to the big mountain and to the place where the old man [older brother] had lived. It turned out that the big river had already washed the blood away. Only here and there some boulders remained red, and so did the sides, bellies, and fins of some of the fish.

The youth lived well with the two wives. He caught fish and hunted wild deer. And he helped his neighbors. And the people began to live well.

That is all.

87. Kachap

Narrated by F. Tynetegyn from the collective farm of “*Polyarnik*” in Chukotskiy rayon. Recorded by V. Yatgyrgyn, translated into Russian by P. Inenlikey.

They say that long, long ago our young men were carried into the sea while they were hunting. And they arrived at the shore of another country. They were somewhat afraid to enter the village. But then all of them did. Maybe they will kill us — but maybe, for all that, they will not kill us. The people of that country met the young men very cordially and sorted them out as guests to different houses. They did not taunt them, they did not torture them. Once one of the young men started to court a girl. The master of the house decided to punish the young man, to drill in the top of his head. When the drill reached the brain, the young man started to laugh and died. The other young men guessed at what happened and decided to run away.

— Prepare for the departure secretly; also prepare the provisions for the road in secret. One of these evenings we'll run off, — said the oldest of them.

And one day, when all had fallen asleep, our young men left and were carried by the sea toward their homes. They arrived home. They told what had happened to them. All the strong and deft young men from the village gathered and left to seek revenge.

The revengers sailed. One of them conjured a fog. They sailed in a continuous fog, a fog so thick that you could not see the tips of your fingers. They arrived at the village of the offenders; they killed all adults. They found the principal offender. They drilled into the top of his head. When the drill reached the brain, he also laughed and died.

They took with them all the children. When they returned home they divided them among the households. A reindeer herder took in a little girl named Kachap. Soon the herder led his reindeer to who knows where. And Kachap was his maidservant and shepherdess. She watched over the herd even at night. When all of a sudden, the herder's son got sick, the husband said to his wife:

— Let us kill Kachap so that our son will be healthy again. Sew clothing of white hides for the girl!

The wife did not want to have the girl killed. But the husband insisted:

— Their son must become healthy again!

The wife sewed white clothing for the girl. Her husband said to her:

— We'll kill the girl at the next camp. When we are ready to start for it, let her put on her new clothing. And don't let her watch over the herd the night before we start. Give her a lot of good food!

During this last night [before moving] the man went to guard the herd himself. The girl did not want to sleep inside the tent but they talked her into it. As soon as the husband left, his wife said to Kachap:

— They want to kill you. Put on the white clothes! When we get started I will purposely drop a pot from the sled and I will tell you to go back to get it. And you run away! Only don't show sadness now, be happy as usual; otherwise they will understand.

The next day they left the camp. They rode on. Suddenly the mistress leaned from the sled and said:

— Oh my, I've dropped a pot! Kachap go back and get it! It probably is not too far away.

— Let me go back, — said the man.

— Let Kachap go, she is used to walking a lot!

Kachap went after the pot and she ran away. The master waited and waited. He could not wait any longer and decided that he was going to catch up to her with the reindeer.

Although Kachap ran briskly the man with the reindeer was faster. He was just about to catch up with her. Kachap ran to the last [former] camp and lay down in the ashpit, saying:

– Ashpit, hide me! You know I've worked here so much. You hear, they are after me!

The man got to the ashpit. He looked for any traces of Kachap but found none. He returned to his wife.

Kachap went on farther. The girl walked briskly. She saw that in front of her there was a man walking. Kachap caught up with him. The man said to her:

– Let's go to my place! Only, you know my child is so sick; we have not slept for many days.

Kachap agreed. They came home. And there a child was crying without stopping. Then the man said to Kachap:

– Please take care of the child. We will sleep a little. Then awaken us.

Kachap agreed. The man and wife fell asleep and Kachap started minding the baby. The little child was crying its heart out. It cried particularly loud when she touched its buttocks. Kachap looked at the child's buttocks. It turned out that its entire buttocks had been smeared with clay. She carefully removed the clay. The child cried softly, became calm, and fell asleep. And Kachap fell asleep next to him.

The man awakened; the child was not crying. The man became frightened and he thought: "For sure, the child died." He put his ear to the chest of the child. And it was breathing. He quietly woke up his wife.

– The little child is sleeping and so is our guest. Let them sleep, and we can also sleep some more, – he told his wife.

They got up only when they were thoroughly rested. The guest and the little child were still asleep.

– What can we give to Kachap? – said the man to his wife. – Some hides and other presents?

– I don't need anything, – Kachap said. – I have done nothing except lull it to sleep.

All the same they gave her presents, and the master also helped her carry some. He accompanied Kachap and then turned back. Kachap continued to walk a short distance; then she looked back, and there, instead of the man, was a brown bear.

Kachap came to a wide river. She walked along it for a long time; then she stopped. She sat down at the very edge of the river's bank and fell asleep. She was afraid to cross the river.

– If this is Kachap, we will take her across the river, – Kachap heard.

She opened her eyes. Around her stood young men.

– Where are you going? – asked the young men

– To my brothers, – answered Kachap.

– We will now take you across! And those to whom you are going live beyond that mountain, – they told her.

They took Kachap across. Kachap followed them with her eyes and it turned out that cranes were carrying her across. Soon Kachap came to the village. And she began to live well there.

88. The Seven Brothers

Narrated by Nikulun, a worker of the collective farm “*Konchalanskiy*” in Anadyr *rayon*. Recorded by V. Yatgyrgyn, translated into Russian by P. Inenlikey.

There lived an old man and his wife. They had seven children. The sons liked to hunt for all kinds of animals. They killed animals in the tundra and in the sea. Suddenly it happened that there were no animals. Day after day the brothers returned with empty hands. One day the brothers did not return either from sea hunting or from the tundra.

There remained only one of the brothers, the youngest. They did not let him go anywhere. And he very much wanted to find his brothers. During the nights, without his parents knowing, the young man started to build a boat. He finished it, put on his raincoat, and left. He took all necessities with him, including needles which he fashioned from pieces of bone.

He left at night. He walked to the seashore. Suddenly he saw an enormous man. The giant started calling him. The young man acted as if he did not hear him. Then the giant started to suck water into his mouth. When the prow of the boat touched his mouth, Mimlytinu (so the giant was called) spat out the water, and the boat went out faraway into the sea. Mimlytinu again sucked in water. At the same time the young man made ready the bone needles. When the boat was near his lips, the young man threw the needles into the mouth of the giant; the water ran out of his mouth, and Mimlytinu died.

The young man sailed on. He sailed and sailed and then he saw Tannelen sitting on a cliff. Tannelen began to call him. The young man acted as if he did not hear him. Tannelen said:

– If you don’t hear me, I will capsize your boat.

And he kicked the water with his heel. A tremendous wave rose from the shore.

– Oh, how come I didn’t see you, – only then did the young man say.

He came to the shore. He saw a seal lying at the cliff and killed it. He pulled out its entrails and hid them under his raincoat.

– Let’s play at hide-and-seek, – said Tannelen to the young man. – I will hide first.

Tannelen hid himself. The young man saw Tannelen immediately but pretended that he could not find him. Tannelen teased him:

– How can you be so blind? You know, I’ve hidden myself close by, yet you were unable to find me. You’ll see, I’ll find you right away, – said Tannelen to the young man.

The young man hid himself in Tannelen’s hood. And Tannelen looked for the young man for a long time! And he did not find him. The young man jumped out of the hood and stood in front of Tannelen.

– Yes, it’s true, I couldn’t find you myself. Now, let’s eat each other’s liver, – began Tannelen all over again.

– Well, my liver has gotten rather small since I haven’t eaten for a long time, – said the young man.

– No matter! I will eat first!

The young man lay on his back. Tannelen cut open the raincoat, took out the seal’s liver and ate it. The young man got up as if nothing had happened and said:

– Now I will eat your liver. I’m very hungry. You can’t refuse – you’ve eaten my liver.

Tannelen lay on his back. The young man ripped him open and cut his heart out. Tannelen died. At once the young man started for home because he realized who had killed his elder brothers and that he had made his reprisal. Now one could hunt in the sea without fear.

— I have dealt with those who killed in the sea, — he said to his parents — but the enemies are still in the tundra.

— You should calm down or, surely, they will kill you. Don't go to the tundra, — his father begged him.

— Those murderers will do harm even to our children. That's why I'll find them and kill them.

The young man prepared for the journey and set out for the tundra. He walked over the tundra. He came to a patch of berries. He liked berries very much. He began to pick them and eat them. Suddenly the ground tilted to one side. He glanced below. A spider's net was there. He was curious as to what would happen next.

He saw that a spider was coming to check on the net. Even from afar, the spider saw his prey and rejoiced. He lifted the young man to his shoulder and carried him away. From time to time the young man grabbed branches of a tree but let them go immediately. The spider could hardly stand it; he almost fell down.

It was already evening when the spider brought the young man home. Therefore, they kept him for the morning. Alone they sat down to have supper. Two ravens were put as guards over him. If the young man moved even a little, the ravens started to crow.

"What am I to do?" thought the young man. Finally, he thought of something: He took two pails filled with water that were standing next to each other and covered the guards with them. They stopped crowing. The young man came out, secured the door firmly from the outside, and set the spider's house afire. The house burst into flames. The young man dragged in a large stone and put it on the roof. The house collapsed. And so, he got rid of another enemy.

He took vengeance on all the killers of his brothers. From that time on it was safe to go to the sea or tundra.

89. Kunlelyu

Narrated by an inhabitant of Khatyrka village in Anadyr *rayon*, Tro, age 65. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Inenlikey.

The text that follows is an example of a heroic tale. It is an epic portrayal of the contest between the Chukchi and Koryaks for the possession of reindeer herds. The names and characteristics of the heroes, the toponyms, the ethnographically substantiated renderings of the life of the nomads and of their natural surroundings are witness to the reflection of actual historical events. The elements of fantasy engendered by the mythological concepts of the ancient *Paleoasiatics* serve here only as a background to the artistic reinterpretation of real facts.

L. Belikov commented on yet another variant of the narrative about Kunlelyu.⁷⁹ In O. Baboshina's collection, *The Tales of Chukotka*, there are six different narratives about the Chukchi hero Kunlelyu. He is presented as a leader of detachments contesting the invaders from other tribes. In his foreword to the collection mentioned above, the well-known writer D. Nagishkin gives an interesting commentary. He believes that the tales about Kunlelyu are basic sources for the birth of the heroic epos of the Chukchi. Yet for historical reasons these epic poems did not develop into a popular force. It is quite likely that the principal components, covered by the entire cycle of the folk legends of the heroic type such as Kunlelyu, had their origin in real historical persons and real historical occurrences which reflect the period of Chukchi-Koryak fighting for the control of reindeer herds.

Kunlelyu's father's wife died before Kunlelyu came into existence. There was only one daughter named Kytgy who was called Lyayvyt Kokytgy, which means: "Kytgy who went around the world when she was escaping the enemy," and also, she was called Tomgavkytgy, which means "Kytgy, the creating one." Thus, she was Kunlelyu's sister. One day Kytgy said to her father:

– Go to the Koryaks to ask for marriage!

– I can't. I'm already an old man. Why should I marry!

But she insisted:

– Yes, you can! Go there now! An orphan lives there, a girl. Take her for wife!

The father replied:

– For sure, I can't. I've become quite old.

The daughter again insisted:

– Go! Take a wife; then you will see: She will bear a small boy Kunlelyu for you!

In the end the father agreed. He left to get married. As he walked he collected many pieces of firewood and carried it on his back. He collected quite a bit of it and carried it with difficulty. He came to the house where the orphan lived. But the master of the house had many daughters. When the newcomer put the firewood on the ground, the master of the house, also an old man, came out and said:

– Oho-ho! What have you come for?

The guest replied:

– Well, you see, I've come to ask for a wife!

The other one said:

– Be it so! Well, you go and look at my daughters; look for yourself!

They entered. They sat down. The newcomer then said:

– The one over there I will ask for; I want to marry her.

⁷⁹ Kunlelyu – lit. "One-haired."

And the girl-orphan was quite plain looking; yes, even her clothing was old and ragged. Such an ugly girl! The master of the house said:

– Don't look at that one. She's a good-for-nothing! Look at my daughters!

The guest answered:

– Not anymore; I will take that one!

The master said:

– No, no, she is plain looking; she's an orphan. Mine are better.

But the guest replied:

– Just the same, I'll marry that one!

Finally, the master gave up:

– All right, have it your way!

And he told his wife:

– Prepare the orphan. Put her in order: comb the lice out of her hair, wash her, comb her, and give her other clothing!

They prepared the orphan, and then they said:

– Now, go home! You don't have to work for her!

They came home. The wife soon became pregnant. Kunlelyu grew in her womb. Kunlelyu was born. On his chin was only one long hair and so they called him "Kunlelyu – the one-haired." The daughter said to her father:

– You see, Kunlelyu was born!

Kunlelyu grew up to be a thoroughly mischievous child: disobedient, self-willed, fidgety. He grew up and became a young man. His father had died long ago. They were attacked by enemies. Kunlelyu ran from the enemies. But an enemy caught up with him, threw a spear at him, and killed him. Kunlelyu ran to his father in the "other world" and said:

– Uh, I've run away from a Koryak!

His father said to him:

– No, he's the one who killed you! You know, you've died and you've come to me. He simply killed you.

Kunlelyu said to his father:

– What?

The father replied:

– Certainly! You died and you came to me. You know, I died long ago. You have buried me!

– Oy-oy-oy! What a pity! What am I to do now?

His father said:

– This is what you can do. If you don't get lazy and if you put on that frozen parka, all will be well. Then you can go after the enemy.

Kunlelyu said to his father:

– All right, for sure I will go to the trouble of putting on that big frozen parka.

And so it happened that his body froze. Suddenly Kunlelyu revived. For three years he hid from the enemies while he was healing. Finally, he was totally mended. He began to exercise a lot and soon became deft and strong. He then set out to find his offender and murderer. He spoke to the Koryaks:

– Look here! I did not come for you. Where is the one who killed me? It is I, Kunlelyu, whom he killed. You show him to me and try no trickery!

They answered him:

– Wait, we'll tell him right away: "He has come for you."

The Koryak who had killed Kunlelyu rejoiced and said:

– It's so good that he came! Now I will really kill him. Thanks that he came by himself! Does that mean that he came back to life?

And so Kunlelyu met with his killer. They began to fight with spears. Kunlelyu said:

– Suffer a bit more.

Then he said:

– All right, now I am going to kill you!

Kunlelyu did something like this: He jumped high into the air and struck his adversary in the neck with his spear. He cut his head off. The head fell to the ground. And so Kunlelyu finished the fight. But the enemies surrounded him and began to tighten their circle around him. But to no avail – he was so very deft. And although they tried to kill him this way or that way, they couldn't. Finally, they gave up in despair. And Kunlelyu killed the enemies; he had already killed many. Finally, he started for home.

His sister Kytgy, who went everywhere in the world, gave birth to many children – wherever she came, she produced them. And she traveled quite a lot – whenever the enemy approached she ran away immediately. To those to whom she came, she left children. And to all she said:

– Don't ever try to kill Kunlelyu; you know, he's brave and vicious.

In those times the enemies often attacked Kunlelyu, but he destroyed all of them. His younger brother Reyipgev was lame and he stayed home all the time.⁸⁰ Nobody knew it, but he was also very deft and strong. At one time he said to his elder brother:

– You go to the mountain. Yesterday I saw the enemy there. I will meet them in the path.

Kunlelyu and his companions went to the mountain and hid there, lying down. And the younger brother of Kunlelyu, Reyipgev, went on the path on which the enemy was coming nearer. At the place where he stopped there was quite a bit of thawing snow. Earlier he had told his older brethren: "Don't forget, I'll be on the path."

The enemies saw him; they hurled themselves toward him. They decided to kill him. And he made as if he did not see them. When he was still at home he had told his older brothers: "If the enemies start hurling themselves at me and begin to overpower me, I will start jumping up and down. At that point hurry down the slope and strike at the enemy."

When the enemies were close to him he jumped into a big snow pit – and flew low in it. The enemies approached him, but he did not move against them although he did bring a spear with him. Purposely he did not attack them. When all the enemies had arrived, he started jumping up and down. You see, they thought they had only one to kill. The large snow pit became the place of the fight.

As soon as Reyipgev began to jump up and down in the snow pit, Kunlelyu and his companions hurried to help him. As if they had grown out of the earth, they surrounded the enemies and said to them:

– All right, now let's fight!

The enemies turned around, attacked Kunlelyu and his companions, and started the fight. Then Reyipgev hurled himself onto the enemies from the rear and began to kill them. And Kunlelyu showed them no mercy. They killed them all. They returned home. After some time, the enemies appeared again, scouting around. Kunlelyu said to his younger brother:

– The enemies are here again: there, from that side. Go there and block the path!

The enemies were below in the valley, but Reyipgev climbed to a hillock. His older brother sent him there to distract the enemies. The strongest of the enemies saw Reyipgev sitting on the hillock and decided to sneak up on him from the rear. When the enemy was quite close, Reyipgev saw him. He saw him, grasped a spear, and got up.

⁸⁰ Reyipgev – lit. "Pierced by an Auger."

And the older brothers of Reyipgev, again unseen by the enemy, were watching from the mountain. Reyipgev got up and shook his spear so that the enemies would understand: We will not fight with bow and arrow but with spears. The enemies saw him, took their spears, and ran toward the younger brother. Reyipgev jumped from the hillock into the soft and deep snow. They began to fight with the spears. Soon all of the enemies arrived. And Kunlelyu with his companions ran down the mountain and stood on the hillock where their younger brother had been sitting. Again, they called out: "All right, let's fight!"

And again, the enemies turned toward them. This made things easier for Reyipgev and he began to kill them. And Kunlelyu showed them no mercy. They killed them all. They returned home. The enemies saw that they could not cope with Kunlelyu. They made peace with him. They came to their senses and there was no fighting anymore. All started to live in peace. Olyalek, during the entire summer, lived close to the brothers.⁸¹ However, he was not in the neighborhood of Kunlelyu, but close to Kunlelyu's companions.

Olyalek had a son named Motlynto.⁸² Now this Motlynto had evil intentions. When the herds were grazing at the summer pasturage, he began to say to his helpers:

– You will see, the friends of Kunlelyu will kill us!

Then he added:

– I have heard Kunlelyu's friends say: "Why did those Koryaks settle among us! You know that they are grazing their reindeer on our pastures. All of them ought to be killed."

He tricked the helpers. One of them asked:

– What should we do to them?

And others answered:

– Let's tell them seriously that we are going to give you some of our reindeer, the very best of Yakut reindeer. And we will arrange it in such a way that each will select his reindeer while by himself. One of us will go and invite them: "Come to us as guests, he'll say, we'll spend the night in the same place."

They decided to do it. They sent a messenger to the Chukchi. The Chukchi agreed, came to visit, and spent the night. In the morning the Koryaks drove their herd to the place where the Chukchi were. All went among the herd. The Koryaks showed them their reindeer. They said:

– Select the reindeer by yourselves; select those to which you take a fancy. And we will point to it and say: "That's my reindeer, over there is my reindeer; whichever one you want, take it."

The Chukchi began to select reindeer. They scattered through the herd by themselves. For every Chukchi there were several Koryaks. The Koryaks killed the Chukchi; treacherously they killed them. Such was the great evil that was done by Motlynto. When they killed all the Chukchi, the Koryaks packed up their belongings and drove the herds to their own encampments. They arrived at the camps and in a hurry prepared to move the herd farther. They went to their own country on the run.

When they were driving the herds hard, the people from the villages near which their route took them would ask: "Why are you moving your herds during the summer?" One of the Koryaks whispered to them: "You know, Motlynto did a terribly evil thing and we are running away from Chukchi revenge."

They finally came to their own country, the country of Koryaks. They did not stay there but drove their herds farther. Finally, they arrived in a forbidden country. Why it was forbidden is not known. Then winter came upon them.

Then Kunlelyu and his companions started out in search of Motlynto – the offender of the Chukchi. They started during the winter on reindeer-drawn sleds. They went on roaming about

⁸¹ The Koryak name Olyalek has not been etymologized.

⁸² Motlynto, lit. "Bloodless."

all the time. They did not know the country of the Koryaks and were often hindered by snowstorms. This bothered Kunlelyu. He said to Ukkemkey, the shaman:

– Why do we have with us a shaman? Should he try to help? Should he shamanize a bit?!

Ukkemkey answered:

– Well, all right. Prepare a place for conjuring!

They did. They placed a spear upright in the snow. On it they put a harness – as if to harness the spear to the sled. Kunlelyu himself sat on the sled. Ukkemkey walked around the spear and conjured. And the one sitting on the sled answered him. Ukkemkey walked around the spear, conjuring and singing. Suddenly he flew up and sat on the point of the spear. From there he said to his companions:

– Aha! I see: On the mountain Kuvem there is a hare tied to a stone. He stood up and removed his head. It will be necessary to conjure over a white hare!

He finished conjuring and only said:

– We have to go on, he is in that direction!

Kunlelyu gave the command:

– All right, let's start!

They went toward the Kuvem mountain. It was necessary to get to the Kuvem mountain at any price. Finally, they arrived at the foot of the mountain. It was a difficult journey: snowstorms every day, snowdrifts, hills that had to be bypassed, and wide rivers covered with smooth, slippery ice.

Without delay Kunlelyu's people climbed the Kuvem mountain. At the top of the mountain they saw, quite unexpectedly, a white bear. They did not know what he was doing there. They killed him. They did not stop to skin the bear. So, they carried the bear to a sled. They came to the sled and right away started to prepare a place for conjuring. Ukkemkey started to conjure again. He conjured and said:

– Oh-ho-ho-hoy! We will find them only beyond the mountains, in the country of the Itelmens. Kunkyli, a valiant *bogatyr* [hero], lives there. We will meet him there, this son of the Itelmens. I see that at dawn Pikytym will attack him.

He finished conjuring. The group started again. They traveled for a long time; it was a long journey. Finally, they were in the country of the Itelmens. And the Itelmen *bogatyr*, it so happened, came out of the house to relieve himself and he did not put on his belt. Pikytym hurled himself toward him. Kunkyli ran to the house but Pikytym threw reins at him. The reins ensnared the *bogatyr* and he could not run into the house. Pikytym held the reins fast and stealthily approached the Itelmen. Finally, he grasped him. At this time Kunlelyu and his group arrived. Kunlelyu toppled the Itelmen *bogatyr* to the ground and lay on top of him. He held a knife against his heart and said:

– Now I am going to kill you! But if you will not yell for your father, then I will not kill you!

Kunkyli cried out. His mother came running. Kunlelyu told her:

– Soon we are going to kill your son!

The mother ran into the house and said to her husband:

– They are killing our son out there!

The father came out. He said to them:

– Please, let go my only son, don't kill him!

Kunlelyu said to them:

– Tell me where Olyalek's people are and I'll let him go.

The father said again:

– Oy-oy-oy! He's my only son, let him go, please.

Kunlelyu said to him:

- So, you're not going to tell! All right, I will now kill him!
- Well, it seems that I'll have to tell, but don't tell anybody what I told you!

Kunlelyu said:

- If you tell us everything clearly, we will go there and slaughter them all.

He started to speak, stammering in fear. Kunlelyu said to him:

- You tell everything in detail. And mind you, without trickery.

The old man told them:

– Well, they left for Koryak country. There's only one way to get there – over the mountain. And all of that mountain is covered with ice.

Kunlelyu released the son of the Itelmen. The detachment also warmed itself there to refresh itself. When they were drinking tea and having a snack, the old Itelmen described the way to the Koryaks in detail. Kunlelyu's detachment started the journey. They came to the only mountain over which it was possible to make a crossing. And the mountain was covered with ice. And it was very high. At the foot of the mountain Pikytym unharnessed his white lead reindeer. He walked him around. The white reindeer had very large crown antlers. He walked him around and put a rein through his nostrils. To that rein they tied many other reins so that it would be long. Pikytym struck the reindeer with a leash, grasped the reins and shouted: "Gooch!" The white lead reindeer galloped up the slope of the mountain, in big leaps he galloped; he leaned against the ice with his crown antlers and jumped. Under his hooves big pieces of ice broke off and fell down the slope.

In this way he climbed to the top of the mountain. He turned toward the people and dug his hooves firmly into the ice. A single man climbed up [the mountain] using the reins. Then in turn all climbed. All, to a one, got to the mountaintop. There they killed the white lead reindeer of Pikytym. They continued further to seek out Olyalek. They came to the herd at night. They began to look for the herder, to call him. The called out loudly:

- Hey! Motlynto-o-o!

Suddenly they heard from somewhere:

- Vogoy, vogoy, vogoy! Motlynto called back.

They came up to him and said:

- Where is your house? Let's go to the house!

He pointed to the house. They saw the house from afar. They gagged Motlynto so that he would not be able to cry out and warn his kin. They came to the village, tied up Motlynto and left him outside on a sled. All of Kunlelyu's group entered the house. As the door began to creak, Olyalek grabbed a large knife from under a pillow. He used it right away. He cut one of the men to pieces. One of Kunlelyu's companions exclaimed:

- Oy! What a pity, he already killed one!

Ukkemkey told them:

- Grab him but don't kill him!

Kunlelyu's people grasped Olyalek. They threw him down. They sat on him. Ukkemkey put the pieces of the man who was killed in their proper places. He started conjuring with the legs. He began to say over and over: "Chik, chik, chik." And then they saw: the man got up even though Olyalek had cut him to pieces. He got up and said:

- Oy, oy, how terrible! Oy, it is terrible!

Ukkemkey said to him:

- Look out, be more careful now!

But he kept to his own:

- Oy, how terrible, how terrible!

At that point Ukkemkey struck him. Suddenly the man asked:

– Oh, where is Olyalek?

The wife of Olyalek lamented:

– Oy, what a pity, oy, they are killing Olyalek!

Kunlelyu said to Olyalek:

– There he is, we are holding him. Kill him!

The man struck Olyalek in the neck with a knife. He killed him. They killed everyone, even the women. They left the house so that they could start the return journey. They untied Motlynto. Only his hands they left tied. They made him drive the herd with tied hands. From time to time they pushed him on to drive the herd faster. In this way they took revenge on the man who deceived all, who caused great evil. Finally, Kunlelyu's group arrived at the Itelmen's place. There they slaughtered many reindeer. They gave the reindeer meat to the old Itelmen who had the one and only son. Then they went on farther.

Again, Motlynto drove the herd of reindeer. Now they were not far from home. Motlynto was driving his own herd. Because the Chukchi were very angry with him, they took revenge for his betrayal, his deception. Because of him, so many innocent people had died! Finally, they arrived home. There they killed Motlynto. From that time on they lived without wars. They stopped warring altogether.

That is all.

90. The Deft Woman (Variant 1)

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Uelen village, Enrime, age 32. Recorded and translated by P. Skorik. The portrayal of a woman-warrior and woman-*bogatyr* [woman-hero and/or strong-woman], a woman endowed with wisdom or ability to make miracles, is a widespread element of tale subjects. These perhaps reflect surviving manifestations of matriarchy among the ancient *Paleoasiatics* (nos. 89 and 93 herein). The defeated *bogatyr* gives the woman half of his herd and then kills himself. The basis of this heroic tale seems to be the struggle of two tribes for the possession of reindeer herds. Elements of fantasy are totally absent in this text.

There lived an old reindeer herder and his daughter. And on the coast, there lived an old man who had five sons. All year around the daughter of the reindeer herder trained herself to be strong and deft. She came to the old man who had five sons. And she invited the deftest of the sons to come with her. Then they went together into the tundra. Two days they walked. Towards the end they saw a very high mountain. They went to it, and in the foot hills they went to sleep. In the morning they got up and went to find out what there was beyond the mountain. Suddenly they saw several enemies — Koryaks. They prepared to fight with them. And the enemies also gathered for an attack. The woman said to the man:

— I will go first; if they kill me, then you come out!

And the woman readied herself. A most skillful Koryak, in expectation, skipped along — he was very strong. Then the woman came out. The Koryak saw her and yelled out:

— Gok, gok, gok! Little birds!

You see, that Koryak destroyed all of the earth's inhabitants. And the woman also came running down the mountain. The Koryak went toward her, jumping up and down. They started fighting with spears. The woman held the spear with the point towards herself. They fought with spears for a long time. Noon came. The woman got bored of the fighting with spears. She turned the spear with its point toward the adversary. And she cut the point of the Koryak's spear away. The Koryak could do nothing. He sat down on the ground and said:

— All right, kill me!

The woman said:

— I will not kill you, live!

The Koryak answered her:

— You are indeed a deft one! This is the first time I have seen such. I have wiped out all the deft ones the world over. It's only you I could not kill. Let's go to my place, — the Koryak invited the woman.

— Very well, let's go.

And so they went to the Koryak's place. The Koryak-strongman was shamed. They arrived at his house. His old father started to scold him:

— Eh, my son, what can I say to you! Serves you right! You know there are many different people. Now you ought to kill yourself!

When they stopped scolding him, the deft Koryak said to the woman:

— Well, let's go to the herd!

Then they came to the herd. The woman invited her companion:

— Hey, come here! I defeated that deft Koryak.

Then the man came. He divided the herd in two even parts, and also the freight sleds. And he gave all that to the woman. Then the deft Koryak said:

— I will go to the tundra to die!

And the deft Koryak started for the tundra. He arrived at the tundra. He killed himself because he was shamed by a woman. The woman started for home with the reindeer herd. The man drove her herd. After ten days they arrived home. When they arrived, the woman invited him to the house. He loved the woman because of her deftness.

That's the whole story.

91. Velvynelevyt

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Uelen village in Chukotskiy *rayon*, Uvatagyn, age 62. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik. In this tale the theme is developed about the struggle between two groups of herders for the control of reindeer herds.

They say that Velvynelevyt⁸³ had a brother Tymkynelevyt.⁸⁴ And there was another brother, Erykvyn.⁸⁵ They say that Velvynelevyt was very deft and a brave man. Tymkynelevyt was also good and deft. And brother Erykvyn was very fast on his feet. They hunted everything: wild deer, mountain sheep, and other game.

The reindeer herders were waging war at Ryrkaypiy.⁸⁶ The lands of Velvynelevyt were near Ryrkaypiy. Velvynelevyt was a very rich reindeer herder. From afar his house did not look like a house but reminded one of deer's antlers. There were three houses. The brothers lived together.

And in olden times there was a war, because the three brothers instilled fear in all. Velvynelevyt killed all the men. But he did not touch those that were poor, without reindeer or clothes. To the contrary, he gave them hides, meat, and reindeer and said:

– Know this, friends! When the enemies come, they will help us.

And Tymkynelevyt said to Velvynelevyt:

– Even if he will be a friend, don't give him meat! The three of us can cope with any enemy.

Velvynelevyt answered:

– Yes, there are three of us, but when many enemies come, that will not be enough.

And indeed, the enemies came and the friends did help Velvynelevyt. Velvynelevyt was very deft. And the brothers were very deft. Velvynelevyt won; he killed all the enemies.

They lay down to sleep. Tymkynelevyt said to Erykvyn:

– Velvynelevyt is out of sorts! You keep the herd around the house, while the enemies are still close to us. If you're going to pasture the herd at a distance, the enemies will kill us. Our enemies are still quite close.

In the evening Erykvyn drove the herd in and placed it around the house. Velvynelevyt said:

– We'll all sleep together. If the enemies come, we may miss them. So, let the women not go to sleep. If we sleep well, we'll have nothing to worry about. Let them be on guard for the enemy while we sleep.

All gathered in the house of Velvynelevyt. He told them:

– For sure, it's going to be bad if we simply lay down to sleep! Let the *yaranga* be uncovered—otherwise the enemies will come and we'll not hear them. Cook meat all night! Let a large flame burn in the *zhirniks* [oil lamps] all night. And keep a big campfire going!

Indeed, the enemies came at night. And Velvynelevyt had many reindeer – they surrounded the house in a wide band. The reindeer started to snort; they were startled by the enemies. One of the women said:

– Why are the reindeer snorting? No doubt the enemies have come!

The women awakened Velvynelevyt:

– Wake up!

– Why?

⁸³ Velvynelevyt, lit. "A raven woman's head."

⁸⁴ Tymkynelevyt, lit. "A tussocky woman's head."

⁸⁵ Erykvyn, lit. "Knocking stone."

⁸⁶ Ryrkaypiy is a Russian adaptation of the Chukchi toponym Ryrkaypyan ("Walrus bar" – a cape and inhabited point in the north of the Chukchi peninsula. The Russian name for it is Cape Shmidt).

– The reindeer over there are snorting.

Velvynelyvt said:

– Yes, indeed they are!

Then he called out:

– Where are my friends?

– They're over there!

– Erykvyn, Tymkynelyvt, get dressed, the enemy has come!

Velvynelyvt started to scold his brothers, saying:

– Get up! We have to go and fight now! Go and take off the covering of the *yaranga*! Women, look after the children; make the flame in the lamps larger and let the campfires glow hot!

The snorting of the reindeer came closer. Velvynelyvt said:

– Tymkynelyvt, you go out at the front, but fast! And you, Erykvyn, go to the back of the house!

Velvynelyvt continued:

– You've said that we'll fight as a threesome. And how? What if very many enemies come? But all right, go out now! Drive the herd in all directions. We'll cry out to the reindeer: "Gyych, gyych, goov-gov!"

To be sure, they went out. They drove the herd in all directions. Very many enemies came. They surrounded the house of Velvynelyvt, together with the herd. The reindeer started running in all directions; they trampled the enemies, killing them. They did not trample or kill the children and women who were sitting around the campfires – reindeer are afraid of fire.

When dawn came the brothers saw that many enemies were killed. They looked at the herd. Very many reindeer were there. Their own were joined by others. Velvynelyvt's reindeer herd became even larger.

With the coming of light frosts, they had to fight anew. Again, many enemies were approaching the house of Velvynelyvt. Velvynelyvt killed and skinned many reindeer. Again, they lit a big campfire. Velvynelyvt began to eat. He ate a lot, then he said:

– I'm in a bad way, I have become old! I can't fight. All of you must run away.

Tymkynelyvt said to him:

– No, you are not old yet! Stay alive, don't die! It will be better if you die after a year! But now see how we are going to fight. And you don't have to! You are no longer a fighter. Well, let's go, Erykvyn, the enemy is here!

Then they began to fight. Oh, how deft were Tymkynelyvt and Erykvyn! Together they annihilated all the enemies! And again, they captured very many reindeer. Again, they slaughtered reindeer. They made an entire mound of their antlers.

Close to Ryrkaypiy was the land of Velvynelyvt. From that time on there were no wars. Velvynelyvt said:

– If we are going to keep fighting, there will be no men left. That's enough, stop fighting! There's no good in fighting. It's only bad. From now on let all men be friends. You know, women, children, young girls and boys die of hunger when their fathers fight.

So, the wars stopped. And to this day the antlers of the reindeer of Erykvyn, Velvynelyvt, and Tymkynelyvt are found close to Ryrkaypiy.

That is all.

92. Lyavtyleval

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Uelen village in Chukotskiy *rayon*, Uvatagyn, age 62. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik. This is a heroic legend about the struggle of the Netelin reindeer herder Lyavtyleval with the newly arrived aggressors from the opposite bank of the Kolyma river. Ayvan, a dweller on the coast, comes forward as his helper. The legend ends with a call for peace and for the abolition of war (see also no. 91 in this publication).

They say that at one time there was a Netelin reindeer herder named Lyavtyleval.⁸⁷ He was a fine man, very strong and deft. He had been fighting for a long time. His enemies came from the opposite bank of the Kolyma. And the new arrivals from the Kolyma were Russians.

At one time again, many reindeer and sleds arrived in a caravan. Again, there was a big fight. They arrived at night. At that time Lyavtyleval's herd was being watched over by another man. The enemies came near. The man heard the enemies coming. He ran to the house of Lyavtyleval. He said:

– Where is Lyavtyleval?

Lyavtyleval slid from the *polog* and asked:

– What happened?

The night-herder said:

– It seems that the enemy fighters came again.

In a hurry Lyavtyleval put on his clothes and boots. He went outside. He asked:

– How's the herd? Are the reindeer in the same place? When you left, was everything in order?

The man answered:

– Yes, all was.

Lyavtyleval said:

– Well, all right, we'll go and check on the herd!

There was no wind. The moon rose. Since the moon was full, there was light around. They started. A mountain. A gorge. In that gorge they hid the herd. But all the same the enemies discovered the herd. Lyavtyleval's men came to the gorge – there was no herd. The enemies drove it away. They took it.

And how Lyavtyleval fought with the enemies! He shot arrows at them, he fought them with spears. He killed many enemies. The enemies became frightened and ran away. There was also an agile pair of enemies. They continued to fight with Lyavtyleval. In the end Lyavtyleval began to get tired.

And the house of Lyavtyleval was at a river, at the Netelin. Lyavtyleval fought all night. Finally, he retreated a bit. The battle cry of Lyavtyleval could be heard closer. Lyavtyleval found himself in the middle of the river-bed – he was tired.

He had a Netelin companion by the name of Ayvan.⁸⁸ The wife of Ayvan woke up and went outside. It was very quiet. Suddenly the wife heard the cry of Lyavtyleval: "Ygyych!" She darted to the house and cried out.

Ayvan said to his wife:

– Why are you crying?

– I feel awful. Our man is crying out over there. No doubt there is war!

– I will go out and listen, – said Ayvan.

⁸⁷ Lyavtyleval, lit. "Head-wagging."

⁸⁸ Ayvan (Notayvan), lit. "In lee of the wind."

He came out. He listened. To be sure, it was Lyavtyleval crying out. Ayvan grasped a spear. He followed the outcry. He sees: The enemies were pressing Lyavtyleval hard from both sides; they were driving him to the river. Ayvan cried out:

– Yych, I'm here!

Lyavtyleval jumped to the high bank. They started fighting as a pair: Lyavtyleval with one of the enemies, Ayvan with the other. Lyavtyleval did not kill the enemy. Notayvan had already killed his adversary. Lyavtyleval saw that Notayvan stopped fighting. He said:

– Where's your man?

Notayvan said:

– He fell asleep!

Lyavtyleval said to him:

– Why did you put him to sleep?

As a matter of fact, Notayvan killed him. Lyavtyleval also stopped fighting. All three of them rested: Lyavtyleval, Notayvan, and the enemy fighter. Lyavtyleval said to the enemy with whom he had been fighting:

– All right, you can leave, I will not kill you. Go on to your own. Only return the herd.

That man said:

– Very well, we'll go after your herd!

They left; they came to the herd. Suddenly the enemy fighter began to run. Again, Lyavtyleval had to fight. He took his herd and also added some of the enemy's reindeer. The enemies ran away. All of the men ran away. He speared two of the men, cut their heads off, and impaled them on spears through the brains. He shook them and said:

– Don't run away; let's fight some more!

The next year they came again in a convoy. And there was Lyavtyleval's *yaranga* in the same place as before, on the Netelin River. The enemies arrived. They said to themselves:

– Oy! The Lyavtyleval's *yaranga* is in the same place as before. Let's go around it as far away as possible! Yes, and now he has four *yarangas*. Let Lyavtyleval live in peace; we'll not get the better of him. And again, we would be missing many men.

From that time on Lyavtyleval stopped fighting. He said:

– That's enough of fighting! We will live as friends with all those men. If we fight for a long time, those who stay alive and our children will have a bad time after the war; no friends, no land, and no men will be among them. Listen to me, stop fighting! From now on let it be good for all.

Since then there were no wars.

That is all.

93. Kytgy

Narrated by an inhabitant of Khatyrka village of Anadyr *rayon*, Tro, age 65. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Inenlikey. The tale about the creative Kytgy, sister of the legendary Kunlelyu, appears to be a variant of the third part of the tale about Kunlelyu.

Arelpino and his daughter ran away from the enemies. It was late fall. In the dark of the night he fell head over heels from a cliff. He broke a leg. The daughter saw how he somersaulted down the steep incline. She slowly climbed down the cliff. When she got below it, she called out for her father:

– Where are you, father?

The father said:

– Here I am! Only you must know: For sure I've broken my leg.

The daughter said:

– What am I to do with you?

The father answered:

– You must kill me or I will suffer. Yes, and I'll be much trouble for you. When you kill me, bury me here. Then go to a Kerek village. Let them hide you there. Dig a pit in front of the *polog*, and there you will hide. Don't let them talk about you to Kunlelyu. If any of the Kereks wants to take you for his wife, don't refuse.

She killed her father, buried him, and went to the Kereks. She arrived and said:

– I have come to you. When we were running away from the enemies, father broke his leg and told me what to do. He said: "Kill me here." And he said more: "When you get to them let them dig a pit for you in front of the *polog* in which you can hide." He also said: "Let them not talk about you to Kunlelyu." And he added: "If they will ask you in marriage there, don't refuse."

The Kereks believed her. They dug a pit for her next to the *polog* and prepared a place where she could hide. So, she lived like that. A Kerek married her. And she gave birth in the pit. She gave birth to a girl. And when the enemies began to get near, she ran away. Wherever she came, they always hid her. Again, somebody married her. And again, she gave birth. As soon as she gave birth, she said to the local people:

– You will never win over Kunlelyu. Would it not be better to stop fighting! Enough of that! Let all people live in peace. You know Kunlelyu and his companions are deft; you will not be able to do anything with them. Let people be friends!

Only when she went all over the world did peace come. Wherever she came, she was married, and she gave birth. She went all around the world. And fighting came to an end. Kytgy, the sister of Kunlelyu, became famous. They started to call her "Kytgy, the creating one." Kytgy didn't like war.

That is all.

94. Vankachkor

Narrated by an inhabitant of Khatyrka village in Anadyr *rayon*, Tro, age 65. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Inenlikey.

There was a rich reindeer herder named Vankachkor.⁸⁹ He lived alone. He guarded his herd by himself. When enemies attacked him, he would hide in the middle of the herd. Only when the enemies came to his herd, gathered in one place, prepared food and began to eat, would he drive the herd at a run toward the enemies. The herd would start to whirl around, stamping the weapons of the enemies, completely confusing them. Then Vankachkor would drive the herd to the tundra, take a year-old reindeer doe, and begin to swing her as a sling. So, he would slaughter all enemies. Really, this is the way he fought the enemies.

One time he sat on a hillock among cliffs, at a place where two rivers came together, looking after the reindeer. His baggage was also there. When it got dark, he lit a big campfire. The enemies saw the campfire through the herd. They started to sneak up to him. He heard them clamoring. He stuffed spare clothing with anything at hand, including a clothes bag. He made a face from reindeer lungs and fitted it to the garment. He sat the stuffed figure at the campfire — so as to seem that a man was sitting at the fire, dozing. And above the fire there hung a kettle with meat in it. He took with him a raincoat, walked past the herd, and hid himself in the very place through which the enemies had just passed. And the enemies came to the stuffed figure and began to slash its face with their fighting knives. They slashed and said again and again: “Giik! What did your father tell you? That you shouldn’t sleep when you cook meat! That you shouldn’t sleep soundly! That you shouldn’t lie down at the fire!” When they stopped slashing, they felt it. It turned out that it was not a face but reindeer lungs.

— Well, well! It seems it’s not a man! — they said, confused.

For a while they remained confused. Finally, their leader said:

— Let’s have some food! No doubt the master ran away. We should be thankful that we could take everything away from him without spilling blood!

They waited for the meat to cook. With a loud cry Vankachkor threw himself at the enemies. He struck the raincoat, the raincoat thundered and Vankachkor cried out at the top of his voice: “Hey! Attack them! Attack!” The enemies ran to the place where the two rivers joined. They abandoned their weapons. The reindeer forced them over the precipice, and those who were dodging the reindeer fell into the river themselves.

When it finally became quiet, he stopped circling the herd. The reindeer calmed down. Vankachkor sat down at the campfire — and how well he ate! When it became light, he went to the gorge where the rivers joined to see what had happened. He saw everywhere on the bank lay the smitten enemies. Some were dead and some were still alive. He killed the living ones.

Once he was guarding his herd with a companion. Again, the enemies came and started pressing on them. Vankachkor killed two reindeer. He cooked their whole small stomachs. Then Vankachkor said to his companion:

— Let’s swallow them whole, without chewing! For those who can’t swallow it whole, it means that they will be killed by the enemy!

The companion with much effort swallowed the small stomach. Vankachkor said to him:

— Well, that means that they will not kill you! They can only wound you seriously or cripple you.

The enemies arrived. They came to a halt. They began to prepare their bows and arrows. Vankachkor said to his companion:

⁸⁹ Vankachkor, lit. “Half-year old calf.”

– To begin with, let them shoot it out with you!

The companion began to shoot arrows. Right away he killed three. But they also wounded him; they pierced a muscle in his arm. Vankachkor said to him:

– Well, now you can leave; I will begin to shoot!

He released three arrows at the same time. With one shooting he killed three enemies. He killed all with single arrows. The enemies could do nothing to best him, just as with Kunlelyu. He could fight with any weapon: bow and arrow, spear, yearling doe, and in the winter with a frozen carcass of a reindeer.

He would fasten one end of a rope around the chest of the frozen carcass, the other end around its neck. In the middle of the rope he would make a loop so that he could hold it well. When the enemies approached him with spears he began to swirl the frozen carcass like a sling. With one frozen carcass he annihilated all the enemies. He didn't even have to touch the spear since all of the enemies were already dead!

Well, and even if he had used the spear, just the same he would annihilate all the enemies!

That is all about him.

95. Kiegin and His Sons

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Toygunen village in Chukotskiy *rayon*, Elgin, age 48. The latter now resides in Uelen. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik. The fight of two tribes for the control of reindeer herds is also reflected in nos. 30, 32 and 33 in this edition.

They say that there lived two brothers. The older brother had a son. They called that small boy Ettuvi.⁹⁰ At one time the father left by himself for another land, leaving his wife and son behind. Several days went by; they were attacked by enemies. One of them, very deft, took the woman by force as his wife. The next day they left for home in the north and took the boy with them. Oh, and how long they traveled! No fewer than ten times did they camp for the night! The husband returned home and said:

– Oy, where could my wife be?

He took a spear and hastened after the villains. The one who took his wife was a bad man. He didn't give food to the boy. On the way his mother prepared food. She dug a small pit next to the campfire, cooked the meat and left a piece in the pit. They ate and went on. And the boy walked on hungry. The boy got angry, and the man said to him:

– Take off all your clothing and go back!

He said this and hit him with a piece of iron on the forehead. They left the boy at that place and went on. He turned back retracing the steps. When he came to a camp, he dug the meat out of the pit, ate it and went on. Finally, he met his father who had been following the traces. The father saw his son and out of pity he even cried. Then he asked:

– And where is mother?

The son answered:

– They went north. We'd better go home. My feet are swollen, quite frozen. Let them go by themselves. My feet are very frozen!

The father told his son:

– Well, since it is so, we'll go home!

He set out with the son for home. The two lived together and they were nomads. When they went after the reindeer herd, the father gave his son stones to exercise with. And so the son became very strong. The father said to him:

– Instead of Ettuvi let them now call you Kiegin so you can be deft and strong.⁹¹

Ettuvi said:

– Well, all right! I will be Kiegin!

The father left for the reindeer, but Kiegin did not sleep all night. He exercised on the *polog*. In the end he became very strong and deft. One day he said to his father:

– Now, let us go; we will search for mother!

His father answered:

– Let's go!

And the next day they started. In one hand Kiegin carried three supports for the covering of the *yaranga*, and with the other pulled a sled with his father and the frame of the *yaranga* on it. Again, they trekked to the north. Suddenly in the evening they heard somebody shouting. Kiegin asked his father:

– What is that?

⁹⁰ Ettuvi, lit. "Canine."

⁹¹ Kiegin, lit. "Heel."

His father said:

– Well, let's stop here!

They stopped. Suddenly from behind a hillock, there appeared a caravan of reindeer-drawn sleds. It turned out that they were enemies. Again, they planned to attack. Kiegin told his father:

– Look, they are coming to us.

The father said:

– What are we to do?

Kiegin told him:

– Let's be the first to attack. Only, where could mother be?

The enemies stopped a little distance away. And that strong and deft enemy came over to do some spying. He said:

– Hello! Whose camp is that?

Kiegin answered him:

– That's Kiegin's camp!

The enemy again asked:

– Where is this Kiegin from?

Kiegin told him:

– Oh, he is the same one whose mother the enemy took away when he was a child and then sent him back home without clothes.

The enemy guessed who it was. He thought: "Well, hello! It must be the same one that at the time I hit on the forehead with an iron stick."

Kiegin told him:

– You must have wanted to kill me a long time ago. Well, now you can kill me!

The enemy answered:

– Well, all right, have it your way!

Then they started fighting with spears. The fight did not last very long. Kiegin lifted the enemy with his spear and killed him. Then he dashed to the other enemies and killed them all with his spear. Only his mother was left among the living. In the morning all three went home.

Mother and father became old and died. And Kiegin married. His wife bore him two sons. Even Kiegin began to get old. And the children grew up. They became strong and deft, even more than their father, particularly the older – no one could best him. At one time the pair of brothers went north. They stopped in the tundra. The older brother said to the younger one:

– Let's hunt a little for ducks! Only, don't forget what father said!

And the younger replied:

– I remember, I remember what father said! You hunt and I will look out so that the enemy does not take us by surprise.

He said so but was himself carried away by the hunt and he forgot about the enemies. Suddenly they saw that the enemies surrounded them. He said to the older brother:

– The enemies have surrounded us.

The older brother told him:

– How disobedient you are! Now they will kill us!

And the enemies had already wounded the older brother in the back. He could not walk. The younger brother shouted:

– Never mind, I'll save you!

The older brother answered:

– No, you will not save me! Better let the herd of reindeer run loose! Do it soon!

The younger brother put on his armor and hurried to the herd. He struck his armor; the herd became frightened, jumped up, and ran over the enemies. Many enemies were trampled to death.

The younger brother then drove the herd to the place where their baggage was kept. He returned and saw the enemies killing his older brother. He was sitting; and sitting he bobbed up and down. Then he disappeared out of sight. The enemies killed his brother. They wanted to put him face down; they could not — his chest muscles resisted with all their might. They wanted to put him on his back, his back muscles resisted. In the end they placed him on his side.

Then the younger brother hurled himself onto the enemies and killed them all.
The end.

96. Omyayak

Recorded in the Chukchi language in 1938 by a student of the Preparatory Section of the Institute of Northern Peoples in Leningrad, F. Tynetegyn (see introductory remarks attached to no. 85 of this edition). He was a son of a Chukchi nomadic herder from the Vostochno-tundrovskiy *rayon* of the Chukchi Peninsula. Translated into Russian by G. Melnikov.

It was long ago, during the time of wars. The enemies never bothered one particular man. They would only question him and leave him in peace. They saw him and asked:

– What do they call you?

He answered:

– I am Omyayak.

Again, they asked:

– What are you doing?

He answered:

– I collect worms.

And they left him in peace.

One day he collected quite a lot of worms and squeezed them in his fist. Twenty enemies came across him. They asked him:

– What do they call you?

He answered:

– I am Omyayak.

Again, they asked:

– What are you doing?

He answered:

– I catch insects with my parka.

And he added:

– Come here, I will show you my insects.

He showed the worms he had squashed in his fist. The enemies ran away; actually, they did not look as closely as they should have. They ran away saying:

– Oy-oy-oy! How big his insects are!

And Omyayak laughed at them:

– Ha-ha-ha! Oh, how well did I scare the enemies! Well, I am also skillful; the one who scared the enemies!

Then he went to collect worms again. He saw a small mouse; he caught it. He went on holding the mouse in his hand. Again, he met an enemy, this time just one. Omyayak saw the enemy and he sat down on the ground. He acted as if he were catching insects in the opening of his parka. The enemy asked him:

– What do they call you?

– I am Omyayak.

The enemy asked again:

– What are you doing?

– I have already caught very many insects, so I'm looking for them in my parka.

And Omyayak added:

– Well, now come here and look at my insects!

The enemy came. Omyayak said to him:

– Close your eyes tight!

The enemy closed his eyes. Omyayak took the hand of the enemy and pushed the mouse up his sleeve. The enemy started to jump up and down and cried out:

– Ey, ey! A louse, a louse. Hairy, hairy!

And the mouse was already on his chest. The enemy started to shout even louder:

– Oy, oy, something big is running over my chest. What's happening to me!

Omyayak started to laugh at him:

– Ha, ha, ha! It seems that the louse is stronger than you!

Finally, the enemy got hold of the little mouse that was running over his chest. And the mouse somehow bit the hand of the enemy. The enemy ran. He ran and the mouse was biting his hand.

Omyayak called out to the running one:

– Hey! Come here! Maybe I can take that louse off your hand!

The enemy returned to him. And the little mouse kept biting his hand. His whole hand was bloodied. Omyayak took the mouse from the enemy's hand. The enemy ran away. He ran saying:

– Oy, oy, what a sharp-toothed louse!

And Omyayak laughed at the enemy:

– Ha-ha-ha! This is the first time I've met such a dumb man! Yes, and also such a weak one!

97. The Braggart

Recorded by F. Tynetegyn (see introductory remarks attached to no. 85 of this publication). Translated into Russian by G. Melnikov. This is a domestic tale of the fable type in which fun is made of a braggart.

A man went for a visit. When he arrived, they said to him:

– Welcome!

– Hello!

They asked:

– What is new?

– Nothing in particular, only that I think: very likely of all people I am the smartest.

A man said to him:

– Very well, let's see who can outsmart whom. Come to us again tomorrow. But use only the left path.

The braggart returned home. In the morning he again went for a visit, riding his reindeer. He rode on the left path. He saw that on the path there lay an embroidered *torbaza* [boot of reindeer hide]. And the man with whom he was in contest in the meantime hid himself not far away. The braggart looked at the boot and went on. The man came out of hiding, took the boot, ran straight on, skirted around the braggart, again placed the boot on the path, and hid himself anew. The braggart saw the second boot and cried out:

– Well, this is amazing! It looks like one of a pair of boots that I just saw! Now then, I'll return after that boot, and I will have a pair!

He tied up the reindeer and went back on foot. The man left his hiding place, untied the reindeer, and drove them away. The braggart looked and looked for the boot. He did not find it. He returned to the reindeer – and there were no reindeer. The braggart cried out:

– Well, there is a smarter man! Why did I tell him: "There's no smarter than I". And now I am left without reindeer!

He followed the tracks of the reindeer. He came to the man who took the reindeer away. The man told him:

– Well now, who is smarter? Yesterday you said, "Of all the people I'm the smartest!"

And the braggart said to him:

– Yes, you are smarter. With the help of a boot you've left me without reindeer.

The one who took the reindeer answered him:

– Go home on foot; I will not give you the reindeer. You yourself wanted to see who is smarter!

And the braggart went home on foot.

98. Chomaragtygyrgyn

Narrated by an inhabitant of Khatyrka village, Anadyr *rayon*, Tro, age 65. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Inenlikey. Contacts of the Chukchi inhabitants of the southern part of the peninsula with the Yupiks are reflected in this legend. The Eskimos could have been Asian or American carrying out exchange trade with the Chukchi reindeer herders. The exchange consisted of products of sea-mammal hunting and household items of reindeer products.

There once lived a man named Chomaragtygyrgyn. When he was still a little boy an Eskimo kicked his father to death with his feet. As he grew up he remembered about his father all the time. And at all times he exercised to gain strength and deftness. He grew up and, indeed, he became very strong and deft, and learned how to run very fast. He would catch up with wild deer and hunt them with his bare hands. Then he decided to move closer to the Eskimos. Early in the summer, about June, he spoke to his companion:

– Let's go to the seashore, straight to the moorage, where the Eskimos usually land.

They arrived there. After some time *baidaras* appeared. Chomaragtygyrgyn began to instruct his companion. He said:

– If they come ashore at this place, then you will see. They will have to give us something. When we start unloading the boats, you hurry me on. And always call me by name: "Chomaragtygyrgyn, help unload!" And call it loudly: "Chomaragtygyrgyn!" And then add this: "Get moving, do your best, or they will kick you, the poor one, to death with their feet."

And indeed, after some time the *baidaras* arrived at the place where they were standing. The largest boat was loaded with all sorts of things including bales of tea and tobacco. And the master of that boat was the same Eskimo who kicked Chomaragtygyrgyn's father to death with his feet. They began to unload the goods. The companion said to him:

– Now then, let's help unload!

Chomaragtygyrgyn began to help. Not long afterwards the companion said to him again:

– Can't you hurry, Chomaragtygyrgyn?! The people are certainly in a hurry. The tide is rising.

Chomaragtygyrgyn asked the master of the boat:

– If the goods are thrown on the beach, will anything happen to them?

And the bales of tea were secured with iron bands; they were bulky and heavy. The master of the boat, the one who had killed his father, said to him:

– You can't do it – they are too heavy!

Then Chomaragtygyrgyn took a banded bale of tea, sat himself down, and looked around to see if there were people around. There were no people. He got out of the boat and tossed the bale of tea with one hand onto the beach, quite some distance. The bale fell onto the high beach and buried itself in the sand. The companion, purposely being abusive, said to him:

– Why did you throw it like that, Chomaragtygyrgyn?! Are you angry because of your weakness?

Chomaragtygyrgyn turned around. With one hand he pulled the bale of tea from the sand. He carried it a little further from the beach. He looked at his companion angry-like. And he [the companion] guessed what he wanted and said:

– Get moving, will you?! Help the people!

Chomaragtygyrgyn began to do everything very fast. He took a bale of tea in each hand and carried them to the shore. So, they unloaded that boat. The master of the boat said to the Eskimos:

– Let's pull the boat on the shore!

Chomaragtygyrgyn said to the master:

– If I carry it by myself, will it break?

He answered:

– It is heavy. We'll take it by the sides and pull it out.

The master said this, but Chomaragtygyrgyn grasped two of the boats bench seats, put it over his head, walked to the beach, and asked:

– Where do you want me to put it?

Seeing this, the Eskimo who had killed the father began to ingratiate himself to Chomaragtygyrgyn. He said to him:

– Put it right here!

Chomaragtygyrgyn put the boat down; then the Eskimo asked him:

– Are you, by any chance, the son of Chumen?

– Yes, I am. Well, let's drink tea!

And he said to the Eskimo's youngsters:

– Go and collect wood for the fire.

Again, Chomaragtygyrgyn glanced furtively at his companion. The companion saw the glance and said:

– Again, you're doing nothing! Help gather wood! You're loafing instead of helping!

Chomaragtygyrgyn ran off to collect wood. He gathered some wood. They brewed the tea. They ate and drank a bit of tea. After this the Eskimo master gave many gifts to Chomaragtygyrgyn: a whole bale of tea, a bale of tobacco, the entire pelt of a walrus, many thongs. He put all this in front of Chomaragtygyrgyn and said:

– This is all for you!

He got many goods as gifts. When all of the goods were carried aside, Chomaragtygyrgyn, with stealth, looked at his companion. The companion said:

– Well, pack the goods! Put them in the pelt and tie it up.

He began to pack the goods. The companion hurried him to do it, even though Chomaragtygyrgyn hurried without having to be told. Every minute he said to him:

– What are you doing; are you taking the whole day to pack the gifts?

When almost everything was packed, the companion grasped a spear, and running he cried out:

– If you please, I will run first, or they will again kick us to death!

Chomaragtygyrgyn quickly lifted the load to his shoulder, grasped a spear, and ran after his companion. He caught up with him. They went farther together. They decided not to do anything about the Eskimos because the master of the *baidara* gave so many gifts, and he could bring more.

99. The Deft Women (Variant 2)

Narrated by an inhabitant of Anadyr, Kalan. Recorded by V. Yatgyrgyn, translated into Russian by P. Inenlikey. According to the ancient Chukchi custom, a man defeated in a duel by a woman had to accept the full weight of scorn of his kinsmen and companions-in-arms if the woman spared his life. Under these conditions, the defeated man begged the woman to kill him with a spear or take him as a husband or herder.

They say that there lived an old man and his wife. Their two daughters did everything by themselves; they even pastured the herd. Their father and mother were already very old. At one time the women were pasturing the herd. They were watching over the reindeer which were resting at the point of a long lake. And enemies sneaked up toward the women. The women saw them only when they started to threaten them.

— Wait, — said the women. — We will first eat.

They quickly started to make a sausage. One drew the marrow from bones, the other at the same time fashioned a spear from a piece of wood. In place of a spearhead they inserted splintered pieces of reindeer leg bones.

— Well, what if I attack the deftest of the enemies? — said the older.

— It would be better if I did, — retorted the younger.

— Not yet, I will be first! Only if I can't overpower him, then you also attack.

The most agile and strongest man approached the women. The older sister and he fought with spears the entire day. In the end she somehow managed to sit the enemy strongman on her shoulders.

— Now you can kill me before I get cold, — said the man to the woman.

— We're not interested in killing; you see, we're women, — replied the woman to the enemy.

— You are not women! Women could not be so deft and strong, — the young man did not believe.

— Don't you see? I have braids.

— Men could also plait their hair, — the young man was still in doubt.

— Well, if you don't believe then look!

The woman said this, parted her clothing, and showed him her chest.

— I will be ashamed if they learn that a woman defeated me. Kill me quickly; otherwise I will get altogether cold, — insisted the man.

— You know [that] we will never kill, — replied the women.

— If you refuse to kill me, then take me for a husband. You know the other enemies would kill me anyway. And I will not go home; my companions saw how you defeated me.

The woman agreed. And as they walked home the man's spear glistened in the sun; it was an iron spear.

The father was working with an adze in the lee of the *yaranga*. The daughter stopped some distance from her father and said:

— Father, I've gotten a button [husband].

She told her father because she had gotten a husband. From that time on, the sisters had husbands, began to live happily, and even had children.

100. Pochatkyn and Pelyatkolyn

Narrated by Achytagyn from the state farm "Polyarnik" in Chukotskiy *rayon*. Recorded by V. Yatgyrgyn, translated into Russian by P. Inenlikey.

There lived an old man and an old woman. They had one daughter by the name of Pelyatkolyn.⁹² The old ones never went anywhere; the daughter did all the work: In summer she picked berries and roots, stocked up firewood; and in winter she trained the reindeer to pull sleds. Pelyatkolyn lived well. Not a single young man could become her husband. Her father and mother said that she would marry only the man who could catch up to her in a footrace.

In a far-off country, there lived a young man. He heard about the fleet-footed girl-herder. They called him Pochatkyn.⁹³ He began to train. He trained for three years. Without much effort he could catch up with mountain sheep clambering over a mountain.

Finally, Pochatkyn started on a journey; he wanted to acquaint himself with the courageous girl. He arrived to where Pelyatkolyn lived. He saw her next to the herd. And she turned out to be very beautiful! He saw her, caught her, and carried her to the other end of the herd. The girl said to him:

— You've frightened me! Now try to catch me!

The girl ran from him with all her might. The young man did not stay a step behind. Finally, the girl stopped and said:

— I can't outrun you anymore; let's go to my house.

They arrived at the house. Pelyatkolyn stopped pasturing the reindeer. The young man started to pasture them. Pelyatkolyn married him. Soon she became pregnant. The old man said to his son-in-law:

— We can't die without seeing the herd. Tomorrow morning, drive the reindeer here; we will slaughter a few.

Pochatkyn said to his wife:

— Make a knot from thongs.

When the knot was made the man went to the herd. He gathered the herd and drove it toward the house. Suddenly he saw an old bull stuck in the mud. The man started to whip the old bull with the knot. Finally, the old bull scrambled out of the mud. He wanted to run aside but the man again whipped him with the knot. In the end the old bull went directly to the house. All in the herd followed him as if somebody was herding them. And that old bull was the master of the herd. He led the herd to the house. They killed some reindeer. After the slaughter the old ones ordered that they be killed.⁹⁴ Before he died, the old man said to the young ones:

— We are leaving you with a large herd so that you can live comfortably. And now you put us to death. But you will live well only if you take good care of the herd. Remember: The one who lives well is the one who works well.

⁹² Pelyatkolyn, lit. "Leaving."

⁹³ Pochatkyn, lit. "End of sleeve."

⁹⁴ "Ordered that they be killed" are words that point to the existence among the Chukchi and Siberian Yupiks of a custom of voluntary death of the aged members of a family. Cf. with a footnote in no. 60 of this publication.

101. Kelev, the Strongman and the Youth

Narrated by Ragtuve from the state farm "Mayak Severa." Recorded by V. Yatgyrgyn, translated into Russian by P. Inenlikey.

They told of it this way. The inhabitants of a village saw a young man come to them. Nobody knew who he was or from where or why he came. They knew all the people in the vicinity and also from the far-off villages since they occasionally visited them. But their village was rarely visited by anyone; everybody was afraid of the strongman in the village.

And that strongman was the worst in the entire country. Whenever somebody came to the village, he fought with him. He either killed him or made him work for him. He treated his workers and herders badly. They were hungry all the time; and they were always cold. Although the herd they watched over was huge, they increased it in size several times. If a herder returned home, the strongman sent him immediately back to the herd; or he would send his three sons to keep an eye on the herders at all times.

The young man who had arrived was the cause of great curiosity. The girls gathered in a circle, ran ahead [toward him], because even from a distance they could see how handsome he was. And as it turned out, the young man was seeking a wife. He also was very strong. That's why he came to that village. He was not afraid of the strongman. The young man remained very calm; he did not display his strength before the time of the fight. He wanted to see the daughters of the strongman, but the father [strongman] forbade them to make the acquaintance of the young man.

The strongman-oppressor was called Kelev. The young man did not go to his house but went to the house of an old man, a worker of Kelev. He told the old man that his mother and sent him to find a wife and that so far he had not found a suitable bride.

— Kelev will not leave you in peace; he will force you to fight with him. And when he defeats you, he will make you his worker or he will kill you. You know, we, the old ones, have seen it all happen, — said the aged master of the house.

The next day the strongman invited the young man and told him to prepare for a fight.

— Well, since birth I have not fought and I didn't come to fight but to look for a wife, — said the young man to the strongman.

While he was talking with the strongman, he suddenly saw his younger daughter. And he calmly asked the strongman if he would give his younger daughter to him as wife.

— I will give my daughters in marriage only to those who are either stronger than I or equal to me in strength. I would even give them away to one just a little less strong than I, — said the strongman to the youth.

Then, before the fight, they drove in the herd. It seems that before a defeated one dies, it is necessary to feed him properly. If an opponent proves to have less strength than the challenger, then he is given several reindeer and is made a worker. And if he is equal in strength then he is to be given half the herd. But the strongman was sure that he would defeat the young man and kill him. Then he could not marry his daughter.

The workers spread out several walrus hides with a layer of blubber still on them. They began to fight on these. The young man stepped on the hides; they were very slippery just as Kelev would have it. Many people gathered to watch the fight. Some were laughing; others watched in silence. The strongman fought like a youngster. But the young man fought him easily. Soon Kelev became hot [tired]. And the young man became even more deft and started leaping at him. People who were laughing in the beginning became altogether silent. Finally, Kelev stopped and said:

– I fought with you for a long time; it is already getting dark. Let's continue at home. Nobody has fought with me for so long!

They entered the house. The young man did not fight the strongman but sat down near his daughter and begged her to become his wife. The girl agreed. But then Kelev told him:

– No, I'm going to try once more to beat you!

They started fighting again. Apparently, it was hard for Kelev to give his daughter away. And he did not want to be the defeated one either. Finally, dawn came. They were still fighting. Some of the onlookers began to doze. At noon the tired Kelev said to the young man:

– Attack me in my house!

– You all see, – said the young man to the people before he attacked. – I am not a murderer. He himself begs me to attack him.

The young man became even more deft from the long struggle. He hated Kelev, because he had killed two of his older brothers when he was still a child. The young man flung himself onto the strongman, seized him, threw him on the hides, wrapped him in one of the hides like a baby, and covered him with the other. The strongman cried out from the wrappings to be pulled out. He could not free himself – the walrus hides were too slippery.

– Get me out of here! Take my daughter for your wife, take the herd, and make me your worker! – hollered Kelev.

But the young man did not believe Kelev. He ran to the tundra and returned with a large spear. He pulled Kelev out of the hides and told him:

– Well, let's now fight with spears; you have already told me yesterday to amuse myself!

Kelev brought his spear. The spear was large; others could not lift it. But it was still smaller than that of the young man. They began to fight with spears. In the very beginning the young man broke Kelev's spear. They stopped fighting and the young man said:

– You have killed my brothers with a spear. I will kill you with a spear!

He said that and he gored Kelev with his spear, killing him. The young man took for a wife Kelev's daughter. He divided the herd in halves. One half he gave to the poor and the other he drove to his mother.

And the poor began to live a happy life, one without an oppressor.

102. The Stubborn Mother

Written by V. Yatgyrgyn. Translated into Russian by P. Inenlikey.

There lived a mother and her son. The mother wanted to understand the language of birds at any cost. One day the mother heard that somewhere on the coast they taught writing and reading. She thought, "If they teach how to write and read there, they must also teach how to understand and speak bird's language!" She called in her son who was playing outside and said to him:

— You've had enough of useless playing. Prepare yourself; you are going to learn the language of birds. As soon as the ship comes in, you're going on to the coast to learn. When you're finished learning, you'll come home.

From that time on the woman prepared the son for the trip. Soon the ship arrived. They traveled on it. The son learned for some years and then came to understand that although he had learned how to write and read he would never be able to learn the language of birds. How many years he was learning nobody knows. But the mother saw that he had already become a young man.

When the instruction came to an end, they got ready to go home. The mother heard that soon there would be a ship going to their place. Finally, they left. The mother could hardly wait to see birds. Then her son would talk with them since he had learned to write and read. When the ship was in the middle of the sea, they saw a flock of cranes.

— Now you listen to what the cranes are talking about, — said the mother to the son.

— I don't understand the cranes; they didn't teach us to speak the language of birds, — said the son to his mother.

— You have learned for such a long time and you haven't learned to speak the bird language, — grumbled the mother.

The next day they again saw a flock of birds. The stubborn mother again asked her son:

— Well, what are the birds saying? How will our trip turn out?

— There's nothing I can do; they did not teach us the birds' language! We were taught only writing and reading. You'd better ask what is written here and I will tell you!

After a while they saw ducks. They were swimming and quacking loudly.

— Those are ducks from our sea; you should be able to understand them. Ask what they are saying about us at home!

— I don't understand ducks either because they did not teach us the language of birds. And there's nobody in the whole world that understands the language of birds.

The old woman became angry with her son. She began to quarrel, and then said:

— All right, you have not learned the language of birds. But now tell me: Why does the water swirl at the stern of the boat?

— Oh, I know that. It swirls because the "paddle" of the boat works. And that's why we're moving.

— Why don't you bend down and see, — said the stubborn mother.

As soon as his mother asked him the son obeyed and looked from the stern at the swirling water. Then the mother seized and threw her son into the water because she thought that he was stupid. And the ship moved on. But the young man did not lose his head. He knew how to swim. He swam to the left bank. Soon he reached the left bank, stepped onto the ground, and began to dry his clothes.

The young man decided not to return to his cruel mother. Then afterwards people would say that there was some kind of person in one of the villages who was teaching children how to write

and read. People guessed that this was the man whom his mother wanted to drown and who could not learn the language of birds.

103. The Sly One

Written by F. Tynetegyn, translated into Russian by G. Melnikov.

Very long ago there lived a man. And, oh, was he sly and a liar to boot! So, they called him “the Cheat.” One day he was walking upstream along a river. And it was somewhat misty. Suddenly he met a man. The Cheat asked him:

– Where are you going?

He answered:

– Well, I’m going hunting.

The Cheat then said to him:

– Go farther down that river! I saw a brown bear downstream. He’s waiting for you.

The hunter said:

– Really, you’re not deceiving me?

The Cheat said:

– What do you mean I’m not deceiving you?!

Then the Cheat asked:

– Do you know my name?

The hunter answered:

– No!

Then the Cheat said:

– Why don’t you believe me?

The hunter said:

– Eh, I do know your name!

The Cheat asked:

– What is my name?

The hunter answered:

– The Cheat.

The Cheat’s face changed in anger; he trembled. Finally, he said:

– How can you talk like that! You are such a scoundrel! When did you learn about my name?

The hunter replied:

– I saw right away that you wanted to deceive me!

The Cheat did not listen him out to the end; he ran away. He ran saying to himself:

– What a wonder! That man is really skilled and clever.

And the hunter called out to him:

– Oy-oy-oy! What kind of a man is he? He just makes you laugh! He couldn’t cheat me!

104. How a Neighbor Taught a Lesson to a Herder by Slaughtering His Reindeer

Recorded by F. Tynetegyn, translated into Russian by G. Melnikov.

There was a reindeer herder who did not guard his herd during the winter. At that time a certain man, his neighbor, said:

– Now then, I will slaughter one of his reindeer. Maybe by doing this I will teach that *Chauchu* a lesson and he will begin to guard his herd!⁹⁵

The next day the *Chauchu* went to the herd. He walked among the reindeer and suddenly he saw a man skinning a reindeer. The reindeer herder came near him. The man acted as if he did not see the master of the herd. The *Chauchu* came right next to the man and said:

– Oy, why did you kill that reindeer?!

The neighbor answered:

– Be quiet, you scoundrel, and help me skin the reindeer!

The *Chauchu* said:

– Be it so; I will help you, but tell me why did you kill this doe?

While skinning the reindeer, he replied:

– Because I decided [like] this: “Just to teach him a lesson, I’ll kill a reindeer. Maybe then he will not leave the herd alone.”

The *Chauchu* said:

– Aha! You did the right thing! Now I will never leave the herd alone. Really, it doesn’t matter that you killed that reindeer. You know how bad the wolves are. They could kill many reindeer!

⁹⁵ *Chauchu* – designates a Chukchi nomadic reindeer herder in contrast to a Chukchi coastal dweller.

105. The Chap Who Did Not Know the Bears

Recorded by F. Tynetegyn, translated into Russian by G. Melnikov.

There was a chap who was very tall but not very bright. One day his father asked him to go hunting for brown bears. The chap left to hunt bears. On the way he thought, "I really don't know how strong bears are!"

He climbed up a small hill. He saw the burrows of marmots and he thought, "What a wonder; it could be that these are bears' dens! Didn't people say, 'Bears' dens are in the ground'? But why are these dens so small? But didn't I hear, 'Bears are bigger than a hill?!'" The chap fell to thinking. Finally, he said:

— All right, I will wait and when they come out I will ask them! A marmot came out [of the burrow]. He asked her:

— Are you a bear?

As soon as he called to her, the marmot with a squeal plunged back into the burrow:

— Pi-i-ik!

The man said:

— How strange! Why didn't she answer? She only laughed at me!

Another one came out. Again, he asked her:

— Hey, are you a bear?

The marmot jumped back in the burrow with a squeal:

— Pi-i-ik!

The chap decided to run away. Running he said:

— How strange, the bears only laugh at me! I'd better go home!

He came home. His father asked him:

— What happened, did you kill a bear?

The son replied:

— I was questioning them and all they did was laugh at me.

The father said:

— Oy-oy-oy. You really think that you will kill a bear by questioning him!

The son said:

— Well, what am I to do? I don't know what bears look like. That's why I was asking, so I could learn. I asked and they quickly jumped back in their burrow and laughed at me to boot.

The father said:

— All right, don't go hunting for bears anymore. You poor thing, the bears are laughing at you! Yes, very likely mice will laugh at you; you can't kill a bear!

The son asked:

— And what is a mouse?

The father said:

— Oy-oy-oy! Do you have any brains left? You don't know mice either!

The son spoke:

— So what. I'm going to hunt bears again!

The father said:

— You'll never be able to kill a bear, you don't even know what mice are!

The son replied to that:

— Just the same, I think I'll go hunting for bears!

The father retorted:

– All right, if that's what you want. Go do some hunting!

The son left to hunt bears. He walked above a ravine. He saw a bear. He began to sneak up to him; he came near him. He shot him dead. He came up to the bear and circled him. Then he cried out:

– Oy my! What a big mouse!

He tried to turn the bear on his back. He couldn't do it. Finally, he left the bear and started for home. He walked and thought: Oh, what a heavy mouse!

He came home. His father asked him:

– Well, have you killed a mouse?

The son answered:

– Yes, I have, but to my regret I couldn't bring him here; oh, he's so heavy and so big, like a hillock!

The father said:

– Oy, aren't you fooling yourself again? You know, I could lift a mouse with my little finger.

The son said:

– It's not so! It's big, and furry too, with a hide like that of a reindeer. And its paws are thick – thicker than a log!

The father said:

– To be sure, you're fooling yourself! I've never seen an animal with legs as thick as a log!

The son said:

– Let's go there and see. Then you can talk!

They went to the place. They came to the dead bear. The father told his son:

– No wonder; you know that's not a mouse, it's a bear!

The son said:

– That's nice! Didn't people say, "A bear is bigger than a hill?"

The father told him:

– No, this is a bear. Now you know what a bear looks like!

The son answered:

– Aha! Now I know what bears are. But I don't know yet what mice are. But now I really know what bears are!

They skinned the bear and brought it home. They came home and the son asked the father:

– And when can I learn about mice?

The father answered:

– Not now. When night comes, then you will learn about mice!

The son commented:

– Well, you know, it's bad not to know anything. It seems that it's not worthwhile to talk to them. They begin to laugh at you. It's like the bears yesterday. What a shame!

106. The Brown Bear Who Wanted to be a Reindeer Herder

Recorded by F. Tynetegyn, translated into Russian by G. Melnikov. The text belongs to the genre of tales about animals.

A brown bear wanted to become a reindeer herder, so he sought out the owner of the very biggest herd, a *Chauchu*.⁹⁶ The bear saw a very large herd. He walked up to the master of the herd who was sitting nearby. The *Chauchu* said to him:

– Hello!

– Hello!

The *Chauchu* asked the bear:

– What did you come here for?

The bear answered:

– Well, you know, I would like to pasture your reindeer, get some reindeer as payment, and become a reindeer herder myself.

The *Chauchu* said:

– Well, since you want to be a reindeer herder, you can pasture my reindeer. You will pasture them during the day, and for wages I will give you a part of my herd.

The bear said:

– Very well, I will pasture them!

The *Chauchu* told him:

– All right, you can pasture them and I will go home. But when the sun is about to set, drive the herd home!

The bear asked:

– And where is your *yaranga*?

The *Chauchu* answered:

– It's over there, in the ravine.

The bear said to the *Chauchu*:

– Agreed. You go home and I will pasture the herd by myself!

The *Chauchu* went home. The bear stayed with the herd. Toward evening the herd started to straggle. The bear tried to collect all the reindeer in one place but he could not do it. The herd dispersed from him. The bear became angry. He went up to a reindeer and asked:

– What are you all looking for?

Finally, he actually cried out:

– What's wrong with this herd? You'd think they'd understand when you ask them! Look, I've clearly asked them: "What are you looking for?" But no, they bend their heads down to the ground, walk, and say nothing!

Finally, he abandoned the herd and went to the *yaranga* of the *Chauchu*. After he arrived, the *Chauchu* asked him:

– Where is the herd?

The bear replied:

– Ey, I couldn't get it together in any way. As soon as you left, all the reindeer went whichever way. What were they all looking for? If they would only answer when asked. More than once I asked them: "What are you looking for?" And they didn't say anything. Eh, maybe they were looking for worms?!

⁹⁶ *Chauchu* – a nomadic reindeer herder occupying the interior of the Chukchi Peninsula.

The *Chauchu* said to him:

– What is this! How could you leave the herd! And you still want to be a reindeer herder!

The bear became fidgety from fear and said:

– Ey, listen. Don't kill me!

The *Chauchu* said:

– Be quiet!

Then the bear began to bawl:

– Oy-oy, he's going to kill me!

The *Chauchu* threw himself at the bear. The bear ran away.

– Oy-oy! – he cried. – The *Chauchus* turned out to be a very nasty people!

107. The Runaway Leftover

Recorded by F. Tynetegyn, translated into Russian by G. Melnikov. A plot of this story, a red fox tricking a raven, appears in the narrative and literature of many peoples.

Somehow a raven found a large piece of reindeer fat which people had dropped. He grabbed it and shouted loudly:

– Kha-kha-kha, kar-kar-kar! Thanks to somebody, I'll eat the fat!

He sat in a tree and began to eat the fat. Every time that he could not tear off a piece with his beak, he laughed:

– Kha-kha-kha! Oy-oy, fat can be hard! Kha-kha-kha, kar-kar-kar! But thanks to whoever left this for me.

A fox heard the babbler, sneaked up to the tree where the raven was sitting, and then cried out:

– Ey!

In fright, the raven with the leftover fat fell from the tree. He fell and cried out:

– Kar, kar, kar! What happened to the leftover?

And the fox grabbed the fat and ran off and repeated while running:

– Oy-oy! Oy-oy!

When the raven fell his head got stuck in the snow. He freed himself from the snow. He saw that his leftover was running away. Loudly he began to call out:

– Ey, you leftover, come here!

Then he flew off. Flying he said to himself:

– How strange that leftover ran away from me!

108. The Raven and the Mouse

Recorded by F. Tynetegyn, translated into Russian by G. Melnikov. This is a well-known subject in the Chukchi, Koryak, and Itelmen narrative about a stupid raven who becomes the laughing stock of mice. In the Koryak narrative, the raven appears as *Kuykyniyaku* and in the Itelmen narrative as *Kutkh*.

A mouse was running among the hummocks. She saw a raven and approached him, saying:

– Grandfather, come here and I'll search you for fleas!

The raven flew to her. The mouse began to search for fleas. While she was searching, the raven fell asleep. As soon as the raven fell asleep, the mouse painted his whole face with charcoal. She finished and went away. And the raven continued to sleep. Finally, the raven awakened and he cried out:

– Kar! Kar! Where is that mouse?

Then he flew over a river. He flew and looked at the water. He saw his reflection in the water. He cried out:

– Oy! Who's that? Now then, I'll fly to him! He flew toward his reflection and called out:

– Hey, come here!

Finally, he began to recognize himself:

– This looks like my own reflection!

In the end he realized it all:

– To be sure, it is my reflection. No doubt that mouse ran away because she was frightened by my painted face.

109. The Mouse and the Marmot

Recorded by F. Tynetegyn, translated into Russian by G. Melnikov.

A mouse was carousing between hummocks, and a marmot was sitting, as usual, on a small hillock, and yelling. The mouse heard how she was yelling and seated herself on a hummock. She called out to the marmot:

– Hello, come here!

The marmot approached her. The mouse said to her:

– Welcome!

– Welcome!

Then the mouse said to the marmot:

– You know, since we have to live together, shouldn't we go hunting bears together?

– Oh, no, the bear is such a fright! We'll not kill him, he will kill us!

The mouse argued with her:

– Don't worry, we'll outsmart him. We're very small; we'll sneak up to him and scratch him to death.

The marmot thought a little and said:

– All right, let's do it!

They went to hunt a bear and found one. They sneaked up to him. As they were approaching him, the mouse said:

– Oy-oy-oy, he really is a fright!

The marmot retorted:

– Didn't I just tell you – he's a fright!

The bear heard them talking and said:

– I'll eat you!

They called out to him:

– Uncle, we'll tell you something. Listen to us! Do you have fleas?

The bear replied:

– Oh, to be sure, I have many!

– Let us search for them!

– All right, search!

They began to look for the fleas. While they were searching, the bear fell asleep. As soon as the bear fell asleep, the mouse said to the marmot:

– Now, let's scratch his eyes out! Maybe we'll even kill him!

They scratched out the bear's eyes; they scratched them to pieces. The fluid ran out of them. Then blood ran out. The bear died. The marmot and the mice said together:

– Oh, how strong we are; we've killed the bear. From now on let's do things together. When we're together, even the bear is not such a fright!

110. The Arctic Fox and the Bear

Original title: *Vot spasibo, medvezhatiny poel* ("Thanks, I ate bear flesh!"). Recorded by F. Tynetegyn, translated into Russian by G. Melnikov. In the narrative of the peoples inhabiting the Chukchi and Kamchatka Peninsulas, the genre about the clever fox (or vixen) tricking [orig. "defeating"] the larger but stupid bear, with the help of partridges and stones heated in a fire, is widespread.

One day a brown bear was walking through the forest. Suddenly, an arctic fox approached him:

– Grandfather, come here!

The bear came toward him. He asked the arctic fox:

– Is there anybody you are afraid of?

The fox replied:

– I only fear people because only they shoot guns!

The bear said to him:

– But I'm not afraid of people. I'm only afraid of the partridges. You walk, and walk, and they suddenly fly from under the bushes! Very frightening!

The fox said:

– But I'm not afraid of partridges. In a day's time, I kill about ten of them.

The bear spoke to the fox:

– Let's go searching: You for partridges, I for people. We'll learn which are more frightening.

They started. The fox went to hunt for partridges, the bear – for people. They went separately. The bear attacked people, and they began to shoot – they turned his hide into shreds. The bear barely escaped. At the same time the fox killed about twenty partridges. He started looking for the bear. The bear came to the fox, bloodied all over. The bear said:

– It's true, people are very bad!

He then asked:

– Do you have any kind of medicine [cure]?

The fox replied:

– Yes, I have heated stones.

The fox made a fire and tossed stones into it. The stones became [red] hot. The fox said to the bear:

– Lie down!

The bear did. The fox put a hot stone on the bear's wound. The bear twitched from the burns.

The fox said:

– Thanks to this, now I'll eat rich bear meat!

The bear asked:

– What? What are you talking about?

The fox replied:

– I am saying: "What a pity that my companion is dying!"

The bear died. The fox was very happy with his prey. He said:

– Thanks a lot! I've eaten rich bear meat!

111. Akannykay

Narrated in 1948 by Ragtyn, age 36, an inhabitant of Lorino village in Chukotskiy *rayon*. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik.

They say that once there was a wild doe. She lived quite by herself. All winter she roamed the mountains. In the spring, time for calving arrived. As yet, the snow had not melted. There was a howling snowstorm. Yet, during the snowstorm she calved in the mountains.

The mother was licking the calf when a wolf sneaked up to her and threw himself at her. The doe fought back with all her might but could not free herself. The wolf killed her. And the calf, not quite licked clean, began to freeze in the snowstorm. The wolf had already eaten of the doe. At that point the calf begged him:

– Will you leave the udder? If I am to grow up I will have to drink milk!

– Well, all right. All the same you'll have to become food for me! – said the wolf.

– Be it so, – agreed the calf.

– All right. If you wish I will leave the udder. But come the next year I will be after you. Don't go anywhere, and wait for me here! – said the wolf.

– I will not go away. I will stay here while you are gone! – promised the calf.

The wolf went far into the tundra. Then, the calf, during the very snowstorm, not yet licked clean by his mother, tried to get up but could not. The next day it cleared. Somewhat encouraged, the calf crept up to his mother. He sucked a little – he was very careful with the milk. Every time when he felt hungry he sucked a little. And the calf became stronger. He ran around his mother and learned how to run fairly fast. He also stayed by himself. All the time he ran around his mother, he wanted to become very fast at running. Spring came and he continued to run all the time. Summer arrived and he began to run farther away, always at a trot. But he always returned to his mother. In this way the young deer prepared himself for the arrival of the wolf. At the same time he thought: "Why should I let him eat me – I'll run away!"

Fall arrived. Suddenly the wolf appeared and asked of the young deer:

– Well, can I kill you now?

– It would be a pity; I am still small and skinny, you would not get much to eat! – replied the young deer.

– It seems you are right. I will not eat you now but I'll return again next year. Don't go anywhere from here, wait for me! – said the wolf.

– All right, go! – said the young deer.

Again, he exercised by running. He went all over the mountains. Winter came. The young deer learned to run ever faster. Another year went by. The young deer grew some more. Again, the wolf appeared. He asked:

– Well, what's with you now?

– I'm trying to fatten myself, – the young deer said.

– That's good of you, – said the wolf. – But when will I eat you?

– It's a pity that I'm not big and fat yet!

– That's for certain. Then I will come in a year, – said the wolf.

– Very well go!

Again, the wolf went into the tundra. And the young deer never thought of getting fat, he only wanted to be strong and fast. For that he practiced running through the year. And so another year went by, the wolf appeared and asked:

– Well, no doubt you've become good and fat?

- I don't know, but as for me I'm still skinny. In no way it seems can I grow and get fat.
- Really. Be it so. I'll come back in a year!

Again, the wolf went into the tundra. The young deer again exercised all year – he ran over the mountains and jumped from cliffs. Another year went by and, again, the wolf appeared. He said to the young deer:

- Now, to be sure, you must be a fully proper meal?
- Well, I've grown, but I'm still skinny. It was a bad year, I did not get fat! – the deer answered.
- That seems to be the case; you are painfully skinny, – said the wolf.
- Well, I'll leave.
- All right, go!

Actually, the deer tricked the wolf – he did not want to get fat.

Winter came. The deer ran all the time. He jumped from cliffs and practiced every day. Again summer arrived. He walked only in the mountains. He became like a mountain goat – strong and deft. He jumped from low cliffs and butted boulders. He gained great strength. And so they called him Akannykay.⁹⁷

Wherever Akannykay was running, he always came back to the place where the wolf killed his mother; he always returned to the bones of his mother. Then again, the wolf met him. At that time he was very hungry. Akannykay said to him:

- Ah, welcome! You've arrived?
- Yes, I've arrived, – the wolf answered. – But now I'm ready to eat you!

The deer agreed:

- So what? If you wish, it is now possible!

But really he did not think that way. You see, he had become very big, strong, and deft. The wolf said:

- Well, let me then kill you and eat you!

The wolf wanted to eat very much. Akannykay answered:

- Just let me run away from you! I will run a little! Why hand myself over right away?

The wolf agreed:

- Very well, run! – He believed that he would catch up to him at once.

And so Akannykay ran. He ran very fast. The wolf darted after him but in no way could he catch up with him. The deer let the wolf come nearer. The other was already running quite slowly. It turned out that Akannykay was leading the wolf to a high cliff. At last the wolf cried out:

- You wait. Didn't you say that you were not going to run far??
- You catch up with me! – Akannykay cried out in answer.

They ran to the cliff. The deer jumped down. And the wolf after him, thinking of catching him. The cliff was right next to the river! Akannykay swam across the river. And the wolf, like a boulder, fell onto the bank. He hurt his legs badly. You know, it was a high cliff! Then the wolf yelped:

- O-o-y! Let them gnaw you to the bone. Oy, it is so painful.
- Serves you right! Why did you kill my mother? I will yet settle accounts with you for her!
- cried Akannykay.
- All right, settle accounts for your mother! But I will call on my companions, – the wolf called out as he lay at the foot of the cliff where he had fallen.
- All right then, invite your friends! – answered Akannykay. – I also have friends!

⁹⁷ Akannykay, lit. "Bad Antlers."

Akannykay asked a hare and an ermine to help him. A large pack of wolves came to help the wolf. As he lay below the cliff he said to his companions:

– Let’s kill that deer Akannykay! To begin with, catch up to him in running and fighting, and as you gain on him kill him at once. Think of the most painful way of killing him. Do you understand?

– Yes, we do, – answered the friends of the wolf.

Besides the wolf pack there came to help the wolverine, a brown bear, foxes, mice, marmots, “pirate-gulls,” vixens, and an old wild deer, a very big one. He was called Matachgyrkynaynyn.⁹⁸ His trunk was like that of a deer but his feet were like dog feet. He also had antlers, but such big ones that they covered the sun. But Akannykay was not afraid of the deer with dog’s feet. Akannykay had only two friends – the hare and the ermine. The wolf told his helpers:

– Well now, go and catch up with him!

They started. The mice followed directly in the footsteps of the deer, but the other helpers picked their way through the grass. All went to challenge the deer. Matachgyrkynaynyn at once started to run fast. He ran and behind him the air swirled, like in a snowstorm. Actually, he couldn’t be seen.

They ran for a long time. On the way they were drifting apart. Some were running fast, some slow. With all they had, the gulls tried to keep up with Matachgyrkynaynyn. Just the same he outran them. The helpers of the wolf started to turn back. Then Akannykay said to his friends:

– Now, let’s try to catch up to Matachgyrkynaynyn! We can’t let him outrun us!

– By all means, let’s do that! – said his friends.

The hare and the ermine attached themselves to the legs of Akannykay. And so Akannykay ran with them. Oh, and how fast he ran! Much faster than Matachgyrkynaynyn! If you looked at him from the side it seemed that Akannykay was flying through the air!

And so they caught up to Matachgyrkynaynyn. It was as if they were caught in a snowstorm. And, yet, the weather was fine. While running, Matachgyrkynaynyn created such a swirling wind. Then Akannykay said to his friends:

– All right, now let’s catch up to Matachgyrkynaynyn!

Akannykay burst into that wind and he killed Matachgyrkynaynyn. At this point there was only a bear left. The ermine offered:

– Now, let me try to best the bear.

– Try, – Akannykay agreed.

The ermine threw himself at the bear. They began to fight. The ermine jumped far and wide. Suddenly, the bear lost sight of the ermine. He didn’t notice that the ermine had jumped into his mouth. The bear said to himself:

– Where did he go?

Then, suddenly, he started spinning from pain:

– Oy! Oy-oy!

He rolled on the ground. In the end he died. The ermine climbed out of the bear’s mouth and told Akannykay:

– I jumped into his mouth; then I let myself farther into his stomach. Then I began to gnaw. Because I did so, I killed the bear fast.

Akannykay told him:

– Thanks to you for destroying such a big enemy!

He would have liked to praise himself, but then he remembered:

– The gulls are still left!

⁹⁸ Matachgyrkynaynyn – lit. “Male-dog matchmaker” or “Lewd matchmaker.” The mention of a deer-like animal with dog-like paws occurs for the first time in Chukchi tales about animals.

He jumped in the air and twisted their wings off. And he killed all of them. He stamped to death all of the mice. He easily got rid of the foxes and all the others. There remained only one wolf alive. Akannykay approached him:

– Now, you're the only one left to talk with. Why did you kill my dear mother in such a snowstorm? You know, it was so hard for me, I had just been born. I didn't forget how you were humiliating me. You are a glutton, wolf!

Akannykay became very angry.

– Didn't you think that every year I would get fat for you? But it wasn't so. All I wanted was to get strong, deft, and fast so that I could take revenge on you!

And there and then Akannykay killed the wolf. After that he said to his friends:

– Thank you for helping me! Now we will all live together in peace and quiet.

The end.

112. Kurkyl

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Uelen village, Vukvytagyn, age 63. He was a well-known master of artful bone carving. Recorded and translated by P. Skorik.

Kurkyl did not have either dogs or a sled.⁹⁹ Then he thought of using a *baidara* frame in place of the sled. For a braking stick — a whale rib. “Now, I only need to get dogs,” thought Kurkyl. He went to the seashore and called out:

— Hey, you, sea dogs, come here!

Six polar bears came from the sea. Kurkyl took the whale rib, ran to the bears, and started to beat them. The bears became frightened, whirled around in the snow, and ran away. They were gone in a flash. Kurkyl again cried out in a loud voice, directly into the tundra:

— Hey, dogs, come here!

A pack of wolves appeared. Kurkyl threw himself at the wolves. He beat them as before. They also ran away. For the third time Kurkyl invited them:

— Hey, come here!

This time arctic foxes appeared. Kurkyl saw them from afar. He invited them saying:

— Ko-ko-ko-ko!

Kurkyl harnessed the foxes and cried out:

— Be off!

This way Kurkyl traveled fast. Kurkyl’s harness passed near a neighboring camp of crows. Kurkyl was traveling slowly this time. The neighbors laughed at him:

— Ha-ha-ha-ha!

Kurkyl came to a second camp.

— Welcome! — they said to him.

— Welcome! — replied Kurkyl.

He tied the dogs-foxes to the *yaranga*. He went in. The hosts ate with the guest and lay down to sleep. Suddenly Kurkyl heard them talking:

— Oy! Oy! The foxes are eating the skin cover! They should be let go.

Kurkyl got up and said:

— I’ll now be on my way! I’ve rested well!

The hosts talked among themselves quietly:

— Kurkyl should not be leaving. The foxes should not be able to pull that boat frame. Let’s load it and make it heavier. Let’s put all our clothing and other things on it. Let him try to start out! Then we’ll laugh at him!

So they loaded all they had. Kurkyl started his trip. He went very slowly. All laughed at him. Suddenly Kurkyl cried out sharply at the harness. It darted ahead so fast that the wind whirled behind it. Those who had laughed ran after him. They began to cry out:

— You give back my *kerker* [fur overalls]! And mine! And mine! At least leave something!

But Kurkyl disappeared from sight. He arrived home and began to live a comfortable life. And the mockers ended up with nothing.

The end.

⁹⁹ Kurkyl is a tale nickname for a crow.

113. The Wild Deer and the Bullhead

Narrated in 1948 by an inhabitant of Uelen village, Roptyn, age 28. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik. A comic tale about a deer punishing a bullhead for mocking him is widespread in Chukchi and Siberian Yupik narrative.

A wild deer went to the seashore. Suddenly he saw a bullhead. The bullhead began to tease him:

– Wild deer! Wild deer! Skin with ribs on the head!

And the wild deer in turn:

– Bullhead! Bullhead! Gaunt and bony!

The bullhead did not stop teasing. Then the wild deer scooped up the bullhead with his antlers and threw him on the beach. The bullhead started crying out:

– Oy! Oy! I will dry out! I will dry out!

The wild deer took pity on him and with his antlers threw him back in the water. As soon as the bullhead came to in deep water he started again:

– Wild deer! You're only good for drawing a sled! Your muzzle looks like a bunch of thongs! Your belly is all blown up! Yes, and you have ribs on your head!

The wild deer became angry:

– You're teasing me again!

He hooked the bullhead with his antlers and threw him on the beach. Again, the bullhead started crying:

– Oy! Oy! I will dry out!

And again, the wild deer took pity on him and pushed him into the water with his antlers. And he, as soon as he got to deep water, again got started. The wild deer became very angry and with a sweep of his antlers he threw the bullhead on the beach. He then ran to the tundra.

And so, the bullhead dried out.

The end.

114. The Wolf and the Crow

Narrated in 1948 by a reindeer herder from the Mechigmen tundra in the Chukotskiy *rayon*, Tynenvirku, age 20. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik. The tale about a crow sliding down iced hills and the wolf imitating him is one of the many variants widespread among the *Paleoasiatics* of the Chukchi and Kamchatka Peninsulas. In the majority of other variants, the crow tricks, in one way or another, the wolf deceiver.

They say that a crow was sliding down a mountain. Then a wolf came to him and said:

– Well, I too am going to slide!

The crow told him:

– Oy, but you know, you will plop into the water!

And the wolf answered:

– No, I will not fall in!

In the end the crow agreed. The wolf began sliding and fell into the water. He cried out:

– Little brother! Little brother! Pull me out!

And the crow to him:

– No, I will not pull you out!

And again, the wolf:

– Little brother! Little brother! Pull me out! I will drive a large gathering of mice to you!

And to that the crow replied:

– I will not!

Again, the wolf begged the crow:

– Little brother! Little brother! Pull me out! I will drive a large group of ermines to you!

The crow held his own:

– I will not!

Again, the wolf said:

– Little brother! Won't you pull me out! If you want, I'll give you porridge with a spoon stuck in it!

At that the crow began to jump up and down with joy:

– Oy, why didn't you say that earlier? Why did you freeze in that cold water for nothing?!

The crow pulled the wolf out. He shook the water from his fur. Then the wolf said:

– I've really fooled you this time!

The crow became angry:

– How am I to believe you from now on!

Then the wolf asked the crow:

– Where are you going to fly now?

The crow answered:

– Directly to a place where there always is the light of early dawn.

Then he also asked the wolf:

– And where are you going?

The wolf replied:

– Directly to a place where the light darkens at twilight.

From that time on they went to different places.

The end.

115. The Mother-Arctic Fox and the Crow

Narrated in 1956 by an inhabitant of Akanni village in Chukotskiy *rayon*, Ninetenin, age 20. Recorded and translated into Russian by P. Skorik.

Long, long ago, there lived a mother-arctic fox and a crow. One time the mother-fox left the house. She trotted toward the sea. She saw a half of a saffron cod. Just then a crow came to her and said:

– Let me make you a package.

And he put a stone in her knapsack. She went home. She arrived and said to her daughters:

– Now, take out what I'm carrying.

The daughters, who were on the *polog*, said:

– Dear mother has again brought something!

They opened the knapsack – and there was a stone. The mother cried out:

– Oy, what a mischievous crow! But now, give me clothing!

They gave her clothing; she put it on and left. She said to herself:

– Where should I go?

She ran in the other direction from the house. Suddenly she saw a carcass of a small seal, and there was the crow again. He came near and said:

– Why don't you sleep a little and I'll divide the seal. When I am finished, I'll wake you up right away.

The mother-fox slept. And while she did, the crow dragged the meat to his house. When he had carried all the meat away, he put two stones in her knapsack and began to wake her up:

– Wake up, I've finished dividing the seal. Now you can go home! Oh, I worked so hard!

The mother-fox came home. The daughters cried out:

– Dear mother has again brought something.

The mother said to the daughters:

– Well, take the meat out!

The daughters untied the knapsack – and there were two stones in it. They told mother about it. The mother became angry:

– Your eyes are good for nothing!

The daughters said:

– Well, look yourself! They are only stones.

The mother exclaimed:

– That crow is again laughing at me! Now, where is my clothing? Give it to me!

She went out and said:

– Where should I go this time?

And she ran farther away from the house. She ran and suddenly she saw a carcass of a deer. She carried much of the deer meat home on her back. She put it under the canopy and said to her daughters:

– Where are you, what are you doing?

She then said to them:

– Now we have plenty of food. I'll now climb up to the *polog* and rest and you prepare the food. Some of you cook the meat, others get the marrow out of the bones!

And the mother added:

– If the crow comes, host him, but be sure to put a needle in the marrow. Then wake me up.

To be sure, the crow arrived. They hosted him and gave him marrow. After he ate, the crow said:

– Many thanks to you.

The daughters awakened the mother. The crow said to her:

– We ought to get married! – then he started choking.

The mistress of the house climbed down from the *polog*. She asked:

– What's wrong with you?

But the crow did not hear her. He died.

The end.

116. The Giant Lolgylin

Narrated in 1940 by an inhabitant of Uelen village, Rypkhyrgin. Recorded and translated into Russian by I. Lavrov in 1940. Published in T. Mitlyanskaya and I. Karakhan (1987) *Novaya Zhizn Drevnikh Legend Chukotki* (*New Life of the Ancient Legends of Chukotka*).

The hunters went to sea and harpooned a whale. The whale dragged the boat far into the sea. A storm blew up. The hunters saw a large ice field — they got on it. The wind blew the ice field who knows where.

Suddenly they saw land. They sailed along the coast for a long time — they could not land. They saw a man sitting; he dangled his feet in the water. The sitting man was very big; he was smoking a pipe. The boat drifted close to the shore but the giant did not notice it. The hunters shouted and shouted and they nearly lost their voices. Finally, the giant heard them and helped them land on the shore.

The giant invited the hunters to stay overnight in his mitten. The hunters dragged the boat into the mitten and themselves entered the thumb of it. They slept for a long time. The worried giant wanted to help. He said:

— You'll go home; I'll come along with you.

He put on his knee-high boots and took to the sea. As he went, the giant picked up whales and ate them. So, he led the hunters to their native land. He pulled them out of the mitten, took a step toward a mountain and lifted it from its place.

He lay down to rest — he was tired. The giant slept all winter. Snow covered him. In the spring animals arrived and a curious little bear climbed into the giant's nose [nostril]. The giant sneezed and the animals fled to all sides. The giant awakened, got up, and went back to his country.

For a long time, the surprised animals followed him with their eyes.

117. Bear Ears

Narrated in 1970 by an inhabitant of Uelen village, Vera Emkul, age 51. Recorded and translated in 1970 from the Chukchi language into Russian by V. Emkul's daughter, Lidiya Tyeyutina. Published in T. Mitlyanskaya and I. Karakhan (1987) *Novaya Zhizn Drevnikh Legend Chukotki (New Life of the Ancient Legends of Chukotka)*.

The women went to the tundra to gather plants. They went far. They began to dig up roots and collect plants. Suddenly they saw a she-bear. The she-bear approached them. The women became frightened and ran away. One girl did not run away in time. The she-bear led her to the lair-*yaranga*. The women came home running and told how the bear took away the girl. The hunters went to search for her but did not find her.

The she-bear left the girl in the lair-*yaranga* and went after her brother-bear. She brought him in. They began to live together. The women took care of the house and prepared the food. The husband-bear went hunting. A small bear was born and later a son [human] with bear ears.

They lived in a peaceful, friendly manner. The woman [girl] prepared the hides; took care of the children. The she-bear helped her with everything. The husband-bear went on hunting; he fed the family.

The daughter's old parents tried to find her. They could not. They met a small fox and told her everything. She promised to help. The old ones followed the fox and she led them to the lair-*yaranga*.

Their daughter and the husband-bear met them. The bears met the old parents properly; they fed them. They saw their daughter and grandchildren. They stayed for a while and then were ready to go home. The bear went with them and led them home.

The fox went with them. Near the village the old ones parted with the bear, took the gifts, and went home. They told everyone what they saw. The fox stayed to live with them.

118. The Seal-Oil Lamp

Narrated in 1970 by an inhabitant of Uelen village, Vera Emkul, age 51. Recorded and translated in 1970 from the Chukchi language into Russian by V. Emkul's daughter, Lidiya Tyeyutina. Published in T. Mitlyanskaya and I. Karakhan (1987) *Novaya Zhizn Drevnikh Legend Chukotki* (*New Life of the Ancient Legends of Chukotka*).

There were shore-dwelling people — an old man and an old woman. They had no children. The man was a very good hunter; he brought in many *nerpas* [ringed seals]. Dogs lived with them; they helped with the housekeeping.

One day the old man went hunting and came across a live *nerpa*. He took it and brought it home. He brought it in the *yaranga* and made a *zhirnik* [oil lamp] of it — on the back of the *nerpa*.

In daytime they put out the *zhirnik*, and at night they lit it again. One day when the old ones fell asleep the *nerpa-zhirnik* asked the dogs for something to eat. The dogs went out to catch fish. They caught some and fed the *nerpa-zhirnik*.

Next day the old man went hunting and the old woman went out to gather plants in the tundra. When they were gone, the dogs felt sorry for the *nerpa-zhirnik* and carried it to the sea. They saw a lead in the ice and lowered the *nerpa-zhirnik* into water. The dogs then became frightened because they let the *nerpa-zhirnik* go without the people knowing. They went to the tundra. They began to live there; they roamed around.

The people came home — there was no *nerpa* nor dogs. The old people went looking for the dogs. They searched for them for a long time and finally found them and brought them home. They began to live together again.

That is all.

119. About a Stepmother and Two Stepdaughters

Told by Galina Tynatval, age 39, who heard it from the ivory-carving master Ako. Uelen, 1969. The subject of this story is one of the many variants of stories about orphans living along the Chukotka shore. Published in T. Mitlyanskaya and I. Karakhan (1987) *Novaya Zhizn Drevnikh Legend Chukotki* (*New Life of the Ancient Legends of Chukotka*).

They were shore-dwellers — a hunter and his two small daughters. The hunter's wife died. He married another woman. When the husband was home his wife was very nice to the daughters. When he was away she treated them badly.

One day the husband went to sea on a boat. The woman sewed a sack of animal furs; at its bottom she placed a piece of whale blubber and invited the girls. When the older girl bent down to get a piece of the blubber the woman pushed her into the sack and then stuffed the younger sister into it. She sewed the sack closed and rolled [dragged] it to the river. She placed it in the water and it was carried away.

The sack floated in the water for a long time and finally ran against something hard — it had floated to an island. The girls made an opening in the sack and saw that they were on an island. Suddenly they heard a voice:

— Close your eyes. Don't look. I am going to carry you.

The girls did so and they were flown somewhere. They arrived. The voice said:

— Open your eyes.

The girls opened their eyes and saw that they were at the bank of a river. The little sisters got out of the sack. They went to the bank. They saw a net there. The girls went to that place and found some fish there. They began to eat — they were very hungry. A man came to the bank to check the net. He saw the girls and took them to live with him; there were no children in his house. They began to live together: he, his wife, and the girls. They lived well.

The father of the girls came home and asked:

— Where are the daughters?

The wife said:

— I don't know. They went somewhere.

The father waited; he waited impatiently. He went to find his daughters. He looked for a long time. Finally, he came to the *yaranga*. He found there the girls and the husband and wife.

He began to ask the girls to come back with him. They did not.

That is all.

120. Who is Smarter

Narrated by Galina Tynatval who heard it from V. Itevtagina. Uelen, 1980. Before all, this story is interesting because the story teller consolidated in one tale several topics that are preserved in the memory of the people. This indicates a natural mastering of oral creativeness. The subject matters of three tales are associated with the actions of the popular hero of Chukchi and Yupik narrative, the raven. The raven appears in the role of a cunning, deceiving individual who himself becomes a victim of deception. In conformity with popular notions, the animals, heroes of the tale, are portrayed as human beings and they act as people. Published in T. Mitlyanskaya and I. Karakhan (1987) *Novaya Zhizn Drevnikh Legend Chukotki* (*New Life of the Ancient Legends of Chukotka*).

There lived a raven with his wife and children and next to them lived an arctic fox with cubs. One day the cubs found a small *nerpa* [ringed seal] at the shore. Just as they were ready to carry it to the house, the raven saw this and ran to them. The cubs sat on the little *nerpa* and covered it with their bodies. The raven asked:

- What do you have there?
- Just a little log, – the cubs answered.
- Maybe it has a head with eyes?
- Oh, that's the butt-end [of the log].
- Does it have paws?
- It does.

The raven began to ask the cubs to clean [preen] his feathers. The raven lay down and they began to clean his feathers. Suddenly he grasped the little *nerpa* and flew away. The cubs shouted at him, then they cried.

The raven brought the booty home; his wife cut up the *nerpa* and cooked the meat. The ravens ate their fill and lay down to sleep. The cubs ran home and told how the raven had tricked them.

The fox said:

- They are now sleeping; you go and eat the meat and then put soil in the kettle.

The cubs did so. They ate all of the meat; they ate fully and put soil in the kettle. The ravens awakened, looked around but there was no meat. The raven became angry, grasped bow and arrow, and ran to take vengeance on the cubs. They saw the raven and ran into the tundra. He caught up with the cubs and they shouted:

- There he is, our uncle. Let us clean your feathers again!

The raven was happy [with this]. He agreed and lay down. The cubs cleaned and cleaned his feathers – and the raven fell asleep. Then the cubs tattooed his face, just like the women do, and then they wakened him. They said that he should go to the river to drink some water. He went to the river, bent down and saw his image. He looked and looked and there was a woman looking at him from the water. The raven wondered:

- What a beauty! Why didn't I see her sooner?

He thought that a bride had come to him. He bent over the water again and saw the same woman looking at him.

– It seems that she is in love with me! The best thing would be to marry her! – thought the raven.

The raven ran home and said:

- Old woman, I'm going to get married!
- To whom? And how about me and the children? – asked his wife.

But then she smiled; she saw how the cubs had painted the raven. She gave him wedding gifts to take with him and also the *polog* from the *yaranga*. The raven went to get married. He walked to the river and threw the gifts to the bride into the river, tucked himself into the *polog* and started to float.

One day during the winter the raven went out of the *yaranga*. He walked to the shore and started fishing. Suddenly he heard crying in the water. Something heavy was caught on the hook. He lifted the fishing rod and pulled out a monster — covered with slime, with an enormous head, dressed like a child in overalls tied with strings. The raven untied the strings, took the fish, and tossed the monster back into the sea. He brought the catch home and fed everyone.

The vixen thought: “How did he do it? I’ll try it myself.” As soon as the raven went to sleep she took the fishing rod and retraced his footsteps to the ice-hole. The vixen lowered the hook into the opening and waited. But no fish took the bait. Suddenly the vixen heard crying. The vixen pulled out the rod and an enormous head showed. The vixen became frightened and ran home.

In the morning the raven saw that there was no fishing rod. He became angry because the vixen was spoiling everything for him. He went to the tundra. There the raven saw a large *zemlyanka* [earth-house]. He looked into the smoke hole and saw deer walking in a circle. Among them sat a woman combing her hair. He saw a small deer walking below. The raven spat on the deer and it died. The woman threw it out. The raven skinned the deer and took it home.

One day when the raven fell asleep the vixen followed his traces. The vixen saw the large *zemlyanka*. She climbed up on it and looked into the smoke hole. There sat a woman combing her hair and deer walking in a circle. When the largest deer appeared, the vixen spat at it. The deer died. The woman also threw it out. The vixen loaded the deer on her back but she could not stand up. She cried out:

— Hey, mistress, help me!

The woman came out and said:

— There’s the one who is killing my deer! — And she kicked the vixen away.

121. The Boy and the Good *Kele*

Told by Elena Yanku, age 36. Translated from the Chukchi language into Russian by Galina Tynatval. Uelen 1976. Elena Yanku portrays the fantastic spirits, the *kele*, who in this case, are the good *kele*. Published in T. Mitlyanskaya and I. Karakhan (1987) *Novaya Zhizn Drevnikh Legend Chukotki* (*New Life of the Ancient Legends of Chukotka*).

Two boys lived in a village. They very much liked to ride their sleds. One day, when they were sledding down a hill, one of them dropped his mitten and the wind started blowing it away. The boy ran after the mitten and when he almost caught up with it, it rolled farther and farther. When the boy stopped, the mitten also stopped. As the boy started running, the mitten rolled farther.

The boy did not notice that he was far from his native village. He was close to a hill and within it there was a cave where *kele* lived — husband and wife. They saw the boy and rejoiced. The *kele* came out of the cave, seized the boy and dragged him home. They began to live together. The *kele* went hunting and brought back deer. His wife cooked the meals and fed the boy.

The parents looked for the boy everywhere but could not find him. They gathered the shamans from the entire village in order to learn where their son was, but to no avail.

An old woman and her niece lived in the same village. One day the little girl said that everyone searched for the boy the wrong way, and that she could find him. The old woman told this to the parents of the boy. They tried to get the girl to tell them where their son was, they struck a *yarar* [drum] and begged the spirits, but she resisted.¹⁰⁰ The girl then told the father of the boy to make a small sled of ice and to harness to it an old white dog with a long thong, and then to kill her and the dog. She asked that the *yarar* not be removed until she returned. The father of the boy did not agree to kill the girl, but she explained to him that she will remain alive — that it is necessary for the time being.

The father of the boy did everything she told him: he made a sled of ice, hitched an old white dog to it with a long thong, then he killed it and the girl.

Evening came and the father went to sleep. After some time, he heard the crunch of sled runners moving away, and singing. That was the girl sledding toward the cave where the boy was.

The wife of the *kele* said:

— Guests are coming to us.

The *kele* came out of the cave and they saw the girl. They took a fancy to the dog and thong. The *kele* began to praise the thong, and his wife the dog. The *kele* understood that they came after the boy and agreed to exchange him for the thong and the dog. Quickly the boy put on his clothes and sat on the sled. The girl started to sing and with the sounds of the song around them they went home. They went directly to the father's *yaranga*. The parents rejoiced. The children were of the same age, they grew up together as friends, and then they married.

¹⁰⁰ *Yarar* or *yayar* — the drum among Chukchi, was a family and household sacred object. Each family had a drum, and using it at the time of certain festivals was obligatory for all members of the household. The Chukchi did not have a specific drum for a shaman; to the Chukchi it was only a musical instrument.

122. The Cunning Raven

Told by Elena Yanku, age 36. Translated from the Chukchi language into Russian by Galina Tynatval. Uelen 1977. Published in T. Mitlyanskaya and I. Karakhan (1987) *Novaya Zhizn Drevnikh Legend Chukotki* (*New Life of the Ancient Legends of Chukotka*).

There lived a raven with his wife and chicks. One day the raven said:

— Today I'm going to the tundra, to the reindeer herders.

He took an old kayak, repaired it, and began to invite animals to pull it. Two bears ran up, two wolves, two hares, and two foxes. He selected the two foxes, hitched them, and chased the others in all directions:

— They were weak, — he said.

The raven traveled to the reindeer herders. The herders saw him and said:

— Look, look, the raven is coming!

And they laughed at him. They talked among themselves and said that in the evening they would ask him to shamanize and in the morning they would play a practical joke on him; they would load the kayak with a lot of things and see if the foxes could pull it.

The raven arrived. The herders met him favorably and they asked him to play the drum in the evening. In the morning the raven said:

— Now I will go.

Again, he hitched the foxes. In place of the departing gifts, they loaded the kayak fully with meat, hides, and clothing. They also took off their *kukhlyanki* [deerskin parkas] and added them thinking that two foxes could not move such a load and then they would laugh heartily at the raven.

And the raven acted as if he could not start the kayak. Then, unnoticed, the raven whispered to his foxes that they should start at once. He took the guiding [braking] pole, yelled at the foxes, and they quickly started. The people shouted at the raven, ran after him, but he drove away yelling at the foxes.

A snowstorm blew up and the people had to return. And the raven came home bringing everything with him, and they lived well. And the people were left without clothing.

123. The Abduction of a Hunter by an Eagle

Told by Elena Yanku, age 36. Translated from the Chukchi language into Russian by A. Nesterov. Uelen 1971. Published in T. Mitlyanskaya and I. Karakhan (1987) *Novaya Zhizn Drevnikh Legend Chukotki* (*New Life of the Ancient Legends of Chukotka*).

There lived coastal people — a hunter with a wife and dog. They did not have children — they lived alone. They had neighbors nearby.

The husband went hunting — he killed a *nerpa*. The dog came home first, dragging the *nerpa*, and the master of the house returned unburdened. His wife prepared the *nerpa* and shared it with the neighbors.

One day in the morning, when his wife was feeding the dog, the hunter left by himself to hunt. As the sun started to rise, something suddenly covered it. It was an eagle. He flew after the hunter. The eagle seized the hunter and carried him to his *yaranga*. The dog happened to see it.

It turned out that the eagle was a man. He flew to his *yaranga*. The wife of the eagle dragged the man to the *polog*. After the eagle took off his clothes, they undressed the man, put him in the *zhirnik* [oil lamp], and hung it up. They began to eat but, as for the man, they put only a small piece of meat directly into his mouth.

Then the dog came home and told what had happened to the master. It turned out that the dog was also human. And the dog decided to rescue the master. The dog went to the old woman, the neighbor, to ask for a sled, and bow and arrows. The old woman gave all the dog had asked for, and the dog-human left to search for the master.

The dog ran for a long time. Suddenly, the dog saw a place covered with ice. The dog began to scratch it, broke the ice and reached the dwelling of the eagle. She entered the *polog* and saw the sleeping ones — the eagle, the man, and the eagless. The dog first killed the eagle with arrows and then his wife, the eagless. The dog woke up the master, he put on his clothes, sat down on the sled, and both went home.

They began to live together.

That is all.

124. The Man in the Red Parka

Narrated by Maya Gemaug, age 41. Translated from the Chukchi language into Russian by G. Tynatval. Uelen, 1976. Published in T. Mitlyanskaya and I. Karakhan (1987) *Novaya Zhizn Drevnikh Legend Chukotki* (*New Life of the Ancient Legends of Chukotka*).

There lived a reindeer herder with two sons and a daughter. The brothers very much liked to play at sports and games. The father, seeing their keenness, made them spears. The spears were soon broken. He made new, heavier ones. Finally, he made the spears heavier than his own because he sensed that his sons had become strong. Yet, he advised them not to go to the tundra or sea one without the other.

The brothers promised and, in the morning, they went to the tundra. They did not walk long. They went over a hill and saw many women and one man wearing a red *kukhlyanka* [parka; outer fur garment]. All were fishing. The younger brother wanted to return. The older said:

– Let's go and kill the man and take the women for ourselves.

He took his bow and started shooting arrows, one after the other, at the man. The man jumped and the arrows did not reach him but fell in the water.

The brothers became frightened and started to run away. The man in the red *kukhlyanka* caught up with them and said:

– Why are you running away? Come stay with me.

The brothers did not want to go with him, but he persuaded and they went with him. The man called out to the women to prepare food.

Two women appeared, prepared food, and fed the brothers. The man in the red *kukhlyanka* asked the older one if he was married and offered to exchange wives. The older brother did not want to. The man was offended. He asked the younger brother:

– Are you married?

The younger one answered:

– No.

– Does that mean that you live by yourself?

– No, there are four of us: father, mother, brother, and sister.

The man asked:

– Will you give your sister to me?

The younger brother agreed:

– If you are pleased – take her.

The man said to the older brother:

– Let us fight. Earlier you tried to kill me.

He was very much offended by the older brother. The older brother began to shoot arrows at him. The man jumped and the arrows missed him. Then the older brother stood up, but the man killed him readily. The younger brother cried. The man said to him:

– Don't cry; I will help you with everything.

They buried the older brother and went home to the father. They arrived. The man said:

– I come to you as your older son. I've killed him because he didn't give me his wife. The younger one gave away his sister.

– Get ready, – he said to her. – We are going to my place, – and he led the sister away.

– So, you did not listen to me, – said the father. – Now you are the only one left. Don't take revenge for him, very likely you'll not defeat him.

The younger brother started to train. He said to his father:

- I'm going to kill him, I'm sorry for my brother.
- We'll see how you train, – answered the father.

The son ran swiftly.

- Just the same you can't win; better not to take revenge, – said the father.

Again, the son started to train. Time went by. The son begged to be allowed to take revenge – he grieved for his brother. The father said:

- Let me see how you run.

The son ran. He barely touched the ground – so fast did he run.

- Wait for him here, – the father said.

The man came with gifts. The younger brother said:

- I will go with you.
- Good, you will come with me! – rejoiced the man.

The younger brother led him to the hills where he had trained. He said to the man:

- Now you try to kill me.

They began to fight with spears. They fought for the whole day. The younger brother was already tired, but toward evening he broke the man's leg. The man fell down and said:

- My boot came off. Let's go, it is late.

And they walked. The man said:

- Hurry, it's late.

The brother ran with all the strength left in him, looked back, and the man was not there. He looked around, and there he was above him with a spear. They started fighting again. The younger brother was beginning to get tired.

They came to the man's home. He said:

– Younger brother broke my leg – he took revenge for his brother. Let him live alone. I am going to leave you. I am not of this place. And all of these women were abducted: some are from the stars, some are from here and they also have relatives. The ones from this place I will let go to their own, the rest I will take with me, and you take your sister with you.

The younger brother took his sister with him, and also one of the women. The man in the red *kukhlyanka* dispersed the others in all directions. He only took with him a small pan. He said, "Good-bye" and flew away. He became small. At first the tips of his hands, feet, and head were visible; later only the white patch on his chest and in it the man with the broken leg and the pan. So he turned into a moon. From that time on the moon appeared in the sky.

That is all.

125. Two Wise Reindeer

Narrated by Maya Gemauge, age 36, Uelen, 1971. Published in T. Mitlyanskaya and I. Karakhan (1987) *Novaya Zhizn Drevnikh Legend Chukotki* (*New Life of the Ancient Legends of Chukotka*).

There once lived a man. He had two children: a son and a daughter. The little boy always pastured the reindeer.

One day enemies came and took the herd and the little boy. They began to pasture the herd. It was fall and soon winter arrived. And the little boy had light [summer] clothes on. The enemies fed him, but he had to sleep outside, on the path.

One time, when he was asleep, two reindeer arrived: a white one and a dark one. The reindeer were from the herd of the boy's grandfather who had died. They lay down next to the little boy so he would be warm. In that way they went on pasturing.

The boy's kinsfolk searched for him, particularly his sister. She always went beyond the hill where there was a wide path.

One day a reindeer told the boy:

– Tomorrow morning go to that faraway path. When you come to the path, stop, turn your face toward the enemies, and stand there.

He did so. They called to him, but he did not move. They said:

– It's better that he die!

They started to look for the two reindeer who slept with the boy. The reindeer ran away. They ran around the boy and lowered their heads. The boy jumped on the white reindeer and all of the other reindeer ran after them. The enemies began to catch up with them. The second reindeer said to the first one:

– Bring on a snowstorm!

There began a snowstorm, snow and wind. Back of them was a terrible snowstorm, in front of them fine weather. The enemies froze.

The reindeer ran farther. The boy wanted to eat. The reindeer said:

– Kill a reindeer and eat.

He did so, and went farther. Spring arrived. The pregnant does calved. Again, the reindeer said:

– When the does give birth, leave them; they will catch up with us.

One day the reindeer said:

– What is this mountain?

The boy looked and recognized his hill. Beyond the hill was their *yaranga*.

At this time the sister went to get water, she looked back and saw that two reindeer had appeared. They stood there and looked. The father said:

– Walk faster and tell me what you see.

The girl told him what she saw. The old ones came out of the *yaranga* and saw their own reindeer. There were no people, only a little boy was riding a reindeer. His kinsfolk recognized him, they cried in happiness.

That is all. The end.

126. The Boy in Girl's Clothing

Narrated by Maya Gemauge, age 37. Uelen, 1972. Published in T. Mitlyanskaya and I. Karakhan (1987) *Novaya Zhizn Drevnikh Legend Chukotki (New Life of the Ancient Legends of Chukotka)*.

There lived a strongman on the seashore. He walked through the villages and beat up young men and children, took away women and made them work for him. In one family a boy was born. He became an orphan — his parents were lost. A good woman adopted him. So that the strongman would not find him and kill him, she made him a woman's *kukhlyanka*. So, he grew up in girl's clothing.

But one day the strongman noticed how accurately the girl was shooting with bow and arrow. He guessed that it was a boy. The strongman decided to get rid of him. He took him to a high cliff and threw him into the sea. But the boy in girl's clothing did not die. He came across a good man who helped the boy become strong and deft.

The strongman again began to search for the boy to force him to work for him. The master of the house would kill a *nerpa* and the boy would prepare it. Time went on. The boy in girl's clothing grew up. One day the master went to sea in a skinboat. The young man decided to leave. He wanted to search for his parents. He took off the girl's *kukhlyanka*, put on man's clothing, and walked along the shore.

He walked for a long time, became hungry, killed a *nerpa*. As he started to prepare the kill, he looked up and saw a *yaranga*. A girl walked out and called to him. "She probably also wants to eat," the youth thought and carried the seal into the *yaranga*. She cooked the meat and they ate. The youth told her what was happening to him. The girl said:

— Take on the appearance of a gull, fly away, and find out about your mother.

The youth clothed himself with the skin and feathers of a gull and flew to the place where the strongman took the women and forced them to work for him. As he was flying he seized two whales and brought them to the women. He saw his mother. The women were happy; they started to prepare the whales. Suddenly the master appeared. He saw that the women had plenty of food. He became angry and began to beat the women with a stick. The youth gull saw this, grabbed the strongman, lifted him in the air and tossed him into the sea. Then he sat his mother on his back and flew away. He flew to the *yaranga* where the young girl lived. He took off the clothing of the gull.

The mother recognized her son and was happy. They all began to live together.

The end.

DICTIONARY OF GEOGRAPHICAL PLACE NAMES, UNTRANSLATED WORDS, AND TERMS RELATED TO LANGUAGES OF NATIVES OF THE CHUKCHI AND KAMCHATKA PENINSULAS

Agutag (Eskimo) An Eskimo dish, so-called "Eskimo Ice Cream." Agutag is an Eskimo word meaning "something mixed together" (e.g. seal oil, blueberries, Crisco oil, sugar, fish). It is one of the favorite foods of the Eskimo people and considered a treat.

Akiba (Russian) Ringed seal (*Phoca hispida*). The most common and most widespread seal in the Arctic.

Alyki (Siberian Yupik) Dog harnesses.

Alyut (Koryak) A river and locality in the Kamchatka Peninsula.

Alyutortsy (Russian) A Koryak tribe.

Ambon (local Russian) A locality at the mouth of the Tigir River in Kamchatka.

Amek (Siberian Yupik) skin.

Antchiny (Antchinveem) A river in Kamchatka.

Arakamchechen (Chukchi) An island in the Senyavina Strait of the Chukchi Peninsula [Eskimo: *Kigi*].

Argish (Chukchi) A caravan of reindeer-drawn sleds as seen in the northern reaches of the Chukchi Peninsula.

Artel (Russian) Russian term for a small commercial company or joint enterprise. Distribution of the product was allotted in proportion to the work performed by the members. By the 1920s there were more than 8,000 *artels* in Russia. As commercial enterprises they existed in Russia almost to the 1970s.

Autonomous oblast (Russian) This administrative unit is based on the nature of the economy and composition of native people in the unit. In the pre-*glasnost'* period (before 1985), each *autonomous oblast'* was represented by five deputies in the Soviet of Nationalities of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR. The executive, administrative, and judicial procedures within an *autonomous oblast'* are carried out in the language of the local nationality.

Ayak (Siberian Yupik) A small island in the northern reaches of the Bering Strait (presently belongs to the United States of America).

Balagan (Russian) A light, temporary shelter made of branches and grass. In form it resembles a truncated pyramid.

Baleen (Russian) The durable, elastic, hornlike material found in plates or strips in the upper jaws of whales.

Baydara (Russian) An open skin boat with a light frame made of driftwood and covered with split walrus hide. [Eskimo: *umiak*]. *Baydaras* were the principal means of travel among the Coastal Chukchi. The large *baydara* with sails was used for open-sea hunting of whales and walrus and for carrying goods along the coast. The small *baydara* was used for short local trips, for instance, to check fishnets, to retrieve killed seals, birds, and the like, and in hunting

from the edge of the ice during winter. Reindeer Chukchi who lived close to the coast used the same kind of *baydara* as the Coastal Chukchi. In the Chukchi language *baydara* is *lyg'yto'et* or “real boat.”

Botalo (Russian) A clapper or rattle.

Beluga (Russian) The *beluga* or white whale (*Delphinapterus leucas*) is a medium-sized cetacean belonging to the group known as *odontocetes* (toothed whales), which also includes sperm whales, killer whales, dolphins, and porpoises.

Cape Uyakakh (Siberian Yupik) The present-day Cape Dezhnev.

Chaga (Itelmen) A brown mushroom used by the Itelmens for a brew.

Chauchu (Chukchi) A nomadic reindeer herder.

Chavchuveny (Koryak) Nomadic Koryak reindeer herders.

Chavicha (Russian) King salmon (*Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*). A large fish of the salmon family frequenting the rivers of the Kamchatka Peninsula.

Chelovek obychayev (Russian) In the Siberian Yupik and Chukchi myths, a personage living in the “upper world” who rules over the actions of people on earth.

Cheremsha (Russian) A species of wild onion.

Chirim (Itelmen) An alcoholic potion made by boiling fly agaric and bog whortle berries.

Chiruch (Koryak) A fishing trap.

Chizhi (Russian) A fur stocking.

Chuman, chumashek (Russian) A vessel made of birch bark.

Chuvantsy [pl.] (Russian) One of the *Paleoasiatic* peoples, possibly an isolated group of Yukaghirs. The local inhabitants of the old Russian-Yukaghir-Chukchi settlements on the Anadyr, Belaya, and Anyuy Rivers.

Cossacks [pl.] (Russian) Free Russian peasants commonly recruited by the Tsar’s government to serve in the army. Russian Cossacks also were one of the first explorers of Siberia, the Russian Far East and North America in the 17th and 18th centuries. Aboriginal people of the Russian Far North and North America have been using this word to describe a white man.

Dozhdevik (Russian) A cloak made of segments of the intestines of sea mammals by the Siberian Yupiks and Coastal Chukchi. It is worn to protect fur clothing from rain and dampness.

Drygalka (Russian) A short, thick club used by Itelmen and Koryaks in hunting, selfdefense, and attack.

Egalitarian Society is one that gives equal rights to all people; it usually results in sharing and cooperation.

Evala (Itelmen) A fish spawning roe.

Golets (Russian) The arctic char (*Salvelinus alpinus Linnaeus*) is present in the polar regions in both the anadromous (seagoing) and the nonanadromous (freshwater) forms.

Gorbuscha (Russian) A pink salmon (*O.gorbuscha*).

Gyk (Siberian Yupik) An encouraging exclamation.

Igra verevochkoy (local Russian) Finger string games among the Siberian Yupiks, which involved the formation of complex patterns by looping a string over the fingers.

Imaklik (Siberian Yupik; lit. "Located in the sea"; the Chukchi adaptation is *Imetlin*, *Imeglin*). An island in the Bering Strait (Big Diomed Island or Ratmanov Island belonging to Russia). In the past the island served as a stopping point in the sea voyages of the Siberian Yupik and Chukchi to the Alaskan Eskimos, and for the latter when traveling to the Chukchi Peninsula.

Imeglin (Chukchi) See *Imaklik*.

Inalik (Siberian Yupik adaptation of *Inetlin*) An island in the Bering Strait (Little Diomed Island, U. S.).

Inetlin (Siberian Yupik) See *Inalik*.

Ira-ira (Siberian Yupik) A war cry.

Irtyn (Chukchi) A Chukchi man's everyday outer clothing. An *irtyn* was a closed, broad, short garment, which consisted of two separate fur shirts, one fitted into the other.

Izmennaya (local Russian) A volcano in Kamchatka.

Kaia (Kerek) The same as *kele* (q.v.).

Kalaus (Koryak) A container made from the bladder, stomach, or hide of an animal. The container was filled with rendered seal blubber.

Kala (Kerek) The same as *kele* (q.v.).

Kale (Chukchi) Sea kelp.

Kamchadal (Russian) Current self designation, Kamchadal, is derived from an early Russian term for a native of Kamchatka. An ethnographic group of Russians of mixed Russian and Itelmen origin. Few relatively pure Itelmen survive today. Although the Kamchadals speak Russian and consider themselves part Russian, they maintain many Itelmen cultural elements. They live on the Kamchatka Peninsula.

Kamleyka (Russian) An outer garment with a hood. Made of cloth and worn over fur clothing to protect the latter from rain and snow. It was made of *rovduga* (q.v.) or cloth and was of the same cut as the inner shirt, except that it was considerably longer and had a hood. The *kamleyka* was commonly used to protect the fur of the garment from snow or rain. Both men and women wore a *kamleyka*.

Kamus or Kamos (Chukchi) The tough skin from the lower legs of reindeer or other animals. It is used in the northern regions principally for making footwear and mittens.

Kamus skis (Chukchi) The Siberian natives' term for the sliding surface of arched skis, and often of flat skis, that was fitted with fur coverings. The *kamus* skis also were called dragging skis or draggers, in contrast to bare (uncovered) skis. As a rule, *kamus* was used for the covering. It was fastened in a way that would not hinder sliding: by gluing, sewing, or nailing.

Kayak (Russian) A closed canoe with a light wooden frame covered with the hides of sea mammals, principally walrus, and completely decked. The top is covered with hide except for a small circular opening, the hatch, in which the paddler sits. The hatch is tightened around the oarsman's body with a thong. The kayak was used for both hunting and transportation. The Chukchi word for kayak is *yanratvyk'ay*.

Kayugun (Siberian Yupik) A transversal axe similar to a hoe. In antiquity it was made of stone, since the nineteenth century, of iron.

Kele (Chukchi) Spirit-werewolves with evil powers in Chukchi and Koryak narrative. In Kerek narrative they are called *kala*.

Kemchuga (Russian) An edible root.

Kerker (Chukchi) A woman's fur overalls, as pronounced by males, that are put on through a neck opening. Used over the entire area of the Chukchi and Kamchatka Peninsulas. The *kerker* consists of two separately sewn combinations that fitted in one another and have fur facing in opposite directions. The combination has a trouserlike lower section that reaches to the knees.

Ketstsy (Chukchi) The Chukchi woman's clothing as pronounced by females. See *kerker*.

Khozyain morya (Russian) [lit. "The ruler of the sea"]. In the Siberian Yupik narrative a mythical personage possessing all the riches of the sea and regulating the hunt for sea animals.

Kichiga (Koryak) An inhabited locality in the Koryak National *Okrug*.

Kigi (Siberian Yupik) See Arakamchechen.

Kigmak (Siberian Yupik) A cape in the Bering Strait near Naukan.

Kilykil (Koryak) A meal of cooked fish and berries.

Kimchiga (Russian) See kemchuga.

Kirilka (Russian) Traditional Itelmen meal. It consists of boiled brains, fish, or more recently potatoes, fresh crowberries, and rendered seal blubber.

Kopylya (Russian) Struts uniting the runners of a sled with its top planks and also each other (i.e. horizontal or arched pieces uniting the struts or stanchions).

Kray (Russian) A large administrative and territorial unit which supersedes *oblast* and *rayon* districts. The literal meaning of *kray* in the Slavic languages is "edge," indicating the original pioneering nature of *krays*. There were nine *krays* in the territory of the former Soviet Union, six in Russia and three in Kazakhstan.

Kruglaya sopka (Russian) A volcano in Kamchatka where according to Itelmen legends the great Tylval dwelled.

Kukashka (Russian) See *kukhlyanka*.

Kukhlyanka (Russian) A long, pullover outer fur garment. The combination of inner and outer fur shirts has no appropriate equivalent in English. The term suggests a “cocoon,” but this is too farfetched to apply to clothing of this type.

Kukul (Russian) A fur-lined sleeping bag.

Kulki (Russian) A river in Kamchatka.

Kuspuk (Siberian Yupik) An Eskimo woman’s shirt or dress often made so that an infant may be carried piggyback-style inside. The *kuspuk* is made in lightweight fabric, typically calico, edged with furs and ribbons.

Kyflyavik (Siberian Yupik) A mountain and locality of a former Eskimo settlement in the vicinity of Cape Chaplino.

Kygmik (Siberian Yupik) A cape in the Bering Strait.

Lakhtak (Russian) A bearded seal (*Erignathus barbatus*). The largest true seal normally found in the seas adjacent to Alaska, Kamchatka, and Chukotka.

Lemeshina (Russian) Chewing tobacco made of a mixture of *makhorka*, an inferior type of tobacco, and ashes of burned toadstools.

Letatelnye amulety [wing objects] Among the Eskimos wooden or bone figures of birds serving as amulets, which help a person surmount great distances. In tales such amulets make it a person possible to fly like a bird.

Lopatka (Russian) A cape in Kamchatka.

Lorino (Russian) Russian adaptation of the name of the Chukchi settlement Luren.

Maktak (Yupik) A word for whale blubber.

Makarsha (local Russian) An edible root with an astringent taste.

Mamrugagnak (Siberian Yupik) A mountain in the Mamrokhpak *rayon* of the Chukchi Peninsula.

Mamrokhpak (Siberian Yupik) A former Eskimo settlement and locality on the eastern shore of the Bering Strait.

Mamrugagnak (Siberian Yupik) A mountain in the Mamrokhpak *rayon* of the Chukchi Peninsula.

Mangak (Siberian Yupik) A mountain chain north of Sireniki on the Chukchi Peninsula.

Mayak (local Russian) A locality and inhabited place at the mouth of the Tigil River in Kamchatka.

Morda (Russian) A fish trap made of twigs.

Morskaya kapusta (Russian) (lit. “sea cabbage”) A seaweed that is used for food by coastal people.

Morskoy petushok (Russian) Gray gurnard or sea horse (*morskoy konek*). An amulet made from the skin of a gray gurnard or sea horse. Also, the likeness of the gurnard made of walrus ivory or wood. In the beliefs of the Eskimos such an amulet protected a hunter from various disasters during sea hunting or on protracted sea voyages.

Mukluks (Siberian Yupik) The Eskimo *mukluks* (boots) are made with *oogruk* (bearded seal hide) soles and wild deer, *nerpa* (ringed seal) or reindeer uppers.

Muktuk (Siberian Yupik) An Eskimo delicacy consisting of the outer skin layers of a whale. It is eaten fresh, frozen, cooked or pickled.

Nakolenniki (Russian, pl.) Knee-guards. Fur bands tied around the knees to protect the hunter from freezing and injury during hunting in the mountains or on ice.

Napakutak (Stolbovoye) A lake and inhabited place of Eskimos beyond the Bering Strait.

Narty (Russian, pl.) Sleds used throughout the Russian north for travel with harnessed dogs or deer.

National okrug (Russian) One of the territorial designations through which the autonomy of small nationalities are affected. In the 1920s and 1930s, *national okrugs* were established in *krais* and *oblasts* within the territory of the former Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic.

Naukan (Eskimo) A populated place on Cape Dezhnev in the Bering Strait. Until 1958 an ethnic group of Naukan Eskimos from ten communities lived there. After that year separate families of Naukans lived in the Chukchi settlements of Nunyama, Lorino, Uelen, and others.

Nepay (Itelmen, Koryak) A misfortune.

Nerpa (local Russian) A ringed seal (*Phoca hispida*). See *Akiba*.

Netelin (Chukchi) An inhabited place on the Chukchi Peninsula.

Neten (Chukchi) An inhabited place in the Chukchi *rayon*. A Chukchi adaptation of the old Eskimo toponym *Natuk*.

Nunagmitsy (Siberian Yupik) A clan in a Nunak village.

Nunak (Siberian Yupik) (lit. "village") A locality and inhabited place near Naukan (Cape Dezhnev, Russia).

Nynvity (Koryak) Werewolves that played the role of malicious beings in Koryak narrative.

Oblast (Russian) An administrative district not containing an autonomous area. The 1977 constitution of the former USSR assigned the resolution of problems concerning *oblast* and *krai* administrative and territorial units to the governments of each former Soviet republic. Where an autonomous area peopled mainly by a national minority exists as an enclave within the district, the proper term is *krai* (q. v). The governing body of an *oblast* was the *Oblast Soviet* Deputies of the Working People. (See also *autonomous oblast*).

Okrug (Russian) A tier of councils termed the *Okrug Soviet* in the early days of the Soviet Union. *Okrug* roughly corresponded to that of the old *volost* or rural district in which both village soviets and city soviets were represented. (See also *national okrug*).

Olyutorka (Russian) A small pouch containing a bead or bone amulet. It was worn by Eskimos around the neck to protect them from “evil spirits.”

Oogruk (Siberian Yupik) The bearded seal. Its prized hide is used in the making of *mukluk* soles. *Oogruk* oil is quite mild and the meat is dried for winter use. It is considered to be superior to that of other seal species.

Ostavka (Russian) Locality in which a killed animal is temporarily left.

Ostol' (Russian) A stick or pole with a bone or iron point used in braking a sled to a stop.

Parka (Russian) Russian name for the outer fur garment adapted by Alaskan Eskimos. It is usually made of a heavy weight fabric shell lined with fur. The hood is lined with fur, usually wolverine, wolf, fox or polar bear, to keep the face warm from the cold wind.

Peegti (Chukchi) Stars in the *Aqua* constellation. With the appearance of the constellation, approximately in December, the Reindeer Chukchi celebrated the *Peegti* festival dedicated to the winter slaughter of reindeer.

Pesets (Russian) The arctic fox (*Alopex lagopus*) found in treeless coastal areas of Chukotka and Alaska. Seasonally its fur color changes from blue to white.

Plashch (Russian) The same as *dozhdevik*, (q.v.)

Plavnik (Russian) Driftwood, which is extensively used by northern peoples for construction of dwellings, frames of boats, and firewood.

Podorozhniki (Russian) Fare of dried meat or fish prepared especially for journeys.

Podpolozki (Russian) Lining of sled runners made of bone or flat fillets of antler.

Polog (local Russian) A sleeping platform inside a dwelling [a semi-subterranean house, a *yaranga*]. It consists of deer hides stretched over a wooden frame.

Poplavok (Russian) A floater among the coastal dwellers of Chukotka and Kamchatka. It consists of a tightly sewn and inflated stomach of a *nerpa* (ringed seal). It was tied to the harpoon with a long leather thong and kept the location of a harpooned sea mammal in sight of the pursuers.

Postel (Russian) [Bed, bedding]. The long-furred winter hide of a reindeer used by the natives of northern Siberia as bedding.

Pyghpygh (Chukchi) A bag or floater made of seal skin (Igor Krupnik 1996, pers. com.).

Pyp (Chukchi) A complete fur-skin of a seal filled with rendered walrus blubber. The coastal dwellers of the Chukchi Peninsula prepared such *pyps* for their own future needs as well as for barter for reindeer products with the nomads of the interior.

Pyzhik (Russian) The pelts of a young deer, a fawn with no antlers, which has a soft, luxuriant fur and thin, delicate hide. *Pyzhik* is used in the very finest clothing and for children's coverings. At present, headgear is also made of such pelts.

Rayon (Russian) An administrative district of an *oblast* (q. v.). *Rayon* is an urban area, formed mainly on lines of economic production, comprising a number of adjacent villages and

hamlets, together with such small cities and urban settlements as are found in the area. *Rayon* is normally smaller in size than *oblast'*, *kray* or *orkug*. The geographic size and population of the *rayon* differ according to local circumstances. It may thus comprise any number of villages with or without one or more urban settlements called *poselki* or small towns.

Red fox (*Vulpes vulpes*) is the subject of many stories, songs, fables, and parables. The red fox is a common species in most of northern Russia and North America.

Rekinniki (Koryak) A settlement on the west coast of Kamchatka.

Repalgyn (Chukchi) Walrus hide used by the coastal inhabitants of Chukotka for covering the wooden frames of their boats [*umiaks*] and the roofs of their dwellings. It is also used for making thongs attached to harpoons in sea-mammal hunting.

Rovduga (Russian) Rawhide, suede, or chamois made of deerskin.

Sanluk (Siberian Yupik) A cliff and locality on the Asiatic shore of the Bering Strait.

Sapluk (Siberian Yupik) A cliff and locality on the Chukchi Peninsula coast of the Bering Strait.

Saplyk (Siberian Yupik) A small mountain stream entering the sea near the settlement of Sireniki.

Sarana (Russian) Tubers of the red lily. In the past they were used by the peoples of Kamchatka as food. The tubers were eaten raw, but when dried they were ground into flour.

Sayak (Siberian Yupik) A ritual feast among Siberian Yupik.

Sedanka (Russian) An inhabited locality in Kamchatka.

Selnitsa (Russian) Among the Kamchadals a special, usually wooden, trough used for the preparation of *tolkusha* (q.v.). The form of the *selnitsa* was elongated, and earlier, round.

Shaman (Russian from Tungus) An anthropologist's name for a village spiritual leader or healer. According to the religious ideas of many northern peoples, the shaman was a person chosen by spirits and other supernatural creatures to fill the role of an intermediary between people and the other world.

Shisha (Russian) A crowberry.

Sikluk (Siberian Yupik) (lit. "meat pit," "meat storehouse"). An island and old settlement in the Strait of Senyavin. The settlement was transferred to Unazik (Chaplino) in 1941.

Sireniki (Siberian Yupik) A Siberian Yupik settlement south of Provideniya Bay.

Snowshoes Snowshoes were most often 60–70 cm. long and 15–25 cm. wide. They were used by settled coastal Chukchi and Siberian Yupiks during seal hunting to walk over the uneven ice surface. Reindeer Chukchi of the interior used them in driving reindeer herds when the snow was not particularly deep. In the literature, snowshoes are known as "claws." Chukchi *velvyegym* means "raven claws" in literal translation. The Eskimo name for snowshoes is *u'alvyag'yk*.

Stoybishche (Russian) A temporary camp of nomadic reindeer herders.

Sushila (Russian) Drying racks. A sawhorse or trestle used for drying *baydaras* and also for drying of freshly removed pelts of animals.

Svistun (Russian) In the narrative of the peoples of the Chukchi and Kamchatka Peninsulas, a werewolf that brings ill luck to people.

Tannit (Siberian Yupik) A foreigner, newcomer, stranger, enemy [*tannity* pl.]. The term, in various phonetic variants, was widespread among the native peoples of the Chukchi and Kamchatka Peninsulas. The Siberian Yupik used the term to describe the bellicose bands of nomads, the Chukchi and Koryaks, who came from the south of the Chukchi and Kamchatka Peninsulas with the goal of seizing reindeer from the nomads in the northern part of the Chukchi Peninsula. According to oral narratives, the peaceful settlements of the coastal dwellers, Eskimos and Chukchi, were subject to such raids. The *tannits* took the products of sea-mammal hunting, and sometimes also prisoners.

Tigil (Russian) A river in Kamchatka.

Tigyt (Chukchi) Chukchi skis covered with deer *kamus*.

Tolkusha (Koryak, Itelmen) A Kamchadal meal prepared from chopped tubers and stalks of a number of edible plants mixed with fish, blubber, berries, and others.

Torbazy (Russian, pl.) A footgear of seal skin or *kamus*. Winter *torbazy* were sewed of thick skins, usually from the lower part of reindeer legs, with the fur outside. Summer *torbazy* were made of rawhide of seal throats.

Tukhtak (Siberian Yupik) A strip of raw walrus meat sewn into a piece of walrus hide with blubber. *Tukhtak* was prepared by the Eskimos and stored for winter and early spring consumption.

Tungaki (Siberian Yupik, pl.) Spirits, werewolves, who, according to Eskimo beliefs, brought various disasters to people — starvation, disease, death. In Chukchi narrative, the *tungaki* are called *kele*; in Koryak, *kele* or *ninvity*; in Kerek, *kala*.

Tykygak (Siberian Yupik) An old settlement in Alaska where journeys of Siberian Yupik and Coastal Chukchi ended. This place name is often mentioned in the oral narratives of the Siberian Yupik and Chukchi.

Tykyvak (Siberian Yupik) A Yupik word for the cracking of the earth caused by freezing.

Tynagyrgyn (Chukchi, lit. “dawn,” “heavenly deities”) In Chukchi beliefs, Tynagyrgyn managed the earthly doings of people and punished them for negligence and bad deeds. In legends, Tynagyrgyn is described as a simple hunter, head of household, married, with children, occupying a dwelling with household goods.

Typagruk (Siberian Yupik) A cliff in the vicinity of Naukan.

Uelen (Uvelen) A Chukchi settlement on the Bering Strait in the vicinity of Cape Dezhnev.

Ukigaluk (Siberian Yupik) A cliff near Cape Dezhnev in the Bering Strait.

Ukivok (Siberian Yupik) A small island in the Bering Strait (King Island; belongs to the U.S.).

Uksik (Siberian Yupik) Rocks in the vicinity of Sireniki.

Ulu (Siberian Yupik) A traditional fan-shaped Eskimo women's knife used for cutting, chopping and scraping.

Umiak (Siberian Yupik) An Eskimo skin-covered boat. It has a wooden frame covered with walrus hide. The *umiak* is much larger than a kayak and can carry a number of hunters to sea.

Umkuglyuk (Siberian Yupik) A promontory in the Bering Strait.

Umuktak (Siberian Yupik) An enclosure of snow built around an ice hole to protect the fisher from the winter wind.

Unazik (Chaplino) A Siberian Yupik settlement on Cape Chaplino. It has been relocated to Tkachen Bay.

Uten (Uten) A temporary seasonal camp of nomads near Mitkulin village, Chukotka.

Versta (Russian) Pre-Soviet system of measurement in Russia. One *versta* is equal to 3,500 English feet or 1,060 kilometers.

Vybivalka (Russian) A beater or beating stick. A curved blade of reindeer antler used to remove snow from fur clothing and footgear.

Yanrakinot (Russian) The Russian adaptation of the name of the Chukchi settlement of Yanrakinnot ("Stronghold") on the shore of Senyavin Strait.

Yaranga (Chukchi) A barrel-roofed dwelling in the form of a tent with a frame of poles covered with reindeer hides among the nomads or with walrus hides among the coastal dwellers. The *yarangas* of the coastal dwellers had a complex frame of beams, girders, and thin poles.

Yarar (Chukchi) A drum. The Chukchi did not have a specific drum for a shaman. The drum, *yarar* or *yaar*, was a family and household sacred object. Each family had a drum, and using it at the time of certain festivals was obligatory for all members of the household, men and women. To the Chukchi a *yarar* was also a musical instrument.

Yukola (Russian) Split and sun-dried salmon. The fish were split lengthwise; the head and backbone were fed to dogs and the meat of the two sides joined by the tail was reserved for human consumption. The fish were dry-cured on a *yukolnik*. *Yukola* was prepared for winter consumption.

Zagon (Russian) A fenced area with one end open; it was used in hunting wild deer.

Zakol (Russian) The same as *zapor* (q.v.).

Zapor (Russian) A device for catching fish in rivers. It consists of a compact fence reaching across a river (or partly so). Fish traps were placed in the openings of the fence.

Zemlyanka (Russian) The semi-subterranean wooden dwellings of Eskimos, Coastal Chukchi, and Koryaks. The dwellings were made of driftwood, whale bones [ribs], turf, and stone.

Zemlyanka-kaygi (Russian/Siberian Yupik) a large zemlyanka.

Zemlyanka-ynlu (Russian/Siberian Yupik) a small *zemlyanka*.

Zhenskiy nozh (Russian) [Woman's knife] A knife with a semi-oval blade inserted into a wooden holder that fits the palm of the hand, used by women in their domestic work. The same as the Eskimo *ulu* (q.v.).

Zhirnik (Russian) An oil lamp made of stone or, more rarely, of clay. It was used for light, heat, and cooking. The wick was made of twisted fur. Fat of different animals was used as fuel for the *zhirnik*.

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Alexander Dolitsky was born and raised in Kiev in the former Soviet Union. He received an M.A. in history from Kiev Pedagogical Institute, Ukraine in 1976; an M.A. in anthropology and archaeology from Brown University in 1983; and attended the Ph.D. program in anthropology at Bryn Mawr College from 1983 to 1985, where he was also a lecturer in the Russian Center. In the U.S.S.R., he was a social studies teacher for three years and an archaeologist for five years for the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences. In 1978, he settled in the United States. Dolitsky visited Alaska for the first time in 1981, while conducting field research for graduate school at Brown. He then settled first in Sitka in 1985 and then in Juneau in 1986. From 1985 to 1987, he was a U.S. Forest Service archaeologist and social scientist. He was an Adjunct Assistant Professor of Russian Studies at the University of Alaska Southeast from 1985 to 1999; Social Studies Instructor at the Alyeska Central School, Alaska Department of Education and Yukon-Koyukuk School District from 1988 to 2006; and Director of the Alaska-Siberia Research Center from 1990 to present. He has done 32 field studies in various areas of the former Soviet Union, including Siberia, Central Asia, South America, Eastern Europe and the United States, including Alaska. Dolitsky has been a lecturer on the World Discoverer, Spirit of Oceanus and Clipper Odyssey vessels in the Arctic and Sub-Arctic regions. He was the Project Manager for the WWII Alaska-Siberia Lend Lease Memorial, which was erected in Fairbanks in 2006. He has published extensively in the fields of anthropology, history, archaeology, and ethnography. His more recent publications include *Fairy Tales and Myths of the Bering Strait Chukchi*; *Tales and Legends of the Yupik Eskimos of Siberia*; *Ancient Tales of Kamchatka*; *Allies in Wartime: The Alaska-Siberia Airway During World War II*; *Spirit of the Siberian Tiger: Folktales of the Russian Far East*; *Living Wisdom of the Far North: Tales and legends from Chukotka and Alaska*; *Pipeline to Russia: The Alaska-Siberia Air Route in World War II*; and *Old Russia in Modern America: Living Traditions of the Russian Old Believers*.





The Two Strongmen and the Oldster



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