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GRAND CHIEF SALAMOO COOK IS COMING TO TOWN!

Story and Songs Tomson Highway Illustrations Delphine Renon

Narration Jimmy Blais Singers Coral Egan, Alexandre Désilets,
Moë Clark and Angel Baribeau



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Lyrics are presented in a variant of Woods Cree and in Standard Roman
Orthography for Cree followed by translations in English.





Once upon a magical time, there was a young, fleet rabbit named **Weeskits** who was running through a forest on the outskirts of **Kisoos**, a town populated exclusively by rabbits. He had just turned two, which made him twelve years old in human years. He was in a big hurry.

"The Grand Chief is coming! The Grand Chief is coming!" he shouted while he sprinted along the bank of the river.

As he passed a mound on which sat his old friend **Moomoos**, he stopped and started running on the spot while he spoke. Moomoos was electrified by Weeskits's news. His eyes looked like marbles and he too began to run on the spot.



"Grand Chief Salamoo is coming? Where?" asked Moomoos.

- "Here."
- "To our hometown?"
- "Yes?"
- "To Kisoos?"
- "Yes, to Kisoos, the Earth's belly button," responded Weeskits. "Come on, let's go spread the news all over town."



Off they ran. They ran and ran and ran. They shouted and shouted and shouted, "The Grand Chief is coming to town! The Grand Chief is coming to Kisoos!"

Oohoo, another friend of Weeskits's, popped up from a bush and stopped them. All three rabbits began running on the spot as they chatted.

"Did I hear right?" asked Oohoo, somewhat perplexed. "Did you say Salamoo Cook, the Grand Chief of all the rabbits in the world, is coming to Kisoos?"

Weeskits and Moomoos nodded at the same time.

- "That's unheard of," said Oohoo.
- "It's true, agreed Moomoos. Salamoo Cook has never come anywhere near us, never ever to Kisoos."
- "So why now, Weeskits?" asked Oohoo.

OOGI-MAAGAAN SALAMOO
OKIMÁHKĀN SALAMOO – GRAND CHIEF SALAMOO

Oogimaagaan Salamoo, Oogimaagaan Salamoo
Weepee-too-tao, tapee-too-tao oota
Oogimaagaan Salamoo, Oogimaagaan Salamoo
Taaneegi kaawee-peetoo-teet oota?
Saasay n'geega-g'weechi-mik, taawee-chee-aak waapaagi
Taa-oosee-taa-ak anima keeg'way
Keeg'way taa-oosee-taa-ik, weeta-mawi-naan seemaak
Keeg'way taa-oosee-taa-ik?
Moynnee-geewin tamee-taawaa-ni-wak oota Kisoos
Taantoo-week ootow-wee-win taastao?
Waaskee-choos kowchi-gawak, waaskee-choos kowchi-gawaak
Eeya-goo kaagee-ootow-aan, taap'wee
Mistaa-i naa taa-astao? Mistaa-i naa taa-astao?
Mista-i, kwaa-yas mistaa-i taa-stao
P'yak aski kaanoo-cheetaan tagi-taa-in anima
Waaskeechoos kaa-oochi-gawak
Oogimaagaan Salamoo, Oogimaagaan Salamoo

Grand Chief Salamoo, Grand Chief Salamoo
Will be coming, is coming here
Grand Chief Salamoo, Grand Chief Salamoo
Why is he coming here?
He's already asked me to help him tomorrow
To do "that thing."
What are you going to do? Tell us right away
What "thing" are you going to do?
There's going to be a contest here in Kisoos
What kind of prize will there be?
Waaskee-choos juice, waaskee-choos juice
That's what you can win, it's true
Will there be a lot? Will there be a lot?
A lot, there will be a lot
It will take you one year to consume it
That waaskee-choos juice
Grand Chief Salamoo, Grand Chief Salamoo

okimáhkān Salamoo, okimáhkān Salamoo
wī-pītohtīw ta-pītohtīw ōta
okimáhkān Salamoo, okimáhkān Salamoo
rānihki kā-wī-pītohtīw ōta?
sāsay niki-kakwīcimik, ta-wīcihak wāpahki
ta-osihtāyahk anima kikway.
kikwāy ta-osihtāyik, wihtamawinān sīmāk
kikwāy ta-osihtāyik?
mawinihikiwin ta-mitawāniwahk ōta Kisoos
rānitowihk otahowīwin ta-astīw?
wāskwīcōs kā-ohcikawahk, wāskwīcōs kā-ohcikawahk
iyako ka-ki-otahowān, tāpwē
mistahi nā ta-astīw? mistahi nā ta-astīw?
mistahi, kwayas mistahi ta-astīw
piyak askiy ka-nōcihtān ta-kitāyan anima
wāskwīcōs kā-ohcikawahk
okimáhkān Salamoo, okimáhkān Salamoo



With dust swirling behind them like a small tornado, Weeskits, Moomoos and Oohoo screeched to a stop as they arrived at a gnarled old spruce. The hole at the tree's base was proof that someone lived there. Weeskits yelled into the hole, "Keegaach!"

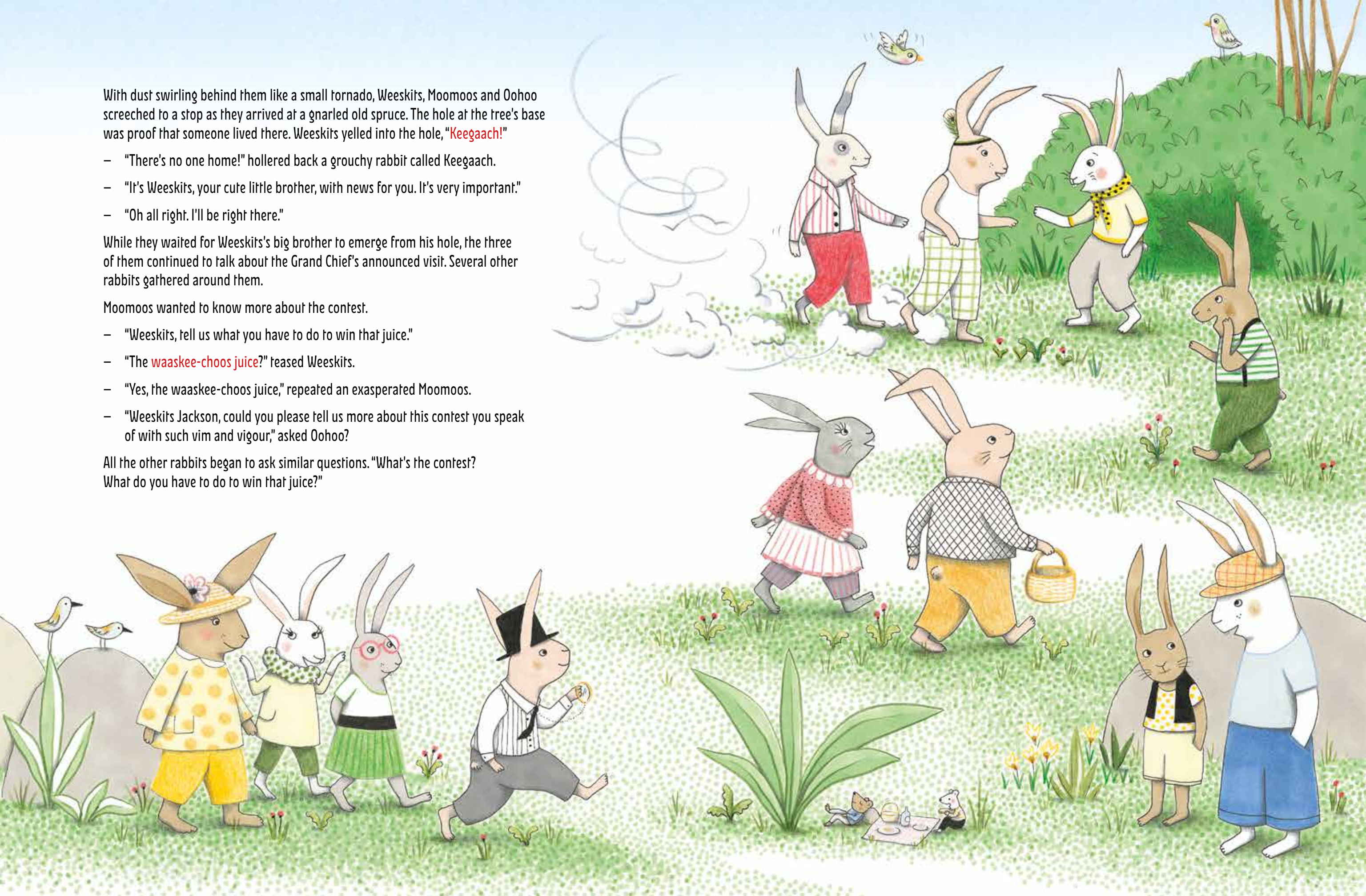
- "There's no one home!" hollered back a grouchy rabbit called Keegaach.
- "It's Weeskits, your cute little brother, with news for you. It's very important."
- "Oh all right. I'll be right there."

While they waited for Weeskits's big brother to emerge from his hole, the three of them continued to talk about the Grand Chief's announced visit. Several other rabbits gathered around them.

Moomoos wanted to know more about the contest.

- "Weeskits, tell us what you have to do to win that juice."
- "The *waskee-choos juice*?" teased Weeskits.
- "Yes, the waskee-choos juice," repeated an exasperated Moomoos.
- "Weeskits Jackson, could you please tell us more about this contest you speak of with such vim and vigour," asked Oohoo?

All the other rabbits began to ask similar questions. "What's the contest? What do you have to do to win that juice?"





That's when Keegaach Jackson reared his head from the hole at the foot of the spruce tree. He stood twelve inches tall in all (not counting his ears), taller than Weeskits by at least four inches. That's huge for a rabbit. By comparison, Weeskits looked like a walnut. His elder brother, who was bulkier and much stronger, piped in, "Win what juice?"

- "Waaskee-choos juice, juice that rabbits like you could use."
- "Like me?"
- "Yes, you," answered back the little brother. "And how you can win the juice – the Grand Chief will tell us when he gets here."
- "When does he get here?"
- "If he gets here," interjected Moomoos.

WAASKEE-CHOOS
 WĀSKWĪCŌS – WAASKEE-CHOOS JUICE

Waaskee-choos kaa-oochi-gawak, kwa-yas weegasin
 Waaskee-choos kaa-oochi-gawak, kwa-yas weegasin
 Keespin kipoo-pathin katay igaa-chee kipawm
 Maskee-gi tagee-tapa-tan, keechi-naach

Waaskee-choos juice is very tasty
 Waaskee-choos juice is very tasty
 If your belly or thigh gets plugged
 It can be used as medicine, that's for sure

wāskwīcōs kâ-ohcikawahk, kwayas wihkasin
 wāskwīcōs kâ-ohcikawahk, kwayas wihkasin
 kispin kipopathin katay ikâ cî kipwâm
 maskihkiy ta-kî-itâpatan, kihcinâc



All of the other rabbits kept raising questions. "What kind of contest is this?"

- Tell us, oh dear, sweet Weeskits. What does one have to do to win that juice?"
- "So there you have it, Keeqaach Jackson, my dear big brother," concluded Weeskits.
- "Your wife has the **manchoos**, right?"
- "True, my wife has the manchoos, the bug, the cancer."
- "And might well die?" added Weeskits, while all of the other rabbits whispered to each other, "Die?"
- "Yes, she may well die," agreed Keeqaach.
- "That's why I'm here, my dear friends and neighbours, to help my brother save his wife from possible death. If we team up, I'm sure we can win. Besides, each participant in this contest gets paid ten dollars."
- "Ten dollars," repeated Moomoos and Oohoo, while all of the other rabbits, probably a hundred in all, echoed those words.
- "That's right, ten dollars," confirmed Weeskits. "Not bad, eh? That's one year's wages for your average rabbit, me included."

Moomoos could buy a new washing machine with that amount of money. Oohoo could fly to Alaska to see his girlfriend, **Chooch-saqway Marie Antoinette Enni-kwinaa-ray Rogers**.

- "Wait a minute," Weeskits asked, "Chooch who?"
- "Never mind," Oohoo replied.





Salamoo Cook, the Grand Chief of all the rabbits in the world, appeared from the forest escorted by none other than our dear friend, Weeskits. With one hand holding a cane for balance and the other resting on Weeskits's left forearm, the Grand Chief climbed up on a rock that jutted from the ground.

He teetered on the uneven rocks, as he was not young. Once he found his footing, he towered like a bear over the furry, long-eared assembly.

He glowered at his fellow rabbits. Huge, grand, wide, tall, with long ears equal to the height of two rabbits standing one on top of the other, he looked over the audience of nervous rabbits whispering to each other at the same time. Some were wondering who could compete. Others wanted to know how the participants would be paid the ten dollars since it was a lot of money. Others were already dreaming of buying a new car. All of a sudden, they all began to sing their favourite song again.

Early next morning, a thousand rabbits assembled in a meadow on the banks of the river known as **Koogoom Oogoot**. That's Cree for "your grandma's nose." They turned into one huge choir and began singing what happened to be the national anthem of the Republic of Rabbits.

KITA-SKEE-EENOW
KITASKINAW – OUR LAND

Waapos aski ooma	wâpos askiy ôma	This is rabbit land
Kita-skeenow ooma	kitaskinaw ôma	This is our land
Kapee kaa-yaa-naa-now	kapî [ki]ka-ayânânaw	We will always have it
Kita-skee-eenow	kitaskinaw	Our land



Grand Chief Salamoo cleared his throat and began to speak, "My dear sweet rabbits, this contest is called The Rabbit-Throwing Contest."

A huge gasp echoed through the crowd, followed by a murmur that rippled through the forest. So arrested were the rabbits by the novel idea of a rabbit-throwing contest that you could hear question marks pop like popcorn from one end of the forest to the other.

Moomoos dared to ask the first question, "And what, pray tell, oh great Grand Chief, will happen in this contest?"

- "Why, big rabbits will throw small rabbits," explained Grand Chief Salamoo. "The big rabbit who can throw a small rabbit the farthest—from here to **Kitoon** if need be—will win one year's supply of waaskee-choos juice fresh from spruce cones that have just fallen."
- "Cool!" cried out Keegaach. "I will win that juice to rid my wife of the dreadful manchoos. I am sure of it. I can feel it in my **kipa-oon**. I am strong, I have muscles, I have grit. I'm sure that I can throw my kid brother way past **Poosees** if I have to!"
- "Don't count your chickens before they hatch," countered the leader before turning to all of the rabbits to give more details about the contest. "As you can see, if you look at this meadow and the field that follows, you will note that the trunks of the trees have been marked with numbers. Those are distances, one mark per yard. They go all the way to Kitoon, two miles from where I stand."



The rabbits began to moo. The moos, however, were not joyful. In fact, it was the sound of worry, of fear and loathing. Some rabbits were wondering if grand Chief Salamoo practiced witchcraft. Three small rabbits even pushed their way to the front and stood there scowling.

Grand Chief Salamoo didn't let up. The rules were the rules. Small rabbits will be thrown by the bigger ones.

KEESPIN
KÍSPIN – IF

Keespin waaposak kiwee-p'moos-noon
Taaneegi kaapsee-sichik poogoo?
Taaneegi iqa kaam'si-gitit?
Kaawee-p'moo-si-ni-in

kíspin wáposak ka-wî-pimosinîyan
tânihki kâ-apisísicik poko?
tânihki ikâ kâ-misikitit
kâ-wî-pimosinîyan

If you want to throw rabbits
Why small ones only?
Why not big ones?
That you can throw



One of the small rabbits moved closer to the big rock by the meadow and spoke up. His name was Mawch, **Mawch Maaskooch Big Mink River**. He wanted to know why big rabbits couldn't be thrown instead of the small ones.

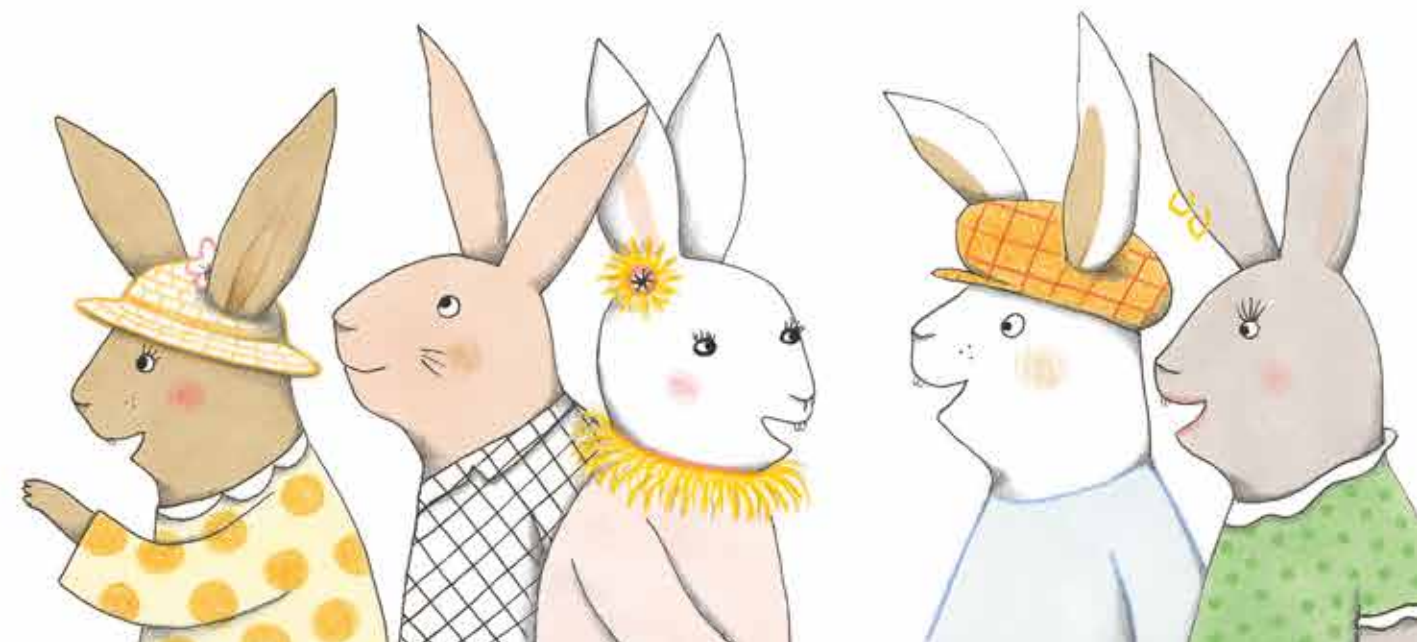
Grand Chief Salamoo explained to Mawch Maaskooch of Big Mink River that the big rabbits were way too heavy, and small rabbits weren't strong enough to throw them.

Another small rabbit, named **Cheeches**, stepped up to ask the Grand Chief if he didn't think that throwing rabbits around like balls of mud was demeaning.

Finally, a rabbit by the name of **Chamook** blurted out, "It is undignified, a downright insult to us small rabbits!" Mawch added his two bits: "Have you, Grand Chief Salamoo, ever been thrown around like you were luggage or a chewed-up spitball?"

- "That doesn't matter," replied the Grand Chief. "Those are the contest rules. It must go on. And you know why?"
- "Why?" answered all of the small rabbits.
- "Because I say so," said the Grand Chief.

The small rabbits all cried out "no," while the big rabbits shouted back "yes." "No, no, no," said the small. "Yes, yes, yes," said the big.





AYA-YAA!
 AYAYÂ! – OUCH! (THE RIOT)

Papa-mow, paga-mow!
 Aya-yaa!
 Cheestin, cheestin!
 Aya-yaa!
 Kipi-neeween, kipi-neeween!
 Aya-yaa!

pakamaho, pakamaho!
 ayayâ!
 cîstin, cîstin!
 ayayâ!
 kipinîwîn, kipinîwîn!
 ayayâ!

Hit him, hit him!
 Ouch!
 Pinch him, pinch him!
 Ouch!
 Choke him, choke him!
 Ouch!



Oohoo raised his paw. "But some of us small rabbits want to get thrown..."

- "Yes, we do," agreed Moomos. "They do it in England. They do it in North Bay. I read it on the internet so it must be true."
- "You see, Grand Chief Salamoo," explained Weeskits, "half of the rabbit population in this region is poor as dirt. They earn ten cents a day, if that. Rabbits who get thrown would get paid ten dollars. For them, that's a fortune. It could change their lives. If they don't get thrown, however, they won't get paid. You see what I'm saying?"
- "Yes, we are poor," said Moomos in support of his best friend. "We are starving, poor small rabbits. We need that money to feed our children."

Chamook wouldn't hear any of it. "No amount of money is worth being thrown!" he shouted.

- "That's just hogwash!" exclaimed Weeskits, just as a full-scale riot erupted with one half of the smaller rabbits attacking the other half.



Some of the rabbits tried like mad to prevent the two groups from hurting each other. Even the Grand Chief got entangled in the fray.

Some of the rabbits fought furiously. It was an unsightly mess, with rabbits flying in all directions.

Rabbits went splat against big rocks, rabbits went flying into the river.

Rabbits wailed. Rabbits yelled terrible things at each other.

Finally, the rabbit police appeared out of nowhere. They arrested no less than two dozen disorderly rabbits and hauled them off to languish in jail for weeks.

Only then did the forest regain its silence. In that silence, the Grand Chief thundered, "Alright. All the big rabbits who wish to throw please stand in a line to my left. All the small rabbits who wish to be thrown please stand in a line to my right."

Murmuring restlessly, the rabbits, big and small, did as they were told. In this movement, Keegaach passed by Weeskits. "I can throw you, little brother, can I not? You, after all, are as small as a meatball. I am as big as a **lap-wachin**."

Grand Chief Salamoo pulled Keegaach and Weeskits to the side. "I'm sorry to say, but Weeskits can't be part of the contest. I need someone reliable to mark the competitors with a magic marker. Weeskits, your job is to measure the distances the partners have flown and tally the score."

Weeskits was secretly relieved. It was an honour to be trusted by the Chief, and he knew Keegaach would easily find another partner. He was as big as a lap-wachin after all.

But it was too late. All the small rabbits had teamed up with the big rabbits already. Even the big small rabbits were taken. As Keegaach searched through the crowd to no avail, the Grand Chief signalled that it was time to start.

"Eighty rabbits should do quite nicely. Forty to throw and forty to be thrown. Let's get on with the contest!" proclaimed the chief.



PEEYAK, NEESOO, NISTOO
PIYAK, NISO, NISTO – ONE, TWO, THREE

Peeyak, neesoo, nistoo
N'yoo, n'yanan, n'gataw-sik
Teepee-goop, eye-naanao
Keegam-taa-at, m'taa-aat
Kwayas nimee-th'weethee-teen eeyagee-taasoo-yaan

One, two, three
Four, five, six
Seven, eight
Nine, ten
Oh, how I love to count

piyak, niso, nisto
niyo, niyanan, nikotwasik
ripakohp, ayinaniw
kika-mitaraht, mitaraht
kwayas nimithwithihtin i-akitasoyn

"It's me, Weeskits, scurrying back and forth. I am going from one competitor to the next, writing numbers with a magic marker on their backs. I am marking my friends Moomoos and Oohoo as throwee number fifteen and throwee number twenty. But I also have to mark throwee number twenty-five, throwee number thirty, and so on, until all the small rabbits have their numbers, as do the big ones. And here, dear folks, is my measuring tape, and a clipboard with paper.."

Now listen to me: Weeskits! To all competitors, please go to your places in front of the Grand Chief, and the contest will start. First in this line-up, standing before me, are the first contestants, pair number one. Thrower **Puck Choochoos**, who weighs ten pounds, will throw **Kapee Ooskaat**, who weighs five pounds. Go!"

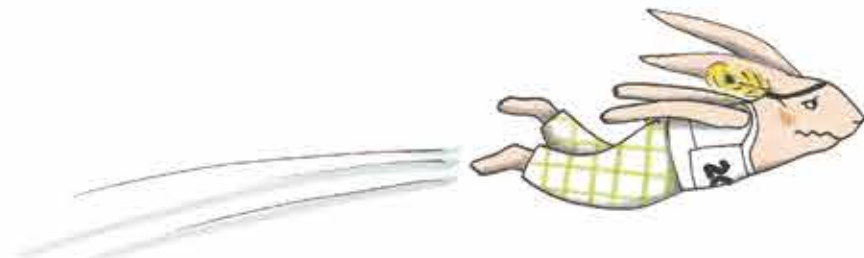




- "That's a pretty poor score for contestant pair number one, Puck Choochoos and Kapee Ooskaat. Just fourteen yards."
- "Contestant pair number five, **John Mitaas** and **Colette Kaakaa**. Just nineteen yards."

"George Askeek, Adele Ooskat, Joe Kigoot, Jeanette Kitoo, Bill Kipawm, Yvette Kiteem, Jack Kitoon, Noreen Kigoot. Nisit kisit, nisit kisit, niskaat kiskaat, niskaat kiskaat, oochees-tatay, kichees-tatay. Nigoot kigoot, nigoot kigoot. They all go up and throw and fly. And throw and fly and shriek and cry. Their scores? Two, three, four...thirteen, fourteen, fifteen yards, sixteen yards. It all depends on who they are. It all depends on how strong they are."

- "Contestant pair number twenty-two, **Bob Seeseep** and **Louise Waskway**. Just sixteen yards."
- "Contestant pair number thirty-nine, **Jane Watay** and **Bachees Oogow**. Just twenty yards."



MOYNEE-GEEWIN
MAWINIHIKIWIN – THE CONTEST

Puck Choochoos ooti-nam
Kapee Ooskat ooskaat
Igwa pimoo-sinao
Watha-wees nichoomeek
Kwayas teep-wao Kapee
Athis eesee-gisit
Ispeek kaapaa-gisik
Kwaayas weesa-gisin

Puck Choochoos otinam
Kapee Ooskat oskât
ikwa pimosiniw
wâthawîs nicômihk
kwayas tîpwîw Kapee
athis î-sîkîsît
ispîhk kâ-pâhkîsîhk
kwayas wîsakîsin

Puck Choochoos takes
Kapee Ooskat's leg
And throws her
Sort of far away into the bush
Kapee screams hard
Because she's scared
When she falls
She hurts herself from the impact

John Mitaas ooti-nam
Colette Kaakaa ooskaat
Igwa pimoo-sinao

John Mitaas otinam
Colette Kaakaa oskât
ikwa pimosiniw

John Mitaas takes
Colette Kaakaa's leg
And throws her

Bob Seeseep ooti-nam
Louise Waskway ooskaat
Igwa pimoo-sinao

Bob Seeseep otinam
Louise Waskway oskât
ikwa pimosiniw

Bob Seeseep takes
Louise Waskway's leg
And throws her

Jane Watay ooti-nam
Bachees Oogow ooskaat
Igwa pimoo-sinao
Watha-wees nichoomeek
Kwayas teep-wao Bachees
Athis eesee-gisit
Ispeek kaapaa-gisik
Kwaayas weesa-gisin

Jane Watay otinam
Bachees Oogow oskât
ikwa pimosiniw
wâthawîs nôcimihk
kwayas tîpwîw Bachees
athis î-sîkîsît
ispîhk kâ-pâhkîsîhk
kwayas wîsakîsin

Jane Watay takes
Bachees Oogow's leg
And throws her
Sort of far away into the bush
Bachees screams hard
Because he's scared
When he falls
He hurts himself from the impact



That's when the Grand Chief Salamoo interrupted the song and turned to Weeskits, "My dear sweet little friend, I have some news that will make you happy."

- "News for me," inquired Weeskits, "that will make me happy?"
- "I'm quite certain of that."
- "Really?"

"The next rabbit to be thrown has just taken ill with blockage of the kipa-oon. His thrower, a bulky rabbit named Mystic Boogachski has just informed me that he can't go on. In fact, he has fainted and has been driven to the hospital in faraway Pooses. We have no time to waste since I have to get home. My wife, **Maatoo**, is waiting with dinner, a succulent stew of carrots, **mooskami**, and **oochak-seesa**. Weeskits, you must replace the rabbit who has taken ill right this minute."

- "Me?!"
- "You wanted to be part of the contest, right?"
- "But I'm scared of flying."
- "Weeskits Jackson, if you don't do as I say, I'll throw you in the garbage."
- "Throw me in the garbage?"
- "Yes, in the garbage. The big grey rabbit named Mystic Boogachski, known for carrying big old bunnies across small rivers, will be your partner. She's the rabbit who will throw you."

Built like a brick house, with eyes like torches, Mystic Boogachski stood at the starting line. She looked quite capable of crushing Weeskits to a cinder.



Weeskits was terrified – not of Mystic but of her muscles.

With his eyes on the ground, Weeskits revealed something he'd kept secret all this time. He suffered from vertigo. He would never be able to fly.

Grand Chief Salamoo felt that it was a poor excuse. "Weeskits Jackson, you will fly for your country, for Keeqaach's wife. You will fly for all rabbits."



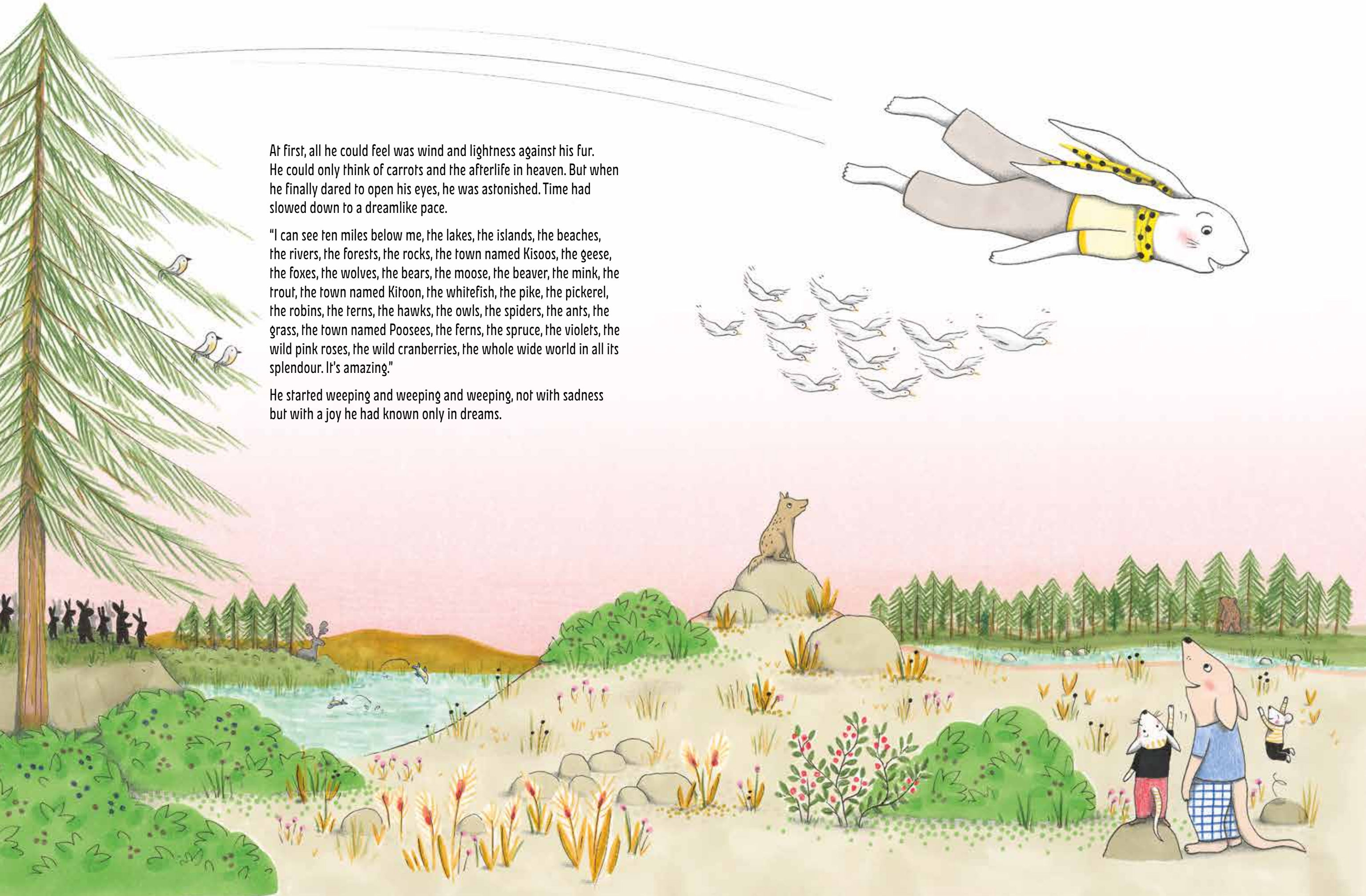
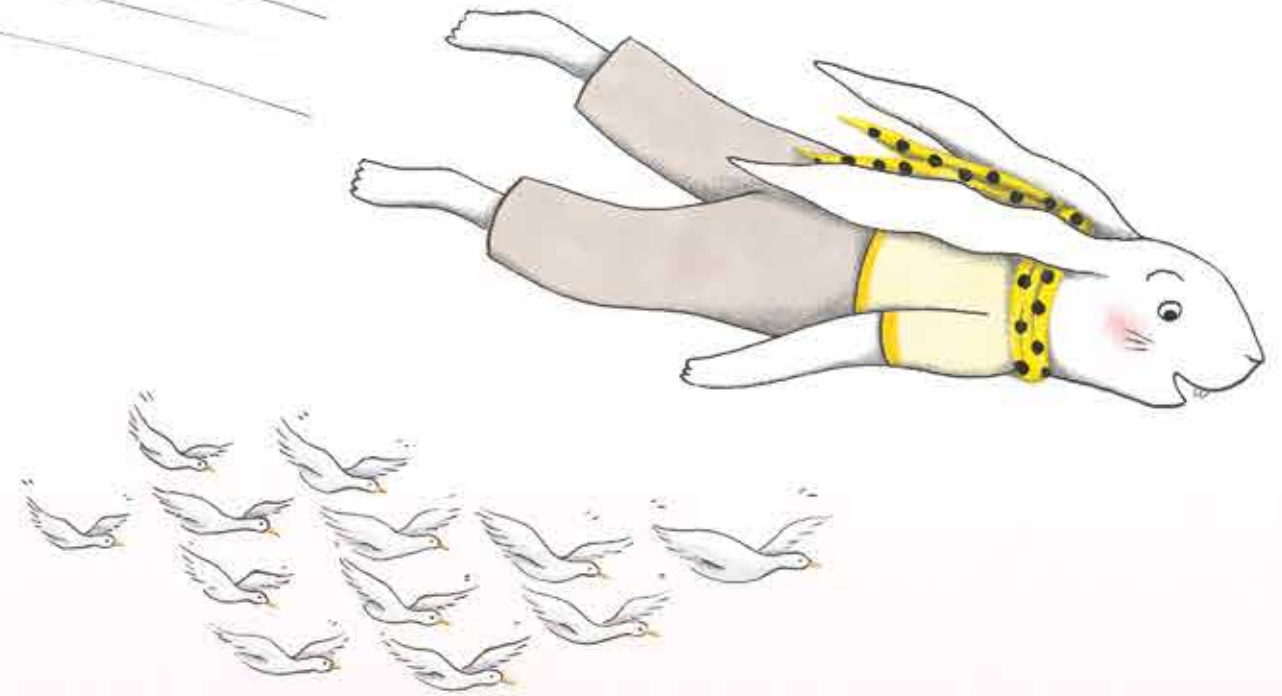
As Weeskits approached the starting line, Moomoos and Oohoo whispered secretly to him, "Don't panic buddy, we'll catch you at the other end."

Somewhat reassured by his friends, Weeskits took his position. His strapping partner took him by the waist and lifted him high above the others. It was a sight to behold. Weeskits closed his eyes and began to whimper as Mystic threw him with all of her might.

At first, all he could feel was wind and lightness against his fur. He could only think of carrots and the afterlife in heaven. But when he finally dared to open his eyes, he was astonished. Time had slowed down to a dreamlike pace.

"I can see ten miles below me, the lakes, the islands, the beaches, the rivers, the forests, the rocks, the town named Kisoos, the geese, the foxes, the wolves, the bears, the moose, the beaver, the mink, the trout, the town named Kitoon, the whitefish, the pike, the pickerel, the robins, the terns, the hawks, the owls, the spiders, the ants, the grass, the town named Poosees, the ferns, the spruce, the violets, the wild pink roses, the wild cranberries, the whole wide world in all its splendour. It's amazing."

He started weeping and weeping and weeping, not with sadness but with a joy he had known only in dreams.



Finally, he landed in a meadow ten miles from the place where he started, a mint-green meadow with a carpet of reindeer moss so thick that it felt like he'd landed on someone's mattress.

Moomoos and Oohoo appeared out of nowhere, followed by the Grand Chief, Keegaach and all the rabbits. "First prize! First prize goes to Mystic Boogachski and Weeskits Jackson!"

The applause was deafening, as Grand Chief Salamoo gave Weeskits the waaskee-choos juice in a silver bowl the size of a lap-wachin. The young, dazed rabbit shook his leader's paw and began to address the assembly: "Thank you, thank you, thank you. As one half of a team of two, I wish to give my share of the wonderful waaskee-choos juice to my big brother, Keegaach. It will be for his wife. Waaskee-choos juice, after all, works wonders for rabbits who are stricken with that dreadful incurable disease, the manchoos."

The great throng of rabbits cheered at length, giving Weeskits the confidence to turn towards Chief Salamoo and say, "I wish to request, Grand Chief of all the rabbits in the world, that our town should hold a Rabbit-Throwing Contest every summer, right here in Kisoos, from now on. Do you agree, Chief Salamoo Cook?"

As the crowd continued to applaud, Grand Chief Salamoo Cook nodded in approval.





Weeskits shook his paw again and began singing and dancing as he made his way home with Moomoos and Oohoo, followed by a thousand rabbits.

NIMOO-CHIGI-PATHIN
NIMÔCIKIPATHIN – I AM FEELING VERY GOOD

Nimoo-chigi-pathin, nimoo-chigi-pathin
Niği-thaği-pathin, niği-thaği-pathin
Taap'wee, taap'wee
Nimoo-chigee-theeten
Taap'wee, taap'wee
Nimoo-chigee-theeten
Taap'wee, taap'wee
Nimoo-seetaan oota
Oota peecha-ik nitee-ik oota

nimôcikipathin, nimôcikipathin
nikithakipathin, nikithakipathin
ràpwî, ràpwî
nimôcikîthihî'n
ràpwî, ràpwî
nimôcikîthihî'n
ràpwî, ràpwî
nimôsihtân ôta
ôta pîhcayihk nîrîhîk ôta

I am feeling very good, I am feeling very good,
I am feeling very ticklish, I am feeling very ticklish
It's true, it's true
I am feeling very good
It's true, it's true
I am feeling very good
It's true, it's true
I can feel it here
Right here inside my heart

CREE GLOSSARY

Cree is the most widely spoken Indigenous language in Canada. Despite the prevalence of Cree and its many dialects, it is considered a vulnerable and endangered language. Western Cree dialects include Plains Cree from Southern Saskatchewan and Alberta, Swampy Cree from Manitoba and Northern Ontario, and Moose Cree from Northern Ontario. In Québec and Labrador, Cree variants include Attikamek, East Cree, Montagnais and Naskapi. Tomsom Highway writes and dreams in a variant of Woods Cree (also known as Woodlands or Rock Cree), which is from Northern Saskatchewan and Manitoba.

NUMBERS

Peeyak – piyak – One
Neesoo – niso – Two
Nistoo – nisto – Three
N'yoo – niyo – Four
N'yanan – niyânan – Five
N'gataw-sik – nikotwâsik – Six
Teepee-goop – ripakohp – Seven
Eye-naanao – ayinâniw – Eight
Keegam-taa-at – kikâ-mitâtaht – Nine
M'taa-aat – mitâtaht – Ten

TERMS

Waaskee-choos juice – waskwîcôs juice – Spruce cone juice
Kaa-oochi-gawak – ka-ohcikawahk – That which drips
Manchoos – manicôs – Cancer
Kipa-oon – kipahon – Diaphragm
Lap-wachin – napôcin – Pudding
Nisit, kisit – nisit, kisit – My foot, your foot
Niskaat, kiskaat – niskât, kiskât – My leg, your leg
Oochees-tatay, kichees-tatay – ocîstatay, kicîstatay – His gristle, your gristle
Nigoot, kigoot – nikot, kikot – My nose, your nose
Mooskami – môskamiy – Broth
Oochak-seesa – ocakisîsa – Macaroni

CHARACTERS

Learn the meaning behind the names of the characters in the story

Weeskits Jackson – wîskic – Vest
Moomoos – mômôs – Boogeyman
Oohoo – ôhow – Owl
Keegaach Jackson – kikâc – Almost
Mawch Maaskooch Big Mink River – mwâc mâskôc – "I doubt it"
Cheeches – micihcîs – Little Hand
Chamook – camok – Noise of pebble hitting the water
Oogimaagaan Salamoo Cook – okimâhkân – Grand Chief
Puck Choochoos – cohcôs – Nipple
Kapee Ooskaat – kapî oskât – Always his (or her) leg
John Miraas – mirâs – Pants
Colette Kaakaa – kâkâ – Poop
George Askeek – askihk – Pail
Adele Ooskaat – oskât – His (or her) leg
Joe Kigoot – kikot – - Your nose
Jeanette Kitoo – kito – Make noise
Bill Kipawm – kipwâm – Thigh
Yvette Kiteem – kitîm – Your dog
Jack Kitoon – kitôn – Your mouth
Noreen Kigoot – kikot – Your nose
Bob Seeseep – sisîp – Duck
Louise Waskway – waskow – Cloud
Jane Watay – watay – Her belly
Bachees Oogow – baptiste okâw – Baptiste Pickerel
Maatoo – mâto – Cry

GEOGRAPHY

Kisoos – kisôs – Your little tail
Koogoom Oogoot – kôhkom okot – Your grandmother's nose
Kitoon – kitôn – Your mouth
Poosees – pôsis – Cat

A teaching guide and audio pronunciations of the words in this glossary are available on the resources page at www.theseclretmountain.com



Story and songs Tomson Highway **Illustrations** Delphine Renon **Narration** Jimmy Blais

SINGERS

• Coral Egan, Alexandre Désilets, Moe Clark and Angel Baribeau: *Oogi-Maagaan Salamoo, Kita-Skee-Eenow, Aya-Yaa! and Moynee-Geewin* • Coral Egan, Alexandre Désilets and Angel Baribeau: *Waaskee-Choos* • Moe Clark: *Keespin* • Coral Egan and Angel Baribeau: *Peeyak, Neesoo, Nistoo* • Alexandre Désilets: *Nimoo-Chigi-Pathin*

Record producer and arranger Jean-François Groulx **Artistic director** Roland Stringer **Graphic design** Stephan Lorti for Haus Design
Copy editor Katherine Sehl **Conversion to Standard Roman Orthography (SRO) for Cree in th-dialect** Arden Ogg
and the Cree Literacy Network **Recorded and mixed by** Jean-François Groulx **Additional recordings at** Studio Fast Forward by
Maxime Philippe **Mastering** Louis Morneau

MUSICIANS

• Jean-François Groulx (piano, keyboards, percussion, guitar, drums, dobro and harmonica)
• Yannick Rieu (saxophone - *Peeyak-Neesoo-Nistoo, Moynee-Geewin* and *Epilogue*)
• Michel Bernard (drums - *Keespin, Moynee-Geewin* and *Epilogue*)

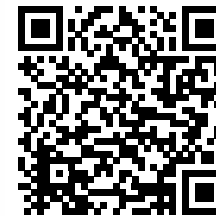
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Cree language resources available at www.creeliteracy.org
More on Tomson Highway at www.tomsonhighway.com

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LISTEN ONLINE

Find the narrated story and songs on all major streaming platforms under the title *Grand Chief Salamoo Cook is Coming to Town!*

www.thesecondmountain.com/grand-chief-salamoo-cook-is-coming-to-town





GRAND CHIEF SALAMOO COOK IS COMING TO TOWN!

Once upon a magical time, a young rabbit named Weeskits hurried home to Kisoos — a town known as the Earth's belly button—to deliver some thrilling news. Salamoo Cook, the Grand Chief of all rabbits in the world, was on his way to announce a mysterious contest. The prize? A year's supply of all-healing waaskee-choos juice, fresh from spruce cones that have just fallen. Would Weeskits be able to help his brother Keegach win the juice to rid his wife of the dreadful manchoos?

Grand Chief Salamoo Cook is Coming to Town! is a laugh-out-loud riot of a tale interspersed with nine jazzy songs performed in Cree.

- | | | | |
|----|---|----|--|
| 1 | GRAND CHIEF SALAMOO COOK IS COMING TO TOWN! (STORY) 30:30 | 7 | AYA-YAA! (OUCH! / THE RIOT) 2:02 |
| 2 | PROLOGUE 1:09 | 8 | PEEYAK, NEESOO, NISTOO (ONE, TWO, THREE) 1:39 |
| 3 | OOGI-MAAGAAN SALAMOO (GRAND CHIEF SALAMOO) 1:57 | 9 | MOYNEE-GEEWIN (THE CONTEST) 4:33 |
| 4. | WAASKEE-CHOOS (WAASKEE-CHOOS JUICE) 1:20 | 10 | THE FLIGHT 2:53 |
| 5. | KITA-SKEE-EENOW (OUR LAND) 2:20 | 11 | NIMOO-CHIGI-PATHIN (I AM FEELING VERY GOOD) 2:11 |
| 6. | KEESPIN (IF) 2:28 | 12 | EPILOGUE 2:38 |

From Tomson Highway, acclaimed author and playwright, best known for his plays *The Rez Sisters* and *Dry Lips Oughta Move to Kapuskasing* and most recently his award-winning memoir, *Permanent Astonishment*.

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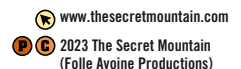


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Lyrics are presented in a variant of Woods Cree and in Standard Roman Orthography for Cree followed by translations in English.
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