

THE CONFEDERATED TRIBES LANGUAGE LESSON

Final Foods & Ending the Season

Paiute

Numu natukana
Final foods

Ha oo mu e pubu'a, e nanumu?
How are you, my friends and relatives?



Tatza moasoo kadoo'oo managa'a.
Our summer months are almost gone.

Ka taba egase na'utsutsu.
When the sun goes down it gets cold.

Togapono'a moasoo natsapoka.
It's time to pick huckleberries.

U ha numuno tutsapoka?
Did you go pick huckleberries?

Ahaa!
Yes!

O pesa u manakwe!
Hope you had fun!

Ki ha'noyo toesapooe mana na'a.
There are hardly any chokecherries.

Uka no'oko Numu tatsukana matzopase te'a ...
If you gathered foods and preserved them ...



... Ya tomo u pesa tukakwe.
... You will eat well this winter.

Mow pesa mu, saa mu poonedooa.
Take care and we'll see you later.

Sahaptin

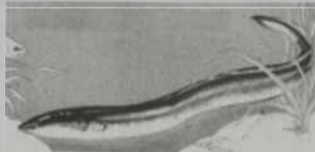
Tiyam ku Shatampama tkwata, t'axwq'a wiyak'uk'ut anwichtash.
Fall and Summer foods that are ending and we are preparing for the Winter.

T'axw tanan itmaanisha wiwnuna anwichtash.
All people are picking Huckleberries at this time of the year for the Winter.



Kushxi pailaxauwisha ku patwashasha nusux.
And also last of the year salmon are being caught and people are drying, canning, and so on.

Asmq'a átiyatsha ilaxiyauwish.
And also people are drying eels.



Ku chau ata tun tmsh ckikuuk.
And there are hardly any chokecherries.

T'axw patkwata kakyaiin, ku xiyauniin ticham iwa.
The birds ate the chokecherries and the land is too dry.



Ikushnam ksks t'tauwaxt tananma wiyanishta tkwatat anwichtash.
This is the way to preserve food for the Winter.

Au ai t'axw! li au!

Wasq'u



Ilgwamax aga itaskutc'.
Days are getting shorter.

Saqw aga idmixlém andutga.
All the food that you gathered is put away.



Chawibút, ukwashaqwt, duchxumix itxlém.
Frozen, dried, canned foods.

Aga agiúldamida:
Now let's all pray:



O' Shaxel Ishtamx,
O' God

It'ukdi maika
You are good

Dauda it'ukdi itxlém
This good food

Mendenchlut kiwaba enshaika amdenshluda kanawa
You have given us, in your name

It'ukdi kiwaba imixan, Jesus Christ
And give all good things to us for the sake of Jesus Christ



Amen



Want another reason to get away from English? Take a look at this editorial piece!

<http://www.jimpoz.com/jokes>

Let's face it. English is a crazy language. There is no egg in eggplant nor ham in hamburger; neither apple nor pine in pineapple. English muffins weren't invented in England or French fries in France. Sweetmeats are candies while sweetbreads, which aren't sweet, are meat.

We take English for granted. But if we explore its paradoxes, we find that quicksand can work slowly, boxing rings are square and a guinea pig is neither from Guinea nor is it a pig.

And why is it that writers write but fingers don't fing, grocers don't groce and hammers don't ham? If the plural of tooth is teeth, why isn't the plural of booth beeth? One goose, two geese. So one moose, two meese? One index, two indices?

Doesn't it seem crazy that you can make amends but not one amend, that you comb through annals of history but not a

single annal? If you have a bunch of odds and ends and get rid of all but one of them, what do you call it?

If teachers taught, why didn't preachers praught? If a vegetarian eats vegetables, what does a humanitarian eat? If you wrote a letter, perhaps you bote your tongue?

Sometimes I think all the English speakers should be committed to an asylum for the verbally insane. In what language do people recite at a play and play at a recital? Ship by truck and send cargo by ship? Have noses that run and feet that smell? Park on drive-ways and drive on parkways?

How can a slim chance and a fat chance be the same, while a wise man and a wise guy are opposites? How can overlook and oversee be opposites, while quite a lot and quite a few are alike? How can the weather be hot as hell one day and cold as hell another? Have you noticed that we talk about certain things only

when they are absent? Have you ever seen a horseful carriage or a strapful gown? Met a sung hero or experienced requited love? Have you ever run into someone who was combobulated, grunted, ruly or peccable? And where are all those people who are spring chickens or who would actually hurt a fly?

You have to marvel at the unique lunacy of a language in which your house can burn up as it burns down, in which you fill in a form by filling it out and in which an alarm goes off by going on. English was invented by people, not computers, and it reflects the creativity of the human race (which, of course, isn't a race at all). That is why, when the stars are out, they are visible, but when the lights are out, they are invisible. And why, when I wind up my watch, I start it, but when I wind up this essay, I end it.

Reminds me of the oxymorons. Jumbo shrimp, honest crook...

- credited to Dave Wisneski