

syəhub ʔə ti tʰaʔig^ws

yəhubtub ʔə ti tiʔatməs



The Story of Rock Cod
Told by Raymond Moses

sg^waʔčəʔ ©2020 T.T.L.P

ʔəsʔaʔlil tiʔiʔ t'aʔig^ws ʔi tiʔiʔ ʔiʔk^waalq

ʔaciʔtalbix^w.

ʔal tudiʔ tuhaʔk^w tiʔiʔ sʔəsʔaʔlils ʔal ti ʃ^wəlč.

Rock Cod was living there along with other kinds of people.

A long time ago was when he lived down in the ocean.



hikʷ dxʷshilid tiʔiʔ ʔaʔigʷs. cʰkʷaqid ʁuhilid ti bəʰkʷ
gʷaʔ.

“dəgʷi, yubəʔ.

ʔutəyil ʕəxʷ dxʷʔal tiʔiʔ cədiʔ stuləkʷ.

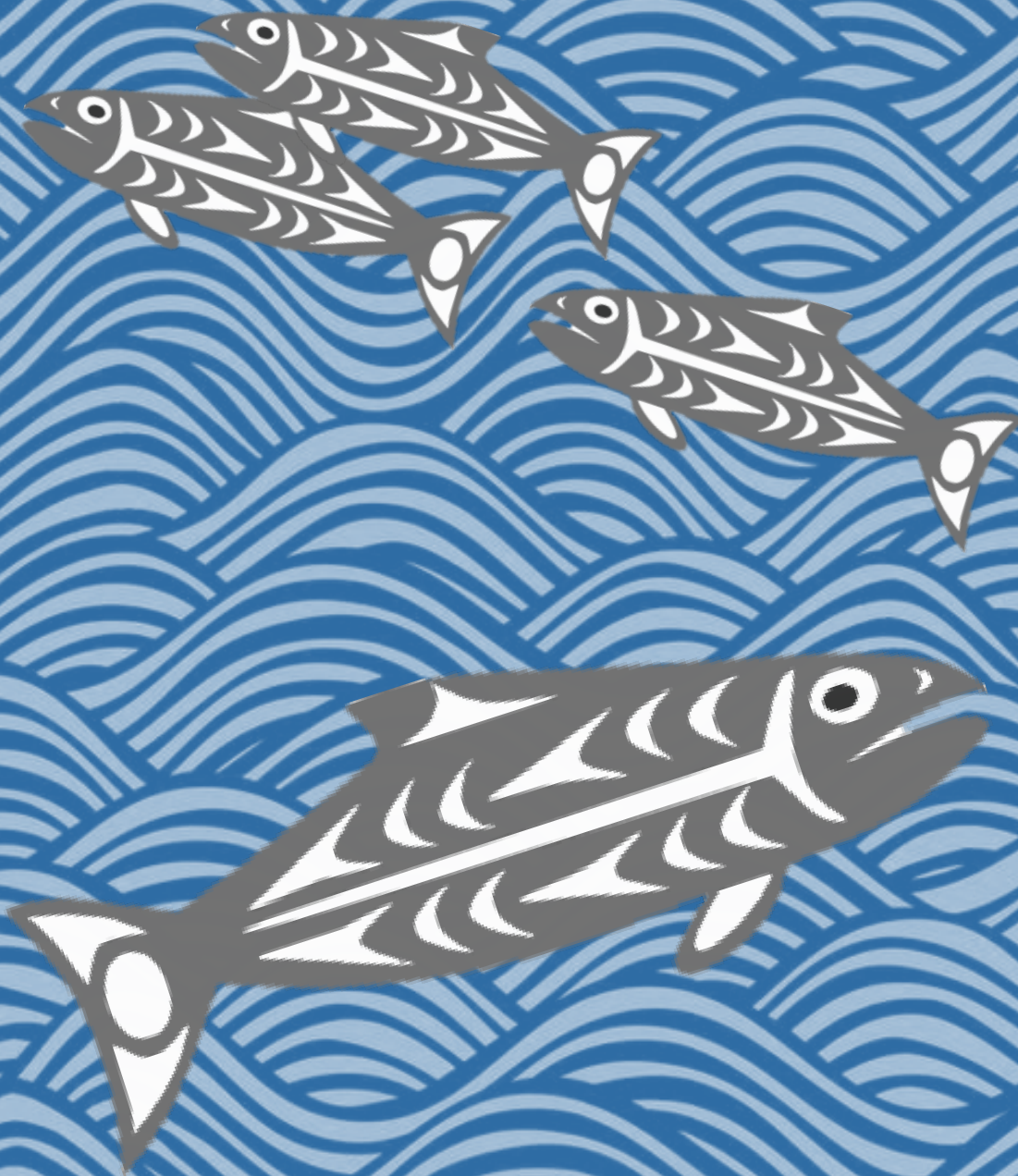
ʔudəxʷgʷəc ʔə tiʔiʔ ʔadbədbədaʔ.”

Rock Cod was very bossy.

He was always giving orders to everyone.

He said, “King Salmon, You go to this particular river.

That’s where your children will be born.”



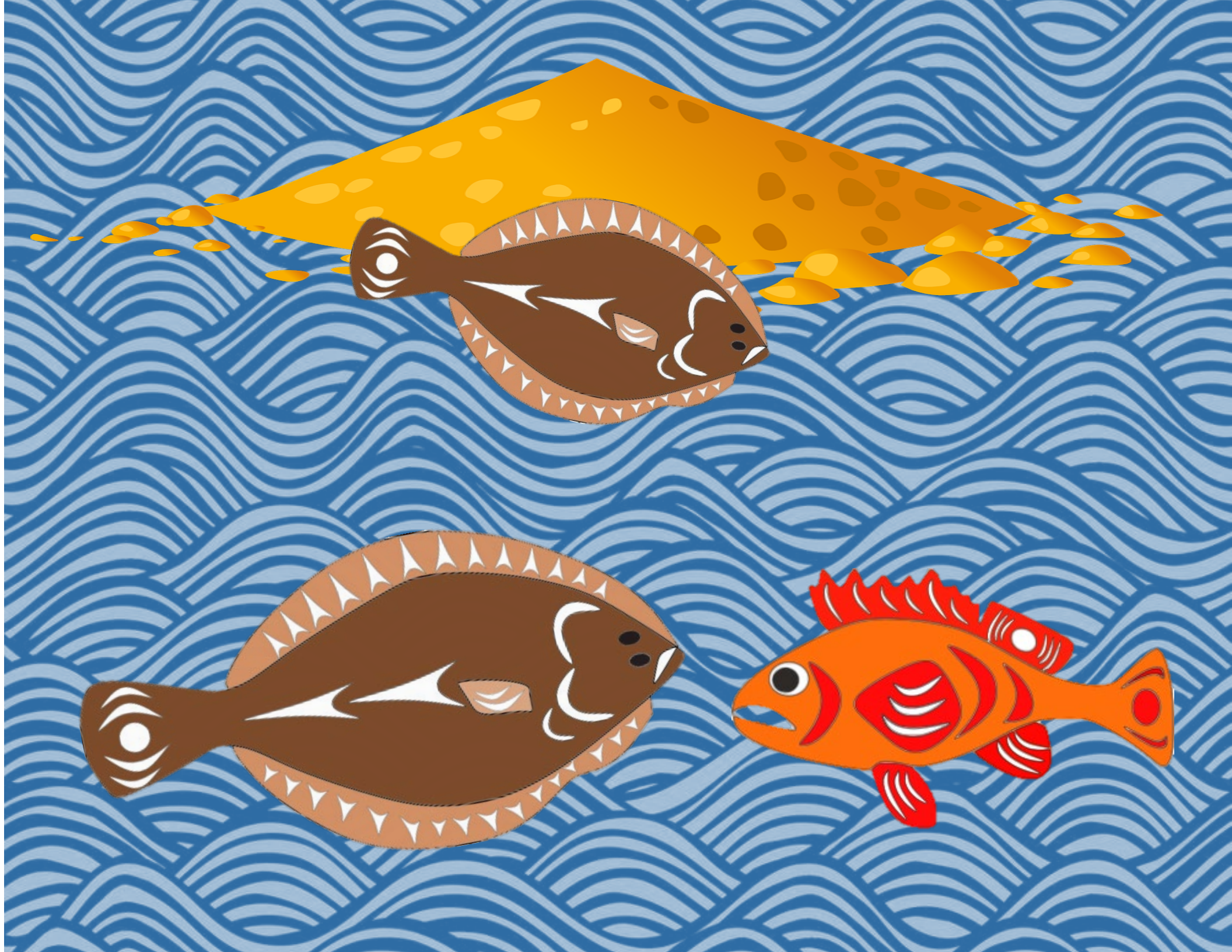
“dəgʷi, puaʷ.

ʔasʔistab čəxʷ ʔal ti gʷistalb ʔal tə xʷəlč.”

“You, Flounder.

Stay down deep in the river.

Stay in the sand beneath the salt water.”



“dəgʷi, bəsqʷ.

hiwil, ʔuχʷ čəxʷ dxʷʔal tʉdiʔ čʰχčʰaʔ.

ʔulʉχil kʷi ʔadbədbədaʔ gʷədabac ʔal tiʔiʔiʔ
čʰχčʰaʔ.”

“You, Crab.

Go on over to those rocks over there.

Your kids will grow up under those rocks.”



“dəgʷi, ǵʷəlačʰi?

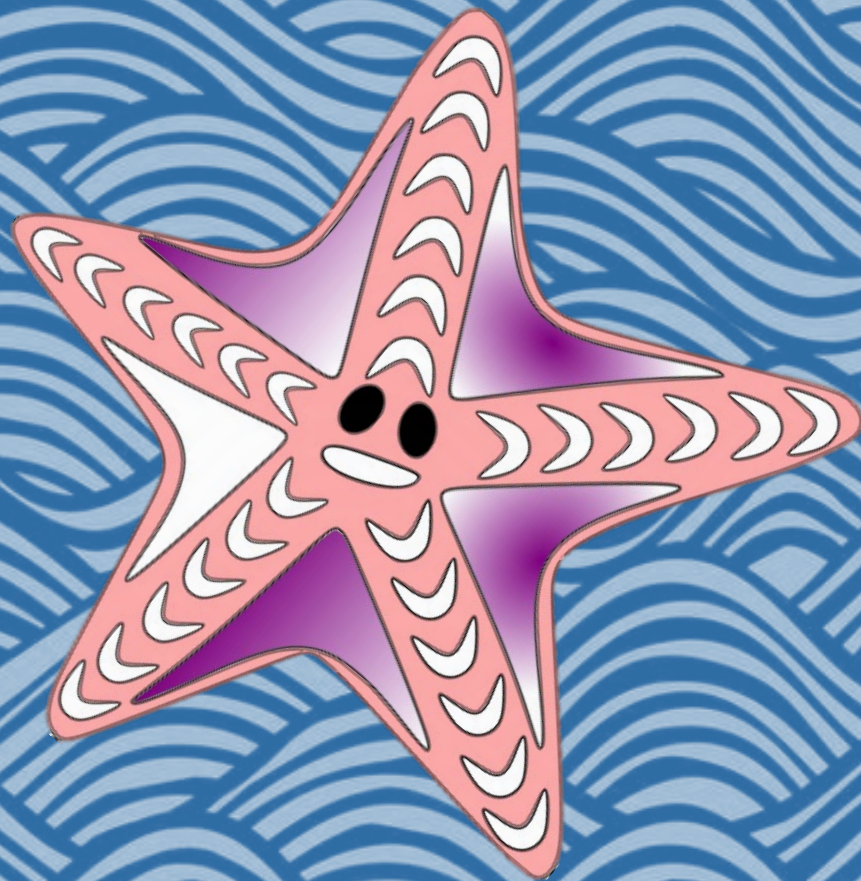
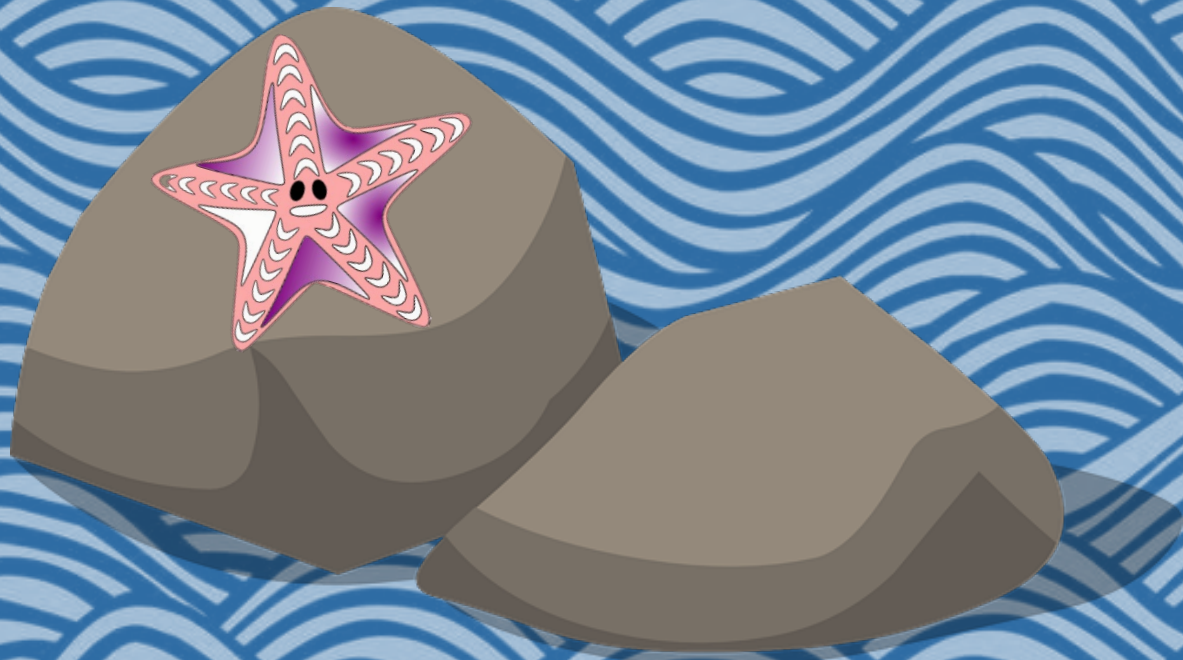
ʰiǵcut čəxʷ ʔal ti čʰa?

xʷi? cʰʷaqid kʷi gʷəʔadstəlawil.”

“You, Starfish.

Stick yourself to a rock.

You will never run.”



dəg^ʷi, sʔaχ^ʷuʔ.

hiwil čəx^ʷ, g^ʷəd^ʔalʔtχ^ʷ ʔal ti g^ʷistalb.

ɬutʊʔad čəx^ʷ dχ^ʷʔal k^ʷi sʔəsliʔluʔ ʔal ti g^ʷistalb.”

“You, Clam.

Go build your house in the sand.

You will spit through a little hole in the sand.”



“dəg^wi, tulq^w.

hiwil, ɬaɬlil ʔal ti ʔilg^wiɬ.

ǰəǰaʔǰaʔtub čəx^w ʔə k^w(i) adsʔišil.”

“You, Mussel.

Go live on the shore.

You are forbidden ever to go swimming.”



“dəgʷi, qalʹqaləxič.

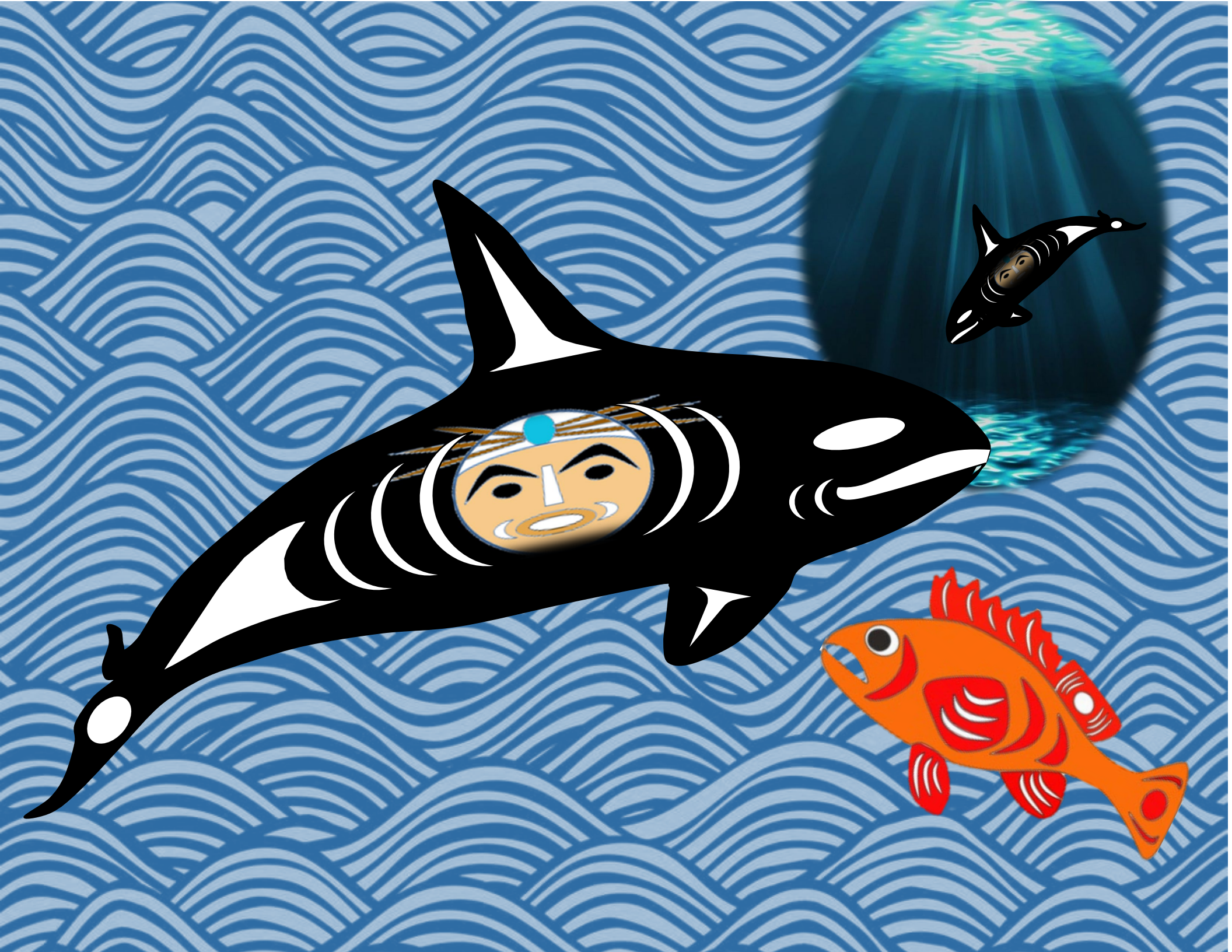
hiwil čəxʷ, čaʔkʷcut dxʷʔal sʰəp.

ʔusil čəxʷ čəxʷaʔ ʰiq, bə ʔusil čəxʷ čəxʷaʔ bəʰiq.”

“You Killer Whale.

Go on out to the deep salt water.

Dive and come up, dive again and come up again.”



“dəgʷi, čəxʷəluʔ.

hiwil čəxʷ dxʷʔal ti sʰəp.

gʷəbapatəbəxʷ ʔə ti bibščəb ʔi tiʔiʔ tətʲyika,
ʔuʔuʰxʷ čəxʷ čəxʷaʔ ʔaʔtcut.”

“You, Grey Whale.

Go to the deep water.

If you are bothered by Little Mink and Tetyika,
go and beach yourself.”



hilitəb ?ə ti?iɬ ʔaɬigʷs ti bəkʷ gʷat dxʷʔal sxʷakʷiss.
dʒahaʔʷu? ?ucut ti bəkʷ gʷat, “ɬuqʷu? čəɬ;
ɬugʷadadgʷad čəɬ.”
čəxʷəlu? gʷəl dxʷsʔgʷad. ?ucut, “ti?iɬ əwə ʔaɬigʷs!
cʔʷaqid ʁuhilid ti bəkʷ gʷat. huy, ʁub dibəɬ kʷi
ɬuhilid ti?iɬ cədiɬ.”

Everyone was ordered around by Rock Cod until they got tired of it.
Finally they all said, “Let’s get together. Let’s discuss this.”
The main speaker was Grey Whale.
He said, “That Rock Cod! He is always giving orders to everyone.
How about us giving orders to him for a change.”



ćubćub gʷəl tiʔiʔ ʔiʔmiʔmaŋ.

huy, hikʷ sʔucuts: “ʔugʷihid čəʔ tiʔiʔ ʔaʔigʷs.

gʷəxʷcutəb, “ʔu, ʔuhigʷiltəb čəd ʔə ti ʔaciʔtalbixʷ.

hikʷ čəd stubš yəxi ʔuhilid čəd ti bəkʷ gʷat.”

huy gʷa, ʔugʷəgʷaʔtʰxʷ čəʔ.”

ʔubad ti bəkʷ gʷat gʷəʔəsʔistəʔəs kʷi ʔushuys.

The littlest one was Barnacle.

He spoke up: “Let’s invite Rock Cod to a gathering.

He will think, ‘Oh, I am going to be honored by the people

because I am such an important person, who tells everyone what to do.’

But no; we will reprimand him.”

Everyone agreed that this is how they would handle the situation.



ʔal ti dadatu, ʔčisəb tiʔiʔ ʔaʔigʷs ʔə ti čəxʷəluʔ ʔi
ti ćubćub.

cutəb, “ʔugʷihicid čəʔ. ʔuqʷuʔ ti bəkʷ gʷat.

huy, ʔugʷihicid čəʔ.”

ʔəxʷcutəb tiʔiʔ ʔaʔigʷs,” ʔu, ʔuqʷuʔ ti ʔaciʔtalbixʷ
dxʷʔal kʷi gʷəshigʷilcs.”

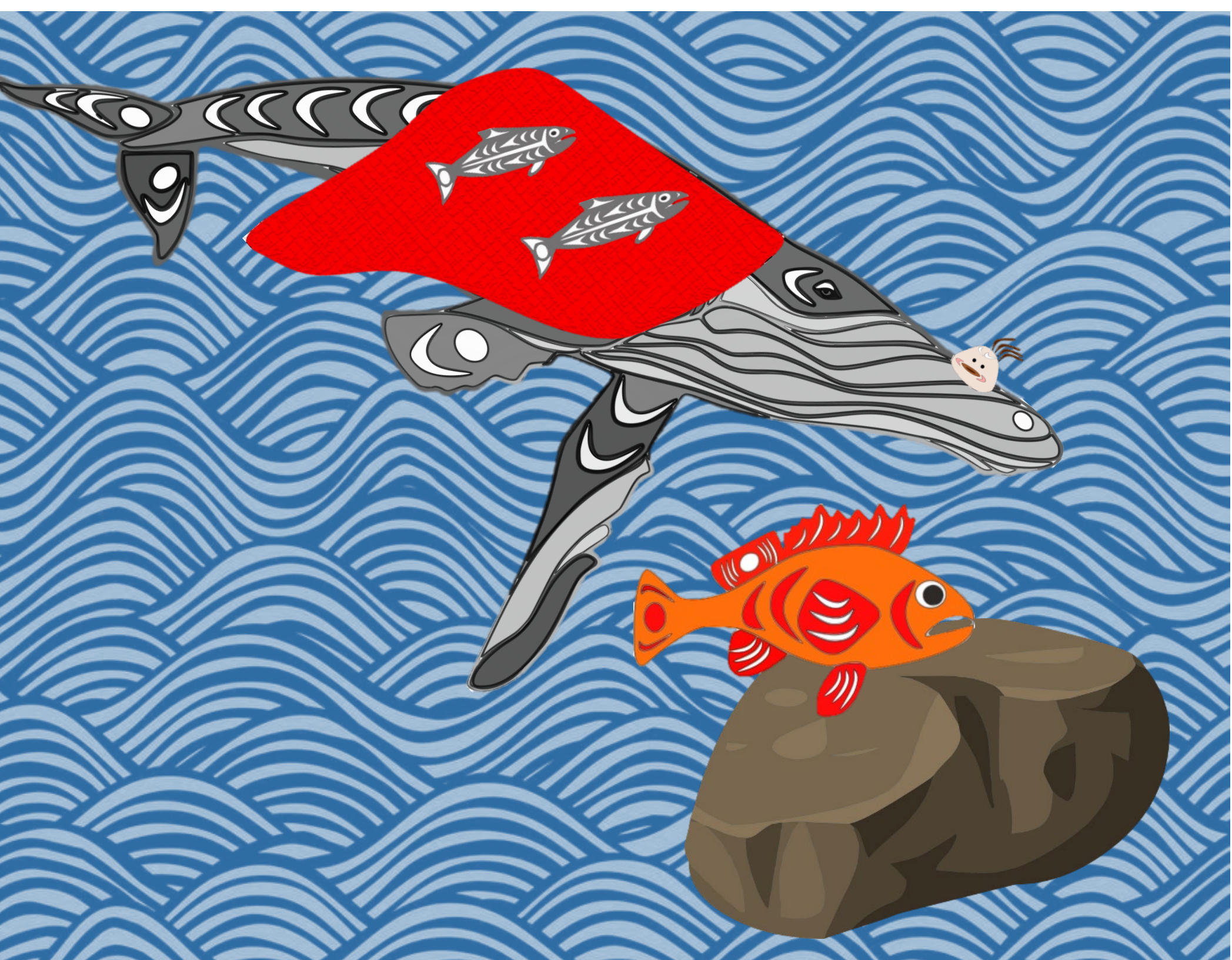
daʔ ʔəshiiʔ.

The next morning, Grey Whale and Barnacle went to see Rock Cod.

They told him, “We are inviting you. Everyone is gathering.

So, we are inviting you.”

Rock Cod thought, “Oh, the people are getting together
to honor me.” He was very happy.



ʔal ti datdatu, ʔčil ti bəḵḵ gʷat ʔdxʷʔal ti pigʷədalʔtḵḵ.

dxʷsgʷad ti čəxʷəluʔ. ʔalyitəb ʔə kʷi sʔiçəb.

cuuc tiʔiʔ ʔaʔigʷs, “ʔugʷədil čəxʷ ʔal tiʔəʔ čḵaʔ ʔal tiʔaʔ.”

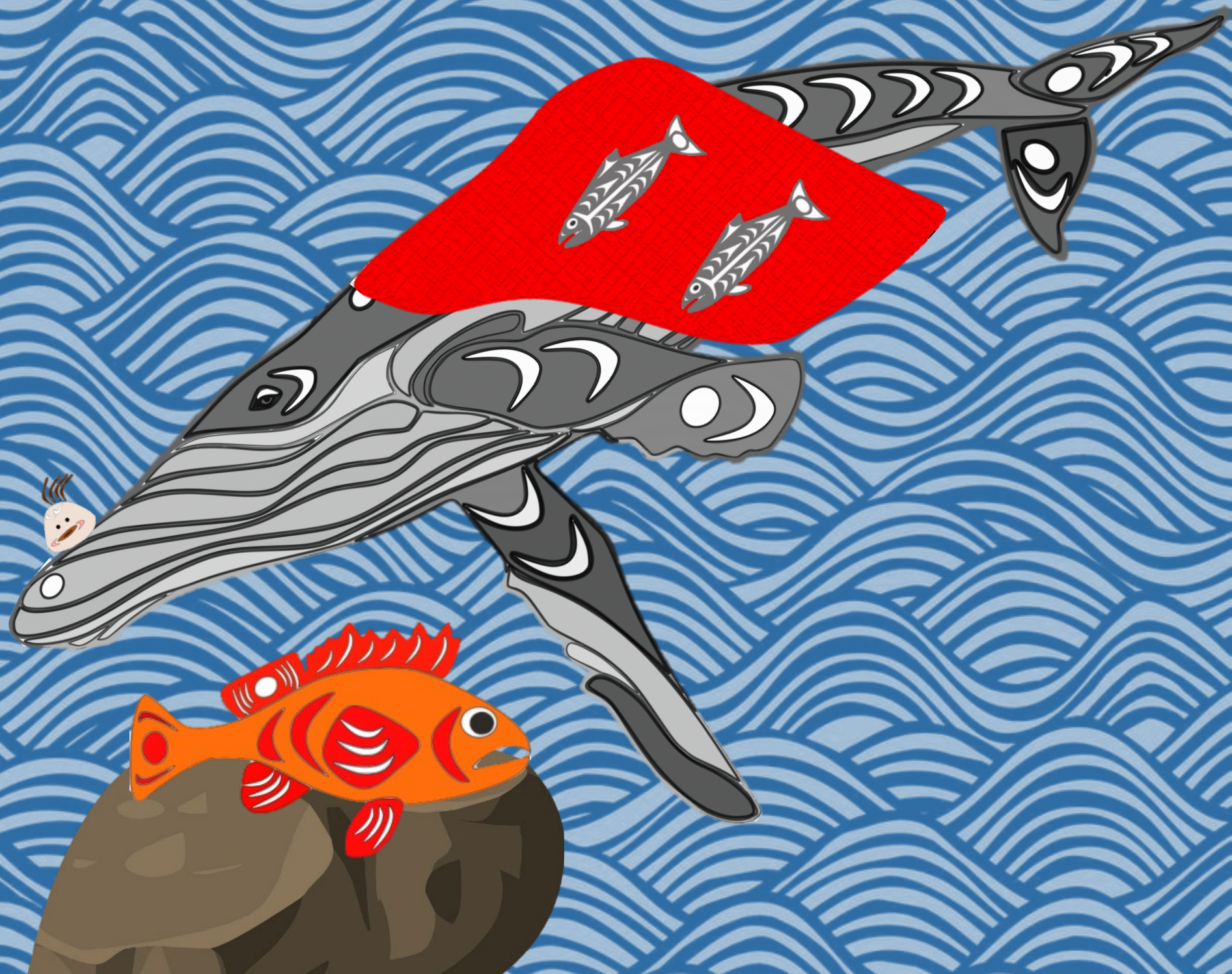
ʔəxʷcutəb tiʔiʔ ʔaʔigʷs, “ʔu, ʔuhigʷiltəb čəd.

The next morning everyone went to the longhouse.

The “head speaker was Grey Whale. He was covered with a blanket.

He told Rock Cod, “You will sit, “on this rock right here.”

Rock Cod thought, “Oh, I am going to be honored



ʔuq^wiʔaacəb dx^wslaǰdx^w ʔə k^wi bəbuʔs.

kiistub tiʔiʔ t'aʔig^ws g^wəl cutəb,

“x^wak^wisəb čəx^w ʔə ti bək^w g^wat.

ʔuhilhilid čəx^w ti bək^w g^wat, huy x^wak^wis əlg^wəʔ.”

ʔubad ti bək^w g^wat. day^w x^wak^wis.

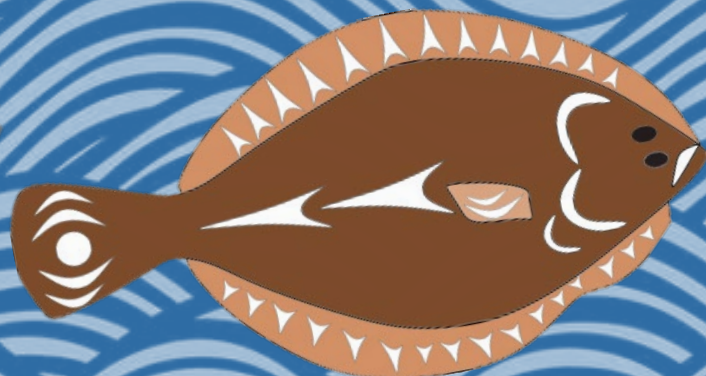
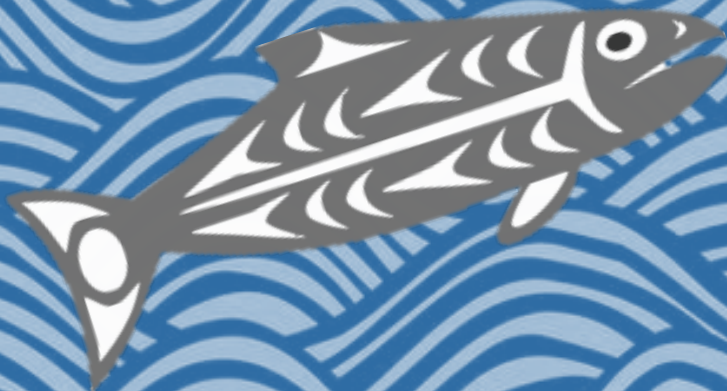
Four witnesses were called.

They stood Rock Cod up and told him,

“Everyone is tired of you.

You are always ordering people around, and they are tired of it.”

Everyone agreed. They were really tired of it.



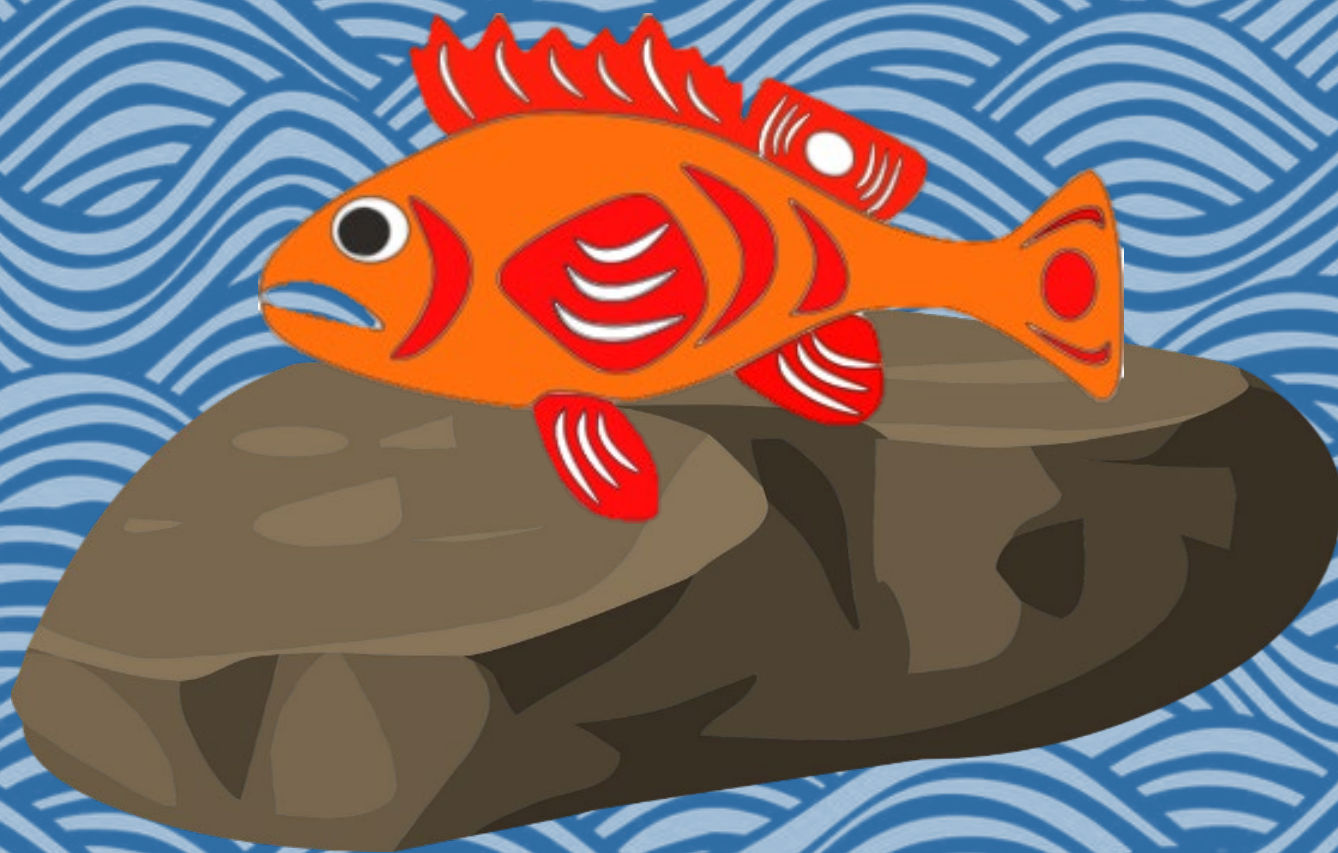
huy, hilitəb tiʔiɬ ʔaɬigːs ʔə ti ʔaciɬtalbixː:
“tiʔəʔ diʔəʔ č̣ʁaʔ ti addəxːʔah dxːʔal c̣kːaqid.”
huy, ʁalʼ bədəxːʔəỵdub ʔə tiʔiɬ ʔaɬigːs ti č̣ʁč̣ʁaʔ
dxːʔal tiʔahəxː sləʁil.
diɬ shuys. yəhubtub tiʔəʔ ʔə ti tiʔatməs.

Then Rock Cod was given orders by the people:

“This rock right here is where you will be forever.

And rocks are still the place where Rock Cod can be found even today.

That is the end. Ray Moses tells this story.





This picture of our storyteller and historian, Raymond Moses, was taken by Photographer Natalie Fobes in our longhouse just before the beginning of the annual Salmon Ceremony. Having appeared in National Geographic, as well as several books, it has gone abroad as a symbol of Tulalip lifeways; and it is also treasured by the People of Tulalip because it captures something essential about Ray.

As he was growing up, Ray spent a lot of time with his grandparents, learning from people who were born in the 1800's. After serving in the Korean War, Ray returned to begin the work that he carries on today: teaching and encouraging all who are interested in the heritage in Tulalip. His knowledge is drawn from these three centuries, and his thoughtfulness from intense experience.

Ray has made sure the children at Tulalip grow up knowing the story in this book. He has told it for decades to school children and at gatherings, and he was an early advocate for the establishment of a Lushootseed Program at Tulalip so that the children could receive the old stories in their native language.