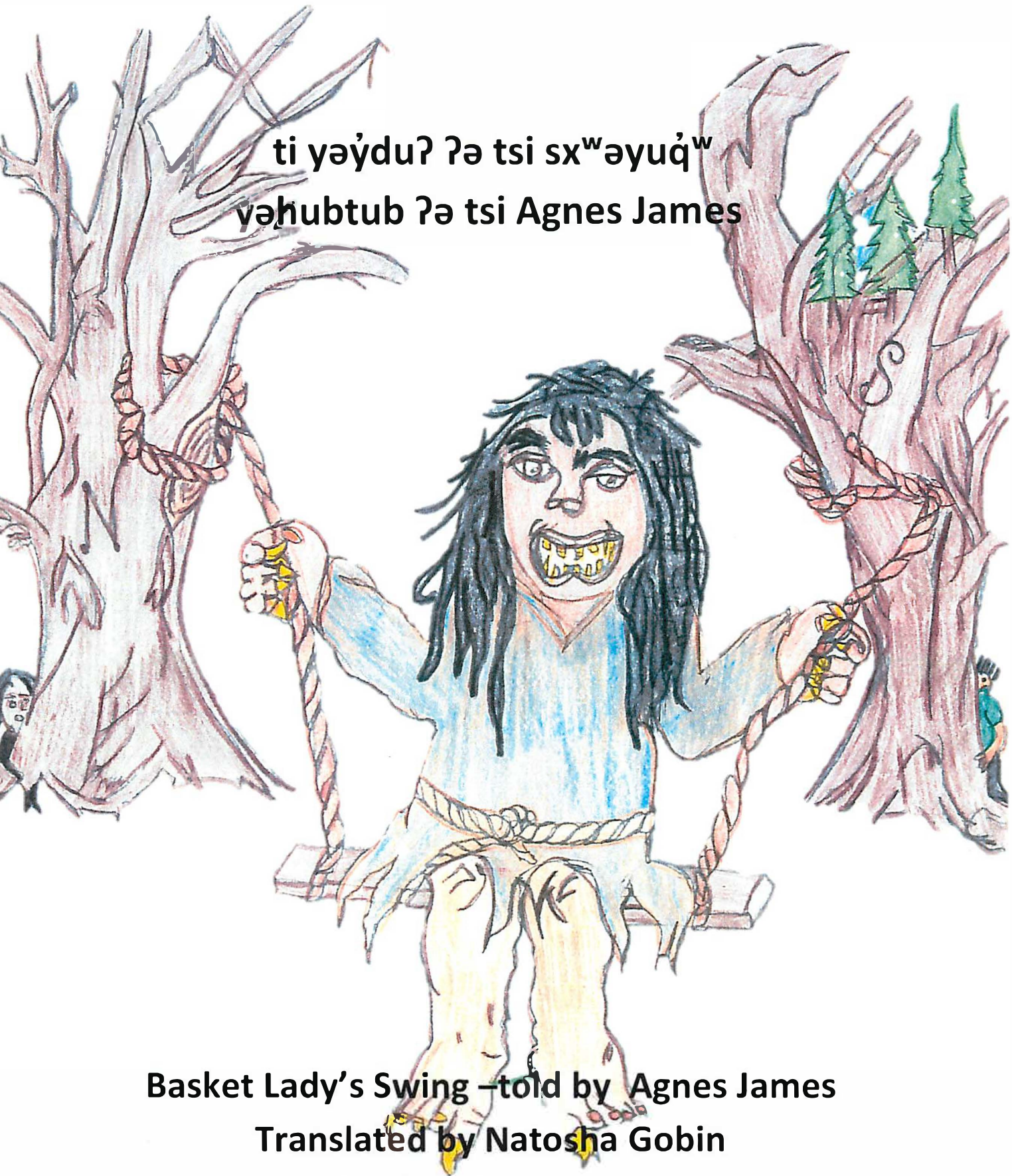


ti yəy̓du? ʔə tsi sx̣wəyuq̣w
yəhubtub ʔə tsi Agnes James



Basket Lady's Swing –told by Agnes James

Translated by Natosha Gobin

Edited by Toby Langen

Illustration by Shaena Santibanez-Mitchell

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dx^wsq^waŋtəb tsi Shaena Santibanez-Mitchell

ʔah tsiʔəʔ sxʷəyuqʷ. daʔ ʔəsʰaʔtʰxʷ tiʔit wiwsu. ʔuʔətəd ʔə tiʔit wiwsuʔ ʔal ti bəkʷ sləxil. ʔaʔ
basʰaʔtʰxʷ kʷi gʷəsʔalɕuyəduʔs huy hiqab miʔmaʔ tiʔit bəkʷ yəduʔ.

As you know, there was this Basket Lady, and she was really fond of the children. She loved them for breakfast, lunch and dinner, and for snacks too. She also loved to swing, but all the swings were too small.



tasq'u? ti ?acit'altalbi'w g'w'al ?u'ubtx'w dx'w'al k'wi g'w'ashuyalik'w's alg'w'a ?a k'wi hik'w ya'ydu?.

lu'xadad alg'w'a tsi?a? sx'w'ayuq'w. huy x'wi? ck'w'aqid k'wi g'w'as?a'ads ?a k'wi wi'wsu, x'wi? dadcu?.

The people gathered together and bargained with her. They would build her a swing and push her, but she could never eat the children again, not one of them.



†uhuyalikʷ čə† ʔə kʷi hikʷ yəyduʔ. ʔah kʷi čuʔ qʷə†ayʔ ʔal tiʔi† sbadbadil gʷə† sqajətabš. ʔaí
bəʔah kʷi čuʔ qʷə†ayʔ ʔal ti sbadbadil gʷə† sdukʷalbixʷ.

We will make a big swing. One post will be in the north side of the pass (the mountains belonging to Skagit) and the other will be in the south side. (the mountains belonging to Snoqualmie)



huy, tuhuyalik^w ti ʔacit^htalbix^w ʔə k^wi hik^w yəy^hduʔ. tš^wutəb ʔəlg^wə tsiʔəʔ sx^wəyuq^w dx^wtaqt g^wəl
k^waʔətəb. yəy^hduʔəb tsiʔəʔ sx^wəyuq^w dx^wšəq, šəqbid ʔə ti š^wəlč.

So, the people make a (big) swing. They pulled her over to the east side of the mountains
(upland) and let her go. (and) She swung way over the sound. (up high, above the water)



ʔəsχaλtʰw kʷi gʷədsʔalɕuyəydu? ʔal ti bəkʷ sləχil, tułʔal kʷi tʰup dadatu dxʷʔal kʷi tʰəχ.
xʷakʷisəbəxʷ tiʔit ʔaciɬtalbixʷ. huy xʷakʷilbid tsiʔəʔ sxʷəyuqʷ.

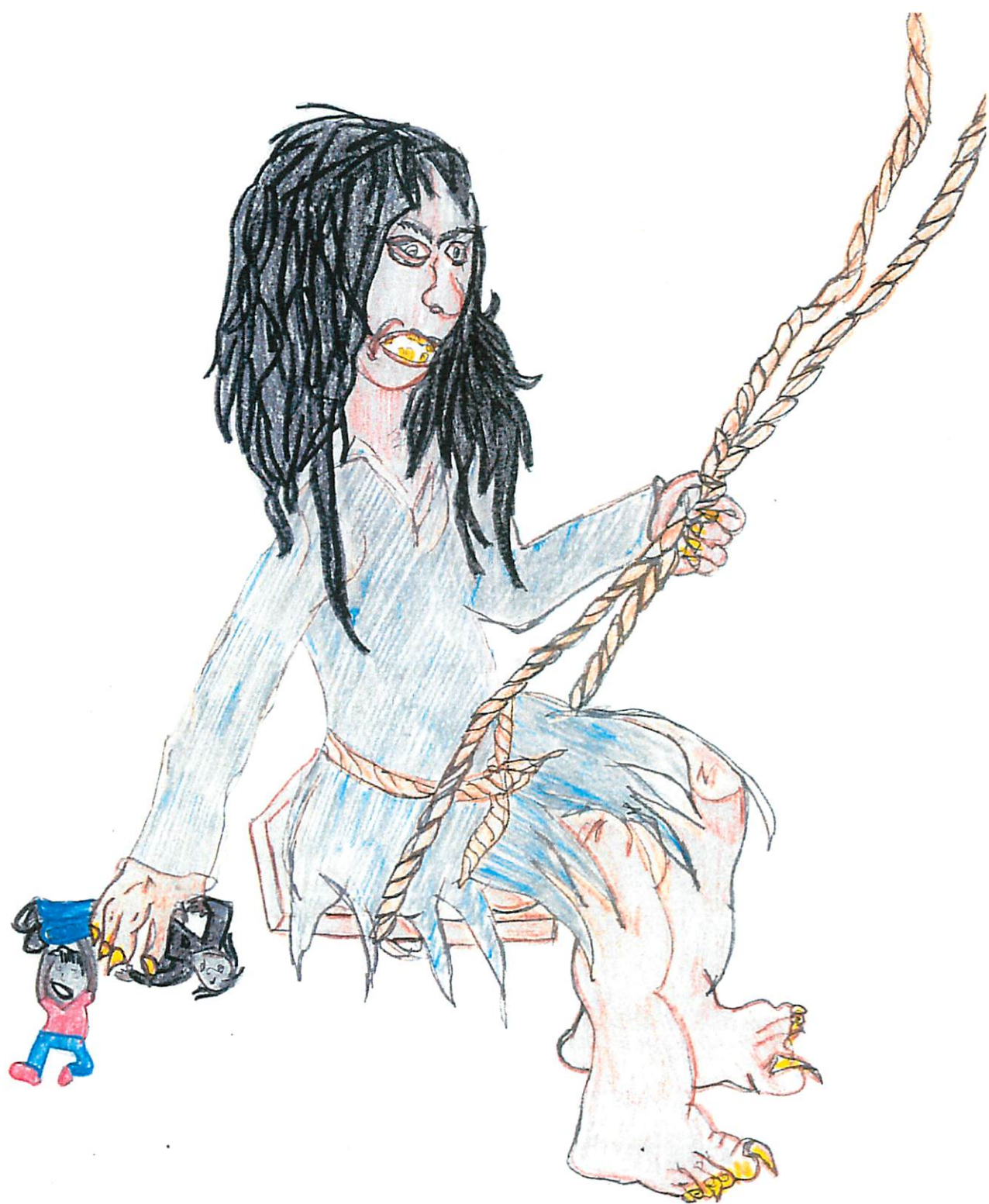
She wanted to go on her swing every day for hours (from early in the morning until night). The people were exhausted. And after a while, the thrill started to go out of it for the Basket Lady.



huy ʔal kʷi čuʔ sləx̌il, ʔəstagʷəxʷ uʔxʷ tsiʔəʔ sxʷəyuqʷ pətqʷ ʔə tiʔit tusʔətəds.

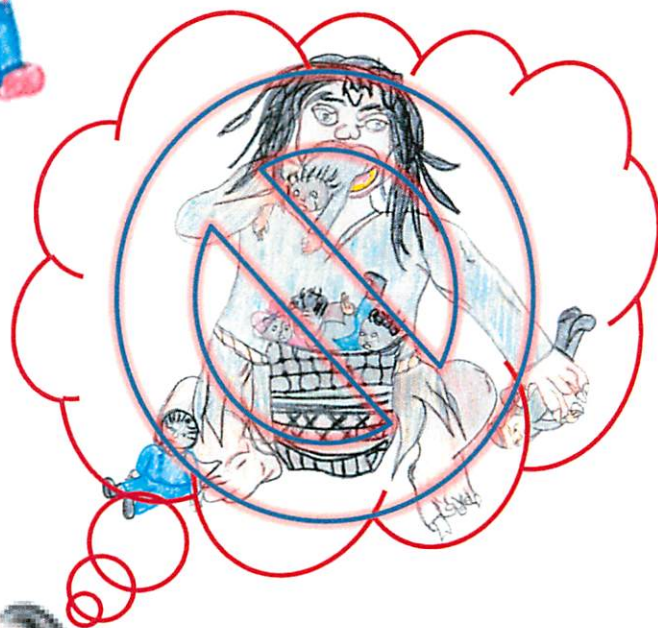
kʷədadəxʷ kʷi siʔsəsaliʔ gʷəl ləkʷədəxʷ. ptidgʷasəb “xʷiʔ kʷi gʷəsxʷiʔalusbitəb ʔə tiʔit ʔaciʔtalbixʷ kʷi siʔsəsaliʔ.”

And then one day, she got a little hungry in between meals. She picked up two kids and crunched them down. “The people won’t miss one or two,” she thought.



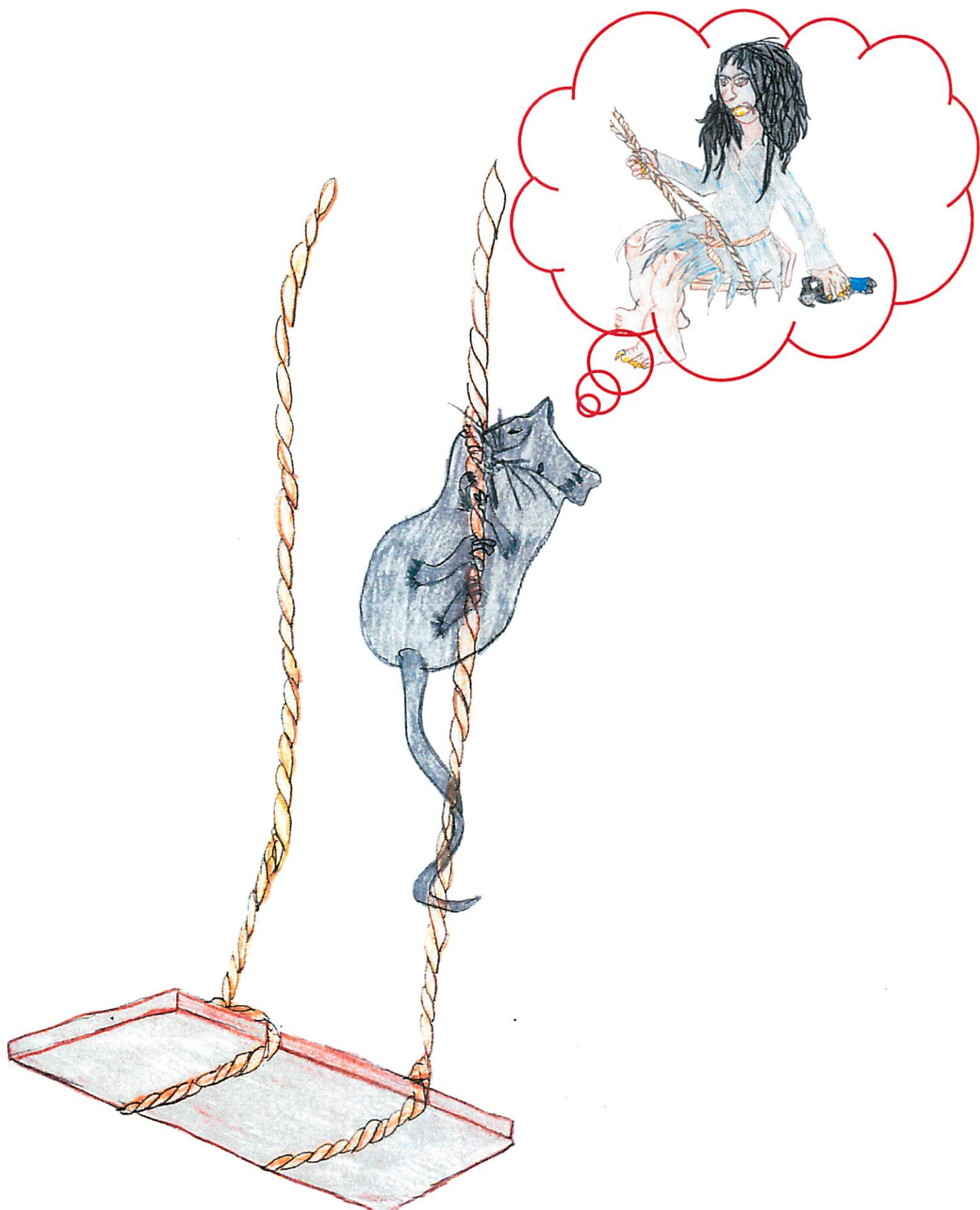
tłax^w ti?it sx^wi?alusbids əlg^wə. huy g^wəx^wi?əs k^wi sλubads əlg^wə g^wətulək^wətəb ti?it bək^w wiwsu
?ə tsi?ə? sx^wəyuq^w.

But the people did miss (their one or two kids). And yet, if they broke their promise to Basket Lady, wouldn't she go back to eating lots and lots of kids?



ʔalcutúgʷtúgʷucut tiʔit ʔitmiʔmaḥ. kʷatád tsiʔit. ʔucut, “gʷətuʔiʔtadəb čəd ʔə tiʔit təbitəd gʷəxʷəłədəs. xʷiʔ kʷi gʷəʔashaydub ʔə tsiʔəʔ sxʷəyuqʷ tiʔit dsʔalcuʔiʔtadəb.”

As so often in stories, it was the littlest person who thought of a solution. It was kʷatád, the mouse. She said, “I will nibble at the rope holding one side of the swing. I will do a little every day, so Basket Lady does not notice. One of these days, the rope will break, and she will fly out over the Sound and disappear forever.”



huy dił ti dəx^whuys. ʔal k^wi čuʔ sləx̌il, tuḡ^wəłəd tiʔił təbiłəd g^wəl tux^witiləx^w tsiʔəʔ sx^wəyuq^w tulʔal tiʔił yəyduʔ. ʔal ti sx^witils tusaq^w dx^wšəq ʔə tiʔəʔ sduhubš stulək^w ʔi tiʔəʔ saliʔ pig^wədalʔtx^w ʔal čəčəsəliʔ. ʔaál bəʔux^witil tiʔił spəčuʔs. ʔušudx^w uʔx^w čəx^w tiʔiʔił ʔal tiʔəʔ sləx̌il.

And that is what happened. In just a few days, the rope broke, and Basket Lady flew off the swing and out over the sound. It was the rope on the north side that broke, so she flew north. She flew over the Snohomish River where the Skykomish and Snoqualmie join it, over the two longhouses on čəčəsəliʔ (Hat Island), until she got just to the west of dx^wlilap “Tulalip”, and then she fell. From the looks of it, she did a belly flop. Her basket was flung out behind her, as you can see on the map.

