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LEADER: KNUD RASMUSSEN

KNUD RASMUSSEN'S POSTHUMOUS
NOTES ON EAST GREENLAND LEGENDS
AND MYTHS

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WITH ONE FIGURE IN THE TEXT

KØBENHAVN

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KNUD RASMUSSEN (middle) with some of his companions on the expedition.

INTRODUCTION

All Eskimo tribes have large numbers of myths and legends, and these pass on from generation to generation in the form of oral traditions. It is actually the nation's own history clad in the garb of the folk-tale, narrating all the events that left their mark, happenings great and beautiful, bad and low, exploits and misdeeds, times of game in abundance and of famine.

The substance of these legends has a twofold significance, for they are both the source of all religious conceptions and the means of shortening the nights, when the great Darkness lies over the land and the severe winter compels the families to spend an involuntary indoor life.

The Eskimos believe that these myths and legends are true; and if in them there are things which seem to be contrary to common sense, it is merely because the later generations are unable to grasp everything which, to their forebears, were obvious truths.

It is nothing new to say that the Eskimos have keen powers of observation; consequently, it is only natural that the old story-tellers, extremely eloquent as they are, often allow themselves to be carried away into pictorial descriptions.

Most of these tales end in the following words: "There, that is the end of that story, and the winter is no much the shorter", making it quite clear that entertainment, to while away the time, is the intention.

It is difficult to classify the legends on the basis of their substance, for as a rule many subjects come into the same tale. Nevertheless I have thought it incumbent on me to make some attempt at grouping, as will be seen from the order in which I have arranged the following collection.

The Eskimos themselves make a distinction between *oqalugtuat* and *oqalualât*.

oqalugtuat are the old myths which go back so far into the Past that the Eskimos then had their original home in regions lying to the west of the Hudson Bay, possibly right over at the Bering Strait. As a consequence they are known to all the tribes, right from Alaska across Baffin Land and West Greenland to Angmagssalik.

oqalualât are legends on the subject of people who lived at a time that is still within living memory. They are always local, for which reason they can always be placed definitely to the localities where the events took place. On the other hand, these legends have also become clothed in the Eskimos' fantastic garb and at first glance are indistinguishable from the ancient myths.

It is common to both myths and legends that they are always assumed to have taken place within the narrator's own district. The long journeys undertaken during the migrations around the Hudson Bay and to the shores of Greenland are forgotten, the result being that we find the same tales localized to many places, on both the west and the east coast, whereas actually they must have originated in places in the far west, in regions where the North American tribes now live.

Very roughly one might divide all myths and legends into four categories according to substance: epic, religious, humorous, and soporific.

The religious type characterizes itself. As to the humoristic it may be said that they were employed for cheering and entertaining fellow villagers; they were always related with drastic humour, emphasized by a mimic so vivid and gestures so illustrative, that the narrator had every opportunity of unfolding true scenic art.

The soporific tales were merely intended for passing the time away and by means of sleep getting people through the long waiting of the winter months. In relating them the teller adopts a monotonous and lethargic form calculated to put his audience to sleep in a very short time. It is the highest form of praise if it can be said of such a narrator that no one has ever heard the end of his tales; his audience always falls asleep before he gets that far.

The East Greenlanders are splendid story-tellers, and among the old people there are some who have developed their talents to such perfection that they are invited to other settlements, where they live on their art.

In now presenting this selection of myths and legends, collected among a people who had no written language, I must point out that for this reason they are all intended for oral use exclusively; really, they should not be read. In addition, there is the not unimportant aspect of these tales that the narrator not only made the events live again by means of his form of relating them, but also stamped them all with the force of his own personality. For this reason action and conflict never congeal into any prescriptive form, but within certain historical traditions are quite individual.

Naturally, the oral delivery can never be so elegant as a written statement; I have therefore borne this in mind and always kept as close to the verbal narrative as possible. In spite of all care, however, one meets with many difficulties when endeavouring to transplant a verbal narrative from a primitive tongue into the written language of a civilized people.

I shall endeavour to explain the guiding principles in my work:

Whenever a legend was told to the end, my chief impression was always constrained into an admiration for the perfection with which the narrator unconsciously clothed his form and delivery. I have therefore taken pains to make my translation into as good Danish and to get it translated into as good English as the original was good Greenlandic. There will of course always be pedants who consider that this has been done at the expense of the verbatim translation, and they may be right as far as a few expressions are concerned. I have not thought it would do to essay a reproduction in unsophisticated phrases such as a repetition of that kind would be bound to contain here and there. Anything of the kind would simply look naive to readers, an effect never intended by the narrator, but it would also be tiring and irritating. Here I must add, however, that the Danish is no re-narration, but a translation sentence by sentence, with no attempt at embellishment. The entire structure of the original tale is closely followed in all cases.

The method I employed in recording these tales was to let the narrator tell the whole story from beginning to end, without interruption. Then I wrote it down, getting him to repeat it sentence by sentence. Daily occupation with the same kind of material engenders a great facility for grasping and remembering, the result being that one memorizes the tale on hearing it the first time. Consequently, if

the narrator became weary of my necessarily slow recording and tried to abbreviate or scamp his original tale, I was able to step in immediately and lead him back to his first form.

The chief sources which I drew upon for the tales were *Kárale Andreassen* and three old women to whom I have referred to elsewhere. Normally it is the custom to place the name of the narrator at the end of each tale; in cases where this has not been done it is because I considered it superfluous, as most of the tales were recorded at a single settlement.

EPIC TALES

Tunûtêrajik.

The story goes that *Tunûtêrajik* lived in the south at Nôrssit, together with his cousin. They were such good friends that they were never separated and always went hunting together. Once when they were out, his cousin found a length of driftwood so large that there was timber enough in it for two umiaks. The consequence was that they made up their minds to build a umiak each, to see which one could make the better boat of the two. And so that they might work quite undisturbed, they decided not to see each other again till the boats were finished.

Tunûtêrajik was getting on well with his work when one day an old man came to him and said:

"Have you heard about it?"

"Heard what?"

"That your cousin is going to kill you!"

"Impossible. He would never do that!"

In vain the evil old man tried to incite him with his poisonous tongue, but in the end he had to go away admitting his failure. And as *Tunûtêrajik* took no notice whatever of what he had said, he went on with his work on the umiak, putting into it all he knew to make a fine boat of it and a fast one.

Not long afterwards, however, the old man returned and said again:

"Your cousin is going to kill you!"

"Oh no, he is not."

But as the man persisted, a shiver passed through *Tunûtêrajik* and he began to wonder whether it was not true after all. It ended in his taking no more pains with his boat; he simply hurried all he could to get it finished.

However, the day before it was finished his cousin came to him, saying:

"Why are you making such a hurried job of it? I thought we agreed to build them as beautiful as we could!"

The other answered: "I am getting so tired of it."

Saying this, he looked straight into his cousin's eyes to see if he could observe anything, but there was nothing at all. Yet he continued to hurry all he could. When the framework was ready he covered it with skins the very same day, and then simply waited for his cousin to row out in his kayak. As soon as he had done so, he hastily pulled his tent down, loaded it into the umiak and rowed south, with no one but his wife. She sat in the middle of the boat, rowing, whilst he sat in the stern, steering and rowing at the same time.

That evening his cousin returned home all unsuspecting, and was much surprised when his wife said to him:

"*Tunûtêrajik* went away today with his wife."

"Wherever did he go?"

"I don't know. They did not say anything."

"I am going after them!", said the cousin, proceeding to get his umiak ready; he covered it with skins that day and set out after them. But he had no idea of where they had gone. At the first camp he came to he enquired:

"Where is *Tunûtêrajik*?"

"They rowed past here yesterday", was the answer.

So he rowed on, without going ashore, and soon came to other tents.

"Where is *Tunûtêrajik*?" he asked.

"They rowed past here the day before yesterday", he was told.

As fast as he could the cousin travelled on in order to catch up with them, and next time he came to a camp he asked as usual:

"Where is *Tunûtêrajik*?", they answered:

"They rowed past here three days ago."

Then at last he stopped and turned back, because the others were getting farther and farther ahead of him. Weeping with sorrow at the loss of his cousin he went home.

Tunûtêrajik and his wife continued their flight southwards. When they came to a strange camp the people would ask them where they were going, and all he answered was that they were travelling south. And if they tried to persuade him to stay a while at their camp, he would say evasively:

"I am just going down a little way past your camp, and then I shall pitch my tent."

But as soon as he was out of their sight he carried on southwards, without stopping. He travelled day after day, until at last they came to a place that was not inhabited. Slowly along the desolate shore they rowed till they sighted a land that was not connected with the shore; it was an island out in the sea. Between it and the mainland lay another island, a smaller one. Outside of it there was no land to be seen. They rowed out to the island and found a house on it. Just as they were

about to go ashore a man came out of the house and walked down to them, and as he approached they could see that he had only one leg. The one-legged man asked them where they were going.

Tunûtêrajik answered: "My cousin would kill me, so I fled, and now I am looking for a place to spend the winter."

"Stay here", the man said, "I am not afraid of anything."

It was *Igduko*, the one-legged giant.

Tunûtêrajik was about to pitch his tent, when the giant said: "Come into my house, there is room enough there."

Tunûtêrajik went inside, and at once was amazed at all the wonderful things he saw. The walls of the house were completely covered with skins, and there were pieces of iron wherever he turned his eyes¹⁾ and every kind of weapon of iron.

There were long knives, and even clothing skilfully made of iron. He looked at it all till he was filled with wonder.

There *Tunûtêrajik* and his wife remained as neighbours of the one-legged giant. When they got to know each other better and trusted each other the giant said:

"Now you shall see. When winter comes, big ships will come sailing past here through the strait, as they always do. They will come in large numbers without end."

A long time passed and winter was approaching, and then ships began to appear just as the giant had said. And to every ship that sailed through the strait the giant called:

"Who are you?"

They answered: "We are trading."

If they gave him this answer, he allowed them to go through without hindrance. But there were ships which tried to get through without answering his call. If they did so, he would hop as hard as he could down to his house, remained there only a moment, and emerged again clothed in iron and armed with an enormous whip. This whip was so long that it could reach right across the strait. Now if the ship tried to sail past, the giant struck at it with his whip and caught the mast, so that the ship stopped. At once a man climbed the mast and cut the whip with a knife. Again the giant cracked his whip and stopped the ship, and as the lash twirled round the mast he drew the ship closer to the shore. Again a man went aloft and cut the whip. This went on for a long time. If the whiplash became too short, he took another; and in every case it ended in the ship being hauled close in to the shore. Then he moored it and went on board, all the seamen fleeing before him.

¹⁾ Iron was a sign of great wealth in those days when there were no trading posts.

The giant then began to unload the ship, taking everything on board. Then he exchanged the things he had taken with bear-skins, filling the ship with them, till he had paid for what he had got, and then allowed it to proceed. He told *Tunûtêrajik* that he was bound to treat these people in that way; for if they did not answer his call, he could but think that they were out to murder and exterminate people.¹⁾

Winter was almost upon them when all the ships had passed, and the one-legged giant began to strengthen his house with supports. This done *Tunûtêrajik* went outside the house for a walk, when suddenly he discovered a great white cloud covering all the horizon on the west and approaching very quickly. He hurried inside and said:

"A big cloud is rising from the horizon on the southwest with great speed. I expect we shall have a gale from that quarter."

The giant said nothing, and later they lay down for the night. Next morning they awoke and heard a chattering and gabbling outside, like a large number of people all talking at once. *Tunûtêrajik* tried to get out, but could not move the door for dung of which enormous quantities had piled up during the night round the house. At length with great trouble he succeeded in getting out, and ran straight down to his kayak to see if anything had happened to it. What a sight met his eyes! Only the fore and aft points were visible; the boat was smashed over at the middle by the weight of the quantity of filth lying over it. *Tunûtêrajik* ran back and said to the others:

"Such a swarm of birds has been round the house that we cannot move for dung; even my kayak is buried in such a heap that it has snapped at the middle."

On hearing this the giant went outside, taking a spade with him. A moment later he returned, saying:

"There, everything is in order again!"

Tunûtêrajik went outside, and saw that his kayak had been dug out and was in order; then he lost no time in starting out to catch fowl. He had scarcely launched his kayak when one of the birds swam towards him, stopped in front of the kayak, opened its bill and spoke like a man:

¹ "*Nungutsiartortut*", i. e. people who come for revenge, attacking a settlement and exterminating everybody. The deed to be avenged may have been committed by even previous generations, but it is never forgotten. In more recent times these ideas were also associated with the Norsemen. According to legend, Eskimos had set fire to a Norse house, an old woman's under-trousers being used to ignite it; they were placed in under the wall after having been made inflammable by spells. The house caught fire and no one could put it out. The Norsemen ran out with their clothing aflame, and those who were not burned alive threw themselves into the sea to quench the flames, and drowned.

"See", it said, "I am lying in front of you; throw your bird-dart at me!"

He raised his bird-dart, threw it, but missed; then again he heard a voice among the birds saying:

"Aha! You missed!"

Then another bird swam towards him, and stopping in front, said:

"Well, here I am, lying nicely in front of you. Strike me with your bird-dart!"

This time *Tunûtêrajik* did not miss, and he kept on hunting till at last there was no room for more birds on his kayak. Then he rowed home to give the giant his catch, but to his surprise found him mad with rage. He was so angry that he refused to answer when *Tunûtêrajik* spoke to him. *Tunûtêrajik* was greatly distressed and asked his wife why the giant was so angry.

"It must be because you killed the ones he used to talk with", answered his wife.

Tunûtêrajik very humbly asked his pardon, and the one-legged man forgave him at once. That evening *Tunûtêrajik* bade his wife cook the birds and, when they were ready, they were offered round to the others in the house.

It was the first time *Igduko* had ever had cooked fowl, and so he was a little doubtful at first. But when he had tasted the meat he feasted as none of the others did, eating enough for several people, and finally said:

"Just you go bird-catching as often as you like while you are here. You shall catch as many as you can manage."

He said this because the fowl had pleased his palate so well, and afterwards *Tunûtêrajik* caught birds every day. But in the end the birds left the land and swam out on the sea.

Winter then set in with severe cold, and one day when *Tunûtêrajik* had been out he came inside and said:

"It is cold out there, it is freezing hard."

Igduko answered: "Did a hole come in the snow when you made water?"

"Yes, there was a hole."

Then *Igduko* said: "Then it is not cold yet; the air will only be cold when your water stiffens to icicles as it comes out of you!"

One morning early *Tunûtêrajik* went outside, and, when he made water, it made no hole in the snow, but it was as if it came back to him and fell down as icicles. He went inside and told of this, and *Igduko* said:

"So we may expect ice to form on the water. Go out and see if the ice will bear."

Tunûtèrajik went out on to the ice and ran about, stamping and making himself heavy, but the ice did not even creak under him, and he found not a single place where it was unsafe. So he went inside again and said: "Now the ice has formed. The ice is safe!"

Igduko asked: "When you hop with all your might, does not the ice give even a little?"

Tunûtèrajik could not but answer "Yes" to this, "a very little", he said.

"Then the ice is not safe yet", said *Igduko*.

So they waited again for the ice to become safe; at last *Tunûtèrajik* was out hunting one day, and though he hopped at the very side of the blow-holes, and stamped with all his might, the water in the holes remained quite still. He went home and told *Igduko* this, and it was only then that *Igduko* said: "Well, then the ice is safe."

Next morning, when *Tunûtèrajik* awoke, *Igduko* had already gone hunting; he hurried after him, but though he was out all day and never stopped, he saw nothing of the giant. At last he returned home. Scarcely had he got inside the house when he heard the giant coming. He had the insides of bearded seals on his back.

Tunûtèrajik asked him where he had got them from.

Igduko answered: "I have been catching bearded seals at my usual hunting grounds."

"I'll go with you tomorrow."

"The place is so far out that it cannot be reached by people who are not very fast", said the giant.

So *Tunûtèrajik* abandoned the idea of accompanying him.

It was now deep winter, the dark time with no daylight. The giant once more began to strengthen his house with supports, after which they retired to rest. Next morning they awoke and heard a growling and grunting outside; from the sounds they knew it must be bears. *Tunûtèrajik* hurried into his clothes, but the giant looked at him and said:

"What you hear outside are animals that cannot be killed by people who are not uncommonly smart!"

At this *Tunûtèrajik* gave up the thought of going out, but *Igduko* took one of his long knives and went. Some time passed, then he was heard to say:

"Now there is something to do, even for those who are not particularly smart". *Tunûtèrajik* went outside and found killed bears everywhere. Together with the giant he cut up all the dead animals, but a very long time passed before they had got the skins off all the animals and cut the meat up.

After the bears had been there the supports were removed from the house again; but it was not long before the giant began to set them

up once more. This time he did so with still greater care than on the other occasions, so that *Tunûtêrajik* was very anxious to know what would come. The morning after they heard a sound as of great crawling animals outside the house and on the roof. *Tunûtêrajik* did not risk being the first, but to his great surprise *Igduko* said: "What you can hear out there is easy to tackle, even if your strength is nothing unusual!"

So *Tunûtêrajik* hastily donned his clothes, seized a long knife and went out. *Igduko* himself took a whip. The animals that had come were walruses, and they were crawling about the house in great numbers; hunting them was great fun, and exciting. *Igduko* merely had to strike them with his big whip. Every time he hit one, it stretched out at once and was dead. So terrific was the cold that the walruses froze at the very moment they died. The animals' thick hide split under their death throes, so that it was easy for *Tunûtêrajik* to stab them with his knife.

In this fashion the winter passed on for them, without sadness and without privation, for big game came to their settlement and provided them with more blubber and meat than they needed.

Then it happened that *Tunûtêrajik*'s wife was with child; and when it was born it turned out to be a boy with one leg. They agreed therefore that *Igduko* must be the father of the boy, and celebrated the event with great joy.

The child had scarcely been born when *Tunûtêrajik* began to sing magic songs over it, and the one-legged giant did the same, in order to make it grow quickly and become strong in the face of danger. The outcome was that the child was no more than a half-grown boy when it was already stronger than *Tunûtêrajik*. Very soon he became a great runner, too, yet light and quick in spite of his enormous strength.

Both families lived in happiness with good hunting, when one day they heard that far away at a settlement was a giant bear, the frightful "Bear of the Sea", which was for ever attacking people, so much so that they were threatened with complete extinction. When the boy heard of it he said:

"I am going over to kill it."

Tunûtêrajik did all he could to dissuade him from his purpose, but the boy would not be talked out of it.

It was said that the Bear of the Sea was so big that it could bottom in every fjord; when it came in from the sea it waded through the fjords, and when it stood up on its hind legs it could sniff over all the mountain tops. And so enormous was the air in its lungs that whole umiak-loads of people, and whole icebergs, were drawn into its nostrils if it so much as sniffed at them. In winter it sojourned out in the deep waters in the fjords. There it lay crouching on the bottom, only coming up to the

surface to breathe; for that reason it had a blow-hole just as a seal has, and so large was this hole that the water splashing up every time the bear breathed froze into high icebergs. —

Tunûtêrajik dared not allow the boy to go out alone on this hunt and therefore accompanied him on his sledge. As soon as they approached the place where the bear lived, the boy covered *Tunûtêrajik* and all his dogs with large pieces of ice to preserve them from all danger. Then he went alone to the blow-hole and, looking down into it, saw the bear lying asleep, crouching on the bottom of the sea. Then he began to make noises like a bearded-seal, sharp hissing, whistling sounds, to wake it. The sound passed down through the water and, when it reached the bottom, the giant bear's ear moved very slowly; a little later it turned its head upwards and caught sight of the boy. Scarcely had it seen him when it swam upwards; but it was so enormous that although only its head showed above the ice, its eyes blinked down at the little being from far up. The moment it put one paw up on the ice in order to clamber up, the boy thrust his harpoon into its armpit. Then, when it raised its other paw, he thrust the harpoon into the other armpit and started to run for all he was worth. The bear tried to go after him, but soon it fell over, stone dead. But the boy dared not look round and kept on running.

Then *Tunûtêrajik* put his head up from his hiding place and cried:

"It fell, it has fallen, it is dead." But the boy heard nothing and continued to run until he was far enough to venture to look round. On discovering that he had killed the great giant bear he burst out weeping, exhausted with fear and excitement. But afterwards, when he had recovered a little, there was great joy over the kill. And still greater was the joy back at the settlement when they returned home and told of the boy's deed.

After that a long time passed without anything unusual happening, then one day a rumour was heard that a giant falcon was threatening a settlement far to the north with complete extermination. Once again *Tunûtêrajik's* son said:

"I will go over and kill it."

This time his father was even more anxious to get him to change his mind, but the boy answered by making himself a bow. Then he set out, but once again accompanied by his father. They travelled far for many days, till at length they saw the young falcons sitting high up on top of a tremendous cliff; they were as big as young bears. The father concealed himself in a heap of stones, while the boy made his way up to the nest. Then the giant falcon appeared from out over the sea. It was so big that it had a whole bear in its beak, but as soon as it saw the boy it dropped the bear and flew at him; man's flesh was more

tasty. The boy took aim and shot his arrow when the falcon was quite near; it hit the bird in the breast, but glided off its tough feathers. It seized the boy and flew up towards the nest, but as it merely held him by his clothing he slipped his coat off and dropped to the ground. But when the falcon saw his white body falling it released the coat immediately and darted at the naked boy with such force that he was torn asunder. It carried him up to its young, and they pulled him to pieces and ate him.

Afterwards the giant falcon again flew out over the sea, and only when it was out of sight did *Tunûtêrajik* venture to creep out of his hiding place. Weeping he made his way home; to the end of his days he remained with the one-legged giant and never returned to his old settlement.

Nátátog.

The Old Man who Became Young Again.

Nátátog lived on the island of Nôrssit near Cape Dan. He was an old man past hunting, and lived in a little house all alone except for his wife; he was so lonely, and so afraid of enemies, that he had built his house on the brink of a steep cliff which dropped right into the sea.

A little way from his house was a large one, the home of many brothers, all great hunters, strong in their solidarity and well-to-do. Their meat caches were always full of whole, unflensed seals, whereas all the two old people had to live on was what was given them of the abundance of their prosperous neighbours.

Nátátog was a decent old fellow and was often invited home by the brothers, who would ask him to tell stories, whereby the long evenings could be shortened. On going home after having entertained them the whole evening, however, they would present him with a wretched little piece of rib from which most of the meat had been cut. "There was no more meat", they said; but as soon as the old man was out of the door they fetched big, whole seals from the caches and feasted.

On coming home *Nátátog* always shared the bite of meat with his wife; indeed, most often she got the larger share.

On once occasion the brothers were ill-natured enough to probe into *Nátátog's* one great grief, suggesting that he should tell them about his children who were dead. For he had had many children, and had they lived he would have been free from care in his old age. But they had all died, and he sorrowed so deeply that he dared not even mention their names.

Now, when they asked him to talk about his dear departed ones, he was filled with grief and indignation and refused. But they insisted,

and forced him to do so. They wanted him to tell about the manner of his children's death, and to describe their deaths and his own sorrow. This cost him great effort, and he struggled with the words, which came tumbling from his lips. But controlling himself in order not to faint under the weight of his memories, and to the accompaniment of his cruel tormentors' gaiety, he told his narrative to the end, bathed in sweat as he was. On getting home he again wept at the loss of all his children and the loneliness that made him powerless, wept with sorrow and shame all night and cursed the brothers who compelled him to open up his old grief. For it became a common amusement to get him to weep all the evening.

Nátátog, however, had had a son of whom he never spoke, a son whom he loved more than all the others and of whom the brothers knew nothing. In the end, however, they discovered it, and *Nátátog* was not allowed to evade his fate. He had to tell all about this son's death, to repeat again and again the name which his holy grief forbade him to name, until under the general laughter he collapsed.

That evening, when at last he got home, he sat still on his platform, sobbing but speechless. Then a half-grown boy from the big house came with a piece of meat, a rib with a piece of back-bone hanging on to it.

"Here you are", said the boy, "this is for you", and went back at once.

Hardly had the boy left when *Nátátog* with great haste began to eat the meat. This time it looked as if he would eat it all himself, so his wife said to him:

"At last it seems that you intend to have it all for yourself."

Her husband silenced her and went on eating. Having eaten all the meat, he spoke into a shot-hole in the piece of back-bone, saying:

"Be alive, go and frighten all my tormentors in the big house to death."

Saying this, he threw the bone into the passage-way. For a long time there was a rustling noise out there, then all became quiet.

Next morning on going outside the old couple found the boy who had brought the meat lying dead on a slope midway between the two houses, and, on looking through the window of the big house, the man saw that all inside were dead. The bone had turned into a terrible troll which had frightened them all to death. The old man hurried back to his wife, saying:

"Now we are avenged. They have all been scared to death, so now we can have seal and live well on the meat-stores of the others just as much as we please."

So they fetched a whole seal, and were just about to feast themselves on it when a kayak arrived.

"Ay-Ay, all your neighbours are dead", cried the man who had come in the kayak. "You must have killed them, *Nátátog*".

"How should it be possible for an old man like me to kill so many people," answered *Nátátog*. But the kayak-man went away and told that *Nátátog* had murdered all his neighbours. Later another kayak-man came; he said the same as the other visitor and then went on his way.

After this *Nátátog* dared no longer live at Nôrssit being afraid of what the dead people's relatives might do to him. So he fled into Angmagssalik Fjord and settled at Ingmikêrteq. He found an empty house there, but as part of the view over the water from the windows was obstructed, he dared not use it; instead, he moved in among the people already living at the settlement.

There they lived, every day expecting the avengers to come. And sure enough, one day a large number of kayaks came rowing in towards the settlement. It was the avengers coming to kill *Nátátog*.

There was great commotion at the settlement, and, as no one knew what to do, *Nátátog* said:

"Why shouldn't I try to call the spirits?"

So he began to summon spirits in broad daylight; indeed, the sun was high in the sky. At first nothing remarkable happened; the drum did not beat, and there was no indication that the spirits were approaching. Then suddenly the drum began to move, and for some time it beat with great violence, only to cease suddenly.

This often happens for people who are not shamans and yet try to make magic. The drum is silent for a long time, then it begins of itself and very vigorously, becomes silent again for a while, and begins again. To men of this kind, who, driven by despair, turn to spirit-conjuring, there comes a very special spirit in the form of a seal; its head, however, is bare of skin and flesh, being nothing but a shining skull.

The people in the house waited long before they noticed anything, then they heard a voice saying:

"Shall I say nothing?"

"Say on!"

"People say that tent-skins and tent-poles....."

At the word "Tent-poles" everybody in the house fainted for some strange reason; but soon they came round and began to sing magic songs. The hostile kayak-men heard this as they landed, and said to one another:

"They suspect nothing. You can hear them singing."

But at the very moment they came ashore the singing ceased.

"They have just suspected that there is something wrong", said the men.

Inside the passage-way they found the skin that is hung over the entrance when a seance is going on, stuck fast to the sides of the passage and the door-sill. They tore it down and broke in.

Then they saw something very strange. For *Nátátog* sat stiff and silent, staring at the doorway. And so did all the others in the house.

"Oh, he is only trying to fool us," said the men, striking at him with knives. In fact, they stabbed him several times in the face; but as he did not move they were filled with fear and hurried down to the kayaks again.

Scarcely had they reached them when the singing began again.

"We were nicely fooled," said the men, laughing. "Let us go up and kill them all."

They landed again, but the moment they did so the singing ceased, and when they got into the house they saw exactly the same sight as before. Everybody sat stiff and silent, gazing at the doorway.

Among the people of the house there was a girl whom the avengers knew had a ready laugh. Here they began to tickle, to see if it really could be that they had all lost their speech and feeling. The girl did not move, nor did her face change its expression. Again the men became very uneasy and hurried back to the kayaks, and this time no one turned back when the singing in the enchanted house sounded over the sea at the very moment the kayaks left the shore.

The story goes that all the people of the settlement remained in this bewitched state for a whole year, and that they only came to themselves again on the anniversary of the day on which they had lost consciousness.

When they awoke they found the side-platform covered with big, fresh salmon which *Saggaq* the spirit had laid there. These salmon were to be a sign to them all that now, after being under a spell for a year, they had become human beings anew.

Now that he had become young again *Nátátog* felt so strong and of such courage that he made up his mind to start a new settlement. He rowed south to a place in Sermilik Fjord, and he was so strong that he rowed his umiak as if it had been as small and light as a kayak.

One day he walked inland and there met a *timerseq*, a giant and inland-dweller. They conversed together and went hunting reindeer. After some time they agreed to chase a reindeer, making a race of it. So they ran, and at such speed that they had to tie thongs around their bodies to prevent the clothing from being torn off by the pressure of the wind they made. They caught a reindeer, and *Nátátog* took one half, the inland-dweller the other.

"Let us see if you can carry it, big man," said the inland-dweller; but *Nátátog* had not the slightest difficulty in carrying it.

On another reindeer hunt they met again, and there they agreed to hunt together for some time.

One day the inland-dweller said: "Far inland lives an old *timerseq* with two daughters. But it is dangerous to visit them, for the daughters are very strong and always murder those who lie with them."

"By all means, let us go and call on them," said *Nátátog*, and he was not to be induced to drop the idea.

They made preparations for the journey, and, to protect themselves from harm, they both wrapped themselves in large, wide belts of the skin of the bearded seal (*úngersat*); they did so in order that the women should be unable to tear open their trouser-band and pull off their testicles.

Then they set off together to the old inland-dweller, who received them and entertained them well.

The daughters were very pretty and very sociable towards the strangers. At night, after they had eaten and were to retire for the night, *Nátátog* lay down beside one and the inland-dweller beside the other. They were willing and very kind; but when *Nátátog* pretended to fall asleep, in order to test his bed-mate, she made a lightning attempt to pull his belt open and tear his testicles off; but the moment she did so *Nátátog* quietly and cautiously embraced her and squeezed her to death, and she did not make a sound. The old father, who heard a very faint gasp and thought it was *Nátátog* being choked, whispered:

"*ilavdluk, ilavdluk* (squeeze harder, squeeze harder!)"

In this manner did one of these big, dangerous women die.

When the old man had again gone to sleep, *Nátátog* got up quietly, went over to his companion and told him to lie with the dead woman while he himself lay with the sister. And then he killed her in the same way as he had killed the other.

Then they got up and journeyed home.

Once the inland-dweller told of a place in the ice-cap where one could catch narwhals; it was difficult to get there, and many large and dangerous inland-giants lived round about. *Nátátog*, however, cared nothing for the risk; he was set on going there. So they journeyed up to the ice-cap and found an enormous fissure, and in it a large hole shaped like a basin, where crowds of *timersit*, giant inland-dwellers, had collected on one side, harpooning "*angmalatarsiortut*", as they called narwhals which come to cracks in the ice to breathe.

Nátátog flung his harpoon into a narwhal, but at the same time it was harpooned from the other side too, and the inland-dwellers pulled it over to them.

A thick thong was stretched across the basin, and along it *Nátátog* made his way across in order to get his catch back. The line was slack and the others tried to shake *Nátátog* off into the basin, but they could not. *Nátátog* got over, but a swarm of inland-dwellers threw themselves upon him, one of them shouting:

"This is the man who killed my daughters!"

Nátátog struck about him with such effect that the giants tumbled about the ice; and now when they saw how strong he was, they retired and left him in peace.

But when the old inland-dweller shouted: "That is the man who killed my daughters; I will have revenge," *Nátátog* lifted a whole narwhal and made as if to throw it at him, but the old man fled, screaming:

"*Ná-ná-ná*—we don't want revenge."

Then *Nátátog* returned across the line without interference, taking his narwhal with him; and no one ventured to attack him again.

After making a rich haul of narwhals he went home with the inland-dweller. On the way *Nátátog* said to him:

"Now I have seen your country, I think you had better come down to the coast and see how we live there."

So they went down to the coast, where *Nátátog* taught the inland-dweller how to manage a kayak. He soon became a great hunter, and so skilful with his kayak that he could lie backwards in the sea and act as if he were mending a broken paddle.

When he had mastered this difficult feat, *Nátátog* said to him:

"I cannot teach you any more now, so you had better go back to your own country."

At this they parted, and nothing has since been heard of them.

Here ends the story of *Nátátog*.

Maqo.

There was once a wifeless man whose name was *Maqo*, and he lived all alone. He was a man of mighty strength, and, living alone, he was forced to do women's work too, scraping the blubber from the insides of skins, stretching out the skins to dry, making mittens; there was nothing which he did not do himself.

One day he had been out hunting, and when he came back he noticed that the skin of which he was cleaning the inner side was already half finished, and that his pot was on the boil, so that all he needed to do was to turn the meat with a fork, and finish scraping the skin.

Next day he came home from his hunting and found two skins with their inner sides scraped clean, and one of them even had the hair taken off; also the pot had been taken off and a new lot of meat set to boil.

On the following day he was out a long time, and when at last he came home, he found a lovely woman in the house; she was sitting beside the lamp, sewing diligently, and thus it came about that he found a wife.

But soon he began to notice that whenever it was warmer than usual in the house, a strong smell of fox arose from her body: she was a fox which had taken human form.

Now when this was told in other parts, people came to that place to see, and once, when a man and his wife were there on a visit, *Mago* was seized with a desire to change wives with his guest, and so they changed wives for that night.

"When it gets warm, and she begins to smell of fox, be careful not to say anything about it" said *Mago*.

But when the man who was lying with her noticed the smell of fox, he said: "Wherever can that foxy smell be coming from?"

And at once the little wife dashed out of the house, barking like a fox, while her husband ran weeping after her. When she had got far up among the hills, she slipped into a mound of stones. The husband stood outside listening, and hearing a sound of voices inside, he cried out "*Come out, qivingivarssunguaq!*" (dear little straight-backed one).

"No, you come in!"

But then some one inside said:

"You had better go out".

And then a ladybird came out and said: "Take me!"

"I will not take you, for you are so round in the body, and your back is red."

"*Ja — ha-ha!* He says he will not have me because I am round in the body and my back is red!"

Then again a voice said: "You go out!"

And then a crane-fly came out.

"Take me!"

"No, I will not take you: for your legs are too long, and you fly so awkwardly."

"*Ja-ha-ha!* He says he will not take me because my legs are so long and I fly so awkwardly."

And then again a voice said: "You go out!"

And out came a blowfly. "I was to say you might take me!"

"No, I will not take you. You have too many legs, and your eyes are too large."

"Then you had better come in. Close your eyes and brace your feet against the one side and your elbows against the other."

And when he came in, lo! It was a real little house, and there sat the crane-fly soling a pair of kamiks. And now his wife said:

"Take off your footgear, and I will louse you."

The man said: "My kayak is not tidied up."

And again the wife said: "Take off your boots that I may louse you."

And now he took off his boots, and she began to pick his lice; others then came in, and she began to sing a very beautiful song:

"Sleep, sleep,

And do not wake until summer is come

Sleep, sleep.

Sleep, sleep.

And do not wake until the flies begin their humming,

Sleep, sleep,

And do not wake until we hear the rushing waters' sound.

Sleep, sleep,

And do not wake until the foxes begin to bark among the kills..."

And then he fell asleep, and slept and slept, and when he awoke, there was a humming of flies about the window, and it was full summer. He had fallen asleep in the autumn, and had slept through the whole winter, to wake again in the summer time. And he went down to his kayak and found it all covered with grass and flowers, and when he saw this, he said:

"Now what form shall I choose for my soul to wander in? If I change to grass, then I must die when the grass withers, and if I turn to angelica then I must die when their flowers fall. Ah, let me take the shape of a fjord seal!"

And so he became a fjord seal, and when he tired of that, he took the form of a spotted seal, and after having lived some time among them, and grown tired and weary of scratching about as the spotted seal do, he left them and took the form of a saddleback seal.

And now, after having taken the form of a saddleback seal, he saw one day the houses of men on the shore. In one of the houses nearest the shore lived a woman who was barren. She was a woman very greatly to be desired, for she owned two pearls, one blue and one white. Yet the other saddleback seals said:

"Do not go to her. When she was a young girl, she brought neither salt water nor fresh to the house."

But one day *Mago* lay in wait for that woman's husband, and came up to breathe just in front of where he was. The man harpooned him, and when he felt himself struck, he almost laughed aloud, but then the death struggle came upon him and he died.

And now he was hauled ashore and the hunter's wife brought him up into the house to cut him up.

And he thought: "If only she would stand astride over my head!" And as soon as she stood astride of him to better get at her work, his soul crept into her body by way of her genitals. And now he found himself in a little house full of ice and turfs and therefore he began to clean it out. But while he was thus cleaning out that place, he heard a voice say: "She will bleed to death." And then the soul thought:

"Can it be that I am making her bleed?"

And when he stopped cleaning her out, she grew well again.

And now while the soul was in there, one day a man with close-cropped hair came in, and kept on coming in and out, and spat upon him, and when this had happened, he felt himself growing fatter. And at last the soul found himself more and more cramped for space in that house, and sometimes he would wonder if ever he would be able to get out again, because the opening was so small.

But then he heard them talking outside "He is getting fatter every day," they said: "let us get him out."

And then he thought: "Can it be me they mean?"

And as he came nearer to the opening he heard them say:

"Now it is time: let us fetch a midwife."

"If only they will choose a young midwife" thought the soul.

But when she did come it was a very old one. And when she tried to take away the bench from him, he was afraid, and strove as hard as he could to hinder her. She tried in vain to entice him out, but he, being afraid, only crept farther and farther up on the bench. And now when a young midwife came and tried to take the bench from him, he hurried towards the entrance, making himself as small as he could, and came out with a rush.

"He might almost be a grown man, from the way he looks round at the things in the house" said they.

And then they had to find a name for him, calling him after some dead one, but they did not call him *Mago*, and therefore he began to weep. And the father, who was very fond of him, and looked after him, heard him one day saying: "I am *Mago*!"

The father was so astonished that he nearly let him fall.

"Aha! He wants to be named after that *Mago* who was lost" said he at last.

And then he wept no more, and entered upon his human life again. And thus, when he grew old, he was able to tell us how once by means of his soul he became a man again."

And here ends this story.

Told by:

Markus,

Igdlukasik.

The Ravine that Closed Up.

A great mountain. A ravine in the middle. In the ravine a valley. In the valley a house.

Many children played in the ravine, and with them was a woman bearing a child on her back. She was the only grown-up person among the children.

Just outside the ravine stood an old man waiting for the seals to come up to breath. The seals circled about under the floes of ice, but dared not stick out their noses, for they could hear the sound of happy human beings.

And the old man, standing there in the wind shivering with cold, he also heard the laughter of the children. And at last he turned towards land and cried:

"Do not shout so; you are frightening the seals!

But the children were playing, and they shouted.

And the old man went home.

Next day he placed himself out on the ice just opposite the houses, and there he stood waiting for seals to come up to breathe. But the children, happy at their games and thinking of nothing else, played in the ravine, and again their cries drove away all the seal from the ice floes.

Then the old man grew furiously angry, and cried out to the rock:

"Rock! Close over those who are playing down there!"

And at once the rocky sides moved together, just like the lips of one who closes his mouth after a cry.

And before the children could think what was happening, the rock had closed over them as a mouth closes. And the evening came, and fathers and mothers waited for their children. But the children did not come.

Then they went up the hillside to cast meat down to them, but the opening in the rock was narrow, and there was not room for any meat to pass through. So they went home and fetched bladders filled with blood, and they poured the blood down through the opening in the rock, and it ran down the sides of the ravine and the children licked

it up. But the rock itself took much of it; all that which stuck to the stones at the top was lost to the children, and the blood did not stay their hunger and they cried. But just as their weeping was at its height, an old woman came running up from the shore, where there lay a newly caught seal, and in her hand she carried the gut of the seal, filled with blood. But she had tied up the end of the gut with a string, so that no blood could flow out until it was untied.

Now they lowered the gut down through the opening in the rock, and the children untied the string, and the blood flowed into their mouths.

Then the next day came.

"How are you down there," cried folk from above.

Then they heard a cry, and it came from the woman with a child on the back."

"The child has begun to suck at the back of my neck, soon its bones (teeths) will bore their way through flesh and skin."

Then the old man whose fault it was said:

"They frightened away my seal, and thus my anger grew and bore revenge. Then the rock closed over them. But if you will only wait, then tomorrow I will open that which has closed by means of a magic song."

When the people awoke on the following day, an old woman came out, and the old man went up to her and asked:

"Do you think it will be fine to day?"

"Certainly it will. Oh, yes, a fine bright day indeed," she said.

"Why?" asked the old man again.

Then the woman looked into the face of the old wizard, and said quietly, that she might wake his conscience.

"Today the child must eat its way into her neck: a fine day it will be!"

But the old man, angered at her words, did not cause the rocks to move apart, and all the children died of hunger. And this story must end here.

The Woman Who Ate Men.

The usual thing: Kayaks which went out eastward and never returned. At last only one of the hunters was left: he also rowed out to the eastward to look for his fellows. As he rounded a point, someone called out to him.

"Come up."

"No, I will not come up."

"Come up, do."

And as she persisted, he went up on land.

"Bring up your kayak."

"No, I will not bring it up."

"Bring it up, do."

And as she persisted, he did so.

"Take out the things in it."

"No, I will not take them out."

"Take them out, do."

And as she persisted, at last he did.

"Turn the kayak upside down."

"No, I will not turn it upside down."

"Turn it upside down, do."

And as she persisted, he did so.

"Place the stone on the kayak."

"No!"

"Place the stone on it, do."

And so he did.

"Now go in."

"No."

"Go in, do!"

And so he did.

"Take off your furs."

"No!"

"Take them off, do."

And so he did.

"And then your boots."

"No!"

"Take them off, do."

And so he did.

And she hung them up to dry.

"But what are we to give him to eat?"

And then she set about cleaning a great round wooden tray and went out to fetch food.

When he looked about him, he saw that she had taken his former fellow-villagers and used them as pictures for her house, sticking the skin of their faces on the walls.

In came the woman, carrying a bag of berries. The man began to eat, but on thrusting his hand down into the bag, he caught hold of a boiled human hand, and when he saw it, he said:

"I cannot eat things like this."

When evening came they went to rest.

The man pretended to sleep, and when he snored a little, he could

see that she took her knife, but then as soon as he pretended to wake, there came a clank of iron as she threw the weapon down.

But at last the woman fell asleep. The man caught up his clothes and put on his kamiks, and taking his kayak under his arm, ran down to the shore. He got down into the kayak, and the woman, who had set off after him, just managed to touch him, but could not catch hold of him.

When he came home, he told them this:

"It is not strange that those who go eastward never return, there is a man-eating woman there who lives on them."

When the next day dawned, he rowed back to her, and when he came outside her house, she cried out.

"Come up."

And he answered.

"It was you who nearly killed me yesterday."

"Never mind, come up. It was not me, but the other one up there who nearly killed you."

"Yes, but the child in the pouch has such dreadful nails," said the kayak man.

Then she turned round, being afraid, and cast it into the sea, and when it fell into the water, it went to pieces which sank to the bottom. The eyebrows became blue mussels, the guts seaweed, and the hair sea plants.

And now the old woman was angry, and burst out:

"If only one could stab him."

At this his kayak nearly upset, but he cried in answer:

"If only one could send a harpoon through her."

At this the woman nearly fell down.

"If only one could stab him," she cried again.

And he nearly upset.

"If only one could send a harpoon right through her, and that with full force," he cried back.

At this she fell on her knees and cast away her knife and cried:

"If only one could reach him."

The man's kayak was almost under water, so near was he to upsetting. But he rowed away from her after all and reached home.

And here we may end this story.

The Two Brothers.

There were once two brothers, and their names were *Ilimagêq* and *Pûlineq*. They had a mother and a sister.

Pûlineq was a great wizard, and he had a wife.

One day he set about cutting up the seals, which he had set aside whole and unskinned as a store for the winter; for now he was beginning to fear lest the hair should fall out.

His mother saw him cutting them up, and said to her daughter:

"Fetch me a head and I will cook it."

The daughter took that message to her brother, but he said:

"No, these are seals which I have set aside for the winter."

And she told her mother as he had said.

"Now where can he be thinking of going," said the mother to herself, "since he is setting aside a store of meat for us."

And then she went out and cut off a head with her own hand, and took care, moreover, to take the biggest she could see.

Now it is told that *Pûlineq*'s wife had cast her eyes upon an old wifeless man. She lived with him when her husband was out hunting. And when he came rowing in, he would often see them walking together up on the shore. The wifeless man had no kayak, but he was stronger than the others of that place.

At last all things turned towards winter, and then one day winter was there.

One winter evening, in the time when the darkness falls close about the land, *Pûlineq* went out and called his fellow villagers together.

"I am going on a spirit flight," he said.

And they all came to see, and *Pûlineq* began to call up his helping spirits.

Suddenly he lifted himself up and began to fly up in the air, and when he had got thus far in his wonders, he said to his wife:

"I'm, yes, — and now as soon as I have gone, you two can lie together, can't you?"

And with these words he flew out through the window.

He flew up inland, and went farther and farther, and came in sight of a great mountain, a mountain with a peak like the point of an awl. He came hovering down right on to the point, and twirled round with one foot resting on it.

And here he looked down, and lo, there was a house at which he looked, and at nothing else. He stared down and saw a woman standing on the floor cutting up meat. Beside her, one of those who walk alone (i. e. a young girl) stood waiting. He lifted himself up and jumped down to where they were.

"What was that," said the woman, "I thought I saw sparks."

"Who can it be," said the husband.

And the young girl, who was their daughter, was afraid, but her father and mother began calling up spirits to help them.

"Hum, it might have been a dog," said the husband when he had finished, and the young girl was calm once more and took the blubber to bring it out of the house. When she came out, *Pûlineq* flung himself upon her from behind and caught hold of her.

"Here he is! It is a man," cried the girl.

"Go in and fetch me a pair of breeches," said *Pûlineq*. They are always naked when they fly through the air.

"A man with no breeches! He is asking for a pair of breeches!" cried the girl.

Then they brought out her father's breeches, and these were so large that they reached up to his chest. He put them on and went in.

And *Pûlineq* took the young girl to wife and stayed with them.

But in the meantime, his housemates and fellow-villagers were waiting for him to return.

And at last it grew light. And when the day dawned upon them for the second time, they broke up the party and went each to his own house.

But *Ilimagêq* grieved because his brother did not return, and at last he began to call up spirits.

One day he also began to flay the seals he had set aside for the winter, and the same thing happened: they came out and asked him for a head.

"It is for the winter," he said.

His sister went in again, with tears in her eyes.

"What are you crying for," asked her mother.

"He says it is for the winter," she answered.

"That is what they say when they are going away," said the mother, and began crying likewise.

At last all things turned more and more towards winter, and then one day winter was there.

And it came about that *Ilimagêq*, in the time when darkness fell close about the land, went out as his brother had done, and called the people of the village together.

"I am going to make a spirit flight," he said.

And all the villagers came together, and the lamps were put out. Now he began to lift himself up in the air, and passed out, as his brother had done, through a corner of the window. And he followed the way his brother had taken over the land. His brother's track through the air was like a great distended gut, with the wind blowing through. At

last he came in sight of the pointed peak, and sat down on it. And looking down, he said:

"I had not thought that there should ever be a meeting between us two again; I had given him up for dead."

And letting his eyes glance down, he saw his brother sitting naked in a house, eating a bear's paw. And now he rose up and jumped down just before where his brother was sitting.

"Something struck sparks here close beside me," said his brother's wife.

"Now I will hide, and you can look for me," said her husband, knowing well that his brother *Ilimagêq* had come. And he went out and hid, and his wife began to look for him. She heard a sound of voices from a crevice in the rocks, but she saw nothing and then she went in.

And now the two brothers talked long together.

"Next spring, I will come and visit you," said *Pâlineq*; "I will take my wife with me, and we will travel by sledge. One day when a falcon hovers above your head, then go ashore, and there I will come to you."

Then *Ilimagêq* went home.

When spring came, he set out to places where the ice lay level, to hunt there, and await his brother's coming. There was open water just off shore, but level ice up in the fjord, and he looked out often to see if a sledge might be in sight.

One day he was out in his kayak, when a falcon began hovering above him. He said nothing, but turned his kayak and rowed in towards land. He rowed and came in to the firm ice. And here he lay to and got on to the ice.

"One may as well try to take a seal," he said to himself, and went out on to the ice. He went inwards, towards the land, and threw himself down on the ice at last and began looking out for his brother.

Up on the inland ice he could see something black. The lie of the land here was thus: a glacier running right down on to the sea ice, between two high hills. The little black speck came nearer, moving down the ice, and lo! a sledge was driving straight towards him.

It was his brother, coming with his wife. And the wife carried a little child on her back. When the sledge was close to him, he rose up. The dogs had got his scent, and he rose up in the air above the ice.

When his brother's wife saw this, she was afraid, and flung herself down on the ice in front of the sledge so violently that the sledge stopped, and the dogs fell over backwards.

"It is only my brother whom we have come to see," said her husband.

And then her fear was at an end.

And now they on together, *Ilimagêq* in front, showing the way.

"Look, here comes *Ilimagêq*, and strangers with him," said the people as they neared the land. And all came hurrying out from their houses, and the strangers drove up on to the land and came in to the houses. They were still sitting there eating when she who had been *Pûlineq*'s wife came in.

"There is some dried meat which you might come and eat," she said.

"I have eaten enough," said *Pûlineq*.

The morning came, and evening after it.

Again she who had been his wife came in and said to *Pûlineq*:

"I came to say that there is dried meat waiting for you."

Well, then he got up and went with her. They went into the house.

"Sit down here," said she, stroking the place beside her invitingly with her hand.

He sat down, and she gave him some of the dried meat.

He had brought his wife and child in with him.

And now his former wife pointed to a little bag such as is used for thimbles, and in it was something which looked like a morsel of peat for lighting fires. This she took and gave to the child's mother, saying:

"Do give the little one something to eat."

And a moment later the mother fell down in a swoon and the child died.

The father took the child's body and cut it open and broke it limb from limb to see what it had died of. But he found nothing, and they carried out the body.

But now the mother died also, and *Pûlineq* took his knife again and cut her open.

Then his brother came in and said:

"Let me look!"

And he took from her throat a piece of dried meat, and she came to life again.

And when she had come to life again, and saw that her child was dead, she said hurriedly to her husband:

"Let us go home again."

"Yes, let us go," said he, and called his team together and the others of the village came down to their sledge, as they set out.

But before he started, he hauled in his right flank dog, and cut it loose of the traces, and said:

"There is no other, it seems, to avenge me: go you up and slay that cursed pair!"

And all the people rushed into their houses to hide, dashing through windows and doors with the speed of a shadow flung by the northern lights.

The dog was a big one, and at first it could not make its way through either window or door. But at last it managed to get in.

All the people had gathered together in one house, and were huddled together in fear. But the dog, unwilling to kill those who had done no wrong, turned its claws upwards and raked about in the mass of them.

And there true enough lay those two at the bottom.

The dog fixed its teeth firmly in her breasts, and tore them open, ripping her up to the belly. And she made no sound.

Then the dog dashed out and cast the breasts down before its master.

"Did you get them both," asked the man.

But the dog only turned its back upon him, and dashed up to the umiak on its trestles where the husband had hidden.

A moment after the dog came back again and cast the man's testicles down before its master. The wifeless man had made no sound.

Then he harnessed his team and drove away.....

Uiarteq, the Man who Travelled Round the World.

Uiarteq, men say, had land at Kûngmiut, and one day he took it into his head to make a journey southward round the land. So he set off towards the south, travelling night and day. He had two wives, and whenever either of them bore a child on the way, neither was allowed to give the child suck, so eager was he to hurry on. And therefore the children died of hunger on that journey.

And after a time he took yet another wife, so that he had now three; this last one, however, he had chosen because of her large breasts, and now the children no longer died of hunger, for the woman flung her breasts back over her shoulder to the child on her back, and suckled it as she rowed.

In this manner they travelled, and came to a great fjord. And here they saw that the seals were very large. The man went up on land to look at them, but as there was nothing else to be caught there, he rowed out again. He watched them to see how they floated on the water, when they came up to breathe, and at last ventured to go after them, and then, when a seal came up and remained floating just like a little fjord seal, he harpooned it. And true enough, he caught it, that one which he had judged small enough to tackle, and it turned out to be a young one. But when he brought it home, it was so big that all three of them had to help in the work of cutting it up. At dawn they were to start, and therefore they set to work filling the umiak, thinking as

they did so they that would be forced to leave some of the meat behind them. But as it happened, they were just able to get it all in.

The fjord was so wide that the patches of snow on the farther shore seemed blue in the distance, but for all that they crossed it. They started in the morning, and rowed all day and all night, and at last, on the evening of the next day, they reached the other side.

And on their journey they also came to a long stretch of coast where no landing-place was to be seen. The cliffs rose up sheer from the sea, and the water was full of ice; if a storm should come up, they would never be able to make the land. But this place also they passed without mishap.

And farther they went, down along the coast, until at last they came in sight of Sikuiutseq, the ice that never goes away. They rowed towards it, and reached it. And now for the first time they began to fear lest they should be unable to get across, but *Uiarteq* set his mind to work, and having plenty of lines, he lashed the umiak soundly about, cut steps in the ice, and hauled the boat up that way. Thus he passed safely over this difficulty also, and came up without mishap.

In this place there were great quantities of bears, some lying down, others prowling about, while others again had crept into caves in the inland ice. But *Uiarteq* did not hunt them, knowing that it would be difficult to deal with them; he started off in across the inland ice. And thus at last they were forced to winter on the inland ice.

It is said that *Uiarteq*'s dogs were the smallest dogs that had ever been known, and yet they would fall upon any bear they met, with such force that they tore its guts out. Now at last, after a long time, they were able to continue their journey. They travelled very far, and at last *Uiarteq* was beginning to think that they would never reach the sea again. But at last they did. And now he continued his journey in the same way as he had begun, without heeding the nights. And coming to a place where there were narwhals, he filled the umiak with their tusks, to make hunting gear for his son.

And after that he went on again southwards without meeting with any difficulty, and being now not far from his own country, he no longer cared to sleep at all, and at last he reached home again. But after his return many came to visit him, wishing to hear his stories of that journey.

And so great was his joy at seeing his own place again in his old age, that he died soon after his return, and men say that when he was about to die, he said:

"I have always loved this land in which I lived, and therefore I wish my grave to be in a high place, whence I can look out over all this land."

Told by:

Rosine, Igdlukasik.

The Women who took Husbands from Among the *erqigdlit*.

(*erqilik*: a strange race of beings, with the head of a dog and body of a man)

A man and his wife had three children, two girls and a boy, and he was the youngest. One day they all rowed over to one of the outermost islands to spend the summer there, and when autumn came and the berries were ripe, the eldest daughter said:

"If only we might go over and pluck berries on the mainland close by."

Now their father was out in his kayak. And their mother answered:

"You may go and pluck berries, if you will take your little brother with you."

And so they rowed over, and when they reached the land on the other side, they simply made the boat fast and leaving their little brother asleep in the boat, went up to gather berries. And while they were gathering berries, the elder sister said to the younger:

"The little one down there will soon be waking: you had better go down and look to him."

When she came down to the boat, the boy was still asleep, and so they went up again to gather berries. When they had gathered almost as many as they could carry, the elder sister went down to look to her brother, and saw that there was foam on the water beside the boat. When she reached the water she saw that her little brother had fallen over in trying to get ashore, and was drowned. And now she said to her sister:

"We cannot go home now, for if we do, our father will kill us. We had better run away up into the country."

And so they ran away.

The mother and father waited for them, to return from their berry-plucking, but in vain; at last evening came and still they had not returned. Next morning, their father rowed over to look for them, and found the boat made fast by the shore, without the children: they were gone, and they did not come back.

But the girls fled up into the country, and came to the place of the *erqigdlit*, and one of these took the elder sister to wife, while another took the younger, and took them off to their villages. And the village to which the younger sister came was that farther up inland.

After a time the elder sister was with child. Her husband was very fond of her, and when her time was come, and the birth-pangs began, his mother helped her. And she brought forth a child, and lo! it was a little *erqilik*! And then the husband's mother said:

"See, what a dear little one! He is like us. You need not trouble to find a name for him: we will name him ourselves." And then she

said again: "You must not look at him until he has grown fat; when he has grown fat, then you shall see him. And therefore you must close your eyes when you suckle him."

And thus she suckled her child with closed eyes. Some time afterwards her husband's mother said:

"Now you may open your eyes when you suckle him for now he has grown fat."

And so she opened her eyes when she suckled him, but was so frightened at the sight of him that she fainted. When she came to herself, she suckled the child. And now it happened that the father said to his child:

"When you grow up, there will be two of us to find food for your dear little mother."

After some time had passed, the woman was again with child, and her husband's mother helped her as usual through the pains of birth. And again she bore a son, this time one that was a real little man.

"He is not like us: therefore you must name him."

And so she called him after her little brother.

One day her husband said:

"You must make us some clothes, for we are going to visit my kinsmen, and there will be feasting."

And so the wife set about making clothes for herself and her child and her husband; also his mother sat and sewed. When the clothes were finished, they began to make themselves ready, and one day when there seemed nothing to fear from the weather, they prepared to start. They brought out their sleeping clothes, but while they were doing this, the wife thought to herself:

"Now where can we be going — for we have no umiak."

And when her husband came into the house, he said:

"Which of those seals we have in store shall we take with us?"

And again his wife thought: "Where are we to put it?"

But then when she went outside she saw down below the house, a little way to the south, a thing shaped exactly like a umiak, which they were busy loading up. And when they had finished, they went on board, and the husband's mother sat and steered, while his wife sat in the middle of the boat with her children, and her husband lay face downwards in the forepart of the boat mumbling to himself and singing magic songs. And thus they sailed away, going much faster than a real umiak could go. They sailed and sailed and at last they came in sight of a big house. They made fast on the shore below, just like a real umiak, and the people from the house came down to receive them. And here she caught sight of her little sister, who also had two children. They went on shore, and followed her husband's kinsmen,

and after they had entered the house, she began a nice long talk with her sister.

In the evening, all the *erqigdlit* made a feast with singing of songs. But the two sisters, finding the place so hot they could scarcely breathe, went outside. And then the elder sister said:

"Tell me, are you happy here? Is your husband fond of you or not? Mine is so very fond of me."

The younger sister answered:

"What a thing to ask. Mine has nearly killed me."

Then said the other: "Let us hope he may not kill you. We had better take to flight while it is still dark."

And so they went in and each took her younger child on her back, and held the other by the hand, and thus they went out. And when they had come outside, they began to run away towards the west as fast as they could, and before the day dawned they had reached the elder sister's house. When they had come in, the elder sister said:

"What are we to do with those horrible elder children of ours, which have been named after their fathers? Let us kill them!"

And then the elder sister said to her *erqilik* child:

"Turn down your breeches and bend your head forward towards me."

Then the mother took her husband's harpoon line. And the son said:

"Dear mother, what are you going to do with that?"

His mother answered:

"It is something to amuse you."

And with these words, she let him crawl, and hung him up so that he died. When the younger sister's son saw that, he said:

"Dear mother, what is he doing up there?"

The mother answered:

"He is only playing. You can go up and play with him. Turn down your trousers and bend your head forward towards me."

And when he bent his head forward, she strung him up likewise.

Then the elder sister gathered together the things she prized, and off they went at a run. They ran and ran as fast as they could, and when the day dawned, they had reached the hills by the coast, but they could hear a sound behind them like the barking of dogs. Then the elder sister said:

"What does it matter if the child on your back be strangled, Run, as fast as you can, or we shall be killed!"

And now they began to run as fast as ever they could. But while they ran, the younger sister fell a weeping, and the elder asked her what was the matter.

"Why did he not rather kill me at once?"

And they had not run much farther when the elder sister fell a-weeping. And the younger asked what was the matter.

"Only that I just remembered how he said that he and his son would find food for the household: food for me to eat."

And on they ran as fast as ever they could, until at last they came in sight of their old house: here the younger sister cast away her little child, which had been strangled in the pouch on her back. Only the elder sister came safely on with her little child and reached her parents, who were still alive and well. And there sat their mother and father as usual, when the two lost daughters came in.

"Make haste, and get ready with all speed, or the *erqilik* will kill us all."

And so they simply left behind all their goods and, going down to the umiak, cut the thongs by which it was fastened to the trestles, carried it down to the water and rowed over to the outermost islands; they did not even take skins to lie on. And hardly had they got across, when they heard the *erqigdlit* break into the house with a sound like the barking of dogs. And again the daughter fell a-weeping when she heard the barking, and when her mother and father asked her why she wept, she answered:

"Why did he not kill me at once when he said he would."

And then the elder sister fell a-weeping, and when they asked her what was the matter, she said:

"Only that I have just remembered how he said that he and his son should find food for the household, food for me to eat."

And when then the *erqigdlit* turned back and went homewards towards the east, the younger sister's husband could still be heard cursing his wife all the time, while the elder sister's husband mourned the loss this. Yet the girls' mother and father could hear nothing but a sound like the barking of dogs.

The old people never went back to the mainland again, but only fetched their goods across, and built themselves a house there on the island. And after that no one ever took land near their old village, for fear of the *erqigdlit*.

And here I end this tale: I do not know any more.

Told by:

Markus, of Igdlukasik.

Malarssivaq.

Malarssivaq, men say, had two sisters, and the elder of the two looked after his clothes. They were still young, when one day the elder

sister was lost among the hills. He looked for her afterwards, but did not find her, and therefore he was at last obliged to take a wife.

The first child born to them was a boy, and therefore he could not name it after his sister.

The year after that son had been born, he said to his wife:

"Make some warm clothes for yourself and me: I am going out to look for my sister."

And he made a great sledge, suitable for carrying food, and then autumn came and the snow fell, so that they could drive over the ice.

So they set off towards the east, and when they came to a fjord, they would go straight across it over the ice. Once on their eastward way they came in view of a big fjord, and up in the country behind it were great numbers of worms, so many that they could hardly be counted. And they went round behind, fearing lest the worms should get wind of them. And on they went to the eastward, and on until they came to a place where two hills stood one opposite the other. And this place they reached as darkness was falling. From here they could see many houses, so many that the lights in the windows looked like torches, and the houses were built one above the other up the slope. They went on to that place and reached it, and tied their sledge to one of the many sledges there. Then he said to his wife:

"Wait here: I am going to look in at all the windows, beginning with the uppermost."

And now he looked in at the northern and uppermost house through the northern window, where there was a hole, and there he saw his sister, who had her place on the bench at the northern side. Beside her sat a man, so broad of build that none could equal him. And this turned out to be her husband, a man whom all the other villagers feared, and the strongest among them.

Then he went down and fetched his wife, and they went in together, the man foremost. And that great man, his sister's husband, was reaching up to take something from the drying frame when his wife said:

"Here at last I see my dear younger brother, and that, moreover, with a wife."

And when her husband heard this, he left the knife he had been reaching for where it was. It was doubtless true of this man, that his fellow-villagers seldom came to visit him, because it was his custom to kill those who came. But now, seeing his wife's brother, it seemed as if he had just awakened, so kindly did he behave towards him. He told his wife to fetch food, but when she came in a little later she brought the flesh of a great worm, and its blubber was rotten. It turned out afterwards that he was the only one who hunted such things, for all

his fellow-villagers were cannibals. And while they sat eating, the strong man said:

"Be careful to eat without cutting yourselves, for if you should cut yourselves, it is hardly likely that you will live .

And now they ate their food, taking great pains not to cut themselves. On the next morning, while the wife's brother was still in his house, the villagers had caught sight of the strange sledge, and in came a young man with a horrible squint and a dirty backside, but he disappeared again without saying a word. Not until he had come in for the third time did the strong man say.

"Does not your mouth water, at sight of my guests? Then he took his knife and stabbed him, and cast him in under the side platform.

Later in the evening there came a woman great with child, and she said:

"I cannot find the one with a squint. He went out but has not come back.

Then the strong man in whose house the stranger was living said: "He is lying in there, under the side platform."

"Aha, that is a good thing. I thank you for getting him killed so soon."

Next morning *Malarssivaq's* wife said to him:

"We visit too few houses: let us go out and see other people."

So they went down to the lowest house, that lay farthest to the south. It was a long house, and filled to the middle with young bare-legged girls. In the middle of the floor lay an old woman, quite frozen. Close by the window frame sat a man mending his hunting gear. And the man rose up and said:

"When she was well, her husband was very fond of her; therefore I will not eat of her lap."

And then he cut out her genitals, and took forth the unborn child also from her womb and cast it to the young girls, who could be heard greedily rattling their knives. And there was also a sound of one saying: "It is a very long time since I tasted head; let us cook that head there."

Now when guests saw what manner of house it was the husband would have gone out, but his wife said:

"You go out; I will stay a little while longer.

And after he had gone out, the girls were given her child to play with, a fine fat boy. The woman tried in vain to get it back, but as she could not, she went out. And when she came into the first house again, they asked: where is your little child."

"I was forced to leave him there, for I could not get him back again."

"Oh, but go and fetch her!" And when she went to fetch it, they had already flung it in under the side platform, and eaten the head long ago. The father and mother mourned deeply for that loss, and said:

"We had thought to remain here the whole winter, but now we will leave tomorrow."

Then the sister's husband said: "Then it will be best to cut the lashings of all the sledges this very night."

And when darkness fell, they did as they had said: but it was afterwards found that they had forgotten one of the sledges. And now it was beginning to grow light. And that day they set out.

And as soon as they had seated themselves on their sledge, he pushed at them, and cried:

"Here is *Malarssivaq* going away without even having been wounded."

And now all set to work so busily that one might have thought it the flickering of the northern lights. But the strangers got away, looking round from time to time at those who tried to come after, and seeing how they stuck fast as soon as they started, because the sledge fell to pieces. But one of the sledges was nevertheless able to follow them: the others were forced to follow on foot.

The foremost of them reached the uprights of the sledge and grasped them, but *Malarssivaq* struck him with the shaft of his whip so violently that his fingers were broken.

Then the strong man, his sister's husband, cried out:

"Now you need fear them no longer." (i. e. they would now stop to devour the wounded man.) And then they stopped the sledge and simply looked on. Now one of them reached the wounded man, and then many came up, until at last they were as many as nunataks on the inland ice.

"I will have him for a husband! I will have the lower parts!"

Thus they killed him and shared him out between them.

And again the strong man called out to them.

"Be careful not to take the way round behind the worms."

The man-eaters were still worrying at the dead man when the sledge party moved on again, and went on their way, and, wishing to travel by secret ways, they went round by the place of the worms.

And here they drove out on the ice, and it was so thin that the dogs' feet went through and the sledge cut furrows in it. The worms came after them, but fell through, one after another, and just as the sledge reached land, the last of the worms fell through the ice.

Then they reached home, and never again did they go on any journey to the inland-dwellers, but died in their own village.

Here it ends: I do not know any more.

Told by:

Markus of Igdlukasik.

Ukuamâq.

Ukuamâq, men say, had a son, and her son had no wife, and they lived in a place with many brothers. Therefore she begged her son to take the many brothers' only sister to wife. "If only I could look upon her as my son's wife," she would say. And it is said that the sister of those many brothers was more beautiful than any other woman, but *Ukuamâq's* son was also a skilful hunter, and at last he took her to wife.

And having taken her to wife, he hunted as usual, and caught many seals. But then it came about that his mother grew more and more fond of his wife, and once, being suddenly seized with a desire to lie, she bade her son's wife go out to fetch water, one day while her husband was out hunting. And when she had passed round behind a hill, the mother ran after her and cried:

"Run, run away up into the country: the brothers are killing each other!"

And so she fled away over to the other side of the land, and when she had come into the back country, she set about building a house there.

But when the son came back from his hunting, he asked where his wife was. At first his mother said nothing, but after a little while she said:

"She went away. She has doubtless gone back to her brothers."

Then the husband mourned for his wife, grieving because he had not even seen her before she went.

But after some time had passed, his mother went out in search of her son's wife. She had made herself a penis out of the nose of a kayak, and this she had sewn on in front. And she came to the place where her son's wife was: the house was already built. And then she took her to wife, and went out hunting herself. When she came back from her hunting, and felt warm, she would tie up her hair at the back of her neck, and flap her breasts up and down saying: "How hot it is!"

But the son, grieving more and more for the loss of his wife, began at last to invoke the aid of spirits. And once, on a spirit flight, he saw his wife. After that he set out to reach the place where she was. And just as he reached the place, she came out and began working at some skins which were hanging on the frame. And while she stood there at work, he stole up to her, and grasped her from behind, and said:

"Whose catch is that?"

She did not answer, but went into the house, and he followed after. Then she said:

"Dig yourself a hiding place behind the bench at the back there."

And this he did, and hid himself in that place, leaving an opening for his eyes. When the time came at which *Ukuamâq* was wont to return his wife began to look out of the window every now and then, and when she saw her coming, she said to her husband:

"Now she is in sight: come and look!"

And he saw her come rowing in, with seal in tow: she never caught anything but big saddlebacks. She reached the land and came up into the house, took off her clothes and tied her hair at the back of her neck and said: "Puh! How hot it is!" Then she laid her head on his wife's lap and said: "Now louse me!" And she loused her, and when she had finished she set about cooking some meat. When the meat was cooked on the one side, she turned it over in the pot, and when at last it was done, she took it up. But then *Ukuamâq* said:

"Now I should like to pretend that my kayak has upset. Bring me the kamiut stick."

And when she had got it, she stepped out into the middle of the floor, stretched one leg forward and bent the other, making as if she was in a kayak, and about to turn over. And then she said:

"I caught the seal at the sealing grounds to the south. And I have stolen away my son's wife."

But as she said this, her son cried out:

"Shame upon you, that you did so!" And out he came and struck her down upon the floor, so that she died. And then he said to his wife:

"Now you had better come home with me."

But his wife would not, and as she still refused to go home with him, he killed her, and then he placed the two dead bodies together, so that they lay side by side. Then he looked at his mother's penis, which was made of the nose of a kayak, and saw that the skin was all worn at the edge.

Then he placed them so that they lay together and then he went back to his own house.

And there he doubtless sits to this day, lousing his waist belt.

Told by:

Autdârutâ (Christian Poulsen) of Igdlularssuit.

Kínigseq.

There was once a wizard whose name was *Kínigseq*. One day when he was about to call upon his helping spirits and make a flight down into the underworld, he gave orders for the floor to be swilled with salt water, to take away the evil smell which might otherwise frighten his helping spirits away.

Then he began calling upon his spirits, and without moving his body, began to pass downwards through the floor.

And down he went. On his way he came to a reef, which was covered with seaweed, and therefore so slippery that none could pass that way. And as he could not pass by, his helping spirit lay down beside him, and placing his foot upon the spirit, he was able to pass.

And on he went, and came to a great slope covered with heather. Far down in the under world, men say, the land is level, and the hills small; there is sun down there, and the sky also is like that we see from the earth.

Suddenly he heard one crying: "Here comes *Kinigseq*!"

By the side of a little river he saw some children looking for greyfish.

And before he had reached the houses of men, he met his mother, who had gone out to gather berries. When he came up to her, she tried again and again to kiss him, but his helping spirit thrust her away.

"He is only here on a visit," said the spirit.

Then she offered him some berries, and these he was about to put in his mouth when the spirit said:

"If you eat of them you will never return."

A little after he caught sight of his dead brother, and then his mother said:

"Why do you wish to return to earth again? Your kin are here. And look down on the shore there: the great masses of dried meat. Many seal are caught here, and it is good to be here: there is no snow, and a beautiful open sea!"

The sea lay smooth, without the slightest wind. Two kayaks were rowing towards land. Now and again they threw their bird darts, and one could hear them laughing.

"I will come again when I die," said *Kinigseq*.

Some kayaks lay drying on a little island, they belonged to men who had just lost their lives while out in their kayaks.

And it is said that the people of the underworld said to *Kinigseq*:

"When you return to earth, send us some ice; for we thirst for cold water down here."

After that *Kinigseq* went back to earth, but it is said that his son shortly afterwards fell sick and died. And then *Kinigseq* did not care to live any longer, having seen what it was like in the underworld. So he rowed out in his kayak, and caught a guillemot and a little later he caught a *qârtuluk* and having eaten these one after the other, he died. And then they threw him out into the sea.

It is said that *Kinigseq* had land at Kigtarajik, a little way to the south of Igdlularssuit. I have never seen him myself, but my mother has.

Told by:

Autdárutá, of Igdlularssuit.

Qasiagssaq, the Great Liar.

Qasiagssaq, men say, was a great liar. His wife was called *Qigdlugssuk*. He could never sleep well at night, and being sleepless, he always woke his fellow-villagers when they were to go out hunting in the morning, but he never brought home anything himself.

One day when he had been out as usual in his kayak, without even seeing a seal, he said:

"It is no use my trying to be a hunter, for I never catch anything. I may as well make up some lie or other."

And at the same moment he noticed that one of his fellow-villagers was towing a big saddleback over to an island to land it there before going out after more. When he had got the seal to land, *Qasiagssaq* rowed round behind him and over to the seal, which he stole, and towed back home. His wife was looking out for him, going outside every now and then to see if he might be near. And thus it was that coming out, she caught sight of a kayak coming in with a catch in tow. She shaded her eyes with both hands, one above the other, and looked through between them, gazing eagerly to try and see if she could make out who it was. The kayak with its seal in tow came rowing in, and she kept on going out to look, and at last when she came out as usual she could see that it was really and truly *Qasiagssaq*, coming home towing his catch.

"Here comes *Qasiagssaq* towing his catch!" cried the fellow-villagers, and when he came in, they saw that he had a great saddleback with deep black markings all over the body, and the tow-line was rich with trappings of the finest narwhal-tusk.

"Where did you get that tow-line," they asked.

"I have had it a long while," he answered, but have never used it before today."

After they had hauled the seal ashore, his wife cut out the belly-part, and when that was done, she shared out so much blubber and meat to her fellow-villagers that there was hardly anything left for themselves. And then she set about cooking a meal with a shoulder-blade for a lamp, and another for a pot. And every time a kayak came in, they told the newcomer that *Qasiagssaq* had got a big saddleback.

At last there was only one kayak still out, and when that one came him, they told him the same thing: "*Qasiagssaq* has actually got a big seal!"

But the last arrival said on hearing this:

"I got a big saddleback today, and hauled it up on an island, but when I came back to fetch it, it was gone."

But the others said again:

"The tow-line which *Qasiagssaq* used today was furnished with toggles of pure narwhal-tusk."

Later in the evening, *Qasiagssaq* heard a voice calling in at the window.

"You *Qasiagssaq*, I have come to ask if you will give me back that tow-line!"

Qasiagssaq spang up and said: "Here it is, you may take it back now."

But his wife who was beside him said:

"When *Qasiagssaq* does such things, one cannot but feel shame for him."

"Prrrr!" said *Qasiagssaq* to his wife, as if to frighten her, and after that he went about as if nothing had happened.

One day when he was out in his kayak as usual, he said:

"What is the use of my being out here, I who never catch anything?"

And he rowed in towards land. When he reached the shore, he took his breeches, and sat down in the ground, with his testicles resting on a stone. Then he took another stone to use as a hammer, and hammered until his testicles were quite smashed." And there he lay. He lay there for a long time, but at last he got up and went down to his kayak, and now he could only walk with his legs wide apart. And when he came down to his kayak, he began trampling on it, until all the woodwork was smashed to pieces. And then, getting into it, he heaped up a lot of fragments of ice upon it, and even placed some inside his clothes, which were of raven's skin, and thus he rowed home.

But all this while two women had been standing watching him.

His wife was looking out for him as usual, shading her eyes with her hands, and when at last she caught sight of his kayak, and it came nearer, she could see that it was *Qasiagssaq*, rowing very slowly. And when then he reached the land, she said:

"What has happened to you now?"

"An iceberg calved on top of me."

And seeing her husband come home in such a state, his wife said to the others:

"An iceberg has calved right on top of *Qasiagssaq*, and he narrowly escaped alive."

But when the women who had been watching him came home, they said:

"We saw him today: he rowed in to land, took off his breeches and hammered at his testicles with a stone: then he went down to his kayak and trampled it to bits, and when that was done he filled the kayak with ice and even put ice inside his clothes."

But when his wife heard this, she said to her husband:

"When *Qasiagssaq* does such things, one cannot but feel shame for him."

"Prrrr!" said he, as if to frighten her.

After that he lay still for a long while, waiting for his wound to heal, and when at last his testicles were well again, he began once more to go out rowing in his kayak without catching anything, as usual. And when thus he had been out as usual without catching anything, he said to himself as usual:

"What is the good of my staying out here?"

And he rowed in to land. There he found an oblong stone, laid it on his kayak, and rowed out again. And when he came in sight of the other kayaks which lay waiting for seal, he stopped still, took out his two small float bladders made of the belly of a seal, tied his harpoon line to the stone on his kayak, and when that was done, he rowed away as fast as he could, while the kayaks that were waiting for seal looked on. Then he disappeared from sight behind an iceberg, and when he came round on the other side, his bladder-float was gone, and he himself was rowing as fast as he could towards land. His wife, who was looking out for him as usual, shading her hands with her eyes, said:

"Now what has happened to *Qasiagssaq*?"

As soon as a shout could reach the land, *Qasiagssaq* called out:

"Now you need not be afraid of breaking up the handle of your knives; I have struck a great walrus, which has gone down under water with my two small bladder floats. One or another of those who are out after seal will be sure to find it."

He himself remained perfectly idle, and having come into his house, did not go out again. And as the kayaks began to come in, others went down to the shore and told them the news: "*Qasiagssaq* has struck a walrus!" And this they said to all the kayaks as they came home, but as usual there was one of them who remained out a long time, and when at last he came back, late in the evening, they told him the same thing: "*Qasiagssaq*, it is said, has struck a walrus!"

"That I do not believe, for here are his bladder floats; they had been tied to a stone, the knot had worked loose."

Then they brought those bladders to *Qasiagssaq* and said:

"Here are your bladder floats: they were fastened to a stone, but the knot worked loose."

"When *Qasiagssaq* does such things, one cannot but feel shame for him," said his wife as usual.

"Prrrr!" said *Qasiagssaq*, to frighten her.

And after that *Qasiagssaq* went about as if nothing had happened.

One day he was out as usual in his kayak at a place where there was much ice; here he caught sight of a spotted seal, which had crawled up on to a piece of ice. He rowed up to it, taking it unawares, and lifted his harpoon ready to throw, but just as he was about to throw, he happened to look at the point, and then he laid down the harpoon again saying to himself: "Would it not be a great pity if that skin, which is to be made into breeches for my wife, should be pierced with holes by the point of a harpoon?" So he lay to alongside the piece of ice, and began whistling to the seal. (Spotted seals may often be caught in this fashion, the hunter startling them so that they are unable to move.) And he was just about to grasp hold of it when it went down, but he watched it carefully, and when it came up again, he rowed over to it again. Now he lifted his harpoon and was just about to throw, when again he caught sight of the point, and said to himself: "Would it not be a pity if that skin, which is to make breeches for my wife, should be pierced with holes by the point of a harpoon?" And again he cried out to try and frighten the seal, and down it went again, and did not come up any more.

Once he heard that there lived an old couple in another village, who had lost their shild. So off went *Qasiagssaq* on a visit. He came to their place and went into their house, and there they sat, mourning. Then he asked the people of the house in a low voice. "What is the trouble here?"

"They are mourning," he was told.

"What for," he asked.

"They have lost a child: their little daughter died the other day."

"What was her name."

"*Nipisartángivaq*," they said.

Then *Qasiagssaq* cleared his throat and said with a loud voice:

"Today my little daughter *Nipisartángivaq* is doubtless crying at her mother's side as usual."

Hardly had he said this when the mourners eagerly looked up and asked:

"Ah, how grateful we are to you! Now your little daughter can have all her things back. (The souls of the dead are supposed to return into the body of a child named after them.)

And they gave him pearls and the little girl's mother said:

"I have nothing to give you by way of thanks: I will give you my cooking pot."

And when he was about to set out for home, they gave him great quantities of food to take home to his little girl. But when he came back to his own place, his fellow-villagers asked:

"Wherever did you get all that?"

"An umiak started out on a journey, and the people in it were hurried and forgetful. Here are some of the things which they left behind them."

Towards evening a number of kayaks came in sight; they were people coming on a visit, and all had brought meat with them. When they came in they said:

"Tell *Qasiagssaq* and his wife to come down and fetch meat for their little girl."

"*Qasiagssaq* and his wife have no children. We know his wife well, and she is childless."

When the strangers heard this, they would not even land at the place, but simply said:

"Then tell them to give us back the beads and the cooking pot."

And those things were brought and given back to them.

Then *Qasiagssaq's* wife said as usual:

"Now you have lied again. When you do such things, one cannot but feel shame for you."

"Prrrr!" said *Qasiagssaq* to frighten her, and went on as if nothing had happened.

It is said that *Qasiagssaq's* wife *Qigdlugssuk* had a mother who lived in another village, and she had a son whose name was *Ernilik*. One day *Qasiagssaq* set out to visit them. He came to their place, and when he came into their house, it was quite dark, because they had no blubber, and the little child was crying, because it had nothing to eat. *Qasiagssaq* cleared his throat loudly and said:

"What is the matter with him?"

"He is hungry, as usual," said the mother.

Then said *Qasiagssaq*:

"How foolish I was not to take so much as a little blubber with me. Over in our village, many seals are daily thrown away: you must come back with me to our place."

Next morning they set off together. When they reached the place, *Qasiagssaq* hurried up with his harpoon line in his hand, before his wife's mother had landed. And all she saw was that there was much carrion of ravens on *Qasiagssaq's* refuse heap. Suddenly *Qasiagssaq* cried out: "Ah, one of them has got away again!"

He had caught a raven in a snare. His wife cooked it, and their

lamp was a shoulder-blade, and another shoulder-blade was their cooking pot, and when the meat was cooked, *Qigdlugssuk*'s mother was given raven's meat to eat. Afterwards she was well fed by the other villagers there, and next morning when she was setting out, they all gave her meat to take with her; all save *Qasiagssaq*, who gave her nothing.

And time went on, and once he was out as usual in his kayak, and when he came home in the evening he said:

"I have found a dead whale: tomorrow we must all go out in the umiak and cut it up."

The next day many umiaks and kayaks set out to the eastward, and when they had rowed a long way in, they asked: "Where is it?"

"Over there, beyond that little ness," said he.

And they rowed up, and when they reached the place there was nothing to be seen. So they asked again:

"Where is it?"

"Over there beyond that little ness."

And they rowed up, but when they reached the place there was nothing to be seen. And again they asked: "Where is it. Where is it?"

"Up there beyond the little ness."

And again they reached the place and rowed round the ness, and there was nothing to be seen.

Then the others said:

"*Qasiagssaq* is lying as usual, let us kill him!"

But he answered: Wait a little: let us first make sure that it is a lie, and then if you do not see it, you may kill me."

And again they asked:

"Where is it."

"Yes, where was it now?... Up there beyond that little ness."

And now they had almost reached the base of the great fjord, and again they rounded a little ness farther in, and still there was nothing to be seen. Therefore they said:

"He is only a trouble to us all: let us kill him."

And at last they did as they had said, and killed him.

Told by:

Sabine of Igdlukasik.

Ivalimâq, the Thief.

When the villagers went out to look to their stores, there was always something missing. The stealing went on, and therefore a man one day crept into the meat cache to wait for the thief. And as he sat

there, he heard footsteps in the snow, and at last a man crawled up on to the stones which closed the cache, picking up as he went the pieces which had been let fall. Soon he began to take larger pieces and munch them, and then, finding a fine rib, he said:

"Here is meat for *Ivalimâq*!"

As he spoke, the man in hiding grasped his arm and twisted it until it broke.

"*Ivalimâq*! He is breaking my arms." cried the one without.

And then the thief's scout came up and took him on his back and bore him away. Thus it was found that there were two thieves, and that it was the smaller of the two who stole.

When the man came into his house, he said:

"It is not strange that our dried meat grows less, when that fellow feeds upon it."

When the next day dawned, they waited to see if he should come again. But he was never seen any more.

And here it ends.

Autdârutâ of Igdlularssuit.

Kivioq, who left his Home Because his Wife was Unfaithful.

There was once a man named *Kivioq*, and he had a wife. But a young man came seeking her favour. When the husband came home after he had been out in his kayak, he would always find the young man sitting inside passing the time with his wife. And if he had brought home any catch, his wife's mother would go down and haul it up, while his wife herself, and the young man would look on holding each other by the hand. And *Kivioq*, displeased, made up his mind to go away on a long journey. And now whenever he came home with a saddleback he would say:

"Here is skin for mittens" (he would require a great store of these on a long journey).

And at last he had many, for each time he came home he said he had lost one of his mittens.

One day someone asked his wife's mother to beg a little blubber of him.

"This is for your winter store," he said.

"Where is he thinking of going now, I wonder," said his wife's mother.

And then one day when he was out in his kayak, he rowed right out to the open sea. And when he turned round to look at the land it was almost out of sight."

He rowed on again, and when he next looked round, he could no longer see the land. On his way he came to a place which was full of sea-lice. (When we see a piece of drift wood which is full of holes, then we know that the sea-lice made them). He flung his bird arrow out at them, and they ate it up in a moment. And then, seeing that he risked losing his paddle if he tried to row through them, he took a piece of the skin which covered his seat, and cutting it into thongs, bound it about the paddles. In this way he rowed safely through the swarm, for sea lice do not eat thongs.

And thus passing on his way he came later to a place where the snouts of many spotted seal were to be seen sticking up above the water. And these he simply passed by.

And still passing on his way, he came to a place where the guts of bearded seal were to be seen, all bulging out as if they had been filled with water.

"Who can have filled them out thus," he thought, and rowed on.

But at the same time he heard a voice out of the air, which said:

"This place is the Middle of the World!"

Then he rowed on and came to a place where the sea went bubbling round in a whirlpool.

"What can this be?" he thought.

"This is the Navel of the Sea," said the voice in the air.

And after a time he sighted land, and went up to look for a house. And he found one, and likewise a number of kayaks placed on trestles.

Then he went into the house.

"I left my village because I was jealous," he said as he entered. And then he stayed there.

In this house there were two women; they had no husbands, but used the frame-post of the house.

Now he lay down on the bench, and there he lay, looking at the frame-post, which had many projecting knots in the wood, and it was these which the women used.

He was so angry at this that he sprang up and cut them all off with an axe.

When it grew light in the morning, the women said to him:

"Tell us when it is low water."

And he went out, and came back a moment after and told them that it was now low water.

And then they went out and looked at the land and at the sea and said:

"No; you must not call it low tide until the sea has passed out of sight."

And when the sea had passed out of sight, the two women went out hunting, and the man would have gone with them.

"No," they said. "You must not go with us until you have grown accustomed to it."

Nevertheless he went with them a little way, but seeing a great number of strange creatures which lay about in places which at other times were covered with water, he was seized with fear and went back again.

Later in the evening the women came home with bladder-nosed seal on their backs.

On the next day they went out again, and this time he went with them. And after they had traversed all that land which at other times was the bottom of the sea, and at last reached the water, there lay the seal crowding together like crawling maggots.

Now the women sought out their game, took a couple of fjord seal that had recently shed their old coats and went home with these seal, on their backs.

"When you hear a rushing noise, make all haste in to land," said the women.

And then they heard a roaring far out at sea, and the women set off at a run towards land, but the man could not keep up with them.

At the moment when he was about to spring up on to the land, a wave closed over him. But they caught hold of him and hauled him ashore.

When the next day dawned, they went up to a lake inland to catch eiderduck. And in the evening they came home with as many as they could carry.

On the next day the man went up, taking an axe with him, to look at that lake. He took off his clothes and went into the water. When he got out into the lake, a great penis rose up out of the water, and as soon as it appeared, he hacked at it with his axe, cutting it through, and red blood spread out over the lake.

And now he saw that it was for this the women had gone to the lake, and that all the eider duck they had brought home were its gifts.

When he got back, he sat down on the platform as if nothing had happened, and when they spoke to him, he answered carelessly.

Next morning while it was yet early, the women went off as usual to the lake, and sat down on the shore to wait. But as nothing appeared they went home again.

And now they began to suspect the man, and turned from him in anger.

On the next day the man went down to his kayak, feeling now ill-disposed towards the two women. And he rowed home.

He came rowing along, and was nearing land, and his wife had gone up into the hills as usual, but a falcon which had seen him, flew over the woman's head and cried.

"There was once a time when there lived a man named *Kivioq*!"

But the wife went down and told her mother what the falcon had said. Her mother grew sorrowful at this and bowed her head".

Then the wife went out again, and saw a kayak come rowing in towards land; the man was wearied, for he dipped his elbows in the water.

"That looks as if it really might be *Kivioq*," said the wife: "thus he was wont to row when he came home wearied with much rowing."

And she went down to the shore, holding the young man's hand as usual. And when *Kivioq* saw them thus, he turned his kayak outwards again and cried:

"Now I am filled with longing for those stranger women once more." But he was then so close in to land that an old woman was able to grasp the bow of his kayak and hold him back. And she persuaded him with words, until he stepped ashore and went up to his house. And there he sat, in the guest's place, his wife and the young man in the place of the host. But now he turned to the young man and said:

"Let us pull arms, and the stronger take the woman."

And wearied as he was, *Kivioq* seated himself on the floor and began wrestling with that young man.

And the young man could not match his strength.

Thus this matter was brought to an end, and *Kivioq* went up into the host's place beside his wife, while the young man crept shamefacedly to the side platform.

And here ends the story of *Kivioq*.

Tingmiaq (christened *Martha*).

The Woman who was Changed into a Fog.

It happened once, as it may often happen, that many children died, and their parents prepared the bodies for burial. And when they came to bury them — hau! where were they? They looked and looked, but the bodies had disappeared.

This happened so many times, that one day the father made up his mind to look into the matter. He took a big flat stone and thrust into his breast, and then crept into a grave made ready for himself.

There he lay, and at last he heard footsteps in the snow. Now the stones outside began rattling down, and then a head appeared, and a voice said:

"Here is a grown man at last."

And the robber hauled him up and began to fasten a carrying strap about his body, when suddenly he discovered that the dead man was staring at him. And he said:

"Hum! This one is not so dead but that his eyes are still open!"

And then he pressed down the eyelids to close them, and took him on his shoulder and set off. But on their way, whenever they passed by any bushes, the dead man grasped the twigs and held fast so that the other could hardly haul him along.

And when then the dead man suddenly let go, the other would suddenly lurch forward and fly off with the upper part of his body straight out over the ground. Now and again he dropped his burden, and watched it as it lay there staring at him with wide eyes; then he would press down the eyelids again, as one does with a corpse.

He carried the body up over the hills, until he came to his house, here he laid it down by the frame post and said to his wife:

"Here is a corpse so newly dead that it keeps opening its eyes."

The wife at once set about whetting her knife.

And her little son went up to her, dancing with joy, and said:

"Here is a foot for me to eat, it will taste of fresh straw." (Such as is put inside the boot).

"No! That is the part your father likes best!"

"Then I will have the hands, with lots of blubber!"

"That is your father's too!"

Then the corpse opened its eyes.

"Father! The corpse is opening its eyes," cried the boys—for there were two of them—"it is looking at us."

"It has been doing that all day," said the father, stretching himself, for he was weary.

Then suddenly the man who was playing corpse caught sight of a bloody axe stuck in the frame post, and the man-eater's wife, who had now finished whetting her knife, made a cut at him, thinking to slit up his belly, but she only spoiled the point on the stone which he had stuck under his dress. So out she went again to sharpen it once more.

But the corpse, having seen the axe, sprang up and grasped it, and cut off the head of the man-eater as he lay asleep. He made no sound but a gurgling in his throat as it was severed. Then the corpse dashed out of the house.

"Mother, mother, the one you were going to cut up has run away," cried the children.

When he came outside, the woman saw him, but thought no evil, for she took him for her husband.

"Mother, the one you were going to cut up has run away," cried the children again.

And then at last the woman set off in chase, and overtook him as if she were hauling him in with a rope. When she was close at his heels, he uttered a wish that bushes might grow up, and they grew up as he wished, and each time the woman's breeches caught in them it took her some while to free herself. (The breeches of the East-Greenland Eskimos do not reach down to the boot, but leave several inches of leg bare, so that it would be a painful matter for a woman in such case to extricate herself).

But as soon as she had passed through the bushes, she began to overtake him once more. Then the man uttered a wish that stones might roll out in her way. And it took the woman some time to get over them, but soon she began to overtake him again. Then he caused a ravine to open between himself and her.

"How did you get over?" cried the woman when she reached it.

"I dropped down into it first," said the man.

And then the woman dropped down into it, but she managed to get out again without hurt, and went off in chase of him once more.

Then he caused a great rock to rise up between them. This also she passed over, and began to overtake him as before. Then he caused a river to flow between them, a great river it was, and they could hear it roaring.

"How did you get over?" cried the woman.

"I drank up the water," he answered.

And she set about doing likewise. She drank and drank, and the water in the river grew less.

"But how did you get over?" she cried again.

"As I told you; I drank it up," he said again.

And again she began gulping it down as hard as she could.

Then the man cried out to her:

"Look out! Your fur is trailing in the water." And she looked round suddenly, and then—she burst, and there fell a fine rain around. And that is how the fog came.

On the next day the man went out to look at her children, and when he looked through the window, he saw that they had wept so violently that the snot hung out of their noses down to the ground, and thus they had died.

And here ends this story.

Tingmiaq (christened *Martha*).

Uteritsoq
(The Obstinate One).

There was once an obstinate man—no one in the world could be as obstinate as he; no one dared come near him, so obstinate was he, and he would always have his own way.

Once it came about that his wife was in mourning. Her little child had died, and therefore she was obliged to remain idle at home: this is the custom of the ignorant, and this we also had to do when we were ignorant as they.

And while she thus sat idle in mourning, her husband, the obstinate one, came in one day and said:

“You must sew the skin of my kayak.”

“You know that I am not permitted to touch any kind of work,” said the wife.

“You must sew the skin of my kayak,” he said again; “bring it down to the shore and sew it there.”

And so the woman for all her mourning was forced to go down to the shore, and sew the skin of her husband’s kayak. But when she had sewn a little, suddenly her thread began to make a sound, and the sound grew to a muttering, louder and louder. And at last a monster came up out of the sea, a monster in the shape of a dog, and said:

“Why do you sew, you who are in mourning.”

“My husband will not listen to me, for he is so obstinate,” she said.

And then the mighty dog sprang ashore and fell upon her husband.

But the obstinate one was not abashed; as usual he thought he would get his own way, and his way now was to kill that dog. They fought together, and the dog was killed.

But now the owner of the dog appeared, and he turned out to be the Moon Man.

He fell upon the obstinate one, and the obstinate one would as usual not give way, but fell upon him in turn. He caught the Moon Man by the throat, and had nearly throttled him. He clenched and clenched, and the Moon Man was nearly choked to death.

“There will be no more ebb-tide or flood if you throttle me,” said the Moon Man.

But the obstinate one cared little for that; he clutched but the tighter.

“The seal will never breed again if you throttle me,” screamed the Moon Man.

But the obstinate one cared for none of these things, albeit the Moon Man threatened more and more.

"There will never again be dawn of any day if you work my death," said the Moon Man at last.

And at this the obstinate one began to hesitate: he did not like the thought of living in the ceaseless dark. And he let the Moon Man go.

Then the Moon Man called his slain dog to life again and made ready to leave that place. And he took his team and cast the dogs up in the air one by one, and they did not come down again; at last there was the whole team hovering in the air.

"May I come and visit you in the moon?" asked the obstinate one. For he suddenly felt a desire to do so.

"Yes, come if you please," said the Moon Man, "but when you see a high rock in your way, take great care to drive round behind it. Do not pass it on the sunny side, for if you do you will lose your guts."

And then the Moon Man cracked his whip and drove off through the naked air.

Now the obstinate one began making ready for his journey to the moon. It had been his custom to keep his dogs inside the house, and therefore they had a thick layer of ingrown filth in their coats. Now he took them and cast them out into the sea that they might get clean again. The dogs, little used to going out at all, nearly froze to death after their cold bath; they ran about, shivering with cold.

Then the obstinate one took a dog and cast it up in the air, but it fell down heavily to earth again. He took another, and a third, but they all fell down again. They were still too dirty.

But the obstinate one would not give in, and now he cast them into the sea once more.

And when he then a second time tried casting them up in the air, they stayed there. And now he made himself a sledge, threw his team up into the air, and drove off.

When he came to the rock which he was to drive round, this obstinate one thought to himself:

"Why should I drive round a rock at all? I will go by the sunny side!"

When he came up alongside, he heard a woman singing drum songs and whetting her knife; she kept on singing, and he could hear how the steel hummed as she worked.

Now he tried to overpower that old woman, but lost his senses. And when he came to himself, his guts were gone.

"I had better go round after all," he thought to himself, and round he went by the shady side.

Thus he came up to the moon, and told how he had lost his guts merely for trying to drive round by the sunny side.

Then the Moon Man bade him lie down at full length on his back, with a black sealskin under, which he spread on the floor. This the obstinate one did, and then the Moon Man fetched his guts from the woman and stuffed them in again.

While he was there, the Moon Man took up one of the stones from the floor and let him look down on to the earth. And there he saw his wife sitting on her bench, plaiting sinews for thread, and this although she was in mourning. A thick smoke rose from her body; the smoke of her evil thoughts, and her thoughts were evil because she was working before her mourning time was passed.

And her husband grew angry at this, forgetting that he had himself newly bidden her work despite her mourning.

And after he had been there some time, the Moon Man opened a stone in the entrance of the passage way and let him look down. The place was full of walrus; there were so many that they had to lie one top of another.

"It is a joy to catch such beasts," said the Moon Man, and the obstinate one felt a great desire to harpoon one of them.

"But you must not; you cannot," said the Moon Man, and promised him a share of a catch he had just made. But the obstinate one would not be content with this; he took harpoons from the Moon Man and harpooned a walrus. Then he held it on the line—he was a man of very great strength, that obstinate one—and managed to kill it. And in the same way he dealt with another.

After his return from the Moon Man's place, he left off being obstinate, and never afterwards forced his wife to work while she was in mourning.

Told by:

Napa (christened *Susanne*).

Qajêtaq, the Man from the West.

There was once a man whose name was *Qajêtaq* (Wooden Spoon). He was a lonely man, with no kin. And he was a westerner (*avângarnisag*). He lived in a village where there were two young girls; but when their fellow-villagers commenced murdering, the girls fled away over land towards the east coast ("*tunumut ituiput*"). Both these two young girls got husbands. The one bore five children, all boys, and the other four.

And having now sons, and these growing up, they said to them:

"We fled to this place from those who tried to murder us, over on the west coast. Therefore make yourselves strong.

And so they set about making themselves strong, and soon began to think of setting out for the west. And off they went one day, and came across *Qajëtaq* who was out after salmon. He tried to run away, but before he could move, the biggest of the brothers caught hold of him, *Qajëtaq* tried to shake him off, but the other held him fast, and flung him into the river just where it was foaming most fiercely. But *Qajëtaq* fell on his feet, and sprang from stone to stone, until he had crossed to the other side. And then running down to his kayak, he took his gun and aimed. He aimed at the chest of the broadest-chested among them, and down he fell.

The others could not hear the shot for the noise of the waters; they only saw their brother fall, and the man load his gun again and lie down, aiming at them. And so they fled home as fast as they could go to fetch their cousins, and all returned to that place together.

When they reached his land, they went straight in to *Qajëtaq*'s house, and sitting there, laid plans to fall upon him. But as they sat there, in came a little man and said:

"If you fight here in the house, a throw will cause no hurt. Therefore it would be better to go outside."

And so they went out. Then the little man caught hold of the biggest of those brothers and lifted him up and threw him down. So mighty was that throw that the fallen man began to spit blood. When he got on to his feet again, he turned his face towards the east coast, and went off to see it, and the others with him.

After that *Qajëtaq* waited long, thinking that they would come again. But they never did.

And so let him sit there in peace, picking lice from his waistbelt!

Autdârutâ, of Igdlularssuit.

Kamikínârajik.

It came about as usual: he took women to wife and killed them by ill-treatment. And once, after having taken a wife, this one bore him a child, a little thing, and after that it was not long before he began to ill-treat this wife also.

And she, being afraid of her husband, wandered off to seek solitude in the back country (i. e. on the east coast). She went up and came in sight of some high, slippery rocks, and close by was a big house with smoke coming out. She went in—there was plenty of room inside—and there in the back part of the house all was dark. And here she made up her mind to stay the night, and so she pulled off her boots and laid her child to rest, but the child cried, and its crying could be heard all

through the house. So it was not long before one spoke out of the dark:

"Aha! This evening there will be young children to eat!"

Now the mother was seized with fear, and made ready to get away; she was so frightened that her strength almost failed her.

She put the child in her pouch and fled away, but the woman who had noticed her before set off in chase, and was soon close on her heels.

And being now at a loss what to do, she took up the child out of the pouch and cast it on the ground; then the man-eater ate up the child and set off again in chase of the mother. Not until they had come up above the houses did she cease the pursuit.

Now the woman went weeping down the hillside, and coming back to her home said to her husband:

"The ghost in the house has eaten my little child."

"You ran away," said her husband, "angry with me as usual, so it is your fault that the child is dead." And he made towards her, thinking to kill her also.

"First look into the matter," said she, "and kill me afterwards."

And at dawn they set out over towards the back of the land, taking with them weapons; long knives they took, and spears and lines to cast about the heads of their enemies (*naperniutigssait*, a kind of lasso).

And they came to the house, and went in. Once inside, the father fell to crying like a little child, and at once there came a voice from the back of the house:

"Aha! This evening there will be young children to eat."

And as soon as the darkness had fallen, the monster came forth, and they stabbed it to death. It was still early in the evening. Up above the house the snow began to creak. And something fell in through the window, and something fell in through the passage way: something black.

And there was a terrible sound of groaning: "*ong—ong!*" and this one also they stabbed to death. They sat and waited once more. Again the snow creaked above the house, and something fell in through the window, and something fell in through the passage way. They heard someone coming in. And a groaning: "*ong—ong!*"

The thing had hardly thrust its head in through the passage way when they stabbed at it and killed it.

They again they prepared to watch for what might come, and again they heard footsteps creaking in the snow on the roof. Something fell in through the window—they all came the same way—and something fell in through the roof of the house, and this thing was big, very big, as they could hear. They heard it coming in through the passage way, groaning.

And so they cast a thong about its neck, and one hauled on that thong while the other stabbed away at the thing and kept on stabbing.

And at last they killed it.

And then, after waiting again a long time in vain, they went back home—and I cannot remember any more!

Autdârutâ of Igdlularssuit.

Nuerniangarnakajik.

Nuerniangarnakajik took to himself a boy to be his foster-son. And he always took the boy's part in every dispute.

One day he drove out to fetch meat from his store. And while he was away the children played with their toy bows and arrows.

Nuerniangarnakajik's house lay close to the shore: farther up was the house of many brothers. As the children played, one of them chanced to strike *Nuerniangarnakajik's* foster-son in the thigh.

They used sewing needles as points for their arrows, and therefore the arrow made but a slight wound.

"You have hit *Nuerniangarnakajik's* foster-son, and *Nuerniangarnakajik* will take his part," they cried "now remember not to say anything about it."

But *Nuerniangarnakajik* had hardly come in sight when his wife ran towards him crying:

"*Nuerniangarnakajik!* What do you think has happened? They have shot your son with a toy arrow!"

"Evil come to them for that," cried *Nuerniangarnakajik*, and so furious was he on his fosterson's behalf, that he loosened the lashings of the sledge, letting the seal fall off on to the ice, and came up pushing at the sledge himself in a great hurry. For he had cast the team loose.

When he found his foster-son, he looked carefully for the wound, and even pressed the skin to try and make it bleed. But for all his trying there was no wound to be seen.

Nevertheless, towards evening, he began whetting his hunting knife. And after this was done, he fell to watching the house up above, to see when the people went to sleep.

And at last he sang a magic song to make them fall asleep.

In the house of the many brothers there lived two cousins, and one of them had a sister. And these two, thinking that *Nuerniangarnakajik* intended them some evil, and would take vengeance for the hurt to his foster-son, had dug themselves a cave under the window, and crawled in.

Now by reason of *Nuerniangarnakajik's* magic song, the many brothers had fallen asleep. And he came in and began killing them, cutting their throats and quite severing the head from the body. Not one of them so much as woke. The only one who was not killed was the sister of one of the cousins; all she got was a stab which made her guts hang out. When the avenger had gone out of the house the two cousins crawled forth, crept up into their umiak which stood on its trestles, and took clothes and such things as they needed. Then they wrapped up their sister and covered up her wound, and carried her away. They fled up into the country. When they had gone some distance, their sister died. And they left the corpse at the place where it had died, since they could not take it with them. They went on and on, and at last they came in sight of a house: there stood a man outside it.

"What do you want here," said the man as they came up.

"*Nuerniangarnakajik* has murdered all our house-fellows and therefore we have fled away."

"Whither are you going?" he asked again.

"We have as yet fled no farther than here," they said.

"Then stay with us!"

And it turned out that the house was the house of an old couple, and they stayed with them, and the old couple took them as foster-sons.

While in this place, they often went for long walks, walking until they were tired out. For they wished to make themselves strong. And on their wanderings, they tore up by the roots all the bushes they passed. One day, when one of them was pulling up such a root, he happened to strike his cousin, who died of that blow.

And now the one cousin was left alone, and he sought out a woman and took her to wife.

And while he lived there with his wife, he heard that some had made a drum-song about him.

"What shall I do," he thought. "I cannot sing drum-songs myself".

"Try at least to take vengeance; I will give you an amulet of a worm and a crane-fly, and they will be useful."

And then many from that place made up their minds to hold a song contest all together, and they all assembled in one house. The two who were to sing against each other were placed one opposite the other, and they began. The man who first had made his drum-song now began. He sang a little while, and then reaching in under the bench, he drew forth a bloody drum. And after that he reached out towards the framepost and took a flensing knife, which was also covered with blood. Then he smiled, and thrust the drum back under the bench and the knife on the frame post. A little after he took them forth again:

the knife was thrust deep into the frame post; and then suddenly he aimed at his enemy's head with that knife.

"A crane-fly is my amulet," said the other, springing up into the air, and the knife flew under him as he sprang, and struck fire from a stone. All the people cried out in admiration, and the mocker took his knife once more and smiled, sure of not failing this time: yet he failed as before. For he reckoned that the man would spring up into the air, and therefore he flung the knife above his head.

"He is a lucky man who has a worm for an amulet," said the other again, and flung himself flat on the ground, so that the knife flew far above him.

And all the people cried out loudly in applause.

Then it was the other's turn to throw, and he took the knife. He aimed with it, and it seemed to him as if his enemy's throat were the only thing he could see in the place. And now he threw; his enemy gave a shiver, and fell down dead on the spot.

When he fell, some cried out in praise, and others were silent, but the killer went back to his own land.

"Now I had better find some way of dealing with *Nuerniangarnakajik*," he said, when he reached home.

And one day he set out.

"I am going over to see *Nuerniangarnakajik*," he said.

When they came down to the sea, he began making an umiak, and when it was finished, they set off to the northward. At last they reached *Nuerniangarnakajik*'s place; he had now taken land south of the village where he had murdered. And now they took him up northward with them, and travelling together, came to the place where he had once murdered the many brothers.

When they reached the place, the man said:

"Here in this place I once saw a horrible thing: the day when *Nuerniangarnakajik* murdered our house-fellows." And at the same time he said to the foster-son:

"I may as well kill *Nuerniangarnakajik*."

"No, do not kill him," said the foster-son.

"If you make trouble I will kill you too," said the fugitive.

"Very well then, kill him if you please," said the foster-son, who feared for his own life.

Then when the fugitive came out, he saw that *Nuerniangarnakajik* had pitched his tent alone on a little ness. He looked round again and again, fearing some evil.

And now the fugitive went straight up to him and stabbed him to death. After a while he came to life again, and then the other fell upon him again and killed him once more!

And now the foster-son came up. The dead man's toe was sticking out. The foster-son stretched forth his own toe and said:

"My toe is misshapen."

And again *Nuerniangarnakajik* was able to rise up, and he fled backwards. Then he fell into a ravine and did not come to life again.

And now I cannot remember any more.

Told by:

Autdárutá of Igdlularssuit.

Kunanánguaq, the Homeless Girl.

The day come for setting out, and the crew of the umiak were carrying gear down to the boat. Among the many people there was *Kunanánguaq*, a young homeless girl who had only a foster-mother.

"I—ah! I have forgotten my stretchers (sticks for stretching skins)," said her foster-mother when they had nearly finished. "Fetch them for me."

For she wished to free herself from the trouble of looking after that homeless girl.

"Where are they?"

"Up there behind the hill."

And off went the girl to look for them.

But as soon as she was well out of sight, the umiak pushed off and rowed away rapidly. When *Kunanánguaq* came down to the shore again she could hardly see the boat, and now she burst out weeping and cried:

"You have forgotten me, you have forgotten me!"

And as there was now no hope, and she was forced to stay there all alone, she built herself a little house. She gathered fragments of blubber and gnawed bones from the refuse-heap, and stored them up, and this was all she had to eat. And she covered her store with stones.

One day when she was out she saw a guillemot. And as she stood there looking at it, it changed into a kayak, and began to speak.

"I will carry you away in my kayak," it said.

"Where will you take me?"

"We will go after those who left you behind."

"But how will you manage that?"

"Just close your eyes, that is all."

"Very well, let us try."

And so she went down to him, and put herself on his kayak and closed her eyes and they rowed away.

"Do not open your eyes until we reach land."

And they rowed and rowed, and at last they reached land, and she could open her eyes.

When she opened her eyes she saw her old villagers.

"Do got go up at once, but stand for a while shading your eyes," said the kayak man, and rowed away.

And so she placed herself above the houses and stood with her hand over her eyes, looking down. At last the children at their play caught sight of her and said:

"Is it not *Kunanánguaq* up there," they cried. "The girl we left behind to die far away?"

"Let us run up to her," said others, and they came asking many things of her.

"How did you get here?"

"Hum—hum!" said she. For she would not tell them anything, and each time they asked her, she said nothing but "Hum—hum!" But they kept on asking, and at last she said:

"There was a guillemot which rowed me to this place," and then she went down to the houses to seek out her foster-mother.

"And now I cannot remember any more of that story, so let us leave her to pick lice from her waistbelt in peace."

Told by:

Autdárutâ of Igdlularssuit.

Kágsagssúnguasê, the Little Homeless One.

Little *Kágsagssuk* was a homeless boy, who could not grow, and no one cared for him. His place was in a little side room in the passage way, where his grandmother also had to stay, and there he used to sleep with his face between his old grandmother's breasts, buried there as in a sleeping skin. If ever he went out to play, the other boys ill-treated him, and thrust him out into the snow, and when he came in again he was snow all over.

He lived on such scraps as his grandmother could pick up, but when they had nothing to eat, he would go visiting at the great house where the many brothers lived together. And the moment he showed himself in the passage by the doorway, they would lift him up by his nostrils, so that at last his nose turned upwards at the tip. If ever they gave him anything to eat, they never offered him a knife, but let him tear it with his teeth, and when they saw him doing this, there was always one of them who said:

"Look at that miserable little *Kágsagssuk*; he must have got new teeth!"

And then they went up to him and broke one of his teeth. And then perhaps his kinsman (*sega*, = *serparnera*, lit. a splash, a drop, = a cousin's cousin) might take pity on him and give him a knife, but one of the others was sure to come and take it away from him again. And when he bent down to go out through the passage way, there was always someone who caught hold of him by the breeches and heaved him out. And hardly had he got outside when the other boys flung him down in the snow, and he was covered with snow all over. And thus his clothes grew worse and worse, wherefore his grandmother said to him one day:

"Now you must stop going out, for the other boys only illtreat you."

And for a long long time he did not go out at all.

When the time of ripe berries came, he went out in the middle of the night, before the other boys were awake, to gather berries, but as soon as they saw him coming back, they set upon him and threw him down, and so he came home with no berries after all, these having been spilled on the ground when he was thrown down. And therefore his grandmother at last hit upon the plan of making him a berry bag which could be tied round at the opening, and then at last he was able to get home safely with his berries.

One day when he had been thrown down in the snow as usual, and came back in the evening to lie down beside his old grandmother, he said:

"What can I do to make myself no longer so despised that all illtreat me as they do?"

His grandmother answered:

"You must tell no one of this. Tomorrow when you go out up into great hills, and reach the place where the two great ravines running north lie straight before you, then draw your left arm out of the sleeve and cry:

"Let the Master of Strength now come."

And so he did. And hardly had he spoken the words when a great dog appeared. He would have fled, but could not move from the spot. And at last the dog came right up to him, and twisting its tail about him, spun him round and let him fall. And as he fell, he heard a rattling noise about him, and when he looked round, there were a lot of little toy kayaks, which had been shaken out of his body.

Again the dog's tail was wrapped round him, and he felt himself spun round in the air and dropped again. And as before something fell rattling down all round him, and when he looked, it was a lot of little toy harpoons!

For the third time the dog now twisted its tail about him, and when again the rattling noise was heard, he looked round and saw a lot of little dolls which had fallen out of his body!

And now that there was nothing more to come, the great dog said to him:

"It is on account of all these things that you cannot grow, and it is because of them that you have no strength."

And then the dog left him.

Now little *Kágsagssuk* went homewards. On his way he came to a dried up lake, and in the middle of its bed lay a great stone half buried in the clay. He went up to it, and so easily did he haul up that stone that nothing was heard but one sound when the clay said "*Thup!*" And he held that stone up in his arms a long time, and then put it back. After that he went on his way again, and seeing another great stone, he went to the place where it lay and lifted that stone also, and it was a stone much bigger than himself. And this stone he carried a long way without feeling tired, and then he set it down.

And now, returning as usual from his berry-plucking, he was set upon as usual by the other boys, and they flung him down as easily as if he had been but an empty skin. And at last he came home, and in the evening, when he went to rest, his old grandmother asked:

"No one knows anything about it? "

And when he answered no, she said again:

"You must on no account say anything about it to the others."

And now some time passed away without any happening, but then one day, when he was out on his way eastward as usual, he caught sight of a kayak, towing a great catch in towards land. The man who was towing it knew little *Kágsagssuk* and cried out to him:

"Come down, and earn a share of this."

And he went down, and saw that it was a white whale his kinsman had caught. And then the other said to him:

"Had you been able to haul it up alone, I would have given you the whole of it for yourself!"

And now they toiled hard at the work of hauling it up, and when at last they had brought it up on shore, *Kágsagssuk's* kinsman had done nearly all the work himself. They cut the white whale then into two parts, and *Kágsagssuk* at once received the half as his share. And then he put some of his share into his berry bag, and covered it with berries, that none might see what it was. And then he set off for home.

"Do not eat it until evening," said his kinsman, as he left him.

And after that he would go out every night to fetch fresh meat, and therefore his fellow-villagers began to suspect him of something.

"Little *Kágsagssuk* must have a store of meat somewhere: watch him carefully when he goes out," they said.

And so they caught him carefully next time he went out. He went out eastward, and came to his store place, filled his berry bag

and put berries on the top and tied it up tightly and went home. Then the others went to his store and took all the meat back home with them, so that there was nothing left when next he went to fetch some more.

Once it happened that his fellow-villagers found a great piece of drift wood. They toiled and toiled trying to haul it up on hand, but it was beyond their strength, and therefore they could do no more than lash it fast, and by that time evening had come. Then when his fellow-villagers had gone to rest, little *Kágsagssuk* said to his grandmother:

"May I go down to the piece of driftwood down there?"

But his grandmother answered: "What do you want to do there?"

"O, do let me put on your long boots and go down," he said again.

"Very well, go down if you like and try to haul it up, you who are so small," said his grandmother.

And little *Kágsagssuk* fastened his boots and went out. He went down to the great piece of driftwood, hauled it up and hoisted it on his shoulder. The great piece of drift wood yielded at his touch. And he carried it up, and laid it behind the house, and went in to sleep.

Next morning when his fellow-villagers awoke, their great piece of driftwood was gone, and all cried at once:

"The great piece of driftwood has floated out to sea again."

But one of the women, who had gone round behind the house to empty herself, saw the great piece of driftwood there and came in to tell the others.

"Who can it be that has become a strong man among us? The great piece of driftwood is lying behind the house."

And then the men went out to look at it, and began to accuse each other of being the strong one. As soon as any one of them who was big and broadly built appeared, the others would say:

"It must be he who has carried it up."

And the man would try hard to put on a serious face, that the others might still believe it was he.

And now they set to work cutting it up, and the children received small pieces with which to make throwing sticks. Little *Kágsagssuk's* kinsman made him a little harpoon, but each time it was finished, the other children broke it for him. And at last his kinsman made him a harpoon so thick that the other children could not break it, and then at last he was able to keep it.

Now the winter came and the ice grew firm. A little way off shore lay a great piece of calved ice which was frozen fast. One day there came a cry that three bears were coming, but when the hunters set out to hunt them, the bears crept into a hole in the iceberg. The hunters tried to get at them there, but as the bears always dashed out to attack, the men grew afraid of them at last.

Then said little *Kågsagssuk*:

"Grandmother, let me put on your boots and go down."

"What do you want them for?"

"O, let me go down to the others."

And so she gave him the boots, and said:

"Now let us see if you can catch something for me to cut up."

And he fastened his boots with double care and went out. But before he went, his grandmother gave him her meat skewer, and said:

"Here is a weapon for you."

And now he had hardly got outside the passage way when the others began as usual to push him about. They pushed him down as easily as if it had been an empty skin. But the women who stood looking on, said:

"What do you want here?"

And then they cast him down.

"Stay where you are, or they will eat you."

Down at the edge of the ice stood two girls whom he had to pass. And they thrust him over the edge, and again he let himself fall as if it had been a skin bag. And then he set out at a run across the ice, running the faster as he came nearer to the bears. His kinsman offered him a spear, but he did not even look at it, and only said:

"What is the use of things like that."

And now he crept in to the bears. All that could be heard was the noise of bears. At first he threw out the biggest bear, sending it spinning over the ice, and then the second, and then the third. And when then he himself came out, he gave the smallest bear to those who were standing about, and said:

"Here, share this among you."

He himself took the two and hauled them home, and there his grandmother shared them out, giving only to those who had been wont to give to her. The kinsman's wife got the biggest piece. And when it was all cut up, they cooked it, and now those in the great house began to send out invitations.

"Come here, dear little *Kågsagssuk* and visit us."

But when he halted as usual before the entrance hole, his kinsman said:

"Let me help you; it is not the first time I have lifted you up!"

And he lifted him up and set him on the side platform. They gave him food and a knife, but the kinsman took the knife from him, saying:

"It is not the first time I have taken a knife from you."

But the others brought him scalding hot soup, swimming with fat, and said:

"Drink this."

Little *Kágsagssuk* took it and said:

"Grow cold!"

And then he drank it off.

Then one of them offered him a bear's kneecap, and said:

"Swallow this!"

Little *Kágsagssuk* took it and said:

"Grow smaller."

And then he swallowed it. And then, pretending fondness for the children there, he drew them to him and hugged them. And now he said: "Oh, what a pity; I have squeezed this little one to death."

But the parents only said:

"It does not matter, there will doubtless soon come another!"

And others even said to their children:

"Go up and sit by dear *Kágsagssuk*."

And as he grasped them, he would say:

"There! now that one too has broken."

But each time the answer was always.

"Never mind! There will doubtless come another!"

And in this way he killed all the children.

And as he went out, he halted as usual by the entrance, and again his kinsman came and heaved him out.

And now it was *Kágsagssuk*'s turn to invite the others, and when the guests came, he paid them out; to him who had once offered him soup scalding hot and full of fat, he gave the same, and said: "Drink this!"

And the man gave a shriek, and then fell over like an empty skin and died. And to the one who had given him a kneecap to eat he offered the same, and said:

"Eat this!"

And that man likewise fell over like an empty skin and died.

But now after this little *Kágsagssuk* let his anger be clearly seen, and went into the house. He took one of the men and lashed him to the framepost with thongs. And having done this, he took that man's wife and had his will with her, and after that, there flowed blood all about the place, for he killed all the men of that village, by merely striking them with his hand. Only the kinsman and his wife were allowed to live.

But after he had killed all the people of that village, he said to his old grandmother:

"Come here, I was always fond of you."

And the old grandmother chose out the best platform and seated herself there, and that was her place thereafter.

Told by:

Nuisartoq, of Tingmiarmiut, S. E. Greenland
(now *Rosine*, Igdlukasik, S. W. Greenland).

Kúnuk, Kâgsagssuk and Ulivâtsiaq.

In times long past *Kúnuk* and his cousin grew up together and were never separated. The reason was that their parents always lived in the same house, and so where the one went, the other went too.

Once they settled for the winter as usual together with many other families. *Kúnuk*'s family lived in the same house as always. As neighbours they had the *Nuerniagarnakajiks*, who in turn had other neighbours. The *Nuerniagarnakajiks* had no children of their own, for which reason they had adopted a son, whose name was *Nuerniakajakik*. He was of the same age as *Kúnuk* and his cousin. As a consequence, these three boys were always together. They were not small, so that they were able to make playthings for themselves. Once they made a play-house. And one day when they were playing there as usual, *Nuerniagarnakajakik* went out to fetch a seal from a cache. Of course he made the journey by sledge.

When he had gone the boys began to play in the play-house, each having a knife. They had their knives with them to use when they ate. While playing, *Kúnuk* quite by accident happened to wound *Nuerniakajakik* in the head with his knife, whereupon *Nuerniakajakik* began to cry. *Kúnuk* and his cousin were very frightened at this, for *Nuerniakajakik* was both untruthful and a chatterbox. As he now behaved in this way, *Kúnuk* and his cousin in their anxiety went home, *Nuerniakajakik* being still in the play-house.

When *Nuerniakajakik* came home his face was all smeared with blood so much that it was scarcely recognizable. His foster-mother at once began to question him:

"*Nuerniaq*, whatever have you been doing to get your face so bloody?"

Feeling himself pitied, *Nuerniakajakik* answered:

"*Kúnuk* and his cousin stabbed me in the face, and it was all I could do to save myself. In fact, if I had not fled into the play-house they would have killed me, I am sure!"

Hearing this, his foster-mother began to pet and sympathize with him. In the middle of it all, one of the house-people came in and said:

"*Nuerniagarnakajakik* is coming home."

When she heard this, the woman at once hurried out to meet her husband.

Almost before his sledge had come to a standstill she stopped him and began to speak: "Listen, what do you think, *Kúnuk* and his cousin have almost killed *Nuerniakajakik*. He only escaped by running into the play-house. He is sitting at home there, his face badly mauled."

When she said this, it was as if *Nuerniagarnakajik*'s face was dipped in blood, so angry did he become.

When he had laid his implements aside he went in, and as he came in he became angrier still at the sight of his foster-son's face, which was still smeared with blood. So angry was he that he was unable to say a word. The reason was that his anger came from the inside, and becoming so angry he was dangerous. The drumsong says:

"As I do not seem to be angry, it is happening inside me.

If I were just ordinarily angry, it would happen outside me."

What is meant here is that he was dumb with anger.

When evening came, *Kúnuk*'s parents retired peacefully, for they had no notion of what had happened. *Kúnuk* and his cousin, too, lay down in peace.

Kúnuk woke up, hearing a great commotion. It was the people in the house who were making the noise, and he began to listen as well as he could for the noise and shouting. At first he could not make it out, and only understood what as the matter when he heard the words:

"*Nuerniagarnakajik* is going to shoot us with his bow!"

On hearing this, *Kúnuk* tried to hide, and there being no other place, he wrapped himself in the platform-skins and hid on the front platform. A little while after he had concealed himself the only sound he could hear was wailing and groans of pain. In addition, there was a snapping sound; this was the sound of the arrows. When this had gone on all night, and day was breaking, things became quiet. This meant that the groans of pain and the snapping ceased. Even after it had ceased *Kúnuk* made not the slightest movement; this was purely caution on his part, though he was rather hungry. Then, after it had been daylight for some time he went out on to the floor. There he stood silent and still, looking cautiously about him.

After a while he began to inquire:

"Am I the only one to be saved, I wonder?"

After listening a while a voice answered him:

"I am unharmed, too."

Kúnuk hastened to the place from where the voice had come, for he thought he recognized it. Before he had got to the edge of the platform his cousin crawled out from the underside of it. When they met they embraced each other for a long time, without thinking of weeping.

When they had released each other, *Kúnuk* asked again, without really expecting an answer:

"Are we the only ones to be saved, I wonder?"

These words were hardly spoken when from the foot-end of the platform they heard someone say:

"I am here, too, but my bowels have fallen out, as my belly is cut open."

Again *Kúnuk* knew the voice, for it was that of his younger sister. He and his cousin hurriedly took her to the lightest part of the house, and there they saw that her belly was cut obliquely upwards. Seeing this, *Kúnuk* felt like weeping, but thought it would be unseemly to cry at such a time, as they must first and foremost try to think of their flight.

Being unable to carry her away in this plight, they first tried to bandage her, as usual with blubber from which the fat had been pressed. When they had treated the wound, and *Kúnuk* had wrapped his little sister up, he took her on his back and carried her out. Having come outside and moved stealthily away, they began to go upwards in order to flee. But they had no idea of where they should go, for they had no place of refuge.

Nevertheless they went off, *Kúnuk* and his cousin, poor things, with a third who had to be carried. These poor fugitives hurried off, for they wanted to get away from the people whom they feared so much.

When on their way *Kúnuk* every moment asked his little sister how she was, and when he asked her, she always replied at once.

They walked on and on without resting, for they were greatly afraid.

When they were almost at the top of the hill, the voice of *Kúnuk's* little sister became fainter and fainter; this being so, they hurried all they could to the top. Before getting quite there they could get no answer to their repeated question, and then, as she did not answer, they realised that the poor little thing must be dead.

On reaching the top of the hill they took her out of her wrappings and saw that the poor little girl was really dead.

So they buried her in a place where there was a view over the sea out there in the east. Without doubt the scenery was very beautiful, but for the present they did not notice how charming it was. They had not the opportunity, for they were constantly on the watch, and it was difficult to keep the tears back. *Kúnuk* and his cousin mourned long over her, as was their duty. Having wept away their sorrow, they peered round in all directions to see which way they should go. When finally they were able to look around them, they discovered that they had come up to a very beautiful place. Down there below they could see the great ocean. When they turned their eyes inland they saw mountain behind mountain without end. Having seen these things, they talked over the question of where they should go: whether they should proceed without losing sight of the ocean, or they should go inland.

They preferred to take the latter course, because they wanted to have *Nuerniagarnaq*, of whom they were much afraid, as far away from them as possible.

Now, let me first ask: What was the cause of such a great disaster? We have already heard that *Nuerniagakajik* was accidentally wounded, and we have also heard that *Kúnuk* and his cousin went home at once. Then how could it be that *Nuerniagakajik* had so many wounds? No doubt the explanation was this: When *Kúnuk* and his cousin went home, *Nuerniagakajik* must have stabbed himself many times in the face. As his adoptive father believed that the others had inflicted all the wounds on him, he went to *Kúnuk*'s home that evening to shoot them all. Thus it was that *Kúnuk* came to live through days of danger and distress."

So these two little people made their way straight inland, without knowing anything of where or to whom they were going. And didn't they trot along! When they became hungry, they stopped awhile; when they grew tired, they stopped awhile, and when they grew sleepy, they slept awhile. And as they wandered they came to a large fjord. This fjord was full of ice and had a large glacier at its head. To this fjord they went and descended into it. Old winter-ice was still lying up against the glacier. Having got down to it they talked over what direction they should take. At length they agreed to go inwards towards the head. So they made their way up that tremendous fjord, keeping the land quite close to them on their left hand. Having come a long way up the fjord *Kúnuk* said to his cousin:

"I almost thought the two fissures we can see up there in the glacier were men, they are so well-shaped."

When he had said this, his cousin was not long in catching sight of them too. Then he exclaimed:

"It really looks as if they were men, doesn't it?"

Having come nearer to them they became aware that they really were men. And when they got nearer still, they could gradually see that it was people engaged in "peep-hunting". And when they got quite close, one of the people lay down and began to peep and make his ice-harpoon ready. Then *Kúnuk* said:

"Is that not a woman, the one who is going to harpoon?"

To this his cousin merely said:

"Yes, it is really a woman!"

After some hesitation as to whether they should go up to the people or not they continued on their way towards them, for they became aware that these were old people. And when they had almost got right up to them the one who was to use the harpoon turned straight towards them, and, as soon as she saw them, drew her companion's

attention to them. The latter stood up, and by this time *Kúnuk* and his cousin had come quite close. The old people asked:

"Where do you come from?"

As usual it was *Kúnuk* who spoke, and he said:

"From out there, from the north."

"Where are you going?"

"We are not going anywhere in particular; as we have no place to be we are just roaming about. *Nuerniagarnakajik* has shot our parents to death with his bow, that is why we have run away as far as this. That is why we are now living a roaming life.

No sooner had he said this than the old man took hold of his cousin and said:

"Oh, let me have him to help me in my peep-hunting."

Saying which, he seized hold of him in earnest. Taking hold of *Kúnuk* his wife said:

"Let me have this one to fetch snow for my water-pot."

The old people having laid hands on them, they all walked towards the shore. When they arrived at their house the old man offered his new foster-son food. Being ordered to do so, he ate, for he was very hungry.

Kúnuk was not offered anything, but was treated in this way:

His new foster-mother sat down a little way up the platform and put on her anorak-hood; then she took *Kúnuk* on her lap so that he sat across as if he were a little child. She rocked herself to and fro, to lull him to sleep, first his body and then his soul.

Having done this, she placed him before her, with his back to her, of course in order to continue putting him to sleep. Then she began to weave a spell over him. Having done this, she told him to walk out on to the floor.

When he had walked on to the floor, she said to her husband:

"Bring in and eat the blubber-bag with my berries. Such food we call 'new-arrival food'."

Scarcely had she given this command when the blubber-bag stood in the middle of the floor.

After they had eaten what was in it, the husband treated them to a cached seal.

Having come to the end of this treat, the old woman said to *Kúnuk* and his cousin:

"You have fled here because of fear. You must always remember that while you are growing up. If you don't, you will never cease to fear those of whom you were afraid."

Having told them this, she at last lay down to sleep.

After this the two young boys did the work each had to do. *Kúnuk's* cousin accompanied his new foster-father when he went peep-hunting,

whereas *Kúnuk* was always at home, helping his foster-mother with manual work. For this reason they did not see each other for a long time during the day. When his cousin returned home *Kúnuk* was always happy, and, as soon as they had eaten, they would usually go out together, and as a rule did not do more than wrestle with stones in order to exercise their muscles. Then when they did this no longer they would wrestle with each other, and conclude with exercising their arm muscles. By means of these exercises they made great progress, and in the course of a short time the cousin was much stronger than *Kúnuk*.

Kúnuk was not a bit envious for that reason, for he expected much of him; nevertheless, he did not want him to surpass him too much in strength.

Time went, and one day they were also given a kayak. With this they practised all the more, trying everything to make themselves stronger and to gain skill in kayak-rowing too. So it was not long before they became clever hunters.

When they went out in their kayaks they were always together, because *Kúnuk* could not bear to be separated from his cousin.

Then one day *Kúnuk* wanted to dry his kayak, because it had become water-laden. As there was nothing wrong with his cousin's kayak, and the latter wanted to go out hunting, *Kúnuk* tried to persuade him to stay at home because he did not want him to be out alone. But as the cousin was already about to get into the kayak and wanted to go out, he went off.

When he had gone *Kúnuk* was very anxious about him all the time, for this was the first time they had been separated. When evening was approaching he could no longer stay indoors, for he was waiting for his cousin and watched for him.

He stood watching for him till it became dark, and you may be sure they had to wait. Night passed on, and still he did not come.

Day came at length and he had not returned. They waited and waited but he did not come. Actually they had given up hope when dawn came. Some few days later, on a day when *Kúnuk* remained at home, an enormous kayakman came to their dwelling-place. When he came ashore *Kúnuk* was quite alone on the beach to meet him. Before the stranger had got out of his kayak *Kúnuk* began to realize whom it was, for it was his enemy, *Nuerniagarnakajik*. All the same, he invited him to get out of his kayak and come up. But as he did so *Kúnuk* walked hurriedly in front, rather fleeing than walking. A little later *Nuerniagarnakajik* came in, and, on coming into the house sat down on a box.

After sitting a while, food was offered him and he began to eat. While eating he gazed fixedly at *Kúnuk*, and at length it was evident

that he recognized him. Of course he would not be content with a fleeting recognition. And sure enough, shortly afterwards he asked *Kúnuk*:

"You there, who are you?"

Being asked, *Kúnuk* was about to tell his name, but just as he was going to speak a voice suddenly came from the platform:

"He there is my foster-child, *Qaqipilivarterajik*."

Saying this, the old woman, for she it was, began to divert *Nuerniagarnakajik*'s attention from *Kúnuk* by talking about other things. She did this because she noticed that *Nuerniagarnakajik* was about to recognize *Kúnuk* again, and, if he recognized him, there was no doubt that he would try to kill him. So she had hastened to forestall *Kúnuk* by giving him another name. *Nuerniagarnakajik* remained long silent, and then said in a low and doubting voice:

"It is strange how you resemble many people."

Just as *Kúnuk* was about to answer him, the voice forestalled him as before:

"Yes, there must be many like that dear little one there, but he happens to be my foster-son, *Qaqipilivarterajik*."

Saying which, she began to speak quickly to *Nuerniagarnakajik* about other things altogether. A little later, *Nuerniagarnakajik* went out to go home. And as he left at once, it was certainly a pleasant relief. It appeared that *Nuerniagarnakajik* had actually recognized *Kúnuk* from the first and would have killed him, but abandoned the thought when he became uncertain owing to his having another name. For the present, then, *Kúnuk* escaped death.

Not many days after all this had happened they heard that the reason why *Kúnuk*'s cousin had not come back was, that *Nuerniagarnakajik* had killed him. It seems that the following was the manner of his killing: *Nuerniagarnakajik*, having met *Kúnuk*'s cousin, began to question him as to where he lived. In the end he had asked his name, and immediately the cousin had spoken his name, *Nuerniagarnakajik* had killed him with his harpoon.

When *Kúnuk* heard this, it was as if he actually realised for the first time that he had an enemy. And from that moment he began to develop his strength without sparing himself; for now he felt that he had been deprived of his protector and that he had only his own strength for defence. At the thought of his powerful cousin he became still more eager, for he might happen to meet *Nuerniagarnakajik* again, and with all his heart he wanted that man to die.

A Strange Drum Dance.

The years had passed quickly, and, as they do not seem to have witnessed anything out of the ordinary, there was nothing to tell about them. Even the death of *Kúnuk*'s foster-father was not mentioned. *Kúnuk*, having acquired enormous strength, was no longer content to remain at his adoptive parents' usual settlement, and, as he wished to go and live somewhere else, his adoptive mother was only too pleased to agree.

Having gone to live at another place *Kúnuk* married one who was incomparably beautiful. And being married, and living among other people, the one for whom he sorrowed was no longer constantly before him. This means that he had become hard and fond of life. Consequently he and his fellow-villagers became good comrades. *Kúnuk* had concealed his great strength, so nobody knew really how strong he was, though they were not entirely ignorant of the power of his arms.

Then one day people began to arrive from many places. One of the visitors cried cheerfully:

"*Kúnuk*, *Ungilagtaqut* wants a drum-match against you!"

To this *Kúnuk* answered fearfully:

"Whatever for? Why does he want a drum-match against me?"

"He has no actual reason. It is merely your wife's beauty that is driving him!"

"What has my wife's beauty to do with *Ungilagtaqut*?"

"Well, the fact is that he has three wives, all unusually pretty; he had drum-contests against their former husbands, and when he did so he used a long knife for a drum-stick, and with that he stabbed them to death; he never misses! He is going to stab you the same way, and when he has done that, he will take your wife for his fourth."

At this *Kúnuk* began to feel anxious and did not know what to do. Very depressed he went home to his tent. On coming inside he said to his wise old foster-mother:

"They say that *Ungilagtaqut* wants to have a drum-contest with me and that he is after my life; he is going to stab me with his long, two-edged knife. When he has killed me, he is going to take my wife."

When the venerable old woman heard this she was not at all anxious or afraid; she simply said:

"*Kúnuk*, just you accept that drum-match against *Ungilagtaqut*!"

"How can I do that? Since I lost my father and mother I have never tried to sing a drum-song, nor do I know how to make one up."

"You don't need to compose drum-songs; just learn your lullaby; if you know that, it is enough!"

Even after hearing this *Kúnuk* was still doubtful, for he thought it horrible to be stabbed to death. At length his wise old foster-mother spoke:

"*Kúnuk*, you must take this drum-match. I have brought you up to give as good as you receive, because otherwise you might run away in fear."

Hearing this, *Kúnuk* felt as if anger was born in his heart. And having got into this state, he began to practice singing his lullaby. Naturally, he learned it at once, as it was so simple, and there was only a short time before the drum-contest was to be held.

When all the people heard about *Kúnuk* and the coming drum-contest, as usual they could think of nothing but what they should wear. Indeed, a drum-contest was an event that happened on very rare occasions, and so no one would dream of remaining at home. In this case, too, there was something very unusual about the two rivals, on account of *Ungilagtaqut*'s deadly skill at throwing the two-edged knife, and *Kúnuk*'s great strength, though he had done everything to prevent people noticing it. But in spite of what he could do, people had of course become aware of it. For these reasons not a single person stayed away from the match. When the disturbance and bustle among the assembled people had quietened down, *Kúnuk* at last determined to set out in order to get the quarrel settled.

Very early one morning, before even daylight came, numbers of umiaks and kayaks began to sail out, and when all had left the shore, *Kúnuk* pushed off in his kayak as the very last. This was no plan of his own; he simply did as his wise old foster-mother had instructed him. On entering his kayak *Kúnuk* had his anorak-hood on, and he could not set out till his adoptive mother had given him permission to do so. Already before she pushed his kayak off she began to make magic over him behind his back. When she had done this and again sung his lullaby, she spoke to him as follows:

"*Ungilagtaqut* will step out on the floor straight from the side-wall. When he has done so, you must go at once to the opposite side. The moment you have appeared, *Ungilagtaqut* will begin to sing and drum, and, when that is over, he will take aim at you. Then, fear nothing and make yourself as tall as you can, as I am sure he will not attack you anywhere else—he will simply try to split your chin and hit you in the middle of the throat.

"When he throws the weapon at you, crumple yourself up. If you do that he cannot hit you, for the weapon will pass above you. Then, when the two-edged knife is stuck in the wall just beside your head, those who have come to the contest will, if any of them take sides with you, advise you to take it. If they shout to you to do so, you must not

take their advice, and *Ungilagtaqut* will recover it. When he has ended his song for the second time, you must crumple yourself up, because as he threw above you the first time, he will have had enough of that and will aim lower this time. Then, when he throws the weapon to spit you, you must jump up, for if you do that the knife will pass below you. Then if the people there again advise you to take the knife, you must not do so as long as *Ungilagtaqut* does not try to get it; but when he stretches out his hand for the two-edged knife you must take it out of his hand, as it were; that will save you from having to fetch the drum from the opposite wall. Then, when you have the drum, don't beat it but first say the words of the lullaby, without putting a melody to it. When that is over, don't for a moment think of throwing the knife at him. Do you understand that? No matter how much they urge you to do it, don't listen to their advice. What you must do is this: After a moment's silence you must begin to sing his song, and in doing so you must drum and dance in real earnest. When it is ended, and as it is ending you must raise the knife against him and just as you stand, without taking aim, throw it at him and try to hit him below the chin. If you should down your enemy you must kill a she-dog as well, and then, if you will, you may get yourself a wife from among the women whose husband you have killed. — Now, *Kúnuk*, have you understood all the advice I have given you?

Kúnuk having assured her that he had, the old woman carefully pushed her brave adoptive son off from the shore.

After paddling a little way, *Kúnuk* looked back and saw his venerable old adoptive mother sit down, with the hood over her head, on the very spot from which he had set out. Then with a peaceful mind he set out for the drum-contest.

Coming near to *Ungilagtaqut*'s settlement they all began to shout: "*Kúnuk* is coming to hold a drum-contest!"

When the people had cried this, the umiaks turned in towards the shore; they were crowded with people, and all got out as soon as the boats touched the shore and soon were up on the beach.

After all these people had landed, *Kúnuk* entered the house last of all. When he came in and opened the inner end of the passage, the house was truly well—a light—it was dazzling. On entering, he walked to the right-hand side to sit down, because his powerful opponent had a platform seat at the left wall. After *Kúnuk* had walked to and fro for a while, he sat down against the side wall. While preparing to sit he secretly looked about for his wife—you may be sure he looked for her! At last he discovered that *Ungilagtaqut* had already placed her at the innermost corner of his platform, where she sat with a very tear-stained face. The sight of her there made him rather angry inside,

but he did all he could to prevent others from seeing it and began to talk to the man at his side about various matters of no consequence, though he was inwardly boiling with rage.

It is customary when there is to be a drum-contest to begin with a great feast, but this time no one ate anything, because the two who were to hold the contest had nothing funny or laughable to say to each other; on the contrary, it was to be expected that the match would end in death.

When *Kúnuk* had found a seat he drew off his anorak and laid it a little above the place where he was to dance. When he had taken it off all the people suddenly ceased talking; at this, *Kúnuk* looked round to see what was the cause of this sudden silence. Then he saw—just think, how strange—that *Ungilagtaqut* already had his boots on, and, at the moment he looked at him, he got down on his belly and began to rummage in under the platform, and very soon he drew out a large drum, on which the skin was quite white. Having drawn it out and looked at it a moment, he pushed it back again and drew out another drum. This one was not nice, for it was saturated with blood. This, then, was the drum he used when about to kill. Having drawn it out, he began to wet the skin, and, having wet it and being about to step forward, he put his hand up under the roof-beam and drew out a large two-edged knife. On seeing this *Kúnuk* became a little uneasy, for he knew that sooner or later that knife would go through either him or the other. At length *Ungilagtaqut* stood out, a little behind the platform and up against the side wall. When he had done so, his supporters began to cry:

“Let his opponent step out too!”

When they had cried this, *Kúnuk* at once stepped forward opposite his opponent, up against his side-wall. This done, the people began to shout and amuse themselves, and while they were doing this, *Kúnuk* looked towards his wife, who began to weep softly, *Ungilagtaqut*'s three wives having surrounded her in the corner of the platform. *Kúnuk* turned away at once from this sight, because he himself was almost on the point of weeping.

Then at last the powerful *Ungilagtaqut* began to dance, and when he began, *Kúnuk* did everything he could to look tall, and as actually he was a well-grown man, he soon touched the roof-beams with his head. When *Ungilagtaqut* began to sing, his adherents sang with him, whereas none of those standing nearest *Kúnuk* uttered a word. From this he now understood that he could count upon these as his supporters. When *Ungilagtaqut* had danced a while his song was soon ended, and when it came to an end all his supporters who had sung with him became quite still. As he concluded his song he took aim at *Kúnuk*, and everybody looked towards poor *Kúnuk*. But *Kúnuk* did not notice them

all staring at him, for his attention was concentrated upon one thing, his opponent's knife-throw.

Ungilagtaqut threw the knife, and at the same instant *Kúnuk* made himself small, and truly, there was a clash above him. When the two-edged knife was fast in the wall *Kúnuk* drew himself up again, and as he did so his supporters cried:

"The man who never misses has missed! Do the same to him, do the same to him!"

Repeating these words they crowded round *Kúnuk*, shouting into his very ears; but he pretended not to hear, keeping his eye on the knife all the time. When *Kúnuk's* wife saw this, she wished in her thoughts that her husband would possess himself of it, but when she saw that he made no attempt to take it, she argued to herself:

"Is he really thinking of letting himself be killed?"

At last he moved in the direction of *Ungilagtaqut*, and then the many people over at his side shouted louder for him to take the knife. But before he could do so, the mighty *Ungilagtaqut* seized it, went back to his place and again began to sing and drum, and his supporters cried out:

"It is to be now!"

Those who were supposed to be on *Kúnuk's* side merely looked at him in silence and pitied him. *Ungilagtaqut*, who never missed, missed the first time, but he would not miss the second time.

Seeing how matters stood now, *Kúnuk's* wife felt as if she were sitting over a fire, for her thoughts were far away from everything else and solely with her husband, for she thought:

"Now *Kúnuk* is as good as dead."

She turned her face away from her husband for a moment and looked at the other. *Ungilagtaqut* was coming to the end of his song, and, as she wished to see her husband alive for the last time, she turned her face towards him—and see!

How strange! Where was big *Kúnuk*? There, far down towards the floor, and he had become a tiny man, but so thick and wide!

Now when *Ungilagtaqut* ended his song and aimed at his opponent, his eyes shifted about long and it was evident that he was uncertain as to how to act.

When he again took the knife and took a long aim, he threw it; at the moment he did so, *Kúnuk* suddenly leaped up into the air, and, as he jumped, the knife flew between his legs and was heard to crash into the wall. This was the second time *Ungilagtaqut* had missed. When they saw this, *Kúnuk's* supporters cried out in one voice:

"The man who never misses has missed again. Pay him out. Pay him out."

As before, *Kúnuk* looked at the knife for some time, as if to make his supporters uncertain. His wife then began to wonder:

"Will he not take it this time again, I wonder?"

Ungilagtaqut was already on his way over to him, and all those who had urged *Kúnuk* to take the knife were very anxious and seemed very uneasy about him.

Ungilagtaqut came over to *Kúnuk*, and at the moment he stretched out his hand to seize his knife, *Kúnuk* as it were tore it out of his hand and held it as in a vice. After taking it, a moment later and he had deprived *Ungilagtaqut* of his drum too.

When they saw this, all the people began to shout till the noise was deafening. *Ungilagtaqut* with an anxious look returned to his place, with no weapon or implement of any kind, neither knife nor drum. Even after he had taken up his position again the noise continued long, and the people only became silent when a hush was called. Then at last *Kúnuk* began to sing and dance after first beating the drum.

When his supporters joined in his song after he had begun to dance and sing, his voice died away altogether. Now he began to dance in earnest, so all the people could fully enjoy the sight of him.

He continued to do so for a long time, and then began to come to the end of his lullaby. Near the end the many onlookers fell silent, just as if there were no people in the house at all. When *Kúnuk* had ended his song they waited long for him to raise the weapon; but when he continued drumming without taking aim at his adversary, they all began to shout to him:

"Go on, at him!"

But he did not; but when they called to him he ceased drumming for a moment. And when they were becoming silent, he began to sing his lullaby again, and in a little while began to dance with more vigour than before. Now the dancing and singing began in real earnest for the first time, and the others chimed in as before. When at last he was coming to the end, the others who sang with him became silent as usual, watching carefully to see what he would do now. When complete silence had fallen he stopped suddenly, and see! He took aim at his enemy. At the same moment *Ungilagtaqut* turned sideways, with his face towards *Kúnuk*. Having done this, he spread his hands in front of his face, his right hand touching his chin, and sank to his knees, to make himself as small as possible. The beast having placed himself in this position, *Kúnuk* was uncertain for a moment as to where he should try to hit him. At length he gazed fixedly at a certain spot, for he was seized with the desire to hit and split the outer edge of his hand. After looking at it thoroughly he threw the knife. I assure you, it did not miss! *Ungilagtaqut* was hit in the middle of the throat, his

hands were pressed against it and his throat was pinned to the wall of the house, just as when one stretches a skin.

When this happened, all the people pointing at *Ungilagtaqut* said:

"Gently, gently! He, that bad one there, used to be so cautious. He, that bad one there, used to be so cautious!"

When this cry arose there was great commotion among the people, who were now making ready to leave. For they had become greatly afraid and wished to get away quickly. In a short time the big house was almost empty. Quiet sobbing was heard over where *Ungilagtaqut* was.

When *Kúnuk* was ready he would go, but first he would have the prettiest of *Ungilagtaqut*'s wives for his second wife. He walked past his still living enemy, crept up on to the platform and approached the three women, who had fled to one corner. After looking at them a moment he took the prettiest as easily as if she were a child and went off with her; as he passed *Ungilagtaqut* he took a firmer grip of his burden and, despite her resistance, turned her face towards his. Holding her thus, he walked slowly past the man. And as he did so, *Ungilagtaqut*, summoning all his strength, said:

"You must never turn away from her for long at a time, for she would never put up with my turning my back to her."

Hearing this, *Kúnuk* made haste to get outside, and when he came to the passage-way he saw his wife standing at the inner end of it, waiting for him. When he reached her they both went out, he going first. They had just got outside when they were taken by surprise, for someone standing just beside them gave them a push.

"That was a good strong push!" All the same, they did not notice it the first time but tried to go on without looking back. But when he received a still more vigorous push, causing him almost to fall, he turned round. And what was it he saw? A little man, with no neck between shoulders and head! When he saw this he passed the burden he was carrying to his wife and told her to take the woman to the umiak.

The two then came to grips, and they wrestled with a vengeance. Several times *Kúnuk* tried to throw his opponent, but found that it was not such a simple matter. The little insignificant man also tried to throw *Kúnuk*, but he too seemed to realize that he had grappled with one who was very strong. So at last these two strong men at last began really to fight, and without releasing each other they continued to wrestle.

Time after time *Kúnuk* angrily tried to throw his little opponent, but failed every time, because he always got his feet to the ground. Just when *Kúnuk* was feeling most doubtful he felt that he had lost his footing behind him and was losing his balance. That was because he had caught his feet against a stone to which a dog was tied, so that

it slipped away. When this happened it seemed to him that he squeezed his little opponent. But as he did not fall and had regained his balance, and was about to grapple with the man in real earnest, he noticed that the man was pushing him repeatedly, and very cautiously he began to release his grip; when he had done so, the man fell to the ground. Having fallen, the little man sat up, with both hands resting on the ground. Even then he was disturbed, nodded his head as if he were sleepy, and behaved as if he had lost his senses. Seeing how it was with him, *Kúnuk* without saying a word looked down at him. For a while he waited to see what would happen to his opponent. Finally, when he seemed to have come to himself, he drew up and sat sideways and turned his face straight towards *Kúnuk*. Having looked at him a while, this is what he said to him:

"When the inland-dweller and I wrestled and knocked against each other, no excrement went from me; but when *Kúnuk* and I wrestled and knocked against each other, excrement went from me, and all became dark before my eyes, because my inside was crushed!"

No doubt this was because *Kúnuk*, when he stumbled over the stone, happened to squeeze his opponent so hard that something inside him broke and hard excrement was pressed out of him. After looking at him for a time *Kúnuk* went away without saying a word. It was only later he learned that he had been wrestling with *Usugssamiarssúnguag* himself.

Now when *Kúnuk* made his way down to the sea, he first looked to see if his wife really had taken his new wife with her in the umiak. Yes, she really had thought of her and already had her in the umiak.

Then the umiak party started out on the journey home, *Kúnuk* following slowly behind the umiak in his kayak as the victor.

Arriving home, they were about to go ashore when they all cried: "*Kúnuk* has killed, *Kúnuk* has committed murder!"

When this cry was heard, a very old woman repeated continuously: "What is that they are saying? What is that they are saying?"

But as those crying were not understood, the curious old woman received no answer.

But when the people at last began to understand her question, they gladdened her heart by saying:

"*Kúnuk* has killed!"

This was very good news to the old woman.

As *Kúnuk* approached the place where he used to enter his kayak, imagine his great surprise when he saw the old woman, his old foster-mother who had not moved from the spot since the day before, when they had sailed away.

He rowed to his usual landing place, and when he arrived there his old foster-mother dragged the kayak ashore, on which she asked him:

"Have you got a woman and a dog?"

Kûnuk answered:

"I forgot, because I have had to go through so much that was terrible and astonishing."

"It does not matter, Let it be so," she said.

From that moment *Kûnuk* began to be famous, as is usually the case. Having now become so strong, he made it his next object to revenge himself on his old enemy, it being his first duty to repay him for what he had done.

Kâgsagssuk.

Kâgsagssuk was a little child who had no relatives at all, and his only home was with his grandmother, the only one to look after him.

Kâgsagssuk and his grandmother had a hut that was just big enough to hold them. Next door to them was a large house full of people, among them being many hunters.

Though there were many men, only one had any pity for him, a man who was a very distant relation of his: *Kâgsagssuk* was his second cousin. When *Kâgsagssuk* poor thing was visiting them, he was the only one who ever gave him anything to eat. Some of the others sometimes gave him a little, but only so much that his mouth was never quite still. *Kâgsagssuk* did no work; what occupied him most was games from morning till evening. That was the way with him. If his play-mates tired, others took their place. It seemed as if *Kâgsagssuk* could never tire.

Sometimes, when the poor little boy had gone home, they would call through the window:

"We were to say that they are going to cut up a cached seal, and to ask if will *Kâgsagssuk* come."

Hearing this, *Kâgsagssuk* would put on his shabby, worn anorak and go out, for he never had trousers or kamiks. While he was going through the passage, the two who had placed themselves side by side near the inner end, would hurry forward and wait for the poor little fellow. Then, when his head came into the house, one of them would put his first and second fingers into his nostrils, taking him by the back of the neck with the other hand, then lift him and shake him. Having done this, he placed him above the inner end of the passage, and when he released him and the boy walked forward, the next took hold of him and did exactly the same with him as the first had done.

When they released him, poor little *Kâgsagssuk* wept quietly while wiping his nose, which had become smeared with blood. Having ceased

to cry, the poor little thing would stoop down between the legs of those who were cutting up and eating the seal, trying in that manner to get a share of it. Naturally he was unable to cut off big pieces, as the seal was frozen stiff. Nevertheless, these wicked people would say:

"*Kágsagssuk* is eating it all up!"

So they would take his little hands and cut off his nails, making them bleed. When they did this he was unable to eat any more, and would then go home weeping. When he came home his grandmother would always weep.

Once when he had been invited, he said to his grandmother:

"I have pains in my fingers! I wish I could have a knife, no matter how small it was."

His grandmother on hearing this began to look about her. Oh, how sorry she was for him! There where the nails should be was blood-red, for he had no nails at all. Seeing this, the grandmother suddenly busied herself with making a knife for him. This she placed between the middle and the fourth finger of his right hand.

This done, she stroked his hand a little, then blew on it three times. Then she said to him:

"Now no one will be able to discover the knife."

Kágsagssuk's new knife being finished, he went out.

After being treated in the usual way on his arrival, he went forward in order to get a share of the feast. Having joined the company he began to eat in earnest, and, as he ate with tremendous appetite, the two spiteful ones naturally noticed it, because he ate so quickly. One of them said:

"Little *Kágsagssuk's* appetite is much too big. I wonder if he uses a knife."

At this he began to examine *Kágsagssuk's* hands, took the fingers and spread them out one by one, and when he took hold of the right-hand middle finger the fourth finger went with it. Having searched in vain, he let the hand go and said:

"He has no knife; he is merely a quick eater."

Having released him, he took no more notice of *Kágsagssuk*. And you may be sure that at last little *Kágsagssuk* ate himself full!

On one of the following days they were eating the meat of three bears. When they began to cook the meat, *Kágsagssuk* had no thought of going in, but waited, for he hoped that as usual he would get a taste of the soup. At last those who were boiling the bear meat were finished.

The meat having been boiled, *Kágsagssuk* received small pieces of it from here and there, but just enough to give a taste for more.

After he had tasted it and was making ready to go, one of the two who used to torment him came and said:

"*Kágsagssuk*, wait a little."

The one who said this was gnawing all he could at the knee-bone of a bear. When he was finished, he gave it to *Kágsagssuk*, saying:

"Swallow this. If you don't, I'll kill you!"

No wonder that poor *Kágsagssuk* hesitated when he took it. But there was nothing to be done about it; the man was just about to stab him with a large knife, when the boy, just as he was putting the bone into his mouth, said:

"Become smaller!"

Saying this, he began to swallow the bone slowly, and in a moment he had swallowed it without doing himself any harm.

No sooner had the one who had given him the bone retired, than the other tormentor began. Seizing a large ladle, he filled it to the brim with boiling bear soup, gave it to *Kágsagssuk*, and said to him:

"Drink this without cooling it the least bit. If you don't do as I say, I'll kill you!"

There being nothing else to do, poor *Kágsagssuk* had to prepare to drink it. Putting the ladle full of soup to his mouth, he said:

"How cold it is!"

After saying this he began to drink it, and when he had taken it all, he gave the ladle back to its owner and went out.

When he had gone, those left in the house did not doubt for a moment that he would never get home. Next day it appeared, however, that he had taken no harm.

The years went by, and those who were younger than *Kágsagssuk* grew up and began to catch seals. But *Kágsagssuk* did not change in the least, no more than a doll changes. Only his nose grew. This was because it had been pulled so much in all these years. At times, it is true, his grand mother spoke of what they should do to make him grow a little, but it could not be done. *Kágsagssuk* did not change in the slightest.

Once when autumn was well advanced his second cousin said to him:

"Listen, little *Kágsagssuk*. To-morrow I am going into the fjord in my kayak. Follow me along the shore, and when I catch sight of a bearded seal, you must try to attract its attention to you by screaming without stopping."

Having thus instructed him he went out. Next day very early little *Kágsagssuk* was well on his way into the fjord along by the shore.

Having got some distance into the fjord, what did they see? They saw what they had come out to see, a bearded seal! When it had come up at the same place several times and dived down again, the kayak-man placed himself close by it. Having done so, little *Kágsagssuk* on shore made ready to do what he had been told to do.

And there, it came up, and as soon as it bobbed up, *Kágsagssuk* on shore began to scream with all his might:

"*Qê, Qê, Qê, Qêq!*"

When the seal heard this, it turned and looked towards the shore, and it had not looked long before the hunter from the sea side of it had harpooned it. When he had killed it and brought it ashore, he said:

"*Kágsagssuk*, you shall have the whole of one side, and then you will have food enough for a good part of the winter."

Being told this would make anybody pleased, and naturally *Kágsagssuk* was overjoyed at once.

When the hunter had cut the seal in two pieces lengthwise, he laid *Kágsagssuk's* share to one side, placed stones over it and made it fast. He carefully instructed him as to which path he should take when he fetched meat, and showed him that the stone covering the meat was smaller at *Kágsagssuk's* cache than at his own.

Everything being finished, he impressed upon him very carefully how necessary it was to come secretly when he wanted meat, as if his tormentors got the least inkling of the cache, they certainly would not leave it alone.

In the end *Kágsagssuk* took a small piece of the meat with him and went home very pleased.

After that he went out to fetch meat from the cache only at very long intervals, and in order to be as sparing as possible he did not take much at a time. At last, his grandmother one day said to him:

"*Kágsagssuk*, you dear little one, fetch some of your meat to-morrow as you usually do, for now there is no more for you."

When she had said this, *Kágsagssuk* as usual had a great desire to go on the following day. Next morning he started out, and, on arriving at the cache, it seemed to him that there was something strange about it, for it looked as if strangers had interfered with it, and only recently.

On coming to the cache he began to remove the stones, and when they had all been removed—imagine what a sorrowful sight! The cache turned out to be completely empty. Not even a piece of blubber was left."

When poor little pitiful *Kágsagssuk* saw this, he was so disappointed that he sat down beside the empty cache and wailed.

Afterwards he went home very sad and told his grandmother what had happened. This being sorrowful news for these poor people, they both wept again.

As it turned out, those two wicked people, the tormentors, had got to know about the cache and had stolen it all.

Next morning early *Kágsagssuk's* grandmother said to him:

"Listen to me, *Kágsagssuk*. Go inland and see if you cannot get hold of something or other; for if you go on being as you are now, you will always be fooled!"

On hearing this he put something on and went straight into the country.

After having walked and walked and got far into the country he came to a large stone; there he stopped and began to cry:

"Won't anyone brush me down?"

This he continued to shout nearly all that day. As afternoon was drawing on he lost courage and began to wonder whether he should go back again without any result. But he worked himself up and continued to call as before. And suddenly, while in this state, he became afraid. In the state he was in there was nothing that did not reveal itself to his inner sight. This was because he was sure he would see ghosts. After remaining in this state for some time his fear left him, though no ghost had appeared as yet. His fear having disappeared, he was so disappointed that only at long intervals he called weakly; he had now ceased to expect to see anything that would cause him any surprise.

Suddenly someone said right at his side:

"Well, let me brush you down!"

Alarmed at this unexpected speech he turned, and then saw a tall figure which was already upon him. There being no place to run to, he stood quite still in front of him.

When he had stood a while, the tall figure exclaimed:

"I shall brush you down. Turn round towards me!"

He turned towards him, and no sooner had he done that than the tall figure began to stroke him from his head downwards, and I tell you, things fell from him with a rattle; it was a lot of old bones from seal hind flippers that fell down, and this made *Kágsagssuk* lean far back. This was because his front side was growing.

Then you may be sure the tall figure whirled him round and round, stroking him from top to bottom all the time, and at every stroke a great quantity of old bones fell down. Having done this four times in succession, he said to him:

"Now there is nothing to prevent you from growing!"

Then he added:

"Just finger with that big stone a little!"

Little *Kágsagssuk*, without actually expecting any result, tried to move the stone; and although he did it merely in order to try, just fancy, how marvellous! He was really able to move it.

When he had moved it to and fro, and then ceased, the tall figure said to him:

"In time you shall be just as strong as I am."

With that, he went away.

When he had left him, *Kágsagssuk* made his way home in a state of excitement. On coming into the house his grandmother noticed his excitement at once, but did not ask him the reason.

Next morning, *Kágsagssuk* said:

"I shall soon be able to reach the foot-end of the platform!"

When he had said this, and his grandmother was about to make some remark about it, they saw that the platform had already become too short. *Kágsagssuk* had grown so much in the course of a single night, and when his grandmother saw it, she covered him over so that no one coming into the house should notice it.

Day was well advanced when a cry came through the window:

"I was to ask whether *Kágsagssuk* would come and play the bones-game."¹⁾

To this the grandmother answered:

"I am sorry, little *Kágsagssuk* is ill."

When the messenger got this answer, they heard him chuckle with laughter, whereafter he went away.

After this *Kágsagssuk* grew in height every day, and as he continued doing so, the house became too small for him, and his grandmother had to dig into the turf in the rear wall to make room for his legs. Some of their neighbours were anxious about poor little *Kágsagssuk* when they heard that he was growing worse and worse. For every day someone or other would call through the window to them:

"I was to ask if *Kágsagssuk* would come out and play bones."

When they did so, the grandmother would answer:

"What mockers they are out there. They know very well that poor little *Kágsagssuk* is getting worse and worse!"

Kágsagssuk lay for many days. He did so in order to await the time when he would become strong as a giant.

Then one day they heard that one of their neighbours had found a very large piece of drift-wood, a tree trunk, which had had to be moored down at the beach, because it was too heavy to haul ashore.

When *Kágsagssuk* heard this he felt that he wanted to haul it up on to the beach when darkness fell. When night came he got up, but as he had no clothes to put on, he went naked down to the shore. On reaching the tree-trunk he drew it up on shore with one pull.

After getting it up and wiping some of the water from it, he raised it to his shoulder and carried it. In front of the house he laid it down for a moment, and then, taking pains to work as noiselessly as possible, pushed it into the passage-way, leaving it there.

¹⁾ A game played with the bones of seal flippers.

Having come into the house and lain down to rest, his grandmother began in earnest to make room for him so that his body could lie at the same level as the platform, and arranged his head in such a manner that it lay higher, so that *Kágsagssuk* would look like one who is very emaciated.

When daylight came very early in the morning, the first one to try to go out uttered a cry of amazement that wakened all the neighbours. The men of the house clustered in a group at the inner end of the passage to see what was placed in the passage, and when they looked closer they discovered that it was the great tree trunk which had lain down below their house. Discovering this their amazement was great, for it must have been an enormously strong man to put it there. Not being able to get out in any other way, they began to climb out through the window, and those who used to mock *Kágsagssuk* and his grandmother cried in through their window:

"We are to say that *Kágsagssuk* must come and remove the tree trunk that he has pushed into our passage."

To this the grandmother replied:

"How can those people out there find it in their hearts to mock, when little *Kágsagssuk* is lying scarcely able to breathe."

On saying this, she heard laughing voices slowly retiring.

When they returned into their house, they said triumphantly:

"At last it is said that *Kágsagssuk*, the wretch, is dying!"

All that day the people in the big house went in and out through the window. When night came and all had fallen asleep, *Kágsagssuk* got up again to take the big tree trunk back again. After seizing it and laying it on the beach again, he went home. Next morning, when people came out to look around, the tree trunk was gone from the passage, and on searching for it they found that it had been put back in its old place.

On account of these happenings people began to think:

"Have we really a strong man among us at last? But whoever can it be?"

For such things were not to be expected of anyone in that house.

A Bear Hunt.

At last, after winter set in the sea was covered with ice, and they still heard that *Kágsagssuk* was alive, and those who had a sight of him by looking through the window, said to the others:

"*Kágsagssuk* has gone so skinny that you can only see his head."

At this, *Kágsagssuk's* second cousin smiled to himself, for he knew how matters really stood.

Then one morning a hunt was started after three bears, three animals in company. The people had no other thought than bears, so *Kâgsagssuk* made ready to get up, for now he was strong, and it was his job to procure something to live on:

"But what shall I put on, what shall I have on my feet?" he asked.

Having asked his grandmother, and there being nothing for him, he pulled his grandmother's fur-jacket over his head, and it fitted him almost like a neck-scarf. He pulled on her boots more in order to cover his feet, and then went out slowly. When he emerged from the passage-way the girls began to point at him, saying:

"Look here, *Kâgsagssuk* is dressed like a woman!"

As they continued to point the finger at him, he suddenly sprang forward out of the passage, and the many women then could only say:

"Who is that?"

Once outside, *Kâgsagssuk* ran as hard as he could over the sea-ice before any of the others had had a chance of wounding the bears. When he caught up to them the people moved aside, and they, too, said:

"Who is that?"

When he had got right out to them they began to recognize him: Gracious, it was that wretched, insignificant little *Kâgsagssuk*!

Coming up with the bears he kicked the largest of them, and it fell dead on the spot, and, as he kicked, he said:

"This one is for clothes for me."

Kicking the next one, he said:

"This one is for trousers for me."

And kicking the third one, he said:

"This one is for kamiks for me."

After having killed them all and dragged them ashore with him, the people who had gone bear-hunting first could do no other than watch him from behind and stare after him.

As he moved away, he said to his second cousin:

"You must come and get your share."

His cousin hurried after him, and he had to use his legs to some purpose; for though *Kâgsagssuk* was merely walking, he was not to be overtaken. In a very short time the three bears were dragged up alongside *Kâgsagssuk*'s little house. When they were skinned and cut up he started to cook bear meat, and at the same time they began to carry the skins into the house, saying:

"This is the skin that is to be *Kâgsagssuk*'s anorak, this his trousers and this his boots."

When those who formerly had pitied them now came with these gifts his grandmother accepted them, whereas to those who had been so hard-hearted she merely said:

"Little *Kágsagssuk* has what he wants for an anorak, and for trousers, and for boots."

For those who used to torment him also tried to bring gifts.

However, the *Kágsagssuk*'s invited everybody to a feast of bear meat, and when nearly all the guests were present *Kágsagssuk* seemed to be looking around eagerly, and, when he seemed to be most occupied with that and had discovered someone, he hurried to the inner end of the passage where he at once took hold of two persons, whom he pulled up together. It was the two who always used to ill-treat him. Now it was truly their turn to be pitiable! For first he pushed his first and second fingers into one's nostrils, lifted him up by the back of the neck and gave him a thorough shaking; only then did he haul him into the house. Thereafter he did exactly the same thing with the other, saying:

"You used to do this to me, that is why I have done it to you."

Then he hurriedly gnawed a bone, and, without gnawing it clean, gave it to the one who once had made him swallow a bone. As he gave it to him, he said:

"Swallow it! If you don't, I'll kill you with this knife!"

As the one to whom he spoke hesitated, he again said to him:

"When I was very small I swallowed a big one like that, because you forced me to. As you are very big, you ought easily to be able to swallow it. Now do as I say and swallow it!"

Then as he went towards the other in a threatening manner, he said, pushing the knee bone into his mouth:

"Squeeze yourself together!"

Then the man tried to swallow it, but it could not be done. He began to choke, and, after having writhed his body about for a time, fell down. When he was dead, *Kágsagssuk* threw him outside.

This done, he turned to the one who had compelled him to drink boiling soup, gave him a bowl of boiling soup and said:

"Drink this! If you don't drink it, I'll stab you to death."

There being nothing else to do, the man drank the soup after first having blown on it, saying:

"How cold it is!"

But when he had swallowed it, he fell over on his side.

When he too was dead, *Kágsagssuk* flung him outside as he had done with the first.

And now, having revenged himself on these, he went to visit his neighbours, and when he showed his great nose in the inner end of the passage, his second cousin stepped forward and gently helped him in by pulling at his great nostrils. During his visit there *Kágsagssuk* was exceedingly kind and friendly.

When his visit was ended and he was about to leave, two girls chanced to say so loudly that *Kágsagssuk* could not help hearing them:

"Little *Kágsagssuk* has grown too much; he has begun by killing two people in the course of one day."

When *Kágsagssuk* heard this, he went over to them and killed them too.

In time *Kágsagssuk* became famous at all the winter settlements on account of the great strength he had received; for now not one of his fellows, no matter whom it was, dared challenge him.

Vengeance.

When *Kúnuk* had settled accounts with the terrible *Ungilagtaqut*, he began to think of his ancient enemy and of how to get even with him too. He started out on a journey along by the coast, and his first task would be to seek out *Nuerniagarnakajik*. On his way, when off the place where his little sister's grave was, he had to control himself to prevent the tears from falling. But in weeping inside he commenced to sob, and as he sobbed, it is said, he made the umiak shake as if it had no joints at all. After travelling far and wide he at last came to the place which *Nuerniagarnakajik* used as a summer camp. There were several tents, but there were still more people living under their umiaks.

When he arrived *Kúnuk* had no suspicion that *Nuerniagarnakajik* was among them. So he mixed with the many people with an easy mind.

When evening was approaching there was a cry:

"*Nuerniagarnakajik* has game in tow!"

All that *Kúnuk* said was:

"What are they saying? What are they saying?" though he knew quite well what was said.

After first having doubted that it could be true, he became thankful inside him when he realized it. When *Nuerniagarnakajik* came within hearing the many people began to shout:

"*Kúnuk* has come, *Kúnuk* has come!"

When *Nuerniagarnakajik* heard this, he put on speed, being angry, so much that the narwhal he was towing rolled and sank so deep that the water reached its flippers.

He was about to land when *Kúnuk* determined not to remain in the background. When *Nuerniagarnakajik* stepped ashore he immediately caught sight of his great enemy and recognized him. Looking at him, he said:

"I have a harpoon-head (*igimaq*) for you."

Though he said this, not a word crossed *Kúnuk*'s lips. As *Nuernia-*

garnakajik was pushing the narwal in towards the beach, *Kúnuk* took hold of its tusk and drew it ashore. As he did this, the people could look at no one but him. *Nuerniagarnakajik*, too, looked at him. After pulling the narwhal ashore, *Kúnuk* suddenly gave the tusk a wrench and a pull, and it made a squelching noise as it came out. After pulling it out he showed it to the many people, and then, having done so, he threw it out into deep water, point foremost, so that it made a splash. Having done this, the people scattered. Even before night had fallen *Kúnuk* began to go about, trying to borrow a large knife, and as he did so he encountered *Nuerniagarnakajik*, who was getting his umiak ready. When he came up to him he said:

"*Nuerniagarnakajik*, lend me your knife."

The other answered him, hesitating:

"What do you want it for?"

"I am going to kill *Nuerniagarnakajik*. Lend me your knife!"

The knife *Kúnuk* wished to borrow was of a sabre-blade.

Shaking his head, *Nuerniagarnakajik* answered:

"You shall not have it, that is out of the question, and you will not get the best of him!"

Then they fell to discussing; the one wanted to borrow the knife from the other, and the other would not lend it. While they were arguing to and fro *Kúnuk*'s anger rose and suddenly he went up to *Nuerniagarnakajik* and said:

"Now listen here. Lend me that knife! I am going to kill that wicked *Nuerniagarnakajik*."

When he had said this, *Nuerniagarnakajik* immediately handed the knife to him, saying:

"Here, you may borrow it, and kill him!"

Having got the thing he wanted, *Kúnuk* went away beaming with joy.

He started eagerly to look for the one whose life he sought. When he came to people lying under umiaks he lifted up their curtain after having first eased it up with the point of the sabre blade. When he raised the curtain, those lying under it looked annoyed. Not finding the one for whom he was looking there, he went to the next umiak, and then searched all the tents. He sought and sought, and at last he had been through them all without finding his quarry. He was sorry now he had not killed him at once.

As *Nuerniagarnakajik* was nowhere to be found, *Kúnuk* began to walk aimlessly about as if not looking for anything. After having sought long in that manner he stood quite still at last and looked round to all sides. It being half dark already, it was difficult to distinguish anything; so he stood quite still and noted everything that seemed curious.

Standing there, he began to peer in the direction where it was lightest, and just there, just above a small eminence, saw something glittering. After looking at it for some time he saw that it could not be a stone. Being more and more convinced he went towards it, keeping to the hollows and moving as noiselessly as possible. As he came nearer he could see that it really was a skin, and understood that someone was under it. Approaching, he first raised it with the knife as he had done before, and as he did so he burst out:

"Well, one would hardly know you!"

It was *Nuerniagarnakajik* and his wife, lying there with a kayak-skin over them. When *Kúnuk* lifted the covering they did not move at all, but presented anxious faces.

Being now face to face with his deadly enemy, *Kúnuk* made himself hot with anger inside, for he remembered what had happened in the past.

Before stabbing *Nuerniagarnakajik* he first threatened him, then pricked him with the knife. Every time he pricked he mentioned the name of one whom he had killed. When he began to name the names of his relatives his stabs went deeper. At this, *Nuerniagarnakajik* began to groan with pain. Every time he groaned, *Kúnuk* said:

"Have you really learnt to know what pain is?"

Then he really began to torture him. As he mentioned his parents one by one he stabbed him deep, and when he named his little sister and his brave cousin he thrust the knife into him again and again and killed him. When he was dead, that bad man, he left him without giving him another thought, for now he had settled with him.

Kúnuk having got his revenge, taken two wives, and at last overcome his deadly enemy, he had a desire to sail round our great country; for we don't really know how large it is!

When he was about to start out, his friend decided to accompany him. Each had his own umiak, and when they had made all their preparations, they started off southwards. Having got on their way they hurried along. They slept only little at a time, and they did not go ashore at all, if there was nothing to make them do so. *Kúnuk's* second wife had a little child which was still on the breast. His friend's wife had a child, too, of exactly the same age.

Kúnuk's wife's breasts were very large; they were so large that the child could suckle from behind her back without her needing to lift it out of the bag at her back, whereas the breasts of his friend's wife could not reach round to her back. For that reason she could only suckle her child by lifting it out of the bag.

Therefore, when their position became serious the child was unable to suckle, and for that reason it died of hunger. As it had died,

its parents ought to have obeyed the taboos, but as this was impossible, they neglected them.

Then they put on speed for all they were worth, and after having travelled and travelled they came to a swift stream running inwards, but it was not very long, there being a large cave at the end. This current had now to be crossed, *Kúnuk* and his companion needing all their strength for the steering oar. So dangerous was it that if one of them were to have an accident, the other could not possibly come to his aid. Thus straining every nerve they came to the middle of the rapids, where the current carried *Kúnuk's* friend towards the cave, there he disappeared and was swallowed up. This was supposed to be the revenge of the spirits because the family had not observed the taboos.

Though *Kúnuk* had no lack of strength he had to exert himself to the utmost in order to get over; and when they were about to lie-to on the other side, and the umiak was almost touching the shore, his dogs had already risen, for they longed so much to get ashore.

As they touched the shore one of the dogs fell into the water alongside the umiak, and the moment it fell *Kúnuk* seized the traces and hastened to haul it on board again. But he was amazed to see when he had got it up that its hind legs were gone. Quickly peering down into the water by the side of the boat he saw—how strange!—a sea scorpion was already on its way down towards the bottom and had the legs of his dog between its teeth.

“That was a sea scorpion, anyhow!”

It is told of the great *Kúnuk* that his dogs were very small and used to be very dirty.

Having got away from this part and travelled a rather long time, they came in sight of a number of tents, and, as there were very many of them, *Kúnuk* for once was alarmed. He stopped before they had come close to the tents, as he wished to examine them more closely when evening came.

When evening fell he got into his kayak in order to reconnoitre the situation.

When he approached the tents, all he noticed about them was their provision posts¹⁾ and he went up to see what was hanging from them. He wondered and began to feel uneasy when he saw:

First and foremost (1) human hands, (2) a piece of a worm, (3) *mátak*²⁾ (4) a piece of bear meat, and (5) a piece of walrus meat.

When *Kúnuk* had seen these he understood that the people were cannibals. He returned to his umiak before day broke and continued his journey, but passing round behind the tents in order to cross a

¹⁾ Posts furnished with grooves for hanging up various objects.

²⁾ Skin of a whale.

wide depression or hollow. When they reached it, and finding the trail even and good, *Kúnuk* took his umiak with its load on his back and carried it over. Having got well across, he certainly felt greatly relieved.

Having got through this *Kúnuk* began to behave in quite another way than before. He seemed no longer to know pity. Seals, narwhals, walruses and bears as well as human beings were all game to him. If on his way he saw a kayak, he got into his own, rowed out and killed the kayak man. In such fashion did he continue on his journey. When he travelled along by *Kitdlavárssuit* ("the big toothed ones") he thought them very delightful and beautiful.

After passing these and while sailing round Land's End, he saw and heard something which he thought beautiful and fascinating: whenever a seal bobbed up, a ptarmigan on land would scream just before. This continued for a long time. On the subject of this experience *Kúnuk* said:

"At Land's End there are just as many seals as ptarmigan!"

When he had passed these places, *Kúnuk* continued his murderous way, for he killed all the unsuspecting and innocent kayak-men he encountered, and after having killed such a man he did not give him another thought.

At last, among a quantity of ice he caught sight of a large kayak, and as usual, no sooner had he seen it than he had entered his own kayak and paddled away in order to steal in on the other. Having gone a little way he was discovered by the other, who in his turn began to row towards him to harpoon him. Rowing towards each other they approached very rapidly. As *Kúnuk* approached the man he was out to kill it seemed to him that there was something unusual about him, as the ripples before him, as if caused by wind, remained in the same place all the time. As he got near him he felt a little uneasy, for this big kayak-man was much larger than he himself. It appeared that the other had been just as uneasy about him, for he was big, swift and lively in his movements. When they came quite close they both laid a hand on the throwing-stick, but all the same neither of them dared raise the harpoon to throw it, and so they merely passed each other.

After having passed some little distance, they turned quickly so that they faced again. They repeated the same manoeuvre again and again. Then once, when they again met and crossed, they looked at each other and moved away slowly. When they were some distance apart, the big man called to *Kúnuk*:

"Let us have a fight to the death!"

To this *Kúnuk* answered:

"Without fighting, we can meet in a drum contest!"

The meaning of *Kúnuk*'s words is:

"Rather than kill each other, we should hold a drum-contest."

When *Kúnuk* had answered his adversary, the latter moved away slowly. After parting they saw no more of each other that autumn, and *Kúnuk* stopped for a while, because before continuing his journey he wanted to hold that drum dance with his opponent. Later he heard that the man was *Kágsagssuk*, just as *Kágsagssuk* learned that the man he was to meet in a drum contest was called *Kúnuk*.

After having composed their contest-songs they now merely waited for winter to come so that they might hold their drum-match. Whilst waiting, *Kúnuk* often thought of what had happened. Once he chanced to think of his long journey along the coast, in connection with which he had composed this song:

"I grieve over them. My breath came hard.

"At the fading of 'the toothed mountains' in the south!"

Then at last, when ice started to form, *Kúnuk* allowed the flipper of a narwhal to freeze fast in a large piece of fresh-water ice by pouring water over it, so that at last there was just so much above the ground that one could take hold of it.

The intention of this was that when *Kágsagssuk* came to the drum-contest he was to have this to eat. To eat it he would have to loosen it by pulling at it (this seems to have been a custom among the strong in olden times).

If he did not do this, that is to say if he was unable to do it, it would provide his opponent with material for a lampoon.

Kágsagssuk for his part froze the fore flipper of a walrus for *Kúnuk* to eat when he came.

When these two strong men began to settle their drum-contest, it seems that there were not many people present, for there is no record of it.

When there had been ice for some time, *Kágsagssuk* at last came for the drum contest. When he arrived, one could not help admiring his large fine dogs, for it is said that they were as big as bears born the foregoing year. When he arrived, *Kúnuk* invited him up, and when he came into the house those who did not know him saw nothing but his great nostrils. Indeed it was remarkable, such a large nose he had. Though the man was very big, his nose was much too large in proportion to his size. On coming into the house *Kúnuk*, after first asking him to sit down, said:

"You can get yourself something to eat."

This being said to him, *Kágsagssuk* went outside, and after he had gone they waited in vain for him to come back. As he still kept them waiting, *Kúnuk* sent one out to look for him. When he returned, he said:

"I was to say that he cannot get it out."

On hearing this *Kúnuk* smiled a little smile and went outside. When he came to the narwhal flipper he saw that the flipper, which for the moment was hard frozen, was now beginning to thaw. As *Kúnuk* came to it *Kágsagssuk* tried again to loosen it, but had to give up, as he was unable to pull it out. As he had given it up, *Kúnuk* was just going to pull at it when *Kágsagssuk* seized him from behind. Being thus seized, *Kúnuk* said to him repeatedly:

"Let me go. What would you? Let me go!"

This, however, *Kágsagssuk* pretended not to hear, and, having got into that state, he ruthlessly tried to press *Kúnuk* down. Noticing this, *Kúnuk* became rather angry inside him, and, becoming very angry, he suddenly straightened himself up and, at the same time giving the narwhal flipper a jerk, he flung it against the man behind him. As *Kúnuk* did this, *Kágsagssuk* suddenly leaped aside and the narwhal flipper just grazed him and rolled along the ground. Being frightened as it were at this, *Kágsagssuk* said to *Kúnuk*:

"You tried to hit me!"

"Yes, I tried to hit you!"

At this apt answer of *Kúnuk*'s, *Kágsagssuk* dropped his eyes.

There is no doubt that as his adversary was the smaller man, he had thought him inferior, but now he certainly began to fear him.

Before they began the drum-contest they tried arms. In this *Kágsagssuk* lost, though his arms were certainly not thin. It is said that *Kágsagssuk*'s arms were of the thickness of a young speckled seal and just as round as a woman's arm. The cause was said to be that he had suddenly shot up and become big without exercising and developing his muscles. It is said that one could not see the difference between *Kúnuk*'s arms and the arm of a full-grown she-bear. You will know why they were like that, even if I do not mention it.

These two strong men held a drum-contest. They both had many memories from their boyhood.

Of course, these two big men had their drum-dance songs. Here I shall just include *Kágsagssuk*'s song:

How you can meet the right one

You, to whom nothing is impossible (unattainable).

Who have come (sailing) round

From the lee-side (from the south).

You grew, and you became big.

Have you been made to be sorry?

You grew and became big.

Have you been excited (made angry) against

Those on the lee-side (those living farthest south)?

At the end of the drum-match, *Kágsagssuk* went away. In his

song he had mentioned *Kúnuk* as the "round the land sailer" because he had sailed round the land. Thus there is no doubt that from that moment *Kúnuk* was known as *Uiarteq*¹). Not long afterwards *Kúnuk* set out on his sledge to return the visit, and everything went well, for his little dogs got him through without much difficulty.

When he arrived at the home of his big opponent he had no difficulty in pulling up from the ground that which he was to eat. After eating, they sang songs against each other as usual, and, after ending their drum-contest, and *Kúnuk* was preparing himself for the journey and was straightening out the traces of his dogs, *Kágsagssuk* came walking down accompanied by his big dogs. Coming near to the foot of the ice, he simply said:

"Bite, bite, bite, bite!"

The moment he said this, his big dogs attacked *Uiarteq*'s poor little dogs.

They did this because their master urged them on to it.

But in every respect *Uiarteq* was matchless, both as to strength and sorcery.

So he had filled his little dogs with magic. When *Kágsagssuk*'s big dogs came closer and closer, *Uiarteq* began to speak soundlessly to his little, insignificant dogs in the following way:

"Pick out and attack the best of them!"

Then he deliberately let them loose, and as he did so he said:

"*Kikê*, they slipped out of my hand!"

As these little, insignificant dogs were no longer held back, they ran up hill, as if they had gone right out of their senses. Seeing them in this state, *Uiarteq* cried incessantly:

"*Kikê*, I hope they won't be bitten to death."

His big opponent was still shouting:

"Bite, bite, bite!"

An instant later, the big and the little dogs were all mixed up together in inextricable confusion. *Kágsagssuk*'s big dogs were quite unable to bite the small ones, and it is said that *Uiarteq*'s dogs resembled nothing so much as shadows.

After being all mixed up together for a little while, the guts of the best of the big dogs had already been ripped out and stretched alongside it.

Before anyone had noticed this yet, *Uiarteq* cried from down on the ice:

"Whatever is the matter with that one up there?"

Only when he said this did the others see it. In a very short time all *Kágsagssuk*'s many dogs had been killed and the guts of them all

¹) Who passes round a headland or the like.

were stretched out. When *Uiarteq*'s little dogs had put an end to the ones they were after they turned on *Kâgsagssuk*. When they did so, he fled up on top of an umiak, and, as he had his dog-whip in his hand, he began to lash them with all his strength.

Though he lashed them, the dogs began to gnaw away at the umiak-posts, taking no heed to anything else. As they did so, the umiak began to shake. At this, *Kâgsagssuk*'s whipping became so powerful that the ears of *Uiarteq*'s little dogs flew about them. Notwithstanding this, they went on gnawing as if they noticed nothing at all.

Growing anxious for what might happen, *Uiarteq* at last went over to his dogs and petted them. Nevertheless it was long before they grew friendly. By calming and petting them little by little, he gradually got them appeased.

Having quietened them, he took them all without difficulty and led them away. Having in-spanned them, he travelled on and had a good journey. When he had gone, and *Kâgsagssuk* remained behind, in a very depressed state he gathered his dogs together, every one of which had lost its guts. No doubt he would get new clothing from their fine big skins.

There is no doubt that these great drum-dance opponents often had drum-contests together. We who have come after them think that they remained quiet a long time, though living not far apart. We have always thought that they had their regular dwelling place around *Ikerssuaq*, a little north of Angmagssalik. If we wish it, we can to this day see their implements for bear hunting, namely: bear-traps, and an implement for strangling, which is arranged to fall down.

We also believe that *Kâgsagssuk* lived to a very old age, as through tales we hear that when *Kâgsagssuk* was very old he lived at *Sunikajik* and that his son provided for him.

Of *Kûnuk* or *Uiarteq* we have no tales or news later than to his drum-contests. Nothing is recorded of his death, no doubt because there was nothing remarkable or outstanding about it.

Ulivâtsiaq and Kâgsagssuk's Son.

Ulivâtsiaq was a young man who was very strong, but had no kayak; he used an umiak, which was his own, for moving about.

He was a very skilful hunter and had nothing but nets as his gear. When autumn was coming to a close he used to set his nets in the narrow waters. Consequently he had women or men to row for him. With these nets he made a catch every day; even bearded seals he caught in them.

Then once, as usual in the autumn, when he was going out to lay his nets, he had among his women rowers a young girl whose parents were still alive. Having arrived at the place they wanted to be, his rowers began to pluck berries. When *Ulivátsiaq* had finished his work he called again and again for his rowers. When they came down, one of them was missing, so they all began to call, one after the other. But in spite of their calling, she was not there. After searching in vain they went home without her.

On returning home her parients were greatly distressed, and, when their sorrow had abated, the missing girl's father sent a message round to the various people:

"I promise a reward of a kayak if my daughter is found, or information can be got as to where she is."

This message was circulated everywhere. But though it was spread and made known to all, no answer came from anyone, and then the sorrow of the parents became still greater.

At the height of their grief *Ulivátsiaq* sent a message to them, saying:

"There is a possibility that those who live up in the country on the nunataks of the inland ice have stolen her. They are five big men, six with their woman. If she is with them, it will be impossible to get her; all the same, I shall try to find out if she is in there."

The sorrow of the parents grew less when they heard this, and they even began to have a faint hope. The day after *Ulivátsiaq* had sent them the message, the parents came early in the morning to his window and called in:

"When does *Ulivátsiaq* intend going to the inland-dwellers?"

The answer from inside was:

"When the days are longer."

When they had been answered in this fashion, they were heard to go home again without saying more. Every time the weather was fine they went to *Ulivátsiaq* and repeated their question, and *Ulivátsiaq* answered every time the same as before.

At last, when the days had become longer, *Ulivátsiaq* said to his elder sister:

"Take a bearded-seal skin that has not been softened, and make an anorak of it. The only part to be softened is the part near my arm-pits. And the neck must have a running cord in it. In length it must reach down to my ankles."

These being his wishes, his elder sister made him such an anorak, and when it was finished, and he had tried it on, he said that it would do very well.

Soon after his anorak was ready, *Ulivátsiaq* early one morning,

in very fine weather, went over to the sorrowing ones and cried through their window to them:

"Is there no one here either to accompany me? I am going up into the country to see if I can discover anything."

On hearing this message, the old people were ready to go with him at once. Then the three of them started on their way, *Ulivátsiaq* clad in his new anorak.

When they had got far inland, and they came to a hollow cliff, *Ulivátsiaq* always struck it with his clenched fist, and when he did so, the cliffs collapsed; and when they came to stones sticking up out of the clay, he squeezed his fingers about them and pulled them out; in this fashion they continued their wandering.

When at last they saw the object of their journey before them, *Ulivátsiaq* said to his companions:

"Look up there; that is the steam from the air-hole in their roof!"

And pointing at it, the old people also saw it.

Having walked towards it and come quite close, he stopped the old people and said to them:

"You must stay here and wait for me. I shall look for her. If there is nothing remarkable up there, I shall come back. But if she is up there, I shall raise my arms; if I do so, you must come to me as quickly as you can."

Having given them these instructions, he went on. Having reached the house he looked down through the air-hole and saw inside a poor, suffering being. Meantime the old people were watching carefully to see what would happen now. *Ulivátsiaq* raised his arms, and, when he did so, it was as if the old people had been turned into different people altogether, the way they hurried along. They reached the spot almost at the same time.

When they arrived *Ulivátsiaq* told them to look down, and at the first glance they saw that it was their daughter and that she was suffering. The great woman was holding her, head downwards, in front of her on her belly like an unborn child. It was pitiable to hear how the girl wept. The "pregnant one" began to question her "unborn child":

"Are you hungry?"

"I am not hungry," answered the girl.

"Are you thirsty?"

"I am not thirsty."

"Do you want to empty your bowels?"

"No, I do not want to empty your bowels!"

"Do you want to make water?"

"No, I do not want to make water."

"Is it your relatives, you are thinking of?"

"Yes."

"We shall take you to them, certainly we shall take you to them."

After listening to this conversation, *Ulivátsiaq* made up his mind to go inside. But how should he manage that?

On the floor, in front of the one he was to get, sat some giants!

If he tried to get hold of the stolen girl, it could only be done by passing these giants.

Having decided to go inside, he asked his companions to follow behind, and then they moved as soundlessly as they could towards the entrance. Creeping inside the passage, they discovered how difficult it was going to be, for just inside the passage was closed with a large flat stone. However, when *Ulivátsiaq* blew on it, it turned lengthwise at once and they rushed past it immediately. But no sooner had they continued than they came to another obstacle of the same kind. As before, he puffed at it and it turned lengthwise. In this manner they went inwards, always making these "doors" turn lengthwise.

Finally they came to the way up at the innermost end of the passage, and, having arrived there, they were unable to conceive how they should get inside; for just within, hanging from above and almost down to the floor, were large numbers of bear teeth; if they touched them, those inside would immediately become aware of their presence, for the bear teeth might easily rattle.

However, there was nothing for *Ulivátsiaq* to do but to pass them. Having got into that situation, he stood behind five big men, and, as they looked to be very strong, he began to fear them, whereas he was quite sure that the big woman would not discover him, for she had her eyes closed all the time, so "pregnant" was she!

After taking a mental note of everything, he suddenly leaped in on to the platform, pulling the bear teeth down on his way.

Seizing the "unborn child" from the "pregnant woman", he struck her with his fist and killed her; at the same time he threw the girl to the inner end of the entrance passage. For some time the big men did not move, doubtless out of sheer surprise. It was only when *Ulivátsiaq* turned and went back that they all seized him and tried to press him to the ground; but as they could not manage him, they began to hit him everywhere with their fists.

But as his anorak was very stiff, the inland-dwellers were quite unable to inflict pain on him. Then he felt that they were trying to slip the hood off him. At first they were unable to do this either, but after many fierce attempts they did so at last, and, this done, they tried to twist the hood round.

When they had got the hood off him, *Ulivátsiaq* for the first time determined to resist in real earnest. With his fist he stuck the man who

was on his left side with all his strength, the result being that he fell dead before him.

Scarcely was he dead than the next also fell to the ground, and a moment later he was dead. Having got this one down, *Ulivátsiaq* quickly did away with the third just as he had done with the one before.

Now that there were only two left, he began to hope that he could master them; but then he noticed that his neck-band was beginning to tighten. Again they were trying to strangle him by twisting his hood. On feeling this he began to hurry. Again he struck one of his assailants with his fist as before, with such strength that the fellow was badly hurt. Now there was only one left, behind his back, and he tried to get him round in front, and, having succeeded, he wrestled with him long and slowly in order not to overstrain himself. When he thought it had lasted long enough, he struck him again and again and at last made him fall. He had tortured this one to death purposely. Then, the last one being dead, he finally determined to go outside.

When the old people had got their daughter outside they ran with all their power, looking back every moment to see if they were pursued. Running as they did, they soon got a good distance away. Having got far away, they looked back as before, and at the same time a man came out of the house. On seeing this, they started off again, running all they could. But though they were trying to escape, it was in vain, for the man overtook them so quickly that they hardly seemed to move. Finding that they could not flee from him, they decided to see whom it was, and, as he came nearer, it turned out to be *Ulivátsiaq*. When he came up with them they saw that his anorak-hood was so twisted that it had become quite soft, though it was made of stiff bearded-seal skin.

Then together with him they made their way down, and just as they were coming to a ridge, they caught sight of five great people. On looking at them, they saw that it was the same people whom *Ulivátsiaq* had killed a little while before. But the big woman was not there.

They tried several times to go round about the five men, but could not, as they always put themselves in front. Seeing that could not be done, *Ulivátsiaq* said to his companions:

"Follow me without fear!"

Saying these words, he walked towards them, and just as he had almost reached them, they disappeared along the ground and did not appear again. It is said that it was their souls which had tried to scare them, and that there was no doubt that their woman had died entirely, both physically and spiritually.

Having passed this place, they got home without any more remarkable experiences. On their arrival *Ulivátsiaq* was given a new kayak, complete with all accessories.

After he had received the kayak, people began to say:

"Things have become so bad that we can no longer row across the fjords for *Kágsagssuk*'s son. Visitors who go in to *Kágsagssuk* do not come out again; people say that he kills them!"

On hearing this, *Ulivátsiaq* said:

"I will pay a visit to *Kágsagssuk* too."

His elder sister advised him not to do so, saying:

"It is said that *Kágsagssuk*'s son is so strong that he has become frightful! Whatever you do, don't go. He might kill you!"

Her brother answered:

"I will make only a short visit; I expect I shall become afraid at once. I shall go there in the morning."

As he was not to be dissuaded, his sister held her tongue.

So next morning *Ulivátsiaq* set off. After travelling a long way he at last came to *Kágsagssuk*'s settlement. As soon as he arrived he saw that there were two houses, one within the other. When he landed, the people living in the outer house went to meet him. Having got out of his kayak he paid a visit to that house, and when, after a short stay, he was about to go out, the people asked him quickly if he was going away, and when he answered that he intended to go and see *Kágsagssuk*, they urged him to stay with them, because, they said, he would soon die as so many others had died before him. Now he was told the reason for the many murders committed by *Kágsagssuk*'s son. His jealousy was the cause. Having heard this, he went to visit him just the same.

Coming to *Kágsagssuk*'s house, he was uncertain where he should enter, for there were two passage-ways. After standing still a while, he went in by the one to the left. On coming inside he saw an old man and, oh! what a nose he had! It appeared that he had gone in by *Kágsagssuk*'s door.

He sat down opposite *Kágsagssuk*, who at first was not very friendly, and only little by little became more amiable.

Ulivátsiaq remained long on this visit while his host's son was absent. After having been there for some time, *Kágsagssuk* began to seem uneasy and said:

"Outside there it is beginning to be inviting for a journey for visitors!"

He repeated these words again and again. This was because he feared something would happen to the stranger when his son came home, and wished to make him understand that he should leave. Without caring about this *Ulivátsiaq* said:

"Now, *Kágsagssuk*, tell me something!"

It was not long before *Kágsagssuk* began to speak. And while he spoke, *Ulivátsiaq* listened attentively, at the same time pretending not to notice anything at all. While thus pretending, he discovered, above the inner end of the passage, a piece of walrus hide, which had been made narrow and hung up to dry, and in one end were inserted a number of bear teeth, and all were covered with blood. He understood that this was a club or something of the kind for killing.

While *Kágsagssuk* was telling his stories, his daughter-in-law came in every moment, for she was now expecting her husband home. When she again came in, her father-in-law asked:

"Which of his kayaks is he using?"

His daughter-in-law answered:

"The one that hits hardest!"

Then her father-in-law said in a low voice:

"*orsíssuakulángiukumaidarpuse.*"

A moment after he had said this, his daughter-in-law coming in said:

"He is bringing game with him!"

On hearing this, *Kágsagssuk* became very pleased.

When the son was coming home, and his wife went out to meet him, *Ulivátsiaq* hurried after her, met her just as she came out of the entrance, and at once seized her round the waist. The woman resisted, but it was no use, and he led her as easily as if she were a child, with his arm round her waist.

When the big man saw his wife coming down on somebody's arm, the anger rose in him and he put on speed. He rowed so quickly that the foremost animal he was towing went right under water, and the rearmost one showed only slightly above the surface. The animals he was towing were not ordinary seals, but large walruses. At length he touched the shore, while *Ulivátsiaq* stood higher up, still holding the man's wife round the waist.

As he was getting out of his kayak, *Ulivátsiaq* said quietly:

"If only somebody could flense them!"

Though he said this in fun, he got not the slightest answer. After landing and drawing his walruses a little way on to the beach, where it was smoothest, the kayak-man said:

"Just let me go up first and put on an anorak."

Saying this, he walked up to go inside, and his wife followed him. When *Ulivátsiaq* was alone, he pushed the walruses into the water and took them to a place that was very uneven. There he pushed them out, then suddenly jerked them up on the shore, so that the foremost one came right up, the rearmost one half-way up, its back end lying in the water. He had torn the neck of one of them right open.

When *Kágsagssuk*'s son, the mighty hunter, came down again, he missed his catch, and after having looked for them and found them, he got them into the water again with much trouble and dragged them on shore, one after the other. Having finished this without saying a single word, he walked up, and *Ulivátsiaq* followed him. When the other entered by his own passage-way, *Ulivátsiaq* went in by *Kágsagssuk*'s. As soon as he entered, *Kágsagssuk* bade him sit down. When he had sat down, *Kágsagssuk* at once began to talk. He did so, it is said, in order to divert his attention, for his son was now going to kill him. While *Kágsagssuk* was speaking, *Ulivátsiaq* listened attentively. While they sat thus, *Kágsagssuk*'s son was moving about the whole time, going in and out of his own and his father's passage. Seeing this, *Ulivátsiaq* determined not to be taken unawares. When *Kágsagssuk*'s son went out close by him, he did not lose sight of him, though his eyes were turned towards *Kágsagssuk*. Then at length, when he again went out by him, *Ulivátsiaq* saw that he was turning round, and as he turned, he leaped over and seized his club, which he raised against poor *Ulivátsiaq* and quickly struck at his head. But *Ulivátsiaq* immediately parried the blow.

Now that cunning club-swinger tried to hit him, but could not, because *Ulivátsiaq* on guard was the more skilful, and the other was unable to hit him. When at last *Ulivátsiaq*'s arms began to hurt him, he looked round quickly, seized his adversary by the wrist and held him so fast that he was unable to move, at the same time taking his weapon from him.

Having done so, he took him as if he were a child, and laid him face upwards before him, his legs caught between his own, both arms held by one hand so that he was unable to move, though he writhed and tried to resist. After securing him thus he began to press the afore-said bear teeth own against his eyes, so that they almost penetrated the skin. He tormented him in this way until he considered his face had swollen sufficiently, and then released him, very cautiously. On being let loose the fellow went away, supporting himself on his hands. Then *Ulivátsiaq* left without saying a word, carelessly throwing the club away.

On coming into the other house, the people there were both pleased and surprised at his returning without being harmed.

When he came in to them he was as he always was: obliging, talkative and entertaining. When he had stayed there long, he said to a little orphan child playing about on the floor:

"I say, little one, go in and see the *Kágsagssuk*'s."

The little one went out. On coming into the other house he was much astonished, for *Kágsagssuk*'s son's face was as clear as water, so swollen

was it. Seeing that, he went out again immediately, and on coming home he said, in a startled voice:

"I wonder what is the matter with *Kágsagssuk*'s big son. His face is so swollen that it is all one blister!"

On hearing this, the people of the house at once had a suspicion that at last he had met one of great strength. Some time later *Ulivátsiaq* bade the little one go and see *Kágsagssuk*'s son and enquire after his health. He went out at once.

On coming in to those whom he was to ask after, he said:

"I was to ask how he is?"

Kágsagssuk answered:

"Say that it is the same. What else do you want? Go away!"

When the little orphan returned, he said:

"I was to say that he was just the same."

"What a way to answer. We asked how his breathing was."

Ulivátsiaq again and again had people ask after and see him. He did not leave for home until he was getting better.

When he returned unharmed his sister of course was pleased and asked him about the people he had visited. He said that they were kind and pleasant.

When *Kágsagssuk*'s son got better, but while his face was still quite blue from the blows, he made trouble again for the last time.

All the husbands in the settlement who exchanged wives, he took and lashed to the roof-post and then lay with their wives, one after the other. Having done so, he loosened the thongs holding the husbands and went out.

After that *Kágsagssuk*'s son changed entirely. He became so kind a man that no matter what was done to him, or how he was treated, he could not take revenge or even resist. When going out hunting he would say to all the men:

"Young men! Amuse yourselves and pet my wife a little!"

He lived now without ever thinking of killing.

That is what we know about *Kágsagssuk*, and this is where we usually end.

Now winter is over. Now it is lovely summer!

Told by the late

Kárale Andreassen.

The translation into Danish was mostly made by
ex-colony manager *Joh. Petersen.*

ANIMAL FABLES

The Gull and the Sea-Scorpions.

A gull once began circling about in the air above a sea-scorpion, and the latter, fearing lest the gull should eat it, spoke thus:

"naujam ila,

kiang ila

The gull up there

Will hardly catch it."

But the gull up in the air answered thus:

"What is the matter with the big bellied one,

The dear little broad-snout

With the big sides?"

And when the gull said this, sea-scorpion dived the down at once into the depths of the sea.

Told by:

Nuisartog (Rosine) of Igdlukasik.

The Louse and the Worm.

In the beginning of things men had no lice about them; there were no creatures which thus lived upon their bodies. But then one day it happened that the worm and the louse who were out together in their umiaqs, began rowing races towards the land to see which of them could be the first to reach man. They chose the neck and the armholes as their goal, and cried continually:

"Hurry on to the neck, hurry on to the armholes!"

The lice were the quicker, but their paddle strings broke (paddle strings are thongs fastened to a projection above the thwart, answering to rowlocks), and the worms overtook them. But when they were close in to land, the same thing happened to the worms, and thus the lice in their boat passed by them and came first to the neck and armholes of man. But when the worms reached land they crawled into the earth.

Told by:

Nuisartog (Rosine) of Igdlukasik.

The Raven and the Gull in Human Form.

There was once a man who was out in his kayak, when the weather suddenly became bad, with rain and fog, and he rowed about out there not knowing whether he would be able to get back to land.

But at last it cleared up, and then he heard a voice calling from the land:

"Come up if you like!"

So he landed and found two men and a house.

So he went to visit those men, and when he had entered one of them said:

"What shall we give our guest to eat?" He spoke in a very deep voice.

He went out and came in with a piece of meat; this he gave to the man, saying:

"Here is some frozen meat; eat!"

But now the other man of the house said:

"Take care! It is dung he is giving you!"

"Dung? It is frozen meat," said the man who had offered it, and took a couple of mouthfuls. Then he took the rest away.

Now the other of the two men handed the stranger a knife and went out himself to fetch food. He also came in again with something frozen, and gave it to the man.

"That is cod," said the man with the deep voice. "Earth-dwellers are wont to eat such things."

And the stranger ate.

Later in the evening the two men of the house fell to wrestling. One of them boasted a great deal, but he was the weaker of the two. His arms were thicker, but not nearly so strong as the other's arms, though they were thin.

And later on they went to rest.

Hardly had it grown light when one of the two men came in wearing a dark hunting coat, and the other wearing a fur trimmed with white.

And when they went out, the man also went on his way. But when he looked round, a gull and a raven flew just above his head, and then he knew that it was these who had entertained him in human form.

After that the man came safely home, and now no doubt he sits picking lice from his waistbelt.

Told by:

Autdárutá (Chr. Poulsen).

The Raven and the Goose.

A raven fell in love with a goose and wished to have her to wife, but the goose would not.

"You are too heavy on the wing," she said, you will not be able

to follow us when we fly across the great sea; there are no places where you can rest, and if you grow weary you will be drowned."

But the raven was obstinate, and in love.

"Nothing in the world can tire me out," he said boastfully. And at last the end of it was that the goose gave in and became the raven's wife.

When the raven embraced her very tenderly, she would say:

"Do not treat me so. For I may grow too fond of you, and then my grief will be the greater when I come to lose you at the time of our flying across the great sea."

"Have no fear," said the raven proudly, "nothing in the world can tire me out."

And he embraced her again.

Now when the time came for the geese to fly away, the goose begged her husband to rest for a few days and gather strength for the journey.

"Idleness is the only thing that tires me," said the raven loftily, and flew about more than ever.

And now at last the geese flew away, and the raven with them.

When they came to the farthest edge of the land, and were about to start out over the great sea, they said to the raven:

"Sit down and rest on the little point of land there, that you may not be tired when we start out over the great sea."

And the geese themselves sat down to rest.

"Nothing in the world can tire me out," said the raven proudly and flew about while the others were resting.

Then the geese rose and flew out over the sea. But when they had come halfway across, the raven began to fly clumsily, striking at times quite wildly with its wings, until it nearly fell into the sea. But it was still able, by the aid of its wings, to rise on the air again.

They had passed the middle of their way, and were not far from land, when the raven began to cry for help. It was tired out now and could fly no more.

And now the wife and another goose sat down on the water and spread their wings, right wing of one to left wing of another, making a bridge on which the raven could rest.

And there the raven sat down.

But it was tired and heavy, and when it had sat there a little while, it fell through: not all at once, but slowly, little by little. First its feet went through, then the water came up to its hips, then to the waist and then to the neck and so to the beard. . . the wife managed to get him over to a piece of young ice, on which he could rest his chin, while she tearfully strove to hold up his head.

But the raven was too heavy: the ice broke, and a mass of bubbles rose up, as the raven sank.

And the widow went on her way weeping, alone among all the other geese.

As the raven sank, it showed itself to a great wizard, who happened to be calling spirits at the time, and told him what had happened. It told him that it had been married to a goose and had been drowned on its way across the great sea.

The wizard afterwards told the tale to other men, and that is how we know it.

The Ravens' Song to their Crying Child.

There is a story told of two ravens and their young one. One day the young one fell a crying, and the wife said:

"I cannot make the child stop: you try!"

And then the father took the raven child and began to sing to it thus:

"Down there I flew,
To the Islands I was wont to fly,
And my tongue tastes of eggs,
Of the juice of berries does my tongue taste."

— thus he hushed the child as well as he could, but when he could not make it keep quiet any longer, he gave it back to his wife again, saying:

"I cannot: you must try again."

And the wife took the child and sang:

"*Ayaying,*
ayaying,
Of the juice of berries does my tongue taste
And of eggs.
My snails!"¹⁾)

And when she sang thus, the child ceased crying, and ever since it is said that all ravens sing that song to their children to hush them when they cry.

Told by:

Nuisartog (Rosine) of Igdlukasik.

The Man who Married a Fox.

This is the old story of a wifeless man. His fellow-villagers had often told him to take a wife, but this he would not do.

One day he set a trap for foxes. When he went to look at it, there was a fox in it, and this he killed.

¹⁾ *ukavháka* (= *siuterúka* = my snails).

The next time he went to look, there was again a fox, this time a vixen.

This he took home with him, and kept as a dog, under the window of his house. Whenever he had a meal himself, he gave the bones to the fox, and there it lay, gnawing at them.

Thus he treated that fox. Then one morning he went out hunting in his kayak.

It was not long before the skins of the seals he caught lay ready and finished when he came home; at last he even found them hung up to dry on the frame outside.

Soon after he noticed that his lamp was kept in order while he was away, so that it never went out. And when he came home, he would find the pot boiling over the lamp, although there was not a single person on the house.

Now he could not make out how all these things came about, and therefore one day he hid behind a rock to see what was going on. And lo! There was a beautiful woman with broad hips and a great knot of hair. It was the vixen who was able to change into human form.

When she went in, the wifeless man hurried in after her. As he entered the house, all that he saw was something dark, which vanished beneath the window. The pot had been turned round, but there was not a single human being in the place.

Next day he hid again, and again there came a beautiful woman with a fine knot of hair. She came out of the house, and when she went in again, he ran after her and caught hold of her before she could reach the window. And now he took her to wife.

She was so beautiful that she might have been one of the white men's women!

Now while he was living there with her as his wife, a stranger came to visit them.

"Shall we change wives?" said the stranger one day when they were out in their kayaks.

"It cannot be done, for she is so jealous," said the other.

And the stranger went his way, without having got his will.

But the truth was that the wifeless man was unwilling to lend his wife to anyone, because of the strange smell of fox that hung about her body as soon as she began to sweat.

But one day the stranger came again on a visit, and again he offered to change wives, and as the wifeless man saw no way of refusing, he agreed.

And so one day he rowed over in his kayak to visit the other man's wife, but before he set out, he asked his guest to be very careful not

to say anything if it should chance that he noticed a smell of fox. For his wife was so easily angered.

Now the stranger lay down on her bed, and it was not long before she began to sweat, and she, who was more beautiful than other women, lo, she smelt of fox!

For a long time the man refrained from saying anything about it, but the smell grew stronger and stronger, and at last he burst out:

"Wherever can that foxy smell be coming from?"

Then he heard the barking of a fox: "*ká-ká-ká-ká!*"

The woman had sprung up from the couch and dashed out. The man ran after her, but all he saw was a fox running swiftly up the hillside.

Then he went home and told the other what had happened.

"Did I not tell you she was easily angered, and that you were not to say anything if she happened to smell," said the wifeless man, with words of abuse.

And now he went out to seek the fox woman, and called to her to come back, but this she never did. Men say that he still wanders about among the hills, calling for her.

The Ptarmigan and the Loon.

There was once a loon that rowed out eastward along the coast. And looking up at the cliffs, it saw a ptarmigan circling up above as if trying to make it look up.

"What are you doing there up above me?"

And the ptarmigan answered from the cliff:

"I am watching over you, that is why I circle in the air above you."

"But why should you be up there in the air above me, you with the red breeches?"

The ptarmigan turned round and cried out:

"You with the red flaps of skin, why have you such long pinion feathers?"

"Never mind about that; why do you keep circling above me, you who never dare come down into the water."

"What cause have you to use hard words to me, you who are yourself no match for me," cried the ptarmigan again.

Then the loon turned towards it and said:

"How dare you call out to me, you creature up there with the clumsy beak."

"And you down there crying out with the poor thin beak!"

And then they began abusing each other in earnest.

"How can you keep on making all that noise, you thing up there with the split feet!"

"What about you, then, with your flat webbed toes!"

"You will make me angry soon," cried the loon, and going on shore, he ran down the ptarmigan and caught it.

"Let me go," screamed the ptarmigan.

"No, never," answered the other. And he carried the ptarmigan down to the sea.

"Unlucky me," cried the ptarmigan lamenting. "I who never go near the sea once the ice has begun to break away in summer."

The ptarmigan was grown tractable all at once.

"Now you can cry out; now is the time to scream," said the loon, grasping the ptarmigan by the arm.

But the ptarmigan was so frightened that it huddled up in a heap, unable to stand even when there was good foothold on the ledges of the cliff.

"Alas for me," it cried again, "I who am so afraid of the sea in summer."

"Plump!" And then some bubbles were seen. They vanished again, and the sun moved on its course, and it was past the time the hooded seal can hold their breath when they go down to deep water seeking for food.

And then, lo! suddenly the loon broke through the surface of the water, with its white breast uppermost.

It was dead. And the other—what of that?

Close in by the shore some bubbles began to rise, and up out of the water sprang the ptarmigan, with a sea perch in its mouth.

"*qaqer-qa-qâq!*" (Up at last, but it was a near thing!).

And when it saw the loon floating dead on the water, it said:

"Now make faces at me if you like: for now I am angry."

And then it ran off inland and was lost to sight among the hills.

And after that it never again sought to look out over the sea.

Here ends this story—and so let him louse his waist belt in peace!

The Old Maid who Wanted to Marry a Sea-Scorpion.

There was once an old maid, who greatly wished to marry a sea-scorpion. And she went fishing on the shore, saying the while:

"For my husband I should like a little sea-scorpion."

And after a while, she hauled in a little one, and then she filled a wooden tray with salt water, and put the fish into that. But the sea-

scorpion which she had put into the wooden tray died at last, because it had nothing to eat.

And so the old maid became a widow.

Told by

Nuisartog (Rosine) of Igdlukasik.

The Little Snow Bunting that Wept.

There was once a little snow bunting, that mourned for her husband, who was lost, with this song:

"My little husband

Who was so strong,

And so skilful a hunter,

Has been caught by one of the Man-people

In a snare

Of whalebone."

And a raven, hearing the mourning song, went up to her and said:

"For whom are you mourning?"

"I am mourning for my husband."

"Take me!" said the raven.

"I will not take you, because you have such a high forehead, and so long a beard, and you eat dung."

"Why do you mourn for a wretched husband, who never did anything but fly with a worm in his neak."

Thus said the raven, and then it flew away.

Told by:

Autdárutá (Chr. Poulsen).

The Eagle and the Whale.

In a certain village there lived many brothers, who had two sisters, both of an age to marry, and whom they often urged to take husbands, but they would not. At last one of the men said:

"What sort of a man do you want, then? An eagle, perhaps? Well, an eagle you shall have!"

This he said to the one. And to the other he said:

"And you perhaps would like a whale? Well, a whale you shall have!"

And then suddenly a great eagle came in sight, and it swooped down on the young girl and flew off with her to a high ledge of rock.

And a whale also came in sight, and it took away the other sister, carrying her likewise to a ledge of rock.

After that the eagle and the girl lived together as man and wife, on a ledge of rock far up on a high steep cliff. The eagle flew out over the sea to hunt, and while he was out, his wife would work away plaiting sinews for a line by which to lower herself down from the rock. And while she was busied with this work, the eagle would sometimes appear with a walrus in one claw and a narwhal in the other.

One day she tried the line, with which she was to lower herself down: it was still too short, and so she plaited more.

But as time went on, the brothers began to long for their sister, and therefore they all set about making crossbows. And in their village there was also a little homeless boy, who was so small that he had not strength to draw a bow, but had to get one of the others to draw it for him whenever he wanted to shoot. When they had made all things ready, they went out to the place where their sister was, and called to her from the foot of the cliff, telling her to lower herself down. And this she did, as soon as her husband had gone out hunting. She lowered herself down and reached her brothers.

Towards evening the eagle appeared out at sea with a walrus in each claw, and as he passed the house of his wife's brothers, he dropped one of them down to them. But when he came home, his wife was gone. Then he simply threw his catch away, and flew, gliding on its great wings, over to where her brothers were. But whenever he tried to fly down to the house, they shot at it with their bows. And as none of them could hit, the little homeless boy cried:

"Let me try too!"

Then one of the others had to bent his bow for him, but when he shot off his arrow, it struck. And when then the eagle came fluttering down to earth, the others shot so many arrows at it that it could not even quite reach the ground.

Thus they killed their sister's husband, who was a mighty hunter.

But the whale and the other sister also lived together as man and wife, and often the whale would say to her:

"Pick the little creatures off me."

And then she would pick off from his body the little creatures which lived upon him. The whale would never let the girl go outside the house, and when she said: "I do so want to make water," he would say: "Do it in my hand." And when she said: "I do so want to empty myself," he would say: "You can do it in my armhole."

And as the girl here likewise began to feel homesick, she also began plaiting a line of sinew threads, and her brothers, who were likewise beginning to long for their sister, set about making a swift-sailing

umiak. And when they had finished it, and got it into the water, they said:

"Now let us see how fast it can go."

And they got a guillemot which had its nest close by their house to fly beside them, while the tried to race it by rowing. But when it flew past them, they cried:

"This will not do: the whale would overtake us at once, we must take the boat to pieces and build it up anew." And so they took the boat to pieces and built it up anew.

Then they put it in the water again and once more let the loon fly a race with them. And now the two kept side by side all the way, but when they neared the land, the bird was left behind.

One day the girl said as usual to the whale: "I must go out and empty myself."

"Do it in my armhole," said her husband, that great man.

"I would rather do it outside, for I also want to look at the weather," said the girl.

Now he had a string tied to her, and this he would pull when he wanted her to come in again. Hardly had she got outside when he began pulling at the string.

"I have only just got out of the passage," she cried, and then she tied the string by which she was held to a stone, and ran away as fast as she would down the hill, and the whale hauled at the stone, thinking it was his wife, and pulled it in. The brothers' house was just below the hillside where she was, and as soon as she came home, they fled away with her. But at the same moment the whale came out from the passage way of its house, and rolled down into the sea. The umiak dashed away, but it seemed as if it were standing still, so swiftly did the whale overhaul it. And when the whale had nearly reached them, the brothers said to their sister:

"Throw out your hairband."

And hardly had she thrown it out when the sea foamed up, and the whale stopped. Then it went on after them again, and when it came up just behind the boat, the brothers said:

"Throw out one of your mittens."

And she threw it out, and the sea foamed up, and the whale pounced down upon it. And then she threw out the inner lining of one of her mittens, and then her outer frock and then her inner coat, and now they were close in to land, but the whale was close upon them. Then the brothers cried:

"Throw out your breeches."

And at the same moment the sea was lashed into foam, but the umiak had reached the land. And the whale tried to follow but was

cast up on the shore in the shape of a white and sunbleached bone of a whale.

And now let him louse his waistbelt in peace.

Told by:

Autdârutâ (*Chr. Poulsen*).

The Woman who Married a Worm.

There were many brothers, who had but one sister. And from all parts of the country came men wishing to have her to wife, but the brothers would not let her go.

Among those who came was an only son, and when he also found his errand vain, his mother, who was old and had knowledge of hidden things, said:

"May she be married to a worm!"

And this she said, knowing how the other feared all worms.

After a little time had passed, the many brothers' only sister disappeared; all the brothers went out to look for her, and after searching in vain for some time, they at last learned to do without her, since she was nowhere to be found. But in the meantime, the middle one of the many brothers began calling spirits, and one evening he called up his helping spirits, and calling upon them he went forth, and followed the way she had taken over the land.

On his way he came in sight of a house, all lighted up, and when he looked in, he saw his sister and no one else. But beside her they had laid a worm, and this turned out to be her child.

And now he looked closely at all the things which lay about the entrance to the house, and found many dead reindeer, and these it turned out had been slain by the worm.

At last he went in and saw that all the inside of the house was hung with reindeer skin. The woman at once knew him for her middle brother. And while he sat in there, suddenly the inner part of the house began to shake; both the part where he sat and the part where he had his feet. And this was no doubt because the great worm had begun to shake itself, and it lay curled round all the lower part of the house. But the woman said:

"It is no stranger who has come, but your wife's brother, who comes to visit you."

And her brother said also:

"I have not come to harm you, but only to see my sister."

And then he said again:

"Your mother longs for you; you ought to come and see her."

And then he went home, having found out what had happened to his sister.

On his return, his brothers asked:

"Did you find out anything?"

"Yes, she is married to a worm far up in the country; I asked her to come and visit us."

And now the brothers said to their mother:

"If she should come on a visit when we are out, remember to ask her if she is fond of her husband. If not, we will go up and kill him.

And one day while the brothers were out in their kayaks, and their mother at home all alone, there came a sound of footsteps in the passage, and in came the daughter with her child upon her back. They were glad to see each other again, but for all that the daughter did not take up her child out of its pouch, and therefore, when the heat in the house became too strong, so that they were nearly choked, the mother said:

"Let us take the child out of the pouch."

He daughter answered:

"Then you must crawl into your blankets."

And now the mother crawled into her skin coverlets, but was careful to leave a little opening through which she could peep out. Then her daughter took out the child, and lo! it was a little worm! And her daughter took off her tunic also, and lo! her breasts were all bloody, having been sucked by a worm.

And now her mother asked her:

"Are you fond of your husband?"

"He does not let me suffer want, and therefore I am fond of him."

And then her mother said falsely:

"If you continue to be fond of him, your middle brother says he will kill you both."

Now the daughter knew that this brother of hers could never be made to turn from his purpose, and therefore she agreed, although unwillingly to what her mother said. And when the brothers came home, their mother told them that the sister would not set herself against their plan.

And when the brothers heard this, they set about making arrows, and each made so many that he could fill a whole saddleback-seal skin with them. And then they set out, and the weather was fine. A little while after they came in sight of a house and said:

"We must first ask her, and find out about everything: therefore let us wait for her a little distance from the house.

And so they went towards the house, leaving their arrows behind, and when they came in they asked their sister many things.

"Which way does he go out in the morning?"

And their sister answered:

"Whenever he has to go out any where, he goes out through the passage way."

And now the brothers, having found this out, went forth to keep watch. They looked out towards every side, and at last, in the evening, he came in sight, passing through a deep ravine to the northward, between two high rocks, and in his mouth he carried two reinder, one above the other.

As soon as he reached his house, he laid down what he was carrying beside the entrance, and now the men stood eagerly waiting to see which way he would go in. He went down on the northern side of the passage way, and now the brothers could only wait until it was dark, after he had disappeared down there.

And when the darkness had come, they went down and looked in: the worm had bored his chest in through the inner part of the bench, and lay there now warming his wife. At this the brothers were mightily angry, and were now only waiting until it should grow light, watching all the time.

At dawn they placed themselves about the passage-way, some of them also on top of it, two and two, and all with their bows bent. And when at last he came out, it looked just like a sparrow pecking at the earth, so fast did the arrows rain upon him. Arrow after arrow struck it, and at last it died, after having crept a little way from the house, its body all stiff with arrows. And then they killed the child, which would only have been a trouble to their sister. But the sister wept when they killed her child. At last, when she had ceased weeping, they brought her home.

And having thus brought their sister home, they lived with her amongst them as before, and after their old habits.

And now I end this tale, I know no more.

Told by:

Markus of Igdlukasik.

The Woman who had a Bear as a Foster Son.¹⁾

There was once an old woman living in a village. She lived in the house nearest the shore, and when those who lived in the houses up above had been out hunting, they gave her both meat and blubber.

And once they were out hunting as usual, and now and again they got a bear, so that they frequently ate bear's meat. And they came home with a whole bear. The old woman received a piece of the ribs

¹⁾ Conf. page 137.

as her share, and took it home to her house. After she had come home to her house, the wife of the man who had caught the bear came to the window and said:

"Dear old woman in there, would you like to have the bear's unborn cub?"

And the old woman went and fetched it, and brought it into her house, shifted her lamp, and then placed the unborn cub, which was frozen, up on the drying frame to thaw. Suddenly she noticed that it moved a little, and then she took it down to warm it. She then roasted some blubber, for she had heard that bears lived on blubber, and in this way she fed it from that time onwards, giving it to eat and melted blubber to drink, and it lay beside her at night.

And after it had begun to lie beside her at night it grew very fast, and she began to talk to it in human speech, and thus it gained the mind of a human being, and when it wished to ask its fostermother for food, it would sniff.

The old woman now no longer suffered want, and her fellow-villagers brought her food for the cub. The children of the village would come in and play with it, but then the old woman would say:

"Little bear, remember to sheathe your claws when you play with them."

In the morning the children would come to the window and call in:

"Little bear, come out and play with us, for now we are going to play."

And when they went out to play together, it would break the children's toy harpoons to pieces, but whenever it wanted to give any one of them a push, it would always first sheathe its claws. But at last it grew so strong, that it nearly always made the children cry. And when it had grown so strong, the grown up people of the village began to play with it, and they helped the old woman to make the bear grow stronger. But soon even grown men no longer dared to play with it, so great was its strength, and then they said one to another.

"Let us take it with us when we go out hunting; it can help us to find seal."

And so one day at dawn, they came to the old woman's window and cried:

"Little Bear, come and earn a share of our catch: come out hunting with us!"

But before the bear went out, it sniffed at the old woman, and then it went off with the men.

On the way one of the men said:

"Little Bear, you must keep down wind, for if not the game will scent you, and take fright."

One day when they had been out hunting with the bear and were returning home, they called in to the old woman:

"It was very nearly killed by the hunters from the village to the northward; we hardly manage to save it alive. Give it therefore some mark by which it may be known: a broad collar of plaited sinews about its neck."

And so the old fostermother made a mark for it to wear, a collar of plaited sinew, as broad as a harpoon line.

And after that it never failed to catch seal, and was stronger than the strongest hunter, and never stayed at home even in the worst of weather. Also it was now bigger than an ordinary bear. All the people in the other villages knew it now, and though they sometimes came near to catching it, they would always let it go, as soon as they saw its collar.

And now the people north of Angmagssalik¹⁾ heard that there was a bear which could not be caught, and then one of them said:

"If ever I see it I will kill it."

But the others said:

"You must not do that. The bear's old fostermother could ill manage without its help. If you see it, do not harm it, but leave it alone as soon as you see its mark."

One day when the bear came home as usual from hunting, the old fostermother said:

"Whenever you meet with men, treat them as if you were of one kin with them: never seek to harm them unless they first attack."

And it heard its fostermother's words and did as she had said:

And thus the old fostermother kept the bear with her. In the summer it went out hunting in the sea, and in winter on the ice, and the other hunters now learned to know its habits, and received shares of its catch.

Once during a storm the bear was away hunting as usual, and did not come home until evening. Then it sniffed at its fostermother and sprang up on to the bench, where its place was on the southern side. Then the old fostermother went out of the house and found outside a dead man which the bear had hauled home, with the entrails hanging out of his body. Without going into the house again, the woman hurried up to the farthest house, and cried in at the window:

"Are you all at home?"

"Why?"

¹⁾ *Qavángarnisavít kujatdlít*: is translated here by "The people north of Angmagssalik". The Eskimos of South-east Greenland reckon the north as south, and vice versa, and thus call the people of Angmagssalik, who live far to the north "*qavángarnisavít*" literally "the real southerners".

"The little bear has come home with a dead man, one whom I do not know."

When it grew light, the villagers went out and saw that it was the man from the north, and they could see he had been running fast for he had drawn off his furs and was in his under breeches. Afterwards they heard that it was his comrades who had urged the bear to resistance, because the man would not leave it alone.

A long time after this had happened, the old fostermother said to the bear:

"You had better not stay here with me always; you will only be killed, and that would be a pity. You had better leave me. And she wept as she said this. But the bear thrust its muzzle right down into the floor and wept, so greatly did it grieve to go away from her.

After this the fostermother went out every morning as soon as the dawn appeared, to look at the weather, and if there were but a cloud as big as one's hand in the sky she said nothing.

But one morning when she went out, there was not even a cloud as big as a hand, and so she came in and said:

"Little bear, now you had better go; you have your own kin far away out there."

But when the bear was ready to set out, the old fostermother, with much weeping, dipped her hands in oil and smeared them with soot, and stroked the bear's side as it took leave of her, but in such a manner that it could not see what she was doing. The bear sniffed at her and went away. But the old fostermother wept all through that day, and all her fellow-villagers mourned for the loss of their bear.

But men say that far to the north, when many bears are about, there will sometimes come a bear as big as an iceberg, with a black spot in its side.

Here ends this story.

The Woman Who was Married to a Dog.

There was an old couple who had a daughter, and she refused all the men who wished to take her to wife. Many came, but she would have none of them. And then as usual there was one of her fellow-villagers who said with a mischievous tongue:

"What must a man be like, then, for her to take him? Let her marry a dog and no other!"

Now the woman who refused all men had a dog, and that same evening the one who had spoken with mischievous tongue said to that dog:

"Tonight you shall lie with the woman who owns you."

And after that others began to notice that the dog went in to the woman's house in the evening, but none thought any evil, for it was her dog. But after some time, they began to suspect after all that there must be something wrong, for the woman began to look as women do when they are with child. And her belly grew and grew, and although she was a sturdy woman she could hardly bear her own belly's weight, and could only move with her hands on her knees. Her father and mother grew anxious, and although they did all in their power to find out by whom she was with child, and asked all the men if they could tell, they found out nothing at all.

Every time the child moved in her womb, she stiffened all over, and one morning when she had gone out in that state, she stayed away, as it seemed, for a long time. And at last her mother heard her come in: she came right into the house and lo! she was all covered with blood, and when she had come in, she said:

"At last I have got rid of it."

But her mother asked: "Of what?"

"I do not know what it was. Some of them had human faces but the rest of the body was that of a dog; some were real dogs, others had the lower part of the body human, but very big faces, and others were quite human but also with very big faces."

The mother went out to the place and found them behind the house; they lay there kicking in a mass of blood. At first she gathered up the ones that looked human, and then those with arms and legs like dogs but human faces.

They nursed them during the time while they were unable to eat unaided, but as soon as they were able to eat for themselves, the girl's father carried them all over to an island, for he was ashamed of them.

And those with faces like real human beings he put on the sole of a boot and thrust out into the water, saying:

"Do not be as was your father, that miserable one, but live your life without lacking goods."

After that time the girl's father always went out with his daughter to the island when the litter had to be fed; he did not dare to go there alone, for as soon as they caught sight of food, they were ready to eat him up at the same time.

One day when they were out on the island, the girl said to her litter:

"You must eat up your grandfather."

And when then one day he asked his daughter to go with him as usual, she said:

"You had better go alone today."

And so he went out to them alone, but hardly had he landed when they fell upon him and ate him up. But the girl was ashamed after all of what she had done, and therefore she said to one of them which had the body of a dog but the face of a human being:

“All you that are thus must now go up into the country and live up there and bark.”

Only the real dogs she kept back, and these became the forefathers of all the dogs here.

And here it ends: I do not know any more.

Told by:

Markus of Igdlukasik.

DIVERSE LEGENDS

The Sun and the Moon.

In a house where the game of putting out the lamps and changing wives was being played, the sun began to suspect that her elder brother the moon had lain with her. And once when he lay with her she made a mark with lampblack on his side, and when then the lamps were lit again, she saw that it was in truth her elder brother who bore a black soot mark on his side.

And in her shame that this had happened, she dipped a piece of moss in the melted blubber, and lit it like a torch, and began running with it round about the house. And then suddenly she rose up into the air, and passed away into the sky.

The moon, who had likewise come out with a torch, tried to give chase, but his torch went out.

But the sun, whose torch did not go out, gives light and warmth together.

Told by:

Nuisartog, (Rosine) from Igdlukasik.

Let Men be Men, and Animals be Animals.¹⁾

Once upon a time an old woman who was very poor lived at a settlement. Of relatives she had none; other people brought food to her when anything was caught.

Once the hunters had been out, and returned home with a whole she-bear which had not been cut up. It was dragged into one of the largest houses in the settlement to be cut up there. When they cut it upon, they found inside a little unborn bear, frozen to death.

The bear-hunter's wife took the little bear and went down with it to the poor old woman. She went to the window of the house where she lived and cried:

"Hallo, little friend in there! Wouldn't you like to have the bear's unborn cub?"

Yes, the old woman would be only too pleased to have it, and she came out herself to fetch it.

¹⁾ Conf. page 129.

Quickly she put new moss-wick in her lamp, lighted it so it burned with a big flame, and laid the frozen bear on the drying rack above the lamp. There it thawed, and in a short time it began to move. As soon as the old woman was sure that life was returning to the little bear's body she took it down and laid it close in to her. And there it came to life.

Bears prefer blubber, and the little bear was therefore brought up on boiled blubber and oil. Every night when the old woman lay down to sleep she had the bear beside her. And it thrived just as if it was with its own bear-mother. The old woman talked man's language to it, and it almost seemed as if it had the sense of a human being. When it became hungry and wanted food, it merely sniffed up to its foster-mother.

That is how this poor old woman got a foster-child. Her neighbours brought food to her as usual and all grew very fond of the little bear. The children came in every day to play with it, and in the old woman's house which had once been so lonesome there were life and happy days. But she always warned the children about teasing the bear, and to the bear she said:

"Bear-child, little bear-child, hide your claws well when you play with men-children."

But the bear grew up and was big, and it often happened that when playing it accidentally broke the children's toy harpoons. But it carefully kept its claws in and always took care not to hurt its little playmates.

At last, however, it was so big that it was almost always too rough and made its playmates cry. They became afraid of it, and so the grown-ups began to play with it. The men of the settlement practised all kinds of sport with it, so that its strength grew day by day. Soon the grown-ups dared not play with it either. Its strength became too great.

So they said to one another:

"Let us take it out hunting with us. It can help us to catch seals at the blow-holes."

One morning they came to the window and called:

"Little bear! Come out hunting with us and get your hunter's share."

When the bear heard this it became pleased and eager to go with them. But before it went out, it walked over to the old woman and sniffed at her. That was its way of saying goodbye.

The men now taught the young bear to scent its prey. They showed it how it should always stalk with the wind blowing from the seals towards it, for then the seals could not smell it and they were easy to

take unawares in their blow-holes. The bear soon became more skilful than its masters. Indeed, more soundlessly than any man it could steal in upon its prey, even the largest of seals it could kill with a single blow of its paw. And its old foster-mother had meat in abundance.

But one day, when all the men of the settlement had been out hunting, they called in to the old woman as they passed:

"Today your bear was nearly killed by the people living to the north of us. We were just able to save it. You will have to put a mark on its neck. Give it a wide collar of plaited sinew."

The old woman was greatly alarmed and started to plait sinews at once. In this way the bear received a fine broad collar of plaited sinew, and after that nobody ever made a mistake. And the bear hunted together with the people and never came home without a kill.

However, strangers living far up towards the north grew envious at all the hunt-shares the settlement was getting. One of them said:

"Surely, bears are bears! If I ever catch sight of that fellow—pshaw! An old woman's foster-child!—I intend to hunt it like any other bear."

His friends tried to remonstrate with him, but he stuck to his resolution.

And so it happened one day that during a snow-storm the bear was separated from its hunting comrades and stayed out a long time.

Only long after evening had fallen did it come home, and when it came in, it sniffed sadly at its foster-mother and leaped up on the platform.

The old woman became uneasy and went out. And there, just outside the doorway lay a dead man with his guts torn out.

Terrified, the old woman ran over to the other houses and shouted in:

"Are you all at home?"

"Why?" they asked.

"Well, you see, Little Bear has come home with a dead man who is a stranger to me!"

All the people came rushing out and recognized the man from the north; it was he who had threatened their bear-comrade. One could see that the fight had been a hot one, and at last the man had run for his life, discarding most of his clothing.

— — —
This is how it happened that Little Bear, which had become the friend of man, had nevertheless killed a man. The old foster-mother sorrowed deeply. Her joy left her, and she went about anxious for her foster-child every single day.

Thus speculative and silent she had been for many days, when she called her bear-child to her and said:

"Those who kill men are sure to have enemies. Therefore you will never be at peace here among us. I could not bear to see you killed. So it is better that we should part."

And stroking its head lovingly, she said, weeping:

"Let animals be animals, and men be men. Little Bear, you have your own people far away out there where the ice-floes drift along the inland ice. Go back to your people!"

And sobbing, she dipped her hands in oil, smeared them in soot from the lamp, and marked the bear by stroking it along one side. Then its old hunting comrades would always know it from afar and leave it in peace.

The bear put its snout down to the floor and sniffed deep with sorrow, before filling its nostrils for the last time with the scent of its foster-mother.

Then it walked slowly over the ice and disappeared in to the north.

But the old woman stood outside her house till darkness fell. And all her neighbours shared her sorrow.

When they tried to console her, however, she merely whispered to herself:

"Let men be men, and animals be animals. They cannot mix."

Whereafter she lived alone till her death.

(Southeast Greenland legend, told by *Markus*,
a newcomer to Igdlukasik).

The Qavdlunâqs¹⁾

who stole the jealous man's wife.

Many many years ago at Itivdlerssuaq, north of Ūmánaq, there lived a man who was so jealous that he kept a close watch over his wife.

He could not bear his wife to go out when he was not there, and therefore used to hide her kamiks when he was to go hunting.

But if it happened that he suspected her of having been unfaithful to him, he took his knife and stabbed her in the legs. That did not hurt so much, she said. But when he took two mussel-shells and with them pinched pieces out of her thigh, she had to scream with pain.

At length, as the wife was unable to stand her jealous husband's ill-treatment any longer, she ran up into the hills one day when he was out hunting. Up on the hill she turned facing the sea and began calling the great *qavdlunâqs* to come to her aid.

¹⁾ White men.

Out at sea a black iceberg came in sight, drifting towards the shore. When it came nearer it proved to be a *qavdlunâq* ship, and the woman ran out to it.

When the husband returned home he discovered at once that his wife had gone. He grieved deeply, for he was very fond of her; she was a pretty woman with a lovely pink body.

He began to search for her and soon learned that the *qavdlunâqs* had come on a large ship and had stolen her.

At once he rowed out to the ship, but the crew had hauled the ladder up and all other ropes. He rowed round the ship, but to his great chagrin found nothing but steep walls, up which he could not climb.

At last, under the bowsprit he discovered a rope that had been forgotten. This he seized, and then he began to haul himself up, sitting in his kayak. As soon as the crew observed this, they cut the rope and he fell into the sea again.

After rowing round the ship a few times more he turned homewards and grieved deeply at the loss of his pretty wife.

Next day he heard that the *qavdlunâqs* had put her ashore on a high snow-covered hill up at Itivdlerssuaq. She was said to be up there.

The husband went there, but was unable to climb up to her. From below he pleaded with her to come down, but she simply answered:

"You see, if you had been content merely to stab my legs, I would never have run away from you. But when you began to pinch the flesh from my thighs with mussel-shells, I had to leave you."

And she steadfastly refused to go down to him.

The husband, who previously could not bear his wife to go away from him even for a moment, was now almost frantic with sorrow.

When he came the next day, his wife had dug herself into the ground. She had made the hole in such fashion that it ran right through the earth like an underground passage. I myself have seen this hole, said the narrator of the story, old *Sabine* of Igdlukasik at Cape Farewell, an immigrated and baptized East Greenlander; when one stood in the south entrance and threw a stone inside, one could hear it splash in the sea; standing at the north entrance and throwing a stone inside, one heard that it fell on land.

Inside this cave the wife had hidden herself so that the man could not find her. He tried to creep in, taking a well-filled and well-wicked lamp. But when he had got some distance into the cave the lamp went out.

So that day, too, he had to give up trying to get his wife.

On the following day the *qavdlunâqs* came to him and said:

"Look here, if it is really true that you are so fond of your wife, you surely won't hesitate to do something daring, if by that means

you get her back again? We have stretched a rope between to hill-tops; this you must cross with flexed arms. If you succeed, we will get your wife back for you."

Up at Itivdlerssuaq there are two very high and sharp peaks. Between these the *qavdlunáqs* had stretched the rope. Below was a large lake, so that if the husband tired on the way and had to release his hold on the rope he would fall into it and drown.

When the *qavdlunáqs* had guided the husband out to the rope, one of them crossed in order to show him how to do it.

"That was very well done," thought the husband to himself. "But if he can do it, surely I can do it too!"

Near one end of the rope he caught sight of an axe, which he first threw into the lake, as he was afraid their intention was to cut the rope when he was out on it.

So he set out, and he found it quite easy, for he was a very strong man. But it was a long way between the two peaks.

When he had got half way across the *qavdlunáqs* suddenly began to swing the rope to and fro. The husband, who had almost lost his hold, flung his legs about the rope too, and so held on, though after a while he became quite dizzy.

When the *qavdlunáqs* saw that he had a good hold they began to swing the rope much more vigorously. There the husband hung half way across between the two mountain peaks and with the lake below. For a long time he held on, but the rope cut deeper and deeper into his armpits, so that all his muscles slackened, and at last he lost his hold and fell into the lake.

That is how the *qavdlunáqs* killed this man, who was so fond of his wife that he could not tolerate her leaving the house even for a moment: and afterwards they married his wife.

This is the reason why there are mixed people on the east coast. And it is also due to the *qavdlunáqs*' stay there that the people at Anorritôq speak such a strange dialect, for their tongue was mixed up with that of the *qavdlunáqs*.

Told by old *Sabine* at Igdlukasik, 1904.

Indians.

At Alángorteq a cross-eyed girl went out to fetch water.

Behind the lake she suddenly caught sight of a lot of heads peeping out. She hurriedly filled her water-pail and hastened home as fast as she could.

When she got home she told of what she had seen. No one believed her, however:

"It is just because you are cross-eyed," they said.

As no one would believe her, she begged and prayed that some one would sail her over to the Orqua land. A young man at last took pity on her, put her on his kayak and sailed her over.

They stayed at Orqua all night. Towards evening they heard a tremendous commotion on the shore on the other side of the water. It sounded like dogs and people—a great many.

The noise continued long, but at last there was stillness.

When it became light next morning they saw two people walking up a glacier valley—up towards the inland ice. One limped along with the aid of a stick—he was hurt.

They were the only two that were left of the people over there. All the others were killed.

At Anarqat, too, there are said to have been *arpagtausimassut*, Indians.

The only survivor there was a girl who had crawled up into a hollow place in one of the roof-stones of the passage-way.

Travellers who passed the place are said to have found everybody in the houses killed.

Postscript.

As will be seen, apart from the legends and tales mentioned by Knud Rasmussen himself in his introduction as having come from the Angmagssalik region, there are some which have been narrated by people who have moved from the east to the west coast, and of these some have their origin in Southeast Greenland.

Theese have been included both because they were found among Knud Rasmussen's posthumous notes together with the others, and because this publication is meant to cover the Sixth and the Seventh Thule Expeditions which, as readers will know, also covered the formerly inhabited stretches of the east coast.

H. O.

SONGS AND POEMS

The Eskimos have always been ready to express in song their feelings and sentiments, their experiences and impressions and all their various emotions.

Very significant in this respect are the words of the old East Greenlander *Kilimê*:

"In man, all songs are born out in the great wastes. Sometimes they come to us as weeping, deep down from the woe of the heart; sometimes as careless laughter springing from the joy one cannot help feeling in life and the lovely lands of the world. Without our knowing it they come with our breath, words and tones which are not daily speech, and they become the property of the one who knows how to sing for others."

The primitive feelings of life such as love, maternal and paternal joy and the like, found expression in graceful songs of sentiment. More complicated feelings such as jealousy, envy, malice etc. gave birth to lampoons and mocking songs. Out of the need for entertainment and amusement sprang another kind of song, the so-called *uâjêrutit*, a kind of song-play, in which the peculiarities of man or animals were imitated.

Occupations gave rise to many epic songs of heterogeneous character, describing hunting life in its various phases, its joys and troubles, its struggles, disappointments and victories, and usually had the object of passing the time away either on the long, monotonous kayak journeys or at home in the houses when the day's work was ended. Often these songs were sung in chorus, for example when the hunters were rowing homewards after a long and arduous day.

One outstanding form of song is *the quarrel song*. All accounts were settled by means of these, no matter what the dispute may have been. The contestants met by challenge at places where the people gathered at various seasons of the year to follow their occupation, and there the contest took place at a kind of song-duel, in which the two adversaries were accompanied by their respective groups of supporters, and in which in the heat of the contest matters often developed into a physical contest, the opponents butting each other with their heads. The one

who raised most laughter won the contest, and the vanquished party left in disgrace.¹⁾

In the Angmagssalik district, the place where these duels most often took place was the head of Angmagssalik Fjord, where large numbers of umiak-loads of people would meet every summer to gather fish for the winter store, and where quite a large tent-camp rose up every time.²⁾

These song-contests, which in former times represented the judicial proceedings of the community, have long ceased to take place, for they were not favoured by the Mission. But there are still people alive who have been present on such occasions and can tell of how hot a contest it often became, and many of the old quarrel-songs have not yet been forgotten even by the rising generations, who have received them from their parents.

Divers Songs of Sentiment.

1. Visits (*pulárneq*).

ilâniâsit pulâlerpunga
 ássimiâsin-una oqarajaqînarpoq
 arnarsivaq oqarajaqînarpoq
 Pipiligôq ernigaluartor-una!
 isumarajarama oqâinarpunga

¹⁾ In "Continuation af Relationerne vedrørende den grønlandske Mission" POUL EGEDE at Christianshaab on the 15th of January 1737 recorded one of these song-contests, which "the other night" had been held at the settlement of Nûk: "thi 7 a 9 Miile Synden fra, vare komne nogle til dem. som skulde siunge imod dem, hvilket de kalder Sokolliput (*soqulavoq* — takes part in a song-contest). I samme Sang gjør hver sit bedste, at laste hver andre, og dend som har de fleeste Viiser, har vundet — — —"

And NIELS EGEDE in his diary for 21st February 1743 records: "— — — kom fire og tyve Slæder Sönden fra for at holde Assemblée ved Colonien (i. e. Christianshaab) og siunge paa vore Grönlændere, det bestod der udi at de bebrejdede dem at de lærte voris Skikke, men bleve af vore Grönlændere totaliter slagen og Beskiæmmed saa de maatte gaae bort med Skamme, endskiönt at de Fremmede vare 4 gange saa mange som vores, da de forfulgte dem ud paa lisen og gav dem Sang for Sang - - -"

²⁾ A complete parallel is recorded by THORHALLESEN, in his "Beskrivelse over Missionerne i Grönlands söndre District, hvilke han som Vice-Provst visiterede i Aarene 1774-75", for on the islands of "Perrortusok" (i. e. Perutussut, now called Taseralik) just south of Nordre Strömfjord: "Dette Sted besøges af Grönlænderne baade fra Sönden og Norden fra midt i Julii indtil Hosten, og kan da ansees 1) for et Marked i Henseende til de Omtuskniger, som da skee, 2) for et Thing i Henseende til de Stridigheder, som da afgjøres med Trommer og Sang". H. O.

anersa-una arnaungusângê
paníngûjuga máungáinaq
asiuvoq!
angerdlardlungalo ináinarpunga
qaumassorssuasik ináinarpunga!

Once I was as usual visiting;
Then at length one spoke,
It was a large woman who spoke:
People say that Pepe has had a stillborn!
After thinking a little, I said merely:
Surely it was not a little girl —
Then my dear little daughter will be nothing!
When I got home I went to rest,
Though it still was light, I just went to rest!

2. Flirtation (*sangmissarîngneg*).

Seqalû-ngâ oqarniarna-ait!
sangmissara tikeragiligôq;
kisiângôq tupârssôqângilanga
utorqâingôq ilagînalerspâka!
igpagssar-â takugaluarnarmat,
umiamîtoq takugaluarnarmat;
taimâigdlât issângunatdlarame,
taimâigdlât qiassûngunatdlarame,
î! ajûminartoq angigaluaqaoq!
î! ajûminartoq nalgissaqângilaq!
igpagssar-â singnagtorigavko:
saligsimavdlunina maligkânga!

I say, Seqaluk! Please to tell
my flirt-girl to come and visit me!
but say I don't own even a rag-tent,
say I now am mostly with the old ones!
I saw her yesterday, by the way,
in an umiak, I saw her!
How it almost took my breath away!
I almost felt like weeping!
Alas, the disappointment was great!
Alas, the disappointment was beyond compare!
I dreamt of her yesterday:
That she had washed and decked herself—and went with me!

3. A message (*oqarqussineq*).

arnarissaq oqalūniariuk,
 Típualâraq oqalūniariuk,
 tupagilerunigôq isumagissatdlariainanigôq,
 alavigparagôq, alavigssuarmik alavigparagôq!
 :|: perqajakasitdlarâ nôrdliguma :|:
 :|: perqajakasitdlarâ avangnardligpat :|:
 :|: perqajakasitdlarâ Típualâraq :|:

That poor woman! Tell her,
 Tell Deborah, the little one,
 that she must think of me
 when she begins to long for tobacco!
 I don't care for her! Not a jot do I care for her more.
 I might have got her, had I been a Moravian.
 I might have got her, had she been a Norse-woman!
 I might have got that little Deborah!

4. Contempt (*asigssuineq*).

uvagúmauna silivugúmauna!
 uvagúmauna sajaqaugúmauna!
 merssorneq ajoravta sajaqaugúmauna!
 anersame atatíniarivse!
 anersame atatíniarivse,
 qajaerúkavit atatíniarivse!
 anersame atatíniarivse,
 katautivigkavit atatíniarivse
 Seqalúk! qiviarniásagit
 sangmissakasit qiviarniásagit
 sôrdlulūnina tukakaseqâ?

I must say, we do some work
 I must say, we turn tired
 I must say, that as we cannot sew, we become properly tired.
 We just thought we would have to keep you
 When you lost your kayak we would have to keep you.
 We just thought we would have to keep you.
 When you lost your clothes we would have to keep you.
 Seqaluk! Turn to her
 Turn to your poor loved one
 Why is she so dirty?
 Why is she so sour-eyed?

5. Disapproval (*píkordlungneraineq*, actually:
mention of incapacity).

Íssiángivaq nuliarniartaqinak!
saperssartaqautit nuliartaqinak!
pigaluaqâ akitorsiortukâ,
qavángarnisaq akitorsiortukâ,
mána puiorpâ: kavfilêrúmik nuniauteqarnine,
mána puiorpâ: natseqarnine puiorpâ;
mána puiorpâ: qingákâkasit puiorpâ!

Little Issia, stop looking for a wife
You can do nothing, stop looking for a wife
It's absurd for you to want a bastard
An Eastlander, who would have a bastard!
He forgets he has a coffeepot for a berry-basket
He forgets he has a sealskin coat with the hair on
He forgets he has an enormous nose
He forgets that!

6. Going visiting (*tikerárneq*).

kujámukalerivse ilagiumârpâ-vse!
Anordliutsumut ilagiumârpâ-vse!
i-â Ijalemiarsi-â, qivertarnigssángivasit;
i-â Matínángiva, piniarniarnigssángivasit!
angutikasiata sugssaríngimâ —
Jôrsuam-â nagdlissaqingmâ —
akigdlerssâta nagdlissaqingmâ —!
Sûsângivakâ ánilângassarnigssángivasit,
i-â angálukasit ánilângassarnigssángivasê!

When you go south, I will go with you
To Anordliutsoq I will go with you
i-a Jeremias, you'll be having a look round
i-a little Martin, you'll be hunting something
His poor father does not care about him —
But Joshua pities him
The middle brother pities him
Little Susanne, you'll be anxious
i-a, your uncles will be anxious.

7. Love-Yearning (*asassamik erqaimassaqqarneq*).

Kátalinâ mianerssortorniarumârpû-tit!
 âqavnâsinâ Pamiagdlungme pinguarpor-âsit!
 nâggâlâ inângáinâsavor-âsin-ilâ!
 nâggâlâ anersivasiata pârisavâsit!
 itilerpunga agssakasingma serqorpалungnerâ!
 itilerpunga uluakasingma kîssarpалungnerâ!

Katalêt, you must always be careful!
 No doubt she is playing over in Pamiagdluk!
 No No, no doubt she always lies in her bed!
 No No, her elder brother will look after her!
 I wakened at my fingers clicking;
 I wakened at my cheek burning!

8. Free of Charge (*akeqángilaq*).

qimassup pikasia akeqakasingi-laq;
 qimassup pikasia agssangmiukasê akeqakasingi-laq;
 qimassup pikasia pavfequtikasê akeqakasingi-laq!
 ilâmiait akeqakasingi-laq!

"The happy one's" things cost nothing.
 "The happy one's" things, his finger-rings, cost nothing.
 "The happy one's" things, his wristlets, cost nothing
 Is that not right? No, they cost nothing.

9. Kayak-rowing (*qajartorneq*).

qajartordlû-nga
 Imagtâmut!
 qajartordlû-nga
 puînarî-oq
 âtârssivasik,
 arnaviarssivâsik!
 anersa-una
 táunauvdlune
 orningniarnerâ-nga
 nâlingilâ-ra!
 nagdligilerdlugo
 nâlingilâ-ra!

Once I was out rowing in my kayak
to Imagtat
Once I was out rowing in my kayak
When suddenly there bobbed up
a fully-grown saddleback seal
It was a full-grown female seal
At length
When it began to come near me
I did not harpoon it
I took pity on it
And did not harpoon it.

10. A Dream (*singnagtugaq*).

únuarâ singnagtorâvkin-â
angalaleqissi-tit!
âiparalutit angalaleqissi-tit!
sôrdlûlâ erqumavdlunga
malerssulerâv-kit!
sôrdlo piuminartâr-tut,
natserssuit piuminartâr-tut,
piuminartâr-tut,
âtât nalassut piuminartâr-tut;
tûgdlik malerqatut
piuminartigâ-tit!

Last night I dreamt of you
That you had begun to walk
That I was with you and you had begun to walk
I seemed to waken
And began to run after you
It seemed—just as attractive
As a bladdernose can be
Just as attractive
as the most attractive
of all basking saddleback seals
As a hunted diver
Just as attractive were you!

11. Weeping (*qianeq*).

Naujarssuâne
qianiariùnga
hâ hâ hâ hâ!

avangnānguaq
 atdlalingivardli-ne
 hâ hâ hâ hâ!
 arnat pivdlugit
 qianiarijù-nga
 hâ hâ hâ hâ!

In Naujarssuit
 I burst into tears
 ha ha ha ha!
 A gentle north wind was blowing
 and the weather was clear
 ha ha ha ha!
 For a woman's sake
 I had to weep
 ha ha ha ha!

12. White-whale Hunting (*qilalugarneq*).

qanoq — qanoq
 tusalerpù-nga?
 unaqússuarma
 alavilerâ-nga!
 angerdlarama ínarpunga,
 ukioq nâvdlugo
 makingilanga,
 aserorama píningerdlunga,
 nujarssuáka tikortitdlugit!

anerssuarma angajugdlerssùp
 makerqulermanga
 makitilerpûnga
 :: ássûssuáka ássordlugit ::
 :: ivna ::
 tusalerpara niperssuaq
 tusalerpara
 :: qilalugaqaunga ::
 qilalugaqaunga
 angisôrssuasik
 :: igarssuit ::
 tamaisa
 súpaliordlugit!

What is it, — whatever is it
I hear?
My sweetheart
Cares for me no longer
I went home to bed
And all that winter
I did not get up.
I was broken, and turned unsightly
And my long hair became untidy

Then, when my elder brother
told me to get up
I began to put clothes on
I put on my gala-dress
Listen
I hear a loud scream
I listen:
I have caught a white whale
I have caught a white whale
A tremendous one
The cooking pots
All of them
Shall be full of soup

Words of "A little song". (see page 156).

It was lovely ja je-a ja-ja-je
When I went out — it was lovely je-a ja-ja-je
Of a morning when I went out
it was lovely je a ja ja-je
it was lovely je-a ja- - - - -je

A Little Song



i - ma - qâ - a jâ - jê - a jâ - jâ - jê ani -

Det var dejligt — — — naar

It was lovely — — — when



si - va - râ - ngama, i - ma - qâ - a jâ - jê - a jâ -

jeg gik ud — det var dejligt — — —

I went out — it was lovely — — —



jâ - jê uv - dlâ - kit a - ni - si - va - râ - nga ma i - ma -

— — om Morgenen naar jeg gik ud — — det var

— — of a morning when I went out — — it was



qâ - a jâ jê a jâ jâ - jê i - ma - qâ - a -

dejligt — — — det var

lovely — — — it was



jâ - jê - a jâ - - - jê.

dejligt. — — —

lovely — — —

The air of this song does not seem to have been correctly recorded. Nothing is known of by whom it was written, but it was found among the other songs given above. Accordingly, it must have been Knud Rasmussen's intention to include the air when the song was published, and an Angmagssalik Eskimo has stated that he knew the song in this form. H. O.

LAMPOONS

Kângitsúkâq's Drum-Song against Kûitse.

Kûitse and *Angitânge* had exchanged wives. When *Kûitse* heard that *Kângitsúkâq* had had a song-contest with *Angitânge*, and that the latter, though he could make up songs, was no good at a song-contest, he became sorry for him and held a contest—in a way on his behalf—against *Kângitsúkâq*.

The latter replied by “singing at” *Kûitse*:

ja-jâ-jâ-ja, savnâjâ-ja
ilagê ivilerpângagê
amarqingê
angíma nákingma
amarerdo natdêlerajitdarpara
patsisâningina
ivilêdivtsâník
ilagê natdivtsalerdinigê
sernitsalerdinigê
avilitdaminíngêq
Angidânge-rajímigêq
qâqâ natdêqât
natsalernârjik
amâlerimârpát
avilitdat
qatsivnasijíngitdarpat
sorngujuvdo
ileriarímíike
sorngujuga
qatsitíiaravke
doquliigalivarit.

He will lampoon me, they say;
It was grandmother
on my father's side
that was concerned.

I will not suffer for her sake
as a cause of his lampoon
because he is sorry for him
and will defend him.

The concubine
for Angitange —

Well, you would take her under protection.
Then take her on your back.
You don't think you will tire
Of treating her as a cousin
For you think—if you tire of her
Of killing her.

Kúitse's Reply.

avnâjâja ajiâ ajiâja
itsimângivaqaliva
qajardíngivaqaliva
nunamale orquane
Umívip orquane
asina erditsînângauna
qajakajik akiserqikajíngatseq
ínererqikajíngitseq
sunauvpa ivigakajigauna
pùkajialína qernikajeqingmiamé
qutdikajialimáke kùngnere
kisimile akisinguardivit
dikiakajigkavit oqârbakajigputit
atdênartseqaoq
nátadínnartseqaoq
oqaliduatdârneq
ilamale qivigiiaqingmânga
qavungnât
qujanâalivaqaoq
Maníkutdá-ngijuk
itdoqatiíngilarmanga.

When I had embarked
and while I rowed my kayak
north of my land
north of Umívik
I suddenly saw
a poor kayak, whose owner was not wearing white clothes

and who was not slender either
 and—what did I see: it was my opponent;
 his hood was so black
 and down his cheeks ran tears
 oh dear, how they shone.
 As you came, you, poor fellow, spoke:
 Is one to be pitied
 When one talks much?
 Since my family would not have me in the house
 But went northwards
 I owe thanks to *Manikutdlak*
 Because he took me into his house!

Kângitsúkâq's Drum-Song against Kûitse
 at another song-contest

piserngina adilerngiaga
 su-ut-dit pisiatdêna
 náktivigpit pialina
 daudume adilermêga
 atsivternialivkama-una
 píngertsarnialivkama-una
 nákivit nâkissiímigavko
 silanina qapikajeqile
 uvangale qapikajeqile
 sunáupa utorqângeruma
 ernerale ivigatsarâ
 ernerale taiermik
 tsuangatsara
 dauvale qajardilerpuâ
 Uivpaup atdivanêna
 dakiarpara nunama piussâ
 sákâ!

oqalertûtâ:

nunama sákâda ivdit nunavi sákâ marderiarťsimagâ, ornitdagia-
 kajitdaravko nâlitdarêrparavâsit. mârpaliakajitdarteť — nûkima ajit-
 sisâ miaudivnut qerdivťsimasseť — qerđikiitdara-una. pâserqissaralivar-
 puâsit mitsissâinarmik. sângiakiitdarmat oqitdisârdivaralivardiva naner-
 qiaravko kisime pâra pûdukulugdua.

asiíngitserdu — dûna
 dorquđitsâgalivâna
 kíngivduditsâgaliva
 uangale noqigigavko —

dâmale Kulusuvdo
 ijivatde úniijuitsissut
 únieriatdârmik
 perqángitdat
 perqángâdinâsit!

oqalertûtâ:

uvanga nunama sákâta qivqínânitorajik nâlia-avkingê atsinâtíngê
 aitsât ámut qapâtsardiarniardeq -ê, kíngissarêrputit. ilavíngê makidí-
 pâtikajik. pâseralivarpit? sarqípit siardiva unarmaliúkalivarpiik? auna
 puissíngiúmik natsikilariardine sarqisip siardiva unarmaliídariaqarteq.
 oqavdátsámiangale asiíngisâtsámiangale, asiíngitserduakajik taiermik
 ajeqertsinialikajitsiariara.

dâmale úniijuitsissut
 Kulusuvdo ijivat
 únieriatdârmik
 perqángitdat
 perqángâdinâsit
 ilagê nánitdarpoq
Qasiatdak nánitdarpoq
 qasiatdaudípavkit
 nánitsakajíngínavit!

oqalertûtâ:

*Qasiatda*típavkímêlâvâ nanerduakajigêq pûmitderduakajik dikia-
 kajigkavke: qíngmerdivakajik angerajeqisseq. orniakajigkavkigêq oqâr-
 jarpudit: qíngmârjivnik angidiúluángiúpoq. tiiniarsâriakajikíngêq! pâria-
 kajitdarmadíngêq ivdikajik kíngikajigputit ilavíngê orniatdârmátit:
Kúitse nâne pâsimakajeqâ! nuiarniakajitdidíngêq: isiivpa-una qímeq,
 sunáupa naneq!

sákardavnuk
 oqavdâríniavkit
 sákardavka
 sákardangnik
 natderniviángínagkit
 sákardama
 ukierde
 ûdûtsiarmádik
 nánivdavnuk
 oqavdâríniavkit
 nánivdáka
 nání dangnik
 natderniviángínagkit

This drum-song I will sing
it was our fathers' song
it was surely your father's,
but now I will sing it.
When I was growing up
and could not help myself
he pitied me, poor thing
and I, wretch as I am
Now I have grown up
sing against his son
Abuse and scold—this wise:
Once when rowing in my kayak
off Uivfaq
I saw a really big seal
a seal from my own country
a fjord seal!

Then he turns to prose!

The fjord seals of my country are twice as large as the fjord seals of your country. I rowed to it and threw my harpoon at it. Then I heard a rustling from the kayak and found that the harpoon line ran under the throwing-stick of my bird-dart, which lies under the deck-thong, which is more practical. Then I put my paddle into the water to steady the kayak, while the harpoon-line ran out, but all the same I almost capsized when it tightened. I made myself light and clung so close to the ring that it hurt—but I was able to hold on.

One who was not very skilful
would scarcely have evaded death
by capsizing with the kayak!
But I strained myself and held on.
For long we heard nothing from people at Cape Dan.
But then at last we heard.
There was much
There was much about you!

Again turns to prose:

It was said that you harpooned a little fjord seal, only half as large as one of my country's—and yet you capsized, even before the line had run out and tightened. The others who were there had to help you to life again. Hadn't you made your paddle fast in the proper way? Couldn't you brace it up under your arm and support it against the edge of the kayak? That is what to do when one has harpooned a miser-

able seal. Though I am not keen on using my tongue, nor belong to the very experienced seal-hunters, I will instruct you through a poem!

It was not often we heard from Cape Dan.
Then suddenly we heard
that there was much
much concerning you,
that you had caught a bear
that *Qasiagssaq* hunted bears!
As it seldom happens
that you get a bear
I now call you by that name!

Again turns to prose:

I call you *Qasiagssaq*, because you behaved as he did when a bear came swimming. As you rowed out to it you said: Yes, it is rather much bigger than my biggest dog. As you were about to get hold of it your kayak capsized, for it struck at you. Then the others who were there cried: The bear struck at *Kûitse*! When they had raised you up you said: I thought it was just a dog, and it was a bear instead.

With the fjord seals I have caught
I am talking against you,
As you cannot catch so many
Fjord seals as I have caught.
I have had ample winter stores
Of the fjord seals I have caught!
I had the same of the bears
I caught!
You cannot catch bears either
as I can!

Misartaq's Drum-Song against Qutsuluk.

I, miserable wretch
am easy to compete with
I cannot match myself against him
when I must stand
before *Qutsuluk*.
For *Qutsuluk*, that disgusting fellow
makes up a song;
about my little wife he makes it.
Certainly! She is not quite strong,

she is not as women are usually,
 she cannot be pregnant.
 He is conceited about his own wife
 who has proper human habits,
 who is a stately woman
 who can be pregnant
 She is a real woman (I warrant you)
 She is a stately woman.
 She is crooked on one side;
 Her husband is not too nice to look at either.
 He has a very fat tail
 Like a kind of salmon
 that cannot get fat enough!

An Old Drum-Song

(anonymous).

Look, look, that fellow
 He would "sing at" me.
 He, whom I have "sung at"
 Would "sing at" *me*.
 He, whom I have composed about,
 would compose about *me*.
 Sing on!
 He, who is uppish with me,
 would "sing at" me.
 It may well be
 that here on shore
 he can do more than I can.
 But I, miserable wretch,
 will make a poem
 about our once being at sea together
 on a properly stormy sea!
 He could not keep up in his kayak.
 I had to tie him
 to the seal I was towing.
 I like to think of it
 For it was so laughable.
 It is not often that kayak-rowers who are clever
 Have to be tied fast to a towed seal!

Maratse, the well-known shaman, sings a lampoon against *Pétákát* who that same year, in the summer of 1893, after committing murder fell a victim to the vendetta and was himself murdered.

I could hardly draw breath
 I became faint and powerless
 when I reached the mountain top
 and could see southwards.
 There were large current openings on the sea
 with much open water.
 And the lands there to the south
 were dimmed by haze
 and half hidden by the fog which was rising.
 But I thought:
 There are my parents',
 there are my tribe's
 coasts, along which they rowed slowly.

I am a little depressed
 for I am not so keen on
 "singing at" you,
 on making up songs about you.
 What makes me hesitate,
 what takes the desire from me,
 is, that those who sing with us
 are our mothers,
 are our grandmothers,
 are our family,
 are our aunts.
 They will sing with us,
 though generally they do not like one another;
 when they approach one another,
 when they come to one another
 when they sit on one another's platform,
 it is as if they were different people.

When I was a little boy
 when I was a little miserable boy
 Your grandmother
 Your mother
 were kind to me
 and I am grateful to her.

And now I make a song about,
 Now I am "singing at" —
 Yes, imagine! Now I have become old,
 Imagine, now I have become a man
 It is her disgusting son I am to "sing at".
 Her disgusting son,
 who so behaved
 that he challenged me to "sing at" him.

Nothing is known as to whether *Pêtákát* had any lampoon to pit against this one.

Maratse's Lampoon of Ūtuaq.

(The reason for it is unknown).

You, my opponent *Ūtuaq*
 Wretched little fellow
 Though you have a wife
 Of a great family
 Of the big brothers!
Ūtuaq, you wretched little fellow,
 you who *have* a wife
 would you also
 smash things up
 to get another wife,
 namely, your wife's sister?
 You have broken the dishes,
 you are quite silly,
 what would you do
 with another wife?
 Your wife, your "other wife"
 I will sing about only,
 Sing the lampoon about.
 For your poor wife,
 your poor married wife,
 I am sorry for,
 I would like to protect,
 as you, you detestable fellow,
 have rid yourself of her
 as you will no longer have her
 near you.

***Pétákát's Lampoon of Maratse who was known for
his disposition for theft.***

I, poor trembling one,
I, poor thing, was shocked
when I—alas! heard
of one from the south
against whom I was to sing,
of *Maratse*,
against whom I was to sing.
Why, why would you sing against me?
Is it to thank me
that you would “sing at” me?
Is it in thanks, because
you were thrown out by your house-fellows,
that you were removed from your house-fellows,
I, who got house-room for you,
I, who got you placed?
Yes, imagine, we got him house-room.
Imagine, we got him placed.
And he would only eat,
and he would only steal!
Whose young one is he?
He is the young of a raven!
Nothing but the dirty ravens
here in this world
live outside,
here in this world
procure food by theft!

Nutarqak sings a Lampoon at Maratse.

I will sing a song —
Your name's song, *Maratse*.
Against whom shall I sing it?
To whom shall I address it?
As it is your name's song, *Maratse*,
I will sing it at you.
In summer-time out there
At Nôrssit out there
When your wife had gone
and when your concubine had gone,
who was it I heard of,
I heard tell:

This *Maqâq*¹⁾, whatever will he do?
 What is it he has in mind?
 Will he take a wife,
 Will he have a third wife?
 He would only let them starve
 even on lovely summer days.
 Have you ever heard of one
 who has three wives,
 but who lets them starve
 even on lovely summer days?
 You spoke first
 and challenged me.
 And I thought that you were my helper!

Maratse's Reply.

Let me compose a poem,
 let me recall to memory
 that my song-contest opponent
 himself has many wives.
 I recall in my mind
 how my opponent
 borrowed wives.
 I call to mind
 how my opponent
 was like an orphan, without father, and
 his many wives were as
 mothers and grandmothers
 to him! —

Nutarqak is quick at making songs
 about one who has wives
 who has three,
 whom he will just allow to starve
 even on the loveliest summer day.
 I am sure I have heard of you
 I have heard a lot about you
 that you would take a wife,
 a third wife,
 but because of them:
 but because of *Iverneq* and *Pitdleqiatdlangneq*
 you did not get her!

¹⁾ MARATSE'S other name.

For they could not do without
 her with a sty on her eye,
 her, whose hair-tuft was like a saw-file.
 Then it is said they went south,
 that *Nutarqak* and his people went south.
 They had no proper clothes
 they had nothing but files.
 Remember now and think now
 that it was mid-summer
 and you made a noise
 and wept pitiably
 and said:
 You there, let her be
 and bring her to me.

***Átâq*, called "Bear Meat"¹⁾ lampoons *Maratse*.**

The reason was that *Maratse* had made a song about how *Átâq* once during a famine had had to eat the flesh of corpses, and sang this song to the people on every possible occasion.

During a song-contest *Átâq* accordingly does not forget to tell him that he himself once committed murder, the victim in fact being his own stepfather.

I am always hearing
 my opponent's song,
Maratse's lampoon,
 time after time,
 at every song-feast.
 He has made a song
 He has sung a lampoon about
 the time I ate human flesh
 though I am always ashamed of it
 though I should not be ashamed
 as it was to save my life
 I ate it.
 There is no reason for singing an answer
 for having to eat human flesh.

But what is it—have I not heard?
 Yes of course I have heard.
 Did not *Maratse* commit murder?

¹⁾ He got this name because he was killed and eaten by a bear, which was thought to be a *tupilak* in Sermilik Fjord.

Did he not try
to harpoon his stepfather?
But he hit only the kayak-ring,
he was so weak
that he could not stab through
the ring with the harpoon head!
Listen, *Maratse*!
See before you your stepfather,
he who was a father to you,
dragging along with his harpoon-bladder.
Maratse is a fellow who cannot keep himself.
See, he is blushing,
See, he is changing colour.

It is said that when this song was sung and the audience howled,
Maratse burst into tears.

An Ancient Lampoon.

Sung by *Mitsuarnianga*¹⁾ at *Maratse*.

I caught sight of the gossiper
the gossiper who came rowing
along the umiak track.
His awful jaw he allowed to run
as did his forefather's,
as did *Taqarterajik*'s
Taqarterajik, against whom the words were always addressed,
against whom the words were always directed.

His stepfather he tried to harpoon.
Yes, your stepfather, who was a father to you,
to whom the words were always addressed,
at whom the words were always directed.
And he wanted a third wife,
Then let him have a third
though he certainly often
is unable
to get skins for her,
and especially bear skins.

As *Maratse* could not tolerate being reminded of his stepfather, it
is said that he wept on this occasion too.

¹⁾ KÂRALE ANDREASSEN's father, famous as a shaman.

Kúnitse's Drum-Song against Maratse.

(Occasion unknown).

I borrow my father's drum-song,
 my father's song
 against *Maratse*, his name,
 Yes, against you, wicked fellow,
 I will sing it,
 I will revive its author,
 I will let him be as if alive again
 For he is not alive.

I had a very good laugh
 on hearing about those who live west of us,
 on hearing about you
 I laughed loud
 on hearing about my opponent,
 on hearing about you.
 Oh! you must be quite silly
 Oh! you must be a proper thief.
 Those who live west of you
 simply howl at you.
 Oh! you must be a proper thief,
 those who live in the same house as you
 simply howl at you.
 Lastly, it is said
 that you would even
 steal your stepfather's
 seal-stomach filled with blood.
 We heard that you cut it off,
 We heard that you wound your whiplash round it
 And tied it up.
 Why on earth should she give birth
 should *Púterqaq*¹⁾ give birth?
 should she give birth to one
 who would cut seal stomachs off?
 You need not get angry
 at this, you wicked fellow.
 It was your own fault
 that I began to sing.
 It is your own fault
 that you continually make me do it.

¹⁾ MARATSE'S mother.

Kúnitse's Lampoon at Ákernilik.

When *Kúnitse* had lost his father, he thought that *Ákernilik* had lampooned him with evil intent.

I came out here with my poor song,
through the narrows of this strait,
bringing it with me,
towing it,
this young of a spotted seal,
as I could catch no other.
For I am not like him,
my new opponent,
this so-called *Ákernilik*,
this clever fellow,
this great hunter.
Although he is so clever,
although he is a great hunter
you are much too handy.
Therefore I sing at you,
you have lampooned my father,
and not by an ordinary song,
but it was a malicious song.
Just you sing at me.
I can look after myself,
I can sing for myself.
Oh, are you going?
Well, then, go,
but it won't be to a hunt.

Previous to this song contest *Ákernilik* had begun to do badly at his hunting; he had become "kayak-faint", and on ice he was afraid to venture far out.

Upernâq's Drum-Song against Tusarpua.

Upernâq "sang at" *Tusarpua* out of pity for his wife, whom *Tusarpua* had almost killed with a knife.

Because I cannot forget
I will sing a drum-song.
Because I cannot forget
I will have revenge.
Because he almost troll-killed me,
Because he had almost killed me,
that disgusting, impudent fellow.

But thanks to
some shamans who
again have helped me to my soul.
Because I cannot forget
I am now singing at you.
I am now making a lampoon about you.
For I feel great pity for
and would like to shelter
my poor wife,
my poor concubine,
You almost got her, you beast.
You almost stabbed her, you beast
Yes, not only stabbed her
but almost killed her, you beast.
Is he a bad man, this *Tusarpua*?
Is he a disgusting big fellow,
is he a disgusting, long fellow,
big as a human being,
big as a man,
is he a bad man, this *Tusarpua*?

Tusarpua's Reply.

Even "they over there" said,
those who live farthest west, said,
that this wretched *Upernâq*
for the east-dwellers
for the few in there,
would hold a song-feast.
For he said he had pity
for he said he would protect his poor wife
His wife, who is much older than he.
He says that his poor wife
I almost did for,
I almost stabbed to death.
Yes, it is true, I would like to do for her,
I would like to have killed her
For her evil gossiping,
for her evil scandal,
which I could not bear to hear longer
I don't think it will be unknown
your song
your poem

against me, hermit,
 against me, bachelor,
 Yes, it is true,
 that I am alone,
 that I am a bachelor,
 for I would not
 have a wife like yours.
 I will not be under taboo-rules¹⁾
 I will not abstain
 like you, who are under taboo-rules,
 like you, who must abstain,
 such as people say,
 such as have not been kept quiet.

***Aggo's Lampoons at Ilīnguakêq.*²⁾**

I.

Ilīnguakêq had tried to get *Aggo's* wife for a concubine. Having failed, he lampooned her. This is *Aggo's* reply to *Ilīnguakêq*.

What shall I do, poor thing?
Ilīnguakêq, I hear, has lampooned me.
 What reason can you have for it?
 What can your song have been about?
 You had no reason for it.
 Perhaps you merely thought I looked simple,
 Perhaps you would merely mock me?
 Of course, I am a simple fellow
 Of course, I am to be mocked.
 I who am alone,
 having no sisters or brothers,
 none to help.
 But though you are many,
 I am not afraid of you
 I will not be cowed by you.
 You are only a man.
 You are only as I am.

¹⁾ UPERNÂQ's children had probably died one after the other, and therefore the parents had had to observe penances and taboos continually.

²⁾ *Aggo* was the most famous of the shamans in the Angmagssalik district. He was father to the curate KĀRALE ANDREASSEN's mother.

II.

Later it happened that *Aggo's* wife, whom *Ilinguakêq* wanted as a concubine, left her husband for another man named *Imálukutsuk*. *Aggo* mourned the loss of her. This gave *Ilinguakêq* the occasion for lampooning him, in which he even imitated *Aggo's* weeping.

Aggo therefore sang the following reply:

This my drum-song
I have wondered where it is to go,
where it is to be used,
where it shall settle —
behaving like a human being,
like an orphan being.
Then where shall this poor thing be used,
where shall it come to rest?
It shall be used against these
to these it must hurry:
to you, the *Ilinguakêq* family
They say he has mocked me,
that he has made a fool of me.
They say that the people of *Sermilik*,
even the women there,
gathered
when you behaved so foolishly
when you did stupid things among you.
As you are so stupid,
then you must *be* stupid,
in fact so stupid
that you cried like children
who are beside themselves.
When we heard this
we could do no other,
We had to weep too,
because she went away
because my wife left me
because *Pujôq* went away,
because she went to another
I have wept over her,
I have sorrowed over her.
Yes, certainly I wept over her,
Yes, certainly, I sorrowed over *Pujôq*.
For in my country down there
At *Kialineq* down there,

Pujôq worked for me
 But I have thought,
 Certainly, that when later in life
 I hear of anyone
 weeping
 then I will burst into laughter

This drum-song of mine,
 Will it do harm, I wonder?
 Will it be hard, I wonder?
 You it will certainly not hurt,
 To you it will scarcely seem hard.
 But she, your wife,
 She, your concubine,
 Will it hurt her, I wonder,
 will it be hard on her, I wonder?

Listen *Ilínguakêq*.
 When I hear that *you* are sad,
 I shall laugh loud,
 I shall mock.
 Is that funny, perhaps?
 Is weeping laughable?
 Is sorrow to be mocked at?

It is said that towards the end of this song someone suddenly cried:

"What is the matter with that little one?"

Then it turned out that *Ilínguakêq*'s son, who was still in his mother's back-pouch, was dying and that blood was running from the corners of its mouth.

Then, when *Ilínguakêq* and his family began to weep, *Aggo* ended his song with a howl of laughter. The fact was, it is said, that *Aggo*, like the great shaman he was, had arranged with his helping spirits to strike the child on the head at the very moment he was coming to the end of his song.

An Old Poem.

Look out there,
The weather out there
is glorious.
It is beautiful weather out there,
The sunny sky is clear.
Without doubt it is lovely out there
on the nearest grassy slope
And indeed he starts off,
he of whom I sing,
He is setting off out beyond,
Qilanártog,
the yearning one.
Imagine, when he returns,
Imagine, when he comes here,
Qilanártog,
the yearning one.

Epilogue.

In connection with these songs and lampoons I cannot refrain from recording a very peculiar incident which came to my knowledge shortly after Knud Rasmussen's death.

In the year 1724 *Hans Egede*, in accordance with the King's command, sent two young Greenlanders, *Pôq* and *Qiperoq*, to Denmark. The latter died there, whereas *Pôq* returned to Greenland the following year.

After his homecoming he made up songs describing what he had seen and experienced while in Denmark (see *Medd. om Grønl.* Vol. LIV, p. 416). In the *Kall* manuscripts in the Royal Library at Copenhagen there is a copy of one of these songs, in which among other things *Pôq* mentions the soldiers armed with sabres and muskets, of whom he was afraid at first, and "the man-made mountain with the inside winding, by which he ascended to the top". Obviously this was a reference to the Round Tower in Copenhagen.

During his last stay in Denmark, where he died, *Kârale Andreasen* spent some time in my home, and I chanced to mention this old song to him, and, as he expressed a wish to see it, I showed him a copy which I had taken of it.

After reading it through he went quietly up to his room, and soon afterwards returned with a paper on which he had written a song which, he said, he had heard many times in his boyhood at Angmagssalik.

Now here is a very strange thing!

This song turned out to be the same as the song written by *Pôq*, or at any rate very distinctly an echo of it. Not only was the beginning the same (In *Pôq*'s song it runs: *Pâmiune sujugdliit pisiat*: in *Pâmiut*, the first, their song, and in *Kârale*'s version: *Pâmit sùlisa pisiat*: the song of the *Pâmiut*'s forefathers), but later comes the phrase "those armed with sabre and gun", and, strangest of all, the song ends with a description, repeated three times, of "the man-made mountain with the winding inside."

Here, then, is a clear example of how a song can migrate. Whereas the song written by *Pôq* more than two hundred years ago on his

experiences in Denmark is no longer known at all in West Greenland, and must have fallen into oblivion there at least a century ago, it lived in the popular songs of the Angmagssalik district at the time of its colonization, among a tribe which at that time had not the slightest means of knowing what it was all about.

It must have been transplanted there through the trade intercourse of the East Greenlanders with the West Greenlanders living in the southern part of the west coast, presumably as long ago as in the middle of the 18th century, as this trade is known to have been in full swing even then, and while the song was still a topical one in West Greenland.

H. OSTERMANN.

Postscript.

With regard to the air of the song reproduced on page 156 I have received a pronouncement from Professor WILLIAM THALBITZER, which I publish here with thanks. H. O.

“These notes do not bear witness of any knowledge of the theory of music, and only one who is intimate with Eskimo singing will at all be able to realise what must have been meant or intended by them to imitate what was actually sung. However, without doubt the notes are an attempt at transposing what was heard into the norms of European music, rhythmically as well as tonally, and thus cannot be used direct as a guide or an indication of the East Greenlanders “music in olden times.” Indeed, they serve to indicate by what means the old music of that region is now being slowly destroyed, viz. gradually as West Greenland or European immigrants endeavour to imitate (perhaps even to propagate) it, but devoid of any sense of their original style.”

INDEX

	Page
Introduction	3
Epic Tales	7
Tunútêrajik	9
Nátátoq, the old man who became young again	17
Mago	22
The ravine that closed up	26
The woman who ate men	27
The two brothers	30
Uiarteq, the man who travelled round the world	34
The woman who took husbands from among the erqigdlit	36
Malarssivaq	29
Ukuamâq	43
Kínigseq	44
Qasiagssaq, the great liar	46
Ivalimâq, the thief	51
Kivioq, who left his home because his wife was unfaithful	52
The woman who was changed into a fog	55
Uteritsoq (the obstinate one).....	58
Qajêtaq, the man from the West.....	60
Kamikinârajik.....	61
Nuerniagarnakajik	63
Kunanânguaq, the homeless girl.....	66
Kâgsagssúnguasê, the little homeless one	67
Kúnuk, Kâgsagssuk and Ulivâtsiaq.....	73
A strange drum dance	80
Kâgsagssuk	88
A bear hunt.....	94
Vengeance.....	97
Ulivâtsiaq and Kâgsagssuks son	105
Animal Fables.....	115
The gull and the sea-scorpions	117
The louse and the worm.....	117
The raven and the gull in human form	118
The raven and the goose	118
The ravens song to their crying child	120
The man who married a fox	120
The ptarmigan and the loon	122
The old maid who wanted to marry a sea-scorpion.....	123
The little snow bunting that wept	124
The eagle and the whale.....	124

	Page
The woman who married a worm	127
The woman who had a bear as a foster son	129
The woman who was married to a dog	132
Diverse legends	135
The sun and the moon	137
Let men be men, and animals be animals	137
The qavdlunâqs	140
Indians	142
Songs and poems	145
Preface	147
Divers songs of sentiment	148
1. Visits (pulârneq)	148
2. Flirtation (sangmissaringneq)	149
3. A message (oqarqussineq)	150
4. Contempt (asigssuineq)	150
5. Disapproval (pikordlungneraineq, actually: mention of incapacity) ..	151
6. Going visiting (tikerârneq)	151
7. Love-yearning (asassamik erqaimassaqaarneq)	152
8. Free of Charge (akeqângilaq)	152
9. Kayak-rowing (qajartorneq)	152
10. A Dream (singnagtugaq)	153
11. Weeping (qianeq)	153
12. White-whale hunting (qilalugarneq)	154
Text to "A little song"	155
A little song	156
Quarrel songs	157
Kângitsukâq's Drum-song against Kùitse	159
Kùitse's reply	160
Kângitsukâq's drum-song against Kùitse — at another song-contest	161
Misartaq's drum-song against Qutsuluk	164
An old drum-song (anonymous)	165
Maratse, the well-known shaman, sings a lampoon against Pêtâkât who that same year, in the summer of 1893, after committing murder fell a victim to the vendetta and was himself murdered	166
Maratse's lampoon of Ûtuaq	167
Pêtâkât's lampoon of Maratse who was known for his disposition for theft	168
Nutarqak sings a lampoon at Maratse	168
Maratse's reply	169
Âtâq, called "Bear meat" lampoons Maratse	170
An ancient lampoon, sung by Mitsuarânga at Maratse	171
Kùitse's drum-song against Maratse	172
Kùitse's lampoon at Âkernilik	173
Upernâq's drum-song against Tusarpua	173
Tusarpua's reply	174
Aggo's lampoons at Ilinguakêq I	175
— — — — — II	176
An old poem	177
Epilogue	179