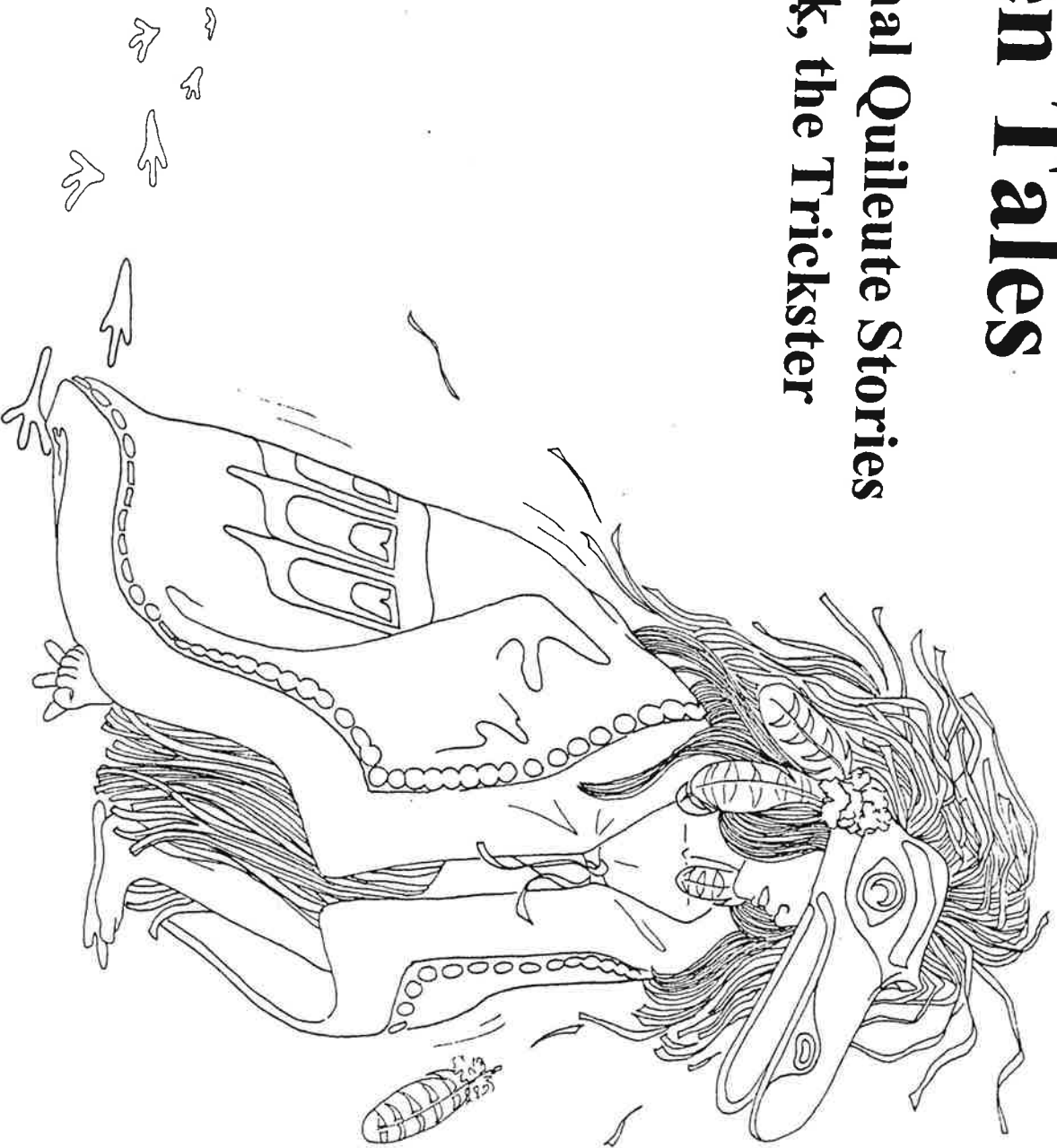


# Raven Tales

## Traditional Quilteute Stories of Báyak, the Trickster



# **Raven Tales:**

## **Traditional Quileute Stories of Báyak, the Trickster**

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Quileute Monsters

### **The Words and the Drawings**

The stories in this book are written so as to keep the rhythm and drama our old people used when telling stories to children and grandchildren. They'd repeat the important parts. They'd imitate the noises that animals would make. Some tales included songs. Storytelling was never dull!

The drawings in this book show animals walking and behaving like humans, just as they did at the Time of Beginnings. They're wearing the carved masks and button blanket regalia of the modern Northwest Coast Culture Area. The masks reflect the sense of transformation at a potlatch ceremony when dancers put on their regalia and become Raven or Eagle or Wolf.

## Learning from Trickster Stories

Today, we can write our traditional stories and tribal histories, but in earlier times Quilteute (**Quill-lee-yoot**) old people kept all that knowledge in their heads. They were like talking books! They told us the stories over and over and over. That's the way we learned our history, long before there were schools. That's the way we learned how to behave—what to do and what not to do. Now many of the people who remembered the old ways and could tell those stories have passed on. We hope that the traditional tales of Báyak, that wily old Raven, come back to life through the pages of this book.

Traditional stories take place at the Time of Beginnings in the world, back when animals were like human beings. They could talk and paddle canoes and live in longhouses. Like other groups farther north along the Pacific coast, our stories have Raven as the main trickster character. He's called Báyak in our Quilteute language. Native groups south of us have Bluejay as their trickster, while those in the interior of Washington and Oregon or parts of the Southwest feature Coyote in their traditional stories.

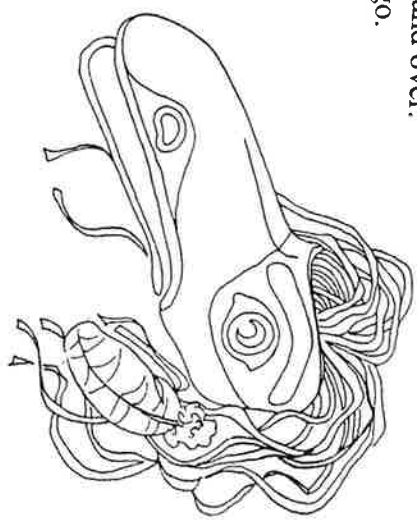
Whether the trickster figure is Raven, Blue Jay or Coyote, he is a real important character. In the stories of other northern coastal groups, Raven can even change the world! He brings light to the people by creating the sun, moon, and stars, or causes the tides so people can harvest clams and other shellfish. To do this, he often transforms into a completely different shape, like a pine needle or a crying baby. But even if a trickster figure is powerful, he can also be really lazy. So he's always looking for the easy way to do things. He tries being a copycat and ends up getting into trouble because of it. And because a trickster has human characteristics, he's often hungry. Even greedy. That gets him into trouble, too!

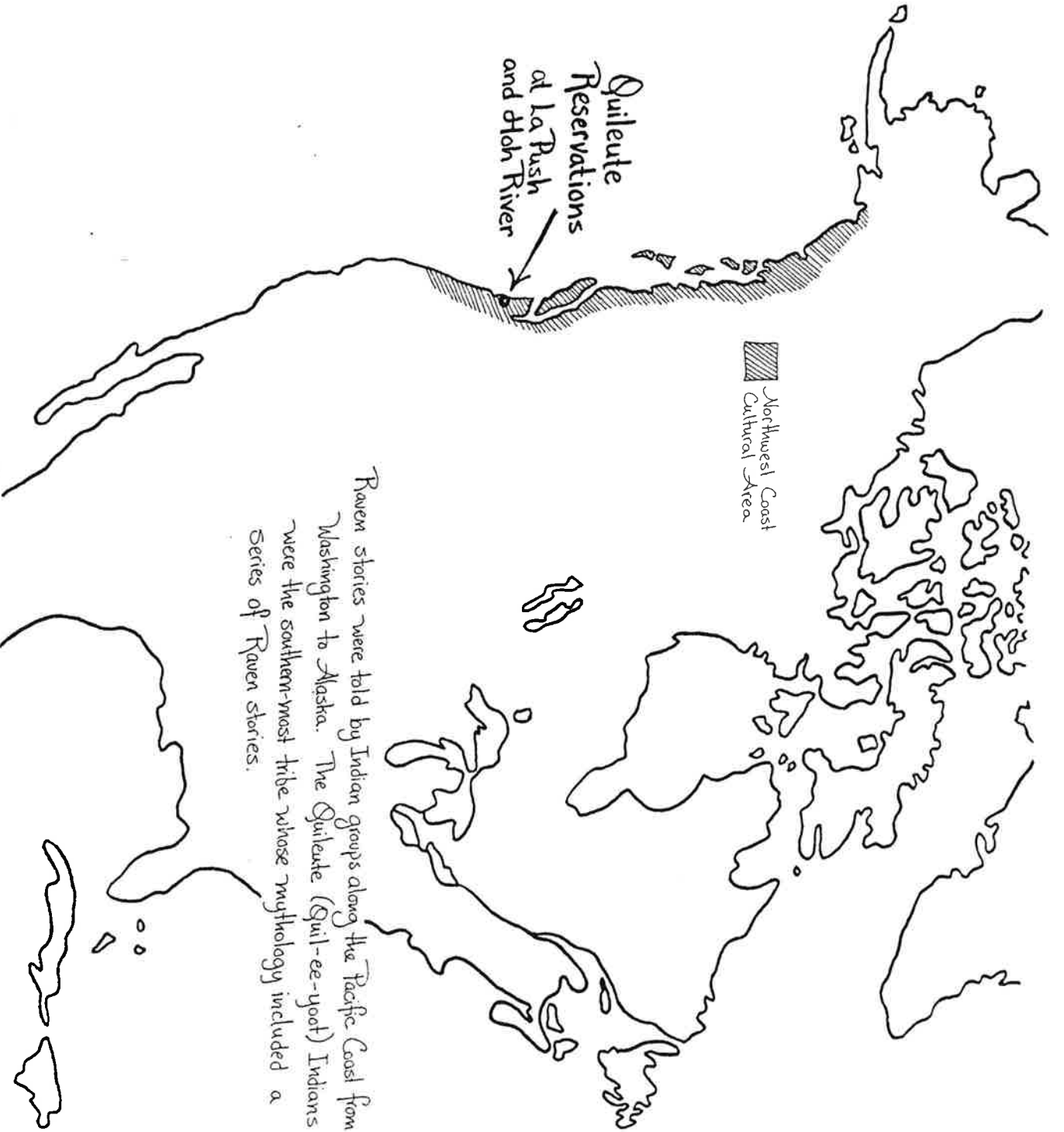
Some of our traditional stories explain how things came to be in the world, like how Raven got such curled-up, blackened feet. Other trickster stories are about the way you should behave—that being generous is better than being selfish, that working hard and being true to yourself is more important than trying some copycat shortcut. Raven often brags and gets put in his place. Or he plays tricks and his family suffers.



Not all of our traditional stories are about Raven. Some are about monsters! These tales are told to us as scary reminders that children shouldn't go into the woods alone. A few stories tell about kindly giants or monsters who could actually lend you their power if you encountered them in the woods.

We hope you'll enjoy our Báyak stories. Listen to them over and over and over. Learn from wily Old Raven, just as Quileute children did long, long ago.





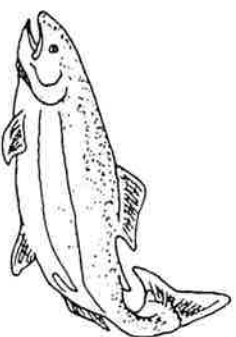
Raven stories were told by Indian groups along the Pacific Coast from Washington to Alaska. The Quileute (Quil-ee-yoot) Indians were the southern-most tribe whose mythology included a series of Raven stories.

## Quilente Life on the Northwest Coast

Like other native people on the Northwest Coast, our Quilente ancestors didn't ride horses, wear feather war bonnets, or live in tepees. Instead they carved great canoes, wore shredded cedarbark clothes, and lived in great cedar-plank longhouses near the ocean. We're all part of the Northwest Coast Cultural area that stretches along the Pacific coast from northern California clear up to Sitka, Alaska. Our neighbors include the Makah, the Nootka (now called Nuu-chah-nulth), and the Coast Salish groups. Further north are the Kwakiutl (now Kwakwaka'wakw), Haida, Tsimshian, and Tlingit.

The Northwest Coast is a land of dense, rainforests with towering cedar, fir, and spruce trees growing clear down to the rocky beaches. The fog-shrouded rivers and the great ocean are seasonally full of seafood—salmon, halibut, seals, and whales. Not surprisingly, this culture area is easily described by two words--sea and cedar. The abundant seafood of the Pacific coast enabled native people to have a rich diet, so they didn't have to spend all their effort just getting food. Instead, they had time to become skilled artists, carvers, and weavers. Living at the edge of the coastal rainforest also meant that the people could harvest the great red cedar trees which they used for housing, clothing, basketmaking, masks, storage boxes, canoes, and totempoles. The sea and the cedar tree provided almost everything early people needed for life on the Northwest Coast.

Native ceremonial life was particularly remarkable. Chiefs hosted great feasts, called potlaches, to mark important events like a birth, death, coming-of-age, or marriage. Potlaches sometimes lasted for days, during which time there was great feasting. Visiting chiefs and important people also listened to family histories and watched dancers wearing carved cedar masks and elaborate costumes, or regalia, that the host family owned. Guests were paid for witnessing these events with gifts of food, money, or other valuables. Potlaches were extravagant, and chiefly families usually had to save up for a long time in order to give one. Hospitality was highly valued on the Northwest Coast at any time, and important visitors could always expect to be well fed. Often when they left to go home, the host family would send along food for the journey.



Everyday life on the Northwest Coast changed with the seasons. During the cold winter months, whole families gathered together in cedar-plank longhouses. The men carved, worked on fishing and hunting gear, or participated in secret societies. The women wove baskets or made clothing of cedarbark and looked after the cooking and children. Winter was also the time when chiefly families would host, or attend, potlaches.

Much of the winter supply of food was dried fish and berries that had been harvested earlier in the summer. This food was dipped in fish or seal oil, called “grease,” before eating. Women often cooked meals in steambent boxes made out of a cedar plank. They’d fill the box with water and food, add rocks to the fire, heat them up, and then drop them into the box. The water would boil immediately— instant stew!

In warmer months, families would split up into smaller groups to go out fishing, hunting, or gathering. This was the important time for collecting all kinds of food—fish, clams, meat, berries, and root vegetables such as camas, that would be preserved for the winter months. It was also the time to get cedar bark and other basketry materials. Once a good supply of food was dried for winter, it was put away in large steambent boxes used for storage. Other boxes held valued possessions such as potlatch regalia. These steambent boxes could be stacked up to serve as partitions in the longhouse.

Even if food was generally abundant, life on the Northwest Coast was not always easy. Warfare was common, so villages posted lookouts and kept defensive weapons handy. Men and boys practiced throwing spears and shooting arrows for hunting as well as for protection. In fierce raids, the defeated were either killed or taken as slaves. Like many native groups on the coast, we Quileutes have stories of sneak attacks in the early days. But back then villagers at La Push were lucky—they could retreat to the safety of nearby James Island.

Today there are 750 Quileutes living at La Push and 140 members of the related Hoh tribe at a nearby reservation. Most of us still live along the shore, within sight of our ancestor’s graves. Some Quileutes continue to fish for a living, only now we use high-tech boats instead of cedar canoes to go after salmon, halibut, and crab. Most other villagers work in offices or for tribal businesses.

Today very few people can still speak our Quileute language, but we have set up education programs that encourage adults and children to add Quileute words into everyday speech. There are also language and culture classes in our schools. Women still get together to weave baskets. Hunters and fishermen bring home elk, fish, crab, and other traditional foods. This book of Bayak stories and many others that document our language and culture are all part of our efforts to keep our heritage strong and to blend the old ways into our modern day lives.



## Talking Quileute

The native languages of the Northwest Coast are hard! In fact, linguists come from all over the world to study them because they're so interesting and complex. For example, there are eight different "k" sounds in Quileute. We write them k, ḳ, k̥, k̦, kʷ, k̦ʷ, k̥ʷ, and k̦ʷ. While all those extra markings may look really strange, they're actually very helpful because they distinguish one kind of sound from another in our language.

This guide should help you pronounce the Quileute words in these stories. Just remember that an accent mark over a vowel means that part of the word is said the loudest. So watch for á, í, ó, and â.

Quileute	Quileute	say <b>Quill</b> -lee-yoot
Raven	Báyak	say <b>By</b> -yuhk
Bear	Ákil	say <b>Ah</b> -kil
Fishduck	Kʷíd	say <b>Kwade</b> (as in wade)
Mole	Pátsawol	say <b>Pah</b> -tsuh-wol
Skatefish	PáKʷad	say <b>Pah</b> -kwad
Eagle	Pixíadax	say <b>Pik</b> -tuh-duck
camas (wild onion)	kʷála	say <b>kwah</b> -luh
halibut hook	chibód	say <b>chee-bode</b> (as in toad)

# Báyaq and Ákil

Raven and Bear



I'm going to tell you the story of Raven and Bear,  
how Raven got his black, curled-up feet.

The raven is called Báýak and the bear's name is Ákil, in Quileute.

One time Raven went up to visit his old friend Ákil, the bear.

Bear planned a nice feed for his guest, a real feast.

He told his Mrs. Bear to fix a *big* dish.

Bear went upstairs to get a bunch of dried fish to prepare

For Báýak, the Raven.

Raven watched him, every move he made.

Ákil started beating the dried fish, softening it to put in front of Raven.

Bear went outside to get something.

He came back with two sticks with prongs and a straight one.

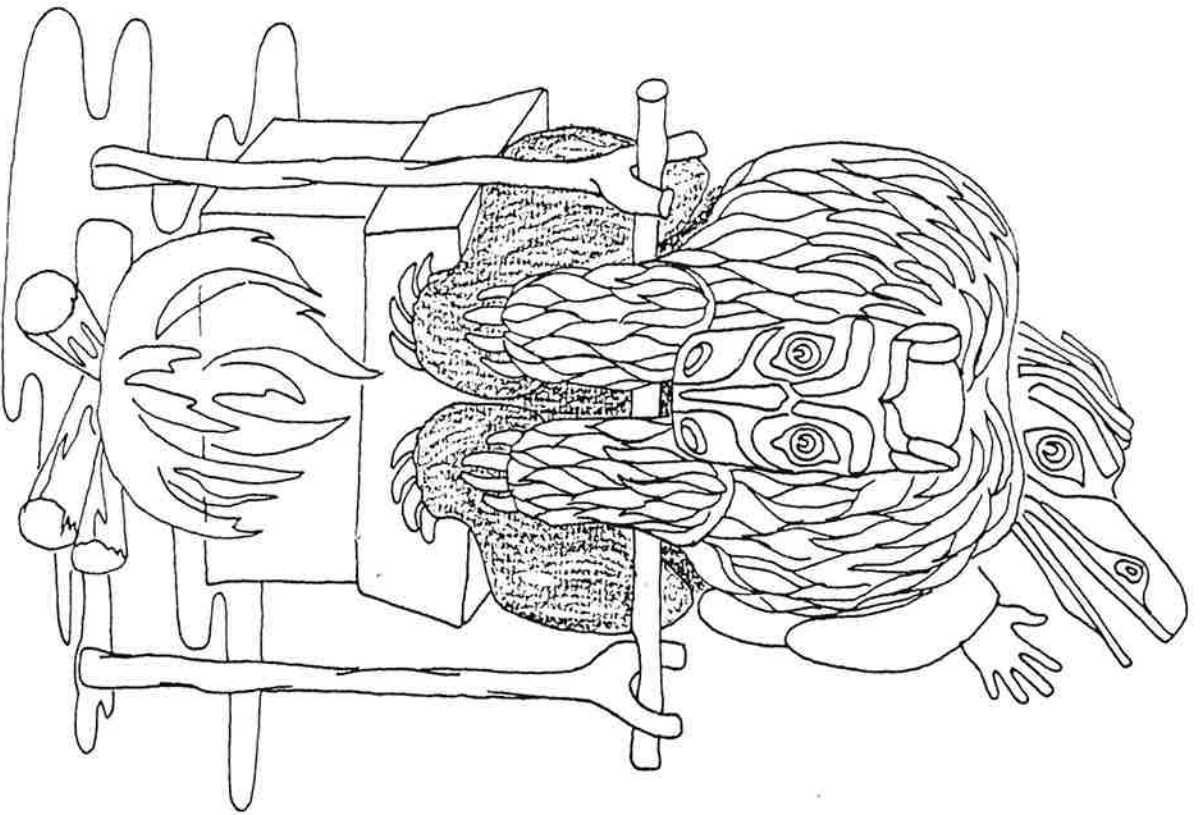
And he drove the pronged sticks

He drove them right into the ground, one on each side of the fire,

And he put the straight stick across these pronged sticks.

Then Ákil got his box, his chair. He sat down by the fire, put his feet up on the stick,  
and started roasting his feet by the fire.

Raven was surprised! Bear was going to *make oil* for dipping the fish.



Ákil asked Mrs. Bear, "Is the oil coming down?"

"Oh yes," she said. "It's dripping like everything and the pan is half full already."

Bear said, "Ah-h-h-h-h, we'll have a lot of oil for Raven to eat with his dried fish and even some to take home."

Báyak was there watching,

Amazed at what Ákil was doing.

The reason Bear was getting grease off his feet was because Bear has so much fat in his body, and in his feet, and everything.

That's why he was putting his feet by the fire  
So he could get the grease out of his feet.  
And they were dripping,

dripping,  
dripping.

Finally Ákil got through with roasting his feet for oil, and Mrs. Bear set the bowl in front of Báyak so he could start eating.

Old Raven, he started right in eating,  
using the oil to dip his dry fish in.

And after Báyak got through, Old Bear told him,  
“You take this home to your wife, so you can tell her  
how good Old Bear feeds you and everything.

Old Raven agreed. He said,

“You bet. I’ll tell Mrs. Báyak what I ate.

Then Báyak said to Ákil,

“I’m going to invite you to come down to my place. I got some dried fish, too.”  
Old Bear says, “Sure, I’ll come.”

So later Ákil came down river to visit Raven.  
Báyak got what little fish he had, just a few,

And he told his wife to build a fire.

“We’re going to feed Mr. Bear.”

Ákil started watching Báyak, because he knows Old Raven.

He knew Báyak was going to do the same thing he had done,  
to try and get oil for dipping the fish.

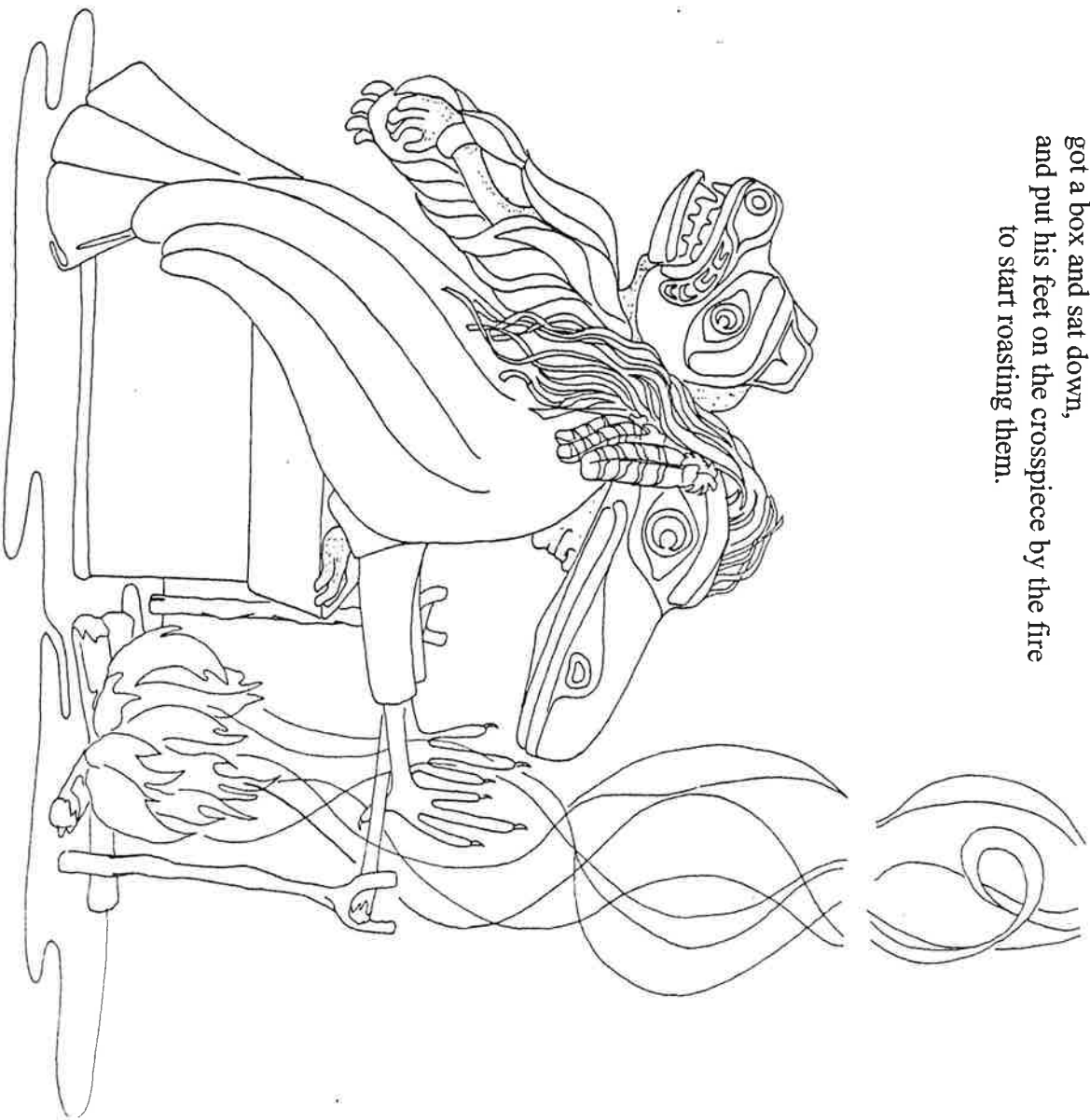
He knew Báyak always tries to copy what others do.

So Ákil watched  
and he watched.

Pretty soon Raven put two pronged sticks up and a straight one crosswise.  
Old Bear said to himself,

“I’ll watch him, he’s sure going to do what I did.”

And sure enough, Bâyak sat down,  
got a box and sat down,  
and put his feet on the crosspiece by the fire  
to start roasting them.



Soon he asked Mrs. Raven, "Lotsa oil coming down?"  
She said, "No-o-o-o, old man, there's not a drop.  
Your feet are just getting blacker and blacker."

So Báyak said, "Put more fire on.

Put more wood on the fire, so it'll heat up my feet  
and the oil will start dripping."

So she put more wood on the fire.

"No, no, there's no oil coming at all," she told him.

Old Báyak cried out, "Ahhh-sh, hoh-hoh-hoh-hoh.

Ahhh-sh, hoh-hoh-hoh-hoh."

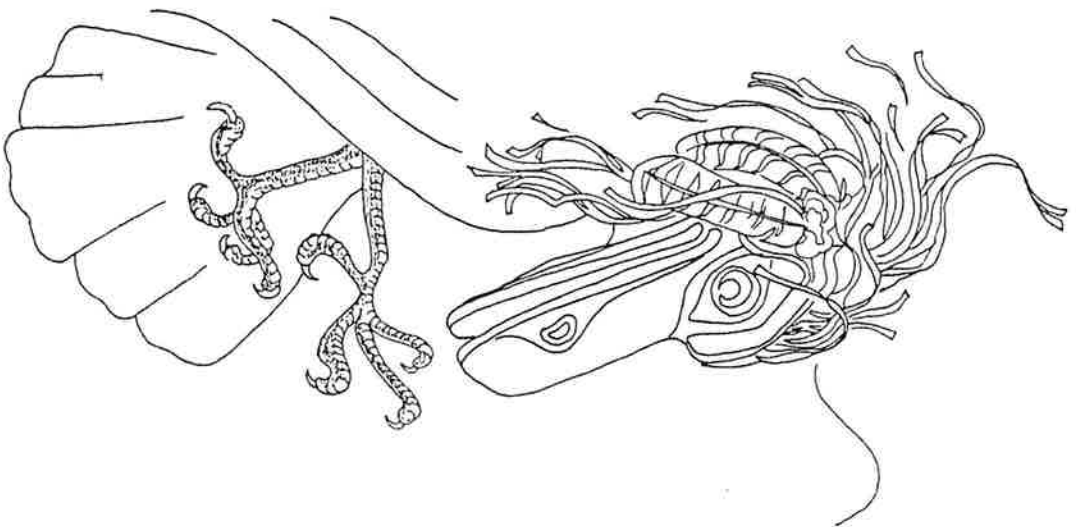
His feet began to curl up and dry up and crack and everything.

Mrs. Báyak said, "That's what I told you, old man.

You ALWAYS try to copy what the others do.

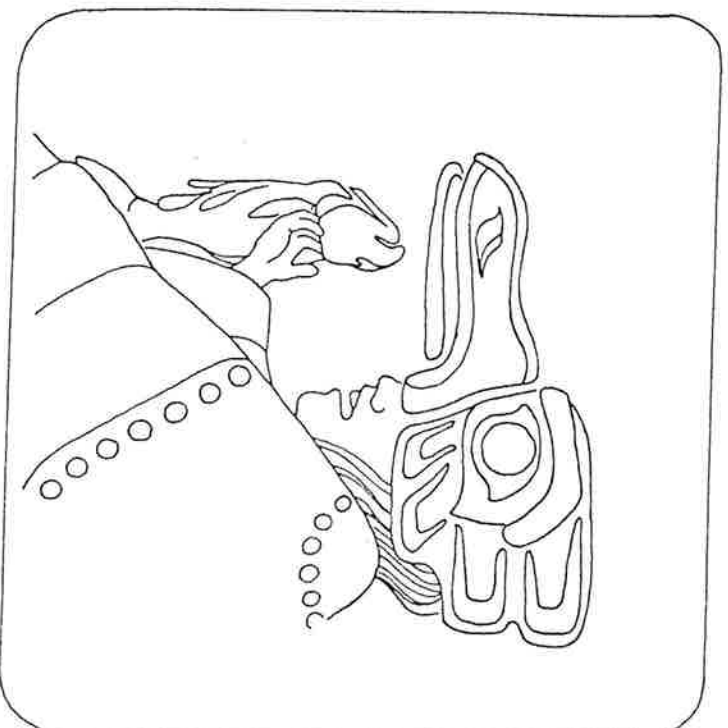
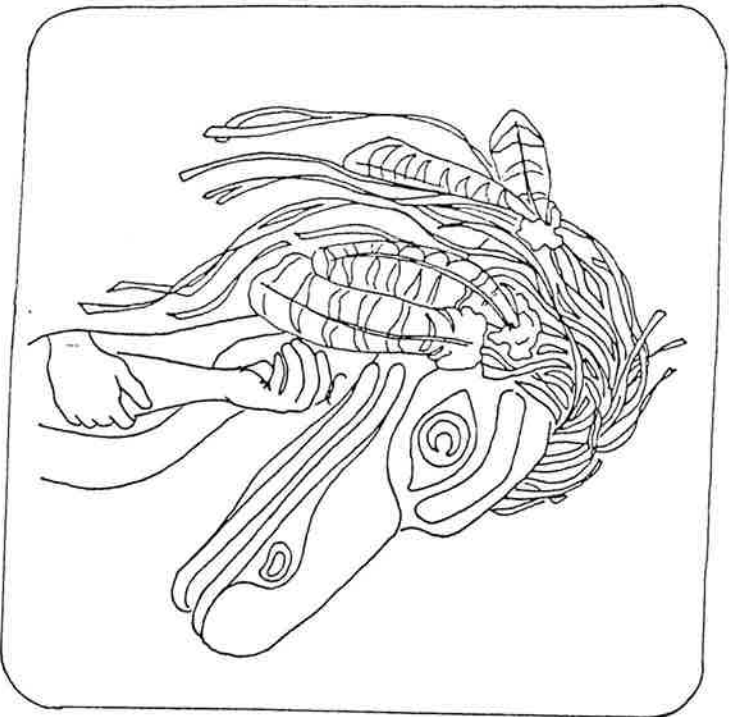
And it never works."

And that's why today, Raven's feet are curled up and black.



# Báyaḡ and K<sup>w</sup>íd

Raven and Fishduck





One time Báyak went over to visit K<sup>w</sup>íd, the Fishduck. He got up there, but he stayed outside K<sup>w</sup>íd's house.

He sat outside for quite awhile.

Finally, Raven got tired of waiting to be noticed and invited in, so he started making noise.

He said, "Kee-kee-kee-kee."

That's the way he got their attention.

The girls from Fishduck's house went outside to see who was out there, to see who was making that funny noise.

What they saw was a man with a great big curved nose.

They went back in and said, "There's a man sitting down outside there with a big nose."

Right away, K<sup>w</sup>íd says, "Call him in, that's your grandfather.

We'll prepare food for him."

So the girls called out to him, and Báyak went inside.

K<sup>w</sup>íd told Mrs. Fishduck, "Let's go out and get him some fish."

And he told Raven, "Stay in here. We'll come back in a little while and bring the food."

But Báyak was curious and said to himself, "I'll sneak out and see how they catch fish

So I can do the same thing."

And Raven went out to follow Fishduck, to find out how he gets his fish.

K<sup>w</sup>íd told his wife, "You go out there into the water a ways and start diving."

And she did.

She dived down in the saltwater and came up with two big steelhead fish. Fishduck said, "Now it's my turn."

And he dived and came up with two more steelheads.

So there was plenty, more than enough to feed Old Raven.



Báyak was hiding in the brush, watching.

He rushed back to the house to make-believe he was sitting there all the time.

Mrs. K<sup>w</sup>'íd came and prepared the food for him.

When she got it cooked, she put it in front of him,

A dish with two big steelheads.

Báyak started eating and eating.

And he got REAL full.

When he finished and got ready to go back home,

Mrs. K<sup>w</sup>'íd gave him the rest of the fish to take to his wife, Mrs. Báyak.

But while Raven was traveling home, he got hungry again and started eating.

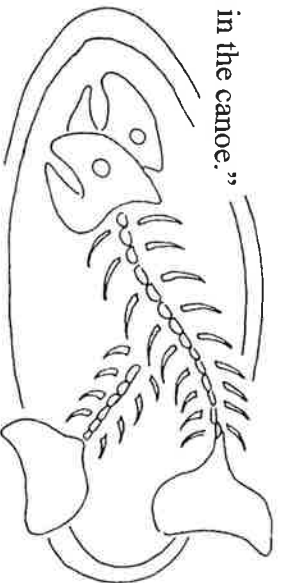
He ate up all the fish that were for Mrs. Báyak.

When he finally reached his home,

He told Mrs. Báyak, "Go out and get that plate that's in the canoe."

She did. She went out to the canoe, but the plate was empty.

All the remained was the bones.



Mrs. Báyak brought the empty plate into the house  
She was suspicious. She wondered what had happened.  
But Old Raven was wily, so he said,  
“I wonder why Fishduck gave me that empty plate to take home?”  
Mrs. Báyak didn't say anything.

Some time later, K<sup>w</sup>íd, the Fishduck, came to visit Raven.

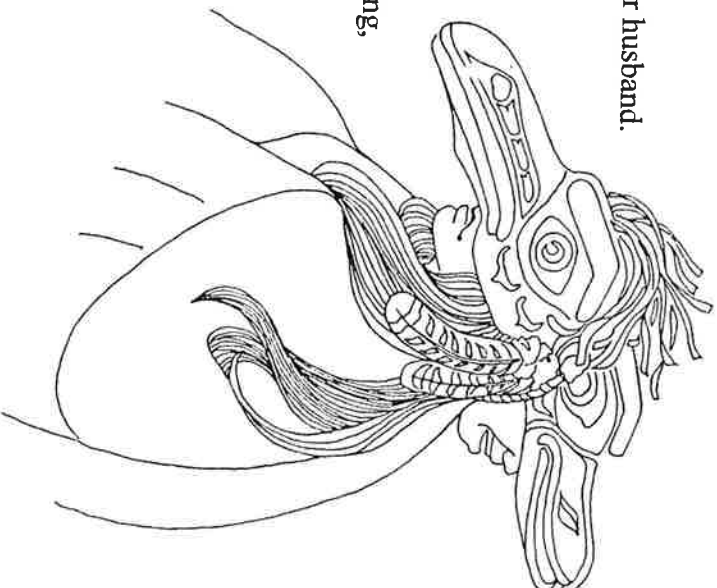
Báyak told his wife, “Get some food for our visitor.”

But Mrs. Raven knew they had no fish.

“How are we going to get some?” she whispered to her husband.  
He said, “I know how, I know how. I'm smart.  
Don't worry. We'll get fish for him.”

So they went down to the beach, to the water.

K<sup>w</sup>íd had a hunch that Báyak was going to try his way of fishing,  
So he decided to hide and watch.



Old Raven told his wife,

“You go out there, start diving, and you’ll catch fish.”

But Mrs. Báyak said, “I don’t do that.

I can’t do that.

I don’t see how I can do it.”

“Just go out there,” Báyak told her. “I’ll come along and help you.”

She tried to dive down deep.

Báyak started to push her, push her,  
but she couldn’t go down.

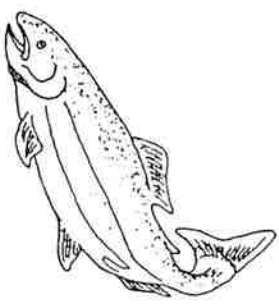
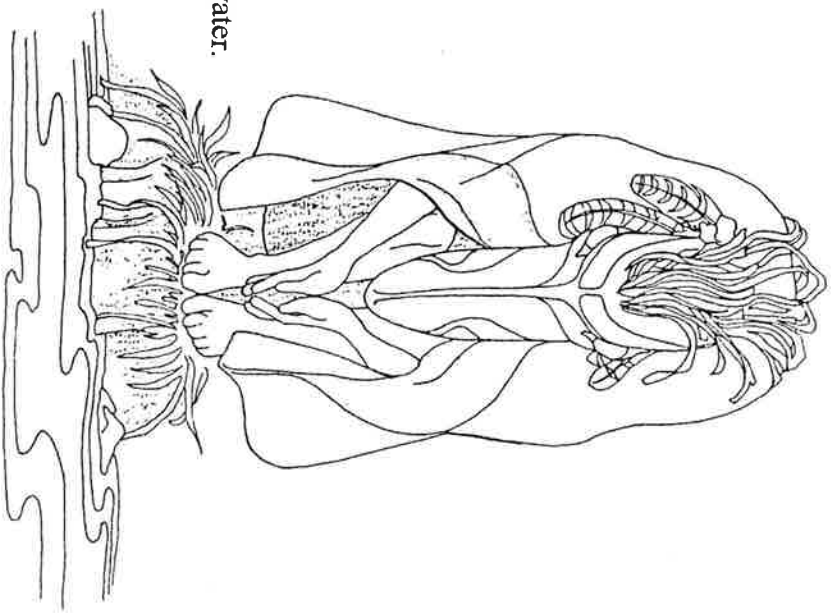
All she could do was put her head under the water.

She could see there were fish down there.

She tried again, but she couldn’t dive down.

She just floated.

Báyak pushed her some more, but she couldn’t stay down in the saltwater.



Finally, Báyak lost his patience. "Let me try," he said.  
He took a little jump and hit the water.  
Nothing happened. He just bounced right up,  
bounced right back.

Again he tried to dive into the ocean,  
but he only splashed the water by kicking it.

K<sup>w</sup>íd, the Fishduck, was watching.  
He was laughing and laughing.

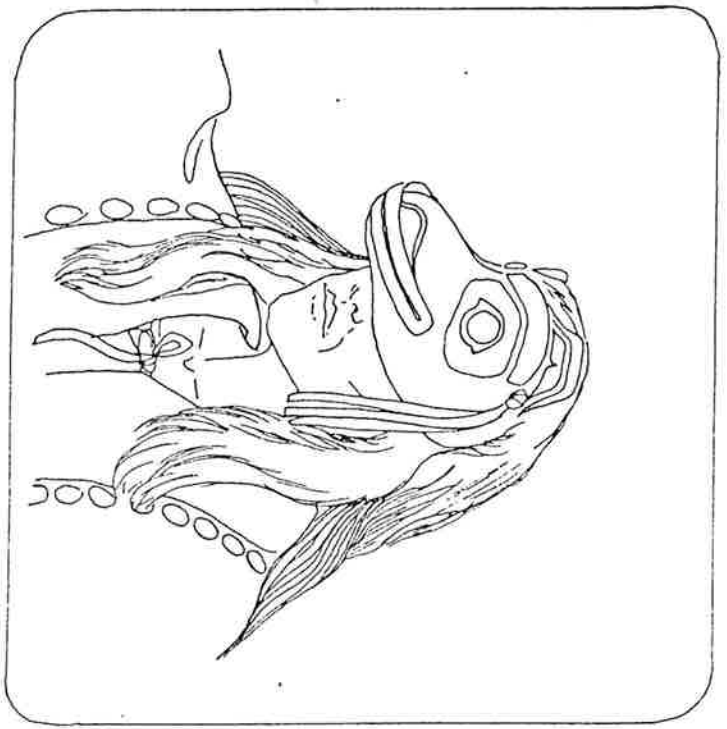
Finally Báyak had to give up,  
so they didn't catch anything.  
They had nothing to feed their guest.

K<sup>w</sup>íd prepared himself to go back home.  
All the way he laughed and laughed.  
He laughed about Báyak trying to fish by diving.  
He laughed because he knew  
Old Raven was going to try that.



# Báyak and Pátsawol

Raven and Mole



This story is about Mole and Báyak, the Raven, a long time ago  
when all these animals were human beings.  
Mole is called Pátsawol in Quilente.

One time Báyak went to visit Mole. He took along his wife, Mrs. Báyak.  
When they got there, Mr. And Mrs. Mole prepared food for them.

This time they gave the visitors what is called camas, or k<sup>w</sup>ála in our language.

K<sup>w</sup>ála is like a small onion. It grows underground in prairies.

You can still see a field of camas growing south of Forks.

The reason Mole can get them is because he's an underground person,  
He can go under the ground and dig up the k<sup>w</sup>ála.

So Mr. And Mrs. Pátsawol prepared the visitors a big dish of camas.

It's a favorite food of Báyak because it's nice and sweet and soft,  
and it's tender, very tender.

When they got through eating, Mr. and Mrs. Mole gave them a basket  
full of this k<sup>w</sup>ála to take home.

There was so much it would last for three or four days.





While paddling down the river, Báyak got hungry again and planned how to fool his wife, so he could eat all the k<sup>w</sup>ála himself.

Mrs. Raven was paddling in the front of the canoe, with her back to Báyak. He started shooting arrows, shooting arrows right past her head.

“Keep paddling! Keep paddling!” he shouted at his wife.

“The enemy’s after us—there’s lots of them after us!” he told Mrs. Báyak.

“Don’t turn your head around! Just keep paddling and head for shore!” Raven kept shooting arrows past her, saying, “They’re after us! Keep paddling!”

Finally, as they hit the shore, Báyak told his wife,

“You run for the bushes and hide. I’ll stay right here.” And she did run and hide.

Old Raven hollered, “Don’t you come back until I call you!”

Mrs. Raven stayed hidden in the bush for a long time, and Báyak started eating the k<sup>w</sup>ála.

Oh-h-h, he used both hands. He wanted to finish it in a hurry. He got awfully full.

He ate so much carmas he swelled up.

Then he jumped out of the canoe and started hopping around on the shore, hopping around on the sand, to make tracks.

He wanted to make tracks like the enemy, like there had been a lot of enemies. He did that to fool Mrs. Báyak.

Hop around,  
hop around,  
here and there.



Finally, Báyak told his wife that it was safe to come out of the bushes.  
“Whew! They left,” he said.

When Mrs. Báyak returned, she looked in the canoe.

She saw all of the k<sup>w</sup>ála was gone and got suspicious of her selfish husband.  
She said, “My, those tracks look just like yours, old man.”

Báyak said, “Ha-ha, you know nobody’s tracks look like mine.

There’s no comparison to my tracks.

Look at them. There was a lot of enemies.

They beat me up so my head aches. Even my stomach aches.”

“Where did all the k<sup>w</sup>ála go? she asked.

“They took everything,” Báyak said.

“The enemies ate it all. There’s nothing left.

I tried to do my best just to keep them away, but they ate it all.

And finally they left.”

So Mrs. Raven had to go home hungry.



# Báyaḡ and Páik<sup>w</sup>ad

Raven and Skatefish



I'm going to tell you a story about Báyak, the Raven, and Pák<sup>w</sup>ad, the Skatefish, back when they used to be people a long time ago. In those days, everybody carried their spear for hunting or to protect themselves in case of enemy attack.

When Báyak saw Pák<sup>w</sup>ad, the Skatefish, he boasted as he always does.

"I'm really good with my spear.

And I'm so fast, nobody can hit me.

Then he taunted Skatefish, saying, "You're so flat and wide, nobody could miss you."

Old Pák<sup>w</sup>ad replied, "Ha. Ha. You don't know me. I can fool any enemy.

You think you can hit me, Raven? You want to try?"

Báyak says, "Sure I'll try. And I'll win, because you can't be missed."

So they both took their spears and started circling around each other. Pák<sup>w</sup>ad said, "Ok, go ahead and try."

Old Raven, he massaged the spear to give it power. He was eager to show off. He was sure he could hit Old Skatefish.

Pák<sup>w</sup>ad crouched and got ready.

Old Báyak didn't hesitate.

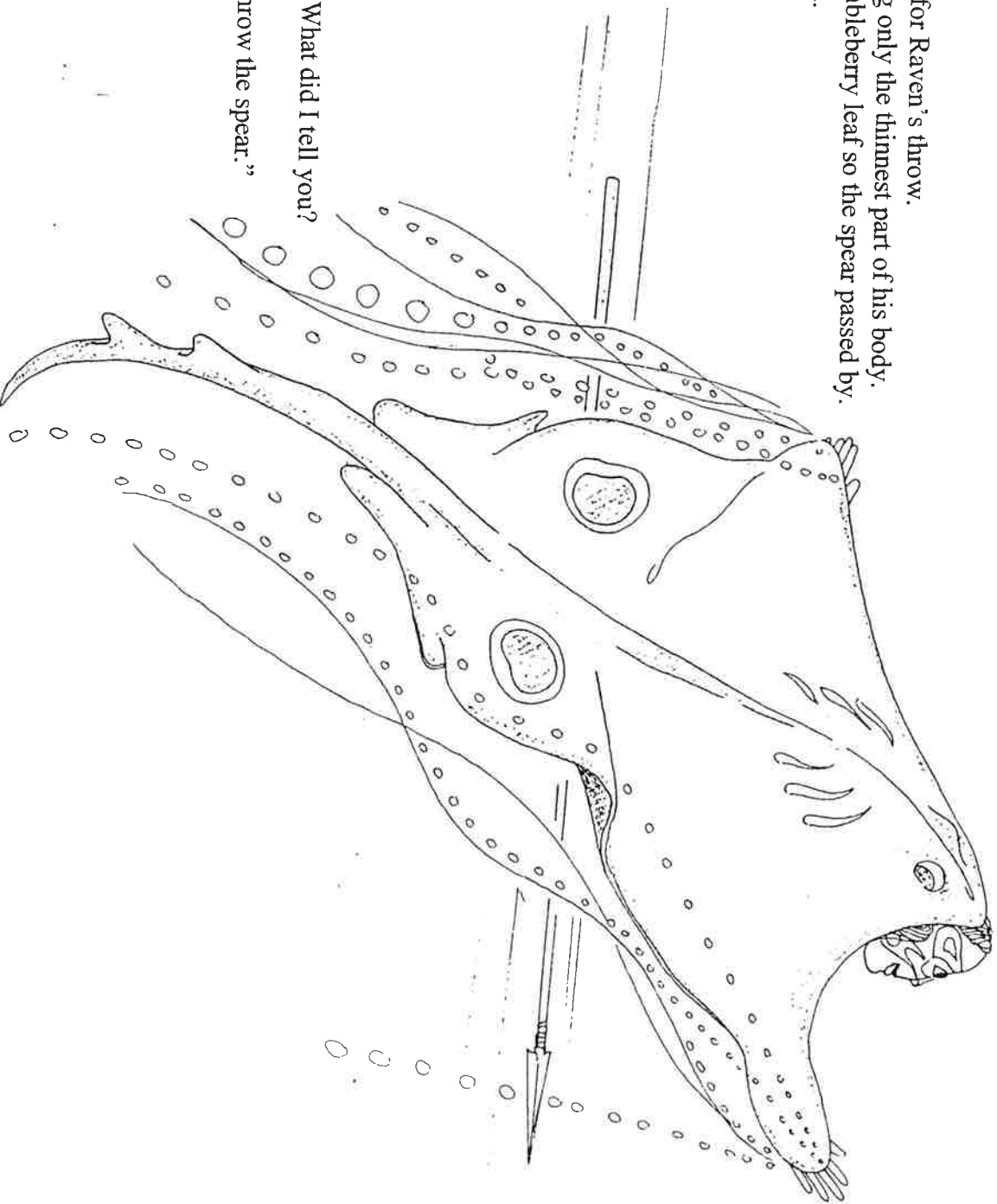
He threw the spear.

But Skatefish was watching for Raven's throw.

He turned sideways, showing only the thinnest part of his body.

He was thin as a thimbleberry leaf so the spear passed by.

It missed Old Pák<sup>w</sup>ad.



Pák<sup>w</sup>ad said, "Ha ha, Raven. What did I tell you?  
You missed me!

Now it's my turn to throw the spear."

Báyak wasn't worried. He'd watched how Skatfish had moved.

"You can't hit me," he bragged.

"I'm pretty smart.

And I'm fast as a fox."

Pák<sup>w</sup>ad got set, he raised his spear and aimed.

Báyak started to hop around,  
hop around,  
hop around,  
hop around.

He was getting ready to jump when Old Skatfish threw the spear.

But Pák<sup>w</sup>ad made a false throw. He just pretended he was going to throw the spear.

Old Raven thought the spear was coming.

So he jumped up, saying, "Kee-kee-kee-kee. You missed me!"

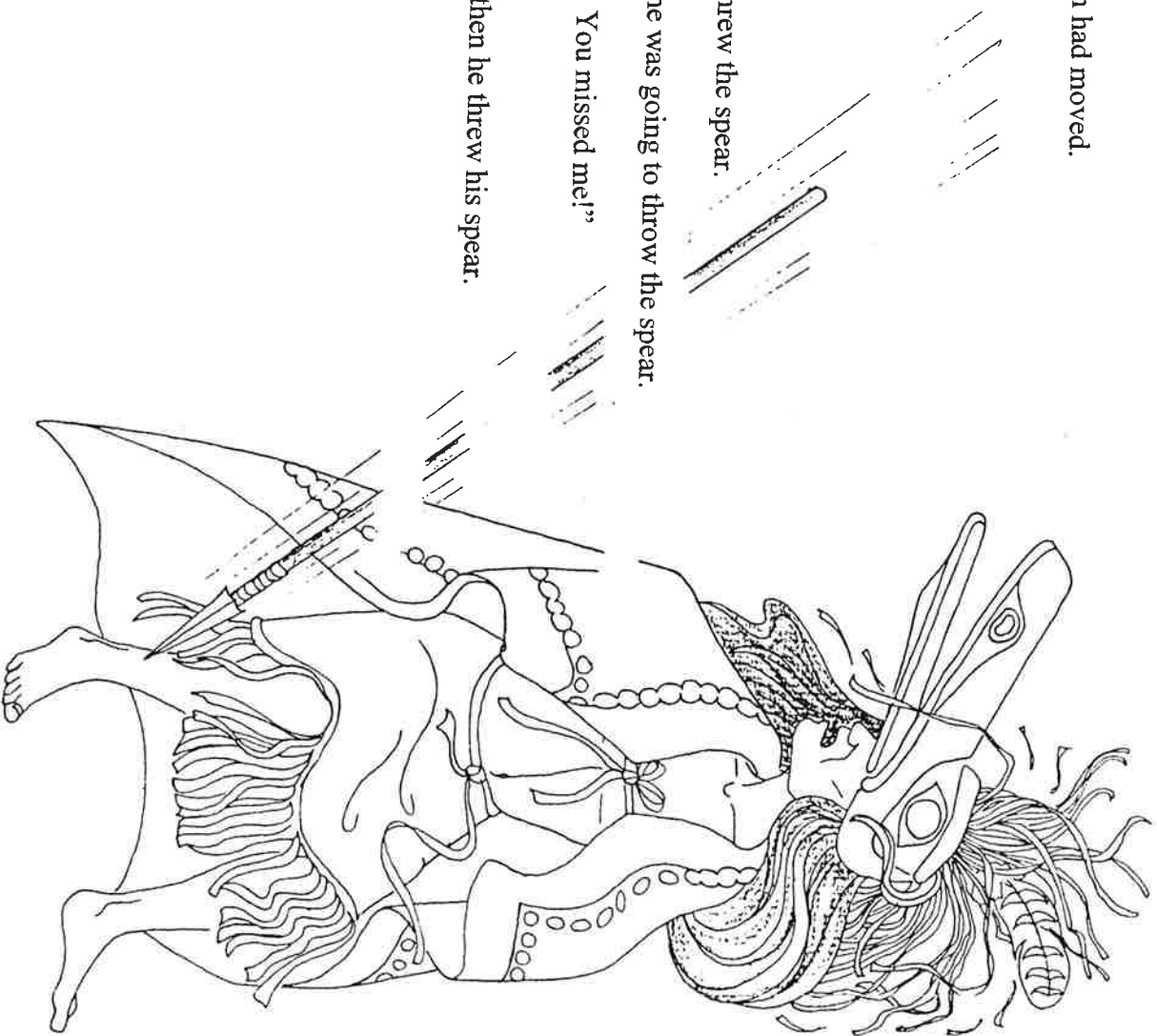
He was so sure of himself.

Skatfish waited until Raven came back down, and then he threw his spear.  
He hit Báyak right on the leg.

Raven cried out, "Ahhhsh, hoh-hoh-hoh-hoh.

Ahhsh, hoh-hoh-hoh-hoh."

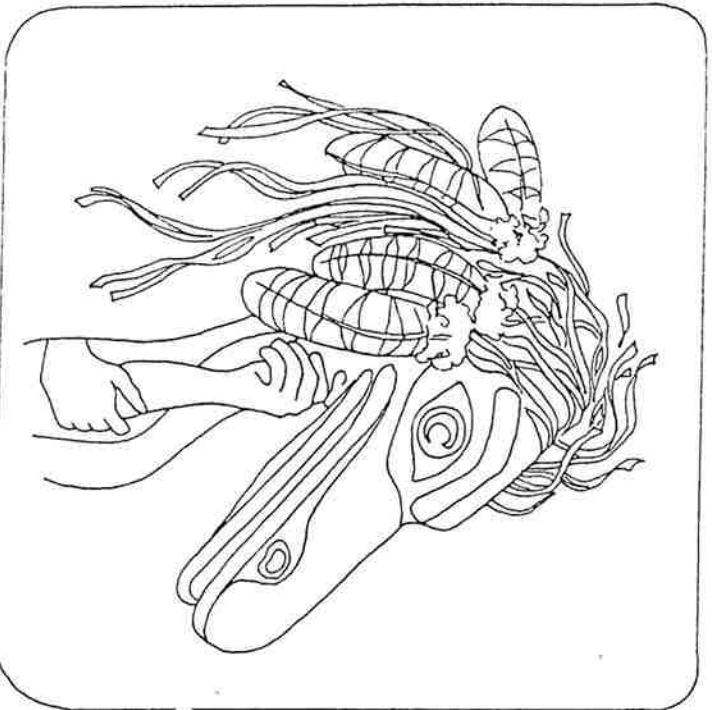
So Báyak, the bragger, got beat again.





# Báyaḵ and Píxtadax

Raven and Eagle



I'm going to tell you the story of Báyak, the Raven, and Píxtádax, the Eagle. Píxtádax means "light tail" in our language.

One time Báyak went up the river to the home of Píxtádax.

Right away, Eagle told his wife to fix a big meal for the visitor, Báyak.

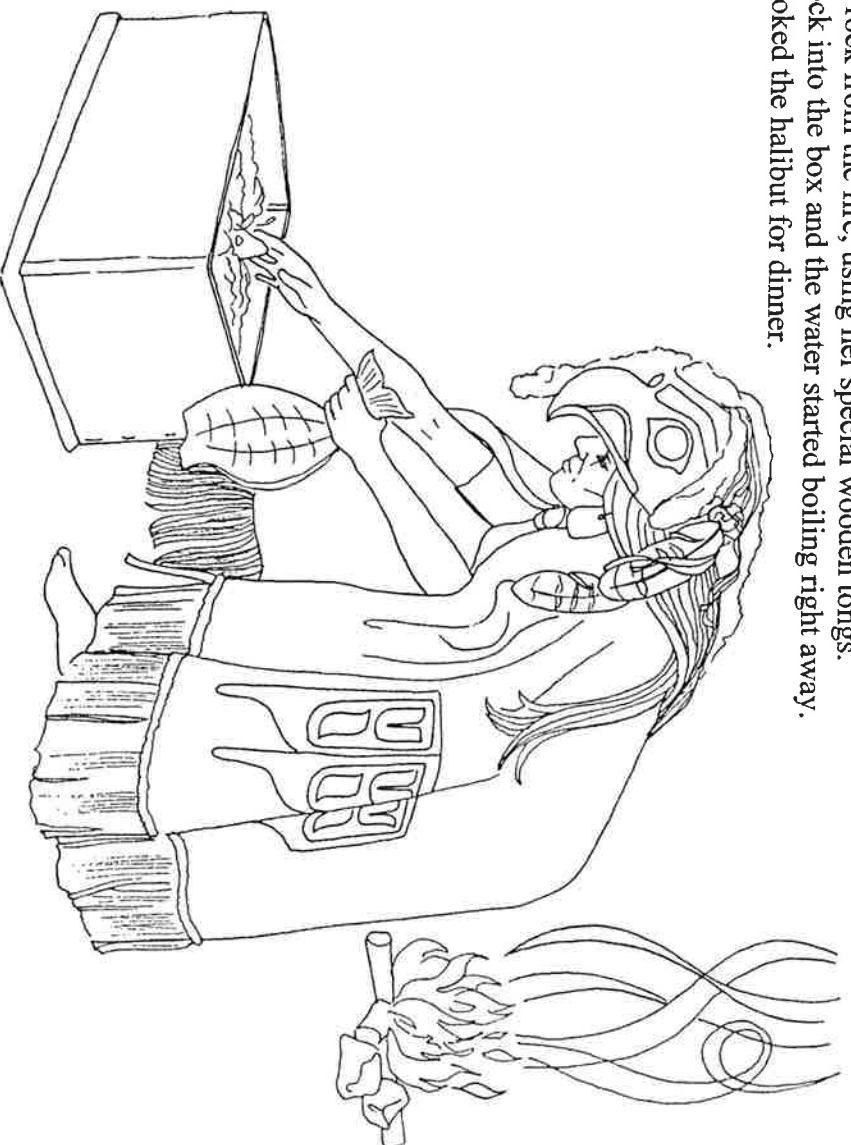
Raven noticed that Píxtádax had a lot of dried halibut. Lots of fish.

Báyak watched as Mrs. Eagle cooked. First she put some of the dried fish and some water in a steambent box.

Then she picked out a hot rock from the fire, using her special wooden tongs.

She put that hot rock into the box and the water started boiling right away.

That's how she cooked the halibut for dinner.



When they had eaten and were filled up, Píxládax gave Báyak the leftovers to take home.  
Before he left, Raven asked Eagle,

“You’ve got lots of fish. How did you get all those halibuts?”

Píxládax knew Old Raven was always trying to copy others.

He decided to trick Báyak, to teach him a lesson,  
a lesson he’d never forget.

“Ha-ha!” Eagle said. “Do you see my boy over there?”

He looks like he’s been chewed up many times.

He’s the secret bait I use on my hook, my chibód.

That’s the way I get all my halibuts.”

Báyak said to Eagle, “I think I’ll try that.”

Eagle smirked and said, “Be sure and do it right.

When the line starts jerking, don’t pull it up right away  
because you only got one halibut.

When it quits jerking, then you got two on the line!

Then you start pulling.

It’ll take both hands because you’ll have two big halibuts!

Báyak couldn’t wait to try Píxládax’s way of fishing.

He hurried home, back down the river.

When he got home, he told his wife, “Mr. Eagle’s got a lot of halibuts.

He gets so many because he uses a special bait.”

Mrs. Báyak listened to him. She listened to another of Old Raven’s plans.

“They might be fooling you, as usual,” she warned him.

But Old Raven was sure this time.

He told her the reason that Píxíadax caught so much halibut was because he used his son for bait!

“Don't you do it,” Mrs. Báyak told him. “Don't you try that.”

But Báyak insisted. “That's the only way we're going to have a lot of halibut like the others have.

So tomorrow we'll go out early in the morning.

Again his wife said to him, “They might be fooling you, old man.”

In the morning, Báyak got ready to go. He woke his son up.

And he soaked his kelp fishing lines, to get them strong and ready.

Finally they all got in the canoe and started paddling.

When they got to the halibut grounds, Báyak told his boy to get ready, that he was going to be the bait for the fish.

Old Raven remembered what Eagle told him, not to pull up the line until it quits moving;

That way he'd be sure to catch two big halibuts.

Mrs. Raven begged. “Píxíadax might be fooling you, old man,” she said.

But Báyak wouldn't listen.

Raven put hooks on his son and tied him to the fishing line.

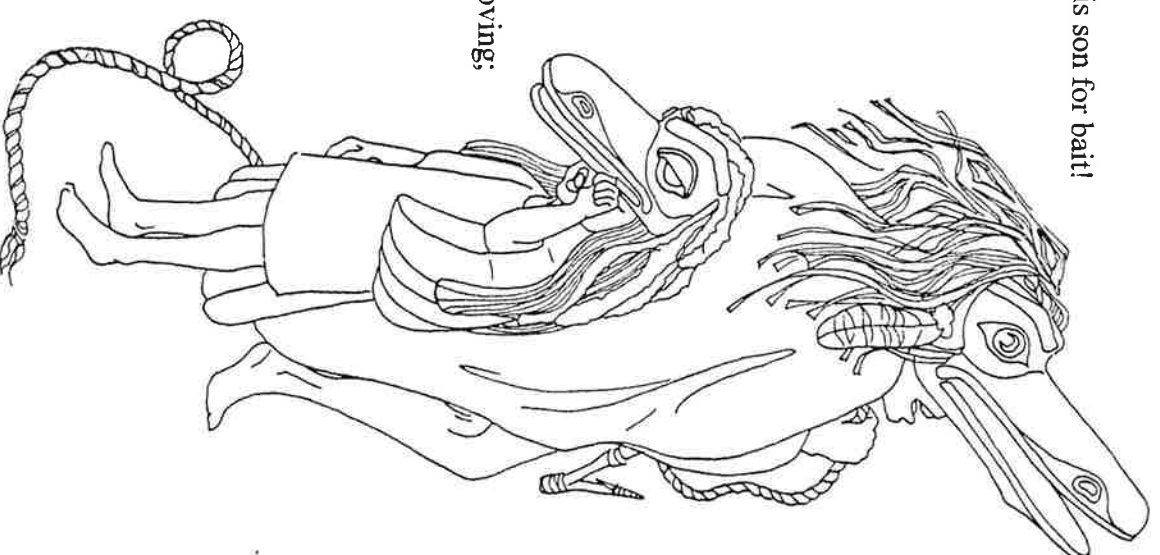
Then he lowered him into the water for bait.

Báyak let the line go way, way down.

It wasn't long until the line started jerking.

“See,” Báyak told his wife.

“See, I told you there was a lot of halibut down there. Look at the line jerking!”



Then he reminded her of what Píxiadax told him—

“Don’t pull it up until it stops moving.”

Finally the line quit jerking.

Báyak said to his wife, “Now I’m going to pull it up  
and we’ll have halibuts. Two big halibuts on the line.”

He started pulling,

pulling,

pulling.

“It’s heavy,” he said. “It’s awful heavy. Those fish must be really big!”

Finally he got it to the surface. And there was his boy—drowned.

Mrs. Báyak started to cry. “I told you old man, I told you.  
Somebody always fools you.”

And they went home. They lost everything.



## Quileute Monsters (*optional section*)

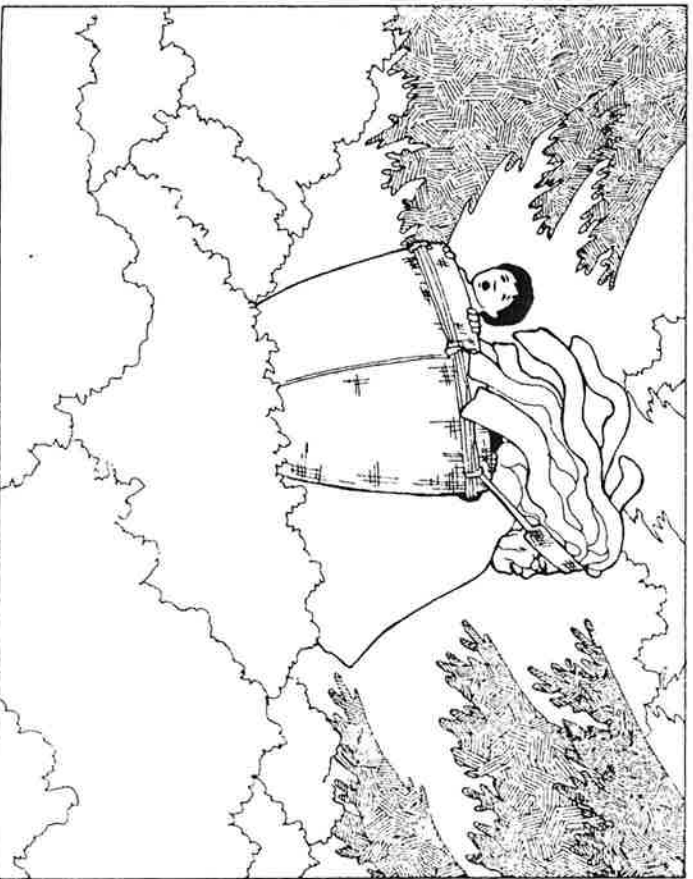
The old-time Quileutes told of several different kinds of monsters—some were scary and did horrible things. Some were powerful. Some were tricky but often gave special powers to any human who met them. There were a lot of these monsters. Here are some of them, along with how to say them in the Quileute language.

Dáskiya	say <b>Duhs-kee-yuh</b>
Taták <sup>w</sup> ayal	say Tah- <b>tah</b> -kwah-yahl
Kilárob	say Kil- <b>lah</b> -tob
Pòʔóǵ <sup>w</sup> sidat	say Poh- <b>oak</b> -suh-daht
Táslas	say Tuhs-tuhs
Bábayíʔsip	say Bah-by- <b>yare</b> -sip
Pàʔatikíʔtíʔx <sup>w</sup>	say Pah-ah-ti- <b>kith</b> -tith
Bàskáʔiʔíʔx <sup>w</sup>	say Bahs-kah-ji- <b>tith</b>
Châyákapíʔ	say Chy- <b>yah</b> -kuh-pith
Tíʔtíʔal	say Tiss-till-lahl

### Daskiya

This horrible female monster had long strands of slimy kelp for hair and lived deep in the woods. If she caught children out wandering alone or misbehaving, she would snatch them up and put them in the big woven basket she carried on her back. Sometimes she'd cover their eyes with sticky pitch so they couldn't see where she was taking them. Once she got back to her house, she'd cook the children and eat them!

Parents would warn their children to be good or Daskiya would get them.



### Tatak' ayal and Kilatob

Tatak' ayal was a giant man, as big as half a tall fir tree. He lived in the woods and looked just like a normal man—only very large. Anyone who saw Tatak' ayal and could rub himself with any of this giant's things became very strong. But anyone who looked at his face would drop dead! Kilatob was another Quileute giant lived in the ocean. He might help out if a sudden storm came up or if any other problem came up out on the water.

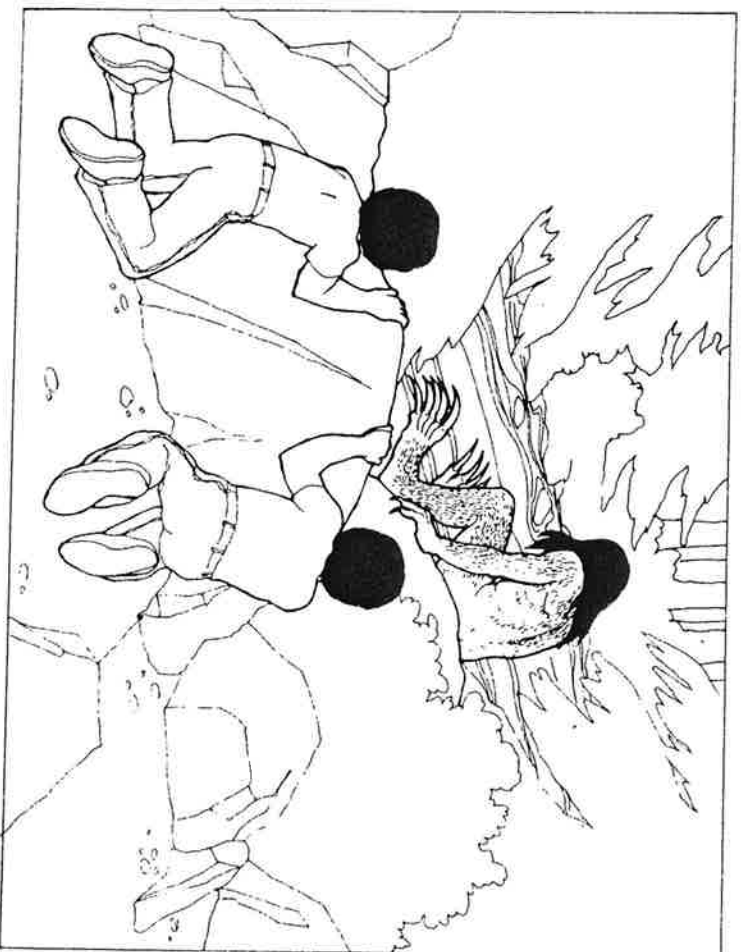


Pòʔóḵ<sup>w</sup>sidat

There were female giants, too. This woman lived in the sea, and anyone who saw her swimming knew that there was going to be rough water ahead. Anyone who looked at her face, died on the spot!

Tástas

This giant got his name because he always said, "Tas, tas, tas!" He lived in the woods near streams. He caught fish which his toenails which were three feet long and very sharp! Tástas was so fast no one could outrun him, so it was best to be alert in the woods and see Tástas first.



## Bàbayísisip and Pàʔatikíítíx<sup>w</sup>

These two mysterious women lived near Quileute villages. Bàbayísisip was a dwarf who played tricks on people. Anyone who saw her had better laugh or she would kill them. Pàʔatikíítíx<sup>w</sup> was more kindly. She lived in the garbage of the village and became the guardian spirit of anyone who saw her, making them thrifty and wealthy.

## Bàskalíítíx<sup>w</sup>

This helpful monster woman lived around the village in thick bushes. She would teach any woman who caught sight of her to be an expert basket maker.

## Chàyákapit

Sometimes a hunter in the woods might get lucky enough to spot a tiny elk, as small as a rabbit. If he did, he would look around for Chàyákapit, the helpful monster of the deep woods who hunted these tiny elks. If a Quileute could spot him, Chàyákapit would make that man into a champion elk hunter!

## Fístílal

Like many other Northwest Coast native peoples, Quileutes knew of Thunderbird who lived in a great lair on the Blue Glacier of Mt. Olympus. His Quileute name was Fístílal. When Thunderbird clapped his wings, the thunder boomed. When he urinated, water fell on earth as a great rainstorm. When he roared, gigantic chunks of ice broke off the Blue Glacier with a crash. Fístílal often caught whales and picked them up out of the ocean with his powerful claws. Occasionally he dropped them along streams, beaches or trails where they turned into massive rocks.

## Project Collaborators

**Fred Woodruff, Sr.**, was one of the last Quileutes who told the stories of Báyak. “Old Man Woody,” as he was affectionately known, was tribal chairman at La Push for many years. He, along with Lillian Pullen, Roy and Rosie Black, Hal George, William “Big Bill” Penn, Sarah Hines, Johnny Jackson, Oliver Jackson, Lela and Herb Fisher, Pansy Hudson and others, helped to preserve the Quileute language and cultural traditions such as these Báyak stories.

**Vickie Jensen and Jay Powell** have worked with the Quileutes for over four decades. As a photographer, writer and curriculum designer, Vickie photographed village life at LaPush. Jay observed and recorded the Quileute language and lifeways. Vickie and Jay worked together with village elders to produce the Quileute dictionary, *Quileute: An Introduction to the Indians of LaPush*, and nearly 20 school books with accompanying language tapes.

Anthropologist and illustrator **Carol Sheehan McLaren** added her artistic talents and knowledge of Northwest Coast Native culture to the Quileute Culture Project during the early years. More recently, **Nola Johnston** has illustrated school books for the village.

*(optional to add photos of Woody with cow parsnips, Jay and Vickie, possibly Carol)*