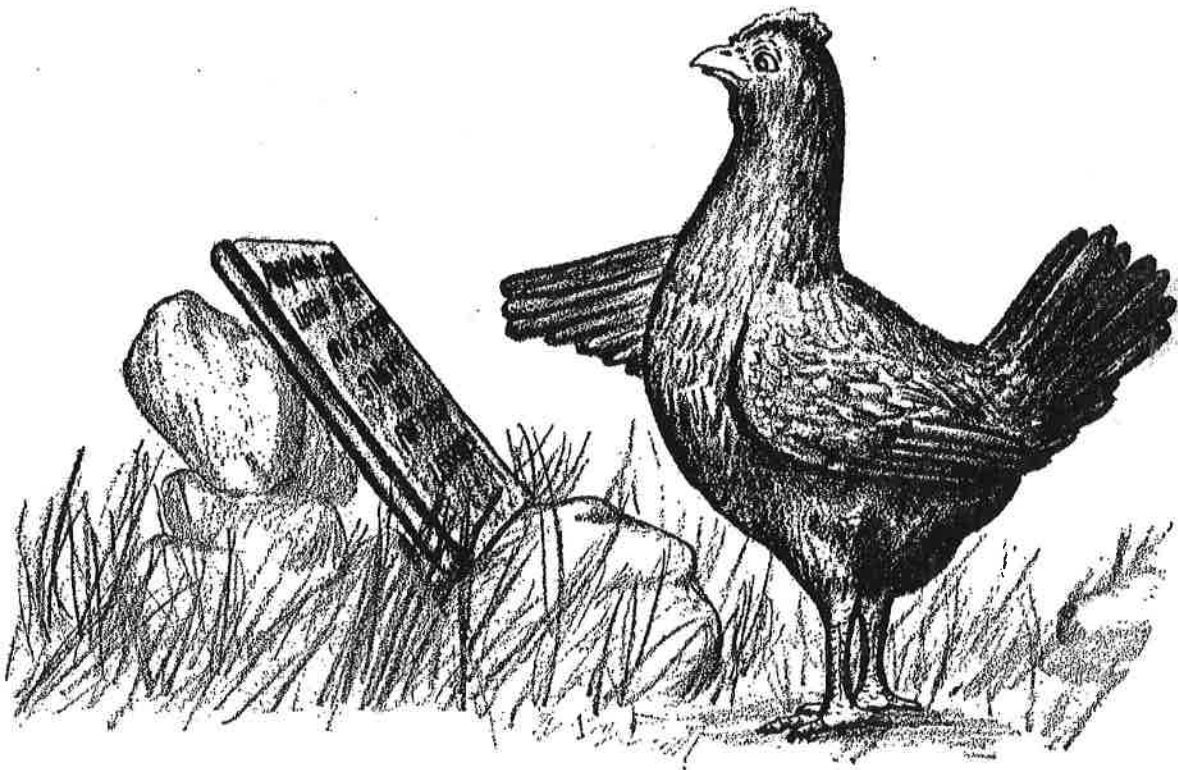


THE HEN OF WAHPETON

UNJINCILA WAHPETUN ETANHAN
KIN HE



By Ann Clark
Illustrated by Andrew Standing Soldier

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THE JUST-FOR-FUN-STORIES

These are stories
told just for fun.

Teton Lakota call them
"Ohunƙakanƙ."

They are not true.

They never were.

They never could be.

But what does it matter
in just-for-fun stories?

OHUNKAKAN

Lenake wic'owoyake
wo'imagaga un oyakapi.
T'it'unwanƙ Lak'ota kinƙ lec'el
c'ajeyatapi
"Ohunƙakanƙ."

Lena wowicak'e šni.

Tohani wowicak'e šni.

Na tohani wowicak'e kte šni.

Ho tk'a hena itok'ahe

wo'ohunƙakanƙpi hec'a he'un?

The first story is about
the Pine Ridge Porcupine
who lived at the Agency.
Do you think you have seen him?
Maybe so!

The second story is about
Mister Raccoon
in the watermelon patch.
Do you think you have seen him?
Maybe so!

Ohuŋkakaŋ t'okahe kiŋ he
Wazi Ahaŋhaŋ P'ahiŋ waŋ
owakpamni el t'i.
Waŋlake seca ilukcaŋ he?
Sece!

Ohuŋkakaŋ inupa kiŋ he
Wic'iteglega he ec'a
wagmušpaŋšni ojupi mahel
uŋ.
Waŋlake seca ilukcaŋ he?
Sece!

The third story is about
the Prairie Mouse
who spent her summer
at the rodeos.

Do you think you saw her?
I did.

The fourth story is about
the Hen of Wahpeton
who almost
went to Hollywood.

This is the Fourth story-

Ohunƙakanƙ iyamni ƙin he
it'unƙala omanis'a
bloketu opta wanƙwanƙ
omani ok'i'inyanƙe
ec'ekc'e un.

Wanƙlake seca ilukcan he?
Wanƙlake s'elec'eca.

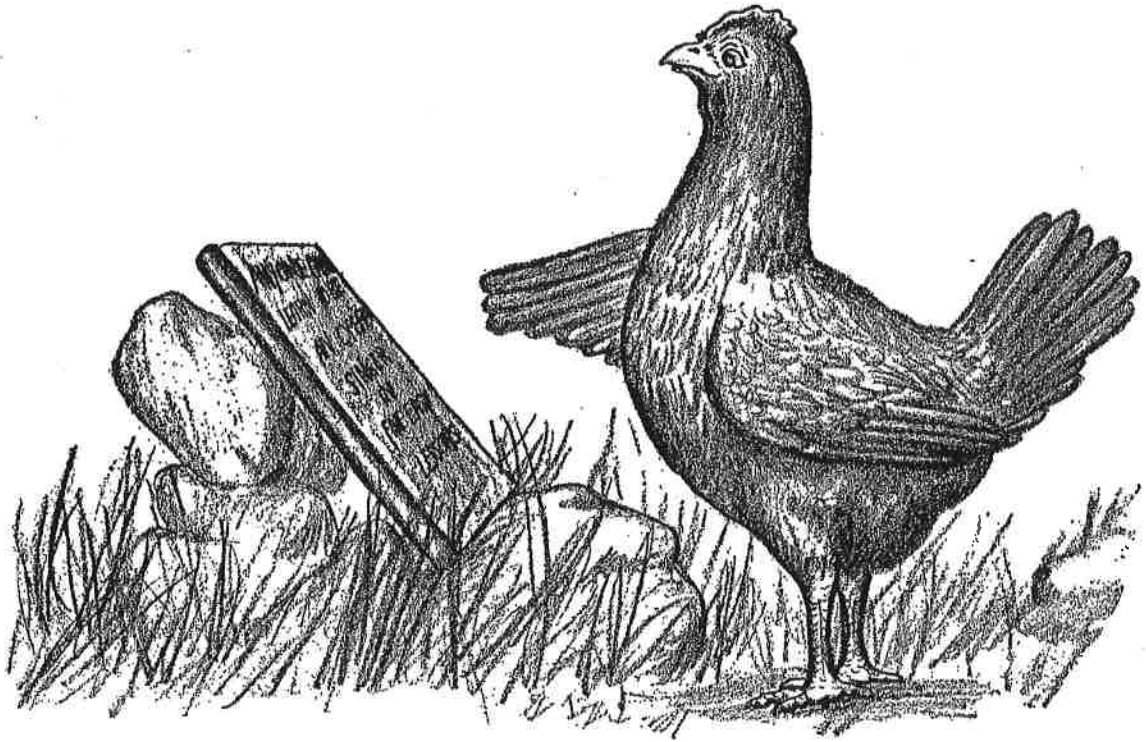
Ohunƙakanƙ itopa ƙin he
k'ok'oyaŋ'anƙa winyela Waŋpet'un
etanƙanƙ ƙin he
Hollywood ekta ya tk'a.

Le ohunƙakanƙ itopa-

About

**THE HEN
OF WAHPETON**

UNJINCALA WAHPET'UN ETANHAN KIN HE





THE HEN OF WAHPETON

The War-Bonnet family
lived at Wahpeton
in a small log house
and a big canvas tent
with a goat and a hill
and a tree and a dog,
a fine root cellar
and a place with a fence
that could be used
for a chicken yard.

UNJINCILA WAHPET'UN ETANHAN KIN HE

Wap'aha t'iwahe kin
Wahpet'un oyanke el t'ipi.
C'ant'ipi wan cik'ala ot'ipi
na wak'eya t'ipi wan t'anka
k'o ot'ipi,
t'at'okala wan, na paha wan
na c'an wan, na šunka wan
hec'el wic'ayuhapi' mak'at'ipi
wan lila wašte na owanka kin
okšan ac'unkaška he
he k'ok'oyaň'anla ot'i t'i'okšan
kin el unp'ica kin hec'a.

The War-Bonnet family
were very fine people.
They did as they should do
and they bought
what was good for them.

Wap'aha t'iwahe kin
wic'aša waštepi kin hec'api.
Taku ec'unpi kta iyec'eca kin
hena ec'unpi ececa
na taku iwaštepi kte kin her
ecela op'et'unpi ececa.

One day, Mother War-Bonnet
said to Father War-Bonnet,
"What about chickens?
We need some chickens.
I want to own chickens.
We should have chickens."

Quick as could be,
Father War-Bonnet answered,
"All right Mrs. War-Bonnet.
We will get chickens."

Anpetu wan el, Wap'aha t'iwahe
Hun'kupi kin Wap'aha t'iwahe
Atkukupi kin lec'el ekiye,
"K'ok'oyah'anla t'anjanhan tok'a
he?

Hec'a etan wic'unjuhapi wac'in ye.
Hec'a etan wic'abluha kta
iyec'eca ye.

Hun'w wic'unjuhapi kta iyec'eca ye."

Lila oh'an'k'oyeh'ci

Wap'aha Atkukupi kin wa'ayupte
"Winyan he ataya hec'etu welo,
c'a k'ok'oyah'anla etan
iwic'un'cupi ktelo."



The very next day
the War-Bonnets got busy.

Father War-Bonnet traded
his knife for a setting hen.

Mother War-Bonnet traded
some beads for some setting eggs.

Bennie War-Bonnet made a nest
from an apple box.

lhinhan̄na el

Wap̄aha t̄iwahe kin̄ škin̄ciyapi.

Wap̄aha Atkukupi kin̄

iyē t̄amila wan̄ k̄ok̄oyaḥ̄ʼan̄la
akigna kta iyec̄eca wan̄ iyop̄eye.

Wap̄aha Hun̄kupi kin̄ p̄sit̄o eya

witka tonakel akigna ḥ̄payapi,
na ikpakpipi kta

iyec̄eca c̄a iyop̄eye.

Bennie Wap̄aha wahoḥ̄pi wan̄ kage

t̄aspaṅ-op̄iye ha wan̄ etaṅhan̄
uṅ kage.

Bessie War-Bonnet cried
because she had nothing to trade.
Then the Teacher at School
gave her a secret to keep.

The War-Bonnets put the nest
in the root cellar.
They put the eggs in the nest.
They put the hen on the eggs.
Then they waited
and waited and waited.

Na Bessie Wap'aha inš c'eya he
wat'ok'inyop'eyin kta takuni yuha
šni c'anke.
Yun'k'an Owayawa etan
Wayawawic'ak'iyekin taku wan
anakihma unši.

Ho yun'k'an Wap'aha t'iwahe kin
waho'pi kin mak'at'ipi mahel
eglepi.
Witka k'un hena waho'pi mahel
ognakapi.
Na k'ok'oya'hanla winyela kin
witka kin akanl e'unpapi.

Na hetanhan wakta unpi.
Waktapi na wakta un hanpi.



Mother worried.
She kept saying,
"What if none
of the setting eggs hatch?"

Father figured.
He said over and over,
"Thirteen eggs should bring
how many chickens?"

Hun̄kupi kiŋ lila iwatok^ćiyaħce.
Leya he s^ʼa,
"Akigna ĥpaye kiŋ witka etan̄
takuni ikpakpipi ŝni kihan̄
he tok^ća kta he?"

Atkukupi kiŋ in̄ŝ wiyawa he
na ak^ćeŝnaŝna leya he,
"Witka akeyamni kiŋ he etan̄har
un̄jiŋcala kiŋ tona ikpakpipi kta
huwo?"



Bennie bragged.
He told everyone,
"We War-Bonnets almost
own chickens."

Bessie did not do anything,
but keep a secret.

Hona Bennie inš lila igla'onihan
omani he.

Na wic'aša iyohila leya
owic'akiyaka he,
"Wap'aha t'iwahe kin le unkiyepi
c'a išnikaleš ec'agna
k'ok'oyaħ'agna wic'unyuhapi
ktelo."

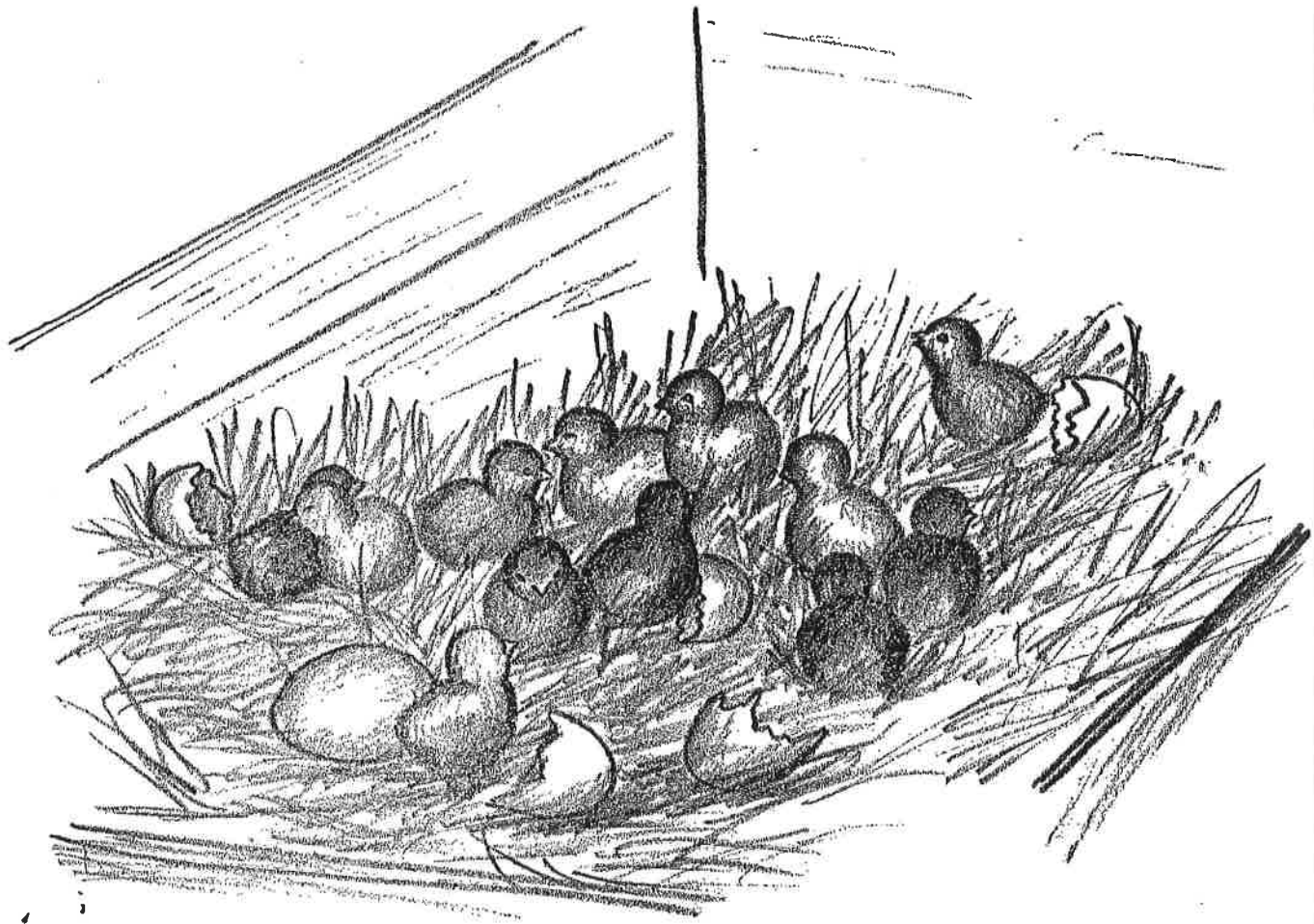
Bessie hena el takuni ec'unšni,
tk'a wanakiħme šipi un he
gluha un he.

The mother hen did not do anything, but keep the eggs warm.

Everyone waited,
each in his own way,
waited and waited.

Hona akigna e'unpapi k'unj he
injš tok'el h'anj šni, tk'a e'e
witka kinj pa'oc'os hpaya he.

Hena iyuha iwakta unhanpi
iye tok'el c'inpi kinj ot'apya.
Waktapi na wakta unj hanpi.



Then one day a peep-peep-peeping
was heard in the nest.

When the War-Bonnets looked in
they found twelve chicks
and one bad egg.

Six of the chicks were black.

Six of the chicks were white.

Father War-Bonnet threw away
the one bad egg.

Yunċ'aŋ wana aŋpetu waŋ el
unċiŋcala kiŋ wahoĥpi mahel
šlošlohaŋpi c'a naĥ'unpi.

C'aŋk'e Wap'aŋa t'iwahe kiŋ ekta
a'okakiŋpi.

Yunċ'aŋ unċiŋcala kiŋ akenupapi
c'a waŋwic'aŋkaŋkapi na witka
kiŋ etaŋhaŋ waŋji šice.

Unċiŋcala kiŋ etaŋ šakpe
sapsapapila na šakpe
skaskapila.

Wap'aŋa Atkukupi kiŋ
witka šice kiŋ tok'iyot'aŋ
kaĥ'ol'iyeye.

Bessie War-Bonnet came from
School.

She brought the secret
that the Teacher had told her
to keep.

It was a baby chick.

It was an incubator chick.

All the other War-Bonnets asked,
"What's that?

Where did it come from?

Where did you get it?"

Bessie Wap'aha Owayawa etan
wana gli.

Wayawa Wic'akiye kin wanakihme
unši kin he wana yuha gli.

Yun'k'an k'ok'oyaħ'anla unjinjala
kin hec'a.

Unjinjala kin he hunku c'ola
iyec'inkala o'ikpakpipi kin
hetanhan.

C'an'k'e Wap'aha t'iwahe kin iyuh
ikic'iyungahanpi,

"He takula he?

Tok'iyatahan hila he?

Tukte tanhan he iyacula he?"



When Bessie War-Bonnet told them
about the incubator at School
where setting eggs were hatched
without a setting hen, they said,
"Who would have believed it!
An incubator chick! Let's see it."

C'anke Bessie Wap'aha
owic'akiyake.

K'ok'oyaň'anla iyec'inkala
o'ikpakpipi waŋ owayawa el
haŋc'a, witka ognakapi c'anŋa
iyec'inkala o'ikpakpipila,
k'ok'oyaň'anla winyela yuha
akigna ħpayapi c'ola
ikpakpipila, šk'e.

"Tuwaš he wic'ala c'inka?
Unjinčala o'ikpakpipi waŋ!
Unkipazopi yet'o!"

The incubator chick was not black
like the black hen-hatched chicks.

The incubator chick was not white
like the white hen-hatched chicks.

The incubator chick was not black
and white.

The incubator chick was yellow.

Iyec'inkala ikpakpi unjincala kin
le sape šni hunku yuk'e eya
sapsapapila kin iyewic'ac'eca
šni.

Unjincala kin le ska šni
hunku yuk'e eya skaskapi kin
iyewic'ac'eca šni.

Unjincala kin le sapa na'inš ska
šni.

Tk'a unjincala kin le lila hinzi.

No one knew why
and no one knew how
the incubator chick came yellow,
but that's the way it was,
yellow as butter
and yellow as cheese.

So they named her Hinziwinj.

Tok'etukaheci na takowe
hec'eca kinj tuweni slolye šni.
Unjinjala hunku c'ola kinj le
ec'akel hinzi ikpakpi c'a he'ogno
hec'etu,
mak'agiska waŋ zi kinj he'iyec'e
hinzi na waŋca zi kinj he'iyec'e
hinzi.

C'aŋk'e he'unj Hinziwinj eya
c'ašt'unpi.

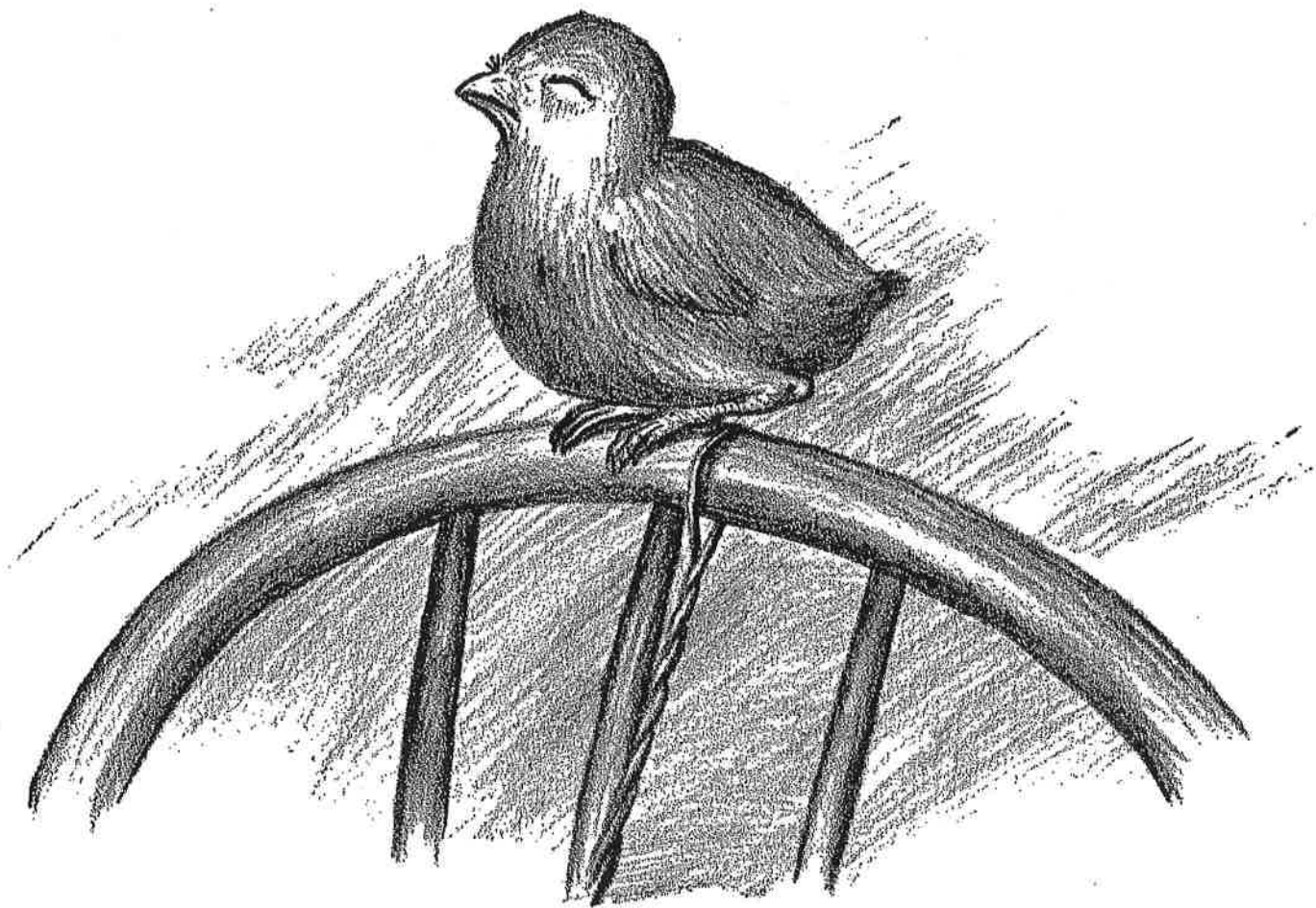
Father War-Bonnet and Mother War-
Bonnet,
Bennie War-Bonnet and Bessie
War-Bonnet
petted the yellow chick
because she was different
from the white chicks
and from the black chicks.

Wap'aha t'iwahe Atkukupi kiŋ na
Hunukupi kiŋ, na Bennie
Wap'aha ena Bessie Wap'aha
unjinjala hinzila kiŋ le ohini
kignapi inč'in unjinjala unmapi
kiŋ hunh skaskapila
na sapsapapila kiŋ etanhan iŋnala
wic'it'okeca na agna winyela
c'aŋk'e hec'un hanpi.

They let her come into the house.
They let her perch on the bed post.
They let her roost on the chair back.

All this was very nice.
All this was very pleasant,
but it was not very good
for the yellow chick
because she became too proud
of being different.
She thought being different
meant being better.

T'ima u iyowinḱ'iyapila.
Oyunḱe akanḱl iyahiḱ kta k'ó
iyowinḱ'iyapila.
C'anḱ'akanyanḱapi akanḱl ištima
iyowinḱ'iyapila.
C'anḱ'e unḱinḱcala kinḱ le tanyanḱ
kec'ḱinḱ, na lila iyokip'i.
Ho tk'a le unḱinḱcala hinḱzila
kinḱ iciwašte šni inḱc'ḱinḱ hanḱkeya
lila waḱ'an'ic'ila owet'okecala
kinḱ he'unḱ hec'eca.
Owet'okeca kinḱ he'unḱ, unḱmapi kinḱ
wic'isanḱp wašte kec'ḱinḱ.



Right away this yellow chick
showed that
she did not want to be
like the other chicks.

She did not want to do the things
that other chicks did
because they were chicks.

Wançak unjıncala hiŋzi kiŋ le
unjıncala unmapi kiŋ hena
iyewic'ac'eca kta c'ıŋšni,
c'a iglu'at'an'ıŋ.

Unjıncala unmapi taku ec'unpi 'kiŋ
hena iyec'el ec'un kta c'ıŋšni
ıŋc'ıŋ hena k'ok'oyañ'anla
c'ıncala hec'api he'un.

She did not want to walk toed-in.
She did not want to pick and scratch.
She did not want to eat worms and
bugs.

She wanted to eat scraps
from the War-Bonnet suppers.

Si na'akšakšakiya manipi kiŋ oŋna
mani c'ingšni.

Mak'a yuk'oŋk'oŋ wokilepi kiŋ hena
ec'uj c'ingšni.

Waglula na wabluška wic'ayuta
c'ingšni.

Wap'aha t'iwahe ŋtawotapi
etanhanj oyaptapi kiŋ hena k'o
yuta c'ingšni.

When the other chicks
tried to tell her
what well raised chickens do,
she tossed her yellow head
and she flitted her yellow tail
at them.

She told them,
"You can't understand me
because I am different.
I'm an incubator baby
and I'm yellow."

Tohanj unjincala unmapi kin
owot'anla ic'aħwic'ayapi kin hena
tok'el t'awo'ec'unpi kin okiyak
wac'inpi k'eš
natala kin jiyela wanakayekiya
he na situpi zizi kin un
awic'ayuc'anċ'an.

Na lewic'akiye.

"Omayakaħnigapi oyakhipi šni
ye owemat'okeca kin he'un.
lyec'inċkala ikpakpipi unjincala
hemac'a c'a he'un hiċ kin lila
mazizi ye."

She wouldn't hunt for grasshoppers.
She wouldn't sleep beneath the
mother hen's wing.
She spent all her time in the house
with the people.

Gnungnuḡška owic'ale kta c'iqšni.
Huḡkupi kiḡ ḡupahu mahel ištimi
kta c'iqšni.
Toḡaḡtaḡ hel hi'uḡ kiḡ c'aḡt'ipi
t'ima o'uḡye wic'aša op.

Now people are all right,
but as every chick knows
if one spends too much time
with people,
before very long,
even a good chick
will begin to do
the things
that people do.

Ho wic'aša kihaj oyaš'ij owot'anja
unpi, k'eyaš unjincala iyohila
woslolye waj yuhapi kin he
tuwa ehaš lila t'ehaj wic'aša
op o'unje ehantajš, lila
ec'anañci, nakun unjincala wašte
hec'a k'eyaš hankeya wic'aša
t'awo'ec'unpi kin lila ota
kin hena ot'ab iyec'el ec'un
awac'ij iyayij kte.

That's what happened
to the yellow chick.

That's what happened
to the incubator chick.

She learned to read!

Ho hec'eñci unjinjala hinzi kin le
ak'ip'a'ic'ie.

Ho hec'eñci Hinziwin ak'ip'a'ic'ie.

Ho c'ank'e he'un wayawa
unspe'ic'ic'ie!

When the other chicks heard this,
they could not believe it!
They talked among themselves.

They said,

“What if she is an incubator chick!

What if she is a yellow chick!

What if she is a different chick!

Does she need to be so different
that she should learn to read?”

Unjinčala unmapi kin le
onaħ³unpi tk³a lila
wac³et³unglapi!

Na enana wokic³iyaka hanpi.

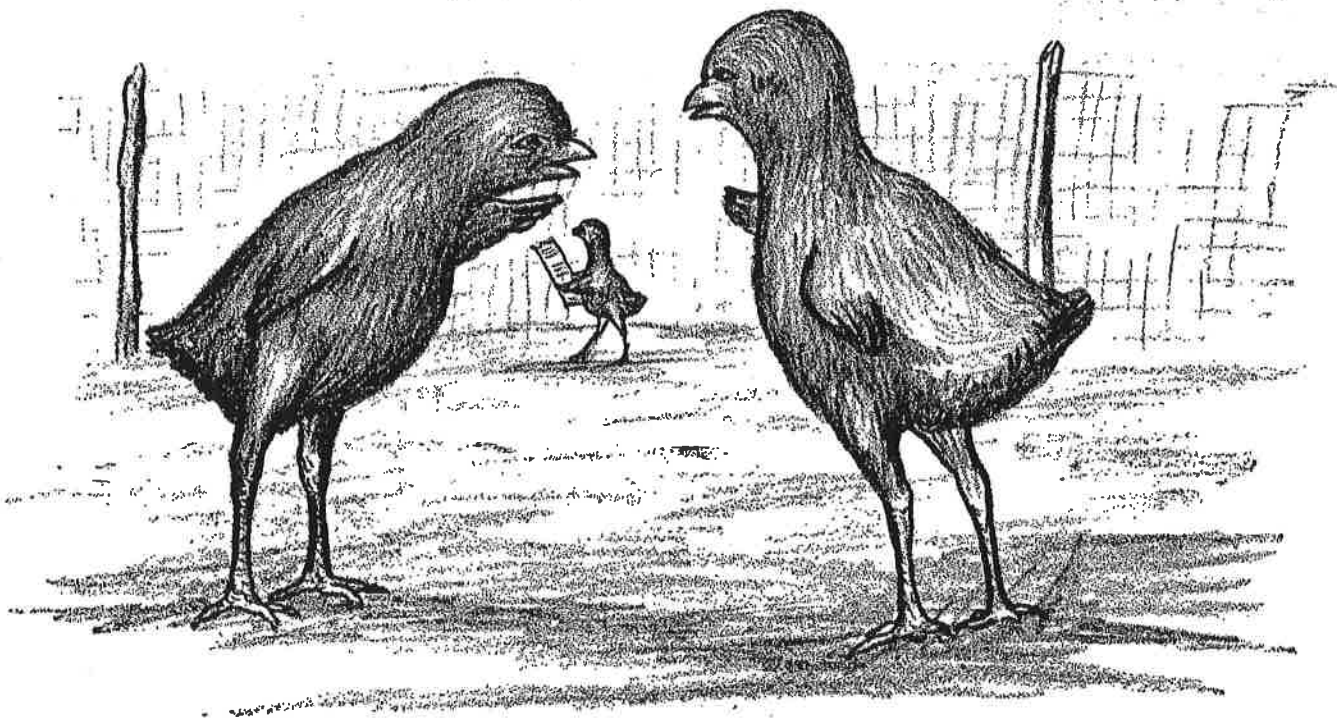
Na leyapi,

“Iyec³inčala ikpakpi unjinčala
hec³a šk³a eceš ehaš
lila a³okage he?

Unjinčala hinzi hec³a šk³a eceš
ehaš a³okage he?

Na he³un oħ³aŋ t³ogye op³iic³iyin
kta iyec³eca he?

Na he³un wayawa unspe³ic³ic³iyin
kta iyec³eca he?

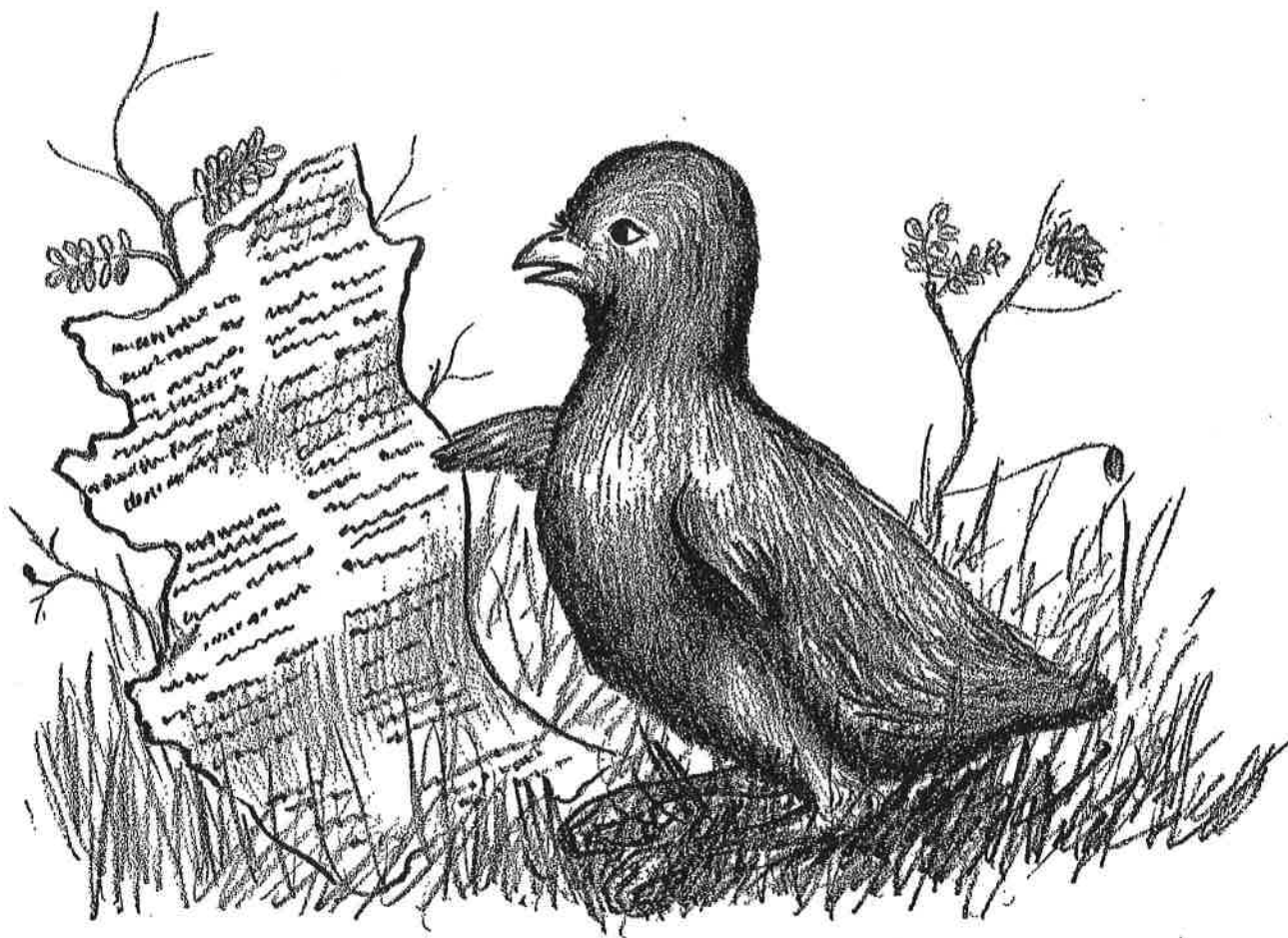


The yellow chick heard them,
but she did not care.

She just went along
hunting for things to read
and not scratching for bugs

Heyahanpi c'anj'e unjinjala hinzi
kin nakih'uŋ, k'eyaš itok'ašni
uŋ he.

Inihanšni hec'el uŋ he, taku ota
yawa kte kin hena ole he, na
wabluška ole mak'a yuk'ošk'oš
omani he šni.



The other chicks kept on talking.
They asked each other,
"Whoever heard of such a thing
as a chicken learning to read?
Why should a chicken read a book?
What does a chicken need with
books?
What is happening here
in this chicken yard, anyway?"

Unjinčala unmapi kin hec'ena
a'iyahanpi.
Na leya ikic'iyunga hanpi.
"Tuwaš taku hec'eca onah'unka
unjinčala waŋ wayawa
unspe'ic'ic'iyeye kin le?
Tok'ešk'e c'a unjinčala waŋ
wowapi yawa kta keya tk'e?
Unjinčala kin wowapi kin hena
wo'ilagyiŋ kte lak'a?
Tok'ešk'e k'ok'oyaħ'anla ot'i
t'i'okšan kin lel takuŋl šica
wo'ak'ip'a kte sece?" eya hanpi.

The yellow chick paid no attention.

She just went along
reading everything she could find
and eating and getting fat
on the War-Bonnet supper scraps.

Unjiŋcala hiŋzi hena el ewac'iq
šni.

Inihanšni hec'el uŋ he
taku wanyanke kiŋ iyuha yawa
he na Wap'aha t'iwahe
štawotapi woyaptapi kiŋ etanhan
wotahan c'anke lila c'ep'aye.

Time went on and after a while
all the chicks grew up.

Some were cockerels.

They strutted.

They walked big.

They flapped their wings.

They stretched their necks
and tried to crow.

Some were pullets.

They were pretty and trim.

They took dust baths
to keep their feathers clean.

Ho hec'eš anpetu kiŋ iyopta u
na ka'etulake el unjŋcala kiŋ
iyuha ic'agapi.

Huŋh blokapila.

Na lila wa'taŋka'ic'ilapi.

T'aŋka ic'ila omani haŋpi.

Ĥupahu glaskaskapa haŋpi.

Na t'ahu nacehkiya haŋpi.

Na ho'tuŋpi ktehcinj he.

Mak'icima kiŋ huŋh wiŋyepila.

Lila c'oya owaŋyank waštepila.

Mak'ablu uŋ iglatatahaŋpi
hec'el wiyaka kiŋ skaya haŋpi
kta he'uŋ.

The yellow chick was a pullet.
She cried, "See me. See me.
I am an incubator pullet
and I am yellow
and I am different."

Unjinjala hinzi kin he winyela
c'ank'e, hoyeya he,
"Wanmayankapi. Wanmayankapi.
O'ikpakpipi etan winyela kin
hemac'a ye c'a lila hinmazi ye
na owemat'okeca ye."

In about half a year
the mother hen said,
"Come. Come. You pullets.
It is time you learned
to earn your chicken feed."

Wana omak'a kin iyok'ise iyopta
wahehanl, k'ok'oyah'anla
hun kupi kin lec'el eye,
"Hiyupi, hiyupi, tona winyela
henic'api kin hena.
Wa'unspenic'ic'iyapi kte kin
wana iyehan tu we,
k'ok'oyah'anla t'awoyute
niglamnapi kte," eye.

So all the pullets listened
and all the pullets learned
to lay an egg a day.

But the incubator pullet did not listen.

The incubator pullet did not learn.

She cried, "What! I lay an egg!

I should say not.

I'd rather read a book."

C'anjke winyela kin iyuha
naħ'unpi na winyela kin iyuha
anjpetu iyohila witka wanji
t'unpi kta c'a unspepi.

Tk'a Hinziwin wanaħ'unj Ńni.

Hinziwin unspe'ic'ic'ie Ńni.

Hoyeya he, "Tok'ešk'e?

Miyec'a witka wat'unj kta he?

Kte Ńni kep'e.

Iyeš wowapi c'a blawahin kte," eye.

When the other pullets heard this
they were terribly upset.
They said, "Won't lay an egg
and will read a book.
Say, what are you
going to do to earn
your chicken feed?"

K'ok'oyaħ'anjla winyela unmapi
kiŋ le naħ'unpi
na okokip'eya lila inihanpi.
Leyapi, "Witka yat'un kte šni na
e'e wowapi lawahiŋ kta he?
Hoc'a k'ok'oyaħ'anjla t'awoyute
niglamna kte kiŋ le el
tok'el ec'anu kta heci," ekiyapi.

The yellow pullet had an answer for
that.

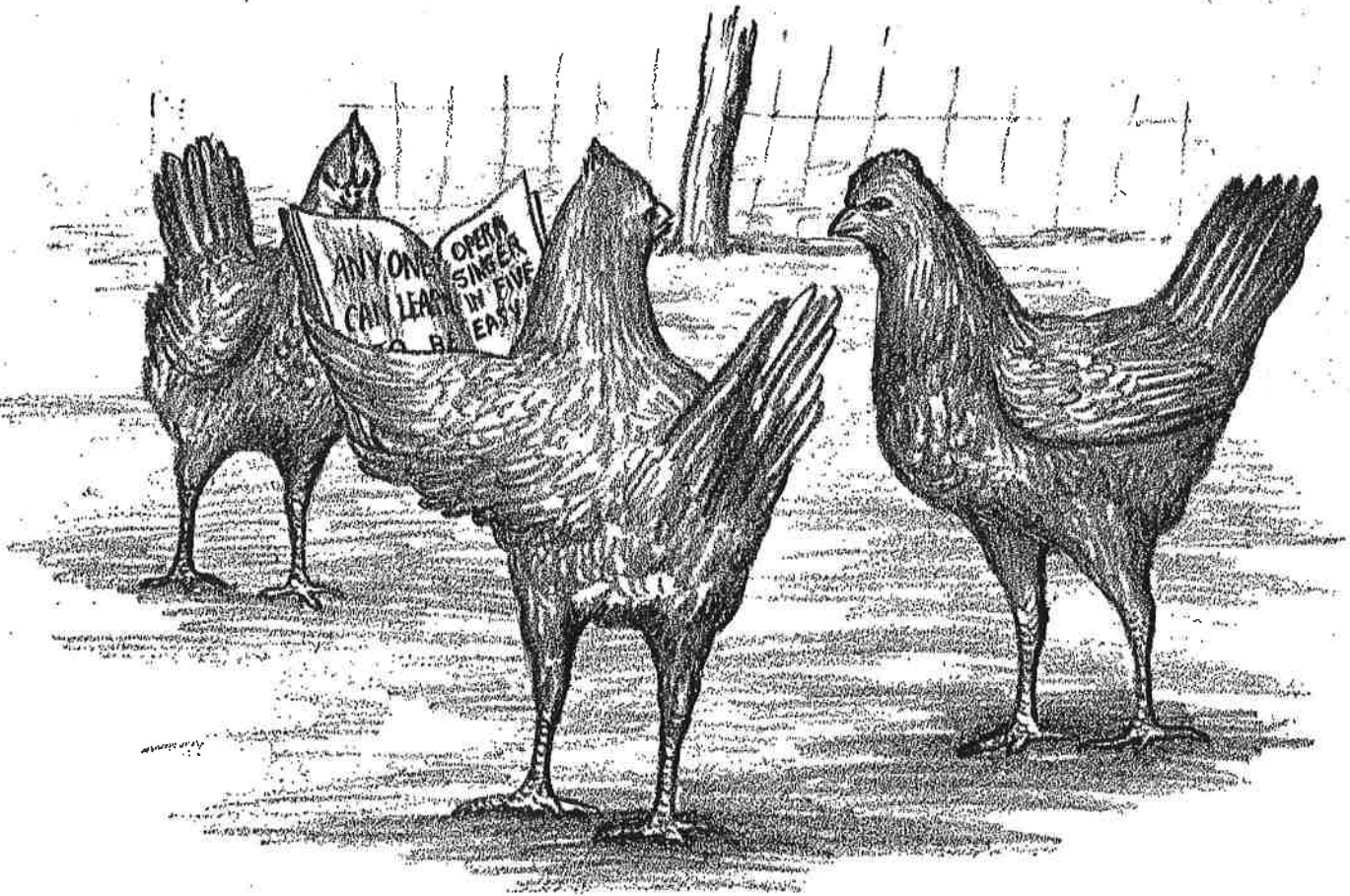
She took a book from under her wing.

Ho k'eyaš wo'ayupte waŋ
wiŋyeya yuha c'aŋk'e.

Wowapi waŋ ŋupahu oħlat'etanhaŋ
ikikcu.

She told the other pullets,
"You would not understand,
of course,
because you cannot read,
but it says here
'Anyone can learn
to be an opera singer
in five easy lessons!'
That's what I am going to do.
I am going to be an opera singer!"

Na unmapi kin lewic'akiye,
"Omayakañigapi oyakhipi šni ye,
inč'inj walawapi oyakhipi šni
kin he'unj, tk'a wowapi kin le
imahel lec'el eye,
'Tuweke'eyaš oškate el lowanj
wop'ika hec'a
unspe'ic'ic'iya okihi c'a
wo'unspe zaptanla o'iyopte
wašte hec'eglala ye!'
Ho he ec'a ec'amu kte.
Oškate el lowanj wop'ika unpi
kin hemac'a kte!" eye.



From that time on
every day
while all the other pullets
were laying eggs,
the incubator pullet
did all the things
the book said to do
so she could be an opera singer.

Ho hetanhan
anpetu iyohila
k'ok'o'yañ'anla winyela unmapi
kin iyuha
witka t'un hanpi kin ec'unhan,
Hinziwin taku lila ota wowapi
kin imahel eye kin ec'un he
hec'el oškate el lowan wop'ika
unpi kin hec'a kta he'un.

She practised low tones.
She practised high tones.
She sang up the scale
and down the scale
and all around the chicken yard.

Wic'aho huk'uciyela un
unspe'ic'ic'iya he.
Na wic'aho wan'katuya un
unspe'ic'ic'iya he.
Wic'aho o'egnake kin isanp
wan'katuya lowan he,
na wic'aho o'egnake kin isanp
k'uciyela lowan he,
na k'ok'oyaħ'anla ofi t'i'okšan
ataya ohomni lowan omani he.

Everybody heard her.
She sang so loud
all the people of Wahpeton
heard her.

She thought she was singing,
but the other pullets
thought she was making
an awful lot of noise
and the War-Bonnets thought
she was cackling.

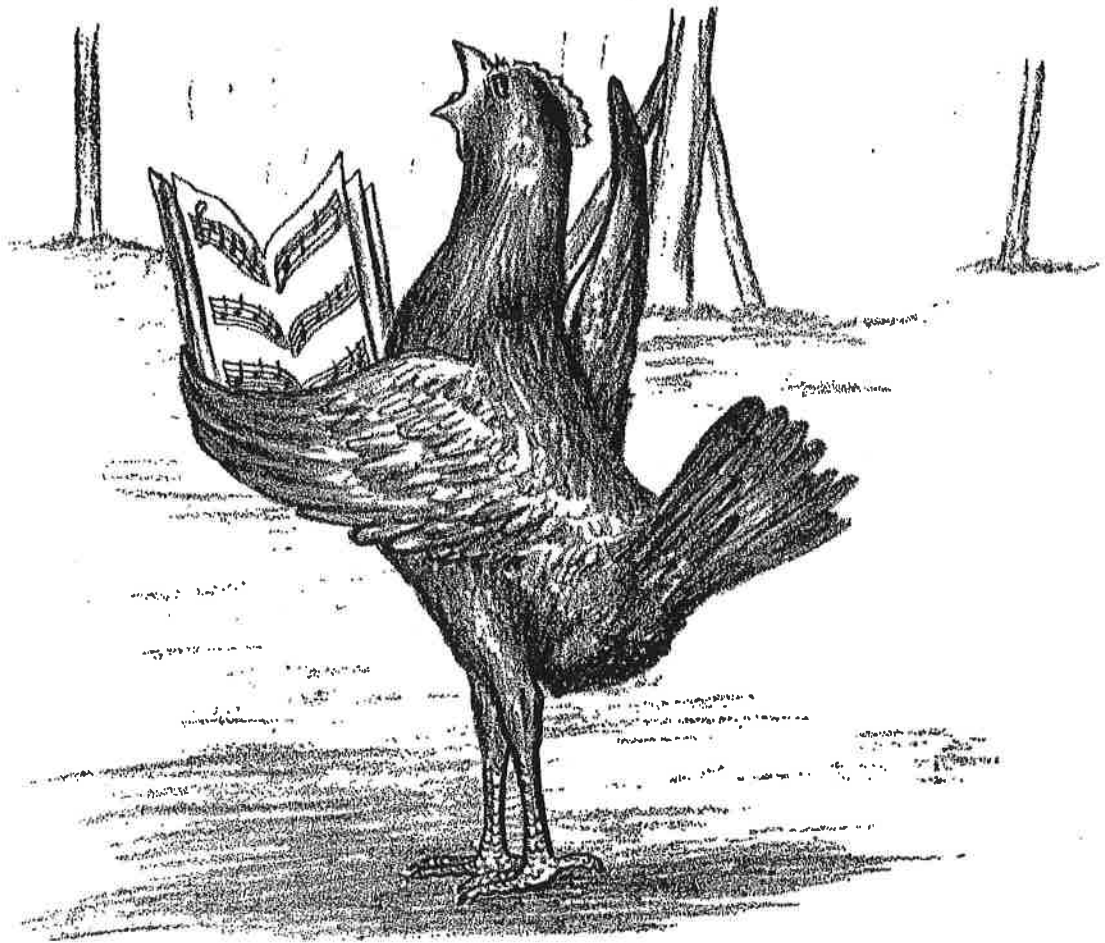
That is what it sounded like
to them .

Lila hot'anjka lowaŋ omani haŋ
c'anke tuwe kiŋ iyuha
ho kiŋ naħ'unpi.

Wic'aša oyas'in Waħpet'un
oyaŋke el unpi
kiŋ iyuha ho naħ'unpi.

Iye lila wayup'iya lowaŋhaŋ
kec'in, k'eyaš k'ok'oyaħ'anla
unmapi kiŋ lowaŋ he kiŋ le
otuya wanuħkat'iya iyukcaŋpi.

Na Wap'aha t'iwahe kiŋ inš
witka t'un c'a hot'unhaŋ
s'elec'eca iyukcaŋpi.



Now almost everybody knows
that when a pullet cackles
it is because
she wants you to know
that she has laid an egg.

That is what
the War-Bonnets thought,
and who can blame them?

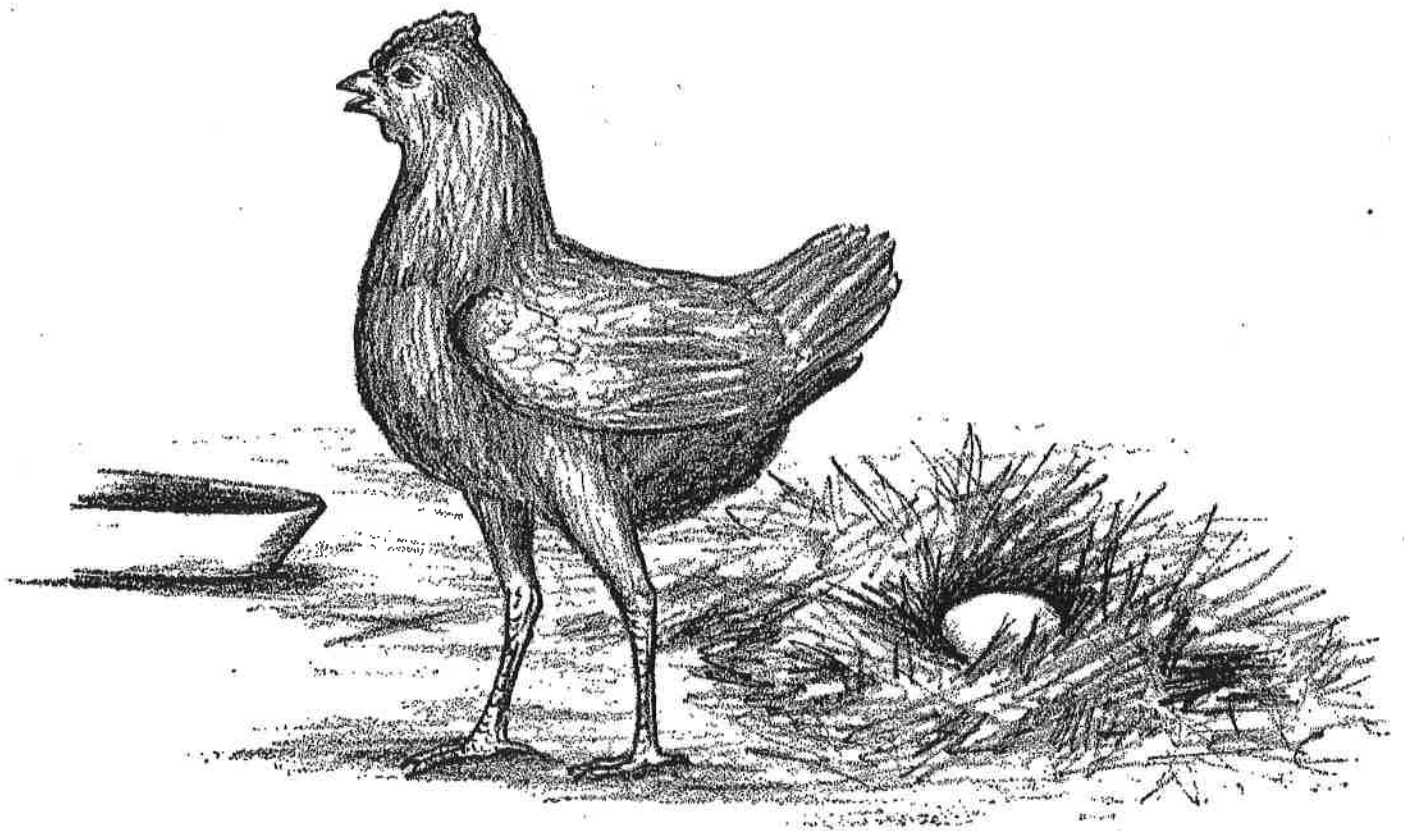
That's what anyone would think.

Hec'el hot'an'ij he s'elec'eca
c'an'k'e hec'inpi.

Tohanl k'ok'oyañ'anla winyela wan
lila hot'un't'un kin he
witka wan t'un c'a he
slolyenic'iya c'in c'a he'un hec'un.
C'a he tuweke'eyaš oyas'ij kinil
he slolyapi.

C'an'k'e hec'el un Wap'aha
t'iwahe kin he'ogna iyukcanpi.
Ho eyaš tuwa it'ogye iyukcan
kta iyec'eca.

Tuweke'eyaš hec'el takomni
wicala kta iyec'eca.



The War-Bonnets told
all the people of Wahpeton
about the eggs their pullet laid.

Ho yun̄kʼan̄ Wapʼaha tʼiwahe kin̄
Wah̄petʼun̄ oyan̄ke el wicʼaša
un̄pi kin̄ iyuha kʼokʼoyaḥʼan̄la
winyela wan̄ witka tʼun̄han̄
cʼa he owicʼakiyakahan̄pi.

From Cheyenne River to Pine Ridge,
from Standing Rock to Rosebud
all the Indians heard
that the War-Bonnet family
had an incubator hen
that laid an egg
at least every hour of the day.

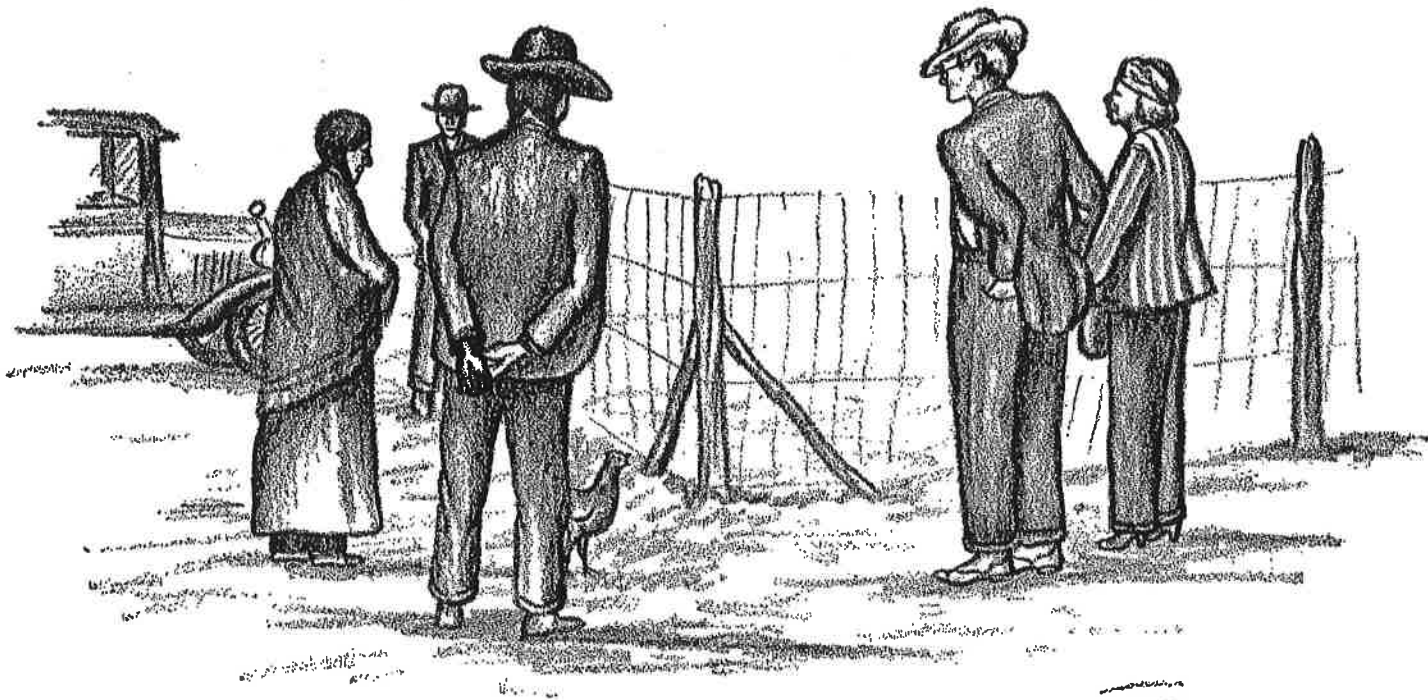
Hoŋwoju oyanke hetan na Oglala
oyanke hehanyan,
Inyan Woslahaŋ oyanke hetan
na Sic'angu oyanke hehanyan,
Lak'ota kin iyuha naŋ'unpi.
Wap'aha t'iwahe kin he
iyec'inkala ikpakpi
k'ok'oyaŋ'anya winyela wan
yuhapi c'a he witka t'un's'a.
Ehaš ak'e anpetu iyohila
mazaškaŋškaŋ o'ap'e iyohila
k'it'at'ala witka t'un ececa šk'e.

People came from far and near
to see the wonderful pullet.

The incubator pullet sang and sang
all the lessons in the Singing Book.

Lila t'ehantəŋ na k'anyela
wic'aša ahi he
k'ok'oyaħ'anla winyela
wak'anyaŋ uŋ kiŋ
wanyanċ ahi he.

Ho eyaš Hiŋziwiŋ inihanšni
lowanwan omani he.
Olowan Wowapi wan ataya
yasote he.



She said to the other pullets,
"What did I tell you!
I'm different.
I can't waste my time
laying eggs.
Soon I'll probably be in the Movies.
All the people will be going to see
'The Golden Hen
with the Golden Voice
from the Singing Incubator!'"

K'ok'oyaħ'anla unmapi kiŋ
hewic'akiye,
"Taku ec'iciyahanpi k'un
male waŋ mat'okeca ye.
Hokši wašte wa'un c'a witka
wat'unhiŋ kta iyec'eca šni ye.
Na he'un ec'anŋa
wic'ite onaškaŋškanye el owap'a
kta nac'ec'e.
Kihan wic'aša oyaš'in
"K'ok'oyaħ'anla winyan ħopeka waŋ
ho kiŋ k'o lila wašte kiŋ he
ekta wanyanŋk ayiŋ kte," eye.

The War-Bonnets said,
"What a wonderful hen!
What a wonderful egg-laying
wonderful hen!"

The other pullets did not say
anything.

They had nothing to say,
but they did a lot of thinking.

They were not very happy
and they made life hard
for all the bugs and grasshoppers.

Wap'aha t'iwahe kin leyapi,
"Taku ic'ewinškaniš!

K'ok'oyaň'anla winyela
wan wo'it'unp'eke!

"Wak'anyankel witka t'unš'a kin
hec'a ye," eyapi.

K'ok'oyaň'anla unmapi kin takuni
eyapi šni.

Taku eyapi kta wanica c'anke,
tk'a lila t'an kaya wiyukan
hanpi.

Lilañci wihahaya urpi šni na e'e
gnungnuška na wabluška kin
iyuha wal'iyop'ewic'ayapi
na t'eñiya kakišwic'ayapi.

The yellow hen did not care.
The bugs and the grasshoppers
were nothing to her.
She was going to be an Opera Singer.
Maybe she would be in the Movies.
All the people would see
how yellow she was
and how different.

K'ok'oyaň'anġla hiŋzi kiŋ he itok'ašni.
Wabluška na gnuŋgnuŋška kiŋ
hena takunišni wic'ak'iyē.
Na e'e Oškate el Lowaŋ
Wop'ikapi kiŋ
hec'a kta ognayaŋ ye.
Uŋgnaš Wic'ite Naškaŋškaŋyaŋpi
el op'a kte sece.
Kihay tok'eŋci hiŋzi na
owet'okeca heci
hena wic'aša oyaš'iŋ
wanyaŋkapi kte.

They would say,
"See the Incubator Singer.
She learned it all in Five Lessons."
So she kept on with her song practice.
So she kept on with her cackle
practice.

Na leya ya'onihanpi kte,
"Iyec'inƙala Ikpakpi Lowan Wop'ike
kin le wanyanka po!
He wo'unspe iyoptapi zaptan
kin iyuha etanhan unspe yelo,"
eyapi kte.
Ho c'ank'e hec'ena lowanpi
wowayup'ike wic'oħ'an
kin ec'un he.
Na witkat'un hot'unpi wowayup'ike
wic'oħ'an kin e'cun he.

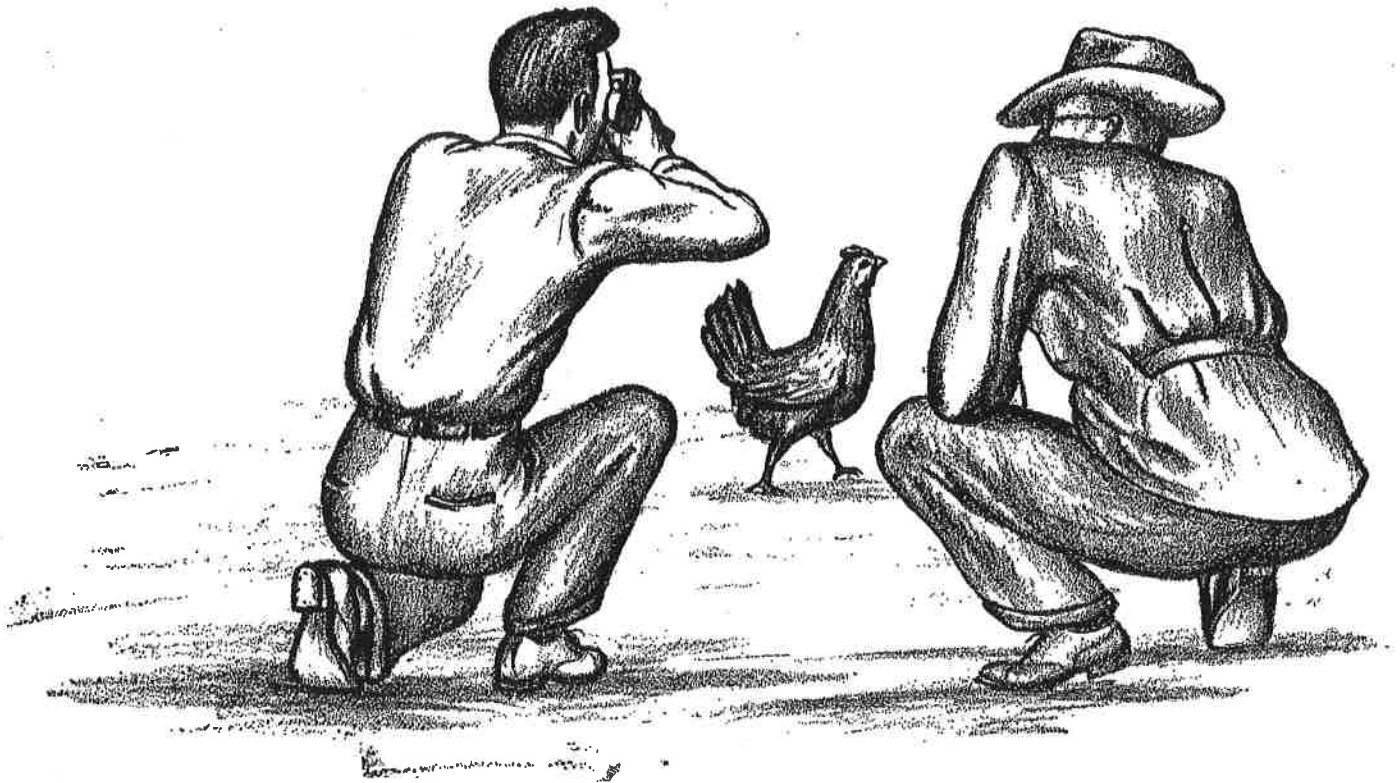
And sure enough,
one day the *Movie Men*
came to see the egg-laying hen.

They took pictures of her.
They took pictures of her walking
and standing still.

They took pictures of her cackling.

Yunġ'anj awicak'eya iyec'etu.
Anpetu waŋ el Wic'ite
Naškaŋškaŋ wic'aša eya
k'ok'oyaħ'anjla waŋ witka
t'uŋs'a kiŋ wanyanġ hiŋi.
Na itowa icupi.

Mani hiyaye kiŋ he na atanŋ'ela
najiŋ kiŋ k'o itowapi.
Witkat'uŋ hot'uŋ kiŋ k'o itowapi.

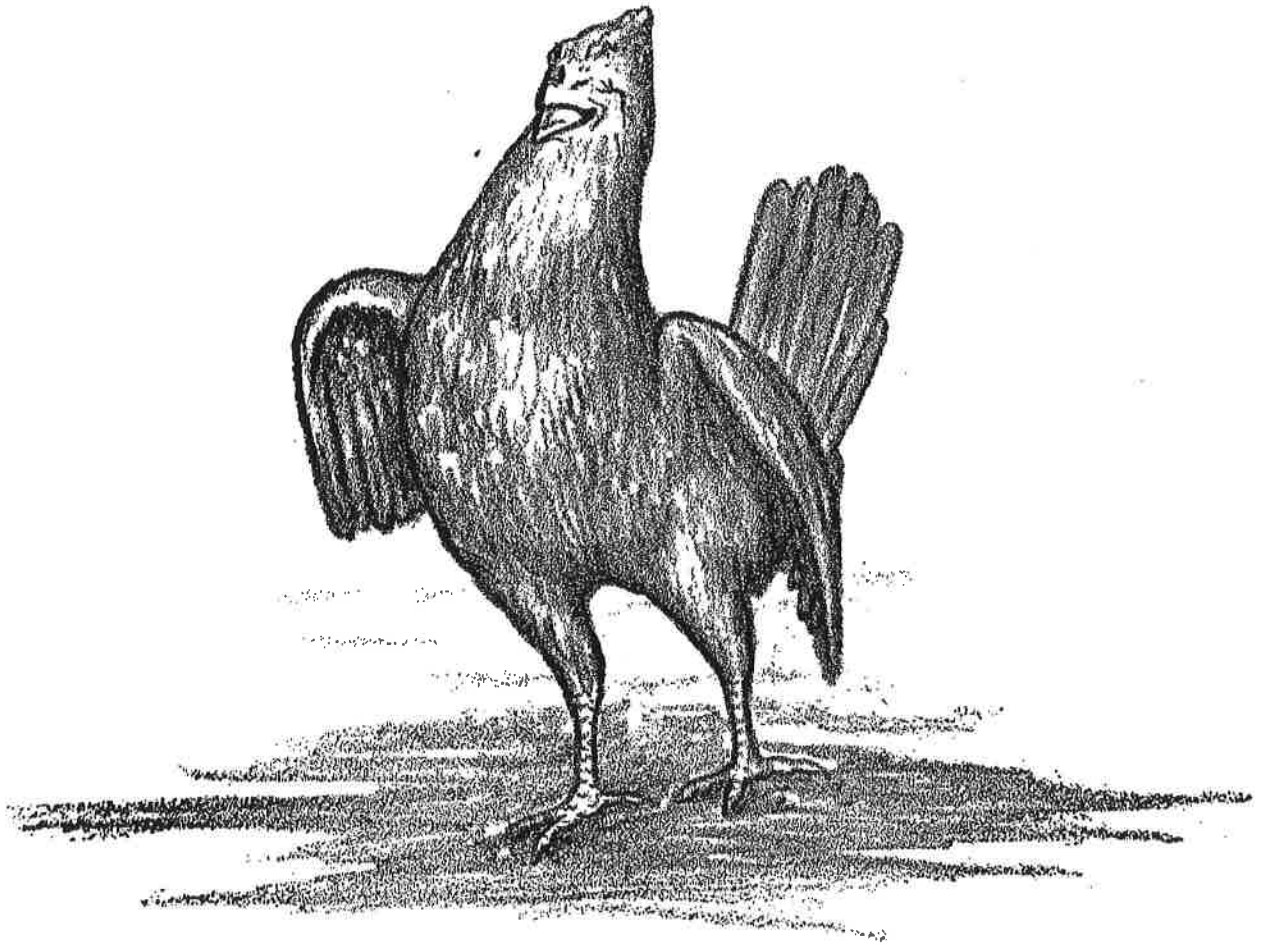


Then they took pictures
of the chicken yard
and of the other pullets.

K'ok'oyaħ'anla ot'i t'i'okšan
na winyela unmapi kin k'o
itowic'awapi.

They took pictures
of the War-Bonnet family
and of the feed
they fed their chickens
that made them lay so well.

Wap'aha t'iwahe kin na
k'ok'oyah'anla t'awoyute
na un witka t'unhanpi kin
hena k'o itowic'awapi.



The yellow hen flipped her tail
and spread her wings
and winked her eye
at the other hens
and sang, "Of course
you don't understand me.
I'm an incubator songster
and I'm different."

K'ok'oyaħ'anjla hiŋzi kiŋ
situpsanpsan he
na akablalaga he
na k'ok'oyaħ'anjla uŋmapi kiŋ
ištakpe wic'akiya he,
na leya lowaŋ he, "Eya heš,
omayakaħnigapi šni ye.
lyec'injala ikpakpi lowaŋs'a kiŋ
hemac'a ye
nahaŋ owemat'okeca ye,"
eya lowaŋ he.

At last one of the *Movie Men* said
to the other *Movie Man*,
"We have taken still pictures
and we have taken action pictures,
what do you think
we should take next?"

Then he said, "Oh, I know!
We haven't a picture
of the wonderful eggs
of this wonderful hen.
We will do that next."

Ohaŋketa Wic'ite Naškaŋškaŋ
wic'aša kiŋ wanji,
uŋma kic'ica kiŋ hekiye,
"Ataŋs'ela najiŋpi itowa iwic'uŋcu
helo, na škaŋškaŋpi kiŋ k'o
iwic'uŋcu helo,
ho c'a hehaŋl iyok'ihaya taku'
ito'uŋwa kta ilukcaŋ huwo?" eye.
C'aŋk'e heye, "Ohaŋ! Slolwaye lo!
K'ok'oyaħ'aŋla kiŋ wak'aŋyaŋkel
witka eya t'uŋ kiŋ hena
itowa uŋkicu šni yelo.
Ho c'a iyok'ihaya he ec'uŋ k'uŋ
ktelo," eye.

The Movie Man said
to the War-Bonnets,
"Where are the eggs
of this egg-laying hen?
Bring a hatfull outside
so we can take another picture."

Wic'ite owa wic'aša kin Wap'aha
t'iwahe kin hewic'akiye.
"K'ok'oyaḥ'anla kin le witka t'unj kin
tuktena e huwo?
Wap'oštanj ojula t'anjal a'u po
hec'el itowapi wanji t'okca
un'kicupi ktelo," eye.



The War-Bonnets looked
at each other.

Where were all the eggs
they should have?

Where were they?

C'anj'e Wap'aha t'iwahe kin
iyohila akic'iyutapi.

Witka ota yuhapi iyec'eca
k'unj tuktena e he?

Tuktel hiyeya huwo?

So then the Movie Men
and the War-Bonnet family
and all the people of Wahpeton
ran around and around
looking for the eggs
that the cackling hen
had laid.

The yellow hen did not know
what the people wanted.
She thought it was her singing
that had brought the Movie Men.

Ho c'anke Wic'ite owa wic'aša
kin epi na Wap'aha T'iwahe kin epi
na Waḥpet'un oyate kin ataya
iyuha ho'okawinḥ o'inyankapi
witka eya k'ok'oyaḥ'anla kin
t'un kin hena lila olepi.

K'ok'oyaḥ'anla hiḥzi kin
oyate kin taku c'ingpi na
hec'unhanpi kin slolye šni.
Tok'inahanš onah'un waštaya
lowan he kin he'un,
wic'ite owa wic'aša kin hena
iyot'ap hipi wicala.

The other hens knew
because, of course,
being good egg-laying creatures
they knew why a hen cackled
when she cackled.

They tried to tell the yellow hen
because, after all,
they were all hens together
and they had known her
when she was just a chick.

K'ok'oyaħ'anla unmapi kin
witka-t'un wop'ika okage
hec'api kin he'un slolic'iyapi.
C'anke, he'un etanhan,
tohanl wanji witkat'un hot'un
c'agna he takowe kin he slolyapi.

C'anke k'ok'oyaħ'anla hinzi kin
iyaksapa hanpi inc'in atayakaleš
iyuha k'ok'oyaħ'anla winyela
ptayela unpi kin hec'api.
C'anke tohanhan unjinjala kin
hehanhan oslolya unpi.

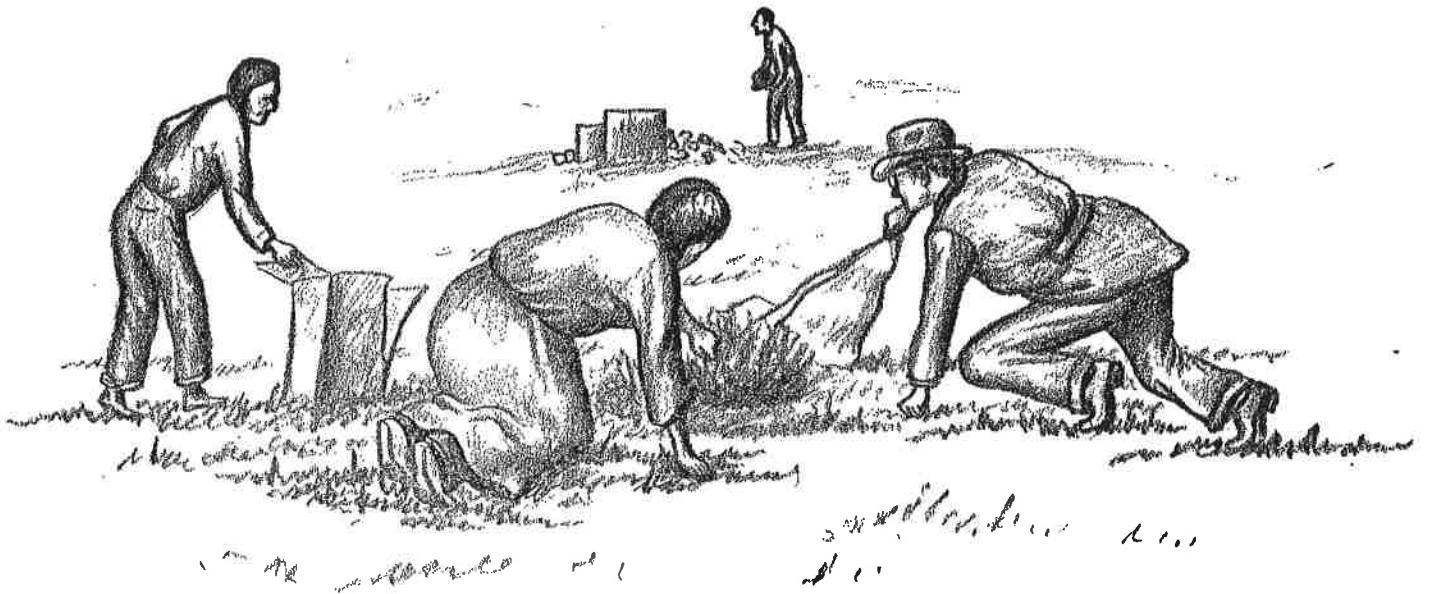
The yellow hen would not listen.
She told them, "You are just jealous
of my beautiful voice
and because I am yellow.
You always have thought
that I wasn't hatched right."

Ho ešaš k'ok'oyaḥ'anjla hiḅzi kiḅ
wanaḥ'uḅšni.
Lewic'akiye, "Lila hiḅmazi kiḅ le uḅ
na lila ho mawašte kiḅ he'uḅ
namayakiwizipi kiḅ hecela ye.
Ohiniyaḅ owotaḅla ikpakpi
mak'iyapi šni
c'ante mayakiluza pe," eye.

Away she went strutting around
with her book under her wing
and her head full of ideas.

Heyiŋ na wat'an̄ka'ic'ilaħci
okawiŋħ hiyaya he.

Wowapi waŋ a'ot'ak gluha na
nasula kiŋ iyojula wo'iyukcaŋ
yuha.



The people kept on hunting
and hunting and hunting
for all the eggs.

Then they hunted
for just one egg.

Every time the yellow hen cackled
some one would run out
to follow her around
to find the egg
she must have laid.

Hec'enaš oyate kiŋ lila wolehanpi
wolepi na ak'ešna wolehanpi
witka k'uj hena iyuha olepi.
Hona hehanl ak'e witka wanjila
olehanpi.

Tohanl k'ok'oyaħ'anjla hiŋzi kiŋ
hoťuj hiŋgla c'anna
tuwe wanji inyanċ hiŋap'e
na iyat'ap okawinħ hiyaya he.
Witka wan t'uj s'elec'eca kiŋ he
iyeye wac'inj ole omani he.

The more
people followed her around,
the more she sang-cackled
and the more she cackled-sang
the more
they followed her around.

Finally everyone said,
"That yellow hen does not lay eggs.
She just cackles
to hear herself cackle."

Wic'aša ota iyat'ap omanipi kin,
sanp inš'eya lowanwan,
hot'unṭ'un omani he.
Hot'unṭ'un lowanwan hiyaye kin
iyec'el inš'eya sanp
lila wic'ota iyat'ap omanipi.

Ho ohanḡeta oyaš'inḡ heyapi,
"K'ok'oyaḡ'anḡa hiḡzi kin ka witka
t'unḡe šni yelo.

Otuyac'inḡ witkat'unḡ hot'unḡ he lo
na'ic'iḡ'unḡ c'inḡ wanḡ ecela unḡ
heyahe lo," eyapi.



All the people went away.
Even the Movie Men went away.

The War-Bonnets

were terribly ashamed
of their cackling hen.

They said, "That incubator hen,
what good is she anyway!

She doesn't earn her chicken feed!"

C'anċ'e oyate kiŋ ataya ak'iyagle.
Wic'ite Owa wic'aša kiŋ epikayeš
k'o k'iglapi.

Ho c'anċ'e Wap'aha t'iwahe kiŋ
lila ištecapi t'ak'ok'oyaĥ'anċa waŋ
otuyac'ij akigna hot'un he kiŋ
he'un etanċaŋ.

Na leyapi, "Le Hiŋziwiŋ toktuke
c'eyaš šeċaŋ taku c'a uŋ
he wašte huwo?

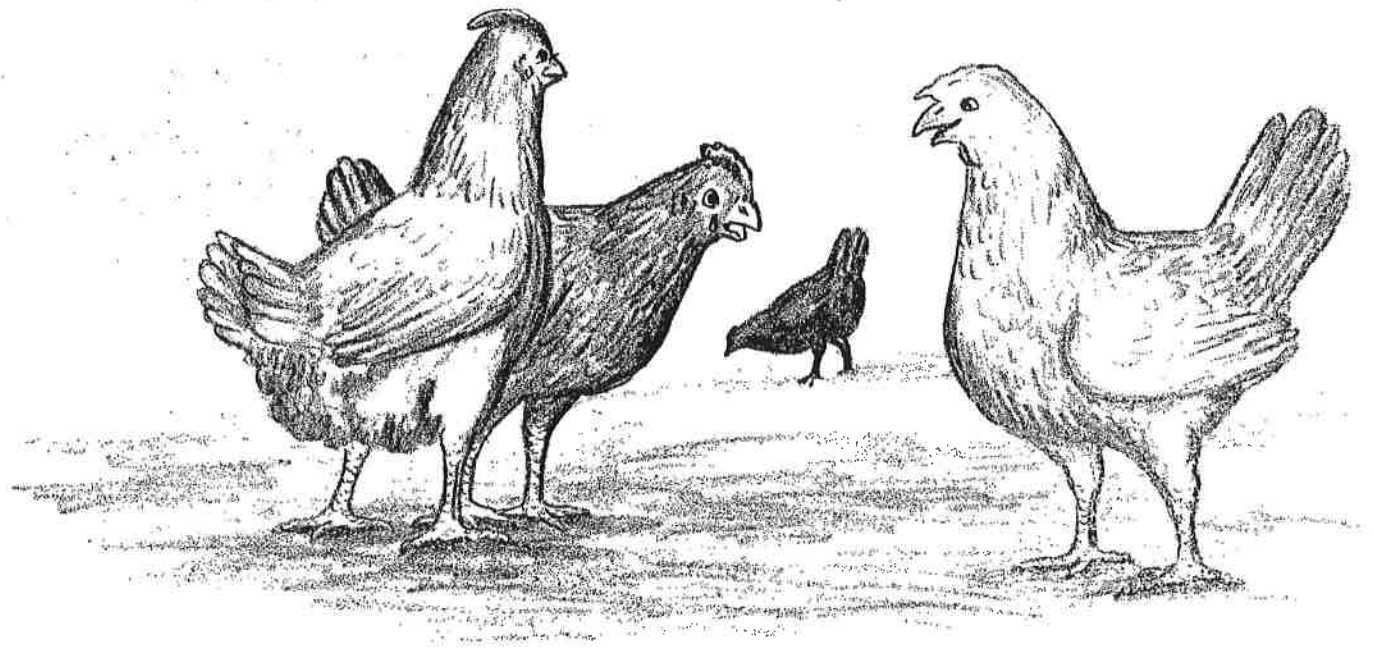
K'ok'oyaĥ'anċa t'awoyute iglamna
šni uŋ welo!" eyapi.

At last they decided
to eat her for their Sunday dinner.

So Mother War-Bonnet began
to give her sour milk and corn
and other things to make her fat.

Hona ohaŋketa lec'el gluštaŋpi
aŋpetu wak'aŋ wic'okaŋhiyaye
wotapi kiŋ el
yutapi kta gluštaŋpi.

C'aŋk'e Wap'aha t'iwahe Huŋkupi
kiŋ waŋcak asaŋpi oskuya,
wagmiza na taku it'okeca ota uŋ
ic'epyin kta c'a wok'u he.



The other hens said,
"Now is the time
to tell her
what she should know."

So they told her,
"You are right,
you are different from us
and you are going to be
much more different.
You are going in the soup pot
because you do not
lay eggs as you should!"

K'ok'oyaň'anja unmapi kiŋ leyapi,
"Wana taku slolyiŋ kta iyec'eca
kiŋ he oyeciyakapi kta
wana iyehanťu we," eyapi.

C'anke okic'iyakapi,
"Ehanke un lila wicayak'e,
unkiyepi etanhan nit'okeca kehe
kiŋ he hoc'a hec'ena
hec'el ya'unhiŋ kte
sanp'eš lila nit'okeca kte.
Unwohanpi c'ega ekta mahel nikte.
Inćiŋ witka yat'unhiŋ kta
iyec'eca ška
ec'anu šni kiŋ he'un!" ekiyapi.

The yellow hen forgot to sing,
she was so surprised.
All she could say was, "What?"
The other hens told her again.
They were glad to tell her.

C'ank'e ko'k'oyaňanla hiñzi k'un
e'ic'iktunje na lowaň šni,
lila iyuš'inyanyaň kiň he'un.
Tok'eglala wa'eya okihi kiň he,
"Tok'ahe?" eya he.
C'ank'e k'ok'oyaňanla unmapi kiň
ak'e okiciyakapi.
Lila iš'oš'oya okiciyaka hanpi.

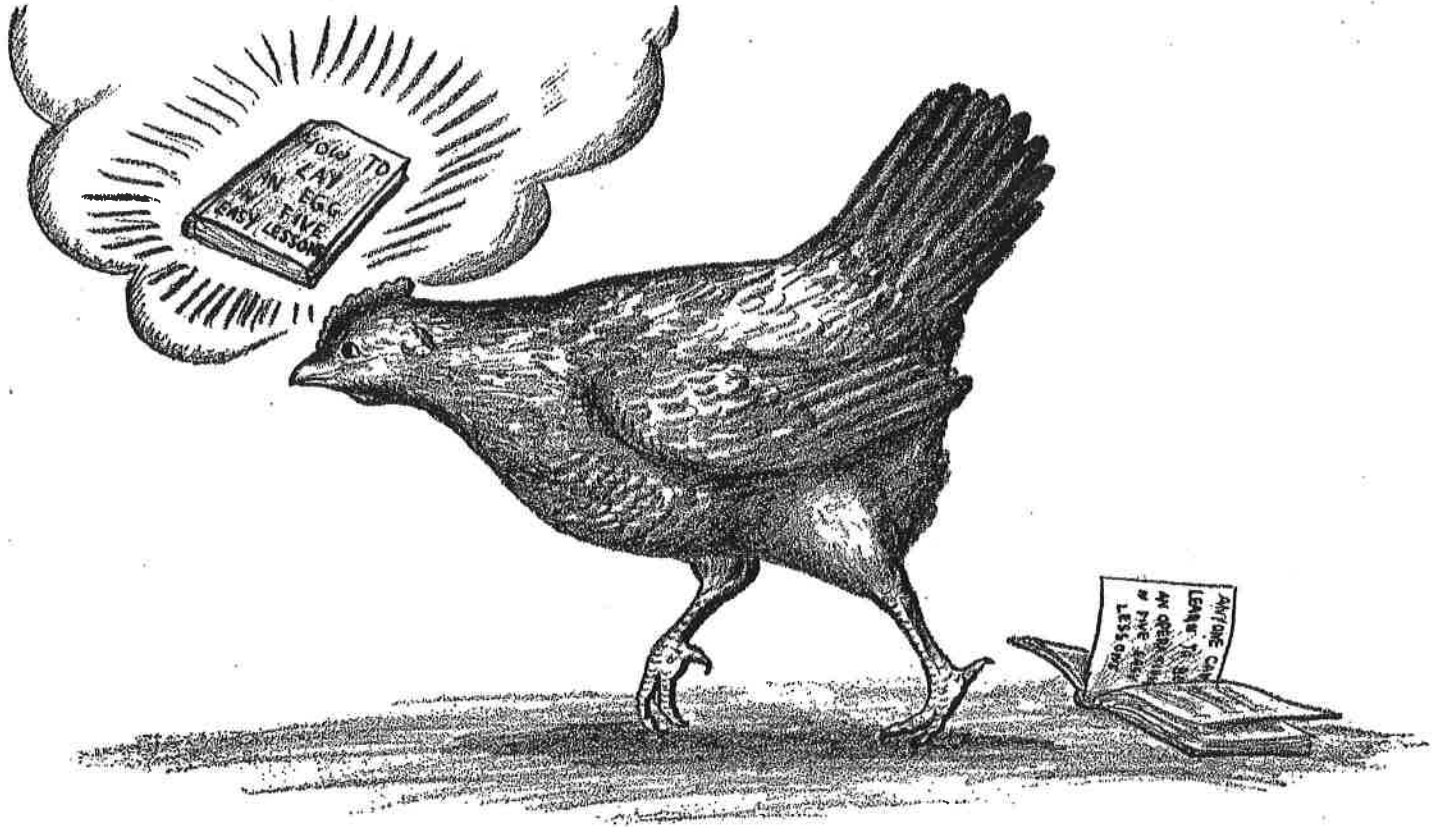
At last the yellow hen was listening
to what the others had to say.
At last she believed what they said.

Ho kitanĥci k'ok'oyaĥ'anla hiŋzi
kiŋ uŋmapi wa'ekiyapi kiŋ hena
anawic'agoptaŋ.
Kitanĥci takuk'api kiŋ wicawic'ala.

She did something about it, too.
She spent all her time
running around everywhere
trying to find a book
that would tell her,
"How to Lay an Egg
In Five Easy Lessons."

Ho hel nakun taku tok'el
wa'ec'un.

Ok'anjan un eyaš ataya
otuyac'in yutakunišni,
tuktetuke eyaš okawinħ o'injan
un he wowapi c'a
iyeyewac'in ole omani he
"Tok'el wo'unspe iyoptapi zaptan
el imahel tok'el ec'unpi kin
witka t'unpi okhipi" c'a he
etanhan wo'iyaksape icu kta
c'a he'un lila ole o'injanke.



She said to the other hens,
"I know I'll find that book,
but even if I don't,
so much running around
will keep me thin
and who wants a thin hen
for Sunday dinner?"

Hona k'ok'oyaň'anla unmapi kin
hewic'akiye, "Wowapi kin he
iyewayin kta c'a slolwaye,
tk'a nakuŋ iyewayešni ešaš
lila okawinħ o'inyanċ wa'uŋ kin
he'uŋ namic'it'amaheca kte.
Ho kihan tuwaš k'ok'oyaň'anla
t'amaheca wanċi anpetu wak'an
wic'okanċhiyaye wic'awote kin el
yutapi c'inpika?" eye.

This is all.

It is finished.

The story of the Hen of Wahpeton
is finished.

Le wana henala.

Wana o'ihanke.

Ohun'kakan K'ok'oya'hanja

Winyela Wan Wahpet'un

Etanhan kin he o'ihanke.

BILINGUAL READERS

Of all cultural traits, language is the most persistent, as those familiar with the minority problems of Europe clearly recognize. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that despite hundreds of years of contact with English speaking Whites, there are still Indian tribes many of whose members persist in the use of their native tongue. Throughout most of the country it is the older Indians who have not learned English, but in remote areas even the children who are taught English in the schools revert to a use of the Indian tongue in communication with their elders. Under ordinary conditions this need not be a matter of great concern, for it is a tendency of minority peoples everywhere who feel their culture threatened. However, at the present time, there are changes of great magnitude taking place in the Indian country. Conservation of natural resources is a vital issue in many areas, where overgrazing, water and wind erosion

are rapidly destroying the fertility of the soil. In many other areas, understanding of new opportunities for Indian self-government and credit is blocked by difficulties of translation, and the older more conservative Indians are at a loss what to believe.

Therefore, at long last, the government which for many years made efforts to stamp out the native languages has reversed its policy, and is endeavoring through the Indian schools to increase familiarity with the written form of the languages spoken by large numbers of Indians. Except for the Navaho, many Indian languages have been written by Indians and missionaries as well as linguists for a number of years. Some of the older mission schools have taught Indians to write their own language, and there are some which are still doing it, so the government is not initiating something new, but recognizing and accepting as good, another of the practices initiated

by the groups which founded Indian education.

The first effort of the present program of bilingual teaching was concentrated on the Navaho, which contains the largest number and proportion of non-English speaking individuals. When this effort of the government became known throughout the service, requests began to come from other tribal groups for the preparation of bilingual material for use in their schools. This little book is one of a series prepared for use in the schools of the Sioux country, at the request of many adult Sioux. As time goes on it is planned to publish material suited to each school grade, and to prepare and distribute for adult use, translations into Lakota (the Teton dialect) of significant documents dealing with Indian affairs.

After mature consideration it has been decided that the publication of the material in parallel columns in both English and the native tongue should contribute most effectively to the development of active bilingualism upon the part of both children
June 1943

and their elders. The emphasis in the school will naturally be upon the English—in the home upon reading the native tongue. In this way, the young people may help educate their parents in the use of English, while the new readers assist the adults in preserving the use of the native language among their children.

Each story accepted for publication deals intimately and accurately with some phase of Indian life in the linguistic area being dealt with. It is therefore believed that the material will provide exceptionally valuable experience reading for teachers in the lower grades. For the same reason these books should prove of value to teachers in White schools who are engaged in units of work on Indian life.

The preparation of material in the native languages is under the immediate direction of Dr. Edward A. Kennard, specialist in native languages. Emil Afraid of Hawk, an experienced interpreter of the older generation, translated this series of books.

Willard W. Beatty,
Director of Education.

THE ARTIST

Andrew Standing Soldier is a 22-year-old full-blood Sioux Indian who has had no formal instruction in art. His father was a government scout at the Battle of Wounded Knee which occurred on the Pine Ridge reservation in December 1890. His father encouraged Andrew to sketch and told him how the Indians and soldiers were dressed during the period when this conflict occurred. It has been Andrew's ambition for some time to paint a mural of this battle.

Andrew continued sketching animals and human figures, doing most of his earlier work in crayon on rough drawing paper. He has never completed high school, feeling responsibility for care of his family. His skill as an artist was recognized by some of the teachers at Oglala Community High School, and he was encouraged to participate in various contests. He won fourth prize with a poster design for

the Indian exhibit at the San Francisco World's Fair of 1939. He did some experimental mural work at the Oglala Community High School under the direction of Indian Service advisers and the special summer school staff in art in 1937. In 1939 he was chosen to paint the mural in the lobby of the new federal Post Office at Blackfoot, Idaho, on the Fort Hall reservation. This work was done in egg tempera and depicts early days among the Bannock and Shoshone Indians of this area, as described to Andrew by the older Indians.

Andrew's illustrations in this volume are done with lithographic pencil on pebbled-board because Andrew preferred to follow a style similar to that used in his earlier crayon drawings. His work differs completely from that of the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest which had become familiar to many through the paintings of students of Santa Fe Indian School.

During 1940 and 1941 Andrew completed a frieze in fresco for Oglala Community High School. This is a continuing band six feet high and approximately 150 feet long, extending along both side walls and across the proscenium arch of the auditorium and

depicting the Pine Ridge Sioux before the coming of the White man, while they were engaged in formulating their treaty with the government, and as they have been since contact with Whites.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF WRITTEN DAKOTA

The Dakota language is spoken in four dialects, Santee and Yankton by the eastern groups, Teton by the western, and Assiniboine in the northwest. They are all mutually intelligible, although there is a greater difference between the Assiniboine and the others than there is among Santee, Yankton, and Teton.

The pioneer work by Stephen Riggs in developing the written language was based primarily upon the Santee dialect, and dates from his "Grammar and Dictionary of the Dakota Language" published in 1852. Additional material gathered by Riggs appeared in 1893, edited by J. O. Dorsey.

A Dakota-English Dictionary of the Yankton dialect by J. P. Williamson was published in 1902. In addition to the scientific work, translations of the Bible, prayer books, and hymnals in these dialects were printed and widely used on all the Sioux reservations, so that many of the Sioux today are familiar with their own language in a written form.

The Teton dialect, which is used in this series of readers, has the greatest number of speakers (approximately 18,000 at the present time), but owing to the relatively late appearance of printed material in Teton it has not been widely disseminated.

Boas and Swanton published a grammar in the Handbook of American Indian Languages dealing with both Santee and Teton, in 1910. Eugene Buechel's "Bible Stories" appeared in 1924, and was followed by his "Grammar of Lakota" in 1939. "Dakota Texts" by Ella Deloria, also in Teton, was published in 1932.

The basic alphabet in which all the dialects have been written was that used by Riggs, and subsequent linguistic work has followed the pattern he set. However, he failed to distinguish between the aspirated and unaspirated series of consonants p, t, k, and c. This distinction, vital to accurate recording, was introduced by Boas and Swanton and was followed in Deloria's texts and Buechel's grammar.

In earlier work g with a dot or an accent over the letter was used to indicate the harsh voiced fricative, but since it always has this value when followed by a

vowel, the diacritical mark has been eliminated. Riggs and others also used a z with a dot or accent over the letter for the sound of z in azure, for which the letter j has been substituted, a usage found in several volumes of the written Dakota.

The symbol ŋ following a vowel, to indicate nasalization of the vowel, was used by Riggs and most of the others who have recorded material in Dakota. Because of its familiarity to the Sioux, it is also used in these readers. In Deloria's texts the usual linguistic device of a hook beneath the vowel is used to mark nasalization, as in q̣, ɪ̣, or ʉ̣ instead of aŋ, iŋ, or uŋ. While the subscript hook is used in other bilingual readers in Indian languages as the more universally accepted symbol, it was considered wiser from the educator's point of view to follow established practice.

Edward A. Kennard,
Specialist in Indian Languages.

THE LAKOTA ALPHABET

The following information about the Lakota alphabet and its use should prove helpful to one familiar with the English language. After each letter, an example of the sound represented is given in a Lakota word, followed by the nearest approximation to the sound in an English word.

Vowels

a	na	(and)	futher
e	pte	(buffalo)	met
i	hi	(to arrive)	machine
o	ho	(voice)	open
u	tuwa	(someone)	rule

ŋ occurs only after the vowels a, i, and u. It does not represent a sound by itself, but indicates that the preceding vowel is nasalized. That is, some of the breath passes through the nose in producing the sound.

aŋ	waŋji	(one)
iŋ	naŋiŋ	(to stand)
uŋ	yuŋk'aŋ	(and then)

Diphthongs

Diphthongs are rare in Lakota. They only occur in a few exclamations, as in the man's word of greeting, hau (like English how), and a woman's exclamation of surprise, haiye (with the ai like that in English aisle).

Consonants

' the glottal stop is a true consonant. It occurs between vowels, and also as an integral part of seven other consonants.

wo'ilake	(servant)	co-operate
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In the English word, co-operate, the glottal stop is represented by the hyphen. It is the hiatus or stoppage of the breath between the two o's. Also in the American colloquial negative, unh unh, the glottal closure

precedes the u in each instance. Or in actual speech the difference between Johnny earns and Johnny yearns, is that the former has a glottal closure between the two words. All Lakota words that begin with a vowel are preceded by the glottal stop, but since this is always the case, they are not written.

p pahi (to pick up) spot
 p^c p^ca (head) pot
 p^ʔ p^ʔo (fog)

The p is a completely unaspirated sound, as in spot or any English word in which the p is preceded by an s. The p^c is highly aspirated, as is English p, followed by a vowel. The p^ʔ does not occur in English, but is produced by the almost simultaneous release of the breath from the closure formed by the lips and the glottal closure.

k kak^ciye (yonder) skit
 k^c k^cigle (he went home) kit
 k^ʔ k^ʔuŋ (def. article in the past)

The difference among these three k's is similar to the difference among the three p's described above.

t takuni (nothing) stop
 t^c t^ci (to live) top
 t^ʔ t^ʔe (dead)

The difference among these three t's is similar to the difference among the three p's described above.

c caḥota (ashes) attach
 c^c c^caŋ (tree) church
 c^ʔ c^ʔic^ʔu (I give you)

The letter c^c corresponds to the ch in an English word like chat. The same sound, but lacking the aspiration is represented by c. The example in English, attach, is not wholly accurate, but there is less breath force in the production of final English ch than when it is the first element in a word. The c^ʔ is similar to the p^ʔ, t^ʔ, and k^ʔ in that it is produced by the simultaneous release of the breath from the ch position and from the glottal closure.

h ho (voice) hot

ħ ħoka (badger)

ħ represents a harsh fricative sound that is lacking in modern English. It is the same sound as the *ch* in German *machen* or the Scottish word *loch* (lake).

ħʔ ħʔeħʔe (shaggy)

This sound is like the *pʔ*, *kʔ*, and *cʔ*, with the glottal closure preceding the production of the vowel.

j wanji (one) azure (like the *z*)

l le (this) low

m mahel (beneath) make

n na (and) no

w wana (now) way

y yunjkʔaŋ (and then) you

z zizipela (thin) zero

s sinjte (tail) so

š ša (red) sure

sʔ sʔe (as if)

šʔ akišʔa (to shout)

g kage (to make)

The sound represented by *g*, when followed by a vowel, does not occur in English. It is the voiced equivalent of *ħ* and is produced in the same way, except that the larynx or voice box functions. The vibration of the vocal cords is the chief factor which distinguishes English *z* from *s*, *d* from *t*, *g* from *k*. It is this same factor which distinguishes Lakota *g* before a vowel from *ħ*.

g gli (to arrive back here) go

When *g* is followed by a consonant, it has the same value as in the English word, *go*.

b blo (potatoes)

In the consonantic combinations, *gl*, *bl*, *gn*, *gm*, *gw*, and *mn* there is a short vowel between the two consonants which is not written. Thus, *gli* is pronounced like the *gl* in *galore*, never like *glee*, *blo* approximates normal pronunciation of *below*, never *blow*. Other Lakota words of this type are:

mni water

gnunḡnunḡška grasshopper

gmigmela round