

Gebiingwepzad 'Veiled Visitor'

Debaajmod (Storyteller): Grace Manitowabi

Recorded at Ojibwe Cultural Foundation, May 16, 2019

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<p>N-mamaanh'sh iw detewaak'igewan giiyenh n-mamaanhba endaad, "Nahaaw biindigen!" dinaan giiyenh. Gaa'sh gewe go...Gbiingwepza'sh wa kwe. Nahaan giiyenh biiskawaan 'veil'; mkadewziwan giiyenh. "Maanoo go ndaa-biindge giishpin go naa nenmiyin wii-biindigeyaan," kida'sh giiyenh aw kwe. Wiikwemkoong maaba gii-njibaa. Mii'sh giiyenh, "Aaniish ezhwebziyan?" dinaan giiyenh. "Mii sa gii-baakiignang iw yahii enpazod," kida.</p> <p>ER: shibaayiignoon</p> <p>GM: shibaayiignoon, Kaa nii giiyenh ngoji {can't make out word here}. Mii go iw kina – Gaa wiya 'eyebrows' -- kina gegoo gii-maajaamgadni, kina gegoo gii-mmigii. Tawaa, mii go ezhi-njigaanig iw. "Maanpii go nihaan, - gii-biiskawaan," kida. "Gegoo go naa maa gii-napzo," kida. "Njigaani iw odengweng mni," kida. "Gwetaak sa naa gaa-zhi-nigaanaagzid," kida.</p> <p>"Gdaahaan na go gegoo?" dinaan'sh giiyenh niwi nmamaayin, "Enh, maanoo gdaa-gwajitoon," dinaan'sh giiyenh. "Gaa'shii go eta ngod-mooday gga-nakaazsii. Aabdeg go maanda biinji'ing go ngo-bboon mnik maanda gdaa-maajiidoon," dinaan nahii, dinaadigenan go naa gnimaa. Manj dash go naa mnik gaa-miinaagwenh iw mshkiki iw eskgamdek. Aah, gaawii giiyenh wiikaa miinwaa bskaabiisiwan. Baamaa go naa eni-ngo-bboon'gag gmaapii giiyenh. Tawaa, gmaapii giiyenh wiyan detewaak'igewan maa</p>	<p>Someone knocks at my mother's, my late mother's house. "Ok, come in!" she reportedly says to them And...though.. {false start/rephrasing}... That woman is blindfolded. She is wearing a veil; it's black, she says. "I could come in anyway [despite my appearance], if you think it [alright] for me to come in," says that woman. This woman was from Wiikwemkoong.</p> <p>And then supposedly, "What's the matter with you?" she says to her. So she opens that, mmm, what she is wearing, she says.</p> <p>ER: the veil</p> <p>GM: the veil [inaudible].</p> <p>All of it [info implied]. No eyebrows, everything was gone, she also had scabs all over. Oh, my! [Her condition was so bad] it [pus] was dripping. "She was here [on this part] wearing whachmacall,..." she says. "She was wearing something here, you know," she says, "The pus is dripping from her face. Did she ever look (poor) pitiful," she says.</p> <p>"Do you have anything?" she reportedly says to my mother. "Yes, you should try it anyway," she says to her. "But you won't just use one bottle. You'd need to take [enough to last inside of/up to] one year," she says to her, mmm, she must have said to her [I imagine]. So how much of that medicine, eskgamdeg, she must have gave her, who knows. Aah, she [the lady] never came back again. Not until one year eventually, she</p>
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<p>endaayaang. “Aah, biindgen.” “Nahaaw nga-biindge go nongo!” digoon’sh giyyenh. Mii giyyenh go bi-biindged. Gichi-gniwaabmigoon giyyenh. “Gaawii na go gnigenh g-nisidawnisii?” digoon’sh giyyenh. “Kaa, gaawii g-nisdawenmisnoo.” “Gaawii na g-makwenmisii gii-bi-gbiingwepzayaan maanpii gii-bi-zhaayaan. Mii sa gbi-miigwechwi’in gii-nnaandweyin,” kida giyyenh aw kwe. Kaa giyyenh go ngoji gii-naagzisii niw, gii-biigzheshkaasii. Mii iw eskgamdeg gaa-nnaandwi’igwod aw. Enh, biinji’yiing ngo-bboon’sh gego geget, gaawii go eta go ‘not one month.’ Aabdeg go ngo-bboon gii-aabji-mnikwenaadig iw, naa. Geyaabi’sh go nongo gii-bi-giigdownag oodi eko-ngogiizsagag eskgamdeg bebaandawsijig, naa. “Gaawii genii ngii-, gegoo ndinmandzii iw,” ndinaag dash. Maaba go naa ‘my sister’ eta gwa. Endgwenh’sh naa ji-yaang gegoo ‘sister’ yahii naa.</p>	<p>says. [To her surprise] eventually someone apparently knocks there at our house. “Aah, come in!” “Okay, I will come in this time!” she [the lady] says to her. And she’s coming right on in [without pausing]. She [the lady] looks hard at her, she says. “Do you not recognize me at all?” she says to her. “No, I (do not recognize you) can’t tell who you are [from your ‘demeanour’].” “Do you not remember me, me covering my face with a cloth when I came here. So I’m coming here to thank you for having doctored me,” that woman reportedly says. She did not look at all sick ...[rephrasing thought] her skin was not ‘broken’ – i.e. had no scabs]. That eskgamdeg is what cured her. Yes, [it was] indeed inside of a year too. So [‘like she said,’] not only, not one month. She must have had to constantly drink that for one year. Still today those who are seeking eskgamdeg phoned a month ago there [i.e. back there in time], eh. “Me, I don’t kn... don’t know anything about that,” I say to them. Only my sister,... But (I wonder)/ who knows if she has any of mmm/whachmacall, eh.</p>
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