

# Gadim Gan ganhl Wii M'maal

## Gadim Gan

## and the Old Canoe



Written by Veselin Jungic  
and Mark MacLean  
Illustrated by Simon Roy

Nisga'a Version by  
Hlguwilksihlgum Maaksgum Hlbin (Emma Nyce)  
and Ksim Git Wil Aksnakw (Edna Nyce-Tait), Wilp Sim'oogit Hleek



**GADIM ḠAN ḠANHL W'II M'MAAL**  
Gadim Ḡan and the Old Canoe

Written by Veselin Jungic  
and Mark MacLean  
Illustrated by Simon Roy

Nisga'a Version by  
Hlguwilksihlgum Maaksgum Hlbin (Emma Nyce)  
and Ksim Git Wil Aksnakw (Edna Nyce-Tait), Wilp Sim'oogit Hleek

“Small Number and the Old Canoe” © Veselin Jungic and Mark MacLean  
This book is design by Khelsilem Rivers of the Squamish Nation.

Credits and Acknowledgements:

- Special thanks to Dr. Rudy Reimer (Yumk’s) of the Squamish Nation.
- Special thanks to Hlguwilksihlgum Maaksgum Hlbin (Emma Nyce) and Ksim Git Wil Aksnakw (Edna Nyce), Wilp Sim’oogit Hleeḵ for the translation.
- Special thanks to Huup’il Hayatsgum Hlboon (Allison Nyce).
- Special thanks to Karen Manders, PIMS Communications Manager.
- Special thanks to Melania Alvarez, PIMS BC Education Coordinator
- Special thanks to Clare Kiernan, PIMS Communications Manager
- Financial support provided by NSERC, PIMS, UBC, the IRMACS Centre, and SFU.

Visit [mathcatcher.irmacs.sfu.ca](http://mathcatcher.irmacs.sfu.ca) to find more resources, videos, and information.

All rights reserved. The characters, events, and stories in this publication are entirely fictional. No part of this book, except small portions for review purposes, may be used without written permission from Veselin Jungic or Mark MacLean.



**Kwsdins ɣk'uuhlkwhl hlgutk'ihlgum gat tgun tɣaañitkws aguxw-anbil-wilt ganhl nidii, nidii amukwst k'ilhl wilt iit k'ap gan wilaa siip'indiit. Sil jogat dip Nits'iits't gans Niye'et iit anookst dip gun k'ilhl wilt, wil nigii aamhl wilt, nigidiit wii kw'ihl wilaakwdiit hluut'uxwdiit nigan wilt. Sa tgun ii dim hlisa'ans Niye'ethl ts'ak' hooksit ahl liłgit. li ñihl sagihl anhis Niye'et dim k'aɣ ksaxw ñiin, k'aɣ kwsdaɣsdiit ado'o ahl galaak'an silgawils, silgal dip dihitgwin diya Niye'et loot. Amgoogidim sa, sa ahl gwooyim, gyamgim sa, way ñihl dim go'odiit dim wil galaakdiit ganhl ansipiip'inskw.**

Gadim Ɔan is a five year old boy who gets into a lot of mischief. He lives with his Grandma and Grandpa, who patiently put up with his antics most of the time. Today, Grandpa needs to finish carving a feast bowl. And Grandpa decided that Gadim Ɔan should go out and play with his friends. It is a beautiful, sunny, spring day and the boys run down to play near the water.

Txaanikws aguhl dim wilaa galaakdiit ii nihl wildiit gans Wakhl Ts'imilx, ansiip'inskw tgun, silgawilit, silgasgootgwit iit sagootkwdiit dim guutdiithl lo'op, txa'am lo'op siwadiim bax lo'op tgun ahl lax aks, hlaa ma'uxwdiit baxt. Wilaaxdiit wil hakwhl dim wil baxhl lo'op tgun lax aks iit guutdiit sim t k'ubaxa'atdiit ahl ga'at ni wilaa jabihl game dip siwadis gun huxwdii wiliim yukw sisuusin.





Everything they see sparks a new game, and Gadim Gan's friend, Wakhl Ts'imilx, suggests they see who can make a stone skip the farthest on the surface of the water. The boys quickly learn that for a stone to go far it needs to be smooth, black and oval shaped.

Yukwhl wilt gihil lo'op dim angalaakt iit nihitkwil ligii agu sbayt, ligii agu, um, haas, gan haas t'ahlil laxts'eehl aks ni wil t'ahlil gan haas nihl nii baxat, nidiit wilaax aguwl wat nigit t'ilt wilaaxt. Iit nihl hitkwil aguyama'ahl watchit logam tgwantkw, logam ksgook t'imgest ahl agu tgun, loga mmaal an win nii baxat ii nidiit t'ilthl wilaaxt.

As Gadim Gan wanders far along the shore looking for a good stone he scrambles through the tall grass, tripping over something. He falls headfirst into an old canoe hidden in the grass.



Hlaa haldim baxt iit dashl t'imgest kw'ihl hlibalht hupxwt, yee wil logam t'igwantkw ahl ts'im logam mmaal tgun. Ji nihl sgetkw wilt t'imgest hupxwt wil yeet simgit yeet sgekswdima'a ii nigii an guut loot gihil wilaa wilhl ansiip'inskw sil gsgootgwit dim xbiyukwdim ahl aguwl waayit.

Gadim Gan stands up, rubbing his forehead as he looks around at the canoe. Even though his head hurts, he is very excited at his discovery and he calls to his friends who come running.





**li hagwin aḱkwahl ansiip’inskw̄s sa silgasgoot ii yukw ga’adiit iit dasdiit, ndayima’ahl x̄nagwit hlgis agu t tgun ahl lax̄ ts’eets’iks tgunsa, nigit wilaaxdiit. Yukw̄hl alalgax̄diit ii ṅi wil hit ahl silgawilt si’ansiip’inskw̄t, “Ndahl gabiidima’ahl gathl batsdihl luuwandit gan m̄maal dip gunsa?” Nidiit wilaaxdiit.**

The boys stand around the canoe, running their hands along its smooth shape, it looks very old and very big to them. Gadim Ḡan asks, “How many people do you think it could hold?” They didn’t know.

**“Ndayima’a hlaa gaṅagwihl hlidaa japkw̄”, diyahl friendt Waḱhl Ts’imilx yukw̄hl liseexkw̄diit sim git agu tgunsa.**

Waḱhl Ts’imilx asks, “How many generations ago was it built?”

**li wandiit yukw liseexw̄diit wilaa wilhl m̄maal tgunsa, naayima’a anjap dihiida, ndayima’ahl ahl gaṅagwihl w̄aayit wil hookst.**

The boys forget their previous game and spend a long time talking about the canoe and who might have built it.

Yukwhl wildiit si'ii n̄ii wil algaxhl Waḡhl Ts'imilx silga wilsihl, "Hlaa xwdayiḡ. Hlaa nuw̄hl xwdayiḡhl aamhl dim k'ax̄ haḡum̄ ii dim ii t̄xooḡgum̄", diya. Ii n̄ihl hihl ansiip'inskw̄t ji loot huxwdii wiliḡ, hlaa huxwdii nuw̄iḡ xwdayiḡ, way di, dim luuwiiyalt nuḡm̄ ahl dim galts'ap dim ii t̄xooḡgum̄ Gitwinksihkw̄.



As they are talking, Waḡhl Ts'imilx's tummy starts to growl, "I'm hungry. Let's go eat," he says to his friends. The other boys realize they are hungry too, and they all run back to Gitwinksihkw̄.

Hlaa bakwdiit wil jokdiit iit ga'adiit hlaa wil yukskw Niye'etdiit way laayum ts'ak'im ganhl jabit dim hookst ahl dim wil liigitdiit. Yukwhl wildiit kw'ihl luu-amaamhl gagootdiit luu-si'amaakwdiit aguhl ga'adiit jabis Niye'ediit iit ga'as Niye'et wil mukwhl hupxt iit gidaxat, "Ndahl wilhl hupxt gangan mukwt?" diya. Iit t'akst Gadim Gan siwil wilaa wilhl t'imgest wil bruised, wil sgekskw wil mukwt iit mahlit as Niye'et aguhl wadiit, aguhl wayt. "Wayihl mmaal lox hlaa gi-one hundred years dim ahl sgit nihl wayit" diya.



Gadim Gan races home where Grandpa is carving the surface of a huge wooden dish. Gadim Gan shouting very excitedly and Grandpa looks up. He sees the bruise on Gadim Gan's forehead. "What happened?" Grandpa asks. Gadim Gan has forgotten that he bumped his head and starts to tell Grandpa about finding the canoe. "I found an old canoe down the beach! It must be at least one hundred years old!"

lit ñi wil algax Niye’et. “Wilaayi’y anheenis,” diya, “Ñihl m’maal tgus k’a aluubaxat wítgwit dim galts’abim’”, diya. “li yukwt mahlis niye’et wil ñidiit ganhl wakkwt anjaphl agu tgun ñihl wáysisim’,” diya.



Grandpa smiles, “I know that canoe, it was once the fastest canoe in our village.”

“It was carved by my father and two of his brothers,” Grandpa proudly continues.

**“Ṭxaañitkwshl ñuum ñiwagiit iit wilaaxt, wilaaxt gat wil dip wilaaxhl hlix-hlalbihl gan siwadiit ahl carve. Ga’asim̄hl gwilahl̄l gabiihl gan māks̄gwit alihi gigalgahl wilp? Mahlik’īhl gan tgun ahl jabihl nibibim̄, nibibi’y,” diya, “Mahlik’yooldiit gwilahl̄l gabiit gan japdiit niwākt dip gun.”**



“All the sons of my grandfather were known as great wood carvers. You know those three totem poles in front of the Longhouse? Each of them was built by one of my uncles.”



**Ji t'aayihl goott hlaa yukwdim woḱt iit ḱ'oomaḱkw goot dim hugaḱ wils dip nibipt gans dip niye'et dim dii jabithl agu dim hlabithl gan, totem pole, ts'ak', lip agu ḱihl hasaḱthl dim jabit. K'iit gidaxat, "Dim misoolhl wakgwin," diya, "Silga tḱalpḱdool, kwsdinsool ḱihl gidaxat as Niye'et."**

That evening just before falling asleep, Gadim Gan thought, "I'd like to carve canoes and totem poles just like my ancestors."

I have to ask Grandpa tomorrow how many brothers his father had, four, five or more?

**Aguhl gant hañiigoodihl huxw wans wakkwt txalpxdool, kwsdinsool, gidaxas tgusda?**



Why did Small Number think that his great-grandpa might have two, three, four, five or more brothers?

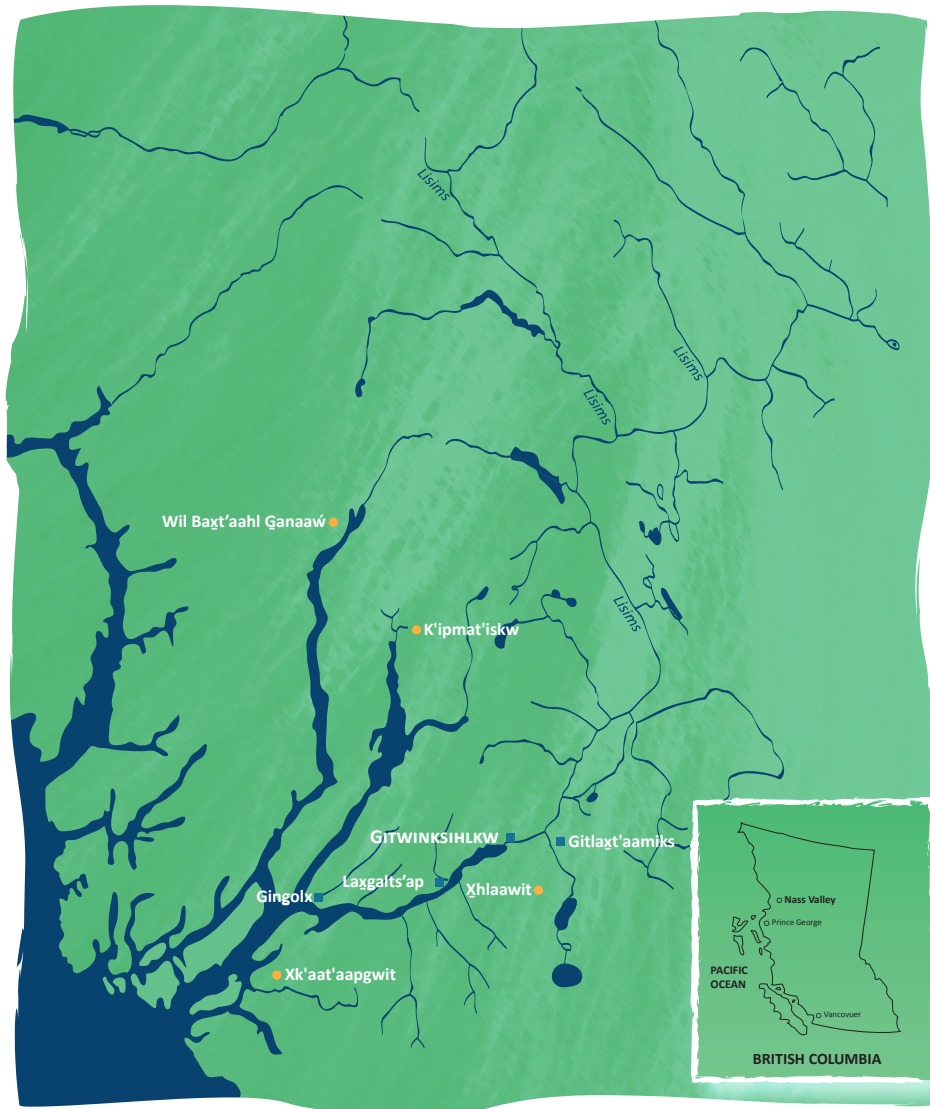
**Visit [mathcatcher.irmacs.sfu.ca](http://mathcatcher.irmacs.sfu.ca) to learn more!**

## About the Nisga'a Language:

The Nisga'a language is known as Sim'algax, and was spoken by all the communities of the entire Nisga'a Nation. Sim'algax was given to the Nisga'a people by Sim'oogit Laxha, the Creator, to be the sole language spoken among our people. The language of our ancestors was very much tied to place, to know the language fully one must know the territory, the laws and customs of our people. Today the Nisga'a are now living in the communities of Gitlaxt'aamiks, Gitwinksihlkw, Laxgalts'ap and Gingolx, with many Nisga'a also living in Terrace, Prince Rupert and Vancouver. Over the past few generations the number of Nisga'a sim'algax speakers is declining, but with efforts to record, translate and share resources the Nisga'a language has been undergoing a renewal of learning among the younger generations who are embracing technology for language learning.

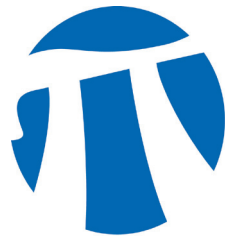


t



- Village/Community
- Sacred Mountain
- ~ Rivers
- Ocean or Lakes

[mathcatcher.irmacs.sfu.ca](http://mathcatcher.irmacs.sfu.ca)



PIMS