

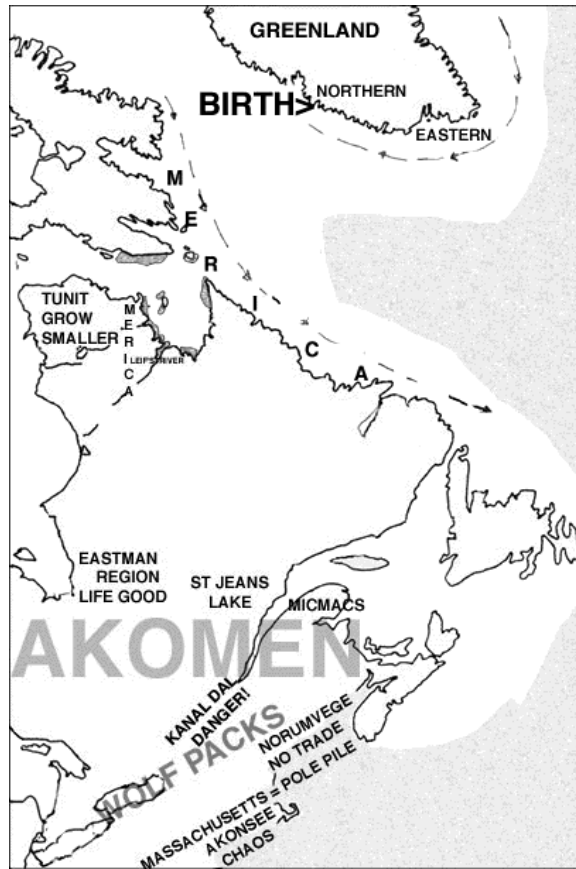
STORIES
of
MAALAN AARUM
with
HISTORICAL SUPPLEMENTS

BIRTH



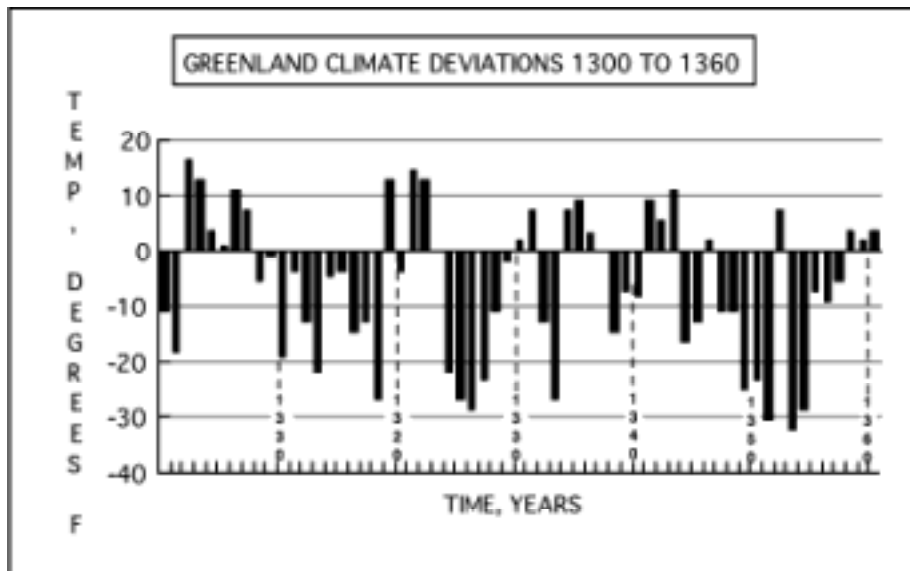
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OUTLOOK, OCTOBER 1300



Life in Akoman was confused, terrifying, and cold.

LITTLE ICE AGE



1

The year Bjarni Magnusson was born, 1300, was so cold that Davis Strait froze over for five months, but twenty-four years during his life would be even colder.

The BIRTH

In Norvege, King Haakon's reign was a period of consolidation as well as expansion. At home, those people committed to the Norse became citizens of Norway. Norway was recognized as an independent nation that could make international treaties.

King Haakon, with his fleet, returned to Haakon's See in 1260. Only the lavabo of the church and the keep had been completed in stone. Haakon's displeasure with the progress of the church was slightly mollified after the priests on site told him about the events of the past decade. The priests explained that all the men had to make palisades two years after King Haakon sailed away. The palisades were necessary to protect people from the savage men from the northwest. Those men came as warring people, not hunters. The warriors moved in groups called wolfpacks. The wolfpacks killed with savageness. They hunted humans to eat the flesh of people, and led away many people for slaves or future feasts.

King Haakon was not willing to believe the story. Even in the savage battles that he had seen, nobody ate their foe. Besides, the few palisades he saw in Haakon's See looked indefensible. The priest explained that many courageous Norse went northwest to live with the villagers up along the long river. The long river was a natural barrier between the villages and the wolfpacks. The Norse fighting men patrolled the east side of the long river, but they would not let women or children close to the water. They called the land beside the river "Qunninticut."¹ ~

In many villages, the Norse became accepted as war leaders. The warriors of each village learned to rush to the defense of a neighboring village whenever wolfpacks were prowling.

Three years after the first invasion, the wolfpacks returned. There was much savage fighting. Many men were killed. But the wolfpacks did not get far into Qunninticut. The invaders were given no time to feast. The slaves, this time, came from wolfpacks. They were not eaten. The villages assigned them to families who had lost a man in the fighting or had lost children for any reason.

¹ Word meaning

So, when King Haakon landed in 1260, the threat of war had been off to the northwest for a few years. But a decade for constructing the stone church had been lost.

King Haakon was still displeased, but he did, grudgingly, admit that more fighting men were needed in Haakon's See. He promised that, as soon as he returned to Norway, he would send back a fleet of twenty-four ships with fighting men. In the meantime, he had other uses for those ships. The fleet would sail to Greenland when the ice pack melted.



Later in spring in Greenland, Magnus thought the weather signs indicated that the caribou would be migrating soon. He expected them to come past him. He was seated on the small stone wall he used for protection. Then he saw the colored sails coming out of the mist. He instantly sensed his worst fear was coming true. After all these years, the king's men were coming for him. It was time to flee.

He abandoned the stone wall. Walking rapidly, he reached the remote farmhouse before the sails were visible beyond the small peninsula. He collected his family, a hide tent, and some dried food. He carried one child. Aud carried the other. Their two young boys, trying to be men, struggled with part of the tent and most of the food.

When they reached the ridgeline, they stopped to look back. Four square sails, one on each ship, were being pulled up for storage on the crossbeam because there was little wind in the fjord. Twenty oars on each ship began to slice the water. Twenty shields were in place on the railings. Twenty men sat between the rowers. The lead ship turned to the southeast toward the Anavik church. Magnus exhorted his family to hurry down from the ridge. They scurried along a path to the small bay without any houses. A thicket of small trees still grew at the head of the bay. The leaves had just come out. The leaves would provide shelter from probing eyes.

The four ships rowed up to the Anavik church boat ramp. The men, one hundred fifty-eight in all, disembarked, prepared their evening food, and laid out their sleeping robes. The next day was Sunday. The mass was held outdoors, because the little Anavik church could not seat so many Christians.

All of the other seventeen churches in Greenland witnessed a similar unexpected assembly of Christians. At Gardar, Bishop Olaf had very mixed emotions when he watched the king's ship slide to a landing in the ramp area. Rubbing his neck, Bishop Olaf hurried toward the tall man stepping off the ship. Bishop Olaf bowed. He looked at the stern face. He kneeled. King Haakon the Old said, peacefully, that he was a very devout man who expected his sailors to worship when possible. They had come to pray.

The sailors did pray. Then they mingled with the Greenlanders after church. They accepted invitations for evening meals. They cleaned their equipment in the midst of young boys swarming around. The sailors prepared to leave in the morning. Then they went visiting. After congenial visits around the boiling pots, some of the sailors continued to exchange stories with the headmen of the house. Some played chess with the younger boys. A few walked with maidens to tend the livestock.

The commanders had orders for the sailors to return to their ships before the stars indicated the middle of the night. The rest of the orders from King Haakon were explicit and imperative. The sailors were to leave "No broken things, no angry men, and no pregnant maidens." The sailors reassembled as ordered. As the sky over the glacier to the east began to glow, the oars of seventy-two ships sliced the water.

Magnus, crouching behind the caribou wall, had a great sense of deliverance as he watched the four ships nearest his house unfurl their sails and sail west down Ranga fjord.



The King's navy coming to pray at every praying house in Greenland had an effect on every man who voted a half moon later at the *Althing*. That year, 1261, was the time, after fourteen years of ignoring the issue, when the annual *Althing* of Greenland decided that a wise policy would be to pay taxes to Norway.

The Norse in Greenland also agreed to call themselves the "Eastern Settlement" but they requested, not demanded, just requested, to keep the name of Greenland. The Norse people of Greenland had used that name for more than two and a half centuries, and the scribes of the world had been writing about Greenland for four centuries.² ~ King Haakon, with reluctance and with wisdom, agreed.

² Gronland

By King Haakon's edict, certain local lawmen became the king's agents in their fjords. These men, who were educated enough to read some Latin, to sign, at least, their names, and who were skillful enough to calculate taxes were to be called "sakkyndigs."

King Haakon's ships stopped at Iceland to pray two Sundays later. But the Icelandic *Althing* had already gone home. They used that circumstance to resist for another year before they also decided that a wise policy was to pay taxes to Norway.

Then, after sailing back to Norway, King Haakon the Old learned troublesome news. Norway officials, who had escaped the Western Islands of Scotland with their lives, but without the tax revenue, told King Haakon the tale as gently as they could. The people in the islands between Ireland and England had detected the lack of Norse longboats in their seas. The lack of Norse longboats inspired the local chieftains on the islands to revolt.

Worse yet, the king of the former Alba country, Alexandra III, a man with Briton, Norse, Anglo, and Hungarian heritage, had gained the allegiance of the Norse and Anglo nobles throughout that land. Alexander III was consecrated as the King of Alba, but was known as the King of Scotland, the old Roman nickname for the country. There were probably a few Scots with only Alban or Pict ancestors, but whoever the other people were, they were still "Scoti." Alexander III made it plain, by his call to arms, that Scotland was going to regain the Western Islands.

In midsummer King Haakon the Old loaded his ship with 296 oarsmen and a retinue of priests and civil servants. The ship had double dragons, one at each end, gilded with gold and thirty-seven oars on each side. He embarked with the largest army that ever sailed from Norway. The fleet sailed first to the Northern Islands and then on to the Western Islands. Along the way the people in the islands "remembered" why they were loyal to Norway. More ships joined the invasion fleet. The mighty fleet passed a strait now remembered as "Kaleakin" and turned toward the mainland of Scotland in early September.

Young Alexander III of Scotland quickly agreed that he was ready to settle on King Haakon the Old's terms. The negotiating teams met. Even though they were in overall agreement, Alexander's negotiators had to consult on a detail. The detail was said to be minor, but then there was another detail. The settlement was never quite reached, the fall passed, and the weather, as always, would soon worsen.

King Haakon the Old moved his fleet toward Scotland. Then a storm arose. The storm was so ferocious that many were convinced it had been conjured up by

sorcery. Ten longboats were lost at Loch Long. At Largs, where the King's ship used eight anchors to stay in place, a knarr and three longboats were swept across the bay and onto the shore.

When the winds died some, the Scottish army appeared on the hilltops. The real engagement, fought in dying winds of the storm, involved only eight hundred Norsemen and about twelve hundred Scots. All day long the stones and arrows of the Scots forced the Norsemen to retreat. But they stubbornly withdrew slowly. The Scots ran low on missiles as day was dying, so the surviving Norsemen regained control of the beach.

Alexander III wisely knew the weather was more to be feared than his army. He withdrew his forces. King Haakon the Old reached similar conclusions and sailed rapidly for the Northern Islands apparently leaving the fleet, scattered by the gale, to fend for itself. He left ninety-seven percent of his fleet behind, two hundred fifty ships and ten thousand men. A few ships and crews stayed in the Western and Northern Islands. Many returned and scattered to the fjords of Norway with resentment toward the king smoldering in their heads.

On the way to the Northern Islands, King Haakon the Old became sick. He died in the Northern Islands. Most of the knowledge of the Western Settlement perished with him. The Norwegian civil war, which resumed with new fury, extinguished smoldering memories of the Western Settlement.

Meanwhile, out to the west, family relations and mutual trading ventures maintained communications between Greenland and Iceland. The era of the saga writers was starting in Iceland. The knowledge of the "Eastern Settlement" in Greenland survived in the sagas.



Four decades passed. In Greenland old livestock men said, "Breeding will tell." Perhaps it was breeding that increased the genes of intelligence and steadiness in the remote household. Whatever it was, men and women in the Northern Settlement began to seek out the remote farm for planning hunting trips, for eating good cooking, or just plain visiting. In time, the *Althing* appointed Magnus' son to be a sakkyndig. The people of Ranga Fjord thought the honor was well deserved and long overdue. The men of the remote farmhouse continued the sakkyndig tradition.

Sometime during the four decades, the descendants of Magnus, Aud, and the other families in the remote farm built a great room for overnight guests. The room was an arm span greater than two man-spans wide and six man-spans long. The room could hold up to sixty people sitting shoulder to shoulder. Sixteen people could sleep comfortably on benches around the wall. Twice as many people could stay overnight if some of them slept on the floor.

The room was the biggest in the Northern Settlement. Still, the room could hold only the people from five other houses if they all came. But young girls often stayed home, minding the children and livestock. So, the grownups from ten to eleven houses, those on Ranga Fjord, sometimes met as a small *Thing* in the great room on the remote farm. Most came by boat. People from only three houses could walk to the *Thing*. Those houses were on the same small peninsula with the remote farm.

One end of the great room connected to the master bedroom. That bedroom was also used for the loom when the great room activities conflicted with weaving. Unlike the great room, which was lit by sunlight coming through the door, oil lamps dimly lighted the master bedroom.

The other end of the great room connected to a food preparation room. Food was boiled in stone pots in the great room and in the livestock family's common room. The dividing walls did not go clear to the roof. An outside doorway opened into the great room via a short hallway. Another outside doorway, with no hall, opened into the food preparation area. The refuge pile was just beside the path to the door of the food preparation room.

Both of the connecting rooms were lighted by the daylight coming through the hole above the cooking lamps in the great room. At night the rooms were very dimly lit by the reflected firelight. A person entering either the bedroom or the food preparation room usually carried a small seal oil lamp.

By the year 1300, the house had been modified many times. In that year there were 14 rooms including two rooms used to house cattle in the winter. The master family used the great room, the master bedroom, the food preparation room, and three more rooms. The livestock family occupied the rest of the house



In the fall of a new century, 1300, far away in Italy, Pope Boniface VIII was pleased because over two hundred thousand pilgrims had thronged the streets of

Rome during the year of the Golden Jubilee. The pilgrims came to see the cathedrals and other religious shrines. To the delight of the archbishops, the pilgrims brought gold and silver. The archbishops believed God wanted the most magnificent shrines money could buy. They were getting more gold than they ever imagined. The Archbishops believed that God truly blessed the shrines they prepared in Rome.

Also by 1300, in Haakon's Man, the name of the land had changed. The change was caused by the erosion of time combined with the intermixing of voices of Norse men and their local wives. The wives may not have heard or may have found it difficult to say the syllables "on's Man." The two syllables were slurred into one. So "Haakon's Man" became "Haakoman." Then the "Haa" syllable was shortened to become "aa". The children of the wives of the Norse men grew up knowing that they lived in a place called Akoman. Akoman covered a wide region defined as 'where ever a man from Haakon's Man had walked'.

By King Haakon's edict the region around the church, a wooden structure connected to the stone tower, was called 'Haakon's See'. Thus Haakon's See was a small region within the land of Akomen.

The black-eyed wives living in Haakon's See had little difficulty with "on's See" but they still changed Haakon's first syllable. So their children grew up in a place they called Akonsee.

The Norse trying to live on the coast of Akonsee learned they would starve to death if they had to depend on Norway ships. The best way for them to get food was to hunt with the local people. That hunting routine required moving up rivers to new camps as summer changed to winter. The moves required a movable wigwam and women willing to carry it.

The priests at the stone tower watched with dismay as Norse Christians began to move around similar to the "pagans". The priests thought, surely, the Christian people of Akonsee should stay in place. They should stay in villages around the stone tower.

The safety ladder of the stone tower was now being used on a daily basis. In Akonsee disorder was growing worse. The people of Narragansett were fearful. The ships of Norway now came only once in a while, but when they did arrive, they brought tales of civil war from across the sea. Each ship coming from Norway created more chaos than order.

Also, when villages stayed in one place around Akonsee, the disorder grew worse because groups of Norse favored different factions in the civil war across the sea. Each of these factions tried to establish a place for their comrades. They

often assaulted the nearest villages beyond their boundaries to gain more room for their faction. Boundary fights created more demand for revenge than for stability.

The petty, vengeful attacks on each other's villages went against the Aban tradition of sharing land without boundaries. Aban hunters, moving to the winter camps, crossed through the boundaries at will. These roving hunters took away a sense of stability in the Norse settlements.

The people, near the tower in Narragansett, defined permanent boundaries between themselves and the group of Norse to the east who they called the "Wapanoags." East of the Wapanoags, on the shore facing the eastern salty sea, were clusters of people called simply "Nause".

The young Norse especially enjoyed winter hunting in the woods with Aban families that had several young women. The vision of the young men turning into natives was upsetting the older Norse sense of order. The young Norse men were not committed to any permanent location, or any Norse faction.

The original Norse pioneers of Akonsee had come to the land with a belief that they had found a place where could create paradise. But in 1300, fearful Norse descendents had to keep looking over their shoulders. No one could be trusted anymore. The next ship from Norway, if it ever came, was to be feared as much as everybody else. So every night the priests at the stone towers pulled up the safety ladder, scanned inland for unwanted columns of smoke, scanned the sea for unwanted sails, and then, if they saw neither, said their evening blessings.

Further north in Akoman, the poles for ship masts stacked up in Massachusetts, waiting to be loaded onto ships that would carry them to the ship building cities of Norway. But in the years before 1300, the ships rarely came. Without work to do and food to eat, the Norse men in Massachusetts went hunting for the same reasons the Norse men of Akonsee went.

Even further north in Akoman, the people of Norumvege were also sensing disorder. The demand for furs had decreased. Norse ships rarely sailed into the rivers of Norumvege to trade. Lacking anything better to do the young Norse men of Norumvege were also going into the woods with the Abanaki or fishing with the Micmacs.

Decades in the past, the Norse had reached a mutual acceptance with the Micmac to the east. A guarded interaction with each other had resulted in beneficial trading. Over time, the Norse realized that the Micmacs used the cross token and also behaved similar to Christians in many ways. Events led by the

priests attracted both Micmac and Norumvege people. The young people had many occasions to meet because they lived nearly side by side.

There were a few Norse women in the settlements. In the past, the annual supply of blond, blue-eyed girls ready to wed was not enough to meet the offers of Norse men coming from the ships. But for decades before 1300, when the ships came so rarely, a blonde girl hoping to marry beyond her second cousin relatives had to think of Abanaki or Micmac men. Fortunately, the favorable reports from blonde women, who had already married black-eyed men, made that thinking pleasant anticipation. So, the actual number of marriageable, blonde, blue eyed girls had been falling every year for a decade.

Because the ships had not come with any regularity, the Micmacs and the Abanakis did not get enough black cloth and the bright red trim they wanted for their ceremonial clothes. Whenever a Norse ship did arrive, the trading for the black cloth and red trim was chaotic.

In late summer of 1300 one small Norse ship did arrive for trading. It carried mostly black cloth and very little red trim. While the trading was in progress, the captain of the ship stood on the deck observing the action. For the occasion, he was wearing his black jacket that had golden trim on the lapels. The trim was two golden strands about two fingers apart. The golden strands ran from the lapel fold above the waist to the outer corner of the lapel and then toward the neck. Between the golden strands, was a golden, curvy design looking similar to a vine with flowers. The captain was pleased with the jacket his wife had made. He took very good care of it because he intended to show it off for years.

Suddenly the captain's attention was drawn to the loud harangue happening around the sailors who had been trading the red trim. They were now out of red trim and the Micmac women were out of patience. Two middle aged women pointed at the captain and talked to the other women who nodded.

The captain watched with relief when the two women turned to walk up the beach to a big woman. But the talking and the pointing started again. The big woman unwrapped her shawl and handed it to one of the two other women. Then she untied the waist strings and dropped her skirt to the ground. The captain's eyes riveted on the big woman. She was wearing a beaver robe!³ ~

He had heard stories about the beaver robes. The stories said that the robes had a pleasant musk smell. The robes were said to be very comfortable for sleeping.

³ Beaver robes

The best robe was one worn by another person for many months. The captain's fondest hopes had been to find a worn beaver robe for his wife.

The women near the big woman signaled for two men who came to them. The group talked for a few moments. Then the captain watched with fascination as the big woman took off the beaver robe by lifting the bottom of the robe above her naked body and letting one of the women pull it from her arms. The other attending woman threw the shawl over the big woman's shoulders. The big women reached down to pull up her skirt from the ground. The attending women folded the beaver robe neatly and handed it to one of the men. The women also handed the other man a bundle of black cloth. The Norse had been trading two beaver pelts for a bundle of black cloth.

The two men walked to the ship. They waved to the captain over the heads of the men guarding the gangplank. The captain chose to meet the men on the shore, so he went down the gangplank, and stood in front of the guards. Both the captain and the Micmac men knew trading words. One Micmac man held up the beaver robe and said, "This for that" He tugged on the captain's jacket, continuing, "and four bundles." The Micmac man pointed four fingers at the bundle of black cloth in the other man's hands.

The captain immediately said, "No. Never. Made by wife. Never, never trade." Then, he smelled the soft musk of the beaver robe held in front of him. By impulse, his hand reached out to touch the robe. The captain quickly calculated. He held up ten fingers, and said, "I trade for robe and ten beaver skins."

The Micmac men looked at each other without changing expression. The man holding the cloth looked back at the women who were watching intently with their hands on their hips. The man with the cloth nodded very slightly. The man with the beaver skin moved it closer to the captain's nose and said, "Your wife can no make this. Wife can make another that. This for three bundles and that." The trading talk had begun in earnest.

That morning, the three Micmac women were not intending to change the fashion of all the Albans. They had just looked at the captain's jacket and agreed that it looked much better than the matted, crushed, dirty and torn red trim on the clothes they continually kept repairing. They also knew that golden yellow dyes were easy to make in their land. So when they finally had the jacket in their hands, they studied the golden trim. They adapted the design. The two golden threads were sewn onto their Micmac clothes wherever the red trim had been used previously. Then they sewed designs between the golden strands. Over the

winter the women discovered that a repeating pattern that included the tau cross was a pleasing pattern consistent with their desire to have tokens to show their devotion to the Great Spirit.

In the winter hunting camps the golden trim slowly spread from the Micmac to Abanaki clothes. In the following spring, when the thaw of the ice allowed, many Micmac and Abanaki canoes crossed the Kanal Dal. The people in the canoes made their way, by paddling and portages, to the summer camps of St. Jeans Lake. Four months later, people going to all parts of the Alban country wore black clothes with golden trim. The golden trim enabled sewing of splendid new black clothes and restoration of their cherished old black clothes.

The Norse and Abanakis from Norumvege found it was rewarding to hunt northward to the Kanal Dal during the winter. By late summer in Kanal Dal, the fishing was very good, but there was also danger in Kanal Dal. The wolfpack people, who preferred to hunt in summer, were aware of the bountiful harvest of humans who came to fish. The Norumvege, Abanaki, and Micmac fishermen found that taking families, or even strong adult women, into the Kanal Dal was not wise.

North of Kanal Dal many years in the past, one group of adventuresome Norse and Algäns from Eastman Land had always fished with their women along. They built a stockade for protection at their summer camp. They called the stockade "Stadakona." But the stockade was not strong enough to prevent the wolfpacks from making Stadakona a very risky place for Algän women to stay during the fish runs in the spring.

Further upriver, closer to the wolfpacks, other Norse and Albans, mostly from the Blond Area, had built a stockade on an island, which had an impressive mountain. The Norse named the stockade on the island "Hochalag

Unfortunately the people in Kanal Dal were very enticing for the wolfpacks. After the thaw one spring, wolfpack men, in canoes, swiftly surrounded Hochalaga. The spring food supply did not last long enough to save those in the palisade. Later in the same year, most of the wolfpack people departed for the fall festivals in their home villages. In the winter the Norse and their Algän companions walked over the frozen rivers to retake the palisade. As the years went by, the season of the year determined who might be camping in Hochalaga. But the name of the palisade was still Hochalaga. During those years before 1300, very few foolish Alban women went with their men to Hochalaga.

All villages along the Kanal Dal built stockades. Stockades, located at mouths of rivers but surrounded by rough terrain, were not close enough for defenders to combine forces to stop the wolfpacks, who came by canoe. Often the stockades failed. While the men of the wolfpacks led away their new prisoners harnessed together by neck collars, they asked, “What do you call your land?” The prisoners answered “Kanal Dal.” The wolfpack people heard the words as “Kana’ Da’”. The wolfpack people began to use “Kana Ta” to mean “village on the Kanal Dal.” As time went on, they used “Kana Ta” to mean any village



Immediately north of the Kanal Dal, the sounds of words were slowly changing, so that the Alban descendants in that area called themselves simply "Algän kin".

Even further north in Eastman Land, life was stable in a bountiful land. There were more than enough animals, fish, and fowl to support the growing population.

The Algän and Pict tribes, who had arrived in Eastman Land a century before the Norse hunters infiltrated, had slowly sifted themselves back into two companion tribes. The tribe called “Ojibwa” had mostly Pict ancestors.⁴ ~ The companion tribe, people from the original Algäns, called themselves the “K’nistenaus”. The Ojibwa and K’nistenaus villages and the Norse hunters living among them still interacted as one culture. Slowly, the Ojibwa villages migrated to the southwest and the K’nistenaus villages to the northwest.

Throughout the region north of Kanal Dal, there were periods of hunger, now and then, when climate and hunting skill were mismatched. But there was no famine. People died from accidents, disease, fighting with relatives, and, mostly, from old age.

Two decades previously, the Norse concept of a local sachem had entered the woods via the blue-eyed men. The sachem concept worked even better for villages on the move than it did in the fjords of Greenland, because a village on the move did not have the restraining traditions of a fixed community. So the adaptation of the sachem official spread rapidly and solidified older village traditions that had developed naturally.

Eastman Land hunters on fur-trading trips to the south witnessed disturbing troubles. There was much violence in the Kanal Dal. The tribes, who were

⁴ Pict

similar to the wolfpack people, had moved northwest away from the violence of those of their own culture. These refugees were hunting, even living, on the land of the Ojibwa's. Disagreements were increasing. The Ojibwas, the K'nistenaux, the Norse hunters, and the Blond Men were rightly concerned. Ojibwa hunting parties, which were going south to scout, carried extra arrows, hide shields, and wooden body armor. They went out farther and stayed out longer than a hunting party would. The scouting hunters were watching for intruders. When they found intruders, a strong force of Ojibwa warrior's stopped the wolfpacks before they came too far north.



Even further north, on Ungava Peninsula, the Big People who were called Tunit were not dying out. They were still reproducing as male and females do, but the reproductions were getting smaller.

In order to live with a woman beyond the second cousin relatives, many of the Tunit sought out the bigger women in the villages in Eastman Land. Those women were bigger than other women in the Eastman Land villages, but they were still smaller than the average Tunit woman. The Tunits were good hunters and wise to the ways of the woods. More important, they were also friendly everyday. Over the years, the black-eyed maidens of Eastman Land had learned that a big, gentle Tunit man was a good mate. The Tunit men found the black-eyed maidens to be resourceful mothers.

Several Tunit women, also seeking relationships beyond second cousins, found the Norse men, with blue-eyes and pale skin, attractive. The Norse, coming over the water from the east, were pleased to have Tunit women for large, soft robe warmers in a very cold climate.

No matter if the family was a Tunit man with an Eastman Land wife or a Tunit woman with a Norse husband, their black haired children did not grow as big as the former Big People used to grow.

Seven and a half centuries after their ancestors were left on Ungava Peninsula waiting for the hide covered ships to return, the surviving Tunit people were known mostly for their skill at killing caribou, by their larger stone tools, by their slightly taller people, and by their coats with the high tri-folds in the collar.

The Northern Hemisphere had begun to experience lower temperatures around 1280. Then icebergs riding on the East Greenland Current appeared in the sea west of the Northern Settlement. Icebergs and loose pack ice encased the Labrador coast until summer. The climate in all of Greenland was colder. For two consecutive years the ships had not been able to sail through the pack ice to Ungava Bay. Several hunters were stranded there. In the year 1300, the fjords froze before the seal harvest was supposed to start. The house-builder hunters on Greenland were making a maximum effort to down caribou.

On Ranga Fjord around a small peninsula in the isolated farmhouse, a blue-eyed, blonde woman gave birth to her first child, a boy. Tradition dictated his name. He would be Bjarni Magnusson. Forty-three visitors, mostly women, walked on the ice to the farmhouse to see Bjarni. Most brought just food. The visitors were, once again, awed by the miracle of birth. So what if the winds blew colder? Where there was birth, there was hope.



Vignette eleven

MOCCASINS

The late afternoon shadows from the palisade were climbing up the side of the nearest tepees when Pitolo and Azon left Maalan Aarum's tepee. They walked quietly away until they passed through the palisade entrance.

Pitolo placed his back against the palisade and stretched. He asked, "Are we supposed to remember all that?"

Azon said, "We better remember as much as we can. I will go over Maalan's story tonight before I fall asleep. Then in the morning..."

Pitolo cut him short, saying:

You will be crawling out of the Big House. I hope all those quest speeches will be short. Maalan says we have to remember all of them also. And the story he will be telling tonight.

Azon limped over to the venison drying rack and chose six strips of meat that were cured. Pitolo walked to the grassy bank overlooking the waterway. Azon carried the meat to the same place. He noticed Pitolo's spot also overlooked the four maidens, including his sister, sewing on the north bank. All four maidens faced them with their legs resting on the bank. But none of them looked up.

Azon divided the meat between them. They ate in silence. After his second strip of meat was eaten, Azon said, "I am glad Grandfather told my mother to ask the Big House leader if he could speak in the normal order. He will get more rest before he has to talk tonight."

Pitolo replied:

Yes, but we will not. We have to go in with the first parade and stay until the young men finish their quest stories. Why did Maalan try to tell us everything in one afternoon? I could use a nap myself.

Azon responded, "We should review what Maalan talked about so we can keep it in our heads before we forget it."

Pitolo said, "My head is too stuffed already. I am going to empty it out with a nap." He lay on his side in the grass and curled up. Soon he was asleep.

Azon felt the fatigue creeping through his body. He finished the venison and curled up. He fell asleep quickly.



The toe of a moccasin pushed into Azon's shoulder and gently rocked him. He rolled away. Then he opened his eyes and sat straight up. He saw his sister watching him from the path. He also saw that Gee Hiz was almost touching the horizon. He reached over and nudged Pitolo.

Pitolo tried to brush away the nudging hand. Then Pitolo's eyes opened. He also saw Gee Hiz low in the west. He reached for his walking stick. His hand brought back a moccasin with a cross design on a blue background. He asked, "What is this?"

Azon had discovered a new pair of moccasins at the same time. He said, "My sister and her friends must think we need new moccasins."

Pitolo said, "Why? Mine are comfortable."

Azon retorted, "And ugly. Also your big toe sticks out. Besides, just yesterday you were wishing for a moccasin like that."

Pitolo thought a minute and said:

You are right. I was hoping a young woman would make one for me someday, but with my crippled condition the thought was just a fantasy. We had better be skipping along. We may be too late for the entrance parade.

Azon said, "Let us carry the new moccasins. If we get there in time, we can slip them on."

That evening Pitolo and Azon felt more comfortable during the entrance parade. Inquires about Maalan Aarum gave them chances to talk. They began to feel that they really should be in the parading group and that people were willing to talk to them.

When they came to a group of young maidens seated on the north village side, Pitolo grabbed Azon's coverlet and spun him to face the maidens. Pitolo gave Azon a shove to make him step forward. The quiet maiden in front of Azon lifted her eyes from the moccasins to his eyes. A sly smile formed on her lips. Azon was bothered by the smile. All he could do was nod, turn, and move on.

As the parade moved along the south village side, Azon picked out his sister. She was not looking at moccasins. She had her eyes locked onto Pitolo's head. He managed not to look at her until he stood squarely in front of her. Then he looked her in the eyes and said, "A perfect fit. Thank you". Her eyes flicked downward to confirm the fit and then back to Pitolo's eyes. Her smile was not shy. Pitolo was fixed to the spot until Azon shoved him along.



Then came the usual prayers by the powwows, followed by brief statements from the leader of the Big House, the sachems, and the war leaders. They had already had their big moments during the previous days and were just saying brief thoughts for the evening. Then, came the long, long exhortations of the medicine men. This night was their opportunity to talk. As the stars indicated the approach of the middle of the night, the drums sounded a necessary break time.

Azon crossed over to Pitolo and both of them went to the entrance door. Azon could see his Grandfather coming slowly down the path. He had a hand resting on the shoulder of Azon's mother. Azon went out to help them.

When Maalan Aarum entered the Big House, the noise level of the conversations lowered. People began to drift to their seats. The man who organized physical things came out of the crowd carrying a tall, one-legged stool. The stool was low enough so Maalan could put most of his weight on it. The stool was high enough so Maalan Aarum appeared almost upright.

Maalan Aarum, Pitolo and Azon moved to their usual speaking spots. The drums sounded for silence. The leader of the Big House welcomed Maalan Aarum and then introduced him to the audience.

Maalan Aarum raised both arms high and outstretched. Those who knew him, and most in the room did, could detect a slight tremor in Maalan Aarum's voice as he said:

"My friends, the stories of my life are coming to an end. This will be the last time I will speak in the Big House. It is too tiring for me to speak with a loud voice. I will tell the rest of my stories to the two aarum-tids behind me. They will tell the stories to you. Be patient with them.

"Tonight Pitolo will tell you what happened to Magnus, our ancient ancestor. Azon will tell you what was happening in the lands when our common ancestor, Talerman, was born."

Pitolo and Azon looked at each other in surprise. Then they tried to regain a stoic composure. Maalan Aarum continued, "Then I will try to tell how Talerman received his first earned name, 'Brave, Little Bull'. Now here is Pitolo to tell you what happened to Magnus."

Maalan Aarum reached back to grab the shoulder of Pitolo's coverlet, pulling him front and center. Pitolo's mind had been flipping through the Magnus story. If he could get the story started, he trusted that the rest of the words would flow. He skipped one pace forward. He wedged the stick against his body under the armpit to free both arms. He could see the tenseness of the crowd as they waited

to hear how the new aarum-tid was going to perform. He stole a glance. Azon's sister's face was stoic and still. Then he raised his right arm. He made a sweeping left to right gesture. He pointed his fist at the far end of the sidewall and opened one finger at a time as he said with a powerful, but melodic voice, "The ships, one, two, three, and four, came out of the mist..."

In an instant the tense faces became interested in the story. Azon's sister gave a slight nod. Pitolo grew even surer of himself. The story flowed.

Azon, who was listening with a sensitive ear, became so engrossed in the story that he did not fret about his story. He had spent all the hours of the last few days with Maalan Aarum and Pitolo. Story telling seemed natural. If Pitolo could do it, then Azon thought he could too.

When the big house audience had mental visions of ships sailing off into the morning mist, Pitolo stopped. He grasped his stick and swung sideways to the left to nod to Azon. Then he swung further around to skip back to his spot. As he passed, his eyes scanned the face of Maalan Aarum. At first Pitolo thought he saw nothing. He had expected that. But Maalan Aarum was blinking more than normal and his eyes were more moist than normal. Pitolo had not expected that. He thought to himself, "What upset Maalan Aarum?" Pitolo thought that he had told the story well.

Azon started with a pleasant firm voice. He said, "Three generations after the Magnus of Pitolo's story, the lead man in the hollowed out house was also named Magnus. Tonight I am going to tell you about people who were living in the regions surrounding us at the time our ancestor, Talerman, was born,"

Azon explained the who, where, and what of the many regions with clarity that kept the listeners interested. He wove the story of the golden strands on black cloth into the tale. He was encouraged to see the older Ojibwa and K'nistenaux women look at the trim on their black jackets and then smile. Azon developed some suspense about the coming birth in a cold world of chaos, terror and changes. When Azon nodded to his grandfather, the crowd in the Big House was already leaning forward in anticipation.

Maalan Aarum stood. He looked around the room at the faces. Then he said, "It is befitting that the last story by an old man shall be about a young boy..."



Engraved Stick 3:11

FACTUAL FICTION

BEAVER ROBES

O'Meara wrote that the beaver robes worn by the Indians were worth much more than an equivalent number of beaver furs. (O'Meara, 1960, p. ix)

Wearing the beaver fur removes the guard hair from the pelt. The softer interlocking fur is left. For several years after the Hudson Bay company started, c1675, only the Russians had the technology to remove the guard hair. Most beaver hides from America were shipped first to Russia and most of those pelts, with the guard hair removed, went to France, where the furriers made hats for England. The Hudson Bay company paid higher prices to those Indians who wore beaver pelts.

(Return to Beaver robes place)

GRONLAND

The Norse sagas claim that Norsemen named Iceland and Greenland. But the first written document using those names occurred in 834 when Lewis the Pious, Holy Roman Emperor appointed a monk to be Archbishop of eight northern lands including *Cronland* and *Island*.

Later in Rome, after Pope Gregory IV agreed to the confirming papal bull in 835, the scribe wrote the names of seven of the lands including "Gronlanders" and "Islanders"

In 846 and 858 other papal bulls confirmed the original appointment, but the scribes had changed the names to "Iceland" and "Greenland."

There is other evidence in the church records to indicate that Christians, probably Albans, were in Iceland and Greenland four centuries before King Haakon the Old made the two lands part of his kingdom. (Mowat 1965) **(Return to Gronland place)**

PICT

Mackenzie lists the Picaneaux as a tribe within Ojibwa nation.
(Mackenzie, 1966, p. lxxi)

The *HNAI* has several "Pic-" listings in the Ojibwa sections. (*HNAI* Vol. 6, Vol. 15) **(Return to Pict place)**

WORD MEANING

NOTE:

[Words can be viewed via the BOOKMARKS Click on the triangle in front of WORD MEANING. If the definition of a word is too long, point st the word and hold . A definition should appear. Other comments related to the word can be viewed in the list below.]

"Algän kin" was derived from "Alban kyn." "Kyn" means, "offspring." "Algän kyn" morphed into modern Algonquin. [Sherwin suggested "al" meaning, "all" combined with "gumi" meaning, "chieftain" to yield "Algumi." Sherwin did not consider Albans in America.]

"Akoman" was derived from "Haakon's man" meaning "Haakon's people."

"Akonsee" was derived from "Haakon's See." "See" (Latin) is a bishop's district. (Verrazano, 1524, stayed in a "Norman villa" in "Agonsee.").

"Hochalaga" means, "High hill stratified." Ho" was derived from "høy" meaning, "high," "cha" from "haug" meaning, "mountain," "laga" from "lag" meaning, "stratum." Thus the word meant "High hill stratified." (The French were quick to replace the native word with one that they thought was more descriptive. They called the place "Mont real," which morphed into Montreal.)

"Kaleakin" is a combined word of "Kale"(Gaelic) meaning, "Strait" and "akin," which was derived from "Haakon."

"Kana Ta" is the Iroquois name for "Town".

"Kanal dal" are modern Norwegian words. "Kanal" means, "channel," and "dal" means, "valley." Kanal Dal morphed into Canada. (Losing the trailing "l"s is a common transformation. Cartier wrote about "Kana-da" before he met any Iroquois)

"Largs" is Gaelic, meaning, "slope." The land of the battlefield sloped from the beach to the hilltops.

"Moccasins" is derived from "maki" meaning "pair" and "sin," a reflective pronoun meaning, "his".

"Narragansett:" "Narra" means, "narrow," "gan" was derived from "gang," meaning, "passageway," and "sett" is a place designator.

"Nause(t):" Means the Norse "Indians." Champaign spelled the name as "Nauset" with a silent "t." The French spelling made the word convenient for all those who denied that it sounded like "Norse." (Champaign's crew raped a few nauset women. He helped to kill some outraged nauset men. His ship was able to flee the harbor. For some reason he never returned. The harbor, which was called "Accomac" (derived from "Akoman aki", was later called Plymouth.)

"Nor" means, "King."

"Qunninticut:" "Qunnin" was derived from "kvirra," which means "placid water" and "ticut," from "teigr" meaning, "woods." ("R" often transforms to "n.") "Qunninticut" morphed into "Connecticut." **(Return to Qunninticut place)**

IV

“Stadakona” means, “stockade for women.” “Stada” derived from the same Old Norse root word as modern Norwegian “stadion,” which now means stadium. “Stada ” probably meant, “stockade,” and “kona” means, “women”. Thus the name most likely meant “women's stockade.”

“Wapanoags:” “Wa” was derived from “faa” meaning “whiten,” “pan” from “buua” meaning “to be,” and “oags” from “folks.” Wapanoags means “White folks.”