

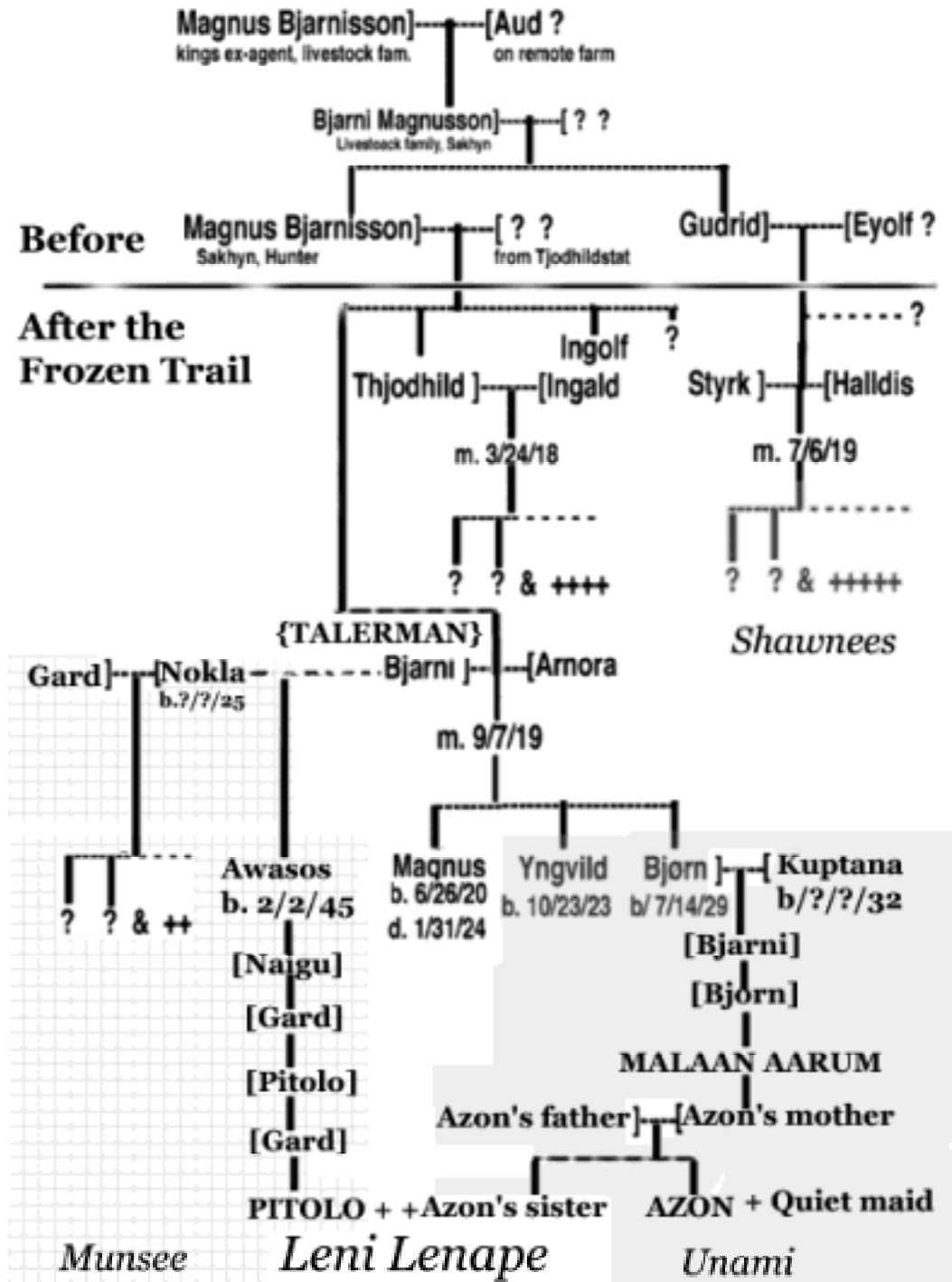
STORIES
of
MAALAN AARUM

EVERGREEN



E.S: 3:20

GENEALOGY



Pitolo followed his people to the east where they were called the Munsees.
 Azon followed the Unami Lenape to the Chesapeake Bay.

THEY ALL COME

In the summer when Talerman was forty-five years old, Ivar Bardarsson was again residing in Gardar at Einarsfjord of the Eastern Settlement. He became more and more excited as the summer passed. The ice had begun to thaw a whole moon's time before summer. The pack ice began to move away from the shores at the beginning of summer. In the middle of summer, the icebergs from the south flowed northward to smash the last of the pack ice, which swiftly melted. Finally, Bardarsson thought, he could get to the Western Settlement.

Ivar Bardarsson asked Bishop Arne to get him ships. Bishop Arne suggested one boat would do. "No, two ships," said Ivar Bardarsson, who was afraid of armed resistance in the Western Settlement. He wanted two ships. One ship to land men, who would scout the area, while the other ship, with him aboard, would stand-by at sea. Bishop Arne's repeated arguments about the absolute necessity of using all the ships during the brief opportunity to hunt whales went past Ivar Bardarsson's closed ears. Finally Bishop Arne did what he had resolved never to do---he went begging.

He went begging to the shipping agent, the king's agent, the ivory trader, and the fur trader. They operated out of a big common room, which was their office in the daylight and their living area at night. After hearing Bishop Arne's request, the shipping agent and the king's agent considered the benefits of their relationship to the king in Norway against the damage the king's Ombudsman could do to them.

The shipping agent was aghast to think anyone with sense would even think of using precious knarrs just to travel to the Northern Settlement. The king's agent, who knew the Northern Settlement was probably empty, also saw the folly of sending forty good men instead of six men in an oared boat. The ivory and fur traders were non-committal, but they did have small coastal boats that they used for hauling trading supplies. Because trading was slow in the Eastern Settlement, they were willing to send their boats in case a chance to trade with the Northern Settlement was still possible. Bishop Arne, who had a knack for knowing the moods of people, sensed a great deal of hostility during the discussions, but the four of them finally agreed to two coastal boats with crews of ten each.

When Bishop Arne reported the arrangement, Ivar Bardarsson just sensed that, finally, he was on his way to the Western Settlement. It was about time!

Eight sleeps later eight men with weapons disembarked from the lead boat. They landed near the first farmhouse on the north side of the short fjord leading to the Sandnes Kirke. Two men stayed with the boat. The eight men walked to the

farmhouse and pushed the door. It opened. They looked in, walked down to the shore, and shouted to Ivar Bardarsson, "There is nobody here."

Ivar Bardarsson pointed to the other three farmhouses visible up the fjord and hollered back, "Check those out. I see sheep and a cow." There was nobody there either.

Finally Ivar Bardarsson chose to go ashore himself. He landed near the Sandnes Kirke. First he looked into two nearby earthen houses himself. He emerged from the first with a frightened look on his face. He did not stay in the second house very long. Then he walked to the Sandnes Kirke. He looked into the dim interior. The sun's rays stabbed through the smoke hole. The sunlight fell on the simple chancel. A piece of parchment lay on the chancel. Ivar Bardarsson went forward to read what was on the parchment. The letters, made with bold hand strokes, said in Latin, "*AD AMERICAЕ POPULOS SE CONVERTERUNT.*"¹



In four locations south of Eastman Land, that same fall, more than forty canoes arrived and unloaded people who were strangers to Eastman Land and Akomen. In each of the four locations, the local people lined the pathways as their friends led the wide-eyed strangers into a towering forest, along a flowing stream to a large clearing surrounded by twenty-five tepees. The celebration feasts were held in an open circle around a roaring fire. Dancing was a part of the celebration.

The strangers tarried in a place that seemed like the land ready for them to possess. The lingering warm weather was another blessing making the land truly a paradise.

But all too soon the tepees were taken apart, and the people who had walked the Frozen Trail to Akomen started their hunting walk away from the Eastman Land. The people who had walked the ice knew that other kirkes would be coming to the Eastman Land during the next summer.

Everyone, except the very sick or lame and the young women who had been successfully courted by Eastman men that summer, moved toward the winter hunting territories. They hunted south by southwest. It was a big land and the paths were many. In the spring they would gather together in a summer camp by a flowing stream many moon's time away from Eastman Land.

¹ To America

Further north in Merica that fall, Talerman and his team of beaver-heads engaged in preparing the shelters for the next migration. On Talerman's forty-sixth birthday the ice was firm enough for the beaver-heads to walk straight to Hrein Island in Einarsfjord in the Eastern Settlement. Arnora, Halldis, Nokla, and other competent women who knew the migration experience stayed in Merica. While they waited for their men to return, they prepared the final details for the next migration of people coming off the ice.

Under Bishop Arne's guidance the people of the Eastern Settlement had agreed that the kirkes furthest north should migrate first. The people thought it only fair that those who would be trapped by ice first should go first. Bishop Arne had a different reason to encourage the kirkes furthest north to migrate first. His Nemesis, Ivar Bardarsson, was at Foss in the south again. He would not notice the absence of the small Middle Settlement or the kirkes furthest north in the Eastern Settlement.

Each kirke of the Eastern Settlement had more people than the former kirkes of the Northern Settlement. So the one hundred and seventy-six sleds could only accommodate the people of three kirkes. But when Talerman and the other beaver-heads arrived in the Eastern Settlement, they were convinced the climate was colder than usual. The cold climate meant that the solid ice from Hrein Island to Merica would last up to nine months. So just before the first wave of the migration from the Eastern Settlement left Hrein Island in the moon of rising spirits, Talerman sent messengers to the next three kirkes who were to migrate. The messengers told the kirke people to assemble at Hrein Island at the same time during the moon of the snow crust. Talerman had promised that he and the beaver-heads would be back to lead a second migration in the spring.

Then Talerman and the beaver-heads guided the first set of one hundred and seventy six sleds from the Eastern Settlement to Merica. At the shelters in Merica, they left the migrating people in care of Aslakson, Naigusson, and other competent guides from Eastman Land.

Then they turned around and walked back to Hrein Island. Late in the spring the second set of sleds from Hrein Island filtered through the fog into the arched houses on the shore of Merica.



Hallgrim and Gard had guided their people into the longest shelter at the north end of the northern open-water marvel. They had coordinated the change from sleds to snowshoes. The weather was remaining cold, even for the late season. Things appeared to be going well.

Hallgrim sensed that things were going too well. He suggested to Gard that they make plans to leave the next day early. They spread the word among the people in the shelters to prepare to walk when the sky became pale. That evening before going to sleep, a few women began to cut the roof panels loose from the shelter. They chose to start on the side away from the light wind. A concerned Hallgrim asked the women to stop taking down roof panels until everyone rose in the pale light. Because it was already time to sleep and because the wind was very still, Hallgrim allowed the removed panels to be left off.

During the night Gard heard the wind increase. He scrambled up to check on the roof. He looked out of a space where a panel had been removed. The snow, driven into his face, blinded him. He knew instantly that it was unthinkable to lead people into such a snowstorm. He hurriedly woke Hallgrim. Shouting above the wind, they moved through the house and quickly spread the word for the people to stay in place under their robes. Some people, who were already up getting ready to go, shrugged and returned to their robes to catch more sleep.

The wind increased even more. The snowstorm became a howling blizzard. The wind funneled through the open panel slots and rammed into the opposite side wall. A few of the sidewall panels fluttered open, but most of the panels had been frozen into place. The wind pressure on the downwind wall caused the poles to bend and the whole arch to lift. On the windward side the arches lifted high enough to allow the wind to sweep into the gap between the walls and the roof panels. The downwind poles, which were bent against the rock walls, snapped. In moments, the whole shelter was blown off the walls.

Most of the pemmican was packed and the packs stayed in place. Some of the people in the shelter were still in their full walking suits under their robes. But many more people had taken the outer walking suit off and stored it either in their sleeping robes or within reach nearby. By swift action most people were able to save their outer walking suits and squirm into them while still holding onto the flapping sleeping robes. Once they slipped on their outer walking suits, they moved their sleeping robes to the lee sides of the two low walls. There they burrowed into the snow sifting back, and they survived the snowstorm. Many even slept in comfort.

In the daylight after the storm had abated, Hallgrim and Gard could see that most of the roof poles were a scattered tangle down wind. Half of them had the

end broken off at wall height. Considering the weather conditions they faced, the best course of action was to get everyone walking on the trail.

As Gard led the column of people away from the flattened shelter, Hallgrim stood beside the path asking each survivor if they lost anything of value. He was pleased to hear only a few comments: "A needle, a handle for a metal tool, about twenty glass beads, a small wooden doll's head, a copper knife about two centuries old, another handle for a metal tool, an arrow with a metal arrowhead, and thirty beads scattered all over."² ~ As the last family passed him to get on the trail, Hallgrim took a look back at the scattered remains of the shelter and thought to himself, "Things are still going good, but not too good."



When the priest for the people of the kirke, which had been at the northern low walls, added their mask, nine other wooden masks were already hung in the Big House at Pamiok. All the people from the ten kirkes had walked across the wonderful slippery ice and were on the trail to the land they could possess.

Finally that fall, when the last wave of people reached the forests of Eastman Land, everyone in the region including the beaver-heads had themselves one tremendous feast. The eating, the dancing, the courting, and the story telling went on into many dawns.



Back in Eastern Settlement, throughout the three fjords from Hrein Island north, the people who remained in the earthen houses spread out. After every sleep, small groups of people moved their personal items to an empty house left to them. The new people in the formerly abandoned houses tended the livestock left behind and consumed the frozen seals. Within a moon's time every abandoned farmhouse was occupied. The Eastern Settlement looked, from the outside, as it

² Artifacts from Greenland

did before two migrations had left. From the inside three fourth of the people, nearly two thousand souls, were gone



During the early spring when Talerman was approaching his forty-seventh birthday, he asked Tjalve to send out messengers with an invitation. Talerman invited the people who were important to the Frozen Trail crossings to remain behind in Merica and plan to meet in the big house on Pamiok Island when the strawberry moon became full.

So they assembled. They were Styrk, Hallgrim, Tjalve, Naigusson, Aslakson, Gard, Runolf, Vifill, and Gunnbjørn.

The meeting was not closed. Other people were welcomed, but the nine people named were the only ones to receive a gift of a full suit of deerskin clothes. Talerman had told Tjalve, "We should not use Hrein gifts anymore. That will end by next spring." So Tjalve had asked Hallgrim's wife to have the village women make the deer skin clothes. Each of those receiving gifts knew, by tradition, they would be expected to give a gift or service of even greater value sometime in the future. In fact, most were more than willing to accept the gift because they felt proud to be included in the assembly of the most powerful men in Akoman and Merica.

After the evening feast but before the big stories started, Talerman signaled the drummer to call for attention. Then Talerman began speaking:

"Men as you are well aware, we have led three large groups of people over the Frozen Trail. In the coming winter we will lead the last large group out of the Eastern Settlement. Hallgrim tells me this last group will be all of the people who want to walk the Frozen Trail at this time.

"After the last group arrives from Hrein Island, we will proceed as usual, with each house carrying their roof panels. We will take down the arches as we leave each house. We can take some of the timber for firewood and store the rest for the Tunit, the meat-eaters, or in case others from Hrein Island come over the Frozen Trail on their own.

"We have been very, very fortunate. Hallgrim please tell us the numbers."

Hallgrim stood up and said:

"So far we have guided two thousand, seven hundred, and eighty three people to Akoman. More than eighteen hundred people are now south of the Sludd River in Eastman Land. They have set up summer camps in their new territories. They are on their way to Michigamme.

"This year we lost eleven people. Three elderly people died. One old man died peacefully in his wigwam. An old man and wife chose to go outside together on a very cold night. Two mothers died in childbirth. One of the babies lived. A bear killed a boy. Some families fought. Before the priests were able to stop the string of violence, three men and one woman were killed. The eleven for this year means thirty-eight people have died since the first group of sleds started over the Frozen Trail. The important thing to remember is that, while we have had nearly three thousand people in the migration to a new country, we have not had any deaths that can be blamed solely on the hazards encountered during migration. Nobody fell into the sea. Nobody froze to death. Many people went hungry many days, but none of them died. We have not had to fight other people to find a place to live."

Talerman said, "Thank you, Hallgrim. Your last statement about not fighting others for a place to live reminds all of us how fortunate we are to have our friends, the Tunit, the people from Eastman Land, and the people from west of the big bay."

Talerman allowed time for comments and suggestions about the final migrations. The meat in the boiling pots was replenished more than once. The beaver-heads talked late into the night until Talerman thought most the plans had been settled and most people knew their roles for the last migration from Hrein-aa-byy. Then he asked, "Hallgrim, you have been keeping track as usual. Can you tell us what supplies will we need, and when do we need to have them?"

Hallgrim stood again, holding his chin in his hand and gazing at the end of the room as though sorting things out in his mind. Then he stepped forward and said to the assembly:

Actually I think the numbers and the timing we used last time will be good. We could use more poles and wood to burn at all the sites, but the greatest need is for new poles at the longest house, which is also furthest

north, just south of the Indrawing Seas. Last spring when the people were leaving, they had taken panels off of one side of the roof. Then the wind shifted and came very strongly from the northwest. Most of the poles broke off where the stone walls held them.

Captain Gunnbjørn said, "I sense the climate will give us only one month of sailing water this year. If the weather allows, I will have my other boat bring a load of poles to the southern houses. They will be the smaller poles to build the snowshoes, trade for meat, and provide fire. I think I can make one trip to the northern houses. I will carry longer poles to be used to rebuild the roof that was blown away."



Two moon's time later Hallgrim, with his crew of Tunit and beaver-heads had carried new roofing panels to the northern house. They had collected the poles that were left and sorted them for possible use. Hallgrim was thinking of the possible ways to make a shorter arch when a beaver-head shouted, "Sail in sight." Hallgrim and most of the crew went to the shore to await Gunnbjørn's landing.

To Hallgrim it looked like Gunnbjørn had the landing area in sight with a following wind filling the sails and the tide flowing toward shore. But then the wind died. The boat crew reefed the sail and began to row. The boat was heavy and Gunnbjørn had only eight oars on his knarr.

Later in the day, chunks of ice began moving away from shore. The Indrawing Sea was flowing out. Then Hallgrim heard a long resounding "Crrraaack". He looked to north and saw a large ice floe coming straight at him. The icebergs in the Indrawing Sea were shoving the northwest end of the ice floe, rotating the southeast end of the ice toward Hallgrim standing on shore.

Gunnbjørn's boat was blocked by the rotating ice floe. The crew turned the boat. They began to row with the outgoing tide. The pack ice surrounded them and carried them along.

For three sleeps the boat floated, back and forth, encased in the ice in the Indrawing Sea. The icebergs coming down the Indrawing Sea from the northwest blocked movement up the strait.

When he looked in the dawn's light after the forth sleep, Hallgrim could not see the boat. Hallgrim had not slept much because he was distressed about Gunnbjørn and the crew of seventeen in the boat. Hallgrim knew the Indrawing Sea would deliver them to the cold current filled with pack ice and icebergs, which were moving south. Assuming they could escape being smashed between icebergs, there was little chance of escape unless the boat could sail a long way south into the warmer sea or east into the warmer waters near Hrein Island. The ice flowing south moved at one notch per moon's time. It would take at least ten moon's time to reach the warmer water free of ice. That would be much too long for the crew to survive in the cold, even considering normal fishing luck.

Even if the boat could get into the water near Hrein Island, it probably could not get to shore because the fast ice on the Hrein shore was not melting and was not being broken up by the tides. The only, remote hope for escaping the ice was to get into the open, warm water with the icebergs flowing north and then go south against the warm flow to the warm water flowing east. This course would take all of Captain Gunnbjørn's sailing skills and an unreasonable amount of luck too.

Hallgrim stood on shore consumed with his distress. He knew, in his heart, the Frozen Trail had just swallowed its first eighteen victims. It was even more distressing to know that he had baited the trap. Hallgrim stood alone on the shore for several minutes. Then he turned toward the group of beaver-heads and Tunit behind him and said, "Let us start building the house using what we have. We will make lower arches. The boat will never make it here."



A larger than normal house sat on an island on the north side of Hrein Island, near the shipping wharf. The shipping wharf was across the channel from Hrein Island. The people in the house were first generation to Hrein-aa-byy. They had come from Norway for the king's or merchant's business. The leading men in the house were the ivory trader, the fur trader, the shipping agent, and the king's agent. With the exception of Ivar Bardarsson and Bishop Arne, these men were the most powerful men in the settlement. Two of the men had wives from Norway. Two had Hrein wives from powerful families in Hrein-aa-byy.

The wives worked together and visited among themselves every day. Lately they agreed that maintaining a home in the mound of frozen earth was becoming almost impossible. They were now routinely talking about how they could possibly survive if the cold lasted. The nineteen children in the house were bad enough. But the four men who stayed underfoot in cold weather were nearly as bad as the children. Food reserves were running low. Their men depended on others to do the hunting and expected the wives to trade for the food. But the other hunters had disappeared which made it difficult to find people willing to trade. Everyone was saving their butter and pemmican for some precious reason.

The living arrangements in the mound of earth allowed each family a set of rooms connected to the larger common room. Most of the people went to the common room for the evening activities because the fall chill was already being felt in the house. The more people in the common room, the less seal-oil that they had to use. One night, after the evening food was eaten, two of the men had set out the chessmen. The shipping agent had just moved the first pawn when there was a knock on the door.

"Oh, no," said the shipping agent. "It must be His Eminence again. You would think he could just look at the ice in the fjord to know the ship did not come."

The king's agent went to the door to ask who was there. "Bishop Arne," was the reply. They opened the door for him and exchanged greetings. Another bundle of caribou ribs was cut open and offered. Bishop Arne chose to drink just water, rather than bva.

After a period of talk about small things, the king's agent decided to open the serious discussions of the evening on his own terms. He asked, "Bishop, do you know anything about people vanishing?"

Bishop Arne replied, "What do you mean by 'vanishing'?"

The king's agent responded:

"Oh, do not be coy, Bishop. You have been preaching for years that the people of Hrein-aa-byy should migrate to Merica. Then two summers ago Ivar was able to go to the Northern Settlement. The fool thinks it was the Western Settlement. But the point is that he found nobody there. A thousand people vanished.

"Then just this winter, I could find none of the Sakkyndigs in the middle settlement or in Breida and Isa fjords. There were people in the houses, but they looked like people I have seen before in Eiriks fjord."

The fur trader chimed in:

Then this summer we checked closer. We know there used to be up to nineteen people on each farm in the Eastern Settlement. I know. I was with Ivar when he counted them. Last summer there were less than five people on every farm in the northern fjords. There are about a hundred and forty farms in those fjords. That means that nearly another two thousand people have vanished. Do you know anything about it?

Bishop Arne held up his right palm, saying:

Yes, I do know where the people went. They did not vanish. They still walk the earth. In fact, I came tonight to discuss a unique opportunity for you to join them. I can arrange to get three sleds for you.

The ivory trader responded, "Why would we want to trade for sleds? I am hesitant to talk about opportunities with you, you crafty old..."

A ladle slapped against a doorframe. The ivory trader looked up into the glaring eyes of his Hrein wife who stood in a doorway with her crossed arms. He looked around the room. He saw three other women glaring sternly at him. The crafty ivory trader hardly missed a beat as he continued to say, "On the other hand, we have nothing else for entertainment this evening, Bishop Arne. Let us examine this opportunity."



In the middle of winter at Hrein-aa-byy, the sky was growing pale in the east. The last ten sleds to leave Hrein Island were lined up side by side off the west shore of Hrein Island. There was no one to see them off because the sixty people at the sleds were the last people in the last kirke that chose to leave Hrein-aa-byy.

Suddenly they heard a sound behind them, from up the fjord in the direction of Gardar. Bishop Arne looked back. He saw three men on small ponies. The ponies were trotting. The men were bouncing and waving. When a pony hit a snow bank, the flying snow created a burst of whiteness. The men and ponies looked like ghosts.

Then words could be heard. "Wait! Stop! Wait! Stop!"

Bishop Arne said to Talerman, "It is My Nemesis. I wonder what took him so long?"

Talerman shouted over to Gard, "Move them out, but keep us in sight." Gard started the other nine sleds down the fjord. The three Shetland ponies came up to Talerman and Bishop Arne's sled. His Eminence turned his pony in a circle trying to stop it. Finally he jumped off close to Bishop Arne and came up half-falling and half running.

"Where did they go? Where did they go?" shouted His Eminence.

"Where did who go?" asked Bishop Arne.

"The people in the Eastern Settlement! Nobody is in any of the houses from Hrein-aa-byy north," huffed His Eminence.

Bishop Arne smiled and said, "They have all chosen to walk to Merica."

His Eminence's face showed his disbelief. "They have all walked into the Indrawing Sea? Are you saying that four thousand people from Greenland have walked into the Indrawing Sea?"³ ~

"Yes," said Talerman, "And fewer died than if they had stayed here."

"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed His Eminence, who could not control his rage. "Where are the ivory and fur traders, the king's agent, and the shipping agent?"

"They are a sleep ahead of us, Your Eminence," said Bishop Arne. "They hesitated until the very last to come with us. They had roles with high esteem in this land of frozen mounds. They really did not want to leave their frozen mound."

"But, but, you, you, deceived them, you old, old devil," sputtered His Eminence. Leveling his finger at Bishop Arne, His Eminence shouted, "You are excommunicated!"

"You want to cut me off from this land of frozen mounds where people die a little bit every sleep? I accept that," replied Bishop Arne. "But you cannot excommunicate me. I am the Bishop here. You are only the Pope's Ombudsman."

"But you are Bishop -- here!" screamed His Eminence, pointing at the ice.

Bishop Arne reached down for the harness and began to tie it on. He said:

People or place. The Popa always has a problem with people or place. Four out of five of my people are in front of me in Merica, I choose to go with them. The Popa can have this place.

³ Four thousand

"But, but, what will I, I tell the Popa?" screamed His Eminence.

"Tell the Popa, I died and went to the land prepared for me," answered Bishop Arne.

Big Raven Arne leaned into the harness and said to Talerman, "I cannot wait to get there. Let us go."



Talerman, coming from the outside, lifted the flap of the Big House and held it open. Styrk, Hallgrim, Tjalve and Gard filed into the warmth of the Big House. Halldis recognized Styrk. She stepped over legs, dodged the fire pits, moved children aside, and danced around a man to get to Styrk. She remembered they were in a room full of people, so she just touched both of Styrk's shoulders while saying, "Welcome home."

Styrk smiled and said, "All the other shelters are already on the trail to Akoman. This house will be the last of the last."

Halldis turned to Talerman and said "Arnora is at the far end of the house with a sick child."

Tjalve, not wanting to disturb the other people, asked, "Is every one awake?"

Halldis replied, "I do not think so, but we have eaten the morning food awhile ago. Those asleep are only napping. We can wake them."

"Good," said Hallgrim. "We will pass along each side of the fires to tell them about the last feast in this Big House. Tomorrow the people in this Big House, the final shelter of the people of the last kirkes to come over the Frozen Trail, will walk on to the land of the spruce and pine."

That day they made preparations. Tjalve retrieved the eleven wooden faces from safe storage and carefully hung them on the arches of the Big House. He also asked a woods man to make two larger faces, one painted red to represent the sunrise and the other painted black to represent the night. He located the red mask at the south end of the Big House. The red face was set at an angle to the axis of the Big House. Tjalve opened a hole in the roof so the morning sun fell on the red face. At the north end of the house he placed the big black face at an angle so that it looked out the passageway to the western horizon.

As the sun touched the western horizon, the drum rang out inside the Big House, starting slowly, then increasing in rhythm and intensity. The people in the Big House had removed most of their furs and had tried to improve the looks of the clothes they wore. The drum stopped. Big Raven Arne rose to spread his black wings. There was silence. Without a word Big Raven Arne took the wooden face from the priest of the last kirke. He held the wooden face in his hands while he said a short prayer:

Thank you, Great Spirit, for bringing us here to the land prepared for us.
Thank you, Great Spirit, for watching over us on the Frozen Trail. Bless all of those people from the eleven kirkes that have passed this way before us.
Thank you for watching over the people of this kirke. Guide their steps on the path to come. These people are the last of those who chose to come to a new land that we can possess. We thank you for guiding so many of us from the land of freezing Hel. Be merciful, Great Spirit, with those remaining in the land to the east. Provide them with strength for their ordeal. Great Spirit, guide us in this land onto the paths of humility. Amen.

Then Big Raven Arne returned the wooden face to the priest, who hung it onto an arch pole of the Big House. When that was accomplished twelve wooden masks, representing the Greenland ancestors that built the original twelve kirkes, were hanging in the Big House in Merica.

Then Talerman assumed the role of the lead man for the feast that followed. His assistants did the many odd things needed to make a big gathering go smoothly. Styk, Hallgrim, and Tjalve served the food to the people gathered around the firepits. Talerman told the people that whatever could not be carried away tomorrow, should be consumed during the following night.

Tjalve found and led the next speakers to the center of the house. During the feast the headman of each household came forward to give praise for their safe passage or told of an event that would interest the others. There was much mirth, good-natured ribbing, and even ribald comments, mostly about who slept together in the sleds.

There was a period of time when the necessary things were done. After the period was over, but before Talerman took full control again, people began to exchange items to show their appreciation of other families. Neighbors in Hrein-aa-byy, who had always carefully guarded their personal items, now exchanged those same personal items. An ivory cross went to young women who helped take care of the children of sick and weak mothers. New mittens were given to an

old man without a woman to sew mittens for him. Beads went to the woman who was always patching the splitting furs for everyone. Those, with nothing to give, said a simple, "I am glad to know you. Thanks for all you have done." to many who responded, "Thanks, me too."

When the drum called the people to Talerman, he asked his helpers to say anything they wanted about the past and about the walk yet to come.

Styrk spoke of the details of the path. Hallgrim spoke of food and housing details. Tjalve spoke of what to do if sickness comes and how to behave with the local people. He closed with a plea for everyone to encourage each other.

Then it was time for another relaxing break. The drummer played interesting rhythms while people circulated and talked. Talerman noticed, with a slight concern that Arnora, Halldis, and Nokla were talking earnestly in the far end of the house.

Talerman gave the drummer a sign to call the group back to order. When the drum roll ended, Talerman said:

In my youth we young men often ventured to test our skills. Big Raven Arne, Styrk, Hallgrim, Tjalve and myself ventured together to Akoman during the second long cold spell. The things we learned on that venture have helped all of us. You young men, here, have had the venture forced upon you by the cold. Most of you did not plan to walk the Frozen Trail. Yet you, too, tested your skills and found they are adequate. Few people, in the future, will believe the ordeal you have survived. Please rise and tell us about your experiences so that the storytellers can tell of your actions for the future generations.

Tjalve had already picked a young man to lead off the stories. Tjalve reached down, took his hand, and pulled the young man to his feet. He told of his house preparing to survive the cold in Hrein-aa-byy. He told of storing food, blubber, and fur. He told of his family's callowness toward his neighbors. His family was planning to fight the neighbors when the food ran out. Then he told how Bishop Arne visited their farmhouse and personally argued with the headman in the house until the man agreed to walk the Frozen Trail with the family. The young man saw how the actions of people on the Frozen Trail changed everyone for the better. He saw men working together. Everyone was pulling a sled. He saw people sharing food. On this night, he knew the people in the Big House were much better people than they were in the earthen houses they left behind. Yet

they were the same people. He himself wanted to be like Tjalve who cared for people like a priest.

The first young man set the tone for the stories to follow. As Talerman listened he was thankful that the people in the house would be mutually supportive during the rest of the walk on the Frozen Trail to Akoman and during the confrontations with the wolfpacks in the future.

When the last young man finished, Talerman signaled the drummer to announce a necessary break. Then Talerman turned to steal a glance at the far end of the house. He said "Uh-Oh!"

Tjalve said, "What is the matter, Talerman? You look as if we are under attack."

Talerman said quickly. "The last time I saw that lance carried like that, life became twice as difficult."

Tjalve turned to see where Talerman was looking. Arnora with the lance in her hands and Nokla were almost up on them. Behind the approaching women, the other women and girls were on their feet. Tjalve heard a rustling behind him and swung further around to see Halldis pulling women to their feet. Soon all the women in the Big House were standing.

Arnora and Nokla stopped in front of Talerman. The Big House was silent. He rose and asked, "Do you women want something?"

Arnora said, "We want to be heard also. We have pounded the pemmican, nursed all these young men, pulled the sleds, wove the roof mats, sewed the clothes, carried the water and much more. We, women, are part of the people in this Big House too. We want to tell our names, what we are good at doing, and, what we are thankful for."

Tjalve chimed in, "If it were not for the women, what could men be thankful for?"

Styrk offered his opinion, "Living with them will be better if we listen to them."

Hallgrim said quickly, "We have enough time before sunrise."

Talerman turned to signal for the drum to give a summons roll and then realized it would sound silly. The Big House was already very silent. Smiling at Arnora, Talerman turned and said to all in the Big House, "We have saved the best for the end. We all know we would not be in this land and could not possess it without the efforts of our women. Would you please, one by one, tell us your name, what you are good at doing, and what you are thankful for."

Arnora folded her arms around the lance, stepped forward and said, "I am Arnora. I am a good cook. I am thankful that Big Raven Arne listened carefully to the Great Spirit."

Then Arnora pointed to the woman to her right. She said, "I am Hallveig. I am a good sewer. I am thankful for Styrk's ability to find the right path." The next woman said, "I am Thorbjørg, I am good with sheep, I am thankful to be away from the frozen mound of earth."

Each woman, to the north end of the Big House, south along the other side, and back to the leaders, spoke in turn. When her turn came Halldis said, "I am Halldis. I am good at caring for men, including my husband." The laughter made her hesitate before she continued. "I am thankful Talerman was our friend." Then she pointed to Nokla, the last woman to speak.

Nokla looked straight at Talerman and said, "I am Nokla. I am a good comforter of people in distress. I am thankful I comforted Talerman." A subdued murmur of laughter came from the crowd. The parentage of Awasos was known to many in the Big House. Talerman swung to look at Arnora, who just smiled back. Nokla continued, "By comforting Talerman I met Arnora."

The drummer signaled the ending with a double thump. Talerman looked toward the south end of the house. The pale sky was visible through the hole above the red mask on the post. The red face was standing out from the darker sidewalls. Talerman pointed to Big Raven Arne.

Big Raven Arne stood up and said:

My children, now is the time to leave this Big House of restoration. We still have many sleeps to walk to reach the land we can possess. At that land there are many paths into the future. May the Great Spirit place your feet firmly on the path you desire. May he bless the animals that will give you food. May you remember the spirits of those animals that give their life for you. May the Great Spirit give you the strength, intelligence, and endurance you need to live. There are many paths in Akoman, so my body will be separated from yours, but I will always go with you in spirit. Amen.

There was silence. Then the drummer started slowly with a soft beat. As the drum grew louder a "Thwack", "Thwack" matched the rhythm. After the sixth "Thwack" from a women's axe, a panel of caribou hide on the east side of the Big House fell away. The sun stabbed brilliant rays into the house. Bishop Arne took the masks from the sidewalls and gave three each to four young men who had

volunteered to carry them. The two big the posts with the faces carved into them were left standing. Maybe, someday the site would be used for another Big House. People scurried to collect their things for the start of the last walk on the Frozen Trail.

The drummer tried to match the "thwacks" but they were coming from all sides. So he rolled to a crescendo and went silent. The "Thwack, thwack" continued while Styrr led the people from Hrein-aa-byy toward the land they would possess.



Vignette twenty-three

THEY ALL CAME

"Thwack", "Thwack", the knives resounded. The women were cutting the sinews holding the Big House roof panels. A roof panel fell away. Daylight, illuminating the women methodically taking the house apart, flooded into the Big House.

In the morning light Azon and Pitolo skipped slowly, in tandem, on the path from the Big House toward grandfather's palisade. Four women each carrying three masks followed behind. Other women were also carrying the other twelve masks to Pitolo's tepee.

Pitolo sighed and said, "Oh, what a long, long night. What do you think about it?"

"I agree about the long night." said Azon, "But I think it is good that the men listen to what the women say. Everyone is better because they hear the women."

Pitolo said "You are wise."

Pitolo stepped off the path. Azon came to stand beside him. The women with the masks continued toward the palisade. The young men looked through the trees toward the east where Gee Hiz, clothed in red, was rising. They stood silently, appreciating the beauty of the morning.

Azon broke the silence, "The women have good thoughts and we need to be reminded how valuable they are. I just wish they could whittle words away as you do."

Pitolo started toward the palisade entrance saying:

The words of last night will be easy for me to whittle away. I fell asleep when the big fat woman started to talk. I hope you have a good verse for Maalan Aarum. I would be ashamed if we use mine for history.

Azon was not at all sure of his verse, so he just said "We will see what grandfather thinks. If he still breathes"

When they reached the tepee, Azon's mother was seated on the large rock a few paces away from the tepee. She saw them coming. Then she quickly looked away as if she was watching a bug in the grass. They entered the tepee.

Grandfather was lying flat on his back. His eyes were open, but he did not raise his head to look at Azon. With a slight turn of the head, he refused the water Azon offered.

Grandfather whispered, "We better hurry. Can I hear the verses? Pitolo first."

Pitolo said:

Every one came.

They wintered at the forest by the sea.

The men from the east also came, though they were reluctant to leave their homes behind.

Grandfather's eyes blinked. The tip of his tongue parted his lips. He whispered, "Azon what do you have?"

Azon knelt down to speak quietly into grandfather's ear. Azon said:

They all came.

They tarry at the land of the spruce-pine.

Those from the east came with hesitation,
esteeming highly their old homes at mound land.

Grandfather's eyes went shut. Slowly his head rolled away from them. Then he took a shuddering breath. The head rolled upright with eyes open and a slight smile on his face.

He was whispering as he said "I am thankful to know. Now both of you are good engravers and both can make good verses. Today, I chose Azon's verse."

Pitolo said "Maalan Aarum, your judgement is still excellent."

Grandfather said, "My young men, I have no story today. I think there is not enough time for one."

Azon said, "Grandfather, Pitolo and I have been wondering. Have all those people, who you told stories about, just vanished? Will anyone but us even know they were on earth?"

Grandfather lay with his eyes open, blinking only once in a long while. Then he said, "I will not be able to tell about all of them. Please, Pitolo come close on my left side to hear my words."

Pitolo moved alongside Maalan Aarum's chest and knelt. As Pitolo adjusted his position, Azon moved up closer on the right side of his grandfather.

Grandfather spoke with long pauses between words:

"Big Raven Arni will be well known by many people who will still deny that he ever was in this land. The older people of this land know that he lived near the cave on the Nemiskou until the Great Spirit came for him.

"Thurid, Valthjof's second daughter, who gave birth on the ice, joined a young rebellious man who would not listen to the elders. He took her and the child to join a band of wild young men and a few foolish women who went to Hochalaga to fish. All of them were food for the wolfpacks.

"Runolf is already forgotten. He stayed north with the dogs he loved. Everyone in the cold country knows the descendants of his dogs.

"To find a new start in life, Grimhild and Aslakson took Grimhild's first born, Eyvind, west. They had other children. Their descendants called 'Blackfeet' still hunt where the earth is black.

"But, unfortunately, warriors from a small group of people called 'Sarcy' captured Eyvind's daughter. They carried her away to replace a wife who died in childbirth. Somewhere, in the far west, there are storytellers who still tell the story about Eyvind trying to pull the horn from the ice.

"Gunnbjørn and the boat escaped the sea ice and made it to the island of ice in the east. Nineteen other boats sailed to the island of ice that fall. All of them stayed through the winter because the sea ice surrounded the island of ice. In the summer, Captain Gunnbjørn and the boat sailed to Norumvege. The crew of Gunnbjørn's ship joined a band of red haired, white skinned people called the 'Beothuk'.⁴~

"Captain Gunnbjørn's kimal will be found in the future and will be seen by a large host of people. For four grandfather's time no one will understand the kimal, but eventually a few men will be able to explain it.

"Vifill traveled to Hallgrim's village with him. At a summer camp of many villages, Vifill fell in love with one of Aslak's black-eyed daughters. Their wise, fearless descendants have always followed the descendants of Talerman. In the future they will choose to place themselves between the wolfpacks and our people. They will settle on a river shaped like a giant fish hook. We will call them the 'Mahigans'."

⁴ Beothuk

Grandfather's eyes closed. His breathing was hardly visible. Azon reached his right hand up to hold grandfather's right hand. The hand was cold to Azon's touch, but he felt a twitch of the fingers. Grandfather opened his eyes and continued with a dry rasping whisper:

"Tjalve's son from Thorgerd married an Eastman Land woman who wore black clothes and a hat like a cone. We call their descendants the 'Conoy'.

"Hallgrim always went back to his first robe warmer who had waited for him. They had three children, and all of them could think with numbers. When they were grown, she left her village to follow Hallgrim. We call their descendants the 'Nanticoke'.

"The descendants of Styrk and Halldis are still finding paths for our people. Right now their descendants are far to the south, so we call them the "Shawnee".

"Pitolo, Talerman was your ancestor via Nokla and through Awasos. Awasos's half siblings who came from Gard and Nokla have been important sachems of our people. They continue to guard our people. They look out on a big bay at the mouth of a river. Their descendants will continue to call themselves the 'Munsee' group of the Leni Lenape.

"Azon, our ancestors were from Talerman and Arnora through Bjorn and Kuptana. Our people have become the main group of the Lenape.. We call ourselves the 'Unami.' All Leni Lenape are in the grandfather group of the Algän kin. Your descendants will always call themselves the 'Leni Lenape', real people from the decent place. The decent place, called Hrein, will still exist but only a very, very few here will believe your ancestors could have walked from there.

"Pitolo, because of your way with words, you will be known by many in the future as the 'Author'.

"Azon, you will be known for your creations. Many will call you 'Historian'.

"There will be many who will not believe you even existed, but what you and your descendants create will exist for ten grandfather's time. Someday wise men will make studies of your engravings and verses. They will be confounded many times, but finally someone will understand."

Grandfather paused. The eyes closed. After a long moment Pitolo said quietly, "People will remember you, Maalan Aarum, forever."

Grandfather's eyes flickered and opened. A brief smile formed on his lips. He whispered, "Something like that. Pitolo please hold my left hand."

Pitolo reached up with his left hand to take Maalan Aarum's left hand. It felt cold and lifeless.

Grandfather's eyes closed. He said, "I am seeing green grass on soft earth, under spruce and pine trees. Gee Hiz is going down to his boat over a pretty lake. Is this where they will put my body?"

Azon was filled with choking emotions, so he was surprised to hear his own voice say calmly, "Yes, grandfather."

Grandfather's eyes remained closed, as he whispered. "It is a very good spot to put a body."

Pitolo and Azon each felt a slight tightening by the cold, feeble fingers. They leaned close to hear the words Maalan Aarum formed with his last three shallow breaths, "My spirit – goes with – you."

"



Engraved stick 3:20

They all come.
 They tarry at the land
 Of the spruce pines,
 Those from the east
 Come with hesitation.
 Esteeming highly their
 Old home at the mound land

FACTUAL FICTION

ARTIFACTS FROM GREENLAND

The artifacts listed in the story were found during an excavation of the longest and northern most set of low walls. Plumet, 1985, wrote the report in French. He omitted any mention of these artifacts in the abstract, which was written in both French and English. Even though he had dates for the occupation of the low walls, Plumet said (in the French text) that, except for the copper knife, the artifacts could not be dated. The copper knife was of European manufacture in the twelfth century. Plumet proposed that an Eskimo walked to Greenland to trade for the knife.

Plumet's primary research motivation appears to be that he wanted to show that Thomas Lee's hypothesis of Norse origin of the low walls was not valid. Plumet's repeated rebukes of Thomas Lee appear in the abstracts of many of his research reports. Summaries of the real physical evidence did not appear in the abstracts. (Plumet, 1982, 1984, 1995). The irony is that Plumet had valid carbon-14 data showing that the walls were built before the Viking era and only reused during the Little Ice age. **(Return to Artifacts from Greenland place)**

BEOTHUK

The words, drawings, and descriptions in the HNAI Vol. 15 Beothuk chapter point toward a hypothesis that the Beothuk "Indians" were early fifteenth century Norse, perhaps from the remaining people of the Eastern Settlement of Greenland.

The Beothuk "Indians" had a story of a man being burnt at the stake because of committing adultery. The last Norse people who left Greenland after 1410 had a tale of a man burnt at the stake because of committing adultery. Burning a man for committing adultery is rarely mentioned in the history of many cultures. **(Return to Beothuk place)**

FOUR THOUSAND

"The Inventio Fortunatae Author wrote of

"...nearly 4000 people who 'entered the Indrawing Seas
[beyond Greenland] who never returned". (Seaver 1996)

The Inventio Fortunatae Author is thought to have returned on the same
ship(s) that returned Ivar Bardarsson to Norway.

(Return to Four Thousand place)

TO AMERICA

The phrase "*AD AMERICAЕ POPULOS SE CONVERTERUNT*"
means, "To the people of America we have turned" (Mowat 1965)

Bishop Oddson, of Iceland, wrote the information in his journal c 1360.
At that time Ivar Bardarsson may have stopped over in Iceland on his way
back to Norway. **(Return to America place)**

WORD MEANING

"Beothuk" may have derived from "beo(rdre)" meaning, "direct" and "tokt" meaning, "cruise."

"Hallveig" means, "stone" plus "veig". "Veig was used in Iceland long before 1335 but no one, today, has managed to translate the "veig" meaning.

"Mahigan" was derived from "moki" meaning, "fish" and "gagn" meaning, "instrument." The people may have been named after the river they lived upon. "Maghigan" means, "fish hook." The Hudson river is shaped like a fish hook, with a long shank north from the mouth and a definite hook to the source in the west.

"Munsee" may have been derived from "munn(ing)" meaning "estuary" and "se" meaning, "look." The Munsees lived in the area surrounding present day New York Harbor.

"Sludd" means, "sleet." "Sludd" was the original name of the river now called "Eastmain." The "Sludd" name is clear evidence that the Norse were up the river before the British.

"Thorbjörg" means, "Thor" (the thundergod) and "björg" (protection).

"Unami" may have been derived from "uni", which was used for the definitive, "the" and "mye" which means "plenty (of)." The name may mean, "The main (most numerous) group of the Lenape."