

Wiigyat and the Star Belly Gazing Gitxsan

Two narrators wearing star blankets and stars on their bellies stand at the front looking at their bellies.

Wiigyat is sitting in a chair deep in thought. He has lots of stars on his belly and wearing a black robe with more stars.

Background is black with different colour stars.

All the Aadixs (stuck up) and the Gweey's (poor) are wearing the same colour tops.

Wiigyat takes a flashlight out of a small designed box and puts it back. Wiigyat jumps up looking startled holding his head.

1st Narrator Long ago, at the dawning of time, Wiigyat had an idea. Wiigyat was always thinking and getting into trouble. He had a chunk of light that he had rescued the morning when the ball of light fell and broke into a million pieces. Wiigyat sent out a message that anyone who brought him food would get a star on their belly. Word went around the village that Wiigyat is trading stars for food.

Smoke signals go up with a star dangling from it, add drum beats here. He dances and is fluttering a blanket over the fireplace. Wiigyat is dancing around the fireplace and hugging and kissing his box.

2nd Narrator Now what was never told, and it should be told about that great event is that not all the stars flew up to the heavens. Some landed on the bellies of the Gitxsan who were out and about. Those who were lazy and still on their very own sleeping mats making Z's did not get stars on their bellies. And this was too bad and this was too sad.

1st Narrator Well it is told and I know it's true that those with stars started the aadixs society. There is a border in the village with aadixs and gweey' people Duuuuuuu.

(Enter the group of four with stars on their bellies heads held high and walking aadixs with marshmallow sticks and bags of fish strips.)

2nd Narrator The ones who were sleeping and didn't get the stars on their bellies are called the gweey' bunch. The look sad, sad, sad indeed.

(Enter group of five with no stars looking at the ground and looking really gweey' carrying bags of goodies. They point at those having fun and look sad).

1st Narrator The Aadixs group never invited the Gweey's to their fish strips parties and s'mores picnics. Oh, I see that the Gweey's brought goodies, they must have read the Smoke signals. The Gweey's are desperate for a solution to their depressing state.

2nd Narrator I remember the time after Wiigyat stole the ball of light from the Wolf Chief. Wiigyat was raven at the time and he opened his big mouth and dropped the ball of light. Lucky for us or we would still be in black darkness.

Meanwhile Wiigyat is taking the bags of goodies and shining his flashlight on the bellies of the Gitxsan with no stars. Wiigyat removes one of his stars and sticks it on the belly of the gweey'. The gweey' acts happy, tall and strong.

1st Narrator Oh, look the Gweey's are going over to the s'mores picnic. Goodness, I can't tell who is in the aadixs society anymore. They all look the same.

The original aadixs society head over to Wiigyat. They give him bags of hooxs. Wiigyat shines the light on their bellies and the stars disappear.

The Gweey's are still having s'mores and are laughing and happy.

2nd Narrator Look, the Gweey's don't realize what has happened. Now the "no stars on their bellies group" is the high society.

The happy Gweey's stand and look depressed then drop their s'mores stick and run over to Wiigyat.

Soon a circle is going around Wiigyat, his light is blinking on and off. Stars are on. Stars are off. Then Wiigyat's flashlight won't go on.

WIIGYAT (hollers) HEY!! HAW IT (stop it)

Everyone stops. Wiigyat starts handing out goodies from the bags and pointing in a direction. Wiigyat leads everyone off the stage.

1st Narrator Oh, look they are all going over to the smokehouse to have a hooxs party. Wiigyat always has the bad things told about him. Wiigyat never worries, he doesn't care; his light is dim.

2nd Narrator History does not mention that it was Wiigyat who started treating everyone all the same. Now the Gitxsan high society is a myth. The rewards are greater if you treat each other with love and respect. So let's get rid of our stars. Let's put them in jars and save them as a reminder of the unhealthiness of having an aadixs society.

Sabax

Sabax. pronounced
sah-BA, meaning "the end"

The Little Porcupine

Sdikyoodenax.
pronounced *steeg-YO-den*

The Gitksan storytellers tell this story to illustrate the importance of respect for all things. One beautiful summer day, as the story goes, a young porcupine was up on *Sdikyoodenax*. He had been eating all day and was feeling like he should take a nap. Porcupine found a shady place by the scrubby fir bushes. He settled down for what he thought would be a long nap and pleasant dreams.

Then Porcupine woke up. Something or someone was making an irritating noise. Porcupine looked around with his beady little eyes and saw what it was that had awoken him. Creek was trickling peacefully over on her way to the lake. Over Porcupine strutted, very annoyed. He drank up Creek and licked all the rocks dry. After all was quiet once again, Porcupine went to the shade under the fir bushes once again to continue his nap and sweet dreams.

Just as Porcupine was dozing off, Creek started her journey down the mountainside again. Porcupine was really angry this time. He went and drank up the creek and licked all the rocks dry. He went back to dream in the shade of the scrubby fir trees. This happened two more times, and each time Porcupine got angrier and angrier.

After drinking up Creek for the fourth time Porcupine was so full of water, he needed to relieve himself. He waddled toward another clump of bushes. But he did not get there. In the stillness of the afternoon, Porcupine exploded, with fur and quills falling on the nearby bushes.

Creek once again started her journey down the mountain.

Porcupines, the Gitksan say, are still easily irritated. At the slightest disturbance they will discharge their quills.