

The Hat
(slightly revised from recorded version)
Marie Sanchez

Náto'séhósémo naméšéme Noónéhešeo'o éxheševéhe.
I'm gonna tell about my grandfather, Withered Thigh he was named.

Náhvo'éstanéhéveme hoéhose tséssó'tšéhe'kéahéto
We lived in the hills (Logging Creek) when I was still young

tséhmáhtóhtóhóhtáhnóhoneaénamáto. Ná'òhkeá'enóne na'éstse
15 years old. We used to keep one

hetanéka'ěškóne éhnéxáheve, hevéhestótse
little boy, he was an orphan, his name

násáa'évéhéne'enomóvóhe.
I can't remember it (Jerry Springer).

Éxhoháatamóho naméšéme. Totáhoésta
He thought a lot of my grandfather. Everywhere

é'òhketšéheševé'òhtsémóho, heva hó'taéváhéhotse'oestse
he would go there with him, like when he went to do his work,

hó'eamóneanénéstse naa máto héva hó'eéananó'éstse.
fencing or gardening.

Estaohketá'vé'háhtse néhe hetanéka'ěškóne. Néhe'še no'ka
He would go along, this boy. Then one

éšeeva naméšéme éhvóho'oestse hevóhkéha'e, éxxae'e'komotse
day my grandfather threw away his hat, it was greasy

naa máto éssáa'évapévenóno'éhanéhetse. Néhe
and it didn't look nice anymore. This

hetanéka'ěškóne móstaéváhéestanóhéhe hénéhéóhe

tsévóho'oestsése.
boy went and retrieved it where he threw it away.

Éévam'éseotsestse éxxaeněšépopévána.
He brought it back in, he tried fixing it.

E'òhkeé'tóhkéha'éoóhe, éóhkéxaeněšeheováestsésešépopévó'tse.
He would put the hat on, he would put it different ways (on his head).

E'òhkéxaeněševé'hoomahtse améhoómáhtséstóva. Néhe'še
He would look at himself in the mirror. Then

étáho'éhótóho naměšéme tsé'amónoo'ése. "Mémééhe, tósa'e
he went to my grandfather where he was sitting. "Grandpa, where

hé'tóhe náhtáhoéstse?" éxhetóho. Naměšéme
shall I hang this?" he said to him. My grandfather

éxxaehe'kenonóvevé'honoé'tovóhe. Néhe'se hó'ótóva
sat looking at him for awhile. Then he

étséhetóho, "Naa máhpeva éme'táhéhoéseme." Hena'háanéhe.
said to him, "Well, go float it in the water." That's all.