

The Sweater  
By Oliver Risingsun  
(remembered by his daughter, Louise Fisher)

No'ka ného'éehe nástséhetóhta'haóene nevá'ésesto móhnóhtséstóehevóhe,  
"Tóne'she éto'séhóseméó'e Joe Louis?" móxhetaehevóhe. Néhe'she  
móstséhetóhevóhe, "Naa hápó'e náéševésevóómo néhe Joe Louis tséhméó'ése.  
Tséhéóhe nátáhónéváóhtse. Éto'hovòhoneo'o hánáháóhe Šéxo'óhtsé'e naa  
Ámé'háóhtse. Néhe'she h'ótóva móstatóněšévéhéhe Ámé'háóhtse.  
Móstape'pe'eotséhevóhe. Éhma'xenéma'ó'a'hamáá'e tsévéstoemose.  
Heaséseéstse'henova éma'xevé'shenéma'ó'a'hamaenoto. Heaséseéstse'henova  
éma'xegaséetótsenoto heéstse'heno. Néhe'she éstanovóseéneváenáá'e  
hánáháóhe éstama'xeameovávevo'eše Ámé'háóhtse. Ene'éváho'ehne  
éněšeamepévanóho heaséseéstse'heno tséhma'xegaséseotsetsése. Ehohatse.  
Néhe'she éhmónemá'seto'honovòhoneo'o," éxhevoo'o ného'éehe.

One time my dad told us this, somebody asked him, "When is Joe Louis going to fight again?" he said to him. "Well, I've seen that Joe Louis fight. I went off-campus. They were putting up a tent, Margaret (my sister) and Bert (Two Moons, my brother-in-law). He must have done something. They got into a fight. His wife was just swinging him around. She was just swinging him around by his sweater. His sweater was all stretched out. Then she let him go and here he went staggering (trying to keep his balance), He came back, he was straightening out where his sweater was stretched out. He was laughing. Then they finished putting up their tent," my dad said. (This is a good brother-in-law story.)