

Karin's Story of the Inuit Fishermen

Father: *Ate kate nuva, ate kate nuva,
eh missa deh missa dulla missa deh.*

Grandfather: *Eh kola misa motte,
eh kola misa motte!*

Boy: *Ate kate nuva, ate kate nuva,
eh missa deh missa dulla missa deh.*

Far away, up in the cold north, lived a little Eskimo boy with his family: his mother, his father and his granddad.

Early in the morning his father and his granddad rowed their boat over the sea to catch the fishes, they needed to survive. And the little Eskimo boy used to stand at the shore and to watch the boat until it faded into the horizon. And he often thought: "I long to go out fishing with them."

And every evening when father and granddad came home from their daily work, the little boy's first question was: "Tomorrow, can I go out on the sea with you, please?" And father used to answer: „Not tomorrow my son, you are too small still...but one day I'm sure you will!"

And then, one morning in spring, the father woke up his little son and told him: "My son, today you are old enough to go out fishing with us. Get up and meet us at the shore!" "Really?!" The little Eskimo boy nearly jumped out of bed.

At the shore the two men and the little boy proudly stepped into the boat. And they started rowing. Father was rowing like this...

Mother was standing at the shore, a bit worried like mothers often are, waving goodbye with her hand. Father was waving back like this...

After a while, it was time to throw out the net. It didn't take long and the little Eskimo boy could see how the surface of the sea started to move...there he could see the tail of a fish...and here, too.

And father decided to pull the heavy net back into the boat. Father was pulling in the net like this...

They were all three really hungry by now and they rowed their boat to the nearby island. There they collected wood for a fire. Father was collecting it like this...

Slowly some fishes were roasted over the fire and the little Eskimo boy was nearly starving. Finally the fish was ready. Father was eating like this...

They enjoyed the meal, the sun and their being together until father said: "It's pretty late already and we still have a long way ahead of us. Let's go!" And they went back to the boat and started rowing again. Father was rowing like this...

Tired but happy, they finally reached home. The little Eskimo boy and his family talked about his first fishing day, until the sun was gone and the moon was reflected in the endless white of the landscape.

“Let’s call it a day!” father said and soon the two men and the little boy were fast asleep.

Father was sleeping like this...

Remark by Franz

I was told that “Eskimo” is a term a bit like “negro”, that is, it’s often considered unpleasant because apparently it means “eater of raw meat”; anthropologists and it seems the people themselves use “Inuit” [ˈɪnuɪt], which sounds rather nice, I think.