

# **An Eskimo Fairy Tale**

By GRACE SLWOOKO

Once upon a time there was a man who lived all by himself. Only company he had was a little fox, that was his pet. He always gave her every leftover food he had from his meals.

Then he began to notice some difference when he came home from hunts. There would be food all cooked and ready for his meals. Sometimes there'd even be some sewing done in his home. So later on he felt like to watch to see who might be the one that bring some cooked food and sew for him. He was all alone, so he couldn't understand who was doing that. Then one day, he hid himself some place near his house and watched, instead of going on hunts.

And what to his surprise did appear, a little lady came out of his house and ran around it once and went in. Who was that? He couldn't understand. She has very fine white fur for her suit. For some days the man watched like this and the little woman would run out little bit once in awhile. And the food would be cooked when he come home in the evenings from hunting. Then next time when the little woman ran around the house, the man ran to catch her. At the door he stopped her and asked who she was. But the little woman won't tell, she just wanted the man to go so she can get in. When the man asked more, the little woman said, "A scrap eater." The man struck with guilt glanced at his pet fox. Where is she? She was not there. "You are my pet fox!" he exclaimed.

As it is a fairy-like Eskimo tale, she became his wife later on.

The man was very pleased to have a wife. So he went to another village to tell his sister about it.

Then one time, his sister came to visit the couple.

The little fair skinned lady prepared dinner happily for her company. And as they were eating, the sister, to her brother's annoying, would say, "My sister-in-law's finger nails, resemble the one's of a fox. Still the little lady would throw the cut up food on the platter with them. The sister kept saying that her sister-in-law has the nails like fox's.

The man was getting very uneasy, thinking the little lady was not too happy about this. He was trying to let her stop saying that without letting the little woman know that. But the woman kept saying that her sister-in-law sure have nails like that of the fox's. And things went like the man has expected, the little woman jumped up and said, "O.K. you can have a better nailed woman." She kept saying this as she got her bag out and opening it. From there she got her skin out. As she was getting the fox skin ready for having it on like her parky she still was saying with a look of feeling hurt at conscience, "O.K. you can have a woman with better nails than me."

The man in panic was trying to stop her and to show his displeasure to his sister.

But the little woman jumped up with the fox skin and became a fox again and escaped!

Oh, poor man, he was left alone. Bad sister, she just spoiled the happiness of her brother.