

## ***RESOURCE TRANSCRIPT***

**Title:** Mason Presents: Abenaki Stories: Where Gluskabe Camps

**Date:** circa 1995

**Caption:** Abenaki storyteller Joseph Bruchac tells the story Gluskabe's game bag and why it's important to work hard and conserve and share natural resources.

**Credit:** Produced by the New Hampshire Historical Society

[sound of wind whooshing]

**Joseph Bruchac:** Kwai kwai, nidôba, hello my friends, 8thlok8gan [story]  
Gluskabe. Here is my story of where Gluskabe camps.

Long ago Gluskabe decided he would do some hunting. He took his bow and arrows and went into the woods. But the animals, they saw him coming. They said, "here comes Gluskabe. Let us hide." And so they hid and Gluskabe could not find them. He was not happy. He went home to his wigwam beside the big water where he lived with his Grandmother Woodchuck. "Grandmother," he said, "make a game bag for me." So, Grandmother Woodchuck took deer hair and made him a game bag. But when she gave it to Gluskabe, he took it and then threw it down. "This game bag is not good enough," he said. So Grandmother Woodchuck took some caribou hair and made a second game bag, but this game bag, too, Gluskabe threw down and said, "it is not good enough." A third time she made a game bag, this time out of moose hair. It was bigger than the others but it, too, Gluskabe threw down and said, "this is not good enough."

"What kind of game bag do you want?" said Grandmother Woodchuck. "I want a game bag made out of woodchuck hair," said Gluskabe. So Grandmother Woodchuck pulled all the hair off her stomach and to this day, woodchucks have no hair on their stomachs. And she made a game bag, not as big as the others, not as strong-looking as the others, but because it was made from her fur, it was magical. No matter how much you put into it, it could still hold more. And Gluskabe took this game bag and was happy. "Wliwni [thank you], Grandmother. Thank you."

Gluskabe again went into the woods. He walked til he came to a clearing. All the animals were hiding again but he paid no attention. He simply sat down and said loudly, "Ah, all you animals, listen to me! The world is going to end and you are all going to be destroyed!" When the animals heard that, they became frightened. They came out to the place where Gluskabe sat with his game bag. "Gluskabe," they said, "what can we do? The world is going to be destroyed! How can we survive?" And then Gluskabe smiled. "My friends," he said, "I have an idea. Climb into my game bag. You'll be safe in there." So the animals went into his game bag. The rabbits and the mice and the squirrels, the racoons and the foxes and the beaver, the deer and the caribou and the elk, even the bears and the great moose went in. And the game bag held them all. All of the animals in the world went into Gluskabe's game bag. And then Gluskabe tied it shut, picked it up, and went home.

"Grandmother," he said as he entered their wigwam, "look! Now we no longer have to go out and look for food. Any time we want something to eat we can just reach into my game bag." Grandmother Woodchuck opened the game bag and looked down into it, and all of the animals in the world looked back up at her. "Ah, Gluskabe," she said, "this is not right. You cannot keep the animals in a bag. They will sicken and die, and what will be left then for our children's children to come? You know it is right it should be difficult to catch animals, then we grow stronger and the animals grow wiser trying to avoid being caught."

"Kamôji [exclamation expressing astonishment, emphasis, regret], Grandmother," said Gluskabe, "that is so." So he picked up his game bag and went back to the clearing. He opened it up and said, "all you animals, you can come out now. The world was destroyed but I put it back together again." And all of the animals came out. But as they looked around, they saw things had not changed, and they became suspicious. So it is that to this day, no animal will ever climb into your game bag again. So the story goes.