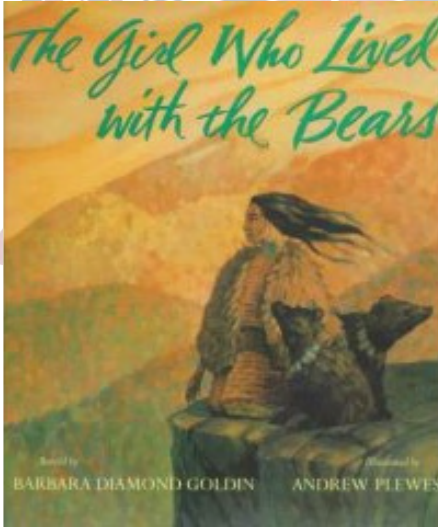


# The Girl Who Lived with the Bears



**Grade Level: 4-6**

## TEACHER RESOURCES

A series of elementary level thematic units featuring Tlingit language, culture and history were developed in Juneau, Alaska in 2004-6. The project was funded by two grants from the U.S. Department of Education, awarded to the Sealaska Heritage Institute (Boosting Academic Achievement: Tlingit Language Immersion Program, grant #92-0081844) and the Juneau School District (Building on Excellence, grant #S356AD30001).

Lessons and units were written by a team of teachers and specialists led by Nancy Douglas, Elementary Cultural Curriculum Coordinator, Juneau School District. The team included Juneau teachers Kitty Eddy, Shgen George, Kathy Nielson, Hans Chester and Rocky Eddy, and SHI language team members Linda Belarde, Yarrow Vaara, David Katzeek, John Marks, Mary Foletti, Rose Natkong and Jessica Chester. Curriculum consultants Julie Folta and Toni Mallott assisted and Annie Calkins edited the lessons and units.

Lessons were field tested in Juneau classrooms in 2005-6.

All units are available online at [sealaskaheritage.org](http://sealaskaheritage.org).



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Tlingit Culture, Language and Literacy Program

# *The Girl Who Lived with the Bears*

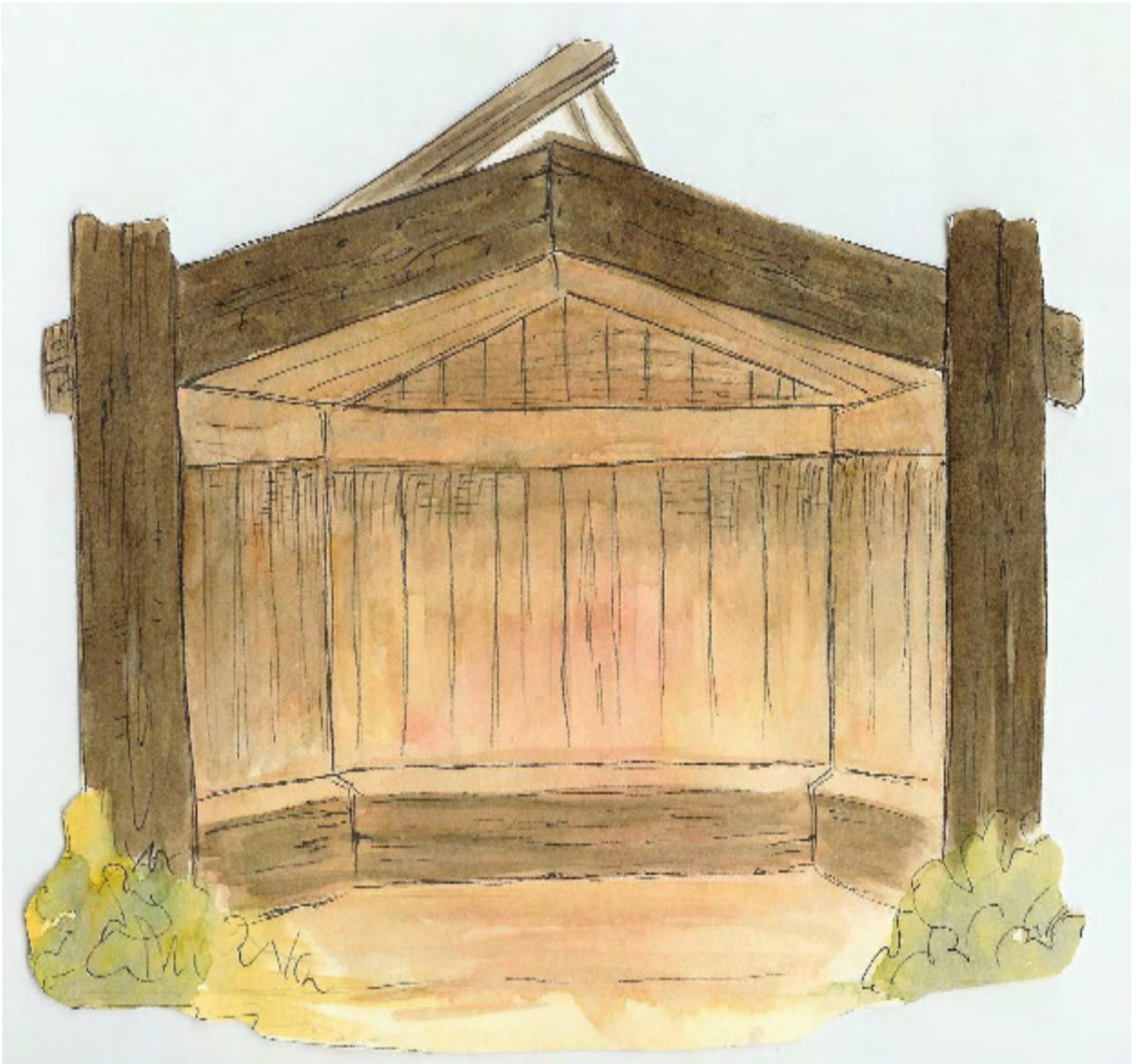
Lesson #1 - Tlingit language  
wall cards

Use with Literature Unit - *The Girl Who Lived With the Bears*



káa





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**xóots**





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# *The Girl Who Lived with the Bears*

## Lesson #2 - Retelling Materials

Use with Literature Unit - *The Girl Who Lived With the Bears*



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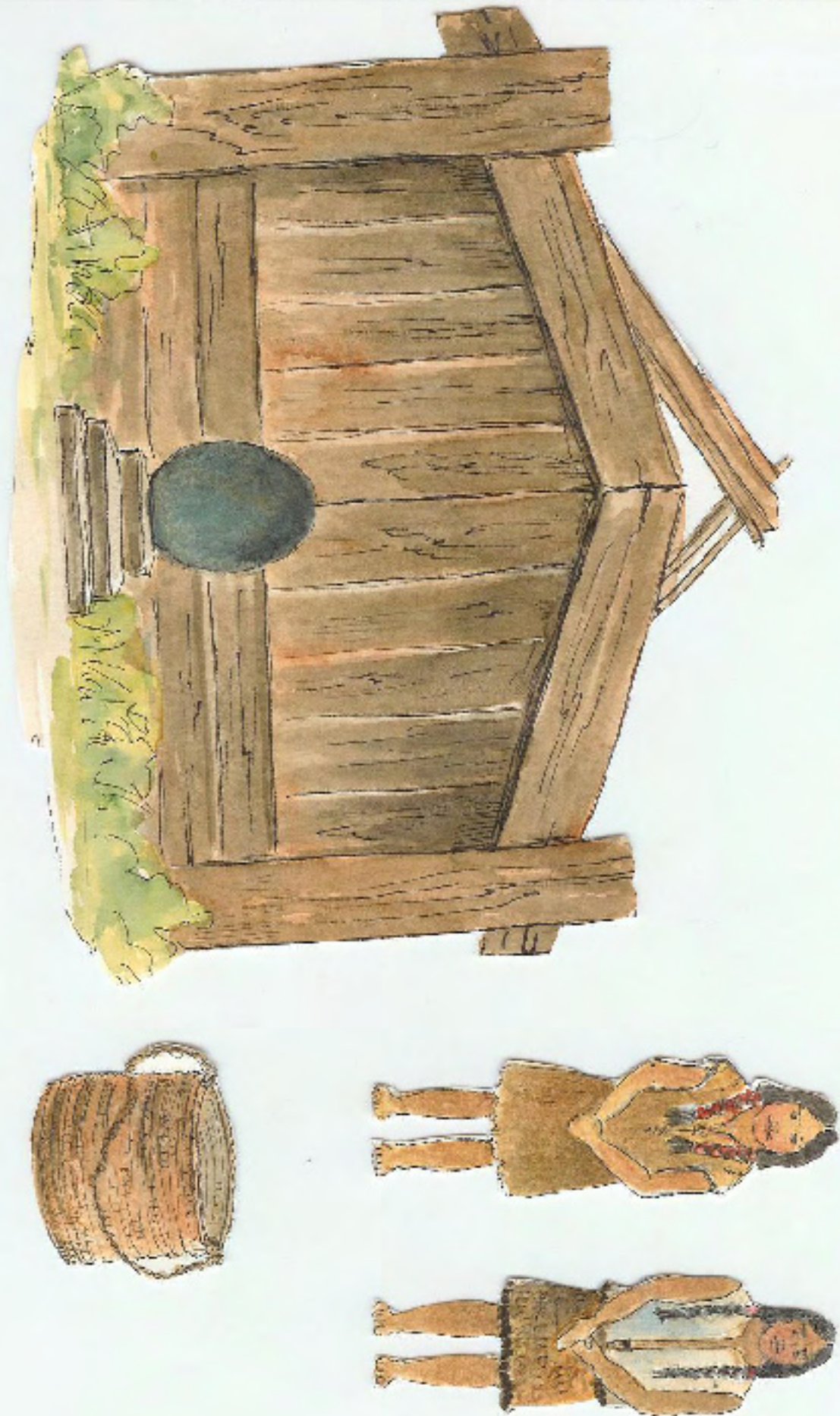
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Tlingit Culture, Language and Literacy Program

# *The Girl Who Lived with the Bears*

## Lesson #2 - Sentence Strips for Story Retelling

Use with Literature Unit - *The Girl Who Lived With the Bears*



## *The Girl Who Lived With the Bears*

She married the Chief's nephew and lived happily with him, but was still lonesome for her own family. During the cold months, the sleeping months, she had two twin cubs. Like their father they could put on bearskins to become bears when they wished and take them off again at will.

There was a time when we still knew that animals could be people - eagle people, salmon people, bear people. They could shed their feathers, scales and skins as they wished. At home in their villages, far from our watchful eyes, the animals looked just like we do. In this time there was a girl - a spoiled, haughty girl of the Raven clan.

Just after spilling the berries for the second time, two handsome men appeared walking down the trail. They met the spoiled girl and offered to carry her basket. Talking with the men, the girl did not notice they were walking up the mountain, not down to her village.

While in the dark shed, Mouse Woman visited the girl and told her she was a captive of the Bear people. She learned that Bear people can be bears and then take off their bearskin to become people. Mouse Woman also told her how to use her copper bracelet to trick the Bear people into thinking that she could turn food into copper.

One day while picking berries with friends, this spoiled, haughty girl tripped and fell into muddy bear tracks, spilling all her berries. She complained loudly and called the bears a nuisance.

The husband put on his bearskin and went out to meet his wife's brothers even though they would kill him. Before he left he talked with his wife, telling her the ways to honor him after he was killed. He said she must teach all the people how to honor bears whenever they were killed.

The girl did as Mouse Woman said; she broke her copper bracelet and every day, after eating, she returned the empty food bowl to the guards with a piece of copper in it. The Bear people were amazed and decided she should marry the Chief's nephew, who was one of the men she had met on the trail.

The bear-husband, his wife and cubs moved to a cave in the cliffs to hide from the wife's brothers. But, after a long safe summer, the bear-husband knew the brothers were near. He knew from his dreams that the brothers would kill him.

Her friends told her to hush and that she shouldn't talk disrespectfully about the bears. They said there were plenty of berries to pick.

At last, the girl returned to her village with her cubs. As she promised, she taught her people how to honor bears with songs and ceremonies. She taught them how to treat bears, and all animals, with respect. She and her sons always remembered that they were of both villages, the Bear people's and ours.

The girl and the two men walked until they arrived at an unfamiliar village. To her surprise, she was grabbed and thrown into a small dark shed and the doorway was blocked with a boulder.

Walking back to the village, the spoiled girl lagged behind the others, picking more and more berries to replace the ones she had spilled. When her basket was almost full, the strap broke, spilling all the new berries.

The new mother loved her cubs and their bear-father too, but longed for her family. One night the bear-husband dreamed of his wife's brothers and so knew that they were searching for her.

Wearing the bearskin, the husband went out to meet his wife's brother. When the spear met its mark, the wife felt as if a spear had entered her own heart.



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Tlingit Culture, Language and Literacy Program

# *The Girl Who Lived with the Bears*

## Lesson #3 - Story variations - comparison

Use with Literature Unit - *The Girl Who Lived With the Bears*

## The Girl Who Married a Bear

Based on a Native American Indian Legend - retold by Oban

Available on the internet at <http://www.planetozkids.com/oban/girl.htm>

Peesunt was the Chief's daughter. She was vain and proud. She was always combing her long black hair, waiting for people to say how beautiful it was and how her skin was soft.

She believed she didn't have to behave like the others and that everyone should respect her because of her father.

One day she went into the forest to pick berries, with other girls from the tribe.

As they walked further and further under the trees, the others became nervous. They started to sing softly.

"Why are you singing?" asked Peesunt. "We're frightened of disturbing the animals" said one. "We need to let them know we're coming - especially the bears."

"Bears are ugly and smelly" sniffed Peesunt. "I don't care if I disturb them!" "Please don't say that" begged another. "They'll hear you and be very angry." "Let them!" said Peesunt. "I'm the Chief's daughter and I don't have to worry about disturbing smelly old bears!"

They came to a clearing and were even more scared to be in the open. Then they saw bushes full of berries and started to fill their baskets.

The day went quickly and they forgot all about the bears as they laughed and talked while they picked the fruit. When the sun began to prepare for sleep, their baskets were full.

"We must leave now" one girl said to Peesunt, "before it gets dark. The animals won't like us disturbing their sleep." "Why should I care?" asked Peesunt. "I want to pick more berries." The others were frightened and started walking.

Peesunt sighed and followed them, but then she saw another bush with the biggest and juiciest berries all over it. "I must pick those" she said to herself. "I'll go back with the best berries and people will say 'Of course. She's the Chief's daughter!'"

Quickly she picked the berries until her basket was overflowing. The others were out of sight, singing and talking, not noticing that Peesunt wasn't with them.

She rushed to catch up and the strap on her basket broke and all the berries spilled onto the ground. As she bent to scoop them up, a handsome young man appeared, wrapped in a bearskin cloak.

"Can I help you, Peesunt?" he asked. "How do you know my name?" asked the girl. "Everyone knows of beautiful Peesunt, the Chief's daughter. You are so beautiful, you must be her." "That is true." said Peesunt. "Everyone knows of my beauty."

When they had filled the basket again, the young man fixed the strap so Peesunt could carry it. The sun had almost gone to sleep and the forest was becoming dark.



"It's too late for you to walk back to your village" the young man said. "My people would be honoured if you would stay with us overnight." Peesunt did not know what to do, so she shook her long black hair, vainly and said she would stay.

When they came to his village, she saw other people, all wearing bearskin cloaks. The women would not speak or look at her. They kept their eyes on the ground.

The young man led her to the center of the village, where people were sitting around a fire. She was welcomed by their chief, who was old and wore a crown made from bear claws.

After everyone had eaten and talked, the chief stood up and looked at Peesunt. "You will stay in this village forever and marry my young nephew, who brought you here." "I will not!" shouted Peesunt. "I am Peesunt - daughter of the chief of my tribe!"

"Enough. I have spoken." said the old man. He waved to two men and they took her to her new husband's lodge. Standing inside, scared and confused, Peesunt heard a little voice squeaking "Peesunt! Peesunt!"

She looked around, but couldn't see anyone. Then she felt something tugging at her dress. Looking down, she saw the tiny Mouse Woman.

"Peesunt. Listen to me! This is very important! These are the Bear People. The chief heard you say that bears were dirty and smelly and that you weren't afraid of them - and he was angry.

You must show respect to your new husband and always obey him. If you don't, you'll be made a slave like the other women."

"And if you try to escape, the Bear People will become angry again and kill you." squeaked Mouse Woman. Peesunt understood the warning and changed her ways. She became respectful and obeyed her husband.

She noticed that when the men left the village they turned into bears and when they returned, they became men again.

She was no longer vain and proud. She worked hard and stayed with the Bear People for a long time. She gave birth to two sons, who were both half man and half bear. Peesunt's husband was kind to her and Mouse Woman taught her many things. But she missed her family.

One day, strangers were seen outside the village. Peesunt's husband told her the men were her brothers. "They found bear tracks when you went missing and they have killed many of my people since then. They will not stop looking for you."

He looked at Peesunt sadly. "I've dreamed that they will kill me. I know you love them very much, and I won't hurt them. I ask that they treat me with respect as you have, Peesunt.

They must not drag my body on the ground after they have taken my skin. Feathers must be placed behind my ears and red ochre rubbed on my back."

He stroked Peesunt's long black hair and said goodbye to his sons. Then he put on his bear cloak and started to walk out of the village. Peesunt followed him and saw him turn into a bear. Holding his arms out in front of him, he went to meet the brothers. He let them kill him without struggling.

"Peesunt, our sister! It's so good to see you again!" shouted the brothers. Peesunt cried for her dead husband and with joy to see her brothers again.

She made them treat her husband's body as he had asked and they took her and her two sons back to her father's village.

The people from her tribe looked at her closely and were amazed to see soft brown hair growing on her beautiful skin. She was no longer fully human.

Peesunt told her father, the Chief "I don't feel comfortable living with people now. May I live in the small house at the edge of the village?" "Yes my daughter, you can" said her father.

Peesunt took her two cubs and lived in the small house. One day, one of her brothers brought her some bearskins to make warm clothing for the winter. Peesunt and her children put the skins around them and turned into bears forever. She took the cubs into the mountains and they were never seen again.

The people of her tribe remembered how the daughter of their chief had married a bear and taught them to respect any bear that they killed.

They followed her teaching and were very successful hunters.



<i>The Girl Who Lived With the Bears</i>	<i>The Girl Who Married a Bear</i>
Characters	
Setting	
Main Ideas	
Details	

Juneau School District



Tlingit Culture, Language and Literacy Program

# *The Girl Who Lived with the Bears*

## Lesson #4 - Transformation story elements

Use with Literature Unit - *The Girl Who Lived With the Bears*

### Transformation Story - Elements Chart

Element of Story	<i>The Frog King</i>	<i>The Princess and the Mouse</i>	<i>The Girl Who Lived with the Bears</i>
<u>Human Character</u> Who is the human character? What is their personality like?			
<u>Animal Character</u> Who is the animal that transforms?			
<u>Problem</u> What problem brings the human and the animal together?			
<u>Solution</u> Does the animal help the human? If so, how?			
Are there conditions for the animal's help? What are they?			
How does the human react to animal's help?			
<u>Conditions of Transformation</u> What happens to make the animal transform?			
<u>Lesson</u> What lesson does the human learn?			

Modified from the National Endowment for the Humanities "Helpful Animals and Compassionate Humans in Folklore" [http://edsitement.neh.gov/view\\_lesson\\_plan.asp?id=377](http://edsitement.neh.gov/view_lesson_plan.asp?id=377)



## The Frog King

<http://www.cs.cmu.edu/~spok/grimtmp/001.txt>

In olden times when wishing still helped one, there lived a king whose daughters were all beautiful, but the youngest was so beautiful that the sun itself, which has seen so much, was astonished whenever it shone in her face. Close by the king's castle lay a great dark forest, and under an old lime-tree in the forest was a well, and when the day was very warm, the king's child went out into the forest and sat down by the side of the cool fountain, and when she was bored she took a golden ball, and threw it up on high and caught it, and this ball was her favorite plaything.

Now it so happened that on one occasion the princess's golden ball did not fall into the little hand which she was holding up for it, but on to the ground beyond, and rolled straight into the water. The king's daughter followed it with her eyes, but it vanished, and the well was deep, so deep that the bottom could not be seen. At this she began to cry, and cried louder and louder, and could not be comforted. And as she thus lamented someone said to her, "What ails you, king's daughter? You weep so that even a stone would show pity."

She looked round to the side from whence the voice came, and saw a frog stretching forth its big, ugly head from the water. "Ah, old water-splasher, is it you," she said, "I am weeping for my golden ball, which has fallen into the well." "Be quiet, and do not weep," answered the frog, "I can help you, but what will you give me if I bring your plaything up again?" "Whatever you will have, dear frog," said she, "My clothes, my pearls and jewels, and even the golden crown which I am wearing." The frog answered, "I do not care for your clothes, your pearls and jewels, nor for your golden crown, but if you will love me and let me be your companion and play-fellow, and sit by you at your little table, and eat off your little golden plate, and drink out of your little cup, and sleep in your little bed - if you will promise me this I will go down below, and bring you your golden ball up again."

"Oh yes," said she, "I promise you all you wish, if you will but bring me my ball back again." But she thought, "How the silly frog does talk. All he does is to sit in the water with the other frogs, and croak. He can be no companion to any human being."

But the frog when he had received this promise, put his head into the water and sank down; and in a short while came swimming up again with the ball in his mouth, and threw it on the grass. The king's daughter was delighted to see her pretty plaything once more, and picked it up, and ran away with it. "Wait, wait," said the frog. "Take me with you. I can't run as you can." But what did it avail him to scream his croak, croak, after her, as loudly as he could. She did not listen to it, but ran home and soon forgot the poor frog, who was forced to go back into his well again.

The next day when she had seated herself at table with the king and all the courtiers, and was eating from her little golden plate, something came creeping splish splash, splish splash, up the marble staircase, and when it had got to the top, it knocked at the door and cried, "Princess, youngest princess, open the door for me." She ran to see who was outside, but when she opened the door, there sat the frog in front of it. Then she slammed the door to, in great haste, sat down to dinner again, and was quite frightened. The king saw plainly that her heart was beating violently, and said, "My child, what are you so afraid of? Is there perchance a giant outside who wants to carry you away?" "Ah, no," replied she. "It is no giant but a disgusting frog."

## The Frog King (continued)

"What does a frog want with you?" "Ah, dear father, yesterday as I was in the forest sitting by the well, playing, my golden ball fell into the water. And because I cried so, the frog brought it out again for me, and because he so insisted, I promised him he should be my companion, but I never thought he would be able to come out of his water. And now he is outside there, and wants to come in to me."

In the meantime it knocked a second time, and cried, "Princess, youngest princess, open the door for me, do you not know what you said to me yesterday by the cool waters of the well. Princess, youngest princess, open the door for me."

Then said the king, "That which you have promised must you perform. Go and let him in." She went and opened the door, and the frog hopped in and followed her, step by step, to her chair. There he sat and cried, "Lift me up beside you." She delayed, until at last the king commanded her to do it. Once the frog was on the chair he wanted to be on the table, and when he was on the table he said, "Now, push your little golden plate nearer to me that we may eat together." She did this, but it was easy to see that she did not do it willingly. The frog enjoyed what he ate, but almost every mouthful she took choked her. At length he said, "I have eaten and am satisfied, now I am tired, carry me into your little room and make your little silken bed ready, and we will both lie down and go to sleep."

The king's daughter began to cry, for she was afraid of the cold frog which she did not like to touch, and which was now to sleep in her pretty, clean little bed. But the king grew angry and said, "He who helped you when you were in trouble ought not afterwards to be despised by you." So she took hold of the frog with two fingers, carried him upstairs, and put him in a corner, but when she was in bed he crept to her and said, "I am tired, I want to sleep as well as you, lift me up or I will tell your father." At this she was terribly angry, and took him up and threw him with all her might against the wall. "Now, will you be quiet, odious frog," said she. But when he fell down he was no frog but a king's son with kind and beautiful eyes. He by her father's will was now her dear companion and husband. Then he told her how he had been bewitched by a wicked witch, and how no one could have delivered him from the well but herself, and that tomorrow they would go together into his kingdom.

Then they went to sleep, and next morning when the sun awoke them, a carriage came driving up with eight white horses, which had white ostrich feathers on their heads, and were harnessed with golden chains, and behind stood the young king's servant Faithful Henry. Faithful Henry had been so unhappy when his master was changed into a frog, that he had caused three iron bands to be laid round his heart, lest it should burst with grief and sadness. The carriage was to conduct the young king into his kingdom. Faithful Henry helped them both in, and placed himself behind again, and was full of joy because of this deliverance. And when they had driven a part of the way the king's son heard a cracking behind him as if something had broken. So he turned round and cried, "Henry, the carriage is breaking." "No, master, it is not the carriage. It is a band from my heart, which was put there in my great pain when you were a frog and imprisoned in the well." Again and once again while they were on their way something cracked, and each time the king's son thought the carriage was breaking, but it was only the bands which were springing from the heart of Faithful Henry because his master was set free and was happy.

## The Princess and the Mouse - An Arabian Tale

<http://www.darsie.net/talesofwonder/pm.html>

Once upon a time there lived the daughter of a king. Her name was Safia. Her father and mother loved her very much, and would deny her nothing in the world.

One day, a magician came to the palace and asked for sanctuary, saying that he was a professor who was being persecuted by his enemies and had nowhere to write an important book.

"Good professor," said the King, "you shall have a room placed at your disposal and everything that you desire, in order that you may finish your great work."

So the magician went on with his spells and magic formulas, pretending to be engrossed in scholarly matters. Every Friday, which was the day of rest in that far land, the magician paid his respects to the King and his court, but secretly he desired to take away the King's throne.

One day he disguised himself as an old woman and walked under the trees in the palace gardens till he met Safia.

"Princess," he said, "let me be your laundress, for I can wash linens and silks as finely as anyone in the world, and I would do it for almost nothing if I could serve Your Highness."

"Good woman," said the Princess Safia, "I can see that you are a poor creature and grieve for your condition. Come to my private quarters and I shall give you some of my linen to wash."

So the disguised magician followed the princess into the palace, and before the girl could see what was happening he bundled her into a laundry bag and ran away as fast as his legs would carry him. He took the Princess into his private room. Muttering a magic spell, he made her as small as a doll, and put her in a cupboard.

The next Friday he went to the court as usual, and found the whole palace in an uproar. "The Princess Safia has vanished, and His Majesty is nearly out of his mind. All the soothsayers have tried to find out through their magical powers where she can be, but none of them have managed it," said the Grand Vizier.

The wicked magician smiled, for he knew that his spell was so strong it would defy all the soothsayers in the land until the day of his death.

The next day passed, and the Queen was weeping in her bower when the magician entered, disguised as a washer-woman. He put her into a laundry bag and took her into his private room. She was turned into a doll no bigger than his thumb.

"Ha-hah!" laughed the magician, "I will now go and capture the King, and will rule the country myself."

So, next day, he waited until the King had gone to rest, tired out with worrying about the Queen's disappearance, and, disguised in his usual way, he captured the King also. He turned the King into a doll no bigger than the Queen, and shut him up in the cupboard too.



## The Princess and the Mouse - An Arabian Tale (continued)

Now, with their royal family gone, all the courtiers began to weep and wail, and came to the magician's study in a large party to beg for his advice.

"You are a learned man," said the Grand Vizier, "you must know a lot of things. Will you please tell us what to do?"

"Until your King and Queen and Princess come again, let me be your ruler," said the magician, and the people agreed. So for a long time the wicked magician ruled over the people and gathered much wealth, for they brought him all the gold in the country. Every now and again he would send out troops to search the length and breadth of the land for news of the missing King and his wife and daughter. But, of course, there was no sign of them.

Now, one day a mouse found its way into the cupboard where the Princess Safia was hidden, and got the surprise of its life when she said, "Mouse, mouse, eat a hole in this cupboard so that I can escape, for the wicked magician who turned me into this shape will never let me out, and I shall die."

"Who are you?" asked the mouse.

"My father is the King, and will reward you handsomely. You shall have free cheese for the rest of your life," said the Princess.

"Allah have mercy!" said the mouse. "His Majesty the King has disappeared, and so has the Queen, and the magician is on the throne."

"Oh no," wept the Princess, "what has happened to them? Can the wicked magician have captured them too?"

"Wait here," said the mouse, "and I will have a look in the rest of the cupboard." And sure enough, he found the King and Queen, turned into tiny dolls, on the top shelf. But in their case they were as stiff as if they had been carved out of wood, because the magician had cast a different spell upon them.

The mouse went back and told the Princess the sad news.

"Alas, alas," the Princess cried, "what am I to do then, for even if I do escape what will happen to me?"

"Princess," said the mouse, "I will help you. I will go and see a Wise Woman who lives in a hollow tree, and tonight I shall come back and tell you what she says."

So the Princess hid once more in the cupboard, and the mouse scuttled off.

Inside a large tree which had seen many winters there lived an old Wise Woman, and the mouse went to her, saying, "Mother, tell me what I should do to help the King's daughter who has been turned into a doll by the magician. She hopes to escape through a hole I shall nibble in a cupboard door. I have discovered that our missing King and Queen are also in the same cupboard, turned into wooden dolls no bigger than your thumb."

## The Princess and the Mouse - An Arabian Tale (continued)

"Tell the King's daughter that she must come here when the moon is up and I will help her," said the Wise Woman.

The mouse went back when it was night and nibbled the wood away until it was possible for Safia to get through the hole. As she was so small, it was easy for the Princess to run with the mouse out of the palace without being seen by the guards. When the moon rose and the garden was flooded with light, the tiny Princess went to a cavity in the tree which the mouse had showed her, and peeped in.

"Enter, King's daughter," said the Wise Woman. "I have found out by looking in my magic books the answer to your problem." The mouse waited nearby to see that no one was coming, and Safia sat on a footstool as the old woman read from a large book of magic.

"You must go on until you reach the crossroads, and in a field near by you will see an orange-colored horse, already saddled and bridled for a journey. Jump on his back, after giving him a magic grass-seed to eat."

"Where shall I get the magic grass-seed?" asked the Princess.

"I will give it to you," said the Wise Woman, looking into a drawer.

"What am I to do next, after I have caught the horse?" asked Safia.

"King's daughter, you must whisper into his ear, 'Take me, Orange Horse, to where the sacred pear tree grows, so that I may bring away a pear from its topmost branch'," said the old woman, putting her book back on the shelf.

"And then shall I regain my proper size?" asked the Princess.

"When the wicked magician is dead and not before shall you turn back into your normal size," said the Wise Woman. "You must mount the orange horse's back once more and ride until you reach the Well of the Green Ogre. Whisper into the horse's right ear and you will arrive there before you know it. Drop the pear right into the depths of the well, for the wicked magician's soul is hidden in that pear, and if it falls into the ogre's den it will be devoured by the ogre, and the magician will die."

"What will happen then?" the Princess wanted to know.

"After that, all the creatures turned into other shapes by the magician will return to their own forms, and all will be as it was before." And the Wise Woman put a grass-seed into her hand.

So the tiny Princess thanked the Wise Woman, said good-bye to the mouse, and ran on in the moonlight until she reached the crossroads.

She saw, just as the old woman had said, a horse which was the color of an orange, with a beautiful golden mane and tail, standing in the field, ready saddled and bridled.

## The Princess and the Mouse - An Arabian Tale (continued)

"Orange horse! Orange horse!" called Safia in a low voice. "Here is a magic grass-seed. Take me to the tree where the sacred pears grow, so that I may pick the topmost pear from its branches."

So the orange-colored horse put its head down close to Safia, and she held out the seed, which he swallowed. Then he put his head down again so that she could climb on to his neck, clinging to the golden mane. Soon she was hanging on to the saddle for all she was worth. The horse neighed twice, then, tossing his head, galloped away like the wind.

In less time than it takes to tell, Safia found herself in a beautiful orchard where there were cherry trees, plum trees, and trees with mulberries upon them, but only one pear tree.

"Here it is," said the horse; and standing on the saddle Safia stretched up into the branches. She picked a pear from the topmost branch and put it carefully into the saddlebag.

"Take me to the Well of the Green Ogre," she whispered in the horse's right ear. The orange-colored horse nodded and was off like the wind, his hooves moving so fast they seemed never to touch the ground. There, beside three palm trees, was a well. In the moonlight Safia saw that just inside the well there was an ogre's head as big as a pumpkin, with huge round eyes and a large mouth. She hurriedly took the pear containing the soul of the magician out of the saddlebag, and dropped it right into the Green Ogre's mouth. Instantly he chewed the pear up into tiny pieces, and Safia suddenly found herself growing. She was her own size again -- the wicked magician was dead.

The horse took her back to the crossroads, and just as she was about to thank him, there was a clap of thunder and he disappeared before her eyes.

She hurried to the palace, and then to the room where she knew her mother and father were imprisoned. She found the King and Queen were their normal size again, but very puzzled indeed to find themselves in a cupboard. She quickly explained.

"Call the Captain of the Guard!" the King commanded. "Have the magician arrested, and his head shall be struck from his shoulders."

But when the soldiers went to the royal bedchamber to find the false king, they discovered that he was dead, for the moment the Green Ogre had eaten the pear he had perished, as the Wise Woman had predicted.

That day there was great rejoicing in the palace, and Safia went to thank the Wise Woman who lived in the hollow tree. But of the tree there was no sign -- it had vanished as if it had never been. Safia could scarcely believe her eyes, and was looking round in a puzzled way when she was approached by a tall, handsome young man, dressed in fine clothes.

"Blessings upon you, dear Princess," said he, "for I was the mouse, a victim of enchantment, who nibbled the hole through which you escaped to go upon that journey to find the pear which contained the magician's soul."



## The Princess and the Mouse - An Arabian Tale (continued)

"So it was true, and not a dream!" cried Safia. "I came to find the Wise Woman and she has gone."

"She lived in an enchanted tree," explained the young man, "and now that she wishes to be elsewhere the tree has been uprooted and taken there without leaving a sign behind."

"Come with me to my father so that he can thank you," cried Safia.

So the young man went with her, and when they knelt before the King he explained that he was a prince who had been turned into a mouse by the magician.

"You shall stay here and marry my daughter," promised the King, "and rule the kingdom after me, as I have no son."

And so it came to happen, and the wedding feast was celebrated for seven days and seven nights, and Safia and her husband lived happily ever after.



# SOUTHEAST TRADITIONAL TRIBAL VALUES

## “OUR WAY OF LIFE”

- Discipline and Obedience to the Traditions of our Ancestors
- Respect for Self, Elders and Others
- Respect for Nature and Property
- Patience
- Pride in Family, Clan and Traditions is found in Love, Loyalty and Generosity
- Be Strong in Mind, Body and Spirit
- Humor
- Hold Each Other Up
- Listen Well and with Respect
- Speak with Care
- We are Stewards of the Air, Land and Sea
- Reverence for Our Creator
- Live in Peace and Harmony
- Be Strong and Have Courage

Developed, Adapted, and Approved at the 2004 Elders Forum on Traditional Values

Sponsored by Central Council Tlingit and Haida Indian Tribes of Alaska, Circles of Care, SAMHSA Substance Abuse Planning Project, Elderly Nutrition Program, Johnson O'Malley Program and Alaska Rural Systemic Initiative, Alaska Association of School Boards

Juneau School District



Tlingit Culture, Language and Literacy Program

# *The Woman Who Married a Bear*

A traditional story in many cultures.  
Retold for theater by David Hunsaker  
and presented here with his permission.

## Lesson #5 - Play / Readers' theatre

Use with Literature Unit - *The Girl Who Lived With the Bears*

Funded by U.S. Department of Education-Alaska Native Education Grant-Building on Success  
and the Juneau School District-Tlingit Culture, Language and Literacy Program



# THE WOMAN WHO MARRIED A BEAR

## Retold for theater by David Hunsaker

*This is a dark story, and the dances and images tend to appear in flashes, bursts of light. In places where this is not possible, everyone should move slowly or not move at all, unless otherwise indicated. The piece should feel like a dream, should like a series of photographs or paintings.*

*In the beginning, lights up only on Musician, who is now the Bear Storyteller.*

### **Bear Storyteller:**

This woman...

I don't know her name.

We don't know the names of any of the people in this story,  
only the dog.

We just know the name of the dog.

*Light up (in a different place) on Translator, who will dance the part of the Bear Woman. She has a basket, and coming out of it, long, loose strings full of dozens of blue trade beads. She pulls the beads out, and lets them drop slowly back into the basket.*

### **Bear Storyteller:**

She was up on the side of a mountain,  
picking berries with her family.

Her parents,

her sister...

her four brothers.

Maybe the dog.

She'd picked this huge basket full of blueberries,  
a whole day's work.

It was getting late in the evening,  
her family wanted to head back to the village.

"No, wait! Just let me fill up this basket!

Just a little while longer!"

### **Bear Woman:**

Wáa sá kwshi yáa gé

ch'as kaa x'anaadéi s al'il' nukch gé

tukx' agékákwx'!

### **Bear Storyteller:**

Everyone went back down.

Her sister was the only one who stayed  
on the mountain with her.

Finally her basket was full.

She couldn't get another berry into it.

Then they started down.

Page 1

*Bear Woman has quit putting the berries into the basket. Now she dances with the basket around and around in a circle. She spins faster and faster. She begins to whisper the bear curse to herself, over and over, again and again, getting louder and louder.*

*Orator (who plays Bear Brother) begins to drum, faster and faster.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

Her sister, walking ahead,  
came to a pile of bear scat,  
brown bear, grizzly,  
right in the middle of the trail.

She walked around it,  
the way it is said a person should.  
Out of respect.  
But the woman with her basket of berries  
stepped right over it.  
She slipped and fell,  
and she spilled all those berries,  
every one.  
A day's work.  
They rolled all over,  
down that mountain,  
rolled everywhere.  
And she said:

*Bear Woman's dance has built to a dizzy climax, and she throws the basket of berries. The drumming stops. Then she kneels again and begins putting the berries back into the basket.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

Wáa sá kwshi yáa gé  
ch'as kaa x'anaadéi s al'il' nukch gé  
tukx' agékákwx'!

It's something disrespectful and vulgar in our language against the bear.

In our culture we are taught to respect all things,  
especially the animals,  
especially the bears.  
And to curse an animal,  
or make fun of it,  
is against everything we know.

She started to pick up all those fallen berries,  
still muttering to herself.  
She sent her sister back to the village.  
Now she was alone on the mountain.

After awhile it got pretty dark,  
so she took what she could  
and headed back down the trail.

*Raven, playing Bear Man, wearing the robe and shake'at of a man of great importance, stands behind the still-seated Bear Woman. He has a design in red paint on his face.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

That's when she ran into this young man.  
Handsome young man.  
Her heart nearly stopped.  
Partly because she was startled.  
Partly because he was the most handsome young man  
she had ever seen in her life.  
She couldn't speak,  
had no words.

And he smiled at her, sort of gently.  
"Come and go with me.  
Live with me.  
Be my wife."

And she still couldn't speak,  
but she just went...

*Bear Storyteller and Bear Woman (looking at Bear Man) both nod their heads emphatically YES!*

**Bear Storyteller:**

And she walked off with that young man...  
high up into the mountains,  
far away from her village and all of her own people.  
Long way from the only life she'd ever known.

*The lights begin to fade on Bear Woman and Bear Man, but just before they do, he helps her to her feet. Very gently, he puts a red mark in the center of her forehead. Then light only on Bear Storyteller for a moment.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

In the morning,  
her family became worried about her,  
because she never showed up.  
Her brother,  
the youngest one,  
had a dog whose name was called  
"S'ukkoox'aakw."  
"Chewing Ribs."

*Light up on Bear Brother, who has a hand puppet of a dog. With that in one hand and a rattle in the other, he dances a slow, low bending dance, somewhat ominous. He ends up crouching down, watching, sniffing.*



**Bear Storyteller:**

In those days, it was said,  
dogs were as smart as human beings.  
I don't know if that was true,  
but Chewing Ribs was a smart dog,  
and he had a good nose.

So that young brother and his dog  
climbed up the mountain.  
And they found the spilled berries,  
and the basket,  
and all of the young woman's clothing.

*Slowly, Bear Brother looks from the ground up into the lights, as if he were looking for something up there.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

And they found footprints in the mud:  
footprints of a human woman,  
heading off up the mountain...  
And, walking beside them,  
footprints of a grizzly bear.

*The rattling ends. Lights out on Bear Brother. Only on Bear Storyteller for a moment.*

*The sound of Bear Man playing a Courting Song on a flute.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

The young woman truly loved  
the man she went with.  
He was good to her,  
kind and gentle,  
and he treated her well.

*Light up on Bear Woman. Bear Man is with her in the pool of light, playing the flute. Bear Woman is painting a design in red on her own face. When she is done, she takes all the bead/berries out of the basket, and strings them around her neck.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

They ate well, they lived well.  
They were happy.

Late in the fall time  
he took her to his village,  
to meet his people.  
It was a big village,  
built along a river,  
everybody living in comfortable houses.

**Bear Storyteller:**

There were children and old people...  
All kinds of people. They were putting up salmon for the winter.  
They were good to her.  
Showed her how to do it their way.

The salmon tasted delicious.  
It was warm in their houses at night:  
plenty of robes and blankets,  
big fires.

*Bear Man stops playing the flute. Slowly he lowers it.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

But he told her,  
"If you wake before the morning,  
keep your eyes closed,  
don't look around at any of my relatives."  
"Why?"  
"Just don't look at them."

*Bear Man goes offstage. Drumming and chanting from Bear Brother. Bear Woman lowers her head, then jerks it up, terrified, to look around.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

But four nights later, she woke up.  
She remembered what her husband had told her,  
but she couldn't help it.  
She opened her eyes, and looked.  
And she saw that she wasn't living in a house,  
but some kind of cave.  
Nothing was the way it appeared in the daytime.  
And the people sleeping all around her  
weren't human beings at all.  
Every one of them was a brown bear.

*Bear Brother drums a frightened heartbeat.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

She looked over at her husband.  
He was awake, watching her,  
but he looked the same.  
"Are you afraid now?"  
And she said no...  
But really she was.

*The light on Bear Woman fades away very slowly. Her face continues to look stricken.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

She must have been,  
because the very next day,  
even though all her in-laws looked like people again,  
she asked her husband if they could leave that place,  
go off by themselves.

He said they could.  
And they packed up,  
and went farther and farther into the mountains.

*Light on Bear Brother with the dog puppet. He dances around wildly.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

That dog,  
Chewing Ribs,  
never lost their scent.  
He stayed on them, leading the younger brother.  
The three older brothers  
had joined them by then.  
They carried spears,  
bows,  
arrows.  
They were going after their sister.

*Bear Brother stops dancing. Light back on Bear Woman, on the box. Her head is lowered, she is asleep,*

**Bear Storyteller:**

She and her husband came to a place high on a mountainside.  
She liked it.  
They made a house and they went inside.  
It started to snow.  
Nighttime.  
They slept.  
And what seemed like one night to her  
was really a month.

*Bear Woman wakes up. Her blanket slips off one shoulder. Her hand, in the bear gauntlet, comes out from under the blanket. She holds it to her breast. Her face looks as if she felt what Bear Storyteller is describing.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

Once she woke up in the night.  
Her husband's arm was around her.  
She felt his hand on her breast.  
She touched it.  
It was the claw of a bear.



**Bear Woman:**

(a long, low moan)

Eshan... uhan...

*Bear Man enters, having turned his robe around, and put on the left bear gauntlet, and stands in front of her. Unseen by the audience, she hands him the right gauntlet.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

Her husband was looking at her when she woke up.

"Now are you scared?"

*Bear Brother begins to drum. Bear Man does a transformation dance: his shake'at is turned inside out, and becomes a bear mask, which he pulls down over his face. Bear Woman gets off the box and dances with him.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

He watched her for awhile,  
then he took down a necklace he had  
and put it around his neck.

He went out to go hunting.

He never took any weapons with him,  
just that necklace.

"Those must be his teeth,"  
she said to herself.

"That's what a bear hunts with,  
his teeth."

*Bear Man and Bear Woman stop dancing, Bear Brother stops drumming. Bear Man goes upstage. Bear Woman has two doll effigies on a cord around her neck. She holds them up and stands in the light.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

The next morning it was February,  
and she had given birth to two children:

a boy,

a girl.

She loved them very much.

And her husband was a good father to them.

He loved them, too.

*Light up on Bear Brother. He puts some dry things in a small abalone bowl. He lights them on fire: they are cedar and sage. Then he holds them up North, South, East, and West. He smudges himself. As he's doing all this, he chants the words to Shee Gee Gee.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

Down below in the valley,  
her brothers were having a bad time.  
It was a hard winter.  
Lots of snow.  
Not much to eat.

The youngest brother  
was always watching the dog,  
and he knew they were getting closer.  
He took some sacred leaves,  
Kayaanée,  
and he handled them carefully,  
and he prepared them properly,  
and he made medicine out of them.  
The other brothers didn't do it.  
But the youngest one was preparing himself  
for the bear.

The next day:  
"Your brothers are making medicine against me."

"How do you know all this?"

"From my dreams.  
I see them in my dreams..."

*Bear Brother goes off. Bear Man sings Shee Gee. Bear Woman has two handfulls of feathers. She dances a dance torn between her husband and her brothers. In the end she throws the feathers. Bear Brother returns with the dog puppet, who sniffs the fallen feathers.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

Night again.  
Her husband was asleep beside her.  
She touched him:  
fur, all over.  
She took a round rock,  
and she rubbed it all over him,  
to pick up his scent.  
Then she took another rock,  
and she rubbed it all over herself,  
her scent.

And she went outside in the night,  
and she rolled the two rocks  
down the steep mountainside...  
Way down they rolled,  
down, down, down, down,  
and into the brothers' camp.

**Bear Storyteller:**

Chewing Ribs saw them.  
He knew who the scents belonged to.  
The guard hairs stood up on the back of his neck,  
and he growled.

*Bear Man stops singing. Light only on Bear Storyteller again.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

In the morning  
her husband looked at her for a long time.  
She couldn't look back at him.  
"Today they will find me."  
But he didn't say anything else.

He stayed in the house that day,  
close to his wife and his two little children,  
the son,  
the daughter.  
He stayed close to them.

*Lights up on the box and down stage. Bear Brother (masked) beats the drum and dances. Three times he's repulsed by Bear Man up on the box.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

A strange thing happened.  
The three older brothers came close to the house,  
the den,  
one at a time.  
And their eyes and their thoughts  
penetrated the house,  
like beams of light.  
But that bear husband  
caught their thoughts,  
and he reflected them back at them,  
those thoughts,  
those rays of light,  
so they didn't see the house,  
or know it was there.

This is a thing bears can do.  
It's why it can be difficult to find them  
if they don't want to be found.

*Bear Brother takes his mask off and points his spear at Bear Man, who cannot repulse it. Bear Brother smiles.*



**Bear Storyteller:**

For a time it was quiet.  
But then they heard the barking dog,  
right outside their house.  
And the thoughts of the youngest brother  
penetrated the house.  
But his thoughts the bear husband could not turn back.  
"It is because of the medicine,  
the Kayaanée..."

*Light on Bear Woman and Bear Man, who plays the flute. Bear Woman dances a twirling dance of desperation. She ends up on the ground, huddled against the box.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

The woman was trembling.  
"Don't kill my brothers!  
Please!"

"Your brothers are coming to kill me."

"They are your brothers-in-law.  
Please! It's wrong to kill your brothers-in-law!"

For a long time he didn't speak.  
Then:  
"If your brothers kill me,  
it is important that they treat my body with respect.  
Do not let them laugh,  
or play games.  
But they must make k'owakan.  
They must make peace.  
They must take care of my skin.  
And point my head to watch the setting sun.  
If I let your brothers kill me."

Then he said:  
"I gú.áax x'wán...  
Be brave..."

And then he was gone.

*Bear Man takes the tooth necklace and flute and puts them beside Bear Woman. He goes. The light goes out on them.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

She looked up at the rafters,  
and his knife necklace,  
his weapons,  
his teeth,  
it was still hanging there.  
He had left it.

She gathered those two children to her,  
and they went to the back of the house,  
the back of the den,  
where the shadows were the deepest,  
and they hid,  
and they wept  
in their fear  
and their confusion.

She tried not to listen to the sounds outside.

*The lights go off of Bear Storyteller for a moment, and she is silent. Bear Brother starts to drum, fast. He plays a rhythm that accompanies his movement: the firing of arrows. Bear Man - as the bear now - dances around him, but he doesn't really fight. After three shots, Bear Brother trips and falls. Bear Man stands over him as if he's about to kill him, but he decides to let him go. Bear Brother fires one last shot, and the lights black out abruptly, as Bear Man turns, hit. Bear Woman sobs at the sound. Light on Bear Storyteller and Bear Woman.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

Outside,  
the youngest brother,  
standing over the bear he had just shot with his arrows,  
heard the dog further up the mountain.  
His brothers came up.  
He showed them the bear.  
The biggest brown bear any of them had ever seen.  
Dead.  
They heard the dog barking.  
Then they heard him stop.  
They looked at each other.

*Bear Brother enters the light. He looks at Bear Woman for a long time. He finally holds out his hand to her, but she shakes her head NO.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

Then they climbed up to the bear den.  
Inside they saw her,  
their sister,  
huddled naked in the corner  
with her two children.  
She was crying.  
She didn't have to be told.

*Bear Woman speaks in Tlingit. Bear Storyteller translates for her line for line.*

**Bear Woman:**

Yee kaani áwé yeejaak.

**Bear Storyteller:**

"You have killed your brother-in-law..."

**Bear Woman:**

Dlinkwat yilatin yaa du daa dleeyí.

**Bear Storyteller:**

"You must be very careful with his body..."

**Bear Woman:**

Ch'ú tle adé yee yaxwsikayi yé a yáx yee natí.

**Bear Storyteller:**

"You must do exactly as I tell you."

They listened to what she had to say.

And they did what she asked.

And afterwards,

they gave her the skin,

the bear skin.

**Bear Woman:**

Naa sas ax jeet yeiy sané ax jeeyis ka ax yátx'i, ax tlaa xandé xan nay.a.

**Bear Storyteller:**

"Now bring some clothing,

for me and my children,

and take me back to my mother..."

*Bear Woman goes offstage. Light only on Bear Storyteller for a moment.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

They fixed up a house for her,

back in that coastal village.

For her and her two children.

It was away from the other houses,

on the edge of the village.

It was the way she wanted it.

The people didn't know what to say to her.

She was a stranger to them.

Even her own mother,

even her sister.



*Bear Woman enters carrying the bear mask, gauntlets, and robe. She sets them gently on the ground before her. She takes an ornamental pipe, and lights it. She blows smoke from the pipe into the bear mask's mouth.*

*All this time, Bear Man is, once again, playing the courting song on the flute. But he cannot be seen.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

She would spend hours looking up into the mountains,  
and she could see smoke.

It wasn't real smoke,  
smoke from human fires,  
but bear smoke.

Smoke from the dens where bears lived.  
She tried to show it to her brothers,  
but none of them could ever see it.  
So she would sit for hours by herself,  
looking up there.

She got all of her own food,  
for her and her children.  
Nobody helped her.  
And that was the way she wanted it, too.

*Bear Brother stands behind her, wearing the brothers mask.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

Her brothers knew about the bear skin she had.  
They saw the way she carried it with her  
on her back,  
everywhere she went.  
And how she put it out every evening  
to face the setting sun.

"Put it on," they told her,  
"so we can follow you,  
and practice our hunting.  
We won't hurt you.  
We'll use only bark tips on our arrows."

"Why do you want me to do that?  
Don't you know what will happen?  
They'll come for me then.  
Then I will be one of them for good."

"Put on that skin,  
so we can practice our hunting."

*Bear Man starts drumming offstage. Bear Brother moves to it with the spear. Ritualistically, Bear Woman takes Bear Man's robe, bear side out, and puts it on. Then she puts on the bear mask. Then the teeth necklace. Last of all the bear gauntlets. Now she has become the bear.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

She went to her mother,  
and she told her goodbye.  
Her sister.  
Then she took her children,  
and they went up on the mountain.

They went into the willows.  
The brothers were waiting with their bows,  
their arrows.  
But what they saw come out of the willows  
was a bear with two cubs.  
A real bear.  
Not a dancer.  
Not a person with a fur robe on.

*Bear Woman dances up, as the bear.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

They became afraid,  
the three oldest brothers.  
They threw away their bark arrows,  
and they took out the bone ones.  
But the bear saw,  
and was on them.  
The sow bear and her two cubs.

They took those three brothers,  
and they killed them...  
after all...

*Bear Woman makes one swipe and knocks Bear Brother down. Then she dances slowly away, out of the light.*

*Bear Brother takes the mask off and stands up.*

**Bear Storyteller:**

The youngest brother came out of his house  
with his dog,  
Chewing Ribs.

He saw a sow bear and two cubs  
heading up high into the mountains  
on the hillside above the village.  
Chewing Ribs started to bark,  
and leap.

But the youngest brother  
grabbed him by the collar  
and held him back.

And they watched those bears  
until they were long out of sight,  
and gone.

*Light fades first on Bear Storyteller. It lingers for a moment on Bear Brother, then it fades from him, too.*

Juneau School District



Tlingit Culture, Language and Literacy Program

# *The Girl Who Lived with the Bears*

## Lesson #6 - Writing - Transformation mask

Use with Literature Unit - *The Girl Who Lived With the Bears*

Funded by U.S. Department of Education-Alaska Native Education Grant-Building on Success  
and the Juneau School District-Tlingit Culture, Language and Literacy Program





Bear Mask by Greg Horner  
<http://www.alaskaindianarts.com/images/ghbearfr>

2. Cut down the center of the top paper.

1. Staple.

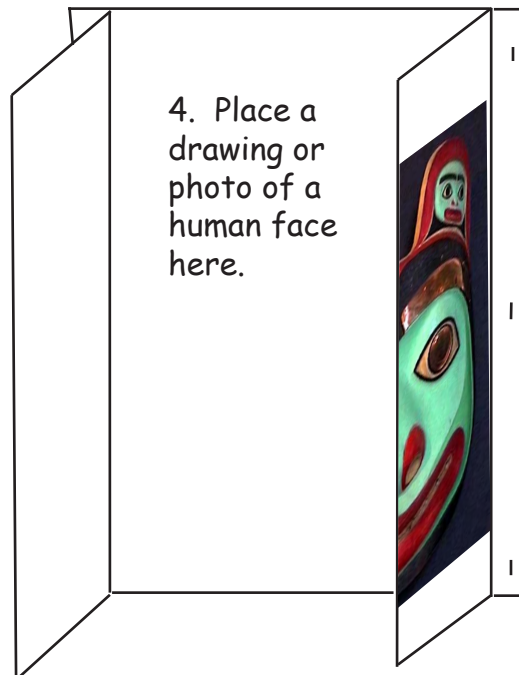


3. Crease back.

1. Place a piece of blank paper behind the photocopied bear mask photo. Staple along the outside edges.

2. Cut straight down the center of the 1st page only.

3. Crease back along the sides of the split mask to reveal a picture that will be placed on the second page.



4. Place a drawing or photo of a human face here.

4. Place a drawing of a man's or woman's face on the blank paper to represent a character from *The Girl Who Lived With the Bears*.

Alternately, place a photo of a student or other person's face.

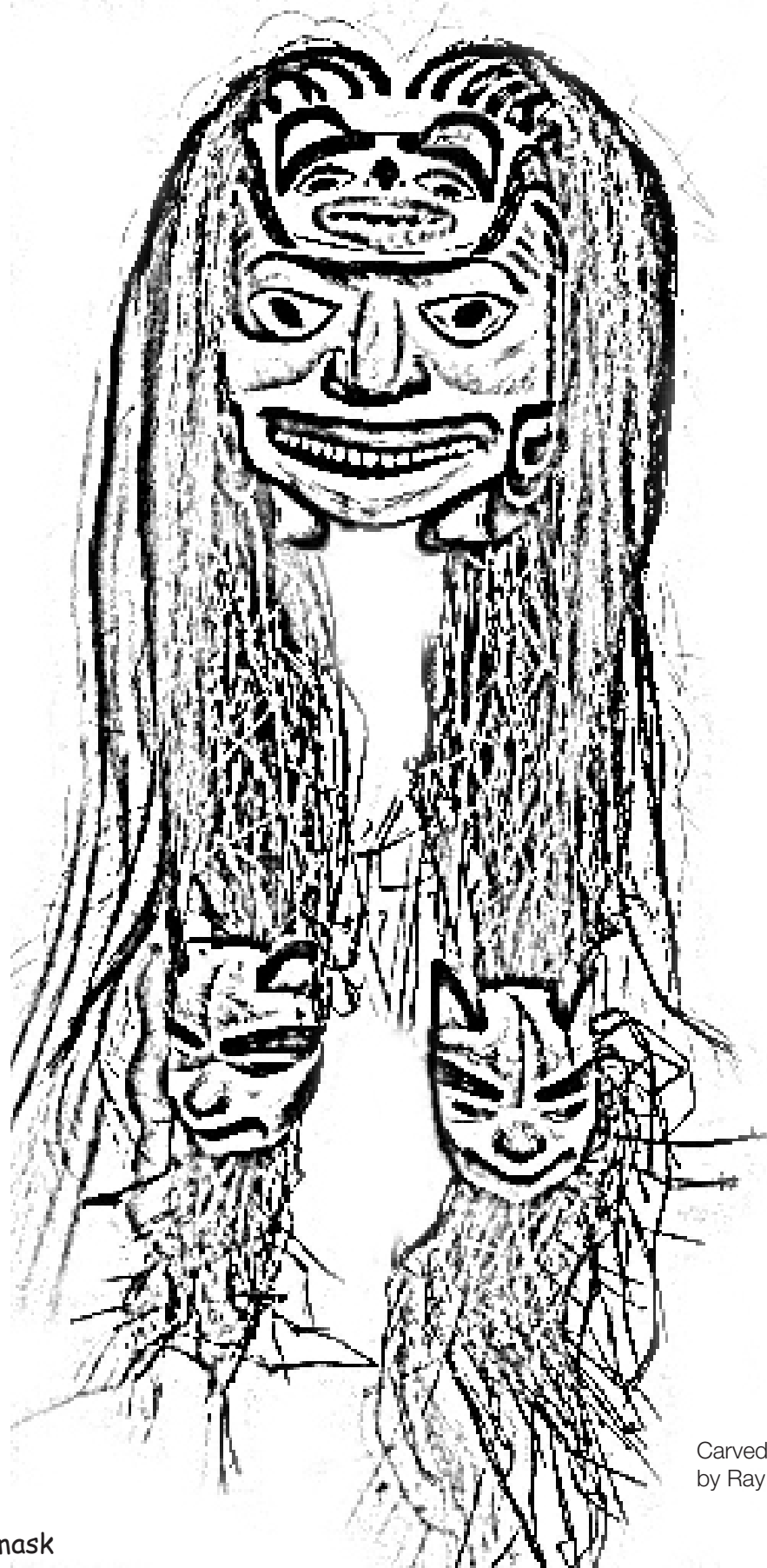
When the top page is opened, the transformation is revealed.

A slightly different transformation mask is made by duplicating the bear photo onto a transparency. The human face is still placed on paper behind the transparency. Cutting the transparency down the middle is optional if the human face is already visible.



Carved for Naa Kahidi Theater  
by Ray Watkins

Sample  
Bear-man mask



Carved for Naa Kahidi Theater  
by Ray Watkins

Sample  
Bear-woman mask  
with cubs



Juneau School District



Tlingit Culture, Language and Literacy Program

# *The Girl Who Lived with the Bears*

Variation Lesson #6 -  
Paper maché mask samples

Use with Literature Unit - *The Girl Who Lived With the Bears*

Funded by U.S. Department of Education-Alaska Native Education Grant-Building on Success  
and the Juneau School District-Tlingit Culture, Language and Literacy Program

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Tlingit Culture, Language and Literacy Program

# *The Girl Who Lived with the Bears*

Additional resources - Calendar Icons-

Tlingit Bear,



Woman,



Man



Use with Literature Unit - *The Girl Who Lived With the Bears*

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