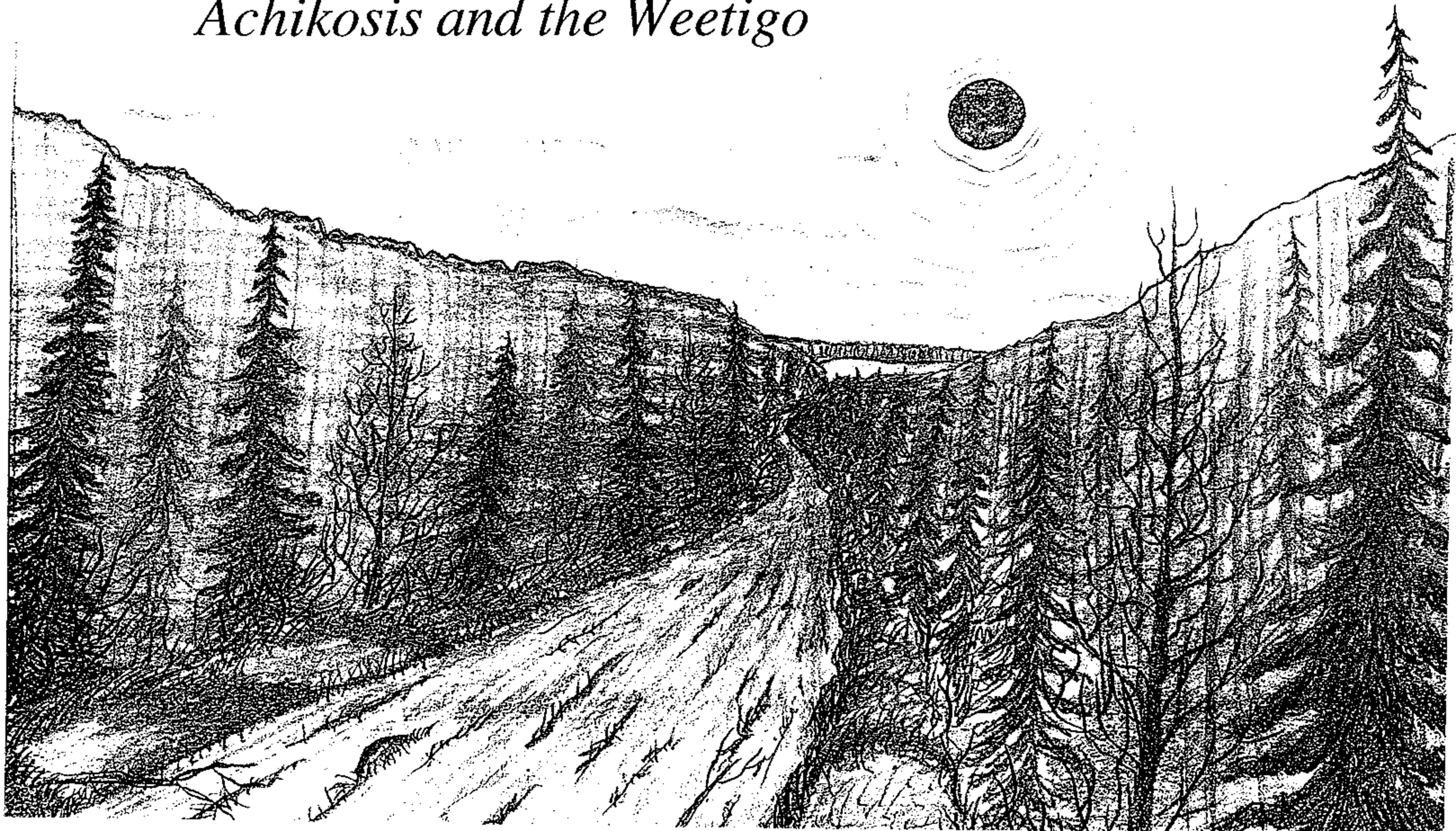


Achikosis and the Weetigo



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One morning Achikosis was walking along a path on his way to fish at a nearby lake.



He wasn't paying too much attention, when all of a sudden a giant weetigo jumped out from behind a tall tree and grabbed him.

"Aha! I have you," he roared, "I want you for my supper."

"Oh, no!" Achikosis replied, "I'm too small. Wait until I have caught some fish for you. I'll cook them up just the way you like them."



The weetigo thought about this for a moment.

“Now that’s a good idea,” he said, “I want to eat fish, too. You catch some fish for my supper, and maybe I won’t eat you. I’ll wait right here until you get back.”



He laughed as he let go of Achikosis, who took off quickly along the path down to the lake.



Achikosis hadn't gone far when whom should he meet but Wesakaychak.

"Where are you going, little one?" asked Wesakaychak, who likes to play tricks on little boys and girls.

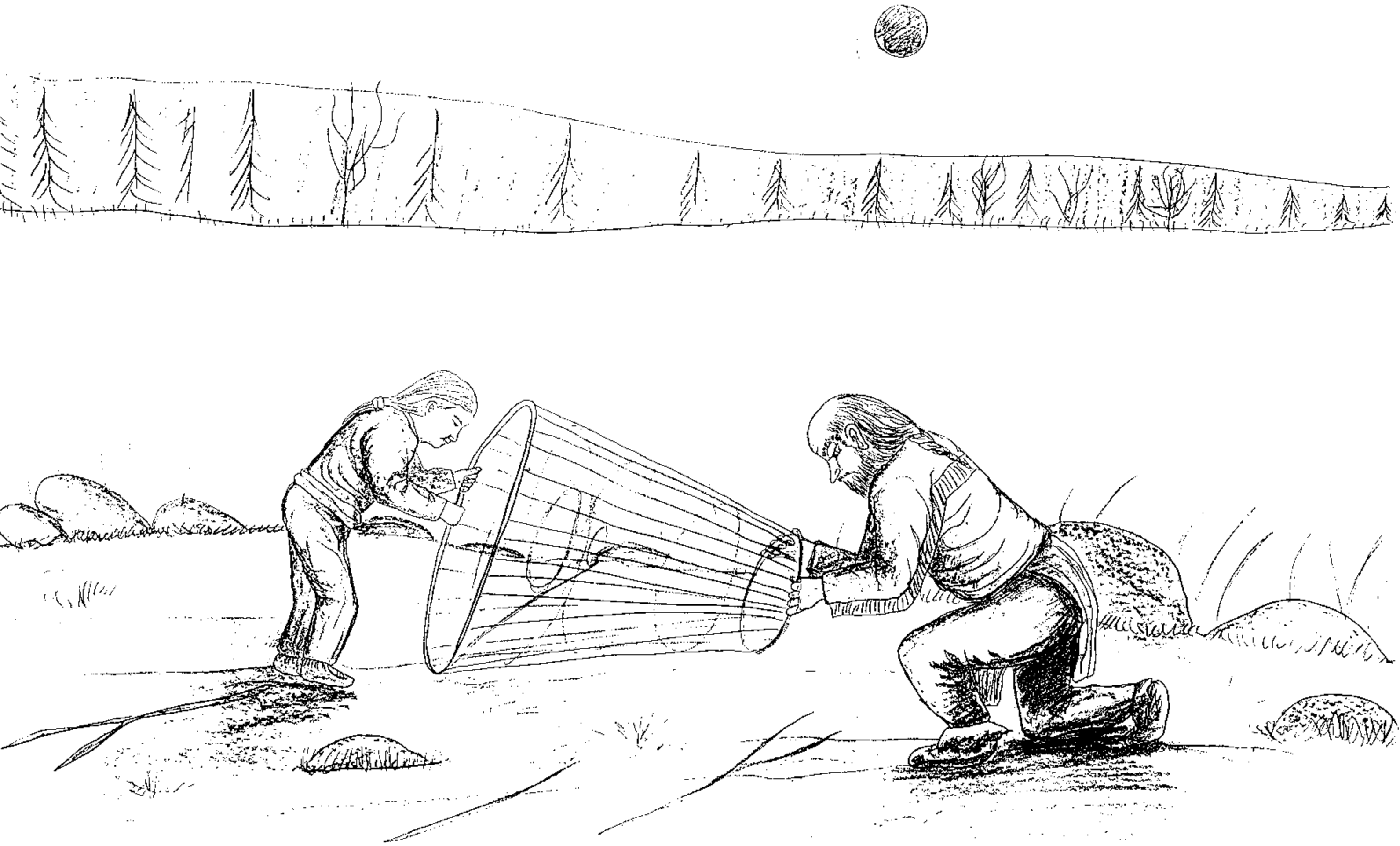
"I'm going fishing," Achikosis replied, "and I don't need any of your tricks today. I'm already in enough trouble. A giant weetigo is going to eat me unless I bring plenty of fish back to him."



Now even though Wesakaychak loves to play tricks on little boys and girls, he much prefers to pester grouchy, bad-tempered weetigos.

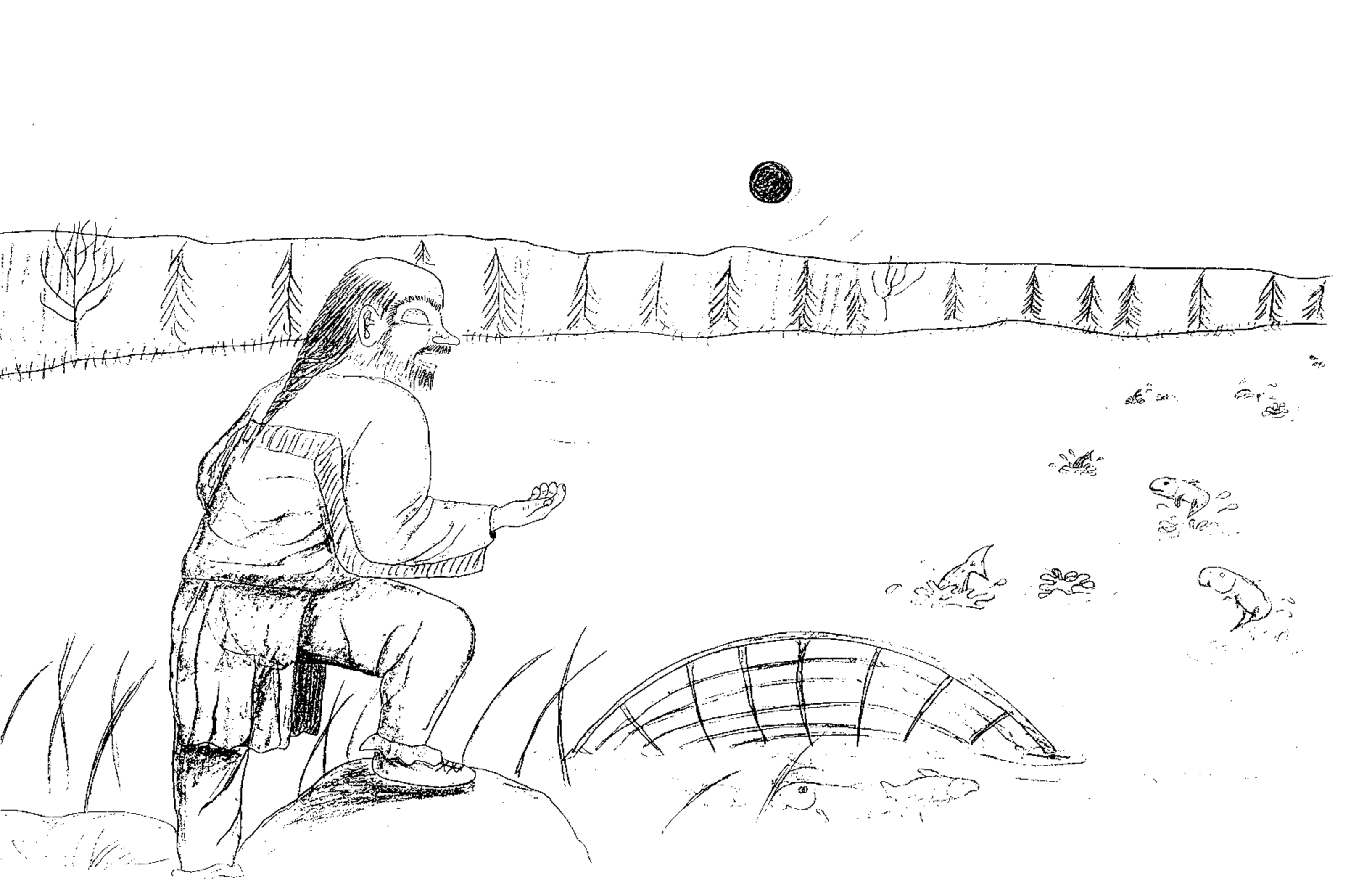
“I’ll help you,” Wesakaychak said, as a plan started to form in his mind. “Let’s see how many fish we can catch, and then we’ll go play a trick on that wicked weetigo.”

Off the two of them went down to the lake, where they worked all morning and most of the afternoon building a fish trap. When it was ready, Wesakaychak told Achikosis they would soon have all the fish they wanted.



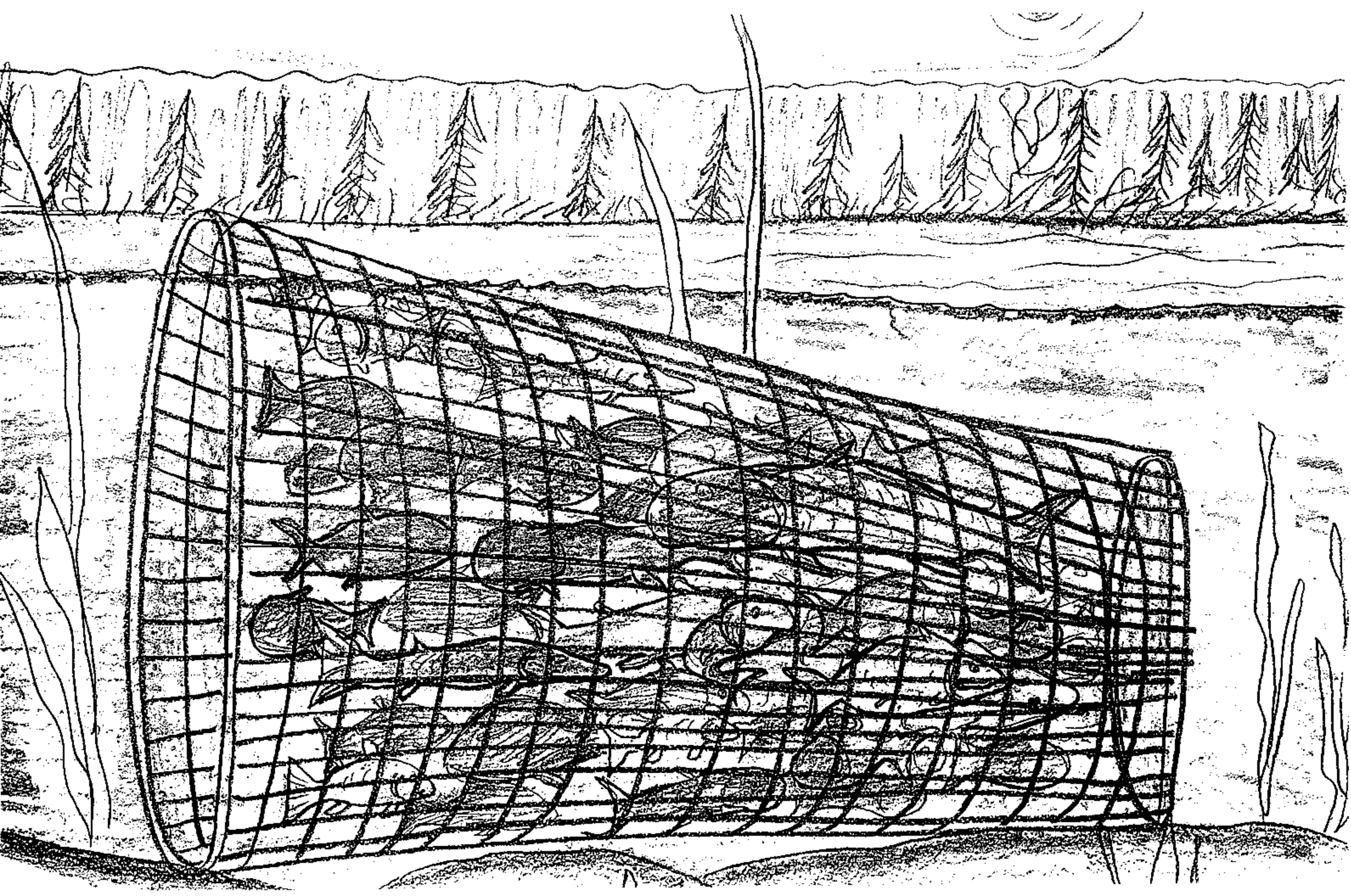
Achikosis couldn't figure out how it would be that easy, but it wasn't long before he understood. Wesakaychak stood upon the shore and started to sing in a beautiful, melodious voice.

**Come, little fishes, come to me.
Bring your brothers, your cousins three.
Come, little fishes, come to me.
I have a surprise.
Come quickly and see.**



His song was so lovely and his words so inviting, that curious fish were soon under his spell. In every shape, size, and kind, they came from all over the lake. There were more fish than Achikosis had ever seen.

Wesakaychak continued to sing until the trap was full. When he stopped, the fish came out of their trance, but it was too late. They could not escape.



Wesakaychak helped Achikosis take the fish back to where the weetigo was waiting, but he made sure the old monster didn't see him.

"It's about time you got back," grumbled the weetigo, after the first trip. "You've been away too long. I'm hungry. I want some fish."

Achikosis made no reply. He just continued to work. With each trip back and forth from the lake, the pile of fish grew higher and higher.

The sun was starting to disappear in the west when he finished. The pile was so high now, with fish of every kind, that he could hardly see over it.



**“Hurry up! Hurry up!” roared the weetigo, impatiently,
“I’m starving. I want some fish!”**

Achikosis hurriedly built the fire, prepared the fish, and started cooking. Soon, the fish was sizzling and a wonderful smell wafted over to the weetigo’s big nose. But instead of making him happy, it just made him more impatient.

“Can’t you go any faster?” he demanded, “I want to start eating.”



I want, I want, I want, thought Achikosis, that's all this weetigo can say, but he was careful to keep these thoughts to himself.



Soon the first fish were ready. The weetigo gobbled them up hungrily.

“More, more,” he slobbered, as Achikosis brought a second, third, and fourth helping. Then, a sixth, seventh, and eighth. The pile got smaller and smaller until all the fish were gone.



**By now the weetigo was huge. His stomach was swollen.
His eyes bulged out.**

**“That was good,” he said, as he belched loudly, “You’re a
fine cook. Too bad there’s no dessert.”**

He eyed Achikosis up and down.



Achikosis could hardly believe his ears. Without thinking, he said, “You’ve had more food than you needed. Why do you still want more?”

As soon as he had spoken, Achikosis knew he had made a mistake. The weetigo glared straight at him.

“Are you telling me I don’t need any more food?” he screamed, “I’ll show you. You’ll be my dessert!”



He lunged at Achikosis, but Achikosis jumped aside, and Wesakayjack stepped out from behind the tree where he had been hiding. He laughed as he danced around the weetigo.

“You greedy fool,” he teased, “You wanted more than you needed. Now look at you; you can hardly move. Catch us if you can.”

The weetigo roared and screamed, as he jumped this way and that trying to catch Wesakaychak and Achikosis. But he moved so slowly that he didn't have a chance.



That wicked weetigo was so embarrassed that he left the country, never to be seen there again. And Wesakaychak followed right behind him to continue playing his tricks.

As for Achikosis, he still goes fishing, but he watches very carefully for danger as he walks along the path to the lake. Who knows? That weetigo might come back.

The End



