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Segment 3
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Mary Lou shares an Ojibwe story about how moss was grown.

Host(s): Dan Smoke, Mary Lou Smoke

DAN SMOKE: That was **Yolanda Martinez** here on Smoke Signals. And now we are going to hear a short teaching on moss.

MARY LOU SMOKE: Why the moss grows on rocks and trees? The moss never seemed to have soil under it, yet it grows thick and strong. The moss was a source of wonder to the **Ojibwe** people long ago. The storytellers told this story to satisfy the curious. When **Winneboujou** and several of his brothers still lived among the people, there was no moss. One of his brothers was very lazy. He would not hunt or fish for himself. He knew the Ojibwe custom of welcoming strangers into their lodges for food and rest. Hundreds of travellers may easily get lost in night, so it wasn't unusual for families to have an overnight guest. The lazy brother liked to travel from lodge to lodge and invite himself in. It seemed natural that word got around about Winneboujou's brother taking advantage of their custom of welcoming guests in and him never offering to help or to do anything in return for their hospitality. Soon the brother only had Winneboujou's lodge left to go. He knew Winneboujou wouldn't turn him down. As expected, Winneboujou took him in, and as expected, the lazy brother didn't appreciate it or offer to help in any way. He slept every day until the sun was directly overhead and sat by the fire the rest of the day. Winneboujou talked to his brother about helping out but didn't get anywhere. Winneboujou couldn't ask him to leave as the other people had. Perhaps in time he will see thought Winneboujou.

One day, Winneboujou decided to go on a journey. He hunted for more food for his brother and cut more firewood for him. He told his brother he'd have to get his own food and wood if they ran out before he got back. For a few days after Winneboujou left, everything was fine for his brother. He ate and laid around every day. Soon he realized the food and wood supplies were almost gone. When did Winneboujou say he'd be back, he asked himself. Meanwhile, Winneboujou was enjoying his journey. He was a wonderful runner. Every day, he ran as far as he could. Soon he realized that he'd been gone for a month. Of course, it would take him another month to get back home. He hadn't thought of how his brother was doing during his travels. Now, he wondered about him. Finally, all of the supplies were gone. The brother was very angry with Winneboujou for not returning. He sat for several days cold and hungry. He ran into the woods and shouted Winneboujou's name but received only silence in return. He was very weak when he tried to hunt for himself, it was too late. His hunting skills were gone since he hadn't used them in years. He wandered around in a daze. He fell by a tree and fell on a rock and he died. When Winneboujou neared his lodge, he found his brother's remains and sadly shook his head. He was lazy all his life, and now he's paid for it. I will make a reminder of my brother's sad death for all people. From his remains, I will make a plant grow on this barren rock and this tree, said Winneboujou. Storytellers tell children this story when they want to know about moss. Storytellers also tell children this story when they wonder if they have to do their share of the work or when they wonder if they can get by on the work of other people.

DS: Nya:weh, Mary Lou, miigwetch. And to all of our listeners, onen ki' wahi, gawaabamin, until next week. And we're going to close this week with **Buffy Sainte-Marie, *Coincidence and Likely Stories*, "I'm Going Home,"** number nine. Onen ki' wahi, gawaabamin, until next week.

