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Tsi? Niyawá·u Tsi? Wakenya·kú.

[s.l.]: [s.n.], 1970/1979

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How I Got Married

I'll have to tell you the story of how I happened to get married. I must have been twenty one when I got married. I went to Canada then. There were several of us who went. We were there for quite a while when a family arrived and among them was a man quite advanced in years. When they went home, I was told that the old man was asking for us to get married. I didn't find anything attractive in the way he looked and he was a lot older than I. I did not consent but they frightened me and said, "His mother may be a witch and perhaps she will bewitch you if you do not consent."

So then I got scared and I agreed. So we got married. Well, I did not regret anything. He took care of me and it was right how he cared for me while we were married. He was good in his ways and never irritable. So when he died, I was sorry and I'd guess I would say I loved him.

I was in Canada while my old man was alive. When I was widowed, then I came back here. I married again here and this time we both agreed that we would marry. It didn't seem to make much difference. It was the same way that I was cared for so I don't reproach those who arranged marriages.