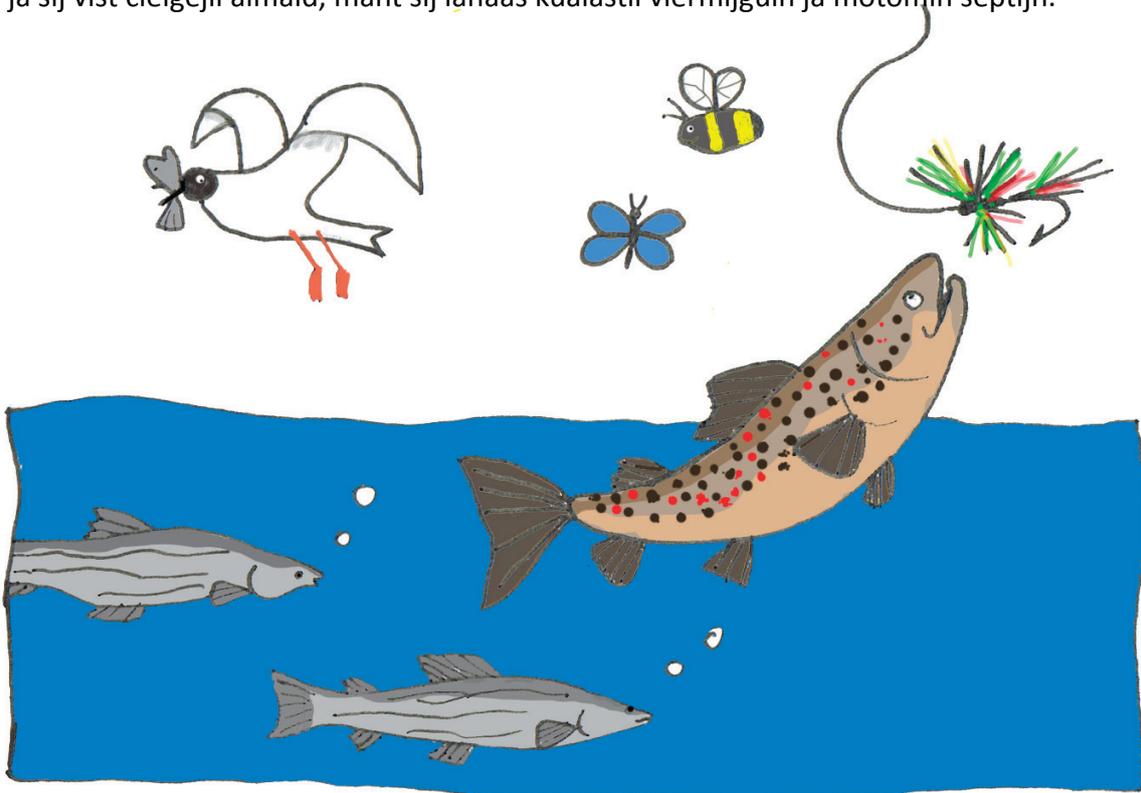


Ohtii Saammâl äijih muštâlij sunjin, maht mattaräijih oopâi kuálástid̄ puzzâvuoggáin. Maainâs moonâi suullân návt:

“Mun muštám muu eeji, ko sun mainâstij munjin, maht sun oopâi ušted̄. Sun lâi viljâidiskuoin syeinipargoin juuvâ aldasijn, nurâmin täälvi suoinijd kusâidis várás. Sij vazzii nijto čoodâ, já ko sij pottii mottoom puolžâ oolâ, te sij huámmášii mottoom almaa ijnâ pihťâsijguin já kuhes sobijguin čuožžumin juuvâ riddoost. Almaah sarnuu monnii vieres kielâ, maid viljâžeh iä addim. Almaah iä huámmášâm sii, ko sij keččâlii fađđood̄ čuoškâid sobijdiskuoin nuuvt ängirávt. Iäččám arvâlij, et tot ferttee leđe uáli pehtilis vyehi, ko puoh almaah tohhii siämmaánáál. Iäččám viljâidiskuoin pisottillii vyelligâžžân já kuovlii puolžâ roobdâ paijeel, maid almaah pargeh. Talle sij kullii, ko ohtâ almain huihádij. Iäččám viljâidiskuoin jurdii, et čuoškâ lâi lijká puurrâm, mut talle tego nuáidivuodâin sun luptij suábis pa- jas já tobbeen lâi kyeli, mučis kuávžur.” “Na tállân ko sij oinii taam, te iäččám já suu viiljah pottii juuvâ riidon keččâđ kyele. Almaah suorgânii vistig, mut iäččám viljâidiskuoin já almaah ijnâ pihťâsijguin savâstillii sevimáin, čuujuotmáin já nuáigutmáin. Almaah čielgejii, et sij láá puáttám Sáámán kuálástemluámun Englandist. Sij čaittii muu iäčán uštuu, mon sij lijiii ráhtám kuálástem várás. Sij čaittii meid tuárgu já stááguid. Almaah juohhii sii purrâmâš muu eijijn já suu viljâiguin, já sij vist čielgejii almaid, maht sij iänááš kuálástii viermijguin já motomin septijn.”



Once Sammeli's grandad told a story, how greatgrandad learned how to fish with a fly. The story went something like this:

“I remember my father telling me about how he learned fly-fishing. He was with his brothers working on the pasture by the river, getting the hay for the winter for the two cows they had. They were walking through the pasture and as they came over a small hill, they noticed some finely dressed men with long sticks standing by the river talking in some foreign language they didn't understand. The men didn't notice them as they were too busy trying to keep the mosquitos away with these sticks they kept waving around. My father thought it must have been a very effective method as all the men were using the same technique. My father and his brothers kept low, peering over the top of the hill watching all the while. Then they heard one of the men let out a yell. My father and his brothers thought he must have been bitten but then, as if by magic, he pulled his stick upwards and there was a fish, a big beautiful trout.”

“Now as soon as they saw this my father and his brothers came to the riverside to see the fish. The men were startled at first but my father and his brothers and the men in fine clothes were able to communicate with the help of signs and gestures. The men explained that they had come over to Lapland on a fishing holiday from England. They showed my father the flies they had made for fishing and the line and the rods. The men shared their food with my father and his brothers, who in turn explained how they fished mainly with nets and sometimes with bait.”