Meme Zaagi’iwe-Nagamowin
Woodpecker’s Love Song

Dibaajimojig Characters

Meme (Pileated Woodpecker)

Giniw (Golden Eagle)

Niizhtana bibonigizid. Anangookwe ozaagi’aa.
Young 20-something man. He loves Anangookwe.

Anangookwe (Star Woman)

Chimiikawaadizi oshkiniigikwe. Ogimaa a’aw osan.
She is a beautiful young woman. The Chief is her father.

Niibinigiizhikwe (Summer Cedar Woman)

Obeshwaji’aa Anangookwean.
She is a close friend of Anangookwe.

Maazina’ishimod (One Who Dances Images)

Obeshwaji’aa Anangookwean.
She is a close friend of Anongookwe.

Mitig (A Tree)

Dibaajimod (Narrator)

Ganawaabanjigejig (Audience)

Dibaajimod:

Ni wii aazheayaajimomin i’iw apii awesiyaq miinawa bimaadizijig gaa nisidotaadiwaad.
We are telling of a past time, when animals and humans could understand one another.

Gaa ezhiwebag noopiming gaye Ojibwe oodena beshowayi’iing.
The action takes place in a small forest and in an Ojibwe village nearby.
(Anaamay’ii mitigong Giniw nibaa. Meme biindige gaye waawaatiko’iged.

Giniw is sleeping beneath a tree. Meme enters and waves.)

Meme: (Owiindamawaan Ganawabanjigejig. Speaking to the audience.)

Ambe nishke. Come on, watch this.

Giminowanigozim ina? Wanna have some fun?

(Meme jiibiingweni, babaamise miidash baapaagaakwa’ad mitigong)

Meme, winks, flies around then knocks again on the tree.

Giniw:

Howah, daga. Oh, please. Bizaan! Quiet!

Shkenaa gidaayaa mitigong. Hey you, up in the tree.

Aaniin dash wenji-maadweyan? What’s the big idea? (Why the noise?)

Meme:

Nimbagone’ige. I am making holes.

Giniw:

Aaniin? What?

Meme: (Owiindamawaan Ganawabanjigejig. Speaking to the audience.)

Wiindamig. Yous tell him.

Ganawabanjigejig:

Bagone’ige! He’s making holes!

Bagone’ige! He’s making holes!

Giniw:

Bagone’ige ina? What do you mean, holes?

Meme:

Nimbagone’ige. I’m making holes.
Giniw:
Gimbiigiz. You are making noise.

Meme:
Akawe nimbaagaakwaa’ige miidash bagone’ige. Ginaadamawin.
First I knock then I make holes. I’m helping you.

Giniw:
Niin ina? For me?

Gaawiin gigikenmaasiin. I don’t even know you.

Meme:
Geget gigikenim. Sure you know me.
Gigiibishkonaw. You took a shot and missed me.

Gaawiin gigiibaashkizawisii, geyabi ayaayaan. You didn’t shoot me, I’m still here.

Giniw:
Nahow . . . gego bamendige. OK . . . nevermind.

Bizindawishin. Gego bagone’igeken miinawaa gego baagaakwaa’igeken mitigong.
You listen to me, don’t make holes and don’t knock on the tree.

Ningagwe’anweb. I’m trying to rest.

Gegoo niwiiezhichige noongom. I have something to do today.

Meme:
Aanii waa ezhichigeyan noongom? What important things?

Giniw:
Gaawiin niwiigaganoozhaasii bineshiinh ombiigizid. I’m not going to talk to a noisy bird.

Daga bakaanizi mitig ina wii mikawaad? Please can you find a different tree?

Meme:
Gaawiin gashki’osii. I Can’t.
Miidash gaawiiwin wii giizhitaasiyaan. Then I won’t finish.

Gimanez. You are in need of something.

Giniw:

Ninoondenibaa. What I need is sleep.

Ninoondewaabijige ji-wiidoookaagoyaan. I have to have a dream to help me.

Meme:

Wiiji-oshkiinikikwe ina? With the young lady?

Giniw:

Oshkiinikikwe ina gigikenmaa? Do you know the young lady?

Gigiigiimaabam ina? Did you spy on me?

Meme:

Gakina awiya ogikenmaawaan oshkiinikikwe. Everybody knows about the girl.

Anangokwe izhinikaazo. Star Woman is her name.

Gakina awiya ogikendanaawaa Giniw zaagiaad Anangokwean.

Everyone knows Golden Eagle Man, loves Star Woman.

Gi gii gagwejigaganoozhaa miidash gaawiiwin ezhibiebiiinoon

You tried to talk to her then nothing happened.

Gaawiiin giiibizindaagosis Anangokwe miidash osan gaawiiwin gii bizindaasiinog.

She didn’t listen to you and her father didn’t listen to you.

Osan, Chiogimaa, giiwijindamaag, “maajaan, bwaajigen.”

Her father, the Chief told you, “leave, go dream.”

Gidaayaa omaa noongom. Now you’re here.

Gi gii bwaajige ina? Did you dream?
Giniw:

Gaawiin ingashki’osii ji-bwaajigeyaan wenji baagaakwaa’igeyan miinawaa gagiigidoyan.

I can’t dream because you are pecking and talking.

Nishke, mooka’am. Now look the sun is up.

Aaniin waa ezhichigeyaan? What am I going to do?

Meme:

Gego baamendanken, gegaa giizhiitaayaan.

Don’t worry, I am almost finished.

(Meme baagaakwaa’ige miinawaa. Meme pecks again.)

Giniw:

Gi gegaa giizhitaa ina? You are almost finished?

Gaawiin ningiizhitaaasii. I’m not finished.


Gaawiin wiikaa Anangokwe waa zaagi’id wenji gaawiin gashki’osiiyaan gagiigidoyaan.

Anongookwe will never love me because I can’t talk.


Aaniin dash gaawiin gagiigidosiiyan? Why won’t you talk?

Meme:

Gego baamendanken. Don’t worry.

Akawe nagamo, mii dash gagiiigido. First the song. Then the talk.

Giniw:

Ninagam ina? Me, sing?

Gigiiwanaadiz ina? Are you crazy?

Gaawiin ningikendaaziin ezhi-ikidoyaan: “Aaniin ezhi-bimaadiziyan?”

I don’t even know how to say “Hello, how are you today?”
Gaawiin, “Mino-giizhigad. Not even “It’s a nice day.”

Meme: *(Owiindamawaan Ganawabanjigejig. Speaking to the audience.)*

Da noonde ezhichigaade. There is only one thing to do.

*(Meme baagaakwaa’ige miinawaa bangisidoon wadiswan miidash Giniw bwaamikawinid.)*

*Meme knocks and drops a branch and then Giniw is unconscious.*

Meme:

Gega-apii bizaan-ayaad.

Finally he is quiet.

*(Oshkiniigikwe gaawiin gikendaansiin gichiminosed wenji agadendamonid.)*

The girl doesn’t know how lucky she is he is that he shy.

Ahow, neyaab indanokii.

Now, back to work.

*(Meme baagaakwaa’ige miinawaa miidash noogishkaa.)*

*Meme pecks again and then stops moving*  

Meme: *(Owiindamawaan Ganawabanjigejig. Speaking to the audience.)*

Ningiizhiita. I’m finished.

Giinitamwaa. This is your part.

Boodaajigeg! Yous all blow!

Ninandawendamin noodin bimaadizijig. We need wind here people.

Boodaajigeg! Blow!

*(Ninoodaawaanaan bibigwed)*

*We hear someone play the flute.*

Giniw: *(Goshkozi. He wakes up.)*

Howah. Wow.

Chinendagwad gii abawaadamaan. That was some dream.
Aaniin noondaamaan? What’s that I hear?

Minotaagwad. It’s a beautiful sound.

Nimbagosendaan de ezchigieyaan iidig ji-bizindawid Anangokwe.

I wish I could do that so I would be listened to by Anangokwe.

Meme: (*Owiindamawaan Ganawabanjigejig. Speaking to the audience.*)

Wiindamig. Yous tell him.

Ganawaabanjigejig (Audience):

Mitigong! In the tree!

Mitigong! In the tree!

Giniw:

Howah! Wiimbwewe. A hollow sound.

Maadweaasin waadikwan. The wind is making a sound through the branch.

Meme!! Widookawishin! Help me!

(*Giniw gagweji-debibidood bibigwe-wadiswan aanawi bangidiiyeshing.*

Giniw tries to grab the flute-branch but falls on his butt.

*Meme wenpanad debibidood bibigwe-wadiswan mitidash atood beshowag Giniw ayaanid.*

*Meme takes the flute easily and sets it near Giniw.*)

Giniw:

Shtaa taahaa! What the heck!

Meme gi gii bangisidoon ina? Woodpecker, did you drop this?

Meme:

Gigiiwiindamawin. I told you.

Gigiiozhitamawin. I was making it for you.

Giniw:

Noongom Anangookwe niwiibizindawig. Now Anangookwe will listen to me.
Bagosenimishin wii minomewiziyaan. Wish me luck.

(Giniw maajiibatoo oodenang. Giniw runs off to town.)

Meme: (Owindamawaan Ganawabanjigejig. Speaking to the audience.)

Gigikendanaawawaa bakinaaged ina endaazhi-zaagiding? You think he wins in love?

Gaawiin. Wrong. Wii azhegiiwe. He’ll be back.

Giniw gaawiin gashkitoosiin bibigwed. Giniw is not able to play the flute.

Wii azhegiiwe gaye wii nishkaadizid. He’ll be back and he’ll be mad.

(Giniw azhegiiwe. Giniw returns.)

Giniw:

Meme?! Geyaabi ina gidaayaa omaa? Meme?! Are you still here?

(Meme mitigong baagaakwaa’ige eta. Meme only knocks on the tree.)

Giniw:


Gabe ningiibimibatoo. I ran all the way there. Ningiimikawaa. Found her.


“Gego nindaayan e-noondaman, minotaagwad.” “I have something special I want you to hear.”

Ogiizhoomingwe. She smiled.

Niigaanidebinaan. I held the branch in front of me.

Nin gii baabii’o. And I waited. Gi gii baabii’omin. We all waited.


Miidash ningiibaapigoog. And then they all laughed at me. Wadiswan-ish! Stupid branch.

(Meme mitigong baagaakwaa’ige eta. Meme only knocks on the tree.)

Giniw:

Aaniin enendaman bineshiinh? Well, what do you have to say for yourself, bird?
Meme:
Gaawiin gi gii wawiingechigesii. You didn’t do it right.

Giniw:
Gaawiin ninisidotaasiin. I don’t understand.

Meme:
Gi da anami’aa. You should pray.

Giniw:
Maanoo. Never mind.

Meme: (Owindamawaan Ganawabanjigejig. Speaking to the audience.)
Majiizhiwebizi. He has bad manners.

Aaniin gaa ezichigeyan? What did he do?

Gii dakonaan bibigwan mii dash bimibaatoo. He just took it and ran off.

Mii i’iw. Period.

Aanii ikidoyan apii gii miinig? What do you say when someone gives you something?

Ganawaabanjigejig:
Gimiiigwechin! Thank you!
Gimiiigwechin! Thank you!

Meme:
Enh miinawaa bagadinaad asemaa. Yes, and you offer tobacco.

Giiwiwiiidookawaa ina? Will you all help him?

Ganawaabanjigejig:
Enh! Yes! Enya! Yes!

Meme:
Ahow miidash boodaajigeg. Ok then, blow!
The Audience blows and then Giniw plays the flute.)

Giniw:

Meme, wiidookawishin ina? Will you help me Meme?

Meme: (Owiindamawaan Ganawabanjigejig. Speaking to the audience.)

Aaniin da ikidod? What should he say?

Wiindamig. You tell him.

Ganawaabanjigejig:

Gimiigwechin! Thank you!

Gimiigwechin! Thank you!

Giniw:

Gimiigwechin? Thank you? Awenen waa miigwechwiag? Who should I thank?

Ganawaabanjigejig:

Meme! The Woodpecker!

Meme! The Woodpecker!

Meme:

Gi-gichi-majiizhiwebiz ina? Are you too bad mannered?

Gi-gichi-zaagi’aakozi ina? Are you too lovesick?

Gi-gichi-ishpinsindiz ina? Are you too self-absorbed?

Giniw:

Nin gii wanendaan ji-miigwechwiwendaan. I forgot to be thankful.

Wadiswan nin gii miinig. You gave me the branch.

Meme:

Bibigwan. Flute.
Giniw:

Bibigwan? Flute? Gaawiin ningikendaasiin ikidowin. I don’t know that word.

Mii . . . nin gii dazhindaan . . . miigwechwinaan gii miiniyan wadiswan.

So . . . as I was saying . . . thank you for giving me the branch.

Gimbiindakoozhin wa’aw asemaa. I offer this tobacco.

Miinawaa nimbagosendaan wii minomewiziyan.

And I hope you will have good luck.

Meme:

Bibigwan.

Giniw:

Gaawiin nindizhinikaazosii Bibigwan. My name is not Bibigwan.

Nin gii ikid, “gimiigwechin” gaye debwemigad. I said that I thank you and it is true.

Niin miinawaa Anangookwe. . . gaawiin wiikaa waa ezhiwebsiinoon.

Me and Anangookwe. . . it will never happen.

Meme:

Nahow Giniw, ongow ganawaabanjigejig gii baabii’owag gabe giizhigak.

Ok Giniw, these ones watching have been waiting all day.

Gi wi naadamawin. I am going to help you.

Niimaakwa’an mitig midaash boodajige ji-bibigwe.

Pick up the stick then blow to play the flute.

Mii sa wenji ezhinkaade bibigwan.

That is why it is called a flute.

Apane mikwendan ezhi-ozhitamawinaan.

Meme: (Owiindamaa waan Ganawabanjigejig. Speaking to the audience.)

Giwiiwiidookawaa ina? Will you all help him?
Ganawaabangijigig:

Enh! Yes! Enya! Yes!

Meme:

Ahow miidash boodaajigeg. Ok then, blow!

(Nengaaj Giniw maaji-bibigwe. Slowly, Giniw begins to play.)

Meme:

Ah. . . Meme Zaagi’iwe-Nagamowin. Ah . . . Woodpecker’s Love Song.

Aabjiton gdo’niibinaakwaanininjiinan dibishkoo gii baagaakwaa’igeyaan.
Use your fingers the way I did when was knocking.

Azhigwa maajibatoon ji-waabamad oshkinigikwe.
Alright now run off and see the girl.

Giniw:

Debwemigad ina? Are you sure?

Meme:

Enh, gigashki’ bibigweyan noongom. Yes, you can play the flute now.

Giishpin agadendam mii igo bibigwan. If you feel shy, play the flute.

Gakina awiya nisidotanaawa bibigwan nagamowin. Everyone understands the flute’s song.

Giniw:

Bibigwe. Play the flute. Ni wii mikwendan. I will remember that.

Meme:

Dabaadendizin. And be humble.

Oshkiniigkwewag gaawiin omisawenimaasiwaan maamakadizinid ininiwan.
Girls do not like boastful men.

Giniw:

Dabaadendizi? Humble?
Meme:

Zanagad ina? Is that difficult?

Daapizh wa’aw miigwan mii igo wii mikwendaman ji-dabaadendizoyan.

Take this feather so you will remember to be humble.

Giniw:

Gimiigwechin. Thank you.

Ni wii gagwejidaadendiz. I will try to be humble.

Gigawaabamin naagaj. I will see you later.

(Giniw izhaa oodenang. Giniw goes to town.)

Niibinigiizhikwe:

Boonenim Anongookwe, goopadizi.

Forget him, Anangokwe, he is worthless.

Gi ga wiidigema ina a’aw zegizi’inini?

Will you marry that frightened man?

Anangookwe:

Gichi-miikawaadizi miinawaa gichigikendaasod.

He’s so handsome and smart.

Maazinaa’ishimod:

Ogikendaanan wadiswanaan eta!

He only knows about sticks!

Anangookwe:

Binzindamok! Listen!

Awenen madwewechiged? Who is making music?

(Giniw biindige midash zhagashkitawaan Anangokwean.

Giniw enters and bows down before Anangokwe.)
Anangookwe:

Giniw . . . minotagwad.

Giniw, that was a beautiful sound.

Giniw:

Gwanaajiwan nagamowin, gwanaajiwi ikwe.

Beautiful music for a beautiful maiden.

Izhinikaade “Meme Zaagi’iwe-Nagamowin”
I call it “Woodpecker’s Love Song.”

Anangookwe:

Gimadwewetawaag ina nindinawemaaganag? Will play for my relatives?

(Giniw gaye Anongookwe maajaawag. Giniw and Anangokwe leave.)

Maazinaa’ishimod:

Aniin gaa ezhiwebag? What just happened?

Niibinigiizhikwe:

Nasab Giniw ina aayaa? Is that the same Giniw?

Maazinaa’ishimod:

Maamakaajiwatig. It must have been an amazing branch.

Niibinigiizhikwe:

Wiikaanan ina ayaawaad? Hey, does he have a brother?

Meme:

Minodibaajimowin ina? Good story isn’t it?

Gakina gegoo onizhishin ingoding. Everything is fine eventually.

Mii sa ezhi nin gii miinagwaa bibigwan ji-mamaanjinwaad gaye zaagi’iwe-nagamowaad.

So that’s how I gave them the flute to do magic and sing love songs.
Mii i’iw
That’s it!
Gigaawabamininim!
I will see yous again!