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Published by Ronald Caplan on 1975/6/1

The Micmac Legend of Taken from-Guts There were two wigwams in which they were camping, an old raan and his son. These two were giant man-eaters (kogwe'sk). After a while the young raan got married, and a boy was borne by his wife. When this boy was about six years old, another was about to be born; and the young giant, knowing his wife was pregnant, went to his father and said, "I'll give you my wife. You can kill and eat her." So the next day the old man took his walking-stick and went to his son's camp. When he entered the wigwam, he told his daughter-in-law to bend her head down; and having put the end of his stick into the fire, when it was red-hot, he poked it into her heart and killed her. The little boy, her first son, was watching his grandfather, and saw what he did. Then the old raan took a knife and cut out the mother's bowels, and left them lying near the spring where they got water. Her carcass he took home with him. So the poor little boy was left alone, as his father was away hunting. Every day, as he went to the spring where his mother's bowels were, he saw a tiny boy. He tried to catch him, but failed every time. Nevertheless he saw the tiny creature crawl at him. At last one day he did catch him and took him home. This little fellow had now grown larger and stronger. He had a little bow and arrow, and a bladder full of oil, and the old raan wondered what it was. The elder brother asked him to make him another bow and arrows, and he asked what he wanted to do with them. "Give them to another little fellow," he answered. So another bow and arrow were made, and the elder boy gave them to the small one. One day while they were playing and shooting, they hit the bladder of oil and spilled it. Every night, after playing together about the camp, the small boy would return to the spring before the old raan came home; but one day he came early and watched them playing. Then he ran and closed the wigwam, so that the little fellow could not escape. The little boy cried and begged to be freed, but the old raan gave the little fellow some bluejay feathers to coax him to stop crying. At last the little fellow got tame and stopped crying. After this he grew fast, and soon was bigger than his elder brother. This little fellow's name was Taken-from-Guts (Mus-pusve'genan) because he was born from his mother's bowels after they had been cut out by the old giant her father-in-law. Now, one day Taken-from-Guts asked his elder brother, "Where is mother?" Then the brother told him, "Our father got grandfather to kill mother." So Taken-from-Guts said, "We'll kill the old fellow." Then they built a big strong wigwam, getting lots of bark and hanging two or three dry trees inside, so that it would burn well. Then they invited their father inside; and as he was tired and sleepy, they made a big fire inside, and soon he fell asleep. Then they got ready and set fire to the ends of the camp at the same time, went, and closed the door. Then their father began crying inside, but he soon burned to death. When there was nothing left but bones and ashes, the boys gathered the bones; and Taken-from-Guts took them, crushed them into powder in his hand, and blew them into the air. "You will become mosquitoes to torment and eat the people," he said. And so the giant was turned into the mosquitoes who now try to kill people by sucking their blood. Next Taken-from-Guts asked



his elder brother, "Where is our grandfather?" When he told him, they went to their grandfather's camp. On the way they killed a moose. Genuine Down Bast Hospitality  
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