



Nisichawayasihk Cree Nation

NELSON HOUSE, :MANITOBA, ROB 1A0
Telephone (204) 484-2332 Fax (204) 484-2392

BID FORM

Date: __ __, 2022

NCN Trust # 2021.10.22-001

Illustrator/Artist: -----

ILLUSTRATOR/ARTIST CONTACT INFORMATION

Illustrator/Artist: -----

Mailing Address: -----

Telephone#: (204) -----

E-mail: -----

Authorization Signature: -----

(Illustrator/Artist)



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TENDER NOTICE

May 30, 2022

The Nisichawayasihk Cree Nation is now accepting bids for the following project.

Project Job # NCN TRUST 2021.10.22-001.

Illustrations of **wisakicahk** stories (**icathokiwina**)

Project Location: Footprint Information Centre

Bid Details

- a) Bids are for the illustrations of **wisakicahk** stories.
 - i. **otitiskiwinihk**: How **wisakicahk** left his footprints on the granite cliff on Footprint River.
 - ii. **wisakicahk** and Loon
- b) Illustrations to be mounted on story panels for the Footprint Information Centre.
- c) Submitted illustrations/ art will be reviewed and artist contacted.
- d) NCN will have full copyrights to use the art on the exhibit and future print and electronic promotions for the interpretive display.

Illustrations/Art Submission Closing Deadline Extended to:
June 30th, 2022 @ 12:00pm

Illustrations/art submitted after the closing deadline will not be accepted.

For Bid Forms and Written Stories, please Contact Eva Linklater@
(204)484-2604

otitiskiwinihk (as told by Joe Francois}

As **wisakichak** was walking along, hungry as usual, he happened upon a moose head lying in his path. As he was trying to figure out how he was going to get a meal out of the moose head, he saw maggots feeding inside the head. He shape shifted into a maggot so he could feed inside the head, too. As he was eating, he was disrupted by the voices of **ithiniwak** (people}. When he shape shifted back into human form, his head became stuck inside the moose head so he could not see where he was going. He fell into the lake and started swimming. The **ithiniwak**, who were in a canoe, thought he was a moose, followed him, and started shooting arrows at him. **wisakicahk** was swimming away frantically when he hit a vertical rock cliff head-on. He escaped narrowly by scrambling up the rock face, leaving his footprints embedded there. When he got to the top of the cliff, he started running into the forest and tripped upon a fallen tree. When he fell to the ground, the moose head shattered and he was able to recover his sight. That is how **wisakicahk** left his footprints on the granite rock cliff along the Footprint River.

(213 words}

wisakicahk and Loon

As **wisakicahk** was walking along a grassy riverbank, he spied upon thousands of ducks, geese and other waterfowl feeding in the area. After contemplating a little on how he could trick them into becoming his next meal, he grabbed his bag and wandered into the forest where he began collecting moss. He returned to the river bank and as he sauntered along, he pretended to take no notice of the waterfowl.

One of the ducks called out to him, "Brother **wisakicahk**, what are you carrying in your bag?"

wisakicahk stopped and replied, "Oh! I didn't notice you there! What am I carrying in my bag? Oh, these are my songs."

In a huge chorus, the waterfowl begged him to sing his songs so that they could all dance. **wisakicahk** let the waterfowl plead with him for a few minutes and when he

finally agreed, he said, "Alright, I shall let you dance to my songs, but first I must build a tent."

When everything was ready, **wisakicahk** called the waterfowl and told them that they could now assemble in the tent. He began singing his songs and as the waterfowl entered, he instructed them to dance in a circle. The waterfowl were having a wonderful time dancing the Round Dance. After a while, Brother **wisakicahk** instructed them to dance with their eyes closed. As they danced by him with their eyes closed, he would grab them and wring their necks. Loon decided he would dance with one eye open and saw what **wisakicahk** was doing. Loon shrieked and yelled, "Our Brother is killing us!"

As Loon was making his escape out the tent opening, **wisakicahk** kicked him in the rear so hard that he pushed Loon's legs far forward. To this day, Loon cannot walk very well on land.

(303 words)