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 Bech'ánesjërile
 Tth'ı Beghathëne
 Dëne Sôhne
 Bexanı**

**I'm Not Scared
 of Ghosts
 and Other
 Chipewyan
 Stories**

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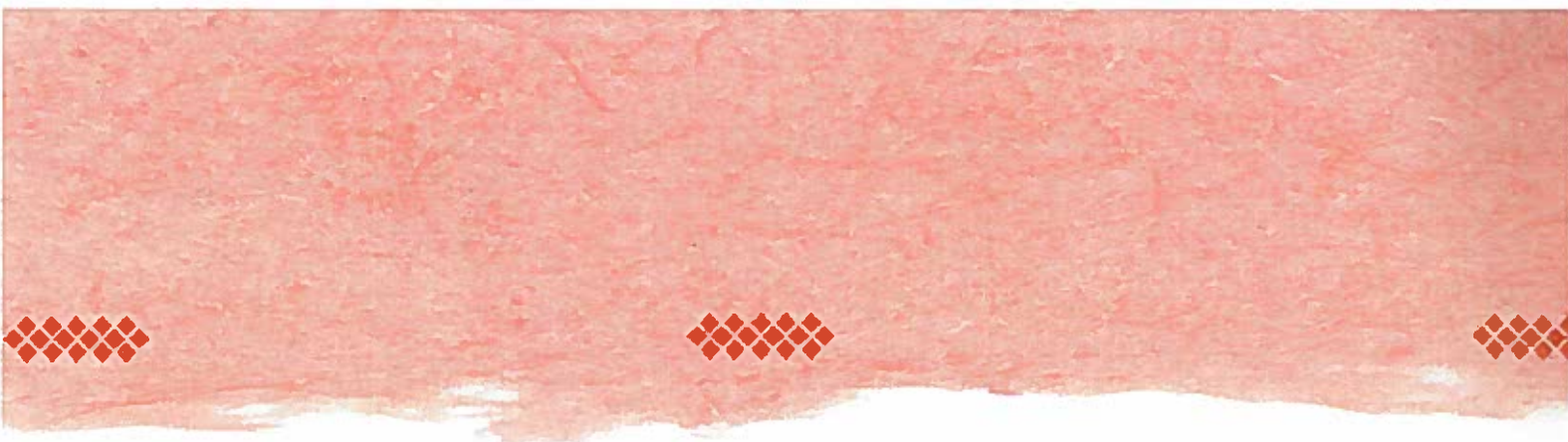
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BOX 761
YELLOWKNIFE, N.W.T.
X1A 2N6

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N.W.T. LITERACY COUNCIL
NORTHWEST TERRITORIES, CANADA



1996

Project Coordinator: Angela James

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I'm Not Scared of Ghosts and Other Chipewyan Stories contains a series of stories in the Chipewyan language from storytellers and writers in the communities of Fort Resolution, Hay River, Fort Smith and Yellowknife, Northwest Territories. These stories have been translated into the English language on the request of the Chipewyan speaking people. The reason for doing so is that many of the Chipewyan people depend on the English to guide them through the reading and writing of their language.

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Setl'oghetı Beghanıtı

Yuwé Désneth nethelı gá ?eyër Tabılk'é húlye. ?eyër ?anáre t'a nıya. Setsié Johnnı Beaulieu, ?eyı t'a seneshá hılé ?at'e.

Setsié bekué dáhkué xá?á ?eyër t'a nastı, setsié yuyághe ní natı-u. Dáhkué t'a tlı'oghetı t'á sásthër benésli. Kú hılts'én setsié thetı-u, ?astı k'é, dáhkué tlı'oghetı t'á sásthër. Dexá ts'ı, ts'ıdhër só. " ?eyı dlánele xa nelá t'á," sélnı. "Tlı'oghetı begháıdıle! K'abıdén ?ıghá nuyá-u, xót'ı nalı." Sásılu, tlı'oghetı senıtı-u, nıtyé.

K'abıdène ?eghá ts'ıdhër. Sólághe nı?á k'é. Sa nıl?ı dène setsié dádı nı yısthén t'á. ?ekudène setl'oghetı hılchu-u, sásthër ghanıda. Tlı'oghetı t'á sásthër xél, dechéntel tth'ı hes?éth darıtl'éth sı t'á dexá ts'ı setsié ts'ıdhër só, sets'ézıl, " ?edlánene t'á," sélnı. Tlı'oghetı hurı?á ?aslá-u.



Kara King. Age 14.

"K'abıdène ?ıghá hıt'ı dını leno," desı-u, tth'ı harı?ájı. Sásthër tth'u k'asedıl k'e kách'anı destth'ágh t'á kuzı bets'én tthıst'á bek'e náts'etedh delts'é dístth'agh t'á. ?eyër-u setsié hes?ı dechén hetın-u sets'én hegal k'é. T'á ja sets'ère ?ılás nılchudh-u setl'oghetı segá senıtı-u. Benáresdagh-u, ts'ér dek'ıst'ár-u, t'asdı náseneıxal lát'e. Dódı. Xát'u tth'ı nıhesılál hılé k'é. Ts'ıdhër no tlı'oghetı segá thetı k'e. ?edlájá ?at'e t'a, yısthén. ?eyër-u k'áanı benásnı. Setl'oghetı beghanıtı - setthén ?eyálne seba sat'ıle setl'oghetı sajaıle dé xút'a yısthén.

My Beloved Fiddle

By the mouth of the Slave River is a place called Little Fishery. I grew up around that area. My grandfather, Johnny Beaulieu, raised me.

In my grandfather's house, there was an upstairs and that's where I slept, and my grandfather slept downstairs. In my room upstairs, I liked playing my fiddle. One evening I was playing my fiddle while my grandfather was sleeping. All of a sudden, he must have woke up. "What are you doing up there?" he said. "Put that fiddle away! You can get up early in the morning and play it then." I didn't say anything. I put my fiddle away carefully and went to bed.

I woke up very early the next morning. It was five o'clock. As soon as I looked at the clock, I remembered what my grandfather had said. Right away, I picked up my fiddle, sat up, and started playing. I must have been tapping my foot really loud as I was playing, because my grandfather woke up and yelled, "What are you doing up there?" I slowed down my fiddle playing.

"You said I could play early in the morning," I said and I started playing again. While I was playing, I heard someone coming up the stairs, so I looked that way and heard the steps creaking. Then I saw my grandfather coming towards me carrying a big stick. I threw my blanket aside and carefully placed my fiddle beside me. Then I put my body over my fiddle to protect it and threw the blanket back over myself, and waited for my spanking. Nothing happened. I must have fallen back to sleep. When I woke up my fiddle was beside me. What happened, I wondered. Only then did I remember. My beloved fiddle – I didn't care about getting a spanking as long as my fiddle was okay.



Angus Beaulieu ?adų Deninu Kųé nádhër. 1934 denelų Deninu Kųé.

Angus Beaulieu lives in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories. He was born in 1934 in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories.

Núłts'in Xulı!

ʔamá nı, sexél xělnı. ʔeyı ʔenekui Morrison nı, t'así gha hútl'édh ʔanıdhén dúwé hılé ʔat'e, henı. Xát'e t'á, luwe gha nádhër xáyt'ázı, luwe ıa t'á, luwe gha náádher-u, luwe dákt'ı. Dëne yegha náídıl sı. "Luwe dıʔáázı ıa dúwé sı! Nets'ı dzıktın náte xası!" héts'édı.

"Sát'ıle luwe ıa dúwé begház, náıle xa dúwé," henı.

Kú ʔeyı ʔenekui Morrison t'asíe gha hútl'édh ʔanıdhén dúwé t'á. Dexa dzıktın déłk'éth láreja-u, dzıktın náte. Harelyu luwe náıtt'ır. Morrison xút'a hılch'e dúwé t'á, nádoréht'a-u, nı dzéregıdh xılı ʔat'ı-u, náneda-u, negórelyı-u, "Núłtsın xulı snı, ts'uts'ı ʔat'e! ıa ʔaté nástı-u ʔeghalasna-u, Núłtsın sets'énıle!" henı.

Xát'u t'a yunızı, dëne, Lıshéf k'árát'e dúwé ʔat'e. Xát'e t'á Lıshéf Suzé Baptiste (Suzé záze) Morrison ʔalı-u xáınıle xulı yélnı. Lıshéf ʔayélnı-u neba dëne xálesı xa chelekuı neghanıdél xa neba dzıktın sénalye xa. Lıshéf dëne ta theya-u, xút'a chelekuı ıa Morrison gha nıdél-u. Harelyu luwe nálya-u, harelyu beba dzıktın sénalya-u, luwe danaıya.



Brent Lafferty, Age 11.

ʔamá nı ʔadı-u, "ʔedlát'ı lanı yısthén t'á, saık'ıe, Morrison bets'áne, begha nósá yısthén t'á bets'én násja." Dódı Morrison hején-u bėrkákt'édh-u, chelekuı shélyı xa. ʔamá nı ʔadı-u, begha súthını súdı burılʔı t'á. Xálesı, "Núłts'in xulıle dınını? Kú dı Núłts'in xulı nadı ʔudı," xélesı. Dódı surektth'áıle-u bėrkalt'édh gha nádhərı.

There is a God!

My late mother told me a story. She said it was about a greedy old man named Morrison. He used to fish in the fall when there was a lot of fish, then he would hang the fish. The people who visited would tell him, "You have way too many fish. Your fish stage is going to break!"

"That's okay. There are too many fish and I can't quit fishing," he said.

Old man Morrison was a very greedy man. Suddenly there was a loud crack and the fish stage broke. All the fish fell down. Morrison was so mad! He started swearing, rolling on the ground, getting back up, kneeling down, and he yelled, "They say there's a God, but it's a lie. Here I am working really hard and God is not helping me!"

People in the olden days had great respect for their Chief and obeyed him. Chief

Baptiste (Suze zaze) said to Morrison not to say things like that. The Chief said to him, "I'll talk to the people and have the young men fix your fish stage." The Chief went around to the people, and right away, many young men went over to Morrison's. They removed the fish, repaired the fish stage, and then replaced the fish.

My late mother then said, "I started to wonder what they were doing, when I decided to visit my aunt, Morrison's wife, so off I went." There was Morrison singing and cooking away for the young men to eat. My mother said that she chuckled because he looked so funny. She said to him, "I thought you said there was no God? There is a God afterall, isn't there?" But Morrison wasn't even listening, he just kept on cooking.

Annie Beaulieu ?ady Xátł'oresche nádhër. Degay marı zá 1934 denelı Dzëndesche.

Annie Beaulieu lives in Hay River, Northwest Territories. She was born in May 1934 in Rat River, Northwest Territories.

K'ái Senághe K'íltthádh

ʔełk'édıghe segháy huk'e sá. Yuwé Dzqdes k'é náide, setá-u, ʔamá-u, sechëleke-u. Danny McQueen chu, Doris chu, tth'ı beskene nádën Vivienne chu, Viola chu Nelson des k'é náhedé. Łuk'é dé Danny McQueen-u, bets'án-u, besken xél ı t'á nuwe ghá náhidıl. ʔıła łuk'é Danny-u, bets'án-u, besken xél nuwe ghá nıhıdel t'a náide ʔeyër. Thıle tsën Dzqdes k'é t'a náide nuwegá nahıdé.

ʔeyër ts'ı Náidáıdzı zá sqlágheʔadhël huk'e yudághe Nelson deze ts'ën nahéhdel. Kuzı ts'ën dzën ghá ʔełdzus nılye xa bexél nasja. ʔeyër nıdelu Danny chu yudághe Nelson des k'é ts'erıt'áis dzën ghá ʔełdzus thılyá t'á.

ʔıła dzırata ʔełdzus thılyá-u yuyághe Dzqdes ts'ën náidél. Łuk'é des k'é tën nëlghı tthe yuyághe náidél. Dıghe ı bebaneshul xél, beschën yé beth hesʔël-u. Danny bek'ıne hesël. Doris, Danny bebeschënyé theda beskene xél. Hıkach'ére húlye dés k'é shéth ká xáʔa ʔeyër yudághe settthe kátheya-u, bek'ını káthıya-u, ı sexél nárılyá. Danny yudághe xaʔı yaı.



Bruce Baisille. Age 7.

Łı hełʔás xa ʔatthı ts'ásle dechën t'á tth'ı husxël-u. Łı Mark húlye nı yuné ts'ën senelʔı-u dódı náidáıle. Xát'e t'á seba dúwé. Yudághe hunıłʔı-u Danny tth'ı huleı. Hestságh-u beschën ghá násthër, dexa Danny seghá nıja. "ʔedlághe xa netsagh t'á?" séłnı.

"Hestsághıle," desı. "K'ái senághe k'íltthádh t'á."

"Bánełt'u nenághe?" séłnı.

A Willow Twig in My Eye

I think I was about eight years old. I lived out along the Taltson River with my Dad, Mom, and brothers. Danny and Doris McQueen, and their two children, Vivienne and Viola, lived at the Nelson River.

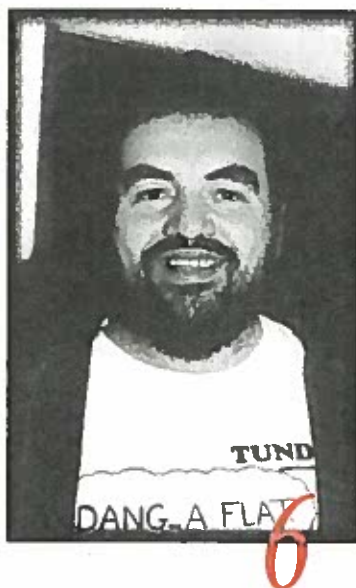
Sometimes in the spring, Danny McQueen and his family would travel to the Taltson River to stay beside my family. There was one time in the spring that Danny and his family made this trip to our spring camp. They stayed at our Taltson spring camp for awhile, then they travelled back to the Nelson River about the middle of April. I went with them to set traps for muskrat. Once there, Danny McQueen and I travelled up along the Nelson, running his muskrat traps. After about a week of muskrat trapping, we travelled back to our camp on the Taltson. We left before the ice thawed on the river. I was driving four dogs and carrying a load in the toboggan. I travelled behind Danny. Doris and the children were riding in Danny's toboggan. At the place called Big Canyon on the river, Danny went

up a big hill ahead of me, and I went behind him, but my dogs stopped. Danny disappeared out of sight.

I couldn't make my dogs go, so I hit them with a stick. The dog named Mark looked back at me and didn't even move. Because of that, I was so frustrated. I looked up and Danny was nowhere in sight. I stood there crying, then all of a sudden Danny came back. Danny said to me, "Why are you crying?"

"I'm not crying," I said. "A willow twig hit me in the eye."

"What?" he said. "Both eyes?"



Danny Beaulieu ?adu Deninu Kųé nádhēr. Łuedēłtı zá 1953 denel Deschaghe.

Danny Beaulieu lives in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories. He was born in October 1953 in Rocher River, Northwest Territories.

Nálzedënë Beghānoríya!

ʔíłá setsié, Michel ní, nálze hílé yudághe Beghúldes k'é. Setsié Michel tudhél nenéth yelʔédh-u. ʔeyí nálzedënë xél ts'érékí sí tthe nekel yélédí ʔekth'í ʔek'íth dúwé ʔat'e sní t'á. ʔedín tthe hékí bek'ín ts'édel. "Yuné súgháníłtha húhdél-u, ts'ethí ʔóhni," hení.

Dexā ts'í Michel t'asíe detth'a. Yudághe tthét'a t'á deníye theyí heʔí. Xút'a ʔek'íkún deyéníl gha núníʔa. T'atthe yunízí ʔek'íkún deyé díł-u, ʔek'íchogh tsóghe chogh ʔek'idhul ye t'aái.

Michel ʔek'íchogh deyíʔa t'ághe, yudághe tthét'a nadlí. Betł'ak'eze dzéthíle ʔadú náke ch'ádiye nárełya lu deníyechu sas chu. "ʔedlát'u bánélt'u láíłdé lí-u ʔíłá ʔesk'idh t'á? ʔíłájí ʔesk'idh xaʔa," nídhën. ʔaté nezq yeníłʔí nq ʔeyí begës tthe náht'áth theʔa. ʔeyí tthe theʔa sí bek'é dích'u xájíʔa. "ʔeyí tthech'ue thíłk'edh dé ʔek'íchogh tsóghe ʔelghā ch'ul xala, xát'e dé bánélt'u hísk'idh xala," nídhën. Kú Michel ʔek'íkún lá, deʔáá zí lá ʔek'idhul yínél k'é. ʔek'íchogh yeyíʔa-u yełtas. ʔeyër-u tthe huníłk'edh. ʔek'edh-u ts'íʔaze bexél nareghëdh. Michel thezél. Nálzedënë yets'édel-u, nít'él tí. Nítél tí-u betudhél nenéth yé



Jennifer Redvers. Age 11.

xálʔedh ʔalyá. ʔelásk'edh ʔuldái beyé thełtí k'é, tth'í ʔelásk'edh náke kú beyé thela k'é.

Betudhél nenéth yé łue hályá t'ághe-u, Michel ʔeyí náke ch'ádiye nárełya ní ts'én huníłʔí. Michel bánélt'u deníye chu sas chu thełk'edh k'e heʔí kú ʔeyí ʔek'íchogh tsóghe ʔekts'ich'el t'á náke ch'ádiye láíłdé lu. Kú ʔeyí deníye tthí thełk'edh k'e ʔek'íchogh tsóghe ʔekts'ich'el t'á. Kú t'asíe betthí hełk'edh dé naxáłdé dúwé ʔat'élú ładhír tthe. Kú ʔeyí deníye ʔeʔidh t'á gah yeke gah theda, ʔeyí tth'í deníye gah theʔedh t'á gah láíłthër lu.

ʔeyí haní ʔałú xút'áíle!

Kú Michel ʔeyí tthe ch'u thełk'edh-u tthe harelyu yáídzës. ʔeyí dí k'áík'e datheda tthe gá. ʔíłághe tthe ʔeyí dí t'áréłtth'er t'á dí láíłthër lu.

Kú nálzedënë beghānoríya! Harelyu t'á, taghe łue-u, deníye-u, sas-u, gah-u, tth'í dí. T'á ʔeláısdıghe t'asíe láíłdelu ʔíłá ʔek'edh t'á.

The Amazing Hunter

One time my late grandfather, Michel, went hunting up the Yellowknife River. Before leaving, Michel put on his hip waders. The other hunters he was with told him to paddle ahead because they said he was a very good shot. He started off ahead with the other hunters behind him. "Stay a little ways behind and be quiet," he said.

All of a sudden, Michel heard something. When he lifted up his head, he saw a moose standing there. He started to load his gun. In the olden days, the guns were loaded with the gun powder first, then the lead ball.

After Michel loaded his gun, he looked up again. He was so surprised because there were now two animals standing there, a moose and a bear! "How am I going to get both of them with one shot? I can only shoot once," he thought. When he took a good look there was a square rock between them. That rock had a pointy part sticking out. "If only I can shoot the pointy part of that square rock, then my lead will split, and I can get both," he thought.

So Michel put extra gun powder into his gun. He put in the lead and pushed it into the barrel. Then he shot at the rock. When he shot, the hunting canoe tipped over. Michel yelled out.

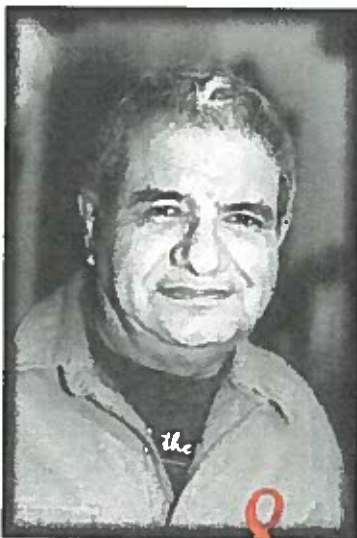
The other hunters went to him and brought him to shore. Once on shore, they pulled off his hip waders. In one side was a jackfish, and in the other were two whitefish.

After they found the fish in his hip waders, Michel looked over to where the two animals were standing. Michel saw that he had shot both the moose and the bear because the lead ball had split and killed the two animals. The moose was shot in the head by the split lead ball, and when something gets shot in the head, it kicks like crazy before dying. As the moose was kicking, a rabbit was sitting there beside the moose's feet, and the moose kicked the rabbit and killed it.

But the story is not finished yet!

When Michel shot the pointy rock, chips flew in all directions. There was a chicken sitting in a willow tree by the rock. One rock chip flew and hit the chicken and killed it.

What an amazing hunter! Michel killed altogether three fish, a moose, a bear, a rabbit, and a chicken. He killed seven things with one shot!



Frederick Beaulieu ʔady Xátl'oresche nádhër.

Frederick Beaulieu lives in Hay River, Northwest Territories.

Sel Bek'esadé

T'atthe sǫlághe to ʔelk'tághe húk'e segháy-u, sekui yet'á senáide t'así xulǫle. T'así t'á senáide xadé nuni xaré t'así dáríga bet'á senáide xa. ʔelk'idhaze t'á senáide xadé dechën t'a ʔelk'idhaze dáíga. Ts'í dáíłtsí dé, dëth t'á ts'í híltsí. Xát'u ts'íaze t'á senáide. Dëne ts'éłt'u to dé, ʔeyí ts'éłt'u tıl betth'ën ʔajá dé, ʔeyí besken sı dábını dúwé yet'á satsán ts'í nezq ʔalé t'á. Xát'u tth'í t'álasí t'á senáide dé, tth'í nuwíní nı.

Ku dëne ıı nezq bets'ı dé, ʔeyí t'a t'así nedhe nı. Sekui tth'ı ʔerehtł'ıs t'á ıı dágħa. Sı tth'ı sekui hesłı-u, ʔerehtł'ıs tıl beyé hǫdhër dé, hıschu bet'á ıı hest'áth-u beschën hestsı nı. ʔamá bets'ı t'áłdedh t'á bethtł'úl hestsı-u ʔelk'etághe ıı dek'ésle. ʔelk'etághe ıı xút'a ıı ʔat'e. Dëne xánéłt'e ʔúłı ıı t'á tséredıl ʔat'e. Dëne ʔelk'édı ıı bets'ı dé, ıı ıı bets'ı dúwé dásnı.

Dëneyuaze-u, ts'ekuaze-u ʔelk'ızı ʔerehtł'ıs ıı hełt'áth-u, ıı t'á senáide nı. Kú ʔeyí ʔerehtł'ıs ıı sı ʔaté besesúdí nı. ʔıłá, benásnı, ledı ts'ı ts'áłxën ʔelá nıla-u, ʔeyí ts'áłxën t'á sets'ı ʔerehtł'ıs ıı harelyu benárla. ʔaté sets'ı ʔerehtł'ıs ıı bek'esadé ʔásłá. Seba benat'ı dúwé nı, tth'ı begħa xásdı xél.

Xát'u ʔıłá dzık'e sets'ı ʔerehtł'ıs ıı bek'esadé húle ʔajá. Harelyu ts'ën bekánesta-u, dódı. Ts'ayısthën dúwé xát'e xulı ʔaıı bekánesta. Kú



Matthew Scarborough. Age 10.

ʔeyër-u benırını! Viola McQueen dëne k'ánıle, ʔeyí segha yenéʔı sá yısthën. Kú ʔeyí tthe k'éłt'á ts'ën sets'ı ʔerehtł'ıs ıı nálch'ul dıle t'á.

Kú Viola betıhkui xél nuwegá tı'ǫbál náhıłʔa, nánıs náide t'á. Łénéłt'e nuwegħáy t'á k'éłt'á ts'ën ʔaııagh senáıddhër-u tth'ı ʔelk'enáıddhër. Viola ʔeyí sets'ı ʔerehtł'ıs ıı bek'esadé néʔı bek'óresya. Segħa ʔerehtł'ıs ıı neʔı xa dúwé dé, segha ʔerehtł'ıs ıı nálch'ul. Xaláá, ʔerehtł'ıs ıı tanızı bek'élch'él-u dathela benósʔá nı. T'at'u sets'ı ʔerehtł'ıs ıı bek'esadé begħanııa yek'órelyáıle - ʔeyí ʔerehtł'ıs ıı bek'esadé t'a deʔááızı begħanııa nı.

Tháá ʔúłdı senále xadı ʔeyí Viola segha ʔerehtł'ıs ıı bek'esadé neʔı sı. Súdı xa yısthën t'á bets'ızch'é lárısyá. ʔeyí ʔerehtł'ıs ıı bek'esadé thıltsı sı begħa la nechá húthıltsı ʔat'e xélesı. Xát'e xulı begħa nonıla, sets'énı helı t'á.

My Silver Dog Team

When I was about five or six years old, we didn't have any store-bought toys to play with. So, when we wanted to play with anything, we had to make it ourselves. When we wanted to play with toy guns, we made them out of wood. When we wanted to play with toy boats, we made them out of driftwood. When people smoked and emptied the tobacco can, their children were very happy because they could make fancy metal boats out of the can. We were happy with anything we had to play with.

To have good sled dogs was a great thing for the Dene people. For us children too. We wanted good sled dogs, so we made the dogs out of cardboard. And myself, when I was a child, whenever there was an empty cardboard box, I would take it and cut out my dogs, and the sleds too. Then with my mother's thread, I made harnesses to hook up my six dogs. Six dogs - that was enough. That was as many dogs as the people would use. If someone travelled with more dogs, like eight, then people would say that that was just too many.

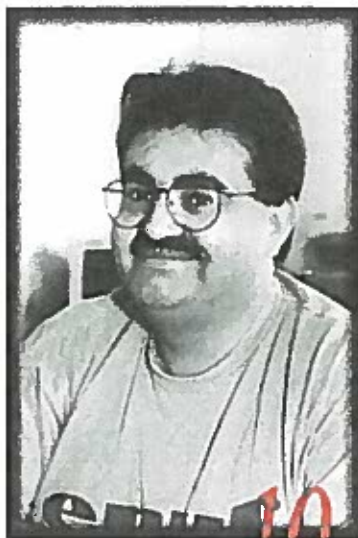
Both the girls and boys used to cut out paper dogs and we played with the dogs. We used to take great care in looking after our paper dogs. Once, I remember, I gathered tinfoil from the tea. With the tinfoil, I carefully wrapped my

paper dogs. After I finished I had my silver dog team! For me, they were so beautiful and I was so proud of them!

Then one day, my silver dogs went missing. I looked all over for them, but I didn't find anything. I was so sad, but I kept on looking for them. Then I figured it out! I thought, it had to be that mischievous Viola McQueen who stole my dogs. She was the one who always used to tear up my dogs.

At that time, Viola and her family used to pitch their tent beside ours, where we were staying in the bush. We were about the same age, and we always played together, and fought together too. I knew that it was Viola who had stolen my silver dog team. If she couldn't steal them, she would tear them up, and leave them around for me to find. Viola didn't know how much I loved my silver dogs. I loved them more than anything else.

A long time after, Viola told me that she stole my silver dog team. For fun, I pretended that I was mad at her. I told her that it was a big job to make those silver dogs. But in the end, I forgave her because she is my friend.



Tom Beaulieu ʔadų Xátł'oresche nádhër. Náídáídzı zá 1958 denel Deninu Kųé.

Tom Beaulieu lives in Hay River, Northwest Territories. He was born in April 1958 in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories.

Tu Bené K'idël

Sekuı heshı-u, Ronald Boucher chu Deschaghe ts'én náthíkı. Dechén ts'ı t'á beyé tu ıá dúwé ıını xát'ı ts'ı. Kú xáyť'ázı ?at'e. Dëshaghe ts'én naıkı, ıı Deschaghe ts'én náııye t'á. ıá Marı Bedeze háıkı-u, tu nedhe nethíkı-u, nııts'ı netı'ëth t'á tarıchá dúwé. Tłest'óth tth'ı nechıle ?ek'étaghe ııchoghe nórııtsër, xát'ı t'áıt'ı. Ts'ı naltáıle tth'ı ts'ı yé tu ıá dúwé xát'e t'á ?ekna tłest'óth k'ılnı. Tłest'óth k'ésnı xa segha núnıdhër. Tłest'óth k'ésnı gha nıda-u, tłestıl nıı?ı, tles ıııle k'e. Ronald tles deyé nenıl xélesı. Tles deyénıl huréıdzá.

Tarıchá dúwé-u ts'ı nada dúwé. Ronald tles deyénıl-u tles ts'ı yé nınel. Tu daghe tles theka ?ajá. Xát'u ıı tth'ı tu yé thektés. ?ııághe ıı nekuı ıı delzén tles betı'á k'e ?ajá. Betthén thekts'ı ?ajá t'á nılgé. Delghus xél hetságh-u, ıı k'ádhër ?ajá.

Ronald xálesı, "Pedláıde xa?"

"Lesá nq," hénı.

"Pedlájá t'á?" xélısı.



Kaitlyn Barnes, Age 11

"Betı'á k'e tles ?ajá t'á, thekts'ı t'á."

"Pedláııye xa?" xélısı.

"Kú bek'e náııtsılı xá?á lu."

"Pedlat'u?" xélısı.

"Sı hustún-u, nén tu bek'e nenıl."

Xát'e t'á he, desı.

Ronald ıı nekuı hıııchu-u yetı'á sets'én deddhén ?ayııá-u, yeché nerıta-u. Sı tth'ı ?ııághe sela t'á tłest'óth k'ésnı-u, tth'ı ?ııághe sela t'á tu yııta-u. Tu bek'ıznıl xano tıl ts'ıgharígës t'á. ıı beghák'ëdh hınel. Harelyu tu Ronald bene k'ınél.

Ronald sets'én tthezıl, "Pesı?á! Pedlánene t'á! ?eyı ıı betı'á ?at'ıle sı sené ?at'e sı!"

A Splash in the Face

When I was young, Ronald Boucher and I made a trip to Rocher River with an old wooden boat that leaked a lot. It was autumn. We were going to Rocher River to bring the dogs back there. When we came out of Jean Marie River, onto the Great Slave Lake, it was very windy and the waves were really high. We were using a small motor, only a six-horse power. We took turns running the motor. The boat was so slow and there was a lot of water inside the boat. It was my turn to run the motor. When I sat down to take over the motor, I looked at the gas tank and noticed there was not much gas left. I told Ronald to put gas in the tank. So he tried to put gas in the tank.

The wind was really strong and the boat was rocking so much. As Ronald was putting gas into the tank, he spilled some gas into the boat. There was gas floating on top of the water. The dogs were sitting in the water. The gas in the water got into this one old black dog's bum. His skin was stinging so he got up. He started to bark, howl, and fight with the other dogs.

"What should we do?" I asked Ronald.

"I don't know," he said.

"What happened to him?" I asked.

"The gas got into its bum and it's stinging."

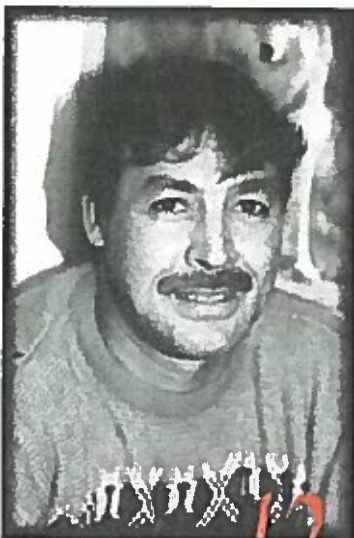
"We just have to wash it."

"How are we going to do that?" I asked.

"I'll hold him and you throw the water on his bum."

I said okay. Ronald took the old dog, turned his bum towards me, and lifted up the dog's tail. With one hand, I ran the motor, and with the other hand, I scooped the water from the lake. Just as I was going to throw water onto the dog's bum, the pail caught on the boat. I missed the dog's bum. All the water splashed on Ronald's face.

Ronald yelled at me, "Hey! What the heck are you doing? That's not the dog's bum, it's my face!"



Arthur Beck ʔadų Xátł'oresche nádhër. Tsamba nályé zá 1957 denelį Beghúldesche.

Arthur Beck lives in Hay River, Northwest Territories. He was born in July 1957 in Yellowknife, Northwest Territories.

Chelekuaze Xoneltën

Se?e, Danny McQueen, segħa níya-u, "Grant, yuwé seke k'é tsá għa ?eldzus tauilye-u tsa għa naudher yuwé Desk'aratue k'e," henı.

"He," xélesı.

"Xát'e dé senede xúde," sélnı.

Seküé ts'én nasja-u, sesjá-u, bets'én nasja. K'ábıdëne Deschaghe ts'ıt'as. Ja ?ats'ı Desk'aratue ts'én ná hítes-u, se?e küé xál?a ?eyër nıt'as. K'ábıdëne se?e beké k'é tsá ?eldzus táilye xáyt'as. ?eyër ts'ı náke dzırata xúk'e tsá għa náıdher. Tsá k'énáchılthı. Tsá lı lailde t'á de?qırılthı náıdher.

Se?e Danny ?adı-u, "Dexa ts'ı des k'é tën deyérle ?ajá tósá. K'ábıdëne dé des ts'én nót'as, tën t'at'e lası gháre des núl?ı ?edlát'e lánı."

K'ábıdëne harelyu sıja küé ts'én náıt'as xa sıja. Desk'aratue nónı?a nóna dechën ?onılthı Dzqdes ts'én. Dzqdes t'azı nıt'as-u, hıts'én ?ajá. ?eyër hítes. ?eyër tthıtes-u harelyu det'an-u, chëth-u, gagos-u zıtth'agh. Bit'as ?edu dúwé!

"Des k'é tene the?áıle tósá!" henı, se?e ?adı-u. "K'ábıdëne ?egħa nıt'as de nul?ı lánı."

?egħa nıt'as-u, lı dek'ılyu-u náıt'as. Xo?áılu des t'á narıt'as. Tabághe ts'én nedhıle lı narılyu ?ala. Se?e hegal t'á tabághe ts'én lı tthe natheya-u, des nıl?ı-u, sénıl?ı-u.

"Dódı tën the?áıle," henı se?e.

"Xát'e dé ?edláıde xa?" xélesı.

"Nëne tabághe lı nıyul-u, dırı ts'ıaze tostá-u, nega t'óth t'á huskel," sélnı. "Ja ts'ı nıdhát'ıle ne?e Jim nádher ts'én. Ja shıtı-u, nık'e lı t'á nót'as. Selı tthetheda xanı ?at'e t'á Jim beküé t'a xá?a k'órélyu t'á sat'ıle sı."

Hurıl'ı-u shıtı-u. Shıtı t'ı'aghe-u, sı nık'e tabághe lı t'á hıya, se?e ?edını ts'ıaze ye sets'én nedhıle hekel. Tabághe nık'e hesalı tthu súghánılthı-u destsel għa níya. ?eyı tthetheda, Sandy húlye, tabághe nılge-u, sıt'áılu, talgos harelyu bek'ını lı táıı?ázı nánél?elı. Sebeschën yé tthıda-u, beschën huston-u, lı násılu. Nesjër lát'e xúlı, ?eyı tthetheda, Sandy, benıl?a lı hıya ?at'e t'á. Destsel k'é nónı?a dódı tën the?áıle ?áık'e tën hé?ul, xél tth'ı tárılthı. ?eyër lı nánásılu nask'edh texásılu.



Jordce James-McQueen. Age 8.

ʔaté destsel náníya-u tʔest'óth
ts'itth'agh. Seʔe Jim ʔat'í k'e. Seʔe
Jim seʔe Danny ts'íaze yé hekel
níʔí-u sí ʔí neshul seníʔí-u, seʔe
Danny ʔaʔní-u, "ʔedlánét'í t'á?"

"Chelekuíaze xonestën t'á," hení
seʔe Danny ʔadí-u, súdí xa.

Náʔíkt'u seʔekuí nahedlogh!

Seʔe Danny seʔe Jim xél ts'í yé
hekí xa núníʔa. Seʔe Danny hekí
tthe, "T'así gʔa nanodher sana. Selí
tthetheda xaní ʔat'e neʔe Jim bekué
néníktí xát'e," hení.

Seʔekuí ts'í yé hekí-u, sí ʔí t'á
híya. ʔí tthetheda bets'én yastileʔí
sí xásní ʔat'ele t'á. Belí tthetheda
gháre t'a nasdalí. ʔí ʔate seʔe Jim
bekué tída ga nesíktí. T'así
ʔelk'ech'a ʔa heresdën seʔe
"Chelekuíaze Xoneltën" yulshe t'á
ʔeyër kú tth'u begʔatthën ʔaʔa bexél
ts'ereghay tth'í.

Boy Training

My uncle, Danny McQueen, came over to me and said, "Grant, let's go and set some traps for beaver on my trapline on the Deskataway."

"Okay," I replied.

"Well then, go get ready," he said.

I went back to my house and I got ready, then I went back to him. The next morning we left for Rocher River. It took us two nights to travel from Fort Resolution to Deskataway, where we arrived at my uncle's cabin. The next morning we started to set the beaver traps on my uncle's trapline. For about two weeks we trapped beaver. We were catching beaver on and off. We stayed longer than expected because we were catching a lot of beaver.

My uncle Danny then said, "Maybe the river ice is getting weak now. In the morning we'll leave to check the river to see how the ice looks."

The next morning we got all ready to leave for town. It was about twenty miles to cross the Deskataway Lake to get to the Talston River. It was evening when we arrived close to the river. We stayed there. While we were camping, we heard all the geese, ducks, and swans. It was very warm out.

"Maybe there's no ice left on the river," my uncle said. "Well, in the morning we'll see."

We got up early in the morning. We hooked up our dog and left. In no time at all we got to the river. We stopped the dogs close to the river. My uncle walked ahead of the dogs to the river bank. He looked at the river, then he looked at me.

"There's no ice," my uncle said.

"Well, what are we going to do then?" I asked him.

"You'll drive the dogs along the shore. I'll put this little canoe in the water, and I'll paddle along beside you," he said. "From here, it's not far from where your uncle Jim lives. My lead dog knows the way to Jim's house, so you'll be okay. We'll eat here, then we'll leave."

We made a fire, and then we ate. After we ate, I left with the dogs along the river bank, and my uncle paddled the little canoe close by. Not too long after travelling along the river bank, I arrived at the creek. When the lead dog, Sandy, got to the shore of the creek, he jumped in without hesitation, and all the dogs went in behind him and swam across. As I sat in the toboggan, I held on tightly as they pulled me across. I was a little bit afraid, but I trusted Sandy because he was a smart dog. There was no ice in the creek, except for the little pieces floating about. They pulled me across and out the other side. Just as I

crossed the creek, I heard a kicker. It was my uncle Jim. My uncle Jim looked at my uncle Danny paddling in that little canoe, then he looked at me driving the dogs, and then he said to my uncle Danny, "What are you doing?"

"Boy Training," my uncle said for fun. Both my uncles laughed.

My uncle Danny started getting ready to go with my uncle Jim in his boat. Before my uncle Danny left, he said, "Don't worry about anything. My lead dog knows the way to your uncle Jim's place and he'll bring you there."

My uncles left with the boat and I left with the dogs. I didn't say anything to the lead dog because I didn't know the way. I just travelled by the lead dog guiding me. The dogs brought me right to my uncle Jim's door. I learned a lot of different things from my uncle's "Boy Training" on that trip, and the many other trips that I went on with my uncle.



Grant Beck ʔadų-Beghúldesche nádhēr. Náidáidzı zá 1949 denel Deninu Kųé.

Grant Beck lives in Yellowknife, Northwest Territories. He was born in April 1949 in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories.

Jig T'á Dastl'í Kú

1932 ?at'e, t'o Tthebatthi ts'í
Tthebachaghe nídel-u.
Tthebachaghe k'étl'á ts'én dats'édíl
ní. T'atthe tth'u dats'édíl náthiya
benásní. ?amá bek'et'así káátí
?erehtl'ís ts'í ?ih seba nałní ?ih
delthhogh ?at'e. ?eyí ?ih begthgór
ghá hełyúl lat'e-u benís tth'í bedhé
dehchēth xél tth'í nenēth. Seba
bénat'í dúwé ní. Kú ?eyí ?ih
náthesyá-u, kekēlke tth'í yes?edh-u.
Nezq yúyeyá-u. ?eyer-u dats'édíl
ts'í ya.

Dats'édíl níya-u chelekuí Gegíl
húlye ?eyí sela hılchu-u neserılu.
"Jig t'á doltı," henı. ?eyēr ts'ı, t'eke
heslı ?ajá-u "jig" t'á dastı benésı.
Curly MacDonald húlye setthére
?at'e, ?eyı chu ?alıagh dáılthı ?ajá.
Nezq dáılthı dúwé ?ajá. Dáılthı dé,
nuweke ní heredı lat'eıle. Kú nunı
Curly chu dáılthı dé, dódı dēne
nuwe k'éregháıle. ?até nesq dáıltı
?ajá tıaghe.



Alina Bouvier, Age 12.

Curly ?aséłní, "Maria, dáılthı xádé
tsamba nuweba hılchu ?ıldı dáılthı
xa."

T'á dáıltı tthet'u tsamba nuweba
hılchu. Nóna tsamba nuweba hılchú
dé, lóna nuwexénelt'e lu. Kú ?axe
hıdlı dúwé nıddhēn. ?eyēr dé, ?até
łárlldhır t'qgá "Red River Jig" t'á
dáılthı. Kú ?eyı t'atthe thıjı
nuwéts'edı t'á, nuwenı dúwé nezq
dáılthı t'á. Xát'e t'á jig t'a dáıtl'ı
nuweba hurelyá.

My Jigging Days

It was 1932 when we moved from Fort Fitzgerald to Fort Smith. In Fort Smith there was always dancing. I remember the first time I went to a dance. My mother ordered a new dress for me from the catalogue. It was a beautiful yellow dress. The dress was puffy on the shoulders, had a sash tied on the waist, and was long. It was so pretty for me. After I put on my dress, I put on my moccasins. I was dressed so nicely. Then I went to the dance.

When I arrived at the dance, a young man, whose nickname was Gegil, took me by the hand. "Let's dance the jig?" he said. So we danced the jig and it was a lot of fun. From then on, I loved to dance the jig as a young lady. Curly MacDonald, who was older than me, he and I started dancing

together. We danced very well together. When we danced it seemed like our feet didn't even touch the floor. When Curly and I danced, no one would cut in.

After we became very good dancers, Curly said to me, "From now on, we are not dancing until they collect money for us."

So before we started to dance, they collected money for our dance. When they collected \$20 for us, it was \$10 each. We thought we were very rich. Then we danced the Red River Jig for the people. We almost killed ourselves dancing the Red River Jig. People said that we were the best dancers, so we felt very happy.

*Maria Brown ?adų Tthebachaghe
nádher. Deníye nári! ?ás zá 1923
denelį Tthebatthi.*

*Maria Brown lives in Fort Smith,
Northwest Territories. She was born in
September 1923 in Fort Fitzgerald,
Alberta.*

ʔerehtł'ísjën Chogh Bet'ązı Nádenelʔı

ʔadı nóna ts'ën ʔeláısdı gháye
ʔat'e, dëne yatı t'á yahtı kué hesjën
hunıłthër ʔats'ı.

T'atthe tth'u hesjën hunıłthër
Náıdáıdzı t'ązı ʔat'e. Yahtı thetı kú
hıłts'ën ʔat'e. Sechël, Jonás, sekué
segha nıya. ʔedını yahtı kué nígháy,
ʔerehtł'ísjën chogh t'á sanádhër
ʔat'e. Sechële ʔasełnı-u, "Yahtı kué
sexél nejën lılu, dëne dájën láıle
t'á." T'atthe tth'u nesjër lát'e.

"ʔektth'ı hesjënıle dé, dúwé la,"
desı.

"Xát'e xulı t'asát'ıle," séłnı,
"Núłtsın ba nejën ʔat'e." Yahtı kué
chogh ts'ıt'ás.

Yahtı kué nıttth'as-u, dáhkué
káthıt'ës. Lamés hunıdhër. Sechële
ʔerehtł'ísjën chogh t'á sanádhër-u,
sı hesjën. Horésja dúwé t'á hesjën-u
ʔerehtł'ísjën chogh t'ązı nádenesʔı.
T'ą hejën bek'órejáıle t'á, dëne
dhálye ts'ı nats'edél-u, dáhkué ts'ën
dáhunełʔı. ʔedlághe ʔadı t'á ʔeyı
hejën hunıdhën t'á. Kú sı súret'ı
súnq nanesʔı ʔat'e t'á.



Elizabeth Boucher. Age 14.

Lamés nahút'e-u, yahtı sechël gha
nıya. ʔedlághe t'a dáhkué ts'ën
hejën t'á, henı. Darızu dúwé .
Sechële ʔayelı-u, sáre ʔadı. ʔeyër
ʔats'ı yahtı kué dáts'ejën sedıhıle
xulıle dëne xél hesjën.

ʔadı Dëınu kué yahtı hule t'á
Dora Cardinal-u, Dorothy Beaulieu-
u, Elizabeth Beaulieu-u, Christine
Fabien-u, tth'ı Dënexáre, ʔeyı yahtı
kué yahełtı-u, tth'ı dëne dháhelé.

Hiding Behind the Organ

It's been twenty-seven years since I've been singing in Chipewyan in the church.

It was just before Easter when I started to sing. It was Holy Thursday. My brother, Jonas, came over to my house. For many years, he had been playing the organ in the church. My brother said to me, "Why don't you come with me to church and sing because there are not very many people who sing."

At first I was sort of scared, and I said to him, "I'm worried about making mistakes."

"It'll be all right," he said to me. "You'll be singing for God." So off we walked to the church.

We arrived at the church and went upstairs. Then the mass started. My brother started playing the organ and I started singing. I was so shy that, while I was singing, I hid behind the organ. The people didn't know who was singing, and as they

were walking back from receiving communion, they were looking upstairs to see who was singing. They were wondering who was singing. When the mass was over, the priest went over to my brother.

"Who was that upstairs who was singing?" he asked. "It was very beautiful." My brother told him that it was his sister. From then on, they were never without me singing in the church choir.

Since there is no priest presently in Fort Resolution, Dora Cardinal, Dorothy Beaulieu, Elizabeth Beaulieu, Christine Fabien, and the nuns say mass, pray, and give communion in the church.



Dora Cardinal ?adų Deninu Kųé nádhēr. Náídáídzı zá 1920 denelı Deninu Kųé.

Dora Cardinal lives in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories. She was born in April 1920 in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories.

Sets'énı Bel Bánátser

ʔılá sekui hesı-u denexar kóe náıde. Sets'énı Cecilia chu kát'ın yáıltı bek'órıl yaıle. Náke zá denexar kóe náıdhër t'ághe nuwe ts'énı Evelyne nıya. Benásnı Evelyne horelyu t'asíe gha ʔurélkër bádhı.

K'abıdën kánelt'u lamés náıdıl. Dēnexáre ts'e nuwélde nı. ʔılágh k'abıdēne horelyu nets'ıdel-u Evelyne tthekı. Horelyu yatı kóe ts'ıdel-u Evelyne ʔalı tthekı. Ts'ıdher-u t'anódhër sı k'órelyaıle. Yatı kóe nágha xa k'órelya xulı tha hı k'ı k'é t'á ʔıgha yatı kóe ts'éya.

ʔáxa ts'ı yatı kóe lamés halé yız dáıya. ʔalı beyé náts'ékıs ʔıh nárelya-u tth'ı betthı ghá hıt'á láhát'ı-u. K'áhjēne begħa dlók'é láıddhër Cecilia chu.



Ashley Hval. Age 11.

My Sleepy Friend

When I was young I lived in the mission. My friend, Cecilia, and I didn't know how to speak English. After we lived in the mission for two months, our friend, Evelyne, arrived. I remember Evelyne used to ask all kinds of questions.

Every morning we had to go to mass. The nuns used to wake us up. But one morning, everyone else woke up except Evelyne. The rest of us went to church, but Evelyne kept on sleeping. When she woke up, she didn't know what was going on. She knew she had to go to church, but she had slept late, so she hurried to the church.

She walked into the church while the mass was on. She was still in her nightgown and her hair was all sticking up. When we saw her, Cecilia and I just about died laughing. She looked so funny!

*Emmerence Cardinal ʔadı
Tthebachaghe nádhër. Łuedalkı zá
1945 denelı Łutselk'e.*

*Emmerence Cardinal lives in Fort Smith,
Northwest Territories. She was born in
October 1945 in Łutsel k'e, Northwest
Territories.*

Nághái ?ene?ı

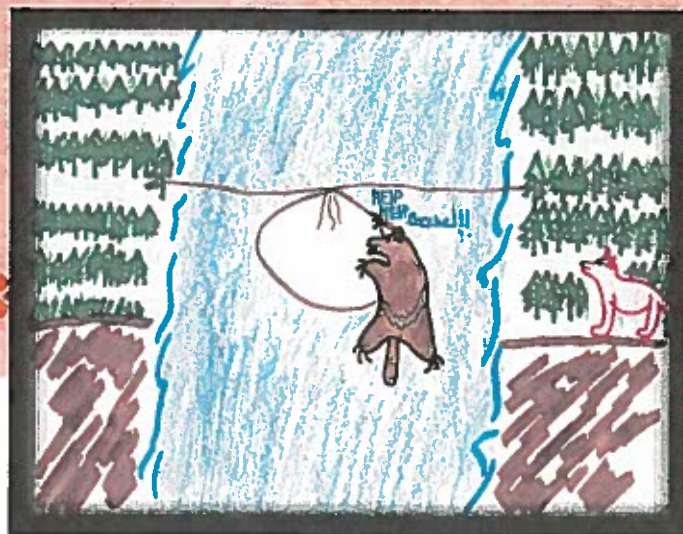
Yunızı dēne ?alışhane t'asíe nánel?ı chóile, dēne ?ektth'ı nałde t'á. Xát'e xulí naghái ?ene?ı dēne gha ?ene?ı dúwé. ?aúlyúle dúwé naghái bech'á t'asíe nánel?ı xa ?áıle.

?eyēr-u dēne t'at'u naghái ch'a t'así begha shéts'élyı náhénel?ı néhérinı. ?etthēn ddhēth ts'ı ?ełjaı beyé t'así begha shéts'élyı beyélya-u t'ul bēhchēdh. ?eyēr-u bērgheł xél tthebachogh ?atē delyēł ládı ts'ēn hedel. ?eyı bek'e t'ul nalt'ı-u bērgheł ttheba tanıs ts'ēn nıdlú. ?eyı nahút'e-u náts'éhdel. ?eyı begha shéts'elyı nághái ?ene?ı bech'á t'así nılya hunıdhēn.

Sughanıłtha-u nághái chu bets'enı nagıdhe chu nıhıł?as.

"?ééé sechēłı! Ja nıł?ı. Nul?ı ?edlághe ?at'e lanı," nághái ?adı-u.

"?a bedı xulí. De?áázı hunejēr dúwé!" nagıdhe ?adı-u.



Sarah Erasmus, Age 9.

"?ıle. Nul?ı. Bēr beyé ts'elı t'ósá bēr bastı dúwé!"

Xút'a nághái ?eyı xél ts'ēn yáılgos-u yék'ılgos. ?ełjaı ?at'e t'á belagēn xulí yeghaıgége, kú ?erets'er xél tth'ı hezil ?ajá.

"?ééé sechēłı! Sechēłı! Kú dí?ás dúwé la. Seba húnıla! Séts'énenı!"

Kú dlalyalu! Yuyághe dałtth'er! ?eyı nághái ttheba delyēł ládı yé táłtth'ēr?ı. Xút'a nats'et'ı hıłıle. ?eyı t'á Dēne nághái ?ene?ı dúwé ?at'e snı tth'ı hıya ?at'e.

The Thieving Wolverine

Long time ago, people didn't have to hide things very often because the people were honest. But the wolverine liked to steal from the people. They didn't know what to do because they couldn't hide anything from the wolverine.

After awhile, the people thought of a way to hide their food from the thieving wolverine. They put all their food and tied it in a large caribou skin with a string. Then they took the bundle of food and went to the big falls that sounded like they were roaring. They strung a rope across and pulled their bundle of food to the middle of the falls. When they finished they left. They figured their food was safe from the greedy wolverine.

A little while later, the wolverine and his friend, the fox, came along.

"Hey, my brother! Look here. Let's go see what's that," the wolverine said.

"No, never mind. It looks too dangerous!" said the fox.

"No. Let's look. It's probably some food and I'm very hungry."

Right then, the wolverine jumped at the bundle, and landed on it. But his nails couldn't go through the skin to hold on, so he started slipping and yelling.

"Hey, my brother! My brother! I'm in trouble! Help me!"

It was too late! Down he went! The wolverine fell into the roaring falls. He was never seen again.

That is why the Dene people know that the wolverine steals a lot and is very tricky.



Agnes Casaway ʔadų Beghúldesche nádhër. 1930 denelį Tthebachaghe.

Agnes Casaway lives in Yellowknife, Northwest Territories. She was born in 1930 in Fort Smith, Northwest Territories.

Dáídíl Báíde Dúwé

We Loved to Dance

Dzēndesche náide-u, dáídíl báíde dúwé nı. Grant-u, Ray-u, Vivienne-u, tth'ı dēne ı́a dúwé. Xúlı harelyu benásnıle. Tł'ısjēne yunızı ts'ı heldēth ı́ını, xát'ı shene t'á dáídıl ı́ını. Nók'e tł'ısjēn tł'ule hehtēl dé nuwe lá t'á tł'ısjēn tth'áy narıt'él. ʔı́łághe begán nenıtsá dé tth'ı ʔeyı́le ʔı́łághe yek'éreghe. ʔeyēr dé t'á tł'ısjēn tth'áy nareʔél hı́lesı ʔeyı́ dú dálthılu. Tth'ı ʔeyı́ yeghá nenıtsá dé, ʔeyı́le ʔı́łághe yek'éreghe. T'ats'én dats'édıl nahút'e ts'én ʔełna tł'ısjēn tth'áy narıt'él-u dáídıl. Xát'u hı́łts'én gháre dáídıl.

Tth'ı ʔeyı́le ʔı́łághe dats'édıl ts'e sá t'á. Saraze Annı́ nexél host'ı́ séłnı. Sat'ı́le xélesı. Annı́ nechı́le kú. ʔeyēr nıt'as-u tł'oghetı deltsēr t'á sánádher xa dēne xı́ı́le. Annı́ nuweba tł'oghetı deltsēr dı́łtsēr xélesı. Hę, henı xát'e t'á, tł'oghetı deltsēr dełtsēr. K'anı hı́łts'én hunıdhēr-u ʔat'e. ʔaı́ı́ tł'oghetı deltsēr dełtsēr tth'u tēdhe thá ʔajá. Yuʔano t'as séłnı. ʔaı́ı́le, desı. Kú sı, sekui hesı́ t'á dastł'ı́ básthı dúwé lu. Yuʔanasdá húrésʔı́ súnq. Xát'e tth'u Annı́ hetsághe-u tł'oghetı deltsēr dełtsēr. Súdı lat'e nı benághe tu dáréłt'ul-u. Xát'e xúlı dats'édıl nahút'e ʔı́łdı́ yuʔán náıt'as.

When we lived at Rat River, we used to love to dance. At this one dance, there was Grant, Ray, Vivienne, and many other people. It was so long ago that I can't remember everyone. We used one of those old-fashioned gramophones, the kind you turned the handle to play, for the music. Sometimes the spring broke, then we'd have to turn the record with our hand. When one person's hand was tired, then another person took over. Then the person who was turning the record took his turn to dance. When he became tired, someone else took his place. Until the dance was over, we took turns turning the record and dancing. All evening we danced like that.

There was also another dance that I went to. My little niece, Annie, asked me if she could go. I said okay. Annie was only small then. When we arrived there was no one to play the guitar. I asked Annie to play the guitar for us. She said yes, so she started playing. It was early evening. While she was playing, it became very late. Then Annie asked if we could go home. I told her not

yet. I was a young man and I loved to dance, so I didn't want to go. Annie started crying, but she kept on playing the guitar. It looked funny because there she sat with big tears rolling down her eyes. But still we didn't go home until the dance was over.



John Cree ʔadı́ Denınu Kųé nádher. 1924 denelı́ Deschaghe.

John Cree lives in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories. He was born in 1924 in Rat River, Northwest Territories.

K'ejan Xá?ə Xųlųle

Sekuı hesųı-u Deschaghe nıya. K'etų'á ts'én bít'as násthěr, kuę náré xuk'é násze-u, bít'as sásthěr-u. ?ıłá łuk'é sunaghe Rudolph chu Desk'ara túwé ts'én ts'érıkı náılze t'á. Kuzı hıkel-u Rudolph t'odhe t'á hekel-u, sı bet'ası thıda. Nı t'áıkı dé chěthghés łą nástsı ts'ıaze yésle. ?ıłághe sa, kuzı náılze, ?até chěthghészı t'á hına. ?eghés ?áıxěne děne dhánıle t'á seba thekěn dúwé.

Náılze-u k'e ?alı ?eghés nástsı. ?eghés nástsı sínorensıle t'á tsá nuwech'á dáneljer t'á tsá xanúńı łáıldele. Sunaghe yuněth sugha nıłtha tuaze ta tsá kósze henı t'á beba kúnk'é hıdá.

Sunaghe sech'aze hekı tų'agh-u thěn tıdá-u kún necha dethıłk'ą. ?eyěr ?eghés gha shestı gha thıda-u, sas segha nılge. Nısgos-u, hesıl xél kún dek'ěn sas ts'én yásdıl. Sas kún náré ts'eseneyu. Nesjěr dúwé t'á t'ó?áązı hesıl. ?eyěr-u sas tth'ı neljěr sıt'á sech'ás náłge.

Sunaghe nıkı-u, sını dúwé! ?eyěr ts'ı Deschaghe ts'én náıkı. Thá nánıs náıdhěr t'á sekuę neskı sínıe.

Deschaghe neskı-u, Noel Yele húlye, nunıaze dıghe segha nıla. ?eyı harelyu zık'e k'ınu naghe nunıaze bek'ésnı. Thatsěl t'á jěth thıłtsı-u ?eyı t'á łue gha násthěr.



Holly Parkes, Age 10.

?eyı łue t'á nunıaze bedháresnı. ?até nezq Noel Yele ba nunıaze k'erásnı t'á ?ıłághe tsamba sets'én náłnı. ?eyı ?ıłághe tsamba t'á Demelt bets'ı nánık'é nıya dé naıdıbáth násnı, ?erehtų'ıs nałchěth necha yé dánel?ą. Xashını, thekěn dúwé nı - sı seba tth'u nunı tth'ı begháschı.

Xáyt'as ts'én xadhěr-u, nunıaze dánecha ?ane. Nuk'e harelyu das?ar ?eyěr dé sexél senádé. ?eténa?ıh nechá náresyá-u, tų'ul benıs hethıłchědh-u, ?eyı nunıaze ?eténa?ıh dahu?al-u ts'éseheluth. Xát'e xúlı ?eyá sehel?ıle. Xút'a desı dé segháhenáıle. Dabehestų'ú xádé dechěn gá nuł?as desı dé ?até sek'áhıt'e. ?eyěr dé darástų. Noel Yele nánáyéłtsı tų'ághe, bethų'ule yé ts'eyeneyu. Kú nunı dálgé dé, děne yıłchu xa?áıle. Xát'e t'á Noel Yele sekanáıda beba nunı hıschu xa. ?eyěr bech'ás násda dé, nunı seka dátsagh. ?eyı nunı segha dáneta ?ajá.

Never a Dull Moment

When I was young I grew up in Rocher River. I was always outside. I'd be hunting around close to my place and playing outside. One spring my brother, Rudolph, and I went out to the Deskataway Lake to hunt for beavers. As we were going out, Rudolph was paddling the canoe and I was sitting behind him. When we went to shore I picked a lot of duck eggs and put them in the canoe. We were out hunting for one month and I lived on only duck eggs. We didn't eat eggs very often, so they tasted so good for me.

While we hunted, I kept on gathering eggs. But I was making so much noise as I picked eggs that the beaver were scared off, and we didn't kill many beaver. My brother said he was going to hunt for beaver in the small lakes further ahead, but I had to stay behind at the camp.

After my brother left I made a big fire. There I was sitting and eating my eggs, when along came a bear. I jumped up, yelled, and threw burning wood at the bear. The bear chased me around the fire. I was so scared I was yelling with all my might. The bear must have been scared too because it ran away.

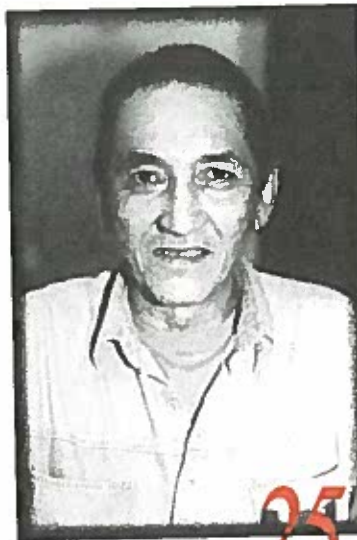
When my brother came back I was so happy! From there we went back to Rocher River. We had stayed in the bush so long that I was glad to get back home.

When I arrived back at Rocher River, Noel Yelle brought me four wolf pups. I looked after the wolf pups all summer at Saskatoon Island. I made hooks out of nails for fishing. Then I fed the fish to the wolf pups. I looked after the wolf pups so well that Noel Yelle paid me one dollar. With that one dollar I went to Demelt's store and bought a big paper bag full of candies. My goodness, they tasted good for me, and I even gave some to the wolf pups too.

Towards fall the wolf pups were getting big. Sometimes I would let them off their chains and they played with me. I had on a big parka with a rope tied around my waist, and the wolf pups would bite the parka and pull me around. But they never hurt me. When I said stop, they would leave me alone. When it was time to tie them up, I told them to go to their poles, and they listened to me. Then I tied them up.

After awhile, Noel Yelle took back his wolf pups. He used them in the harness. When one of the wolf pups got loose, no one could catch them. Noel Yelle would come over to get me, and I would catch the wolf for him.

Then, when I left, the wolves they would cry for me. Those wolves really got to love me.



Horace Delorme ʔadų Tthebachaghe nădhēr. Deníye naríʔas ză 1934 denelį Deschaghe.

Horace Delorme lives in Fort Smith, Northwest Territories. He was born in September 1934 in Rocher River, Northwest Territories.

T'at'á Cowboy Joe Sułye

Sekuı hesłı-u setekui-u, sunaghe-u, sedeske-u Deschaghe náıde. Sın dé, nók'e Denınu Kué-u, tth'ı nók'e Beghúldesche ts'én ts'éridıl ts'ı ye. T'a ts'én ts'ékeresthı sı k'étl'á ts'én cowboy ts'a delzén nárés?á.

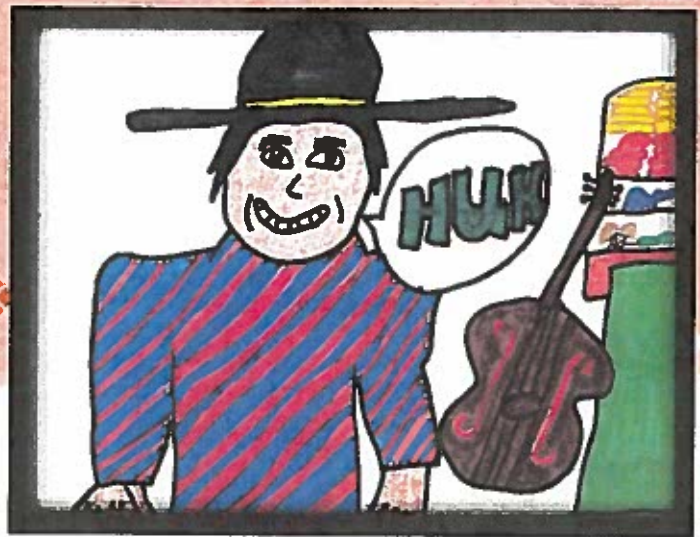
?ııa benásnı Beghúldesche nıdel ts'ı ye. ?eyér nıdel-u yuyághe ?enekui Weaver húlye bets'ı nánı k'é níya. ?eyér tlı'óghetı deltsér ch'élaze nechıle thatsıl tázı nábel ?eyı ghanıya. "¿eyı tlı'óghetı deltsér dlárlıtı ?at'e t'a?" desı.

?eláısdıghe tsamba ?at'e, henı.

Kú tth'ı tsamba ıá sets'ı chóıle. ?eláısdıghe tsamba ?ázı sátsánaze xa thés?á tá ?eyı tlı'óghetı deltsér ch'élaze náılnı.

?eyér ts'ı tlı'óghetı deltsér heresdén hılé. Seba xá?á dé tlı'óghetı deltsér t'á sásthër, ?até bet'a sásthër sat'e chóıle ?ajá.

Sın ghóqđher-u Deschaghe ts'én náıdel. Ts'ékeresthı dé, dene se?ı dé k'étl'á ts'én cowboy ts'a delzén nárés?á-u tlı'óghetı deltsér t'á sásthër. Nánı dene Cowboy Joe séhúlshe.



Xalá nıghalı-u chelekuı hesłı ?ajá-u Beghúldesche násthër ?ajá. ?eyér ts'ı nók'e kúntú kué deneba hesjén xél tlı'óghetı deltsér t'a sanásthër. ?ııá tsamba na tth'ı ?elch'ásats'ede denexél sáıdhër hılé. 1991 Explorer Hotel ?at'e. ?eyér t'atthé hunılna t'á selónónna tsamba thıłtsı hılé.

T'at'u k'étl'á ts'én cowboy ts'a nárés?a-u tlı'óghetı deltsér t'á sásthër xát'e?ı. Dene ıá Cowboy Joe séhéledı ?ajá. ?eyı ts'ı ?áne sezi xalı ?at'e.

Cowboy Joe

When I was young, I lived in Rocher River with my parents, my older brother, and my younger sisters. In the summertime, sometimes we travelled to Fort Resolution, and sometimes to Yellowknife. Wherever I went, I always wore my little black cowboy hat.

I can remember one time when we went to Yellowknife by boat. When we arrived there, I went down to old man Weaver's store. There was a little guitar hanging on the wall. I walked up to it. "How much is that guitar?" I asked.

"It's seven dollars," he said.

I didn't have very much money. All I had was seven dollars and a bit of change, so I bought the little guitar.

From then on I learned to play the guitar. I played when I had time, until I was playing

not too badly.

After the summer, we went back to Rocher River. Then, wherever I went, people saw me always wearing my black cowboy hat and playing the guitar. Some of them started calling me Cowboy Joe.

Years later, as a young man, I started living in Yellowknife. From then on, sometimes I sang and played the guitar for people in the bars. One time, I entered a contest with other people. It was 1991 at the Explorer Hotel. I came in first place and won five hundred dollars.

I kept on always wearing my cowboy hat and playing the guitar. Many people started to call me Cowboy Joe. That's how I got my name.

Joe Desjarlais ʔady Beghúldesche nádhër.

Joe Desjarlais lives in Yellowknife, Northwest Territories.

Nuní Tth'í Níjā!

Senékui chu xanít'ës k'ezí k'étł'á ts'én ts'éríki nı nánis náítis xa. Dedháidesche k'é ts'éríki t'a hızo níki lásı ʔeyër t'a nıtes. Beghashıtı-u, ʔechús ts'ër-u, xát'ı t'asíe ts'érılyı. Xát'u ʔalághe ts'éríki nuweba hurelyā dúwé nı.

Kú ʔeyër ʔats'ı nuweskën ʔajá-u bexél ts'éréski xa dúwé ʔajá. Sek'ųé násthëri sekui dáníshe t'á. Xalā nıgháy-u nuweskëne dáníyā k'ézų. Dánecha ʔarajá-u, senékui ʔaséłni-u. "Kú ʔedlát'e t'á nánis náítisle t'atthe t'áit'ı nı k'ızı. Sekui dánecha tthën déłtth'ı xa duwélé," séłni. T'á hę xélesı. Harelyų ts'ër dālı-u, t'asíe deyé náılyā-u, t'a ts'ëre bet'áit'ı hıłénı deyenalıchudh. Nuwe ts'ı yé náıki. Dedháidesche k'é náıki-u t'á náítis hılé nı ʔeyër níki. ʔëyer níki dënë libárla náılbal beyaghe nıtes xa. Sa náʔa ʔane-u nıtes gha nunıdhër-u ts'ëre xáılchudh-u ts'ër senıłchudh. Ts'ër yésge-u ʔedını



Cochise Paulette. Age 11.

tth'ı ts'ëryé nétı. ʔechús ts'ër nuweba nechıle ʔajá k'é! T'á hásełni, "Dırı ʔųlı ts'ër hıłchúth t'á nq."

"ʔé," xélesı. "Nuweba sughályā t'áni. Dų nuweba nechıle ʔajá k'é."

Xát'e t'á harelyų tédhe k'e ʔełna thıtës. ʔedını náke to tághe sadzí to thetı. Sı tth'ı xát'e-u. Xát'e xúlı thıtës chóıle, dejúl tth'ı lā dúwé t'á. T'a ts'éríki k'étł'á xát'u náıt'ıs tághe dzín xuk'e. ʔeyër-u, xaséłni, "Nuweskëne ʔųlı dáníyáıle nunı tth'ı níjā k'ela." ʔaté náthıdlogh.

We Grew Too!

When my husband and I were first married we always paddled our canoe out to camp in the bush. We paddled along the Salt River. Then, when we found a good spot, we would stop and set up camp. We brought with us some food, a feather sleeping bag, and other things for camping. We were very happy being out in the bush together.

When we started having children, I couldn't go out with him anymore. I had to stay home to look after our children. Over the years our children grew up. When they were big, my husband said to me, "Why don't we go out camping again like we used to do? The children are older now, so they can stay home alone."

I said, "Okay."

We packed up all the things, like the sleeping bag, that we used to use. Then we left in the boat. We paddled down the Salt River and arrived at the place where we used to camp. As soon as we got there, we made a shelter with a tarp to sleep under.

When the sun was going down, it was time to go to bed, so I took out our sleeping bag and got it ready. I crawled into the sleeping bag, and so did my husband. But we found that the sleeping bag was too small for the both of us!

"Is this the only sleeping bag that you packed?" my husband asked.

"Yes," I said, "It used to be big enough for us. Now it's too small!"

Because of that, we had to sleep by taking turns all night long. He'd sleep two or three hours, and I'd do the same. But we didn't sleep very well because there were so many mosquitoes. For about three days that's how we camped. After that, my husband said to me, "Our children not only grew up, but we grew too! We got bigger." We had a good laugh.



*Jane Dragon ʔadų Tthebachaghe
nádher. Dēniye nariʔas ză 1940
denelį Tthį Kųę.*

*Jane Dragon lives in Fort Smith,
Northwest Territories. She was born in
September 1940 in Fond du Lac,
Saskatchewan.*

Dēninu Kuḗ Dēne ʔayá

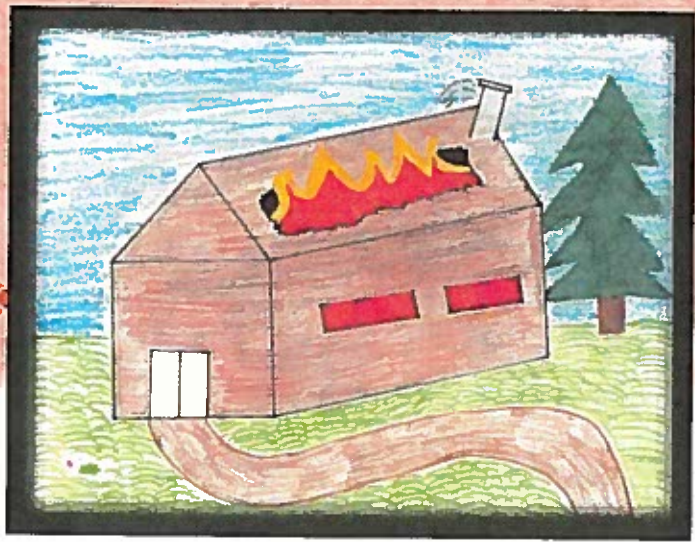
Sekuḗ hesḗ-u, setá sɪn dé Nuta h̥ue
xa tabiḗ tuwé theḗa. Harelyu zɪ Nuta
náide. Xáyt'ás nunidh̥er dé,
Deschaghe ts'én náidil. ʔeyēr dé
Deschaghe ts'ɪ ʔáne ʔeldzus theḗa.
Setihkuḗ-u, senákuḗ-u, Deschaghe
náide lóna segháy ts'én. Benásni
1959, ʔeyēr kú ʔerehtɪ's kuḗ
k'erik'á. ʔeyēr kú, d̥ighe segháy.
ʔerehtɪ's kuḗ náhádlele t'á Denínu
kuḗ nídel. ʔeyēr ʔuḗdu ʔerehtɪ's
kuḗ náisda ʔajá. ʔerehtɪ's kuḗ
níya-u that'íne disth'áile-lesá ʔɪ!

Benásni t'atthe Denínu Kuḗ
nekeridh̥er. Nesj̥er xél tth'ɪ seba kuḗ
nedhe lat'e nɪ. T'atthe kuḗ níki-u
ʔaté dēní yastɪ.

Kuḗ nídel-u sare, Violet chu,
nánik'e ts'én nuwélʔa. Kú kuḗ láḗle,
xát'e xúlí ʔáit'ēs nɪ ʔaté
ʔestaʔínile-u nánik'é hulʔa.
Harelyu ts'én ts'erít'as ʔuḗdu búlʔa.
ʔeyɪ beghanoríya Denínu Kuḗ dēne
ʔayá! ʔeyɪ kú ʔats'ɪ Denínu Kuḗ
násth̥er, du ʔaté hasní
ʔajá.

Lost in Fort Res!

When I was young, my father
fished in the summer at Simpson
Islands. All summer, we lived at
Simpson Islands. In the falltime,



Nicole Bohren. Age 10.

we moved back to Rocher River. Then my
father trapped at Rocher River. My parents,
my brothers and sisters, and I lived at
Rocher River until I was about ten years old.
I remember in 1959 when the school
burned down. At that time, I was four years
old. They didn't rebuild the school, so we
moved to Fort Resolution. That was the first
time that I went to school. When I started
school, I couldn't understand English at all!

I remember the first time that I moved to
Fort Resolution. I was scared because it
seemed like such a big city to me. When I
arrived in Fort Resolution, I spoke only
Chipewyan.

When we got to Fort Resolution, my sister,
Violet, and I were asked to go to The Bay.
There weren't very many houses then, but
we still got lost! We had a hard time finding
the store. We went all over the place before

we found it. It's amazing - a
person being lost in Fort Res!
From then on, I lived in Fort
Resolution and learned my way
around very well.



Grant Giroux ʔadu Tthebachaghe
nádh̥er. 1955 denel̥ Deschaghe.

Grant Giroux lives in Fort Smith,
Northwest Territories. He was born in
1955 in Rocher River, Northwest
Territories.

Seʔih Bénat'ı Dúwé

Sekuı hesłı-u, Deschage nıya.
Setıhkuı-u, senakuı-u nuweba
hurélyı nı ʔeyēr. Níats'ı t'asíe t'á
ʔaté dáıda. Kú tsamba-u, t'asíe
danezu-u xát'ı nuwe ts'ıle. Harelyu
ʔeyēr náıde sí ʔełéráıl't'e t'á nuweba
sat'e súnq.

Sekuı dáıdlı-u t'asíe nuwets'ı sí
t'a sáıde nı. Kú bít'azı senáıdé dé
ʔerehtł'ıs kái k'e t'a dádánáıdzus.
Yıze senáıdé dé ʔıyás dáıga nuwe lá
t'á ʔenılka-u. Dá nuwını dúwé nı.

Kú sı deʔáázı sínı ʔajá bek'ódhı-
u, bets'án-u, besken xél Deschaghe
nıhıdel. Kú ʔeyēr ts'ı k'étl'á ts'ën
bek'ódhı besken xél senáıdé.
Bek'ódhı ts'áne sekuı ts'ën nezq nı.
ʔıłá benásnı yúdelch'el
segháılchudh hılé. ʔaté benásnı



Isadore Boucher, Age 7.

seba bénat'ı dúwé nı. Dzéhk'oz
láhat'ı xél bek'e sadé bek'e dáthela.
Seba bénat'ı t'á hurésdla lát'ele.
ʔeyı yúdelch'el t'á ʔamá nı seba ʔıh
thełtsı.

ʔeyı ʔıh gódhe náthesya-u,
dats'édıl ts'ı ya. ʔaté sıé deʔáázı
ʔıh nezq náresya yısthën nı. Kú
tth'ı, kekélke gódhe yesʔéth-u,
hıłts'ën gháre dástłı nı. Xaslın t'á,
seba hurélyı dúwé nı.

My Sparkling Pink Dress

When I was young, we lived at Rocher River. My parents, my brothers and sisters, and I were happy there. We lived very well on the land. We didn't have much money or any nice things. All the people who lived there were the same, so for us it was all right.

When we were children, we played with what we had. When we played outside, we went sliding on cardboard. When we played inside, we sewed our dolls by hand. We used to be very happy.

On the day that the Hudson Bay manager, his wife and his children moved to Rocher River, I was even more happy. From then on, we always used to play with the

children. The Hudson Bay manager's wife was very kind to us children. Once I remember she gave me a yard of material. I remember very well because it was so beautiful for me. It was pink with sparkling specks on it. It was so beautiful that I couldn't believe it was mine. With this material my mother made a dress for me.

Then I put on my new dress and went to the dance. To me, I thought I had the most beautiful dress. I also had on a new pair of moccasins. I danced all evening. My goodness, I was so happy!



*Elizabeth Heron ʔadų Deninu Kų́
nádhēr. 1937 denelį Deschaghe.*

*Elizabeth Heron lives in Fort Resolution,
Northwest Territories. She was born in
1937 in Rocher River, Northwest
Territories.*

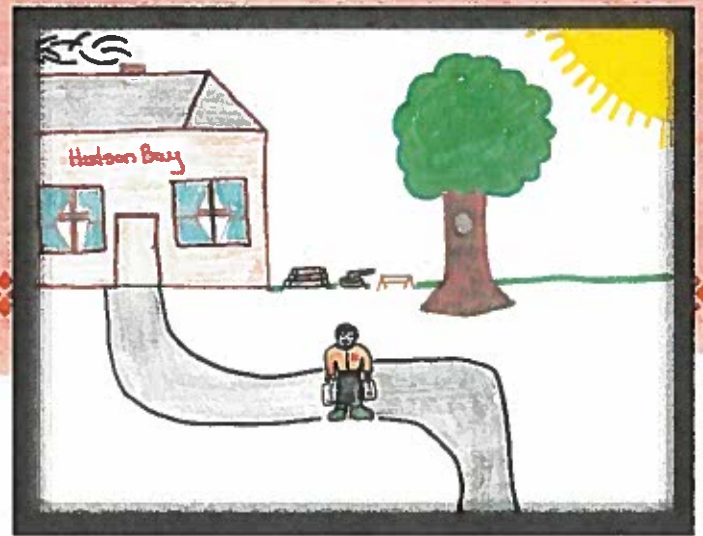
Th'ëkts'áí?aze Na Náídıbath

T'atthe sekui dáıdlı-u Deschaghe náıde-u. ?ıyez xa náılze ts'erıdıl. Ts'ádar t'á ?ıyez xa náılze. Tsádar náıltsı yuk'enáıltsıl tth'áy ts'ı.

Harelyu dzı k'étl'á ?ıyez xa ts'erıdıl. Tommy King-u, Solomon King-u, Archie Smith-u, Noel McKay-u, sı tth'ı. ?ıyeze tth'ëkts'áí?aze húlye. Ła nıdıl dúwé ?at'e łuk'é det'an nıdıl xél.

Ed Demelt húlye, bek'ódhı nánık'é xał?á. ?eyı bets'ı nánık'é t'aqızı hagái chogh xá?á. ?eyër t'a ?ıyez xa náılze. Kúé ?anız tth'ı náılze.

?eyër ts'ı ?ıyez láıldé dé xút'a bek'ódhı ts'áne Mrs. Duncan húlye, ?eyı t'a begħa nıdel. Bekúé nıdel dé harelyu ?ek'énédh nárılyu-u. ?ıyez begħáılye yena náıdıbath nuwegħále. Lemashı nezq hılts'ı nık'ela. Náıdıbath nuweba łekén dúwé nı. Tth'ı Mrs. Duncan ba ?ıyes łekén dúwé nı.



Brandie Miersch. Age 12

Trading Snowbirds for Candies

When we were children, we lived at Rocher River. We used to walk all over hunting for birds. We used long iron rods to hunt them. We got these rods from the rim of the galvanized wash tubs.

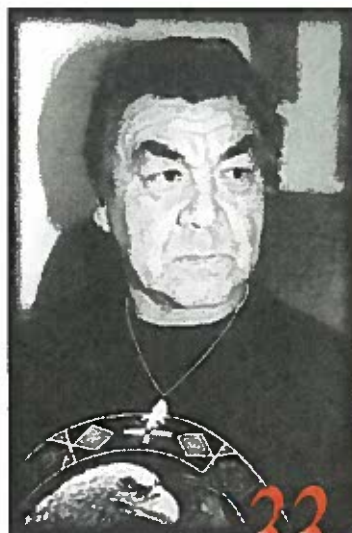
All day long we searched for these birds. There was Tommy King, Archie Smith, Noel McKay, and me. The birds were snowbirds. Lots of these snowbirds came in at the same time as the geese.

There was a free-trader named Demelt who had a store. There was a big field behind his store. That's where we hunted. We also hunted among the houses.

After we hunted enough birds, then we took them over to the Hudson Bay manager's wife, Mrs. Duncan. We all stood in line at her house. We gave her the snowbirds, and in return, she gave us candies. What good trading. For us kids, the candies tasted so good. For Mrs. Duncan, the snowbirds tasted good too.

Frank King ?adı Denınu Kúé nádhër. ?elets'elts'úndzı zá 1943 denelı Deschaghe.

Frank King lives in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories. He was born in January 1943 in Rocher River, Northwest Territories.

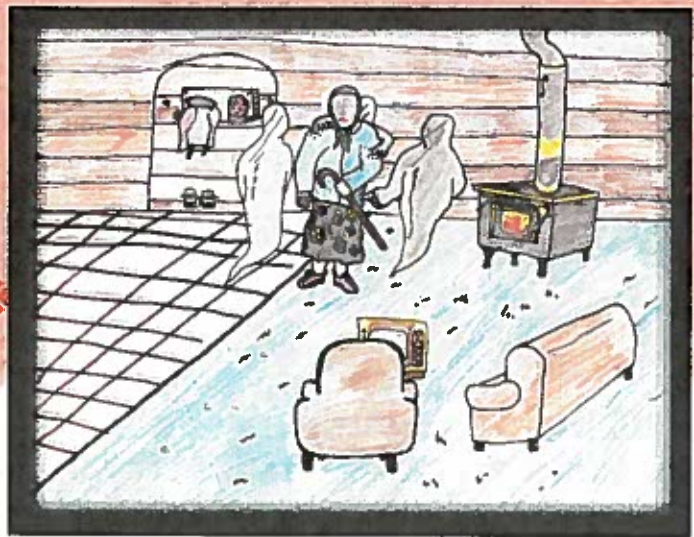


ʔeyune Bech'ánesjërile

Nití dé, ʔééé, ʔeyune yızı dadel. K'éth'á ts'én ʔeghádáláhena ládi seyas Frank tth'í yeritgagh. Tth'áyk'e yé tth'áy dáherektsër dít'agh beyé yú k'enálsıl tsatth'áy tth'í deltsër. K'abíðéne nit'ës dé ʔeyun gha náyáíltı. Frank ʔadı-u, "ʔeyune thá dëne lahıde hılé ʔat'e, lesá nq. Beyú dáídze t'á beyú k'enarákts'ıl, yú k'enádahetsıl hurekchuile t'á."

"ʔeyune bër badé dúwé t'ásá t'at'u tth'áy darektsër xa-u," desı. ʔeyune bër badé t'ásá, dıdı.

ʔeyër tl'aghe ts'ı-u, seghe Vírijını-nı beʔıé seghál chudh-u, tth'ı secháı, Alexán-nı beláʔane seghát'a. ʔeyı t'ası seghálya bet'ást'ı t'á ʔeyune sek'ádé ʔajá. Tëdhe ʔat'ılu tthıtı-u. Belák'e ʔeya



Sheldon H. Age 14.

dúwé. ʔeyun sıłchúıle xúlı sek'e dzérelnı-u tth'ı ʔeyun sełnı. Bet'á ts'enásdhılu ts'ër yuwé náıʔar-u, nılʔı dé dódı dëne huret'ıle. Seyazı nënʔanet'ı-u desı-u. Dódı dëne ʔat'ıle.

ʔeyune bech'ánesjërile, dódı. Beba yastı xúlı t'at'u nádé xát'eyı. Xát'e xúlı t'ası seghálya hılé bet'á ʔeyune sek'ádé hunédı t'á. Kú t'asnúle t'á. ʔeyı ʔıh k'erılk'a-u, tth'ı laʔane dënegháıʔa.

I'm Not Scared of Ghosts

When I would go to bed, then the ghosts came out. It sounded like they were always working. My son, Frank, heard them too. We heard the dishes rattling in the cupboard, and we heard one of those old metal wash tubs banging. In the morning when we got up, we talked about the ghosts.

Frank said, "Those ghosts have probably been dead for a long time. Their clothes must be very dirty, since they were making so much noise washing them."

"And they must have been really hungry because of all the dishes they were rattling," I said.

Then another time, my sister-in-law, Virginie's dress was given to me, and my brother-in-law, Alexan's ring was given to me also. It must have been because I was wearing these things that the ghosts started to bother me. It was at night when I was

sleeping. Their hands really hurt me. The ghosts didn't really grab me, but they put their hands on me and pushed me lightly. I woke up because of them. I threw my blankets off, I looked up, and didn't see anyone. "Is that you, my son?" I said. There was no one.

I'm not scared of ghosts, at all. I pray for them, but they still stay around. It seems like those ghosts bother me because of the things that were given to me. I had to do something, so I burned the dress and gave the ring away.



Mary Louise King ʔadų Deninu Kųé nádhēr. Tsamba nályé zá 1905 denelı Tł'qdesche.

Mary Louise King lives in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories. She was born in July 1905 in Rat River, Northwest Territories.

ʔəlnēth Xut'ı

Yunızı sekui dāniye dū lát'ile sı. Yunızı sekui ʔatē ʔəlnēth dórēltth'a hılé betıhkuı tth'ı dórēltth'a-u, t'a sáyeyı lası harelyu dēne k'áhıt'e. Sekui dēne k'árát'e hılé ʔat'e. Kú tth'ı sekui t'álası ʔəlnēth nádhēr ghanıya dé, ʔəlnēth to t'ası ghalana dé sekui yets'énı, tsēs-u, xát'ı t'ası yeba yısdarēle-u. Kú dēne ts'ēn nánıle nı; tsamba xulıle nıt'á. T'asıaze sekui gháhııchu to xát'ile dé, nanı ʔəlnēth yunızı hanı k'édórelıya sekui xél dáhalnı. Harelyu dechēntel k'e begá dzéltth'ı-u, xút'a sekui xél dáhalnı lu.

Kú dū, sekui ʔəlnēth bahulıle ʔajá. Sı xulı seba nezııle, sı xát'u nıyaıle t'á. ʔəlnēth dālı sı tsamba begħa nılyı sı harelyu yek'órelıya yunızı t'at'u dānıjā. T'a seba ʔēltth'ile dúwé, dū jā sekui náde ʔeyı t'áıts'énıle ts'ēn nı. Jā náré kué xala ʔeyēr t'asıe tsı hılde. Dıghe kué zā k'óresıya. Nók'e xát'u yıze dzéltth'ı-u, tēdhe dé, tthe chogh yız dāltth'ır jak'é k'é. Kú dēne ʔestudánet'ınılu.

ʔılághe ts'ékuı nádhēr ʔeyı ʔestunet'ın dúwé bedēne begħaláıdhēr. Sekui harelyu yegħa jak'é náıyēs. Nákeyı t'a jak'é suldhēn, ʔēk'étaghe jak'é hılé, dıghe jak'é chogh naté lu. Kú sekui



Deitch Blair. Age 9.

tth'ı t'at'ı sı tth'ı bek'órejáıle-u. Betıhkuı tth'ı yaze búııt'e ʔat'e, beskene nádáneʔánıle.

T'atthe yunızı, sı t'a násthēr ʔats'ı nedhıle ʔeyēr setsı Wızq Beaulieu aze nı nádhēr. ʔeyı ʔenekui hııts'ēn náıxél-u bıı'as nádhı-u, k'abıdēn yélkā dé, k'áhdéné bıı'as nádhērı hılé, k'abıʔanı t'á. Kú, ʔeyı hııts'ēn yuyághe hıya dé, sıyē súno sunaghe nı tth'ı-u sechēle-u yuyághe dzérudıl nıddhēn t'á hıdél. ʔeyı setsıé bekué bálch'a kánıdél nıdé, "ʔedlızı huhdél t'auht'ı t'á? Sa náıʔā nuıʔı-u? Yudághe nóhdélı" henı lı. Xút'a t'asáıdı xaʔáıle. T'asáıdı dé núwétthēn ʔeya xa t'á xút'a k'enoıhıdélı. Dū sekui xáıını dé, t'a dırı nēnek'e xaslın sı t'á nets'ēn xá yaıtı xa.

Xát'e t'á sekui ʔedı nıdé. ʔəlnēth het'ıle t'á. T'áıts'énıle tsēn nı ʔegħádalana ʔajá. Dū sekui t'ası t'á ʔedı nıdé. Kú yunızı xát'elesı. Harelyu sekui ʔəlnēth dahurēltth'a nı.

Respect Your Elders

Children growing up long ago are not the same as they are now. In the olden days the children really listened to their elders and their parents. When the adults spoke, the children did as they were told. The children obeyed the adults. If a young person visited an elder, and the elder was working at something, the young person would help, like bringing wood inside and those kinds of things. No one expected pay then; there was no money anyway. Instead, some of the elders would give them something to eat, or the elders who knew how to tell old stories would storytell for the young people. The young people would sit all around on the floor listening to stories.

Nowadays, the children have no respect for the elders. This is not right for me because I wasn't raised that way. All the elders who are receiving pensions now remember how we were raised. What really bothers me is that the children nowadays are often getting into trouble. Around this area there are four houses that I know that are vandalized a lot. At times, when the people would be sitting around in the evening in these houses, a big rock would come in through the window. Now these people are unfortunate.

There is one really pitiful woman whose husband died. The kids broke all her windows except

two. There were six big windows, four of which were broken. They don't know which kids did this. The parents are a lot at fault too because they don't discipline their children.

Long ago an old man named Wizo Beaulieu lived not far from my home. This old man he would be working around outside in the evening, and in the morning he'd still be working around because he was an early riser. One evening my brothers and I thought we'd go for a walk, so we left for downtown. We had to pass by this old man's fence and he would say to us, "Where are you kids going? Don't you see the sun's gone down. Get home!" We couldn't talk back to him. If we had said anything, we would have received a good spanking, so we turned right around and went back home. If you told a young person that today, he'd tell you every swear word that he knows in the world.

The young people have changed. They don't respect the elders. And a lot of them are working towards wrong. Somehow the children have changed. It wasn't like that long ago. All the children would obey the elders.



Alex Lafferty ʔadų Xátł'oresche nádh̄r. ʔeghéz zá 1928 denel Deninu Kųé.

Alex Lafferty lives in Hay River, Northwest Territories. He was born in June 1928 in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories.

Dëne Neljëríle

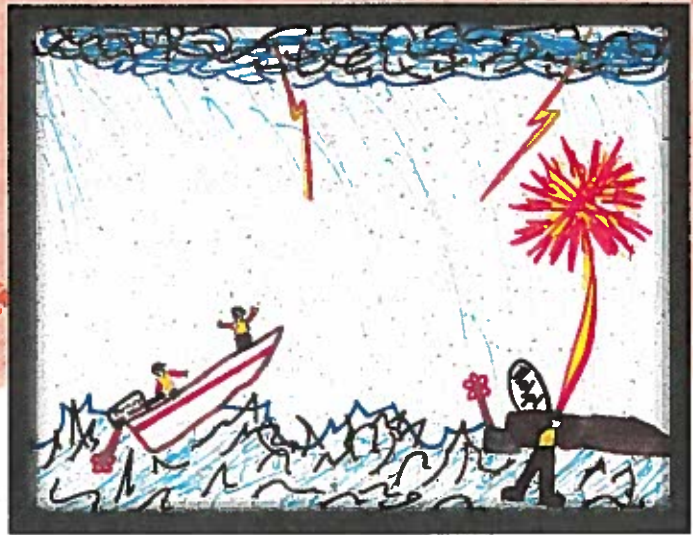
Xáyt'ás Łuedáltı zá ?at'e. Bít'ázı xajër dúwé. Sets'án chu yudághe ?ene bets'ıt'as. Sets'án xélesı yutth'ê túnêth k'e ts'ı ts'ızal talyel t'ázı ts'ı thetá núl?ı. Yuyok'e tu ga ?ekts'ınathít'as nq. Ts'ık'é gha dëne náłtsı dënë beschëne thetá, kún nareltht'él xél. "Pedláat'ı t'á?" desı.

Beschën ıa heıya t'á kuzı dëne ts'ıt'as. Dënegha nıt'as-u, Donny Morin segha nıya. "Yutth'ê ts'ıyé dëne theda ?at'e kún yałk'ıdh-u. Tarıchá dúwé t'á dëne yekáke hurel?ıle," séłnı. Harelyu dëne taretı ja heneljër. Taretı nechá ts'ık'é tédhe náł'ı t'á.

"Xát'e dé, bekáske sat'ıle," xélesı.

Hıkı tthe, bet'á dzelel ?ıh náthésya ?ásılá-u, "Nıljër-u?" séłnı.

"?edlághe ch'ánesjër ?alı-u, dırı ?áázı taretı nechá yedzerıkı hılé. Bet'á dzelel ?ıh bedı," desı.



Timothy Cardinal, Age 12.

Dëne náłtsı dënë bets'ıyé hıkı. Xát'u xaslın t'á tarıchá dúwé. Nuwe ts'ı hı?á ?áılye xa?áıle. Tághe ?ek'enedhe ts'ı banathıkı ?ıldu ?eyı dëne nuwets'ı yélgos. Kú ?eyı dëne hełghêth dúwé t'á dódı betth'ı nátsërıle ?ajá. Tth'ı dódı dëne k'órelyá lát'ele. Xát'u t'a nıt'a náıltı.

De?áázı xát'u nıłts'ı xaláıle. Xát'u k'abıdën-u dódı ts'ık'e xıılıle. ?eyı tłësts'ı tth'ı yuwé tł'ás ts'én nı k'e dathelár.

1991 Gabbie, neljërıle-u,
?anáálthër t'á dëne húłná xa ní
ts'én k'áldhër sátsán-u, ?erehtł'ıs-u
yeghónııı.

The Brave Dene

It was falltime in October. It was stormy outside. My wife and I were going uptown to visit my mom. I said to my wife, "Let's go and see the boat that's anchored out on the lake." So we drove down by the lake. At the wharf the R.C.M.P. vehicles were parked with their lights flashing.

"What are they doing?" I said.

There were a lot of vehicles parked, so we drove towards the scene. When we got there, Donny Morin came over to me. "There's a person who's shooting flares out there from a boat. No one wants to go out and get him because the waves are too high!" he said to me. All the people were scared of the waves. The waves were so big that they were going over the wharf.

"It's okay. I'll go out and get him," I told him. One young R.C.M.P. officer said that he would go with me.

Before leaving, the young R.C.M.P. officer got me to put on a lifejacket. "Are you scared?" he asked me.

"Why should I be scared? I've travelled in bigger waves than this and I wasn't even wearing a lifejacket," I said.

We went out in the R.C.M.P.'s boat. My goodness, the waves were huge! We couldn't stop our boat. We circled around the boat three times, and then on the third time the man jumped into our boat. The man was so scared that he went into shock. He was completely disoriented. We brought him right to shore.

Not that often is the wind that strong. The next morning there was no wharf. That big boat floated towards the bay and was stuck on high ground.

In 1991, Gabbie was presented with an award for his bravery and courage in saving the man in the storm.



Gabbie Lafferty ʔadų Deninu Kų́ nádhēr. 1947 denelį Deninu Kų́.

Gabbie Lafferty lives in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories. He was born in 1947 in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories.

Nuwe Nën K'e Nuweba Hurélya Ní

T'atthe Dzëndesche náide. Łuk'é náts'elze ts'ı nets'ıdel dé, nânı dëne k'its'ı tu hııchu yet'á k'itú ʔałe xa. Sekui hesı t'á ʔaté benásni chóile xulı Rose chogh Boucher ʔeyı k'itú hełtsı nı benásni bets'ı k'itú lekën dúwé t'á.

ʔeyı tı'ághe dé, dëne ıa noshı k'é xatı'és nágér gha náhede. Nı náge tı'ághe dé noshı nılye! Noshı begha tthën tth'ı t'ası ıa nelye, ttháy-u, t'ets'eldél-u, t'ácháy chogh-u, t'ácháy ts'elaze-u. Nı nezq dúwé t'á t'ası nezq neshe, ʔaıghane tu bek'e ʔalʔıle xulı.

ʔeyı noshı k'é sı dëne kué t'azı t'a noshı k'é xalé. Harelyu zı ʔaté nezq t'ası neye xáy t'ás ts'ën xadhër dé noshı t'áne dánenëth. Noshı k'é benat'ı dúwé ʔaté t'ácháy delgáy harelyu ts'ën k'erıt'ı. Sekui ıa noshı k'é senáide ıı. ʔeyër senáide dé nuwenı sı. Noshı t'áne dánenëth delgáy nızı t'a senáide nuweba hurélya dúwé ʔaıñëth noshı k'é senáide yedánélılé. ʔaıñëth nuwe ts'ën dáhézıl noshı k'e sohdele xulı.



Shene Kalia Catholique-Vaipy, Age 5.

Xáy t'ás núnıdhër dé, noshı xálya tı'ághe dé, nı tı'ër jıe k'é ts'ën ts'edél nı tı'ër huneje xa. Nı tı'ër ıa dúwé t'á kës dhëdh yé danelʔa huneje. ʔeyı kës dhëdh danelʔa sı chelekuı ts'ı ts'ën nayehele. Ts'ekuı t'a jıe huneyu-u dëneyu t'a tabıı tále łue xa. Łue dáthëhelu dé, tába ghe hurık'a-u bërkarát'eth. Bërkaht'e tı'ághe dé, harelyu dëne ʔaıagh shéhelyı ʔaté násue lat'e.

Łuk'é-u, sıne-u, xáy t'ás hudher dé, xáy núnıdhër dé. Xút'a tth'ı nanız ts'ën ʔeıdzus nılye xa nats'edıl lu. ʔeıdzus theıa dené harelyu ghái ghäre ʔeıdzus theıa.

Dëne k'edóreıʔá chóile nı. Xutı'edh ʔeghádáláıda xulı nuwe nën k'e náide nuweba hurélya nı.

We Were Happy on Our Land

Long ago we lived at Rat River. When the people came back from the spring hunt, some people would gather the sap from the birch trees to make syrup. I don't remember too well because I was so young, but I do remember Big Rose Boucher making syrup because it tasted so good.

After that, many people would dig up their gardens. After they finished digging, they planted the potatoes. Besides potatoes, they grew many other things like carrots, turnips, cabbage and lettuce. The soil was so fertile that things grew very well, even though it wasn't watered often.

The people made their gardens behind their houses. All summer, things grew very well. By fall, the potato plants were quite tall. The gardens were so beautiful with the white flowers all over. A lot of us children used to play in the gardens. As we played, we were so happy. We loved to play in among the tall white potato plants. But the elders didn't like us to play in the gardens. They used to yell at us to get out of the gardens.

In the falltime, after the potatoes were dug out of the ground, the people would go to the cranberry patch to pick berries. There were so many cranberries that they used to fill up flour bags full. The young men would bring the full bags down to the boats. As the women picked berries, the men set the fish nets. When they caught the fish, then they made a fire by the water and started cooking. After they finished cooking, all of the people would be eating together, just like a feast.

After spring, summer, and fall passed, then it was winter. This was the time for trappers to go in the bush to set their traps. The trappers trapped all winter.

The Dene people were busy in all seasons. We worked hard and loved our life on the land.



Vitaline Lafferty ʔadų Beghúldesche nádhër. Dzínédhaze zá 1939 denel Deninu Kųé.

Vitaline Lafferty lives in Yellowknife, Northwest Territories. She was born in August 1939 in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories.

Yú K'enátsíl Yunízi Tth'u Dú Tth'i

Yunízi sekui hesí-u, yú k'enátsíl gha núnídhër dé, yú ?ektá halyé-u, dashú thën-u, t'áts'eldáy tth'i tthën-u. Bet'á yú delk'él húle t'á, lés túwé xél doshú nelghuz ?ál?í. Sín dé, tu lenáilyí lu, náke dzín xuk'e. ?eyí tl'ághe dé bít'ází kún chogh dílk'á-u, tu nídhíl lu yú k'enárltsíl lí. Bek'éz yúk'enátsíl xát'í k'e t'a yu k'enáítsíl. Dëneyú ts'í tu t'á?í xát'í t'a búreníle bek'enátsíl xa. Nók'e náke t'ul dánel?á yú dáthílye. La nechání!

Xáy dé, de?áází húreníle. Yath yíz dáílye-u, náílghe-u xát'eile dé, tábaghe ts'í tén xáíltthél-u, yíz dáílye. Tén náílghe-u tu láá já dé kú yú k'enaráítsíl, nadlílu. Xáy dé, bítází yú dáthílye xúlí ?até belu chogh xát'u t'a yíz dáílye líní. Jíz yézeñílu xát'u bít'áz yú dálye líní. Xát'u dódí nuweba ?ets'áílení.

Noríya t'á hutl'édh ?eghádáíláda hílé! Xát'e xúlí dódí nuweba lá lát'íle ní.

Dú yú k'enátsíl gha núnídhër dé, húrení. Tu lenályí lu, tu nídhíl lu, bek'éz yúk'enátsíl tth'í t'áat'íle-u,



Krystle Bourdages. Age 9.

tth'í bí'táz yudályele. Tth'í yú harelyú ?ekta bek'enáreltsíl.

Dú bet'á yuk'átsíl sets'í xúlí bet'áúst'ílé yísthën t'á. Yudághe yuk'enátsíl kué ts'ën yú nashí-u ?eyër yú k'enáztsíl. Yúk'enátsíl kué yíz dáíya dé, já dízí ts'í dëne harelyú dektth'í-u. Yú táíldél dé, ?elxél dáhulní-u, díltth'í. Tth'í xát'ele dé, yú táíla dé, yuwé, náník'é t'así dānes?í xa ts'éresa. ?eyër yuk'enátsíl kué nēsja dé, ts'etáy k'áhdëne seba yú k'enátsël thela?í. Húrení dúwé.

Begha nánáádhër dé, ?edú lahút'e dú ts'ën.

Washing Clothes: Then and Now

As a young girl long ago, when it was time to wash clothes, we would sort out all the clothes with the dish towels in one pile and the towels in another pile. We had to boil the dish towels with lye because there was no bleach. In the summertime, we had to haul water for about two days. After that, we would light a big fire outside and heat the water to wash the clothes. We would wash the clothes with a washboard. The men's pants were very hard to wash. Sometimes there would be two full lines of clothes to hang. It was a very big job!

In the wintertime, it was even harder. We would bring in the snow to melt. If we didn't use snow, we would use lakeshore ice by chopping the ice with an axe. As the ice melted, there would be a lot of water so we would begin washing the clothes. In the wintertime, we would hang clothes outside, and the clothes would be frozen stiff when we brought them inside. We didn't have on any gloves as we hung the clothes outside. But it wasn't even cold for us.

My goodness - we worked so hard! Although it didn't seem like a lot of work for us.

Nowadays, washing clothes is a very easy job. We don't have to haul water, heat up the water, use a washboard, or hang out the clothes outside. We can even wash the clothes all mixed up!

At home, I have a washing machine, and when I don't feel like using it, I bring my clothes to the laundromat to wash them. When I arrive at the laundromat, some of the people from the community are there also. I throw my clothes in the washing machine, and then sit around and visit with the people. If I don't feel like visiting, then I go around to the stores to windowshop. Then when I go back to the laundromat, my clothes are all ready washed and waiting for me. How easy!

Thinking about it now, things sure have changed from what they used to be like.



Eliza Lawrence ʔadų Xátł'oresche nádh̄r. 1934 denelį Deninu Kų́ę.

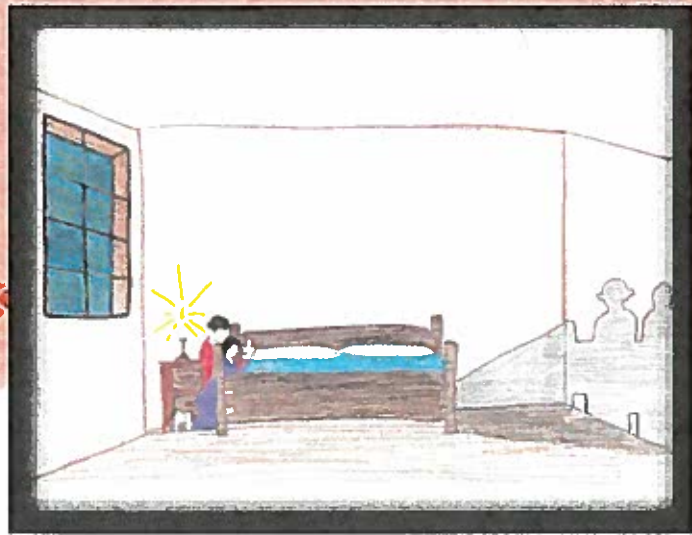
Eliza Lawrence lives in Hay River, Northwest Territories. She was born in 1940 in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories.

Sık'ázı Beghâ Súdı

Sekuı heslı-u Deschaghe nuwe kué xáʔa xúlí xáyť'ás dé, setıhkuı chu senakuı chu xél nánız ts'én náıdıł. ʔılá xáye nuta náıde hılé nuwetá ʔełdzus theła-u, tth'ı beghâ nání xa hıe tabıl túwe theła.

Sı chu sedés Doris chu k'éť'á ts'én ʔaıagh ʔáıt'ı nı. K'éť'á ts'én bıť'ázı ʔegháláıda kún ghanáıdhër-u, tu tth'ı lenáılyı-u, gabıl tth'ı dáıt'ı-u-u. ʔél tth'ı lenáılyı nı tı'qbal yé nérıjs xa. ʔél tthet chèn k'é, ʔaté bek'ésnı-u, ʔél bek'enerésle. Bek'oresyá dúwé nı. ʔaté xéle nechásʔı-u, nasgél lını. Xát'u hut'édh ʔegháláıda nunagheke-u nuwe t'á ʔełdzus theła-u tth'ı hıe ghanáhede t'á. Hut'édh ʔegháláıda xúlí nuweba hurélyáʔı k'éť'á ts'én náıdlógh-u, súdı xáyáıltı.

Kú sı t'asıe náshıs dúwé leno. Tthet chèn-u dechèn bës-u, xát'ı t'ası náshıs dıle. ʔeyër dé Doris t'a bets'én nedorésle. ʔedın t'a bets'én ts'úl ch'ogh chóıle t'á ʔedını t'a nádere helı t'á. ʔeyër dé, ts'élt'u beba hestsı nánelʔı t'á ts'élt'u t'á. ʔedets'én nedorélye xa bets'én násnı t'á. Xaslını t'á dene k'áıt'ele nık'éla.



Kara King, Age 14.

Harelyı dzık'e ʔegháláıda tl'ághe dé, hııts'én nıtës nıde yáıltı. Dene k'ódıle xúlí tth'ı yatırılʔa dúwé leno. Yaltı xa nıgórılye dé, sık'ázı yat'ár k'e bureť'ı. Sık'ázı t'á ch'áxásthër ghâ náıdlógh, náıdlógh. Kú sedzághe gá setthıghá k'ıtath nı. ʔeyı łats'én xádáttheʔá. Sık'ázı beghâ súdı laborełʔı deʔáázı ʔeyı ghâ náıdlógh. Kú sı t'á t'atthère heslı xát'u dene k'ásnıle nık'éla.

ʔegháláıda-u, t'ası náıjs-u, nuwe ts'én ts'úlch'ogh-u, Nııtsın ts'én yáıltı-u, harelyı xát'e xúlí nuweba hurélyá-u k'éť'á ts'én náıdlógh. ʔeyı t'ásá dı ʔeıghanıta ʔeıdes ke hıť'ı t'á.

The Shadow Show

When I was young, we had a house at Rocher River. But in the falltime, my parents, my brothers and sisters, and I moved to the bush. We stayed at Simpson Islands because my Dad was trapping and commercial fishing.

My sister, Doris, and I were always together. We were always working outside, cutting wood, hauling water, and setting rabbit snares. We also gathered spruce boughs for the ground in the tent. I would put the spruce boughs on an axe handle and press them down real hard. I knew how to do this very well. I would make a big load, then carry it on my back. We worked hard like this because our brothers were out trapping and fishing with our Dad. We worked very hard, but we were always happy, as we laughed and told jokes.

I always used to break things: axe handles, saw blades, and other things like that. Then I would put the blame on Doris. Usually she didn't get as much heck as me because she was younger. I would then make smokes for her because she was hiding her smoking. It was her pay for taking the blame. My goodness, we didn't listen very well.

All day long we worked, then after that, as we were getting ready for bed at night, we prayed. We were really mischievous, but we were sure religious too. As we knelt down to pray, there was my shadow on the wall. I did tricks with my shadow and we laughed and laughed. I had cut my hair really short by my ears, so it was sticking out on both sides. My shadow looked so funny; we laughed even harder. Even as the eldest, I was still so mischievous.

We worked, we broke things, we got heck, we prayed to God - and through all these things we were so happy and laughing. That was why we were so close as sisters.



Denise McKay ʔadų Deninu Kųé nădhēr. Náldáídzı zá denelı 1935 Deschaghe.

Denise McKay lives in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories. She was born in April 1935 in Rocher River, Northwest Territories.

Jík'ozı Nalıta

Sekuı heslı-u Dzqdesche náıde-u
luk'é tsáth ts'ı nets'ıdel dé
Dzqdesche dēne lą. Kú ?eyēr dé
hurélya. Dēne ?elgha hıta nahıdıl-
u, dats'édıl tth'ı nats'ıdıl-u, desk'é
ts'ı yé ts'éts'edıl. Desk'é tlest'óth
?até hejēn ládı. ?eyēr dé, t'est'sı
chogh ts'ıkar xél níketh. Kú ?eyı
ts'ıkar yé xél lą nılye sı luk'é t'atthe
tth'u t'ests'ı chogh níketh ?at'e t'á.

Ts'ıkar ts'ı, ?eghéz-u, bądzágh-u,
sátsántıl-u, tth'ı t'ası lą dąlye. Kú
jık'os ?eyı t'a ?até benásnı. ?até
jık'ozı nalıta harelyu ts'ēn.
Mmmmm! Norıya t'á jık'os dēneba
lekēn nı. Kú jık'os bats'ede hqt'elu
harelyu gháy k'étl'á xát'ı t'asıe dēne
dhánıle sít'á. Jık'os nuweba lekēn
dúwé t'á bet'us xılı gha shılyı nı.
Jık'os nát'ús?ılye-u, bet'us yághe



Jordan James-McQueen. Age 8.

delgay lını ?eyı k'éyághe nuweghu
t'á híddhogh. ?até be?ane bet'uzı
ts'et'alaze thelchuth ?at'e nı.
Sunaghe Noel ?adı-u ?edını jık'os
benáısch'ule henı. Xát'u bet'us xél
begha shestı henı.

Kú jık'os náke?adhěl-u ?ıłághe
tsamba nı.

?adı selona ?azı segháy-u xát'u
jık'os hestsēn dé, yunızı t'atthe t'u
jık'os xél t'es ts'ı chogh níketh
benásnı dıle.

The Smell of Oranges

When I was young, we lived at Rocher River. In the spring, when people came back from the spring hunt, there were so many of us. It was a happy time. The people would visit each other, go to dances, and drive their boats up and down the river. The kickers sounded like music on the river. That was when the big boat and the barge would arrive. On the barge, there was a lot of freight because it was the first boat that arrived in the spring.

Eggs, apples, canned food, and many other things would be unloaded from the barge. But oranges are what I remember the most. The smell of oranges was all through the air. Mmmm! Those oranges tasted so delicious for the people. Of course, we were hungry for oranges because we didn't have

things like that to eat all winter long. The oranges tasted so good for us that we even ate the peelings. We peeled the oranges, then we ate the inside of the peelings by scraping the white part with the bottom of our teeth. We left only the thin layer of orange peel. My brother, Noel, said he never even bothered to peel his orange, he just ate the whole thing, peeling and all!

At that time it was one dollar for one dozen oranges.

Now, I'm over fifty years old, and when I smell oranges, I always remember the first boat that came in with the oranges.



*Doris McQueen ʔadų Beghúldesche.
ʔelets'elts'úndzı zá 1941 denel
Dzqdesche.*

*Doris McQueen lives in Yellowknife,
Northwest Territories. She was born in
January 1941 in Rocher River, Northwest
Territories.*

Yunízi K'ízi Dats'édíl

Old Time Dances

ʔet'ekeʔaze hesłı-u dats'édíl
bastłı dúwé nı. Dats'édíl għa
hestságh línı nánegha xáıle séts'edı
dé. Setanı sexél dats'édıl ts'én
nadaʔı thēne dzénegha xa dúwé
séts'edı t'á. Dats'édıl nahút'é ts'én
setá nı, segá theda.

ʔééé dēne ła dúwé nı dats'édıl k'é.
Hurélyą línı. Hozų dats'édıl nı.
Hasunélta t'á dastłı, dēne k'ízi.
Dzigá Barrens ʔeyı t'a nuweba
tł'oghetı.

Benásnı ʔełk'éch'a ła t'á dats'édıl:
k'óchēdh t'á dats'édıl-u, ʔełk'édıghe
dadıl-u, gah k'ízi dats'édıl,
ts'éleneju-u. ʔeyēr dé, ʔałněth xılı
gah k'ízi dadıl dánélı. ʔałněth nıśá
dıʔona xúk'e dábegháý, sı sekui
hesłı t'á seba ʔałněth lárát'e.

ʔełk'édıghe t'á dats'édıl ʔeyı t'a
benesłı dúwé, ʔaté benesłı dúwé.

When I was a young lady I loved to dance.
I used to cry to go to the dance if they told
me I couldn't go. My father used to go to the
dance with me because I was not allowed to
go by myself. My father would sit beside me
until the dance was over.

At the dances, there were so many people.
It was a happy time. People used to dance
so well. I was taught to dance like the other
people. At the dances, Dzigá Barrens played
the violin for us.

I remember we danced all different kinds
of dances: the handkerchief dance, the reel
of eight, and the rabbit dance where we
chased each other around. The elders like to
dance the rabbit dance. They were elders to
me because they seemed so old when I was
so young. But really they were only about
forty years old.

The reel of eight was the one I liked the
best. I really liked it the most.

*Rosa Mercredi nı Tthebachaghe
náıdhēr nı. 1913 denelı
Tthebachaghe.*

*The late Rosa Mercredi lived in Fort
Smith, Northwest Territories. She was
born in 1913 and died in 1995 in Fort
Smith, Northwest Territories.*

T'atthe Tth'u Dëne Naresya

Pine Point xáʔa tth'u ʔeyër t'atthe dëne naresya German Shepherd xát'ı ıı t'ast'ı. ʔełısdı ıı ıı t'ast'ı benázı ııqta ıı-u, xát'ı t'a dáhet'ı.

Ts'ólthëne gháré, ʔereht'ıs ʔıłághe bek'ereht'ıs ts'a yéts'ı hılchu. Xát'e t'á sı tthe hıya. Nıdhá nıyáıle tth'u, ʔedı kún ts'ı dechën bet'arıya.

Sebeschëne harelyu náıyez-u tth'ı, selıe seghálʔas. ʔaté ʔestáʔınlı, yathyé xáıya. ʔaté nıya-u yune hunesʔı tthe tth'u sek'ını hegal ʔeyı ıı t'á setedhéya. ʔeyër tth'ı ʔaté ʔestáʔınlı yathyé xáıya-u. Kú ʔadu nak'élya tth'ı ʔáıldel yathyé. ʔate benolʔa-u, tth'ı taghe t'ágal setedhe náhja tth'ı, nak'élya ʔáıldel nadlı. Xút'a dúwé t'á, hesgol t'á tılu ch'ázı xásger hurésdzá. ʔaté ʔestáʔınlı nıya. Nak'élya kanısthën xa nesthën t'á nakelya ka dzéresnı-u, tth'ı t'a dıghe t'ágal setedheya. Nade ts'ën hadhër-u xút'a dúwé t'á tııluneth ts'ën hesgé. Dëne dásenełʔı harelyu segha ná hedlógh.

Xát'e tth'u t'a ʔełnát's'eldel bunıdhır sı, ʔeyër nesja-u ʔełnát's'eldel nahút'e. Grant Beck segha nıya-u. "Harelyu durıdzık'e nexél t'anáádhër ʔaıı ıı dzénıyu dé, ʔııa dzık'e hunılnı xát'e," sélnı.



Kyle Giroux, Age 7.

With Great Difficulty

When Pine Point was still there, I went into my first race. I had a team of German Shepherds. I used seven dogs and the other mushers used about nine. By the luck of the draw, I picked number one from the hat. I had to start out first. I didn't get very far when I ran into the power pole. My toboggan crashed and my dogs took off on me. With great difficulty, I got up out of the snow. Just as I got up, before even looking back, the team behind me ran over me. Again, with great difficulty, I got up out of the snow. This time I lost my glasses in the snow. Just as I found them, the third team ran over me, and I lost my glasses again. Then I didn't know what to do, so I tried to crawl off the trail. With great difficulty, I stood up. I thought I'd look for my glasses, so I felt around in the snow, then again the fourth team ran over me. In the end, I was having such a hard time that I started crawling

towards the highway. All the people saw me and they started laughing!

By the time I got back to the starting line, the race was over. Grant Beck came over to me and said, "With all the things that happened to you today, if you keep on driving dogs, someday you'll win the race."

Billy Norn ʔadu Denınu Kué nádhër. ʔeyúndzı zá 1949 denelı Denınu Kué.

Bill Norn lives in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories. He was born in November 1949 in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories.



Sekui Dēnk'anile Dúwé

Łona segháy-u, t'atthe tth'u thēn hitīle. Jā Marí des k'é jík'e ?eyēr ?at'e. Se?e Alexí?aze nı, tth'u tth'ı ?eyıle ?ıłághe dēne ?eyı bexél ?ast'ı. ?eyēr nıdel dēne shılyı. Se?e ?adı-u sets'enı chu chēth xáılze xa hénı. "Yunázk'edhe ts'ı xatēdh hitı xa chēth xa hunıl?ı-u ts'érikı dıyághe k'é. Jā nuweba hıdá?ále t'ası ts'ēn hıyá sá!" hénı.

"He," desı. "Pełk'idh t'á hıłk'edh xılı-u," seheledı.

"Dódı ?at'e," desı. T'at'u ?ek'ıchogh deyét'á-u, ?ełk'idh t'at'u helk'idh hásunéłta. ?ıłághe ?ek'ıchogh tıl setł'áhıłta-u. Sech'áz he?as. T'a xa?ı, hı?as t'á ?ełk'idh naresk'ēth gha thıdájı. ?ełk'idh naresk'ēth, ?ełk'idh naresk'ēth. ?eyı selóna beyé the?á sá ?ıłághe ?ek'ıchogh tıl. ?eyı harelyı bek'ıłk'ēdh xút'a t'ası ghájıle thıdalı. Ts'ınedhe hıłts'ēn ?ajá. Bėrbáıdhēr t'á shestı. Xút'a huret'ıle ?áne. Dzınédhaze zá łaghe húk'e sá. Nalghıl?ane, tá dódı huret'ıle-u, dechēn chıne tth'ı hurelzēnı-u. Hééé, xút'a nesjēr dúwé. Ts'ınedhe xút'a tsághdesda. Xát'e tth'u ?eshál k'é. Běl natsēr dút'elu sekui xılı dé.

Ts'ıdhēr nq, hurıłthá hitı yısthēn lu, ts'ıdhēr-u, dzıdhe chóghı k'é. Kú nesjēr nı dódıé. T'á xút'a t'asıaze gha shestı-u. ?edu ?ajá, dzıdız t'áto. Kú ?eyı k'alıchus tuaze the?á hes?ı. Kun gá yú yeháıya-u, tuaze ts'ı ya-u tuwé sásthēr.



Wendy Boucher. Age 13.

Dexá ts'ı yudághe hunıl?ı nq senare ts'ékui nárélyá k'e. ?eyēr t'a tuwé násthēr nıhıdel déstth'aghıle. Kú ?eyı setsuné Harriet nı-u, ts'ákuı Charlotte nı-u, kú tth'ı nadēne t'eke, ?ıłághe Florence húlye-u, ?ıłághe Therese húlye, setsúné se?ı-u sets'ılch'e. "Tuwe hatł'ánet'ái," séłnı. T'á tehása xano seyúwé tth'ı kúnk'e thełálu. Bet'á nádınyı?ı xılıle t'á, harelyı ts'ēn náıyes?ı. Tsátł'aghe satsēn nıdhıle thetá k'é. ?eyı hıłchu dets'ık'ēth nestá. Kú ?eyı tsátł'aghe betł'aghe hárık'á ?at'e k'é. Nadenes?ı yısthēn nı. Harelyı suret'ı k'é. Setsúne -nı de?áázı sets'ılch'e!

"Nádenıl?ıle dúwé, ts'ékui nızı," séłnı. Setthēn ?eya sılá. Kú hestságh-u, hesıl-u, se?e Alexí?aze nı chu bets'enı chu serétth'á sı t'á. Xút'a sekui kúnk'é sájá sá henıdhēn t'á, ts'ı ?áhelxēl-u, nabahet'ēs. Nuwegha nıbahı?ēs. Se?e Alexí?aze nı hılch'e.

"Dechēn yághe xát'u sekui ts'énelghēl xa?ájıle," henı. Setsúné nı k'ełch'e.

Súdı lat'e hılé kú. Kú ?eyēr seba súdıle nı. Dı benánısthēr-u, seba súdı!

A Mischievous Young Boy

When I was ten years old, I slept in the bush alone for the very first time.

It was at a berry place on the Jean Marie River. I was with my late uncle, Alexi, and another guy. As soon as we got there, we ate. Then my uncle told me that he and his friend were going hunting ducks. "We're going to take a canoe across the portage to look for ducks in the slough. You stay right here for us and don't go anywhere!" he said.

"Okay," I said.

"Have you ever shot with a gun?" they asked me.

"Never," I said.

So they taught me how to put shells in the gun and how to shoot it. They gave me a whole box of shells. Then they left. As soon as they were out of sight, I started target shooting. I shot and kept on shooting. There's fifty rounds of shells in a box. I shot the whole darn works. I was left sitting with nothing to do.

After awhile, it was evening. I was hungry, so I ate. Then it started getting dark. It was around the end of August. It got darker and darker until it was pitch black, even among the trees it was just black. Hey, I was so scared! Sometimes later, I started crying. While I was crying, I guess I fell asleep. Of course, sleep is strong when you're a kid.

When I woke up, it didn't seem that I slept very long. It was daytime. I wasn't scared anymore. Right away I had something to eat. It was hot out, it must have been noon. There was bullrushes and a pond close by. So I took off my clothes at the fire camp, and walked to the pond and played in the water.

All of a sudden, I looked up and there was some ladies around me. I hadn't heard them come to where I was playing. There was my grandmother, Harriet, old lady Charlotte, and two young women. One was Florence and the other was Therese. When my grandmother saw me, she was mad! "Get the heck out of the water!" she said.

I was going to get out of the water, but my clothes were back at the fire camp. I started to look around for something to cover myself with. There was an old tin pan near me. I took the pan and put it in front of myself. But that pan had a burnt hole in the bottom. I thought I was hiding myself. Everything was showing. My grandmother was even madder! "You're not hiding yourself in front of the women!" she said. Then she gave me a darn good spanking.

I was crying and yelling so loud that my late uncle Alexi and his friend must have heard me. They must have thought that something was happening to me. They threw down their boat and started running. They ran to where we were. My uncle, Alexi, got mad. "Why

would anybody be spanking a kid out in the bush," he said. He gave heck to my grandmother.

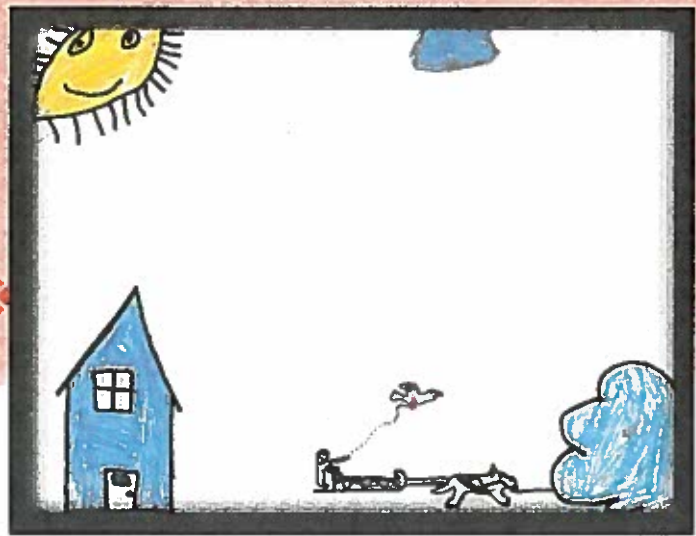
It all seemed so funny then. But it wasn't very funny for me at the time. When I think about it now, it was really funny!



Marcel Norn ʔadų Deninu Kų́ę nádh̄r. Degáy marí zá 1932 denelį Deninu Kų́ę.

Marcel Norn lives in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories. He was born in May 1932 in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories.

Har! Har! Dódi!



Kurt Macdonald. Age 7.5.

ʔíłá Tēdheyatı tthe Denınu Kué
nest'agh, Beghúldesche ts'ı Akaitcho
Hall ʔerehtł'ís kué náisdá nı́t'a.
Tēdheyatı náke tséreta segħa náát'a
t'á. ʔeyēr nest'agh tł'ághe k'ásba
kósa yısthēn t'á, sáre Christine
bekué ts'í ya. ʔeyēr níya dēné seghe
Frank bureskar, nelıe t'óst'ı
yunásk'ēth Nı́łaghe nósa, kuzı
k'ásba kánustá. Sát'ıle séłnı t'á ıı
dek'ıla. ʔeyı nast'e-u yızı dąsjá-u,
ledı hesdą-u, bıt'as tęsja. ʔeyēr-u ıı
hełʔás ʔásle hurésdzá.

"Har!" desı. Dódiyę. "Har! Har!"
desı-u bets'ēn tthızel nadlı. Dódiyę.
Xáte t'á tth'ı yızdąsja seghe, Frank
xálesı, "Łı seba hełʔás hurełʔıle t'á
sets'énenı."

"Hé," séłnı. "Bıt'as seba nórıłʔı."
Sugħa nı́łtha-u, tetthıdą-u, thezel,
"Har!" henı. ʔı́łaʔı. Kudēné ıı
hełʔas. Kudēné yunásk'ēth Nı́łaghe
ts'ıyaʔı. Senııı, xát'e t'ál

Yunásk'ēth shēthlái níya-u, k'ásba
nanedıl-u, nenáıdıl-u, ʔeyı nesʔı.
ʔeyēr-u, ıı dáıtl'ı. ʔelk'ıdhaze
hılchu-u, k'ásba káıya. ʔelk'etághe
to ʔeláısdıghe to xúk'e k'ásba
łáılde. Ts'ınedhe k'ásba sech'ázı
hıdélı t'á xút'a xúlı yısthēn. Selı
gha nesjá-u, k'ásba beschēn yıldel-
u, nasda xa núnıʔa.

"Har!" xélesı. Dódi. Dēłtth'ıyı.
"Har! Har!" Bets'ésılu, t'át'u dēłtthı
xát'eyı. Kú tth'ı segħa dąghun t'á,
beghásnáılı. Dáıtl'ı-u, xút'a yuʔáne
nasjáyı.

T'ółʔa bek'óresyáıle, yuʔa nesjá.
Yızdąsjá-u, ıı sı séts'edı.

"Kú yunásdezı," hebelesı. "Łı dı zı
nalʔás hurełʔıle t'á násk'ēth
dáıtl'ıyıı."

Seghe, Frank, hılch'e lát'e xúlı
tıyaʔı. Sı sekué ts'ēn nasjá.

ʔeyı tł'ághe, Christine ʔadı-u,
Frank ıı t'á nıja-u hılch'e lajá.
Tēdhe tł'ághe ʔajá xúłdu bekué nıja-
u kú hegěl t'á yunask'ēdh nıya-u ıı
kánáhja t'á. Kú sı, Frank ıı
benoreskar xı́ıle ıı segħanolá k'áıle
yısthēn t'á.

Har! Har! Nothing!

One time before Christmas I flew back to Fort Resolution from Yellowknife where I was at Akaitcho Hall going to school. It was the two-week Christmas holiday. After I got back, I thought about going out to hunt ptarmigans, so I went to my sister, Christine's, house. As soon as I got there, I asked my brother-in-law, Frank, if I could use his dogs to go out to Mission Island to look for ptarmigans. He said it was okay, so I hooked up his dogs. After I finished, I went inside, drank some tea, and went back out again. Then I tried to get the dogs to go.

"Har!" I yelled at the dogs. Nothing. "Har! Har!" I yelled again. Nothing. So I went inside, and told my brother-in-law, Frank. "The dogs don't want to go for me. Can you help me?"

"Yeah," he said. "Go outside and wait for me." After awhile, he stuck his head out, and yelled, "Har!" Just once. The dogs took off. As soon as the dogs went, I took off with them across to Mission Island. Gosh, I was happy!

When I got on top of the hill, I watched the ptarmigans as they flew and landed around. There I tied up

the dogs. I took my 22 rifle, and started out for ptarmigans. I killed about 6 or 7 ptarmigans. Finally they started flying away from me, so I thought I would quit. When I got back to the dogs, I threw my ptarmigans in the toboggan, and got set to leave.

"Har!" I said to the dogs. Nothing. "Har! Har!" I yelled at them, but they just kept sitting there. Then they started growling at me, so I let them be. I tied them up, and headed home.

I don't know how long it took before I got home. When I went inside, they asked me where the dogs were. "Well, they're across," I told them. "The dogs didn't want to come back, so I just tied them up." My brother-in-law, Frank, was kind of upset as he went out the door. I just went home.

Afterwards, Christine said that when Frank got back with the dogs, he was quite mad. It was after dark when he got home because he had to walk across and bring the dogs back. As for me, I didn't ask Frank to use his dogs again because I didn't think he would have lent them to me anyway.



*Isadore Tourangeau ?ady
Tthebachaghe nădhër. 1942 denel, Jă
Marî Des K'é.*

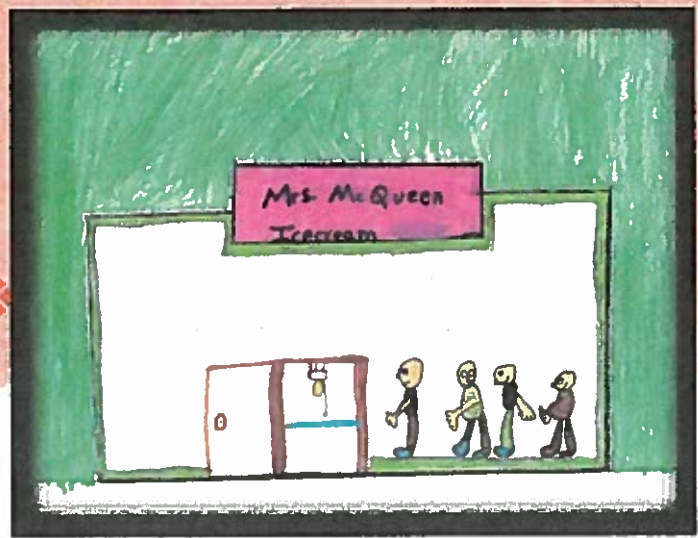
*Isadore Tourangeau lives in Fort Smith,
Northwest Territories. He was born in
1942 at Jean Marie River, Northwest
Territories.*

Ice Cream Xa Nádaúreł?ı

T'atthe sekui hesłı-u benásni, Dzódeshche náide. Kú 1956 xúk'e tósá. Ts'ákuı Mrs. McQueen húlye ʔeyı shéts'elyı kué xalʔá. Nezo berkált'édh nı. Harelyu t'asie ʔelk'éch'a hełt'édh, łést'ethdhul-u, pie-u, cake-u. Ice cream tth'ı hełtsı kú ʔeyı xulı luk'é ʔqłı. (Ice cream t'a deʔáázı dēneba thekēn-nı, Mrs. McQueen ʔıłághay ʔıłáı yełtsı t'á.)

Degay marı zá lághe ts'ēn xúk'e, Dzódesh k'é tēn heʔél ʔekúde luk'é tsáth ts'ı ʔelénats'ehdél dé. Harelyu dēne beba hurélyá. ʔıłághe t'asie deʔáázı dēne dáylı kēn ʔeyı Mrs. McQueen bets'ı ice cream. Ice cream dēneyatı t'á bezı xulıle, thát'ıne k'ızı ice cream dídı ʔat'e.

Mrs. McQueen luk'é dé Dzódesh k'é tēn heʔul xát'ı nałtsı yet'á ice cream łekēn hełtsı. Łure tutil yé yele-u bets'ı shéts'elyı kué nıyıle. ʔeyēr dé ice cream hełtsı yúnıłtthır. Yet'á ice cream hełtsı sı nánık'e ts'ı nání ʔat'e. Yet'á ice cream hełtsı sı dechēn tth'ay beʔáne-u, beyághe sátsán tıl theta. Mrs. McQueen tēn sátsán tıl náré nıyıle. ʔeyēr dé sátsán tıl yé ʔejēretth'ú-u, súga-u, ʔıdzıáze-u, tth'ı ʔeyıle t'asie ʔaté Mrs. McQueen ʔqłı ye k'órelyá.



Loren Hudson. Age 10.

Mrs. McQueen bıt'ázı t'a ice cream hełtsı. Kún k'et'ēth k'e theda-u ice cream bet'a ʔale hełdēth ʔaté dedógh ʔáne ts'ēn. ʔaté nı k'adh dé, ice cream deʔáázı deyēr ʔat'ı. Mrs. McQueen ʔála sadzie ice cream hełtsı għa nadhēr. Begħa la nechá ʔat'e. Xát'e xulı Mrs. McQueen yegħa nánıdherıle. Ts'ekui dēne nélı-u tth'ı xutł'ēth ʔéghálána dēne ice cream għa shelyı xa. Benásni dēnełáá ice cream náhełnı xa ʔelk'ıne nádaúreł?ı. Ice cream ʔıłághe łona sáts'ánaze hełı nı. Ice cream łekēn dúwé.

Waiting for Ice cream

When I was young, I remember when we lived at Rocher River. It was about 1956. There was a restaurant owned by an older lady named Mrs. McQueen. She was a very good cook. She baked all kinds of different things, like bread, pies, and cakes. She also made ice cream, but only in the spring. Ice cream was the food that the people liked the best because Mrs. McQueen made it only once a year. (There is no Chipewyan word for ice cream, so we say ice cream like the Whiteman.)

Around the end of May, when the ice was flowing down the Taltson River, the people gathered after the spring hunt was over. Everyone was very happy. One of the things that the people looked forward to was eating Mrs. McQueen's ice cream.

Mrs. McQueen used the spring ice from the Taltson River to make her delicious ice cream. She would gather the ice in waterbuckets and bring it to her restaurant. Then she would start making her ice cream. She used a store-bought ice cream making machine. It was a wooden tub with a metal container inside. Mrs. McQueen

put the ice all around the metal container. Then inside the metal container, she put milk, sugar, strawberries, and other things that only Mrs. McQueen knew.

Mrs. McQueen made her ice cream outside. She would sit out on a log and turn the handle of the ice cream maker until the ice cream became thick. Then as the ice cream got really cold it became hard.

Mrs. McQueen spent hours and hours making her ice cream. It was a big job! But Mrs. McQueen didn't worry about all the work she did. She was a kind lady and she worked hard so the people could eat ice cream. I remember all the people waiting in line to buy ice cream. It was only ten cents a cone. It tasted so good!



Agnes Villebrun ʔadų Thebachaghe nádhër. Náídáídzı zá 1949 denelı Dzqdesche.

Agnes Villebrun lives in Fort Smith, Northwest Territories. She was born in April 1949 in Rocher River, Northwest Territories.

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