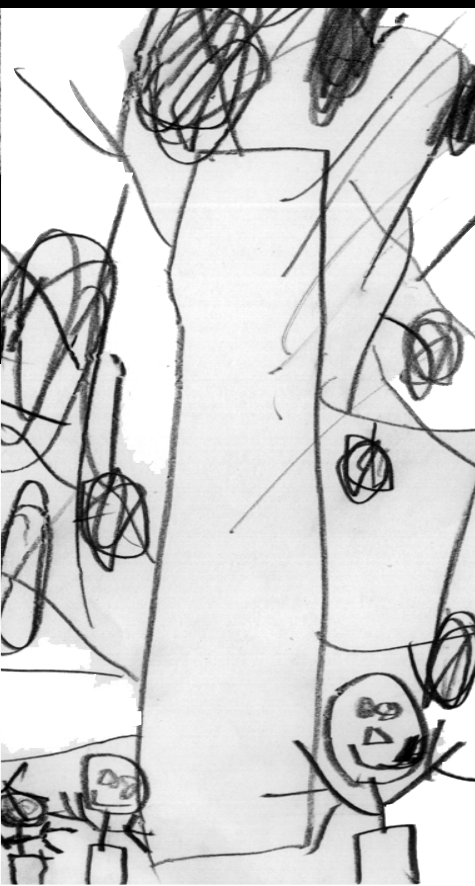


# SAHTÚGODÉDÁHK'É

place • hunting and trapping  
survival • bushman • very scary  
tall tales • adventure and fun times  
travel • feelings • learning for life  
place • hunting and trapping  
survival • bushman • very scary  
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travel • feelings • learning for life



Handwritten text in the Dene syllabic script, arranged in several lines. The script is dense and fills the rectangular area.

## place of stories

THE FIRST Sahtú Godé Dáhk'é writing contest was successfully concluded in the year 2000. This special writing contest supplement showcases the diverse talent and creativity of our many writers, young and old.

We can read these works as kaleidoscopic reflections of the experience of living in the Sahtu. We have much to learn about each other, and about ourselves, in this collection marking the turn of the millennium.

A total of sixty-two works were submitted from Fort Good Hope, Deline, and Norman Wells. Students from Chief T'Selehye and Colville Lake schools also contributed the art works that grace these pages.

In reading this collection, you will appreciate the difficult task it must have been to select winners. We had originally intended to forward only winning entries to the NWT Writing Contest. But because of their overall high quality, we've decided to send the entire Sahtú contest package. Congratulations to all participants!

Special awards have been presented to elders Georgina Tobac and Dominique Tobac, who are bringing back to life the traditional syllabic form of writing the Dene language. After their stories were written, interviewers Addy Tobac and Alfred Masuzumi interpreted and recorded their oral retellings in English.

Thanks to the support of the Mackenzie Valley Viewer, we have been able to publish the majority of the entries. The variety of

entries is shown in the large number of themes that emerged as we read the works.

Our apologies to those student writers whose works we did not have the space to include. Some of these may be published in a future youth page. We continue to invite submissions of writing, art, photography, and letters to Sahtú Godé Dáhk'é, which appears monthly in the second section of the Mackenzie Valley Viewer.

The Sahtú Godé Dáhk'é Writing Contest was the result of a partnership between the Sahtu Divisional Education Council, Aurora College, the Mackenzie Valley Viewer, and the NWT Literacy Council. Stories will be broadcast this spring on CBC North Radio, in English and Dene languages.

The contest could not have happened without the enthusiastic leadership of Gayle Strikes With A Gun, principal of Chief T'Selehye School. Thanks again to the teachers who encouraged participation, to the judges, and especially to our sixty-two writers!

Our graphic designer Robert Kershaw of Pincher Creek, Alberta, generously donated a week of his time to create these special pages. His talent will soon be evidenced in the design of our new website. We hope Rob will soon be able to visit this region, which until now he's glimpsed only through the window of this newspaper.

Deborah Simmons

# place



by Kyle Tutcho, Grade 5, Colville Lake

What is it like to live in the Sahtu? Our writing is unique in its reflection of this place.

## winner

### LIVING IN FORT GOOD HOPE, NWT

by Gabriel Tobac, Grades 7-12, Fort Good Hope

I live in Canada, NWT, Fort Good Hope. I am proud to be a Canadian because this is a free country. I like to live in Fort Good Hope because this is my home town. I was born and raised here.

The best time of the year is summer. When it gets too hot, lots of kids catch a ride or ask their parents to bring them down to Rabbitskin for a swim. But most of the time I use my bike. I like to ride around with my friends.

Fort Good Hope is a good place to live. The view of the town is Old Baldy. You can see the whole town and the Mackenzie Mountains in a great distance. When you are up there you can see for miles and miles away.

The winter can get very cold. This year winter came in just a couple of days. It was snowing for about a week. On the second day of snowing, people had already pulled out their skidoos.

I like to hunt because out on the land it is very peaceful. When you go hunting you can see hundreds or even thousands of caribou. The last time I went hunting with my dad, we saw hundreds of caribou. My dad asked me if I wanted to shoot a caribou. I replied, "Yes." So I took the rifle and shot. I missed it, but I shot at a caribou and it went down, so did the one next to it.

My dad said, "You hit two caribou with one bullet." That's partly what it is like to go hunting here in Fort Good Hope.

When you come to Fort Good Hope, you will realise that the folks are very nice around here. We have two stores: One Co-op and a Northern store. When you look at the river at night when the moon is out, it looks like a picture.

Sometimes when it snows, it snows really hard. The river is starting to freeze up, but when it freezes completely then people can go up or down the river to their fish camps or to go for wood, or set their fish hooks for loche.

That's how it is when you live in Fort Good Hope.

### HOW I LIVE

Lorraine Gardebois, Grades 7-12, Fort Good Hope

I live in the Northwest Territories, in a little town called Fort Good Hope, down the Mackenzie River south of the Arctic Circle. I have lived here for thirteen years. Every year I go to fish camp with my grandparents. I've learned a lot from them, such as traditional ways, making dry meat and dry fish, snowshoes, trapping, and other stuff. I come back before summer.

One time in bush my brother threw me in the thorns. Then he clubbed my coz with a big stick. My mom got at him. I was laughing at him.

My dad and grandpa went to town in their skidoo and fell through the ice. It was around San Sault. They barely got out, and they were so lucky there was a camp close by. They dried their stuff at the camp, and a chopper took their skidoo out of the river.

When they came back, my granny poked my ese [grandpa] with a fork in the butt. But the police still arrested him for no reason.

My grandpa takes students out on the land to learn traditional things. He teaches them how to set the new kind of traps. They are different than the leg hold traps. He shows them how he kills martens and foxes, and how to set snares.

Once when we were eating, my ese heard Junior's rabbit crying, so he told him to go to the snares in the morning. So he did. He checked the snares, and there was a rabbit caught. He brought it back, and we had a very good rabbit stew.

I learned a lot from my grandparents, so now I know how to do stuff on the land.

## winner mystory

by Tahti Bayha, Grade 11, Deline

Prophet Ayah: I'm in his school where it is named after him. He predicted a lot of things such as the war, which did happen. One thing that concerns me is the prediction of the world coming to an end and people from all over the world coming here - for this is a holy land, which will be protected. Did he predict right then what will happen to us as Dene people?

Youth today know little about making drums, snowshoes, and all the other things that our ancestors learned throughout this beautiful land. I hope to learn all that my ancestors learned in this region and gain knowledge of my people. The Prophet said that this lake here that we live by will be the only fresh water in the world. The other lakes of the world will dry up. This means war among people around us for water. This will be a good thing or bad, and could cause total chaos.

Right now the United States are asking Canada to sell the water to them, but luckily we are protected by an Act (Law). I wonder if this is true or not, because the results could be bad and people here look up to the prophet.

Recently I heard another prediction from Prophet Ayah. He said soon people wouldn't do anything outside anymore. By this he meant computers and internet, where you can shop for anything and don't even have to go outside anymore. This prediction I believe. It is getting to us, making us and our culture more vulnerable to others.

Only one thing can tell me the truth, and that is time.

## sahtúgodédáhk'é

### A GOOD SUMMER

by Jordie Mackeinzo, Grade 4, Deline

One summer, Curri, Jannine, Jimmy D. and I went to Caribou Point. We saw a caribou, and Jimmy shot it.

We tied a rope around the caribou's neck, and we pushed it down the hill. And then we untied it. We cut the head off, and then we cut the skin off and put them in the bag.

After that, we went to Douglas Bay. We slept there for one night. And then we went to Plumber's Lodge and bought lots of candies and gum. At the end of the day we went back to Deline.

We put our stuff in the back of a truck. We drove home, and cleaned up our house. We had pizza.

After pizza, we finally got to play outside. But no one was playing outside. So I went to the arcade and bought ice cream and candies.

I went back to my house because it was late. I went to bed because I had to go to school and I didn't want to be late.

The next day at school, I played in the gym. I kicked the ball, and it hit the wall. And then it was over. I did my work.

It was almost lunch time. Ten more minutes. Hooray!

## winner

THE TOWN I LIVE IN

by John Bounds, 13 years  
Norman Wells

**My town  
Norman Wells  
lying in the valley  
between two  
mountain ranges.**

**A wide, fast river,  
passing by the town.  
Our main transportation  
source in the summer.**

**The summers are hot  
with the sun never setting.  
Hot, sizzling, dry heat  
everywhere.**

**Cold, blinding winters.  
Rushing winds everywhere.  
The northern lights  
sparkling like diamonds  
or dancing fireflies.**

### THERE'S A LITTLE TOWN CALLED FORT GOOD HOPE

by Miranda McNeely, Grades 1-6, Fort Good Hope

There's a little town called Fort Good Hope, and it is a cultural and traditional town where the Dene and Metis still live off the land.

Some families still stay out on the land. They hunt and fish. The men will set traps and hunt. The women will go about their daily chores such as making dry meat or cutting up the meat. They also cook for their families, and do sewing and cleaning.

So all day, every person in the camp is busy. In the evening, they all relax and take it easy.

They would stay out there for three months or two months. When Christmas comes, they travel back by skidoo to a little town called Fort Good Hope. It takes about seven or eight hours, but it depends where they stayed in the bush.

When they get home, the people hug their family and their kids. They're glad to be back in a little town called Fort Good Hope.

# hunting trapping

For these young authors, living on the land is central to the experience of growing up.

## winner BAD FOX

by Eric Kenny, Grade 4, Deline

**One winter morning, a fox was playing with my pups. And every time I went out, the fox ran in the bush so I couldn't catch it. I made a barrel trap with meat inside the barrel. The fox came close and closer.**

**I ran outside and then my dog pushed me into my own trap. I was stuck with poop all over my shoes. I pushed the barrel off. And I went inside and everyone laughed at me.**

**I was mad, and I went for a shower. And I didn't chase foxes from that day on.**

## THE LUCKY CATCH

Kraig Tatti, Grade 4, Deline

One spring day, I went to bush with Grandpa and my dad. We didn't find any caribou, but we saw a special caribou. So we thought it might be a leader.

Anyway, we shot it quickly! Before we shot it, the other one hid in the bushes. We saw it running. We shot it in the leg.

My dad said, "Let's find some rabbits!" So we travelled to where the rabbits were. They said, "Is it a frog?" Then they checked it. It was a rabbit. Then we hid in the bushes. We shot it.

My grandpa said to me, "Do you want to go home?" "Yes." "Are you tired?" "Yeah." "Go to sleep then." And then we went to my grandpa's cabin there in the bush.

I woke up feeling happy. I had a good dream.



by Kyra, Colville Lake

## THE LITTLE MAN AND THE WOMAN, AND THEIR DOG

Lorinda T'Seleie, Grades 1-6, Fort Good Hope

Once upon a time, there was a woman and man. They were walking through the woods looking for some berries. They lived in a small village and they had nothing to eat and no water – only from the river or lake.

One day the man decided to go hunting. So he did. He had some snares, which he set across the river. The little woman had kept traps for many years. The woman was hunting for muskrat and fox. For a long time she walked, and when she came back, she caught some muskrat and fox.

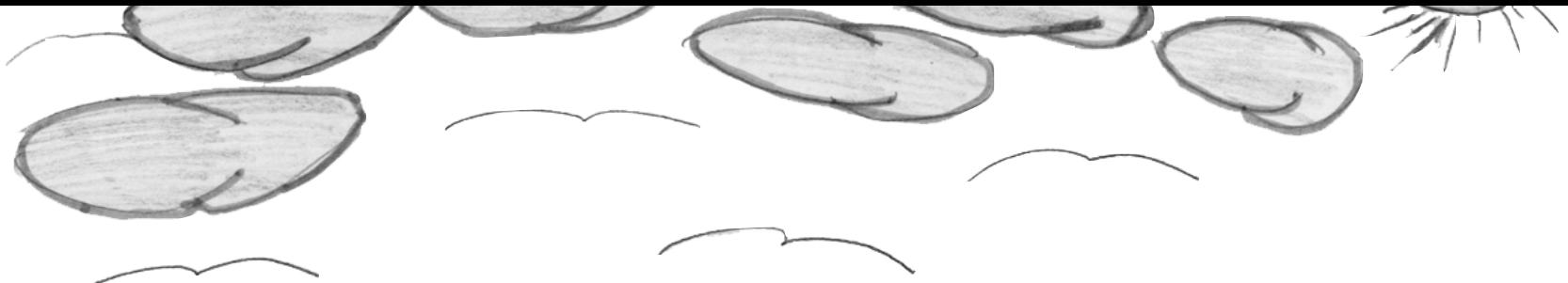
The woman had a packsack where she put the muskrat and the fox. The woman went home and skinned the muskrat and the fox. It took a long time. The little man came home from his snares the next day.

The man and the woman had a dog, and his name was Black Eye. Black Eye was so strong that he could pull a family in a sled. Black Eye was the best dog ever. He could chase birds and ptarmigans, and catch chickens. He would bury them, and then run back home where he would come inside and take a nap.

The man and woman got up and started to work. They went for wood and they saw a wolf. The man went to get his gun. He shot the wolf and skinned it. After they were done, he hung it on the wall. The man and woman ate, talked and walked.

The man said, "We will go to town, me, you, and the dog."





## THE JACKRABBIT

by Sandy Mary Kenny, Grade 3, Deline

One spring day, we were looking for jackrabbits, and we shot two jackrabbits. We put them in the sled. We didn't know that one rabbit was a little bit alive. I checked to see why the bag with the rabbits was moving, and I got so scared when it just kicked at me.

After that, I never went rabbit hunting again for a long time.



by Tracy Kochon, Grade 5, Colville Lake

## MY TRIP TO FLORENCE LAKE

by Meagan Tobac, Grades 7-12, Fort Good Hope

In 1998 when I was 13, my dad took me hunting a lot. I liked it very much. We went a lot of places to go hunting for caribou, moose, and rabbits. We went to places like the Hare Skin Indian River, Colville Lake, half way to Colville Lake, the Ramparts, Ramparts River, and other places.

I started to go hunting with my dad when I was nine years old. I finished learning to hunt when I was thirteen years old. This was the last hunting trip I can remember with my dad. He started to teach my brother after I was done learning.

I shall begin my story of going to Florence Lake. My dad told me that we were going on a hunting trip to Florence Lake. I got so happy because I'd never been there before.

We were going to leave on a Friday. We packed our fishing gear, shells, guns, food, and camping gear. We travelled there by twin otter. When we got to Florence Lake I was happy because I was away from town.

We set up camp close to the lake. An hour or two after we set up camp, we went for a twenty mile walk. We saw creeks, waterfalls, and small ponds.

We rested for a while, then we started to walk back towards camp. But we never stopped at the camp, because we were going the other way. We were walking into a place with green trees and a creek. It was such a wonderful place to be.

We walked so far, then stopped to eat something. We packed our stuff and walked over a ridge and climbed on the other side, down a trail that looked very old. We were waiting for someone to pick us up by canoe. I went back to camp first along with someone else, while the others walked back.

I was so tired when I got back, I fell asleep. I got up around 9:00 in the evening, and went to my granny's tent to eat something. I was eating fish that Leonard Masuzumi caught earlier that day. It felt so good to eat native food.

We went to bed early so we could get up early to go hunting. My dad and all the others went hunting except for me. It was too early for me to go hunting, and I couldn't concentrate. When I got up, my granny told me to eat something, and then go to her to learn how to make dry fish.

In the evening my dad, Casey, Jason, Derrick, Jonathan, Leonard, and some others came back from hunting. They shot about six Dall's sheep. Derrick Shae was the smallest one of them all, and he was packing most of the meat.

My dad fried up some meat to eat. I tasted the meat. It tasted just like moose meat, except it was more tender.

The next day we packed up our stuff and got ready to go back to town. Before we left, we took a picture of all of us.

If I had another chance to experience that again, I would.

## MY HUNTING TRIP

Andre Blondin, Grade 4, Deline

One spring day, my dad and I went hunting for rabbits and caribou. We didn't find any caribou or rabbits right away. But we were out a long time, until we finally found twenty caribou.

We started shooting the caribou. Now we had two caribou, so we put them in the sled and then we took off in our ski-doods.

We went to our traps, and we saw a ptarmigan. My dad took out his gun and started to shoot, but he missed it. He kept shooting until he shot it. He put it in the sled, and we went checking our other traps.

A marten was caught in one, so we took it out. Then we started going to the big trap, and a wolverine was in it. We took it out, and put that one into the sled.

We drove our ski-doods, and then it was around 6:30, so we went home. We shut off the ski-doods. Together, we put the marten and the wolverine in the tipi.

We took the ptarmigan into our house, and my mom took out the feathers and cut it up. I ate so good.

# survival

Venturing outside the comfort of our communities, we face a harsh and unforgiving land, a land that demands skill and respect. These old time and contemporary stories serve warning of what can happen to those who are unprepared for this challenge.

## winner

## famine

by Dominique Tobac, Elder, Fort Good Hope  
Translated and transcribed, and with explanatory notes by Alfred Masuzumi

NOVEMBER 30th  
This is an ancient story. It is a story of a family enduring famine. This family was travelling, and the husband went ahead. As is customary, the husband stuck a smouldering stick in the ground where he wanted his wife and children to set up camp. Then he kept on going, looking for game. When the wife arrived at the stick, she saw that her husband hadn't noticed the camp spot was next to a bear den. The stick was stuck right in the mound of dirt dug out of the den. When the husband came back from an unsuccessful hunt, the wife didn't say anything about the bear den. Yes, the woman had evil intentions. She wanted to starve her husband. But it's by an act of God that the story came to be. The bear was starting move around in the den, making noises. To keep the husband from becoming suspicious, the wife made out like it was the dog that was tied in the corner. So she hit the dog, saying, "Why is the dog whining so much?" When her husband went out hunting again, she killed the bear. Then she butchered it and put the bear meat into the skin bag, the *ets'ah wé bé*. And she cooked something for her children. Then she carried the load of meat up yonder. She sure was strong. The husband's older brother happened to be travelling in the area. He was by himself, since the rest of his family had starved off. He was the only survivor. He accidentally came upon his younger brother's trail, and saw blood on the trail. He thought his brother must have been lucky at hunting. When the older brother arrived at camp, his sister-in-law didn't say anything about the meat. Later, her husband came back. That's when he noticed that the children must have had something to eat. They had bear grease on their faces. "How come the children are greasy?" he asked his wife. And she replied, "I felt sorry for them, so I heated up spruce boughs and wiped their faces with them." Did she ever lie! The wife heard her husband talking outside to his older brother talking about his unsuccessful hunting. Her brother-in-law was surprised. "When I saw the blood on the trail, I thought you must have been lucky," he remarked. "My goodness, what are you talking about?" the younger brother said. The wife realised that she would be exposed, so she went out and brought back some bear meat from her stash. It's an act of God, that she was exposed. They killed her, along with her children. The two men were able to build their strength back up by eating the bear.

### OLD TIME STORY

by Anna Taureau, Grades 7-12, Fort Good Hope

A long time ago, before white man came, there lived an old lady with her son. The people lived around a fish lake. When fall time came, the camp got ready to move to another campsite. The old lady and her son stayed behind, because she was blind.

The son got her ready for fall time. He got lots of wood and made sure there were lots of fish to eat. Fall came, and there were just the two of them left.

One day, the boy told his mom he was going to play in the waves. His mom told him no, but he still went to the lake with his raft. His blind mom crawled to the shore and heard her son yelling for her. The waves tore his raft apart, and he was drowning.

His mom said, "My son, come back, your breast milk that raised you is freezing!" She heard him yelling, till there was silence. She slowly crawled back to her tipi.

Eventually, the wood all burned, and her fish was all gone. As time went on, she starved and froze to death.

### THREE DAYS ON THE LAND

by Lindsey McNeely, Grades 7-12, Fort Good Hope

#### Day One

A plane dropped me in the middle of nowhere. I had a tent and a gun, one box of shells, and a stove. I set up my tent and stove. Then I went hunting. I shot a caribou, and it lasted me for one week.

#### Day Two

I had seven shells left, and no more meat. So I went hunting. I never saw anything, so I went to my tent and went to bed.

#### Day Three

I was looking for food. I couldn't find anything, so I went up a hill. I looked down and saw lots of caribou on the lake. I had my gun and seven shells. I ran down the hill to the lake. Then I saw a whole bunch of caribou, and shot four. I carried some back, but I got tired.

Then I saw my tent, and it was torn up. I saw a grizzly bear. It was big. I had two shells left, so I shot at it and hit it on the head. I walked up to it, and saw two holes in his head. Then I skinned it with a knife I had.

Then I went to my torn up tent and went to sleep. When I got up, it was cool.

### DROWNED

by Nicholas Taniton, Grade 3, Deline

A long time ago, my dad told me a story about the boy who drowned.

One windy morning, this boy was going to the bridge and he almost fell down. Then the wind was blowing and the boy fell in the water.

The boy was drowning. One other kid went to the boy, who said to get help. No help came.

Then after awhile, the boy drowned. His mom and dad came and the body was gone. My dad said they didn't find the body.

# winner CARELESS

Alfred Masuzumi

One day I decided to go hunting for caribou. This was going to be the first time I would be travelling with my new 503-Skandic. I wasn't worried about travelling alone, since I'd be able to make it back in record time on my big skidoo, no sweat!

I went past the Game Warden's cabin halfway to Colville Lake, and turned left onto the second cut-line that goes to Fádáraga Túé. The caribou were gathered along this cutline.

I shot four caribou right away, only seventy-five miles from town. What more can a person ask for? I was taking my time, on top of the world. When I had my old Elan skidoo, I could only haul one caribou at a time. Now I towed two at a time, bringing them all to one place for butchering.

I heard unusual sounds from the engine, but I paid no attention. All I had on my mind

# placeofstories

was how great it was to drive my new snowmobile! But the unusual sounds became more noticeable on the way back, and the machine was losing power. I was getting anxious. I had told my wife Sarah that I would be back by ten-thirty in the evening, and it was already nine. Sarah might get worried.

I was travelling on the big lake, under the big hill some thirty miles from town. If the skidoo were to break down, I hoped it would be further along. The skidoo was shaking, rocking and rolling. I passed the muskeg on this side of the Big Lake, then went down toward the crossing of Rabbitskin River. In about ten or fifteen minutes I would be home.

All of a sudden, the skidoo backfired, and completely stopped. My fantasy world also stopped. I actually came back to my senses.

I had no tools. What was the use anyway, since I didn't know much about mechanics? I had no blanket or tarp. All at once I noticed the weather. It was clear and cold, and the wind was blowing from the north. For the first time in my life, I became panicky.

Right away I busied myself setting up camp. I began by cutting lots of wood. Since I had no blanket, I was afraid to sleep. Since I was tired, I might fall into a deep slumber, a sleep of no awakening.

"My goodness! Is this really me?" I thought to myself. Long ago, in the days of travel by dog team, you'd carry a blanket even if you were travelling ten miles. How careless I'd become!

With dogs, you always had company. When the skidoo was stopped, the silence was deafening. For the first time in my life, I was really scared. Death was lurking.

I made a windbreak from tree saplings. But I decided not to stay at the camp. This was the main route between Colville Lake and Fort Good Hope. Someone should be coming along at any time. So I started walking toward home.

The moon was full, and the shadows of the trees on the road were playing tricks on me. It seemed as though a skidoo was coming from behind. So I kept stopping and looking back. But there was only silence.

Then a small voice said, "Sleeeeeeep beneeeeeeath aaaaa treeeeee, youuuuuu wiiiiiiiiilll feeeeeeel betterrrrrrrr!"

As soon as I heard that, I veered off into the bush and prepared camp. I knew what that voice was. It was a voice of eternal sleep. But I tell you, that voice is alluring. It would surely tempt a less experienced person, tired and easily lulled to sleep.

I walked for seventeen hours on that dreadful night, and made four camps with windbreak shelters along the way. About twelve miles from town, I was walking along the cutline past the big muskeg on the south side of Rabbitskin River. I looked behind me, and saw the headlights of a skidoo from along the Loche Lake road. There was still a long way to go, so I made fire and waited for the skidoo. It was Stanley McNeely. After we had tea, I caught a ride into town.

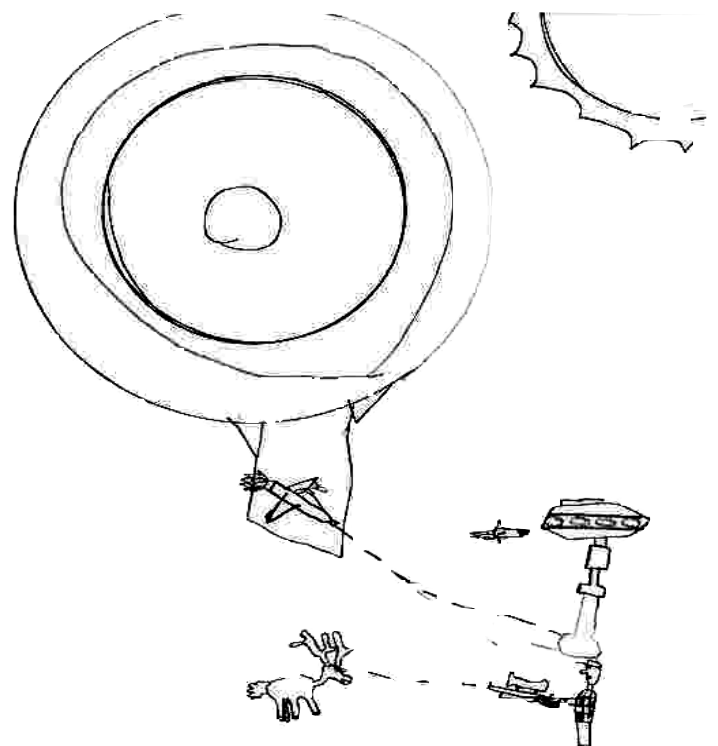
That's when I learned to beware of the unexpected.

# winner

## NORTHWEST TESTING GROUND

by Kathy Whiting, Adult, Norman Wells

**Born with a heart that could not part  
from horrors bathed in grief  
are those who hurt, who dare to flirt  
with an ice-cold, sneaky thief.  
It is here where the frost never gets lost  
that these men head canine teams  
and when there's time, they mountain climb  
when the moon is so buffed it gleams.  
They'll sing all alone until the wind gives a moan  
to demand some compensation  
for the millions of years it had been denied peers  
which could have aided in such tribulation.  
Land of this northwest has spurred many a quest  
when a soul could take no more  
because there is no better way to end each dreary day  
by settling a long standing score.  
It's nature that can hold the cards that fold  
in each of our withering hands  
thus some chaps try to heroically die  
in the frozen barren lands.  
Confronting face to face leaves no room for dishonourable disgrace  
as snowshoeing in forty below  
shows him he is twice the stuff instead of a fluffy cream puff  
while he picks at a blackened big toe.  
And when two titans meet in a storm of white sleet  
not even their eyes gaze up  
since why trouble the other, who claims he is your arctic brother  
when both drink from the same purgatory cup?  
What goes through the mind, what can it find  
to dwell on in its sluggish state?  
For its calcium case has only a pinch of a trace  
of what awaits it in the ancient book called Fate.  
I can count twenty-two who have tried to slew  
a winter that lasts for months  
so you can bet at this pole it never gets droll  
when the weather disciplines its human grunts.  
They're buried out back behind my own wood shack,  
these courageous men of the northwest.  
Each one has a tombstone draped over earthen jaws that are gaped  
in disbelief they had failed The Test.  
Young, will you head? Can you please be in the lead  
when your troubles warm to a boil?  
For it is cosier to burn from the mistakes you learn  
rather than escape to nature's hard toil.**



Myrine Kakfwi, Grades 1-6, Fort Good Hope



# bushmen



Occasionally a scary bushman bursts out of the Sahtu wilderness, evidence of the intimate connection between nature's dangers and those of the spirit world.

Tiffany, Grade 3, Colville Lake

## TWO BIG UGLY BUSHMEN

by Clarence Tutcho, Grade 11, Deline

Two years ago, on the 21st of August, it was really dark and raining and my friend and I were walking to my sister's. My sister's house was way up there beside the old airport. We were almost at my sister's house. It was half a mile away.

Suddenly, somebody started to throw rocks at us and whistle at us. It was coming from the bushes. We did not stop walking. Then two big ugly bushmen were standing in the middle of the road and looking straight at us. So my friend and I ran back to my friend's house.

The bushmen started running after us. They caught up to us and grabbed my friend, and I started running to someone's warehouse. I broke the door and grabbed a gun, and started walking back where they grabbed my friend.

I saw them, but my friend was gone. This time there were three of them. I sneaked up to them and started shooting at them, I stop and look there were only two down.

Suddenly I woke up in my room. The first thing I did was go to my friend's house. They saw he had not come home since yesterday. So I went to the place where I shot those two bushmen. There was blood everywhere, but the bodies were gone.

This happened to a friend of a friend of mine.

## A BUSHMAN CAME TO TOWN

By Joel Lafferty, Grades 7-12, Fort Good Hope

I was walking to the Northern. It was a cold day. On my way there, I saw a man run across the road. "What the hell was that?" I said.

When I got there, Lindsey, Corey and Lloyd were there. I told them that on my way, I saw a black thing run across the road. It looked like a bushman. They started laughing at me. Corey said, "Joel, you're crazy, man." Lindsey said, "Yeah, man." And Lloyd said, "You're cracked." I said, "It's true!"

I went inside to get a sandwich and a pop. I came outside again and started munching out.

Lloyd said, "Let's walk to the Co-op." So we were walking, and the black man ran across the road again. I said, "There he is again." Lindsey said, "What the hell was that?" I said, "It looks like a bushman." Corey said, "Bushmen don't exist no more!" "Well, what the hell was that then?" Lloyd said. "A bushman, I guess," I said.

We wanted to follow the tracks, so we did. After half an hour, we saw him eating a raw moose leg and a sandwich. We went home and got a camera. We came back and took a picture. Now we had proof, and we showed the picture to everyone.



## WHEN THE BUSHMAN CAME TO TOWN

by Corey Chinna, Gr 7-12, FGH

I was just coming from my friend's house when I saw some kids riding around on skidoos. So I ran home to get my skidoo. I grabbed the skidoo from my house, and took off to follow the other kids. By the time I caught up with them, it was already dark. I just followed the skidoo in front of me.

Then I heard a weird noise coming from the engine. So I stopped to check it out. It didn't look like anything was wrong. I kicked the engine, and it went back to normal. I jumped back on and took off again.

All the kids were gone already, except one. So I followed him. He slowed down and stopped. I asked him if he knew where the other kids went. He didn't answer. I looked at his clothes. They were all hair! I remember my granny telling me a bushman was wandering around.

Then he stood up. He was about seven feet high, and hairy, too. He started grumbling like he was talking.

I took off around a corner. I thought I'd lost him, so I said, "Whooo!" Then he jumped out of the bushes and covered my eyes so I couldn't see. I crashed into a ditch. When I turned around, he wasn't there. I went to the road to see if I could see him. I said, "Aah, I guess I'll go home and tell my dad about the skidoo."

Then I turned and there he was, towering over me like a giant. He grabbed me and picked me up. Suddenly something came out of nowhere and crushed the bushman. He was out cold. Later, I saw his arm move, so I ran.

He was running after me. I ran onto the river, which it wasn't very frozen. I kept running, and all of a sudden he fell through the ice. I checked to see if he fell in for sure. Then his big hand came out and grabbed my leg. I pulled out my lighter and burned his hand. Then he went back under.

I ran home to warm up.

## A NIGHT IN BUSH CAMP

by Janelle Pierrot, Grades 7-12, Fort Good Hope

Once upon a time, we lived in bush camp. There was a full moon and the wolves were howling. There was a guy who lived in a cabin up on the mountains. No one knew his name. No one knew how he looked, and people thought he was scary. Guess what was his name? I don't know. No one knows.

I was walking to the outhouse with a flashlight. I saw a shadow coming towards me, so I yelled. No one heard me. The shadow was getting closer. I screamed and ran to my cabin.

Everyone except Bridget was asleep. She went out. I looked around outside, and I thought I saw her. I said "Bridget!" No one answered. I called her again and still no one answered. I went outside, but I didn't grab my flashlight. I heard something in the bush. I never got scared. I went towards it and it was leading me up to the mountains. When I got up there it stopped. That's when I got scared.

I heard a squeaky door open and close. I got scared. I said "Bridget! It's not time to play games, come on out!" Still no one answered.

So I walked really slow into the cabin and it was very dark. I had no light. I found matches in my pocket. I lit one up and I looked for a candle and lit the candle. I saw someone lying in the bed and I got even more scared. I called for Bridget again, but no one answered and I got even more scared.

I was shaking and breathing very hard, and the candles burnt out. I dug in my pocket and grabbed my matches, and tried to light one up. It fell on the floor, and I couldn't find it. I kept looking and finally I found one, but I didn't know how to light it up. I went to the stove and lit it. I was looking at the bed and I went to the bed. No one was there.

Some one was looking right at me. His face was wrinkly and he had a cape. He was telling me to come. I went outside and heard Bridget calling out my name. She was saying, "Berna where are you?" The old guy was saying, "Don't go to her, she is not your friend."

I started running to her. She said, "Hurry up the old guy is going to take to the cabin." We started running faster and both fell. I said, "Bridget are you okay?" She said, "Yes but my leg is sore." So I got up and lifted her up.

We heard the bushes breaking, so we took off running. We were almost to our cabin. We heard George saying, "Bridget, Berna where are you?" We said, "Over here" "Where?" he asked. We were trying to find where the person was coming from. We just went to our cabin.

Everyone was asleep, even George. Bridget said, "Who was calling us?" I said, "I don't know." We just went to bed. Early that morning, someone was outside saying "Berna, come outside" I got up and went outside. The old guy was standing there and said "Hello." He asked, "How come you are scared of me?" I told him I didn't know.

He said, "My name is Jafar Howel. I only come out on full moons. You were the only person I talked to in three thousand and thirteen years since I died. I turn into a human on the full moon, and when it goes down I turn back into a wolf."

I asked him "Why did you scare me?" He replied, "I don't know. I just wanted to."

I told him I had to go. No one answered me. There was just a wolf sitting beside me. There wasn't a full moon anymore.

The wolf took off and started to howl. I went to the cabin and fell asleep.

# very scary

We love to share scary stories. We shudder at the mystery of them. Then when the story comes to its ending, we are relieved to return to our familiar, everyday world.

## THE TOELESS MOTORBIKE MAN

by Lloyd Edgi, Grades 1-6, Fort Good Hope

One stormy night, the toeless Motorbike Man was out. He was going to George Mustard's. I heard George screaming for help, "Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" He jumped out the window. He yelled, "He cut off my toe!" The day finished, and I eye witnessed it.

The next day, doctors put a plastic finger on it. That night, it was getting darker and darker again. The toeless Motorbike Man was going to Spaghetti's house. Eddy Spaghetti shouted, "Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!" He sliced off my toe!" But his toe grew back with spaghetti! He just peed his pants and fell asleep. I went home to bed.

I woke up. People were saying that the toeless Motorbike Man cut off two toes in one night – and the other one was Ricky Garlic's toe!

I went for a walk and I found a toe. It got dark. I saw Scary Larry. He started walking with me. We saw the toeless Motorbike Man. He was going to cut off Scary Larry's toe. I showed the toe I found.

He grabbed it and put it on his cut off toe. It was the right one. He then went back to his stash. That was the end of the toeless Motorbike Man.

## BUSH CAMP CANDY KILLER

by Dylan Kakfwi, Grades 1-6, Fort Good Hope

Once upon a time there was a little boy. His name was Darnell Peter, and his sister's name was Carly Peter. Their mom said, "Your granny told me to tell you both to go to the bush with her." They said, "Yes, mom."

So they went to the bush with lots of candy. And when they got to the camp, they counted the candy. There were a hundred and sixty left. And they went to sleep. The granny was up. When the time was 1:00 in the morning, she went to bed.

In the morning at 8:56, they counted their candy. All that was left was twelve broken suckers. Darnell said, "You ate my candy!" She said, "Dodi" [no]. "Then who ate our candy?" Their granny said, "The Candy Killer at your candy."

And they went back home. They were very scared of the Candy Killer, and they never ate candy again.

## THE HAUNTED SKATING RINK

by Nolan Kakfwi, Grades 1-6, Fort Good Hope

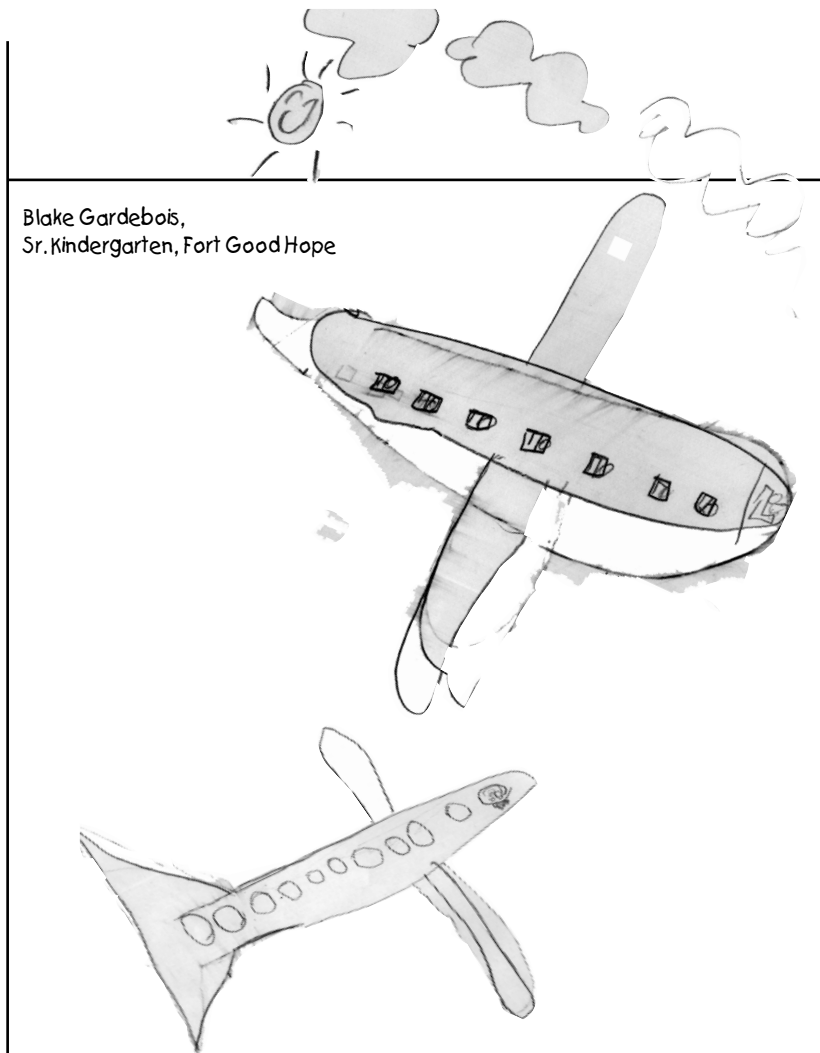
Once upon a time, two kids were wondering why the skating rink was haunted, so a kid named Max told the story.

It was 1961, a hockey game was going on, and this guy was the best hockey player, but one day he and his team lost against a different team, and all the people forgot about him and his team.

One day he was so mad, he went to the skating rink and hung himself. To this very day, people say he still skates around the arena looking for revenge. Every time a team goes to the rink to play a game there, he scares everybody. Some people say the ghost is looking for that team that won over him and his team. He's looking for the team so he can have revenge.

I say it's real, but another kid said it's not. He told Max to go in there with him, and they went into the arena. They didn't see any ghost, but they heard a noise. It was the ghost. They ran out of the arena, and the team came back.

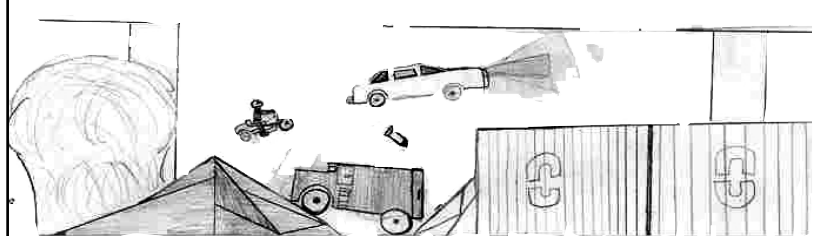
The team and the three kids went back in and the ghost was waiting for them. But they couldn't stop him! He killed all of them. The ghost had his revenge!



Blake Gardebois,  
Sr. Kindergarten, Fort Good Hope



Terrence Pierrot,  
Sr. Kindergarten, Fort Good Hope



Jordan Tobac, Grades 1-6, Fort Good Hope

## THE HAUNTED HOUSE

by Charlotte Lafferty, Grades 1-6, Fort Good Hope

Once upon a time, an old man lived in a big house by himself. He was really scared. He had to tell one of his grandchildren to sleep over with him.

They were watching a scary movie. All of a sudden, they heard a scary noise upstairs in the attic. Nobody ever went up there.

They saw a little doll go by really fast. They just ran downstairs really fast and used the phone. The phone went off really fast. They yelled really loud and ran into the woods.

They saw something with glowing red evil eyes. They both just ran as fast as they could ever have run before. They ran to every house in town, but not the old man's house.

The old man and his grandchild were so scared, they never went near the old man's house again.

## A MAD TRAPPER'S DREAM

by Rene Boniface, Grades 7-12, Fort Good Hope

A long time ago, when the animals cried to the moon, there lived a man and a woman who were very poor. They didn't own anything but their tent.

Every day they would go up to a man who lived high up in the hills. The man was a mad trapper. He was so mean that he wouldn't give the poor man a gun.

Then the poor man walked back down the hill. He was hungry when he got home. So he went out to check his snares. But when he got there, someone had already checked them and taken all the rabbits.

As the days went by, the man and woman were dying of hunger. No one knew they were dying. The trapper knew, but he didn't help them out because he didn't like helping people.

Then one night they poor man and woman died in their sleep. The same night, the trapper was asleep, and he was having a dream about the poor people.

### Dream

In his dream, the trapper was hunting. He went far from his cabin. He was in a lake, a lake he'd never seen before. And in this lake was a huge bull moose.

So the trapper went quietly towards the moose, and he shot at it. The moose died, and the trapper started skinning it. When he was done skinning, he put it in his sled, and took off back to his cabin.

On his way up the hill, he stopped by the poor man's tent. He went inside and looked at the poor people lying dead on their bed. Then he was about to walk out of the tent. He looked back at them one more time, and they weren't there any more.

He looked all over the tent, and he never saw them. So he started walking back to his cabin, and when he got to the door of his cabin, he woke up from his dream. Someone was hitting his door, so he opened the door. There was no one there.

### Double Dream

And he woke up again. This time he didn't know if he was dreaming or not. He went outside and grabbed his gun and went back inside and shot himself.



Kara Kakfwi, Senior Kindergarten, Fort Good Hope

## MOUSE LEGS

by Nicole Manuel, Grades 7-12, Fort Good Hope

One beautiful summer day, two young men were on their way to Edmonton. When they were leaving Dawson City, they fuelled the car tank. Their names were Jay Jay and James. They had just gotten into college.

While they were on the highway, they saw an old lady with a hunchback, and wrinkly hands and face. She looked like she had been walking for a pretty long time, and she was tired. So they picked up that poor old lady. They asked her where she was going. She said, "To Edmonton."

The old lady sat in the back seat with James. They were on their way. James was drinking a can of pop. They ran over a squirrel. The car had a big bounce. Jay Jay asked, "What was that?" James was looking back, and he saw a dead squirrel. He dropped his can of pop.

When he was leaning over to pick it up, he saw the old lady's mouse legs. James got scared, so he tapped Jay Jay and asked him to pull over and let the old lady out. Jay Jay asked, "Why?" James whispered, "She has mouse legs!" Jay Jay stopped the car and they threw out the old lady. They left her.

By that time it was dark, and there was a full moon. They looked back and saw the old lady on her mouse legs, running after them. They were going as fast as they could. When they got to Edmonton, the old lady was gone.

They were going to see their gramma, when they saw one of their old friends on the road. Their friend phoned them from a pay phone. They had a cell phone in that car. Jay Jay answered the phone. Their friend said, "Why is there a mouse on top of your car?"



# talltales

Anything can happen in the world of tall tales ....

## winner NO MAN'S LAND

by Dylan Jones, Grades 1-6, Fort Good Hope

In the year 202012, there was a little man named Goon. He had a friend named Stag, and together they were very, very dangerous. They owned a ship named Volcan.

One dark cold stormy day, they were about to plummet into the course Nebula. The ship started to burn up when some kind of ghost angel pulled them out of the fire.

When they got out, their ship was severely burnt and damaged. But then they started to see some kind of light at the back of the ship.

Goon went back to the end of the ship and loaded up with two plasma guns and an energy pack. When he got to the middle of the ship, he saw shadows in the light so he started to back off. Then he started to run back to the front of the ship.

When he got there, Stag was tied up. Then Goon shot all the guards and then untied Stag and gave her a plasma bazooka. And then they ran back to where Goon saw the shadows, and blasted the crap out of everything that was the same colour as the blue guys. But they shot the engine too!

So they evacuated the ship and got out into the enemy's ship and blasted out of there. Now they were in deep space with no control, and going at the speed of light! They thought they were out of trouble until they saw the whole army of the guys that they fought before!

As they went on, Goon spotted the mother ship. They went closer to the ship. One of the guards got suspicious and wanted to check the ship out. That's when it happened. Goon started to screech! The guard heard what happened and started towards the little ship.

Goon said, "Come on." Silently he moved toward the door in the ship. The guard opened the door, and wham! The guard fell to the floor in a thud.

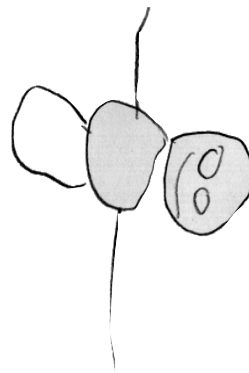
At that moment, Stag saw something in the corner. It was a nuke! So then she thought to herself, "That would come in handy soon." So she pulled it out and tried to figure out how to use it. Almost instantly, she found out.

Then she turned it on and threw it into the mother ship and the countdown started. "5,4,3,2,1,0, boom!" In the blink of an eye, the ship was nothing but space dust.

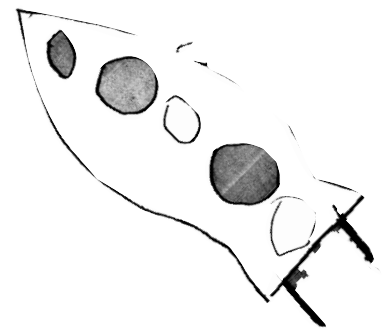
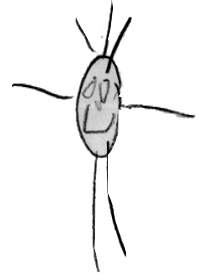
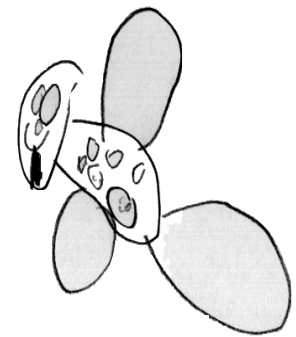
Then Stag and Goon jumped up and gave each other a high five and blasted off into space. Then one day while they were still celebrating their victory, a piece of space junk hit their windshield and sent them flying into the space junk yard, called "No Man's Land," where only the junkiest of stuff goes.

Goon started to scream when they hit ground. Then they remembered the rats! They started to rebuild the ship. While Goon held off the rats, Stag got the ship done – but, but, but, they had no gas! So they had to go get some. But their wallets got burnt up inside the Volcan.

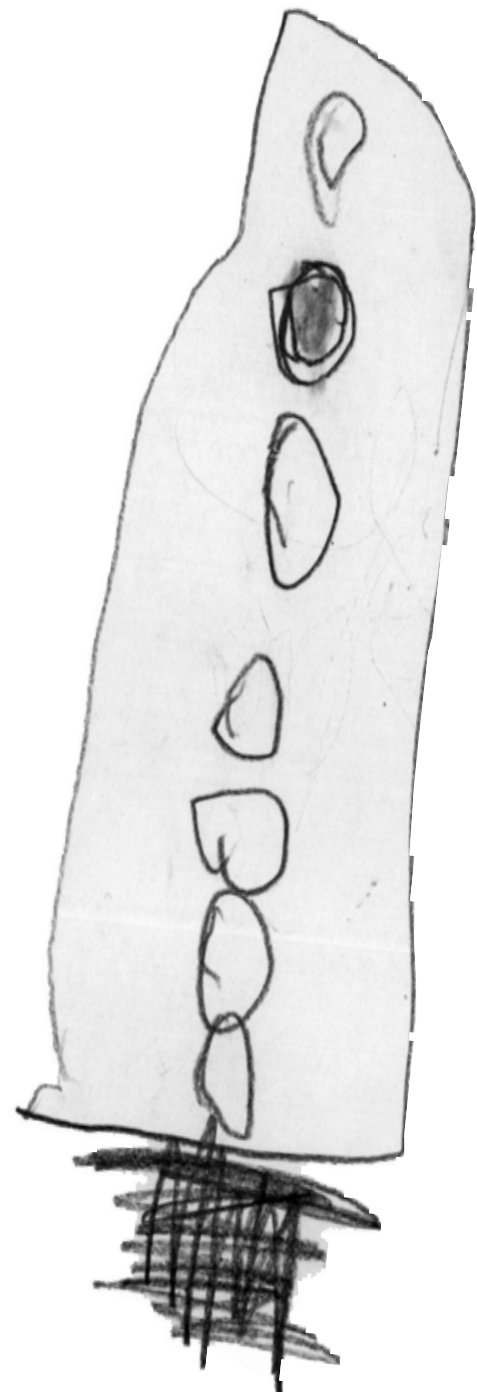
They started to run from the rats, but they just kept running around the planet, over and over again for one thousand years, on No Man's Land.



Brandon Manuel,  
Sr. Kindergarten, Fort Good Hope



Blaine Erutse,  
Sr. Kindergarten, Fort Good Hope



Shaun Brackenbury, Sr. Kindergarten, Fort Good Hope



## LISTEN TO YOUR FAMILY

by Anonymous, Grades 7-12, Fort Good Hope  
Name withheld by request.

A couple of years ago, there was a teenaged girl named Sarah. Sarah was fun, wealthy, rich, and known by everyone. She had a lot of friends, but no guys would go for her. They just thought of her as a friend. She was not mad or sad, but confused.

Her aunty gave her a book on love and look spells. Her aunty told her, "Only use this spell and nothing else, or you will get more than you ask for." Sarah said, "Don't worry, I won't."

She tried that spell, and it worked. Guys from ages fourteen to twenty-five were asking her out. She was starting to like it.

Then she looked at that book again and found a spell that said "to change your image." She decided to change the colour of her hair to black. The next day she looked in the mirror and her hair was green.

Her aunty came in, saying, "I told you to only use that one spell! Come here and I'll fix it." Sarah's aunty fixed her hair and said, "Sarah, please give me the book."

Sarah went out that same day. Guys started chasing her, stalking her, and even started calling her every hour.

Sarah was getting frustrated about it, and asked her aunty to undo the spell. Sarah's aunty undid the spell.

Nowadays, Sarah does what her auntie tells her to do. She never does magic or spells that go too far.

Sarah is happily married, and has two kids. Whenever she wants a good laugh, she takes out her phone book from a long time ago.

## A MAN WHO LIVED A LONG TIME AGO

by Deya Grandjambe, Grades 7-12, Fort Good Hope

A long time ago, a man was born with two arms and two legs – a complete form of the human body. He was completely naked, but out of nowhere clothes dropped out of the sky. Right in front of him was a shirt, pants, socks, and shoes.

He did not know what to do with the clothes that dropped in front of him. He tried to eat them, but he couldn't. He kept trying and trying, but nothing happened. "But wait," he said. He tried putting on the clothes, and they fit him.

So he started walking around to explore what was new and what was old. He got older. One day he was surrounded by wolves. He tried to talk to the wolves, but the wolves were just growling and growling, showing their sharp fangs and sharp teeth, just waiting to eat him.

But out of nowhere, Indians attacked the wolves and made coats and pants for the man, because the man was a king or a master to the Indians.

The man didn't know what was going on, so he asked one of the Indians, "What is going on?" The Indian said, "Yes, master. What do you want?" The man said, "What did you call me?" The Indian said, "Master." The man said, "Master?" "Yes," said the Indian. "You are the master of all our tribe."

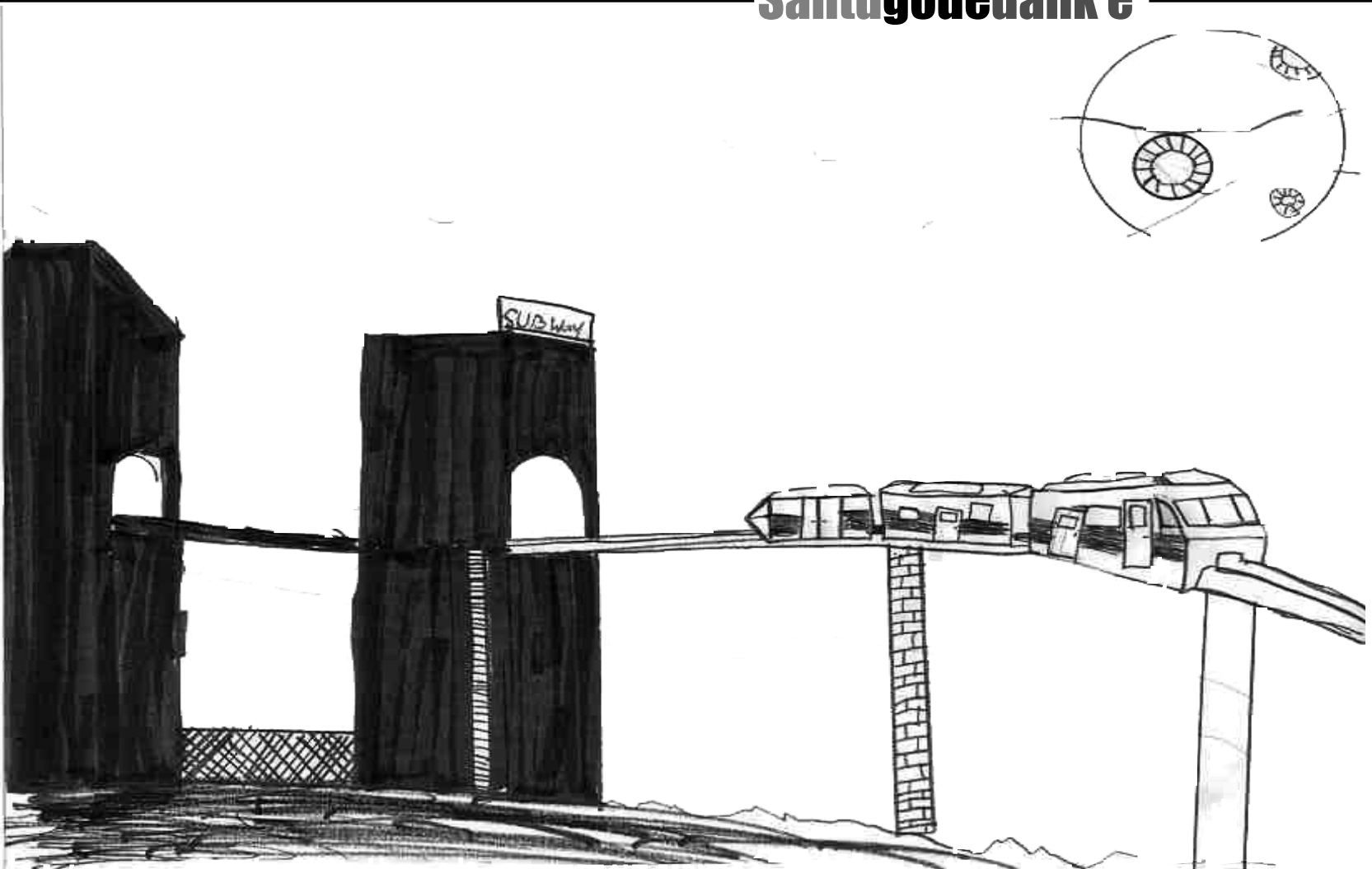
The Indians told him to come with them. They started walking up a hill, and the man said, "What is that noise?" One Indian opened a huge door on top of a hill, and cheers came from the tribe, thousands of Indians cheering proudness and joy to the man who is king of all tribes.

Three years later, he was rich and proud to be king. He could do whatever he wanted. He had a wife, and two great kids. One day, his real family came and tried to take him away from the tribe of Indians.

He said, "Destroy and dispose of the people that step beyond that point." He killed his own real family, who wanted him back. The man lived long, he lived all his life. Then he died of old age.

So, that's my story about a man who lived a long time ago.

## Sahtúgodédáhk'é



Carey Kakfwi, Grades 1-6, Fort Good Hope

# adventure and fun times

Childhood memories provide a foundation for our identity, our sense of who we have become.

## winner CAMPING

by Gary Sewi, Grade 4, Deline

**A long time ago, my grandma told me stories when we were living in the bush. It was great, because there were lots of kids there, and there were lots of people.**

**They were listening to my grandma, because she was telling interesting stories. She was talking about the caveman. She said there were three holes with gold in there, and that there were lots of berries.**

**The next day, she told me to pick berries because she wanted to make the berries into jam. You can just squash them, and then it is going to turn into jam. My grandma told me to put it in a big cup, because I can get lots. After that, Christopher, Connie and I went swimming.**

**I like to go camping with my grandma.**

## FIRE AT OUR HOUSE

by Liza Taureau, Grades 7-12, Fort Good Hope

One day, my parents went for a walk. My two brothers were home. The oldest one was ten years old, and the other one was seven years old. My sister and I were next door. We were cutting my sister's hair, when Junior came running in and asked if we would phone the fire department.

We said, "We don't have a phone." We asked, "Where is the fire?" He said, "At your house." We ran out, and saw our two brothers on the roof. They were crying. I asked them where Mom and Dad were. They said they didn't know.

I was going to run in and see if my parents were inside. My older brother said, "Don't go, there's fire inside, all through the downstairs." My other brother said, "No, don't. You'll get burnt and die, I don't want you to die!"

Then Junior got them down. I hugged both of them. I took both of them to Tommy's. He is our nice neighbour. Then our parents took them to the health clinic.

When they got back, I asked them, "How did you get onto the roof? It was freezing!" Alexis said, "I hit the window then climbed out to the roof." Then I asked, "How did the fire start?" He said, "Electrical."

They did not get hurt. We stayed in a tent for a while. Alexis saved my baby brother. And Junior McNeely saved both of my brothers.

## THE CAVE

by Eric Kenny, Grade 4, Deline

One winter night, Justin and I made a snow cave. We were digging and digging. After an hour or so, we stopped to go inside and warm up.

We went back out after awhile. We poured water on the cave, so that it could harden like ice. After that we dug some more, until it was like a room inside. And then we reached the ground.

And then our cave started to shake. It caved in on us. We were stuck. We could not move. We were struggling to get out. I grabbed the shovel with one of my hands. I broke free, and then helped Justin get out.

We never made any more snow caves again.

## BILLY BEAVER SAYS "OUCH"

by Melanie Gardebois, Grades 1-6, Fort Good Hope

It was a cloudy day, but Beaver was outside playing. Beaver had found a wagon and was proud of his wagon. "I'd like to keep this," he said.

After awhile, Beaver felt lonely. "I'd like to visit and show my wagon to my pal Billy," he thought. So off he went and scampered to visit Billy. Beaver stopped in front of Billy's house. "Billy Beaver, Billy Beaver, come out and play, come out of the house!" he shouted. No one came, so Beaver shouted louder.

Suddenly Mrs. Beaver came out. "What are you shouting about, little Beaver? Do you think I can't hear you? Why are you making such loud sounds?" she asked.

"I found a wagon," said Beaver. "It is a grand wagon. May Billy come and see it? We can have a ride on it, and I'll let him ride about the block."

Mrs. Beaver smiled at Beaver. "Billy can't come out today. He is resting on the couch."

"Resting?" asked Beaver.

"Yes, resting," said Mrs. Beaver. "This morning a hound saw him and barked. Billy ran away too quickly and he tripped on a mound and fell on the hard ground. Now every time he turns, he cries 'ouch'," Mrs. Beaver said.

"Oh, I'm sorry. May I visit Billy? I'll help him count to one thousand," said Beaver.

"Yes," said Mrs. Beaver. But you must do something else first. You must take the wagon back where you found it. Then you may visit Billy."

So Beaver dragged the wagon away. Then he scampered into Billy's house. Together they counted to one thousand. Mrs. Beaver smiled and said, "What grand children!" Then she popped a big round candy into each little mouth.

Beaver grinned and said, "Thanks." But Billy just said, "Ouch!"

## THE PICNIC

by Jody Elemie, Grade 4, Deline

A long time ago, my family went to bush. First my brother, my mom, and Judy went home to get some food.

Both my mom and Judy saw an owl. It was big. Judy got scared and said, "Go fast, Lawrence!" So Lawrence went fast. They were going really fast, and then they went home.

They got more food, and went back to the bush. They cooked some food on the fire. They said that it tasted good.

Next time, I think I'll go with them.

## winner

### WORK BEFORE PLAY

Wesley Kenny  
Grade 2

I went to get wood in the bush far, far away from Deline. We got 120 wood. Then we went back to Deline and I went skating on the ice with my friends.



## SPRING HUNT

by Lisa-marie Pierrot, Grades 7-12, Fort Good Hope

placeofstories

I am going to tell you some stories from when I was about six or seven years old. There is only so much that I can remember from when I was that age and younger. Well anyway, my family, some of my aunties and uncles, and my grandparents went out on the land for spring hunt. We stayed along the Mackenzie River at a place called Grandview (across from there). Here are some of my fond memories:

### While I Slept

Here is a good one! One morning I got up to a regular day. The sun was shining beautifully in the bright blue sky up above. Hearing the sweet sound of the birds singing in the trees, I got up and washed up, then went outside to see the beautiful scenery along the river.

It was soon time to eat. My mother called everybody that stayed in my tent to come in and eat. While everybody was sitting around the *ᓃwú wé* (slavery for table cloth), my mom asked me, "Lisa, last night when you were sleeping, did you hear anything?" I replied, "No. Why? What happened?" She said, "Last night while you were sleeping a bear came into the camp and your grandma spotted the bear and start to yell out BEAR! BEAR!"

I was just sitting there all amazed. Well that's not the end of it all! She then said, "All the men came running out of their tent as fast as they possibly could, all in a race for their guns." As she went on, I started to get a little scared. What if the bear came back and started to eat all of us up? She continued, "The bear climbed up the tree outside of the tent and all the men started to shoot at the bear, and they killed it."

I asked my mother, "Why didn't you wake me up to experience this scary moment?" She replied, "Well I tried, but you sleep like a rock." I learned a lesson from all of that, and it was try not to sleep so hard.

### Breakup

Here is one moment I will never forget, because it was so exciting. The ice was almost ready to go. One early morning, my dad and uncle went out hunting. They were gone all day. Everyone was sitting around after a hard day of work, when all of a sudden the ice cracked in half. It slowly started to move.

We all started to get very frightened because my dad and uncle were still not back from their hunt. The rest of us sat around in an endless wait for my dad and uncle, calling all the places we could to see if anyone up river had seen them. Finally we saw a little black dot at the end of the point on the river. Sure enough, it was them.

I can't really remember what had happened next, but what I do remember was that while the ice was moving, I was standing along the riverbank, watching a good friend of the family running on the ice while it was still moving. She saved our skidoo from drowning. Somebody had left it on the ice before it started to move. We were very thankful that we had her there with us. If not, we would have never had a skidoo for next winter.

### Small Memories

Here are some small things that come to mind about fish camp back then: Playing along the shore with most of my cousins. Making sand castles. Playing hopscotch. And best of all, having a huge mud war, with girls against the boys. Sitting on the floor in the tent eating on a *ᓃwú wé*, teasing mom and dad. Making popcorn on a primer stove before we went to bed. And last but definitely not least, helping my mom and grandma with any help they needed with geese, fish, or one of our many cultural traditions. That's about all that comes to mind.

I had a lot of fun that spring. I remember some small stories. But I'm not sure if they were dreams or true stories, because these events occurred so long ago.

Most people can remember nearly everything that happened to them when they were fairly young. Some people can only remember some of the things that happened to them. They will remember most of all the times they cried, were angry, were mean to others, and teased one another and felt bad about it.

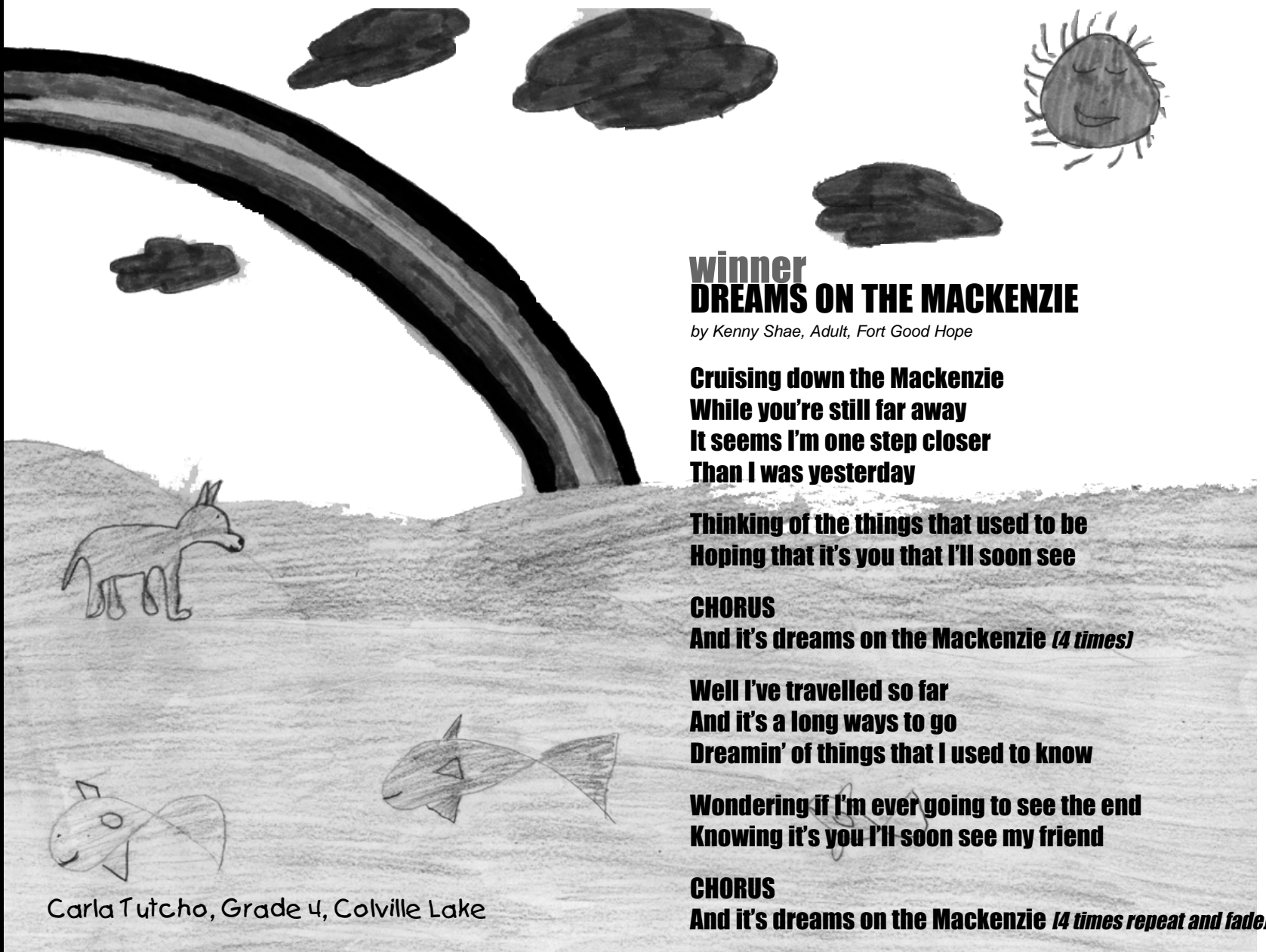
As for me, I can only remember some of the times people were mean to me or teased me. But more than that, I can remember all the times I had fun with my friends and laughed out loudly with joy and happiness.

In conclusion, I have told you the stories I remember from the first time I experienced life in the fish camp. I hope you liked my stories.



# travel

Our trips become most meaningful when we come home and share the stories.



Carla Tutcho, Grade 4, Colville Lake

## winner DREAMS ON THE MACKENZIE

by Kenny Shae, Adult, Fort Good Hope

**Cruising down the Mackenzie  
While you're still far away  
It seems I'm one step closer  
Than I was yesterday**

**Thinking of the things that used to be  
Hoping that it's you that I'll soon see**

**CHORUS  
And it's dreams on the Mackenzie (4 times)**

**Well I've travelled so far  
And it's a long ways to go  
Dreamin' of things that I used to know**

**Wondering if I'm ever going to see the end  
Knowing it's you I'll soon see my friend**

**CHORUS  
And it's dreams on the Mackenzie (4 times repeat and fade)**

## MY TRIP

by Hilary Andre, Grade 3, Deline

When I was six years old, I travelled to Edmonton. And while I was travelling, I got sick. When we stopped to buy some water and something to eat, I almost threw up. So they threw me out of the truck.

I had to go back inside the truck to change my clothes, because I threw up on them. I changed into a dress.

It took us about one day to get there. My mom forgot where my aunt's house was, so we checked this house. When we did, my mom saw Sue.

We went inside, and that was when I met Debbie. I said, "Which one is Jackie? And which one is Debbie?" Debbie was the oldest one, and Jackie was the one with the short hair.

I asked, "Where's Debbie's room?" And Debbie said, "Downstairs." So Debbie brought me to her room, and I said it was so good.

"Jackie, where is your room?" "Over there," she said. So Jackie brought me to her room, and I said it looked so good.

It was getting dark, so we went to bed. Sue showed us where we were going to sleep. It was downstairs. We brought our stuff downstairs.

When we woke up, we ate. And then I asked if Kristen Y. was there, and my mom said, "Yes." I asked if we could go to her house, and my mom said, "Yes." We went there. When we got there, I asked about Kristen. They said that she was upstairs, so I went upstairs and I called, "Kristen, where are you?" "Over here," she said. I found her, and we played lots of new games.

I asked if she wanted to play outside. Kristen said, "Yes." When we went outside, we saw an ice cream truck. We ran inside and asked if we could have some ice cream. My dad said, "I am not going to give you money because you can't get money on holidays." "Dad, could you buy me an ice cream, please?" I asked. But my dad said that he didn't have any money.

So I went to my mom and asked my mom for money. But her too, she didn't have money.

So I turned and asked, "Kristen, do you have roller skates?" And she said, "Yes." We took turns, and we had fun.

We had to go after awhile, because we had to go shopping. We went to a store that had a unicorn, a cell phone, and fake flowers. I asked, "Could I buy the cell phone, please, Mom, please, could I?" "Okay," she said.

Then we went back to my aunt's house, and my mom said we were going to stay there for ten days.

Late at night I woke up and I heard something upstairs. Maybe it was my imagination, so I went back to bed. And in the morning I was so lazy, so my mom bought me some ice cream.

That was one of my great holidays.



## I WAS HERE

by Ashley Jones, Grades 7-12, Fort Good Hope

I was here, but now I am gone  
I left my name, it will soon be dawn  
I hope you'll forever stay  
to figure out what's my way  
and to this day  
I'll never stay  
so you can keep on  
searching.

## WHEN I WAS SEVEN

by Malcolm Skiene Benagho, Grades 3-4, Deline

When I was seven, I went to Edmonton. I went with my mom, my dad, my brother and Pam to the store. I bought Pokemon toys and my mom bought me a Pokemon shirt. Then we went to the hotel.

It was fun at Edmonton. I ate some cake. Then we all went to our room.

It was fun at Edmonton. I was in the spaceship and I went to the dolphin show. After that, we went to watch Stewart Little at the theatre. I watched Snow Day at the theatre too.

After our holiday, we went back to Deline to live happily ever after.

## HOLIDAY

by Kenneth Menacho, Grades 3-4, Deline

When I was little, I went to Edmonton. I went to the water park. My dad and I went to Galaxy Land, and I went in a spaceship. After the spaceship was over, I went in a boat. It was scary. It swings back and forth, then it turns upside down.

We went home, and I was tired. I went to sleep. I woke up and my dad got a note. The note said there was a free room in Edmonton House, so we went to Edmonton House. It was getting late in the day. I went to bed early, and next thing it was morning. So I told my dad to get up.

I put on my short pants, and I went swimming. I didn't know how to swim, so my mom taught me how to swim.

After a week we went back to Deline, very happy.

## MY SUMMER

by Judy Marie Elemie, Grades 3-4, Deline

When it was summer, all my family went Caribou Point. We only shot two caribou. It was so boring for me, so my twin and I went swimming.

After that I went to my little tent, and we had to get packed up because we were going to go to Fort Good Hope.

When we got there, we went to the store to buy some candies, and I wanted to buy something. We went back to Caribou Point.

That was my best summer travelling, because I got to go to another town.



by Lloyd Edgi, Grades 1-6, Fort Good Hope

**Sahtúgodédáhk'é** →

# feelings

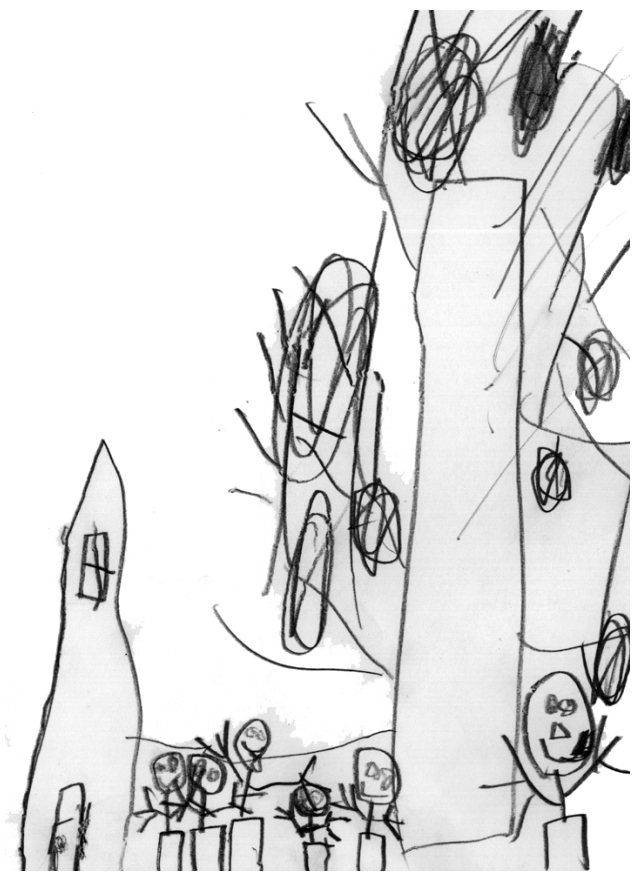
These authors have found in poetry a vehicle to explore the shifting complex of feelings that make us human.

## I AM

by Henry Tobac, Adult, Fort Good Hope

winner

I am fascinated by the mystery of the stars  
and the wonder of technology,  
I am overwhelmed by the beauty of creation  
and amazed at the innovations of man,  
I am elated by the nature of women  
and encouraged by the strength of men,  
I am lifted by the innocence of children  
and humbled by the knowledge of elders,  
I am enlightened by the revelations of truth  
and filled with bliss by ignorance,  
I am tormented by curiosity and knowledge  
but gratified by the emergence of fulfilment,  
I am mystified by the Great Mystery  
but find purpose in the unfolding of the universe,  
I am afraid of the unknown  
but willing to explore where others fear to tread  
I am charged by intelligence  
but dazzled by craftsmanship  
I am amused with humour  
and released by laughter,  
I am all these things and more, for I am human,  
and being human means to be filled to the brim with sensations  
whether they be negative or positive, warm or cold  
I am a being that finds life moving,  
discipline challenging and the journey full of temptations,  
and I can be timid and weak or I can be strong and bold.



Denny Manuel,  
Sr. Kindergarten, Fort Good Hope

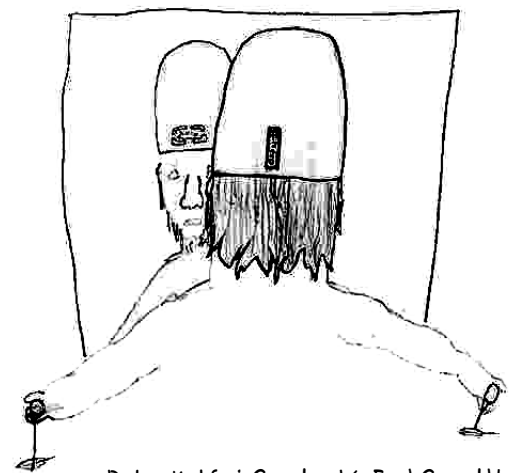
## MY LITTLE MIRACLE

by Amanda Edgi, Adult, Fort Good Hope

winner

Each night I prayed to the Lord  
Asking for Love, Joy, Affection  
Always tears of  
Sadness, loneliness, and unaffection  
Watching Mama and Papa  
Fighting and yelling  
Late nights with parties  
Strangers coming and going  
Feeling the Fear and Embarrassment  
When others suppress their judgement  
Always running to my confined place  
Just for the safety  
Now a teen  
Into drugs and alcohol  
First relationship is over fast  
As I am a teen of pregnancy  
With the power of the Lord  
I will break the cycle  
To give my little miracle  
The Love, Joy, and Affection  
For he/she will marvel

Look in the Mirror



Dylan Kakfwi, Grades 1-6, Fort Good Hope

## AND TOMORROW

by Allison Tatti, Grade 11, Deline

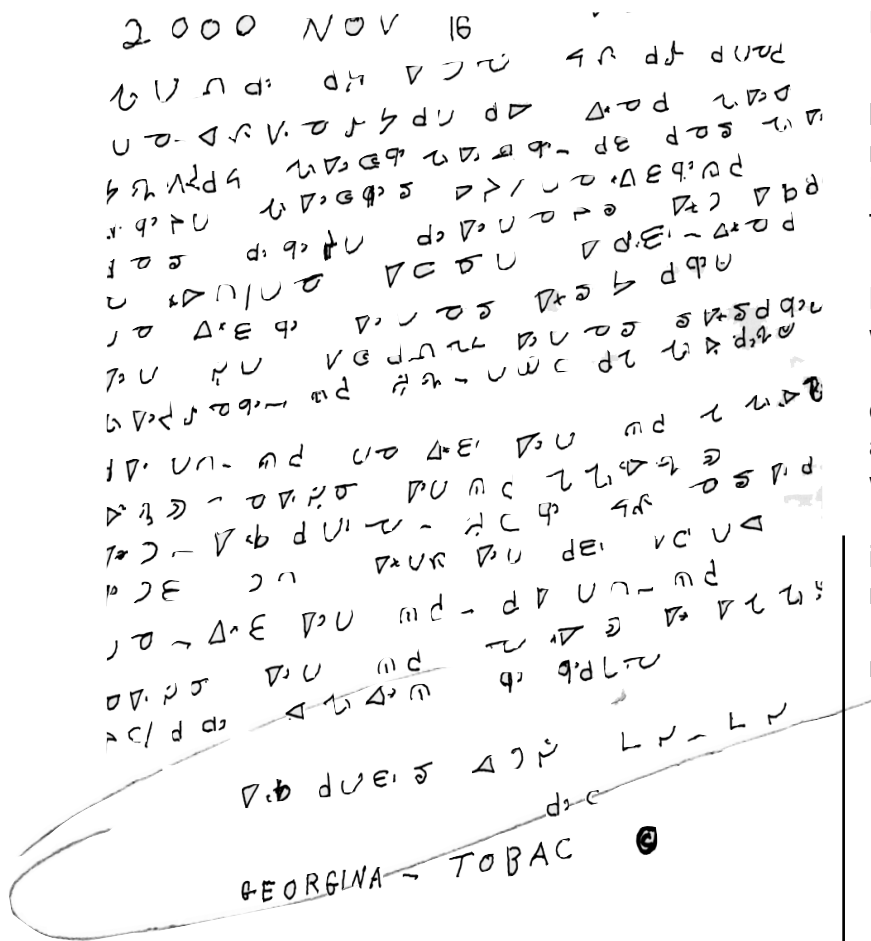
winner

Today is filled with anger, fuelled with hidden hate  
Scared of being outcast, afraid of common fate  
Today is built on tragedies that no one wants to face  
Nightmare to humanity and morally disgraced  
Tonight is filled with rage, violence in the air  
Children bred with ruthlessness 'cause no one at home cares  
Tonight I lay my head down but the pressure never stops,  
Knowing that my sanity content when I'm dropped  
But tomorrow I see change, a chance to build anew,  
Build on spirit, intent of the heart, and ideas based on truth  
Tomorrow I wake with second wind, and strong because of pride  
I know I fought with all my heart to keep the dream alive

The Sahtu is a place where oral culture and the culture of reading and writing exist side by side. Those who can bring these two cultures together will be well equipped for life in the new millennium.

## winner THE HUMAN SPIRIT

by Georgina Tobac  
translated and transcribed by Addy Tobac



Hello, hello.

I am writing from Radilih Koe. What I will be writing about is the human spirit. Long ago when we were growing up, our fathers and mothers and every adult spoke well and gave good teachings. The Dene elders' teachings and traditions were spoken well of by them. Today it seems the people have changed.

Long ago the elders spoke with good words and good teachings. Negative words were non-existent. They only spoke with positive words. They only spoke about positive teachings.

Our parents also really taught us about life on the land and skills on the land. The rites of passage, like menstruation, and the elders and their teachings were taught to us. The Creator's teachings and words were also taught to us.

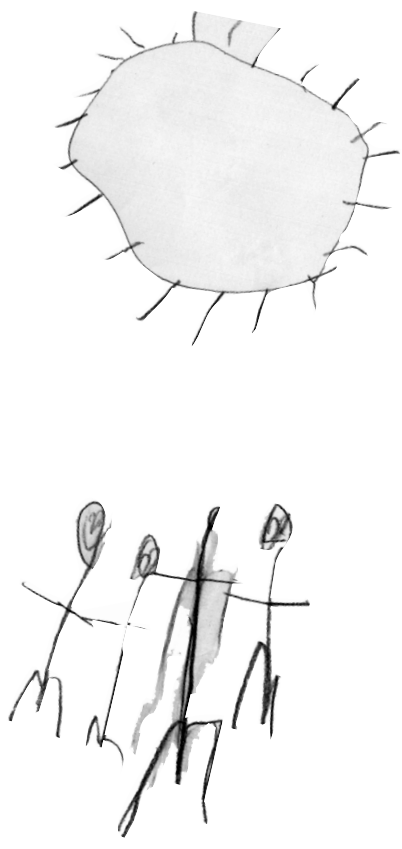
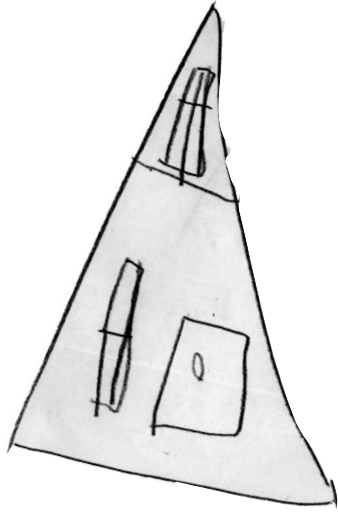
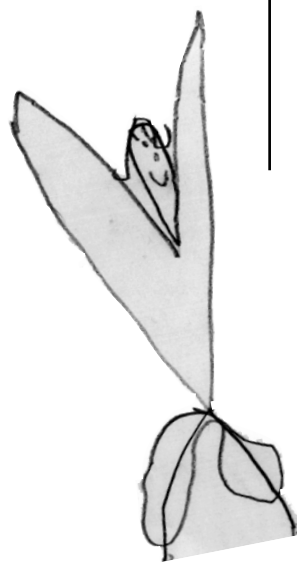
It is not that way today. Children and what they need to know good is not there. These words are very important. The elders' words, menstruation, and the Creator's teachings together.

Together we'll work with each other about the elders' teachings, menstruation, and the Creator's teachings. To work with them is easy. That's all I will say for now.

Mahsi. Mahsi. Kutah.



Kayla Chinna, Sr. Kindergarten, Fort Good Hope



Konrad Grandjambe, Sr. Kindergarten, Fort Good Hope

### ILLITERATE NO MORE

by Karen M. Bounds, Adult, Norman Wells

"Illiterate" – he knew the word, people called him that for years. He did not know the meaning then, but it always brought on tears. He never knew what he was missing, by not attending school. He grew up poor and innocent, and was often called a "fool." A visitor came calling once, and left behind a book. He treasured it for years to come, if only to sit and look. Years went by, and the day it came, and still he could not read. When someone offered to teach him his numbers and ABC's. The doors they started opening, a new person he became, Because he had the knowledge, and the opportunity to gain. He no longer held his head in shame, but learned to read and write, And wisdom poured into his head, he was like a bird in flight. He could read and he could count, no more did they call him "fool." People now looked up at him, for he had been to school.

### winners

### READING

Samantha Kenny,  
Grade 2, Deline

Reading with Mom.  
Reading with Dad.  
Reading at home,  
It makes me glad.

## winner

Charmaine Gardebois, Senior Kindergarten, Fort Good Hope



### CARIBOU POINT

by Rebecca Sewi, Grade 4, Deline

When it was summer, my cousins, my aunts, and my grandpa were riding in my grandpa's boat. They were going and going until it was six o'clock. My little cousins were there and they were missing me, because I was in Yellowknife.

We went back home, and left for the bush. We went across the lake. When we got there, my dad and Jarvis set up a tent. It was dark. Ted, Nihtla, Brett, Chelsey, Doris, and I jumped into bed to get warm.

When it was morning, I woke up. I saw Nihtla, Ted, Doris, Brett, and Chelsey were still sleeping. When they woke up, I was eating.

We got stuck at that camp for two weeks because the big boat broke down. A plane came and got us. We got back to Deline at twelve o'clock, but I couldn't go to school until the next day.

That was my best camping trip.

### FORT GOOD HOPE

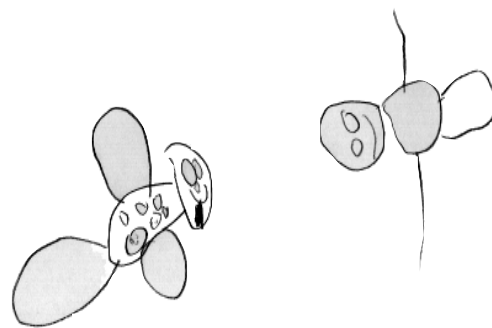
by Kristen Tutcho, Grade 3, Deline

I was at my dad's house when a girl named Tony came in. She became my best friend.

I asked my mom if Tony and I could go to the lake. My mom said, "Yes." I asked my dad to take us to the lake and he did. When we got to the lake we had so much fun.

We went back to the shop and bought ice cream, which was sweet. Tony wanted to sleep with me, so she called her grandma. Her grandma said it was okay.

We had so much fun before we went to sleep.



## Sahtúgodédáhk'é place of stories Sahtúgodédáhk'é place of stories

Sahtú Godé Dáhk'é is published monthly in the *Mackenzie Valley Viewer*. We welcome your submissions. Send writing, photography, art and letters to Sahtú Godé Dáhk'é, PO Box 239, Fort Good Hope, NT, X0E 0H0. Email [sahtu\\_gode@hotmail.com](mailto:sahtu_gode@hotmail.com). Writing may be in Dene k'ı́ (syllabics or Roman orthography), French or English. All submissions must include the author's name and contact info.

Editor - Deborah Simmons  
Design and Layout - Robert Kershaw  
Community Liaison - Alfred Masuzumi