



TRADITIONAL X

STORIES FROM THE REZ



BY ER 6/7 CADOTTE LAKE SCHOOL



Introduction

Tansi. Welcome to our class.

Two years ago, I came to Cadotte as an outsider, a teacher, a guest to Treaty 8 territory. I was a practicing Muslim woman of Indian descent on the rez. And the kids didn't know what to make of me: "So, you're a different *kind* of Indian??" and "Ms. Ghani, I saw people like you on the news today!!" It was a strange situation for all of us. And together, we learned to make meaning of it through stories.

I have always been passionate about writing, creativity, curiosity, and social justice. Before I arrived at the rez, I had a rather naïve, idealized image of how I would be working with these kids. I would get them to write gritty, powerful, yet tender stories about their lives, hopes, and struggles. And they would love me. And then we would start the revolution and save the world together. You know, just like those teachers in the movies.

Of course, that went to dust on my first day of teaching. The students' reading and writing levels were far below grade level. They were also younger than the students I had worked with in my practicum. It was challenging to get these kids to write even a few words, let alone a sentence. They were waiting for me to tell them exactly what to write. I realized that they were so used to school as a passive process. They would wait for my orders, and then either obey or rebel, depending on whether they were 'good' or 'bad' kids. Or depending on whatever mood they were in. But there was no sense of actively engaging, challenging, taking ownership of their education. They saw no point to reading, writing, or education. It seemed irrelevant to their lived experience.

I realized that we needed a different story. These kids wouldn't go anywhere without a shift in perspective. And so, I decided to devote time introducing them to stories of people who might inspire them. These kids were so isolated. I wanted to expand their sense of what stories were possible.

We learned about Malcolm X. His is the story of a marginalized young man who spent years in jail reading history, challenging the narrative he'd been given. He creates a new story, and

shakes the world awake. We read Sherman Alexie's *The Absolutely True Diary of a Part-Time Indian*, R. J. Palacio's *Wonder*, Jacqueline Woodson's *After Tupac and D Foster*. We watched *Elder in the Making* with Blackfoot activist Cowboy Smithx, and heard his story of the 'X'. We studied Gord Downey's *Secret Path* and learned about residential schools, historical injustices. We listened to *A Tribe Called Red* and read hip hop song lyrics as poetry. We met acclaimed hip hop artist Brother Ali. Brother Ali's advice to the students was to write a book about their lives. We would remember that.

I started to see a nudge in my students' mindsets. I saw their sense of historical and social consciousness begin to develop. A couple of the girls took Brother Ali's advice seriously and began to write prolifically in their journals. Other students were still resistant to writing. But they all began asking me questions, sharing their insights. And one of those 'difficult' boys asked me, "Ms. Ghani, you say you want us to change the world. But how do we do that if we're just sitting in the classroom, writing in our journals?" This was one of the most exciting challenges I've received.

I realized that the missing ingredient was audience. Collecting their stories would be the first step. But I had told them the importance of connecting with people different from themselves. They needed to share their stories with people beyond their community. And I realized I needed to open up as well, and share my own stories with them. They needed this to be a conversation. Connection is the point. Sharing our humanity with people different from ourselves is the point.

And so this project began. I asked the kids to come up with a 'team name' for our class to use for our book. Harmonie came up with Traditional X, which the kids were happy with. The "X" is an homage to Malcolm X, and the unknown factor of lost histories. It is inspired by Cowboy Smithx's 21 reasons for the "Silent X", including the X on the medicine wheel, and the mysterious x's on treaty documents. Once we settled the name, the kids all got to work writing, drawing, discussing ideas. One of them said, "I've never seen our class being so creative before!"

For the kids who struggled with writing, I asked them to tell me stories orally, which I transcribed. Generally, the students' strength is in oral storytelling, and they write the way

they speak. In terms of editing, my priority was preserving voice. Any spelling or grammatical idiosyncrasies were maintained. Admittedly, this decision was difficult for me as a Language Arts teacher. Rather than a piece of polished prose, these kids created a cultural artefact.

When I say 'cultural artefact', that may conjure images of bones gathering dust in a museum. That is not what this is. Tradition is not a fixed monolith of the past. Tradition is alive, shifting, conversation, stories. We are all inheritors and creators of traditions. This bundle of stories is a work in process. Welcome to our conversation. Welcome to Traditional X.

-Sana Ayesha Ghani

Between Two Worlds

By Harriet Halcrow

One day, after school, I was making a dreamcatcher at arts and crafts club. When I got home, my mom asked what I did that day. I didn't tell her because I wanted it to be a surprise. When it was bed time, I was thinking about whether they would like it or not.

The next day at school, it was Tuesday. I woke up and had breakfast just like any other morning. We did L.A, reading, and had lunch, math, just a regular day. After that, it was home time.

I didn't go straight home. I just walked to take my mind off the whole drama. Because every time I go home, there's something going on. I was thinking about how my parents wouldn't like the dream catcher because we're Christians. I thought they might like it because it's pretty, and I heard why it's called a dreamcatcher. It's called a dreamcatcher because when you have bad dreams, it catches them.

When I got home, I realized I walked for half an hour. I felt really worried because if they don't like it, I have to throw the dreamcatcher away or give it away, and I would have done that hard work for nothing.

The next day at school was another regular day. After school, it was arts and crafts again, just like every Wednesday. I was done my dreamcatcher. So now it was time to decide whether or not to bring the dreamcatcher home. I didn't want to get my feelings hurt or give it away, so I just left it in my desk. I wanted to tell my parents as soon as I got home.

When I got home I asked my dad if I could have a dreamcatcher in my room, and he said no. Like a straight NO, he didn't even get to see it. I was really upset when he said no. I asked him why. He said, "Because they worship the animals and the sun. Plus, we're Christians." And then I said, "But that's their culture." He said, "We're not having any Indian stuff in my house!" I'm kinda glad I left it in my desk because if I showed my dad the dreamcatcher, he would have thrown it away. Later that evening, I went for another walk because I was still upset.

I saw the arts and crafts teacher the next day, and she asked me if my dad liked the dreamcatcher. I just sighed and told her my dad didn't want a dreamcatcher in the house because we're Christian. Then she got upset and she told me we're Native. We are all Native. I told her what my dad told me about Natives and Indians. He told me about how they worship the sun and animals. She had a puzzled face and looked at me for a moment. I broke the awkward silence. I told her i need to go home now. As I walked out, I was like "that was weird."

Right when I got home, I asked my dad again if i could have a dreamcatcher in my room. When he said no, I was mad. I didn't say anything though. It was night time, so I brushed my teeth and hair. I was thinking about what my dad said about how they worship the animals and sun. I never knew that.

When I woke up, I got dressed and went to school. I told my teacher everything that happened. She said maybe I could bring the Christians and Indians together. And it got me thinking. Maybe I could change the world. Maybe I could bring the Christians and Indians together, and show what we do in life, and what we worship. We could know each other more, and trust more. I wasn't gonna let my dad take something away that I wanted to know more about. I want Christians and Indians to get along, but my dad was getting in the way. When I grow up, I'm gonna bring them together. I don't get along with my dad much, but I know someday I'll change my dad's mind and make him proud.

About the Author

Harriet Halcrow a girl who never knew she was in between two worlds. She has amazing people around her.



By Harriet Halcrow

Broken Bottle

By Harmonie Carifelle

Sorry can't fix the bruises.
A band-aid can't cover up the secrets.
A hat can't cover up the memories
of all the beatings.
A mask can't hide the black eyes.
A school can't hide a prison.
Things are gonna spill
like pills from a broken bottle.

1 bully 2 blocks 3 secrets

By Harmonie Carifelle

All the secrets are hidden,
but loud.
Blocking him on snapchat helps for a month,
until the bully comes out.
And you reach for the bottle
but it's already empty
so is the cigarette case you smoked for your friends
But it didn't help because
you still hear the ugly in your head.

Little Tail

By Harmonie Carifelle

One day, Wesakechak walking in the forest. He came upon Wihtako. The Wihtako was a mean and greedy spirit. He was also a cannibal and he captured Wesakechak. He told Wesakechak to go and gather some wood and make a big fire, "And while you're doing that, I'm going to rest and when I awaken, the fire better be done!"

So the Wihtako laid down, and when he fell into a deep sleep, he snored really loud. When he snored his mouth opened. So Wesakechak was doing what he was told, because he knew that the Wihtako was going to eat him. So he was gathering twigs and crying at the same time.

A little weasel came up to Wesakechak and said, "Brother why are you crying?" Wesakechak said, "The Wihtako is gonna eat me and I have to gather wood for the fire that he's going to cook me on!" The weasel came up with a plan and said, "I'm going to help you, my brother!" So the weasel said, "Take me to Wihtako and I'll go inside him and bite his heart!"

So Wesakechak agreed, and he picked up the weasel and when the Wihtako snored, his mouth opened very wide and the weasel hopped in, and went in the Wihtako's body. He bit his heart and Wesakechak was waiting for the weasel to come out. The weasel started to come up and he jumped out of the Wihtako's mouth, and was all black.

The Wihtako was dead and laying there and the weasel asked Wesakechak, "Can you help me get cleaned off?" So Wesakechak grabbed the weasel by the tail and started to shake him off. When Wesakechak put the weasel down, he saw that the Weasels' body was white again, and on the weasel's tail, the tip was black. And that is why a weasel has a black tip on its tail, but its' body is white.



By Harmonie Carifelle

Bad Medicine

By George Carifelle

Glenn Cocoa was a 17-year-old girl who lived in Marten Lake. She was jealous of Angela, who worked at the local Put-n-Take. Glenn Cocoa was in love with Bill, but Bill was in love with Angela. Glenn Cocoa decided to get her revenge on Angela.

Glenn Cocoa stole some medicine from her kokum. It's a black powder that smells like rotting meat. She knew that it would make Angela's face ugly. She didn't know that it would come back around to ruin her own face.

Glenn Cocoa's kokum told her never to use that stuff. Kokum used to get it from a medicine guy named Ted the Snoop. Ted the Snoop had a very short beard, a toque, leather jacket, and bum gloves. He smells like a garbage bin with a smidge of Axe. His medicines would always come back around to hurt the person using it.

Glenn Cocoa went to the Put-n-Take to see Angela. She told her, "Hey Angela, do you wanna pop?" Angela said, "Oh why thank you! Why are you being so nice to me?" Glenn Cocoa said, "Oh, why not? Why can't I be nice for once?" Angela drank the pop, without realizing the black powder was sprinkled inside.

When Glenn Cocoa went home, she was waiting for Bill to visit her. Bill comes, rings the doorbell, and he sees her face. He looked shocked. And then she looks in the mirror, and she's like, "Shi... woah." Her face was droopy and goopy, with one eye on her forehead.

Her kokum didn't know she touched that stuff. When her kokum came home and saw her, she was like, "What's wrong wit yer face? Did you touch dat medicine dat you shoulda nev'r touched??" Then, Kokum got the broom, and she got the belt. That was mostly just for scaring though. She doesn't hit, because Glenn is 'Kokum's girl.' But she yelled at her for about, maybe twenty minutes.

Don't mess with things you don't understand.

Horse

By George Carifelle

I was watching tv inside. My uncle told me to ride the horse. There was a girl named Jasmine Scotty. She rode on the front. I was sitting on the back. And I wasn't sitting right.

Jasmine was pulling the horse's hair. We didn't have a saddle. I fell down. The horse was bucking. I got kicked in the head. I got my head fractured.

My dad did CPR.

I passed away for a few hours.

Flew me to peace river. It was too serious. They flew me to Edmonton.

I remember waking up in the hospital.

I heard my kokum's voice.

I kept trying to get up when I heard her voice.

I kept having seizures. I had pills for that. I only took them once. Mu kokum stopped giving those pills.

If you look at me in the mirror, you can see my eye is really low. I had one big black eye, and one was small.

I haven't ridden a horse since then. I think it might have changed me inside somehow. But I can't really remember.



George
carifellis

The Wihtako and the Girls

By Zedekiah Laboucan

The Wihtako lived with his parents at home. The Wihtako is skinny, with sharp teeth, and big, blank eyes. His parents are not like him. They are people who live in the woods. Everyday they eat moose meat.

One day, the Wihtako had decided to leave home through a path. The path led him to the rez. Once he got real close to the rez, he heard teenagers partying. While he was listening to them yell, he heard his stomach growling because he was starving.

The Wihtako had an awful idea. So he got close, and he saw four girls. He started talking to the girls. He asked for their names. He said, "Hi, what is your name?" Then the first girl said, "Hi I'm Tessa." The second said, "Hi I'm Ally." The third said, "Hi, I'm Tina." The fourth said, "Hi I'm Sara."

He called Tessa and he said, "Tessa come here." Tessa said, "What do you want?" The Wihtako said, "I have a surprise for you." Tessa said, "Is it a kiss?" The Wihtako said, "Nope, it is something better." So the Wihtako took Tessa for a long walk. It took them about an hour to get to the lake. The Wihtako said, "Give me your hand, Tessa." Then Tessa said, "Okay." So the Wihtako was holding Tessa's hand. Then the Wihtako made Tessa close her eyes, so Tessa did. Then the Wihtako bit Tessa's hand. After he bit her hand, Tessa screamed, but nobody could hear her. The Wihtako took her to the rez beach. He killed Tessa.

So he went back to where the teenagers were. The girls said, "Where's Tessa?" The Wihtako said, "I took her home." The Wihtako went back home.

The Wihtako's parents said, "Where have you been?"

"I've been outside in the bush."

"Well, it's time to sleep."

About the Author

My name Zedekiah. I'm 12 years old, I live in Cadotte Lake Alberta. I love to sing and I really love doing musicals and snapchatting my friends. I heard this story from my kokum.

Football Secret

By Ashanti Sawan

My name is Chelsea. I'm 14 years old, and I live in the rez with my mom and my siblings. I love playing football.

The first time I started playing football was with one of the teachers from my school, Mr.C. People started saying that I act like a boy because I like playing football. I don't act as girly as the other girls. I tried really hard to fit in somewhere. I tried fitting in by curling my hair and wearing earrings and necklaces. My teacher Mr.H says that I have a better throw than a couple of the boys when I play football. The boys were a bit jealous of me. But there was this one boy who really liked me for who I am, Ashton.

We were good friends, but Ashton wanted to get closer to me. But I didn't wanna be anything else but just friends. I made Ashton feel better by asking Ashton to be best friends. Ashton said yes. We liked playing catch with the football together. I liked being best friends with him, I liked telling him secrets because he would never tell anyone. When I was sad, I told him everything because he would always make me feel better.

But one day, Ashton told one of my secrets. Ashton told his friends that I don't feel like a girl. I found out because in gym, Alakie started laughing and said, "You don't look like a girl anyway! No wonder you don't feel like one!" I tried to ignore it, but it bothered me. I never wanted to see or talk to Ashton again.

When I got home, I took a bath. I really wanted to talk to someone, but I didn't wanna tell anyone about myself anymore. I watched t.v., but I got annoyed with the dumb actors, who were all dumb boys. So I went outside to toss my football.

The next day at school, I saw Ashton. He said, "Are we still best friends?" I said, "I dunno, I need some time to think about it." I wanted him to leave me alone.

I was gonna have my first football game after school, but I felt really nervous because of the bullying. I didn't feel like playing anymore. I called my mom to pick me up. But as I was

leaving, Ashton ran up to me. He said, "I'm sorry Chelsea. I told your secret because I just wanted attention from my friends." I couldn't forgive him. But I turned around to go back to my game.

About the author:

My name is Ashanti and I am 12 years old. I like playing football. This is why I wrote this story. I grew up in the rez with my family and friends.

Muswa's Nose

By Kavaye Cardinal

K, here's my story for today! It is March 16, 2017. It's Thursday. K. Let's do dis! *rubs hands together*

Once upon a time, there was Muswa, lookin at the Mustus. And then, Muswa got jealous cause Mr. Mustus had bigger antlers than him, all the way to his back. Then, Mr. Mustus went to Wasakichas. Then, Muswa's like, "Wasakichas, why does Mr. Musus have bigger antlers than me? I'm the one supposed to have the bigger antlers. I'm more bigger, more muscular, and I'm the one supposed to have the bigger antlers. And then, Waskichas said, "I know how to get you somethin to make yer antlers bigger. There's a root, down the cliff, but you hafta help me, cause I can't reach it all by my own.

And then, Muswa's like, "Hop onto my back." Wasakicha hopped onto his back. And they went runnin as fast as he can to there. Then when they got there, he reached down to the root. Wasakicha was holdin on to his horn, to Muswa, and then he's so close, he almost gn it seemed to get longer. And then, Muswa didn't like that. So he started shakin his head. Then, he slipped one more time, but right before he knew it, he grabbed his ears. Then, he didn't like that one bit! So he started shakin and his ears got longer. And then, he didn't like that at all either. So he started shakin and shakin. Then he slipped. Right before you know it, he grabbed his neck, and then his neck started to get longer.

Then Muswa pushed Waskicha out. And then, Muswa ran away as fast as he can. And then, to this day, he's still runnin around. That's why they're scared. And that's how Muswa looks like that. Long nose!

Jingle Dress Dancer

By Autumn Letendre

Sky was a traditional dancer. She was 14 years old. She had long brown hair, which she wore in french braids. She was a jingle dress dancer. Her kokum made her dress, which was orange, yellow and black, and her bells went from the waist down. She learned to traditional dance from her kokum. Her kokum used to dance when she was younger. Her kokum taught her to share her traditions with others, "We respect elders; we respect our bodies; we respect our community; and we respect the Earth."

Sky was excited that she was going to perform at a powwow. The powwow was at the Peace River field. At the powwow, there is loud music, beautiful girls walking around in their regalia waiting to dance, food and craft stalls, and lots of families. The morning of the powwow, her kokum helped her with her hair and her dress. Her kokum told her to be on time, turn at the beat when the beat changes. "Remember, you are sharing your tradition with others."

While Sky was waiting to go on stage, a few older girls saw her. Ashley came up to her and said, "You should come with us! We have something to help with your dancing, Sky!" Sky felt excited to get the attention of the older girls, so she followed them. They were laughing as they pulled her into a bush. They started peer pressuring her to drink some vodka. She knew that if you are a traditional dancer you can't drink, do drugs or smoke but she wanted to be cool like the older girls. They told her it would help her with her dancing, and her nerves. She was really nervous, so she drank a sip. It burned her mouth, but she kept drinking and drinking.

She came out of the bush, and felt dizzy and tired. Her kokum sees her, and says, "Where you have been?? You're supposed to go up in a few minutes!" Sky looked like she was about to fall. Her kokum asked, "Have you been drinking??" She said, "No, I'm really tired." But her kokum could smell the alcohol.

Sky got disqualified by her kokum, who was very angry with Sky. Her kokum took a deep breath and said, "I'm sorry Sky, you cannot dance no more. You broke the rules of traditional dancing." Sky went home crying because she was very sad she didn't get to perform her dance. When she got home she felt very disappointed in herself.

Her kokum came home, to see Sky crying. Sky looked up to see her kokum, and said, "I'm sorry. I regret what I did. Are you disappointed in me?" Kokum told Sky, "I know you're a good girl and a good dancer. But you broke a rule. You cannot represent our tradition like that. Maybe you can try again next year." Sky was a bit relieved. She gave her kokum a hug. She decided she cared too much about traditional dance to lose it again.

About the author

My name is Autumn Letendre. I am 13 years old. I like to traditional dance. I am a jingle dress dancer. I like to go on my phone and snapchat my friends, and I also like to do shop, which is a woodworking club that we have at our school.

One of the Klemtu Stories.

By Eric Coe

British Columbia, Swindle Island, Klemtu

Canada 2012-2013

The year I had landed on an island with my mom, we would hear a lot of stories about bigfoot, or sasquatch. Sasquatch is like an ape type creature. There's this one story where a kid decided to go for a walk, down by the stream. And a bigfoot took him into his cave and ate him. People were searching for his body for years. They found a cave with a strong stench, perhaps where the sasquatch was living.

I was at school one day just before 3:30. My mom was working still in her office in the school. So I was just chilling outside, and my friends came up to me and said. "Eric! wanna go on a bike ride in the rain forest at the boat docks, and look for bigfoot"? I said "yes" because... Why not? I might as well see if the bigfoot is a myth or a true thing.

We biked for 2 or 3 miles down a long road and it was dangerous because we could run into anything like wolves, bears, wild dogs, cougars... or bigfoot. Then we hit the docks and my friend forced us to go up a trail with gravel and dirt on a mountain to look for at least something.

So we left our bikes at the bottom, and we grabbed these signs that are sharp, for defence. We hiked up almost a mile and we we're recording what we saw on our ipods.

We were laughing and scaring each other for a while, next thing you know we heard a loud noise like a moan, or a howl really close near the trail, at least 7 feet away. We were scared to high heavens and we froze..and we heard it again about 15 seconds later.. We ran for dear life!!! And we reached the bottom of the mountain, and we biked off home. Then we went back to my friend's house and talked about what we heard up there. That was the closest thing to a bigfoot experience for me.

About the author:

I'm Eric W. Coe, the author. This was a true experience about hearing a bigfoot or a wolf really close to me and my friends.

I was eight when this happened and I am twelve now, but very mature for my age.

I live in Edmonton AB, Canada, where I was born and raised. My mom was about 50 around 2012-2013 and she was working as an ed teacher in her own little classroom. I like to read but I don't like making stories, I love music and summer. I absolutely hate winter and cats. Lone Survivor is one of my Favorite Novels.

Little Red Riding Hood

By Logan Laboucan

Josh was a 12 year old boy on the rez. He had no family, and was in foster care. Nobody seemed to really care about him at the home. But he loved his dog Wolf, who was a white husky. He loved school, and was always trying to get smarter. His teacher, Mr. Jeremy Little, was like a dad to him. Mr. Little would tell him stories, and Josh felt loved.

Josh didn't talk very much, but people knew him by his red hoodie. He had a pet white husky named Wolf. He had friends named Jeff and Alex. At least he thought they were friends, he thought they were loyal.

One day in August, they all went to a culture camp at Hunter's Fort. They were learning about hunting, moose calling, how to make a fire, and traditional hand games. Josh took his dog Wolf with him. He had fun running and playing catch. Josh had never been to a camp before.

Jeff and Alex asked Josh to sit at the lake for a bit with them. They watched the lake and the waves, and told each other stories until midnight. That night was a full moon. Josh saw Jeff and Alex whispering to each other. Josh felt scared, wondering what they were going to do. They pushed Josh in the lake.

Josh didn't know how to swim. He felt desperate, kicking his legs, splashing, he could barely breathe. His dog wolf tried so save Josh, but Josh was pushing him away. Josh stopped moving, and started to sink. Wolf was trying to pull Josh.

Josh's eyes started to open under water. He saw a shadow. Then a white husky appeared in a flash. It started to swim away. Josh followed it in the water. He was scared, but curious. He asked, "Who are you?" The shadow answered, "I am a shapeshifter. You wanna become one?" It started to laugh. "You don't remember, do you?" Josh said, "Don't remember what?" The shapeshifter said, "That strange dream that night?" Josh remembered, and asked him, "How do you know?" The shapeshifter said, "Because I am your dad I am your dog Wolf."

Josh opened his eyes, and he was in the woods. He was wet. He saw Wolf panting. There was a fire with something cooking beside them. It smelled like fish stew. Josh's little red hoodie was hanging on a tree to dry.

About the Author:

My name is Logan Laboucan. I am 12 years old. I like white huskies and pizza. I like to play games like tag and dodgeball, and I like to play video games. I also like to read books and make books. Mind games and riddles are always fun.

The Girl in the Hallway

By Tailor Cardinal

I was playing in the k5 room and my Kokom was cleaning, it was dark. I was alone, then I looked and I saw a girl standing in the hall at Cadotte Lake School and I didn't know who she was. Maybe she wanted to play because I was alone, so she walked up to me and didn't talk but just played. Then I looked at her eyes and she got up, when she saw me looking at her she didn't like it. Then her eyes went red and then when she was sad, her eyes went black and white. Her eyes looked like a dark moon. They were big and the only thing I could really see of her was her eyes. She was in normal clothes and shoes and her face didn't look like anyone I knew but she looked a little younger than me. Her hair was brown and long and it was straight.

When I looked at her for too long she would disappear and it would take her a little bit of time to come back. When she did come back, she would just angrily glare at me and her hands would just turn into fists. When I saw her do that it made me feel scared because I thought she was going to hurt me. Then she left.

I came back to school the next day with my Kokom to help her clean. When I went back to the same spot I saw her and she looked even more angry than she did yesterday. I was the only one that saw her. She seemed to only appear when I was alone. I didn't see her when I was in class or with my friends. When I went to clean with my Kokom, she never saw the girl in the hall.

When my Kokom left, I saw her again and tried to talk to her. I asked what her name was but she didn't reply. When I went outside she tried to come with me but she couldn't come because there was something blocking her. So I went back inside with her. Then I went to my Kokom and I told her about the girl and she asked me to show her but when I went back she was gone.

As soon as my Kokom left to finish cleaning, the girl appeared. I asked her why she was mad and she took me to a classroom and drew a picture of why she was mad. In the picture I saw that she wanted to be a normal kid. She just wanted to go to school, talk and hangout

with her friends but she got sick and no one helped her get better. I went to my Kokom and then when I went back to her and she was gone. I think that was the last time I will ever see her.

I will never forget the girl in the hallway. She showed me to be grateful that I can talk, go to school and hangout with my friends. It will always be a mystery of how she got there and where she came from. I hope to see her again someday and that she can find true happiness.

The Scared Little Rock

By Jocelyn Flett :)

Once there was a scared little rock who told stories to people who gave him food.

There was this lady named Black Widow, she had two sons.

One day, they started to get hungry, so their mum made them bows and arrows to hunt for food.

But when they were walking, they heard a voice.

He said hello.

They were confused.

So they kept looking around for food.

They heard It again.

They wondered what it could be.

But they looked at the rock.

The rock said, "Hello, wanna hear a story?"

"Give me your food you have hunted. Then I will tell you stories."

The boys said ok.

The boys handed him all their food.

And heard the stories. All kinds of Stories.

So when they got home, their mum was always wondering where they kept going.

So she went to the chief and told him.

He sent two guys to follow the boys to see where they kept going.

Once the boys hunted enough birds, they went to the rock to hear stories.

And the two guys, Crazy Horse and Little Bird, followed the boys and heard the rock talking.

They were shocked and went straight to the chief.

The chief didn't believe them.

So the Chief went to the rock, gave him food, and he started telling

All kinds of stories from long ago.

And now people go give the scared little rock

Food for stories.

Camping

By Jocelyn Flett

Otter River is where my family goes to camp. It's a very good place to camp. Its flat and it's grassy. We go quading on the other side of the camp because there are lots of tiny hills you can drive on. Some people come visit us at the camp and we cook. We play soccer with the other kids and we walk on the trails.

My auntie always brings a little blow up boat. When she was fishing on the boat, the waves came, and she got blown away to the big lake. While she was in the lake, we had to pull her back with the string attached to the boat.

After that happened, we started playing in the sand by the bridge. We went back to camp, and we went quading around the little hills. We went a little bit far from camp and we got stuck on a tree that was cut down. We started getting scared cause we thought a moose was going to come. But we got the boys to pull us out and then we went back to play with the other kids. We played a game almost like football, but different. It was fun but some of us got hurt because of the boys.

Then my Kukom came to camp with us. We were quading and Shayden, my Kukom, was driving the quad. She went in a little hole and got us stuck, and we almost flipped. We couldn't get out of the hole because there were two trees blocking us from getting out. So we had to get off the quad and pull it backwards to get it out. Then we wanted to fix the hole so my Kukom told some kids to get sand from outside of the camp. Then we fixed the hole.

The trailer I slept in was with my Kukom and Musom. We made a cake for my Musom and Kukom's anniversary and we cooked lots to celebrate. I got to meet some family members I didn't even know. I went outside when it was dark. Everyone was there, and I started getting cold so my Kukom made me a little jacket-blanket to keep me warm.

The next day, we went fishing and it was actually really fun because we were allowed to swim in the water. We found a plant that you make into tea. The water was really pretty. I got two fish and then we went back to camp.

My cousins were playing on this little stick that was nailed together with two other trees and I went on it and I fell. It hurt a little. When it was windy, and we had a fire going, we would put tarp around our little fire place and by our trailers. When it was time to go to bed I would read a book. I hope we go there again because we have lots of fun and get to see family members.

About the Author

Hi my name's Jocelyn Flett! I'm 12 years old. I am native and proud! I am from Cadotte Lake Treaty 8.

The Hockey Legends on the Rez

By Stacey Morgan Laboucan

Growing up on the rez, we would play hockey all day on ice, or on the pavement, or the grass/road. Me and my friends Kavaye, George, and Brayton and this kid Embry always played in the back of my house because we built a hockey rink. Now the rez is like a woodland place and has a few house and people, like a hamlet. And there's another place beside Cadotte Lake called little buffalo it's a little more woodland way more trees. Hockey is one of four of the funnest things to do around here.

Monday, March 6, 2017, we were practicing for the pond hockey championship, we practiced really hard for a few days and I was really excited about it. We were not on the same team, but we played hockey together for fun. It was Thursday, March 9, 2017, the day before the annual pond hockey championship, we went to the town of peace river and we got the shirts. My brother Stacey's team jersey was a red t shirt, it had on the front of the shirt "do me a favor and stop talking" and the other shirt we had on the front was, "i'm not lazy I just really like doing nothing".

There are at least twelve rinks at pond hockey if you wanted to play you would ask someone that wasn't playing a real game so its was so awesome there i had a blast the pond hockey games were on a lake called bear lake where there's carnival rides the carnival wasn't on the lake though.

My hockey rink had homemade boards, and a long narrow board so the puck won't bounce off the icy snow. I didn't have a team when I went, so I went to play hockey with my older brothers. I got to play three games with my brothers. They said I did good. It was a lot of fun playing with my older brothers.

I had a lot of practice games with anyone who wanted to play at a hockey rink. We had no one playing a real game, it was very fun playing for fun. The competition was tough, my brothers team lost in the third round of the one loss knockout, but we had won by playmaking and passing more often. It all went well, my big lesson that day was team work helps out lots and practice helps a lot as well.

By.Stacey.M.Laboucan the third. Started Thursday march 16 2017 Ended Thursday March 30, 2017.

About the author

I like country music, and hockey, baseball, football, volleyball, and basketball. I like long walks on the beach. And to B.A.S.S. OUT lol rock out you know what it means loud music!!!

Jack

By Dalton Carifelle

Once there was a guy named Tim. Tim was a guy who liked exploring and playing games. One day, he was wandering by a cave, and stumbled upon a frozen dinosaur. He made a fire because he was cold, then he made a bed, then fell asleep.

Three hours later, Tim woke up cause he was hungry so he reached in his bag then grabbed some Doritos then he opened the Doritos. He got up and was looking around the cave. Then he dropped his Doritos. He realized that the dinosaur was gone! So he packed up and ran out of the cave he was really scared.

Twenty minutes later, he was just walking up a game trail. He was slowly getting tired. But when he was about to pack up, he heard something in the woods. He was about to take a look when a wolf jumped out. He slowly grabbed his axe from the bag. Then the wolf was about to jump at him. Then the dinosaur grabbed the wolf with its teeth, and threw it at a tree. Then the wolf limped away.

Tim looked at the dino and realized that it was a t-rex. He looked in his bag and brought out some jack links and threw them on the ground. The t-rex ate the jack links. It looked at Tim and licked him. Then they ate the jack links together. Then he crafted a giant saddle and put it on the t-rex. He said, "since you like jack links I'll name you jack." So they lived in the woods together.

From Nicaragua to Cadotte

By Marvin Sanchez

I grew up in Nicaragua, me and both my big brothers and my little sister. When I was 9 years old, my dad told his mom that we are gonna go to Canada. So the day before we ended up leaving, we had a party—me, both my brothers, my sister, and all our friends. It was a surprise from our mom. We took a picture together.

But before the party, we went to the airport to get my dad. When I saw him, I was like sooo happy. I ran to him. I hugged him. And then both of my brothers cried. They made me feel sad, so I cried with them. Then my dad stayed with us for a week. And so, me, my brothers and sister, would fight for who'd get to sleep with my dad. So we all took turns.

After that, I came to Canada. It was winter, and I was shocked by all the snow. I felt really lost. When my dad left the house to work, I was like, 'where is he going?' Cause, we would always go one way, but he was going the opposite way. But it turned out, both paths went to the same place.

And three weeks later, I went to school. My stepmom, who's Cree, took me to school. She's like, "What class you wanna go to? grade 4 or 3?" And then I said gr. 3 because all my new friends were in that class. I'm still with them now. When I got to grade 6, I met the best teacher in the world, Ms. Ghani. She taught me a lot of stuff, and about history. Now, cause of her, I know a lot of things. And now we made a book. This is my first chapter!