

Peyune
Bech'ánesjërile
Tth'i Beghąthëne
Dëne Sóline
Bexani
I'm Not Scared
of Ghosts
and Other
Chipewyan
Stories

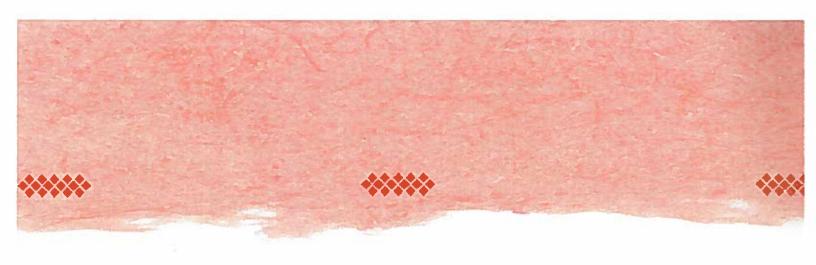
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Peyune Bech'ánesjërile Tth'i Beghąthëne Dëne Sǫ́łine Bexani

I'm Not Scared of Ghosts and Other Chipewyan Stories





1996

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

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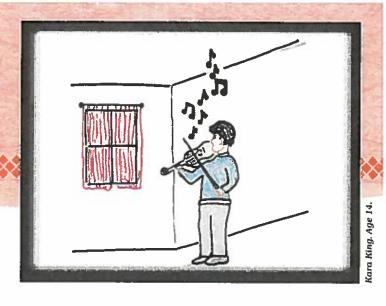
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# Setl'oghetį Beghanitą

Yuwé Désneth netheli gá ?eyër Tabiłk'é húlye. ?eyër ?anáre t'a niya. Setsié Johnní Beaulieu, ?eyi t'a senesha hilé ?at'e.

Setsié bekué dáhkué xá?ą ?eyër t'a nasti, setsié yuyághe ní nati-u. Dáhkué t'a tł'ogheti t'á sasthër benésli. Kú hilts'én setsié theti-u, ?asti k'é, dáhkué tł'ogheti t'á sásthër. Dexa ts'i, ts'idhër só. "?eyi dlánele xa nelá t'á," séłni. "Tł'ogheti begháídíle! K'abídën ?íghá nuyá-u, xót'i náli." Sásilu, tł'ogheti senitą-u, nitiyé.

K'abídëne ?eghá ts'idhër. Sólághe ni ?a k'é. Sa ní i? dëne setsié dádi ni yisthën t'á. ?ekudëne seti'ogheti híichu-u, sásthër ghanida. Ti'ogheti t'á sásthër xél, dechëntel tth'i hes? eth dariti'eth sí t'á dexa ts'i setsié ts'idhër só, sets'ézil, "?edlánene t'á," séini. Ti'ogheti hurí??a ?aslá-u.



"K'abídëne ?ighá hụt'i dini leno," desį-u, tth'i hari?áí. Sásthër tth'u k'asedílk'e kách'anı destth'ágh t'á kuzí bets'en tthíst'a bek'e náts'etedh delts'é dístth'agh t'á. ?eyër-u setsié hes?į dechën hetįn-u sets'ën hegal k'é. T'á ja sets'ëre ?ıłás nıłchudh-u setł'oghetį segá senítą-u. Benáresdagh-u, ts'ër dek'ist'ár-u, t'asdı násenełxal lát'e. Dódı. Xát'u tth'ı nahesłál hılé k'é. Ts'ıdhër no tł'oghetį segá thetą k'e. ?edlájá ?at'e t'a, yısthën. ?eyër-u k'áánı benásni. Setł'ogheti beghanita setthën ?eyálne seba sat'íle setl'ogheti sajáíle dé xút'a yisthën.

### My Beloved Fiddle

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

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

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

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



Angus Beaulieu ?adų Deninu Kųę́ nádhër. 1934 denelį Deninu Kųę́.

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

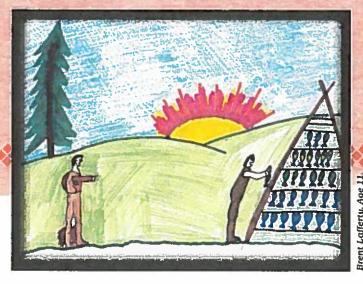
## Nýłts'ın Xuli!

?amá ni, sexél xëlni. ?eyi ?enekui Morrison ni, t'así gha hútl'édh ?anidhen dúwé hilé ?at'e, heni. Xát'e t'á, luwe gha nádhër xáyt'ázi, luwe la t'á, luwe gha náádher-u, luwe dált'í. Dëne yegha náídíl sí. "Łuwe di?áází la dúwé si! Nets'i dziltín náte xasi!" héts'édi.

"Sát'íle łuwe łą dúwé begház, náíle xa dúwé," heni.

Kú ?eyi ?enekui Morrison t'asíe gha hútł'édh ?anidhën dúwé t'á. Dexa dzitin déłk'éth láreja-u, dzitin náte. Harelyų łuwe náitł'ir. Morrison xút'a hílch'e dúwé t'á, nádoréht'a-u, ni dzéreghidh xílí ?at'i-u, náneda-u, negórelyi-u, "Núłtsin xuli sni, ts'uts'í ?at'e! Ja ?até násti-u ?eghalasna-u, Núłtsin sets'éníle!" heni.

Xát'u t'a yunízı, dëne, Lishéf k'árát'e dúwé ?at'e. Xát'e t'á Lishéf Suzé Baptiste (Suzé záze) Morrison ?ałnı-u xáínıle xúlí yéłnı. Lishéf ?ayéłní-u neba dëne xálesı xa chelekui neghanidel xa neba dzıłtín sénalye xa. Lishéf dëne ta theya-u, xút'a chelekui ła Morrison gha nıdél-u. Harelyu łuwe nálya-u, harelyu beba dzıłtín sénalya-u, łuwe danałya.



?amá nı ?adı-u, "?edlát'ı lanı yısthen t'a, saık'ıe, Morrison bets'ane, begha nosa yısthen t'a bets'en nasja." Dodi Morrison hejenu berkatt'edh-u, chelekui shelyi xa. ?ama nı ?adı-u, begha suthını sudı burıl?ı t'a. Xalesı, "Nuts'ın xulıle dınını? Ku du Nuts'ın xulı nadlı ?udı," xelesı. Dodi suretth'aıle-u berkalt'edh gha nadherı.

#### There is a God!

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

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

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

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

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

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

Annie Beaulieu ?adu Xátł'oresche nádhër. Degay marı zá 1934 deneli Dzëndesche.

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

# K'áí Senághe K'įltthádh

?ełk'édighe segháy huk'e są. Yuwé Dzódes k'é náíde, setá-u, ?amá-u, sechëleke-u. Danny McQueen chu, Doris chu, tth'i beskene nádën Vivienne chu, Viola chu Nelson des k'é náhedé. Łuk'é dé Danny McQueen-u, bets'án-u, besken xél li t'á nuwe gha náhidil. ?ila luk'é Danny-u, bets'án-u, besken xél nuwe gha níhidel t'a náíde ?eyër. Thile tsen Dzódes k'é t'a náíde nuwegá nahidé.

?eyer ts'ı Náidáidzı zá sólághe?adhel huk'e yudághe Nelson deze ts'en nahéhdel. Kuzı ts'en dzen gha ?eldzus nilye xa bexél nasja. ?eyer nıdelu Danny chu yudághe Nelson des k'é ts'erit'áis dzen gha ?eldzus thilya t'á.

?iła dzirata ?ełdzus thílyá-u yuyághe Dzodes ts'én náídél. Łuk'é des k'é tën nëlghi tthe yuyághe náídél. Dighe li bebaneshul xél, beschën yé beth hes?ël-u. Danny bek'íne hesël. Doris, Danny bebeschënyé theda beskene xél. Hukach'ére húlye dés k'é shéth ká xá?a ?eyër yudághe setthe kátheyau, bek'íni káthiya-u, li sexél nárilya. Danny yudághe xa?ui yaí.



Łį heł?ás xa ?atthų ts'ásłe dechën t'á tth'i husxël-u. Łį Mark húlye ni yuné ts'ën seneł?į-u dódi náidáile. Xát'e t'á seba dúwé. Yudághe hunił?į-u Danny tth'i huleį. Hestságh-u beschën ghą násthër, dexą Danny seghą nija. "?edlágh xa netsagh t'á?" séłni.

"Hestsághile," desį. "K'áí senághe k'íłtthádh t'á."

"Bánełt'u nenághe?" séłni.

# A Willow Twig in My Eye

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

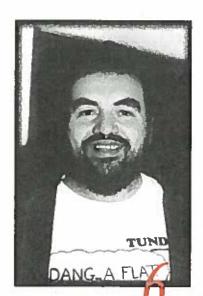
Sometimes in the spring, Danny McQueen and his family would travel to the Taltson River to stay beside my family. There was one time in the spring that Danny and his family made this trip to our spring camp. They stayed at our Taltson spring camp for awhile, then they travelled back to the Nelson River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

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

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

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

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



Danny Beaulieu ?adų Deninu Kųę́ nádhër. Łuedëłti zá 1953 denelį Deschaghe.

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

# Nálzedëné Beghąnoriya!

?itá setsié, Michel ni, nátze hilé yudághe Beghúldes k'é. Setsié Michel tudhél nenëth yel?édh-u. ?eyi nálzedené xél ts'éréki si tthe nekel yélédi ?etth'i ?etk'íth dúwé ?at'e sni t'á. ?edin tthe héki bek'ín ts'édel. "Yuné súghánitha húhdél-u, ts'ethi ?óhni," heni.

Dexa ts'ı Michel t'asie detth'a. Yudaghe tthét'a t'a deniye theyı he?ı. Xút'a ?ek'ikún deyénıl gha núnı?a. T'atthe yunizı ?ek'ikún deyé dıl-u, ?ek'ıchogh tsóghe chogh

?ek'ídhul ye t'aáí.

Michel ?ek'ıchogh dey!?a tł'ághe, yudághe tthét'a nadlı. Betł'ak'eze dzéthile ?adu náke ch'adiye nárelya lu deníyechu sas chu. "?edlát'u bánélt'u táítdé li-u ?itá ?esk'idh t'á? ?ıłáí ?esk'ídh xa?ą," nıdhën. ?até nezo yenił?j no ?eyi begës tthe náhťáth the?ą. ?eyi tthe the?ą si bek'é dịch'u xáí?a. "?eyı tthech'ue thik'edh dé ?ek'ichogh tsóghe ?ełghą ch'ul xala, xát'e dé bánélt'u hisk'idh xala," nidhën. Kú Michel ?ek'íkún łą, de?áází łą ?ek'ídhul yínël k'é. ?ek'ıchogh yeyi?ą-u yeltas. ?eyër-u tthe hunilk'ëdh. ?ełk'ëdh-u ts'ı?aze bexél nareghëdh. Michel thezël. Nálzeděné yets'édel-u, nít'ël tı. Nıtël tı-u betudhél nenëth yé



xál?edh ?alyá. ?ełásk'ëdh ?uldáí beyé thełtį k'é, tth'ı ?elásk'ëdh náke łú beyé thela k'é.

Betudhél nenëth yé łue hályá tł'ághe-u, Michel ?eyı náke ch'ądıye náréłya nı ts'én hunıł?ı. Michel bánéłt'u deníye chu sas chu thełk'ëdh k'e he?ı kû ?eyı ?ek'ıchogh tsóghe ?ełts'ıch'el t'á náke ch'ądıye łáiłdé lu. Kú ?eyı deníye tthı thełk'ëdh k'e ?ek'ıchogh tsóghe ?ełts'ıch'el t'á. Kú t'asíe betthı hełk'ëdh dé naxaldé dúwé ?at'élu ladır tthe. Kú ?eyı deníye ?e?ıdh t'á gah yeke gah theda, ?eyı tth'ı deníye gah the?edh t'á gah láilther lu.

?eyi hani ?alų xút'áile!
Kú Michel ?eyi tthe ch'u
thelk'ëdh-u tthe harelyų yáidzës.
?eyi di k'áik'e datheda tthe gá.
?ilághe tthe ?eyi di t'áréltth'er t'á
di láilther lu.

Kú nálzeděné beghanoríya!
Harelyu t'á, taghe łue-u, deníye-u, sas-u, gah-u, tth'ı dı. T'á
Peláísdighe t'asíe łáíłdelu Piłá
Pełk'edh t'á.

### The Amazing Hunter

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

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

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

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

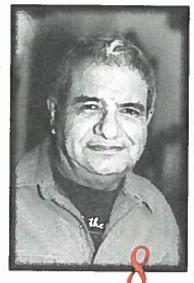
The other hunters went to him and brought him to shore. Once on shore, they pulled off his hip waders. In one side was a jackfish, and in the other were two whitefish.

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

But the story is not finished yet!

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

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



Frederick Beaulieu ?adų Xátł'oresche nádhër.

Frederick Beaulieu lives in Hay River, Northwest Territories.

# Sel<sub>i</sub> Bek'esadé

T'atthe sólághe to ?ełk'tághe húk'e segháy-u, sekui yet'á senádé t'así xulile. T'así t'á senáíde xadé nuni xáré t'así dáríga bet'á senáíde xa. ?elk'idhaze t'á senáíde xadé dechën t'a ?elk'idhaze dáíga. Ts'i dáíltsi dé, dëth t'á ts'i híltsi. Xát'u ts'iaze t'á senáíde. Dëne ts'élt'u to dé, ?eyi ts'élt'u til betth'ën ?ajá dé, ?eyi besken si dábini dúwé yet'á satsán ts'i nezo ?alé t'á. Xát'u tth'i t'álasí t'á senáíde dé, tth'i nuwiní ni.

Ku dëne li nezo bets'i dé, ?eyi t'a t'así nedhe ni. Sekui tth'i ?erehtl'ís t'á lí dágha. Si tth'i sekui hesli-u, ?erehtl'ís til beyé hódhër dé, híschu bet'á li hest'áth-u beschën hestsi ni. ?amá bets'i t'áldedh t'á bethtl'úl hestsi-u ?elk'etághe li dek'ésle. ?elk'etághe li xút'a la ?at'e. Dëne xánélt'e ?úli li t'á tséredíl ?at'e. Dëne ?elk'édi li bets'i dé, li la bets'i dúwé dásni.

Dëneyuaze-u, ts'ekuaze-u ?ełk'ízí ?erehtł'ís łi hełt'áth-u, lí t'á senáíde ni. Kú ?eyi ?erehtł'ís łi sí ?até besesúdí ni. ?ilá, benásni, ledí ts'i ts'álxën ?elá níla-u, ?eyi ts'álxën t'á sets'i ?erehtl'ís li harelyu benárila. ?até sets'i ?erehtl'ís li bek'esadé ?áslá. Seba bénat'i dúwé ni, tth'i begha xásdí xél.

Xát'u 7ılá dzık'e sets'ı ?erehtl'is lı bek'esadé húle ?ajá. Harelyu ts'én bekánesta-u, dódı. Ts'ayısthën dúwé xát'e xúlí ?alu bekánesta. Kú



?eyër-u benırıní! Viola McQueen dëne k'ánıle, ?eyı segha yené?ı sá yısthën. Kú ?eyı tthe k'étl'á ts'én sets'ı ?erehtl'ís lı nálch'ul dıle t'á.

Kú Viola betihkui xél nuwegá tl'óbál náhił?a, nánis náíde t'á. Łénélt'e nuwegháy t'á k'étł'á ts'én ?alagh senáíddhër-u tth'i ?elk'enáíddhër. Viola ?eyi sets'i ?erehtl'ís li bek'esadé né?i bek'óresya. Segha ?erehtl'ís li ne?i xa dúwé dé, segha ?erehtl'ís li nalch'ul. Xaláá, ?erehtl'ís li tanízi bek'élch'ël-u dathela benós?á ni. T'at'u sets'i ?erehtl'ís li bek'esadé beghanita yek'órelyáíle - ?eyi ?erehtl'ís li bek'esadé t'a de?áází beghanita ni.

Tháá ?úłdú senále xádı ?eyı Viola segha ?erehtl'ís li bek'esadé ne?í sí. Súdı xa yisthën t'á bets'ízch'é lárísya. ?eyı ?erehtl'ís li bek'esadé thiltsi sí begha la nechá húthiltsi ?at'e xélesi. Xát'e xúlí begha nonila, sets'énı heli t'á.

## My Silver Dog Team

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

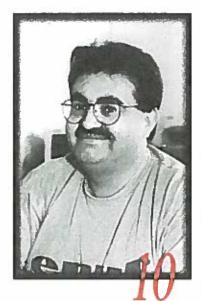
To have good sled dogs was a great thing for the Dene people. For us children too. We wanted good sled dogs, so we made the dogs out of cardboard. And myself, when I was a child, whenever there was an empty cardboard box, I would take it and cut out my dogs, and the sleds too. Then with my mother's thread,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

Both the girls and boys used to cut out paper dogs and we played with the dogs. We used to take great care in looking after our paper dogs. Once, I remember, I gathered tinfoil from the tea. With the tinfoil, I carefully wrapped my paper dogs. After I finished I had my silver dog team! For me, they were so beautiful and I was so proud of them!

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

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

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



Tom Beaulieu ?adų Xátł'oresche nádhër. Náidáidzį zá 1958 denelį Deninu Kųę́.

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

### Tu Bené K'ıdël

Sekui hesli-u, Ronald Boucher chu Deschaghe ts'én náthíki. Dechën ts'i t'á beyé tu la dúwé líni xát'i ts'i. Kú xáyt'ázi ?at'e. Dëschaghe ts'én naiki, li Deschaghe ts'én náilye t'á. Ja Marí Bedeze háíki-u, tu nedhe nethíki-u, nilts'i netl'ëth t'á tarichá dúwé. Tlëst'óth tth'i nechíle ?ek'étaghe lichoghe nóriltsër, xát'i t'áít'i. Ts'i naltláíle tth'i ts'i yé tu la dúwé xát'e t'á ?elna tlëst'óth k'ílni. Tlëst'óth k'ésni xa segha núnídhër. Tlëst'óth k'ésni gha nida-u, tlëstil nil?i, tlës laile k'e. Ronald tlës deyé nenil xélesi. Tlës deyénil huréldzá.

Tarıchá dúwé-u ts'ı nada dúwé. Ronald tlës deyénıl-u tlës ts'ı yé nınël. Tu daghe tlës theka ?ajá. Xát'u lı tth'ı tu yé theltés. ?ılághe lı nekuı lı delzén tlës betl'á k'e ?ajá. Betthën thelts'í ?ajá t'á nílgé. Delghus xél hetságh-u, lı k'ádhër ?ajá.

Ronald xálesi, "?edláíde xa?"
"Lesa no," héni.
"Dedláid 4/42" nélsei

"?edlájá t'á?" xélisį.



"Betł'á k'e tłës ?ajá t'á, thełts'ı t'á."

"?edláílye xa?" xélisį.

"Kú bek'e náíltsilí xá?ą lu."

"?edlat'u?" xélisi.

"Sı hustún-u, nën tu bek'e nenil."

Xát'e t'á hę, desį.

Ronald lı nekui hilchu-u yetl'á sets'én deddhën ?ayılá-u, yeché nerita-u. Si tth'i ?ilághe sela t'á tlëst'óth k'ésni-u, tth'i ?ilághe sela t'á tu yiltá-u. Tu bek'iznil xano til ts'ighárígës t'á. Li beghák'ëdh hinel. Harelyų tu Ronald bene k'inël.

Ronald sets'én tthezil, "?esji?á! ?edlánene t'á! ?eyi łį betł'á ?at'íle si sené ?at'e si!"

### A Splash in the Face

\*\*\*\*\*

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

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

"What should we do?" I asked Ronald.

"I don't know," he said.

"What happened to him?" I asked.

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

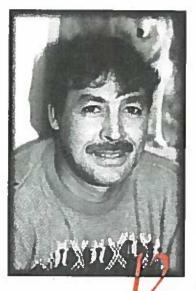
"We just have to wash it."

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

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

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

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



Arthur Beck ?adų Xátł'oresche nádhër. Tsamba nályé zá 1957 deṇeli Beghúldesche.

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

## Chelekuıaze Xoneltën

Se?e, Danny McQueen, segha níya-u, "Grant, yuwé seke k'é tsá gha ?eldzus taulye-u tsa gha naudher yuwé Desk'aratue k'e," heni.

"Hę," xélesį.

"Xát'e dé senede xúde," séłni. Sekué ts'én nasja-u, sesjá-u, bets'én nasja. K'ábídene Deschaghe ts'ít'as. Ja ?ats'i Desk'aratue ts'en ná hítes-u, se?e kué xáł?a ?eyer nít'as. K'ábídene se?e beké k'é tsá ?ełdzus táílye xáyt'as. ?eyer ts'i náke dzirata xúk'e tsá gha náídher. Tsá k'énáchiltli. Tsá la lailde t'á de?óriltha náídher.

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

K'ábídëne harelyų sija kųę́ ts'ën náít'as xa sija. Desk'aratue nóni?a nóna dechën ?oniłtha Dzodes ts'ën. Dzodes t'azi nít'as-u, hiłts'ën ?ajá. ?eyër hites. ?eyër tthites-u harelyų det'an-u, chëth-u, gagos-u zítth'agh. Bit'as ?edu dúwé!

"Des k'é tëne the?alle tósal" heni, se?e ?adı-u. "K'ábídëne ?egha nít'as de nul?l lánı." Pegha nít'as-u, li dek'ılya-u náít'as. Xo?áilu des t'á narıt'as. Tabághe ts'ën nedhile li narılya Pala. Se?e hegal t'á tabághe ts'ën li tthe natheya-u, des nıl?i-u, sénıl?i-u.

"Dódi tën the?áíle," heni se?e. "Xát'e dé ?edláíde xa?" xélesi.

"Nëne tabághe li niyul-u, diri ts'iaze tostą-u, nega t'óth t'á huskel," sélni. "Ją ts'i nídhát'ile ne?e Jim nádher ts'én. Ją shúti-u, ník'e li t'á nót'as. Seli tthetheda xáni ?at'e t'á Jim bekué t'a xá?ą k'órélyą t'á sat'ile si."

Hurılk'a-u shıtı-u. Shıtı th'aghe-u, sı nik'e tabağhe hı t'a hıya, se?e ?edını ts'ıaze ye sets'ën nedhile hekel. Tabağhe nik'e hesalı tthu süghanıltha-u destsel gha niya. ?eyı tthetheda, Sandy hülye, tabağhe nilge-u, sat'ailu, talgos harelyu bek'ını hı tailazı nanel?elı. Sebeschen ye tthıda-u, beschen huston-u, hı nasılu. Nesjer lat'e xüli, ?eyı tthetheda, Sandy, benıh?a huya ?at'e t'a. Destsel k'e nonı?a dödi ten the?aile ?ahk'e ten he?ul, xel tth'ı tarıhtha. ?eyer hı nanasılu nask'edh texasılu.



?até destsel nániya-u tł'est'óth ts'itth'agh. Se?e Jim ?at'į k'e. Se?e Jim se?e Danny ts'iaze yé hekel nił?į-u si łį neshul senił?į-u, se?e Danny ?ałni-u, "?edlánét'į t'á?"

"Chelekuiaze xonestën t'á," heni se?e Danny ?adı-u, súdı xa.

Náhit'u se?ekui nahedlogh! Se?e Danny se?e Jim xél ts'i yé hekí xa núní?ą. Se?e Danny hekí tthe, "T'así ghą nanodher sana. Seli tthetheda xanı ?at'e ne?e Jim bekué nénítti xát'e," heni.

Se?ekui ts'i yé heki-u, si li t'á híya. Li tthetheda bets'én yastile?i si xásni ?at'ele t'á. Beli tthetheda gháre t'a nasdali. Li ?ate se?e Jim bekué tída ga nesilti. T'así ?elk'ech'a la heresdën se?e "Chelekuiaze Xoneltën" yulshe t'á ?eyër kú tth'u beghatthën ?ala bexél ts'ereghay tth'i.

### **Boy Training**

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

"Okay," I replied.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We made a fire, and then we ate. After we ate, I left with the dogs along the river bank, and my uncle paddled the little canoe close by. Not too long after travelling along the river bank, I arrived at the creek. When the lead dog, Sandy, got to the shore of the creek, he jumped in without hesitation, and all the dogs went in behind him

and swam across. As I sat in the toboggan, I held on tightly as they pulled me across. I was a little bit afraid, but I trusted Sandy because he was a smart dog.

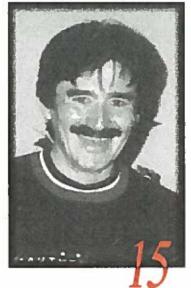
There was no ice in the creek, except for the little pieces floating about. They pulled me across and out the other side. Just as I

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

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

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

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



Grant Beck ?adų-Beghúldesche nádhër. Náidáidzį zá 1949 denelį Deninu Kųę.

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

# Jig T'á Dastl'i Kú

1932 ?at'e, t'o Tthebatthı ts'ı
Tthebachaghe nídel-u.
Tthebachaghe k'étł'á ts'én dats'édíl
nı. T'atthe tth'u dats'édíl náthıya
benásnı. ?amá bek'et'así káátı
?erehtł'ís ts'ı ?ıh seba nałnı ?ıh
deltthogh ?at'e. ?eyı ?ıh beghëthgór
gha helyúl lat'e-u benıs tth'ı bedhé
dehchëth xél tth'ı nenëth. Seba
bénat'ı dúwé nı. Kú ?eyı ?ıh
náthesyá-u, kekëlke tth'ı yes?edh-u.
Nezo yúyeyá-u. ?ëyer-u dats'édíl
ts'ı ya.

Dats'édíl níya-u chelekui Gegíl húlye ?eyi sela hitchu-u neserílu. "Jig t'á dolthi," heni. ?eyër ts'i, t'eke heshi ?ajá-u "jig" t'á dasth benéshi. Curly MacDonald húlye setthére ?at'e, ?eyi chu ?ahagh dáilth ?ajá. Nezo dáilth dúwé ?ajá. Dáilth dé, nuweke ni heredí lat'eile. Kú nuni Curly chu dáilth dé, dódi dëne nuwe k'éregháile. ?até neso dáilti ?ajá thaghe.



Curly ?aséłni, "Maria, dáíltli xádé tsamba nuweba hílchu ?uldu dáíltli xa."

T'á dáíttli tthet'u tsamba nuweba hílchu. Nóna tsamba nuweba hílchú dé, tóna nuwexénelt'e lu. Kú ?axe hídli dúwé niddhën. ?eyër dé, ?até táríldhir t'ogá "Red River Jig" t'á dáíltti. Kú ?eyi t'atthe thíji nuwéts'edi t'á, nuwení dúwé nezo dáíltti t'á. Xát'e t'á jig t'a dáítt'i nuweba hurelya.

### My Jigging Days

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

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

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

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

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

Maria Brown ?adu Tthebachaghe nádhër. Deníye náríł?ás zá 1923 deneli Tthebatthi.

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

# ?erehtł'ísjën Chogh Bet'ązį Nádenel?į

?adu nóna ts'én ?eláísdi gháye ?at'e, dëne yatı t'á yaltı kué hesjën hunilthër ?ats'i.

T'atthe tth'u hesjën hunikthër Náidáidzi t'azi ?at'e. Yakti theti kú hikts'ën ?at'e. Sechël, Jonás, sekué segha niya. ?edini yakti kué nigháy, ?erehtk'isjën chogh t'á sanádhër ?at'e. Sechële ?asekni-u, "Yakti kué sexél nejën lilu, dëne dájën káile t'á." T'atthe tth'u nesjër lát'e.

"?ełtth'ı hesjënile dé, dúwé la," desı.

"Xát'e xúlí t'asát'íle," séłni,
"Núltsin ba nejën ?at'e." Yalti kué
chogh ts'it'ás.

Yaltı kué nitth'as-u, dáhkué káthıt'ës. Lamés hunidhër. Sechële ?erehtl'isjën chogh t'á sanádhër-u, sı hesjën. Horésją dúwé t'á hesjën-u ?erehtl'isjën chogh t'azı nádenes?ı. T'a hejën bek'órejáile t'á, dëne dhálye ts'ı nats'edél-u, dáhkué ts'én dáhunel?ı. ?edlághe ?adı t'á ?eyı hejën hunıdhën t'á. Kú sı súret'ı súno nanes?ı ?at'e t'á.



Lamés nahút'e-u, yałtı sechël ghą níya. ?edlághe t'a dáhkué ts'én hejën t'á, henı. Darızu dúwé . Sechële ?ayełnı-u, sáre ?adı. ?eyër ?ats'ı yałtı kué dáts'ejën sedihíle xulile dëne xél hesjën.

?adų Dëninu kųę́ yałti hule t'á Dora Cardinal-u, Dorothy Beaulieuu, Elizabeth Beaulieu-u, Christine Fabien-u, tth'i Dënexare, ?eyi yałti kųę́ yahełti-u, tth'i dëne dháhelė́.

# Hiding Behind the Organ

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Dora Cardinal ?adų Deninu Kųę́ nádhër. Náidáidzį zá 1920 denelį Deninu Kųę́.

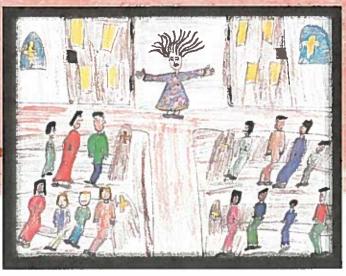
Dora Cardinal lives in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories. She was born in April 1920 in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories.

## Sets'éni Bel Bánátser

?ılá sekui hesli-u denexar kóe náíde. Sets'éni Cecilia chu kát'in yáílti bek'óríl yaile. Náke zá denexar kóe naidhër tł'ághe nuwe ts'éni Evelyne níya. Benásni Evelyne horelyu t'asie ghą ?uréłkër bádhı.

K'abíden kánélt'u lamés náídíl. Dënexare ts'e nuwélde ni. ?ilagh k'abídëne horelyų nets'ídel-u Evelyne tthekį. Horelyų yati kóe ts'idel-u Evelyne ?alu tthek!. Ts'ıdher-u t'anódhër sı k'órelyaıle. Yatı kóe nágha xa k'órelya xúlí tha hik'i k'é t'á ?ighą yati kóe ts'éya.

?áxa ts'ı yatı kóe lamés hałé yíz dáíya. ?ału beyé náts'ékis ?ih nárelya-u tth'ı betthi ghá hít'á láhát'ı-u. K'áhjëne begha dlók'é łáiddhër Cecilia chu.



### My Sleepy Friend

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

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

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

> Emmerence Cardinal ?adu Tthebachaghe nádher. Łuedałki zá 1945 deneli Łutselk'e.

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

# Nágháí ?ene?į

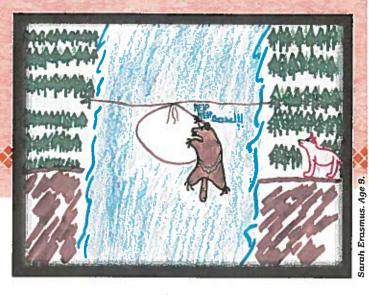
Yunizi dëne ?álghane t'asie nánel?i chóile, dëne ?eltth'i nalde t'á. Xát'e xúli naghái ?ene?i dëne gha ?ene?i dúwé. ?aúlyúle dúwé naghái bech'á t'asie nánel?i xa ?áile.

?eyër-u dëne t'at'u naghái ch'a t'así begha shéts'élyi náhénel?i néhérini. ?etthën ddhëth ts'i ?eljai beyé t'así begha shéts'élyi beyélya-u tl'ul béhchëdh. ?eyër-u bërghel xél tthebachogh ?até delyël ládi ts'én hedel. ?eyi bek'e tl'ul nált'i-u bërghel ttheba tanis ts'én nidlú. ?eyi nahút'e-u náts'éhdel. ?eyi begha shéts'elyi nágháí ?ene?i bech'á t'así nílya hunidhën.

Sughanitha-u nágháí chu bets'eni nagidhe chu níhít?as.

"?ééé sechëli! Ja nił?i. Nul?i ?edlághe ?at'e lanı," nágháí ?adı-u.

"?a bedı xúlí. De?áází hunejër dúwé!" nagıdhe ?adı-u.



"?ıle. Nul?ı. Ber beye ts'elı t'osa ber basthı duwe!"

Xút'a nágháí ?eyi xél ts'én yáilgos-u yék'ilgos. ?ełjai ?at'e t'á belagën xúlí yeghaigéle, kú ?erets'er xél tth'i hezil ?ajá.

"?ééé sechël!! Sechël!! Kú dí?ás dúwé la. Seba húníla! Séts'énen!!"

Kú dlalyalu! Yuyághe dałtth'er! ?eyı nágháí ttheba delyël ládı yé táltth'ër?į. Xút'a nats'et'į hųlįle. ?eyı t'á Dëne nágháí ?ene?ı dúwé ?at'e snı tth'ı hųya ?at'e.

# The Thieving Wolverine

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Agnes Casaway ?adu Beghúldesche nádhër. 1930 deneli Tthebachaghe.

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

### Dáidil Báide Dúwé

#### We Loved to Dance

Dzëndesche náíde-u, dáídíl báíde dúwé ni. Grant-u, Ray-u, Vivienne-u, tth'i dëne łą dúwé. Xúlí harelyų benásníle. Tł'isjëne yunízi ts'i heldëth łíni, xát'i shene t'á dáídíl łíni. Nók'e tł'isjën tł'ule heltël dé nuwe lá t'á tł'isjën tth'áy narit'ël. ?ilághe begán nenitsa dé tth'i ?eyíle ?ilághe yek'éregha. ?eyër dé t'a tl'isjën tth'áy nare?ël hilesí ?eyi du dáltlılu. Tth'i ?eyi yegha nenitsa dé, ?eyíle ?ilághe yek'éregha. T'ats'ën dats'édíl nahút'e ts'ën ?elna tl'isjën tth'áy narít'ël-u dáídíl. Xát'u hilts'ën gháré dáídíl.

Tth'ı ?eyíle ?ıłághe dats'édíl ts'e sá t'á. Saraze Anní nexél host'ı séłnı. Sat'íle xélesı. Anní nechíle kú. ?eyër nít'as-u tł'oghetı deltsër t'á sánádher xa dëne xulıle. Anní nuweba tł'oghetı deltsër dıłtsër xélesı. He, henı xát'e t'á, tł'oghetı deltsër deltsër deltsër. K'anı hılts'én hunıdhër-u ?at'e. ?alu tl'oghetı

deltsër deltsër tth'u tëdhe thá ?ajá. Yu?ano t'as sélni. ?alulle, desl. Kú si, sekui hesli t'á dastl'i básthi dúwé lu. Yu?ánasdá húrés?i súno. Xát'e tth'u Anní hetsághe-u tl'ogheti deltsër deltsër. Súdi lat'e ni benághe tu dárélt'ul-u. Xát'e xúlí dats'édíl nahút'e ?uldu yu?án náít'as.

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

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

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

John Cree ?adų Deninu Kųę́ nádhër. 1924 denelį Deschaghe.

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

# K'ejan Xá?ą Xųlįle

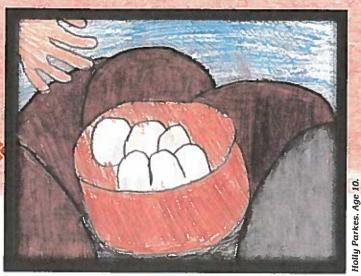
Sekui hesłi-u Deschaghe niyą. K'étł'á ts'én bít'as násther, kuệ náré xuk'é násze-u, bít'as sásthër-u. ?1łá łuk'é sunaghe Rudolph chu Desk'ara túwé ts'ën ts'éríki náílze t'á. Kuzí hikel-u Rudolph t'odhe t'á hekel-u, sı bet'ası thıda. Ní t'áikı dé chëthghés łą nástsi ts'iaze yésle. ?įłághe sa, kuzį náilze, ?até chëthghészi t'á hína. ?eghés ?ákxëne dëne dháníle t'á seba thekën dúwé.

Náílze-u k'e ?ałų ?eghés nástsı. Zeghés nástsi sínoresníle t'á tsá nuwech'á dáneljer t'á tsá xanúní łáildele. Sunaghe yunëth sugha niłtha tuaze ta tsá kószé heni t'á beba kúnk'é hidá.

Sunaghe sech'aze hekį tł'ągh-u thën tidá-u kún necha dethik'a. ?eyër ?eghés ghą shestį ghą thidau, sas seghą nilge. Nísgos-u, hesil xél kún dek'ën sas ts'ën yásdıl. Sas kún náré ts'éseneyu. Nesjër dúwé t'á t'ó?áázı hesil. ?eyër-u sas tth'i neljër sit'á sech'ás nálge.

Sunaghe niki-u, sini dúwé! ?eyër ts'į Deschaghe ts'ën náikį. Thá nánis náídhër t'á sekué neski siníe.

Deschaghe neski-u, Noel Yele húlye, nuniaze dighe segha níla. ?eyı harelyu zık'e k'ınu naghe nuniaze bek'ésni. Thatsël t'á jëth thiltsi-u ?eyi t'á lue gha násthër.



?eyı lue t'á nunıaze bedháresnı. ?até nezo Noel Yele ba nuniaze k'erásni t'á 71 lághe tsamba sets'én náłni. ?eyi ?įłághe tsamba t'á Demelt bets'ı nánık'é nıya dé naidibáth násni, ?erehtl'ís nalchëth necha yé dánel?a. Xaslını, thekën dúwé ni - si seba tth'u nuni tth'i begháschi.

Xáyt'ás ts'ën xadhër-u, nuniaze dánecha ?ane. Nuk'e harelyu das?ar ?eyër dé sexél senádé. ?eténa?ih nechá náresyá-u, tł'ul benis hethilchëdh-u, ?eyi nuniaze ?eténa?ıh dáhu?al-u ts'éseheluth. Xát'e xúlí ?eyá seheł?¡le. Xút'a des¡ dé segháhenáíle. Dabehestł'y xádé dechën gá nuł?as desi dé ?até sek'áhit'e. ?eyër dé darástłú. Noel Yele nánáyéltsi tl'ághe, bethtl'ule yé ts'eyeneyu. Kú nunı dálgé dé, dëne yíłchu xa?áíle. Xát'e t'á Noel Yele sekanáída beba nuni híschu xa. ?eyër bech'ás násda dé, nunı seka dátsagh. ?eyi nuni seghą dánetą ?ajá.

### Never a Dull Moment

When I arrived back at Rocher River, Noel Yelle brought me four wolf pups. I looked after the wolf pups all summer at Saskatoon Island. I made hooks out of nails for fishing. Then I fed the fish to the wolf pups. I looked after the wolf pups so well

that Noel Yelle paid me one dollar. With that one dollar I went to Demelt's store and bought a big paper bag full of candies. My goodness, they tasted good for me, and I

even gave some to the wolf pups too.

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

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

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

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

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

behind at the camp.

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

The bear must have been scared too because it ran away.

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



Horace Delorme ?adų Tthebachaghe nádhër. Deníye narıł?as zá 1934 denelį Deschaghe.

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

# T'at'á Cowboy Joe Sulye

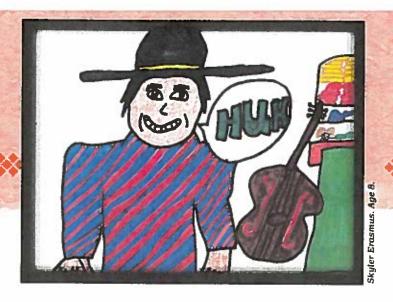
Sekui hesti-u setekui-u, sunagheu, sedeske-u Deschaghe náide. Sin dé, nók'e Deninu Kué-u, tth'i nók'e Beghúldesche ts'én ts'érídil ts'i ye. T'a ts'én ts'ékeresthi si k'étt'á ts'én cowboy ts'a delzén nárés?a.

7ıła benásnı Beghúldesche nıdel ts'ı ye. ?eyër nıdel-u yuyághe ?enekuı Weaver húlye bets'ı nánı k'é níya. ?eyër tł'óghetı deltsër ch'ëlaze nechíle thatsal tazı nábel ?eyı ghaníya. "?eyı tł'óghetı deltsër dláríttı ?at'e t'a?" desi.

?ełąisdighe tsamba ?at'e, heni. Kú tth'i tsamba łą sets'i chóile. ?ełąisdighe tsamba ?ą́zi satsą́naze xa thës?ą tá ?eyi tł'ógheti deltsër ch'ëlaze naíłni.

?eyër ts'ı tł'oghetı deltsër heresdën hılé. Seba xá?a dé tł'oghetı deltsër t'á sásthër, ?até bet'a sásthër sat'e chóile ?ajá.

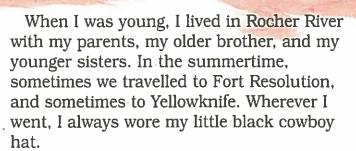
Sin ghódher-u Deschaghe ts'én náídel. Ts'ékeresthi dé, dëne se?i dé k'étł'á ts'én cowboy ts'a delzén nárés?ą-u tł'ogheti deltser t'á sásther. Náni dene Cowboy Joe séhúlshe.



Xala nighai-u chelekui hesli ?ajáu Beghúldesche násther ?ajá. ?eyer ts'i nók'e kúntú kué deneba hesjen xél tl'ógheti deltser t'a sanásther. ?ilá tsamba na tth'i ?elch'ásats'ede denexél sáídher hilé. 1991 Explorer Hotel ?at'e. ?eyer t'atthé hunilna t'á selónóna tsamba thiltsi hilé.

T'at'u k'étł'á ts'én cowboy ts'a nárés?a-u tł'oghetį deltsër t'á sásthër xát'e?į. Dëne łą Cowboy Joe séhéledı ?ajá. ?eyı ts'į ?áne sezı xálį ?at'e.

### Cowboy Joe



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

"It's seven dollars," he said.

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

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

not too badly.

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

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

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

# Nuni Tth'i Nija!

Senékui chu xanít'ës k'ezi k'étl'á ts'én ts'éríki ni nánis náítis xa. Dedháídesche k'é ts'éríki t'a huzo níki lási ?eyër t'a nítes. Beghashítiu, ?echús ts'ër-u, xát'i t'asíe ts'érilyi. Xát'u ?alághe ts'éríki nuweba hurelya dúwé ni.

Kú ?eyër ?ats'ı nuweskën ?ajá-u bexél ts'éréski xa dúwé ?ajá. Sek'yé násthëri sekui dánishe t'á. Xala nigháy-u nuweskëne dániya k'ézų. Dánecha ?arajá-u, senékui ?aséłniu. "Kú ?edlát'e t'á nánis náítisle t'atthe t'áít' i ni k'ízi. Sekui dánecha tthën déłtth'ı xa duwélé," séłnı. T'á hę xélesį. Harelyų ts'ër dálį-u, t'asíe deyé náílya-u, t'a ts'ëre bet'áít'ı hılénı deyenailchudh. Nuwe ts'ı yé náíkį. Dedháídesche k'é náíkį-u t'á náítis hilé ni ?eyër niki. ?ëyer níki dëné libárla náilbal beyaghe nites xa. Sa ná?a ?ane-u nítes gha nunidhër-u ts'ëre xáílchudh-u ts'ër senítchudh. Ts'ër yésge-u ?edini



tth'ı ts'ëryé nétį. ?echús ts'ër nuweba nechíle ?ajá k'é! T'á hásełnı, "Dırı ?ųłį ts'ër hıłchúth t'á nq."

"?é," xélesį. "Nuweba sughą́lya t'ánı. Dų nuweba nechíle ?ajá k'é."

Xát'e t'á harelyų tëdhe k'e ?ełna thítës. ?edını náke to tághe sadzí to thetį. Si tth'í xát'e-u. Xát'e xúlí thítës chóíle, dejúl tth'í łą dúwé t'á. T'a ts'éríki k'étł'á xát'u náít'is tághe dzín xuk'e. ?eyër-u, xaséłni, "Nuweskëne ?ųłį dáníyą́įle nuni tth'i níją k'ela." ?até náthidlogh.

### We Grew Too!





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

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

I said, "Okay."

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

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

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

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

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



Jane Dragon ?adu Tthebachaghe nádhër. Dëniye narıł?as zá 1940 denelı Tthı Kué.

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

# Dëninu Kyé Dëne ?ąyá

Sekui hesłą-u, setá sin dé Nuta łue xa tabíł tuwé theła. Harelyų zą Nuta náíde. Xáyt'ás nunidhër dé, Deschaghe ts'ën náídil. ?eyër dé Deschaghe ts'į ?áne ?ełdzus theła. Setihkui-u, senákui-u, Deschaghe náíde łóna segháy ts'ën. Benásni 1959, ?eyër kú ?erehtł'ís kué k'erik'a. ?eyër kú, dighe segháy. ?erehtł'ís kué náhádléle t'á Denínu kué nídel. ?eyër ?uldu ?erehtl'ís kué náisda ?ajá. ?erehtl'ís kué níya-u that'íne distth'áíle-lesą?i!

Benásni t'atthe Denínu Kué nekeridhër. Nesjër xél tth'i seba kué nedhe lat'e ni. T'atthe kué niki-u

?até dëní yastı.

Kué nídel-u sare, Violet chu, nánik'e ts'én nuwéł?a. Kú kué łáśle, xát'e xúlí ?áít'ës ni! ?até ?esta?iníle-u nánik'é hul?ą. Harelyų ts'én ts'erít'as ?uldų búl?ą. ?eyi beghanoríya Deninu Kué dëne ?ąyá! ?eyi kú ?ats'į Denínu Kué násthër, dų ?até hasní ?ajá.

#### Lost in Fort Res!

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

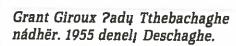


we moved back to Rocher River. Then my father trapped at Rocher River. My parents, my brothers and sisters, and I lived at Rocher River until I was about ten years old. I remember in 1959 when the school burned down. At that time, I was four years old. They didn't rebuild the school, so we moved to Fort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

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

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

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



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

## Se?ıh Bénat'ı Dúwé

Sekui hesłi-u, Deschage niyą.
Setihkui-u, senakui-u nuweba
hurélyą ni ?eyër. Níats'i t'asíe t'á
?até dáída. Kú tsamba-u, t'asíe
danezų-u xát'i nuwe ts'ile. Harelyų
?eyër náíde sí ?ełëráílt'e t'á nuweba
sat'e súno.

Sekui dáídli-u t'asíe nuwets'i sí t'a sáíde ni. Kú bít'azi senáídé dé ?erehtl'ís káí k'e t'a dádánáídzus. Yize senáídé dé ?iyás dáíga nuwe lá t'á ?enilka-u. Dá nuwiní dúwé ni.

Kú si de?áází siní ?ajá bek'ódhiu, bets'án-u, besken xél Deschaghe nihidel. Kú ?eyër ts'i k'étl'á ts'ën bek'ódhi besken xél senáídé. Bek'ódhi ts'áne sekui ts'ën nezo ni. ?ilá benásni yúdelch'el segháílchudh hilé. ?até benásni



seba bénat'ı dúwé nı. Dzéhk'oz láhát'ı xél bek'e sadé bek'e dáthela. Seba bénat'ı t'á hurésdla lát'ele. ?eyı yúdelch'el t'á ?amá nı seba ?ıh theltsı.

?eyi ?ih gódhe náthesya-u, dats'édíl ts'i ya. ?até sié de?áází?ih nezo náresya yisthën ni. Kú tth'i, kekëlke gódhe yes?éth-u, hits'ën gháré dástli ni. Xaslín t'á, seba hurélya dúwé ni.

### My Sparkling Pink Dress

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

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

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

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

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



Elizabeth Heron ?adu Deninu Kuệ nádhër. 1937 deneli Deschaghe.

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

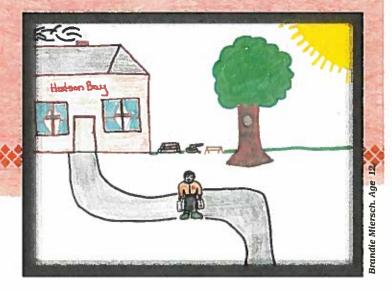
# Th'ëlts'ái?aze Na Náidıbąth

T'atthe sekui dáídli-u Deschaghe náíde-u. ?iyez xa náílze ts'eridíl. Ts'ádar t'á ?iyez xa náílze. Tsádar náíltsi yuk'enáltsil tth'áy ts'i.

Harelyų dzį k'étł'á ?įyez xa ts'eridíl. Tommy King-u, Solomon King-u, Archie Smith-u, Noel McKay-u, si tth'i. ?įyeze tth'ëłts'áí?aze húlye. Łą nįdíl dúwé ?at'e łuk'é det'an nįdíl xél.

Ed Demelt húlye, bek'ódhi nánik'é xał?á. ?eyi bets'i nánik'é t'ąązi hagái chogh xá?ą. ?eyër t'a ?iyez xa náilze. Kuệ ?aniz tth'i náilze.

?eyër ts'i ?iyez láildé dé xút'a bek'ódhi ts'áne Mrs. Duncan húlye, ?eyi t'a begha nídel. Bekué nídel dé harelyu ?elk'énedh nárilya-u. ?iyez begháilye yena náidibath nuweghále. Lemashí nezo hilts'i nik'ela. Náidibath nuweba lekën dúwé ni. Tth'i Mrs. Duncan ba ?iyes lekën dúwé ni.



# Trading Snowbirds for Candies

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

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

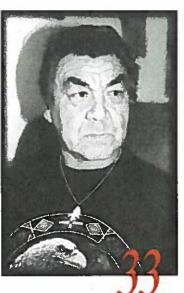
There was a free-trader named Demelt who had a store. There was a big field behind his store. That's where we hunted. We also hunted among the houses.

After we hunted enough birds, then we took them over to the Hudson Bay manager's wife,

Mrs. Duncan. We all stood in line at her house. We gave her the snowbirds, and in return, she gave us candies. What good trading. For us kids, the candies tasted so good. For Mrs. Duncan, the snowbirds tasted good too.

Frank King ?adų Deninu Kųę́ nádhër. ?ełets'elts'úndzį zá 1943 denelį Deschaghe.

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

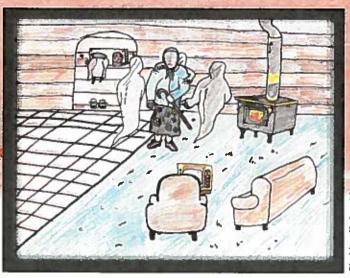


# Peyune Bech'ánesjërile

Niti dé, ?ééé, ?eyune yizi dadel. K'étl'á ts'én ?eghádáláhena ládi seyas Frank tth'i yeritgagh. Tth'áyk'e yé tth'áy dáhereltsër dít'agh beyé yú k'enáltsil tsatth'áy tth'i deltsër. K'abídëne nit'ës dé ?eyun gha náyáílti. Frank ?adi-u, "?eyune thá dëne lahide hilé ?at'e, lesa no. Beyú dáídze t'á beyú k'enárálts'il, yú k'enádahetsil hurelchuile t'á."

"?eyune bër badé dúwé t'ása t'at'u tth'áy dareltsër xa-u," desi. ?eyune bër badé t'ása, didi.

?eyër tl'aghe ts'ı-u, seghe Virjininı be?ié seghál chudh-u, tth'i sechái, Alexán-nı belá?ane seghát'a. ?eyi t'asi seghálya bet'ást'ı t'á ?eyune sek'ádé ?ajá. Tëdhe ?at'ılu tthití-u. Belák'e ?eya



eldon H.

dúwé. ?eyun síłchúíle xúlí sek'e dzérelni-u tth'i ?eyun sełni. Bet'á ts'enásdhílu ts'ër yuwé náí?ar-u, nił?į dé dódi dëne huret'ile. Seyazí nën?anet'i-u desi-u. Dódi dëne ?at'íle.

?eyune bech'ánesjërile, dódi. Beba yasti xúlí t'at'u nádé xát'eyi. Xát'e xúlí t'así seghálya hilé bet'á ?eyune sek'ádé hunédi t'á. Kú t'asnúle t'á. ?eyi ?ih k'erilk'a-u, tth'i la?ane dënegháí?a.

# I'm Not Scared of Ghosts

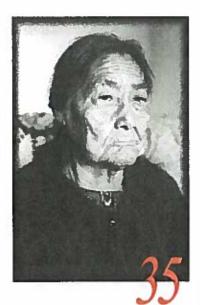
When I would go to bed, then the ghosts came out. It sounded like they were always working. My son, Frank, heard them too. We heard the dishes rattling in the cupboard, and we heard one of those old metal wash tubs banging. In the morning when we got up, we talked about the ghosts.

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

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

Then another time, my sister-in-law, Virginie's dress was given to me, and my brother-in-law, Alexan's ring was given to me also. It must have been because I was wearing these things that the ghosts started to bother me. It was at night when I was sleeping. Their hands really hurt me. The ghosts didn't really grab me, but they put their hands on me and pushed me lightly. I woke up because of them. I threw my blankets off, I looked up, and didn't see anyone. "Is that you, my son?" I said. There was no one.

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



Mary Louise King ?adų Denınu Kuę́ nádhër. Tsamba nályé zá 1905 denelį Tł'odesche.

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

### ?ahnëth Xut'ı

Yunizi sekui dániye du lát'ile si. Yunizi sekui ?até ?aineth dóréith'a hilé betihkui tth'i dóréitth'a-u, t'a sáyeini lasi harelyu dene k'áhit'e. Sekui dene k'árát'e hilé ?at'e. Kú tth'i sekui t'alasí ?aineth nádher ghaniya dé, ?aineth to t'así ghalana dé sekui yets'éni, tses-u, xát'i t'así yeba yisdaréle-u. Kú dene ts'en nánile ni; tsamba xulile nít'á. T'asiaze sekui gháhiichu to xát'ile dé, náni ?aineth yunizi hani k'édórelya sekui xél dáhalni. Harelyu dechentel k'e begá dzéitth'i-u, xút'a sekui xél dáhalni lu.

Kú dụ, sekui ʔalnēth bahulile
ʔajá. Sị xúlí seba nezuile, sị xát'u
niyaile t'á. ʔalnēth dálí sí tsamba
begha nilyi sí harelyu yek'órelya
yunízi t'at'u dánija. T'a seba
ʔeltth'ile dúwé, dụ ja sekui náde
ʔeyi t'álts'éníle ts'ën ni. Ja náré kuệ
xala ʔeyër t'asíe tsí hilde. Dighe
kuệ za k'óresya. Nók'e xát'u yíze
dzéltth'i-u, tëdhe dé, tthe chogh yíz
dáltth'ir jak'é k'é. Kú dëne
ʔestudánet'inilu.

?ılághe ts'ékui nádhër ?eyi ?estunet'in dúwé bedëne beghaláídhër. Sekui harelyų yegha jak'é náíyës. Nákeyi t'a jak'é suldhën, ?elk'étaghe jak'é hilé, dighe jak'é chogh naté lu. Kú sekui



Hilah B

tth'ı t'at'ı si tth'ı bek'órejáile-u. Betıhkuı tth'ı yaze bûlt'e ?at'e, beskene nádáne?ánile.

T'atthe yunizi, si t'a násthër ?ats'i nedhíle ?eyër setsi Wizó Beaulieu aze nı nádhër. ?eyı ?enekuı hıłts'ën nálxél-u bíťas nádhi-u, k'abíden yéłka dé, k'áhdené bít'as nádhëri hılé, k'abí?anı t'á. Kú, ?eyı hılts'ën yuyághe hiya dé, siyé súno sunaghe nı tth'ı-u sechële-u yuyághe dzérudíl níddhën t'á hídél. ?eyi setsié bekyé bálch'a kánídél nidé, "?edlįzį huhdėl t'auht'į t'á? Sa náí?ą nuł?į-u? Yudághe nóhdél!" heni lí. Xút'a t'asáídi xa?áíle. T'asáídı dé núwétthën ?eya xa t'á xút'a k'enothídéli. Dy sekui xálini dé. t'a dırı nënek'e xaslın sí t'á nets'ën xá yaltı xa.

Xát'e t'á sekui ?edu nídé. ?alnëth het'ile t'á. T'álts'ënile tsën ni ?eghádalana ?ajá. Du sekui t'así t'á ?edu nídé. Kú yunízi xát'elesi. Harelyu sekui ?alnëth dahuréltth'anı.

### Respect Your Elders

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

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

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

window. Now these people are

unfortunate.

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

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

The young people have changed. They don't respect the elders. And a lot of them are working towards wrong. Somehow the

children have changed. It wasn't like that long ago. All the children would obey the elders.



Alex Lafferty ?adų Xátł'oresche nádhēr. ?eghéz zá 1928 denelį Deninu Kųę́.

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

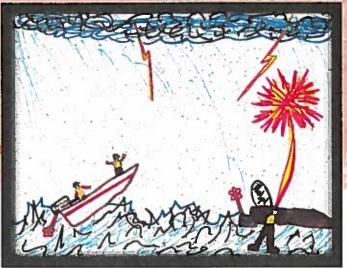
### Dëne Neljërile

Xáyt'ás Łuedáłti zá ?at'e. Bít'azı xajër dúwé. Sets'án chu yudághe ?ene bets'it'as. Sets'án xélesı yutth'é túnëth k'e ts'i ts'izal talyel t'azı ts'i theta núl?ı. Yuyok'e tu ga ?ełts'ınathít'as no. Ts'ik'é gha dëne náłtsi dëné beschëne theta, kún nareltth'él xél. "?edláat'í t'á?" desi.

Beschën łą hełya t'á kuzí dëne ts'ıt'as. Dëneghą nıt'as-u, Donny Morin seghą nıya. "Yutth'é ts'ıyé dëne theda ?at'e kún yałk'ıdh-u. Tarıchá dúwé t'á dëne yekáke hurel?ıle," séłnı. Harelyu dëne taretí ja heneljër. Taretí nechá ts'ık'é tëdhe nátł'ı t'á.

"Xát'e dé, bekáske sat'íle," xélesi. Híkí tthe, bet'á dzelel ?ıh náthésya ?ásilá-u, "Níljër-u?" sélní.

"?edlághe ch'ánesjër ?alı-u, dırı ?áázı taretí nechá yedzéríki hilé. Bet'á dzelel ?ih bedi," desi.



mothy Cardina

Dëne náttsi dëné bets'iyé hiki.
Xát'u xaslin t'á tarichá dúwé. Nuwe ts'i hi?a ?áílye xa?áíle. Tághe ?ełk'enedhe ts'i banathiki ?uldu ?eyi dëne nuwets'i yélgos. Kú ?eyi dëne helghëth dúwé t'á dódi betth'i nátsëríle ?ajá. Tth'i dódi dëne k'órelya lát'ele. Xát'u t'a nít'a náílti.

De?áází xát'u niłts'i xaláíle. Xát'u k'abídën-u dódi ts'ik'e xulile. ?eyi tłësts'i tth'i yuwé tł'ás ts'én ni k'e dathelár.

1991 Gabbie, neljërile-u, ? ?anááłthër t'á dëne húłná xa ní ts'én k'áldhër sátsán-u, ?erehtł'is-u yeghónini.

#### The Brave Dene

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

"What are they doing?" I said.

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

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

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

"Why should I be scared? I've travelled in bigger waves than this and I wasn't even wearing a lifejacket," I said. We went out in the R.C.M.P.'s boat. My goodness, the waves were huge! We couldn't stop our boat. We circled around the boat three times, and then on the third time the man jumped into our boat. The man was so scared that he went into shock. He was completely disoriented. We brought him right to shore.

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

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



Gabbie Lafferty ?adu Deninu Kuệ nádhër. 1947 denelį Deninu Kuệ.

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

# Nuwe Nën K'e Nuweba Hurélya Ni

T'atthe Dzëndesche náíde. Łuk'é náts'elze ts'; nets'idel dé, náni dëne k'ıts'ı tu hilchu yet'á k'ıtú ?ale xa. Sekui hesłi t'á ?até benásni chóile xúlí Rose chogh Boucher ?eyı k'ıtú hełtsi ni benásni bets'i k'itú łeken dúwé t'á.

?eyı tł'ághe dé, dëne ła noshi k'é xatł'és nágér ghą náhede. Ní náge tł'ághe dé noshi nílye! Noshi beghą tthën tth'ı t'así łą nelye, ttháy-u, t'ets'eldél-u, t'ácháy chogh-u, t'ácháy ts'elaze-u. Ni nezo dúwé t'á t'así nezo neshe, ?alghane tu bek'e ?al?ıle xúlí.

?eyı noshı k'é sí dëne kué t'azı t'a noshi k'é xałé. Harelyų zi ?até nezo t'así neye xáyt'ás ts'ën xadhër dé noshi t'áne dánenëth. Noshi k'é benat'ı dúwé ?até t'ácháy delgáy harelyų ts'ën k'erít'į. Sekui la noshi k'é senáíde lı. ?eyër senáíde dé nuweni si. Noshi t'áne dánenëth delgáy nizi t'a senáíde nuweba hurélya dúwé ?ałnëth noshi k'é senáíde yedánélilé. ?ałnëth nuwe ts'ën dáhézıl noshı k'e sohdele xúlí.



Xáyt'ás núnídhër dé, noshi xálya tl'ághe dé, nith'ër jie k'é ts'ën ts'edél nıtl'ër huneje xa. Nıtl'ër la dúwé t'á łésdhëdh yé dánel?a huneje. ?eyi łésdhëdh dánel?a sí chelekui ts'i ts'ën nayehele. Ts'ekui t'a jie huneye-u dëneyu t'a tabit tále tue xa. Łue dáthéhelu dé, tábaghe hurík'a-u bërkárát'eth. Bërkaht'e tł'ághe dé, harelyų dëne ?ałagh shéhelyi ?até násue lat'e.

Łuk'é-u, sine-u, xáyt'ás hudher dé, xáy núnídhër dé. Xút'a tth'ı nanız ts'ën ?ełdzus nílye xa nats'edíl lu. ?eldzus thela dené harelyu ghái gháre ?ełdzus theła.

Dëne k'edorel?á choile ni. Xutl'edh ?eghádáláída xúlí nuwe nën k'e náide nuweba hurélya ni.

### We Were Happy on Our Land

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

because it tasted so good.

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

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

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

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

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



Vitaline Lafferty ?adu Beghúldesche nádhër. Dzinédhaze zá 1939 deneli Deninu Kué.

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

# Yú K'enáltsíl Yunízi Tth'u Du Tth'i

Yunizi sekui hesli-u, yú k'enaltsíl ghą núnídhër dé, yú ?ełtá halyé-u, dashú thën-u, t'áts'eldáy tth'ı tthën-u. Bet'á yú delk'ël húle t'á, łés túwé xél doshy nelghuz ?ál?1. Sin dé, tu lenáílyi lu, náke dzín xuk'e. ?eyı tl'ághe dé bít'azı kún chogh dílk'a-u, tu nídhil lu yú k'enárıltsíl lı. Bek'ëz yúk'enaltsıl xát'ı k'e t'a yu k'enáiltsıl. Dëneyu ts'ı tu tł'á?í xát'ı t'a búrenıle bek'enáltsil xa. Nók'e náke tł'ul dánel?a yú dáthílye. La necháni!

Xáy dé, de?áází húrenile. Yath yiz dáilye-u, náilghi-u xát'eile dé, tábaghe ts'ı tën xáiltthél-u, yız dáílye. Tën naılghı-u tu łáá já dé kú harelyu deltth'ı-u. Yú táíldél yú k'enáráíltsil, nadlilu. Xáy dé, bítazi yú dáthílye xúlí ?até belu chogh xát'u t'a yız dáilye lini. Jız yézełnilu xát'u bit'áz yú dałye łíni. Xát'u dódi nuweba ?ets'áileni.

Noriya t'á hutl'édh ?eghádáíláda hılé! Xát'e xúlí dódı nuweba la lát'ıle∗nı.

Dụ yú k'enáltsıl ghą núnídhër dé, húreni. Tu łénalyí lu, tu nídhil lu, bek'ëz yúk'enaltsil tth'i t'áat'ile-u,



tth'ı bi'taz yudályele. Tth'ı yú harelyu ?ełta bek'enáreltsíl.

Du bet'á yuk'áltsil sets'i xúlí bet'áúst'ılé yısthën t'á. Yudághe yuk'enaltsıl kué ts'ën yú naslı-u ?eyër yú k'enáztsıl. Yúk'enaltsıl kué yız dáiya dé, ja dızı ts'ı dëne dé,?ełxél dáhulnı-u, díltth'ı. Tth'ı xát'ele dé, yú táíla dé, yuwé, nánik'é t'así dánes?! xa ts'éresa. ?eyër yuk'enaltsıl kué nésja dé, ts'etáy k'áhdëne seba yú k'enaltsël thela?ı. Húrenı dúwé.

Begha nánáádhër dé, ?edu lahút'e du ts'ën.

### Washing Clothes: Then and Now

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

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

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

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

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

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



Eliza Lawrence ?adu Xáti'oresche nádhër. 1934 denelį Deninu Kuę.

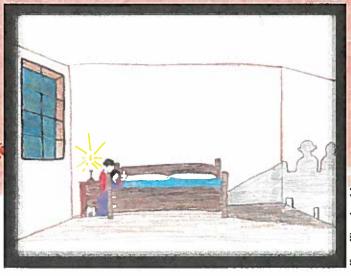
Eliza Lawrence lives in Hay River, Northwest Territories. She was born in 1940 in Fort Resolution, Northwest Territories.

# Sįk'ązį Beghą Súdi

Sekui hesli-u Deschaghe nuwe kuệ xá? a xúlí xáyt' ás dé, setihkui chu senakui chu xél nániz ts'ến náídil. ? ilá xáye nuta náíde hilé nuwetá ? eldzus thela-u, tth'i begha nání xa lue tabíl túwe thela.

Sı chu sedés Doris chu k'étł'á ts'én ʔaṭagh ʔáit'ı nı. K'étł'á ts'én bit'azı ʔegháláida kún ghanáidhër-u, tu tth'ı łenáilyı-u, gabit tth'ı dáitl'u-u. ʔël tth'ı łénáilyı nı tl'obal yé nérijıs xa. ʔël tthet chën k'é, ʔaté bek'ésnı-u, ʔël bek'enerésle. Bek'oresya dúwé nı. ʔaté xéle nechásʔı-u, nasgél linı. Xát'u hutl'ëdh ʔegháláida nunagheke-u nuwe t'á ʔeldzus thela-u tth'ı lue ghanáhede t'á. Hutl'ëdh ʔegháláida xúli nuweba hurélyaʔı k'étl'á ts'én náidlógh-u, súdı xáyáiltı.

Kú si t'asíe náshís dúwé leno.
Tthełchën-u dechën bës-u, xát'i t'así náshís dile. ?eyër dé Doris t'a bets'ën nédorésle. ?edin t'a bets'ën ts'úl ch'ogh chóile t'á ?edini t'a nádere heli t'á. ?eyër dé, ts'élt'u beba hestsi nánel?i t'á ts'élt'u t'á. ?edets'én nedorélye xa bets'én násni t'á. Xaslini t'á dëne k'áít'ele nik'éla.



Kara King. Age 14.

Harelyų dzįk'e ?eghaláída tl'ághe dé, hitts'én nitës nidé yáílti. Dëne k'ódíle xúlí tth'i yatiril?a dúwé leno. Yalti xa nigórilya dé, sik'ázi yat'ár k'e buret'i. Sik'ázi t'á ch'áxásthër gha náídlógh, náídlógh. Kú sedzághe gá setthighá k'itath ni. ?eyi łats'én xádáthe?á. Sik'ázi begha súdi laborel?i de?áází ?eyi gha náídlógh. Kú si t'á t'atthëre hesli xát'u dëne k'ásníle nik'éla.

?eghaláída-u, t'así náíjis-u, nuwe ts'én ts'úlch'ogh-u, Núłtsin ts'én yáílti-u, harelyu xát'e xúlí nuweba hurélya-u k'étl'á ts'én náídlógh.
?eyi t'ása du ?elghanita ?eldes ke hítl'i t'á.

#### The Shadow Show

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

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

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

I always used to break things: axe

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

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



Denise McKay ?adų Denınu Kųę́ nádhër. Náidáidzį zá denelį 1935 Deschaghe.

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

## Jık'ozı Naıltą

Sekui hesłi-u Dzodesche náide-u łuk'é tsáth ts'i nets'idel dé Dzodesche dëne łą. Kú ?eyër dé hurélyą. Dëne ?ełghą huta nahidilu, dats'édíl tth'i nats'idil-u, desk'é ts'i yé ts'éts'edil. Desk'é tłëst'óth ?até hejën ládi. ?eyër dé, tł'est'si chogh ts'ikar xél níketh. Kú ?eyi ts'ikar yé xél łą nilye si łuk'é t'atthe tth'u tł'ests'i chogh niketh ?at'e t'á.

Ts'ıkar ts'ı, ?eghéz-u, bádzágh-u, sátsántıl-u, tth'ı t'así łą dálye. Kú jık'os ?eyı t'a ?até benásnı. ?até jık'ozı naıłtą harelyų ts'ën. Mmmmmm! Noríya t'á jık'os dëneba łekën nı. Kú jık'os bats'ede hot'elu harelyų gháy k'étł'á xát'ı t'asíe dëne dhánıle sít'á. Jık'os nuweba łekën dúwé t'á bet'us xılı ghą shílyı nı. Iık'os nát'ús?ılye-u, bet'us yághe



delgay líni ?eyi k'éyághe nuweghu t'á híddhogh. ?até be?ane bet'uzi ts'et'alaze thelchuth ?at'e ni. Sunaghe Noel ?adi-u ?edini jik'os benáísch'ule heni. Xát'u bet'us xél begha shesti heni.

Kú jik'os náke?adhël-u ?ilághe tsamba ni.

?adų selona ?ązį segháy-u xát'u jik'os hestsën dé, yunizį t'atthe t'u jik'os xél tł'es ts'i chogh niketh benásni dile.

### The Smell of Oranges

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

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

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

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

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



Doris McQueen ?adų Beghúldesche. ?ełets'elts'úndzį zá 1941 denelį Dzodesche.

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

### Yunízį K'įzį Dats'édil

#### Old Time Dances

?et'eke?aze hesłį-u dats'édíl basthi dúwé ni. Dats'édíl ghą hestságh líni nánegha xáile séts'edi dé. Setáni sexél dats'édíl ts'én nada? thëne dzénegha xa dúwé séts'edi t'á. Dats'édíl nahút'é ts'én setá ni, segá theda.

Pééé dëne łą dúwé ni dats'édíl k'é. Hurélyą líni. Hozų dats'édíl ni. Hasunéltą t'á dastli, dëne k'ízí. Dzigá Barrens Peyi t'a nuweba tl'ogheti.

Benásni ?ełk'éch'a łą t'á dats'édíl: k'óchëdh t'á dats'édíl-u, ?ełk'édighe dadíl-u, gah k'ízí dats'édíl, ts'éłeneju-u. ?eyër dé, ?ąłnëth xili gah k'ízí dadíl dánéli. ?ąłnëth nisá di?ona xúk'e dábegháy, si sekui hesłi t'á seba ?ąłnëth lárát'e.

?ełk'édighe t'á dats'édíl ?eyi t'a benesłi dúwé, ?até benesłi dúwé. When I was a young lady I loved to dance. I used to cry to go to the dance if they told me I couldn't go. My father used to go to the dance with me because I was not allowed to go by myself. My father would sit beside me until the dance was over.

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

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

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

Rosa Mercredi nı Tthebachaghe náídhër nı. 1913 denel<sub>l</sub> Tthebachaghe.

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



# T'atthe Tth'u Dëne Naresya

Pine Point xá?ą tth'u ?eyër t'atthe dëne naresya German Shepherd xát'ı łį t'ast'į. ?ełaįsdį lį li t'ast'į benázį łóta łı-u, xát'ı t'a dáhet'ı. Ts'óltthëne gháré, ?erehtl'ís ?ılághe bek'erehtł'is ts'a yéts', hilchu. Xát'e t'á si tthe hiya. Nidhá niyáíle tth'u, ?edi kún ts'i dechën bet'áriya. Sebeschëne harelyų náíyez-u tth'i, selie segháł?as. ?até ?está?ínlu, yathyé xáíya. ?até niya-u yune hunes?; tthe tth'u sek'ını hegal ?eyı łı t'á setedhéya. ?eyër tth'ı ?até ?está?ínlu yathyé xáíya-u. Kú ?adų nak'élya tth'ı ?áíldel yathyé. ?ate benoł?ą-u, tth'i taghe t'ágal setedhe náhja tth'ı, nak'élya ?áíldel nadlı. Xút'a dúwé t'á, hesgol t'á tílu ch'ázi xásger hurésdzá. ?até ?está?ínlu níya. Nak'élya kanısthën xa nesthën t'á nakelya ka dzéresni-u, tth'i t'a dighe t'ágal setedheya. Nade ts'én hadhër-u xút'a dúwé t'á tıluneth ts'én hesgé. Dëne dásenel?; harelyu segha ná hedlógh.

Xát'e tth'u t'a
?ełnáts'eldel bunıdhır si,
?eyër nesja-u ?ełnáts'eldel
nahút'e. Grant Beck seghą
niya-u. "Harelyu durıdzık'e
nexél t'anáádhër ?alu lı
dzéniyu dé, ?ıla dzık'e
hunılni xát'e," sélni.



### With Great Difficulty

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

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

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

Billy Norn ?adu Deninu Kué nádhër. ?eyúndzi zá 1949 deneli Deninu Kué.

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

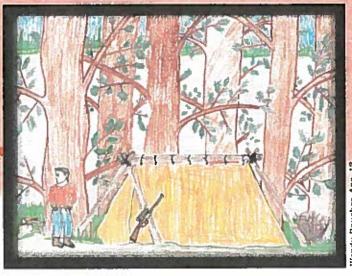
### Sekui Dënk'anile Dúwé

Łona segháy-u, t'atthe tth'u thën hıtile. Ja Mari des k'é jık'e ?eyër ?at'e. Se?e Alexi?aze ni, tth'u tth'i ?eyíle ?ıłághe dëne ?eyı bexél ?ast'ı. ?eyër nidel dëne shilyi. Se?e ?adi-u sets'eni chu chëth xáilze xa héni. "Yunázk'edhe ts'ı xatëdh hıtı xa chëth xa huníl?ı-u ts'éríki diyághe k'é. Ja nuweba hudá?ále t'así ts'ën huyá są!" héni.

"He, "desı. "?ełk'idh t'á hilk'edh xulı-u," seheledı.

"Dódı ?at'e," desı. T'at'u ?ek'ıchogh deyét'á-u, ?ełk'ídh t'at'u helk'ídh hásunétta. ?¡łághe ?ek'ichogh tíl setł'áhılta-u. Sech'áz he?as. T'a xa?u, hı?as t'á ?ełk'ídh naresk'ëth gha thidáí. ?ełk'ídh naresk'ëth, ?ełk'idh naresk'ëth. ?eyı selóna beyé the?a sa ?ıłághe ?ek'ıchogh tíl. ?eyı harelyu bek'íłk'ëdh xút'a t'así gháíle thidalu. Ts'inedhe hitts'en ?ajá. Bërbáidhër t'á shestı. Xút'a huret'ıle Páne. Dzinédhaze zá laghe húk'e są. Nalghíl?ane, tá dódi huret'ile-u, dechën chine tth'i hurelzëni-u. Hééé, xút'a nesjër dúwé. Ts'ınedhe xút'a tsághdesda. Xát'e tth'u ?eslál k'é. Bél natsër dút'elu sekui xuli dé.

Ts'idhër no, hurithá hiti yisthën lu, ts'idhër-u, dzídhe chóghi k'é. Kú nesjër ni dódié. T'á xút'a t'asíaze gha shesti-u. ?edu ?ajá, dzidiz t'áto. Kú ?eyi k'alichus tuaze the?a hes?i. Kun gá yú yeháíya-u, tuaze ts'ı ya-u tuwé sásthër.



Dexa ts'ı yudaghe hunil?ı no senare ts'ékui nárélyá k'e. ?eyër t'a tuwé násthër níhidel déstth'aghile. Kú ?eyi setsuné Harriet ni-u, ts'ákui Charlotte nı-u, kú tth'ı nadëne t'eke, ?įłąghe Florence húlye-u, ?ıłághe Therese húlye, setsúné se?¡-u sets'ılch'e. "Tuwe hatł'ánet'áí," séłni. T'á tehása xano seyúwé tth'i kúnk'e thelálu. Bet'á nádynys?; xylile t'á, harelyy ts'en náiyes?1. Tsátl'aghe satsen nidhíle theta k'é. Zeyi hiłchu dets'uk'ëth nestą. Kú ?eyı tsátł'aghe betł'aghe hárik'a ?at'e k'é. Nadenes?i yısthën nı. Harelyu suret'ı k'é. Setsúne -nı de?áází sets'ilch'e!

"Nádenil?ile dúwé, ts'ékui nizi," séłni. Setthën ?eya silá. Kú hestsághu, hesíl-u, se?e Alexí?aze ni chu bets'enı chu serétth'a sí t'á. Xút'a sekui kúnk'é sájá sa henidhën t'á, ts'i ?áhelxël-u, nabahet'ës. Nuwegha nıbahı?ës. Se?e Alexi?aze nı hílch'e.

"Dechën yághe xát'u sekui ts'énelghël xa?áíle," heni. Setsúné ni k'ełch'e.

Súdi lat'e hilé kú. Kú ?eyër seba súdíle nı. Du benánısthër-u, seba súdil

### A Mischievous Young Boy

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

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

"Okay," I said.

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

"Never," I said.

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

After awhile, it was evening. I was hungry, so I ate. Then it started getting dark. It was around the end of August. It got darker and darker until it was pitch black, even among

the trees it was just black. Hey, I was so scared! Sometimes later, I started crying. While I was crying, I guess I fell asleep. Of course, sleep is strong when you're a kid.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Marcel Norn ?adų Deninu Kųę́ nádhër. Degáy marí zá 1932 denelį Deninu Kųę́.

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



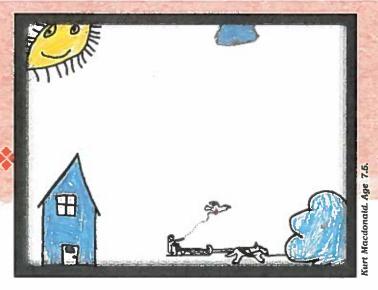
#### Har! Har! Dód!!

?įlá Tëdheyatı tthe Deninu Kuę́ nest'agh, Beghúldesche ts'į Akaitcho Hall ?erehtł'ís kuę́ náísdá nit'a. Tëdheyatı náke tséreta segha náát'a t'á. ?eyër nest'agh tł'ághe k'ásba kósa yísthën t'á, sáre Christine bekuę́ ts'í ya. ?eyër níya dëné seghe Frank bureskar, nelie t'óst'į yunásk'ëth Nulaghe nósa, kuzí k'ásba kánustá. Sát'ıle séłnı t'á li dek'íla. ?eyi nast'e-u yızı dasjá-u, ledi hesda-u, bít'as tesja. ?eyër-u li hel?ás ?ásle hurésdzá.

"Har!" desį. Dódiyę. "Har! Har!" desį-u bets'ėn tthizel nadlį. Dódiyę. Xáte t'á tth'i yizdąsja seghe, Frank xálesį, "Łį seba heł?ás hurėl?įle t'á sets'ėneni."

"Hé," séłni. "Bít'as seba nóril?i."
Sugha niltha-u, tetthida-u, thezel,
"Har!" heni. ?iła?i. Kudëné li
hel?as. Kudëné yunásk'ëth Nulaghe
ts'íya?i. Seniii, xát'e t'á!

Yunásk'eth shethláí níya-u, k'ásba nanedíl-u, nenáídíl-u, ?eyi nes?į. ?eyer-u, lį dáítl'ų. ?elk'ídhaze hílchu-u, k'ásba káíya. ?elk'etághe to ?eláísdighe to xúk'e k'ásba láílde. Ts'ínedhe k'ásba sech'ázi hidélį t'á xút'a xúlí yisthen. Seli gha nesjá-u, k'ásba beschen yíldel-u, nasda xa núní?ą.



"Har!" xélesi. Dódi. Déltth'iyi.
"Har! Har!" Bets'ésilu, t'át'u déltthi
xát'eyi. Kú tth'i segha doghun t'á,
beghásnáíli. Dáítl'u-u, xút'a yu?áne
nasjáyi.

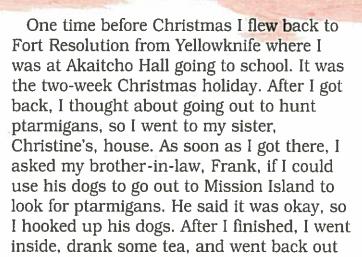
T'ół?ą bek'óresyáíle, yu?á nesjá. Yízdasjá-u, łi sí séts'edi.

"Kú yunásdezi," hebelesi. "Łi dizi nal?ás hurel?ile t'á násk'ëth dáítl'uuí."

Seghe, Frank, hílch'e lát'e xúlí tíya?į. Sí sekųę́ ts'ẽn nasjá.

?eyi tł'ághe, Christine ?adı-u, Frank lı t'á nıja-u hílch'e lajá. Tëdhe tłághe ?ajá xúłdu bekué nıja-u kú hegël t'á yunask'ëdh nıya-u lı kánáhja t'á. Kú sı, Frank lı benoreskar xulıle lı seghanolá k'áile yısthën t'á.

### Har! Har! Nothing!



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

again. Then I tried to get the dogs to go.

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

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

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

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

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

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



Isadore Tourangeau 7adų Tthebachaghe nádhër. 1942 denelį Ją Marí Des K'é.

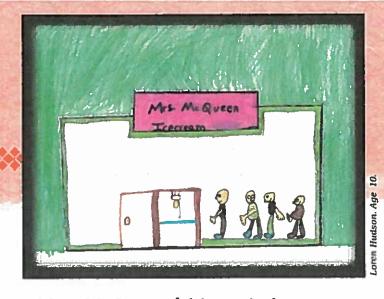
Isadore Tourangeau lives in Fort Smith, Northwest Territories. He was born in 1942 at Jean Marie River, Northwest Territories.

# Ice Cream Xa Nádáúreł?į

T'atthe sekui hesli-u benásni, Dzódesche náíde. Kú 1956 xúk'e tósa. Ts'ákui Mrs. McQueen húlye ?eyi shéts'elyi kué xal?a. Nezo bërkált'ëdh ni. Harelyu t'asíe ?elk'éch'a helt'ëdh, lést'ëthdhul-u, pie-u, cake-u. Ice cream tth'i heltsi kú ?eyi xúlí luk'é ?oli. (Ice cream t'a de?áází dëneba thekën-ni, Mrs. McQueen ?ilághay ?ilái yeltsi t'á.)

Degay marı zá lághe ts'ën xúk'e, Dzódes k'é tën he?él ?ekúdé łuk'é tsáth ts'į ?ełénats'ehdél dé. Harelyų dëne beba hurélyą. ?įłághe t'asíe de?áází dëne dáyįł kën ?eyı Mrs. McQueen bets'į ice cream. Ice cream dëneyatı t'á bezí xulile, thát'ıne k'ızí ice cream dídı ?at'e.

Mrs.McQueen łuk'é dé Dzódes k'é tën he?ul xát'ı nałtsı yet'á ice cream łekën hełtsı. Łure tutıl yé yele-u bets'ı shéts'elyı kué nıyıle. ?eyër dé ice cream hełtsı yúnıltthır. Yet'á ice cream heltsı sı nánık'e ts'ı nánı ?at'e. Yet'á ice cream heltsı sı dechën tth'ay be?áne-u, beyághe sátsán tıl theta. Mrs.McQueen tën sátsán tıl náré nıyıle. ?eyër dé sátsán tıl yé ?ejëretth'ú-u, súga-u, ?ıdzıáze-u, tth'ı ?eyıle t'asıe ?até Mrs. McQueen ?oli ye k'órelya.



Mrs. McQueen bít'azı t'a ice cream hełtsı. Kún k'et'ëth k'e theda-u ice cream bet'a ?ale heldeth ?até dedógh ?áne ts'ën. ?até nık'adh dé, ice cream de?áazı deyer ?at'ı. Mrs. McQueen ?ála sadzıe ice cream heltsı gha nadher. Begha la nechá ?at'e. Xát'e xúli Mrs. McQueen yegha nánidherile. Ts'ekui dene nélı-u tth'i xutl'eth ?éghálána dene ice cream gha shelyi xa. Benásnı deneláa ice cream náhelni xa ?elk'ıne nádáúrel?ı. Ice cream ?ılághe lona sáts'ánaze helini. Ice cream leken dúwé.

### Waiting for Ice cream

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

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

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

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

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

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

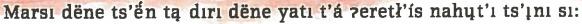


Agnes Villebrun ?adu Thebachaghe nádhër. Náídáídzi zá 1949 deneli Dzódesche.

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