

Berry Picking

By Mabel Eronchie

When I was nine my family went on a fishing trip. There were about seven of us in the boat.

We were staying in a little cabin on a island between Rae and Lac La Marte. I was so happy to be out in the bush again. It had been a long time since I had been out. The scene was beautiful and the lake was sparkling clean.

I saw a lot of blueberries.

I ran back to the cabin and told my grandmother Adele. She and my mom and I went out with pails. We sat there picking berries for a long time.

Most of the time I picked berries and put them in the pails, but the rest I ate. It didn't matter because I knew my mother would pick lots.

After we had finished we went back to the cabin. By the time we got home Joe and Clifford were back. They had caught some fish so my mom and granny started fixing them and I watched.

My mom taught me how to do it too. We made dry fish out of the whitefish and we kept the jackfish and trout to eat.

We made a lot of dry fish and stayed there four days before we headed back to Rae.

Dzì Nahts'ehtsìn

T'akw'e lötq seghoxò, Sèhtq hhwe gihtsì gha gixè ahdza, xazq't'a, lqhdì ts'èt'e elà t'a ats'etì. Bècho-k'ò eyigots'o Ts'q-tì gohge dià k'è k'ò goqò ts'q ahts'edzà, K'atsì dehtsìnì nats'edè ts'qoq sina. Wàts'q dehtsìnì xoqì whèla ts'qoq.

Ndè wedahtì, tì wek'e sai de xè asì k'òni lèhk'òq, Dziewàh lò ehqì ts'qoq, gok'ò ts'q natò-wohdza tlaxq ehts'l xawohsì eyitl'ahò semò eyits'ò ehts'l eyits'ò sìxè, taets'e-t'e ek'ò ts'ò ts'edè, tò k'ets'è-lexè. Waehts'ò ekò ts'ò-kw'eh, dzì ts'ehmòn taneqò gits'ahdi, gixe dzì mò hanixò mòda t'a ihq'a, giga dzì ehde honik'o edaht'e semò dzì lò natsìq wek'esò ts'qoq, eyitl'ahò gok'ò ts'q nats'ède.

Joe eyits'ò Clifford hè gokw'ea gok'ò nòlegetlì, Lì nogilànq eyita semò eyits'ò ehts'ìn, h segehqì t'a già da, eyitlahò semò dàhnì h sets'ìqì ghò xoghàsitò.

Ehgwà ts'etsi tlaxqo lunda eyits'ò hzq weghò sets'ezià gha sets'ila.

Dì dze ek'òn ts'akw'e, ehgwà lò ts'èhts'l eyitlahò Bècho-k'ò ts'q nats'eve.

— Dogrib

