

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.

Dzi Nahts'ehtsın

T'akw'e łotq seghoxò, Sèhtı hhwè gıhtsı gha gıxè ahdza, xazqt'a, łohdı ts'èt'e elà t'a ats'etı. Bècho-k'q eyıgots'o Ts'q-tı gohge dià k'è k'q goqò ts'q ahts'edzà, K'atsı dehtsını nats'edè ts'qòq sına. Wàts'q dehtsını xozı whèla ts'qòq.

Ndè wedahtı, tı wek'e sai de xè ası k'òmı lèhk'q, Dzıewàh łò ehı ts'oq, gok'q ts'q natò-wohdza tıaxq ehts'ı xawohsı eyıtı'ahò semò eyıts'q ehts'ı eyıts'q sıxè, taets'e-t'e ek'q ts'q ts'edè, tò k'ets'è-lexè. Waehts'q ekq ts'à-kw'eh, dzi ts'ehmòn taneqò gıts'ahdı, gıxe dzi mò hanıxò mòda t'a ihıa, gıga dzi ehde honık'o edaht'e semò dzi łò natsıq wek'esq ts'qòq, eyıtı'ahò gok'q ts'q nats'ède.

Joe eyıts'q Clifford hè gokw'ea gok'q nòlegetlà, Łı nqılànq eyıta semò eyıts'q ehts'ın, h segehı t'a già da, eyıtıahò semò dàhnı h sets'ııq ghò xoghàsıq.

Ehgwà ts'etsı tıahxq ında eyıts'q hıq weghq sets'ezıà gha sets'ıla.

Dı dze ek'qn ts'àkw'e, ehgwà łò ts'èhts'ı eyıtıahò Bècho-k'q ts'q nats'eve.

— Dogrib

