

APPENDIX I

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AUPUDLUK

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My Values

My values have not changed. My values when I was with my mother and father, even now, right now, have not changed at all. I remember my mother and father, when I was young they told me what was right and what was wrong. For example, they told me what I should do and what I should not do when I had my first baby. And the orders that they gave, I always used to follow them, no matter what. Even if I did not want to, I had to follow what my father and my mother told me in those days.

My first husband's mother-in-law never used to allow me to do the things I wanted to do because I had a baby and I had to obey her because I was scared. But when my first husband died and I moved back with my mother and father things seemed to be so different because I was more free to do the things I wanted within the family circle.

My mother and father told me to obey and listen to any person who was older than myself whether it was a man or woman. And I did. Whenever anyone older told me or taught me, whatever they had in their mind, I would listen to them carefully and if there was ever something to do I would follow their instructions and obey them immediately because in the Inuit way the older people are the head of life.

There were a few times when I did not want to listen to people. Even when they were older than I was. This only happened a few times and when they had finished telling me what to do, I would not say anything. I would not even look at them. This was the strongest protest I would make.

I remember when I saw other young people dressed nicely I would want to be like them. And when they seemed to be very good at sewing, I would

dream of being a good sewer. When they were good mothers, I wished to be a good mother. When they were kind and happy with other people, I would dream and dream to be like them. When I think of those things when I was very young and compare them to what I now think, it is hard for me to come to terms with life.

Eskimo people have now changed their lives from what it was in the days of my mother and grandparents and great grandparents. So when I see other people having a nice house and a healthy life, and nice clothes and having everything they want and buying everything they want I want to be like them for a while. But there's one thing that I know that has changed in my life. If I buy anything that I really want, I would have no use for it because I know my life will not be long now. Because I know I only have a few years left. Sometimes I am very sad because I worry. Then the days are dark. But I'm not always worried or sad. There is happiness, still happiness in my life, however, it is so little compared to the sadness and the worries I have deep inside me.

I will always try to help other people when I know they need help. Now, tomorrow, whenever. Even when I die. Because in the days of my mother and father they used to believe, and it was true, that even a person who dies is still alive and you could get help from a dead person if you needed it. This is how I think. When I'm dead I will try and help those who want my help. The people here in this land, maybe even those who are in distant lands. I will try my best to help other people even when I die.

I remember when I was young I used to like listening to my mother and father and to the other older people who were their age. But sometimes they would say,

"You are only a child, go outside and play. You have no right to listen

to us adults." And I would be sad because I wanted to listen to them so much but they would not allow it and I had to go out.

First Deaths

And I recall in those days when I was young, very young. The people that I used to see, the faces and names that are now only memories. Near Inuksivik, at a place where we were camping that year. They used to have games, all sorts of games and everyone used to be very happy. There seemed to be no sadness in my young days when people were laughing and playing Eskimo games. I remember, one day, when I was only a little girl, it was a beautiful summer day we were eating outside and everyone was enjoying each other's company and everyone was laughing, making jokes; they made jokes of the hard times.

But there was also sadness. Sad times when my mother and father and their relatives and their friends would be depressed because they were hungry, because there were not many caribou or seal around. They would be sad because someone's relative died, someone's mother died or father died, or someone's baby died. When one person was sad the others would join in. Those are the days that I recall.

The saddest time that I remember when I was a little girl was when an old lady, Usuhatok's wife, died. My mother and father told me to stay inside the igloo that day. But I was curious and went to the porch to see what was going on. My father and mother went to the igloo next door and when they came out they were carrying a dead person. After that my mother and father and all the people who were helping to bring the dead lady out, cried. And I wondered why they cried because in those days I didn't know that people died. I thought they just slept and would wake up again. How silly it was to think that they just went to sleep.

I was very scared. I did not know why they were crying. Not long after that someone else died too. It was a relation of the dead woman and I asked my mother and father and other people.

"How do people die? Where do they go?" And I would make them cry because I was too young to understand.

Now I know what death does to people and where it takes them. When I think about it now, I feel sorry for my mother and father and the people that I used to question because I wanted to know if they would come back. I should not have said that. I used to get scared very easily and believe what people said. Whatever they told me, I would believe it. If they told me something sad I would get sad. If they told me something that made people happy I would be happy. I would believe everything.

Like any children, I would play with other children, I would cry and I would make other little boys and girls cry. I had a mother and father and they brought me up. We were living near Chesterfield Inlet when I started to remember things well. It was a large camp with many families and I used to play with many children. Sometimes I got scolded when I was bad but mothers were happy with me when I was good. In those days, I was very young and I saw the old way of life that has now gone.

One little girl was my best friend. We had so much fun when we were playing together. Sometimes she would not play the way I wanted so I would make her cry and she would go home and tell her mother. But she was the one girl I used to play with a lot, we had so much in common we would play all day until we were tired out. I will never forget that little girl.

It was in the spring when Usukatok's wife's daughter-in-law became sick and died. Before she was ill she had told her friend,

"Today I was looking at the moon and I saw my two best friends there. I think I will follow them soon."

And she told her relatives,

"Look, look at my best friends on the moon. I know I will be with them soon."

On hearing this her sister-in-law said,

"Sister-in-law don't talk that way. Death can do anything. It might happen to you."

But her sister-in-law was happy because she was in love with the dying woman's husband and she knew that her husband would be hers when she was dead. The two ladies that she saw on the moon were Ikuak and Hakuluk who were cousins.

Two Beautiful Girls

There was once a young girl with long, long hair. Her name was Miscearak and her hair used to trail on the ground because it was so long. I have not seen her myself, I have only heard the story from her brother Akiutak.

One day Akiutak came to visit my mother and father. They were telling stories and after a while as they talked on, Akiutak said, "I have seen one lady with long hair but nowadays, compared to her, there are no ladies with really long hair. There's only one woman that I know of and have seen and been with that had really long hair and that person was my sister. I remember her beautiful long hair. My sister's hair, when she combed it and stood up, it would touch the ground. I know there will never be another lady with long hair like that." He never did see anyone else with long hair so long as he lived.

But I remember another young girl, who was my cousin. Her name was Penelua and she had beautiful long hair.

Kathlak adopted her. Her real mother's name was Utchukyuk. And her father's name was Talleriktok. She had two brothers and their names were Ukoktok and Esakiyak. Esakiyak who is dead now.

When her father died the young girl began to lose her mind. Very slowly at first, she started to lose her memory. Although her memory was going she was still healthy. I heard that she remained alive and well for a long time but we used to travel from place to place and they went away that fall. They were travelling by night during freeze up and were working very hard. They got hot and were sweating, so they stopped to cool down for a while. Then the girl who was losing her memory took her cup and went to

the lake that was just beginning to freeze over. The ice was very thin.

She walked straight onto the lake and out into the middle. But her mother didn't see her until it was too late. She was standing in the middle of the lake and her father yelled at her to come back. She looked at him and she got excited. She didn't know what to do. She just looked shocked, surprised, and she was smiling. Everyone told her, "You are going to go through the ice. Try and come back here."

The mother said, "No, stay there. Stay still."

The people were telling her different things, so she got confused and didn't know what to do. She tried to come back and she never made it because the ice broke and she fell into the water and froze. The girl couldn't swim and no-one in her family could swim either. That young girl with beautiful long hair who had lost her memory died that very day.

The Tragedy of Death

During the springtime we were living with my friend Tounout, near Repulse Bay. We were camped near the shore where my father and his friend were harpooning whales. While they were hunting I noticed that they were scanning the horizon out to sea. I didn't know they were expecting friends. My step-brother and I were playing. There was no wind at all. It was a beautiful day and someone shouted,

"There are some boats coming. Some boats are coming."

The children were yelling,

"The boats are coming, the boats are coming."

And everyone looked.

There were some families out on the land hunting for caribou. They had slept overnight and two men had just walked in carrying some caribou to our camp. We children were playing when suddenly the adults told us to be very quiet. And then we heard some distant cries and I realized they were the cries of desperate people wanting help. One of the women in the boat kept yelling as soon as she saw our tents but I couldn't see the boats yet. The boat had a sail but because there was no wind it was very slow in coming to the land. There had been a terrible accident among the shifting ice floes and some people had been killed. There had been two boats but one of the boats was crushed. When the lead closed up they thought they would get through, but with no wind the boat was too slow and that's when the boat was crushed. There was one large flat piece of ice that was big enough for the family to get out on. They saw the pack closing. The land was close, if only they had stayed there.

The people in the other boat saw it all happen. They had also stopped, to make some tea, but on the other side of the large flat ice floe. If they had only noticed the ice bearing down on them they would have fled and been safe.

When my aunt, Telegra was yelling, everyone in our camp was silent. She was shouting,

"We have been crushed, we have had a terrible accident. The people with us have been killed by the ice."

She repeated again and again, screaming.

I had a brother who died, he was only a baby at the time, still on my mother's back. He was very ill when the people got to the shore in the other boat. They were all crying. Every one of them.

My step-brother almost lost his leg, today he uses crutches. He was with his hunting partner in the other canoe and was trying to help.

My aunt Hakaluk was holding her adopted child inside the canoe. She got very confused. Her brother on the ice told her,

"Jump out of the boat. Throw your baby here, on the ice, and jump, get out of the boat." Her brother and his brother's young friend were waiting for her to throw the baby to them with their arms stretched out towards her because they knew that they could catch the baby and they knew that his sister could just make it to safety. But he did not notice the ice closing in so fast. It was too late. The ice crushed the boat and the mother and baby inside it. They were both killed and his leg got caught as well. They tried to look for his sister without success. They almost saved the little baby, but he did not live as his bones were all crushed. He was very small.

When my aunt adopted the baby she had said to her friends,

"When something happens to this child that I adopt, I will give up my life for him."

So when she knew it was hopeless to save her baby she just sat there in the boat waiting for life to end.

One of my friends, Ikuak, saw her parka floating on the water. There were some beads on it. I remember the beads on her parka and I asked where they came from. My parents told me that there were some white people, maybe Americans, that used to trade for fur with their goods. The beads came from those Americans.

Two more children that they had not saved, a brother and sister, were not seen for a long time after the accident, when it was almost forgotten. One day someone in camp saw an ice floe far away and on that little piece of ice there were two people standing. That floe was only big enough for those two to stand up on and they were slowly being driven out to sea by the wind. The men went out after them in their boats and when they got close they could see the children were very still and all they noticed were their eyes. Their eyes were red, as red as blood. The people thought that they had died and came back to life again. Their eyes will never be forgotten. They were so very red. There was no white in their eyes, nothing but red like blood. They all knew they had died but somehow they had come back. The sister was older than the brother who was my age. They did not cry. They only looked at the people on the land. The people thought they couldn't see because their eyes were so red. They thought they had gone blind. Everyone knew that those two children had really died but had come back to life. Their mother who was with the baby had died with the baby but when she died the people knew that she had saved them. We all knew they had been saved by their mother who drowned

in the sea.

Their father was distraught. Even though he was a shaman he could not save his wife and her adopted child. He wanted to shoot himself. He had had two wives and they had both been killed by the ice, at sea: drowned. The shaman blamed himself, for he was in the same boat with his wives, but when the ice started to crush to boat everyone lost their minds trying to save themselves and now it was too late so he was blaming himself for their deaths.

There were other people inside the two boats when the ice crushed them and I always remember it every spring when we would go from place to place looking for a good site to camp. I lost many friends and relatives that summer and I will never forget.

Treats

I remember in my young days when my father was hunting caribou I used to run to him and help him carry the meat home so I could bring in the bone marrow and eat it. All of us children used to do that; we loved the bone marrow, it was so delicious. I always used to look for my father so I could run to him to greet him and eat the bone marrow as soon as he came home.

One time after I got inside the igloo a little girl was crying because there was no more bone marrow. My father told me,

"Daughter, take this marrow to that little girl who is crying. She wants some."

So I ran to her igloo and took it to her but her mother said,

"She will get some tomorrow. Just take it back home."

So I was happy and took it home but my father asked me,

"Why did you bring it back?" and I told him,

"Her mother wanted me to bring it back home because she knows that they will have some tomorrow." So I ate two bone marrows and it was so delicious.

Not long after that I saw my father and the other men carrying some caribou meat so I ran to them and noticed there was some caribou tongue on top. There were two tongues so I brought them home to my mother and my mother cooked them for me and I ate them both. When the girl and her brother found out that I had eaten two delicious tongues they got mad at me and the oldest one said,

"You are greedy. You only want to eat the best parts of the caribou. We wanted some too."

I replied, "I was not greedy. I only ate them because I love them. I did not, I was not thinking that I wanted to eat them alone but you were not around so I finished them."

In those days I had beautiful, delicious food when we had them. But now it is hard to get, even when we have rifles to shoot with. I will never forget those days when I was happy.

How My Father Became a Shaman

My father became a magician by himself. He was a fatherless boy when he was growing up, but his mother had married again. His step-father's name was Kuttiutikok, which is my name.

He often used to get left behind when they were travelling because he was only a little boy. In those days they used to pull the sled themselves because they only had two dogs and my father would get left behind because he was so slow.

My mother was scared of her second husband so she couldn't do anything about the situation. She loved her son very much but she couldn't do anything to help him because she had to listen to her husband. The poor boy would walk and follow their trails so that by the time he'd caught up with them they would be in their igloo. Sometimes when he was tired he would rest; he was only little. They could have pulled him along on the sled, but his step-father disliked him.

His mother's name was Tinathluk and when her son reached the igloo at night she would give him water right away.

He was about ten years old when he became a shaman. One of the dogs was named Kasuknik and this dog, Kasuknik, had become sick. When he was too old to pull the sled my father's step-father left Kasuknik behind as well. When the boy saw the dog sitting in front of him he thought he heard someone talking. He looked at the dog and the dog was singing. The voice was coming out of him as he was sitting with his head looking up toward the sky. The dog was a real dog but he was singing and in hearing this my father became a shaman. Even when he heard Kasuknik singing the boy just passed on.

Although he was very small he did not forget what happened that day.

Perhaps the dog, or his father who had died before, helped him to remember.

The boy never used to get cold because he had to walk so far to catch up with his family. I believe his real father, who was dead, used to help him because he was so young when he used to follow the tracks.

His mother used to be very worried and sometimes she would go before the dogs like a leader to encourage them and she would cry while she was walking along thinking of my father. But when they stopped my grandmother would stop crying so that her husband would not know. When my father caught up with his mother and step-father he told them,

"Today Kasuknik was singing a song when I passed by him."

"How was he singing a song? What song was he singing?" asked his mother.

"My little aunt

My little aunt has a little hood

On her little head,"

He replied, "and the dog sang that song over and over again."

So she asked him to try and sing the dog's song if he could remember it.

This is Kasuknik's song as my father sang it,

"My little aunt who is in front of me,

Who wears a little hat.

She has a very small head.

My cloak, this long cloak, this cloak of seal skin,

Sometimes I cannot carry it.

Sometimes it's too heavy.

The weapon, my master's weapon,

The whip has often hit me.

My master's whip has often struck me."

And the boy told them,

"The dog sang that song, he stopped, but as I passed by he sang the song

again, he sang the song over and over again. I was not scared of the dog singing. I just watched him and heard the dog and remembered what he sang. He did not seem to see me while he was singing, he was looking up into the sky."

Whose song was the dog singing?

The dog was singing his own song about his aunt, the dog in front of him and about the whip.

When my father told the story to his step-father and his mother, his step-father said,

"When people, anyone, hears a dog talking, or singing, the person who heard the dog will always become a shaman. Now, tomorrow, the dog will return in good health."

"Perhaps," his wife said. "But I do not believe my son; the dog might not return. My little boy is only imagining things. He's too small, too young. He's only imagining things."

The step-father believed the boy but his mother could not although she was hoping that her son would become a shaman because, she was a shaman herself but did not have the power to make my father into a shaman. He told me he remembered being a little child, he recalled following his parents, walking a long, long way. Sometimes when he stopped, he used to cry. But in the end he would just follow his parents and not cry any more. My father remembered that when his step-father first left him behind, he would reach the camp when they had finished building the igloo and gone to bed. His mother would be waiting for him. But later on, when he got used to being left behind and following the dog team, he would get to the camp before the igloo was finished. His step-father was not mean to him, possibly he was only teaching

him the very hard way of life they had to follow in those days. He was not mean to him at all in regard to food. But he did that so the boy would get used to the cold land. Perhaps this treatment helped my father a great deal but he remembered his mother's eyes; they used to be red and swollen, because she was so worried about her son. When he was old enough to keep up with the dog team, he used to help them and when he was a young man he used to help his step-father and his mother pull the sled.

My father's father, Nemelek, who was blind, had died when my father was only a baby. He had a brother but he was adopted when he was born so they did not know each other very well. But the step-father who thought that perhaps the boy was too heavy to carry on the sled was not loved by his parents. They used to let him get hungry, so he never did this to his adopted son; he fed him very well.

They boy's mother woke up very early the next morning. She went out of the igloo but quickly came back in to tell her husband, Kasuknik, the dog, had come back.

Her husband said,

"Bring him in, bring him in."

For he was also skeptical as Kasuknik was a very sick animal when they left him. The wife looked through the doorway and the covered porch of the igloo at Kasuknik, the dog, and called,

"Kasuknik, come here. Kasuknik, come here."

This dog was close to dying yesterday, but today he was healthy. When his wife called him to come in, the dog shook, shook himself, and stood up. He did not seem sick at all, indeed, he seemed very well. When the woman brought him in, the step-father said,

"He is back."

Then he hit him with his left arm, twice, on the head because he thought the dog would not come back due to his illness. However, he had returned and in accordance with Inuit custom he hit the dog twice so that the dog could remain with the family again.

In those days, long before my time, and long before the time of my father and his parents, people believed that dogs used to talk to each other.

Maybe they were half humans.

No, they were not. They were dogs. I'm glad dogs do not talk today.

My Father the Great Shaman

My father was a great shaman. I know that he used to fly with his magic. Even when we moved to Chesterfield Inlet where there were missionaries, Father, when he got too old to walk, used to fly. He would fly to a very far away land and he could make two tusks grow out of his mouth. But they seemed very loose, my father's tusks.

He was a great magician. My father had black hair while his younger brother had grey hair. He was bigger than his brother and he was heavier. His wife was not a shaman although I have heard that she knew some magic words and that she knew how to use them. One time she took a rope, tied it around my head and put me on the floor. I was just a girl. Then she instructed me to lie there quite still whilst she held the rope with both hands and said, before she pulled,

"Let me get a helper. Let me get a helper."

My mother explained to me later that if the rope tied to my head got heavier she knew she would be getting help from her magic. When my mother and father used to do this to me I was quite small but sometimes they would find me very heavy and then they knew they were getting help from their magic. The help was needed either to hunt caribou or to get someone well who was sick. Sometimes when they were pulling on the rope they would ask,

"Where are the caribou herd?"

If my head became heavier they were answered by their magic and that way they knew where the caribou herd would be found. But if I was very light with only my normal weight, their magic would not be helping them. My mother generally used her parka belt on me but other people would use seal skin rope

around their children's head to try and find out if their magic could help them.

Once, my father told me that my uncle, my present husband's father, was almost killed by a shaman called Inikegrunasuak. He tried to kill him with his magic and my uncle had not even known. My father was sitting down with some men talking to them about hunting while my uncle was telling a story to another group of men somewhere else when Iniknegrunasuak came in and tried to take his spirit away. He succeeded and when my uncle stood up he saw that there was blood where he had been sitting down. My uncle's spirit was gone and he was going to die. My father knew that his brother was in very serious trouble, so he said, "Iniknegrunasuak is going to kill my brother."

He was far away from his brother at that time, inside his own igloo, and the next day he left to help his brother. My uncle did not know that his spirit had been taken away by Iniknegrunasuak, even though he was a shaman himself. So my father went to where his brother was and the old man who used his magic to take his spirit. My father's brother was still talking and telling stories about his hunting when my father came in and said, "You have taken the spirit away from my brother. You will kill him now. He will die."

The old man, Iniknegrunasuak, replied, "I thought he was a magician. I wanted to find out. I wanted to see if he would discover the danger in time. I know he's a shaman too. That is why I tried to kill him. I'm playing with my magic."

So my father answered Iniknegrunasuak, "You took my brother's spirit away. When he dies, maybe you will have a long life, and maybe not."

Then Iniknegrunasuak tried to confess his wrong thoughts and my father said to his brother, "I will try and save you but he wants you to die and you might die."

My father went out of the igloo for a moment and when he came back in it seems as if he was trying to grab something over by the wall. The people were watching him and he did grab something but they could not see what he had caught. He was holding something in his hand, the people could not see it and then he told Iniknegrunasuak, "Look, try and look at this, try and see what I'm holding. You too, my brother, look."

He slowly spread his hands and now the people could see, it was like a balloon but appeared very delicate. My father was holding it so carefully and he told his brother, "Brother, try and stay still, very still."

Then he went very close to his brother and blew on the little balloon extremely carefully until finally my father said, "Brother, you have come back to life now."

My father turned to Iniknegrunasuak and said, "You."

Then turning back to his brother, added, "He tried to kill you but I'm glad I came in time to save you my brother."

Iniknegrunasuak's face turned quite pale and red at the same time because he was ashamed of himself, because he had tried to kill my uncle without any reason. This he confessed, "I tried to kill him with no reason."

Iniknegrunasuak was known to have taken away the spirits of many people and killed them. The people knew this and the relatives would watch their younger brothers or sisters very carefully if Iniknegrunasuak was around. Iniknegrunasuak was not a good hunter. He could only catch fish, that was the only animal that he could take by himself. Because of that he was jealous of other people and that is why he tried to kill the people who were good hunters.

I used to see Iniknegrunasuak when I was a little girl. We often used to live in the same camp with him. My uncle would have been killed if my father

had not gone to save him, and he used to joke about it, saying, "If my brother had not been there, if I didn't have a brother, I would have been dead a long time ago." In this way he would make fun of Iniknegrunasuak's attempt to take his spirit away. "Iniknegrunasuak did not want me to live. He had done that to many other people. It is too bad that he is dead now. I feel sorry for him. If he had not tried to kill so many people by taking their spirits away, he would have lived longer. But now he's dead."

After saying that he would laugh. He was much more talkative than my father and he used to make jokes more freely. He was also more active than my father.

The missionaries came and the Inuit slowly began to go over to the Roman Catholic Church. When I was still a little girl I recall that my brother, who was married then and had children began to go to church. They were not Christians yet but they used to go to the Roman Catholic Church. They were the first family to work with the missionaries and slowly the priests taught the Inuit how to be Roman Catholics and how to pray. Even the shamans turned to Catholicism. Even the strongest shamen that were known in those days. Maulayuk was a great shaman and he was first to become a Roman Catholic, my father was second.

Maulayuk, my father, and my uncle, and Ipkagnak could fly in those days. They would go to distant lands. If they were together in Chesterfield Inlet and were having a contest, then the next thing the people would know is that they would go to a place like Baker Lake which is far away from Chesterfield Inlet. Just by themselves. That was known as flying. Those men could fly in the thin air, but they had to be shamans.

They would tie up one man with a thong made from the skin of a square

flipper seal. They would really bind the shaman very tightly with many knots so that he could not move a bone or a muscle. The man would be tied up in a curl with his arms and knees bound together, very tightly, and he would be on a caribou skin that has never been used.

At first the light would be on where they are, inside an igloo or tent. Then they would blow the lights out and the ones who had tied the shaman would laugh because they too were shamans. They would all take turns, tying each other. Sometimes many people would come to watch them and I saw my father being tied that time. I began to cry when my father was bound and then they started to mumble some magic words and the lights were put out. Sometimes I would put my face on my mother's lap and cry because I was so scared and other times I was even too scared to cry or make any noise at all.

"Ahti--Ahti--Ahti..." Everyone would repeat that word many times. There would be many people all trying to help the magic. The people kept saying "Ahti". It is a magic word which I cannot describe or give a meaning to. Then I heard a big bursting. It seemed like a big bursting. It was my father that had broken all the ropes and I looked up and right there, my father had gone. I looked for my father but I did not see him. I thought I had lost my father forever but those games were used for contests and for fun in those days. My father had gone into the air.

I saw the caribou skin and the broken ropes on the floor. I looked up to the roof of the igloo but there was no hole and I thought he had gone through the well, there wasn't a hole anywhere. Shamans in those days could do anything. Impossible things. They could use their magic to save sick people, or dying people. They could use magic to kill other people or to get animals or to kill animals.

Then it was not long before my father returned. I heard a big bang

outside. It was my father who had come back from his trip to a distant land. That is how they used to use their magic.

The shamans could curse people in different ways. If a shaman hated or disliked a man or a woman and one of their relatives had just died, he would take some hair from the dead relative and keep it to curse other people. When the shaman hated somebody or was jealous of them because they were a better hunter than himself, or if he wanted to marry someone's wife, then he would put the hair of the dead relative on the ground where that person who he wanted to kill would walk. Or he would put it near or in front of the person he hated and when that person got that hair stuck onto his clothes then that person was cursed. Then all kinds of hair would grow from his face, from his hands, from his legs, from his feet or his back. Hair would grow and every time that person found it he would pull it. If he kept pulling them all out he would be successful but if he couldn't catch up with the hair growing on him, then he would die. That is how they used to curse other people if they hated them or disliked them or were jealous of them.

So hair was part of a shaman's magic, he could use the hair of a dead person to curse another person. But the shamans had to be careful how they used their magic because if a shaman cursed two people, or just cursed one person too many times, they too would die on the same day, exactly one year later. That was believed in those days. The shaman would die because when the cursed person dies he fights back and kills the shaman who put the curse on him when he was well and alive.

Hunting Beliefs

It is known that the ptarmigan are the first animals to come to the Arctic. I even used to hear this from my mother and father who used to say and wish that there would be many ptarmigans each spring. I used to hear my mother and father and their friends and relatives say, "I hope there are lots of ptarmigans and other birds this spring because the other animals will follow them."

If there were lots of birds in springtime and lots of ptarmigans then there would be many caribou and other animals that summer. The people also knew that if there were only a few birds around when spring came it would be hard to find animals that summer and the following winter. In those days hunting and living was different to what it is now. It used to be very hard. They used to hunt with their kyaks in summer time and their bows and arrows in summer time and in winter with their dogs and their sleds.

We used to observe many rules to help with the hunting. For example, when the new moon came in, I used to tell my daughter to bring a little bit of snow into the igloo.

The meaning of this is if someone has a son that is just a little baby boy or a year old boy, or several years old, but not old enough to hunt, then each time there is a new moon, a girl, a sister, has to bring in a little bit of snow and put it near him or his grandmother's bed. In this way when the little baby boy is old enough to hunt and has become a man, he will catch many animals. By bringing the snow inside the igloo, the man, even when he is on his first hunt, will be a very good hunter.

When my husband used to hunt seals through their breathing holes, and

when he caught one and killed it and brought it home to us for food, then I would give it a drink of fresh water. This was done to help the hunter so that when he hunted for seals again he would catch another one because the seal would wish to come to that hunter again. It was a gift. The seal gave itself to the hunter so that the hunter may give food to his family. That was the meaning of giving fresh water to the seal. We only did it when they shot or harpooned a seal at its breathing hole.

I recall what my uncle, Makyuk, told me. I have not forgotten yet. It concerns the muscle on the front leg of the caribou, he told me always to take it off. So every time my husband catches a caribou, I always remove that muscle. My uncle explained to me why this had to be done, he said, "Even if the caribou is dead, and taken to pieces, and eaten, the pain, the first pain a caribou will have, even when it's dead, is in that certain muscle. So the first thing I always do whenever I'm going to eat a bone marrow, is to take that muscle off its leg."

My uncle also told me about the bones, the bones of animals that are lying around on the ground. Even the bones of animals that may have been eaten by other animals. They may be covered with grass or covered with pebbles or stones, with just one end showing. If I was walking along outside and saw a bone on the ground that had been like that, in the same position, for years and years, I would pick it up and then put it back in its place. But not the way it was, I changed its position. I always change the position of bones that I know have been lying there for many years because that is the way my mother and father taught me ever since I started to remember.

Summer Camps

We were living at a place called Ukkusiksalik that year hunting square flipper and round seals. We used to have a camp by the sea every spring but in the middle of the summer we would move inland, carrying our belongings to the caribou hunting grounds. But before we could start moving inland my father had to catch seals and walrus and bury them under rocks near the shore. We would also store away our sea weapons and the other things we wouldn't be needing while we were hunting caribou. I remember we would take some seal fat with us for the oil lamp.

My mother would collect a special kind of plant that she would use to make a wick for the lamp so we would have light in our tent, in our summer tent and have cooked caribou meat. My mother and father taught me how to identify the right kind of wick plant. The ones that were full, closely formed, and fluffy were best for the oil lamp. We would gather the plants and put them out in the sun to dry, and we twisted the tops into wicks.

Lighting the oil lamp was work too because we did not have matches or lighters as we do today. Two different kinds of stone were struck against each other to send sparks onto some dry grass. We had to blow on it, we blew, and blew and blew on it until a fire started to come out. Then, quickly, the burning grass was put on the seal oil lamp. The dry grass was placed in a little seal skin pot to help it catch fire better from the sparks and the blowing. That is how we used to make fire.

It's so amazing how we used to live. We looked for metal. Whatever metal we could find so that we would have something to cut up the meat with. I remember they used to make knives and ice chisels out of caribou antlers.

Caribou antlers and walrus tusks were very useful in the days of my parents. I myself have not seen how they made them and what they made them with. It must have been very hard, without any tools, to make an ice chisel, knife, a lady's knife which is called an uloo, a comb for combing hair and needles. I have not seen all the weapons and household goods that my father and mother once had. But I have seen a few, I have seen how they used to make fire with the rocks.

Our tents were made out of seal skin. We would sew them up and put them up to make a tent out of seal skin, but we had to scrape the fat off the skins, stretch them in the sun, and when they were dried we sewed them together to make a tent. Some tents would be for small families and others would be for big families. The big tents would have enough room for ten or twelve people to sleep in. I have seen a lot of people living in seal skin tents and can remember living in a seal skin tent myself. Seal skin tents were not dark because my mother and the other women would split the hides, taking the first layer of skin off, making them thinner and brighter. They were not dark at all. They were bright enough for my mother and grandmother to sew inside. My youngest daughter has been in a seal skin tent and was also in a caribou tent. Just after she was born her grandmother, my husband's mother, made a caribou skin tent and we lived in it that fall. But now we only use canvas tents. Every year, when the snow first started to come in the fall, my husband's mother would make a caribou skin tent. They used to be very warm. The thick fur of the caribou skin. Oh, to live in one, to be in a caribou tent. It was very warm. For light we used to burn caribou fat candles. We had to chew it first to make the fat soft enough to shape into little candles but they provided us with light in the tent when we were not using the seal oil lamp.

Living in an Igloo

I remember in the fall, when there was only a little snow and it was too soft, my mother and father would gather it up into a big pile with their shovels. Everyone would trample on the snow to make it hard and then they would build up a circular snow wall and put a tent over the top. That is how they used to make igloos in the fall. It was made of compressed snow for the walls and the roof was a tent.

If the snow had not come and it was too cold to live in a tent, then the men would cut big square blocks of ice from a lake. They would work together to cut and haul the slabs of ice to their camp. The thick sheets of ice would form the side walls of their igloo just as the snow did before and it would help keep the warmth inside the tents.

But when winter came and the snow was deep enough to build an igloo, the men would use a stick with a sharp end to look for snow that was just right for building an igloo. They would sometimes put a walrus tusk or caribou antler tip on their probe so that the end would be shaped like a needle. The length of the stick would be the same as the distance from the man's feet to his hip. When they probed the snow and found some that felt soft at the bottom they knew it was good for building igloos because when they cut the snow blocks and reached the bottom they would use that soft snow to fill in the cracks between the blocks. That is the fastest way to build an igloo. With the right kind of snow some men could finish an igloo in less than an hour. When the igloo was finished they would then build on a porch if they were going to live there for some time. If they were going to live there for a long period of time then they would build another little igloo to store the meat in.

While the men did the building the women would shovel snow around the outside to make sure there were no holes in between the blocks. That was the women's job. Around the bottom of the igloo they would pile on large amounts of snow to keep the igloo warm. When the women had finished shoveling on the outside so that there were no holes in between the blocks, the women would then go inside and using the soft snow at the bottom of the igloo they would seal any cracks that were left with their hands.

The igloo was then ready to live in and we used to have to keep it clean. I remember, my mother and my mother-in-law and my grandparents used to clean the inside of their igloo with bones. A caribou bone, or seal bone, any bone that was big enough. They would also trim the edge of the igloo, where they would put their things, to make it flat. If they wanted to have a nice clean floor they would first scrape the floor with the bone and then put water all over the floor to make it shiny and flat from inside the igloo to the porch. When this was done it was much easier to sweep the inside of an igloo. If there happened to be some blood on the floor and the women didn't want blood inside their igloo then they would chip it off with their uloo and throw it out and replace it with some soft snow. This was pressed into the hole from where the blood had been cut out. At first it would leave a lump, but if they poured water over the repair it would shrink down to the level of the floor of the igloo and look like brand new. If we were going to live in one igloo for a long time we would have to keep it clean and that was hard work. The inside of the igloo used to be bright as well.

The beds were not very high. Sometimes I could sit on a bed and my feet would be touching the ground and the beds were not all at the same height either. If people lived and slept in the same igloo for a long time the beds

would start to sink down and then they would have to build them up with more snow. However they would put down a layer of willow twigs first and then lay the caribou skins in on top so that they wouldn't get wet. When the snow under the bed is beginning to melt, you have to be careful to repair it right away so that it would stay level with the rest of the bed. We had to make sure we took all the snow off the caribou skin each morning as it might be our only sleeping skin and we had to take very good care of it. The willow tree mattress was looked after very well too. But when we had too much to carry on our sled we would leave the twigs behind as we could generally find more where we were going.

During winter the people cooked inside the igloo. They would make a rack supported against the wall of the igloo and under it they placed the oil lamp, filled with blubber and some pieces of dried cotton plant or a piece of cloth for a wick. They would hang a pot tied up to the rack from its handle above the lamp and that is how they used to cook. To dry the clothes like boots and mitts they would push little sticks into the wall of the igloo and hang them there to dry over the lamp. Before the oil lamp was lit they would push sticks into the snow to support the lamp so that it was not touching the snow when in use. In this way the lamp was kept level and did not melt down into the snow. If it was a big lamp it would have four sticks, if it was a small lamp it would have three. Sometimes an old lamp would leak so they would put a little container under the crack or hole so that the dripping wouldn't make a big hole in the snow. The lamps were made of soapstone and my mother even used to cook in a soapstone pot when I was a girl. Some soapstone pots would be very big and others would be small. If a cooking pot happened to crack they would use the blood of an animal to help stick it together. In this way

the pot would stop cracking and be repaired with another piece of soapstone over the blood. That is how my father and mother used to fix their cooking pot when it happened to crack.

Travelling with Dogs

Life used to be hard. I remember my father once made a sled from caribou skin. He used to be poor and everything meant life to him. One day when he didn't have a sled he took two big caribou skins, made a hole in the ice and put the caribou skins inside the hole, in the water. He then took some frozen fish, pulled out the caribou skins from the lake, laid them on the ground, and placed the fish in a line across the skins. Then the caribou skins were wrapped around the fish and kept overnight to freeze. If they did not have enough fish they would have to use caribou antlers inside the rolled up frozen skins. That is the way they used to make a sled when they did not have any wood, and I once saw my father do that. After the skin sled had frozen overnight they would then put mud on the bottom to make the runners. Then they would put water on top of the frozen mud runners to form a layer of ice so that the sled would go fast on top of the snow. Sometimes when people could not find any mud they would use some weeds from the bottom of a lake and put them on the runners of the sled. It is known that the water weeds are the fastest and smoothest, and would make the sled travel much lighter and faster. To get those plants from under the lake they would use their fish spear. But they would have to make sure the sled was made just right if it was to last a long time. If they made a mistake, the sled would just collapse. So they had to be very careful in making the skin sled, from caribou skin and other things that they could use.

My father was a very poor man so I have seen him make a sled from caribou skins, fish and caribou antlers. The sled froze very hard so it wouldn't break in the cold weather, it was very strong. We would all get on it and

still it wouldn't break. We would travel very far on that sled and I remember that when I was travelling with my mother and father by dog team I used to fall asleep because some of the trips used to be very long. I used to fall asleep while we were still travelling and I remember my father and mother would help pull the sled while I was sleeping. My father only had two or three dogs so my mother would have to walk in front of them and help pull the sled along as well. My father would be pulling from alongside the sled. I remember that when we went uphill they would have to work so hard. Thinking back, it makes me wish that I could have helped during their hard times when they were pulling the heavy sled with only two or three dogs.

The right way to feed the dogs was, if possible, every time after travelling. We would not feed them too much because then they would be useless the next day. When the igloo was built and we had eaten and were ready to go to bed, my father would feed the dogs just a little bit of meat if he was going to use them again the next day. When the dogs were very hungry they wouldn't want to pull the sled as much as when they were fed something the night before. But he did not over feed them because dogs that have been over fed would have a hard time keeping up. He also made sure that the dogs didn't get over tired. Some people with many dogs would not have a person walking in front of them but the people who only had a few would have to have someone in front of the dogs, leading them. Even the people who had many dogs would have to have someone walking in front when they were looking for a place to build the igloo and they were searching for the right kind of snow.

My husband who is living had many dogs so I did not have to help pull the sled or walk in front of the dogs. He had a leader dog too so I did not

have to walk in front of the team. But my father did not have a leader dog so my mother was the leader and helped pull the sled as well as being the leader. Even the people with a dog leader would have a woman walking in front of them when they only had a few dogs. The people with just two or three dogs would have a hard time travelling because they needed to carry all their belongings, clothing and food.

The dogs would be used in summer too. In those days the dogs were the most important means of transportation. In winter they would pull the sled and in summer they would help their master carry things on their backs. When we were going inland during the summer, we would make carry bags for the dogs and tie them around the dogs who would carry them following their master. Some big dogs would carry very heavy loads.

To train a dog to carry packs is difficult. If we started training a dog to pack the belongings that were to be taken inland that summer we had to start early. When the dog first started to carry things on his back with a pack he would either fall on the right side or the left side. He would sway as he was walking because he wasn't used to carrying things. So the master had to train them before they could travel a long distance. Eventually the dogs get used to carrying things but they had to be trained by just letting them follow their master and letting them rest as they needed it.

When there were puppies I used to play with them and make them carry something on their backs. Even when they were growing up I would do it so that when they were adult they could be easily trained to carry things on their backs. One day my father taught us how to make a little puppy carry things and my mother made a toy bag for the little dog. My father put a few rocks inside the little bag and put it on the back of the little puppy who

carried it as he walked. When my father left me and my brother to play we put lots of rocks on the little puppy and we used to laugh whenever the little puppy fell down. We would have lots of fun because when little puppies wouldn't stand up because the load of rocks were too heavy it was very funny to watch them, when we were children.

Polar bear skin is very useful. We sometimes used it to pull things along, like a sled. Square flipper seal skin is also very good for pulling things along. We used a skin to pull things along when we didn't have a sled or our sled was overloaded or when we were only going a short distance. Polar bear skin was used in many different ways. It could be wrapped over the things on the sled and tied down to hold all the things in place that might fall off the sled when we were travelling. Some hunters who had many polar bear skins would put one on the sled before he loaded all his belongings on. Then he would put another polar bear skin on top and he would take a rope and tie it around the sled so that nothing would drop off when they were travelling a long way. Polar bear skin is used for the bottom of boots too, under the sole, because it does not wear out as fast as seal skin. It was strong and the boots would last for a long time. The fur of the polar bear skin doesn't come off either, whereas the caribou skin fur comes off easily. That is why we know that polar bear skin is stronger than caribou skin. And the meat of the polar bear, we would eat.

A Woman's Skill

To make a kyak the men would find little bits of driftwood and shape them into a kyak frame. The women would gather up seal skins and sew them together, tightly, very tightly, so that they were waterproof. They would keep the seal skins wet until the kyak frame was ready and then, with the seal skins still wet, they would wrap them around the kyak made of driftwood, and sew them on tightly. That is how they used to make kyaks and the fur would be inside and the skin would be outside.

To prepare seal skins we first had to take the blubber off the skin when the seal was dead, just killed. Then we would scrape the fat off. It would take all day because we had to be very careful not to cut the skin. The seal skin was soaked in the salt water over night. Then the next day we would put little holes around its edge, stretched it out and pinned it down to the ground with little sticks to dry. Even though it was facing the sun it would take quite a few days to dry well. Then we scraped the skin again until it was all white on the skin side and finally we stepped on it to make it soft for sewing.

The bottom of a boot was made from square flipper seal which had been dried as well. But the soles that were cut out with a knife would be chewed to make them soft. After that they would put them in between layers of seal fat for at least half a day. Then they would take them out and chew them again. My mother told me, "This seal skin is more waterproof now and it won't get hard again."

But it smelt very bad because it had been in between fat, the blubber of the seal. So I've never done it myself because the smell is so strong, it stinks. I've seen them do it. Sometimes when a new pair of boots was

finished they would put blubber on them and hang them up. We don't do that any more so my brother-in-law, Uliyok, who was worried about his boots getting dry, said, "I did this to my kumoks and they never got dried yet."

I asked him what he did and he said, "I put them in gas, the gas for the stove, and left them there for a little while, then I took them out and in that way they never got dried again."

So I did that to my husband's boots one time, on the bottom, and the sole never got dried. In the old days some women used to make their boots more waterproof than other ladies because their stitches would be too far apart. So they used to put the boots in between blubber to keep them soft, they never used to get hard, they used to be more waterproof and the water-resistance used to last longer. Some women used to be very fast at sewing, others were very slow. The fast ones could finish a pair of boots in only half of the day. But the fast ones sometimes didn't make good waterproof boots while the slow sewers made better ones. The waterproof boots would be made tighter than the winter boots, they would fit snugly when the man puts them on.

But when winter was coming, the women used to make other kinds of boots that were different to the summer ones. The winter boots generally had fur on them and were looser. If they were too tight on the man when he's wearing them, out hunting, his feet could freeze very easily. They would wear caribou socks inside their winter boots and they made sure that the boots were much bigger than the fur socks so that when they put them on they would be loose and keep the hunter warm. Those winter boots, the real hunting ones, never used to look nice, but they were warm.

When I made myself some boots, even winter ones, I used to have them tight because they look ugly when they're so loose. My mother-in-law and

my father-in-law told me, "You're going to get cold feet if you wear those tight boots."

But I never used to say anything because I did not like the loose ones for myself. But now, when it is too late, I do not mind wearing those loose boots. Now I wear any kind of boot whether it's loose or tight. I do not mind. I like to wear Inuit boots very much because they are light and I am used to them now. Although I can still make the tops of the boots I find it hard to make the bottoms because my eyes are getting weak and sometimes my stitches are too far apart. The square flipper seal skin for the bottom of the boot is also hard for me to sew at my age. I cannot chew thick skins now so I do not do it any more and don't do much sewing. I still can sew. I know that. But my sewing is no good now. If I want new boots for my husband, my daughter-in-law or daughter must sew them because my stitches are no good any more. Anyway, we never have much square flipper for the bottom of the boots because we do not do as much hunting today as they used to do in those days.

To make caribou clothing we would first have to dry up a caribou skin out in the sun with little rocks on it so the edges didn't curl up. When it was well dried we would scrape the first layer of skin off it, the dry part of the caribou skin, until it was all the same. Then, in those days, we used to sleep on them for a few days so that the skin of the caribou was touching flesh, our flesh, to make it softer. After that we scraped them again and made them damp with a little water, rolled them up tightly, tied them and then we would step on the caribou skins to make them even softer. Two caribou skins would be enough to make a parka for a man. When the first skin was prepared it would be kept in the porch where it was cold until the second one was finished. After they were both done we would cut them to make caribou

caribou coats, either the outside parka, or the inside parka, or trousers out of a single caribou skin.

Even if we do not have to wash them like we wash out clothes today they still involved a lot of hard work. We had to make sure the stitches were close to each other because if we didn't sew the caribou clothing and boots carefully the man who was hunting away from home might freeze himself or at least get very cold. So we used to be careful with our stitches and making the skins soft and pliable in those days. The older ones, the older people, used to tell the younger ones, "Make sure the stitches are close to each other so that no wind can come through. Make sure that the clothing is not too tight on the man."

My step sister and her sister-in-law made stitches that were far apart so their husbands used to carry needles with them to make repairs. If they went hunting, and the stitches happened to break, they would have to sew them up to stop the wind coming through. If we didn't sew well that would mean a cold day for the hunter. So we had to sew very carefully and prepare the skins properly before we cut them to make a parka, or pants, or mitts, or socks for the men.

I used to look for the nicest caribou skin for my husband. Some caribou skins have white on them and I used to look for one that had a big white stripe to make a pattern in the parka. When the white stripe on the fur was narrow it would go yellow but when it was wide it would stay white longer. However even the caribou skins with wide white stripes on them used to get yellow fast inside an igloo but outside they used to stay white. If I knew we were going to travel around a lot that winter I would make my husband a caribou parka with a white pattern on it, but if I knew we were going to stay

on at one place for a long time I would only put a little bit of pattern on it. In those days we women used to have to look after the caribou clothing very well. If we didn't then it was our bad luck because we would have to make new ones again to replace them. When the men came back from hunting they would take their outer caribou parka off and beat out the bits of snow that might be stuck in between the fur, with a little stick. Then we would have to roll it up to make sure it's nicely folded and put it in the porch. A man would have two parkas, an inside one and an outside one. He would wear the inside one around the house. The caribou clothing could be made to look nice and sometimes, some people would have very beautiful clothing, even the ladies. The more we took good care of the caribou clothing the longer it would last. So we used to have to take the very best care of all the clothing in those days.

In those days people would trade. They would bring in fox skins to the Hudson Bay manager and the people would get beads if they wanted them. That's how they used to get beads and the women would use them to make their packing parka look very nice. I used to admire the ladies with beads on their clothes but we didn't have beads so I never had a parka with beautiful beads on it for trim. But I used to sew a lot. Sewing mittens, boots and caribou socks, trousers, pants, and overalls for babies. A caribou hat for the baby. A packing parka for myself with fringes on it, mittens for myself, boots for myself and clothing for the children and for the men.

We used to make the packing parkas out of summer skins because they were not as thick as the winter ones. The summer skins had very thin fur while the winter ones had thick fur. The men never used summer skins for their outside parkas in winter time. Some men would wear one caribou skin parka but most men would wear two different parkas. The summer skin one was worn inside touching

the skin of the man with the fur turned inside and the outside caribou parka was worn with the fur on the outside. I remember, in the old days, Inuit men would wear caribou skin parkas in the summer time made from summer skins that didn't have much fur on them so they wouldn't get too hot. There would be many beads on the caribou skin packing parka, and they would collect many caribou teeth and sew them on after they had finished the beads. The ladies would have beads on the sleeves, on the back, in the front, with all sorts of trimmings, different kinds of things. My mother-in-law used to wear beads on her packing parka. I used to see her when my husband was a little boy and I was a girl. The only men I've ever seen wearing beads were Aulatnak and Nauyagrak. They had one wife and maybe she made them for her two men. That woman was not too pretty but she used to do a lot of sewing. She used to have many beads on her parka and her two husbands used to have beads on their parkas too, on the back as well as the front.

Other Tribes

Different tribes found it hard to greet each other. In the days of long ago, before my father and my mother, they used to kill each other. My father has told me such stories. He had heard them from his mother and father and his grandparents. Different tribes used to fight and even if they did greet each other properly they still wouldn't get along well. Different tribes had different dialects too. But they would understand each other because it was still the Inuit language.

If, for example, a young boy visited his next door neighbour, who was from a different tribe, and if while he's visiting a man there might say, "You are not a good hunter," or "You have funny eyes," or "Your mother was fat," or something like that. He could say "Your father is a thief".

The young man would not say anything if it was an older person that was talking to him in that way. But he would go home and tell his father or his brother or his mother and his mother would go to the man who said those things to her son or brother or sister. Then they would argue and sometimes they ended up fighting each other because they were from different tribes who probably had slightly different ways of life. They did that to prove they weren't afraid of the other tribe. A person who was older than the one being told off would go up to the man or woman and say, "What started this whole thing?"

Then it would develop into an argument after a short time. Different tribes used to argue. If they had fought, he would ask, "Who started the fight?" Or if they killed each other, "Who killed him first? Who gave the first shot? Who stabbed him first?"

There were once two old ladies from different tribes and they had two grandsons. One was from the Central Arctic and the other was from the Eastern Arctic. Before they have ever met or knew each other they both had grandsons, at the same time, so the babies were the same age. They talked to the babies and said, "You will be a good hunter. You will be the strongest man. You will be a fast runner."

The grandmothers would talk to their grandsons like that so that it would be true when the two little boys grew up to be men. One day those two women from different tribes met and lived in the same camp. The two old ladies became friendly with each other and one grandmother said, "If my grandson, this grandson of mine, that I've been teaching and keeping, cannot catch up with the animals, I will cry."

In those days the older people were the ones giving life and instructions to the youngest. Because, in those days, when a baby boy was born the grandparents would say he will be a good hunter and he was a good hunter, or they would say, he will fear no animal and the baby boy when he grew up would fear no animal. Some hunters could be attacked by animals very easily whereas other hunters, the brave ones, were not attacked easily. So when the grandmother said if my grandson cannot catch up with the animals I will cry, the other old lady said "and if my grandson cannot face an animal and be brave and if my grandson is killed easily by an animal I will cry."

The old ladies' two grandsons grew up and married. Before they met each other these two men were the strongest and the fastest runners in their camp. They had heard about each other so when they met they both started fighting a polar bear. They were from two different tribes. One was faster and he caught up with the polar bear and had killed it before the slow runner

arrived. There were several polar bears so then they fought them with their knives and the other one did not make a kill so they went home. The hunter who had killed the polar bears gave the meat away to the other people, because that was the way we used to live. We gave other people meat if we had plenty. When other people came that meant you had to give them the meat. So the young man who got the polar bears gave the meat away to the people.

The other old lady found out that her grandson had not killed any animal and that he was a slow runner so she began to cry. Her grandson was not faster than the other one and was not such a good hunter. The good hunter and the fast runner was giving the meat away but he could not give the fur away because the skin of a polar bear and the skin of a musk ox was the hunter's very own. He could give the meat away to anybody. So the hunter kept the fur of the polar bear and gave the meat away to other people who needed it.

The old lady who had a grandson that did not have any success in running and hunting the polar bear was crying and then after she cried, she used her magic to try and kill the other hunter. But the other hunter's grandmother was protecting him and he was saved by her.

That is how different tribes used to fight each other and kill each other. The magic could kill and the shamans would protect their youngsters. That is how life was in those days. Different tribes had to be very careful with each other because they could use their strength to kill. Or they could use their magic to make a man be killed by a beast or sickness. Different tribes were dangerous to each other if they didn't get along well. However, if they were friends, then there was nothing to be feared. Today we have to love each other.

The Land

That same summer we went onto the land. We walked with our belongings and a few dogs to a river where my father and his two wives fished. They caught a lot that summer because they had made a fish trap from the rocks and they would spear the ones that could not escape. Then we went caribou hunting but the fish we took with us did not last long as we had no meat. There were not many caribou close to where we were fishing that summer. We were getting hungry when we met some other people who were also caribou hunting. My oldest sister had recently got married and she was with them. They stayed with us for a while and then moved on. We stayed in the same place for a while to see if my father could find some caribou but there were none and we were still getting hungry. So my mother and father had to go back to the river where they had been fishing to get some of the dry fish that had been cached there..

It was a clear summer day and my parents left early in the morning. It was very beautiful all that day, there was hardly any wind. My father's other wife was staying with us to look after us, my little brother and me. That evening my father's other wife said, "There is a big black cloud up there. Look at it."

I looked at the cloud. It was certainly very big and very dark. My father's other wife called me "daughter". Perhaps she thought of me as a daughter. Anyway I thought of her as another mother because she was always with us and I knew she was also my father's wife. Then she said, "Daughter, there is going to be a thunderstorm."

I only answered "Yes", I could not say anything more because I was so scared.

"I'm sorry to see that you're scared but there is nothing else to be done," my extra mother reassured me. "There is going to be a thunderstorm and that's that. I know you're very scared of thunder, my daughter, so you go into the tent and do not come out. Go in with your little brother."

We did and my father's other wife said, "That thunder will see what he does not like to see at all."

Then she told me again, "Daughter do not go out at all. Stay inside the tent. Do not look at me."

I heard her walking away from the tent, she was not very far away and there must have been a hole, because I did not go out and I remember looking at her through a hole in the tent. I looked at her carefully. She told me not to, but I did. She put the oloo down which she had been using to scrape the fat off the seal skin and she wiped her hands on the grass. Then she put her pants down and stood up facing the dark cloud. "Here, here is what you want to see," she said to the dark cloud. "Here is what you want to see. See it. Look at it well. You want to look at it so look as long as you want."

After she had said that I sat down beside my little brother, not moving at all, waiting for her. She was outside a long time, but when she came in she said, "The thunder, the cloud, the dark cloud, it wants to stay around. Maybe, it wants to make thunder. Maybe, there will be a thunderstorm." My little brother and I went outside to play and I remember the big dark cloud. I looked at it, it was going away, it slowly went away and disappeared. I heard the thunderstorm and it sounded very, very far away. Then she said to me, "Daughter do not cry, the thunder will not come close to us." And I did not cry because I believed her.

That night when we went to bed she told me, "Your father and mother will

not come tonight. They will come the day after tomorrow."

I asked her to tell me some stories and I was falling asleep as she told them to me but she kept waking me up to finish them. Perhaps she was scared too because there could be polar bears or wolves where we were at that time. Or strangers coming in. So she tried to keep me awake in case anything happened but I was fast asleep again when she shook me, "Daughter, daughter, you have to wake up. I heard someone coming, there's someone coming now. You have to wake up." And when I woke up she said, "I will go outside and see who it is. So stay awake."

I was wide awake then, I sat up and waited for her to come back but it was only a dog. We went to sleep again and the next day my little brother and I played while my father's other wife dried the caribou skins that had been in our camp and scraping some fat off the seal skins. That night, when we went to bed, my father's other wife heard someone walking again and she woke me up saying, "Daughter, wake up, I heard somebody walking towards our tent. You must stay awake."

Then I heard my father's voice and I ran out to meet him. They had come back sooner than my father's other wife had expected and my father explained, "I have used my magic to come back home early. The dogs will not come back for a long time yet. But I was worried about you and the children. So I came back home early with my magic."

I could not understand everything my father said to my mother and his other wife but I now know that my father was a great shaman.

Father's Anger

I remember an old lady named Ukalianuk. She was very kind to me and I was always with her as she was so special to me. I was only a child so I always wanted to be close to her. One day we were travelling along and I was wrapped up in a caribou sleeping bag tied onto the sled. We were near Repulse Bay that time. Ukalianuk was my father's other wife and she was talking to my mother when my father said, "I will try and get some fish for us because we do not have any more food. I will fish here on this lake while I wait for you two because I am worried about my daughter and your daughter."

So my father stayed there not far from us while my mother and my father's other wife went off to get something from a meat cache. We were inside an igloo, my brother, my sister and myself, when we heard someone outside, walking around the igloo and about to go into the porch. My sister, Kasikiyak, went to the door and said, "That's my father. I will open the door for him."

She was going to take the snow block out but the youngest one, my brother, said "Do not open it my sister. It might not be my father."

My sister, Kasikiyak, who was the oldest, listened to our youngest brother and ran up onto the bed. She did not open the door and we all went to the bed. My sister and I, who were older than my little brother, thought it was my father but my little brother knew that it was not. When the man tried to open the door of our igloo we managed to stop him because there were three of us. Then he went away for a while, but later he came back. We were all alone so we were getting very scared and the man outside

in our porch asked, "Where is your mother?"

I did not know what to say but my little brother whispered, "Tell him my father is inside the igloo."

"He's in here," I said and again the man asked, "Where's your father?"

My little brother whispered once more, "Tell him my father's here."

So I yelled at the man outside of the igloo, "My father is here."

Then the man asked, "Where is your father's other wife?"

My little brother whispered to me, "She's here."

And I yelled at the man outside, "She is here."

Then, the man outside the door replied, "Your father might try and hit me so I am going away. I am scared now."

My little brother instructed me again, he whispered, "That's good, go away."

So I yelled out to the man, "That's good, go away now."

We were all scared, sitting so close to each other, huddled together, when we heard someone approaching our igloo again. Someone was running towards our igloo this time and my little brother who was younger than us said, "That is my father, now go and open the door."

My older sister opened the door for my father, he came in and looked at us. We were still holding each other's hands and my father asked, "You look so pale. You all look very pale. What happened?"

I told my father, "A man was trying to come into our house."

Then my father said, "He wouldn't do that to me. I know. He's scared of me."

My father went back to his fishing but this time he was fishing right in front of our igloo because he was worried about us.

A few days later we got all our belongings together to travel to another

place where the hunting was better. When we were ready to go my father became angry about something. I did not know but my mother was all ready by the sled waiting for my father and his other wife. She was still inside the igloo collecting a few things that she had forgotten. My father got mad, very mad, waiting for his other wife. I did not know he was carrying a knife, but then I saw it and my father stabbed his other wife. She was bleeding, the blood was pouring out of her parka but she was still alive. She walked all that day following us, bleeding all the time. I remember she walked behind the sled but before she started to follow us I saw her and heard her yelling. She turned around, back to where the igloo was and she yelled, "My name is Ukalianuk. The person whose name was Ukalaneke, who died, I thought he was going to be with me all the time. Even when he's dead."

I heard her saying that and then she followed us still bleeding. She caught up with us when we stopped, my father built an igloo and she helped bring our things inside. I remember my mother telling her not to do any work but Ukalianuk wanted to help and she did even though she was still bleeding.

But Ukalianuk survived, she was a shaman like my father, and I am sure she cured herself. My father used to get mad so much and when he lost his temper he would do anything. Since my father and his other wife were shamans my father knew he would not kill her. But he was so mad he stabbed her anyway. I am glad my father did not kill Ukalianuk.

When all the things were inside the igloo I remember my mother helped my father's other wife into bed. She made her comfortable and she put on the seal lamp. Then she gave her water to drink and after that she fed her. Ukalianuk only ate a little and then she fell asleep because she was still

bleeding. My father did not talk to her, his other wife, at all. He did not even look at her.

The next day we travelled on again, it was in the spring time and we saw some ptarmigans. My father took his gun, ran to where the ptarmigans were, aimed and fired. There were some rocks behind the ptarmigans and his first shot ricocheted back. The bullet hit my father's forehead, straight on his forehead. I saw my father fall down right after he fired, and my mother said, "Oh, you shot yourself. You have shot yourself."

She ran to him and I heard my mother say, "Wake up, wake up."

But my father did not move. So my mother walked around my father, circling him. I heard her saying words that I cannot remember now and then my father sat up and my mother kneeled down beside him. She helped him stand up and they walked over to us. I saw my father's head. There was a hole in it. I saw it. It was dark and I knew that my father's head had a hole in it. I remember it so well because I looked and there was a hole. It seemed dark.

Then my father touched his head with his hand and I heard the bullet moving around inside. We all heard it, but he was still alive. He did all these things to prove that he was a shaman, to let us children know and to let me know he was a shaman and was able to take care of himself no matter what happened. He was well and alive even with a hole in his head, his forehead, because he was a shaman. I realize now that when he stabbed his wife he intended to prove he was a shaman to us and to his two wives.

I saw that hole in his forehead and I cannot forget it. I was so scared. My father was smiling when he came to me and said, "Daughter, I have a hole in my head now. The bullet accidentally came back to me. I've got a bullet in my head now." He was smiling but my mother and his other wife certainly were not smiling when he said that.

It was very dark when we got to the camp. It was Uvinik's camp. They must have been expecting us because Uvinik's two sons came to greet us before we arrived. I remember my mother telling them, "My husband has shot himself accidentally. His bullet hit a rock and came back to his head. So go and tell your father that my husband shot himself in the forehead. Go and tell your father that."

The two young boys hurried back to where their father's camp was and it was not very long before Uvinik came to meet us. But Uvinik told my father, "You did that on purpose, didn't you?"

My father did not say anything and Uvinik laughed because he knew my father well and he just laughed at my father even though he was a shaman. My father said nothing, he just smiled back at Uvinik.

When we got to the camp with our dog team Uvinik, his sons and the other men tied up the dogs. They had built our igloo before we arrived so they must have known we were coming. They were definitely expecting us. So my mother and my father's other wife put the sleeping bags and our belongings inside the new igloo. We stayed there for three days and my father still had the bullet in his head. But on the third day the bullet came out of his head through the hole that it had made going in. He showed it to me. He woke me up and said, "Daughter, look at this bullet that was inside my head. It came out again from where it went in."

He showed it to my mother as well. I don't know what he did with it after that. Perhaps he threw it away.

I used to get so scared of my father because he used to get mad very easily. When he got mad he would do anything in those days.

Stepmother's Lies

My father had two wives and my sister was the daughter of his other wife. He loved the girl very much. But the mother left my father. And after a few years I heard that she had starved and died.

She had been telling lies about her husband and when he heard of this he did not say or do anything to her but she got scared. That is why she left my father.

She told people my father killed many other people because he was a shaman. She said he would put a curse on them and then they would die. She was a liar. Whenever she heard that someone had died, she would tell the people it was my father who made him or her die.

She did not hate my father. All she wanted to do was tell lies. I guess she had nothing much else to talk about. She was a liar. From those lies she became scared of my father and so she left him and moved in with her brother, Hapanak. She did all the work in her brother's house because his wife had just had a baby and she was not allowed to do any work or eat other people's meat. So, when she moved there she had to work hard.

My father would not kill anybody or think wrongly of anybody or about anybody. Most of all, he never dreamed of killing or putting a curse on anyone. But when this wife told lies about her husband the people started to believe her and they began to get worried. Then they told the RCMP.

We were out on the land hunting in the spring time, when the RCMP and the special constable came to get my father. They had heard that he put curses on other people to make them die and they took him to the settlement, Chesterfield Inlet, to ask him many questions.

So my father went to Chesterfield Inlet with the policemen and the special constable but he also took along his brother. After the policemen finished questioning my father they let him go but the people in Chesterfield Inlet wanted him killed by the RCMP.

They said to the policeman, "He has killed many people. He made them sick with his magic. Get rid of him. Kill him. We do not want him to kill other people again. So kill him."

Then the people asked my father, "How did you kill them? Did you kill the people with knives? Did you kill them with a gun? How did you kill them?"

The RCMP did not do anything to my father and the people themselves were questioned after that. They were jealous because he was a shaman and after a few days my father and his brother returned back to our camp.

The Thunder Man

It was fall and we were hunting with Mukpatuk and his family. The snow had come and we were already living in igloos. My father and the other men were getting their sleds ready for the winter. And I remember one day that year, that fall, there was a thunderstorm. I was so very scared.

About five sleeps away from us, there was another family whose name was Umuteriak and they were Uuhor. That same day they heard the thunder. But it was very bad there, the lightning burned up the little wood that they had and their sleds. It was most unusual for the thunder to come in the middle of the fall when the snow had arrived and we were in our igloos. Everyone was scared and wondered what might happen next.

But by the following day the thunderstorm had passed and my mother told me, early that morning, to clean the floor of the igloo. I took the shovel that my father had made and started on the floor of our igloo first and then went on to the porch. I was taking the dirty snow out when I saw a stranger so I ran back into my home and told my mother and father, "There is a man outside there. We've got a visitor. But he's all black. He's all dressed in black."

Then my father went outside but he came straight back in again. He thought that man was the thunder.

"My daughter has seen it," he said and my mother ran out too at that very moment while my father ran next door. He told the man who lived there, "The thunder man has come."

So the oldest man came out with my father and went up to the man who was dressed all in black. The old man asked the man, "Are you a human being?"

The man answered, "Yes, I am a human being."

Everyone smiled at each other when he said that for he clearly was a real human being. He was a Padlarmiut which is a different tribe to my family. He was all dressed in black because he was very poor and his face was dark, because he was so suntanned. The man's name was Amutnak and he had left his wife and family because they were starving. He had come for help.

My father brought him to our house, to our igloo, and my mother fed him and gave him clothes because his were so old they had turned black. My uncle used to joke, "We thought you were the thunder man." And the Padlarmiut Kamunark would laugh.

That same day my father and the other men went out to get his wife and children, they were very hungry. They were starving.

After that we used to laugh and joke about it but even before his wife came I remember the people asked him, "Are you real? Are you a human being?" And he would smile as say, "Yes," he was. He would explain again that they had gone hungry and that the reason why his clothes were black was because they were old and he had no other clothes to wear.

When my father came back with the man's wife and their children, he explained to my mother, "If he was the thunder man, it would have thundered. The thunder and lightning would have come when he came to our doors and into our igloo. But I'm sure he's not a thunder man because the thunder didn't come back again."

They asked my mother to adopt their little boy because they used to go hungry often. But my mother did not want to take their son away from them so she did not adopt him. Some time, some years later, we heard that this family had starved to death near Eskimo Point.

Nuanak the Murderer

I once heard of a man whose name was Nuanak, he had killed a man named Aleka and his brother. Nuanak wanted Aleka's wife so he killed the brothers and took their wife. But when he was living with the dead man's wife the policeman caught him and brought him to where they were staying. At that time my family and I were living there too and I remember my mother and father telling me to stay inside the house because Nuanak was around, the man who murdered two brothers. But whenever my parents were not looking I would go out and play, I used to play outside a lot. I did not think of fear so nothing happened to me, of course, the policemen were looking after Nuanak at that time.

Nuanak stayed at Katiktalik for a while with the RCMP and then they took him to Chesterfield Inlet. One day the RCMP and his special constable were going to make a trip to Churchill. They got the dogs and sled ready for the next morning. They put all the dog food on the sled and lashed them down with all their supplies before going to bed. While they were sleeping Nuanak made his escape. He took the RCMP's dogs and sled and went away.

At that time my father and my mother and myself were out on the land and Nuanak stopped by at our hunting camp. He showed my father all the things he had on the sled. He told my father that he sold a watch to the white man and the white man gave all those things to him. My father believed him and Nuanak went away, right then, because we did not know he was running from the RCMP. Nuanak kept on going, heading for Baker Lake.

That spring we were still in the same camp and the RCMP, their special constable and one lady, named Marne, came to look for Nuanak. They were

searching for Nuanak but they never found him as his tracks disappeared with the melting snow. They never did find him and no one knows whether Nuanak is dead or alive.

At that time, when the RCMP were looking for Nuanak, my parents told me that the Padlarmiut were starving. Many of them were starving that year and many Padlarmiut died because of that. If the white man did not come to help I suppose we would have all died. Especially the Padlarmiut.

The Ship and Alcohol

I remember when I saw my first ship. We were in Chesterfield Inlet then. We were in a tent in summer time and the ship was very close to us. It was very big.

There was a man whose name was Howly and he was walking around our tent hitting it as he went around. Then he came to the entrance of our tent and asked, "Where is your husband?" He was looking for my father.

He asked my mother again, "Where is your husband?"

And she told him, "He is out visiting."

But he came in anyway and talked for a long time. We did not know what had happened because this man was always nice to everybody, he never yelled, but this time he was yelling and laughing and almost falling down. Later on we found out that there was a drink that could make people drunk and make them have little minds. This was the first time we saw a drunk man and I was ever so scared.

Drum Dance

One time we were in a big family camp and we were all going to have a drum dance. My father, my uncle, my mother and other people all got ready and went to the dance. I went along too. Where we entered there was an old lady who was kneeling down right beside the door and her hood was tied up with a seal skin rope. She was singing a song, her eyes were tightly closed and she sang Inuit songs.

In the middle of the igloo there were two men that were having a fight. They were hitting each other on the head and one of the men would fall down each time he got hit. But when he tried to hit the other man, that man wouldn't fall down. After he had fallen down many times the woman who was constantly singing Eskimo songs opened her eyes and yelled out at her husband, "You cannot fight back. You cannot keep up with that man. You're not strong enough. You're not strong enough."

But each time the man fell down on the floor the people helped him up and he would ask the other man, "Are you going to hit me again? Are you going to hit me again?"

He would try and look straight at his opponent but because he had been hit so many times on the head he couldn't. He would squint and close his eyes and try and open them wider, saying, "Are you going to hit me again? Are you going to hit me again?"

The man kept asking the same question and his opponent kept hitting him down until, finally, he was taken away by his son.

After a long while, after they had had a drum dance, my uncle and another man played the same game, hitting each other on the head. I thought they

were serious because they were hitting each other so hard. But it was only a game to them to see which one was the strongest. The igloo that was built for the dance and the games was very big. Yet there were so many people even this big igloo was crowded. I remember my uncle's every movement in the hitting contest, maybe because I was hoping he would win and he did. But it was only a game to see who was the strongest of the men who fought.

The people were happy. The women played games too. The children had fun and the women sang songs to the men while they played the drum and danced. Everyone was happy, having a great time. That was the first drum dance I ever went to and I was amazed by it all. Whenever a woman started to sing, first, she would kneel down on the floor, close her eyes, then sway her body back and forth or from side to side. Only then after she started moving would she sing an Inuit song. Many women would kneel down beside her following her song and then a man would step out into the middle of the floor and dance with the drum. It was my first drum dance and I was so excited I was sort of scared and happy at the same time.

The man who got hit to the floor many times was living next door to us so my father went to see him. When he came home my father told my mother, "That man, you should go and see him. His head is so swollen it seems as if he's got two heads on him." That man was in bed for a long, long time.

Gifts and Trade

Later that winter we moved to another camp. We had a visitor and my father and mother explained to me that this man was the son of my grandfather's other wife. My grandfather had two wives and his other wife had been married before but when her husband died my grandfather took her as a second wife. When her son came and visited he gave my father two dogs, one named Alualuk and the other Asutsik. Alualuk was a leader so my father was very happy with his gift of two big dogs that he could put into his team. The man went back to where he was living and the hunting was good that year. My father fed his dogs, the dogs were very strong, we were not hungry and he kept those two dogs for a long time. To me they were very beautiful. Alualuk was smaller than the other dog. Asutsik had fur that was very nice. Those two dogs were so beautiful I cannot forget them. But on the day the ship brought supplies to the Hudson Bay store and my father was helping unload the ship he came home and told my mother, "One of the white men wants two dogs. I will give him Alualuk and Asutsik because they are the best ones I have."

I started to cry and I cried all day. My father had traded with the white man. He gave the white man the two dogs, the best dogs he had, and the white man gave him a rifle, some bullets, tobacco, clothing, cups and a knife. The white man had given him many things, my father was very happy, and I remember that the white man from the ship took Alualuk and the other dog, the beautiful dog, to where they lived. I do not know where that was. They went away by ship and maybe they went to their home. It was very sad to see my father's two beautiful dogs being taken away, by a white man, to his home, far away. I never saw Alualuk again.

The Curse of Anger

We were out in the land where there were hardly any people. We were living with one other family and I remember that my father and my step-sister's husband never used to get along very well. One time my sister's husband said to my father,

"You have scared your mother and because of that she died. It is your fault that your mother died." And when my father went home to his wife, my mother, my father said to her,

"That man who lives next to us, he said I killed my mother. I am upset because I did not kill my mother. She was well when I kept her with us. I did not kill her. That man, he always wants to win everything. And he always wants to be the boss. And he said that we always go hungry because I'm not a good hunter. And he will always be like that."

My mother said, "Will he? Do not talk like that my husband. Do not talk so because my brother-in-law is living in the same igloo as that man you dislike."

My father was upset for a very long time, my mother knew it, and one day my father said to her,

"My own brother lives in that same igloo with that man I dislike. So I will not think like that anymore because I might put a curse on my brother instead of the man I dislike."

Marriage

I remember when my step brother came to get me and he said, "Step sister somebody came to get you. You are going to be married. They are going to make you married now."

I said, "That is not true."

But my step brother assured me, "It is true. They came to get you because you will be married now."

Then I started to cry because I believed him. I had thought he was only joking. They told me to make tea, so I made tea. Then my father came in and said, "Daughter, get ready."

He told me to go with them and I still did not believe what my father was saying and I started to cry again. I cried for a long time and my step brother's wife started crying with me. I was still crying when my mother and father told me to get on their sled. But I did, and we went away. Just as we were about to leave my father gave me his belt, his own belt, saying, "I am worried about you, so do not ever lose this belt. It is my own belt. Do not ever lose this belt."

I could only reply, "Yes."

So we went to where my husband was. They just came and took me to be the wife of this man who I had never seen before. And I went and lived with him and my mother-in-law. I had a new mother-in-law as well.

At first I didn't even look at my husband to be, because I was shy of him. He did the same thing too. Perhaps he was shy or scared to say anything to me. But slowly we got to know each other by just living in the same place and by doing things together every day, whether it was something easy or something hard. I used to be very scared of my father-in-law because he would only

tell me something when he wanted me to do something. Other than that he hardly ever said anything to me.

There were some little children at the camp and they used to play outside all day until they got hungry or tired. I remember they used to suck from the breast of a dog and drink milk from her. That dog was a fierce one but she never hurt the little children. To me it was amazing. My new mother-in-law told me to stay and sleep at her place but I was only a young girl. So I would play outside with the rest of the girls and boys and we would stay up all night looking for ptarmigan and throwing stones at them. The two smallest children would drink milk from the dog and I told them to stop but they insisted that it tasted very good and they just kept on drinking the milk from that she dog.

Late one evening we were still outside, playing and looking for ptarmigan with two big boys who had caught some. One of them had more than the other and they started to fight over them.

He said, "I have more than you," and the other said, "No, you didn't."

So they started to fight and I told them, "I am the oldest of the children, and I will go and tell your parents if you fight."

When the two little children who were with us heard me saying that they ran to the tent and came back with their two mothers who said, "Don't you ever dare fight like that. You will never become a good hunter if you fight over animals." And they stopped fighting.

My husband, the man who was to be my husband, used to hunt a lot and sleep out on the land for many days. They would catch many caribou and bring them back to the camp. We used to have fun with all the children and I would help my new mother-in-law. One day I was helping her cook outside, and a woman, who was older than me, came up to me, looked me in the eye, and said, "Did

your husband tell you something?"

"No, he didn't," I replied, and then she went away.

Early that evening I was playing a sand bag game with the children and the other young girls, it's like throwing a ball but the ball is made from a piece of skin or cloth filled with sand. We had two teams and we would give it to one of the teams while the other team tried to catch it. We played that game for a while with just a few of us but then the man who was to be my husband joined in. Then the rest of the people, the men and their wives played too and we were playing for a long time when a man started to beat up his wife. I was so scared I ran into the closest tent and a little girl followed me.

The woman in that tent asked me why I was afraid and I told her that a man was beating his wife. She reassured us, saying, "They won't fight you. So don't be scared."

So we went back outside and just watched the man fighting his wife. The woman who told us not to be afraid followed us and said again, "Do not be scared because he won't fight you. It's her fault. That is why her husband is fighting her."

I wondered why the man was hitting his wife, why he was fighting a woman. But later on I found out she was going after my husband. When we were in Chesterfield Inlet I saw the woman again and I asked her, "When I was cooking that time, why did you ask me if my husband had told me? Why are you just smiling now?"

The woman did not say anything and she just walked away. A few days later my new mother-in-law scolded me because I had talked to the woman in that way. I was very scared of my new mother-in-law so I finally told her

that that woman had asked me even before I slept with my husband, "Has he told you yet?" I explained that I hadn't known the woman had been my husband's girl friend. My mother-in-law scolded me again, "Don't do that to people who are older than you. They could curse you."

"It's all right if they curse me," I replied, "that lady, Tuluguttuak, was no good because she will go after anybody's husband."

The Danger of Anger

I remember my mother and father went out with me to a different camp and we were travelling all day long for many days. I had a little brother, younger than me, and I remember my mother carrying him. I remember that my sister and her husband went along with us by dog team.

I was married then and I went with my first husband. His name was Ahsik and his Christian name was Isaac so white men called him Isaac but Inuit called him Ahsik. He was a very quiet man. My husband hardly said anything to anybody and he wouldn't get mad even when people tried to make him mad. We were going to follow my sister and we were in a hurry so we left my mother and father behind as they were still getting ready. They were going to catch up with us later.

We were just starting off when my little brother who was just two or three years old came running up to us, crying. My husband heard him and ran back to him, saying, "What's wrong, what's wrong with you? What happened?"

My little brother said, "My mother and father are fighting because my father had forgotten to put the caribou sinews on the sled and my mother just told him that, 'you always forget. You should put this on the sled, too. I do not want to leave it behind.' So my father got mad and they are fighting now."

We all ran back to where my mother and father were and I was a little behind my husband because I run slow. We could see a bit of my mother and father where they were fighting but they stopped the minute we got to them. My husband, my first husband, hardly ever used to say anything. He was a very quiet man. But as soon as he got there he said, "Your little son, your

little boy came running crying to me he was so scared. Why do you do that, my father-in-law? Father-in-law, you should not do that because we are not with other people, there are so few people around here. If you should have killed yourself with this rifle that you tried to kill yourself with, the RCMP would have thought that one of us killed you. The RCMP would think that I killed you or your daughter killed you or your wife killed you or your brother. That's what the RCMP would have thought. The RCMP might not believe us if you kill yourself and we have to tell them that."

I remember I saw some tears in my father's eyes when my husband said those things to him. Then we went on but a little while later my father's brother, my uncle and his wife came along and stopped by us with his dog team. When he found out what my father had tried to do, that he had tried to kill himself, my uncle talked to my father for a long time and my father did not say anything, he just looked down at the ground. Finally we travelled on with our dog team and when night came we built an igloo for us all so we were in an igloo together. That night my father was so happy and very kind to everyone in our family.

I remember my father very well because he had a bad temper, he'd get mad so fast. Whenever anybody said anything to him that made him very upset he would go home and want to kill himself, he would want to hang himself, or shoot himself, or stab himself, or drown himself, or freeze himself outside. I used to get scared of my father because he'd get mad so quickly.

Cruel Mother-in-Law

When summer came we went to visit my mother and father in three boats, ours, my uncle's and another family's. We were all going downstream together on a big river. There was an old lady in our boat and she was very thirsty but I was scared to give her some water although I felt sorry for her. One of the men said, "Sister, can you not hear my mother is thirsty."

But she talked back to the man, and said, "She won't die of thirst. I am scared because the waves are too strong at the moment."

Another woman who was in the same boat with us told me, "Give her some water to drink, I know she's very thirsty. Take that can from inside the boat. She has used it to urinate in but if you clean it and rinse it in the water I'm sure she won't mind."

So I took the can that she used for urinating and rinsed it in the river and gave her some water to drink. The old lady drank it very fast and then she asked me for some more water. I gave it to her half full, but she couldn't drink all of it, and then she asked, "Who gave me the water?"

"Me," I replied.

"I am so thankful. I hope you have a long life." Then she explained, "When I was young I was able to take care of myself but now I'm too old and people have to carry me around and it sometimes bothers me. It's very hard when you get so old and you cannot do things for yourself and you have to tell and rely on other people."

The waves were getting bigger and I was becoming nervous, scared of the big waves. We were still going downstream and we were travelling faster now. My mother-in-law told me and my brother-in-law to paddle and make sure we

don't hit any rocks. When we looked ahead there seemed to be all sorts of rocks sticking up out of the water. We would stop using the paddles because we were too scared and the boat went faster and faster as it was swept downstream. There was a man with his family in front of us and another family behind. The man behind yelled, "The water is going to swallow you." He yelled to warn the others and those in our boat. I wondered how the water could swallow us and then we passed through a swirling rapid.

From the mouth of the river we went along the coast to Chesterfield Inlet where I stayed while my family went back up the river to hunt. My step-brother worked at the Hudson Bay store. He slept at his brother's place and he told me, "Come and eat at my house because I buy lots of food and sometimes the food is never eaten. So come and eat at my house when you're hungry."

I stayed with a friend, at her place, and my step-brother would sometimes get me after his work and we would eat at his house. My friend's tent was two or three miles away from Chesterfield Inlet and her husband was very sick. He would become unconscious because he had a headache for a long, long time. My step-brother and I were in Chesterfield Inlet for quite a while as our parents were still out on the land. My uncle had adopted him away from his parents because they did not look after him well. So my uncle took him and gave him to my father who looked after him. That is how I came to have a step-brother.

As for the old lady, she was my mother-in-law's mother. The old lady's name was Umattok and her daughter did not take good care of her but her son-in-law did. My mother-in-law took better care of her when her husband was alive but when her husband died she hardly took good care of her mother at all. Sometimes she would not let her eat or drink water or tea for a long, long

time.

I was living in the same house as the old lady because she was my mother-in-law's mother. I used to want to feed her and give her water to drink but I was scared of my mother-in-law so I never did anything to help the old lady. I did not know she was not well cared for when I first moved to my mother-in-law's place. So I wondered, when I first saw her, why she was near the entrance of the tent, so close to where the wind came in. But I knew later on that her daughter did not take good care of her or feed her well. I noticed the old lady, where she was placed on her bed. My mother-in-law and I brought in some meat and put it next to my mother-in-law's bed. The old lady, Umattok, would say, "I am hungry."

But her daughter would not even listen to her. It seemed as if she didn't hear her mother say she was hungry. When Umattok said she was hungry again I took some meat and caribou fat and cut it into small pieces and gave it to her. She asked me, "Who are you?"

I told her it was me and she said, "Tamnanuak, my daughter, would not give these to me but you have given them to me so thank you and I will eat them."

She was so thankful she cried. She couldn't see because she had become too old. She was not sick but she had become too old and she had become blind.

When they travelled from place to place to hunt they would put her on the sled and tie her there so that she wouldn't fall off.

My husband, who was the old lady's grandson, he took good care of Umattok, but he died too soon. The lives of my mother-in-law, her relatives, daughters and sons, were very short. My husband died first. The old lady told me and my husband, "When people die I know that they are still living. So when I die I will help you because you have helped me so much. But sometimes they

say people make mistakes. Some dead people would make a mistake and kill people they do not want to kill." Then she went on, "My daughter and Ikegrak, her son, I am so scared of them. I am tired of being scared of them. I you two could only live for a long time and have children and grandchildren like me. I only hope that you two will have long lives."

When we went out hunting with my husband and his family that winter my father-in-law said, "I do not like being out on the land, I prefer being near the sea. Sometimes I am scared of being in the middle of the land. It is dark. But one day I will die, I know this. When I die I would like to be close to the sea because the sea is beautiful. Because I love the sea."

It was not long after that when he died. He also used to say "If people think wrong of me. If people who might be happy, possibly having a drum dance, or people who might be sad, perhaps a relative dying, if they should think wrong of me, do not ever believe them because I do not think wrong of others."

My father-in-law died from sickness in his leg. His ankle was swollen and he used to complain about it even when he was young. As he got older his enlarged ankle became more and more swollen, and that is the reason why he died. His grave is in the middle of the cemetery behind the weather and radio station.

When her husband died my mother-in-law became very mean towards her mother. She would not let her eat for a long time and she would not let her drink. She would tell her, "You're no good. You have no reason to live. You should die."

When my mother-in-law said such things to her mother, my husband would sometimes say something to stop her from talking that way. One time he told

his mother, "I will only stop taking care of my grandmother when she cannot eat or do anything. If she was not alive we wouldn't be here now, even you, my mother, you wouldn't be alive if it were not for my grandmother. So as long as I am here and as long as I can carry my grandmother around, I will take good care of her in the best way I can."

After he had said that, my husband told me to get ready because we were going hunting. We had not gone very far when he saw some caribou. There were four caribou coming towards us. My husband was carrying his grandmother and he was in a hurry to take her off his back as he was also carrying his gun. He hit her accidentally in the rush and my husband's grandmother said, "I'm only in your way. Please just leave me here."

Then my husband told her again, "As I have said before, if you were not alive I wouldn't be alive so when I want to get rid of you and if I get tired of you it will be because you cannot breathe any more. While you're breathing I will never leave you. You are not very heavy."

I know very well that my mother-in-law wouldn't even think of carrying her mother and I know and understand she would just leave her mother in an old camp if she was alone with her.

Death of My First Husband

Before my father-in-law died he told my husband, "Son, I will die soon. After I die, one year later, on the same day, in the same season, try and remember the day I died. When that day comes next year do not forget these things that I will tell you now."

My husband would always say, "Yes," to his father because we younger people in those days could never say "No," to our older people.

"These are the things that I will tell you not to do so do not do them until a year has passed and the anniversary of my death has come. When that day arrives, then you can do all the things I now forbid, then you will be able to do them all again."

He instructed his son as follows, "Your first caribou, the very first caribou you kill after I die and only that one. Do not eat the bone marrow from it and do not break the bones so you could eat the marrow because I know that it will hurt my leg as I have been sick with my bad leg for a long time. When you cut off the legs of the caribou just leave them but do not put rocks on top of them and before you leave them, take the meat off the legs. However, as for the caribous you catch after that first caribou, you can do anything with them. You can eat the bone marrow, and you can give them to anybody you wish to give them to."

After his father died my husband went hunting with his younger brother and they caught some caribou. His brother was gathering up some rocks in order to be ready to cache a caribou, while my husband was busy cutting them up. Then his brother stopped what he was doing, broke a bone and took out the marrow and ate it. He forgot to tell his brother he had eaten the bone marrow and my

husband had forgotten to tell his brother that his father had told him not to eat the marrow of the first caribou he caught. His brother was only a young boy, perhaps eleven or twelve years old. Unfortunately it was the very first caribou that my husband shot after his father's death and ever since then my husband had trouble with his back.

His back started to hurt when he was carrying his grandmother. He was walking along on a wet day, the ground was damp, and he stepped on some loose grass and fell. When he slipped he said, "I hurt my back a little bit."

Ever since then he had trouble with his back and it was from this that my husband died. That fall we went caribou hunting and my husband only caught a few because his back was bothering him so much. We met up with my father and mother, my husband's back was getting worse, so my father went to Chesterfield Inlet and told the nurses. Then the RCMP came and got my husband. It was the year the RCMP lost his wife. I was carrying my second oldest child. We moved to where the RCMP's house was and when my husband continued to get worse my mother-in-law told me to sleep at my father's place. My mother gave me my brother's sleeping bag because I did not have one and then my father asked me, "Why do you come and sleep at my house? You have a husband. Why don't you sleep with your husband?"

It was a fair question because my husband and I already had one child so I explained to my father that my mother-in-law told me to sleep here. Then he said, "You have a husband. You should stay with him. You have a child. You should stay with your child too. So do not come here, to my house, to sleep again."

When I tried to sleep with my husband my mother-in-law would tell me not to so when my mother gave me a sleeping bag and a caribou mattress I went home. But then my mother-in-law told me to go to my father's place and sleep there,

and I did. Then my father said, "When my daughter was young they came to get her, even when she was crying. Now that she loves her husband her mother-in-law does not want her to sleep with him any more."

I didn't know that my father intended to talk to my mother-in-law but before he did he asked me, "Daughter, do you love your husband?"

I answered my father, "Yes, I love my husband very much."

Every day I went home but at night my mother-in-law would tell me to get out. I did that to help her during the day time but at night she would send me home even though I was not feeling well at the time. Perhaps that's why she would send me home to my parents' place.

Finally my father told me not to go back to my husband again. I didn't go home for two days after that. But on the third day my mother-in-law came to get me and said, "I was thinking that I lost a daughter-in-law. So that's why I came here."

Then my mother said to her, "My daughter is not a very attractive woman so no one will take her away from you. No one will take your daughter-in-law away from you. She has told me that you do not want her to sleep with her husband and I did not believe her at first but now I do."

It was at about that time when I almost lost my little daughter. She almost froze. I must have been so clumsy. The RCMP gave each one of us a new blanket but my mother-in-law kept them all. She gave my husband just one blanket, although he found the place cold. So when my mother and my mother-in-law started to argue, the argument went on for a long time. I was beginning to get scared when my father finally said, "I told my daughter to stay here because she was not feeling well and because I thought you didn't want her as a daughter-in-law any more. It is me that made her stay in my house two days."

Then my mother-in-law replied, "We couldn't find a woman so we will never get tired of your daughter."

My father continued to explain, "She is my only child that is alive now. All the rest of my children died. She seems to be the oldest and the youngest one because she is the only child we have. Next time you tell her to sleep at my house I will never let her go back to your house again."

When he had finished my mother-in-law went out right away but I didn't go with her. I was with my parents all day and when the evening came my father told me, "Daughter, go to your mother-in-law. When they are getting ready to go to bed perhaps she will not tell you to go out and sleep at my house again."

So I went home to my mother-in-law and I slept with my husband that night. That is when I almost froze my little daughter. I woke my husband up and we cried when no one else could hear us. My husband used to be scared of everyone but just before he died his life changed a lot. Even if my mother-in-law scolded and nagged him my husband wouldn't get angry or talk back to her. Maybe that's why she always used to scold him. But just before he died he would talk back to his mother.

My husband died in the summer time, and then the doctor came to Chesterfield Inlet. I used to work at the doctor's house and I used to think that because the doctor could operate perhaps he could have operated on my husband and saved his life. It is a pity the doctor came too late. After my husband died my mother-in-law never used to tell me to go out. She only used to say, "If you want to visit your mother and father go and visit them any time you feel like visiting them."

My mother-in-law had a brother who was so kind and nice to everybody. But my mother-in-law was completely different from him. All I can say about my mother-in-law is that she was no good. Anyway I didn't stay with my mother-in-law, I

left her place and she went out on the land with her younger son and her mother, my husband's grandmother. The old lady died soon after they left; I think they never used to feed her, I think she probably starved. When my mother-in-law and her son were going away her daughter wanted to keep her grandmother but my mother-in-law said, "No, I want her to be with us."

The old lady died not very long after that when they were still out on the land. My mother-in-law's brother was worried about his sister so he told me and my step brother to go over to their camp and take them some food and seal fat. He was afraid they might run out of seal fat for their oil lamp and they might go hungry. So we went there and brought them those things because the place where they were staying was not very far from Chesterfield Inlet.

The Doctor

The first white men I remembered were the store manager. People gave him a nickname, Isumatatnak, which means the little boss, and Atatasiagraluk was the bishop, which means the big father. The bishop had an assistant, a brother, who used to be called Ikayuktee, which means a helper to the bishop, and some RCMP, the policemen. Those are the first white men that I recall that came to Chesterfield Inlet to live there. The RCMP came to Chesterfield Inlet before the grey nuns, the sisters. The first policeman that I remember well was Kekeaksee, which means someone who nailed people. Inukyuak's husband was a policeman, Tautungi's father, Tautungi from Rankin Inlet. There was Kekeaksealuk, Igayitnak, the little cook, and Keelik, the man with grey hair. Those were the first policemen that I remember in Chesterfield Inlet when I was with the doctor, Kuklik's father.

I remember the summer when my husband died. It was in the middle of summer, there were many mosquitoes and I was working for the Hudson Bay Company. I used to wash the store after it closed. While I was there one of the RCMP, one of the policemen, told me that the doctor wanted me to work for him. But I did not say anything in reply to him. Each time he saw me he would ask, "Have you seen the doctor yet?"

I used to say, "No."

He asked me that same question too many times and then I ended up answering him back, "If he really wants me to work for him he will come and get me, but I will not go to his house and clean it up myself. He'll get me when he wants me to clean up his house."

After I gave him that same answer each time he asked me, he got tired and

stopped. That RCMP could speak fluent Eskimo.

After my husband died my mother-in-law invited me over to eat one Sunday morning after church. After we had eaten my mother-in-law told me and my sister-in-law to go and check the fish nets. So we went out to the shore at low tide, she had caught many fish. We left some of them at the point and took the rest to my mother-in-law's place. There were lots of fish that summer so when we got back from the nets my mother-in-law cooked for us and we ate fish head and drank tea. When we got home we were both sweating because it was so hot that afternoon. We had a cup of tea and ate fish. Then my mother-in-law said, "Aupudluk, I should comb your hair."

I used to scratch my head a lot. So my mother-in-law combed and washed my hair and then she told me, "You have lost a lot of hair. Look here."

There was a lot of loose hair, a lot of hair did come out when my mother-in-law combed it. My hair was very long at that time. So I drank tea and we three ladies were talking and laughing and making jokes when we heard someone walking towards our tent. Our tent had a door on it, a wooden door, and someone was coming in. My sister-in-law said, "I wonder who it is?"

So I said, "Yes, I wonder."

A man opened the door and came in. It was a white man and he asked in Eskimo, "Did I come into a wrong place?"

My mother-in-law asked him, "Who are you?"

The man replied, "I am the doctor."

I interrupted them and asked the doctor, "What do you want? Why did you come here?"

I knew he came for me and he confirmed this so I said, "I won't come with you because I'm working at the Hudson Bay store."

"I have talked to the Hudson Bay manager. He said I could come and get you, he said I could take you home."

I was saying "No," when my blind brother-in-law started talking to me. "Sister-in-law I cannot buy you things, I cannot buy clothes for you. If you work for this man you can buy yourself some things that you like. I am blind and I cannot buy those things for you, I cannot work."

After my brother-in-law, the blind man, talked to me, it was my mother-in-law's turn. She said the same things, she said she couldn't look after me and buy me the things I wanted and liked. So in the end I said, "Yes."

The doctor waited, I told him, "I'm still eating."

But he said, "I've got food at home so you can eat at my house."

"You don't have real food like Eskimo food," I said.

"I've got fish and meat at home too."

Then I told him again, "I will only go there after I have finished eating."

At last he said, "Yes." He tried to wait but he went out before me.

Then my brother-in-law spoke to his sister and me, "Sister take her to the doctor's house. Then she will be able to look after herself. My brother cannot buy the things for all of us. He is the only one working in our family."

So I worked for the doctor, cleaning his house. That's when ^{Har-lik} ~~Kuklik~~ was born. After that the doctor asked me to go with him to his home in the south but I said no because I was scared. Before he left he said, "There is a doctor coming to replace me. You are going to still work for him. Do the same things that you do for me. Clean up the house and cook for him."

Brother's Death

Sometimes shamans could not help other people with their magic, when they get sick. So my brother died even though my father was a great shaman. He was married and had three children when my brother died from a heart attack. His children are Dennis Kalasik, Maryann Puyuat, and Tommy Tudlik. He died when they were just small, when they were camping out on the land between Rankin Inlet and Chesterfield Inlet.

When I heard that he died I thought I'd never be happy again because he was my only brother. I did not have any sisters or any brother other than him. It was the end of the world to me when I found out he was dead. I thought I would never get over it and a few days after he died I used to think to myself, "Why wasn't it me that died? I cannot hunt. My brother hunts. He's more useful than I am. I am no use to my family and my relatives. Why didn't I die instead of my brother?"

I used to think that because my mother and father's heart had broken. They were very sad because my brother was their only son. He had trouble with his heart after the doctor left. Perhaps he would have been safe if the doctor were there. Perhaps my brother would have had pills for his heart if there had been a doctor in Chesterfield Inlet then.

Giving Birth

Ever since my young days I remember what my mother and father used to tell me about other women delivering their babies. I, myself, have experienced that.

I remember, in those days, when a woman was having a baby, no children or men were allowed near or inside the tent or igloo. Children and men were not allowed to watch a woman delivering a baby. That was the way it was said to be and meant to be, and that was the way it was.

When Hako became my husband and I was pregnant and the baby was due, I would give birth even if he was around. With him I could eat any meat that any hunter caught. But when I was with my first husband I was with a different family. So when I had my first baby, I was not allowed to eat after I had delivered it, even after many days. I was only allowed to eat very little, even if I was hungry. They thought, and they believed that if I ate any kind of meat after the birth of my first baby I would die. The baby would also die if I ate any kind of meat that any hunter caught. If I did eat it had to be meat without bones. I was not allowed to eat meat with bones in it. That was the way it was in those days and the rules had to be followed. I think my first baby died so young because of that.

When it was about two years old my father told me to give it to my cousin because he knew that I could not look after the baby well. I did not know how to take care of a baby. My cousin had many babies, but they all died when they were a few days or a year old, she never had any success with a healthy baby. That is why my father told me to give the baby to her, because I could not look after it as well.

Inuit Games

We used to play many different kinds of Inuit games. People used to get very happy and excited when they were playing. One time my husband and the other men were playing sand ball when he accidentally hit someone. We thought the other man had died. I remember another incident at Chesterfield Inlet when all the men were playing football. My brother-in-law Inuksuk hit a man when he was running and the man fell down and broke his leg. It was the white man's football game with a white man's football. They were playing in front of the missionary's house and there were a lot of ladies watching the game and cheering. Right after the man's leg broke two men took him to the nurses at the hospital.

The Inuit used to play with a sand ball and another game was played with two men pulling each other. Sometimes two men competed by hitting each other on the head or the shoulder to see who was the strongest. I thought they used to be angry at each other when I was little but later on I discovered that they were always happy when they played that game. There was one game that was very interesting to me. Two poles about five or six feet long would be stuck in the snow and a rope would be tied between them. A man would jump on the rope and swing around it. To me that was very interesting.

Inuit women used to play games too. They would play some of the games that the men played or they would have a game of their own like blindfolding themselves and trying to catch the children. Sometimes they would play just like the men, to see which woman was the strongest. When the women hit each other on the forehead or on their shoulder the strongest one would fight with many other women. But I only saw that when I was very young.

Haunted Houses

My son, Niemialik, used to tell the story of the haunted houses at Katiktalik. He said there was nothing to be scared of although you could hear the spirits making noises and walking around and you could see shadows inside the house. But there was only shadows and noises and they didn't bother people. The shadow-like shapes are only visible when you are inside the house with them. They are thought to be both white people and Inuit who used to live there and died from sickness. There were some policemen there once and it is thought that the shadow-like shapes belong to those of them who died there.

Katiktalik is just behind Daly Bay and the houses are still standing although they do not have any more windows. There are still pieces of cloth laying around those houses. Perhaps the windows were broken by passing polar bears who went inside, there are also many tracks of foxes. Outside the houses there are caribou tracks. It is believed that Katiktalik is haunted because the people who once lived there liked it so much they went back to that place. The people who died there came back to that place even when they were dead. But they don't bother people.

Komatnak and Niemialik were there when they were trapping and they both said there's nothing to be scared of. They said they could hear noises but they couldn't really see the people that were dead there, only the shadows. They could hear some people walking about upstairs but they couldn't see them, they said there's nothing to be afraid of. Those spirits do not mean to kill people so they don't bother anyone. It is known that many many people died there, there are many graves there.

In those houses, in those haunted houses, you could hear music and people

dancing. At night when no one was there you could see the houses with their lights on and hear voices. My son has been there and has gone into one of those houses. I have not been there for a long time. I used to go there with my mother and father when I was a little girl.

Parents and Grandparents

My father was a great shaman but he used to get mad very easily. When he was angry he used to want to freeze himself or kill himself or stab himself. My husband's father, Kako's father, was shorter and skinnier than my father and he had lots of grey hair even when he was young. They were brothers. But my father was taller than his brother, and even when he was older he had no grey hair. Our parents died when my youngest daughter was very little but Kako's mother died a little later. I think my daughter can remember her.

Both my parents were older than Kako's parents. My mother's name was Kakunilik and my father was Nakyuk. Nulieayuk was Nakyuk's father. When Tautuk's wife died Nulieayuk felt sorry for Tautuk so he gave one of his wives to him. My father got married not long after that. His brother, Kako's father, did not get married for a long time so he helped him find a wife. There was a woman named Kakunielik and Kako's father married her mother. Later on Kakunielik had two husbands. My husband's mother had three children; Inuksuk, Pisuktie, that's my youngest daughter's name, she is named after her, and Udlieak, her uncle. She also had two twin boys but one of them died and the other one who was adopted died some time later.

Not long after we'd moved to Chesterfield Inlet my mother died. After that Kako's parents died and his sister died. She was married then but she died too.

Kunga, Pisukti, Natchuk

Kako's sister died because she was sick. When she was a baby she was loved by her parents very much and her mother would ask her, "What is your name?"

"Pisuktie," she replied.

"What is your other name?"

"Tulugkknat."

"And what is your other name?"

But she would say, "I don't know."

In this way the mother would ask her what her names were and she would say her names. One day the little girl got tired of her mother continually asking her and at last she said, "My name is Natsik."

So the little girl named herself "Natsik" and everyone called her Natsik after that. Her real name was Pisuktie. My father loved her very much, she was my uncle's daughter.

I had many baby girls and my father-in-law did not like it, he used to want to kill the babies if they were girls. So my mother-in-law and I cried when he wanted to kill one of my baby girls. That baby girl had the same name as my youngest daughter but my husband said even if they are girls I will try and feed them. So my father-in-law did not kill my baby girl. My husband told his father, "I can hunt now and I can provide food for all my family. Girls can be useful because long ago men used to fight for them. So I will look after my daughter. I don't want my daughter to be killed by you."

My father-in-law did not kill the baby but when the girl grew up she did not live long. She was still only a girl when she had headaches and died. It turned out that my father-in-law loved that girl most of all my children. He did not

kill the girl but she died from sickness. She complained about a headache for two days and on the third day she died.

Her namesake, my youngest daughter, was born at Kakvik. She must dig when she goes to Kakvik. That is what the people do when they are old enough to go to the place where they were born. If she goes to Kakvik she would go to where our tent was and kneel down and pretend to dig on the ground. That is the way it used to be and it is still followed. I don't know why but with the Eskimos of long ago it had a meaning.

We used to be at Kakvik, there were many wolves there and on the day my youngest was born there were many wolves around. They would be quite close, some were dark black. But the children used to play outside anyway. One time they came home and said to me they saw a little dog. But it was not a little dog, it was a fox. That fox was drunk. While my son and his cousin Remey were playing, that fox came up to them and ran under the sled and tried to bite them. Remey's older brother's dog caught the drunk fox and took it home.

My youngest was born when the small lakes began to freeze. The lakes were covered with new ice so my mother-in-law used to go fishing by standing on a rock. She used to fish to find me some food. Then my mother-in-law gave me some caribou meat and she said, "If you really like slim women, try and pretend you're taking the meat off this caribou sinew and make sure that all the meat is off the sinew. Pretend you're rinsing the meat and rinse it well, if you want to believe what I'm saying. If you want to have a slim girl pretend you're rinsing the meat that you are going to eat."

So I pretended to rinse the meat I was going to eat and I really rinsed it more than once. Then my mother-in-law said, "You were only supposed to do it once."

After she had eaten she started to laugh. She laughed so much I asked her what was wrong. "I told you to pretend to rinse the meat, just to pretend, but you, you were not pretending. That is why I'm laughing at you," she said.

My youngest daughter was still a little baby when we went to Chesterfield Inlet. When we got there she was baptised by Atata Kuktamou. My mother-in-law marked the day she was born because we had calendars then. We used to get the calendars from the priests.

My Children

My father died at the hospital in Chesterfield Inlet because he was sick. Kako's father, my uncle, died when we were living in an igloo at Chesterfield Inlet. He was sick so he died. That same year a lot of people and a lot of children died from sickness. Nearly everyone got sick, there were so many people that got sick and so many of them that died. My husband and I never got sick but our two oldest daughters died that year, before their grandparents died. They were grownups when they died, when they got sick, so we named our youngest daughter after them and her names are Kungayuak, Pisukte, Kaak, Natsuk. Those were the names we gave her, even before she was born, and those are the names of my daughters who died that year when the great sickness came to all the people in Chesterfield Inlet.

Pisukte was not originally one of her names but when she was a little baby she got very, very ill. Her head was swollen, she was very ill and she was going to die. But her grandmother gave her another name, Pisukte, and ever since she got the name, Pisukte, she got well. That is why she is alive today because her grandmother gave her the name Pisukte.

My oldest child's name was Ikotuyoitok. And the second oldest was Paulinak and that was her only name, Paulinak. And Karlik was the third one. Then Ikviksak. After Ikviksak, Kungayuak and then Inuyak. There were two that died, one girl and one boy. After Inuyak there was Okpik; then after Okpik there was Niemialik. Then after Niemialik there was Kungayuak. She was the youngest one. I have had twelve children in all. Out of the twelve there are only five alive now, some of them died. Two of the babies were not alive when they were born. One was premature and the other one was nine months old but it came out dead.

I had been travelling with my husband and I didn't know I was expecting.

I was so excited and happy about going hunting with my husband that I was running alongside the sled and jumping on it. We were alone as I had left my children with their grandmother. It was a very lovely day, it was not cold and we were having a great time. I would run beside the sled when the dog team was going fast and jump on the sled to get on while it was going. It was getting darker so I was feeling a little cold. To keep warm I kept on running and jumping on the sled. I didn't realize that I was squashing my baby inside me.

My husband had just finished the igloo and I had just stopped bringing the things inside when I felt the first pain of the delivery. I knew it was coming out. When it came out the head was all squashed. So I said to my husband, "It came out but it hasn't cried yet."

So he came up to me and said "Ehhhh" which means that something was wrong. We had a little laugh but it was not a real laugh, and then he said, "The head is all squashed up. You must have done it today when you were running along beside the sled and jumping on it."

He had been telling me to be careful when we were travelling with the dog team. But I had said it wouldn't happen, it wouldn't die. My husband had even told me, "The baby could die because you're jumping on the sled."

So we just had a laugh as the baby was not alive when it came out. My sister-in-law cried for the dead baby. She had sewn all the clothes for the baby. She had made a hat for it and boots for it so perhaps that is why she cried. When she was crying she said, "I'm going to throw the baby's clothes away."

So we just laughed at her.

Ietukuk

Pisuktie's child's name is going to be Ietukuk, but she will be a nice person and the baby will love other people.

Ietukuk was a woman and she was married but her husband did not take good care of his mother. When her husband was around Ietukuk would treat her mother-in-law in the same way because she was scared of her husband. Ietukuk was Kako's mother's aunt. My father has never seen Ietukuk because she died before my father was born. Her husband wanted me to be called Nulieayuk and that is why my name is Nulieayuk. Ietukuk had one child and the child's name was Niviovak. Ietukuk was from the central Arctic and her close relations were from there too so when my youngest daughter has her child her child's name is going to be Ietukuk which means giving, someone who is always giving. When that child is big enough he or she will always give anything to anybody, even a valuable thing. That will be Ietukuk and that's all I know about her.

The Great Sickness

One we were very sick and Elee brought us to the settlement, Chesterfield Inlet. My youngest was a very tiny girl, she was so small that Elee had to wrap her up in a caribou sleeping bag and tie her to the back of the sled. My son was only a boy. He was also very small and his older sisters were also with us.

Elee was in the camp with us with his mother. The others had abandoned his mother, Elee, and Elee's sisters and brothers. She was a widow so the people who were with her left them behind and my husband brought them to our hunting camp. They left the widow with her children, behind. It was just after the death of her husband when no one could take care of her and her children. They didn't want to.

Elee's father died at the time the great sickness came to the Inuit. My two oldest daughters also died. There were a lot of people that died from sickness that year. We were in our summer camp when we got ill, we couldn't move, and winter came, so we had to stay in our summer camp all that winter. It was in the middle of winter when we became very sick. Everyone that I knew, every family that we'd met and knew, were struck with the sickness. It was in the muscles and when my muscle sickness began my husband was out hunting. A few hours after he came back he too got very ill.

Elee was only about fourteen years old. I remember, when he was bringing us to Chesterfield Inlet, he used to cry because he had a hard time and he was also suffering from snow blindness. We had one sleep on our way to Chesterfield Inlet. My husband had to give instructions to Elee so that he could build the igloo. I was sleeping all the time. I couldn't stand up so they had to drag me with a caribou skin to bring me in and out of the igloo

from the sled. I hated myself for that; I wished I could have helped Elee more. Somewhere in between our camp and Chesterfield Inlet my husband lost his mind but I don't recall the exact place. He was unconscious so we left a few of our belongings there and I remember, at that moment, I was so very scared and nervous.

Elee saw some of the houses although I couldn't see them. He wanted to walk to the settlement to get help but I did not want him to go. I thought he might be too long and I thought my husband would die so I told Elee "I cannot help your uncle and he might freeze. I cannot do anything to help him. So let's leave the belongings here and go to Chesterfield Inlet."

So, we left our belongings not very far from the settlement and I remember now that my baby daughter was not tied to the sled. I do not know how she didn't fall off. I was only thinking of my husband. I didn't think of her or my little boy. I was so worried about my husband. My baby was only tiny but I didn't carry her on my back because I was too ill. I do not know how she lived through the cold.

The dogs wouldn't listen to Elee either. They were not scared of Elee because he was not their master, so they didn't listen to him. Oh, how I wished that they would listen to Elee. Even when he tried to whip them they didn't listen. We were getting close to the radio station when the dogs got worse. Elee whipped them again but it did no good. We were right in the middle of the station when I told Elee to look at my husband to see if he was still breathing. He was still unconscious. Then I said, "Okay. Elee, go to the RCMP and get help now, quickly. See if the dogs will listen to one of the policemen. Quick, go and get help."

So he ran to the RCMP's house, crying. We didn't have to wait long before the police came and Okaktee was with them. The dogs that would not

obey Elee were just like toys when the men, the police, handled them, and they brought us to the hospital. My youngest daughter, her brother and sisters went to their grandmother's and later the RCMP gave us a house. When the policeman took us to the hospital, he carried me up the stairs as if I were a little baby. I had been ill for so long that I weighed very little. I hadn't been able to stand up because I had a muscle sickness.

It took us a long time to get from the camp to the settlement, because of the dogs. They were not used to Elee and his commands. Thinking back, it was hopeless. I was not scared myself, but thinking back, it must have been a very, very hard time for us, especially Elee. He had such a hard time. Elee, the boy, cried most of the way. Perhaps he got snow blindness from crying, crying too much. Oh, I felt sorry for Elee at that time when he tried to bring us to Chesterfield Inlet. Today he can handle the dogs, any dogs, I know.

After it was all over we moved to Rankin Inlet where my husband was working. Elee came alone by dog team from Chesterfield Inlet to visit. There were some caribou along the way so he caught some and brought them to Rankin Inlet for us.

Hospital

But there's one good thing that the white men have brought with them. Hospitals and doctors. I would have died if there were no doctors. I am a sick woman and often have to go south to hospitals.

That is what is bothering me now. Now that I'm used to this new life, my sickness is what is bothering me. When I'm away at the hospital, away from my family, I worry about my family and they worry about me. But yet we cannot see each other.

I often ask myself, why do the doctors want me to live? Why are they making me live? They are just wasting their money on me. Even the government are wasting their money on me. I wonder how they could do it?

But thinking carefully I know why they send me away. Because they want me to live, because they want me to have a longer life and be with my family as long as I can.

Out on the Land

We used to be out on the land, out on the land where there was freedom. Life was full of happiness when we lived out on the land.

On the land where there was freedom, we used to hunt for the food that may come to us. The food that my father hunted, trying his very best. It was a hard life but at that time it did not seem hard because that was the way we used to live.

We used to live out on the land, or by the sea, or on an island, wherever we wanted to go. But now it is sad to know that I am in one place for the rest of my life. Our lives have changed so much. The old ways have gone.

It's a very sad thing to live a confined life this way when I have not lived or experienced a life of that kind from the beginning.

My life has changed ever since I was a little girl and the stories I used to hear have changed. Only gossips are heard now.

I am in one place, we cannot travel, we cannot travel around. I am only in one place. My life is not free any more. I try to get used to it for a long time. Now I am used to it. But it took me a long, long time to get used to the way of life we now live.

Living in a house, taking care of a house, staying in one house for many years. Staying in this prison, it is like a prison, this house that you work so hard in and yet get no pleasure out of.