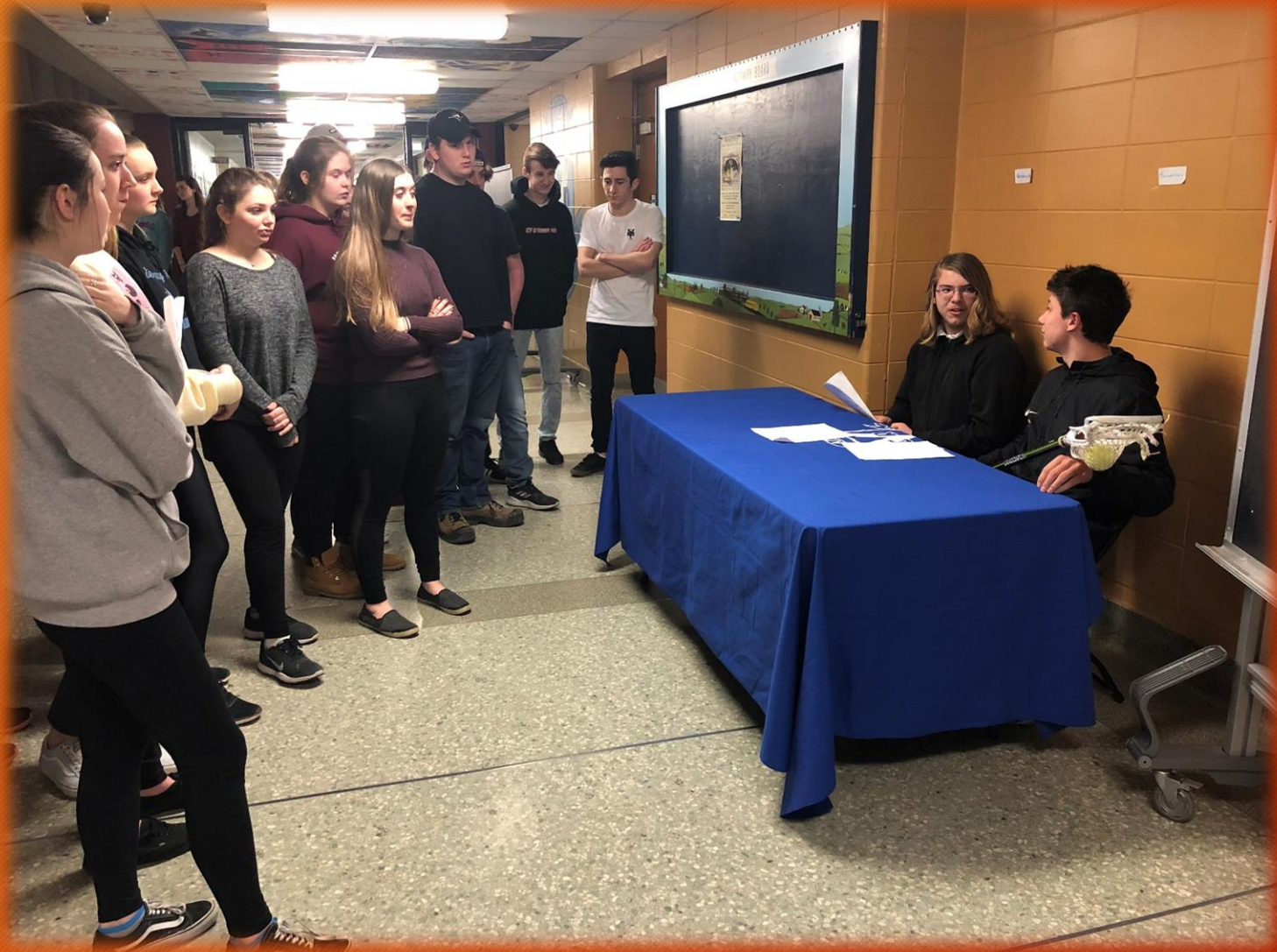
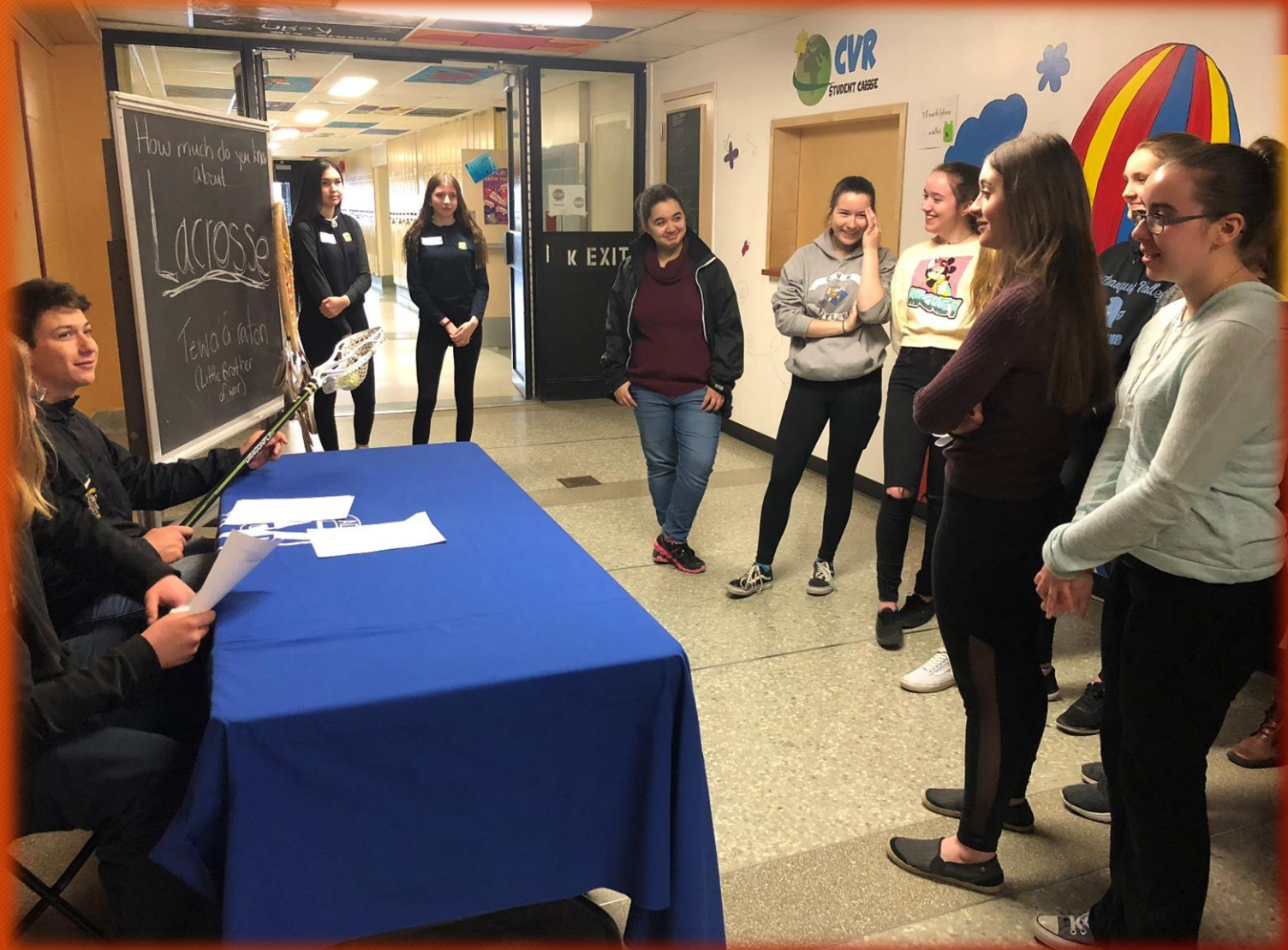
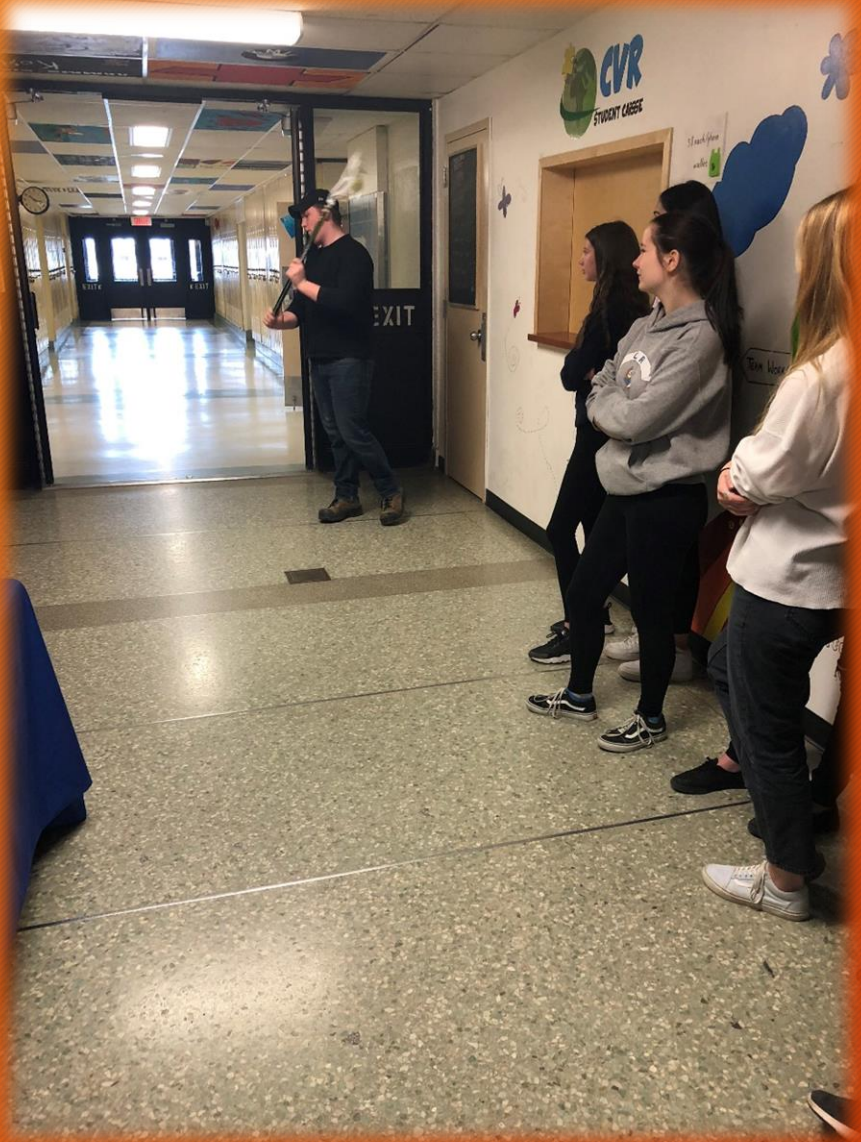




First Nation Presentation







able to
out

The Light

I am the light in the girls' bedroom. I wouldn't really call it a bedroom because bedrooms are normally cozy and comfortable. This room is drowning in hunger, tears, blood and many more awful things. I light this room where the girls attempt to sleep every night, there's a lot of whimpering, crying and moaning. I was able to tell that these girls are in pain, lonely and lost. When I get turned on every day I hear the scattering of feet running to get into the right position in front of their beds. When the room was empty it still seemed depressing. Even when I lit up the room. You can feel what goes on in this room. It's not very welcoming. The other day when the girls were leaving the room I saw something terrible. A little girl, age 7, was late having a hard time tying her shoe lace. A man walked in and screamed at her, slapped her around for a little while too. I heard her painful screams and crying and it only got worse. This man threw her on her bed and turned me off. The room was dark and the crying turned to silence but I could still hear the man moaning in pleasure. After a while of hearing that I got turned on and the sight I saw was grotesque. Looking down at the situation I saw that the little girl was naked and strangled to death. I never wanted to light up a room again.

The Clock

ing away for hours, arching the children eyes staring at me. I know how to read my hands, but I am able to read them. I'm high above the classroom I am able to see everything. I see the hair, little girls with their eyes sunken in with hardly any hope. I'm strong. I can see the priest, standing tall with power. I can see these lifeless children to do things they should never have to do. I know. They say, time goes by when you're having fun but to these little kids, every second feels like it'll never end. I can't stop my hands in hope to pause their sadness, but I can't.

The Apple Tree

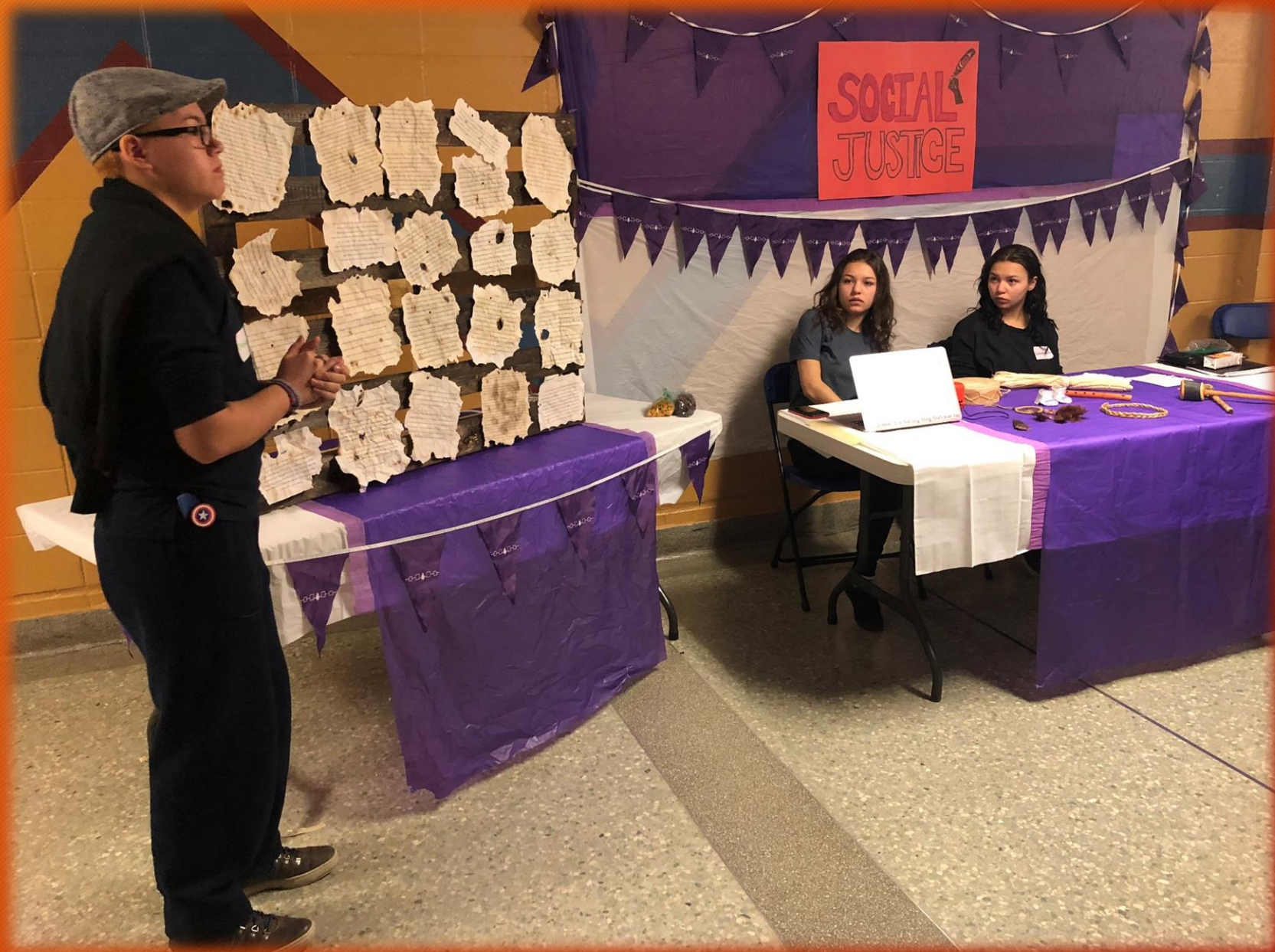
I'm an apple tree outside a residential schools that sees a lot of sad kids. This one kid sat beside me everyday. He didn't talk at all and had no friends. Sometimes he would cry loudly missing his family or from pain. I started to notice he would come sit beside me with cuts on his arms and a lot of bruises. One day he came with a gross looking black eye. Later that night it was all dark and I saw the rooms from outside because of my branches and that night I seen a kid in the room. That same kid that sat beside me every day was being pushed out by a ruler by a group of white people. One dude pulled his pants down and the lights turned back on. I saw his little hands banging on the wall. The next morning, I expected him to come sit by me again like he always did. He never show up and I never seen him again. To this day I wonder where he went and where this little boy is now.

The Pipe

I'm full of old tobacco soot. I'm one of the head priest's pipes in the school in the middle of nowhere. I see a lot of things that are not the people of God that are not too Christian. The priest is always shouting out of me as he makes the children scream in pain. I am a "cursed" pipe. My days are long and unbearable having to see the children go on inside these old school walls. Sometimes my day is long, when during the wee hours of the morning the native children come to the priest's office to use me to burn tobacco. I enjoy it because it's the PEOPLE OF GOD do to these children and it makes me feel like my purpose other than satisfying a monster. The fact that they do this to rape and abuse them, goes against their whole belief system. I can't say anything? I'm just an old weary pipe filled with soot.

The Moccasins

I was used to put on your feet, to keep your toes warm. Bold color designs all around me. Colorful, small beads sewed onto my leather sides with hours of effort into making me. I was gifted to a little girl. She had me around her neck. She had dark long hair to compliment her emerald eyes. She had me around her neck all the time. Ribbon dresses were everywhere. Her dress matched me. She had a smile that made others smile. She danced for hours at a time wearing me. One quiet night, I heard her crying. I saw her wearing black dress shoes. My feet were into a million pieces seeing my spot being replaced. She had a bag filled with my feet. Someone knocked on the door. This made the quiet night fill with sadness. I opened the creaking wooden door. "It's time." He spoke coldly. The man took the broken girl out of her parents' arms, emotionless. Then he left with her. I and I still haven't heard her soft voice. I noticed her mother was putting her feet in clothing and toys in a box and placing it in the attic. She walked over to me with bloodshot eyes. She was silently screaming in pain. She held me close and I could hear her humming heart beat. Now, all I see is darkness.







Pronunciation Guide

a - father
 i - police
 e - get
 o - note

en - encore
 on - swoon

k - g
 kh - k
 r - nerd
 s - z
 sh - s
 t - d
 th - t
 ti - j
 - glottal stop

-vovov- } stress this syllable

kwe = hi
 onen = bye
 nia wen = thank you
 kentson = fish
 takos = cat
 Kahnawake = by the river
 Kanienkeha ka = people of the hill = Mohawk
 o hente = green / grass
 kwes kwes = pig
 ts ortewewesta kwa = the place where you learn

La distribution des aliments en toute sécurité



MAKE SMALL CHANGES
 One Meal at a Time

LEARN CLEAN UP THOROUGHLY
 The cooking classroom is subject to MAPAQ inspections without prior notification. Thank you.
 CUP Administration

value 15%
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