

**Hul'q'umi'num' stories as snuw'uyulh:
Bringing life lessons to language learners**

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Ethics Statement

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Abstract

The Hul'q'umi'num' are a Coast Salish people who live on Vancouver Island. This project attempts to inspire my fellow First Nations people to learn the Hul'q'umi'num' language by learning the sacred cultural teachings (snuw'uyulh) passed from generation to generation. It focuses on teachings from my mother and my grandmothers. My mother taught me that everything is connected and interconnected, everything we do has purpose, and culture and language go hand-in-hand. As is our cultural practice, the teachings are embedded in a set of stories drawn from my personal experiences. The research is framed in the context of language revitalization. My hope is that non-Hul'q'umi'num' speakers who want to understand the teachings will be inspired to also learn the language.

Keywords: Hul'q'umi'num' language; stories; cultural teachings

Dedication

For my mother, Nora George.

Acknowledgements

The whole reason I embarked on my educational journey was for my mother, Nora George. She spent many years working as a cultural teacher within schools. I felt strongly that her work was undervalued by mainstream society and that somehow a university degree would have given her that deserved recognition. As a cultural teaching assistant, I was required to attend a Hul'q'umi'num' language program through Simon Fraser University. Somewhat begrudgingly I went, wondering how a piece of paper saying I could speak my language would validate me and my work within the schools. While this was a slightly bitter pill to swallow, I came to enjoy my program. My courses taught me much about the structure of our language and improved my ability to read and write it. This project relates my mother's teachings, gifts she gave me through her life. My vision is to have this in written form for my grandchildren and all future generations.

These valuable memories have been translated to Hul'q'umi'num' with the support of Sally Hart and Dolly Sylvester. Their work and contributions towards this story are invaluable; without these two I would not have been able to complete this process. A special thank you to Joan Brown for supporting the project with the inclusion of illustrations. Thank you to Mrs. Brown for all the encouraging words, helping at any time I was frustrated and upset. You always provided the words I needed to keep going.

I thank Denise Augustine for starting the ball rolling by involving SFU and starting this program for the Cultural Teacher's Assistants of School District 79. I would like to extend my gratitude to Cowichan Tribes for their support of me achieving my goals.

My hands go up to Aunty Ruby Peter for all her wisdom, kindness and the patience, and for sharing her knowledge and love of the language with us. Huy'ch q'a to Aunty Delores Louie, for the long hours of sitting with our class and helping with translation of our valuable language.

Another heartfelt thank you for the numerous hours/days/years of support from Donna Gerds throughout my whole academic process and through the completion of my

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Preface

Several years ago, I began working with School District 79 as a language and cultural teacher. I was motivated by two key factors. First, I was anxious to advance the content of language instruction by moving beyond basic phrases, colors, and numbers. Secondly, I was determined to increase my language proficiency. My love and passion for language and culture has helped build the momentum for my efforts.

From a Coast Salish perspective, curriculum—the method and content of learning—provides the tools, determines standards, and defines the means for learning Hul’q’umi’num’. That is to say, like everything else in life, the curriculum must have purpose, be connected to all that is sacred, and embody the will of the people. Only then can it breathe life back into our language. Therefore, from this perspective under the guidance of the Elders, I humbly began developing authentic lesson plans. The basis of my approach was an attempt to demonstrate through the lessons:

- (i) the wisdom of our Ancestors,
- (ii) the strength and courage required to overcome everyday challenges,
- (iii) the importance of kindness, caring and respect,
- (iv) the understanding that learning, especially language learning, is life long.

As I continued my learning journey, I realized that there were opportunities to further my goals. Thankfully, I had an opportunity to participate in a story project for my undergraduate courses at Simon Fraser University. It was a life-changing experience for me. Under the guidance of our Elders Delores Louie and Ruby Peter, we studied the structure of our authentic stories and eventually we were given the opportunity to write our own stories in Hul’q’umi’num’. I was quickly reminded, as were the other students, of the cultural importance of stories and their potential of becoming effective language-learning tools. It is an amazing experience to learn and re-tell Hul’q’umi’num’ stories. We have come to understand that stories can change one’s relationship to the language and the process of language learning and teaching. Storytelling is one of our authentic ways of sharing knowledge. Most importantly in terms of my own language learning,

telling stories has helped me understand the structure of our language, the importance of intonation, and much much more, all with the intention of helping us understand what it takes to develop an authentic story. In essence, understanding stories would ultimately help us see the world from our Ancestors' perspective and help us recognize how we learn as a people.

After my first success writing a story, I knew I would like to continue my research efforts in finding ways to increase language proficiency and continue to advocate for storytelling to be the preferred teaching tool for language learning. Mentoring from the Elders has helped me reclaim the Coast Salish teaching model that transfers into the school system. I hope to continue to devote myself to advocating for the language.

Language and culture go hand-in-hand. My mother always said that you couldn't truly learn and fully understand one without the other. Today, in this rapidly changing world, it has become evident that many Coast Salish people are drawn to the pleasures of the modern world and are not willing to follow the teachings of our Ancestors. The modern world is fast paced, supersized, and focused on immediate gratification. Learning our sacred teachings and our Hul'q'umi'num' language takes time and patience. As my mother always emphasized, it was important to be able to walk in these two worlds, the fast-paced modern world and our Coast Salish world. I suggest that, by studying the Hul'q'umi'num' language in the context of learning Coast Salish culture, the language learner will experience greater success in learning the language, and, more importantly, will begin to understand the complexities of our language. As well, it is important to note that there are many sacred teachings, snuw'uyulh in our Hul'q'umi'num' language, that are hard to translate into English and must be lived and experienced to fully understand. There are Hul'q'umi'num' words that have no translation into English. That said, the language learner is invited to live the teachings I share here. These sacred cultural teachings will reveal a natural learning model, one that has been time-tested. Above all, it will provide an important framework that will aid in the development of an approach that will ensure that the teachings will transfer easily between the two worlds, the modern academic world and the Coast Salish world.

Chapter 1. Introduction

My name is Laura Antoine, Ihqumtunaat, daughter of Nora George and Bernard George. I am a Coast Salish woman from Halalt First Nation. I am a daughter, a wife, mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, aunt, and a cousin to many. I was born to do cultural work within my community. This work has been passed down through generations. To respect its sacredness, I choose not to speak of it in this setting, but only mention it here as it is an integral part of who I am and how I walk within this world. I can be political at times and consider myself an advocate for our people. I am also a teacher. My job title is CTA, a cultural teaching assistant, but I am a teacher. This role has brought me here to yet another role as a student. These past five years of education have been daunting. Attempting to juggle my responsibilities as wife, mother, grandmother, cultural worker, and teacher with the pressure of classes, papers, and homework has been more than challenging.

...despite the challenges First Nations women encounter, they continue to strive for the good of their communities and culture (Valaskakis et al. 2009: 3).

It is well known among Indigenous people that historically women have been devoted to the wellness of self, family, and community. This has been truly the way of our Ancestors. My experience with my mother and grandmother has been just that. One of my greatest memories of my mother and grandmother relates to the profound level of cultural knowledge they maintained and practiced throughout their life. Amazingly, they both preserved a high level of teachings and a way of life, as a means of making this a better place for our people. The significance of their efforts in relation to preserving our teachings are well summarized in the following quote:

It is understood by our people, that ‘rules of behavior,’ were inculcated from early youth by precept and by example. Ignorance of the rules excused no one; every well-bred person was familiar with them and took pride in his knowledge of them. It was a part of good breeding, almost of etiquette, to respect and observe them, and it was a beneath the dignity of an aristocrat to commit a breach. (Barnett 1955: 30)

I suggest that from an ancestral perspective we can conclude first, that the teachings of our people are not only important to our overall well-being, but secondly, that knowing and understanding our cultural perspectives is both a personal and family responsibility.

Hul'q'umi'num' is in danger of becoming extinct and much effort is being exerted to revitalize our language. If the language dies so will our deep understanding of the sacred teachings, our snuw'uyulh. There are many concepts and words in Hul'q'umi'num' that are difficult to translate into English and some that are impossible to fully translate. The need to increase the number of Hul'q'umi'num' language speakers is critical. As my late mother always said, "Language and culture go hand-in-hand and you cannot have one without the other." In this project, I offer one method to inspire new language learners to commit to learning the language and that is by inviting them to learn about our snuw'uyulh. I share sacred teachings that were shared with me by my mother and grandmothers with the hope that others will be inspired to want to learn more about our culture and therefore our language. The teachings and the language need to be set in place for future generations.

These teachings are treasures cherished by the people who were very lucky to have a culturally sensitive mother and grandmother. Growing up, I assumed everyone received this kind of life that I received being taught the teachings every day. At times, I thought my mother and grandmother hated me because they would talk very strong and tough while teaching me. But they said if they were gentle with me while teaching me, I would not remember the teachings after they left Mother Earth. My mother's favourite saying was, "What are you going to do after I die—dig me up and ask me?" I thought that was harsh, but now that I have reached this age, it is kind of humorous and holds so much meaning; now I understand.

1.1. My story

This is my story. There are so many ways to begin, but I will start here. In a time of great need, I humbly reflect on the Elders' way of living with Hul'q'umi'num'. For sure, reclaiming our language and a Coast Salish way of life has been a long-time dream of our Elders. They have worked tirelessly, to preserve their knowledge of the language and

culture for future generations. But despite their amazing past and current efforts, Hul'q'umi'num'—like all First Nations languages—is in a precarious state.

It is important to note that our language loss, for Indigenous peoples, has certainly not come about by choice. Many recognize that endangered Indigenous languages must be considered in the context of Canadian history. Ignace (2014) draws attention to some of these issues:

The decline of First Nations languages in BC and the rest of Canada is closely connected to this country's history of colonization and oppression. Between the 1700s and the 1860s, traumatic population losses that resulted from smallpox epidemics and other diseases caused a devastating decline in the number of people of all generations who communicated and transmitted stories in their languages, and dramatically reduced the wealth of knowledge about the social, moral and physical world encoded in those languages...The genocide precipitated by infectious diseases was followed by calculated policies of the Canadian State to “kill the Indian in the child” including the establishment and compulsory attendance of First Nation children at Indian Residential Schools. (Ignace 2014: 10)

Certainly, in view of the above quote, one gets a sense of pain and anguish inflicted on our peoples. It also certainly draws attention to the relationship between language loss and our historical traumas. As, many have said, no one is immune from the effects of residential school. Without a doubt, this tragic experience was realized when I attended Westholme, the local Indian day school.

Briefly, this was my experience when I was sent to Westholme Indian Day School to begin my learning in a school setting. Because I only spoke Hul'q'umi'num', when the teacher spoke English, I had no idea what was being said. Every time I spoke my own Hul'q'umi'num' language, the teacher would hit me on the top of my head with a ruler that had a metal edge. Sometimes I went home with a bleeding head wound. One of my childhood friends told me in our language to quit talking our language and learn and speak English, and then the hitting would stop. I had no idea at the time what each English word meant. It took me forever to learn English. Sadly, this was my experience day in and day out. Eventually, Hul'q'umi'num' was beaten out of me. Thankfully, it was never lost. Rather I found a way to bury it deep within my soul. One of my professors said to me that I am shy to speak my language. I do not believe this to be true. I believe

that the problem is that I was beaten each time I spoke my language. Sadly, in fear I have never taught my children Hul'q'umi'num' because of that fear they would be treated the way I was.

Despite this travesty, at this point of the conversation I would like to shift the narrative, not so much to ignore the impact of the historical trauma, but rather to think about our life before residential school. That is, for the remainder of this project I would like to offer an extreme contrast to the residential experience. Specifically, I will focus on the strength of our women, and the teachings that they carry. My rationale for this narrative shift is to change the focal point to consider some of our community strengths that our people experienced prior to contact.

However, before we continue our discussion, I would like to note that a complete coverage of these current discussions goes beyond the scope of this work. It is my hope and my prayer that my words will start a conversation helping other women to recognize that wellness and strength is found through language and culture. In closing, I would like to add that above all, this project is intended to honour my mother and my grandmother. Both women demonstrated immense courage and amazing resiliency to overcome some very difficult times; their strength, their inspiration was found in a Coast Salish way of being. Today I recognize that ultimately, their legacy, their gifts have been a life changer for me and many other people.

1.2. Immersed in Hul'q'umi'num': A great beginning

It is well known among our people that selected children are “given” to their grandparents. As I have come to understand it, this was an important practice intended to preserve our language and our culture. That is, our grandparents from the beginning of time have always been the cultural and language experts. Especially our women, who are referred to as “...guardians of indigenous traditions, practices, and beliefs-and agents of change for their families and nations” (Valaskakis et al. 2009: 2). Women are the knowledge keepers, if you will. As a very young child, I was very fortunate to live with my grandparents.

As I mentioned, at birth my late mother chose me to be raised by my maternal grandparents. I now realize that this was an honour, which forever instilled ideas, teachings, and ultimately language and culture in my heart and my mind. This is truly one of the greatest gifts I have ever received. In a modern world, this is rare. That is to say, finding ways and means to transfer a Coast Salish knowledge system from birth are so limited today. I will be forever grateful to my mother giving me this priceless gift. The section that follows describes some of my experiences while in the care of my grandmother. It hopefully will help us further understand the benefits of being raised by a grandparent.

Everything had purpose. Even daily chores provided important life lessons. Life is strict, but if you follow the teachings, you will have a better and longer life. My grandmother never spoke English; Hul'q'umi'num' was her first and only language. Every day, the only language I heard was Hul'q'umi'num'. Although my grandfather spoke English, he seldom used it. Hul'q'umi'num' as a way of life helped me establish a strong cultural foundation. Moreover, the natural outcome was that my grandmother taught me to think culturally.

At a very young age my grandmother started teaching me how to be a good, clean wife. (At the time, I did not know what a wife was.) She told me how to save money—the best method is to buy little food—only supplies such as flour, baking powder, tea, sugar, and lard. The main staples in our life were fish, deer meat, clams, oysters, dry fish, and salted fish. I was awake at 5:30 a.m. each day, ready to work.

My grandmother was a prayerful person. Each day I heard her pray. She offered prayers for everyone. My grandmother used to pray for the birds, cats, dogs—everything that was close by, my grandmother prayed for them. Compassion was what my grandmother taught me at a young age, and anger was never in my life while I lived with my grandparents.

1.3. A mother's act of love: Passing on the teachings

My mother was adamant that women have a great responsibility of teaching their children. “If you love your child, you will teach them well.” One of her great teachings was to continually remind us to “pass on what you know to your child if you love your child.” This was her way of life and I was ever so fortunate that she shared her encyclopedic cultural knowledge on a daily basis. Reflecting back on the level of teaching I received from her, I am honored that she trusted me with her sacred knowledge. Above all, from a cultural perspective, I realize that it was without a doubt a great act of love. Here, I offer a brief description of the teachings shared by my mother.

- Teach them to love, respect, and value each other as individuals. Once respect is taught to a child or children, it paves the way for easier understanding and communication.
- Don't praise too much because the person may become too proud and not try any more.
- It is important for a family to teach their children right from wrong.
- Don't get mad when people say things to you. Learn to be patient— you will be able to learn more.
- Talk to your children while they are eating. Then what you say will stay in them, even after you are gone.
- Children should be made to do their own chores—dishes, sweeping floors, making their own beds, etc. Don't worry if they are too small. Make them do it properly. Have them do it over and over until they have done it properly.
- Learn the sacred ceremonial bath. Splash the water four times. Rub the water on your chest and arms, four times. Don't just jump in. Think of what will happen to your body. You don't know what is in the water. Walk in the water slowly. Rub the cedar boughs on your arms—not the sharp side.
- Boys shouldn't be allowed to eat large amounts because they had to stay thin, so they would be fast runners. Feed a certain type of fish that would give the boys a long wind. Men were responsible for teaching the boys. Include them in

everything that you do and explain to them how to do things such as fishing, hunting, and building a canoe.

- Children should learn to respect their Elders. Children who listen come to know what they want in life when they are adults.

It is important again to note that the teachings offered by my mother certainly go beyond the scope of this project. But I hope that there is enough detail to emphasize the level of knowledge maintained by the women of our community. Without a doubt, in my experience, it is the women who have traditionally taken the responsibility for holding the knowledge for the future generations.

1.4. Making stories

For this project, I have included four original stories, translated and transcribed with assistance from Delores Louie, Ruby Peter, and Donna Gerds.¹ Each story speaks to a different teaching. While these teachings may read as just a simple story to many non-First Nations people, our Coast Salish people will recognize our teachings woven throughout each story. I have chosen to write each of these stories at this time so that my grandchildren will have access to and can read these teachings when I am gone. I wrote these stories to reflect upon different points in my life and teachings that came to me at certain times of my journey. The first story, *te'wuqun' stl'i'tl'qulh* | *Wailing Child*, speaks to an experience that I had as a very young child and the love and support I received from my brother. Story two, *hwun'a' tatul'ut kws 'ushul's thu q'e'mi'* | *The Girl Who was First Learning to Paddle*, is story from my teenage years and speaks to self-discovery and a need to trust our teachings. Story three, *nuts'a' skweyul tsetsul'ulhtun'* | *A Day Fishing*, is about many things, and relates to the connection with my husband and to nature, respect of teachings when fishing, and humility and generosity. Story four, *yey'sul'u hi'yay'utul'* | *Two Friends*, is about friendship and how that bond can grow very strong; when someone steps into your life, they can become family.

¹ Spellings were checked where possible in the Quw'utsun' dictionary (Hukari and Peter 1975).

Chapter 2. *te'wuqun' stl'i'tl'qulh* | The wailing child

2.1. The story

This story was from an early childhood memory, which was deeply embedded and almost forgotten. The memory came to me after I started my Hul'q'umi'num' class, maybe because language helped bring this memory forward. Upon first reading, the reader's impression may be that the story is about a funeral. (This topic is not spoken by Aboriginal people due to the fact that our loved ones are never talked about in this manner.) The reality is that this story *te'wuqun' stl'i'tl'qulh* 'Wailing Child' is about the respect the young man has towards his mother and sisters. One of the teachings my late mother, Nora George, always told us is that a man should never raise his hands or voice to a woman. If the man hits a woman, the teachings are that he would actually be hitting his mother or grandmother. My late mother used to shout at my brothers that they came from a woman, so they should never hit a woman or shout at a woman. The young man in the story honoured his mother's demands and did the work he needed to do to support his sisters' feelings before he carried on doing his own wishes, play. He displays so much patience for his younger sister and the demands of his mother and does so without one word of protest or argument.

This story was translated into Hul'q'umi'num' with the assistance of Ruby Peter (Sti'tum'at) and edited by Donna Gerds, SFU linguistics professor. This story can also be accessed online in video format at: <http://sxwiem.hwulmuhwqun.ca/tewuqun-stliltlqulh-wailing-child/>.

te'wuqun' stl'i'tl'qulh

The wailing child

- (1) wulh tum'qw'i'lus 'i' wulh tssetalum 'u thu tentst, "nem' tseep 'utl'qul 'i'
huw'a'lum' kwun'atul' 'u tthun' s'a'luqw'a'."
It's summertime and Mom told us, "Go outside and play with your relatives."
- (2) hwi' thut thunu sqe'uq, "'ilhe nem' lemutee kwthu chukuns."
And my little sister said, "Let's go look at the chickens."
- (3) ni' tst nem' 'u kwthu chukunew't-hw, lemut kwthu chuli'chkun's.
So we went to the chicken coop to look at the chicks.
- (4) 'i' wulh 'uwu te' 'ukw' nuts'a' chi'chkun'.
And one little chicken was not there.
- (5) sutst nem' 'uw' suw'q' nem' 'u kwthu lhulhel'.
So we went to look for it on the other side of the coop.
- (6) sutst 'uw' kwunnuhw 'i' wulh sq'a'q'i' lhu chi'chkun'.
And we found the chick, and it was dead.
- (7) suw' xee'm' thunu sqe'uq, xee'm', wulh te'wuqun'. "wee wee wee!"
So my little sister was crying, crying, wailing. "Waa, waa, waa!"
- (8) suw' thut tthunu shuyulh, "'uwu ch xee'm'uhw. 'ilhe nem' huw'a'lum'!"
And my big brother said, "Don't cry. Let's go play!"
- (9) 'i' 'uwu kwus ts'ehwul' kwus xee'm'.
But she wouldn't stop crying and weeping.
- (10) wulh tuwuqun thunu sqe'uq.
My sister wailed.

- (11) wulh m'i 'utl'qul thu tentst, suw' putum', "'i tseep 'a'lu tstamut?"
Our mother came out and asked, "What's the matter with you?"
- (12) suw' thut tthunu shuyulh, "ni' q'ay tthu chukuns, chi'chkun's, nilh 'i'
xeem'utus."
So my brother said, "A chicken died, a chick, and she's crying about it."
- (13) suw' thut thunu ten, "nem' ch p'e punut thu chi'chkun'."
So my mother said, "Go bury it."
- (14) sus nem' 'uw' kwunutus tthunu shuyulh tthu lupen, susuw' hwthuyqwtus tthu
tumuhw.
So, my brother went and got the shovel and he dug a hole in the ground.
- (15) kwus wulh hwu sthuy'qw tthu tumuhw, suw' tssetum thunu sqe'uq, "nuw'ush
thu chi'chkun' 'u tthu tumuhw."
When the hole was dug, he said to my sister, "Throw your chick in the
ground."
- (16) 'i' 'uwu thunu sqe'uq, hwunilh kwus xeem', hay 'ul' hwthiqun kwus xeem'.
"wee, wee, wee!"
But my sister wouldn't do it and she continued crying, crying really loud.
"Waa, waa, waa!"
- (17) sus m'uw' hun'utl'q thunu ten, tl'e' wulh ptem', "'i tseep 'a'lu tstamut?"
So my mother came outside and asked, "What's the matter with you?"
- (18) suw' thut thunu sqe'uq, "nu stl'i' kws tsmuquyus thunu chi'chkun'.
And my little sister said, "I want my chick to have a coffin.
- (19) 'uwu nu stl'i'us kws 'uw' wensh 'ul' nuw'ush 'u tthu tumuhw.
I don't want to just throw it in the ground."

- (20) suw' thut thunu ten, thut-st-hwus tthunu shuyulh, "nem' nuw'ilum 'u thu
lelum' 'i' suw'q't kwthu shmachuselu."
So my mother said to my brother, "Go in and find a matchbox."
- (21) sus nem' 'uw' nuw'ilum tthunu shuyulh, m'i hun'utl'q yukwun'etus thu
shmachuselu, susuw' 'amustus thunu sqe'uq.
So my brother went in and found a matchbox and gave it to my sister.
- (22) susuw' kwunutus thunu sqe'uq, 'i' ni' 'uw' thu'it 'uw' nuw'ushus thu
chi'chkun' 'u tthu shmachuselu yelh sis nuw'ushus 'u tthu tumuhw.
So my little sister properly put the chick in the matchbox and put it into the
ground.
- (23) yelh sis punutus tthunu shuyulh, suw' thut tthunu shuyulh kwus wulh hay,
"ilhe nem' huw'a'lum'!"
And then my brother buried it, and he said when it was done, "Let's go play!"
- (24) 'i' tl'e' wulh qul'et xee'm' thunu sqe'uq, "wee'!"
But my little sister was crying again, "Waa, waa, waa!"
- (25) 'i' tl'e' wulh m'i 'utl'qul thunu ten, "i tseep 'a'lu tl'e' wulh tstamut?"
So my mother came out of the house again, "What's the matter with you
now?"
- (26) suw' thut thunu sqe'uq, "hwuw'e tst niit t'i'wi'ulh.
And my little sister said, "We haven't prayed for it yet.
- (27) nu stl'i' kwutst t'i'wi'ulh 'i' 'uwu te' lukwwins tthu ni' hwu spupin'."
I want us to pray, and there's no cross where we've buried it."
- (28) susuw' kwunutus tthunu shuyulh tthu yuse'lu sts'esht xute'um 'u tthu
lukwwin.
So, my brother took two sticks and made a cross.

- (29) yelh sutst t'i'wi'ulht kwus wulh hwu st'i'am'stum tthu lukwwin, sutst 'uw'
t'i'wi'ulht.
Before we prayed for it, the cross was stuck in, and then we prayed for it.
- (30) “na'ut kwu'elh hay,” suw' thut tthunu shuyulh. “'ilhe nem' huw'a'lum'!”
“Now it's done,” said my brother. “Let's go play!”
- (31) yelh sis hwtulqun thunu sqe'uq, “'ilhe nem' huw'a'lum'!”
And my little sister answered, “Let's go play!”
- (32) kwutst wulh hay hiiw'a'lum', sutst 'uw' nem' nuluw'ilum wulh xlhas.
When we were through playing we went in to eat.
- (33) suw' ts'ii'ulh thunu ten ts'i'utus tthu mun'us, ts'i'utum' tthunu shuyulh, “hay
ch q'a' kwun's ni' thuyt tthu shqwaluwuns tthun' squle'uq.
And mother thanked her son my big brother, “Thanks for taking care of your
little sisters' feelings.
- (34) ni' ch punut kwthu ni' xeem'utus.
You buried what she was crying about.
- (35) 'i' nilh tse' ni' hwu shkw'am'kw'um's tthu shqwaluwuns.
And that way you encouraged her to be strong.
- (36) hay ch q'a', mun'u.”
Thank you, son.”

2.2. Vocabulary

People

stl'i'tl'qulh	child
mun'u	someone's child
ten	mother
shuyulh	older brother, sister, cousin
sqe'uq	younger sibling, cousin
squle'uq	younger siblings, cousins
s'a'luqw'a'	younger siblings, cousins

Chicken

chukuns	chicken, chickens
chi'chkun's	little chick
chi'chkun'	little chick
chuli'chkun's	little chicks
chukunew't-hw	chicken coop

Objects

lelum'	house
lupen	shovel
tumuhw	earth, ground, land
machus	matches
shmachuselu	match box
muquyu	coffin
lukwwin	cross
sts'esht	stick

Different words about saying and speaking

thut	say
thut-stuhw	say to someone
thut-st-hwus	he/she/they said to someone
tsset	tell someone to do something
tssetum	someone is told to do something
tsseta'lh	tell us to do something
tssetalum	we are told to do something
ptem'	ask
putum'	asking
hwtulqun	answer
ts'ii'ulh	thanking someone
ts'i'ut	thanking him/her
ts'i'utus	he/she is thanking him/her
xem'	cry, weep
xeem'	crying, weeping
xeem'ut	crying about it
xeem'utus	he/she is crying about it
tuwuqun	wail
te'wuqun'	wailing
ts'ehwul'	be silent
hwthiqun	loud
t'i'wi'ulh	pray
t'i'wi'ulht	pray for it

Motions and actions

nem'	go
nem' 'utl'qul	go outside
nem' tseep 'utl'qul!	You all go outside!
m'i	come
'utl'qul	outside

hun'utl'q	go/come outside
nuw'ilum	go/come inside
nuluw'ilum	go/come inside
huw'a'lum'	play
nem' huw'a'lum'	go play
'ilhe nem' huw'a'lum'!	Let's go play!
lemut	look at it
lumnuhw	see it
suw'q'	look for
kwunut	take it
kwunnuhw	get it
punut	bury it
thuyqwt	dig it
hwthuyqwt	dig a hole
hwthuyqwtus	he/she dug a hole
nuw'ush	put it in
wensh	throw it
st'i'am'stuhw	stick it in
st'i'am'stum	it is stuck in
xlhas	eat

Results of actions

thuyqwt	dig it
q'ay	die
punut	bury it
lhel'sh	put it aside
sthuy'qw	dug
sq'aq'i'	dead
spupin'	buried
lhulhel'	other side

Other miscellaneous words

nuts'a'	one
yuse'lu	two
kwun'atul'	together
tum'qw'i'lus	summertime
tl'e' wulh qul'et	again
hay	stop, finished
na'ut kwu'elh hay.	Now it's done.

Thoughts, feelings

nu stl'i' (kws)	I want to...
'uwu nu stl'i'us (kws)	I don't want to...
shqwaluwun	feelings, thoughts
thuyt tthu shqwaluwuns	fix his/her thoughts
kw'am'kw'um's tthu shqwaluwuns	his/her thoughts are strong
'i ch 'a'lu tstamut?	What's the matter with you?
'i tseep 'a'lu tstamut?	What's the matter with you all?
'i tseep 'a'lu tl'e' wulh tstamut?	What's the matter with you all now?

Chapter 3. hwun'a' tatul'ut kws 'ushul's thu q'e'mi' | The girl who was first learning to paddle

3.1. The story

Canoe paddling has so many teachings. It is difficult to summarize them for the purpose of this project. To list every teaching, one would need to write a book, or two. Some of the teachings associated with canoe paddling are: Women were not allowed to use a race canoe because of the sacred cedar tree that these canoes are made of. The canoe is not just carved, and the tree has to be picked specifically for an eleven-man war canoe. The person cutting the tree has to speak and prepare the cedar tree to be cut down and taken to the carver. Usually early in the morning a person would go and say certain words and then the tree could be cut. The teachings are that everything that is on Mother Earth is a living thing. Even when the tree is cut, the cedar still has a life of its own. It is a teaching that women should not canoe paddle because women get their moon time (moon time meaning menstrual cycle). A woman's moon time carries a strength that is not good for the canoe—it weakens it. A woman who has had her change of life would be acceptable to board the canoe because her moon time has ended. In my story, the one girl who cried to use the canoe was the only one who got hurt because she insisted on using the canoe for the girls to paddle. Upon reflection if she had honoured the teachings, she would have never been injured and the canoe would be unscathed. This is a reflection of an event that occurred in my teenage years.

This story was translated into Hul'q'umi'num' by Ruby Peter (Sti'tum'at). Edited by Donna Gerds, Linguistics, Simon Fraser University.

hwun'a' tatul'ut kws 'ushul's thu q'e'mi'

The girl who was learning to paddle

- (1) 'i' xe'xe' tthu snuw'uyulh thu snuhwulh.
The traditional teachings about the canoe are sacred.
- (2) 'uw' hay 'ul' kwun's kw'am'kw'um'stuhw 'un' shqwaluwun.
You have to keep your thoughts strong.
- (3) hith syaays kwun's ta'ult tthu s'ushul.
You have to work for a long time to learn to paddle.
- (4) qux sxe'xe' 'u tthu s'ulhtun.
There are a lot of forbidden foods.
- (5) 'i' ha' tl'lim' 'uw' 'un' stl'i' kwun's 'ushul, 'i' mukw' skweyul 'i' nem'
t'ut'a'thut 'i'shul'.
And if you are serious about paddling, you go practice every day.
- (6) ni' tun'ni' 'u tthu yuqw'iqw'ul'us tus 'u tthu tumqwe'unhw kw'un's teti.
From June (spring) until August you are canoe racing.
- (7) nuts'a' sxwi'em' sqwal'qwul'tst nilh thu q'e'mi' hwun'a' tatul'ut kws
'ushul's.
The story we are telling is about a young girl when she first learned to paddle.
- (8) 'i' tsu 'apun 'i' kw' lhihw sil'anum thuw'nilh q'e'mi'.
She was thirteen years old when she began to train.
- (9) 'i' nilh tthu mens hw'uw'tsust sht'es kws kwun'ets tthu sq'umul's 'i' tthuw'
mukw ni' sul'uthuts.
Her father showed her how to use the paddle and everything.

- (10) mukw' netulh 'i' nem' kw'akw'i'uthut,
Every morning she went for a bath,
- (11) 'i' nem' xwan'chunum'.
and she ran.
- (12) hwune'unt 'i' tl'e' wulh xwchenum.
She also ran in the evening.
- (13) ni' 'uw' sxu'xits 'ul' tthu s'ulhtuns.
She only ate certain foods.
- (14) ni' xe'xe'stum 'u tthu q'e'tum 'i' tthu tl'elhum 'i' tthu shch'ekwx s'ulhtun.
Sugar, salt, and fried foods were forbidden.
- (15) si'suw' nuts'a' skweyul, 'i' nem' tl'ulpalus.
One day, she went to Cowichan Bay.
- (16) stl'i's thuythuts suq'a' 'u tthu siiye'yus.
She wanted to practice with her friends.
- (17) stl'i's thuw'nilh kws 'aalh 'u tthu ni'ulh tl'e' hwunuq snuhwulh.
She wanted to go on the canoe that was once a champion.
- (18) swe'sulh tthu shuyulhs.
It was her older brother's canoe.
- (19) hayulh 'ul' tthu suw'wuy'qe' ni'ulh 'ula'ulh 'u kwthey' snuhwulhs.
It was only used by the men.
- (20) suw' pte'mutus tthu shuyulhs 'uw' xwum 'i' hakwushus thu snuhwulh.
And so, she asked her older brother if she could use his canoe.
- (21) "uwu!" thuts tthu shuyulhs.
"No!" said her brother.

- (22) “uwu skw’ey kwun’s hakwush!”
“No, you can’t use it!”
- (23) tl’e’ wulh pte’mutus tthu shuyulhs.
Again, she asked her brother.
- (24) “i’ tsun xut’u ’UWU!”
“I said NO!”
- (25) si’suw’ xee-e-m thuw’ nilh!
So, she cried!
- (26) si’suw’ xulh tthu shqwaluwuns.
So, her brother felt bad.
- (27) suw’ hwun’ xut’u ’i’ ni’ wulh hwtulqun.
So finally, he gave in.
- (28) mukw’ thu q’e’lumi’ ni’ hiil’uqw kws ’aalhnamut ’u thu snuhwulh.
All the young girls were happy when they managed to get on the canoe.
- (29) si’suw’ ’i’ t’it’ulum’s ‘eelhtun kws ’i’ yu’i’shul’.
So they were singing as they were paddling.
- (30) ni’ nem’ hwtsakw ’i’ ni’ tsi’ya’xween.
They were a long way from the shore when the trouble started.
- (31) le’lum’uthut ch! le’lum’uthut ch ’u tthu smi’muq’ ni’ ’u tthu qa’!
Watch out! Watch out for the deadhead in the water!
- (32) ni’ kw’ulh tthu w’ne’ullh!
They tipped over!
- (33) ni’ kw’ulh!
They capsized!

- (34) 'i' 'uw' hay 'ul' thuw'nilh ni' me'kwulh.
That girl was the only one injured.
- (35) nilh thu kw'ul'us ni' me'kwulh.
It was her tummy that was hurt.
- (36) 'i' tl'o' hwu sme'kwulh thu snuhwulhs.
The canoe was also broken.
- (37) hwun xut'u 'i' ni' thulh 'aalh qul'et 'u thu snuhwulh 'eelhtun.
Finally, they managed to get on the canoe again.
- (38) suw' ni' hun'umutnamut 'eelhtun.
And they finally managed to get to shore.
- (39) ni' 'almutsun' tthu shuyulhs ni' le'lum'ut tthey' snuhwulhs.
Her older brother that looked after that canoe was waiting.
- (40) ni' lumnuhwus thu sum'e'kwulh snuhwulh.
He saw the canoe was broken.
- (41) 'i' t'et'iyuq' tthu shqwaluwuns.
He was very angry.
- (42) hith kwsus qulhthat t'eyuq'.
He ranted for a long time.
- (43) ni' tl'lim' nuw' xlhiluws 'u kwthu tl'up ni' s'i'xs.
The young girl suffered a deep scrape.
- (44) hay 'ul' hith yelh sus lhew' thu sme'kwulhs.
It took a long time to heal.
- (45) wuwa' ni' qul kwus 'uw' nilh 'ul' ni' xatsthut.
Maybe she shouldn't have been so persistent.

- (46) wuwa' 'i' st'ee 'uw' ni' hwtqastus tthu snuw'uyulhs thu snuhwulh.
Maybe she shouldn't have gone against the teachings of the canoe.
- (47) 'uw' hay 'ul' ni' me'kwulh thuw'nilh q'e'mi'.
So, the young girl was the only one injured.
- (48) suw' nilh ni' shni's tl'lim' nuw' tul'num thu q'e'mi'.
And because of that, the young girl learned her lesson.
- (49) si'suw' tul'nuhwus kws tl'lim' 'uw' xe'xe' snuw'uyulh xwte' kwun's ni' teti'
mustimuhw.
So, the teachings around canoe-pulling are sacred.
- (50) ni' tst hay.
We are finished.
- (51) hay tseep q'u.
We thank you all.

3.2. Vocabulary

hwun'a' tatul'ut kws 'ushul's thu q'e'mi'

Cultural

1. shqwaluwun inner feelings, thoughts
2. snuw'uyulh traditional teaching or guideline
3. xe'xe' sacred
4. kw'am'kw'um' strong

Cultural terms are important because my project is about cultural teachings and this would involve spirituality as well.

People

1. q'e'mi' girl
2. men father
3. shuyulh older brother/sister
4. siiye'yu friend

Canoe terms

1. snuhwulh canoe
2. teti' mustimuhw canoe pullers
3. sq'umul' paddle (noun)
4. sq'ul'iq'mul' little paddles (diminutive)

Verbs (actions)

1. 'ushul paddle
2. 'aalh go on canoe
3. xwan'chunum' running
4. tatul'ut learning

Reflexive verbs (actions you do by yourself to affect yourself)

1. kw'akw'i'uthut spiritual bathing
2. t'uta'thut practicing
3. xatsthut insisting, calculating
4. la'lum'uthut watch out

Stative verbs (emotions or events that happen or results of actions)

1. hiil'ukw happy
2. t'eyuq' angry
3. me'kwulh injured
4. hum'e'kwulh be injured

Chapter 4. nuts'a' skweyul tsetsul'ulhtun' | A day fishing

4.1. The story

This story is written about a point in my life when we were dirt poor. I was bored out of my skull with no entertainment and I had begged to go fishing with my husband to have a day out of the house. *nuts'a' skweyul tsetsul'ulhtun'* | *A Day Fishing* continues on with the teaching that everything in nature is alive and breathes life. The river is alive with its power but also its peacefulness. The fish travelling within it are alive, as are the trees along the river's edge and sun shining down upon us. The teachings of not talking and not using a chair are the fundamentals, as you don't want noise to scare the fish. The rituals for a man's spear and the strictness about women being around the spear are teachings that tie back to a woman's moon time. This story also speaks to the teaching of generosity—one must share what you have with those in your community.

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nuts'a' skweyul tsetsul'ulhtun'

A Day Fishing

- (1) kw'un'a wulh hith 'i' quxulh stseelhtun 'i' 'u tthu quw'utsun' stal'uw',
A very long time ago there were a lot of fish in the Cowichan River,
- (2) 'u kw'un'a-a-a wulh hith.
a long, long, time ago.
- (3) nilh kwutst 'uw' hwun'a' 'ul' tuw' hwu sme'luyi' 'i' yath tst 'uw' yu
sxuxitsstuhw tthu yu shhwunum's tthu telu tst, niilh tst kwu'elh 'uw'
tsetsul'ulhtun' 'ul' 'u tthu stseelhtun tst, s'ulhtun.
We had been married for a short time, and our budget was very tight, so we
always went fishing for salmon to eat.
- (4) 'i' kwthunu sta'lus 'uw' yu sxuxits 'ul' tthu ni' yu sht'es 'u kws nem's
tsetsul'ulhtun'.
My husband was very strict in his ways about fishing.
- (5) nuts'a' skweyul 'i' ni' wa'lu tuw' xulhstam'shus tthunu sta'lus susuw'
huye'stam'shus kwus nem' tseelhtun.
One day, he felt sorry for me and he took me along with him fishing.
- (6) kwutst wulh yu hunum' 'u tthu shni's kwus tsetsul'ulhtun', ni' tst yula'ulh 'u
tthu snuhwulh, 'i' wulh qwal, thut, kwthu ni' yu shhwunum' tst kws
nem' tst tseelhtun 'i' sht'e ch tse' 'u tu'i.
As we were traveling, driving along in the car to his favorite fishing spot, he
told me his rules about when we were fishing.
- (7) nuts'a': 'uwu ch qwaqwul'uhw.
1. No talking

- (8) yuse'lu: 'uwu ch xalhstun'a'mutuhw 'uw' niihw kw'e'lus.
2. No whining it is too hot.
- (9) lhihw: 'uwu te' tse' 'un' s'ul'uthut, 'i' skw'ey kwun's thut kwun's qulstuhw
kwun's nuw' 'un'nehw 'ul'.
3. There is nothing to do, and no saying that you're bored.
- (10) xu'athun: skw'ey kwun's 'i'lhtun' 'uw' qaa'qa'uhw 'ukw' stem.
4. No eating or drinking.
- (11) lhq'etsus: 'uwu te' shts'e'nutstun. skw'ey kwun's shts'unets 'ukw' stem; nilh
tthu tumuhw ni' 'un'sh nem' kwun's 'umut.
5. There is no place to sit other than the ground.
- (12) t'xum: 'uwu ch qwaqwul'uhw,
6. No talking and
- (13) tth'a'kw'us: 'uwu ch hw'i'untuhw 'ukw' stem.
7. No talking.
- (14) nusuw' ptem'ut tthunu sta'lus, "ni' 'u 'uw' sthuthi' kwunus qwul'qwul'stamu
'ula'ulh 'u tthu snuhwulh?"
I asked my hubby, "Is it ok to talk in the car?"
- (15) suw' thut-s, "ni' 'uw' sthuthi' 'uw' hay 'ul' 'uw' niin' tse' tsetsul'ulhtun' 'i'
'uwu ch xwapkwthutuhw."
"Yes," he said, "As long as you do not make noise while I am fishing."
- (16) nuw' sxuxits 'ul' tthu ni' sht'es kwus they'tus tthu s'unums.
Hubby had a certain way as he prepared his spear.
- (17) kwus wulh hay kwus thay'thut 'i' ni' kwunutus tthu s'unums susuw'
nem'ust-hwus 'u tthu qwuqw'tens.
Once his ritual was over, he took his spear and placed it on to his shoulder.

- (18) sus nem' 'uw' 'imush qwsuthut 'u tthu sta'luw' 'i' 'uwe te' stem ni' sqwals.
Then he walked into the river in silence.
- (19) kwutst wulh ni' 'u tthey' tsetsuw' 'i' ni' ch 'uw' hwiine'mut tthu qa' kwus
xwa'wum', huqwnuhw tthu sht'es tthu s'e'tl'q, ni' ch ts'elum'ut tthu
sqw'uqw'ul'ush kwus t'it'ulum'.
As we arrived at the river bank, you could hear the water flowing, smell the
fresh air, and hear birds making their noise.
- (20) 'i' ni' ch tl'uw' ts'elhum'ut tthu sunihwulh kwus shahwuqwul' 'u kwthu
shq'utuw'ulh ni' 'u tthu shelh.
Plus, you could hear the cars crossing the bridge on the highway.
- (21) nusuw' kwunut tthunu luxwtun nusuw' tlhut ni' 'u tthu tsetsuw' nu suw'
'umut, yusuy'amut 'ul', la'lum'uthut kwus 'uwus ts'elhum'utheelt.
I spread the blanket on the river bank and sat down, gently, taking care that he
wouldn't hear me.
- (22) huye' tthunu sta'lus nem' taal 'u tthu sta'luw', yu kwun'etus tthey' s'unums
nem' 'u tthu yath 'uw' shhwunum' kws tsetsul'ulhtun's.
Hubby walked out into the river carrying his spear and found his favorite spot.
- (23) suw' kwunutus tthu shtulalus swe's tthu qa' shtulalus. ha' ch ni' t'uyum't
tthey' shtulalus 'i' ni' ch lumnuhw tthu stseelhtun sqwuqwis 'u tthu
qa'.
He put on his polarized glasses (so he could see the fish under the water).
- (24) ni' 'uw' tuw' hith kwus lhxi'lush ni' 'u tthu 'unwulh ni' 'u tthu sta'luw' 'i'
'uwu te' stseelhtun m'i hwiwul.
Time passed, and no fish were moving upriver.

- (25) ni' tl'uw' nele' tthu tsetsul'ulhtun' suw'wuy'qe', yath 'uw' ni' 'u tthu
 'uy'st-hwus shhwunum's kws tsetsul'ulhtuns.
 Up and down the river other fishermen were standing in their favorite spots.
- (26) 'uwu kws stutastul's yath 'uw' tsakwtul, 'uwu tsukwulus kws nem's kw'
 na'nuts'a', nem' 'u tthu swe's shhwunum's tthu na'nuts'a'.
 But, not close to each other, each one was not very far, but each had their own
 space.
- (27) yath 'uw' shtatul'st-hwus 'i' 'uwu kws nem's hul'q'ulhthut.
 And they always knew how not to encroach.
- (28) 'uwu te' stseelhtun, 'i' 'uw' lhxilush 'ul' tthunu sta'lus, 'i' qul'as 'utl'
 'een'thu.
 No fish, and my husband's back was to me.
- (29) 'uy'stuhw tsun kwsus 'uw' 'ayum 'ul' tthu stuhwum, 'uwu niis kwe'lus 'i'
 'uw' niis xuy'tl'.
 The breeze was nice — not too hot or cold.
- (30) 'uy' nu shqwaluwun kwunus ni' ni' 'u tthey' 'a'mut. hay 'ul' 'uy'uy'mut 'i'
 'iyusstuhw tsun kwunus ni' ni' le'lum'ut hwiin'em'ut tthu shn'is tthu 'i'
 'u tun'a tumuhw.
 It was a nice feeling to be sitting in this beautiful place, happy to be watching
 and listening to this place here on earth.
- (31) 'uwu te' kwlh stem ni' ts'elhum'utuhw — 'uw' hay 'ul' tthu sta'luw' kwus
 xwoom' ni' ts'i'tl'elhum'utuhw.
 It was quiet—all you heard was the sound of the river flowing.
- (32) 'i' yath nuw' qul'asum'uthe'lum' 'u tthunu sta'lus.
 Hubby's back was to me.

- (33) hwun' xut'u 'i' wulh m'i hwiwul tthu hay 'ul' thi sth'aqwi' tl'lim' 'uw'
yustutes 'u tthu tsuwmun.
All of a sudden, this BIG spring salmon was swimming close to shore heading
up river.
- (34) nus nuw' yule'lum'ut tthey' sth'aqwi' kwsus wulh nem' yul'ew'.
I sat there watching the spring salmon go past.
- (35) nusuw' lemut tthu ni' shni's tthunu sta'lus niis 'uw' lumnuhwus tthu
stseelhtun.
I looked up to see if my hubby saw the fish.
- (36) 'i' ni' qul'asme'tham'shus.
His back was to me.
- (37) nusuw' suse't tthunu t'eluw' t'al'q'ust, nu stl'i' kwunus yuthut-s tthunu sta'lus.
I started to wave my arms, trying to get hubby's attention.
- (38) 'uw' hay 'ul' tthu sta'luw' ni' le'lum'utus, qul'asme'tham'shus.
Hubby was only watching the river and his back was to me.
- (39) nusuw' sht'eewun' niihw 'u stl'atl'um' 'uw' temutun'.
I was wondering if I had better call out something.
- (40) 'i' nilh kwus tl'lim' 'uw' xut'uste'lum' 'uw' 'uween' qwaqwul'een'.
But he had really drummed into me to not be talking.
- (41) "uwu ch qwaqwul'uhw!"
"No talking!"
- (42) ni' wulh nem' yul'ew' tthu hay 'ul' thi sth'aqwi', ni' yul'ew'shelum 'i' 'uwu
te' lhwet ni' yulumnuhw.
The big spring salmon passed right by me and no one was paying attention to
it.

- (43) ni' ts'twa' 'apun sxun'u kwsus nem' yul'ew' 'utl' 'een'thu 'i' yelh nus ni'
teem, "pitu, na'ut tthu stseelhtun!"
It was about ten feet past me and I finally yelled, "Peter, there is a fish!"
- (44) xul'ts'thut tthunu sta'lus 'i' yu hwt'it'iyaq'us 'i' ni' wulh lumnuhwus tthu
stseelhtun.
Hubby turned and had this angry look but then he spotted the fish.
- (45) sus nem' 'uw' t-suthut 'i' ni' wenshus tthu s'unums.
He moved toward it and threw his spear.
- (46) 'i' tahw nuw' thuq'nehwus tthey' hay 'ul' thi stseelhtun.
And he accurately stabbed that big salmon.
- (47) hwi' hay 'ul' thi tthu shyunumusth kwus wulh kwunnuhwus tthey' tseelhtun.
Hubby had the biggest smile on his face when he got that salmon.
- (48) ni' hwkw'atus tthunu sta'lus tthu stseelhtun, m'i tsumst-hwus sus 'uw'
qw'aqwustus.
Hubby pulled the salmon to shore and clubbed it on the head.
- (49) hay 'ul' thi tthu stseelhtun 'i' ni' tse' 'uw' qux kws stl'atl'um's 'u tthu
ts'lhhwulmuhw tst.
The spring salmon was really big and there would be much to share with our
family.
- (50) hay 'ul' 'uy' s'ulhtuns 'u kwthey' hwune'unt.
We had a beautiful salmon meal that evening.
- (51) nilh ni' shhw'uw'tsustheelt kwunus 'uwu qwaqwul'een' 'i' ni' thulh 'uw' tus
tthu nuts'ehw kwun's ni' teem 'i' yaat ch:
My lesson was no speaking, but when the time comes you have yell and warn:

(52) “na’ut yu hwihwuwul’ tthu stseelhtun ’u tthu sta’luw’!”
“There’s a salmon going up river!”

(53) ni’ hay.
The End.

4.2. Vocabulary

nuts'a' skweyul tsetsul'ulhtun' | A Day Fishing

xits	decide
sxuxits	decided (i.e. what he's strict about)
sxuxitsstuhw	decide about it
xulh	hurt, feel pain
xulhsta'msh	feeling sorry for me
xalhstun'a'mut	acting hurt (whining)
huye'	leave
huye'stam'sh	take me along
qwus	submerge
qwsuthut	go into the water
sqwuqwis	under the water, submerged
tus	get here
stutes	nearby
stutastul'	be near each other
t-suthut	approach
luq'elh	get in the way
luq'alhthut	get in someone's way
hul'q'ulhthut	getting in someone's way, encroach
qul	bad
qul'as	face the other way, have back to person
qul'asmutham'sh	face away from me
qul'asum'uthe'lum'	I was being faced away from.
wensh	throw
yul'ew'	pass by
yul'ew'shelum	I was passed by
t'al'q'ust	waving
xul'ts'thut	turn around

t'et'iyuq'	angry
hwt'it'iyaq'us	make an angry face
thq'ut	spear it
thuq'nehw	manage to spear it
shhw'uw'tsustheelt	what I was taught

Negative imperatives

To form negative imperatives, use two subject markers: the second person singular subject clitic *ch* and the second person singular subject suffix =*uhw*.

qwaqwul'	talking
'uwu ch qwaqwul' uhw !	Don't talk!
hw'i'unt	saying it that way
'uwu ch hw'i'unt uhw 'ukw' stem!	Don't be saying anything!
'uwu ch xalhstun'a'mut uhw !	Don't be whining!
xwapkwthut	making noise
'uwu ch xwapkwthut uhw	Don't be noisy/ restless!

Negative with first person subject

'uw' 'uween' qwaqwul' een '	that I'm not talking
kwunus 'uwu qwaqwul' een '	that I'm not talking

Chapter 5. yey'sul'u hi'yay'utul' | Two friends

5.1. The story

This story takes place when our kids were about five or six years old. Humor is a huge part of many of our First Nation homes. My story, *yey'sul'u hi'yay'utul' | Two Friends*, speaks to the humour and the connection of two men who are friends but yet have the bond of brothers. Their skills differed but they complimented each other. One friend tried teaching the other to carve and was injured in the process, but the other friend stepped up and was willing to do the chores and repairs about the house. These two were generous to a fault with each other. Their feelings were so very gentle towards each other, a bond you don't often see even with brothers.

This story was translated into Hul'q'umi'num' by Ruby Peter (Sti'tum'at) and edited by Donna Gerds.

yey'sul'u hi'yay'utul'

Two friends

- (1) hi'yay'utul' tthu yey'sul'u, yey'sul'u suw'wuy'qe', yuse'lu *mile* kwus tsakwtul.
This story begins with two young men living about two miles away from each other.
- (2) na'nuts'a' tthu w'ne'ullh 'i' tl'uqtemutth' tthu na'nuts'a' lhq'etsus sxun'u 'i' kw' 'apun 'i' kw' nuts'a' 'i' hay tthu na'nuts'a' hay lhq'etsus sxun'u 'i' kw' nuts'a' *inch*.
One fellow was very tall, about 5'11", and the other fellow was about 5'1".
- (3) 'i' yath 'uw' kwun'atul' mukw' sla'thut-s 'i' 'uw' kwun'atul', ts'its'uwa'tul'.
They did everything together, helping each other.
- (4) na'nuts'a' tthu w'ne'ullh 'i' yath 'uw' yaay'us 'u tthu tumuhw.
One of them was always gardening.
- (5) hay tthu na'nuts'a' hay 'uw' yath 'uw' xut'ukw' 'u tthu w' mukw' stem, yaay'us 'u tthu lelum'.
That one was a carver and carpenter, working on everything around the house.
- (6) 'i' tthu w'nilh yathulh 'uw' 'i'shul' 'u tthu snuhwulh, sq'a'q'a' tthu pe'ptitul' yath 'uw' tl'e'hwun'uq, 'i' nuw' yu st'ee yu tl'e'hwun'uq 'i' ni' hay.
He used to paddle on an eleven-man always-winning war canoe and retired a champion.
- (7) nilh kwus ni' 'u tthu pipa'al' 'i' 'uy'st-hwus kws nilhs we'wun'shus tthu smuqw, sel'q'tus tthu t'eluw's suw' we'wun'shs; nilh hay 'ul' stsuw'et-s.
Later he played fastball, and he was very clever at pitching, using a windmill throw.

- (8) 'i' hay kwthu tl'utl'its'mutth' nilh hay 'ul' shtsuw'et-s kws thuy'wulhs 'u tthu snuhwulh, tsta'mut tthu snuhwulh 'i' nilh thuyt 'i' tthu swe's tthu qa' 'uy' thuynuhws, 'i' hay 'ul' 'uy'st-hwus kws yu'um'mushs, yath 'uw' tsshun'tsu 'u tthu smuyuth.

As for the other fellow's gifts, he was a very good auto mechanic and a plumber, and loved to hunt, always catching deer.

- (9) 'i' tthey' tl'utl'its'umutth' tl'uw' 'uy'st-hwus kws hunum' 'u tthu pipa'al' 'i' 'uw' tl'lim' 'uw' hay 'ul' tthu'w'nilh, ni' 'uwu kwlh si'si'me't tthu sht'es kwus we'wun'shus tthu sye'yus thu smuqw, hays 'ul' xwum kwus wenshum.

This fellow also played catcher for his friend, as he was the only one who was brave enough to catch his friend's windmill pitch.

- (10) yath 'uw' kwun'atul' tthu'ne'ulh yey'sul'u ts'uhwle' 'i' ni' 'u tthu swe's tthu lelum's tthu tl'ulqtemutth' 'i' ts'uhwle' 'i' ni' 'u tthu swe's tthu lelum's tthu tl'utl'its'mutth' kwus xulhusth 'eelhtun 'i' kwun'atul' tthu st'uli'qulhs kwus hiiw'alum'.

These two always had meals at each other's houses and their children played together all the time.

- (11) tthu ni' sht'ees kwus yath 'uw' kwun'atul' tthu'ne'ullh 'i' yath nuw' 'iyus 'ul' 'i' 'uw' ts'uhwle' 'i' ni' wulh ni' tthu xeam' 'u tthey'yey'sul'u Meals always meant bonding, laughter, and sometimes tears.

- (12) 'i' tl'lim' nuw' st'e 'uw' niis qw'uqw'itul', 'uwu niis 'uw' huyay'utul' 'ul' sht'ees kwus wulh la'lum'utul' 'eelhtun.

These two men were very close and cared for each other more like brothers than just best friends.

- (13) mukw' tthu ni' yu tatal'nuhwus 'eelhtun sht'ees kwus yaay'us 'i' nuw'
hw'iiw'tsustus tthu sye'yus 'u tthu ni' ta'tul'nuhwus kwthu ni' kwus
yu xut'ukw' 'i' nilh ni' shhwuw'tsusth tthu sye'yus.

These two tried teaching each other what they did best—the carver tried to teach his friend to carve.

- (14) yath 'uw' ni' 'u tthu kwoukwew't-hw kws xut'ukw' 'eelhtun
qwul'iil'qwul'tul'.

They were in the kitchen joking and laughing while they carved.

- (15) 'i' hay thu sta'lusth hay ni' 'u tthu nets'uw't-hw kwus hwiil'asmutus tthu
xuthinu me'mun'us.

The wife was in the living room watching the four kids.

- (16) 'unuhw kwus yun'ye'num' 'i' ni' hwi' lhequm hwi' lhaqutul 'eelhtun tthu ni'
'u tthu nets'uw't-hw.

Then the laughter stopped, and you could hear them whispering in the other room.

- (17) wulh teem' thu slheni', "'i tseep 'a'ju tsukw'sta'mut ni' 'u tthu
nets'uw't-hw?"

The laughter stopped, and whispering was happening. The wife asked, “what’s going on in the kitchen?”

- (18) suw' temutus tthu sta'lusth thut-st-hwus, "'uwu te' stem 'i sul'uthut tst?" 'i
hwi' hayinum 'eelhtun.

The two guys chimed together “Nothing” and started giggling like girls.

- (19) 'i' nuw' ts'elhum'utus kwus xwuy'xw tthu shluthiinu, hwтуq tthu shelhs tthu
shluthiinu.

The cupboards were opening and closing and more giggling.

- (20) nem' thu slheni' 'u tthu nets'uw't-hw, 'i' wulh lumnuhwus tthu sta'lusth kwus
suse'st hwus tthu t'eluw's.
The wife finally went into the kitchen and lo and behold the carver had his
hand held up.
- (21) 'uw' yun'yen'um' 'eelhtun kwus t'uyum'tus tthu shukwu ni' 'u tthu
sth'ukw'u'iw'sth tthu ni' hwu slhilhuts' tthu tselushs st'e 'u kw'
te'tsus inch kws tl'eqt tthu ni' slhits's.
They were laughing because they had poured sugar into the wound about eight
inches long on his left thumb.
- (22) suw' thut-s tthu sye'yus, "nem' tst wulh t'akw'."
The friend said, "We are going home now."
- (23) putum' thu slheni', "nutsim' 'a'lu 'un'sh ni' t'uyum't tthu shukwu?"
The wife asked the carver "Why pour sugar in the wound?"
- (24) suw' thut-s tthu swuy'qe', "nilh p'e' 'i' tst 'unuhwstuhw tthu thethi'un kwsus
thuhwum'."
And the man told her, "It was to stop the bleeding."
- (25) thut-stum 'u thu sta'lusth, "stl'atl'um' kwun's nem' nem' 'u kwthu
q'a'q'i'uw't-hw 'i' lemutum 'i' 'uwu.
The wife asked the carver to go to the emergency, but he refused.
- (26) kwus wulh qil'et kweyul 'i' yelhsus nem' nem' 'u tthu taktu.
The next day the wife took the carver to their doctor's office.
- (27) suw' thut-stum, "ni'ulh stl'atl'um' 'uw' niihw 'ul' nem' nem' 'u kwthu
q'a'q'i'ew't-hw; nilh te'tsus kwthu ni' sp'etth'ute'wut tthun' tselhush.
The carver should have gone to the emergency because he needed eight
stitches.

- (28) mukw' stem ni' sla'thut-s tthuw'ne'ullh 'i' nuw' ts'its'uw'atul', tstamut 'i'
 tl'uw' ts'ewutus tthu sye'yus.
 They took care of each other on everything they would try and do.
- (29) nuts'a' skweyul 'i' hwi' hwthiwun tthuw'ne'ullh kws nem's tseelhtun nem'
 'u tthu sta'luw'.
 The two guys decided to go spear fishing down the river.
- (30) hwun' netulh 'u tthu nuts'a' skweyul 'i' wulh nem' huye' 'eelhtun tseelhtun.
 They left early in the morning to go and catch fish.
- (31) nem' yu 'i'mush 'u tthu yu tsetsuw' 'u tthu sta'luw' kwus nem' yu 'i'mush yu
 suw'q' 'u 'uy' shnem's 'eelhtun.
 They walked along the river trying to find a good spot to catch fish.
- (32) 'uw' hay tthu tl'utl'its'mutth' yu ha'kwush tthu tl'eqt kumpouts.
 The short guy had hip waders on and the tall guy had no hip waders on.
- (33) wulh tus 'u tthu ni' shtusth suw' sht'eewun' 'eelhtun 'uy' kws nem's
 hwlhq'a'thum 'u tthu sta'luw'.
 In their wisdom they decided to go across the river to check out the other side.
- (34) suw' qwals tthu tl'uqtemutth', "xwum 'u ch 'i' nem' tsum'utham'sh nem'
 hwlhq'a'thum hwlhq'a'thstam'sh?"
 Well, the taller guy asked his friend, "can you carry me across the river so I
 will not get wet?"
- (35) nilh kws 'uwu kws hwlhuq'een'. sus 'uw' hwi' tssl'um' tsum'um 'u tthu
 sye'yus kws nem's yu tsum'e'tum' hwlhq'a'thumstum 'u tthu sta'luw'.
 The taller guy jumped on the friend's back and his friend carried him across
 the river.
- (36) 'iyus 'ul' tthu st'ees tthey' yey'sul'u.
 These two guys are funny.

(37) 'i t'a'thut tthey' tl'utl'its'umutth' kws 'uwu kws luqwus tthu tl'uqtemutth'
sye'yus yu tsum'e'tus.

The short guy was trying to keep his friend dry but alas the taller guy's legs
were hanging in the water anyway.

(38) 'i' ni' 'uw' yu sqwuqwis tthu sxun'us tthu sye'yus. nuw' hwu luqw tthu
sxun'us tthu sye'yus.

The taller guy's legs got wet anyway.

(39) 'uw' 'uy' shqwaluwuns kwus yu ts'ets'uw'utus sye'yus 'i' nuw' hwu luqw
tthu sxun'us.

The shorter guy had good intentions, but the taller guy's legs and feet got wet
anyway.

(40) tthey' yey'sul'u suw'wuy'qe' 'i' yath 'uw' la'lum'tul' 'u tthuw' mukw' stem
ni' sla'thut-s sul'uthut-s. hay tseep q'a'.

These two men took care of each other no matter what.

(41) ni' hay.

The end.

5.2. Vocabulary: yey'sul'u hi'yay'utul'

1.	tsakwtul	far/distant
2.	tl'uqtemutth'	tall
3.	lhq'etsus	five
4.	kwun'atul'	together/be together
5.	yay'us'u tthu tumuhw	avid gardener
6.	na'nuts'a'	one person
7.	xut'ukw'	carver
8.	snuhwulh	canoe
9.	pe'ptitul'	competing

10.	tl'e'hwun'uq	winning
11.	pipaal'	fast ball
12.	we'wun'sh	throwing it
13.	tsshun'tsu 'u tthu smuyuth	hunter of deer
14.	si'si'me't	afraid of
15.	xulhusth	feed/fed
16.	kwun'atul'	be together
17.	xeem'	cry
18.	hw'iiw'tsustus	teaching someone, showing how
19.	tseelhtun nem' u tthusta'luw'	fishing down the river
20.	ts'ets'uw'utus	helping them

Chapter 6. Conclusion

When I first started writing these stories, it reminded me of how strict my mother was and the precision with which she wanted me to learn these teachings. This has opened my memory bank. Teaching back then was not in a classroom where you learned from nine to three o'clock. It had more fluidity, where one teaching built upon another.

My goal for this project is to have a document written in black and white with a hope to preserve the authenticity of my teachings. Coming from a community where teachings have been passed down orally, I have seen teachings start to differ as time passes. I am not writing this to say that my way is the only way but to speak to how my mother has taught me and have a written record for the future generations within my family. This is my story, but it is also hers and through writing this I feel she finally gets the recognition she deserves.

In my opening comments, I stated that this is my story, but in the words of Valaskakis et al. (2009):

My story is very easily your story, an early narrative of trauma and grief that transformed into a story of healing and strength, a story about my arrival at the gate of 'what is right for me' and learning to walk well in both worlds, a story of delving deep into the traditions of Aboriginal people and being able to clothe myself in courage and a past that has given me a reason to celebrate (31).

It is my hope and my prayer that other women will reflect on their lives and move towards the ways of our people. For this is truly our strength and our means of survival.

In a time of great need, we humbly reflect back on the Elders' way of living with Hul'q'umi'num'. Today, it is the language that has nurtured and restored our sense of community and has helped us acknowledge and affirm a unique way of living and honoring the sacred lands in which we live. I am very honoured and humbled to continue with the work started by the Elders several generations ago.

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