



Waknehlákwas tsi? Náhe? tsi? Kúnhe?.

[s.l.]: [s.n.], 1970/1979

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I Marvel at How Long I'm Alive

I guess I will tell about myself how I marvel at how long I've been alive. I'm now seventy seven years old. I still do all my own work. I sew and I don't use glasses. I recall when I was five years old that our house had no floors, just an open flame in the fireplace and the tables were just boards along the wall and just one window. We had lots of food - corn, dried fruit as well, sacks hanging, venison, and dried meat, maple sugar and above there were boards put across the timbers there and tree sugar.

Once near the fire they were sitting around talking and I was just a child. A spark flew out and caught fire on my clothes and I was severely burned before those sitting around notice and put it out.

Another time I recall they were quarreling in the house and the fought so much that my late older sister carried me and we ran off, but someone mistook us as children and threw an axe. The axe went in my scalp and I heard it with just the sound of someone chopping a pumpkin. I lost consciousness. I still have a scar here just the width of the axe here on my scalp.