

Tuwiwt ren Skwekwst

My Name is Boy

Generational Roles and Responsibilities



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In Honour of the Day of Sucwentwecw
Sense of Place
Generational Roles and Responsibilities
April 7, 2017

There are hidden pictographs
in every illustration.

Can you find them all?

-----Kpales-----

The boy stood on the land of the people and knew nothing. Feeling very alone he decided to explore.



The boy came upon a rocky hill and started to climb and climb until he came to a place where the land of the people reached the very highest sky. He could almost touch the sun and the moon. The boy could see for a long, long way.

Looking around the boy spotted what he thought was an old wolf. Feeling very excited to see someone else, the boy began walking toward the old wolf.



When he got closer, he realized it was actually an old man sitting beside a fire. The boy approached the old man and the old man looked up and smiled.

“Hello boy,” the old man greeted. “My name is Grandfather. What is your name?”

“To-Weoot,” answered the boy.

“Welcome to my fire,” said Grandfather. “This place where the land meets the sky, and we all can see for a long, long way.”



“We?” asked the boy. “There are more here beside you?”

“There are many,” nodded Grandfather. “You just need to look with your eyes. Listen with your ears. Smell with your nose. Feel with your skin. And taste with your mouth.”

So the boy did, and he noticed Grandmother sitting on the other side of the fire. She was cooking something. Grandmother smiled at To-Weoot and showed him what she was cooking. It smelled very good and the boy was hungry. It was full of blue looking berries.



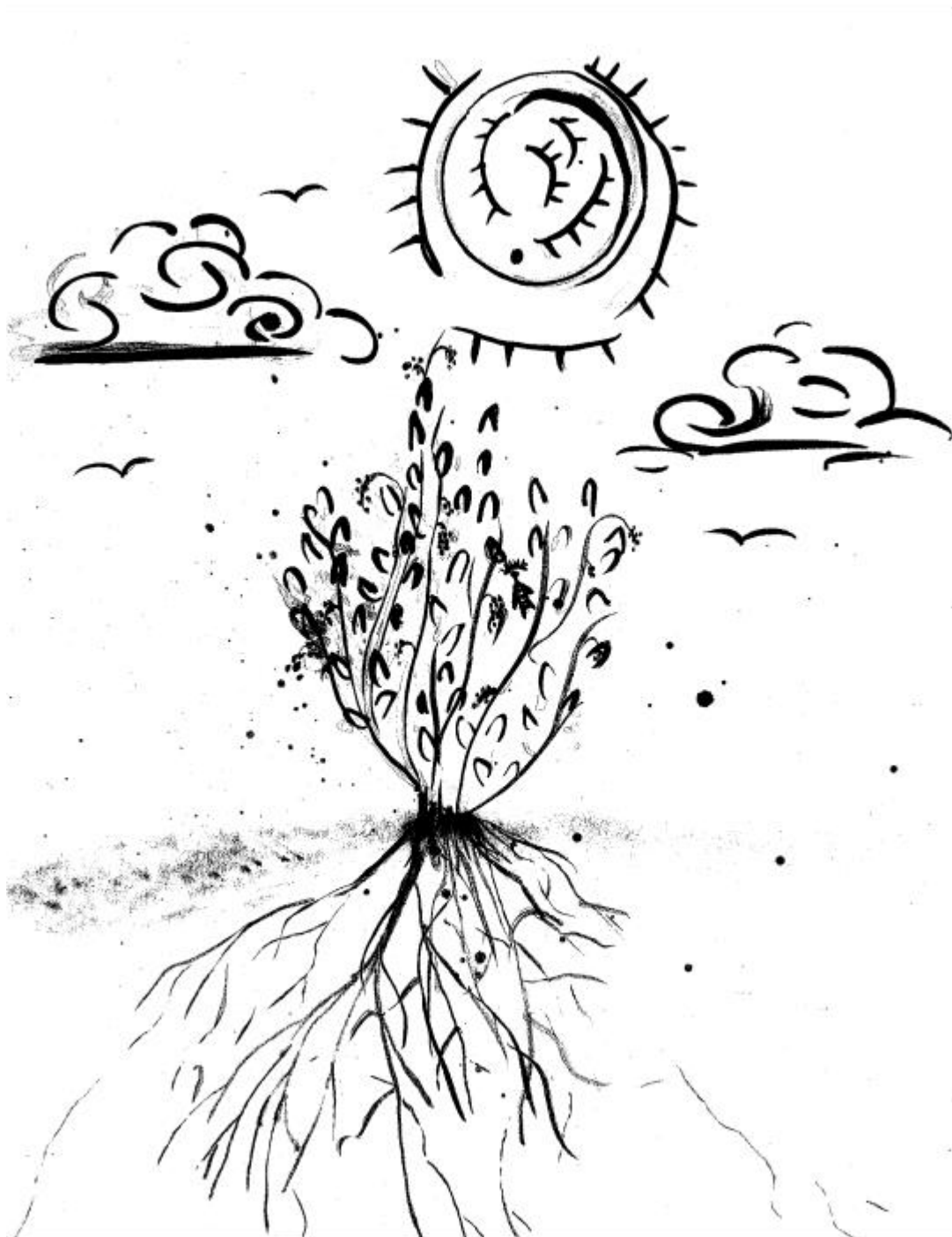
“I need more berries to finish what I am cooking,” explained Grandmother. “Go over to Saskatoon Bush and ask if you can have some of its berries.”

The boy had not noticed Saskatoon Bush before.

The boy walked over to Saskatoon Bush and asked,
“Saskatoon Bush, may I have some of your berries so that
Grandmother can make us something to eat?”

“Here,” said the Saskatoon Bush. “You can have some of my
berries so that you may eat and know who I am.”

To-Weoot took the berries and thanked Saskatoon Bush for
her generous gift.



Being very curious, the boy tasted one of the berries. When
he did, he noticed the roots of Saskatoon bush went deep
into the land and the branches reached high into the sky,
almost touching Moon and Sun.

When To-Weoot looked up past the branches at Moon and Sun, he saw Eagle.

To-Weoot called out to Eagle, “Hello Eagle. How do you stay in the sky?”



Eagle looked down on the boy and replied, “Hello To-Weoot. I use my feathers to command the wind.”

“Here,” said Eagle, “you may have some of my feathers, so you can command the wind and know who I am.”

Eagle landed on a large white birch tree and took some of his feathers out letting them drop to the land. To-Weoot ran over to the birch tree and picked them up. He thanked Eagle for his generous gift.

When To-Weoot stood up he noticed the birch tree that Eagle sat on and its fine white bark.

“Hello Birch Tree,” the boy said. “I have not seen you before and your bark is so thick and smooth!”



“Thank you To-Weoot,” said Birch Tree. “My bark is thick and smooth to protect me. You may have some of my bark to use to protect things and know who I am.”

“Thank you Birch Tree for your generous gift,” said To-Weoot.

As To-Weoot turned to leave, he noticed Deer standing and looking at him with big curious eyes.

“Hello Deer,” called To-Weoot, “What do you have to teach me?”



Deer looked at the boy a moment longer and replied, “Hello To-Weoot. I have gifts I can give you to help keep you warm that you might know who I am,” and Deer gave To-Weoot gifts of fur and antlers.

“Thank you for your generous gifts of fur and antlers, Deer,” said To-Weoot.

As To-Weoot walked back to the fire where Grandfather and Grandmother were, he was thinking about how much he learned from everyone. He was wondering how many other encounters he might have and learn from.



When he arrived back at the fire Grandfather and Grandmother were waiting for him. They smiled at To-Weoot and then at the gifts he was carrying.

Grandmother spoke, “One day To-Weoot, you will give a gift back so that they will know who you are. In the future you will meet many other people of the land and also learn from them. Always remember to thank them for their gifts and give them back a gift of your own. That way we will always learn from each other.”

“Wait here,” urged Grandfather, “Grandmother and I will go find gifts for your new friends from the land.”



When Grandfather and Grandmother left, To-Weoot noticed that the fire was getting low. He decided to use some of the bark Birch Tree gave him to feed the fire.



He noticed that the fire was still having a hard time and was almost out. To-Weoot then decided to use Eagle's feathers to command the wind and blow life into the fire.



Once the fire was going strong, To-Weoot decided he should use the rest of Birch Tree's bark to make a basket to hold Saskatoon Bush's berries until grandmother returned. Using Deer's antlers as a tool, he shaped the rest of Birch Tree's bark into a basket to hold the berries.



When To-Weoot finished the basket, he put the berries inside. He was feeling cold as the day was getting late. He remembered the fur Deer had given him and decided to use the antlers again as a tool to scrape and sew and fashion a coat to wear and keep him warm.



When he was done, To-Weoot sat back and thought again about how thankful he was for all the gifts and his knowledge about how to use the gifts. To-Weoot started to really know who the land and places were, who he was and how they all work together to help and learn from each other.

While he was thinking these thoughts he heard a sound and looked up. At first he thought it was Grandfather and Grandmother returning. What he saw was a young girl standing and looking at him.

To-Weoot smiled and knew what to say.



“Hello girl,” To-Weoot greeted. “My name is Grandfather. What is your name?”

“Noonakwen,” answered the girl.

“Welcome to my fire,” said Grandfather. “This place where the land meets the sky, and we all can see for a long, long way.”

“We?” asked the girl. “There are more here beside you?”



“There are many,” nodded Grandfather. “You just need to look with your eyes. Listen with your ears. Smell with your nose. Feel with your skin. And taste with your mouth.”



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