



SPIRIT
Beyond the
Walls

Welcome

to the

2001 Edition

of the

Collective Writings & Artwork

from the

**Yukon College Whitehorse Correctional
Centre Campus Students**

We hope you enjoy ...

Sharing the Journey

of our

Spirit

Beyond the Walls



ANDREW 02/02



Since I was 5 years old, I was sent to the residential school in Lower Post. The nuns who taught us at the time were very strict. Not very long after that the nuns were removed, and they no longer ran the school.

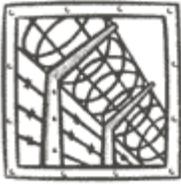
We were pretty well off after they had left. I remember all the fun times we had with different activities. The supervisors would take us camping and organize dances. We would have beautiful Christmas, Valentines and Easter celebrations before we went home for the holidays. Every year the supervisors would give us new clothing.

I remember some of the older girls and guys would tell us how they were treated very mean because they were not supposed to speak their own language. So in my generation we were pretty lucky. I am sorry that they were treated like non- persons. I hope that whoever was treated mean will find hope and forgiveness in their mind and soul.

Lois M. Stewan

Living in W.C.C.

Well, the first time I entered this place was in September, I was picked up



for breaching probation. I was so busy drinking at the time, maybe the system saved my life. I time, I've been doing a lot of thinking and I finally realize that I have a big problem with alcohol, drugs and pills am getting so sick of being in jail. So this time, this last.

I'm going to make a big change in my habits in the future. Why? because living life without alcohol, drugs and pills is a much healthier lifestyle. We get to do or things we never think of when we are using alcohol, drugs and pills. I've all kinds of arrangements for the support I'll need out there when I am released, things that I'll need out there to keep my sobriety. I pray that I never have to live the life I've lived in the past.

While I've been living in W.C.C., I've never felt as much anger, loneliness, stress and burden. I like the people and the guards. They are very nice at times but I don't like the atmosphere. I enjoyed going to school while I was here. I don't think they have enough activities like arts and crafts nights, crib tournaments and it'd be pretty cool if they had bingo nights using "canteen" pop, chips and incidentals for prizes.

I hope and pray that I will never have to come back here again. I wish to set an example for my son so that he'll never want to get into trouble.

YA-HOO..... I'm SET FREE TOMORROW!!

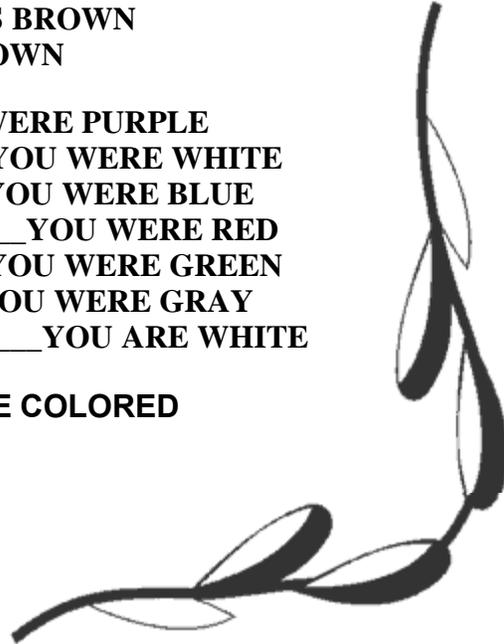
Colors

WHEN I WAS BORN _____ I WAS BROWN
WHEN I WAS YOUNG _____ I WAS BROWN
WHEN I GOT COLD _____ I WAS BROWN
WHEN I GOT HOT _____ I WAS BROWN
WHEN I GOT SICK _____ I WAS BROWN
WHEN I GOT COLD _____ I WAS BROWN
WHEN I DIE _____ I AM BROWN

WHEN YOU WERE BORN _____ YOU WERE PURPLE
WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG _____ YOU WERE WHITE
WHEN YOU GOT COLD _____ YOU WERE BLUE
WHEN YOU WERE HOT _____ YOU WERE RED
WHEN YOU GOT SICK _____ YOU WERE GREEN
WHEN YOU GOT OLD _____ YOU WERE GRAY
WHEN YOU DIE _____ YOU ARE WHITE

AND YOU HAVE THE NERVE TO CALL ME COLORED

BY W. BROWN



Does it Hurt to be Mean?

I guess the way people treated me had a lot to do with who I am today. I remember the teacher asking the other kids to donate part of their lunch for me. That sure didn't help my self-esteem. At lunch time kids would tease me a lot, pick on me because I was pretty small. I used to cry a lot back then.

But it wasn't long 'til I learned to fight back when I realized that by being outright mean a lot of those kids were getting to be scared of me. Maybe I didn't have my dog or much size but if you wanted to try and pick on me you had best be ready to get hurt and hurt bad. So I had found a way to get respect from the other kids. I never lost many fights in school and if I wanted your lunch it was usually a pretty smart thing to just give it to me and have me on your side. At that time if I didn't see your blood you weren't beat! After awhile it got to the point where all I had to do was raise my voice. I could get what I wanted by just getting mad.

I remember more than one teacher who would be scared of me. They would try to discipline me and I would blow up, the next thing you'd know they would be talking real nice, letting me off on homework and more than one passed me just to get away from dealing with me. It didn't matter if you tried to gang up on me, 'cause then I would just get meaner. I took a lot of lickings and beatings and definitely got more straps than any other kid in Fort Nelson. So I had no fear of pain but I sure knew I could get results inflicting it. So, everyone who tried to gang up on me knew it was gonna cost them. Most times when they would circle around me no one would have the courage to get close, or they would be thinking of what I'd do if and when I got them alone. I final had respect!

At the time it was all I had and it got me through school right up until the last. In fact, I can imagine there are still people who talk about the meanest little Indian they ever met. Some are probably scared I'd come back, and more wish they could get the chance to pay me back. I don't think that mean streak has ever left me. I believe I found security in that and to this day I use that same security.

I grew up in a hard, cold environment. I lost a lot when I was growing up. I did too much hurting for someone so young. At an early age I learned not to get close and the easiest way to escape the hurt, or even the chance of getting hurt, would be to leave, which usually meant running away. Even going through what I did as a youngster I can remember teachers trying to care for me and be nice. I would go along with it, so I could get a few favors then I'd get rid of them by stealing from them or lying to them. I just could not stand the thought of trusting anyone to stay close. It didn't hurt if I was the one to push them away; at least then it wasn't like I was losing. I was making the choice, I was in control. I know now that at that time it worked for me but what I could not have understood was how that thinking and type of defense mechanism would be so negative and ultimately destructive to me and more importantly to the people who came into my life.

I lost most of my youth; I refused to lose my adulthood. I learned at a very young age that I could control who I could get close to and who not to. Friends come and go but will always be friends. Loved ones come and go, that's all! At one point in my life I had a word for that, it was 'poofta'. That word meant to me that you're out of my life, and I'm not going to hurt over another loss.





Our Ride Home

From years beyond our memory we've been molded.

Who we are, what we do.

No one says who they are or will be.

Our losses are many. We come to believe

That however we care it would be wasted.

We believe the mold of life sets us apart

We learned not to have faith.

What we care for would leave or be taken away.

That was our mold.

We grew to be loners, refusing to love.

Only one stands with us, ourselves.

So don't love us, we have no room for you.

Surrounded by voices, by people, by love,

Only one is ours,

Only one will stay

Our hearts reach out but touch only ghosts.

Our journey of a loveless life is safe. Yet love will find us.

We will find love. This will begin our journey home.

Faith will be understood

Courage to love, courage to care.

This will be our ride home.

Our strength of self weakens us with loneliness.

Courage to let go of our past,

Have faith

Faith in our ride home. Yesterday we suffered

Today we're coming home.

Wayne H. 2001



.Drums of the storm.
An American Indian tale

At the bottom of Lake Superior lived the evil, Matchi Manitou. It was he who reached out long, green arms of water, curling them over the frail canoes to drag unfortunate Indians down into the deep. It was he who spread the wicked quicksand under the feet of man and beast to suck his helpless prey down to the slow and cruel death.

When the winds shrieked and the waves roared on the shingle, the Indians crept closer to their fires and whisper in low tones, "hear the drums! Hear Matchi Manitou beating the drums!"

Now it happened that an Indian lived on a low bluff close to the shore. He was not a good Indian at all and on that account lived apart from the teepees of the tribe. The drums of the waves were always in his ears and he came to listen to them more and more, especially through the long hours of the night. Finally he began to understand what they said to him.

One night, when there was a great storm, the wild wings of the wind flapped on the sides of the tent and went roaring over the water. The wicked Indian sat up suddenly on his sleeping fur and cried out to his squaw:

"The drums! Hear the drums! Listen! They are talking to me. They say Matchi Manitou waits at the water edge. Come! Come! Come! Come! Come! Come! Come! Come!" "I hear nothing but the thunder of the surf," mumbled his wife sleepily.

"You are deaf then," answered the Indian, " for the drum call plainly, come! Come! Come! Come! "

With that the Indian sprang up, seized his medicine stick and rushed out of the tent and down to the lakeshore. His wife followed at a distance. She saw him beat upon the water with his stick. Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap! Went the stick with a perfect beat with the waves that thundered on the beach. Then a strange thing happened. Where the long medicine stick beat, a dark swirling hole appeared, around which the waters rushed faster and faster with a horrid sucking sound.

Now the medicine stick fell with increasing speed, and into the great hole went hunks of trees and tangled roots and the white scum of the raging shore. The swirl of the water went over the toes of the Indian, then around his ankles, then over his knees. At that instant a terrible head with eyes glowed'ae yellow saucers appeared in the very center of the dark whirlpool, and a long snakelike body coiled round and round with the water's rush. "What do you want?" hissed Matchi Manitou, the evil one. "Health, wealth, power, and happiness," replied the Indian. What do you want? Hissed the Matchi Manitou the evil one. Health wealth power and happiness, replied the Indian. Then get all four from the Great spirit, answered the evil one for he gives happiness with the other three only to those who toil in their brothers service." "But I wish health and wealth and power and happiness without toil," continued the Indian.

"Health and wealth and power I can give you without toil." Said the evil one, "but not happiness". "Let it be so,"

cried the Indian. "Give me health and wealth and power even if I miss happiness,"

"You have spoken," hissed the evil one. "Take from between my teeth this blood - red ball. In it is all that you desire. As long as you keep it in your turtle medicine bag, you well not want any of the three, but remember, in pay, I take each year one of your best beloved things."

Instantly the head of the great beast sank out of sight, and the swirling hole became nothing but water tumbling on the shore.

The wicked Indian went back to his teepee. His wife lay dead upon the ground from the terror she had felt. Already the evil one had taken pay, but the Indian did not mind. His thoughts were too full of all that he was about to do.

In the days that followed a strange change came over him. He grew strong and straight. He became a mighty hunter. He slew his enemies with his terrible tomahawk. He robbed his neighbors of their goods and became the most powerful though the most hated ruler on the shores of the great lake; but each year, at the time of the great storm, some cherished treasure was snatched away.

Now it was a daughter, and now a son, and now a white horse, until, at last, there was left nothing that he loved but a sickly young son. The great storm came in the early fall and the youngsters was blown over a cliff and killed. The wicked Indian was lying on his furs at the moment listening to the drums of the great waves.

Suddenly he heard them speaking the words of Matchi Manitou "Come! Come! Come! Come!" they thundered over and over. The Indians sprang up and took the red ball out of his medicine case. It turned to powder in his fingers. With a cry, he ran down to the shore of the thundering lake. The water came swirling to his feet. The great hole

appeared and out of it thrust up the terrible head, with yellow saucer- like eyes. "Your last beloved thing is dead," said the evil one. "You have nothing more to give. Now I demand yourself." At the words, the water twisted up and over and around the Indian's knees, then around his waist, then over his head, and with a vast sucking sound, whirled him round and round and dragged him head first into the great swirling hole.





Growing up in Stewart Crossing

I was ten years old when we first moved to Stewart Crossing. The reason why we moved to Stewart Crossing was because my father was a heavy equipment operator. He had worked for the Yukon government for thirty-five years until he passed away. For excitement in Stewart, we would walk for miles some times just to go and play at our uncle's place in the bush. There were so many places to go in the bushes behind his house. We used to find very interesting spots where my brothers and sisters would go swimming for hours. A big tree hung over the water that they used for a diving board. So anyway, while they were swimming we'd go into the bush and pick or eat high-bush cranberries, blue berries, and raspberries. I'd call that fun then we would go back to my uncle's and he'd always pay us to do little odd jobs for him like pack firewood in for him. Then he would drive us home with the money he gave us for working. We'd all go to the restaurant for a snack after supper.

Another thing we used to do is hang out all day at the only restaurant in Stewart and get little odd jobs on the horse corral. There used to be a whole pile of fifty's and sixty's vehicles behind the barn so we'd always be playing in the old cars. We sometimes would have our afternoon naps in the cars. Sometimes we'd go fishing along the riverbank behind our house or we'd walk across the bridge and climb on the cliff that leads all the way up to the forestry tower. We all climbed up there one day; that was about eight miles up and it took us all day. We returned home at 9 p.m and left about 8 a.m.

There were so many other things we did that I could remember that I could talk about of that small exciting town when I was young. We used to go hang out at the restaurant and meet the bus when it was traveling to Mayo or Dawson and see if we'd meet anybody that we'd might know. We used to sell our picture to tourists for five-dollars. In the seventies, five dollars was a lot of money compared to these days.

Well, I'll just sign off with this story that I wanted to tell about what a good life I've had growing up as a child. Now look where I am...

CARLOS SANTANA

An American of Mexican descent might call himself a "chicano". He would probably talk about "La Raza" the race the people, the tribe. He would mean mexicans. The "Calendario De La Raza" is produced by La Raza Studies Department at San Francisco State University. Amongst the calendar's many interesting images is one called "The Last Supper of Chicano Hero's". A mural which can be found at Casa Zapata, Stanford University, Palo Alto, to the south of San Francisco. The figures on the mural include the patron Saint of Mexico, the Virgin of Guadalupe, and many well known political leaders such as Che 'Guevara, Pancho Villa, Emilio Zapata, Cesar Chavez, Martin Luther King and Rigoberta Menchu. Right in the middle of the second row amongst all the freedom fighters there is a long-haired figure holding a guitar; Carlos Santana. How does a mere musician find himself in exalted company?

"Soul Sacrifices" is the first ever biography that I ever read about Carlos Santana, the most famous Latin American musician in the world. The genuine "rags to riches" story traces his life as a child playing mariachi music in the streets of Tijuana, through to WorldWide Stardom. Through subsequent LP's like "Abraxas" and "Santana III", the band have gone on to sell over 35 million albums and played to over millions across the globe. Carlos Santana's musical journey has also embraced a number of intriguing tangents, including complex jazz odysseys like "Cara Vanseri " and "Welcome" albums and collaborations with John McLaughlin, Alice Coltrane and Herbie Hancock. After receiving a lifetime achievement award from Billboard Magazine in 1996, Santana recently returned to the fray with his first studio album in 7 years featuring collaborations with Lauryn Hill, Dave Matthews and Eric Clapton. "Supernatural" once again placed Santana at the number one spot on the Billboard's U S chart as did the first single, "Smooth", confirming the longevity of Santen's appeal. Finally, in closing and most importantly, Carlos Santana himself produces a gripping portrait of a World Music Pioneer who is one the most distinctive and influential guitarist of all time.

The 6th Day

Futuristic, fast paced action/thriller about a not so distant future where genetic boundaries are brought into question. Star Arnold Schwarzenegger is a man who returns home one night to find his presence has been replaced by a clone.

When the show first starts out a lot of the parts are funny. A lot of ethical questions are asked; as well possibilities are explored. RePet is a nice little touch. In the not too distant future you will be able to bring your pets back - if they die - through cloning. A lot of future implications are really quite frightening in this movie.

There are some good special effects in this show.

The plot is good and the premise just rocks. Cinematography is first rate and the musical score is ok.

I thought the show was pretty interesting, it makes one wonder just what is in store for the future of genetic engineering. Where will it lead us? Who knows? Would I recommend this show to my friends? Sure why not, I would also suggest they pop back about 10 caps of shrooms while they're at it.

Glen Bunbury



Institute of Learning

I've joined Yukon College to try and get my G E D. I'm having a little difficulty in absorbing a lot of the literature that's in the book. I'm not doing so badly in Math, but in English I can't seem to remember where to put all my comma's, colons, semicolons and whatever else there is you're suppose to use. I think my main problem is that I can't bring my self to sit and read, so this makes it hard for me to study. My other problem is, I'm trying to absorb too much at one time. I would like to get my Math, English, and get into computers. As far as I know, I'm not doing to badly in the computer department, although I have a lot more to learn before I can say I'm a computer whiz. I don't feel that I'm studying or reading, I feel as if I'm just playing a game on the computer. I am learning, but just in a different way. I do appreciate the help I can get from staff, if I can get the guts to ask. My problem is I don't like to ask for help. I've always tried to solve my own problems. It's just that I'm always afraid people will think that I'm a brick short of a load and can't think or solve problems on my own. What I have to suggest to anyone who wants to learn is that you don't have to be afraid to ask for help, that's a part of learning. I do believe that I have accomplished a great deal. I never used to write letters but I did this mess on my own.

In Need

**You needed me,
I needed you.**

**We met each other at a
time when we needed
each other.**

**We each understood
what the other had
been through.**

**We tried to understand
what life threw at us,
so we could go on living,
trying to understand this
World that is sometimes
so cruel to us.**



OF MAN AND MOOSE



When I was 15 or 16 years old I was a cocky lad full of piss and vinegar. I had absolutely no patience for anything except what I found to be important, which pretty much explains what most boys are like and why I learned this lesson like I did.

I was cooling my heels at a native based A&D treatment facility in Alberta as ordered by a bunch of assholes who deemed themselves important because they worked in the *Injustice Department*, or was it *Justice Department*? At any event, while I attending this treatment facility, staff thought it would be a good idea to get boys out and do some good old-fashioned traditional hunting. They armed us with .270 Remington's and .303 cal rifles - pretty traditional don't you think!

Out we go a *hunting* for moose in *rutting* season. What does our traditional hunting party find in the next two weeks that we end up spending in the boonies? A really huge **nothing**! As the day gives way to darkness on this last evening of our unsuccessful hunting trip we pack up camp and hike out. The sun has already set, so it is beginning to get really dark out, but not so much that we can't see 50 to 60 yards around us. Low and behold what do you think we spot - the all but invisible 'Bullwinkle', our moose. One of our crew is quick to the draw and gets a clean shot off, because we were so close Bullwinkle dropped like a ton of rocks! Yeehaw! You better believe we're eating well tonight, yes siree.

I was so pleased that this entire trip wasn't all for nothing that I cruise right on up to where Bullwinkle dropped. Before I knew it, there was a 900 pounds really pissed bull moose staring down at me from his 7-foot point of view. He was roaring, snoring and spitting blood out the bullet hole in its chest. Standing no more than three or four feet of it I began to figure that instead of having Bullwinkle for dinner, I probably was going to end up his evening snack.

Then, just like that, he was gone and running into the woods leaving me standing like a bronze statue without a heartbeat. We eventually caught up to our moose and took him home in smaller packages. I'll never forget how scared shitless I was the moment I thought that beast raised from the dead to get even with whatever was close to the spot it had be shot.

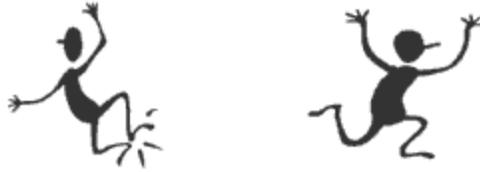
Moral of the story, make sure whatever you shoot at is dead before getting close to it!

When I got out the last time, I bought a bag of weed for \$60 from my uncle who lives across the street from me. I went downtown to sell the bag of weed, but it didn't go as planned.

I saw my bother and his friends hanging out. I owed him something from a previous time. I pulled a couple of 'Jays' from my bag and gave it to him. We began drinking and I got so drunk that I couldn't stand straight. I decided to go home because I was too drunk. As I began walking to the bus stop, I met up with my cousin who told me I should come to his house. I said I would only if I could pass out awhile. He said o.k, so when we arrived at his place he told me to go pass out in the other room for a bit. I woke up a couple of hours later.

When I came out of the room, there was fresh pizza at the door. I ate pizza and then we played Playstation all night until the next day!





"I'll tell you about the day my husband and his friend Byron went hunting across the lake.

They shot a small Bull Moose; however the moose was only nicked. He lay down for a while and didn't move. Roy and Byron started walking towards it, then suddenly; the moose jumped up and ran at them. They both ran from the moose and looked for a tree to climb. The only tree they could find was a small and flimsy one. Roy yelled at Byron, "Shoot it, shoot it! You have the gun". Byron turned around and starting firing.

The moose never had a chance.

Anyway I was at home at the time making a big pot of coffee and a large pan of bannock. Suddenly I saw a boat coming towards the house. I thought it was going to flip. The front of the boat was almost completely out of the water as it zigzagged across the lake. As it got closer I saw it was of course Roy steering it. He landed the boat, jumped out, then grabbed the axe, and left again. I guess he planned to skin the moose right where it died.

They split the moose, but they had to throw most of the meat away as it was filled with shot. Well the dogs loved anyway. Me, I had fresh stakes to eat that evening, and it was really enjoyable.

The next day we cut and smoked the meat so the flies and bugs don't bother it. It was beautiful sitting around cutting and cooking the meat and roasting some small steak by the fire.

Beautiful lifestyle, I sure miss it.

Native Peoples!

It has been said that all Canadians are immigrants from somewhere. Indeed the Canadian mosaic of cultures is a product of successive waves of immigrants, and those flows continue today, creating our uniquely multicultural society.

Canada's indigenous people, our Natives People, represent the first wave of immigrants to this land. It is popularly held that the first Native People arrived here approximately 20,000 years ago, via a land bridge that joined Bering Straight in Alaska prior to the last Ice Age. The point of origin of these people is believed to be from South Eastern Asia between Malaysia and Korea, though no actual proof of these origins have ever been discovered. Migrations of the ancestors of our Native People into North America continued until approximately 10,000 years ago, the Inuit and Eskimos being the last to arrive. Little is known of the motives for these migrations northward and then south through North America.

As the various tribes spread out across Canada, different cultures developed as the result of varying environments. For example, Plains Indians such as the Assiniboine became skilled in hunting buffalo and other hoofed animals that roamed the prairies in the tens of thousands. They created portable tents or teepees that could be moved easily as they followed the herd. The Iroquois, who settled in the fertile area of Southern Ontario practised agriculture, developed a highly organized governmental structure and lived in long, multi-family lodges or wigwams. West Coast Indians such as the Haida were fishermen and created the unique multi-symbolized totem poles. Thus it is erroneous to speak of all Native Peoples as being the same. Dialects differed from tribe to tribe, although seven related language groups existed.

But, although cultures differed, Canada's Native Peoples had many similarities. All were intensely spiritual people, seeing their spirituality embodied in nature. They were not monotheists but worshipped many gods, attempting to appease each in order to live fruitful lives. They were non-materialistic people who believed in cooperation. No one could own land, just as no one could own the air. They practiced government by consensus whereby all members of a tribe were generally consulted on major decisions. And they generally lived peacefully, respecting the territory of other tribes. Conflict between tribes would not begin until Europeans had arrived and encouraged Native territorial confrontation for their own greed. Certainly these values would clash with Europeans who had other motives for coming to North America. However, Native Peoples lived peacefully in Canada for thousands of years. It would not be until the 1500's that their prominence in Canada would decline as a result of the clash of cultures that would occur when Europeans stepped ashore to their self-titled "new world".

This my story story on Native Peoples In Canada!

Done by

Robert Czuczvara



Reality Kicks In....

I have often wondered life's mysteries. There are many things that are unknown and cannot be solved. I do know that us humans have a body, mind, and soul. We have the capacity to love and spread joy to the world, Or we can hate and spread that for some unordinary reason. In today's society everything you see, hear or read you come to believe. I know there is good and bad, and your fate is entirely up to you, on how you go about living your life. Often people go through stages in their lives where they are given choices. To make the right decision, I believe in listening to your conscious. The world today is very scary; so many things are going on around us that you never know when the Helter Skelter may arise. It all stems from what our history has been. We have formed our own ethology, What we portray in that is what will become. Our futures are of value, we need to try to make changes for our generations. There is one thing in life that really puzzles me;.....Death.... When we die, where do we go?... Is the world that we are living in Hell? I cannot understand the evil that has spread throughout this unholy earth. I want to solve these facts although I cannot because for eons man has searched for these answers. He has come up with myths or scientific revolution. Will there be a war is in our minds a lot of the time. Money, Drugs, Sex, Gambling...etc... These powerful mind altering things can sure ruin the world. They may be great, even so, these are the traps in which the evil forces uses upon us humans in luring us into his damnation - Eternal punishment in hell. I strongly believe in the Bible. It was our History, many messengers were there to take down the events of what had happened. It was terrible how they used to punish people, Nailed to a cross or either tied up in which they would then whip you over and over. There were other forms of punishment, hanging, dismembering the head, burying alive with locusts eating into the flesh, burning at the stake. It was all determined on what type of crime you committed. There has been evidence of the most unusual finding of human bones that have been cut, scraped, and the marrow literally taken out. This shocking archaeological find was believed to have been cannibalism. All these things had taken place more than 500,000 years ago. Now in this year of zeros things have become more structured and advanced. More evil is being released from the devil. He has gripped a hold of a lot of people to bring down in the bottomless pit with him where he will then torture them eternally. Someday in this world there will be a war. A war between God and Lucifer or maybe between us. Like I said, it all depends on the choices we make. So the next time you feel like to go and kill someone or take that next hit, think of it this way, you are only adding yourself to the list of all the people that are going to suffer in the end. Its not that easy you see, when you start to really think of these things in life that are gruesome, terrible, and obscene, If you are somehow a part of anything. You will feel reality kick in.... Maybe that's the whole cause of this messed up society? I'd figure.

Written by Chyna 2-G



Kiskatewis

SALMON

Sep 29/97

This is the most bull shit
I had to put up with in
my whole life and to write
about rocks get a grip with
the world what the hell can
you write about rocks that they are
so soft can be
broken and all shards of
shit that can be done
to them I swear that when
I got out I never have
to go to jail again so I don't have to
write in class
about rocks get with the
program and the more I
think about school the more
I hate it with a passion
I just wish the whole world was dead
and I would not be writing
about @#&***! rocks/

Looka Who's Here?

It all started on Halloween night when some friends asked for a ride to their community. Once there, I went to a friend's house to dress up for the dance while my daughter drove around. After the dance I went to sleep. My daughter went to a party. Well, it turns out that she winds up getting jumped by 5 women and 1 guy. They beat the crap out of her (she was only 16). She came to get me and of course like any other parent, I wanted to



take care of it myself and beat the living hell out of them. My daughter didn't want that because she wanted to fight them one on one. We went and found three of the hoes. They did not stand a chance against my daughter, and she kicked the living crap out of the bitches. We went back to town, wrote statements and had pictures taken of all her bruises. They also took pictures of my truck, because one of the hoes' moms thought she was tough and smashed my truck up. Now, if I was to see this hoe bitch, again I'm

sure she would not try dick! My daughter got nine months for assault causing bodily harm. I got six months for assessorry - for making sure no one jumped in when she got 3 of the hoes one on one. Out of the courtroom b.s. not one of those 6 people got charged for beating up a 16 yr. Old. I thought there was juvenile justice or protection for youth.

Not in the Yukon, the land where criminal justice is unnoticed and it pays to be a criminal. The more damage you do the less time you do. That's why the murders are happening here. Anyway, here I am writing about my first time being incarcerated, it's not that bad. My only complaint is my roommate keeps me up all night, swearing in English and French. I can now swear fluently in French.





I was born in Whitehorse, Yukon and was raised up near Ross River approximately fifteen miles up the Campbell highway. My parents and I lived a nomadic lifestyle year round. My parents did not like living in town. They did not like the closed confinement filled with too many people in one area. They enjoyed the sense of freedom the wilderness provided such as, fresh meat and a clean living environment. We would often get up and go whenever my parents decided to move camp.

During the summer, we would move to mom's fishing camp on the Pelly River. My mother taught us how to cut and dry fish, and how to repair and make fishnets. I really enjoyed these times I spent there. My mother never forced us to do anything we did not want to do. I always remember my mother laughing all day long at my brothers and sisters for the mistakes they made while they learned new skills. Mom, as always was comical storyteller that always made everyone laugh at her unusual stories.

As summer slipped into fall, we would prepare to go hunting big game in the mountains, such as moose, caribou and sheep to ensure we had meat for the winter. This was one of my favorite times of the year, because we got to explore the area around us. We would pick blueberries, cranberries and dig up bear roots. We often went for nature walks to hunt further from our camp. We usually packed some food for lunch since we would be gone all day.

This was the time of the year for big game. My dad and brothers were always wandering around up on the mountains. They usually asked us if we wanted to come along with them. My oldest sisters always refused to go; since I was the youngest in the family, dad always took me along with him. I always enjoyed this time with my dad. We would always joke with each other. He'd say, "Baby, you see anything yet?" and I'd look around and say, "No dad, but I see a bunch of horses in the valley below." Then he'd look to see what I pointed at and jump up, "That no horse, its moose!" He would then either say, "Be quiet now" or, "I'm going to send you back to camp." I always would try to look real sad and say, "Well, will you come with me". He'd start laughing and would say, "Come on, let's get our meat." He would then put me on his shoulders and carry me down the mountain.

I learned early in my life to be quiet and to be patient when my dad would take me with him on the hunt, otherwise we wouldn't have any fresh meat. Since I was raised up on fresh or dry meat, I never liked store bought meat. My dad also taught me how to shoot a 22. Rifle. By the time I was five years old I was able to shoot rabbits, gophers and grouse without missing anymore than a few times.

I never was alone. I'm always in the company of one of my brothers when I wanted to practice shooting a target

When we would finish cutting and drying all the meat, we would start our way back to Beautiful Lake before winter set in. Dad would prepare for trapping season by checking his traps and snares making sure they are in good condition. Mom would be busy with her sewing work or tanning hides. We all help her out as much as we could before my brothers and sisters returned to school in Lower Post. I was nine years old when I started

school, because my parents did not want me far away. They did their best to hide me from the people who are responsible for uprooting the family and taking children away from the life that they have grown up in. A very different environment.



It was a really nice sunny day as we got ready to go out on the land. We packed our camping gear into the boat and filled the tank with gas and went out on the water. We pitched camp, then unpacked our gear and picked lots of firewood. We then made a fire and roasted weiners and made a hot pot of coffee and another of tea.

We relaxed, then afterward got the fish gear out. We unraveled and untangled the net and put floats and heavy rocks to keep the nets from moving and getting tangled. One of us stayed on land and the other person would jump in the boat and take it out into the water. Then, you would let go of the net and leave it there 'till the fish comes along.

The End

Victoria Elias



Top of the Mountain.

One day I was walking on top of a mountain. It was a clear sunny day so sunny and clear that you could see for miles on top of that mountain. Then something catches my eye down in the valley below me. I look through my binoculars and I see a cow moose and her calf grazing on shrubs and leaves. I see on the other mountain that there are some sheep bathing in the sun on the side of the mountain. I look in the sky and I see a golden eagle and it circles down towards me and I watch him. Then all of a sudden a feather falls down to the ground. I pick it up and when I look back up the eagle has disappeared.



Dreaming, all day long I'm dreaming of my love
Such a young and sweet thing some day
I will be your everything loving you
Holding you, kissing you some day
Feeling such a wondrous feeling
I love you and I know you will too
One day I will be in paradise, loving you
Holding you, kissing you one day, some will,
You came in like a breeze on a summer's day
I knew I want to be with you, everyday, someday
I dream of you, holding you, and you love me too
Sweet dreams, to the one that I love
My angel, from the heavens above
Someday, I will be your everything
Loving you, holding you, kissing you someday, someday.

LOVE YOU FOREVER

My Thoughts

Killers and Murderers

These are my thoughts on the "Justice System" in the Yukon. WHY is it that people can kill rape, or maim another human and only get 2-5 years imprisonment, whether it be premeditated or not? What's the difference a person is still dead. The family is with out a loved one! The family will be going through changes, not to mention the grieving cycle, which could last a very long and lonely time. Then there is the question of how the person died. Was it fast and painless, or long and agonizing? There is no amount of money or time that could replace a human being. The Justice System is a joke. People who do armed robberies, theft, assault, or deal drugs get more time than murderers. Is a human life that worthless and disposable? Does anyone think of the children that get left behind, and how they will cope? Who's going to raise them? Who's going to fend for them, nourish them and love them? Yes, they may have one parent, but it would be more beneficial for the children to be raised by two of their own parents.

Child Molesters and Rapists

Child molesters destroy lives and only get a slap on the wrist or conditional sentences. The abused suffer for the rest of their lives. No amount of counseling, or treatment, can return what was taken from them. They have been stripped of every thing that is essential in making a civilized individual; self esteem, self-concept, self respect, dignity, confidence, and morality. Most victims grow up and become abusers, alcoholics, drug addicts, or victims of the justice system. Very few victims are survivors who have learned to deal with their issues and society. I say society because we are taught to be quiet and not to tell anyone "or else". There are so many horror stories in the communities that noone talks about. It is only in the last few years that people have begun opening up about various abuses. Now there are groups, counselors, and treatment centers to help survivors.

Jails, Institutions, or Death

As most of us know, jails and penitentiaries put murderers, rapists, and child molesters in what they call P.C. (protective custody). Now isn't that a crying shame! How can they protect such scum of the earth while so many other people have to deal with the dysfunction they left behind. If people had it their way they'd have punishment by death, an eye for an eye so to speak. These protective custody scums are behind bars for a short period of time. Meanwhile the families are left to deal with grieving, trying to understand how and why their loved one died. The families will be dealing with the loss for the rest of their lives. As reality would have it, most of these freebies are not for long, as the scums could never return to the Yukon or their hometown.

Inmate # 12226



The year was 1975 and I decided that I should learn to trap.
That's when a friend and I went out on my family's trap-line.
Could you just imagine two greenhorns out in the bush alone?
We both knew how to live in the bush because we worked for a hunting
outfitter for a couple of years. My friend was a white man from south of Prince
George; he's never been on a trap-line before.
No one taught me how to set traps, I learned by going out to check traps with
my Uncles and watch how they did it. I never ask any questions, so they
would never offer to teach me. I had to learn on my own.
That's when I had to teach my friend the proper way to set traps, and the
different techniques to killing the animal humanely.
I can say today that we had the time of our lives out there.
We were young and free to do what we pleased.
We both learned a great deal in the three months we spent in the bush.

That Poor Kid

I think in order to fully understand why I have problems dealing with people, and especially with relationships, you have to know my history. I must go back to my years as a kid. I remember a lot of times of being alone. Mom and Dad would be gone and when they were home, they would be drinking. I would usually run away. As far back as I can remember, I just wanted to be left alone. My parents drank a lot and I think that scared me. When I got caught running away, I would not just get a spanking, I would really get a beating. My home life was pure hell for me. All I can remember is either running away or wanting to run away. I think I was only six or seven at the time, I'm not really sure, but I do know that these memories are from as far back as I can reach. Things really got crazy when my Mom and Dad got put in jail for child neglect. They each got two years and we kids got split up into different foster homes. I can't remember how old I was then, yet I recall being very confused and hurt. I could not figure out what was happening to everyone but I knew that I was alone among strangers. The first couple tried very hard to make me feel secure and welcome. They even bought me my first bike. I really liked those people and that was why I ran away from them. I think I was having a hard time with the family being torn apart. When I look back on it now, it could be that I felt part of the blame for everything that was happening around me. I mean, after all, I was always getting lickings for stealing or running away. Because I was a bad kid no one wanted me and didn't know what to do with me - they would just up and leave me. It was at a very young age that began to fear getting close to anyone.

I used to have a dog when I was a kid. That dog was always with me. Sometimes I would sneak away from him but he always found me. His name was Nooky. I remember one time when someone was trying to catch me after I had run away. As soon as I started to run, Nooky realized I was scared and that dog stopped whoever it was that was chasing me. That dog was more than the world to me.

When I used to go to school Nooky would go with me and at lunchtime, I would come out and he'd be there. Sometimes, I would sneak out early just to see if he stayed all day.

I found out that he would go home, then come back at lunchtime, and again after school. When you are a kid that age you need a hero and I had the best one ever. No other kids dared pick on me because if I got mad at them, Nooky would get mad too. No one messed with me. I can't really recall for sure how many years I had that dog but I sure can remember the day in grade three when the teacher took me out of class. She told me that my dog had been run over and that I could go home at lunchtime. I'll take that moment with me to my grave. To this day, I cannot think of any other thing that could measure up to the pain, anger and sadness of that day. I want to cry right now, but I won't!

That happened before mom and dad went to jail and we kids all got split up. I'm trying to keep things in order yet I don't think it really matters just so long as I try to understand where I come from and what has shaped who I am and the way I treat myself and those around me. I consider that dog to be my first big loss of someone I loved. I don't think I really handled it very well and I can't recall anyone trying to help me deal with it - it just seemed like the whole world felt sorry for me. I went from being "alright" to being "that poor kid".

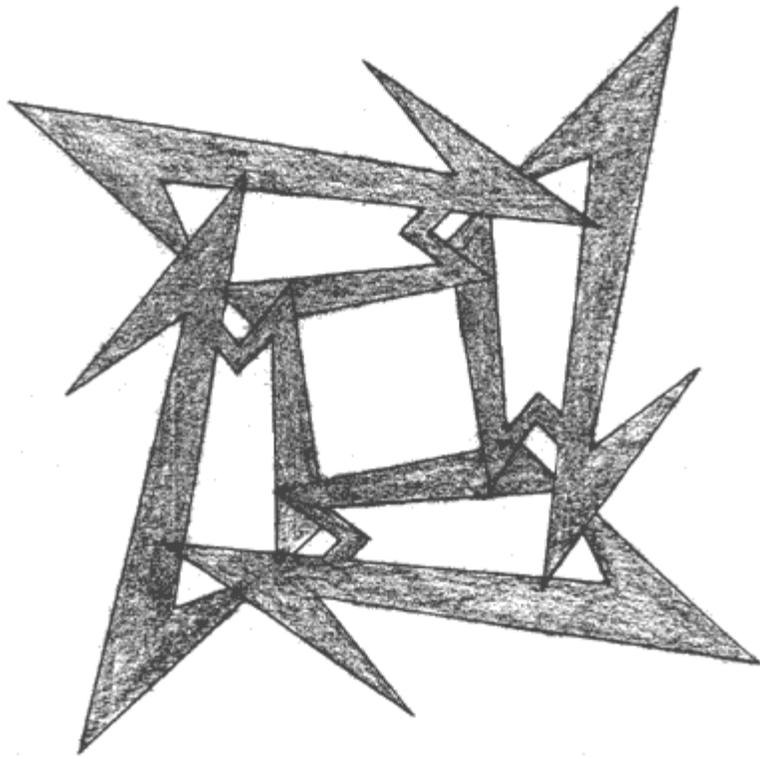
It seems that things really got out of hand at that time. My future years in and out of school took on a whole new meaning. I don't think I could ever get really close to anyone or anything after that



The Wings of Love

The Wings of Love fly Higher
Than those on Earth can know
Way up in the air above
Unattached to earth below
In our minds, and in our hearts
In our thoughts, we're Free
With our families, and loved ones
In bygone days we'll be
The present and the future
They're all but just a day
In all these days that we must live
Throughout Eternity
Each day must be better
Than those that have gone before
We must make each day the Best we can
So we can live just one day more
This 'Philosophy' is breathing
But, we know it'll all but true
It's for everyone we know
But mostly Me and You.

Scott Hartling



Work Crew Camp

In the summer of July/1996. in Old Crow Y.T. there were ten locals that were hired by Underhill Geomatics Ltd. We joined ten other people and the twenty of us all got together at the town center, for a meeting, to organize what would be needed for the start of the job. We had to have four people to first get to the campsite, and set things up. I was one of the four. We stayed for the next forty days in the camp.

There were four of us, and two riverboats heading up the Porcupine River, about ninety miles away from Old Crow. We got out gear and supplies ready for our stay at the mouth of the Bell River. We had departed from the bank at Old Crow. We left in the early morning sunshine. We were in the boat for about seventy or eighty miles before we spotted a herd of caribou. We couldn't get one or two of the caribou, because they were so far away. The caribou ran off in the bushes, because they heard the outboard motor running as we got closer to them. I was ready to take aim with a rifle, but the two others that were in the boat were ahead of us two, and any way the caribou got away in the bush. We were not going to get where we wanted to because of the slight delay caused by the caribou. Therefore, we made more waves up the Porcupine River. As we got closer to our destination we spotted a porcupine near the shore of the river. I guess the other two in the boat ahead of us had seen it first, they made a left turn on the river towards the shore. The first guy in the boat rushed up to it so that it would not try to get away. I grabbed the pole and then had to keep it back from the bush, while the other guy made the kill. It was kind of funny, how we were running out of it's tail is dangerous so you shouldn't be behind the porcupine. I had to keep it from striking us and the other people were laughing at our efforts. I guess it looked funny to them when we were trying to get this porcupine, but we got it at last. We also saw two wolf pups running and playing along the riverbank. When they saw us, they ran away. We made off up the river for another couple of hours boat ride. We had lost some time, because of the porcupine. When we got to the camp, first, we unloaded the gear and supplies onto the top of the bank, where a cabin had been erected some time ago. We got firewood, made a fire and cooked the porcupine for supper. It sure was good eating. While we were eating dinner, a lone man appeared out of the Bell River. We had beckoned him to come over and have some tea and some food. He reached us and introduced himself as Yogi. The two of us held our laughter back. He had said that he had seen a bull moose a couple miles up the river, from where we were. We were not too concerned at the time, because we had to get working on firewood, tent poles, and make camp for the other fourteen people, who still had to get there by helicopter.

We had got almost everything done, except setting the 14x16 wall tents. They had to be hauled in by the helicopter with the other supplies. We all got more firewood, and tent poles, then we picked up seven tents. Our organization took two days to get everything setup, for it was a campsite with a running shower with warm water. We went to work by flying to our work site everyday. It was the best camp, I thought, along the Porcupine River, but it was only temporary. We also had two cook tents, one for eating in, and the other for storage. In total, we had nine tents pitched up. When the 20 men crew were setting up the camp, we all had something to assemble. I had to help one guy make beds for our tents. The wall tents were big enough to fit at least six people but we only put four beds in each tent, five tents for twenty people. Then I had to pack water to the large tent that was on the bank. One of my duties was to make sure it was always full. We all had to have some kind of chore to do. Some of the other guys had to make a heli pad for the helicopter pilot. A man made airstrip for landing and taking off. Also, we had to make a place for fuel. We had a brief meeting on whose crew we would have to go on. I was on with three others, two of us cut the lines and the other two took care of the surveying. We cut a fifteen-km line in the bush in eight days and then another five days to make a minor change in the straight line. We went off line by two cm therefore, we had to correct our mistake. However, no big deal because we fixed it. The boss told us to cut two-km a day and not to come back until it was done. Some days we got over two-kilometers. So next, work site we did an eight-km line in the bush. That took some time for us to do, because it was up and down, over the mountains. We eventually got it done, for days ahead of our schedule. The boss was so happy with our crew, that he gave us a bonus. I was ok with that. The month of August was half way through. I had spent my twenty-second birthday in the camp. The cook had baked a cake for me. We all put in 12-hour shifts every day for the next 40 days. Some days were delayed because of bad weather. The pilot did not want to risk flying in such weather. He did not want to fly in bad weather and stated that it may cause a disaster or even end up lost in the clouds. Therefore, we had two days off cause of the bad weather. After all the weather had cleared up, we all returned to our regular daily work site. Our crew had been assigned to a different location, that took us four days to complete. We were on top of a mountain. Each crew had a radio phone, I asked the crew boss to use his radio phone, because the rest of us used a regular radio. We were all very far from each other and had to communicate somehow. Each crew had one radio phone. We were taking a lunch break on top of a mountain. From the top of the mountain, I called my grandmothers' phone number.

My brother answered the phone in Old Crow. That is when I found out that my friend had taken his own life. We asked the boss if if we could attend the funeral. It took us two more days to get back to Bell River. We stayed for four days, because the weather was too bad for the river and the helicopter. When we were all in one boat, we saw about thousand and one geese along the bank. Then they all flew away from us before we blasted a shot off. The ten of us were in one boat and got caught in the blizzard storm. Our lives were in danger from the big waves that the storm blew at us. We made it to the next camp and that was 30 miles down the mouth of the Bell River. We stayed there until the storm died down a little. Then made some more waves over the other waves, and eventually we got back to Old Crow. We went to the funeral and paid our last respects. On the last day of our four days we spent in Old Crow. I got to pilot the boat back up the Porcupine River to Bell River and to our work camp. As we were travelling up the Porcupine River the four of us two riverboats back up the Porcupine River, where we were working. The only guide we had was the moon light reflecting off the river, because it was dark in the night. All of a sudden, the driver drove over a sand bar and we were on land with the boat. We got it back into the water, and then I took over driving. I drove all the way back for the next 50 miles or so. We got to the camp at 5 o'clock am

and unloaded the gear, then I went to bed and was out like a dim light. When I got up the following day, the boss said to take the day off because of my long journey back. It is ninety miles from Old Crow up to Bell River and is a long way to be driving. It was very tiring to be driving with no stops along the way. After my day off I got back on line with my crew. The pilot came and picked up most of the crew and returned back to the work crew. My last days were spent cleaning up the mess made from our stay at the camp. I was employed the longest. I was the last one to cut line with the boss. I got more working hours from the last bit of line that we had to cut. I had to drive back to Old Crow with the boat. We had to make it to Dawson the following week, but I stayed in Old Crow. Then I came to Whitehorse. Just for the weekend, but I ended up staying for ten months. I'm still here after all. There are still no more work crews since our 40 days staying in the camp at Bell River. If I were on the same work crew, I do it again. I would be there to make it all worth my while.

THESE I CAN PROMISE

***I cannot promise you a life of sunshine;
I cannot promise riches, wealth or gold.
I cannot promise you an easy pathway that
leads away from change or growing old.***

***But I can promise all my hearts devotion,
A smile to chase away your tears of sorrow,
A love that's ever true and ever growing,
A hand to hold in yours
Through each tomorrow***

I hope everyone
is doing what
they're supposed
to?! Take Care,
make the best of
your time?! ☺

Darlene



March 31st, 2001

I've been in and out of jail since I was thirteen. Now I'm nineteen and nothing has changed except I got older and lost most of my teen years. I should have been having parties and having sex, instead I'm in jail looking through bars and wishing I never got caught, thinking about all the missed parties and missed sex.

I have been reading stories of other inmates about how they want to change their lifestyle, but I always see the same faces come and go.

This ain't the life, but this is all I know, until I want to change. For me, my crimes are getting worse and my stays in jail are getting longer and longer. One of these days I going to pushed to the limits and kill or get killed. In here a day is no different than one from the week before. I'm always looking for some way to pass the time; you can get bored pretty fast.

I can't say I won't be back, but if I don't, well, all the better. If I do then I guess I'll be writing to you again. See 'ya later.

A.K.A.
SIN

GROWING UP

I grew up in an abusive family. That was what made my life so confusing and what drew me to drink and to break the law. I thought I had lost my family and friends care and trust which made me feel like I didn't want to care for myself and for others. I felt drinking was more important to me than my health and family. My friends didn't really care as long as they had their next drink or next high; that would be their cure. The high takes you to where you don't remember anything. Later, you realize what went wrong with you and regret that it happened, but you can't go back. You have to deal with it on your own or have the courage to talk to someone you trust. This is hard to do if you don't want any help. The only way I thought I could get my feelings and problems to go away was by drinking or sometimes doing drugs. That did not change my life, so as I saw and realized what I was doing to myself and to others. I thought I should stop and think about what I was really doing. I came to decide that it's time to quit and put my feet down and say no. That made me feel good about myself. I could start a new life and go on and be happy, which I deserve.

Moving on the end. "2001"



WCC

My time at WCC I cannot say was enjoyable, but at least I didn't have to feel like I was bumming around for a place to eat and sleep or living on the outside on social assistance. I know where I'm getting my three meals and a bed. I can say I got a lot out of it, Educational wise. I did learn on the computer and I have a chance to get my GED, if I can get down and study, undistracted. I have written a couple of essays, which I never thought for a minute that I could do. I actually surprised myself. Some of the courses they offer were very useful. You learn a few things about yourself you never even thought of. It is surprising how many friends one can meet in jail. You meet friends you've never seen for 20 or 30 years.

I met a couple guys I use to go to the residential school with in the 60's. I would say that this is one hell of a place to meet. I guess it's understandable, after all, a lot off the people that went to a residential school feel that they were being incarcerated for no reason. You can say they just start to learn what jail is all about and are already used to the system. After spending 5 to 10 years in a residential, being incarcerated in jail is almost like going home. You're back in your comfort zone.

Fish Camp Days

In the month of June, my family would travel five miles down Pelly River; people would call it Harper Joe's fish camp. We'd travel there by boat or vehicle to set up summer camp.



The first thing my father and brothers would do is build a tent frame for the six of us to live in for the summer. Then they'd put a big canvas tent over the frame to make it look like a comfortable home for us to live in, then they would build a smoke shed with racks for when they started getting salmon.

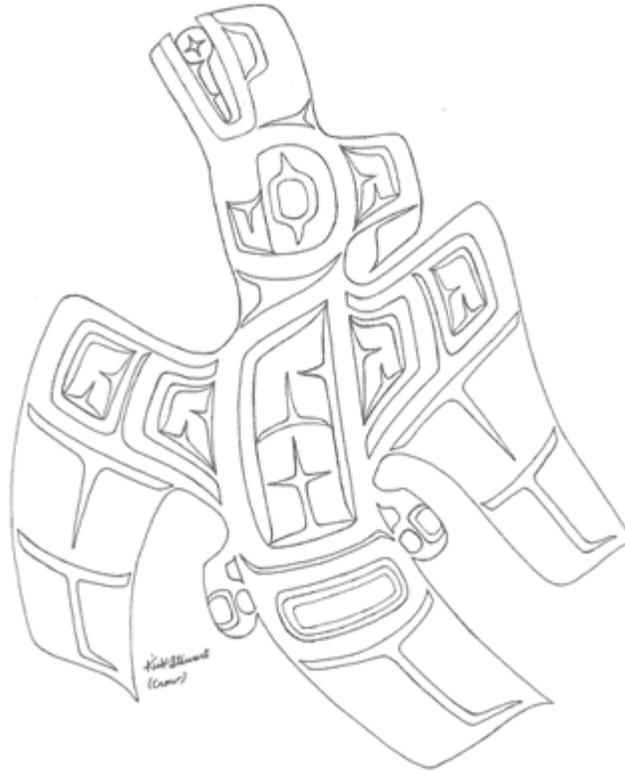
My father would take the boys and go set up the fishnet. Meanwhile, back at camp, my mother Marie and I would be setting up camp. We'd go out into the bush to collect dry wood for the smoke shed and wood for the stove for our cooking area; then back at camp we'd build a table that we'd use to fillet the fish on. Then we'd dig up a fire pit in the smoke shed.

If my father was successful while out hunting, we would smoke some meat and make dry meat. The fun part for me was cutting up salmon to smoke and cutting up dry meat (umm umm...!), what a delicacy it is when it is smoked and dried.

We'd make dry meat out of the hindquarters and back straps which begins above the rump and ends below the neck. To make dry fish we'd fillet the salmon and cut lines in the middle of the salmon or we would make strips. The most fish my father has ever gotten, as I could remember, is fifty-six in one day. If he'd get too much salmon, he would leave some fish for us to cut up and he'd take the rest back to town to put in the deep freeze back home.

I enjoy staying in the bush in the summer - lots of bugs and very spooky in the evenings, especially at bedtime when everybody is asleep. So, that is the end of my fish camp days story.





Why Not Me

Well the time came for family to come back together. Only now there were rules and curfews. NO one realized dig by then I was far too gone. I lived up until then by own rules. Never had what you would call a home life. I can only remember survival. If I stole all would get was a licken and those were not much different than getting into a fight and in some way showed me that at least my parents cared. But know they were home and sober, at least for a while. I think it was at this time I learned to steal. It was during this period of my life, while Mom and Dad tried to build a 'normal' life for us kids. Now, looking back, it was the first time I recall them making a serious effort of getting their lives in order. Only now do I see that they had no idea of how that was done. So while I was getting into this new life with clean clothes and being able to take a lunch to school, have breakfast and sit at the table at dinnertime. I must have felt pretty good about this. They did pretty well yet I would go to school, still with second hand stuff while the kids around me had a new stuff. I don't think as a kid I understood the difference of our homes except we were poor. I soon found out that if I wanted the nice stuff they had all I had to do was steal it. Hell, I was tougher than most and lived in a good home, Dad worked but still they all had, I didn't. So I stole, I stole a lot. Well, now I could have what they did and sometimes more. What the hell, what would anyone do, give me a licken! Anyway, the sober home lasted awhile and I think Mom and Dad were sorta going through the same as me and having a hard time dealmg with first making ends meet. Eventually the booze came home again. So here I am maybe eight, nine or ten and losing my nice sober parents, the food, the clean clothes. Maybe this was really the 'licken' for me because my little shot at gaining a place among the other kids was gone again and I had to go right back into being that poor kid. So things went back to normal for me at least. Only this time I was worse because now I knew how to steal. So I could live without anyone else there to look after me. I could appear cool and I definitely had the name of being someone you didn't fuck with. I was untouchable! If I stole from someone, what were they going to do. Tell my parents? Good luck! Back in those days Mom was pretty tough especially when someone tried to tell her anything about us kids. And for some reason that applied especially to me. Out of eleven kids Mom seemed to favor me.

Even Dad wasn't allowed to give me a beaten, only Mom could do that. When I got in trouble Mom would be there, first to get me out of the mess, then to give me my whipping. I think by the time I was seven or eight I refused to cry when I got whippings. About then nothing seemed to matter to me but me. I could take what I wanted, come and go when I wanted. Mom and Dad in the meantime were still trying to maintain the family, but they still drank. It could have been during this time that I got more into it myself. Home life meant nothing to me. Other kids had nice clothes, new bikes, the good school stuff, and horses. What the hell, they could have it all! So why not me? I became a thief that part of my life stayed with me up until I was sixteen or so but that's jumping ahead of myself. I don't like to think about that part of my life. I feel a lot of shame for what I was doing then. Anyway, the big change in the family came about at Muncho Lake. Mom and Dad got into a car accident that should have killed them both. I remember going to the hospital to see them, that was the first time I ever seen my dad cry and the first time I ever heard him say he loved me. I don't know how old I was then, but I figure I was still pretty young. The changes after that came on pretty big, and pretty fast. It was amazing how it seemed that everyone in Fort Nelson came together for our family. Unfortunately I had already done my learning. After all I had lived through these times of a good home and sober parents my young mind had been shaped not to believe that anything was going to stay good. I refused to accept the changes. Nothing this good had ever stayed before, why would this be any different. Even Dad all of a sudden started to show a real interest in me. I look back now at how hard he tried, only it was too late. I didn't know how to accept his sincerity. It was like I just knew that something this good couldn't last. I realize now that I never felt secure with this new life. So life for me just carried on. All I did was wait for it to go back to what it was but things only seemed to get better and dad kept trying to get closer to me. I must have finally just decided that if this good life won't go away I can still refuse to accept it and I think that's what I did because now I was just getting to the peak of my ways. The fights at school got worse. I learned to do B and Es. Nothing in this world was going to change my fear of loss. So I just put myself out of it all. I would not accept these changes. The more my dad tried to pull me back into the family the more I resisted. I feel really sorry now that I look back. But in my way of thinking I won because eventually he had to admit defeat but I felt it was my choice. I wasn't going to embrace this new life; after all surely it couldn't last. Nothing good stayed with me. I would not let myself go through the pain and feelings I had grown to know all too well. My own family, and I forced them out of my life. I just didn't want to be around when it all fell apart. Mom and Dad had quit drinking. But I learned years before, not to trust that. After all, been there done that I just knew it was too good too last. Somehow, some way, it had to come apart and when it did I wouldn't be around. The rest of them could live this dream of the good life and if they weren't going to stop and realize that these, things can't last then fine. I wanted my old life back after all I could at least save myself; let them go ahead I won't accept it. Why not me?



Hunting Guide

Working for a hunting outfitter is a very enjoyable experience. You get to run your own camp and meet a lot of people from the United States and overseas. As a guide I was offered an all expense paid trip to California, but at the age of 16, I felt that I was too young to travel out of my part of the country. In order to become a guide, you have to start out as a wrangler. The wrangler works under the guide's supervision, the guide is also called the Forman. The wrangler's duties are as follows: getting up at four am. to go out and drive the horses back to camp, getting them tied up and saddled, making sure there is a lot of firewood in camp during the day and taking care of the horses when the hunters return in the evening. If the guide sees that you are doing a good job, he would take you out on a hunt and teach you to guide. The guide's job is to take out non-resident hunters and guide them through the bush and mountains. They go for trophy animals such as moose, goats, sheep and other big game. I believe that the hunter is out for a two-week relaxation experience & to get away from the city for awhile. I've found that guiding was a very enjoyable occupation. You're practically your own boss, as long as you keep the hunter happy, the boss is happy.



Drinking?

Some time ago as a young man I had once again found myself involved with the "Legal System". I had broken the law and was arrested. Not quite being an adult and still considered a young offender, I was not quickly shuffled through the courts and straight into jail but was considered by social workers and probation officers for alcohol and drug treatment. These people thought this would benefit to me since alcohol was a contributing factor in my being charged and arrested for a criminal offense. After being ordered by the court to attend an alcohol and drug treatment facility in Alberta I was put on a plane and taken by a probation officer to this facility. I arrived and as admitted, given a dorm to stay in, and a brief tour of the facility as well as an introduction to some of the residents and staff. As the days went by I became more at ease and familiar with the Center and its residents and even made a couple of friends. One week the staff at the center planned an outing to go to the mountains, build camp, put up tee-pees, and try to get in touch with our Native Heritage. A few days later in the Jasper area of Alberta's mountain ranges, with our tee-pees up and some exploring under our belts we decided to spend the day at a nearby lake that were surrounded by cliffs of rock that were great fun to climb and jump from into the lake. Through the course of the day other people began to show up to also enjoy the lake and its surrounding area, one of which was a Canadian Olympic high diver who was putting on a really neat diving show from a cliff of about 100 feet high. Needless to say this made our crew look pretty silly with our cannonballing off a ledge about 70 feet smaller. At around noon we took a little lunch break and then returned to swimming and sun bathing. After an hour or so of being back in the water we heard somebody hollerin' for help. The person that was doing the hollerin' was a young man who was a resident at the treatment center and was 16 years of age. He was calling for help because he was cramping up and starting to sink, he was in the middle of the lake and trying to swim across. I was probably the closest to him so I swam out to give him what assistance I could offer, and when I arrived at his location in the lake the first thing he did was grab onto me in such a way that prevented me from being able to swim at all let alone trying to swim to shore with him in tow. Try as I might I could not get him to let go of me and before long we both started to sink. As we began and continued our downward journey into the depths I could see the fear of death in his eyes and this also how tightly he had held me. I did not have enough air in my lungs to remain conscious for much longer and I began to feel an immense pain in my chest and after the that initial pain had subsided I began to notice that what little vision I had was fading to gray. Before I blacked out I remember thinking that I was definitely a goner. The next thing I knew someone was pulling me into a one-man inflatable raft and asking me if I was okay. As soon as I quit breathing so hard and was able to speak I said, "There is still somebody down there!" We all searched and dived for him but nobody could find him. It was about 5-6 hours later that a team of professional rescue divers brought the young man to the surface with his eyes still wide open and his limbs stiff from rigor mortis. After a while I began to feel guilty about not being able to save him, and it wasn't until much, much later that I thought of how ironic it was that such a young, healthy, sober boy sent to a place to deal with his drinking addiction and lose his life to something all living things need to survive. Drinkable water.

Experienced by: B.D.J



GENERATED ON MICROSOFT "PAINTSHOP"

Jail

The first time I've gone to jail was in 1996. Well I was charged for assault with a weapon so I was going to court for sometime until the last court hearing and I was sentence for two months at the Burnaby women's correctional. So I was hand cuffed to another inmate. She was coming down very bad from drugs such as heroin, cocaine, Tallinn and retain, and any other form of drugs.

As we were flown to the Vancouver holding cells I felt so scared that I never knew what was holding in my future as I was waiting for the sheriffs to escort us to the penitentiary. So when we were finally escorted we came to a very huge building about 6 story high. When we entered the building, I was scared but then I was put in the "C" dorm where I seen a lot of women whom I've known from Prince George B C. I was so relief from all my fear and discomfort. I couldn't believe the amount of women that were in the pen; there were approximentally 2000 women. A lot of them were in for murder, rape, drugs and Soliciting.

The first day I was there a man with a sex change came out of it's cell and I was drug sock sitting in the dining area then the next thing I know .It tied a belt around his/her neck and jumped off the railing and she broke her neck screaming it wanted to die was so scared and sick the doctor had to put me on methanol program.

So for exitment I'd walk around the 350 ml about eight times a day or I'd get a job doing odd jobs in jail while I was there. I constantly think about what put me in jail like jealousy, drugs, and plain stupidity. Cocaine robbed me of the people I mostly loved and my appliances and my beautiful home that I and my spouse worked so hard on building for our family life for six years.

Now to this day I've been clean from drugs for four years. I am so proud of myself that I would never let my children or myself down by ever doing Lethal drugs again. I feel I lost my daughter for good but I believe the lord well answer my prayer that we'll be reunited again some day soon. So now I am in and out of jail because I drink a lot and I keep breaching my order I think the reason I drink so much is because I miss my children an I'm tired of being alone. I worry to fucking much about bills. Sometimes I wish time could go back and everything could be the same as it was in 1992 the day I quit drinking for four years.





The summer of 92

It all started when I took some weed from my brother And then I went to find some of my friends and began smoking this shit with them but at first it did not hit me in tell I went to go downtown that I notice I was walking funny And it felt kind of weird it felt like was in my own little world other then being high I started to get into trouble with the law that's when I first Went to the young offender for smashing some car windows in the middle Of the night trying to take off from the group home that night I got arrested For mischief the next day I was taken to the courthouse for sentence to two months And six months probation but I did not gave a frying fuck what they said right after I Got out there I just did was I was good at and that was taking off from the group home Just to see my friends and to get high again I was gone from the group home for one month I came back to the group home in December just in time for Christmas just right after I got My gifts from the staff I just lift again and went right home to gave a gift to dad and my brothers And just stayed home for a week then I went downtown on new years night and found a good Friend but when I found him he was not alone he had his girlfriend with him and had her Sister with her buy her side and as we were walking into the west mark hotel I my self Was feeling great because we just smoked about 8th of weed after all I had a wonderful Night went back to the group home that night and thought about what I did all night.

The end of this story by Justin Charlie of 1993

Down South

When I went down south, I partied the first year I was there. I still didn't want to slow down my life. I had a decent job under the table cementing at \$10 an hour. I was living on my own and I didn't have to worry about anything or anybody.

I got myself shacked up with my girlfriend who got pregnant the first two weeks of our relationship. I had to quit drinking and doing drugs or she would have dumped me, so I quit everything.

The, I was picked up for my warrants and brought back to the Yukon. It was during the first two weeks here that my girlfriend miscarried. I just wish that I was there to comfort her and get by it, but there was nothing I could do to help her through it.

While I'm here, I ain't going to worry about that because it'll just make my time worse, so I'll have to find something to help me pass the time. I know I'm going to get about one to three years. I tried to tell my girlfriend in Vernon, BC that she'll be waiting awhile, but she says she doesn't care.

So, all I have to do is finish my time without getting any more charges, and I'll be back in BC in no time.

Moose Hunting

When I first went moose hunting with my parents, it was a great time of my life - so peaceful in the bush. We were hunting along the Klondike Highway from Pelly Crossing towards Stewart Crossing. Within a few miles, my father spotted a Bull Moose in the bushes off the highway. He took a couple of shots and the moose went down dead. We all went to look at the humongous moose. My Dad asked if we'd like to camp for the night. "Sure, why not?", we thought. It would be exciting which it was.

My Dad cut off the off the moose head, covered it up with branches and headed back home for the camping gear. He left my friend and I to wait and make campfire. When my mom and Dad returned, my mom told us to sing the head and to get a big branch. We put up to forked braches and set up the moose head on these. We were roasting the head over an open fire while Dad was cutting up the moose. He hollered "Who wants moose guts?", and I was the first to say, "Me!". So, I had to clean and wash them.

After we then setup our tents and got the camp ready for the night, we had to get ready to pack moose meat out of the bush to the highway. My cousin and I had a lot of fun when we got to the top of the hill, put our meat on the moose hide and slid down to the highway - that was cool! Back in camp, we had a feast with roasted moose head and moose guts for our late supper which was a delicacy for us.

The next day, we got up and headed home. My mom used just about every part of the head to make some headcheese. She used the brain for her moosehide. We made dry meat, roasts and steaks. The best parts I liked were the dry meat, the marrow, the nose and the guts

That was the end of my first moose-hunting outing.

Barbara Harper



WCC'S TOP 10 MOST RETARDED
QUESTIONS ASKED IN JAIL.

10. DOES THE PHONE WORK?

9. DOES THE FRIDGE WORK?

8. CAN I USE THE PHONE?

7. DO I HAVE TO GET UP?

6. CAN I VISIT IN MED DORM?

5. CAN I HAVE A BATH?

4. WHY DO THEY LOCK THE DOOR?

3. WHY ARE WE LOCKED UP?

2. CAN I TAKE MY MONEY WITH ME WHEN I GET OUT?

1. WHEN YOUR RELEASED DO THEY GIVE YOU A RIDE DOWNTOWN?



DREAM CATCHER

WHEN I WAKE UP IN THE MORNING I LOOK
OUTSIDE INTO A CLEAR SKY.

THERE I SEE THE MOST COLORFUL PRAIRIES
NESTLED BETWEEN THE BEAUTY
OF SUMMER SUNSHINE, SHINNING FREELY IN OUR
FACES.

THE CLOUDS ARE SHADOWS OF OUR HIGH
SPIRITS. THE LEGEND EAGLES OF OUR PRAYERS
FEEL THE SPIRITUAL GIFT OF OUR THROBBING
HEARTS.

TO THE HORIZON LAND OF THE WHISPERING
WIND THEY GO, LANGUAGE OF OUR PROUD
GENERATION, WE HONOR THE WISDOM OF
VISIONS THAT SURVIVE OUR DREAMS.

WE SPEAR THE CHALLENGES OF PEACE SO
TOGETHER WE WILL ENJOY OUR DEEPER SECRET
PROMISE.

KIRK STEWART

