I know where I stand... that counts.

Don't use force with me. It teaches me that power is all.

Don't be inconsistent. That confuses me and makes me try.

Canary
Vulture
Sparrow
Thrush
Blucjay
Owl

CHILDREN'S

A Memorandum From Your Child

Don't spill me. I know quite well that I ought not to have at all and I'm very young yet.

Don't be afraid to tell me. I prefer it. It is me.

Don't use force with me. It teaches me that power is all

Don't be inconsistent. That confuses me and makes me try.

Don't waste my time. I hate it. I hate it.

Don't try to make me like anything. It only encourages me to continue.

Don't say that I am getting too old. I'm not.

Don't say that I have to do anything. I have to do nothing.

Don't tell me that my mistakes are huge sins. I have many.

Don't let my "bad habits" get too much attention. It only

Ali-Re Rabbit

Snapping Turtle

by Aroniewenrate/Blue Cloud

I was at Kahnawake by the river, watching the last of the ice floating down. There's a canel here called the St. Lawrence Seaway. It isn't a river anymore. The islands which once belonged to my mother's family are gone, too, dredged up for the Seaway. I remember trees and docks and the sounds of bulldozers and the coming tides. And my uncle and I did a last fishing. We had no cup hanging for our fish but the river for a big, long, and the river was so just a white track that you could see a fish, too. Then, too, I saw a frozen pond with cattails just ready to break, that acted just like buildings, which is why they had the Survival School and the Curriculum Center at Kahnawake. People who really care about their children are making sure that our language lives on. At the Center they have produced two books in Mohawk on all the colorful things children is school.

Snapping turtle is like the legends and stories. They keep alive the ancient stories once told in elm bark longhouses in coldest winter. There was a sort of a game, a white back, when many parents spoke mostly English. It had to do with whole families moving to cities or even to the continent to follow one karate "on the iron." Then, living in cities as they were, they decided their children should go to school, maybe so they wouldn't have to work on the raun when they gave up. And so that's what happened.

I grew up. And so, that's what happened.

This story of the LITTLE PEOPLE is the Kahnawake version from their Combined Schools Center. We will do the translation in the next Future Time. Ask your grandfather or grandmother to read it with you.

Iakotienioia'ks Little People

Editing: Marianne Mithun

Iakotienioia'ks

Names of the Months

January
February
March
April
May
June
July
August
September
October
November
December

Mohawks' names for the months are:

A ceremony in which the month is named is called "akhwa'kata." It is a time to share family history and plans.

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