

The IkKaumajammik Project

Adult Drama Group Productions
in Nunatsiavut

Tradition and Transition Among the Labrador Inuit
Nunatsiavut Government and Memorial University
2017- 2019



Tim Borlase and Martha MacDonald

IkKaumajammik Project

IkKaumajammik means “memories,” and the plays in this collection were created from memories of Labrador life. We hope that the creation and performance of the plays will have crafted new memories for the people who were brave and gracious enough to join the adult drama groups in the communities of Nunatsiavut in 2017-2019. We would like to thank the *Tradition and Transition among the Labrador Inuit* partnership for the funding for the project, student coordinators Caroline Nochasak (Nain), Carrie Lou McNeill (Makkovik), Robert Jacque (Rigolet and Hopedale) and Kathryn Worthman (Postville) and our co-op student Jill Jablonski for their assistance, the five communities for their hospitality and enthusiasm, and above all, the actors for coming together to tell their stories.

As people with a long-time involvement in the Labrador Creative Arts Festival, (Tim was the founder and continues to be an organizer of the festival; Martha was a long-term chair and committee member) we have witnessed the value of original playwriting and acting for students, who bring forth their communities’ concerns and celebrate their collective identities through the medium of theatre. The ability to express their opinions and feelings and communicate with their young voices is a powerful tool that many have used when performing on larger stages far from Labrador. Equally, this opportunity has increased their self-confidence in the work they do at home.

In 2016 Johannes Lampe, president of Nunatsiavut, reflected on his own experience working on the film dramatization of the life of Abraham Ulrikab, and suggested that making the opportunity for acting available to adults in the communities might be a way to increase social interaction and mental well-being. Accordingly, we applied for and received funding to develop adult drama groups in Nain (2017), Makkovik (2017), Hopedale (2018), Rigolet (2018) and Postville (2019). Tim spent several weeks in each community, recruiting actors and working with them in developing and rehearsing scripts. In this he was assisted by student coordinators hired through Inuit Pathways funding. Martha participated in the last few days of each play (weather permitting) and recorded interviews with participants to gain an understanding of motivations for participating and the rewards and challenges involved in acting as adults.

The actors ranged in age from 17 to 70, and were recruited through social media and personal approaches. Many had participated in the Labrador Creative Arts Festival as children, and their fond memories of those experiences were sufficient to motivate them to take up acting again. For others, this was their first time on stage.



The Nain cast in play creation and rehearsal. Kristeen McTavish photo.

The Plays

The play scripts are reproduced here, but we would like to set the stage by talking about the artistic choices made by the actors in each community. Perhaps the most remarkable discovery throughout the process was the very distinct way in which each group approached the use of memory and culture to deliver a message important to their community. In Nain, where the first project took place, the group consisted entirely of women, and the creation of the play became a way to put forth the experiences of women in Nain by portraying the life of one woman at its various stages. The tragedies and hardships she overcame through her memories of the power of her grandmother were portrayed in a series of individual performances, with each woman developing and presenting a stage of the character's life. Using poetry written by deceased community members and incorporating dance to express strong emotion, the Nain players experimented with various art forms to assist in delivering their message. In partnership with the OKâlaKatiget Society, the play was further developed into a two-part film.

In Makkovik, the community drew upon some treasured parts of its identity to present a musical theatre performance. The musical interest and ability for which the town is well known was highlighted by the incorporation of several songs performed live by a group of local musicians. The show was enhanced by an opening performance of "O Canada" in Inuktitut by schoolchildren. The theme of the play was the organization of a festival in the town, and it served as a gentle reminder of the amount of work such events require. In Makkovik volunteering is essential for maintaining the many activities that reinforce wellbeing, and the play helped to underline this need. The function of the play in Makkovik was entertainment and distraction; several people in town were terminally ill, and people who normally might have participated were preoccupied. In spite of this, sufficient actors and musicians were recruited, including the local RCMP member. Performing is a

traditional part of celebrations in Makkovik, and even under circumstances that were difficult at that time, people saw the value in participating in an activity that contributed to community wellbeing.

In Rigolet the actors took on a theme that had great significance for them; the change in climate that affects the ice used for travel. The student plays of the LCAF from that community in recent years also reflected environmental preoccupations, addressing the Muskrat Falls hydro project and its potential impact on their food safety. This adult play arose from the group's discussions of community concerns and was carefully researched so that within the adventure and poetic speeches of the script, audience members would receive accurate and valuable information about changes in the sea ice. People in Rigolet were enthusiastic and committed to the process of creating a play, and their piece demonstrated a vital aspect of the community's character: the importance to both men and women of going off and spending time out on the land.

In Hopedale the play was entertaining, but also brought forward a message of concern about the preoccupation in the town with bingo and with the necessity to fundraise large amounts of money for the Cain's Quest race. The Hopedale play also drew on local history and interests through the introduction of artifacts discovered and preserved during archaeological projects near the community. Hopedale's play was collectively written using a system where participants added onto each other's sentences, allowing for a free flow of thought. The play was a satire, and it provided the chance to entertain people while examining the concern the actors had about bingo, which confines people to their homes listening to the radio instead of participating more actively in the community.

Postville's was the final play, in 2019, and the main focus of that production was on the history of the community, and a revived interest in that history because of the need to find material for the drama. Tim brought copies of *Them Days Magazine*, and the actors found great interest in rediscovering the anecdotes about their ancestors and in singing songs written about their community. The stories that show the tenacity and resilience of the ancestors were celebrated and the generations came together to give the rest of the community the opportunity to share in the celebrations. Postville's actors stressed the importance of the arts in Nunatsiavut and their desire to see music and drama receive the same attention as the visual arts. Several members of the Nunatsiavut Government were also members of the cast.

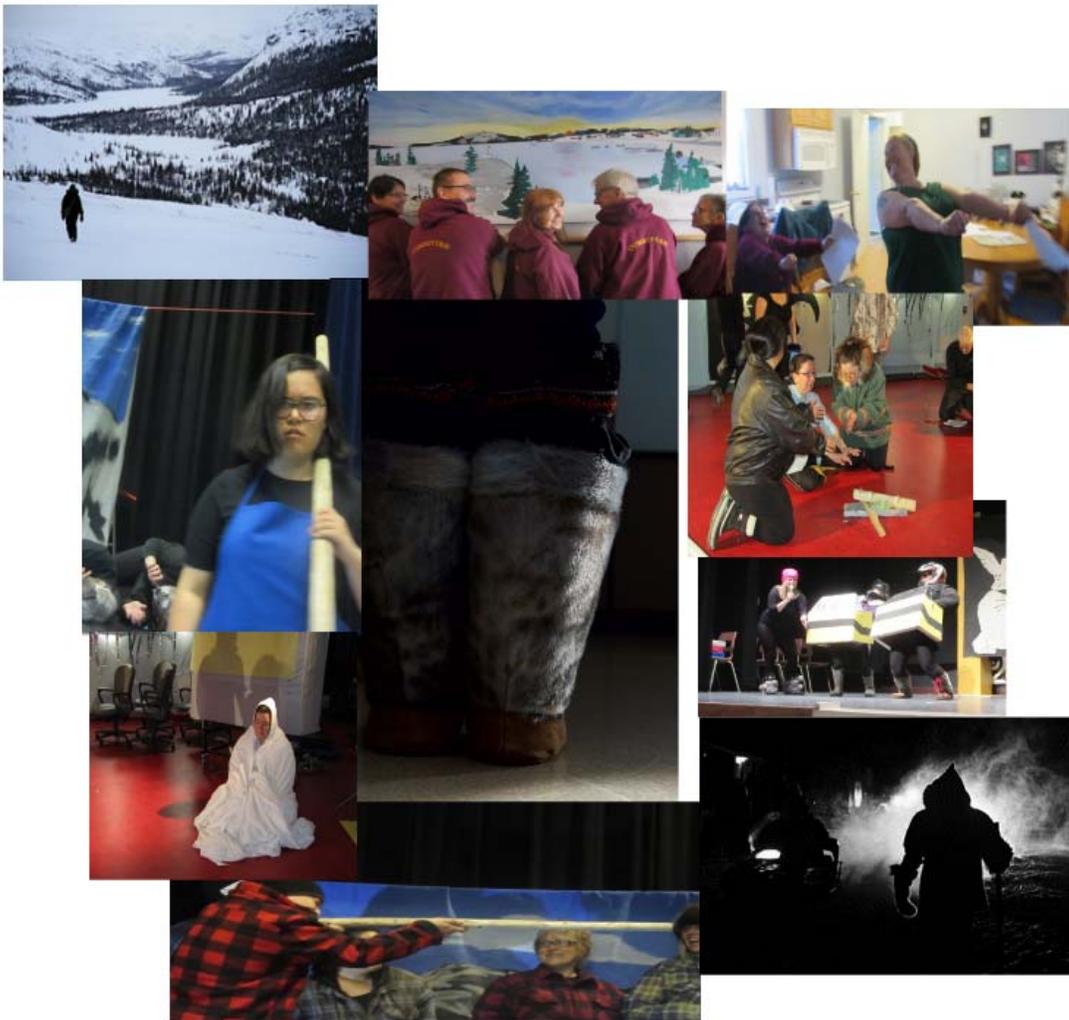
The use of playwriting and performing to address community concerns, to celebrate and reinforce identity, and to pass on knowledge is very much evident in the student plays of the Labrador Creative Arts Festival. In many ways the adult plays served the same functions, but the adults brought additional insight and life experience to the creation of community voices. They also provided entertainment and interest to many people; in some communities half the population attended the show. In subsequent interviews, actors expressed their interest in continuing to get together to create and perform.

Digital strategies including film, recorded interviews and on-line presence of scripts will enable local direction and inter-community communication, particularly with increased access to social media.

We hope that this collection will provide the opportunity for these plays to be recreated, or will inspire the next wave of theatrical productions in a region that features many talented and committed actors, whether veterans of the Labrador Creative Arts Festival or new to the stage. Perhaps the new Illusuak Centre will become the home of a new festival of Nunatsiavut productions, celebrating the talent and vision of generations of Inuit actors to come!

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Lost and Found

Songujovugut, Nain



Promotional Poster

Songujovugut

*a new adult theatre
troupe in Nain*

will present:

Lost and Found

Monday May 22 & Wednesday May 24

Jens Haven Primary School

7:00 PM

Admission is free

Donations for Rod and Alice Pilgrim will be accepted at the door



A project of the Tradition and Transition Initiative. Sponsored by Memorial University and the Nunatsiavut Government.

Lost and Found

Characters

Annie	–	Pauline Angnatok
Anânsiak (Grandmother)	–	Megan Dicker
Caroline Nochasak	–	herself
Chapel Servants	–	Megan Dicker and Linda Tibbo
Nalujuk	–	Darlene Holwell
Darlene Holwell	–	herself
Food	–	Megan Dicker
Drinking	–	Darlene Holwell
Violence	–	Nancy Ikkusek
No Hunting	–	Pauline Angnatok
No Language	–	Nancy Nochasak
Stealing	–	Elsie Russell
Despair	–	Linda Tibbo
Mother	–	Nancy Nochasak
Father	–	Elsie Russell
Daughter	–	Melissa Webb

Crew

Director	–	Tim Borlase
Co-ordinator	–	Caroline Nochasak
Scene Visuals	–	Jenny Williams, Elsie Russell, Tim Borlase
Lighting	–	Harry Borlase
Dance	–	Sophie Tremblay Morrisette
Inuktitut	–	Selma Suarak
Hebron Consultant	–	John Jararuse

Photography

Kristeen McTavish

Losing your language, culture, hunting grounds and identity is devastating. With support and guidance, it is possible to find them again. Annie, played by the whole cast of 10 women and representing us all in different ways, goes through that exact process.

Scene 1

Wisdom from Grandmother

CHORUS
(everyone)

Formerly the sap was stronger than now,
That was in the days when all countries were peopled.
Then deeds were performed which nowadays we do not comprehend,
And the eyes saw things that were hidden from us.
But the tongue brought the experiences of the old
Through the ages to us whose sap was thinner.
-Majark



ANNIE

I feel so alone. Who am I to turn to, now that my Anânsiak has passed on?
She was the only one I trusted. The only one who loved me. At least it feels
that way. Now there is a major gap in my life, so many holes, so many lost
words. I have learned so much from her, but I still have so many questions.
Questions that I will not have answers to. I can't even speak Inuktitut. How
am I to learn?

ANÂNSIAK Annie, my ingutak.

ANNIE Anânsiak?

ANÂNSIAK I am here. Listen. I will always be with you.

ANNIE My mind is playing tricks on me. I have to go. This can't be happening.

ANÂNSIAK No. Stay. You don't have to go yet.

ANNIE What am I supposed to do now?

ANÂNSIAK Look to the community. It's your home. Our beautiful people, our amazing land, the breathtaking atsanik. This is your home. This is your life, and this is who you are. Our language is within you already. Ingutak. Make sure you try your best to bring it out. To speak in the way your heart desires. Believe in yourself. I believe in you.

Seek to the hills. Look at Mount Sophie standing tall. Can you see yourself in the hills? Standing tall? Standing proud. That's you. You are home. Remember when you were by Joseph's place where you were by the fire and burned your hand. He brought you down to the river. He cared. We all cared. We all love you. You are not alone, ingutak. You are never alone. Don't forget to stop and breathe. In the wind's breath you will find your way.



Scene 2

Ai-Ai



CAROLINE My anânsiak is sitting down observing and singing *ajai jai ja* to the throat singing. The lamp is burning brightly on my mom and her friends who are throat singing. They are competing and also giving thanks to Sedna for the plentiful seals over the winter. More women come to join in the fun and soon enough, there's a houseful of laughter! Oh, how I miss that!

Then my dad and his friends are telling and retelling stories to each other about the hunting, the caribou (tuttuk), the wolf (amaguk), the polar bear (nanuk), and the ukalik. They start to play rope games. The one I liked the most was when they would compete for who would hang the longest on the rope with their legs hanging straight up. The longer they hung the harder it would be to stay still. They would also play other games as owl hop, seal crawl, thong pull, muskox. All of these were to show off their muscles.



Scene 3

Kristingle Service

CHORUS God be in my head
And in my understanding
God be in my eyes
And in my looking
God be in my mouth
And in my speaking
God be in my heart
And in my thinking
God be at my end
And at my departing



Scene 4

Christmas

NANCY I can still remember, like it was yesterday, when I was a little girl.
I can still smell the candles burning in the Christmas tree
As the chapel servants walked in with the biscuits and passed them out
The excitement would grow
I would be scared and excited at the same time for the chapel servants
because they would be there, side on, watching us.
Then the chapel servants walked in with the candle and the apple.

(The chapel servants walk on with apples in their hands.)

The music made it feel like everything was meant to be.
And the Moravian star always looking down on us.

(Everyone sings "Surutsik Kaititsik.")

Scene 5

Nalujuk



(Nalujuk enters onstage)

NANCY January 6. I remember it like it was yesterday. I can almost feel the cold air, but we didn't care, we were too busy running around, running away from the nalujuk. Here I am with the big kids. My kamikkatlunga, which made me run faster. They leave me. I quickly curl up in the snow like the husky dogs. The nalujuk passes me and I have a chance to run over to Abel Lidd's house to hide.

Scene 6

Resettlement of Hebron



DARLENE There was a closing ceremony in the church with speeches and hymns and we were forced to accept the move as if it was out of God's hand. Two months later the government suddenly came and sent a message that it was impossible to move from Hebron that particular year. Fourteen houses were already burned or turned into wooden boxes.

(Inuktitut) 10 families were allowed to go to Hopedale, 6 to Nain, 20 to Makkovik, and some to NWR and they could choose where. Then the government comes: "We can't move you," and then the move went in a disorganized way.

We couldn't stay; we had orders to leave in August. The nurse and the storekeeper weren't going to stay and with no store and no nurses being here, people got panicky. Many of us piled on the last boat. By relocating, we gave up some of the best hunting and fishing grounds in Labrador. We were moved to places already overhunted and overfished.

Language made it especially difficult for us to become a part of a new community. In Makkovik almost everyone spoke English, but we from Hebron spoke mostly Inuktitut.

I was the last to move away along with a few couples. No houses were burned, but houses were used for firewood. I will now be 73 years old in April. I'm only going by what I am told to do. I heard the people were going back but no one has gone back yet. I want it to be let known why we were not sent back.

Scene 7

Movement of Confusion

(Caroline's throat singing leading to screaming. Melissa drags her off.)



Scene 8

They Didn't Want to Leave



MOTHER Ugly ol' phone bill! Here again. Not going to look at it or what?!

(Father yawns.)

Look at it! There's a notice saying the phone's going to be cut off soon if we don't pay!

FATHER Did my cheque come?

MOTHER Auka, but the mail's not all sorted yet.

FATHER Then I guess we'll just have to get the phone cut off.

MOTHER *(angry)* We never have any money anyway! You can't even find a job.

FATHER You find a job if you think it's so easy! Then you pay the bills. They're probably your calls anyway.

MOTHER It must be you! The kids and I never use the phone. If they were my calls, I wouldn't be showing you this.

(Daughter crouching down, listening.)

FATHER Why are you always blaming me?

MOTHER Because you're useless! You'll never have any money as long as you sit there, drinking beer all the time. So why don't you just look for a job?

(Father ignores her. She sighs.)

Gee, I wish I had a job.

(Still no response from Father. She explodes.)

You don't care about anything! Not even your kids!

FATHER *(Throws down his beer in disgust. Turns towards the door, sees daughter still crouching.)* What are you doing there?

DAUGHTER Ummm there's a little crack and I'm trying to cover it.

FATHER Ahhh, get in the house!

(Drags her inside and she collapses. Daughter falls and crouched on the floor.)

MOTHER Stop being so rude to her, you dummy!

FATHER I'm not dummy!

MOTHER You sure looks like one!

FATHER Ahhh shut up you?

MOTHER Not shutting up for you!

FATHER Well, smart women, if you're not shutting up, I'm going out.

MOTHER If you're going, I'm going.

(Child goes into a corner of the house.)

Scene 9

“My Little House” by Lizzie Semigak



My little house, stinky little house,
tiny little house.
Cold little house, partly frozen,
When it warms up, it gives off
a lot of heat.
Tiny little house, my own little house,

The chamber-pot of my little house,
so small.
Hardly big enough to sit on
so small.
All the little windows, so small.
Even the little person inside,
so small.

My little house, small little house,
drafty little house.
The little drafts, even though
they're small,
blow so very hard.
Even the little person inside shivers.
The little person with the little house,
tiny little me.

Scene 10
Taken Away



(Annie is sitting on her bed in her new home. Alone. Writing in her diary. She is crying. We hear and see what she is writing.)

ANNIE: I feel so damn stupid writing and thinking about my family and home. What difference does it make if I think about them? I have no family and home anymore. They're gone. Who are they to me? And who am I to them?

(Crying hard.)

The day the workers came and snatched me from my anânsiak I died. I wonder if they had a funeral for me. Why would they? Who am I to anyone now? Mother and father just let me go. Just stood there and watched.

(Gets up and goes to the window.)

Where are the stars? Where is atsanik? This place is ugly. People everywhere. So many blank faces. So angry. So... nothing.

(Goes back to bed.)

My Atatak and Atatsiak are probably gone off now. I guess I'll never have seal or pitsik again. If these people even know what that is. And my anânsiak made the best panitsiak.

Mrs. Smith made me throw my pualuk and kamit away that Anânsiak made me.

(Cries hard.)

I don't know why Mr. hit me. I only told the truth – that I wouldn't wear them outside. Why couldn't I just keep them under my bed? No one would see them.

I can't live here. I can't breathe. I need my anânsiak. I have nothing. I have no one. I am dead.

Maybe that's why the doctor gave me these.

(Holds and looks at a large bottle of pills.)

Scene 11

“Distorted Ripples” by Philip Igloliorte



Rippled water
distorted beneath
the surface
Elevated into shapes
of intense
complicities

I'm trying to figure out
if the rocks are solid
in form underneath

or are they jagged edges
distributing my pain

or is it the complexities
of my own life
of my own animosity toward who
I am?



Scene 12

Walking up a mountain



ANNIE

Were the trials and tribulations that we faced placed in our hands and in our heads because... we knew we were strong enough to carry them? Is there a greater meaning, one that we cannot grasp, written between the lines?

My anânsiak gracefully walked through her life, despite all that she had to endure. Her strength guides me, her wisdom keeps me grounded. Being forced to leave her home, settle in an unfamiliar land, lose her language, "learn" at a residential school then live under a blind government.

Having been told what to do, what not to do, to suddenly follow rules and laws after only listening to our Elders and the land taimangnat/since time began...it is destructive.

My traditional ways have been put at risk. My people still feel the effects. Even though I am under a government that does not understand my reality, after changing my way of life...

ANÂNSIAK Taima. Yes, your way of life has been changed but it is time to look ahead. Songujovutit. You are strong now. You need to accept what has happened. Don't dwell on it. It's all in the past. I believe in you, ingutak. Keep your face towards the sun.

ANNIE Yes Anânsiak. It's just that we are trying to reconnect with who we really are. Reconciliation seems so far away,

ANÂNSIAK But it has to start somewhere.

ANNIE Ilinniattuinnaktunga. What can I do? How do I heal?

ANÂNSIAK It's all up to you, ingutak. It only takes one.

(Everyone puts hand on shoulder and murmurs like an echo: 'one.')



Come Pulakin'
Kverna Creators II,
Makkovik

Promotional Poster



Kverna Creators

present

COME PULAKIN'

COMMUNITY HALL, SUNDAY June 18, 2:00 pm

Come Pulakin': Planning the Canada 150 Celebration in Makkovik—A Musical Spoof

Featuring

- Cast — Joan Andersen
Kim Andersen
Tim Borlase
Ani Brinson
Mark Hustins
- Musicians — John Andersen
Junior Andersen
Andrea Hoyt
Murray Walters
- Choir — Hulda Rice and J.C. Erhardt Memorial Grades 1 & 2
Mikayla Bishop
- Photography — Kim Andersen
Joan Andersen
Ed Power
- Props — Carrie McNeill
- Directors — Joan Andersen
Tim Borlase
- Songs — “Oh Canada” in Inuktitut,
“Good Old Hockey Game” by Stompin’ Tom Connors
with words by Kim Andersen,
“Space Oddity” by David Bowie,
“Makkovik Rap” by Ani Brinson,
“The Fields of Athenry,” tune by Pete St. John, words by
Joan Andersen,
“Makkovik School Song” by Rev. George Sach, with
words by the cast,
“It’s a Great Day” by Travis Tritt, with words revised by
Joan Andersen,
“Sea People” by Allister MacGillivray

Come Pulakin' is a project of the Tradition and Transition grant. Its intent is to start adult theatre groups across Nunatsiavut. It is the hope of the project that these groups will perform for each other and at the new cultural centre in Nain called Illusivut.

This play was created by the cast in response to the Canada 150 celebrations.

Scene 1

"O Canada"



MIKAYLA BISHOP (verse) O Canada Nunagivaptigit.
Inunnit nâ-linitsiuputit,
Ommâtivut, tattâlaput, tauttuKuguptigit.
Nunatsiavut! pillutut pigâtsainappugut.

**CHOIR, CAST,
ANDREA, & JOHN** (chorus) O Canada! Nunatsiak
pigâppugut, inojugut ilâ...
Pigâppugut pillutit Canada!
Pigâppugut pillutit Canada!



Scene 2

“Oh, the Good Old Hockey Game” / “Makkovik Hockey Song”

1

First Period!

For just 5 bucks, we get geared up to play a hockey game,
The schedule shows, it's the women's slot
and the men are next in line.
Two goalies fist pump as the players form up
and the fans eat poutine,
Excitement shows, the new arena is a go,
bringing us a good ole hockey game.

Chorus 1

Oh, the good ole hockey days,
when the Juggernauts played,
the Braves and the Raiders,
took on the Ulu Gang,
in the good ole hockey days.

2

Second Period!

In the dressing room chatter looms about days gone by.
On Wednesday nights the old timers take the ice wishing they were spry.
Tony guards the net with Jimi on defense and the forwards really try,
they pass the puck but start to seize up so they hobble off mouths dry.

[Chorus 1]

3

Third Period! ... Last night at the arena BOO!
Oh, take me where the minor hockey kids skate off around the rink,
water bottles filled up, if the kids need to drink,
good job girls and boys,
now the buzzer sounds, kids gather round and form one gigantic line,
they extend an hand, good game my friend, we'll be back again sometime!

Chorus 2

Oh, the good ol' hockey game
Is the best game you can name,
And the best game you can name
Is the good ol' hockey game

Scene 3

(At the Makkovik Arena)

- TIM** Well, I hope that they go along with this 150th celebration here in the arena because we don't have anywhere else to hold it, if it's bad weather.
- KIM** That's right—nowhere else at all!
- ANI** *(from a distance)* Wahoo, wahoo—way out there!
- TIM** I think she's way down there. Way down at the other end. I can just see her backend sticking up.
- KIM** Yeah, down by the Zamboni!
- TIM** *(to Kim)* Why does she never get it right, where we agree to meet? *(shouts)* We're way down here.
- KIM** She'd better watch out—look! There's still some ice on the rink. Heard it took John 6 days to clear it and he's wearing a T shirt that says: "I survived the ice removal."

(Mark and Joan enter onstage.)

TIM Oh, hi guys!

(Weak "hi" from Mark and Joan.)



- TIM** Our 'volunteer' team is here with a proposition (*timidly*) and (*gestures to Kim*) she's here to ask you something. (*to himself*) I wish Annie would hurry up.
- KIM** (*nudges Tim*) Us volunteers, are working real hard. We are planning lots of traditional food and we wondered if we could use the canteen for this event we are planning.
- (*Loud knock on door.*)
- TIM** (*taking courage*) A little more than the canteen wasn't it...
- KIM** Yes, well, actually (*clears her throat*) it was the whole arena.
- MARK** Well, eh, we have a lady trained to use our sophisticated equipment in the canteen, so we would like our own personnel to be there. And if she's going to be there she would expect to be paid. Now, you got that in your budget?
- TIM/KIM** Well, eh, oo, aw...
- ANI** (*Arrives hysterical, not paying any attention.*) I don't where I was, I was in there with this big machine, not knowing where I was, and I was thinking standing by it, my God, I'm going to lose a finger. It was rolling and, on my soul, it must be for the skates. Right across there! We should put a sign saying, "CAUTION."
- TIM** What's that machine for anyway?
- JOAN** You mean that skate sharpening machine? Or the Zamboni? Which one?
- ANI** It was all dark and there was something over there.... it was really dark, and it was BIG.
- MARK** (*acting as if she was stunned*) You probably saw the Zamboni and heard the fan.
- TIM** (*changing the focus*) Anyways, they were just asking us if we had a budget for the....
- MARK** The canteen.
- KIM** They're telling us that they have someone all set to work in there and they want to get (*small voice*) paid.
- JOAN** It only goes to show, that we have to pay our employees and....
- TIM** (*changing the topic*) But we are serving trout... panitsiak... shiva...
- MARK** (*confidently*) Those are all plates we can provide.

- TIM** I heard that the person you got hired isn't even from Makkovik. They're not going to know how to prepare that stuff. Are they?
- MARK** She does, and she only works Monday to Friday, so what day is your celebration on?
- ANI** *(thinking quickly)* Well, I am not sure, but I think it is on a weekend.
- MARK** Well if that's the case she'll expect double time.
- KIM** Could we pay her not to work?
- JOAN** That stove is a \$5000 machine so we would definitely want our staff on it
- ANI** We know how to use that! It's only stuff the food in there, turn it on and take it out. What do you think we are, stupid?
- MARK** Well, I guess we'd have to get you to pay the insurance on that.
- ANI** Well I guess we can always go to the hall! We don't need this honking big place!
- KIM** *(looking at her as if she is ridiculous)* Well you know that with all the people we are expecting—the hall's not big enough
- ANI** How about doing it—doing it outdoors!
- TIM** How about this! WE do it outside the arena and in the event it rains we will just slip inside. We just want to be next to the arena.
- ANI** Fine. Just by the side of it.



JOAN We have no problem with that.
TIM Can we use the kitchen then. If the food just goes outside.
MARK/JOAN You'll still the need staff to run the kitchen.
KIM Well, eh, we just get her to join the volunteer committee.
ANI What a good idea!

Scene 4

(The organizers of the event can't agree on a celebrity)

KIM We should put that in.
TIM Yeah, Gwyneth Paltrow went to Fogo.
ANI Yes, she did, I saw pictures on Twitter, and she had a fire on the beach, and it was beautiful.
TIM Wow and did Trudeau stay over night?
ANI Yeah, stayed there for the holidays .
MARK Was it last Christmas?
TIM I think we should not have a politician but like a singer or a celebrity .
ANI And we talk about the time Margaret Atwood came, because I was so shook, because she came before me and she went to school and nobody knew who she was. And she was in the staff room and—
JOAN Who?
ANI Margaret Atwood of all people.
MARK Who's she?
ANI You're not serious right? You're not serious. Really, oh my god.
MARK I am sorry.
ANI Ah, *Handmaids' Tale*, *Life Before Man*, all of the poetry, all of the critical essays on stuff that's really important. The *Oryx and Crake* trilogies you know.
MARK No.
ANI Oh, my goodness.

- MARK So, she writes poetry?
- ANI And everything, she's one of the most brilliant people alive... I think...
- MARK No, never heard of her.
- TIM *The Edible Woman.*
- KIM No.
- TIM Anyways, speaking of food. *(laughs)*
- MARK So, she came to Makkovik school?
- KIM Yes.
- TIM She just happened to be here?
- JOAN I wasn't here, but I know she goes on the cruise.
- ANI Yes, it was the cruise thing, and she stopped here at school and no one knew her and they didn't really talk to her because they found her intimidating.
- KIM Pat Sajak from *Wheel of Fortune* came here before. He came on a sailboat when I was working in Skipper's, a long time ago. We didn't have TV, so I didn't know who he was. He seemed like he was disappointed, because I wasn't excited to meet a celebrity or whatever, but I didn't know who he was.
- MARK That's funny!
- TIM He's the host of *Wheel of Fortune*? Is that the kind of person we want to have here?



JOAN I guess we can have a good hockey star, with the arena opening and all.

KIM Yeah, but not everyone likes hockey you know.

TIM What about somebody that's really a star, like really good looking.

KIM Justin Bieber!

MARK What if we get Carey Price, the goaltender from Montreal.

TIM What's he gonna do? Just stand around? There's not going to be any ice.

JOAN He can sign autographs.

KIM Can he sing?

JOAN I don't think so

KIM And if he gave a speech it would be like uh... we tried our best and uh... uh... we tried to regroup after uh... uh... first period and uh...

MARK Actually, I just saw him on Mansbridge, he's one of the few NHL players that can speak well. But I know what you mean. I always say for how much they get paid, they don't do public speaking well, they're horrible.

KIM Well they get asked the same questions too, I guess, there's only so much you can say.

JOAN And a lot of them are only like 18 and 20 years old too.

TIM What about someone who can really motivate the whole town?

ANI Jordin Tootoo? He's kind of like a motivational speaker too. He's a hockey player too.

KIM There's a book in school about him.

TIM To tell you the truth, I am not going to be inspired by an athlete.

KIM Yeah me neither, they're boring.

ANI Is Sean Connery still alive?

MARK No, he passed away I think last year

KIM And Gordon Lightfoot is half dead. I saw him perform in Toronto a couple years ago.

MARK I heard his performances aren't very good.

TIM It's like he doesn't want to be there.

KIM Cross him off the list.

MARK We are looking for someone to inspire people, but inspire people for what though? Who was the guy in space that sent all the pictures back?

KIM Hadfield?

MARK Chris Hadfield

KIM He plays guitar! He done a really good cover of what was it? "Ground control to Major Tom." Yeah, David Bowie.

JOAN Ok. Chris Hadfield.

KIM He's Canadian?

TIM Yeah.

KIM He seems a bit egotistical... but if you traveled in space you're allowed.

TIM And he's motivational.

KIM And he can play an instrument

TIM And we'd get media coverage. Makkovik would be on the map for sure, if that's what we want?

KIM No, we don't want all that many people coming here.

JOAN But we want to be inspired and we kind of want everybody off the sports craze.

ANI Snoop Dog! I know he's not Canadian, but he done this thing in Nova Scotia with the Trailer Park Boys.

MARK No, we don't want Snoop.

ANI No? I got my roly on my arm and I'm pouring shamdam because I got my polar bear got it going on...

TIM Polar bear suit? That's our mascot.

KIM I know, it's a sign from the universe.

JOAN Is that like alien poetry?

MARK It sounds like alien poetry.

ANI No alien poetry is like "ode to a lump of green snot that came out of my nose in January."

JOAN Well, what about the shiva?!

Scene 5

“Space Oddity” – sung by Murray Walters

1

Ground Control to Major Tom
Ground Control to Major Tom
Take your protein pills
and put your helmet on
(Ten) Ground Control
(Nine) to Major Tom
(Eight, Seven, Six) Commencing
(Five) countdown
Engines on (Four, Three, Two)
Check ignition (One)
And may God's Love
(Lift off) be with you

2

This is Ground Control to Major Tom
You've really made the grade
and the papers want to know whose shirt you wear
Now it's time to leave the capsule if you dare
This is Major Tom to Ground Control
I'm stepping through the door
And I'm floating in a most peculiar way
And the stars look very different today

Chorus

For here am I sitting in a tin can
Far above the world
Planet Earth is blue
And there's nothing I can do

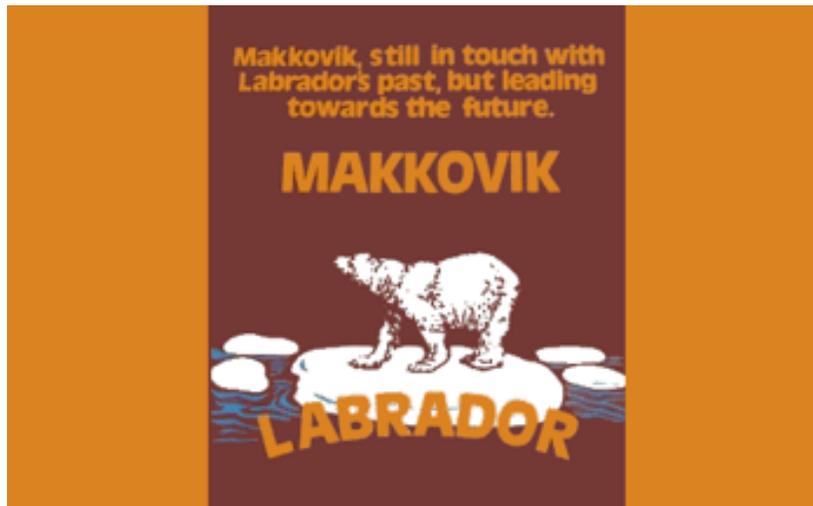
3

Though I'm past 100,000 miles
I'm feeling very still
And I think my spaceship knows which way to go
Tell my wife I love her very much
She knows
Ground Control to Major Tom
Your circuit's dead, there's something wrong
Can you hear me, Major Tom?
Can you hear me, Major Tom?
Can you hear me, Major Tom?
Can you...

[Chorus]

Scene 6

(Parade)



- JOAN** Okay! It's Canada's 150th, we gotta make this extra special.
- TIM** I can get my new Kamutik I just made and bring it down.
- KIM** It's July.
- ANI** A Kamutik in July?
- JOAN** Well, we gotta have an Olie. He comes out for special occasions

TIM Who's Olie?

JOAN Our mascot, the polar bear.

KIM Look, I'll show you. It's over here in the box. I wanted to wear it a thousand times, but Trav would never allow it—oh my God, I think, I think it would fit you!

JOAN Perfect.

KIM Here try this on!

TIM I think the leader should be wearing this.

ANI You got to put the whole suit on first, then the paws. You never put a polar bear suit on before?

JOAN She seems to know all about it, why don't she wear it?

ANI God b'y, I got to do everything.

TIM How did you choose a polar bear anyway?

ANI Um... I think it started in '96. There was contest at the school for who can come up with a mascot.

TIM Are there polar bears down here anyway?

JOAN Yeah, they come down.

ANI I was visiting my friends one day and they lived next to the church. We were just sitting down having a cup of tea when a polar bear walks out of the woods from between the church and the manse. I was like, "oh my god it's a polar." It was on the road walking behind these two guys and when they looked behind they took off running. The bear had a broken paw, so it was hobbling on three paws behind the kids

TIM Wow!

KIM I remember one time too, sorry for butting in here, Mark, because I know about your PTSD but um... One time he was taking a picture and he ended up being chased by a po—sorry, Mark sorry, he was chased by a polar bear—no, sorry Mark its all good now man.

(Mark has a melt-down, hyper-ventilating into a paper bag.)

ANI It's just a mascot, it's not real. So, we put the one piece on first.

(Kim and Joan start to put the costume on Tim.)

KIM Ok, so what we gotta do—

ANI Put the leg in first—

KIM Leg up—

ANI Then your arms in—

KIM Arms

TIM And you know what, with my broken ankle there I can be like the other polar bear.

JOAN Yeah.

ANI So, we put the slipper feet on next.

TIM Has he got a name?

MARK Yeah, his name is Olie.

TIM Olie, what's that for?

JOAN It was after Olaf Anderson. He was the first minister to come from Makkovik, then he moved to Wisconsin.

ANI We'll put the head on last because you really sweats when you're inside because there's no fan or nothing in there, so...

MARK So, we have Olie and we have the flag. We'll start off with the parade.

JOAN And everyone will decorate their ride to win prizes.

TIM We'll use your Sunfire.

KIM Ohhh yeah, I'll use the Sunfire!

MARK Where would Olie go?

KIM We can stick him out the window, I can turn the music on blast! Hey it can work. It will be red and white, and we'll stand out a lot.

ANI Oh yeah, red and white like the flag

KIM Canada Day!

JOAN And our special guest will be here by then and we got to have him in the parade front and centre.

KIM Then maybe it should be Chris Hadfield in the car instead.

MARK Well you know, your muffler is pretty noisy.

- KIM** Give him some earmuffs. And tell him it's a blast off, like 3... 2... 1... *(revving)*
- JOAN** We want to see him, so we put an armchair in the back of Recreation's pickup and cover it with a really velvety cloth.
- KIM** Oh my god, how tacky. I think he would look much better if we hitched up a trailer.
- TIM** She probably wants puffs or pompoms from like her science experiment.
- KIM** Now we're not up on Astronaut Hill now, girl! Just remember what happened last time ok? Just calm down. We don't need that, burning everything to pieces.
- JOAN** Well, even Edison has his catastrophes! But... we have to highlight Chris Hadfield any chance we get!
- KIM** But if we put a thing on the back of the Sunfire we can make it look like a rocket ship.
- TIM** The Kamutik.
- KIM** Put the Kamutik on wheels.
- MARK** Yeah, we can go with that.

Scene 7

“Makkovik Rap” - Ani, Mark and Kim



- EVERYONE** Do do do dodododoo (x2)
- ANI** Hey Makkovik, you'd better stop and listen
Olie on da way... we'll soon be kissin' him

MARK/KIM Olie, Olie in da parade, b'y ... Picture on da town flag too b'y

ANI Who you say?

MARK/KIM Olie...

ANI Ahhhh... born in 1996 Come Home Year festivities
all right... I got a question if you please.
It's Canada's birthday are we celebratin'?
Somethin' like 150 years no kiddin'!
Say what?
Nah we can't go fishin'
Awe!!!
What would you be missin'?

MARK/KIM Olie, Olie in da parade, b'y

ANI Will it ever stop? I don't know, it's tradition
to hang da flag on Indian Head so we can see it clearly
On July 1 Olie comes, we truly love him dearly!

MARK/KIM Olie, Olie in da parade, b'y

ANI Like a fool, I volunteer to dress for the show
and sometimes I travel out to da Winter Games, you know
walk, fly, or hitch a ride with Recreation
Johnny drives I'm sweatin hot what a cool mascot
Friendly when I play with kids
love me or leave me
either way I'm here to say
You'd better take a selfie!

MARK/KIM Olie, Olie in da parade...

ANI Word

(Pose and take selfie)

Scene 8

“Lament for the Caribou” sung by Johnny, Junior and Joan Andersen, to the tune of “Fields of Athenry,” accompanied by Andrea Hoyt on violin

1

Seasons come and seasons go
In this land of ice and snow...
But our hunting's not the same.
We are running out of game,
And the caribou hunting ban has been a blow.

Chorus

Low lie the spirits of the north
When conservation measures tell us no.
You can no longer go
To hunt the caribou.
Their numbers are down now, they are too few.

2

The call of the wild is strong
We'd gear up and soon be gone...
Over the barren ground
Where the caribou were found,
Find another way of life and move along.

[Chorus]

3

Out on the wind-swept land
There's moose and ptarmigan...
But do you hear the hoofs move forth
As you gaze toward the north
Mother Nature bring them back like they were before.

[Chorus]

Scene 9

(Food preparation: smokehouse gets mistaken for burning outhouse by come-from-away; Mustard salad is confused as a dessert; preparation of shiva; Trout Festival type activity)

ANI It's too bad we got to have moose burgers this year instead of caribou.

KIM Oh, I really miss the caribou meat... the moose doesn't even come close.

MARK It's just the same isn't it? Moose and caribou?

KIM/ANI No.

TIM And I suppose you always wondering about licenses and all that these days.

KIM We can't get any caribou from Natuashish I guess, but that wouldn't be right. It's too bad, you know what, it's not only caribou on your plate that you miss—it's the hunt.

TIM So, we're going to have to have substitute moose burgers. And there's going to be people that don't like moose.

KIM How can they not like moose?

TIM Moose is stringy. I don't really like moose; I'd rather just have vegetables.

ANI That's what I'd rather have too.

TIM Yeah?

ANI Yeah, I think there should be a booth that is strictly vegetables... And curry. You can't go wrong with curry, right?

TIM Who's going to eat that though?

KIM It's the trout festival. You don't have curry at the trout festival

MARK It's not a curry festival.

ANI Yeah, but you could have curried fish. You can have curry. And if you really REALLY want to push it, for me personally I'd just go with, like, tofu—and maybe we can get it sent in advance because I know you can't get that down at Big Land.

JOAN This is the Canada 150, so wouldn't it be wiser to have traditional food and celebrate our own cooking?

TIM Like shiva, what's in that anyway, Joan?

JOAN That's cod liver, you render out the liver and fry it up- add black berries to it. Make a paste, dip cod and pitsik in that.

ANI Oh. Sounds really appealing. *(laughing)*

TIM Not.

JOAN It's right stinky when its cooking

ANI Eww, so you want stinking cod liver oil cooked in what? Grease or some weird thing you just said? And you don't like the idea of having curry?

TIM I heard the vents at the stadium are working, are they? The vents in the kitchen?

ANI They're working.

TIM So, we'll get rid of the smell then.

JOAN Well, that's something you can have in the lobby. You want to have it out for the old timers that are gonna come with kids, they probably won't want to eat it but—

TIM Old, old, old, everybody's talking about old times and old photos! What about the now!? What about you know.... Ah! Poutine is Quebec! We're celebrating Canada.

JOAN Yeah, everybody loves poutine I agree. We can put that in there.

KIM What? You got to say it right, it's POUTINE.

TIM Oh.

KIM Not POUTIN. Who says POUTIN?

TIM PouTINE

KIM I always say poutine, what do you say?

ANI/JOAN Poutine.

MARK Poutin.

KIM See, three against two. *(laughs)*

TIM So, are we going to charge for this?

JOAN Oh yeah, we got to get some money for the arena.

KIM For the arena?

JOAN Whatever is held in the arena, we got to charge for it.

- KIM** But I thought you were going to give some back to the committee? Like you know we need some.
- TIM** Yeah, I thought we were making money so we can have the trout festival in August.
- JOAN** Well, we're depending on donations for food from people, like fish and salad.
- TIM** Macaroni salad I suppose. Last time I went to a thing like this everybody served macaroni salad and it was five different colours. And everyone said, "this was the greatest potluck I ever had because everybody's dish is different." Well the only thing different was the colours! It all had the same friggin taste.
- KIM** Yeah, we should warn people. Tell them to bring a variety. Tell them not to bring mustard salad because once I brought that and they didn't even bring it out until dessert time came and at that point no one wanted it. Because it was yellow and fluffy, they didn't know it was salad.
- TIM** How are we going to serve it?
- KIM** I don't think we should use paper plates—it's bad for the environment
- MARK** What's the other option?
- KIM** I don't know, but we'll have to think of something biodegradable or something.
- MARK** Well, paper's better than Styrofoam.
- JOAN** We can use the big maple leaves, since it's Canada 150.
- MARK** You'll eat off a tree leaf?
- JOAN** Have you seen the size of the leaves?
- TIM** Where do you get those? (*laughs*) I liked your idea of having the paper plates so then we can have a big bonfire at the end.
- KIM** Yeah... but...
- MARK** Paper is biodegradable and recyclable.
- KIM** It's made from trees.
- MARK** Yes, but it's from trees that's been used three times over.
- KIM** But how do you know it was dead trees? They cut the trees in order to get the paper in order to make the plate. I think we should go with glass plates.

MARK It was probably toilet paper first, and now there's plates.

JOAN Make sure it's the recycled paper.

MARK Well, you better check out with the company because you know how companies are.

(Dance and bingo—volunteers can't agree which one it should be.)

Scene 10

“Makkovik School Song” by cast, Andrea, and Johnny



1

Oh, hoist up the sails, to Makkovik we'll go
The glass is gone up and the north wind doth blow.
Chris Hadfield is comin' to our little town
Everyone is excited to see him “splash down.”

Chorus

So, heave, heave hard and all pull together
We'll make the fair harbour whatever the weather.

2

O come to the church, the bells are a-ringin'
Flags are raised up and the children are singin'
The old chapel servants with trays in their hands
With caps on their heads, they look kind and grand.

[Chorus]



Scene 11

“It’s a Great Day” by Johnny, Andrea, and audience

1

I got rice cookin’ in the microwave
Got a three-beard I don’t plan to shave
And it’s a goofy thing but I just gotta say
Hey, I’m doin’ all right.
Yeah, I think I’ll make me some homemade soup
Feelin’ pretty good and that’s the truth
It’s neither drink nor drug induced
No... I’m just doin’ all right.

Chorus

It’s a great day to be alive
I know the sun’s still shinin’ when I close my eyes
There’s some hard times in the neighbourhood
But why can’t every day be just this good.

2

It’s been a few weeks since I left home
Voisey’s Bay can make you feel alone
I’ll give it my best and then I’ll be gone

Oh, I hope they're doin' all right.
Now I look in the mirror and what do I see
A future Mountie lookin' back at me
We live in this great country!
Canada, we're doin' all right.

[Chorus]



Scene 12

“Sea People,” encore sung with the audience

1

They go down with their nets to the shore
They go down like their fathers before
And the sea seems to say if you ride me today
I will grant you the wealth of my store

Chorus

They are sea people
The pride of the land
Strong of the spirit
And rough of the hand
Sea people, the waters command
From the rocky old steeds of the strand

2

As the waves rise to tumble and fall
In the face of a wild summer squall
All the traps will be cast
And their courses held fast
For they brave through the worst of it all

3

If you walk the cold beaches alone
As the first light of morning is born
All adrift in the haze
Where the white sea gulls play
You might catch a glimpse on the foam
Of.....

Chorus

The sea people
Pride of the land
Strong of the spirit
And rough of the hand
Sea people, the waters command
From the rocky old steeds of the strand

It Is Who We Are
Adult Theatre Group, Rigolet

Promotional Poster



IT IS WHO WE ARE

An original play, written and performed
by the Rigolet Adult Theatre Group

Thursday, May 24, 2018

7:00 pm

At the Community Hall

Free Admission

It Is Who We Are

Characters

Ice – Chelsea Morris
Johnny – Robert Jacque
Susie – Desiree Wolfrey

Past

George (Grandfather) – Carlene Palliser
Sophie (Grandmother) – Bella Rowe
Uncle Joe – Tim Borlase
Visitor – Katheline Pottle

Past & Present

Garfield – Lorraine Allen
Martha – Marilyn Baikie

Present & Future

Cathy (Johnny's wife) – Katheline Pottle
Carl (Susie's husband) – Carlene Palliser
Isabel (Susie's child) – Bella Rowe

Future

Cynthia (Tourist) – Lorraine Allen
Rick (Tourist) – Marilyn Baikie

Sound

Ray Bennett

Photography

Ella Jacque

Lights

Martha MacDonald, Kevin Jacque

Special Thanks

Northern Lights Academy, Rigolet
Town Council, Chelsea Morris,
Nunatsiavut - DHSD

The script was created by the cast on an original idea of the effect of climate change on ice by Robert Jacque, May 2018. This is a special project of the Labrador Inuit Tradition and Transition program between the Nunatsiavut government and Memorial University.



Prologue

(The Ice walks onstage, shrouded in a large, white sheet.)

ICE When memory began, I was already a yearly visitor, slowly emerging and slowly dying, cycle after cycle.

My slightest tentative fingers slowly, beautifully emerge when the nights grow longer. As the days go by, I gradually gain strength. Individual fingers meet and mesh.

Growing stronger,
stronger,
stronger still.

Stronger, until I am the smoothest, glossiest surface. Even then I grow stronger until I can cradle the creatures on my surface. I allow them impossible feats. Imagine being able to walk on water. They welcome my return, and scamper joyfully over my surface.

In the past I have grown with the strength to sink entire continents. Oh, you should have seen me then. I was in my glory. I thought I was invincible.

The sun and I now take turns. When the nights grow shorter the sun regains its strength.

And so, we go on – the sun and I, on this colourful planet spinning through space. A place you have to admit altogether more interesting in appearance and character because of me.

I am nothing short of miraculous.

I am... Ice.



Scene 1

The Past

(First dog team has arrived at Peas Cove, with Sophie, George, Uncle Joe and the Visitor. Second dog team is arriving, with Martha, Garfield, Johnny and Susie. The Ice is standing downstage in the corner.)

MARTHA Peas Cove, perfect place for a boil-up.

UNCLE JOE I never tires, looking at this view.

GARFIELD Well, the going sure was good.

VISITOR So, this is it? This is the bottom of the bay?

SOPHIE We always stops here to have a lunch on our way.

JOHNNY Can I have some toast?

SUSIE Me too! Me too! I want toast... And red-berry jam!

SOPHIE Yes, by and by, even though it's taken longer than expected.

(Susie and Johnny have a snowball fight in the back of the stage)

GEORGE *(To the visitor)* That means we're going to have a boil-up, but we can't be here for too long, we want to be able to get fishing before it gets dark.

SUSIE But can't we fish here?

GARFIELD I don't think it's any good for fishing here, is it Grandpa?

- GEORGE** No, the fishing isn't very good around here, when we get to the bottom there's always trout.
- SOPHIE** *(To the visitor)* From here, when you look out at the ice, it all looks even, but it's really different underneath—and George knows where all of the bad ice is.
- JOHNNY** *(To George)* When we gets down there, I'll find the crack and chisel the hole!
- SUSIE** Do you even know how to?
- VISITOR** I was hoping we could have a fire here, so I could get a good photo of all of us.
- MARTHA** Can you wait until we gets to the bottom, otherwise it'll be dark before we get there.
- GARFIELD** And we got to trim the shore, the ice is bad all along there.
- MARTHA** How many pictures does your camera take, anyways?
- VISITOR** It wouldn't take too long, and it's important that I document what a "boil-up" is.
- MARTHA** There's nothing special about a boil-up, we do it all the time... but I 'spose it would be interesting for people down south who've never seen it before.



- UNCLE JOE** Hey, can someone help me, my foot is caught in a crack in the ice!
- MARTHA** Kids, can one of you go and give uncle Joe a hand?
- (Susie runs over to Uncle Joe and tries to push him.)*

UNCLE JOE No, not that way!

SUSIE Well, I'm trying...

UNCLE JOE Sophie, can you come over and help me?

SOPHIE Yeah, yeah, I'm coming. I told you it was going to be rough, but you insisted on coming.

UNCLE JOE You know, it's not easy, with polio and all... but I didn't want to miss anything. I still love coming out here, I want to do this while I still can.

SOPHIE *(Trying to pull him out)* Yeah, I know. It wouldn't be the same without you, I suppose.

GARFIELD *(Gets up and goes to visitor, looks for axe)* You know what, I'll make a small fire. Has anyone seen my axe?

UNCLE JOE I'm still stuck over here!

MARTHA All right, I'll come and help. Kids, can you go and get some brush?

SUSIE *(to Johnny)* I'll race you to the trees!

JOHNNY I'll get some old-man's-beard!

GARFIELD Wait! Don't go too far, stay on this side of the brook!

GEORGE Don't go out past the bellycatters, the ice is dangerous past there, so stay near the shore!

JOHNNY Yeah, I remember you saying that last time we went here.

GEORGE Yes, you're going to have to remember these things for when you get older, and you come out here with your own dog team.

(The kids begin to run to the side of the stage)

VISITOR Hey, wait up, I'd like to take a picture of this "old-man-beard"!

(Visitor follows the kids.)

JOHNNY We get the yellow ones, right grandpa?

(Johnny, Susie and Visitor run offstage)

SOPHIE *(to Uncle Joe)* Those seal skin boots are slippery.

MARTHA Let's get you sat down over by the fire.

(Martha and Sophie help Uncle Joe walk over to the spot where Garfield is making a fire. Someone carries over a grub box for him to sit on.)

UNCLE JOE You can tell it's a good day, because my teeth are aching from smiling in the cold.

GARFIELD Where are the kids gone? They're taking too long; I'll see if I can get it going myself.

(Garfield kneels over the fire, starts blowing on it, trying to start it.)

GEORGE Hey! What are you doing out there! I said stay on this side of the bellycatters!

(Visitor had been walking up to the Ice, taking pictures with her camera. She walks past the ice, onto "bad ice.")

GARFIELD I don't think she can hear you!

(The kids run back to the group)

JOHNNY We saw a seal on the ice, and she just went after it!

SUSIE She wouldn't listen to us, she said she wanted to get a picture!

MARTHA Hey! Hey! Stop!

(Everyone calls out to the visitor, waving their hands, the visitor doesn't hear them. Lights quickly fade.)

Scene 2

The Present

(Garfield, Martha, Johnny and Cathy have arrived on snowmobile at Peas Cove. Susie, Carl and Isabel are driving onto the stage. The Ice is in the same spot, though slightly smaller.)

SUSIE It's so nice to be home. It's warm out too. And that didn't take us very long to come over here today.

ISABEL Is this our home?

CARL So, this is where you came when you were a child?

SUSIE Yep, eh Mum and Dad, you'd take us over here all the time.

MARTHA Oh yes, we'd always be coming over here.

CARL Is this the place where you were telling me about the lady that drowned?

MARTHA Oh my, don't be bringing up those bad memories.

SUSIE You remember when that happened, Johnny?

JOHNNY Yeah, I remember. We tried to go out and help her, but she wouldn't listen to us.

SUSIE Yes, I remembers that too, she just went on down through the ice. We was on dog team then.

JOHNNY But even then, I think, the ice was bad, wasn't it? But now, there isn't even any bellycatters in some places.

GARFIELD And look at it now, it's open water where she fell in through the ice.

ISABEL Who was she?

JOHNNY She was a visitor; we didn't like her because she was taking so many pictures.

MARTHA Took us forever to get over here then.

ISABEL Didn't take us very long today. We went fast.

SUSIE We was on dog team then; it took us hours and hours and hours.

CATHY How long are we staying here now?

ISABEL I'm hungry.

JOHNNY I'll get the propane stove out. Cathy, what have you brought to eat?

CATHY I brought sandwiches; everybody likes sandwiches.



MARTHA We're not going to have a boil-up? Garf, you're not going to get a fire started?

GARFIELD I mean, we could if you wanted to I 'spose.

ISABEL What's a boil-up?

SUSIE It's where you eat a lot and stink like smoke.

MARTHA You never taught that girl anything about coming home?

SUSIE We live in the middle of Toronto, Mom, what do you expect?

MARTHA You've got to teach her about where she comes from!

ISABEL I fell off the ski-doo coming over.

MARTHA You've got to hold on tight.

ISABEL We went really fast.

JOHNNY Susie — scared, or wha? You're not driving like you used to, remember you tried to race me all the time, now I'm waiting for you to catch up every ten minutes.

SUSIE I've got a little girl now Johnny, I got to be careful.

CATHY I have some codfish here, too. Should I wrap it up and cook it over the fire?

MARTHA My, Cathy, that sounds some good.

JOHNNY Oh, I don't know.

ISABEL I don't like that, do I Mom?

JOHNNY Is that safe? I heard some people got sick eating fish last week. Where'd you get it?

CATHY From the store.

JOHNNY Definitely not safe, then.

GARFIELD Well, at least we know it doesn't have methylmercury in it.

SUSIE God, this might be the last time we go fishing' down here, might be full of methylmercury next year.

MARTHA We're not going to stop eatin' it, eh Garf, we're old enough, they're not going to stop us now.

CATHY I loves it, just being out on the land, just loves it.

JOHNNY Look, there's a net washed up on those bellycatters, wonder who left that behind. Some old dumbass, I suppose.

CATHY That's probably your seal net, Johnny.

- JOHNNY** There's barely enough snow and ice to put out a seal net now.
- CARL** Isn't that how the lady fell through the ice? Wasn't she trying to take a picture of a seal?
- MARTHA** People have got to realize that they can't just wander off wherever they want to.
- GARFIELD** And this is what happens if they don't. Unless people start listening to us, there'll be more and more accidents like that one.
- MARTHA** It's only a matter of time before that happens to them people in Cain's Quest, too.
- JOHNNY** It's a good thing they've got those big fast machines, they don't even know they're on bad ice.
- MARTHA** They don't even know where they're goin' half the time, only relying on those little machines on their skidoos.
- JOHNNY** Yeah, those G.P.S. machines.
- SUSIE** Johnny, you seem to know a lot about this. Are you entering the race next year?
- ISABEL** I wanna race too!
- JOHNNY** No, Mum would never let me get in that.
- SUSIE** You're a grown man, Johnny. What are you listening to her for?
- MARTHA** Now Susie, just because you don't live here anymore...
- JOHNNY** You've been gone so long; you haven't realized all the changes that have happened around here.
- CATHY** I've only been here for five years, and I've noticed big changes. Remember last year, we had to cross the bay in boat and go the rest of the way on skidoo.
- GARFIELD** Things nowadays aren't like they used to be, and your mother's been through enough hard times in her life without worrying about you in that race.
- JOHNNY** No, I don't want to be in that race anyway. I guess I was born a generation too late, I'd still like to be going around on dog team.
- MARTHA** Everything was simpler those days. The dogs knew exactly where to go.
- GARFIELD** Enough talkin', let's get on the go again.

JOHNNY I'm not sure about how the ice is going to be, can you take the lead, Dad?

GARFIELD Yeah, stay behind me, but don't be too close, in case the ice is bad.

CARL Are we going to be safe?

MARTHA Garf's not going to take you anywhere that's not safe.

(They all begin to drive off.)

GARFIELD It doesn't look like we can get down there. I think we're just gonna have to turn around.

CATHY Hey! Susie! Stay behind us!

SUSIE I'm stuck in slush!

(Johnny turns his snowmobile around to help Susie. He gets stuck too.)

MARTHA Look now, Johnny's gonna be goin' out there, he'll be stuck next.

GARFIELD I'll have to go help too, I 'spose.

(Garfield turns around the snowmobile to help them. Martha gets off and watches from afar.)

MARTHA *(to Susie and Johnny)* Your father's coming with the rope!

ISABEL I'm scared.

CARL I hope we all don't get hypothermia...

(The lines in italics are all said at the same time.)

CARL *Once is enough.*

GARFIELD *We don't know how it's going to be from one year to the next.*

MARTHA *I was scared this would happen.*

CATHY *How to ruin a beautiful day.*

ISABEL *Mummy, I want to go home.*

JOHNNY *Well, I guess there's always next year.*

SUSIE *And to think, I came all this way. What are the chances that I'll ever get down here again?*

(Light fades)

Scene 3

The Future

(Johnny and Cathy are sitting on a bench on their cabin at Peas Cove. The ice is curled up in a ball.)

CATHY Well, Johnny, it's a beautiful day to go out for a ride on the boat.

JOHNNY Oh, yeah, well maybe when the tide comes up let's go and take her for a ride.

CATHY I've been thinking Johnny—I know you love your dogs, but they are just lying around here doing nothing. Here it is early April and they haven't been able to go for a run—not once. Not enough ice. Maybe we should give up on it. And, also, there's been no seal meat to give them. We can't get to them on the ice. Seals are gone.

JOHNNY Ah-hum.

CATHY Did you hear that? It sounds like a big boat comin'...

JOHNNY Sounds like an awful big boat.

CATHY Whose be over here this time of year coming in a big boat like that?

JOHNNY Fancy lookin'.

(In boat)



ISABEL Do you think that's the cabin over there?

SUSIE Well it looks like it.

ISABEL He said he was going to build a cabin with a red door on it. Must be Uncle Johnny's.

CARL My, times have changed.

(at the cabin)

CATHY Johnny, do you think that's Susie?

(Boat arrives- Isabel, Susie, Susie's husband and two tourists step out)

ISABEL There's the shoreline.

CARL Just as I thought—only ice around the edge.

(the following speeches happen all at the same time)

ISABEL Be careful. Uncle, Uncle! That is them.

CATHY Could it be them? That is them. Hello!

(Dogs bark)

ISABEL He's got his dogs still.

SUSIE That's good!

CATHY What a surprise! We weren't expecting to see youse guys here!

SUSIE We just bought the boat in Goose Bay to charter for our new tourist business. Look at the fancy boat we got!

CYNTHIA Hey, is this a real dog team?

RICK I was wondering before about paying the big bucks for this trip but seeing a real dog team makes it all worthwhile. Can we see them go?

CARL Great idea for the tourists to see.

JOHNNY Well no, there's no ice left for them to run on.

SUSIE *(uncomfortable, changing the conversation)* Beautiful spot eh?

CYNTHIA Yeh, it's gorgeous.

RICK Awful lot of bugs though.

CATHY Yeah, it's early for mosquitoes but you never know with the way the climate's changed. *(to Susie)* Who you got with you?

ISABEL This is Mum's friends, Rick and Cynthia. Before he invests in our business, he wanted to have a look at it. We made it sound so pretty.

- CATHY** (ro Johnny) Must be in the magazine business.
- CARL** (to tourists) Hope it goes better than that last trip I was on. That one was memorable!
- ISABEL** Yeah, I remember being scared.
- RICK** Well to be honest, they are looking at hiring an investor and I just happen to have that kind of cash. Before I spend it, I wanted to check this place out.
- JOHNNY** And what are you hoping to invest in?
- RICK** Well, I like the idea of tourism. It's year round boating now. There's real value in this primitive tourism—you go places other people have never been. And you look at the icebergs... funny—I don't see any here.
- CYNTHIA** Yeah, that's what we are interested in.
- CATHY** No icebergs till you get to the ocean. And that over there is one of the few bellycatters. Well, what in the world are you going to do here?
- SUSIE** Build a great big chalet!
- CYNTHIA** Right here in Peas Cove.
- SUSIE** Yes, 10 bedrooms, all beautiful suites, a little store and a nice, nice spa!
- RICK** (to Isabel) Look, if we hired this guy, I'm not sure who he is, but he could take tourists around and show them what it used to be like in the old days. He could use his dog team. Real authentic!
- CYNTHIA** Now, I'd like to see that.
- CARL** That would be great for tourists.
- JOHNNY** Well I think I am perfectly fine being retired myself.
- CATHY** I don't think it's a very good spot for all you people to be coming.
- CYNTHIA** But you're alone out here.
- CATHY** We like it here because it is nice and quiet and serene. We can't admire it so much when you show up in your big old fancy boat.
- SUSIE** Wouldn't it be better to be right next to a store where you can get better produce than you can in Rigolet?
- CATHY** Well with the warmer days we got a garden out back. We grows everything we needs while we are over here.

- RICK** Well, you could demonstrate what you grow and how you grow it. Arctic horticulture. Amazing!
- JOHNNY** *(to Cathy – quietly)* Somehow, we need to convince them to go somewhere else.
- SUSIE** Johnny, don't know why you want to stay here alone. Don't you have bad memories from the time we got stuck, and we had a terrible time getting back home.
- JOHNNY** But don't you remember all the good memories? Memories of calm days, of fishin' and huntin' and eatin' food. When I am here, it's just like the good ole days.
- CARL** Well there's not enough ice for us to get caught in this year, and I think it's going to stay that way. It's better like that. That's the only way it will be good for business.
- RICK** What an opportunity! Look at what you got here—beautiful views, pristine wilderness, don't you think you have a responsibility to share it?
- SUSIE** You'll see. We can get to the bottom of Back Bay in 20 minutes in this boat. Come try it out!
- ISABEL** You should see what we will have in it. Even fancy showers, I bet you'd like to try one of them.
- JOHNNY** *(insulted)* I don't know what you'd need all that for. My boat got an engine, it got a seat and we were about to go out before you came. So...
- CARL** We can all go down to Back Bay and fish for fun!
- RICK** There's a whole clientele that goes crazy for that sport! You catch them and you release them just like the fish.
- SUSIE** Yes, we have big plans to set up a catch and release program.
- CARL** Yes, Johnny, you could show them how to do that.
- ISABEL** We'll pay you a whole lot of money just to do it.
- CATHY** But everybody knows that the fish die anyway after struggling on the end of a line while some fat tourist gets his kick from fighting with a fish full of methylmercury.
- JOHNNY** But what's the point of that? You are just wasting resources. Killing fish for no reason.

CATHY Susie, I really wish you had come here and talked to us first before arriving like this.

JOHNNY (to everyone) That's all you want to do—you want to package everything—package my boat, my cabin, my life...

(Rick and Cynthia return to the boat, offended by Johnny's shouting.)

ISABEL Mum, isn't he your brother? I am sure your grandparents wouldn't want you talking like that.

SUSIE Yes, I didn't tell you but our baby's opening the business. She has the smarts and the experience to do a fine job and make a big profit. We are retiring see?

JOHNNY Retiring? In Rigolet?

CARL No, could never retire here.

SUSIE No. We got a great big, penthouse condo in downtown Toronto. Beautiful!

(Susie goes over to the ice and starts to chip off part of it and put it in a container.)

JOHNNY What are you doing?

SUSIE I just had this great idea for our tourists. I want to try putting pieces of that precious ice that are here along the shore and put it into an organic health drink that we can serve to customers at the chalet.

ISABEL Yes, I can put it in a special drink called *Drinking Peace* and convince everyone that comes with us that it will make them more healthy and less stressed.

JOHNNY But there is so little ice left. We've come to understand that ice is so fragile—just like our way of life has become. Susie, this is our home, this is our land. You can't put a price on this. I think this whole thing is a really bad idea. You are commercializing us and making us feel like we are for sale to the rest of the world.

Our land is untouched, it is part of us, our land is beautiful, the ice and the land is us. We belong to the land and the ice. Our land cannot be replaced with any amount of money. Our ancestors' souls live on this land. Susie just stop and think and breathe. Feel the land.

ISABEL Oh, come on! I thought by doing this we would all be happy and that would have you're your grandparents happy because we are all making lots of money.

(Susie motions for Isabel to go back to the boat.)

SUSIE

(ignoring Isabel who walks away) Yeah, Johnny, well I never really thought about it that way. I guess I lived with so much commercialization and thought of having stuff that would make life better. I wasn't realizing that the actual value of land is priceless.

I've been gone so long and forgot what the land means to us Inuit. Even being back here now, the smell of the salt water, the sound of the waves, the heat of the sun it really feels like I am home, I don't want it to change. I feel like I am myself once again, the part that I have lost, the part that I was trying to buy. I am home.

JOHNNY

I guess you would have to say that whether or not we like it—we are connected to the ice and the land in such a way that it is part of us. It is who we are.



Epilogue

(The ice is much smaller now, the sheet is all drawn up around the character.)

ICE Where am I?... What is this place? I do not recognize it.

I am inside of a dream, but I cannot remember it.

It seemed... happy.

No, I remember one thing – light.

(Ice looks up, above the audience, as if speaking to the sun.)

I can feel it on my skin, the warmth of the sun above me. This is not how I remember it.

It burns.

The air is thick. I cannot see through the smog. Yes, I can feel it, the heat. Sun, what is wrong? Why are you angry? We used to be happy, we took turns! You have the whole world, all that I asked for were the very ends of the earth!

But wait. There are clouds in the sky. Dark clouds. Unnatural Clouds. No, this isn't you.

(Ice looks down)

It's them.

How could they do this to me? I was their friend. I helped them. There was a time when they respected me, when they were at peace with the land.

Now, I am dying... and for what? "Progress"?

Yes, I am dying. I won't be around for much longer.

Unless...

Unless you help me.



Kindred Spirit

**Hopedale Adult Theatre
Troupe**

Promotional Poster

Hopedale Adult Theatre Troupe

presents

Kindred Spirit



Sponsored by Inuit Tradition and Change

Nunatsiavut and Memorial University

This play was written by the cast. It is about BINGO, Cain's Quest and a chance encounter with an Angekôk.

Amos Comenius Memorial School, June 15, 2018 Noon

Kindred Spirit

Characters

Mary	—	Shavonne Tuglavina
Curtis	—	Chloe Dicker
Wendy	—	Jean Flowers
Winnie	—	Shavonne Tuglavina
Franny	—	Chloe Dicker
Sally	—	Nicole Dalley
Caller	—	Nicole Dalley
Rosie	—	Shavonne Tuglavina
Jill	—	Sophie (Twiggy) Pamak
Gertie	—	Shavonne Tuglavina
Bill	—	Robert Jacque
Mike	—	Chloe Dicker
Susie	—	Sarah Tuglavina
George	—	Robert Jacque
Reporter	—	Nicole Dalley
Fans	—	Chloe, Shavonne, Robert, Sarah
Angekok	—	Sarah Tuglavina
Announcer	—	Robert Jacque

Crew

Director	—	Tim Borlase
Rehearsal Coach	—	Nicole Shuglo
Assistant Director	—	Robert Jacque
Props	—	Robert Jacque
Photography	—	Tim Borlase

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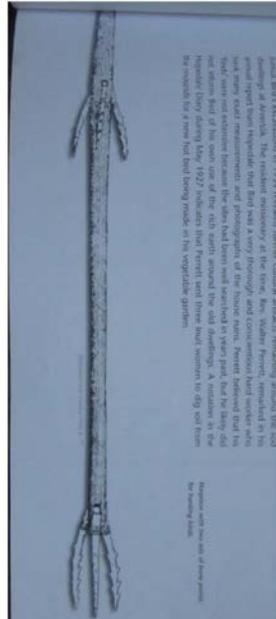
This play was written by the cast. It is about BINGO, Cain's Quest and a chance encounter with an Angekok.

Behind the Scenes

Rehearsals



Prop Making



Scene 1

(There is a table filled with treats. Wendy is sitting on one end of the table, reading a book. On the other side of the stage, Mary and Curtis are sitting on a couch/bench. Curtis is eating a cupcake with one hand, holding an extra cupcake in the other. Mary is watching Curtis eat the cupcake.)

MARY Can I have one?

CURTIS Nope.

MARY Aw, come on, I'm hungry! Just one...

CURTIS No way! *(whispers)* Get some from the table, stop bummin' from me. Besides, you already had two!

(Wendy puts down her book.)

WENDY *(to herself)* Honestly... *(to them)* You two! Stop eating the bake sale treats! We'll never raise money this way. If I has any chance of winning the race, I've got to have the very best ski-doo!

CURTIS But can't we always bake more?

WENDY You mean can't I always bake more — all right, fine, you can keep eating them, as long as you pay for it yourselves!

CURTIS/ Mom!

MARY

(Wendy goes back to reading her book.)

CURTIS Oh well. I guess I'll just sneak out and eat them in the middle of the night.

Scene 2

(Sally, Franny and Winnie are evenly spaced on the stage, standing with an iPad/device in their hand.)

SALLY If we can't find a card seller and a bingo caller by three o'clock today, bingo will be cancelled.

FRANNY Oh my, eh? I hope they finds someone. I wonder who's the best one to ask...

WINNIE Have they asked Tommy yet?

FRANNY I dunno, how'd you reach 'em?

WINNIE Message him, he must have Facebook, eh?

FRANNY They got to really start organizing this ahead of time.

WINNIE Oh, I was really hopin' to win tonight too...

SALLY I think you're hoping to win every night, Winnie.

FRANNY Who'd they have calling bingo last week?

SALLY Same old, same old. People's always calling him to do stuff for good luck, but he never shakes the balls.

WINNIE Oh, I don't like that person.

FRANNY Why not?

WINNIE 'Cause he's right unlucky! I never wins when he calls.

FRANNY So, he's not doing it next week?

SALLY Oh, I don't know. I could message him, I 'spose.

Scene 3

Part 1

(Caller is calling bingo, on one side of the stage; The radio station. Jill and Wendy are sitting at the table on the other side of the stage, bingo dabbers in hand. On the table there is a radio.)

CALLER And the first number is B eleven. B skinny legs.

(Wendy dabs her sheet. Jill doesn't.)

B eight. B eight.

(Wendy dabs her sheet once again. Jill doesn't, again, and is quite obviously angry. Suddenly, Rosie comes up and joins the two at the table.)

WENDY Hi Rosie!

ROSIE Did I miss much?

JILL Nope...

WENDY He only called out two numbers, skinny legs and snowman.

ROSIE Ooh!

(Rosie looks down at her sheet, then dabs both B11 and B8. Jill leers at Rosie.)

CALLER N thirty-one.

(Both Jane and Rosie dab at their sheets. Jill doesn't.)

I twenty-nine, I two-nine.



(Wendy and Rosie both dab at their sheets. Jill doesn't, again.)

JILL Oh, for God's sake! Them people have something against me! I've never got close to winning anything in my whole life. Rosie, gimme you card! let's trade.

(Jill grabs for Rosie's sheet, but Rosie pulls at it too, and they play tug-of-war before ripping the bingo sheet in two.)

WENDY Okay, that's it, Jill, just go home, you're causing a scene.

JILL You shut your mouth, Wendy! I'm gonna win this one! Now, give me your card!

CALLER O seventy-two.

ROSIE Look, fighting over bingo isn't doing no good for anyone. Is it *really* that important?

JILL Okay, you know what? I'm done! I quit!

(Jill gets up from her chair, starts to walk offstage, then pauses.)

JILL So... same time same place next week?

Part 2

(Jill, Rosie and Wendy exit the stage. Gertie is now sitting down at the table. A knock is heard at the door. Gertie gets up and walks over to the edge of the stage, answers door.)

GERTIE Hello?

(Bill and Mike walk in, bingo cards and dabbers in hand, and goes down to sit at the table.)

Hey! What are you doing?

BILL Oh, hi Aunt Gertie! The radio broke at the house, do you mind if we play bingo here?

GERTIE *(To herself)* Oh, I can't stand bingo!

MIKE Thanks Aunt Gertie!

CALLER O seventy-five.

GERTIE ...Oh, you know, I think I'm gettin' that flu. *(Gertie pretends to cough)*

CALLER B seven... B seven.

(Bill and Mike ignore Gertie; They keep dabbing at the bingo card.)

GERTIE Yeah, I don't feel good at all.

(Gertie pretends to sneeze really loudly right next to Bill. She covers her nose with her hands when she sneezes, then wipes her hands on Bill's shoulder.)

BILL Do you need a tissue, Aunt Gertie?

(Bill doesn't take his eyes from the bingo card. Gertie sticks her tongue out at Bill.)

CALLER N forty-one.

GERTIE Okay, you know what?...

(Gertie goes up to the table and changes the radio channel.)

GERTIE Oh no! My radio broke!

MIKE Oh! Let me see?

(Mike takes the radio, looks it up and down, then changes the channel back to bingo.)

CALLER N thirty-nine.

MIKE There we go!

(Gertie looks really angry now. She frowns at both of them, who are focused on their cards. She has an idea. Gertie goes up to the table and tosses the radio. It crashes to the floor. Bill and Mike both look up.)

GERTIE Oops...

(Gertie, Bill and Mike exit the stage. Susie walks onstage, quite pregnant looking. She picks up the radio, and puts it back on the table, good as new.)



Part 3

SUSIE It's startin', George.

GEORGE (*Panic*) Wha? It's startin'? Let's go honey, come on—

SUSIE The Bingo! God, George, why are you so on edge lately?

GEORGE: ... Are you sure you're feeling okay?

SUSIE Why wouldn't I be?

CALLER G fifty, G five-zero.

SUSIE Are you going to play, or wha?

CALLER O seventy-one.

(As Susie dabs the card, she winces, but keeps playing.)

GEORGE Susie, let's go down to the clinic...

SUSIE I'm fine.

CALLER B one.

GEORGE Susie... you were due yesterday!

CALLER I thirty.

SUSIE At, the doctors don't know when my baby will be born...

(Susie winces, it is more painful this time.)

GEORGE Okay, I'm turnin' this off—

(George goes to turn off the radio, but Susie swats at his hand reaching for the radio.)

SUSIE Are you crazy? It's the jackpot game!

CALLER B eleven. B one-one.

SUSIE Aah! *(Susie looks really pained.)*

GEORGE Okay Susie, we got to go now!

SUSIE I can't, I'm hitched! Aaah!

(Someone calls the caller. Caller answers phone.)

CALLER ... Hello, Radio Station.

SUSIE No!

GEORGE ...Can we go now?

SUSIE Yeah, okay...

GEORGE Okay, good...

(They both start to walk away, then the caller cuts through the silence.)

CALLER We have a bad bingo!

SUSIE Yes!

GEORGE No!

(Susie hobbles back to her seat. George hasn't moved, he looks dumbfounded.)

CALLER Let's continue on. O sixty-six, O click-ity click.

(Beat. Susie looks down at her bingo card, then over to George, then back at her bingo card.)

SUSIE Oh my god! I got it! BINGO! Woohoo — Aaaaaahhhh!

GEORGE Can we go now?

SUSIE Go get my money first!

Scene 4

(There is an empty chair at one end of the stage, Jill is sitting at the other side, on a chair. There is a phone next to both chairs. Jill picks up her phone and dials a number. The phone rings at the other side of the stage. Wendy walks up to the empty chair, sits down and answers the phone.)

WENDY Hello?

JILL Hi Wendy, it's me, Jill. How are you?

WENDY Oh, not too good. Sally quit on me. We were going to race in Cain's Quest.

JILL Oh no! *(to herself, Jill celebrates, "yes!")* Well, what are you going to do now?

WENDY I don't know. I just got my ski-doo paid off too. I've been doing bake sales for months...



JILL Wendy, I've been thinking... I never win bingo. Never. I got bad luck. So, I thought maybe I could try something else, something that requires a bit more skill, and seeing that you need a partner for Cain's Quest...

WENDY Hey Jill, I have an idea! Why don't you race in Cain's Quest with me?

JILL I'm a great driver. Even if we don't win, we'll be the first all-female team. We can really win this! We're kindred spirits, see?

WENDY Kindred— what?

JILL All right, so are you in? It will be so much fun, Wendy!

WENDY *(Wendy looks offstage quickly)* Hey! Curtis! Get down from there, you're going to hurt yourself! *(To Jill)* You're right. It will be fun.

(Wendy hangs up the phone, Yells "Curtis!" as she walks offstage. Jill hangs up the phone, then cheers to herself. She walks offstage.)

Scene 5

(A reporter is standing on one side of the stage, fans behind her. On the other side, Jill and Wendy are standing.)

REPORTER Welcome to Cain's Quest TV. We're live at the starting line, our teams have picked their position yesterday at their team meeting...

JILL How did we end up in thirty-eighth?

WENDY We got to watch thirty-seven other teams get ahead of us? This is crazy...

(Reporter walks over to Jill and Wendy.)

REPORTER All right Cain's Quest TV, we're live at position thirty-eight! Hello team Arvetôk! You are the first all-female team in Cain's Quest history! How does that make you feel, are you nervous at all?

JILL Not a bit! We know our ski-doo's just like any other racer this year, plus — we're kindred spirits! *(Motions towards Wendy.)*

WENDY Yeah! we're bingo buddies!

JILL And here's a little secret... we're playing to win!

REPORTER Many of our teams complain about extreme exhaustion, hallucination, maybe even a bit of *magic* on the land. What do you expect to see this year?

FAN All of the good lookin' men!

JILL All I expect to see are dollar signs! Ching ching!

WENDY And snow!

REPORTER Well I wish you all the luck. This is Cain's Quest TV, we're one minute out from starting position thirty-eight: Team Arvetok — Can you translate your team name for the people at home that don't speak the language?

JILL Arvetôk; Place of the Whales.

WENDY ...Place of the dollar signs now!

REPORTER All right, get set, we're ten seconds from the start...

(Jill and Wendy get in positions. Countdown, and they're off.)

Scene 6

(Wendy and Jill Are standing in the middle of the stage, looking down.)

WENDY We're up some high!

JILL Yeah, I know, we can't waste too much time, come on— *(Jill starts to move, but stops when she sees that Wendy isn't following.)*

WENDY Why do you have to be in such a hurry?

JILL You're right, it's not like we're in a race called Cain's Quest where every minute counts!

WENDY Ah, go on, Jill. You don't need to be so nervous all the time. I thought this was supposed to be fun?

JILL Yes, it is, but we're winning! Come on, we might be able to actually win \$50,000 if we don't keep stopping like this! Do you know how much money that is?

WENDY *(ignoring Jill)* But look at this million-dollar-view! — Hey, What's that down there?

JILL Wendy, we've got to go, now!

WENDY But look! It looks like a person down there, what are they doing? I don't see a ski-doo anywhere... We've got to go and see if they're okay!

JILL Wendy, they're fine. We've got to go in *that* direction! *(Points the opposite way that Wendy is looking.)*

WENDY Come on, they might need our help!

JILL *Sigh* Okay, let's go...

(Wendy and Jill walk offstage. A ski-doo sound is heard, followed by a loud crash. Wendy and Jill tumble onstage.)

JILL Aaahhhh!

WENDY *(Gets up and faces the way they came.)* Oh no! My ski-doo!

JILL Oh no! My leg! *(Jill is lying down, holding her leg.)*

WENDY Jill!

(Wendy runs over to Jill, tries to lift her up. Jill gets up on one leg, but when she tries to put pressure on her other leg, she falls back down.)

JILL Ow! I think it might be broken!

WENDY *(Begins pacing)* Okay, okay, what should we do? I'll try to...

(Wendy stops pacing. They both look up, as an Angekok walks onstage. The Angekok pauses, watching the two. Beat.)

WENDY Hello? Hey, we saw you from up on that hill! Can you help us? My friend is hurt!

(The Angekok walks over to Jill, and bends over her, somehow fixes her leg..)

JILL Hey... what are you doing? Ow—

(The Angekok stands up. Jill stands up. She looks at her leg, amazed.)

Um... thank you!

(The Angekok takes something out of her pocket, and hands it to Wendy. It is the claws of an owl. A good luck charm. The Angekok walks offstage.)

WENDY ...What just happened?

JILL Well, whatever it was, it fixed me! My leg doesn't even hurt anymore!

WENDY And what is this? *(Holds up owl amulet.)*



JILL I remember my dad telling me, years ago, that owl claws are good luck. I didn't believe him, then, but...

WENDY And look... *(Turns around, looking for the Angekok.)* Where did she go?

(Wendy walks toward the end of the stage where the Angekok left. Jill starts to walk, and seeing that she can, skips towards Wendy.)

JILL She's gone. It must have been magic! That's how she fixed my leg!

WENDY Who was it?

JILL I bet it was an Angekok!

WENDY An Angekok? you must be crazy.

JILL Wendy! You just saw it happen! She fixed my leg!

WENDY Your leg was probably only sprained... or something...

JILL It was broken! It was bending the wrong way, you saw it!

WENDY Well, no... maybe – oh, I don't know! but I do know that an Angekök didn't fix your leg!

JILL Look, he gave you a good luck charm! Now there's nothing stopping us from winning Cain's Quest!

(Jill runs offstage.)

WENDY *(looking at the amulet)* Do you think it really gives good luck?

(Wendy runs offstage.)

Scene 7

(On the way to Postville. The sound of a skidoo is heard stage left- it gets louder and louder. Jill appears first- she is going very fast. Wendy is behind waving at her frantically. Jill is holding the amulet and it is almost as if the skidoo is driving itself. Wendy appears to be searching for something while driving – she finds a rope and hits Jill on the back of the neck almost as if she has been harpooned)

JILL *(stops immediately; yelling)* What did you do that for?!

WENDY *(stops; sounding apologetic)* Can't find my bag.

JILL What do you mean you can't find your bag?

WENDY I can't. It's not on my skidoo. Must have fallen off on the trail... And besides you are going too fast.

JILL Fast... *(angrily)* What do you mean fast? This is a race, dummy.

WENDY Don't call me dummy. But you missed the back way on top of the hills to Postville – remember I told you – if we take the back-way no one will catch us. None of the other competitors know about it. I only do because my atâtsiak had a cabin out that way.

JILL I am not turning around! we are making great speed! Plus, I haven't seen anyone else in over an hour. I think we might be ahead of them.

WENDY We have to turn back.

JILL No we don't.

WENDY Yes we do! I have to have the bag with me, or we will be disqualified when we finish. You wouldn't know because you never read the rules!

JILL Well we are going to lose for sure.

WENDY At least we will do it together. After all, we are kindred spirits.

(They start to go but both skidoos shimmy.)

JILL We shouldn't have stopped here -there is no grip on the track *(skidoo is racing)*

(Suddenly the Angekok appears on the back of Jill's skidoo. She is holding a walrus ice pick. With one hand she holds it out to Jill – the other empty hand she holds out to Wendy as if asking for something.)

JILL What's this?

WENDY *(takes it)* I've seen something like this before. Let me think... I know! It's like at the Hopedale museum, something they found at the Arvetök site. It's a walrus ice pick. I remember thinking, "I didn't know there were walruses around here."

JILL *(she laughs)* Well lets see if it works on skidoos. *(She tries it and it does but the Angekok is still sitting on her skidoo and has one open hand holding it out for Wendy.)* ...Well do you mind getting off – we are in a race.

WENDY Looks like she wants something. I've got nothing to give her. It's all in the bag I lost... Except this... *(Holds up a lighter and flicks it on for him.)*

(The Angegök is amazed. She takes the lighter, then jumps off the skidoo and heads off stage.)

WENDY Well, I was meaning to stop smoking. Don't have a choice now, eh boy? Go back to bingo I suppose.

Scene 8

(Near Esker. Wendy and Jill drive their ski-doo onstage.)

JILL Train track here, must be Esker. That's where the finish line is! Come on girl, just a few more kilometers!

- WENDY** Can't take it. I am seeing double. I am sure I just saw a smurf. Little green one with popped out eyes. I'm exhausted, I don't think we've slept for 48 hours.
- JILL** Yeah, if I knew it was going to be this hard, I would have gone back to bingo...
- WENDY** ...And that chili that we had in Churchill isn't sitting so good. (*rubs her stomach with one hand and holds the amulet in the other.*)
- JILL** Hey Wendy. Watch outa tree! (*crash*) Oh no, what next! Are you okay! Can you get off the skidoo!
- WENDY** – Yeah, I'm okay but the skidoo isn't. Right steering rod appears broken.
- JILL** (*despairing*) Taval! Nobody is going to come this way! Nobody is going to find us! And worst of all—nobody is going to give us a cheque!
- WENDY** Jill, you are such a loser—I should never have agreed to take you with me. So much for being kindred spirits... At least, I've found something to eat, I see a partridge!
- JILL** (*sarcastically*) What you gonna do – grab it with your bare hands?
(Angekok appears from behind a tree with a bird harpoon in which she is catching partridges. Holding Harpoon in one hand, partridge hanging limp in the other.)
- WENDY** No need! (*pointing to the Angekok*) Look what she's doing!
- JILL** Not her again...
- WENDY** It's the real kindred spirit!
- JILL** I've an idea... Hey, we're stuck. have you got any ideas?
(Angekok comes over – gives Jill a partridge and attaches the bird harpoon between the skis of Wendy's skidoo – and holds out her hand)
- JILL** Oh! She's attaching the stick to the front of the skis! Now you can steer!
- WENDY** I heard somewhere that you have got to give back to the environment when it gives something to you. And all I've got is a stick of gum. (*Give it to the Angekok- the Angekok opens her mouth and shows her that she is already chewing gum.*)
- JILL** I guess she's showing you she's already chewing gum – spruce gum.
- WENDY** Stumped again. I guess our ancestors knew a lot more than we ever gave them credit for. (*She drives off.*)

JILL (driving) Hey Wendy. Guess what, I can see the finish line from here!



Scene 9

(Wendy and Mary are standing next to a table with cupcakes on it. The bingo caller is standing close to the table. The announcer is almost ready to begin the announcement.)

MARY Mom, can I have a cupcake?

WENDY Shh...

MARY Mom...

WENDY Mary, these cupcakes are for the guests.

MARY But we're guests!

WENDY *Sigh* It's for the other guests.

(Curtis is minding his own business, then suddenly gets an idea)

CURTIS Mom, can I pass out the cupcakes to the guests.

(Wendy isn't paying attention to Curtis)

WENDY Yeah... Yeah, whatever, Curtis.

(Curtis has an evil grin. he takes a cupcake in both hands. He runs off stage with the cupcakes. Wendy is oblivious.)

ANNOUNCER Hello everyone! We're here to welcome back the winners of Cain's Quest 2020: Hopedale's very own *Team Arvetôk!*

(Characters cheer. Jill walks on stage, and Wendy quickly joins her from the other side of the stage. They are waving to the crowd. They walk up to the Announcer, and both of them shake the announcer's hand.)

JILL I can't believe it, we actually won! It's finally sinking in...

WENDY I knew we could do it — Kindred spirit.

(Jill and Wendy hug. Suddenly they notice the Angekok in the crowd. They excitedly wave to her.)

JILL Come over here, you!

(The Angekok comes over to Jill and Wendy.)

WENDY Thank you so much for helping us. We wouldn't have won without you... or this!

(Wendy holds up the Owl's claw amulet. The Angekok gestures at them, like "Ah, no big deal...")

ANNOUNCER And now, we have the honour of presenting the winners with a cheque for \$50,000!

(Someone walks in carrying a giant cheque with \$50,000 written on it. They walk up to the team, and the person hands it to Wendy.)

JILL Wow, look at all them zeros! I just want to say, we couldn't have done this without the support of all of Hopedale, for buying the food we baked, for playing the bingo we arranged. Thank you.

(Applause. The announcer shakes both Jill and Wendy's hands once more. The crowd dissipates. The bingo caller walks over to team Arvetôk.)

CALLER Congratulations.

JILL Thank you.

CALLER Well, never in a million years did I think that you would ever win anything, Jill.

JILL You and me both. I'm bad unlucky... but let's just say I had a bit of help—

(Jill glances over to the Angekok. The bingo caller leaves. It is just Jill, Wendy and the Angekok on stage.)

WENDY So, I was thinking... I never did give back to you for all the help that you provided for us, so I sort of went ahead and got you something from the two of us.

(Jill looks at Wendy, surprised.)

WENDY I thought, If it wasn't for you, we'd probably be dead, or something. So, I think it's only fair to give you half of the prize money!



JILL What?

WENDY I'll give half to you, and I'll keep the other half. That's fine, right Jill?

JILL How dare you, I—

WENDY Thanks! Sorry I didn't ask you beforehand, but we all make sacrifices, right?

JILL But... we're kindred spirits...

(The Angekok suddenly snatches the giant cheque from Wendy and tears it in two.)

JILL Nooo!

(The Angekok gives Wendy the other half, then runs to the edge of the stage and tears the sheet up some more. She makes a pile on the floor. She takes the lighter out of her pocket and hold up a scrap and starts to light it on fire.)

JILL So, bingo at your house next week?

Epilogue

English version

The voice of our ancestors lives on. It lives within each one of you here with us this evening. Do not let this voice be silenced. It is a voice of wisdom, of strength, and of courage. Listen to this voice to guide you on your own life's adventure. An adventure even tougher – and more wonderful – than Cain's Quest.

And when challenges try to get you off course, do not quit your life's race. Draw on the strength of your ancestors that lives within you- it will get you across the finish line.

Inuktitut version

nupavut sivuvâvunnit sulle omajut.omajuk ilonnatnik tamänejunik unnusa. Tâna nipik
asiuttinianagu nipiujuk Kaujimajunnut, nukiKajunnut amma oitsitailijunnut nâlaKattalugu
tâna nipik ikajjuniammat akkutikkut tâna akkutik sukkusegitupalaijut amma
piunipaungijuk cains quest-imit

agviataugasuaguvit sunatuinnamut nukkalânnak sivuvâvunnivut ilnnemata ikajutillugit
ilingik ikâtitaulâgavit akkutiup naningani

Voices from the Post

Postville



Cast: (L to R) Andrew Tuglavina, Jimmy Goudie, Ruth Jacque, Kathryn Worthman, Haley Edmunds Shiwak, Tyler Edmunds, Elaine Lane, and Lavinia Worthman

Promotional Poster

Voices from The Post



FEATURING

**Haley Edmunds Shiwak
Tyler Edmunds
Jimmy Goudie
Ruth Jacque
Elaine Lane
Glen Sheppard
Kathryn Worthman
Lavinia Worthman
Andrew Tuglavina**



Tim Borlase and Martha MacDonald

Song: *Lay that Buck-Saw Down*

Max Jacque, Jack Parsons, John Broomfield Labrador Song Book p.157

Researchers: Gary Mitchell

Play: *"The Small Fire that Could Have Led to a Disaster"*

Doug S. Barbour, Them Days Vol. 10 No. 2 p.12

Retelling: *"Trailing with Grandfather"*

Glen Sheppard, Interview

Play: *"From a Lifetime with Dogs"*

Douglas Jacque, Them Days Vol. 2, No. 1 p. 37; Vol. 32 No. 4 p. 20

Play: *"The Strange Old Man"*

Rupert MacNeil Them Days Vol. 19 No. 2 p. 48

Song: *Me an' Oekie an' Grandpa*

Austin and Louis Montague Labrador Song Book p.120

Play: *"More than One Way to Skin a Cat"*

John Edmunds Them Days Vol. 4 No. 4 p. 8

Prayer in English and Inuktitut: *"The Seaman's Psalm"*

Liturgy Book of John Broomfield Them Days Vol. 39 No. 4 p. 59

Song: *Tiskialuk Girls*

Charlie Lloyd Labrador Song Book p. 62

Researchers: Gary Mitchell, Tim Borlase, Flossy Oliver, Beatrice Watts

Play: *"Aunt Ellen Morgan"*

Thorvald Ferroult Them Days Vol. 3 No. 4 p. 60

Gladys Burdett Them Days Vol. 5 No. 3 p. 56

Researchers: Joan Andersen, Josh Burdett, Doris Saunders

Interview: *"Five Loaves a Day"*

Gladys Lyall Them Days Vol. 36 No. 3 p. 7

Researcher: Grant Gear

Special Thanks to:

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Department of Health and Social Development, B.L. Morrison School, Postville Recreation, Them Days Magazine and Memorial University and Nunatsiavut Government, the IkKaumajammik Project

B.L. Morrison School

Monday, May 20 7:00 PM

ADMISSION FREE

Voices from the Post

Featuring

Haley Edmunds Shiwak, Tyler Edmunds, Jimmy Goudie, Ruth Jacque, Elaine Lane, Glen Sheppard, Kathryn Worthman, Lavinia Worthman, Andrew Tuglavina, Tim Borlase

Songs and Plays

- 1 "Lay that Buck-saw Down," by Max Jacque, Jack Parsons, and John Broomfield
- 2 "The Small Fire that Could Have Led to a Disaster," based on a story by Doug S. Barbour
- 3 "Trailing with Grandfather" based on an interview with Glen Sheppard
- 4 "From a Lifetime with Dogs," based on stories by Douglas Jacque
- 5 "The Strange Old Man," based on a story by Rupert MacNeil
- 6 "Me an' Ockie an' Grandpa," by Austin and Louis Montague
- 7 "More than One Way to Skin a Cat," based on a story by John Edmunds
- 8 "The Seaman's Psalm," from the Liturgy Book of John Broomfield
"Umiatutib Imgerutinga," Imgerut una Enlgishetut nagvartauvoK John Broomfieldib Litanaingane Happy ValleymioK mattoma sivorngane.
- 9 "Tishialuk Girls," by Charlie Lloyd
- 10 "Aunt Ellen Morgan," based on stories by Thorwald Perrault and Gladys Burdett
- 11 "Five Loaves a Day," based on a story by Gladys Lyall

Photographers

Them Days Magazine, Ruth Jacque, Tim Borlase

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Lay That Buck-saw Down

song by Max Jacque, Jack Parsons, and John Broomfield
(researched by Gary Mitchell, *Labrador Song Book*, p.157)



(Singing while miming actions)

1

Saturday night is coming,
When all our work is done
We'll head down to the depot,
That's where we'll have some fun.

Chorus

Lay that bucksaw down boys,
Lay that bucksaw down.
We'll head down to the depot,
And always wear a frown.

2

Now we're at the depot,
The boys are from Camp Three.
Waiting for the shooting match,
That's coming on Christmas Day.

[Chorus]

3

An Ensign stove isn't big enough,
To cook for fifteen men,
Edward told the Skipper,
And he got into the wind.

[Chorus]

4

Beans for breakfast every morning,
Lunch out in the hay,
C.C. Beef and frozen bread,
Oh, what the boys don't say. *(groan)*

[Chorus]

5

The first composer is Max Jacque,
I'm sure he's feelin' proud,
He's got three partridges in the camp,
To send to Mrs. Froud.

[Chorus]

6

The next composer's good old Jack,
Jack Broomfield is his name,
He took a head of cabbage,
To the girl who came from Nain.

[Chorus]

7

The next composer is our cook,
Jack Parsons is his name,
When anything goes wrong in camp,
He's the man to blame.

[Chorus & Repeat Verse 1]



The Small Fire That Could Have Led to Disaster

based on a story by Doug S. Barbour (*Them Days* 20.2, p.12)



Characters

Doug S. Barbour

Jim

Pilot

Shooting Gallery host

Cook

Squires

Johnny Jacque

(Improvisation and mime.)

Scene 1

BARBOUR The year was 1941, either Monday, March 31st or April 1st, when a bunch of guys left St. John's, Newfoundland on route to Three Rapids, Kaipokok Bay, Labrador to work for a company cutting pulpwood. I think there was 30 or 31 of us, including John Grieves and his wife.

(Barbour joins up with a bunch of men, looking out a window.)

JIM: ... That's a lot of snow

PILOT: *(enters onstage)* All right men, I got some ski planes coming over so we can use them to fly over to Kaipokok Bay from here.

(The men arrive at the plane, but the plane is frozen stuck. The men rock the plane left to right twice, trying to make it move.)



PILOT Oh my! The skis are stuck!

(Some men try rocking the plane again, back and forth twice, while the pilot taxis it over on the runway. The plane still won't move.)

PILOT Oh, me nerves! I need a volunteer to get out and rock this thing.

(Pilot points at Barbour. Barbour comes to a startled surprise.)

PILOT Being you're closest to the door, you are elected.

(Barbour rocks the plane until it starts moving again. Everyone cheers and gets in the plane. Barbour sits down proud.)

PILOT All right men, no smoking until we get at a certain height! *(to Barbour)* But you can have a smoke for getting us going.

(Proud Barbour takes out his special smokes from out his pocket. After some time, the plane arrives in Kaipokok Bay, and the men are greeted by the people there celebrating Easter. Some are shooting targets for a shooting game. The host of the game gives Barbour and the other men a try.)

HOST If you can hit the target from 50 feet away, you win a pack of cigarettes!

(The men nod in excitement.)

HOST If you can hit the target 75 feet away, you win two pack of cigarettes!

(The men get more excited and start shooting. One man gets brazen and tries to shoot it really far away. The host decides if they hit the target or not to end the first scene.)



Scene 2

(Barbour wakes up freezing in a bunkhouse, only lit by coal oil lamps. He ducks and looks around for some blankets, gives up, and decides to dress up warmly instead. Afraid to stand up straight, with the icicles hanging down from the roof, he makes it to the oil drum to warm up.)



COOK Breakfast time!

(The men wake up, scatter, and hurry to the cookhouse. Squires arrives at the cookhouse while everyone is eating.)

SQUIRES Good morning men. My name is Squires from St. Johns, and I'll be your lead hand. Today is your first day at the sawmill. I've assigned each of you an axe and saw as you can see at your feet there, and later on I'll assign you all to a section or road to start cutting.

(Once their bellies are filled, the workers grab their axe and saw from Squires. Squires points in the direction the men would work at. Barbour and his group move around the audience to the stage. Their heads rise up to the 14 ft snow. The group looks at each other in disbelief.)

JIM ... That's a lot of snow

(The group starts cutting as much as they can, wait until the snow melts as time passes by, and cuts again at the stumps. They are all getting exhausted.)

SQUIRES Excellent work men for taking down ONE tree, now take on the rest.

(The group drops and slouches from exhaustion.)

Scene 3



(Barbour and a bunch of men are resting at a tent, playing cards and placing bets on smokes. Jim bursts inside, panicked and screaming.)

JIM *(running into tent)* The storehouse's on fire!

BARBOUR The food! -

JIM The cigarettes! -

(The men rush over to the store and try to put it out in a hurry. After all the panic the store is burnt to only ash.)

BARBOUR Everything's gone... the clothes, the hardware.

JIM The smokes.

(The men nod in miserable agreement.)

SQUIRES Hold on men, we still have food in the camps. We can hold on for a little longer. I'll ask the Company to send a plane to fix us right up.

Scene 4

BARBOUR *(narrating)* It's been a couple weeks now, we were all miserable, hungry, and sick of eating fish for 3 straight weeks.

(Jim walks in and looks into the cookhouse.)

JIM What's for breakfast?

(The men all groan in unison.)

EVERYONE Fish

JIM *(disgusted)* wash my plate! I'm finished!

PILOT *(walks in)* I got word from the Company

(The men rise up in hopes of good news.)

...and it's not good. They said a ski plane couldn't land.

(The men groan in disbelief.)

Not enough water for a water plane either.

(They complain and groan even louder.)

SQUIRES At this rate we have to walk to Hopedale. I know it's far, but it's better than what we have now.

JIM But we don't even know the way to this Hopedale!

BARBOUR There's this local, Johnny Jacque, he gave us these shoes for a price. He must know the way to Hopedale. I'll ask him and he'll point us in the right direction. *(looking around)* Johnny?!



JOHNNY *(getting his dog-team ready)* Yup!

BARBOUR Can we hitch a ride in your... uh... Ka-Ma-Tick? We need to go to Hopedale, and we don't know the way

JOHNNY *(confused)*... Ka-ma... Komatik! Yes, yes, komatik. Yes, come, just heading to Hopedale myself! I got a small sled so I can only carry one person, the rest of you may have to follow the trail. My dogs go fast.

(Squires tries to hitch a ride. They head off on the path, and as expected Johnny Jacque's dogs go too fast for the men. So, they instead follow his dog team trail that leads to Hopedale.)

BARBOUR *(narrating)* The sawmill closed after that, but the stories about the fire still roam around Postville.

Trailing with Grandfather

based on an interview with Glen Sheppard, Mayor of Postville, May 2019



Characters

Glen Sheppard, narrator
Young Glen Sheppard, 14 years old
George Sheppard (Grandfather)
Herman Sheppard (Father)

(Roleplaying different generations.)

- GLEN** I was 14 when I went up to Kaipokok River by canoe in... October... with Grandfather George. It was... what year was it? It was the year the first tilt was built. We were trying to get back, but the water was just all ice, eh? I asked:
- YOUNG GLEN** What are we supposed to do next? What are we gonna do with all this ice?"
- GEORGE** What do you think? Wait a night so until the ice gets stronger and walk back home.
- YOUNG GLEN** *(caught off guard)* "Wha!?"
- GLEN** So, we spent two nights at the starting point, right? It was going to take 15 miles of walking on ice, from Micmac Lake to the head of the Bay.
- GEORGE** Here are a couple of rules when we start walking, and it may come to your benefit. If you're thirsty, let me know. I'll make a stop and I'll boil some water in a kettle for the both of us to have tea. Do not drink the cold water, it'll make you more exhausted and we won't be able to make it.

(Young Glen and George start trailing off, trudging carefully.)

GLEN We could hear the ice cracking under our feet as we were walking at times. We never fell but it was still horrible. Sure enough, we started walking then. The first mile was fine, I was athletic then see? I was caught up with Grandfather. Very healthy. Then my legs got tired, Grandfather was in sight but pretty far, and I got very thirsty.

YOUNG GLEN *(exhausted)* Man, I am very thirsty b'y.

GLEN What I did is that I took out my tool and started digging in the ice, right? To get some water since I was thirsty.

(Young Glen takes out a tool from his backpack and starts digging in the ice.)

GLEN Sure enough, Grandfather stopped and turned at me while I was digging.

(George turns around, looking stern.)

GLEN I stopped digging and waited until he'll come or until he'll keep walking in case, he won't notice me. Didn't move. So, I packed back up and caught up to him. I was told off.

(Young Glen notices George staring at him. He packs back his tool and trudges towards George, head hanging low.)

GEORGE What'd I tell you!?

YOUNG GLEN *(ashamed and sluggish)* Wha... well... you told me not to drink water from under the ice.

GEORGE And what'd you do!?

GLEN I was right ashamed, but he pulled me over and started boiling water for us for tea. After that we got the cabin at the head of the Bay for the first night. I pulled out a can of beans from my backpack for breakfast.

GEORGE You're eating slow poison right there!

YOUNG GLEN *(surprised)* Wha, how 'bout that

GLEN In that same first night, though, he told me something I'll never forget:

GEORGE Jays got no blood.

YOUNG GLEN *(caught off guard)* Wha!?

GEORGE Jays got no blood and water can be boiled in a paper bag.



GLEN The next morning we got over and past Postville, made a fire, heard a boat coming, and it was father who picked us up and brought us back up home.

HERMAN What youse doin'? What happened to your canoe?

GEORGE Still left over.

YOUNG GLEN Bring us back home, eh dad?!

HERMAN *(didn't hear them)* Wha!?

GLEN One fall, some time after that, I took a paper bag, went off to make a fire and tried to boil water. First, I tried to pour water in the bag and boil like that, hover it over the fire.

(Young Glen takes a paper bag, pouring water over it, but it breaks.)

YOUNG GLEN *(annoyed)* Wha?

GLEN POOF! It was gone like that. I tried something else, a new method, right? What I did is that I rolled the paper bag to make it thicker. I... *(laughing)* I made two holes. One pinhole on one side for the water to come through, and on the opposite side, a hole big enough for my stick to poke out of.

(Young Glen follows the instructions from Glen.)

GLEN Guess what happened...

(The paper bag breaks again.)

GLEN ...It was gone! Later I found out it was all a joke!

YOUNG GLEN *(angrily)* Whhhhhhhhhhhhaaaaa-why!?

From a Lifetime with Dogs

Based on stories by Douglas Jacque (*Them Days* 2.1, p.37 and 32.4, p.20)



Characters

Douglas Jacque, 14 years old

Old Lady

Old Man

(Narration and sound effects.)

DOUGLAS There were times when I was only fourteen years old when I used to go to Hopedale to haul food. There were no stores here at that time. *(sound effects of storm)*

One time there was a really big storm. And I left the tent stove way back but I couldn't get back to it. It was too rough. So I only stayed at the tent that night, no stove or nothing. It was just the same as outdoors. I had to try to make it back to what we called Island Harbour, not quite halfway to Hopedale. There were some houses there, see? And I told myself: "I think I'll find it."

I had a real good dog lead, Lady, she 'd been there before and I thought we was just going out, just going out and you couldn't see anything I shouted on the leader to turn and she wouldn't turn.

(yelling and afraid) "Hut, Lady, hut."

She must have known where she was going. I did not know anything until I went right upside the big house that they had there. *(knocks hard)*

- OLD LADY** *(praying and then acts surprised)* Come in if you can get in, eh? *(sounds of storm outside the door)*
- DOUGLAS** Yup! *(pushes way in through the storm)*
- OLD LADY** Whose boy is you?
- DOUGLAS** I'm Douglas, Harry and Sarah Jacque's boy from English River.
- OLD LADY** Come in, my son and get warm by the fire. You must be nearly froze, out there in the storm. How did you ever find us?
- DOUGLAS** My lead dog, Lady. Wouldn't turn and brought me here I couldn't even see your house until she brought me here. I thought she was going wrong. But if they does that, they don't be wrong going. The dogs must know so you leave them alone. I proved that, I guess, yep. Maybe a cup of tea to warm me up would be good.
- OLD LADY** *(embarrassed)* Ah...Douglas, I got no tea or toast to give you. We got nothing at all in the house but you can stay for the night. You can sleep up in the loft
- DOUGLAS** I got nothing to offer you either. I'm on my way to Hopedale. It's my first time and I wanted to know how to get there.
- OLD MAN** I can tell you in the morning. *(sounds of storm)* Go in a straight line. Don't cut in around no bays. Tomorrow after the storm there will be no tracks, nothing to guide you by. It's a long way. Sixty mile from here. You're very young to be travelin' by yourself.
- OLD LADY** If it's fine in the morning, I'll write a note. *(cautiously—doesn't want her husband to notice)* You can pass it on to the Ranger. He'll know what to do, Douglas. You're an answer to prayer.
- DOUGLAS** I gave it to the Ranger when I reached Hopedale and I didn't see them again when I came back because the ice was bad. I couldn't get up there. But in the summer then I saw her. She came to Ailik, the fishing place out there. And she went to church there and when she come out, we were standing around and once she seen me she almost run to me.
- OLD LADY** Boy, Doug, you was some good boy that time. If you wouldn't have come, we would have starved.
- DOUGLAS** Oh, that had been bad, you know. But I saved them, saved the family. I was only fourteen years old, and it was my first time going to Hopedale. Very first time.

The Strange Old Man

Based on a story by Rupert MacNeil (*Them Days* 19.2, p.48)



Characters

Older Michael, narrating the story to a bunch of kids (the audience)

Peter, an easily scared 11-year-old boy

Michael, Peter's skeptical older brother

Rose, Peter's and Michael's cousin, visiting from Goose Bay; loves mysteries

*(Melodramatic style with lighting and sound effects,
creating a feeling of horror and suspense.)*

Scene 1

(Older Michael walks down in front of the audience and warms up by a fire.)

OLD. MICH. My it's some cold out. I think it's starting to fog up too, don't you think?...

(Older Michael pokes at the fire to make it bigger.)

OLD. MICH. This fog is reminding me of a story back in my day. Not one I look on fondly, but more of a warning to kids like yerselves if you'se wander too much in this fog. I'll never forget it. The fog was just as thick that people still talked about today... and it was the same day my cousin, Rose, was supposed to be over from Goose Bay to Postville for a family reunion.

(Onstage, Peter, still in his winter clothes, interrupts Michael and Rose's game of checkers by busting through Michael's room door, and crawls underneath Michael's bed.)

PETER Help me!

MICHAEL *(to Peter, annoyed)* What's wrong with you? I was going to win!

PETER I saw a... a... a ghost!... and I ain't going back out there!

MICHAEL What do you mean saw a ghost? Ghosts don't exist.

(Peter pokes his head out.)

PETER They sure do! I saw... well... I heard... this tiny girl bawling her eyes out in the fog. I tried following her cries to help her out and it led me to this unfrozen lake. The waters were some murky! It was so dark you couldn't even see the top waters! Then I saw the reflection of the crying girl, which was weird cause I couldn't even see my own reflection! She disappeared as I looked up and next thing I knew, I was at Sally's Rattle! I ran as fast as I could before that old man who lived next door to the waters would find and catch me and make me one of his next victims! I ain't going back there!

(Peter hides back under the bed.)

ROSE *(surprised)* You have a murderer in the community!?

MICHAEL *(annoyed)* Oh, brother. *(rolls his eyes)* He's not a murderer... there's this old man who lives by himself next to the waters, away from the people. He sometimes comes to town and has these violent outbursts that terrifies everyone. He's just some crazy old man and NOT a murderer.



PETER Nu-uh! *(pokes his head out again from under the bed)* I heard there was this lady named Sally who tried to get tobacco for him at Island Harbour one time, but here's the thing, Rose... he doesn't smoke! She went off on ski-doo, but she never came back, only the dogs did. When the men, here, went searching, they found the old man looking down the rattle next to his house. The old man's daughter mentioned that her father killed Sally and dropped her in the lake!

ROSE So that explains the name of the lake... Oh man, this is so exciting!

PETER And, I also heard he poisoned his own wife and daughter, probably to shut them up about it!

MICHAEL That never happened, Peter! It's only rumours so kids like you won't go near him. He's just some crazy old man!

PETER But! (*clinging to Michael's leg*) It's not rumours, Michael! I swear on me grave! I saw the girl myself! She was skinny and slouchy and scary! I even saw blood on the snow dragged off from the water into the house! I even saw the man myself! He was peeking in from the cabin windows, staring at me! I ain't going back, ya' hear me!

(*Michael tries to shake Peter off his leg.*)

MICHAEL You were probably seeing things! It's turning dark outside and your imagination could have been running wild again. I told you to stop listening to horror stories on the radio in the middle of the night!

ROSE I want to check this place out.

**PETER/
MICHAEL** Are you crazy?!

PETER He's a murderer!

MICHAEL That's trespassing!

ROSE Well perhaps, if the rumours are true, we can report them to the adults and let them handle it. If the rumours are not true and the man starts getting violent since we were trespassing, you can count on me and Michael to protect you. (*winks at Michael*)

MICHAEL You're crazier than that old man!

PETER I ain't going!

ROSE It'll either clear out Peter's "imagination," or you could tease him about it for a lifetime if he's wrong.

(*Michael thinks about this for a moment.*)

PETER You're seriously considering this?!

MICHAEL Might as well end this rumour once and for all. And [*to Peter*] you're coming with us.

PETER NO! I refuse! I won't! I will not! No matter what you say! I ain't going! I'm staying right here, where it is SAFE! Away from ghosts! Away from that scary man! Away from that rattle! I ain't going! I ain't going! I AIN'T GOING!

Scene 2



(It's now nighttime and Michael, Rose, and Peter wander into the woods, near the bay, looking for Sally's rattle and the cabin to investigate. Michael takes the lead with a flashlight in hand.)

PETER I can't believe I'm going...

ROSE I'm still surprised you found your way back with all this fog.

MICHAEL Are you sure you even went this way, Peter? I can't even find your tracks in the snow!

ROSE Probably because it's still foggy out, and it doesn't help that it's dark now.

PETER Well maybe the ghost is covering my tracks so we can get lost!

MICHAEL That's nonsense... *(sly smile)* Wait, what's that over there?

(Michael then turns off the flashlight.)

PETER Michael? Rose? Where are you?!

(Michael and Rose sneak behind Peter and both grab each side of his shoulder)

MICHAEL/ BOO!

ROSE

PETER AAAAAHHH!!!

(Peter hides behind a tree as Michael and Rose laugh and the flashlight is turned back on.)

ROSE Oh man, you should've seen your face!

PETER *(pouts)* ... That wasn't funny...

MICHAEL Relax kiddo, we were trying to lighten the mood a bit.

(There is a deep groaning and ugly noise in the distance that doesn't sound like any animal in Labrador. Michael points his flashlight to the noise.)

MICHAEL Who goes there?!

(Silence.)

PETER *(scared)* It was probably the... the... the ghost—

ROSE *(excited)* Or the old man—

MICHAEL Or it was probably a sick animal—

(The flashlight flickers.)

MICHAEL Oh, come on.

(Michael shakes and hits the flashlight in an attempt to make it work again.)

PETER *(nervous laughter)* Hahaha... very funny, guys... you won't get me again. You can stop tugging on my coat now.

ROSE What are you talking about? I'm nowhere near you.

MICHAEL *(still shaking the flashlight to work)* I'm still over here, trying to get this darn thing to work.

(Peter, now frightened stiff, slowly turns around and finds a small ghost tugging on his coat. He screams and runs away from the group.)

MICHAEL *(finally has the flashlight working)* Peter! Don't run on your own!

ROSE Follow his tracks!

(Michael and Rose chase after Peter until they stumble upon the old man's house.)

PETER Oh man, I knew this was a bad idea! And that girl is probably still behind us.

MICHAEL I never saw no girl. Even then, you shouldn't run off by yourself like that in the dark! Who knows what things you can find other than that ghost! Like wolves!

ROSE *(more focused on the house itself)* It's very strange that the fog isn't surrounding the house... *(Rose investigates the rattle)* Those are some murky waters.

PETER All right, we're here now. Can we go? I saw the ghost! You have to believe me now!

MICHAEL But we didn't see the ghost, Peter. Only you did, and you're already off yer rockers so that's not strong evidence.

ROSE Guys, wait... I see actual blood! Peter, you said it led from the house into the water, right?

PETER No (*correcting her*), the water to the house...

(Michael follows the blood into the house.)

ROSE So... what... we have a zombie instead of a ghost?

PETER (*frightened*) No! No more! Michael, I want to go home!

MICHAEL Hold on, Peter. The door is unhinged.

(Michael opens the door and it opens with a slow creak. Rose joins up with Michael and heads inside.)

ROSE Oof! (*pinches her nose*) It reeks in here!

MICHAEL I guess no one's home, but it's so dark in here...

PETER Uh... (*shaky*) guys? Should we even be in here? You said it yourself, Michael. This is trespassing!

MICHAEL Hold on, Peter. (*to Rose*) The blood leads there.

(Michael points the flashlight to something on the floor that's draped over with a bed sheet. Rose kneels down in front of the covered-up sheet.)

ROSE Ew, it's all sticky... and it's the source of the stink!

(Rose unveils the drape and it's the old man dead. Rose stumbles backwards out of shock.)

MICHAEL He's dead!?

PETER I told you I ain't wanna come back!!

(A young girl's cries echo in the house. All three of them scream and run out of the house, leading back to the fire where Older Michael is warming his hands.)

OLD. MICH. After that we told the boys back town what we have seen. They didn't believe the ghost, that was a given, but they checked it out anyways... only saw the old man's body. They brought a dog team, haulin' the old feller down to bury him on the other side of Postville. They said that there was nothing then to be afraid of in Kaipokok Bay because that old feller was dead... but I beg to differ.

(The cries of the girl echo in the room.)

Me an' Ockie an' Grampa

by Austin and Louis Montague (*Labrador Song Book*, p.120)

1

Me an' Ockie an' Grampa,
We got our minds made up,
We're going to Kaipokok River,
If Grampa don't give up.
We're going in for beavers,
Otters and muskrat, I think.
We'll set our traps along the beach,
And catch a scattered mink.

2

Now Grampa said to Louie,
I think we'll go and boil,
We'll take out grub and kettle,
And go aboard the Kyle,
Grampa said unto the boss,
To see what he had to pay,
He gave the Captain sixteen rats,
And headed out the bay.

[Repeat Verse 1]

(Verse 2: use individuals to sing the dialogue.)



More than One Way to Skin a Cat

based on a story by John Edmunds (*Them Days* 44, p.8)

Characters

John, 15-year-old gullible boy

Simon, 50-year-old storyteller

Captain, sly

(*Storytelling style.*)

Scene 1

CHORUS
(everyone)

Formerly the sap was stronger than now,
That was in the days when all countries were peopled.
Then deeds were performed which nowadays we do not comprehend,
And the eyes saw things that were hidden from us.
But the tongue brought the experiences of the old
Through the ages to us whose sap was thinner.
-Majark



JOHN

Hey, Simon, I'm tired of fishing. That's all we ever do- fish, fish, fish. I'm not having no luck. Do you want to do somethin' else?

SIMON

You'd better go back to fishin', b'y . Otherwise I'll angekok you

JOHN

What do you mean? Isn't that evil? How do you know how to do that?

SIMON

I've felt it. All my life. I think about it right hard and then things happen. Or I make them happen.

- JOHN** What kinds of things?
- SIMON** Sometimes I wrestle with the devil—seven devils even!
- JOHN** *(astonished)* No! If you angekok me, I might fall overboard or just catch sculpins. Something terrible could happen.
- SIMON** Well, I could do it to you but not in a bad way.
- JOHN** I thought angekoks only did things in a bad way.



- SIMON** Not this angekok—only in a good way. I'll tell you how it works. Two years ago, I caught a silver fox up Kaipokok Bay. She was ugly pretty! Must be worth two hundred dollars or even five hundred dollars I told myself. All winter long I kept her outdoors in the shed just waiting for a chance to sell her.

(The boat with all the actors behind it starts to move.)

Then next spring when the *Harmony* passed by Ailik I was there just waiting. I climbed aboard the *Harmony*. Thought I best talk to the Captain—he'd give me a good price.

(Captain steps forward.)

- CAPTAIN** Fine, pretty fur you got there, Simon.
- SIMON** Think she's worth five hundred dollars?

CAPTAIN Not that much, I reckon, but I'll ask the First Mate and get back to you. He 's gone ashore.

(Boat horn blows.)

SIMON Well, I never saw the mate and that silver fox pelt went sailing away with the captain. The *Harmony* made two more trips that summer but I still didn't get my money. It wasn't until next spring that I heard the *Harmony* was coming back and passing by Ailik – down outside.

I thought about it hard and I said to myself. I'll stop her flat!

(The boat starts to move then shudders and stops.)

I went up on a hill and by' and by the boat stopped in the run, stopped right still. I ran down off the hill got aboard my flat and rowed out to the boat.

CAPTAIN Hey, how 'd you get on here? The boat was just steamin' along and all of a sudden she was just a tremble.

SIMON I just stared at the captain a long while

JOHN So, you really did it? You came back with the money?

SIMON *(nods)* The motors was goin' but she wasn't making a bit of headway. Didn't move forward until I done my business and left.

JOHN *(wide-eyed)* I guess if you can angekok a boat, who knows what you could do to me?

SIMON *(stares right at him for a long time)*

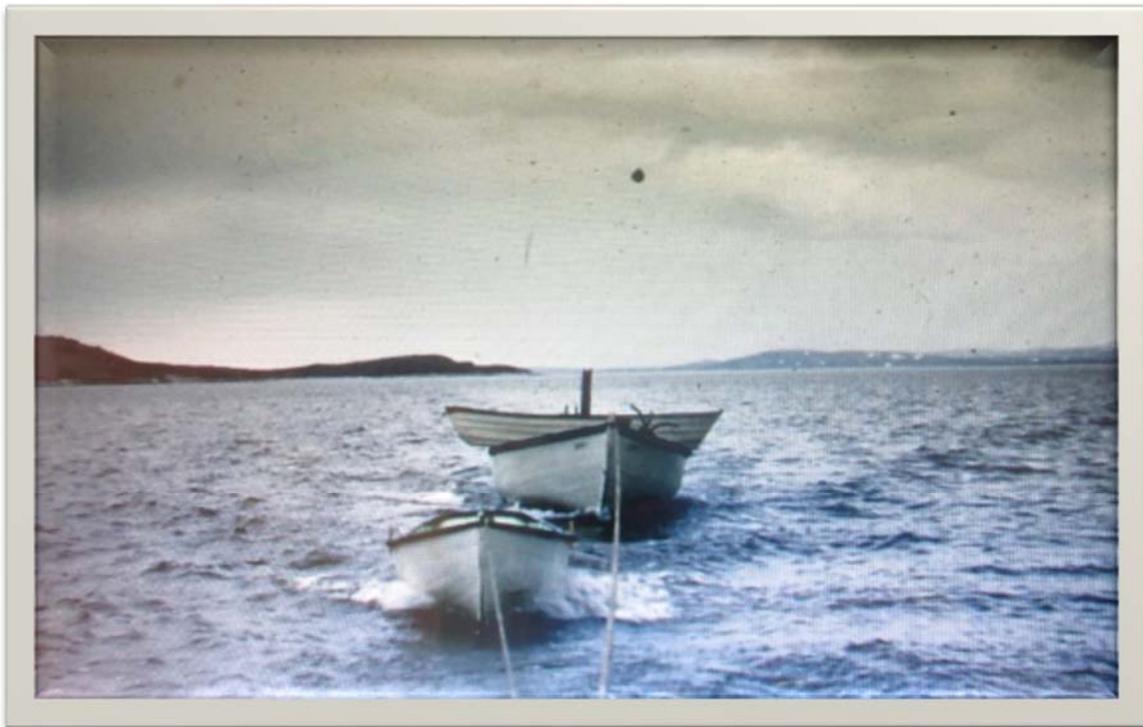
The Seaman's Psalm

from the Liturgy Book of John Broomfield (*Them Days* 39.4, p.59)

The Lord is my Pilot; I shall not drift.
He lighteth me across the dark waters;
He steereth me in the deep channels;
He keepeth my log.

(Together)

He guideth me by the star of holiness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I sail 'mid the thunders and the tempest of life,
I shall dread no danger; for thou art near me
Thy love and thy care they shelter me
In the homeland of eternity;
Thou anointeth the water with oil;
My ship rideth calmly.
Surely sunlight and starlight shall favour me
On the voyage I take,
And I will rest in the port of my God forever.



Umiatutib Imgerutinga

Imgerut una Enlgishetut nagvartauvoK John Broomfieldib Litanaingane Happy
ValleymioK mattoma sivorngane.

NalegaK pairijigaivara; saitauniangilanga.

Kaumativaana imakut taatukut;

Tasiupaanga imakut ittijukut;

Tigumiapullo umiativima uvlunginit.

Nallunaikutaqattivangalu uvluriamik ananaujumik atinga pivlugo.

Ahaamarik, ingiqagalualunga oqumaitukut sillanilukut inusimne,

Kappiasuniangilanga, igvit saniraniigavit, naglininut

Paitsininullu manigopama.

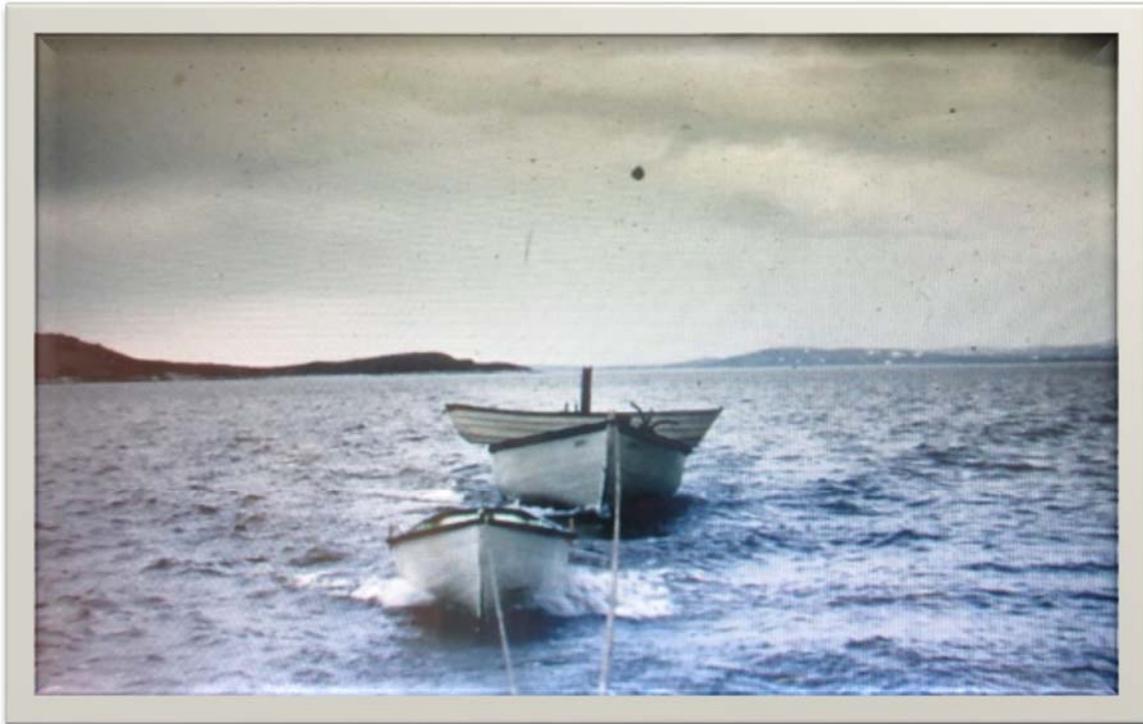
Kisafisaganilu atuinautitsivutit angaqasame issuqangitume;

Imak mingoapat oksumut; umiaga ingigapuk sillaqime.

Ahaamarik seqinigaak uvluriagaatusuliu ingiganirane malliniaput,

Ammalo tagaitsilaapunga kisafisagane

Nalikab iglunganetuatsainaromapuga.



Tishialuk Girls

by Charlie Lloyd (researched by Gary Mitchell, Tim Borlase, Flossie Oliver, and Beatrice Watts, *Labrador Song Book*, p.62)

(Sung gustily—men and women are placed alternatively and have their own respective verses. At the end, men kneel to their partners.)

1

Aunt Meg wants me to wed with her daughter,
Take from me my heart's delight.
Give me a girl from down Tishialuk
Shines in my eyes like diamonds bright.

Chorus

Tishialuk girls are neat and tidy.
Tishialuk girls they won't last long.
Tishialuk girls will come in handy
When Sam Cove is dead and gone.

2

What cares I for Fred or Ernest.
What cares I for Wilson or John.
What cares I for the Burnt Point People,
All I want is a Tishialuk girl.

[Chorus]

3

Edgar Wolfrey lives in Mulliauk.
Seven pounds of flour is his week's stock,
Not a bit of tea only old duncey stove cake,
That's how they live in Mulliauk.

[Chorus]

4

Made up this song on a Monday evening,
Sung this song on Tuesday night.
Made up this song down to Ochre Brook,
Sung in remembrance of Charlie Lloyd.

[Chorus]



Aunt Ellen Morgan

based on stories by Thorwald Perrault and Gladys Burdett (researched by Joan Andersen, Josh Burdett, and Doris Saunders, *Them Days* 3.4, p. 60 and 5.3, p.56)

Characters

Thorwald Perrault as Narrator
Ellen Morgan
Solomon Broomfield
Torsten Andersen
Wolves and Dogs
Abram Morgan
Danny Morgan
Gladys Chard

(Narrator should create his own persona. A soundscape is recommended.)

Scene 1

THORWALD I really and truly know that my grandfather, old Torsten Andersen, had twelve children and Aunt Ellen was the second oldest who lived to a good age from 1865 until 1943 at Partridge Point near present day Postville.

Aunt Ellen's first husband was Solomon Broomfield but as we will see it wasn't love at first sight.

(Solomon's face is covered in ice and is dragging a deer to the mission door. He knocks and Ellen answers the door.)

SOLOMON I brought some meat for the those who can't get out and get their own deer.

ELLEN *(shocked)* What's happened to your face, b'y.

SOLOMON Been out too long. Deer was a hard case!

ELLEN I'll look after it, come right in at the kitchen. We've got to make you lookin' better.
(under her breath-to herself) I've never seen such an ugly man!

(Later.)

THORWALD They got married when Aunt Ellen was only eighteen. It didn't last very long however, as Solomon caught T.B. only a few years later.

(Solomon coughs up his lungs and Ellen notices blood.)

ELLEN Solomon, you've been spitting up blood for over two weeks now! We need to go to Island Harbour for my sister, Susan, to look after you. We can get help there.

SOLOMON *(coughing)* But that's seventeen miles away!

ELLEN Here, I'll pull you the first little ways and you can walk later.

(Ellen helps up a weak Solomon to his feet and into the komatik. She walks in a circle around the perimeter of the audience.)

ELLEN *(huffing)* Come on... Solomon... just a little while now... Solomon? ... *(weak)* Solomon? *(she collapses)*



Scene 2

THORWALD Aunt Ellen was rescued and made it on her trip, but, unfortunately, Solomon did not. After a while she moved back home and stayed with her father and worked at the mission house as a medical hand. She'll soon learn that this skill will become very handy. In 1891 Torsten had a bad accident.

(Torsten chops down a tree, but it comes down the wrong way and hits him in the shoulder pushing him deep into the snow. Torsten shouts to get some help from his sons. Ellen comes out first and cries when she realizes her father's situation.)

ELLEN *(crying)* Father, what happened to you?

TORSTEN Don't make such a fuss, Ellen, reset my shoulder will ya'? I have to get back to work at the Hudson's Bay Company Post up Kippokak.

(Ellen resets his shoulder by putting the arm in a figure 8 sling. She helps him to the mission house, and puts some bandages on it.)

ELLEN Your collarbone's broke! Let me fix that up!

THORWALD Ellen was only twenty-two when she met Abram Morgan from Clarkes Beach, who had come down here to look for fortune in Labrador.

(In the same mission house, Abram stops a bandaged Torsten with his trunk.)

ABRAM Mr. Andersen, I've decided not to go back to Clarkes Beach. Could I leave my trunk at your house for a long time?

TORSTEN You could LEAVE it there, but where are you going to LIVE?

ABRAM At your house! ... if you'll have me. I found a future here in Labrador! *(to audience)*
A wife!

TORSTEN If you're staying here, you're gonna have to buy your own winter supplies. And no stranger is gonna sleep in my house with my daughter present unless sanctified.

THORWALD That same Abram Morgan never went back to Newfoundland again, but he did find his fortune. Aunt Ellen and Abram got married that same spring when the Moravian Minister showed up in a storm. They never had any children... but they adopted many, including Caroline Jacque, who was adopted because her mother died when she was two, and Daniel who you will hear about later in this story. Also, Harry Andersen who was adopted when he was 10. Aunt Ellen was 69 and a widow by then. It is said that Harry was "like gold" to her.



In 1932 Aunt Ellen would join with Pastor Gillette at the church in Ailik to spread the word of God. Aunt Ellen was a good ol' soul, but she was awfully rough at times. She was a hunter and a good shot. She used an old muzzle-loaded musket.

ABRAM Ellen, I'm going off hunting. While I'm gone don't leave the house 'cause there are lots of wolves around because the deer are close to the salt water.

(Ellen gets uneasy as Abram leaves. Her fingers twitch..)

ELLEN *(to herself)* I'm a better shot than he is! *(yawns)*

(Ellen is about to go to bed until she hears a huge racket outside. Dogs and wolves are making a racket.)

ELLEN *(shouting through the windows)* Get home you dogs!

(Racket continues. Ellen opens the door and wolves jump out just outside the door.)

THORWALD The wolves' eyes are very fiery and bright looking.

(Ellen slams the door, takes her gun off the rack, opens the door again and shoots immediately.)

THORWALD The wolves already had two of the dogs killed. Ellen knew she had killed one wolf. She loaded her gun again. It took some time with those old guns.

(Ellen reloads her gun.)



THORWALD She took another shot and that was two wolves dead.

(Ellen shoots the pack of wolves as they try to run away and succeeds killing a third one.)

THORWALD She finished off the crippled dogs and shut the door.

(Ellen huffs before slamming the door again.)

ELLEN No old wolf is gonna keep me from sleeping tonight!

THORWALD Next morning she went out and there was a wolf tumbling about on the bank.

ELLEN You're not worth wasting a load on. *(takes out her axe)*

(As Ellen kills the wolf, she finds another leading up to a bunch of wolf tracks. Ellen counts the tracks.)

ELLEN One, two, three, ..., sixteen!

(Ellen sees Abram on the way back.)

ABRAM Ellen? What have you done?!

ELLEN Answer me first, where were you?

ABRAM I crippled a silver fox, so I stayed out all night and waited 'til daylight until I got 'em. *(Ellen shrugs and walks into the house for a cup of tea.)*

Scene 3

THORWALD Years later, Pastor Gillette built a house and started a community and a sawmill called Postville in 1941. Aunt Ellen and Uncle Abe decided to follow so they shifted over to Kaipokok Bay where they put their tent nearby.

ELLEN Abram, before you leave for Micmac Mountain, have you seen my musket?

ABRAM No... you don't need that old musket; I won't be long.

(Ellen picks up her sewing and starts working on that. Her fingers twitch. There's a fuss outside and Ellen looks out the tent.)

THORWALD Soon Aunt Ellen saw a deer standing at bay, tired out. He'd been chased by four wolves. Could not go any further. One of the wolves was cutting the tendon at the back of the deer's leg. That's what wolves do. When the deer's tired out, they cut the tendons so they can't run. Another wolf, nearest to Aunt Ellen, was tearing the deer's ear down. The other two was on the other side. Aunt Ellen grabbed the axe and went to the wolf that was tearing at the deer's ear, and instead of chopping him on the neck or head to kill him, she chopped him in the middle of his back. She went around to one at the deer's leg and got him in the same place. She ran around to the third one, she had the axe in that one when she heard Uncle Abe say:

ABRAM Hellen, get out of that!

(Abram shoots the fourth wolf.)

Why did you chop the wolves in the back? Why didn't you chop them in the neck or head and kill them out dead?

ELLEN

I done what I done as long as I put them out of commission! Time for tea.



Scene 4

THORWALD Now Aunt Ellen had eleven dogs. Big husky dogs. Big black dogs. And they were always a LITTLE vicious. I don't know what it was, but they were always a little vicious. (*nods towards Aunt Ellen*) On Easter Tuesday there would always be dog team races. They had to have three or four dogs for every race, they couldn't get off their komatik, or use the whip, and each man had to take a young woman with them. They didn't know who they would get, because the names would be put on a piece of paper. The prize could be a case of milk, a box of butter, or a sack of flour. Aunt Ellen was a good ol' soul but as near as the rind to a tree. Gladys Chard, the storekeeper's daughter, was called to go with Dan Morgan, Aunt Ellen's adopted son.

ELLEN

Now Glad, if you'se get a prize with Danny, you won't want to take your share with you, will you? Your father is a merchant, and you don't want it, so let Danny have it.

GLADYS

Oh... I got to have half the prize if we gets 'are one, or we got to have the booby prize!

(Gladys runs up to Danny and they start the race. The race goes on for a while, around the audience, until the dogs get tangled up in the middle of the race.)

THORWALD So off they went! Just going out around Indian Head, Gladys and Danny's dogs gets tangled up with somebody else's. Danny, who could get spirty once in a while, took out his pocket knife and cut the traces of the other dog team.

(Excited dog sounds. Danny takes out his pocket knife and tries to set them loose. Once loose they head back around and finish the race. They come in second but there was an awful racket about Dan's win. The crowd reacts.)

THORWALD Glad and Dan went on. Glad knew there was gonna be a racket when they got back. They came in second. They would've come in first if only for the tangle up.

ELLEN You and Danny won a box of butter, didn't youse? You knows you don't want the butter. You gonna let Danny have it?

GLADYS No, I'm going to give it to Uncle Simon Lucy! *(she passes it to Simon)*

(Simon cheers.)

SIMON Woo! I won a box of butter! Good angekoking again!

THORWALD Today, there is a park in Makkovik, in memory of good ol' Aunt Ellen Morgan, called: Ellen's Barren Park. It is in memory of Aunt Ellen's trapline which is along the wooded area from the shoreline to the barren. In Postville, the south side of the bay is know as Sunny Side, while the north side of the bay would be called the Hallelujah side because Aunt Ellen would always be singing hymns at Partridge Point.



Hallelujah Side

Song sung joyously while clapping.

CHORUS O, Glory be to Jesus
(everyone) Let the Hallelujahs roll.
Help me ring my Saviour's praises far and wide.
For I've opened up toward Heaven
All the windows of my soul
And I'm living on the Hallelujah side.



Five Loaves a Day

based on a story by Gladys Lyall (researched by Grant Gear, *Them Days* 36.3, p.7)



Characters

Gladys Lyall

Gillian

Haley, interviewing Gillian

(Staged as an interview. Gladys is in Gillian's memory.)

(Gillian is cleaning up until she comes across photos on the table of her grandmother, Gladys, and her own children.)

GILLIAN What's this? [*picks up photo album*] Oh, this is nan Gladys with Brooklyn a couple Christmases ago.

(Gladys peeks in and comes closer to look over at the pictures.)

GILLIAN And this is Nathan with his wooden gun... Oh, Nan... I wish you were here!

(Haley comes in, only noticing Gillian.)

GILLIAN Oh Haley, good evening, you're here to ask questions, right?

HALEY Hey Gillian... yes, if that's all right with you.

GLADYS Sit down and ask away.

(Haley settles down at the middle chair, facing Gillian.)

HALEY In advance, there was an interview already done with your grandmother, Gladys. So, I was hoping to ask the same questions to you, so we can later compare your present-day answers, to hers back in the day.

GILLIAN Sounds all right.

(Haley sets up a recorder and turns it on.)

HALEY All right, the recorder is on. *(reads the questions on paper)* How many children do you have?

GLADYS *(Jumps in with the answer.)* Nine. I used to bake five loaves a day through the week, and Saturday I would make ten loaves to last until Monday. In summer, we always had seal meat and duck, stuff like that. In winter, we'd have mostly caribou and seal meat, partridges, rabbits... seal meat most times...



GILLIAN *(Pondering. Haley wonders why it is taking so long.)* Well... I have two children. A 4-year-old girl and a 3-year-old boy.

HALEY Did you go fishing a lot?

GLADYS Mhmm.

GILLIAN Only for fun. Ice fishing in the spring mostly.

HALEY Where did you fish to?

GLADYS Ailik, about what... 40 miles from here?

GILLIAN We'd go on the sand bars up the bay, at Square Rock, or down the bay off the cabin. I know Nan used to go to Ailik a lot.

HALEY Who used to go on fishing trips with you?

GLADYS I went with my father George, and his brothers: Uncle Ches, Uncle Bruce and them.

GILLIAN Myself and Tyler go on trips, or we ALL go sometimes, depending on the weather.

HALEY Did you use to get a lot of fish?

- GLADYS** Yup! Codfish!
- GILLIAN** Not too much. We try to catch what we can eat unless we give some away.
- HALEY** So, do your sons... ah... are you hoping your son will help with the hunting?
- GLADYS** Yup, they'd always go hunting, when they were old enough to hold a gun.
- GILLIAN** I hope that my son will hunt when he's older. He seems to be interested in it so far. He even has a wooden gun.
- HALEY** I guess your daughter helps you around the house, cleaning and that?
- GLADYS** Yup, they had to do housework and washing and stuff like that.
- GILLIAN** Brooklyn likes to help out when she's in the mood. She's really good at folding laundry. *(Gladys frowns.)*
- HALEY** I guess you did a lot of berry-picking?
- GLADYS** Oh yes, we did a lot of berry picking. We used to berry pick down on the islands. We used to pick blueberries, bakeapples, blackberries, redberries. My favourite is bakeapples. I used to make bakeapple jelly, bakeapple cheesecake, bakeapple pudding, bakeapple jam.... *(Haley is somewhat agitated with Gillian because this is taking so long.)*
- GILLIAN** We picked a lot of berries, but there's not a lot anymore. We do enjoy a good redberry, bakeapple, and raspberry jam. Nan used to make bakeapple jelly.
- HALEY** Bakeapple jelly? I never heard of that...
- GILLIAN** I never tried. *(Gladys frowns again and tries to interrupt Gillian.)* I'm assuming boil bakeapples with some sugar and gelatin?
- GLADYS** *(correcting them)* You boil your bakeapples, and then you drain it off, and then you boil again. You measure your juices in a cup, and all according to how many cups of jelly, jelly from the bakeapples, and sugar. It tastes just like marmalade!
- HALEY** It sounds quite delicious but it is probably takes a long time to make! Is there any other types of meals that you might have learned from your mom?
- GLADYS** Yeah, lots of things. Bakin' and stuff like that. I was eleven years old when I made my first bread.
- GILLIAN** I didn't learn much cooking from Mom. I wasn't interested in cooking or baking as a child... *(Gladys stomps feet)*
- HALEY** Gladys is well known for her knitting, do you knit as well?

- GILLIAN** I did knit a scarf for my dolly with her and that's about it. Oh my, that was ten years ago now, I think...
- GLADYS** That was some nice scarf too. You should take up knitting again!
- HALEY** Was there something you always wore? Like a favourite dress, or skirt?
- GLADYS** We would always wear skirts or dresses. I can remember my own grandma making one out of an old skirt she found, from something that somebody gave her and made it for me.
- GILLIAN** I had a purple pair of pants for Christmas when I was four. They had a rainbow belt and I really liked those.
- HALEY** And I guess Christmases weren't like they are now?
- GILLIAN** I suppose not.
- GLADYS** No, I always got a komatik. Every Christmas. Grandpa used to put a box on for me, like he'd make a komatik with a little box on 'e., and we'd go fishing. I used to walk down to Little Brook. Sometimes I would get a pair of snowshoes.
- GILLIAN** Nan used to always say she had a komatik every Christmas though.
- HALEY** Goodness, she must have some lot of komatiks
- GLADYS** (*laughing*) No, I used to beat them up and get a new one. Oh my, bad lil' ol' girl too, hey?
- GILLIAN** Children get too much for Christmas these days!
- HALEY** So, what did you used to do when your birthday came around?
- GLADYS** We used to celebrate like you do these days, used to have a cake. A blackberry cake or something like that. We'd have a big dinner and invite people. But no fancy cakes or fruits or nothing because we couldn't get it.
- GILLIAN** My parents hosted a party with my friends, we'd have cakes and I'd get a gift and money.
- HALEY** Can you remember how you used to get groceries and other things when you were a child?
- GLADYS** Well, Mom and Dad used to live out Ailik, and the people they used to live with had a shop out there. And they would get stuff out there, like biscuits and stuff like that. Not very much though. Once a year we'd get the Kyle. She had some supplies on she. That was in the '40s, eh. 1949, I think it was when we moved here.
- GILLIAN** I'd go to both Nans and ask Mom and Dad. So, they'd all give me two dollars and I'd end up with six dollars—to buy just candy.

HALEY Ok, lastly... is there any funny story you can think of that you'd want to share when you were younger or anything?

GLADYS No, my dear, because I had too much fun. Enjoying fishing, snowshoeing, things like that.

GILLIAN *(laughing)* There are so many... I mostly played; I didn't have to work then.

HALEY *(turns off recorder)* Well, that was a lovely interview

GLADYS Come back again for a cup of tea?

HALEY I'll love that.

GILLIAN *(confused)* You'll love what?

HALEY Didn't you say I should come over again for some tea?

GILLIAN ... No... but I'll appreciate it if you do come back some time for tea.

HALEY I... will! *(leaves the stage with a question on her face)*

GILLIAN That was weird... *(looks back at the photos)* Oh Nan... I miss you.

(Gladys heads over and hugs Gillian.)

