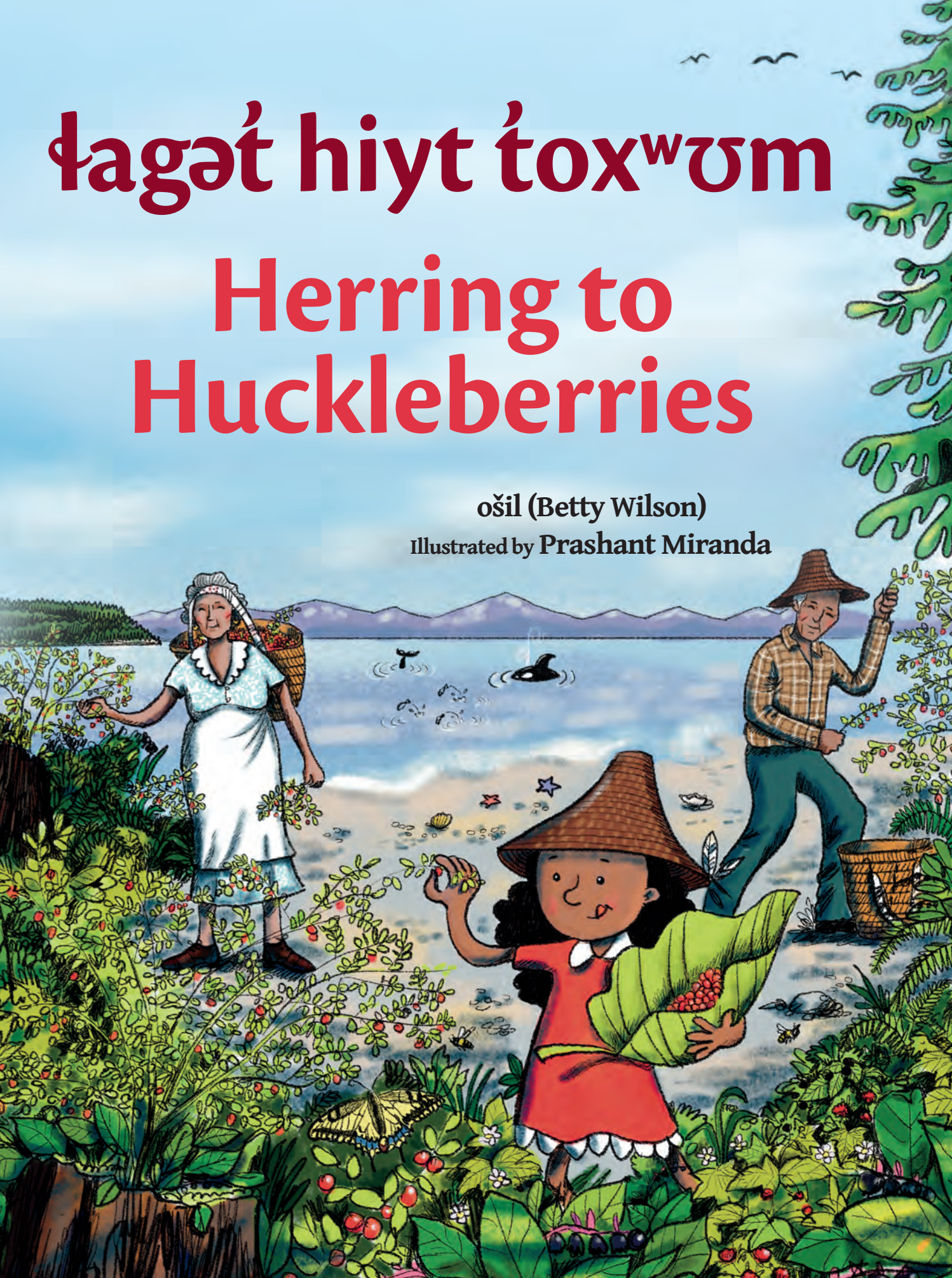
ɬagəƛ hiyt ƛoxʷʊm

Herring to Huckleberries

ošil (Betty Wilson)
Illustrated by Prashant Miranda

























































ɬagəƛ̓ hiyt ƛ̓oxʷʊm

Herring to Huckleberries

Written and translated by ošil (Betty Wilson)

Illustrated by Prashant Miranda

HIGHWATER PRESS



© 2025 ošil (Betty Wilson) (text)
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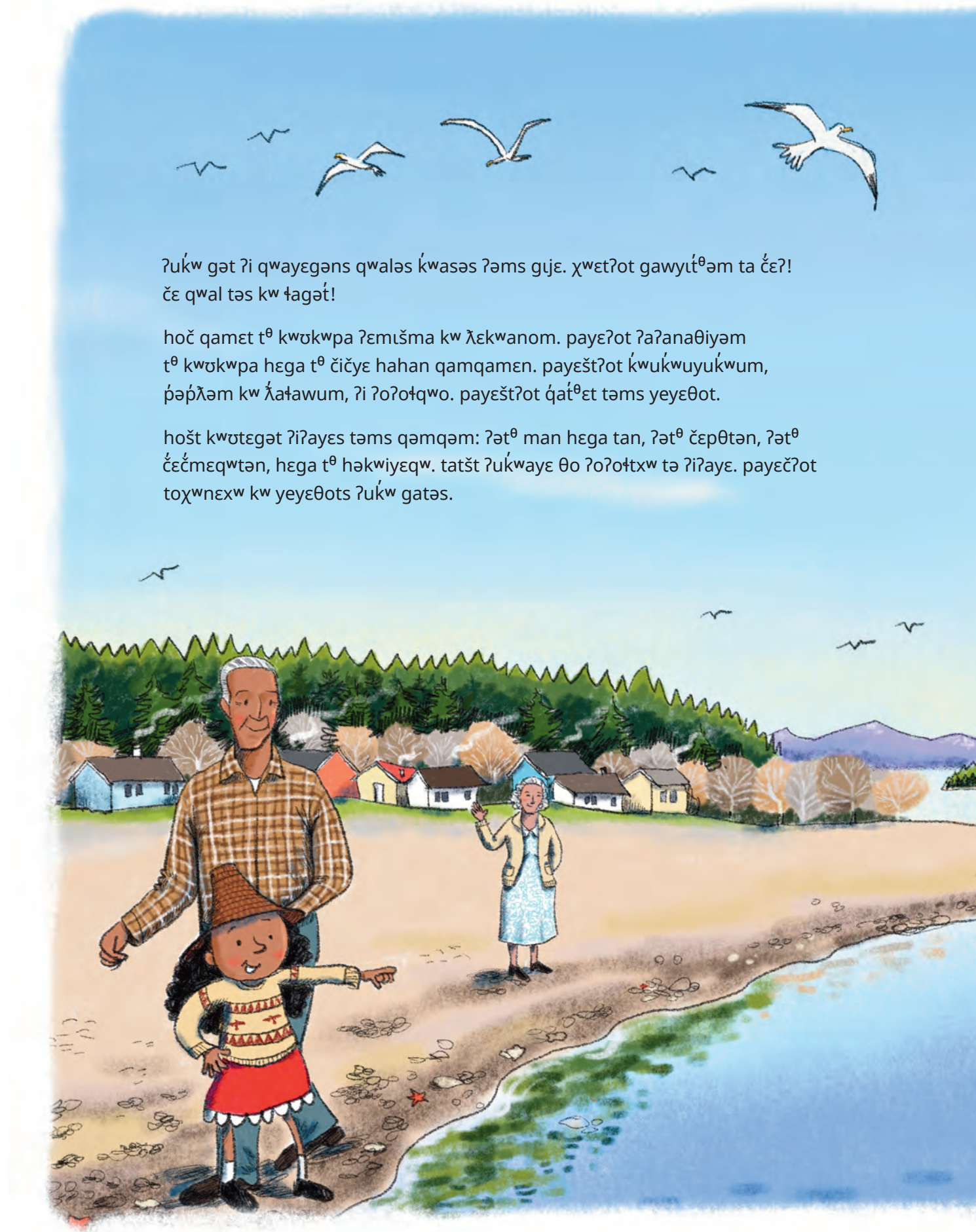


čɛčɛhaθɛč ʔatᶿ kʷʊkʷpa hɛga čičyɛ, ʔi kʷ
kʷaʔanənos hɛɬ χanatumoɬoɬ ʔəms taʔəw.

I raise my hands to our grandfather and grandmother,
who lived a good life and taught us what we now know. —**ošil (BW)**



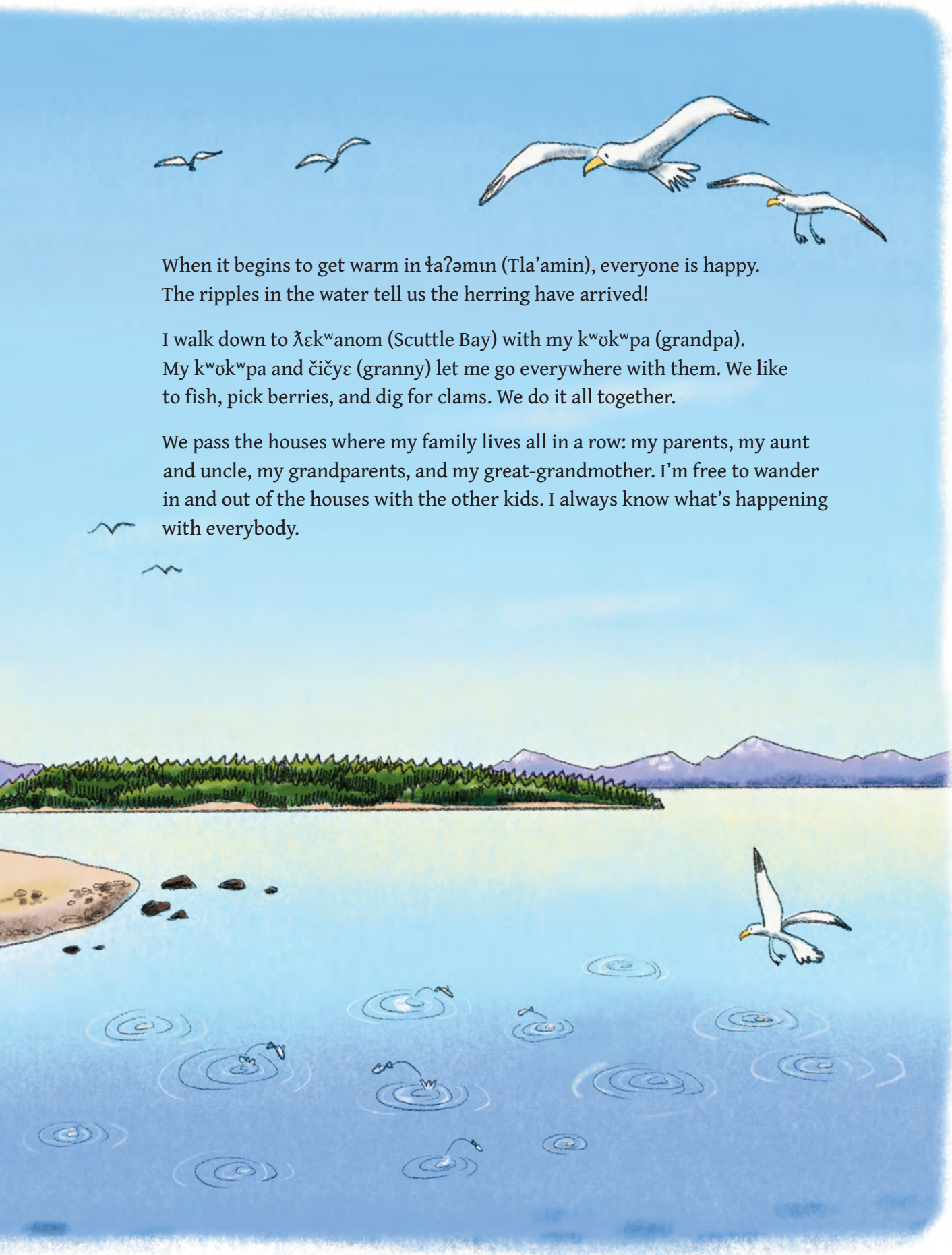
To our ancestors, whose stories keep us alive. —**PM**



ʔukʷ gət ʔi qʷayɛgəns qʷaləs kʷasəs ʔəms gɪjɛ. χʷɛtʔot gawyɪtθəm ta čɛʔ!
čɛ qʷal təs kʷ ɬagət!

hoč qamɛt tθ kʷʊkʷpa ʔɛmɪšma kʷ ƛɛkʷanom. payɛʔot ʔaʔanaθiyəm
tθ kʷʊkʷpa hɛga tθ čičyɛ hahan qamqamɛn. payɛštʔot kʷukʷuyukʷum,
p̓əp̓ƛəm kʷ ƛ̓aɬawum, ʔi ʔoʔoɬqʷo. payɛštʔot q̓at̓θɛt təms yeyɛθot.

hošt kʷʊtɛgət ʔiʔayɛs təms qəmqəm: ʔətθ man hɛga tan, ʔətθ čɛpθtən, ʔətθ
č̓ɛč̓mɛqʷtən, hɛga tθ həkʷiyɛqʷ. tatšt ʔuk̓ʷayɛ θo ʔoʔoɬtxʷ tə ʔiʔayɛ. payɛčʔot
toχʷnɛxʷ kʷ yeyɛθots ʔuk̓ʷ gatəs.

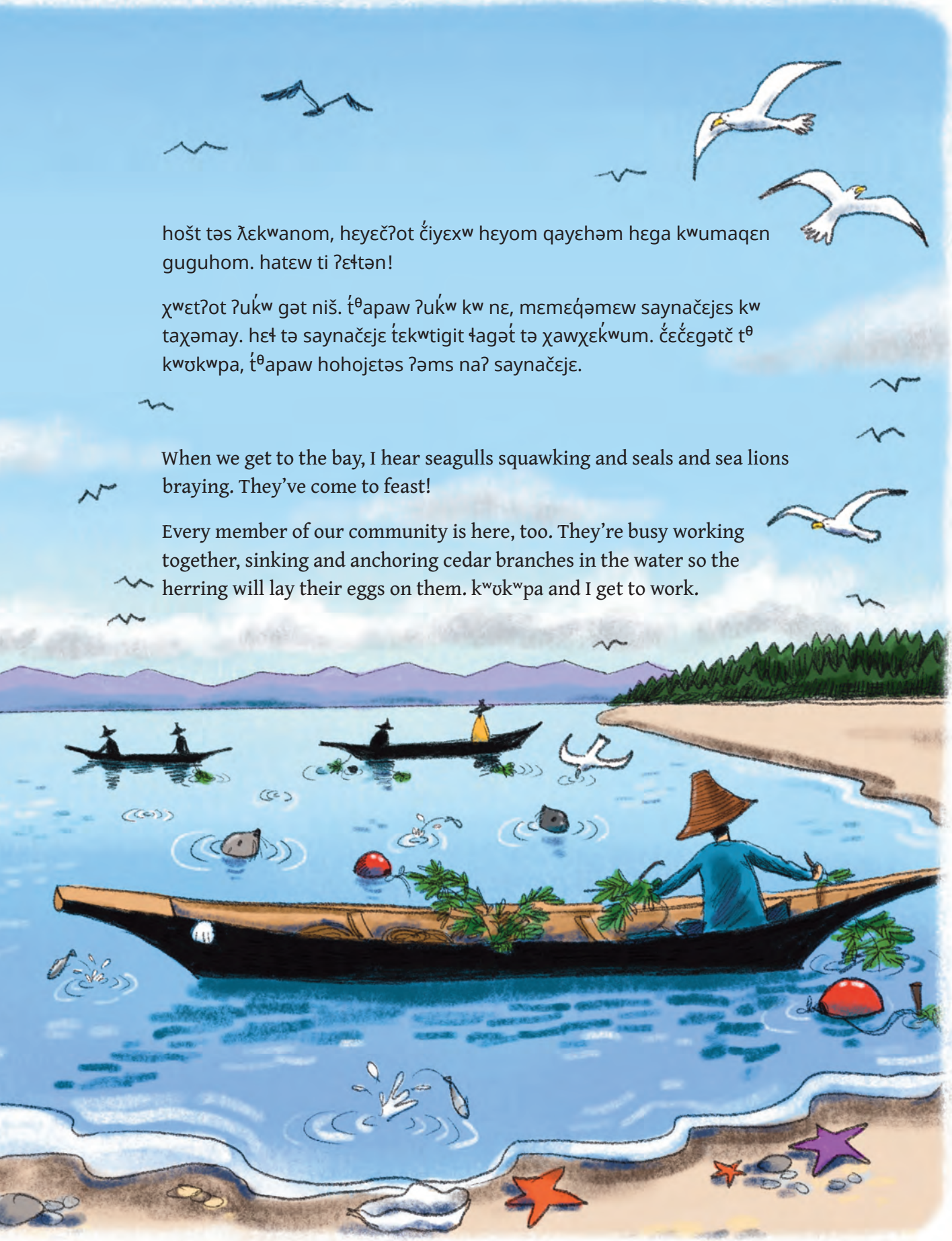


When it begins to get warm in ɬaʔəmɪn (Tla'amin), everyone is happy. The ripples in the water tell us the herring have arrived!

I walk down to ƛɛkʷanom (Scuttle Bay) with my kʷʊkʷpa (grandpa). My kʷʊkʷpa and čičyɛ (granny) let me go everywhere with them. We like to fish, pick berries, and dig for clams. We do it all together.

We pass the houses where my family lives all in a row: my parents, my aunt and uncle, my grandparents, and my great-grandmother. I'm free to wander in and out of the houses with the other kids. I always know what's happening with everybody.





hošt təs ƛɛkʷanom, hɛyɛčʔot čiyɛxʷ hɛyom qayɛhəm hɛga kʷumaqɛn guguhom. hatɛw ti ʔɛɬtən!

χʷɛtʔot ʔukʷ gət niš. tθapaw ʔukʷ kʷ nɛ, mɛmɛqəmɛw saynačɛjɛs kʷ taχəmay. hɛɬ tə saynačɛjɛ tɛkʷtigit ɬagət tə χawχɛkʷum. čɛčɛgətč tθ kʷʊkʷpa, tθapaw hohojɛtəs ʔəms naʔ saynačɛjɛ.

When we get to the bay, I hear seagulls squawking and seals and sea lions braying. They've come to feast!

Every member of our community is here, too. They're busy working together, sinking and anchoring cedar branches in the water so the herring will lay their eggs on them. kʷʊkʷpa and I get to work.

nɛ mɛq́ɛtsxʷəs kʷʊnəs kʼʷɛn tʼθokʼʷ, qʷayin čɛləs. hoč qamɛt qey tθ kʷʊkʷpa kʷ ƛɛkʷanom. tukʷtukʷčɛt ʔukʼʷ ta saynačɛjɛ ʔi hošt jusxʷ.

ɬopʼostšt ta saynačɛjɛ tə χawχɛkʼʷums. hɛyɛštʔot mʊkʷt skʷəq, ʔi miqʷətšt tat kʷ skʷəq hiyʔəməs čičyɛ qʷoqʷaɬkʷu. tatšt hakʷt ta skʷaq sanačɛjɛ ʔitəs šɪm ta χawχɛkʼʷum.

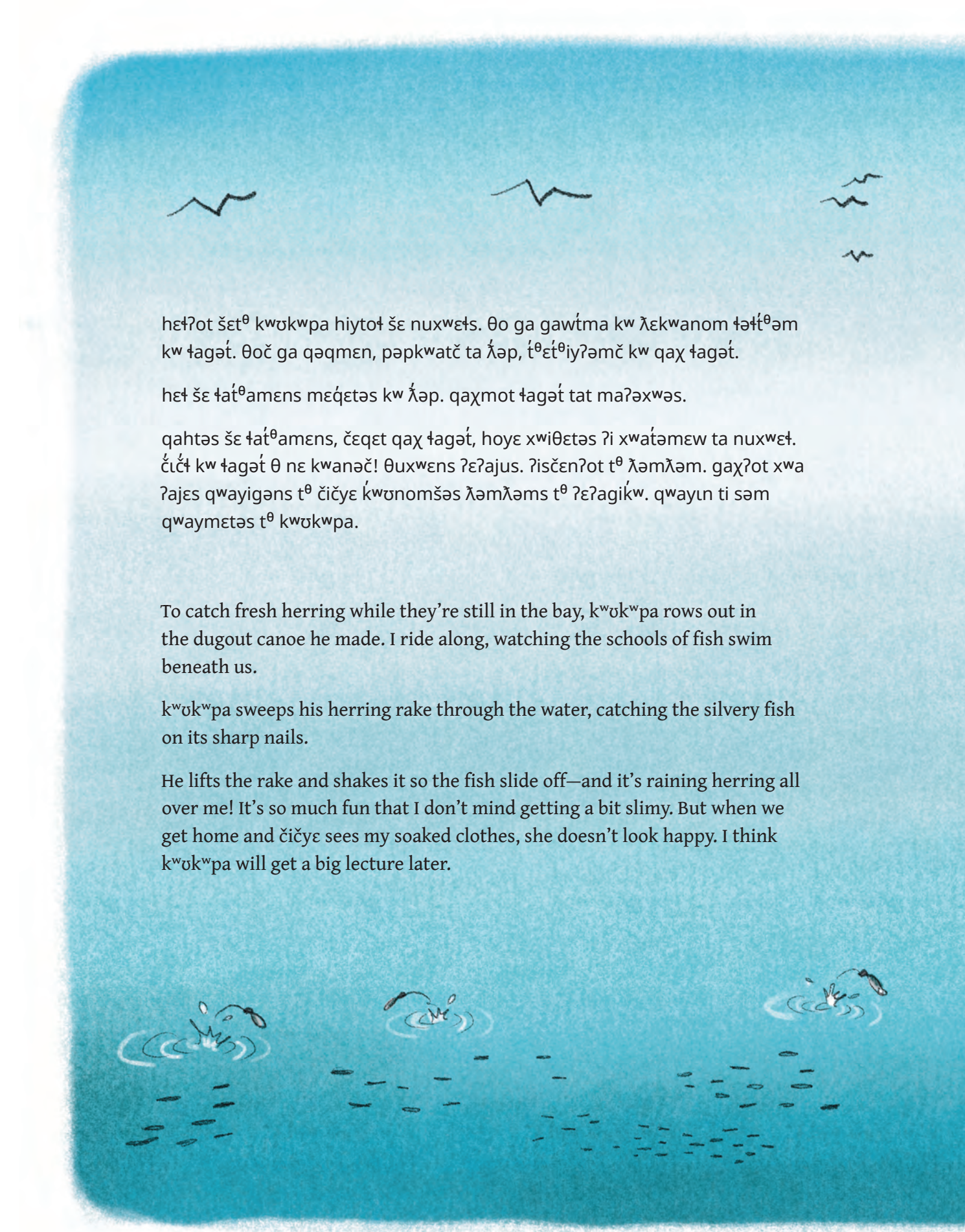
nɛ ga hakʷɛt ta saynačɛjɛ təsɛt ta kʼʷuʔuxʷawtxʷ. hɛwtəms təms θo yɛq́aš, matčɛt ga ta χawχɛkʼʷum, hoyɛ mɛq́ɛtšt, hoyɛ ɬopʼostšt. hɛhɛwšt ʔiɬaɬmot!

A few days later, I'm back at the bay with kʷʊkʷpa. After pulling the branches out of the water, we carry them home.

We peel the herring eggs off some of the branches to eat fresh or mix into the fish soup that čičyɛ makes. We hang up the other branches so the eggs will dry in the wind and sun.

Those branches are kept safe under the porch, then soaked in water when we want to peel off the dried eggs. They are so crunchy and delicious!





hɛɬʔot šɛtᶿ kʷʊkʷpa hiytoɬ šɛ nuxʷɛɬs. θo ga gawt́ma kʷ ƛɛkʷanom ɬəɬt́ᶿəm kʷ ɬagət́. θoč ga qəqmɛn, pəpkʷatč ta ƛ́əp, t́ᶿɛt́ᶿiyʔəmč kʷ qaχ ɬagət́.

hɛɬ šɛ ɬat́ᶿamɛns mɛq́ɛtəs kʷ ƛ́əp. qaχmot ɬagət́ tat maʔəxʷəs.

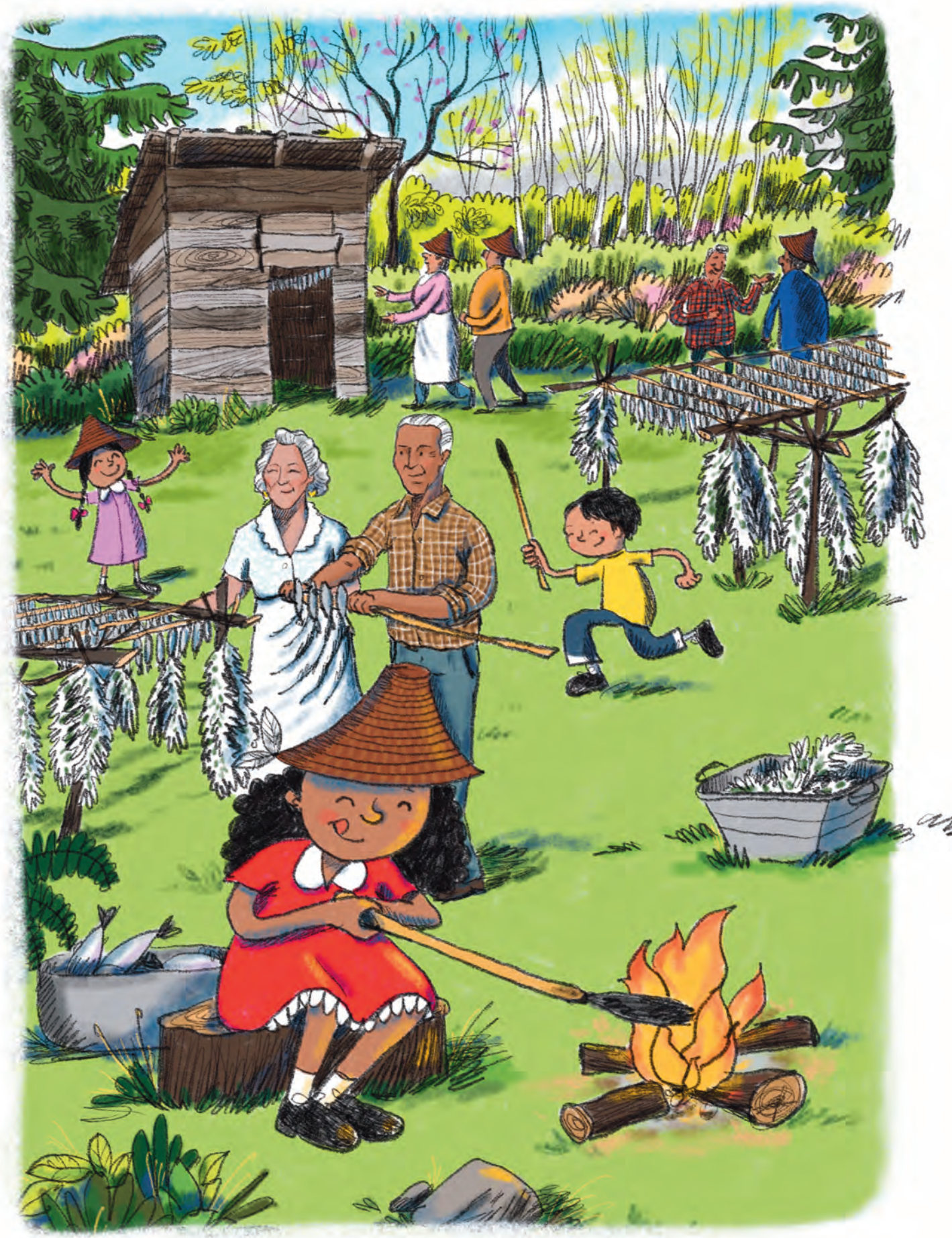
qahtəs šɛ ɬat́ᶿamɛns, čɛqɛt qaχ ɬagət́, hoyɛ xʷiθɛtəs ʔi xʷat́əmɛw ta nuxʷɛɬ. č̓ɬč̓ɬ kʷ ɬagət́ θ nɛ kʷanəč! θuxʷɛns ʔɛʔajus. ʔisčɛnʔot tᶿ ƛəmƛəm. gaχʔot xʷa ʔajɛs qʷayigəns tᶿ čičyɛ ḱʷʊnomšəs ƛəmƛəms tᶿ ʔɛʔagiḱʷ. qʷayɪn ti səm qʷaymɛtəs tᶿ kʷʊkʷpa.

To catch fresh herring while they're still in the bay, kʷʊkʷpa rows out in the dugout canoe he made. I ride along, watching the schools of fish swim beneath us.

kʷʊkʷpa sweeps his herring rake through the water, catching the silvery fish on its sharp nails.

He lifts the rake and shakes it so the fish slide off—and it's raining herring all over me! It's so much fun that I don't mind getting a bit slimy. But when we get home and čičyɛ sees my soaked clothes, she doesn't look happy. I think kʷʊkʷpa will get a big lecture later.





θuxʷɛns qaχs kʷ ɬagəʔ qʷaləs təs ƛičos. č̓ɛc̓χatəm tᶿ čičyɛ, šɪšmatšt, ʔaθatawɬšt.

χʷɛtʔot ʔuk̓ʷayɛ—čɛpθtəns, čičyɛ, kʷʊkʷpa, hɛga ʔuk̓ʷ ta čičʊy—qamojɛ kʷ hahkʷt ɬagəʔ ta ƛaqt taχamay χəpay hoyɛ šɛmətšt kʷ ʔasqič.

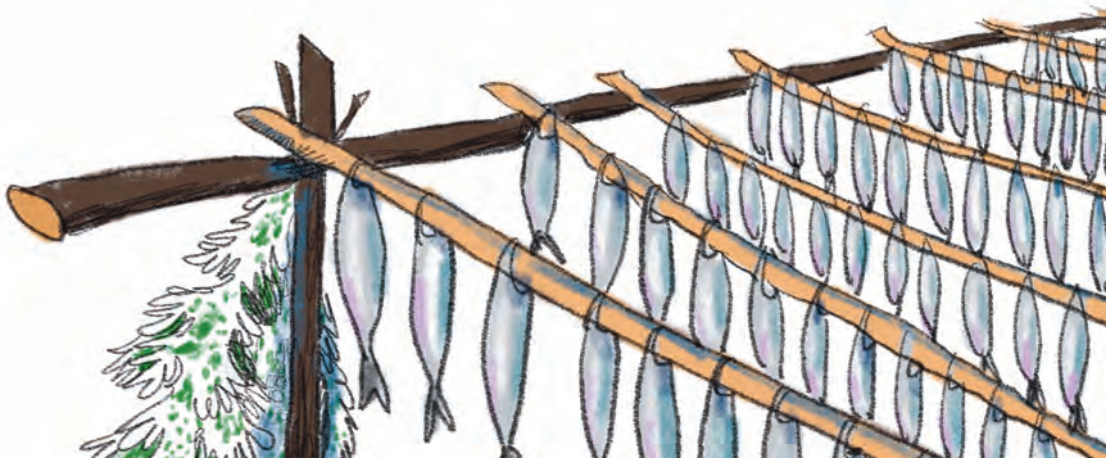
ɬaq̓əmšt kʷ šɪmmots ta ɬagaʔ. qʷalčɛt qɛy qaʔᶿaw. ʔaymɛθočʔot tat č̓ɛχʔəm kʷ k̓ʷʊsəm, təpθotč ga, χʷotʔot k̓ʷasəs tᶿ moʔos. ƛ̓aʔayɪn č̓əχ, p̓aθaθ, ti hoy. sapətč ta k̓ʷʊsəm ta ti χajis ʔitəs xʷaʔ̓təm ta p̓aθ xʷumyɪcs, hoyɛ mukʷtčɛn ta majaθs. θuxʷɛns təms ʔiɬaɬ!

There are so many herring in the spring: for čičyɛ to cook, for us to dry, for everyone to share.

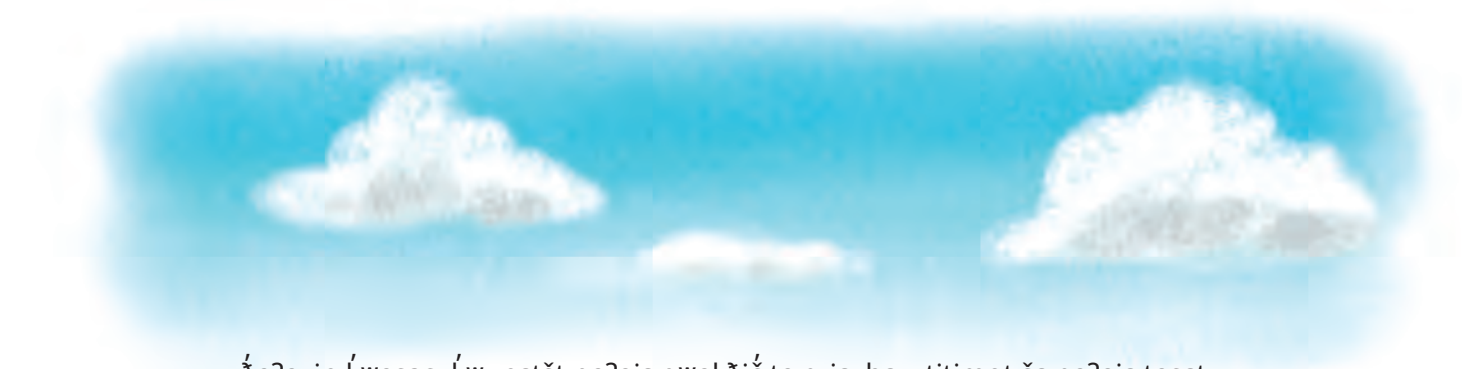
My whole family—aunties, uncles, čičyɛ, kʷʊkʷpa, and all the kids—gathers to thread the herring on long cedar sticks to dry in the wind.

A couple of weeks later, we all come together again. I cook the dried herring on my own stick, sitting close enough to the fire to feel the heat on my face. When the fish turns black, I know it's ready. I bang it on a rock to get the char off and pull away the bones and spine. We have such a good meal!









ƛ́aʔayin ḱʷasəs, ḱʷʊnɛtšt paʔajɛ qʷal ƛ̓ič́ ta gɯjɛ. hɛw titimot šɛ paʔajɛ tasɛt ta ɬaʔəmɯn q́ʷətəm. hošt ga hɛga tᶿ qəmqəm t́ᶿɛyʔəm kʷ titi paʔajɛ. č̓ɛpɛxʷətšt ga qaχmot.

ʔaθatšt ga ʔuḱʷ gatəs. ɬoṕostšt ga hoyɛ miqʷatšt kʷ šukʷa. ɬaχsčɛn čɯnɛ mamiqʷət.

tat ʔuḱʷ hostuwum tums kʷʊkʷpa ṕaƛəm kʷ t́ɛnɛqʷ hɛga kʷ t́oqʷom č̓ɛχəs. ʔuḱʷ gət nɛstaʔəm kʷ nəpamɛnayɛ, hoyʔot čɯnɛ payɛ nənyɛxʷ tᶿ naʔ. tat χanaθiyəm tᶿ kʷukʷpa sayǰɛs xʷukʷayɯn.

ḱʷɛhɛt t́ɯgɯm ta ƛəšɛmos t́ɛnɛqʷ ho ta t́at́ᶿɛm. ʔuḱʷštʔot mʊkʷt hɛɬ—qaχmot ṕəƛtɛt!

When the weather gets warmer, the thimbleberry and salmonberry shoots poke out of the ground. The juiciest shoots are by the river near our house. My brothers, sisters, and I look for the fattest shoots and break off as many as we can.

We share with everyone. Some people dip the shoots in sugar after they've been peeled, but I like mine plain.

kʷʊkʷpa takes all the kids to pick salmonberries and thimbleberries when they ripen. Everyone brings their own container, but I always forget mine. kʷʊkʷpa gives me a big leaf from a skunk cabbage to put the berries in instead.

The yellow salmonberries are sweeter than the red ones, but we eat them all—lots while we're picking!





ɬaʔəmɪn (Tla'amin Nation) is one of many Coast Salish tribes in the Pacific Northwest, with a history that stretches back thousands of years. It is located on what is now known as the Sunshine Coast in British Columbia.

Glossary

This glossary lists some of the words used in ošil's story. Can you find the English words in the story and replace them with the ʔayʔajuθəm words? Use the tips on the next page to help you pronounce the ʔayʔajuθəm words.

ENGLISH	ʔayʔajuθəm	PRONUNCIATION
Tla'amin	**ɬaʔəmɪn**	hla-a-men
herring	**ɬagəƛ̓**	hla-gat'
Scuttle Bay	**ƛɛkʷanom**	tle-kwa-nohm
grandfather	**kʷʊkʷpa**	kook-pa
granny	**čičyɛ**	chee-chyeh
herring eggs	**χawχɛk̓ʷum**	Xaw-Xey-kw'oom
dried herring	**k̓ʷʊsəm**	kw'uh-sum
thimbleberry and salmonberry shoots	**paʔajɛ**	pa-a-jeh
salmonberries	**t̓ɛnɛqʷ**	t'eh-neqw
thimbleberries	**t̓oqʷom**	t'oh-qohm
huckleberries	**t̓oxʷʊm**	t'oo-hwoom
oven bread	**saplɛn**	sah-plen
Ahgykson Island	**ʔagayqsən**	a-gahyq-sen
butter clams	**χaʔa**	Xa-a
littleneck clams	**ɬoɬmom**	hlohl-mohm
deer	**qɛgaθ**	qeh-gath
sea urchins	**masɛqʷ**	ma-seqw
chum salmon	**ƛ̓oχʷay**	tloh-Xway
Owl's Grove	**χɛʔɛχnɛq**	Xeh-eX-neq
smoked salmon	**k̓ʷuʔuxʷ**	kw'oo-oohw































ošil (Betty Wilson) has lived in her community of ɬaʔəmın (Tla'amin), British Columbia, her entire life. Throughout her 25-year teaching career, she worked extensively to revitalize the ʔayʔajuθəm language and continues to work as part of a team that is archiving ʔayʔajuθəm words and phrases so they are not lost. She enjoys weaving traditional cedar root baskets and hopes to become a master in this art.

Prashant Miranda grew up in Bangalore and studied at India's National Institute of Design. After moving to Canada in 1999, he designed children's animated shows for TV in Toronto. He now spends his time in the rainforests on the west coast of Canada, where he travels and documents his life through his watercolour journals, animates films, teaches visual art, illustrates children's books, and paints murals.









It's ošil's favourite time of year! When the seasons change and the weather grows warm, the herring return to the waters of ɬaʔəmɪn (Tla'amin Nation), located on the southwest coast of British Columbia. For ošil and her grandparents, their arrival is the beginning of a full year of harvesting traditional foods provided by the sea and land. Together they fish, pick berries, and dig for clams. Everything tastes so good. And the best part is that there is enough for everyone to share!

Connect with the land and explore traditional Indigenous ways of gathering food in this beautifully illustrated picture book that shares the author's childhood memories in both ʔayʔajuθəm and English. The book includes a glossary and pronunciation guide, a map, and illustrations and descriptions of the traditional foods mentioned in the story.

"I absolutely loved this story. The colourful images and descriptions—of herring roe, fish soup, and mashed fresh harvested berries with oven bread—are wonderful and made me wish for all these delicacies."
—NICOLA I. CAMPBELL, author of *Stand Like a Cedar*

"Whether this is an introduction to ʔayʔajuθəm or a warm trip down memory lane, as it was for me, this book will be enjoyed by readers of all ages."
—CAMERON FRASER-MONROE, dancer and choreographer (Royal Winnipeg Ballet)

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Access the teacher guide and a recording of the author reading this story in ʔayʔajuθəm at www.highwaterpress.com

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