

The sequel to the powerful memoir *Fatty Legs*

a stranger at home

A True Story

Christy JORDAN-FENTON &
Margaret POKIAK-FENTON

Artwork by Liz Amini-Holmes



annick press
toronto + new york + vancouver

(text) © 2011 Christy Jordan-Fenton
(artwork) © 2011 Liz Amini-Holmes
Photography credits appear on page 122.

Annick Press Ltd.

All rights reserved. No part of this work covered by the copyrights hereon may be reproduced or used in any form or by any means—graphic, electronic, or mechanical—without prior written permission of the publisher.

Edited by Maggie de Vries
Copyedited by Pam Robertson
Proofread by Gillian Watts
Cover and interior design by Lisa Hemingway
Cover and interior illustrations by Liz Amini-Holmes

Cataloging in Publication

Jordan-Fenton, Christy

A stranger at home: a true story / Christy Jordan-Fenton & Margaret Pokiak-Fenton ; artwork by Liz Amini-Holmes.

Sequel to: *Fatty legs*.

ISBN 978-1-55451-362-8 (bound).—ISBN 978-1-55451-361-1 (pbk)

1. Pokiak-Fenton, Margaret—Childhood and youth—Juvenile literature. 2. Inuit—Canada—Residential schools—Juvenile literature. 3. Inuit women—Biography—Juvenile literature. I. Pokiak-Fenton, Margaret II. Amini-Holmes, Liz III. Title.

E96.5.J652 2011 J371.829'9712071 C2011-902079-3

We acknowledge the support of the Canada Council for the Arts, the Ontario Arts Council, and the Government of Canada through the Book Publishing Industry Development Program (BPIDP) for our publishing activities.



Printed and bound in China.

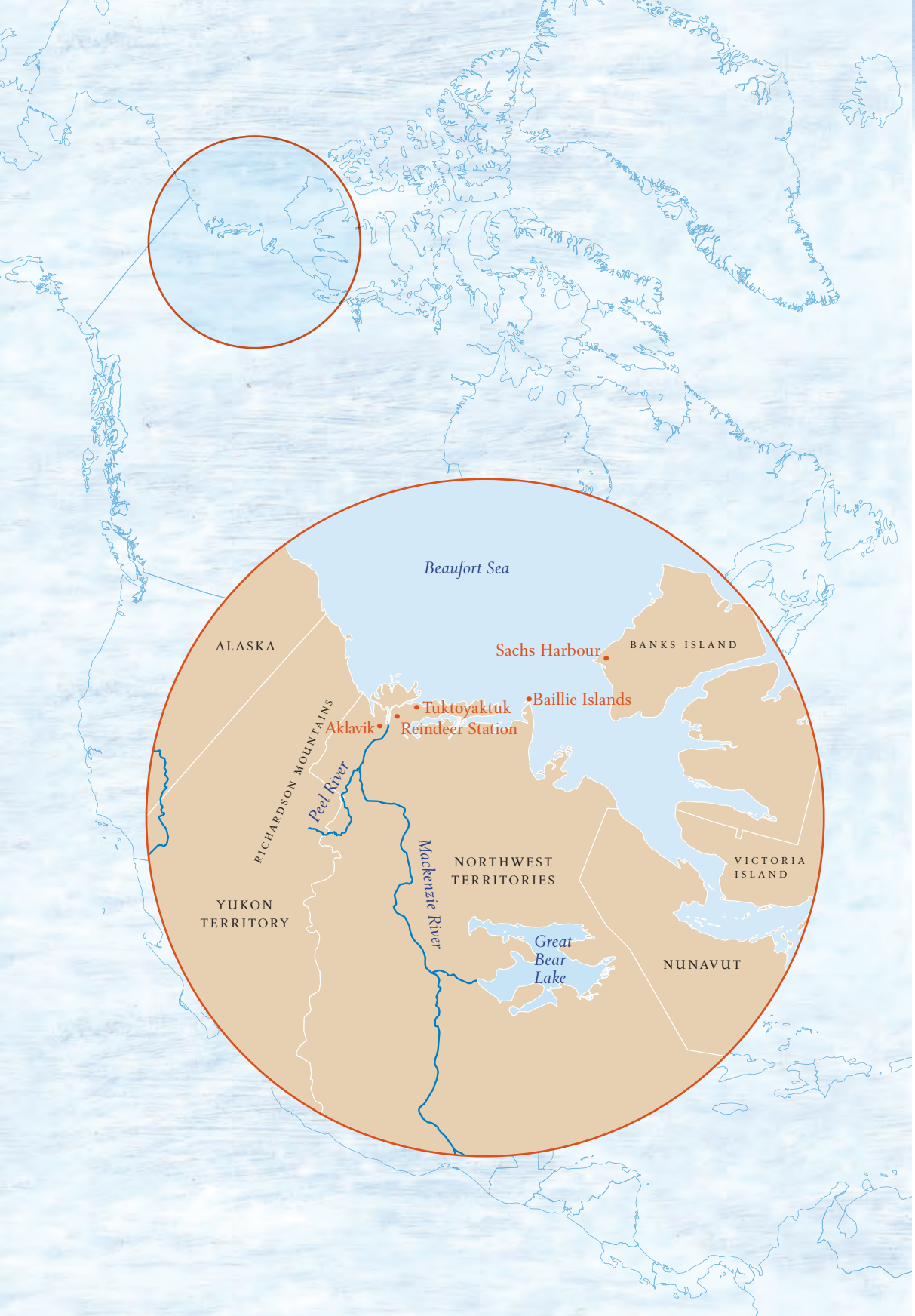
Published in the U.S.A. by Annick Press (U.S.) Ltd.	Distributed in Canada by Firefly Books Ltd. 66 Leek Crescent Richmond Hill, ON L4B 1H1	Distributed in the U.S.A. by Firefly Books (U.S.) Inc. P.O. Box 1338 Ellicott Station Buffalo, NY 14205
--	--	---

VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT WWW.ANNICKPRESS.COM

VISIT LIZ AMINI-HOLMES AT WWW.LUNAVILLA.COM

Introduction

MY NAME IS OLEMAUN Pokiak—that’s OO-lee-mawn. Such a name probably sounds strange to you. I can understand, because there was a time in my life when it sounded strange to me, too. Would you believe that at one point I could scarcely remember my own name or even speak the same language as my mother? Well, it’s true. The outsiders had locked my tongue with the spell of their “education.” But I was named for a stone that sharpens a knife, and I was strong. I could not be worn down.



Beaufort Sea

ALASKA

Sachs Harbour

BANKS ISLAND

Aklavik

Tuktoyaktuk
Reindeer Station

Baillie Islands

RICHARDSON MOUNTAINS
Peel River

Mackenzie River

NORTHWEST
TERRITORIES

VICTORIA ISLAND

YUKON
TERRITORY

Great
Bear
Lake

NUNAVUT

Chapter ONE

THE BOAT CRUNCHED to a stop against the shore. My fingers gripped into the side of it as I propelled my body over the edge. “No,” I heard my friend Agnes call with a restrained cry. The shore was packed with people, though Tuktoyaktuk was very small. I pushed through the crowd, my canvas shoes rolling on the tiny pebbles as I searched for my family. It had been so long since I had seen them.

I HEARD A VOICE I recognized—it was my mother’s. She was speaking to my siblings. I turned and followed it, making my way through the throng to where she stood, with my two-year-old brother Ernest tied to her back and my sisters Mabel and Elizabeth still looking up at the boat for me to disembark. I wondered why my father had not run to meet me the minute my feet hit the shore, but he was not with them. I stood proudly before my mother and siblings and waited for them to rush toward me.

My mother gave me a strange look, as if to question why I was standing before her. I smiled, but she crossed her arms and shook her head. “Not my girl. Not *my* girl,” she shouted up to the dark-cloaked brothers in the only English I had ever heard her speak.

I turned around to look at them where they stood, perched like birds of prey at the rail of the *Immaculata*. Their beady eyes studied me. If my mother didn’t recognize me, I was certain that at any moment they would pounce on me and carry me back to their outsiders’ nest up the Mackenzie Delta.



See photo
on page 110.

