

Intervention: Master 1

***Memories of Mooshoom
and Noohkoom*** (A Métis Story)

By Amanda Norton and Jillian Laursen

When I was a young girl, I would go up north to visit my Mooshoom (grandfather) and Noohkoom (grandmother). Many of my fondest memories are when we would go fishing together.

My Mooshoom would throw out his net; it was amazing. He would catch 40 or more fish in a morning. My siblings and I would line up the fish. We counted them by 2s to help us count faster. The fish just kept coming in.

My Noohkoom would take two fish and put them on two birch branches. She would cook them on the open fire. With the fish, we always ate Noohkoom's famous bannock.

While Noohkoom was making lunch, we would help Mooshoom clean the fish. We put them in packages of 5 to sell when we returned to the city.