

ENJOY THE *View (Inside)!*



THE SCHEDULE



Siha Tooskin Knows the Gifts of His People
Transportation, housing, agriculture, communications... there are so many modern conveniences. But are they really modern? Where did they come from?



Siha Tooskin Knows the Sacred Eagle Feather
For as long as Paul can remember there have been eagle feathers around him... but how did they come to be in all of those places in his life?



Siha Tooskin Knows the Strength of His Hair
Where can you find strength when someone disrespects you? And what does having strength really mean?



Siha Tooskin Knows the Catcher of Dreams
A new baby due any day AND a visit from his grandparents! Siha Tooskin (Paul) takes his expert bike riding to a whole new level to make sure he doesn't miss a thing.



Siha Tooskin Knows the Nature of Life
Rocks, grass, trees, birds—what can they possibly teach human beings?

Join us on an excursion through eight of our brand-new early chapter books.

As you view (inside), refer to The Schedule for a sense of what to expect on the tour.

Let us know if you enjoyed the scenery by sharing your thoughts at #HWPviewinside or by filling in the survey on your Boarding Pass at the end of your journey.

Bon voyage!



Enjoy the View (Inside)!

For grades 3–6
(early chapter books)

The Siha Tooskin Knows series uses vivid narratives and dazzling illustrations in contemporary settings to share stories about an 11-year-old Nakota boy. Siha Tooskin (Paul) is learning about his identity and developing a sense of cultural responsibility through the teachings, practices, and values of his Nakota family.

THE SCHEDULE



Siha Tooskin Knows the Gifts of His People

Transportation, housing, agriculture, communications...there are so many modern conveniences. But are they really modern? Where did they come from?



Siha Tooskin Knows the Sacred Eagle Feather

For as long as Paul can remember there have been eagle feathers around him...but how did they come to be in all of those places in his life?



Siha Tooskin Knows the Strength of His Hair

Where can you find strength when someone disrespects you? And what does having strength really mean?



Siha Tooskin Knows the Catcher of Dreams

A new baby due any day AND a visit from his grandparents! Siha Tooskin (Paul) takes his expert bike riding to a whole new level to make sure he doesn't miss a thing.



Siha Tooskin Knows the Nature of Life

Rocks, grass, trees, birds—what can they possibly teach human beings?



Siha Tooskin Knows the Best Medicine

Antibiotics, bandages, cough syrup, ointment, pills...modern medicine has so much to offer when we get sick. But are medical science, health, and healing practices actually modern?



Siha Tooskin Knows the Offering of Tobacco

We can learn many things from the stars, the plants, the animals, and Ena Makoochay (Mother Earth) herself. But how do we show gratitude for the gifts we receive?



Siha Tooskin Knows the Love of the Dance

Thundering drums, rattling hooves, clinking jingles—come along with Paul, Jeff, and Uncle Lenard to the powwow!

SIHA TOOSKIN KNOWS

The Gifts of His People



Charlene Bearhead

Wilson Bearhead

Chloe Bluebird Mustooch



*Watch for this little plant!
It will grow as you read, and if you need a break,
it marks a good spot for a rest.*



Today Paul Wahasaypa didn't burst through the doors of the school and dash across the playground like he usually did when school finished at 3:30. Today Paul's head seemed to be floating in the clouds, even though his feet were still taking him on the same path that he took every day when he left school.

Paul's dad was waiting outside the school like he always did on the days that he got off work early. He watched his son walking thoughtfully down the sidewalk. He knew that Paul must have something really important on his mind. His son didn't even notice him standing there!

“Siha Tooskin,” called Ade as his son walked right past him on the sidewalk, “I walk all this way to pick you up from school and you forget to take me home with you?”

Paul looked up at Ade and laughed. “I was just testing you to see if you were watching for me,” he said. He was actually laughing at himself because he really had not even noticed his dad standing there. Usually Paul’s mom picked him up at school, but it was also a treat to walk home together whenever Paul and his dad got the chance.

“So what problems of the world are you so busy thinking about, Michish?” Ade was genuinely curious. “Climate change, fair trade, how they get the marshmallow inside those chocolate cookies that you like?”

“No problems, Ade. I’m just thinking about what I’ll take to school tomorrow. Today in health class we talked about where different foods come from. You know how potatoes are from the Irish

people and kiwi fruit is from New Zealand... anyway, tomorrow we are supposed to bring a healthy snack that comes from our culture, but I don't know what to take. Usually people ask me if Mom can make bannock when we have to bring food from our culture. Do you think bannock is healthy, dad?"

"Well actually, Michish," Ade replied, "bannock isn't really a food that came from our people. Even though some Nations had their own forms of bread before European contact, we adopted bannock from early Scottish settlers when they came to this land. Yes, we love it and it has become part of our culture, but too much bannock has also contributed to diabetes in our people—probably because it is not one of our traditional foods."

Ade continued, "Now that potato you said was from the Irish, that is something you could take as an example of our cultural food. The white potato is a food that was domesticated by

First Nations people long, long ago—in Peru, I believe.”

Paul looked at his dad with a wide-eyed stare that then turned to a puzzled look. “What is domesticated?”

“It means that people took plants that grew naturally on the land and moved them to a place where they would cultivate and control the environment that the plants grew in. Essentially, that’s what farmers do with their crops and gardens,” his dad explained. “First Nations people





in many different parts of Ena Makoochay domesticated many different foods. Lots of foods that people don't even think about as native to this land come from us...green beans, tomatoes, avocados, squash, artichokes, and pumpkins. Turkey, too!"

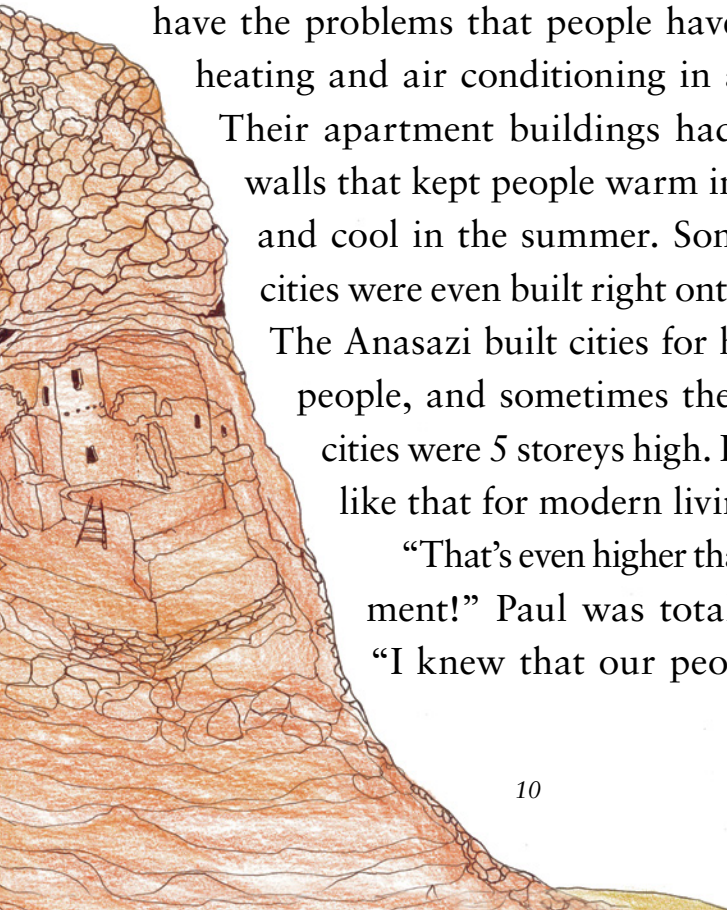
Ade smiled. "Those are all foods that grew naturally on the land in different areas before anyone ever thought to domesticate them. That is the way with many things, Siha Tooskin. Our people invented and discovered many things long before the Europeans came here."



“You see that apartment building you pass every day on the way to school and back? People call this modern living but it’s not. The Anasazi people of what is now called New Mexico built huge apartment cities from stone, clay, and pine trees thousands of years ago. Even though people consider that ‘ancient times,’ the Anasazi didn’t have the problems that people have now with heating and air conditioning in apartments.

Their apartment buildings had thick clay walls that kept people warm in the winter and cool in the summer. Sometimes the cities were even built right onto cliff walls. The Anasazi built cities for hundreds of people, and sometimes the apartment cities were 5 storeys high. How do you like that for modern living?”

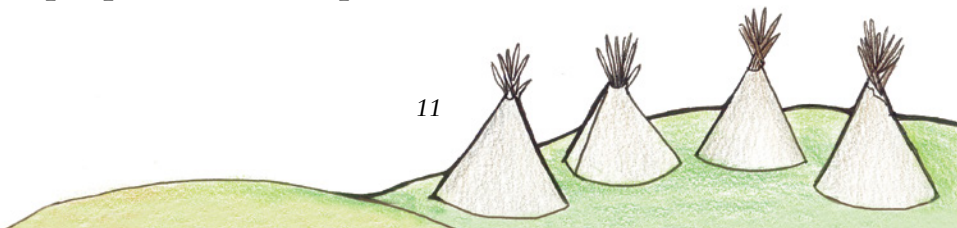
“That’s even higher than this apartment!” Paul was totally amazed. “I knew that our people used to



live in big tipi villages and moved around a lot, but I didn't know that some First Nations lived in cities."

"You know about the tipi villages because that is how our people lived on the plains. We hunted buffalo and moved around to provide food for our families and take care of the land. That was our way of life. There are many non-Indigenous people who think only of tipis when they think about the original homes of First Nations. There were hundreds of different Nations and different tribes on Ena Makoochay before the Europeans came. Their ways of life were different than ours so their homes were different than ours."

Ade explained, "Our people moved to follow the buffalo so we needed homes that we could take with us. The Anasazi did not move so their permanent cliff homes were perfect for them. Some First Peoples on the west coast lived in big wooden dwellings called longhouses. Today most people live in one place in homes that are made



Glossary

Ade	Dad
Ena	Mom
Ena Makoochay	Mother Earth
Michish	Old Man
Mitoshin	Grandfather
Siha Tooskin	Little Foot (siha is foot; tooskin is little)
Wayasaypa	Bear head

A note on use of the Nakota language in this book series from Wilson Bearhead:

The Nakota dialect used in this series is the Nakota language as taught to Wilson by his grandmother Annie Bearhead and used in Wabamun Lake First Nation. Wilson and Charlene have chosen to spell the Nakota words in this series phonetically as Nakota was never a written language. Any form of written Nakota language that currently exists has been developed in conjunction with linguists who use a Eurocentric construct.

Transportation, housing, agriculture, communications...there are so many modern conveniences. But are they really modern? Where did they really come from?

Paul Wahasaypa—Siha Tooskin—will learn about their origins and more on his walk home from school with Ade (his father). There's so much to learn about the earliest forms of technology, travel, medicine, and food from right here on Turtle Island. Come along with Paul and Ade to hear all about the gifts of his people.

SIHA TOOSKIN KNOWS

Siha Tooskin Knows the Gifts of His People
Siha Tooskin Knows the Sacred Eagle Feather
Siha Tooskin Knows the Strength of His Hair
Siha Tooskin Knows the Catcher of Dreams
Siha Tooskin Knows the Nature of Life
Siha Tooskin Knows the Best Medicine
Siha Tooskin Knows the Offering of Tobacco
Siha Tooskin Knows the Love of the Dance

The Siha Tooskin Knows series uses vivid narratives and dazzling illustrations in contemporary settings to share stories about an 11-year-old Nakota boy.

\$11.95

HIGHWATER
PRESS 



SIHA TOOSKIN KNOWS

The Sacred Eagle Feather



Charlene Bearhead

Wilson Bearhead

Chloe Bluebird Mustooch



Watch for this little plant!
It will grow as you read, and if you need a break,
it marks a good spot for a rest.



When Paul Wahasaypa woke up in the cozy spare bedroom at Mugoshin and Mitoshin's house the sun was shining brightly through the little square window above his bed. He always woke up earlier when he was visiting his grandparents. He loved how their home was not close to any other houses.

One of his favourite things about being out in the country was having the trees all around him. It was so different from his home in the city. Paul liked to “get up with the birds” as Mugoshin always said. Even though he would wake up early, Paul



would always linger in bed with the star blanket pulled up under his chin. He loved the feeling he would get as he lay there listening to the sounds of the birds and the crickets and taking in the smell of the mint tea brewing and the bannock baking.

This morning was no different. As soon as the smell of the bannock got the best of him, he

threw back the blankets and jumped out of bed to get dressed.

When Paul got to the kitchen Mugoshin was there making breakfast and setting the dishes out on the table. No matter how early Paul got up he found that Mugoshin had always been up long enough to boil the mint tea, get the bannock in the oven, and wash the dishes. It came as no surprise that she was ready to scramble his eggs when he got up on this day.

Mugoshin looked up from the table and smiled at her sleepy grandson as he entered the kitchen. “Good morning, mitowjin. Did you have a good sleep?”

“Yeah, I did,” Paul answered as he pushed aside some wisps of hair that had come loose from his braid while he was sleeping.

“That’s good,” Mugoshin responded as she turned back to her work. “I bet you’re hungry. Pour yourself some juice while I cook you some eggs. Mitoshin will be back from his walk soon and

ready to leave right away.” Of course, Mitoshin had already been up, eaten his breakfast, and started his day. Paul always wondered why people said that over the years you get old and tired because his grandparents were always awake and working in the morning before people younger than them.

“Don’t you ever sleep in, Mugoshin?” Paul asked as he watched his grandmother washing the dishes and putting the rest of the eggs back in the fridge. “You must be tired because you are always doing something and I never see you sleep.”

Mugoshin laughed at her grandson’s confusion. “If you want to stay well like Mitoshin and me you need to get up with the sun, mitowjin. The Creator gives us the daytime to take care of our homes, gather our food, and take care of all of the things necessary for living a good life. We get up with the sun and give thanks to the Ade Waka, Ena Makoochay, the plant people, the four-legged people, and the winged people before we start our



own work for the day. They all give of themselves so that we can live.”

“If you remember that when you are choosing your food you will also live well. Our traditional foods are medicines for our bodies. We have always eaten the fish, moose meat, deer, elk, prairie chickens, and the other animals from this area. We eat the strawberries, raspberries, saskatoons, and blueberries that grow here. Ena Makoochay provides the people of the land with all that we need to survive and be healthy.”

“It’s when we eat too much processed food and fast food that we get sick. Those are not foods from our natural environment. When our people eat too much of that kind of food they get diabetes and other illnesses. That is what makes people tired and low in energy. So you might want to slow down on the bannock, Siha Tooskin,” Mugoshin added as she raised her eyebrows. “I know it’s delicious but it can be too much of a good thing.”

Paul pulled his hand back—he had just been reaching for another piece of bannock when his grandmother’s words intercepted him. Paul reflected on Mugoshin’s words of wisdom. He knew from experience that she was right about the food. Sometimes after Paul had eaten too much junk food at a birthday party or a movie, he would feel like he was going to be sick and he just wanted to lie down and sleep.

This morning he had enjoyed a good breakfast and he was excited. He didn’t know where he was going to go with Mitoshin but it didn’t matter. Whenever Paul got to spend time with Mitoshin he always ended up learning something awesome.

Just as Paul was finishing up his last bite of bannock with a bowl of Mugoshin’s warmed-up blueberries, the door opened and Mitoshin walked into the kitchen. “You finally awake, old man?” he asked Paul in a teasing tone. “I know you old guys need your rest so I let you sleep while

Glossary

Ade Waka	Spirit Father or Creator
Ena Makoochay	Mother Earth
Mitoshin	Grandfather
Mitowjin	My grandchild
Mugoshin	Grandmother
Wahasaypa	Bear head

A note on use of the Nakota language in this book series from Wilson Bearhead:

The Nakota dialect used in this series is the Nakota language as taught to Wilson by his grandmother Annie Bearhead and used in Wabamun Lake First Nation. Wilson and Charlene have chosen to spell the Nakota words in this series phonetically as Nakota was never a written language. Any form of written Nakota language that currently exists has been developed in conjunction with linguists who use a Eurocentric construct.

For as long as Paul could remember
there were eagle feathers around
him...but how had they come to be
in all of those places in his life?

Paul Wahasappa—Siha Tooskin—already knows that the eagle is important because of the way that his family respects and cares for eagle feathers. Now he's old enough for the teachings of where the feathers come from and why they are so sacred. Walk with Paul and Mitoshin (his grandfather) so you too will understand the teaching of the sacred eagle feather.

SIHA TOOSKIN KNOWS

Siha Tooskin Knows the Gifts of His People
Siha Tooskin Knows the Sacred Eagle Feather
Siha Tooskin Knows the Strength of His Hair
Siha Tooskin Knows the Catcher of Dreams
Siha Tooskin Knows the Nature of Life
Siha Tooskin Knows the Best Medicine
Siha Tooskin Knows the Offering of Tobacco
Siha Tooskin Knows the Love of the Dance

The Siha Tooskin Knows series uses vivid narratives and dazzling illustrations in contemporary settings to share stories about an 11-year-old Nakota boy.

\$11.95



SIHA TOOSKIN KNOWS

The Strength of His Hair



Charlene Bearhead

Wilson Bearhead

Chloe Bluebird Mustooch



Watch for this little plant!
It will grow as you read, and if you need a break,
it marks a good spot for a rest.



Paul Wahasaypa's Mitoshin watched with amusement as his grandson carried firewood across the yard. Paul would carefully pick up one piece of wood at a time, inspect it to make sure it was fit for the wood pile, then carry each piece from the chopping block to the storage bin beside the house. As he arrived at the bin Paul would place each piece of wood with great care, as if he were creating a great work of art.

"Siha Tooskin," Mitoshin called out to his grandson with a gentle smile. "Why do you move so slow? You didn't move that slow when we were getting ready to go fishing yesterday."



Paul looked at Mitoshin but he didn't smile back. He only nodded his head to show that he had heard Mitoshin and then kept walking. He moved a little more quickly, but not exactly at the speed of light.

"We have to work faster today," said Mitoshin. "It's almost time to take you home." Paul knew

that he had to get back home now that spring break was over. He had to start at his new school the next morning.

“Your mom will not be happy with me if I get you back too late for your first day of school,” Mitoshin teased. “She might make me go in with you to explain to your teacher why you are so late. I am way too old to go back to school, Siha Tooskin.”

Paul nodded. Once again, he did not smile. He just kept hauling the wood to the bin. “Aren’t you happy to go home to see your mom and dad, Siha Tooskin?” Mitoshin asked, as he began to stack up wood in his own arms to help his grandson. “I thought you would be excited to start at your new school and to make new friends. That must be more exciting than carrying firewood around the yard with an old man.”

“I liked my old school,” answered Paul. “I wish my mom and dad didn’t have to move to the new house. I know my mom wants a bigger

house because a new baby is on the way,” Paul said with an understanding tone. “I could have shared my room with the baby. That would be better than moving to a new school. I’d even share my room with Danny, even though he always gets into my stuff.”

Then Paul turned to Mitoshin and his eyes brightened as though a light bulb had actually turned on inside his head. “Maybe I could just stay with you and Mugoshin.”

Now Mitoshin knew something was wrong, because as much as Paul loved to visit he was always ready to go home to see his parents and little brother Danny again after a week or two.

Mitoshin placed his load of wood in the bin and sat down on a large section of white poplar nearby. “Pull up a stump, Siha Tooskin. You must be tired from all of those heavy loads of wood that you carried,” he teased. He motioned to his grandson and pointed at another wood block on the ground beside him. Then Mitoshin’s face

changed and he took a more serious tone. “I would be happy to have you here with me, Mitowjin, but not if you are trying to hide from something at home.”

“What is bothering you, Siha Tooskin? You know us old men can always talk to each other when something is heavy on our hearts or our minds,” he coaxed with his knowing smile.

Paul sat with his head down for a minute as he considered Mitoshin’s words. After a few minutes he raised his eyes and admitted, “I already met one of the boys on my new street before I came here, Mitoshin. When we were moving our stuff into the house the other day I saw a boy playing ball hockey in front of his garage. He was by himself shooting the ball into a net in his driveway, so when I rode my bike past his house I waved at him, then stopped to see if he wanted someone else to play ball hockey with. He looked like he was about my age and I thought maybe he would be in my class at my new school.”



Then Paul looked down at the ground between his shoes. “The boy just made a face at me and said he didn’t like girls. I told him I’m a boy and my name is Paul, so he would know that he could still play with me even if he only hangs out with boys. He just laughed at me and said I look like a girl with my braids.”

Paul looked up sadly at his grandfather. “I don’t want to go to school with people like that, Mitoshin.”



Mitoshin nodded to show that he understood his grandson's feelings but he was not upset like Paul was. "Siha Tooskin..." Mitoshin was speaking in his usual gentle and caring tone. As strong as Mitoshin could be, Paul was always so grateful for the kindness that his voice carried whenever Paul needed it most. "You should pity this boy. You should not hide from him or hate him."

Paul was surprised at his grandfather's suggestion. "You think I should pity him when he made fun of me and hurt my feelings!"

"He does these things because he doesn't know any better, Siha Tooskin," Mitoshin explained. "This boy does not understand how to respect other people. You should pity him and even pray for him. Pray that the people who love him will learn more so that they can teach him to respect himself and others. That is what we have taught you to do, Siha Tooskin."

Glossary

Ade	Mom
Ena	Dad
Mitoshin	Grandfather
Mugoshin	Grandmother
Siha Tooskin	Little Foot (siha is foot; tooskin is little)
Wahasaypa	Bear head

A note on use of the Nakota language in this book series from Wilson Bearhead:

The Nakota dialect used in this series is the Nakota language as taught to Wilson by his grandmother Annie Bearhead and used in Wabamun Lake First Nation. Wilson and Charlene have chosen to spell the Nakota words in this series phonetically as Nakota was never a written language. Any form of written Nakota language that currently exists has been developed in conjunction with linguists who use a Eurocentric construct.

Where can you find strength when someone disrespects you? And what does having strength really mean?

Paul Wahasaypa—Siha Tooskin—has learned from Ena (his mom) and Ade (his dad) to maintain a strong mind, heart, and spirit. Though starting at a new school can be hard, especially when the kids there have never experienced the values and culture of the Nakota people. Join Paul as Mitoshin (his grandfather) helps remind him how strength of character can be found in the strength of his hair.

SIHA TOOSKIN KNOWS

Siha Tooskin Knows the Gifts of His People
Siha Tooskin Knows the Sacred Eagle Feather
Siha Tooskin Knows the Strength of His Hair
Siha Tooskin Knows the Catcher of Dreams
Siha Tooskin Knows the Nature of Life
Siha Tooskin Knows the Best Medicine
Siha Tooskin Knows the Offering of Tobacco
Siha Tooskin Knows the Love of the Dance

The Siha Tooskin Knows series uses vivid narratives and dazzling illustrations in contemporary settings to share stories about an 11-year-old Nakota boy.

\$11.95

HIGHWATER
PRESS 



SIHA TOOSKIN KNOWS

The Catcher of Dreams



Charlene Bearhead

Wilson Bearhead

Chloe Bluebird Mustooch



Watch for this little plant!
It will grow as you read, and if you need a break,
it marks a good spot for a rest.



Like a flash of lightning Paul Wahasaypa zipped up the sidewalk and onto the lawn. He jumped off of the blue peddle bike that he was riding and began sprinting towards the front door of his house.

As he dashed past the hedge that separated his family's yard from the one next door, Paul's hand shot up into the air and waved to his new neighbour, Mrs. Carter. She was out checking her mailbox when Paul arrived home. Paul's dad always joked that even though the mail carrier came at the same time every day, Mrs. Carter checked her mailbox at least ten times a day so she could see what everyone in the neighbourhood was doing. Today she lingered an extra-long time

at the mailbox as she watched Paul dart across the grass like a starved wolf chasing the last deer on the plains. Mrs. Carter was actually worried and wondered if everything was okay with Paul. She had never seen him racing towards his house like that and she hoped that no one was sick or hurt. For a brief moment she did take a quick glance down the street in case there was actually a starved wolf or coyote chasing Paul. That's when she realized what the emergency was. Paul wasn't



running away from a ravenous grizzly bear and he hadn't seen Shee-ah. Paul was running *towards* his house because he was excited.

As Mrs. Carter scanned the street for clues to solve this great mystery she noticed a light green pickup truck parked in front of Paul's house. Just then she remembered having seen two Elders getting out of that truck when she was out checking her mailbox an hour earlier. They had walked towards the



Wahasaypa home. As she thought back through all of her mailbox checks over the past few months, Mrs. Carter could only recall seeing this truck park on her street once or twice. Now she knew why Paul was in such a rush to get home. His Mitoshin and Mugoshin had come to visit. This must be a very special occasion. Mrs. Carter decided then and there that she would need to check the mailbox a few extra times today, so that she could find out exactly what the big deal was.

“Hi,” panted Paul as he stood in the doorway. He was grinning from ear to ear but really out of breath.

“Mitowjin,” acknowledged Mugoshin as she looked up from her work with a gentle smile. “How are you doing, my boy?”

“Good,” answered Paul. He was still a little out of breath and leaning against the doorway. “Where’s Mitoshin?”

“Oh, he went to get your little brother,” Mugoshin explained. She set her work down in



her lap and reached out to her grandson to motion that she wanted to give him a hug. “Auntie Robin took Danny home with her this morning so she could watch him until we got here.”



By now Paul’s energy had returned. He kicked off his shoes and rushed over to hug his Mugoshin.

“You ran all the way home?” she asked her grandson as she put her hands gently on his cheeks. “You’ve run so fast that you overheated.”

“I rode my bike,” answered Paul. “Mitoshin always tells me that I need to be aware of my surroundings if I’m going to be a good hunter, so I have to practise even when I’m in town. I was scanning the horizon from the top of the hill eight blocks away and I spotted a green speck that was out of place. Mitoshin always reminds me that we have to train our minds to watch for signs of changes in our environment. I had to dig back quite



a ways through my highly-trained mind,” Paul joked. “Of course, I knew in an instant that the green dot that I spotted from the end of the street was your truck, so I rode as fast as I could, zigging and zagging to avoid any possible danger along the way. At one point I’m pretty sure I passed a seagull in mid-flight, I was going so fast. I didn’t know you were coming to visit today, so I had to get here as fast as possible to find out what was happening.”



Glossary

Ade	Dad or father
Ena	Mom or mother
Ena Makoochay	Mother Earth
Mitoshin	Grandfather
Mitowjin	My grandchild
Mugoshin	Grandmother
Shee-ah	Monster
Siha Tooskin	Little Foot (siha is foot; tooskin is little)
Wayasaypa	Bear head

A note on use of the Nakota language in this book series from Wilson Bearhead:

The Nakota dialect used in this series is the Nakota language as taught to Wilson by his grandmother Annie Bearhead and used in Wabamun Lake First Nation. Wilson and Charlene have chosen to spell the Nakota words in this series phonetically as Nakota was never a written language. Any form of written Nakota language that currently exists has been developed in conjunction with linguists who use a Eurocentric construct.

A new baby due any day AND a visit from his grandparents!

Siha Tooskin (Paul) takes his expert bike riding to a whole new level to make sure he doesn't miss a thing. At home, Mugoshin (Grandmother) is creating a very special gift to protect the precious little one. Join Paul as he enjoys delicious bannock, imagines the future of a new baby sister, and listens to Mugoshin's teachings about the catcher of dreams.

SIHA TOOSKIN KNOWS

Siha Tooskin Knows the Gifts of His People
Siha Tooskin Knows the Sacred Eagle Feather
Siha Tooskin Knows the Strength of His Hair
Siha Tooskin Knows the Catcher of Dreams
Siha Tooskin Knows the Nature of Life
Siha Tooskin Knows the Best Medicine
Siha Tooskin Knows the Offering of Tobacco
Siha Tooskin Knows the Love of the Dance

The Siha Tooskin Knows series uses vivid narratives and dazzling illustrations in contemporary settings to share stories about an 11-year-old Nakota boy.

\$11.95



SIHA TOOSKIN KNOWS

The Nature of Life



Charlene Bearhead

Wilson Bearhead

Chloe Bluebird Mustooch



Watch for this little plant!
It will grow as you read, and if you need a break,
it marks a good spot for a rest.



Today was a day that Paul Wahasaypa had been looking forward to for some time. He wasn't going to ride the roller coaster at the fair. He wasn't going skydiving. He wasn't even going to a powwow with Uncle Lenard. This was the first time in months that Paul was going to have a chance to go for a walk in the woods with his mom.

Some people would say that was totally uncool for an 11-year-old boy, but Paul figured that those people were fools. He knew how much knowledge and wisdom his mom had and he never lost sight of the importance of family.

Paul's mom had decided it was time to take all three of her children to spend time together with their grandparents. Ena had been really busy with baby Laura for the first few months since she was born. Paul didn't mind because he was so happy to have a baby sister, although he did miss all the good talks and learning from Ena. Paul knew, just as Ade and Mitoshin knew, that the women owned half of the teachings. If Paul wanted to grow to be a wise man he needed to learn all that he could from all of his Elders. Plus, Ena was just fun to hang out with sometimes. The part that made today especially awesome was that Ena had brought all three of her children out to spend a few weeks with Mugoshin and Mitoshin for summer holidays. Paul knew that Ena was just as happy to spend time with him while Mugoshin spent some time with her new granddaughter.

Today Danny had gone to town with Mitoshin to pick up oil for the lawn mower and to get

some supplies that Mugoshin needed, so this was perfect. Laura was with Mugoshin and Danny was with Mitoshin, so Paul and Ena could go for that walk along the river, which was something they both loved to do in the summertime.

Paul walked around the back yard for a bit while he waited for Ena to come out. He was really happy to be out of the city. He loved the sound of the wind in the leaves. He could hear the screech of a hawk in the distance. The air smelled clean and the sun felt good on his face. Paul knew it took Ena a lot longer to get ready now that she had three children to look after, but he didn't mind at all. He loved having a baby sister. It was different for him now than it had been when Danny was born. Paul remembered being jealous of Danny and wanting the same amount of attention he had enjoyed before Danny came along. It was almost unbelievable to think that Danny was already old enough to go to town with Mitoshin to help him



pick up oil for the lawn mower. As Paul thought back he suddenly realized that he himself was going to be a man soon. In that case he had better stop wandering around listening to the wind and the birds and carry some of that firewood from the pile by the chopping block over to the bin at the front door. That way Ena would see just how long he had been waiting for her. Yes, he would make this look good.

Paul was on his third load of firewood when he heard the door open. Ena came out with her runners still in her hand. She closed the door gently and looked towards Paul before sitting down on the step to put her shoes on. Paul made a point of swiping his forehead with the back of his hand as if wiping sweat away because of all his hard work. “That should hold Mugoshin for a while,” he said casually as he walked over towards Ena. She looked up at Paul with a smile. “I just got baby girl to sleep,” she whispered. “I don’t want to wake her up before we even get started.” Paul was rather amused. He knew that Mugoshin wouldn’t mind at all because she loved snuggling the babies.

“Come on,” Ena said to Paul as she walked down the stairs and headed in the direction of the woods. “I’ll take you on the walk that Mitoshin used to take me on when I was your age.” Usually when one of his parents said “when I was your age,” that meant it was time to teach him something new.

Paul didn't want to spoil it for Ena by reminding her that he had been on this walk before with her and with Mitoshin. Who knew, maybe the "when I was your age" part meant that there was something new for Paul to learn. Now that would be cool. Paul set the last load of wood down in the bin and hurried to catch up to Ena.



Ena looked happy as they began to make their way down the trail towards the river. "I love it out here, Michish," she told her son with a smile. "No matter how old I get this walk always reminds me of the teachings I got from Mitoshin when I was a girl. These are teachings that still help me in my life every day. The stories and the teachings are what make us who we are. I want you and Danny and Laura to know these things too. You're the oldest so you have a responsibility to help to guide your brother

and your sister. One day you will be a father, an uncle, and even a grandfather. That seems like a long way off, but it will come sooner than you think. These teachings will keep you strong and grounded as you grow up and travel that road.”

Soon Paul and Ena happened upon a clump of tall white birch trees. Ena stopped walking and looked up towards the treetops. “Look at these beautiful trees, Michish. They are so straight and tall. When I was your age I remember that they seemed to reach all the way to the sky.” Paul knew what Ena meant. Now that he was older he was almost as tall as Ena, but when he was a little boy the trees had seemed to actually touch the clouds.

“Mitoshin told me that the trees are like the arms of Ena Makoochay reaching towards the Creator, Waka.” Ena raised her arms to show Paul what she meant about the trees. “He told me that when I see the trees they will remind me to always reach out to Waka for guidance and help to live my life in a good way.”



“Do your arms get tired from reaching out to the Creator all the time, Ena?” Paul asked. “I think I’m pretty strong but sometimes Mitoshin can pray for a loonnnggg time. I don’t say anything but sometimes my arms get really tired. I don’t want him to think I’m a baby, so I just keep holding on and praying harder.”

“No, Michish,” Ena laughed. “When I say ‘reach out to Waka’ I mean with your prayers and with your thoughts. Sometimes we lift our hands to the Creator when we are doing a prayer together, but you can talk to Waka in your mind and your heart anytime, anywhere.”

“Hmmm,” Paul acknowledged with a nod. He was deep in thought about what Ena had just shared with him about the trees and their teachings. It occurred to Paul that the trees must be Ena Makoochay’s arms. “Wow,” Paul thought to himself, “Ena Makoochay sure has a lot of arms. I guess that makes sense because she is everyone’s

Glossary

Ade	Dad
Black Robe	Some First Nations people used this term for priests
Ena	Mom
Ena Makoochay	Mother Earth
Michish	My son
Mitoshin	Grandfather
Mitowjin	My grandchild
Mugoshin	Grandmother
Siha Tooskin	Little Foot
Waka	Creator or God
Wahasaypa	Bear head

A note on use of the Nakota language in this book series from Wilson Bearhead:

The Nakota dialect used in this series is the Nakota language as taught to Wilson by his grandmother Annie Bearhead and used in Wabamun Lake First Nation. Wilson and Charlene have chosen to spell the Nakota words in this series phonetically as Nakota was never a written language. Any form of written Nakota language that currently exists has been developed in conjunction with linguists who use a Eurocentric construct.

Rocks, grass, trees, birds—what can they possibly teach human beings?

Paul Wahasaypa knows that Ena Makoochay (Mother Earth) gives us many things. On this compelling nature journey with Ena (his mom), we learn how strength, generosity, kindness, and humility are all shown to us by grandfather rocks, towering trees, four-legged ones, and winged ones, reminding us of the part we have to play in this amazing creation. Join Paul and Ena as they experience the beautiful nature of life.

SIHA TOOSKIN KNOWS

Siha Tooskin Knows the Gifts of His People
Siha Tooskin Knows the Sacred Eagle Feather
Siha Tooskin Knows the Strength of His Hair
Siha Tooskin Knows the Catcher of Dreams
Siha Tooskin Knows the Nature of Life
Siha Tooskin Knows the Best Medicine
Siha Tooskin Knows the Offering of Tobacco
Siha Tooskin Knows the Love of the Dance

The Siha Tooskin Knows series uses vivid narratives and dazzling illustrations in contemporary settings to share stories about an 11-year-old Nakota boy.

\$11.95

HIGHWATER
PRESS 



SIHA TOOSKIN KNOWS

The Best Medicine



Charlene Bearhead

Wilson Bearhead

Chloe Bluebird Mustooch



Watch for this little plant!
It will grow as you read, and if you need a break,
it marks a good spot for a rest.



It was a cold and snowy winter day, but Paul Wahasaypa didn't even notice the weather. Paul didn't notice much of anything as he slipped in and out of sleep. He was in the hospital and not feeling well at all. Paul had started to feel sick a few days ago so his mom took him to the clinic. The doctor told Paul to stay home from school until he was feeling better. Though he didn't start to feel better. In fact, he just kept feeling weaker and weaker, so after a couple of days his mom and dad took him to the hospital.

The doctor was still doing some tests to see what was wrong with Paul. Ade had stayed all night with him while Ena went home to take care of Danny and Baby Laura. The whole family was very concerned about Paul. Ade had even taken a few days off work until the situation improved. He also had protocols in mind that he knew would help his son. Ade told Paul that he had to head home to do a few things and that Ena would be coming over soon. He wanted Paul to try to eat some breakfast and rest a bit more while he was gone.

Soon after the food service staff had taken Paul's tray away the door to his room opened again. In walked Mugoshin and Ena, smiling at Paul. Paul tried to put on a brave front and look as though he was doing better so his mom and grandmother wouldn't worry. The truth was that Paul was as happy to see Ena and Mugoshin as they were to see him.

"Aba washdinno Mitowjin." Mugoshin greeted her grandson with a kiss on his cheek. Ena also



came over to give Paul a hug. She placed her hand on his forehead to check his temperature. “How are you feeling, Michish?” Ena asked. Paul just shrugged. He didn’t feel much better but he kept hoping that would happen soon.



Mugoshin had set her bag down on the little table beside Paul’s bed. She sat down in the chair beside

the bed and took his hand in her hands. Mugoshin examined Paul's face thoroughly, looking to see what might be draining his energy. She stroked his hair gently for a while as she listened to his description of how he was feeling and what he was experiencing.

“Your mom called us yesterday, Siha Tooskin. She was very worried. She told us that the doctors are trying to help you, but your parents also know that our own healing ways are important. Your mom told us how much difficulty the doctors are having in trying to diagnose what is wrong, so she and your dad thought the doctors might need some help from us as well.”


“Nitoshin is at home doing ceremony for you right now. He and your uncles will prepare the grandfather rocks and ask the Creator to help bring you back to good health. I know you are growing up and are on the path to becoming a strong young man, Siha Tooskin. Yet in some



ways, you are still a child, Mitowjin, and you need the healing medicine that comes from the grandmothers.”

“I have boiled some medicine for you from the plants that I gather each summer and fall. I gather these plants to take care of my children





and grandchildren. I do this so that I can make this medicine even in the time of the snow when I cannot get to these plants. When you drink this remember that your belief and gratitude, along with the medicine itself, will help your body to heal itself. Before there were settler doctors like the ones you see in the clinic and hospitals today, the pediatricians were the women: the mothers, grandmothers, and aunties in our communities. Your dad stayed with the little ones this morning so your mom and I could come here to give you medicine. He is doing his part at home as well.

Glossary

Ade	Dad or father
Ade Waka	Spirit Father or Creator
Aba washdinno	Good day
Ena	Mom or mother
Ena Makoochay	Mother Earth
Michish	My son
Mitoshin	My grandfather
Mitowjin	My grandchild
Mugoshin	My grandmother
Nitoshin	Your grandfather
Nigoshin	Your grandmother
Siha Tooskin	Little foot
Waka	Spirit or Creator
Wayasaypa	Bear head

A note on use of the Nakota language in this book series from Wilson Bearhead:

The Nakota dialect used in this series is the Nakota language as taught to Wilson by his grandmother Annie Bearhead and used in Wabamun Lake First Nation. Wilson and Charlene have chosen to spell the Nakota words in this series phonetically as Nakota was never a written language. Any form of written Nakota language that currently exists has been developed in conjunction with linguists who use a Eurocentric construct.

Antibiotics, bandages, cough syrup, ointment, pills...modern medicine has so much to offer when we become ill. But is it actually modern?

When Siha Tooskin—Paul Wahasaypa—finds himself not feeling at all well he learns that there are answers for him from the healing practices of his own people and from Western medicine. Pay a hospital visit to Paul as he learns more about where “modern medicine” really comes from and how we can all benefit from Indigenous and Western healers as Paul seeks the best medicine for his own wellness.

SIHA TOOSKIN KNOWS

Siha Tooskin Knows the Gifts of His People
Siha Tooskin Knows the Sacred Eagle Feather
Siha Tooskin Knows the Strength of His Hair
Siha Tooskin Knows the Catcher of Dreams
Siha Tooskin Knows the Nature of Life
Siha Tooskin Knows the Best Medicine
Siha Tooskin Knows the Offering of Tobacco
Siha Tooskin Knows the Love of the Dance

The Siha Tooskin Knows series uses vivid narratives and dazzling illustrations in contemporary settings to share stories about an 11-year-old Nakota boy.

\$11.95



SIHA TOOSKIN KNOWS

The Offering of Tobacco



Charlene Bearhead

Wilson Bearhead

Chloe Bluebird Mustooch



Watch for this little plant!
It will grow as you read, and if you need a break,
it marks a good spot for a rest.



Paul Wahasaypa was a bit nervous as he walked towards Ms. Baxter's class at the end of the school day. He really liked his teacher and he couldn't imagine what she might want to see him about. She was very nice to him and was always interested in his ideas in class.

Paul was actually surprised by how much he liked his new school. He had been nervous about changing schools when his family moved here but it had turned out really well so far. The kids were very interested in learning about Paul and his people. He thought maybe they would be unkind

to him because there were not many Indigenous kids in this school, but so far so good. Today was unexpected though. This was the first time Paul had been asked to come back to Ms. Baxter's class after gym at the end of the day. He was racking his brain trying to think of what he might have done wrong. Well, he would soon find out as he had now arrived at the classroom door.

"Come in Paul," Ms. Baxter called out when Paul stepped into the doorway. She motioned towards a chair at the table where she was sitting. A big stack of papers was clearly keeping her busy.

"Wow," thought Paul. "Maybe Ms. Baxter did something wrong. It sure looks like she is being punished. That's more homework than I've ever had." Ms. Baxter could almost read Paul's thoughts as she looked at his wide eyes staring at the big stack of papers waiting to be marked. "I know, right?" she laughed. "Good thing I like you guys so much or I'd really have to rethink this teaching thing. So much marking!"



The fact that Ms. Baxter was joking helped to ease Paul's mind a bit, but he still had to know what was going on. "Am I in trouble?" asked Paul as he walked towards the chair.

"Not at all," said his teacher with a reassuring smile. "I'm just hoping you can help me out a bit. I'm getting ready to teach the new science curriculum and I wanted to ask you about some things."

“Okay,” Paul answered, a little confused. He was pretty good at science but he had never been asked to help with the curriculum before.

“Many times when we are learning things in class you have such interesting information to share. I often hear you talk about how you’ve learned these things from people in your family. I was thinking it would be awesome to have all of our students learn from some of your teachers, but I wanted to ask you first.” Paul listened with interest. He still wasn’t sure what Ms. Baxter wanted his help with, but it sounded intriguing. “Do you think it would be okay to ask your grandparents to come in to teach us some things that we should all know?”



Paul was surprised but really excited. He was very aware that Mitoshin and Mugoshin knew many



things, but he was surprised that his teacher had figured that out.

His grandparents had taught Paul so many things, but he had never really thought of them as teachers. He just knew that they were amazing.

“That would be great,” Paul replied. “I think it would be so cool to have Mitoshin and Mugoshin come in to teach our class. Uhm...but you’d have to ask *them*.”

Glossary

Ade	Dad or father
Ena	Mom or mother
Ena Makoochay	Mother earth
Mitoshin	My grandfather
Mugoshin	My grandmother
Nigoshin	Your grandmother
Nitoshin	Your grandfather
Wahasaypa	Bear head

A note on use of the Nakota language in this book series from Wilson Bearhead:

The Nakota dialect used in this series is the Nakota language as taught to Wilson by his grandmother Annie Bearhead and used in Wabamun Lake First Nation. Wilson and Charlene have chosen to spell the Nakota words in this series phonetically as Nakota was never a written language. Any form of written Nakota language that currently exists has been developed in conjunction with linguists who use a Eurocentric construct.

We can learn many things from the stars, the plants, the animals, and Ena Makoochay (Mother Earth) herself. But how do we show gratitude for the gifts we receive?

Paul Wahasappa—Siha Tooskin—knows that whether we are taking berries or plants from the earth or knowledge from a learned person it is so important to offer a gift back to show honour and appreciation. Join Paul and his teacher Ms. Baxter to find out what they discover about the protocol of offering the tobacco plant.

SIHA TOOSKIN KNOWS

Siha Tooskin Knows the Gifts of His People
Siha Tooskin Knows the Sacred Eagle Feather
Siha Tooskin Knows the Strength of His Hair
Siha Tooskin Knows the Catcher of Dreams
Siha Tooskin Knows the Nature of Life
Siha Tooskin Knows the Best Medicine
Siha Tooskin Knows the Offering of Tobacco
Siha Tooskin Knows the Love of the Dance

The Siha Tooskin Knows series uses vivid narratives and dazzling illustrations in contemporary settings to share stories about an 11-year-old Nakota boy.

\$11.95

HIGHWATER
PRESS 



SIHA TOOSKIN KNOWS

The Love of the Dance



Charlene Bearhead

Wilson Bearhead

Chloe Bluebird Mustooch



Watch for this little plant!
It will grow as you read, and if you need a break,
it marks a good spot for a rest.



“Don’t worry,” Paul Wahasaypa assured his friend Jeff as he pressed the down button to open the truck window. “You don’t have to know exactly where the powwow grounds are when you are going to a powwow. You just need to listen for the sound of the drums.”

Paul leaned closer to the open passenger window and tilted his head a little, as though that would help him hear better. “Can you hear it?” he asked as he turned to look over his shoulder at Jeff, who was sitting in the back seat.

Jeff nodded in agreement. “It’s over there,” he said as he pointed over Paul’s shoulder towards the sound of the beating drums.

Uncle Lenard smiled to himself as he turned the truck to head down the road that he knew would lead to a field full of tents, campers, and vehicles. He was amused by his nephew's scouting ability. He was happy to see how excited the boys were about going to the powwow. Uncle Lenard and Paul always enjoyed travelling to powwows together but this one was special. It was Jeff's very first powwow.

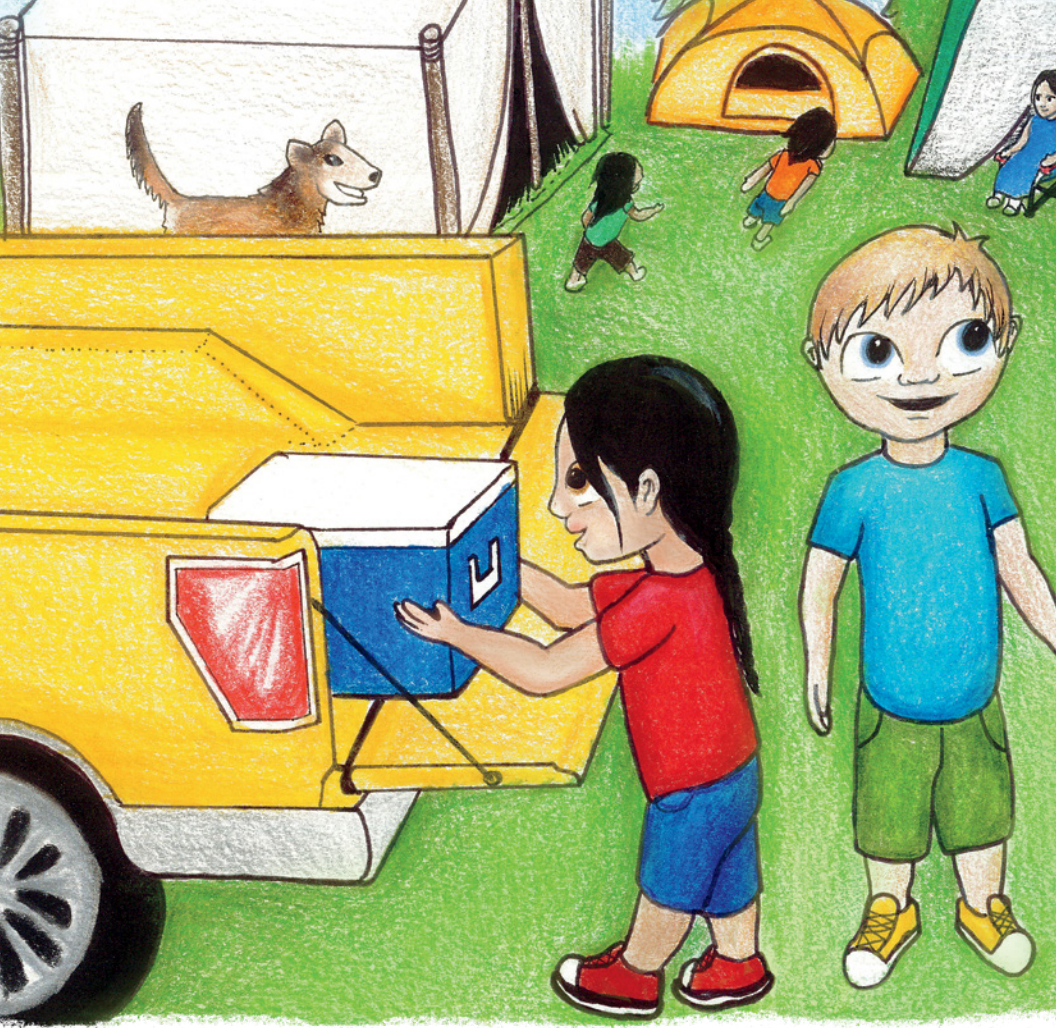
Jeff and Paul had become friends right from the start when Paul arrived at his new school after spring break. The two boys were in the same class. They were partners on their science fair project and played baseball together after school. Now that they were on their summer break Paul wanted to share some of his culture with Jeff.

Jeff had seen pictures of Paul in his regalia when he visited his friend's house. Their teacher Ms. Baxter had even read their class a book about the powwow. But Jeff really wanted to see a powwow for himself. He was thrilled when Paul's

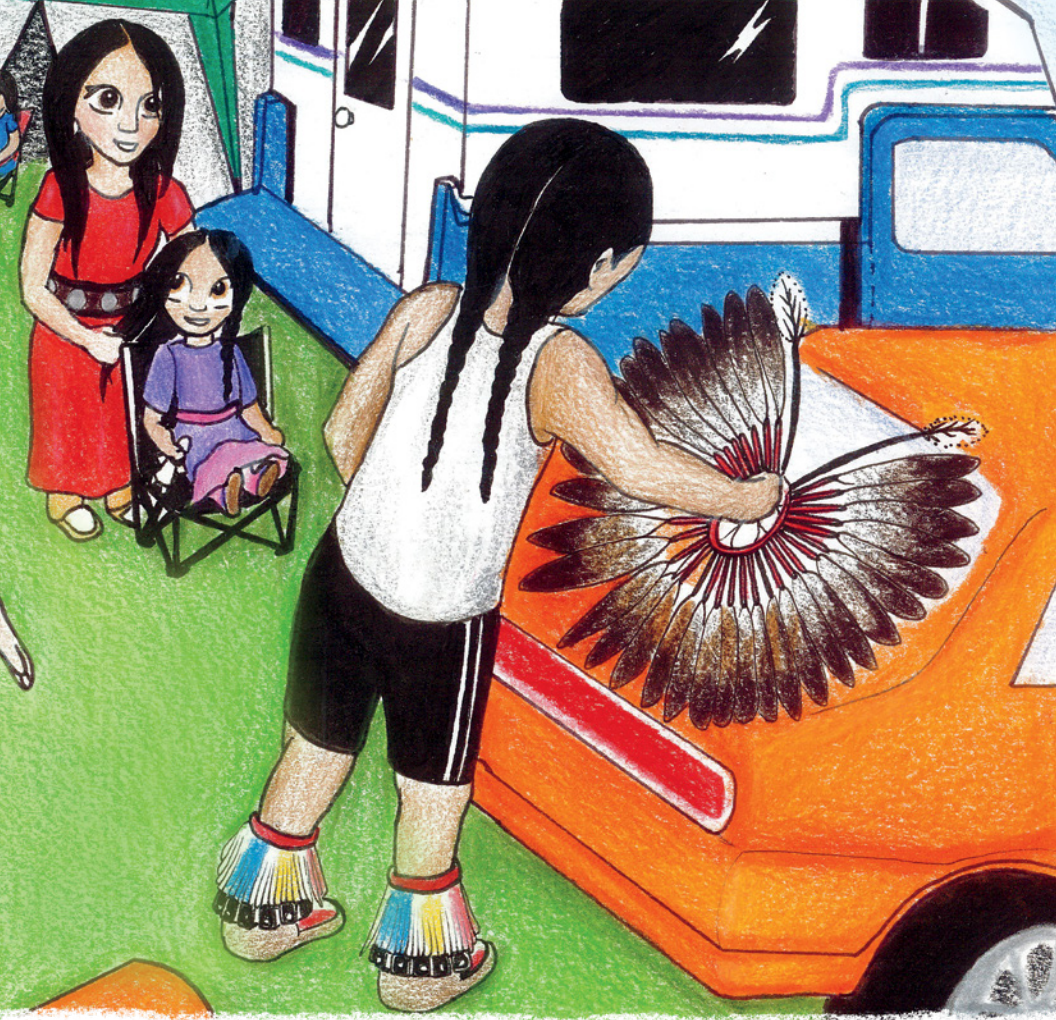
Uncle Lenard invited him to spend the weekend camping with them at the powwow. Jeff's parents agreed that this would be an amazing opportunity for their son and now he was actually here.

As soon as Uncle Lenard parked the truck Paul jumped out and flipped his seat forward so that Jeff could jump out too. Uncle Lenard walked around the truck to open the tailgate and Paul was right there to help. Jeff stood watching the flurry of activity all around him. His ears were filled with the clank, clank, clank of bells and the rattle of deer hooves as dancers walked around their camps getting ready.

Jeff heard the thunder of drums, the buzz of people talking, and the sound of children laughing. And over all of the sounds the voice of the powwow announcer echoed through loudspeakers. "Drummers...drum roll call in 45 minutes. Dancers... get ready...just 45 minutes to drum roll call and Grand Entry will start right at 7:30."



“Mi-tooshka,” called Uncle Lenard. “I’ve pulled the gear out of the truck here. You guys can put up the tent and unpack some of the stuff before you get dressed. I’m going to go register



us. You better move fast if we are going to make Grand Entry.”

“Come on!” Paul called out as he motioned to Jeff to follow him to the back of the truck. He pulled

the curled-up tent onto the flat open space beside the truck and began to roll it out on the ground.

“We don’t have to put everything away right now,” he explained to Jeff. “Just help me set up this tent. We’ll throw the blankets, mattresses, and backpacks in here for now. The powwow will go late, so at least we can set this up so we have a place to change. If we’re too tired we’ll just make our beds and go to sleep when we get back. We can set up the rest of the camp when we wake up in the morning.”

Jeff quickly pulled one corner of the tent out and pegged it, while Paul did the opposite corner. He was excited to be a part of anything to do with the powwow, especially after hearing Paul talk about it so much. Jeff was also pleased with himself because he knew what Grand Entry meant, thanks to the stories Paul had shared with him.

“You better get dressed,” Jeff suggested to Paul as they tied the last anchor rope to stretch out the awning on the tent.

“I’ll put the stuff in the tent while you get ready. We don’t have much time.”

By the time Paul had put his regalia suitcase in the tent Uncle Lenard was stepping inside with his own bag. “You’d better hurry up, Siha Tooskin,” Uncle Lenard directed his nephew with a smile. “You don’t want to be dancing with the tiny tots at the end of the line.”

“I know,” answered Paul with a sideways grin. “If I’m running at the last minute to catch up with the other Grass dancers then people will know for sure that I’m your relative.”

Uncle Lenard laughed out loud at his nephew. The two of them loved to tease one another.

As Paul and his uncle were getting dressed in their regalia and preparing for Grand Entry, Jeff was making a few trips between the truck and the tent with armloads of blankets, pillows, mattresses, and duffle bags. All the while he could hear the

powwow announcer calling out to the dancers between drum groups as they responded to the drum roll call.

“That’s it,” he announced as he set the last bag just inside the tent door. “I’m ready to go.”

“You might as well wait for us,” Uncle Lenard replied. “We’re almost ready. You can walk over to the arbour with us. I already set up our lawn chairs when I went to register. I’ll show you where they are so you can go sit down when we line up for Grand Entry.”

“Sounds good,” Jeff answered. He was trying to sound calm and cool. He could hardly contain his excitement but he was so glad that Uncle Lenard had brought some chairs. He had wondered where he was supposed to sit or if there was something specific he was supposed to do while he was watching the dances. He wanted to see and hear everything.



As the three walked towards the arbour Jeff was continually amazed by the beautiful regalia that the dancers wore. Even the smallest dancers had such detail in their outfits. There was so much to see and hear, but Jeff was trying hard to pay attention to where Uncle Lenard would direct him to sit. As they approached the arbour, Uncle Lenard motioned towards three lawn chairs in



Glossary

Eeshta ta	Big eyes (eeshta is eyes; ta is big)
Ishawin	Old man
Mi-tooshka	My nephew
Mugoshin	Grandmother
Siha Tooskin	Little Foot (siha is foot; tooskin is little)
Wahasaypa	Bear head

A note on use of the Nakota language in this book series from Wilson Bearhead:

The Nakota dialect used in this series is the Nakota language as taught to Wilson by his grandmother Annie Bearhead and used in Wabamun Lake First Nation. Wilson and Charlene have chosen to spell the Nakota words in this series phonetically as Nakota was never a written language. Any form of written Nakota language that currently exists has been developed in conjunction with linguists who use a Eurocentric construct.

Thundering drums, rattling hooves, clinking jingles—come along with Paul, Jeff, and Uncle Lenard to the powwow!

Paul Wahasaypa—Siha Tooskin—has invited his friend, Jeff, to a powwow. It's Jeff's very first powwow, and is he ever nervous! What if he says or does the wrong thing? Grass dancers, Fancy Shawl dancers, Chicken dancers—what does it all mean? Follow along as Jeff learns all about the dances and their beautiful traditions. See you at the powwow!

SIHA TOOSKIN KNOWS

Siha Tooskin Knows the Gifts of His People
Siha Tooskin Knows the Sacred Eagle Feather
Siha Tooskin Knows the Strength of His Hair
Siha Tooskin Knows the Catcher of Dreams
Siha Tooskin Knows the Nature of Life
Siha Tooskin Knows the Best Medicine
Siha Tooskin Knows the Offering of Tobacco
Siha Tooskin Knows the Love of the Dance

The Siha Tooskin Knows series uses vivid narratives and dazzling illustrations in contemporary settings to share stories about an 11-year-old Nakota boy.

\$11.95

HIGHWATER
PRESS 



ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Charlene Bearhead is an educator and Indigenous education advocate. She was the first Education Lead for the National Centre for Truth and Reconciliation and the Education Coordinator for the National Inquiry into Missing and Murdered Indigenous Women and Girls. She is a mother and a grandmother who began writing stories to teach her own children as she raised them. Charlene lives near Edmonton, Alberta with her husband Wilson.

Wilson Bearhead, a Nakota Elder and Wabamun Lake First Nation community member in central Alberta (Treaty 6 territory), is the recent recipient of the Canadian Teachers' Federation Indigenous Elder Award. Wilson's grandmother Annie was a powerful, positive influence in his young life, teaching him all of the lessons that gave him the strength, knowledge, and skills to overcome difficult times and embrace the gifts of life.

ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

Chloe Bluebird Mustooch is from the Alexis Nakoda Sioux Nation of central Alberta, and is a recent graduate of the Emily Carr University of Art & Design. She is a seamstress, beadworker, illustrator, painter, and sculptor. She was raised on the reservation, and was immersed in hunting, gathering, and traditional rituals, and has also lived in Santa Fe, New Mexico, an area rich in art and urbanity.

BOARDING PASS

Siha Tooskin Knows series

by Charlene Bearhead and
Wilson Bearhead

illustrated by Chloe Bluebird Mustooch
for grades 3–6 (early chapter books)



Tour Recap

Thank you for coming on this tour with us. We hope it left you eager for more. Please fill in this survey or send us your comments using #HWPviewinside. We would love to hear from you.

Which tour did you enjoy the most?

What did you think of the book covers?

Would you share these books with your students? Why or why not?

Don't forget to order a souvenir at
highwaterpress.com/SihaTooskinKnows

Download
the FREE
education guide at
highwaterpress.com

HIGHWATER
PRESS