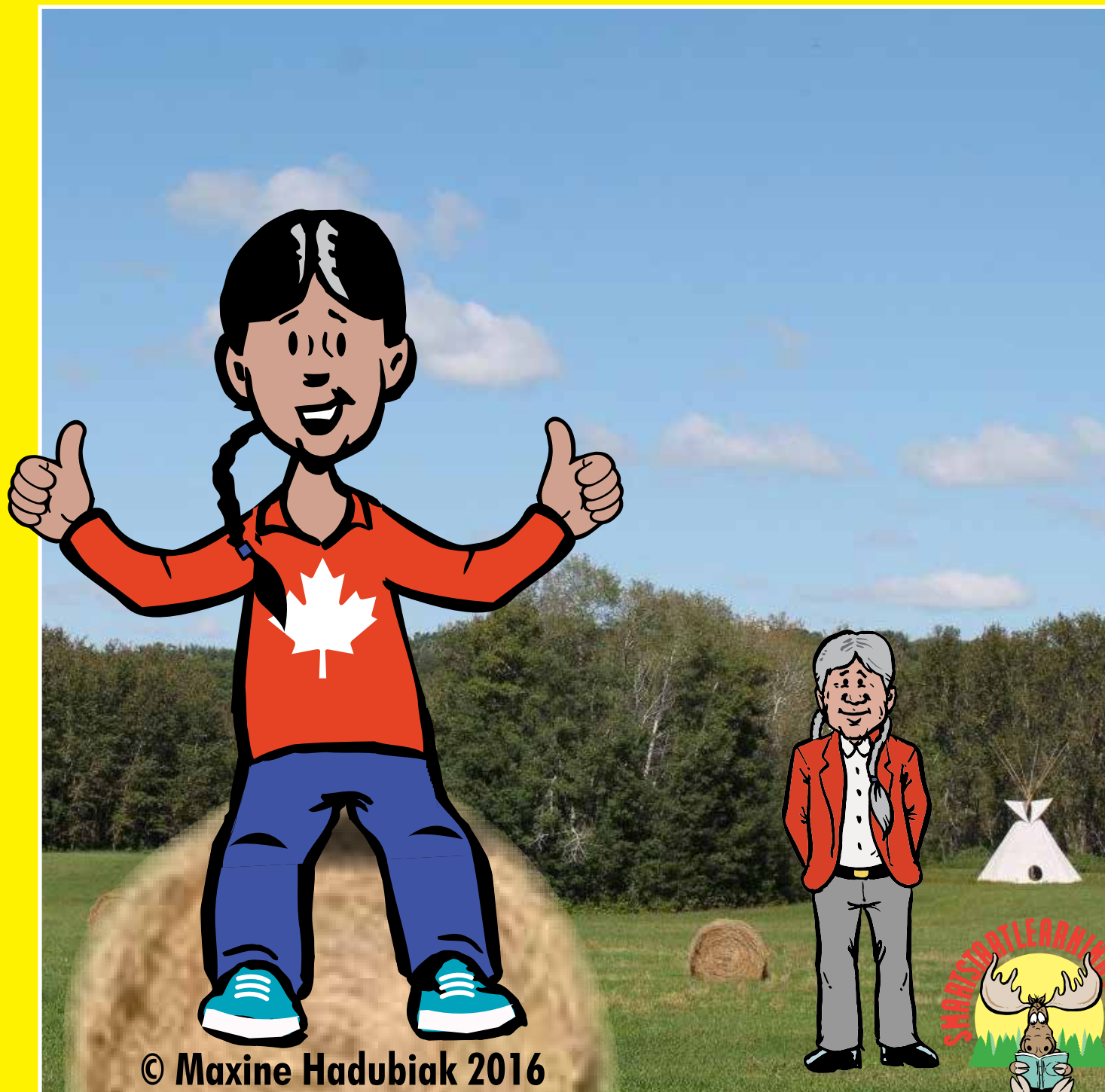


# PROUD TO BE ME: An Aboriginal Story



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I just had the best holiday ever! In fact, my holiday is quite the story. It's a story filled with great adventure, exciting experiences and important teachings. The story of my holiday begins with me accompanying my grandfather on an Air Canada jumbo jet. Our destination was to a place known for its magnificent towers and fortresses, its castles and palaces, and for its kings and queens. Our destination was London, England!

My grandfather is an elder and an educator. He is very wise and knowledgeable, especially when it comes to Canada and its treaties. Grandfather's immense knowledge about treaties has even been acknowledged by Canada's Head of State, who just so happens to be the Queen of England! Believe it or not, it was the Queen who specially invited Grandfather to London to speak about treaties. Grandfather was allowed to bring one guest, and **ONLY** one guest. He chose **ME!**

Grandfather and I were the very first passengers on the plane. We were seated in the front row. Grandfather told me to relax and get comfortable because the flight to England would take many hours. Curious, I asked, "how many?" Grandfather responded, "about eleven." "ELEVEN," I said in dismay. Grandfather assured me that time would pass quickly once he started to share some of his great stories.

