

MEET THE



DAAYBWAYS

Grade 3 Storybook, Zhiywaapenewin Akino'maagewin—Teaching to Prevent Diabetes School Curriculum

CHAPTER 1: MEET THE DAAYBWAYS

“Hi! My name is Missy. I’m 10 years old, and I live here in Winding Lake. This is a great place to live and all my family and friends are here,” said Missy with a big smile. She pointed to the boy next to her.

“This is my brother Buddy. He’s only 9, but he is still fun to be around. We do a lot of things together, and get into a little trouble now and then.”

Buddy grinned, “That’s right Missy, but tell them more about our home here in Winding Lake. I’m sure our friends would like to hear more about where we live.”

“Okay, Buddy. Winding Lake is a northern community. It’s lots of fun. We have lots of Kookoos, Mishoomishs, aunties, uncles, and cousins here. You can get here by car only during the winter and the rest of the time you have to fly.”

Buddy added, “Yeah, you get to fly in these really small planes that make a lot of noise. Whenever I go out I like looking out the windows down at the bush. Mishoomis takes me out in the bush sometimes.”

Missy chimed in, “Winding Lake is a great place to live. All the people are friendly and love to laugh and joke with each other. We have a couple of stores, a nursing station, a school, and a new arena.

“We’re really lucky. Some places the kids have to leave home just to go to school, like my cousin Arnold from Jackfish Lake.”

Buddy jumped in. “Missy and I live over by the band office. Our mom works at the store, and Nimishoomis works at the school. Kookoo stays home and makes lots of bannock.”

The thought of the bannock made Missy speak up. “Kookoo makes lots of wild foods too. Whenever Nimishoomis brings home a moose she is really happy. Last summer we spent 2 months out at their camp. We ate really good food there, lots of moos (moose), giigoons (fish), and waboose (rabbit).”

Buddy looked thoughtful. “Kookoo has something called diabetes. I don’t know what it is, but she has to stick needles into her finger



Missy and Buddy at their Uncle’s Camp

every day to check how much sugar is in her blood. Kookoo says she needs to take good care of her body so that she doesn’t have any other problems, like going blind.”

Missy looked at Buddy, “Hey, that must be why Kookoo doesn’t want to eat chips anymore! Let’s go home and get some bannock; I’m hungry!”

When they got home, their Mishoomis was talking excitedly on the phone. He was speaking his Native language, so they couldn’t understand everything he was saying. He said something to Kookoo, and she got a big smile on her face. Then she started to make her special bannock that she makes only when there is something special going on, like a visitor or a feast.



Who is the bee-u-day?

“Kookoo, what is going on? Are we going to have a visitor? Who is coming?” Missy asked.

Kookoo replied, “Missy and Buddy, we’re going to have a very special visitor tonight. So help us clean up and get ready.”

Buddy asked, “But who is coming? Is it someone we know?”

Kookoo ordered, Aaskoma miiwe minigog kagweden (That’s enough. Stop asking) and get busy with the cleaning. You’ll find out soon enough.”

Missy and Buddy couldn’t think of anyone they knew who would make Kookoo and Mishoomis so excited.

They wondered who this biiwide (stranger) was. Was it an auntie? But all their aunties lived here in Winding Lake; only one lived in town, and she had been home the previous week. Could it be a doctor who was coming to see Kookoo? But she has had never been excited about seeing a doctor.

The children kept thinking about the biiwide as they cleaned up the house. As they thought, they got more and more excited and they started cleaning faster. Soon they would know who was coming to visit!

CHAPTER 2: THE BIIWIDE ARRIVES

Missy and Buddy finished getting ready for the *biiwide* (stranger).

Missy suggested, “Buddy, let’s go with Mishoomis to the airport to meet the *biiwide*. He must be someone very special; everyone is so happy. Maybe he’ll bring us a present?”

Buddy replied, “Yeah, I hope it’s something to eat! There goes Mishoomis now. We’d better get in the truck so he doesn’t forget us.”

Missy and Buddy jumped into the back of the truck. The ride to the airport wasn’t long, but it was very bumpy. They had to hold on to the sides of the truck so they wouldn’t fly out on the bigger potholes.

At the airport, Missy asked, “Nimishoomis, who is the *biiwide* coming to visit? We really want to know! Is it a relative or a friend?”

Mishoomis grinned and said, “You will see in just a minute. Our visitor should be getting off the plane right now.”

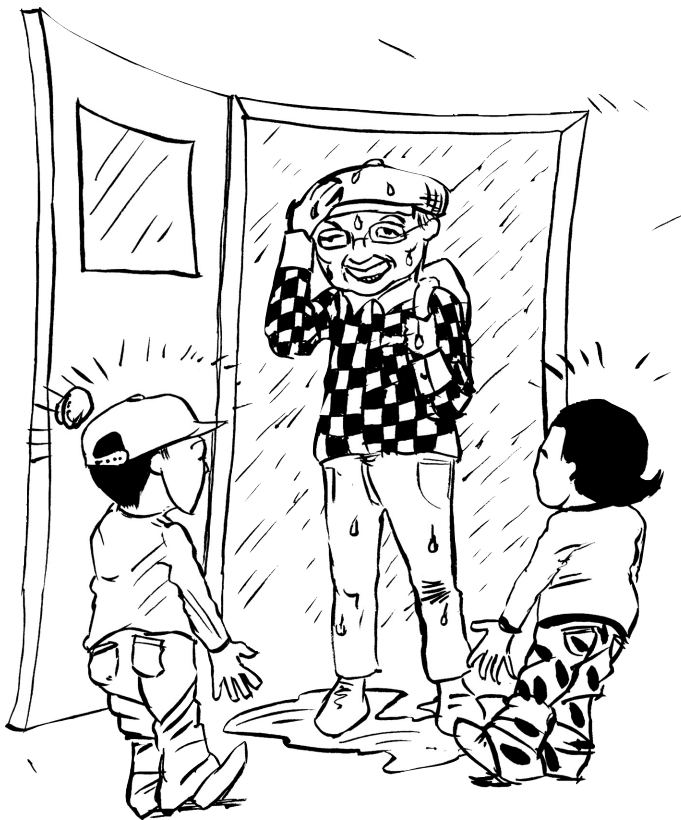
Missy and Buddy watched as the people got off the plane. But they knew everyone. Something was wrong. Where was their visitor? They looked at their Mishoomis who was laughing.

Buddy asked, “Nimishoomis, where is the *biiwide*? Did he miss the plane?”

Their Mishoomis replied, “Heh, heh, that’s just like him; you never know what is going to happen. Let’s go home, he’ll get here somehow. Don’t worry. Heh, heh.”

They went back home to wait for their visitor. As soon as they got home, it began to rain. They rushed into the house to wait for the *biiwide*.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. The *biiwide* walked in. He was an old man, kind of wagaoska (slightly bent over) with black and greyish hair. He had a hat on his head, and was wearing an old plaid lumber jacket. Hanging on his back was an old worn out backpack. He stood in the doorway laughing and dripping from the rain.



The “Biiwide” Arrives

Missy and Buddy’s Mishoomis gave him a big hug and their Kookoo poured some tea. They were ALL laughing now.

“What happened to you?,” asked their Mishoomis. “I thought you were coming on the plane.”

“Oh, I changed my mind,” answered the *biirwide*, “I brought the boat instead. But I wasn’t counting on this shower. No matter. People always tell me I am all wet anyway.”

Mishoomis laughed, “Just like my brother. You never know what he is going to do! Missy and Buddy, this is your Uncle Joe. You have to watch out for him, he is very *kiimooch* (sneaky), heh, heh!”

Uncle Joe said, “Missy and Buddy, I’m finally meeting you! I have heard nice things about you two from many, many people. I’m glad to be back in Winding Lake so that we can spend some time together. We have a lot of fun things to do and talk about while I’m here.”

Buddy looked surprised, “Are you here to see **US** then? Did we do something wrong? Missy and I have been good. We even helped Kookoo clean the house today.”

Their Uncle Joe smiled, “Heh, heh, Buddy, you didn’t do anything wrong! I am here to tell you stories. I want to talk to you and Missy about the changes that have been happening to the Anishnaabe and other people in the north. Like the diabetes that your Kookoo has. No one had diabetes when I was a boy.”

Missy chimed in. “That’s what Kookoo always says, but I don’t understand what she means. She keeps telling me that I have to be healthy, and live a healthy life. But what is a healthy life?”

Buddy answered, “I know! Being healthy means you don’t get sick or have band-aids all over you! Like our little Cousin Randy; he is always getting *biishigise* (a scrape or scratch). Did you see how many Nintendo band-aids he has? He’s not healthy!”

Uncle Joe laughed. “You’re right Buddy; but there are a lot of other meanings for healthy. It is very important for us to learn more about what it means to be healthy. We need to be healthy so we can hunt, fish, go to school, work, and be with our families.”

Missy looked puzzled. “But Uncle Joe, what can you do to help us learn about being healthy? What do **WE** do?”

“I’ll tell you what,” Uncle Joe replied. “Let’s go and have some tea. You can tell me all the things that you are up to and we can share some ideas that might just help us all.”

Buddy and Missy helped bring in the rest of Uncle Joe’s gear from outside. Then they all sat down to have tea and Kookoo’s famous bannock.

CHAPTER 3: WHEN UNCLE JOE WAS YOUNG

Missy, Buddy, and their Uncle Joe took a walk around Winding Lake. Uncle Joe had said he wanted to see how the reserve had changed since he had left years ago.

Missy asked, "So Uncle, what has changed?"

Uncle Joe said in an amazed voice, "*O-zam!* There are many more cars and trucks! When I was here last, Bernard Meeg-wetch was the only guy with a truck. I remember when he got it stuck in the snow and couldn't get it out until break-up. He gave us a good laugh."

"There have been so many changes in the last 50 years. We are no longer living the same way as our grandfathers and grandmothers. We have changed the foods we eat and the ways we used to keep our bodies active."

Buddy jumped in, "So what is different?"

Uncle Joe answered. "Before we lived on a reserve, we lived in the bush. We didn't have trucks, stores, and running water. Our daily activities kept our bodies strong and healthy. Everything we did made us strong. You never saw anyone sitting in front of a TV. We were always busy doing things like chopping wood, getting water, hunting, picking berries, and tanning hides."

"The traditional foods we ate kept us healthy too. There was *moos* (moose), *waboose* (rabbit), and *giigoons* (fish). If you look at pictures of the time when your grandparents were young, you will see that no one was over weight. We were all strong and full of energy."

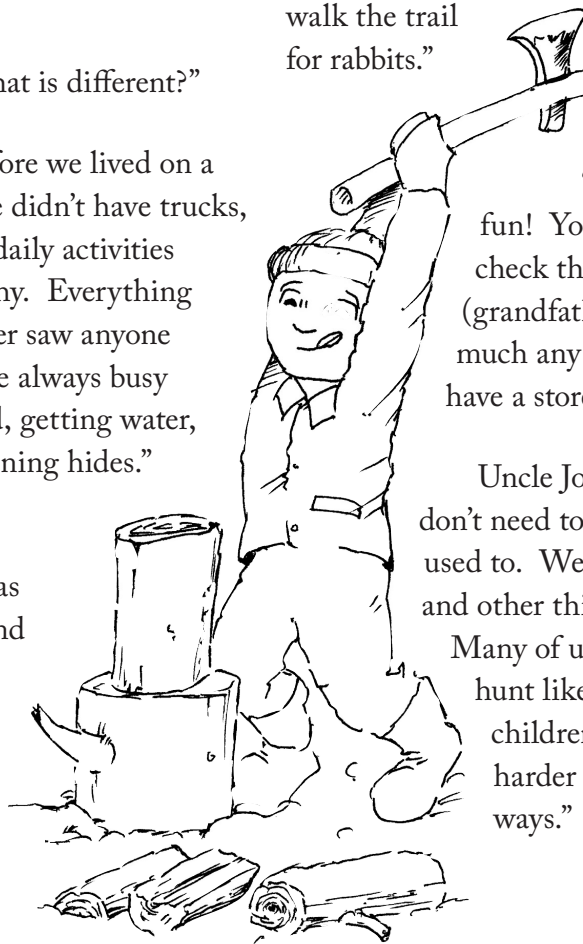
Uncle Joe continued. "During the winter, when I was about your age, I would go with my *nirwiitawis* (brother in-law) rabbit snaring. We went every day. The snares would have to be set one day. The next day we would check them for rabbits. Setting the snares took longer than checking them, because we had to find the rabbit tracks first and then set up the snares. We would leave really early in the morning, before sunrise."

"In our backpacks we would carry 10-20 snares along with lunch, a pot to melt snow to drink, and things like an axe. We would walk through the bush searching for rabbit tracks or *moo* (poop). Sometimes it took a while to find tracks. When we found them, we would set the snares as we went along the trail. When we got to the end of the trail, we would turn around and walk back. Sometimes we would be gone for a whole day walking the trail. The next day we would walk the trail again to check the snares for rabbits."

Buddy looked surprised. "*O-wah*, that sounds like fun! You went every day to set and check the snares? Nimiishomish (grandfather) doesn't go rabbit snaring much any more. Is that because we have a store now?"

Uncle Joe sighed. "Yes, Buddy. We don't need to go into the bush like we used to. We can get our food, clothing, and other things from the store now.

Many of us no longer have the time to hunt like we did; we have jobs and children have to go to school. It's harder now to live the traditional ways."





Buddy asked, “Uncle, you said that when you were young no one had diabetes. Is diabetes something new in our community?”

Uncle Joe answered, “Yes, our people didn’t have diabetes long ago. When we changed the way we eat and work, like not keeping physically active, we started getting new sicknesses, like diabetes.”

Missy looked confused. “*What IS diabetes, Uncle? Kookoo has it, but she doesn’t look sick.*”

Uncle Joe smiled. “That’s a good question, Missy. I should explain that to you. But first let me tell you another story.”

Missy asked, “How can we learn more about what it was like when you were growing up?”

Uncle Joe said, “Go talk to older people that you know. They have many things to teach us about our traditional ways. We can also help them to stay healthy. You can tell them about what we learn about being healthy.”

Missy asked excitedly, “Uncle, how can we make sure we stay healthy? What can you tell us?”

Uncle Joe said, “Missy and Buddy, we have a lot to talk about! We used to keep ourselves strong and healthy by keeping our bodies moving and being active in the bush, and by eating traditional foods.”

“Today we need to make sure we get outside and enjoy the fresh air. Kids can play, run around, and keep physically active. The food we eat also makes a difference in our health. We need to know this because we can’t always eat our traditional foods. We can learn about food and which foods are good to eat every day.”

CHAPTER 4: THE PALE STRANGER

Uncle Joe, Missy and Buddy were sitting by the lake throwing stones. Joe leaned back against a tree and said, "I want to tell you a story. It will help you to know more about diabetes. The story is about Nanabush, the Trickster."

Nanabush and the Pale Stranger

One day the Great Nanabush decided to pay a secret visit to his people, hoping to see how they were doing after his long absence.

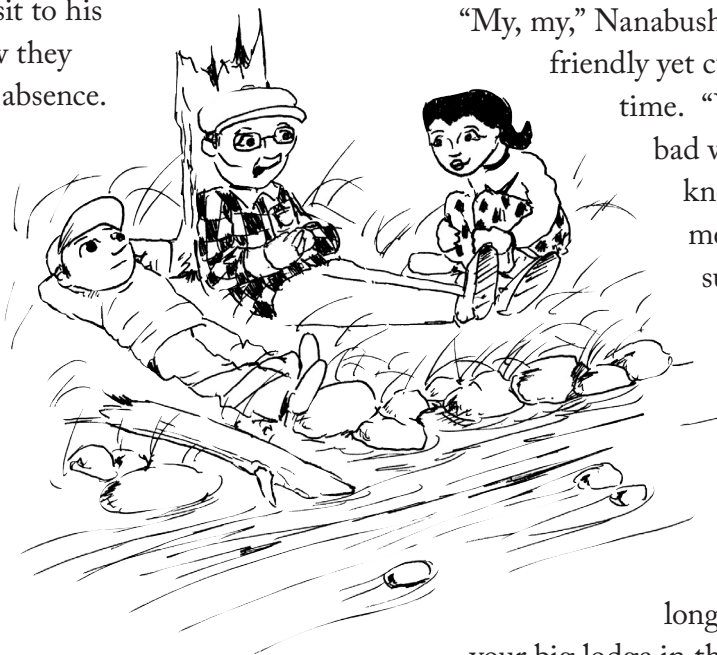
He visited all the "Old Men" of the Earth; Old Man *Makwa* (bear) and *Mahiikan* (wolf), Busy Old Man *Amik* (beaver), Wise Old Man *Migisi* (eagle) and many others. Each visit with his old friends was more fun than the one before.

Nanabush decided to stop and rest for a while. He was on his way to visit his people before returning to his camp, far, far away to the North.

He had learned that his beloved *Anishinaabe* no longer lived as they once lived. They now lived in one place, no longer moving around with the seasons. They no longer walked or ran to visit each other; they drove cars and skidoos. And they had stores so that they no longer need to fish and hunt for food.

The Great Nanabush thought about these things as he lay down beneath the shade of a big spruce tree. Well-fed and tired, he soon fell asleep. He dreamed of the olden days when he did his great works: the days when everyone knew him, when he was loved by his people and feared by his enemies.

The Great Nanabush woke up just in time to see a Stranger appearing from the woods. The Stranger looked pale and tired. He leaned heavily on a cane. His clothing seemed to hang from his body.



"My, my," Nanabush said, trying to be friendly yet curious at the same time. "You seem to be in a bad way. Do I, or should I, know you? If I had ever met you before, I would surely remember." He looked long and hard at the Stranger.

"Oh, that is nothing to feel bad about," the Stranger said. "I came here long after you retired to your big lodge in the North."

"Well," Nanabush said, sitting down under the tree, "that certainly explains why I do not recognize you, but that doesn't really tell me who you are."

"You could say that I am an unwanted visitor", said the Stranger. "People don't want me to visit, but they still invite me in. When people, like your *Anishnaabe* friends, invite me in, they do everything they can to keep me comfortable. And once I move in, I'm here to stay."

“You are telling me then,” the Great Nanabush asked, “that there is no way to get you to leave once you are invited to visit?”

“No way is yet known to the people anyway,” the Stranger answered. “I can tell when I am going to stay because the person who has invited me starts to feel just the way I look: tired, hungry all the time, and thirsty.”

“It is really weird,” the Stranger continued. “If people would take the time to learn about me they might not have to put up with me. But even if they do have me around, they can keep me in control.”

“Then you are a disease?” Nanabush asked.

“Sort of,” the Stranger said. “But I can’t be passed around like a cold, TB, or measles. People have to invite me in. Some people belong to families who have asked me to visit, but many people are not. Anyone who does not eat properly, who does not watch their health, is inviting me to come and stay.

“Once I’ve been invited in to stay, a person can put up with me by simply eating and living in a good, healthy way and sometimes by taking the right medicine. There are ways to learn how to handle me, and people to teach these ways. So you see, I can be kept in place.”

“Yes,” the Stranger said, “I am an old enemy of the Human race. But I am not that unbeatable once my name is said.”

“And what is your name?” Nanabush asked.

“I am called,” said the Stranger, “**DIABETES.**” Then he turned slowly and walked away into the trees.

Nanabush understood that his people would continue to welcome diabetes unless they learned how to avoid it and how, if diabetes did come in, to weaken its power and strengthen their own.

“So let my people learn of this enemy, that they may know it when it is near or far, know its strengths and its weaknesses. When my people know this they shall be all that much stronger!” said the Great Nanabush.**

Missy asked, “So diabetes is a new visitor. Is that why some people are afraid?”

“*Gaawin Kotchikin* (don’t be afraid) of diabetes,” said Uncle Joe, “The Pale Stranger said we don’t **HAVE** to invite him in. We can keep him outside by keeping our bodies strong and healthy. But if he does come to visit, we can keep him from being *Kichi Nendezo* (bossy). We can control him. We don’t have to let *him* control *us*.”

“Uncle,” said Buddy, “you said you have some surprises in your backpack that will help us keep the Pale Stranger from visiting. What do you have?”

Uncle Joe smiled and said, “We have to go to supper right now, but I’ll give you a peek at the first clue.” He reached into his backpack and pulled out something long and round like a cylinder. But then he quickly dropped it back into the bag. He zipped up the bag and put it on his shoulder.

“Let’s go for supper,” said Uncle Joe said over his shoulder. I’m hungry!”

** *This story was adapted from “Nanabush and the Stranger”, written by John McLeod.*

CHAPTER 5: SURPRISE IN THE BACKPACK

Missy, Buddy and Uncle Joe sat down at the table for supper. Kookoo had made a small *makoshe* (feast) to welcome Uncle Joe back home. Nellie and Chuck, Missy and Buddy's cousins, were also there.

After everyone sat down around the long table, their Nimiishomish gave thanks for Joe's visit and the meal.

The food was passed around the table. There was *moos bakweshiganabo* (moose soup) with carrots, boiled white fish, *waboose bakweshiganabo* (rabbit soup), mashed potatoes, blueberries, macaroni salad, and baked bannock.

Uncle Joe's eyes grew big as he scanned the table. "All my favourite foods. I really missed eating traditional foods while I was away."

Missy, taking a break from eating, asked Uncle Joe, "What do you eat where you are living?"

Uncle Joe put down the bowl of mashed potatoes and thought for a minute. "I eat *Dasokiishika miichimum* (*Everyday Foods*). Like what we are eating today. But I don't get to eat as many traditional foods as you have here."

Missy looked puzzled. "*Dasokiishika miichimum*? I've never heard of *Dasokiishika miichimum*. What kind of food is that?"

"Missy," explained Uncle Joe, *Dasokiishika-miichimum* are *Everyday* foods. These are foods that should be eaten every day. Like whole wheat bread, baked bannock, vegetables, fruit, moose meat, fish, and beans."

Buddy giggled and said, "Beans! Kookoo calls beans *boget miichimum* (farting food)."

Uncle Joe chuckled. "Yes, Buddy, beans are called *boget miichimum*. You know, they are really good for our bodies. Foods that are good for our bodies are called *Dasokiishika miichimum* (*Everyday foods*)."

"How do you know when a food is an *Everyday* food?" asked Buddy.

"Well," said Uncle Joe, "*Everyday foods* are low in fat and low in sugar. *Everyday foods* are also high in fibre. *Everyday foods* are never fried in oil when they are cooked. *Everyday foods* also don't have a lot of added fat on them."

"O-wah!" cried Missy. "That's a lot of stuff to remember. But what is fat? Foods can be fat? I thought only people were fat."

"Good question," answered Uncle Joe. "Fat is found in many foods. You know when you look at meat and there is white stuff in it? That's fat. When you fry foods, you fry them in oil or lard, which are also fats."

"So foods can have fat in them. But what is added fat?" asked Missy.

"I know what added fat is!" Buddy said proudly. "Mom was calling butter and lard fat the other day, and we add them to our foods to make them taste better."

“That’s right, Buddy,” said Uncle Joe. “Added fat gets put on, or into our food. We need to cut back on added fat. Like when we put butter on our bannock, instead we could put jam. Instead of regular evaporated milk in our tea, we could use 2% milk. And instead of regular cheese, we can eat low fat cheese.”

“So *Dasokiishika-miichimum* are good for our bodies? That’s why we should eat them every day?” asked Missy.

“Yes. Do you remember the story about the Pale Stranger (Diabetes)? The Stranger said we can keep him away if we eat healthy foods. That is the same thing as eating *Dasokiishika* foods.”

Missy thought for a minute. “I wonder how much *Dasokiishika-miichimum* I eat in a day?”

“You could keep a diary, Missy, to find that out,” suggested Uncle Joe. “Just write down everything you eat tomorrow, and we can take a look.”

“Okay, I’ll ask my mom to help me keep track of the foods,” said Missy.

After supper, they took a walk outside. Missy remembered that Uncle Joe was going to give them something from his backpack.

“Uncle, are you going to give us that clue for how we can live a healthy life?” asked Missy.

“Ah yes,” remembered Uncle Joe. “When we were talking

about *Dasokiishika* foods during supper, we forgot to talk about *Dasokiishika* drinks.”

“*Dasokiishika* drinks? Are those low in fat too?” asked Buddy.

Uncle Joe laughed. “Well, *Dasokiishika* drinks are mostly low in sugar. Drinking lots of sugar can hurt our teeth and make us gain weight. That’s why water, milk, 100% juice, diet pop, and sugar-free Kool-aid are *Dasokiishika* drinks.”

Uncle Joe reached inside his backpack and pulled out two bottles. “I have a **WATER BOTTLE** for each of you. This water bottle will help you to drink more water every day. Drinking lots of water keeps your bodies strong and healthy. You can keep the water bottle at school for whenever you’re thirsty.”

Missy jumped up and said, “*O-wah*, my own water bottle. *Miigwech* (thanks)! I can fill it up with water every day at school.”

“Remember”, said Uncle Joe, “this water bottle is for *Dasokiishika* drinks. Try not to fill it with *Esch-com* (*Sometimes*) drinks.”

“*Esch-com* drinks? Oh no, what are those?” asked Buddy.

“I’ll tell you all about *Esch-com* drinks and foods on our way home,” said Uncle Joe.

Uncle Joe started walking down the road. He nodded for Missy and Buddy to join him. And off they went laughing and telling jokes.



CHAPTER 6: MISSY AND BUDDY SET A GOAL

Missy, Buddy, and Uncle Joe began walking. As they walked, they talked about *Dasokiishika-miichimum* (Everyday foods).

They walked past their cousins who had just come out of the store. Nellie was having pop and chips, and her brother had a chocolate bar in his hand.

“Uncle,” Missy asked, “you said there was something called *Esch-com* drinks and foods. What did you mean?”

Esch-com Miichimum (Sometimes foods) are the opposite of *Everyday* foods. *Esch-com* foods have a lot of fat and sugar in them. *Esch-com* foods have very little fibre. See what that *oshikinawe* (young boy) is eating?”

Buddy answered, “A chocolate bar. And his sister has pop and chips.”

Uncle Joe continued. “Pop, chips and chocolate bars are all *Esch-com Miichimum*. They don’t help us stay strong and healthy. And if you eat them all the time, they can make you feel tired and weak.”

While they were talking, a truck stopped next to them. “*Boozhoo*,” yelled the driver. “Do you want a ride?”

“*Miigwech*,” said Uncle Joe, “but we’ll keep walking. It’s a nice evening for a walk.”

The man in the truck smiled. “Good for you. I think I’ll go for a walk too when I get home.”

And off he drove.

“Uncle,” cried Missy, “why can’t we get a ride? We have a long way to go. I’m tired.”

“*Abte* we don’t have that far to go. Why should we ride in a car when we can get somewhere by foot?” explained Uncle Joe.

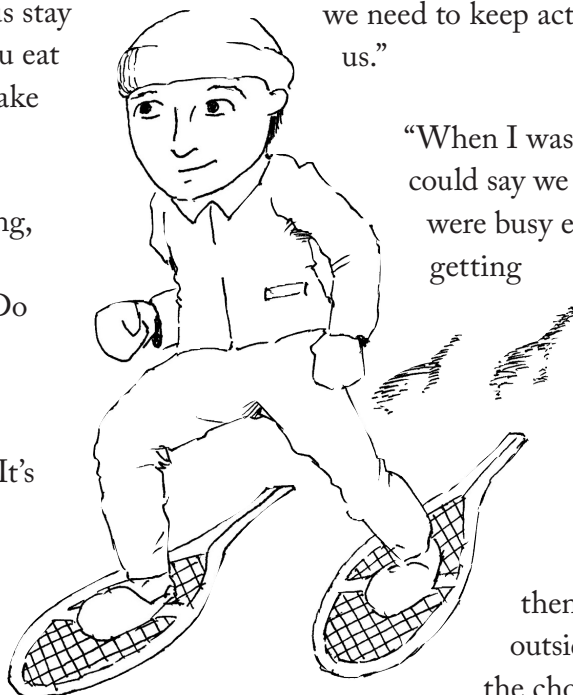
“When I was your age,” he continued, “We had to walk everywhere, and no one thought it was a problem. I lived with Nimiishomish and Kookoo in the bush. The only way we got around was by walking, snow-shoeing, using a dog sled, or paddling.”

“*O-wah*,” said Missy, “but we don’t live in the bush anymore. Why should I walk when I can get a ride? It takes too long to walk.”

“Our bodies need to be kept moving or physically active,” said Uncle Joe. “If we don’t keep active, our bodies don’t work very well and we feel tired and lazy. Remember, the Pale Stranger said we need to keep active or he will come and visit us.”

“When I was a boy,” Joe continued, “you could say we were always exercising. We were busy every day chopping wood, getting water from the river, or hunting. Did you ever carry water to the house in those big buckets? Now that was a real workout. My arms were so strong!”

“We didn’t have TV back then so we spent all our time outside playing or helping with the chores. Boy, did we sleep well at night! Our bodies were ready for



rest. It's not like that today. Now you have to remind yourself to exercise or be physically active. You have to make sure you walk and do activities around the house."

"How did you get around back then if there weren't any trucks or skidoos?" asked Buddy.

"I used to deliver supplies to the stores. I would get up early on winter mornings and snow-shoe all day to the store near Jackfish Lake. Then I would go to the store near Moose Lodge. I would travel by dog team. The dogs pulled the load and I ran beside the sleigh. Those were the days. I could go anywhere without getting tired."

"*O-wah*, you snow-shoed all that way?" said Missy. "That must have made you really tired!"

"Not really, Missy," answered Uncle Joe. "When someone walks all the time, their body gets strong and doesn't get tired very easily."

Buddy looked curious. "Uncle, do you think I could get my body strong too so I can walk and snow-shoe a long ways?"



"Of course, Buddy," said Uncle Joe. "You can start by walking. Whenever you can, walk. Don't ride in a truck or a bus. If you have to go to the store, walk. When you go to school, walk. The more walking you do, the stronger your body will become."

Missy joined in. "Buddy, we can do it together. Maybe Nellie and Chuck will join us too."

Uncle Joe thought for a minute. "You know, I met some students at a school where they made lists of the kinds of exercise or physical activities they want to do each week. Then they try to do everything on their lists. This way they set goals for themselves."

Buddy said, "When I get home I'll write down that my goal for next week is to walk to and from school every day."

Missy jumped in. "I'll walk with you Buddy. That way it will be more fun."

Uncle Joe laughed. "Good for you. I think you will have a lot of fun while you're walking. You can talk about your day and race each other home. You two have such good ideas."

Before they knew it, they were at home. When they got there, Kookoo announced that she was going to have to go to the city to visit the doctor. Uncle Joe suggested that Missy and Buddy go as well so he could introduce them to a friend there.

"Yay, there's lots of things to do there!" shouted Missy.

"And lots of places to eat!" added Buddy.

CHAPTER 7: PREPARING FOR A DASOKIISHIKA PICNIC

When Missy and Buddy arrived in town, Uncle Joe suggested they go have a picnic at the lake. While they were getting ready, Missy and Buddy thought of all the new things they had learned about Dasokiishika-miichimum (Everyday foods), and about diabetes, and about being active.

“Are you ready?” asked Uncle Joe. “Let’s go to the lake for a picnic. But first we need to pick up some *Dasokiishika* (Everyday) snacks and drinks,” said Uncle Joe.

Missy shouted, “I know we can go to the Burger Barn and get Kiddie Meals- a hamburger, French fries, and pop! And they have a supersize deal for you Uncle Joe.”

“O-wah! Those aren’t *Dasokiishika* Foods! They have lots of fat in them that isn’t healthy. And if you supersize you are just getting more fat. You will be the one who ends up supersized! That’s no deal,” said Uncle Joe. “Let’s go to the store and we’ll get some healthy snacks.”

When they got to the store Missy and Buddy ran over to the chips and pop. They grabbed a couple of bags and bottles and took them to the checkout line.

“*Gaarwin iweniwan* (not those things)! Those are *Esch-com* (Sometimes) snacks,” scolded Uncle Joe.

“But we always take pop and chips with us on picnics. We eat one bag in the car on the way and the rest we eat when we get there,” explained Buddy.

“Yeah, and the candy is good when we need a break from playing,” said Missy.

“No, no. Those *Esch-com* snacks are full of fat and sugar. We want snacks that are going to give us the energy (fuel) to play all day. Pop, candy, and chips will only make us tired.

“Follow me. We’re going to find some *Dasokiishika* snacks,” said Uncle Joe as he headed down the aisle.

They followed Uncle Joe to the fruits and vegetable section of the store.

“Missy, do you remember how to find *Dasokiishika* foods in the store?” asked Uncle Joe.

“Yes. We can look for the shelf labels that say ‘Lower in Fat’ or ‘Healthy Food Choice.’ Like there, I see a ‘Healthy Food Choice’ label next to the apples, oranges, and bananas because they are all *Dasokiishika* foods. Hey, we could bring these apples with us,” suggested Missy.

“Let’s bring some carrots too. I really liked eating them yesterday,” said Buddy.



“But I like to eat things out of a bag too, like chips. I don’t want to just eat apples,” complained Missy.

“Oh, I remember. We can bring baked chips. They aren’t fried like regular potato chips so they are a *Dasokiishika* snack,” said Buddy.

They ran over to the snack aisle to find baked chips. They grabbed a big bag that was on the shelf above a “Lower in Fat” label.

“But what do we get to drink?” asked Buddy, who was trying to sneak a bottle of pop.

Missy pointed with her lips further down the aisle. “Look over there above the ‘Lower in Sugar’ shelf label. We can get some bottled water.” They grabbed enough bottles so they could each have one.

Missy and Buddy turned to show Uncle Joe the drinks they had picked out.

“That’s great!” Uncle Joe told them. “Now let’s go visit my friend Sam. I want to show you how to prepare some more *Dasokiishika* snacks.”

“What are we going to prepare?” asked Missy.

“Just wait, you’ll see when we get there. We’ll need to bring some ingredients though. Can you find me some light mayonnaise, low fat yogurt, and soup mix?” Uncle Joe told them.

Buddy and Missy raced down the aisles to find the ingredients and met Uncle Joe at the checkout. After they paid for their snacks, they headed to Sam’s house.

CHAPTER 8: PASS THE DIP!

Missy, Buddy, and Uncle Joe arrived at his friend Sam's house. Missy and Buddy ran as fast as they could to see what Sam was doing at the back of his house. Sam was sitting on his knees in the mud. It looked like he was pulling stuff out of the ground.

"What could he be doing back there?" panted Missy.

"I don't know," said Buddy. "Maybe he lost something in the mud. Maybe his dog buried his car keys."

As they got closer they saw that Sam was pulling carrots out of the ground.

"Missy and Buddy, come over here. You've got to try these carrots. They taste the best when they are right out of the ground," said Uncle Joe.

"O-wah! This is how carrots grow? They look like a root. Can you eat them just like that?" asked Missy in surprise.

"Why yes, Missy," said Sam as he took a bite of a carrot. "They taste better than the frozen ones. I also grow potatoes and peas."

"Sam, what are you going to do with all these carrots?" asked Uncle Joe as he helped Sam carry the carrots into the house.

"We could boil or microwave a few to eat. I'm going to use the rest for tomorrow's memorial feast," said Sam as he started scrubbing the carrots in the sink.

"I have an idea," said Uncle Joe. "Let's make a *Dasokiishika* (Everyday) snack. Missy can you get the light mayonnaise, low fat

yogurt, and soup mix we got at the store? We can make a great tasting dip to eat with our carrots."

"That sounds great," Sam said, "I haven't had a good veggie dip for a long time."

Just then Nellie and her brother Chuck arrived. They were also visiting town this week. They had finished eating some Esch-com (Sometimes) snacks.

"Hi Missy. Hi Buddy. Want to go and watch TV with us?" asked Chuck.

"No, we're busy making a *Dasokiishika* snack with Joe and Sam. Why don't you help us? We're making carrots and dip," said Missy.

Nellie shrugged. "We're full. We just ate candy and chips. Why don't you watch TV with us instead? We don't feel like doing anything right now."

Buddy looked interested. "I'll go watch TV. Call me when the food is ready."

"Buddy, you have to help us. You can watch TV anytime. Maybe we can make this for Mom as a treat sometime," coaxed Missy.

"Okay, okay," grumbled Buddy. "But I'm not going to eat it. I don't like onion soup."

"Buddy," said Joe, "making a *Dasokiishika* snack can be fun. I learned how to make this dip from some kids. They made videos of their best snack recipes so their friends and family could learn to make *Dasokiishika* snacks."

Joe and Buddy got to work making the dip. They mixed the yogurt and mayonnaise together.

Then they added the soup mix. Missy and Sam cleaned the carrots and cut them into small pieces for dipping.

They put the dip and the carrots on the table and sat down.

“Missy, why don’t you try the dip first. Here, take this carrot,” said Uncle Joe.

Buddy, after some coaxing, tried the carrots and dip too.

“This **IS** good. Thanks, Uncle. I’ve never had carrots and dip before. I can make this for an after school snack. Hey Nellie! Chuck! Come here and try this out,” said Buddy.

“We don’t like carrots. That’s *waboose miichimum* (rabbit food). We’ll have chips. Are there any chips left?” said Chuck.

“*Ahte!* No more chips you two.

You’ve had enough chips for a week. If you’re hungry try the carrots,” said Sam.

“Yeah, try the carrots, Nellie. You’ll like them,” urged Missy.

Missy put a few carrots on a plate with some dip and brought it over to Nellie. “Try some,” she said as she waved the plate under Nellie’s nose.

“Okay, but I won’t like them.” said Nellie as she bit into a carrot. As she chewed, she looked surprised. “Hey, they **ARE** good. And that dip is great. I’ll have some more.” Nellie left the TV and sat down at the table.

“Go easy, now,” laughed Sam. “There won’t be any carrots left for the feast tomorrow.”

Buddy grabbed one last carrot. “Uncle Joe is full of fun ideas,” he thought. Suddenly, he realized that Sam and Uncle Joe had left the room. “Where’s Uncle Joe?” he asked Missy.

“I don’t know. He was just here!” Missy replied. Just then Sam came back in the room.

“Missy and Buddy, I have a message for you from Uncle Joe. He said to tell you he had to go help someone keep the Pale Stranger from visiting. He said he will be back in a little bit, and then he will take you to the lake for a picnic,” Sam told them.



