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I do not know where to start.

My memories growing up is as follows:

I was born on December 12, 1957 to the parents of Francis Puglas and James Mountain. I think my earliest memory is my grandmother Annie. She was a warm comfort to me. She took care of me and my sisters I need to mention that I am my mom's only boy and the oldest as well. But she used to bake and have candies for us as well, I remember her hugs. My grandpa Moses I remembers his HUGE hands. My 1 memory of him was him telling me that he beat up some cops and put went to the cop shop in Alert Bay and walked himself into the jail cell. Made me laugh thinking about that.

My early years was spent in Village Island. We never went with out My sister Edna and I could live out in the bushes. We knew what berries we could eat, we knew how to catch what we needed to be full so we did not need to go home during the day. We swam and just had fun.

One memory I have is when staying at my grandparent's house we didn't have indoor plumbing, we had out houses. I remember waking up early morning and needing to pee. Rather than going outside because I was lazy. I stuck it out of a knot hole and peed that way. My grandpa just happened to be outside where I was peeing. It was a beautiful morning, not a cloud in the sky, Grandpa was wondering what the heck? He then realized what happened. Needless to say, I got a beating from him.

Or when Frank tried to shoot a wolf and got the wolf in the butt. The wolf got away and came back to the reserve and was looking for Frank. It came to where Frank lived. All of us kids were left there while the parents went over to the Bay for shopping. But this wolf was on its hind legs looking in the window as if it was looking for someone. Turns out it was looking for Frank. That was scary.

My grandpa was telling me that he was coming home from a drunk and there was a crow that seemed to be following him and making all kinds of noise squawking, and flying back and forth in front of my grandpa, annoying him until finally grandpa who happened to have his gun shot the crow and all grandpa saw left was feathers and he said to it " there squak this damn crow. LOL

My dad's advice to me as a young man was lol don't ever marry a Charlie, or a Walkus. What did I do? I married me a Walkus. SO, I did not listen to me dad very well. I have maybe 16 kids but granted some are step kids who I grew to love as my own. And many grandkids. I am 61 years old have not lived in Village Island one of my best places I've lived. I miss my grandparents, my mom, and all those who have left our earth. I want my family to know I love them. My sisters, Edna, Sharon, Connie, my brothers, Alex & Richard. I am not good at telling stories but this is what I got. Thank you

Harry Puglas