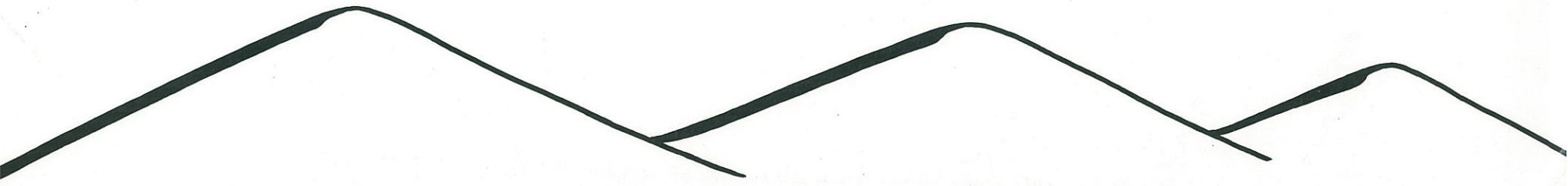




# MINK AND CLOUD

SLIAMMON INDIAN BAND STORY.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. BRADLEY HUNT.



# MINK AND CLOUD

DEDICATION

The book is dedicated to the elder of the Shennong Jiaxin Han in the hope that  
the children will remember their names.

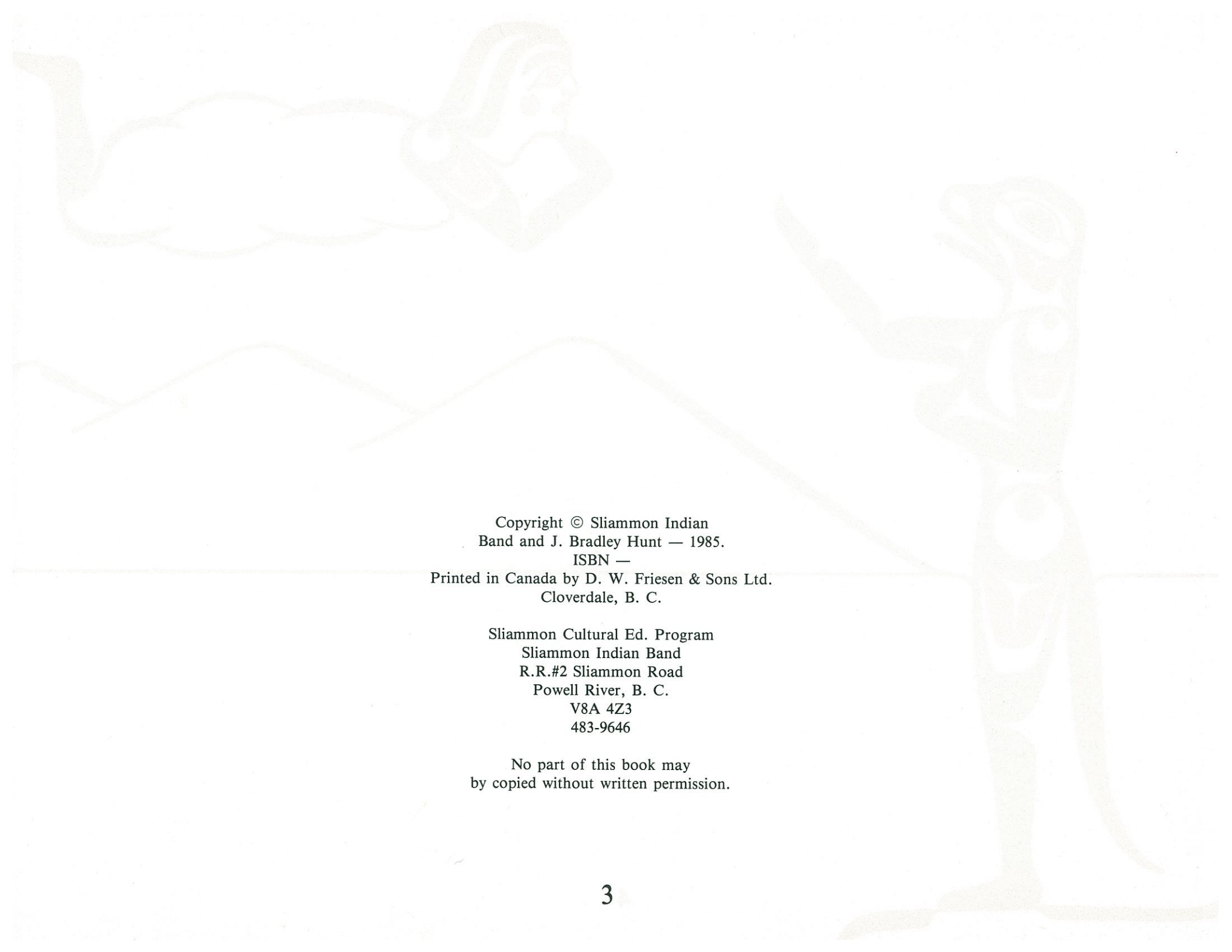
A special thanks to the late Bill Mink.

MINK AND CLOUD

### DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the elders of the Sliammon Indian Band in the hope that the children will remember their stories.

A special thanks to the late Bill Mitchell.

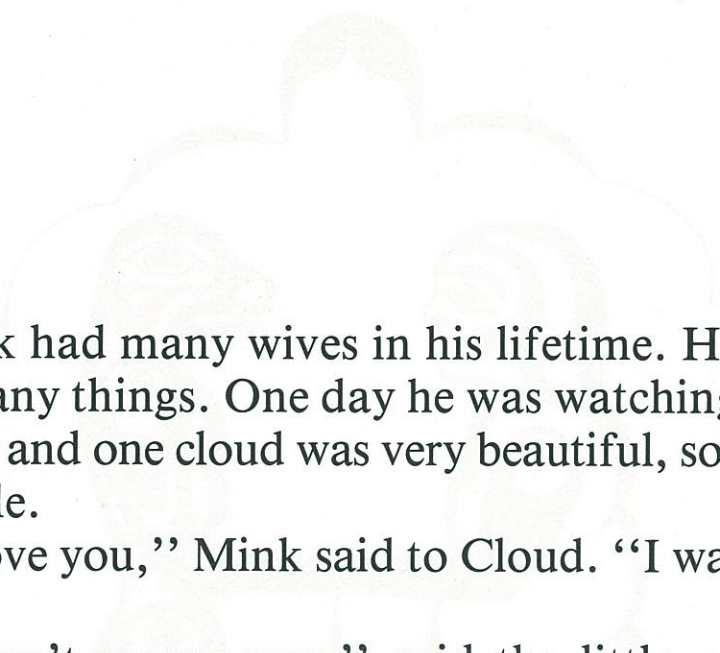


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Mink had many wives in his lifetime. He wanted to marry many things. One day he was watching the clouds in the sky and one cloud was very beautiful, soft and white and gentle.

“I love you,” Mink said to Cloud. “I want to marry you.”

“I can’t marry you,” said the little white cloud. “You do not know what I am like when there is a storm. I am not always soft and white and fluffy. Sometimes when the wind is strong I am grey and thin and ragged. Sometimes I am scattered into small pieces all across the sky. You would have a hard time keeping me together in those times.”

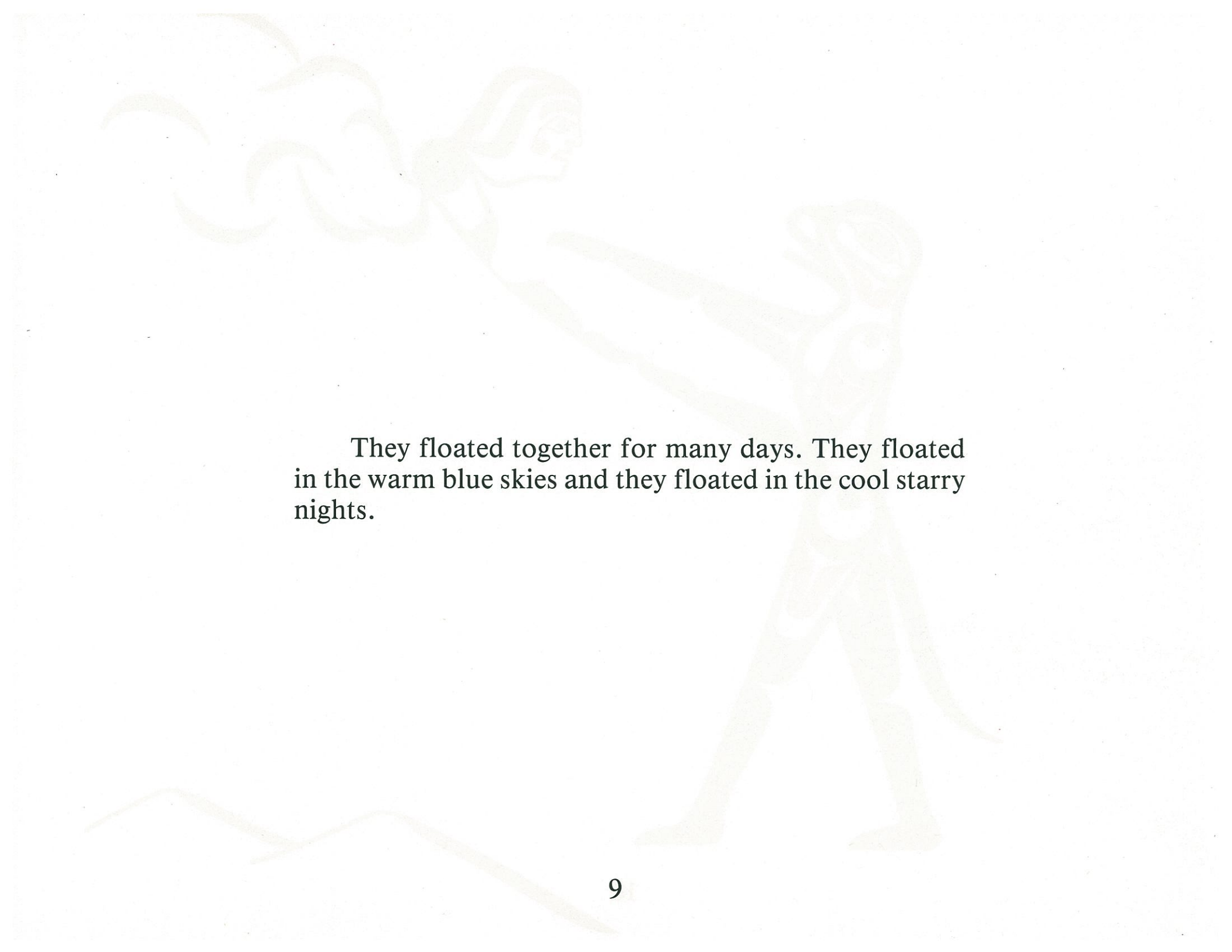
“Please let me marry you,” Mink insisted. “I will love you even when you’re grey and thin and ragged. I will hold you together in all of the storms.”



Finally on one lovely sunny day Mink and Cloud were married.





A faint, light-colored illustration in the background shows a woman on the left holding a child on the right. The woman has long, wavy hair and is looking towards the child. The child is standing and looking back at the woman. The style is simple and sketchy, with soft lines and a light beige tone.

They floated together for many days. They floated  
in the warm blue skies and they floated in the cool starry  
nights.

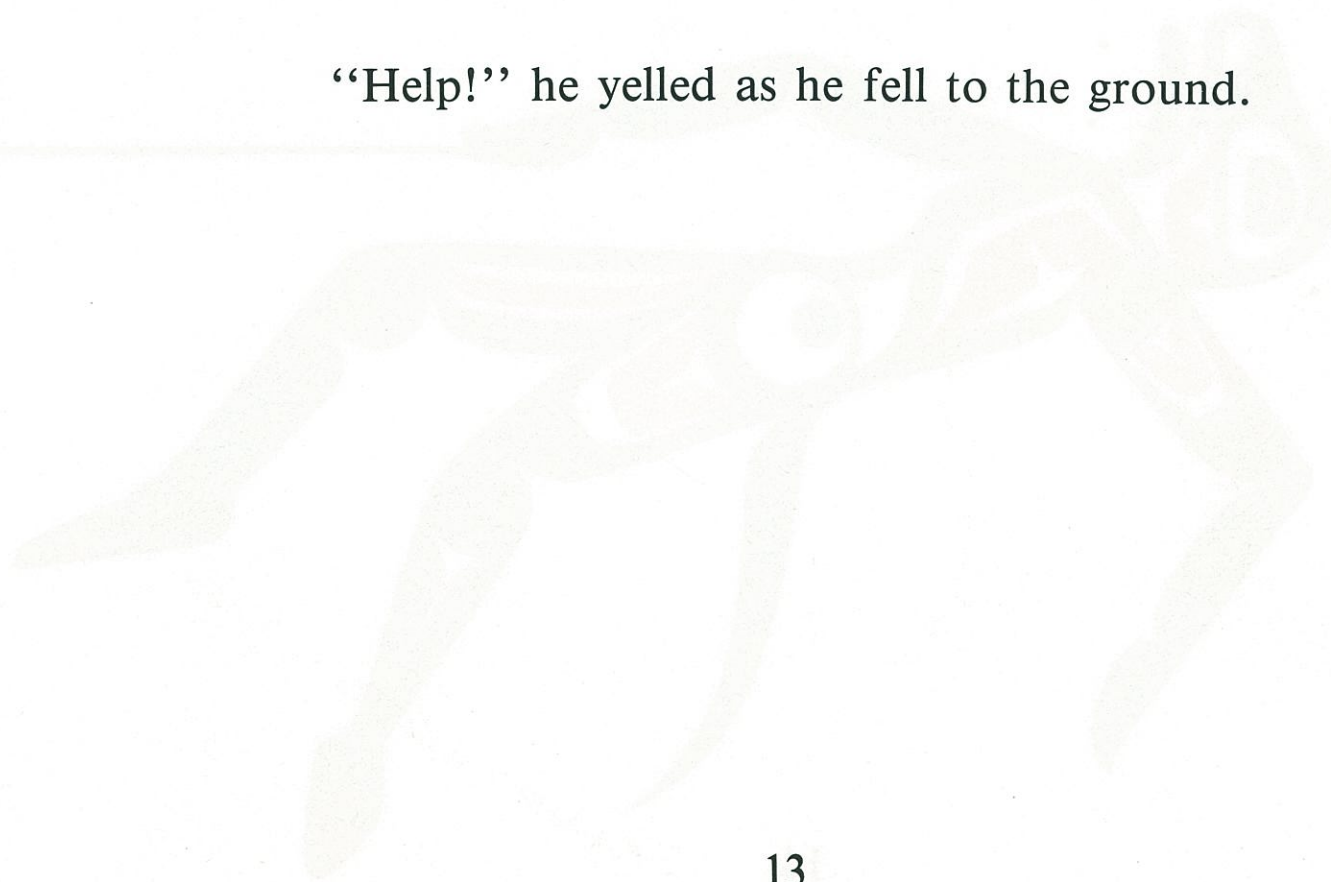


But one day a wind storm came and the little white cloud started to break up into small pieces of fluff. Poor Mink did not know what to do. He began jumping from one small cloud piece to another, but each cloud piece became thin and wispy. Mink had nothing to stand on, nothing to hang onto.

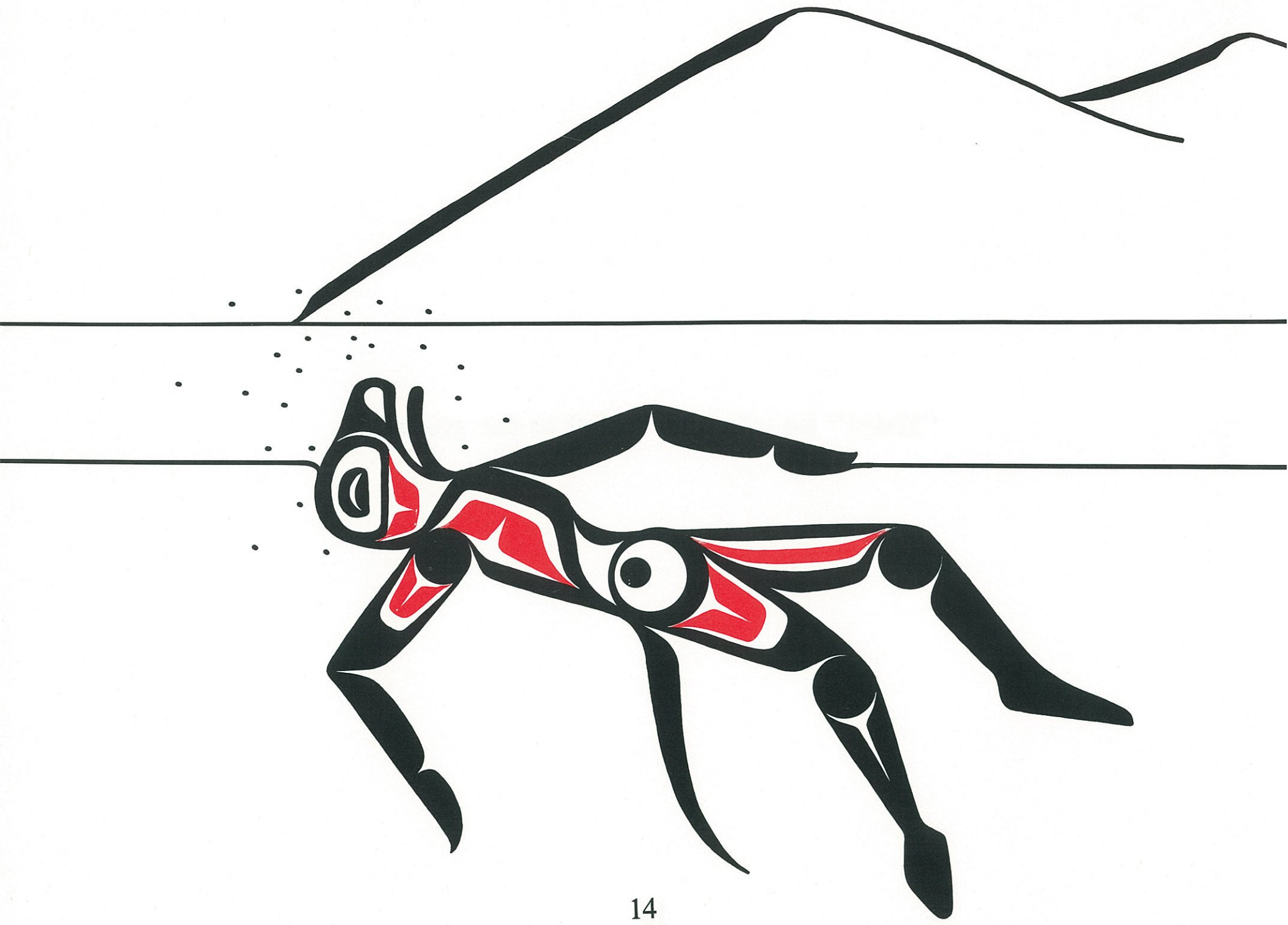


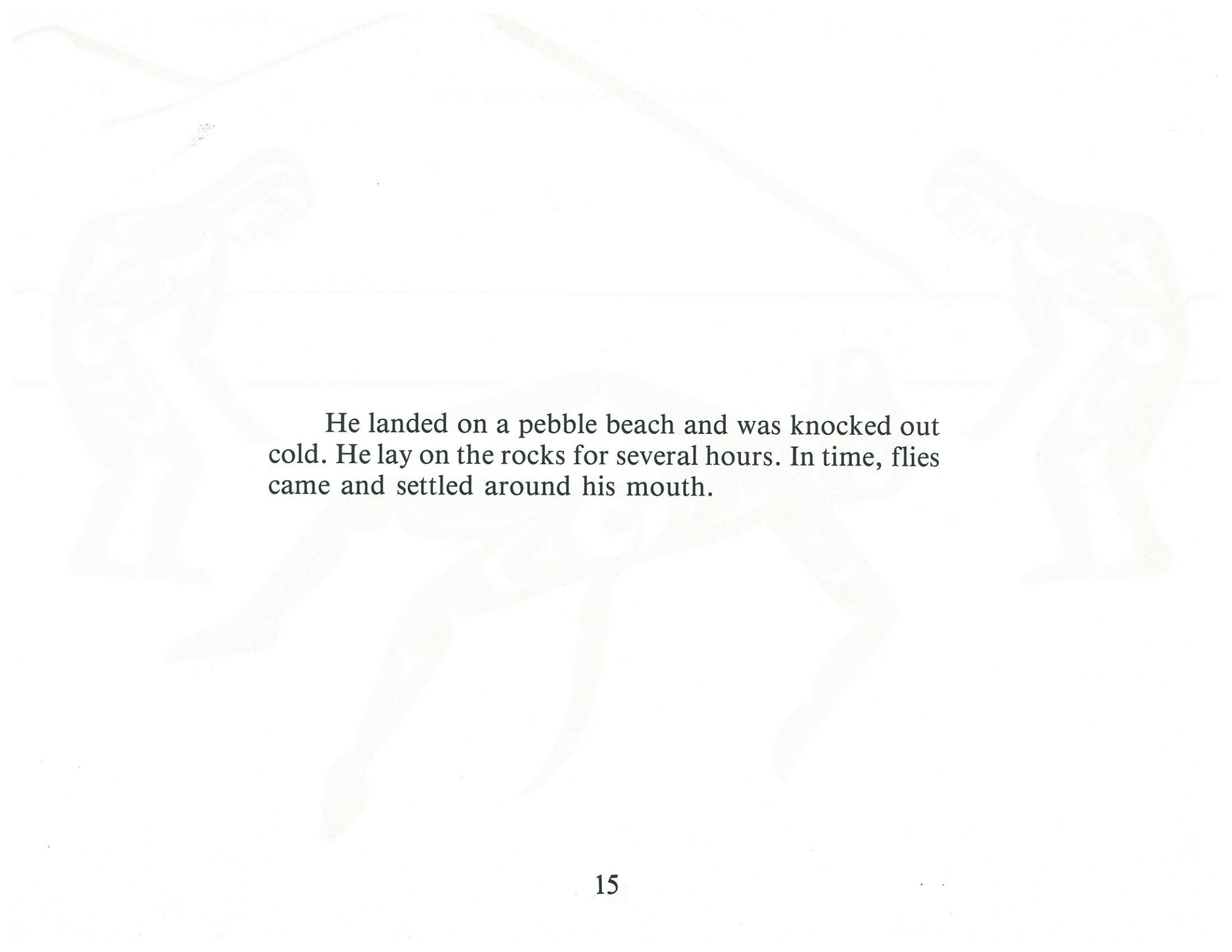
It's not that a wild man came and  
I started to look up the night  
I did not know what to do. He  
one way, I gave to another, but  
I was this and way, I had  
nothing to say.





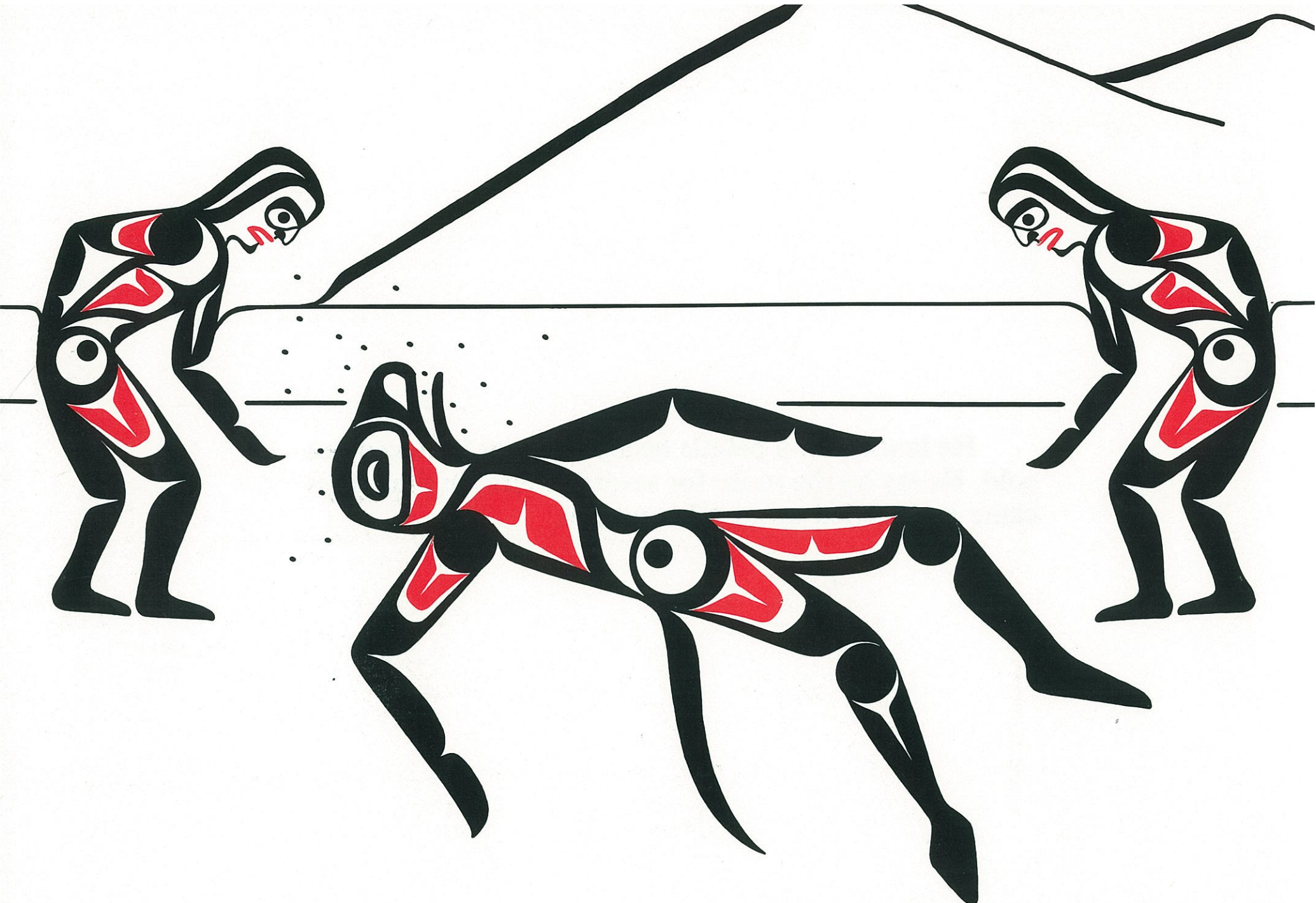
“Help!” he yelled as he fell to the ground.

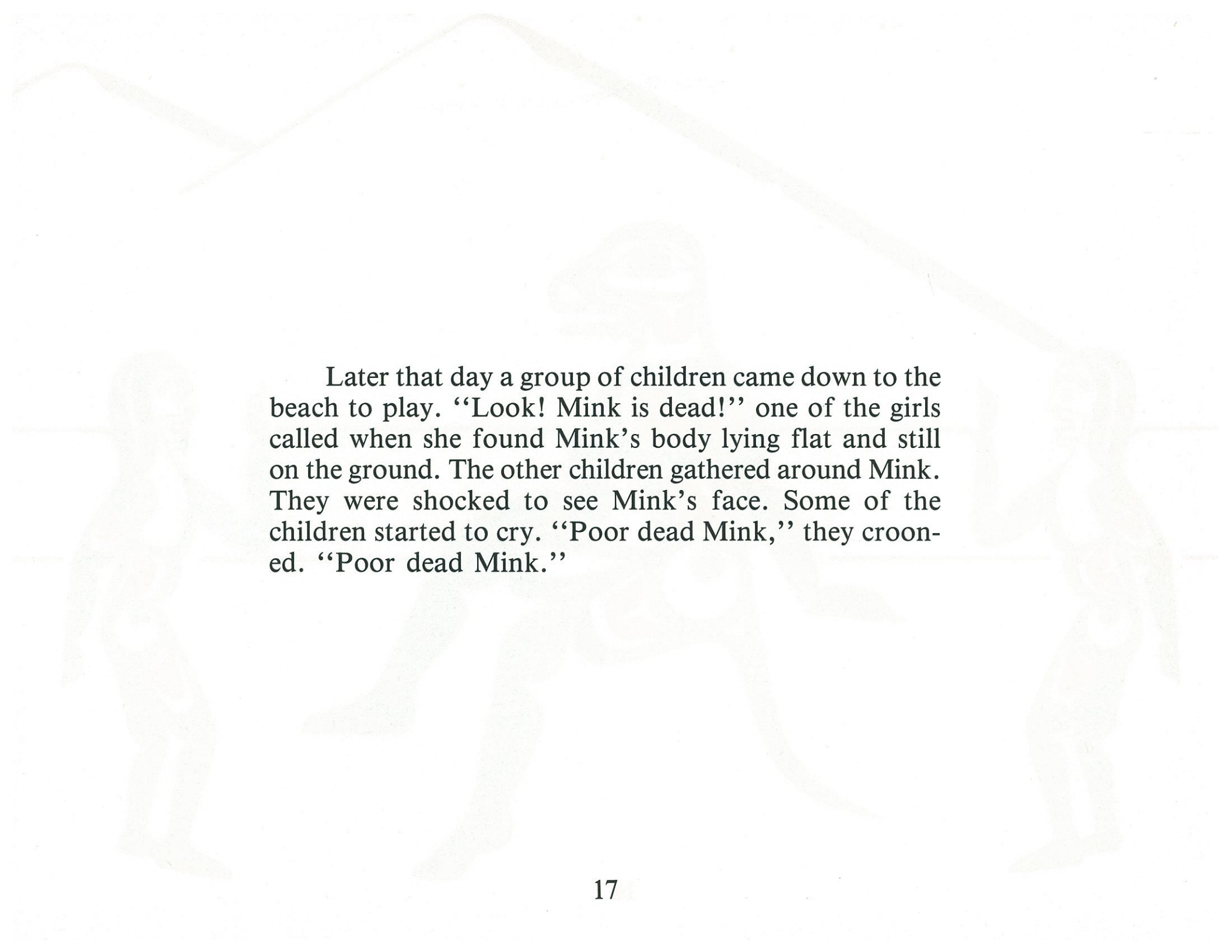


A faint, light-colored illustration in the background shows a person lying on a large rock. Two other people are standing on either side of the rock, appearing to attend to the person lying down. The scene is set on a beach with a simple horizon line and some distant hills or mountains in the background.

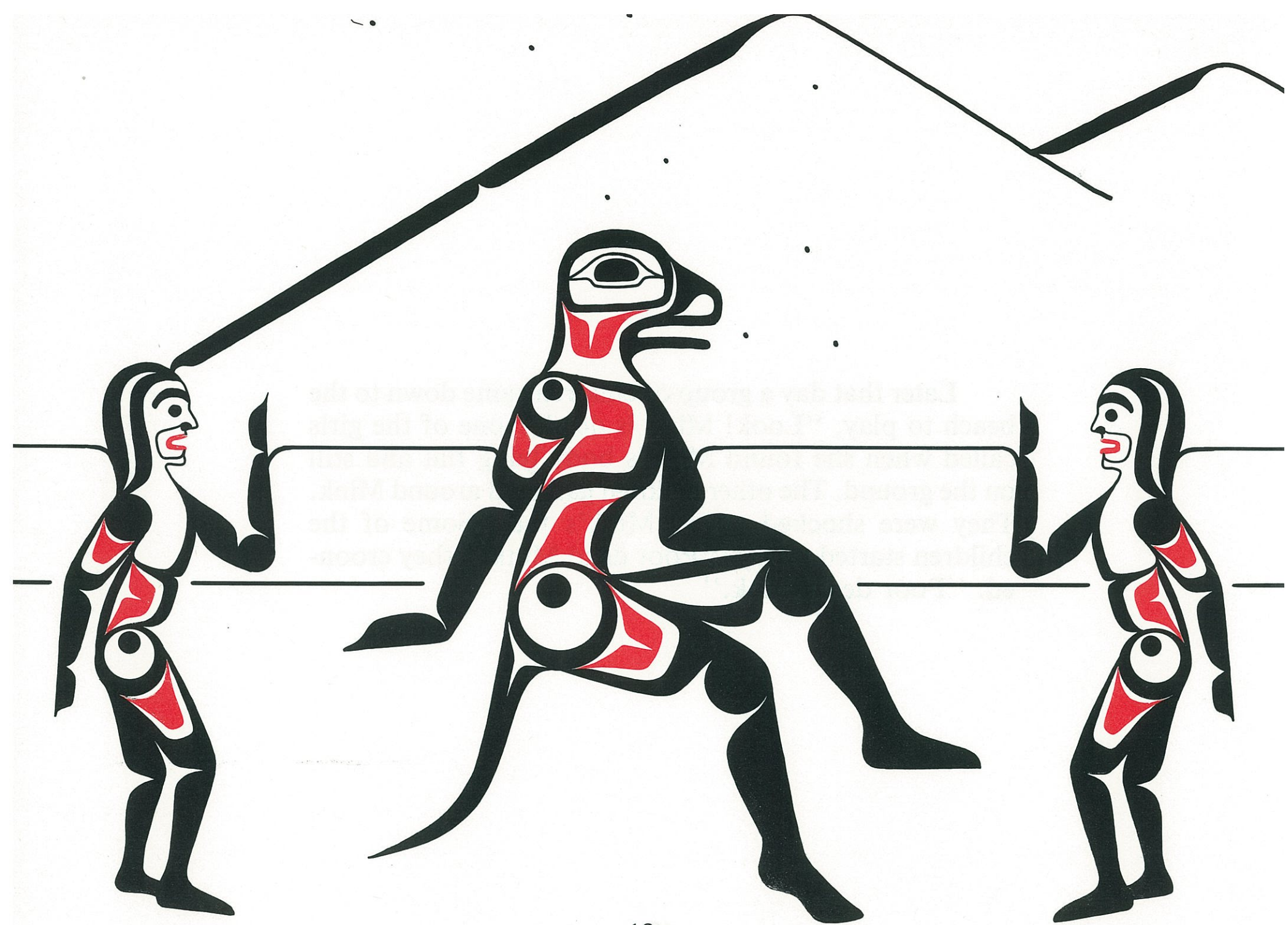
He landed on a pebble beach and was knocked out cold. He lay on the rocks for several hours. In time, flies came and settled around his mouth.

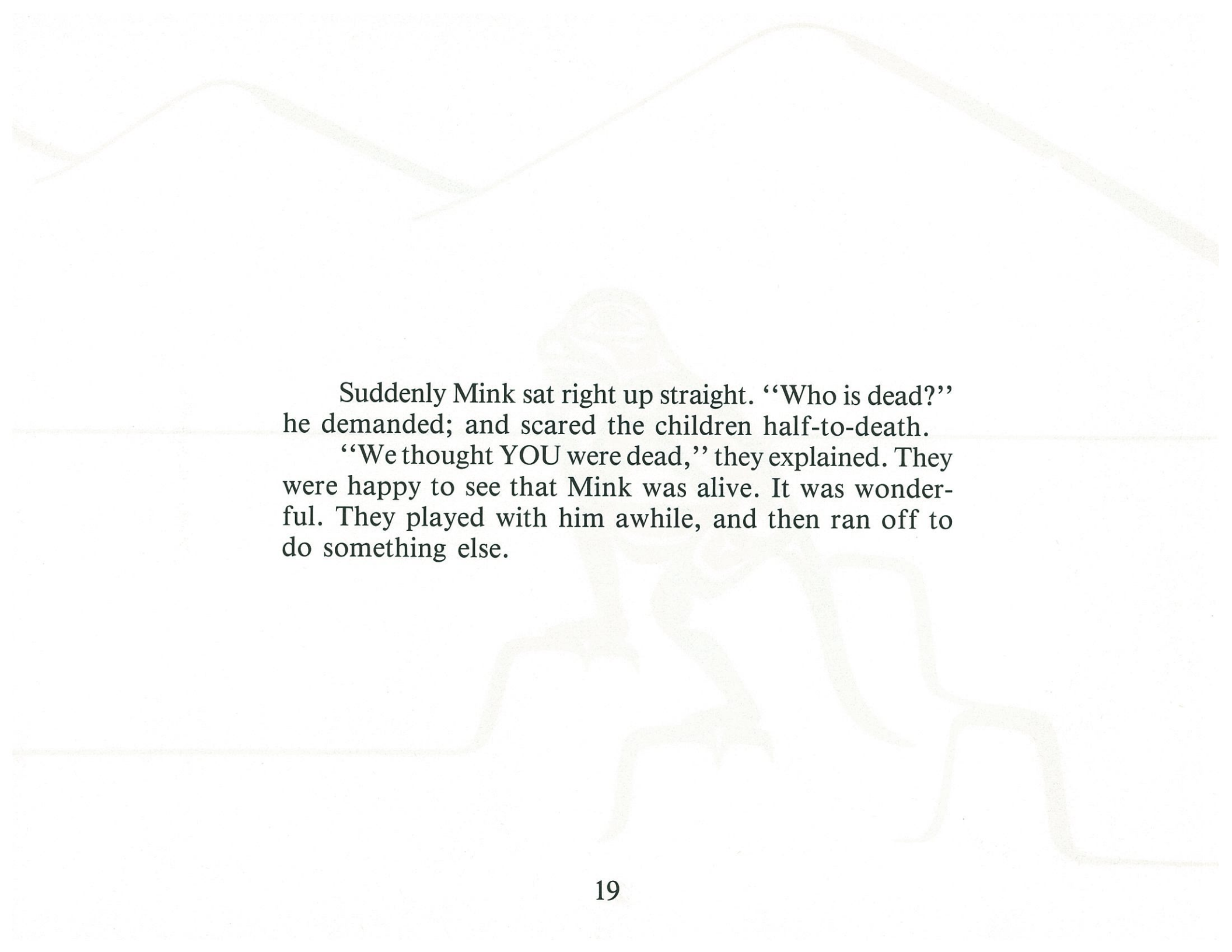




A faint, light-colored illustration serves as a background for the page. It depicts a simple house with a gabled roof at the top. Below the house, three children are shown in various poses, appearing to be playing or walking on a beach. The illustration is very light and blends into the white background.

Later that day a group of children came down to the beach to play. “Look! Mink is dead!” one of the girls called when she found Mink’s body lying flat and still on the ground. The other children gathered around Mink. They were shocked to see Mink’s face. Some of the children started to cry. “Poor dead Mink,” they crooned. “Poor dead Mink.”

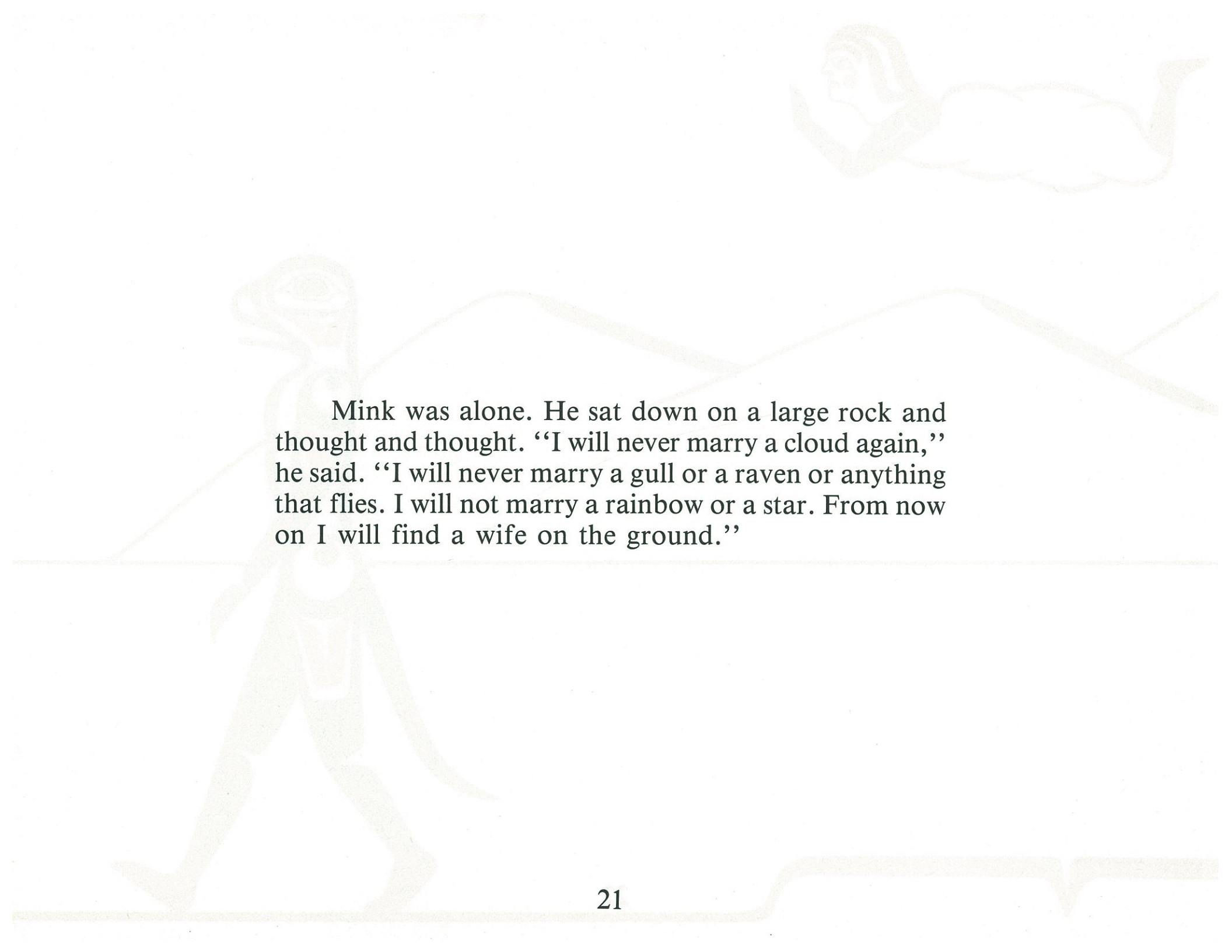




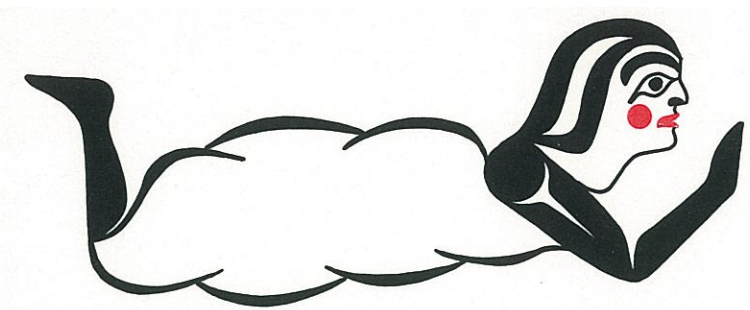
Suddenly Mink sat right up straight. “Who is dead?” he demanded; and scared the children half-to-death.

“We thought YOU were dead,” they explained. They were happy to see that Mink was alive. It was wonderful. They played with him awhile, and then ran off to do something else.



The background features a faint, light-colored illustration. On the left, a man in traditional attire is walking towards the right. On the right, a woman is lying down, possibly on a rock or a mat, looking towards the left. The scene is set against a backdrop of simple, rolling hills.

Mink was alone. He sat down on a large rock and thought and thought. “I will never marry a cloud again,” he said. “I will never marry a gull or a raven or anything that flies. I will not marry a rainbow or a star. From now on I will find a wife on the ground.”



Mink stood up and looked at the sky. Cloud was becoming full and fluffy again, but Mink knew their marriage could not work. “Good-bye!” he called to her, and she smiled wisely.

Mink set off to search for a new wife.



