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I guess I must tell you a story about a fox. This man, his uncle came from North Cambridge, and together they went to Trout Lake, you know, up in Cheticamp. They went out fishing for trout. They call it Cheti? camp Lake, but the old people used to call it Trout Lake. I don't know how they got there. Well, it was a lie anyhow, they never went there. But he said, "When we got to the lake there, there was a fox. A beautiful fox." And my uncle said, "Don't you make a noise, now, don't you frighten the fox away. He's doing something. What is he doing?" Well, he was lifting stones and picking worms, and then on every one of his claws he would put a worm and he would stick it out in the water. Then all of a sudden a trout would come, and he would grab it with his claws and throw it on the beach. He did that awhile. And then it didn't go fast enough. He put worms on • both paws. And when he had caught maybe 20 trout • they were all big trout • his uncle said, "That's the time. You can shoot him now." And so they shot the fox. And they had a bagful of trout and a fox. Now isn't that a beautiful story? What a nice lie. Isn't that the sweetest lie you ever heard? And you know, I went to see my sister, two days before she died. And guess what she was telling me. She was blind, you know. She was telling me, "You're so beautiful." And when the nurses would come in, she'd say to them, "Look at her, isn't she beautiful?" And the nurse would look at me the eye of pity. And one nurse said, "Do you know her?" And I said, "Yes, she's my only sister." And there is a photographer comes here. He says, "Spread out your hands. They are the most beautiful hands" • and X laugh. It was like my sister. It makes me laugh still. Oh, it's a good thing I'm not a vain person. I'd feel kind of proud. You know, I was very sick one day, and I was supposed to die. I was 13 days on the dangerous list • and Leo came in to see me Our thanks to Jocelyne Marchand for transcribing the songs and stories in French I said to him, "After I'm dead I will follow you to The Point. And you will see my soul on pebbles, on grains of sand, on little pieces of straw • any place you look. I will be in front of you in 50 different shapes." And there I look. And there was Leo, crying. And I said, "Leo, I was going to tell you a story but in that case I won't tell you. You're ugly enough as you are." "Keep quiet," he said • and he was laughing through the tears. And in the afternoon another person came and I said to them, "If you came here to cry because I'm dying, go home." And then she was laughing, she was crying • and you know, she died suddenly afterward. And the nuns • I told them to get out of my room. They were all in there saying the rosary. But I didn't die. I wouldn't give them the satisfaction. All Rooms Overlook Sydney Harbour Vista Motel King's Road, Sydney N.S*

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