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**Document A**

**Thomas King, "Borders", *One Good Story, This One*, (HarperCollins 1993), University of Minnesota Press, 2013 pp. 136-140**

**<https://uit.no/Content/329345/Thomas%20King%20Borders-1.pdf>**

My mother got a coffee at the convenience store, and we stood around and watched the prairies move in the sunlight. Then we climbed back in the car. My mother straightened the dress across her thighs, leaned against the wheel, and drove all the way to the border in first gear, slowly, as if she were trying to see through a bad storm or riding high on black ice.

5 The border guard was an old guy. As he walked to the car, he swayed from side to side, his feet set wide apart, the holster on his hip pitching up and down. He leaned into the window, looked into the back seat, and looked at my mother and me.

"Morning, ma'am."

"Good morning."

10 "Where you heading?"

"Salt Lake City."

"Purpose of your visit?"

"Visit my daughter."

"Citizenship?"

15 "Blackfoot," my mother told him.

"Ma'am?"

"Blackfoot," my mother repeated.

"Canadian?"

"Blackfoot."

20 It would have been easier if my mother had just said "Canadian" and been done with it, but I could see she wasn't going to do that. The guard wasn't angry or anything. He smiled and looked towards the building. Then he turned back and nodded.

"Morning, ma'am."

"Good-morning."

25 "Any firearms or tobacco?"

"No."

"Citizenship?"

"Blackfoot."

30 He told us to sit in the car and wait, and we did. In about five minutes, another guard came out with the first man. They were talking as they came, both men swaying back and forth like cowboys headed for a bar or a gunfight.

"Morning, ma'am."

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“Good morning.”

“Cecil tells me you and the boy are Blackfoot.”

35 “That’s right.”

“Now, I know that we got Blackfeet on the American side and the Canadians got Blackfeet on their side. Just so we can keep our records straight, what side do you come from?”

I knew exactly what my mother was going to say, and I could have told them if they had asked me.

40 “Canadian side or American side?” asked the guard.

“Blackfoot side,” she said.

It didn’t take them long to lose their sense of humor, I can tell you that. The one guard stopped smiling altogether and told us to park our car at the side of the building and come in.

45 We sat on a wood bench for about an hour before anyone came over to talk to us. This time it was a woman. She had a gun, too.

“Hi,” she said. “I’m Inspector Pratt. I understand there is a little misunderstanding.”

“I’m going to visit my daughter in Salt Lake City,” my mother told her. “We don’t have any guns or beer.”

50 “It’s a legal technicality, that’s all.”

“My daughter’s Blackfoot, too.”

The woman opened a briefcase and took a couple of forms and began to write on one of them. “Everyone who crosses the border has to declare their citizenship. Even Americans. It helps us keep track of the visitors we get from the various countries.”

55 She went on like this for maybe fifteen minutes, and a lot of the stuff she told us was interesting.

“I can understand how you feel about having to tell us your citizenship, and here’s what I’ll do. You tell me, and I won’t put it down on the form. No-one will ever know but you and me.”

60 Her gun was silver. There were several chips in the wood handle and the name “Stella” was scratched into the metal butt.

We were in the border office for about four hours, and we talked to almost everyone there. One of the men bought me a Coke. My mother brought a couple of sandwiches in from the car. I offered part of mine to Stella, but she said she wasn’t hungry.

65 I told Stella that we were Blackfoot and Canadian, but she said that that didn’t count because I was a minor. In the end, she told us that if my mother didn’t declare her citizenship, we would have to go back to where we came from. My mother stood up and thanked Stella for her time. Then we got back in the car and drove to the Canadian border, which was only about a hundred yards away.

70 I was disappointed. I hadn’t seen Laetitia for a long time, and I had never been to Salt Lake City. When she was still at home, Laetitia would go on and on about Salt Lake City. She had never been there, but her boyfriend Lester Tallbull had spent a year in Salt Lake at a technical school.

“It’s a great place,” Lester would say. “Nothing but blondes in the whole state.”

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75 Whenever he said that, Laetitia would slug him on his shoulder hard enough to make him flinch. He had some brochures on Salt Lake and some maps, and every so often the two of them would spread them out on the table.

“That’s the temple. It’s right downtown. You got to have a pass to get in.”

“Charlotte says anyone can go in and look around.”

80 “When was Charlotte in Salt Lake? Just when the hell was Charlotte in Salt Lake?”

“Last year.”

“This is Liberty Park. It’s got a zoo. There’s good skiing in the mountains.”

“Got all the skiing we can use,” my mother would say. “People come from all over the world to ski at Banff. Cardston’s got a temple, if you like those kinds of things.”

85 “Oh, this one is real big,” Lester would say. “They got armed guards and everything.”

“Not what Charlotte says.”

“What does she know?”

Lester and Laetitia broke up, but I guess the idea of Salt Lake stuck in her mind.

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## DOCUMENT B

### Cherokee Phoenix and Indians' Advocate

Saturday, July 24, 1830

Vol. III, no. 14

Page 1, col. 1b-Page 2, col. 2a

[https://www.wcu.edu/library/digitalcollections/cherokeephoenix/Vol3/no14/3no14\\_p1-c1B.htm](https://www.wcu.edu/library/digitalcollections/cherokeephoenix/Vol3/no14/3no14_p1-c1B.htm)

*INDIANS Address of the "Committee and Council of the Cherokee Nation in General Council convened" to the people of the United States.*

The removal of families to a new country, even under the most favorable auspices, and when the spirits are sustained by pleasing visions of the future, is attended with much  
5 depression of mind and sinking of heart. This is the case, when the removal is a matter of decided preference, and when the persons concerned are in early youth or vigorous manhood. Judge, then, what must be the circumstances of a removal, when a whole community, embracing persons of all classes and every description, from the infant to the man of extreme old age, the sick, the blind, the lame,- the improvident, the reckless, the  
10 desperate, as well as the prudent- the considerate, the industrious, are compelled to remove by odious and intolerable vexations and persecutions, brought upon them in the forms of law, when all will agree only in this, that they have been cruelly robbed of their country, in violation of the most solemn compacts which it is possible for communities to form with each other; and that if they should make themselves comfortable in their residence, they  
15 have nothing to expect hereafter but to be the victims of a future legalized robbery!

Such we deem, and are absolutely certain, will be the feelings of the whole Cherokee people, if they are forcibly compelled by the laws of Georgia to remove; and with these feelings, how is it possible that we should pursue our present course of improvement, or avoid sinking into utter despondency? We have been called a poor, ignorant, and degraded people. We  
20 certainly are not rich; nor have we ever boasted of our knowledge of our moral or intellectual elevation. But there is not a man within our limits so ignorant as not to know that he has a right to live on the land of his fathers, in the possession of his immemorial privileges, and that this right has been acknowledged and guaranteed by the United States;

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25 nor is there a man so degraded as not to feel a keen sense of injury, on being deprived of this right and driven into exile.

30 It is under a sense of the most pungent feelings that we make this, perhaps our last appeal to the good people of the United States. It cannot be that the community we are addressing, remarkable for its intelligence and religious sensibilities, and prominent for its devotion to the rights of man, will lay aside this appeal, without considering that we stand in need of its sympathy and commiseration. We know that to the Christian and Philanthropist the voice of our multiplied sorrows and fiery trials will not appear as an idle tale in our own land, on our own soil, and in our own dwellings, which were reared for our wives, and for our little ones when there was peace on our mountains and in our valleys, we are encountering troubles which cannot but try our very souls. But shall we on account of these troubles, forsake our  
35 beloved country? Shall we, be compelled by a civilized and Christian people, with whom we have lived in perfect peace for the last forty years, and for whom we have willingly bled in war, to bid a final adieu to our homes, our farms, our streams, and our beautiful forests? No. We are still firm. We intend still to cling with our wonted affection to the land which gave us birth and which every day of our lives brings to us new and stronger ties of attachment. We  
40 appeal to the judge of all the earth who will fairly award us justice, and to the good sense of the American people, whether we are intruding upon the land of others. Our consciences bear us witness that we are the invaders of no man's rights--we have robbed no man of his territory--we have usurped no man's authority, nor have we deprived anyone of his unalienable privileges. How then shall we indirectly confess the right of another people to  
45 our land by leaving it forever? On the soil which contains the ashes of our beloved men we wish to live--on this soil we wish to die.

We entreat those to whom the preceding paragraphs are addressed to remember the great law of love, "Do to others as ye would that others should do to you"- Let them remember that of all nations on the earth, they are under the greatest obligations to obey this law. We  
50 pray them to remember that, for the sake of our people, their forefathers were compelled to leave, therefore driven from the old world, and that the winds of persecution wafted them over the great waters and landed them on the shores of the new world, when the Indian was the sole lord and proprietor of these extensive domains.- Let them remember in what way they were received by the savage of America, when power was in his hand, and his ferocity  
55 could not be restrained by any human arm. We urge them to bear in mind, that those who would now ask of them a cup of cold water, and a spot of earth, a portion of their own patrimonial possessions on which to live and die in peace, are the descendants of those, whose origin as inhabitants of North America history and tradition are alike insufficient to reveal. Let them bring to remembrance all these facts, and they cannot, and we are sure  
60 they will not, fail to remember, and sympathize with us in these our trials and sufferings.

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**DOCUMENT C**

***Miss America*, Kent Monkman, acrylic on canvas - 84" x 132"**

