

Aline's Diary #1. Whitehorse. May 1st, 2006

Well, after I found my great-grandmother Aurore's story in that trunk, everyone has been telling me I should start my own diary. This is it. It's just that I can't quite think what to write.

I was over at my grandmother's today. I love her, but sometimes it gets pretty boring listening to all those old stories. Again and again. She's got boxes and boxes of photos upstairs. Plus, she always thinks I can't wait to eat canned peaches with canned milk. I guess it was a real treat in the old days, but looks pretty disgusting now. I'd rather eat a Kiwi fruit or something.

Ever since I found Aurore's story, she's had a new burst of energy. Today she came up with the idea that we should retrace Aurore's footsteps to learn about the family history. My Dad heard the idea, and now he's all enthusiastic, too.

I was supposed to go to a sleep over at Kayley's. Now he's dragging me to Skagway, Alaska instead.

He's given me a map that Aurore drew when she was 9. It shows her route from Skagway to Dawson City and back to Whitehorse.

I've been to those places lots of times. The thing I just realized about the map, though, is that it doesn't have any roads on it. My Dad says Aurore had to walk or ride a canoe ... "without a DVD player" he said when I asked where my favorite disk was.

- Aline

