

# Depot Land



This book is part of the Sapujjijit Reading Series, developed by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) in Nunavut. The Sapujjijit Reading Series is a unique, Nunavut-developed literacy initiative that infuses the current and historical role of RCMP officers into a culturally appropriate reading program.

The Sapujjijit Reading Series was developed to support the reading level guidelines outlined in Uqalimaariuqsaniq, the Department of Education's reading program. Uqalimaariuqsaniq is a sequential and progressive Inuktitut reading program that supports students in their development as readers.

The Sapujjijit Reading Series informs readers about the role of police officers in their community. It also provides opportunities for readers to consider their own interest in policing as a future career.

Please see the end of this book for more information about the Sapujjijit Reading Series.

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## **Book details**

<b>Level:</b>	16
<b>Text type:</b>	Fiction
<b>Subjects/themes:</b>	Leaving home, career training, feeling homesick
<b>Key features:</b>	48 pages, chapters, spot illustrations, dialogue, past tense, third-person point of view

# Depot Land



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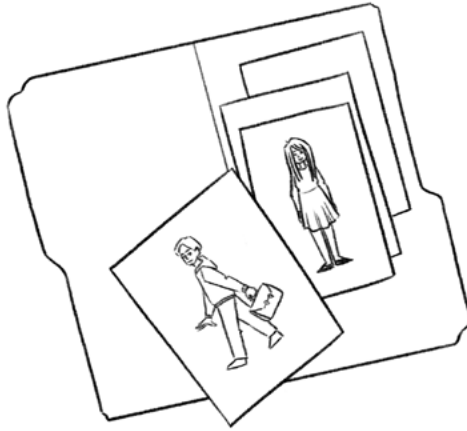


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## Chapter I: The Exam



The door to the Arctic College office banged shut behind Hailey as she walked inside, disturbing two students who were hunched over their computers. They turned to look at her, and she felt her face glow red as she waved an apology. She took off her snowy boots and left them on the plastic mat to dry. Feeling embarrassed in socked feet, she walked toward the secretary, Martha Enook.

Like most people in Arviat, Hailey had known Martha for as long as she could remember. She had gone to school with both of Martha's daughters, had trained

as a Junior Ranger with her husband, and was currently working as a student support assistant in her granddaughter's Grade 3 classroom. But even Martha's familiar face couldn't calm Hailey's nerves as she approached the desk.

"Hey, Martha," she said, trying to smile. "I'm here to take my RCMP exam!"

Martha looked up and clapped her hands together. "I've got it ready to go in the back room, Hailey! What an exciting day. Did you study?"

Hailey raised her eyebrows, taking off her mitts and following Martha down the hallway. She ignored the curious glances of the students at the computers.

Martha led her to a dimly lit classroom. On the large desk at the front was a big envelope stamped *RCMP*. "It's been so long since anyone in the community even tried the RCMP exam!" Martha said, showing Hailey to her seat. "I am sure you are going to do us all proud!"

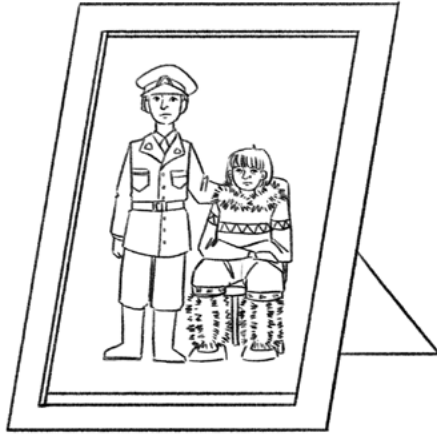
"I hope so." Hailey tried to stop her teeth from chattering. She was so nervous she was almost shaking. She forced herself to take a few deep breaths and then pulled the exam out of the envelope. It was so thick!

“Well, you’ve got four hours,” Martha explained. “And you’re going to start with looking over these photos. I can leave them with you for 20 minutes, and then I have to come and take them away.”

Hailey took the pictures from Martha and immediately started trying to memorize them. *White male, red jacket, blond hair, carrying a green bag. Inuk female, long hair, dark eyes, wearing a purple dress.*



## Chapter 2: Big Shoes to Fill



A little over four hours later, Hailey was curled up in a big chair at her anaanatsiaq's house, sipping tea and eating bannock. "The exam was so long!" she exclaimed. "I didn't feel like I would ever finish. And just when I was really getting into the essay, Martha came back in, and I had to answer a bunch of questions about the pictures from the beginning of the test!"

"Could you remember them?"  
Anaanatsiaq asked.

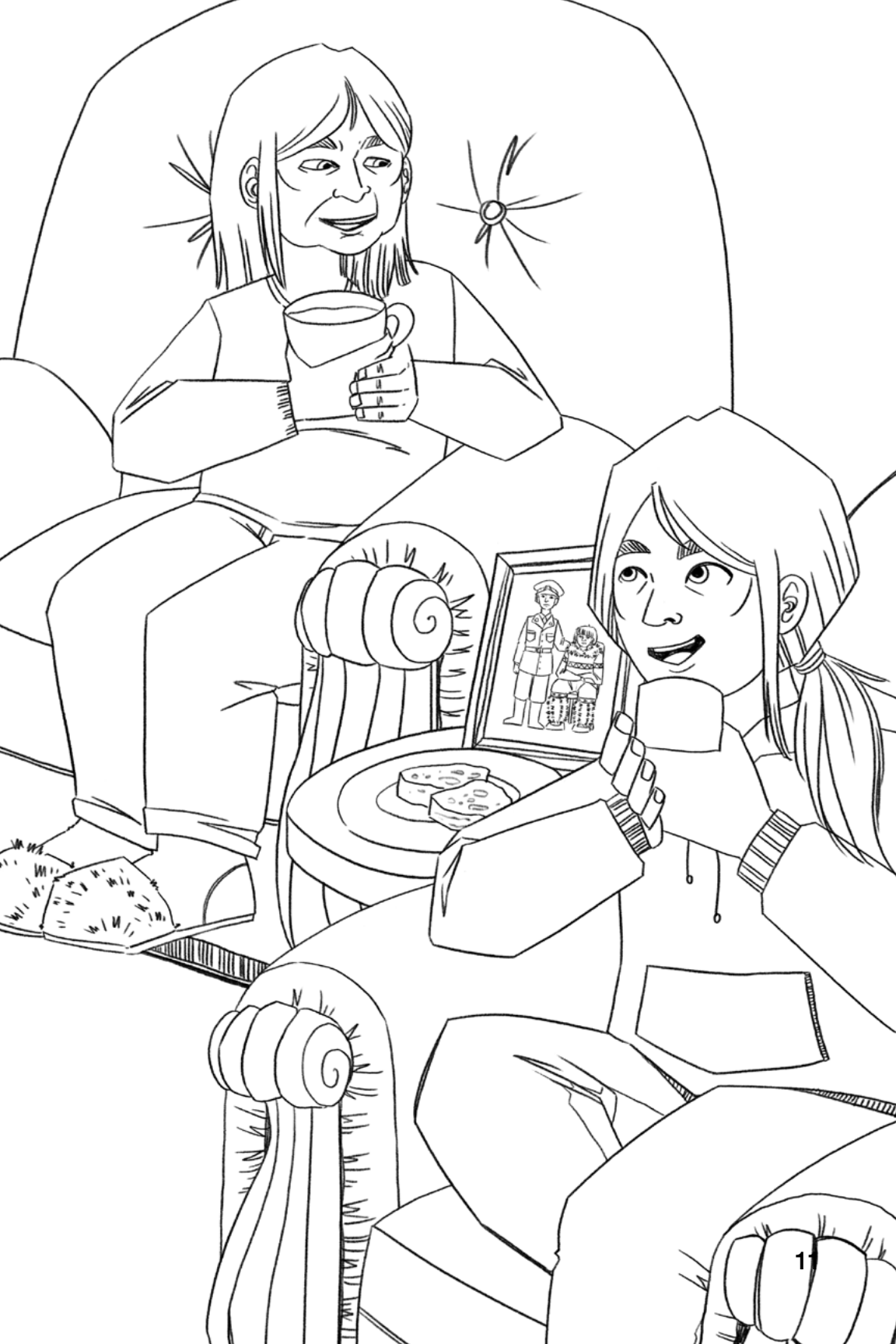
“I think so,” Hailey answered. “And my essay was pretty good, but some of the questions about the Criminal Code were really hard. I don’t think I did that great on that part.”

“I am sure you did very well, little auntie.” Anaanatsiaq smiled proudly.

“The RCMP is a part of your history.” As they so often did, Anaanatsiaq’s eyes wandered to the framed photo of Hailey’s grandfather sitting on the table beside her chair. It was an old photo, taken in the 1960s. Her ataatsiaq was dressed in traditional clothing, sitting beside a man in an RCMP uniform.

Hailey’s grandfather had been a Special Constable with the RCMP for over 20 years. When he had passed away a few years earlier, the RCMP had sent a special award to his family to recognize his service.

“Your ataatsiaq and I travelled up and down Hudson Bay with our dogs and the RCMP,” Anaanatsiaq remembered. Hailey had heard this story many times before, but she never got tired of it. “He would translate for the local people so they could understand what the RCMP were saying and make sure everyone got the help they needed.”



“You helped a lot, too, didn’t you?”

“Yes, all the Special Constables’ wives helped out. We made and repaired clothing for the officers, and did some chores and prepared meals at the detachment.”

Anaanatsiaq smiled warmly at Hailey.

“Ataatatsiaq would be so proud that this is the path you have chosen, little auntie.”

Hailey smiled and reached for her anaanatsiaq’s hand. “I wish he were here to see it,” she admitted.

“Oh, I’m sure he is here with us always.” Anaanatsiaq’s eyes shone. “Now, eat some more bannock! We need to get you nice and strong before we send you off to Regina!”

## Chapter 3: Accepted



“The interview last month was the last one I have to do,” Hailey explained, cradling the phone between her ear and shoulder as she stirred the spaghetti she was making for dinner. “They’re doing the reference checks now, and I guess they’ll just call me when that’s finished.”

“They’d be fools not to let you in,” her boyfriend Henry’s voice crackled over the phone. He was away working at the mine, and the cell service in the remote area wasn’t great. “One way or the other, I’m sure you’ll be happy when it’s all over.”

“Well, I’ll be happiest if I get in,” Hailey laughed. “It would be awful to do all of this work and then not get in.”

The loud bang of the front door closing distracted Hailey from the call. Her best friend since grade school, Maggie Kusugak, came trampling into the kitchen, carrying shopping bags in her hand and a squirming baby in her amauti. “That smells delicious!” she declared, dropping the bags and reaching behind her for her son, Liam, who popped out a little sweaty from the warmth of the amauti.

“I gotta go, Henry. Maggie just got here,” Hailey said into the phone. “I’ll talk to you soon!”

“Sounds good. Say hi to Maggie for me.”

Hailey hung up the phone and went to take Liam while Maggie took off her winter things. “The garlic bread just needs to be warmed up in the oven,” Maggie said, gesturing to the bags on the floor and hanging up her coat. “Have you heard anything from the RCMP yet?”

“Nothing,” Hailey said, trying not to sound upset. “They called my boss this week and did a reference check. Plus, as you know, they’ve talked to all of my friends and family.”

“And I gave you a glowing review, of course,” Maggie said with a grin.

“Of course!” Their conversation was interrupted by the telephone ringing.

“Henry forget to say something?” Maggie raised an eyebrow as Hailey picked up the phone.

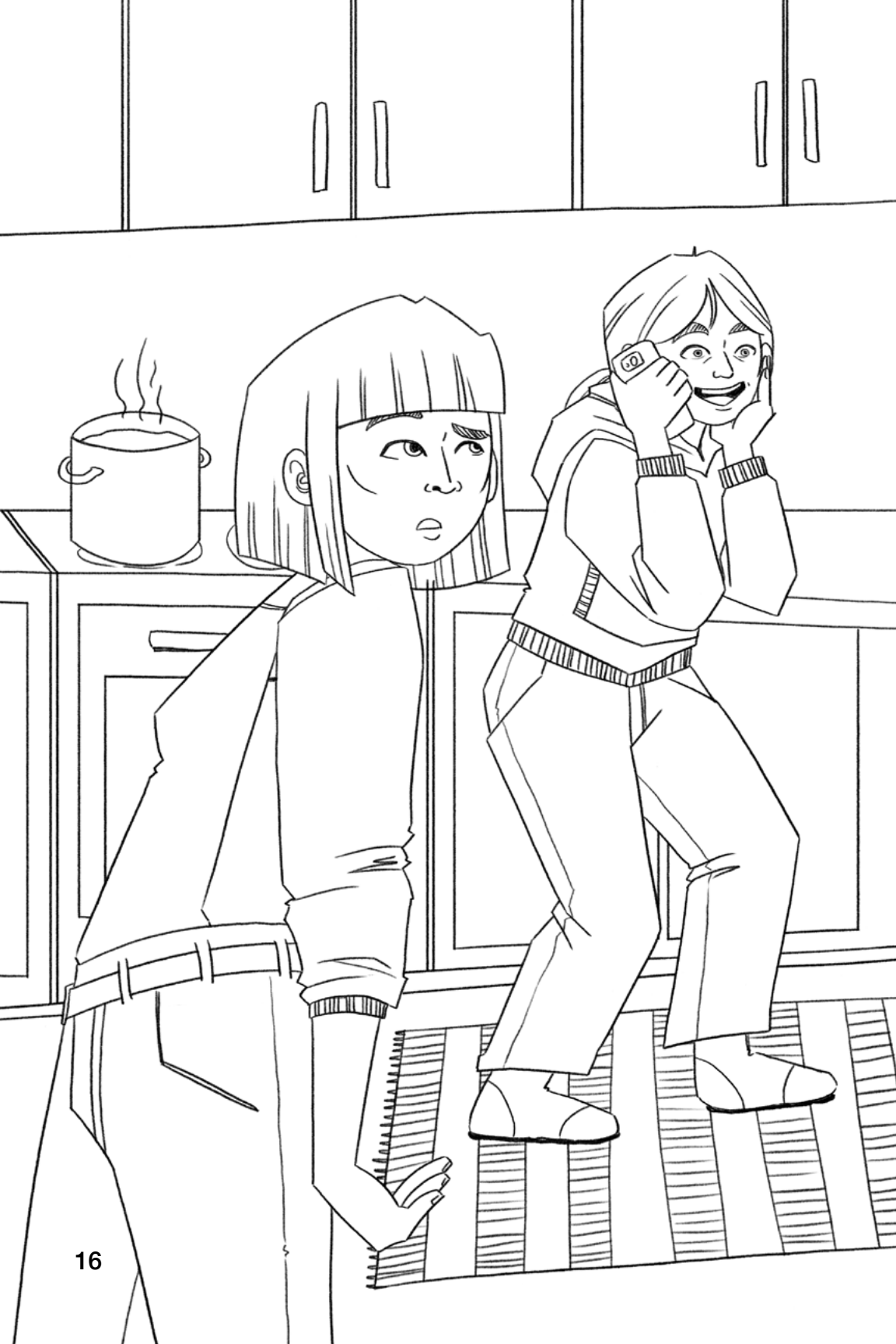
“Miss me already?” Hailey laughed into the receiver.

But it wasn't Henry's voice on the other end. “Good afternoon, miss,” said a very professional-sounding woman. “Am I speaking to Miss Hailey Idlout?”

“This is she,” Hailey confirmed. Her breath caught in her throat. Was this the call she thought it was? Seeing the look on her face, Maggie moved closer to listen in.

“Hello then, Hailey. My name is Corporal Marissa Edwards and I'm calling from admissions with the RCMP. If you're still interested, we would be thrilled to offer you a place in our next group of recruits to start at Depot in April.”

Hailey felt excitement sweep through her from her heart to the tip of her toes. “Yes!” she half gasped. “Yes! I am definitely still interested.” Maggie let out an excited squeal and threw her arms around Hailey so forcefully she staggered back against the kitchen wall.



Hailey could barely concentrate on anything else Corporal Edwards said because her heart was pounding so hard. She was relieved when she heard they would be sending a follow-up email with all of the important details. As she hung up, she couldn't wipe the grin off her face.

"Hailey! You did it!" Maggie squealed again. "You're going to Depot!"

"I'm going to Depot," she repeated, still barely believing it. All of Hailey's hard work over the last 18 months suddenly seemed worth it—the exams, paperwork, medical tests, and interviews. She'd done it. "I'm going to Depot!"

"When do you leave?" Maggie asked.

"In about a month," Hailey said, the overwhelming thought of leaving home again suddenly sweeping over her. She had done some schooling in Iqaluit when she took her early childhood education program a few years ago. But this would mean leaving Nunavut. Moving away from everyone and everything she had ever known. For six months she would be living in Regina, with no time to make trips home to see family and friends. And she knew she would probably be the only Inuk there, and one of the only women. She wasn't sure what that would be like.

Maggie stopped Hailey's train of thought. "Get that sad look off your face! It's six months, right? You can do six months. And then you'll be an actual RCMP officer! This is everything you've ever wanted."

Maggie's words immediately cheered Hailey up. "You're right," she agreed. "Oh my gosh...I have to call Anaanatsiaq!"

## Chapter 4: Depot Land



A short month later, Hailey rolled over in the narrow bunk that would be her sleeping quarters for the next six months in Regina, Saskatchewan. She had spent the last few weeks packing and saying goodbye to all her friends and family in Arviat. She was exhausted, but too excited to sleep. In the faint glow of moonlight filtering in through the window, she could make out the framed photo on her bedside table. Among the many instructions about how to organize her closet and make her bed, the woman who showed them to their rooms had been very clear: they were allowed

one photo on display. The choice had been easy. Her anaanatsiaq had given her a copy of the photo of her ataatsiaq working as a Special Constable. Looking at it now in her tiny dormitory, she felt like he was here with her.

The first day had passed in a blur. She had been introduced to the other new recruits who would be her troopmates. She understood they would spend the whole day together—every day. They would take classes in police sciences, defensive tactics, firearms, and even police driving. And they would have to do lots of drills and work to improve their fitness. She had already made some connections with a few people, including a girl from PEI named Jenna, who was the only other female in her troop. A smiley boy from Vancouver, Danny, had won her over by telling the troop all about his wedding plans with his fiancée—even though the other guys had teased him when he started giving details about the flower arrangements.

The numbers on her alarm clock announced it was already well past midnight. She turned over in bed and closed her eyes, trying to block out thoughts of how

much she already missed her family. Wake-up time was 6:00 a.m., and they would have to be showered and dressed in time to march out together for breakfast at 6:30 before their first full day of classes.

\* \* \*

The next morning, Hailey rubbed at sleepy grit in her eyes as she marched in time with her troop to her police sciences class. Her watch told her it was only 8:30, but a lot had already been squeezed into the morning, including a 45-minute jog with her troop over uneven ground on a very chilly April morning. She filed into the classroom and took the seat beside Jenna, who already had her laptop open on her desk. “This class is supposed to be really tough,” she whispered, leaning over. “Make sure you take good notes!”

Hailey nodded thanks, reaching into her duffel bag and pulling out the notebook she had brought. The instructor, Corporal Daniels, was already at the front of the classroom, scribbling on the board. He turned around and addressed the class abruptly. “Who can tell me what section 34 of the Criminal Code addresses?”

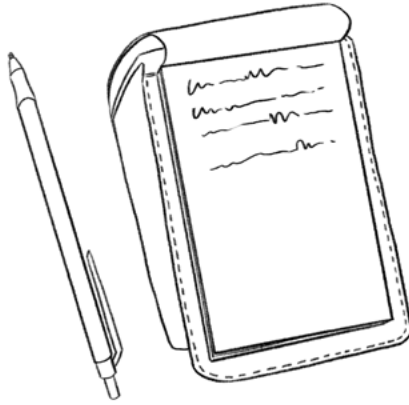
Hailey looked around nervously, half hoping he was joking. She had no idea. Unfortunately, almost every other hand in the class shot up, including Jenna's. Daniels pointed at a boy sitting on the other side of the table. As he answered, Hailey felt her heart sink.

Throughout the rest of the class, Daniels continued to ask questions that Hailey didn't know the answers to. Everyone else in the class seemed to know exactly what was going on, including Jenna, who turned to Hailey with a big grin as she answered a question correctly.

Hailey swallowed hard, trying to look happy for her new friend. Inside, though, her stomach was in knots. For the first time since arriving, she felt seriously in over her head.



## Chapter 5: Always Know Where Your Notebook Is



The stomp of all 30 of her troopmates' feet in time was thrilling to Hailey. Over the past month, drill had quickly become her favourite class. Their instructor, Corporal Nichols, was a burly man with a booming voice and eyes like a hawk. He could spot a smudge on a shoe or flyaway hair across the parade ground. Any dress mistakes during drill class would earn a stern lecture in front of the group.



Hailey had only been singled out once for a scuffed boot, but once was enough. She had wanted to disappear into the ground. She made sure her shoes were polished enough to see herself in from then on.

“Troop dismissed!” Nichols bellowed.

“Yes, Corporal!” the troop chanted back, ringing their heels together in unison.

Hailey let her shoulders relax and exchanged smiles with Danny, who was checking his watch. “Perfect!” he grinned. “I think I have time to slip away and get in a call with Marianne.”

Hailey shook her head as Danny hurried to the front of the troop. The rest of them were marching to another dull hour in their police sciences class—a class that had not gotten any easier for Hailey. She was impressed with Danny’s dedication to getting in phone calls with his fiancée. She realized guiltily she couldn’t remember the last time she’d managed a call with Henry. Normally she only had time for a few quick text messages back and forth before falling into a deep sleep at the end of the day.

As she settled into her seat next to Jenna, she resolved to send Henry a text as soon as they got to lunch. She didn’t

have time to think much more about it, as Corporal Daniels was already diving into another dry section of the Criminal Code. He walked up and down the aisle, pausing now and then to look and make sure people were taking notes. Hailey's pen moved quickly across her notebook. She was desperately trying to cram as much information onto the page as possible.

Suddenly, the door to the classroom banged open. A middle-aged man in a toque ran down the centre aisle of the classroom, yelling and swearing. He was carrying a baseball bat and banging it on the ground as he came along. A few students in aisle seats stood up, looking more than a little nervous. Before anyone could react much further, two uniformed officers came in behind the man, grabbed his arms and dragged him out, kicking and screaming.

At the front of the room, Corporal Daniels looked incredibly calm. "What colour was that gentleman's hair?" he asked the class. "How tall would you say he was? How much do you think he weighed?"

The class turned their attention back to their instructor, most of them looking a little shocked. Daniels smirked a little bit

and Hailey began to understand. “Most importantly,” Daniels continued, “why aren’t you writing all of this down in your notebooks?”

Hailey and her classmates all began scribbling down as much information as they could remember. It was another rule their instructors tried to drill into their heads—write everything down all the time, no matter how small the detail might seem. When they were working as officers, they would have to remember all those details to make accurate reports.

“My notebook’s not here,” Jenna hissed, looking panicked. “It’s gone...it was just on the desk, I swear!”

“Missing something, Sanderson?” Daniels was holding up Jenna’s notebook at the front of the class. Jenna’s face went bright red as she slunk out of her seat to retrieve the notebook, which Daniels had clearly taken as he walked up and down the aisles. “Always know where your notebook is, people!”

## Chapter 6: Missing Home



“So, the whole thing was staged,” Hailey explained to Henry on the phone that night. “They set up the scene to get us to practise using our notebooks.”

“No way!” Henry said on the other end of the phone. Hailey realized that she had been talking about Depot since she and Henry got on the phone. She hadn’t even asked Henry about his rotation at the mine.

“I’m sorry that I keep talking about Depot. I know that I haven’t been very good at keeping in touch for the last few weeks,”

Hailey said. She had been proud of herself for making time for this phone call tonight, but now she was feeling guilty for being so wrapped up in Depot.

“It’s okay, Hailey. I know how important becoming an RCMP officer is to you because of your ataatatsiaq,” Henry said. “And besides, it’s only a few more months.”

“Thanks for understanding. I promise I’ll try to call more often,” Hailey replied, feeling relieved. “So, how were things at the mine?”

Henry had gotten home from the mine a few days ago. He told Hailey that he had almost saved up enough money to buy a used Bravo from Maggie’s ataata.

“That’s great! Now we can go skidooing all the time this winter!” Hailey exclaimed, feeling even more excited to finish her training and go back to Nunavut. Then she remembered that tomorrow was Maggie’s birthday. “That reminds me, I should call Maggie before I go to bed. Can we talk again this weekend?”

“Sure! I should head to bed soon anyway,” Henry mumbled through a yawn. “Tell Maggie I say hi.”

“I will. Talk to you later,” Hailey replied, and then she hung up. She immediately started dialling Maggie’s familiar number.

Maggie picked up on the first ring. “Hailey!” she exclaimed in delight. “I’m so glad you called! Liam and I miss you so much!”

“I miss you guys, too! What are you doing for your birthday tomorrow?” Hailey asked enthusiastically.

As Maggie told Hailey about her plans to go boating, Hailey felt a pang of homesickness. Summer in Arviat was her favourite time of year. “That will be so much fun. I wish I could be there.”

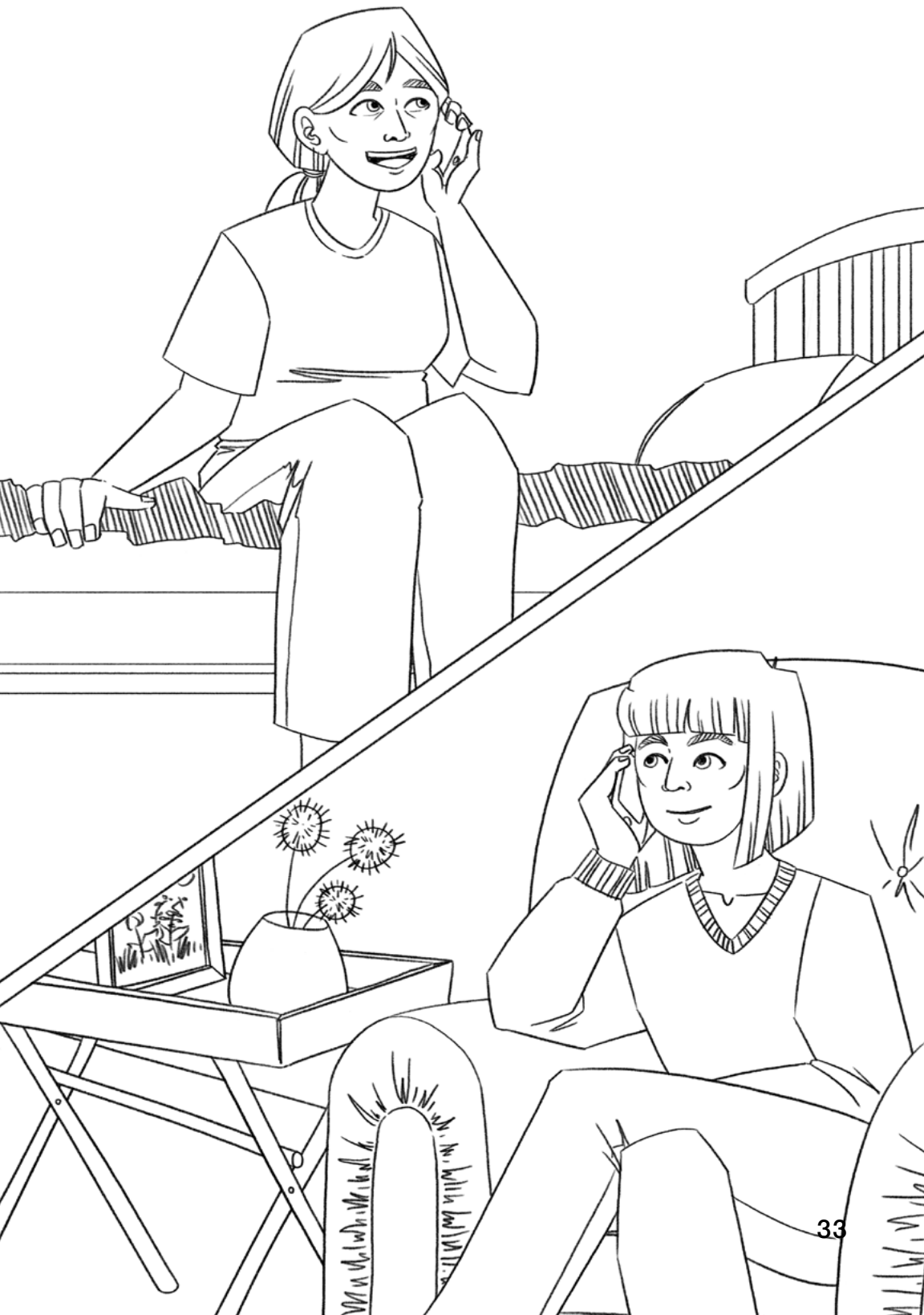
“Me too. We really do miss you around here, Hailey,” Maggie said. “So, how’s Depot? Are you the top of the class?”

“Not even close. I’m having some trouble with my police sciences course. It’s like everyone else knows exactly what’s going on, but I feel so lost. I need to spend more time studying so I can catch up,” Hailey said, getting emotional as she finally spoke about the feelings that had been nagging at her. “On top of that, I feel really homesick. I miss you and Liam, and Henry, and I miss my family. I’ve never been away from home for this long before.”

Maggie let Hailey finish talking. Then she said, “Do you want to come home?”

“No!” Hailey said immediately. She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “No, I don’t,” she said again. “It’s hard. But I really like my classes, and my new friends here. And I’ve worked so hard for this. I’m not going to give up now.”

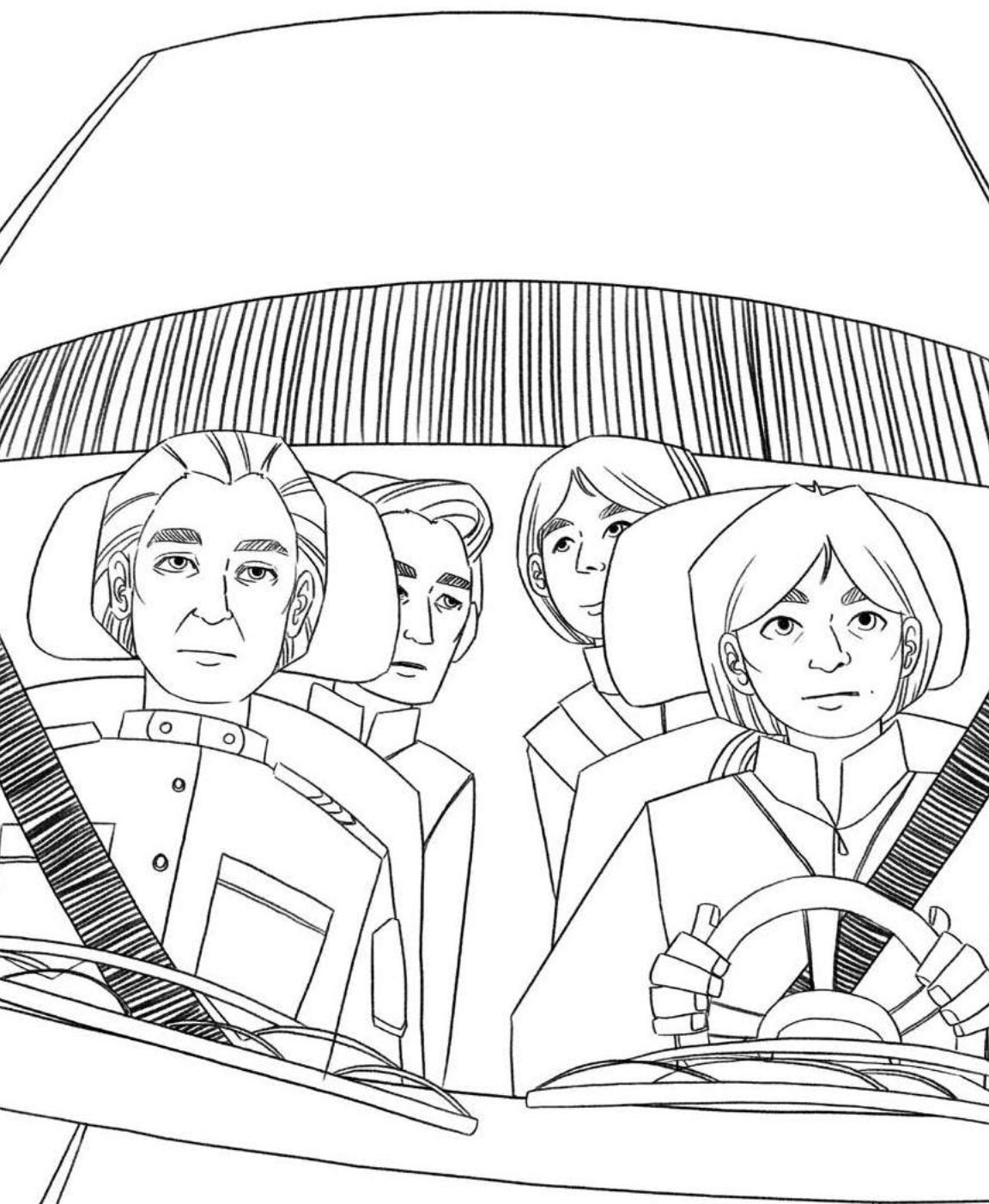
“Of course you’re not,” Maggie replied. “You’re just like your ataatsiaq. You never give up.” Hailey laughed. She felt about a million times better now that she had talked about how she was feeling. She and Maggie kept talking until Hailey couldn’t stay awake any longer.



## Chapter 7: Difficult Goodbyes



Hailey adjusted her grip on the steering wheel, the gas pedal down almost as far as it could go. Her ears were perked for any instructions that might be coming from the passenger seat. She was so focused she was barely aware of two of her troopmates in the backseat, just waiting for her to mess up so they could take over. “The perpetrator was just spotted two blocks over,” her instructor said. “Take the next right.”



Hailey eased off the gas and spun the wheel, causing the car to sail smoothly around the corner. The radio crackled to life, dispatch telling her the suspect had entered a coffee shop. She saw the building on the corner up ahead and slowed down, parking directly in front of the entrance. Her adrenaline was pumping so hard she almost jumped out of the car to track down the man they had been pretending to follow.

“And that, my friends, is how you do it,” her instructor said admiringly.

Hailey couldn't have wiped the grin off her face if she had tried. She knew those hours of snowmobile racing would come in handy one day!

\* \* \*

Back at Depot, Hailey decided to use a bit of spare time in the evening to get in a 5-kilometre run. She had just put in her headphones and started jogging along the path when she heard someone calling her name. Danny was coming toward her, looking a little bit glum. “Hey!” she said cheerfully. “We missed you at driving. Are you feeling okay?”

“I’ve got some news,” Danny said slowly. It was then that Hailey noticed he was wearing his street clothes—jeans and a T-shirt.

“Where’s your uniform?” Hailey asked, confusion setting in.

“I handed it in this afternoon,” Danny explained. “I just came out to say goodbye. I can’t take being away from Marianne anymore. I’m heading home.”

“What?” Hailey was shocked. “But... we’re over halfway done. You can’t quit now.”

Danny laughed a little bit. “Hailey... we’re not all meant for this place the way you are. I’m miserable. My flight’s already booked. But I’ll see you again sometime. It’s been really great meeting you.”

“It’s been great meeting you, too!” Hailey agreed, giving him a hug.

The next day in police sciences, Danny’s departure was all anyone could talk about. “I can’t imagine giving up like that.” Jenna shook her head. “I’m sure Marianne could have waited two more months.”

“Some people don’t want to.” Hailey shrugged. “Poor Danny. It would be so hard to be here if Henry wasn’t supportive.” She smiled as she thought of the last text she

had gotten from Henry. *I'm proud of you, Hails. I know it's not easy being away. Over halfway through!*

Jenna didn't have time to respond; Corporal Daniels started passing out their most recent quiz. Hailey waited anxiously for her test. She had studied for hours, with Jenna's very generous help. She almost snatched the paper out of the Corporal's hands, anxiety rising, until she saw the very respectable "75%" scrawled at the top. "Big improvement, Idlout," Daniels said, which was high praise coming from him.

"Great job, Hailey!" Jenna said excitedly. "I knew you were starting to get it."

"Yeah." Hailey nodded enthusiastically. "Thanks for making sure I didn't give up, Jenna."

\* \* \*

"So, I ended up doing pretty well on the test," Hailey explained to her anaanatsiaq over the phone that night. "The last few weeks have been tough, but I'm feeling really good after getting that test back."

“You worked hard, little auntie, and it paid off,” Anaanatsiaq agreed. “I know you are right where you are supposed to be. We need more young Inuit working as officers in our communities. You’ll be making such a big difference, just like your ataatsiaq did, Hailey.”

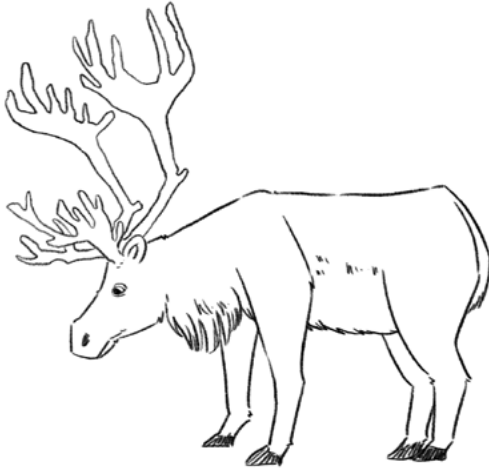
“Thanks, Anaanatsiaq. I can’t believe how fast time is going by!” Hailey said. “I miss home so much, but we only have two months left here. And then we’ll get our first postings and I’ll be able to come home on holidays.”

“It is good to travel and see some more of Nunavut and Canada,” her anaanatsiaq said. “That was another part of the job your ataatsiaq loved. He never liked to stay in one place for too long.”

“Yeah,” Hailey agreed. “He got to see so many different places in Nunavut. I would love the chance to live in different communities. Maybe see Grise Fiord!”

“Wherever you are, I am sure you will do well,” her anaanatsiaq said lovingly. “You are making me incredibly proud.”

## Chapter 8: A Natural



“I can’t believe I missed again!” groaned Jenna, staring at her target sheet, which didn’t have any holes.

“It’s because you’re closing your eyes,” Hailey suggested.

“I’m aiming!” Jenna argued. “I thought that was supposed to help.”

“Watch this,” Hailey said. The handgun they were training with today was lighter than the shotgun she had grown up firing, but the skill had transferred over pretty easily. As she raised the gun and wrapped

her finger around the trigger, her mind drifted back to caribou hunting with her ataatsiaq when she was young.

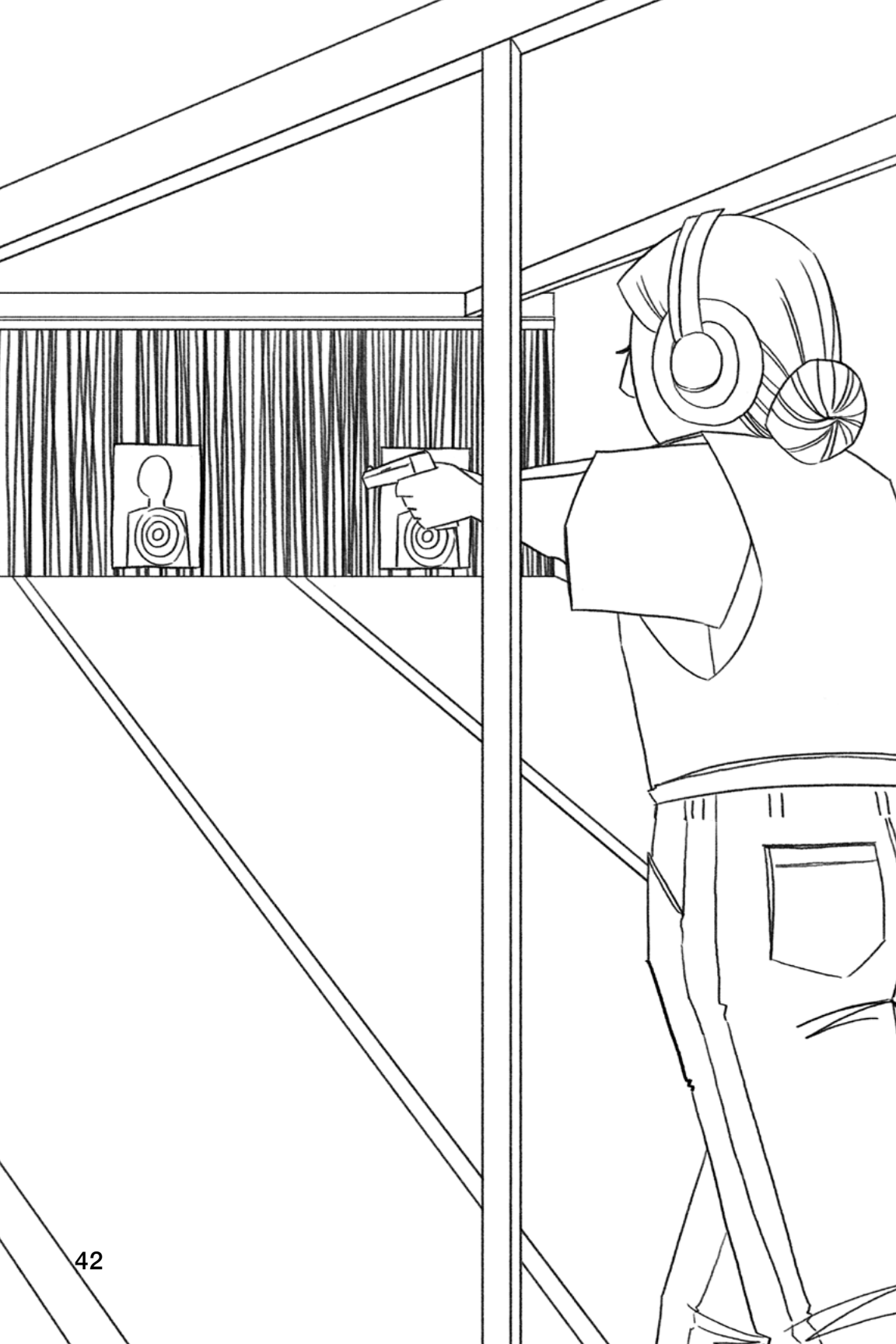
Her ataatsiaq had started taking her hunting when she was five years old. With his guidance, she had shot her first caribou when she was seven. Even now, aiming for the black outline of a target, she saw a caribou trotting across the tundra and heard her ataatsiaq's voice in her ear: "*Hold your hands steady, irngutaq. And keep both eyes open.*" Hailey pulled the trigger. She didn't even need to hear the cheers of her troopmates to know that the bullet had landed right in the bull's eye.

Their firearms instructor clucked her tongue, shaking her head and looking impressed. "Idlout, you are a natural."

"You're so good," Jenna agreed. "I'm doomed."

Hailey laughed and moved over to help her friend. "I'll help you out. I definitely owe you one after you helped me with that test!"

With a few pointers, Jenna improved quickly. By the end of class, she was consistently hitting the outer rim of the target. Both girls were in a great mood when they handed in their guns and got ready



to head to their defensive tactics course. “I can’t believe we only have a couple of weeks left,” Jenna exclaimed. “This place is really starting to feel like home.”

Hailey raised her eyebrows in agreement, but before she could answer, she was distracted by someone calling her name. “Hailey Idlout?” She turned around and came face to face with a female trainee from a different troop.

“That’s me,” she replied. “Who are you?”

“My name is Mary Karoo,” she replied. “I’m from Kimmirut.”

“Seriously?” Hailey’s eyebrows shot up in surprise. “I had no idea someone else from Nunavut was here.”

“This is my first week,” Mary explained. “But when I was coming through, they told me you were here. I was hoping we would run into each other.”

“This is amazing!” Hailey grinned. “How are you finding it?”

“It’s okay,” Mary said, sounding a little unsure. “I’m really homesick. I miss my sisters.”

“I felt that way when I got here too,” Hailey replied. “I missed my family...and country food! But stick it out. I only have two weeks left now, and I’m going to be so sad when it’s over.”

“I don’t want to quit,” Mary said. “My ataatatsiaq was a Special Constable back in the 1950s. He and his dogsled team helped to bring medicine to people in the outpost camps around Kimmirut. He was so happy when he heard I got in.”

“My ataatatsiaq was a Special Constable too!” Hailey grinned. “In and around Arviat. It’s like we’re carrying on their legacies. I know I’m making my ataatatsiaq proud. It’s important to have more Inuit RCMP officers in Nunavut. We can speak Inuktitut to communicate with Elders, and we know what people are going through.”

“Exactly,” agreed Mary. She checked her watch. “Oh...I’ve got to get going. But come find me later! I have some pissi and mikku we can share.”

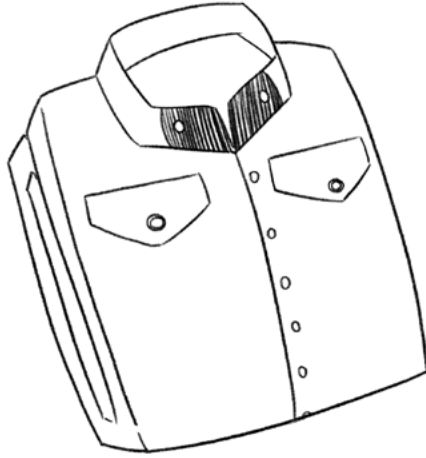
“Really?!” Hailey said. “Niam! Thank you so much!”

“Ilaali! Well, see you around.”

Hailey waved goodbye, then hurried off to catch up with her troop. “Did you get lost, Hailey?” asked her troop leader.

“No, I’m right here,” Hailey assured him, falling into line and timing her steps to match with her troopmates. Her heart swelled with happiness as the loud stamping of their feet rang out.

## Chapter 9: Graduation



Two weeks later, Hailey and Jenna marched in troop formation into the drill hall with the rest of their troop as bagpipes played. Their feet crossed the floor in perfect unison, their uniforms were neatly pressed, and their loved ones looked on proudly.

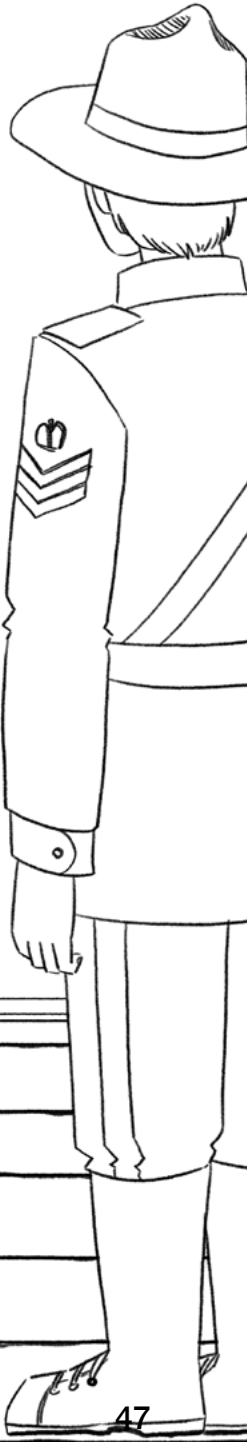
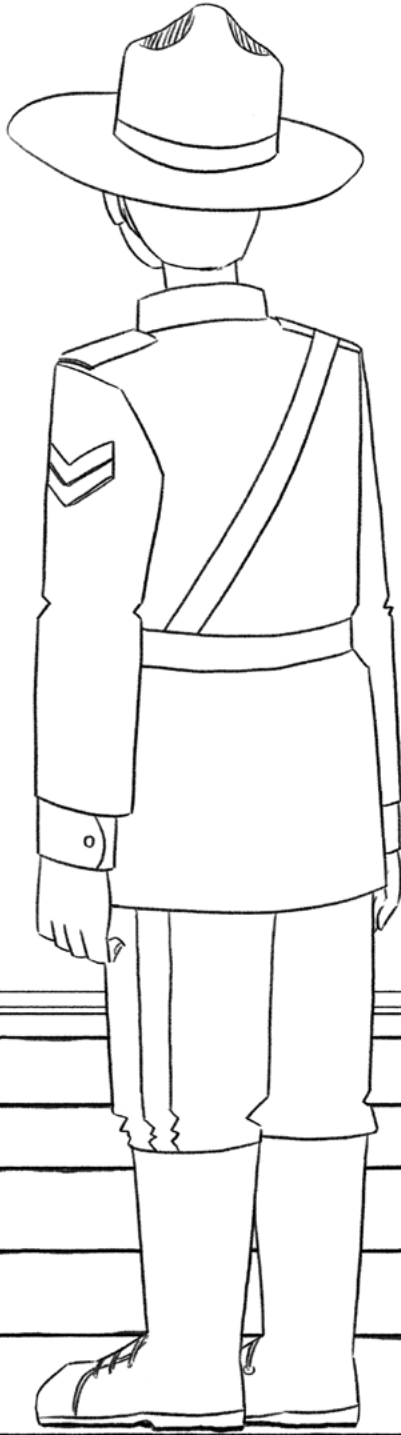
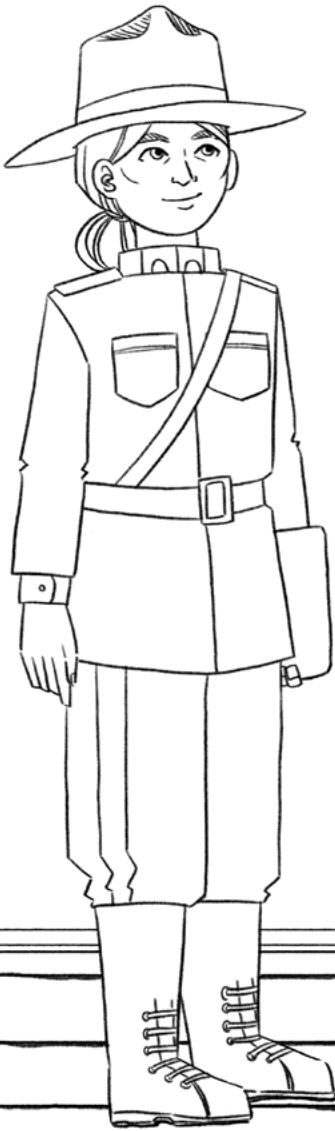
Hailey's heels clicked to attention in time with the rest of her troop. On her feet were tall brown boots that went over her dark blue pants. But it was the bright red serge jacket with shiny gold buttons and the classic brown stetson hat that really made her heart pound in her chest. As of today,

she was no longer a trainee at Depot. As of today, she was a full member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

She watched as each of her troopmates marched toward Chief Superintendent Smith, who was handing out their badges. She found herself getting a little teary-eyed when Jenna was handed her badge. It was hard to believe that six months ago, she hadn't known her troopmates. She knew that she had made 29 lifelong friends during her time at Depot. She included Danny in that number and, not for the first time, wished that he was standing with them.

Her name rang out. "Constable Hailey Idlout!" Hailey snapped to attention and marched proudly forward. She had a brief impression of her family's faces beaming out from the crowd, her anaanatsiaq wiping away happy tears with a handkerchief. She saluted Chief Superintendent Smith and then accepted the brown leather holder. She opened it, taking in the shiny badge and the slip of paper behind it that officially recognized her as Constable Hailey Idlout.

She saluted the Chief Superintendent again and returned to her troop to watch as the rest of her troopmates received their badges. She knew the next few weeks



would go by quickly. She had already received her first posting and would be starting her career in Iqaluit. She would need to fly back to Arviat and pack up her life to prepare for this next chapter. And she knew the learning didn't stop here. Once on the ground in Iqaluit, she would have a lot to learn from the other members of the detachment. It would be a whole new experience putting everything she had been practising at Depot into practice in the real world.

But for right now, she let herself live in the moment. She had done it. She thought again of her ataatsiaq, tying up his dogs and setting off on the Arctic tundra to help people. Her career would probably not involve too many long-distance dogsled trips, but it would be dedicated to helping her own people. She was ready to leave Depot Land. Now the real work could begin!





## Sapujjijit Reading Series

The Sapujjijit Reading Series was developed by Inuit RCMP officers in consultation with family members of the Inuit special constables who worked throughout the North in the early to mid-20th century.

*“As a young Inuk growing up, I was fortunate enough to have been provided guidance and role models that I learned from. This included Inuit police officers who were respected as hunters and leaders. I saw their capabilities first hand as they helped people despite the challenges they faced. This inspired me to work hard and strive to live like they had.”*

—Corporal David Aglukark

The Sapujjijit Reading Series focuses on the following Inuit Qaujimajatuqangit principles:

- **Inuuqatigiitsiarniq:** Respecting others, relationships and caring for people
- **Pijitsirniq:** Serving and providing for family and/or community
- **Piliriqatigiinni/ikajuqatigiinni:** Working together for a common cause

It is the belief of the RCMP that these principles will equip readers with the foundation to be successful in any career they pursue, including serving as a police officer in their community.

The RCMP acknowledges the harm caused by the enactment of residential schools and forced relocations, as well as the dog slaughter. The RCMP recognizes the impact of these actions on the Inuit culture, language, and way of life. These books represent the RCMP’s investment in building trust and healthy relationships with Inuit.



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