

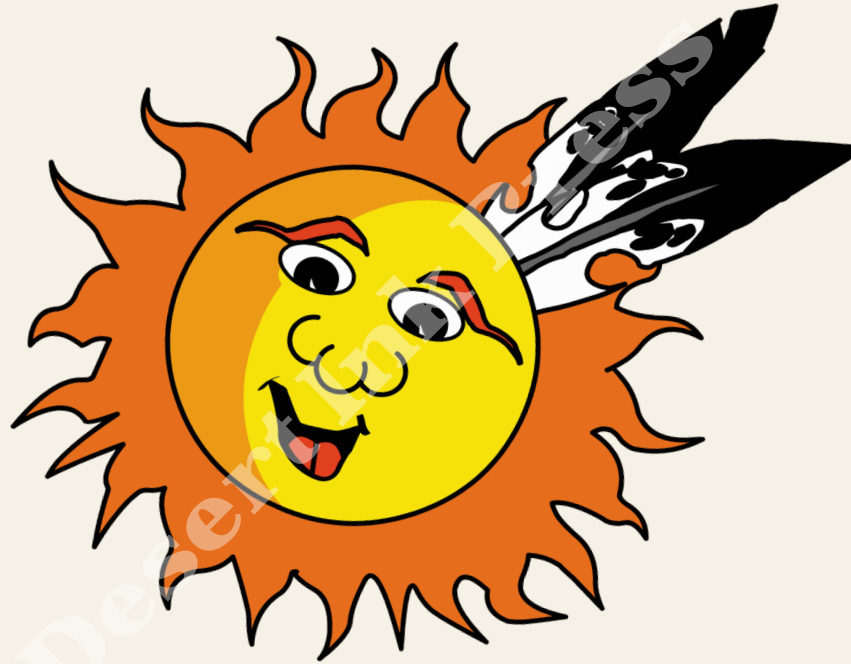
Lessons From Hu'ul Ke:li



Husi Cázares & Kerrie Ann Cázares

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O'odham Ñeokad

g 'a'al ha-we:m

(Speak O'odham with the children)

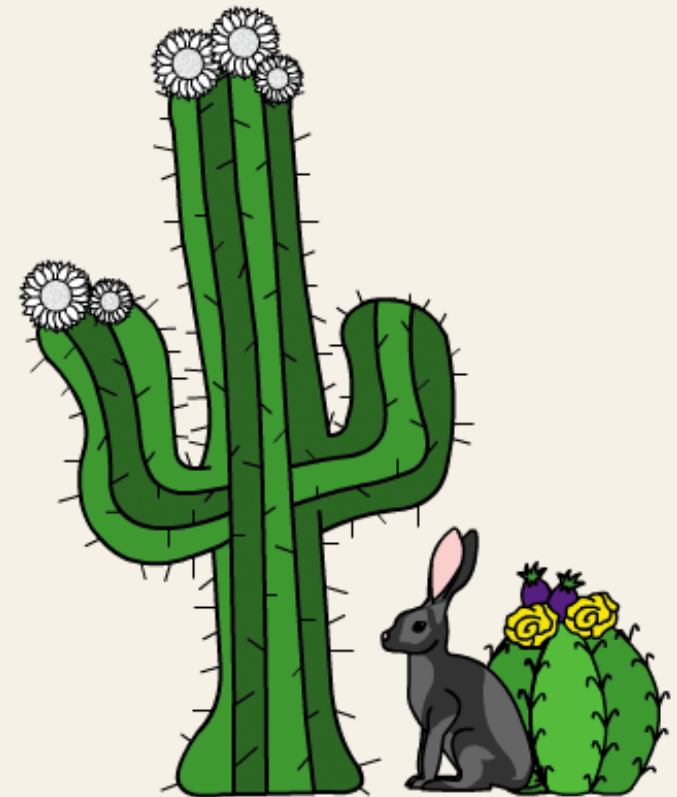


**In loving memory of my Hu'ul Ke:li
Vincent Josemaria
January 02, 1925 – March 19, 2005**

We dedicate this book to our children Ashley, James, Kaleigh, Chucho, Jegos, Arshonne, & Ban. We also dedicate this book to our granddaughters Amariz, Lily, and Cecilia.

This book is dedicated to the O'odham youth both on and off the "Rez" in hopes that you acknowledge our himdag (culture), learn the language, and seek out stories from the elders.

My hu'ul ke:li taught me to be self sufficient and to find a solution to any problem that arose. The work ethic and pride to make do with what I have has helped me in all aspects of my life. My success in school, work and education in part is due to his influence.



Glossary

Page Number	O'odham Word	Approximate English Pronunciation	English Word
Pgs 01-02	hu'ul ke:li	hoo-oor ker-ree	grandfather
Pgs 01-02	taṣ	thah-sh	sun
Pgs 03-04	kua'agi	kwa-ahg	wood
Pgs 03-04	hu'ul	hoo-oor	grandmother
Pgs 05-06	cucul	choo-choor	chicken
Pgs 07-08	kawyu	ka-we-yoo	horse
Pgs 09-10	waṣai	wah-shy	hay
Pgs 11-12	hu:ñ	hooñ	corn
Pgs 13-14	ki:	kee	house
Pgs 15-16	naw	nahw	prickly pear cactus pads
Pgs 17-18	kulañ	koo-rahñ	medicine
Pgs 19-20	haiwañ	hai-wahñ	cow
Pgs 21-22	ṣudagi	shoo-thahg	water
Pgs 23-24	cu:wĩ	chew	jackrabbit
Pgs 25-26	cuhugi	choo-hoog	meat
Pgs 27-28	hua	hwa	basket
Pgs 29-30	ṣawikuḍ	shah-wee-kut	gourd rattle
Pgs 31-32	kosin	ko-seen	kitchen
Pgs 33-34	pualt	pwarth	door
Pgs 35-36	ṣawoñ	shah-wahñ	soap
Pgs 37-38	woikuḍ	woy-kut	bed

O'odham is a Native American language spoken by several tribes in the American Southwest and Northern Sonoran Mexico. There are certain sounds that you find in O'odham that you do not find in English or in Spanish.

The O'odham **ɖ** and **ŋ** never begin at the beginning of an O'odham word. The O'odham **ɖ** is always found either in the middle or at the end of an O'odham word. The O'odham **ŋ** is only found in the middle of Spanish introduced words and sounds like the Spanish and English “ng” sound with a strong g added at the end. The O'odham **ɖ** is pronounced like the sound tt like in the English word “mutt.”

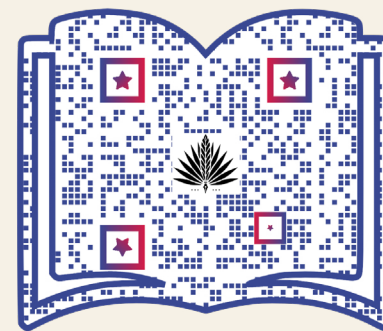
The O'odham **ɱ** is pronounced the same as the Spanish language ñ and is found both at the beginning, the middle and the end of different O'odham words.

The O'odham **ʃ** sounds the same as the English “sh” sound and is found in the beginning, the middle and end at the end of different O'odham words.

The O'odham **ɗ** and **t** are both “th” sounds and are not pronounced the same as the English d and t. The O'odham **ɗ** is a voiced interdental (between your teeth) “th” sound. The O'odham **ɗ** is best pronounced by sticking your tongue tip between and past your teeth and saying the “th” sound. The O'odham **t** sounds like the English “th” sound and is unvoiced.

The O'odham **l** does not have anything that sounds the same in the English language. It sounds like a tongue flap, like in the English word “ladder” or the Spanish r. The O'odham **l** sounds like the sound tt as in the word “butter”, but in reverse with the tongue moving from a rolled position in the back of the mouth and tapping the center of the roof of the mouth and then moving to the front of the mouth to your teeth.

Scan the QR Code to hear the O'odham words in the book pronounced!





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The **taş** (thah-sh) barley peaked over the mountains. Every day as the **sun** rose, I would get woken up early in the morning by my **hu'ul ke:li** (hoo-oor ker-ree).

One day I asked my **grandfather**, “Why do we have to wake up so early in the morning?”

Without apologizing for getting me up while it was still dark outside, he said, “We wake up at this time in the morning because every day we need to greet the **taş**.”

“Why do we need to greet the **taş** every day?” I groaned.

Taking a sip from his coffee cup he responded, “We need to greet the **taş** because if we do not, the **taş** will become very sad and not come out again.”

My **hu'ul ke:li** informed me, “It is important that we welcome the **taş** each time it comes out to thank it for all the light and sunshine it gives us and to make sure it never feels unappreciated.”





After waking up, the first thing my **hu'ul ke:li** had me do was help chop **kua'agi** (kwa-ahg).

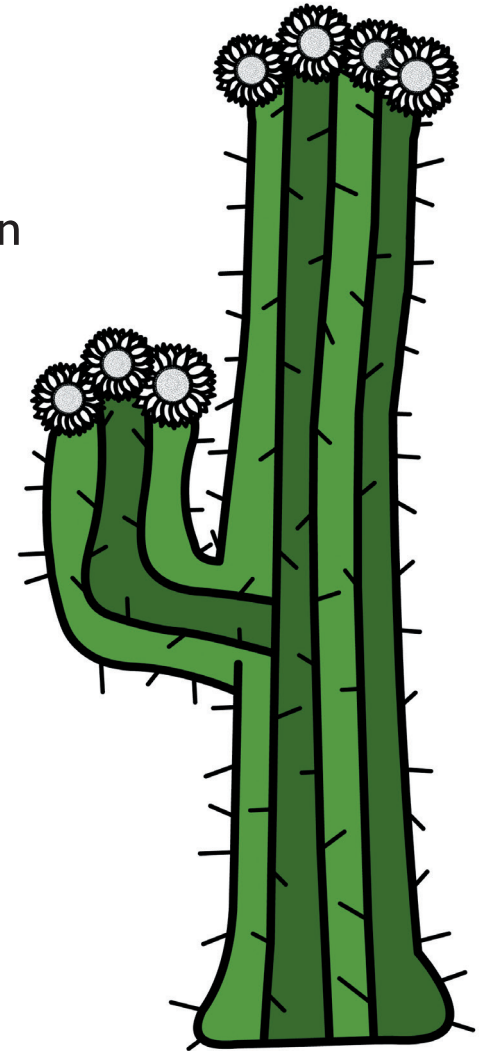
I wondered why we did this, so I asked my **hu'ul ke:li**, “Why do we chop **wood** every morning?”

My **hu'ul ke:li** answered, “We chop **kua'agi** everyday to build our fires for the outdoor stove.”

As we chopped the **kua'agi** I inquired, “Why do we need a fire in our outdoor stove every day?”

My **hu'ul ke:li** separated the chopped pieces of **kua'agi** into piles and said, “The **kua'agi** feeds the fire, which is always hungry. The fire burns hot to boil our water and cook the food your **hu'ul** (hoo-oor) makes.”

He also quickly pointed out, “The fire helps your **grandmother** cook the meals that keep us healthy and strong so we can keep on working.”





After we chopped the **kua'agi**, my **hu'ul ke:li** and I went to the back yard and fed the **cucul** (choo-choor).

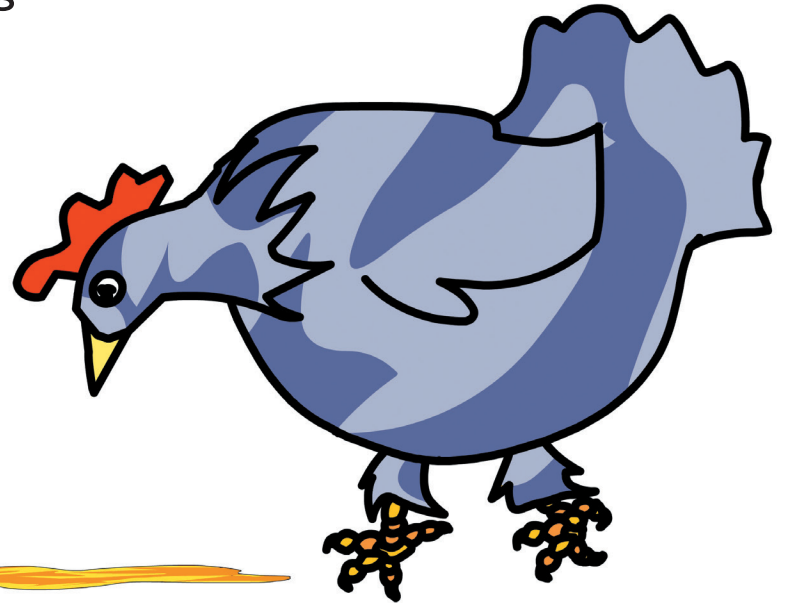
As I was feeding the **chickens** I asked my **hu'ul ke:li**, “Why do we feed these **cucul** everyday?”

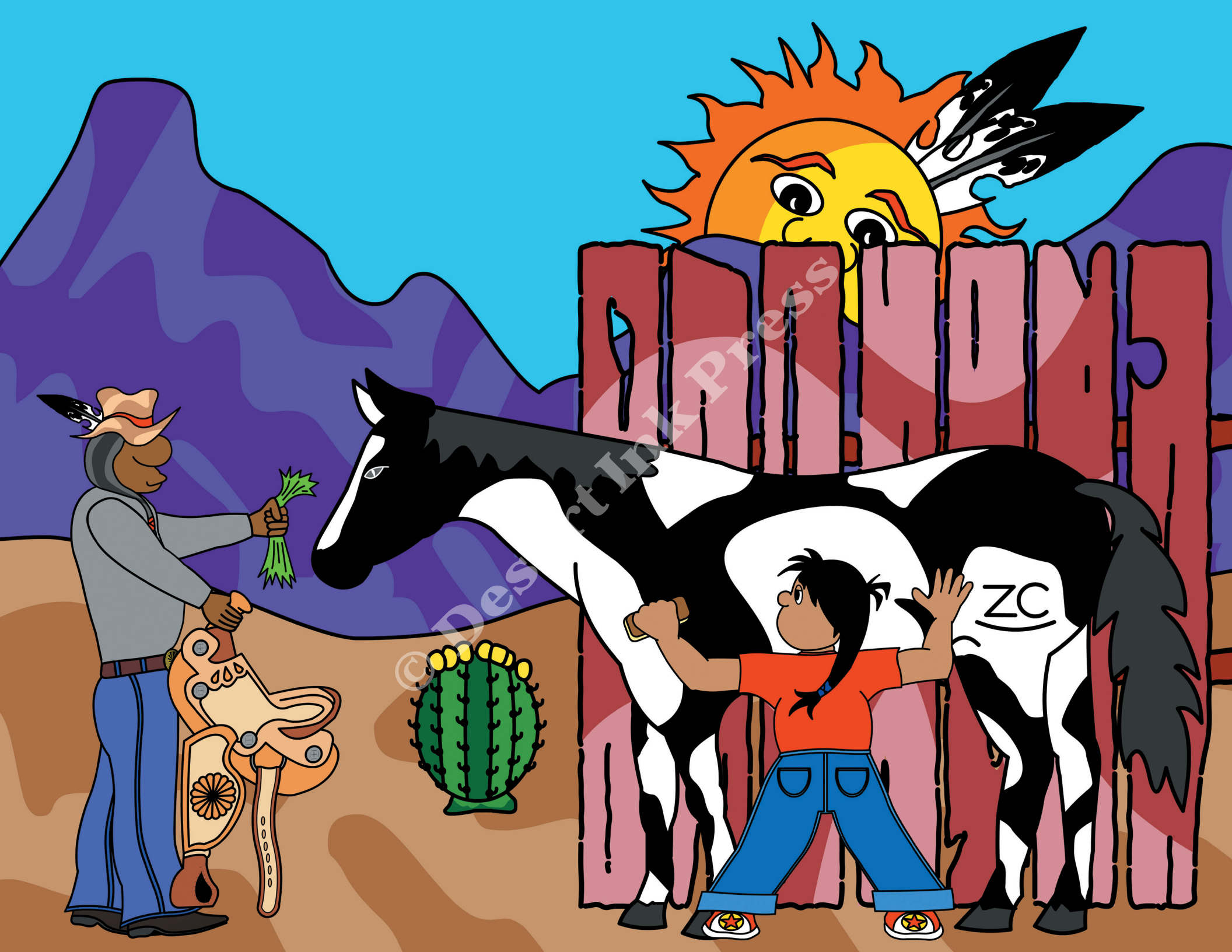
My **hu'ul ke:li** reached into the feed bucket, continued to throw corn out for the **cucul**, and insisted, “We feed the **cucul** because we need them to be fat and happy.”

“Why do we need them to be fat and happy?” I questioned.

Smiling, as he spread more corn out for the **cucul** he laughed, “Because fat and happy **cucul** make fat and happy eggs.”

My **hu'ul ke:li** continued feeding the **cucul** and added, “More eggs mean more **cucul**, more **cucul** means your **hu'ul** has something to cook to go along with all the corn we grow.”





After feeding the **cucul**, my **hu'ul ke:li** and I went to the corral and tended to our **kawyu** (ka-we-yoo).

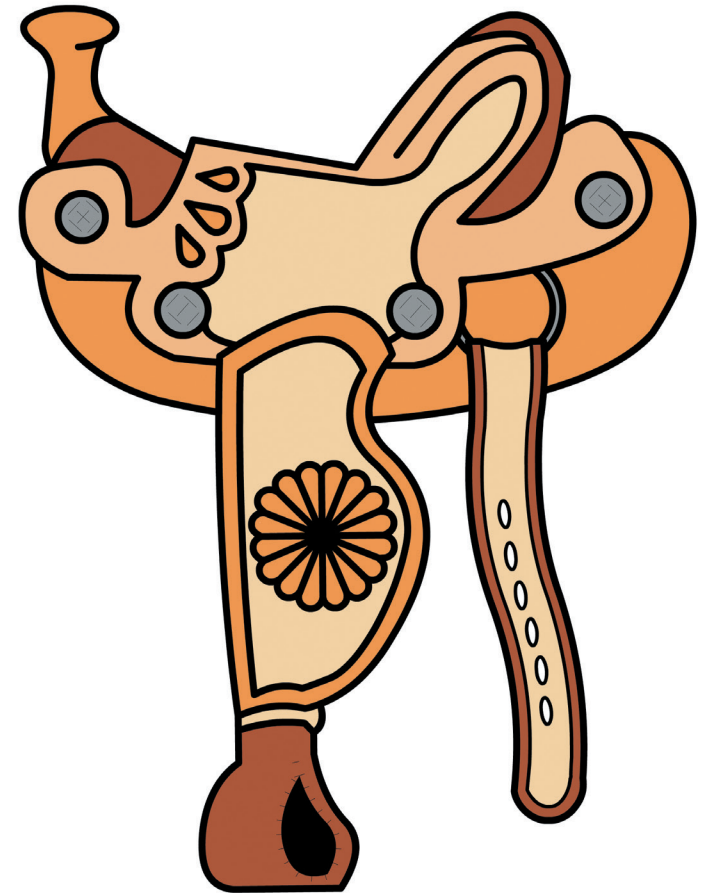
As I brushed and fed our **horse** in the bright morning **taş**, I asked my **hu'ul ke:li**, “Why do we have to tend to our **kawyu** every day?”

My **hu'ul ke:li** gathered the hay to feed our **kawyu** and muttered, “We tend to him every day because he needs us to take care of him.”

“Why does he need us to take care of him?” I asked.

“We take care of our **kawyu** so that he will be willing and able to take care of us,” my **hu'ul ke:li** said.

As I continued brushing and cleaning our **kawyu**, my **hu'ul ke:li** continued, “If our **kawyu** is taken care of, he will be healthy and strong enough to carry us on his back, to help us work, and take us anywhere we might need to go.”





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We had many animals such as a **kawyu**, goats, sheep and cows to feed and care for. One day my **hu'ul ke:li** took me in a wagon to a nearby farm that grew and sold bales of **waşai** (wah-shy). We loaded up our wagon with bales of **hay**, hauled them all the way home, and began putting them away in the saddle house.

As I began unloading the heavy bales of **waşai** I asked, “Why do we always have to load and unload so much **waşai**?”

My **hu'ul ke:li** dragged a heavy bale into the saddle house and grunted, “We need so much **waşai** because we have many different animals that eat **waşai**.”

“Why do we have so many different kinds of animals that eat **waşai**?” I complained.

My **hu'ul ke:li** patiently replied, “We have so many different types of animals because we need them for different things.”

As he unloaded more **waşai** he continued, “We trade sheep and goats, raise cows, and have a **kawyu**. They eat a lot of **waşai** but they are all worth feeding and raising.”





Before the morning was gone, I helped my **hu'ul ke:li** with his garden.

While we carried our gardening tools and buckets of water to the garden, I asked my **hu'ul ke:li**, “Why do we have to tend to the garden every day?”

As my **hu'ul ke:li** put his tools down and began to work he answered, “We have to come to the garden to pull weeds and water the **hu:ñ** (hoon).”

“Why do we need to pull weeds and water the **corn?**”
I whined.

“We pull out the weeds because they grow fast and steal the water from the **hu:ñ**,” my **hu'ul ke:li** explained.

He resumed working in the garden and he told me, “We water the **hu:ñ** every day because the **taş** is very hot and makes the earth very dry. If we do not water the **hu:ñ**, it will dry up very quickly and we will have no **hu:ñ** to eat with our meals. We also would not have any **hu:ñ** to feed the **cucul**.”





Today my **hu'ul ke:li** brought out his toolbox so we could fix some of the tools and various other things that were broken around the **ki:** (kee).

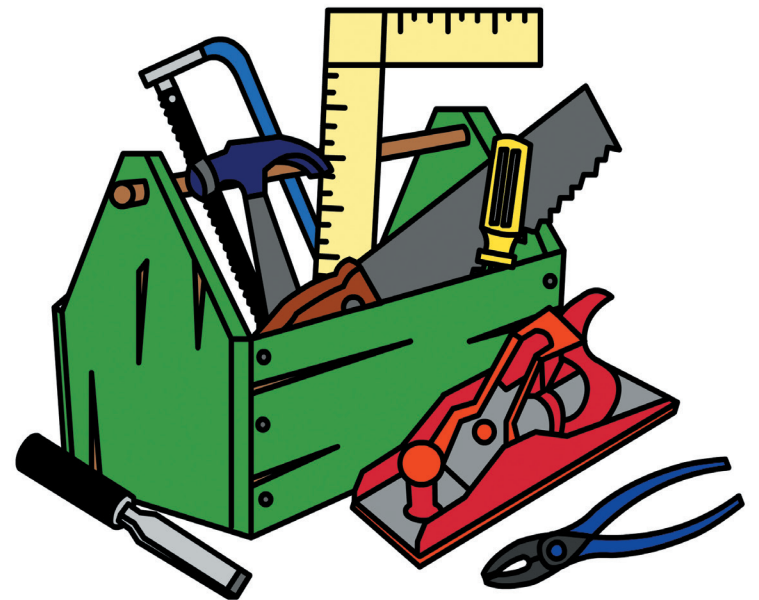
While getting ready to repair several broken items I asked, “Why do we have to fix all of the tools and broken things around the **house?**”

My **hu'ul ke:li** was busy mending a broken axe when he replied, “We fix tools and things around the **ki:** because we cannot replace them easily.”

“Why don't we just get new tools and things when they break?” I suggested.

“Well,” my **hu'ul ke:li** went on, “We live far from any towns that have a hardware store and we also do not have any places nearby that can repair our things when they break.”

He finished fixing the axe and began mending a broken window pane when he added, “We can easily patch up the tools and things around the **ki:** that we need instead of throwing them away. Besides, with a little creativity and a bit of duct tape, we can fix just about anything.”





My **hu'ul ke:li** put his tools away and returned with one of my **hu'ul's** baskets. We walked into the desert together to gather different edible desert plants.

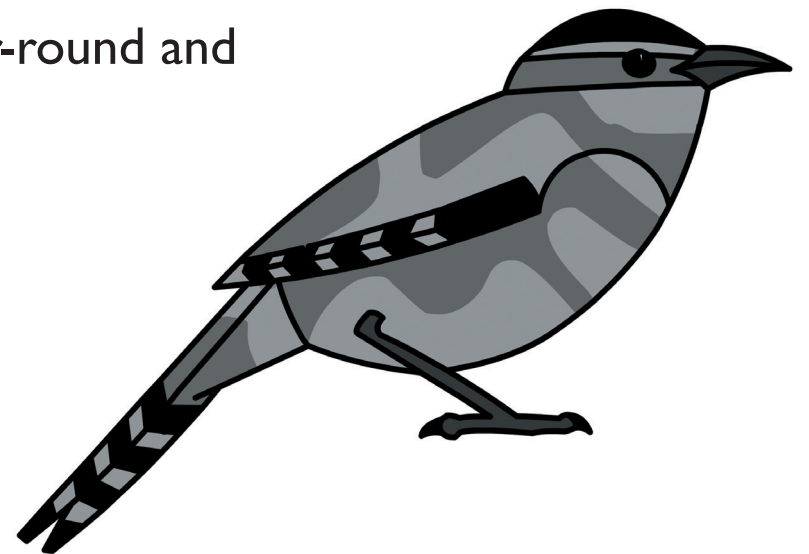
As we went out, a short distance from where we lived, my **hu'ul ke:li** saw some healthy looking **naw** (nahw). He began cutting some and putting them in the basket. As he carefully gathered the spiny flat cactus pieces I asked, “Why are you cutting **prickly pear cactus pads** and putting them in the basket?”

My **hu'ul ke:li** continued to cut and gather the **naw** and responded, “We cut and gather **naw** so we can eat it.”

“Why do we gather **naw** to eat?” I questioned as I accidentally grabbed a **naw** with my bare hands.

“We do this because **naw** grows in the desert year-round and it is a reliable food source,” my **hu'ul ke:li** shared.

As I took the cactus thorns out of my hands he teased, “Including **naw** in our meals will help keep your **hu'ul** from eating all of the **hu:ñ** that we work so hard to grow, plus it keeps us healthy and strong.”





My **hu'ul ke:li** and I took the basketful of **naw** and left it with my **hu'ul**. Next, we walked to a place very far away from our **ki:** to gather different plants, roots, and flowers.

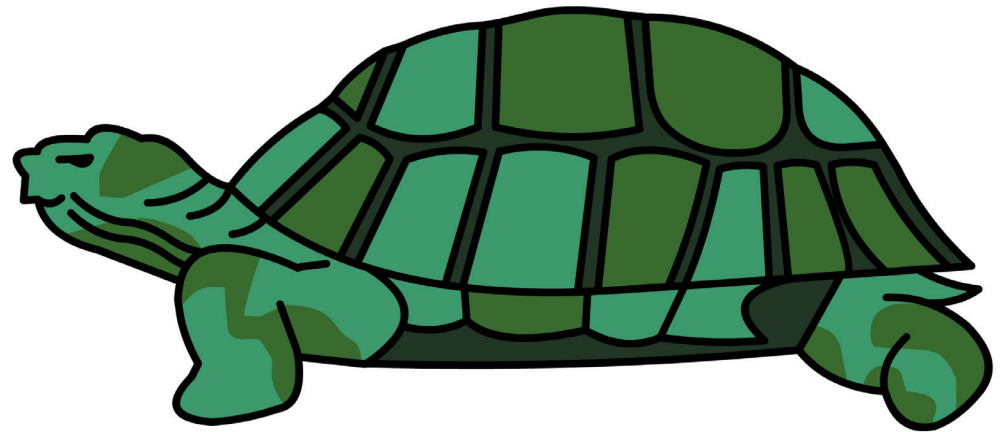
While I was picking special flowers and plants with my **hu'ul ke:li** I asked, “Why are we picking these plants so far away from the **ki:?**”

My **hu'ul ke:li** placed a handful of the plants he was picking into his bowl and stated, “We need these plants to make **kulañ** (koo-rahn).”

“Why do we need to make **medicine?**” I wondered out loud.

“We make **kulañ** with these special plants to help people who become sick,” my **hu'ul ke:li** told me.

As he gathered more plants he explained, “Our people have used different kinds of plants to make different kinds of **kulañ** and have learned to use the gifts of the desert to help heal the people who are sick.”





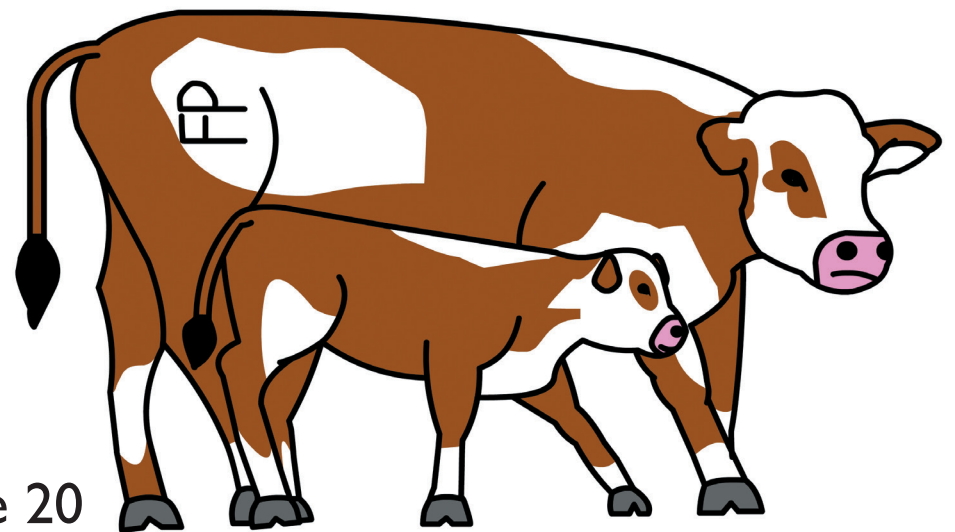
The **taş** was high in the sky when my **hu'ul ke:li** took me with him to check the barbed wire fences around our community. Checking the barbed wire fence ensured there weren't any broken portions and missing wire.

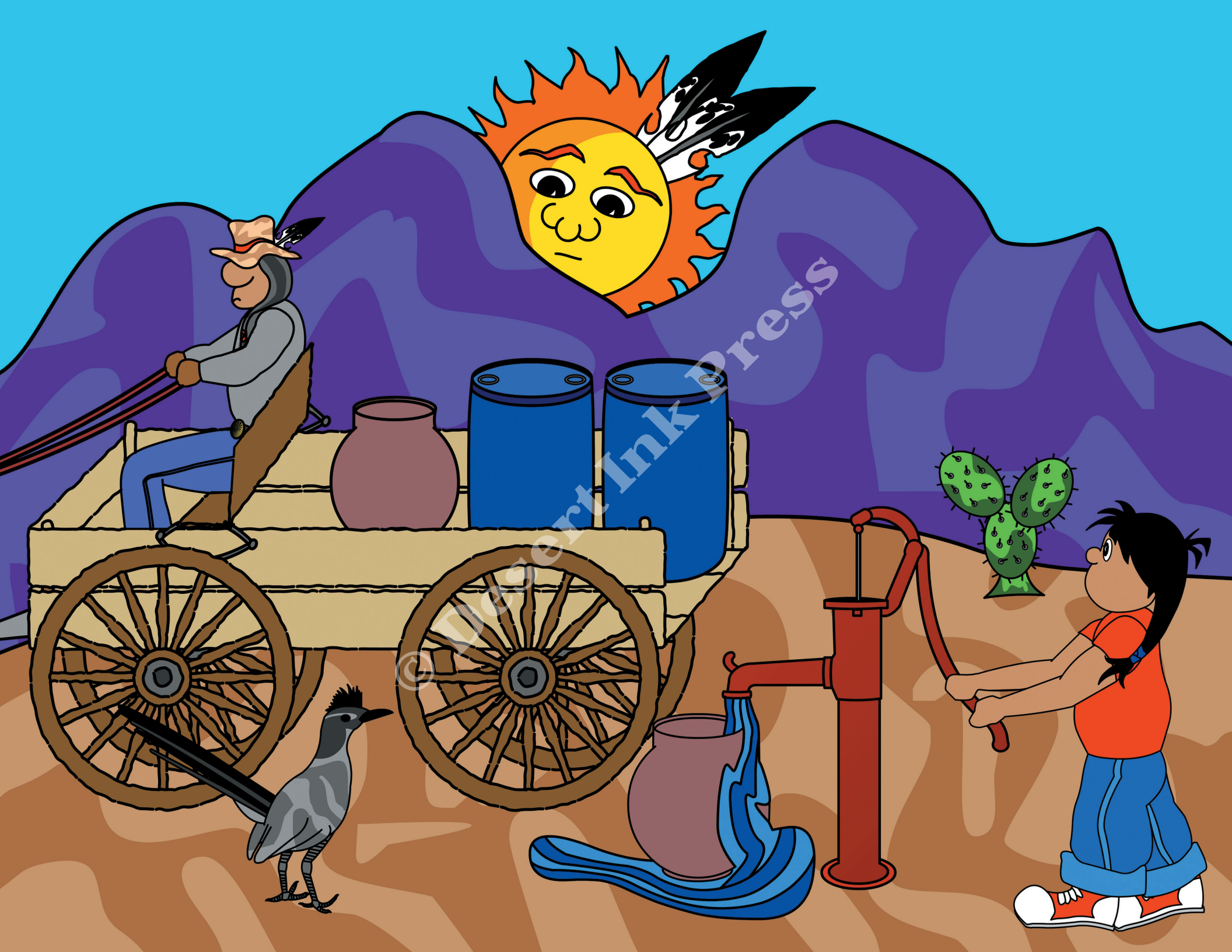
Fixing the fences around our village was hard work so I asked, "Why do we check the fences for broken parts or missing wire?"

We stopped to fix a piece of broken fence, and he mumbled, "We check and mend the fences so not a single **haiwañ** (hai-wahñ) wanders off."

"Why do we care if a **cow** wanders off or not?" I complained as the barbed wire poked my fingers.

He thought about my question for a moment and answered back, "A **haiwañ** that wanders off could get hurt, not be able to find food or water, or even get lost. Fixing the fences also protects a **haiwañ** from large animals such as mountain lions and makes it easier for us to keep track of it."





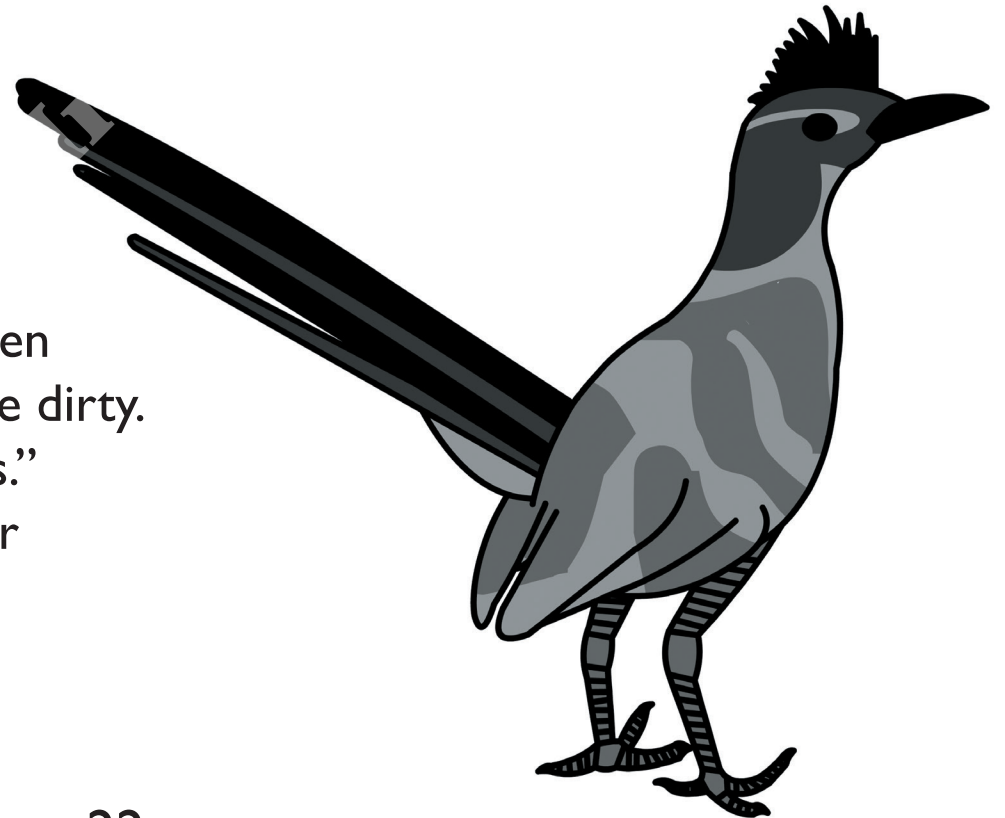
Once a week we went to the village well on our wagon to fill our barrels and drinking pots with **ṣudagǐ** (shoo-thahg).

We would use the hand pump to fill our containers with **water**. I was pumping the **ṣudagǐ** and asked, “Why do we come all the way here just to get **ṣudagǐ**?”

My **hu’ul ke:li** urged me to keep pumping and to watch that I didn’t spill **ṣudagǐ** all over the place and replied, “We come here to get clean fresh **ṣudagǐ** because our village does not have running **ṣudagǐ**.”

“Why do we need to get clean fresh **ṣudagǐ** anyway?” I asked.

My **hu’ul ke:li** simply smiled and told me, “We need clean fresh **ṣudagǐ** to drink when we are thirsty and bathe with when we are dirty. We also need it for our animals and plants.” Without a second thought he added, “Your **hu’ul** also uses the **ṣudagǐ** to cook with, clean with, and do our laundry.”





Late that afternoon, my **hu'ul ke:li** and I went out into the desert to go hunting for **cu:wǐ** (chew) for dinner.

As we were coming home from hunting, I asked my **hu'ul ke:li**, “Why do we always go out hunting for **jackrabbit?**”

As we walked towards home he explained, “We go hunting for **cu:wǐ** because we need them for food.”

“Why do we hunt for our food instead of just buying it?”
I pestered.

My **hu'ul ke:li's** pace did not change as we continued walking.
“We hunt for our food because the trading post is a long wagon ride away,” he reminded me.

As we got closer to home, he walked over to our big mesquite tree in our yard to prepare the **cu:wǐ** and he continued, “The desert gives us everything we need for food such as this **cu:wǐ**, different animals to hunt, wild greens and even cactus fruits.”





Soon after coming home from hunting, my **hu'ul ke:li** hung the **cu:wĩ** on the mesquite tree and began to clean and prepare the **cuhugĩ** (choo-hoog).

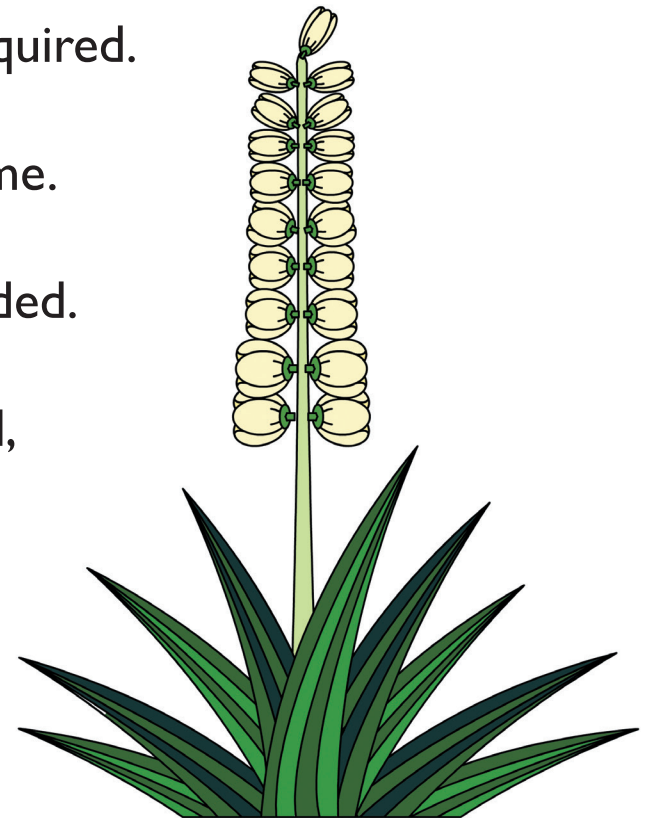
I wondered why we did this, so I asked, “Why do we have to clean and prepare the **meat** right after we hunt?”

As my **hu'ul ke:li** began setting up the cooking pots and bowls he stated, “We prepare the **cuhugĩ** right away, so it does not go bad. We also make sure to salt and dry the **cuhugĩ** we do not need right away.”

“Why do we salt and dry the **cuhugĩ** that’s left over?” I inquired.

“We salt and dry the **cuhugĩ** so we can use it at a later time. Salting and drying the **cuhugĩ** ensures the dried **cuhugĩ** will keep for a very long time without spoiling,” he responded.

As he cut the **cuhugĩ** into strips to hang and dry he added, “We do not have a refrigerator to keep the **cuhugĩ** fresh, and dried **cuhugĩ** is always welcome in the winter months when it is harder to hunt for **cu:wĩ**.”





Today was a day that my **hu'ul ke:li** had arranged for someone in the family with a pickup truck to take us to the nearest trading post. We went to the trading post to sell or trade **hua** (hwa) that was specially woven by my **hu'ul**.

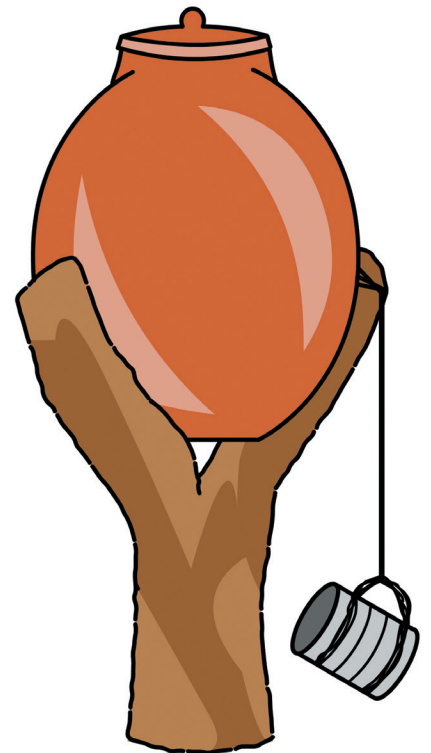
We loaded the truck with her **basket** and others woven by my aunts to trade and asked, “Why do we go to the trading post to trade the **hua**?”

“The trading post gives us money for your **hu'ul's** beautiful **hua**,” he replied.

“Why do we need to sell her **hua** for money?” I asked him quizzically.

My **hu'ul ke:li** did not stop loading the pickup truck and answered, “Well, even though the desert supplies us with many things we may need, there are some things we cannot get from the desert.”

He further explained, “The money we will make from your **hu'ul's** woven **hua** will allow us to buy supplies and groceries such as cheese, bread, clothes and shoes. Besides, the tourists who buy her **hua** at the trading post will enjoy your **hu'ul's** amazing talent.”





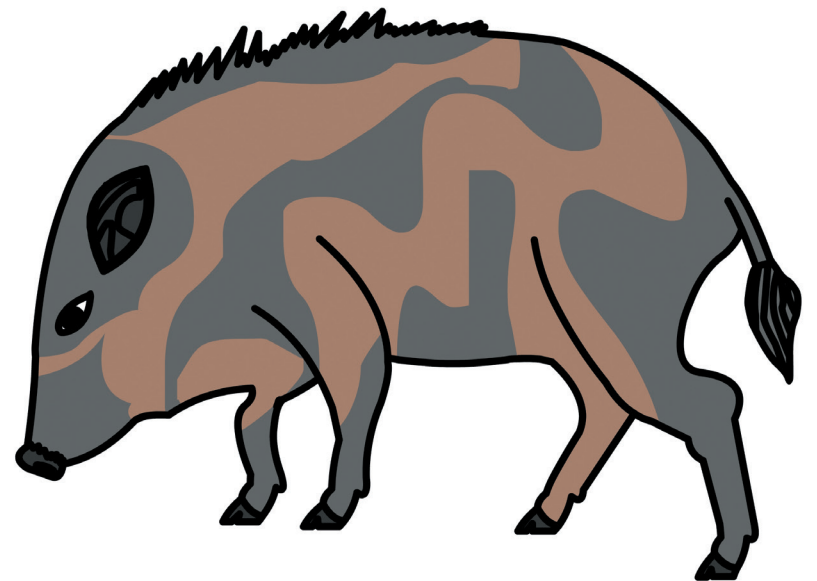
After our long day of work, my **hu'ul ke:li** and I sat under the big mesquite tree next to the **ki:** and he sang and played his harmonica.

When he sang and played his harmonica, he had me bring out my **şawikuḍ** (shah-wee-kut). The music we made rose up into the branches of the mesquite tree we were under. As I shook my **gourd rattle** alongside him, I asked, “Why do you sing and play the harmonica every evening?”

“Singing and making music is good for the soul and reminds us to enjoy life,” he answered as he continued to sing and blow into his harmonica, and I shook my **şawikuḍ**.

“Why is singing and making music good for the soul?” I asked, as I kept beat with my **şawikuḍ**.

My **hu'ul ke:li** paused for a second and chuckled, “Music is the voice of the soul, just as the drum and the **şawikuḍ** are the heartbeat of Mother Earth.” He smiled and added, “Life is difficult and music is among the many gifts we have that make life more enjoyable.”





The tired **taş** slowly sank in the sky of early evening. Before washing up and going to bed, I helped my **hu'ul ke:li** put out the cooking fire in the outdoor **kosin** (ko-seen).

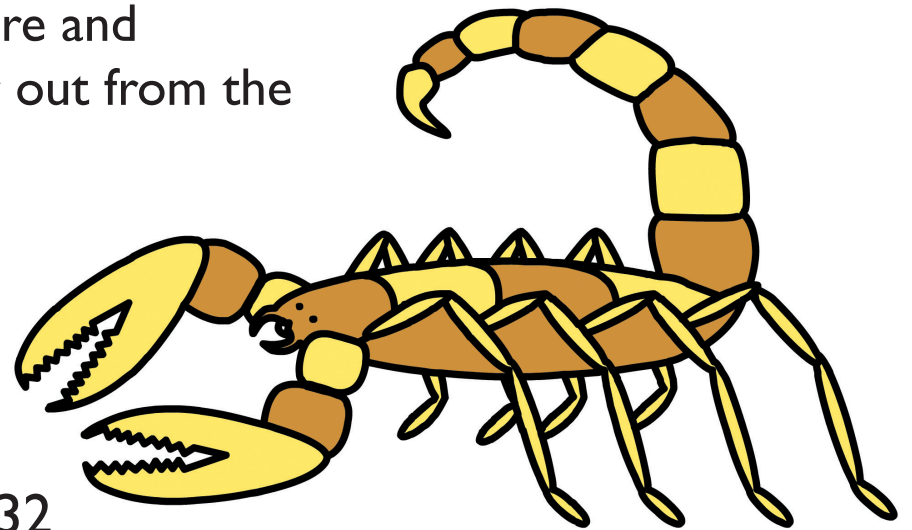
I handed a bucket of **şudagı** to my **hu'ul ke:li** to be poured over the fire of the outdoor **kitchen** and asked, “Why do we put out the fires at night?”

I watched him pour the **şudagı** on the fire as he answered back, “Pouring **şudagı** on the fire makes sure that even the embers are out.”

“Why should it matter if there’s a little fire left in the embers?” I inquired.

As the smoke filled the sky from putting out the fire my **hu'ul ke:li** said, “We need to make sure the fire is out in the **kosin** before we go to bed.”

My **hu'ul ke:li** poured more **şudagı** on the fire and warned, “A small breeze could push an ember out from the **kosin** and start a fire while we are sleeping. It is important to make sure the embers are out and we do not want to accidentally start any fires because of carelessness.”





As the **taş** settled behind the mountains at the end of the day, my **hu'ul ke:li** would have me help secure the gates and lock the **pualt** (pwarth) of our **kosin**.

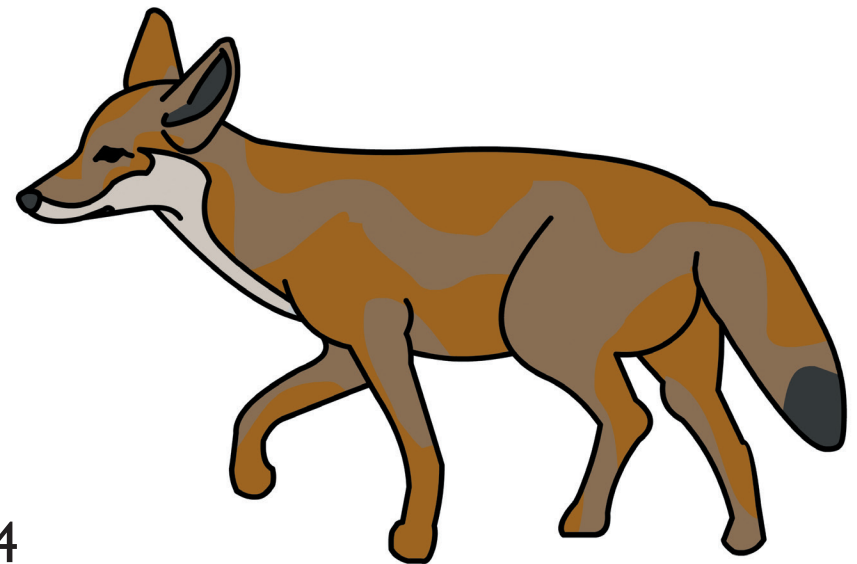
We lived in a very small village in the middle of the desert, so I asked, “Why do we need to close and lock the **door** of the **kosin** at night?”

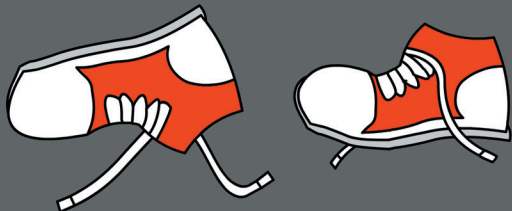
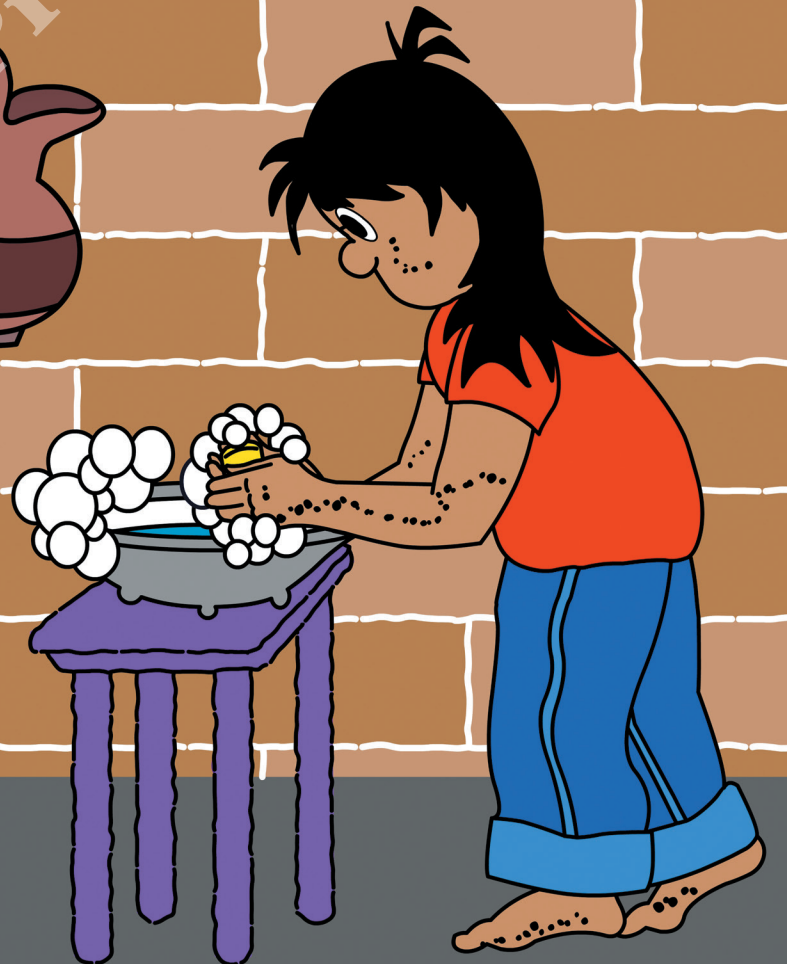
As he shut the outside window shutters, my **hu'ul ke:li** cautioned, “We lock the **pualt** at night to keep the coyotes out of our **kosin**.”

“Why do we need to keep coyotes out of our **kosin**?” I questioned curiously.

With the **pualt** of our **kosin** now closed and the stars shining above, my **hu'ul ke:li** grumbled, “Coyotes are awake at night and if we do not lock the **pualt** they can come right into our **kosin**.”

He spoke in a frustrated tone, “The coyote is a sly trickster that can easily sneak into our **kosin** to steal all of the dried **cuhugi** and food we worked so hard to prepare, so locking the **pualt** keeps our food from being stolen.”





Before going to bed, my **hu'ul ke:li** would pour hot **ṣudagı̃** into a wash basin for me and hand me the **ṣawoñ** (shah-wahñ) to wash up.

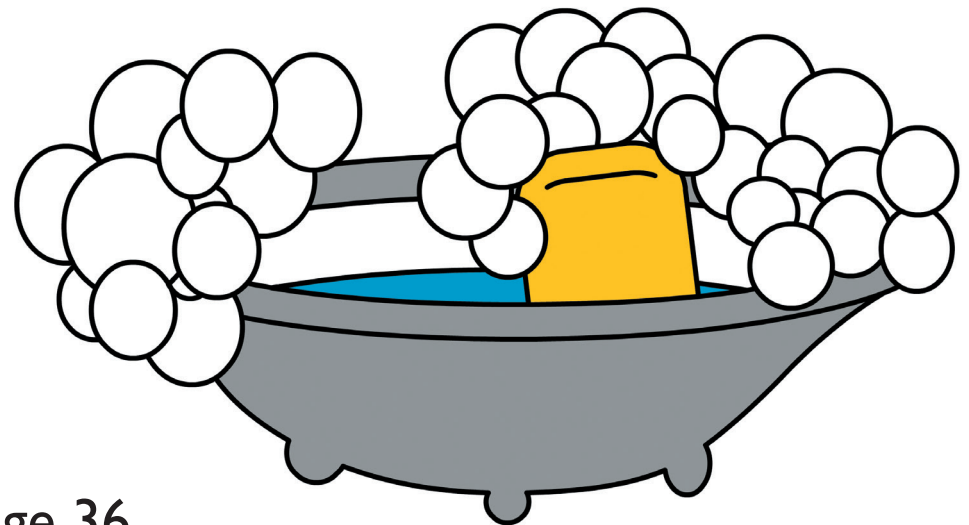
As I rubbed as many bubbles as I could out of the **soap** I asked, “Why do I need to use **ṣawoñ** when I wash my face?”

My **hu'ul ke:li** reminded me to wash behind my neck and teased, “Using **ṣawoñ** to clean your body helps you keep all of the dirt off of your pillow.”

“Why do I need a clean pillow?” I asked as I scrubbed the day’s dirt off of my hands, face and feet with the clean smelling **ṣawoñ**.

Pouring more clean hot **ṣudagı̃** into my **ṣudagı̃** basin my **hu'ul ke:li** joked, “Because dirty pillows make your **hu'ul** angry.”

As the bubbles grew he laughed, “Using **ṣawoñ** helps keep your body, clothes and bedding clean. Clean bodies keep away sickness and disease and helps keep you healthy.”





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After a long hard day of work, it was time to sleep in my **woikud** (woy-kut).

I nestled in my cozy **bed** for the night, and I asked, “Why do we go to sleep so early in the evening?”

My **hu’ul ke:li** sat in his chair next to my **woikud** and yawned, “We go to sleep early in the evening because we need to get up early in the morning.”

“Why do we need to wake up so early in the morning?”
I moaned as I began to drift off to sleep in my **woikud**.

“I will tell you the answer to that question tomorrow,”
my **hu’ul ke:li** softly spoke as my eyes closed.

One of the last things I remembered before I was fully asleep was him quietly saying, “Close your eyes little one, it was a busy day.”

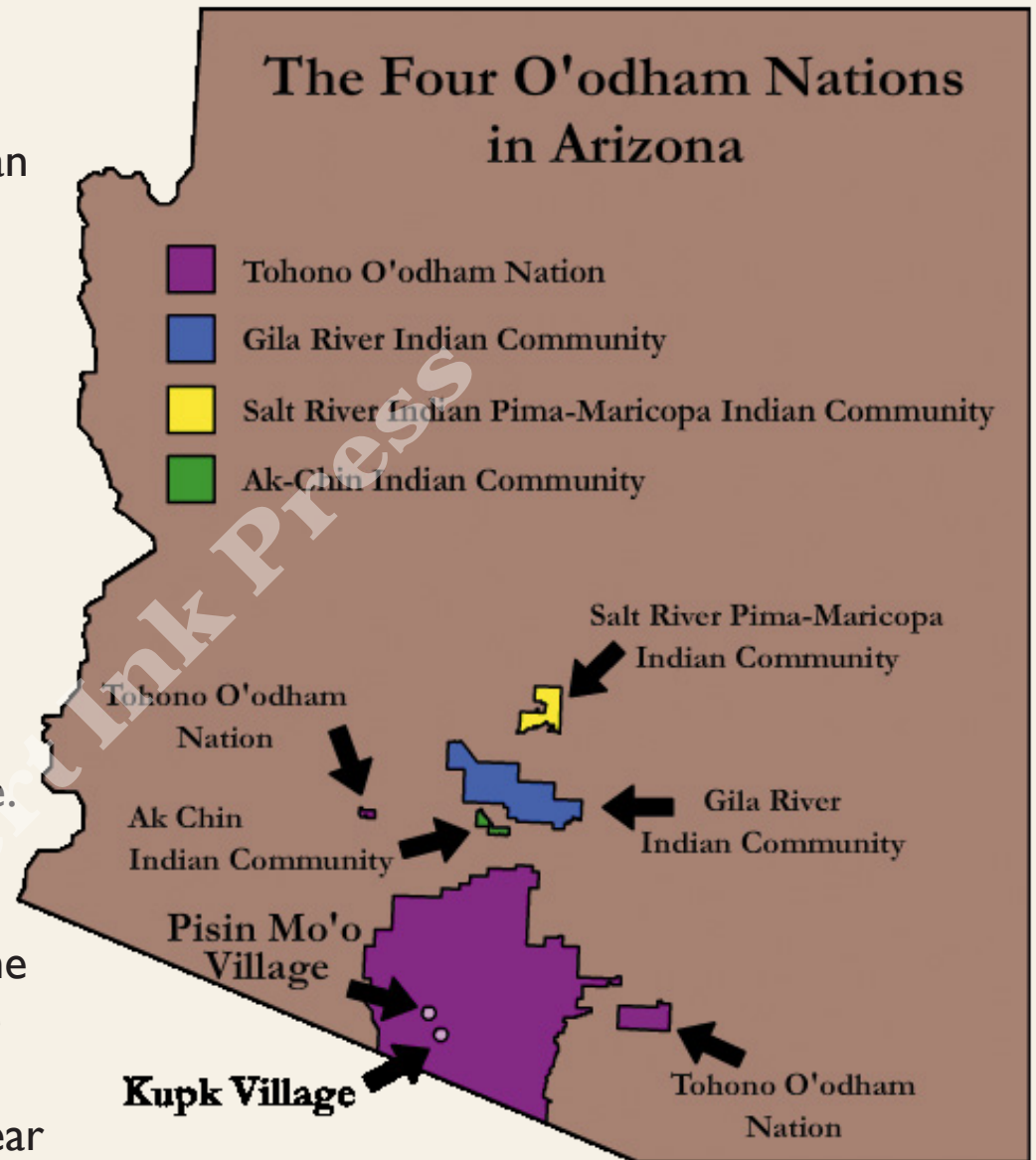
“Good night Husi,” my **hu’ul ke:li** whispered. As my body sank deeper into my **woikud** I murmured, “Good Night,” and I drifted off to sleep.



About the O'odham

The O'odham are a group of Native American people that live in the American Southwest in the state of Arizona and the Northwest portion of Mexico in the Mexican state of Sonora. Traditionally, there were several groups that referred to themselves as O'odham or some associated description of that name.

Tohono O'odham translates to Desert People. These are my people. Ak Chin O'odham translates to Arroyo Mouth People. This refers to their farming style. Onk Akimel O'odham translates to Salt River People. This group of O'odham lived along the Salt River. Gila River Indian Communities are known as Akimel O'odham or River People, because they lived along the Gila River up near present day Phoenix, Arizona. In various parts of northern Mexico, the nomadic O'odham are called Hia Cedj O'odham, or the Sand People.



Husi grew up between the two villages of Ku:pk (Canteen Lid) and Pisin Mo'o (Buffalo Head) on the Tohono O'odham Reservation

About my hu'ul ke:li

This book is a chronicle of some of the many experiences I had as a young boy growing up on the Tohono O'odham Indian reservation of Southern Arizona. I spent many of my summers with my grandparents in the tiny village of Ku:pk (Canteen Lid) near the larger village of Pisin Mo'o (Buffalo Head). I split much of my youth between the two villages. The village of Ku:pk was on a remote part of the reservation and is nestled between the mountains very close to the Mexican border.



I was partially raised by my grandparents Vincent and Catherine Josemaria. In Tohono O'odham culture, people have more than just two sets of grandparents. The grandmother's siblings and the grandfather's siblings are also considered grandparents. In the case of this story, my hu'ul ke:li is the brother of my hu'ul (my maternal grandmother), not her husband. My ba'ab (my maternal grandfather) passed away when my mother was a very young age. My hu'ul ke:li (Vincent) was my grandmother's younger brother and assumed the role of grandfather and took on the responsibilities that would have been carried out by my ba'ab.

My hu'ul ke:li was a medicine man and traditional leader of our community which meant that my brothers and I were usually recruited to help him with the many chores and responsibilities that were required of him. This book is a testimony of the many things I learned from my hu'ul ke:li as I grew up.

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About The Authors



Husi Cázares

Husi Cázares is an enrolled member of the Tohono O’odham Nation in southern Arizona where he grew up. Much of his youth was spent living between the small villages of Kupk (Water Dike) and Pisin Mo’o (Buffalo Head), a larger village with 340 residents.

For eleven years he taught his native Tohono O’odham culture, history and language and has taught courses in Tohono O’odham language, history and culture. He holds a M.A. in Native American Studies from the University of Arizona.

Currently, Husi works as a tri-lingual speech language pathologist in southern Arizona. His passion for sharing and preserving the O’odham language and culture has kept him actively working with his tribe to encourage language preservation and literacy. He is continuing to write bilingual Tohono O’odham books for children.



Kerrie Ann Cázares

Kerrie Ann Cázares works at a nonprofit organization that donates free diverse books to classrooms and libraries in Title One schools in Pima County, Arizona. She also writes and illustrates books, language coloring books, and language materials for learning the O’odham language with her husband Husi Cázares.

Kerrie Ann grew up in Orland Park, Illinois. She got her Bachelor’s degree at Saint Xavier University in Chicago, Illinois. She moved to Arizona to attend the University of Arizona. Kerrie and her husband live in Marana, Arizona, nice and close to many of their seven children and their three granddaughters.

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