A girl, perhaps five, whose father will later tell me she speaks English, French, and Armenian, approaches me at Fort Edmonton Park. “How do you say ‘Hi’ in the teepee way?” she asks. Near the entrance to the Indian Trade Store, guarded by a six-sided stronghold, fortified by twenty-foot bulwarks, and four towering, aloof bastions, we regard each other. I crouch down. “Around here,” I reply, “the Cree say, ‘tânisi,’ or if you want to say, ‘Hello, how are you?’ we say, ‘tânisi kiya?’”