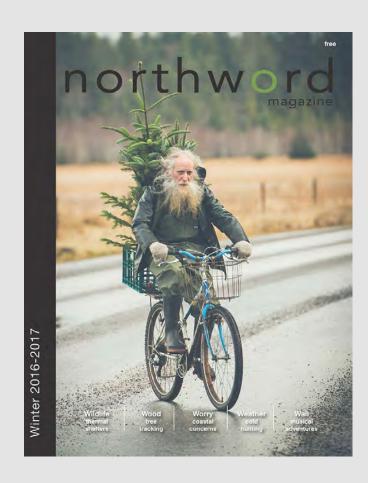
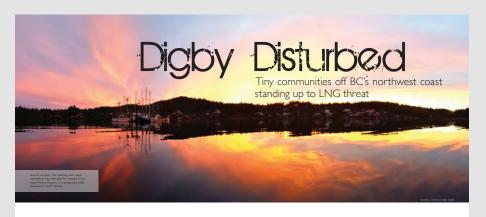
northword magazine

Northword Magazine is dedicated to the vast region of northern BC. We love it here and as the only independent publication serving the entire region, we feel it's our responsibility to share the stories of what it's like to live in the north: the culture, the people, the issues, the lifestyle, the landscapes. We inspire readers to connect more closely with the region, through writing and photography that is both unique and exceptional. It's our goal to balance journalism that covers important topics—always presenting a well-rounded discussion—with stories that celebrate northern life.





trancesegriley@gmail.com

In the scale of the Canadian government's approval in September of Pacific MocthNewls LNG export terminal on Leils Island, nearly residents an statching the progress of another liquided natural gas facility through federa and provincial to egislatory processes with another, vocations and approbability of the control of

tingly states, and very and communities of bodge Cose and City Diply's scattheast end is also the proposed sits of Autrea LNG, one of Diply's scattheast end is also the proposed sits of Autrea LNG, one oserring maintained of LNG terminals stated on the asser, This proposal boson cause for deep concern for Boson and her follow Dodge Cose inhants ever since it was announced by Nuesta Energy, a wheely nevent and itary of CNOCC Ltd. (Chinese National Offshore Oil Corporation). November 2014.

Aurora LNGs proposal includes storage taribs, trains for moving gas flare stacks, two sea berths for tankers, two power plants and two fenced in construction camps housing thousands of workers. An offloading facility would be constructed in nearby Casey Cove. It could consume up to 400 ha of Crown land on Digby Island, corning within 500 metres of many residents properly lines. The way those who call Dodge Cove home see it, Aurora LNG still consume their way of life as seell.

Dodge Cow is one of BC's smallest unincorporated consumities with about 20 Ital-time residents and can only be reached by boat from nearby Prance Rapert. Affectionably called 'the cow' or just 'Dodge' by those who know it and love it, just his time coastal humide with its single, bondy-one-kinemate long carless road has a history of fishing, kimber militing and boarbuikling that goes back more than 200 years.

"It's the kind of place that attracts independent people bring corumen-sense lives, doing things for themselvers," some Romes, whose inhubant arms a bootyand and six-year-old daughter is the cove's youngest inhubatest.
"People here really value being off the beatest ranks," adds Lou Allison, another long-time occupant.
Those who have here are artists, activists, bout-builders, carpenters, fishers

and more. Novandays, however, Allbon, Brown and many other residents are compiled to take up the stressful, unfamiliar job of paring detailed scien tific specifications and regulatory legaloss, all while facing the implacable juggerount of a foorign-enred corporation, its securingly unlimited resources and a provincial government despends to realize its promise of a viable LNG

project represents \$40 billion." Allien says. "I looked anound the recent three sees basely 40 people those," In other words, the math is not in Dodge Cow's fatour.

Despite the pervasive series that approvals for projects life autors are rubber starzed no matter the inout, residents have not held back from

Despite the percusive series that approvals for projects like Austea are rubber starqued no matter the injurt, residents haven to Hold back from making their voices board. A secret-builst vote was taken seen after the project was amenized, with 50 percut voting against an LNG terminal on Digity bland. A votestie and Tacchook group called Friends of Digity Island have been centred to share information about the project in particular and LNG industry in greend. The contrastity also fought to have representation on the working group that created the terms of references for its entiresttion.

mental assessment application.
"It's been a steep educational curve," Allison says about the mounds documents they've waded through. "It might be an esercise in futility but it goes through I don't want to feel I should have done more."

armound collective severe to the Dodge Core Olficial Community Setem Conduct. They are also severaid above the project's promiting to the series located and understood that provide derinking voiter. Over the summer, the North Coast Roginal District formerly the Store Open Candente Roginal District were a intere on sobali of Dodge Core the minister of Fewers, Land and Markail Rossocco Openitions potential the minister of Fewers, Land and Markail Rossocco Openitions potential. The province of the Core of

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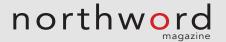
DISTRIBUTION

Northword is distributed bimonthly across northern BC, from Prince George in the south up to the Yukon border, and from Haida Gwaii in the west out to Jasper in the east. Each issue is distributed widely in the towns, cities, and communities of our region, available free to readers at restaurants, pubs, colleges, universities, libraries, book stores, hotels, info centres, and more. We also have a growing subscription list of readers who live outside the region.



DEMOGRAPHICS

Our publication reaches readers of all ages and walks of life. Instead of targeting an age group, we prefer to think in terms of *lifestyle*. We make sure our magazine engages everyone from a retired professor to a young student, a carpenter to a wildlife biologist. The topics we choose to cover reflect life in the north, and that includes everyone who lives here. *Northword* readers support local economy, community initiatives, and lead active, interesting lifestyles.



ADVERTISING

As the only print publication serving all of northern BC, and one of the few independent media organizations left in the region, *Northword* offers a unique opportunity for advertisers to connect with the population of the north, and to do so in a magazine much-loved and eagerly anticipated. Striking a balance between great-looking ads, stunning photography, clean design and engaging writing, *Northword* strives to place ads where they will be best-received by the reader. With 10,000 copies hitting the streets each issue, our advertisers get great exposure across northern BC, reaching a wide range of residents and and tourists alike. For more information about rates, sizes and deadlines, get in touch with us by email at ads@northword.ca or give us a call at 250-847-4600.



True Coldness

by Jo Boxwell

Thirty-two degrees below zero. Boll the kettle. Make a cup—just water, forget the bag. Step outside onto the deck—careful, it's ky. Throw the boiling water into the blue sky and watch it instantly burst into steam. It hangs there in the crisp air like prowder, or dust. Then it dissipates. Exposed skin tightens as it freezes. Don't stuy out for too long.

recezes. Don't stay out not not long.
It is being on the edge of everything; being in the North, experiencing true
coldness, even fleetingly from the deck of a cozy home in a warming climate.
Extreme weather can be awe-inspiring or intolerable, depending on how well
insulated from it we happen to be. We can develop quite a fondness for some-

turn It into a game, with snowboands and skidoos and mugs of building water. Most of us keep ourselves so well insulated during the winter months that we forget to be wary of the cold. It is something for skiders to look forward to and moaners to moan about. We only express concern during a prolonged power cut or when the car starts making lumny noises on a road that no one travels along. Coldmens fast's something with the contraction of the cont

we want to meet alone. My partner comes from a family of Steves four or five generations of them at least My father sin-like, Steve, likes at least My father sin-like, Steve, likes for the sin-like steven for the sin-like sin-like steven for the sin-like sin-like

Service Scruss a burly, square-jandifficult man. He was content out the in the boath, in the absence of peeveryday conflicts and with a sign goar lept him warm enough with the sun was up and he was most confortable enough that he could for about the coldness. Head down, and the sun was the sun source of the with selling stricks, no doubt left a moose. He became so focused searching the ground for the most long gait that he was no longer tall stock of this surroundings. He neglect stock of this surroundings, the neglect more as he made and that we want to note as he made and that we want to note as he made and that we want to

marks: missnapen trees or rocks or sensed logs. He had gone much farther into the forest than he had realized and the tumbling snowflakes quietly conceale his tracks behind him. The coldness turned everything white—the groun

His prey remained clustes. He saw only tracks, no target to creep tows gun loaded. For all his trouble, he never even got close enough to carb glimpse of the moose. When he finally litted his head and thought alo turning around, he didn't recognize his surroundings. His own tracks helphim for a while and he followed them backward until they disappeared und fresh snow. The clean ground provided no hint or which way he had travell. Each step was a gamble, and the early onset of dusk was unforgiving. The day was done and there was no clear direction home.

Steve Sr. was a smoker and he quickly discovered the only health benefit of is habit. He found a lighter in his pocket, gathered some wood and started a re. Despite the unrelenting chill and his growling hunger, the first night was sarable. The next day he fell in water up to his knees.

Steve Sr. was a brawler, the product of a cruel childhood, a war and to pression. He had his ways of getting by and those ways weren't alway easant. But people like that don't need quite as much padding as the rest

> wet in low femperatures is a bit like being hit with a hammer—escruciating and almost impossible to think of anything else. Soaked and freezing, he managed to start another fire and he managed to start another fire and he off again and woulked for hours until his muscles ached and his empty stomach hurt. He found himself at the only familiar place he'd rather not see: the very same sport he'd started at.

The suddress soon hed desperation and confusion. He could be absolutely certain for a while, the way stubborn people can be, that he had corrected his parth, bor eventually he had to admit that he had corrected his parth, bor eventually he had to admit that he had considered his parth, bor eventually he had to admit that he new. By the second night, his discount for was extreme, dragging echanated legs with feet frozen and blistened by severe fronthise. He became convinced that he could see a cross in the sky, and that he could see a cross in the sky, and he had been been considered to the second night had been a cross in the sky.

Other people were risking the elements by then, clocking miles on snowmobiles searching for him as the passing time ate away at his chances of survival. The area he could have wandered into was usat and they had little to go on. Nevertheless, they kept

searching.

Dawn broke on the third day. Girl a chance meant he woke with it, puffi out shallow breaths of ity air, brok and delirious. Out of the lonely qu he thought he heard a sound. Like it cross in the sky, it was clear enough hims that he could cling ont it and p himself up out of the snow. It was distant engine rumbling overhead, a distant engine rumbling overhead.

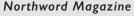
and he dragged himself onto the open ice as the plane crossed above hi The plot spotted his true figure standed in the whiteness. That night, while Steve was recuperating in the hospital, the temperature dipped to ~40°C. He he still been out in the bash, the coliness would certainly have killed him. Wither climates require a cautious respect to prevent us from going too and to remind us to go prepared, five longer our limits, the coldness we punish us for it. Witner roaming is better suited to the moone, while we confine our exclusions too condicated distances from our refuses of warms.

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1412 Freeland Ave., Smithers BC, V0J 2N4 250-847-4600

Matt Simmons

Publisher/Sales Director matt@northword.ca

Sandra Smith

National Sales Representative sandra@northword.ca

