

Mosesie Speaks Up



This book is part of the Tamatta Pijunnautiqatugut Reading Series, developed by the Representative for Children and Youth's Office. The Tamatta Pijunnautiqatugut Reading Series was developed to support the reading level guidelines outlined in the Department of Education's reading program, Uqalimaariuqsaniq. Uqalimaariuqsaniq is a sequential and progressive Inuktitut reading program that supports students in their development as readers.

The Tamatta Pijunnautiqatugut Reading Series is a unique, Nunavut-developed literacy initiative that incorporates information about child and youth rights into a culturally appropriate reading program. This series aims to increase the reader's self-awareness, encourage healthy coping strategies, promote positive relationships, demonstrate the importance of effective communication, and support the development of self-advocacy skills among young Nunavummiut. The Representative for Children and Youth's Office is committed to advancing the rights of children and youth in Nunavut and promoting their voice. For more information, visit www.rcynu.ca.

Book details

Level:	12
Text type:	Fiction
Subject/themes:	Learning about the concept of rights and advocacy
Key features:	40 pages, past tense, dialogue, story taking place over more than one day

Mosesie Speaks Up



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Leetia and her younger brother, Mosesie, walked to school together every day. In the winter, they bundled up in their parkas and walked quickly. But when the weather got warmer, they liked to walk slowly and talk.

Leetia was in Grade 6. She liked telling her brother about all the things she had learned at school.





Mosesie was in Grade 4. He loved school so much that he always did his homework right away when he got home. Math was his favourite subject.

During recess, Mosesie enjoyed playing on the swings. Leetia would often join him.

One afternoon at school, Leetia was walking down the hall toward the water fountain. When she turned the corner, she was happy to see to see her brother walking down the hall. But then she noticed that he looked upset.

“Mosesie, what’s wrong?” Leetia asked.

“I got in trouble in class,” he said with a sniffle.

“What happened?” she asked.





Mosesie looked down at his feet. “It’s no big deal,” he said. “I asked Sam what something said on the board. But my teacher said I was being disruptive.”

Leetia could tell that Mosesie was upset. He never got in trouble.

Before Leetia could say anything else, Mosesie shuffled back into his classroom.

Later that day, Leetia's class was walking to the gymnasium. As she passed Mosesie's classroom, she peered in the window. She noticed that Mosesie was sitting at the back of the class.

All of Mosesie's classmates were taking notes as their teacher was writing on the board. But Mosesie wasn't writing anything. He was just staring at the board, looking frustrated. Leetia wished she could go in and find out what was wrong.





At the end of the day, Leetia waited for Mosesie outside the school. Mosesie walked out the front door, stuffing a paper into his backpack. It looked like a test, and Leetia noticed that there were a lot of red marks and Xs on it.

“Are you still upset about getting in trouble today?” Leetia asked.

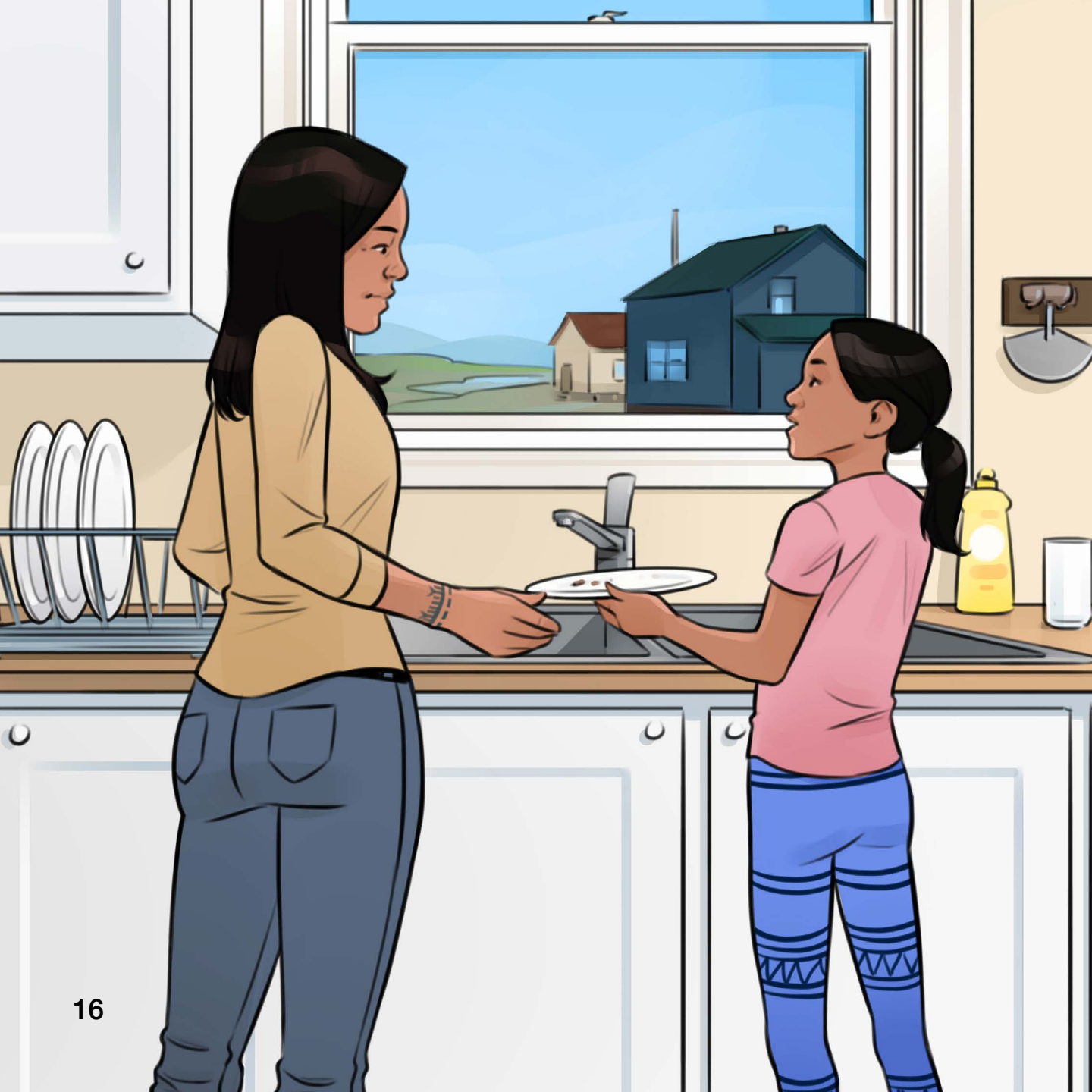
“No, I’m fine,” he said quickly. Leetia was worried. They walked home together in silence.

That evening at dinner, Mosesie was still very quiet.
“How did your math test go, Mosesie?” their mom asked.

Leetia glanced over at Mosesie. He wouldn’t look up from his bowl of stew.

“It was okay,” Mosesie said. Now Leetia was really worried. Mosesie never lied to their parents. What was going on with her younger brother?





After dinner, Mosesie went into the living room. Leetia watched as Mosesie plopped down on the floor only a few feet away from the TV.

Leetia stayed behind in the kitchen with their mom. "I'm worried about Mosesie," Leetia said to their mom quietly.

"What do you mean, Leetia?" their mom asked.

"He got in trouble at school today for talking in class. And I think he didn't do very well on his math test," Leetia said.

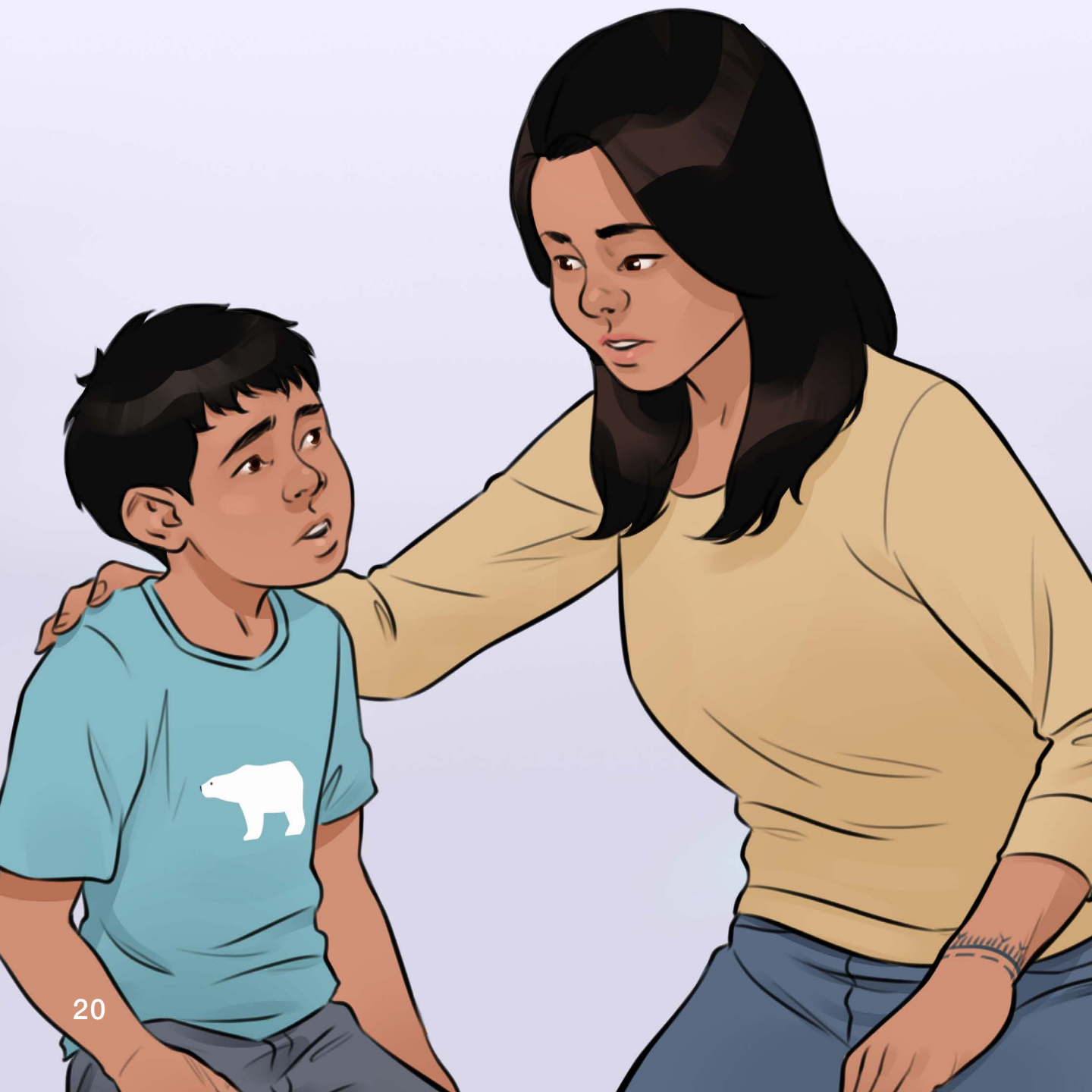
Their mom frowned. “That’s very unusual for your brother,” she said. “Let’s go talk to him.”

She led Leetia into the living room.

“Mosesie, Leetia told me that you got in trouble in class today. What happened?” she asked.

As Mosesie turned away from the screen, Leetia noticed that he was squinting and blinking his eyes.





“I only got in trouble because I couldn’t read the board,” Mosesie said. “I had to ask Sam.”

“What do you mean?” their mom asked.

“I’ve been having a hard time reading the board lately. It’s all fuzzy,” Mosesie said. “That’s why I did so badly on my math test!” Mosesie’s eyes were starting to fill up with tears.

Their mom put her arm around him and asked, “How long has this been going on?”

“A few weeks, I guess,” Mosesie said. “Ever since my teacher changed the seating plan around. Now I sit at the back of the class, so the board is really blurry.”

“That’s terrible,” Leetia said. “The board shouldn’t be blurry, no matter where you are sitting in the class.”

“Mosesie, why didn’t you tell your teacher that you couldn’t see the board from the back of the class?” their mom asked.

“She’s my teacher,” Mosesie replied. “I can’t tell her what to do.”





“When it comes to a situation like this, you can!” their mom said. “You have the right to learn, and it’s your teachers’ responsibility to help you however they can.”

Mosesie looked confused. “What does it mean to have a right?” he asked.

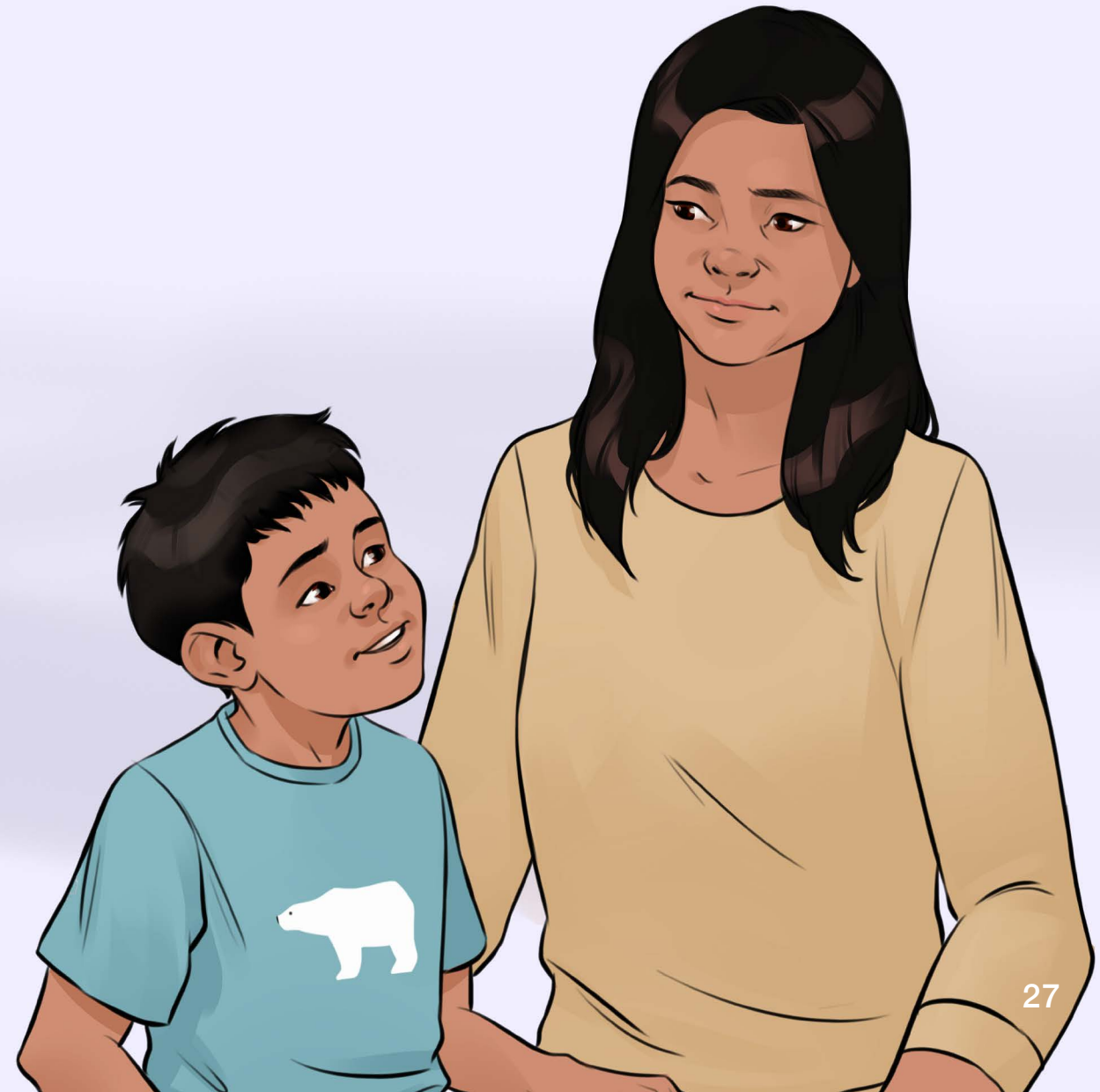
“We learned about this in school,” Leetia said. “A right is something you should have and that no one else is allowed to take away from you. Our rights help us be the best person we can be.”

“Exactly, Leetia,” their mom said. “You have a right to learn, just like you have a right to a home, food and water, and a loving family.”

“We also learned that you have a right to say what you think and have adults listen and consider your thoughts,” Leetia said. “So you have a right to tell your teacher what you need.”

Mosesie began to smile. “I think I get it now,” he said. “Mom, will you come with me to talk to my teacher tomorrow?”

“Of course!” their mom said.





The next day, Mosesie and his mom went to the school together to talk to his teacher. Mosesie was nervous, but his teacher was very understanding. She moved Mosesie to a desk at the front of the classroom and told him he could take his math test again.

“Thank you for speaking up, Mosesie,” his teacher said. “I’m proud of you for telling me what you need to help you be a better student!”

Mosesie smiled. It felt good to speak up for himself and his rights.

When Leetia and Mosesie arrived home for lunch that day, their mom was already home. She was talking on the phone.

After a few minutes, she sighed and hung up. “The eye doctor is in town next week, but all the appointments are booked,” she said. “She won’t be back in town for several months.”

“The eye doctor?” Mosesie groaned. “But I don’t want glasses!”

He had been worried this was going to happen. What if glasses made him look silly?





Their mom smiled. “Remember what we said yesterday? You have the right to get what you need to be the best student you can be. Glasses will help you see the board, which will help you learn!”

Mosesie knew their mom was right. “Maybe having glasses wouldn’t be so bad,” he said.

“But Mom, if Mosesie can’t get his eyes tested soon, how will he get glasses?” Leetia asked.

“I’m going to call the office in Iqaluit that helps young Nunavummiut advocate for their rights,” their mom said. “They might know what to do.”

Mosesie frowned. “Hang on, what does ‘advocate’ mean?” he asked.

“It means speaking up for yourself or others,” their mom explained. “Especially speaking up for your rights.”

“Cool!” Mosesie said.

“Now, I’m going to make a few more phone calls,” their mom said.

Mosesie and Leetia watched as she made one phone call and then another.

After the second call, she hung up and smiled.





“Good news!” their mom said. “The office in Iqaluit told me to call the eye doctor and ask to be on their waitlist. I called the eye doctor, and now you are on the waitlist now, Mosesie!”

“Does that mean you advocated for my rights?” Mosesie asked.

“Yes, and you advocated for yourself by telling us about your trouble seeing the board, Mosesie,” Leetia said.

“Exactly!” their mom said. “I’m very proud of you both.”

A few days later, Mosesie and Leetia arrived home from school to find their mom waiting for them on the front steps. She was smiling.

“The eye doctor’s office called,” she said. “There is an appointment available this Friday. I’m so glad we asked to get you on the waitlist!”

“Woohoo!” Leetia said excitedly. Mosesie could tell his mom and sister were very happy.

“Maybe getting glasses will be fun,” he said.

“I’ll help you pick out a pair that look really cool,” Leetia said.



That Friday, Mosesie and Leetia went to see the eye doctor with their mom.

After the appointment, Mosesie tried on all different kinds of glasses.

Leetia helped him pick a pair that was just right. He couldn't wait to wear his new glasses to school.



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REPRÉSENTANT DE
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