

# MUIN—

## A LESSON IN SHARING YOUR FEELINGS

*An original story by Melody Martin-Googoo*

Angie woke up early Monday morning. The sun shone brightly through her bedroom window. Angie yawned and flipped the heavy blankets off of her. Gasp! Suddenly she remembered, “Today is Monday! It’s my turn for show and share!” Angie had been counting the days for weeks for her turn at “show and share.” She was so excited. Just as she was about to jump out of bed, a big furry beast leaped onto her and began to lick her face. “**Muin!**” Angie laughed. “You silly dog!” Angie’s face was covered with sticky kisses. Angie got dressed, quickly ate her breakfast, and ran off to the bus stop.

“Angie! Angie!” **Kalolin**, Angie’s best friend yelled to her in the school playground. Angie walked over to her. “Your show and share was so amazing!” Angie beamed with pride. During the class show and share, Angie had shared a special picture she had painted of her dog **Muin**. Angie’s mom had helped her paint a picture using special paints and brushes from her mom’s art school. She was proud of the picture and she was especially proud of her dog, **Muin**. Angie’s **Kiju** and **Tata** had given **Muin** to her as a special birthday present. Angie named her dog **Muin** because he reminded her of a soft, cuddly bear.

The girls walked up the path and opened the front door to Angie’s house. There were cars in her driveway. **Tata** and **Kiju** were usually at home when she came home from school. Why was her dad’s car home too? Angie and **Kalolin** looked at each other and walked through the door. **Kiju** and **Tata** were sitting at the table drinking tea. Just as she was about

to run to them to smother them with hugs and kisses, Angie’s parents were already hugging her and sitting her down at the kitchen table. Angie sat on **Tata’s** lap, **Kiju** held her hand and Angie’s mom played with her ponytail. Angie’s dad looked at her and said, “**Tu’s, Muino’q nepkaq.**”

Angie lay in bed. She did not want to get up. Her heart felt heavy. She could hear the rain and see the wind blowing in the trees through her bedroom window. The sun wasn’t shining. There was no **Muin** leaping on her bed to fill her face with sticky kisses. What did I do wrong? Why did **Muin** have to die? She slowly got out of bed, got dressed and pulled her hair into a ponytail. She grabbed an apple and made her way to the bus stop. Angie sat alone on the bus, sang no songs at school, and sat by herself on the play ground. She didn’t feel like skipping rope or playing hopscotch with **Kalolin** or anybody at all. All she could think of was **Muin**, her brown, cuddly, ball of fur. She thought of his big brown eyes and his soft, black nose.

Angie sat at her spot during circle time and watched her friend **Kalolin** gather her things and walk up to the front of the class room. It was **Kalolin’s** turn for show and share and Angie tried to be happy, but couldn’t be. Mrs. Sylliboy touched Angie’s shoulder and said, “Angie, are you alright? Would you like to join me during show and share?” The other students were looking at her. Angie wanted to cry, but she bit her lip and held back her tears. “No thank you, Mrs. Sylliboy. I’m okay.” **Kalolin** took her place at the front of the

### TRANSLATIONS

**Kiju** Grandmother

**Muin** Bear

**Tata** Grandfather

**Kalolin** Caroline

**Muino’q nepkaq** Muin died

**Tu’s** Term of affection for a girl



Image courtesy of Gerald R. Gloade.

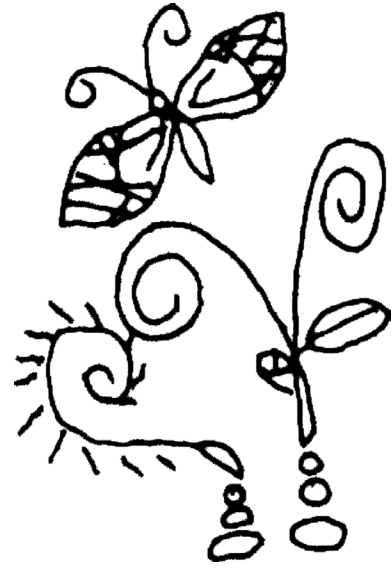
classroom and waited for the class to listen attentively. She looked at Angie and smiled. **Kalolin** cleared her throat and began, “For show and share today, I wanted to share something that my mom helped me make. I glued, and pasted and cut and coloured and worked very hard on this, and I did it for my best friend.” Angie’s back straightened. She wrinkled her forehead. Best friend? she thought to herself. Just then, she noticed what **Kalolin** held in her hands. It was a book. **Kalolin** had made a scrapbook of pictures and photos of Angie’s dog, **Muin**!

Angie’s heart was beating really fast, her eyes began to water and she tried really hard to bite her lip again so that she wouldn’t cry. But no matter what Angie tried to do, the corners of her mouth began to shake and her chin

began to quiver. Suddenly her throat released a sound and she began to cry. Angie sunk her face into her hands and cried as loud as she could, “Oh, **Muin**! I miss you so much!” The students surrounded her. Angie felt warm hands touching her shoulders, playing with her hair. Angie looked up and **Kalolin** embraced her in a big hug. Suddenly, Mrs. Sylliboy was hugging her too! And so was the rest of her class! Angie giggled and felt all warm and happy inside, “Group Hug!”

After everyone stopped giggling, Mrs. Sylliboy held onto Angie’s hand and explained, “Oh, Angie! We have seen you so sad these past couple of days, and you have a right to feel pain in your heart. You loved your dog, **Muin**, so very much.” **Kalolin** stepped forward and placed the book in Angie’s hands. Mrs.

Sylliboy took a hold of **Kalolin's** hand and said, "What you did for your best friend Angie was very nice!" Mrs. Sylliboy sat on her stool in the front of her classroom and said, "Boys and girls, it's important to talk and to cry and to remember the good times that we shared with someone we loved who has died." Just then, Christopher put up his hand, "My uncle died." And Sophia put up her hand and said, "My goldfish died two days ago." Mrs. Sylliboy smiled and decided to use the talking stick for a special sharing circle. Everyone shared stories of families and friends they had lost. Angie listened and smiled to herself as she thought of silly **Muin** leaping up onto her bed and smothering her face with sticky kisses.



*blessing*

