

The Bike Shack



This book is part of the Tulliniliara Reading Series, developed by the Department of Family Services in Nunavut. The Tulliniliara Reading Series is a unique, Nunavut-developed literacy initiative that infuses awareness of skills, interests, and careers into a culturally appropriate reading program.

The Tulliniliara Reading Series was developed to support the reading level guidelines outlined in Uqalimaariuqsaniq, the Department of Education's reading program. Uqalimaariuqsaniq is a sequential and progressive Inuktitut reading program that supports students in their development as readers.

The Tulliniliara Reading Series will inform readers about jobs available in their community. It will also provide opportunities for readers to consider their own interests and skills when thinking about future work. Awareness of career possibilities at a young age will better prepare children to understand the opportunities that are open to them and the importance of staying in school.

These books represent the Department of Family Services' investment in the early development of our future workforce.

Book details

Level:	13
Text type:	Fiction
Subjects/themes:	Starting a small business, being resourceful, learning how to fix bikes, helping others in your community
Key features:	40 pages, past tense, third-person point of view, dialogue

The Bike Shack



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One sunny day in July, Piita and Markusie were riding their bikes toward their favourite hill. As they got to the top, another bike rushed past them down the hill. *Whoosh!*

“Who was that?” Piita asked Markusie.

“I don’t know,” Markusie said. “But it looks like she set up a jump at the bottom of the hill. Check it out!”





The two boys watched the girl on the bike speed down the hill toward the jump. She was moving so fast!

She went off the jump and flew through the air.

“Whoa!” Piita and Markusie said together as they watched her. She landed smoothly and turned to bike back up the hill.

“That was awesome!”
Markusie said as she arrived at
the top of the hill.

“Thanks,” the girl said.

“Did you make that jump
yourself?” Piita asked.

“I made the jump with some
rocks and some old plywood,”
she said. “It’s kind of small. The
one I use back home is a lot
bigger.” She grinned.





“Did you just move here?”
Piita asked.

“I’m from Gjoa Haven but I’m spending the summer here with my ataata,” she said. “My name is Meeka.”

“Cool! I’m Piita, and this is Markusie,” Piita said and smiled at her.

“Do you guys want to try the jump?” she asked them.

“I would, but my chain falls off all the time,” Piita said. “I’m worried I might wipe out.”

“Let me take a look at your chain,” Meeka said.

Meeka bent down and inspected the chain on Piita’s bike. After tugging on it a few times, her hands were covered in black grease.

“Your chain is too big,” Meeka said. “But I can fix it for you. Do you want to come to my ataata’s house?”





“Do you know how to fix bikes?” Piita asked uncertainly.

“Yeah!” Meeka replied. “I always get my brother’s old bikes. My ataata is a mechanic, so he taught me how to fix them up.”

Meeka started biking away. “Atii! My ataata’s place is close by,” she said. Piita and Markusie hopped on their bikes and followed her.

After a few minutes, they pulled up to a house. They all hopped off their bikes and leaned them against a shed.

Meeka ran into the shed and came out with a box of tools and a tire pump. She flipped Piita's bike over and rested it on its seat and handlebars. Then she started to work.





Piita and Markusie watched Meeka as she took the chain off and used a special tool to remove one of its links. It took a few minutes, but when she was done she attached the chain back to the bike. Then she spun the back wheel of the bike.

“It’s fixed!” she said.

“That’s it?” Piita asked.

“Yeah!” Meeka replied. “I just had to remove a link from your chain. Do you want me to put some air in your tires too? They look a little flat.”

“Sure!” Piita said.

“Can you do mine, too?” Markusie asked as he wheeled over his bike.





“Hang on,” Piita said.
“Can I try?”

“Sure!” Meeka said. “Here, just unscrew this little cap on the tire and attach the hose. Then start pumping like this!” She showed him how to move the pump up and down so that air would go into the tire.

Piita grinned as he pumped up the tire. He liked knowing how to fix his bike.

“Do you want to go back to the jump?” Meeka asked.

“Totally!” the boys said together. But just then they noticed two younger kids wheeling their bikes over.

“Do you think you could put some air in our tires too?” one of the kids asked.

“Of course,” Meeka said. She pumped up their tires and the kids sped off happily. But by then two other kids had arrived.





“Do you need some air in your tires?” Meeka asked.

“Actually, my front tire is wobbly,” one of the kids said.

“Do you know how to fix that?”

Meeka smiled. “I can try!”

She took a wrench from the tool box and started tightening a bolt on the front wheel. After a few minutes, she hopped on the bike and went for a quick ride to check if the wheel was still wobbling. It wasn't!

“Thanks!” said the girl.

“Can you fix mine too?”
asked her friend.

“What’s wrong with it?”
Meeka asked.

“It’s too tall. I can’t even
get on it without falling
over!” he said.

“I think I can help you
with that,” Meeka said. Meeka
tugged at the seat lever but it
wouldn’t move.





“Hey Markusie, can you go into the shed and grab a can of oil?” Meeka asked.

“Sure!” Markusie jumped up. He was happy to help.

Meeka sprayed the oil on the lever and jiggled it. Finally, it moved. Then she adjusted the seat and got the boy to sit on the bike again.

“Wow, it’s so much better!”
the boy said. “You should fix
every bike in town!”

Meeka, Piita, and Markusie
looked at each other.

“That’s a great idea,”
Piita said.

“Yeah,” Meeka said. “But we
might need to get more oil. This
can is almost empty!”





“What if we charge people for each repair?” Markusie suggested. “Then we can make the money that we need to buy more supplies.”

“Great idea!” Meeka said. “Supplies can get expensive.”

“Let’s put up signs around town so people know where to find us,” Piita said.

Meeka, Piita, and Markusie ran into Meeka's house. They sat at the kitchen table making signs on construction paper. Markusie was a good artist so he drew a bike on each sign.

"We need a name for our business," Meeka said.

"Let's call it 'The Bike Shack'!" Markusie suggested.

On each sign, they wrote: "Come to The Bike Shack at House 405! We fix bikes! \$2 per bike."





Then, they rode around town on their bikes to hang up the signs. They put a sign on the telephone pole by the school and a sign on the swing set at the park. They even put a sign on the bulletin board at the store.

When they got back to Meeka's house, there were already a few kids waiting there.

Piita got to work pumping tires while Meeka fixed the harder problems. Markusie collected money from kids and worked on a big poster that they were going to hang on the outside of the shed that read: The Bike Shack.

Just when they thought they had fixed their last bike for the day, another kid would show up. And with each fix, they made a little bit more money. By the end of the day, they had made 20 dollars!



“What should we do with the money?” Piita asked.

“Let’s buy a can of oil,” Meeka said. “We can save the rest in case we need to buy more tools or supplies.”

“I can’t wait to fix more bikes tomorrow!” Piita said.

“Me too,” Meeka said.

“Hey Meeka, can we try the big jump now?” Markusie asked.

“Atii!” Meeka said, and together they sped off to the hill.



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