

This book is part of the Inuutsiarniq Reading Series, developed by the Department of Health in Nunavut. The Inuutsiarniq Reading Series is a unique, Nunavut-developed literacy initiative that infuses Northern values of healthy living and self-care into a culturally appropriate reading program.

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

Healthy students are better learners and become healthy adults. For more information, visit www.gov.nu.ca/health and your local Health Centre.

Book details

Level: 13

Text type: Fiction

Subject/themes: Family, responsibilities, helping out at home

Key features: 40 pages of text, dialogue

Big Brother Lucassie



Written by
Larissa MacDonald

Illustrated by
Tindur Peturs

Annie was cuddled up with her big brother, Lucassie, on the couch. They were waiting for their anaana to read them a bedtime story. Anaana had been in Iqaluit for a few days, and they were very happy she was home.

Anaana sat down in between them and pulled a blanket across their laps, just like she did every night.

“I thought we could read a new book together tonight,” Anaana said.

“Alianait!” Lucassie and Annie cheered.





Anaana showed the new book to Lucassie and Annie. On the cover, there was a picture of a family that looked a lot like theirs. There was a little boy, a little girl, an anaana, and an ataata. There was also a little baby in the anaana's arms.

“Lucassie, will you read the cover for us?” Anaana asked him. Lucassie was learning to read in school. He sounded out the title.

“*The New Baby,*” he read. Anaana smiled.

“Do you notice anything about the family in this picture?” Anaana asked, pointing to the book.

Annie pointed to the little girl. “She looks like me!” she giggled.

“Anything else?” Annana asked.

“There’s a little baby in the family,” Lucassie said.

“That’s right, Lucassie,” his anaana said happily. “You’re going to have a baby sister soon.”

“Hurray!” Annie cried, as she ran to grab a doll from her toy box. She snuggled up to her anaana again and cradled the doll in her arms.





Anaana read the book out loud, but Lucassie wasn't paying attention. He was thinking about what it would be like to have a new baby in the family.

He didn't remember much from before Annie was born, but he knew that babies needed a lot of attention. What if his anaana didn't have time to read them bedtime stories every night?

That night, Lucassie didn't get a lot of sleep. He tossed and turned until morning.

The next morning at the breakfast table, Annie had lots of questions about the new baby.

“Anaana, how big is the baby?” Annie asked. She placed her doll in the chair next to her.

“Let me show you!” Anaana said with a smile. She placed a blurry black-and-white photo on the table. “This is an ultrasound photo. It’s a picture of the baby in my belly. Do you see her?”

“I do,” Lucassie said, pointing to the picture.

“She’s so small!” Annie squealed.





“Anaana, how does the baby eat?” Annie asked next. She was pretending to feed her doll the cereal she was eating for breakfast.

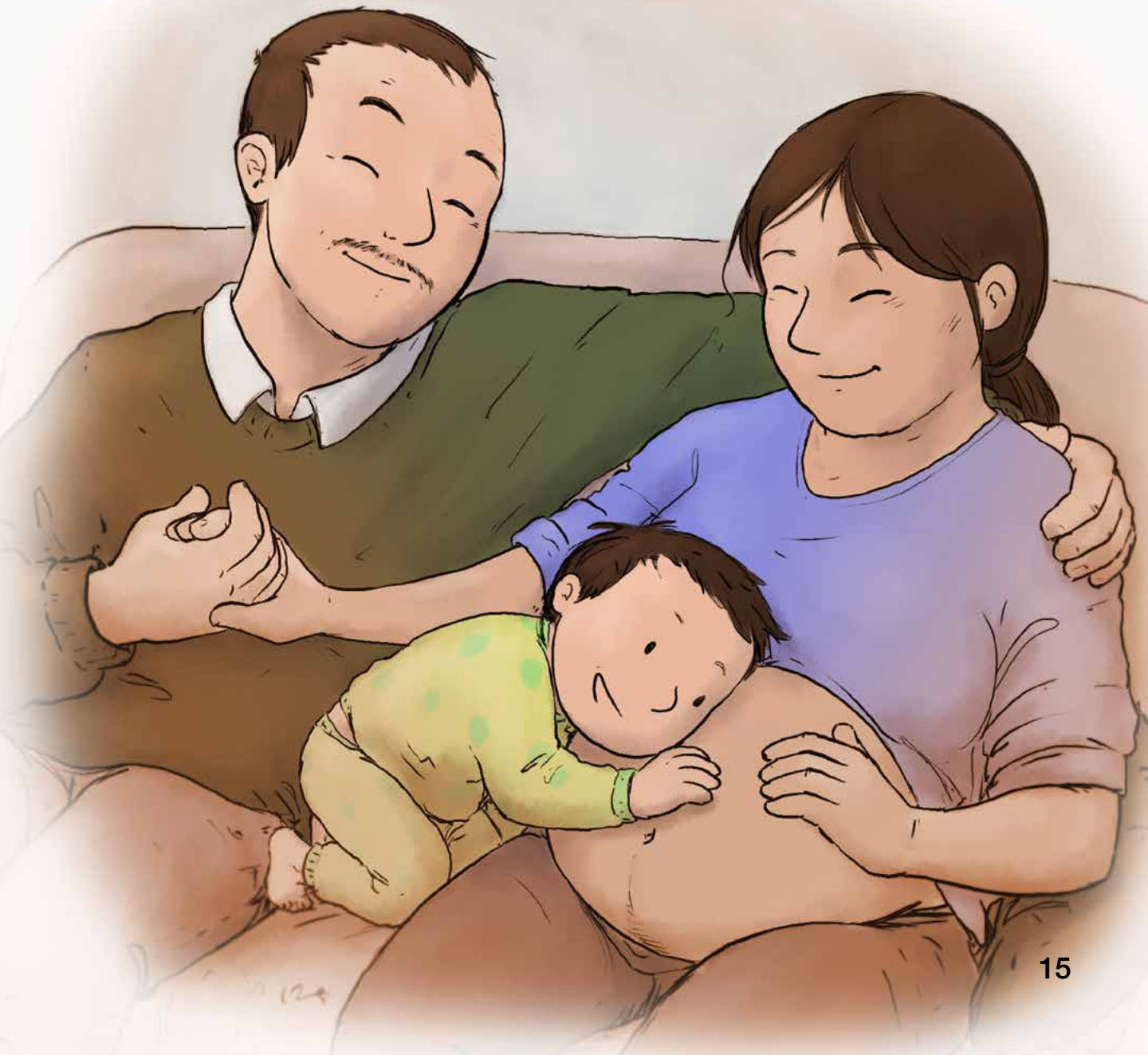
“The baby eats what Anaana eats,” Lucassie said to Annie. At school, he had learned about how babies grow.

“That’s right, Lucassie,” Anaana said. “The baby gets all the nutrients she needs from the food that I eat. That’s why it is very important that I eat healthy when I’m pregnant.” Anaana was eating a bowl of yogurt with chopped bananas and a piece of toast with peanut butter.

“Do you like having a baby in your tummy?” Annie asked.

“I do,” Anaana said. “I loved having both of you in my tummy, too.” Lucassie looked at his mom’s belly. He remembered cuddling up to his anaana’s belly when she was pregnant with Annie. He would press his ear up to her belly and feel Annie's little feet kicking.

Suddenly, he felt a bit more excited about the new baby. Maybe being a big brother again would be fun.





Just then, their ataata came home. He had been at work overnight.

“Ataata, we are getting a new baby!” Annie said.

“I know, panik,” he said. “Are you excited?”

“Yeah!” Annie said, as her ataata picked her up and spun her around.

Then he turned to Lucassie. “Lucassie, it’s going to be our job to help your anaana over the next few months,” he said.

Lucassie grinned. He loved helping his ataata around the house.

“Why does Anaana need help?” asked Annie.

“Anaana’s body has to work very hard to help the baby grow, so she will need to get lots of rest,” Ataata said.

“Can Anaana still play with us?” Annie asked.

“Of course,” Ataata said. “But when Anaana needs to rest, we can play quietly.”

“I can read to Annie when Anaana is resting,” Lucassie said.

“Exactly!” Ataata said. “Your anaana always takes care of us, so it will be our turn to take care of her.”





Over the next few months, Lucassie helped his ataata at home more than ever before. On weekends when Ataata wasn't working, they would cook together. Then Lucassie would help him wash the dishes and clean the kitchen.

When it was time for bed, Lucassie helped Annie brush her teeth. Sometimes he even read her a bedtime story. He wanted to be a good big brother to his little sisters.

Anaana's belly was getting bigger and rounder every day. Lucassie showed Annie how to put her ear on Anaana's belly and feel their little sister kicking. He remembered his anaana showing him how to do that when she had been pregnant with Annie.

Soon it was time for Anaana to go back to Iqaluit to have the baby.

Lucassie helped pack a bag for Anaana. He even packed some of his and Annie's old baby clothes that the new baby could wear.

He showed the clothes to Annie as he folded them. She loved seeing the tiny jumpers and dresses she had worn.

Lucassie even gave Anaana his favourite stuffed animal to give to the baby.





“Anaana, why do you have to go to Iqaluit to have the baby?” Annie asked.

“Iqaluit has a big hospital,” Anaana said. “There are doctors and nurses there to help make sure the baby and mother are healthy.”

“Anaanatsiaq lives in Iqaluit, right, Anaana?” Lucassie said.

“That’s right, Lucassie,” Anaana said. “She will be with me the whole time.”

Lucassie and Annie both felt happy knowing that their anaana would have someone to take care of her in Iqaluit, too.

A few days later, Anaana was packing the last of her things before going to the airport. She showed Lucassie and Annie her bright red amauti.

“This amauti is very special to me,” Anaana said. “I carried both of you in this amauti when you were born.”

“I can’t wait for my new sister to come home,” Annie said, resting her head on her anaana’s belly. “See you soon, nukaq.”

Anaana kissed Annie and Lucassie goodbye before they hopped in the truck to drive to the airport.





A few weeks went by. It was quiet at home without Anaana. But then one day the phone rang, and it was Anaana. Their little sister had arrived! Her name was Mary. Anaana sent a picture of Mary to their ataata. He showed Lucassie and Annie on his phone.

“Your anaana will be home this weekend,” he told Lucassie and Annie. “I’m going to make a big pot of stew for her. Will you help me?”

“Atii!” the children said. Lucassie helped chop vegetables. Annie tasted the stew when her ataata thought it was almost ready.

“Mmm,” Annie said with a smile.

That weekend when Anaana arrived home, she was very happy, but very tired. Annie and Lucassie sat quietly and watched their little sister sleep.

But over the next few days, Mary started to cry. A lot. Lucassie and Annie watched as their mom fed her. But Mary kept crying. They watched as their anaana rocked her gently. But Mary kept crying. They watched as their anaana patted her back to make her burp. But Mary kept crying.

“Why won’t she stop crying?” Annie asked, covering her ears.

“Sometimes babies just cry,” their anaana said.





“Annie, do you want to go play out?” Lucassie suggested.

“Yes!” Annie shouted. She still had her fingers in her ears.

Lucassie helped Annie get dressed in her snowsuit and a warm hat and mitts.

Outside, Lucassie and Annie ran to the hill to go sliding. They went down the hill side by side a few times, laughing and yelling.

But then Annie ran ahead of Lucassie and started to slide down on her own. Lucassie was already sliding, and he realized he was going to crash into Annie!

“Ow!” Annie cried as Lucassie rolled over her. She started to cry.

“Annie, you got in my way!” Lucassie yelled at her. He felt himself getting angry, but then he noticed that Annie had a small cut on her forehead.

“I’m sorry, Annie,” Lucassie said. “I didn’t mean to yell at you.” He gave Annie a hug.

“Let’s go home and I’ll get you a bandage,” he said. He held Annie’s hand and walked her home.





“What happened?” Ataata asked when they got home.

“I crashed into Annie on the hill,” Lucassie said, as Annie sniffed. “But don’t worry, I’m going to get her a bandage.”

“Thank you, Lucassie,” Ataata said. “You are a very good big brother, and you have been a big help to me and your anaana.”

Lucassie flushed. He felt proud that he was able to take care of his little sister.

“Do you want to go back outside?” Lucassie asked.

“Could you just read me a story?” Annie asked.

“Atii,” Lucassie said. They went into the living room. Their anaana was sitting on the couch with Mary in her arms.

“Would you like me to read you a story too, Anaana?” he asked.

“That would be very nice, Lucassie,” she said.

“Can I hold Mary?” Annie asked.

“Of course,” Anaana said. Annie sat on the couch next to her anaana and watched as her tiny baby sister slept in her arms.

“Hi Mary, I’m your angajukuluk, Annie,” Annie said to Mary softly. “This is your anikuluk, Lucassie. He’s the best big brother ever.”





INHABIT
EDUCATION

Published in Canada by **Inhabit Education**

www.inhabiteducation.com

Design and layout copyright © 2020 by Government of Nunavut

Text copyright © 2020 by Government of Nunavut

Illustrations copyright © 2020 by Government of Nunavut

All rights reserved. The use of any part of this publication reproduced, transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, or stored in a retrievable system, without written consent of the publisher, is an infringement of copyright law.

Printed and bound in Canada

ISBN 978-0-2287-0823-0



Nunavut



INHABIT
EDUCATION