Voices in the Hallway
Artist in Residence project

During the 2016-17 school year, the staff and students of North Park Wilson worked alongside our Artist in Residence Isaac Bond to explore how learning through the arts would support students as they explored their identity and their role as change agents in our school, community and nation. As one of our students stated, “Isaac helped us think of what we wanted to write and find our true voice.”

This collection represents selected works from students and our gifted partner Isaac Bond. This project was made possible by the support of the Saskatchewan Arts Board, SaskCulture Inc., The Saskatchewan Lotteries Trust Fund for Sport, Culture and Recreation and the Government of Saskatchewan through the Ministry of Education.

‘Voices in the Hallway’
Cover artwork
Harlee
NPW
Grade 6 student

NORTH PARK WILSON
THE LITTLE SCHOOL WITH THE BIG HEART
WHERE WE HELP OUR STUDENTS DISCOVER
HOW THEY ARE SMART!
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Do Your Words

There is no best in poetry.
So do your worst; try it out.
At least make the most of it.
After all, it is more or less what you make of it.

Imagine your fingertips were felt tip tattoo needles
Designed as if the sky had skin.
What would you draw from and upon that endless possibility?
This living eternity.

Lettered language is just another way of outlining and illuminating.
And we are all shaped by the light that overshadows us.

But what would you say if you were just enjoying the shade
And its view of the sunshine.
Sheltered by the branches with ballpoint buds and quilled leaves.
We are rooted in this, aloud and elaborate,
Yet oh so simply just something to say.

So speak. There is no best in poetry.
Do your words.

Isaac Bond
NPW Artist in Residence
RACISM

My mind is getting trapped with all these racist sayings. But I won’t give a damn cus’ all these people hatin’. They call me the N word, the P word and every other word. But all the doin’ is bein’ completely absurd. Why has our generation gone like this? Nobody takes time to think about this problem how it’s okay to act differently to someone who has a different skin colour. This is just B.S, trippin’ a dude cus’ of their skin colour. How would you feel if you were sold out for a dollar? Now you’re probably saying, “I don’t trust them cus’ they steal, drug deal, or would shoot someone up”. But that’s cus’ you put them in that physiological position, where you treated them like rats and made them feel like they were no use. Who’s guilty now, huh? You are. Just treat them like people, normal people. They don’t lack anything, do they? So let’s do something about this. Let’s have some peace protests and treat newcomers with care. Let’s also try not to turn our backs to black people. Imagine a place without racism. Wouldn’t it be so amazing? So man up, and treat them how you wanna be treated.

Noel

NPW – grade 7 student
Sweets

Sweets are the best
Sugar, candy, gummy bears

I like cookies, with a glass of milk

Sour patch kids, a piece of cake, and cupcakes too

Cotton candy, nerds and rockets

Chocolate bars, chocolate milk and hot chocolate

Ice cream, chewing gum mmm mm mmm

Donuts cooking in the bakery

Macaroons, icing, banana split with whipping cream

Kit Kat, Hersey, cookies and cream, Oreo, O henry

Fruit fondue with chocolate too

All these foods must be good for you

Angel food cake, to marshmallow’s

Listen to the Pop rocks pop in your mouth pop, pop, Pop

Cinnamon buns with extra cinnamon

Chocolate dipped Strawberry’s or chocolate dipped bananas

Chocolate chips, smarties, do you eat the red ones last?

I like pie, any kind of pie, chocolate brownies, vanilla cake

Emily NPW – grade 4 student
To Wish Upon a Mandela

Make a wish; inhale.
Blow out the coloured sand, and start again.
Spin till you’re dizzy and stay standing.

Meditate like you were born yesterday,
But it’s still your birthday.
Inhale the joy of all who love you.
Exhale the pain of all that ails you.

But don’t hold your breath.
Be the ever gliding manta ray, becoming sand brush.
Keep sweeping, you grainy gust of goodness;
Keep letting the wind lift you up and anew.

Don’t forget your feet though.
They are, after all, what planted you here.
Sprinkled you on the Earth
Like a coloured grain of sand.

Exhale; make a wish.

Isaac Bond
Artist in Residence
If I could change anything about Canada...

It would be the amount of people living on the streets. When I go to the movies we always pass a bunch of homeless people who panhandle and I feel so bad for them, people just turn the cold shoulders and walk away and don't even say anything, and I'm not saying I'm completely innocent of this.

If it is up to me I would call everyone to save more money to build another light house. In this light house there would be over 800 rooms. There would be 25 counsellors to prevent the residents from using drugs or alcohol so they can get a job or reconnect families and the love ones.

In the house there would be people that would make sure that people don't just stay in their room all day. When there is out of rooms then they can go to the living area and make relationships that could survive even when they leave the shelter.

Gus

NPW – grade 7 student
NATURE IS A DELICATE THING

IT IS A GIFT.

WE HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF IT.

I WOULD THINK THAT WE SHOULD
TAKE CARE OF IT MORE.

IT’S SAD THAT WE POLLUTE THE AIR.

I THINK THAT WE SHOULD START TAKING CARE
OF THE EARTH.

WE SHOULD NOT MAKE POLLUTION.

WE WILL NOT KNOW
WHAT TREES ARE.

* WE NEED TO START MAKING
NATURE BIGGER.
AND SUPPORT IT MORE.

* NATURE IS A SMALL GIFT
BUT WE ARE A SMALL GIFT TOO,
BUT THEN NATURE SUPPORTED US
AND MADE US BIGGER.
LET’S MAKE NATURE BIGGER
AND SUPPORT IT MORE.

Harman

NPW – grade 4 student
Good Mornings

When I wake up, I sink into the sheets
Like a deep stretch, and think about my dreams.
Some days, it’s still kind of dark out,
But that makes the morning more alive when I walk out.

People got their dogs out, moving at a slow pace.
Always take the long route, though it’s just a short break.
As the earth rotates, I’m yawning and smiling,
Because it’s here all along when I’m gone for a while.

Homecoming glass of water after flossing the teeth
Just to settle down for breakfast with coffee or tea.
You’re welcome to join, and that offer is free
If you don’t mind chilling out and talking to me.

I’m not stressing about a work day, or skipping on a sick day.
I’m messing around with wordplay every which way.
I make my peace in this way, my release and my stasis.
Ready to seize this day.

Isaac Bond
Artist in Residence
Don’t just stand there

To those rich people and wealthy people, help those kids.
Don’t just stand there watching them like nothing.

If you wouldn’t help a little poor child,
I wouldn’t call you a parent, guardian, uncle, auntie or anything.
I would just call you a person, just some random person.

We are all one race.
Why can’t we all be friends, family, siblings?

I wouldn’t want to talk, speak, see, or hear,
to whoever is standing there, watching.

Robbie
NPW – grade 6 student
My Life on the Trampoline

Yellow and blue nets around my trampoline makes me feel safe.

I also get to play Bball on my trampoline because it is attached.

When I want to jump all I have to do is jump and land on my feet and let the springs do the work!

It is fun, under the sun, And it makes me feel calm! All day long, all day, every day!

Ilir

NPW – Grade 4 student
Wait, Lifting

Weight of the world, the whole map to scale. Shapeless burden on our backs. We flail With our failed understandings On the trail of a universe expanding.

A boulder, a ball, a hoverboard sphere Surfing the sun, where the motherboard steers Through human aggression, too passive to share; Through solar reflection, refraction, and flare.

Red in the face, a slight shake in the limbs. Heat dead in the race, making a break for the wind. In the space where we spin, we gradually stop, Bracing for the end as the gravity drops.

Hard to hold or not, though, a fate truly gifted. If the heart is bold enough, a weight duly lifted. We make do with it, with rest and recognition, Pushing through to focus on the next repetition.

Isaac Bond
Artist in Residence
Hide Your Laundry on Your Driveway

Hide your laundry on your driveway.

Today it’s about food.

Cheese never looked so good.

* 

Green works and
Colors can be green too.

* 

Go where you want
When you want
With the best pillows.

Ryan

NPW – grade 5 student
People are being judged because of how they look. They don’t deserve what you say about them.

You don’t even have a reason, just do it out of the blue. Do you really have nothing better to do than focus on other people’s flaws?

If that’s going “over your comfort zone”, you’ve probably gone over theirs, many times before.

You might think that being rude back, is the answer, that you’re defending yourself with disrespectful words.

Point out the good in people, instead of the bad. Remember, “hate” is a strong word.

Adri

NPW – grade 6 student
Kindness is a practice and a patience
Not an opportunity for demonstration.
Being kind is like cooking for others
Or getting enough sleep.

Do not mistake kind for nice.
Sometimes being kind can be far from pleasant
Even when more than necessary.
Still, it is nice to receive kindness,
So don’t bother with the mad face
To-good-for-you looking down upon
The universe as if
Its more beneath than above you.

If you must practice voodoo,
Think of how you will help others by being good to yourself,
Using the pins and needles to release the pressure points.
If you must mutter muddy words,
Curse as if you were serenading a sense of humour,
And laugh at your ridiculous self from time to time.

After all, life is only kind of serious,
So be kind. It will be returned in kind
With all kinds of kindness.
Don’t waste joy on hating
People who could use your help.

Acknowledge the truth, and work towards it
Like an all-knowing listener still learning,
Like lucid dreams and daily exercise.
Like an admission of not knowing
That reveals the biggest clue.

A mystery that is loving.
A curiosity that is caring.
A continuity of kind.

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Isaac Bond
Artist in Residence
If...

If I could touch the moon

I would be happy,

and I could see the sky,

and I would touch the stars.

Jennifer

NPW – grade 5 student
How My Story Shapes Canada

Sometimes I feel as if I’m just floating farther and farther into space and when something big happens or something catches my eye, I’m pulled back.

Being pulled back makes me feel part of the world again, I feel like part of Canada again.

Being part of Canada makes me feel safe around people I know and love, even if I do get pulled away I feel close.

Canada is my birth land and no person at a desk with a stamp can change that.

No matter how far I get I will always be a true Canadian, because it was always my spirit that stayed in Canada.

Sometimes I want to be pulled back. Even if nothing is happening I just want to be at home.

Acacia

NPW – grade 6 student
Bird Bars and Cage Wings

Last to be hassled, first to be thirsty.
Fasten the shackles; burst in the nursery.
Perched in the dirt weeds, irked by the worry.
Worked to the bone for a turn with the bird seed.

Fly to the outpost, pray for the whether luck.
Keep the mouth open, flinch when the feather plucks.
Grip on the leather cuff, talons on the forearm.
Fly with a tethered strut, but wanting to soar far.

Wings in disarray, flinging in a rage.
Calling out for freedom, singing in a cage.
Lingering, the days keep withering away.
Is anybody listening? Whimpering in pain.

Owls with a curfew, roosters sleeping in.
First to contradict second nature deep within.
Keeping in tradition of oppression and submission,
Burying ambition in regret and indecision.

Hopping up and down; pacing back and forth.
Walking on the ground; wasting at the source.
Less likely to fly with each tick of the clock,
Pecking at the cage like a pick to the lock.

Isaac Bond
Artist in Residence
How I would change Canada

Teach the new generations non-racist ideology, so that when they inherit the world they will make it less racist.

Sadly we cannot change older generations, they are already set in their ways.

Rory
NPW – grade 8 student
My Favorites

My favorite food is pizza,
My favorite color, green.
My favorite feeling is happy,
And my least favorite is mean.
My favorite game is Hide & Seek,
I don’t like bottled glue.
I really like chocolate,
And I like vanilla too.

Kieran
NPW – Grade 4 student
In the Element

We all come from, and return to, the Earth.
   Sewn grim and reaped by graveyards
   Where gratitude graduates,
   And becomes the sunlight it is thankful for.

What once was the tree root brain of a mountain
   Becomes the whimsical whisp of a whistling wind.
   Witness the crispness of wind’s breath.
   Inflation of the lungs with an insatiable feeling.

Then fire up the focus, lighting up the lightning struck
   Scissor kicking wizard tricks, biting up the flames.
   Heat, coals, and ash on the feet soles at last.
   Movement meets music, deep, full, and vast.

   Engulfed in a long held note of dolphin song.
   There’s a shellfish ready to collect your vessel when it’s empty.
   Dancing to the smell and pull of salt and prawns,
   Sailing on a shipwreck sinking to the melody.

   A symphony of expression, clothed in alchemy.
   Tell me about the elements. How we all come from, and
   Return to the Earth.

Isaac Bond
Artist in Residence
I AM

I am kind
I am happy
I am good at listening
I am a person
I am thankful
I am good
And I am Summer

Summer
NPW – grade 5 student
Hate, Rumors and Lies

Everyone gets hate, rumors and lies. From the poorest to the richest, everybody deserves the same.

People walk down the street, walk past people sitting on the sidewalk homeless and cold.

U walk down the hall way at school judging people because of their skin color or whether they’re fat or thin.

U bully innocent kids because you’re hurting in side.

Maybe we don’t know what’s going on at your house but that doesn’t mean u can take it out on other kids.

Braelyn

NPW – grade 7 student
Lost in Founded

I have been told that you cannot hold land that has been stolen; Perhaps that is why I feel like an empty handed thief. Even with this dispossessed feeling, I know I have something that doesn’t belong to me.

Sneaking seconds from the first people, I read their stories to my nephews in the language that crushed their tongues.

Yet theirs are the ones that speak, Where listening is harder than a lip sealing guilt Or closed mouth disregard for the mischievous powers that be.

Sometimes I feel like I’m walking on stories That were never meant to hold me up, Like the inside of my skin is scarred With bitten off nail and chewed cheek, The nervous habits of an imposter.

I feel this duty to laugh and respect the northern lights, Lest the spirits get the joke of me. I’m starting to loosen my grip on logical connections, For they don’t explain the senseless afflictions Helplessly hollowed By flat apathy and sad tragedy, Mugged at grief point by boredom.
Thieves, with nothing, and nothing to do.
What am I doing here?
I thought I could be a feline brother to the wolf,
Didn’t realize how easy it is to lose track of the moon,
How hard it is to be with the pack
When my instinct is to wander alone.
I never howl, but I am always watching,
Learning the songs that are not mine to sing.

I fancy myself less fake than the concrete beavers,
Make fuel out of fish oil, drinking fresh water petroleum,
Observing war declared on the last rock standing.

I fear the bond between economy and genocide.
Murder makes money and erases memory.
I fear I will forget

That I have something,
Something that doesn’t belong to me,
And I don’t know where it is,
But all I can do is listen
So that at least I might know
What it is and how to let it go.

Isaac Bond
Artist in Residence
Memory Lane Pedestrian

I left a diamond in yesterday’s dimple,  
Hoping it would glint when I look back upon  
The small victories and light humour.

I have housed a heavy heart too hastily,  
But I stashed an iron lock in tomorrow’s shoe soul,  
In case my blood ever forgets the combination for my feet.  
I’ve been collecting imaginary relics  
For the moments that have defined me.  
They are a museum of metaphors  
Adorning the labyrinths of my upheld beliefs.

I keep a lion behind bars at my heart’s first breaking point,  
And I welcome you to walk the stairway of my first steps  
Until the last chance that I have to tell you  
About the tie-dyed elephant hiding in each exhibit,  
A secret echoing beneath the subtle ambiance of each soundscape.

I have been studying here my entire life.  
My ideas bounce off scholastic  
Foot notes, the nerve-endings of my toes  
That tell me how to feel well.
The feeling while walking through the corridors
Is like strobe lighting a dream through a kaleidoscopic silhouette.
Except, this is all my experience
Photographic memory shopped into a life size collage
Between my eyes.

But I can’t put my finger on it.
It’s kind of like an aged map with old powers
That I couldn’t draw for you
Without the short breath of mortality,
Nor the soft weep of loss and gratitude.

I have cursed bowed neck humility with breakneck pride,
But I am not too broken to brace myself.
I am not merely parked here for amusement.
I am rolling on the coast of all the knowledge
That has claimed space within me.

Textbook belly fat. Ancient teachings in a ticklish spot.
I think I’ll stay, and play.
The best part about this place
Is that I’ll never remember all of it,
So there’s always something new when I visit.

Isaac Bond
Artist in Residence
Immigrant Terrorists

If a refugee dies in the boreal forest,
Will Canadian history bother to make note of it?
Will it be written on the paper from trees fallen behind
The replantation, like an omission of slavery
That allows a society to treat itself like slaves?
Or will the internet make it another
Hard lesson unlearned, a tragedy
Of graphic image and passionate monologue,
Of live feed on dead air.

If an immigrant defends themselves
With a Canadian shield,
Is there a nuclear reaction
Buried deeper than the waste
That will wipe them out
Before they understand
Who shoots the arrow and drops the bomb?
If it comes to that, who will look up before the explosion is loosed?
If Indigenous Elders
Refuse to concede their power to the Canadian constitution,
Are any of us really citizens here,
Who do not hold that power in their blood?
Simply denizens of travelling trends.
Trendy travellers digging up arrowheads
To be obliterated by warheads.
No wonder we worry about where this is headed.

If an immigrant calls a refugee a terrorist,
Does that not make them a terrorist also?
Or is terrorist disguised a chameleon
Of bully, fool, and lie?
Are we so foolish as to bully
Ourselves with lies to play politics?
What if we never find the answers
Before the boreal forest falls.

What if no one makes a sound?

Isaac Bond
Artist in Residence
North Park Wilson Gibberish Dictionary

Welcome to the gibberish dictionary! The students at North Park Wilson have put their imaginations together to bring you these brand new words complete with definitions and examples of each word in a sentence. Expand your vocabulary and imagination with our school's semantics!

**Abia** – Taco. *The other day my friends and I went to Abiatime and I ate 10 abias.*

**Alazooki** (adjective) – All the emotions. *Are you known as a alazooki guy?*

**Alfie** (adjective) – To be alone. *We found a little mouse all alfie.*

**Ali** (noun) – World. *Someday I would like to rule the ali.*

**Amphinah** (noun) – An amphibian. *An iguana is a amphinah.*

**Andamata** (adverb) – When you read very fast. *I read andamata!*

**Appy** (adjective) – Chatty. *The class sure was appy.*

**Apolop** (noun) – An insane chimp. *When I went to the zoo there was an apolop destroying its habitat.*

**Aritana** (adjective) – Happy. *Today I saw a really aritana kid.*

**Ashungeo** (noun) – It means kangaroo. *The ashango jumps very high.*

**Astrofine** (noun) – A dream that other people have. *My friend and I shared an astrofine about a video game.*
Aside (verb) – To get out of the way. She had to aside to avoid the oncoming snowball.

Badacadalade (noun) – Alien. AAAAH! It’s a badacadalade.

Bazamalamalama (noun) – A lama that did something cool. That bazamalamalama plays a mean guitar.

Bim (verb) – To make a bang. Fireworks sure know how to bim.

Blenty (adverb) – When you’re feeling happy but also sad. He sighed blenty at the thought.

Blooka – Glum. Are you feeling blooka?

Blurp – Moldy vittles. There was a lot of blurp in my fridge when I cleaned it out.

Boipa – Girl. I am a boipa.

Boma (noun) – Snow. Saskatoon has lots of boma in winter.

Brook (noun) – A book. There is nothing quite like getting lost in a good brook.

Buckbuck (noun) – Barn. We are at the buckbuck.

Bullow (noun) – Means a hollow tree branch. Some bullows are full of bugs.

Cemicour (verb) – When you dye your hair two different colours. Will you cemicour my hair for me?

Chicakiss (noun) – Two kisses on a cheek. In some places, the chicakiss is a common greeting.

Chrismastine (noun) – A combination of Christmas and Valentines. Hey, wake up… it’s Chrismastine!
**Corcle** (noun) – Bottle cap. *Carly popped the corcle the top of the bottle off and took a sip of her coke.*

**Cowana** (noun) – A cow that gives bananas. *I went to visit a farm and I got to milk a cow but it gave me bananas instead. I asked what is was called and they said it was a cowana.*

**Creels** (noun) – Crock and heels. *The girl on the beech walked slowly while wearing her new creels.*

**Ctyrac** (noun) – A genius or more intelligent person. *The class was empty except for the ctyriac.*

**Cubone** (verb) – To eat bone. *My dog loves to cubone.*

**Dangarooze** (noun) – Means bath. *I took a dangarooze last night.*

**Dant** (noun) – Half dinosaur and half ant. *I went back in time when the dinosaurs were not extinct and I saw something that looked like a dant.*

**Decoralala** (verb) – To decorate. *I love to decoralala my room.*

**Deskpile** (noun) – A method of stacking papers on a sturdy surface wherein the abstract-thinking individual creates visual artwork with student work; a filing system to annoy colleagues with Type-A personalities, especially when sharing desk space or teaching spaces. *My deskpile is a modern art masterpiece.*

**Dunky** (adjective) – To feel happy. *I feel so dunky today.*

**Elebub** (noun) – Ear. *I have an elebub ache.*

**Entaklook** (verb) – Means wash your hands. *I entaklook after I use the washroom.*

**Eviaerc** (adverb) – Not creative. *He tried painting, but felt eviaerc.*
Faroo (noun) – Pencil case. *I got a new faroo last night.*

Fayo (noun) – A drink like Fanta. *Oh yeah, this fayo is sooo good.*

Fenagate (verb) – When you dislike a fence. *It’s easy to fenagate barbed wire.*

Fethot (noun) – A cat with feathers all over it. *I bought a fethot for my brother as a Christmas present.*

Flabbergob (verb) – Sit down. *I flabbergob on the couch.*

Flarfy (noun) – A snowy day for driving. *February always brings at least one flarfy.*

Flarg (noun) – A really slippery day. *It sure is a flarg out there.*

Fofa (noun) – Christmas. *I have been waiting all year for this day and it is finally here – Fofa!*

Gangoof (noun) – Coke. *I love to drink gangoof.*

Gendra (adjective) – Hairy. *You are really gendra.*

Gibib (noun) – A gibberish dictionary. *It is fun to make a gibib!*

Gobblefunk (noun) – A person being a jerk. *Your starting to be a gobblefunk.*

Gobol (noun) – Someone who talks too much. *He is such a gobol.*

Halixar (noun) – Back. *My halixar hurts.*

Hasanje (noun) – All of the basic emotions – happy, sad, angry and jealous. *I feel hasanje on a regular basis.*

Hotold (adjective) – Means to not be warm but not be cold. *Spring tends to bring hotold weather.*
**Howlkatat** (noun) – Pencil. *I used my howlkatat for writing my spelling test.*

**Hurberry** (verb) – To jump. *One day, I'll hurberry high enough to dunk.*

**Ilik** – It means “EEW!” *Ilik! Look at that.*

**Imdimentier** (noun) – The ability to be invisible. *Most of us wish we had imdimentier.*

**Imparia** (noun) – When you can’t stop laughing. *I have imparia.*

**Ite** (noun) – Pop. *We drink lots of ite when we watch movies.*

**Jagel** (adjective) – Fun. *Making gibberish is jage!*

**Jumballom** (verb) – To feel all the emotions. *She tried to jumballom her way through the problem.*

**Kidcat** (noun) – A cat that is a kitten but almost a cat. *My kidcat is growing up so quickly!*

**Kyoli** (noun) – Keepsake. *I keep the kyoli my grandmother gave me in a special place.* -

**Lalaland** (noun) – Land. *This lalaland is your Lalaland, this lalaland is my lalaland.*

**Len** (noun) – Sport. *I love to play lens all day.*

**Lohck** (adjective) – Boring. *Waiting can be so lohck.*

**Mikmac** (noun) – Cookie. *I love mikmacs.*

**Mouseum** (verb) – Running fast, quickly. *On track day everyone was mouseum.*
Nona (noun) – Doctor. *I really hope that nona gives me some candy.*

Quinak (adjective) – The quality of quickness. *Cheetas are so quinak.*

Ramlo (noun) – A charging animal. *Get out of the ramlo’s way!*

Slair (noun) – Instead of stairs, it is slides that go up and down. *Andy slid down the slair to the kitchen for breakfast.*

Slashont (noun) – Slaphot. *He shot a slashont and scored.*

Snoopshont (noun) – Snap shot in hockey. *He fired a snoopshont.*

Stomfybomfy (verb) – When you step on a ball. *Careful not to stomfybomfy the baseball.*

Teliphent (noun) – a bug like elephant that is as small as a bug. *I found a teliphent in the backyard.*

Vaba (verb) – Go away. *Sometimes people need to know when to vaba.*

Wa-chew (verb) – When someone sneezes very quiet. *When I need to sneeze in the library, I wa-chew.*

Wadoo (noun) – A mixture between wacky, coocoo, crazy and dumb. *It’s totally wadoo to be mean to people.*

Warzy (noun) – War. *Make peace, not warzy.*

Writshont (noun) – To take a wristshot. *He deked the defense and wristhot.*

Zeablegort (noun) A small creature resembling a mouse or rabbit depending on gender. The males are bigger than the females. The males can become quite aggressive from fighting over females or territories. These are great pets for people with too much stress. *I went to the store to buy some food for my zeablegort.*
NORTH PARK WILSON
THE LITTLE SCHOOL WITH THE BIG HEART
WHERE WE HELP OUR STUDENTS DISCOVER
HOW THEY ARE SMART!