

# Reading on the Waves in the Classroom

*Stories and poems to read along  
with the radio-player*



The stories in this collection were written and illustrated by many authors and artists from Sierra Leone and Liberia.

Canada

code | Promoting every  
child's right to read



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For more information contact CODE:

321 Chapel Street  
Ottawa, Ontario Canada K1N 7Z2  
1 613 232 3569 info@code.ngo

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The stories in this book were reviewed in consultation with the Ministry of Basic and Senior Secondary Education (MBSSE) in Sierra Leone, and the Ministry of Education in Liberia. It is C approved for in-service teachers to use in classrooms.

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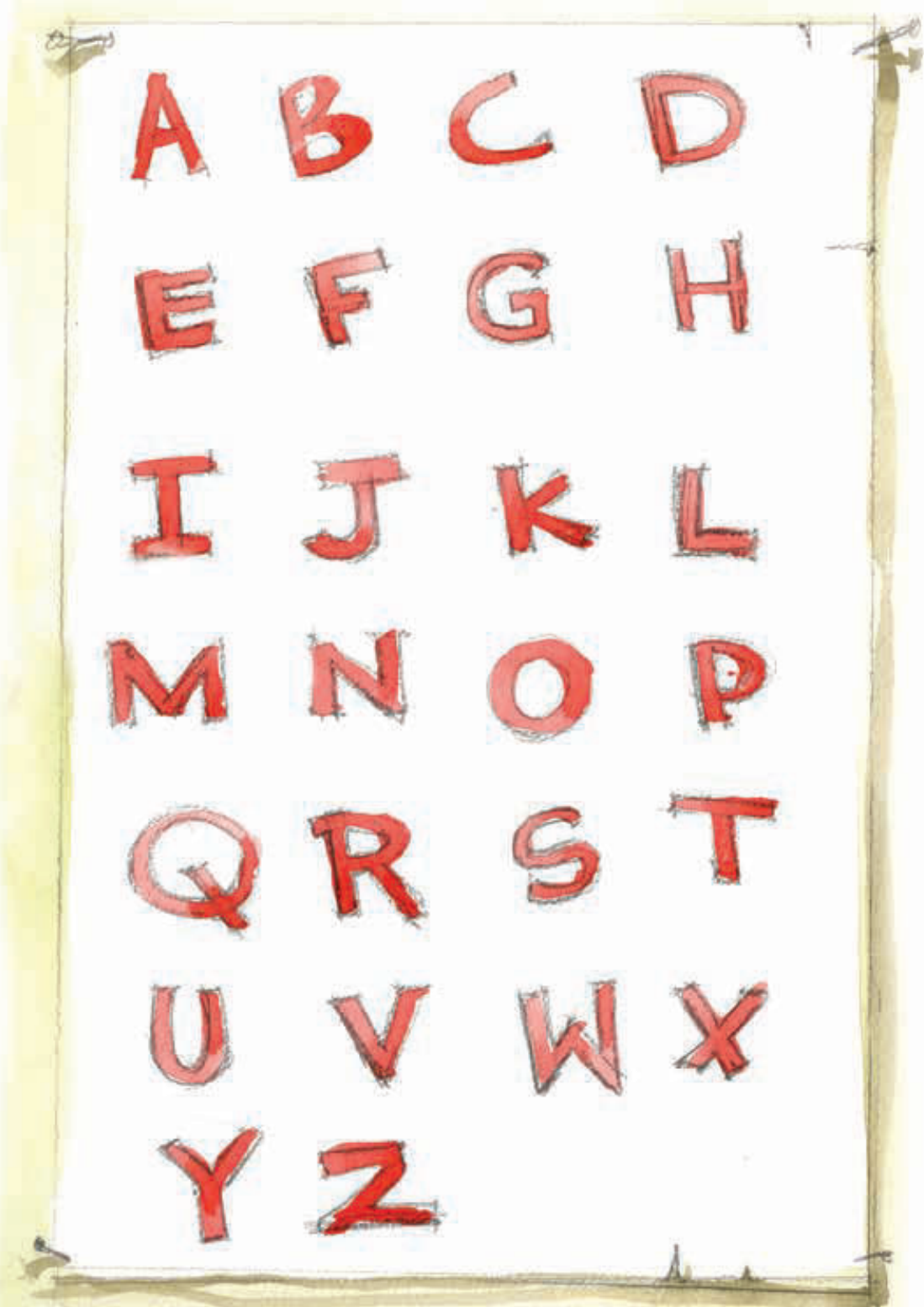
# CHAPTER 1: WELCOME

Welcome to Reading on the Waves.

This book has 14 chapters with stories, songs, poems, and reading games. There is something for everyone to enjoy! Your teacher will select a different story every day. You can read along when the story is played on the radio-player in your classroom. The teacher will also give you other activities to help you learn new words, write your ideas, draw pictures, and share what you have learned.

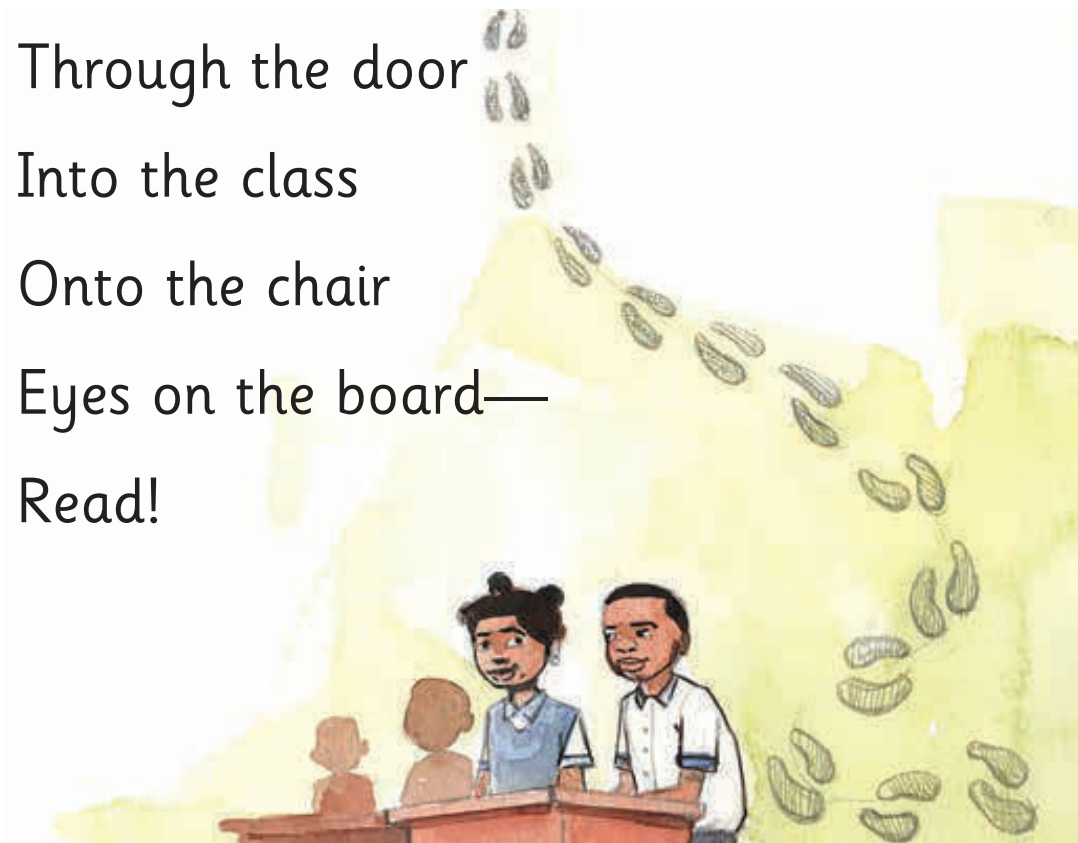
In Chapter 1, we will hear stories and poems to set us off on our reading journey.

# The Alphabet



## Read

Out of the door  
Down the steps  
Along the road  
By the well  
Behind the house  
Beside the veranda  
In front of the school  
Through the door  
Into the class  
Onto the chair  
Eyes on the board—  
Read!





# The Gift of Reading

Reading is the key to opening the whole world.

Your teachers give you this gift at school.

You can get this gift from books and stories you read and hear.



With this gift, you can travel wherever you would like to go.

Travel to Ghana, France, or Canada.

Fly to the moon or the stars.

Go to the bottom of the sea or the top of a mountain.

Travel far and wide without an airplane or vehicle.

The stories will carry you.

The gift will introduce you to presidents and servants.

Meet the poorest and richest people, or the greatest heroes and cowards in the world.

Spend time with scientists and artists.

Play with footballers, work with doctors, and sing with musicians.

You can even live with tigers and monkeys, if you are interested!

This gift can unlock the classrooms of the world.

Learn how to build a house or a boat.

Learn how to start a business or cook a feast.

Learn how to make a kite, fix an engine, or understand how bees live.

The gift gives you the teachers you need for any job.



Use this gift when you want excitement,  
when you want peace,  
when you need a new idea,  
and when you need a friend.

The gift of reading gives you the world!



# First Day of School

“Tomorrow I will go to school,” said Jenne. Jenne was 7.

“Why?” asked James. James was 5.

“Because I choose to learn,” said Jenne.

“What will you do there?” asked James.

“First, I will greet my friends,” said Jenne.

“And then what?” asked James.



“I will find my classroom,” said Jenne.

“And then what?” asked James.

“We will stand and say the pledge,” said Jenne.

“And then what?” asked James.

“Teacher will give us books. I like to read,” said Jenne.

“And then what?” asked James.

“We will do maths,” said Jenne. “I love numbers.”

“And then what?” asked James.

“We will play games outside,” said Jenne. “I love to run and shout with my friends.”

“And then what?” asked James

“We will eat lunch,” said Jenne. “We have good food at school.”

“And then what?” asked James.



“Teacher will read us a story,” said Jenne. “We will talk about what the story means.”

“I love stories,” said James.

“Do you want to go to school, too, James?” asked Jenne.

“Oh, yes,” said James. “I want to learn.”

“One day you will,” said Jenne.

# Here I Am, There I Will Go

*By Emmanuel Hassan Kabia*

## **Zainab says:**

Here I am. There I will go,  
to flight school.



I will taxi, and take off, and land.

Then will learn to navigate our way  
home

in good weather and through storms.

A girl can be a pilot,

A boy can be a pilot, too.





## Mabinty says:

Here I am. There I will go,  
to the carpenter's shop.

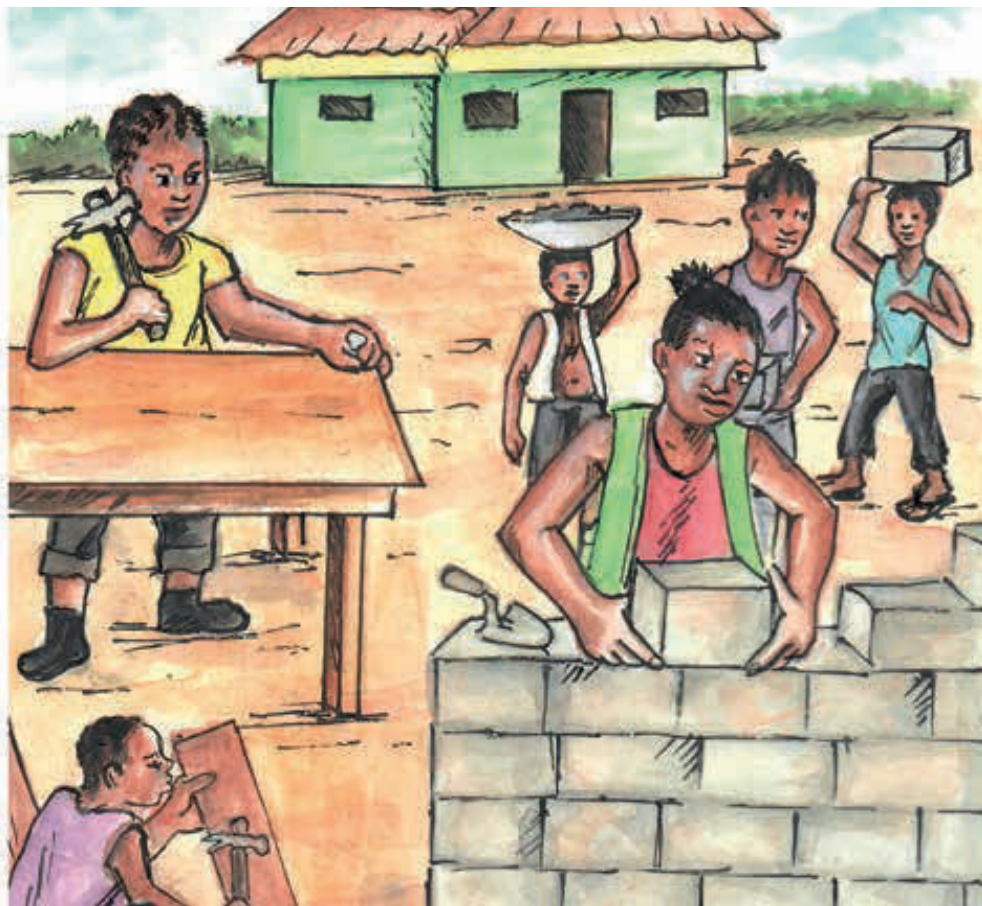


I will saw, and plane and sand boards.

Then I can build chairs and tables  
for my family and my friends.

A boy can be a carpenter,

A girl can be a carpenter, too.



## **Ada says:**

Here I am. There I will go,  
to the teachers' training college.

I will teach, and manage, and counsel.

Then I can be bold and speak well in  
public,

and teach the young ones,  
and educate the nation.

A girl can be a teacher,

A boy can be a teacher, too.





## **Doris says:**

Here I am. There I will go,  
to the power station.

I will learn about electricity,  
and electrical engineering.

Then I can fix our electrical appliances  
when they break down.

A boy can be an electrician,

A girl can be an electrician, too.



# CHAPTER 2: MY FAMILY

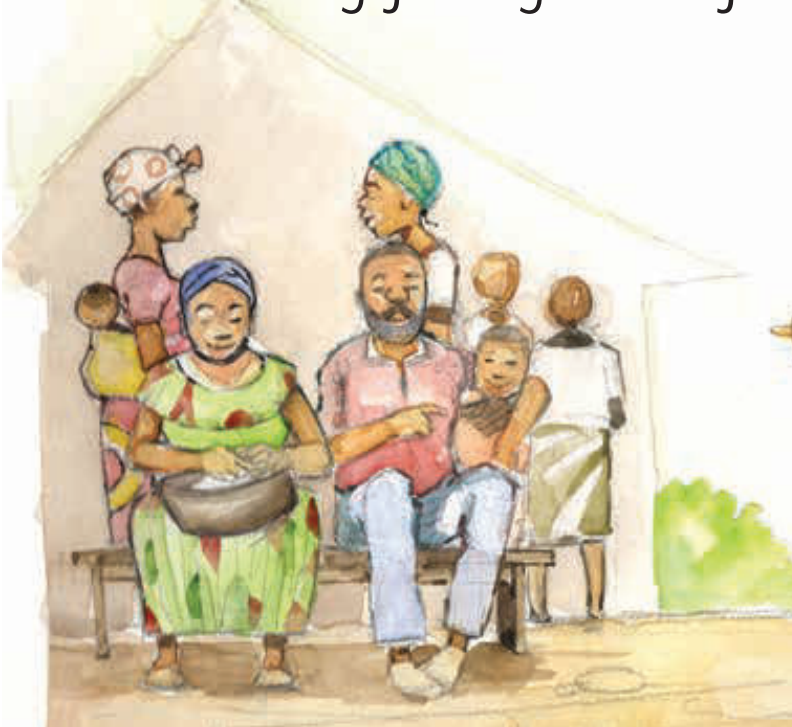
Family members are all the people who look after us, they help us grow and learn every day. In this chapter, we will hear and read about all the people who are a part of our families.

## My Family

Some families are large.

Some families are small.

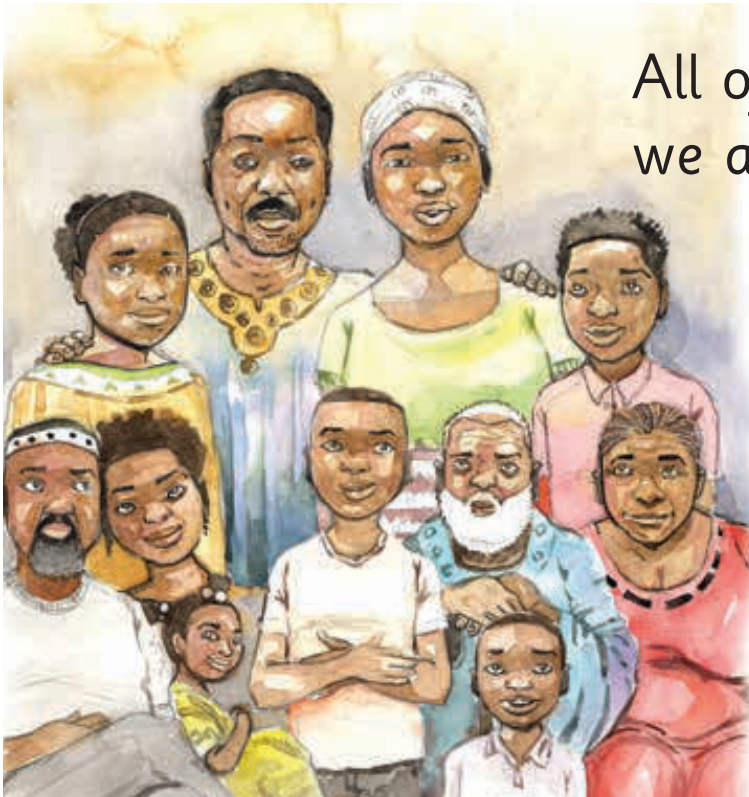
But I love my family best of all!



# Our Family

Mother,  
father,  
sister,  
brother.  
We are a family.

Granny,  
grandpa,  
uncle,  
aunt,  
and cousins too.



All of us,  
we are a family!

# Many Families

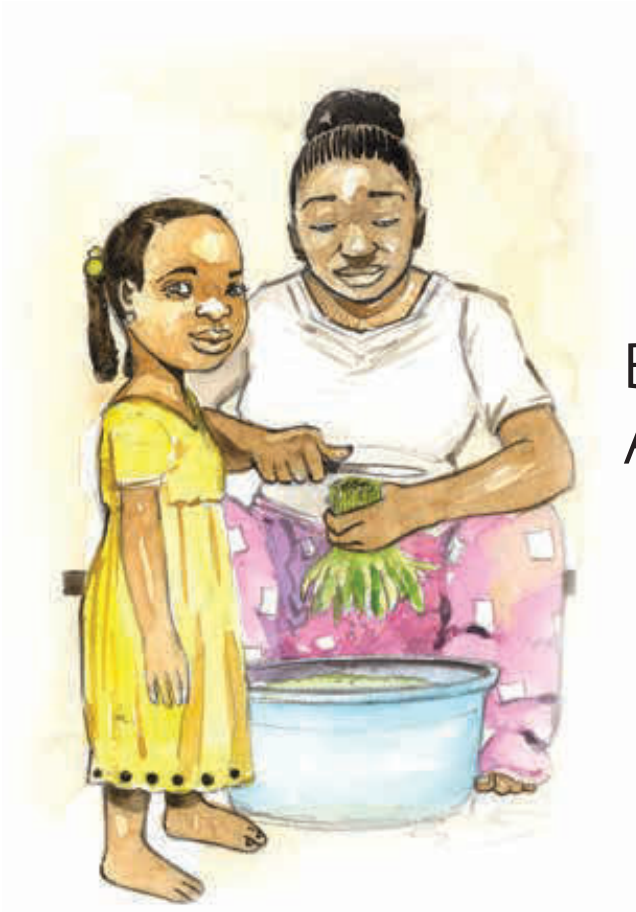


Alice lives with  
Mama Finda.



Willy lives with  
Papa Tamba.





Bintu lives with  
Auntie Sia.

Ballah lives with  
Granny Kumba.



# My Family's Week

On Monday, we do laundry.



On Tuesday, we go to the market.

On Wednesday, we go fishing.



On Thursday, we chop wood.



On Friday, we clean the house.



On Saturday, I play.



On Sunday, I get ready for school.



We go to school every day, except the weekend.



# Mama's Hug

by T. Michael Weah

Palm butter, palm butter,  
boiling in the pot –

what sweet smelling food is that!

Potato greens, potato greens, oh how  
sweet, mixed with bonnie and dry meat.

Look in the pan and what do you see?

Fufu and dumboy and bennie seed.

Come with me to  
my house.

After we eat,  
we'll give Mama  
a hug!



# Good Neighbours

The rain comes down.

It is cold.

Little Kai and Auntie walk home from the farm.

They are cold.

They pass a house.

A woman calls, "Come in here!"

They sit in the veranda.

"Eat with us," says the neighbour.

The rain stops.

Little Kai and Auntie are strong now.

Little Kai and Auntie say "Thank you" to the neighbours.





# Grandma Makes Banana Cake

Grandma had a big new oven. “I will make banana cake today,” she said.

“Good!” said Augusta. “We love banana cake.”

“Come back tonight,” said Grandma.

That night, Grandma heard,  
*Knock, knock!*

Grandma opened the door. There stood Augusta, Sahr, Abu, and Sallieu.

“Is the banana cake ready?” asked Augusta.

“Yes, it is. Come in,” said Grandma.

Then she shouted to Grandpa, “Slice the banana cake into 4 pieces.”

“Okay,” said Grandpa.

*Knock, knock!*

Grandma opened the door again. There stood Amadu, Roro, Ned, and Allieu.

“May we have some banana cake, too?” asked Amadu.

“Yes, you may. Come in,” said Grandma.

Grandma shouted to Grandpa, “Here come 4 more children. Now we need 8 pieces.”

Grandpa shouted back, “How do I cut them?”

“You have 4 pieces. Slice each piece into 2 pieces. Then you will have 8 pieces.”

“Okay,” said Grandpa.





*Knock, knock!*

Grandma opened the door one more time. There stood Ruby, Bintu, Jenneh, and Kona.

“May we have some banana cake, too?” asked Amadu.

“Um, yes, you may. Come in,” said Grandma.

Grandma shouted to Grandpa, “Here come 4 more children.”

“What do we do now?” asked Grandpa.

“Get the other banana cake out of the oven. There is plenty for everybody.”



# CHAPTER 3: STAY HEALTHY

There are lots of choices we can make in our lives to help keep us strong and healthy. In this chapter, we are going to learn the things we can do to stay healthy.

## Bintu And Bubbly

*By Sorit Gupto*

Bintu loves to play with butterflies. She loves to play with paper boats and to make sandcastles.



When Bintu went back home, her mother asked her to clean up.

Bintu said, “No, I hate soap!”







One night, she had a dream. In her dream, germs were all around her compound. They were attacking her!

The germs chased Bintu. She ran for her life!

She screamed, “Help! Help!”

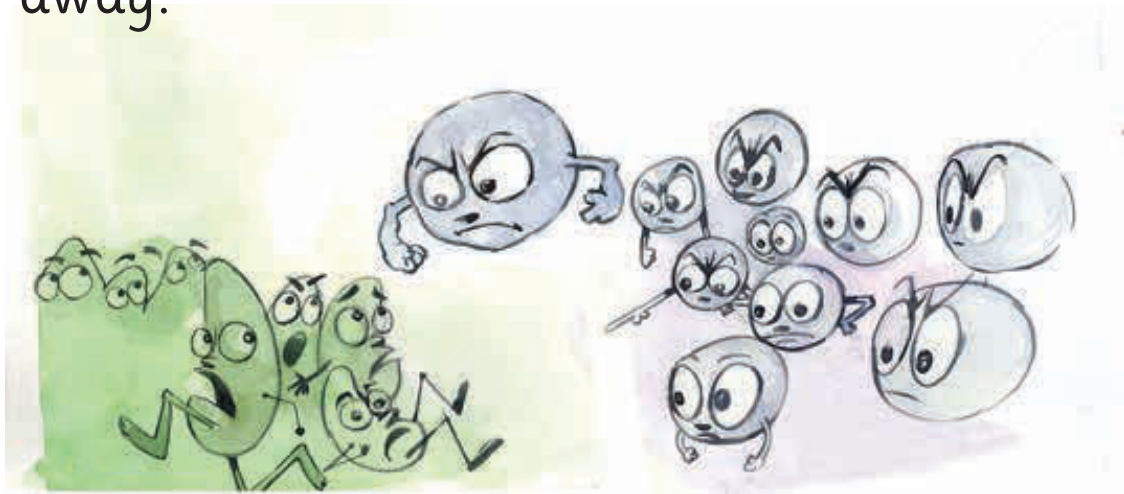


Suddenly, the Soap King Bubbly appeared.

“Bintu, don’t be afraid,” he said.

The Soap King ordered his army of bubbles. “Go attack the germs!”

The army of bubbles chased the germs away.



Since then, Bintu likes to use soap. She washes her hands often, she brushes her teeth, and washes herself clean.



## **Sing this song as you wash your hands.**

Sing to the tune "This Is The Way We Go To School"

This is the way we wash our hands,  
Wash our hands,  
Wash our hands.

This is the way we wash our hands  
Every night and day.

This is the way we wash our hands,  
Wash our hands,  
Wash our hands.

This is the way we wash our hands  
Every day and night.



# While We Sing

While we sing, we wash:

- the palms,
- between fingers,
- on the back of the hands,
- the fingers and nails,
- the wrists.



## Washing Hands

Remember to wash your hands:

- After riding the bus,
- When you enter or leave a building,
- After playing outside,
- After touching animals,
- After using the toilet,
- After you sneeze or cough,
- Before eating food,
- Before going to bed.

Try not to touch your eyes, nose or mouth unless you have washed your hands.

# Stay Healthy!

Get your sleep.

Wash your face.

Clean your hands.

Brush your teeth.

Drink clean water.

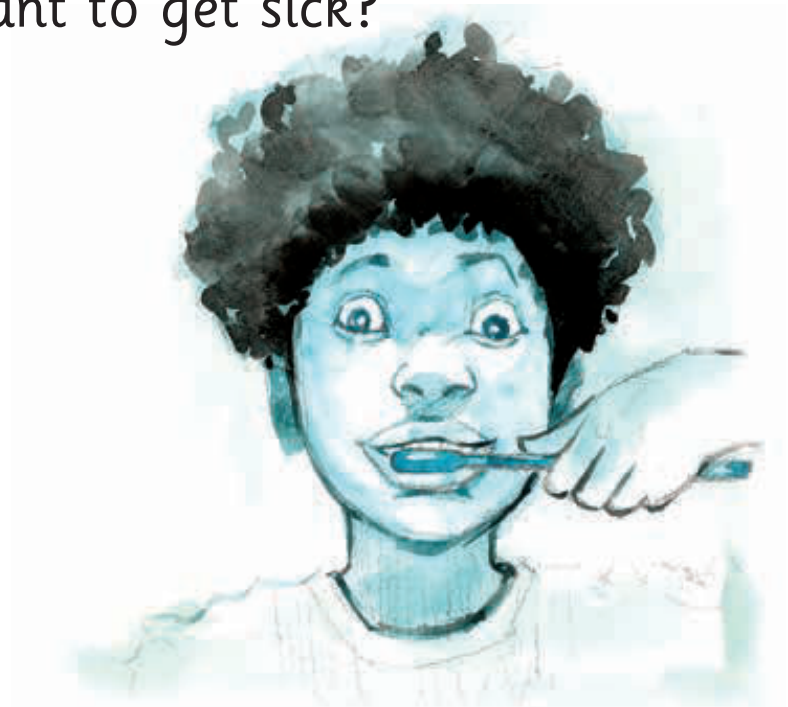
Eat safe food.

Sleep under a net.

Wow! Health takes work.

But do we want to get sick?

No, no, no!





# Sarah Stays Home, Part 1

## A Covid-19 story

Hello, dear readers!

My name is Sarah. I am 5 years old. I live with my mother and my brother, Abu.

My brother Abu is in fifth grade. He makes beautiful drawings for me!

My mother sells fruit in the market.

Before leaving the house, my mother puts on a face mask. It is made of cloth, and it covers her mouth and nose.

When she puts it on, my mother looks like someone else. That makes me laugh!

Mama says that the mask will protect her and other people from Covid-19—a type of corona virus.



Today, when I woke up, I wanted to run and play with my friends.

My brother Abu said, “Not today Sarah, you cannot leave the house, because of the Covid-19 virus. Even I can’t go to school this semester because of the virus!”

I asked my brother, “Abu, what is a corona virus, or Covid-19?”

Abu said, “I will make a drawing for you.”

I was happy because I really like it when Abu draws for me.



Abu drew a strange monster. It was round with many horns coming out of it.

The drawing scared me a bit. “It looks like a monster,” I said, with a bit of fear.

Abu gave me a hug. Then he said, “Sarah, a virus is very, very small. It is so tiny that we can’t see it. It is little, but if it gets inside of a person, they will get sick.”

“How sick?” I asked Abu.

Abu explained, “With the Covid-19 virus, the person gets a fever and a cough.”

“I don’t like that!” I said to Abu. “How does a virus get into a person?”

Abu answered me. “When the sick person coughs or sneezes, the coronavirus jumps out of the person’s mouth.” If you are close to the person, you can breathe the virus into yourself. Or, if you touch a place where the virus fell out of the sick person’s mouth, and then touch your face, you can get it.”



I asked Abu, “How can we fight it, if we can’t see it?”

“The doctors are learning more about Covid-19 virus so we can find a way to fight it,” said Abu. “But until they find a cure or a vaccine, we have to try to keep our neighbors, friends, parents and grandparents healthy.

“Tell me what to do,” I said to Abu.

**“Here is good advice from doctors,”**  
said Abu.

- > Wash your hands often with soap and clean water. Wash them every time you touch things that other people touch.
- > Cough and sneeze into your elbow, not into your hand. That way your hands stay clean.
- > Try not to touch your eyes, nose and mouth with your hands.
- > Just wave to people instead of shaking hands or hugging. Smile and wave!





- > Don't go into crowded places and don't come too close to people.
- > When you see that someone is coughing and sneezing and has a fever, stay far away.
- > Finally, when you go among people, wear a mask, like Mama does.

"I think I can do those things," I said to Abu.

"Hey!" said Abu. "Go and get me your jump rope."

I rushed to get it. I thought Abu want to play. Instead he had one more lesson for me.

Abu said, "Let me show you something. Sarah, take one end of the rope and I'll take the other. Let's stretch it between us. See? When we leave the house, we must keep ourselves away from other people at a distance similar of this rope."

I imagined me and my friends, walking and playing with the jump rope between us. It was funny to imagine.

“Okay,” said Abu. “Since you and I live in the same house, we can play together.”

Abu and I played with the jump rope until Mama came home from the market.



We will hear more about Sarah and Abu in Chapter 4.

## CHAPTER 4: WHERE I LIVE

People who live in a village, in a town, or in the city see different things. In this chapter, we will find out what there is to see and do where we live. And we will hear more from Sarah on how to express our feelings and stay strong.



# So Many Things To See And Do

I look around my town. People are doing interesting things.

I see:

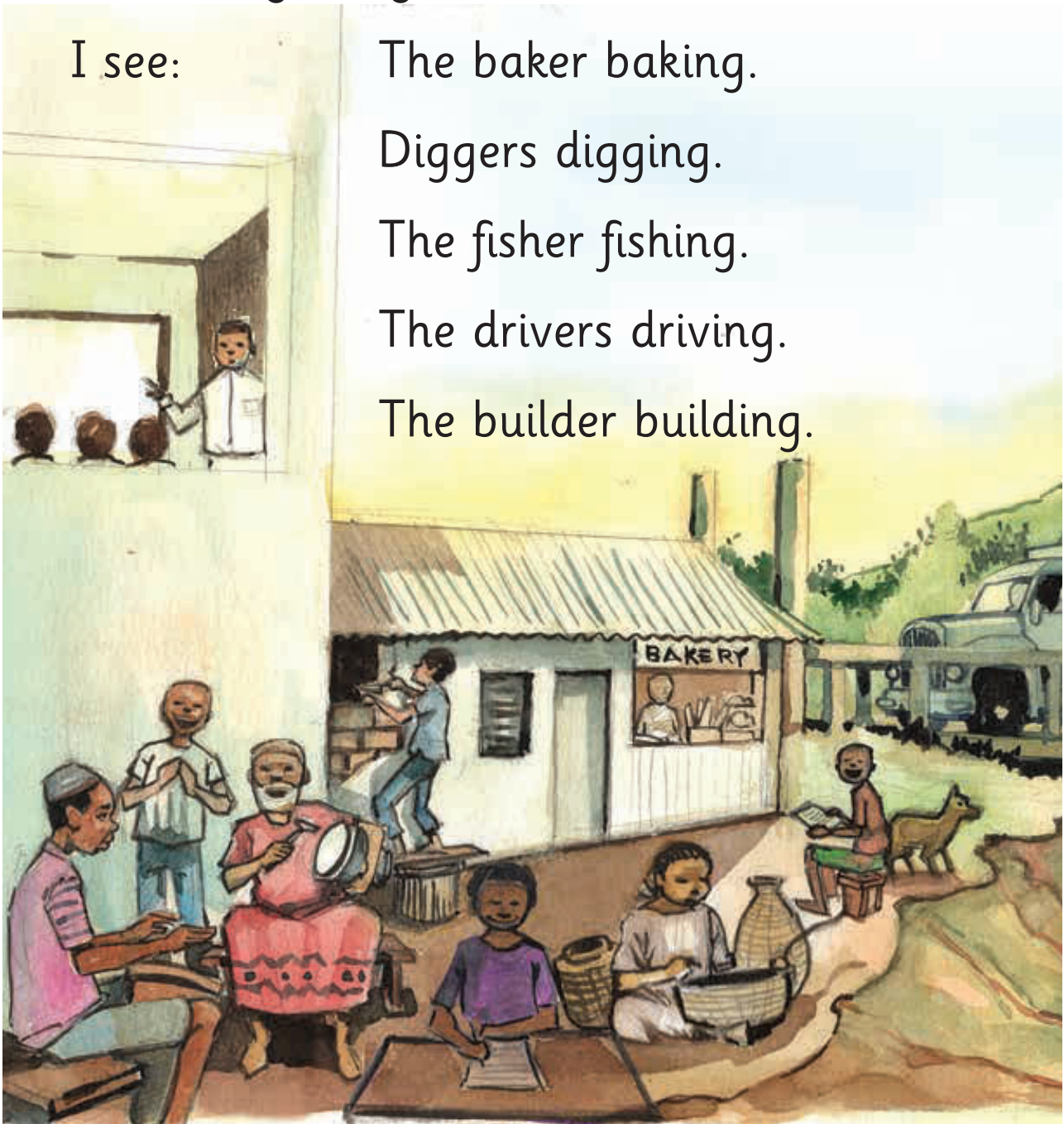
The baker baking.

Diggers digging.

The fisher fishing.

The drivers driving.

The builder building.





I see: The weaver weaving.  
The singer singing.  
And drummers drumming.



I see: The teacher teaching.  
The writer writing.  
The reader reading.

One of these is me.

Can you guess which one?



# See The People Go In The City

In my city I stand by the road.

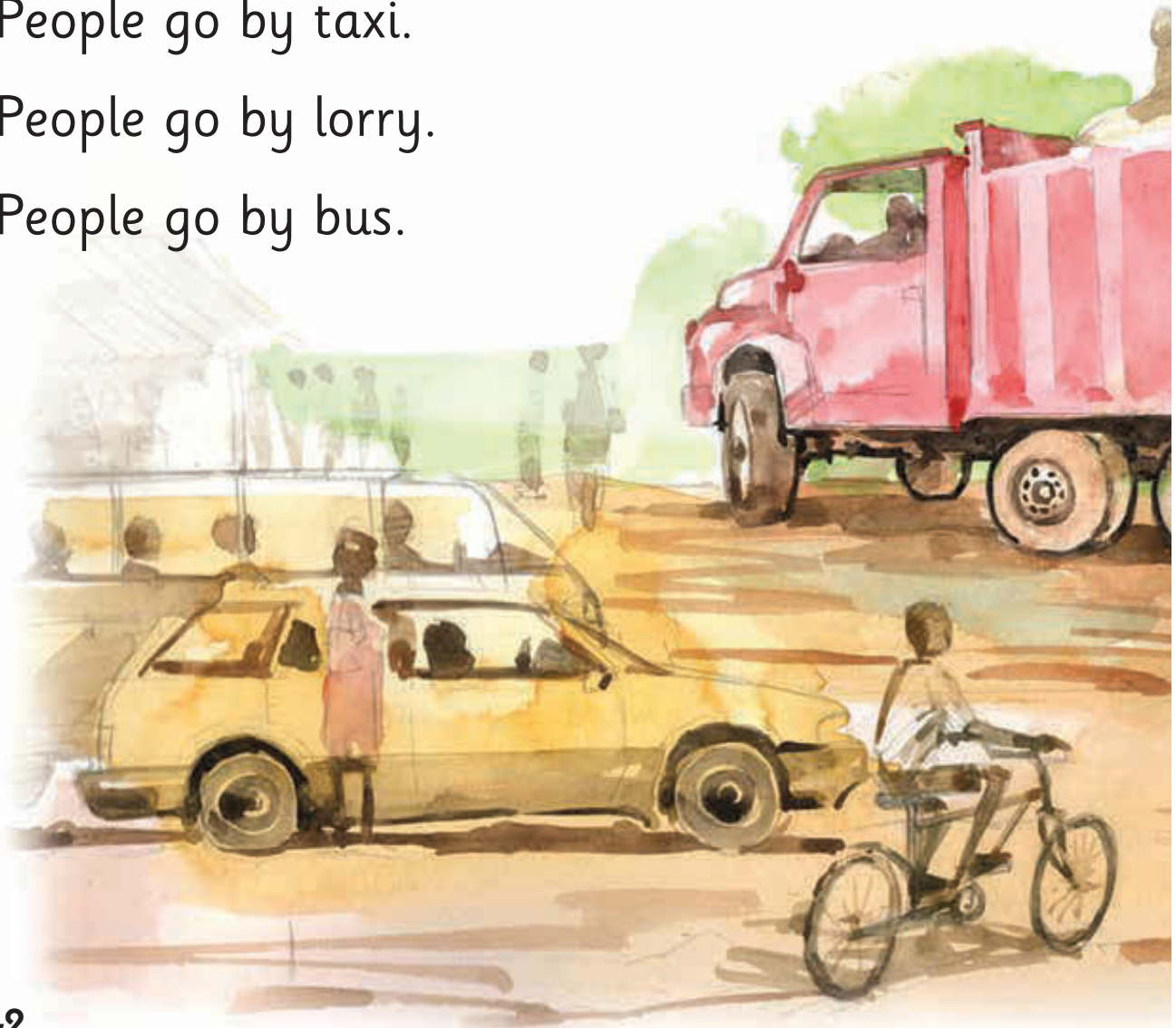
There are many people going from place  
to place.

They each use a different way.

People go by taxi.

People go by lorry.

People go by bus.



People go by okada.

People go by poda-poda.

Some people walk.

Some people run.

Some people ride a bicycle.

How do you travel in the city?







# Animal Homes

*By Rainny Brito*

The nest is the home of  
the bird.

The cave is the home  
of the bat.

The hole is the home of  
the cricket.

The river is the home of  
the fish.

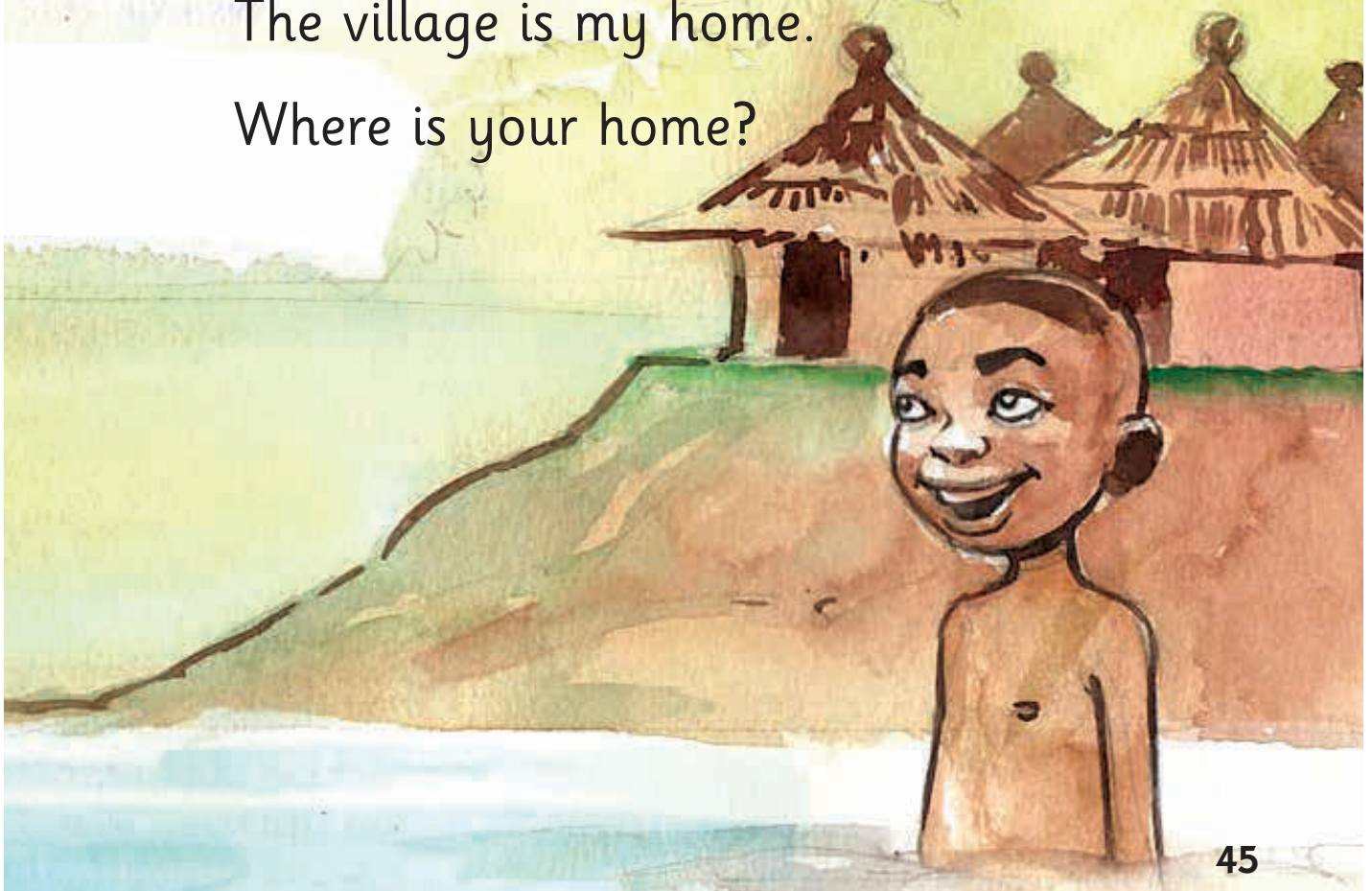
The tree is the home of  
the monkey.

The farm is the home of  
the plant.

The sky is the home of  
the rain.

The village is my home.

Where is your home?





# Before You Cross The Road

*by Mohamed Sheriff*

Before you cross the road these days,  
you'd better stop and look both ways.  
So many things to make you worry:

Watch that bus! Do mind that lorry!  
Bicycles and poda-podas.  
In between them, quick okadas!





Back when you were not yet born,  
caring parents used to warn  
all their children to heed this lesson:

Where there is no zebra crossing  
Look left, look right, look left again.  
And when the road is clear, quick march!



At the zebra crossing, too,  
the same thing you must always do:

Look left, look right, look left again.  
And when the road is clear, quick march!

So many things to make you worry:

Watch that bus! Do mind that lorry!  
Bicycles and poda-podas and in  
between them, quick okadas!

Before you cross the road these days,  
you'd better stop and look both ways!  
Look left, look right, look left again.  
And when the road is clear, quick march!



# Sarah Stays Home, Part 2

## A Covid-19 story

Sarah and her brother Abu learned about Covid-19 and how she can keep herself and her friends and her family safe. Sarah has more to tell us.

“Hello, again, my dear readers. To tell you the truth, I am feeling a bit sad today.

Everything is changing. We don't visit our grandparents. Abu doesn't go to school and come home with stories. We don't go to the market as often. And people don't go to church or the mosque. I can't see my friends. I'm just home all the time.”

Abu said, “Yes, it's a bit sad when we can't play with our friends. It does feel a bit scary and confusing. I think most people feel like that, when their life has a big change. Nothing is usual.” I was trying not to cry.

Abu said, “Watch me.” He took a big, big breath in. Then he slowly blew out his air. He said, “That’s what I do. I breathe slowly in. Then, I breathe slowly out. It makes me feel better. Try it!”

I tried it. It felt good. Then, I said, “When I’m scared, I think of someone who makes me feel safe. Like my friend Finda who makes me laugh when we play.”

Just then Mama came to sit with Abu and me. “I heard you talking,” she said. “There are lots of things we can do to help us when we feel lonely or scared.

**Here are some ideas we can try:**

- You can talk to your friends if they stand on the other side of our fence.
- When we have some extra phone credit, you can talk to your friends by phone.





- Each week, draw or write a letter to your friend. Keep the letters in a box and give her the box when it is safe to visit. She will love it!
- We can plant some flowers and take care of them. Later, you can give the flowers to Granny or Auntie Sia.”

Then Mama, pulled out some beautiful bright cloth and said, “I bought some special fabric to make a mask for you and Abu. Then, you can take walks and stay safe. But you still need to stay one jump rope length away from everyone!”



I looked at Mama and my dear brother. I thought about how to feel better about the change. I thought about good things to do. I was feeling better! Now, I am going to draw a picture for my friend Finda, so she knows I am thinking about her.



We will hear more about Sarah and Abu in Chapter 6.

# CHAPTER 5: LIFE IN THE WATER

The stories and poems in this chapter tell us about some of the animals that live in our oceans and rivers, and how we interact with them.

## Fishing

Get the crew!  
Patch the nets.  
Launch the boat.  
Everybody paddle!

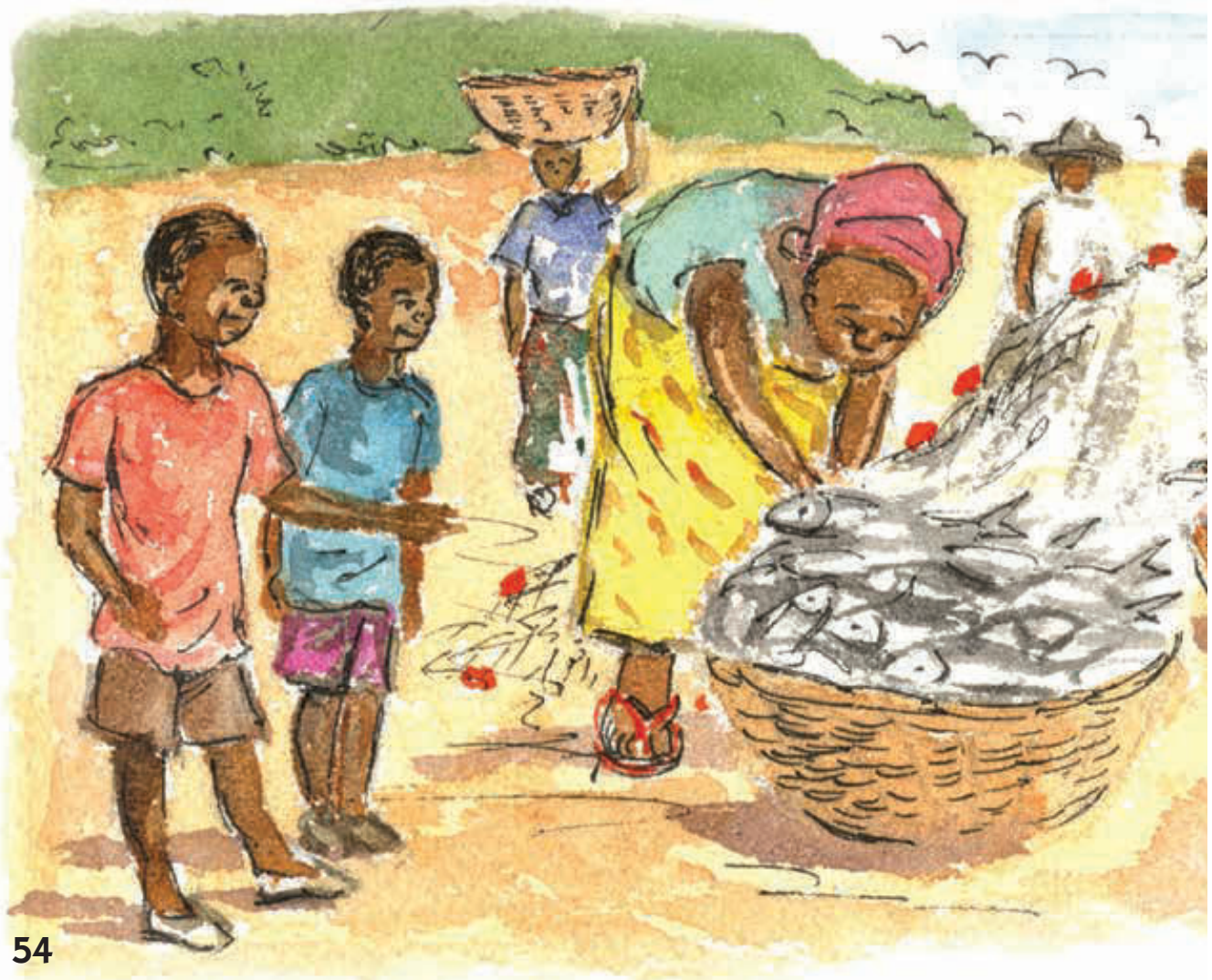
Put out the nets.  
Wait—  
Now pull in the nets!  
Everybody pull!  
Here are the fish.



# The Boats Are Back

*by Sallieu Sall*

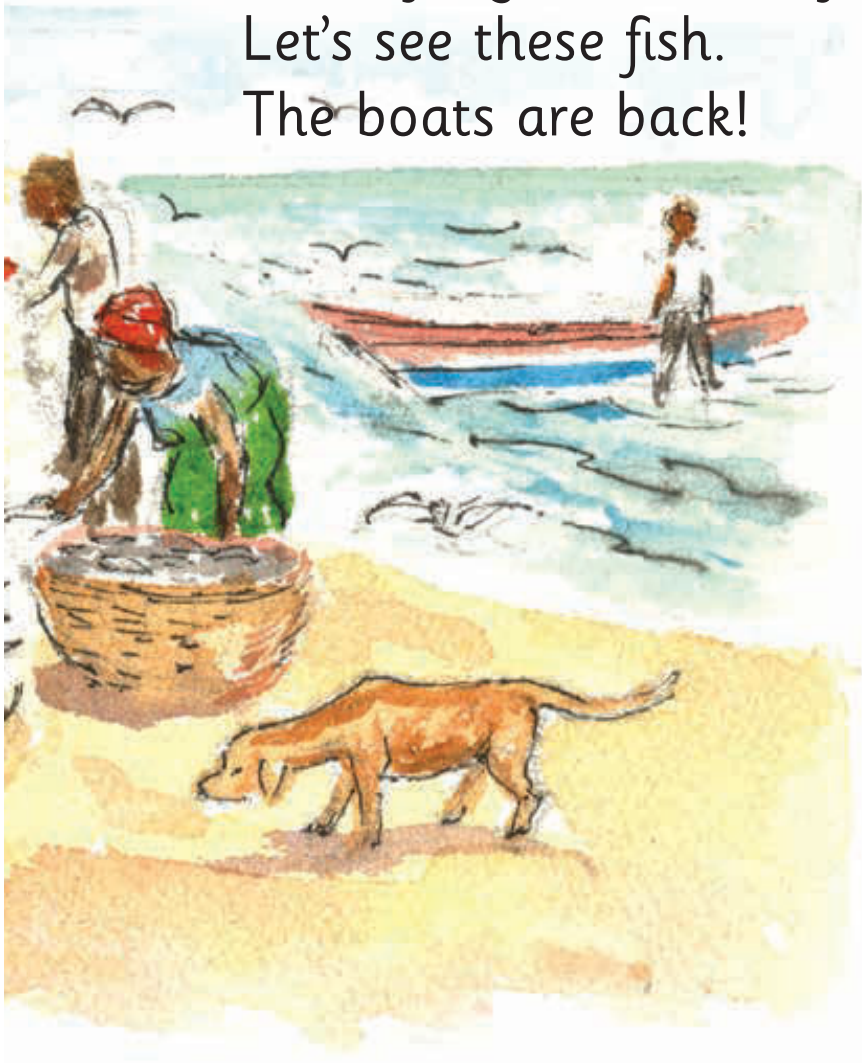
The boats are back!  
Go get a basket.  
Get a sack.  
Run tell Jenneh.  
Run tell Jack.  
Come to the beach.  
The boats are back!





I saved you a place  
come pull the net.  
Let's see how many fish we get.  
Feet are sandy, pants are wet.  
But we don't see any fish yet.

Here comes the net.  
It's full of fish.  
See how they flop.  
See how they swish.  
Come fill your basket, fill your sack.  
Let's see these fish.  
The boats are back!



# The Pygmy Hippopotamus

Deep in the forests of Sierra Leone and Liberia, lives the stout Pygmy Hippopotamus.

The Pygmy Hippopotamus stays near a river.

It digs a deep hole.

There, it stands in the cool, muddy water.

It usually stands quietly for the whole day.

The Pygmy Hippopotamus is huge.

It is six feet long and three feet high.

It weighs 600 pounds.

That is the size of four big men put together.

The Pygmy Hippopotamus has an interesting face.



It has little ears.

It has small eyes. But, it has big nostrils!

The Pygmy Hippopotamus eats at night.

It finds fallen fruit in the dark forest. It eats grass.

It is not easy to see a Pygmy Hippo because they like to be alone.

They are quiet animals.

There are only a few left in the wild.

Perhaps one day you will see one!



# Sharks

Sharks are scary. Some sharks attack humans, but most kinds do not. Thirty-eight kinds of sharks are dangerous to people. Those are sharks that swim in shallow water. That is where people swim, too. But there are more than 500 other kinds of sharks that people do not often meet.

Sharks can be big. A whale shark can be 12 meters long. Most sharks are the same size as people. But a pale cat shark is only 20 centimeters. It would almost fit in your hand.

Do not try to hold a shark. Sharks have many teeth. Most sharks have 3,000 teeth. When one tooth falls out, another takes its place.

Sharks can bend because they have no bones. A shark's whole body is made of cartilage. You have some cartilage

in your nose. Cartilage is flexible and durable, but it is lighter than bones.

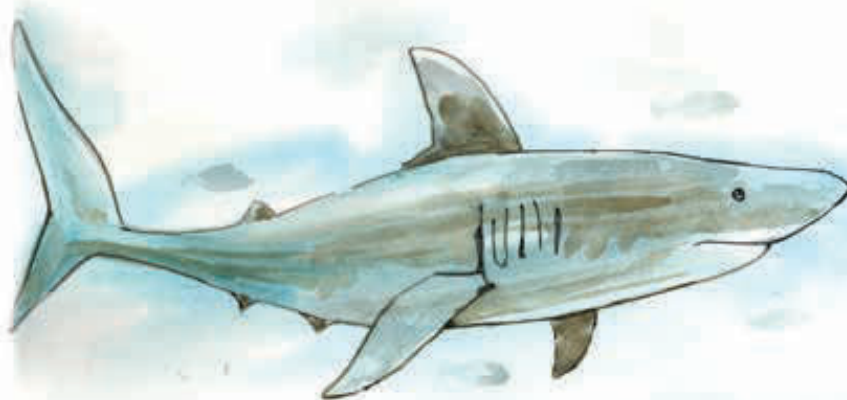
Sharks can see well. They can see in the dark better than a cat.

Sharks can smell well. They can smell 10,000 times better than you.

Sharks can feel tiny movements. They can feel a fish's heartbeat through the water.

Some sharks swim fast. A great white shark swims 40 kilometers per hour. That is as fast as a motorcycle!

Not all sharks are scary. But it is best to stay away from them.



# CHAPTER 6: MORE GOOD HEALTH

In this chapter, we are going to learn more about how keeping clean and getting a good night's sleep helps us stay healthy.

## Time To Bathe

*By Gii-Hne S. Russell*

Akini was playing in the sand.

Mama carried a bucket of water to the bathing place.

“It’s time to bathe, Akini,” Mama said.

But Akini did not want to bathe with cold water.

“I’m coming, Mama,” said Akini. “Let me find my slippers.”

“Did you find your slippers, Akini?”  
Mama called.

“Yes, Mama,” Akini said.



“It’s time to bathe,” Mama called.

“I’m coming, Mama,” Akini said. “Let me find my towel.”

Akini looked and looked for his towel.  
But it was right on the line.

“Did you find your towel, Akini?” Mama called.

“Yes, Mama,” Akini said.

“It’s time to bathe,” Mama called.

“I’m coming, Mama,” Akini said. “Let me find the soap.”

Akini looked and looked for the soap.  
But it was right in the soap dish.



“Did you find the soap, Akini?” Mama called.

Yes, Mama,” Akini said.

“It’s time to bathe,” Mama called.

“I’m coming, Mama. Let me find the brush.” Akini looked and looked for the brush. But it was right on the table.

“Did you find the brush, Akini?” Mama called.

“Yes, Mama,” Akini said.

“It’s time to bathe,” Mama called.

“I’m coming, Mama,” Akini said. “Let me find my...the...um... bucket!”

“Akini!” Mama cried. “Here is the bucket. It’s time to bathe. Now! Or the water will get cold.”

“It will get cold?” Akini asked with surprise.

Akini took his towel, the soap and the brush. He ran to the bucket of water.

He took off his clothes and threw them aside.

Akini put the towel into the water.

“It is still hot!” he said with a smile.

He lifted the towel to his head.

“Aaah,” he said as the water ran down his face.

Akini took the soap. It smelled like a ripe mango.

“Are you bathing, Akini?” Mama called.

“Yes, Mama.”

Akini rubbed his soapy hands together and blew big bubbles.

“Bathing is fun!”



# The Sleepy Sun

*by Watchen Babalola*

“The day is done,”  
said the sun.

High up in the sky.

“The moon is late  
and I can’t wait.

I must say goodbye!”



## How Good It Feels

*by M. Woryonwon Roberts*

Good to lay my head  
down on my little bed,  
when my day's work is done  
and all my strength is gone.  
My pillow is soft and sweet.  
My bed is smooth and neat.  
O how good it feels  
to rest my tired heels!





# Sarah Stays Home, Part 3

## A Covid-19 story

Today, Sarah and Abu are taking a walk in their neighborhood wearing their masks and keeping their distance from others. Look, there's Sarah!

“Hello, dear readers. Last week, I was feeling a bit sad. But I remembered the advice from Abu and Mama. Do you remember that advice? Did it help you too?”

“Today I was walking with Abu. We were helping Mama. We fetched two baskets of fruit for her to carry to the market. As we were walking, we saw Aunty Tina. I was afraid of her because we knew that her grown son, who was a driver, had Covid-19.”

Abu called to aunty, “Aunty Tina!”

“Oh, Aunty Tina, don't come near!” I shouted. “I'm afraid of you!”



“No, don’t worry. We will keep our distance, but it’s okay,” she said. “I have been in quarantine for more than two weeks. I am not sick.”

“What is quarantine?” I asked.

Aunty Tina smiled. “If there is a chance you are sick with Covid-19, or if you are near to someone who has it, then you must stay in your home for two weeks. Staying at home and being completely separate from other people is called quarantine. This helps to make sure we don’t spread it if we have it.”

Abu said, “Cousin James was sick with Covid-19. How is he?”

Aunty Tina said, “I was surprised that it was not too bad. He did get a fever and he coughed a lot. He also slept for most of the day and night. He was sick for about 10 days. In fact, most people get well after being sick with Covid-19.”

Abu said, “Is everyone else in your home okay?”

Aunty Tina said, “Yes. We are happy about that. All of us had to stay in the house but none of us got sick because we were careful. We were all worried about Granny.”

“Why?” I asked.

“The Covid-19 virus is more dangerous for people who are older. It’s also dangerous for people who have medical issues. For example, it is dangerous for people with diabetes or heart problems.

Abu said, “Oh! That’s another reason why we need to wear masks. We love our Granny!”



“Aunty Tina?” I called. “Tell Cousin James, ‘Thank You’ for being brave. Tell him we love him and will see him soon. Tell him that we are going to do our best so that Granny and other vulnerable persons are safe.”

“I’ll tell him,” said Aunty Tina. “Thanks for taking care of each other, Sarah and Abu.”



# Water For The Classroom

Tina's classmates were thirsty.

"Bring us water, please," said Santigie.

"Okay" said Tina. "How much water do we need?"

"I want one cup," said Korto.

"So do I," said Sia.

"Okay, everybody will get one cup," said Tina. "How many students are there in the class?"

"Forty," said the teacher.

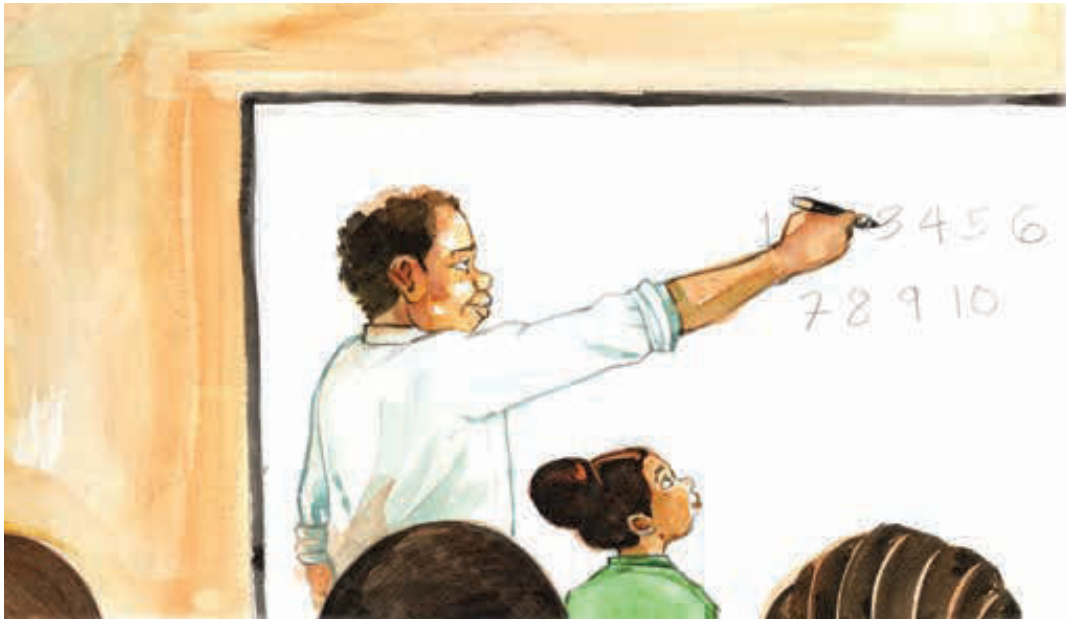
"So we need forty cups of water," said Tina.

Tina got a bucket. She read the label.

"The bucket will hold 10 litres," she said.

"How many cups are in a litre?"

"Four," said the teacher. "So how many buckets of water will we need?"



Tina didn't know.

The teacher said, "I will help you."

The teacher wrote on the board:

40 students need 40 cups of water.

1 litre of water is 4 cups.

"How many buckets of water do we need, class?" asked the teacher.

"I know! We can add the cups," said Abu. "One cup of water for Bintu, Sia, Safire, and me. One more cup for Amina, Kona, Aske, and Emily..."

“Stop, Abu. Adding is too slow,” said the teacher. “Let’s multiply and divide instead.”

“How?” asked Abu.

“If one litre has four cups, how many cups do ten litres have?”

“I don’t know,” said Abu.

“Multiply ten times four,” said the teacher. The teacher wrote on the board:

$$\begin{array}{r} 10 \text{ litres} \\ \times \underline{4} \text{ cups} \end{array}$$

“Forty!” said Abu.

“Forty what?” asked the teacher.

“Forty cups!” said Abu.

The teacher wrote:

$$\begin{array}{r} 10 \text{ litres} \\ \times \underline{4} \text{ cups} \\ 40 \text{ cups} \end{array}$$

“So how many cups does the bucket hold?” asked the teacher.

“Forty!” shouted the class.

“Then how many buckets do we need?” asked the teacher.

The class was quiet.

“Okay, I will show you. Now let’s divide,” said the teacher.

$$\frac{40 \text{ cups of water}}{40 \text{ cups in a bucket}} = \text{What?}$$

“One!” shouted the class.

“Right!” said the teacher. “Tina, please get us one bucket of water. Plus one more cup for me!”





# CHAPTER 7: ON THE FARM

In this chapter we are going to read and hear all about plants, animals and people on the farm.

Animals live all around us. Some animals are pets; some are kept on the farm; and some animals live in the wild.

We raise some animals for food, and we also grow plants to eat.



# Farming Season

*By Rainny Brito*

**In January**, the men cut the bush with sharp cutlasses. This is hungry work!



Back in the village, the women cook. Then they carry the food to the men working on the farm.



**In February**, the men cut down branches off trees on the farm.

Then they let the ground dry.

**In March**, the farmers use small bundles of palm fronds to burn the farm.

As the fire begins the men shout, “huuhu, huuhu, huuhu.”



They shout to make the fire big and hot.

The dark smoke fills the sky.

We always make sure to plant a banana.

Tradition says it will make the soil happy so it will grow good crops!



**In April**, the farmers start to dig cassava heaps.

The women and men dig the cassava heaps with hoes.

The women cut the cassava stem with cutlasses and plant them into the cassava heaps.

It is important work!



**May** is for planting.

Along with rice we plant corn, bennie, ogusi, tomatoes, and peppers.

When the little plants start to grow, the children have a big job to do.

They come to the farm early in the morning to drive away the hungry weaver birds who want to eat the plants.

They drive the birds away in the evenings, too.

The plants grow well in **May and June.**

During this time, the men fence the farm and set traps to catch the rodents who wish to eat the tasty plants.

**In July and August,** the women go through the fields and dig up all the weeds.

During this time, heavy rains fall.

Though the rain beats them on their backs, though the cold seeps into their hands, the women keep working so the crops will grow well.

**In September and October,** the rice starts to bear.





The hungry birds are watching.

The children get up early in the morning to drive them away.

They remain all day and late into the evening to save the crop from being eaten up.

**November** is a joyous time! The rice field is golden with the color of ripened rice.

The harvest begins in happy **November** and ends in sweet **December**.

Soon another year of farming will begin.

# Farmer, Farmer

*By Rainny Brito*

Farmer, what are you seeing?

I'm seeing the spread of my crops grow.

Farmer, what are you hoping?

I'm hoping that after the rains, the sun will come out for harvesting.

Farmer, what are you chasing?

I'm chasing the birds away and the children are singing!



Farmer, what are you picking?

I'm picking the rice.

Farmer, what are you carrying?

I'm carrying home my rice for storing.

Farmer, what are you shouting?

I'm shouting away hunger and sitting  
down to feast.



# On The Farm

by T. Michael Weah



Ko-ka-do-la-do.

He sits in the kola tree.

He spreads his wings.

*Ko-ka-do-la-do, ko-ka-do-la-do*

It is Rooster crowing  
good morning to me.

Cluck cluck.

Her chicks run to her.

She picks at the grains  
of rice.

*Cluck cluck, cluck cluck*

It is Hen clucking hello to me.





Baa baaa.

She stands in the grass.

She looks at me cross  
the road.

*Baa baa, baa baa*

It is Sheep baaing hello to me.



Quack quack.

She swims in the creek.

She catches a fish.

*Quack quack, quack  
quack*

It is Duck quacking  
good afternoon  
to me.





Grunk, grunk.

He digs in the mud.

He catches a worm.

*Grunk grunk, grunk grunk*

It is Pig grunting good  
afternoon to me.



Moo, moo.

She shakes her head.

She stares at the white  
bird.

*Moo, moo, moo, moo*

It is Cow mooing good evening  
to me.



Hoot, hoot.

I go back to the house.

It is time for bed.

*Hoot, hoot, hoot, hoot*

It is Owl hooting good  
night to me.



Good night, crowing Rooster.

Good night, clucking Hen.

Good night, baaing Sheep.

Good night, quacking Duck.

Good night, grunting Pig.

Good night, mooing Cow.

Good night, hooting Owl.

And I hear the animals say Good night!

*Z z zzzzzzzz zzzzz.*

# The Rainy Season

*By Rainny Brito*

It was 10:00 o'clock in the morning. Teacher was ill. She was not in school today. The students sat quietly in the classroom.

Suddenly Lorpu stood up. "Class, I will be our teacher. Please pay attention."

All her classmates laughed. All except the class prefect.

"Lorpu, if you do not behave, I will write your name for punishment," said the prefect.



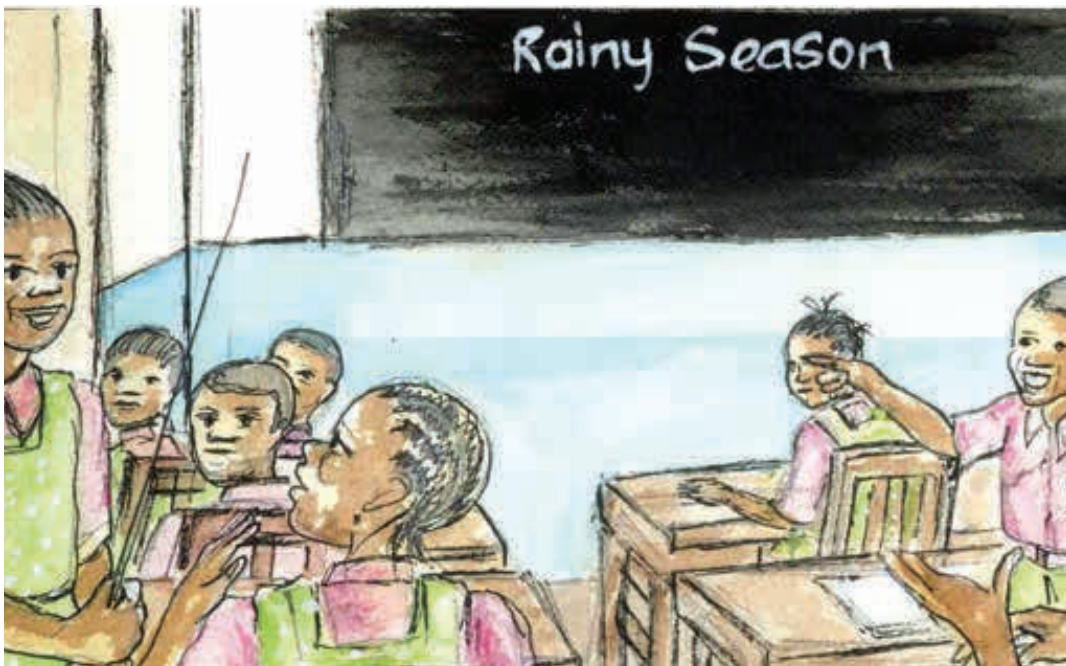
But Lorpu walked boldly to the front of the class, “I am only improving my oral skills. Am I lying, class?”

And the whole class roared, “Nooooo!”

Lorpu picked up the cane from Teacher’s desk. She began to walk boldly like their class teacher.

“Okay, teach us something, since you have become a teacher,” said the class prefect, with a laugh. Lorpu took a piece of chalk from its box.

“Teach us about the rainy season!” shouted Miata. Lorpu gave them a broad smile. She wrote the words “Rainy Season” on the board.



Lorpu smiled and went on. “August is the most difficult time in the rainy season because it rains heavily almost every day.”

“Teacher Lorpu, what kind of work do people do during the rainy season?” Abu asked.

Lorpu paused to get her answers clear. “Of course, people do all types of work during the rainy season, but the most important work in our village is farming and fishing. Farming begins in May. That is when the rains begin to fall. Crops do well when they have enough water.”

“When it rains, the streams and rivers begin to flow. The fish will travel at will. People use nets, hooks, fences, and bamboo cages to catch the fish.”

The class prefect stood up smiling, “Teacher Lorpu, I don’t mean to disagree with you, but where does water come from?” The whole class gave a heavy sigh.

Lorpu threw the piece of chalk in the air three times. She caught it three times. Then she cleared her throat. “Oh, my dear prefect, water is just a traveler. The sun is its careful driver.”



The whole class shouted, “Yes, Teacher Lorpu, give us more.”

“Listen and I will. Water really has no starting point. But let us begin with the ocean. That is where most of the earth’s water stays.”

The whole class listened closely. In a strong voice, she said, “The sun heats up the mighty ocean. The mighty ocean breathes steamy air. With the sun’s heat, the rivers, the streams, and the puddles also send their steamy vapour above.

Likewise, the fertile soil and green plants give off moisture.

The gusty winds carry all this steamy air up into the sky above.

This process is called evaporation.



The hungry clouds swallow all the steamy air from the ocean, rivers, the soil, and the plants. Brothers and sisters, boys and girls, the clouds then change the steamy air into liquid. Whenever the clouds belch, water falls from the clouds in the form of rain.

That process is called precipitation.”

Lorpu’s classmates were amazed. They stood and clapped for her. They sang her name, “Lorpu, Lorpu, Lorpu.”

And do you know? Just then lightning sparked and thunder rumbled. And it rained and rained. Or, as Lorpu would say, it precipitated.



# Anansi And The Yam Hills

*Retold by Michael Auld and Susan LaBella*

**Readers Theater:** *This story can be read out loud. Assign each person a part and they can read the lines out loud when their character speaks.*

*This story can also be performed as a drama. Everyone can volunteer to be a character and then practice the lines in groups first, and then do a presentation for the entire family with actions and voices.*

*You can have as many or a few readers as you need.*

**READER 1:** Once upon a time, there lived a woman named Five (5). She had magical powers.

**READER 2:** The woman named Five did not like her name. When she was a child, other children made fun of it.

**READER 3:** The children would slap their hands together. They yelled “Give me five!” and then burst out laughing.

**READER 4:** That made Five angry. One day she decided to cast a spell on the people:

**FIVE:** From this day forward, anyone who says “five” will disappear!

**READER 5:** The spell caused a big problem in the town. No one could say the word “five” anymore because they would disappear. Children could not say their 5 times tables. Shop keepers could not name the price of anything that had the number 5 in it.

**READER 1:** One time, a shopper asked the shop keeper the price of a toy.

**SHOP KEEPER:** It is five thousand.....

**ALL:** WOOSH!

**READER 2:** The shop keeper disappeared!

**READER 3:** A sneaky spider named Anansi also lived in the town. Times were hard for Anansi. His family had no food to eat. He was too small to work. He had to use his brain to get what he needed to live.



**READER 4:** Anansi heard about the spell the woman had cast. He thought and thought. Could he use the spell to get what he needed?

**ANANSI:** Hmmmm... These are tough times. How can I make this spell work for me?

**READER 5:** Finally, Anansi had an idea. First, he piled up 5 hills of rich brown dirt along the side of the road.

**READER 1:** In each hill, Anansi planted yellow yams. He watered the yams. Soon they began to grow.

**READER 2:** Anansi then sat down by the yam hills and waited. Soon, along came Dog. He had a basket of ribs. The sneaky spider spoke in his sweetest voice.

**ANANSI:** Good morning, Brother Dog. I know you are busy. But can you help me? I am not as smart as you. Would you help me count how many yam hills I have planted?



**BROTHER DOG:** Don't bother me, Spider. You should have learned to count long ago.

**READER 3:** The grumpy dog walked away. Anansi sat down to wait.

**READER 4:** Soon, Bull came by. He carried a basket of fruit.

**ANANSI:** Brother Bull, Brother Bull, would you lend me a hand?

**BROTHER BULL:** What is the problem, Brother Spider?

**ANANSI:** I was a sickly child. I never went to school. Can you help me count the yam hills I have planted?

**BROTHER BULL:** Sure, Spider! Let's see. You have 1..2..3..4..5.....

**ALL:** WOOSH!

**READER 5:** Brother Bull disappeared! His fruit spilled on the ground. Anansi grabbed up the sweet treats and rushed home.

**READER 1:** During the next few months, Anansi tricked many others in the town. He tricked Turtle and Owl. He tricked Rabbit and Scorpion.

**READER 2:** He grew fat from all the food he stole and ate.

**READER 3:** One day, Mrs. Hen passed by. She had a basket of vegetables. Mrs. Hen was on her way to the market to sell her vegetables.

**READER 4:** Mrs. Hen passed the yam hills. Anansi dropped down from a tree.

**ANANSI:** Good morning, Mrs. Hen. Can you help me with a problem?



**MRS. HEN:** Of course, Spider, what can I do?

**ANANSI:** I have planted these yam hills. But I don't know how many I have. Would you count them for me, please?

**READER 5:** Mrs. Hen was onto Anansi's tricks. A few weeks before, she had seen him fool Brother Scorpion.

**READER 1:** Mrs. Hen walked over to the last yam hill. She climbed on top.

**MRS. HEN:** Let's see, Spider. You have 1...2...3...4 yam hills -- and the one I'm standing on.

**READER 2:** Anansi was angry!

**ANANSI:** What are you doing? That is not how you count!

**MRS. HEN:** Why, what do you mean, Spider?

**ANANSI:** I don't know of a number called "the one I'm standing on." Start again!

**READER 2:** So, Mrs.Hen moved to another yam hill. She stood on it. Then she began to count.

**MRS. HEN:** You have 1...2...3...4 yam hills. And the one I'm standing on.

**READER 3:** Anansi became even angrier. He shouted...

**ANANSI:** That is not what you're supposed to say!!

**MRS. HEN:** Well, if you are so smart, tell me what I am supposed to say?

**READER 4:** Now Anansi was really shouting.

**ANANSI:** You are supposed to say 1...2...3...4...5...WHOOSH!



# CHAPTER 8: GOOD FOOD

This week we are going to talk about food. All the nice things we eat, and where our food comes from. We'll also get to explore Grandma's Big Green Garden!

## Fruit Treats

Star-fruit, bread-fruit,  
pineapple sweet.

Coconut, paw-paw,  
guava treat.

Mango, melon,  
orange so sweet.

Banana, sweet sop,  
tamarind treat.

All these fruits  
are good to eat.





**Chant:**

Pineapple

Coconut

Paw-paw, too.

Melon

Mango

Good for you.



# Meals Of The Day

Breakfast is the first meal of the day.  
Eat well at breakfast and healthy you  
will stay.

I had pap for breakfast yesterday.

I have pap for breakfast every day.

Lunchtime comes in the middle of  
the day.



Nice, good meal.

You are on your way!

I had rice for lunch yesterday.

I have rice for lunch every day.

Dinner is what we have in the evening.

Fish or soup is what I am dreaming.

We had fish for dinner yesterday,

So maybe we will have a yummy  
soup today.



# Count And Eat

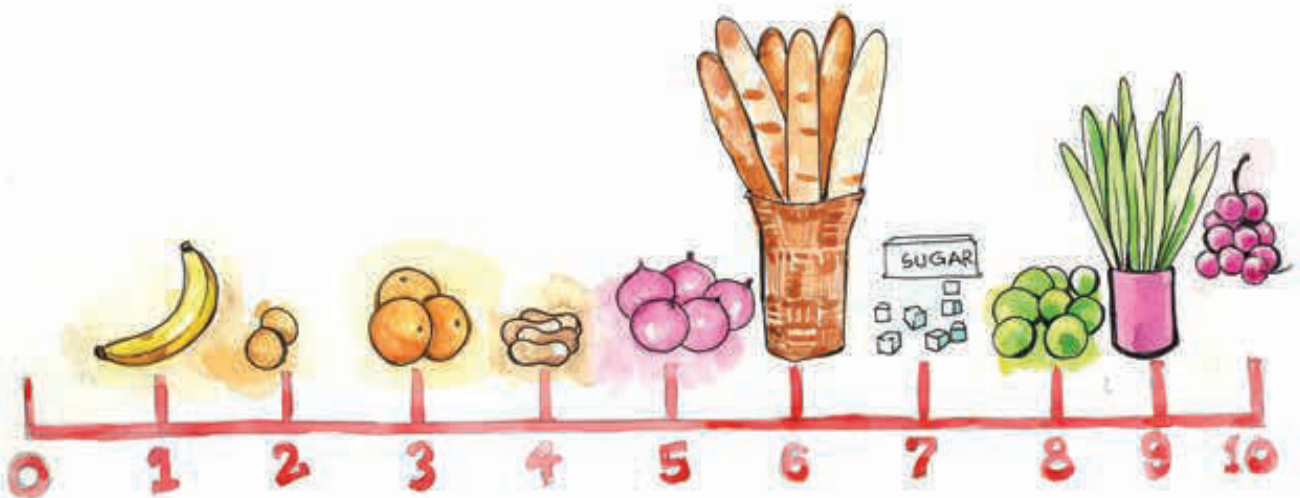
One, two –  
I love fufu.

Three, four –  
I love rice more.

Five, six –  
saucy mix;

Seven, eight –  
on my plate.

Nine, ten –  
eat again!





# Three Juicy Red Plums

*by T. Michael Weah*

Juicy red plums up in the tree,  
swinging and swaying in the breeze.

One good shake and I will have three  
juicy red plums in front of me.

One juicy red plum I will eat.

One in my pocket I will keep  
for mama and Baby Dee.

The last I will  
give to my  
friend Dee.





# Plants Are Good For You

*by Elizabeth Newell, Ph.D.*

You eat so you won't be hungry. You also eat so you will be healthy. Different foods keep you healthy in different ways.

Some foods give you energy. Some foods make your muscles grow. Other foods make your bones and teeth strong. Some foods help you see better. Your body needs many things from food to stay healthy and most of these things can come from plants.

## **What can we get from plants?**

**Carbohydrates!** Our bodies get energy from yams, potatoes, and cassava. These have starch and sugar – called carbohydrates



**Protein!** We need protein to grow muscle and other tissues. We get protein from beans and from green leafy vegetables. We also get protein from meat, like chicken and fish.

**Fats!** We need to eat a little bit of fat to keep our bodies healthy. We get fats from palm oil and coconut oil. We get it from meat, too.

**Fiber!** Eating plants is the only way to get the fiber we need to stay healthy. We get fiber from oranges and bananas. And also from cabbage, breadfruit, cassava leaves, potato leaves, and craincrain.

**Vitamins and minerals!** We need Vitamin A for our eyes and calcium for our bones. We get vitamin A from carrots, oranges, and mangoes. We get calcium from milk.

Eat different kinds of plants and meat, the more variety you have the more nutrition you will get.

# Grandma's Big Green Garden

*by Llord Aidoo*

See Grandma's new GARDEN.

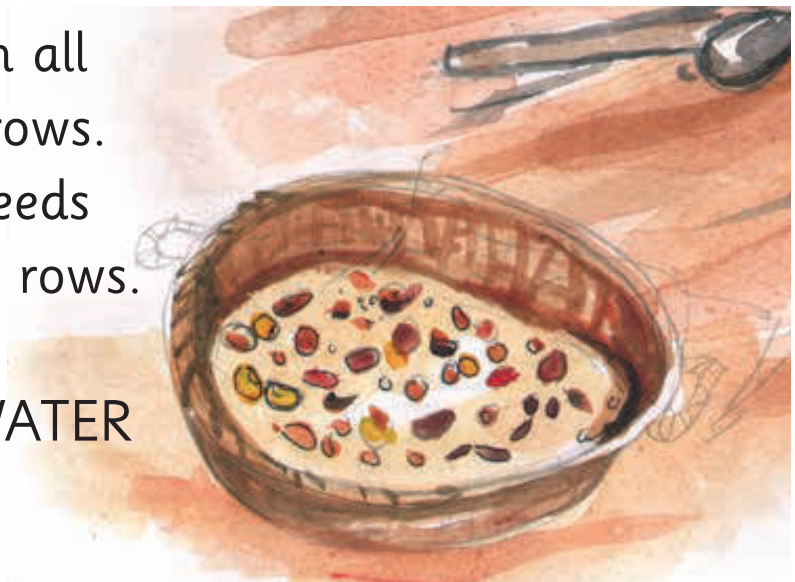
I help Grandma:  
clear the grass,  
hoe the SOIL,  
and make long rows.

Grandma has many SEEDS:

Round ones,  
brown ones,  
teeny tiny skinny ones.

She plants them all  
in long, long rows.  
I plant melon seeds  
in short, short rows.

Each day we WATER  
the rows.



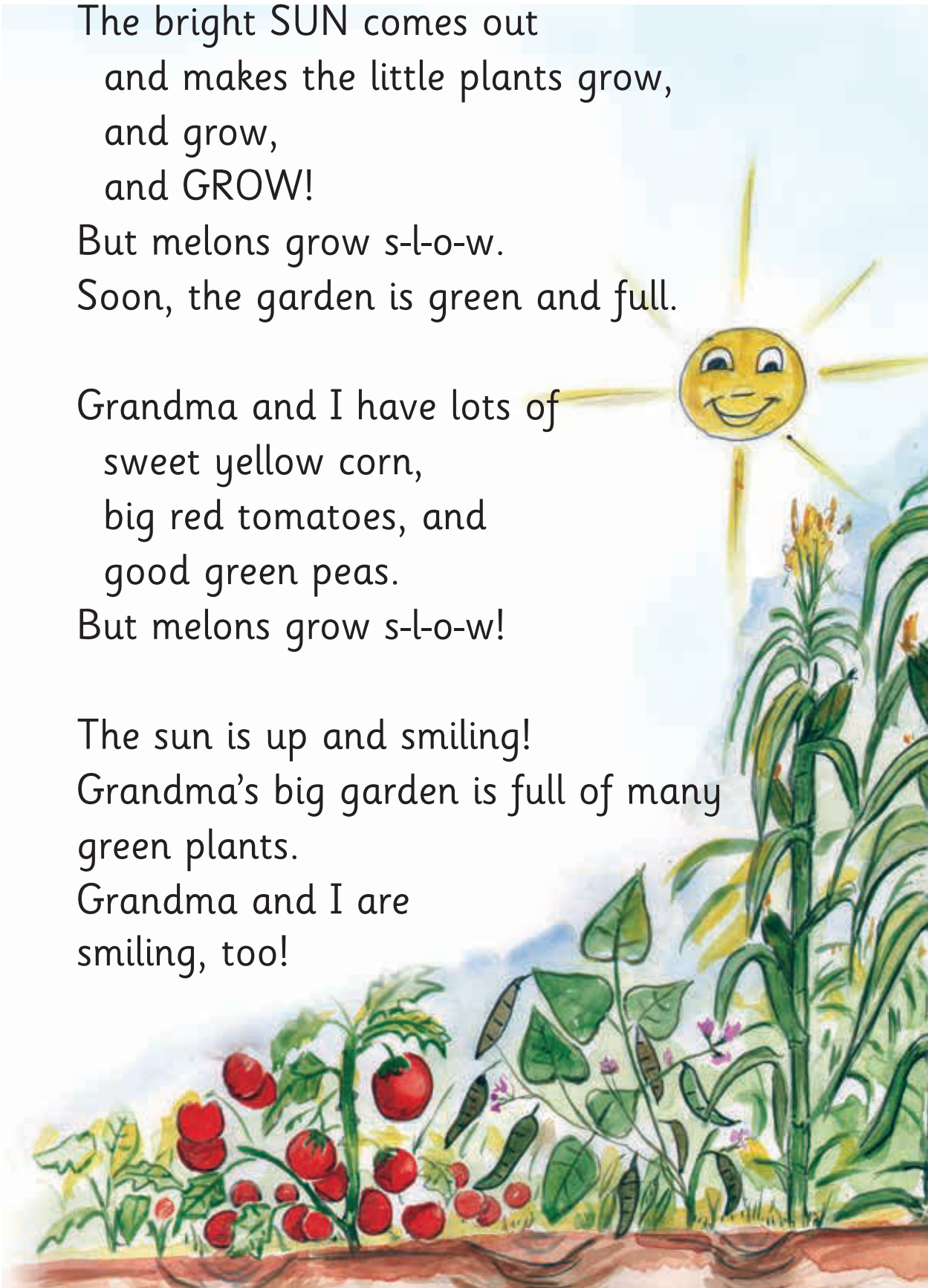
The bright SUN comes out  
and makes the little plants grow,  
and grow,  
and GROW!

But melons grow s-l-o-w.  
Soon, the garden is green and full.

Grandma and I have lots of  
sweet yellow corn,  
big red tomatoes, and  
good green peas.

But melons grow s-l-o-w!

The sun is up and smiling!  
Grandma's big garden is full of many  
green plants.  
Grandma and I are  
smiling, too!

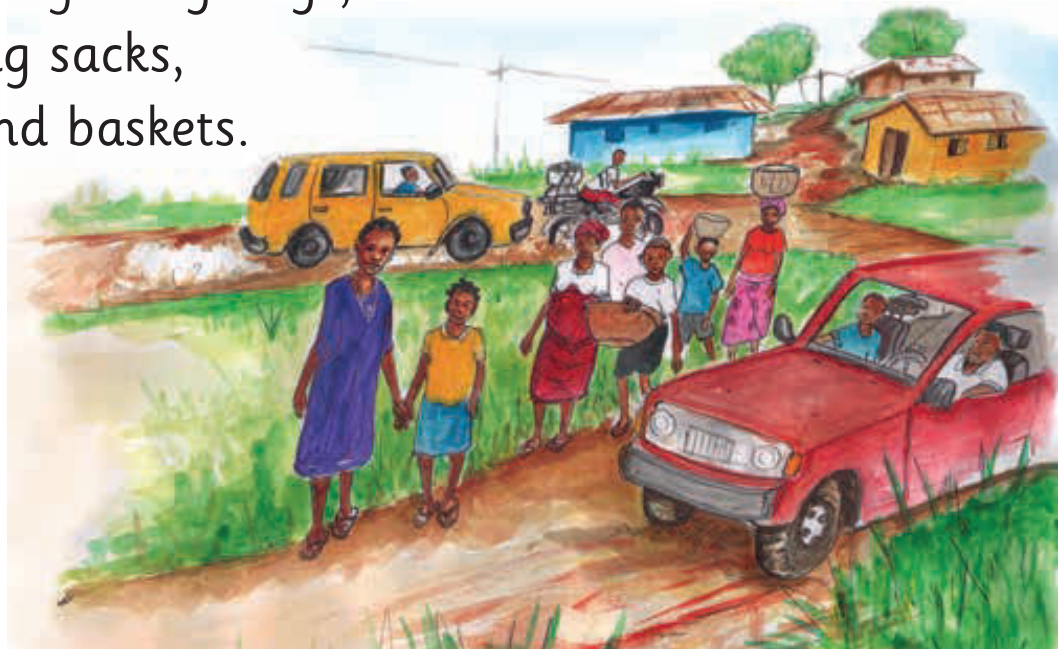




Grandma and I pick  
the sweet yellow corn,  
the big red tomatoes,  
and all the good green peas.

I help Grandma  
make a sign:  
“Fresh Garden Vegetables For Sale!”  
Soon, lots of people come to our garden.  
My friend Mona comes with her mom.  
Grandma’s friends come, too.

They come in cars and vans.  
Others walk and some ride bikes.  
They bring bags,  
big sacks,  
and baskets.



They buy  
the sweet yellow corn,  
the big red tomatoes,  
and all the good green peas!  
Grandma's friends are happy.  
We are happy, too.  
Grandma's garden has grown fine, fresh food  
for us all.

Finally, the melons are big and full and ripe!  
"How about these melons?" I ask Grandma.  
"Yes," Grandma says, "we will have melon fun!"  
Grandma helps me pick the fat, sweet melons.  
We pack them in big boxes.  
We put the boxes in Grandma's car.  
And off to SCHOOL we go!

My friends at school run to meet us.  
Everyone is happy to see us.  
There are enough melons for everyone  
to get a share.



“How did you grow these nice melons?” my friends asked Grandma and me.

I tell them all about Grandma’s garden:  
the soil to plant the seeds,  
the seeds that grew,  
the water for the plants to drink,  
the sunlight to help the plants make food.

Soil, seeds, water, and sunlight, too.  
Now everyone knows how green plants grow  
in Grandma’s Big Green Garden!

# CHAPTER 9: GAMES

The best part of our day is when we get to sing and play games, we can learn a lot when we are having fun. This chapter has some songs to sing, some games to play, and a fun way to make a delicious meal.

## Football

Football, football, come and play.

Football, football, every day.

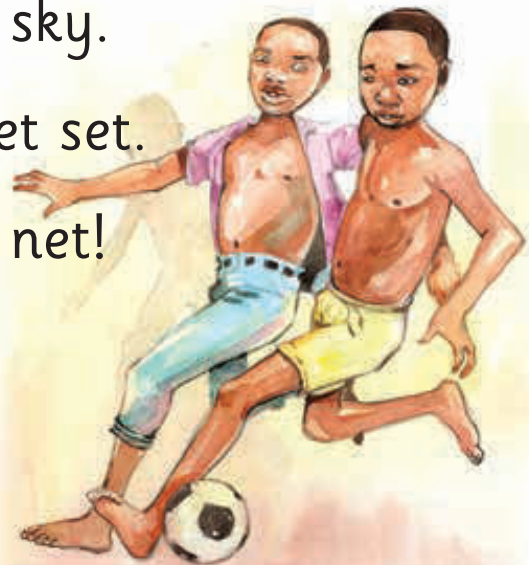
Football, football, rolling by.

Football, football, in the sky.

Football, football, let's get set.

Football, football, in the net!

**GOAL!**



# Catch Me

Run around

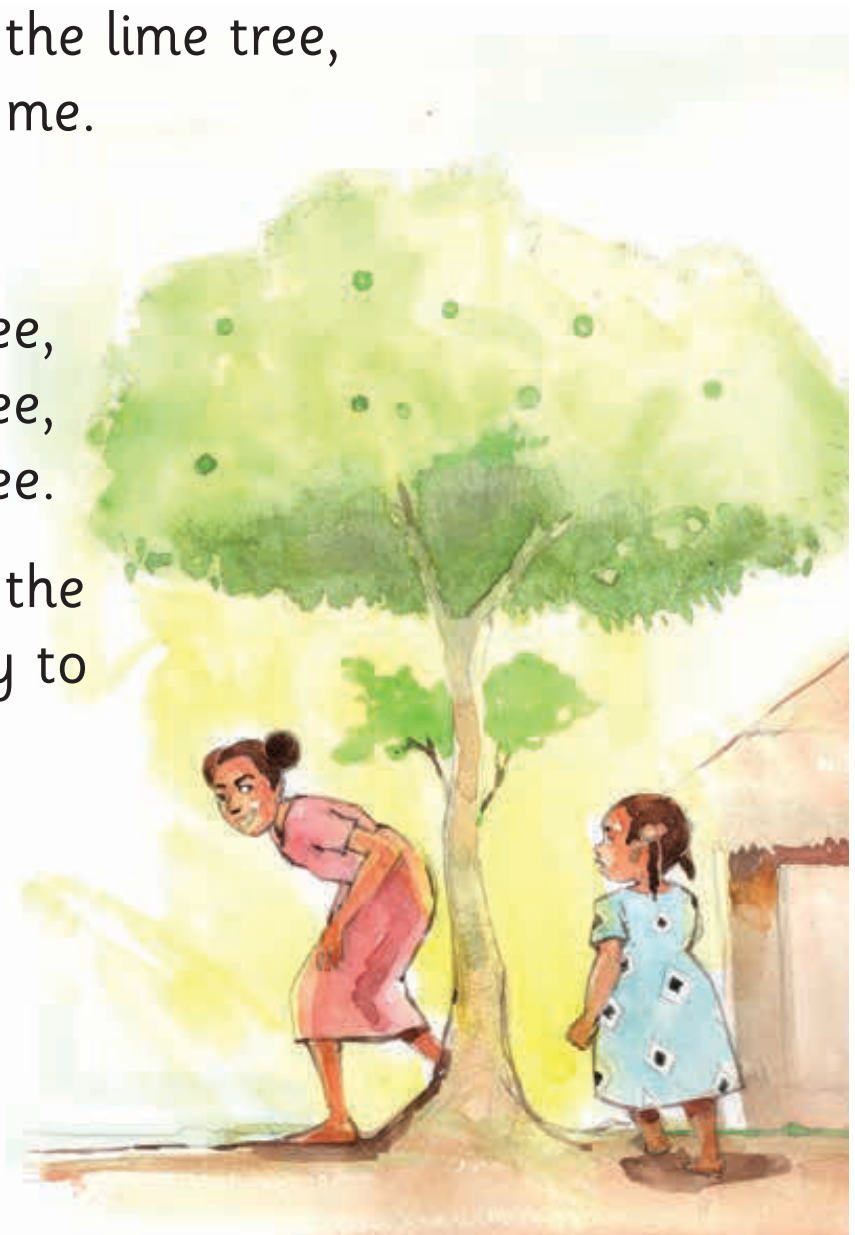
The lime tree,  
The lime tree,  
The lime tree.

Run around the lime tree,  
try to catch me.

Run around

The palm tree,  
The palm tree,  
The palm tree.

Run around the  
palm tree, try to  
catch me.





# The Clock

There are twelve hours on a clock.

When the big hand is on the number 12,  
the little hand tells us what hour it is.

One o'clock

two o'clock

three o'clock

four a clock

five o'clock

six o'clock

seven o'clock

eight o'clock

nine o'clock

ten o'clock

eleven o'clock

twelve o'clock.



## Stone Soup

A young man had been traveling many days. He was tired and hungry.

He saw a woman sitting on the stoop of a lonely house. He asked, "Please, can you give me a little food? I don't know how I can go further."

"No," said the woman, "I just have a little rice and nothing else."

"Well, if you cook the rice, I will make the soup. I just need a small pot with water. I will use my magic stone to make us some tasty Stone Soup."

The woman was surprised. She had never heard of Stone Soup before. But she agreed. She gave the man a pot and some water. She told him to cook on the other side of the kitchen hut while she cooked the rice.

The man let the water become hot. Then, he showed the woman a smooth round stone. He dropped it into the water. He stirred the water then tasted it.

“Oh! It’s already tasting good. But if you have just a little salt it can be better.”

The woman gave him a little salt. She was looking forward to some good soup.

The man stirred and stirred the pot. The woman heard the stone. She saw the man tasting it.

“Oh!” he said, “this is tasting better. I wonder if you have just one little onion. It would make the Stone Soup a bit tastier.”

One onion is not much. She gave the man an onion. Her appetite was growing.



The man cut the onion and put it in the Stone Soup pot. He stirred it and stirred it. He tasted it while the woman watched from her stool.

“Oh! This is really good,” he said. “The taste is nice, but the groundnut is not quite enough. That would make the soup a bit thicker.”

“I have some,” said the woman. She hurried to give him some groundnut paste.

The man stirred it into the pot. He tasted it. “This is nearly done,” he said. “It’s quite good, but a bit of dried fish would complete the Stone Soup.”

“I think I have some,” said the woman. She fetched some dried fish and brought it to the man. He stirred it into the Stone Soup.

“Is the rice ready?” asked the man. “The soup is close to ready.”

“Yes,” said the woman. “Let us eat!”





The man dished the Stone Soup over the rice. He pushed the stone to one side. They enjoyed Stone Soup and rice in the cool evening. They were both full of good food.

As the man prepared to leave, he said to the woman, "Thank you for the food. It was so good that I am happy to give you my magic stone. Please enjoy it!"

The woman was so happy with the magic stone. She could now make soup with just a little water.

# Abu Bakarr and an Unexpected Challenger

The men in the village like to play draughts in the evening. Two men sit across from each other. The board is like a bridge between them. It rests on the knees of the two people playing against each other.



After deciding who will have the white and black stones, they play. *Pam! Pam! Pam!* They slap the stones on the board. They slide them from square to square. They block and jump and knock stones off the board.

Old man Abu Bakarr was the winner in our village. Every night he played. He won again and again. Many people watched him play, but they did not notice the girl who was watching closely.

One evening the girl named Hawa asked if she could play. Everyone laughed, but they said, "Okay. Let her play against Peter. Then she would not lose too fast."

Hawa and Peter played, and Hawa won!

Mustapha was eager to play, "I will play the next game." Hawa won again.

For the next few hours, Hawa played against Foday, Franki, and Famah. She played against Saio, Sorie, and Samuel.



She played against Morlai, Mohamed and Mark. She won again, again and again. Finally, it was time to play Abu Bakarr.

Abu Bakarr stood up. “It is so late,” he said. “The moon is starting to shine. I should be asleep by now. Let us play another night.”

What do you think? Do you think Abu Bakarr will agree to play against Hawa? Why, or why not?

# Hoop Rolling

How many of you have enjoyed Hoop Rolling? It is a game you can do alone, or with friends. All you need is a wheel and a stick.

The stick is easy to find. However, the wheel is not easy to find. One of the best wheels is an old bicycle wheel without the rubber tire or spokes. An empty wheel with a nice little groove for your stick.

First, put the wheel upright on the ground. Then, give the wheel a little push. Now, using a stick, keep the wheel turning. The goal is to keep the wheel moving – but don't use your hands. With the stick, you can guide its movement. It can go faster or slower. You can lead it up and down little hills.



With the stick, you can help the wheel turn corners and even make little jumps.

You might be surprised to learn that this is a very old game. It is a favorite game, played by children all over the world.

Children in Japan, Holland, Egypt, and England play Hoop Rolling. Another common name for the game is Trundling.

Here are games you can play with your hoops.

You can have a contest, where two people with hoops and sticks race each other from a starting point to the finish line.

You can prepare a running course. Put stones on the path you want to follow. Put them about two hands apart. Then the contestants run the course. They roll and drive the wheel between the stones. Don't touch the stones!

Then, with every new game, the stones are put a little closer together. It becomes more and more difficult to get the hoop to go between the stones.

In another game, one person rolls the hoop. The contestants stand to the side and try to throw a small stick through the hoop as it passes by.

Next time you see someone hoop rolling, you can suggest some new ways to play.

Enjoy Trundling!



# CHAPTER 10: OCCUPATIONS

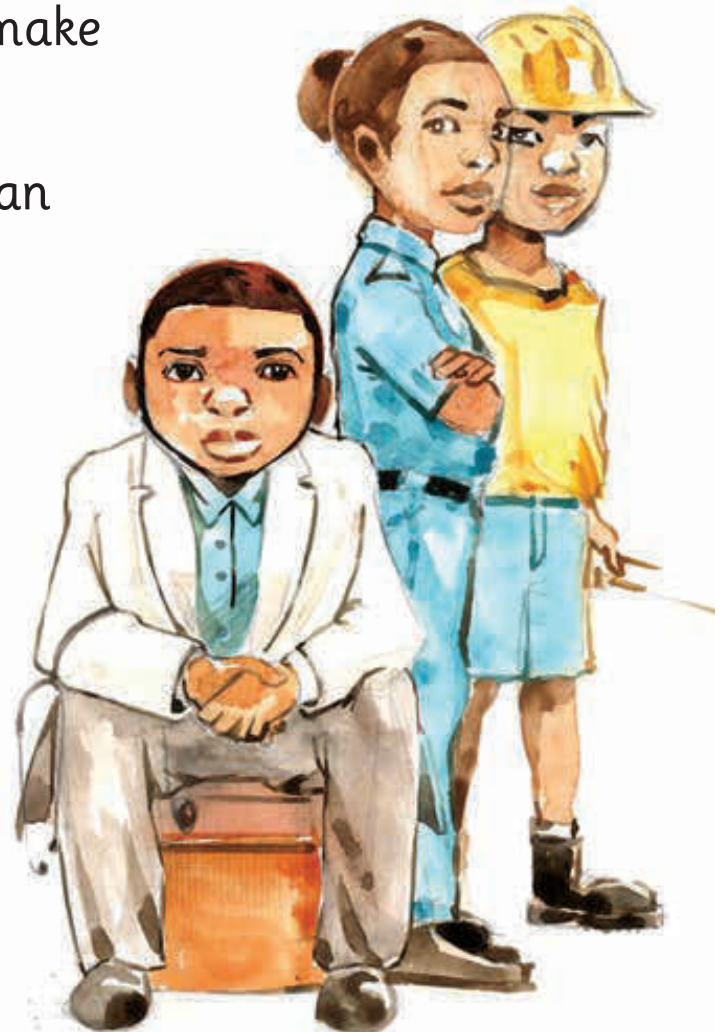
This week we are going to talk about the jobs that people do. Sometimes what you do is called a career. We will also talk about how women and men can do different types of jobs.

## When You Grow Up

Will you be a doctor to make sick people well?

Will you be a policewoman to keep people safe?

Will you be a builder to make homes strong and dry?



Will you be a builder and make roads that go from town to town?



Will you be a plumber to make pipes to bring us water?



Will you be a farmer and grow good food for us?





Will you be a fisher and work on the sea?



Will you be a teacher and help the people learn?

Will you be a leader and make our lives better?

What will you be?



# What Do You Do?

“We catch fish,” say the men.

“We clean fish,” say the women.

“We sweep the compound,” say the children.

“We grow rice,” say the women.

“We chase the birds,” say the children.

“We eat fish and rice,” say the family.



# Women And Men

Women cook breakfast.  
And men fly planes.



Women raise children.  
And men drive trains.

Men lead countries.  
Women nurses tape  
sprains.



But wait—



Women can lead  
countries, too.  
And pilot airplanes.  
Men can be nurses



And women can  
drive trains.

Men can cook good  
breakfast.



And care for children, too.

What future do you want to  
have? The choice is up to you.

# A New Cook-stove

My father saw a cook-stove.

He bought one for my family.

He told me how they made it.

The tin is on the outside.

The clay is in the inside.

A tinsmith cuts the tin. He joins the parts.

He makes the shape of the stove.

He makes the outside of the cook-stove.

A potter gets clay.



She forms the wet clay. She dries it.  
The potter puts the clay pot in a fire.  
The fire makes the clay strong and hard.  
The clay cools. Now, the inside of the  
cook-stove is ready.  
The potter and tinsmith join the tin and the  
clay. This makes the cook-stove.  
I am happy my father bought the cook-stove.  
We use it every day.  
In the morning mother makes pap.  
In the evening we cook rice and soup.  
How do you cook your food?





# Bisi, The Detective

*By Jacqueline Leigh*

“This is my office. I am a detective. I can find anything. I can solve any case. They call me Bisi the Detective,” said Bisi.

“Bisi, did you wash your uniform today?” asked Mama.

“Yes, Mama.”

“Did you finish your homework?” asked Mama.



“Yes, Mama.”

“Someone will come soon. Somebody will need you to help them,” said Mama.

Just then a girl came running. Her clothes did not fit. She wore only one shoe. “Help! I can’t find it! Are you the detective?”



“Yes, I am. Did you lose your shoe?” asked Bisi.

“No, it is at home,” said the girl.

“Did you lose your belt?” asked Bisi.

“No, my belt is at home.”

“What did you lose?” asked Bisi.

“I can’t find Tiger. I always feed him after school. But today I can’t find him. He is gone!”

“Is Tiger a tiger?” asked Bisi.

“No, Tiger is my puppy,” said the girl. “And he is gone!” The girl started to cry.

“I’m sorry,” said Bisi. “Please don’t cry. We will find Tiger.”

“Thank you,” the girl sniffed.

“What does he look like?” asked Bisi.

“He’s fat. He is black and white. And he has a black tail and black feet,” answered the girl. She wiped her eyes.

“Do your friends know that you have a puppy?” asked Bisi.

“Everybody knows! He barks all the time,” said the girl.

“I can find him for you. Let’s go to your house,” said Bisi.

The two girls went to the house. Bisi looked everywhere. She looked under the tea bush. She looked under the pots in the kitchen. She looked in the wash yard. She looked behind the coal pot.

“Tiger is not in your compound. Maybe he took a walk. I am Bisi the Detective. I will find him for you.”

The two girls walked down the road.

“Ruff ruff! Ruff! Ruff! Ruff!” They heard a puppy bark.

“Tiger! That’s Tiger!” shouted the girl.

Bisi and the girl followed the sound to a compound. A boy looked out of the gate.

“Good morning. Do you have a puppy here?” asked Bisi.

“Yes, I have a puppy named Frisky,” answered the boy. He looked nervous.

“I don’t see it. Where is it?” asked Bisi.

“We tie him up. We don’t want him to run away. He’s very frisky,” said the boy.

“Can we see your puppy, please?” asked Bisi.

The boy led them back to the wash yard.

There was a fat puppy. The puppy was black and white. He had a black tail and black feet. The puppy barked happily and licked the girl’s hand.

“I am Bisi the Detective. This is not your puppy. This is her puppy,” said Bisi.

“No, it isn’t. This is my puppy,” said the boy.

“Puppies lick their owners. They like people who feed them. This puppy is licking her, not you. The puppy knows she feeds him, not you,” said Bisi.

The boy looked ashamed. “But I love puppies so much. I wanted one of my own,” he said sadly.

“Don’t worry. I am a detective. I will help you find a puppy of your own,” said Bisi.

Bisi, the girl, and the puppy walked back to Bisi’s house.

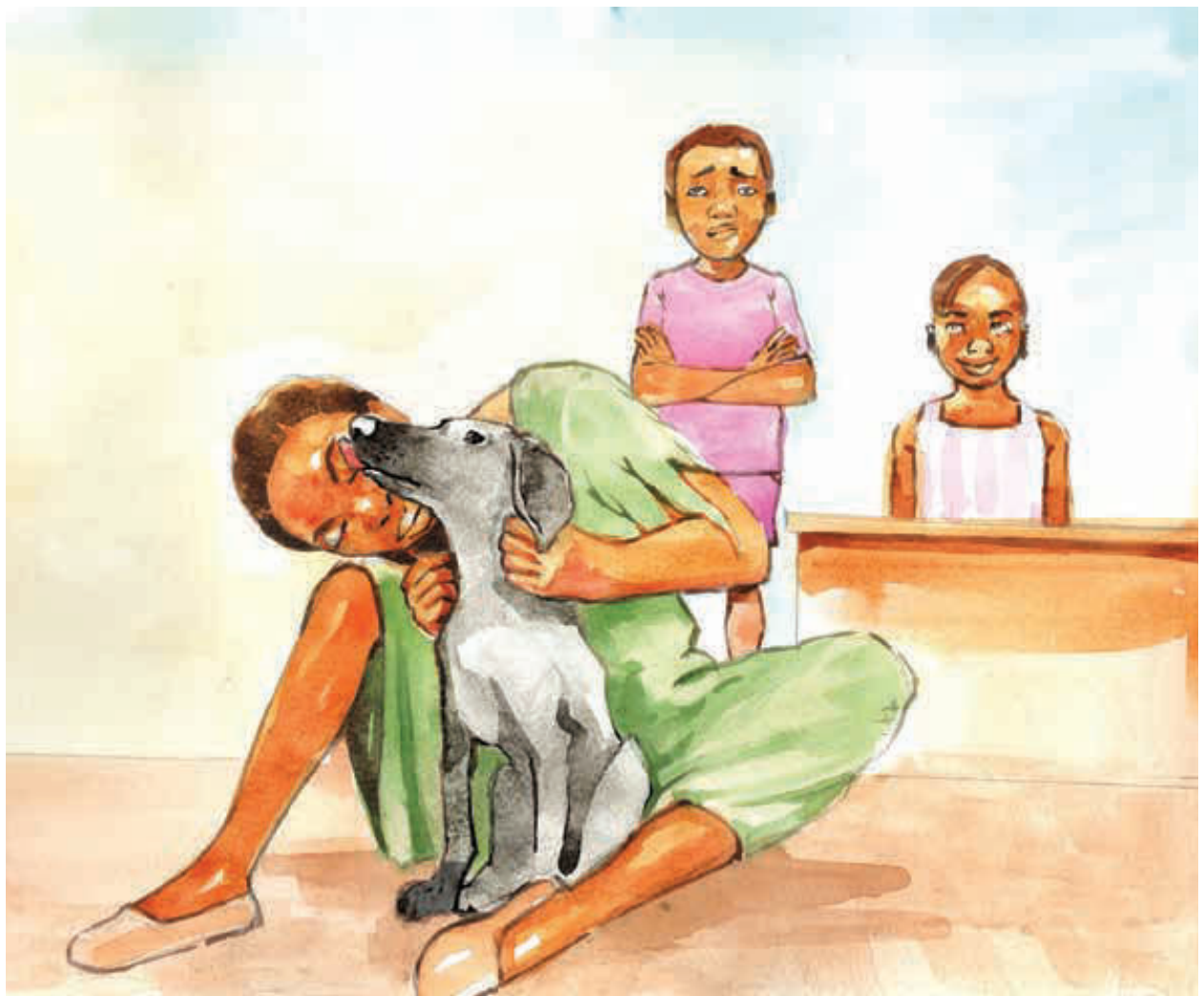


“Bisi! Where have you been? I have been looking for you everywhere!” said her mother.

“I solved a case, Mama. I’m a detective,” said Bisi.

“Bisi found my puppy! She’s a very good detective,” said the happy girl.

“Ruff ruff!” said the puppy.



# CHAPTER 11: HOMES

We all contribute to the building of our houses, our friendships, and our communities. The stories in this chapter show us the many ways to create a happy home.

## Bring Blocks

Papa and Mama are making a house.

“Bring blocks!” says Papa.

“How many blocks?” asks Sia.

“10 blocks,” says Mama.

Sia brings 2.

Abu brings 2.

Bintu brings 2.

Kona brings 2.

“Is that enough?” asks Sia.

“No,” says Papa.

David brings 1 more.





“Is that enough?”  
asks Sia.

“No,” says Mama.  
Aske brings 1 more.

“Is that enough?”  
asks Sia.

“Yes!” says Mama.

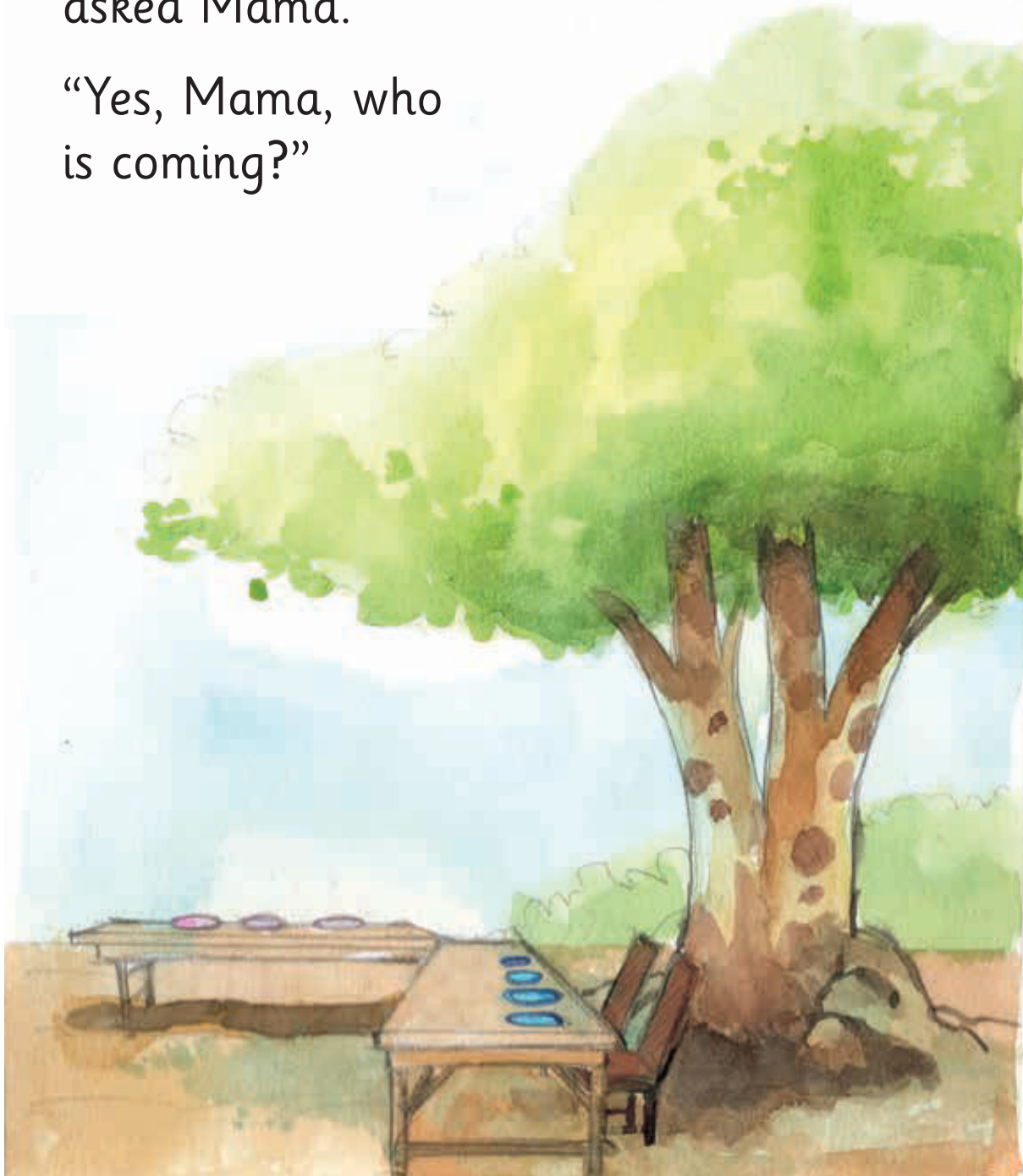
“Thank you!” says Papa.



## How Many Chairs?

“Alhajie, our friends are coming over. Will you help me?” asked Mama.

“Yes, Mama, who is coming?”





“Mama Paye,  
Mama King,  
Mama Kanu,  
Mama Karnga,  
and Mama Gogra.

We have three chairs, but we will need enough chairs for everyone. Please go next door to Mama Sam and borrow some chairs,” asked Mama.

Alhajie went next door and he thought, “How many chairs do we need?”

Can you tell Alhajie how many chairs?





# A Hole In The Bucket

Fanta went to get water for her family.  
She opened the tap to fill the bucket.

Oh, no! There was a hole in the bucket.

The water went out.

Fanta's friend said, "You can use my  
bucket."

Fanta filled the bucket with water and  
carried it home to her mother.



Mama said,  
"Thank you Fanta.  
We will fix the  
bucket. You can  
return it to your  
friend tomorrow."

# All About Bees

Bees are good.  
They give us  
honey to eat.  
They help plants  
grow.



There is sweet  
juice in flowers. It is called nectar. A bee  
visits 2,000 flowers in a day. She sucks  
nectar from each flower. Her body turns  
nectar into honey. She takes the honey  
back to her hive. She puts the honey into  
a honeycomb. The next day she does it  
all again.

A worker bee lives only 30 to 45 days.  
In her life she can only make a little bit  
of honey. Together, twelve bees make  
one teaspoon of honey in their lives.  
Between 20,000 and 60,000 bees live  
in a hive. Together they can make a lot  
of honey.

Bees can fly fast, over 20 kilometers per hour. Bees can also fly far, as much as 10 kilometers each day.

A worker bee finds flowers. She tells other bees where they are. She tells them which way to go and how far to travel. But bees cannot talk, so she tells them by dancing. Her dance shows the other bees where to find the flowers!

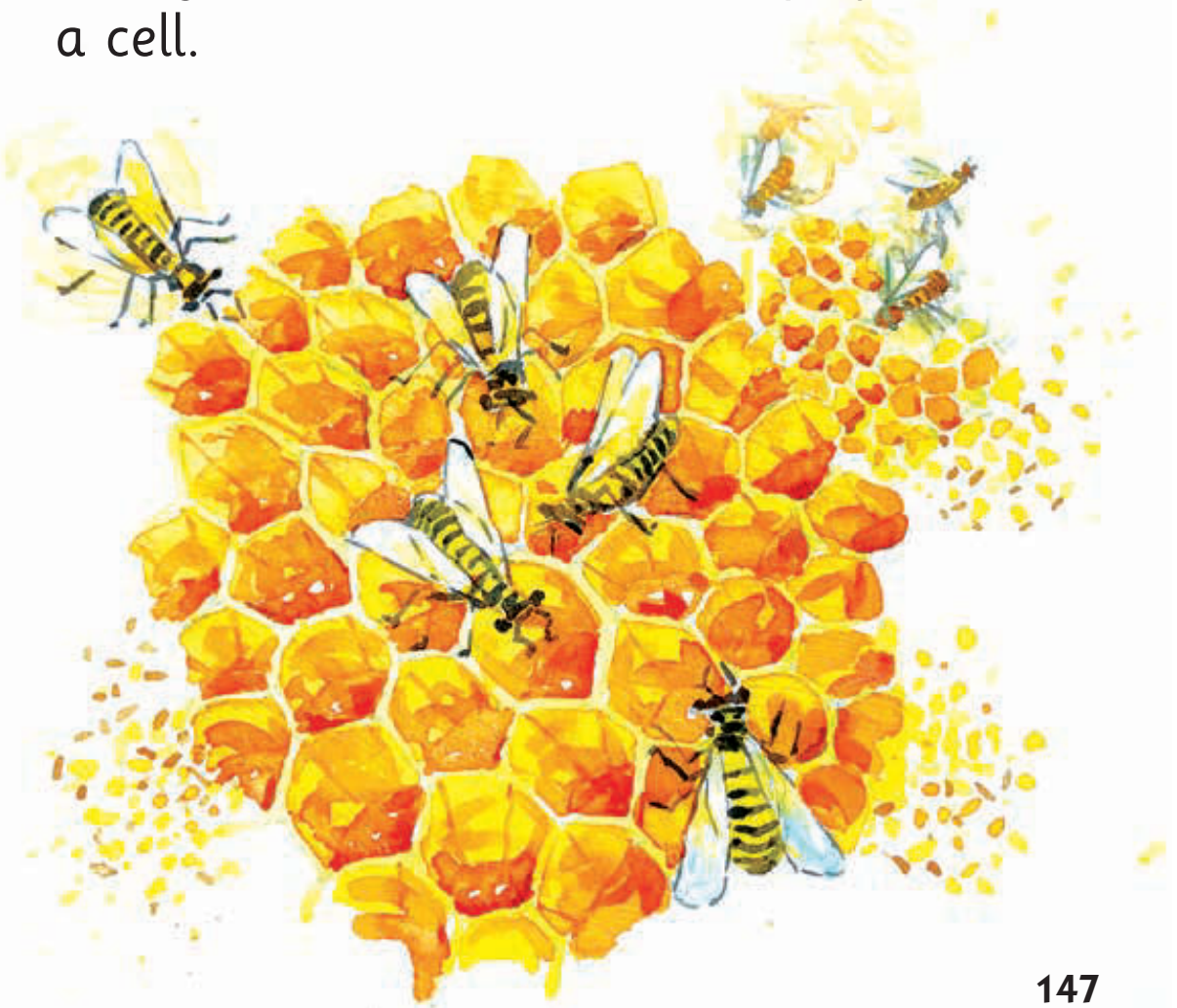
Bees are helpful. Their honey is sweet and tastes good. Bees are good for plants, too. Dust from plants sticks to their legs. The dust is called pollen. Bees take pollen from plant to plant. This helps other plants grow.

Bees can be harmful, too. One bee sting can hurt, but many bee stings could kill you. Stay away from bees. Let them do their job.

# Bees Are Builders

Bees live in hives. Together they build a honeycomb. A honeycomb is made of wax. Each worker bee makes wax in her body. She makes a tiny amount. Her wax is as small as a pin head.

Together the bees build a cell. The cell has six sides. The shape is called a hexagon. This is the best shape for a cell.



The shape makes the most cells with the least wax. Many cells make a comb. Most hives have 100,000 cells.

Some cells are for the bees' eggs. The queen bee lays the eggs. She lays 2,000 eggs a day!

Baby bees hatch from the eggs. Most bees are worker bees and they are females. Some bees are drones. The drones are males and they stay in the hive.

The worker bees go out to collect nectar. They also make honey. They store the honey in other cells.

One worker bee can only make a little bit of honey. But many thousands make a lot of honey. A whole hive can make 40 kilograms of honey in a year.



# The Tailor

*By Mohamed Sheriff*

Once we had a tailor in our village. He was a skillful tailor and he sewed fine clothes. For his good work he was well-known here and beyond. But he had one problem.

He never wore good clothes himself. He dressed in an old pair of khaki shorts. His singlet? It used to be white, but it had turned brown with age.



One day a group of women walked by his shop.

The tailor heard one say, "Look. There is our tailor!"

"Yes," said another. "He makes beautiful clothes for everyone else. But his own clothes are plain."

The tailor felt sad. What could he do?

Perhaps he would make beautiful clothes for himself? So, he saved his money.

He saved and saved and saved.

One day he bought ten yards of cloth.

It was glossy. It was tie-dyed. It was bright yellow and green.

He sewed and sewed and sewed.

He sewed late into the night.

At last, he had made himself a fine suit.

It had long trousers.

It had a handsome rapel.

It had a long gown.

The tailor put on his suit.  
He looked grand!

Everyone thought so. Even  
the women!

The tailor was glad.  
He loved the suit.

He wore it every day and  
everywhere he went.

He wore it when he woke up in the  
morning.

He wore it all through the day until  
bedtime.

He wore it five times a day to the  
mosque for prayers.

He wore it to church when invited.

He wore it at weddings and when they  
named a child.



He wore it at funerals.

He wore it at harvest time.

He wore it to the two great Muslim feasts.

He even wore it on Christmas Day, on Easter, and on New Year's Day.

He wore it until the bright colours of the gown turned pale. He wore it until the gown became frayed at the sides and bottom. He wore it until the gown split right down the middle.

“Oh,” he said to himself. “That is the end of my suit!”

Well, he thought so at first. But when he cast off the gown, he saw that the rapel was in good shape. The colours were still bright. The cloth was still firm and glossy.

He was glad. “Not the end yet,” he said with a chuckle.

So he wore the rest of his suit every day and everywhere he went.

He wore it to the mosque...

to church...

to weddings...

to namings...

to funerals...

at harvest time...

to the great Muslim feasts...

to the great Christian feasts...



He wore it until the cuffs were frayed and torn.

He wore it until the sleeves fell off the shoulders.

“Oh,” he said to himself. “That is the end of my suit!”

Well, he thought so at first.

But when he cast off the rapel he saw that only the sleeves were torn. The rest of the rapel looked good.



He cut off both sleeves. He folded the frayed edges. He stitched over them neatly. Now he had created a new style of rapel.

This rapel had no sleeves.

The tailor was glad.  
He loved his new rapel.

“It’s not done yet,” he  
chuckled to himself.



So he wore the rapel every day  
and everywhere he went.

He wore it to the mosque...

to church...

to weddings...

to namings...

to funerals...

at harvest time...

to the great Muslim feasts...

to the great Christian feasts...

He wore it until the rapel split right down the middle.

“Oh,” he said to himself. “This is the end of my suit!”

Well, he thought so at first.

He turned the pocket inside out to see if he had anything in it. And he saw that the pocket was still sound. The colour was still bright. The cloth was still firm.

He took the pocket and made a beautiful draw string purse.

The tailor was glad. He loved the purse. “It’s not done yet,” he chuckled to himself.

So he used the purse every day and took it everywhere he went.



He took it to the mosque...  
to church...  
to weddings...  
to namings...  
to funerals...  
at harvest time...  
to the great Muslim feasts...  
to the great Christian feasts...

He used the purse until the cloth had holes.

It no longer served for carrying things.

“Oh,” he said to himself. “This is finally, finally the end of my suit.”

Well, he thought so at first. But before he cast off the purse, he pulled out the draw string.

And out of the draw string he kept fond memories of his great bright coloured suit.

And from those memories he made a story.

And now, you have just read it.

## CHAPTER 12: FOLK TALES

Folk tales are stories that have been passed down from parents to children for hundreds of years. They can have talking animals and magic. This week, our animal friends teach us some valuable lessons.

### Why Dogs Run After Vehicles

*By Alimamy Kargbo*

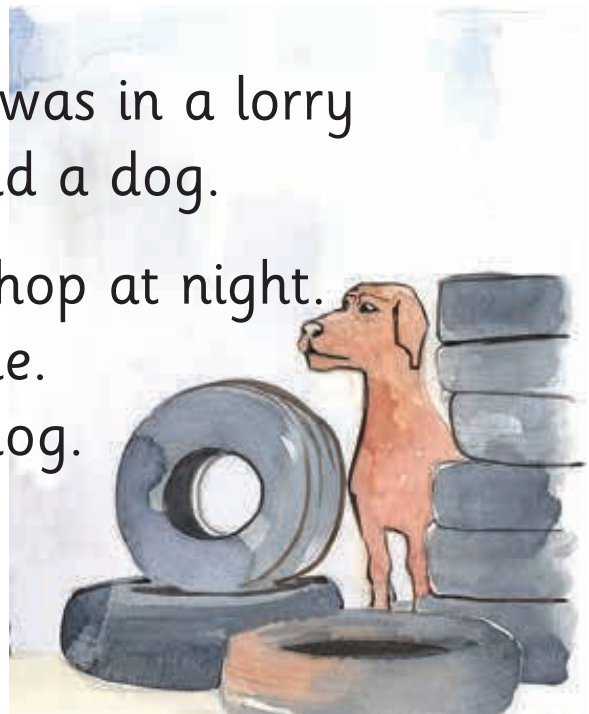
A man had a shop. It was in a lorry park. The man also had a dog.

His dog guarded the shop at night.

One night, a thief came.

He gave meat to the dog.

The dog ate the meat.



While the dog was eating, the thief broke the door. The thief took four new tires.

In the morning, the man came. He saw the broken door. He saw that four tires were missing.

He said to the dog, “Go and find my tires. When you find them, I will feed you again.”

The dog called all of his dog friends. “Please, help me find the tires,” he said.

The dogs agreed to help him.

Since that time, dogs chase vehicles.

They are looking for the tires.





# How Monkey Got His Tail Back

Monkey used to play tricks on the animals. He pulled Rabbit's ears. He tied Snake into a knot. He plucked Cat's whiskers.

The animals did not like Monkey's tricks. They decided to teach him a lesson.

One afternoon Monkey slept under a tree. The animals crept up on him. They rolled a big rock onto Monkey's tail.

"Ow!" shouted Monkey. He woke. He jumped up. He pulled. He yanked. He broke his long tail off!



Cat took Monkey's tail. She ran away.

Monkey chased after Cat. "Give me back my tail!" he yelled. "I need it to climb trees."

"No!" said Cat. "You will play more tricks on us."

"No, I won't," said Monkey. "I promise. Please give it back."

"You must give me something," said Cat.

"What?" said Monkey.

"Bring me milk from Cow," said Cat.

"Then I will give you back your tail."

Monkey went to Cow. "Cow, please give milk to Cat. If you give milk to Cat, Cat will give me my tail back."

Cow said, "Bring me grass from Farmer. Then I will give milk to Cat."

Monkey went to Farmer. "Farmer, please give grass to Cow. If you give grass to

Cow, Cow will give milk to Cat. If Cow gives milk to Cat, Cat will give me my tail back.”

Farmer said, “Bring me rain from Cloud. Then I will give grass to Cow.”

Monkey went to Cloud. “Cloud, please give rain to Farmer. If you give rain to Farmer, Farmer will give grass to Cow. If Farmer gives grass to Cow, Cow will give milk to Cat. If Cow gives milk to Cat, Cat will give me my tail back.”

Cloud said, “Bring me water from River. Then I will give rain to Farmer.”

Monkey went to River. “River, please give rain to Farmer. If you give rain to Farmer, Farmer will give grass to Cow. If Farmer gives grass to Cow, Cow will give milk to Cat. If Cow gives milk to Cat, Cat will give me my tail back.”

River said, “I will gladly give you water.”

River gave water to Cloud. Cloud gave rain to Farmer. Farmer gave grass to Cow. Cow gave milk to Cat. And Cat gave Monkey his tail back.

Monkey thanked Cat. Monkey climbed a tree. He laughed and laughed. He is not laughing at the animals any more. He is laughing because he is happy to have his tail back.



# Why Cockroach and Fowl Don't Get Along

*Retold by Mohamed Sheriff*

Long ago, Cockroach and Fowl were best of friends. Anywhere you saw Cockroach, Fowl would be there. Anywhere you saw Fowl, Cockroach would be there. If you wanted to find Fowl just look for Cockroach. They did everything together; village gatherings, funerals, weddings, child-naming ceremonies and festivals. Their friendship was so strong that they cleared a large portion of land in the village forest and started their farm. Everyone admired their friendship.





They agreed to take turns working in the fields and to share the harvest.

But Cockroach was lazy and selfish. He did not like to work.

To get to the farm Cockroach had to go past Fowl's house. Fowl would watch for his friend to greet him. One day when it was Cockroach's turn, Fowl did not see him go past and the sun was high in the sky. Fowl went to Cockroach's house, where he found Cockroach in bed trembling with a blanket over his head.



“What is the matter Brother Cockroach?” Fowl asked.

“Brother Fowl, as you can see, I’m not well,” Cockroach replied, his teeth chattering. “It must be malaria,” he added.

Fowl felt sorry for his friend and said with pity, “Okay, you can stay home and take your medicines and rest. There is so much work to do on the farm. I will go and do your work.”

As soon as Fowl left, Cockroach threw the blanket aside and jumped out of bed. He told his brothers and sisters about the smart prank he had played on his friend Fowl, and composed a song which he sang with his siblings. When he sang a line, his siblings would respond with *Kongosa*.

They clapped and danced as they sang:

*“I made a fool of Fowl o*

*Kongosa*

*I said I was sick o*

*Kongosa*

*Sick I am not o*

*Kongosa*

*Hmmm hmmm*

*Kongosa*

*Hmmm hmmm*

*Kongosa.”*



They sang and danced until evening.

When Fowl finished his work on the farm, he went to the market to buy food to cook. On his way back he met Guinea Hen, a neighbour of Cockroach. She told Fowl that Cockroach was lazy and was playing a trick on him. Fowl did not believe his friend would do that to him.

The next morning, Fowl did not see Cockroach pass by his house to go to the farm. He went to his friend's house and again found him trembling in bed with a blanket over his head.

Cockroach didn't wait for Fowl to ask. "Brother Fowl, as you can see, I'm not well," Cockroach told Fowl as he did before. "It must be malaria," he added.

Fowl told him not to worry, he would go and work on the farm and left. But he was suspicious and decided to set a trap. Fowl did not go to the farm. Instead, he went next door to Guinea Hen's compound and waited. Fowl and Guinea Hen soon heard singing and clapping coming from Cockroach's house.

Fowl walked quietly to Cockroach's house. He stood by the door and listened. Indeed, his friend was making fun of him behind his back just as the neighbour had said. He heard them singing:

*"I made a fool of Fowl o*

*Kongosa*

*I said I was sick o*

*Kongosa*

*Sick I am not o*

*Kongosa*

*Hmmm hmmm*

*Kongosa*

*Hmmm hmmm*

*Kongosa."*



“That is Cockroach whom I consider a brother,” Fowl said, shaking his head sadly. “How can he play such a trick on me?” he added softly, but he was also angry.



He pushed open the door and rushed inside the house. As soon as Cockroach saw Fowl, he quickly ran out of the house, but Fowl caught him in the yard and ate him up. Since that day, any time Fowl sees Cockroach he chases him. And any time Cockroach sees Fowl, he runs away.



# CHAPTER 13: FRIENDS

We can be friends with lots of people, some who are like us, and some who are different. In this chapter, the stories tell us how to make new friends, how to make our friendships stronger, and how we can be friends with animals.

## What Makes A Friend

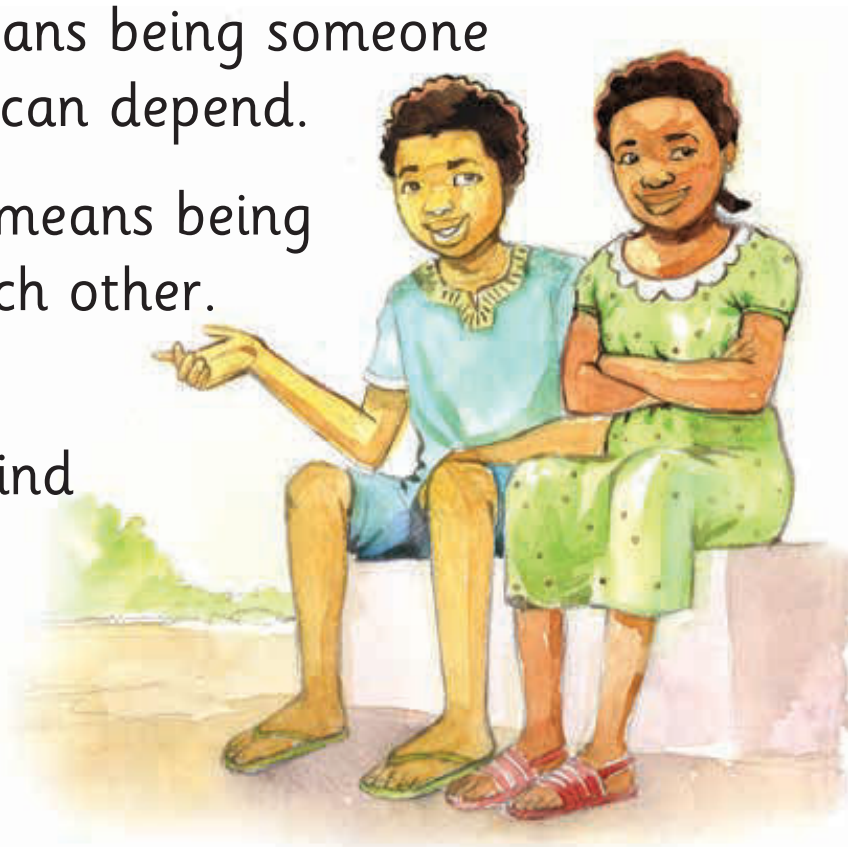
Honesty. That means being truthful.

Loyalty. That means being faithful.

Trust. That means being someone on whom you can depend.

Worthy. That means being valuable to each other.

Friendly. That means being kind and caring.



# Do You Want To Make Friends?



You should be nice.

You should take time to play.

You should do things with your friend.

Be someone they can trust.

You should not boast.

You should share what you have.

You should say “please”  
and “thank you.”

# Friends Can Be Different

I like groundnuts.

Bintu likes mangos.

I like to swim.

Roro likes to run.

I draw pictures.

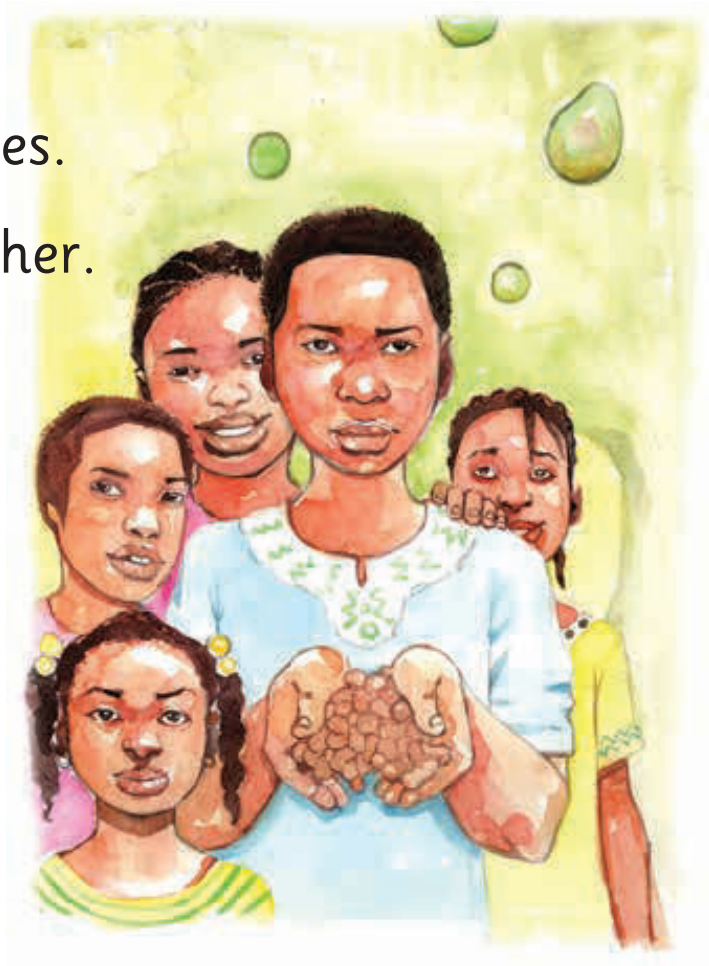
Sia writes poems.

I sing songs.

Finda tells stories.

We like each other.

We are friends.





# May I Play?

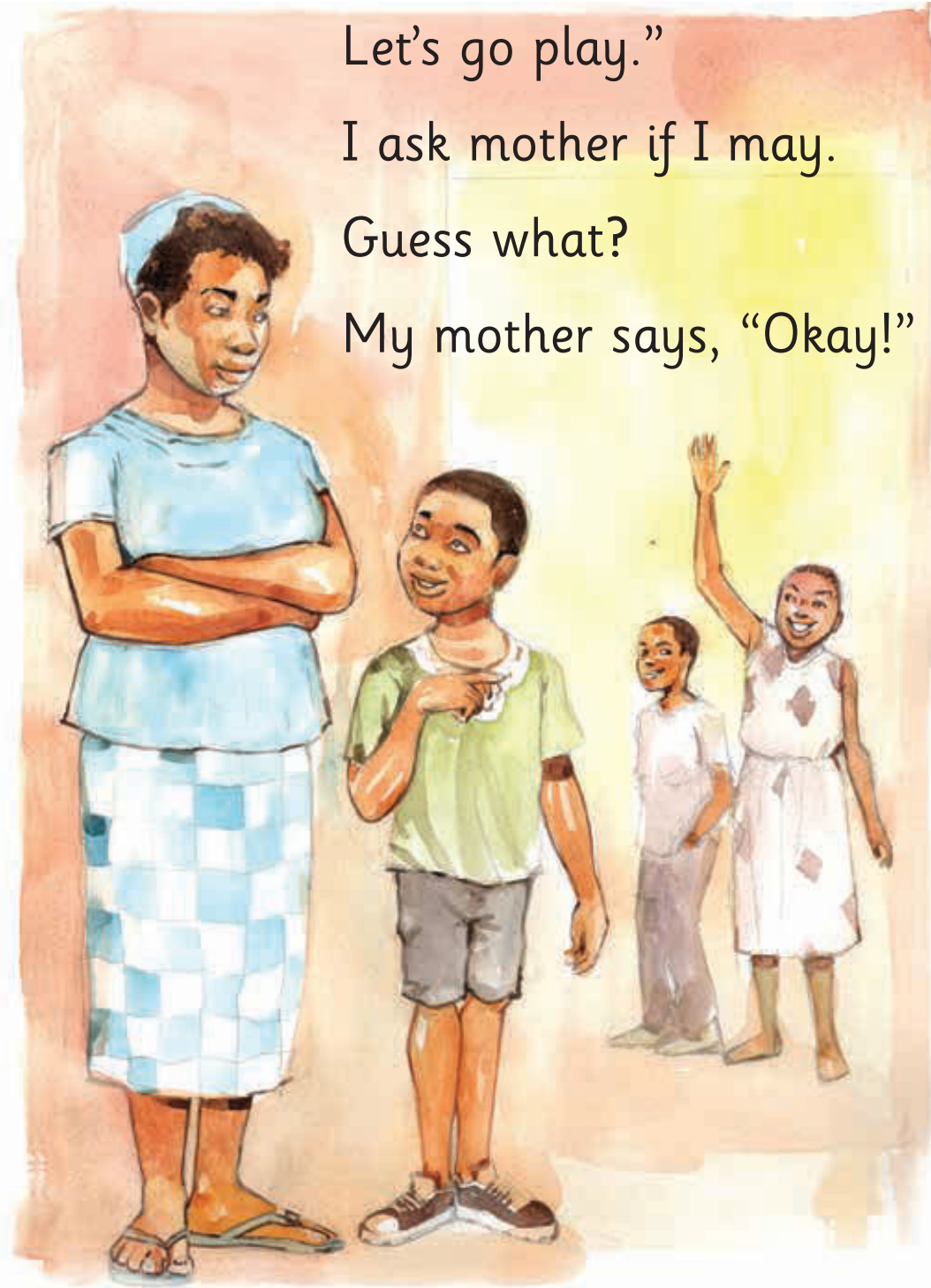
Every day my friend will say,  
“Come outside now.

Let’s go play.”

I ask mother if I may.

Guess what?

My mother says, “Okay!”





# Sia's Missing Cat

*By Teresa Amui*

Sia had an orange cat named Milo. Sia and Milo were the best of friends.

Milo never left the house without Sia.

One morning Sia woke up, but she could not find Milo.

“Mommy! Mommy! Have you seen Milo?” she asked her mother.





“Check in the kitchen. She might be there,” said her mother.

“What can she be doing in the kitchen?”  
Sia asked

“Looking for something to eat,” said her mother.

“No, Milo would never eat without me,”  
said Sia.

Sia went to the kitchen, but Milo was not there.

“Mommy, Milo is not in the kitchen,” said Sia.

“Check on the sofa, Sia. She might be there,” said her mother.

“What can she be doing there?” asked Sia.

Sia looked on the sofa, but she did not find Milo.

Sia went next door to Mrs. Agnes’s house. *Knock! Knock!*

Mrs. Agnes opened the door.

“Sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Agnes. Have you seen my cat, Milo?”

“Milo is not here, Sia,” said Mrs. Agnes.

“Oh no! Where has she gone?” Sia wanted to cry.

“I saw a cat going down the street early this morning,” said Mrs. Agnes.

“Really? Maybe it was my Milo,” said Sia hopefully.

She ran cross the street to her friend Kate’s house. *Knock! Knock!*

Kate opened the door.

“Hi, Sia. Come in,” said Kate

“No, Kate, I can’t come in now.”

“Why?” asked Kate

“I’m looking for my Milo,” said Sia.

“Oh no, I did not see her here,” said Kate

“Where could she be?” Sia asked

“Have you checked at Mrs. Kumba’s fishing net?” Kate asked.

“No,” said Sia.

“You’d better do that. My cat sometimes sneaks into her fishing net,” said Kate.

“Really? But she has never left the house without me,” said Sia.

“Just pray Mrs. Kumba doesn’t find her there or you will never see her again.”

“Oh no! My Milo!” Sia cried out. She ran to Mrs. Kumba’s house. *Knock! Knock!*



“Hello, Mrs. Kumba.”

The woman frowned at Sia. “What do you want, girl?” she said in an angry voice.

Sia was afraid. Then she thought quickly.

“I want to buy some fish,” said Sia,

“Oh, really? How many?” Mrs. Kumba asked.

“Can I see your fish first?” asked Sia.

“Okay! Check in the back yard.”



Sia went to the back yard. There was her cat. Milo was caught in Mrs. Kumba's fishing net.

"Oh, my Milo, here you are." Sia unwrapped the trembling cat from the fishing net.

"I'm so glad I found you at last," she said quietly.

Sia carried her cat all the way home.



# Sarah, The Reporter

Meet Sarah, the reporter.

See her notebook. See her pencil. See her glasses. See her serious face.

“Excuse me,” Sarah says to a boy and a girl. “May I ask you some questions?”

“Of course,” says Adama. “Ask away.”

“First, what are your names?” asks Sarah.

“What?” asks Abu. “Sarah, I am your brother!”

“Hush!” whispers Adama. “Let’s play along. She is acting like a reporter.”

“Okay,” Abu whispers back.

“My name is Adama,” says Adama, “and this is my friend Abu.”

Sarah writes down their names.

“Thank you. What can two friends do together?” asks Sarah.

“We can walk home from school.”

Sarah writes that down. “Yes. And what else?” asks Sarah.

“We can study.”

Sarah writes that down. “Yes. anything else?”

“We can chase birds from the rice,” says Abu.

Sarah writes that down. “Yes. And what else?”

“We can carry water.”



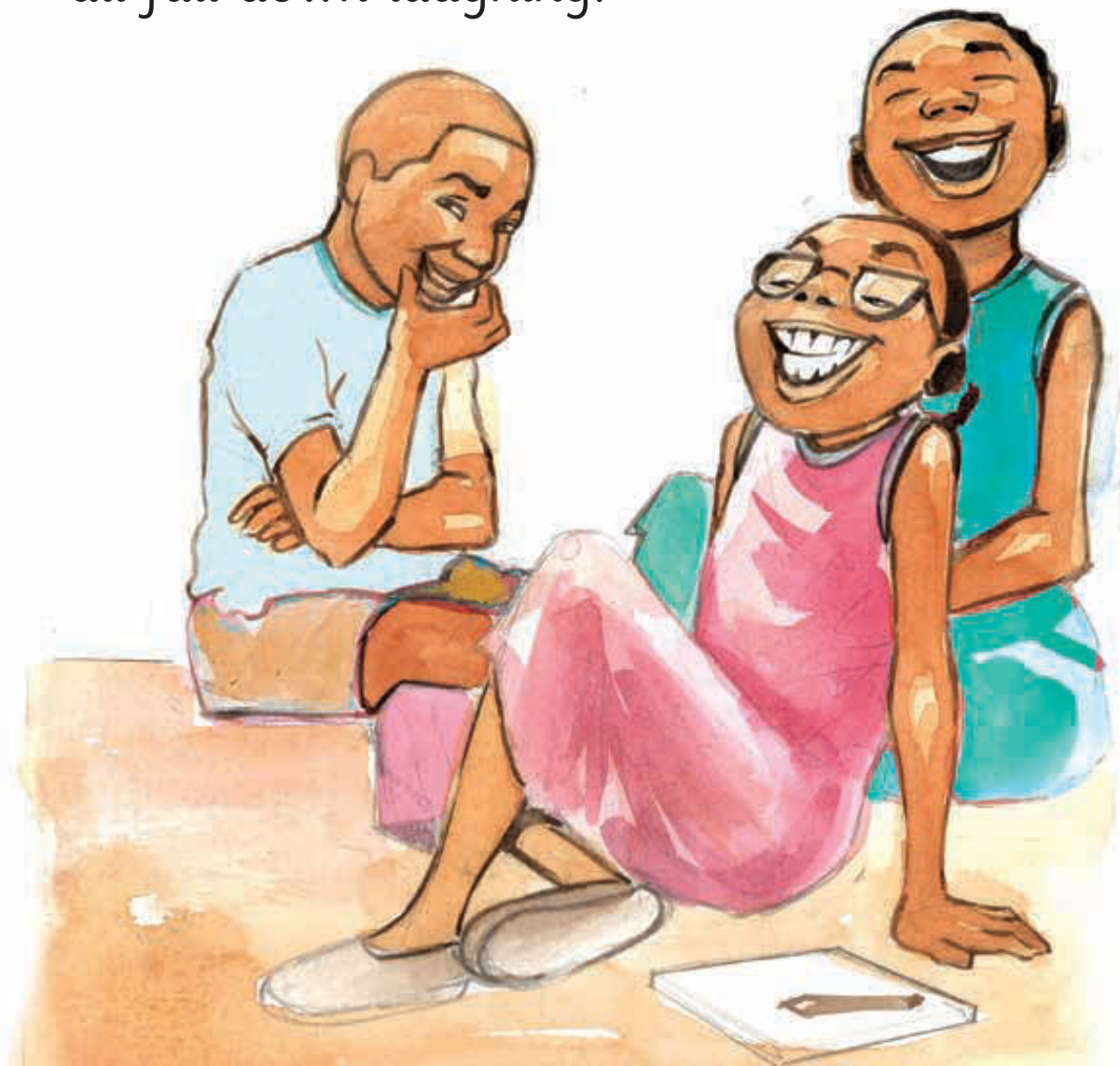
“Anything else?” asks Sarah.

“We can carry firewood.”

Sarah writes that down. “Yes. And what else?”

“We can tickle reporters!”

The two friends tickle Sarah. Then they all fall down laughing.



# CHAPTER 14: JOURNEYS

We all go from one place to another every day. Sometimes we go down the street to the market, or across town to the school, or to the next village. Maybe we travel to another country! Every day we take a journey, and the stories in this chapter explore all the ways we travel.

## First Time in a Poda-Poda

My name is Aminata. I am going to tell you about the first time I was in a poda-poda.

My granny needs a stick to walk, so she needed me to help her on her journey. I carried her small parcel. We were going from Lumley to Kissi. That is a far distance!





First, we walked to the poda-poda queue. It was a long line. There were more than ten people ahead of us. We waited. Then the poda-poda came.

We squeezed ourselves into the poda-poda to get to the back. When we reached our place, I put the load on my lap. Granny put her stick in front of her, to lean on.

The apprentice leaned out of the doorway. “Kissi, Kissi, Kissi,” he shouted. About five more people entered the poda-poda. There were many of us in the poda-poda, but the music made the time sweet. It was companionable.

I was happy to be beside the window. I could see outside. I saw places I never saw before. We rushed past houses, churches, shops, and mosques. Freetown has huge buildings. I could not see the top of some of them. We saw many people in their bright clothes.

When we would stop, petty traders would push against the windows.

“Bread? Sweets? Roast meat? Cold water?” they shouted. I was glad that Granny bought a cold drink for us to share. What a wonderful trip!

# How Will We Get There?

*By Jacqueline Leigh*



Let's go to the market.  
We can shop and talk.  
We'll see all our friends there.  
So come on.  
Let's walk!

Let's go to the village.  
Is it near or far?  
It's too far for walking,  
So, let's go by car.

Let's go to the city.  
There are six of us!  
We can't fit in a car,  
So, let's go by bus.

Let's all cross the ocean.  
That's a long, long trip.  
The road will not go there,  
So, let's go by ship.





# Finda and Mariatu See a Train

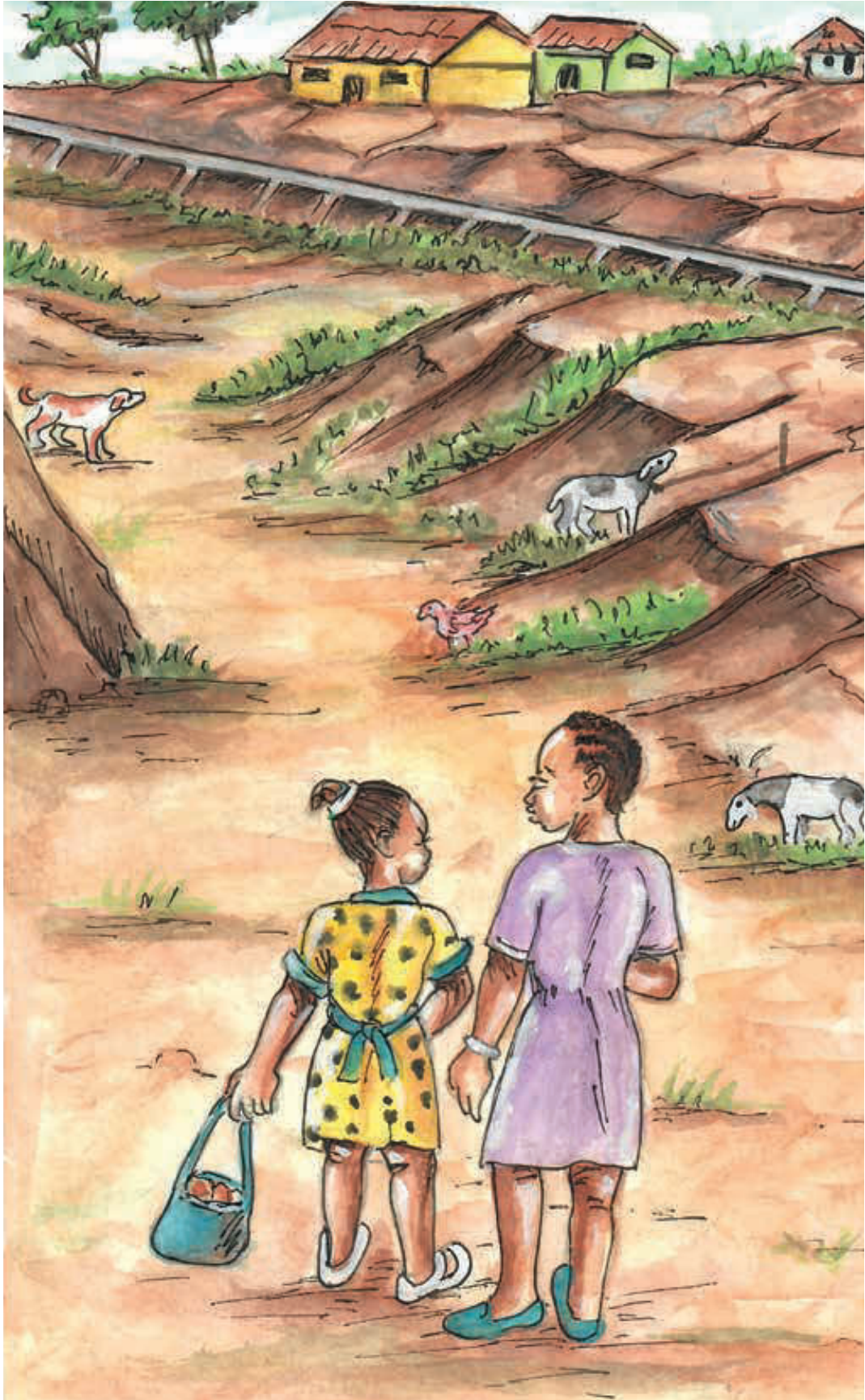
It was school break. Finda and Mariatu had nothing to do. Finda said to her friend, “Up until now, I have never seen a train. Let us go and see one. I know where one runs.”

Mariatu was excited. “Yes! I have never seen a train either. Let’s go.”

Finda said, “If we just walk along the road, out of our village towards the next town, we can see it.”

Finda and Mariatu packed a small bag with two water packets. Finda brought some bread. Mariatu put a small pineapple and two bananas in the bag. They met on the road that led out of the village. They walked and walked.





After some time, they saw something shining in the distance. Finda was the brave one. “Let’s go and see.” Together they climbed up the low ridge. At the top, they saw two shining, thick steel bars that stretched as far as they could see in both directions. Under the bars, there were long cement blocks, holding the bars in place. Mariatu said, “This is a strange kind of road.”

Finda said, “Oh! These are train tracks. I saw pictures of tracks in our social studies book.”





Mariatu agreed. “So, this is the road that a train uses.”

The girls sat down on the smooth, shining metal train tracks. Suddenly they felt something funny. The bars were trembling; they were vibrating. The feeling filled their bodies. The girls looked at each other. Then Mariatu saw something far behind Finda. It was huge and coming towards them. In fact, it was rushing fast towards them!



*CHOO! CHOO! WOOOOOO!* screamed the whistle of the oncoming train.

Mariatu and Finda also screamed. They jumped up. They rushed away from the tracks. They tumbled down and away from the tracks. They lay flat in the grass close to each other.

The huge train passed over the place where they were sitting. A man leaned out of the train window. He shouted at the girls, “Stay off the tracks!”

The man was in the locomotive, which is the engine of the train. It was pulling many smaller cars, but each train-car was bigger than any lorry. Altogether they made a thunderous sound. The big iron wheels rumbled. They made the sound clickety clack, clickety clack as they passed over the tracks.

Finally, the train passed them. The girls lay quietly in the grass for some time.

They were breathing hard. They were trembling. They held each other tightly.

After some time, they stood up feeling a bit shaky. Finda said, “We left our food on the tracks. Can you go get it?”

Mariatu said, “No! No! You get it.”

Finda said, “We will let the train have it. We won’t go up there again.”

Mariatu said, “From now on, I only want to see the train at a distance.”

“Me, too,” said Finda.

The two girls went home, safely. They were hungry, but also happy and full of adventure. They advised everyone to NEVER, EVER sit on the tracks.



# The Yellow Bus

*By Rainny Brito*

The yellow bus to The City goes out of the town, up the hill, beside the river, around the curve, into the bush, out in the sun, and stops at the market.

The people get down to eat.

“Bananas! Mangoes! Cold water!”

The yellow bus to The City starts again. Across the bridge, past the flowers, and by the farm.

We wave to the children and cross the stream.



Ah! A flat tire!

Now it is fixed.



The yellow bus to The City moves again.  
Through the tall grass, past the rubber  
farm, down the hill,  
and slows down...

Crocodile crossing!



The yellow bus to The City speeds  
through the pineapple farm.

Oh, no!

The bus won't go!

We push the yellow bus!

Push! Push! Push!

Okay, get in!

Wow! We speed away!







Through the orange farm, down the mud road, between the hills, beside the bush fire, across the checkpoint, and past the coconut trees.

The sign says,

“Welcome to The City!”

“Hooray!” we shout.

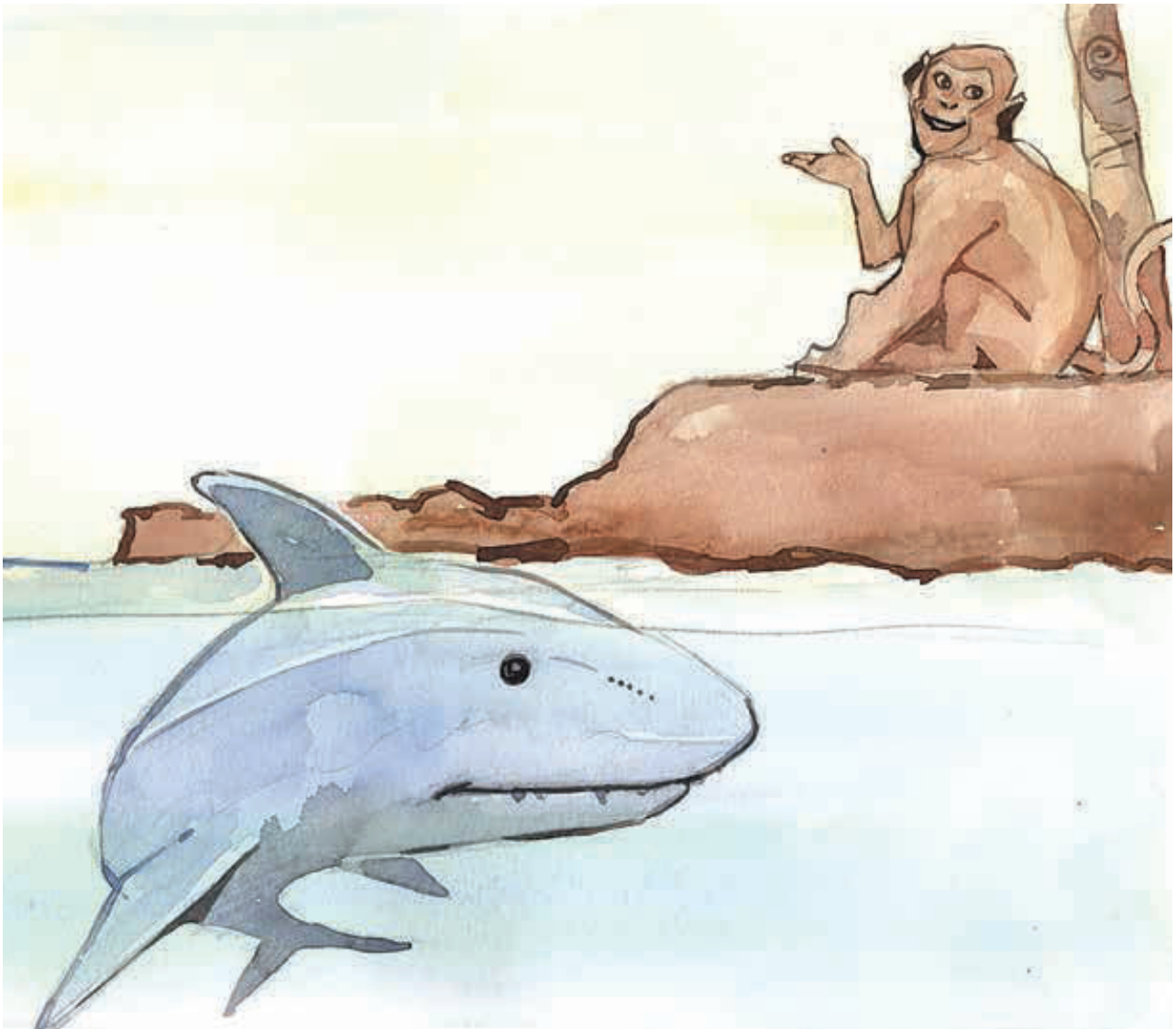
“Long live the yellow bus!”

# Monkey And Shark

*Retold by Moses Kainwo*

Monkey met Shark on the beach.

“Come ride with me,” said Shark. “We will have some fun.”





Monkey got on Shark's back.

They surfed a wave.

They passed a turtle.

They went far from land.

"Where do we go?" asked Monkey.

"To my town," said Shark.

"Why?" asked Monkey.

"To meet my king," said Shark. "He has a crown of gold."

They rode far out to sea.

Then Shark said, "Monkey, our king is ill. He needs a gift."

"What gift?" asked Monkey.

“A monkey’s heart,” said Shark, “will make him well.”

“Oh,” said Monkey. “Don’t you know? We monkeys do not go to sea with our hearts. I left mine in the tree.”

“What tree?” asked Shark.



“The tree by the beach,” said Monkey.  
“Take me there and I will get it for you.”

“Oh, sure. Let’s go back to the beach,”  
said Shark.

He swam fast. Shark took Monkey back  
to the beach.

Monkey jumped off Shark.

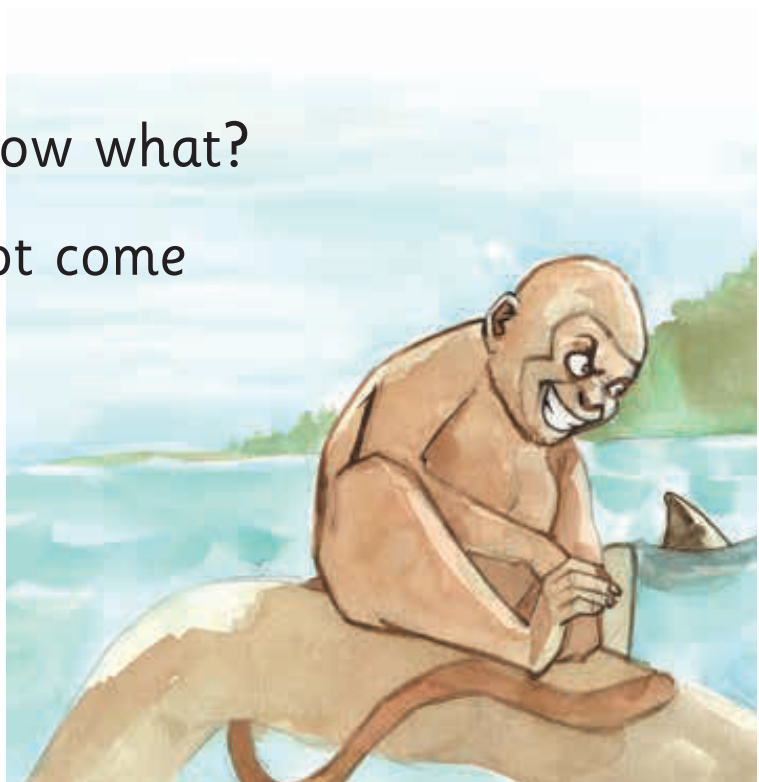
“Wait here,” said Monkey. “I will be  
right back.”

Monkey climbed high in a tree.

Shark waited.

But do you know what?

Monkey did not come  
down again.



## Reading on the Waves for the Classroom: The Teacher's Guide to Lesson Planning and Teaching

DLC-2 supports classroom teachers by providing practical information on how to incorporate the content from the Anthology and the audio recordings found on the MP3 radio-players into effective, gender-sensitive lesson plans. If you don't have access to the audio recordings, you can still use the teacher's guide and the anthology to plan fantastic lessons.

The Anthology text and the audio recordings follow the same lesson plan model that a teacher uses in the classroom. This common and familiar model has three main parts 1) Pre-Reading, 2) Reading, 3) Post-Reading. When a teacher is reading with pupils, this structure improves comprehension, vocabulary knowledge, and English-language speaking and listening skills. This model increases a pupil's ability to read and understand a textbook or their notes.

The audio recordings feature readers, who provide a lively, gender-responsive program for children's literacy learning. Pre-reading and post-reading/listening activities are provided with each reading. You can control the delivery of learning materials by pausing the program to ask and answer questions, and to explain parts of a reading. The MP3 radio-players also allow you to record pupils' reading from the Anthology. You can play the recorded pieces back to enhance the learning outcomes for pupils.

