

# Reading for Meaning

**Welcome to the Reading for  
Meaning programme.**

**We hope that you will have fun  
reading stories and doing activities  
with learners.**

**Remember, nurturing and  
supporting a child is important  
for their physical, emotional and  
academic development.**

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**Part of the Zero Dropout campaign working towards  
halving the rate of school dropout by 2030.**

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for Meaning

# A Crazy day

STORY GUIDE

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## EACH READER NEEDS...

The story

Pens or pencils

Paper

# The Story



## **INTRODUCE THE STORY**

It's the last day of school holidays and Siya is scared to go to Grade 5. He thinks of all the bad things that could happen, so to feel better he makes a plan of what he will do when he gets to school the following morning....

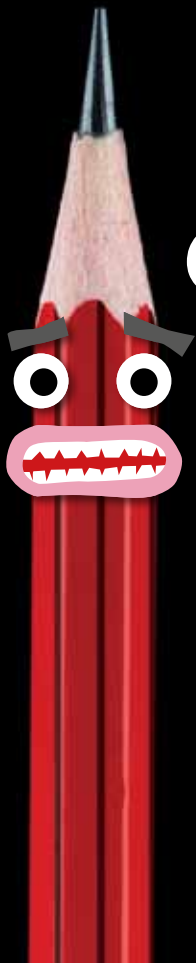


## **READ THE STORY...**

Read the story aloud, with expression. Change your voice when different characters speak.

Pause briefly for commas, full stops etc. and between paragraphs.

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# A crazy day

It was a very crazy day. I was feeling strange before I went to the shops, but even stranger when I got there. Wait till I tell you what happened, and then let's see if you agree that it was a crazy day.

It was the last day of the holidays. My Gogo said "Now, Siya, go to the shop and buy what you need for school. Here's money but, Siyabonga," she looked at me sternly, "don't buy sweets!"

Sweets were the last thing on my mind. After spending 2 years in Grade 4, I was going into Grade 5, and I was worried. To tell the truth, I was scared.

I don't do well at school. You see, I can't read very well, and I really don't like writing, either. When a teacher tells us to write something, I just feel stupid. So I try to keep very quiet in class.

But this year I had a master plan. Tonight, I planned to go to bed just after supper. Then in

the morning I'd get up very, very early and be first one at school. I'd get into the classroom before anyone else, and claim a desk at the back, where the teacher couldn't see me. If I could do that, I'd be safe for the year.

In no time at all I was at the shop, staring at the shelf labelled 'School Stationery'.

My heart sank. All these pens and pencils, rulers and erasers made me think of how useless I felt in class.

Suddenly I heard a voice saying "Take me, take me, Siya!" I looked down, and there it was – a pencil. I couldn't believe my ears. That voice was coming from the pencil! It was a scratchy kind of voice, but very loud and clear. "Take me! And my brother!" – and there was another pencil. They started dancing around.

Talking, dancing pencils! I must be going crazy. I rubbed my eyes. There they were, still hopping about like wild things, and singing:

*Take us! Take us!*  
*Please don't make us*  
*Stay here all alone*  
*We'd rather come home*  
*We'll be your friends!*  
*We'll help you feel bright*  
*We'll help you write right!*

“What – are – you – talking – about!” I heard myself say. I really must be crazy, talking to two dancing pencils. What was happening?

Now they were leaping about, jumping over each other. “We’ll dance for you! We’ll give you new ideas! We’ll help you to write! We’ll have fun!”

Then it got even weirder. Something fell down from the shelf in between the two pencils. It was a sharpener – and in a squeaky little voice, it sang:

*Take me too!*  
*Yes, please do!*



*I'll help you to  
Sharpen those two!  
Sharp-Sharp!"*

There was a clatter. This time it was a pencil case. It was also singing:

*You'll need me for sure!  
I'm nice and blue  
And I'll look after  
This crazy crew*

It opened wide and the sharpener hopped in. Next the two pencils hopped in. They lay down, using the sharpener as a pillow.

"See? We can behave ourselves. Please take us. Pleeese!"

My mouth was hanging open. Then I remembered what my Gogo once told me. If I thought I was dreaming I should pinch my arm and leg. So I pinched my arm, and then my leg. And guess what? – it all faded away. The shop, the shelves,

the dancing pencils, the singing sharpener and the cosy pencil case. They were gone. And I was in bed!

So I wasn't crazy. My crazy day was just a crazy dream. I had gone to bed so early that my dreams had gone very, very strange.

It was still dark and I could see a big moon in the sky. I drank some water and thought about my crazy dream. I stretched out my hand, and there they were: the pencils, the sharpener and the pencil case that I had really bought, in the real shop, the day before.

But somehow, I felt that these little guys were now my friends. I drifted off to sleep, but there were no more crazy dreams.

The next morning, as I was racing to school, it hit me. "That was my dream" I thought. "It was a crazy dream, but it was *my* crazy dream. And it was quite funny, really."

Then I thought: “And if I could dream it, I could write it.”

Suddenly, writing didn't seem so scary after all. No more master plan for me, maybe I wouldn't sit at the back. Yes, I would sit at the front and have some faith in myself. I slowed down. My strange day was turning into a good day, and maybe this was going to be a good year, after all.



## WORD FOCUS

Ask the Readers to choose words that they find difficult and write them on a sheet of paper.

Ask them to use a dictionary or ask someone else at home what those words mean in their home language. Help them out if necessary.



## SECOND READING...

Once you've worked out the meaning of the words, read the story again out loud.

# Activities

## A WHACKY DREAM!

- 1** Ask the Readers to think about a wacky dream they've had.
- 2** Now ask them to write that dream down. What it was about? Who was in it?
- 3** Once they have written it down, ask them to share their dream. It's okay if they do not feel comfortable sharing.
- 4** After sharing, encourage them to talk about how the dream made them feel.

# Ending

Praise the Readers for their participation.

Ask if they enjoyed the story, and what they liked best. Tell them you enjoyed it too.

Say goodbye, and say how much you look forward to seeing them next time.

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