

Reading for Meaning

Welcome, story supporter!

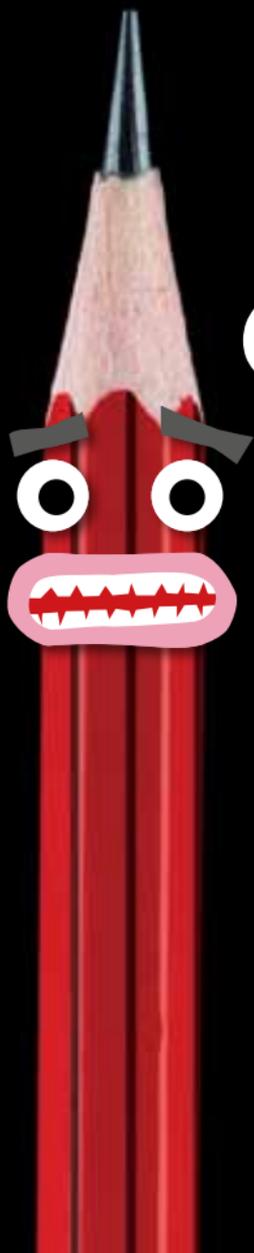
**We hope that you and your child
have fun with this story.**

**Nurturing and supporting
your child is important for
their physical, emotional and
academic development.**

**ZERO
DROP/OUT**

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

Reading
for Meaning



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.

EXTEND THE STORY...

Here's my
dream...



WRITING
ACTIVITIES



READING
ALoud

WHAT TO USE

Pen or pencil and a blank sheet of paper

WHAT TO DO

- After reading the story, ask your child to think about a crazy dream they have had before.
- Ask them to write that crazy dream on a piece of paper.
- When they are finished writing, ask them to read it to you.

- Ask them how the dream made them feel.
- Encourage them by sharing your own crazy dream.

This is a good way to talk to your child about emotions and how dreams can make us feel.

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