



Children's Book Network

**HAPPINESS PROJECT**

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## Putting children and books on the same page

# SCENT WEEK 3

## Project for Children Sense of smell

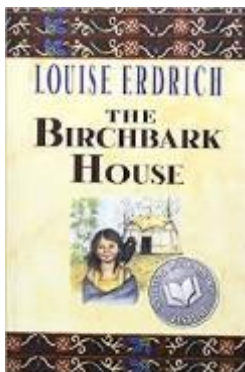
### ABOUT THIS SENSE

This week we are thinking, reading and writing about our sense of smell. This is a lot more important than we might think. This sense warns us of danger, helps us to taste properly and also brings memories back from where we have stored them in our brain.

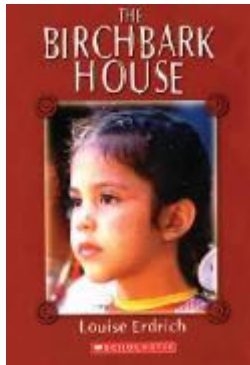


Do you remember the smell of bread baking in your grandmother's kitchen? Or floor polish in your Auntie's house? Or disinfectant at the clinic? Or a rose in your grandfather's garden? If you smell them again, you will remember these places.

### READ ALOUD – BOOKS SUPPLIED WITH THIS PACK



1 This extract is from a book called: *The Birchbark House*. It is about an American girl called Omakayas, who lived about 150 years ago. The book is by Louise Erdrich, published by Hyperion. Omakayas is in the woods near her home when she finds some bear cubs. She plays with them for a few minutes, and then – suddenly – something happens.



*There was no warning. One moment Omakayas was wiggling a leafy stick, making it move on the ground so the cubs would jump on it. The next moment she found herself flipped over on her back and pinned underneath a huge heavy thing that sent down a horrible stink. It was the mother bear. Breathing on her a stale breath of decayed old deer-hides and skunk cabbages and dead mushrooms. Owah!*

*Until the mother bear made the first move, Omakayas knew she should stay still, or as still as possible, given the terrified thumping of her heart.*

*For long moments, the bear tested her with every sense, staring down with her weak eyes, listening, and most of all, smelling her. The bear smelled the morning stew Omakayas had eaten, the wild onion seasoning ...*

*... the bear smelled fish from the night before last night, the berries she was eating. The bear smelled all.*

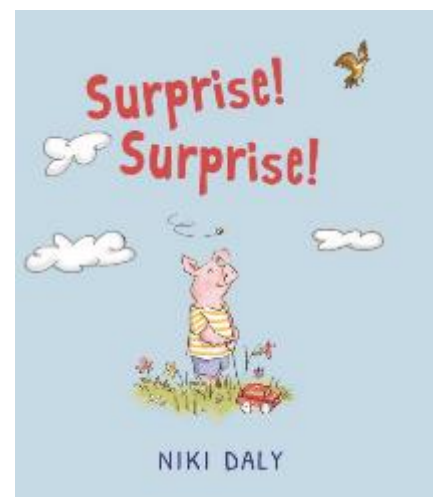
*Omakayas couldn't help but smell the bear back. Bears eat anything and this one had just eaten something ancient and foul!*

2

### **Surprise! Surprise! By Niki Daly.**

Pigs are supposed to be smelly. Guess what? They are not! But this story is about what happens when two people adopt a piglet (pig baby) as their own.

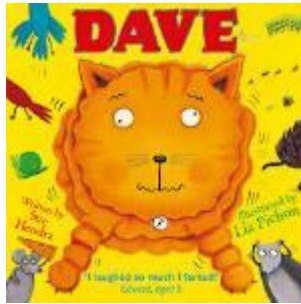
Niki Daly is one of South Africa's most famous illustrators and writers. And he lives in Kleinmond!





3

### **Dave, by Sue Hedra, illustrations by Liz Pichon**



This is another funny book that we hope will make you laugh. It is about a cat called Dave who ate too much and got stuck – until the other animals helped him out. It's a bit rude, but funny books sometimes are!

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### **Read aloud is listening and hearing ...**

One of the greatest pleasures in life is listening to somebody read aloud. It helps if they are a good reader. Here are some tips about reading and listening.

#### **If you are the one doing the reading**

Practise first! You have to read the text carefully at least three times. Then try reading it aloud. Find a quiet place (with no brothers or sisters to put you off!).

Don't try to listen to yourself. Try to get really inside the story. Focus on the meaning of the words. If there is a word you don't know, look it up, or ask. If you can't find the meaning, read the sentence and think what it could mean. Maybe use an easier word instead?

With your second reading, concentrate on the difficult words and say them over and over until you are sure you can read them without stopping.

With your third read-aloud, enjoy yourself! If there are different voices, try making them sound like people you know. Have fun.

#### **If you are the one being read to**

Close your eyes. Let the words flow around you. Listen! Enjoy! Ask to hear the story again if you like it. (Say thank you to the reader.)



## QUIET READING ON YOUR OWN - AND WRITING

Here is a story that was specially written for this project. It is about a boy who is far from home, lost in a desert. He is almost dead from thirst ... and then he smells the wonderful scent of rain falling on dust.

### 1

#### The most wonderful scent in the world ... rain!

*If you were a bird, high up in the sky, you would see Jan. A person in a small airplane might see Jan, far below. He was lying under a tree. He wasn't moving. He had been there for hours. Nobody knew he was there. All around him was dry, dry land. There had been no rain here for five years.*

*Jan was still alive. He was thinking about water. He was thinking about drinking a cool glass of water. First, he would hold the glass in his hand and watch how the outside of the glass turned frosty-cool. Then he would take the glass to his dry lips and let the water cool them too. Then he would let the water fill his mouth. It would be delicious! After a moment, he would swallow the water and feel the cool trickle down his throat.*

*Jan groaned. It was terrible here under the tree. Hot. But it was the only tree for miles around. He opened his eyes – slowly. There was just desert to see. Only dry, dry desert. Then he looked again. There was a cloud! There hadn't been any clouds for a long, long time.*

*He closed his eyes again. He half-slept. He only woke when something changed. The sun had gone! Where had it gone? It was hard to look. It would be easier to just sleep, even if that sleep would be forever. The cloud was bigger. Grey and thick, it covered the sun. The thin shadow of the tree was long. Night was coming.*

*When the first drop of rain hit, it was like a stone. Hard and fast, the raindrops began to fly through the air. Jan rolled over. He kept his eyes closed, but his mouth open. Rain! And there was that smell ... The smell of rain on dust. It filled his brain and filled his heart.*



*The rain made him feel alive again. Slowly Jan sat up, leaning against the tree. He was soaked. His wet clothes stuck to him. His open mouth collected drops and drops of water until he let it trickle down his throat and swallowed. At first, it was difficult, but the rain got harder. He felt cool for the first time in weeks. He breathed in the wonderful scent. Rain. Water. Life.*

*An hour later, Jan stood up. He did that very slowly, like an old, old man. But he was moving again. The desert was still there, but now there were silver pools of shining water. He rubbed his face with water, cleaning away the dust. Maybe he could walk a bit?*

*It took all night. Slow steps, slow steps, Jan walked the way to home. When he got tired, he would stop to take a sip of water from a pool. Would he always be thirsty? Would he be thirsty for the rest of his life?*

*The first light of the sun shone across the silver pools before Jan saw his home. Somebody was coming! Somebody was running across the silver sand. Somebody was calling his name. Jan! Jan! You have come home to us!*

*Somebody caught Jan as he fell. Somebody held him in strong arms. Somebody swept him up and carried him. Home.*

*It was Pa.*

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## **WRITING ABOUT THIS STORY**

A glass of water, a cup of water – a sip of water - is a simple thing. But not when you don't have any. Take a little quiet time, this writing exercise needs thinking as well as writing.

Read Jan's story and try to imagine what it was like for him. There are three parts to the story:

- Lying under the tree with no hope
- The rain begins and the scent of the dust fills his mind. Jan has hope again.
- He starts to walk – very slowly – but he is moving. He sees his home, and somebody calls his name.



Try to imagine that it is you lying under the tree. Think of the bird, or the person flying in the small airplane. Think of being so thirsty. Think about the start of the rain and the hard drops falling on you – saving you. Try to have a cup or glass of water near you when you write this. Close your eyes. Let the cool water touch you as it touched Jan. Think about it when you write. This going to be a story about you – an ‘I’ story. (This is called a first-person story.)

Write 5 sentences about an adventure in a desert before a storm Begin with the word ‘I’ in your Happiness Book. Here is a picture of a tree and a desert to help you.



Try to use all of your senses to make your writing real. Think about ...

- How stones are sticking into you as you lie there
- How the shadow of the tree has moved as the day passed
- How you miss your family
- How you wished you had listened when people told you not to go in the desert alone
- How very – very – thirsty you are

Think about what you wish would happen ...

- Pa might come and rescue you
- Your dog might pick up your scent and lead people to you
- The scent of fresh bread and coffee in the morning would be wonderful!
- Your baby brother or sister calling to you
- Ma kissing you goodnig



2

## STORY WRITTEN BY GRADE 7s – MY TWO LIVES

This story begins with the words: I used to live at home. Now I live at home and at school.

When you read the story, watch out for the senses – seeing, touching, smelling seeing and hearing. Think about how important our senses are to our experiences in life.

Think about how our ability to smell things works with our memories. If you think of a scent, you will remember a place or a person.

### My Two Lives

I used to live at home. Now I live at home and at school.

Every Sunday afternoon I come to the school in the farm truck and every Friday afternoon I go home again in the same truck. So my life has become two lives. Sometimes I forget which life I am living. Sometimes I look up and I expect to see Ma - and instead I see our teacher. Or I wake up and I expect to hear the farm sounds and instead I hear the school sounds. It's difficult, some days.

I like my two lives. But I miss my family when I am at school and I miss my friends when I am home. It's like being homesick for something most of the time.

Homesick.



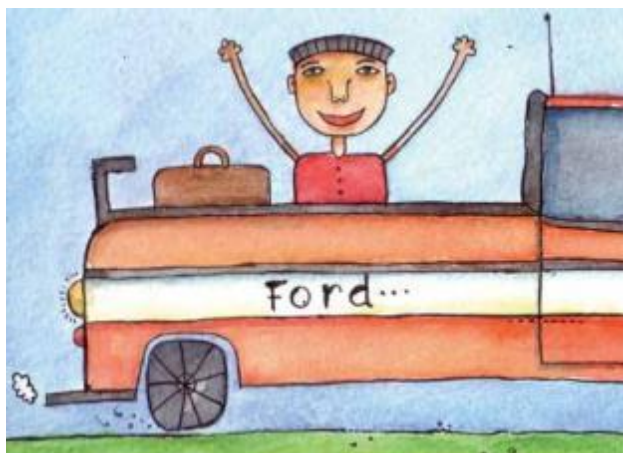


My first life is in a small cottage on a cattle farm where there are also horses and donkeys and sheep. Our cottage is part of a row of square little houses with two windows and a door, and smoke coming out of the chimney from the wood stove where Ma cooks our food. In the winter, the stove also keeps us warm in the cold of the Kalahari Desert. Our house is painted blue, like the clear Kalahari sky.

We have a big dog called Wagter and a small dog called Spot - and some chickens. The chickens are the first things I hear in the mornings when I am at home. The hens go pecking and scratching around in the dust outside my window, and the cockerel makes a noise from the time when first light breaks out on the black sky.

I lie in my small bed, under the blanket Ouma knitted for me and I am warm, warm - like the eggs from the hens when they are fresh laid and the hens have been sitting on them. I can hear Wagter's tail thumping on the floor while he waits for me to get up. I can smell Ma's bread baking in the wood stove, and the kettle sings with the hot water for our tea. Ma.

My first life is getting up from my warm bed and collecting the eggs and helping in the vegetable garden and fetching pails of water for Ma from the tap. And riding the donkey sometimes. And Pa.



Pa has always lived on this farm, and his father lived here too, and they always worked for the same family, the ones who take me to school in the truck. Pa looks after the horses and the donkeys. He knows everything about them, and what they should eat and not eat, and how to care

for them when they are sick, and how to clean their hooves. Everything.



Sometimes Pa takes me in the little donkey cart with the team of four donkeys pulling it, and I watch how Pa tells them what to do and how they do it. Pa.

My second life begins when the truck comes and there are other children from the next-door farm and we smile at each other, a little, and think about what we will do in our week away. But we look back, over our shoulders, as the farmhouses get smaller behind. The dust road gets better until it joins the tar road, and when the wheels hit the tar, we know we are on our way.

School is where we are going to learn so much that our lives will be different. That's what Meneer says to us, often. He says learning is our chance and he helps us all the time to take that chance.

'You must read!' Meneer says, and he reads to us too - stories and History and Geography. Everything.



My second life is the sound of the bell ringing early so that we can get up and wash and dress and sweep our room and go for breakfast, which is hot porridge and coffee with lots of sugar. My second life is about the sound of my friends. I hear their voices all day, calling to me and to each other. We work hard at school and the day goes round and goes round until lunch and then it is soccer practice. And it goes round and round until, in the end, it is nighttime and I go to my bed in the room with my friends. We talk for a bit, and then we fall asleep. Friends.



But first I think about my other home.  
And the donkeys pulling the little cart. And Wagter and Spot and the  
hens.  
And Ma.  
And Pa.  
And home.

Home is where I come from. Home is me.

### **WRITING IDEA FOR YOUR HAPPINESS BOOK**

Do you have two places that you call home? Maybe E Cape and Stanford? What is it like to wake up in your home? What do you smell, hear and feel? Take a little time to think about the differences. Maybe note down a couple of words. Here are some ideas of words that might be useful:

Busy, quiet, crowded, dry, hot, traditional, modern, farming, cattle, dogs ...

Now write a paragraph about one of them, and then a paragraph about the other one. Are they very different? Write what you like and don't like.

If you still feel like writing, may be write another story about the journey between these places.

Illustrate and decorate your stories.



## WORDS ABOUT SCENT AND SMELLING

There are two kinds of smells.

**Nice smells** – usually we call them scents. Scent is difficult to spell – notice the unexpected ‘c’ after the first letter ‘s’. We might also use the words perfume, or fragrance to describe a good scent, like flowers. We can also use scent to describe following a trail or a spoor. You might catch the scent of an animal you would like to see in a game park – like an elephant.



**Bad smells** are usually just called smells.

The words that describe bad smells are quite ugly! Stink, stench, pong or reek. Bad smells are also a warning. The scent of a tiger is very strong and gives you warning to take care! You might use some of these word in your writing.

### The word ‘weird’.

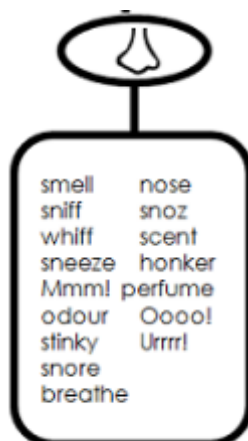
This word is used about a hundred million times a day and means nothing now because it is used so often. It really means unusual and strange – maybe a little bit scary.



If you find yourself saying that a smell, or scent is weird, stop and think of a better word. (Maybe beautiful, strong, unpleasant, lovely or fantastic – but not weird!)

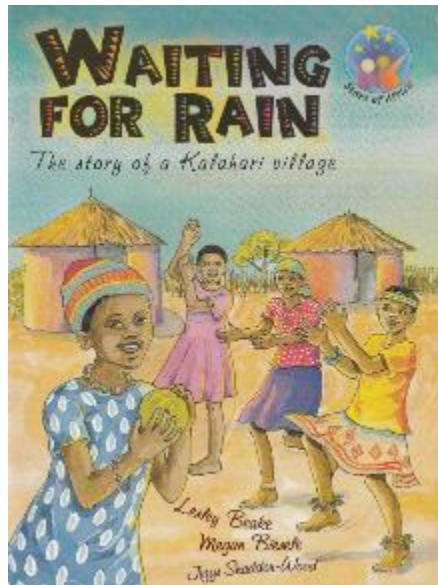
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### Word Map of interesting words about smells and scents





## NON-FICTION



This extract is from a book called: *Waiting for Rain* by Lesley Beake and Megan Biesele. It is a story – but a story based on fact. Megan Biesele has lived and worked with San people for 50 years. She knows a lot about their lives and speaks their language. Lesley Beake is her friend. She has also visited the San people many times. They wrote this book together.

This extract is from page 28, at the end of the book. The rains are late, and the land is thirsty.

*When Oza had finished his story, the people were sleepy – from the meat and the fire and the story. One by one, they went off to wrap themselves in their blankets to sleep. Oza sat smoking alone, staring into the fire. I went to sit with him, and he made space under his blanket.*

*After a while, he began to play softly on his thumb piano. The notes of the music fell over the sleeping village, like stardust.*

*Then came the gentle rain. Oza knew it first. He lifted his head, like the old hunter he is, smelling the rain. Then I smelled it too. The rain had come. It filled the air, sweet and thick and welcome.*

*Tomorrow, I will not need to carry water to Xama's garden. Baby Xamama and her mother will shelter in the hut and listen to the sound of the rain on the thatch. The cattle will stay near to the village. Deep in the earth will be the beginnings of the new bush plants. Tomorrow.*

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## WRITING ABOUT THIS STORY

Write a few sentences about the next day in this village. Try to think, and write, about your senses – especially your sense of smell. Begin with these words:

*When I woke up, the rain was finished.*



## MORE NON-FICTION

This extract is from a book called **How do your senses work?** Which is part of the Usborne Flip-Flap series.

### ***Smelling things***

*Your nose lets you know about all the good smells and bad smells around you.*

### *How your nose works*

*You sniff through your nose. The air zooms in. It is carrying a smell.*

*The air flows over a little patch high inside your nose. The patch has tiny hairs on it.*

*The hairs send messages about the smell to your brain.*

*If you like the smell of food, you will probably like the taste too.*

*If you don't like the smell, you probably hate the taste.*





## FROM THE INTERNET

Humans can recognize 10,000 different odours. However, no two people sense anything the same. (Odour is another word for smell.) If you are standing next to your friend and smelling the same thing, you might be getting different messages.

You might be thinking: 'What a lovely scent! It reminds me of my favourite aunt!'

Your friend might be thinking: 'What a horrible smell! It reminds me of my brother's nasty girlfriend!'

<https://www.livescience.com/10457-smell.html>

## WRITING IDEAS

### 1

Choose some of these scents or smells and write five sentences in your own Happiness Book. Decorate your page with colour and ideas! You can write as much as you like. Have fun!

- Bacon cooking on a Sunday morning
- Perfume on a beauty queen at a party
- Waking up smells in my house
- Driving past KFC – and stopping!
- Driving past KFC – and NOT stopping!
- Wood fires on the first day of winter
- Popcorn at the movies
- Playing soccer on a muddy field
- Flowers on the breeze
- The smell of the sea

## KEEPING A NOTEBOOK

Ideas are a bit like butterflies. They can easily fly away and get lost!

You can use your Happiness Book to write down ideas for stories. That might be just one word, a sentence or an outline of an idea. They might be useful.

Keep all your notes. When you are writing a story, you can look back through your notebook and remember the ideas (butterflies) that were once in your mind.



## YOUR STORIES

How about writing a longer story now? Here are some ideas.

1

I could smell the sea. I couldn't hear the waves yet, but I could smell the sea on the strong wind blowing from the beach. I ...

You take over and go on from there! Write as much as you like and decorate and illustrate your story.



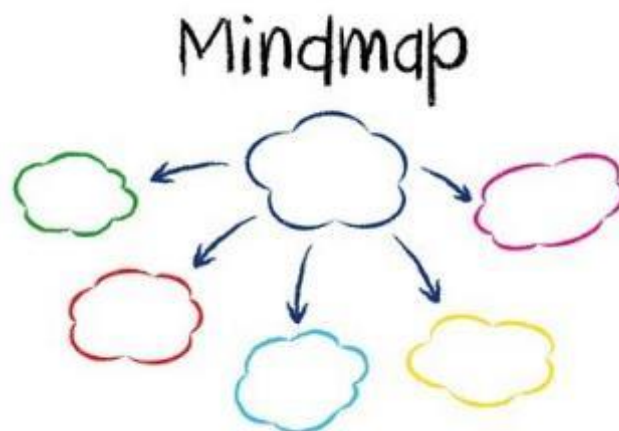
2



I was lying on the grass where I could smell the flowers. Yellow and pink and white, they were everywhere. The bees could smell them too ...

Over to you!

## USING A MIND MAP TO PLAN YOUR STORIES












## ACTIVITIES

Find these things/people in your home. Smell each one separately and write down the first word that comes to your mind.

You can draw the table in your Happiness Book. Let the smelling begin!

ITEM	SMELL DISCRIPTION (One word)
A bar of soap 	
Inside your school bag 	
Clean clothes 	
Hugging your mom 	
In the morning when you wake up 	



# HOW THE BODY WORKS

## Nose: Word Find

Directions: Print out the word find. See how many words you can find from the list below.

O X L G A Z G D S S U T M I P  
 P O B M B M E E S M E L L I A  
 D P O A V F P U Y T Q L F R Y  
 C D O X Q T I X S L A S P X C  
 O S G L U V K Y E S U S O I M  
 N O E M Q R B G B C I M T K O  
 A O R P X L A K U S J T B E U  
 C U S F H L U M H G M L V I M  
 Z V W T I O A J K Q X O O L A  
 V Y I T R R C O M I X W N O I  
 G B R N Q I N E Z E E N S X L  
 S A V O A R L O X O X P Y I I  
 C B U S P C Y S N F Z L F G C  
 Z I Y E V B Z R T C R K Q M L  
 O L F A C T O R Y P O N J D L

BOOGER	NOSE	SMELL
CARTILAGE	NOSTRILS	SNEEZE
CILIA	OLFACTORY	TASTE
MUCUS	SEPTUM	TISSUE



## Imagination Cards

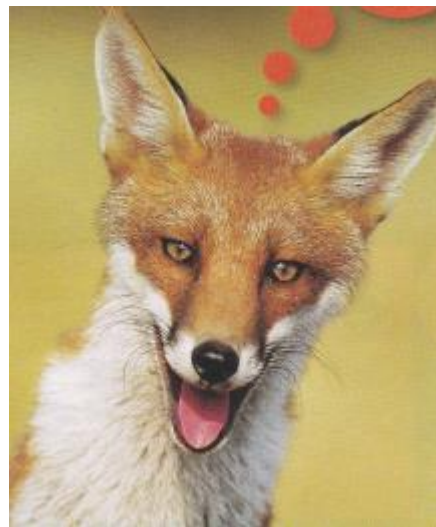
### Back to the butterflies of ideas.

It sometimes helps to let your imagination fly free. Stop thinking, and look at the pictures we have supplied. Let your mind go wherever it likes.

Use your Happiness Book to record some of the things you think of when you look at the pictures in the pack that comes with this project. Maybe just write down words, or draw a picture.

Next step is to write a sentence about your ideas. Now your story can grow. Try for five sentences at first – then write as much as you like.

## FUN





# What IS YOUR SCENT PERSONALITY?



PRESENTED BY  
**BRIT+CO**  
method



## REFERENCES AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We have quoted, with thanks, short extracts from several books that will be reviewed on CBN's website.

They are:

*The Birchbark House*, by Louise Erdrich, published by Hyperion in USA.

Usborne Flip-Flaps, *How do your senses work?* By Judy Tatchell with illustrations by Maria Wheatly.

*My Story, Our Stories* by the children of South Africa – story *My Two Lives* by the children of Boplaas Primary. These stories were first published in the Sunday Times as part of a project commissioned by the Parliament of South Africa.

*Waiting for Rain*, by Lesley Beake and Megan Biesele, published by Maskew Miller Longman in their Stars of Africa series.

Images: We have used pictures from old copies of *National Geographic* magazine to help to make your reading and writing more real. We are in correspondence to get official permission to do this.

### Letter to YOU!

Please write as much as you like in your Happiness Books. They belong to you. Let us know what you like and what you don't like. We will listen. We can change what we do to help you enjoy the most important skill you have – READING!

With love from the CBN team:  
Wilien van Zyl and Lesley Beake