



Children's Book Network

**HAPPINESS PROJECT**

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## Putting children and books on the same page

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# THEME 4 TASTE

## Project for Children Sense of Taste

In part four of this project, we are reading and thinking about your sense of taste and how important it is in your life. The books we have chosen are both non-fiction and fiction and are a little more difficult. It is worth taking the extra time and making the extra effort to get deeper into the joy that books can bring you. This project has been written and produced especially for CBN children by the CBN team. We hope you love it!

Make a new front page in your happiness book. Before we get started, show some of the tastes you love – and some that you don't!

### What you will find in this Tasting and Reading Booklet:

Read Aloud with help from an adult

- How do your senses work? (Usborne Flip-Flap book)
- Charlie and the chocolate Factory by Roald Dahl
- Remembering Green by Lesley Beake
- The great watermelon competition
- What happens to your food? (Usborne Flip-Flap book)

Read Alone

- Prince Bob and the Fairly Godmother Librarian
- What would I miss?
- Marco Polo and the best chef in the world.
- Poem – Lemons and Apples
- Non-Fiction - Salt

Writing

- Secret parcel
- Food I like and food I don't like
- What would I miss?
- My grandmother cooks ...
- What would I wish for?



### Thinking

- About cooking and eating – and learning to like new tastes

### PUZZLES GAMES AND ACTIVITIES

- 1 Imagination cards – 5 in each unit
- 2 Taste Boxes





## Happiness Project Theme 4

### Sense of taste

#### ABOUT THIS SENSE

Look at the picture on the cover of this week's workbook. These men are tasting something they don't like – and we think the expressions on their faces are very funny!

Have you ever taken a sip of tea and found out it was coffee? Or coffee and found out it was hot chocolate? Your mind gets very confused. It is expecting one thing – but getting something else.

Tastes can be very good – or very bad. Sometimes they are unexpected. Some tastes you like because you have been tasting them since you were a baby. Some tastes you grow to like as you get older.

### READ ALOUD

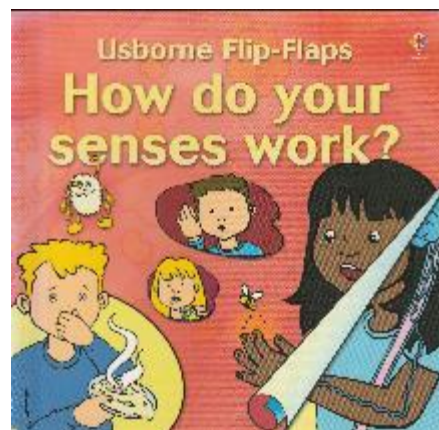
#### READ ALOUD BOOK 1 (Non-Fiction)

##### Information about our sense of taste

This comes from the Usborne Flip-Flaps book, *How do your senses work?*

Your tongue is your taster. It is covered with little bumps. You can just see them if you look very closely in a mirror. The bumps have taste buds on them. The taste buds sense different tastes:

- Sour things
- Bitter things
- Salty things
- Sweet things.





When food touches your taste buds , the taste buds send messages about the flavour to the brain. The messages travel along nerves. Your brain recognizes what you are tasting.

Your tongue’s touch receptors tell you if food is too hot. Or if there is something sharp in it. Or if it is too lumpy to swallow.



### WRITING ACTIVITY

- ❖ Think about the things you love to taste. Write 5 sentences in your Happiness Book. Write more, if you like. These books are for you to enjoy.
- ❖ Think about things you don't like (dislike). Write 5 sentences in your book.
- ❖ Talk to your friends. Your likes and dislikes will be different – but almost everybody likes KFC and ice-cream!



### More science:

Our sense of taste is complicated. Scientists don't always agree about the main points.

But it is added to by our other senses. The brain uses all our senses to create a memory of taste.



- We smell a braai cooking next door and can imagine the taste
- We chew food and the brain gets signals – is the food soft? Crunchy? Crispy?
- We see the colour and shape of the food and begin to imagine the taste.

Taste is the most important part of cooking – and eating. Did you know that taste is something we have to learn as we grow up? If we only eat one kind of food, we never enjoy the thousands of different tastes in the world.

Try to practice when you are eating. Think about things that are bitter (like lemon peel, coffee, tea) and things that are sour (like yoghurt that does not have added sugar, or vinegar). We can train our taste-buds to recognize different foods and different tastes. Taste also gives us warning if food is going bad and is dangerous.





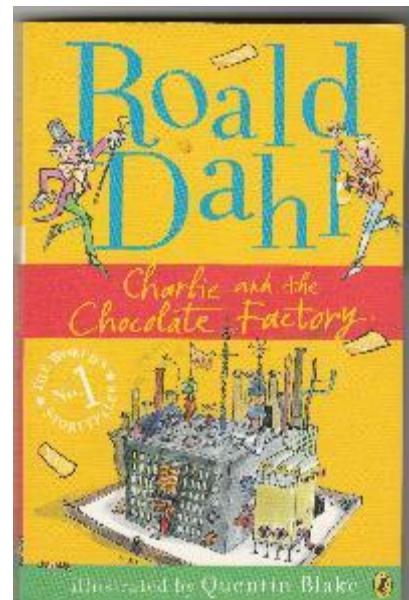
## READ ALOUD BOOK 2

### Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

About this book: The writer – Roald Dahl – is one of the most famous writers for children in the world. (His name is not spelled incorrectly. His parents were immigrants to Britain from Norway and that was how they spelled their son's name!) Children everywhere love his books. Over 250 million copies of them have been sold worldwide.

In this story, Charlie, his parents and his grandparents are very, very poor. Charlie only has a chocolate bar once a year, on his birthday. This is what happens then:

*Only once a year, on his birthday, did Charlie Bucket ever get to taste a bit of chocolate. The whole family saved up their money for that special occasion, and when the great day arrived, Charlie was always presented with one small bar to eat all by himself. And each time he received it, on those marvelous birthday mornings, he would place it carefully in a small wooden box that he owned and treasure it as if it were a bar of gold. For the next few days, he would allow himself only to look at it, but never to touch it. Then, at last, when he could stand it no longer, he would peel back a tiny bit of the paper wrapping at one corner, to expose a tiny bit of chocolate and then he would take a tiny nibble – just enough to allow the lovely sweet taste to spread out slowly over his tongue. The next day, he would take another tiny nibble, and so on and so on. And in this way, Charlie would make his bar of chocolate last for more than a month.*



Soon, you will be able to read Roald Dahl's books in the CBN book club.



WRITING EXERCISE:

**TOP SECRET PARCEL!**

With this story comes a writing exercise you will enjoy. You will be given a parcel as a gift from CBN. Don't open it until you are sitting down with your Happiness Book and your pen.

When you are ready, look at your parcel. Smell it. Feel the shape of it. Take it out of the envelope. Now you know what it is! But don't open it yet!

Write five sentences about getting your parcel. Think about how Charlie made his treasure last a long, long time. Could you do that?

Now open the parcel and taste a tiny bit. Write about what it feels like when the chocolate spreads its wonderful taste around your mouth.







### READ ALOUD BOOK 3

### REMEMBERING GREEN

In this book, by Lesley Beake, two girls are waiting in line to get their food. This is a story set in the future. Cape Town is an island after global warming has turned Africa into a desert. Food is no longer grown on farms and gardens, but is made in factories – and made to look like real food, without tasting of much.

*Right. Next?*

*Sharon moved her gum from one side of her mouth to the other. 'Two brown slices and a red vegetable,' she said.*

*'What?'*

*'Two brown slices and a red vegetable!' Sharon was irritated. I could tell. Sharon often was.*

*The woman looked annoyed.*

*'That'll be three carbon credits,' she said grumpily.*

*Sharon tossed her shining yellow hair over her shoulder and winked at me.*

*'It was only two and a half carbon credits yesterday,' she said.*

*'It's warmer today than yesterday,' the woman said nastily. 'Three species gone extinct since Friday, they reckon. Brown slices cost more.'*

*Sharon considered. 'And the red veg?'*

*The woman smirked. 'Same thing. Everything's getting dearer, dear.' She laughed. 'It's all right for you rich kids. Some people haven't seen a red vegetable, never mind a brown slice, in years.'*

*Sharon fingered through her wallet and found the credits. But her mouth had a sullen look that didn't augur well for the rest of the afternoon.'*



### THINKING AND WRITING

Think about what it would be like not to have the taste of real food. No more fried chicken, no more mealie pap with butter and sugar, no more fizzy drinks. You might have pills to swallow instead – and it wouldn't be the same.

In your Happiness Books, write a few sentences about what you would miss most. That might be ordinary food that you have often – like toast and tea. Try to imagine the taste and the texture (feel) of the food in your mouth.

You would also miss sitting with your family and eating. Write about that too!

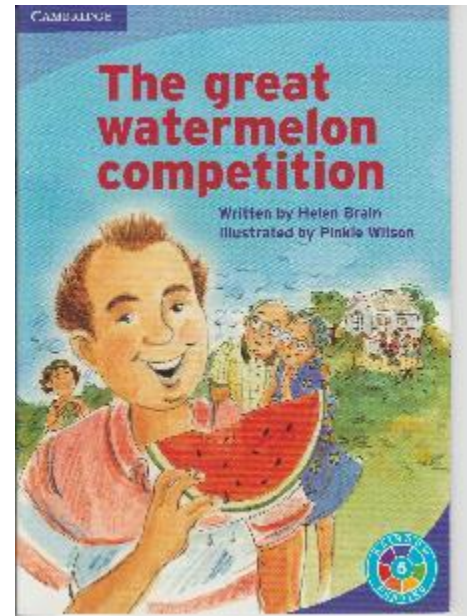


## READ ALOUD BOOK 4

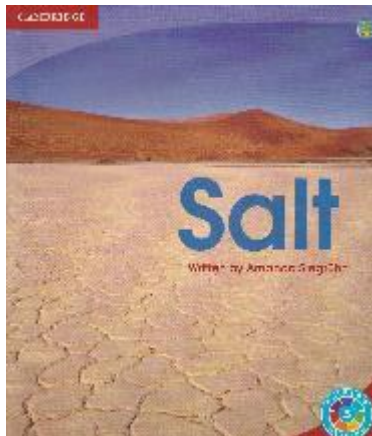
The great watermelon competition. This book is for fun. Read about how the family compete to have the best and the biggest watermelon.

### Writing exercise

Describe the taste of the first bite of watermelon in summer.



## READ ALOUD BOOK 5 – NON-FICTION: SALT



Salt is one of the most important ingredients in cooking. It is also essential for life. For thousands of years, salt has been traded all over the world.

### WRITING EXERCISE

Write down 5 things you learn from this book. You might be surprised at how important salt is!



## READ ALONE

### READ ALONE 1 Prince Bob and the fairy-godmother-librarian

This story was written specially for this project. It makes fun of the usual fairy stories and it happens in a modern world. Prince Bob has problems with his parents and their ideas. He has to eat bananas all the time because his mother read in a book that bananas are good for boys. He has to do cross-country running because his father thinks it is cheap. Luckily, he has a fairy godmother!

This is meant to be a funny story. It looks at stereotypes (things that you *expect* to happen) and turns them round.

### PRINCE BOB AND THE FAIRY GODMOTHER

*Once, not so very long ago, there was a prince. His name was Prince Bob. And because he was a prince, his parents were, obviously, a king and queen. They weren't very good at it.*

*Queen Sharon had very strange ideas about what Prince Bob should eat. (She read a lot of books.) Some of the books had good ideas – like the one that suggested that children ought to have plenty of fruit. Prince Bob quite liked strawberries, raspberries, apples and oranges. But he didn't like bananas and that was the fruit that the book liked. So, he had bananas every day (four times a day) for six months, waiting hopefully until his mother read another book.*



*King Andy didn't bother about all that sort of thing. King Andy was only interested in sport. Cross-country running, that was the thing, he said. Best (and cheapest) sport in the world. All you needed was a pair of shoes (if you had them) and a Good Attitude. That meant (Prince Bob learned) that you had to pretend to like it.*

*Every day, after he had eaten his breakfast bananas, Prince Bob had to set off to run right round the castle grounds. Then he had to pretend he*



*enjoyed it (to his father) and eat another banana (with his mother). Life was hard.*



*Luckily, King Andy and Queen Sharon got one thing right. Before the days of bananas and cross-country running, when they were still a bit sensible, they had organized a fairy godmother. Prince Bob had never met her (she lived in a library in another town), but she sent books every birthday and they were usually good books with lots of adventures and car chases.*

*'I wish ...' Prince Bob wished, that my godmother would appear.' He had read about godmothers in the books that weren't about bananas, and they sounded quite useful*

*'You called?' said a voice quite close to Bob.*

*When Bob came out from hiding behind the curtains, he saw a strange figure sitting on his bed. She was reading one of his books. She didn't look like the godmothers in stories. (No magic wand with a star on top.) She didn't look like a librarian either. (No glasses. No pen stuck in her hair.) She looked like an ordinary person. Well, apart from the scarlet cloak and the green jump suit with a big L on the front. And the wings. And maybe the earrings. The earrings were something else.*

*Bob was still looking at the earrings as they flashed on and off. 'Read!' they said, in letters of green and red. 'Read! Read! Read!'*

*'Yes?' the fairy-librarian-godmother asked.*

*'Um ... ' said Bob.*

*('Um' is what people say when they can't think what to say. Some people say it a lot.)*

*The fairy-librarian-godmother stood up. She was quite tall, Bob realized. Her wavy red hair stuck up in a bun with a pencil made her even taller. She yawned and stretched.*

*'Terrible choice of books,' she said. 'Did you choose them?'*

*'Um ...' said Prince Bob.*

*'No, I didn't think so. I suppose it was your mum?'*

*'Um ...' said Prince Bob.*



*'Sharon was always hopeless at choosing books.'* She looked kindly at Prince Bob. *'Now, I expect you want a wish?'* she said. *'Um ...'* said Prince Bob.

*The fairy-godmother-librarian was looking bored now. Prince Bob realized he had better think of something. Quickly. He had read about this in books, of course. You were supposed to have your wishes ready, and they were supposed to be clever wishes. Prince Bob had never expected to be asked.*

*'Um...'* he said again.

*The fairy-godmother-librarian was looking even more bored. She tapped her foot impatiently. Gold boots, Prince Bob noticed.*

*'Well?'*

*Suddenly, Prince Bob remembered something he had read in a book. Several books, maybe.*

*'Could I have that wish where food tastes like whatever you want it to be?'* The fairy-godmother-librarian looked at Prince Bob. She looked disappointed. *'Is that all you can think of?'*

*'Well, Prince Bob said, 'I eat a lot of bananas.'*



*It came true.*

*At lunchtime bananas, Prince Bob wished for Salt-and-vinegar chips flavour. It was a bit strange, eating banana-feeling food and tasting crispy-chippy flavoured food. Strange, but quite interesting.*

*At afternoon tea bananas, Prince Bob wished for chocolate cake. That was a bit better. The banana feel went quite well with the chocolate cake flavour, especially the icing bit.*

*At dinner bananas, Prince Bob wished for samosas. That wasn't so good. Half the fun of samosas is in the crispy outside and the way the spicy hot juice runs down your chin. That didn't work with the bananas that felt just the same as bananas always do. Slimy.*

*It got worse. Breakfast bananas were fried chicken flavour – and they did taste of fried chicken. But they felt like ... bananas.*



*Over the next few days, Prince Bob thought very hard about what flavours to ask for. He tried caviar, which Queen Sharon sometimes ordered for big parties in the castle. That just tasted of fishy bananas. He tried oysters. That was worse, although the feel of oysters and bananas is just about the same. He tried sausages. Not very nice even if they were about the same shape and size as bananas. He tried fish and chips. (Bad mistake.) He tried curry and rice. (One of the better ones.) He tried bacon and eggs, fruit loops and peppermint crisp. He tried egg sandwiches (one of the worst) and even haggis (which somebody told him Scottish people liked). Everything tasted of what he asked for, but felt like ... well, bananas.*



*Prince Bob went to his special thinking place and thought. He thought about how to get out of his wish. It hadn't been a very good wish. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, he thought about better wishes that he could have had.*

*When he had thought of a proper plan, and a proper wish, Prince Bob was ready. He went to his room. He hid behind the curtains first (just in case). He took a deep breath.*

*'I wish ...' Prince Bob wished, that my godmother would appear.  
'Yes?' said a voice. Prince Bob looked out from behind the curtains.  
'Hello,' he said. 'I am so glad you came back.'*

*The fairy-godmother-librarian smiled. 'That's better,' she said. 'Some manners, at last.' She looked at him carefully.  
'Enjoying your bananas?'  
Prince Bob shook his head. 'Not really.'  
'Thought of a better wish?'*



*'Um ...'  
The fairy-godmother-librarian looked irritated. 'Well? Get on with it. Don't just stand there saying 'um' all the time!'*



*Prince Bob took a deep breath. 'Could I have ... um ... as many books as I can ... um ... read ... um for the rest of my life?'*



*The fairy-godmother-librarian smiled. 'Ah!' she said. 'A decent, proper wish at last. Hardly anybody wishes for that. Pity. It is the best wish of all.' She nodded and smiled a secret smile. She flapped her wings a bit and then opened a small gold handbag (solid gold) and took something out.*

*'Here you are,' she said, preparing to fly off again. 'A good wish ... a GREAT wish. I am very proud of you.' She put something into Prince Bob's hand. 'Now I am off. I won't be able to come again. Enjoy your wish!' 'Thank you! Thank you!' Prince Bob managed to say. Before she crashed out of the window and disappeared into the sky. 'THANK YOU!'*

*He waited a few minutes before he felt able to look at what she had put into his hand. Then he smiled. Then he laughed. Then he laughed so hard that tears ran down his face. Then he laughed some more until they stopped. Perfect! Just PERFECT!*

*It was a library card!*



## **WRITING EXERCISE**

There are thousands of children's books where children are given a wish – and get it wrong! Think very carefully about what you would wish if a fairy godmother – or a fairy godfather turned up one day. (It is always good to be prepared!)

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## READ ALONE 2

What would I miss?

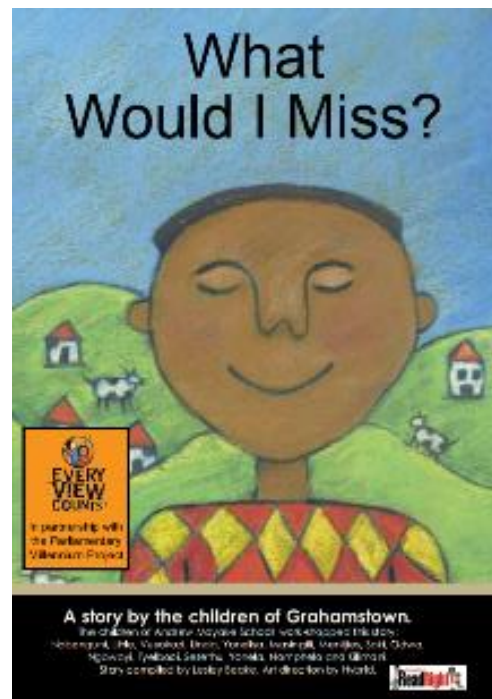
This story was written by Grade Sixes as part of a project to find out what children were thinking. They talked about all of their senses – sight, sound, taste, touch, hearing and smell – but look for the things they said they would miss tasting.

### WHAT WOULD I MISS?

I live in a village where the boys still look after the cattle - like they have always done. The hills still roll gently across the edge of the sky - like they have always done. And the people smile when they greet you - like they have always done. I live in the village where Mr Nelson Mandela lived when he was young.

I am a boy, like he was and I do the same things that he did, long ago. I look after my father's cattle and I stick-fight with the other boys. We make clay oxen at the river and we slide on the smooth rocks on the hills, just like he did.

Sometimes I think about the things that are the same, about Mr Nelson Mandela and me, and the things that are different. Then my heart beats a little faster. I don't know if I would be brave enough to be like him, or strong enough...or wise enough. I am only a boy.



What would it be like if some people came and took me away? What would I think if they put me into a van and drove me away to another place; a place that my ancestors did not know? What is it like to be in prison, to not be free? I think I would be afraid, and I would be sad.

At night, I would lie awake in my prison and I would think about the things I would miss.





*My home where my dad was born,  
The green mealie fields, the mountains and the rivers.  
The sound of the sheep in the afternoon.  
The soup that mother makes for us when the nights get cold.  
The smell of coffee in the morning in the sun.*

Then I would be angry.

But I would remember the people who had gone before me. I would remember how they waited in prison and how they talked and learned and wrote in secret. I would remember how they were strong.

I would think about their thoughts when they were prisoners and their sadness. Did they think about their mothers and the time when they were young, like me? Did they remember the sounds of the cattle coming home to the kraal in the evening, and the way their hooves kicked up the dust on the road, and the way the cattle shone when the sun was low, and they were beautiful?

Did they miss their friends and the running and the playing and the sound of the sticks cracking one on the other and the calling of the other boys and the walking home with the scent of the dust and the grass and the smell of home?

Did they remember the cold splash of river water and riding on the backs of calves?



Did they think about the girls with their beads and their smiles and the way that they walk when they bring water?

And did they remember the stories their grandfathers told them, and the smell of tobacco and the warm laughter of men who were free?

Did they dream of the milk when it is warm from the cow, and the stars on black nights when the moon is asleep? Did they think of the scent of the earth when the plough turns it over and the green of the mealies when they first poke through the earth? Did they?

I think they did.



What would I miss?

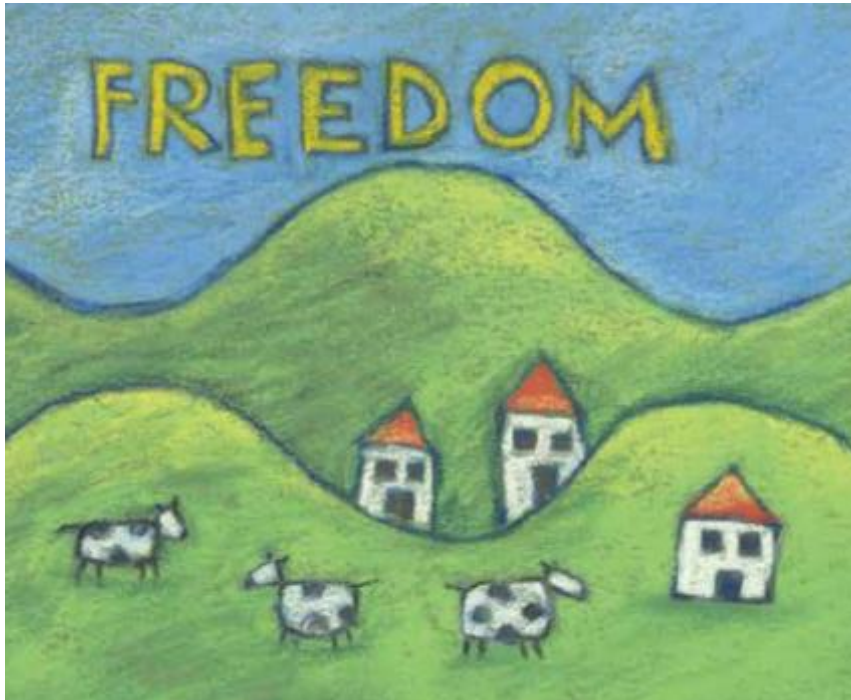
What would I miss if I wasn't here?

The sun on my back while I sit on the hill, watching my  
father's cattle.

The fur on my dog's back when I touch him.  
Blue and white beads trickling through my fingers when  
my mother is working.

What would I do when I got back from prison?

Run and run on the green land of my home.  
Warm my hands at the fires of my ancestors.  
Just sit - and be here.  
Freedom!



### WRITING EXERCISE

What would YOU miss if you were suddenly taken away from your home?



### READ ALONE 3

#### MARCO POLO THE WORLD-FAMOUS CHEF!



Here is an interview with a famous chef. Grade 6 learners are asking the questions. The chef is called Marco Polo.

Grade 6:

Is Marco Polo your real name?

Marco Polo:

No! I chose the name because my father is Italian and my mother is Chinese. Marco Polo was a traveler who went from Italy to China hundreds of years ago. He was born in 1245. He brought back news of many new ideas and products – and tastes. My cooking is like him. Adventurous!

Grade 6:

How did you learn to be a chef?

Marco Polo:

I started with very simple cooking. My grandmother taught me – and mother. I learned to cook like an Italian and also like a Chinese person.

Grade 6:

How can I learn cooking?

Marco Polo:

Start with what you have, Start with simple things. Like an egg.

Grade 6:

But eggs are easy to cook!

Marco Polo:

Maybe. But eggs are not easy to cook *properly*. People cook eggs all the time that don't taste very good. That is because they don't take enough time and care.

Grade 6:

Can you explain that, please?



Marco Polo:

Certainly. Here is how I would cook a perfect soft-boiled egg.

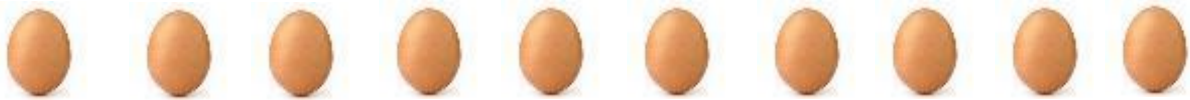
- First, I would have a small pot with nearly boiling water.
- There must be enough water to cover the eggs.
- I would *carefully* put the eggs into the water, one at a time.
- (Be VERY careful with hot and boiling things)
- I would time the eggs on my phone – one minute exactly!
- Take the pot off the heat.
- Then put the lid on the pot and time the eggs.
- Don't walk away and do something else and forget!
- 6 minutes for a soft egg.
- 7 minutes for an egg that is a little bit harder.

Grade 6:

That sounds very complicated.

Marco Polo:

Only the first time! It gets easier and easier. Then you can start cooking difficult things like cakes. You just have to take care and think about what you are doing. Cooking is fun.



### WRITING EXERCISE

In your happiness book, write a list of how your mother or grandmother cooks your favourite food. Ask her about it! Offer to help. Helping is the best way to learn new things.(It is also a good thing to do to help.)

Do it like this:

First my grandmother goes to the shop with a list.

Then she gets everything ready.

Then ...

(5 Sentences)

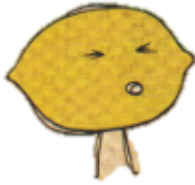
Draw an illustration of your favourite food and maybe write about why you like it so much.



## READ ALOUD 4 -POETRY

Read Oranges and Lemons and think about the taste of fresh citrus fruit.

### LEMONS AND APPLES



One day I might feel  
Mean,  
And squinched up inside,  
Like a mouth sucking on a  
Lemon.



The next day I feel  
Whole and happy  
And right,  
Like an unbitten apple.

*Mary Neville*



## PUZZLES GAMES AND ACTIVITIES

### *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.

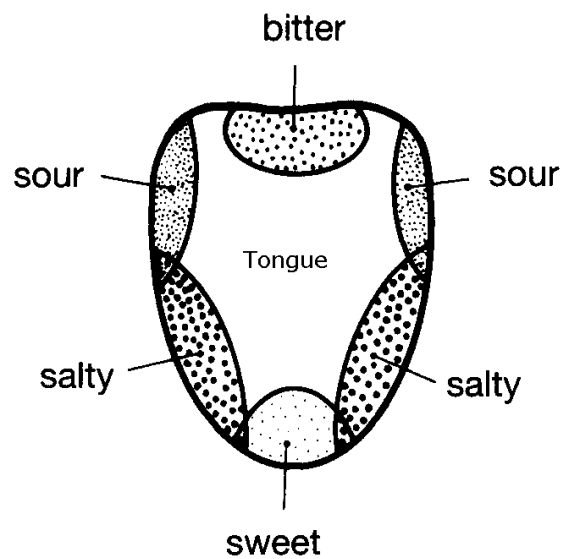


## *How does it taste?*

Redraw this table in your Happiness Book. Use a whole A4 page and divide it into 4 quarters.

Salty	Bitter
Sweet	Sour

Draw these picture in their correct block of taste.





## REFERENCES AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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

*They are:*

*Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, most loved of books by Roald Dahl, published in 1964 by Penguin Books. This book, and others by Roald Dahl have been donated to CBN and will be in the book club soon.*

*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. These stories were first published in the Sunday Times as part of a project commissioned by the Parliament of South Africa. For this theme, we have chosen: What would I miss? This story talks about all the senses, but scent is important.*

*Remembering Green by Lesley Beake was published in UK by Frances Lincoln in 2007.*

*Oranges and Lemons from Rainbow Reader: People Poems*

*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.*

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