Children's Book Network

LOCKDOWN LEARNING PROGRAMME
WEEK 8 - THE HAPPINESS PROJECT



With special thanks to Val Myburgh for her colouring in page of Stanford

Dear CBN Children

We miss you! We long for the day when we can have workshops again. But, for now, we have to do our work from a distance. We all have to be careful. We have to protect YOU as much as possible.

There are a lot of stories that are going around. Some of them are true. Many of them are not true.

What is true is that this virus is affecting every single person in the world. It doesn't matter if they are rich or poor, young or old … all of us are changed by this virus and our world is very different.

We have to follow the rules:

- Wash your hands as often as you can – soap and water destroys the virus
- Wear a mask and keep it over both your nose and mouth
- Be careful if you cough or sneeze. Use a tissue, or your arm. Don't cough on people.
- Fresh air and sunlight are good for you – and bad for the virus

We hope that it will only be a few months until we can have workshops again, but we don't know. Nobody knows – and that is one of the scary things.

Please remember that we are thinking about you, worrying about you and hoping, hoping, HOPING that we will be together again soon.

With lots and lots of love,

Lesley, Wilien and Lisa.

READ
Imaginings

IMAGININGS
A story written especially for Stanford CBN children

This story is about getting better. It has nothing to do with Covid 19! It is about a girl who had stomach trouble and is recovering after two operations. She is finding it hard to be interested in anything until her friend from next door comes to help her wake up her mind again.

Tala learns first to listen to the world around her, then to smell the scents of home. Then she touches things and imagines touching some others. On the fourth day, she looks out of her window – and on the fifth day, she tastes some lovely tastes.

There is a story about Tala for each of the five days of Week 8. Read each story carefully over the next five days.

DAY ONE: Hearing

Tala had been sick for a long time. First she was sick in the hospital. She had to have two operations, but she didn't remember them. That was the worst time. Ma had to come by minibus taxi from Gugulethu all the way to the Red Cross Children's Hospital to visit her.
'My girl, she said when she got there. 'I am so sorry I can only come twice a week. But the other days I have to work.'

Tala didn't say much. She couldn't. But she noticed the tears in Ma's eyes. She noticed how tired Ma looked.

But then, one day, the kind doctor – the tall one with the beard – said that Tala could go home. 'We will need to see you,' he said, looking his clipboard, 'first once a week and then once every two weeks …' He smiled, and Tala thought what a nice smile he had. 'Then you will be so much better, that we will only have to see you every six months.'

Every six months. That sounded like a long time. Tala went home to their little house in Gugulethu. Gugs. That was what everyone who lived there called it. Gugs.

Tala missed the hospital. There was always something happening there. The day would pass with doctor's rounds and pills and injections and thermometers. Then there was breakfast and lunch and tea. More pills and injections and then supper. Then everybody who could, went to sleep.

In Gugs, Tala lay in her bed in the small room Ma had turned into her bedroom. It used to be where they sat if visitors came. Now it was Tala's bedroom. She lay very still in her bed and watched how the sunlight moved slowly across the room and thought about nothing at all.

Then Inga came. Inga lived next door in a little house that was just the same as the one Tala and her ma lived in.

'So … what was wrong with you? Why did you have to go to hospital for so long?'
Tala pointed to her stomach. That was easier than explaining.
'Operation,' she said softly. 'Twice.'
Inga thought about that. 'Shame, hey,' she said after a moment. 'So what are you doing now?'

Tala just looked at Inga. Wasn't it obvious? She was sick. That was what she was doing now.
Inga was quiet for a bit. 'Hey!' she said after a little pause. 'Let's play a game!'
Tala didn't want to play a game. She just wanted to lie here, peacefully.

That didn't stop Inga. 'Close your eyes! Now listen carefully. What can you hear?'
Tala was tired. She was quite happy to close her eyes. If only Inga would just go *away*!
'What can you hear?'
Tala listened. What could she hear?

There was the sound of the rubbish collecting truck bumping down the road.
There was the sound of a siren not too far away.
There was shouting from the house over the road.

Then she listened harder. There were pigeons. She liked the comfortable sound of pigeons. They sounded like home.

Tala listened even harder. Other birds were singing very sweetly. There was the sound of some children playing and laughing. A car went through the puddle in the road that always came when it rained … sweeeeeesh!

'See you tomorrow,' said Inga. 'Bye.'

DAY 2: Scent

Tala wasn't *waiting* for Inga to come. Not really. But she listened for footsteps on the path up to her house. she listened for the bang of the door. She listened for the cheerful sound of Inga's voice.

'Hi, doll!' Tala woke up from a deep, sweet sleep. Inga was back.
'Uh … I was dreaming … '
'So, who is the lucky boy?' Inga asked.
'It wasn't a boy … I was dreaming about … ' Tala tried to remember. 'There was the scent of flowers. There was somebody cooking meat … there was … yes, there was the scent of the sea.'

Inga nodded as if she knew *exactly* what was happening here. 'I expect bits of your brain are waking up,' she said. 'After the operation.'
Tala just looked at her blankly.
'It's obvious. They put you to sleep for an operation, right?'
Tala nodded. 'Twice,' she added.
'Right. Twice. So, it's twice as bad, right?'
'Um …'
'So what happens is that bits wake up for a few weeks afterwards. Last time we did sounds. Now we are doing scents and smells. Right?
'Um.'

'This is really interesting,' Inga went on. 'I read a book like this once. It was a princess in the book – obviously – they don't write books about ordinary girls like us. Anyway … this princess fell asleep for a hundred days and when she woke up, she had to learn things all over again. Like sounds and scents and stuff.'
Tala nodded. Slowly. 'Maybe,' she said before Inga rushed on.
'So … lets go to Muizenberg. Let's imagine going to the sea.'

This time when Tala closed her eyes, she was ready for the game. First there was the smell of Ma making egg sandwiches. They always had egg sandwiches when they went to the sea for New Year. Then there was the hot smell of walking to the station. And the metal smell of the train on the tracks. And the smell … what was it? Of plastic seats and lots of people.

'Are we nearly there yet?' Inga asked.
'No, we are still on the train.'
Inga waited a few moments. 'Are we at Muizenberg yet?'
'No, but I can smell sun-tan lotion. I think we must be nearly there!'

And then there was the scent of fish and chips and the sweet, sweet smell of candy-floss. And then there was a short time of the smell of hot pavements and more people and then the clear sharp smell of the sea.

'We're there!' Tala shouted. 'We're there!'
But Inga was gone. Tala wondered when she would come back.

DAY THREE: Touch

It was a week before Inga came back. Tala was awake and sitting up in her bed. At last! What would they do today?

'I brought that book,' Inga said. 'I went to the library and took it out again.' She put the book down on the bed. 'For you.'

Tala reached out and touched the book. It was warm – from being outside and maybe in Inga's hand. It was a bit sticky. Maybe the last person to read it had been eating sweets? It felt like quite a fat book.

'Is it difficult?' Tala asked.
Inga laughed. 'No. I think it is the kind of book teachers read aloud in class.' She stopped talking for a moment. 'Would you like me to read some?'
Tala couldn't think of anything she would like more. 'Yes, please,' she whispered.

So Inga read the first part of the story. There was (of course there was) a handsome prince. He had a blue velvet cloak. Tala remembered velvet. Ma had a skirt made of velvet that was so old that most of the fur had worn away. Was it called fur? Or was that only animals?

The handsome prince had a horse, of course, a white one. (Horses in stories usually were white.) Tala had been close to a horse once when her class went on a school trip. It had been a bit scary. It was so high, and it stamped and trampled about a bit as if it might stand on her feet. They had each had a chance to give a bit of carrot or apple to the horse. The horse-lady showed them how to hold the food out on their hands so the horse wouldn't bite. It was scary!

Tala remembered the soft feel of the horse's mouth on her hand – and the feeling, that was more an *idea* than a feeling - of the hard, yellow teeth inside his mouth.

There were other animals at the school outing place. Little sheep – lambs – with crisp wooly coats and shiny clean pigs that were oily to touch, like the table when Ma put polish on.

Inga was still reading. The handsome prince (they were always handsome. Were there any other kinds?) Had wakened the princess with a kiss (Yuck!) Now she was looking around.
'What happened?' the princess asked.
'I came along (luckily),' the prince said, 'and woke you up with a kiss.'
'No, before that …' The princess sounded as if she too had just woken up after an operation.

The prince didn't want to bother about that. 'I don't know,' he said crossly. 'I only know about the bit I'm in …'

Tala was nearly asleep. Inga's voice had stopped reading. In her mind, she could touch the smooth white sheet on the princess's bed. There was embroidery too – maybe birds, or butterflies?

And then Tala opened her eyes and found that she was back in her own bed, in her old room. Her blanket was rumpled up under her cheek and her sheet has somehow got tangles round her feet. She would have to get up and sort them all out.

Inga had gone. But the book was still there. Tala picked it up and started to read.

DAY FOUR: Sight

Tala was up and dressed and sitting in a chair when Inga came again.
'Hey! You look good!' Then Inga stopped and looked at Tala more closely. 'Well, *quite* good. I like that dress. Cool pink!'

Tala didn't think her dress was all that cool. Pink was so Grade Two. But it was the only dress she had. She didn't feel like wearing her school uniform – and she was tired of her pajamas or her tracksuit. 'I finished the book!' she told Inga.

'Ja? Did you like it?
Tala thought for a moment. 'I thought the prince was a bit silly,' she said at last.
Inga laughed. 'A *bit* silly!' she said. 'But I liked the way the princess threw him in the lake at the end!' They both laughed, remembering that.

'What are we doing today' Tala asked. 'Are we going to play the game again?'
Inga looked at Tala, a long look.
'Ja, she said. 'It looks as if it is doing you good! Um … I was talking to Miss Thlaka.'
'Ye … es.' Miss Thlaka was Tala's teacher.
'And she lent me some more books.'
'Oh.'
'You don't mind?'
Tala smiled. 'No. I think it is time I get back to real life. A bit,' she added.
'Good. She gave me three for you – and they aren't about stupid princes and princesses!'

Inga put the books down near Tala's bed. Then they played a game Tala remembered from when she was little. The game was called I-Spy. But this was different. Instead of I-Spying things, they were I-Spying ideas.

Inga started. 'I-Spy with my little eye something beginning with E that is very important for young people.'
Tala had to think for a moment. Then she got it. 'Education!'
'Yes. Now you go.'
'I-Spy with my little eye something beginning with R that makes Education happen.'
Inga knew right away. 'Reading!" she shouted. 'Reading makes Education happen! Now you go again.'
'I-Spy with my little eye something beginning with E that is all around us – and that we have to look after!'
For a moment Tala had to think. Then she got it. 'Environment!'

They played the game for half an hour but then Inga had to go. 'Enjoy the books!' she called over her shoulder as she left. 'I want to know all about them next time!'

Tala snuggled under her blanket and looked at the books. All of them were about San people living in Namibia. Two of them were stories and one was non-fiction and story at the same time. Tala looked pictures in the first book. It was about children playing hide and seek. The big children were hiding and Bau – the smallest child – was looking for them. Bau looked very carefully at the ground. There were tracks of different animals in the soft, grey dust of the place where the children lived. If Bau looked very carefully, she could guess what animal was there – but she couldn't guess where the children were.

There were tiny tracks of little mice. There were tracks of the feet of a hornbill. There were tracks of meerkats and a tortoise, a porcupine and a little duiker. There was a warthog. There was an ostrich. There was a giraffe. But Bau didn't see the children hiding in the bushes. Then Bau saw some very big tracks. Maybe it was a … maybe it was an …

'Booooo!,' the children shout as they jump out from behind a bush. 'Time to play another game!"

'But maybe I saw an …'

The children never saw what Bau saw. They took her hand and ran and ran, laughing all the time.

Tala knew what tracks Bau had seen. It was an el…

But suddenly she was asleep. Smiling, and still holding the book, Tala was asleep in her bed in the sun.

DAY FIVE: Taste

The next week was a public holiday. Ma didn't have to go to work. Tala was glad. Ma was looking very tired. It would do her good to have a day away from work.
'Tomorrow,' Ma said when she got home the day before. 'I want you to be ready for a surprise. We are going somewhere!'

Tala knew it couldn't be a trip to the hospital. They'd already been, last week. Where could they be going?

Tala had a clue when she woke up the next day and smelled the lovely smell of egg sandwiches!

She jumped out of bed. 'What should I wear?' she asked Ma.
Ma looked out the window at the weather. 'Wear your tracksuit,' Ma said. 'It might turn cool.'

Tala got ready. She drank the hot tea Ma made and ate her mealie pap. She peeled an orange and shared it with Ma. Ma looked happy. She looked excited. What was going to happen?

'Ma sang while she finished the sandwiches.
'Where are we going?' Tala asked. But Ma just smiled.

They had just finished their second cup of tea, when there was a loud hooting outside. Tala jumped up to see what was going on.

Inga was what was going on! Inga and her mom, and Inga's dad … and Inga's dad's minibus taxi! That was what was going on! Inga was jumping up and down on the path. 'Come ON!' she yelled. 'It's time!'

Quickly, Tala's Mom collected their picnic – the egg sandwiches and a flask with coffee. Usually they drank tea. Coffee was a special treat.

Everybody piled into the minibus taxi. The taxi was almost full, with Inga's sister and her two brothers, her aunty and two cousins. Best of all her Oupa was there too. He sat right at the back, smiling at everybody with his no-teeth smile and looking happier than anybody.

It all came true, just like the imaginings! They went along the coast road towards Muizenberg. Lots of other people were going to Muizenberg for the public holiday, but nobody minded. It was fun in the minibus taxi, playing I-Spy and eating cheese and

onion chips. Tala's Ma had a big bottle of cold water and they handed that round when the chips made them thirsty.

Then they could smell … suntan lotion! They must be getting close! For a moment, Tala closed her eyes and imagined. They went past stalls selling spicy food and candy floss. The went past a place where people were flying kites in the sky, red and yellow against the blue, blue sky.

When Tala felt a little sleepy, she leaned against Ma and felt her smooth, round warmth and comfort. Everybody got sleepy, so Inga's Pa stopped to buy them all ice-creams to wake them up again. They were sweet and cold and lovely as they slid down their throats.

And then they were at the sea, with the sand crunching between their toes that had escaped from their school shoes and socks. And Inga's Pa was putting up a striped umbrella to give them shade if they needed it. Ma got the sandwiches out, and they all had one.

Then Inga and Tala went together down to the sea. Inga held Tala's hand and they put their feet in the icy water, and then their ankles, and then their knees. Children were screaming with happiness. Music was playing at the place where the little boats went round and round in a pond.

The edge of the sea hissed and foamed and went back and forward like – Tala thought what it was like. Maybe like a baby dragon? In and out, cool and sparkling and beautiful. Inga's hand still held her safe – and she knew Ma was watching her. Suddenly, Tala felt something she had almost forgotten about. It was happiness.

She turned to Inga. 'Thank you,' she said softly. 'Thank you for being my friend. Thank you for everything.'

And Inga smiled and squeezed her hand, and the sea sparkled and the kites flew, red and yellow against a blue, blue sky, and the scent of suntan lotion filled the air.

Tala was well again.

READ AND CREATE

You are going to draw the pictures for this poem.
In each block, draw what you have read in each part of the poem.

Happiness is...

Written by Kylie Covark

Happiness is sunshine. Happiness is rain. Happiness is morningtime; I see your face again.	
Happiness is yellow. Happiness is blue. Happiness is any book I get to share with you.	
Happiness is running. Happiness is still. Happiness is at the park; I roll right down the hill.	
Happiness is quiet. Happiness is sound. Happiness is music; I love dancing all around.	

Happiness is chocolate. Happiness is cheese. Happiness is fresh, ripe fruit I pick it out of trees.	
Happiness is shoes. Happiness is puddles. Happiness is bedtime; I get special goodnight cuddles.	
Happiness is family. Happiness is friends. Happiness is mummy's love; A love that never ends.	



LISTEN
Make a sound map

There is always so much to listen to outside! Whether you are in the bush, a forest or in your garden, it is amazing what you can hear when you truly stop and listen. Cars zooming by on the road, wind blowing through trees and grass, pots and pans bashing in the kitchen. We also made our own sounds – crunching ground under our feet as we walk, the 'ha-choo' sound we make when we sneeze.

ACTIVITY – MAKE A SOUND MAP

1. On the next page, you will find an 'X' in the middle of a blank page. This piece of paper is a sound map and the X represents where you are sitting.
2. Find a spot to sit outside.
3. When you hear a sound, make a mark on the paper to show where you heard the sound coming from.
4. Do not draw a detailed picture for each sound, but to make just a simple mark. For example, a few wavy lines could represent a gust of wind, or a musical note could indicate a singing bird. Making simple marks keeps the focus on listening rather than on drawing.
   Here is an example to help you.



5. Close your eyes while listening for sounds. You can also make "fox" ears by cupping your hands behind the ears. This hand position will create a greater surface area to capture sounds.
6. Sit in your spot for 10 minutes.
7. When your 10 minutes are up, think about these questions:
   - What sounds were the most familiar to you?
   - What sound have you never heard before? Do you know what made that sound?
   - What sound did you like best? Why?

My sound map

X

TOUCH

Using your sense of touch allows you to tell if something is hot or cold, sharp or dull, rough or smooth, wet or dry – and so many other sensations.

Our skin is full of tiny 'sense receptors', meaning that they are able to not only feel, but respond, to touch. Each type of receptor responds to different sensations. Although your brain receives messages all the time, it filters out the less important ones. That is why you are not constantly aware of things like the feel of your clothes against your skin, for example.

The most sensitive parts of your skin have the most touch receptors in them. Your fingertips, lips and toes are all very sensitive.

ACTIVITY – TEXTURE IN NATURE

What is texture? Texture is what something looks like, and how it feels. Think for example of a piece of sandpaper. The texture of sandpaper is rough and grainy – not something you want to touch too much. While the feeling of a jumper or jersey, might be soft and woolly.

For this activity, you will need:

- Paper
- Things to write and draw with – pens, pencils, crayons

Instructions:

1. Spend some time walking around an outside area.
2. Find three things that have very clear, and very different, textures.
3. Using your pieces of paper and drawing materials, trace, make an imprint or impression, or take a rubbing of your item.
    a. For example, placing a piece of paper on the trunk of a tree and rubbing crayon over it, will show the texture of the tree bark.
4. Once you have your texture traced, you might like to use that as the background to draw your item.
    a. Carrying on with the tree example, you might like to fill your whole page with rubbings of the tree's bark, or outlines and rubbings of leaves, and then draw a picture of the whole tree over that.

SCENT

We taste food using both our sense of taste and smell. We need our sense of smell in order for our sense of taste to work properly – if you hold your nose shut while you eat, the taste won't be as strong. It's why food sometimes tastes plain when we have a cold and our nose is blocked up.

Life without scents, aromas and smells, would be pretty boring indeed! Our sense of smell can tell apart millions of different smells. It helps us sniff out harmful gases in the air, or to smell when food might be going bad. It also lets us enjoy beautiful smells and aromas, and to smell and taste a delicious feast of food!

Our sense of smell also talks to the part of the brain that deals with emotions and memories. This is why a smell can trigger strong emotions or memories.

ACTIVITY – WRITING ACTIVITY

Think of a time when you were out in nature, and could smell something – good or bad. Here are a few ideas to get you started:

- The smell of the grass on your school field after it has just been mowed
- The scent of a flower from your garden
- The smell of animal dung while out on a walk
- The smell of the bush on safari
- The smell of leaves and twigs being crushed under your feet while you walk
- The smell of the ocean while you sit on the beach

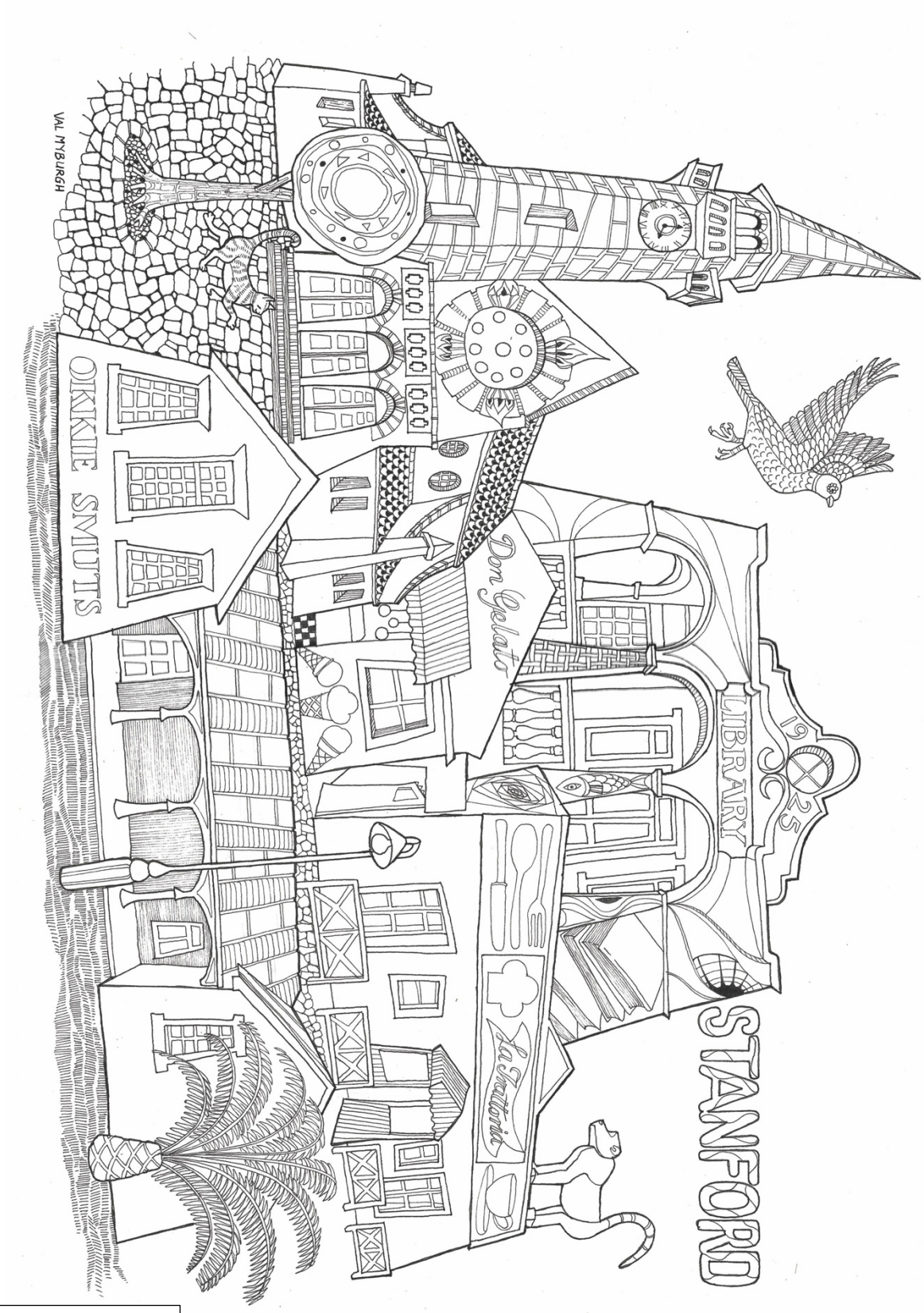
Now, write a paragraph for each point, as long or short as you like but in full sentences and using as many descriptive words (adjectives) as possible, explaining the following:

- **Where were you>** – set the scene and explain your setting and surroundings
- **What was it that you smelt?** Where was the smell coming from? Is it a good smell or a bad smell?
- **When you smell that scent somewhere else, what does it make you feel?** For example:
    - The smell of a very specific tree in the African bush smells a lot like my favourite breakfast cereal. As I prepare my cereal each morning, the smell that wafts up from my bowl of warm milk and cereal, takes me back to our family holidays in the Kruger National Park. I can smell the bush around me, feel the warm South African sun on my skin, and hear the birds chirping in the grassland shrubs around us. I can feel the excitement as my mom explains where to look through our binoculars to spot the herd of zebra that are moving across the open plains.

- All of these memories flood to my mind, all from the smell of my cereal which reminds me of a smell from the bush.

Take your time to write your paragraphs. There is no right or wrong here – enjoy the freedom of writing and thinking and remembering, all by yourself.

COLOUR IN



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