

I HAD A FLOWER (TEXT ONLY)

On the next pages the illustrated text is set up to make a book.

I had a flower
I planted it and it grew
The soil was brown and damp.
Then the sun beat down
The soil was dry and dusty
There was no rain .The flower began to droop and die
How can I bring my flower back so that it will bloom proud again?

I had a little bird
I gave it food and water
The bird hopped and sang .Its feathers shone.
Then I went away
No one gave my little bird food or water
When I came back it was sitting sadly .
It did not sing .Its feathers were dull and droopy
How can I make it well so that it will sing again

I had a little sister
She laughed and she played and she clapped her hands
One day I came in and she was quiet and sad.
She cried but only a little.
She had made herself dirty .She smelled.
She did this every hour
Every hour she looked weaker and weaker
How can I help my little sister so that she smiles again ?

I knew what to do for my flower.
I gave my flower water, not all at once but bit by bit .
My flower grew straight and beautiful again.
I knew what to do for my bird.
I gave my little bird food and water .
It pecked and drank
In a few days it began to hop and sing.
Its feathers shone

.
I did not know what to do with my sister. My mother did not know.
“Perhaps we should give it medicine from the doctor”, she said
Even my grandmother did not know and she knows *everything*.
“Perhaps we should not give her food or water” she said
So we asked my auntie. My auntie is a nurse.
“ But you **must** give your sister drinks,” said my auntie. “If you give her drinks and food she will get better and she will laugh and play again”
So we gave her drinks little by little. She dirtied herself again. “Oh dear” said my, grandmother
. “Don’t worry” said my Aunt “she will stop soon”
You are putting back the water she has lost.
We gave her weak tea. We gave her fruit juice
We gave her water from our rice. We gave her soft food.
Slowly, slowly my little sister got better. She began to smile. She began to laugh. She began to play
She was well again.
Just like my flower
Just like my bird.

OTHER BOOKS
IN THIS SERIES



- Filthy the fly
- Wally the Worm
- Sam and Dina
- The Mango Minders
- Dirty Water
- Old Chicken Eyes
- Bad Medicine
- Basim and Bloog



I Had a Flower



Water for Life



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I planted it and it grew
The soil was brown and damp.
Then the sun beat down
The soil was dry and dusty
There was no rain
The flower began to droop and die
How can I bring my flower back so that it will bloom
proud again?



So we gave her drinks day and night for two days
We gave her weak tea. We gave her fruit juice
We gave her water from our rice. We gave her soft
food.



Slowly, slowly my little sister got better. She began to
smile. She began to laugh. She began to play
She was well again.
Just like my flower

Just like my bird.

I did not know what to do with my sister. My mother did not know. "Perhaps we should give it medicine from the doctor", she said

Even my grandmother did not know and she knows *everything*. "Perhaps we should not give her food or water" she said.

So we asked my auntie. My auntie is a nurse.



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