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GRADE

1

ANTHOLOGY

Platinum

English Home Language

J. Stielau

Platinum English Home Language Grade 1 Anthology

Maskew Miller Learning
10 Freedom Way, Milnerton, Cape Town, 7441

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Type of text	A collection of read-aloud stories, fables, legends, poems and information texts for enjoyment and for the development of the learner's listening, speaking, thinking, reading, vocabulary, fluency and writing skills.
TERM 1	
Theme 1	Poem
Theme 2	Fable
Theme 3	Story
Theme 4	Information text
Theme 5	Story
TERM 2	
Theme 6	Poem
Theme 7	Story
Theme 8	Poem
Theme 9	Information text
Theme 10	Story
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Theme 11	Story
Theme 12	Poem
Theme 13	Information text
Theme 14	Legends
Theme 15	Fable
TERM 4	
Theme 16	Poem
Theme 17	Information text
Theme 18	Information text
Theme 19	Story
Theme 20	Story

Theme 1: My body, my feelings

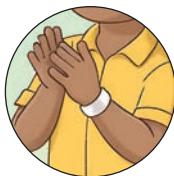
Pre-reading questions

1. Can you show me your friend's hand? Arm? Shoulder? Finger?
2. Can you give yourself a hug?

Hands and arms



Here are my hands
Clap, clap, clap



Here are my shoulders
Shrug, shrug, shrug



Here are my fingers
Snap, snap, snap



Lift my arms and
hug, hug, hug



Post-reading questions

1. Can you show me which was your favourite action?
2. Who can suggest a head action for us to add to the song?
3. Who can suggest any other action for us to add to the song?

Theme 2: My family

Pre-reading questions

1. Who are you the most like in your family and why?
2. What do people in South Africa use donkeys for?

Like father, like son

Once upon a time, there was a farmer. He had a son and a donkey. One day he said to his son, “This donkey eats a lot of food. Let’s take him to the market and sell him.”

So, the next morning, the father and his son got up early. They sang:

*To market we will go, to market we will go,
Hey ho the donkey-oh, to market we will go.*



On their way, they met a group of children. The children laughed when they saw the farmer and his son.

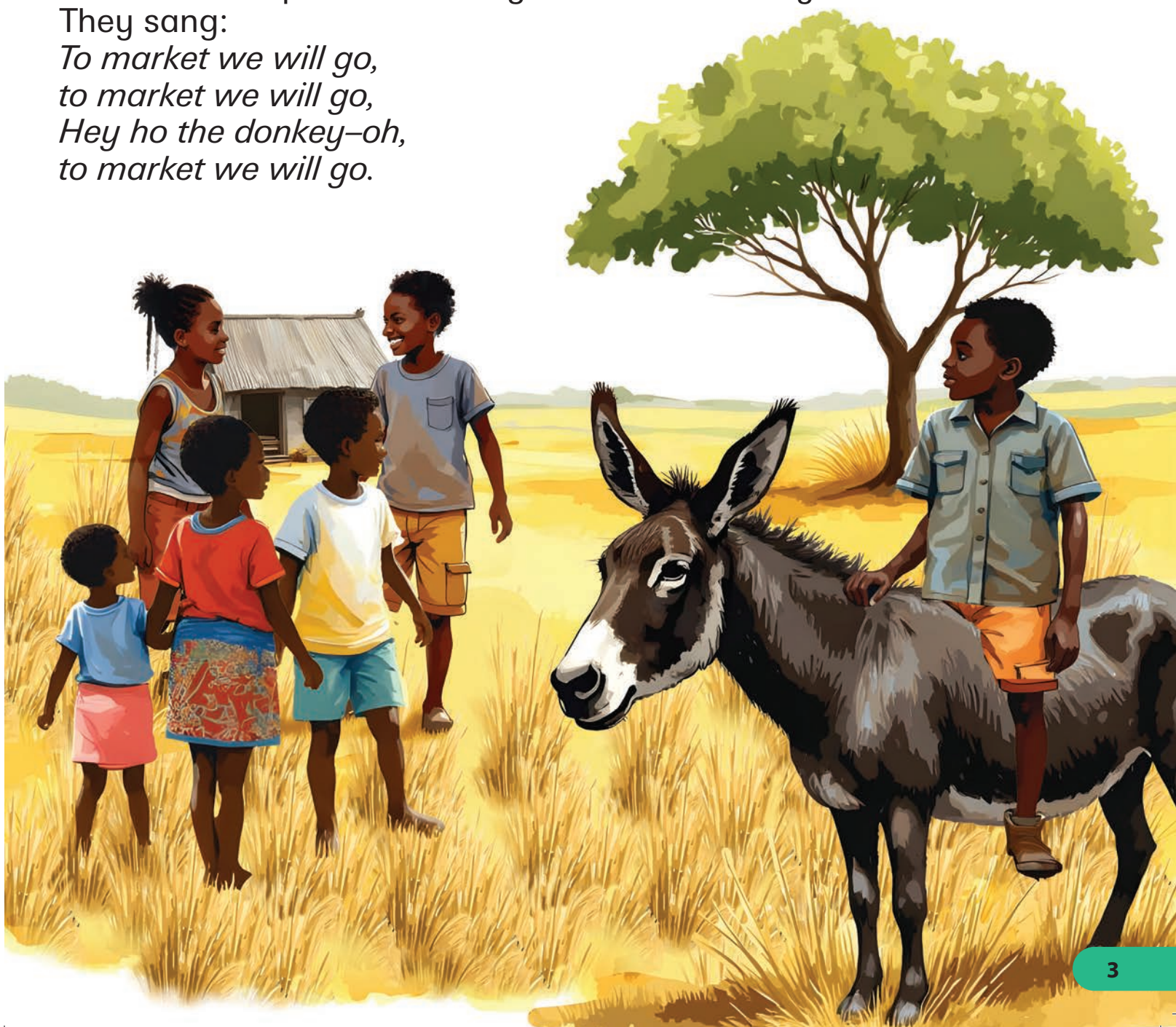
“Look at that farmer and his son! They have a donkey to ride, but they are walking.”

The son was sad. “Father,” he said, “people are laughing at us! Let us ride this donkey to the village market.”

The farmer helped his son to get onto the donkey’s back.

They sang:

*To market we will go,
to market we will go,
Hey ho the donkey—oh,
to market we will go.*



On their way they met a group of old men. They were playing a game called Morabaraba. The old men sat together with the Morabaraba board on the ground. They looked up as the farmer walked past with his son riding on the donkey.



“Good morning, Farmer. Good morning, Boy.”
“Good morning, Gentlemen,” the farmer said.

As they moved away, the farmer heard the old men click their tongues with disapproval and say, “That boy has no respect. His father walks and he rides the donkey! What a stupid father! What a lazy boy!”

Quickly, the son got off the donkey. His father got onto the donkey’s back. They sang:

*To market we will go, to market we will go,
Hey ho the donkey–oh, to market we will go.*



On their way, they met a group of women. They were carrying firewood on their heads. “My goodness, Farmer,” they said. “What are you doing! A big man like you riding while your little boy is running behind you on the road! That is not right!”

The farmer was sad. He made the donkey stop. He helped his son jump up behind him onto the donkey’s back. “Come on, Son,” he said, “hold on tightly. We need to be quick!” Once again they rode to the village to sell their donkey.

On their way, they met two men pushing a cart of cabbages. “Good morning!” shouted the farmer to the men. “We’re going to the market! See you there. We are going to sell our donkey!” The men said, “I don’t think so, Farmer. That poor donkey will be too tired after carrying you to the market.”

The farmer stopped the donkey. “He’s right, Son. We need to carry this donkey. He is tired.” They both got off the donkey. The father put the donkey on his back.



And once again they sang:
*To market we will go, to market we will go,
Hey ho the donkey—oh, to market we will go.*



The donkey was very unhappy off the ground. It kicked and kicked. Then with a big KICK, the donkey knocked the farmer and his son down. The donkey ran away.

The farmer and his son were tired. They walked home. No donkey. No money. What fools they had been! They tried to please everyone, but they had pleased no one. They sang sadly:

*The donkey's run away, the donkey's run away,
Boo-hoo, it's sad to say, the donkey's run away.*

Post-reading questions

1. Did the farmer sell his donkey at the market? Why not?
2. Suggest another way of getting this donkey to the market.
3. In what way was the son like his father in the story?

Theme 3: My friends

Pre-reading questions

1. What do you think this story is about?
2. In the picture, who is sitting differently?

Simi's dead foot

What a good day! Simi and his friends were sitting on the playground bench.

Constance put one leg on top of the other leg.

“Look how I can sit,” she said. “Can you do this?”

Chico did the same. “Easy,” he said.

James also put one leg on top of the other.

Simi did not move.

“Sit like us, Simi!”

“Don't you want to, Simi?”

But Simi said, “No!”

“I want to sit like **this!**”





Tick tock, went the clock.
Tick tock, tick tock.
The children got bored.
Constance jumped up and stamped her feet, "Sitting is boring.
I want something to eat."
James stood up. "I'll come too. Come on, Chico, what about you?"
Chico stretched and stood up tall, "Okay, let's go! Let's play ball!"
Simi sat.
"Come on," cried the children. "Let's go!"
Simi sat.
Simi just sat, but his eyes were big.
"I can't move!" he said quietly. "My foot is dead!"



The children said, “Oh no! His foot is dead!”

Chico poked the dead foot with a finger. “Can you feel that?” he asked.

“No,” said Simi.

Constance said. “Can you walk? Is your foot really dead?”

“You can’t walk with a dead foot,” James said. “I knew a boy once who had a dead foot. The rats came into his house at night. They ate his foot. Gone. No foot.”

Simi looked at James with big eyes.

“You can rub your foot with onion,” said Chico kindly.

“Rats hate that smell.”



Constance said, “Simi, what if you need to go to the bathroom?”
“You can’t go to the bathroom with a dead foot,” James said,
“I knew a boy once who had a dead foot. He couldn’t go to the
bathroom for weeks. He exploded, BOOM! BANG! SPLASH!
Like a rainstorm!”

Simi looked at James with big eyes.

“I will bring you a bucket,” said Chico kindly.

“I will bring it wherever you are.”

Constance said, “Simi, what if you can’t walk to the carpark
after school?”

“You can’t walk to the carpark with a dead foot,” James said.

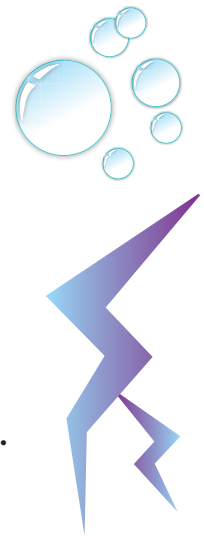
“I knew a boy once who had a dead foot. He stayed the whole
night on the bench in the dark. Nobody came to look for him.”

“I can carry you to the car, Simi,” said Chico kindly, “on my back.”

Simi began to feel something very, very strange.
Something strange was happening inside his dead foot.



*Inside that dull foot was a tiny little spark
A tiny little prickle and a twinkle in the dark,
A lot of little bubbles, a sizzle, sozzle pop,
A tingle and a tickle all arising to the top
A teeny tiny pain and a shadow of an ache
A fizzy busy feeling as the foot began to wake.*



Simi wiggled his toes.
He moved his foot around.
“Look!” he laughed.
“Look at my foot!
It’s alive again!”
All the children looked
closely at the foot.
“You can’t make a dead
foot come alive,” James
said. “I knew a boy once
who thought his foot was
dead, but it was
SLEEPING!”

Wake up, foot. Let’s go
and play!



Post-reading questions

1. Where does this story take place?
2. Was Simi’s foot really dead? What do you think happened to his foot?
3. Who would you like to be your friend: Constance, James or Chico? Why?