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GRADE

3

ANTHOLOGY

# Platinum

English Home Language

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## Platinum English Home Language Grade 3 Anthology

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

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ISBN 978-1-834-95935-1  
ePDF ISBN 978-1-834-98937-2

Publisher: Melany Porter  
Managing Editors: Amy Wilkes and Natasha Jacobs  
Edited by Christine de Nobrega and Tanya Paulse  
Cover design by MML Visual Design  
Cover artwork by MML Visual Design  
Book design by MML Visual Design  
Artwork by MML Visual Design  
Typeset by Sonya Collison  
Printed by

### **Acknowledgements**

The authors and publisher thank the following for the use of images:

p32-35, © Maskew Miller Learning

Shutterstock:

p26, Behramkhan03; p27, Tarcisio Schnaider; p28, AlessandroV; p29, Marti Bug Catcher; p30, bombermoon; p31, Dragana Gordic; p55, Gorodenkoff; p56, Milan Sommer

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Gather 'round, come take a seat,  
Stories make our days complete.  
Close your eyes, let the tale unfold,  
With treasure maps and castles old.  
A jungle path, a mountain tall,  
A wizard's spell, a hero's call.  
Talking frogs or moonlit skies,  
Dreams come true when you close your eyes.  
With every word, a world begins,  
A race to run, a prize to win.  
So listen well, don't miss a beat,  
Stories are the sweetest treat.



# Theme 1: All about me

## Pre-reading questions

1. When is your birthday?
2. Do you know what the day was like on the day you were born?
3. Can you think of something special you'd like to do on your birthday?



Going to school  
On that first day  
And thinking ...  
This was all the school  
I had to do  
Dad explaining  
There were twelve YEARS!  
(Maybe more)  
Mom laughing, hugging me  
I remember the day  
I couldn't remember  
Everything  
Any more  
Especially anything  
With numbers in it  
That was the day ...  
That was the day ...  
I started to forget.  
I wonder, now  
What can't I remember?

## The day I was born

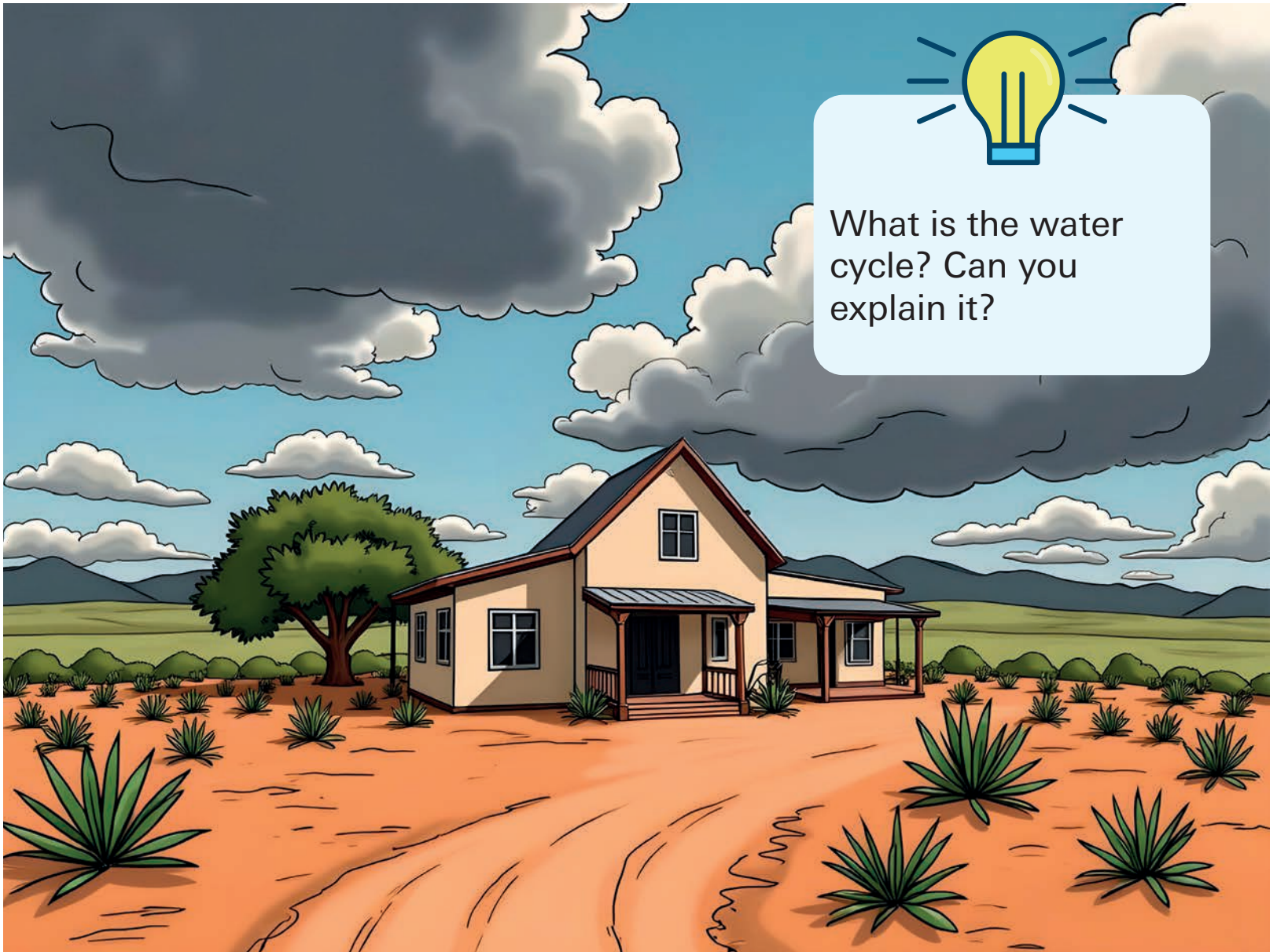
"What was the day like?" I asked Mom. "What was it like on the day I was born?"

Mom was ironing my brother's school shirts. She put the iron down with a gentle thump and looked out the window.

"It was raining," she said. "I remember that clearly. We hadn't had rain for a long time."

She sighed and picked up the iron again.  
She didn't look up at me.

We live on a farm in the Little Karoo. We don't get much rain here. Sometimes there are black clouds in the sky, but they don't bring much rain.



What is the water cycle? Can you explain it?

We are learning about the water cycle at school, but the water doesn't cycle around here much.

I asked my brother but his answer wasn't much better.

"The day you were born?" he repeated. "I don't remember much about it. I was only four at the time."

He looked at me and shrugged. "Sorry, but I must get this homework finished."

Just as I was going out the door, he suddenly remembered something.

"It was raining," he said. "I remember that now. They wouldn't let me go out to play."

Well, that was a great help.



I kicked some stones around. It made me feel a little better.  
Grandpa came round the corner.

“Why are you kicking those stones?” he asked.  
“Are things not going your way today?”

“I only want to know about the day I was born, but Mom just wants to talk about the weather,” I sulked.

Grandpa smiled. “Well, it did rain that day,” he said. “I remember it as if it was yesterday. The rain came just in time for my mealie patch. Another week of that drought and I might as well have dug them up as fodder for the cattle!”

He whistled as he walked down the path to the chickens.



Just then, Dad appeared. He parked his big red tractor in the shed. He didn't see me at first. He was too busy looking up at the sky in a hopeful way.

"Hey! Little Lyndal! Why are you looking so sad?"

He jumped down from the tractor and swept me up into his arms. "Oh no, what's this?" He wiped at a little tear that ran down my face. Another tear followed.

Suddenly, there was a great crack of thunder, as if the clouds had decided to cry too. It started to pour! Dad just laughed and whirled me around.

"Just like the day you were born!" he shouted. Then he took my hand and we ran into the house.



What do you think will happen next?

Everyone was there – Mom, Dad, Grandpa, and my brother. My uncle even arrived unexpectedly. Mom smiled and held out her arms. Grandpa grinned from ear to ear. My brother hopped from one foot to the other.

There was a cake, too! A big pink cake with roses and candles on it.

“Surprise!” they all yelled. “Happy birthday!” and they began to sing.



### Post-reading questions

1. Where does the family live?
2. Why does Lyndal seem sad?
3. What does the family surprise Lyndal with?

# Theme 2: My friends

## Pre-reading questions

1. Do you think it is good to keep changing your friends?
2. How would you help someone to make friends?
3. What is the most important thing about friends?

## Finding friends

My best friend is ... well, today my best friend is Phumeza. Yesterday ... yesterday I think it was Mina. Tomorrow, I'm not sure yet.

Ma says that it's all wrong.

"You must keep your friends," she says. She does. One of her best friends was at school with her a hundred years ago (maybe more). Most of her other best friends are people she met before she even met Pa. In fact, one of them is Pa. She always says he is her best of best friends.



I sometimes wonder what the best way is to find friends. My brother is into music and that's where he finds all his friends. There is usually a friend in his room after school.

We can tell who it is by the sounds coming from the room. If it's a guitar, then it's Simon. If it's keyboard notes, it's Themba. If it's drums (very loud drums), it's Faisal. (If it's all of them, then The Green Fuse bandmates are jamming.

That's how my brother finds friends, but I don't play music. How am I going to find any friends?



What is a group of musicians called?



I tried to hang out with the smart girls. They call themselves The Influencers. Ma made a snorting sound when she heard that.

“Influencing what, exactly?” she asked.

I tried to explain. Other girls at school are always asking them about lipstick shades and stuff like that. The Influencers always know the answer.

When that didn't work (I really don't know anything about lipstick shades), I joined the girls' rugby team. Thinking about it now, I'm not sure what kinds of friends I had expected to make. They turned out to be a lot tougher than they looked (although not as tough as The Influencers). In fact, I ended up in hospital with a broken arm.



Ballet classes didn't work (I have an obvious lack of rhythm).

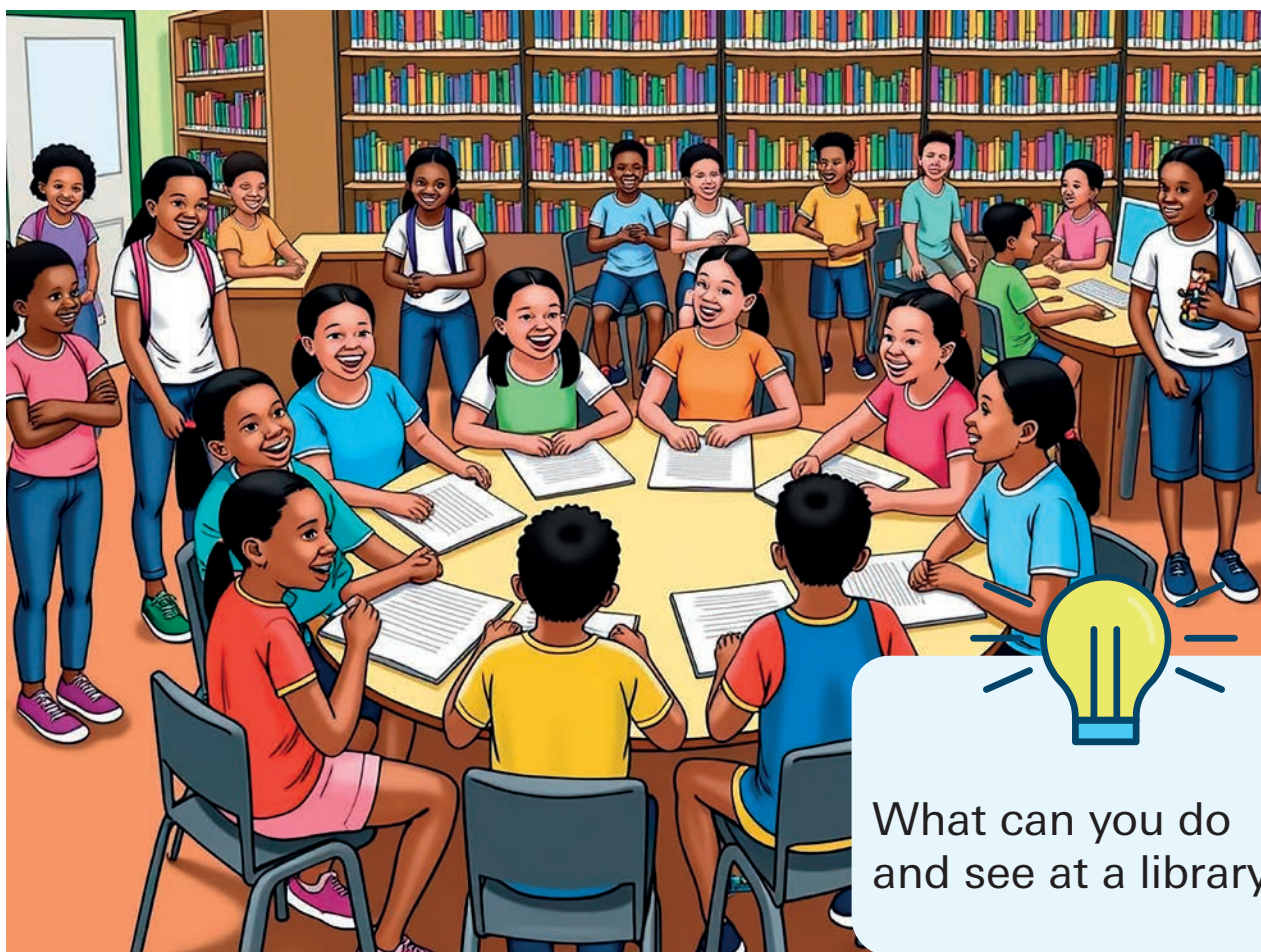
The pet club was a disaster (I don't have a pet).


Chess was no good (my mind tended to think about other things in the middle of a game).

Underwater polo was not a huge success either (I'm not very good at swimming).

I am almost ready to give up having friends for the rest of my life.

As I walk past the town library, I see the door is open. I shrug. It is a Saturday morning and I have nothing better to do. I might as well go in.



  
What can you do and see at a library?

The place is packed! It's amazing. Most people are sitting quietly, but there is a debate going on at the big table. Another boy is reading his own poetry out loud. Two girls in the corner are researching something on a computer and making notes.

Everyone looks calm and relaxed – happy, even.

I sit down in the nearest open seat.

“Hello!” says a friendly girl. “My name is Lalisa. I'm from Thailand.” She holds out her hand to me.

I shake her hand shyly. I never expected to meet a girl from Thailand in our town library. She is so nice! Her father is in South Africa for work – something to do with farming – and she is staying with him for a year.



Siphiwe joins us. He is from Port Alfred. I ask where that is and he points to it on the large map on the wall. It is in the Eastern Cape. I point to Randburg, where I was born. Funny how we all live in Bloemfontein now.



We start discussing our favourite books. We like different types of books, so we share our favourite titles. I write down some book title to look for later.

It feels sort of ... well, normal, just sitting around that table. Easy. I wonder whether, one day, I will tell my own children that these were my best friends. I wonder where we will live and who we will be.

I also wonder whether we will still be friends then.

## Friends

*Friends keep you going  
When you are sad  
Friends calm you down  
When you are mad  
Friends share your joy  
When you are glad*

### Post-reading questions

1. What was the name of the band in the story? Why do you think they gave themselves this name?
2. What activities did the girl try? What happened with each one?
3. The friends in the library came from different places. Can you remember where each of them came from?