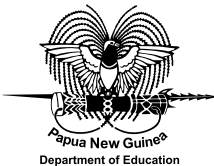


School Journal

E2 - Bridge 6



Secretary's Message

"The Bridge" level of the Papua New Guinea School Journal is a collection of writing suitable for children in Elementary Grade 2 who are bridging from vernacular to English.

The Journal is intended as a teaching and reading resource and as supplementary reading. It should be available for children to read in the classroom.

Teachers are encouraged to read a story from the Journal to their class every day. In this way their children will become familiar with the stories and will want to read them for themselves.

The Journal was written and illustrated by Papua New Guinean writers and illustrators. The Department of Education wishes to acknowledge the support of the New Zealand Government in making these Journals available for the children of this country.



Dr. Uke W. Kombra, PhD
Acting Secretary for Education

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Please note:

Apart from official Journal Office sales to private schools, it is an offence to sell or buy School Journals.

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MY DREAM VILLAGE

by Philip So'on

Mummy and Daddy are boasting about their villages.

“My village is near the sea.”

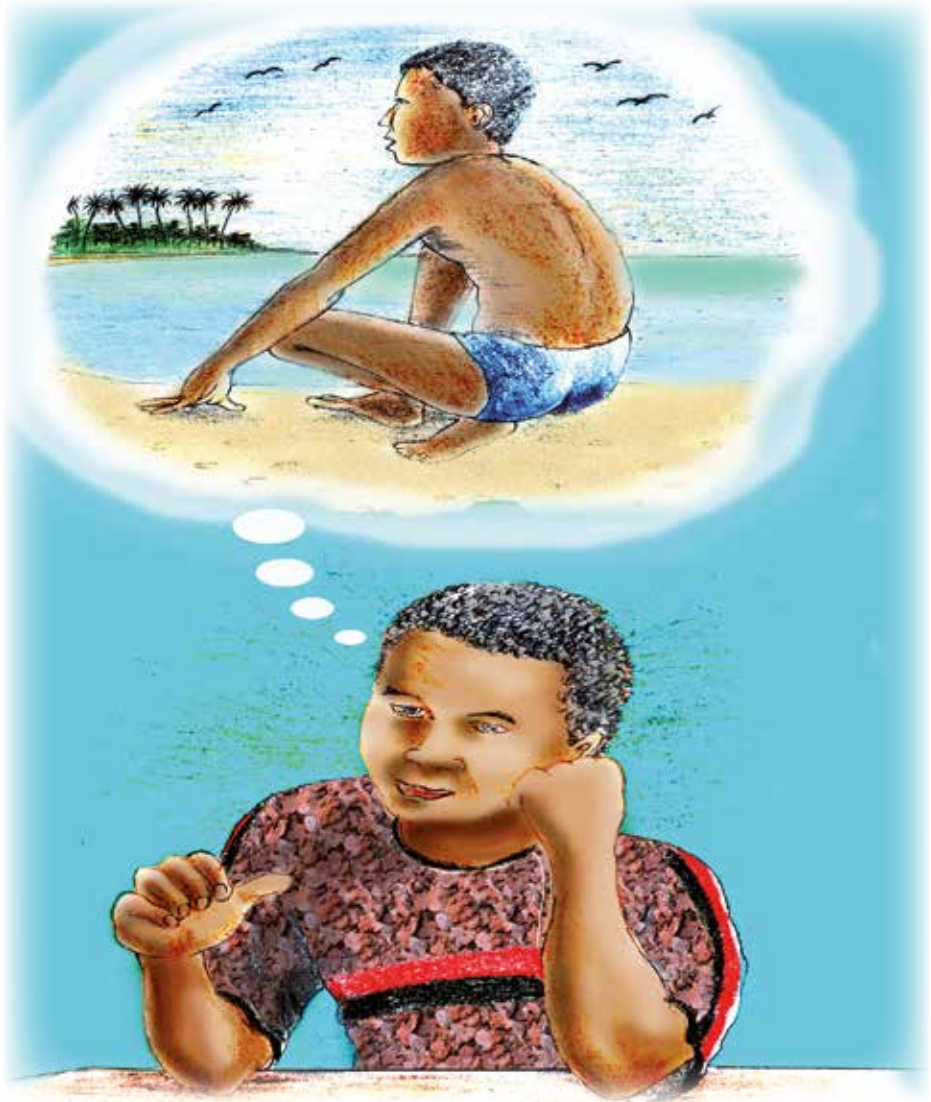
“Is there any sand, Mama?”

“Oh yes! Lots!”

“Mama, are there any rocks or reefs?”

“In my village, there are no rocks or reefs. You can walk all the way from Kerema to Ihu along the beach.”





“Papa! When are we going to Mama’s village?
I want to dig in the sand with my nose!”

“Well, son, first we have to go to my village.”

“All right. Tell me about your village.”

“My village is built in a sago swamp.”





“How can we get there?”

“First by road and then by canoe.”

“By canoe?”

“By canoe up the mighty Sepik River.”

“Is it big?”

“The Sepik is a very big river.”



“There are crocodiles on the banks. There are lots of birds. And you can see floating islands, with logs.”

“I wouldn’t want to swim in that river,” said Mama.

“Hah! What? Are you scared?”

“A little bit.”

“I want to see Daddy’s village. I want to see big crocodiles, birds and floating islands with logs. And I want to swim in the river.

I want to see Mummy's village too, so I can dig in the sand with my nose. One day they will take me home to their villages."



MY DREAM VILLAGE

Questions

1. What does the boy want to do at his mother's village?
2. How do you get to his father's village?
3. Why does Mama not want to swim in the Sepik River?
4. Which of the two villages would you prefer to visit and why?
5. Describe your ideal village.

EBONY AND THE THIEVES

by Grace Viambu



It was a rainy day. The place was dark and quiet. I fell sound asleep.

While I was asleep, I dreamt that thieves were coming into our house. The dream woke me.

Suddenly I heard a noise. What was that? I sat very still.

Then I heard it again. It was the sound of someone cutting the door lock.

“Oh no, thieves really are here!” I whispered.



I was so scared, I couldn't even call out.

I knew that Ebony, my dog, couldn't help me. He was outside but he was sick. He had hurt his front leg. He couldn't move.

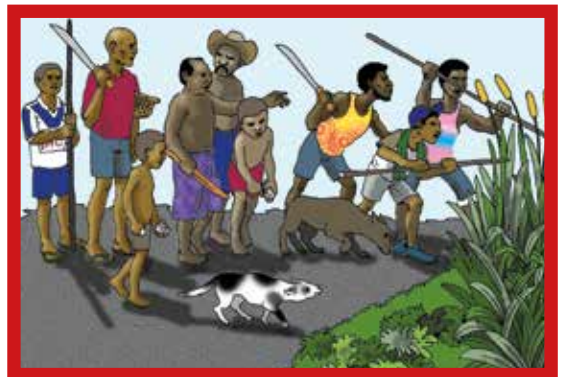
Suddenly I heard a bark! A crash! Then a shout.



“Aiyo! Aiyo! Dok i kakaim mi!”

I heard running feet, then the thieves were gone. I opened the door. There was poor, sick Ebony.

In the morning I looked on the ground. There was a trail of blood!



I called the men. They came with the bush knives.

We followed the blood into the tall kukai grass. There, sleeping and half dead, were the thieves. We took them to the police.

When the men were let out of prison, they became our good friends. Now Ebony welcomes them any time.



Illustrations by Alex Max and Michael John

EBONY AND THE THIEVES

Questions

1. What does the boy dream about?
2. What noise does he hear?
3. Why does he think Ebony will not be able to help him?
4. How do the men find the thieves?
5. What would you do if you heard thieves in the night?

WHO IS THE BEST?

by the Kalo workshop group with the help of Kalo Primary School



“I will go first,” says Kila.
“One, two, three... out!”
“I will go second,” says
Winnie.

“One, two, three, four,
five... out!”

“I will go third,” says
Emily.

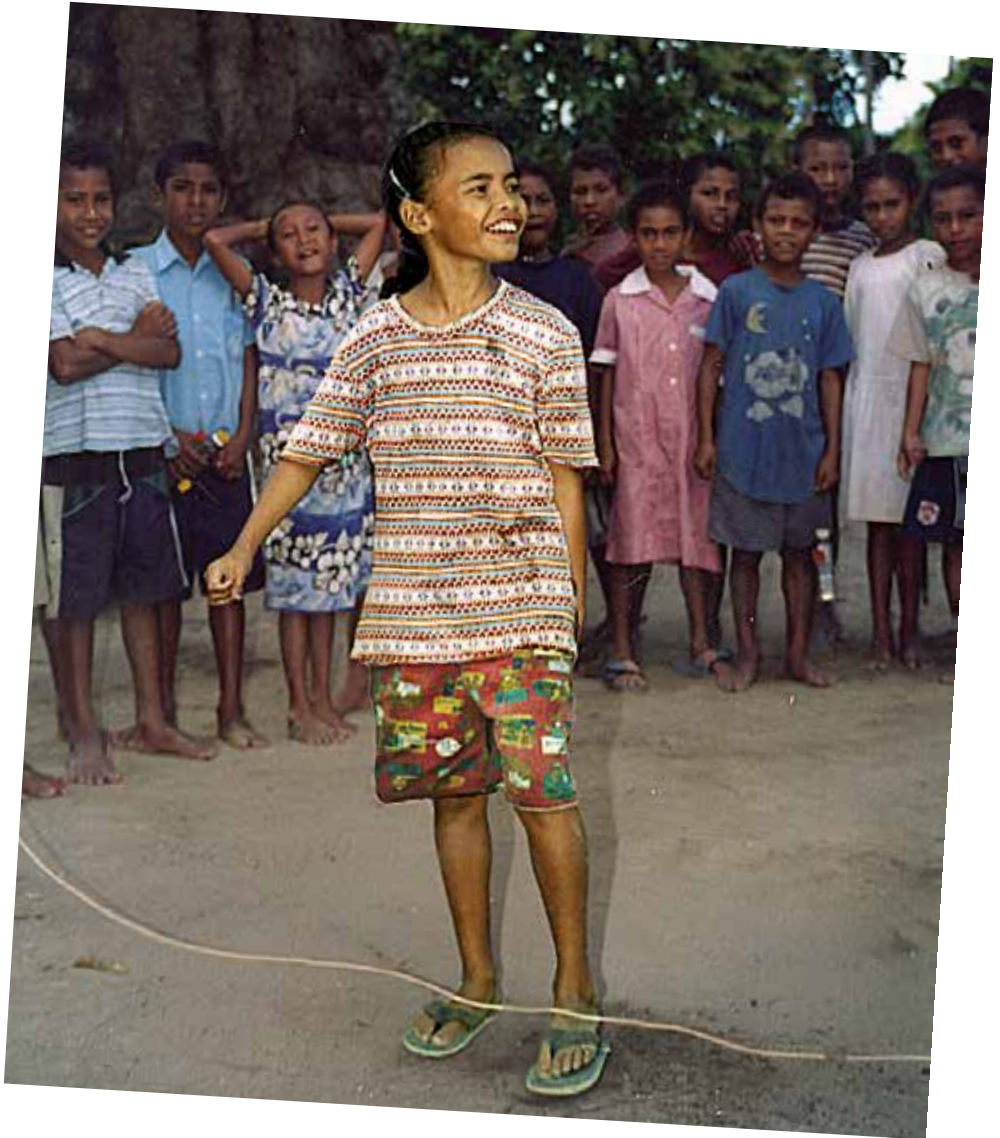
“One, two, three, four,
five, six, seven... out!”



“I will go fourth,” says Christina.

“One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!”

“Christina, you are the best!”



PILI

Photographs and text by the Kalo workshop group with the help of Kamali School.

Hey! The moon is bright. Let's play a game of pili!



Yes! Let us play!

Four big boys and four small boys around this coconut husk.

Four big girls and four small girls around that coconut husk.

Are you ready? Go!



Pili... pili mauna. E rigo ao. E rigo ao.
Rawa rawa nai... rawai kele... Pili!

Now spin! Who can spin the longest?

Hooray! The girls have crashed!

The boys have won! Ha! Ha! Ha!



KAE

Photographs and text by the Kalo workshop group with the help of Kamali School.



Let's play another game!
Let's play kae!

Four girls here.

Four more girls over
there.

Four boys here.

Four more boys
over there.

Hook your legs
together.

Kae, kae,
Kua kiri kiri!
Kua kiri kiri!



Again!

Kae, kae,
Kua kiri kiri!
Kua kiri kiri!

Come on! Hop!
Hop faster!

Look who's
failing!



Ha! The boys
have crashed!
Hooray! The
girls have won!
Yahoo!

WHO IS THE BOSS?

by Leslie Saulmai

Characters: Papa, Mama, Bubu, Naya (the baby), Solo and Mele (brother and sister)

Scene: Dinner at home

Mama: Dinner time, everyone. Come and eat while it's hot.

Solo comes running into the living room

Mele: Take off your shoes and wash your hands!



Solo: Don't tell me what to do! You're not the boss of the family, Mele. I'm older than you.

Bubu: Well in that case, I must be the boss, because I'm older than everyone.



Mele: No! You're not the boss, Bubu, I am! Papa respects me because I'm doing exams.

Mama: You're my daughter, Mele. A child can't be the boss.

Mele: Then who's the boss?



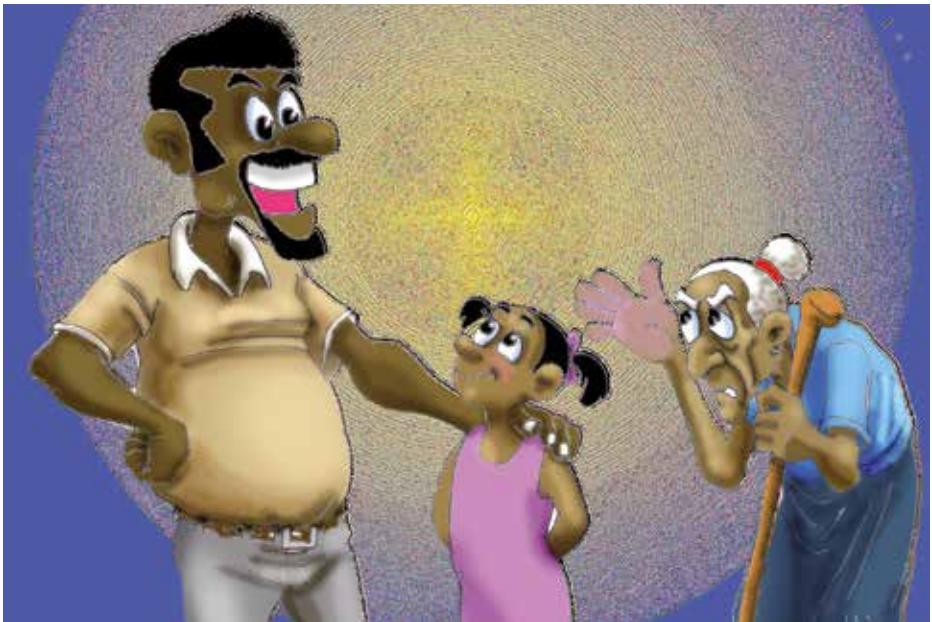
Mama: I am. So wash your hands and come have dinner.

Mele: You can't be the boss, Mama. Papa is.

Papa: That sounds right to me.



Bubu: But Papa is my son. How can my child be the boss?



Mele: You do what Papa tells you to, so Papa must be the boss.

Papa: That's right!

Mama: Well, no-one is my boss! I don't want to listen to anyone who wants to be my boss.



Naya starts to cry.

Mama: That's the baby!

Papa: I'll get her!

Mele: I'll do it!





They all rush to pick Naya up.

Solo: Look what happens when Naya cries. I guess that means that...

Everyone: Naya is the boss!



Illustrations by Alex Max and Michael John

YAM

You are so big

You are special to our clan

We all love to eat you

When it's yam festival time

We decorate you

And celebrate with you

We dance to the beat of the kundus

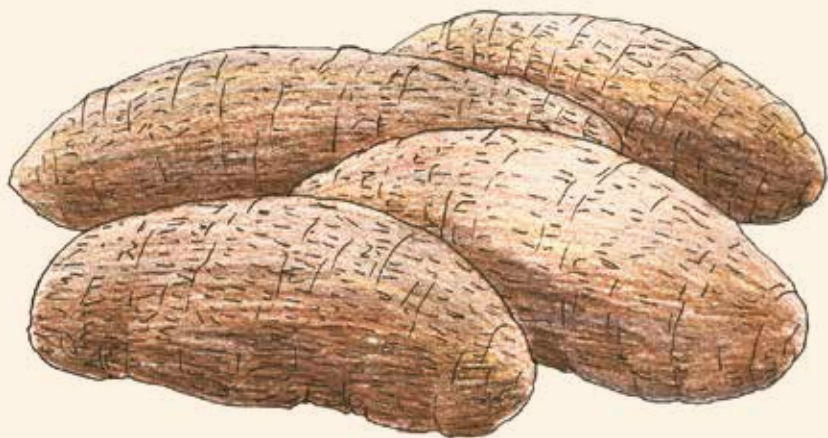
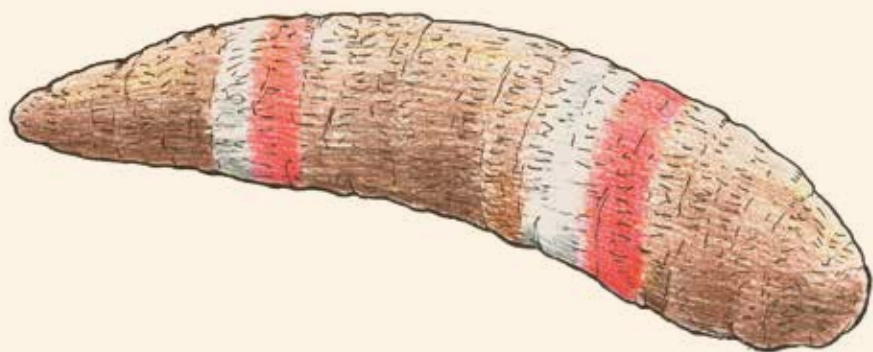
We sing tokples songs to you

You are our main food

O yam

You are so beautiful

Julia Baewam







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