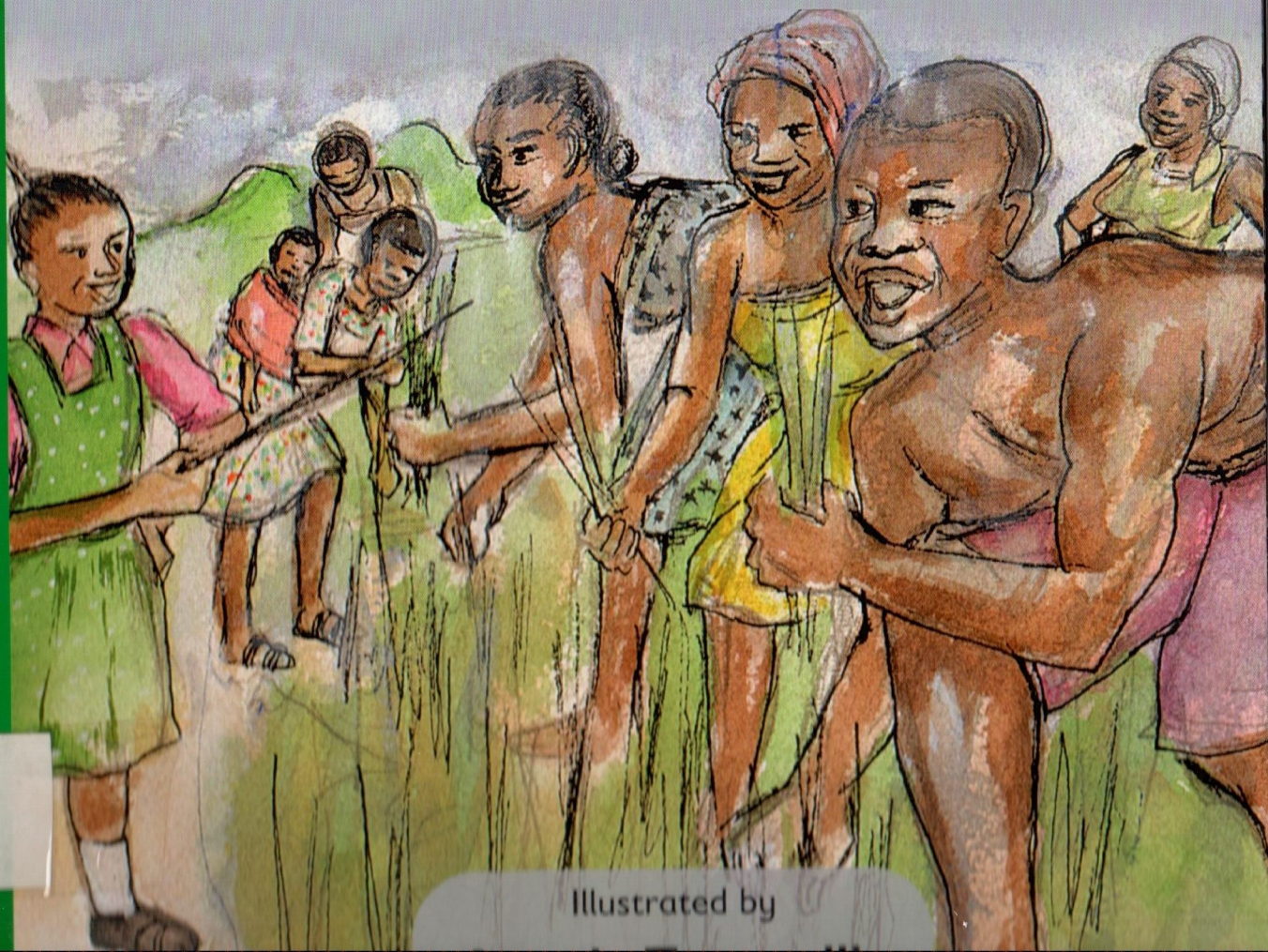


The Rainy Season

Written by

Rainny Brito
Bernadette Kemokai



Illustrated by

JF
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The Rainy Season

Written by

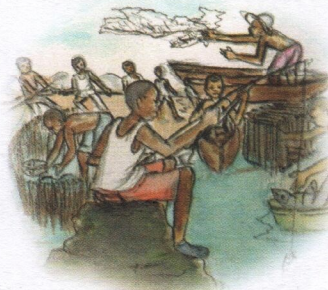
**Rainny Brito
Bernadette Kemokai**



Rewriting the story
for global literacy

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Illustrated by

Amadu Tarawallie



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A colorful illustration of a classroom. In the foreground, several children are seated at wooden desks, facing away from the viewer. They are wearing pink shirts and green patterned aprons. One child in the center is pointing their finger upwards. In the background, a boy stands and speaks to the class. The classroom has large windows showing a view of a village with houses. The title 'The Rainy Season' is written in large, bold, orange letters at the top right.

The Rainy Season

“Teaching or no teaching, today is Friday and the weekend awaits us in the village,” bellowed Njabu. All her classmates laughed. All except the class prefect.

“Njabu, if you make noise in class, I will write your name for punishment,” said the prefect.

But Njabu walked boldly to the front of the class, “I was not making noise. I was improving on my oral skills. Am I lying, class?”

And the whole class roared, “Nooooo!”

Njabu picked up the cane from the teacher's desk. She began to strut like their class teacher.

"Okay, teach us something, since you have become a teacher," said the class prefect, with a laugh. Njabu took a piece of chalk from its box.

"Teach us about the rainy season!" shouted Miata, the smallest girl in the class.

Njabu gave them a broad smile. Njabu wrote "Rainy Season" on the board.

Miata asked, "What is a rainy season?"

A colorful illustration of a classroom. In the foreground, several children are seated at wooden desks, facing away from the viewer. They are wearing pink shirts and green patterned aprons. One child in the center is pointing their finger upwards. In the background, a boy is standing and speaking to the class. The classroom has large windows showing a view of a village with houses and trees. The title 'The Rainy Season' is written in large, bold, orange letters at the top right.

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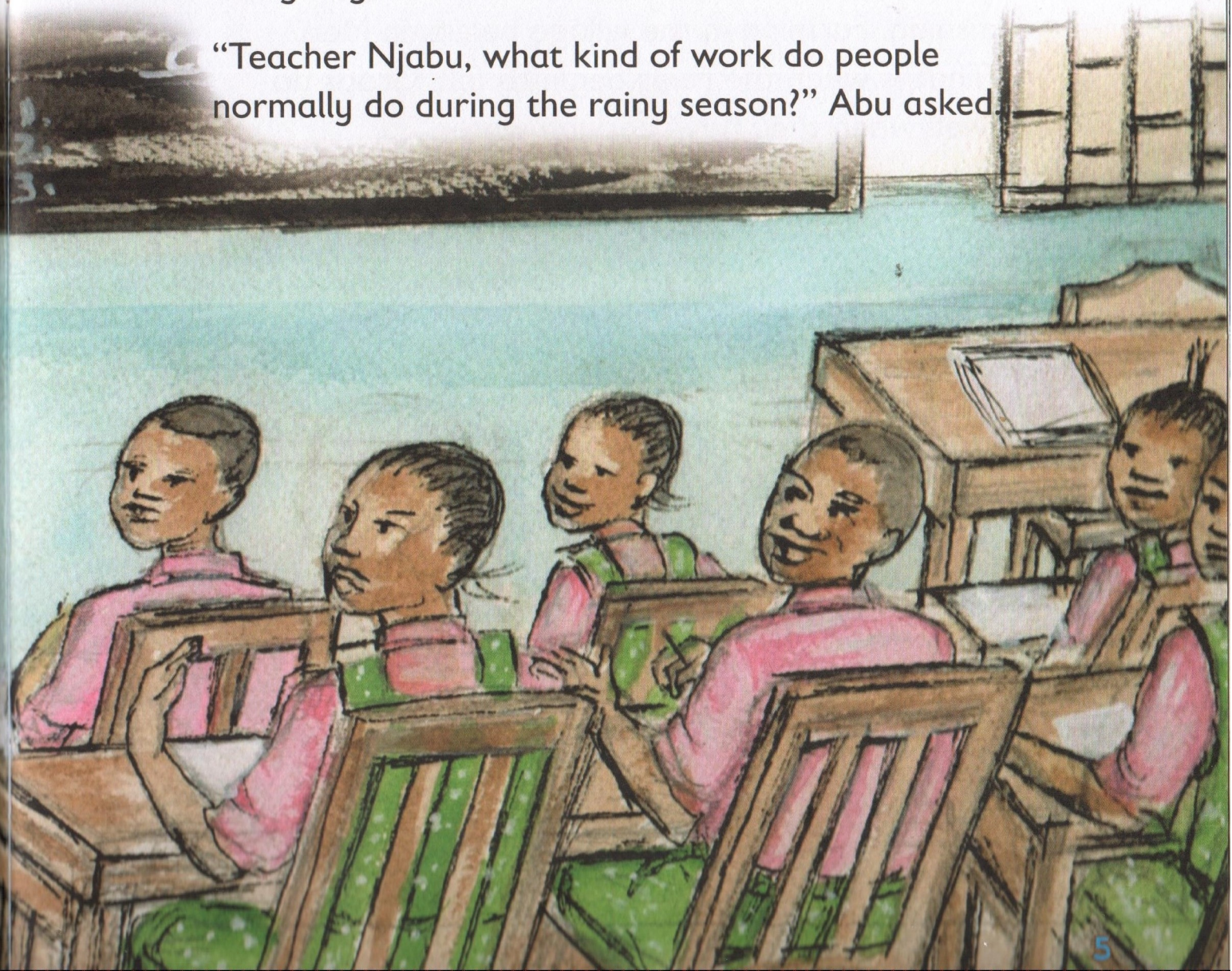
And the whole class roared, “Noooo!”

Njabu went right to the point. "The rainy season is the time in Sierra Leone when we experience a lot of rainfall. It is one of the two seasons we have in Sierra Leone. The other season is the dry season. Then we experience a lot of sunshine. The rainy season lasts for six months. It starts in May and ends in October. The dry season lasts from November to April."

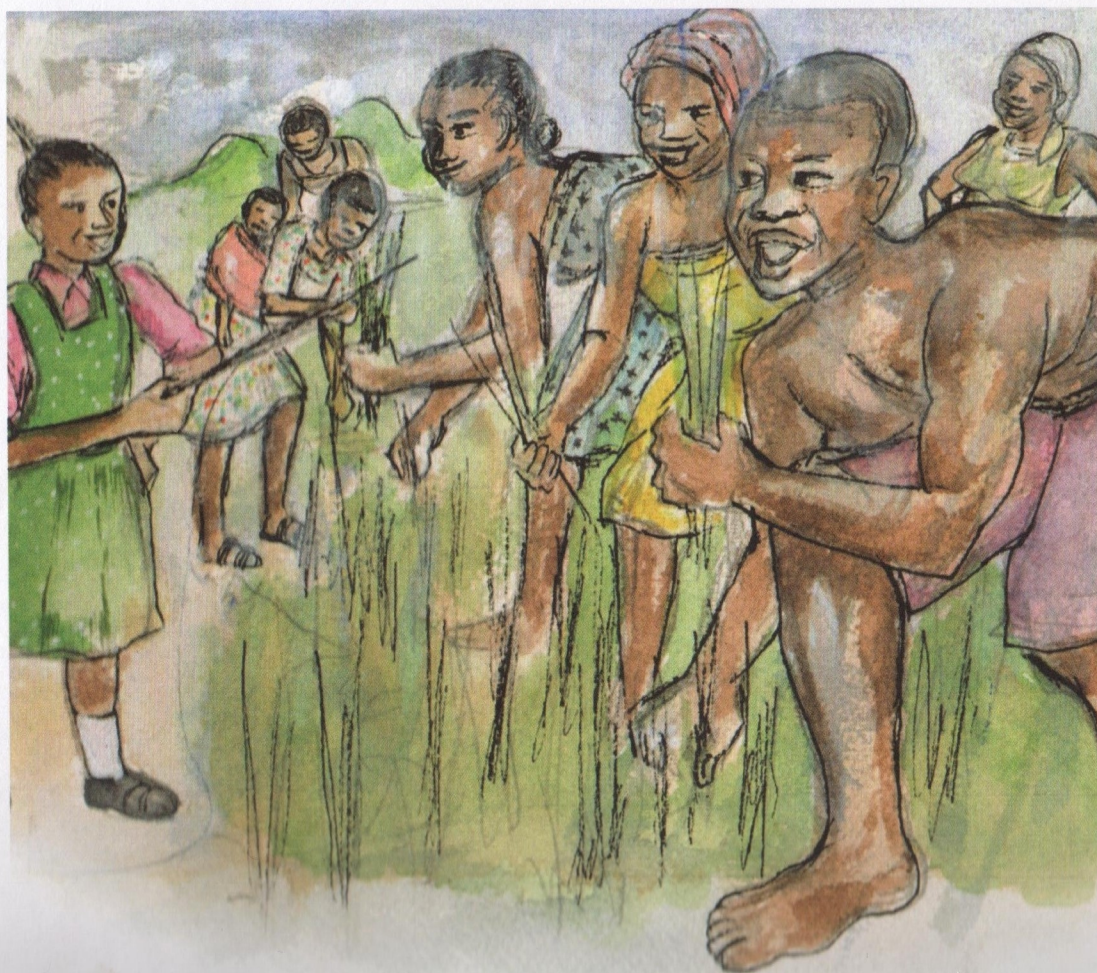


The whole class clapped for Njabu. Njabu smiled and went on. "August is the most difficult time in the rainy season. Then it rains heavily and almost every day."

"Teacher Njabu, what kind of work do people normally do during the rainy season?" Abu asked.



Njabu paused to get her answers clear in her mind. "Of course people do any kind of work during the rainy season. But the most important work in our village is farming and fishing. Farming in the village begins in May. That is when the rains begin to fall. Crops do well when they have enough water."



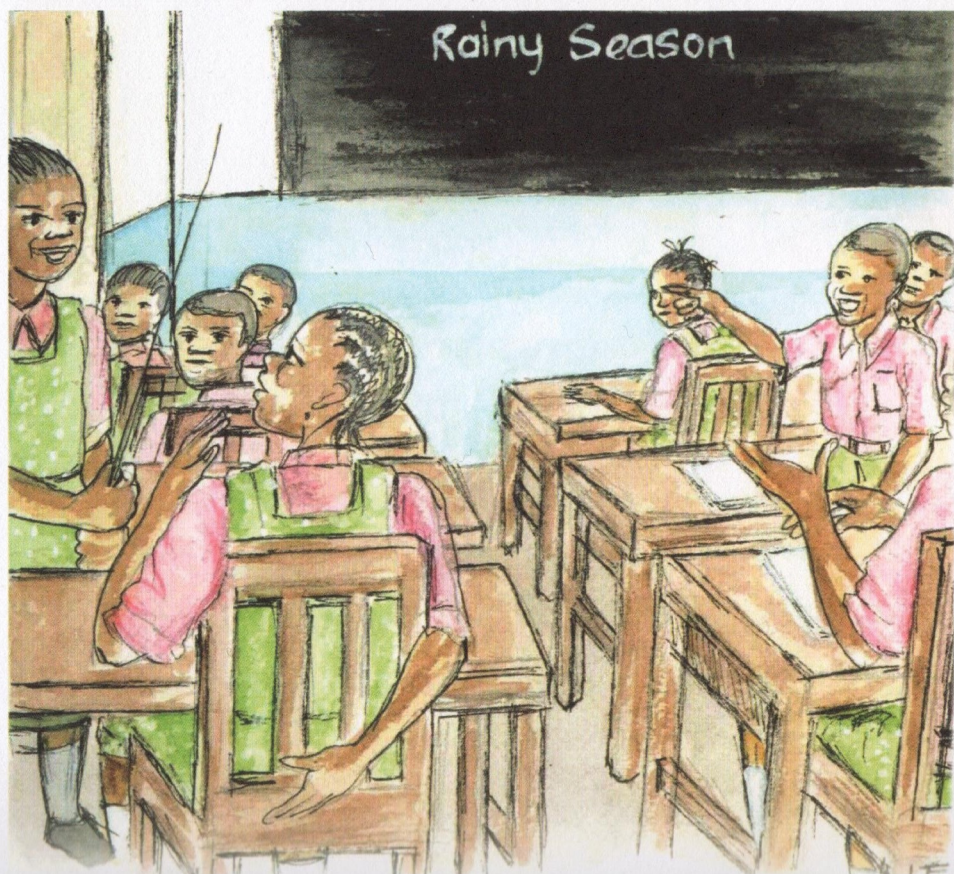


“When it rains, the streams and rivers begin to flow. The fish will travel at will. People use nets, hooks, fences, and bamboo cages to catch the fish.”

The class prefect stood up smiling, “Teacher Njabu, I don’t mean to embarrass you but where does water come from?” And the whole class gave a heavy sigh.

Njabu threw the piece of chalk in the air three times and caught it three times. Then she cleared her throat, "Oh, my dear prefect, water is just a traveler. The sun is its studious driver."

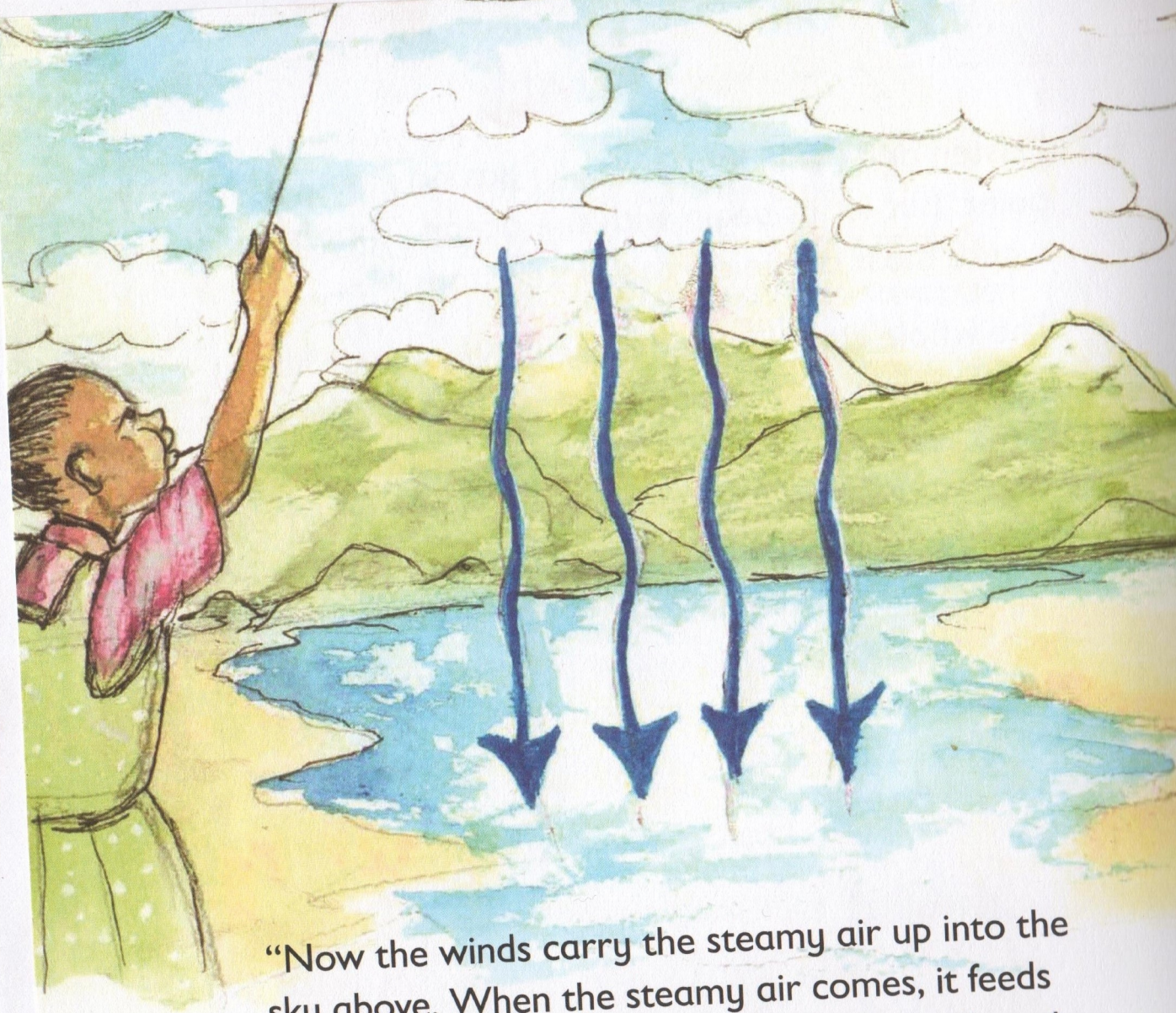
The whole class shouted, "Yes, teacher Njabu, give us more."



“Listen and I will. Water really has no starting point. But let us begin with the ocean. That is where most of the earth’s water stays.”

The whole class listened closely. Njabu was happy to say more. In a strong voice, she said, “The sun heats up the mighty ocean, and the mighty ocean breathes steamy air. With the sun’s heat, the rivers, the streams, and the water puddles send their steamy air above. Likewise, the fertile soil will also help the water along in its travels. So do the green plants give off steamy air from their leaves.”

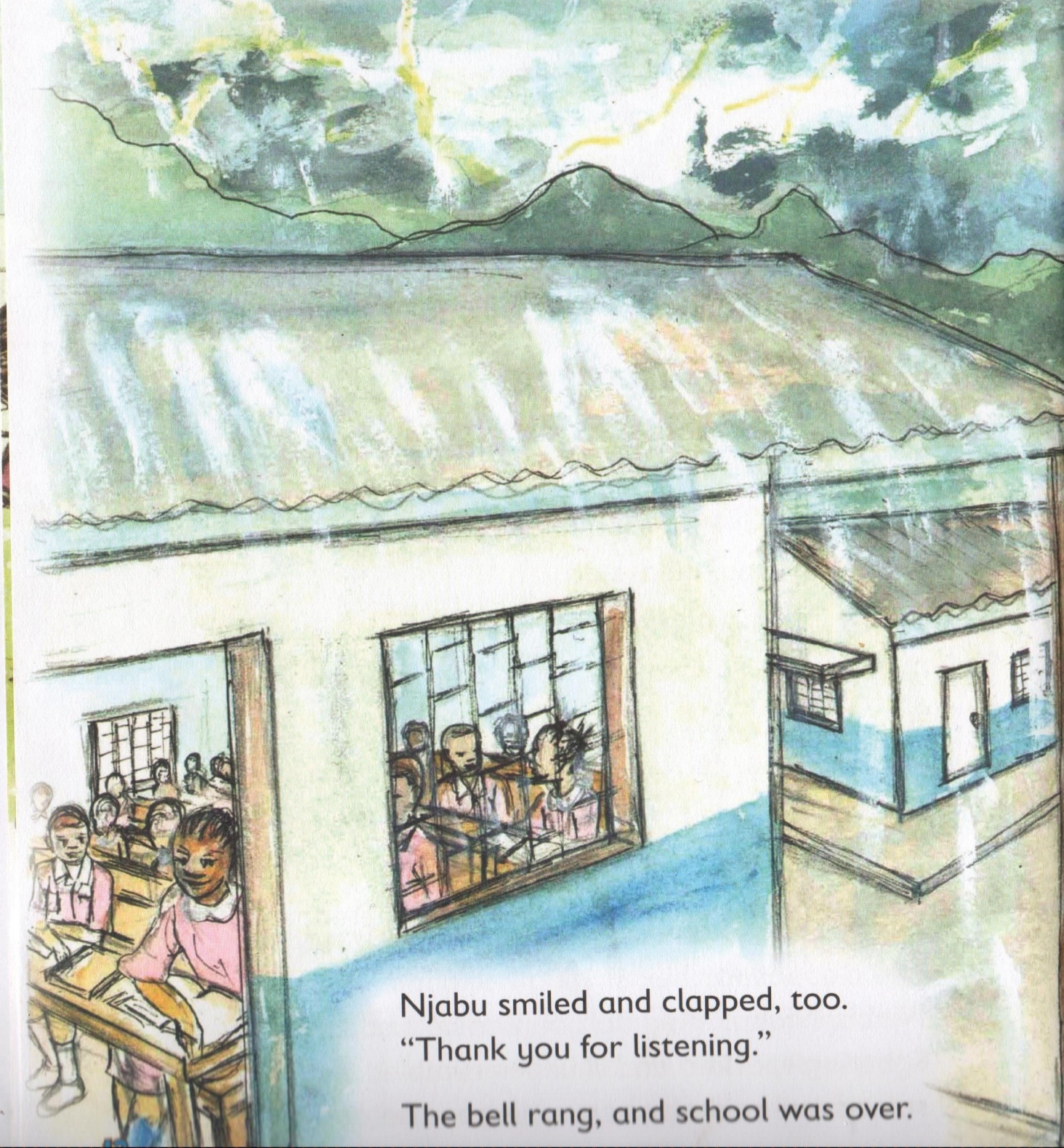




“Now the winds carry the steamy air up into the sky above. When the steamy air comes, it feeds the hungry clouds. The hungry clouds swallow the steamy air from the ocean and the rivers and the puddles and the plants. Brothers and sisters, boys and girls, the clouds then change the steamy air into liquid. Whenever the clouds belch, water falls from the clouds in the form of rain.”



Njabu's classmates were amazed. They stood and clapped for her, singing her name, "Njabu, Njabu, Njabu." And do you know? Just then lightning sparked and thunder rumbled. And it rained and rained.



Njabu smiled and clapped, too.
“Thank you for listening.”

The bell rang, and school was over.



The Water Cycle

By Rainny Brito

Brothers and sisters, make a circle

And whatever I say, please do.

You are the sun, so heat the ocean.

Play the ocean now, and boil 'til steamy air flies up and away.

Be plants. Let your leaves breathe out steamy air, too.

Now you are powerful winds. Carry the steamy air higher and higher.

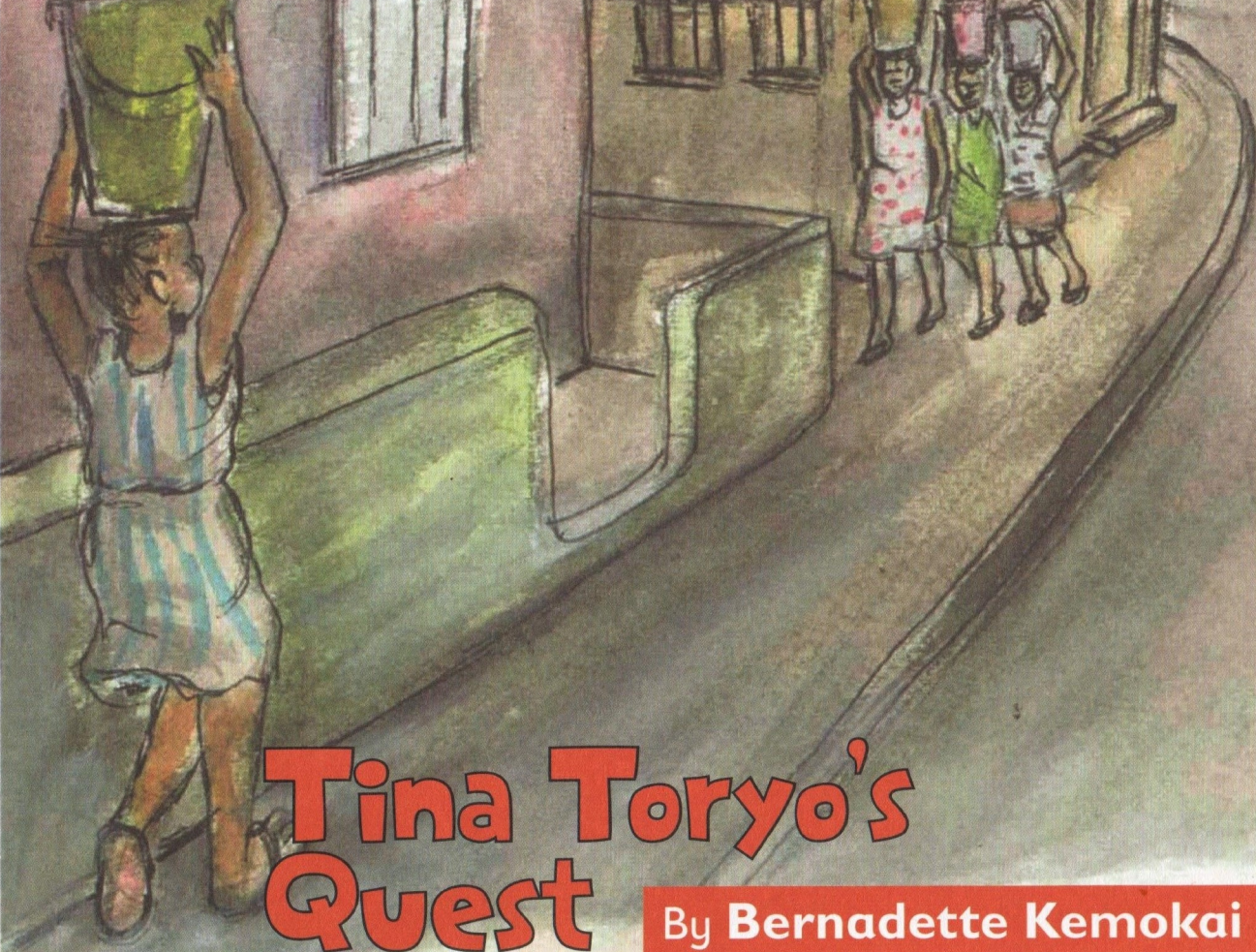
Be the clouds, and swallow every breath of steamy air.

Ah, you are hungry, hungry clouds, overfed.

Feel the steamy air sloshing in your cloudy bellies.

And now you are spewing forth the rains!

Now start over, as the water cycle goes on and on...



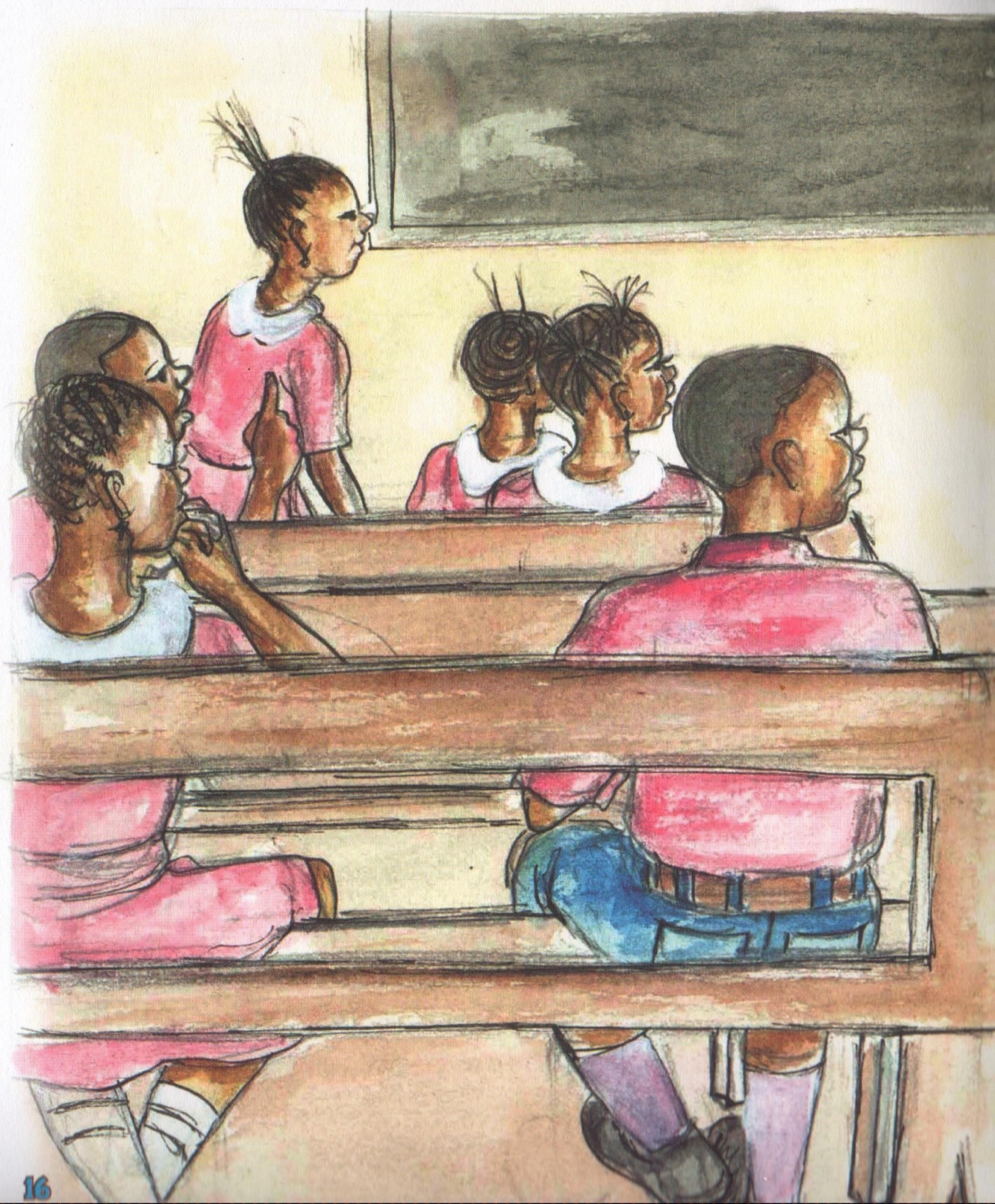
Tina Toryo's Quest

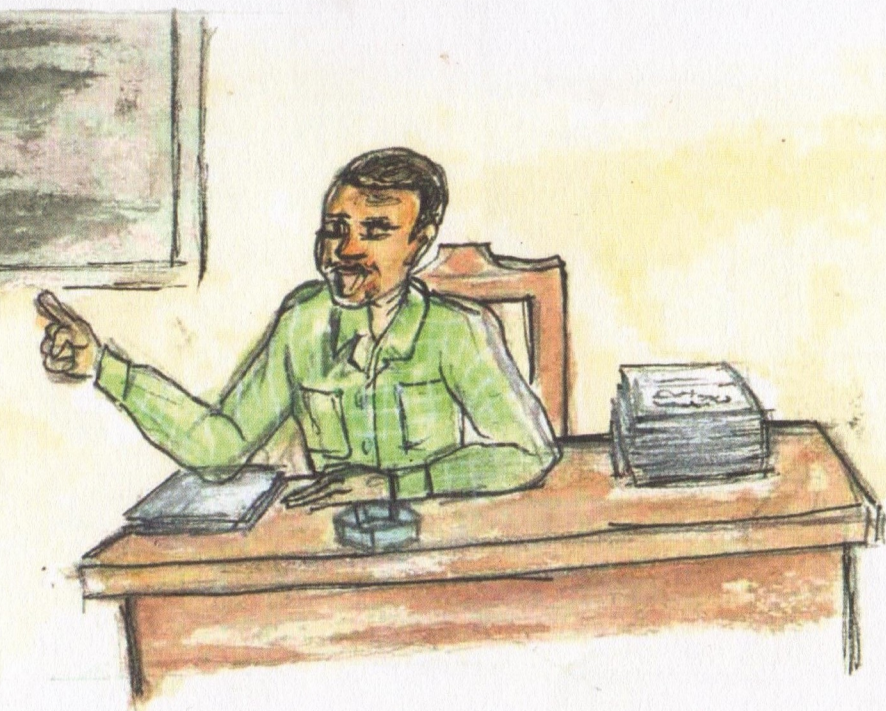
By Bernadette Kemokai

It was Monday. Tina Toryo rose early and grabbed the family's big bucket. Then she walked half an hour through the dark streets of Freetown to the public tap. She passed two small girls already coming back with heavy water buckets on their heads. She waited her turn, then filled her bucket. She could barely lift it onto her head. But she didn't spill a drop on the long walk home.



As the sun rose, Tina dressed and hurried down the sidewalks to school. Tina thought about the math test that awaited her. She would do okay, she thought. She had studied well into the night.



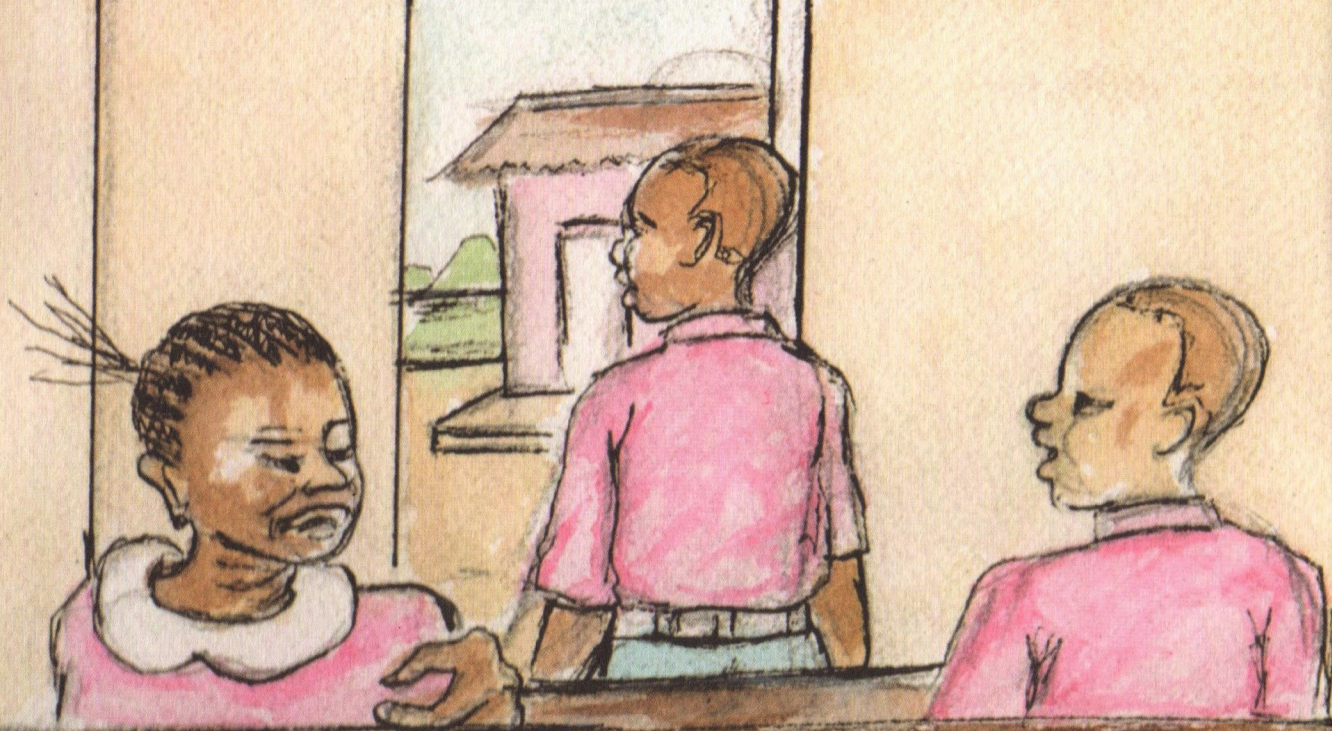


Tina did so well on the test that the teacher named her class prefect for the month. That was a surprise! But here came another surprise. Her teacher asked, “Tina, what would you do for the class now that you are the class prefect?”

Tina stood speechless as the rest of the class murmured. Tina’s strength was in sports and not speech.

Santigie, the hulky boy who sat behind Tina, pinched her just then.

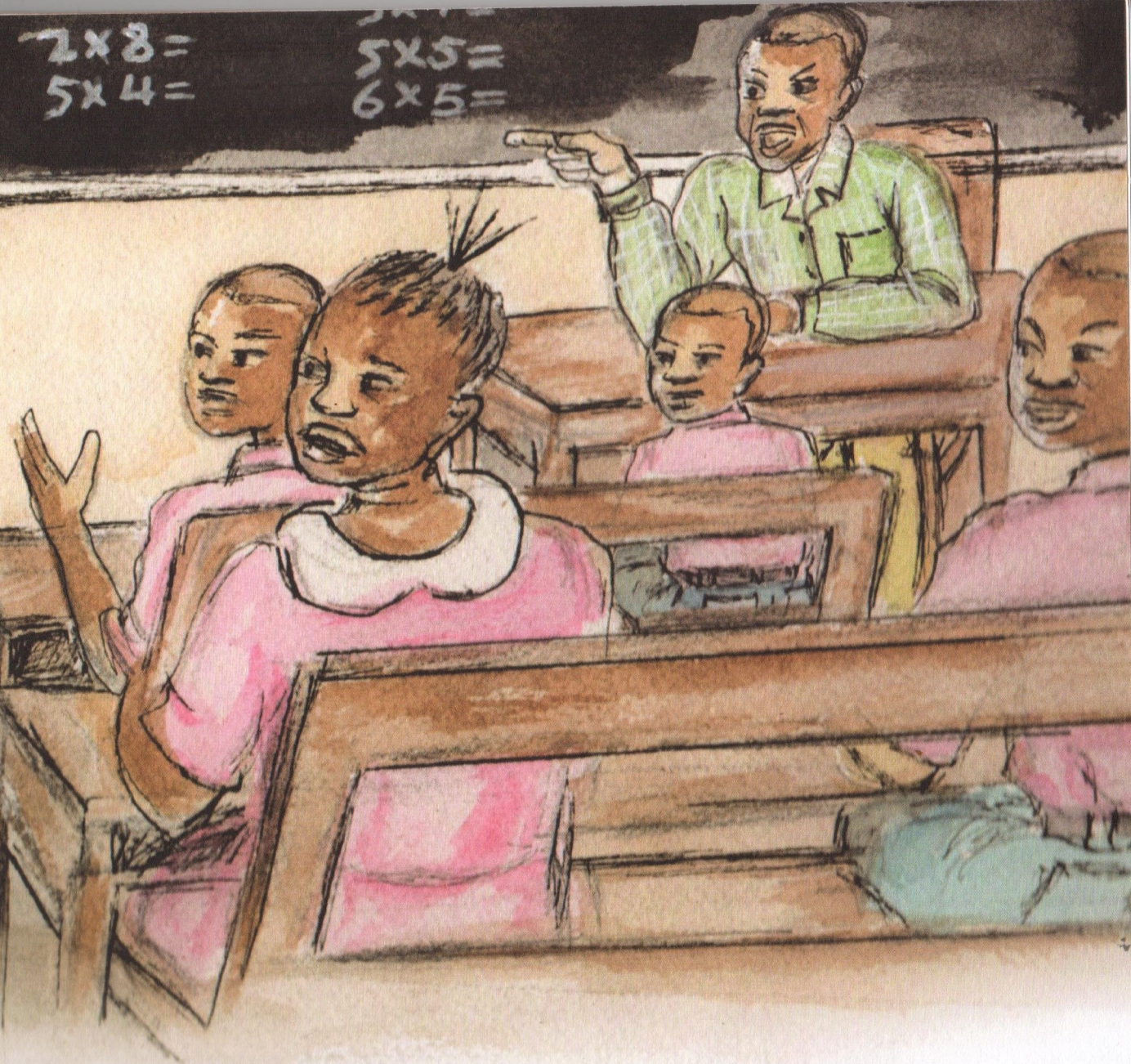
“Ouch,” she cried.



“What is it?” Mr. Kamara asked.

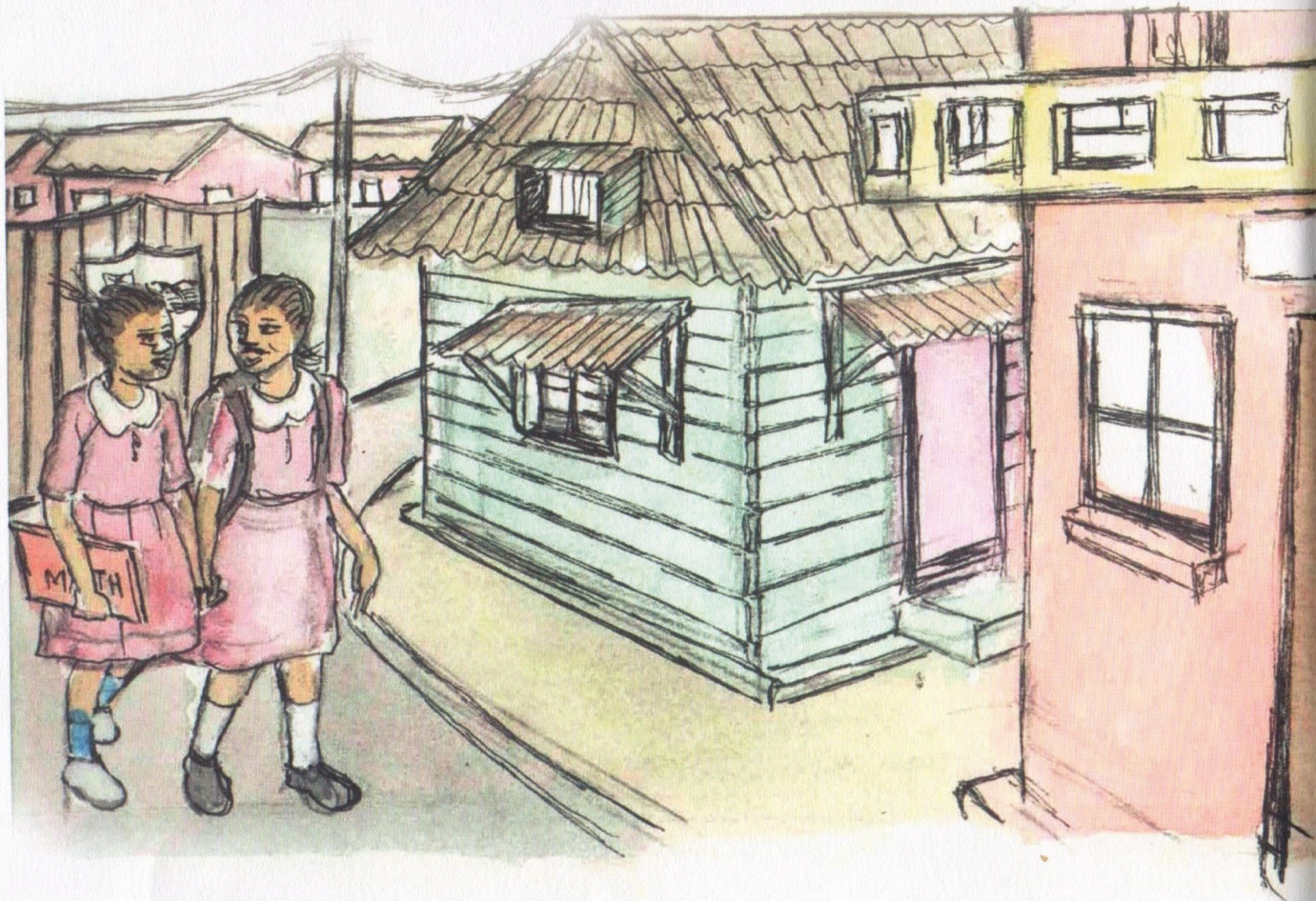
Before Tina could answer, Santigie stood and asked to be excused to go out for a drink of water. The tap was a long way from their classroom, and he was gone for 20 minutes. The children had to miss important parts of their lessons if they had to go out to drink water.

Tina turned around to look for her friend Safire. Maybe Safire would have an idea for a project. But Safire shook her head. The end of school bell rang at that moment. Tina was relieved.



"Tina," Mr. Kamara said, "I hope by tomorrow you will have an idea for a class project."

Tina nodded her head. She grabbed her bag and ran out shoving past her classmates.



Safire came puffing behind her. Tina reached the huge iron gates and waited for Safire.

"I am thirsty," Safire complained. She held on to her huge sides and leaned on Tina. Both girls fell. They giggled as they untangled themselves.

"I also want to drink," Tina said. The two walked two more blocks to the tap.



They waited ten minutes in line, but they finally had long drinks and felt refreshed.

“This tap is too far from our classroom!” said Tina.

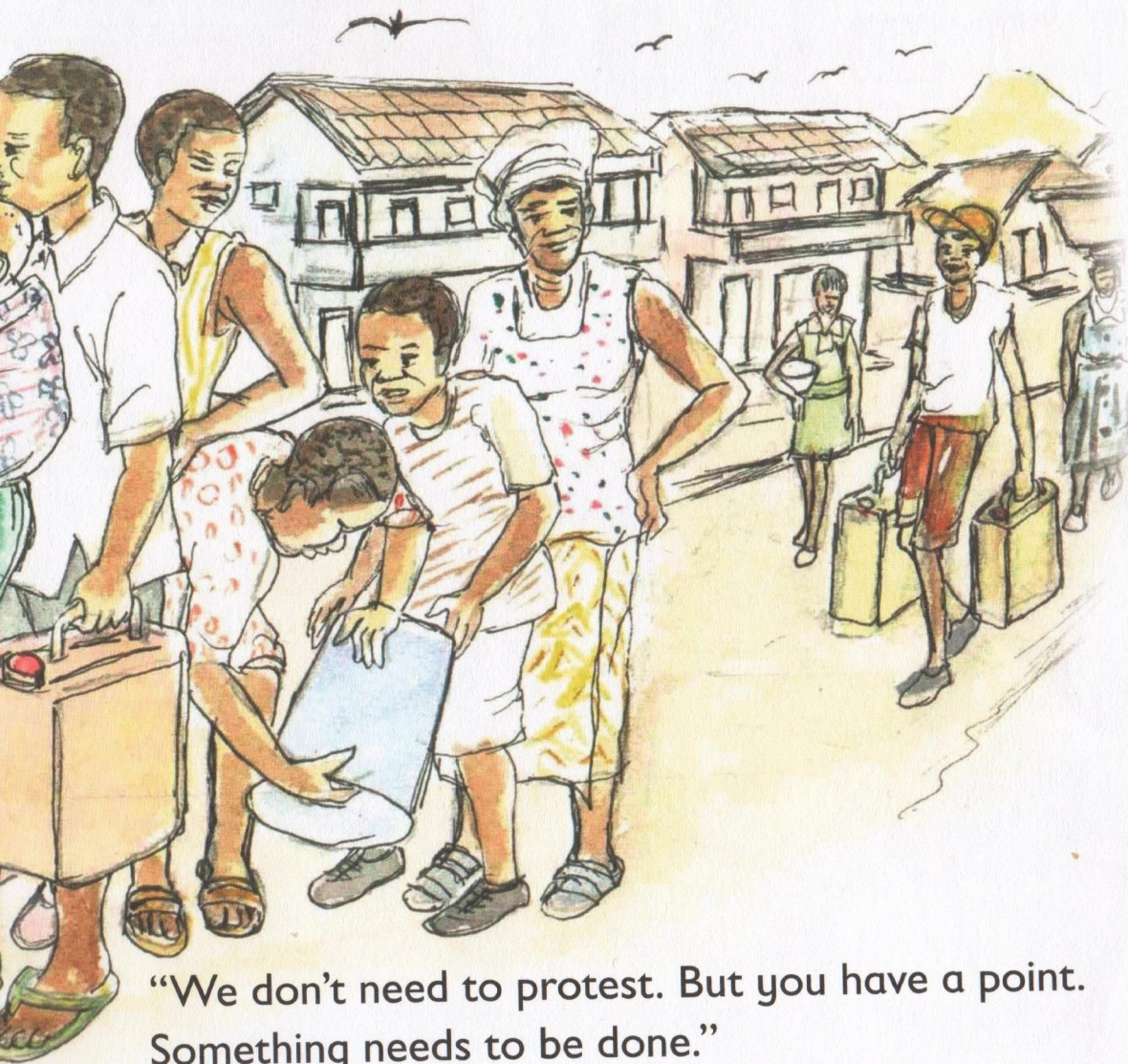
“You know what we should do?” Safire asked. Tina shook her head and waited for her friend’s idea.



"We should protest!" Safire said with anger in her voice.

"Why should we do that?" Tina asked. She imagined Safire holding a sign on a stick, and laughed.

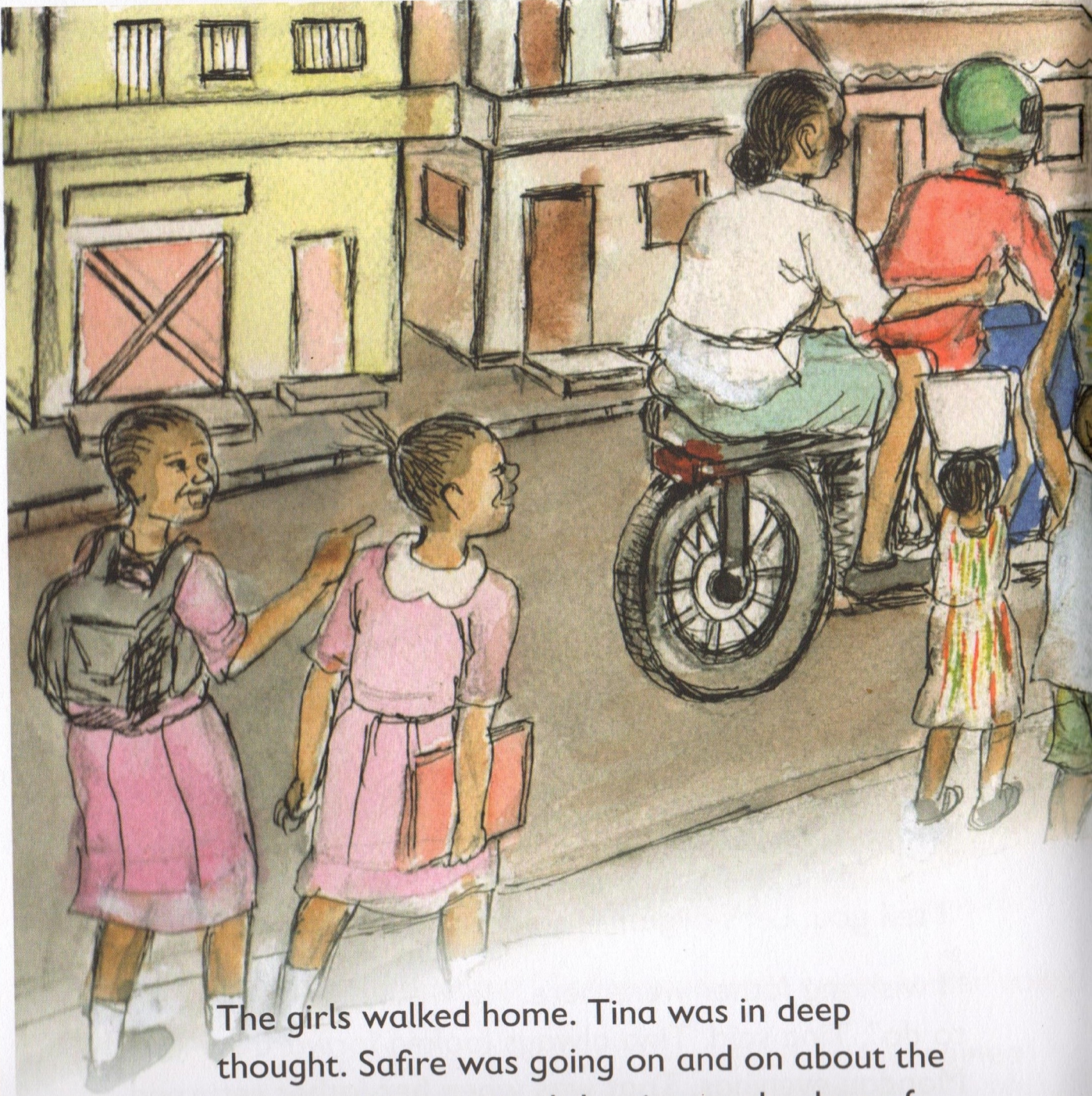
"Let's protest so they will put taps nearer to our classrooms!"



“We don’t need to protest. But you have a point. Something needs to be done.”

“I tell you. Let’s organize something fast,” said Safire.

“I wish my father were here. He would tell me what to do”, Tina said. Tina always looked forward for Monday evenings. That was when her father returned from fishing in the sea. But today was different. Papa had left only this morning. He wouldn’t be back till



The girls walked home. Tina was in deep thought. Safire was going on and on about the protests. Tina noticed the sizes and colors of the buckets the women and children carried on their heads as they fetched water.



“My father carries water on his boat, too.” Tina said loudly. “Hey, I have an idea!” she said. She told her idea to Safire and they were both excited. Tina felt light. She had something to offer her class tomorrow. Papa will be proud of me, she thought. Even Santigie would be happy with her idea.

Both girls lived in the same compound. They went into their different houses and set about their chores. Tina talked with her mother and she agreed to help with Tina's idea.





The next day, Tina Toryo had a carefully washed bucket with its cover. She had some cups, too. Tina was surprised to see Safire with a bucket as well.

"Thank you, Safire," Tina said. Both girls walked to school feeling proud.

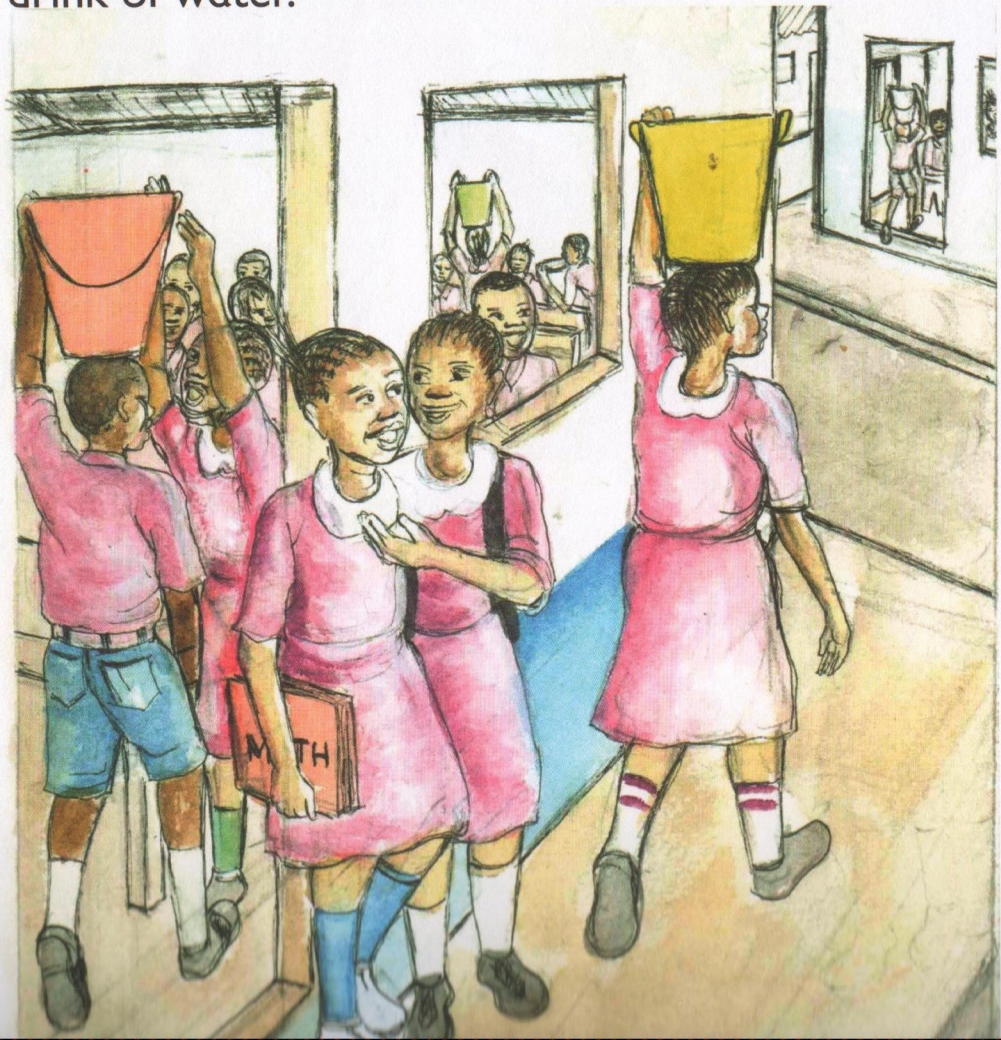
Pupils and teachers watched them as they filled their buckets with water and carried them to their classroom. Mr. Kamara smiled as the girls walked in. They opened their buckets and showed the precious gem of clean water. Tina felt proud and light. She was ready to give her speech. Safire, her noble friend, stood by her side.

As Tina was about to speak, Santigie stood up. "I want to drink" he said. "Please," he added. All the pupils laughed.

Tina Toryo cleared her throat to speak. "Having clean, healthy, and safe drinking water helps us learn." The class let out a roar of cheers. She passed out cups, and everyone had a cool drink of water.



The whole school heard about what Tina Toryo had done. Soon other pupils were taking turns washing and filling buckets with water. They washed the cups, too. Every classroom had a bucket of clean water, and clean cups for drinking it. No pupils missed a lesson to get a drink of water.



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About the Reading Sierra Leone Books

Reading Sierra Leone books are written and illustrated by Sierra Leonean authors and artists. Each title tells a compelling story of contemporary Sierra Leonean children and young people. For more information about these titles visit www.code.ngo.

Titles in the Reading Sierra Leone series include:

City Girl

Tibujang Must Not Come

Gbargbartee and Tumbu

Our Bird

Yamah and the Tumbeke Project

A Hunting Trip

Sia and the Magic Basket

Amidu's Day Off

Animals Talk

Farmers Farming

Here We Go

I Fooled You!

The Boats Are Back!

Which Foods Are Best?

Let's Go!

Magic

Show Me Your Pattern

"Putt, Putt, Varoom!"

The Mango Mountain

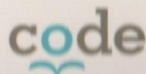
The Rainy Season

Reading Sierra Leone is a collaborative initiative between PEN Sierra Leone and CODE. The goal of Reading Sierra Leone is to produce locally written and illustrated books that engage children and invite them, through reading and writing, to think, to learn, and to improve their lives.

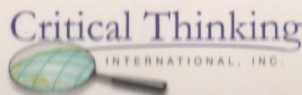
CODE is a Canadian NGO supporting development through education for 59 years. If you can read and write, you can do anything (www.code.ngo).

PEN Sierra Leone is a local chapter of PEN International (www.pen-international.org/centres/sierra-leone-centre/). The goal of PEN Sierra Leone is to reinvigorate and encourage writers to play an active role in rebuilding the country after the long civil war. It runs a national school club programme, which focuses on encouraging reading and writing among young people. Reading Sierra Leone receives expert advisory support from **Critical Thinking International (CTI)**.

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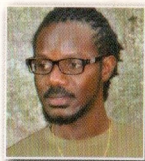


Rewriting the story
for global literacy



The Rainy Season

While the teacher is out of the room, can Njabu teach her classmates about the rainy season, or will the class prefect write her up for punishment? You will see what happens in *The Rainy Season*. *The Water Cycle* is a poem that children can act out as they visualize how water cycles from clouds to rain to groundwater, then evaporates and rises back into clouds again. Finally, *Tina Toryo's Quest* shows how two resourceful girls brought water to their thirsty classmates.



Rainny (Richard Ansumana) Brito, son of Papa Richo, is a descendant of Mbelleh. Writing for children is not just a personal interest, but he believes it is his responsibility. In his words, "literature is my food, drama my sickness, and I will die a poet."

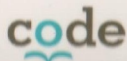


Bernadette Kemokai was born in Freetown. She has passion for reading and writing books. She believes that kids must live and realize life through books.



Amadu Tarawallie is a multi-award winning artist whose talent propelled him into the global arts community. His previous works include the illustrations of *Farmers Farming* a Reading Sierra Leone book.

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