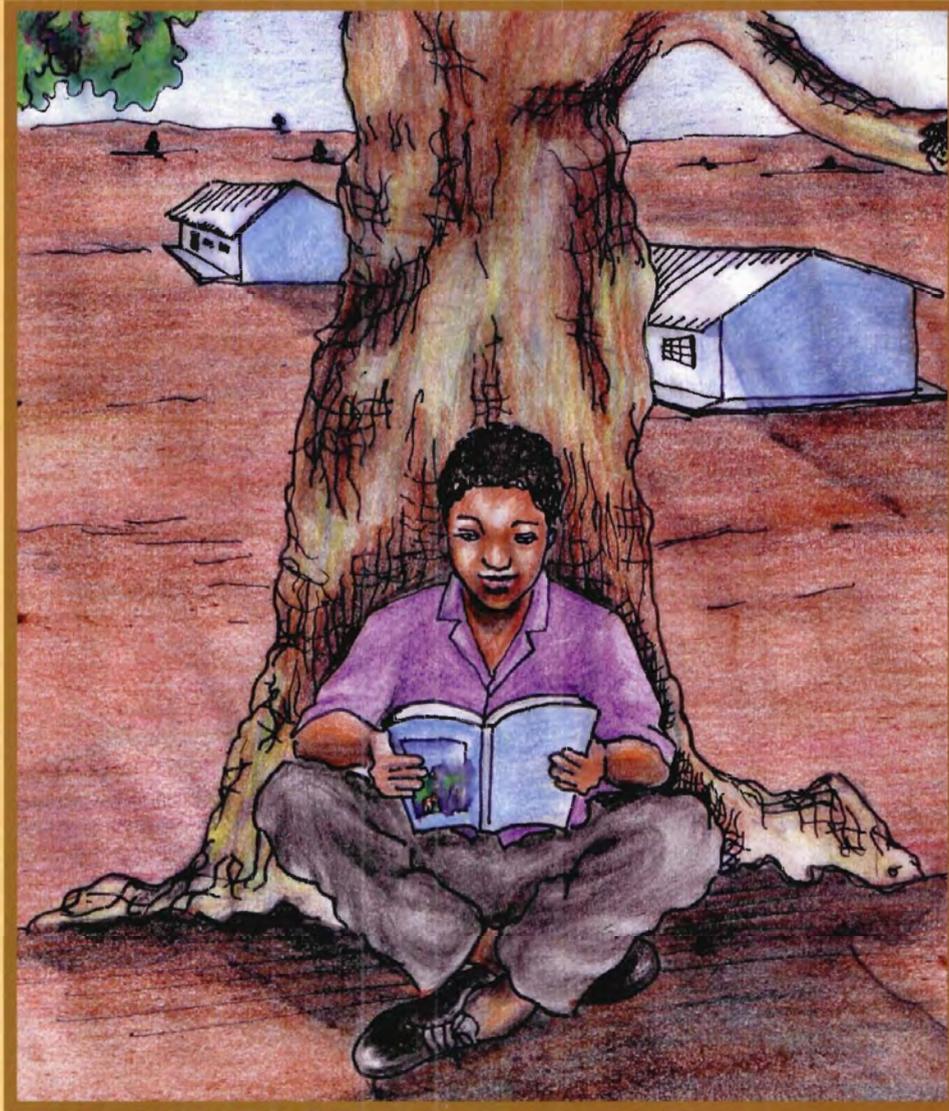


# Kaume remembers his mother



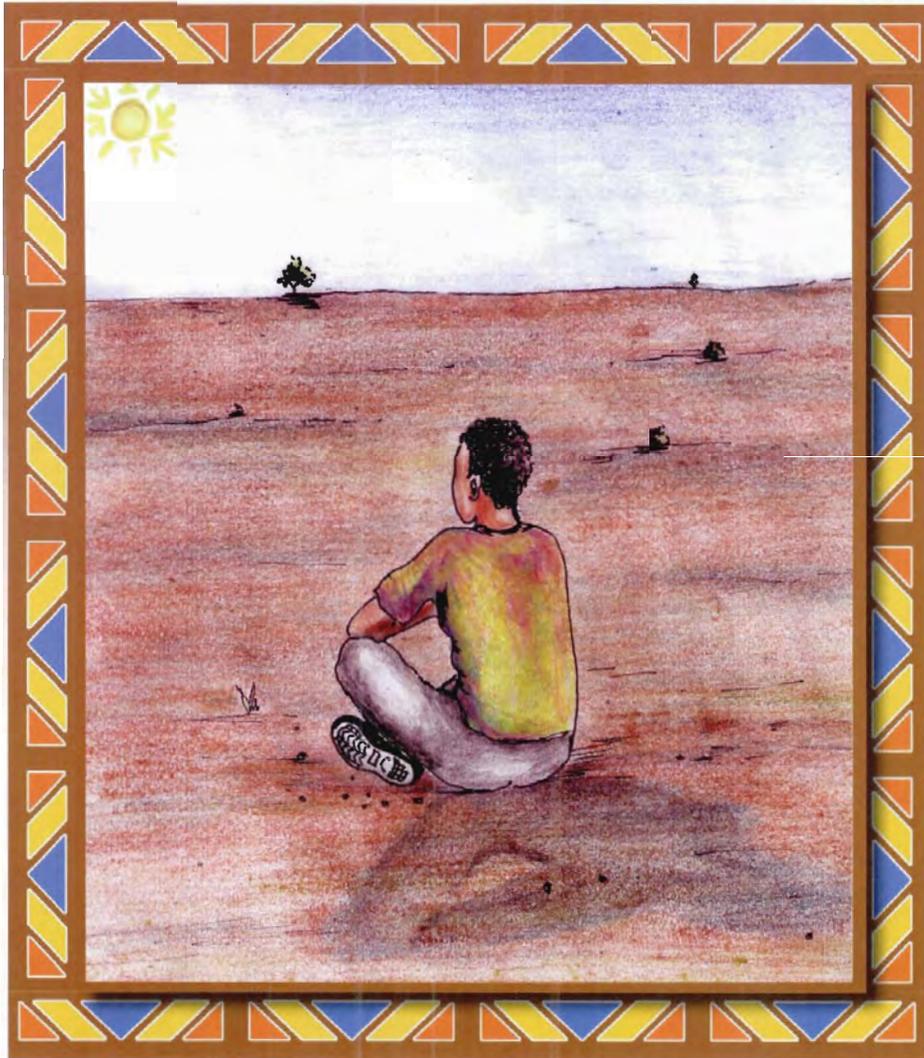
## **Authors**

Fritz David, Helena Kayofa and Michael Nalukaku

## **Illustrator**

Kapolo Fillemon

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**Pollination**  
PUBLISHERS

## Writing for Kids

Dedication by the Honourable Minister of Education

It is a great pleasure for me to dedicate the second set of titles in the **Writing for Kids**-series to all Namibian learners. These are supplementary reading books for Namibia's primary school learners. Learning to read and write in primary school is a key objective of the Ministry of Education. In order to become readers, children need interesting and informative books to read. These books will be an important addition to every classroom. The stories explore vital issues which will help the readers to develop essential life skills. Some of these skills are needed to mitigate the impact of the HIV and AIDS pandemic on our children's lives.

The **Writing for Kids** books were written by Namibian teachers and illustrated by Namibian artists. We can all take pride in the fact that **Writing for Kids** is a Namibian project. It has resulted in a truly Namibian product to be used in our classrooms. The project is a joint venture of the Ministry's National Institute for Educational Development (NIED) and the United States Agency for International Development (USAID) Basic Education Support Project, Phase III (BES 3).

Reading is for both children and adults. Parents, help your children to read. Children, help your parents to read.



Nangolo Mbumba, MP  
Minister of Education

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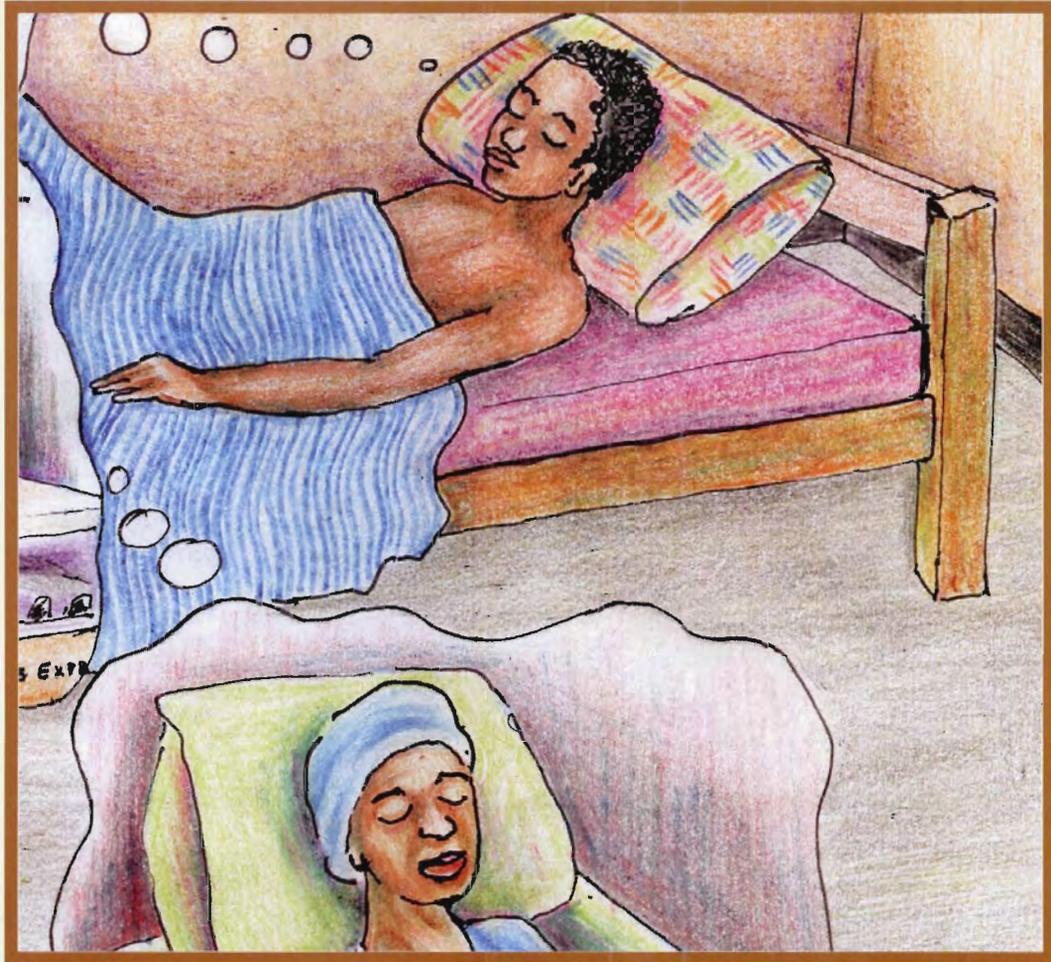
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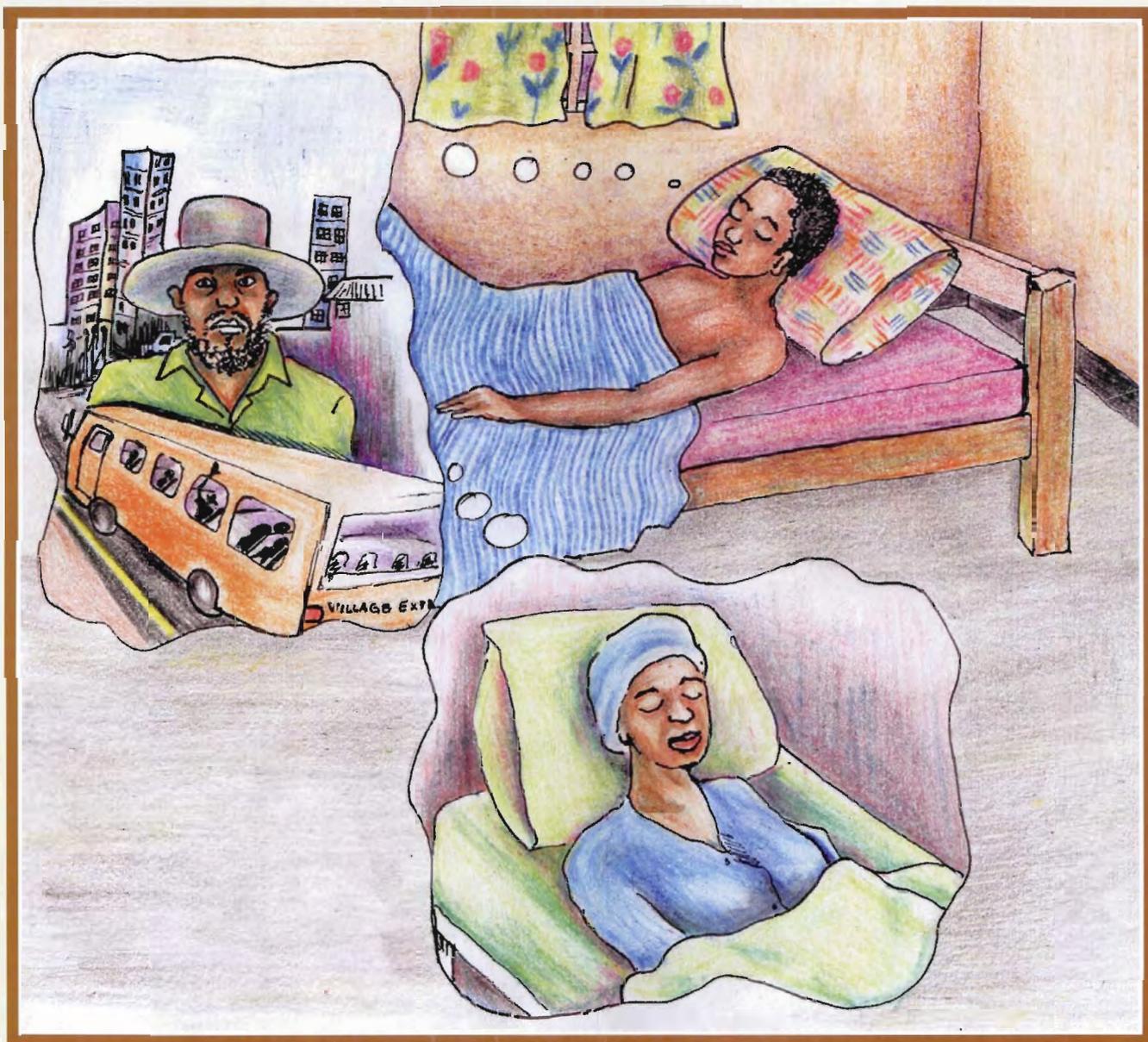
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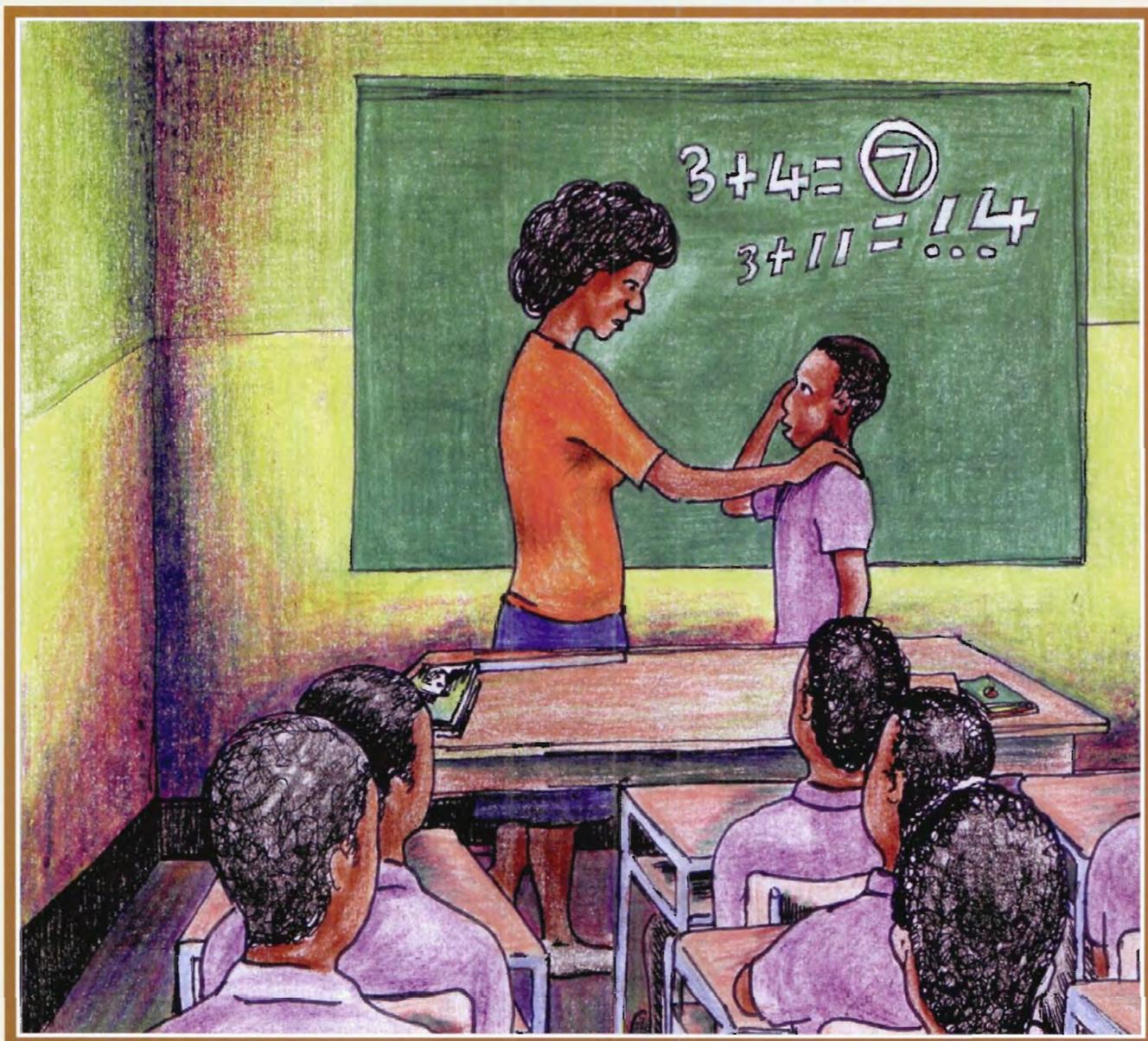




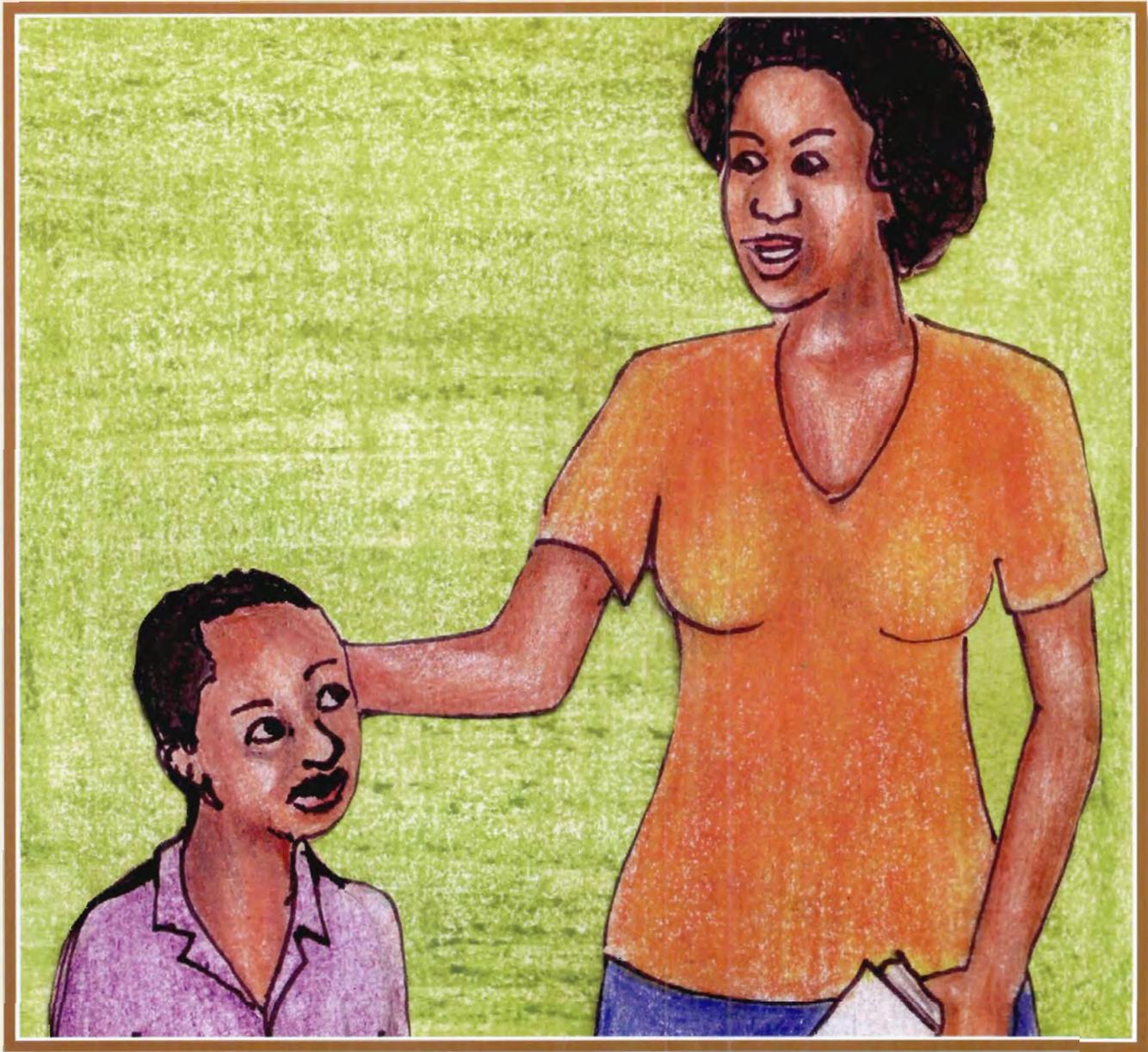
One day, little Kaume, a young orphan boy, was feeling very sad. His village was on the edge of the Etosha Pan. The dry white sand stretched away from him for miles. His teacher said that there were many animals that lived in the Pan but he could not even see a single one. He felt so alone. He missed his mother who had said goodbye to him at the hospital. He missed his father who had left home to find work a year ago and never returned.



Now he lived with a friend of his mother. She was a kind lady who gave him a bed and food to eat, but she had no time to tell him stories. Kaume loved to listen to stories. He remembered his mother telling him the story about a kind elephant who roamed the Etosha Pan eating grass, drinking water and keeping peace within its family.



The next day Kaume went to school. His teacher noticed that he was very sad. He was not participating in a mathematics game with the others. Tears were running down his cheeks. As the learners were playing their game, she called him to her desk. “What is wrong, Kaume? Why are you crying? Tell me.”

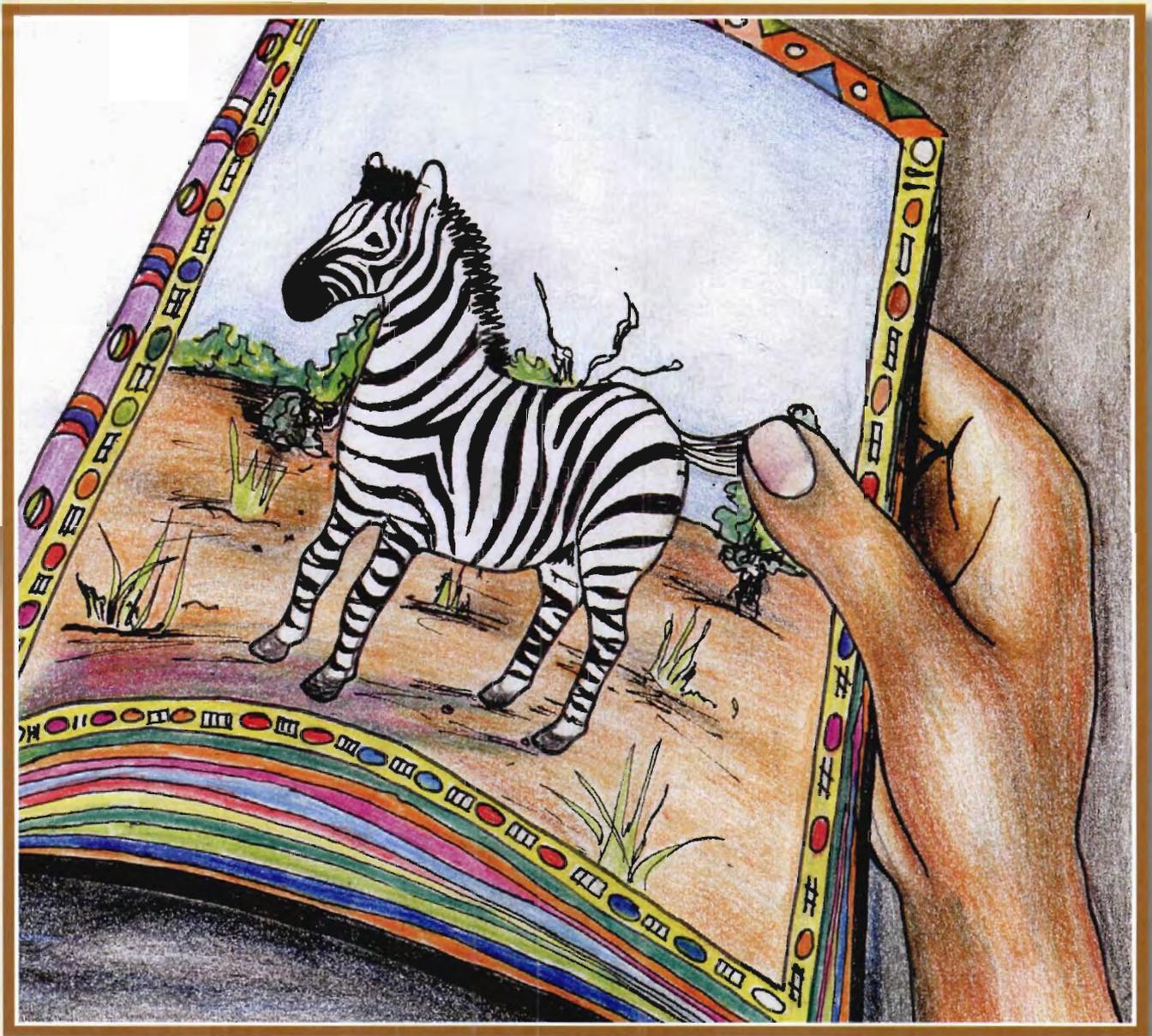


Kaume stood silent and shy. The teacher waited patiently. Finally, he spoke, “The others are calling me an orphan boy. They say both my mother and father have abandoned me and that I will become nothing.”

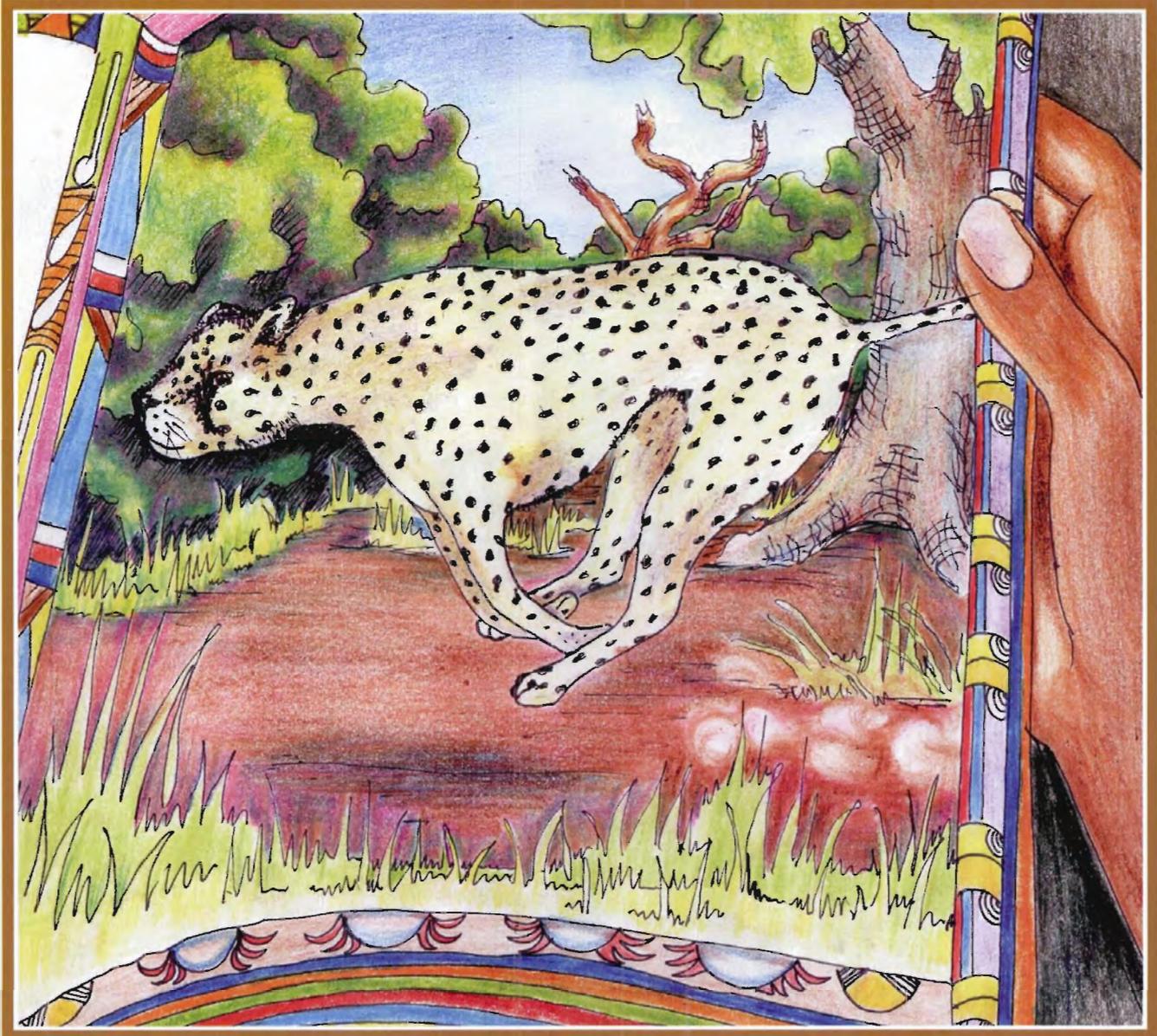
The teacher replied, “Your classmates can be very cruel. Try to ignore them. Your parents loved you very much. It is unfair to you that they are gone, but you must learn to be strong and independent. You must try to remember your mother every day even though it will be painful.”



She decided to send him to the back of the room with a book to read. A small chair next to the window was empty. Perhaps then he could forget his classmates' teasing for a while. Kaume sat near the window and looked at the animal pictures in the small book. He tried to answer the questions on each page.

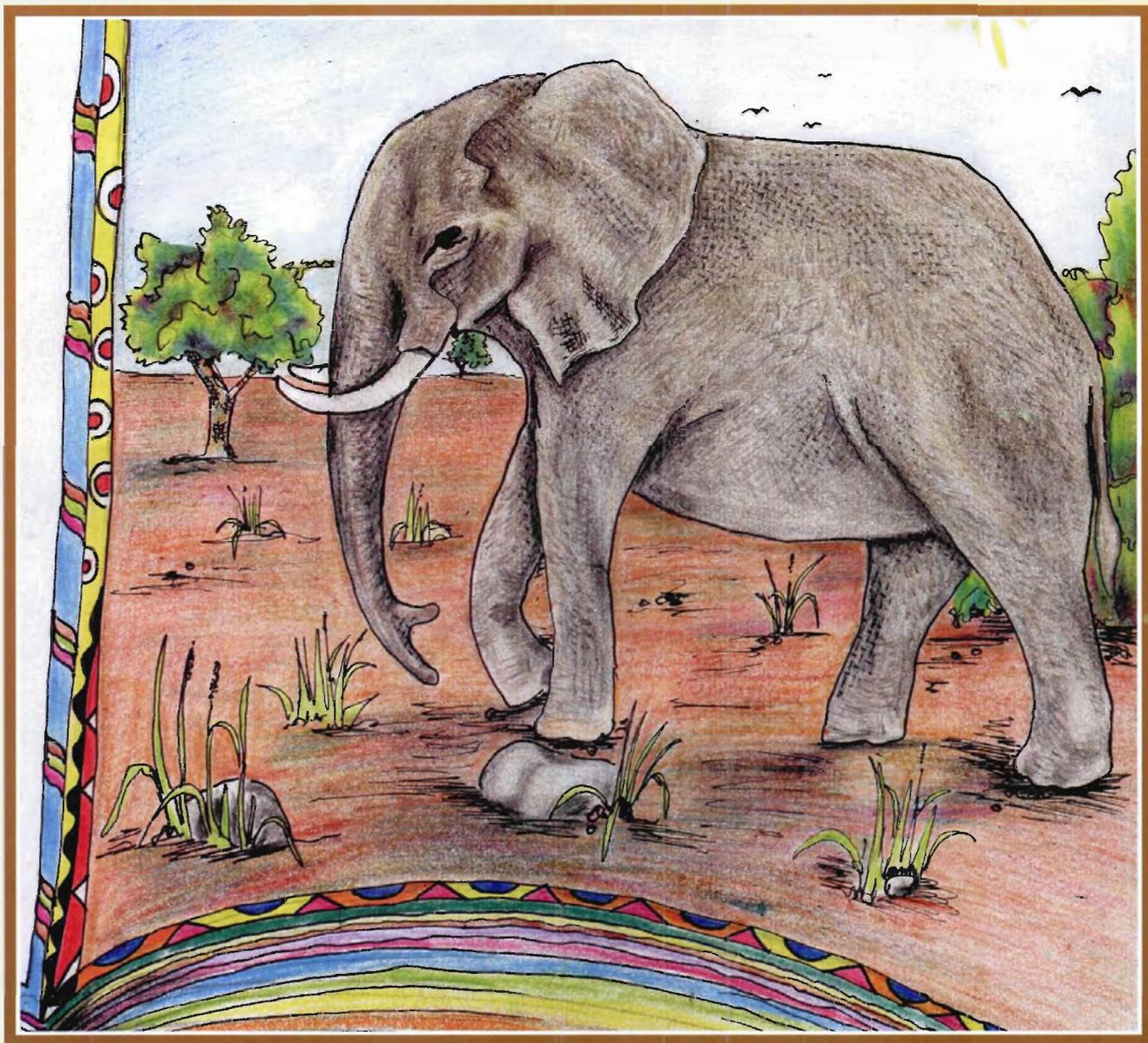


I am from the donkey family. I have black and white stripes all over my body.  
What am I?



I am from the cat family. I can run faster than all the other cats. I have spots all over my body.

What am I?



I am the largest animal of all, with a long nose (trunk), big feet, and big ears.  
What do you think I am?



I have a sharp horn on top of my nose and a very thick skin.

Do you know what I am?



I am the largest bird of all. I can run fast, but I cannot fly.

Can you guess what I am?



I am the king of all animals. I am strong. I can roar loudly.

Guess what I am.



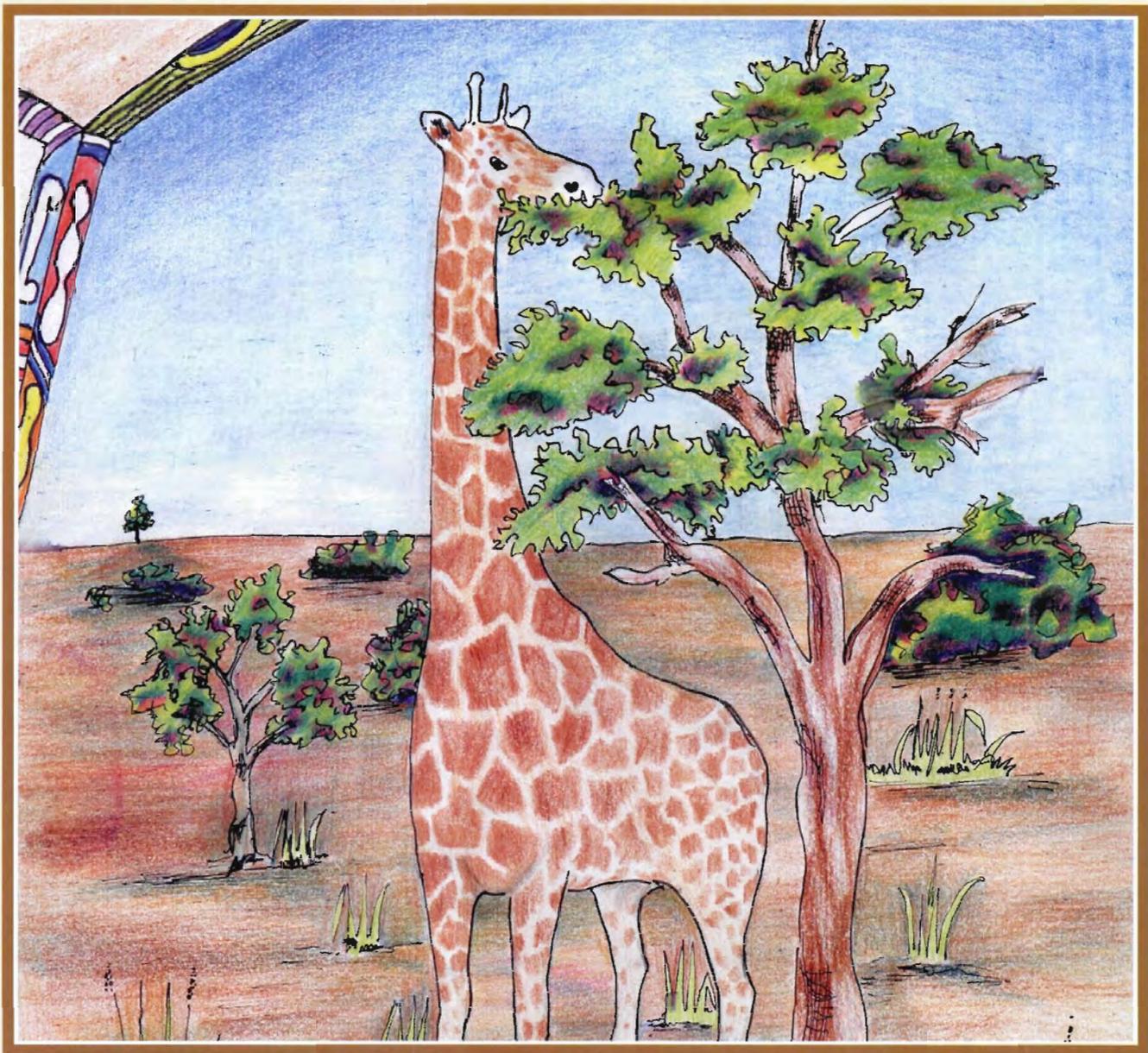
I look like a pig but I am wild. My tail stands straight up in the air when I run.

I am a \_\_\_\_\_.



I have big eyes, long ears and a short tail. I am small and I hide in the thick savannah bushes.

I am a \_\_\_\_\_.



I have a long, long neck and long, thin legs. I eat the leaves of the tall trees.

What am I?



We are:

a zebra,

a cheetah,

an elephant,

a rhinoceros,

an ostrich,

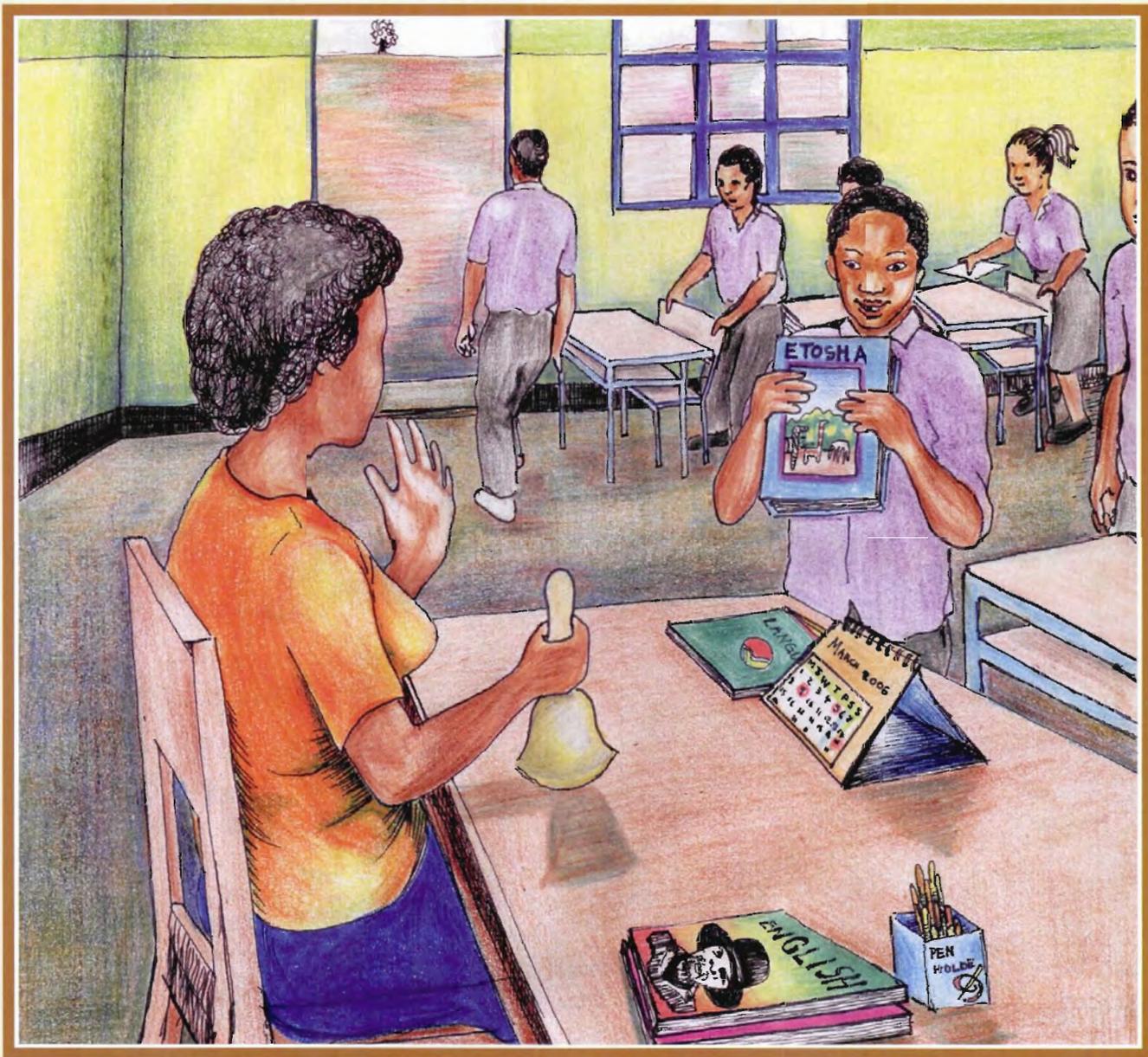
a lion,

a warthog,

a hare,

and a giraffe.

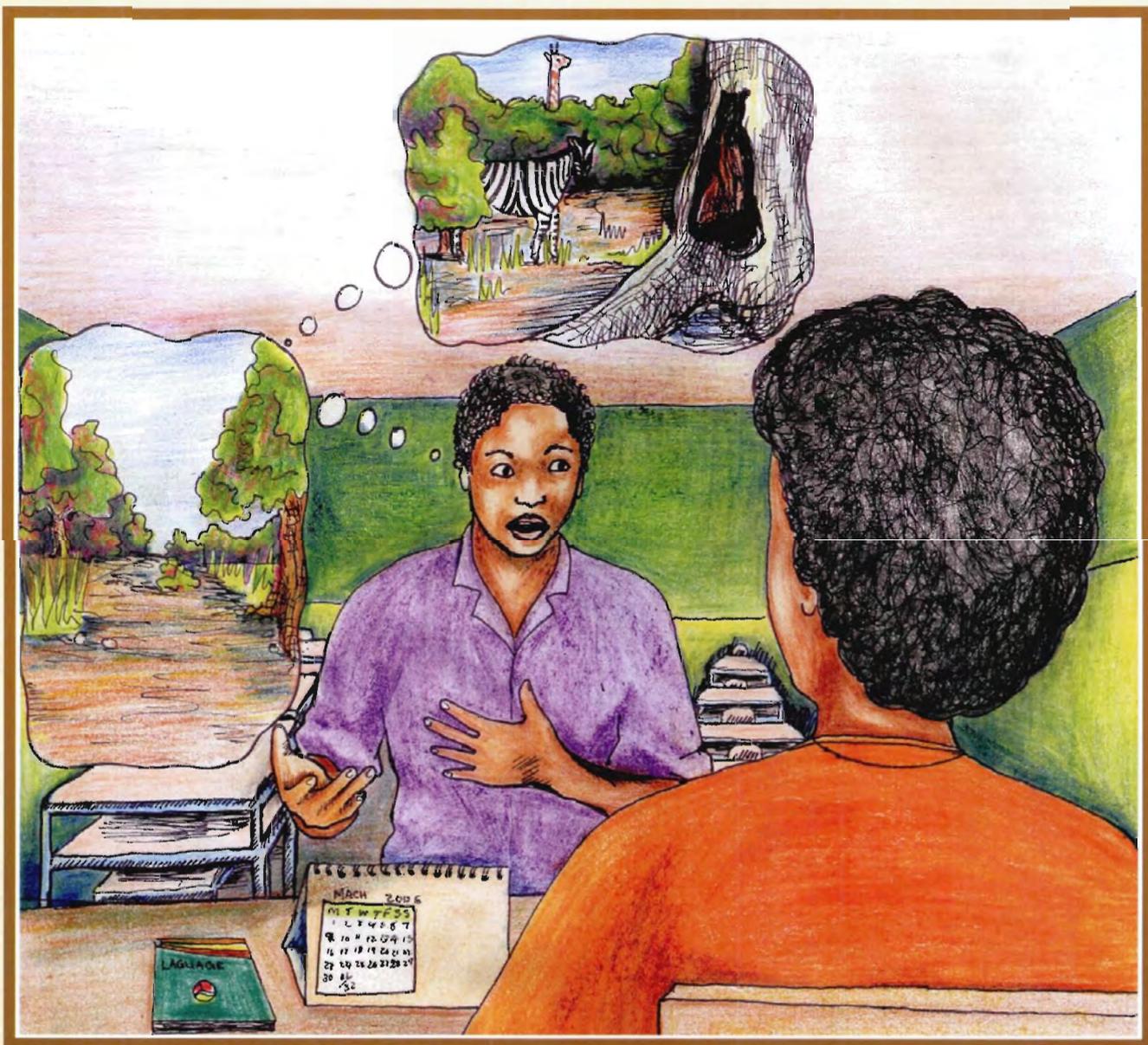
We all belong to the wildlife family.



Meanwhile, the learners finished the mathematics game and the teacher sent them out for break. She called Kaume to come and sit next to her desk.

“Where have you been?” she asked. She was pretending not to know.

Kaume smiled and said, “I have been on a trip to Etosha National Park with my friends, the wild animals.”

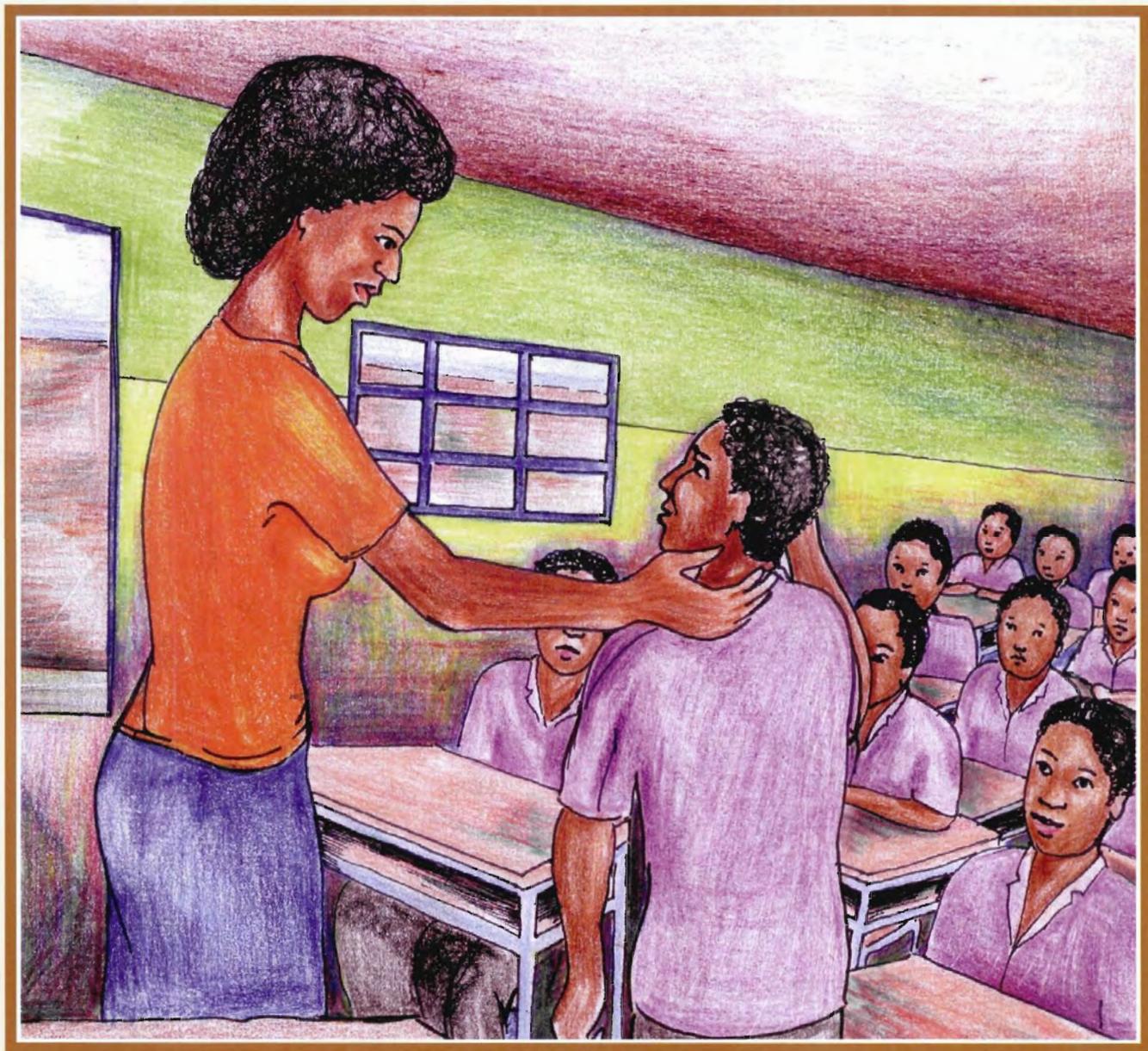


The teacher said, “Wild animals are so important in our world. They belong on Earth just as much as we do.”

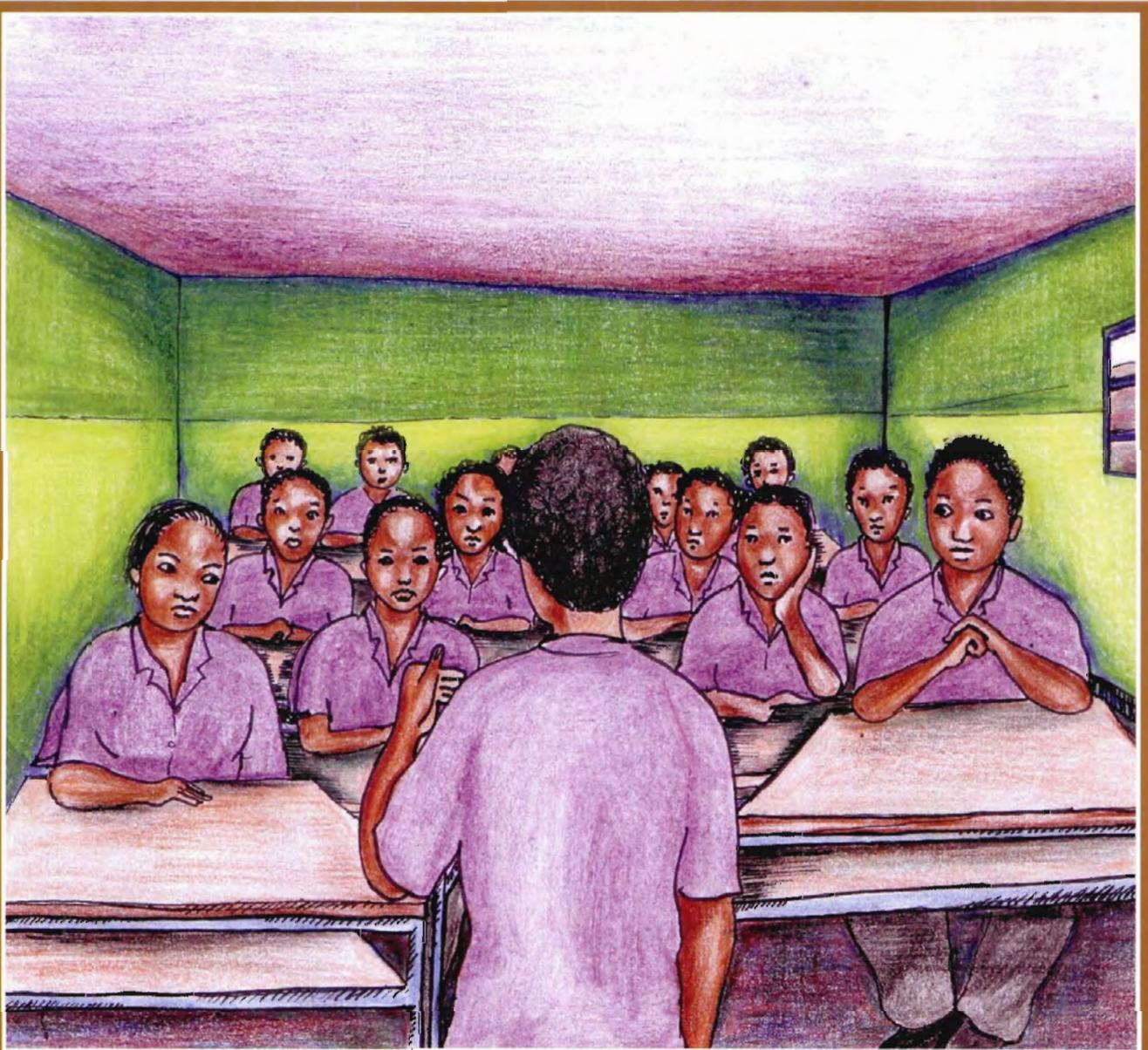
Kaume thought for a while. “Yes, and now I know their names, what they look like and what they do.”

Kaume’s teacher had an idea. She would ask Kaume to share the information in the book with the class when they returned from break.

“Now Kaume, run outside for break, you have been sitting too long.”



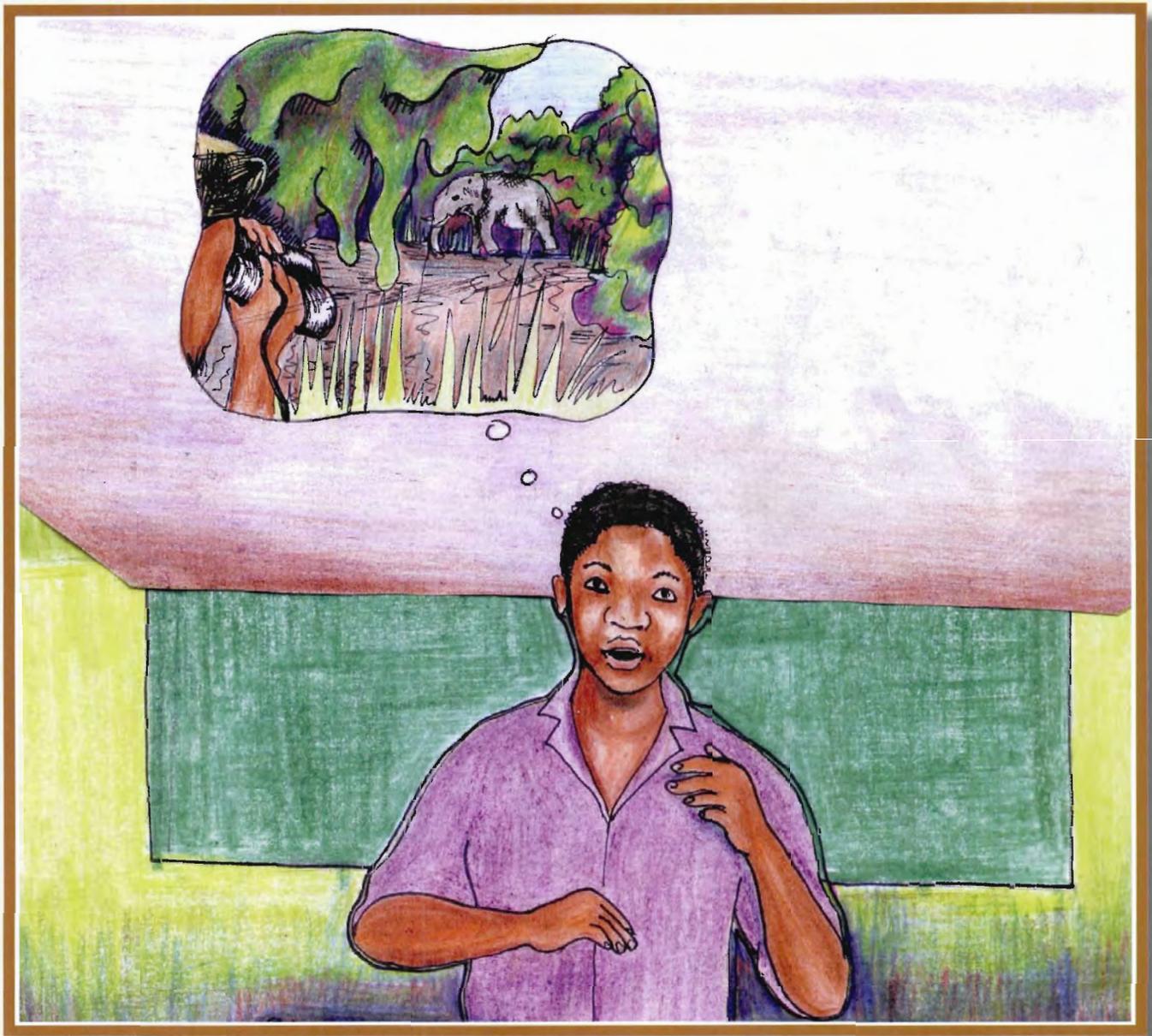
After break, when the learners had settled into their chairs and became quiet, the teacher called Kaume to the front of the room. She told the class that he had some important information to share with them.



Kaume, shy and silent, looked out over the class. He took a deep breath and began to talk about the animals in the book. He showed the class the picture of each animal. He told them why it was important to protect animals in the National Parks.

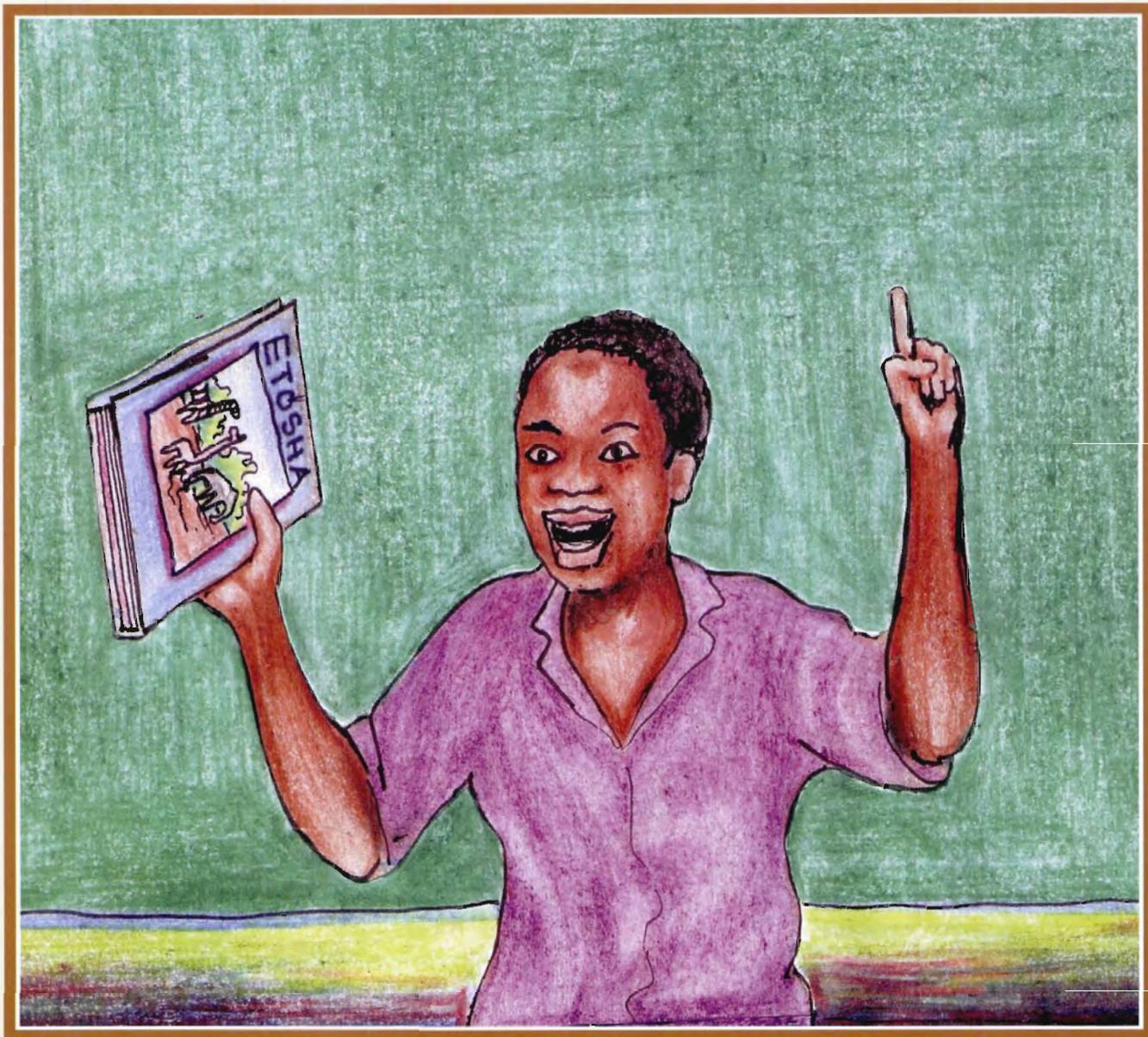
The teacher asked, “Kaume, before you sit down, do you know an animal story you would like to share with us?”

Kaume looked uncertainly at the teacher. A few of the learners giggled nervously during the silence.

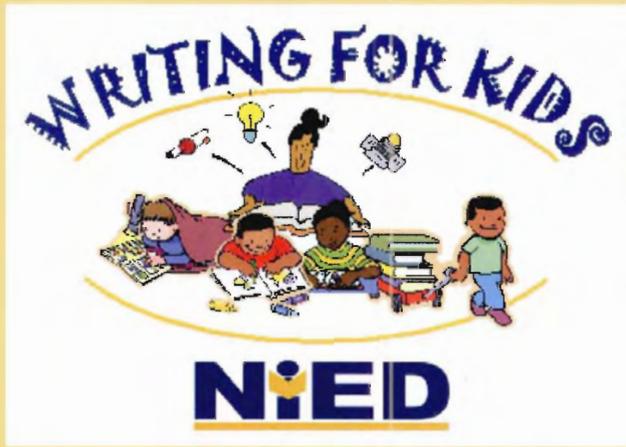


Then Kaume began to tell the story about the kind elephant that saved a drowning boy. It was a story that his mother had told him many times.

He began, “Once upon a time, there was a big, grey, wrinkled-skinned elephant named Haimbili. He was known as a peacemaker because he kept his large elephant family together. He made sure the young elephants obeyed their parents. One day . . . .”



From that day on, Kaume became the best storyteller in his class. He had found a way to share the memory of his mother and to stop the teasing. Soon after, Kaume was no longer retelling his mother's stories but creating his own for the entertainment of his teachers, friends and classmates. Would he grow up to become a writer of childrens' stories? Perhaps. Or maybe a game warden in Etosha National Park? It was too soon to tell, but one thing was certain, he would always be more than just an orphan boy.



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