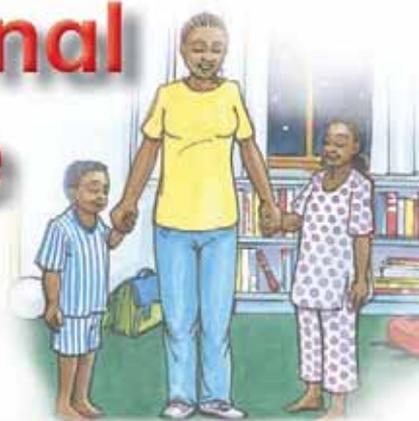


Solutions for all



English

First Additional Language



Aviva Spector

Gillian Leggat

with
Jenny Gardner
Margot Long


MACMILLAN

Reader

5

GAPS

Solutions for all

English First Additional Language

Grade 5
Reader

A Spector
G Leggat
with
J Gardner
M Long



Solutions for all English First Additional Language Grade 5 Core Reader

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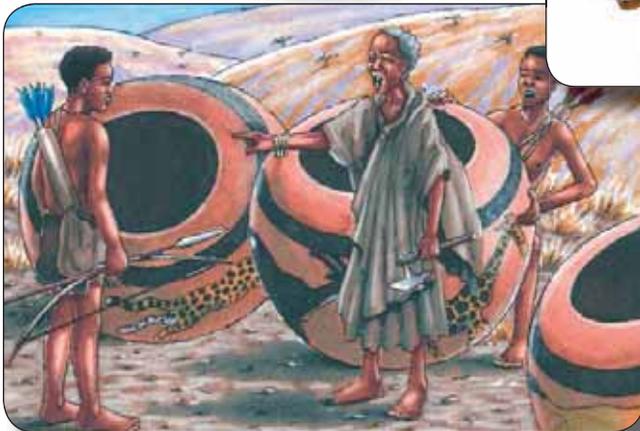
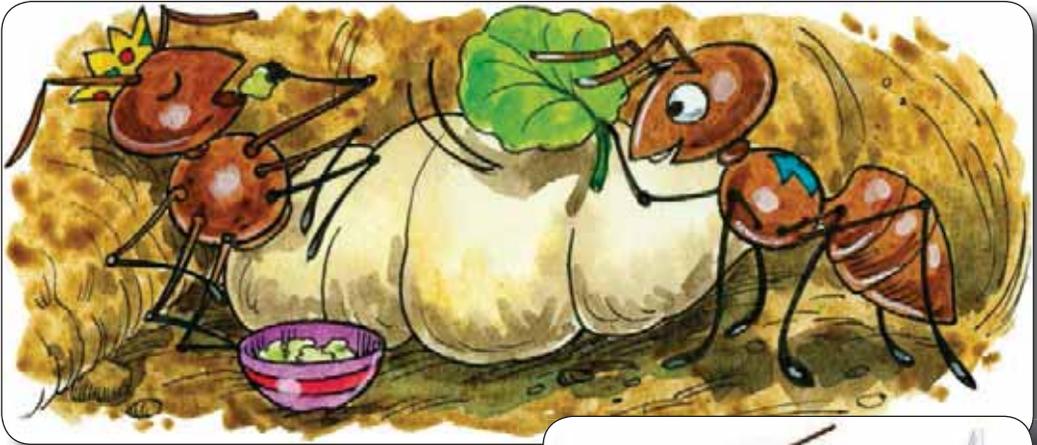
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STORIES



What is a story?

A story is what we listen to, read, or tell that describes happenings that we have made up. So, a story is not true; it's fiction. A story is often told in the order that the events happened. One of the characters or a narrator usually tells the story. People have been telling stories for thousands of years to entertain one another.

Structure

Stories have a beginning, a middle and an end. The beginning of the story introduces the main characters. It also tells us what problem or difficulty the characters must face. The middle of the story tells us how the characters change or grow because of the problem or difficulty. At the end of the story, the problem is solved. Stories don't always have a happy ending.

Narrators and characters

A character is a person in a story. A narrator is a person who tells the story. Some stories are told by one of the characters in the story. Others are told by a narrator who is not in the story.

Reading and listening

Read each story on your own, and then read it aloud to a partner. Listen when your partner reads a story to you, and try to remember the main characters and events in the story.

A cat called Mouse

Debbie has a cat called Mouse. Mouse is very, very fat. Mouse doesn't like to play or cuddle. She just likes to eat and sleep. Sometimes, Mouse likes to nap in the spot of sunlight on the couch, and sometimes she likes to nap under the piano.



Mouse is not a brave cat. She is frightened of everything. She is scared of people and cars and water and thunder. She is even afraid of other cats.

One day, Mouse was having her afternoon nap on the couch when something woke her. She heard the patter of tiny feet. Lazily, Mouse opened one eye. Then she meowed in fright and leaped up onto the back of the couch. A little rat was creeping across the room.

The rat froze and looked at Mouse. It hadn't seen Mouse sleeping on the couch, but now it knew that it was in danger.

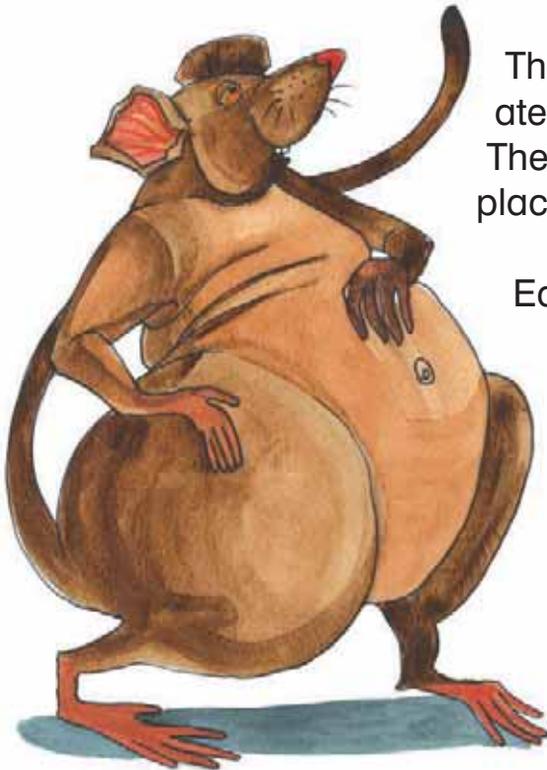
Mouse looked at the rat.

The rat looked at Mouse.

Mouse crouched on the back of the couch. She watched the rat warily. Then the rat began to move slowly again, keeping a watchful eye on the cat.



Mouse watched the rat move across the room. It was heading for the kitchen, where her dinner was waiting. The rat reached the bowl of food and began to eat. It kept one eye on the cat on the couch while it ate.



The little rat ate and ate and ate until all the food was gone. Then it returned to its hiding place behind the bookshelf.

Each day, the fearless rat would come out of its hiding place and eat Mouse's food from her bowl. Mouse would hide under the couch and wait for the rat to leave.

The little rat became fatter and fatter.

Mouse got thinner and thinner.

“I’m worried about you, Mouse,” said Debbie. “You are so thin that I hardly recognise you.”

Mouse looked mournfully at Debbie.

“There’s only one thing to do,” said Debbie, picking up her cat. “It’s time to go to the vet.”

Mouse was afraid of everything. She was afraid of people and cars and water and thunder and other cats. She was especially afraid of rats. But there was one thing that she was even more afraid of, and that was ...



THE VET!



Mouse leapt out of Debbie’s arms and landed on the rug. The floor was very slippery, and so the rug slid down the passage.

Mouse meowed and meowed, and dug her claws into the rug, but the rug would not stop.

Down, down the passage, Mouse and the rug slid.

The rat crawled out from its hiding place. It was ready for a snack. It looked up, just in time to see Mouse flying down the passage toward it.



Mouse slammed head first into the bookshelf. The rat squeaked and leapt out of the way just in time. It ran out of the front door, never to be seen again.

“Brave Mouse,” cried Debbie. “How clever of you to chase the rat away!”

But Mouse wasn’t listening. She was already in the kitchen, eating her dinner.

Pegasus, the winged horse

A long, long time ago, in Ancient Greece, there lived a young boy who tamed horses. He could make wild horses so calm that they could be trained to allow people to ride on their backs.

The young boy had heard of a magical horse that lived in Greece. The horse was beautiful and very, very special because he had enormous wings! The Greek people had named the horse Pegasus. The boy longed to be able to ride Pegasus and see the world from high up in the sky on the back of the winged horse.

But, Pegasus could not be tamed, though many people had tried. No one could ride the wild horse. He wouldn't even let anybody come close enough to touch his beautiful white coat.

One day, the young boy fell asleep in the temple of the Greek gods. He dreamed that one of the gods gave him a gift of golden reins. Reins are straps that a rider puts around a horse's neck and uses to keep the horse under control.



When the boy woke up, he saw that he was really holding golden reins in his hands. He knew what he would do with the magical gift from the gods. He went to find Pegasus.

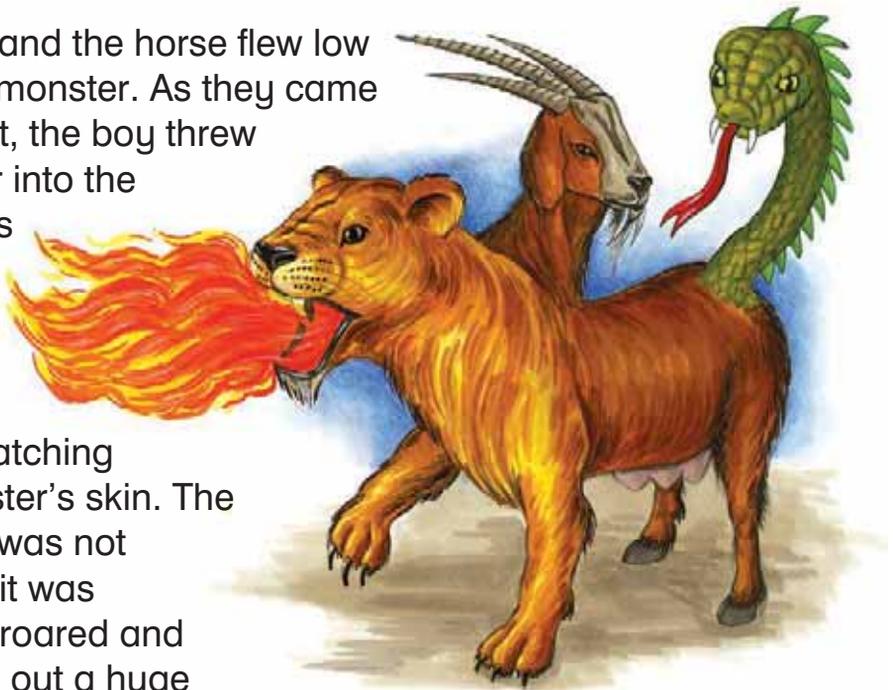
The young boy soon found Pegasus in a meadow, drinking from the clear water in a spring. Slowly and quietly, the boy crept up to Pegasus and threw the reins over the horse's head. At first, Pegasus neighed in alarm, but as soon as he felt the reins settle over his head, he became calm and tame. The boy reached out and stroked the horse's beautiful mane, and then climbed onto his back.

Then the boy and the horse flew up into the sky. The young boy looked at the ground dropping below him, and felt strong and powerful. Pegasus could gallop faster than the wind and travel enormous distances in a few seconds. Together, the boy and the horse could face any challenge! Pegasus and the boy set off to find an adventure.



As they flew over the kingdom of Lycia, in Asia, they saw a terrifying sight. In Lycia, there lived a monster that was unlike anything that had ever been seen before. The monster had a lion's head, the body of a goat, and the tail of a snake. Its skin was so hard that nothing could cut through it. When it opened its mouth, fire poured out. The people of Lycia were so afraid of the monster that they had locked themselves in their houses and wouldn't come out.

The boy and the horse flew low over the monster. As they came close to it, the boy threw his spear into the monster's side. It fell away without even scratching the monster's skin. The monster was not hurt, but it was angry. It roared and breathed out a huge flame that almost burned the boy's foot as Pegasus flew away just in time.



The boy was not ready to give up. He and Pegasus landed in Lycia to find a new spear. When the boy had found a spear, he fastened a big piece of lead onto the end of it. Then he climbed back onto Pegasus, and they flew up into the sky once more.

This time, Pegasus flew straight towards the monster's head. As it opened its mouth to breathe fire onto the boy and his horse, the boy threw his spear into the monster's mouth. The monster's fiery breath melted the lead, and it poured down the monster's throat. The monster could no longer breathe fire because the fire couldn't pass the lead stuck in its throat. The monster felt weak and helpless. It crept away and never bothered the people of Lycia again.



The people of Lycia were so grateful to the young boy that they invited him to come and live with them. When their king died, they gave the boy his crown and asked him to become king. He became a great king, who was loved by all his people. And, he always kept his winged horse, Pegasus, at his side.

The community library

The old hall in town had been empty for years. It had once been a meeting place for government workers, but it was no longer used for anything at all.



Gogo went to see the town mayor.

“Mr Mashego,” she said. “The old hall has been empty for many years. Why don’t you allow the town’s children to use it? They need a safe place to go after school.”

“That’s a very good idea,” replied Mr Mashego. “The children can use the old hall. It will need to be cleaned up, though. I will put you in charge of the project.”

So Gogo went home and told her grandson, Siphon, and his friends what the mayor had said.

“Why don’t we turn the hall into a clubhouse for kids?” suggested Erin.

“Or we could use it as a place to do our homework after school,” said Siphiso.

“What about turning it into a place for us to read books, magazines and newspapers?” asked Sharon.

“I know how we can do all of those things,” cried Tebogo. “Let’s turn the hall into a community library!”

“What a wonderful idea,” said Gogo. “Let’s start work tomorrow.”

The next day, the children went with Gogo to the old hall. It was in a bad way.

“Let’s get started,” said Gogo.

The children wiped and dusted and mopped and polished. They painted the walls. They sanded and varnished the floor.



They made bookshelves out of wood and then painted them in bright colours. They brought scraps of material from home, which Gogo sewed together to make beautiful, bright cushions. They spread these cushions out on the floor for the children to sit on when they were reading.

When they were finished, the library looked beautiful. The children admired their work.

“It looks fantastic!” said Tebogo.

“Yes, it’s beautiful!” agreed Sharon.

“But something is wrong,” said Erin.

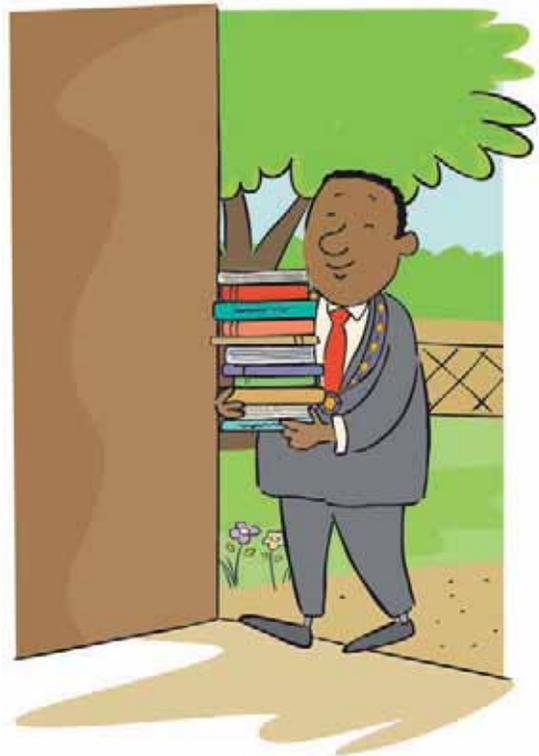
The children looked around the room.

“There are no books!” cried Siphon. “How can we have a library without any books?”

Gogo smiled at the children. “I thought of that,” she said. “We have some special visitors.”

The door opened. In walked Mr Mashego. He was carrying a pile of books.

Behind him was Miss Reddy, a local traffic officer.





... and then came Mr Rosenberg, the owner of the local restaurant, and then Mr and Mrs Vilakazi and Mrs Pretorius. The whole town had brought books to donate to the library!

“What a wonderful community library we will have!” said Gogo.

And they did.



A ghost story

by Mark Twain

Many years ago, I rented a large room in an old building. No-one else had lived there for a long time, and the place was full of dust and cobwebs.

The first night that I slept there, as I lay in my bed, I felt afraid. I heard the wind shrieking outside my window, and the angry beating of the rain against the glass. The fire in the room had burned low. I pulled the covers closer, and lay listening to the rain and wind, until they lulled me to sleep.

I do not know how long I slept. Suddenly, I found myself awake. All was quiet. All but my own heart – I could hear it beat. The blanket began to slip away slowly toward the foot of the bed, as if someone were pulling it! I was so frightened that I couldn't move!

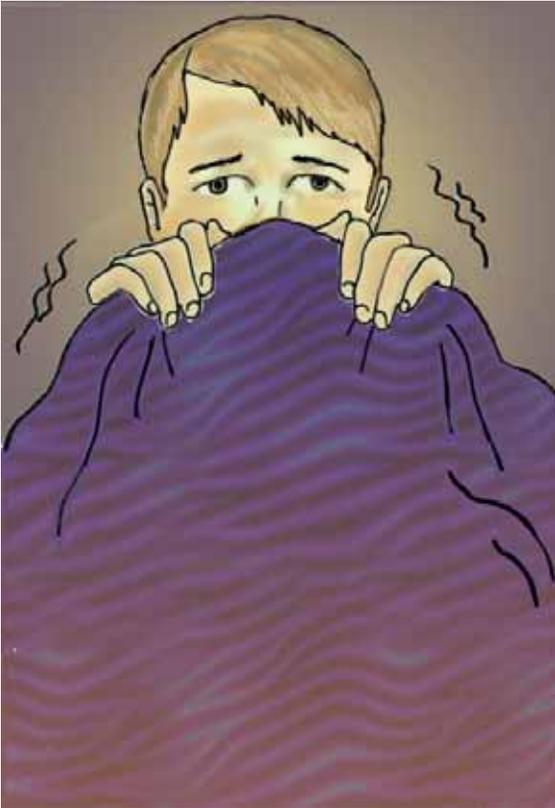
I forced myself to grab the blanket and pulled it over my face. I waited ... listened ... waited.

Once again the blanket began to



move away from me. Once again, I snatched it back. I moaned in fear. An answering moan came from the foot of the bed! I froze.

Then, I heard heavy footsteps in my room. They seemed as loud as the steps of an elephant. They were not like anything human. But they were moving away from me. I heard the footsteps move towards the door and out of the room. And then all was silent.



I said to myself, “This is a dream, a terrible dream.” I said it over and over until I convinced myself that it really was a dream. I got up and lit a candle, and sat down in front of the fire. Then, the blood drained from my cheeks. In the ashes near the fireplace, next to my own footprint, was another one! The footprint was enormous.

I put out the light and returned to bed, stiff with fear. I lay a long time in the dark, listening. Then I heard a noise in the room upstairs. In other parts of the building, I heard doors slamming. I heard footsteps up and down the stairs. Sometimes these footsteps came to my door, stopped, and went away again.

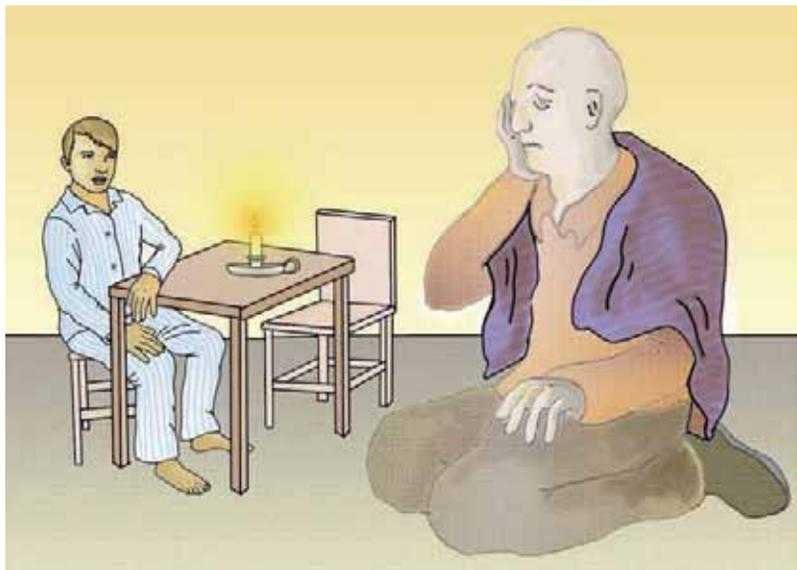
Suddenly, I became aware that I was not alone. I heard sighs in my room. I waited and listened, weak with fear. I slowly crept out of bed, and lit a candle with a shaking hand. I could see something huge and cloudy in front of me. Slowly it took shape – an arm appeared, then legs, then a body, and last a giant sad face. It was the ghost of the Cardiff Giant!

I recognised him from the museum across the road. A model of the body of the legendary giant from the town of Cardiff was exhibited there and I had been to see it.

I was not afraid anymore, even though I knew I was looking at a ghost. I said, “I have been scared to death for the last few hours! I am so glad to see you!”

“What am I to do?” The giant sighed, and tears came into his eyes.

“Poor ghost,” I said, “Sit down on the floor here, and let’s talk.”



So he sat down on the floor, and I threw my blanket over his shoulders to keep him warm. We began to talk. I noticed that he looked tired, and asked him why.

“Tired?” he said. “Well, I should think so! I am the ghost of the Cardiff Giant. I can have no rest, no peace, no sleep, until they have buried my body. I have haunted the museum night after night. But it did no good, because nobody came to the museum at night. So I decided to come across the road and haunt you. I thought you might help me.”

I jumped up and exclaimed: “You poor, silly ghost! You have been haunting a model of yourself. The body of the real Cardiff Giant is in another town! Don’t you know your own body?”

A look of shame appeared on the face of the Cardiff Giant. He rose slowly to his feet, and said, “Is that true?”

“As true as I am sitting here.”

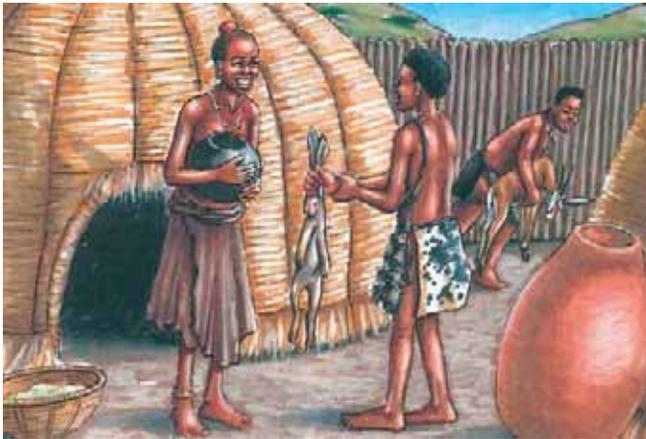
He stood up slowly, and finally said, “I have never felt so silly!”

I heard his footsteps die away, step by step down the stairs and out into the quiet street. I felt sorry that he was gone. I was even sorer that he had taken my blanket with him.



The two brothers

A long time ago, in a small southern African village, there lived a good brother, Zondi, and a bad brother, Mandla. Every day, Zondi went out to find food for his family. What food he found he always took back to the kraal for his sick father and his old mother. Mandla was not like his brother. He never shared anything with anybody.



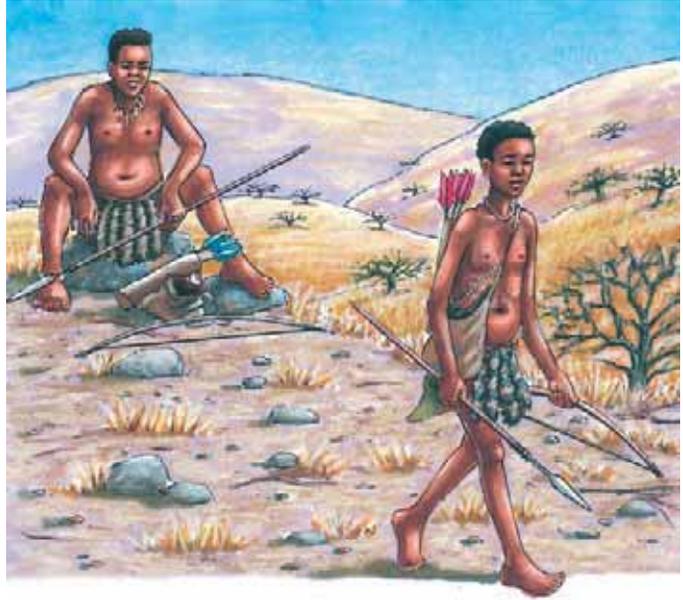
Then one year, the rains did not come. There was a great drought, and the animals moved away to look for water. Everyone in the village was hungry.

One day, the two brothers went out hunting together. They walked for a long time, but they did not see any animals. They were tired and hungry.

Mandla sat down on a rock to rest. “We won’t find any food today,” he said. “The animals have all gone north.”

But Zondi thought of his hungry father and his starving mother and he carried on walking.

He turned a corner and suddenly, there before his eyes were three big clay pots. Drawn on the outside of the upside-down pots were pictures of animals.



“Mandla!” he called. “Come and see what I’ve found. Perhaps these are magic pots. Help me turn them over.”

The first pot was heavy, so they pushed and pushed until the great pot lay on its side. It was empty!

The second pot was even heavier than the first. After pushing and pushing and pushing, they managed to turn it over. Nothing!

“There’s nothing inside these pots,” said Mandla. “I’m going home.”

But Zondi walked up to the third pot and began to push. To his surprise, the pot was as light as a feather. As soon as he turned it over, a little old woman jumped out of the pot.

She looked hard at the two brothers, and then she said to Mandla, “You are the oldest brother. Come with me. I have something to show you.”