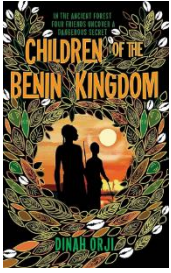


DGR (Daily guided reading) text- week 2

The children will be using this text in class.

Please read and annotate the text.



Ada was hunting. Above her in the tree the grey bird hadn't even noticed. It was perched on the branch, rubbing its beak and ruffling its feathers. Ada was so nimble that she had climbed all the way up, until she was just an arms-length away. And she had long arms. Long legs too. Ada was only ten years old, but already she was the best climber in the village, everyone said it. She reached out – stealthy as a leopard – closer... closer... Then suddenly the bird was gone, flitting away with an angry chatter. "Next time the leopard will get you!" Ada yelled. And then she grabbed the branch and let herself swing.

"What is she doing now?" Mama Ginika tutted. The old woman watched Ada dangling from the tree at the end of Papa Eze's crop garden, with her toes scuffing the dirt. Papa Eze didn't look up from his work. He was preparing a mixture of leaves in water, carefully folding, pressing and pulling them apart. "She's climbing," he said. Mama Ginika crossed her arms. "Well I can see that Papa, but why?" "She likes climbing. And she's good at it. That branch she's on – she can keep hanging there longer than any of the others." Mama Ginika shook her head. "That girl needs a mother." Papa Eze poured the green liquid into a gourd. "Drink this when you get home," he said gently. "It has a bitter taste. But you will soon feel well again."

"Thank you," said Mama Ginika.

She gave him a cowrie shell.

"There is no need," said Papa Eze, pushing the shell back into her hand. Then he looked at his daughter, still dangling.

"Why do you think she needs a mother?" "It is not a criticism," replied Mama Ginika.

"You have done a good job Eze, a very good job to bring her up on your own. But can she cook?"

"Cook? We manage," he said. "And she's still learning..."

"She needs to learn quickly. Think about it Eze, if she can't cook, how will she look after a family?" Papa Eze snorted. "I'm teaching her plant lore. Tree, plant, and herb medicine. The sacred ways of the forest." Mama Ginika looked down at a bundle of leaves around Eze's feet.

"The ways of the forest... of course that is a good thing Papa, of course it is. We need your skills."

"I have helped many sick people."

"Yes. But..."

She placed a hand on his shoulder.

"She must fit in with the others. Send her to me and I will teach her, just like I taught my own daughters."

Papa Eze watched the old woman as she walked away. She picked her way between the neatly planted rows of okra seedlings with her walking stick and stopped to speak with Ada.

The little girl dropped down from her tree, greeted Mama Ginika politely, then skipped alongside the old woman to the edge of the village.

And Papa Eze watched his daughter and ran his fingers through his greying beard. He had done his best, but he knew that he couldn't teach her everything

He had done his best, but he knew that he couldn't teach her everything.