



ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

My inspiration for writing this book draws from wonderful childhood memories of playing with friends. We would spend hours moulding toys by hand, using clay from anthills as our parents could not afford to buy toys. This tradition of moulding toys continues today. I wrote this story as an expression of my love of my community. I grew up in Kantolomba, a very poor slum on the Copperbelt of Zambia, where today I lead a cooperative team, caring for over 1,000 children.

Twatotella, Theresa

ABOUT THE ILLUSTRATOR

I love this project in Kantolomba and my great wish in illustrating this book was to capture its special qualities in watercolor. I was delighted by the beauty, the rich colors, the sparkle in people's eyes, the joyous smiles, the stunning landscape, and the strength of community that I saw in the photographs that I used for reference. This illustration project was a dream come true. It's been a most wonderful way to express my gratitude to Life and to participate with what I have to give.

I hope you enjoy it!
Toni



PLAYTIME IN KANTOLOMBA

Written by
THERESA KAPENDA

Illustrated by
TONI CARLUCCI

PLAYTIME IN KANTOLOMBA

ABOUT THIS BOOK

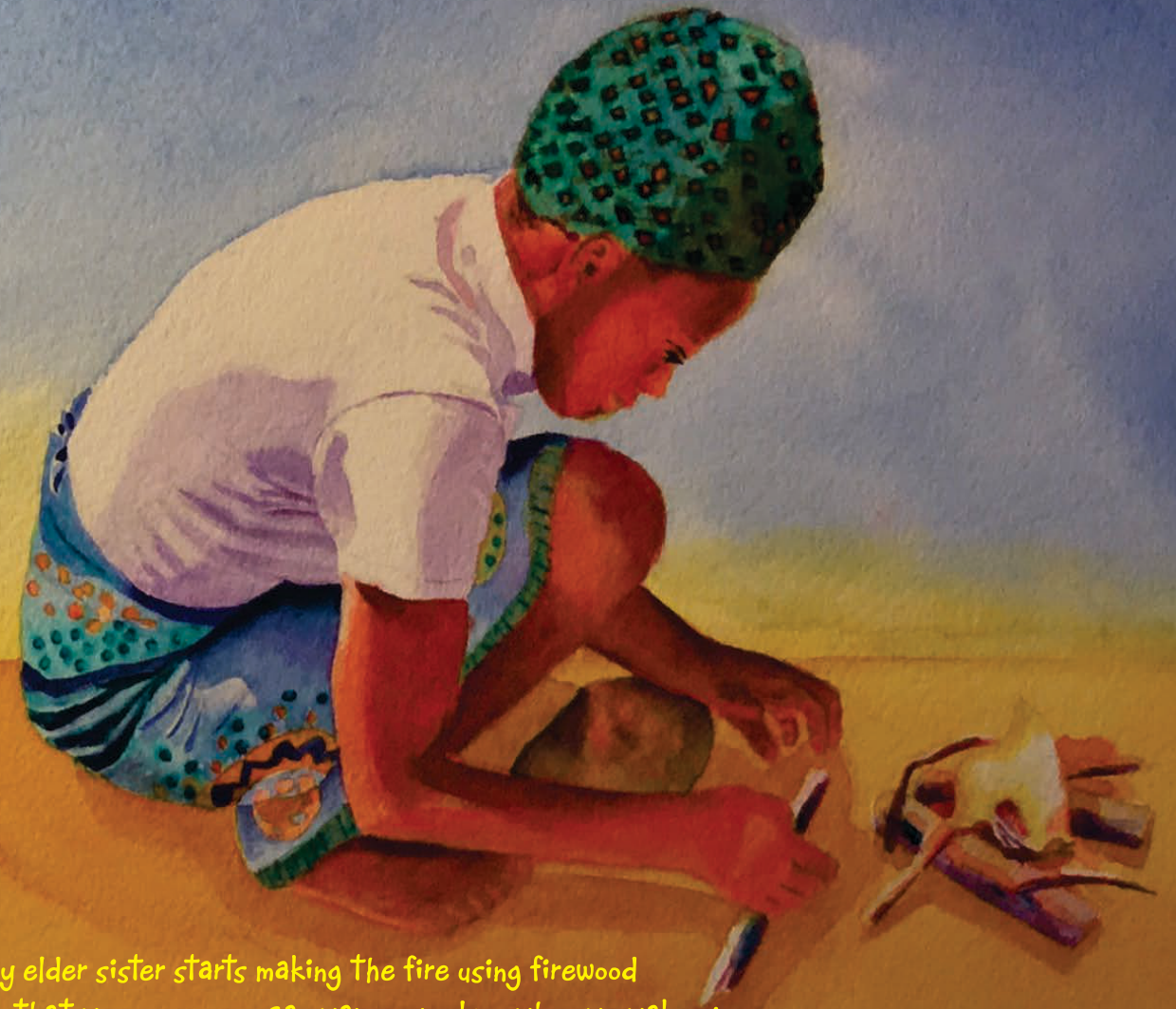
We find few books with images or themes that our children relate to as they learn to read English. Because we matter, we believe we need to see ourselves in the books we read. And so we set out to write one. This book is a celebration, the first of many that will reflect our stories and lives and that we hope will delight and inspire our children.

TWATOTELA IPAKISHENI,
The Living Compassion Cooperative

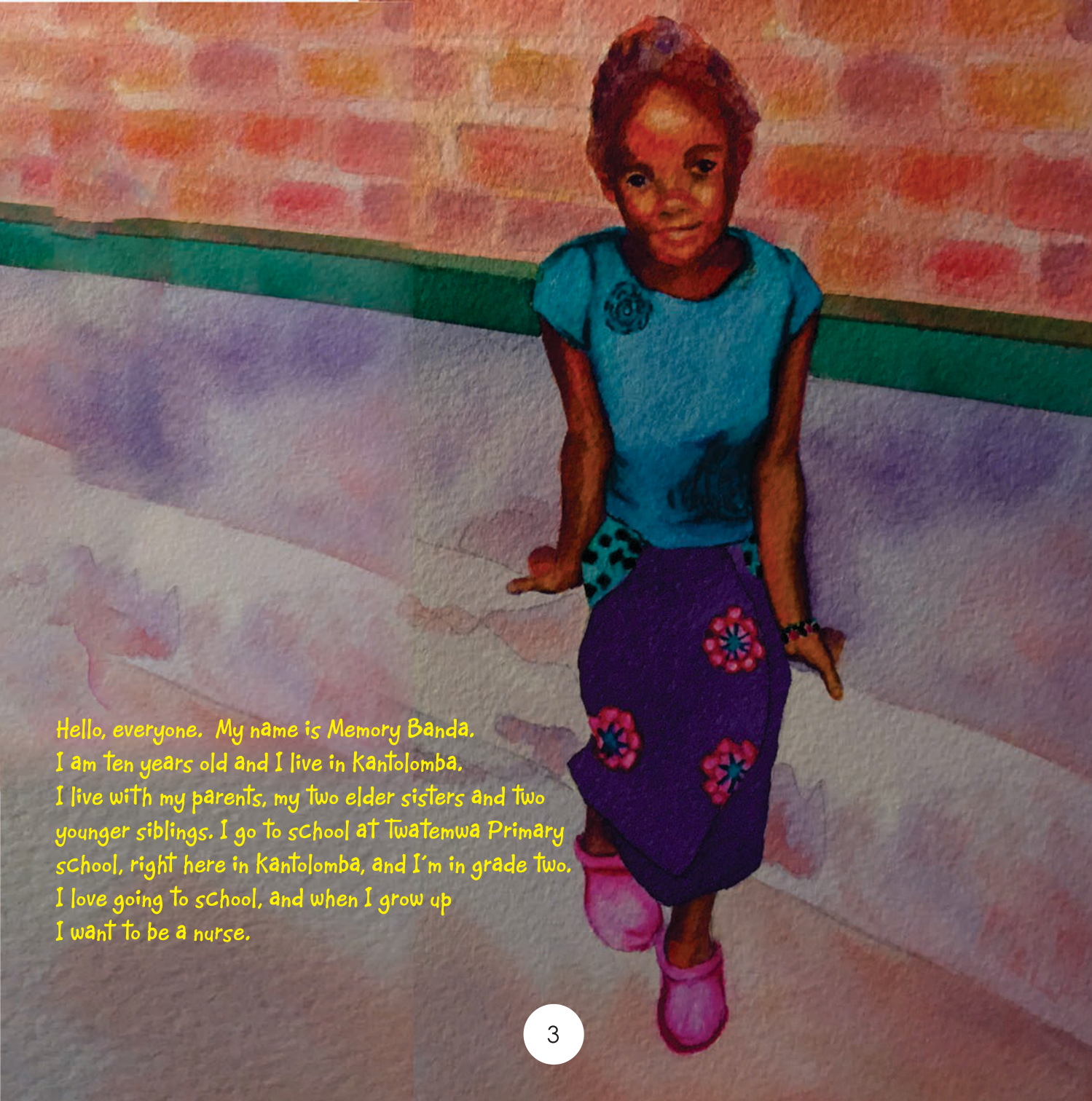




Kooka-doodle-doo!
The cock crows very early in the morning.
My mum wakes up to sweep our little Compound.



My elder sister starts making the fire using firewood
so that we young ones can warm ourselves when we wake up.
My elder brother goes to fetch water at our nearest water point,
at the Living Compassion Compound.



Hello, everyone. My name is Memory Banda.
I am ten years old and I live in Kantolomba.
I live with my parents, my two elder sisters and two
younger siblings. I go to school at Twatemwa Primary
school, right here in Kantolomba, and I'm in grade two.
I love going to school, and when I grow up
I want to be a nurse.

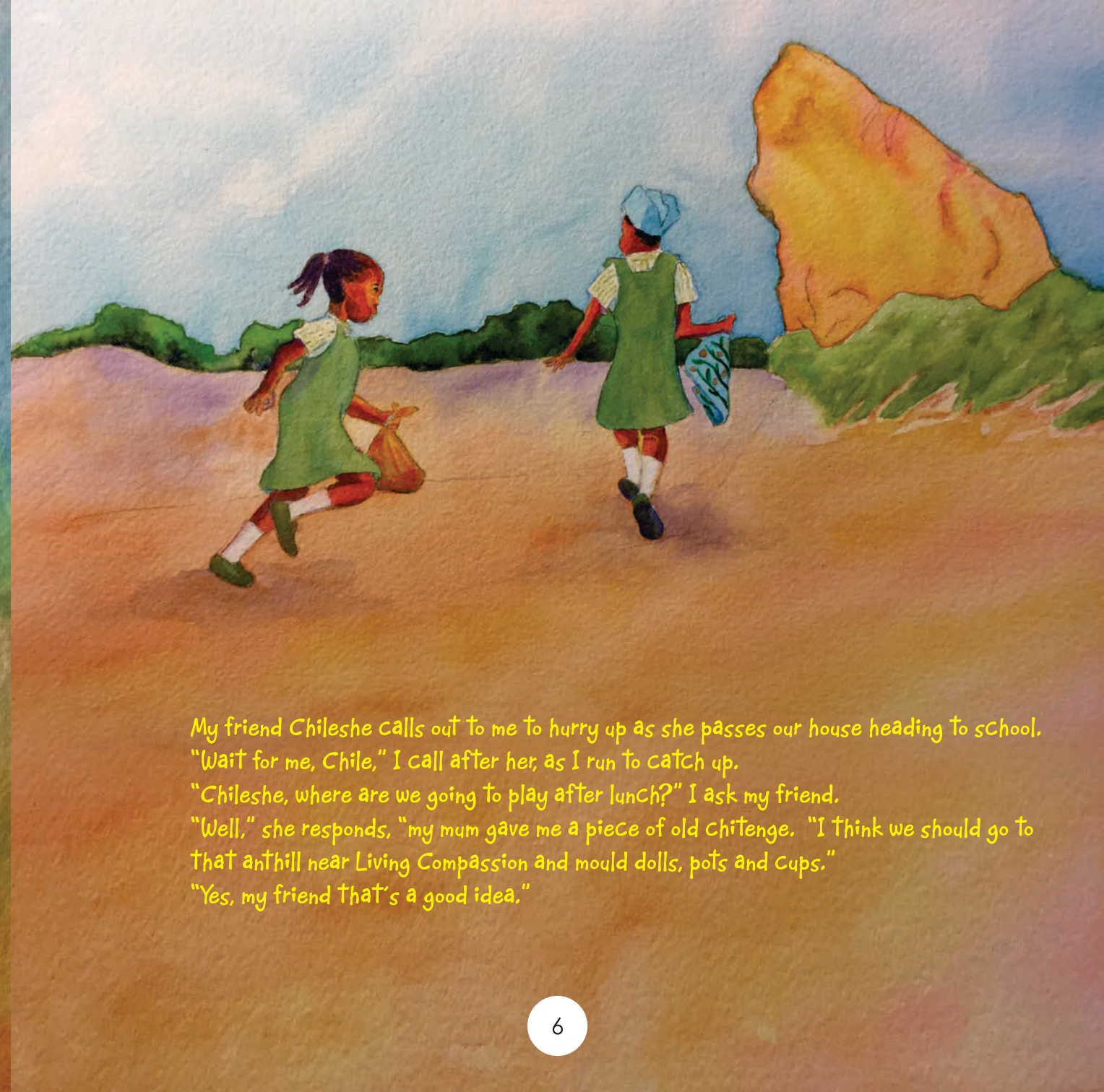


My mother sells vegetables at the market here in Kantolomba.
My father is a shoe repairer and he works from home.
My elder sisters are both in school, also at Twatemwa.
My two younger siblings go to preschool at Living Compassion.
My siblings and I go each day to Living Compassion to have our meal.

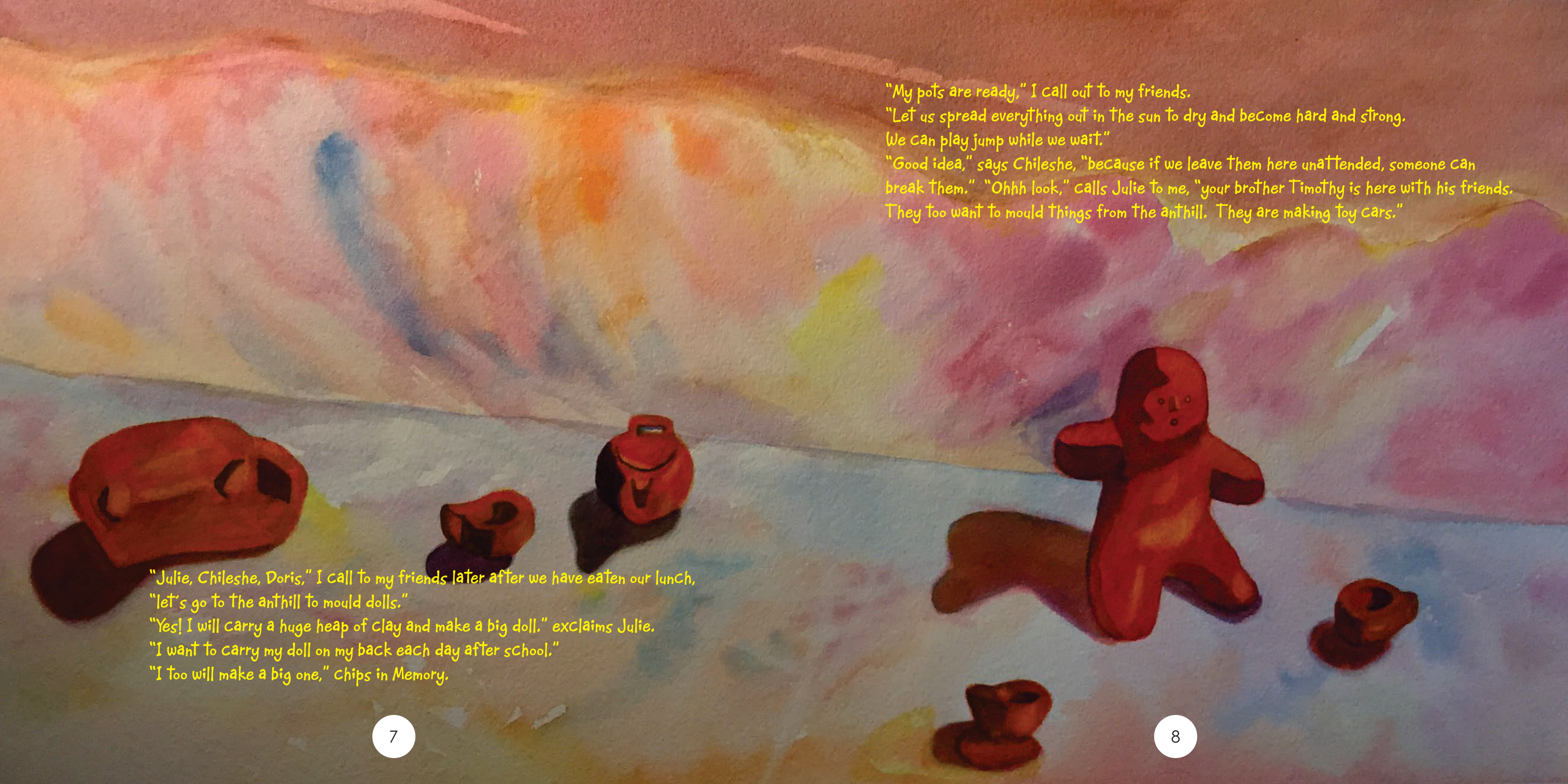
Mother starts calling us to wake up so that she can sweep our two-room house before she goes to the market to sell her vegetables. She will be gone until sunset. Our elder sister will be in charge of the house when we all get back from school.



Quickly we wake up, splash some water on our faces and sit around the fire. My sister makes sure that everyone's face is clean and off we go to our respective schools.



My friend Chileshe calls out to me to hurry up as she passes our house heading to school. "Wait for me, Chile," I call after her, as I run to catch up. "Chileshe, where are we going to play after lunch?" I ask my friend. "Well," she responds, "my mum gave me a piece of old chitenge. "I think we should go to that anthill near Living Compassion and mould dolls, pots and cups." "Yes, my friend that's a good idea."



"My pots are ready," I call out to my friends.

"Let us spread everything out in the sun to dry and become hard and strong.
We can play jump while we wait."

"Good idea," says Chileshe, "because if we leave them here unattended, someone can break them." "Ohhh look," calls Julie to me, "your brother Timothy is here with his friends. They too want to mould things from the anthill. They are making toy cars."

"Julie, Chileshe, Doris," I call to my friends later after we have eaten our lunch,
"let's go to the anthill to mould dolls."

"Yes! I will carry a huge heap of clay and make a big doll," exclaims Julie.

"I want to carry my doll on my back each day after school."

"I too will make a big one," Chips in Memory.



Soon the sun starts setting and our toys are dry.
I hear my sister calling us to go and have a bath.
Ohhh my little siblings want to play more but it's getting late.
We huddle around the fire in the evening as mother cooks our evening meal.
We eat together as a family. After eating my father tells us a story of how he
grew up right here in Kantolomba.
"Aahhh," my little brother starts to yawn, showing that he is ready for bed.

"Good night Mum and Dad," I say as I go inside to sleep.
I lie on my reed mat picturing how we are going to play house with
my friends the following day.
Tomorrow will be another day filled with lots of fun.