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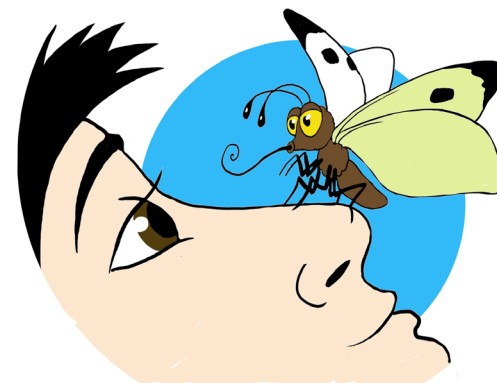
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## Beano's Friends

Beano is 4 years old. He is not happy today. He has no friends in his new class. His Mummy is at home and he wants to be with her. Beano's teacher tells the class to say hello to Beano.

"Hello Beano!" everyone says [children choose what to say to Beano]. This makes Beano happy, but soon he is unhappy again. He is a quiet and shy boy and he needs special friends. His teacher smiles and says:

"Beano, go for a little walk outside the classroom. There are many friends and they are waiting for you. I wonder if you can find them?"

Beano gets up and walks out of the classroom. He walks down the corridor and looks at the walls. The walls are quiet. They do not talk to him. Then Beano hears a small voice calling his name.

"Hello Beano, look at me!"

A little black and white spider is on the wall, waving at Beano. Beano looks at Spider and laughs.

"You are black and white! Are you wearing pyjamas?"

Spider laughs too "Haha I am not wearing pyjamas, black and white is my colour. I am a living thing like you. I live here in the school, on the walls. I catch flies to eat. Do you want to be my friend?"

"Oh yes please!" laughs Beano, "When I feel alone, I can come here and find you."

Now he is happy. He will tell Teacher about Spider.

"I wonder if I can find more friends," said Beano.

[Continue the story with the small animals you think you can find in the school grounds. Every time Beano becomes unhappy, he hears a voice calling him, looks in its direction and finds a new friend. With each friend, find something funny as well as a fact to say. The animal should always say that it is a living thing, like Beano, and asks if he wants to be their friend. Some examples]

**Butterfly.** Beano thinks the butterfly's wings are big ears. Butterfly says they are wings and they are big to carry him on the wind.

**Snail.** Beano thinks his eye stalks are straws and laughs because you don't stick straws in the air. Snail says his eyes are on stalks so he can see high up since he doesn't have legs like Beano.

**Ant.** Beano laughs because she is so small, even smaller than his baby sister. Ant tells him she is small but she lives with her sisters and together they are as strong as many boys together.

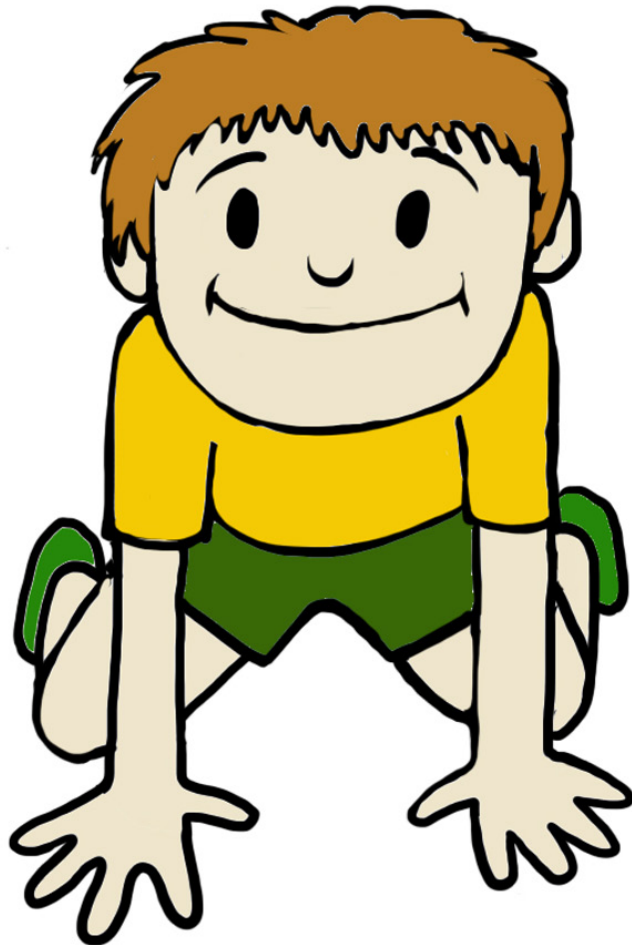
**Woodlouse.** Beano laughs because he thinks he is playing games rolling into a ball for him to kick. Woodlouse tells him to do nothing of the sort and that he rolls into a ball to keep

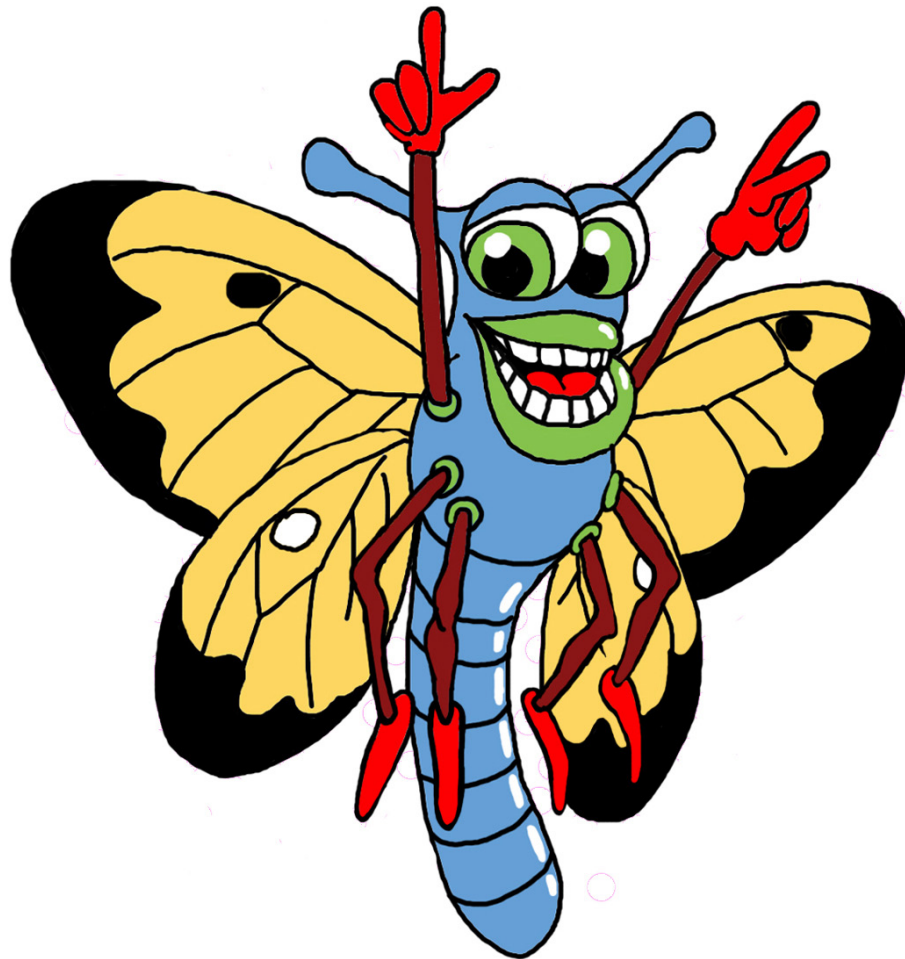
his soft belly safe.

**Lizard.** Beano laughs because Lizard stays very still like she's pretending to be a stone. Lizard tells him she is still because she is charging her battery with the sun.

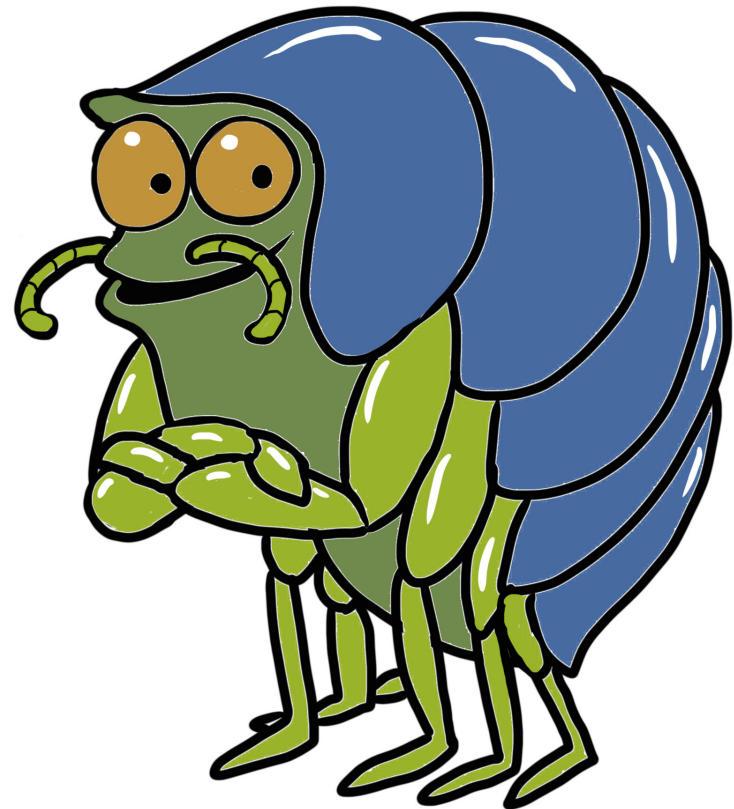
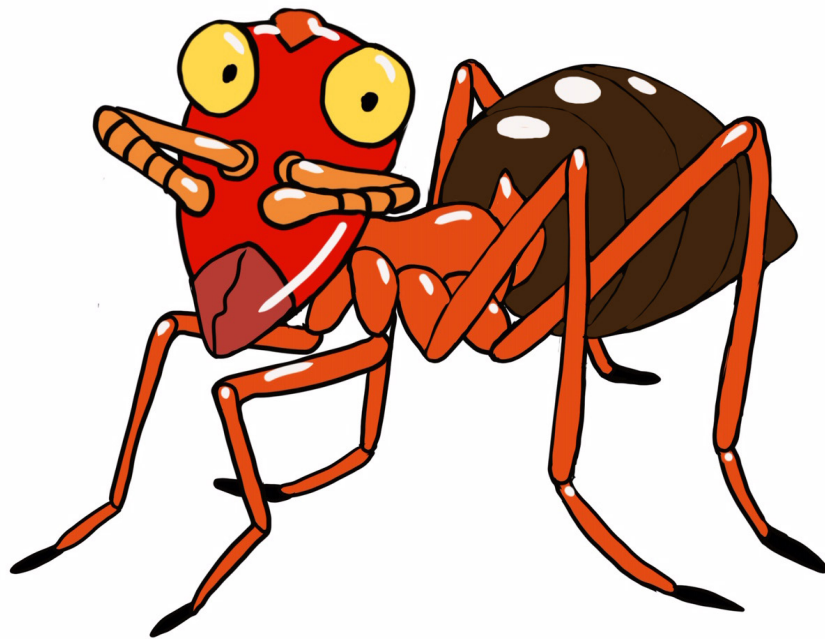
**Sparrow.** Beano laughs because he thinks Sparrow is playing hopscotch (*passju*) and asks if he can play too. Sparrow says that birds hop because they are light, not like him, and they can hop all day.

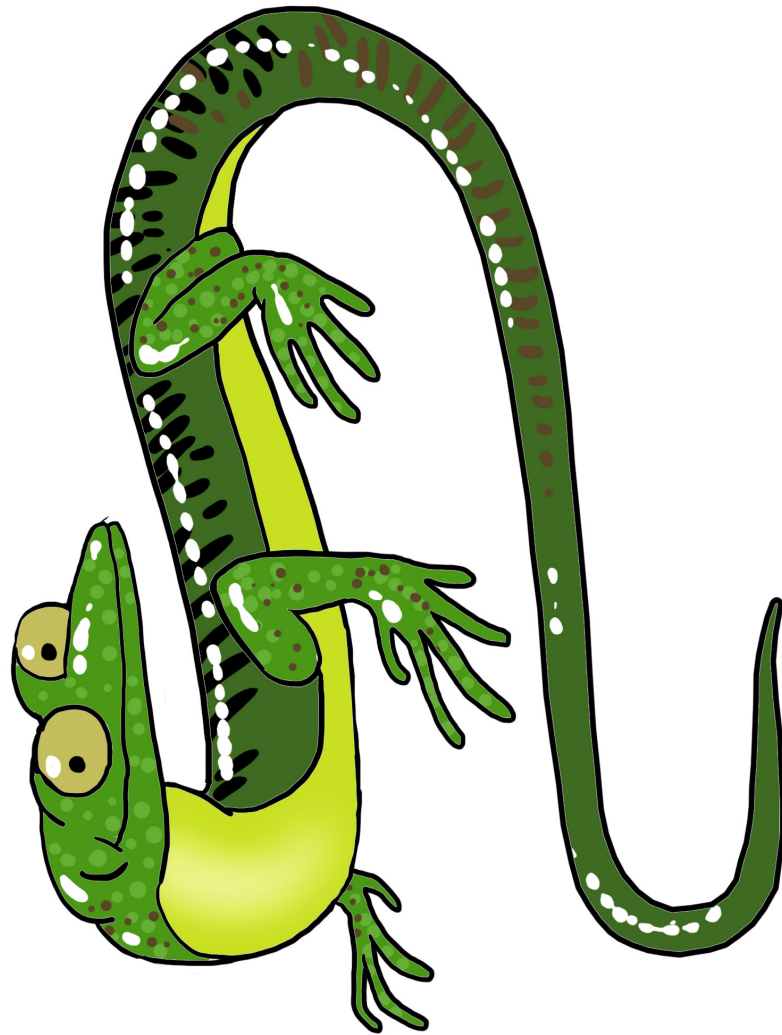
[The story ends with Beano going back to class, happy that he has so many new friends and that he has seen so many animals. Teacher says that Beano met all those friends because he knows how to look for animals. Ask the children if they too have animal friends.]











## Fiks fl-inkwiet

Darba kien hemm foresta mimlija siġar. Fiha kienu jgħixu ħafna annimali.

Ġurnata waħda Ġanni l-Ġurdien ried jilgħab logħba. Ġabar lil šhabu l-annimali l-oħrajn madwaru, ġabar prinjola mill-art u qalilhom:

“Araw, din il-prinjola miftuħa u ħafna miż-żerriegħa diġà waqgħetilha, imma għad fadlilha ftit. Issa jien se nxejjirha u minnha se ntajjar il-bqija taż-żerriegħa. Mela l-logħba hija hekk. Fuq min taqa’ ż-żerriegħa jkun biha u jkollu jobdi li ngħidulu. Tajjeb?”

“Iva tajba l-idea!” qalu l-annimali. “Ibda, Ġann!”

Ġanni xejjer il-prinjola u *plink!* minnha taret żerriegħa waħda u giet fuq ras Fiks il-Farfett.

L-annimali ċapċpu u Fiks qam bil-wieqfa. L-annimali bdew jikkellmu bejniethom biex jaraw x’s se jqabbduh jagħmel. Imbagħad Ġanni l-Ġurdien qal:

“Fiks, int għandek ġwienah kbar u taf ittir. Aħna ma nafux intiru u rridu nkunu nafu x’hemm in-naħa l-oħra tal-forest. Li trid tagħmel hu li ttir għan-naħa l-oħra tal-forest u tiġi lura tgħidilna x’rajt. Tajjeb?”

“Orrajt,” qal Fiks. “Arawni sejjer.”

Ferfer tnejn ġwinahj – kellu ġwienah sbieħ u sofor – u tar.

“Il-aħwa kemm irrid immur bogħod,” qal Fiks. “Imma jiena nieħu gost intir u mhux ħa nibza’.”

Huwa u jtr bdiet niezla x-xita.

“Hażin!” qal Fiks. “Aħjar insib fejn nistkenn għax jekk jixxarbuli l-ġwienah ma nkunx nista’ ntr.”

Fiks ra siġra b’ħafna weraq u niżel fiha. Imma kif niżel

inqabad ġo għanqbuta ta’ brimba.

“X’waħdadin xi ġrali!” beda jgħajjat Fiks, “Issa kif se noħroġ?” Wara ftit ra brimba kbira ġejja għalih biex taqbd u tieklu. Fiks beda jirtogħod bil-biza’. Imma f’daqqa waħda ġie pitirross, qabad lil Fiks b’munqaru, qalgħu mill-għanqbuta u tar bih.

Issa Fiks iktar beda jibza’.

“Ajma ħej!” qal, “Issa flok tikolni l-brimba ħa jikolni l-pitirross.” U miskin beda jibki.

Imma dak il-ħin tfaċċa pitirross ieħor u beda jgħajjat mal-pitirross li kien qabad lil Fiks.

“Ojj int! Mur minn hawn, dis-siġra tiegħi. Mela ma rajtnix?”

Il-pitirross li kellu lil Fiks fetaħ ħalqu biex jikkellm imma malli għamel hekk, Fiks kien pront ħarablu. Tgħidx kemm ġera!

“Ajma ħej x’qatgħa dik,” qal Fiks. “Aħjar noqgħod iktar attent.”

Ix-xita waqfet u Fiks kompli jtr. Wara ftit qabdu l-għatx u ra pjanta b’ħafna fjuri. Fiks niżel fuq waħda mill-fjuri u ħareġ ilsien, li kien qisu stro. Daħħlu ġo fjura u beda jixrob u jixrob mill-ilma ħelu tal-fjura.

“Aħħ kemm hu tajjeb,” qal u kompli jixrob bil-qalb. Tant kien qed jieħu gost li ma ndunax li warajh kienet ġejja gremxula. Il-gremxula kellha l-ġuħ u l-friefet kienet thobb tikolhom. Tatu s-salt imma Fiks induna u tarilha.

“Kemm hawn min hu bil-ġuħ,” gerger Fiks. “Kulħadd irid jikolni llum. Naħseb aħjar immur lura qabel nispiċċa f’zaqq xi ħadd.” Imma kien ftit għajjen u niżel jistrieħ fuq ċint fix-xemx.

“Hawnhekk tajjeb, għax m’hawnx brimb u pitirrossi u gremxul,” qal.

Imma dak il-ħin ġie jiġri warajh tifel li f’idu kellu kopp. Kien tifel kattiv li ried jaqbd u fix-xibka biex ipogġih ġo vażett. Beda jxejjer bil-kopp u Fiks twerwer.

“Maa x’biza’!” qal, “Issa anke t-tfal iridu jaqbduni. Jekk jaqbadni ma nibqax ferħan u mmut bil-ġuħ.” Dak il-ħin Fiks ra koċċ fjuri sofor u niżel jistaħba fihom. Minħabba li kellu l-ġwienah sofor bħall-fjuri, it-tifel ma setax jarah. Wara ftit it-tifel qata’ qalbu u telaq.

X’ħin it-tifel telaq, Fiks tar b’ġirja lura lejn id-dar, fejn sab lill-ħbieb jistennewh. Kemm kellu x’jirakkuntalhom, u kemm ċapċpulu l-annimali meta spiċċa l-istorja tiegħu.

“Imma Fiks,” qallu Ġanni l-Ġurdien, “għadek m’għeditliex x’sibt in-naħa l-oħra tal-forest.”

“Heqq, ma nafx ta,” qallu Fiks. “Tant kont qed nibza’ li nsejt niċċekkja!”

U tgħidx kemm daħqu l-annimali.



## Fiks in trouble

Once there was a wood and in this wood there were lots of trees. Many animals lived there.

One day Ġanni the Mouse wanted to play a game. He gathered his friends around him and he picked up a pine cone from the floor.

“Look,” he said, “this pine cone is open and many of the seeds are gone. But there are still some left in it. I’m going to shake the cone and the other seeds will fly out. This is the game: whoever gets hit by the seed must do what we tell him to do.”

“Good idea,” said the animals. “Let’s begin.”

Ġanni shook the pine cone and *plink!* a seed flew out and landed on the head of Fiks the Butterfly. The animals clapped and Fiks stood up. The animals talked about what job to give Fiks. Then Ġanni the Mouse said:

“Fiks, you have wings and you can fly. We cannot fly and we never went to the other side of the wood. We want you to fly to the other side, then come back and tell us what you saw.”

“Okay,” said Fiks. He opened his nice big yellow wings “Off I go!” And off he flew.

“Wow, how far I must fly,” said Fiks. “But I don’t mind, I like flying.” But then it began to rain.

“Oh no!” said Fiks. “If my wings get wet I can’t fly. I must find somewhere to shelter.”

Fiks saw a tree with lots of leaves and he went there. But when he landed he got caught in a spider’s web.

“Oh dear,” cried Fiks, “I’m trapped and I cannot get out.” Soon a big spider came to get him and Fiks trembled

with fear. But suddenly a robin appeared, caught Fiks in his beak, pulled him off the web and flew off with him.

Fiks was even more scared now.

“What bad luck!” he said. “The spider didn’t get me but now the robin will eat me instead.” Poor Fiks began to cry.

But just then another robin appeared and began to shout at the robin who was carrying Fiks.

“Hey you, go away from here! This tree is mine! Didn’t you see me?”

The robin with Fiks in his mouth opened his beak to speak. As soon as he did, Fiks escaped and flew away as fast as he could.

“Phew! What a fright,” he said. “I must be more careful.”

The rain stopped and Fiks flew off again. Soon he was thirsty and he saw a bush with lots of flowers. Fiks landed on a flower and put out his tongue – it was long and thin like a straw. He put his tongue in the flower and began to drink the sweet water in there.

“Mmmm, delicious!” he said and drank some more. He did not see a lizard creeping up behind him. The lizard was hungry and liked to eat butterflies. She snapped at Fiks but he saw her and flew off just in time.

“Wow, that was close. Why does everyone want to eat me today? I think I’ll go home now. I don’t want to end up in someone’s tummy!” But Fiks was tired, so he flew down to rest on a sunny wall.

“This is a good place to rest. No spiders or robins or lizards here.”

But just then a boy appeared with a net in his hand. He was

a nasty boy who liked to catch butterflies to shut them up in a jar. Fiks was frightened.

“Oh no,” he said, “now even the children want to catch me. If this boy catches me I won’t be happy any more and I will die.”

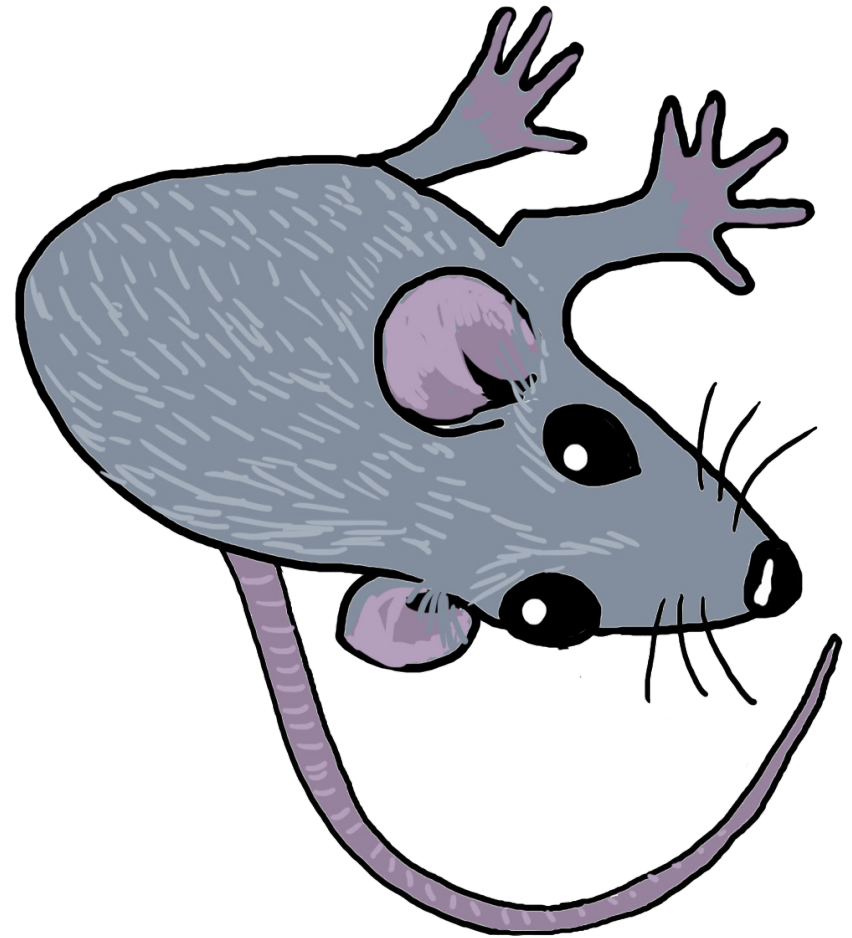
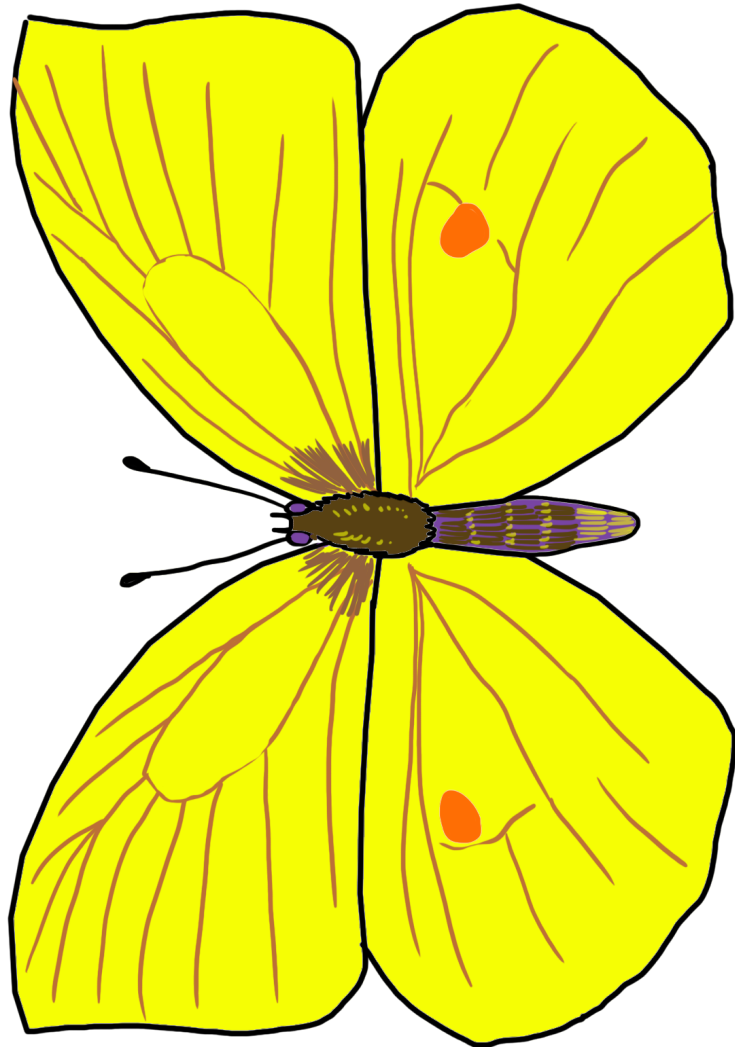
Fiks saw a patch of yellow flowers and he went to hide among them. The boy could not see him there because Fiks had yellow wings, just like the flowers. The boy soon gave up and went away.

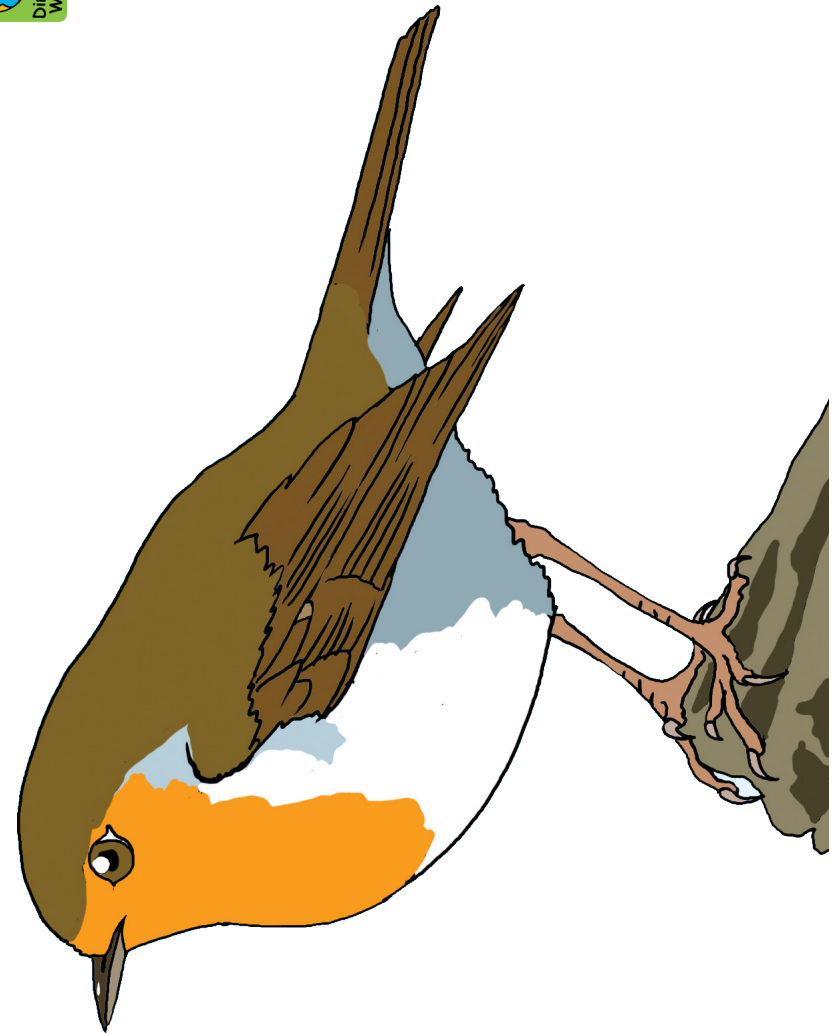
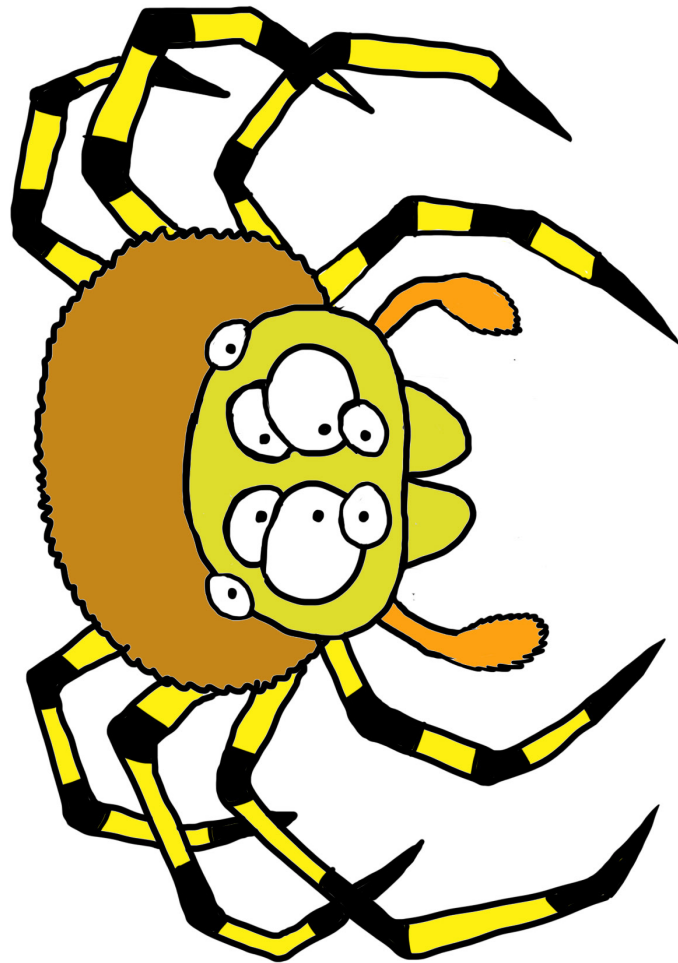
Fiks then flew away home as fast as he could. His friends were waiting for him and he told them all about his adventure. When he finished his story they clapped with joy.

Then Ġanni the Mouse said “But Fiks, you didn’t tell us what you saw on the other side of the wood.”

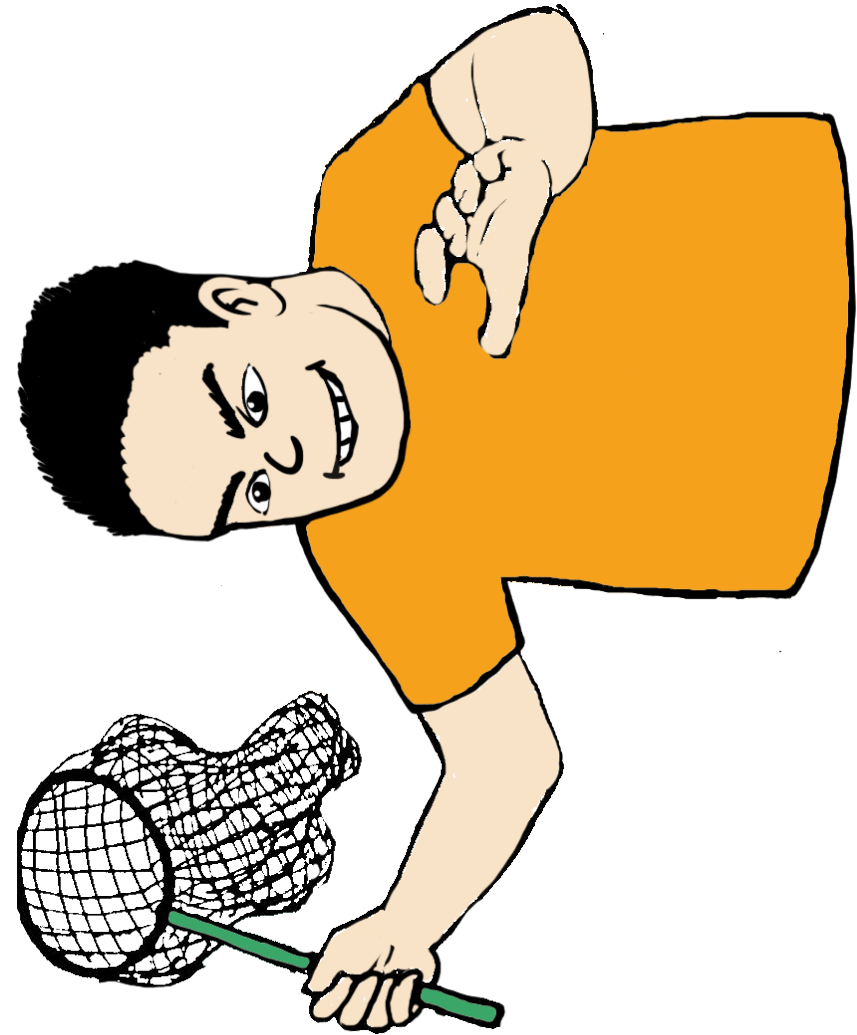
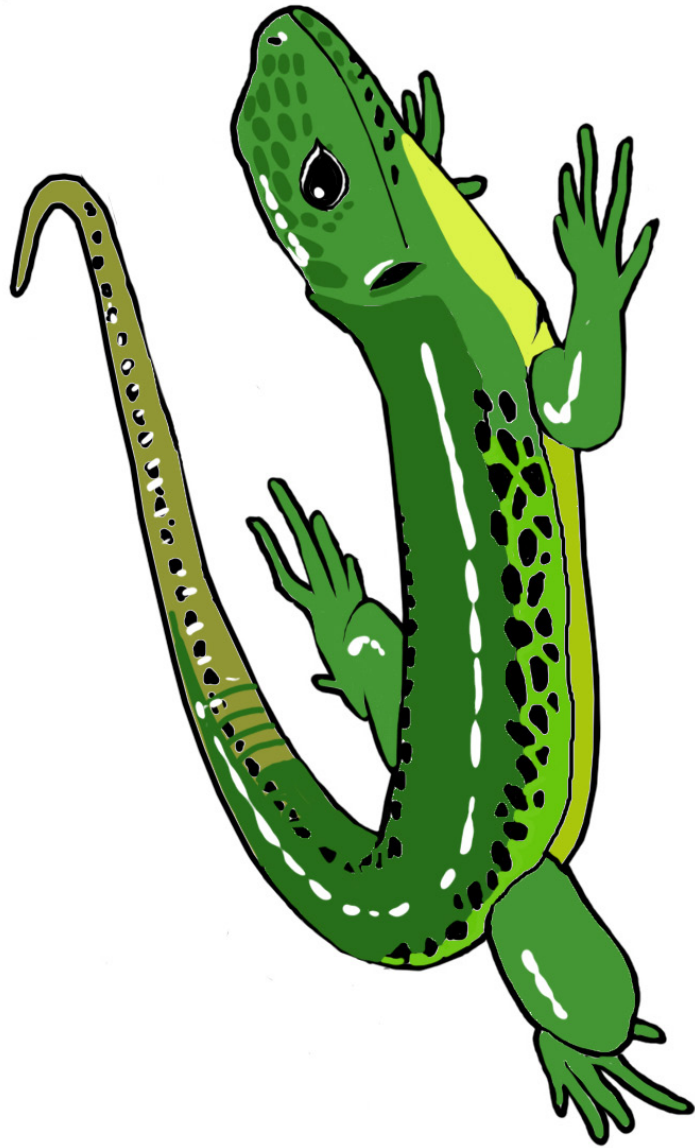
“Ooops!” said Fiks, “I was so scared I forgot to check!” The animals all laughed.













# The Three Pine Cones

## Outline

Three friends (names) go for a walk in the wood. It's a lovely day. They meet several animals (birds, insects, etc. – mention animals they saw.)

They come to a big tree and put their arms around it to feel the water passing through the tree from its roots, as they learned at school. "I wonder if I can feel it?"

Suddenly there's a strong breeze.

"Ouch!" the three say together. "What hit me?"

Pine cones have fallen from the tree and landed on their heads. They don't know what they are. They each take a pine cone home.

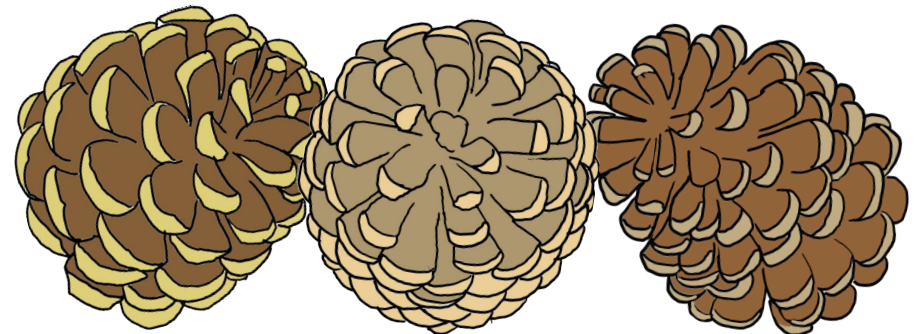
**The first** puts her cone in a box and forgets all about it. The cone stays in the dark. Nothing happens.

**The second** kicks her cone around like a ball. The seeds fall out and her brother plays with them like marbles. They don't grow.

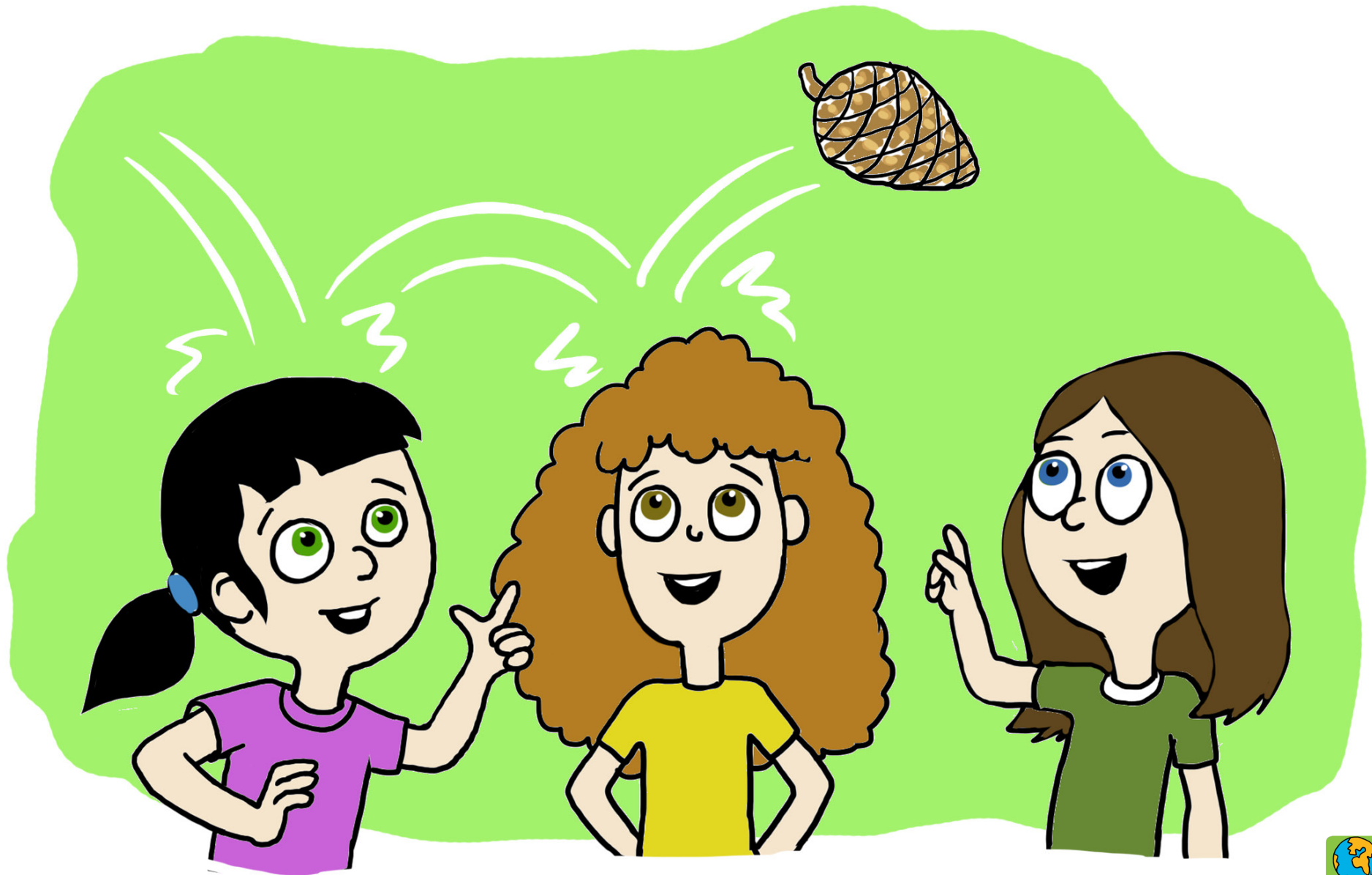
**The third** asks her Mum about the cone. Mum says that a cone is the fruit of a pine tree, and has seeds inside it. The seeds are the babies of the tree and each can grow into a tree. She sows the seeds in a pot and they grow.

## Moral

Plants are living things. Like people, they too have babies (seeds) and we should care about them, like people.

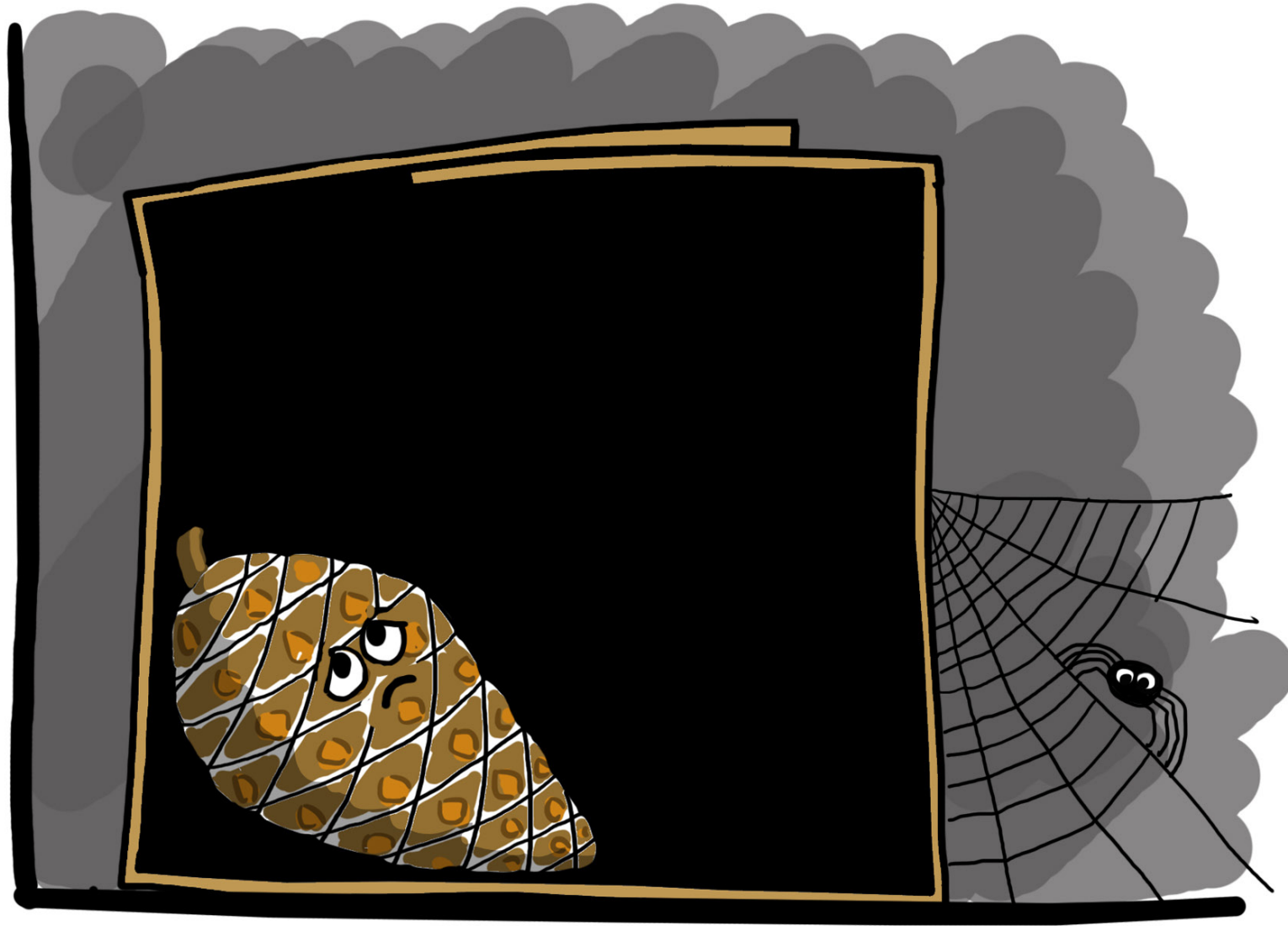






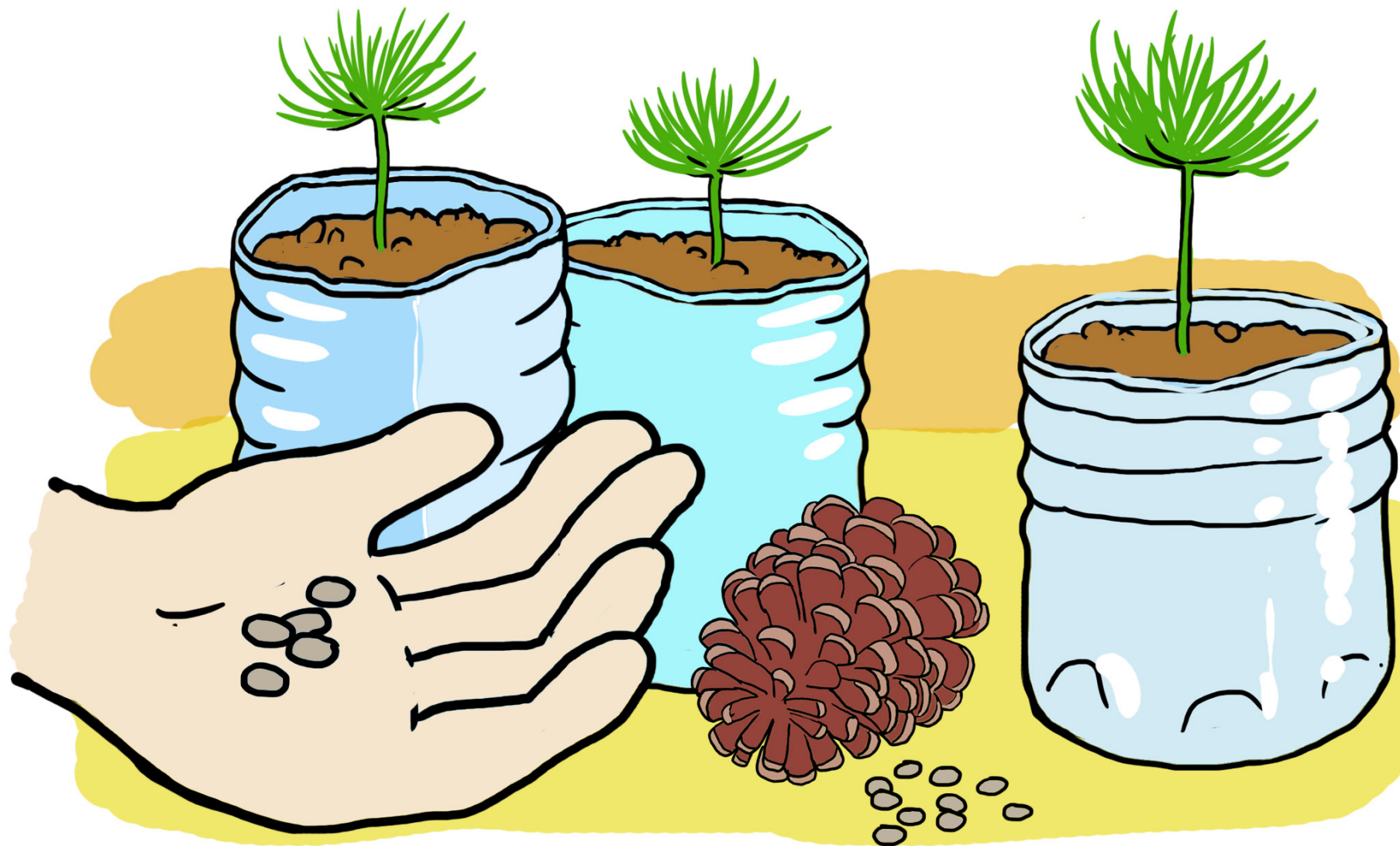












# Growing seeds



There are many kinds of **seeds** of different shapes, colour and sizes.



Some seeds are inside a **berry** or a **pod** and you have to open and take them out.



**Bulbs** are usually bigger than seeds.



Make a **seed tray**. Find a shallow plastic container like the one in the picture. Poke some small holes in the bottom. Fill the container with **potting compost**. If you're buying it make sure the compost **does not have peat** in it.





Use a pencil to make holes in the soil for your seeds and bulbs. Make the holes only as deep as the size of your seeds or bulbs.



If your seeds are tiny, scatter them on top of the soil. Keep the container damp, but not wet or your seeds will rot.



If you can, use a seed tray with separate spaces. This makes it easier later to move the young plants into bigger pots.



The seeds sprout into baby plants – we call these **seedlings**. Let your seedlings grow to about 3cm and then you can transplant them.



Fill a pot with soil. Make a hole in the middle where your seedling will go.



Scoop out a seedling with an old teaspoon. Careful not to damage the thin root!



Pop the seedling in its new pot and gently cover the hole. Take care not to crush the delicate seedling.



Water your new seedling but not too much. Remember, its roots are still small and cannot take up a lot of water. Keep the soil damp, not wet.

# Plants can feel!

**A simple yet fascinating experiment that shows very clearly that plants are attracted to light.**

You need

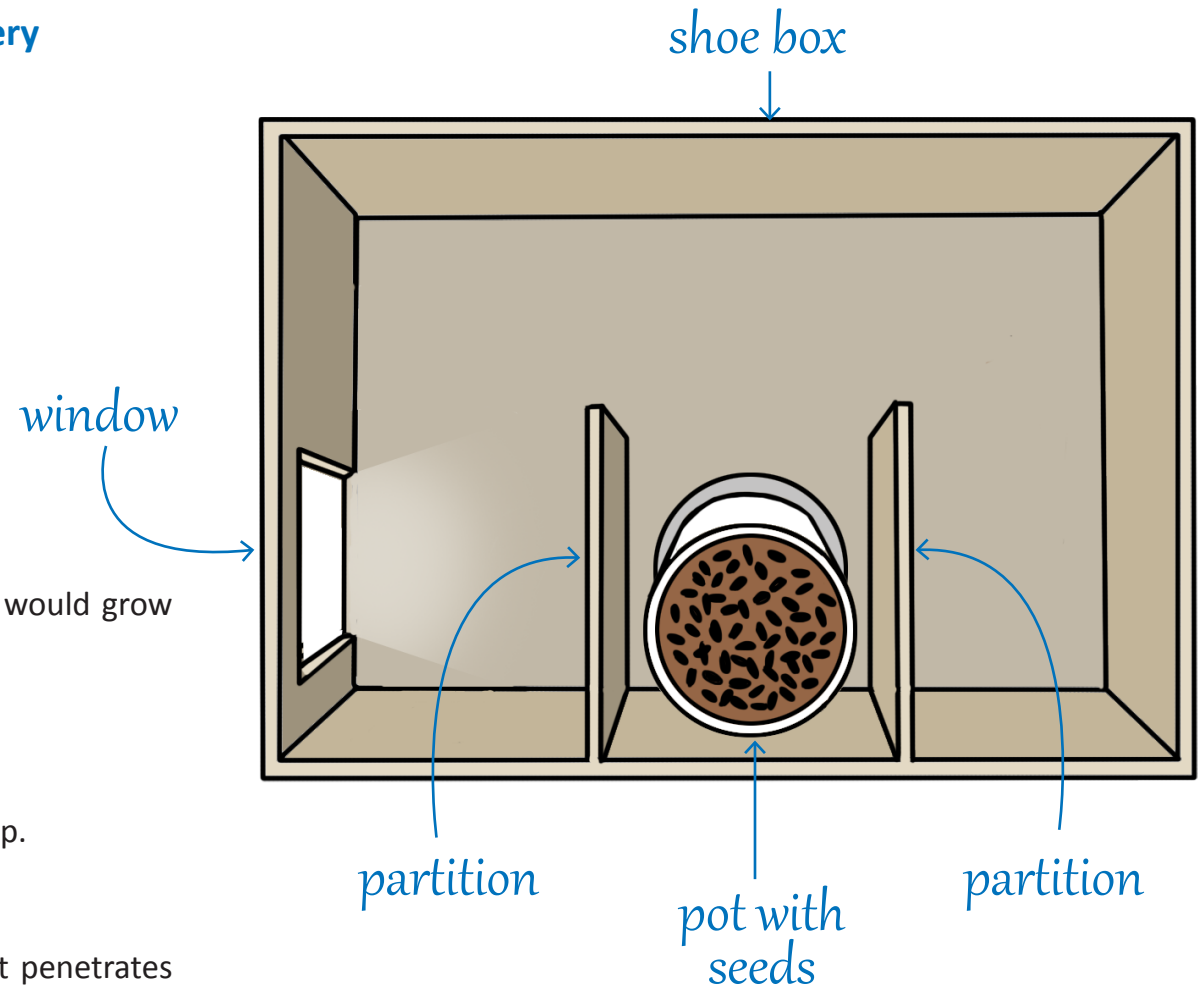
- 1 shoe box (with lid)
- 2 pieces of stiff card or carton
- 1 small pot or container
- soil or cotton wool
- common vetch (*ġilbiena*) seeds
- scissors or cutting knife
- sticky tape

The aim is to find out whether, given the choice, a plant would grow towards light, towards dark or if it's all the same for it!

Set up the arrangement as shown in the diagram

- Cut out a window in one side of box
- Stick two cardboard partitions (see diagram)
- Fill pot with soil or cotton wool and sprinkle seeds on top.
- Moisten soil or cotton wool with water.
- Place pot between partitions
- Cover box with lid and place it somewhere where light penetrates the box's 'window'.

Let the children check progress every day. Watching the seeds sprout is exciting, but even more exciting will be the part where the plant 'decides' which way to turn. Once the vetch peeps out of the window it starts to grow green leaves!



Through this experiment the children also learn that the familiar Christmas *ġilbiena* is actually a green plant, and that it grows like white threads only because people grow it in the dark to look like straw in the manger.







This is a  
**Dinja Waħda**  
school



This is a  
**Dinja Waħda**  
class





Din skola  
**Dinja Waħda**



Din klassi  
**Dinja Waħda**