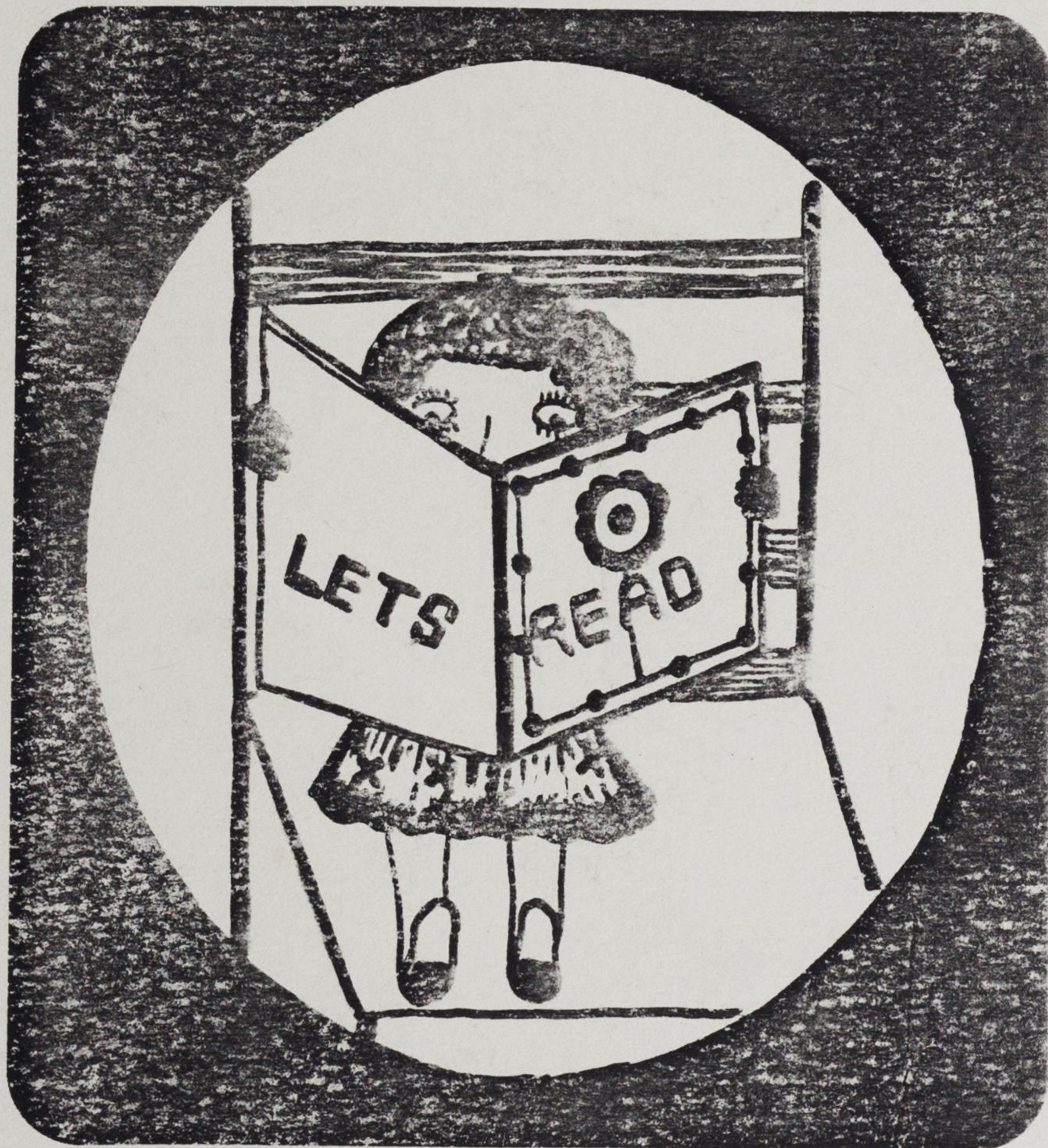


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# CHATSWORTH EARLY LEARNING CENTRE



A PROJECT OF THE COMMUNITY EDUCATION DEVELOPMENT TRUST



**PRE-SCHOOL EDUCATION FOR ALL CHILDREN!**







## HOW THE FIR TREE BECAME OUR CHRISTMAS TREE.

When the Christ Child was born, all people and animals, and even the trees, felt a great happiness.

Outside the stable where the baby was lying, there stood three trees, a palm tree, an olive tree and a little fir tree. Each day people passed beneath them bringing presents to the Baby.

“We should like to give him presents too”, said the trees. “I shall give him my biggest leaf”, said the tall palm tree. “When the hot weather comes, it will fan him and bring cool breezes”.

Said the olive tree, “I will give him sweet-smelling oil”.

“But what can I give him” asked the little fir tree anxiously?

“You. Your branches are prickly and your tears are sticky”, said the other trees. “You have nothing to give him.”

The little fir tree was very sad. He tried hard to think of something he could give that the Christ Child might like, but he had nothing good enough. Now an Angel had heard everything the trees had said and he was sorry for the little fir tree. The stars were shining



in the night sky, so, very gently, the Angel brought down some of the smallest and brightest of them and put them on the prickly branches of the fir tree.

Inside the stable, the baby was lying awake. He could see the three trees against the night sky. Suddenly the dark green branches of the little fir tree shone and sparkled for the stars were now resting there like candles. How beautiful the little fir tree seemed now.

And the Christ Child waved his hands, as babies do, and smiled. And ever since the fir tree has been the children's Christmas tree.



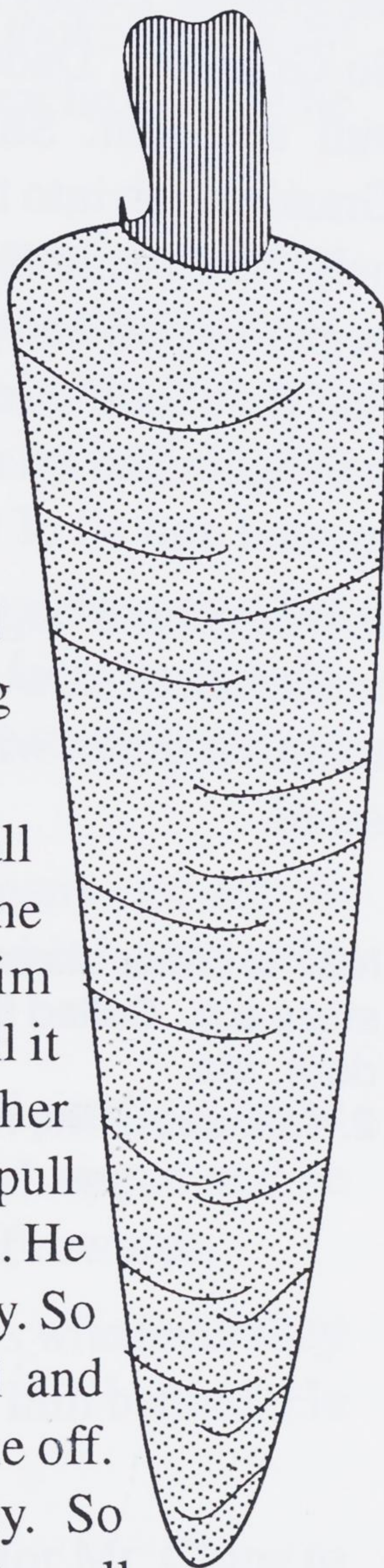


## THE ENORMOUS CARROT.

One day Ashok bought a packet of carrot seeds. He went into the garden and began to dig the soil. Thereafter, he made tiny holes in the soil and planted a seed in each one of them.

Everyday Ashok watered his garden. Soon the seed began to grow. After a few weeks Ashok noticed that one carrot plant was looking bigger than the others.

After a few more weeks Ashok cut all the carrots but he left the biggest one behind as this one was difficult for him to pull. This plant grew and grew till it was so big that it covered all the other plants in the garden. Ashok tried to pull but he could not get it off the ground. He ran into the house to call his Mummy. So Mummy and Ashok began to pull and pull, but still the carrot did not come off. Mummy then went to call Daddy. So Daddy, Mummy and Ashok began to pull





and pull and pull but still the carrot did not come off the ground. Daddy said, "I think I will call Grandma". So Grandma, Daddy, Mummy and Ashok began to pull and pull. Still the carrot did not come off. Grandma ran into the front garden to look for kitty to help. So Grandma, Daddy, Mummy, Kitty and Ashok began to pull and pull and pull. They were so tired that they took a rest and began to pull and pull and pull again and at last the carrot began to come off the ground and all of them fell down.

It was such a huge carrot that Grandma decided to make carrot stew and carrot salad with it. And all of them sat down with a large bowl of carrot stew and salad.

**NB. 1. Other characters can be included to extend the story e.g.. Called the milkman, postman, children next door, etc.**

**2. Talk about the nutritional value of carrots.**



## MR. CHIPS.

Mr. Chips was a little white cat. He looked like a cat but he didn't behave like one. Perhaps he thought he was a dog.



He was always doing things that you'd expect a dog to do, like digging holes, or carrying things around in his mouth.

He was never clean as other cats are. In fact, he was always covered in dust and mud, and he rarely bothered to wash himself.

He wasn't fussy about his food as many cats are. In fact, he ate anything, even the bread left out in the garden for the birds.

As for water, Mr. Chips quite enjoyed paddling in the kitchen sink! He even sat still for a shampoo and he didn't mind having wet, spiky fur afterwards.

Mr. Chips began to follow his owners whenever they went out and he howled if they left him behind. He even jumped in the car with them!

So, his owners decided it was time for Mr. Chips to have his own collar and lead just like a dog. Mr. Chips was delighted and became more and more like a dog.



He had his own kennel and he was tied up in the garden when he wasn't out with his owners. Mr. Chips was quite happy being a dog until one windy day in Autumn...

Falling leaves swirled in the breeze and Mr. Chips longed to chase them, but he couldn't - he was tied up. If only he could run and play and dance with the wind!

Mr. Chips became very unhappy and he wouldn't eat his food. He stayed in his kennel all day and he wouldn't come out. He now realised that he had lost his freedom.

His owners began to get worried and thought it would be better for Mr. Chips to come indoors. So, he spent all his time in front of the fire eating fish and drinking milk to make him fit and well again.

Mr. Chips couldn't go out at all while he was ill and he missed his daily walks. He was very lonely until his owners came up with the answer: they bought him a kitten for company!

From that day do you know how Mr. Chips spent his time? He taught the kitten how to be a proper cat; how to eat, sleep, play and above all to be independent like a cat. And do you know what? Mr. Chips decided that being a cat was the best way to be after all.



## A LESSON TO LEARN.

There was a little boy whose name was Noelan. He had a tricycle which could “talk”. One day Noelan said to Terry Tricycle “lets go for a ride on the pavement”. “No, no!” cried Terry Tricycle, “you know we are not allowed beyond the garden gate.” But Noelan wouldn’t listen. He pulls Terry through the gate. Terry closes his eyes as Noelan rides down the pavement.

“Watch out!”, shouts Terry. They had almost bumped into a lady walking along the pavement. She jumped out of the way and dropped her basket. “Oh, dear me!”, she says. All the fruits from the basket fell and rolled into the street. “Look at what you have done”, shouts Terry. Noelan stares at the fruit on the pavement.

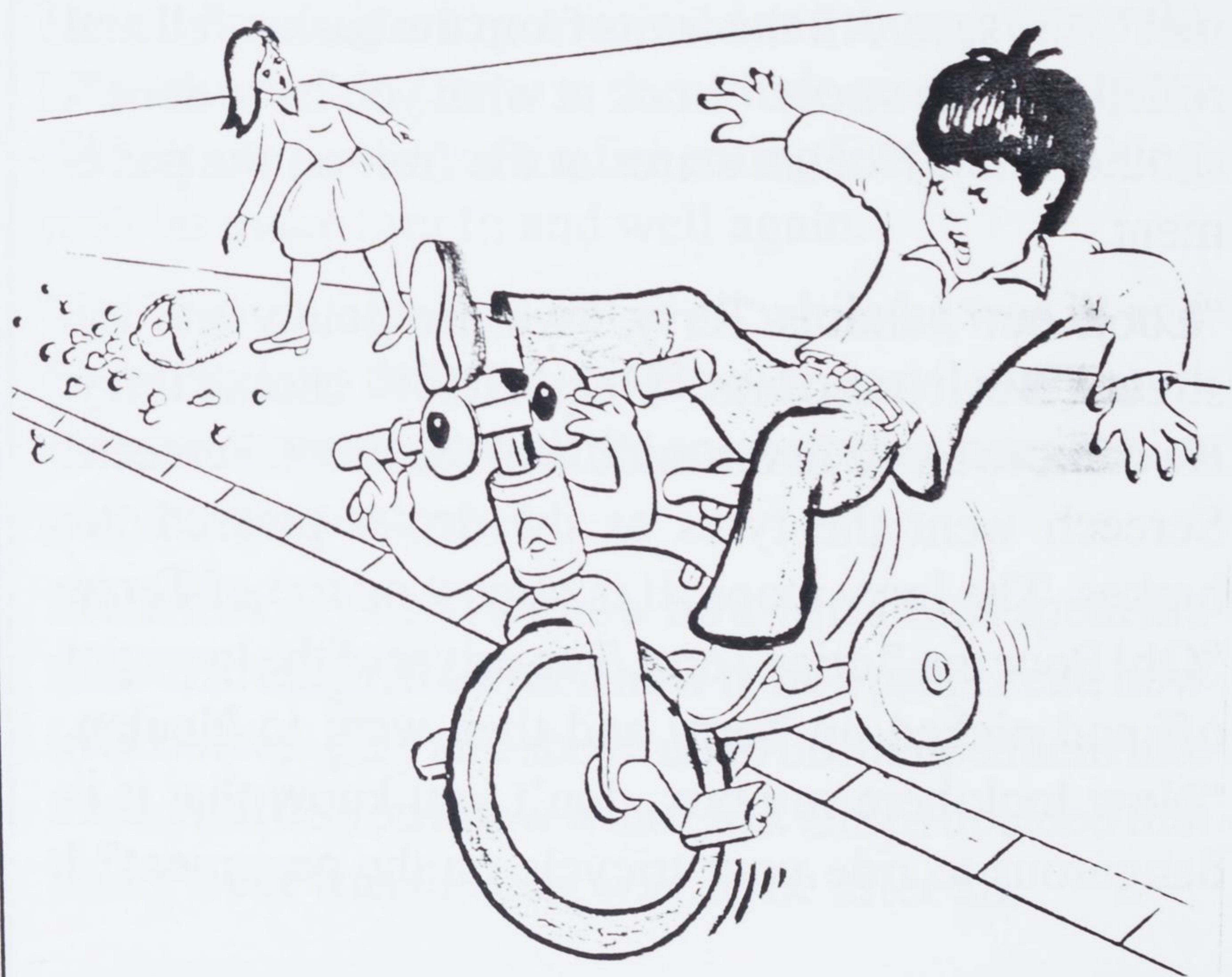
“Look out”, shouts Terry, “we are going into the street.” But it is too late. “Help! Help!”, shouts Terry. He came to a stop in the middle of the street. Screech! Screech went the tyres as the driver pressed the brakes. The lorry stops. It is almost on top of Terry. “Oh! Poor me,” cries Terry. The driver of the lorry got off and picked up Terry and then went to Noelan. “Now look here my boy, don’t you know that it is dangerous to ride your tricycle on the pavement? I



almost ran over the both of you.”

"The safest place to ride is in your backyard", said the driver.. "Thank you sir for saving my tricycle," said Noelan,

"I will never ride on the pavement again." From that day on Noelan and Terry played in their backyard and enjoyed this. Cars cannot run them over. "This is much safer than riding in the street, I will never forget what happened to us and would never do that again," said Noelan.





## THE FLOWER CHILDREN.

Once upon a time in a land called Everyland, there lived a young man. And he was very sad because there was so much fighting and so many poor people in his land.



But he loved to go walking in a forest at the end of Everyland. And he would talk to the animals and the trees and run and feel the sun on his face and the wind in his hair. And that made him very happy.

One day as he was walking through the forest he met an old woman. She asked him to share his lunch with her, which he did gladly for he was a kind young man. When they had finished eating the old woman said, “young man, thank you for the lunch. But tell me why do you look so sad?”

“Ah”, sighed the young man, “in Everyland there is so much fighting, so many poor people, so many sad people, it makes me sad to see it.”

“So”, said the woman, “I have an idea. Go to the end of the forest and you will find a surprise. I think it will make you happy.”



“Oh! That sounds exciting. Thank you”, cried the young man and ran off.

At the end of the wood the young man found a clearing and the most beautiful garden he had ever seen. There were flowers of green and blue and red and purple and yellow; big ones and small ones, tall ones and short ones.



But the bed at the end of the garden was the most perfect. The young man walked slowly up to the beautiful flowers and as he bent down to pick one, he looked into the face of a child. And the child spoke: “Do not be afraid. Go to the other flowers in this patch and tell me what you see.”

The young man looked into all the flowers, and to his great surprise he found a child in each. And as he looked deeply into each of their eyes - blue and green and brown and black - each pair of eyes told a story.

“I am a child of war,” said the child with the eyes as black as coals. “I have seen people fighting and killing each other; I have seen soldiers taking my brother and sister to jail and I was very frightened.”

“And I am a child of the poor,” said the flower child with the brown eyes - the colour of the earth. “I know



what it is like to go hungry; to live in a house that is overcrowded; not to have enough money for clothes or schooling.”

“And I am a handicapped child,” said the child with blue eyes - the colour of the sky on a bright sunny day. “I know what it is like to be laughed at because I couldn’t walk; to be kept at home because my parents were ashamed of me.”

“And I am a homeless child,” said the child with black eyes also the colour of coal. “I have seen my home being broken down; all our furniture being put into the street and told to move because we didn’t belong in the town.”

“And I am a beaten child,” said the flower child with eyes as green as sprouts of grass in spring. “My parents used to drink and they would fight and they would beat my sister and me and we would go to school so ashamed because there were bruises all over our arms and legs and everybody would stare at us.”

When the young man now heard this, he felt tears running down his cheek for he was remembering the poor children of Everyland: poor and sad and beaten and hungry and homeless and unloved. Suddenly he



felt something soft on his cheek. It felt light and fresh - his tears were being wiped away! He looked up into the black eyes of one of the flower children who was stroking his cheek with her petals.

“Don’t cry,” she said. “It is not the end of the story. Look into our eyes again and what do you see this time?”

The young man gazed into the eyes of these flower children and saw a very different picture:

“We are the children,” they said.

“We want to play freely and happily

We want to go to school to learn

We want a home where we can live with our family

We want to have enough food to eat

We want to be loved and looked after.”



## IN THE RABBIT GARDEN.

The rabbit garden is the most beautiful garden and in it lived the 2 most beautiful rabbits you have ever seen. One day the old rabbit called them and said, "I am going away for a while.

Behave yourself and remember, eat all the carrots you want but don't touch the apples, or the fox will get you. "The 2 rabbits began to play and when they were hungry they dug up carrots from here and they dug up carrots from there, but they could not find a



single carrot. "What will we do now?" and tears came into their eyes. Suddenly they saw a beautiful big carrot, half hidden by the big apple tree. They grabbed it but whoops! It disappeared. And there in front of them was the most enormous serpent they ever saw.

"Were you going to eat my tail?" he said. "Do little rabbits eat serpents nowadays?" and he laughed "Ha! Ha! Ha!" "Sorry" mumbled the bunnies, confused and a little scared. "We thought you were a carrot (tail). We are hungry and there isn't a carrot to be found anywhere."



"Carrots, carrots," laughed the serpent, "with all the beautiful apples that hang in the apple tree!" "We can't reach them," said the rabbits, "and besides..." Before they were going to say "the old rabbit..." the serpent presented them with the reddest apple they had ever seen. And it was good!







This story book was produced by the:

**CHATSWORTH EARLY  
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