



Abike's day

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Synopsis:

This math story explores multiplication, patterns, shapes and aspects of measurement, through the story of a day in the life of Abike, a ten-year-old village girl.



Abike was lying down on her mat. She was listening to her mother telling her one of her favourite stories.

The story was about the women of their village, who are known for making beautiful mats and baskets.

Abike's most precious gift was the sleeping mat her grandmother made for her 10th birthday.



When Abike got up, her mother wanted to put away the mat. "Not yet Ma, let's look at the colours and shapes together," Abike asked.

Abike named the colours of the rows, from top to bottom, "Pink, pink, green, green, blue, blue, pink, pink, green, green."

Can you see where the pattern changes on the mat?



Abike stretched out the mat. Most of the shapes were rectangles, with some squares as well. "I know a quick way to work out how many shapes there are altogether," said Abike. "You don't count each shape, you only count the number of shapes in a row."

Do you know how Abike counts the shapes?

How many shapes altogether?



Abike had another smaller mat that she used to sit outside on the ground.

This mat had only rectangles. About how many of the rectangles is Abike covering with her body? About how many rectangles are not covered?

Can you use Abike's quick way to work out how many rectangles the mat has altogether?



One morning Abike went to visit her grandmother. At the well she saw women fetching water in buckets they were carrying on their heads.

She wondered how many litres of water each bucket holds. What do you think?



Abike arrived at her grandmother's house. "What a lovely surprise Abike! Look at this new basket I made. Do you like it?" Grandma asked.

"I like the colours, but the shapes are too sharp and pointed," replied Abike.

How would you copy the pattern on the basket?

Are the shapes like a square or a rectangle or another shape?



On her way home, Abike lost the path. She wasn't sure where she was, so she sat down to rest under a tree.

Abike stared at the leaves dancing on the branches above. There were patterns of light and shade all around her. Soon she fell into a deep sleep.



When she woke up, she felt afraid. She wanted to be at home with her mother, resting on her mat.

Just then a small, blue bird landed in the tree. "Hello, don't worry, I can help you get home. Follow me," it chirped.

Abike was surprised to hear a bird talking.



Abike followed the bird easily until they came to a fork in the path. The path split into two different directions, one to the left and one to the right. Which path should she take?

Abike looked up. Was it possible? The bird had a piece of her mat in its beak!

It flew over the path on the right-hand side and dropped the piece of mat. Then the bird flew away.



Abike followed the path down the hill.

She heard the laughter and singing of the people of her village. Abike was happy to be home safely.



Abike's mother rolled out her mat and gave her a bowl of food to eat.

Abike began counting the squares just to make sure they were still all there. While she was counting she was sure she saw a piece of the mat that had been taken out and put back again.

So, she was not dreaming. The small, blue bird was real after all!

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