



This is the third part of the story.
 Read it and then... Create it!

AT THE MARKET

– Bobula, – whispered Grandma. The little girl opened one eye. The room was still dark. – Even though the sun is not shining on your belly, we must go – she heard her grandmother's voice. Grandma was already dressed. Bobula jumped out from under the blanket and started pacing up and down the room as if she were the tallest girl in the world. Grandma and Grandpa couldn't stop wondering. – Wow, you've really grown – they repeated, nodding in approval.

Bobula drank a mug of milk. Through the window she saw Grandpa loading the vegetable crates into the car. He put the tomato crates on top of the car, tied tightly so that the car looked like a huge ham tied up.

– The night smells of tomatoes! – exclaimed Bobula as she stepped out of the house. She wanted to know if the moon wore a nightgown when it slept. After finding it in the sky, she saw that it had put on a huge nightgown full of tiny stars. Bobula peered at the sky. After Grandpa finished packing, they set off.

Bobula noticed that the birds were not singing at all this early. By the time they reached the city, dawn was breaking. At the market, they unloaded tomatoes, peppers and radishes on a large table. The produce glistening from the dew. The admirers of the round tomatoes, the crisp red and white peppers, the radishes with their tails and the lettuces with their shaggy heads began to flock in. The first customers looked like sleepwalkers who couldn't find their way back to bed. They had eyes as tiny as a mole. Bobula could tell they had come to the market just to buy peppers. Maybe two. The stems of the peppers could prop up their eyelids.

Take notes of the most important information from the text!

Your notes can be
 Mindmap
 Table
 Drawing, etc.



BOBULA



S16
T3
L2



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The customers who arrived later in the day were more rested but hungry. Grandma tied an apron around Bobula's waist. A brown apron with yellow flowers and three large pockets. In one were the empty bags for the vegetables, in the second the banknotes, and in the third the coins.

Grandma also had an apron just like that, only bigger. Bobula put her new wide-brimmed red straw hat with a bow on her head. She was selling the tomatoes. She became their leader and decided their fate. Who would decide who would stay and who would go. The tomatoes gathered obediently in bags. They stood at attention on the scales and marched with equal steps into the customers' bags. First the radishes were gone, then the tomatoes, so Bobula finished her job. She didn't say a word to anyone, just retreated back to the car, curled up like a hedgehog, and a minute later was deep in sleep.

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