RIDEX
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BOBULA

S16 T1 L2

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

YAAAY!!

When Bobula woke up, her grandfather was already working in the garden. He was growing round tomatoes, white and red crunchy peppers, radishes with tails and shaggy heads of lettuce. And strawberries. Bobula liked strawberries best.
Grandpa was picking the radish heads out of the ground, putting them in the wheelbarrow and pushing them into the yard. Grandma was sitting on a small stool, washing the radishes and tying them in little bundles.
– Grandpa, are we going to eat all this today? – asked Bobula, who was very big fan of soft buttered croissants with radishes and a little milk. But this many radishes were too much even for her appetite.
– No, we're going to the market tomorrow morning! – said her grandfather.
– Yay! – she shouted.
Bobula decided to help her grandfather get ready for the market. Because she was a good girl, after all.
First she tried to pull the radishes out of the ground, like her grandfather. She pulled with all her might, but the stubborn radish head just wouldn't budge. Bobula was left with only the green leaves, and even those fell down to the ground. When the same thing happened for the sixth time, and she noticed Pipin sneering at her, she stopped.
She got angry for a moment, but then she thought that she would help her grandfather with the wheelbarrow. She'd be the driver. She quickly jumped on the wheelbarrow. When the wheelbarrow started up, she clung tightly to the sides and began to sing loudly on top of the pile of radishes.
She sang a happy song about train travel. Safi heard it too. She had barely started before she had a great idea: juggling. Radishes are made for juggling anyway.

Take notes of the most important informations from the text!

Your notes might be
Mindmap
Table
Drawing, etc.

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– They are too small and they have tails, let's juggle with the tomatoes instead – suggested Bobula, and Safi immediately took three tomatoes from the wooden box. But the tomato that had been thrown had already fallen back down, and Safi, in her great effort to catch it, accidentally threw the other two. All three tomatoes ended up on the ground. Splattered.

– Well, I'll be! Leave the tomatoes alone! – said Bobula's grandfather. – Go and put on your bathing suits.

Bobula and Safi had no idea why they needed a swimsuit but they were ready in a minute. In the area where the radishes had been plucked earlier, they carried small buckets of water. They had to turn around several times. Soon it was so wet that small puddles formed on the surface.

– Let the mud-sliding championship begin! – Grandpa put the two kids side by side, dragging the start line with his heels. – Ready! Set! Go!

At that very moment, they both started running, dropped to their butts at the start of the puddle and slid at high speed along the long track. Then they jumped up at lightning speed and quickly repeated the whole thing, only this time from the opposite direction. And again, backwards! Again and again!

– Let's try to slide on our bellies! – shouted Bobula, and she was already flying face first into the puddle. Like a surfboard. Gradually they honed their sliding technique. They put one foot forward, lifted the other, like an ice dancer doing a swan dive, and slid right side up, left side up, on their bellies and backs. Grandpa laughed and laughed. And grandma? She just waved her hand.

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In the afternoon, when the two sliding champions were tired, they covered themselves in mud. Not only their feet, but also their hands, necks and faces. Only their eyes showed. Slowly and quietly they sneaked into the yard. Bobula's grandparents were loading fruit and vegetables into the car.
Pipin the rooster and his flock were pecking seeds. When Pipin spotted Bobula and Safi, he almost jumped in fright. He took the hens by the scruff of the neck and fled as if he had lost his mind.
When Grandma noticed the two little muddy figures, her eyes bugged out as if they were about to fall out. She smiled, but then grabbed Bobula and Safi by the ears and held them under the water of the well.

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