



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

AT THE MARKET

- Bobula, Bobula, - whispered Grandma. - Wake up!
 The little girl opened one eye. The room was still dark. I must be dreaming, she thought, and went back to sleep.

- Even though the sun is not shining on your belly, we have to go - she could still hear her grandmother's voice. So she opened her other eye to look around. Grandma was already dressed.

Bobula was not bothered. If you must hurry, hurry, she thought, then turned to the other side. - Don't you want to come with us to the market?

- But you said we'd get some sleep before we left - she meowed like a cat.

- We already slept. It's three in the morning. Come on, show me how much you've grown overnight, - Grandpa joined the conversation.

- Bobula suddenly jumped out from under the blanket and started pacing the room as if she were the tallest person in the world. Grandma and Grandpa were amazed.

- Wow, you've really grown - they repeated, nodding in approval.

Bobula drank a mug of milk for breakfast. Just in case. In case she hadn't grown enough last night. Through the window she saw Grandpa loading the vegetable crates into the car, into the trunk and the back seat. He put the crates of tomatoes on top of the car, tied tightly so that the car looked like a giant ham tied up.

- The night smells of tomatoes!" exclaimed Bobula as she stepped out of the house. She was very curious to see if the Moon wore a nightgown when it slept. When she found it in the sky, she saw that it had put on a huge nightgown full of tiny stars.

Take notes of the most important informations from the text!

Your notes might be

Mindmap

Table

Drawing, etc.



BOBULA



S16
T3
L2



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

– There's his cap's tassel– Grandpa pointed to the sky. – The Evening Star.

Bobula's head almost fell off her neck as she spun it around, peering into the sky. Finally, Grandpa finished packing, so they got into the car and set off. Bobula noticed that the birds weren't singing at all this early; they were more likely snoring, and people were fast asleep too, as she didn't see a soul on the street.

By the time they reached the town, dawn was breaking. They unpacked the tomatoes, peppers, and radishes onto a big table at the market. The vegetables instantly transformed into produce. The produce sparkled in the dew, but Bobula only noticed it when she accidentally sat on a bag of radishes. The sun was slowly but persistently crawling higher toward the top of the sky. Perhaps it too was tired of the morning chill.

The houses in the neighborhood slowly began waking up. Admirers of the round tomatoes, crispy red and white peppers, radishes boasting their tails, and the shaggy-headed lettuces began to gather. The first customers looked like sleepwalkers who couldn't find their way back to bed. Their eyes were as tiny as a mole's when it accidentally pokes out of the ground. Bobula immediately saw that they only came to the market to buy a pepper or two from them. With the pepper stem, they could prop up their eyelids. The later arriving customers were more rested but ravenously hungry. No wonder, as they arrived before breakfast and stocked up on ingredients here.

Grandma tied an apron around Bobula's waist. A brown apron with three big pockets and yellow flowers on it. One pocket held the empty bags for the vegetables, the second pocket held the banknotes, and the third held the coins. Grandma had the same apron, just bigger. Bobula put on her new wide-brimmed straw hat with a red bow and got to work.

Take notes of the most important informations from the text!

Your notes might be

Mindmap

Table

Drawing, etc.



BOBULA



S16
T3
L2



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

She handled the tomatoes. She became their leader, and decided their fate: who stays and who goes. The tomatoes didn't make a sound. Obediently, they gathered in the bags. They stood at attention on the scale, marching evenly into the customers' bags. Grandma helped her granddaughter a bit, but she was only the second in command. Bobula, the captain, was in control.

– Dútorka! – Bobula suddenly exclaimed.

Her eyebrows involuntarily drew together upon hearing that name, until a wrinkle appeared on her forehead signaling danger. Bobula and Dútorka hadn't met since the start of the holiday, which Bobula was very glad about.

– You look like a scarecrow or something! – Dútorka launched an attack.

Dútorka held her stomach as she laughed. Bobula was left breathless in surprise. Insulting her beautiful, brand-new hat, which had been involved in quite the adventure. Not to mention her new apron. Just like her grandmother's.

– Just to scare you away! How about moving aside? You won't buy anything anyway; you're just casting a shadow on our merchandise! – Bobula retorted and turned to the tomatoes. She no longer paid any attention to Dútorka.

Fortunately, this little altercation didn't dampen the customers' shopping mood. First, the radishes sold out, then the tomatoes, so Bobula finished her work. She didn't say a word to anyone, just retreated to the car, curled up like a hedgehog, and a minute later, she was deeply snoring in her sleep.

Take notes of the most important informations from the text!

Your notes might be

Mindmap

Table

Drawing, etc.

