

A weekend to remember

It was my weekend to visit my Granny and Grandpa on their farm. My best friend Daza and I had been talking about our weekend at every possible moment. Our teacher, Ms Stewl had caught us passing notes to each other about the weekend, but we were so excited we really didn't care.

We loved the farm. There were ducks, geese, chickens, donkeys, dogs, monkeys and, of course the three little goats.

The goats were kept in a pen near the donkeys. They had coarse coats, big ears and eyes, and knobbly horns in the middle of their foreheads.

Every Saturday, Granny and Grandpa would put on their rubber boots and overalls to clean out the goats' pen. The goats' pen got very messy and muddy. As we drove up to the farmhouse, I felt there was something wrong.

Granny and Grandpa hadn't been at the gate to meet us.

"Look mom, something's happened. Granny and Grandpa are lying in the middle of the dirty pen!" "Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mom, "I hope they haven't broken any bones! And where are the three goats, Ngwenia, Layla and Billy? They must have escaped again! Benjamin, you and Daza see where the goats have gone while I help Grandad and Gran."

Ngwenia, the very tame goat that had been brought up with the dogs, was a very odd creature. He didn't know whether he was a dog, a goat, or a human. Gran had bottle-fed him. When he was little, he used to steal scraps and sleep on the couches! Ngwenia was clever and often lifted the latch and escaped from the pen. The other two always followed him. Layla, the

youngest goat had also been rescued, and Billy, the oldest, was grumpy and often butted people.

I knew this was what had happened to Granny and Grandad! We ran quickly down to the fields. All the goats were romping in the newly mowed fields, eating the cut grass and minced thorns.

I wished I could leave them there but there were no fences and the goats loved Mr and Mrs Nathe's prize proteas. We called them softly. "Ngwenia, Billy, Layla, come here." Billy pricked up his ears and started pawing at the ground.

First I walked up to Ngwenia. I whispered in his ear and he walked next to me quietly. Layla followed Daza, and we led them back to their pen.

Granny and Grandpa were no longer there. My mom had made sure that they weren't hurt and they were sitting on their chairs on the back stoep.

We locked the pen securely and went to fetch Billy. We put a dog collar with a long rope round his neck and led the protesting Billy back into the pen.

There were home-made biscuits and Milo waiting for us.

"Thank you, Gran!" we both shouted. Her biscuits were our favourites. Gran and Grandad had five dogs: Jasmine, Joya, Carlo, Big Dog and Ditto. All of them had been homeless strays that had been adopted by my grandparents.

Jasmine was a long-legged, aristocratic looking girl with a shiny coat and large, soulful eyes.

The dogs played an important role on the farm. Big Dog was a gentle giant that had befriended Goosey the goose. When we called Big Dog to fetch his treat, Goosey complained about not being given a tidbit too. I hurried back to the kitchen to get her

some bread. Joya was Gran's special dog. She had been with Gran ever since I could remember. She loved Gran and would snuggle up against her whenever she could.

Ditto and Carlo were small dogs who loved being together. They would make sure that the chickens were safe whenever foxes came into the farmyard.

Gran and Grandpa had a big dam on their farm. Daza and I loved swimming there.

The following morning, the five dogs, Daza and I raced to the dam for our morning swim. Jasmine, in particular, loved swimming. Once, when I got a very bad cramp in my leg, she gently grabbed hold of my arm and pulled me to the side. Daza and I felt very safe with Jasmine.

After spending lazy hours at the dam, it was time for lunch. On our way back, we heard a desperate "baaa". A newborn lamb had got stuck in a thorny bush.

"Daza, help me free the little lamb from these thorns," I asked. After some effort, we managed to free the lamb. It trotted to its mother, who had anxiously been looking on.

Back home, we told everyone what we had done.

"Well done," said Grandad. "And you will certainly have a lot to tell your friends at school tomorrow!"

What a weekend! We love the farm.

Good memories remain with us forever

Answer the following questions in full sentences.

1. Why is the little girl so excited?

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2. Name 3 animals that you can find on Granny and Grandad's farm?

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3. Where will you find the goats on the farm?

4. Describe the goats on Granny and Grandad's farm.

5. What is the tame goat's name?

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6. What was wrong when they arrived at the farm?

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7. Why did Goosey the goose complain?

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8. Who set the baby lamb free from the thorns?

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9. What do the children and dogs enjoy doing?

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10. What news would you tell your friends when you got back to school?

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Match the dogs' names (column A) with the descriptions (column B)

Jasmine	Best friends with Goosey the goose.
Big Dog	Loves to snuggle with Gran.
Joya	A small dog and always with Carlo.
Ditto	A long-legged dog with a shiny coat.
Carlo	Makes sure the chickens are safe from foxes.

Match the name (column A) with their description (column B)

Daza	our teacher
Ms Stewl	the tame goat
Ngwenia	the dog that loves swimming
Jasmine	my best friend
Goosey	he goose

Find the adjective for the noun in the story.

----- friend	-----goats
----- horns	-----proteas
----- rope	

