



Third stage

Sika, the boy who found a Pot

a hanging Library book

Adapted from various folk tales by Hugh Hawes.
Pictures by Ruth Herbert.



READING IS THE KEY TO LEARNING

These books have been developed from an idea by Hugh Hawes and Sam Muwonge and used since 2007 in schools in and around Kampala. The books have been revised since 2014 and new titles created.

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Sika was a little boy. He lived far, far away from here. He was poor. He lived with his mother and his sister. Sika's mother washed clothes but they were not hers. Other men and women paid her to wash their clothes. They paid her very little money. Sika's sister looked after children. They were not her children. Other mothers paid her when they went out to work. Sika's sister looked after their children. They paid her very little money. Sika was poor. His house was old, his clothes were old, his shoes were old. His house only had one room, small, but very clean. They cooked outside in the back.



Sika left school after class four. There was no money for books. There was no money for school clothes. Sika had sharp eyes. He used to go round the streets and up and down the roads. He would look carefully. Sometimes he would find things that people had thrown away. Then he would clean them, mend them and sell them.

Sika's mother told him, 'We need money badly. There is no food this week. Look hard. Look down all the roads. But do not go down the road under the big hill. They tell me a wizard lives there. His house is very dirty. He sleeps by day. He comes out at night. They say he can change into a lion. They say he can change other people into worms. They say he eats people.'



But Sika did not listen to his mother. 'I will go down the road by day,' he said. 'The wizard sleeps by day. He will not see me.'

So he went down the road by day. He looked on one side. He looked on the other. Near the end of the road he saw a dirty house. Outside there was a fire with smoke. It smelt very bad. He went on his hands and knees. Between the fire and the road he saw something that winked in the sunlight. It was an old pot, not broken but very dirty.



'I think he has thrown this away,' thought Sika. He picked it up and ran home. He showed it to his mother. He did not say where he had found it. Sika said to his mother, 'This pot is very dirty. Let us clean it. It will look better. Then we can sell it.'

They began to rub it. As soon as they did this the pot began to speak in a small thin voice. 'Good morning,' said the pot. Sika nearly dropped it. Pots do not speak.

But then he answered the greeting. 'Good morning pot, how are you?'

'I am well,' answered the pot, 'how are you?'

Sika nearly answered, 'I am well too' but instead he cried out, 'We are not well, we are hungry.'

'Take me to the kitchen,' said the pot. 'Leave me. Then come back in a little time.'

Sika took the pot outside. He put the pot down on the ground. There was no fire. He came back into the house. Very soon there was a smell of good food. They ran out again. The pot sat on a

Sika the boy who found a Pot

5 Questions

1. Why did Sika leave school early?
2. Where did he find the pot?
3. What did the pot say when it had done one task?
4. How did the wizard get the pot back and catch Sika?
5. Why did the pot turn the wizard into a worm?

Something to do

You need five children and a drum. One person tells the story and the other plays the drum. Make up a dance to go with the story and the drumming. Three people dance: one is Sika, one is the pot and the third is the Wizard.

Do a survey of the class. Ask everyone 'If you had a magic pot what would you ask for?' Write down the answers. Did everyone ask for the same thing? What did the most people ask for?



'And I will jump on him,' said Sika. And he did!

That was the end of the wizard.

'Now pick me up,' said the pot. '*Clean me up, put me away, for I will work no more today.*'

Sika cleaned the pot until it shone bright. 'Where shall I put you?' he asked.

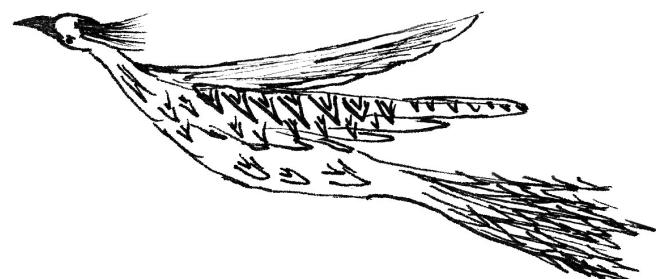
'Throw me into the sky,' said the pot.

'I cannot do that,' said Sika. 'You are too heavy.'

'Try,' said the pot.

Sika threw it up with all his strength. It was not heavy. It was light. It flew. It was a big, shining bird.

'Goodbye, Sika,' said the bird. 'Be happy.'



fire. It was full of good meat. On the floor was a big bowl. It was full of fine rice. Sika and his mother and sister ate and ate and ate.

When they had finished, the pot spoke again in a small thin voice.

'*Clean me up, put me away, for I will work no more today.*' And so they did.

The next morning Sika woke up and ran over to the pot. 'Good morning pot, how are you?' said Sika.

'I am well,' answered the pot, 'how are you?'

'We are very poor,' said Sika.

'Put me under your bed,' said the pot, 'and then take me out in a little time.'

So Sika put the pot under the bed. Very soon they heard a sound of paper rustling.

Sika looked under the bed. He drew out the pot. The pot was full of money. 'And now,' said the pot, in its small thin voice, '*clean me up, put me away, for I will work no more today.*' And so they did.

Sika and his mother and sister began a good new life. Every day Sika asked the pot for one thing. Every day the pot would give him one thing. Sika asked for clothes and books. He went back to school. His family had a new big house. His sister married a rich man.

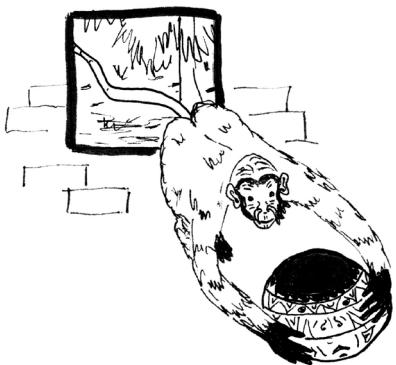


Everyone in the town knew about Sika's good luck, but they did not know how he made his money. Sika did not tell them. Nor did his mother. Nor did his sister.

The wizard heard about Sika.

'That boy has taken my pot,' he said to himself. 'I must get it back. I will punish that boy.'

So he turned himself into a monkey. At night he climbed into the window in Sika's new house. Sika always kept the pot under his bed. The monkey put its long arm under the bed. It grabbed the pot and jumped out of the window. It turned back into a wizard. This bad man ran to his dirty house near the hill. He put the pot down on the dirty floor. He went to sleep and snored. In the morning he rubbed the pot.



'Good morning pot,' he called, 'how are you?'

'Good morning,' said the pot in its small thin voice. 'I am well. How are you?'

'I am angry,' said the wizard. 'I want to punish that boy.'

'Go to his house,' said the pot, 'you will find him, but first clean me up, put me away, for I will work no more today.'

But the wizard was very, very angry. He did not clean the pot. He did not put it away. He left it on the dirty floor in his dirty house. He changed himself into a great lion and went to Sika's house. Sika was standing outside.



The wizard grabbed Sika in his great mouth. He carried him back to his house near the hill. He put him down. 'Now I am going to eat you,' he said.

Sika was very, very frightened. He did not know what to do. Then he looked up and saw the pot. The wizard had not put the pot away. 'Good morning pot,' he said, 'how are you?'

'I am dirty,' said the pot, 'I am tired. The wizard did not clean me. He did not put me away. He is dirty. He is lazy.'

'Then punish the wizard,' said Sika. 'Turn him into a worm. Worms are dirty.'

'Yes,' said the pot. 'I will make him into a worm.'

Now look at him

He is getting smaller

He is getting thinner

He is turning grey

His legs have gone

He is on the ground

He is wriggling

He is a worm.'