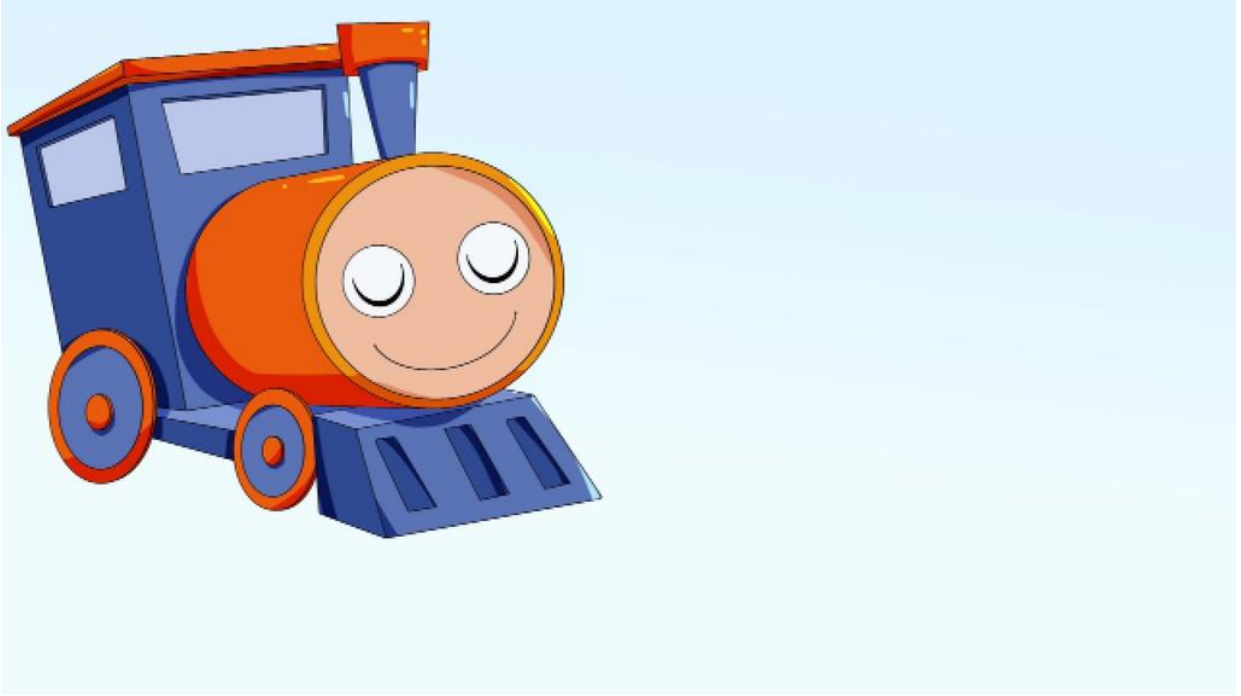


The wooden triangle

Author: Alaa Alyan
Illustrator: Maya Abood



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We ran and played after school, we raced with our friends to see who would reach our favorite playing yard first. Although everyone warned us about playing there, we still went every day.



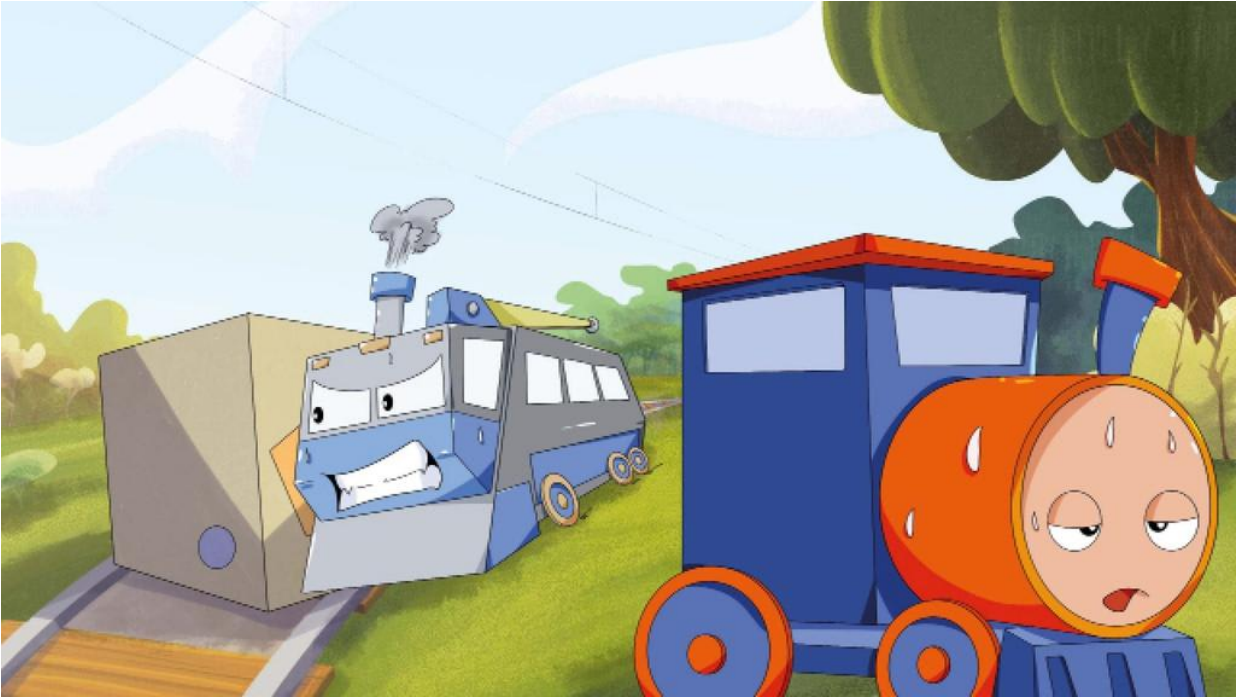
In our village, “Happy Train Village,” a train passes every hour. When the train comes, everyone stops. As usual, we were playing when the train approached. It went chuga chuga choo choo. Then we all stopped playing.



And suddenly, we heard a crash...
.and the dust filled the place. We went
to see what happened and discovered
that it was a big parcel that fell from
the train.



Flash said, “It’s a parcel for the museum”. Fred said, “It must be important and precious.” I enthusiastically said, “we have to take it to the museum now.”



We tried to carry it, then we tried to push it... one two three...go, but it only moved a few centimeters. After trying several times, we sat down to catch our breath and to think about another way to move the parcel.



Fred said, “The closest help we can get is from the country, if we go and come back again, the parcel will have been destroyed by the time we come back.” Then, I remembered my father’s tool set that he got me a day ago.

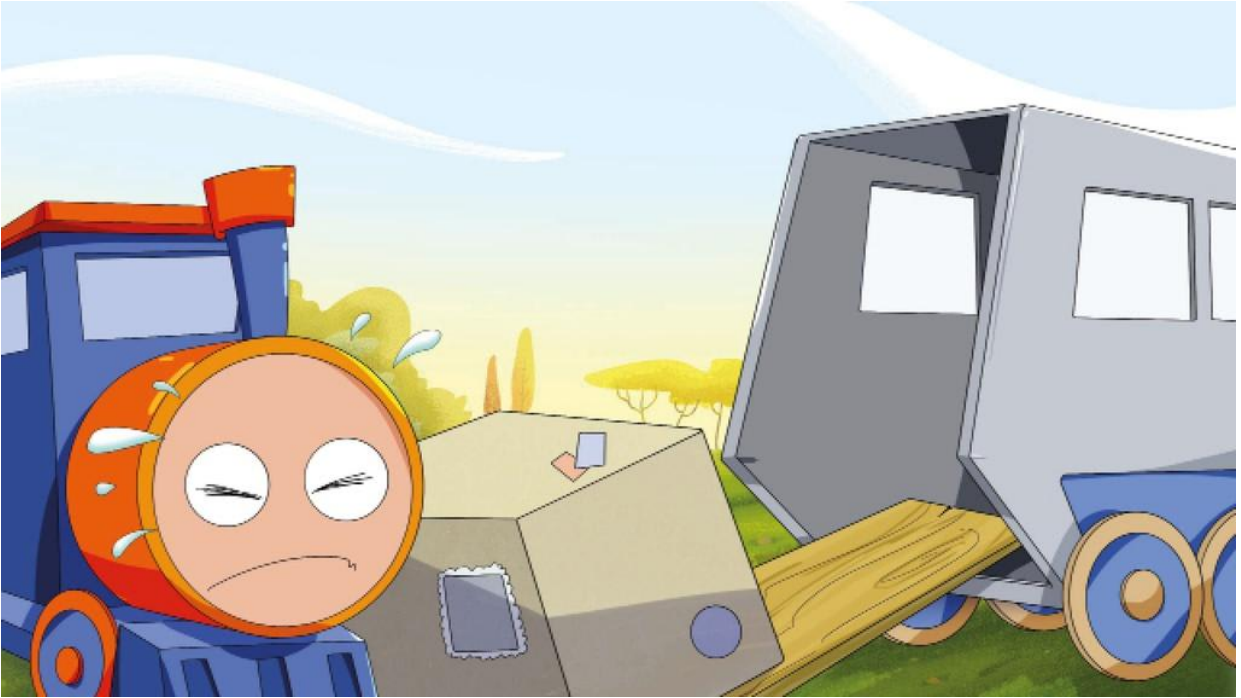


We searched through the tools, as we might find something to help us. Suddenly Fred enthusiastically said, “Here! I found something that might help.” He got a rope and a bobbin. Then he placed it on Flash’s crane. I tied the rope to the parcel. We started pulling. Fred said, the bobbin will help us.

They raised the parcel upwards and upwards, then "Trimmmmm", the rope was cut.



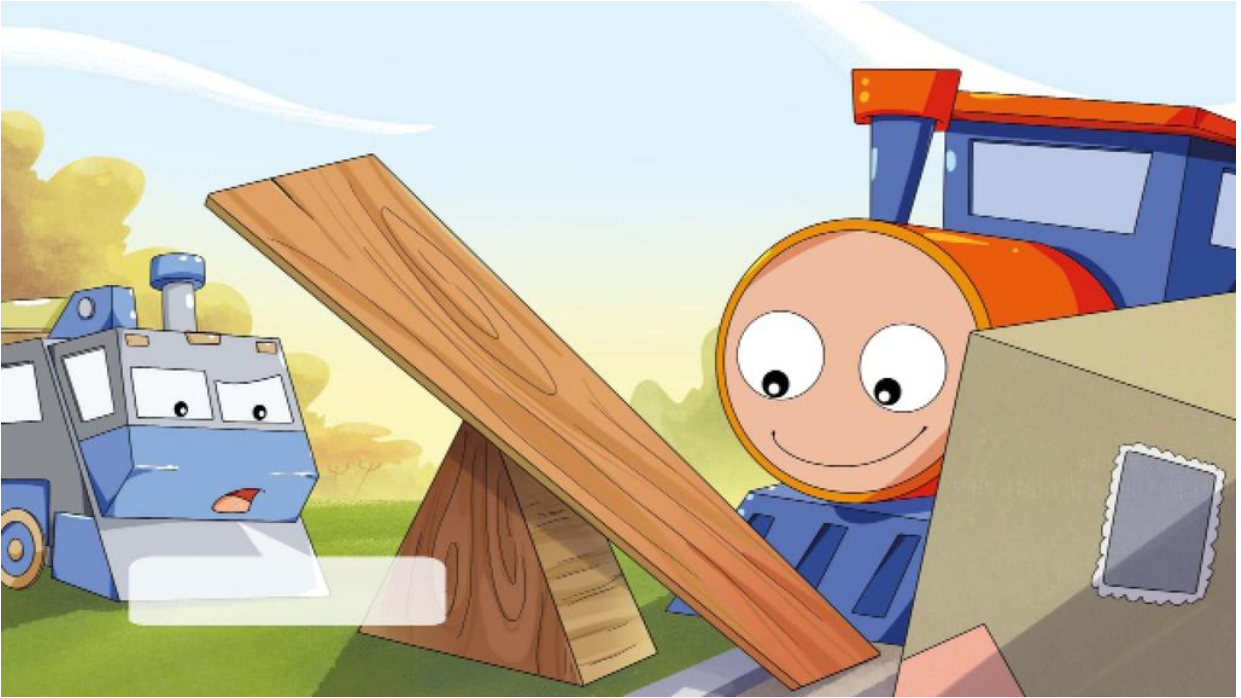
We stared at the parcel. Flash started moving it around until I glimpsed something on Flash's locomotive. I jumped from my place and shouted, "this log may help us."



We placed the log diagonally on Flash's locomotive and we pushed the parcel. The parcel started moving on the surface of the log. Two more pushes till the top, but...



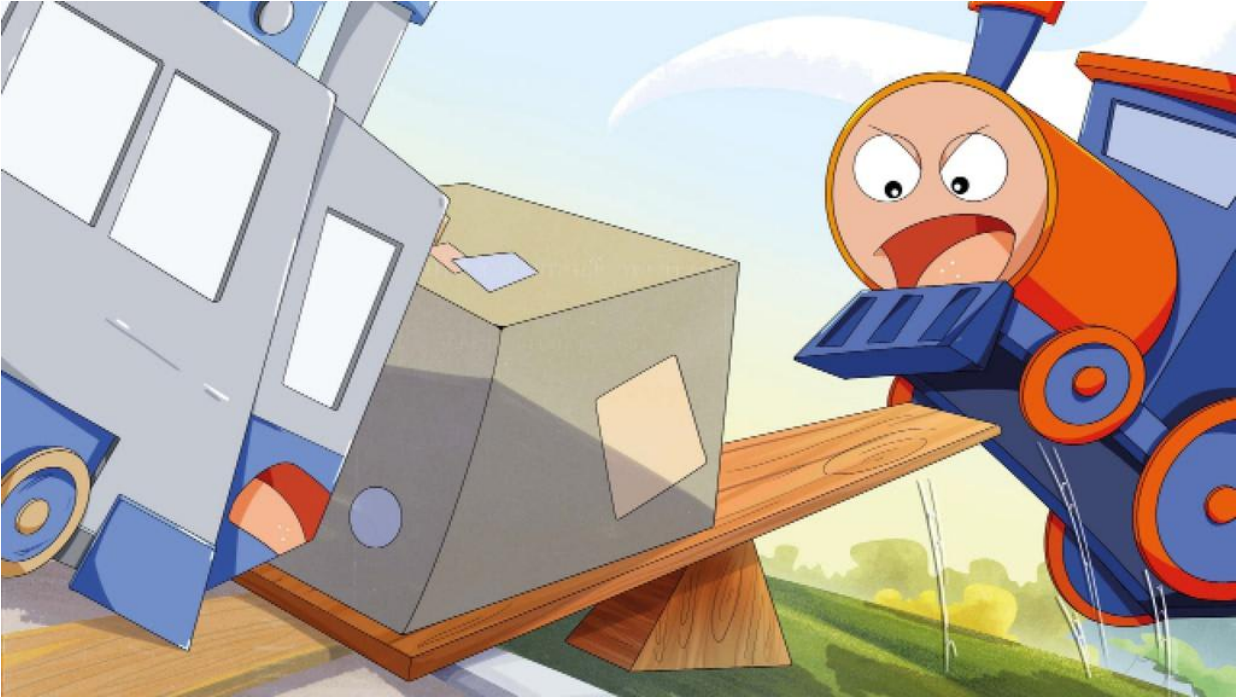
At the top, the parcel started moving upside down and it turned and turned until it reached the railway again. We all said in a sad voice, “No way, the next train will sure destroy the parcel.”



We kept silent after that, until I got an idea. I got a wooden triangle from the box. I pulled the surface and put the triangle under it right in the middle. It looked exactly like a seesaw. I pushed the parcel away and away. What will you do with the triangle?



Flash and Fred screamed, “Move away, John.” John said, “I only need one more push.” Fear appeared on everyone’s faces.



Then, Flash ran as fast as he could and pushed with me one more time. The parcel became on the edge of the log and jumped on the other side.



Then The parcel flew up in the air and ended up on Fred's back.



Then, we ran as fast as we could to deliver the parcel.

The next morning the sheriff rewarded us for what we did. We were so proud.



But I'll tell you something. We have stopped playing next to the railway since that day.



The End