

1001

Our storytelling program, 1001 Stories, brings meaningful learning to some of the hardest to reach populations around the world. We aim to facilitate the creation, development, and gathering of 1001 empowering stories from every participating local community.

Children love to tell stories. However, in many places in the world, their creative voices are rarely heard or cultivated. The 1001 Stories Program conducts storytelling workshops that build on children's natural potential to become original storytellers. Through the 1001 Stories Program, children are empowered while their literacy skills are developed.

When integrated with technologies, these stories become an effective tool for literacy by growing reading and writing skills grounded in local languages and local themes in underserved areas worldwide.



Our Author



JANET NAKAAZI

Janet participated in the story workshop when she was 12 years old. She lives in Uganda and wants to be teacher when she grows up.



1001 Stories Presents

THE STREET BOY

PART ONE

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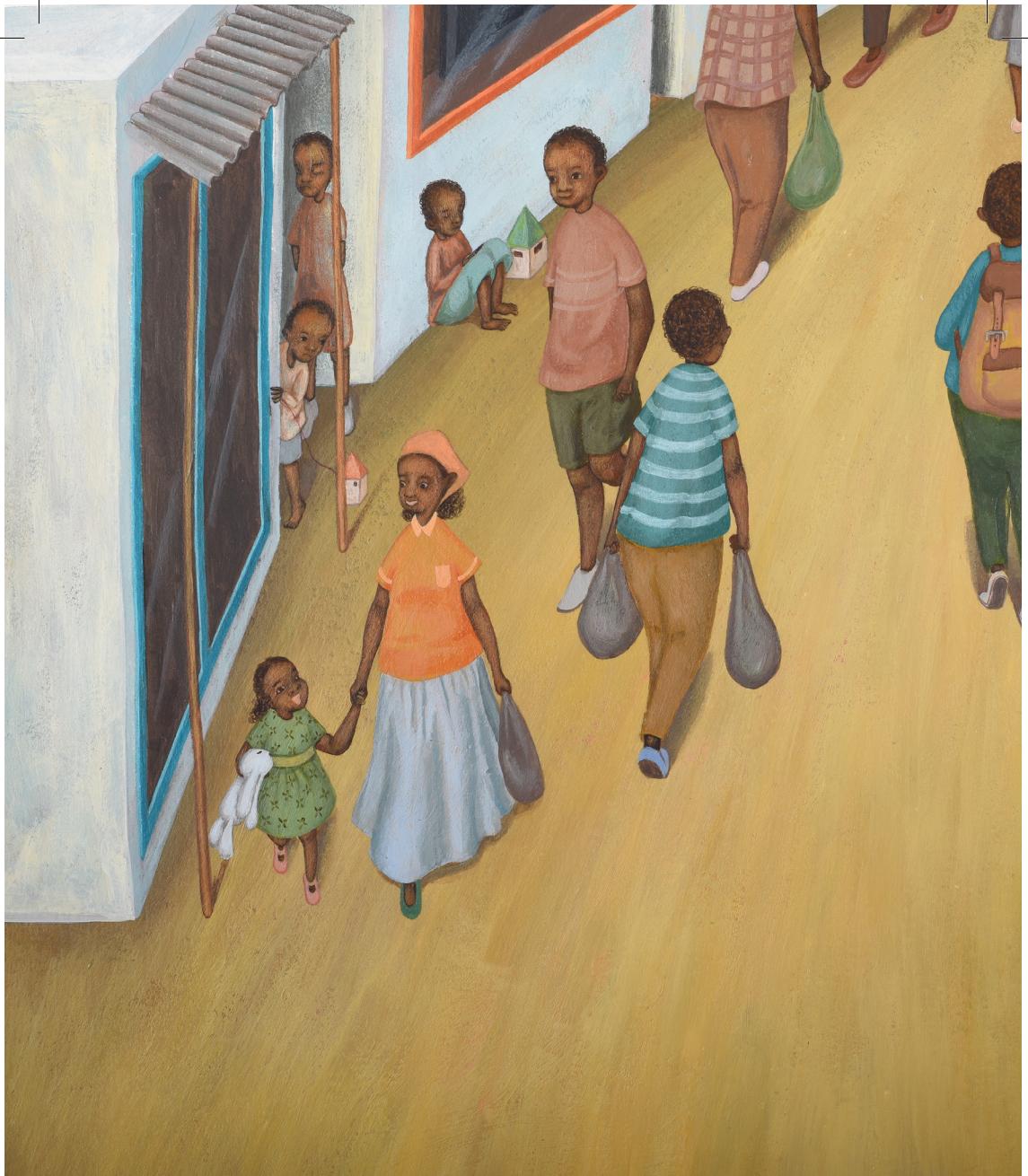




H i! My name is Kasumba. I have no home or parents. The street is my home. I am probably about 11 years old. People said I look bigger than a 11-years old, but to be honest with you, I don't



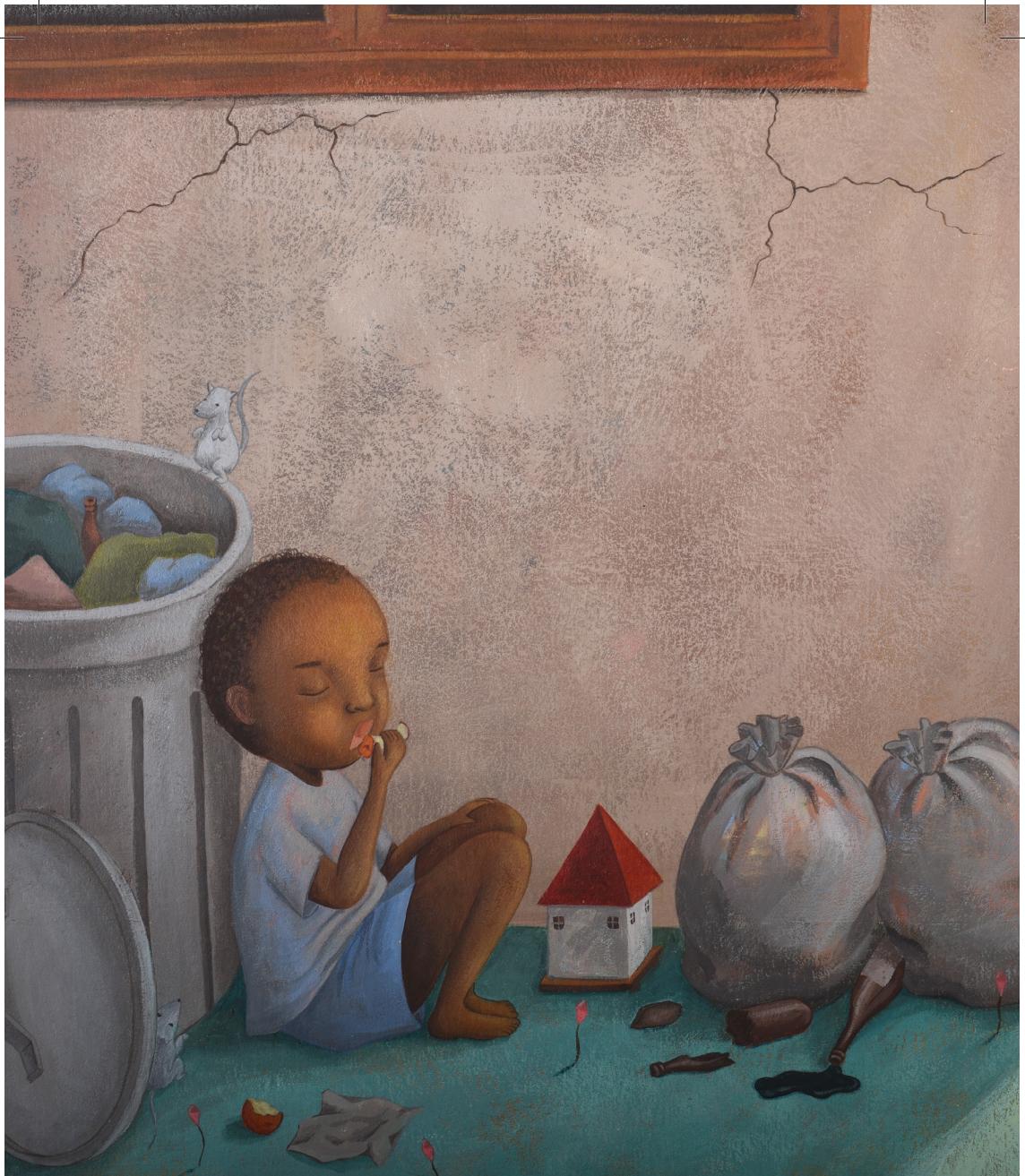
know my real age. I am not even sure where I was born. One thing that is for sure is that my home is the street.



Today is Sunday. There are many people on the street. People selling merchandises, people begging, and of course people who are trying to steal money from the tourists. You will also see



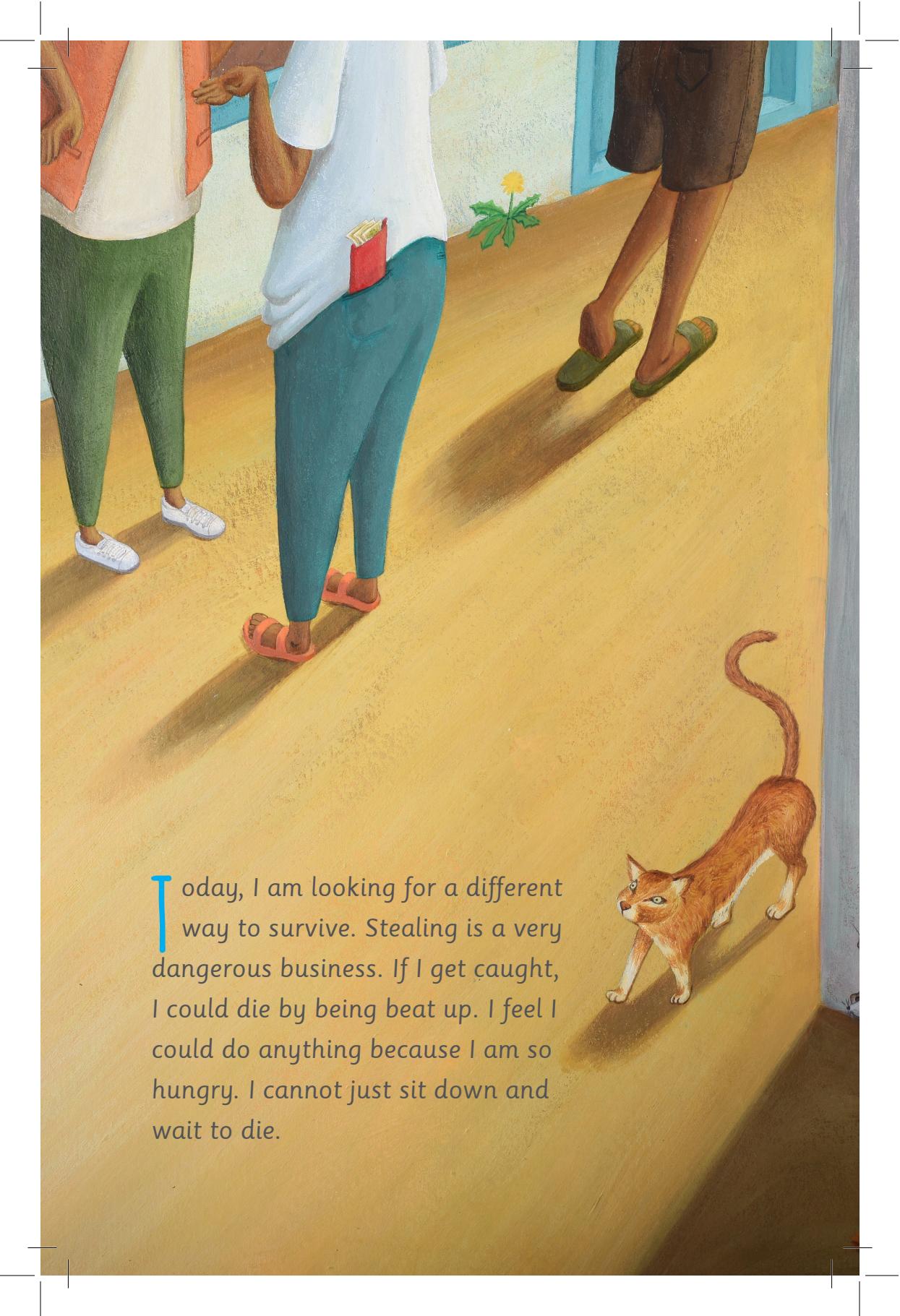
kids looking for food in trash cans. You may not see them all, but there are many kids living on the street. I also search trash bins for food.



Today, I have been looking all over, but I couldn't find any food. I finally sat down next to a trash bin holding my empty stomach. I look around. I see two people eating sandwiches with coca cola.



What a fantastic combination!
I always search trash bins for food. You may say I
shouldn't However, I have only two options: One
is to find food to survive or don't eat to die.



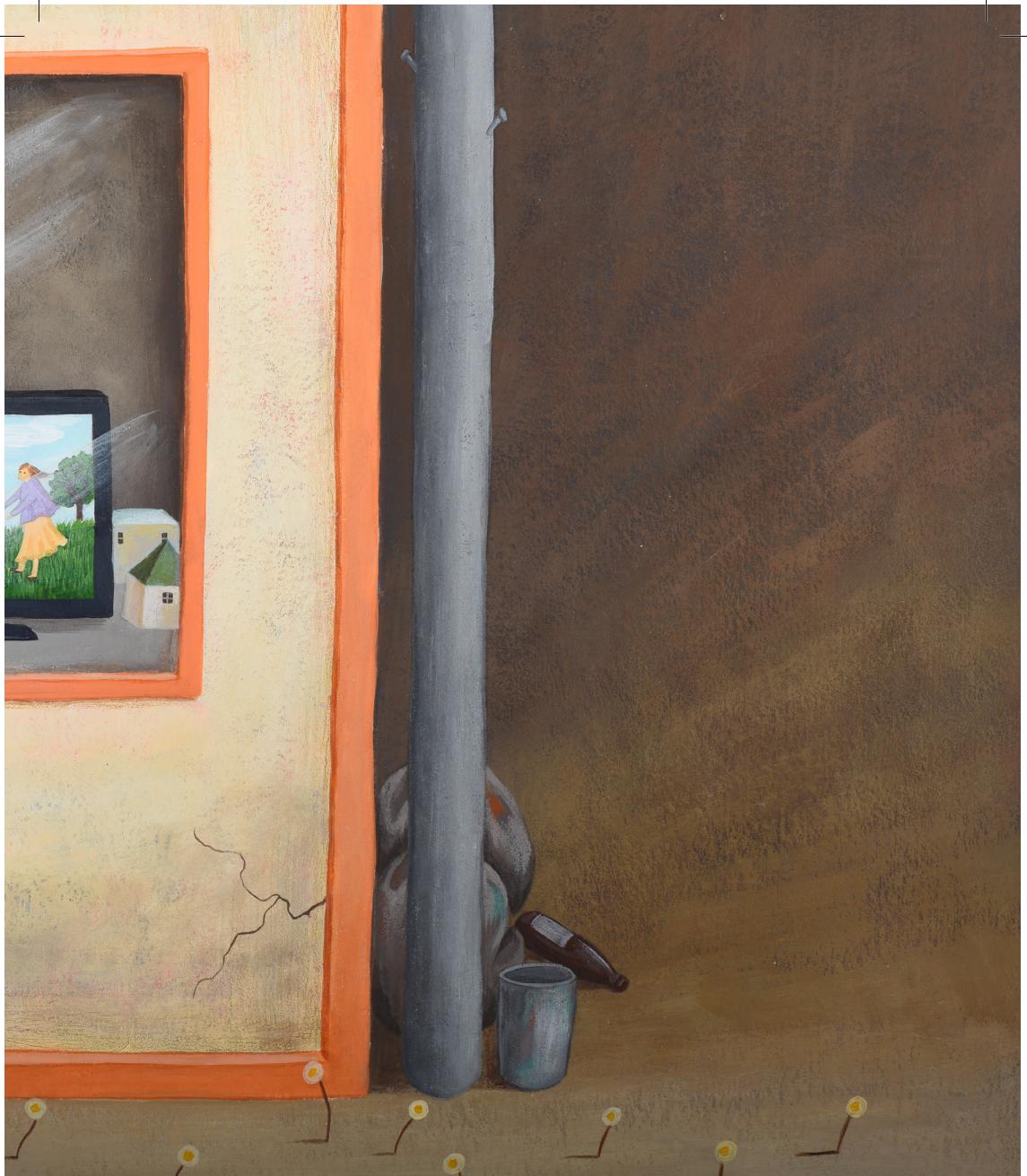
Today, I am looking for a different way to survive. Stealing is a very dangerous business. If I get caught, I could die by being beat up. I feel I could do anything because I am so hungry. I cannot just sit down and wait to die.

Since it is Sunday, there are more people on the street. I wondered around. At a restaurant, there are two people sitting around a table and eating lunch on a busy street. I went behind one of the man and pretended to limp for a second and holding his chair. I pickpocketed his wallet. I am not proud of what I am doing, but I may be able to survive another day.

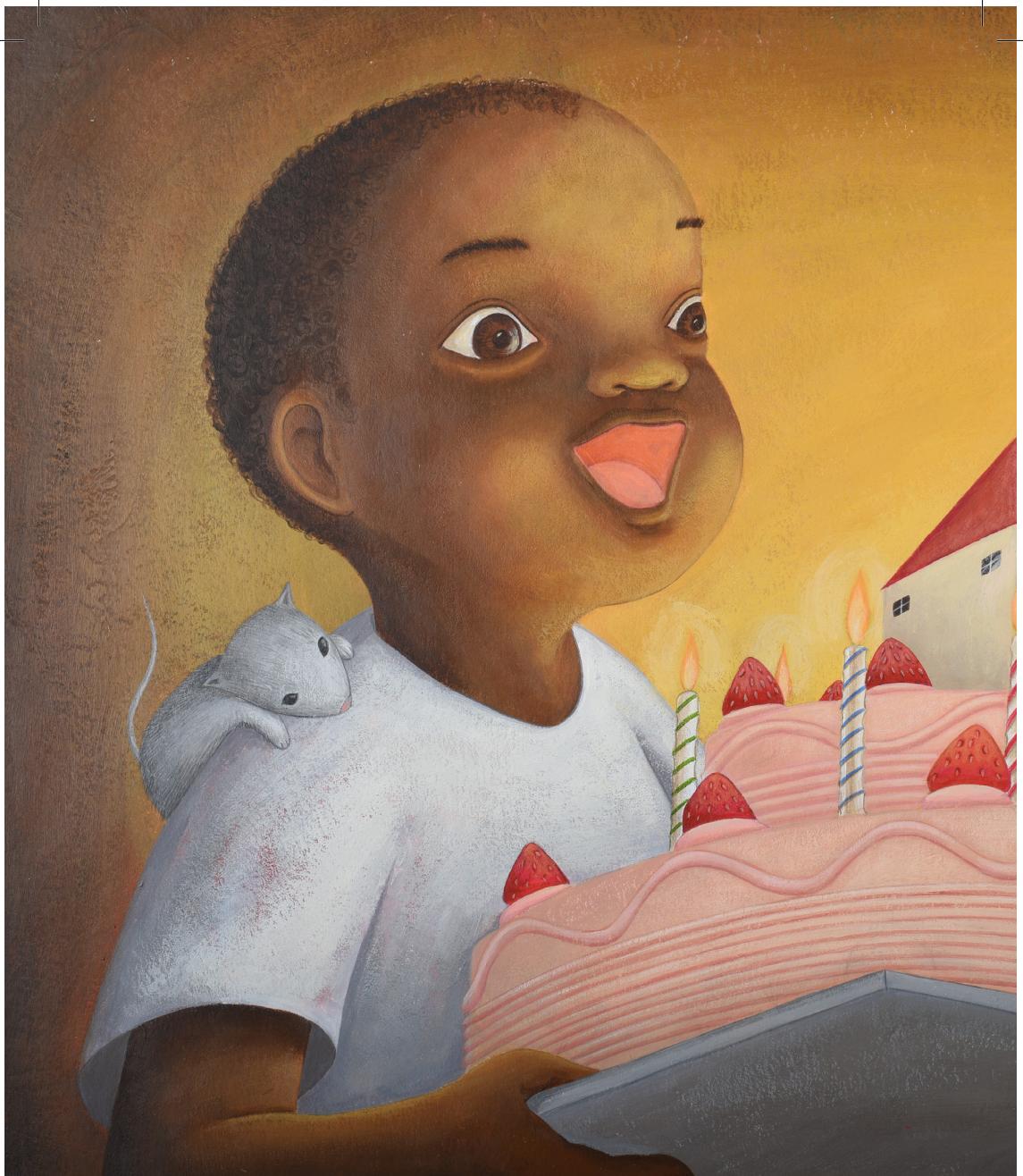




What would I buy with money in the wallet? I bought a cake and one bottle of coca cola. I have never eaten a cake in my life. Nobody has bought me a cake for my birthday. The cake



came with a few candles. I remember watching a scene of a birthday celebration on TV from a store on the street a happy family singing the happy birthday song for a little girl.



I lighted the candles and I blew them out. I
devoured the cake in a second and finished the
cola in the middle of a city trash dumpsite.

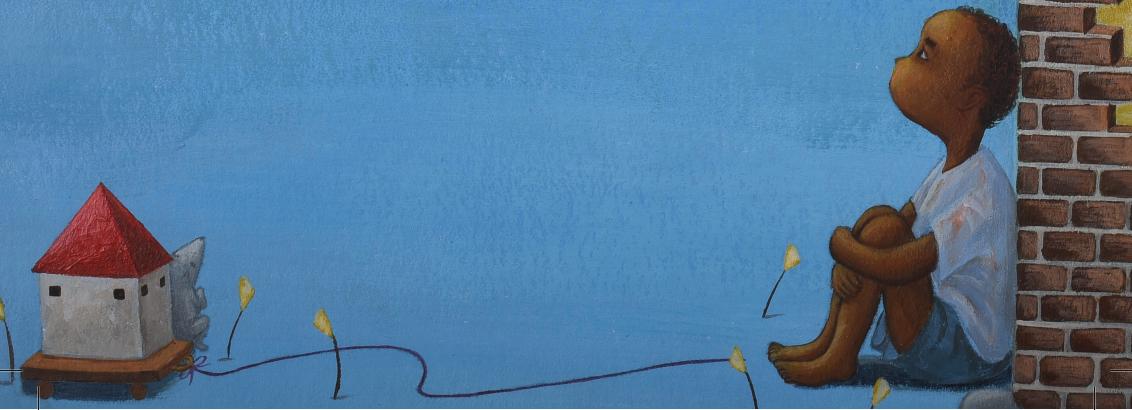


I feel sleepy. The smell from the trash dumpsite doesn't bother me at all because I am used to it.

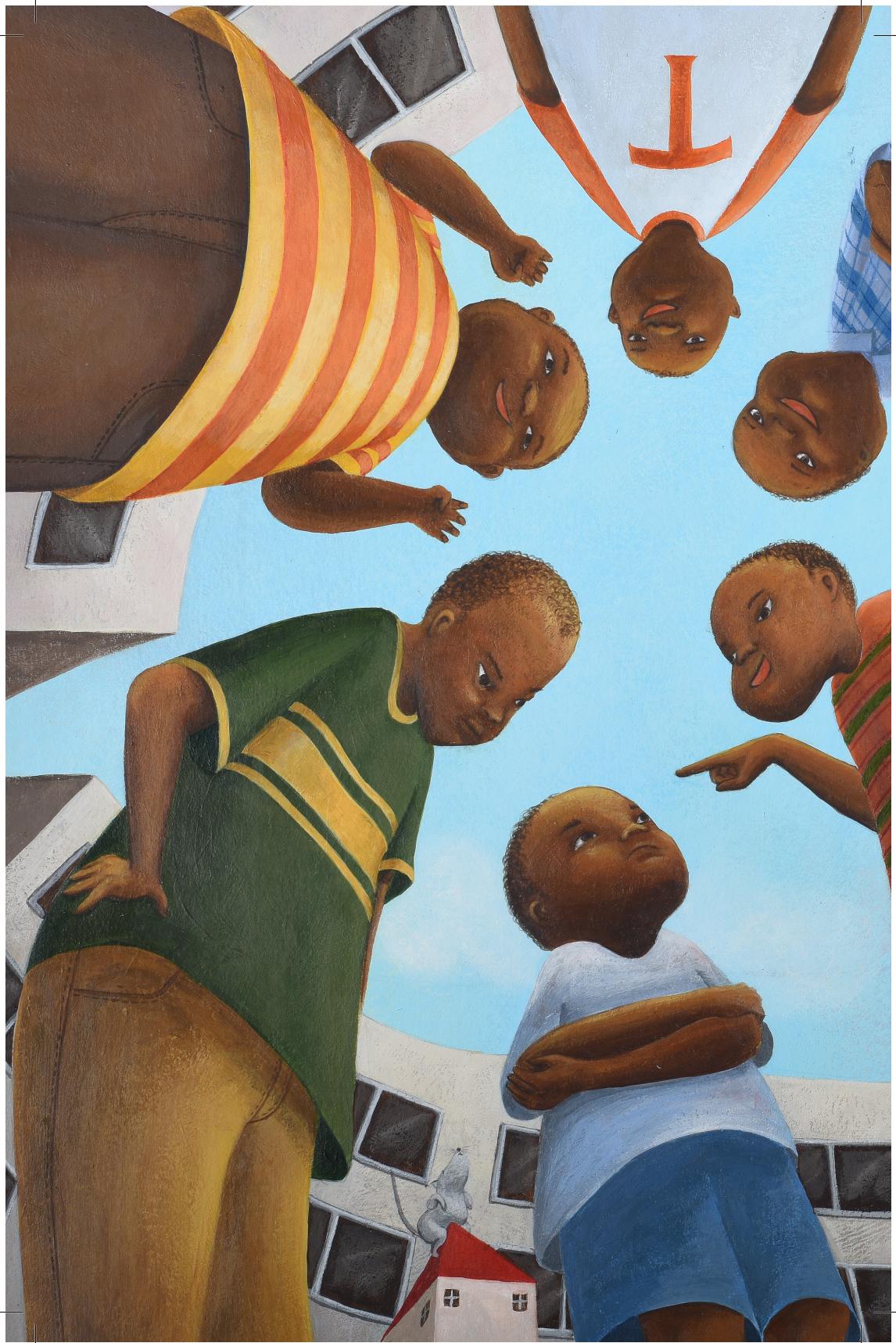


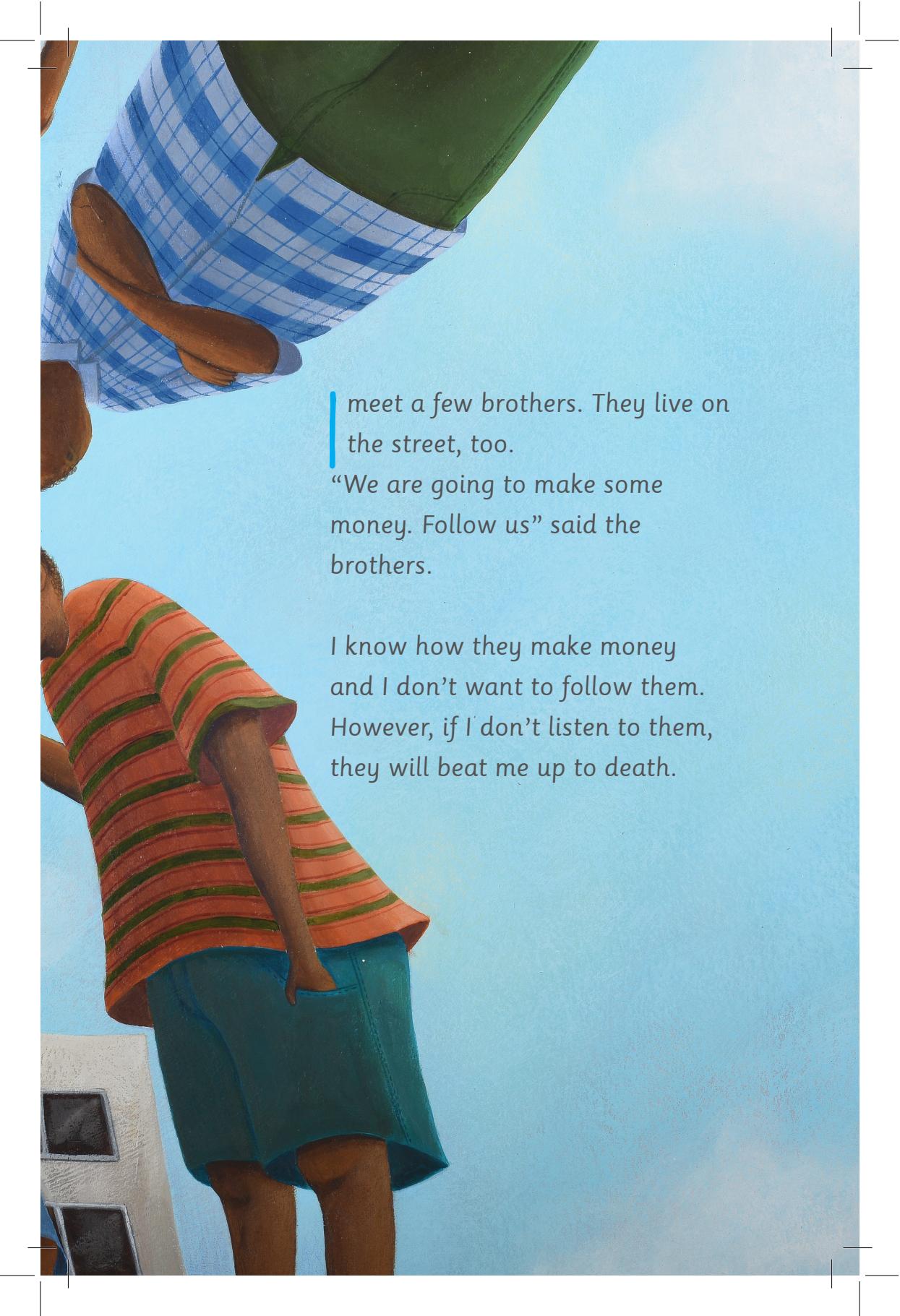
I don't like nights because it gets cold. Sometimes, I could not fall asleep. I imagine sleeping in a house where there is a happy family sitting around a fireplace and enjoying dinner together. It would be a house that has a roof and walls, not trash or in the middle of a dumpsite.

I know pickpocketing is a bad thing and it is nothing, but a dangerous act. I know there is no hope from doing it to survive. One day, I want to live like others. I want to go to school I pray every day that tomorrow will be better than today.









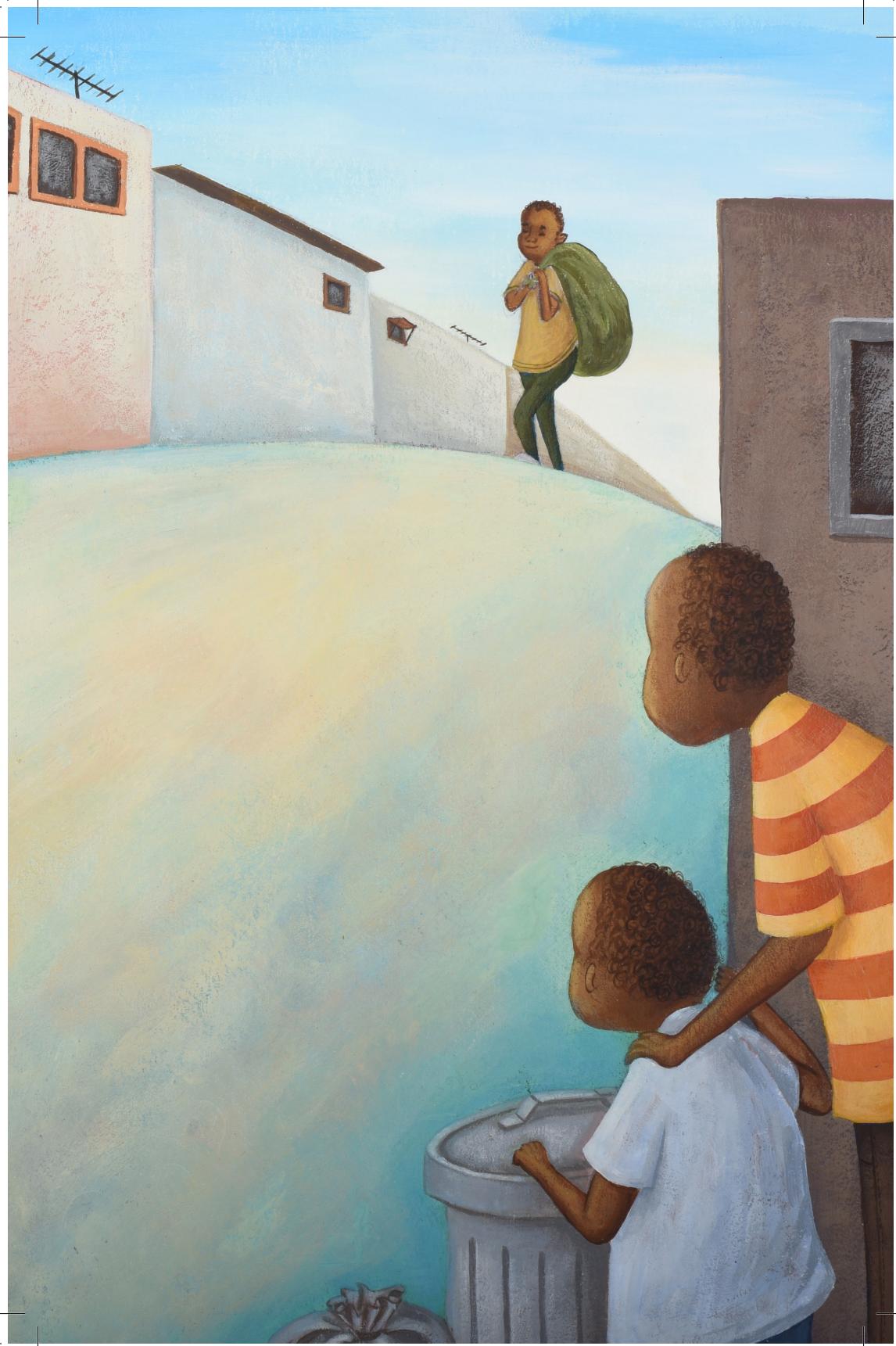
I meet a few brothers. They live on
the street, too.

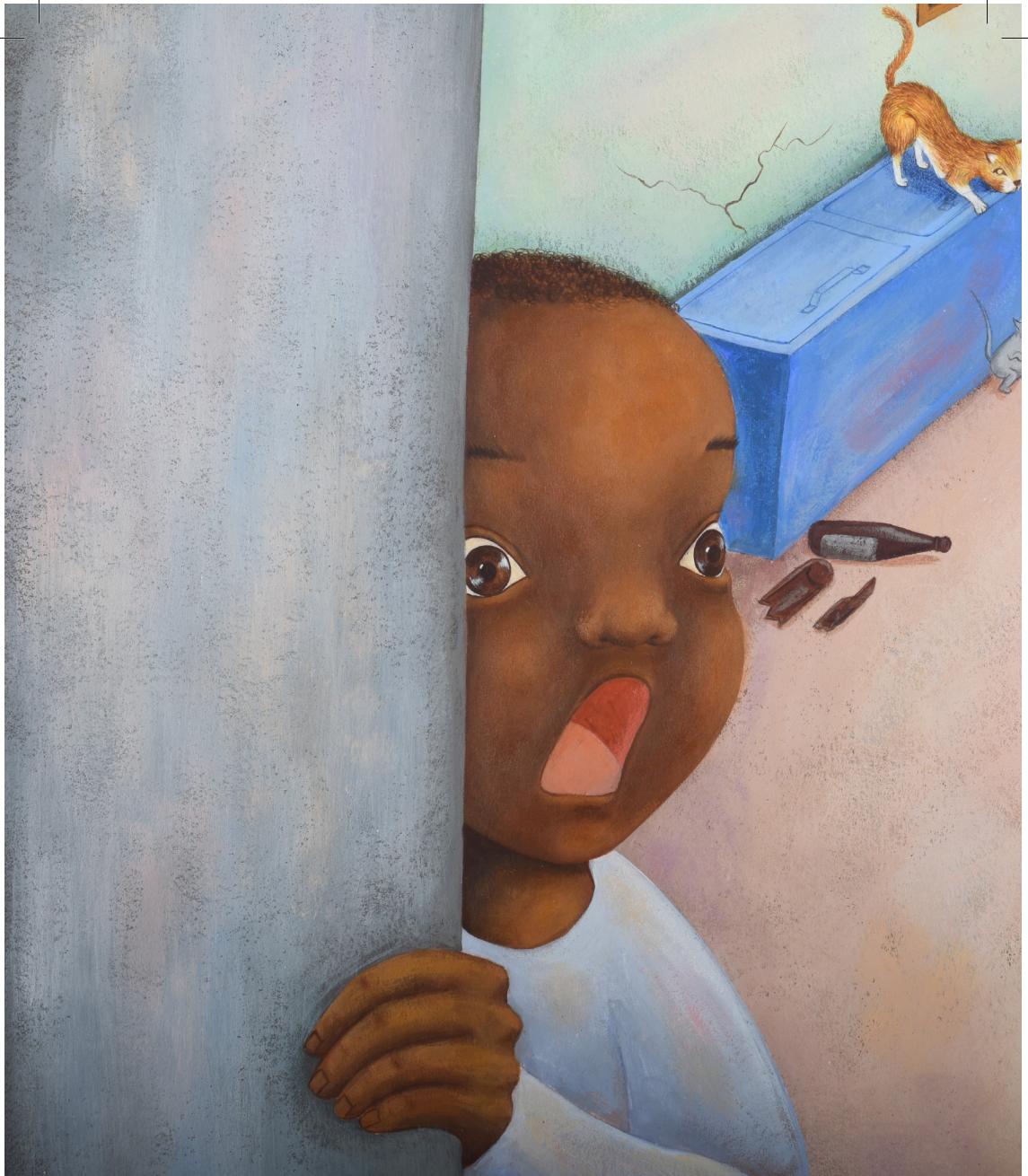
"We are going to make some
money. Follow us" said the
brothers.

I know how they make money
and I don't want to follow them.
However, if I don't listen to them,
they will beat me up to death.



They are waiting at a corner of backstreets and looking for someone. A man approaches with a huge bag of shoes on his shoulder. He looks very innocent and happy. He is singing while coming close to the corner. I pray that the brothers would leave him alone.





God does not listen to my prayers. The brothers approach the man and beat him up with sticks. They tell me to watch if anyone is coming near.



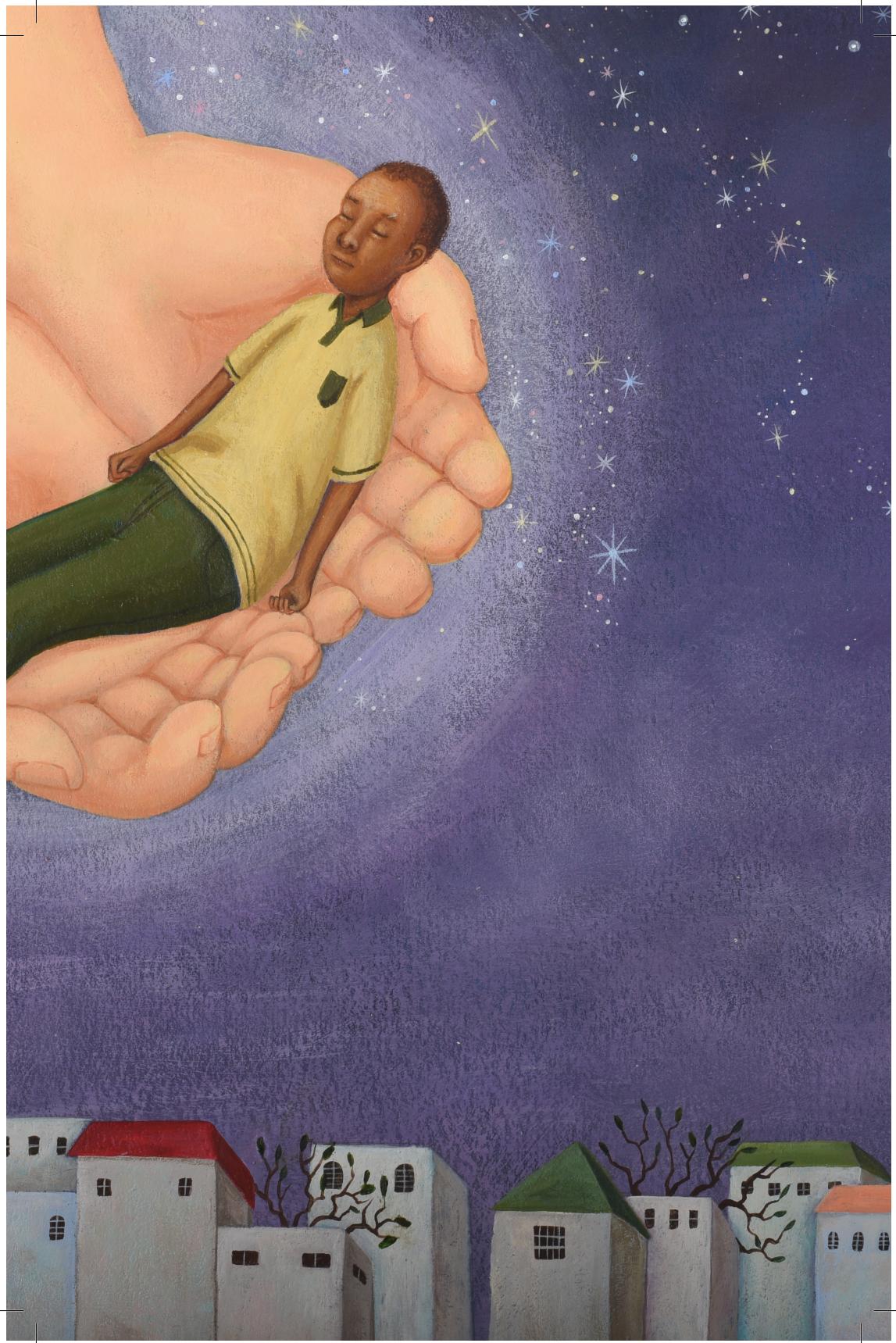
They beat him up and took every belonging he has. He fall down and bleed.



I am shocked by the scene and I flee the scene.
I avoid the brothers and do not say anything
whenever I see them.







The innocent man appears in my dream. I feel so sorry for him.

I pray that someone finds the man and treat him.
I pray that God will help him.







