

ប្រាប់វិជ្ជសារ



សាលាបច្ចនីក្រា



ហ្មត សារិទ្ធ - គុណភាព

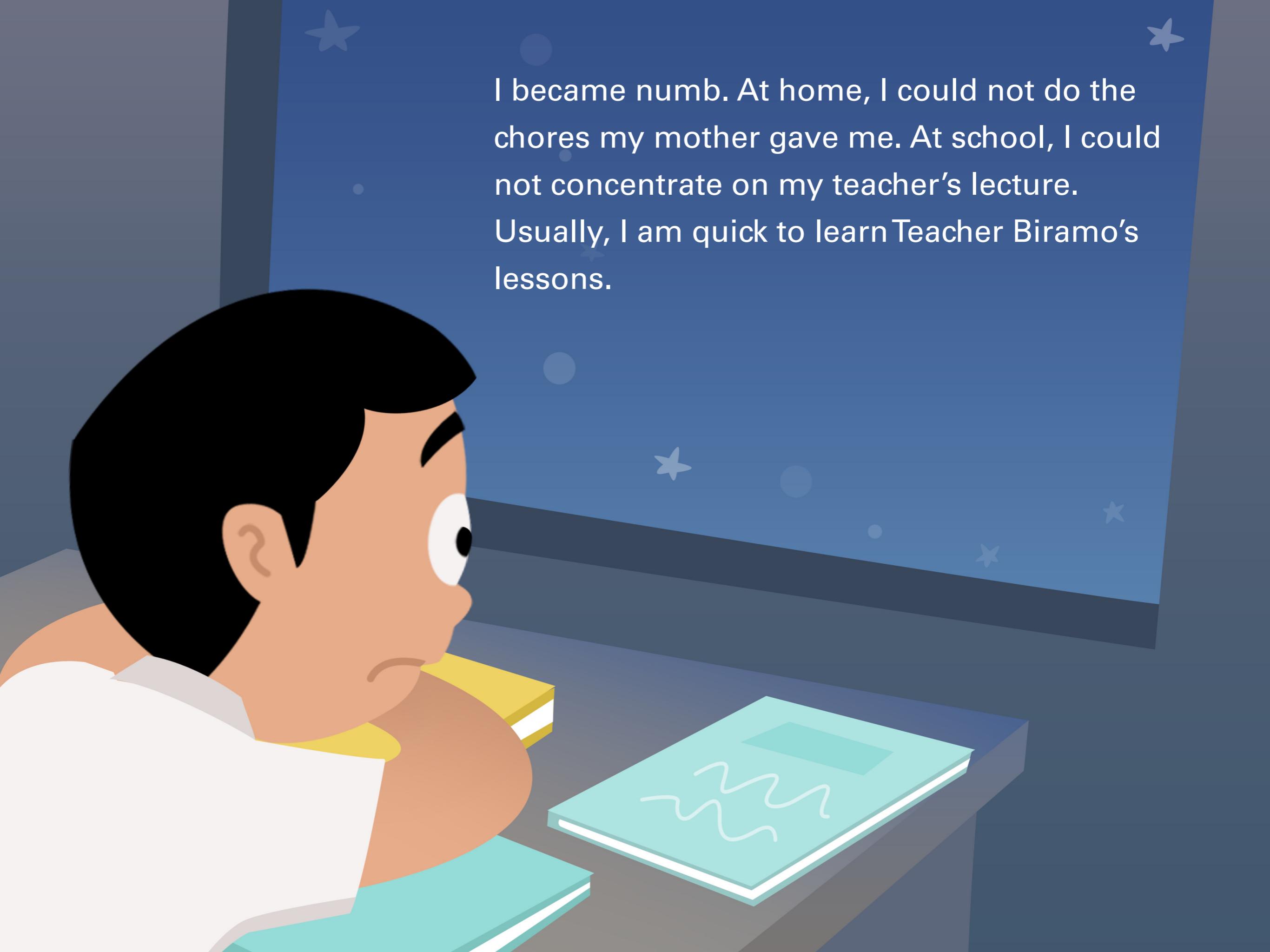
My name is Prach. I study in grade 4 "A" at Raing Tor Primary School. My father works in Phnom Penh. My mother works for a family on the farthest edge of the village. So, I stay with my grandmother most of the time.





Another boy has been bullying me and taking my money every day since December. He is a grade 6 student named Sathae. He told me not to tell anyone about this or he would hurt me. I did not know what to do.



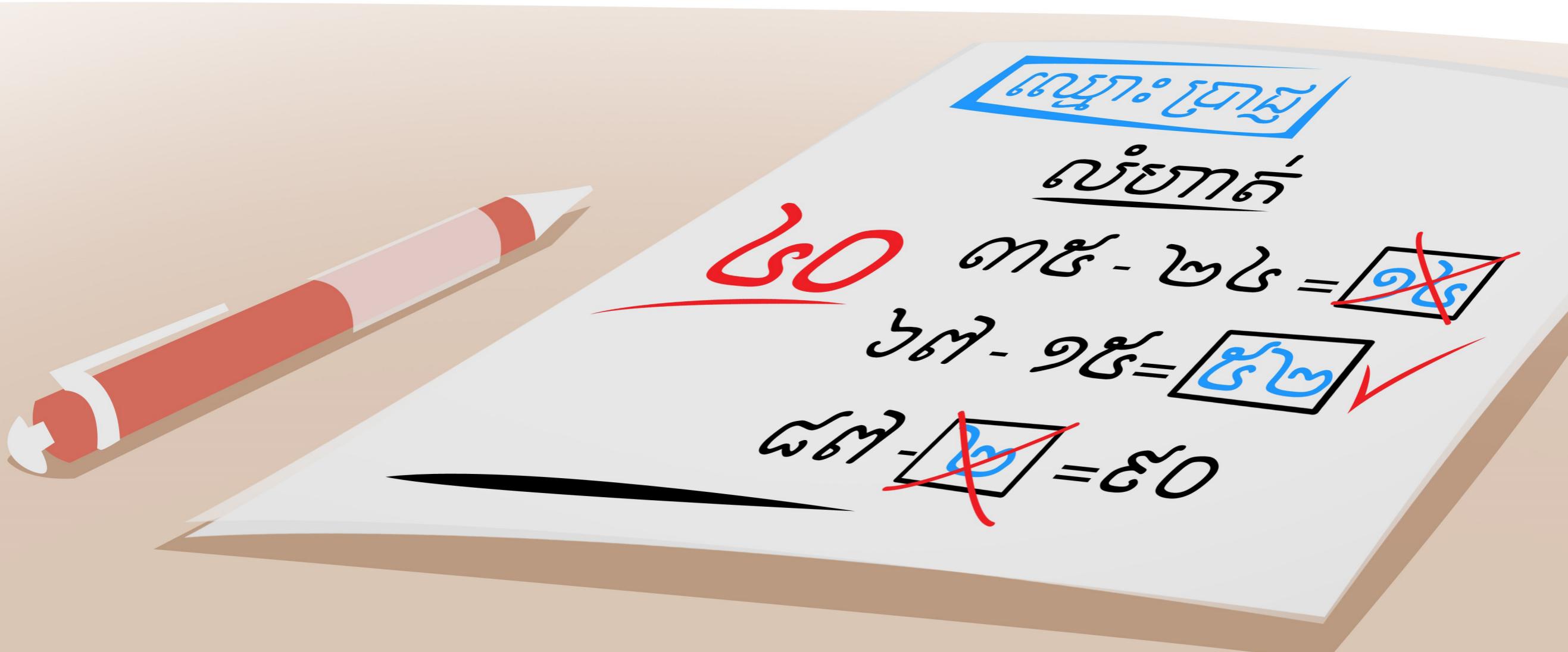


I became numb. At home, I could not do the chores my mother gave me. At school, I could not concentrate on my teacher's lecture. Usually, I am quick to learn Teacher Biramo's lessons.

The teacher noticed that I made a lot of mistakes in the January exams, which was unusual. She asked me to meet her:

“Prach, what happened to you? Why did you get almost all the questions wrong?”

“Nothing, teacher!” I answered nervously.



When she asked me, I could not speak the truth. It was because I was afraid that Sathae would hurt me.

However, the teacher did not believe me. She talked to Vety, who was my close classmate. Vety asked me when I was in class:

"What's wrong with you? The teacher asked me about you yesterday."





I didn't know how long she had been observing me. I was surprised when the teacher asked: "Prach, Vety told me that Sathae hurt you and took your money. Tell me, is it true?" Hearing her question, I almost had a heart attack. I was afraid that Sathae would hurt me, so I lied to her: "That's not true, teacher!"





Because I lied, she got very angry. She walked out. I watched her approach and talk to Sathae.

"Sathae, why did you hurt Prach and take his money?" she asked.

"I did not do that!" exclaimed Sathae.

"If you don't confess, I will tell the school principal to take action," the teacher threatened.



I looked at her face and noticed she looked mean. Sathae became pale, but he still did not confess. Angry, she walked quickly toward the administrative office.

Then, Sathae charged at me. His face was like a monster. I was so scared that I shouted and ran to the teacher for help.

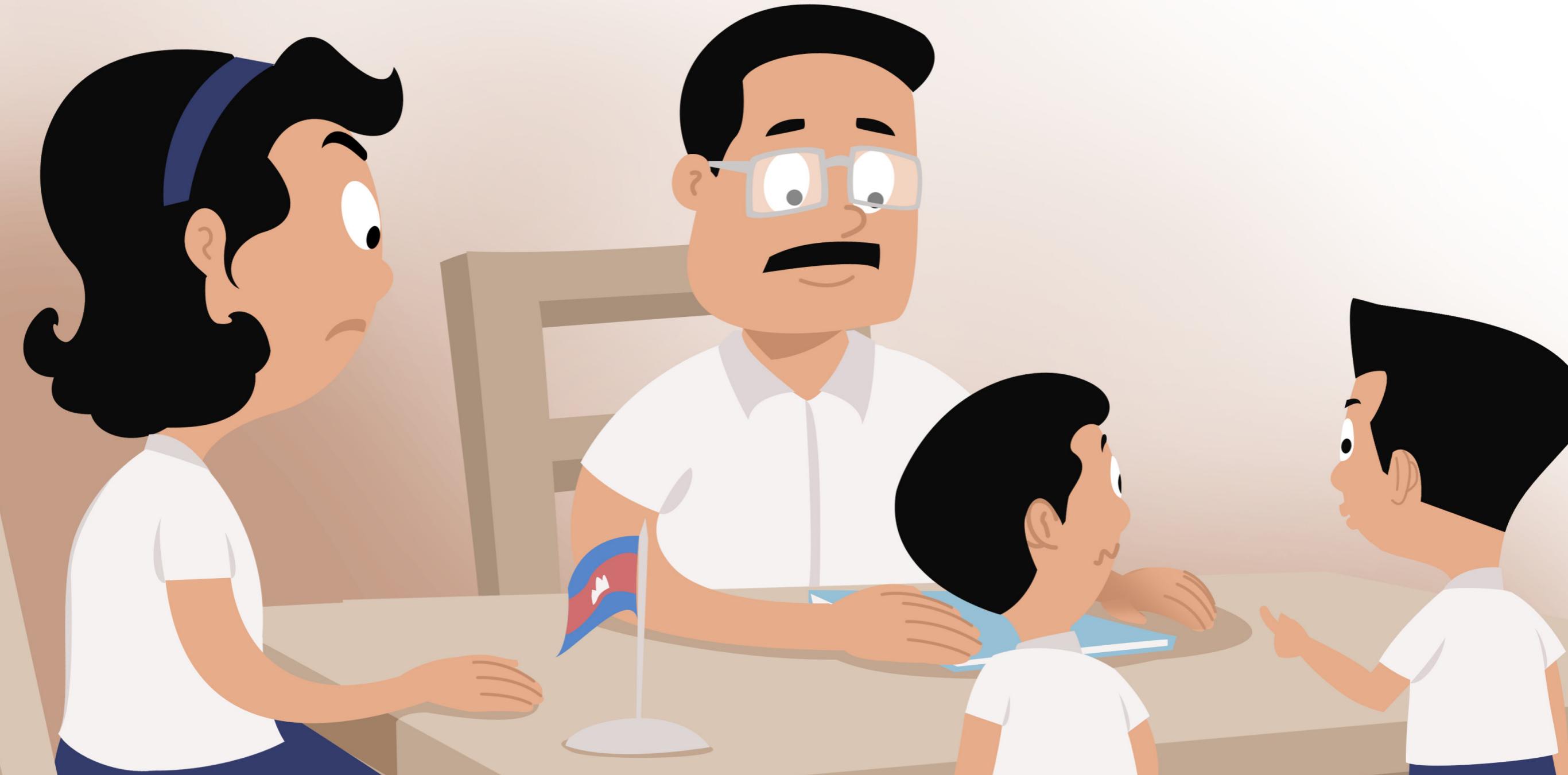


Sathae tightened his fist. He was so angry, but did not dare hit me in front of the teacher. The teacher called us to the administrative office.

"Look, Sathae! Why do you want to beat Prach?" the school principal asked.

"I beat him because he spoke ill of me."

"Look, Prach! Did Sathae take your money?" the school principal asked me.



I could no longer hide it. I was afraid that Sathae would hurt me if I did not tell the truth.

"Yes, teacher! Sathae took money from me every day since last December"

"You're a liar. I have never taken your money. Teacher, don't believe him!"

"If you don't tell the truth, I will call your guardians to meet me. Be warned, if Prach has any injury, you'll be responsible.

Understand?" said the principal.

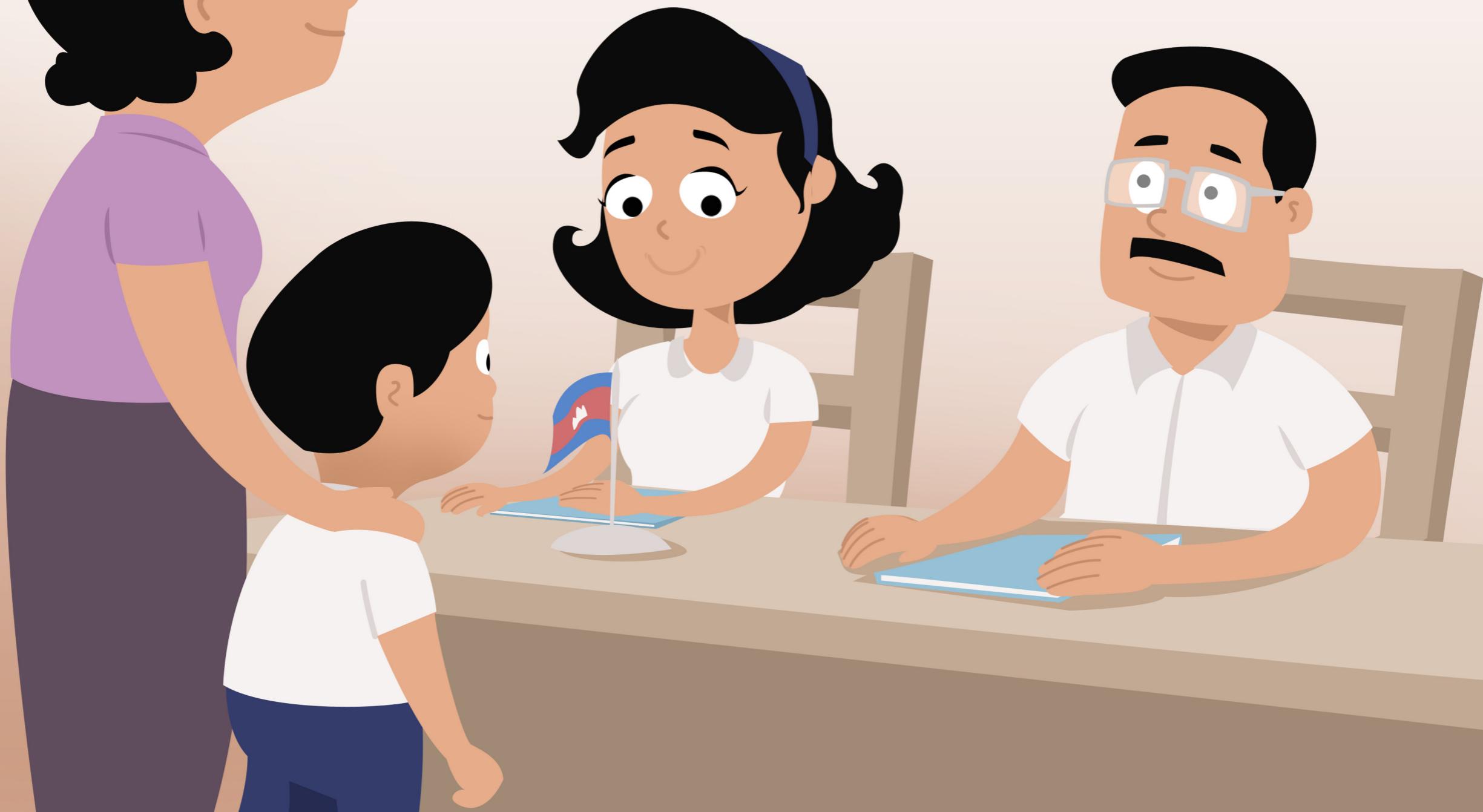


The principal wrote letters to Sathae's guardian and my mother. The teacher took me home. She delivered the letters to my and Sathae's guardians as our homes are close by. Along the way, she warned me not to go out because Sathae might ambush and hurt me.



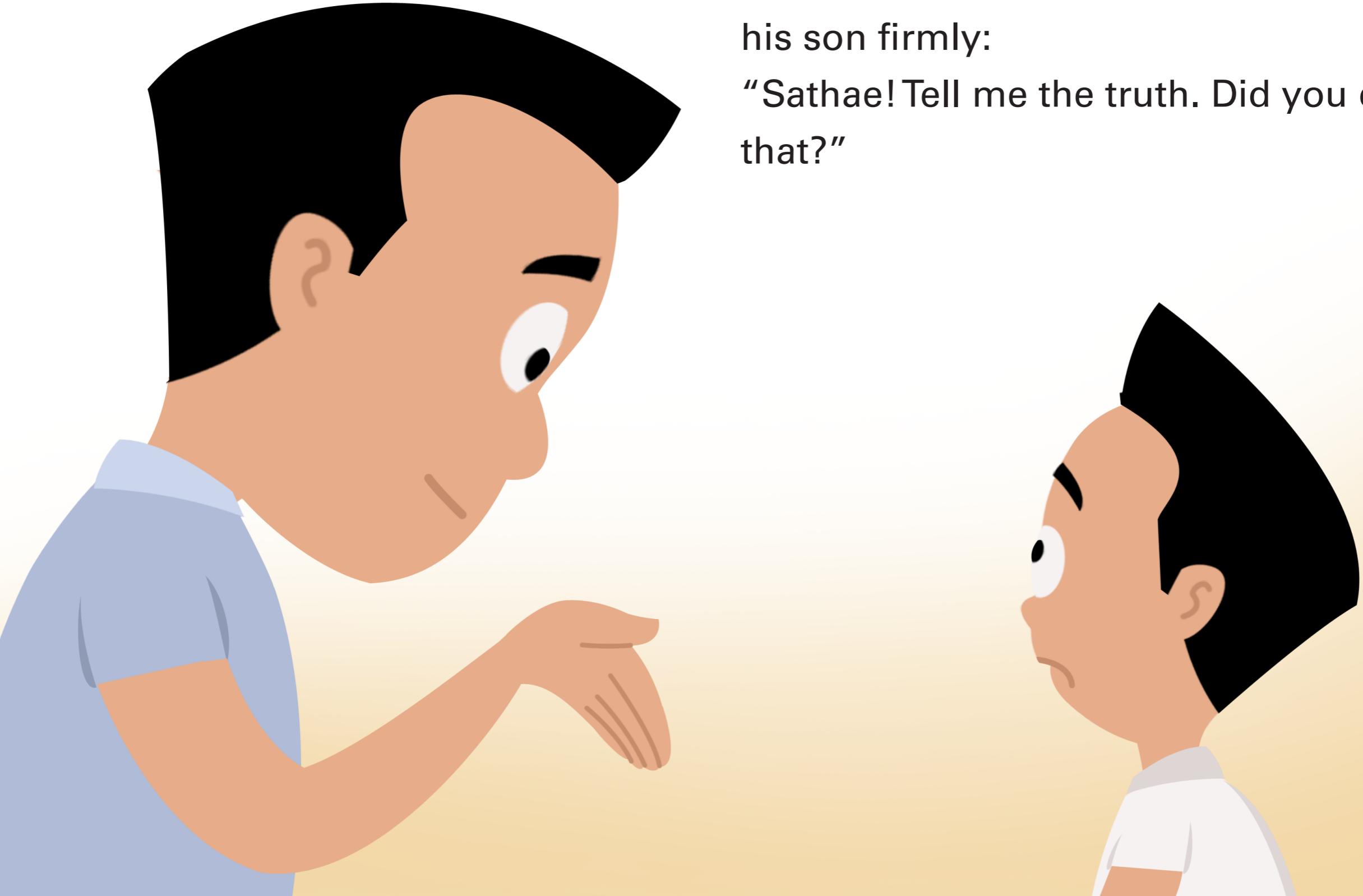
In the morning, my mother and I went to the administrative office. When we arrived, I saw Teacher Biramo, the school principal, and Sathae's teacher there.

"Please come in!" the school principal called to my mother.



After a while, Sathae and his father arrived. Sathae's face seemed more pale than usual. My mother was startled when she saw Sathae and his father. The principal then gave an account of what happened.





My mother became speechless and Sathae's father got very angry. His son should not have done that! He asked his son firmly:

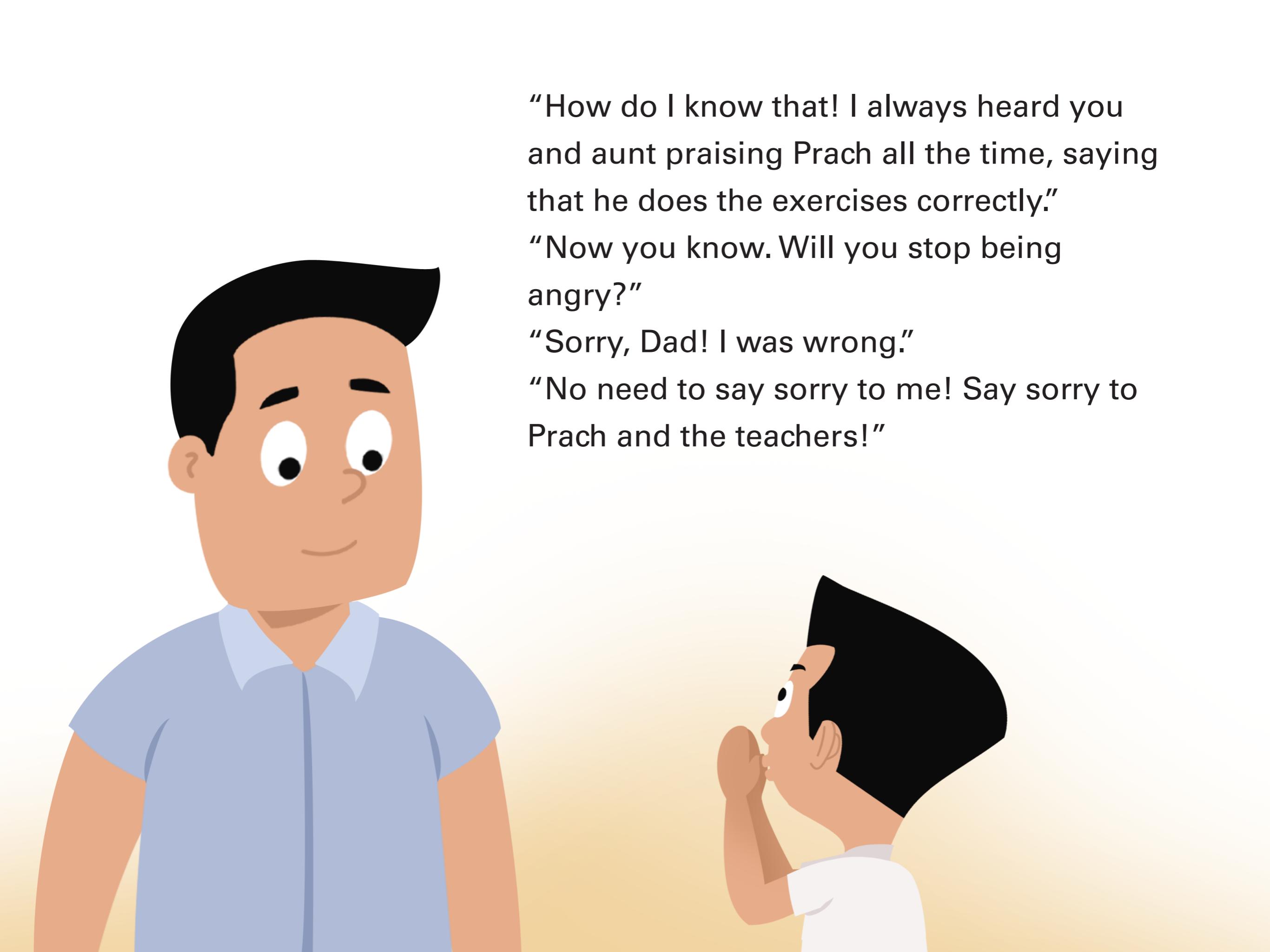
"Sathae! Tell me the truth. Did you do that?"

Sathae's lips became pale and he stammered.

"Because you gave my exam papers to him and praised him. That's why I did it."

"Those are grade 4 exams that you no longer needed. I told your aunt to give it to her son. She does not know how to read. I helped check if her son's answers were correct or not."



A cartoon illustration of a father and son. The father, on the left, is a man with dark hair, wearing a light blue short-sleeved shirt. He is looking towards his son with a neutral expression. The son, on the right, is a young boy with dark hair, wearing a white t-shirt. He is shown from behind, looking up at his father with a guilty expression, his hand near his mouth as if he has just spoken.

"How do I know that! I always heard you
and aunt praising Prach all the time, saying
that he does the exercises correctly."

"Now you know. Will you stop being
angry?"

"Sorry, Dad! I was wrong."

"No need to say sorry to me! Say sorry to
Prach and the teachers!"

He then apologized to me and the teachers. Everyone accepted the apology because Sathae was also an outstanding student in school. He had never done anything wrong, except this time.

My mother was speechless. One boy was a biological son and the other a child she had taken care of since he was little.





Seeing my mother cry, Sathae became sad. It seemed that he loved my mother. He comforted her.

"Aunt, please stop crying! I promise that I will stop bullying Prach. I will take care of him in school from now on."

My mother was so happy when she heard that. She thanked Sathae and reminded me:

“Later, if you have any problem, you must tell your teachers. At home you must tell your mother and grandmother. You must not hide it. You’re lucky that this is not a big problem.”



The school did not ask further questions and reminded Sathae not to bully. If this happened again, the school would take disciplinary action. After the reconciliation, Sathae's father and my mother went back home. We went to class.



During the break, Sathae handed me a letter. It read: "Prach, I'm sorry. I should not have done that to you. Actually, I still have the money I took from you. I have not spent it. Here it is in the envelope."



When I saw my money, I was so happy. I counted it and the amount was correct. Let's say I saved it. Vety was also happy because we had not played together for a long time.

There are still many more stories which I want to tell you, but my time is limited, so I will say goodbye for now.





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អត្ថបទពេជ្យ ហ្មត សារិន្ទ
ចែនាន់ពេជ្យ ដី ក្បយ

សូមថ្លែងអំណរគុណជាតិសេសដល់ ហូយ វតនា សេវីម កញ្ញជាតិ ដើម្បី និងក្រុមការងារ CamAnt Technology ដែលធ្វើឱ្យដល់ការរៀបចំកម្មវិធីពេទេះអាន ! កម្មវិធី Hackathon សេវារក្សាអេឡិចត្រូនិចសម្រាប់កុមារកម្មជាតិ ដែលប្រព័ន្ធរៀបចំឡើង នៅរាជធានីភ្នំពេញ កាលពីថ្ងៃទី ១៨ ខែ កញ្ញា ឆ្នាំ ២០១៦ កន្លងទៅនេះ។

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ស្ថាដែន: គ្រឿវបានការពារក្រាមអាជ្ញាប័ណ្ណប្រភេទ Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 Licence (<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0/>)។ អ្នកអាចចែករំលែក (ចតចម្លង និងចែកចាយបន្ទីរកសារនេះ តាមរយៈមធ្យាតាយអ្នកបាន បុគ្គលិកប្រជុំអ្នកបាន) និងកែសម្រួល (បញ្ចបជាមួយខ្លឹមសារធ្វើនៅក្នុងផ្ទាល់ខ្លួន និងកែចោចបានដោយសេវា សម្រាប់គោលបំណងអ្នកបាន សូមវិតគោលបំណងពាណិជ្ជកម្ម។ ម្នាស់អាជ្ញាប័ណ្ណមិនអាចដកហូតសេវាការពេលនេះឡើយ ដែលបានអ្នកបំពេញឡើតាមលក្ខខណ្ឌនៃអាជ្ញាប័ណ្ណដែលបានផ្តល់ទៅអ្នកបំពេញ។

ការថ្លែងអំណរគុណៗ អ្នកត្រូវផ្តល់ការថ្លែងអំណរគុណទ្វានសម្រប ដាក់តំណរភ្លាប់ទៅកាន់ព័ត៌មានអំពីភាគ្យប៉ូណ្ណ និងបង្ហាញពីចំណុចដែលមានការ ផ្តាស់ប្តូរ។ អ្នកអាចធ្វើបែបនេះក្នុងទម្រង់សមហោតុសមជលណាមួយ ឬនេះត្រូវធ្វើក្នុងទម្រង់ដែលមាននំយ៉ា។ អ្នកផ្តល់ភាគ្យប៉ូណ្ណផ្តល់ការគាំទ្រដល់អ្នក បុគ្គលិកប្រើប្រាស់ របស់អ្នកនោះទេ។

Illustrated by Ouk Ratha

Written by Huot Sarith

Layout by Chi Phouy

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