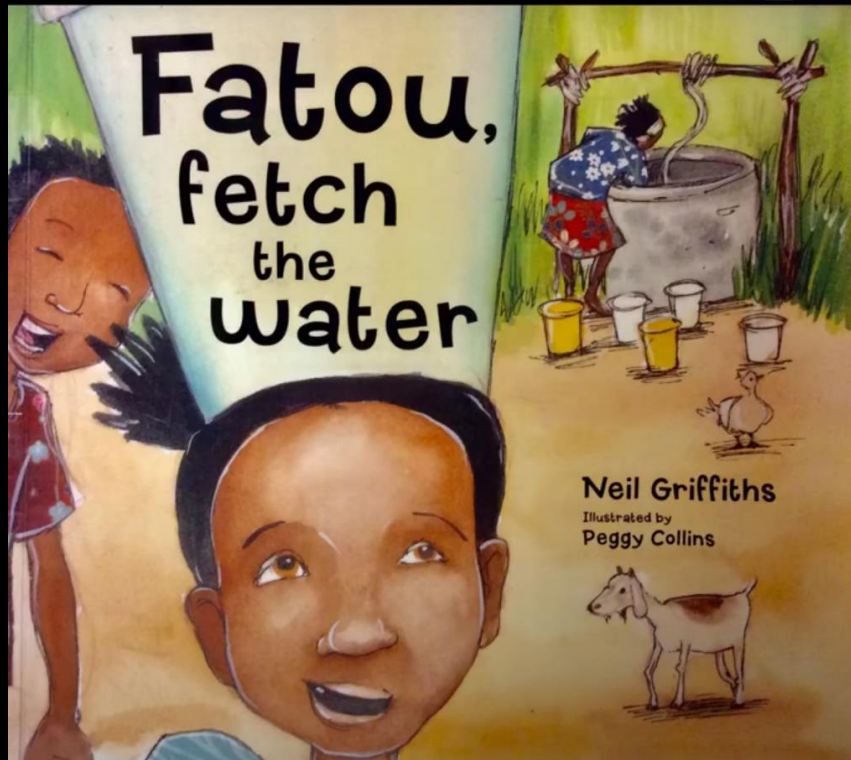


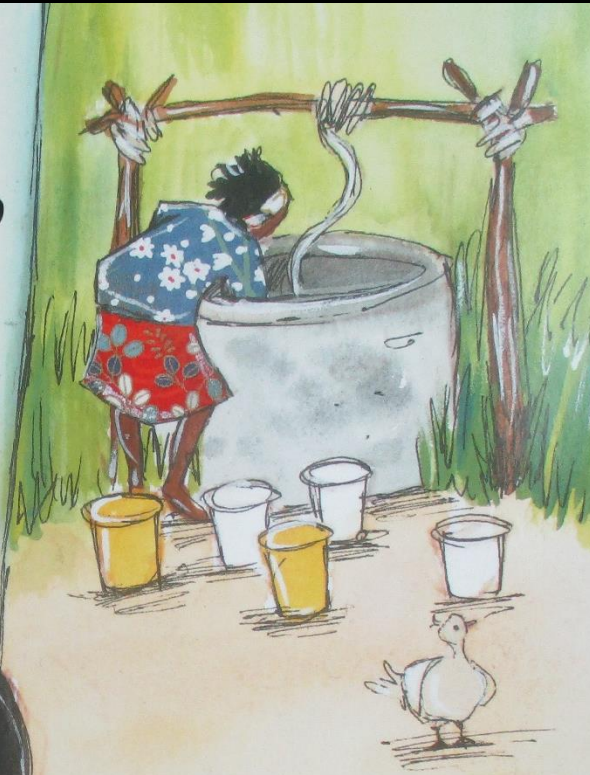
# Fatou, fetch the water

<https://youtu.be/SO9eGk0TLPU>

Josh reads - Fatou, fetch the water by Neil Griffiths

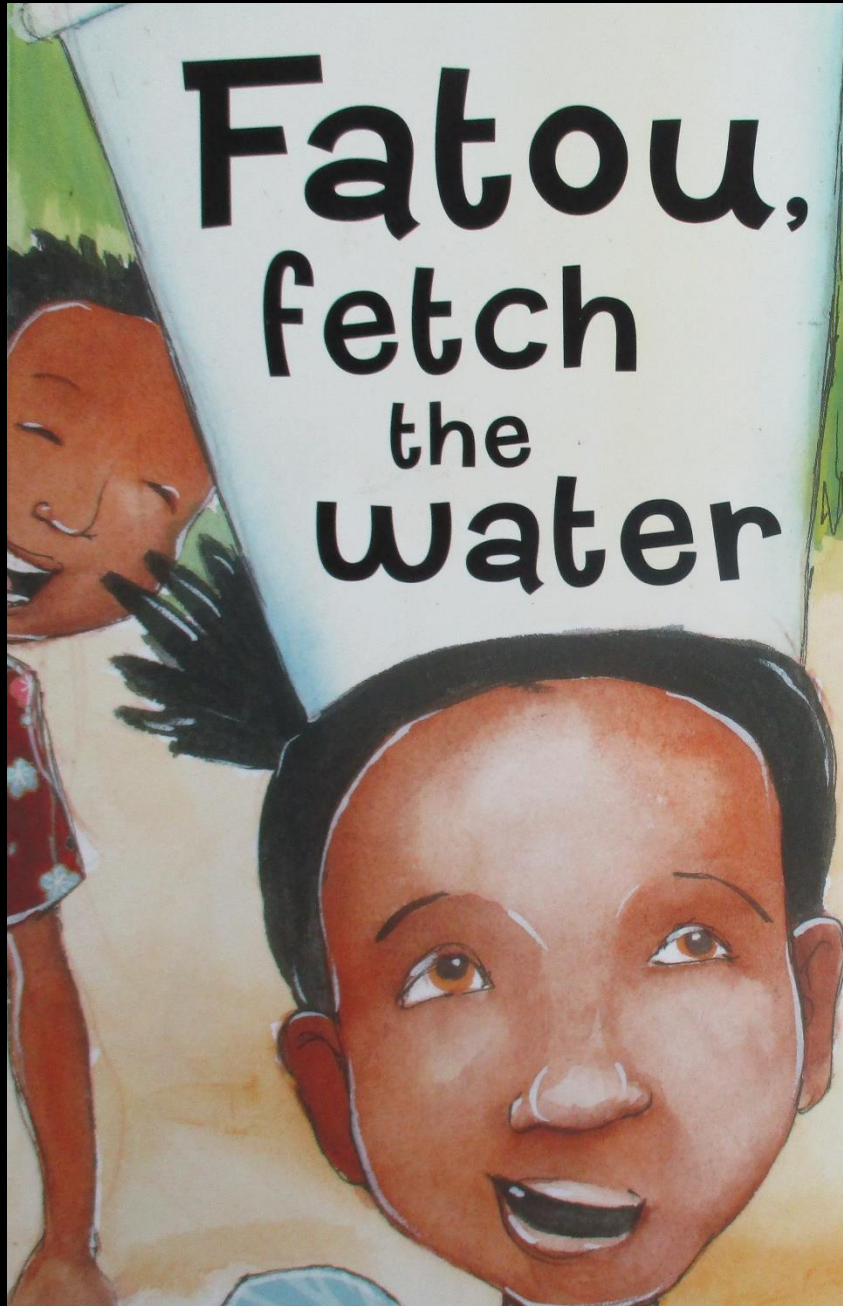
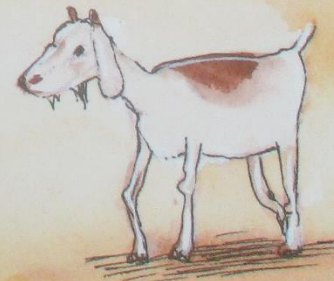


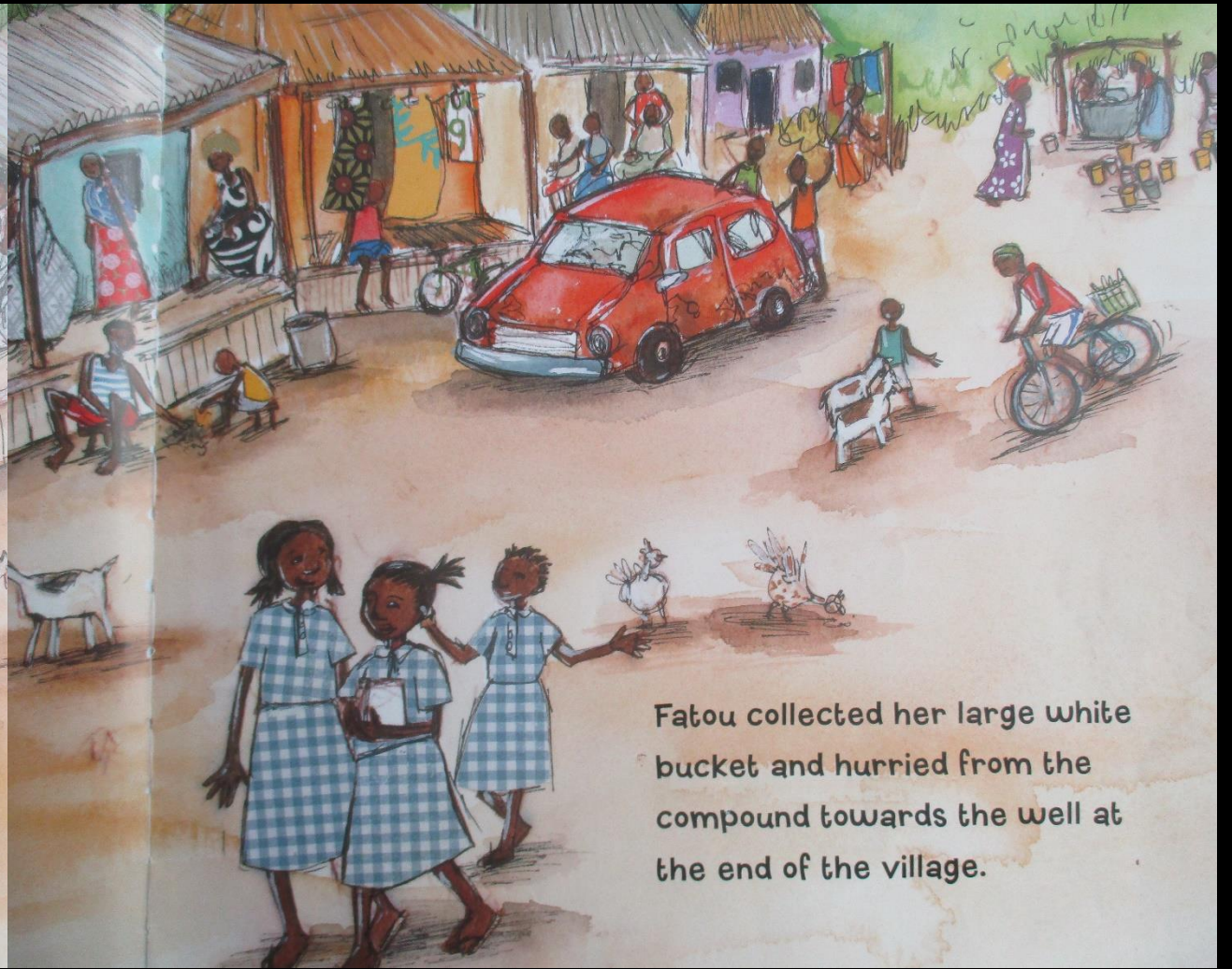
# Fatou, fetch the water



**Neil Griffiths**

Illustrated by  
**Peggy Collins**





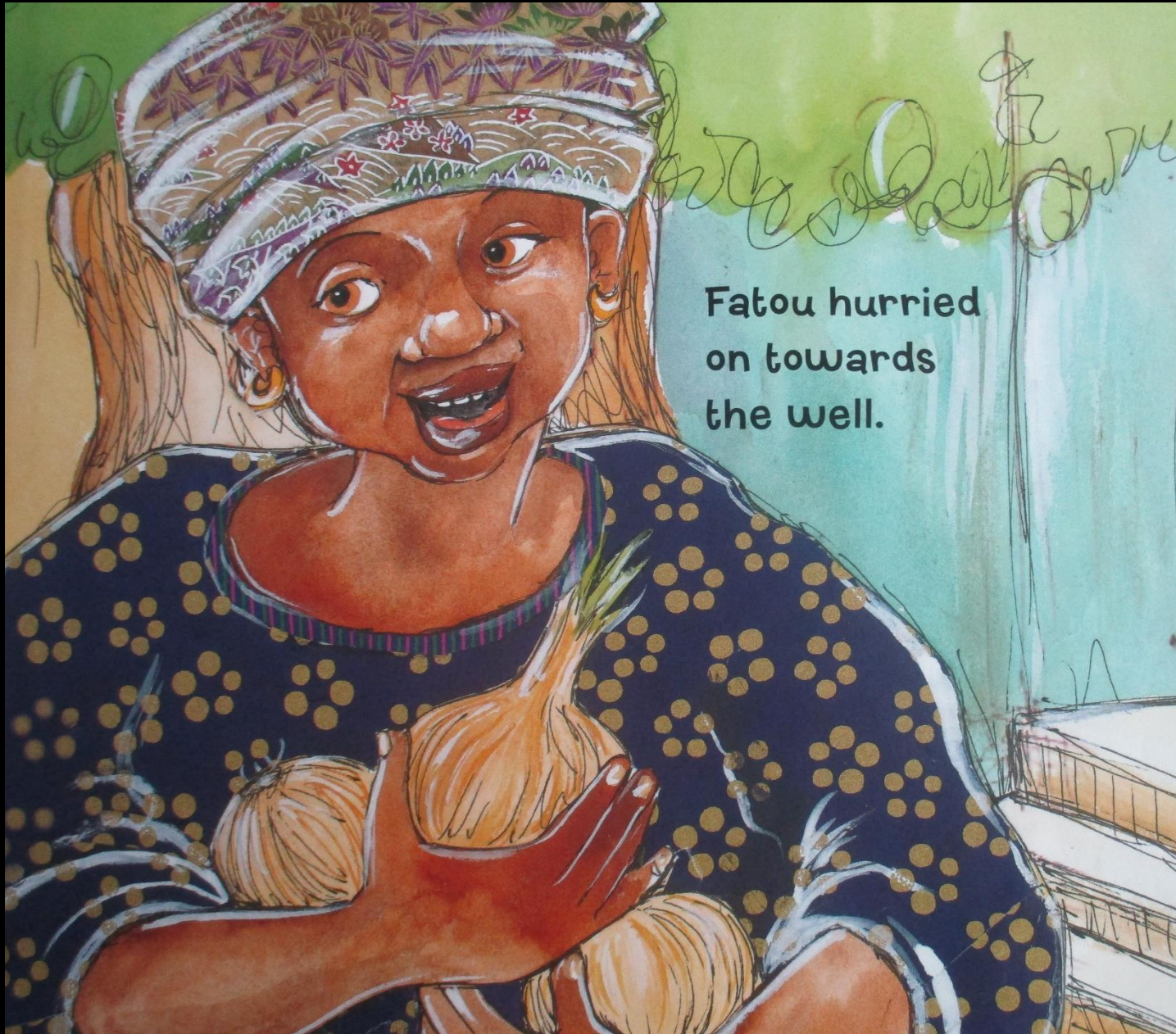
Fatou collected her large white bucket and hurried from the compound towards the well at the end of the village.

**“Fatou,”**

called Mrs Bojang from  
beneath the shade of  
a tall mango tree.

“I’m so glad to have  
seen you. Here, take  
these onions for your  
mother and thank  
her for my splendid  
purple dress.”





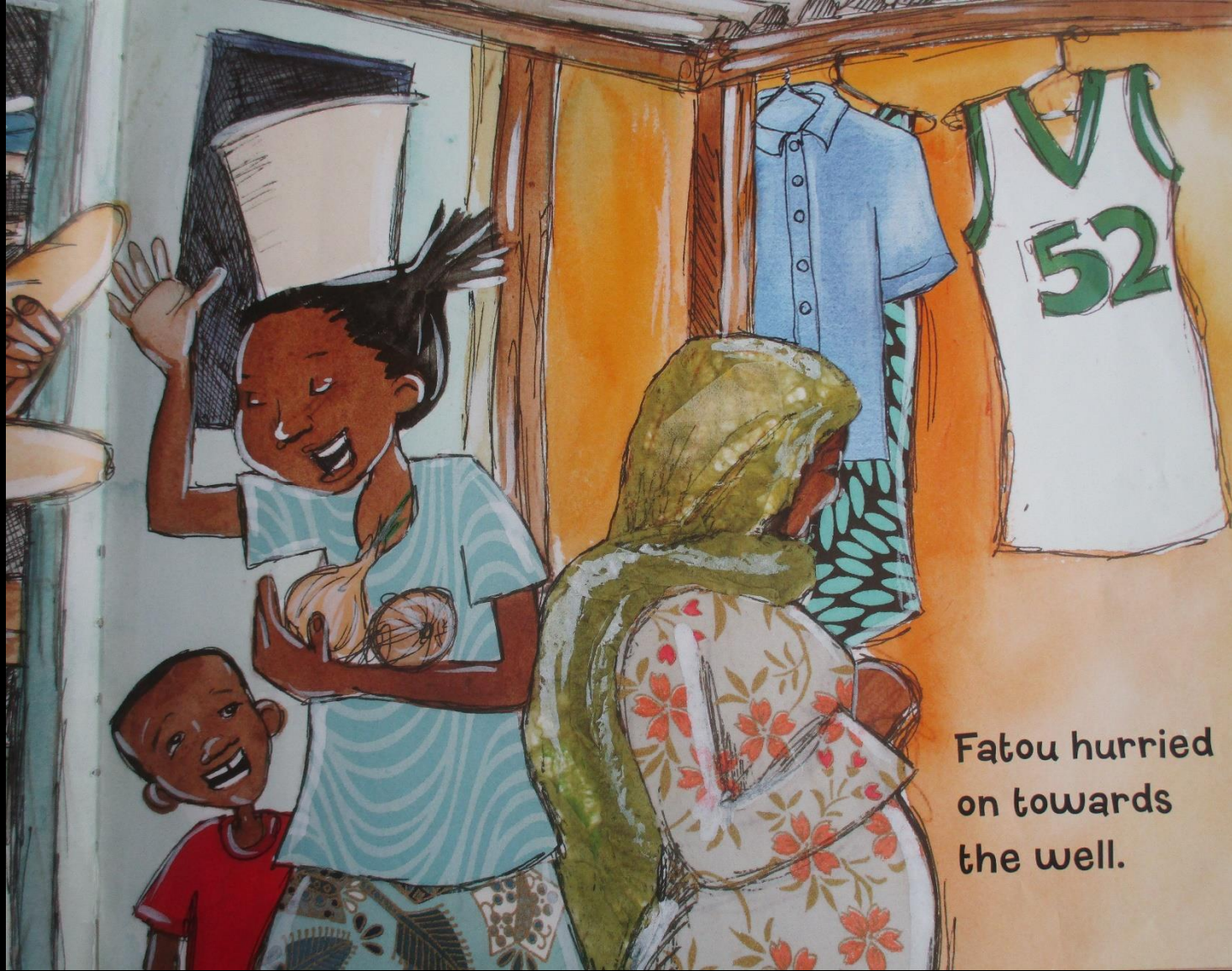
Fatou hurried  
on towards  
the well.

“Fatou, Fatou,  
is that you?”

called Mr Jatta from  
his hot bakery.

“Here, take some  
warm bread to  
your mother and  
thank her for my  
smart blue shirt.”





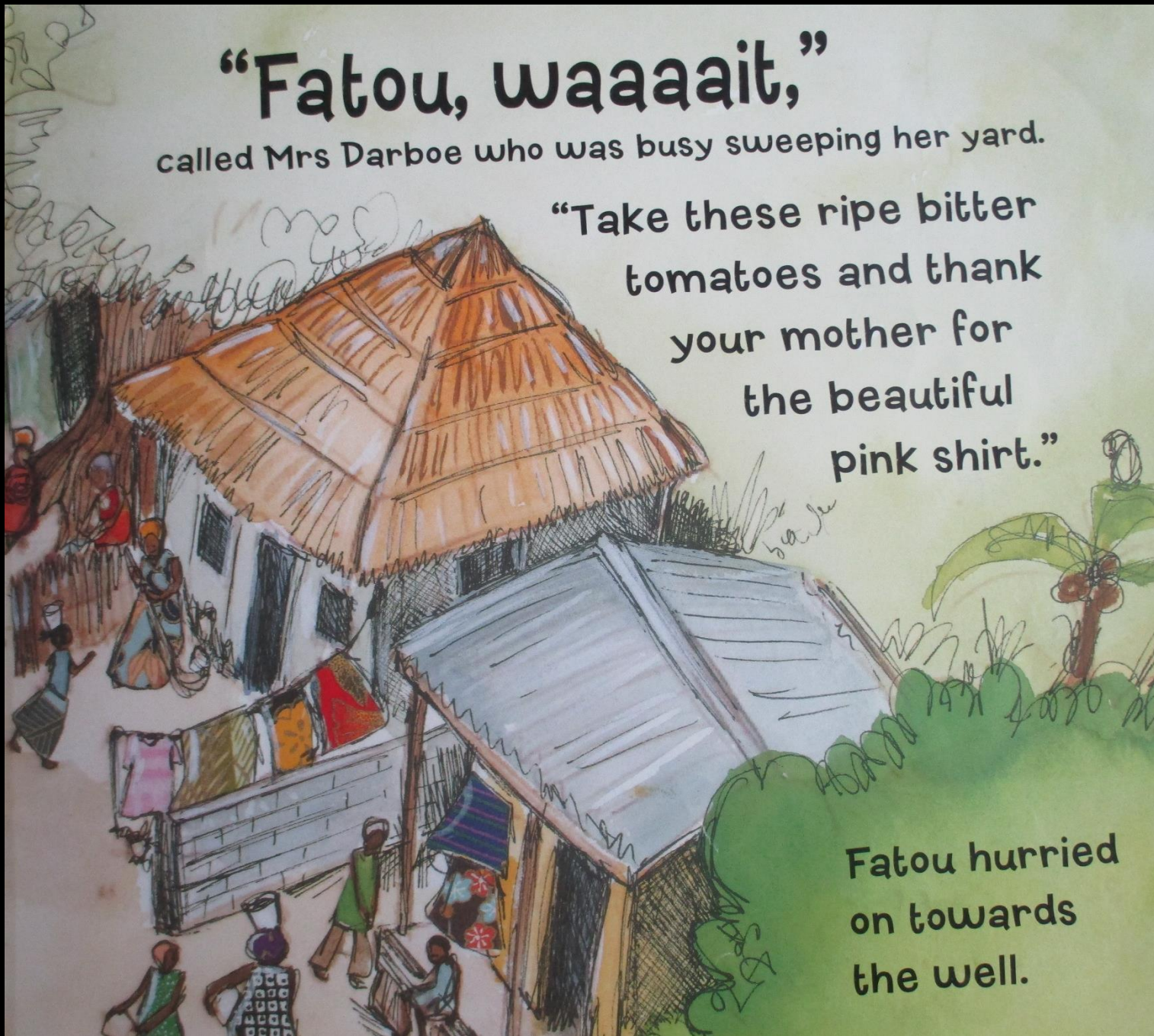
Fatou hurried  
on towards  
the well.



# “Fatou, waaaait,”

called Mrs Darboe who was busy sweeping her yard.

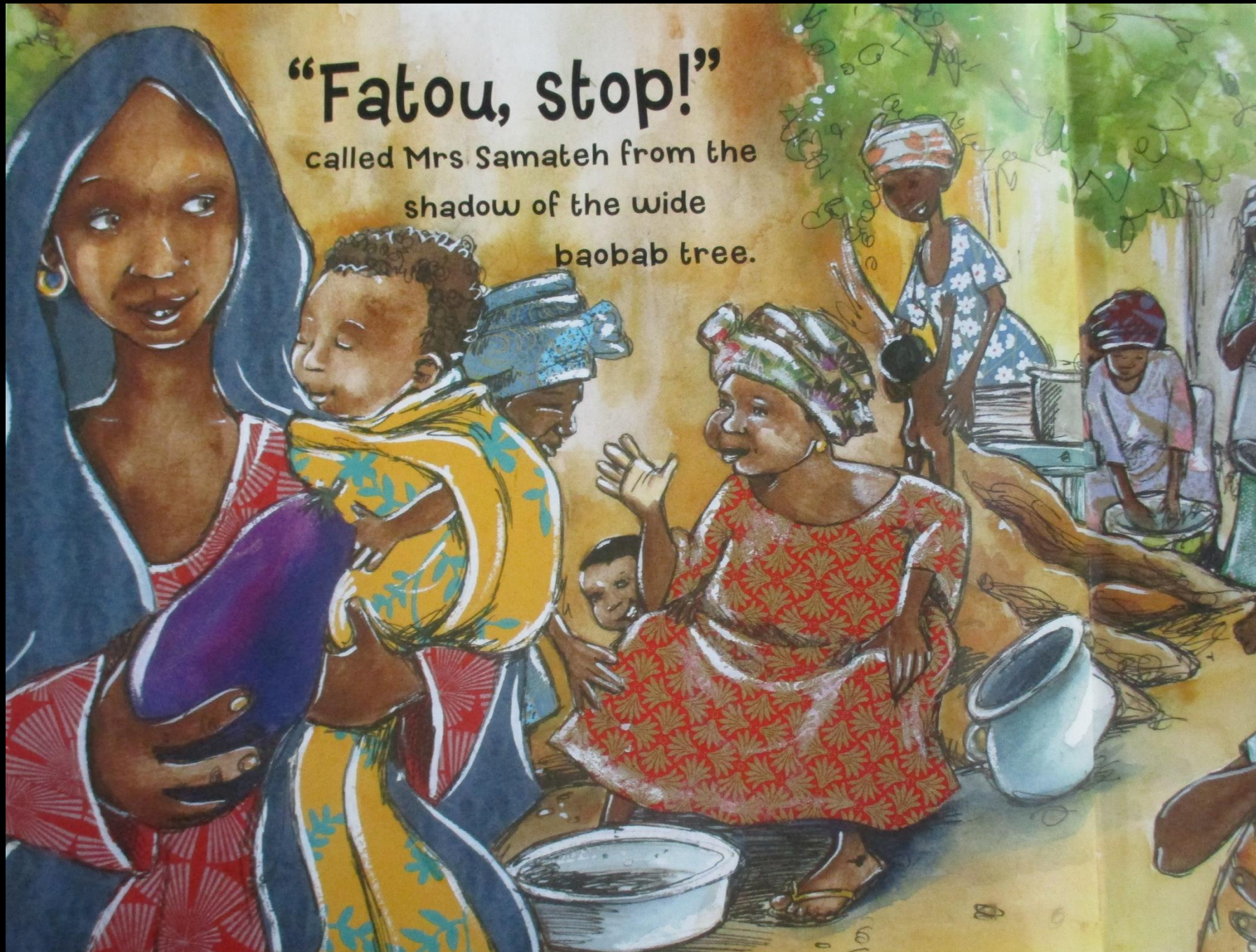
“Take these ripe bitter  
tomatoes and thank  
your mother for  
the beautiful  
pink shirt.”

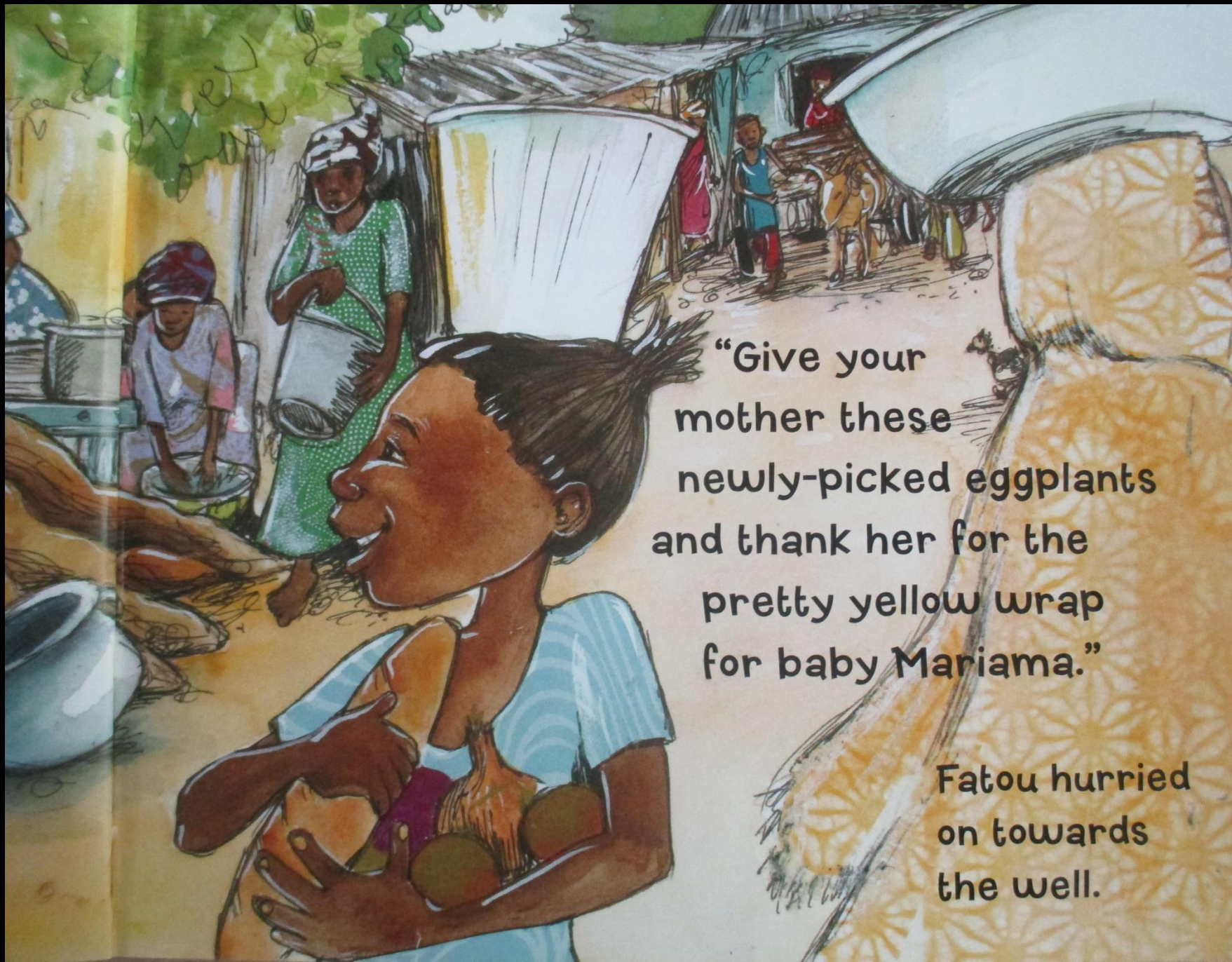


Fatou hurried  
on towards  
the well.

**“Fatou, stop!”**

called Mrs. Samateh from the  
shadow of the wide  
baobab tree.





“Give your mother these newly-picked eggplants and thank her for the pretty yellow wrap for baby Mariama.”

Fatou hurried on towards the well.

**“Fatou, wait  
a moment,”**

called Mr Touray from  
his busy bicycle shop.

“Here, give your  
mother these fine  
fish and thank her  
for my handsome  
green kaftan.”



Fatou hurried  
on towards  
the well.



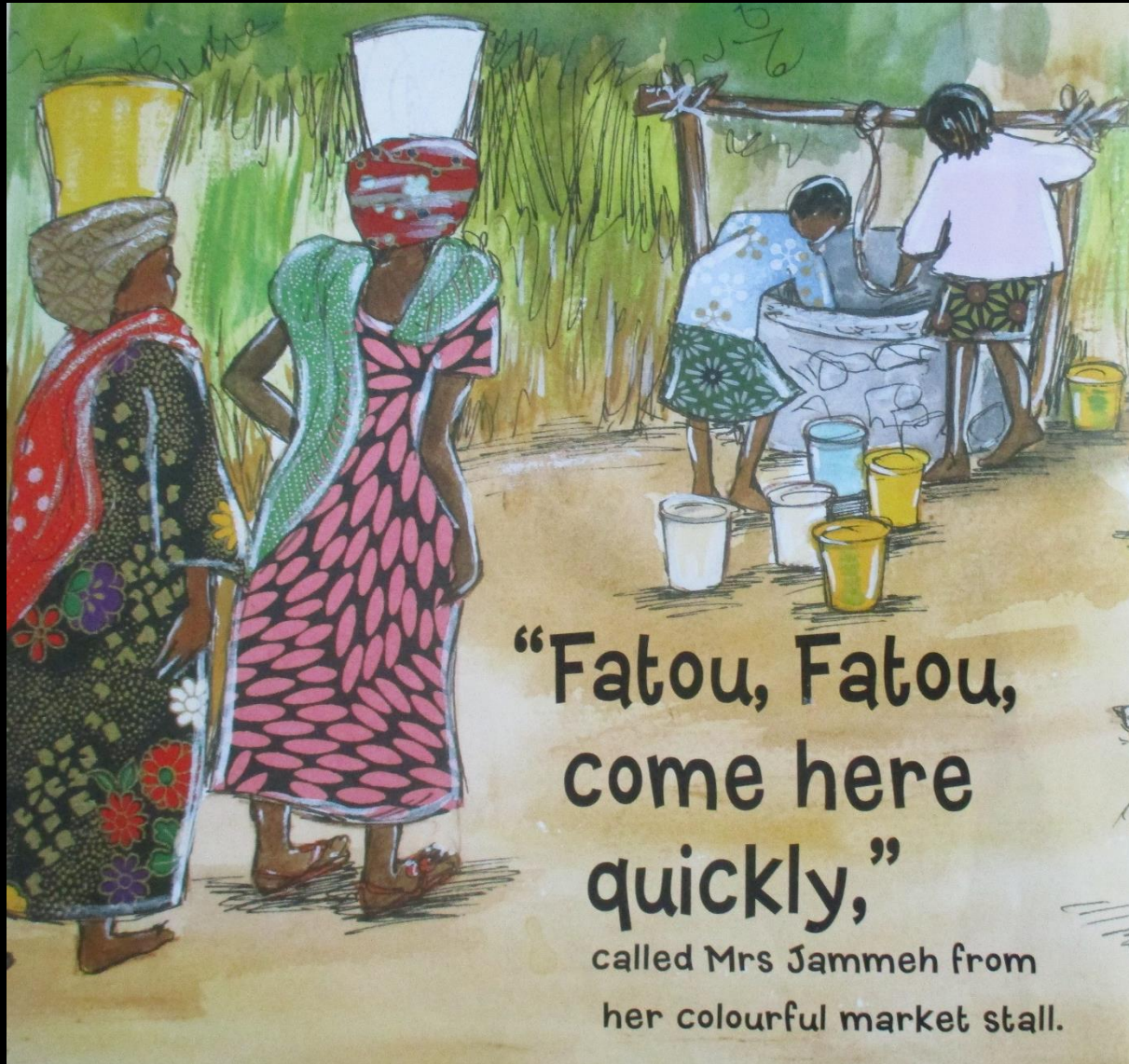
Fatou hurried  
on towards  
the well.

**“Fatou, wait  
a moment,”**

called Mr Touray from  
his busy bicycle shop.

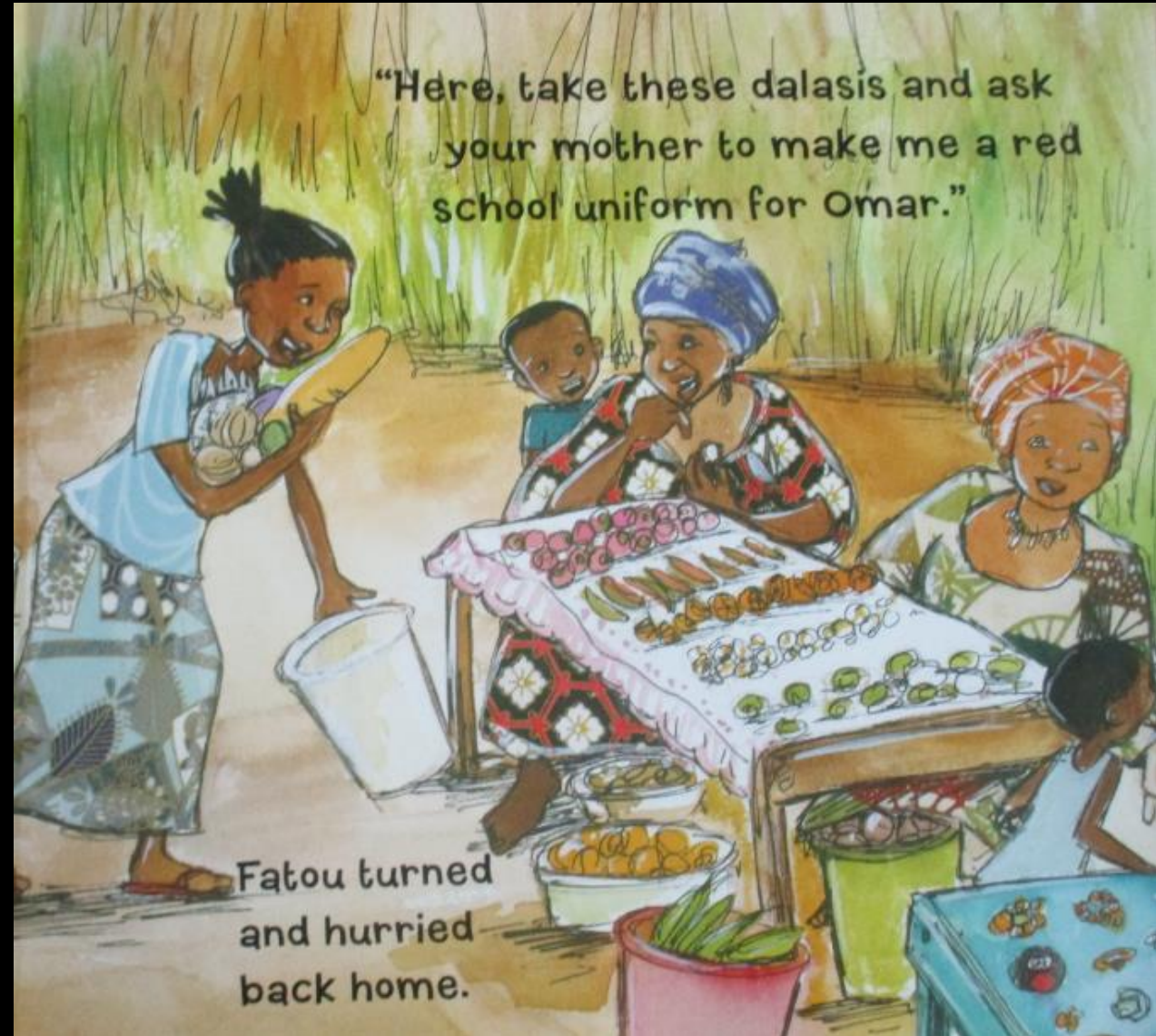
“Here, give your  
mother these fine  
fish and thank her  
for my handsome  
green kaftan.”





**“Fatou, Fatou,  
come here  
quickly,”**

called Mrs Jammeh from  
her colourful market stall.



**“Here, take these dalasis and ask  
your mother to make me a red  
school uniform for Omar.”**

Fatou turned  
and hurried  
back home.



“Here, take these dalasis and ask your mother to make me a red school uniform for Omar.”

ou,  
e

from  
stall.

Fatou turned and hurried back home.

# “Mother, Mother,”

Fatou cried excitedly.

“Look, I have onions from Mrs Bojang,  
bread from Mr Jatta,

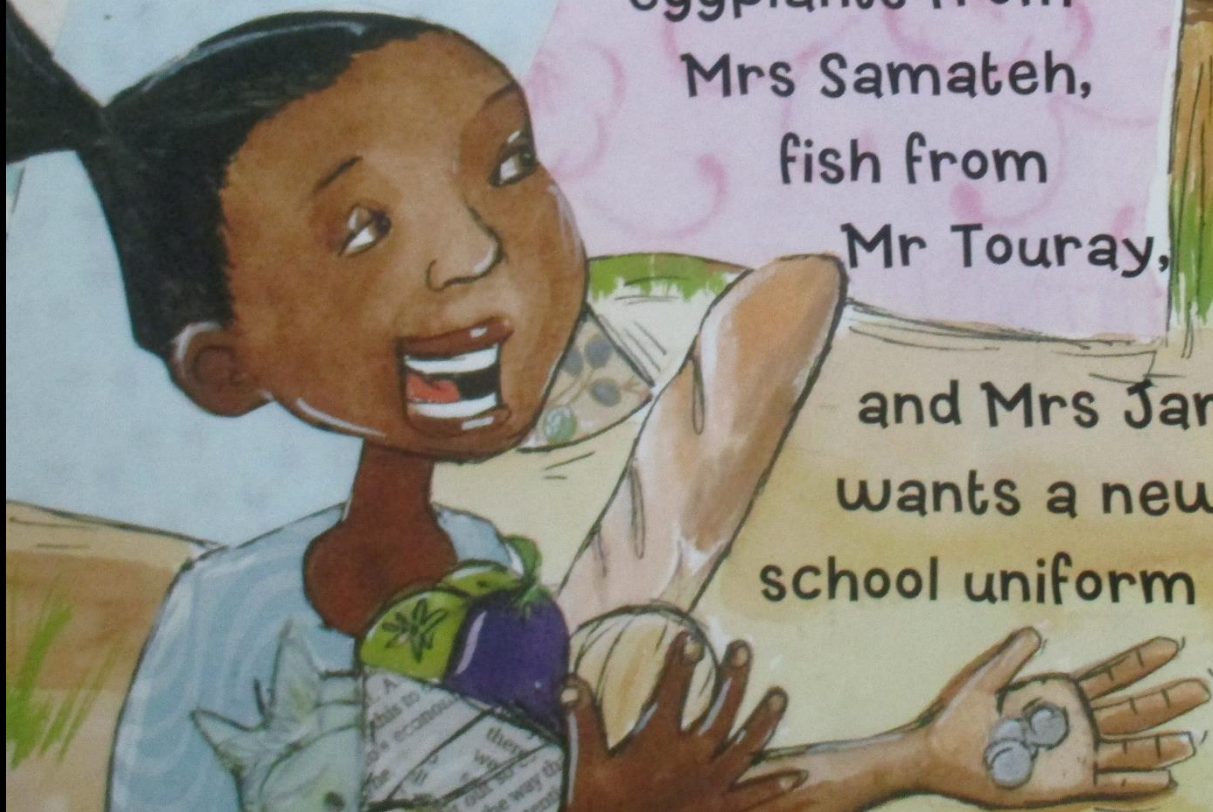
bitter tomatoes from Mrs Darboe,  
eggplants from

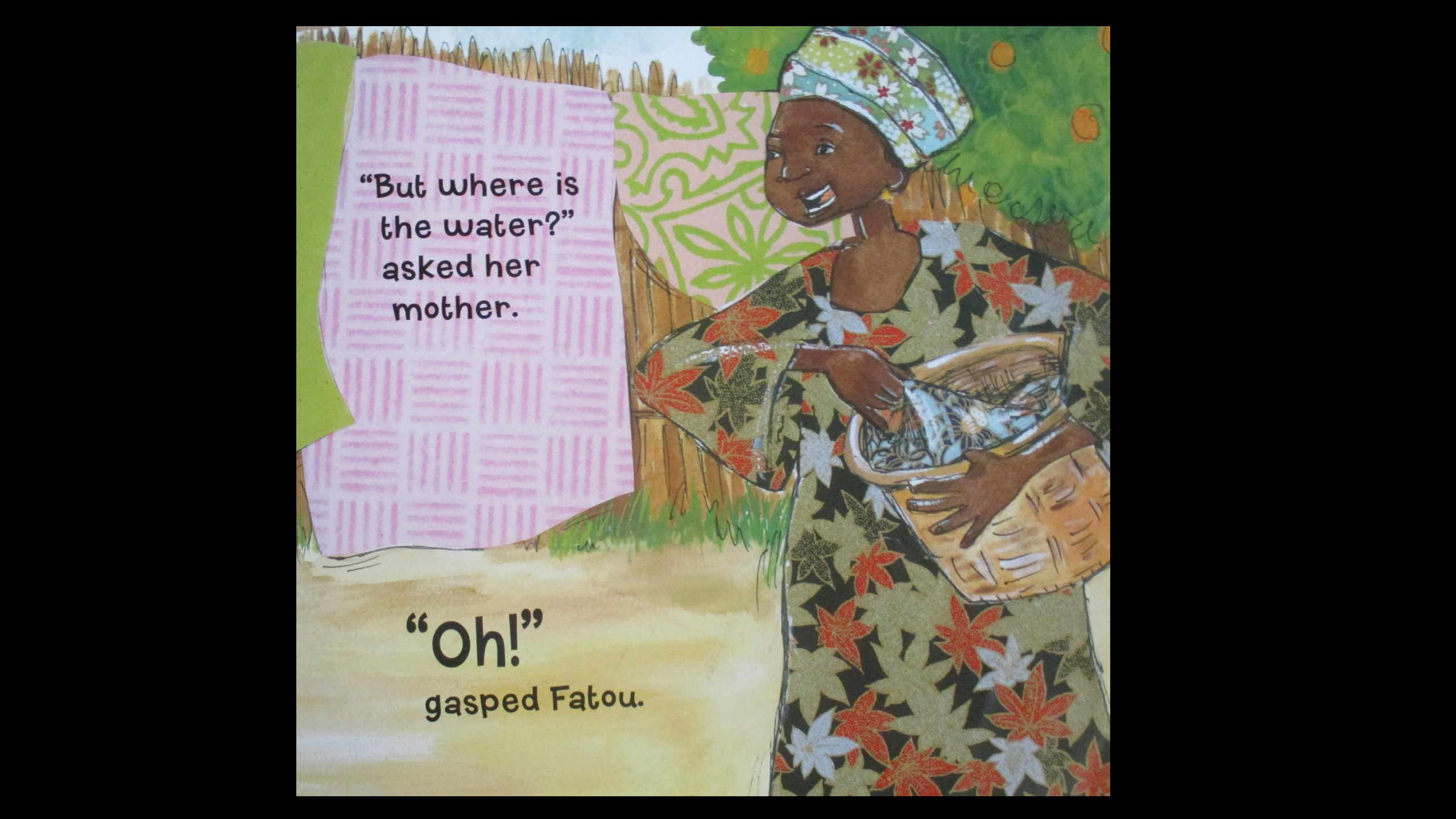
Mrs Samateh,

fish from

Mr Touray,

and Mrs Jammeh  
wants a new red  
school uniform for Omar.”





“But where is  
the water?”  
asked her  
mother.

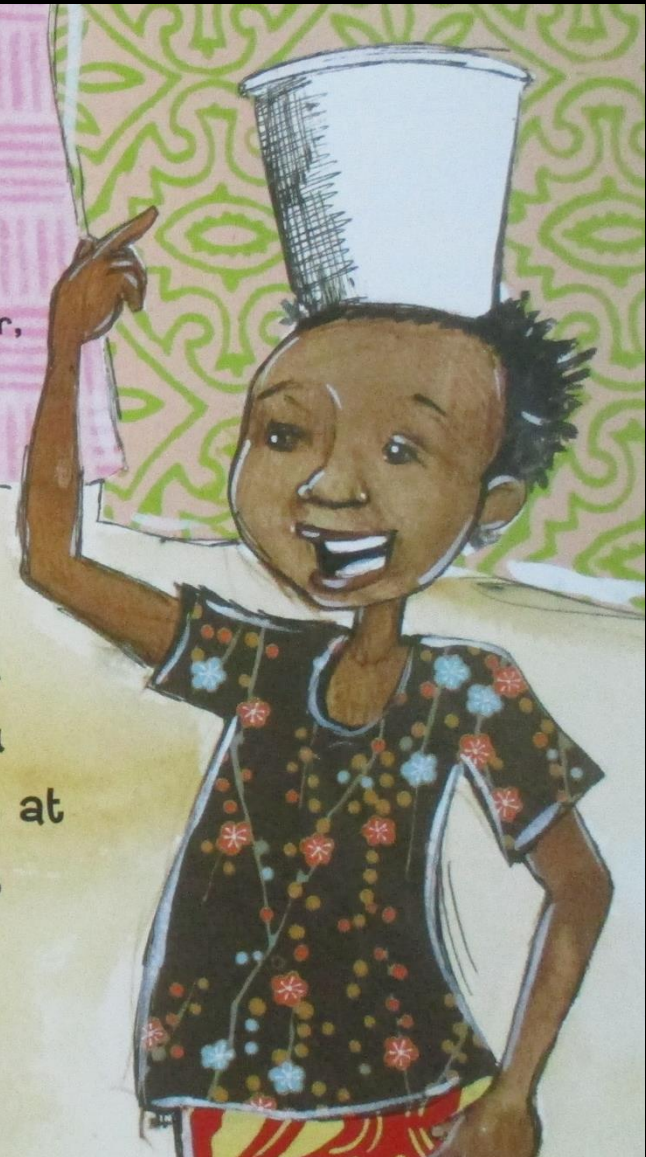
“Oh!”  
gasped Fatou.



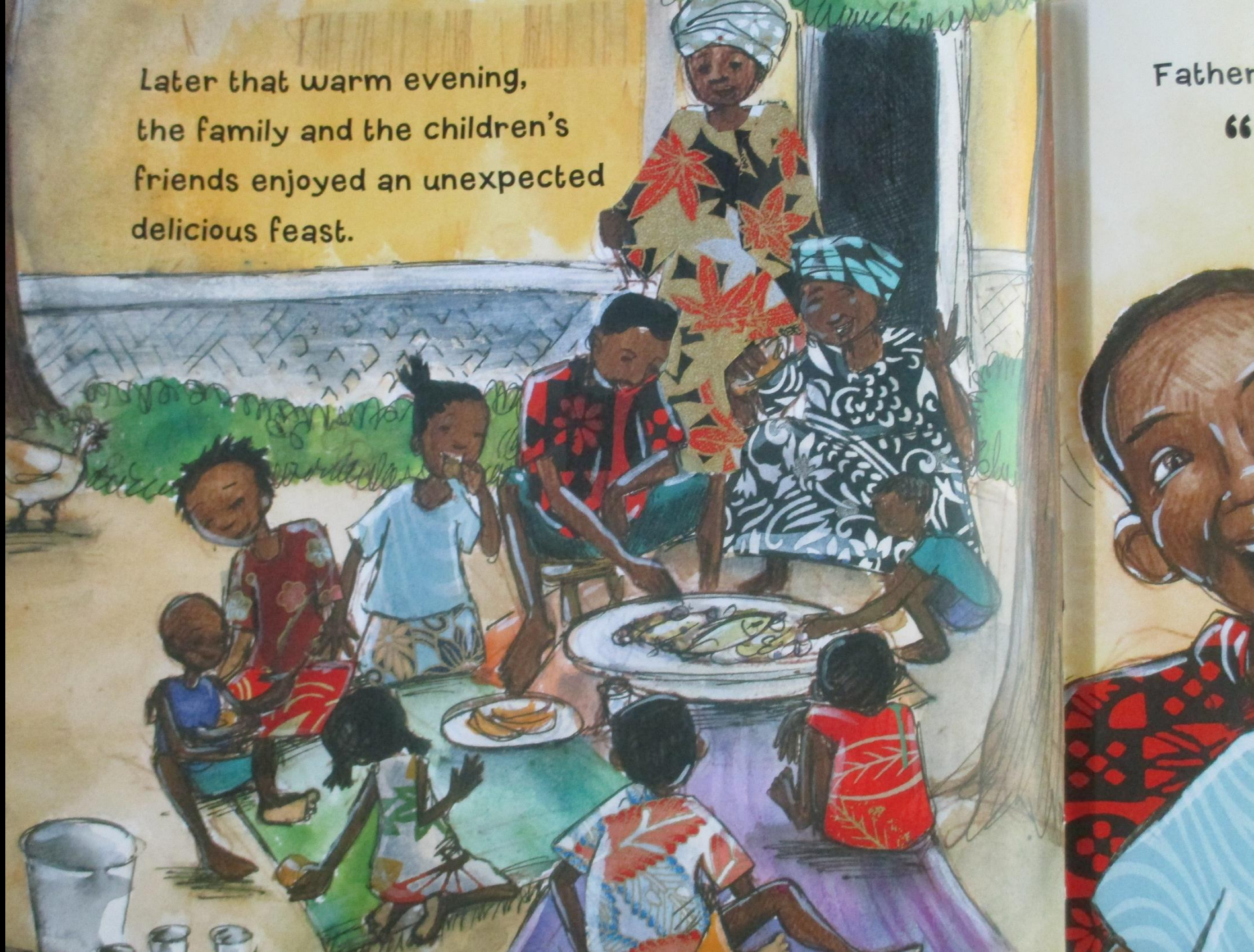
**“Here  
it is,”**

called her sister,  
Isotu.

“I have fetched  
the water. You  
left the bucket at  
Mrs Jammeh’s  
market stall,”  
she giggled.



Later that warm evening,  
the family and the children's  
friends enjoyed an unexpected  
delicious feast.



Father

66

Father was thirsty, but the bucket was empty!

“Fatou, fetch some w...,”

he began to say.

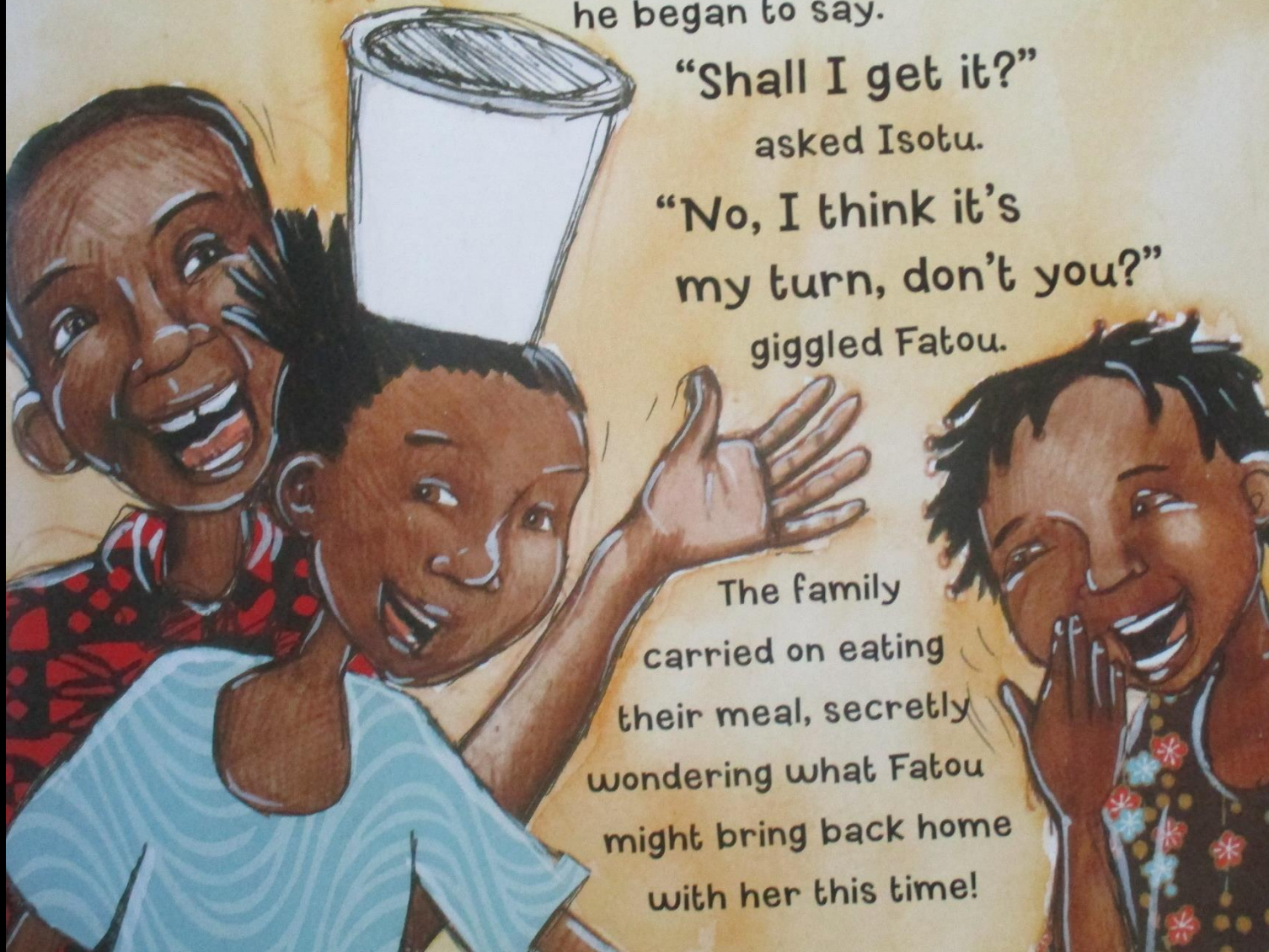
“Shall I get it?”

asked Isotu.

“No, I think it’s  
my turn, don’t you?”

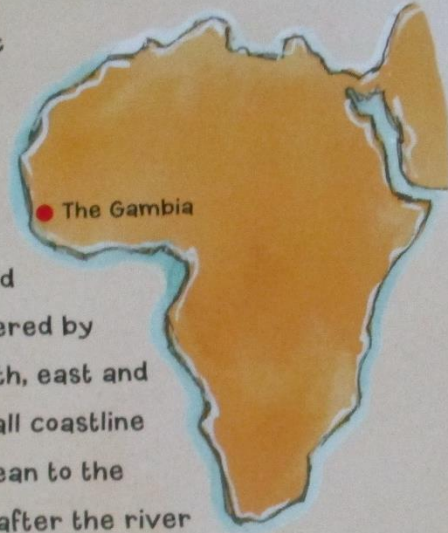
giggled Fatou.

The family  
carried on eating  
their meal, secretly  
wondering what Fatou  
might bring back home  
with her this time!



# The Gambia

Fatou's story is set in The Gambia, a country in Western Africa. It is the smallest country in mainland Africa and is bordered by Senegal to the north, east and south. It has a small coastline on the Atlantic Ocean to the west. It is named after the river Gambia that runs through it.

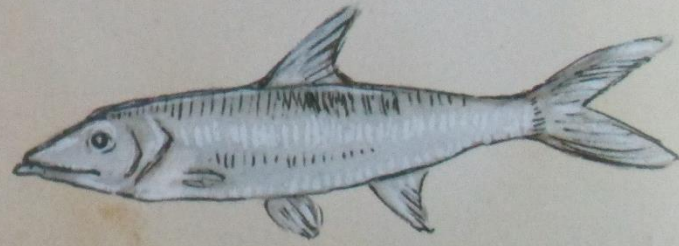


a musorr or tiko. The men often choose to wear a kaftan like the one Fatou's mother made for Mr Touray. It is a full-length, long-sleeved tunic. It is often called a fataro, jalabe or shabado.



The currency in The Gambia is called the dalasi. Mrs Jammeh paid for Omar's school uniform with dalasis. Notes come in denominations of 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100. Forty dalasis are equivalent to approximately 1 English pound.

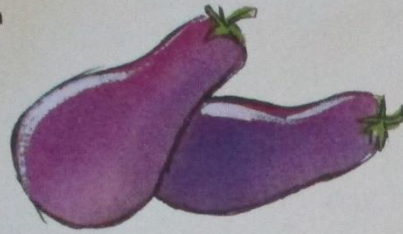
Gambians love fish, which are caught fresh every day. One of the most popular is called Lady Fish. This is what Mr Touray gave Fatou.



Many Gambian men and women wear colourful traditional clothing that tends to be long and free-flowing to keep them cool in the heat. Women often wear a headdress like the one Mrs Bojang was wearing. It is called

Vegetables are grown by women in large gardens outside the village and many are sold at busy colourful

markets. Fatou was given eggplants, which we call aubergines, by Mrs Bojang. She was also



given ripe bitter tomatoes by Mrs Darboe. These are a type of tomato which only turn slightly red, but can be eaten when green.

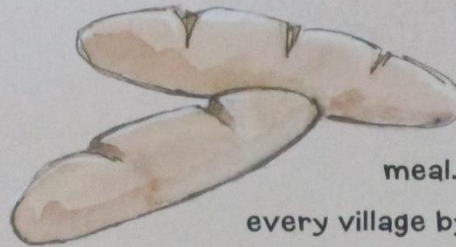
A popular traditional Gambian meal is Benachin, which is rice cooked with meat or fish and vegetables.

This is the meal Fatou's mother was preparing with the ingredients Fatou had brought home. She was cooking it in a big metal pot over an open fire. Benachin is then served in a big bowl, that is



placed on a mat, with the whole family sitting around it.

Everyone shares the food, but they only ever eat with their right hands!



Bread always accompanies the meal. It is baked locally in

every village by bakers who stay up till 2 in the morning to make sure it is very fresh. Mr Jatta gave Fatou bread called tapalapa.

It is almost always the girls and women who collect the water from the well. Some families are lucky enough to have their own well, but Fatou was making her way to a well shared by the whole village.

