

ČETRTEK, 16. 4. 2020 TJA 5. A

PETEK, 17. 4. 2020 TJA 5. B

Dragi učenci in učenke! Preberite zgodbico No more kissing pisateljice Emme Chichester Clark in se prepustite dogodivščinam glavnega junaka knjige. Potem pa odgovorite na sledeča vprašanja:

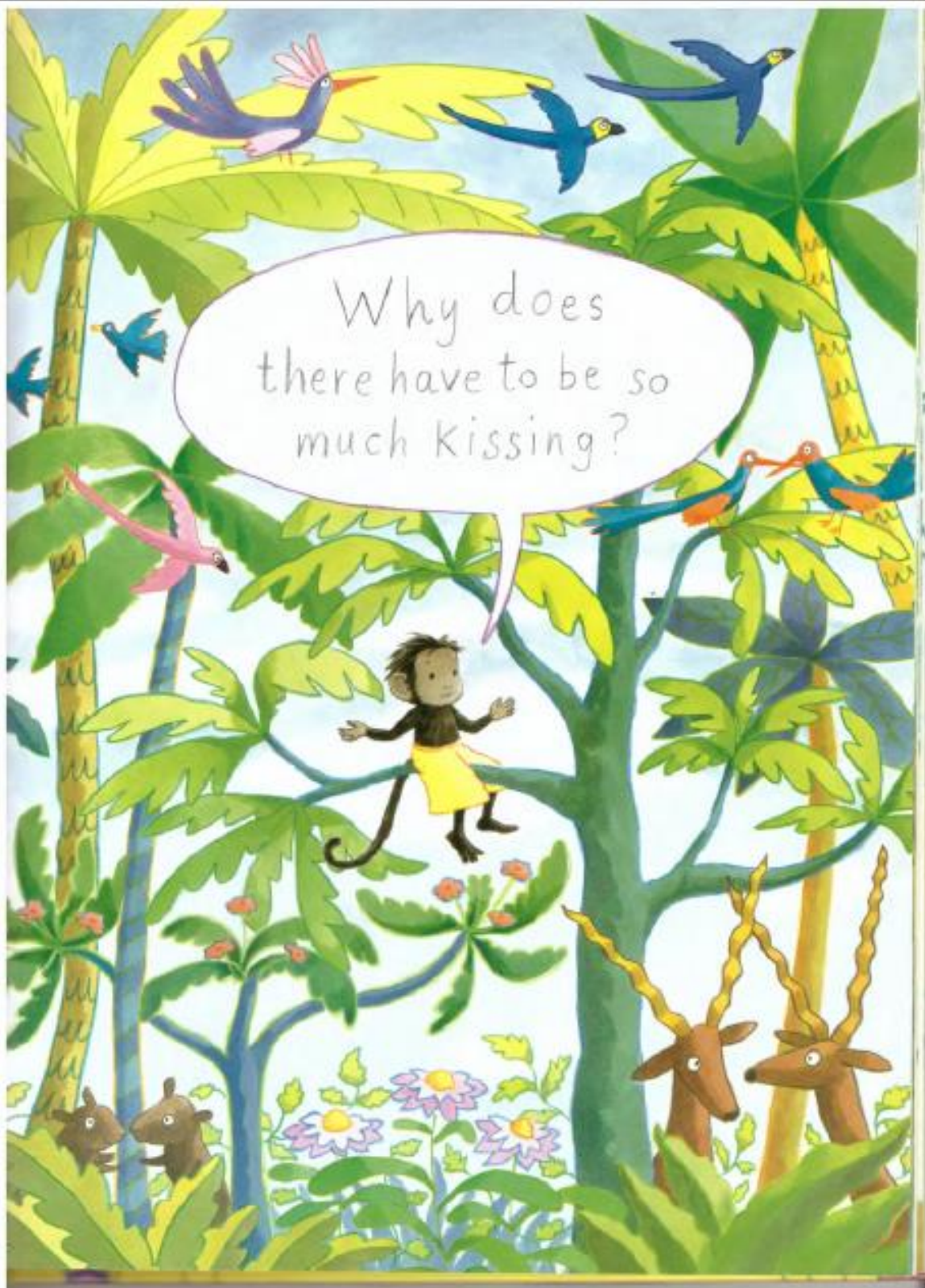
- a) Who is Momo?
- b) What doesn't he like?
- c) What happens when his baby brother comes along?

Na vprašanja odgovorite v zvezku za angleščino in mi pošljite fotografijo na moj elektronski naslov:
blanka.kes@guest.arnes.si

Emma Chichester Clark

No More Kissing!

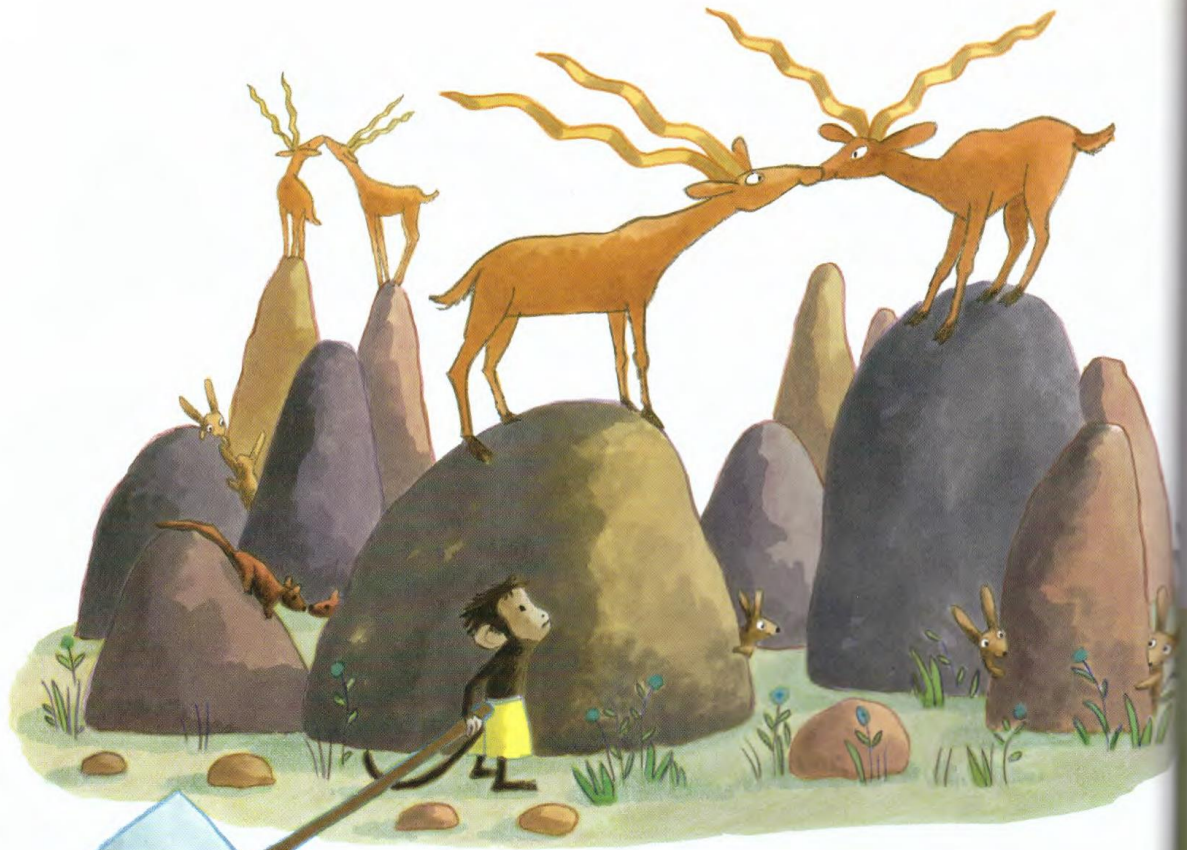




It goes on
everywhere,



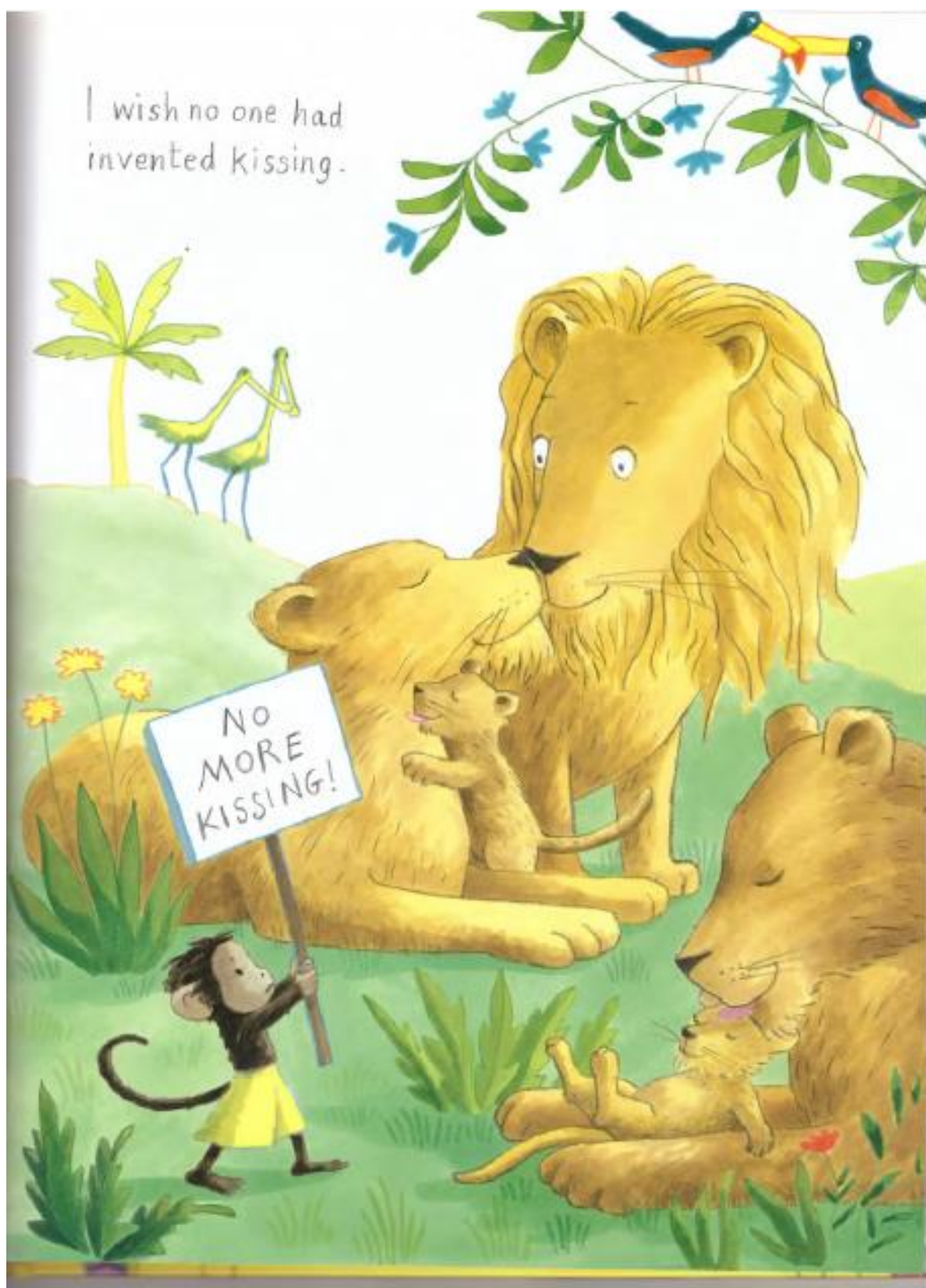




all over the place,
especially mummies kissing babies.



I wish no one had
invented kissing.



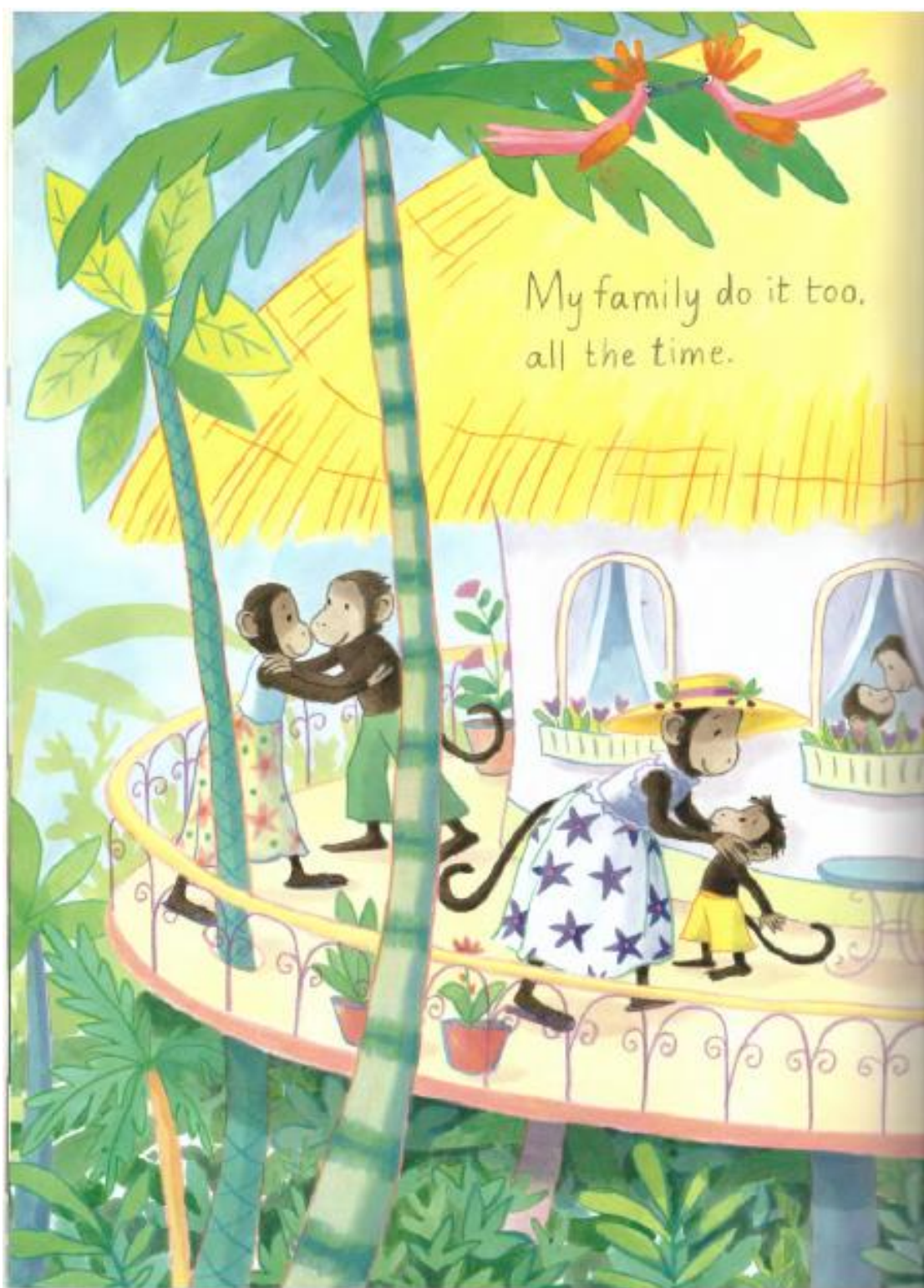


And I wish no one
would kiss ME,
especially...



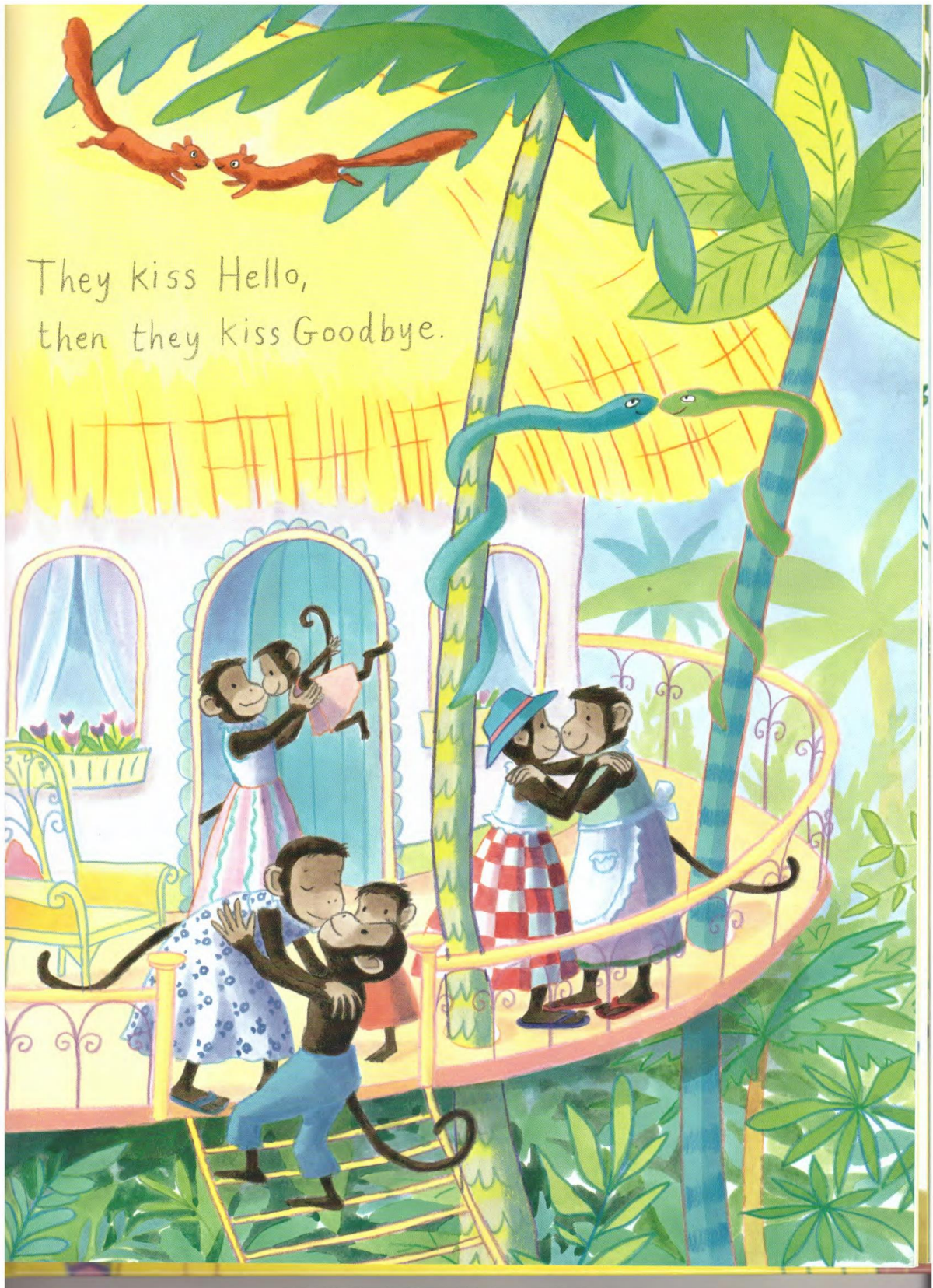
people
I don't KNOW!





My family do it too,
all the time.

They Kiss Hello,
then they Kiss Goodbye.



They Kiss Good Morning,



they kiss Good Night.





When my cousin, Mimi, hurt her finger,
everyone had to kiss it better. She
loves kissing. She'll kiss anything...



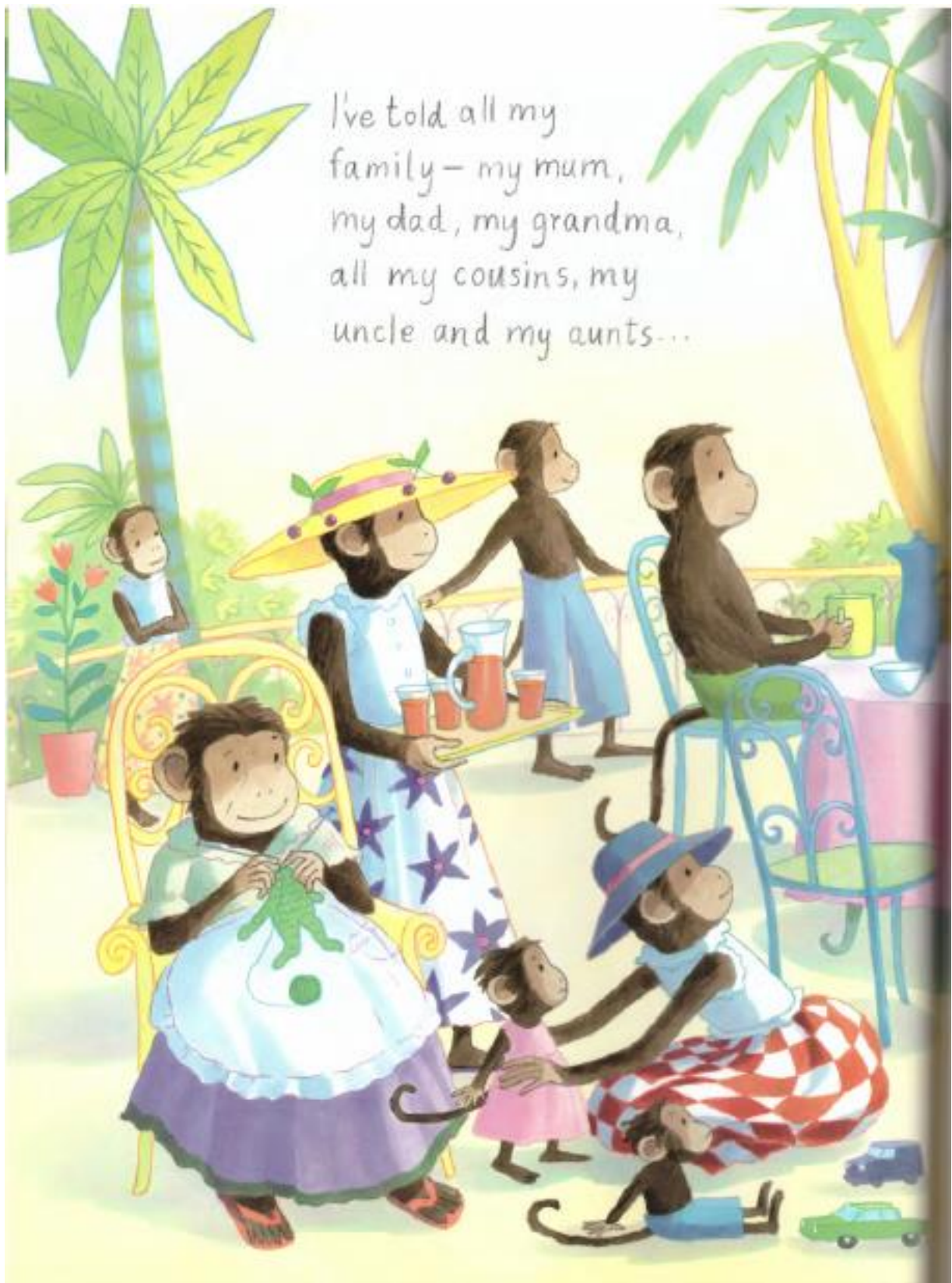


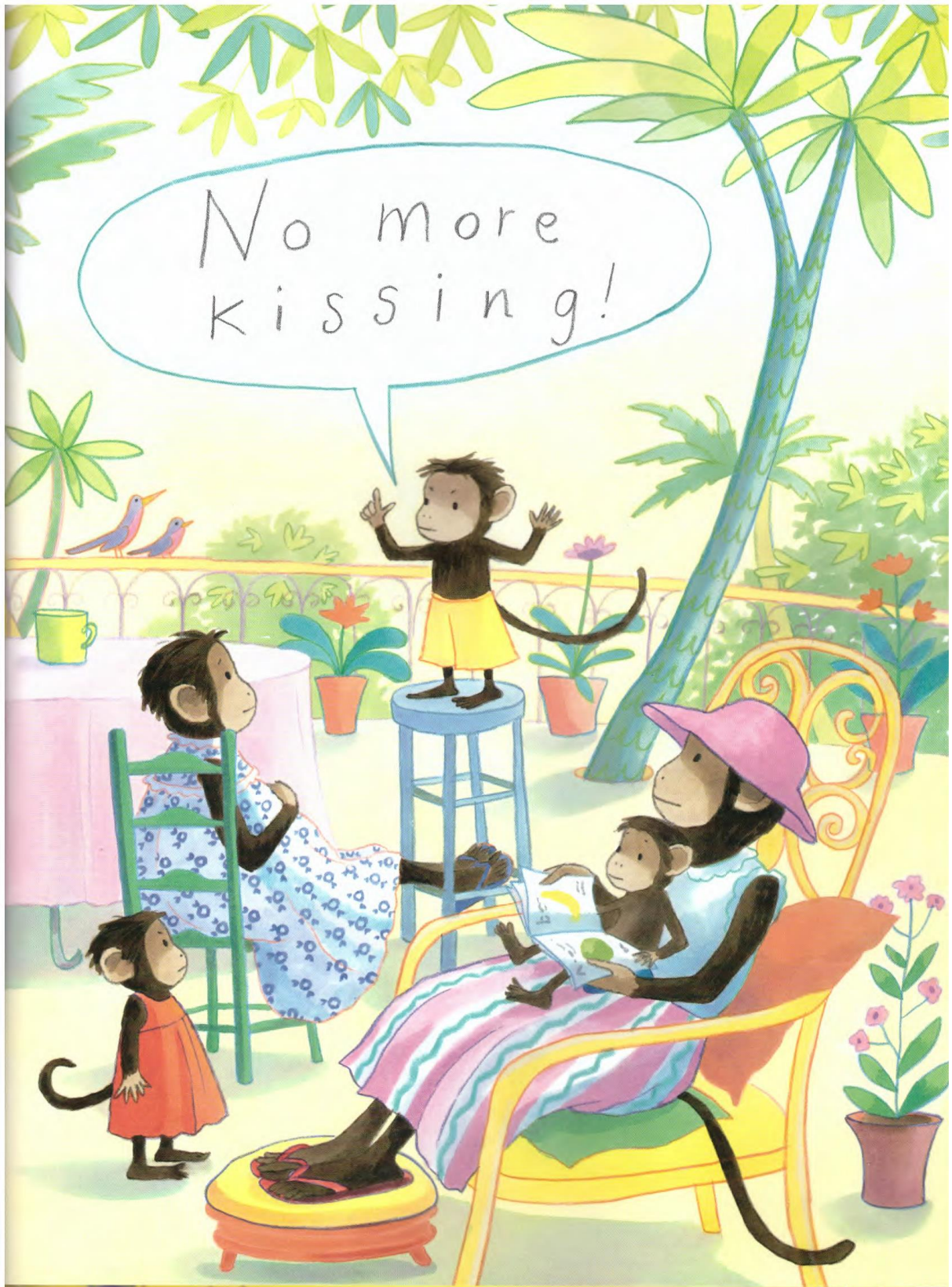
...but not ME!

My mum is always telling us to kiss
and make up.



I've told all my
family – my mum,
my dad, my grandma,
all my cousins, my
uncle and my aunts...





But it makes



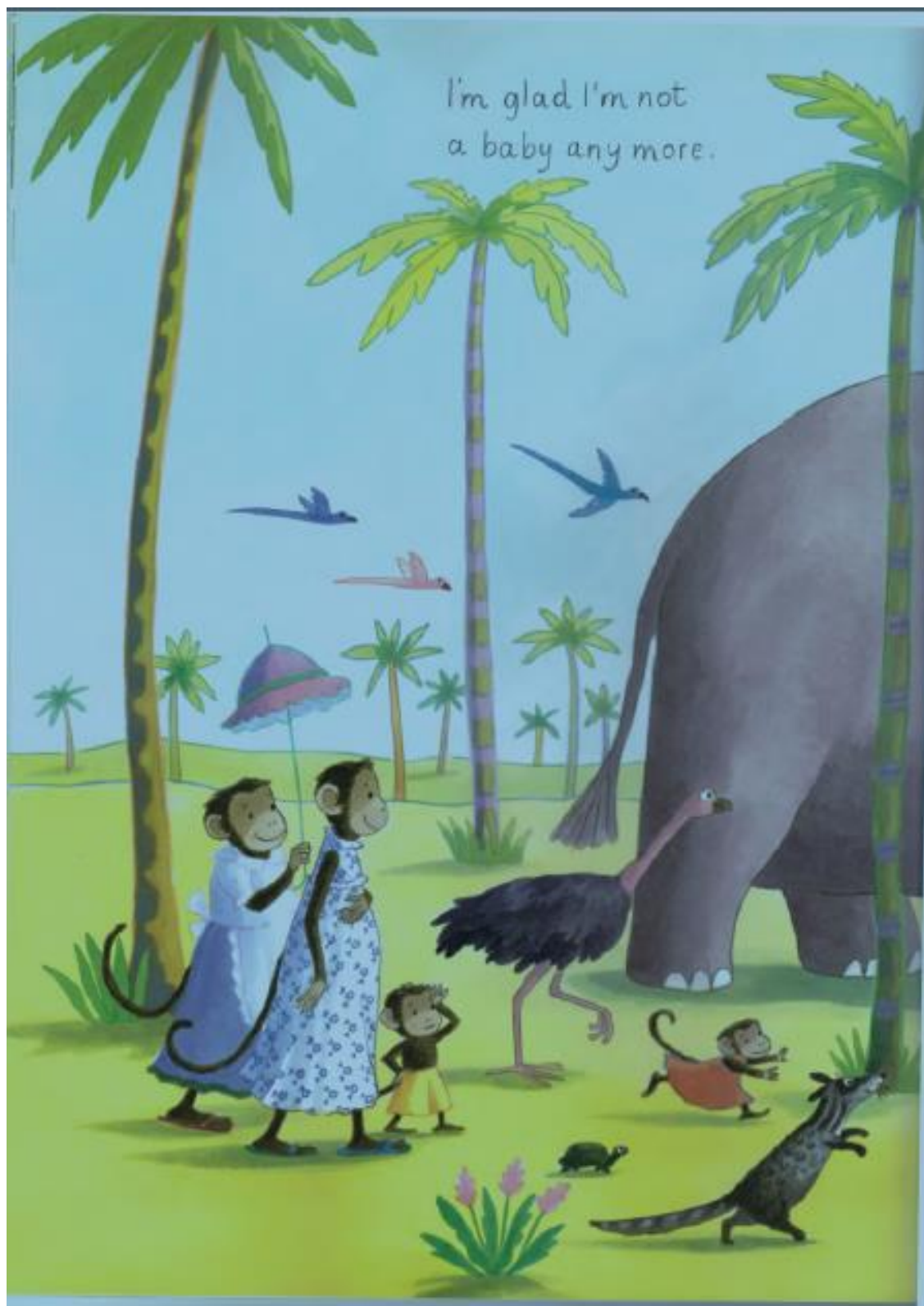
no difference



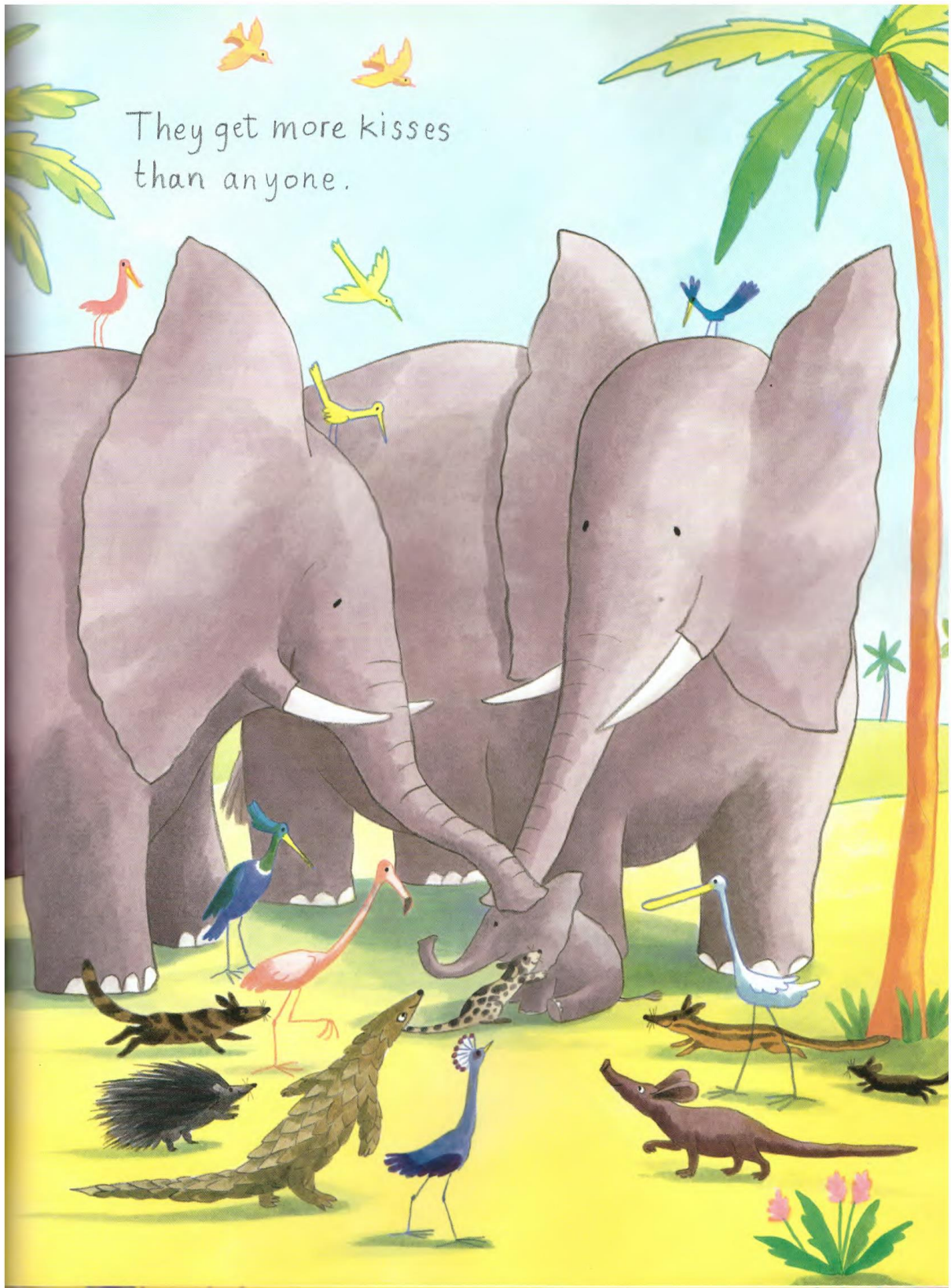


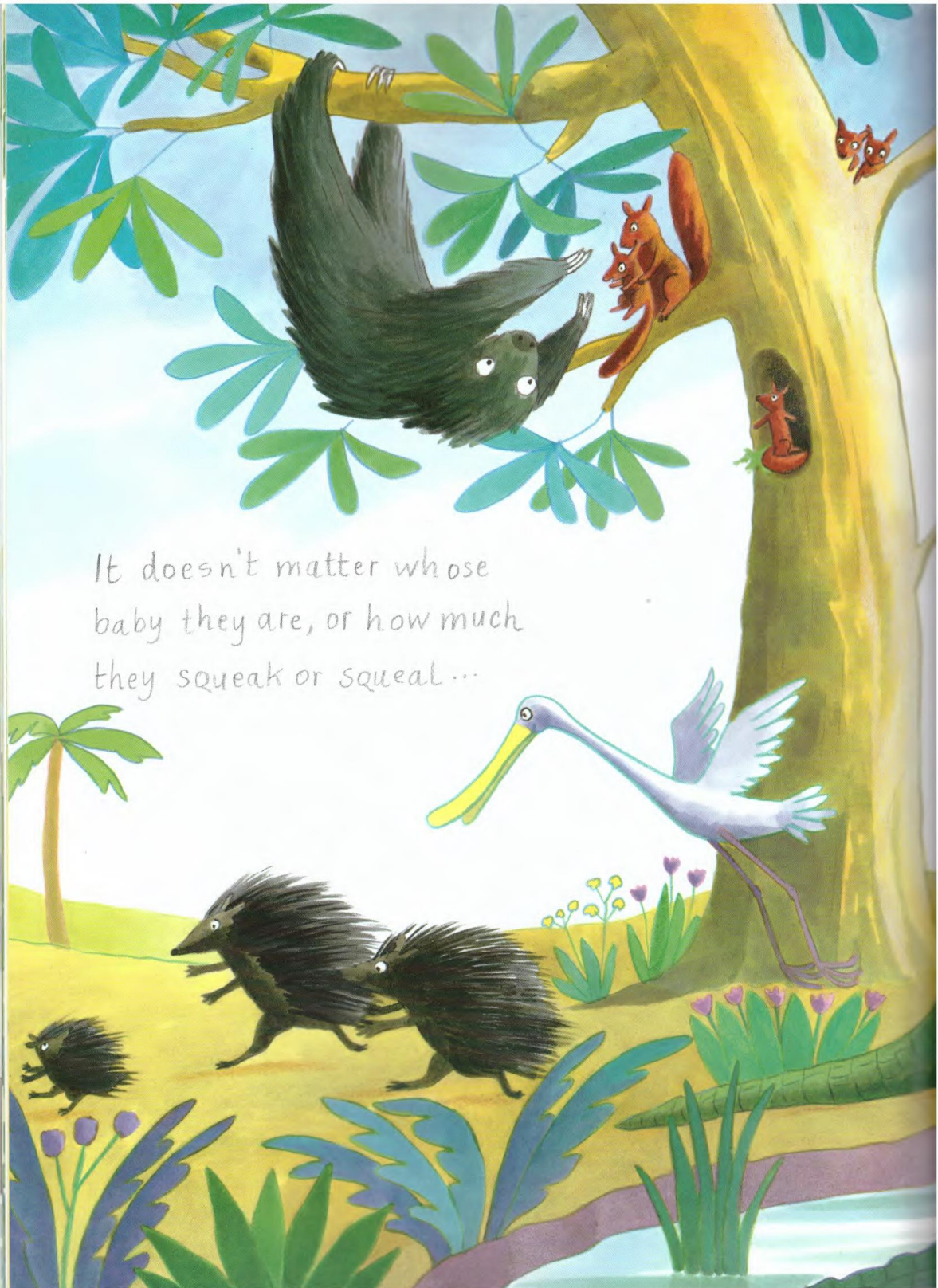
at all!

I'm glad I'm not
a baby any more.

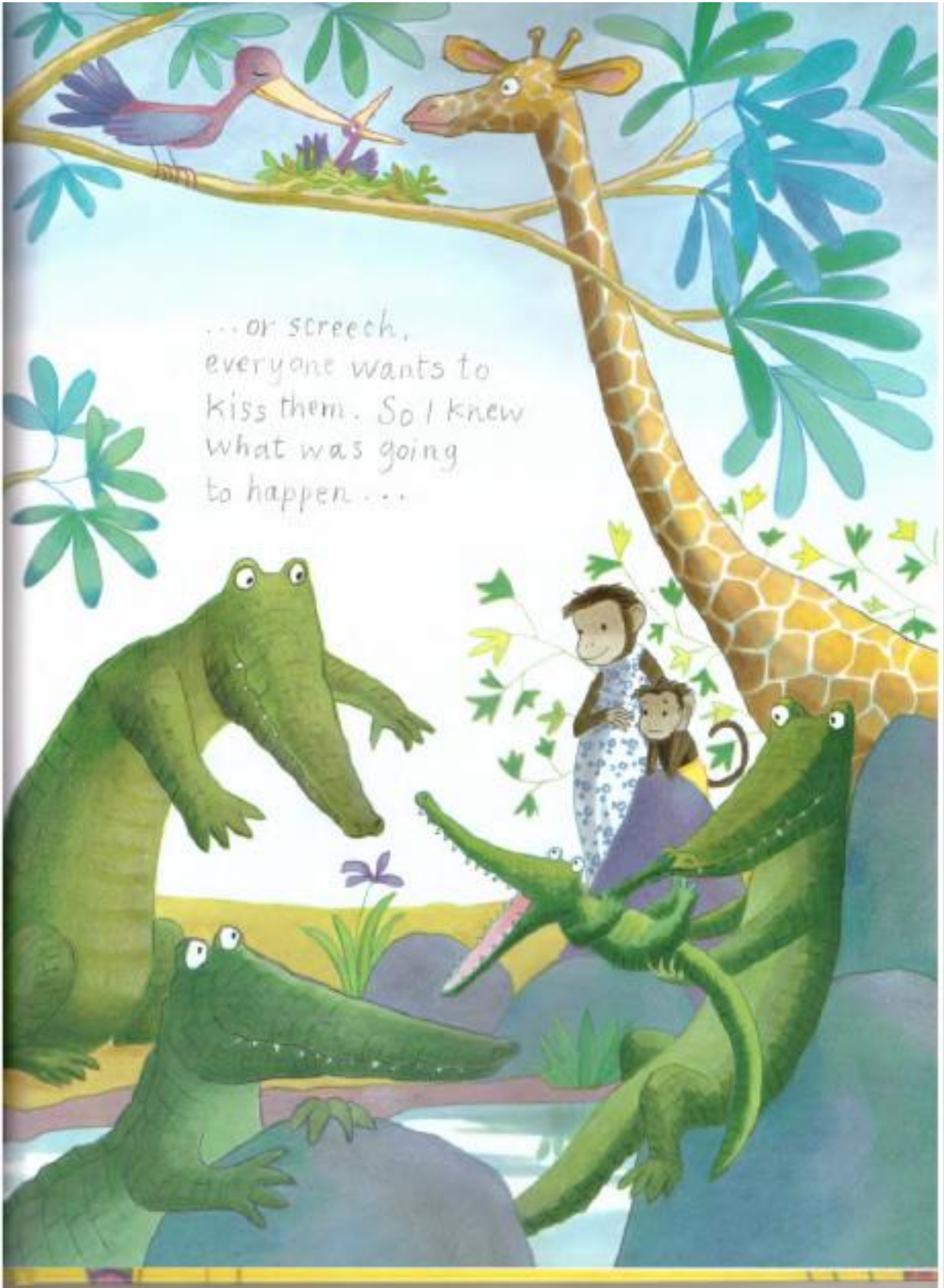


They get more kisses
than anyone.



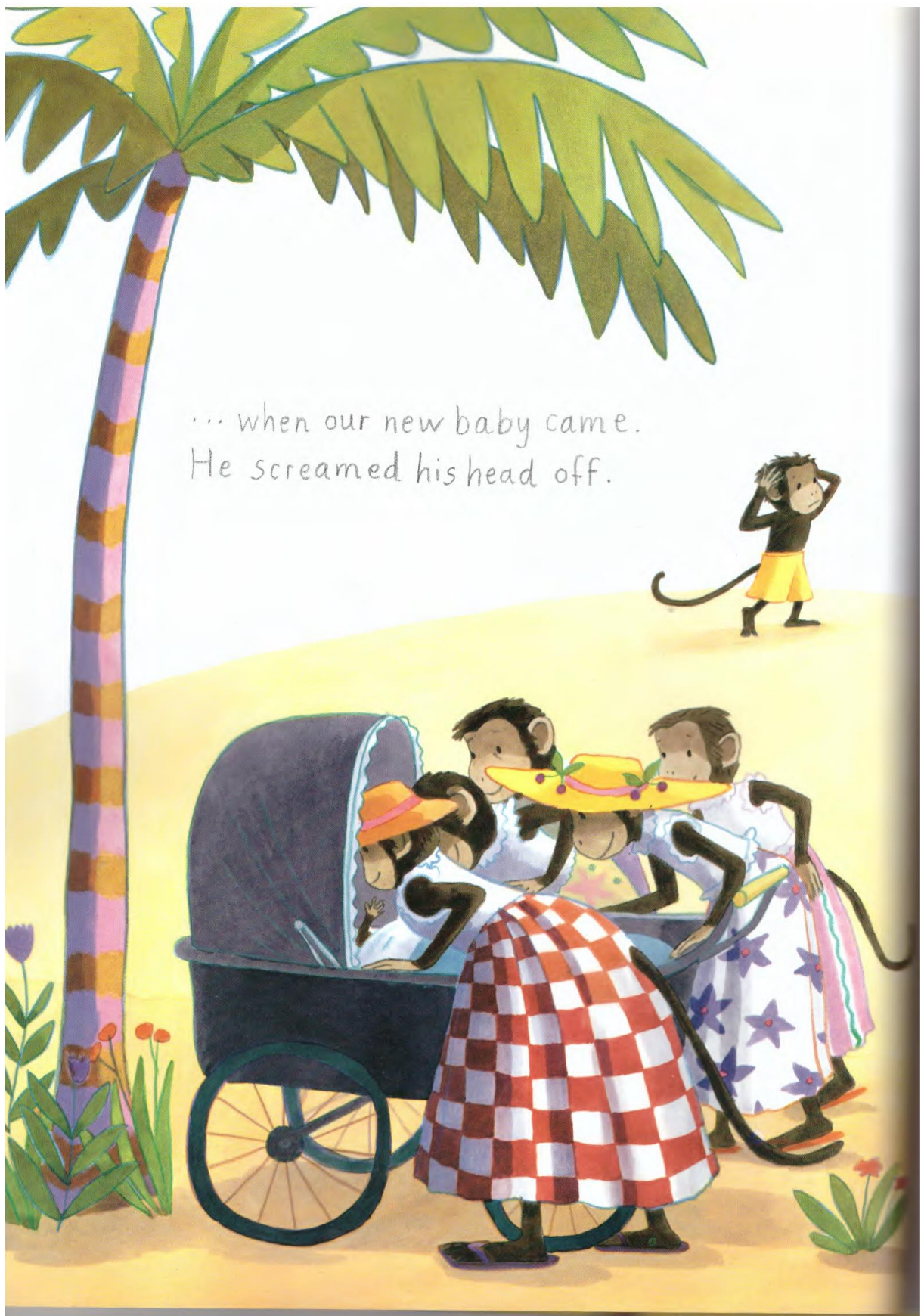


It doesn't matter whose
baby they are, or how much
they squeak or squeal...



...or screech,
everyone wants to
kiss them. So I knew
what was going
to happen...

... when our new baby came.
He screamed his head off.

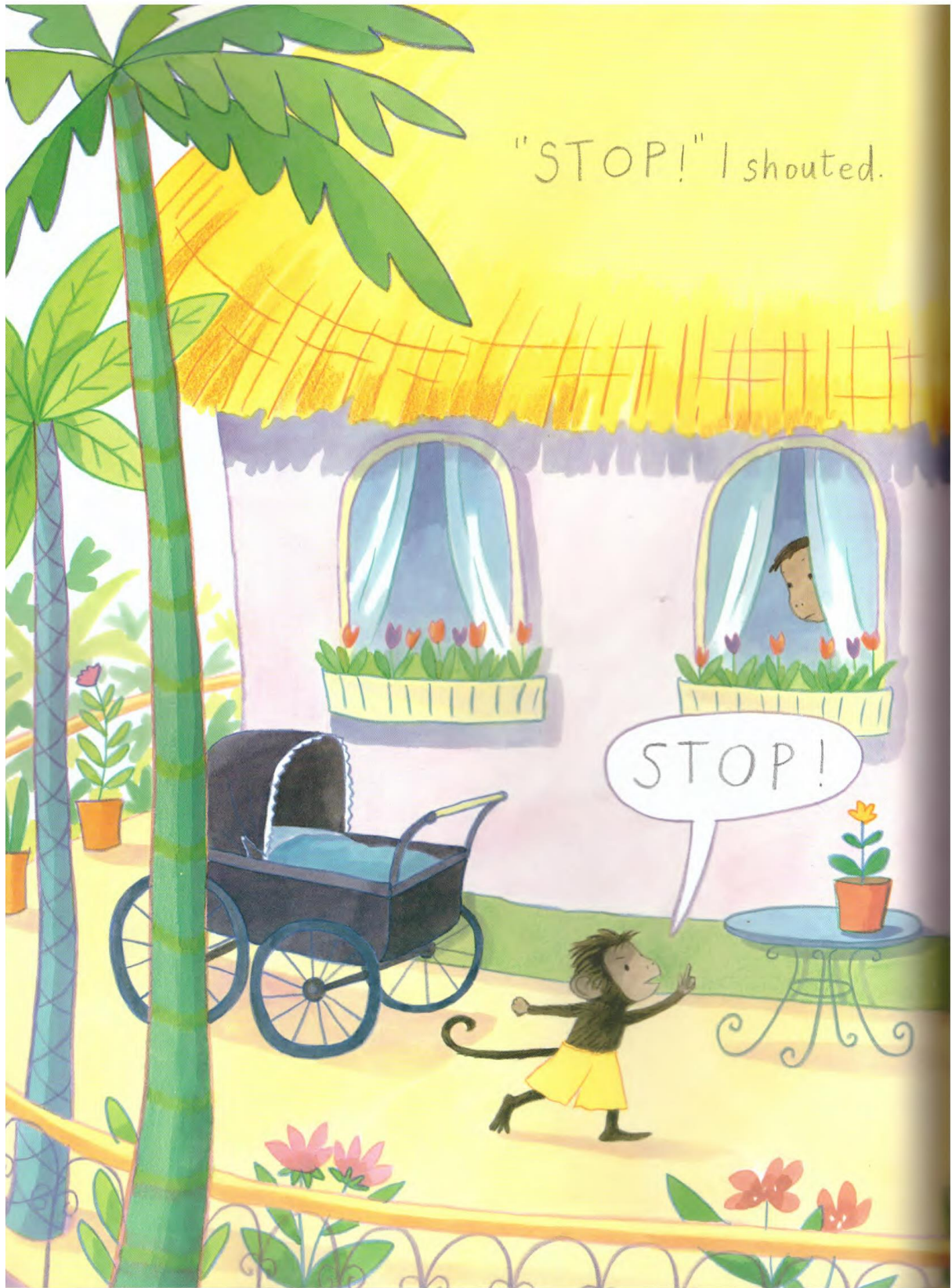




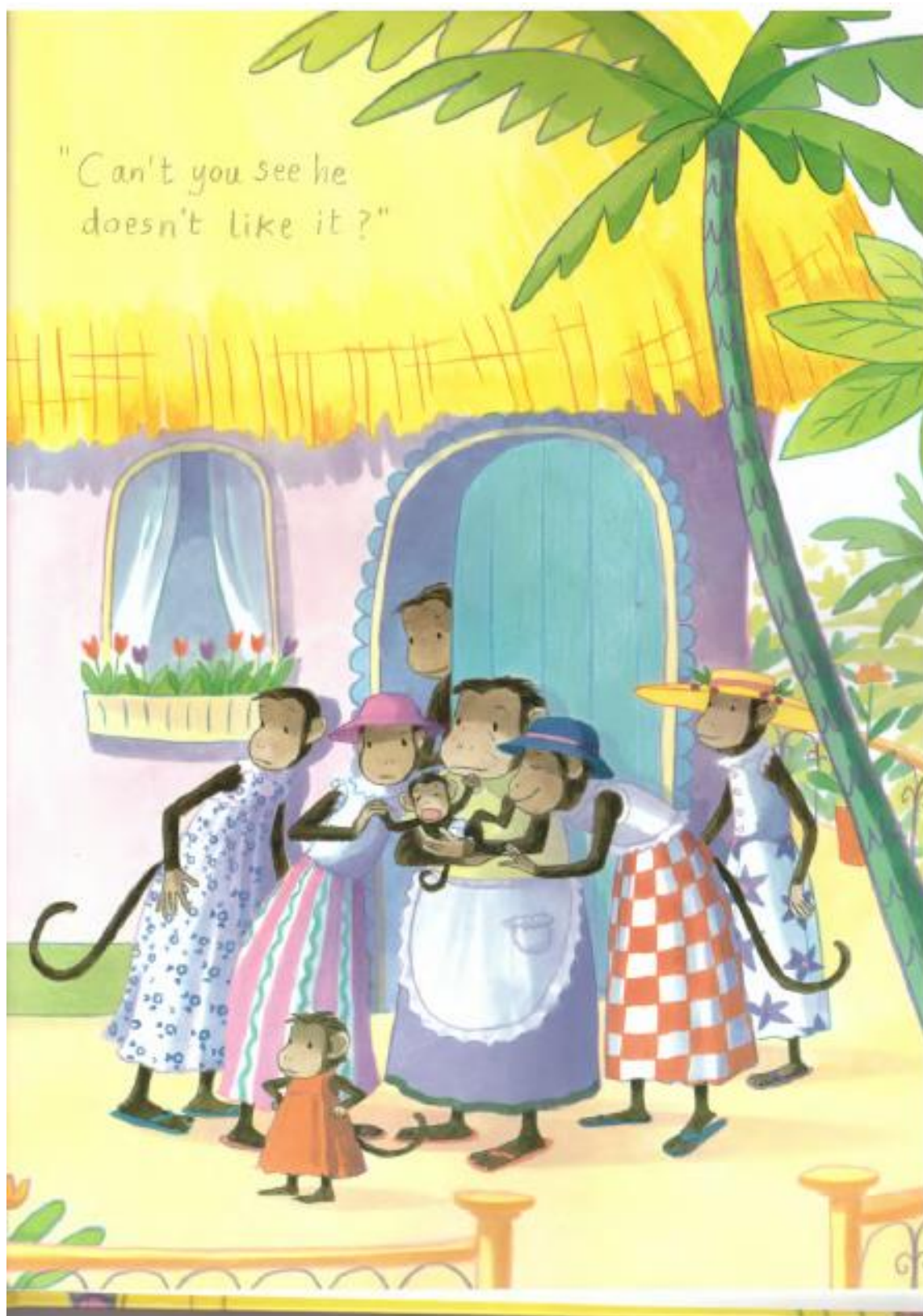
The more they kissed him,
the more he screamed.
The more he screamed,
the more they kissed him.

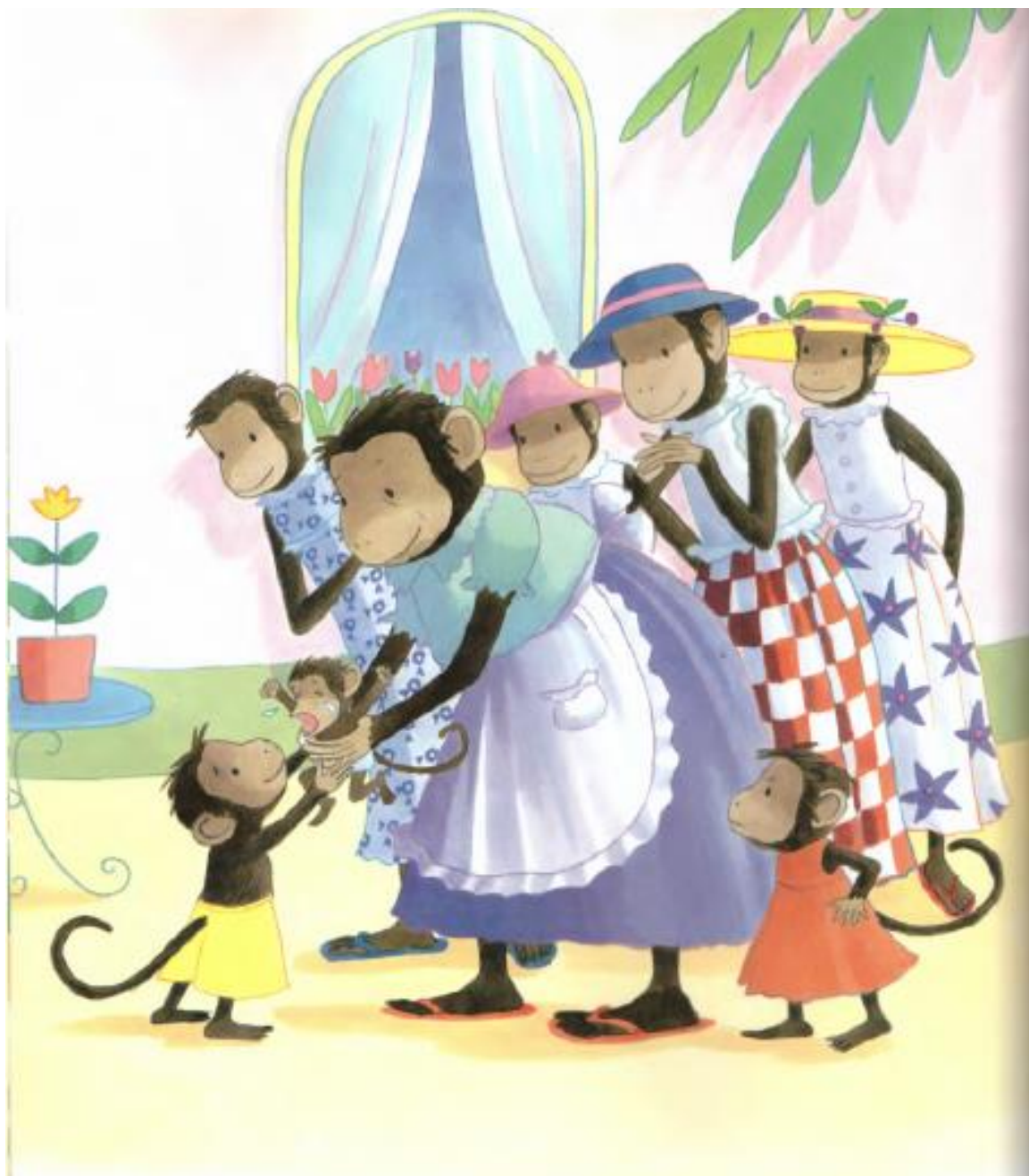


"STOP!" I shouted.



"Can't you see he
doesn't like it?"





"Perhaps you'd like to hold him?"
asked my grandma.



First, I showed him my aeroplane,
but he just cried.



Next, I made funny faces,
but he cried even more.
Then, I juggled some bananas.





He cried and cried and cried.
Now what shall I do? I wondered.
"What's the matter, little Brother?"
His eyes popped open.
We looked at each other, eye to eye.





"Little brother," I said, and he smiled.
And then a weird thing happened,
by mistake I think. I kissed him.



It was lucky no one was looking.