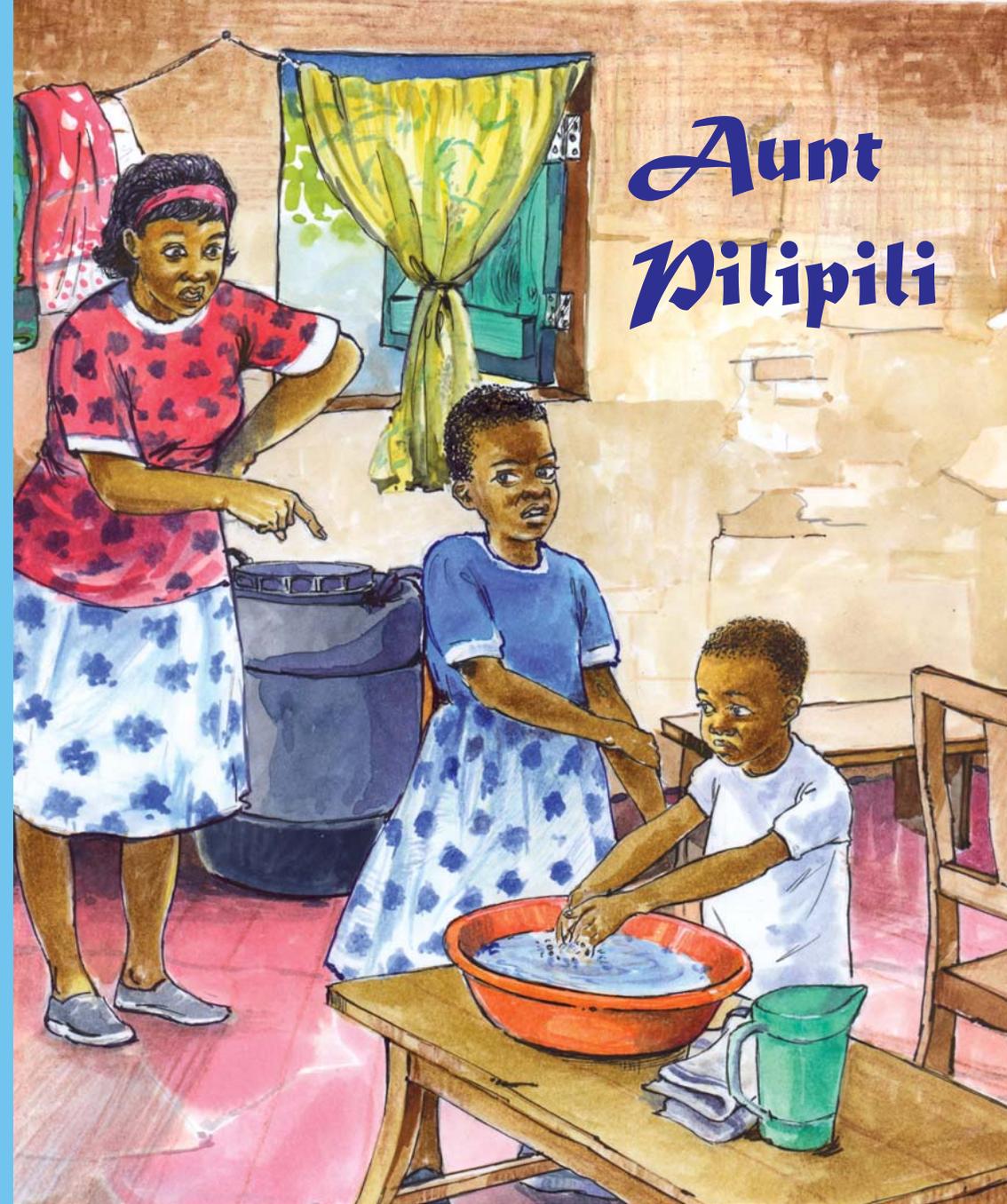
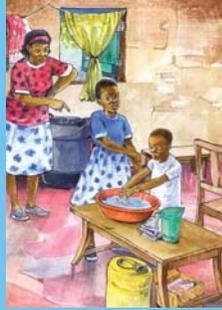


Aunt Pilipili

Mr. and Mrs. Ambache travel and leave their young children in the hands of their aunt, Pilipili. The two young children, Ambere and Ndiso, at first dread their Aunt. They find her strict and forbidding. Everything seems to be taboo until they find out that actually... their Aunt isn't as bad as they thought she was.



HS Number: HS/1073/08E
ISBN Number:(Volume) 978-92-1-132067-1
ISBN Number(Series): 92-1-131923-4

UN HABITAT

United Nations Human Settlements Programme
P.O. Box 30030, GPO Nairobi 00100, Kenya
Tel: +254 20 762 3120 Fax: +254 20 762 3477
E-mail: infohabitat@unhabitat.org www.unhabitat.org


MACMILLAN
KENYA



UN HABITAT
FOR A BETTER URBAN FUTURE

UN-HABITAT Series on Water and Sanitation
for Upper Primary

Water and Sanitation Reader

Aunt Pilipili

DISCLAIMER

The designations employed and the presentation of material in this publication do not imply the expression of any opinion whatsoever on the part of the secretariat of the United Nations concerning the legal status of any county, territory, city or area or its authorities, or concerning the delimitation of its frontiers or boundaries regarding its economic system or degree of development. Excerpts may be reproduced without authorisation, on condition that the source is indicated. Views expressed in this publication do not necessarily reflect those of the United Nations Human Settlements Programme, the United Nations and its member states.

Copyright © United Nations Human Settlements Programme
(UN-HABITAT), 2009

Illustrations © Macmillan Kenya Publishers

First published 2009

Published by

United Nations Human Settlements Programme (UN-HABITAT)

P.O. Box 30030, Nairobi 00100, Kenya

Tel +254 20 762 3120

Fax +254 20 762 3477

www.unhabitat.org

HS Number: HS/1073/08E

ISBN Number:(Volume) 978-92-1-132067-1

ISBN Number(Series): 92-1-131923-4

All rights reserved

Principal author: Ngumi Kibera

Editorial: Macmillan Kenya Publishers

Design and layout: Blue Eyes Ltd

Co-publishers: UN-HABITAT and Macmillan Kenya Publishers

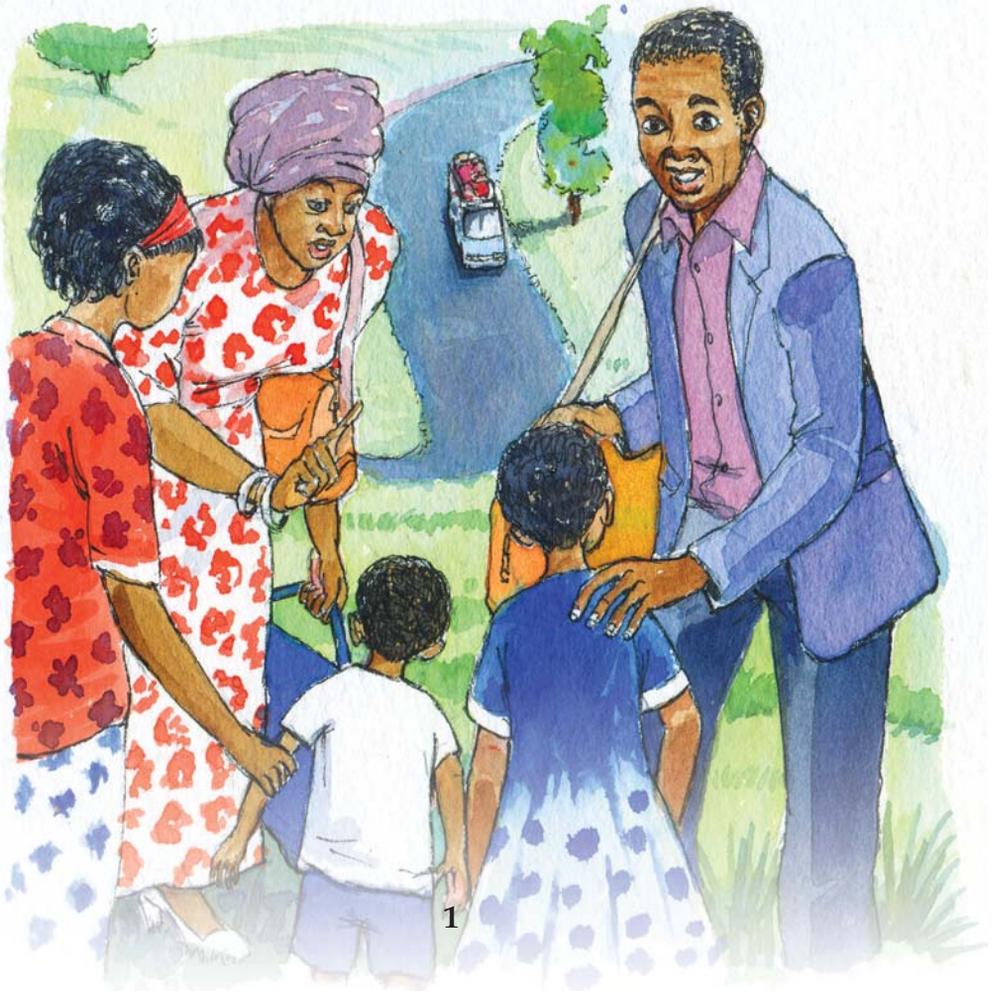
Printed by

2012 2011 2010 2009

8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

The bus came, Mr. and Mrs. Ambache got in. They were going to visit Mrs. Ambache's sick mother in another town. They would be there for three weeks.

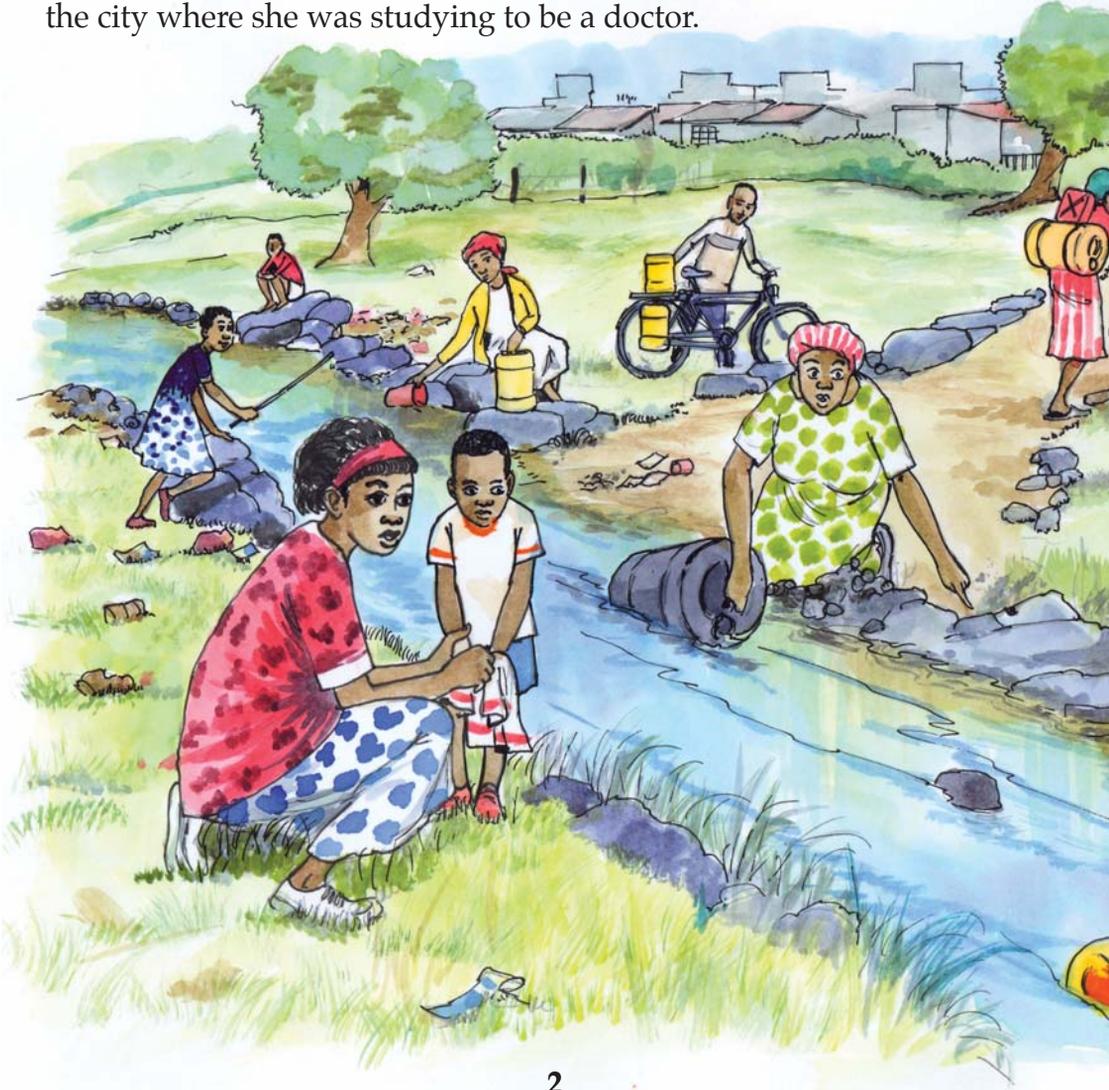
"Well, bye bye and be good," they both said, trying to look cheerful, but they were sad to be leaving their young children.



Ambere, the girl, was aged seven, and Ndiso, the boy, was aged only two and a half.

“Bye bye mum and dad!” Ambere and Ndiso said, waving back.

“Don’t give Aunt Pilipili any trouble, okay?” Mrs. Ambache added. Pilipili was her younger sister who had just arrived from the city where she was studying to be a doctor.



“Yes, mummy!” the children said. Mr. and Mrs. Ambache waved to Pilipili and the children as the bus started moving until it disappeared down the dusty road.

The children watched the bus disappearing down the road and felt sad. Ndiso looked as if he might even start crying.

“Let’s go home and make some nice tea and *mandazis*. Would you like some?” Pilipili asked, and Ndiso’s face turned happy.

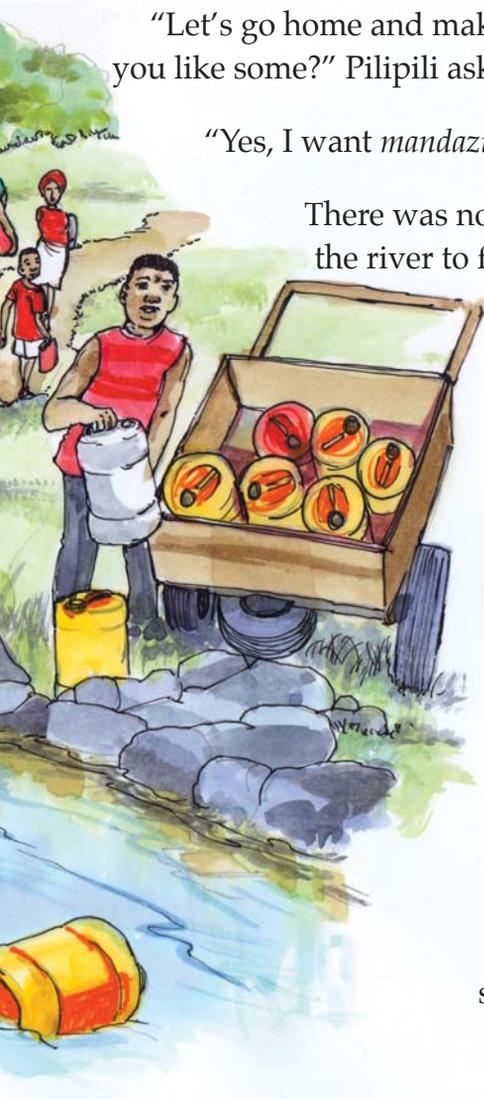
“Yes, I want *mandazis*!” he said excitedly.

There was no water in the house. Pilipili had to go to the river to fetch some.

She took two jerrycans and started walking to the river. Then she remembered how Ndiso liked playing with dangerous things, even with the dirty mud. She decided to take him and Ambere with her.

There were many people drawing water at the river and carrying it home in buckets and jerrycans. Pilipili looked at the dirty river water worriedly. She would have to make sure she boiled it before drinking.

As Pilipili scooped water into the jerrycans, Ambere saw tadpoles swimming at the edge of the river. She



left little Ndiso alone and took a stick. She started scaring the tadpoles by beating the water. She enjoyed seeing them rushing away in alarm. Because he was now free, little Ndiso also ran happily to the edge of the water. He felt thirsty. He started scooping some water to drink.

“Watch the child! He’s going to fall into the river!” someone shouted.

Pilipili dropped the jerrycan and grabbed him. She wiped his hands dry and told him not to drink the dirty water.

Someone else shouted. The jerrycan was floating away down the river! Another person leaned forward and grabbed it before it had gone too far.

“What a careless young woman!” someone else said, giving Pilipili an ugly look. Pilipili was hurt, but she said nothing. Little Ndiso had scared her so badly that she was still breathless.

Pilipili walked slowly back to the house with the children because the jerrycans were heavy. She went to the kitchen to start a fire. Mr. and Mrs. Ambache used a *jiko* to cook their food.

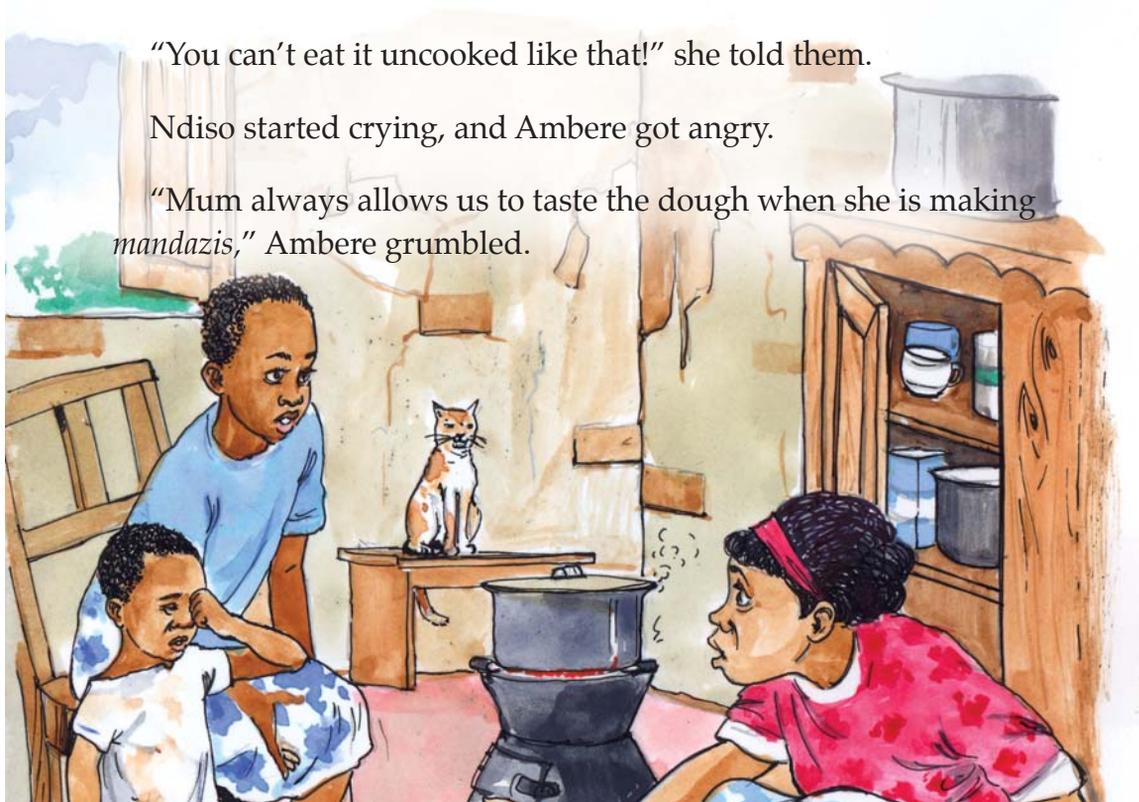
When the *jiko* was ready, she put a pot of water on it to make tea. Then, while waiting for the water to boil, she started beating some eggs in a bowl, adding some sugar, some flour, a little baking powder, and then water.

Ambere and Ndiso wanted to taste some. Ndiso tried to put his hand into the bowl to lick the sugary flour but Pilipili stopped him.

“You can’t eat it uncooked like that!” she told them.

Ndiso started crying, and Ambere got angry.

“Mum always allows us to taste the dough when she is making *mandazis*,” Ambere grumbled.



预览已结束，完整报告链接和二维码如下：

https://www.yunbaogao.cn/report/index/report?reportId=5_19156