

A Tiny Seed

The Story of Wangari Maathai



Nicola Rijdsdijk & Maya Marshak

A Tiny Seed

The Story of Wangari Maathai

This book belongs to







A Tiny Seed

Written by Nicola Rijsdijk

Illustrated by Maya Marshak

Designed by Maya Marshak and Tarryn-Anne Anderson
with the help of the Book Dash participants in Cape Town on
30 August 2014.

ISBN: 978-0-9946519-2-1

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 Licence (<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0/>). You are free to share (copy and redistribute the material in any medium or format) and adapt (remix, transform, and build upon the material) this work for any purpose, even commercially. The licensor cannot revoke these freedoms as long as you follow the following license terms:

Attribution: You must give appropriate credit, provide a link to the license, and indicate if changes were made. You may do so in any reasonable manner, but not in any way that suggests the licensor endorses you or your use.

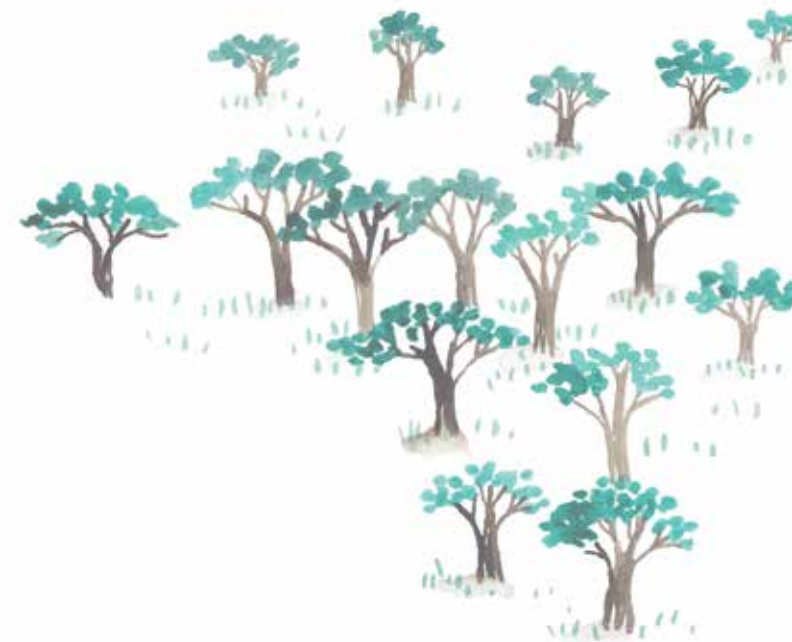
No additional restrictions: You may not apply legal terms or technological measures that legally restrict others from doing anything the license permits.

Notices: You do not have to comply with the license for elements of the material in the public domain or where your use is permitted by an applicable exception or limitation.

No warranties are given. The license may not give you all of the permissions necessary for your intended use. For example, other rights such as publicity, privacy, or moral rights may limit how you use the material.

A Tiny Seed

The Story of Wangari Maathai





In a village on the slopes of Mount Kenya in East Africa, a little girl worked in the fields with her mother. Her name was Wangari.





Wangari loved being outside. In her family's food garden she broke up the soil with her machete. She pressed tiny seeds into the warm earth.





Her favourite time of day was just after sunset.
When it got too dark to see the plants, Wangari
knew it was time to go home.

She would follow the narrow paths through the
fields, crossing rivers as she went.



Wangari was a clever child and couldn't wait to go to school. But her mother and father wanted her to stay and help them at home.

When she was seven years old, her big brother persuaded her parents to let her go to school.

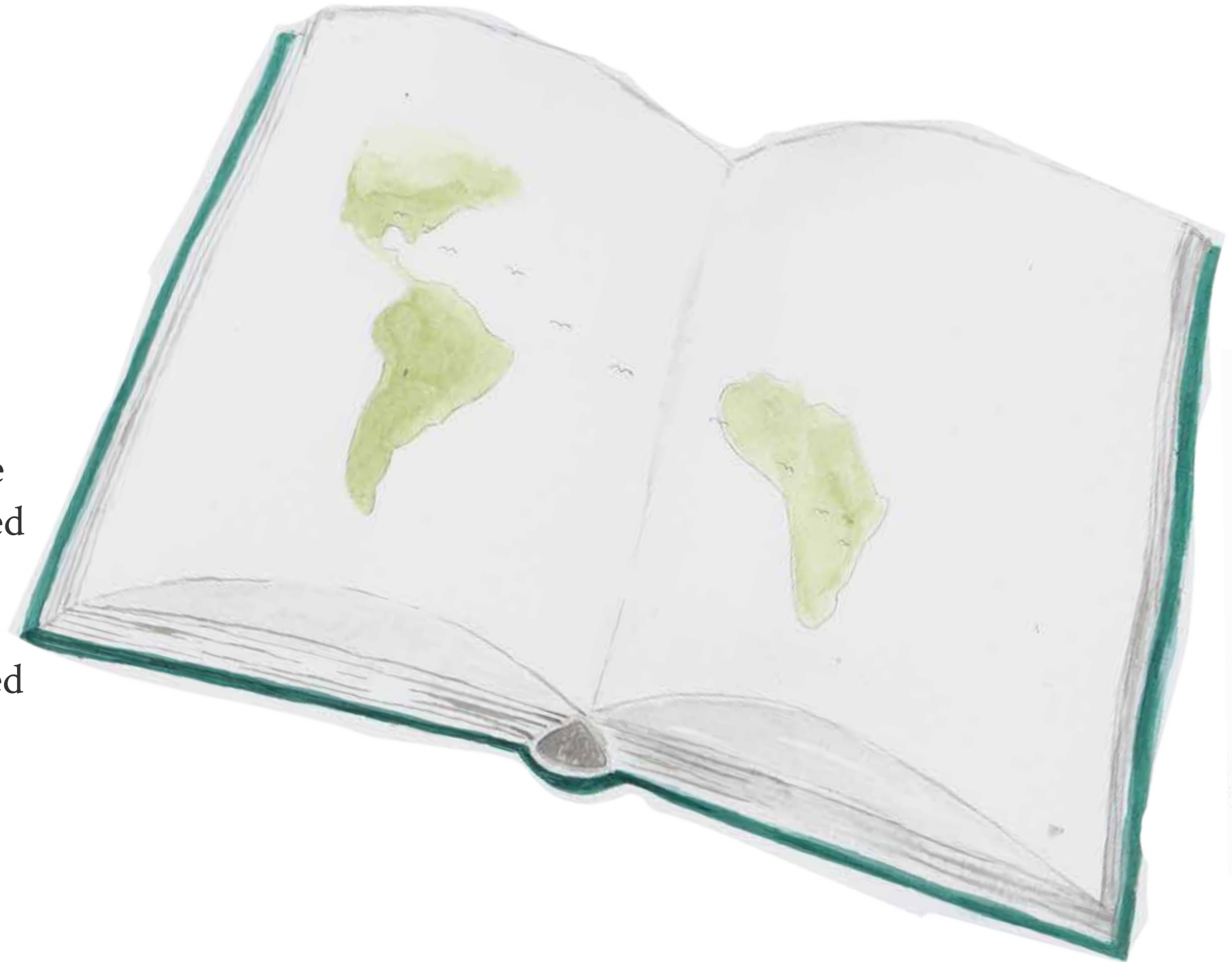


She liked to learn!

Wangari learnt more and more with every book she read.

She did so well at school that she was invited to study in the United States of America.

Wangari was excited! She wanted to know more about the world.





At the American university Wangari learnt many new things. She studied plants and how they grow. And she remembered how *she* grew: playing games with her brothers in the shade of the trees in the beautiful Kenyan forests.





The more she learnt, the more she realised that she loved the people of Kenya. She wanted them to be happy and free.

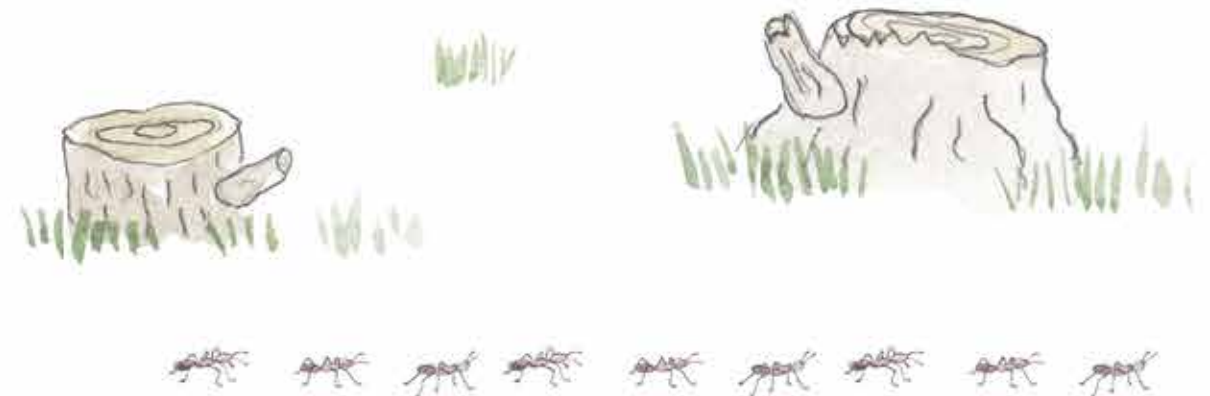
The more she learnt, the more she remembered her African home.





When she had finished her studies, she returned to Kenya. But her country had changed. Huge farms stretched across the land.

Women had no wood to make cooking fires. The people were poor and the children were hungry.





Wangari knew what to do. She taught the women how to plant trees from seeds.

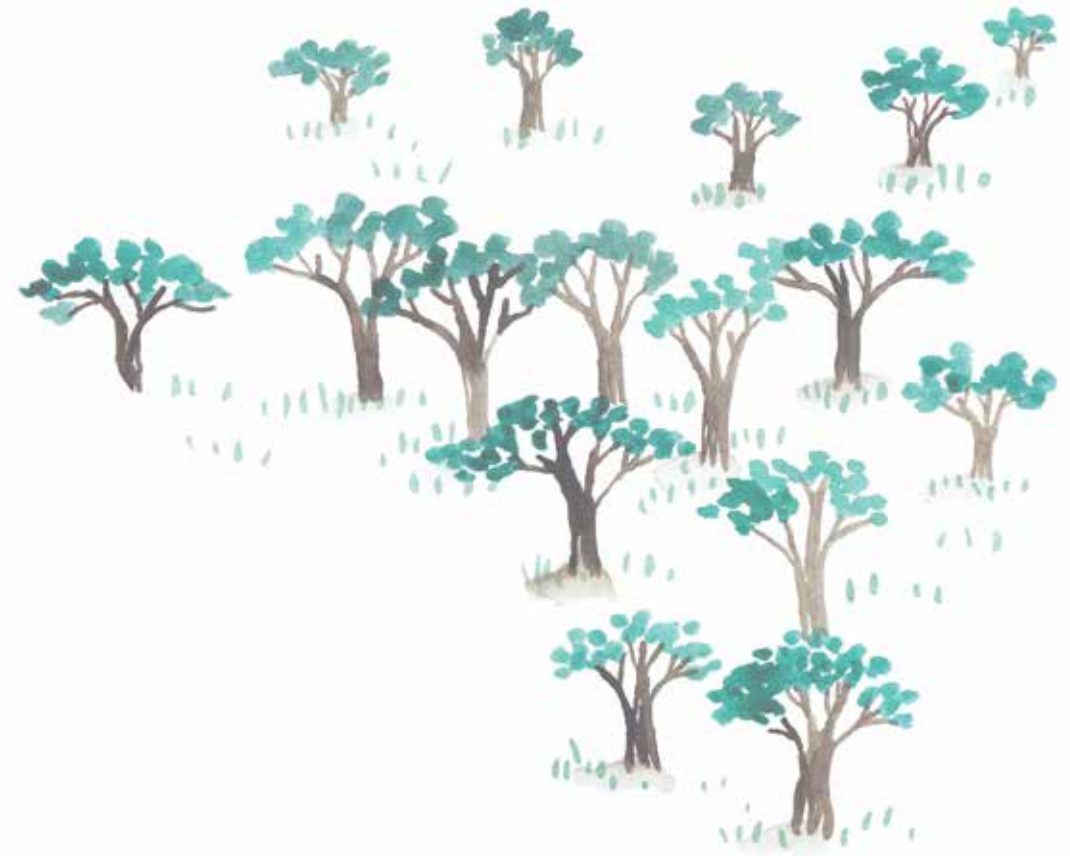
The women sold the trees and used the money to look after their families.

The women were very happy. Wangari had helped them to feel powerful and strong.



As time passed, the new trees grew into forests, and the rivers started flowing again. Wangari's message spread across Africa.

Today, millions of trees have grown from Wangari's seeds.



Wangari had worked hard. People all over the world took notice, and gave her a famous prize. It is called the Nobel Peace Prize, and she was the first African woman ever to receive it.





Wangari died in 2011, but we can think of her every time we see a beautiful tree.





