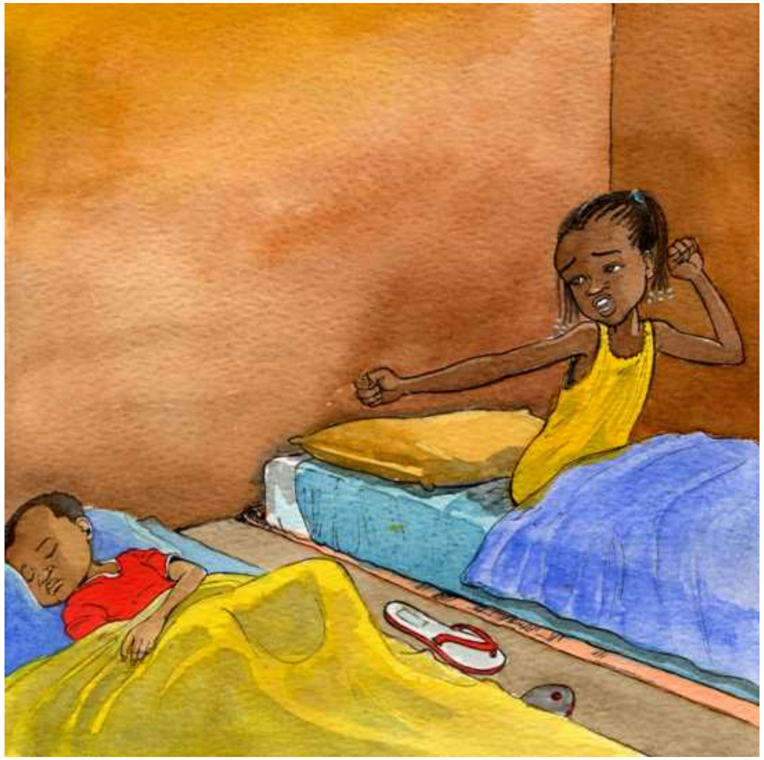
# Tá Zama thar barr!

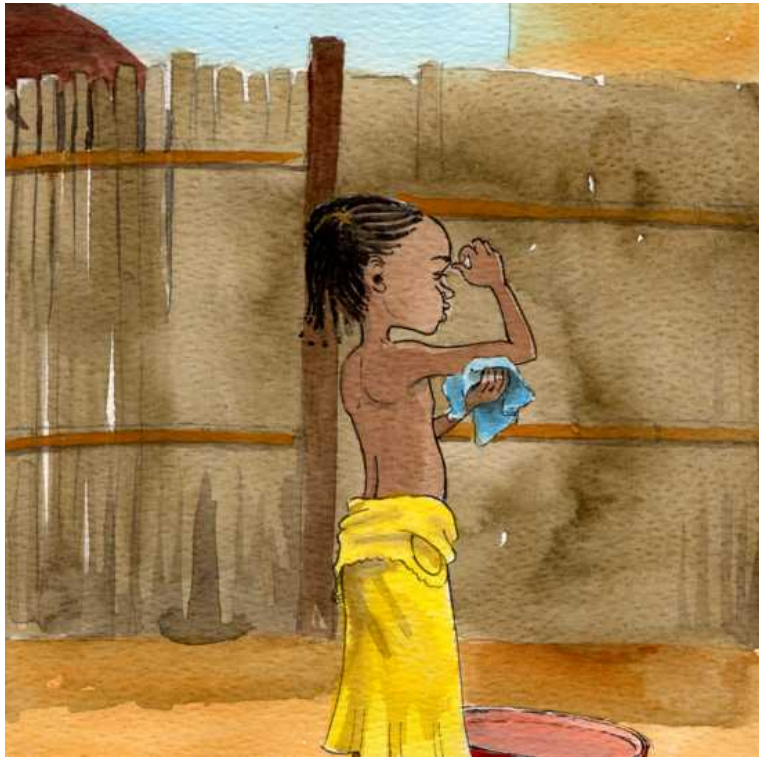
Michael Oguttu
Vusi Malindi
Jacqueline de Brún
2
Gaeilge ga



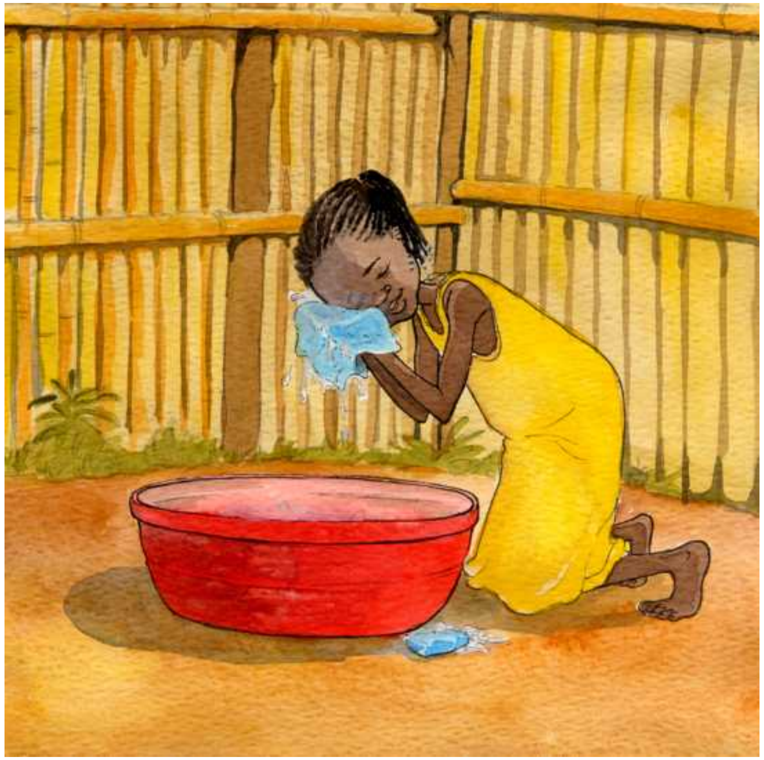
Fanann mo dheartháir beag sa leaba go mall ar maidin. Éirím go luath, mar tá mise thar barr!

Is mise an duine a ligeann an ghrian isteach.

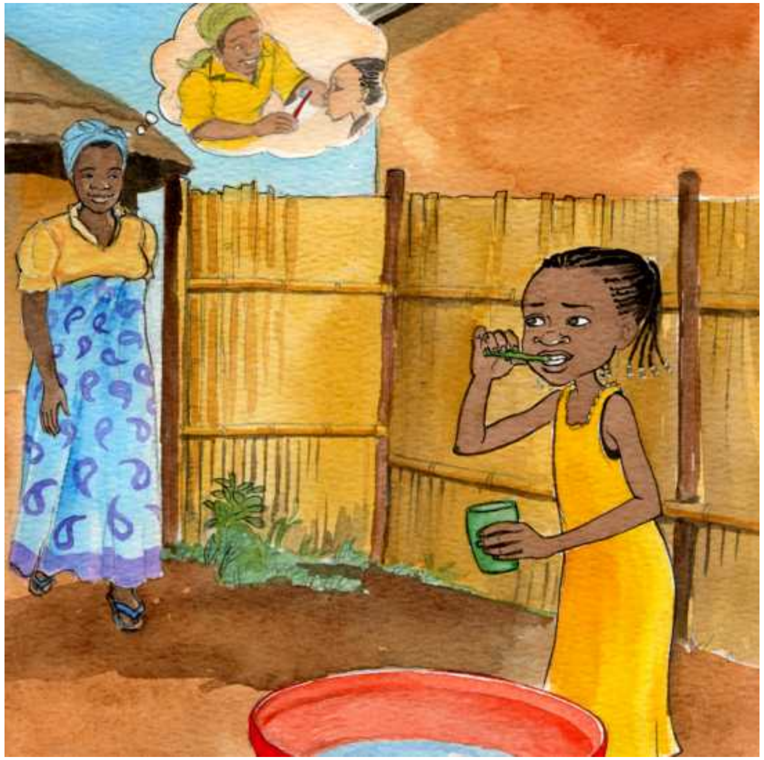
“Is tú réalta na maidine,” arsa Mam.



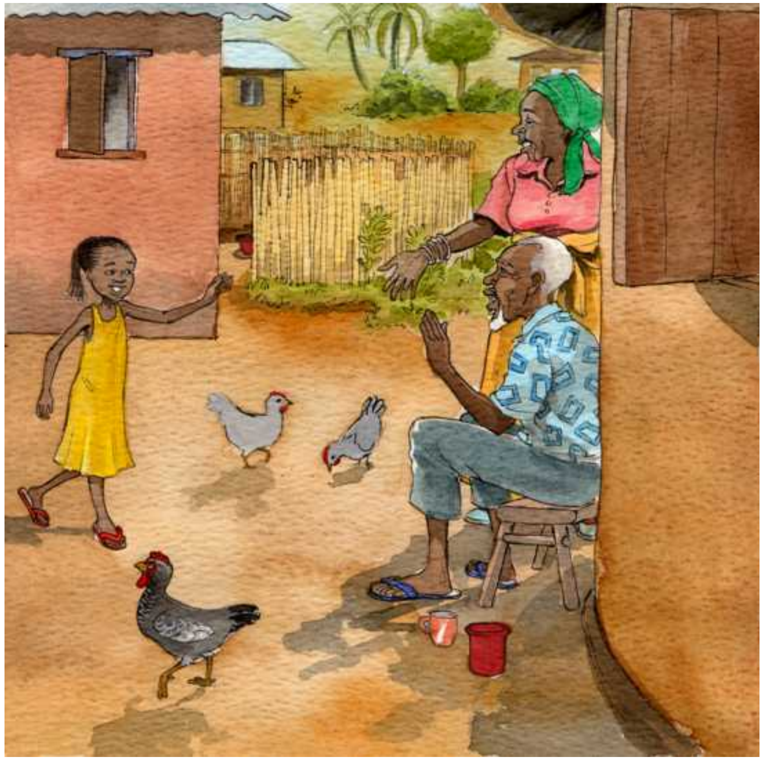
Ním mé féin, níl aon chabhair uaim.



Ní miste liom an t-uisce fuar agus an ghallúnach ghorm bhréan.



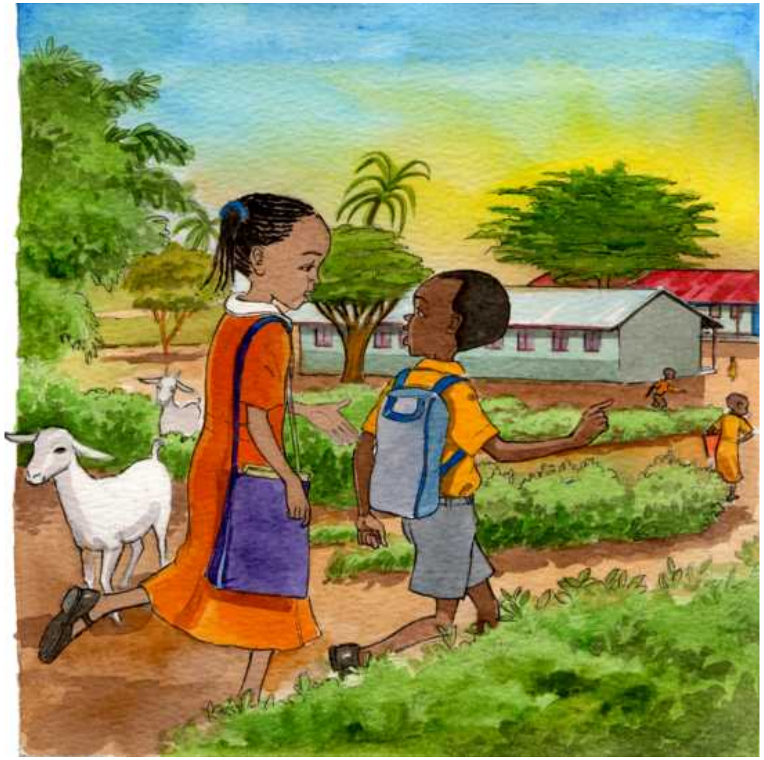
Cuireann Mam i gcuimhne dom, “Ná déan dearmad ar na fiacla.” “Ní dhéanfaidh mé, cinnte!” a fhreagraím.



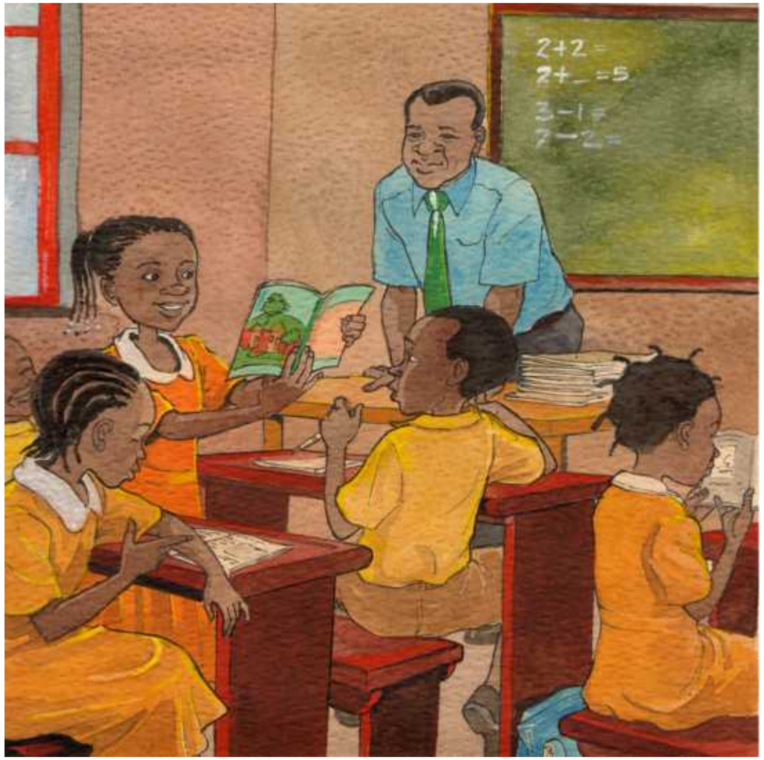
Agus mé nite, tugaim beannachtaí an lae do Dhaideo agus Aintín.

Ansin cuirim orm mo chuid éadaí, “Tá mé mór anois, a Mham,” a deirim.

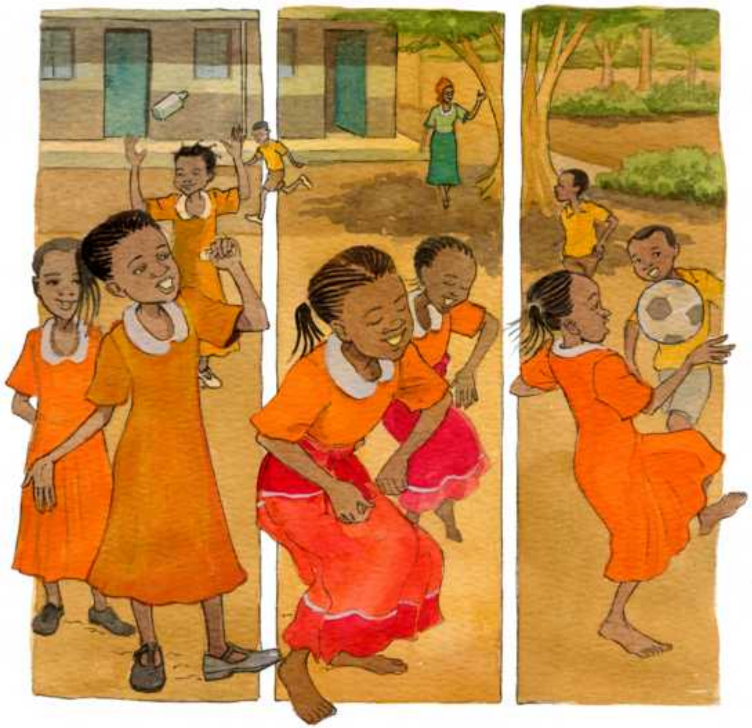
Is féidir liom na cnaipí a dhúnadh agus na búclaí a cheangal.



Déanaim cinnte go bhfuil nuacht na scoile ar eolas ag mo dheartháir beag.




Sa rang déanaim mo dhícheall le gach uile rud.



Déanaim na rudaí seo gach lá. Ach an rud is fearr liom ná súgradh agus spraoi!

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Vusi Malindi
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