

On Read for the Record Day

**OLDER CHILDREN MAY
APPLY!**

We invite all ages to read on RFRD
and to spend time in classrooms
reading together.

We also encourage **older children**
to read to younger children on RFRD.

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How does the **Leatherback** **Literacy poem** by Nneka Edwards **connect to the Quackers** **Story?**

*The poem **Leatherback Literacy** describes the strength and resiliency of a turtle. It describes a journey of self-discovery; just like the cat in **Quackers**. The Leatherback turtle after lots of name calling at school by his friends, realizes that he is smart. He soon becomes comfortable in his own turtle shell and changes his name from **No Brain Jack to Brainy, Brainy Mac**.*

CAN TURTLES FLY? *I wonder where is a turtle's natural environment...hmm!*

Ask students if there is a special place where they perform their best? Is it at home or school or somewhere else?

Ask students what gives them the motivation to perform their best?

**HINT: READ THE
PROLOGUE FIRST AND
THEN THE POEM**



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Leatherback Turtle Prologue

by Nneka Edwards

I am as old as the age of the earth

So give my wisdom wide, wide berth

I am slow for I am patient, as patient as time

Though, in my natural environment ... I fly!

I have cried an ocean of teardrop tears

That have channeled my mortal, human fears

Into a patient trust in the Timeless One

And the enduring soul He builds into His faithful sons

It is my patience that makes me profound

And I so I can dive deep, deep, deep down

Into the wisdom of God and great mysteries

Older than man, and older than the sea

Leatherback Literacy

by Nneka Edwards

You can just feel free to call me Leatherback
Mac 'Cause I sport blue jeans and a cool leather jack
I've got lots of swag, but I can promise I'm no fool
Though many people thought I was a dunce in school!

When I was still quite small I was a pretty shy child
I was kinda insecure; my temperament was mild
And I lugged around a great big burden on my back
Of all the kids in school, I was the slowest in the pack

Teacher scribbled on the blackboard all throughout the day

When all I really wanted was to go outside and play
I tried so hard to focus but never could keep track
And teacher always flicked her whip with a horrifying crack

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I was always diving deep into a sea of dreamy thought
Teacher loved to say I would amount to less than nought
And that whatever I became, I was sure to be a quack
Because all she saw in me was one big assinine Jack

When I swam about the sea seeking yummy treats delish
I couldn't tell the plastic floating bags from juicy jellyfish
You see, I couldn't read the labels; I would just think "Ack!"
"I hope this meal is an-edible-won't-kill-me kind of snack!"

I tried to learn my ABCs but never read too well
I couldn't do that much of Math and couldn't really spell
I longed to sink to the ocean-floor in a boulder-laden sack
When the children named me 'maimful' names like "No-Brain Jack."

My teacher even put a pointy hat upon my head
She made me sound it out and pronounce what it said
D-U-H, D-U-H, Duh-nce I read the pointed plaque
My heart drooped right down; those words slammed into me whack!

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So I hid out in my shell and I refused to venture out
I knew I was a nothing – a fact I could not doubt
Just to think a thought was more like lifting up a yak
I just kept thinking to myself: you have no brain, Jack!

No brain Jack! No brain Jack!
You're a joke; you're a gaffe
You're just good for a laugh
You're a thick leatherback!
No brain Jack! No-brain Jack!

When I got to high school, I used to drag my feet to class
After all I was a donkey; all agreed I was an ass.
Still, making people laugh was where my 'talent' didn't lack
So I turned into a clown for which I really had a knack
'd cause lots of drama and find ways to dive and dodge
I'd distract, put on an act, and that's where I would lodge
All my teachers said I was as winsome as a tack
Every week they'd stretch me out across their scolding rack

No brain Jack! No brain Jack!
You're a joke; you're a laugh
You're a zero, you're a nought
You can't learn what you're taught
You're a thick leatherback!
No-brain Jack! No-brain Jack!

But one thing no one knew about this classroom clown
Was that I loved to draw and paint to help me not feel down
I used to hole up in my shell - my lonely little shack
And dab colours everywhere – green and blue and black
My art made me so happy that I painted all my books
And every page I proudly pinned on pretty little hooks
One day a playful breeze picked up a leaf just coming slack
And it landed in the art room right in front of Teacher Hack
“What is this!” she loud exclaimed and gave a joyful cry
This is simply brilliant! O me! O my! O my!
This is Einstein genius that should grace an almanac!
I see the artist signed his name: No-Brain Leatherback!

Well to make a story shorter, let me simply say
 People came to realize I was brighter than the day!
 I was offered extra lessons and stopped getting all that flack
 Instead of chalkboard boredom, teachers taught me from a Mac

I learnt to read and spell in ways far more full of fun
 And I even graduated as the valedictorian
 No more did we call me “No-brain, No-Brain Leatherback”
 I stayed in school and went right through the education track

My name, my name, my name, my name
 Is Brainy Brainy Mac
 I’m a pretty cool, cerebral dude – a clever leatherback
 Be careful labels that you use to verbally attack
 I was never really slow or dead back of the pack.
 So if a turtle should seem slow, call him “Speedy Zack!”

By

Nneka Edwards www.nnekaedwards.com

**ENCOURAGE CHILDREN TO SHARE
 THEIR THOUGHTS ABOUT THE POEM**

**Do you like Leatherback Turtle’s
 New Name?**

**Have you ever had an experience like
 Brainy Brainy Mac?**

**Let’s hear all about it or ask them to write
 about it.**