

# CHARLIE'S LESSON

By Norah



# 1001

Our storytelling program, 1001 Stories, brings meaningful learning to some of the hardest to reach populations around the world. We aim to facilitate the creation, development, and gathering of 1001 empowering stories from every participating local community.

Children love to tell stories. However, in many places in the world, their creative voices are rarely heard or cultivated. The 1001 Stories Program conducts storytelling workshops that build on children's natural potential to become original storytellers. Through the 1001 Stories Program, children are empowered while their literacy skills are developed.

When integrated with technologies, these stories become an effective tool for literacy by growing reading and writing skills grounded in local languages and local themes in underserved areas worldwide.

NORAH NASIPWINDI

## Personal responsibility

Ordinary people wake up in ordinary ways. They open their eyes, roll off their beds and step out. But Charlie did not consider himself to be an ordinary boy. His style of waking up was strange. First, he rolled off the bed with his eyes still closed so as to enjoy those last sweet seconds of sleep. He extended his hands and waved them across his face like windscreen wipers. That is how he ensured he did not bump into any object and hurt his young agile muscles. He was a later riser but when it came to his safety, he knew that it was his personal responsibility.

That morning, Charlie went through his waking up ritual slowly. Tiredness was camping in every muscle and every limb. He was sure that he was tired but his mother called. A good breakfast always cured this. Charlie believed that it was his personal responsibility for good health.

# Norah



Charlie had just sunk his teeth into the bread when it was supposed to be the... Charlie rushed madly along waddling to keep from being noticed by the people of this town followed and catching up with news for ten minutes to waste his precious time.

Sweating, he knocked on the big black gate. He thought about the consequences of lateness and felt sad. It was time for him to be accountable.

"What do you want here?" the gateman barked. "I am here to attend Shanto's birthday party," he said, trying to hide his fear.

The gateman observed him. First, he looked at Charlie's head. Charlie remembered that he had not combed his hair. The gateman's eyes then moved to the young man's shirt. Charlie realised that two of the buttons were in the wrong holes.

His morning ritual was unusual—he rolled off his bed with eyes still closed, clinging to those last sweet seconds of sleep. Then, like a pair of lazy windshield wipers, his hands flopped back and forth to clear his path. Safety first, he told himself—this was his way of taking personal responsibility.



Shanto's birthday party! He was supposed to be the Master of Ceremonies — and he was late! Charlie bolted out the door, his schoolbag forgotten. He kept his gaze low, avoiding neighbors who might stop him for chatter.

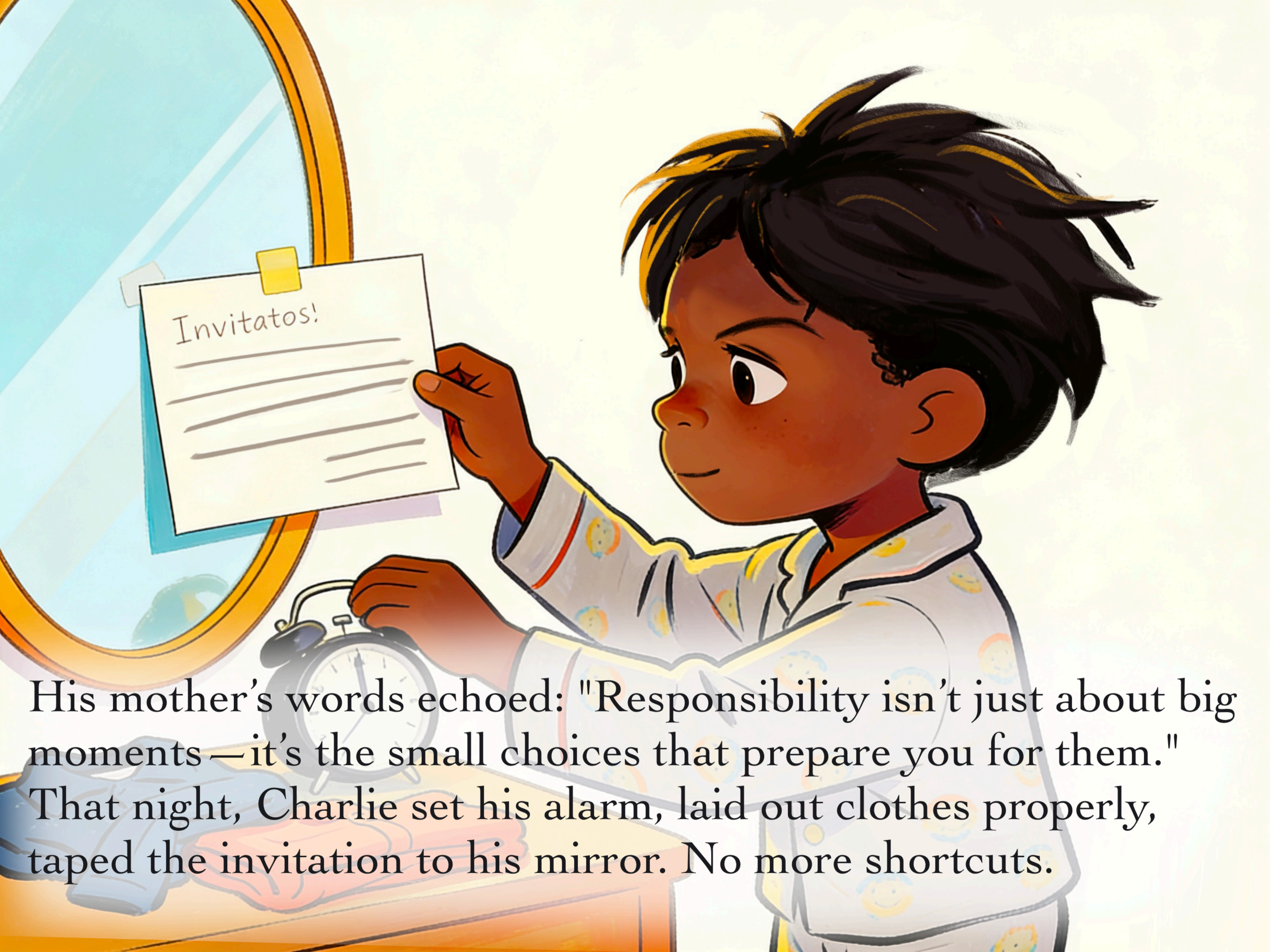


The  
gatemanager's  
sharp eyes  
scanned him  
head to toe.  
Charlie dug  
through his  
pockets — no  
invitation.  
Then he  
groaned. It  
was in  
yesterday's  
jeans.



From inside, laughter and music spilled out. Someone else was already on stage, cracking jokes Charlie had prepared. His chest tightened.





Invitados!

His mother's words echoed: "Responsibility isn't just about big moments — it's the small choices that prepare you for them." That night, Charlie set his alarm, laid out clothes properly, taped the invitation to his mirror. No more shortcuts.