



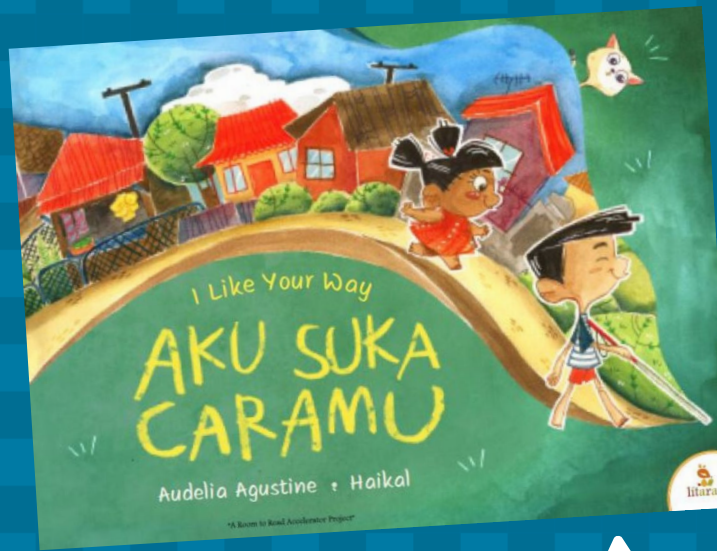
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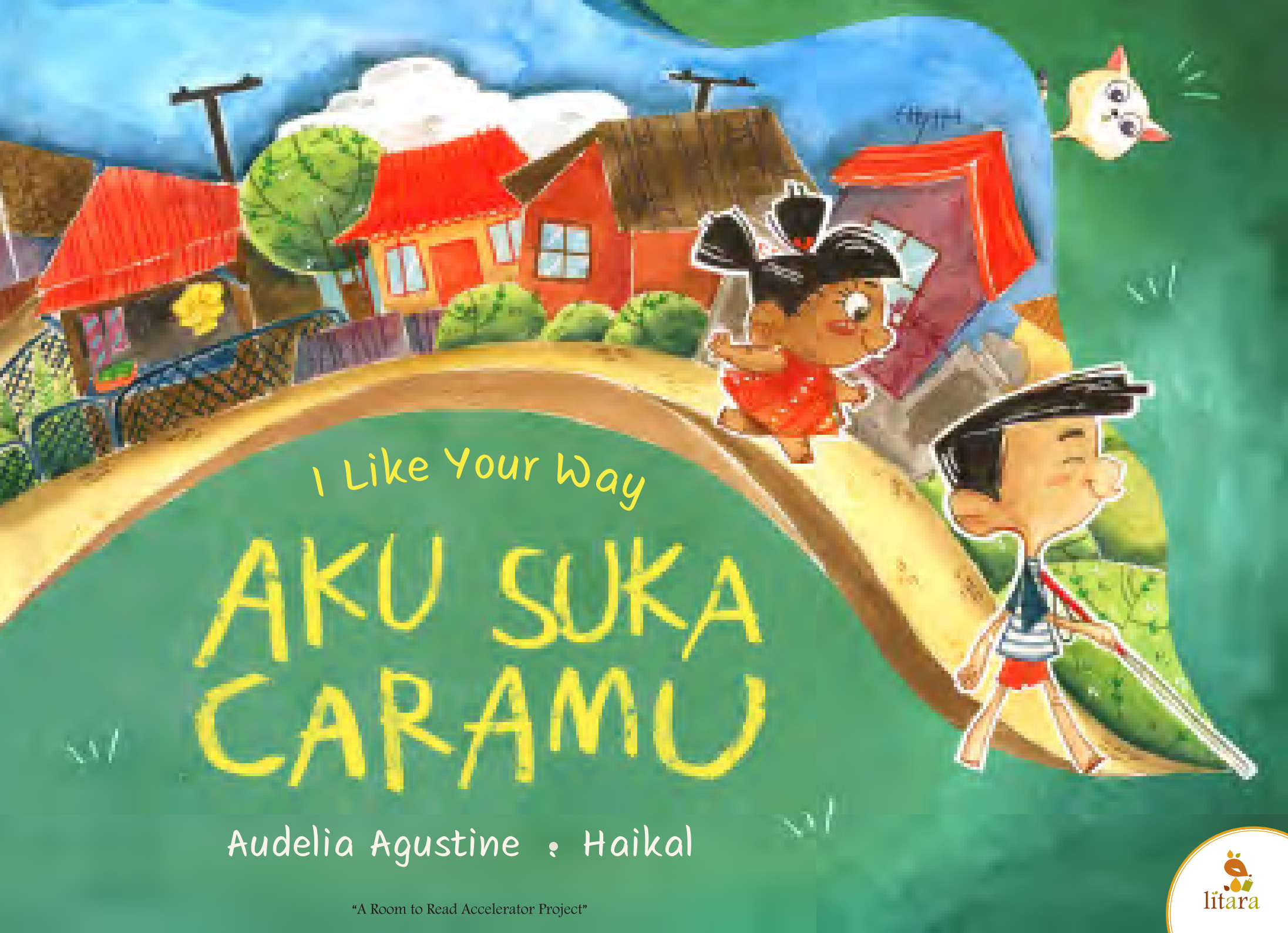


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I Like Your Way

AKU SUKA CARAMU

Audelia Augustine • Haikal

Aku Suka Caramu

I Like Your Way

Penulis/Author: Audelia Agustine

Ilustrator/Illustrator: Haikal

Penyunting Naskah/Editor: Eva Y. Nukman & Sofie Dewayani

Penyunting Ilustrasi/Designer: EorG

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Dicetak di Indonesia

Cetakan pertama, 2015

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Litara Foundation aspires to improve Indonesian children's literature and children's literacy through the production of culturally responsive and high quality children's picture books. Litara aims to develop and nurture Indonesian children's passion for reading.



AKU SUKA CARAMU

I Like Your Way

Mah,
Rano pergi ke pesta
ulang tahun Ali!

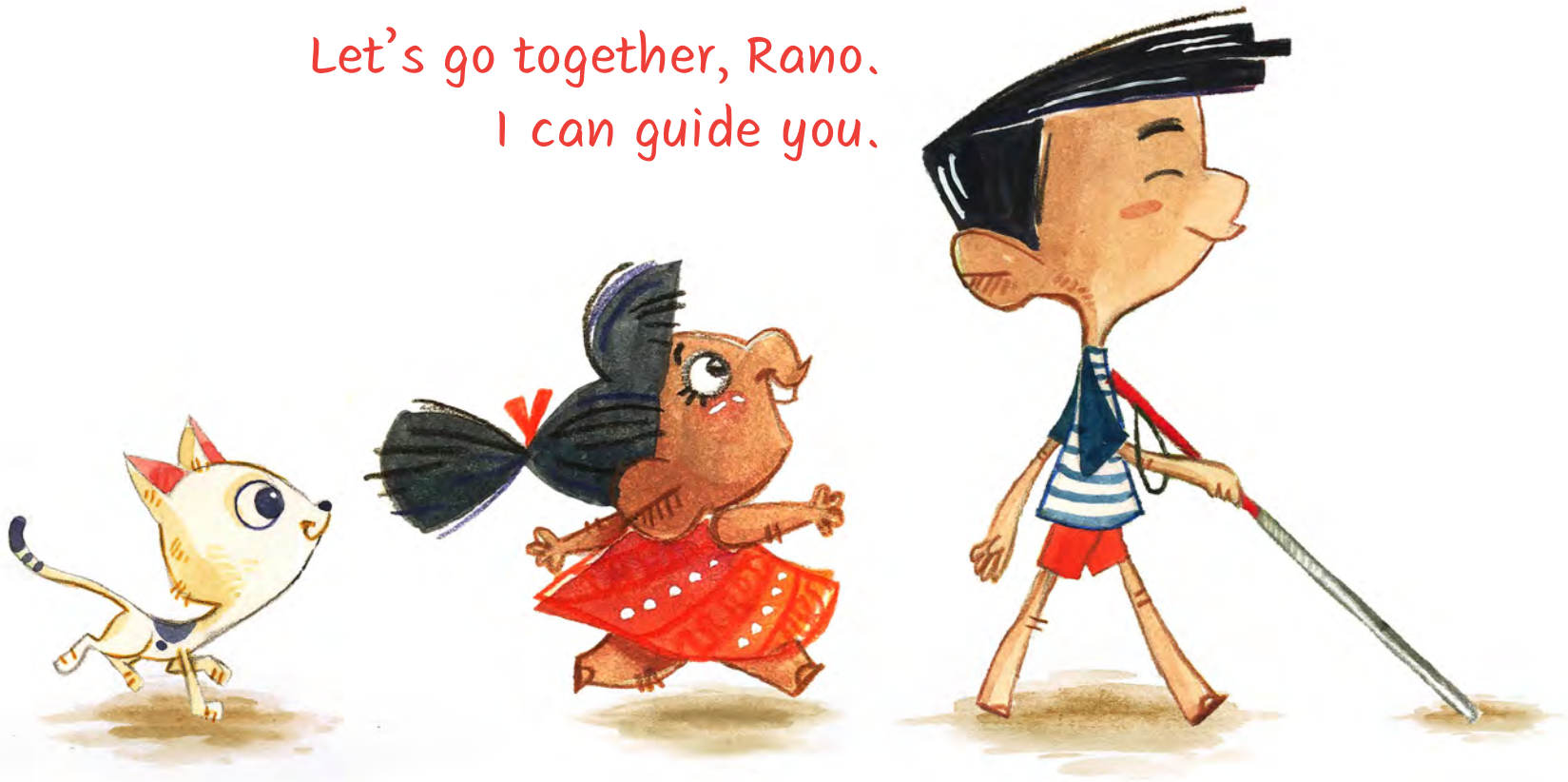
Mom, Rano is going to
Ali's birthday party!






Ayo kita berangkat bersama, Rano.
Aku bisa membimbingmu.

Let's go together, Rano.
I can guide you.



Tak usah, Wuri.
Aku bisa sendiri.

No need, Wuri.
I know the way.

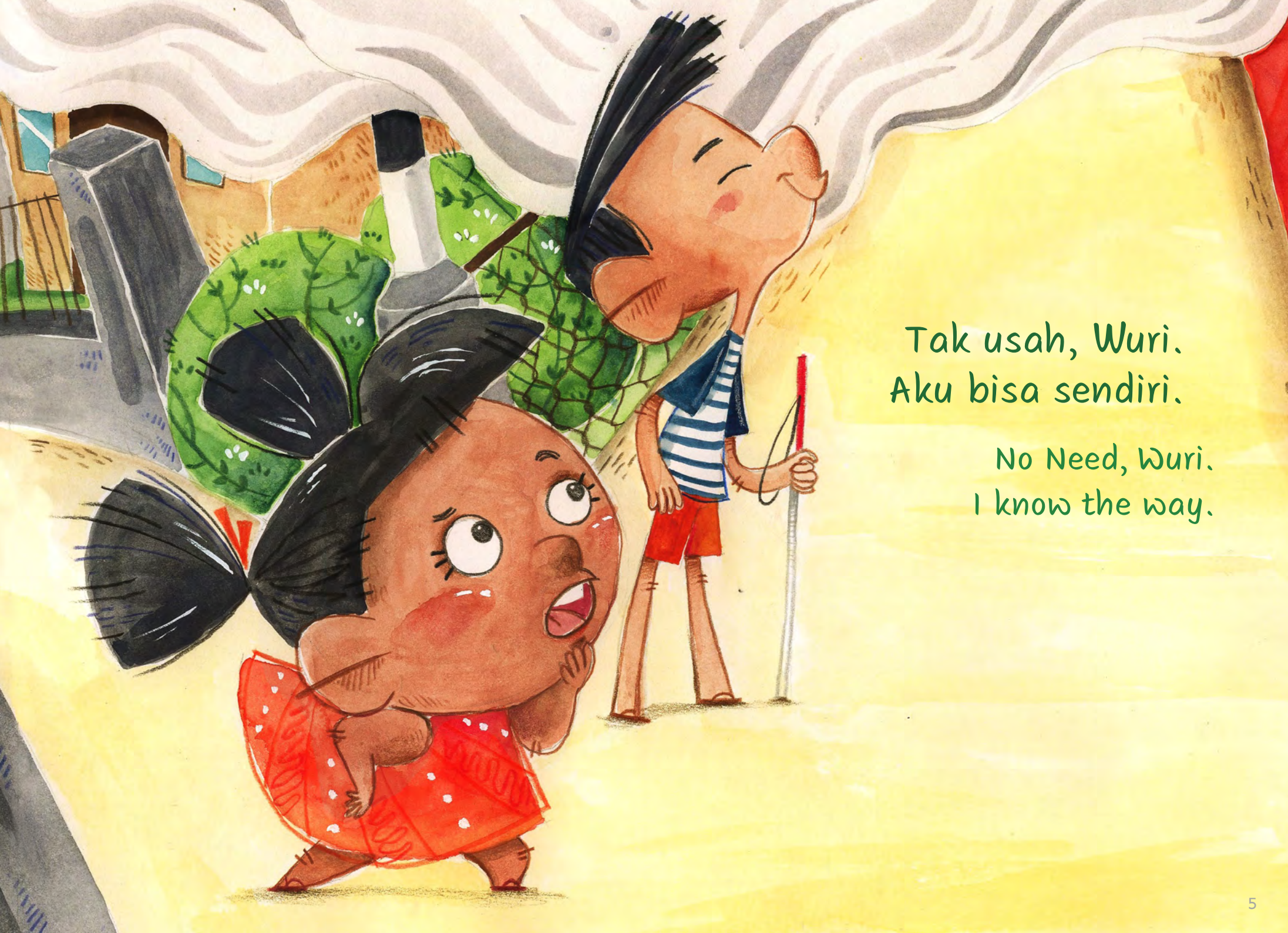


Hei, hei...
kenapa kamu
mengendus-endus?

Hey, hey...
Why are you sniffing?

Am I smelly?
Or do you need help?

Memangnya aku bau?
Atau, kamu perlu bantuan?



Tak usah, Wuri.
Aku bisa sendiri.

No Need, Wuri.
I know the way.



satay!
Sate!

Aroma ini yang kamu
endus tadi!

This is the aroma that you
already sniffed!

Oh, aku tahu.
Oh, I know.



Cium,
Smell...

Sniff in its aroma
and you will know
the direction.

hiruplah aromanya.
Dan kamu menjadi tahu arah jalanmu.

Ini petunjuk kamu untuk
berbelok ke kanan, ya?

Wah, caramu bagus juga!


This is the clue for you to
turn right, isn't it?
Wow, your way is great!

cium,



cium,
Smell...

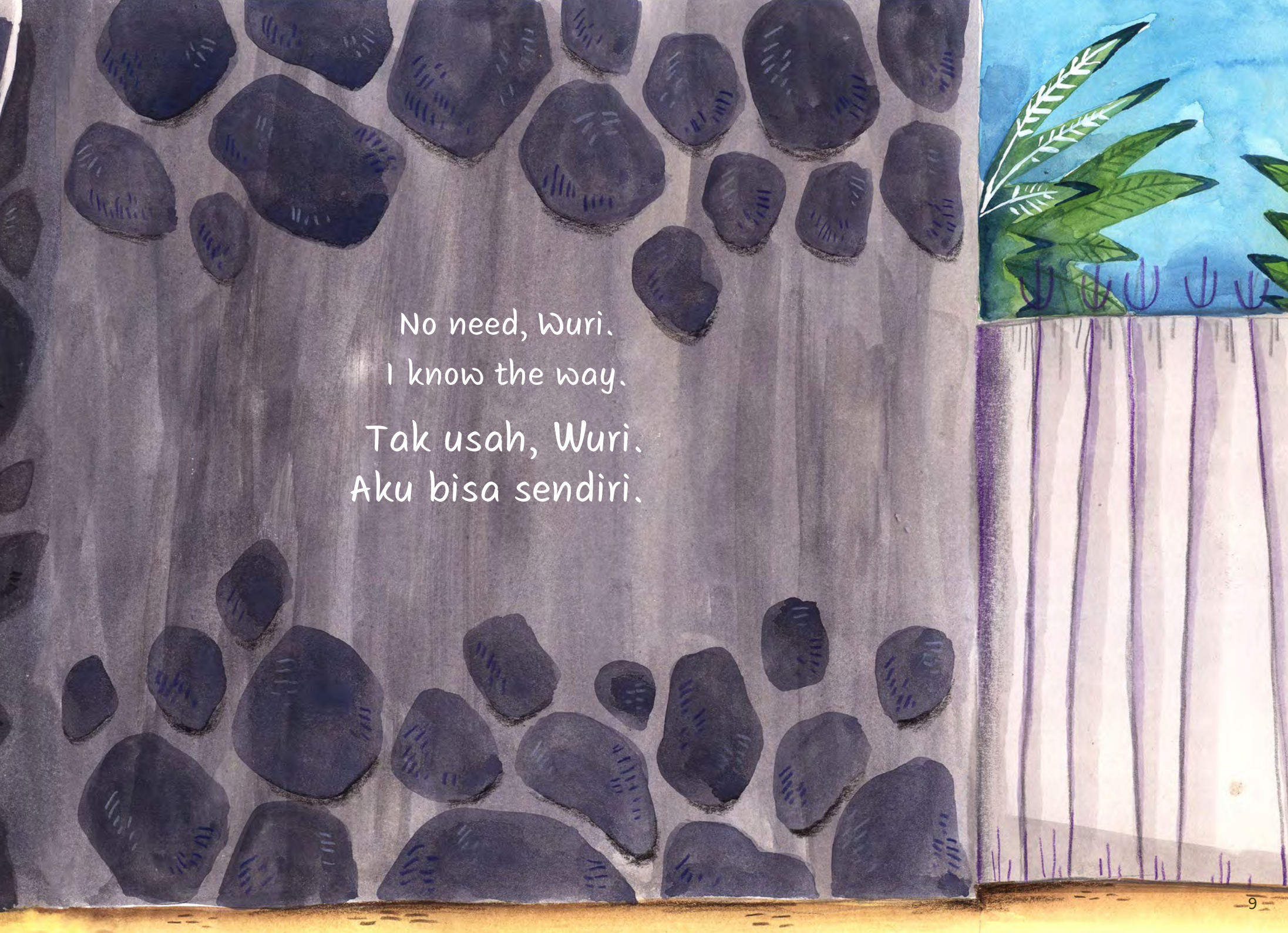




Kenapa kamu berhenti?
Kenapa kamu berpegangan
ke tembok itu?

Why do you stop?
Why do you hold that wall?
Kamu pusing?
Sini, biar kubantu.
Are you dizzy? Let me
help you.



The illustration depicts a path made of dark, irregularly shaped stones. The path is set against a background of vertical brushstrokes in shades of grey and blue, suggesting a forest or a misty environment. In the upper right corner, there is a small, stylized illustration of green leaves and a blue sky. The overall style is painterly and somewhat abstract.

No need, Wuri.
I know the way.
Tak usah, Wuri.
Aku bisa sendiri.



It turns
out, this
wall is
different.
Ternyata
tembok ini
memang
berbeda.

The only
river stone wall
around here.

Satu-satunya tembok batu kali di daerah sini.

Oh, aku tahu.

Ini petunjuk kamu untuk
berbelok ke kiri.

Caramu bagus!

Oh, I know.

This is the clue for
you to turn left.
Your way is great!



Touch...
Raba,



raba,
Touch...

Touch...
raba,



Feel the surface
and you will know the direction.

rasakan permukaannya.

Dan kamu menjadi tahu arah jalanmu.

Watch out, Rano!
Awas Rano!

Ada genangan air!
There is a puddle!
Biarkan aku
membimbingmu.
Let me guide you.





No need, Wuri.
I know the way.
Tak usah, Wuri.
Aku bisa sendiri.

Hebat!

Kamu bisa menghindar, padahal kamu tidak bisa melihat.
Great! You can avoid it although you cannot see,



That stick is really helpful.
Tongkat itu sangat membantu.

WOOF! GUK! WOOF!
GUK! WOOF!
GUK!



Watch out, Rano!

Awas Rano!

The dog is out of the fence!
Anjing itu keluar pagar!

Yes, I already know, Wuri.
Iya, aku sudah tahu, Wuri.



Oh, pasti gonggongan anjing tadi juga petunjuk
bagimu untuk berjalan lurus saja.

Oh, the dog's bark earlier must be
a clue for you to go ahead.

Hebat, kamu tahu banyak!

Awesome, you know a lot!



Dengar,
Listen...

perhatikan bunyinya.
Dan kamu menjadi
tahu arah jalanmu.



Listen...
dengar,



Listen...
dengar,

Pay attention to the sound
and you will know the direction.







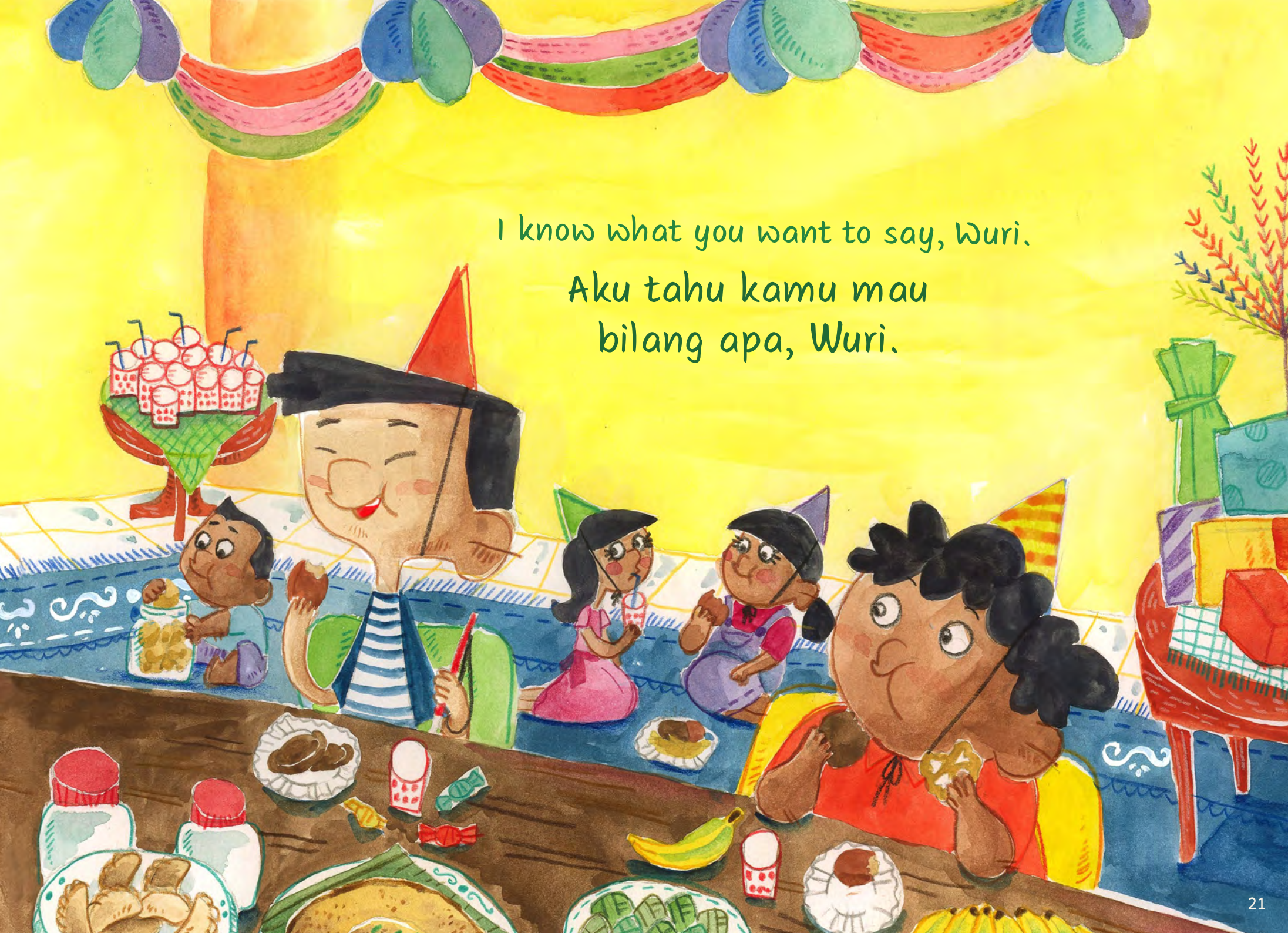
We have arrived at Ali's house!
Kita sampai di rumah Ali!

Hooray!
Horeeee...!

Coba kutebak! Let me guess!

Gemblong, kue cucur, Gemblong, cucur cake,
kembang goyang... kembang goyang...





I know what you want to say, Wuri.
Aku tahu kamu mau
bilang apa, Wuri.

Taste...
Cecap,



Taste...
cecap,



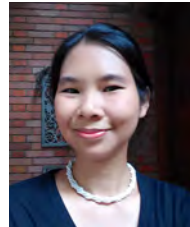


Recognize the taste.
This is my way, Wuri.
kenali rasanya.
Beginilah caraku, Wuri.

Aku suka caramu, Rano!
I like your way, Rano!







Audelia Agustine adalah seorang arsitek lulusan Universitas Parahyangan. Saat ini dia bekerja di sebuah firma arsitektur yang didirikannya bersama sang suami. Audi senang menulis cerita karena dapat membuka semua indranya untuk menyerap bau, rasa, suara, dan tekstur yang ada di sekitarnya. Bagi Audi, menulis memperkaya imajinasinya melalui kekuatan kata-kata. Audi tinggal di Bandung, yang juga terkenal sebagai kota kreatif, dengan suami dan anak lelakinya.

Audelia Agustine graduated from the Architecture Department of Parahyangan University and currently runs an architectural firm with her husband. Crafting a story is always a wonderful experience for her as it opens up her senses to all the smells, tastes, sounds, and textures around her. For Audie, the writing process enhances her imagination through the power of words. Audi lives in Bandung, a city well-known for its community of artists, with her husband and son.



Lahir di Bandung, Haikal mulai menggambar sejak umur 3 tahun. Sejak kecil, dia ingin menjadi seorang ilustrator sekaligus animator. Haikal menyabet beberapa penghargaan, antara lain pemenang Lomba Desain Karakter tingkat nasional serta penghargaan Best Character dan Best Film untuk animasi dalam ULTIGRAPH Award. Saat ini Haikal masih berkuliah di Institut Teknologi Bandung jurusan Desain Komunikasi Visual dengan peminatan Komunikasi Visual Multimedia.

Haikal was born in Bandung and began to draw at the age of 3. Since childhood, his dream has been to be an illustrator and an animator. He has won several awards for his works, including the National Character Design Competition and the ULTIGRAPH award for Best Character and Best Film in the category of animation. Haikal is currently a student of Visual Communication Design specializing in Multimedia Visual Communication at the Institut Teknologi Bandung.



Tujuan Wuri dan Rano sama:
Pergi ke pesta ulang tahun Ali.
Wuri menawarkan untuk menuntun
Rano sepanjang perjalanan. Namun, Rano
yakin dia tahu jalan ke sana. Wuri tidak habis
pikir: bagaimana Rano bisa tahu jalannya?

Wuri and Rano are on their way to a friend's party.
Wuri offers to guide his friend as they walk to their friend's house.
But Rano is confident that he knows the way. Wuri is puzzled and amazed:
how can Rano find his way?



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It costs US \$4 to put a set of books just like this into the hands of a child. If you enjoyed these books, please consider donating what you can at roomtoread.org today.

Visit roomtoread.org to learn more.





تِلَلٌ مَلَوْنَةٌ

COLORED HILLS

Written by: Tamara Grandoka
Illustrated by: Nazar Abu el Halawa

تأليف:
تمارا جراندوكا قشحة
رسوم:
نزار أبو الحلاوة



تِلَلٌ مَلَوْنَةٌ

لا يعرف كَمُون سوى اللَّون الأصفر، وهو
لون قريته وناسها وكل ما فيها. إلى أن
تدَحرجت كُرته في أحد الأيام إلى
الوادي القريب، فرَكَضَ خَلْفَهَا وَكَبَّرَ عَالَمُهُ
كَثِيرًا بَعْدَ ذَلِكَ.

يمكنك أن تجد المزيد من القصص الرائعة على:
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إذا أردت أن تغيّر العالم، علم أطفاله

ISBN 978-9957-539-49-8
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كل عمان
Jabal Amman



Coloured Hills

Kamoon only knows the color yellow. It is the color of his people, his village, and everything in it. But, one day, his ball rolls into a nearby valley, so Kamoon runs after it and his world grows a whole lot bigger.

تمارا جراندوقة قشحة

حاصلة على بكالوريوس في التغذية السريريّة والحِمّيات. كاتبة ورسمامة لقصص الأطفال، مؤسّسة أحد نوادي القراءة للأطفال، ومن هواياتها الرسم على الأحجار.



Tamara Grandoqa Qushha

A children's book author and illustrator. Holds a bachelor's degree in clinical nutrition and dietetics. Founder of a children's reading club. Has a keen interest in literature and literary criticism. Enjoys artistic hobbies such as painting on stones.

نزار أبو الحلاوة

يحمل شهادة البكالوريوس في الهندسة المعماريّة من الجامعة الألمانيّة. بدأ شغفه بالرّسم منذ الطفولة، وقاده هذا الشغفُ إلى العملِ في مجالِ التصميم والفنون البصريّة. وله خبرةٌ جيّدةٌ في رَسَم القصصِ المصوّرة للأطفال.



Nizar Abu Al Halaweh

An architect and children's book illustrator. Holds a bachelor's degree in architecture from the GJU. Nizar had a passion for drawing since childhood, which led him to work in the field of design and visual arts. He has illustrated many children's books.

Coloured Hills

Language: Arabic

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اللغة: العربيّة

جبل عمّان ناشرون

الطبعة العربية الأولى ٢٠١٧م

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تِلَالُ مَلُونَة

THE COLORED HILLS

تأليف: تمارا جراندوكة قشحة

رسوم: نزار أبو الحلاوة

Written by: Tamara Grandoka

Illustrated by: Nazar Abu el Halawa





This is Cumin.

He lives in a small village on a hill where everything
on it is yellow.

هَذَا كُمُونُ .

فَقِي رِيَّةَ عَرَصَةٍ لِي تَلْ كُلِّ مَأْصَفَةٍ فِأَرْ .
يَعَشِ

One day, Cumin's ball fell in a nearby valley, so he ran after it to catch it.

فِي أَحَدِ الْأَيَّامِ، تَدَخَّرَجَتْ
كُرَّةٌ كُمُونٍ إِلَى وَادٍ قَرِيبٍ،
فَرَكَضَ كَيُّ يُحْضِرَهَا.

When he arrived there he was amazed at what he saw!

وَعِنْدَ مَا وَصَلْنَاكَ دَهْ إِلَى هُشِ مَكَ رَاَهْ!



It was the first time he saw this different color.

كَانَتْ تِلْكَ الْمَرَّةَ الْأُولَى الَّتِي يَرَى فِيهَا
هَذَا اللَّوْنُ الْمُخْتَلِفَ.

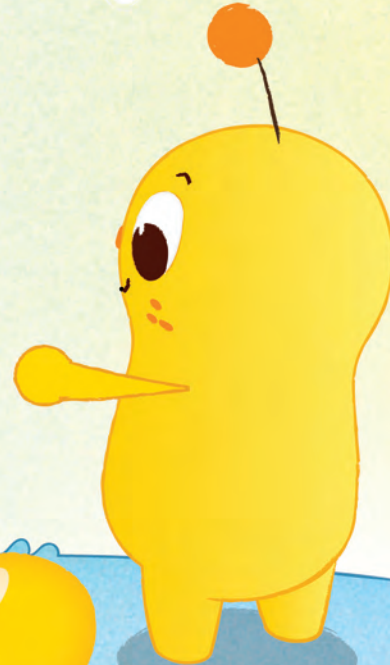


“I am Fayrouz.”

أَنَا فَيْرُوزُ.

“Hello, I am Cumin.”

مرحبًا. أَنَا كُيُونُ.



Cumin said, "Your ball's color is beautiful. What do you think about exchanging balls?"

قَالَ كُمُونُ: "لَوْ أَنَّ كُرَّتَكَ جَمِيلٌ. مَا رَأَيْتُكَ أَنَّ
نَتَبَادَلَ الْكُرَّتَيْنِ؟"

أَجَابَ فَيْرُوزُ: "لَوْ أَنَّ كُرَّتَكَ غَرِيبٌ، لَكِنَّهُ جَمِيلٌ.
حَسَنًا فَلْنَتَبَادَلْ كُرَّتَيْنَا."

Fayrouz answered, "Your ball's color is strange, but beautiful. Okay let's exchange balls."





But when Cumin returned
to the village...

لَكِنْ عِنْدَمَا عَادَ كُمُونُ إِلَى قَرْيَتِهِ...

سَأَلَهُ كَبِيرُ الْقَرْيَةِ: "مِنْ أَيْنَ لَكَ بِهَذِهِ الْكُرَّةُ، يَا كُمُون؟"

"تَبَادَلْتُ كُرَّتِي مَعَ فَيْرُوزَ فِي الْوَادِي الْمُجَاوِرِ لِتِلْنَا."

"هَذِهِ كُرَّةٌ غَرِيبَةٌ يَا كُمُون. عَلَيْنَا أَنْ نُعِيدَهَا حَالًا."

The village leader asked, "From where did you get this ball, Cumin?"

"I exchanged my ball with Fayrouz in the valley near our hill."

"Who is Fayrouz? This ball is strange, Cumin."

We must return it now."



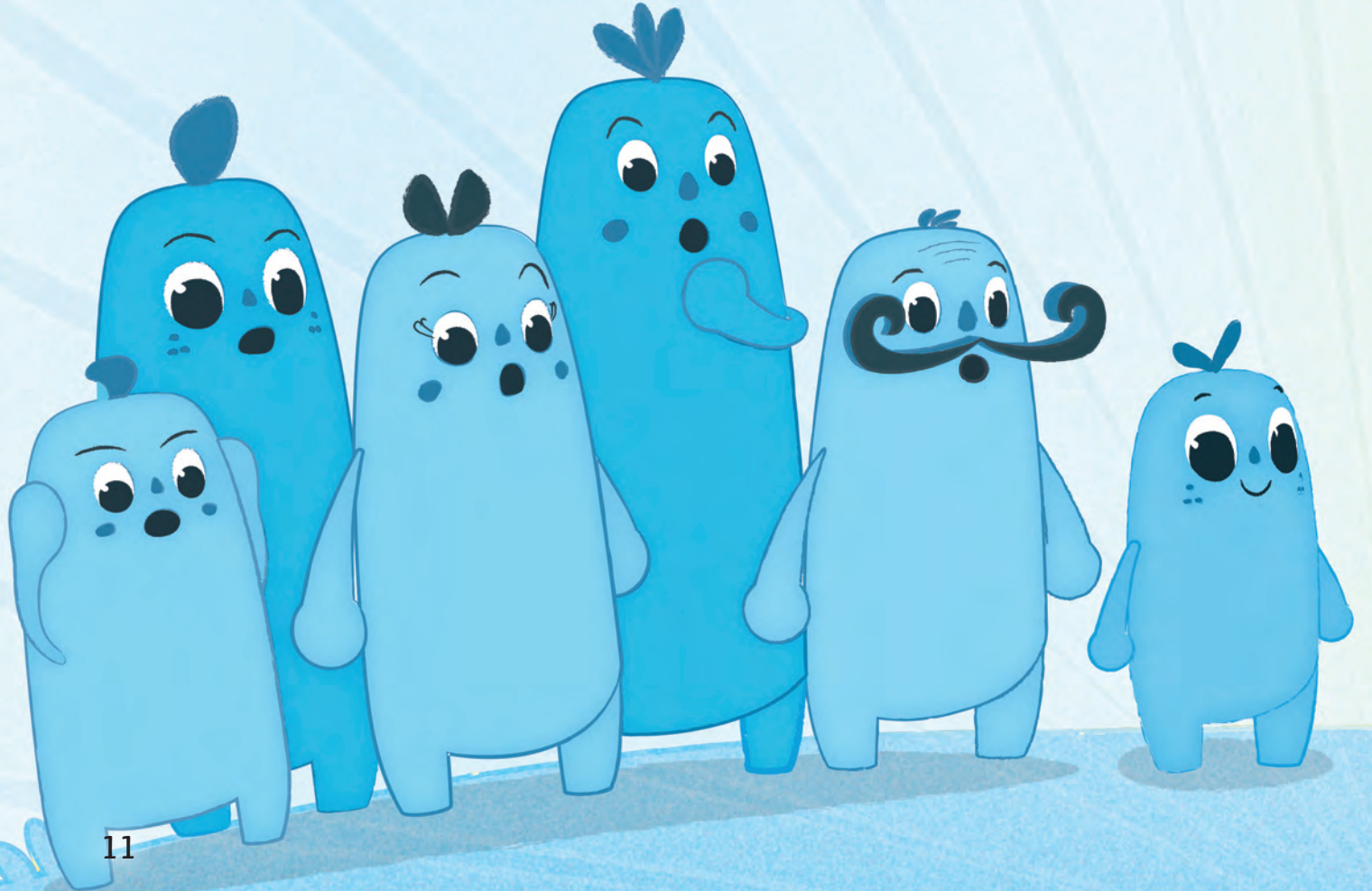
وَحِينَ وَصَلَ أَهْلُ الْقَرْيَةِ إِلَى الْوَادِي، وَجَدُوا
جَمْعًا آخَرَ أَمَامَهُمْ، لَكِنَّ لَوْنَهُمْ أَزْرَقُ.

When the people reached the valley, they found a
group of people in front of them,
but their color was blue.



قَالَ كُمُون: "انْظُرُوا! إِنَّهُمْ يُشَبِّهُونَنَا".

Cumin said, "Look! They look like us."



قَالَ كَبِيرُ الْقَرْيَةِ: ”كَلَّا، إِنَّهُمْ لَا يُشَبِّهُونَنَا.
لَنْ يَسْتَطِيعُوا تَقْلِيدَ حَرَكَاتِنَا الْخَاصَّةِ.
يَا أَهَالِي الْقَرْيَةِ الصَّغَرَاءِ: تَصْفِيْق...
دَوْرَان...الْأَيْدِي إِلَى أَعْلَى“.

The village leader said, “No, they do not look like us.



They are unable to imitate our unique movements. Our yellow village people:



Turn around...



Applause...

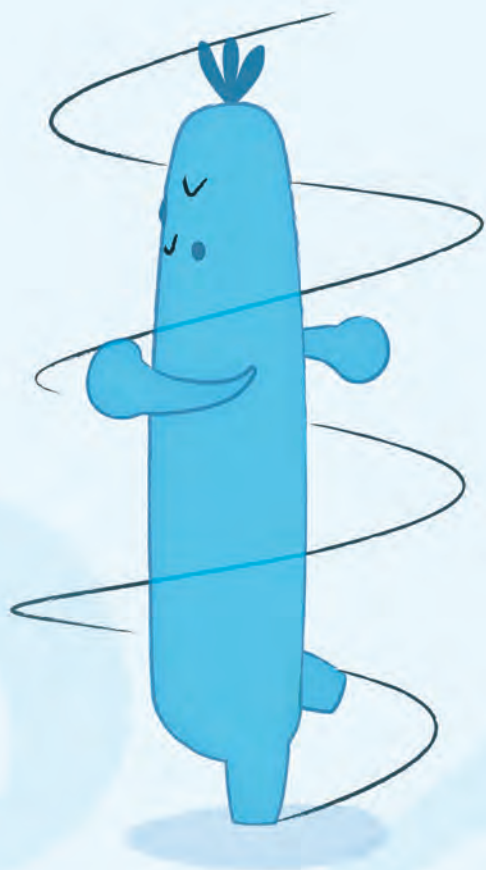


...Put your hands up!

”بَلَى نَسْتَطِيعُ“.

“We can, too.”





قَالَ كَبِيرُ الْقَرْيَةِ الزَّرْقَاءِ: "أَنْتُمْ لَا تَسْتَطِيعُونَ
تَقْلِيدَ أَصْوَاتِنَا الْخَاصَّةِ."

يَا أَهْلِي الْقَرْيَةِ الزَّرْقَاءِ، قُولُوا:

The blue village leader said, "You
cannot imitate our unique voices.
Blue people say:

رُم رُم رُم

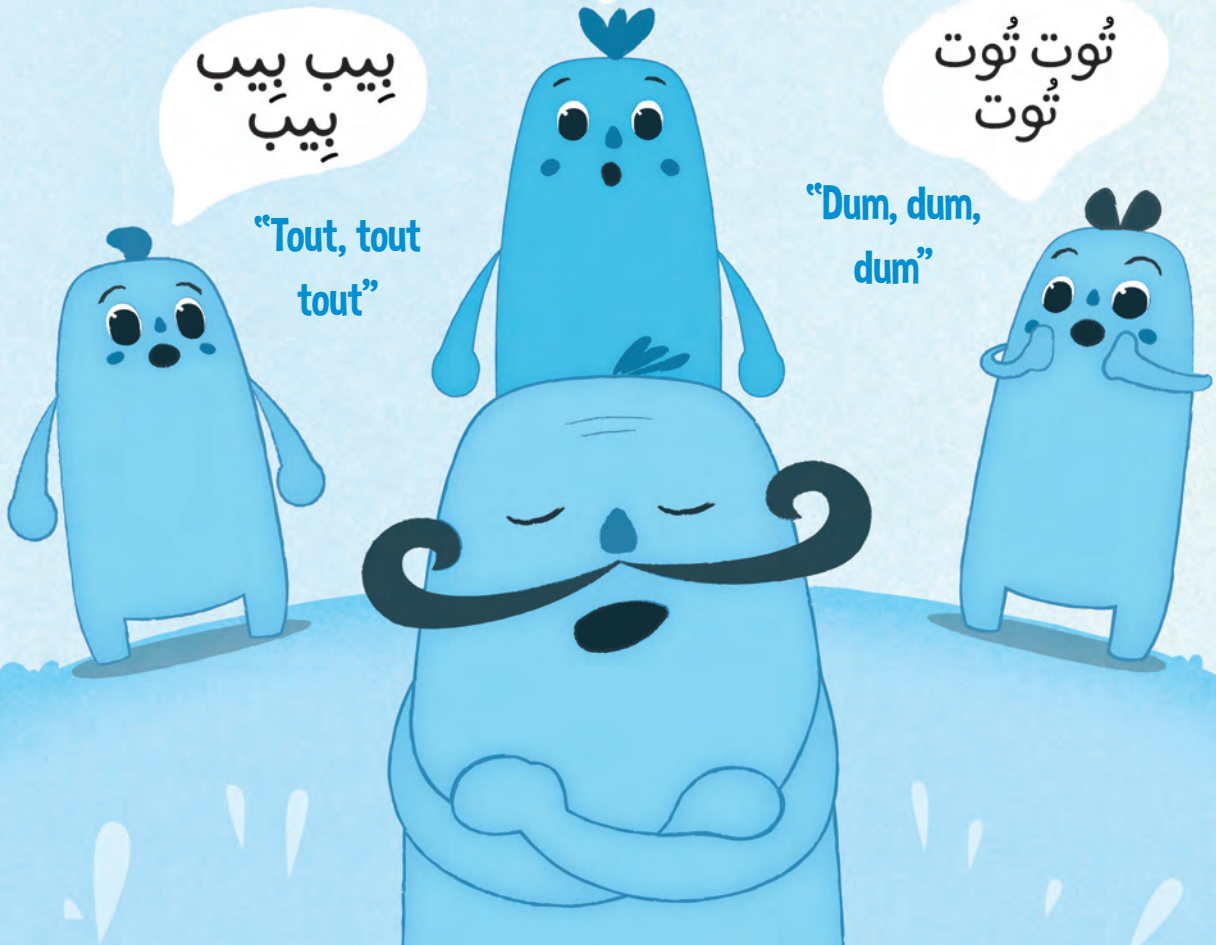
"Beep, beep, beep"

يِب يِب
يِب

"Tout, tout
tout"

تُوت تُوت
تُوت

"Dum, dum,
dum"





"Beep, beep, beep"

تُوت تُوت تُوت

"Tout, tout
tout"

پِيبِ پِيبِ
پِيبِ

بَلَى نَسْتَطِيعُ.

"We can, too."

"Dum, dum,
dum"

رُومُ رُومُ
رُومُ



قَالَ كَبِيرُ الْقَرْيَةِ الزَّرْقَاءِ: "رُبَّمَا نُشَبِّهُ بَعْضُنَا بَعْضًا قَلِيلًا".

أَضَافَ كَبِيرُ الْقَرْيَةِ الصَّفْرَاءِ: "أَجَل، رُبَّمَا".

The blue village leader said, "Maybe we are slightly similar to each other."

The yellow village leader added,
"Yes, maybe."



وَقَفَ كُمُونٌ بَيْنَ الْجَمِيعِ وَصَاحَ: "مَا رَأَيْكُمْ
بِإِقَامَةِ مُبَارَاةِ كُرَةِ قَدَمٍ لِنَرَى الْفَائِزَ بَيْنَنَا؟"

Cumin stood between both groups and shouted, "What do you think of playing a football match to see who will win?"



وَبَدَأَتِ الْمُبَارَاةُ...

And the match started...



لَعِبَ أَهَالِي الْقَرْيَتَيْنِ مَعًا،
وَضَحِكُوا وَفَرَحُوا كَثِيرًا.

The people from both villages played, laughed, and had a great time.





The match ended in a tie.
The blue village leader invited the yellow
village people to visit the blue village.

انْتَهَتْ الْمُبَارَاةُ بِالتَّعَادُلِ. وَبَعْدَ ذَلِكَ دَعَا كَبِيرُ الْقَرْيَةِ
الزَّرْقَاءِ أَهْلِي الْقَرْيَةِ الصَّفْرَاءِ لِمِزَارَةِ الْقَرْيَةِ الزَّرْقَاءِ.



وَبَعْدَ بَضْعَةِ أَيَّامٍ، زَارَ أَهَالِي الْقُرَى بَعْضُهُمْ بَعْضًا...

Then after a few days, the village people visited each other...



وَتَبَادَلُوا الْهَدَايَا الْجَمِيلَةَ.

... and exchanged beautiful gifts.











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Chachale's Journey



Roshan Pokhrel

Ujwal Tamang









Air pollution is a growing problem that needs increased awareness in young and old. With this book, funded by the Atmosphere Programme at the International Centre for Integrated Mountain Development (ICIMOD), we hope to plant the seeds for change in the minds of children in Nepal. The International Centre for Integrated Mountain Development (ICIMOD) is a regional intergovernmental learning and knowledge sharing centre serving the eight regional member countries of the Hindu Kush Himalayas and the global mountain community. We're working to develop an economically and environmentally sound mountain ecosystem to improve the livelihoods of mountain populations – now, and for the future.

Chanchale's Journey

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Room to Read seeks to transform the lives of millions of children in developing countries by focusing on literacy and gender equality in education, working in collaboration with local communities, partner organizations and governments. We develop literacy skills and a habit of reading among primary school children and support girls to complete secondary school with the relevant life skills to succeed in school and beyond.

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Chanchle's Journey



Writer
Roshan Pokhrel

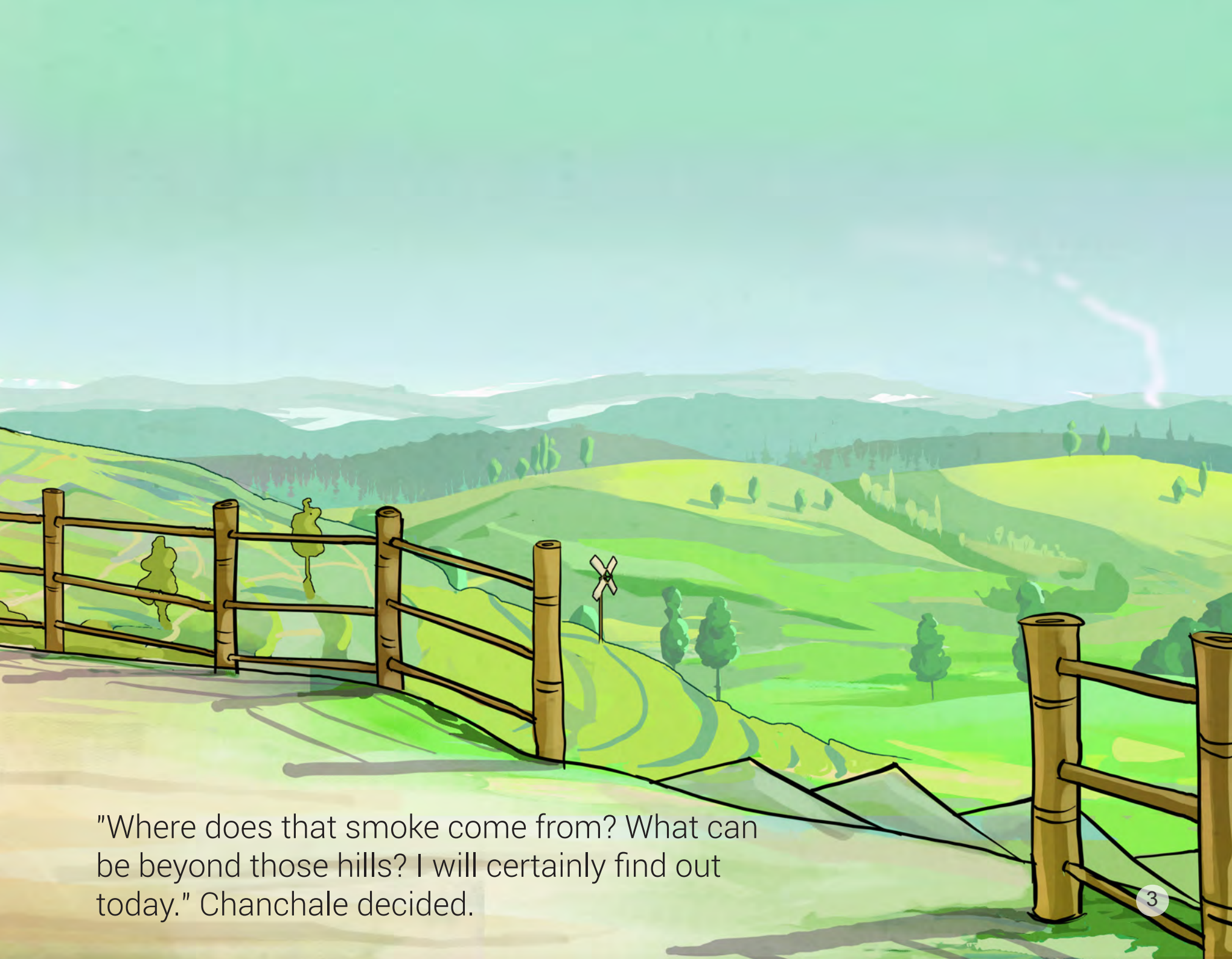
Illustrator
Ujwal Tamang

Translator
Dharendra Rayamajhi

यो किताब रुम टु रिडको
पुस्तकालय सहयोग कार्यक्रम अर्न्तगत
उपलब्ध गराइएको हो ।
बिक्री गर्न पाइने छैन ।

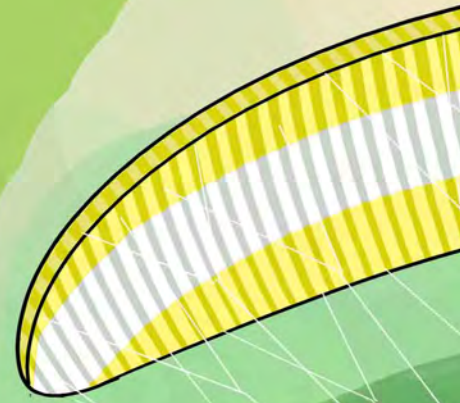
Chanchale was playing in the yard. He looked towards the hills. They were completely covered with smoke.





"Where does that smoke come from? What can be beyond those hills? I will certainly find out today." Chanchale decided.

Chanchale carried his paraglider and climbed on top of a nearby hill. He ran downhill and soon he was lifted up in the air.





"Wow, what great fun!"

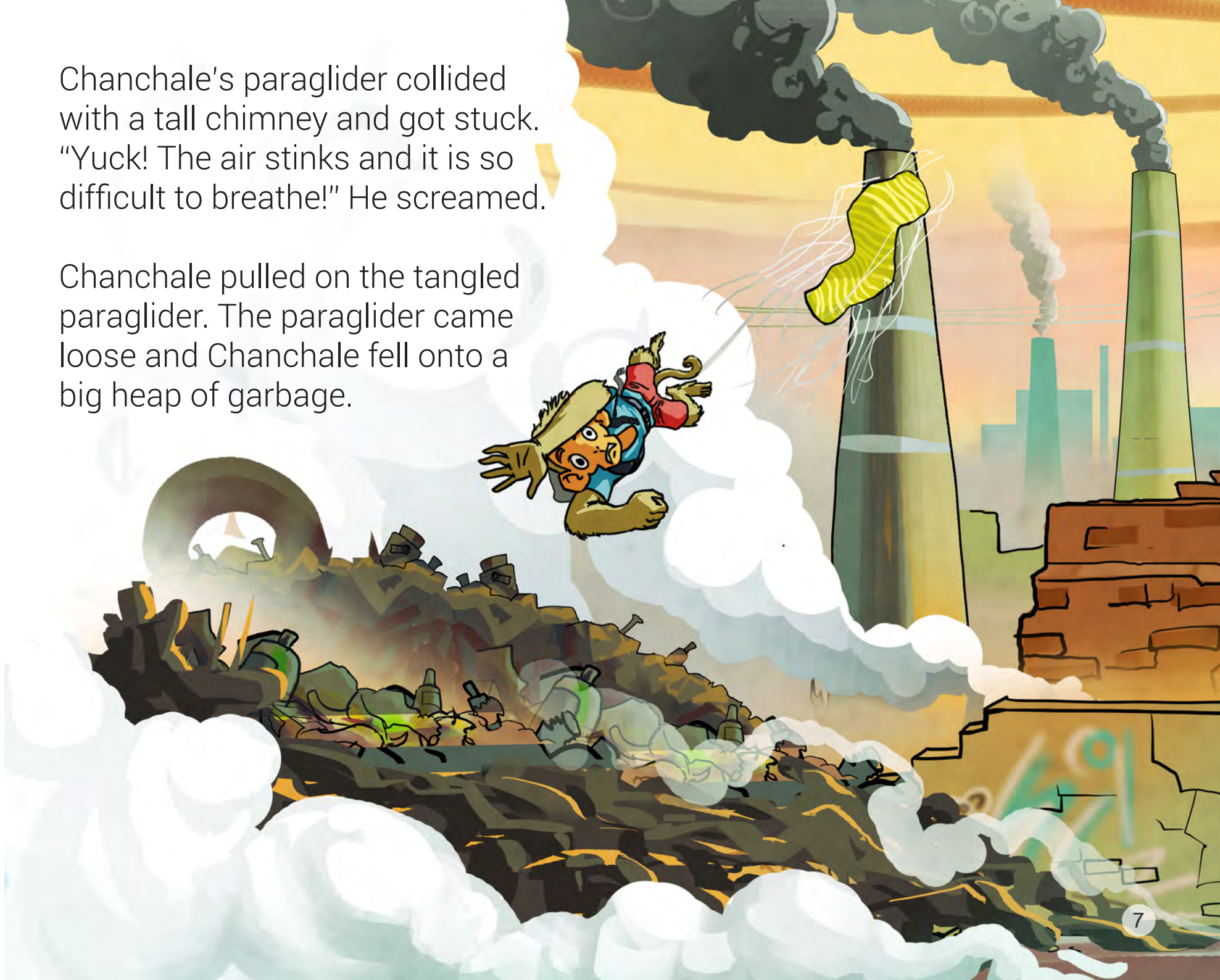


After flying for a while, he reached over the place where the smoke was coming from. There was thick smoke everywhere. Smoke got into his eyes. His eyes burnt and he could not see anything. He lost control of his paraglider.

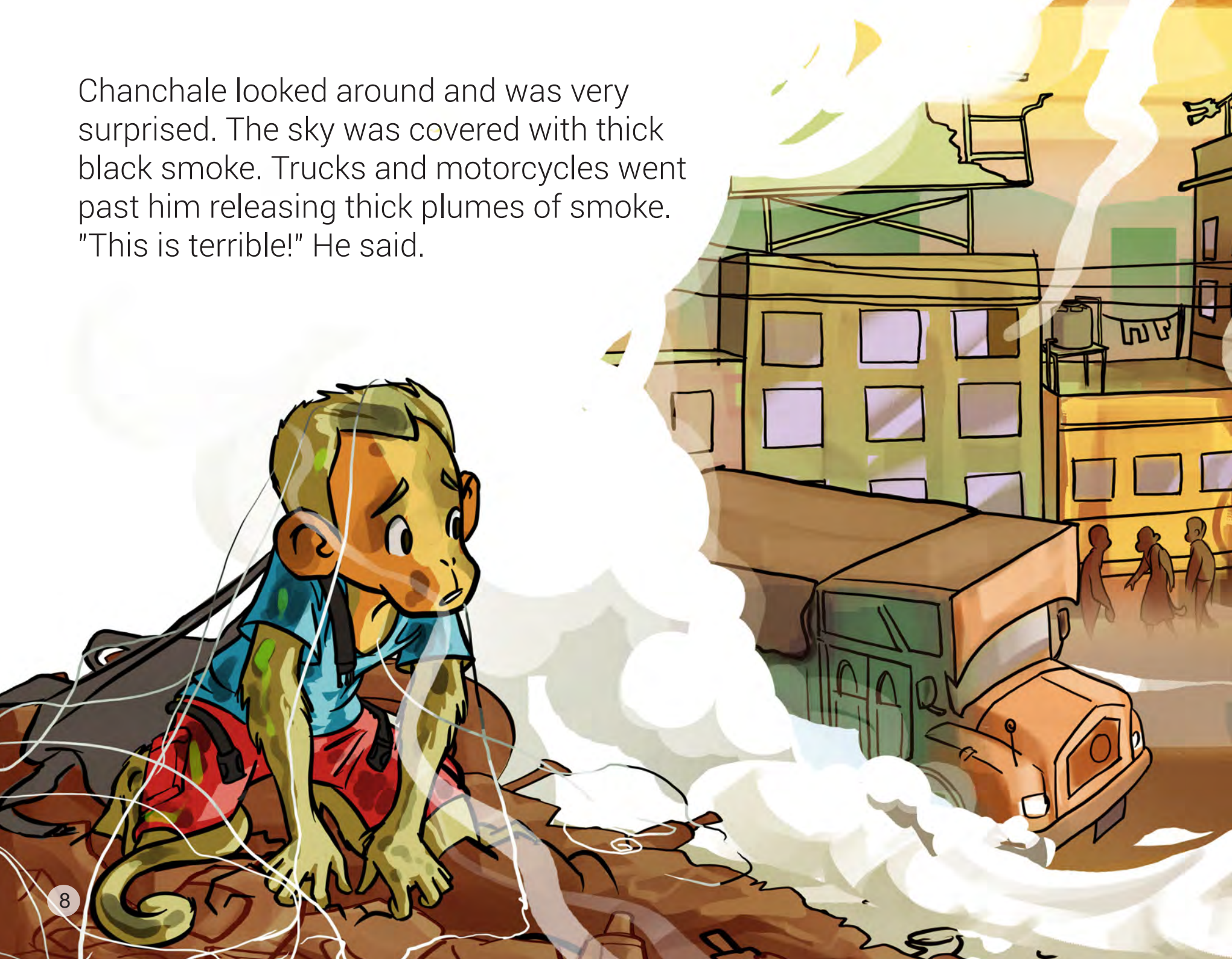


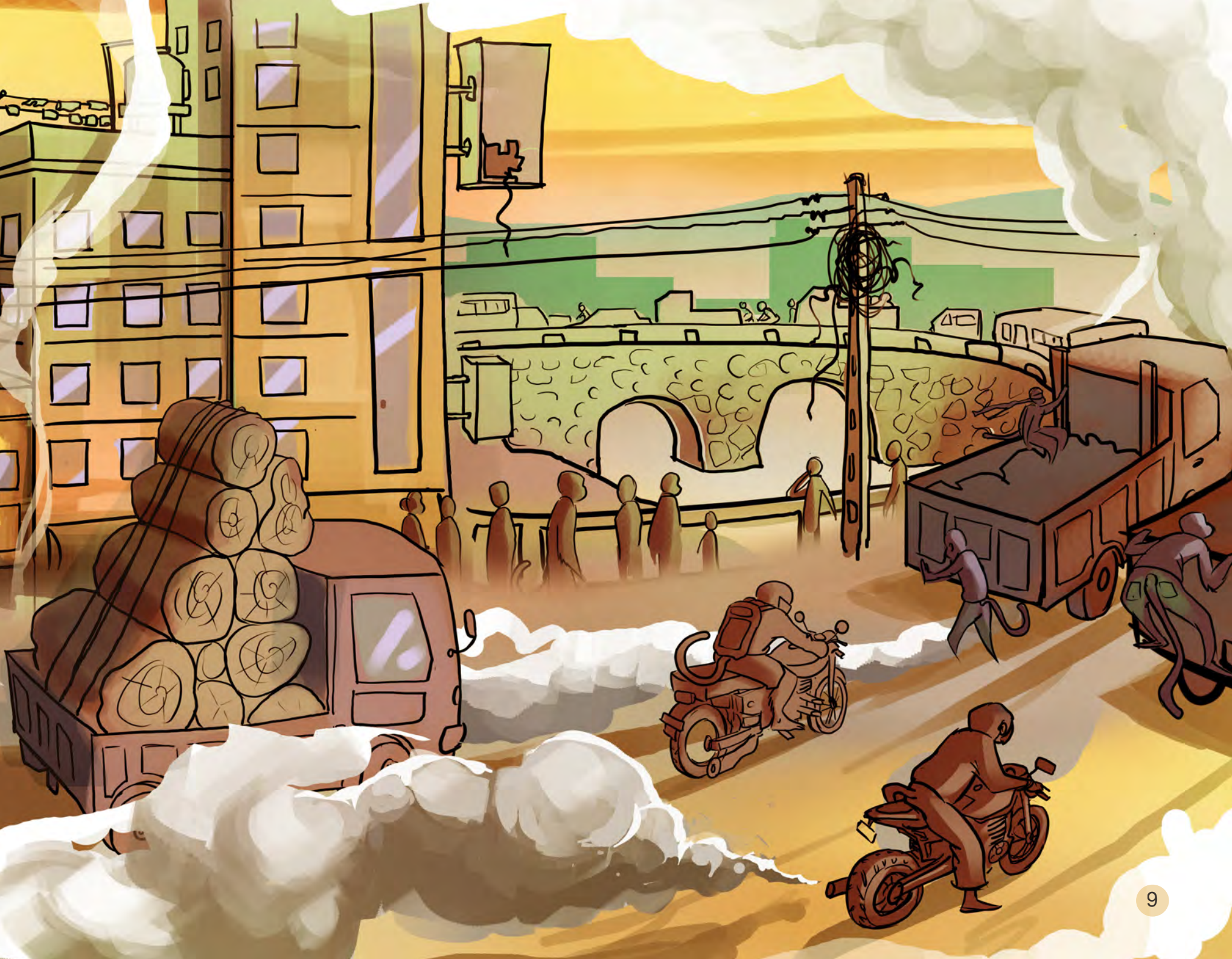
Chanchale's paraglider collided with a tall chimney and got stuck. "Yuck! The air stinks and it is so difficult to breathe!" He screamed.

Chanchale pulled on the tangled paraglider. The paraglider came loose and Chanchale fell onto a big heap of garbage.



Chanchale looked around and was very surprised. The sky was covered with thick black smoke. Trucks and motorcycles went past him releasing thick plumes of smoke. "This is terrible!" He said.







Chanchale looked around for water. But there was garbage everywhere. His body itched. He sat in a corner gloomily.

A small monkey spotted Chanchale from a distance. She went near him. "My name is Chaturi. Who are you? Where have you come from?" she asked him. Chanchale began to sob.



"My name is Chanchale. My house is beyond those hills. There is no dust, smoke or garbage like you have here. The smoke has covered my way home. My glider is also broken. How will I go home now?" Chanchale cried.





"A place without smoke? How is that possible?" Chaturi asked surprised. Just look at you. You are covered with filth. Let's go to my house." Chaturi said.

After reaching home, Chaturi told her parents about Chanchale.
"I too have heard about a city beyond those hills. But I have never seen it. This side of the hills is always covered with smoke. So how can we see anything beyond?" Chaturi's father said coughing.





"Dad, Chanchale says that we can see the hills above his city if the smoke is removed," Chaturi said.

"Yes, there is a lot of pollution in this city. You are coughing because of the smoke. When we breathe in, the smoke reaches our lungs. It makes it difficult for us to breathe. That is what my teacher said." Chanchale added.





Just then, the room filled with smoke. It came through the door and the windows. Chaturi ran outside. She saw her uncle burning plastic and garbage on the road near her house. "Uncle! what are you doing? The smoke has entered our room. My father cannot breathe". Chaturi shouted.



Ha! Ha! Ha! Her uncle chuckled. "What am I supposed to do with this garbage if not burn it? Shall I dump it in your house? Don't try to act smart. Why don't you close the doors and windows if the smoke bothers you?"



Chaturi got very angry. She got a bucket of water from nearby and poured it onto the fire.

"What are you doing?" Her uncle yelled. By then, Chaturi's parents and Chanchale too had come outside. The whole neighborhood gathered.



Chanchale announced, "Hello! My name is Chanchale. I live in a city beyond those hills. I always used to see smoke from this side of the hills coming towards my city. I followed the smoke and came here. Your city is very beautiful but the pollution is harming you."






"But what can we do? We have to burn our garbage. The vehicles and factories need to run. We have to burn wood to cook food." One of the monkeys shouted from the crowd.



"That is no excuse. People in my city have the same needs. But it is up to us to reduce the smoke. We shouldn't burn garbage. Vehicles should be serviced on time. We should walk or cycle more. We can use electricity to operate factories and vehicles instead of diesel. We can use smokeless stoves in our kitchen." Chanchale explained.



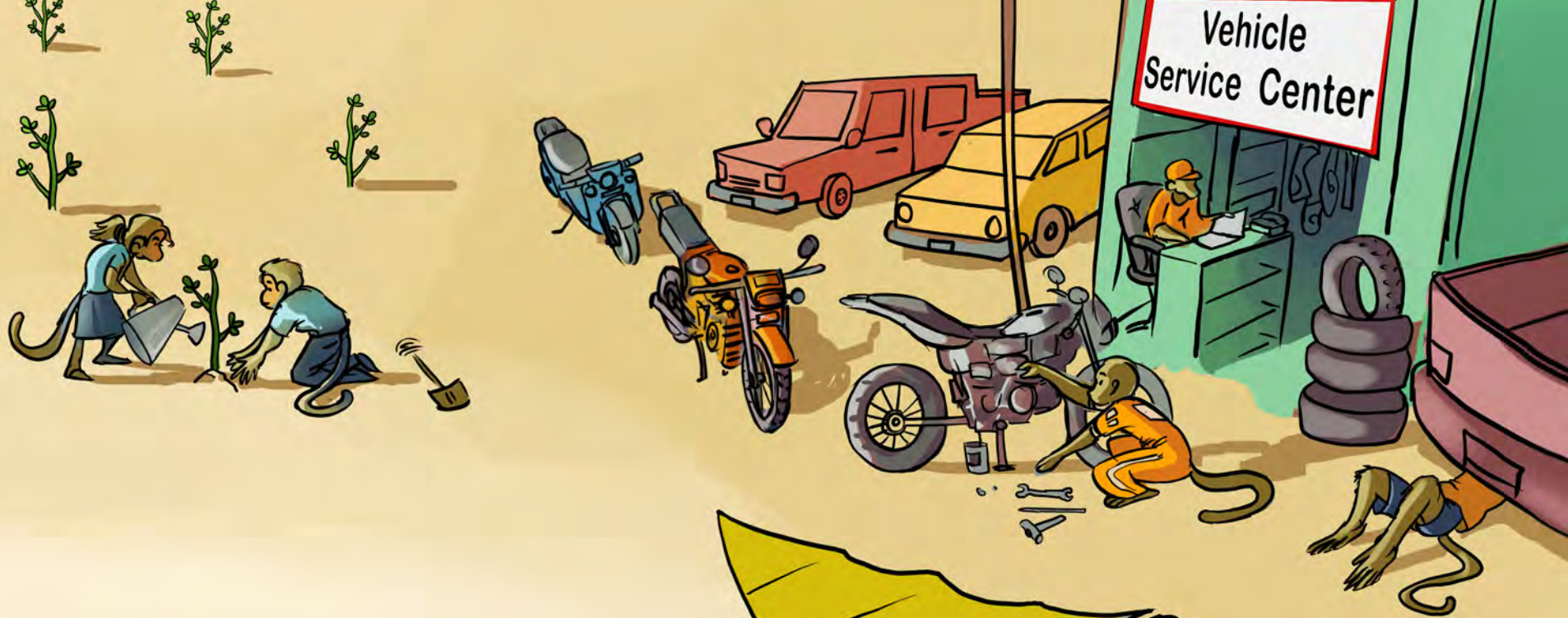


"Hmm! We didn't think of that. If doing these simple things can reduce the pollution in our city, we should start now." Chaturi said.
'Yes. Let us all get together and make our city clean.'" Everyone agreed.

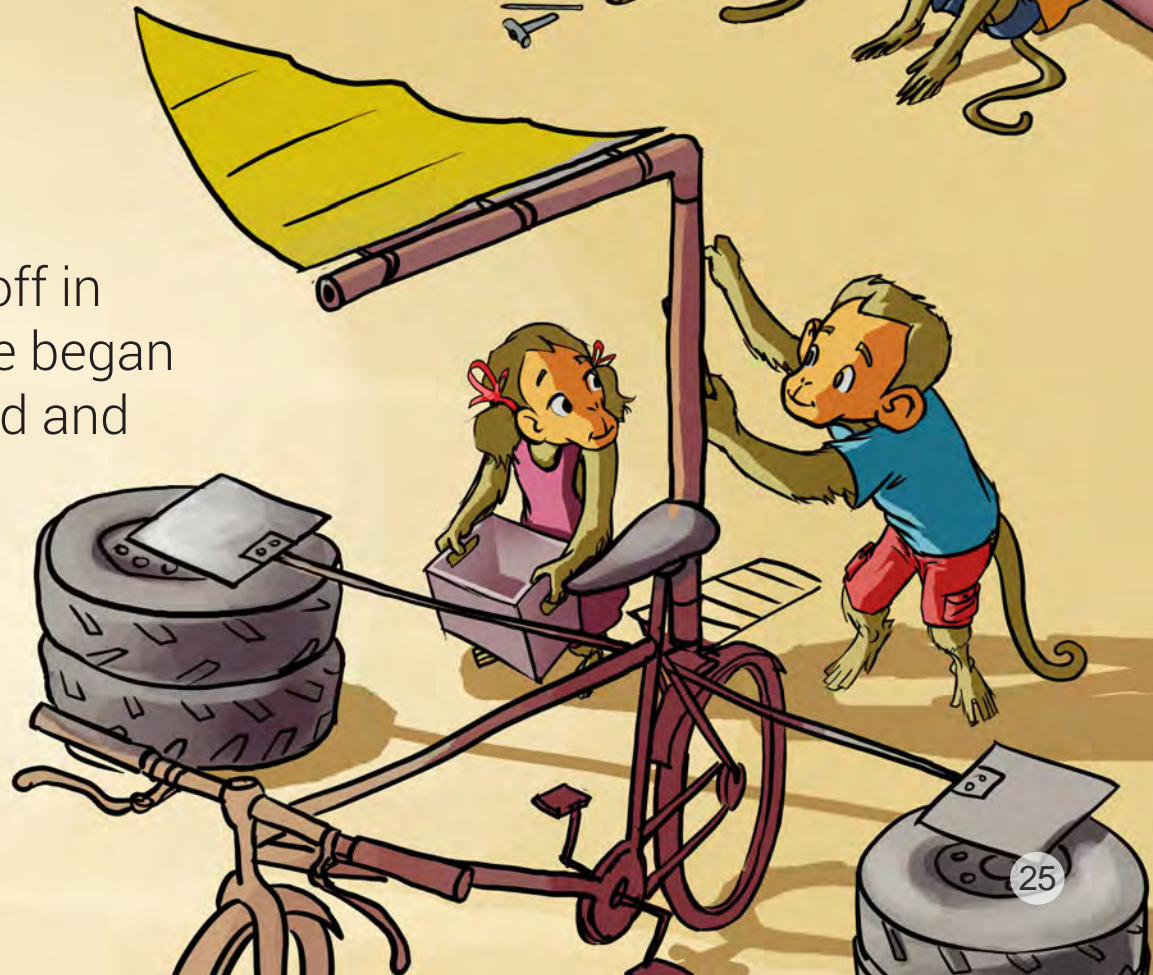


Smokeless Fuel

स्वाच्चा पत्तल



The cleaning campaign took off in the city. Meanwhile Chanchale began assembling an aircraft with old and discarded items.



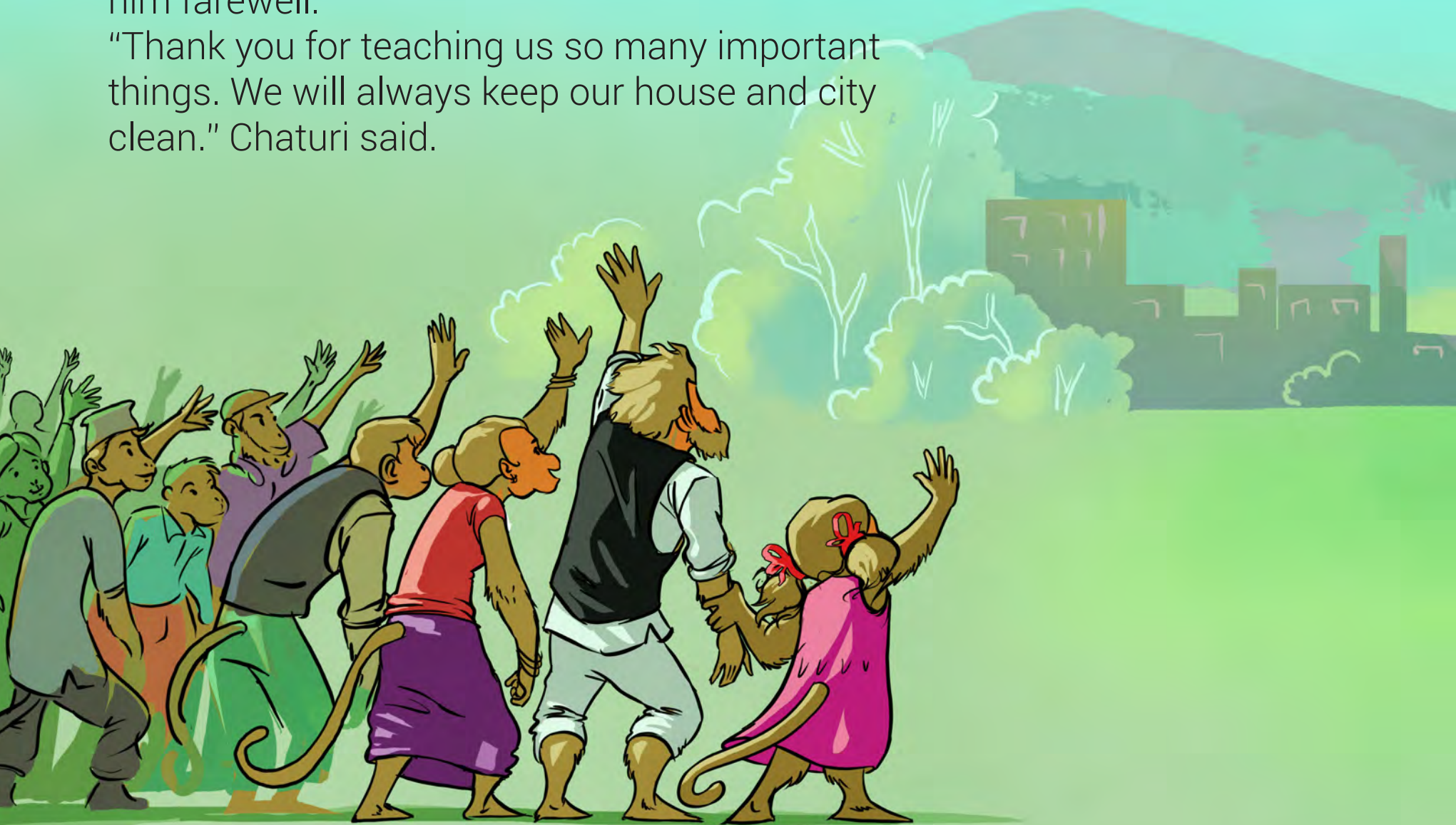
The city became cleaner by the day. The sky started to look clear and blue. The hills around became more visible. By then, Chanchale's aircraft was also ready.

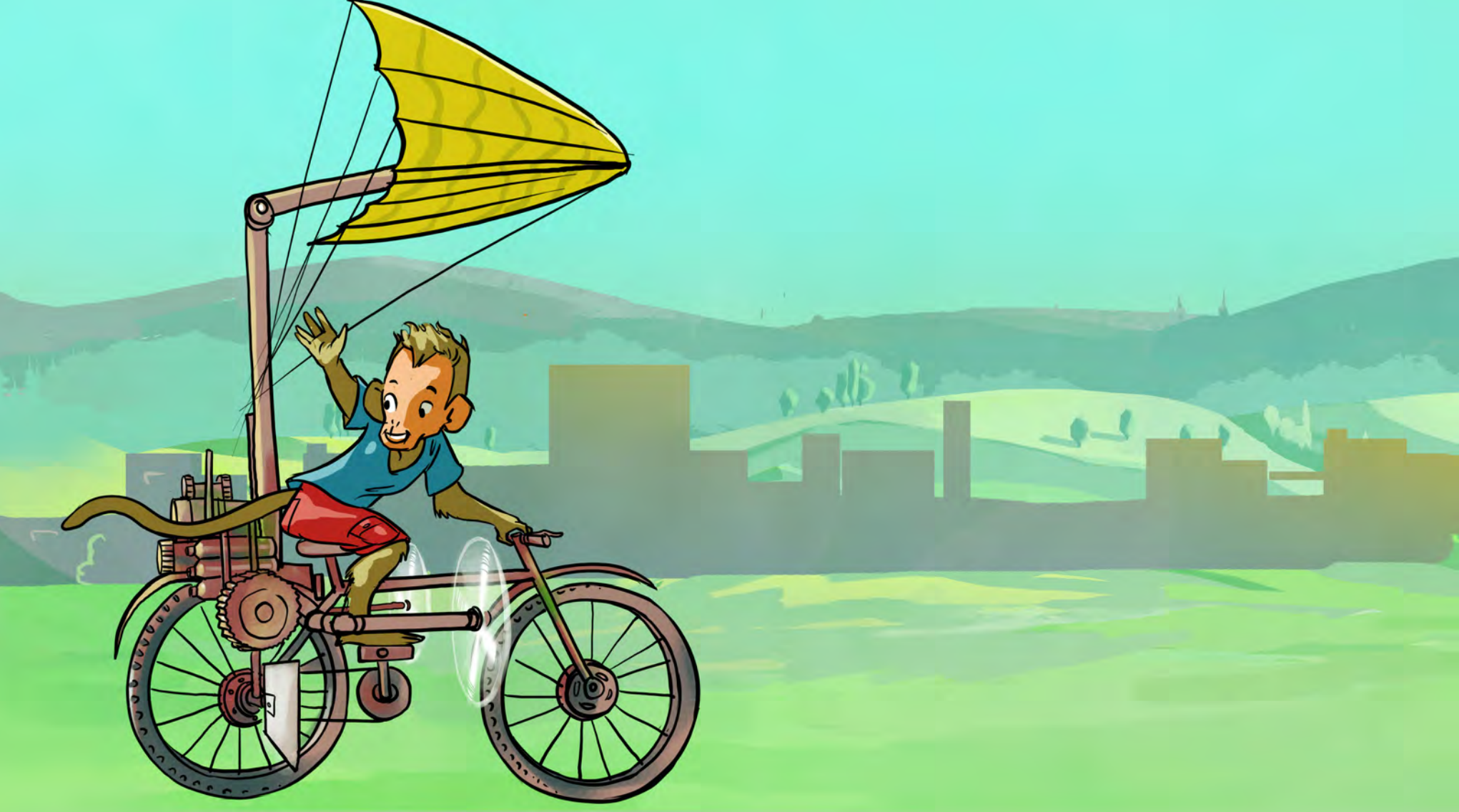




Chanchale was ready to return home. Chaturi, her parents, and everyone from the city came to bid him farewell.

"Thank you for teaching us so many important things. We will always keep our house and city clean." Chaturi said.





"Thank you for helping me. I will come back soon to visit you all and your beautiful city." Chanchale said as he boarded his craft and flew home.





Chanchale's Journey

Chanchale is curious to know where the smoke comes from. So he sets out on a journey in his paraglider. When his paraglider crashes, he is left all alone in a city very different from his own. What will happen to Chanchale? Will he be able to find his way back home?



Author Roshan Pokhrel

Roshan Pokhrel was born in Rajgad, Jhapa of Nepal. He has completed his Masters in Management from Tribhuvan University. Currently, he works in the banking sector. He has previously published a chapter book and a picture book. This is his first book for Room to Read. His hobbies are painting and writing.



Illustrator Ujwal Tamang

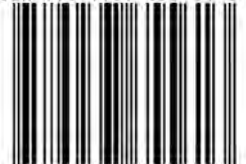
Ujwal Tamang holds a degree in fine arts from Lalitkala Campus of Fine Arts and currently works as an animator. Tamang also illustrates children's books for various publishing houses. In 2014 and 2015, he participated in the Illustrators' Workshop and the Writers' Workshop, respectively, organized by Room to Read, Nepal.



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