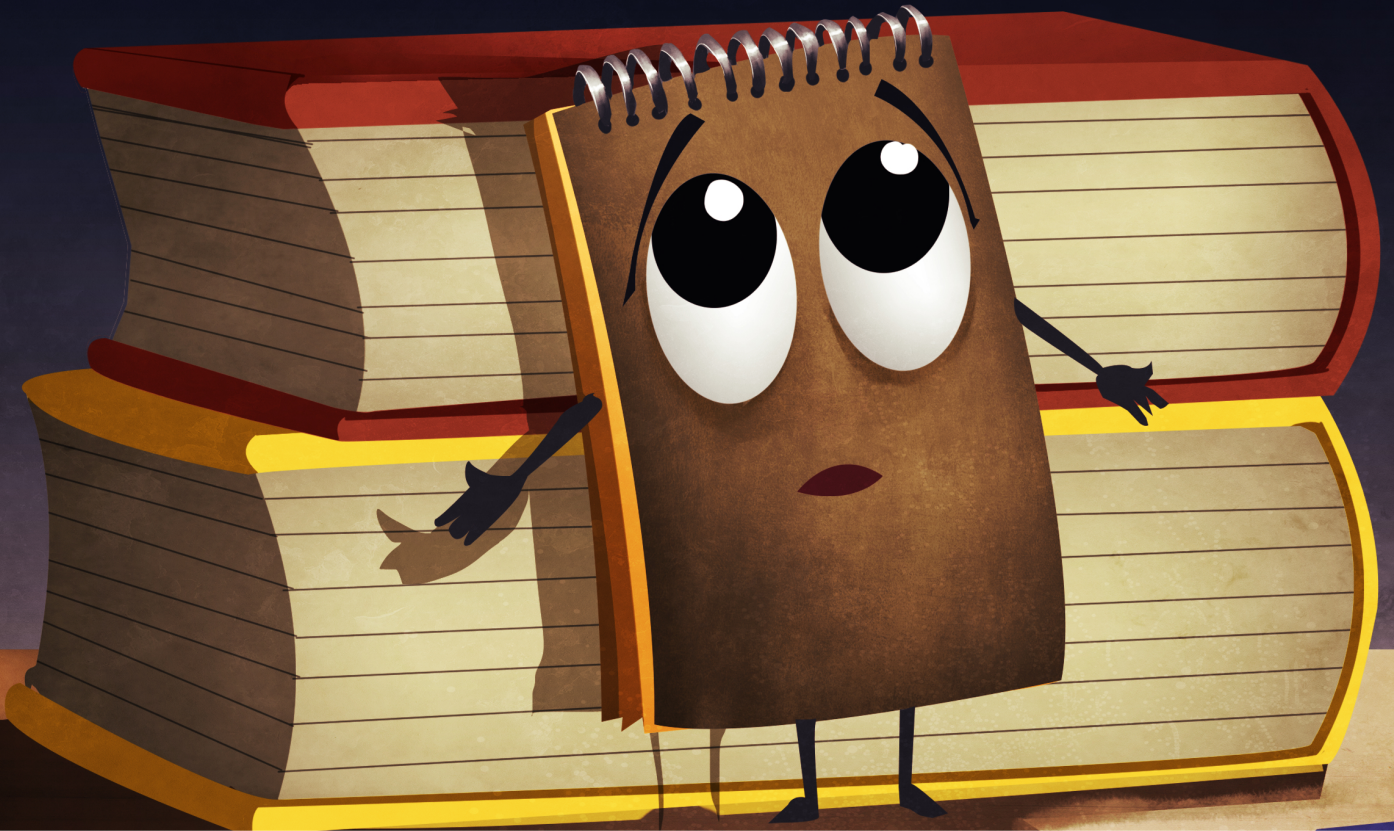


# BO

## THE FORGOTTEN TOOL



Written by: **Moise GANZA**



Illustrated by: **Sebastien IRADUKUNDA**







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# Bo

## THE FORGOTTEN TOOL




Written by: **Moise GANZA**

Illustrated by: **Sebastien IRADUKUNDA**






A scene featuring a dark blue door with a silver handle. To the left, a portion of a red curtain is visible. In the foreground, a piece of white paper with a torn edge contains text. The background is a dark, textured wall.

Bo would watch by the window  
as the other tools were working  
together. “I want to do  
something too” he would think.










One morning, as Bo was about to go to the window, he looked and noticed the door had been left open! “Hurray!” he shouted. He jumped on the chair and landed on the ground. Bo walked through the door and went outside.









Each tool was busy working.  
The broom was sweeping  
“Fshhh, fshhhh, fshhhhh.”  
The hammer was nailing  
some wood “Pi, pii, piii!”  
it was very noisy.









Bo walked to where the hammer and other tools were working. “May I work with you?” He asked. The hammer shook its head, “No, there is no work for you here.” Bo was unhappy, he went on.



Bo passed by a small garden. He saw a wheelbarrow and a rake working in the garden. Bo walked towards them and stood in the grass. "Get away!" the wheelbarrow shouted. Bo moved out of the way.








“Can I work with you guys?” he asked. “Move off!” the rake said as she stood behind him. Bo got out of the way.








The illustration shows a green plant with a red flower on the left side of the page. In the foreground, there is a brown, spiral-bound notebook lying on the grass. The background is a large, textured brown area representing a pile of sand. A white, torn-edge paper rectangle is placed over the sand, containing the text.

Away from the grass at last,  
Bo kept walking until he heard  
a sound, “Chic-fu, chic-fu, and  
chic-fu.” The sound was coming  
from behind a pile of sand.  
“What is it?” Bo asked himself.  
He looked behind the pile of sand  
and saw the hoe digging and  
the spade scooping up sand.







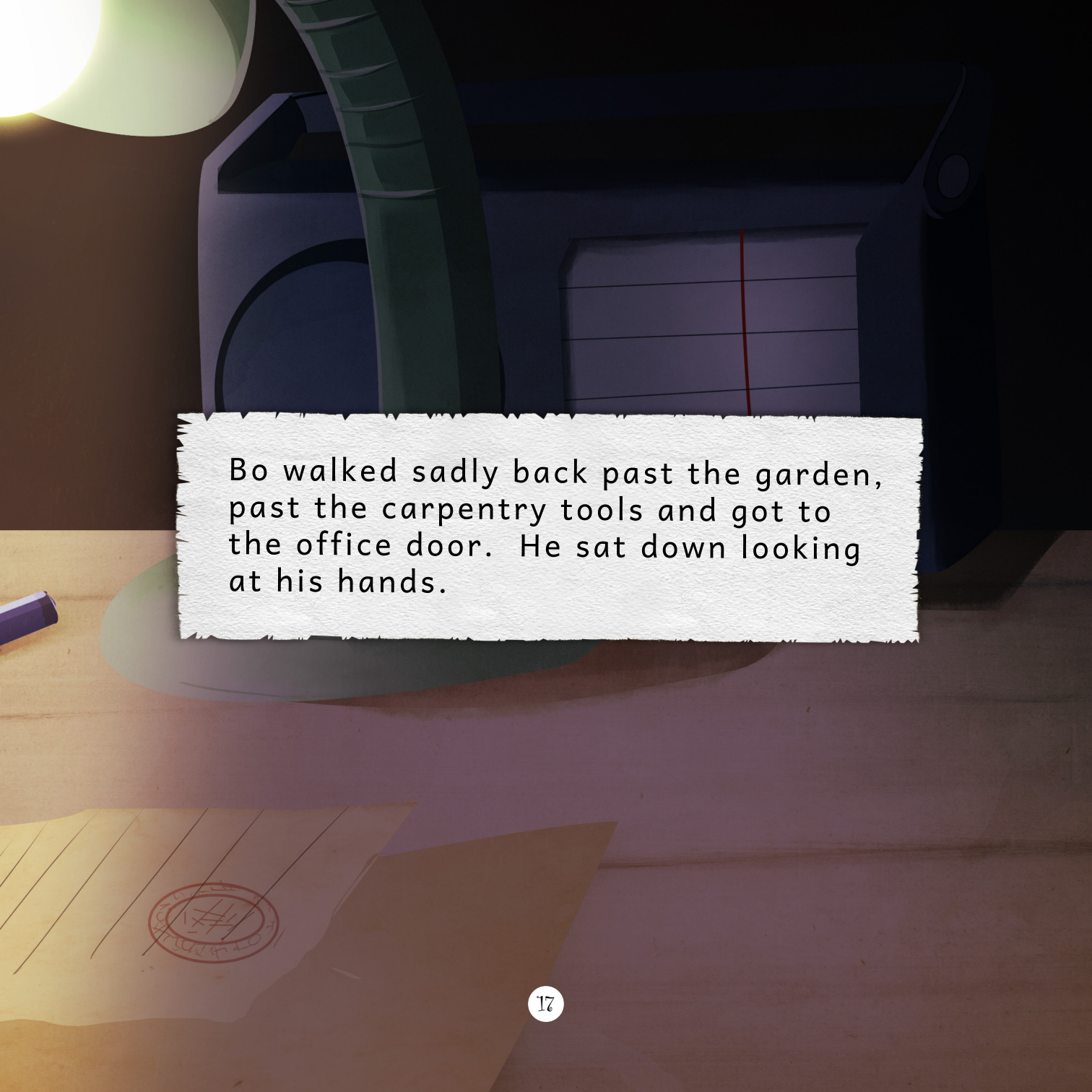


Bo asked again, “Can I work with you?” The hoe said, “Yes, if you can.” Bo smiled, he jumped straight into the sand. He tried to pick up some sand but failed. His hands were glued to his sides. He tried to stretch his arms again and failed. The hoe looked at him, “Sorry,” he said.

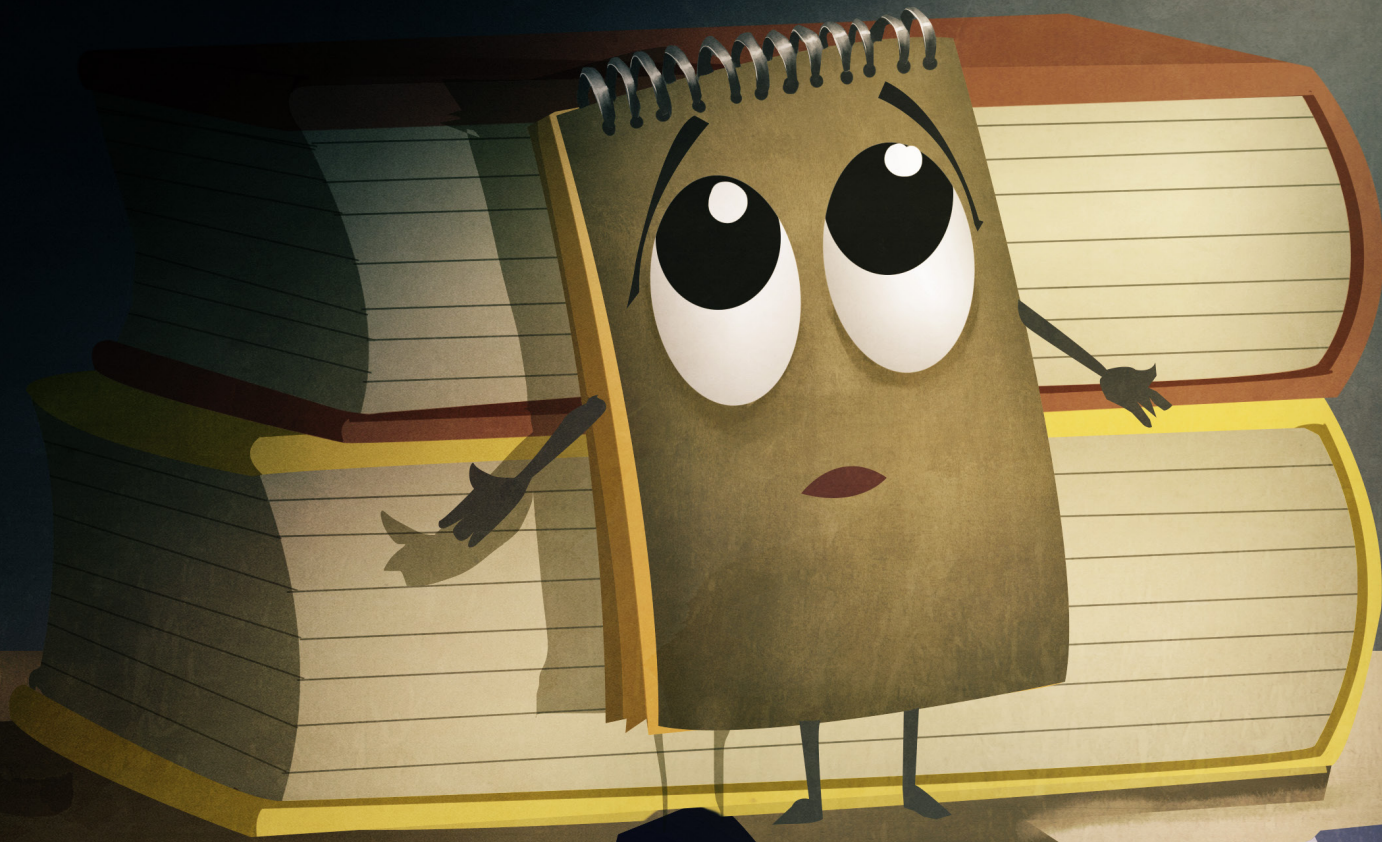








Bo walked sadly back past the garden,  
past the carpentry tools and got to  
the office door. He sat down looking  
at his hands.

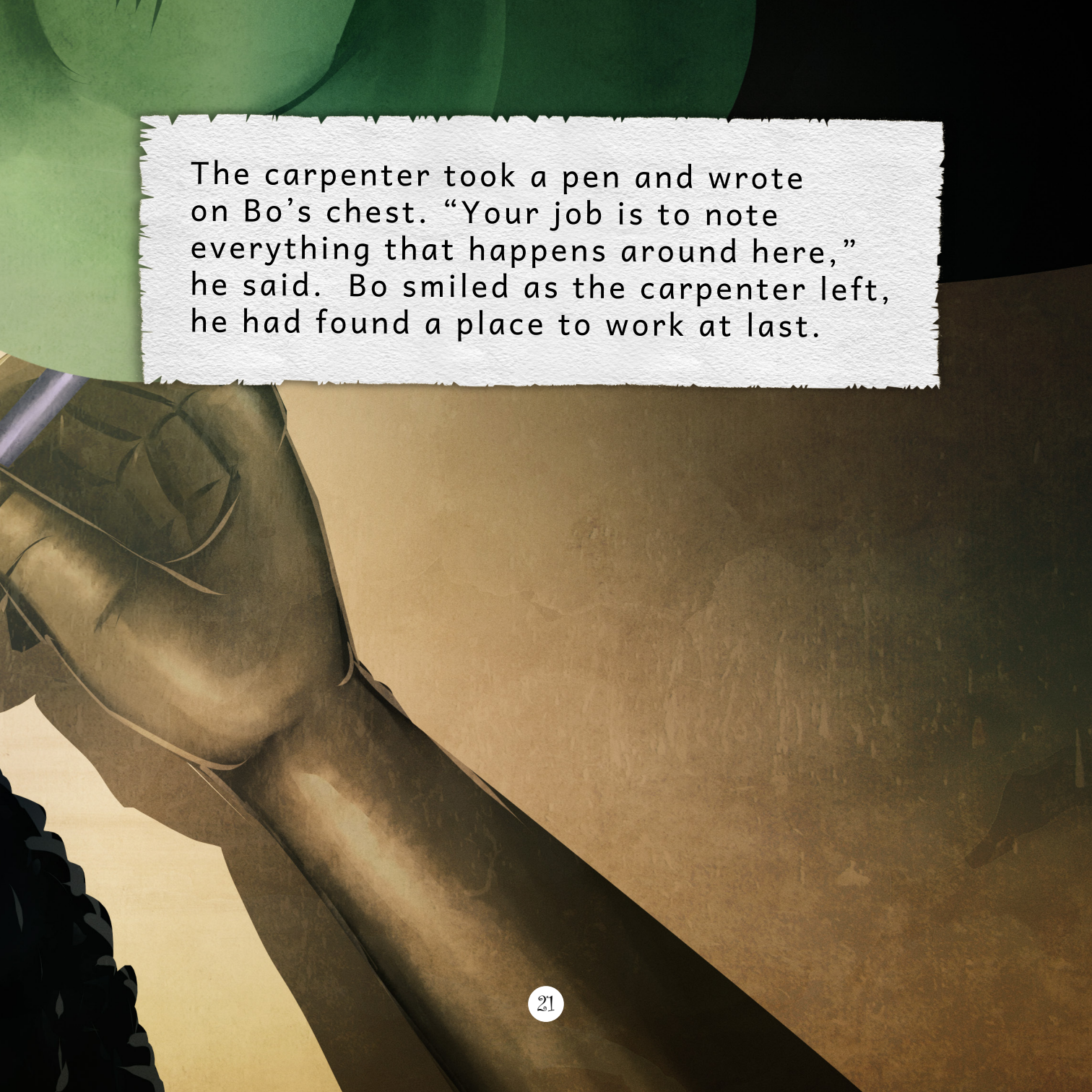




The carpenter came back at night,  
he sat on his office chair. Bo asked,  
“What is my job?” “You are  
my notebook, the most useful tool,”  
the carpenter said.







The carpenter took a pen and wrote on Bo's chest. "Your job is to note everything that happens around here," he said. Bo smiled as the carpenter left, he had found a place to work at last.













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