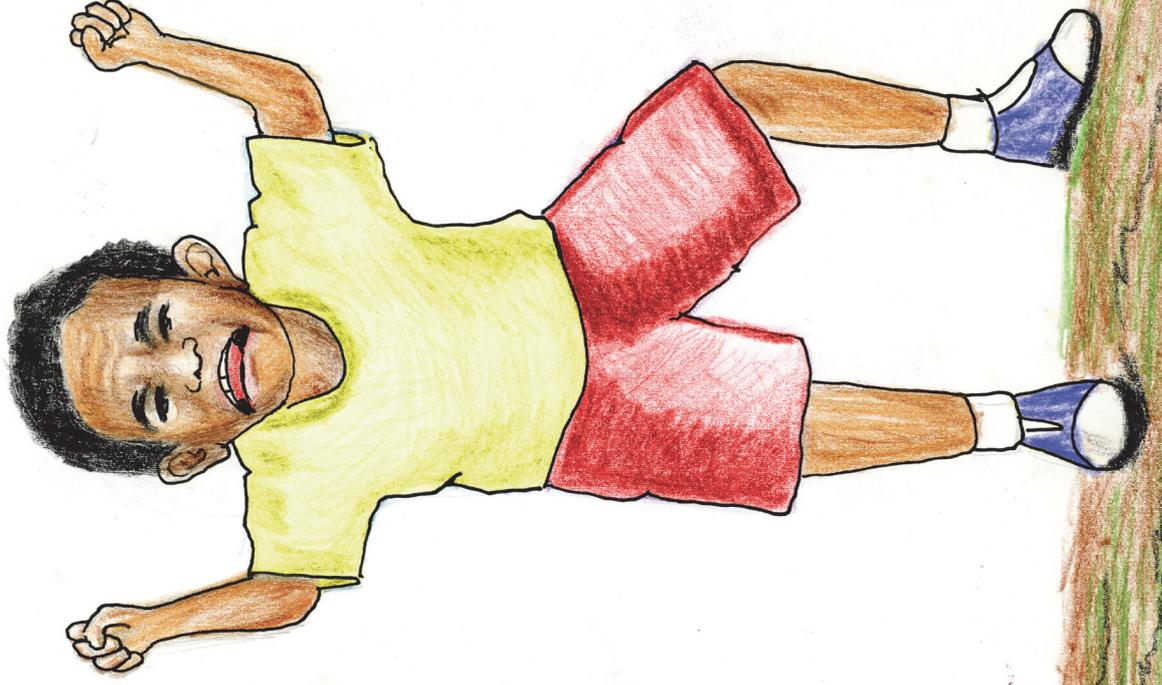


# Naughty Naldo



Mornington Peninsula  
Friends of Lospalos Inc



Created by Many Hands International and young people from Lospalos, Timor-Leste with the support of Mornington Peninsula Friends of Lospalos Inc.

This book was produced through a community project in Lospalos, Timor-Leste, funded by Mornington Peninsula Friends of Lospalos. The story was written by Many Hands International (MHI) staff. The illustrations were created with students from MHI's Youth Arts Program through a series of classroom-based workshops, led by Cesario Lourdes. The book has been digitally published in Tetum, Makalero, Fataluku and English and is free to download and print for personal use. We have kept the illustrations simple to reduce printing costs; your child may like to draw more details around the illustrations.

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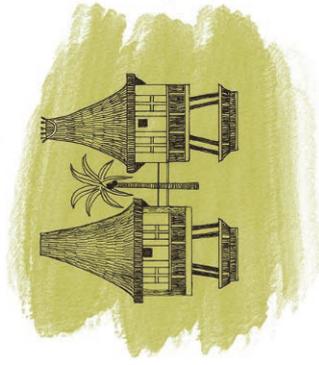
**MHI gratefully acknowledges the support and contribution of:**

Mornington Peninsula Friends of Lospalos  
Mr Tito Da Costa, Translator  
Kirsty Sword-Gusmao, Goodwill Ambassador for Education, Timor-Leste  
Tasmin Waby, English Editor  
Ambyr Wood, Graphic Designer

For more information about Many Hands International and our projects please visit [www.manyhands.org.au](http://www.manyhands.org.au)

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Naldo's parents were very sad,  
but after a while everyone had  
to agree that life was a lot more  
peaceful now that Naldo wasn't  
around.

And every time a storm gathered  
and thunder boomed across the  
land, they thought of Naldo and  
were reminded that you can't  
always get your own way.



When the smoke cleared, all that remained of Naldo were his shoes and a little pile of clothes.

# Naughty Naldo





Naldo liked to get his own way.  
He liked to get his own way  
ALL the time.

He was so furious that he  
stamped the ground with both  
his feet, jumping up and down.  
Boom, boom, boom!  
On the third stamp there was  
a sudden BANG!



When he didn't get his own way, Naldo became like a monsoonal storm.



Naldo's eyes went wild. He sucked in the air all around him. "YES!" he screamed at the top of his lungs, "YES, YES, YES!" .



Naldo's face turned red with fury.  
"I want some lollies and I want them NOW!". He stamped his foot.  
"No," said his father, calmly.  
"YES!" shouted Naldo, and he stamped his foot even harder.  
"No," said his father again.



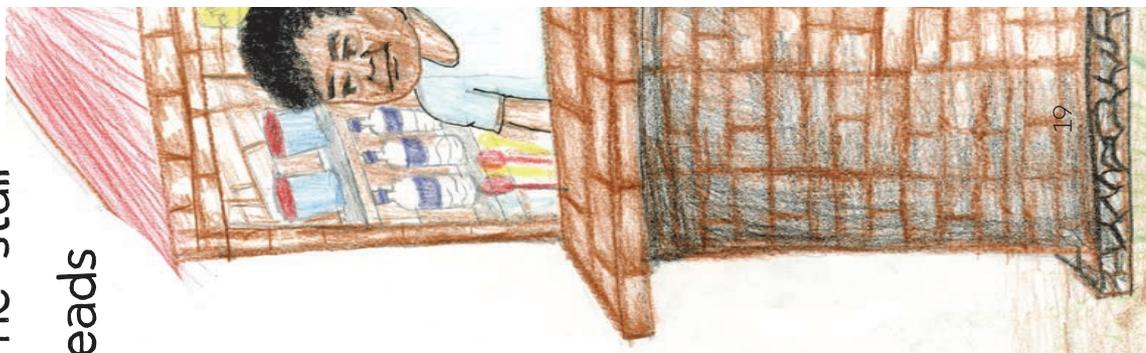
His voice howled like a terrible wind.



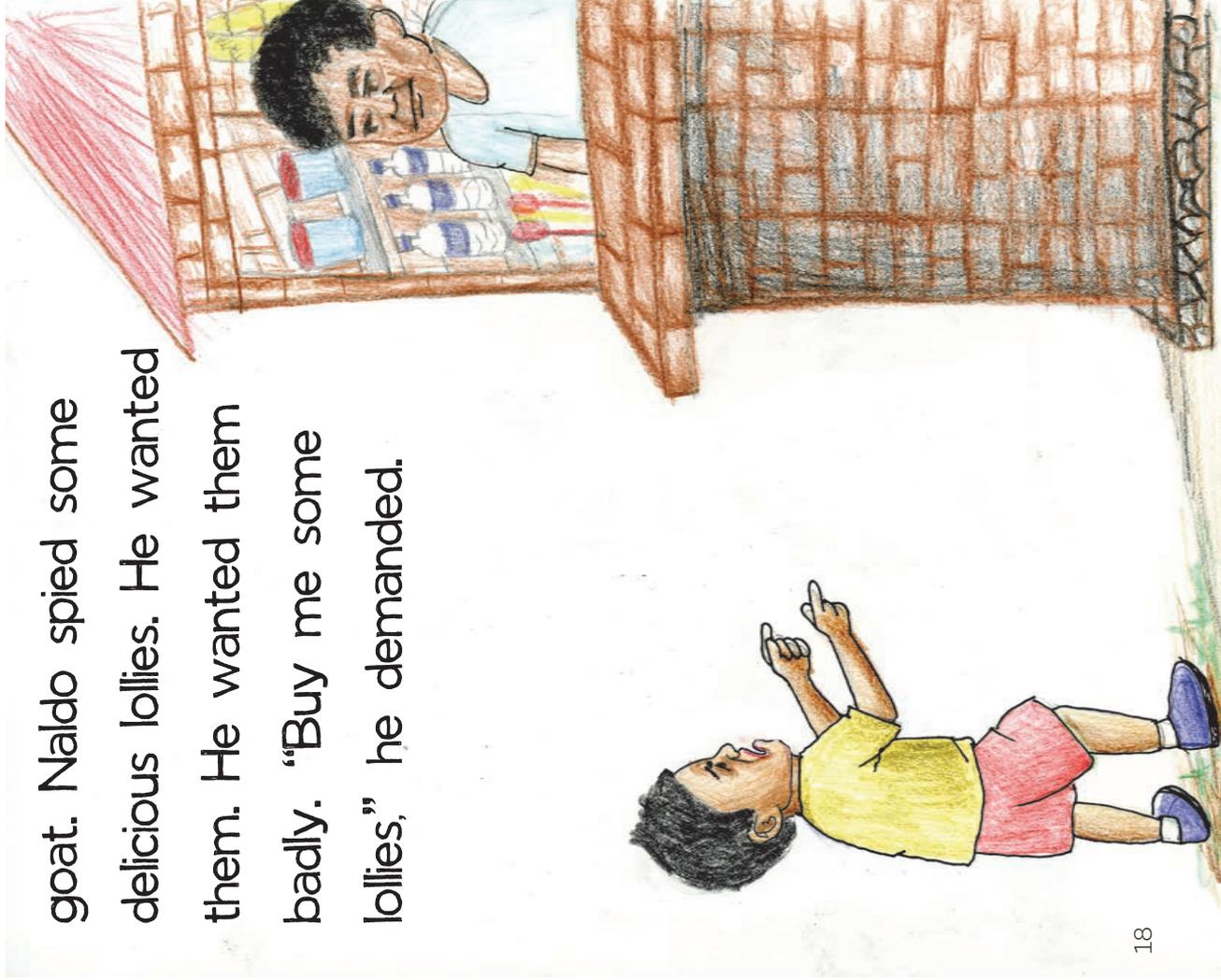
His eyes flashed like lightning.



“No,” said his father, “they will rot your teeth. Also, you are being very rude and rude little boys don’t get treats”. The stall holders all nodded their heads in agreement.



One Saturday, Naldo went to the market with his father to sell their goat. Naldo spied some delicious lollies. He wanted them. He wanted them badly. "Buy me some lollies," he demanded.



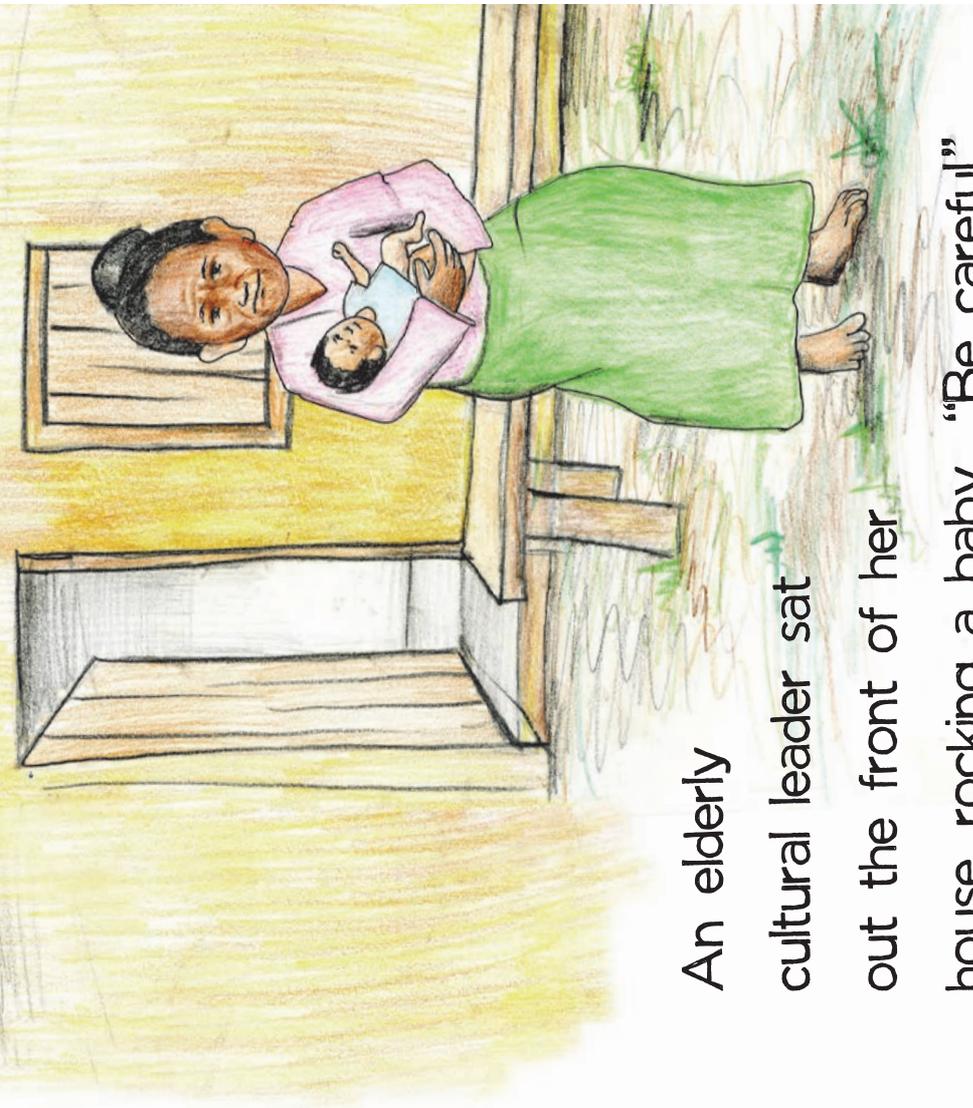
Tears fell on his cheeks like rain from a cloud.



Naldo's bad behaviour continued.  
He stamped his foot here,  
he stamped his foot there,  
he stamped his foot everywhere!



And his foot stamped like booming  
claps of thunder.

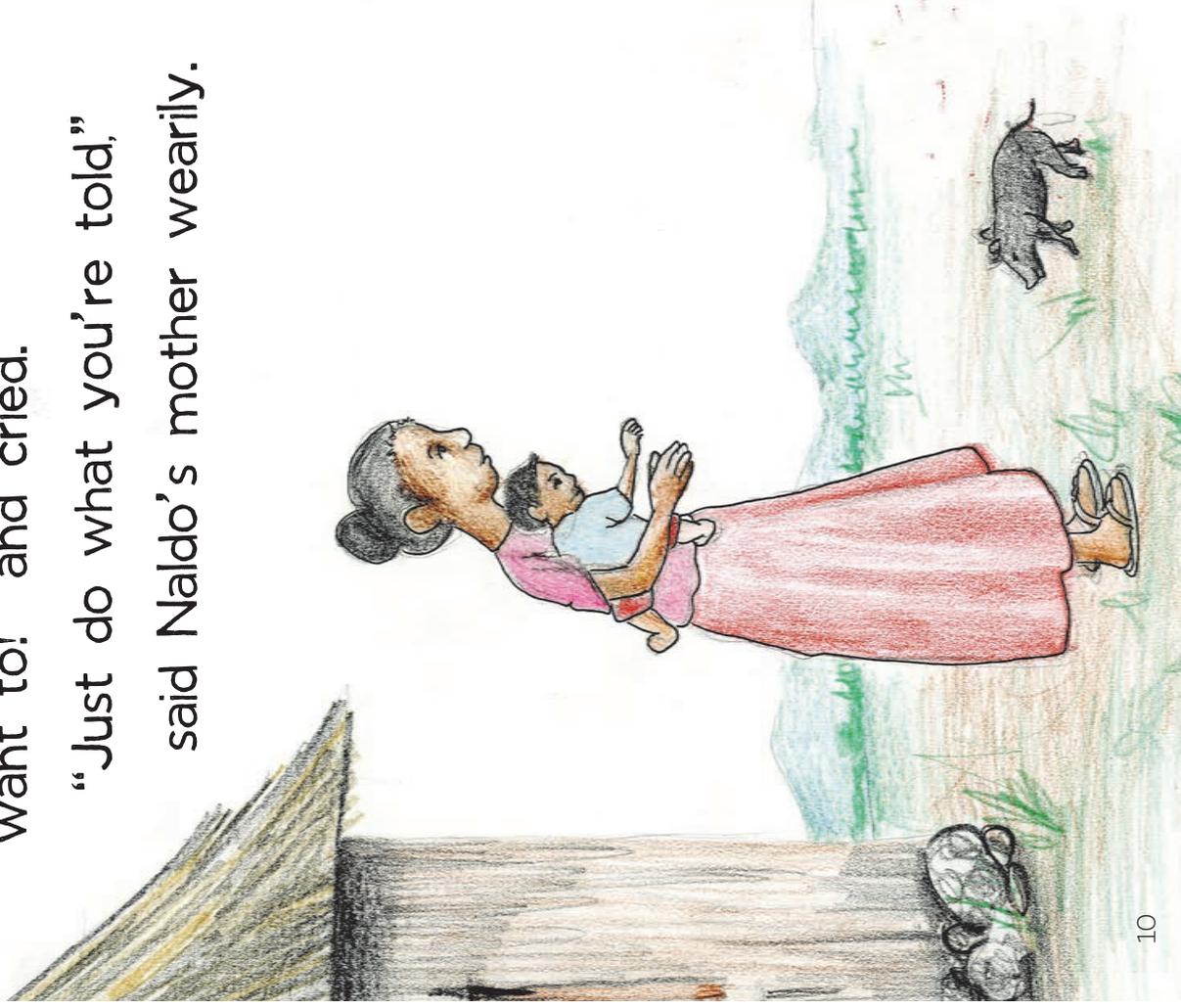


An elderly cultural leader sat out the front of her house, rocking a baby. “Be careful,” she called to Naldo. “If you stamp your foot like that all the time you’ll make the ancestors angry.” Naldo just scowled and stamped his foot at her.



When his mother asked him to feed the pigs, Naldo wailed, "I don't want to!" and cried.

"Just do what you're told," said Naldo's mother wearily.



Naldo curled his hands into fists, jammed them down by his sides and stamped his foot, shouting, "There is and I'M NOT IT!".

Boom, boom, boom!



Playing chasey with the kids in the village, Maria tapped Naldo's arm calling, "You're it!".  
"No, that's not fair!" screeched Naldo, "I was running slowly because I was having a rest!".

"There's no such thing as having a rest in chasey, you're it," said Maria.



Naldo's eyes narrowed and his face grew dark.  
"NO, I WILL NOT," he shouted.

He stamped his foot with every word. Boom, boom, boom, boom!



When he snatched his little sister's toy, Naldo's grandfather said, "That wasn't kind. Give Cecilia her toy back".

"But I want to play with it!" Naldo wailed.

"Well, you don't always get what you want, so give it back to her," said his grandfather.



Naldo took a very deep breath, puffed his chest up and shouted, "NO! NO! NO!" stamping his foot in time with each word. Boom, boom, boom!

