

little issue

young minds matter

ENGLISH, AFRIKAANS, ISIXHOSA,
ISIZULU, SESOTHO INSIDE

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to sponsored schools

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BASED ON THE NATIONAL CURRICULUM



What happened to Sonny's ball?

Kwenzeka ntoni kwibhola kaSonny?

PAGE 30

CATCH THE FUN



BAMBA UBUMNANDI!



 A little ant has a **BIG PLAN**

PAGE 26

The secret to banana pancakes...



PAGE 21

Weird creature - what's a pangolin?



PAGE 14

Thank you to our awesome sponsors for helping us have fun while we learn



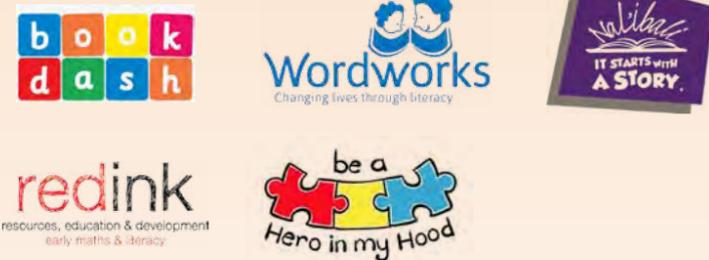
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Hello kids!

It's time to read. Enjoy the three stories in the magazine. Decide which one is your favourite. See page 12. Have fun with the silly jokes on page 44. Share them with your friends! Enjoy the healthy recipe on page 21 - yummy banana pancakes - and find the special spaces in this issue where you can write and draw.

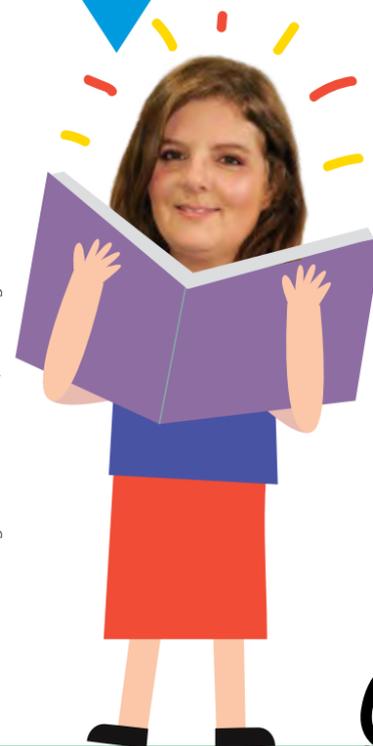
Stay safe and enjoy!

Laura

Editor

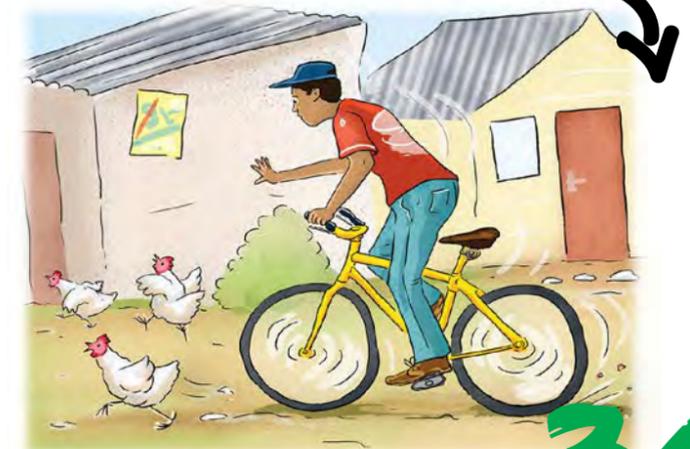
P.S Visit www.littleissue.org.za to download older copies of the *little issue*.

Cover illustration: by Johann Strauss, courtesy of Nalibali



inside

little issue



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Eye spy with my little eye ...

Can you find these pictures hidden in the magazine?



Answers: 17, 27, 36

YOUNG MINDS MATTER

Welcome to the 7th edition of *little issue*

So many learners are experiencing disrupted school schedules, changed holidays and new social distancing rules that affect their normal way of school life. It is our heartfelt hope that our *little issue* magazine continues to play a small part in supporting learning, aligned with the different social distancing protocols.

In this context, our NGO content partners have made a special effort to get learning material packs to learners at school – this includes copies of the *little issue* – before they close for school holidays. In this way, the NGOs have ensured that children have at least some learning materials at home during the school holidays. As research has proven, there is a lack of books or magazines of any kind in many township homes.

From an operational perspective, we have had to adjust our delivery dates to the changing school teaching calendars. This meant that our publishing date did not align exactly to the school quarterly dates. But the excellent curricular content in the magazine is still aligned to the school syllabus.

We are in production with our third entertaining and educational animation segment for our dedicated *little issue* Animation Studio on YouTube: **Little Issue** (bit.ly/3DmrJmm). Parents and children, please share and subscribe to our animation episodes to help publicise our channel.

The many email letters and social media comments we receive expressing your appreciation of the quality of the content and design of the magazine continue to inspire and motivate us. Our aim is to innovate to help young minds cope with reading and learning.

Thanks to everyone for taking the time to share their views. A reminder – anyone can download every issue free of charge from our website – www.littleissue.org.za



Derek Carelse
MD, *little issue*



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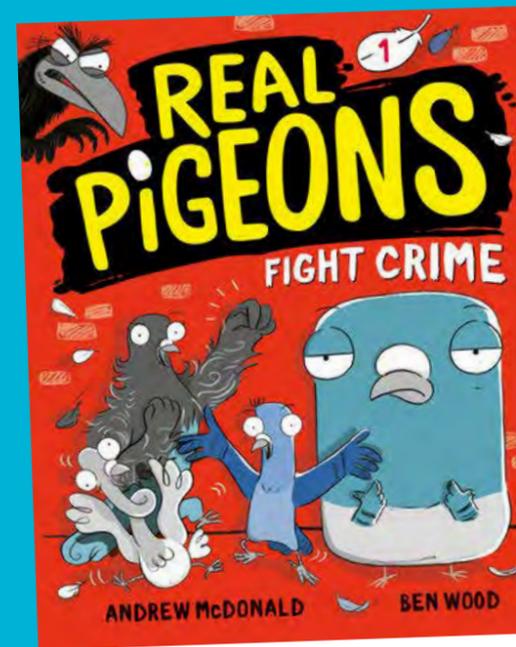
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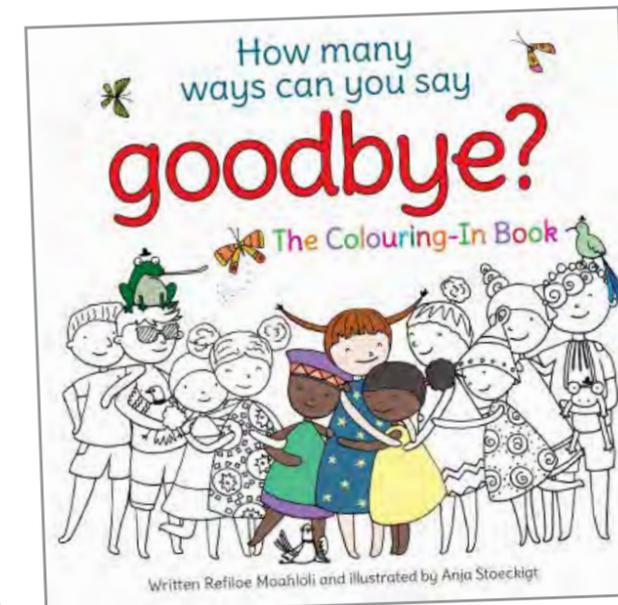
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Hero in my Hood

DISCLAIMER
The opinions expressed in this magazine do not necessarily reflect those of the board and management of the *little issue* or Mikateko Media. All correspondence about the magazine should be directed to *The Big Issue* and Mikateko Media.



Real Pigeons Fight Crime by Andrew McDonald and Ben Wood
www.jonathanball.co.za

Rock the pigeon and his mystery-solving friends will tackle their first case. Why have all the breadcrumbs disappeared? Who is kidnapping bats? And can the pigeons prevent a dinner disaster?



How many ways can you say goodbye? This colouring-in book is by Refiloe Moahloli and Anja Stoekigt

www.penguinrandomhouse.co.za
Sara and her friends travel in a hot air balloon and learn to say 'hello' in the 11 different languages spoken in South Africa. They also need to find out how to say 'goodbye' to each other. Just as Sara starts to feel sad about it, she discovers something new and wonderful.

Terms and conditions apply: competition closes on 31 November 2021. The winners will be randomly selected from the correct email entries received before 11:59pm on the closing date. The judges' decision is final and no correspondence will be entered into. The prize/s cannot be transferred or sold. The competition is not open to Mikateko Media, The Big Issue employees, little issue content partners or their family members.

WIN!

A BOOK UP FOR GRABS

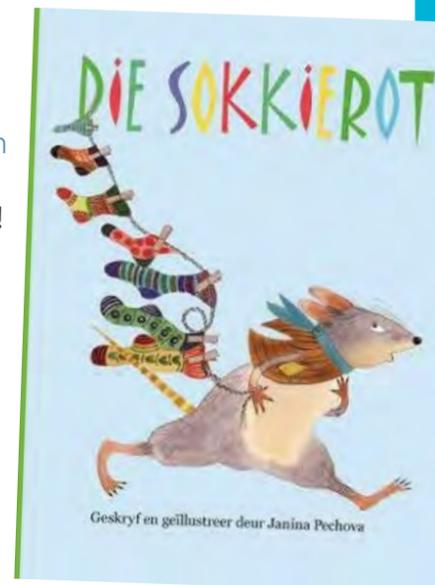
Enter to win a free copy of **Real Pigeons Fight Crime**.

Email your name and number to thelittleissue@mikatekocomedia.co.za. The winner will be announced by email.

Die Sokkierot deur Janina Pechova

www.bumblebooksonline.com

Eendag het Rafael die rotkunstenaar sokkies ontdek! Ja, sokkies! Nie ou, stink sokkies nie! Mooi, skoon sokkies! Sokkies van pragtige, sagte wol in helder kleure en alle groottes. Het jy al ooit gewonder wat met jou vermiste sokkie gebeur het?



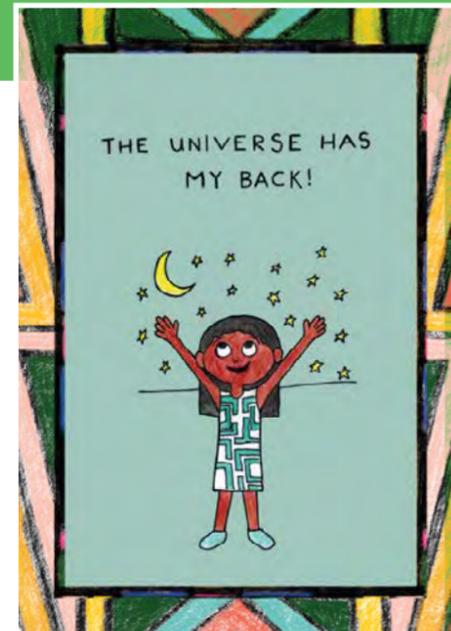
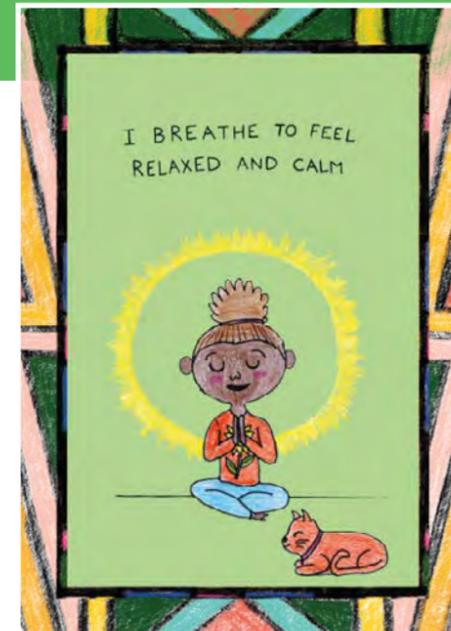
YES! YOU ARE SPECIAL

Reading an 'affirmation card' can help you feel better, especially if you feel upset, sad or discouraged

What is an AFFIRMATION?
A positive saying or nice words that are supportive and encouraging



Source: www.africanaffirmations.org



Madeeha Kadir is 13-years old, and is the artist who has helped draw the pictures on the Affirmation Cards. Let's read about what she has to say.

Tell us about how you came to draw pictures for these cards ...

Aunty Basheera gave me a theme for each card. And then I thought and imagined about it and let that guide me. For example, on the card that says 'I breathe to feel relaxed' I imagined myself meditating, and the warm glow I felt around me and the comfort of having my pet close by. I also researched designs on traditional African patterns to draw onto the characters' clothes.

Who are the characters?

They're all made up from my ideas!

Your favourite things to draw?

People and characters from shows and books in my own style, like anime and comic drawing.

What do you think about the words on the cards?

Some of the cards reflect my own experiences. The one that says 'it's okay to feel sad' was from an experience when I fell

off the swing at school ... and felt like I had to pretend to be okay, because I felt a little embarrassed to cry.

Which school do you go to?

A Turkish school called Nizamiye in Midrand, Johannesburg. I am in Grade 9.

Siblings?

I have a younger sister, Yusra, who I'm teaching to draw.

Pets?

A rabbit.

Hobbies?

Drawing and gaming. All my skills are self-taught through practice and learning for free online.

Favourite subject at school?

Maths.

When you finish school you would like to ...

Become an animator or a forensic investigator. I could use both my creative and analytical talents.

How to safely cross the road

Ungayiwela njani indlela ngokukhuselekileyo

HELP HARRY CROSS THE ROAD. WHAT SHOULD HE DO FIRST?

Put the pictures in the right order. Label them from numbers 1 to 4.

NCEDA UHARRY AWELE INDLELA. YINTONI EMAKAYENZE KUQALA?

BEKA imifanekiso ngendlela eyiyo. Yinombole ukusuka ku1 ukuya ku4.



Can you read these signs?

Ungazifunda ezi mpawu?

Roadsigns help show us the rules of the road. They tell a story with pictures.

Limpawu zendlela zinceda ukusibonisa imithetho yendlela.

DRAW A LINE FROM EACH ROAD SIGN TO THE CORRECT WORDS

KRWELA UMGCA UKUSUKA KUPHAWU LWENDLELA NGALUNYE UKUYA EMAGAMENI ACHANEKILEYO



Kunqumla abahambi ngenyawo

Kunqumla abantwana

Kunqumla uloliwe

Jika ngasekhohlo

Azivumelekanga iibhayisekile



Pedestrian crossing

Children crossing

Railway crossing

No mini-buses allowed

No bikes allowed



ROBOTS PROTECT US FROM ROAD ACCIDENTS

Colour the robot with the correct colours.

STOP
YIMA

WAIT
LINDA

GO
HAMBA

Why must you look both ways when crossing?

Kutheni kufuneka ujonge macala omabini phambi kokuwela indlela?

Cars travel much, much faster than people. Look left and right to make sure that a car isn't coming, especially when there is no robot to help you. This helps keep you safe from moving vehicles.

imoto zihamba ngesantya esiphezulu kakhulu, kunesabantu. Kufuneka ujonge ngasekhohlo nangasekunene ukuqinisekisa ukuba akukho moto izayo, ngakumbi xa kungekho robhothi iza kukunceda. Oku kukunceda ukuba ukhuseleke kwizithuthi ezihambayo.

Where do you live?

A map is a picture of a place, drawn from above.
The closer you look at it, the more detail you will see.

Answer these questions about the map of South Africa

Which province do you live in? Write it here and colour it in on the map.

Which provinces are closest to the one you live in? Write them here and colour them in on the map..

What is the name of the place where you live? Write it here.

When visitors arrive in your province what special attractions do they like to visit?

There are 11 languages spoken in South Africa

Which ones do you and your friends speak? Write the language and the people who speak it.

	Official language	People I know who speak it
1		
2		
3		
4		



Where do you want to go?

Write the names of two provinces on the map.
What do you want to go and see there?

Names of provinces	Things you want to see

CHOOSE A WORD



Wat weet jy alles van Hope?
How much do you know about Hope?

AFRIKAANS

Kies die korrekte woord uit elke paar vetgedrukte woorde om die paragraaf oor Hope te voltooi.

Hope is **20/10** jaar oud en woon saam met haar mamma en pappa. Sy is goeie vriende met Neo en Josh. Hulle kom kyk dikwels wanneer sy aan **dans-/karatekompetisies** deelneem. Hope hou daarvan om kort romans oor kinders van haar ouderdom en hulle daaglikse lewens te **sing/ lees**. Sy hou baie van diere, en jy sal haar dikwels kry waar sy deur boeke oor wilde **diere/plante** blaai. En natuurlik hou sy van boeke oor karate!



Kleur die prente in.
Colour in the pictures

ENGLISH

Choose the correct word from each pair of bold words to complete the paragraph about Hope.

Hope is **20/10** years old and she lives with her mom and dad. She is good friends with Neo and Josh. They often come and watch her when she takes part in **karate/dancing** competitions. Hope enjoys **singing/reading** short novels about children her age and their daily lives. She is a great animal-lover, so you'll often find her looking at books about wild **animals/plants**. And, of course, she loves books about karate!

Antwoorde: 10, karatekompetisies, lees, diere. Answers: 10, karate, reading, animals



Wazi kangakanani ngoNoodle?
How much do you know about Noodle?

isiZULU

Khetha igama elifanele ephejeni ngalinye lamagama abhalwe ngokunzima ukuze uqedele isigaba esimayelana naye.

UNoodle uyisilwane esingumngani **sikaNeo/Bella esiyinja/ikati** futhi ungumngani wabo bonke abangani bakaBella! Ngesinye isikhathi uBella ucabanga ukuthi ngabe kungcono ukuba wayemhambise esikoleni semidlwane ngesikhathi esemncane ngoba ungumagangane! Uma uBella kanye nomama wakhe befunda ndawonye, uNoodle uyathanda ukulala eduze kwabo ngoba mhlawumbe bazofunda indaba emayelana **nokudla/imisindo** yezilwane kuyo - uyazithanda kakhulu lezi zindaba, ikakhulukazi uma zinezinja **ezikhonkothayo/eziculayo** kuzo. UNoodle uyathanda ukuba sezindaweni azokwazi kuzo ukugijima bese **egxuma/emba** kuzo. Futhi uma eseqedile ukwenza kanjalo ayikho into ayithanda ukudlula **itiye/amanzi** kanye nebhisi kidi **lezinja/ukugeza**

Faka umbala esithombeni.
Colour in the picture



ENGLISH

Choose the correct word from each pair of bold words to complete the paragraph about Noodle.

Noodle is **Neo's/Bella's** pet **dog/cat** and he is friends with all of Bella's friends! Sometimes Bella thinks she should have taken him to puppy school when he was younger because he can be very naughty! When Bella and her mom are reading together, Noodle likes to lie near them in case they are reading a story with animal **food/sounds** in it - he likes these stories very much, especially if they have dogs **barking/singing** in them. Noodle loves to be in places where he can run around and **jump/dig**. And when he's done that, there is nothing that he likes more than to have a drink of **tea/water** and a dog **biscuit/bath**!

Answers: Bella's, dog, sounds, barking, dig, water, dog biscuit

Source: Courtesy Nail'ball



What's your favourite?

These pictures are from stories in the magazine

Look at the pictures of the stories. Give each a number from 1 to 3 ...

1

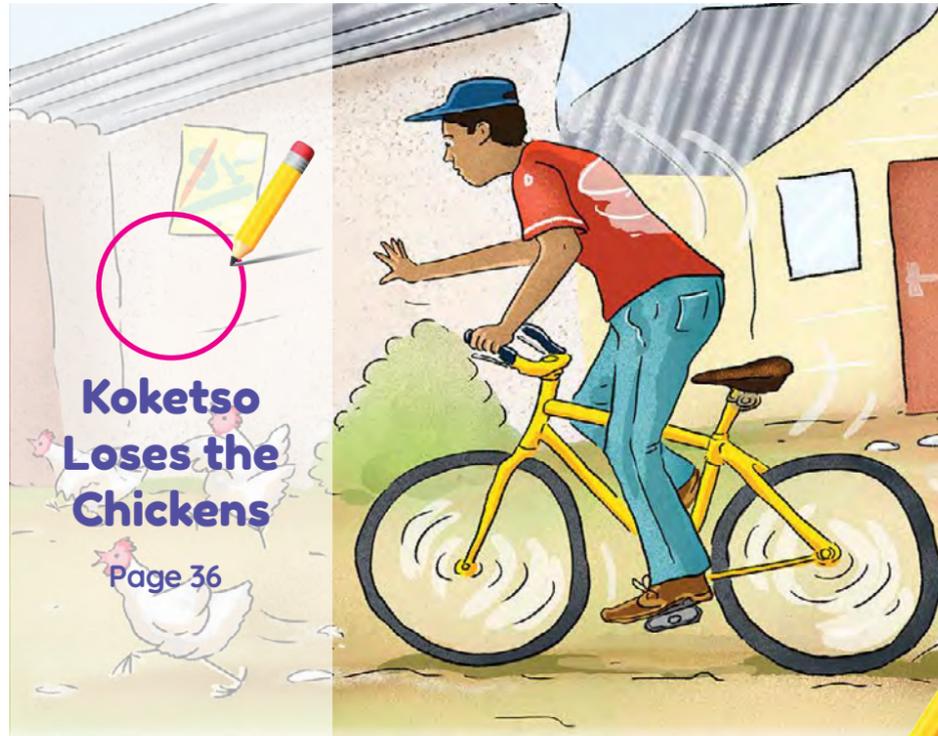
I liked this the most

2

This was okay, not good, not bad

3

I liked this the least



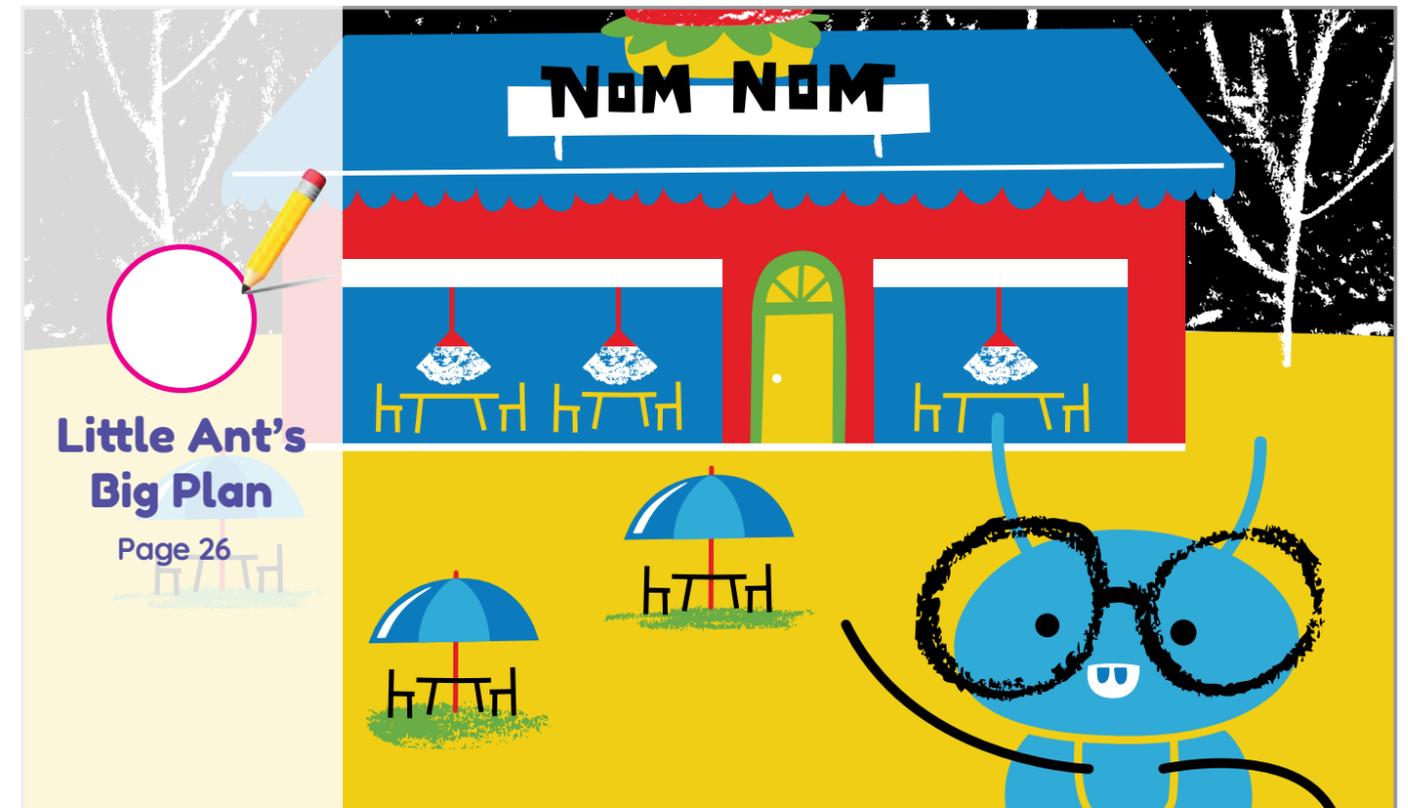
Which story did you like the most?

Who were the main characters in the story you like the most?

What did you like about this story?

Which story did you like the least?

Why did you not like the story?



SAVE THE HARMLESS PANGOLIN!

HABITAT

Pangolins live in Africa, China, India and south-east Asia. They live in woodlands and grasslands. They like to burrow underground.

FOOD

They eat ants, termites and their eggs or larvae.

SUPERPOWER

Pangolins don't have teeth. They have sticky tongues they use to grab food. They can stick their tongues out as much as the length of their bodies to slurp! Insects are broken up by stones and keratin spines located inside their stomachs.

APPEARANCE

Pangolins are covered in scales, which are made of the same stuff as human fingernails. They curl into a ball and can release a horrible smell when threatened. They sometimes sleep upside down hanging from tree branches by their tails.

SIZE

They measure 30 - 100cm long. They weigh anything from 1.5 up to 33kg. That's about the weight of some Grade R kids.

LIFESPAN

It's not easy to tell how long they live. Being captured by humans is terribly traumatic for pangolins. This results in stress, depression and early death. The oldest recorded pangolin in captivity died at 19 years old.

WHAT IS PANGOLIN TRAFFICKING?

- Catching a pangolin and selling it is called trafficking.
- Pangolins are the most trafficked animal in the world.
- It is illegal and people who traffic them end up in jail.
- The Chinese believe that killing and eating pangolin meat and scales is good for health. This is NOT true. Pangolins are NOT medicine. They have NO magic powers.
- Pangolin is expensive in China, so people like to serve it to impress their friends.
- This is why pangolins are endangered and almost extinct!

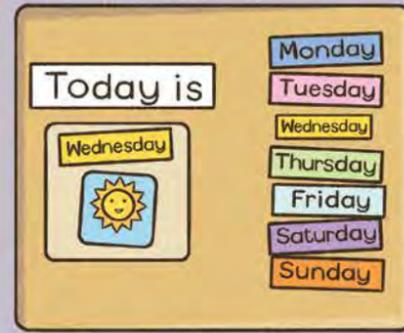
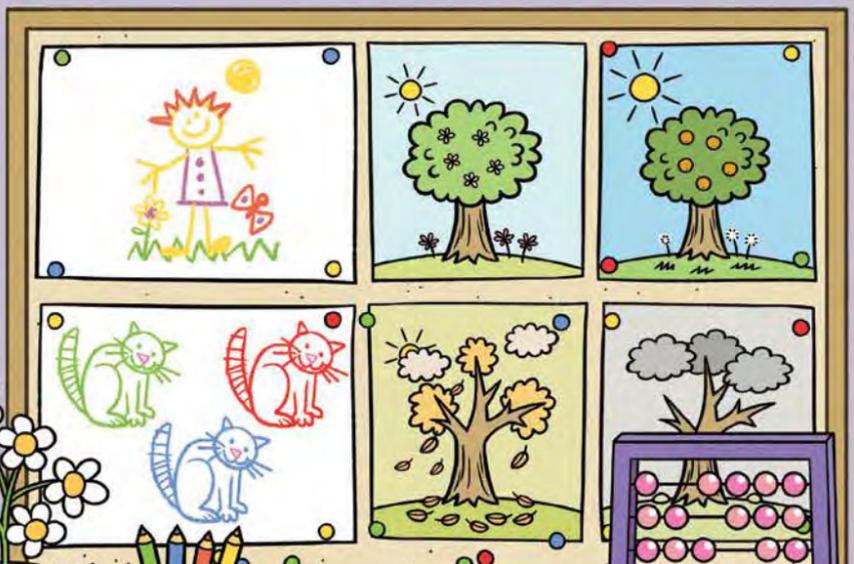
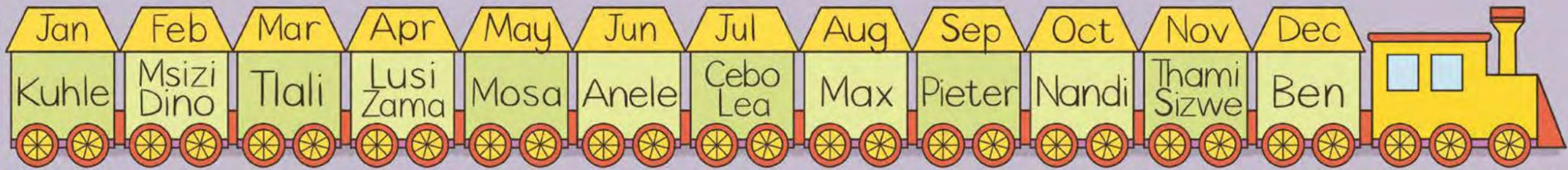
AMAZING FACT

One pangolin can eat 70 million insects a year.



Conservationists and journalists in Asia and Africa are working together to protect these shy, harmless animals. Visit www.savepangolins.org to report someone involved in trafficking.

Let's play



1. **Count.** How many circles, squares, rectangles and triangles can you find in the poster?
2. **Look** at the Birthday Train. **Say** the months of the year and **find** your birthday month.
3. There are 9 children in the classroom. If 2 go outside, **how many** will be left in the classroom?
4. **How many** more counters do we need to have 10 on the table?
5. If the boy and the girl share the blocks equally, **how many** will each child get?
6. If the teacher wants to give each child 2 biscuits, **how many** biscuits does she need?
7. **Look** at the pictures of trees on the wall. **Name** the different seasons for each picture.

Answers: 3. (7) 4. (3) 5. (5) 6. (18)

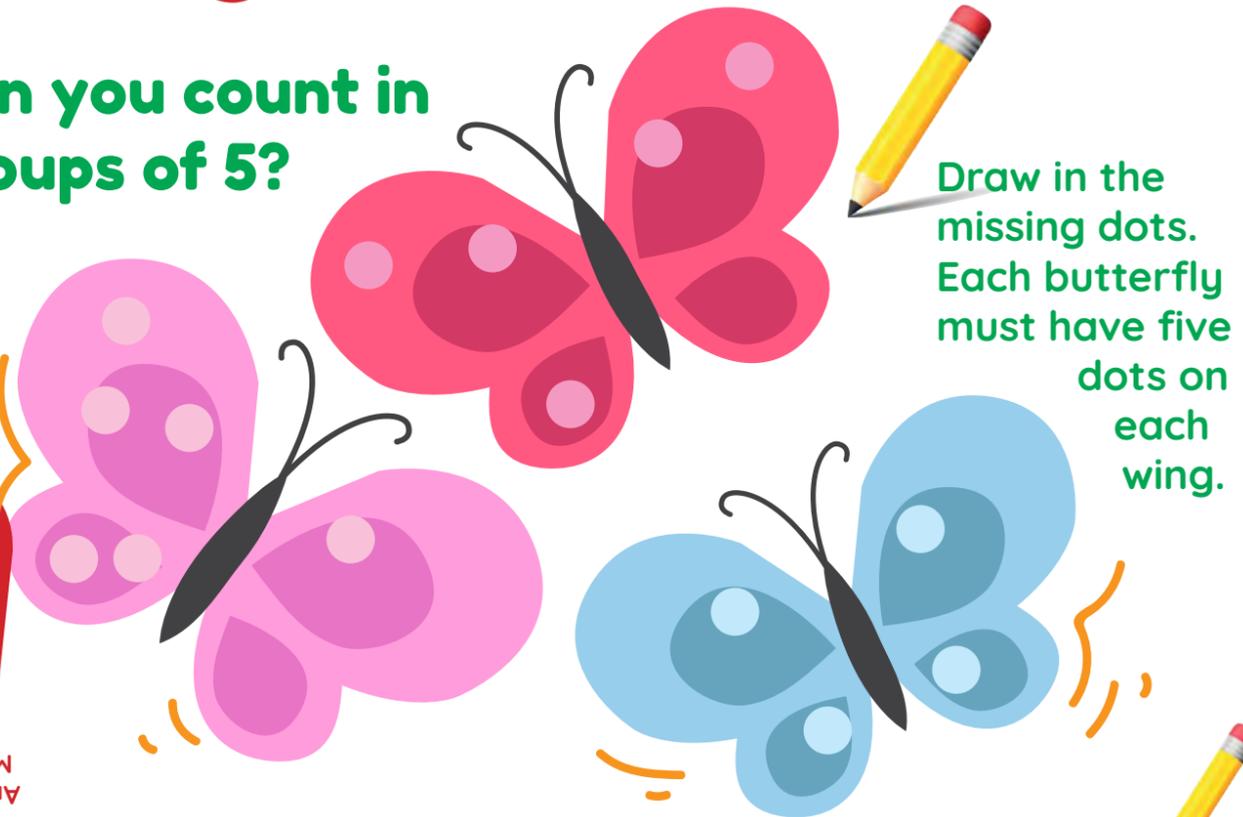


redink
resources, education & development
early maths & literacy

Source: artwork by Magriet Brink and Leo Daly.

Magic number 5

Can you count in groups of 5?



What is a butterfly's favourite subject at school?

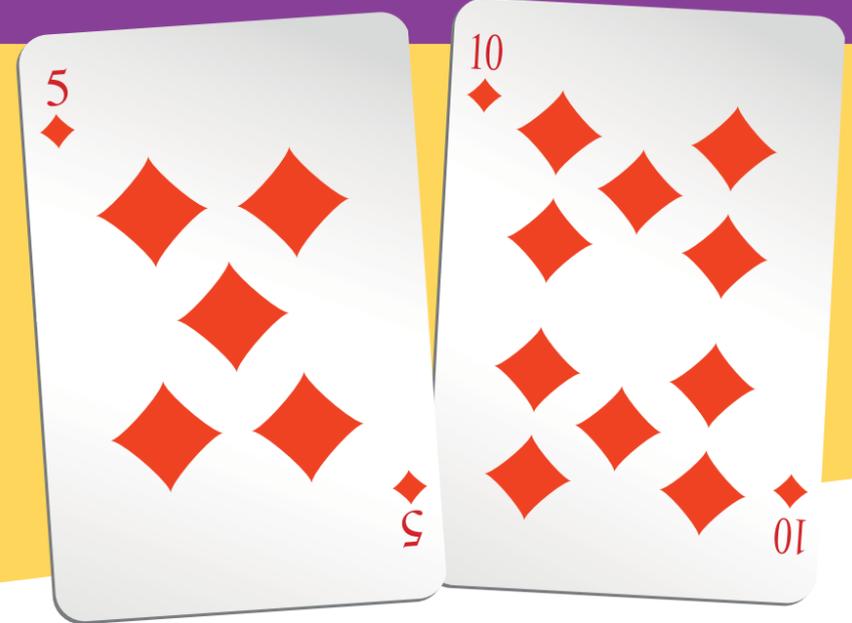
Answer: Mathematics!

Draw one bunch of five bananas

Draw two bunches of five flowers each



How many groups of 5 can you circle on each card?



Look at the sum on the left. Now draw the correct number of shapes for the sum on the right.

$$5 + 5 = 10$$

$$5 + 5 + 5 = \square$$



Look at these numbers. Follow the 5 pattern. Count in 5s and colour the numbers in the grid

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50



MEET DARREL

Which position?

Where is Darrel standing? In front, next to, or behind?

In which position was Darrel standing when he saw these? In front, above or on the side?

Near or far? Is the car near or far from Darrel?

BAKE! BANANA PANCAKES

Bananas inside.
Bananas on top.
Bananas around!

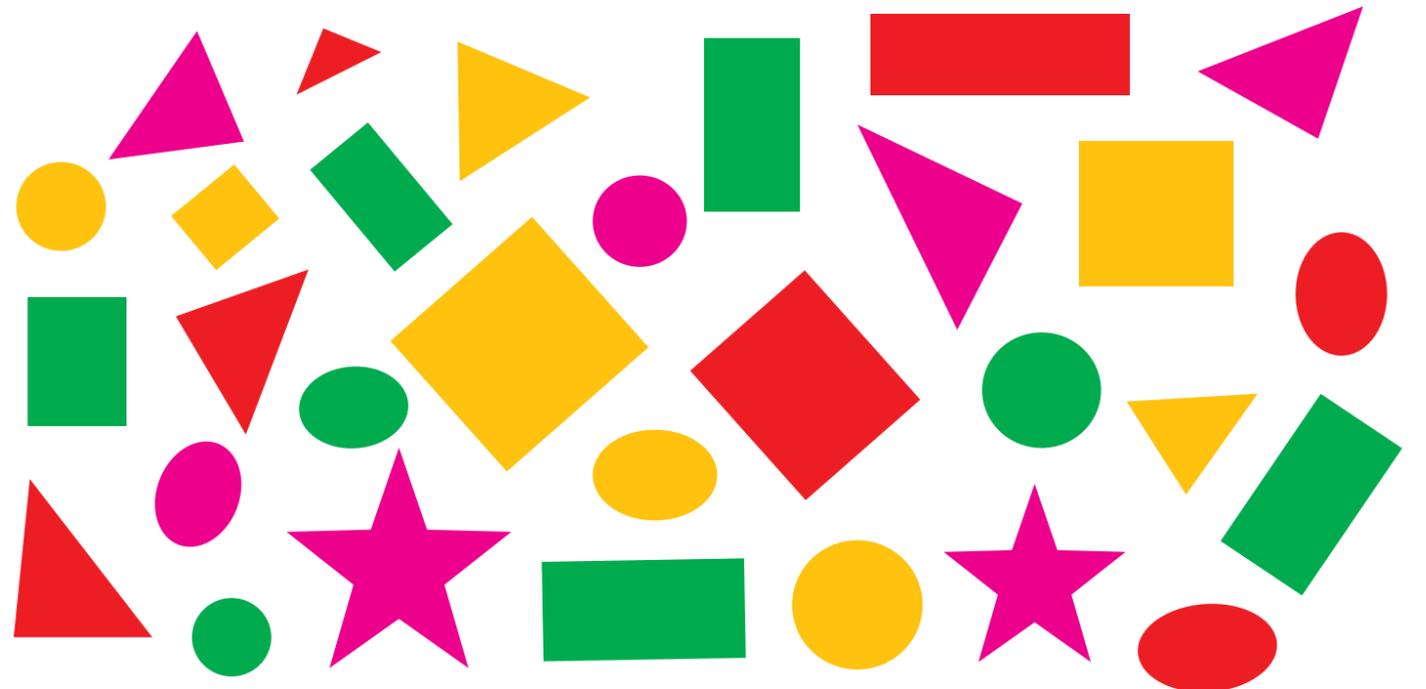
- 🍌 2 ripe bananas, mashed
- 🍌 2 eggs, beaten
- 🍌 1/2 cup peanut butter

1. Mix all the ingredients together.
2. Drop spoonfuls into an oiled frying pan. Fry then flip to cook the other side. **Get a grown up to help here.**
3. Decorate. Put sliced bananas on top, and all around. Yum.



Find the edges on these shapes

Look at these shapes. Do they have straight or round edges?



RANGOON PRIMARY SCHOOL

Librarians love to read stories to Rangoon kids

Ms Lamb and Mrs Samuels are the librarians at the Rangoon Primary School Library. They love to read crazy stories to the kids. During library time, Ms Lamb and Mrs Samuels pick everyone's favourite stories and away they go ...



Ms Sue Lamb

Mrs Zaida Samuels

Look at the jumble of words. Choose the ones that describe the character of each person in the pictures below. You can use your own words too.



- ↓ kind busy confused sad clever
 young angry messy brave
 old cruel neat shy unsure

MRS NAN TUCKET	ANDY TRAPP	CLIVE SPOOT



Mrs Nan Tucket, school cook



Andy Trapp, Rangoon Grade 2

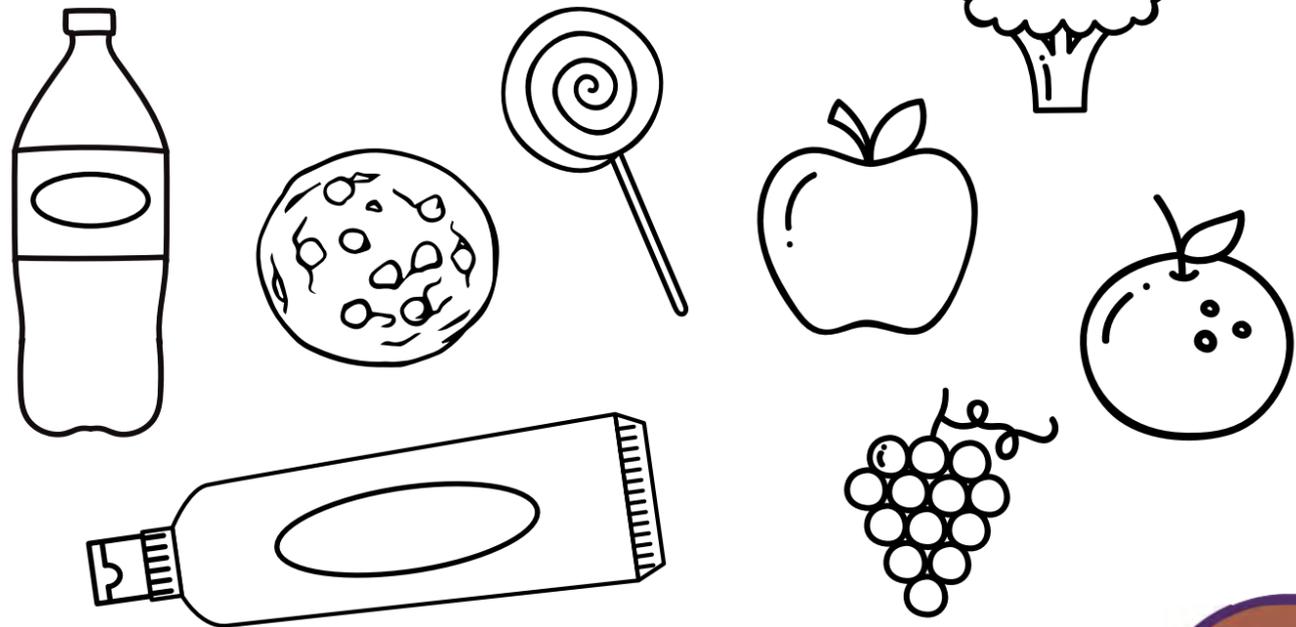


Clive Spoot, Rangoon Grade 3

YOUR HEALTHY TEETH

GOOD FOR TEETH, BAD FOR TEETH

Colour in the foods that are good for your teeth. Draw a cross over the foods that are bad for your teeth.



How to care for your teeth

It is important to brush your teeth twice a day.

Brushing your teeth gets rid of food that is stuck around your teeth

Brushing washes away any sugar and food that you can't see with your eyes or feel with your tongue.

Floss your teeth every day to clean in between teeth. Flossing keeps gums and teeth healthy.

Visit the dentist twice a year for check-ups.



How many sets of teeth do we have in our lives?

- A five
- B two
- C one

Why do we have teeth?

- A To show them off when smiling
- B To bite our nails
- C To cut through food and help chew it before swallowing

What happens if you don't brush your teeth twice a day?

- A Nothing, it will be fine
- B All your teeth will fall out right away
- C Cavities could form and you'll need to visit a dentist

MATCH THE WORDS!

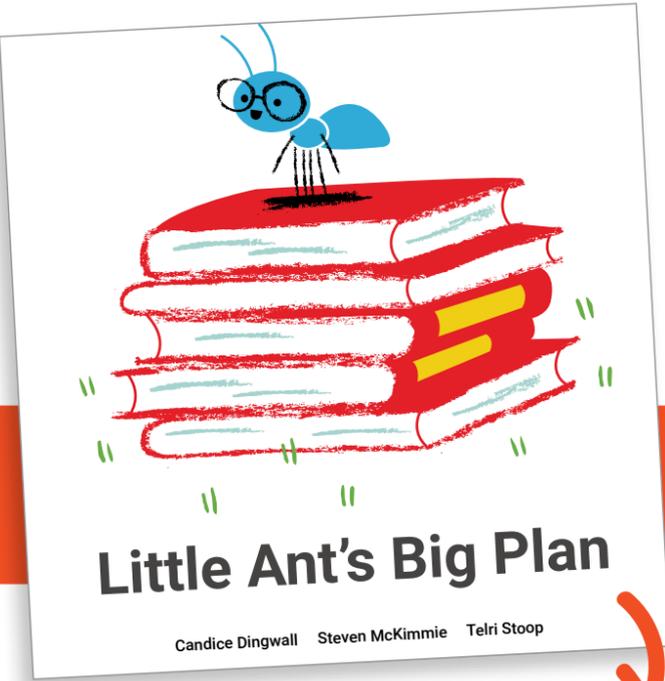
Draw a line from the words to the correct tooth.

- Broken tooth
- Braces for crooked teeth
- Implant
- Hole in a tooth
- Dirty tooth
- Lovely healthy tooth
- Tooth fairy
- Happy tooth



Disabilities and the dentist

It takes time, patience, planning and special care to help those with disabilities manage their dental care and visits to the dentist.



Little Ant's Big Plan

By Candice Dingwall, Steven McKimmie, and Telri Stoop

A little ant has a big plan, and his love for reading saves the day!

ENGLISH
AFRIKAANS

Little Ant loved to read. Little Ant was often teased.
“Ants don’t read. Ants must feed. Ants collect the food they need.”

Klein Miertjie is baie lief vir lees.
Klein Miertjie word baie geterg.
Miere moenie lees nie.
Miere moet eet.
Miere moet hul kos versamel, jy weet.

1

Little Ant would read all day, he’d read and read the day away.
The other ants took what they found to store for winter underground.

Klein Miertjie lees die heel dag deur,
hy lees en lees en lees alweer.
Die ander miere dra kos aan in hul mond
en stoor dit vir die winter onder die grond.

2



His mum and dad got really mad, and Little Ant felt really bad.

Sy pa en ma sê hy maak nie reg, en Klein Miertjie voel regtig sleg.

3



In autumn when the leaves fall down, the ants must keep food underground.

In die herfs wanneer die bome hul blare verloor, weet die ander miere dis tyd om hul kos te stoor.

4

The Queen wants food to fill the store, so all the ants must work some more.

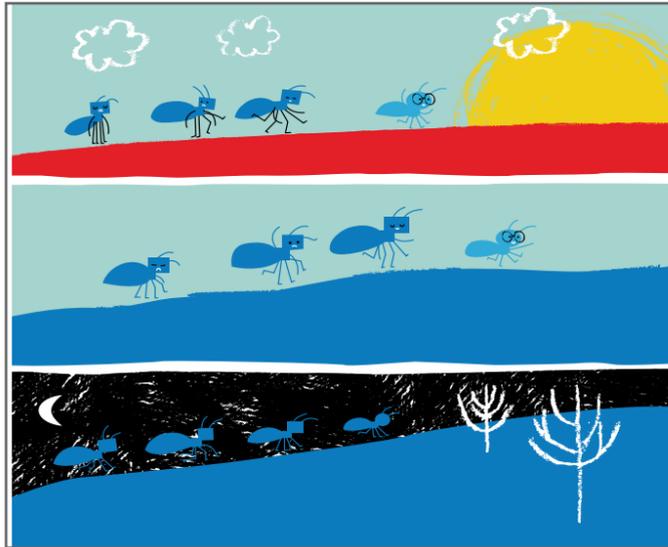
Die Koningin sê maak die stoor vol kos, al die miere moet werk en hul speletjies los.

5

Little Ant begins to shout about a place he read about.
“A restaurant is what we need, a place where people go to feed. It says so in the books I read.”

Klein Miertjie sê ek het gelees van ’n plek waar daar altyd kos sal wees.
“’n Restaurant is net die plek, die tafels daar is altyd gedek. Dit sê so in die boeke wat ek lees.”

6



The ants go marching one by one.
They march into the setting sun.

Die miere stap aan een vir een in 'n ry.
Hulle loop by die son wat sak verby.

7



When they return the Queen is glad.
The stores are full. They cheer like mad.

Terug by die huis is die Koningin tog te bly.
Nie een van haar miere gaan honger ly.

10



And Little Ant said "Hey, there's one!"

Klein Miertjie is baie bly.
"Hier's iets lekkers om te eet!" roep hy.

8



Ant gets hugs from mum and dad.

Klein Miertjie kry 'n drukkie van sy pa en ma.

11



The ants go marching one by one,
carrying a burger, carrying a bun.

Die miere stap terug een vir een in 'n ry.
Hulle dra 'n worsrolletjie, 'n hoenderboudjie
op hul rug.

9



His baby sister takes his hand
"Now I think I understand."
"The way you love to read a book ...
Makes me want to take a look."

Sy klein sussie bewonder hom.
Sy weet nou hy's nie lui of dom.
"Ek wil ook slim wees, soos jy,
en baie boeke lees!" sê sy.

12

ENGLISH

The best street in the world

Story by Kirstin Hartmann

Illustrations by Johann Strauss

Translation by Mlamli Matshingana

Long Street was wide and long. In summer, when Sonny and his friends walked home from school, their shoes were covered in dust. In winter, their shoes squished with mud and water. But during the school holidays, no one cared if the street was dusty or muddy.

Long Street was where Sonny and his friends played cricket. Everyone came outside to watch and no one complained if a ball went into their garden. No one that is, except for Mr Peterson.

“These holidays we’ll have the best cricket matches,” said Sonny as they walked home one afternoon.

“YEEESSS!” said Simon and Jack.

“Thumi? What do you say?” asked Sonny.

“But what about HIM?” asked Thumi. He pointed to Mr Peterson’s house. “Jack has already broken one of his windows.”

“What about YOU?” said Jack. “You’ve already hit two balls into his garden.”

They knew that if they hit or threw a ball over Mr Peterson’s wall, they would never, ever see it again. If their ball rolled under the gate, it was his dog, Shikisha, who took it. They stared at Mr Peterson’s house. He had been in such a bad mood the last few months.

“Have we got a cricket ball? I thought he had them all,” said Thumi.

“I’ve got one,” said Jack and smiled, “so let’s plan the best cricket match EVER.”

isiXHOSA

Esona sitalato sigqwesileyo ehlabathini

Long Street yayisisitalato esibanzi neside kakhulu. Ehlotyeni, xa uSonny nabahlobo bakhe bevela esikolweni, izihlangu zabo zazigcwala luthuli. Ebusika, izihlangu zabo zazigcwala udaka namanzi. Kodwa ngexesha leeholide zesikolo, kwakungekho mntu ukhathalayo nokuba isitalato sinothuli okanye sinodaka.

ELong Street kulapho uSonny nabahlobo bakhe babedlala khona iqakamba. Wonke umntu wayesiza kubukela kwaye kwakungekho mntu ukhalazayo xa ibhola iwele ngaphakathi esitiyeni somntu. Kwakungekho namnye, ngaphandle nje kukaMnumzana Peterson.

“Kwezi holide zizayo siza kuba nemidlalo emikhulu yeqakamba,” watsho uSonny xa bagodukayo nganjikalanga ithile.

“YHAAAAA!” kwatsho uSimon noJack.

“Thumi? Uthini wena?” wabuza uSonny.

“Phofu nicinga ntoni NGAYE?” kwabuza uThumi. Watsho ekhomba endlwini kaMnumzana Peterson. “UJack sele eyophule enye yeefestile zakhe kwangoku.”

“Uthini NGAWE?” wabuza uJack. “Sele ubethe iibhola ezimbini zonke, zaya kungena esitiyeni sakhe.”

Babesazi ukuba xa bathe bajula okanye bayibetha ibhola yaya kungena ngaphaya kodonga lukaMnumzana Peterson abasokuze baphinde bayifumane. Xa ibhola ithe yaqengqelekela ngaphantsi kwesango likaMnumzana Peterson,inja yakhe uShikisha, yayiyithatha. Bema bhuxe, beqwalasele indlu kaMnumzana Peterson. Wayeneengcwangu, kwezi nyanga zimbalwa



On the last day of school, Sonny couldn’t wait to get back home to play cricket. He was so excited, he even waved at Mr Peterson, but Mr Peterson just ignored him.

“Hi, Mom,” he called as he came inside. His mother was reading the newspaper. She was excited.

“Hello, my boy,” she answered. “Listen to this. It’s wonderful. Long Street will now go all the way to the new shopping centre. At last there will be buses and bus stops. BUT ...” she said, “this also means there will be no more playing in the street.”

zidluleyo.

“Sisenayo ibhola yeqakamba esaseleyo? Bendinga ukuba zikuShikisha, uzithathe zonke esinazo,” watsho uThumi.

“Ndinayo enye endinayo,” watsho uJack encumile, “ngoko ke masicwangcisele ukubamba owona mdlalo weqakamba OWAKHE wagqwesa.”

Ikhona lokugqibela lwesikolo, uSonny wayengasakwazi nokuzibamba, engxamele ukugoduka ukuze adlale iqakamba. Wayonwabe onwabe ngeyona ndlela, de wabulisa noMnumzana Peterson ngokuwangawangisa ingalo, kodwa uMnumzana Peterson akazange amhoye konke.

Soucre: Courtesy Nailibali



“Molo, Mama,” wakhwaza xa angena endlwini. Umama wakhe wayefunda iphephandaba. Naye wayezonwabele ngeyona ndlela.

“Molo, nyana wam,” waphendula umama wakhe ngobubele. “Khawumamele apha. Nantsi into emangalisayo. ILong Street ngoku iza kwandiswa, de iye kufikelela koluya dederhu lutsha lweevenkile. Ekugqibeleni kuza kubakho iibhasi nezitophu zokumisa iibhasi kule ndlela. KODWA ...” watsho, “oku kuthetha ukuba akukho mntu uza kuphinda adlale esitalatweni ngoku.”

“WHAAAT?” Sonny’s heart sank right down to his shoes. The match had already been planned! He walked back outside and sat on the front steps of the house grumbling. A loud noise made him look up. Mr Peterson was on a ladder, making his front wall higher by adding more bricks.

“Humph!” grunted Sonny crossly. “I know he wants to keep our balls from going over his wall, but he doesn’t have to bother now.”

Then he had an idea – if all his friends got together and asked all their parents, then ... maybe ... they could have one last cricket match. He rushed off to find Simon.

The following Saturday there was great excitement because Sonny and Simon’s plan had worked! Today was going to be their last match – the biggest, best cricket match EVER! All the children in the street were going to play. AND there would be prizes! Some of the parents were making snacks for everyone to share at lunchtime. Thumi’s dad was going to

“INTOOONI?” Wothuka kakhulu waphantse wawa uSonny akuva oku. Umdlalo omkhulu wawusele ucwangcisiwe! Waphuma phandle wachopha phambi kwendlu ezitephsini, embombozela eyedwa. Weva ingxolokazi enkulu eyamenza waphakamisa amehlo, wajonga. YayinguMnumzana Peterson lowo, ekhwele elelini esonyusa udonga lwakhe, ngokongeza ezinye izitena.

“Yhuuuuu!” wabhavuma uSonny ngumsindo. “Ndiyazi ukuba ufuna ukunqanda iibhola zethu ukuba zingaqabeli ngaphaya kodonga lwakhe, kodwa akusafunekanga azikhathaze ngaloo nto ngoku.”

Kuthe kusenjalo wafikelwa yimbono – ukuba nje bonke abahlobo bakhe bangadibana bacele bonke abazali babo, kungenzeka ... mhlawumbi nje ... babenawo nokuba mnye umdlalo wokugqibela weqakamba. Wakhawuleza waya kukhangela uSimon.

KuMgqibelo olandelayo yayisisankxwe kuba icebo likaSonny noSimon lalisebenzile! Namhlanje yayiza kuba ngumdlalo omkhulu wabo wokugqibela – OWONA mdlalo mkhulu weqakamba kweyakhe

hand out the prizes at the end of the day.

Even though it was all just for fun, Sonny felt a little nervous. The crowd cheered as the first ball was bowled by Thumi.

Jack stepped forward. THWACK! He hit the ball so hard that it went high up into the air.

Sonny moved forward to catch the ball, but the sun was shining straight into his eyes. He squinted, waited and moved under the ball. Everyone was cheering. As Sonny started to close his hands around the ball, it popped back out again. It bounced once and rolled straight under Mr Peterson’s gate. Sonny’s heart sank.

“NOW what will we do?” asked Thumi.

“We can’t carry on with our match!” said Jack.

“We’ll NEVER get the ball back!” wailed Simon.

Sonny took a deep breath. “I’ll fetch the ball,” he said.

“But Mr Peterson will shout at you,” said Thumi.

“He won’t let you get the ball ... and Shikisha’s probably dug a hole and buried it already!” said Simon.

“Well, I just have to try,” said Sonny. “It’s our last match and we’ve only just started it. We won’t get another chance to play like this.”

Bravely, Sonny opened Mr Peterson’s gate and walked up the path. Shikisha was nowhere to be seen. Sonny’s tummy felt all squishy. He was a little scared. He did not want to be shouted at by Mr Peterson. Just before he got to the front door, it swung open. There stood Mr Peterson. He looked much bigger up close. His cheeks were red as if he was very, very angry.

Just as Sonny was about to open his mouth, Mr Peterson said in a loud booming voice, “Sonny! It looks like I finished just in time.”

“Excuse me, sir?” said Sonny.

“Come,” said Mr Peterson and walked to his back garden.

yakho! Bonke abantwana esitalatweni babeza kudlala. KWAYE kwakuza kubakho namabhaso! Abanye babazali benza izimuncumuncu zomntu wonke belungiselela ukuba kwabelwane ngexesha lesidlo sasemini. UTata kaThumi wayeza kukhupha amabhaso, enika abo baphumeleleyo, ekupheleni kosuku.

Nangona babedlalela nje ukuzonwabisa, uSonny wayenalo uvalwana. Abantu baqhweba izandla ngethuba uThumi ebhowulisha ibhola yakhe yokuqala.

UJack weza ngaphambili. QHWAAAA! Waqhokra ibhola kakhulu kangangokuba yenyuka yaya phezulu kakhulu emoyeni.

USonny waya ngaphambili ezama ukuya kuganga ibhola, kodwa ilanga lalimphandla. Wancina amehlo, elindile waya phantsi kwebhola. Wonke umntu wayeqhwaba izandla. Wathi xa uSonny evala izandla eyinqakula ibhola, yasuka yataka, yaphoncuka. Yaqamza kanye yaqengqeleka ukuya kungena phantsi kwesango leyadi kaMnumzana Peterson. Wavele watyhafa, ephelelwe lithemba ngoku uSonny.

“NGOKU siza kuthini?” kwabuza uThumi.

“Asikwazi ukuqhubeka nokudlala umdlalo wethu!” watsho uJack.

“SOZE siphinde sijifumene ibhola yethu!” wagxwala watsho uSimon.

USonny watsala umoya onzulu. “Ndiza kuyikulanda ibhola yethu,” watsho.

“Kodwa uMnumzana Peterson uza kukungxolisa,” watsho uThumi.

“Akazukukunika ibhola ... kwaye noShikisha inokuba sele eyombele, wayingcwaba!”

“Akunani, kodwa kuza kufuneka ndizamile,” watsho uSonny. “Ngumdlalo wethu wokugqibela lo kwaye besisaqala ukudlala. Asisokuze siphinde silifumane elinye ithuba elinje.”

Ngobukrotikazi obukhulu, uSonny wavula isango leyadi kaMnumzana Peterson wangena. UShikisha wayengabonakali ndawo. USonny waxuxuzelwa ngamathumbu. Wayesoyika. Wayengafuni kungxoliswa nguMnumzana Peterson. Nje phambi

Sonny's mouth dropped open.

It was the biggest garden in the street. The grass had been mowed and there were trees all around the edges. Mr Peterson had put a rope all around the edge of the garden, just like a real cricket field. And in the middle, there were cricket wickets.

Sonny looked up at Mr Peterson and smiled. Mr Peterson smiled back warmly. "I'm sorry I couldn't warn you about the changes to the street. I work at the council, but I wasn't allowed to say anything. BUT ... I could do something." He laughed. "NOW ... get everyone to come over here and let's play cricket."

Now Sonny and his friends always have a place to play cricket. Mr Peterson loves it when they visit and enjoys watching all the matches. He is really good at keeping score. And when the ball gets hit or thrown a little too far away, Shikisha runs to fetch it!

kokuba afike kwisango elingaphambili, lazivulekela ngamandla. Gqi ngoMnumzana Peterson. Wayekhangeleka emkhulu kakhulu xa ukufutshane naye. Izidlele zakhe zazibomvu, oku komntu onomsindo kakhulu.

Xa kanye uSonny eza kuvula umlomo athethe, uMnumzana Peterson wabhomboloza ngelo lizwi lakhe likhulu wenjenje, "Sonny! Kubonakala ngathi ndigqibe kanye ngexesha."

"Khawuphinde Mhlekezi?" watsho uSonny.

"Yiza," watsho uMnumzana Peterson, baza baya esitiyeni sakhe esingasemva.

USonny wawuvula ng'a umlomo.

Yayisesona sitya sikhulu kwisitalato sonke. Ingca kwanemithi yayichetywe kakuhle, iheji le nemithi ijikeleze kakuhle ngathi sisangqa. UMnumzana Peterson wayebophelele intambo ebhijelayo ngasesityeni, ngokungathi libala leqakamba lokwenyani kanye. Phakathi, embindini webala kwakukho amaphini okuqhokra nezinti zeqakamba.

USonny waphakamisa amehlo wajonga kuMnumzana Peterson waza wancuma. UMnumzana Peterson wancuma naye ngovuyo. "Ndiyaxolisa kuba khange ndikwazi ukunilumkisa nokunazisa ngeenguqu eziza kwenziwa apha esitalatweni. Ndiphangelela ikhansela, kodwa bendingavumelekanga ukuba ndithethe nto ngezi nguqu KODWA ... ikho into endinokuyenza." Wayothula phezulu intsini. "NGOKU KE ... babize bonke abantu bangene ngaphakathi, sidlaleni iqakamba."

Ngoku uSonny nabahlobo bakhe banendawo yokudlalala iqakamba. UMnumzana Peterson uyavuya xa bemtyelele kwaye uyakonwabela ukubukela yonke loo midlalo yabo. Uwarekhodisha kakuhle kakhulu amanqaku ebhodini. Kwaye xa ibhola ithe yaqhokrwa, yaya kuwa kude kakhulu, ukhona uShikisha, ubaleka ayilande!



Get creative!

Draw a picture of the cricket field in Mr Peterson's back garden. Write a paragraph that describes the cricket field.

Sebenzisa ubugcisa bakho!

Zoba umfanekiso webala leqakamba kwigadi yangasemva kaMnumzana Peterson. Bhala umhlathi ochaza umhlaba weqakamba.

ENGLISH

Koketso loses the chickens

Story by Patricia de Villiers

Illustrations by Vian Oelofsen

Translation by Hilda Mohale

Every morning Koketso helps her granny feed the chickens in the chicken coop in their back yard.

“Pok, pok, pok,” calls Granny and the chickens come running up to the fence. “Pok, pok, pok,” they say. “Paak, paak, paaaak!” And when Granny and Koketso lean over the low fence to scatter the seed, the chickens push and flap and flutter around, and try to jump over each other to get to the food first.

Koketso always counts the chickens. “One, two, three, four chickens,” she says, “and another one, two, three, four chickens. They’re all here, Granny!”

One morning when Koketso woke up she saw her granny dressed in her best jacket and hat.

“I have to help Mrs Solomon at the clinic this morning,” explained Granny, “so I don’t have time to feed the chickens. Will you do it by yourself, Koketso? You know what to do.”

Granny picked up her handbag and opened the front door. Then she turned to Koketso and said, “Now don’t forget to give the chickens water, and, whatever you do, DON’T let them out of the coop!”

“Oh, Granny,” said Koketso, “I know THAT!”

“Well, I hope so,” said Granny. “Be careful now! See you later. Bye, Koketso.”

As soon as her granny had left, Koketso sat down to eat her breakfast. “I’m very, very hungry,” she said to herself. “Those chickens will just have to wait for a little while!”

Koketso ate a big bowl of porridge and drank a glass of milk. Then she sat on the front doorstep and ate an apple.



SESOTHO

Koketso o lahlehelwa ke dikgoho

Hoseng ho hong le ho hong Koketso o thusa nkgono wa hae ho fepa dikgoho ka serobeng sa dikgoho ka mora ntlo yabo.

“Kip, kip, kip,” ho hoeletsa Nkgono mme dikgoho di tle di matha haufi le terata. “Kip, kip, kip,” di tjho jwalo. “Koo, koo, koo!” Mme ha Nkgono le Koketso ba inamela ka hokong ho hasa dithootse, dikgoho di a sututsana di phokane di potolohe hohle, mme di leke ho tlolana hodimo hore di fumane dijo pele.

Koketso kamehla o bala dikgoho. “Dikgoho tse; nngwe, pedi, tharo, nne,” o rialo, “tse ding hape tse; nngwe, pedi, tharo, nne. Di felletse, Nkgono!”

Ka tsatsi le leng hoseng ha Koketso a tsoha a bona nkgono wa hae a apere jase ya hae e ntle le katiba e ntle.

“Ke lokela ho ya thusa Mof Solomon mane tleliniking kajeno hoseng,” ha hlalosa Nkgono, kahoo ha ke na nako ya ho fepa dikgoho. Na o ka di fepa o le mong, Koketso? O a tseba seo o lokelang ho se etsa.”

Nkgono a nka mokotlana wa hae mme a bula lemati la ka pele. Mme a hetla a re ho Koketso, “Jwale, o se ke wa lebala ho fa dikgoho metsi, mme, leha o ka etsa eng kapa eng, O SE KE WA di bulela tsa tswa ka hokong!”

“Hao, Nkgono,” ha rialo Koketso, “ke a se tseba SEO!”

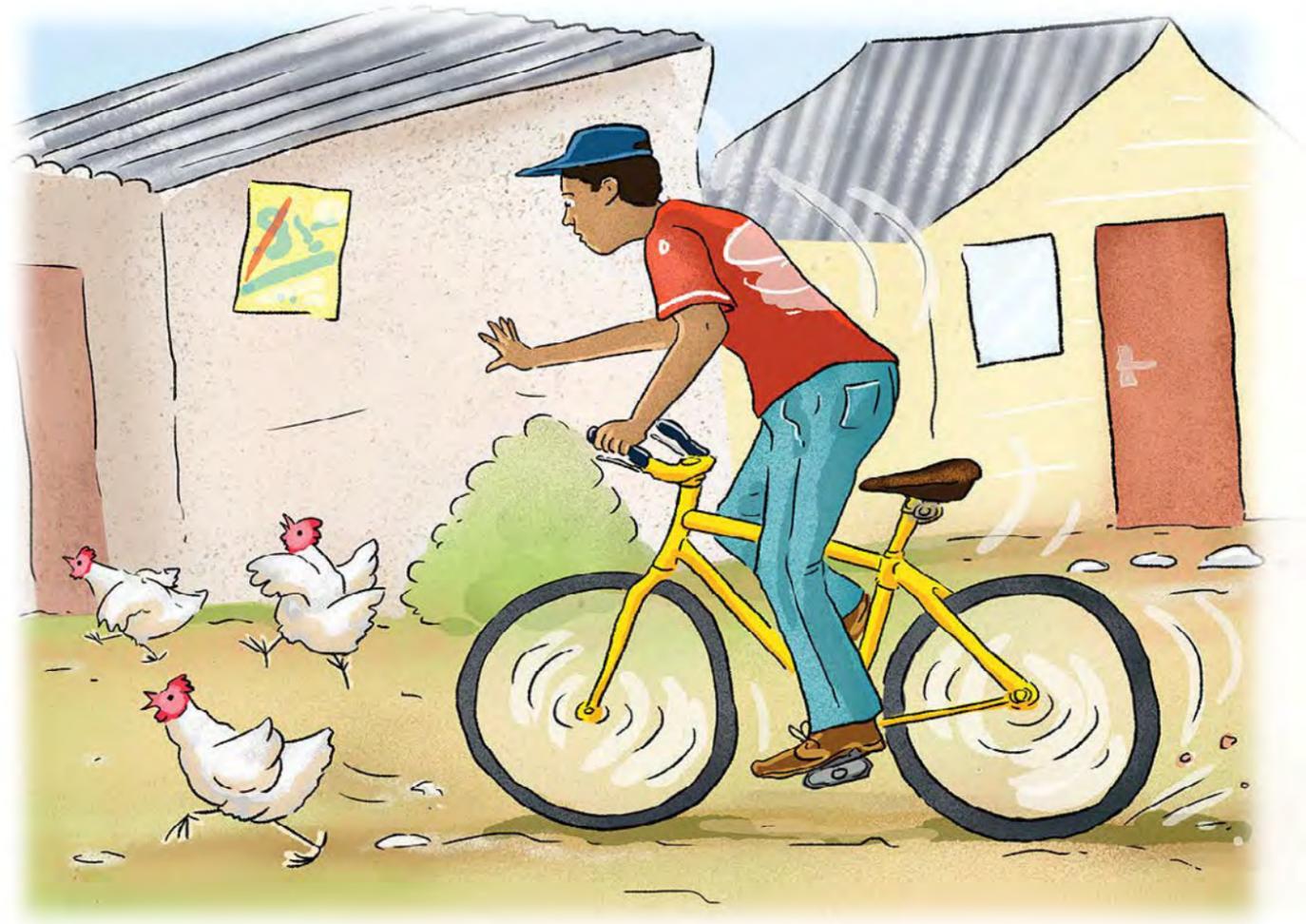
“Ke tshepa jwalo he,” ha rialo Nkgono. “O hlokomele jwale! Ke tla o bona hamorao. Sala hantle, Koketso.”

Eitse hang ha nkgono a tsamaya, Koketso a dula fatshe a ja dijo tsa hoseng. “Ke lapile haholo,” a rialo a bua a le mong. “Dikgoho tsane di tla tlameha ho ema!”

Koketso a ja sejana se seholo sa motoho mme a nwa galase ya lebase. Yaba o dula ka ntle setupung mme a ja apole.

“Dumela!” a rialo ho Malome Koos ya tsofetseng ha a tlo feta moo ka teroli ya ho reka mabenkeleng a

ENGLISH



“Hello!” she said to old Uncle Koos when he came past with his shopping trolley and his little dog.

“Good morning, Mme!” she said waving to Mrs Zihlangu across the road.

“Come and play with me, Pinky,” she called to her cousin, who was coming out of the shop on the corner, carrying a loaf of bread.

“Sorry, I can’t. I’ve got chores,” Pinky called back. “Don’t you?”

Koketso suddenly remembered that she hadn’t fed the chickens. “Oh dear,” she said, “those poor, hungry chickens!”

Sure enough, the chickens were clucking and squabbling in their coop. Koketso opened the low gate very carefully. “Pok, pok, pok,” she said. “Sorry, chickens, here’s your food.” And she

scattered the seed on the ground.

“One, two, three, four chickens,” she counted, “and another one, two, three, four chickens.”

Then she saw that the chickens’ water bowl was empty and she hurried off to fetch some water from the kitchen – but she forgot to close the gate behind her!

“Oh no!” said Koketso when she returned with the water and saw the chickens running all over the yard. “Oh no, no, no! Bad chickens! Come back NOW!”

But the chickens kept running – right around the side of the house, down the short path and into the street!

A man on a yellow bicycle came riding along.

SESO THO

tsamaya le ntjanyana ya hae.

“Dumela, Mme!” a rialo a dumedis a Mof Zihlangu a phahamisitse letsoho ka nqane ho tsela.

“Tloo o tlo bapala le nna, Pinky,” a bitsa motswala wa hae, ya neng a etswa ka lebenkeleng le hukung, a tshwere lofo ya bohobe.

“Ke maswabi, nke ke ka kgona. Ke na le mesebetsi ya lelapa,” Pinky a hoeletsa le yena. “Na wena ha o na yona?”

Koketso hanghang a hopola hore ha a so fepe dikgoho. “Jowee,” a rialo, “dikgoho tsa batho di lapile!”

Ehlile, dikgoho di ne di kakatletsa di lla ka serobeng sa tsona. Koketso a bula heke e tlase ka hloko. “Kip, kip, kip,” a rialo. “Ntshwareleng, dikgoho, dijo tsa lona ke tsena.” Yaba o hasa dithootse fatshe.

“Dikgoho tse; nngwe, pedi, tharo, nne,” a bala, “le dikgoho tse ding tse, nngwe, pedi, tharo, nne.”

Yaba o bona hore sekotlolo sa metsi a dikgoho ha se a tshela mme a matha ho ya lata metsi ka kitjhineng – empa a lebala ho kwala heke!

“Jonna weel!” ha rialo Koketso ha a kgutla ka metsi mme a bona dikgoho di matha hohle ka jareteng. “Tjhe bo, tjhe, tjhe! Dikgoho tse thibaneng! Kgutlang hona JWALE!”

Empa dikgoho tsa tswela pele ho baleha – tsa potela ka lehlakoreng le leng la ntlo, tsa theosa ka tselana mme tsa kena seterateng!

Monna ya palameng baesekele e tshela a hlaha le mane.

“Thusa! Thusa!” ha hoeletsa Koketso. “Ke kopa o nthuse ho tshwara dikgoho tsa Nkgono hle!”

“Ho lokile ke tla o thusa,” ha rialo monna eo, mme a lelekisa dikgoho ka baesekele, a ntse a letsa tshepe.

Ha Koketso a ntse a matha kamora hae, a batla a thula teroli ya Malome Koos.

“Thusa! Thusang!” ha rialo Koketso a hemesela a phefumoloha. “Malome Koos, a ko nthuse re tshware dikgoho tsa Nkgono hle ke a o kopa!”

“Ho lokile ke tla o thusa,” ha rialo Malome Koos, mme ke elwa a matha kamora dikgoho

le monna ya palameng baesekele e tshela. Ntjanyana ya hae ya matha kamora hae, e ntse e boholela hodimo.

Ha Koketso a ntse a matha ho theosa tsela kamora Malome Koos, a bona motswalle wa hae, Dikeledi. Dikeledi o ne a ntse a ikwetlisa ho bapala ka sekeitiboto sa hae.

“Thusang! Thusa, Dikeledi!” ha hoeletsa Koketso. “Ke kopa hore o nthuse re tshware dikgoho tsa Nkgono!”

“Ho lokile ke tla o thusa,” ha rialo Dikeledi a qalella ho matha a lelekisa dikgoho.

Ha Koketso a matha kamora Dikeledi a nahana ka dintho tsohle tse mpe tse ka etsahallang dikgoho tseo. Di ne di ka nna tsa tjhaiswa ke dikoloi, kapa di ne di ka nna tsa jewa ke ntja. Kapa di ne di ka wela ka nokeng tsa kangwa ke metsi. “Jowe, Nkgono o tla reng?” a rialo a hemela hodimo. Koketso o ne a batla ho lla.

“Sheba ke tshwere eng!” ha rialo lentswe. E ne e le monna yane wa baesekele e tshela. O ne a tshwere tse pedi tsa dikgoho ka hara mokotlana wa mabenkeleng.

“Dikgoho tse, nngwe, pedi,” ha bala Koketso. “Oh, ke a leboha! Jwale ke lokela ho fumana tse ding.”

Ka yona nako eo Malome Koos a fihla le dikgoho tse ding ka hara lebokoso ka hara teroli ya hae. “Ke tsena he, moratuwa!” a rialo a felletswe ke moya.

“Dikgoho tse, nngwe, pedi, tharo, nne,” ha bala Koketso. “Seo se bolela hore ke fumane dikgoho tse, nngwe, pedi, ho monna yane wa baesekele e tshela, le tse ding tse nngwe, pedi tharo, nne ho Malome Koos. Joo, ke a leboha, ke a leboha! Jwale ke tshwanetse feela ke ho fumana tse ding”

Ka yona nako eo Dikeledi a fihla le yena a fofile ka sekeitiboto. “Sheba ke fumane eng, Koketso!” a rialo a kentse kgoho ka lehafing la hae.

“Sena se etsa dikgoho tse, nngwe, pedi, tharo, nne,” ha rialo Koketso, “le dikgoho tse ding tse nngwe, pedi, tharo. Ao hle, ke a leboha, ke leboha haholo! Empa ho na le e le nngwe e sa ntseng e lahlehile!”

Metswalle ya Koketso ya thusa ho kenya dikgoho ka serobeng sa tsona. Yaba jwale ba mo thusa ho batla hohle ba batla kgoho ya ho qetela, empa ho

ENGLISH

“Help! Help!” cried Koketso. “Please help me catch Granny’s chickens!”

“Of course I’ll help you,” said the man, and he raced after the chickens on his bicycle, ringing his bell.

As Koketso ran after him, she nearly bumped into Uncle Koos’s trolley.

“Help! Help!” said Koketso puffing and panting. “Uncle Koos, please help me catch Granny’s chickens!”

“Of course I’ll help you,” said Uncle Koos, and off he went after the chickens and the man on the yellow bicycle. His little dog ran behind him, barking loudly.

As Koketso ran down the road behind Uncle Koos, she saw her friend, Dikeledi. Dikeledi was practising doing tricks on her skateboard.

“Help! Help, Dikeledi!” cried Koketso. “Please help me catch Granny’s chickens!”

“Of course I’ll help you,” said Dikeledi as she zoomed off after the chickens.

As Koketso ran behind Dikeledi she thought about all the terrible things that could happen to the chickens. They could get run over, or they could be eaten by a dog. Or, they could fall into the river and drown. “Oh no, what will Granny say?” she panted. Koketso felt like crying.

“Look what I’ve got!” said a voice. It was the man on the yellow bicycle. He was carrying two of the chickens in a shopping bag.

“One, two chickens,” counted Koketso. “Oh, thank you! Now I just have to find the others.”

Just then Uncle Koos arrived with some of the chickens in an open cardboard box in his trolley. “Here you go, sweetheart!” he said, out of breath.

“One, two, three, four chickens,” counted Koketso. “That means I have one, two chickens from the man on the yellow bicycle, and another one, two, three, four from Uncle Koos. Oh thank you, thank you! Now I just have to find the others.”

Just then Dikeledi whizzed up on her skateboard. “Look what I’ve found, Koketso!” she said holding a

chicken under her arm.

“That makes one, two, three, four chickens,” said Koketso, “and another one, two, three chickens. Oh thank you, thank you, thank you! But there’s still one chicken missing!”

Koketso’s friends helped to put the chickens back into their coop. Then they helped her to look everywhere for the last chicken, but no one could find it.

When Granny got home from the clinic, Koketso made her some tea. “Sit down, Granny,” said Koketso. “You must be very tired! Sit down and have a nice cup of tea and a biscuit!”

Granny looked at Koketso closely. “Is everything alright?” she asked. “You don’t usually make me tea.”

Koketso burst into tears. “Oh, Granny,” she wailed. “Something terrible happened while you were out!” Then she told her granny the whole story. “And, and, and,” she sobbed, “one of the chickens is still missing. And it’s your favourite one – the one with the speckles.”

“That is a shame, Koketso,” Granny said sternly. “That one laid more eggs than any of the others. Well, I hope you’ve learnt to be more careful!”

“Oh, I have, Granny,” sniffed Koketso. “I really have!”

Just then there was a squawking noise in the corner of the kitchen. When Granny and Koketso looked, they saw the missing chicken. She was sitting happily on top of a pile of clean washing in the washing basket!

Granny picked up the chicken and stroked its beak. “I’m glad to have you back,” Granny said.

“And look, Granny,” said Koketso pointing to the washing basket, “she’s laid an egg!”

There, on top of the washing, was a big, brown, speckled egg!

“We’ll have that for supper,” said Granny handing the chicken to Koketso. “Take this chicken back to the coop, please – and this time don’t forget to shut the gate!”



SESOTHO

ne ho se motho ya e fumanang.

Ha Nkgono a filha hae ho tswa tleliniking, Koketso a mo etsetsa teye. “Dula fatshe, Nkgono,” ha rialo Koketso. “O tshwanetse hore o be o kgathetse haholo! Dula fatshe o nwe kopi e monate ya teye le bisikitil!”

Nkgono a sheba Koketso ka hara mahlo. “Na tsohle di lokile?” a mmotsa. “Ha se hangata o nketsetsang teye.”

Koketso a qala ho itshela ka dikgapha. “Ao, Nkgono,” a lla. “Ho na le ntho e mpe e etsahetseng ha o ne o le siyo!” Yaba o phetela Nkgono ditaba tseo kaofela. “Ebile, ebile, ebile,” a lla, e nngwe ya dikgoho e ntse e lahlehile. Mme ke yane eo o e ratang haholo – yane e nang le mathebatheba.”

“Ke taba tse mpe haholo, Koketso,” Nkgono a rialo a tiile. “Eno ke yona e neng e behela mahe a mangata ho feta tse ding kaofela. Ke tshepa hore o ithutile hore o hlokomele ho feta!”

“Ke ithutile, Nkgono,” Koketse a hlwephetsa. “Ruri ka

nnete ke ithutile!”

Ka yona nako eo ha utlwahala lerata la ho kakatletsa hukung ya kitjhine. Ha Nkgono le Koketso ba sheba, ba bona kgoho yane e lahlehileng. E ne e dutse e thabile hodima qubu ya diaparo tse hlwekileng ka hara manki wa diaparo!

Nkgono a nka kgoho mme a pholla molomo wa yona. “Ke thabile ha ke o fumane hape,” ha rialo Nkgono.

“Bona, Nkgono,” ha rialo Koketso a supile manki wa diaparo, “e behetse lehe!”

Mane, hodima diaparo, ho ne ho ena le lehe le leholo, le sootho, le matheba!

“Re tla le ja ka nako ya dijo tsa mantsiboya,” ha rialo Nkgono a neheletsa Koketso kgoho. “Nka kgoho ena o e busetse ka mane ka hokong, ka kopo – kgetlong lena o se ke wa lebala ho kwala heke!”

EISH! WHAT A WEEK

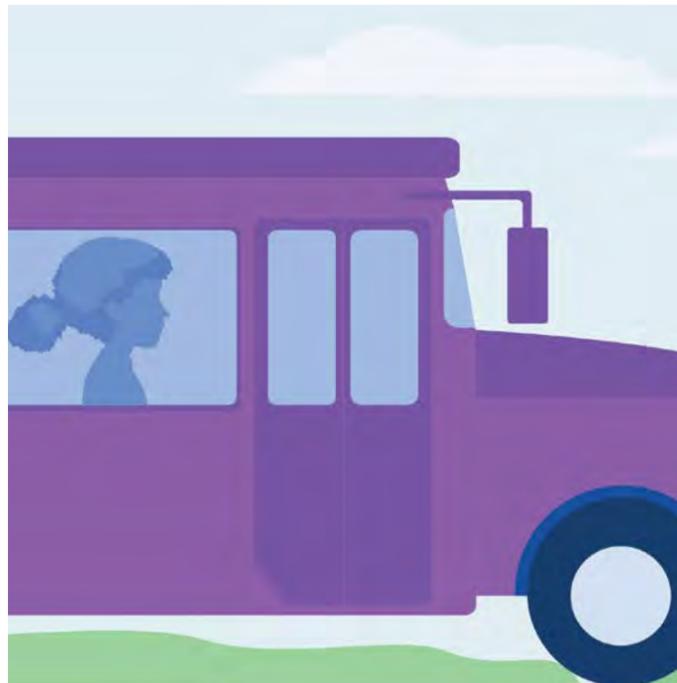


On Monday there were no buses. Babs was late for school. “Where is Babs?” Miss Shill asked the children. “There is a problem with buses today. Babs is still walking,” answered her friend Mikey Mike.

It rained on Tuesday. Babs splashed through puddles. Oops! Her shoe broke! Babs ran to school without a shoe. “Where is your other shoe Babs?” asked Miss Shill.

It was Miss Shill’s birthday on Wednesday. She gave everyone in the class a cupcake. Babs put hers on her desk. Sipho knocked it to the floor with his bag. “Sorry Babs! It was an accident,” said Sipho.

On Thursday Babs woke early to take the bus to school. She rode and rode. The bus took her to a different school. She was on the wrong bus. “Where is Bab’s today? said Miss Shill.



Source: Concept from DBE curriculum



LET’S DRAW!
Draw what you did on Monday and Friday.

Monday

On Friday Babs took the bus to school but left her bag on the seat in the bus. When she got to class her teacher asked, “Where is your school bag Babs?”

On Saturday Babs woke early to take the bus to school. But there was no bus and there is no school on Saturday. See you on Monday Babs!

Read the story and answer these questions

What happened on Saturday?



Which day did Babs go to school with one shoe?

Why did Babs go to the wrong school on Thursday?

Why did Babs get a cupcake on Wednesday?

Friday

FUN AND GAMES

DID YOU KNOW?

The sun is huge. In fact, it's so big you could fit 1.3 million planet Earths inside it!



Knock knock!

Who's there?

Lettuce.

Lettuce who?

Lettuce in, it's cold out here!



SAY THIS FAST OVER AND OVER
She sees cheese

What gets bigger and bigger as you take more away from it?

A hole!

Can you help the spaceship find its home planet?



Images: Freepik.com, www.space-facts.com

We all have feelings



- Help the children understand their feelings by filling in the missing letters below.
- Look closely at the picture then draw a line from Siya, Sara and Ameer to how they are feeling.



Siya



When we feel

h _ p _ y

we laugh or smile.



When we feel

s _ d

we often cry.



Ameer



When we feel

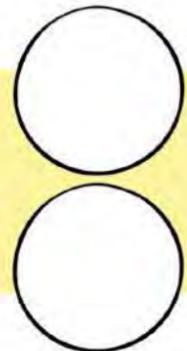
a _ _ _ y

and frustrated we might pull a face.



Sara

- Draw how you would feel if you were Siya.
- Draw how you think Siya might feel if the other children played with him.



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