

# little issue

young minds matter

#15

NOVEMBER – DECEMBER 2023

English, Afrikaans, isiXhosa,  
isiZulu, seSotho

BASED ON THE NATIONAL CURRICULUM

GRADE R-3

FREE  
to sponsored  
schools

NORMAL  
RETAIL PRICE

**R25**

(R12.50 to vendor when  
sold on the street.  
R6.25 to Vendor Fund  
when sold in-store)

Who is The  
Smell Thief?

All about  
laughing  
hyenas

FUNDA!

Multi-lingual  
for ages 5-9

Read about Thakgalo's  
Musical Wheelchair

Bake sweet  
roasted  
pumpkin!

Keep your planet  
clean. Find out  
how to recycle.

CAN YOU  
SPOT  
RONG?



READ ALOUD, STORY-TIME, RECIPES, ACTIVITIES, JOKES, RIDDLES

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



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# inside

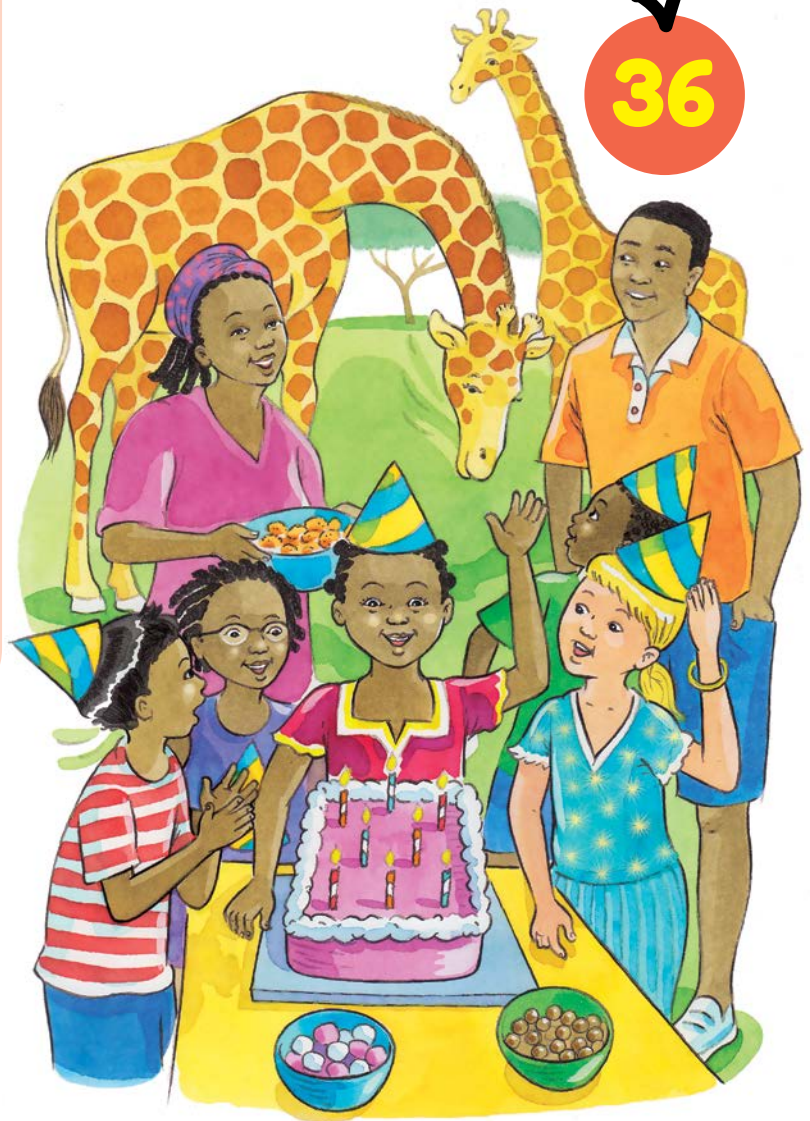
36

## Hello readers!

Welcome to our super cool magazine! It's packed with fun **stories** and **activities** that will help you in your life and at school. Learn **new words**, find out crazy facts and meet new characters in the stories here. Each page is a **new adventure** just for you!

Laura

Editor and writer of the *little issue*



## Can you spot Rong?

See how many pictures of Rong you can find inside the magazine.



Answers: Pages 5, 8, 11, 12, 14, 16, 32, 36

- |  |  |
|--|--|
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# young minds matter

## LITTLE ISSUE SUCCESS STORIES

### GREETINGS READERS!

It's heartwarming to receive frequent requests from schools for *little issue* because of the quality of its content. These endorsements are the success stories that show the value of *little issue* and how it adds to learning and classroom material:

**Nicola Szylobryt, Facilitator, Mosaic – NPO for orphans, vulnerable children in Gqebehra (Port Elizabeth)**

We look after 85 children between six and 12 years. By chance, we came across your magazine and presented it to a few of our children. They love it!

**Sandra McWatts, Literacy Programme Co-ordinator**

I was given a copy of *little issue* at a recent refresher training course at the Shine Literacy Head Office in Zonnebloem. I work at a local primary school for learners struggling with English literacy. We have operated at the school for over 10 years, apart from two years during the Covid pandemic, and have helped learners with reading, comprehension skills, basic phonetic sounds, general word building and sentence construction ... Our programme is now entirely voluntary and self-funded by volunteers ... At present we have about 20 learners from Grades 2 and 3 and your magazine offers a wide range of

interesting articles, games, and puzzles in both English and isiXhosa. This would appeal to our learners and their parents, as they could take the magazines home.

**Christina Lephallala, Teacher, Moduopo Primary School**

We are a primary school in Tembisa township and would like to receive the *little issue* for our learners. Can you help us?

**Aaqilah Josephs, High School Teacher, Mitchells Plain**




Many of our learners are not able to read and I would absolutely love if we could get a sponsorship of a few issues to help with an intervention plan that I put in place ... [This issue] stems from primary school. For some reason, it wasn't recorded and now we are struggling because they are not where they should be. On the other hand, while going through the *little issue*, showing the struggling kids the differences between *The Big Issue* and *little issue*, they preferred the *little issue* because it was easy to comprehend. Intervention classes are in place but I saw *little issue* can be downloaded for free, so I'll do that for our extra classes.



**Derek Carelse MD, *little issue***  
derekcarelse@mweb.co.za



**HELP A CHILD TO LEARN!** Download back issues of *little issue* free of charge at [www.littleissue.org.za](http://www.littleissue.org.za)

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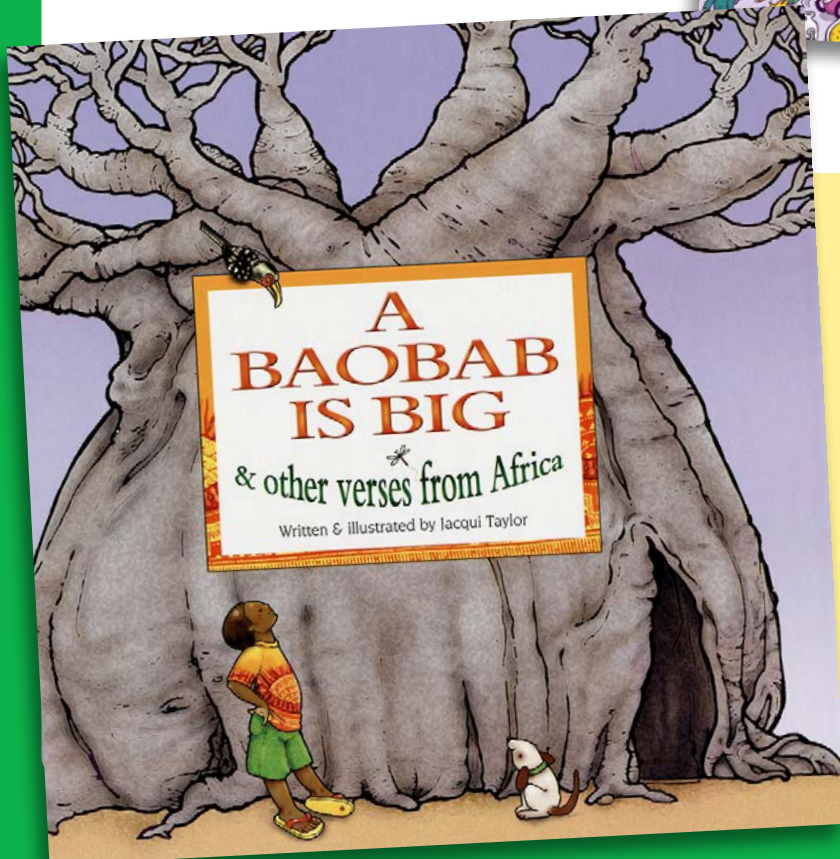
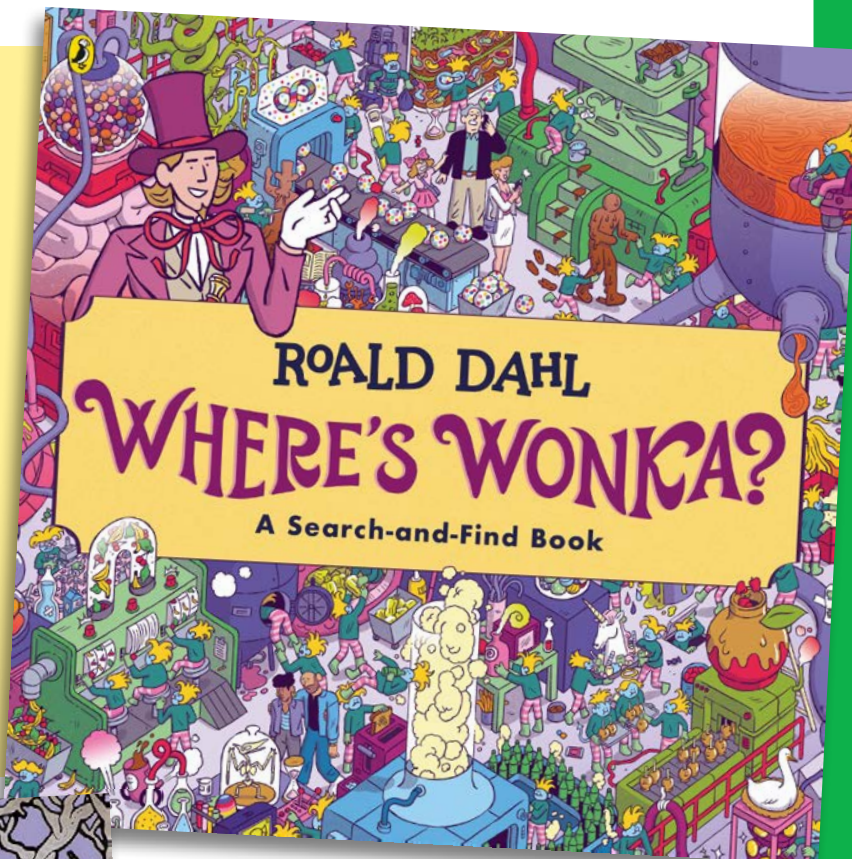


# READY TO READ?

Learn to read and live your best life

## Where's Wonka? by Roald Dahl

Penguin Random House  
Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory is opening at last. But only 5 lucky children will be allowed inside. Explore the factory and find your favourite characters from the *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* story. Search for golden tickets, toffee apple trees, rainbow drop sweets, and a cow in a wig!



## A Baobab is Big by Jacqui Taylor

Penguin Random House  
This is a book of rhymes that teach all children around the world about African culture. The pictures are bright and colourful and show the different animals and plants in Africa.

# Mooi so, Zama! Well done, Zama!

Author: Michael Oguttu

Translation: Fanie Viljoen and Magdaleen Du Toit

Illustrator: Vusi Malindi

Translations: Laura Jones

1



My klein boetie slaap laat.  
Ek word vroeg wakker, want ek is fluks!

My little brother sleeps late. I wake  
up early because I am quick.

2



Ek is die een wat die son laat inkom.

I am the one that lets the sun in.

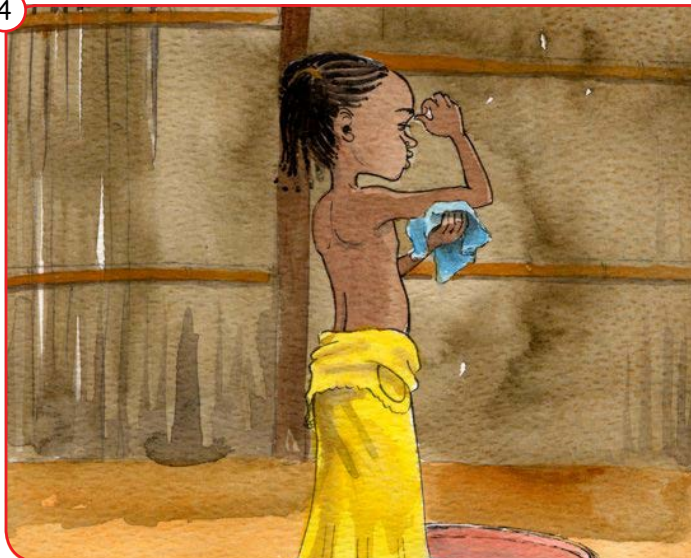
3



"Jy is my môrester," sê Mamma.

"You are my morning star", says Mom.

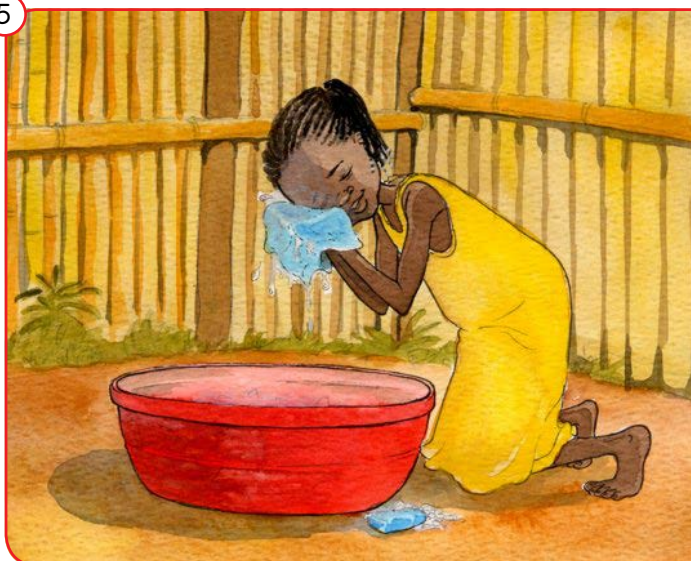
4



Ek was myself elke dag. Niemand  
hoef my te help nie.

I wash myself every day. Nobody  
needs to help me.

5



Ek gee nie om vir die koue water  
of vir die blou seep waarmee  
Mamma klere was nie.

I don't care about the cold water or  
the blue soap my Mom uses to wash  
clothes.

6



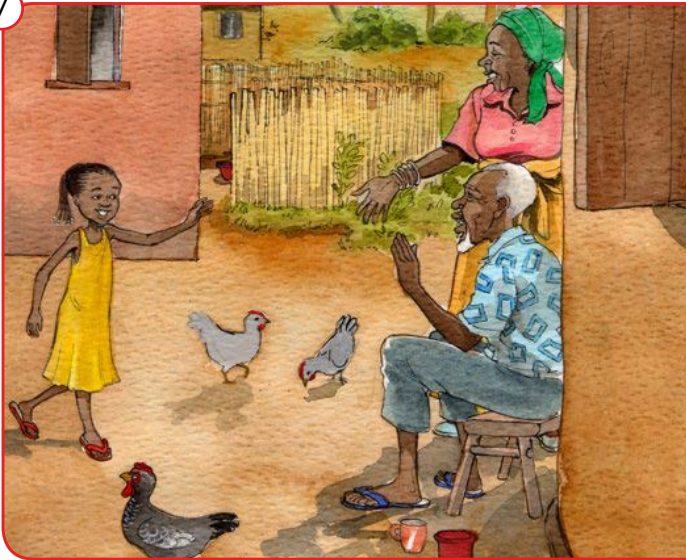
"Moenie vergeet om jou tande te  
borsel nie," herinner Mamma my.

Ek antwoord: "Nooit, nie ek nie!"

"Don't forget to brush your teeth," Mom  
reminds me. I reply, "Never, not me!"



7



Nadat ek gewas het, groet ek vir  
Oupa en Tannie.

Ek wens hulle 'n goeie dag toe.

After washing, I say goodbye to  
Grandpa and Auntie.  
I wish them a good day.

8



Dan trek ek aan.

"Ek is nou groot, Mamma," sê ek.

Then I get dressed.  
"I'm grown up now, Mom," I say.

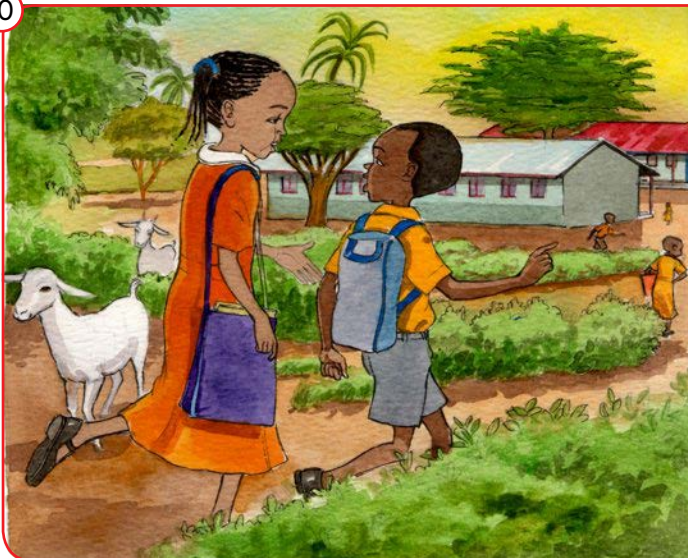
9



Ek maak self my rok se  
knope en my skoene vas.

I button my dress myself and tie my  
shoelaces on my own.

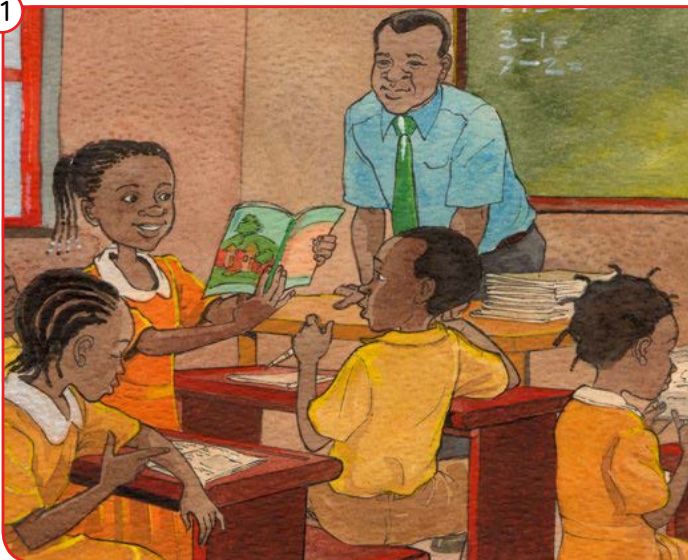
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Ek maak seker my boetie hoor al die nuus van die skool.

I make sure my brother hears all the news about school.

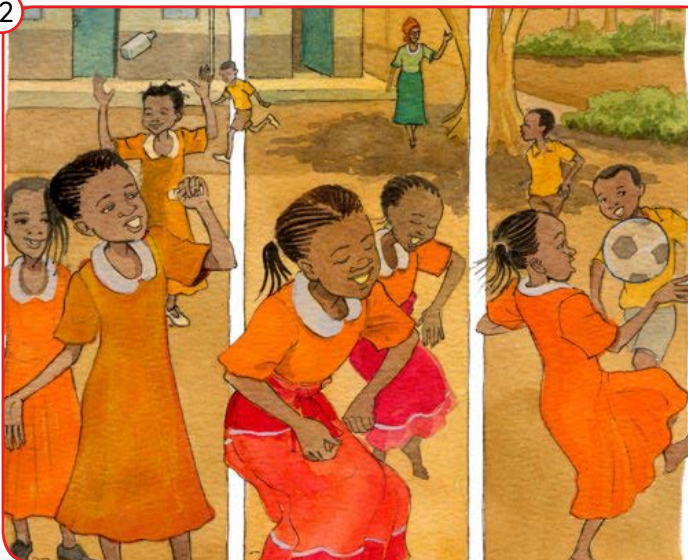
11



Ek doen altyd my bes in die klas.

I always do my best in class.

12

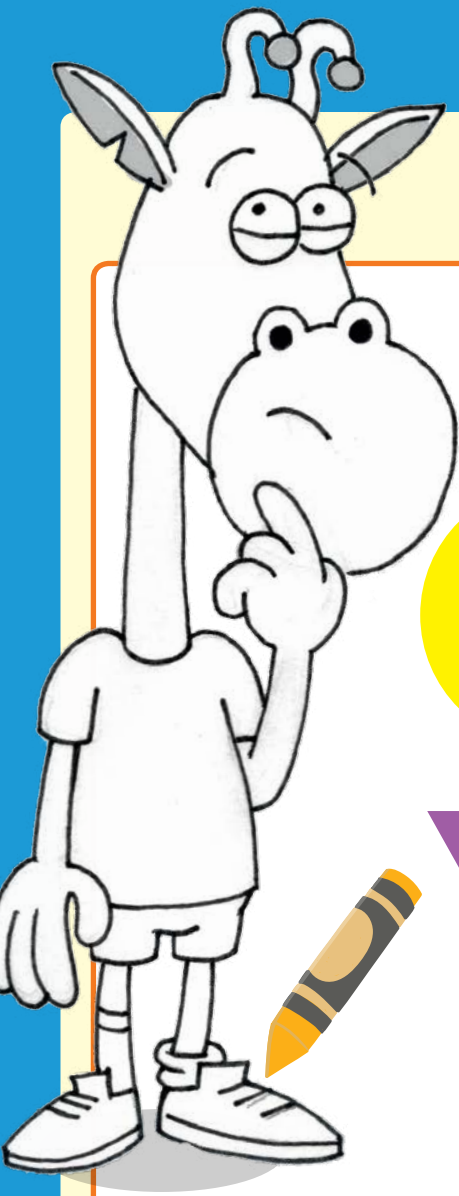
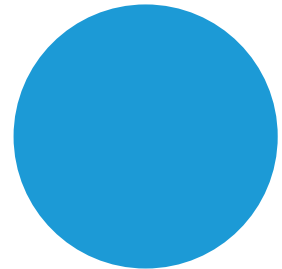
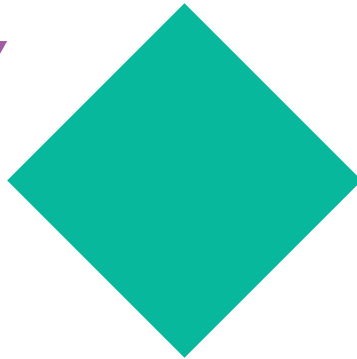
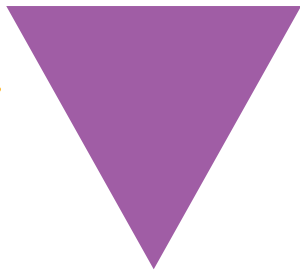
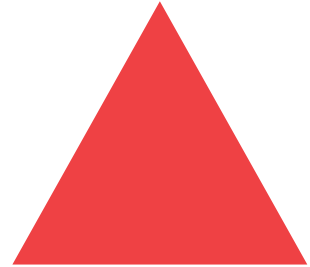
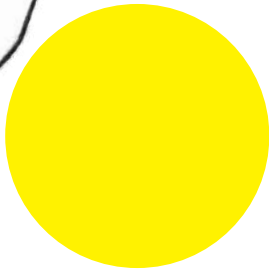


Ek doen elke dag al hierdie goeie dinge. Maar waarvan ek die meeste hou, is om te speel, speel, speel!

I do all these good things every day. But the thing I like to do most is play, play, play!

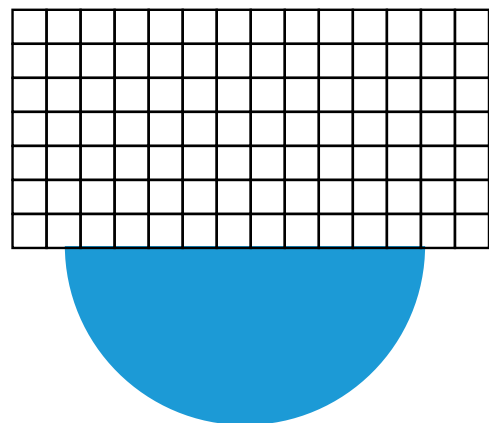
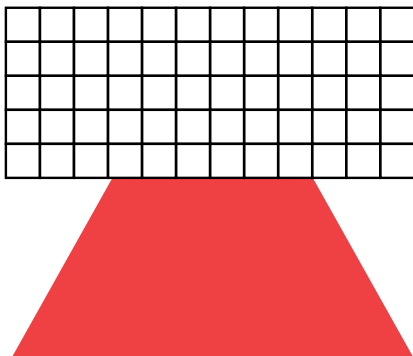
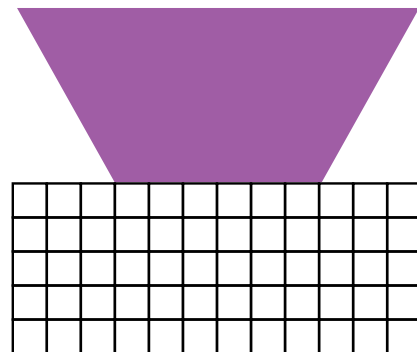
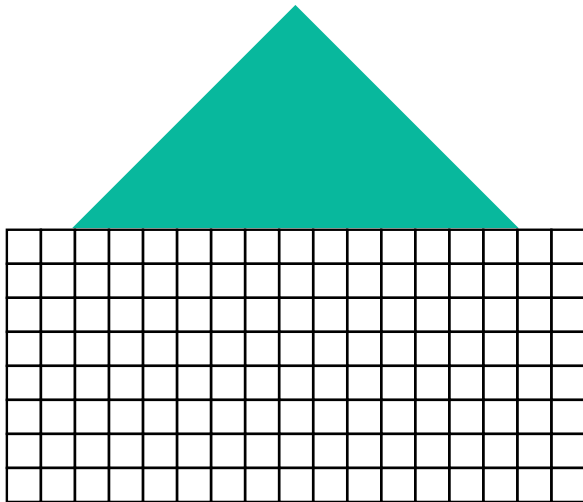
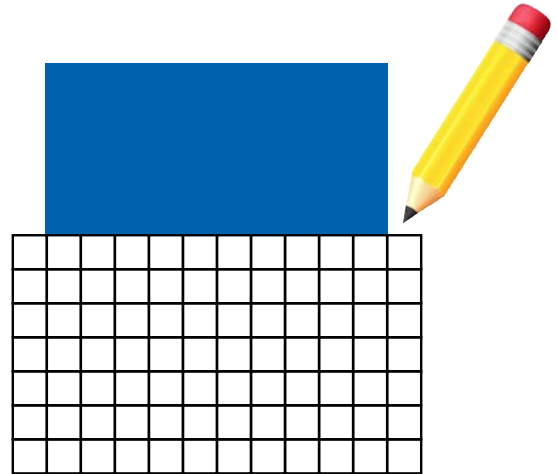
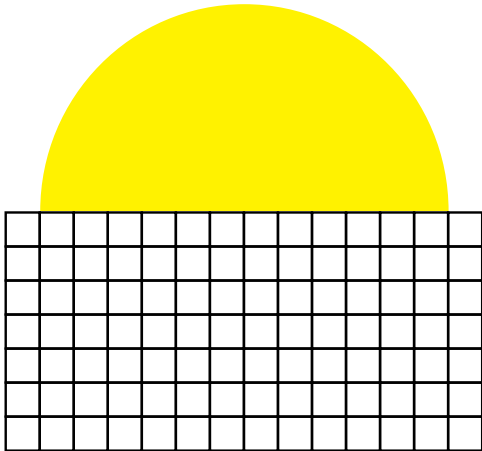
# WHAT'S THIS

Draw any picture you like using only circles and squares to match the shapes opposite.



# SHAPE?

Draw the other half of the shapes. The small squares will help you draw them the right size.

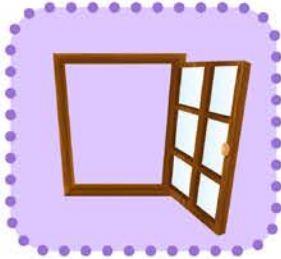


# OPPOSITES!

Match each picture with its opposite.  
Draw a line from the one to the other.



open



back



front



close



sleep



stand



afraid



awake



sit



brave





# SWEET PUMPKIN

## INGREDIENTS



10 pumpkin slices,  
peeled



½ teaspoon salt



2 tablespoons  
of butter or  
margarine



½ teaspoon  
cinnamon



2 teaspoons sugar



## METHOD

1. Chop peeled pumpkin slices into little pieces.
2. Lay the pieces on a baking tray.
3. Sprinkle them with cinnamon and sugar.
4. Add pieces of the butter or margarine to the pumpkin.
5. Roast the pieces for 40 minutes in the oven.
6. Let them cool before you eat them.

**ASK A  
GROWN-UP  
FOR HELP  
WHEN YOU  
CHOP AND  
ROAST**

# A CLEAN

## WHAT BELONGS WHERE?

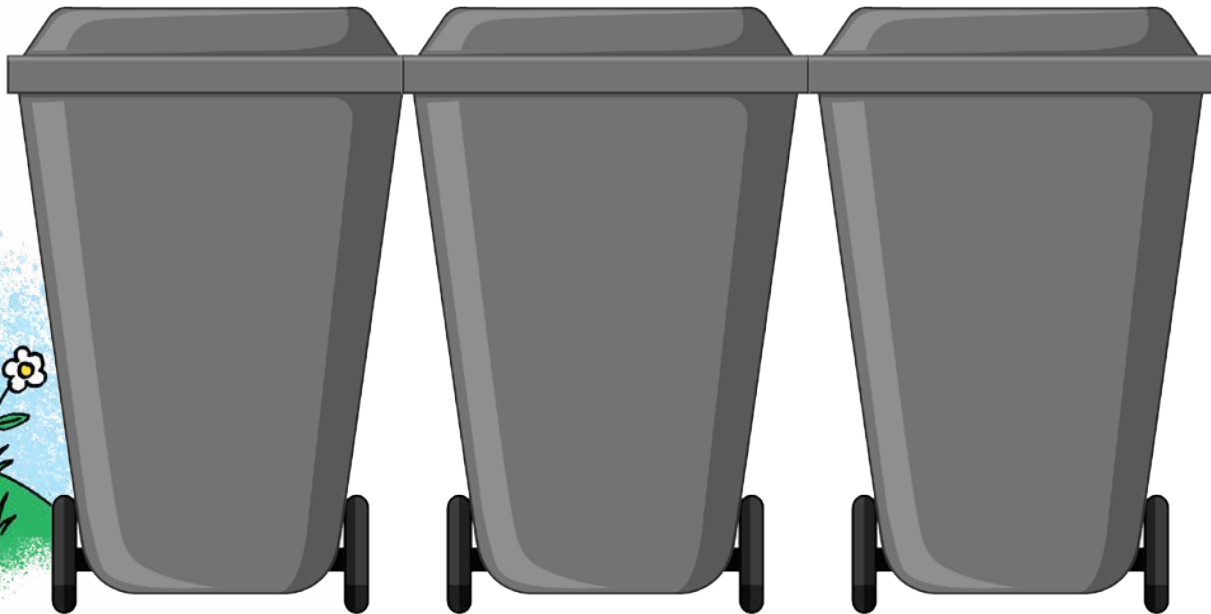
Cut out the pictures and paste them into the correct bins.



REDUCE

REUSE

RECYCLE



Paper



Plastic



Petrol



Batteries



Metal



Boxes



Water



Electricity

# PLANET

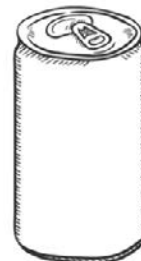
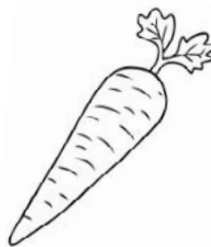
## SORT IT OUT

Cut out the pictures and paste them into the correct bins.

RECYCLE

COMPOST

Colour  
and cut



# LAUGHING HYENAS!

## What do they look like?

- They can be spotted or striped, and brown.
- They have strong jaws for crushing bones.
- Their front legs are longer than their back legs.
- Females are larger than males.

## What's their favourite meal?

- Meat.
- A meat-eater is known as a CARNIVORE.



## Good hunters!

- Hyenas have excellent hearing and smell to find prey.
- They are awake at night.
- They communicate using signals and sounds.
- Hyenas often wait for lions to finish feeding before helping themselves.
- Sometimes hyenas kill their own prey.





**Where do they live?**

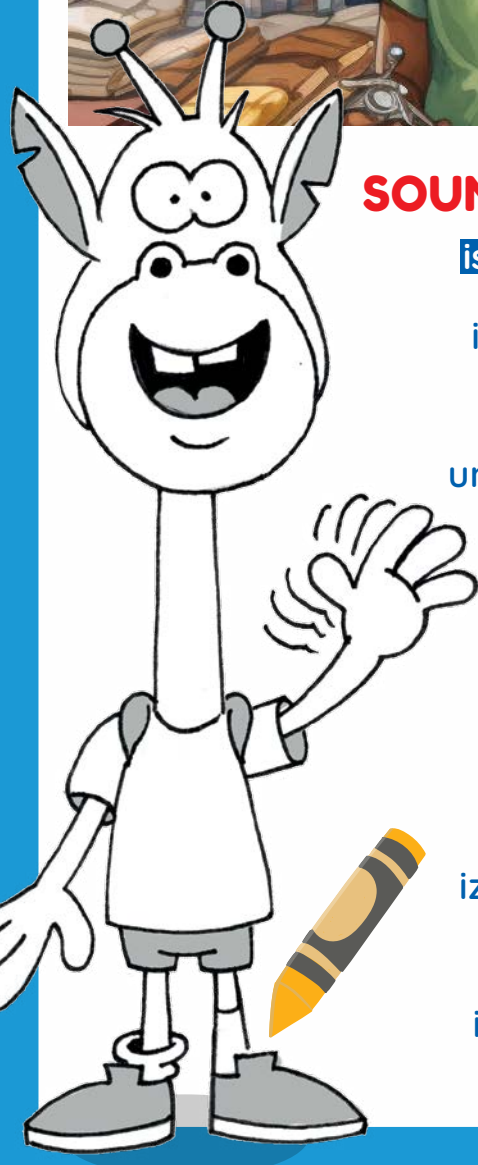
South Africa, Africa and Asia.

**Hyenas can sound like they're laughing! Sometimes they are known as laughing hyenas.**



ENGLISH + isiXHOSA

# BUYING CLOTHES



## SOUND IT OUT IXANDI

isiXHOSA

ilokhwe

umnqwazi

ijini

isikipa

izihlangu

ihempe



ENGLISH

dress

hat

jeans

t-shirt

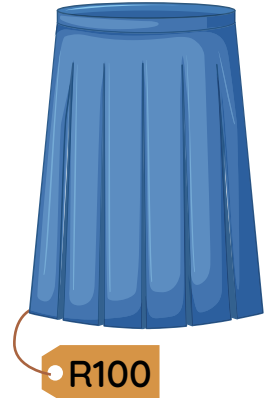
shoes

shirt

# UKUTHENGA IIMPAHLA

**ASK THE SHOPKEEPER**  
**BUZA UMNTHENGI**

**How much?**  
**Yimalini?**



**LOOK AT THE PICTURE JONGA EFANEKISWENI**



**How many hats?**  
**Mingaphi iminqwazi?**

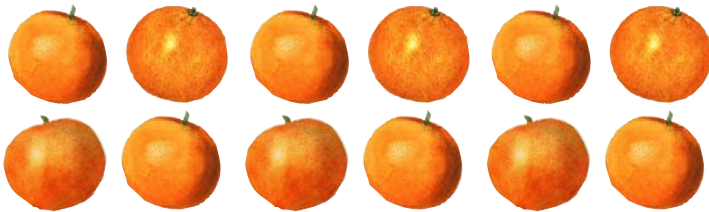
**How many hangers?**  
**Zingaphi ii-hangers?**



# Give me a fraction!

The word fraction means a smaller piece of something.  
A maths fraction means a smaller part of a whole number.

Share 12 oranges between four friends.



How many oranges does each friend get?

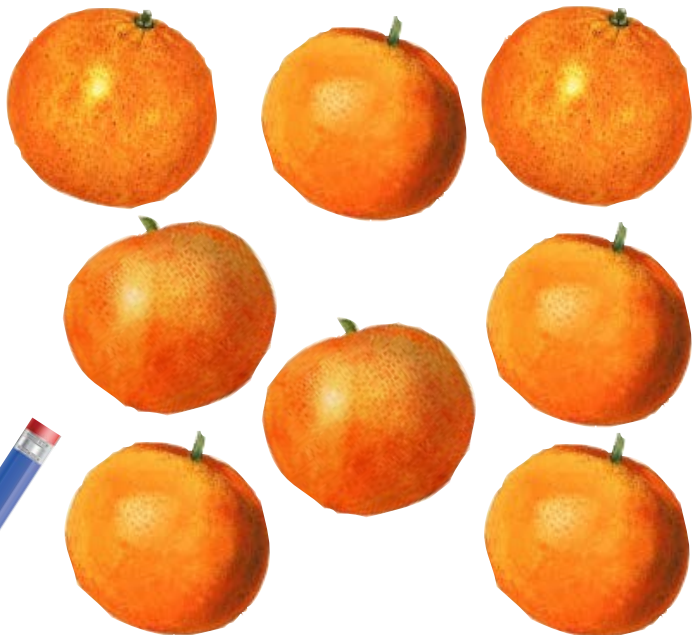
\_\_\_\_\_

What fraction of oranges did each get?  
Write your answer as a fraction

\_\_\_\_\_

A netball coach gives half an orange to each player on the team.

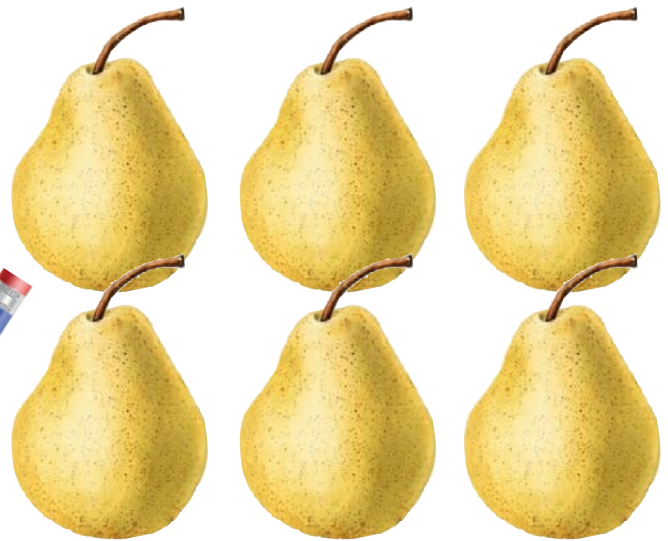
There are 16 players.  
How many oranges does she need?



\_\_\_\_\_

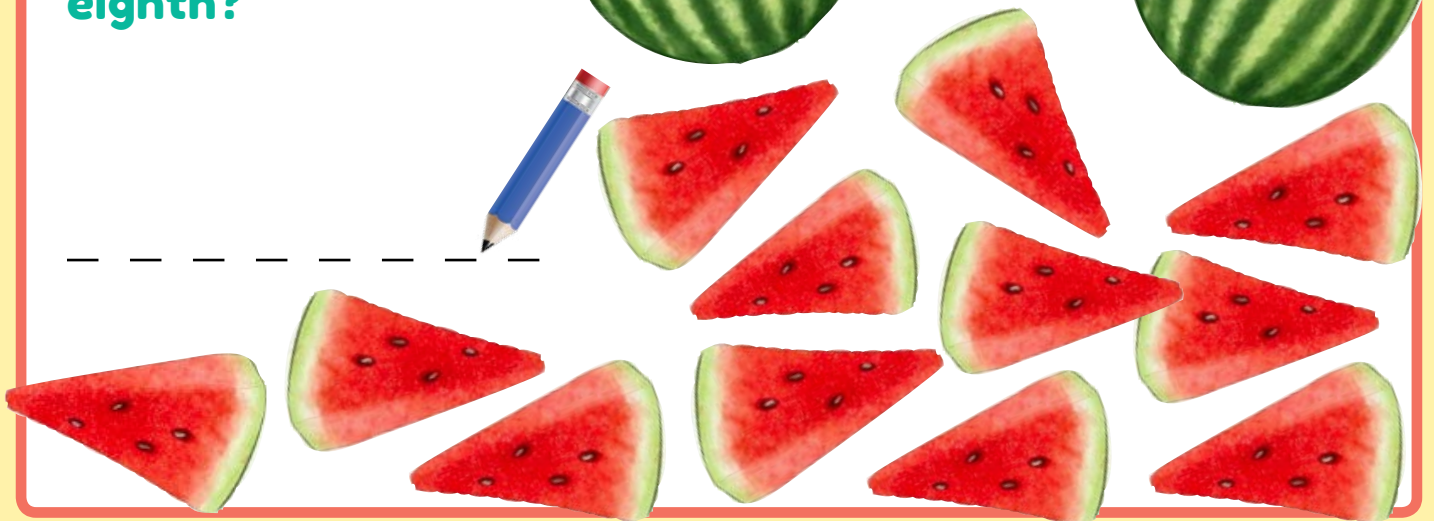
Six pears are cut in half.

How many children each get a half?



Three watermelons are cut into eighths.

How many children can each get an eighth?





# MY DOG

My dog's name is:

My dog is so good at:




they really like:



A funny thing my dog does is:

HA HA!!

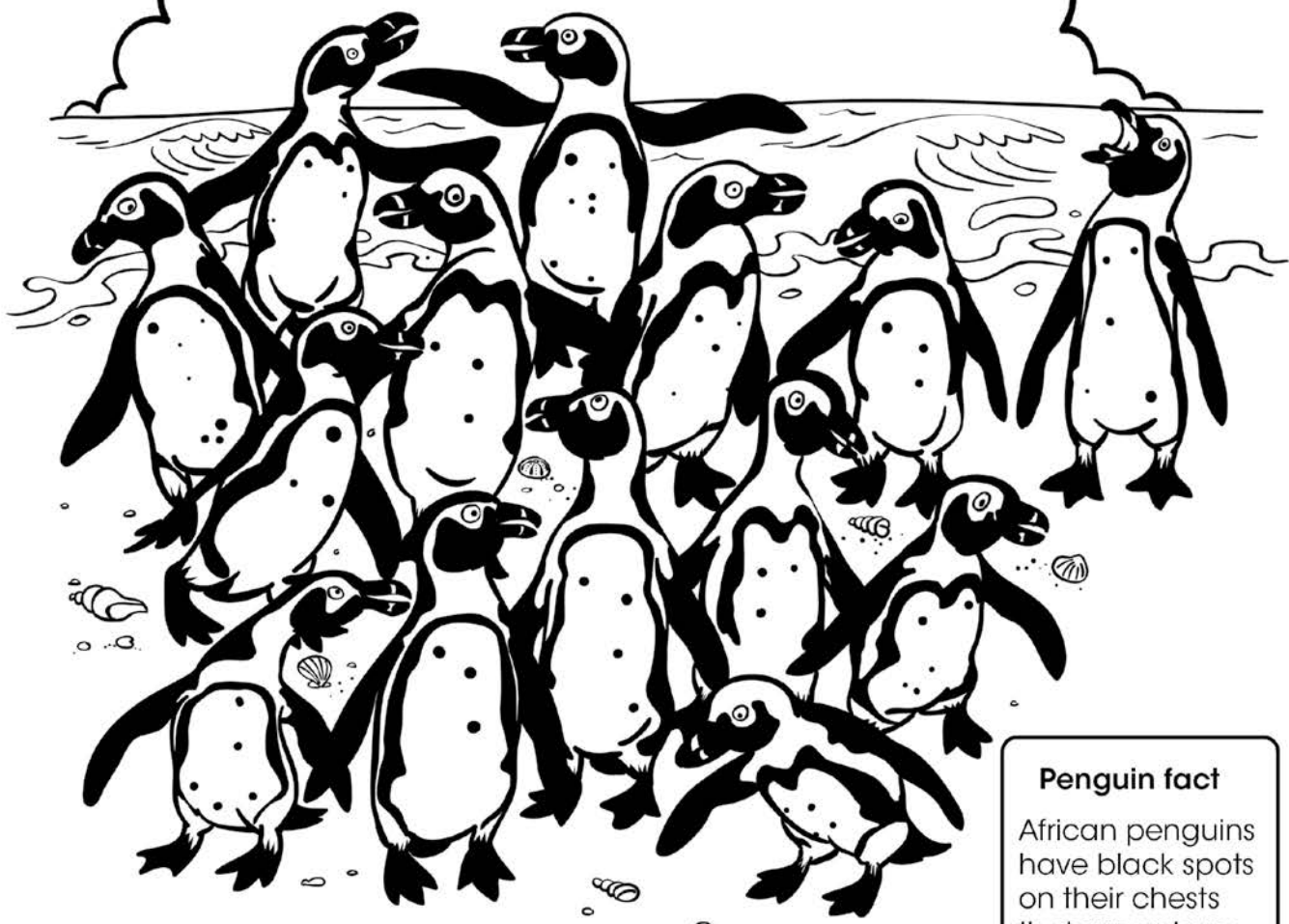
(draw your dog here) 

I think my dog is:

If my dog spoke they would say:

What I would like to tell my dog is:

from: \_\_\_\_\_



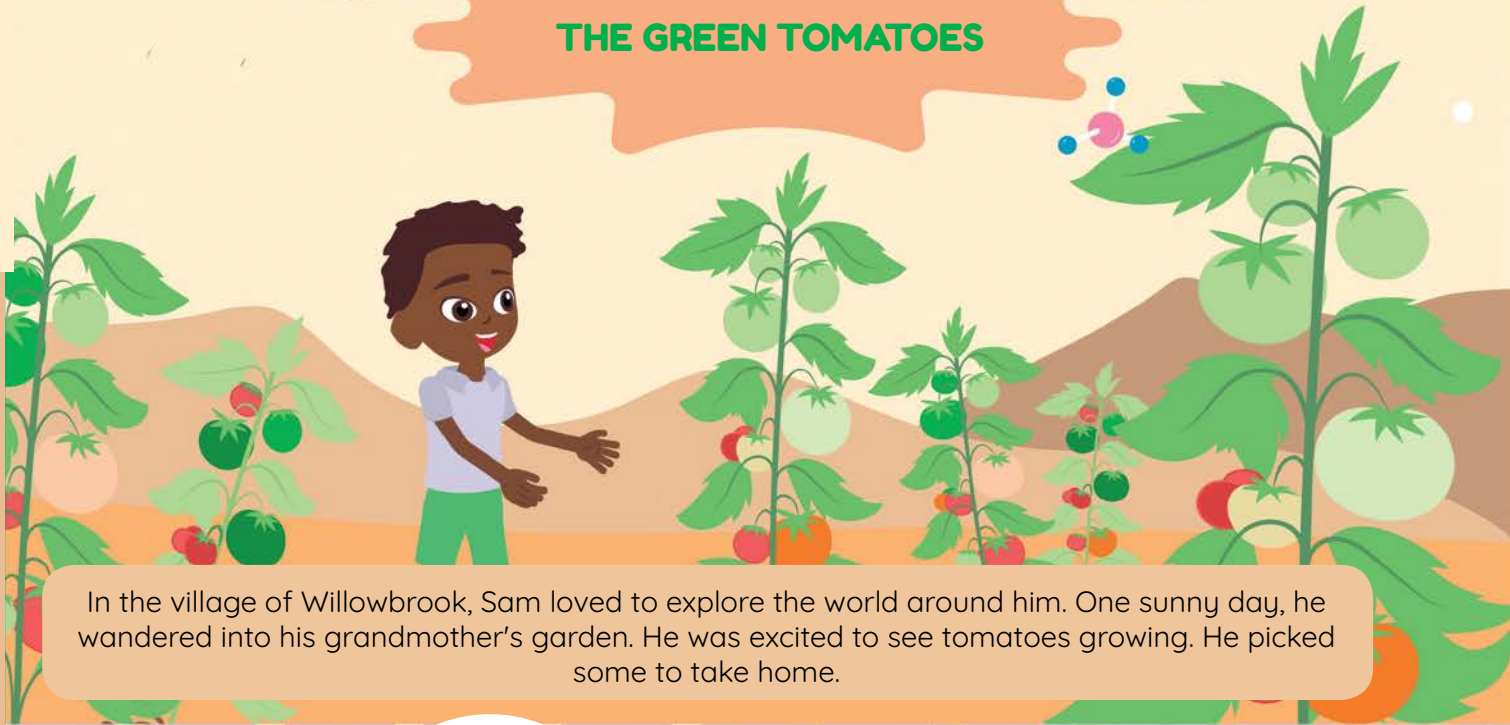
**Penguin fact**  
 African penguins have black spots on their chests that are unique to each penguin. Just like our fingerprints!

Guin's friend is calling for her. See if you can help him spot her in the crowd. Look closely at her black and white markings.

# THE GENETICS

**Dany, Nuno and Ada: 3 super-heroes who save the day!**

## THE GREEN TOMATOES



In the village of Willowbrook, Sam loved to explore the world around him. One sunny day, he wandered into his grandmother's garden. He was excited to see tomatoes growing. He picked some to take home.



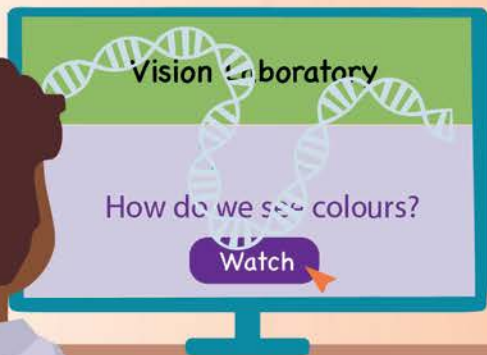
Oh, dear. These green tomatoes need more time to ripen!

What have you got there Sam?

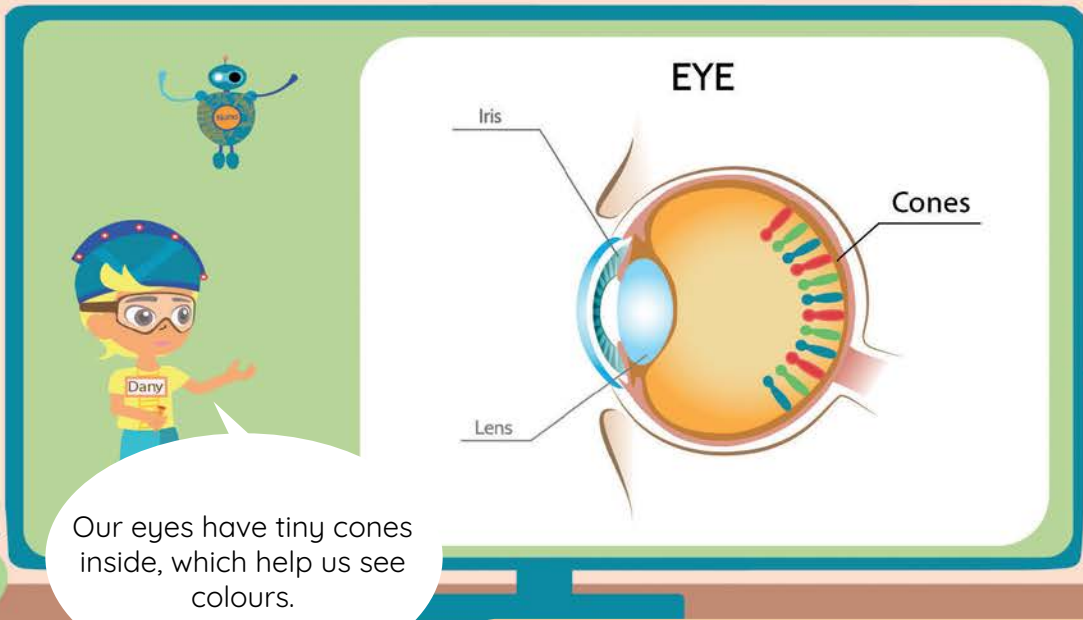
Sam brought green tomatoes! That's silly.



Green and red. Both colours look the same to me. Why?



Sam reads about colours. What are they? How do we see them?



Our eyes have tiny cones inside, which help us see colours.

Some people are unable to see certain colours. This is called colour blindness. It is not something that can be cured. Colour blind people can learn to recognise colours by how bright they are.

How some people see colours

COLOUR BLINDNESS

NORMAL VISION



Ah! I want to learn more about colours!

Text and illustrations by Dr Olga Markova



At the laboratory Sam meets friendly scientists who use filters. He looks through them to see colours better.

### Vision Laboratory

Try these special glasses, Sam. They can help you see better the difference between red and green.

Wow! Now I can see that some tomatoes are red, and some are green!



At home, Sam uses the filters to pick red tomatoes. He shows them to his family.

Great job, Sam! You have a special way of seeing things!

**BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.  
EVERYONE IS DIFFERENT!**

# THE COLOUR GAME!

Match the pictures. Draw a line from the picture to the right word.

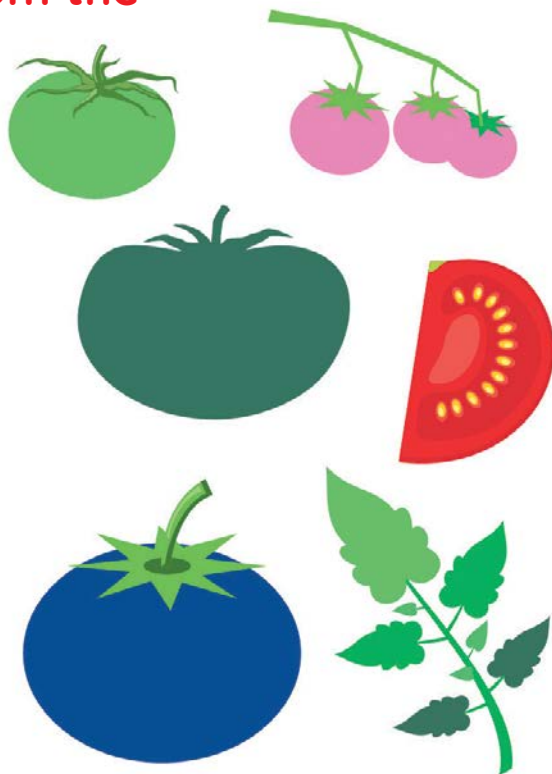
red

pink

brown

black

orange



dark green

light green

dark blue

light blue



# Thakgalo's musical wheelchair

Author: Diana Tebeila



Thakgalo means happiness.  
Thakgalo is a person who uses a wheelchair.  
Her family and friends love her so much.



Thakgalo loves music.  
Her friends love dancing and playing music for her.

3



Her friends installed a musical speaker on Thakgalo's wheelchair.

When she touched a button on one side of the wheelchair, music would play.

4



Thakgalo would stretch herself and dance to the musical wheelchair.

She practised dancing on her own, and then began to dance with her friends.

5



One day her friends saw a dance competition advertised in the newspaper.

They asked Thakgalo's mom if they could enter the competition for her.

Thakgalo's mom agreed.

6



Thakgalo's friends borrowed her mom's cellphone to make a video for the dance competition.

They videoed Thakgalo dancing to her favourite song, then they sent the video entry to the competition.

Thakgalo was chosen for the competition!

7



The competition day arrived.  
Thakgalo wore a beautiful new outfit.

When the music played, she moved gracefully and with joy.

8



People in the audience  
shouted her name,  
"Thakgalo! Thakgalo!"

Truly, she was the dancing  
star of the day.

Thakgalo won the  
competition and many  
prizes.

# The smell thief

**Author:** Joanne Bloch

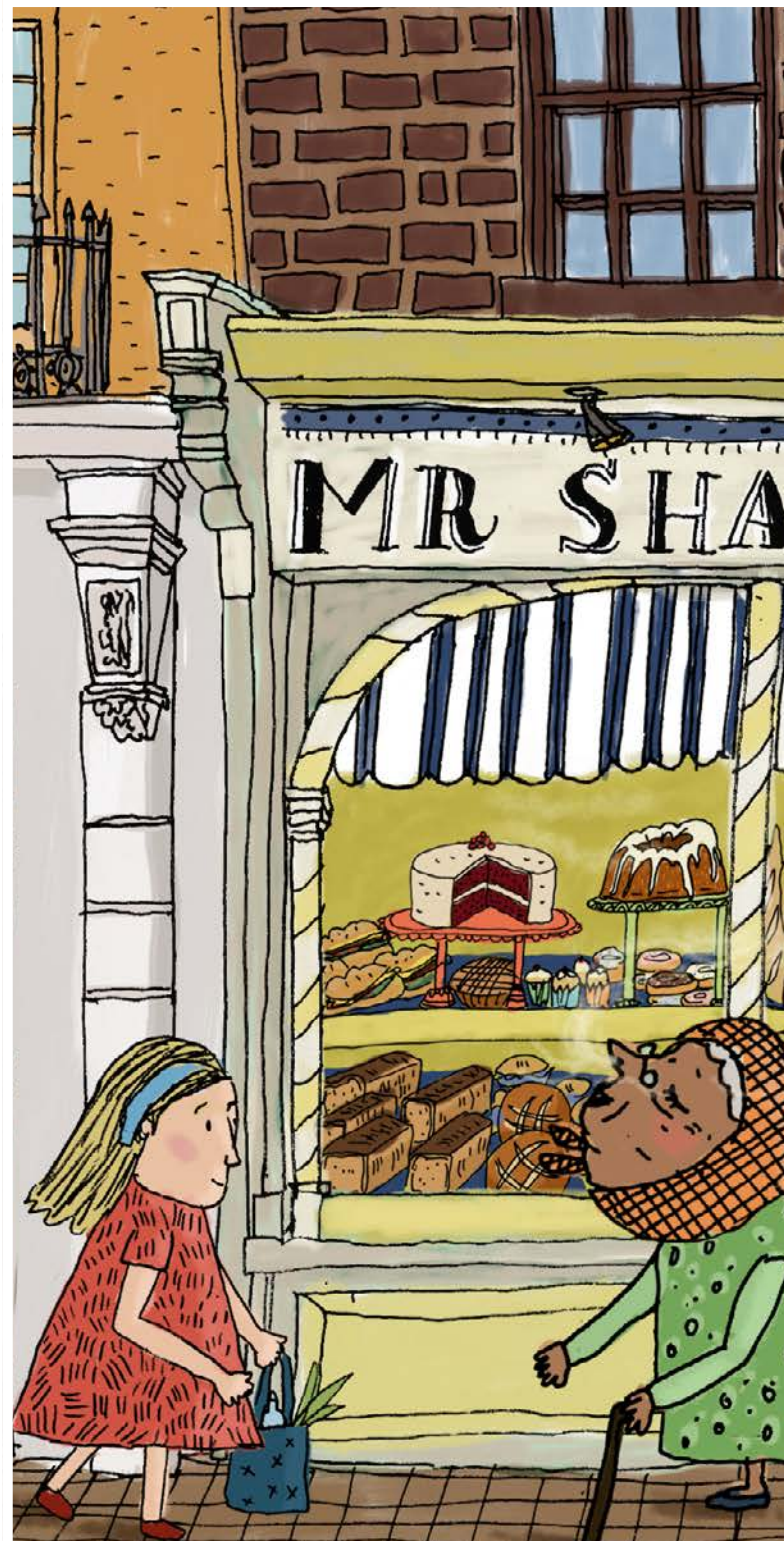
**Translator:** Sebolelo Mokapela

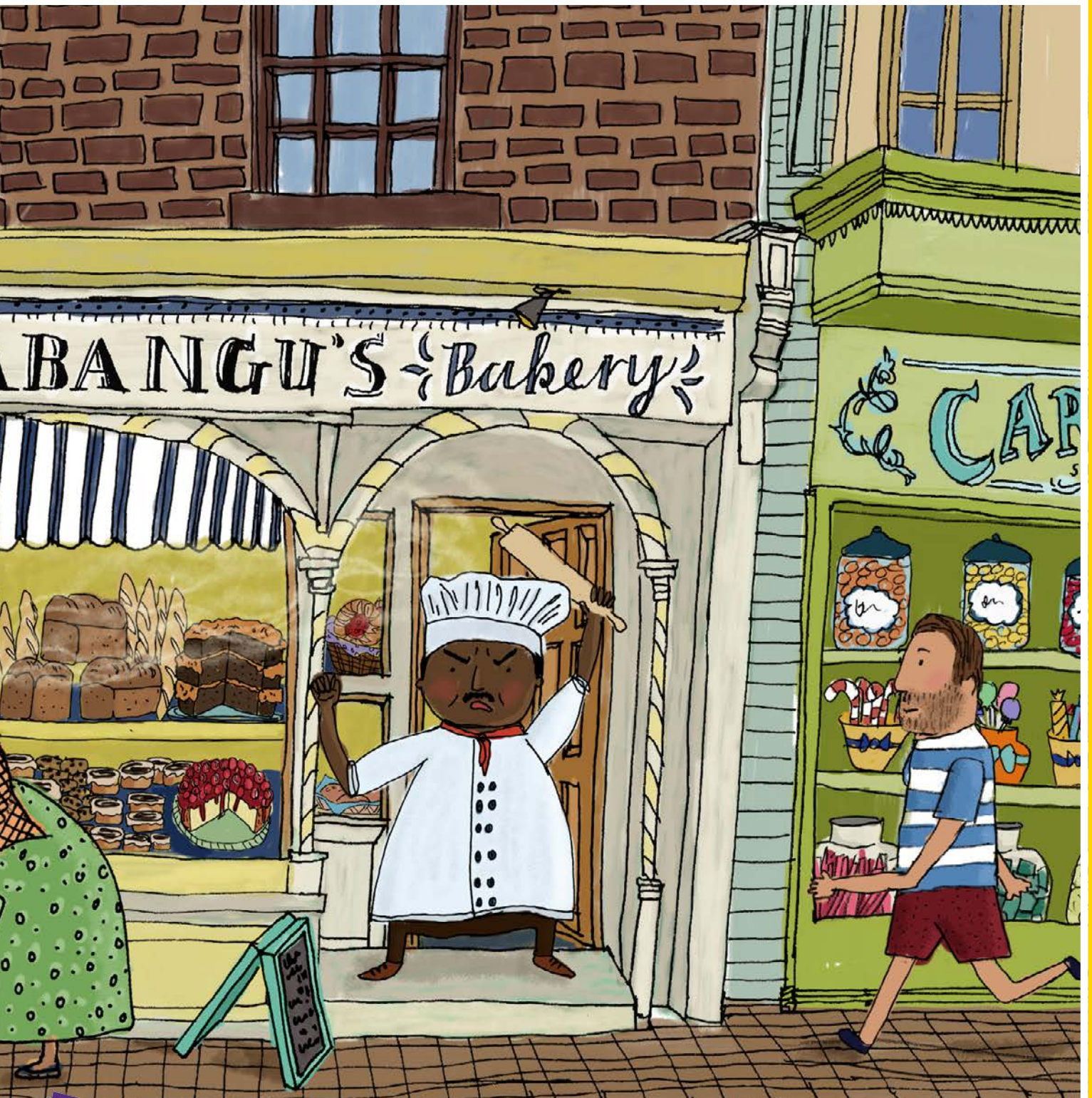
**Illustrator:** Mieke van der Merwe

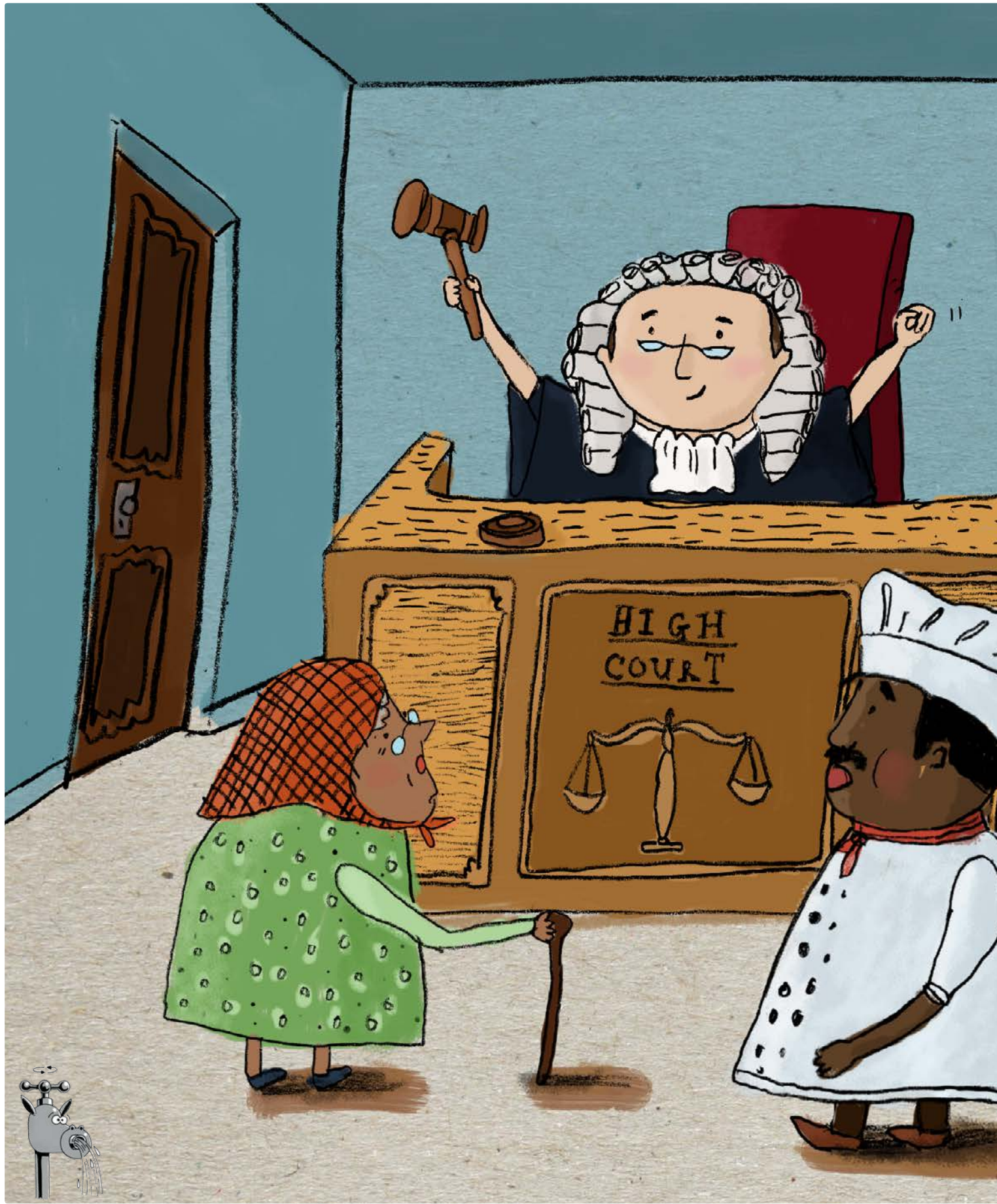
**M**r Shabangu was the best baker in town. Every morning he woke up at four o'clock to mix and knead the dough for his famous buns, cakes and biscuits. By eight o'clock the people of the town were walking past the bakery on their way to work and school. By this time the cakes and buns were almost cooked, and the most delicious smells wafted out of the bakery's windows. Many of the people went into the bakery to buy their breakfast. Mr Shabangu smiled happily at them as he passed them the fresh, tasty cinnamon buns and warm, golden biscuits that were so famous in the town.

But other people were not so lucky. Because they had so little money, the poorer people of the town could hardly ever afford to buy any of the delicious buns, cakes and biscuits. All they could do was enjoy the lovely smells that drifted out of the bakery windows. When Mr Shabangu noticed these people sniffing the air near the bakery, it made him furious. "How dare they sniff my delicious smells!" he said to himself angrily. "Those are MY smells. I made them, so they belong to me! If people want to smell my wonderful smells, they should pay for them!" He huffed and puffed and wiped the sweat from his brow, before turning back to the oven to bake some bread and rolls for his lunchtime customers.

One old woman especially loved the smells that









drifted out of the bakery window every morning. This was Ma Shange who slept on a bench in the park every night. A few weeks before, a kind person had given her the money to buy herself a cinnamon bun. She had taken the bun back to the park and eaten it very slowly, smacking her lips and sharing the last crumbs with the birds. After that, although the old woman didn't have enough money to buy breakfast, she remembered the delicious bun. So every morning she walked slowly past Mr Shabangu's bakery, sniffing the air and smiling blissfully at the mouth-watering smell.

Ma Shange's new habit made the baker very angry. As each day went by, he grew angrier and angrier with her. Finally, one wintry morning when he was in an especially bad mood, he stormed out of his bakery and grabbed the old woman by the arm. "How dare you steal my smells!" he shouted. "You're nothing but a smell thief!" He wiped his hands on his apron, then pulled it off and threw it back into the bakery. "Look after the bakery!" he shouted at his assistant. "This is the last day this cheeky woman will steal my smells!" And with these words, he dragged Ma Shange off to the court to see Judge Ngwenya.

The judge was just sitting down at his huge, shiny desk when the angry baker stormed in, dragging the quivering and confused Ma Shange with him. "Good morning," said the judge in his deep voice, but Mr Shabangu was too angry to even greet him.

"Sir," said Mr Shabangu furiously, "I demand justice! I wish to lay a complaint against this woman. Every day for the last three weeks, she has walked past my bakery in the early morning when my delicious smells are at their best, and stolen them. She is a thief. I demand that she pays for those smells!"

The judge scratched his big, bald head for a moment. Then he cleared his throat. "Fair enough," he said to the baker. "Justice will be done." He turned to Ma Shange. "How much money do you have on you, Madam?" he asked.

"Only two rand, your Honour," stammered Ma Shange.

"Well," said the judge, "hand it to me, please." Meekly Ma Shange reached into the pocket of her tatty old cardigan and pulled out two one rand coins. She handed them to the judge. He took them, thanking her politely. Then he shook the coins in his big fist, so that they made a clinking sound. "This is my judgement," he said to the baker. "The punishment must fit the crime. Therefore the sound of Ma Shange's money is the payment you will get for the smells she stole. And now I wish you a good day."

The baker looked thoughtful. Then, realising how unreasonable he had been, he turned slowly and walked out of the room. The judge smiled kindly at Ma Shange, and handed back her money. "Now, Madam," he said pulling a brown paper bag from his briefcase, "would you care to join me for breakfast? These buns are still warm - I bought them only half an hour ago."

# Ontshontsha iphunga

**U**Mnumzane Shabangu wayengumbhaki onekhono kakhulu edolobhaneni. Wayevuka ngehora lesine nqo ezimpondweni njalo ekuseni ukuze axove inhlama yamabhanisi, amakhekhe namabhisikidi akhe okudumile. Uma kushaya ihora lesishiyagalombili abantu babedlula ngasesitolo endleleni eya emsebenzini nasesikoleni, futhi kwakuzwakala iphunga elimnandi elaliphuma ngamafasitela esitolo. Abantu abaningi babeyothenga isidlo sabo sasekuseni esitolo. UMnumzane Shabangu wayebabuka emamatheka ngesikhathi ebadlulisela amabhanisi esinamoni amasha namnandi, amabhisikidi asagolide ayedumile edolobhaneni lelo.

Kodwa abanye abantu babengenayo le nhlanhla ayenayo. Ngenxa yokuthi babengenayo imali eningi, abantu abampofu basedolobhaneni babengavamisile ukwazi ukuthenga amabhanisi, amakhekhe namabhisikidi amnandi. Into ebabeyenza nje kuphela kwakungukuthokozela amaphunga amnandi ayephuma ngamafasitela. UMnumzane Shabangu wabona laba bantu behogela eduze nesitolo sakhe, lokhu kwamdina. “Bahogelelani iphunga elimnandi!” kusho yena. “ELAMI leli phunga. Uma abantu befuna ukuhogela iphunga lami elimnandi, kumele balikhokhele!” Waveva yintukuthelo, waphenduka waya kuhhavini ukuze abhake izinkwa zamakhasimende akhe angesikhathi sesidlo sasemini.

Kwakukhona isalukazi, uMaShange, esasilithanda kakhulu iphunga elivela esitolo. UMaShange wayelala ebhentshini elisepaki njalo ebusuku. Emasontweni ambalwa adlule kukhona umuntu onenhliziyi enhle owayemnikeze imali yokuthenga ibhanisi lesinamoni. Wabuyela epaki nebhanisi walidla kancane kancane, ekhotha

izindebe zakhe zomlomo, wabelana nezinyoni ngemvuthuluka. Ngemuva kwalokho, owesifazane lo owayengenayo imali eyanele yokuthenga elinye ibhanisi, wadlula eduze kwesitolo sikaMnumzane Shabangu ehamba kancane, ehogela futhi emamathekiswa iphunga eliconsisa amathe.

Umkhuba omusha kaMaShange wamthukuthelisa kakhulu umbhaki. Ngokuhamba kwezinsuku, kwakhula ukumthukuthelela. Ekugcineni, ngolunye usuku lwasebusika olubandayo wayenolaka olubi, waphuma esitolo sakhe wasidonsa ngengalo isalukazi lesi. “Ulintshontshelani iphunga lami!” emthethisa. “Uyisela lephunga wena!”

UMnumzane Shabangu wasula izindla zakhe ephinifeni lakhe, walikhumula waliphonsa esitolo sakhe. “Gada isitolo!” esho ememeza umsizi wakhe. “Uyagcina namhlanje ukuntshontsha iphunga lami lo muntu wesifazane odelelayo!” Ngalawo mazwi, wadonsa ngengalo uMaShange baya enkantolo ukuyobonana neJaji uNgwenya. Ijaji lalisahlala phansi edeskini lalo elikhulu, elicwebezelayo ngesikhathi kungena nezicabha umbhaki othukuthele, edonsa ngengalo uMaShange othukile futhi odidekile. “Sanibonani,” kusho ijaji ngezwi elindondayo, kodwa uMnumzane Shabangu akazange alibingelele ngenxa yokuthi wayeveva intukuthelo.

“Nkosi yami,” kusho uMnumzane Shabangu ngentukuthelo, “Ngifuna kwenziwe ubulungiswa! Ngifisa ukufaka isikhalo ngalo wesifazane. Nsuku zonke emasontweni amathathu adlule, udlula eduze nesitolo sami ekuseni kakhulu uma iphunga elimnandi lasesitolo sami lisemandla, bese eyalintshontsha. Uyisela. Ngifuna angikhokhele ngalelo phunga elimnandi!”

Ijaji lanwaya ikhanda lalo elikhulu elinempandla isikhashana. Lase lithinta isikhwehlela. “Kulungile,” lisho kumbhaki. “Kuzokwenzeka ubulungiswa.” Laphendukela kuMaShange. “Unamalini, Mama?” kubuza ijaji.

“Nginamarandi amabili kuphela, Nkosi yami,” kungingiza uMaShange.

“Kulungile,” kusho ijaji, “ngicela unginikeze yona.” UMaShange wafaka isandla sakhe ephaketheni lejezi lakhe elidala ngokukhulu ukuzithoba wakhapha izinhlamvu ezimbili zamarandi. Wazinika ijaji. Lazithatha lambonga likhombisa inhlonipho. Laxukuza ezandleni zalo ezinkulu imali ewuhlweza, ukuze yenze umsindo. “Nasi isinqumo sami,”

lisho kumbhaki. “Isijeziso kumele sihambisane necala. Ngakho umsindo wemali kaMaShange iyona nhlawulo ozoyithola ngephunga elimnandi alintshontshile. Manje ngikufisela ukuthi ube nosuku oluhle.”

Umbhaki wabukeka ecabangisisa ngalokhu. Wase ebona ukuthi uzicabangele yena kanjani, waphenduka kancane waphuma egunjini. Ijaji lamamatheka libuka uMaShange ngomusa, lambuyisela imali yakhe. “Manje, Mama,” lasho likhipha isikhwama sephepha esinsundu esikhwameni salo esiyi-briefcase, “ngingakucela ukuba udle nami isidlo sasekuseni? La mabhanisi asashisa – ngiwathenge esigamini sehora esedlule.”



## ENGLISH

Every day when eight-year-old Sisanda gets home from school, she changes out of her uniform, eats her lunch and plays a game of umlabalaba with her grandfather. They have so much fun flying their “cows” around the board that she doesn’t want to stop. But then he reminds her that she wants to become a bank manager one day when she grows up.

“How will you do that if you don’t go to high school?” jokes her grandfather.

Sisanda just laughs. “I will go to high school and university too. That’s why I work so hard at school!”

Sisanda is quite tall for her age – she takes after her father. Her round face and beautiful smile are her mother’s. Both her parents get up early each morning to go to work at the game reserve close by. By the time Sisanda and her friends start school, coachloads of tourists are already arriving to spot Africa’s finest animals.

For her last birthday, Sisanda had a special treat – her parents got permission for her to have a party at the game reserve. The giraffes at the reserve were curious about this group of people. They stretched out their long necks for the best view of the party and they even seemed to want some of the birthday cake! Sisanda loved the giraffes. All animals were special to her, but it was the quiet and gentle giraffes that stole her heart. She could spend all day watching them.

One Friday, Sisanda’s father came home from work early. He looked very upset.

“What’s wrong, Baba?” Sisanda asked.

“Today a swarm of bees stung a mother giraffe,” explained Sisanda’s father. “Her head was so swollen from all the stings that her beautiful eyes were closed. We tried everything to help her, but it was no use – she died. And the saddest part of all is that she had a young calf that still needs her.”

“Oh no!” said Sisanda starting to cry. “I wish there was something I could do. The baby giraffe must be crying just like me.”

Sisanda cried and cried. Her mother tried to comfort her. She even read Sisanda an extra story at bedtime to help her forget how sorry she felt for that baby giraffe. Eventually, Sisanda drifted off to sleep to the sound of her mama’s voice.

The next morning Sisanda woke up with an idea!

“Can I go to work with you today?” she asked her baba. “I have a gift for the baby giraffe.”

Her parents looked at each other, smiled and said, “Yes, of course you can come with us.”

It was a warm but cloudy day. Everything in the reserve seemed unusually quiet.

“I think the sun isn’t shining today because it’s sad about the baby giraffe,” said Sisanda.

A great big elephant gazed at the family walking by.

“Maybe he’s wondering why a little girl is going to work with her parents,” said Sisanda’s mother.

Sisanda nodded. “He’s going to get a surprise when he finds out,” she thought.

They found the baby giraffe standing alone. His willowy neck drooped and his big brown eyes looked dull. Sisanda stood as close to him as she could. She opened her small bag and took out a book. Then, to her parents’ surprise, she began to read to the baby giraffe. He turned his head towards her voice and listened as if he could understand every word. At first, Sisanda’s parents thought reading to a giraffe was a strange thing to do, but they changed their minds when they saw how peaceful he looked – his gentle eyes looking at Sisanda.

“My story made him feel better,” Sisanda told her grandfather when she got home.

Sisanda went to visit the little giraffe most afternoons and over weekends. And every time she went, she took another story to share. The two new friends looked so good together that even passing tourists took photos of them.



# Sisanda's gift

Author: Gcina Mhlophe

Illustrator: Jiggs Snaddon-Wood

Translator: Phetolelo ka Hilda  
Mohale



Slowly the little giraffe grew stronger. People at the game reserve were taking really good care of him and all the love from his new friend, Sisanda, worked like magic.

One day the reserve manager asked Sisanda to give her new friend a name.

“I think Thokozani is a good name,” said Sisanda.

The next day the reserve manager phoned Sisanda’s teacher. He invited all Sisanda’s classmates to come and meet Thokozani. The handsome giraffe had grown taller and stronger in the three months since Sisanda’s first visit.

On the day of the outing, forty Grade 3 children waited eagerly for the reserve gates to open. Then Sisanda proudly led everyone to Thokozani. Some of the children looked at the tall giraffe in amazement. Others giggled nervously. Their teacher, Miss Khanyile, just smiled.

“Your friend is beautiful, Sisanda. You have been so kind to him,” she said gently.

“What is his name?” asked one of the boys.

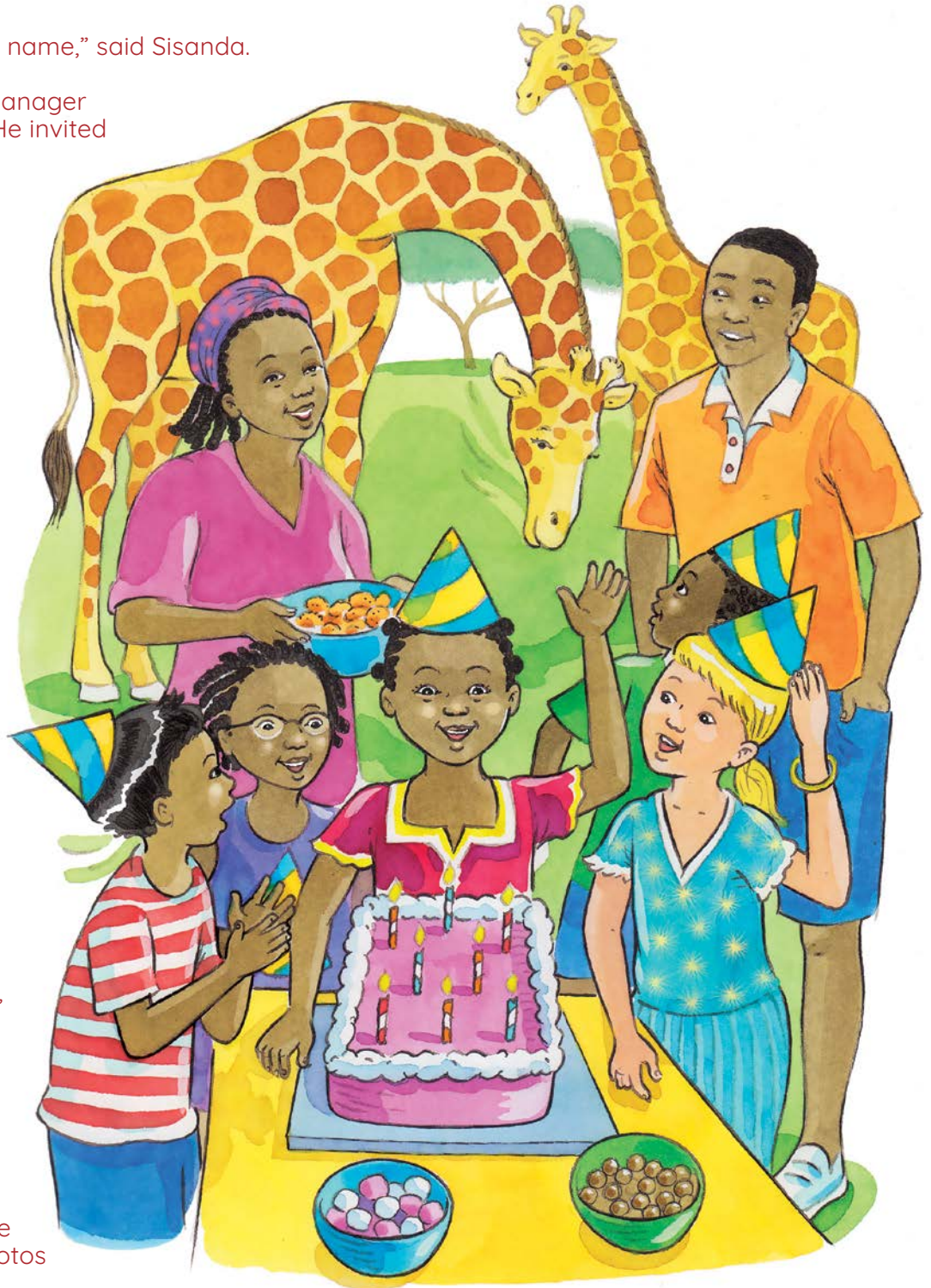
“Thokozani,” answered Sisanda.

“Thokozani means ‘rejoice,’” explained Miss Khanyile.

The children sat down and listened while Sisanda read the story she had read to Thokozani on the day they had first met. The reserve manager took photos. Some tourists passing by took photos

too. Even a photographer from a local newspaper clicked away. He promised that a photo of them would be in the local newspaper very soon. Everyone cheered.

What a gift! Reading to heal a friend.



## SESOTHO

# Mpho ya Sisanda

**K**amehla ha Sisanda ya dilemo di robedi a fihla lapeng ho tswa sekolong, o hlobola diaparo tsa hae tsa sekolo, a je dijo tsa motsheare mme a bapale papadi ya morabaraba le nstatemoholo wa hae. Ba natefelwa haholo ke ho tsamaisa “dikgomo” tsa bona ho potoloha letlapa hoo a qetellang a sa batle ho emisa. Empa nstatemoholo a mo hopotse hore o batla ho ba motsamaisi wa banka ka tsatsi le leng ha a se a hodile.

“O tla ba yena jwang ha o sa ye sekolong se phahameng?” ho rialo nstatemoholo wa hae a swaswa.

Sisanda o itshehela feela. “Ke tla ya sekolong se phahameng ke be ke ye le yunivesiting. Ke kahoo ke sebetsang ka thata tjena sekolong!”

Sisanda o molelele ho feta dilemo tsa hae - o futsitse ntatae. Sefahleho sa hae se tjhitja le pososelo ya hae e ntle ke tsa mmae. Ka bobedi batswadi ba hae ba tsoha ka matjeke kamehla ho ya mosebetsing polokelong ya diphoofolo tse hlaha e haufi le moo. Ka nako eo Sisanda le metswalle ya hae ba qalang sekolo ka yona, ho be ho se ho tlike dihlopha ka dihlopha tsa bahahlaudi ho tla bona diphoofolo tse

kgahlisang ka ho fetisisa tsa Afrika.

Bakeng sa letsatsi la hae la tswalo le fetileng, Sisanda o ile a fumana mpho e ikgethang - batswadi ba hae ba ile ba fumana tumello ya hore a ka tshwarela moketjana wa hae serapeng sa diphoofolo. Dithuhlo tsa moo di ne di makaletse sehlopha sena sa batho. Di ne di otlolla melala ya tsona e melelele ho bona moketjana hantle mme e ne eka di kgaletse le kuku ya letsatsi la tswalo! Sisanda o ne a rata dithuhlo tseo. Kaofela diphoofolo di ne di kgethehile ho yena, empa e ne e le dithuhlo tse kgutsitseng le tse bonolo tse hapileng pelo ya hae. O ne a ka qeta letsatsi lohle a di shebelletse.

Ka tsatsi le leng ka Labohlano, ntate wa Sisanda a fihla hae pele ho nako a etswa mosebetsing. O ne a shebahala a saretswe haholo.

“Molato ke eng, Ntate?” ha botsa Sisanda.

“Kajeno sehlopha sa dinotshi se ile sa loma mme thuhlo,” ha hlalosa ntata Sisanda. “Hlooho ya hae e ne e ruruhile hohle ka lebaka la ho longwa hoo mahlo a hae a matle a neng a kwalehile. Re lekile tsohle ho mo thusa, empa ho ne ho sa thusa letho - o ile a shwa. Mme taba e bohloko ka ho fetisisa ke



hore o ne a ena le namane e nyane e ntseng e mo hloka.”

“Tjhe bo!” ha rialo Sisanda a qala ho lla. “Ekare ho ka be ho ena le ho hong hoo nka ho etsang. Ledinyane la thuhlo le lona ke a kgolwa le ntse le lla jwalo ka nna tjena.”

Sisanda a lla, a lla. Mmae o ile a leka ho mo tshedisa. O bile a ba a balla Sisanda pale ya bobedi ka nako ya ho robala ho mo thusa ho lebala kamoo a utlwileng bohloko ka teng bakeng sa ledinyane la thuhlo. Qetellong, Sisanda a kgaleha a ntse a mametse lentswe la mmae.

Tsatsing le hlahlamang hoseng Sisanda a tsoha a ena le mohopolo o itseng!

“Na nka ya le lona mosebetsing kajeno?” a botsa ntatae. “Ke na le mpho bakeng sa ledinyane la thuhlo.”

Batswadi ba hae ba shebana, ba bososela mme ba re, “Ee, ho lokile o ka tla le rona.”

E ne e le letsatsi le futhumetseng empa maru a kwahetse. Dintho tsohle tse serapeng sa diphoofolo di ne di kgutsitse ka tsela e sa tlwaelehang.

“Ke nahana hore letsatsi ha le a tjhaba kajeno hobane le utlwisitse bohloko ke ledinyane la thuhlo,” ha rialo Sisanda.

Tlou e kgolohadi ya tjamela ba lelapa ba fetang moo.

“Mohlomong e makaletse hore ke hobaneng ha ngwananyana eo a tlike mosebetsing le batswadi ba hae,” ha rialo mma Sisanda.

Sisanda a oma ka hlooho. “E tla makala ha e fumana lebaka,” a nahana jwalo.

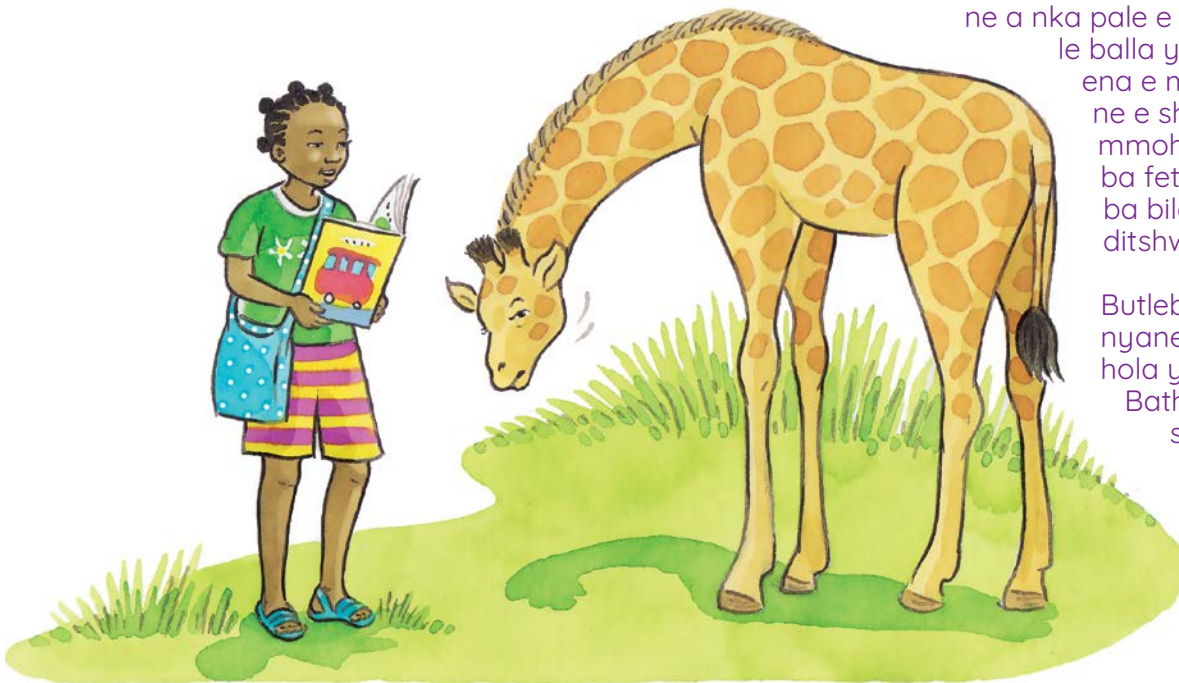
Ba fumana ledinyane la thuhlo le eme le le leng. Molala wa lona o kebeselang o ne o leketlile mme mahlo a lona a maholo a sootho a ne a shebahala a le bodutu. Sisanda a atamela ho lona haholo kamoo a ka kgonang. A bula mokotlana wa hae o monyane mme a ntsha buka. Mme batswadi ba hae ba makala ha a qala ho balla ledinyane la thuhlo. La thintsha hlooho ya lona la sheba kamoo lentswe le tswang ka teng mme la mamela jwaloka haeka le utlwisisa ditaba kaofela. Qalong batswadi ba Sisanda ba ne ba nahanne hore ho balla thuhlo e ne e le ntho e sa tlwaelehang, empa ba fetola mehopolo ya bona ha ba bona kamoo e shebahalang e ena le kgotso ka teng – mahlo a yona a bonolo a shebile Sisanda.

“Pale ya ka e ile ya etsa hore le ikutlwe betere,” Sisanda a bolella ntatemoholo wa hae ha a fihla lapeng.

Sisanda o ile a nna a etela ledinyane la thuhlo matsatsi a mang kamora sekolo le mafelong a beke. Mme nako le nako ha a ya teng, o ne a nka pale e nngwe ho ya

le balla yona. Metswalle ena e mmedi e metjha e ne e shebahala hantle mmoho hoo bahahlaudi ba fetang ba neng ba bile ba ba nka ditshwantsho.

Butlebutle thuhlo e nyane ya nna ya hola ya eba le matla. Batho ba serapeng sa diphoofolo ba ne ba hlike ba e hloketse hantle mme le lerato lohle



le tswang ho motswalle wa yona, Sisanda, le ne le sebetsa mehlolo.

Ka tsatsi le leng motsamai wa polokelo ya diphoofolo a kopa Sisanda hore a fe motswalle wa hae e motjha lebitso.

“Ke nahana hore Thokozani ke lebitso le monate,” ha rialo Sisanda.

Letsatsing le hlahlamang motsamai wa polokelo ya diphoofolo a letsetsa titjhare ya Sisanda mohala. A mema bomphato ba Sisanda kaofela ho tla kopana le Thokozani. Thuhlo e bohehang e ne e se e hodile e le telele mme e le matla ho feta dikgweding tse tharo ho tloha ketelong ya pele ya Sisanda.

Ka letsatsi la leeto, bana ba mashome a mane ba Kereiti ya 3 ba ne ba eme heheng ya polokelo ya diphoofolo ba se ba tatetse hore e bulwe. Yaba ka motlotlo Sisanda o etella bohle pele ho ya ho Thokozani. Bana ba bang ba ne ba shebile thuhlo e telele ka ho makala ho hoholo. Ba bang ba ne ba tsheha empa ba tshohile. Titjhare ya bona yena, Moftsn Khanyile, o ne a bososela feela.

“Motswalle wa hao o motle, Sisanda. O bile mosa ho yena,” a rialo ka bonolo.

“Lebitso la hae ke mang?” ha botsa e mong wa bashanyana.

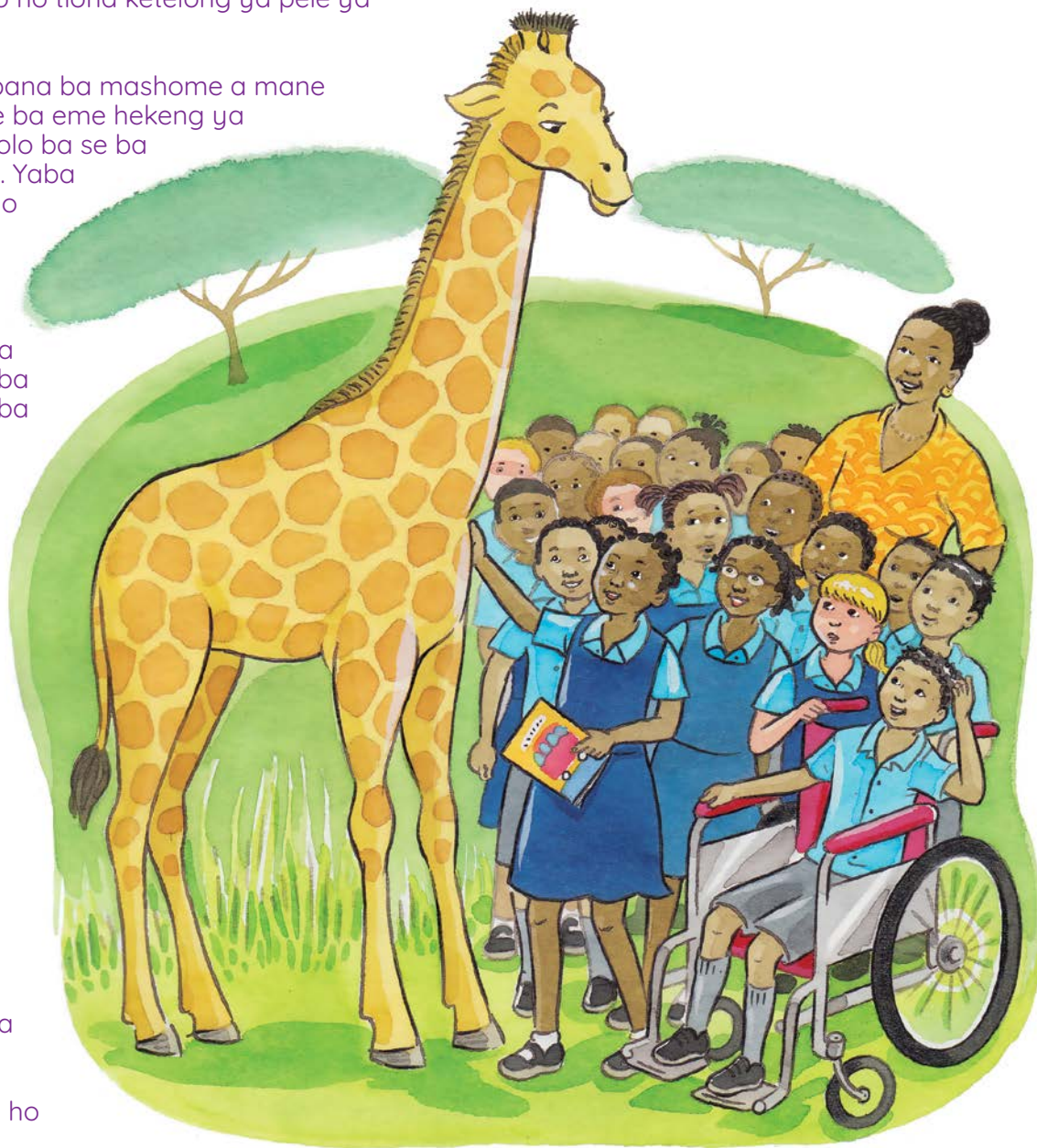
“Thokozani,” ha araba Sisanda.

“Thokozani e bolela ‘thabang’,” ha hlalosa Moftsn Khanyile.

Bana ba dula fatshe ho

mamela ha Sisanda a bala pale eo a e baletseng Thokozani ka letsatsi leo ba kopaneng kgetlo la pele ka lona. Motsamai wa polokelong ya diphoofolo a nka ditshwantsho. Bahahlaudi ba neng ba feta moo ba nka ditshwantsho le bona. Esitana le raditshwantsho ya neng a etswa phatlalatsong ya koranta ya lehae a tlyantsa ka khemera le yena. O ile a tshepisa hore setshwantsho sa bona se tla be se le koranteng haufinyane. Bohle ba etsa ditlatse le mahofi.

A, mpho e ntle ruri! Ho balla motswalle.



# Let's go hiking!

Sipho and Max went hiking on Saturday. Max left his walking shoes at home.

The group leader said, "You **can't** hike without walking shoes. Your feet will get hurt."

Max **didn't** care. He hiked in sandals.

He made it to the end of the hike.

"You did it!" said Sipho.

Then Max tripped over a rock. He cut his foot.

"Ouch! **I'm** hurt! How will I walk home?" he said.

"Don't worry. **I'll** ask my dad to drive you," said Sipho.

Max got into the car.

They drove home.

"Mom, **I've** cut my foot!" said Max.

"**You're** hurt. You **should've** worn the right shoes.

Next time **you're** wearing walking shoes," said his mom.

## WHAT IS A CONTRACTION?

A contraction is when we join two words. We use an apostrophe like this ' to show where letters are left out of the joined word.

I am = **I'm**

I have = **I've**

Can not = **can't**

You are = **You're**

Did not = **didn't**

Should have = **Should've**

I will = **I'll**



# FUNNY FUN!



What kind of room has no doors or windows?

A mushroom

What did the beach say when the tide came in?

Long time, no sea



What do you call a fairy that has not taken a bath?









Stinker Bell

What has many rings, but no fingers?

A phone

## How Many?

Count the similar fruit and write the number

	<input type="text"/>		<input type="text"/>
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# How to help someone in water

Author and illustrations: Sea Rescue and Sean Verster

## USE A STICK

If someone is in water, you can use a stick to pull the person to safety. Never get into the water to try and rescue someone.

If you get into the water, you could also drown.



## THROW A BALL

If the person who needs help is too far away from you to reach with a stick, throw something that floats.

Throw something they can hold on to and use to stay above the water.

Throw a soccer ball or a large, empty plastic bottle.



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