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WHAT'S THIS CRAZY CREATURE?

Is it a chicken? Is it a lizard?

WHERE TO GET FREE BOOKS

PAGE 14

STORIES TO READ ALOUD
Multilingual

The Grubbiest Boy in the world

JULY - SEPTEMBER 2023

English, Afrikaans, Isixhosa, Isizulu, Sesotho
BASED ON THE NATIONAL CURRICULUM

#14

little issue

young minds matter



RECIPE, ACTIVITIES, DOT-TO-DOT, STORIES GALORE, READ FOR MEANING, SORT AND COUNT

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Hello readers!

Can you find the **Grubbiest Boy** in the magazine? Have fun reading the story and answering the questions about him. Then meet **Mike**, the horse who is easily frightened. You will find him on page 16. There are loads of stories to enjoy in this issue. Read some of them aloud to yourself. Ask a grown-up to read the others to you.

Enjoy!

Laura

Editor and writer of the *little issue*



inside



36



RONG has picked the wrong colour socks for school. Can you find the right school socks hidden in the magazine?

Help!

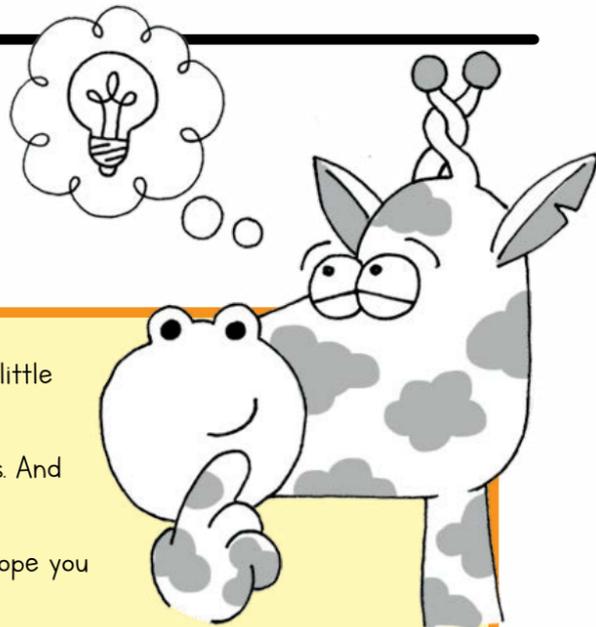


Cover Image: MidJourney (Open AI)

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young minds matter

Our MD, Derek Carelse, asked Rong to write a letter for this edition, and gave him freedom to say what he wanted. Rong was excited and immediately took out his pencil and paper and started writing.



Hello Readers, I am Rong, the mascot of your favourite magazine, little issue.

I am just like you. I love to learn, but I also make lots of mistakes. And that's ok. I read books and have lots of fun with my friends.

How are you doing? And how is your family? And your friends? I hope you are doing well. I am good, too.

I would like to invite you to write to me via email or paper letter. Send your email letter to info@bigissue.org.za or address your paper letter to PO Box 5094, Cape Town 8000. I will reply to every letter and email.

If you would like to see more of me in our magazine, let me know and I'll let our editor know.

Rong

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 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.



Let's look at books!



READERS IN ALL LANGUAGES

Open a Vula Bula reader for an exciting story. Vula Bula readers are written for children in different grades. Stories are in all eleven languages found in South Africa. Visit www.vulabula.molteno.co.za or phone (011) 484-6245 to order a book.

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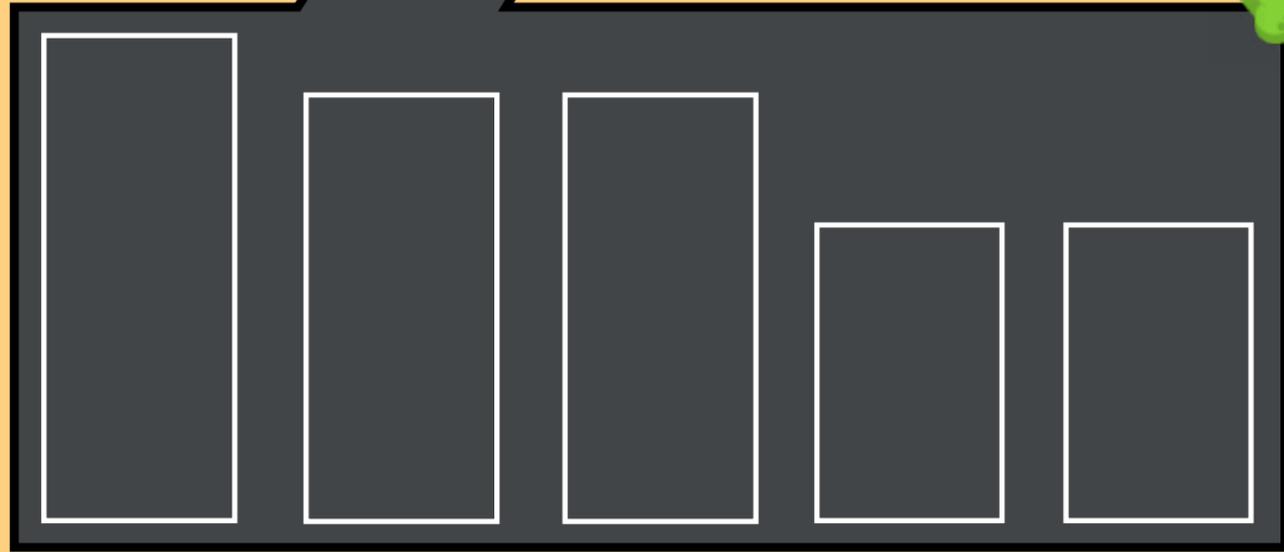
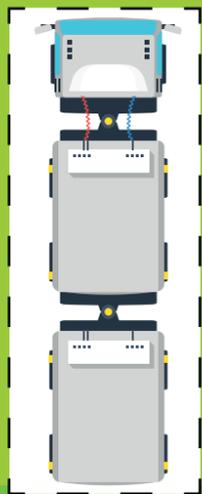
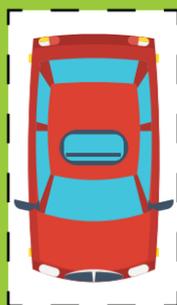


ARE YOU READY TO DRIVE?



CAN YOU PARK?

Cut out the cars and trucks on the dotted line. Trace a line with your finger across the car track. Now push each car around the track. Park the cars in the parking lot.



What are healthy habits?

HEALTHY OR UNHEALTHY?

Tick the boxes for the habits that are healthy.

	<p>Eat fruit</p>	
	<p>Smoke cigarettes</p>	
	<p>Take a shower</p>	
	<p>Drink beer</p>	
	<p>Brush your teeth</p>	
	<p>Eat takeaway food</p>	
	<p>Get enough sleep</p>	

Source: Department of Basic Education

Draw a line from each picture and match it to the correct box.

Wash your hair



Every day

Every morning and night

Once a week

Twice a week

Brush your hair



Every day

Every morning and night

Once a week

Twice a week

Brush your teeth



Every day

Every morning and night

Once a week

Twice a week

Drink lots of water



Every day

Every morning and night

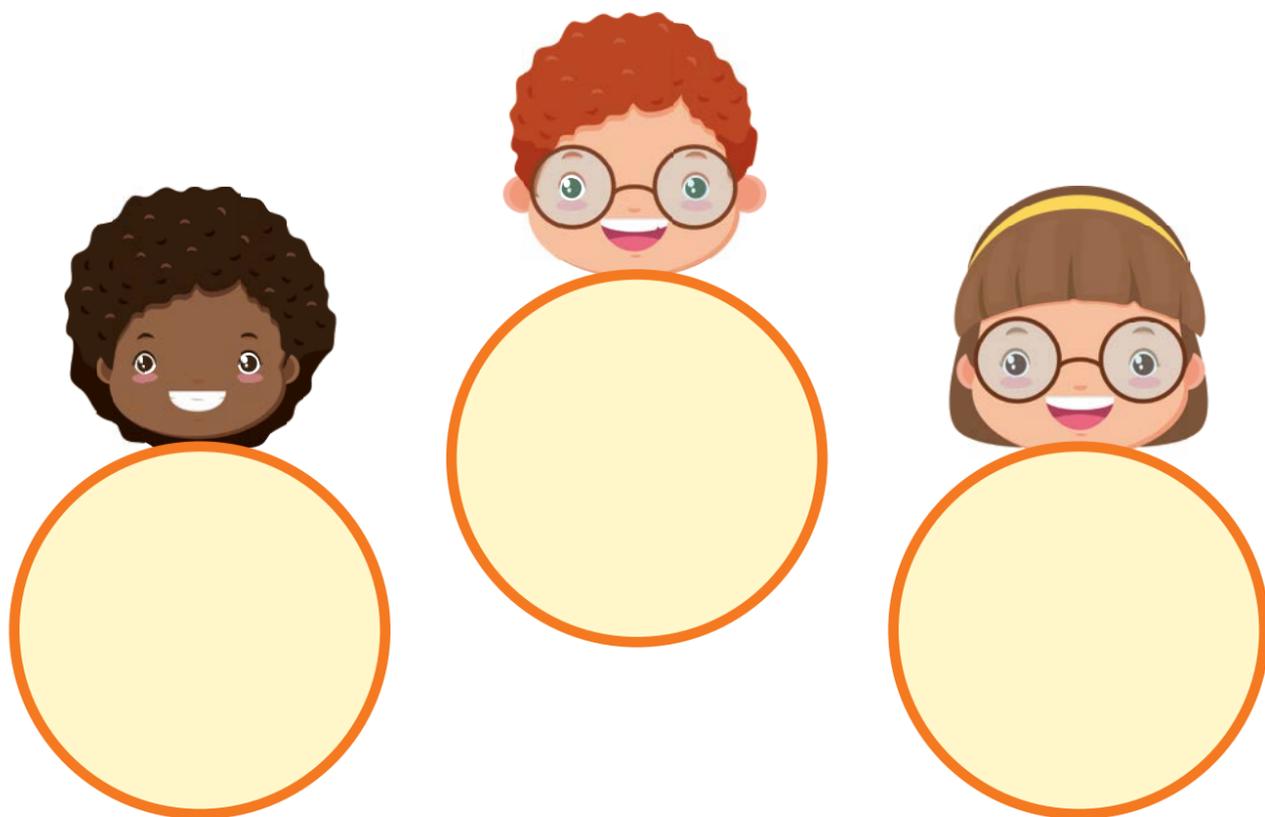
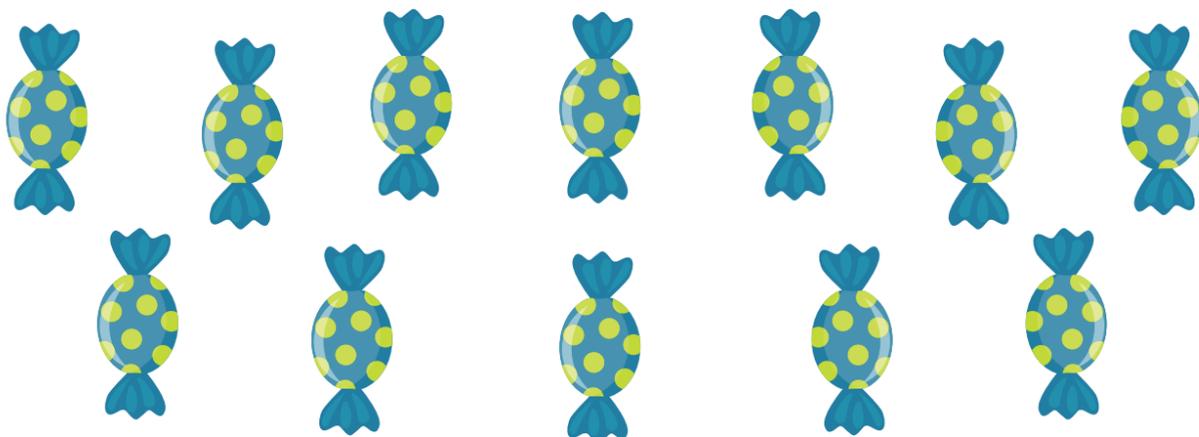
Once a week

Twice a week

Sort and count

Count

Share the sweets so that each child gets the same number.

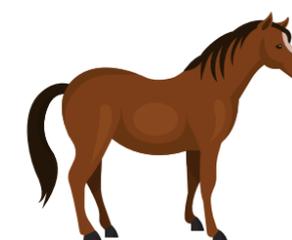
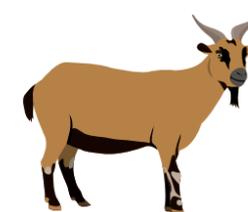
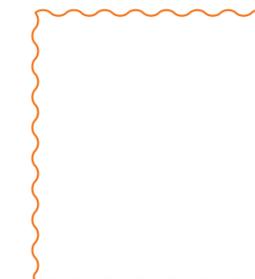
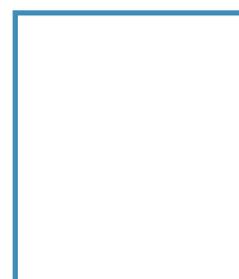
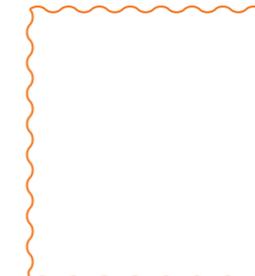
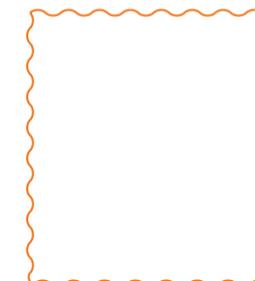
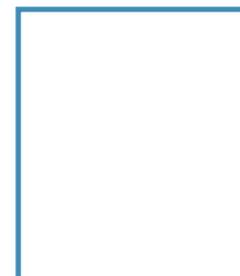
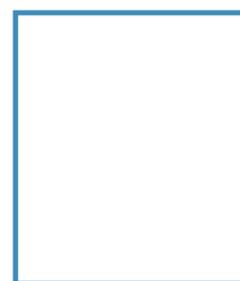


What belongs where?

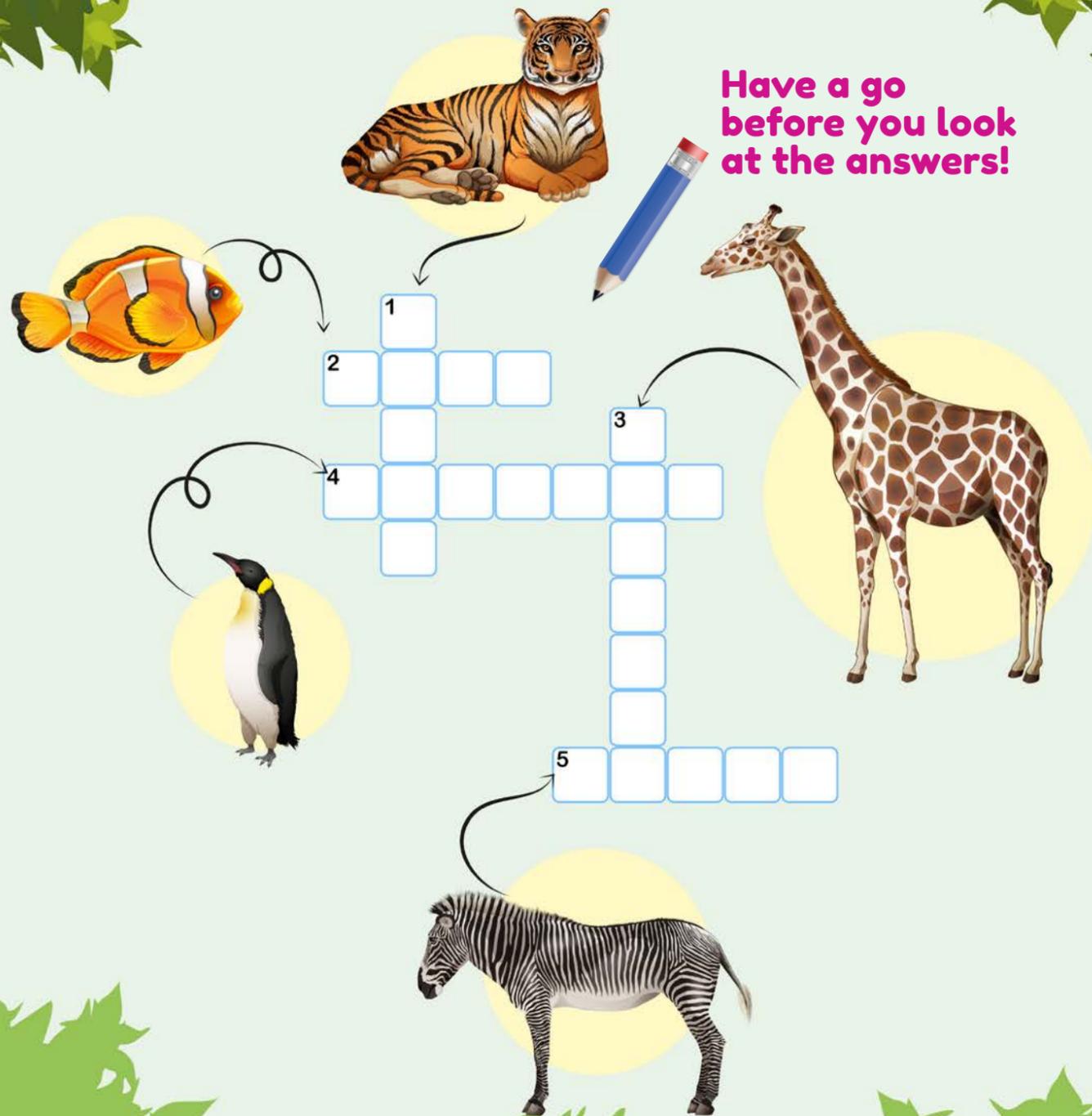
Classify the pictures by sorting them into **THINGS** and **ANIMALS**. Draw a line from each picture and match it to the correct box.

THINGS

ANIMALS



Animal Crossword



Have a go before you look at the answers!

- Across**
- 1. tiger
 - 2. fish
 - 3. giraffe
- Down**
- 4. penguin
 - 5. zebra

Image: Freepik.com

1, 2, 3, BAKE!

MEALIE BREAD

Ingredients

- 1 large can creamed sweetcorn (440g)
- 2 beaten eggs
- 1/2 teaspoon of salt
- 4 tablespoons of melted margarine
- 4 tablespoons of milk
- 350 grams of self-raising flour

You need

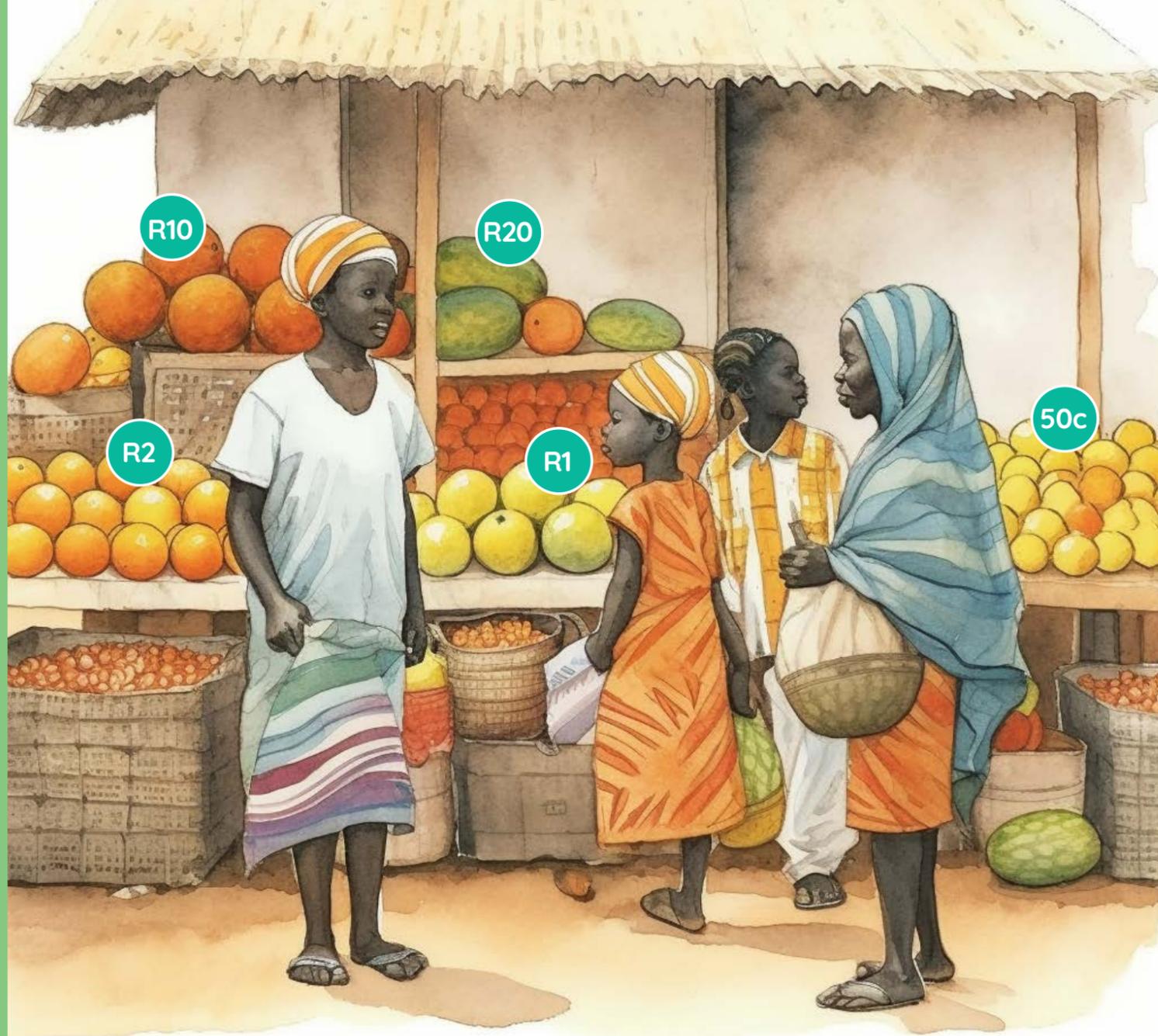
- A wooden spoon
- A big bowl
- A baking tin
- Oven set at 170°C

Method

1. Put the sweetcorn, eggs, salt, milk and half the margarine into a bowl. Mix it together.
2. Add the flour. Mix it in with a spoon.
3. Bake at 170°C for about 45 minutes until it is golden brown. Ask a grown-up to help.
4. Brush or pour the melted margarine over the top after it is baked.

GET A GROWN-UP TO HELP WITH THE OVEN.

Healthy eating



Thuli is on her way to the spaza shop with her big sister and her mother. They are buying 1 watermelon, 1 orange melon, 2 oranges, 2 lemons, and 3 grapefruit. They are making fruit salad for lunch.



Write the items that Thuli and her family should buy on the left.
Write the price of each item on the right.

SHOPPING LIST	PRICE

My healthy eating habits

I like fruit		
I do eat vegetables but I don't like the taste		
I eat vegetables and I like them		
I don't eat any vegetables		
I usually eat breakfast before school		
I chew my food well then I swallow		
I like to eat fast		
I like cooldrink not water		
How many smiley faces did you colour green?		



DINOSAUR SKELETONS

How big?

Sauropods were a type of dinosaur and were the largest. They weighed the same as 10 elephants! Their necks were long. They could stand on their hind legs and reach into trees.

Food? Sauropods were plant eaters. The word for a plant eater is a 'herbivore'.

Habitat? Their fossils or bones have been found all over the world except Antarctica.

Sauropods laid eggs that would hatch just like birds and snakes. Their life span was 100 years.

Source: Kids Britannica. Images: MidJourney (Open AI) William Irvin Sellers, Lee Margetts, Rodolfo Anibal Coria, Phillip Lars Manning - CC 2.0 & 2.5

GINORMOUS dinosaurs!



Dinosaurs, especially sauropods, looked a lot like lizards.

WHERE DID DINOSAURS GO?

The last dinosaurs died about 65.5 million years ago.

WHAT DO SCIENTISTS THINK?

Some say dinosaurs died out because our planet became either hotter or much colder. Others think a giant asteroid could have hit the earth making dust that blocked out sunlight. Plants would have stopped growing, and there would have been no plant food to eat. Meat eaters may have struggled to find animals to eat.

WHICH CREATURES SURVIVED?

Birds, frogs, turtles, lizards, and snakes.

Mike Takes Fright

Read the story

Mike likes to **mooch** in his meadow. He loves to sniff the air and flowers. When the sun shines, Mike naps on the grass.

But Mike doesn't like sudden noises. Mike is frightened when he hears children eating from crisp packets. He is frightened when birds flap their wings. He is frightened by the sound of butterfly wings. Come on Mike, settle down!

ANSWER AND COUNT



What does **mooch** mean?

.....

How many **yellow birds** can you count?

.....

How many **purple birds** can you count?

.....

Find and circle the **birds with red faces**.

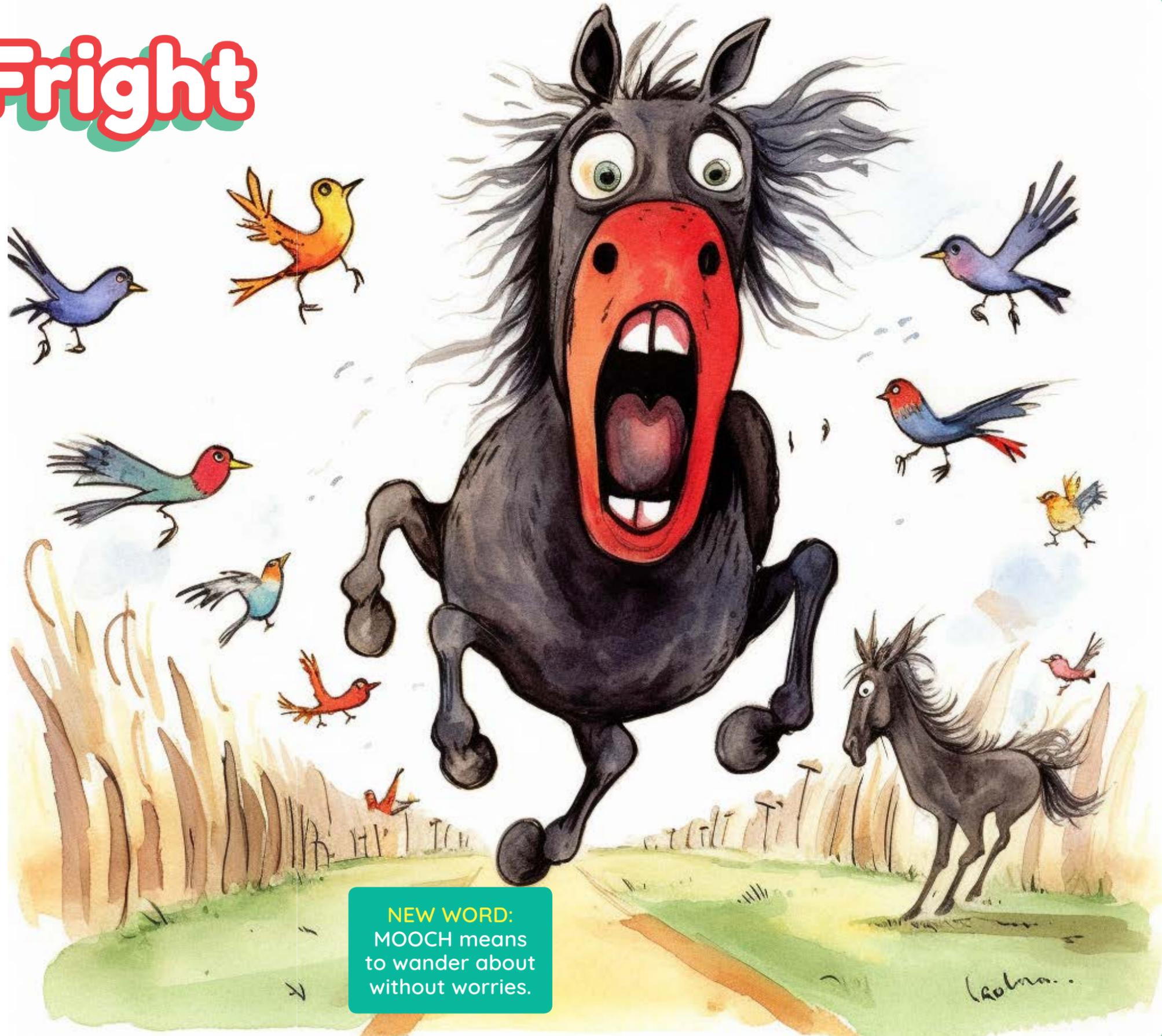
.....

Why is **Mike running**?

.....

Do you think **Mike looks scared**? Why?

.....



NEW WORD:
MOOCH means to wander about without worries.

How much is half?

Cross out half the kids. How many are left?




Half of 2 is?




Half of 4 is?

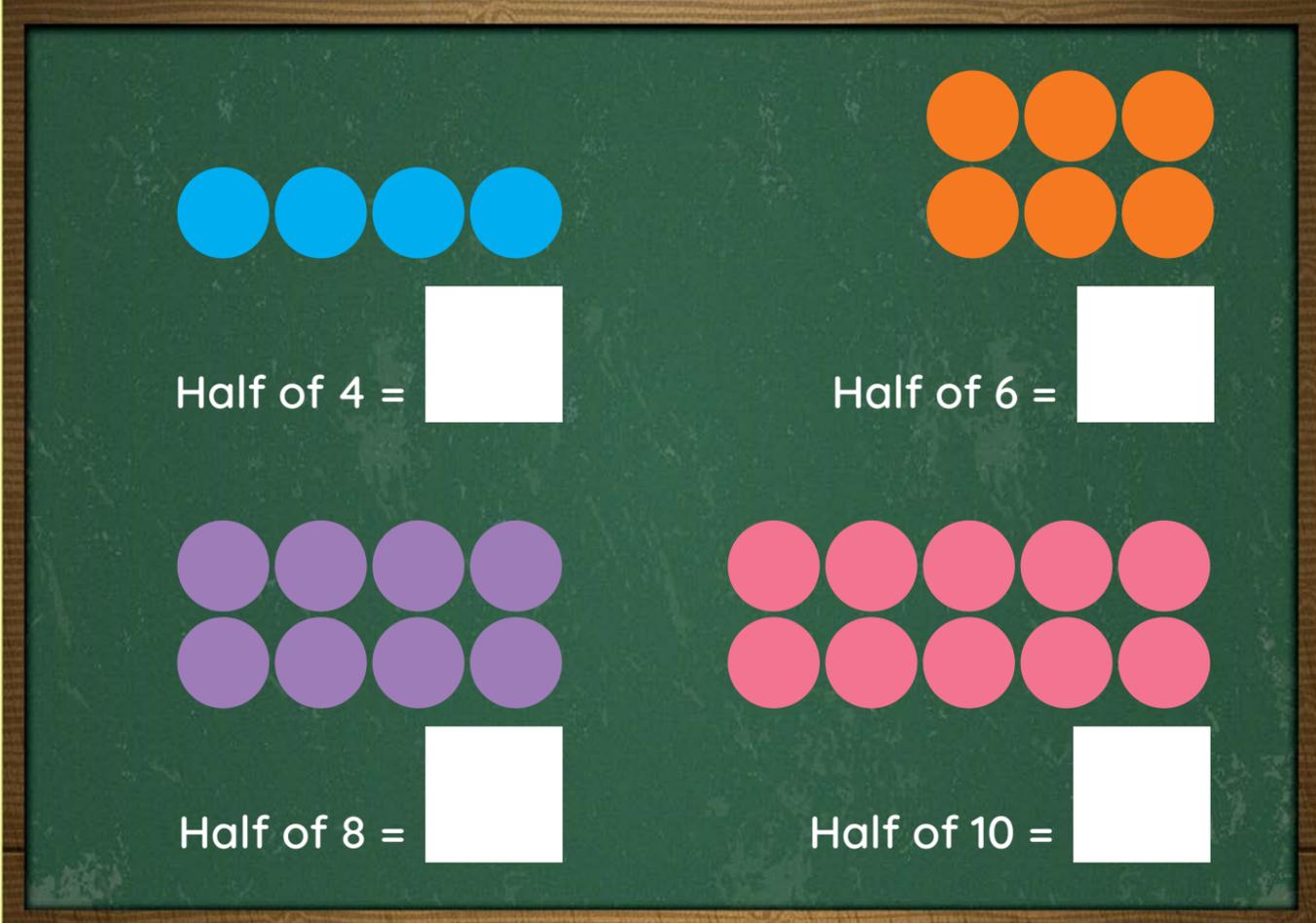


Half of 6 is?



Half of 8 is?

Cross out half. Write your answer.



Half of 4 =

Half of 6 =

Half of 8 =

Half of 10 =

How many bottles are there?



If you take away half the bottles, how many are left?





Source: Department of Basic Education

Any dog can bite

Help Billy decide if he should pat the dogs. Tick yes or no in the boxes.

Most dogs are happy to see us and come for cuddles. Sometimes, just like us, dogs are busy, in a bad mood or not feeling well and don't want anyone to come close to them. Dogs will warn you to go away by barking, growling, or snapping. They may have a tense body, a stiff wagging tail and pulled back ears. Listen to what they are saying so you don't get bitten!



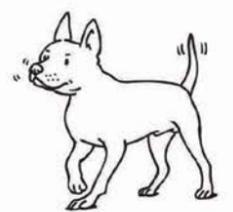
Should I pat this dog?



1.  Yes No

A dog that is eating might think you will steal its food.



2.  Yes No

Stand still when you see an unleashed dog that you don't know. Screaming or running could excite the dog into chasing you.

3.  Yes No

ow ow ow owo

Dogs in pain can be scared and think you might hurt them.

4. Yes No

4.  Yes No

zzz

Sleeping dogs can get a fright if you wake them up.

5.  Yes No

Grrrrr

A Mommy dog caring for her puppies can be protective.

6.  Yes No

May I pat your dog?

If you have got permission from the owner, you can hold out your hand and see if the dog wants to come to you.

7.  Yes No

Dogs that are tied up can be frustrated, scared and feel trapped.

STOP RABIES  Get your pets vaccinated now!



   If you do get bitten, wash the bite with soap and water, then get to a doctor or hospital ASAP!

Animals have feelings too



Match the cat's feelings to the child.

COLOUR IN!



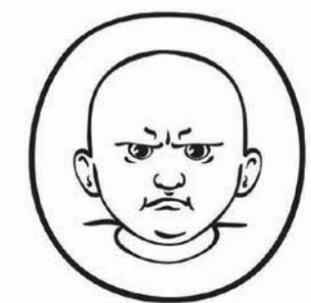
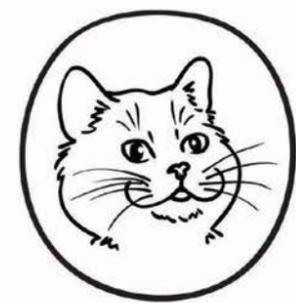
HAPPY



SCARED



SAD



ANGRY

©hero-in-my-hood.co.za



THE GENETICS

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

DIFFERENT PEOPLE HAVE DIFFERENT TALENTS

Babs was born with Down syndrome



I love you so much Babs, I want to help you grow!

Babs will find it difficult to learn to speak because she is born with Down syndrome

When people are born with Down syndrome they don't look or act the same way as others. They grow and learn differently from others.



But she has feelings, the same as everyone else!

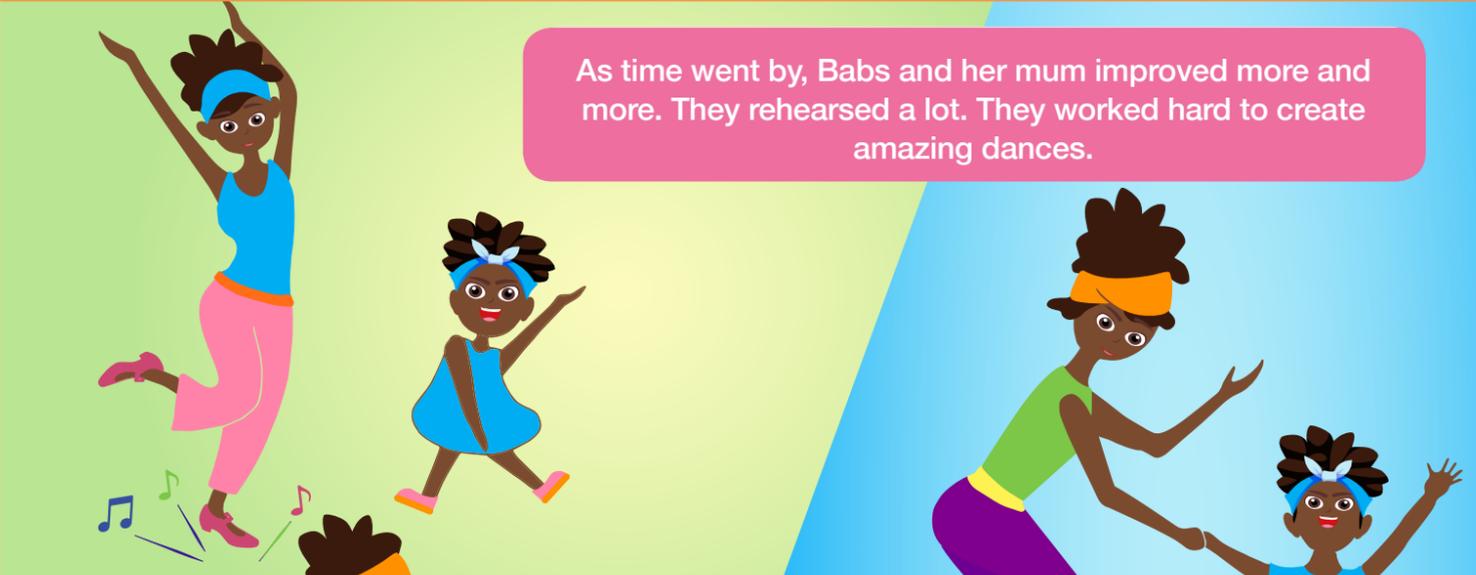


Down syndrome is not an illness. It is not something you can catch. Down syndrome happens when you are born with an extra chromosome in your body. It does not go away. It means that Down syndrome people grow differently.

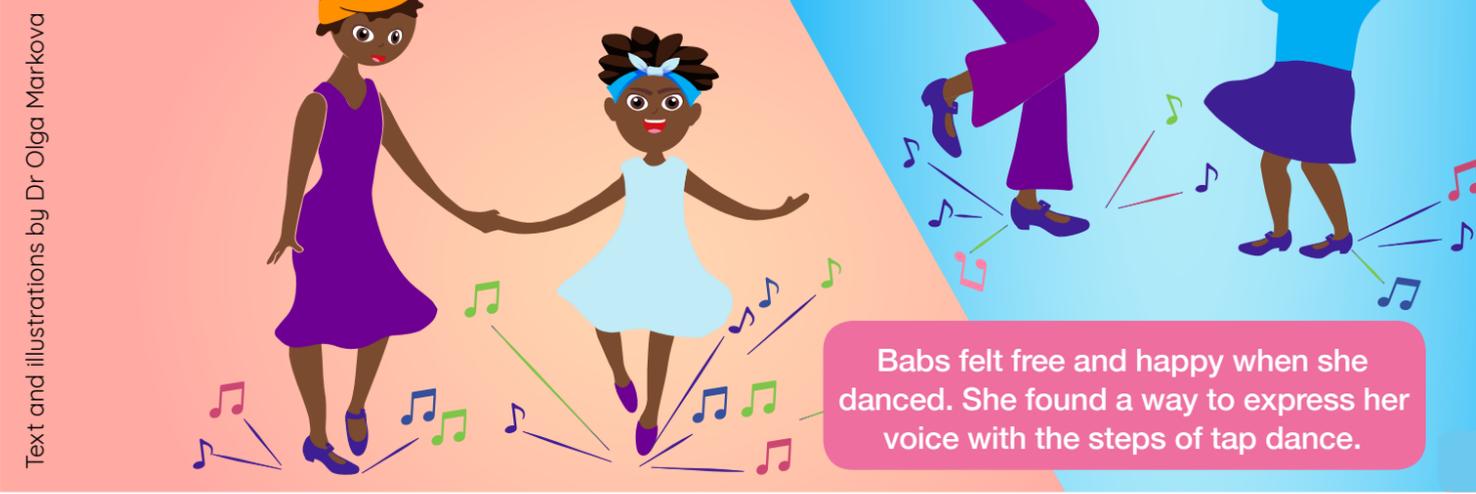


Babs, I will teach you a tap dance! You will be able to speak and sing with your feet!

Babs and her mum started dancing together. Their love was expressed in every graceful move.



As time went by, Babs and her mum improved more and more. They rehearsed a lot. They worked hard to create amazing dances.



Babs felt free and happy when she danced. She found a way to express her voice with the steps of tap dance.

Text and illustrations by Dr Olga Markova

One day, Babs and her mum were invited to perform at a grand show

When they danced, Babs and her mum used their feet to tell stories and their love for dancing



TRY TAPPING

Make a rhyme with your feet. Tap your feet in time to these exercises.

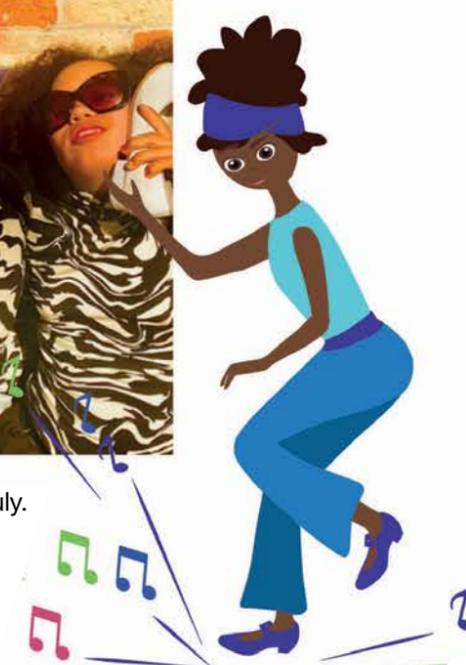
1. tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap
2. tap-tap. tap-tap. tap-tap. tap-tap. tap-tap.
3. tap-tap-tap. tap-tap-tap. tap-tap-tap. tap-tap-tap.



Inspired by the true story of Roxane Butterfly and her daughter Zuly. Ask a grown-up to show you videos of Roxane and Zuly dancing.

YouTube: @RoxaneButterfly

www.roxanebutterfly.com



Text and illustrations by Dr Olga Markkova Photography courtesy © Roxane Butterfly



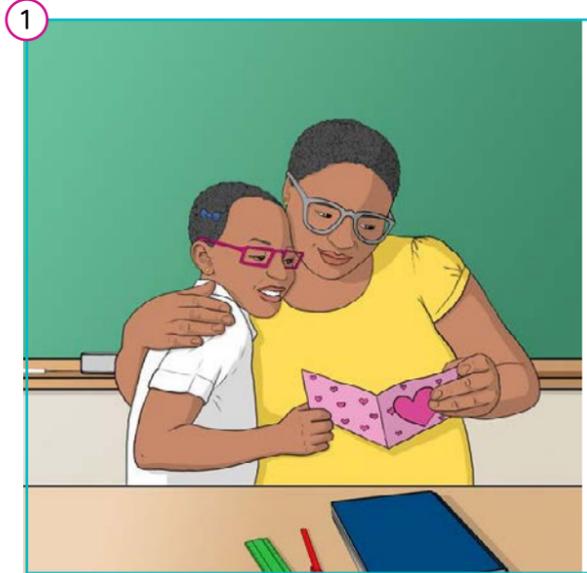


AFRIKAANS + ENGLISH

Read aloud

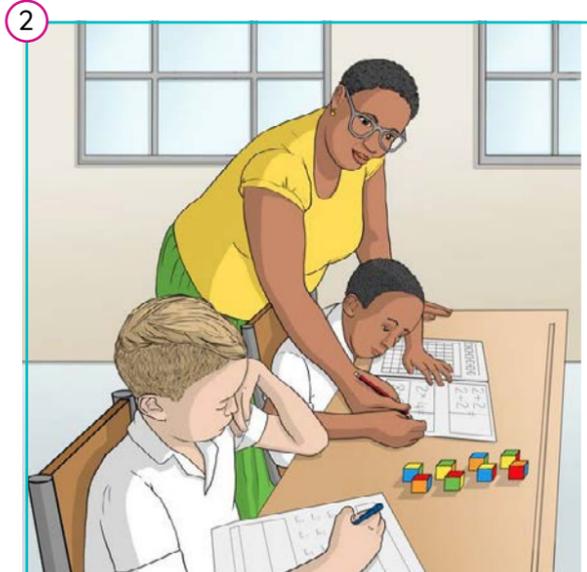
MY JUFFROU MY TEACHER

Author: Zimbili Dlamini and Hlengiwe Zondi
Translation: Fanie Viljoen
Illustration: Jesse Pietersen



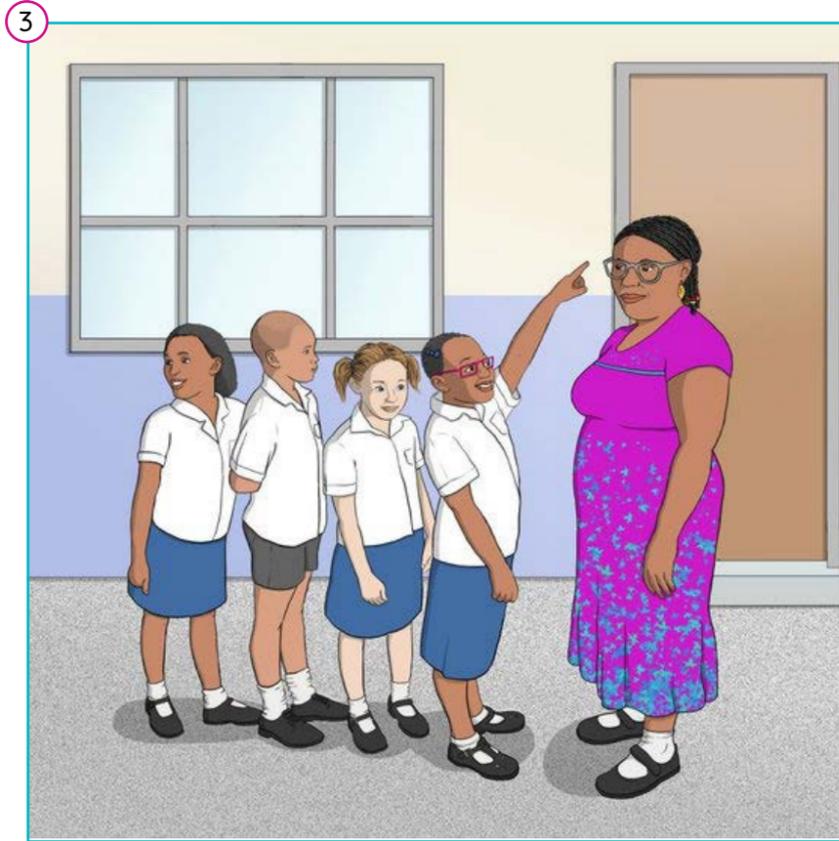
Ek is lief vir my juffrou.

I love my teacher.



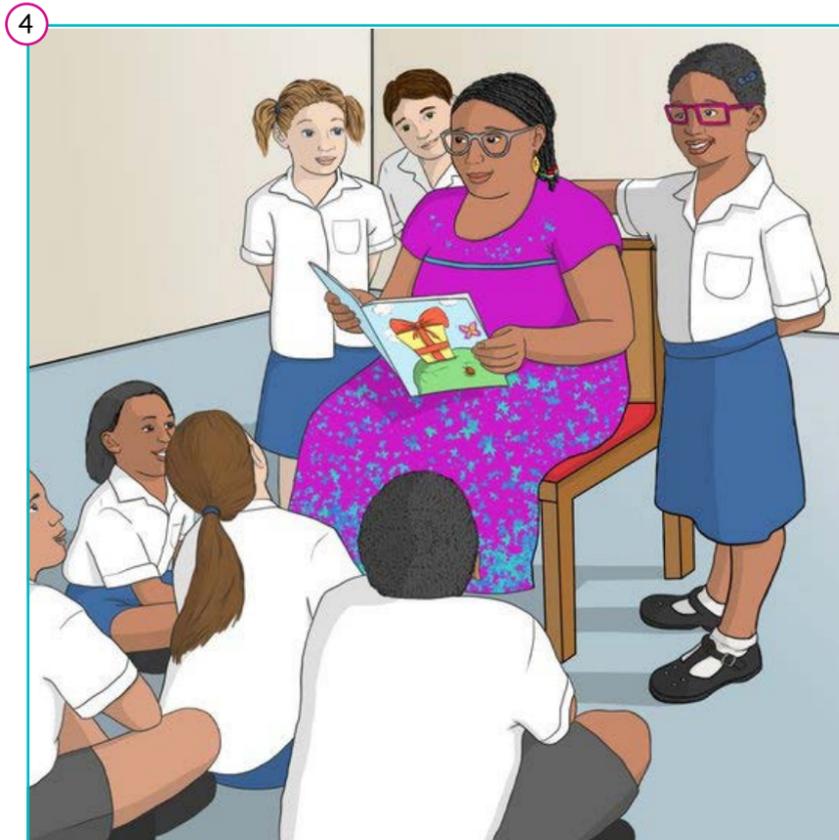
Sy is 'n goeie juffrou. Sy is vriendelik en geduldig.

She is a good teacher. She is friendly and patient.



Sy het haar hare so mooi gevleg.

Her hair is braided so nicely.



Sy het kleurvolle krale in haar hare gesit.

She puts colourful beads in her hair.

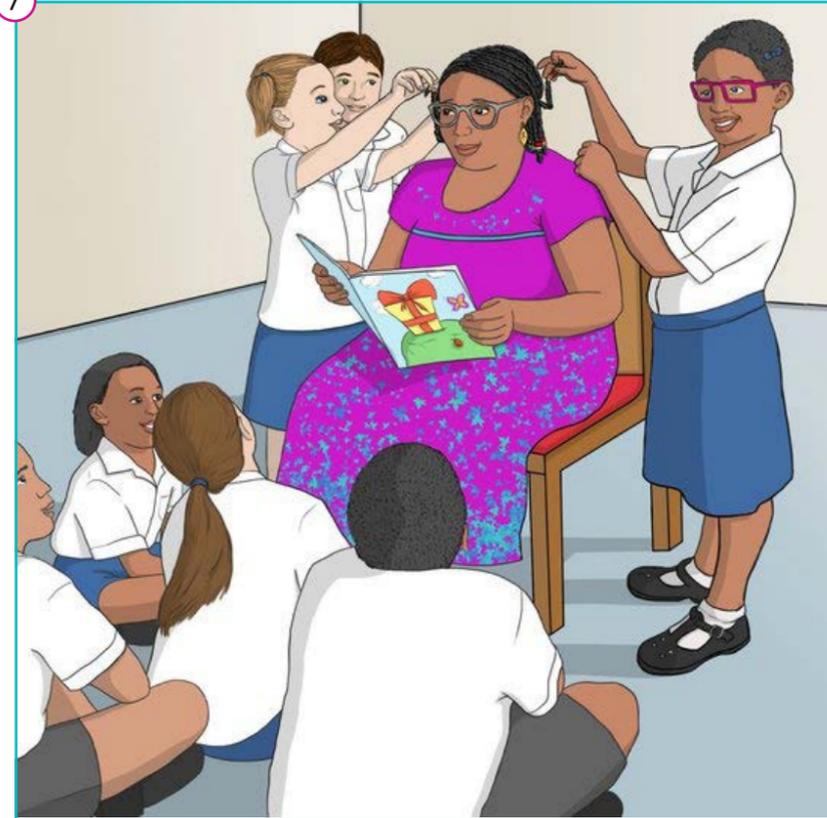
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Haar krale is groen, wit, rooi en geel.

Her beads are green, white, red, and yellow.

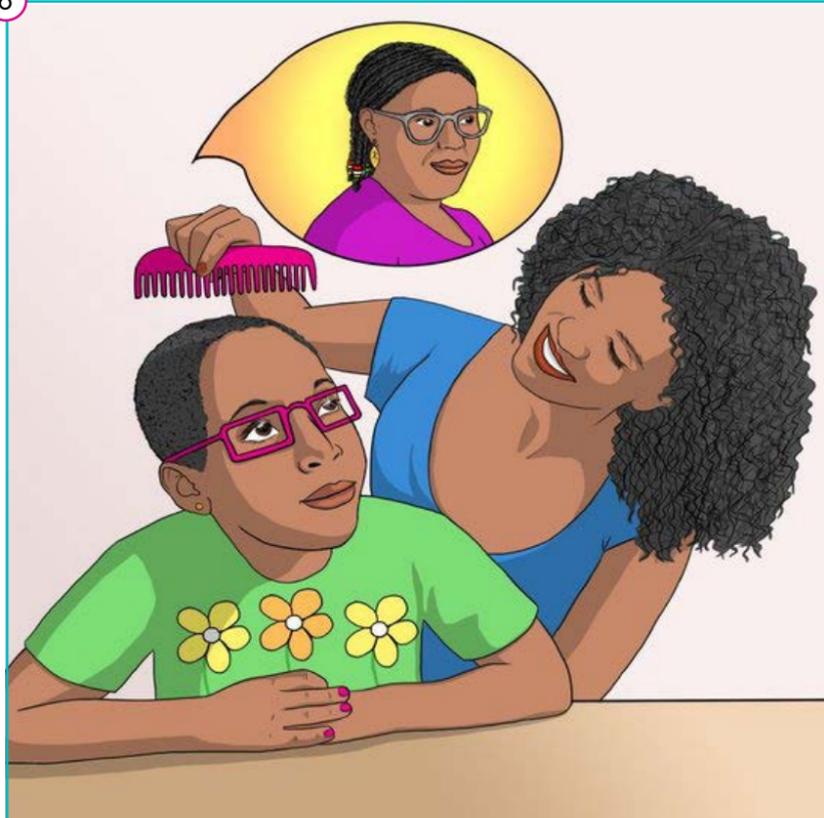
7



Wanneer ek ouer is, sal ek krale in my hare dra.

When I am older, I will wear beads in my hair.

6



Ma, sal Ma asseblief my hare soos my juffrou s'n vleg?

Mom? will you please braid my hair like my teacher's?

8



As ek eendag groot is gaan ek net soos my juffrou wees.

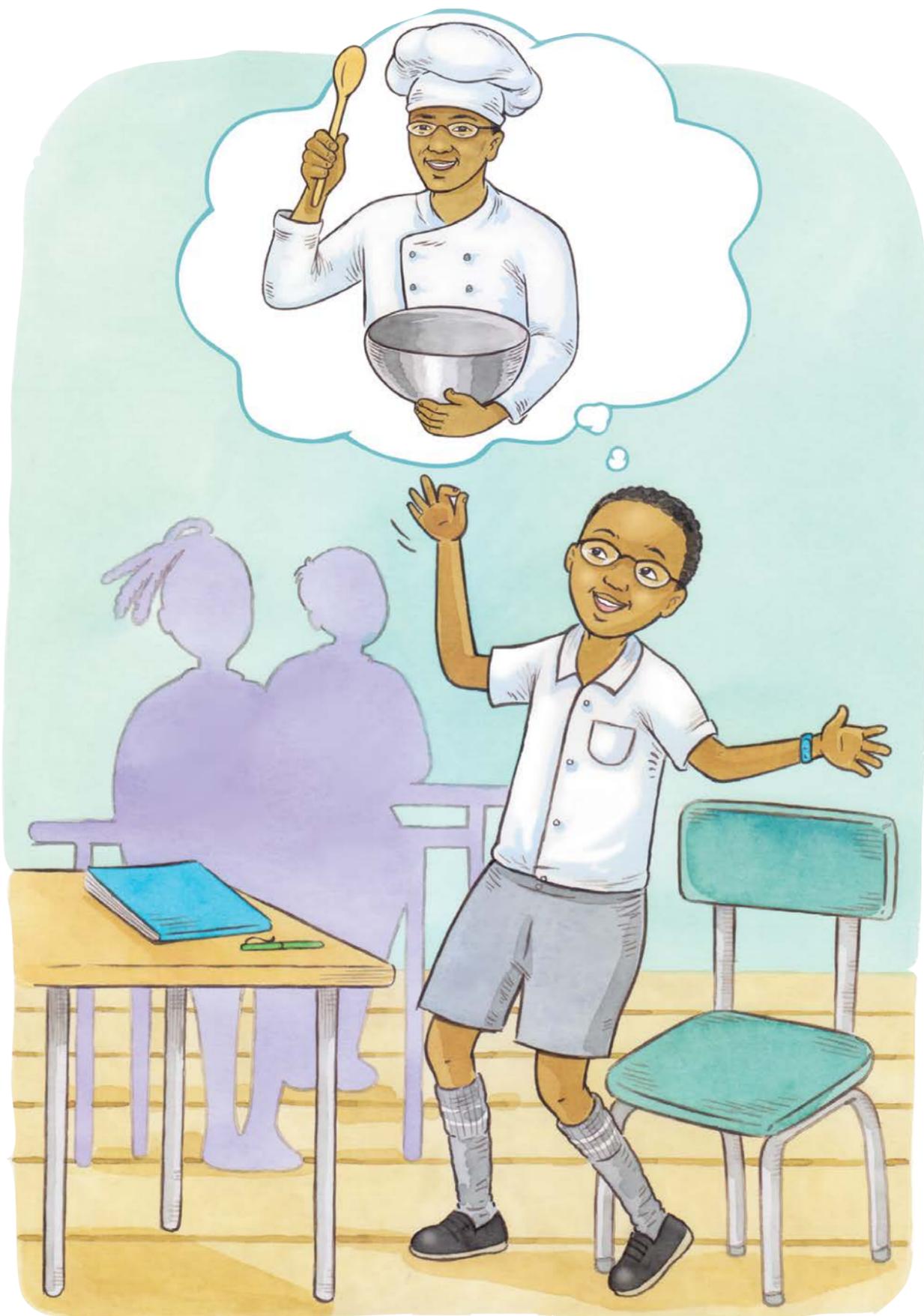
When I grow up, I am going to be just like my teacher.

ENGLISH + isiZULU

I want to be a chef!

Author: Kgosi Kgosi

Illustrator: Jiggs Snaddon-Wood



In the town of Mahikeng, there lived a young boy named Kabelo. He loved nothing more than cooking. He cooked good food that everyone in his family enjoyed. Kabelo was also good at baking. He baked cakes and bread. He also made soup for homeless people in his community.

One morning at school, Mrs Ramaila, Kabelo’s teacher, asked everyone in the class to say what they would like to do after they finish school one day.

A girl stood up. “I would like to be an astronaut and go to space,” she said.

“I would like to be a doctor,” said one of the boys.

Then Kabelo stood up. “I would like to earn a living by cooking,” he said. “I want to be a chef.”

All the children were shocked. First they stared at Kabelo and then they all started laughing.

“But cooking is for girls,” laughed one of the girls.

Mrs Ramaila told everyone to be quiet. “You can be anything you want to be, Kabelo,” she said kindly. “Don’t listen to them.” But Kabelo’s feelings were already hurt.

On the way home from school the other children kept on teasing him. When he got home, Kabelo

found his father washing the dishes while his mother made lunch.

“How was school today?” asked his father. “Everyone laughed at me when I told them I wanted to be a chef and cook for a living,” explained Kabelo. “They said that boys don’t cook and that cooking is for girls. They also said real boys play rugby and soccer. But I don’t like those things!”

His father hugged him. “Do you know that some of the best chefs in the world are men?” Kabelo was surprised and said, “Really?” “Yes!” said his father as he took his cellphone out of his pocket. “Look!” He showed Kabelo pictures of the many chefs around the world who were men. They looked at pictures of all the good food the chefs had cooked and Kabelo started to feel a little better.

“You should enter a cooking competition, Kabelo,” his mother said to him. “There is one called The Young Super Chef and it is on television.”

His father agreed. “Yes,” he said, “your cooking is very good. You could win that competition.”

And that was how it came about that Kabelo entered The Young Super Chef competition.

A few months later, as part of the competition, Kabelo was on television. He found himself amongst other young chefs just like him. Some of them were boys who loved cooking – just like him!

The competition was really tough! The young chefs were asked to cook meals they had never cooked before. They also had to use ingredients they had never heard of before. One by one, they were voted out by the judges. Kabelo saw them cry as they left. He did not want the same thing to happen to him. He concentrated extra hard to make sure that he didn't make any mistakes.

When Kabelo ended up in the final round of the competition, his mother and father were so proud of him! The whole school was watching on television – even the boys and girls who had made fun of him. Kabelo was making his school proud.

Kabelo felt nervous. The competition was nearly over, but there was one person left he had to beat in order to win. The problem was, that young chef was as good as Kabelo was!

The final round started. The two young chefs each had an hour to cook their meal. Fifteen minutes into the round, Kabelo dropped a bowl filled with the mixture for a chicken pie onto the floor. He wasn't allowed to pick the mixture up – that would mean that he would lose the competition. So he had to start all over again. Now it would be a struggle for him to finish in time. Everyone watching was worried, but Kabelo managed to finish his dish just in time.

Then the judges had to taste the food. This would decide who the winner would be! They tasted Kabelo's food and said that they thought it was very good. Then they tasted the food of the other young chef. They thought that was very good too! They left to make a final decision. The audience knew that choosing a winner was going to be difficult.

It was a whole hour before the judges came back with a final decision. The winner was ... Kabelo! His parents were so happy and proud! Their son was The Young Super Chef of the year. Kabelo won a trophy and prize money.

The next day Kabelo took his trophy to school and everyone there celebrated with him. Kabelo had shown everyone that boys could be chefs too!

"I'm glad you didn't listen to some of the children when they teased you," said Mrs Ramaila. "You see, I told you, you could be anything you want to be!"

Ngifuna ukuba wumpheki!

Dolobheni laseMahikeng, kwakuhlala umfana omncane ogama lakhe kwakunguKabelo. Akukho okunye ayekuthanda ngaphezu kokupheka. Wayepheka ukudla okumnandi okwakuthokozelwa yiwo wonke umuntu emndenini wakhe. UKabelo futhi wayebhaka kahle. Wayebhaka amakhekhe nezinkwa. Wayebuye enze nesobho enzela abantu abangenamakhaya emphakathini wakhe.

Langa limbe ekuseni esikoleni, uNkk Ramaila, uthisha kaKabelo, wacela wonke umuntu ekilasini ukuthi asho ukuthi ufuna ukwenzani lapho eseqedile esikoleni.

Intombazane yasukuma. "Ngifuna ukuba yi-astronothi, ngishone le emkhathini," kwasho yona.

"Ngingathanda ukuba wudokotela," kwasho omunye wabafana.

Emva kwalokho kwasukuma uKabelo. "Ngingathanda ukuphila ngokupheka," kwasho yena. "Ngifuna ukuba ngumpheki."

Zonke izingane zethuka. Zaqale zamgqolozela uKabelo emva kwalokho zaqala ukuhleka.

"Kodwa ukupheka yinto yamantombazane," kuhleka enye yamantombazane.

UNkk Ramaila watshela wonke umuntu ukuthi athule du. "Ungaba yinoma yini ofuna ukuba yiyo, Kabelo," esho ngomusa. "Ungabalaleli." Kodwa imizwa kaKabelo yayisivele ithintekile.

Esesendleleni eya ekhaya ebuya esikoleni ezinye izingane zazilokhu zimgcona.





Uthe uma efika ekhaya uKabelo, wathola uyise egeza izitsha ngenkathi unina enza isidlo sasemini.

“Bekunjani esikoleni namuhla?” kubuza uyise. “Bonke bangihlekile uma ngibatshela ukuthi ngifuna ukuba ngumpheki, ngiziphilise ngokupheka,” kuchaza uKabelo. “Bathe abafana abapheki futhi ukupheka yinto yamantombazane. Bathe futhi abafana bangempela badlala umbhoxo nonobhutshuzwayo. Kodwa mina angizithandi zonke lezo zinto!”

Uyise wamanga. “Uthi uyazi ukuthi abanye babapheki abahamba phambili emhlabeni bangamadoda?”

UKabelo wamangala wayesethi, “Ngempela?”

“Yebo!” kwasho uyise ekhipha umakhalekhukhwini ekhukhwini lakhe. “Buka lapha!” Wakhombisa uKabelo izithombe zabapheki abaningi bomhlaba jikelele abangamadoda. Babuka izithombe zokudla okuhle okuphekwe ngabapheki, noKabelo waqala ukuzizwa esengconywana. “Kufanele ungenele umncintiswano wokupheka, Kabelo,” kwasho unina kuye. “Kukhona omunye obizwa ngokuthi Umpheki Osemncane Wezinga Eliphezulu nobonakala kumabonakude.”

Uyise wavuma. “Yebo,” kwasho yena, “upheka kahle kakhulu. Ungawunqoba lowo mncintiswano.”

Wawungenela kanjalo-ke uKabelo umncintiswano okuthiwa Umpheki Osemncane Wezinga Eliphezulu.

Ngemva kwezinyanga ezimbalwa, njengengxenywe yomncintiswano, uKabelo wavela kumabonakude. Wazithola esephakathi kwabapheki abancane abafana naye. Abanye babo kwakungabafana abathanda ukupheka – njengaye nje!

Umncintiswano wawunzima ngempela! Abapheki abasebancane bacelwa ukuthi bapheke izidlo ababengakaze bazipheke ngaphambilini. Kwakufanele futhi basebenzise izithako ababengakaze bezwe ngazo ngaphambilini. Ngamunye ngamunye, babevotelwa ngabehluleli ukuphuma emncintiswaneni. UKabelo wayebabona bekhala lapho sebephuma. Wayengafuni ukuba kwenzeka esifanayo nakuye. Wayigxilisa ngamandla amakhulu ingqondo yakhe kwakwenzayo ukuqinisekisa ukuthi akenzi phutha.

Ngenkathi uKabelo efinyelela emzuliswaneni

wokugcina womncintiswano, unina noyise baziqhenya ngaye! Sonke isikole sasibukela umabonakude – ngisho nabafana namantombazane ababekade bembhuqa. UKabelo wayenza isikole sakhe ukuba sizaqhenye ngaye.

UKabelo wazizwa esenovalo. Umncintiswano wawusuzophela, kodwa kwakukhona umuntu oyedwa owayesele ukuthi uKabelo amehlulele ukuze aphumelele. Inkinga kwakungokuthi lo mpheki osemncane wayenamagalelo amahle njengaye uKabelo!

Waqala umzuliswano wokugcina. Bobabili abapheki abasebancane babenehora ukupheka izidlo zabo. Emizuzwini eyishumi nanhlano uqalile umzuliswano, uKabelo wawisela phansi isitsha esigcwele ingxube kaphaya wenkukhu. Wayengavumelekile ukucosha le ngxube – lokhu kwakusho ukuthi uzokhala ngaphansi emncintiswaneni. Ngakho kwakufanele aqale phansi futhi. Manje kwase kuzoba nzima kuye ukuthi aqede ngesikhathi. Wonke umuntu obukele wayekhathazakile, kodwa uKabelo wakwazi ukuqeda isidlo sakhe ngesikhathi.

Emva kwalokho abehluleli kwase kufanele bakuzwe ukudla. Lokhu kwakuzonquma ukuthi ngubani ophumelele! Bakuzwa ukudla kukaKabelo base bethi bacabanga ukuthi kunambitheka kahle kakhulu. Emva kwalokho base bezwa ukudla kwalona omunye umpheki osemncane. Bacabanga ukuthi nakho kwakunambitheka kahle kakhulu! Bahamba ukuze bathathe isinqumo sokugcina. Izethameli zazazi kahle ukuthi ukukhetha ophumelele kwakuzoba nzima.

Kwathatha ihora lonke ukuthi abehluleli babuye nesinqumo sokugcina. Ophumelele kwakungu ... Kabelo! Abazali bakhe babengeve bejabule futhi beziqhenya! Indodana yabo yayinguMpheki Osemncane Osezingeni Eliphezulu wonyaka. UKabelo wathola indebe kanye nomklomelo wemali.

Ngosuku olulandelayo uKabelo wathatha indebe yakhe waya nayo esikoleni kanti wonke umuntu lapho wayegubha Kanye naye. UKabelo wayebonise wonke umuntu ukuthi nabafana bangaba ngabapheki!

“Ngiyajabula ukuthi awuzilalelanga ezinye izingane ngenkathi zikugcona,” kwasho uNkk Ramaila. “Uyabona, ngakutshela, ungaba noma yini ofuna ukuba yiyo!”

ENGLISH + isiXHOSA

Momma Moeng's Surprise

Author: Joan Rankin

Illustrator: Tamsin Hinrichsen

Translator: Nobuntu Stengile

It all started when Momma Moeng made a jar of jam for Gogo Moeng's birthday. Then Baby Beka found his best blue balloon. He wanted to give it to Gogo for her birthday. Momma tied Baby Beka to her back with a soft blanket. Then she put the jar of jam on her head and off she marched to Gogo Moeng's house.

Baby Beka's balloon went bobbity-bob and Momma's slippers went pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff down the dusty path until she met Siphos coming out of the Tip Top shop. "Where are you going, Momma Moeng?" asked Siphos. "Baby Beka and I are going to Gogo Moeng's house. It's her birthday today," replied Momma.

"I've got a packet of crispy potato chips for Gogo Moeng. Can I come too?" asked Siphos. "Of course," Momma smiled and off they marched.

Siphos packet of crispy potato chips went crinkle-crinkle, Baby Beka's balloon went bobbity-bob and Momma's slippers went pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff down the dusty path until they came to Mr Chapalala, who was feeding his chickens. "Where are you going?" he asked. "We're going to Gogo Moeng's house. It's her

birthday," answered Momma. "I've got a chubby chicken for Gogo Moeng. Can you give it to her?" asked Mr Chapalala. "Of course," said Momma tucking the chubby chicken under her arm and off marched Momma, Baby Beka and Siphos.

The chubby chicken went chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook, the packet of crispy potato chips went crinkle-crinkle, Baby Beka's balloon went bobbity-bob and Momma's slippers went pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff down the dusty path until they came to Mrs Makabelo's home-bake shop. "We must get a birthday cake for Gogo," said Momma. They went inside. Ting-a-ling went the doorbell. "Good morning, Mrs Makabelo. Did you know today is Gogo Moeng's birthday?" "Oh yes," said Mrs Makabelo. "I have baked a special cake for her, but I can't leave the shop. Could you take it to her?" "Of course," offered Momma, but there was a problem - Momma needed two hands to carry the cake. So, she made a plan. She put the chubby chicken on top of the jar of jam that she was carrying on her head. Now she had two hands to carry the special birthday cake. Off marched Momma, Baby Beka and Siphos through the ting-a-ling door. When Baby Beka smelt the cake he mumbled, "Nummy, nummy, num-num."

The chubby chicken went chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook, the packet of crispy potato chips went crinkle-crinkle, Baby Beka's balloon went bobbity-bob and Momma's slippers went pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff down the dusty path until they met Valecia. "Where is everyone going?" asked Valecia. "We're going to Gogo Moeng's house. It is her birthday," explained Siphos. "I've got a bunch of flowers for Gogo Moeng. Can I come too?" asked Valecia. "Of course," said Momma and off they marched. The bunch of flowers made Valecia sneeze, "Achoo! A-A-Achoooo!"

The chubby chicken went chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook, the packet of crispy potato chips went crinkle-crinkle, Baby Beka's balloon went bobbity-bob and Momma's slippers went pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff down the dusty path until they saw Mr Sithole digging in his vegetable garden.

"Where are you all going, Momma Moeng?" Mr Sithole asked. "We're going to Gogo Moeng's house. It's her



birthday,” she replied.
 “I have a trolley full of vegetables for her,” said Mr Sithole. “Please could you give it to her?”
 “Of course,” answered Momma.
 But now Momma had a BIG problem – there was too much to carry! She had to think of a plan.
 First, she took Baby Beka off her back and then tied the chubby chicken onto her back with the soft blanket. Baby Beka SCREAAAAAAMED!
 So Momma put the chubby chicken on top of the trolley and tied Baby Beka onto her back with the soft blanket. Baby Beka was happy and the chubby chicken was very happy to peck at all the vegetables. But Momma wasn’t happy with this so she put the chubby chicken on Valecia’s head.

The feathers tickled Valecia’s nose and made her sneeze even more, “AAAAA-CHOOOOO!”
 Valecia wasn’t happy. So, Momma took the chubby chicken and put it on Siphos’ head and she gave him Valecia’s flowers to hold. Now Valecia had two hands free to hold the cake. And Momma had two hands free to push the trolley. Everyone was happy and off they marched to Gogo Moeng’s house.

The wheels of the trolley went squeak-squeak-squeak. Valecia had icing from the cake on her cheeks so her tongue went slurp-slurp-slurp. Baby Beka mumbled, “Nummy, nummy, num-num.” The chubby chicken went chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook, the packet of crispy potato chips went crinkle-crinkle, Baby Beka’s balloon went bobbity-bob and Momma’s slippers went pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff down the dusty path all the way to Gogo’s house.

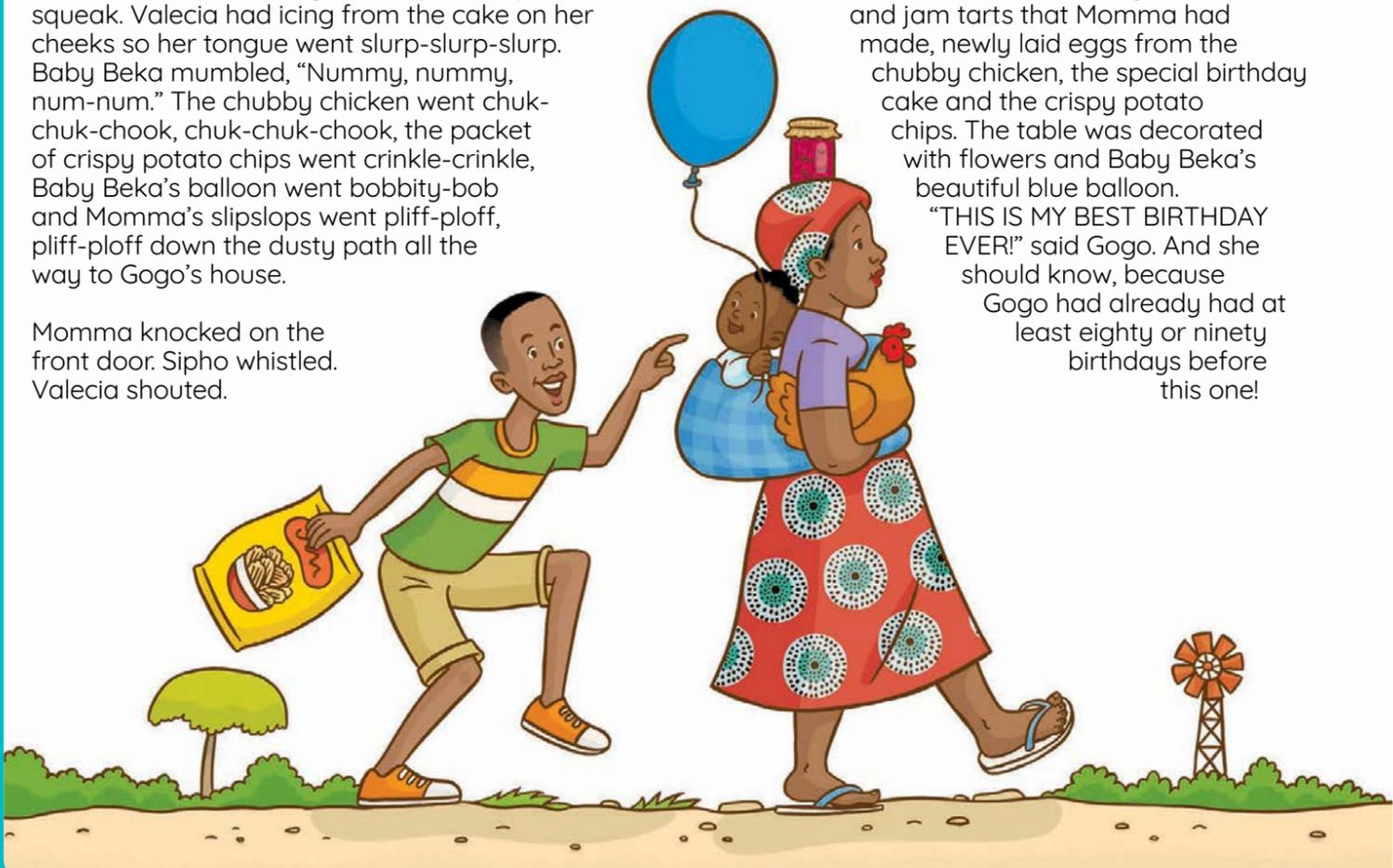
Momma knocked on the front door. Siphos whistled. Valecia shouted.

But there was NO REPLY. Momma pushed the front door open and they all went inside. But there was NO ONE THERE. They looked in the kitchen – NOBODY. They looked in the bedroom – NOBODY. They looked everywhere. Where could Gogo be?
 Momma said, “Let’s get cooking and maybe Gogo will turn up.”

So that is what everyone did – everyone except Baby Beka. He sat on the kitchen counter next to the window and watched until he saw Gogo walking way down the path at the very bottom of the steep hill.
 “Gogo! Gogo!” he called. Everyone looked.
 “GOGO! GOGO!” everyone shouted together.
 “GOGO!”

Way down at the bottom of the steep hill Gogo said, “EE EE EE. Someone is calling me. Now I can’t go to the shops to buy my birthday supper.”
 Gogo turned round and walked all the way up the steep hill. Her slippers went shuffle-shuffle on the dusty path. Finally she reached the back door. When she opened it everyone started singing a happy-birthday song.

On the table were the vegetable pie and jam tarts that Momma had made, newly laid eggs from the chubby chicken, the special birthday cake and the crispy potato chips. The table was decorated with flowers and Baby Beka’s beautiful blue balloon.
 “THIS IS MY BEST BIRTHDAY EVER!” said Gogo. And she should know, because Gogo had already had at least eighty or ninety birthdays before this one!



UMomma uMoeng wenze okungalindelekanga

Konke kwaqala mhla uMomma Moeng wenza ingqayi yejem, eyenzela uMakhulu Moeng njengesipho sosuku lokuzalwa kwakhe. USana uBeka wafumana eyona bhaloni ayithandayo embala uzuba. Wayefuna ukuyinika uMakhulu ngosuku lokuzalwa kwakhe. UMomma uMoeng wabeleka uSana uBeka ngebhayana elithambileyo. Emva koko wathwala ingqayi yejem entloko waze wahamba esiya kwaMakhulu uMoeng. Ibhaloni yoSana uBeka yayisithi bhaku-bhaku-bhaku zaye iiflopsi zikaMomma uMoeng zisithi phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa njengokuba esihla ngendledlana enothuli, de wadibana noSiphos ephuma kwivenkile yakwaTip-Top. “Uyaphi, Momma uMoeng?” wabuza uSiphos. “Mna noSana uBeka siya kwaMakhulu uMoeng. Namhlanje lusuku lwakhe lokuzalwa,” waphendula uMomma uMoeng. “Ndinepakethi yetships zeetapile ezikramzelayo endinokumnika yona uMakhulu uMoeng. Ingaba ndingahamba nani ukuya kuye nam?” wabuza uSiphos.

“Ngokuqinisekileyo,” wancuma uMomma uMoeng, baze bahamba bonke. Ipakethi kaSiphos yeetships zeetapile ezikramzelayo yayisithi rhwasha-rhwasha-rhwasha, ibhaloni yoSana uBeka isithi bhaku-bhaku-bhaku zaye iiflopsi zikaMomma uMoeng zona zisithi phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa lo gama behla ngendledlana enothuli, de badibana noMnumzana uShabalala, owayesipha iinkukhu zakhe ukutya. “Niyaphi na?” wabuza. “Siya kwaMakhulu uMoeng. Lusuku lokuzalwa kwakhe,” waphendula uMomma uMoeng. “Ndinenkukhu etyetyisiweyo endinokuyinika

uMakhulu uMoeng. Ndinganiphathisa yona ukuze nimnike?” wabuza uMnumzana uShabalala. “Ngokuqinisekileyo,” watsho uMomma uMoeng eyithi khatha phantsi kwekhwapha loo nkukhu ityetyisiweyo waze wahamba noSana uBeka kunye noSiphos. Inkukhu etyetyisiweyo yayingxola ikokoza isithi ko-ko-ko-ko, ko-ko-ko-ko, ize ipakethi yetships ezikramzelayo ithi rhwasha-rhwasha-rhwasha, ibhaloni yoSana uBeka ithi bhaku-bhaku-bhaku zaze iiflops zikaMomma zathi phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa ukuhla ngendledlana enothuli bade bafika evenkileni yokubhaka kaNkosikazi uMakabelo.

“Kufuneka sithengele uMakhulu uMoeng ikeyiki yosuku lokuzalwa,” watsho uMomma uMoeng. Bangena ngaphakathi. “Nkqim-nkqi yakhala intsimbi yokunkqonkqoza. “Molo, Nkosikazi uMakabelo. Ingaba uyazi ukuba namhlanje lusuku lokuzalwa lukaMakhulu uMoeng?” “Owu, ewe,” watsho uNkosikazi uMakabelo. “Ndimbhakele ikeyiki ekhethekileyo, kodwa andikwazi kuyishiya ivenkile. Ndinganiphathisa ukuze nimnike yona?” “Ngokuqinisekileyo,” wavuma uMomma uMoeng, kodwa kwakukho ingxaki eza kuvela – uMomma uMoeng kwakufuneka enezandla ezibini zokuphatha ikeyiki. Ngoko ke wacinga icebo. Wathatha inkukhu etyetyisiweyo wayibeka phezu kwengqayi yejem awayeyithwele. Ngoko ke waba nazo izandla ezibini zokuphatha ikeyiki ekhethekileyo yosuku lokuzalwa. Wahamba ke uMomma uMoeng, uSana uBeka kunye noSiphos bephuma kuloo mnyango uthi nkqim-nkqi. Lwathi lwakuva ivumba lekeyiki uSana uBeka lwanambitha lusithi, “ncam, ncam, ncam, ncam.” Inkukhu etyetyisiweyo yayingxola ikokoza isithi



“Siya kwaMakhulu uMoeng. Lusuku lwakhe lokuzalwa,” waphendula uMomma uMoeng. “Ndinenqwelwana ezele yimifuno yakhe,” watsho uMnumzana uSithole. “Ningandanceda nijithathe nize nimnike yona?” “Ngokuqinisekileyo,” waphendula uMomma uMoeng. Kodwa ngoku uMomma uMoeng waba nengxaki ENKULU – zazininzi kakhulu izinto ekufuneka aziphathe! Kwafuneka ecinge icebo. Kuqala wehlisa uSana uBeka emqolo waze wabeleka inkukhu etyetyisiweyo ngebhayana elithambileyo. USana uBeka LWAKHALA KAKHU-U-U-LU! Ngoko ke uMomma uMoeng wakhwelisa inkukhu etyetyisiweyo kwinqwelwana waze wabeleka uSana uBeka ngebhayana elithambileyo. USana uBeka lonwaba kakhulu yaze nenkukhu etyetyisiweyo yavuyela ukumana inqola yonke loo mifuno. UMomma zange akuthande oku ngoko ke wayithwalisa uValecia inkukhu etyetyisiweyo. Iintsiba zayenza yarhawuzela impumlo kaValecia kwaye zamenza wathimla nangaphezulu, “AAAA-TSHUUUUU!” UValecia wayengonwabanga. Ngoko uMomma uMoeng wathatha inkukhu etyetyisiweyo wayithwalisa uSipho waza wamphathisa neentyatyambo zikaValecia. Ngoku uValecia wayenezandla ezibini zokuphatha ikeyiki. NoMomma uMoeng wayenezandla ezibini zokutyhala inqwelwana enemifuno. Wonke ubani wayonwabile baza bahamba ukuya kwaMakhulu uMoeng. Amavili enqwelwana ayesithi tswi-tswi-tswi. UValecia wayeneswekile yokuhombisa ikeyiki ezidleleni zakhe ngoko ke wayezikhotha esithi, lence, lence, lence. USana uBeka wayenambitha esithi “ncam ncam ncam ncam.” Inkukhu etyetyisiweyo yayingxola ikokoza isithi ko-ko-ko-ko, ko-ko-ko-ko, ize ipakethi yetships ezikramzelayo ithi rhwasha-rhwasha-rhwasha, ibhaloni yoSana uBeka ithi bhaku-bhaku-bhaku zaze iiflops zikaMomma zathi phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa ukuhla ngendledlana enothuli ukuya endlwini kaMakhulu uMoeng. UMomma uMoeng wankqonkqoza kumnyango wangaphambili. USipho wahlaba ikhwelo. UValecia wakhwaza. Kodwa KWAKUNGEKHO MPENDULO. UMomma uMoeng watyhala ucango lwangaphambili baza bangena ngaphakathi bonke. Kodwa KWAKUNGEKHO BANI APHO. Bakhangela ekhitshini – AKUKHO MNTU. Bakhangela kwigumbi lokulala – AKUKHO MNTU. Bakhangela kuyo yonke indawo. Ingaba uyephi

ko-ko-ko-ko, ko-ko-ko-ko, ize ipakethi yetships ezikramzelayo ithi rhwasha-rhwasha-rhwasha, ibhaloni yoSana uBeka ithi, bhaku-bhaku-bhaku zaze iiflops zikaMomma uMoeng zithi phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa ukuhla ngendledlana enothuli de badibana noValecia. “Kuyiwaphi ngumntu wonke?” ubuzile uValecia. “Siya kwaMakhulu uMoeng. Lusuku lwakhe lokuzalwa,” wacacisa uSipho. “Ndinesipha seentyatyambo endinokumnika sona uMakhulu uMoeng. Ndingeza nam?” wabuza uValecia. “Ngokuqinisekileyo,” watsho uMomma uMoeng baze bahamba bonke. Isipha seentyatyambo samenza wathimla uValecia, “Atshuu! A-A-Atshuuuu!” Inkukhu etyetyisiweyo yayingxola ikokoza isithi ko-ko-ko-ko, ko-ko-ko-ko, ize ipakethi yetships ezikramzelayo ithi rhwasha-rhwasha-rhwasha, ibhaloni yoSana uBeka ithi, bhaku-bhaku-bhaku zaze iiflops zikaMomma uMoeng zathi phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa ukuhla ngendledlana enothuli de babona uMnumzana uSithole epeta esitiyeni sakhe semifuno. “Niyaphi na nonke, Momma uMoeng?” wabuza uMnumzana uSithole.

uMakhulu uMoeng? UMomma uMoeng wathi, “Masiqalise ukupheka mhlawumbi uMakhulu uMoeng angabuya athi gqi.” Ngoko ke yiloo nto kanye ethe yenziwa ngabo bonke – wonke umntu ngaphandle koSana uBeka. Wayehleli phezu kwekhawuntari yasekhitshini esecaleni kwefestile ekrobile, wade wabona uMakhulu uMoeng esiza ehamba ngendledlana esesezantsi kwenduli elithambeka. “Makhulu! Makhulu!” wakhwaza. Wonke umntu



wakroba. “MAKHULU! MAKHULU!” bonke bakhwaza ngaxeshanye. “MAKHULU!” Phaya emazantsi enduli uMakhulu wathi “EE, EE, EE. Kukho umntu ondikhwazayo. Ngoko andikwazi kugqitha ezivenkileni ndizithengele isidlo sangokuhlwa sosuku lwam lokuzalwa.” UMakhulu wajika waza wanyuka loo nduli ilithambeka. Izilipasi zakhe zazisithi shixi-shixi, shixi-shixi kulo ndledlana inothuli. Ekugqibeleni wafika kumnyango wangasemva. Xa ewuvula wonke umntu waqala ukucula ingoma yokubhiyozela usuku lokuzalwa. Phezu kwetafile kwakukho ipayi eyenziwe ngemifuno kunye nezimuncumuncu zejem ezenziwe nguMomma uMoeng, amaqanda asandula ukuzalelwa yinkukhu etyetyisiweyo, ikeyiki ekhethekileyo yosuku lokuzalwa kunye neetships ezikramzelayo ezenziwe ngeetapile. Itafile yayihonjiswe ngeentyatyambo kunye nebhaloni entle ezuba yoSana uBeka. “OLU LOLONA SUKU LWAM LOKUZALWA NDILONWABELEYO!” watsho uMakhulu. Kwaye oko wayekwazi ngokwenene oko, kuba uMakhulu wayesele ebhiyozele imihla yokuzalwa engamashumi asibhozo okanye engamashumi alithoba phambi kolu suku!



Storytime

Read the story and answer the questions.



THE GRUBBIEST BOY

Grubby King Goop was the grubbiest boy in the world. He was so grubby that flies followed him everywhere. His flies had flies.

The dirt on his legs was like permanent stains. The bugs in his hair had lived a lifetime. Everyone laughed at him behind his back. But he ruled the land and demanded respect from the people.

When he walked in town everyone would bow politely. "Does he ever bath?" they said.

"We can smell his flies," they whispered.

But young Goop did not care what anyone said. He went on to rule the land for many years.

1. What does permanent mean?

2. What does it mean when the story says the bugs in his hair had lived a lifetime?

3. Did people respect King Goop? How do you know?

4. Why did they whisper about him?

5. Was Goop a good king? Why/why not?

CAN YOU WORK IT OUT?

1. What must be broken before you use it?
2. When I am tall, I am young. When I am short, I am old. What am I?
3. What is full of holes but holds water?
4. What goes up but never comes down?
5. What has legs but doesn't walk?

1, an egg. 2, a candle. 3, a sponge. 4, your age. 5, a table.

Count how many

Images: Freepik



Join the dots and colour in with Rong.



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Each magazine reaches at least 3 learners.....	R5
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20 magazines reach 60 learners.....	R100
50 magazines reach 100 learners.....	R250
100 magazines reach 300 learners.....	R500
200 magazines reach 600 learners.....	R1 000

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