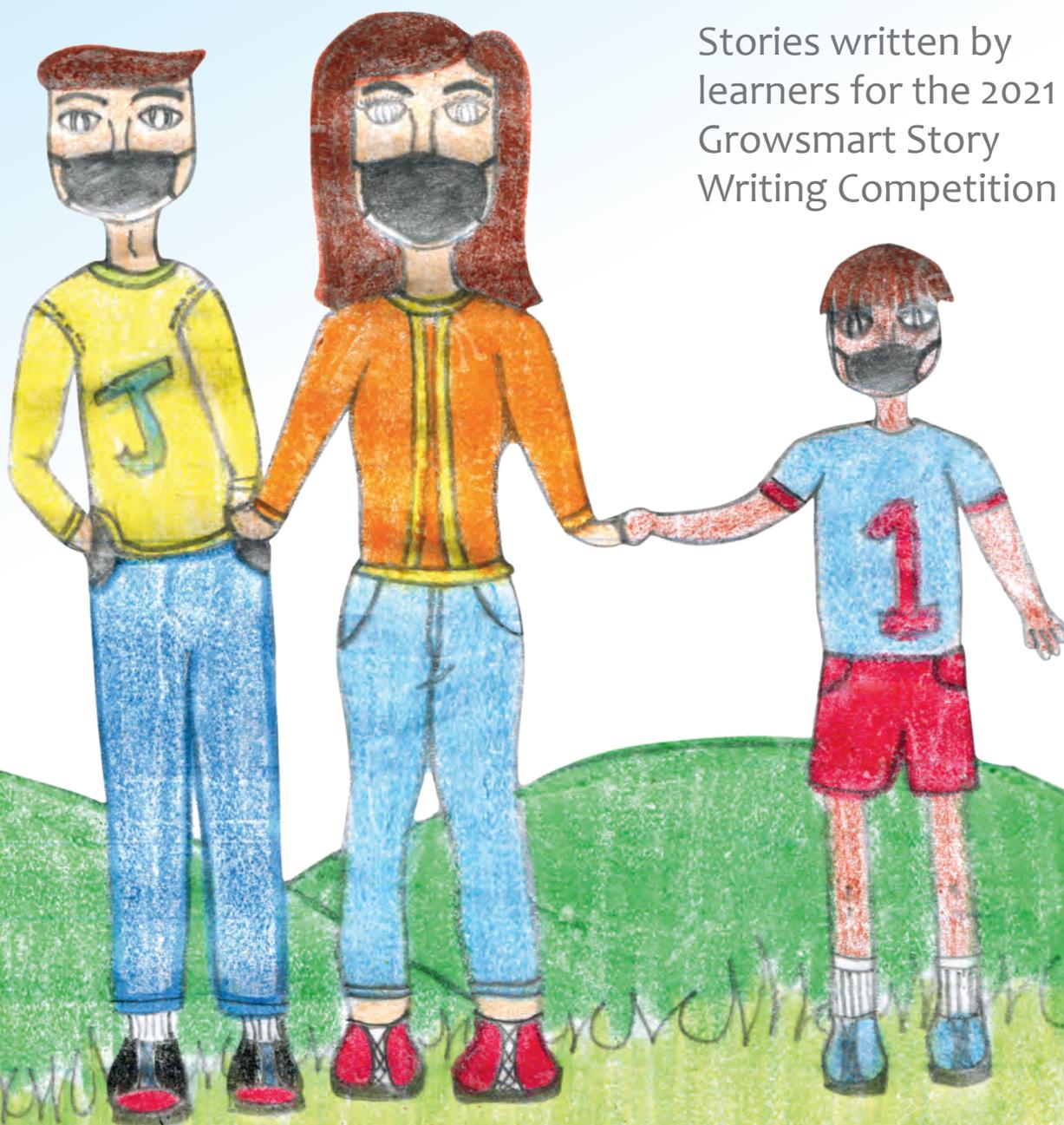


# Children writing to grow smart

2021  
Edition

Eastern Cape,  
Limpopo and  
Western  
Cape

Stories written by  
learners for the 2021  
Growsmart Story  
Writing Competition

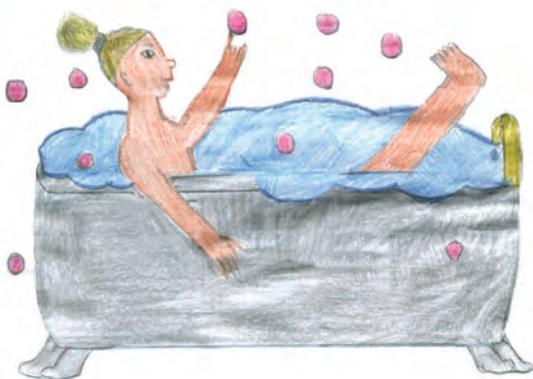






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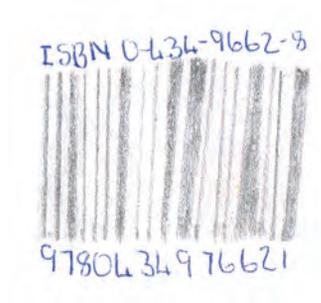
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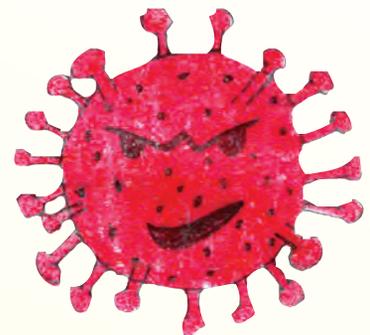
# A Message from Growthpoint Properties



Stories are an integral part of what makes us human, and they are what keeps us connected: to each other, to our history, and our dreams for the future. The gift of storytelling is one we all possess, and we are all storytellers from the earliest days of our lives. It's a gift that should be encouraged and nurtured. Helping children tell their stories is very important to their overall development, but especially communication and literacy.

We are proud to present this collection of beautiful stories written by our young and talented Growsmart Story Writers. This book offers unique insights into the experiences and adventures of South African children, their families, and friends.

Despite the high rate of learner absenteeism due to the global COVID-19 pandemic, we received 159 submissions from the Western Cape, 170 from the Eastern Cape, and 127 from Limpopo.



The contributors to this 7th edition of *Children Writing to Grow Smart* are all learners in Grades 4 to 6, from under-resourced



communities in South Africa. For most of them, English is not their first language, and their stories were written with help from their vivid imaginations, and limited guidance from their Growsmart Mentors. We celebrate these young authors and encourage you to pay careful attention to the important stories and messages they have to share.

Growsmart is in its 12th year, and we are honoured to provide a platform for future generations to grow, learn and thrive.

**Estienne de Klerk**, SA CEO



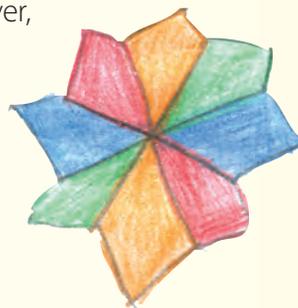
# Message from the Eastern Cape Department of Education

*"I can shake off everything as I write; my sorrows disappear, my courage is reborn."* – Anne Frank



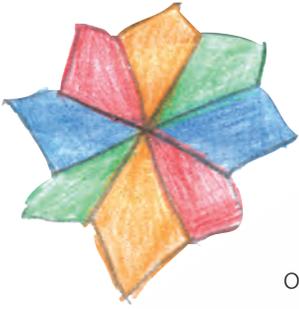
Writing is an important skill that enables one to express oneself, and articulate ideas effectively. Taking those first steps towards writing a story can be both a fun and daring activity for anyone. Through thinking up, planning and writing a story, children learn to put their thoughts into order and use written language to communicate their ideas in a variety of ways. Finding ideas and inspiration for writing a story can be quite daunting and demanding. But when children engage in this creative writing, their imagination is pushed and they are stimulated to 'think outside the box'.

The explosion of social media has completely changed the way people communicate with each other. While this communications boom may have its educational benefits, a possible negative side effect is beginning to take hold in our classrooms. Cyber slang and shorthand is suspected of damaging learners' writing acumen. However, in this collection it is refreshing to find that, despite ever increasing social media influence, learners can still write at length in a cohesive, structured manner to express their thoughts well.





When creating the stories, it was required of learners that they plan effectively and organise their ideas in a coherent and well assembled way. They had to edit their first drafts and present a polished and interesting final piece which is unique and authentic. Not only were their writing skills assessed, but also their ability to illustrate their stories in a vivid, clear and meaningful way, in the form of original drawings.



This resulting book provides learners with a sense of accomplishment.

Completing and feeling good about a piece of writing that one has worked hard on promotes confidence. This is an essential element of personal growth and productivity in all facets of education.

On behalf of the Eastern Cape Department of Education, we thank Growthpoint Properties for inviting learners to participate in this creative writing competition. The learners who contributed their stories to this diverse collection come from primary schools in the Nelson Mandela Bay and Buffalo City Metro Municipality districts.

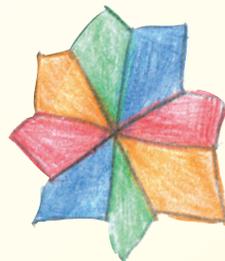
Well done to those schools who participated in this project. This is an ideal opportunity for improving learners' abilities to use writing as a mouthpiece for their thoughts, feelings and imagination.

It can be said, without a doubt, that the competition has brought to light several outstanding stories from aspiring young writers. The stories as well as the illustrations are diverse and rich, featuring various aspects of the lives of our young learners.

It is our hope that this collection will inspire other learners to write and develop the passion for storytelling. We urge their teachers to continue encouraging them to use written words to communicate their experiences and emotions competently to others.

**Ms B.L. Gwele,**

Acting Director: Primary Curriculum Management  
Eastern Cape Department of Education

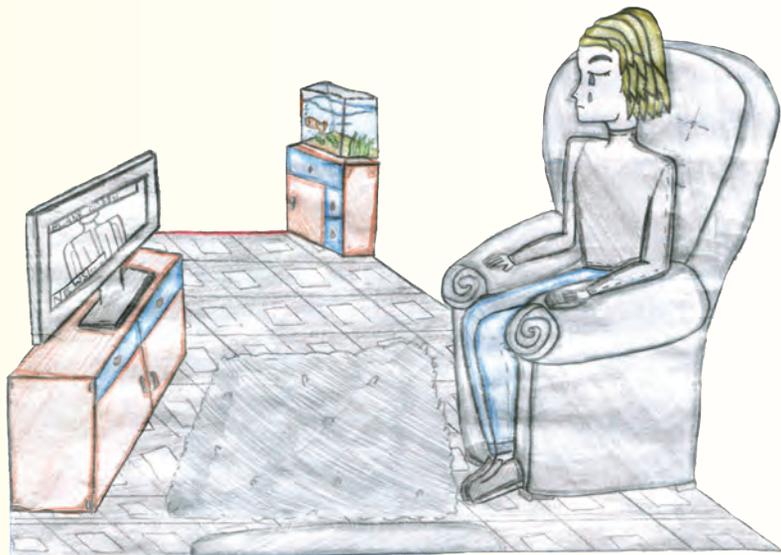


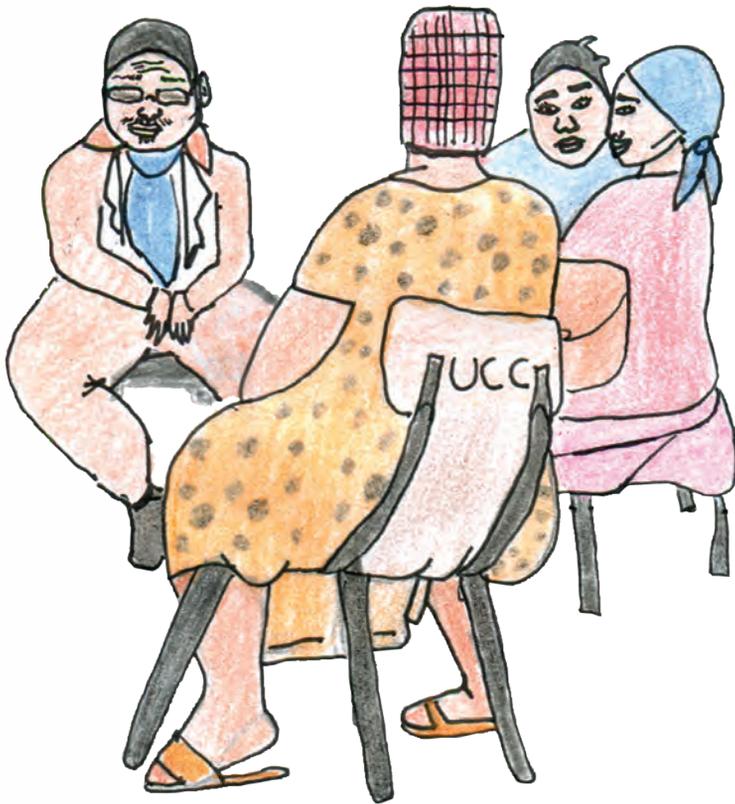
# Message from the Limpopo Education Department



To be able to write a story is a special gift that not only benefits the writer (ability to express themselves) but also the reader (ability to learn and enjoy the story). It encourages learners to expand their knowledge of the world around them, and share their discoveries with others. Storytelling forms the basis for communication and understanding, and teaches learners to read for meaning.

The last couple of years, due to the COVID-19 pandemic, have been very testing for educators and learners alike. That is why a programme such as this, that encouraged learners to study, read, write and review, in a covid-safe manner, was so warmly received.





Educators found it inspiring to mentor their learners, and provide guidance that allowed the learners to express themselves better. We are incredibly proud and excited to see three of these stories published. This gives learners from Limpopo a voice, and inspires other learners to follow suit.

On behalf of the Limpopo Department of Education, we thank Dwarsrivier Chrome Mine and Growthpoint Properties for inviting learners to participate in this creative writing activity. The learners who submitted their stories for inclusion in this diverse anthology come from primary schools across the Limpopo Province. We commend those schools for embracing the challenge to improve their language performance.

**S. H. Dinkwanyane**, Circuit Manager

# ALLEN CONNECTION



# A message from the Western Cape Education Department

*Writing is the painting of the voice – Voltaire*

Writing is certainly not frivolously scribbling words out on a page. In a well-written story, every word counts. Every sentence, every paragraph, should mean something. Every word is carefully chosen and purposeful. This takes extensive practice – editing, rewriting, editing, rewriting ...

Kenneth Hoskisson states the following: 'Writing stories is an effective means of helping children learn to read, to know about and understand literary devices, and to gain knowledge of grammatical structures they can use in their writing.'

But as much fun as it can be, writing a story can also seem like a challenge to a young person (or an adult!). By familiarizing a learner with how authors create stories and what the different parts of a story are, introducing visual or written prompts that inspire him or her to think of story ideas, and encouraging them to plan before starting to write, you will assist the child to make a complete and creative story.

Writing helps learners understand what is happening in their own world, what is happening in the worlds of those close to them, and what all of it means.





It is expected of Intermediate Phase learners to learn how to write by mastering different skills. They are taught how to grab and hold a reader's attention. They discover how word choice impacts one's emotions as a reader by also inferring the things that are left unsaid. It is in stories that learners can demonstrate values of empathy, respect, tolerance and caring, as promoted by the Western Cape Education Department's Values Driven Learning Vision.

The WCED therefore believes that the basic features of good writing can be taught, extended and refined through expert effort in all classrooms. This collection of stories is testament to that.

On behalf of the Western Cape Education Department, we thank Growthpoint Properties for inviting learners to participate in this creative writing competition. The learners who contributed their stories to this diverse collection come from primary schools across the Cape Metropole. We laud the schools for taking up the challenge in the process of improving learners' ability to use writing as a way to transfer their thoughts and feelings.

The competition has uncovered a number of outstanding stories from inspiring young writers. The stories as well as the illustrations are diverse and rich. They feature various aspects of the lives of our young learners.



It is our hope that this collection will inspire other learners to write and develop the passion for storytelling and that their teachers will continue to encourage them to use words to communicate their experiences and emotions competently to others.

**Portia Smit,**

Project Coordinator

Western Cape Education Department



# A message from Novus Holdings

Future Foundations, which is the Novus Holdings' social investment programme, is firmly rooted in the belief that education is key to sustainable development. The programme aims to empower lives and transform communities by building strong foundations for future growth and development.

The Growsmart Story Writing project shares the same philosophy as Future Foundations as it truly empowers its beneficiaries by giving them a hand up and not a hand-out. For this reason we are honoured to once again be associated with this project, with our print division, Novus Print, producing this remarkable book and proudly supporting this cause.

We would like to thank Growthpoint Properties for ensuring the continued success of this competition, and mostly for providing an enriching platform to our talented youth, thus encouraging them to learn and grow.

Congratulations to all the participants and winners of the competition. You have done us and South Africa proud.

**Peter Metcalfe,**

Group Executive: Sales and Marketing  
Novus Holdings



# A message from Via Afrika



At Via Afrika, we usually work with educational texts that help teachers and learners discover the joys of education. It is our task to team up with the authors, editors, illustrators, book designers, typesetters and printers to craft one person's vision into a living object that benefits hundreds, even thousands, of others.

It has therefore been our privilege to work with Growthpoint, the Eastern Cape, Limpopo and Western Cape education departments and these talented writers to publish this anthology of experience and imagination. We were presented with stories that moved or delighted; artwork that showed aptitude and insight; and a passion that invigorated us in our tasks – quite an achievement for a group of people with many years of experience in the educational book industry. We look forward to being able to participate in further projects of this calibre.

**Christina Watson**, CEO



I? dont understand  
WHY.....

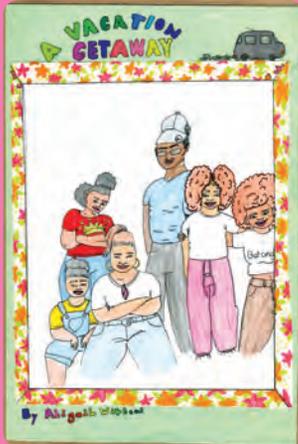


Love

Roses

crow's foot

love



## Abigail Witbooi

Grade 5

Seagull Primary

Eastern Cape

Spending time with the family was just the best. Brad decided it was time to visit the family on the farm. Emma and Emily were excited. They could not wait, but something bad happens. Will Emma overcome her fear?

# A Vacation Getaway

Spending time with my family is just the best. Last month my dad, Brad, decided that it was time for us to visit the family on the farm. My mother, Enn, was so excited. My sister Emma and I were very happy.

We packed our clothes and food for the journey. We hit the road on Sunday before noon. Soon we will be on the beautiful family farm.

On the way we listened to my favourite Beyonce songs. Mum, Emma and I sang almost all the way. I kept on asking, "Are we there yet? Where are we now?" After asking for the 100<sup>th</sup> time Mum finally said that we were close. We rode down the gravel road and saw the gate. Emma and I hopped out of the car to open the gigantic gate.

Everyone was waiting on the stoep to give us a warm welcome. It was so good to see my grandma, grandpa, aunties and uncles. My aunts were preparing a delicious family feast. Chicken curry! My favourite!

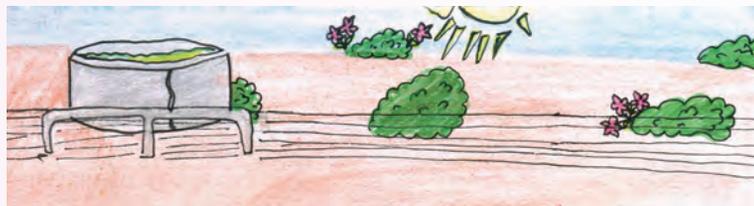
I asked my gran where my cousins were. "They are playing in the church hall. Go and play with them while we prepare the food," she answered. Emma and I raced to the hall. Kaylen and Jen were playing netball with a soccer ball. We joined them.

It was a warm, sunny day. We drank some yummy lemonade to keep ourselves hydrated.



JKK 1021

Kaylen said, "Let's go down to the reservoir to have a swim with the boys." I thought it was a great idea. It would definitely cool us down. We ran back to the farmhouse to put on our swimming costumes. Mum and Dad would follow soon afterwards.



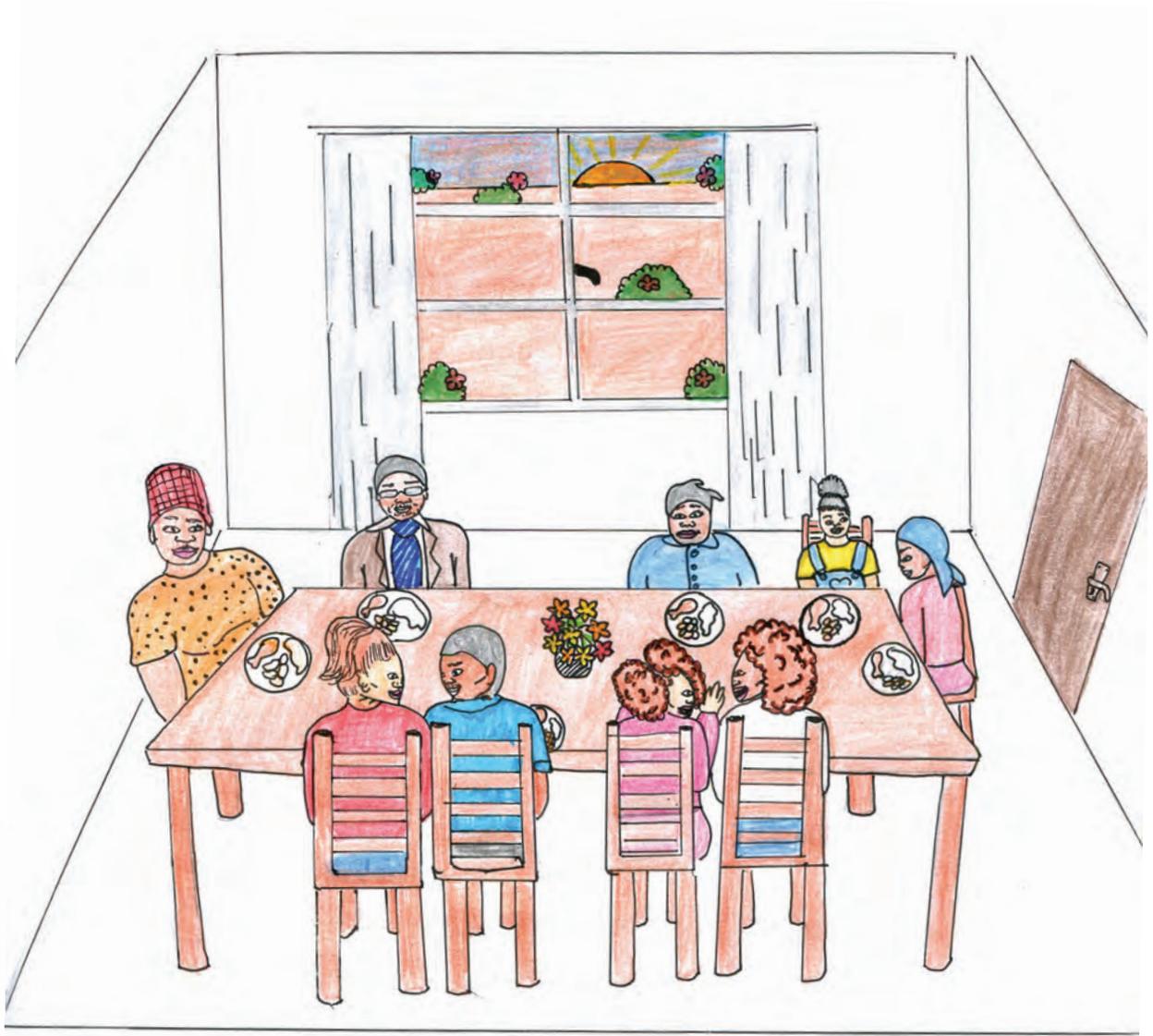
The path was quite narrow. We marched in a row, me right in front, leading the way. The bees were buzzing and the birds were singing. Pretty flowers and green grass grew along the path. I stopped to pick some wild flowers for my mum. The others walked on.

Just then I felt a stabbing pain in my leg! Something had bitten me! I screamed!

Emma rushed back. She saw something moving in the green grass. It was a snake! Emma had a fear of snakes. She froze. The massive brown snake was close.

I tried to move but the pain in my leg was too intense. Emma looked at me and saw that I needed help. "Emily try to calm down. Please do not move. Help is on the way," she said calmly.

The snake slid away into the bushes. Emma held my hand tightly and sang softly to me. I was so scared but her singing made me feel safe.



Dad ran down the path. He scooped me up and rushed me to the hospital. Luckily it wasn't a poisonous snake. The swelling would go down and I would feel better soon.

My dad carried me into the farmhouse. The whole family was waiting for us so that we could enjoy the feast together. Emma gave me huge hug. My family is the best! ■



## Amyoli Mjongile

Grade 6

Luzuko Primary

Eastern Cape

# The Meaning of Family

Once upon a time, there was a king who ruled over a kingdom called Kali. King Ronald lived happily in his big and beautiful castle with his wife Candice. King Ronald and Queen Candice were blessed with three beautiful daughters, Helen, Jennefer and Nia. Queen Candice loved and treasured her daughters but King Ronald couldn't care less about his daughters. He showed no love or affection towards them. His only desire was to have a son who could be the next heir to the throne and the kingdom.

King Ronald and Queen Candice had three daughters, Helen, Jennefer and Nia. The King didn't love his daughters because he wanted an heir. He finally had a son and didn't treat his daughters equally. Because of this Jennefer defamed her brother Jason but the truth was discovered. Jennefer went missing and he was regretful. When she came back they all fixed things as a family and lived happily ever after.



Years went by without the King having a son. King Ronald was also starting to face pressure from the elders of his family. Just when he had lost all hope, he felt a sense of relief when his wife told him she was pregnant. King Ronald just hoped for the best. Nine months later Queen Candice gave birth to a beautiful baby boy. The King was overjoyed by the birth of his son and he threw a big party to celebrate his son's birthday. He invited the entire kingdom for the celebration.



Twenty years later all the children of the king, Helen, Jennefer, Nia and his son Jason, were all grown up. Coincidentally, Jennefer and Jason had birthdays on the same day. Everyone always remembers Jason's birthday and showers him with love and gifts. Jennefer is hurt and heartbroken to see that nobody celebrates hers, and only her sisters remember. The negligence Jennefer faces from her family because of Jason drove her to hate her brother.

Out of all the sisters Jennefer was known to be the most short tempered. Her sisters Helen and Nia managed to calm their sister's rage down. They advised her to talk to her father about her complaint. The following morning Jennefer went to talk with her father. "Father may I have a minute of your time?"

As usual King Ronald answered his daughter rudely. "You only have thirty seconds."





“Well um ... I wanted to tell you that Jason is your successor but that doesn't mean you should treat us differently. According to me you should treat all of your children equally.”

Out of anger King Ronald yelled at Jennefer and insulted her and said that what she was facing was nothing short of what she deserved. He said that she was just a daughter of the family and meant nothing to him.

Jennefer, hurt by her father's words, fell silent and walked out of the room in tears. She ran to her room and cried her eyes out. Later on her sisters entered the room and Jennefer ran to their arms for comfort. Helen and Nia asked Jennefer why was she crying and what hurt her so much that she even cried.

She told her sisters everything and they comforted her. Once again they gave her some advice, but this time Jennefer turned down her sisters' advice and she then decided that from that day onwards she would take matters into her own hands.

Helen and Nia looked at each other with fear in their eyes because they knew that there would be consequences from their sister's actions. They knew they would not be good.

Although Jennefer hated her brother, Jason was a carefree spirit. He loved his family very much. Every time Queen Candice saw this she felt heartbroken. She was always hurt to see the hatred her daughter had for her son, because he held no animosity against Jennefer and had so much love for his sister. All the Queen wished for was for her children to get along.

Jennefer vowed to ruin her brother's life, starting from that day onwards. Next day Jennefer decided to defame Jason in front of her father, and she had the perfect opportunity



because there was a function at the palace. The King was set to bag a huge deal that would benefit the kingdom very much. Because Jennefer knew how much that deal meant to her father, she made it look like Jason stole money from the investing company!

King Ronald was very disappointed to witness this, but at the same time he knew deep down that Jason was innocent.

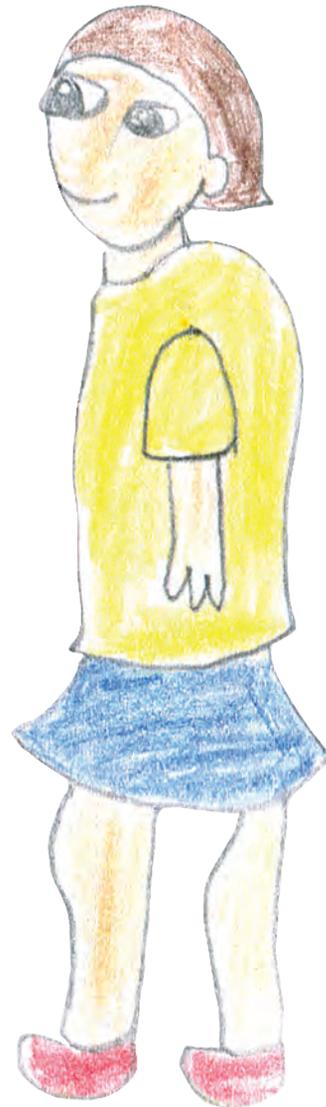
Jason was very hurt to see that his father didn't seem to believe that he was innocent. Jason was determined to prove his innocence and in the end he finally got the proof that Jennefer set him up. The whole family was disappointed and they reprimanded her. Jennefer, ashamed of her actions, left the room in silence.

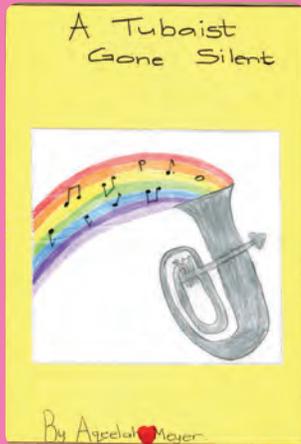
Everyone went to bed. The following morning everyone woke but no-one knew where Jennefer was. No-one took it seriously, but days went by without anyone knowing where she was. The King started to get worried and that's when the King finally saw the love he had for his daughters for all these years.

He felt great regret for the way he had treated his daughter. King Ronald started to think of all the bad things that could have happened to Jennefer, wherever she was.

A few hours later Jennefer walked in. Everyone was so relieved to see her. King Ronald gave his daughters a big hug and asked for forgiveness from them. The girls all forgave their father. Jennefer also asked for forgiveness from Jason. Jason did forgive her, and also forgave their father.

Jennefer and Jason got along from that day onwards. King Ronald and Jennefer both learnt to value family and to always love each other. ■





## Aqeelah Meyer

Grade 5

Seagull Primary

Eastern Cape

# A Tubaist Gone Silent

A simple phone call changed my entire world. Never had I thought that it could bring so much chaos and confusion.

After a day well spent at my aunt Nanna's home celebrating my grandma's birthday, so many hugs and smiles turned into a dark evening filled with pain and tears.

All of us left at about 8 o'clock that evening. My grandparents stayed for a while to make sure that everything was in place and to thank Nanna for opening her home. Everyone felt welcome.

*For Poeksie*

A story about love and loss.  
An accident changes the lives  
of a family. Will things ever be  
the same?





We finally got home. I was so tired, and couldn't wait to get into bed. I had a bath and dozed off. My baby sister cried for some time before she fell asleep.

Suddenly there was a bang on the door! We were all startled and jumped up. Who could be knocking this late? My dad slowly opened the door and peeped.

It was my granny. She grabbed my dad and held him tight. Everyone was quiet. She broke the news. Uncle Vernon was in a car accident. He passed away. I was shocked! How could it be! It had to be a mistake.



We left in a hurry to my aunt's house. No one understood what was going on. I felt numb. All I felt was emptiness inside of me. I prayed that it was only a bad dream.

We pulled up in my aunt's driveway. The whole family was there, confused, crying, and trying to comfort and console each other.

My Nanna said, "It's a mistake! They are going to call back and say it's a mistake."

All I could do was stare at her while there were tears rolling down my cheeks. I desperately needed to hear his voice, see his face and his smile ...

My Uncle Vernon was a man of honour. He wasn't just my uncle, but my godfather too. I called him Poeksie. He was

such an awesome family man. He always remembered birthdays and anniversaries. He was the life and soul of any family celebration.

Poeksie would take out his tuba and play to the love of his life, my Nanna. The playing has now gone silent.

After his passing, celebrations have not been the same. Something is always missing to me. While everyone is dancing and laughing, singing and joking around, I cannot help but wonder.

I close my eyes and try to find the sweet sound of the tuba he once played. All is not gone and lost forever. His song continues in my heart and I smile. ■



## Britney Wolmarans

Grade 6

Cornflower Primary

Western Cape

Two girls accidentally travel into space in a mysterious rocket ship made by NASA. They discover a creepy creature that, surprisingly, helps them get home.

# Minutes to Space

One misty morning my alarm had woken me from my deep sleep. I checked the calendar and it was the 25th of May. Yikes! My books had to be returned to the local library before 12 o'clock. I grabbed my helmet, took my bicycle and rode off to the library via the main road. Stopping at the robot there was a bit of traffic, and I suddenly saw a strange object.

It had wings for doors, there were no windows – just one round window on top, and the shape of the object was almost like a cylinder.

I finally arrived at the library and started searching for my books. It was just me surrounded by all the magnificent books. I knew that I wanted to become a scientist who explores space. I looked straight at the solar system books, and took one.

After that I went back home. As I was riding home I saw that weird object, but it was partly hidden. I ignored it and went in and made some lunch. 'Solar Systems For Explorers,' I said to myself. I was excited for this book.

Boom! I suddenly heard a noise and peeked through the window because I was very curious. "Busted!" I said to myself. I finally know my neighbours' deepest secret.

They work for NASA and that strange object is actually a rocket ship. It all started coming together. I started stressing for no reason and I knew my body could not handle **not** trying that rocket out!





My friend Meekha came over and I told her everything. We started working out a plan. My mother worked shifts so the plan was to go on a sneak out. We jumped into the back yard and went to the neighbours' garage.

We immediately climbed in the rocket ship. I told Meekha, "Don't touch anything."

Guess what? She touched the 'Blast Off Button! We both screamed extremely loudly: "Help, Help!!!"

After a few hours we landed on another planet. I knew we could not breathe on this grey planet, so I looked for space suits and I found two pairs, so we wore them. Before we got out we ate two chocolate bars for a snack.

I took out my solar system book and suddenly the pages began to flap open to a certain page. I started reading: "The moon is an enormous grey planet and sometimes gases explode."

We continued with our mission, and that was: to return home. I saw something green and I screamed, "Alien!"

The alien caught us and asked, "Do you need help?" We said yes.

We got in his space ship and we flew back home and said, "If you ever need help, you know where we live."

When we returned home we promised to tell no-one.

We are not alone in this universe. Scientists say for every grain of sand there are close to a million stars. There's more that we don't know, than we do know.

The unexplained answers I'm going to find out on my next space adventure. ■

## Flashback Friday: An Eternal Valentine's Day



By Caitlyn Josephs

### Caitlyn Josephs

Grade 5

Belmor Primary

Western Cape

This story explores the effect of the pandemic on a Grade 5 girl. She sees a photograph taken in 2020 and it transports her to a time, not so long ago, when everyone was happy and carefree. Valentine's Day was one of the most exciting times, and the photograph captures the smiles, love, friendship and freedom. Caitlyn remembers the tragic tale of one of her favourite teachers, also in the picture.

# Flashback Friday: An Eternal Valentine's Day

We were all wearing red and white on the 14th of February 2020. It was Valentine's Day at school and what a fun-filled, fabulous day it was. It was like I was being transported back into that exact moment by just looking at a picture on a teacher's wall. There were no masks, no social distancing and no sanitizer in that picture. Everyone was just free to have fun without being worried. Ms Weitz, our famous and fashionable emcee, was also there. How different everything is now . . .

I remember that day as if it were yesterday. We were all excited about Valentine's Day because there was going to be a modelling and variety show. I was excited because my friend Mia was going to model and I was psyched to cheer for her. Mia was all dressed up in a striking red dress with matching red lipstick. She looked absolutely stunning even though she was very nervous.

We all took our seats that day and cheered for our friends as they took to the catwalk like real models. "Go Mia! We love you!" we shouted in unison. However, Mia didn't win that day and she was a bit disappointed. We hugged Mia and the show had to go on, so we all joined in with the singing and dancing.

That photograph was like a time machine. I remembered the songs that were playing on the sound system, the outstanding outfits that were worn, the smiles on everyone's





faces, the hugs that were being shared and the love that could be felt everywhere. I remember Ms Weitz making jokes and introducing the next item on the programme, like she did every year for as long as I could remember.

If I fast forward to this year, 2021, everything has changed since then. We can't have Valentine's Day programmes, we can't give our friends a hug and they can't even see our smiles underneath our masks. The COVID-19 pandemic has changed everything and it's tough to accept that things may not go back to normal any time soon.

Our beloved teacher, Ms Weitz, also passed away and we didn't know that we would never hear her cheerful voice through the microphone, ever again.

That photograph was bittersweet because it reminded me about a time when we were all happy with no worries. Yet, I will still smile underneath my mask and hopefully my friends will see my eyes smile and know that we're blessed to still be together. ■





## Cameron Steenkamp

Grade 6

Helderkruin Primary

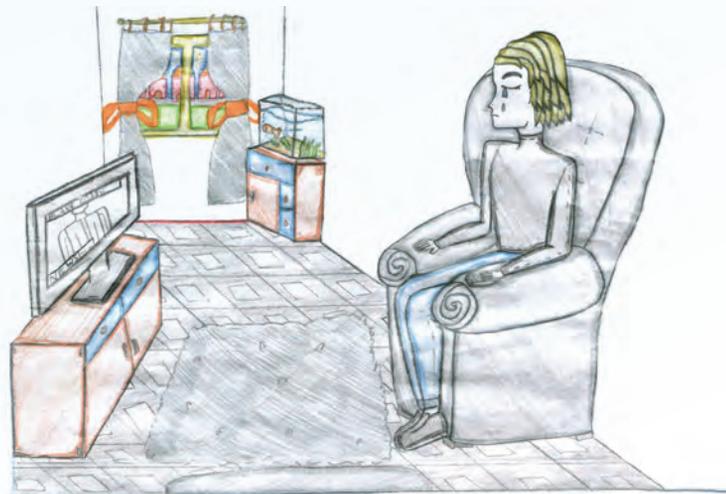
Western Cape

A boy loses his family after a plane crash and is sent to an orphanage. He gets adopted by a woman who works at the orphanage. The woman gets him in her house and locks him in her basement. What he finds down there changes his life forever.

*Believe that anything is possible*

# Elijah and the City of Wonders

Once upon a time in a very fancy part of England, lived a wealthy family, the Smiths. They were the happiest family and very close, until one horrible day. They went on holiday to Mexico, but Elijah, the youngest, could not go because he had to attend school. He stayed behind and after a whole day of studying he turned on the TV and got the most terrible news. There was a fatal plane crash and nobody survived. His whole family had died.



Elijah was sent to an orphanage because he had no-one else to go to. No family and no friends. He was all alone at the horrible orphanage. The first few months were tough. They had to do chores and all sorts of horrible, disgusting tasks.

They were treated like slaves. It felt like prison. He was so alone that he started talking to himself. He even had an imaginary friend called Barry. Elijah would always talk to Barry when he felt very lonely.

Elijah didn't know that while he was there, one of the workers, Stella Cortez, was watching him the whole time. A few months later he heard she wanted to adopt him. She acted nice, but wasn't nice at all. Stella did everything in her power to adopt Elijah. She eventually got what she wanted. When they arrived at her house it was five times bigger than the house Elijah first lived in. It was the size of a mountain.





Mrs Stewart, the cruel and terrifying owner of the orphanage, told Stella that if she decided to keep Elijah and be his guardian, she will fire her. Stella said that she doesn't care one bit, she quits! Mrs Stewart got into her pink car and shut the door loudly, then drove away leaving a trail of dust.

Elijah looked at Stella's house. It was dark and very creepy. He asked her why her house was so scary and she just rolled her eyes, pulled him by his collar, threw him down into the basement and immediately locked him in.

Elijah wondered why Stella did what she did and tried coming up with solutions. He started to get hungry because he could smell someone cooking. He wasn't sure if he wanted to eat her food. He started looking through the spooky basement. It looked like Halloween. He then saw a mirror. It was a funny looking mirror because all the things were moving. He put

in his hand – it felt weird! He then moved closer and put his whole body in, and immediately then fell inside the magical mirror.

Everything was spinning until Elijah eventually blacked out.

When he woke up, he was in a beautiful, magical city. In front of him was a dwarf wearing a yellow jersey and orange pants.

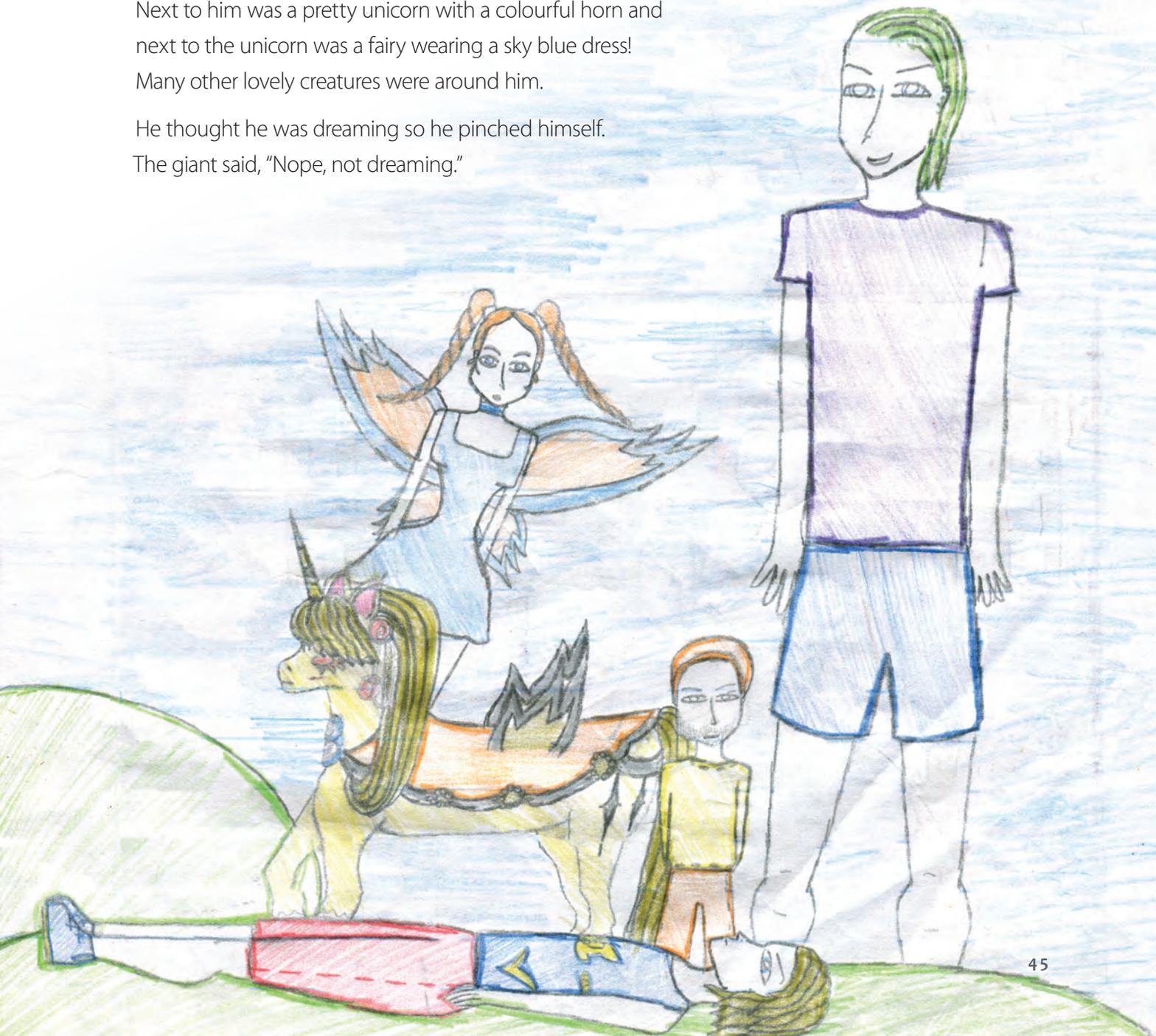
Behind him was a giant, taller than all the trees around him.

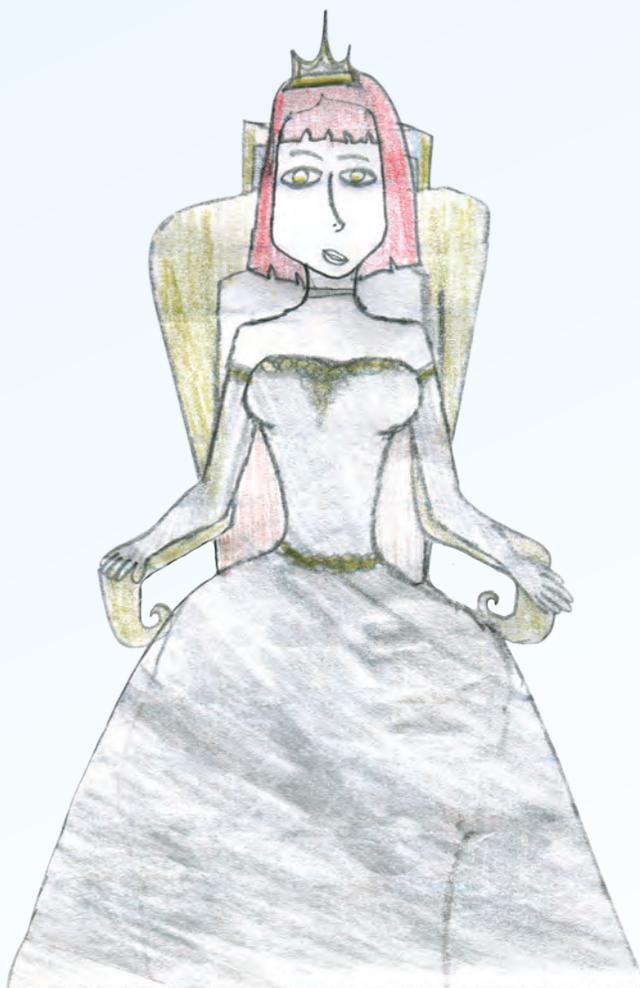
Next to him was a pretty unicorn with a colourful horn and next to the unicorn was a fairy wearing a sky blue dress!

Many other lovely creatures were around him.

He thought he was dreaming so he pinched himself.

The giant said, “Nope, not dreaming.”





Elijah started screaming as loud as he could. The dwarf told him with a little voice, "We won't harm you".

They took Elijah to the Queen. She asked them what type of creature Elijah was and he said, "I'm not a creature. I'm a human".

So everyone shouted, "Human!"

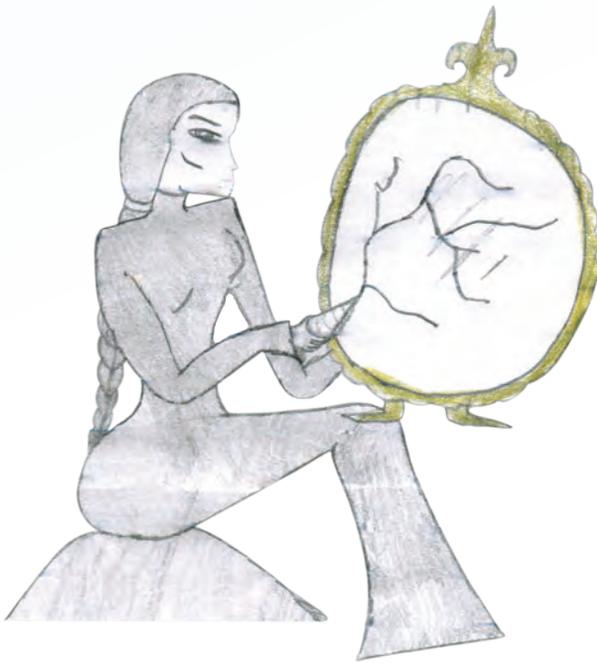
She asked Elijah what a human was and he answered, "A human is a very special being."

So everyone shouted, "Very special being!"

Elijah eventually saw Barry and thought nobody would notice him, but everyone did. They were so happy to finally be real friends. The Queen had a heart of gold. She let Elijah and Barry live in her enormous palace. Their rooms were very fancy, fit for kings. Nothing like the terrible orphanage.

The next morning Stella went down to the basement. As she was walking down she said a silent prayer. To her relief, she saw where Elijah had gone, and she broke the mirror! She went back upstairs smiling, knowing that she had changed a boy's life forever.

Elijah lived happily ever after in the 'City of Wonders'. ■





## Catlyn Julius

Grade 6

Northpine Primary

Western Cape

Would you ever be friends with an alien? In this story, an unusual friendship develops between a curious, artistic girl called Lexi, and her new alien friend. It is the start of great adventures to come.

# Alex, My Alien Friend

On a stormy, grey, Friday morning in Northpine, there was a beautiful girl named Lexi. She was pretty as a pink ballerina rose. She had long, reddish-blond hair, freckles on her cheeks and blue eyes like a beautiful ocean. She was quite curious and loved adventure!

One school day, her teacher announced that she won the Grade 6 Alien Art Competition. She couldn't believe that her strange-looking alien won the competition!

After school, she went home and was super-exhausted from the day's excitement. As she slowly walked into her room, she dropped on her bed and fell into a deep sleep. She woke up the next morning and as she walked outside, she noticed a weird alien crop circle in the front garden of her home! As she held out her arm to take photos with her phone, an alien space-ship signal symbol appeared on her cellphone screen.

After staring at this odd space-ship shaped crop circle, she ran as fast as she could into the house to tell her parents. "Mum! Dad! I have something to tell you!" Her parents didn't pay attention to her as usual; they just thought that she was paranoid.

As she was walking towards her bedroom to go and sleep, she saw this odd, bright light from outside the hallway window. She went to take a closer look but nothing was there. It's probably my busy imagination, she thought.



Later that night, she woke from her sleep and decided to go and use the rest room after all the water she drank. As she returned and went back to sleep, her alien friend picture that she had hung on her bedroom wall, started to glow a neon green colour. It was so bright that it woke Lexi again.

Lexi didn't even know what was going on, and suddenly she heard a "Kaboom!" Lexi was so amazed seeing how the alien she drew, came out in real life! The alien had a green skin colour, orange antennas for ears, longish, feathery hair, was taller than Lexi, and wore a Christmas coloured outfit.

She said, "WOW, you are actually here!"

Then the alien replied in a croaky voice, "May I have a glass of water?"

Lexi replied and said, "Okay, I will go and get a glass for you."

When Lexi returned, the alien was busy encrypting something on her phone.

"What's your name and what are you doing?" said Lexi.

"My name is Alex and I'm busy putting something on your phone so that we can stay connected." Alex continued, "On my planet, I've been falsely accused of being a bad alien and I will need your help to save my life. Will you help if I need it?"

"I believe that you are a good alien, Alex," said Lexi.

After all the chatting, Alex gave Lexi a special heart-shaped locket with his alien face in it. Alex



told Lexi to put her photo in the locket too, so they could remain friends forever. After she had put a photo of herself in the locket, Lexi woke up from her night's rest.

She noticed that the locket she dreamt about was next to her on her dresser, as well as the glass that Alex drank out of. "So it actually really happened!" she smiled and thought to herself.

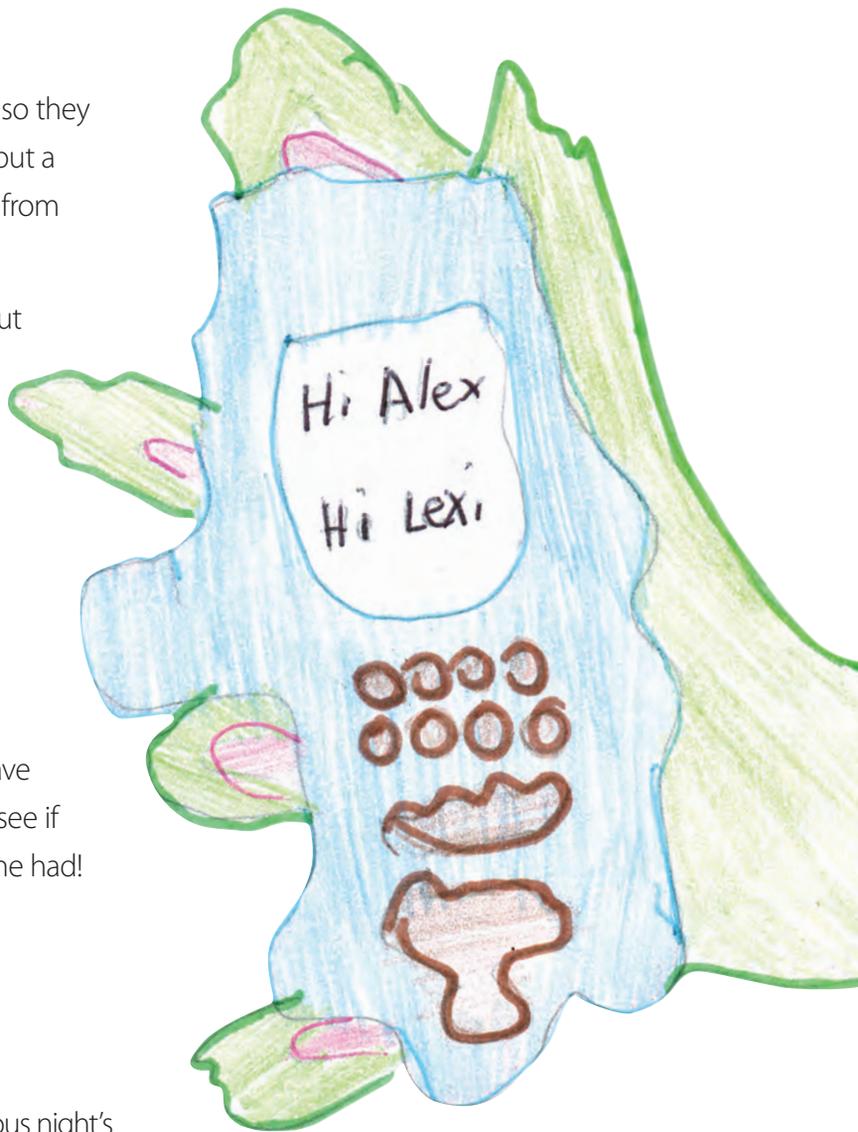
She took some time to ponder how the glass and the heart locket ended up where they were. But then, she finally believed that it wasn't a dream. She was so amazed at how something so supernatural could have happened. She then went to her phone to see if Alex really encrypted something on it, and he had!

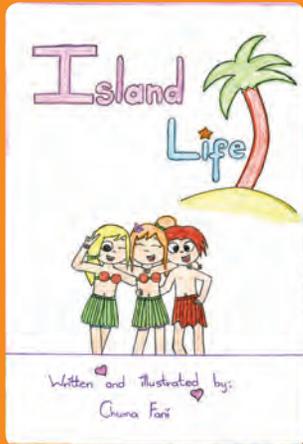
Their texting started . . .

"Hi Alex."

"Hi Lexi."

They enthusiastically chatted about the previous night's fun that they had and since then, they were best friends. ■





## Chuma Fani

Grade 6

Abedare Primary

Western Cape

Watch Lindsey as she learns survival skills and meets new friends. Will she find a way to get back home?



# Stranded

It was 07:00 am in the morning. Lindsey was preparing for school. She's in the 8th Grade and she's going on a school field trip. She opened her closet to decide what to wear. She picked a lovely red dress and fixed her hair, to look as perfect as can be.

"I look fabulous!" exclaimed Lindsey, and went downstairs to make herself cereal for breakfast. After eating, she took her backpack and went to wave goodbye to her parents, in the lounge. "Bye Mum and Dad! Say bye to my twin brothers for me!" exclaimed Lindsey.



"We will. Bye sweetie! Take lots of pictures," replied Lindsey's mother, and Lindsey left. She always walks to school, because it's not far from her house. When she arrived, she saw her classmates forming a line. She saw her friend and went to her.

"You are just in time! We are on our way to the bus," said her friend, Abby.

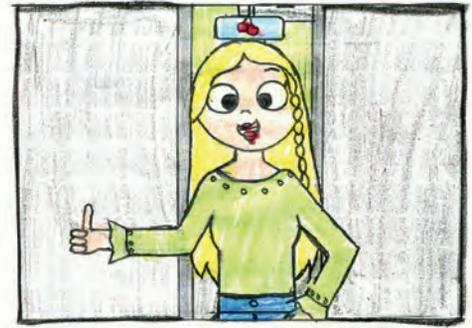
"Okay! Did you bring your phone?" asked Lindsey.

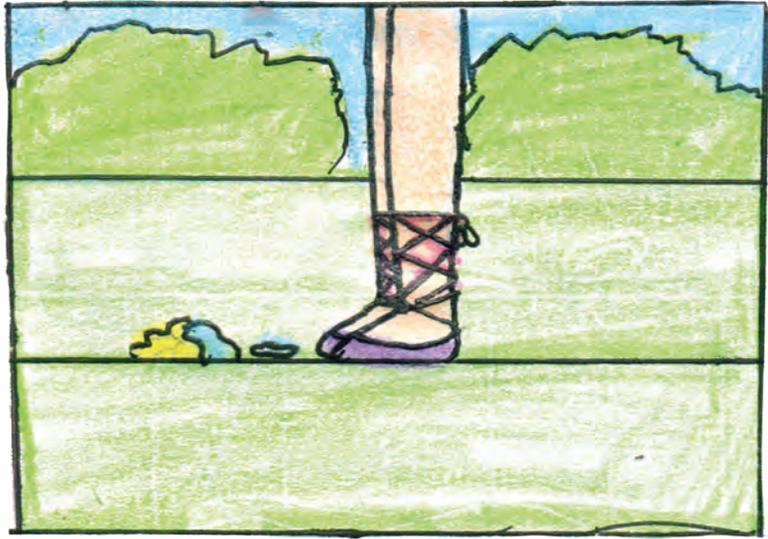
"Of course!" replied Abby and both girls giggled. They went to the bus. Lindsey and Abby sat next to each other. The driver started the engine and the bus drove off. Everyone in the bus, including Lindsey and Abby, started singing their school's favourite song.

"Wonderful singing, everyone!" exclaimed the teacher, Miss Peterson. They arrived and the students climbed off the bus. Lindsey saw a tuck shop just a few steps from her.

"Excuse me, Miss Peterson, can Abby and I go buy snacks from that tuck shop, over there?" asked Lindsey.

"Of course! You can all go, while we wait for the boat to arrive," replied Miss Peterson. The students ran towards the tuck shop. Lindsey bought popcorn to share with her best friend. They sat on a bench and enjoyed their popcorn.





Then the class bully walked to them, grabbed a handful of their popcorn and started eating it. "You call this popcorn? Tastes like peanuts that came from a jar!" said Courtney, spitting it to the ground.

"Go away Courtney!" yelled Lindsey.

"What's your problem?" asked Courtney angrily.

"My problem is your existence!" replied Lindsey.

Courtney scoffed and walked away.

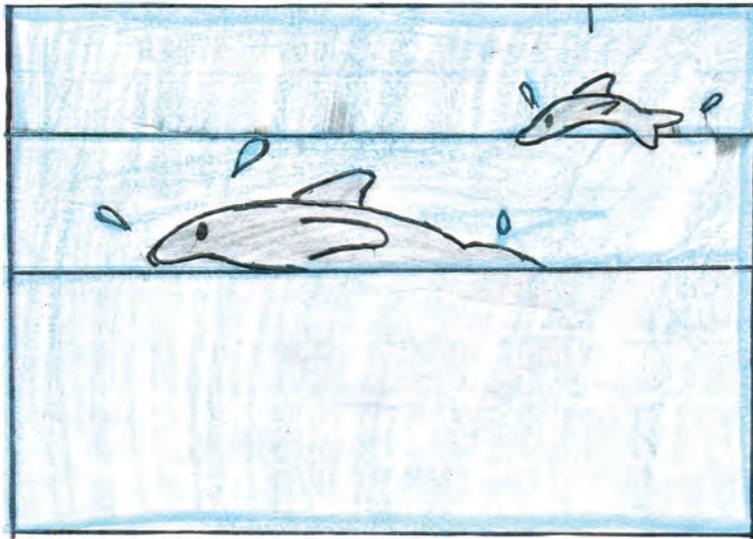
"She's so annoying!" said Lindsey, and Abby nodded. They were about to continue eating their popcorn, when the boat arrived.

"Come on students, the boat is here!" exclaimed Miss Peterson.

Abby quickly took a picture of Lindsey before they went to the boat.

"Lindsey, Abby!" yelled Miss Peterson. Both girls ran to the boat and Miss Peterson followed.





The boat set sail into the ocean. The students immediately saw dolphins jumping up and down in the water.

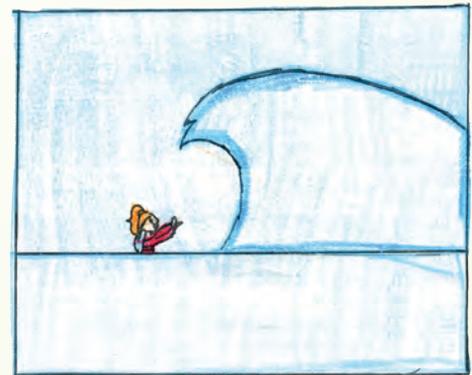
"Look dolphins!" exclaimed Abby. Just as Lindsey was about to take a picture, the boat bumped a rock and both girls fell overboard. Luckily one of the students noticed and went to get help! The driver stopped the boat and went to help the students rescue the two teenagers.

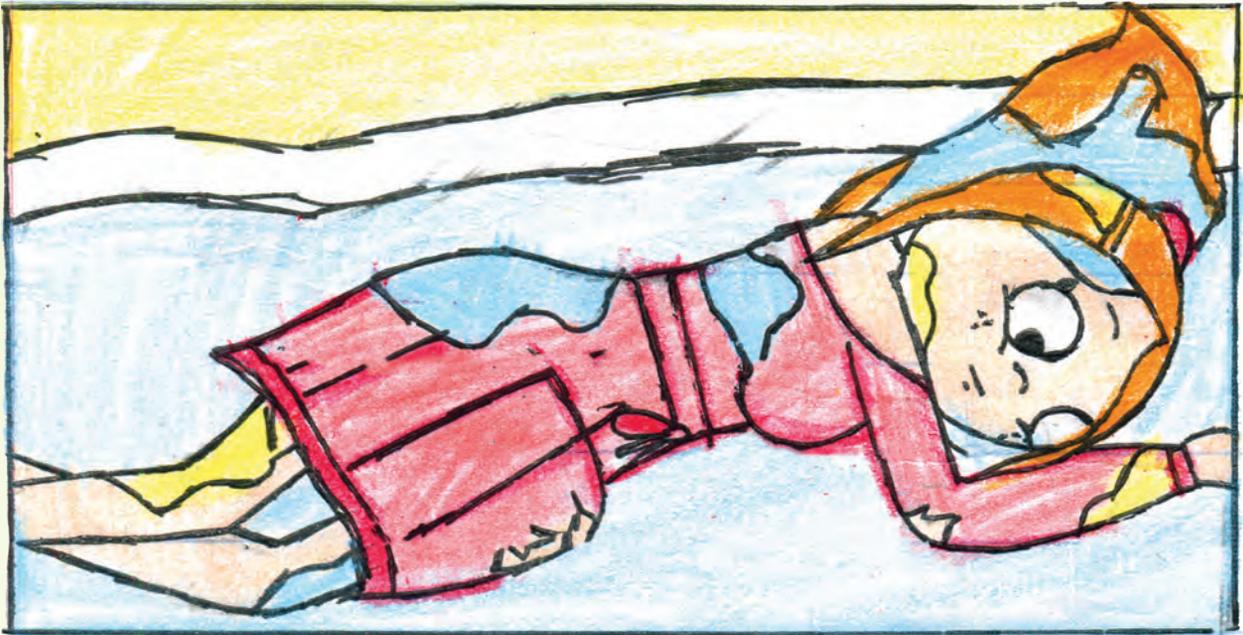
They managed to rescue Abby with a life saver. They were going to rescue Lindsey next, when a huge wave came and covered her. No-one saw where she went. She had hit her head on a rock, falling unconscious, and floating away.

Lindsey woke-up on an island. "What . . . what happened? Where am I?" she asked, as her eyesight started to come back and she saw two teenagers standing in front of her.

"You are on an island," said one of the teenagers.

"How did I get here? Last thing I remember, I fell off a boat, with my best friend, on my school field trip. We were going





to study blue whales,” replied Lindsey, as she sat against a huge rock.

“Are you okay? You just washed up on shore,” said one of the teenagers.

“I’m not fine, but thanks for asking,” replied Lindsey. She was wet, filthy, hungry and miserable.

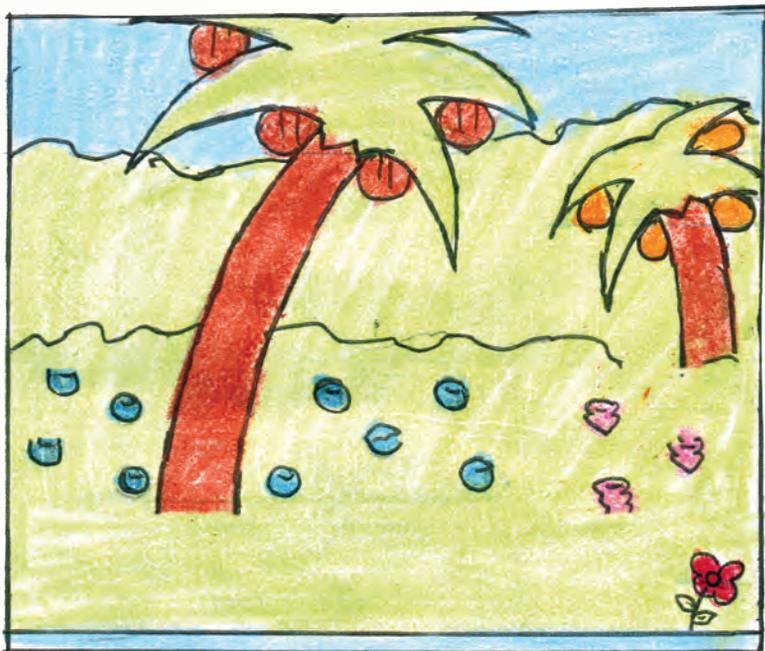
“We can help you. I’m Willow and this is my brother Devin, but he’s known as Dev,” said Willow.

“I’m Lindsey, nice to meet you two, I guess,” replied Lindsey.

“We can give you something to wear and eat if you want!” exclaimed Devin.

“Thank you!” replied Lindsey.

The teenagers went through bushes. When Lindsey followed, she saw a beautiful village with other teenagers who were



stranded or abandoned. Willow and Devin showed her their house and went inside.

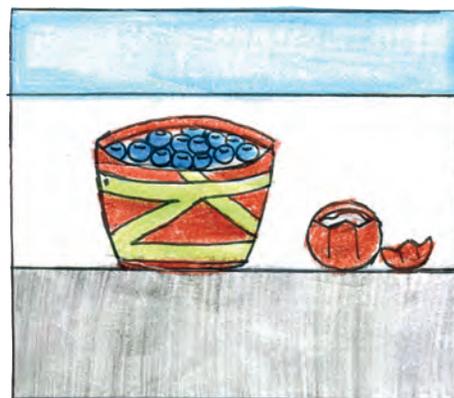
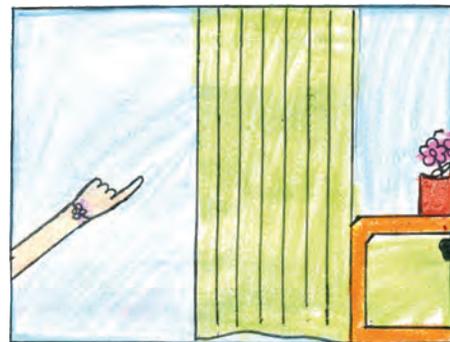
"Here's some clothes. Go behind that curtain and change out of your wet clothes!" exclaimed Willow. When Lindsey came out wearing the clothes, Willow gave her a make-over and she looked better than before.

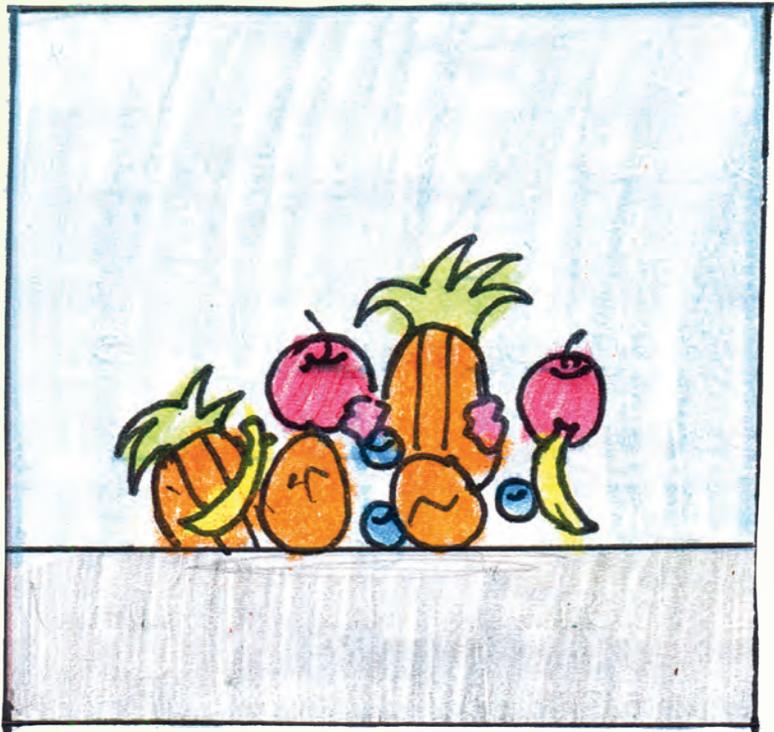
"Wow!" exclaimed Lindsey. Then Devin gave her blueberries to eat and a coconut to drink. When Lindsey was done with her blueberries, she drank her coconut milk.

"We are running out of fruit and coconuts, so why don't we go pick some more?" asked Willow.

"Yeah let's go!" exclaimed Devin.

"Where are we going exactly?" asked Lindsey.





"You'll see!" replied Devin. The siblings walked out of the house and Lindsey closed the door and followed. When they arrived Lindsey saw a beautiful waterfall.

"Wow! Do you guys come here all the time?" asked Lindsey.

"Yep! All the time!" replied Devin. They went to fruit and coconut palm trees, near the waterfall. They picked coconuts, mangos, blueberries, raspberries and bananas and put them in a big basket.

"How about we also go fishing?" asked Lindsey.

"Are you sure?" asked Willow.

"Yeah! I loved going fishing with my dad, back at home," replied Lindsey.

"If it'll make you happy then ... okay!" said Willow. She ran back home and came back holding three fishing rods. She gave them to Lindsey and her brother, and they started fishing.

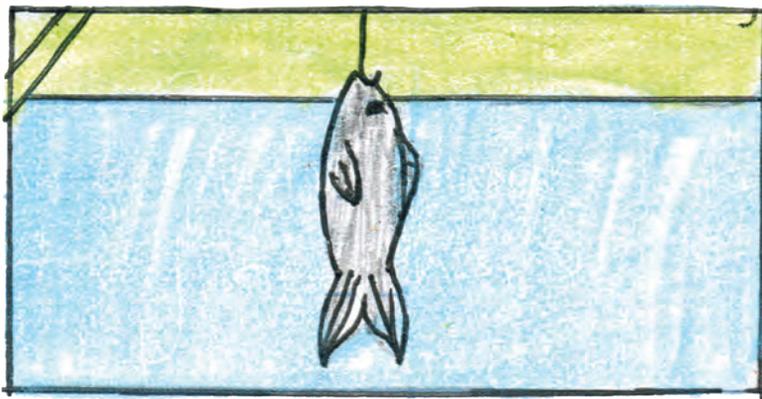
While Lindsey was waiting to catch a fish, she took out her phone. It had a beautiful phone case with stickers of ice-cream and sprinkles. "What's that?" asked Devin.

"My phone! It has memories that remind me of back home," replied Lindsey, as she showed her friends her memories. Lindsey's baby memories: Lindsey falling asleep in her mother's arms. Lindsey dressed as a cat for Halloween.

"Aww! You look so adorable!" exclaimed Willow.

"I got that a lot," replied Lindsey.

Devin suddenly caught a fish. "Good work Dev!" exclaimed Lindsey, and Devin smiled happily. Lindsey put away her phone and both Willow and Lindsey continued fishing.





### Later that day...

The three friends came along holding a bunch of fish, when they stumbled across a gang of mean girls.

"Hey lameos!" said one of the mean girls.

"Who are they?" whispered Lindsey.

"It's Tiffany, Ashley and Heather," whispered Willow.

"Looks like you have a new friend. I bet she's dummer than the two of you!" said Tiffany, laughing at Lindsey.

"You can't talk to our friend like that!" yelled Devin.

"Whatever!" scoffed Tiffany, and she and her gang walked away.

"Thanks for standing up for me Devin. That Tiffany is just like a mean girl back at home, named Courtney. She's also annoying," said Lindsey. The three friends went inside their house to put away the fish and fruit.

"These fruits remind me of the smoothies I loved drinking back at home!" exclaimed Lindsey.

"Smoothie?" asked Willow. Lindsey showed them a picture of a smoothie in her phone.

"I remember that!" exclaimed Willow. "Too bad we can't make one here," said Devin, sadly.



Lindsey came up with an idea to cheer up her friends. "Thanks to the fruit we picked, I can make you two a smoothie!" She took three cups. "What are these cups made of?"

"They are made of mud," replied Willow. Lindsey looked disgusted for a moment.

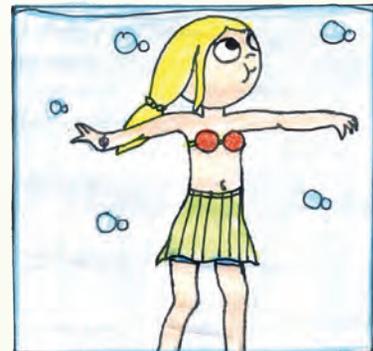
"Don't worry, once they dry, we rinse the dirt out with water," said Willow.

Lindsey looked relieved. She took fruit and squeezed out the juice, into the cups.

"Ta-daa!" she exclaimed. "It doesn't look exactly like the ones back home though."

"It's okay!" replied Devin. Lindsey gave her friends each a cup and they sat on the floor, enjoying their smoothies. After that, they decided to go for a little swim in the river, before dark.

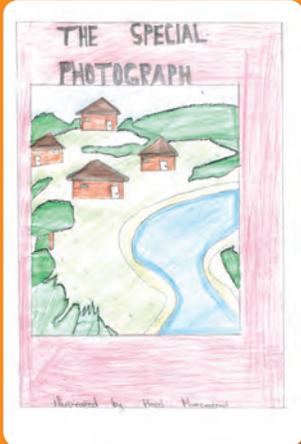
Lindsey jumped in the water excitedly, holding her breath so she can go under water. She saw a fish looking at her. The three friends started having fun. They played hide-and-seek. Willow hid in the water, hoping no-one will find her. Devin found her. They had a lot of fun until the sun went down.



So they went back to their house. They got ready for bed. Willow and Devin were soon fast asleep.

Lindsey lay in bed, scrolling through her memories, when she came across a picture of her and her family.

"I might be stuck here for a while, but I'll see you guys very soon," said Lindsey, smiling, dripping tears onto her phone's screen. She turned off her phone and fell asleep, pulling the blanket made of grass closer to her shoulders. ■



## Hazel Murewerwi

Grade 6

Eikendal Primary

Western Cape

Thandi loves drawing, but her family do not like it. Read the sad story of what happens when her art secret is discovered.

# The Special Artworks

A long time ago, Hlangana village was located in a small area in South Africa. They survived by growing crops and taking care of animals.

There was a respected woman in the village. Her name was Sandra Sane but she was called 'Mama Sane'. She was a kind hearted person, honest, and she improved the village by building schools and a church. She had two grown sons and a daughter and they lived in the city, but took care of their mother in the village.

A tradition was followed that if a child was born to her children, Mama Sane would take care of the child until they finished high school. Then the child would go to the city to college or university.

A young girl was born. Mama Sane took care of her until she was eleven years old. Her name was Thandi. She loved staring at the sun setting, and drawing. She used to climb the hill and sit on top while drawing. Each and every day she got better at it. She did her artwork secretly. After drawing she would bury her book inside a hole under the tree and throw sand on top.

One Sunday she went to church and after returning she was heading towards the forest when her grandmother called and asked, "Why are you in the forest every day?"

She replied, "I am heading towards the hill. I love sitting there."  
So she walked up the hill and started drawing.

Mama Sane was getting suspicious of her.

Thandi wanted to share this with someone but couldn't because she had no friends, her grandmother despised artists, and her family as well, and she felt lonely even though there were a lot of people around her. Thandi started wondering if anyone found out in her family, what would happen. The first picture she drew that day was of her village.

Mama Sane got suspicious each and every day when Thandi climbed the hill.

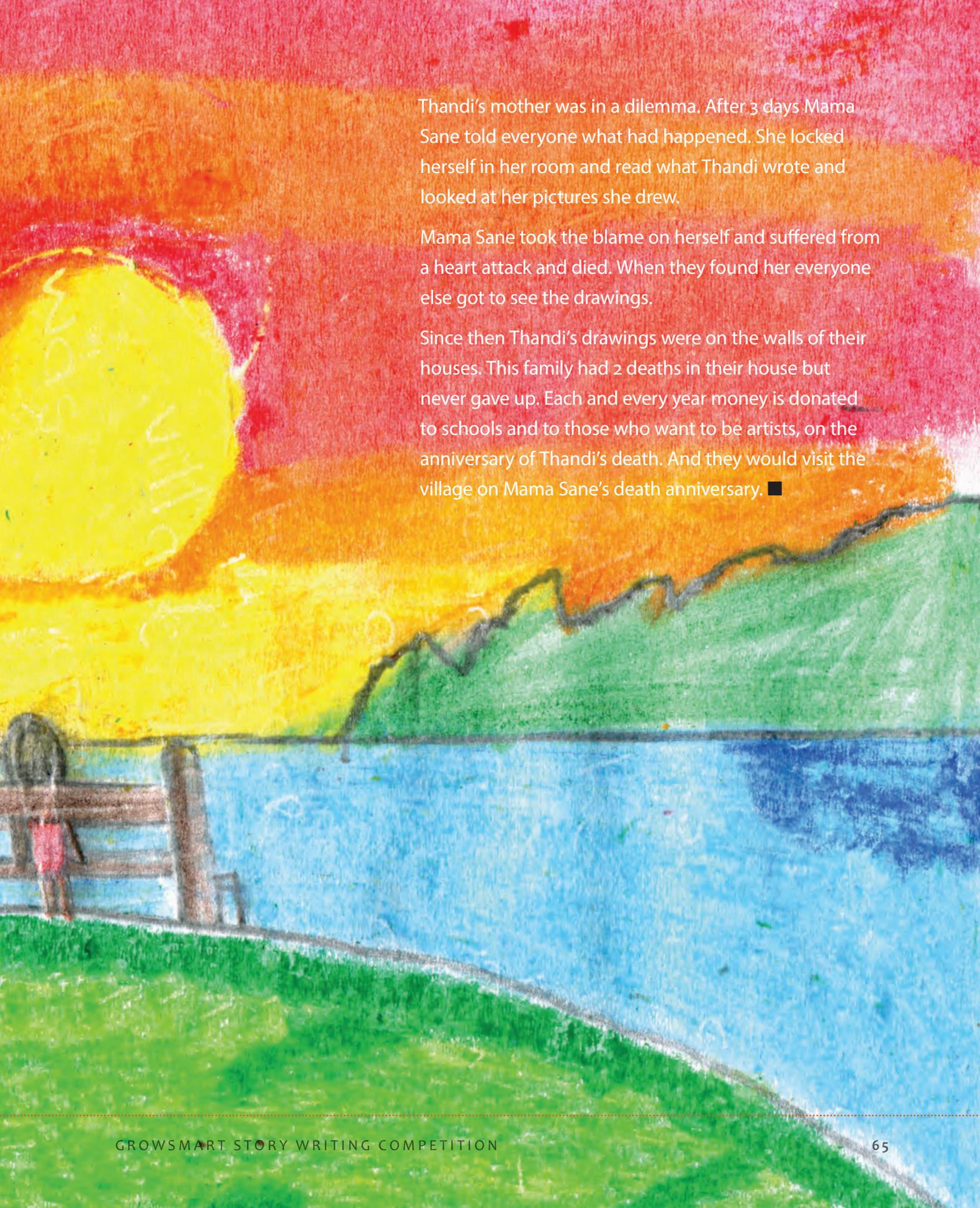
The weather changed and early in the morning it wanted to rain. Thandi woke up and saw the weather. She knew she had to get her book without Mama Sane knowing. She sneaked out of the house and her grandmother noticed her leaving and followed her until she arrived on top of the hill. She dug her book out.

Mama Sane was curious to know what was inside the book. Just then lightning struck, and she moved away from the tree. Thandi turned around and saw her. In fear she moved back step by step.

"Stop Thandi stop!" screamed Mama Sane. Just then Thandi fell off the cliff and blood was all over the rocks. The book fell on the ground.

Mama Sane screamed. The villagers started coming up the hill. They took her home and her sons and daughter were called and they were asked to come to the village. After burying Thandi they took Mama Sane to the city.



The background of the page is a vibrant, textured painting. It features a large, bright yellow sun in the upper left quadrant, set against a background of warm orange and red tones. Below the sun, there are green, rolling hills or mountains. In the foreground, a blue body of water, possibly a lake or a wide river, stretches across the middle. To the left, a wooden fence is visible, with a red object hanging from it. The overall style is expressive and artistic, with visible brushstrokes and a rich color palette.

Thandi's mother was in a dilemma. After 3 days Mama Sane told everyone what had happened. She locked herself in her room and read what Thandi wrote and looked at her pictures she drew.

Mama Sane took the blame on herself and suffered from a heart attack and died. When they found her everyone else got to see the drawings.

Since then Thandi's drawings were on the walls of their houses. This family had 2 deaths in their house but never gave up. Each and every year money is donated to schools and to those who want to be artists, on the anniversary of Thandi's death. And they would visit the village on Mama Sane's death anniversary. ■



## Jaydee Jordaan

Grade 4

Helderkruin Primary

Western Cape

One lazy Saturday Lily got this crazy idea to invent her own machine. It didn't really go as planned when she started testing it.

Everything you can imagine is real.  
—Pablo Picasso



# Where Did Grandpa Go?

One lazy Saturday I was sitting on my favourite couch watching shows on how to make different machines. They were really creative using all kinds of tools, sprays, paint and decorations. It seemed really easy. I got this crazy idea of making my own machine. I wanted to ask my grandpa to help me but he was busy sleeping, as usual. So I needed to wait ..... and wait ..... and wait .....

Finally, three hours later he woke up and I told him about my crazy idea. He offered to take me to the shops to buy whatever I needed. On our drive home, he suddenly stopped and asked, "Lily, what kind of machine is it you want to make exactly?"

I shrugged and said, "Oh you know, I just want to make things disappear."

He just laughed like he didn't believe me. But he could also never say no to a DIY project.

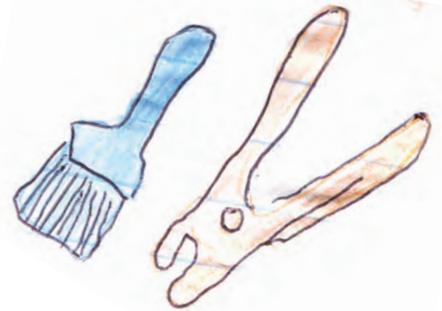
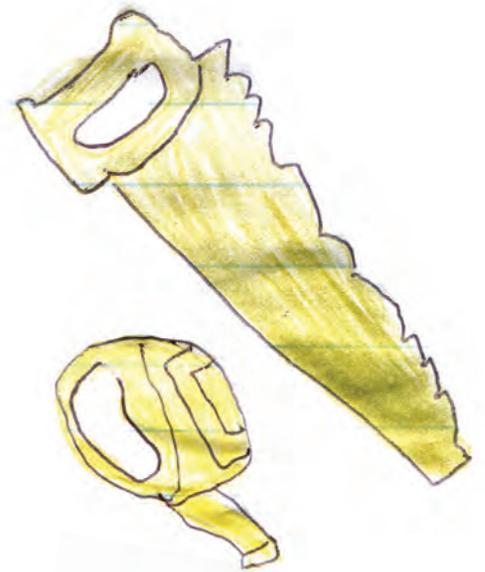
We decided to start the next day. I got up early, threw on some old, ratty clothes and ran downstairs. We got busy in the garage and I followed every instruction. I used every single colour paint we bought. Red, blue, green, pink and purple. The machine looked awesome with all the different colours. We were so proud.

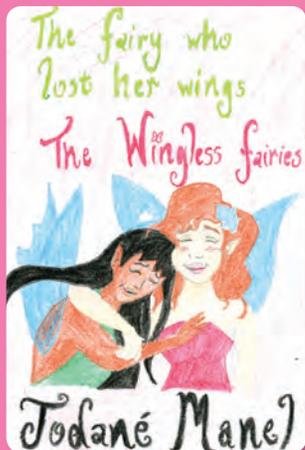
When we were finally done, he asked me if he can try it on himself, just for fun. I said, "Ok, but at your own risk, old man."

The machine started to move and shake and smoke came out of the door. Both our eyes grew wide and we got a little scared. When it finally stopped and I peeped in ..... there was no Grandpa!

I immediately panicked because I could not remember how to reverse it. I ran back upstairs and searched every website until I eventually found my instructions. When I ran back down, I followed the instructions very carefully, pushed a few buttons and 'Boom!' Grandpa appeared.

He came out and immediately told me what happened. He said that he saw me starting to panic about him being gone. He could still see everyone, and shouted, "Here I am," but no-one saw him. My grandpa said he was so scared when he realised that he was invisible. We were so relieved that he was back. That's the day I stopped watching those crazy shows. ■





## Jodané Manel

Grade 6

Dalrose Primary

Eastern Cape

A kind little fairy named Rosetta was hated by an evil fairy, Amber, who shot her with an arrow. This made her lose one of her wings. She decided to look for Amber, who had fled. Rosetta wanted to take revenge on Amber, but found her lying in a hospital bed. She had lost a wing. This made Rosetta change her mind, she forgave Amber and they became the best of friends.

# The Fairy Who Lost Her Wings

Once upon a time there was a little fairy named Rosetta. She was the kindest, most beautiful, and sweetest fairy of all. Unfortunately, there was one fairy named Amber who disliked Rosetta because everyone in the village loved her. Every time she passed the evil fairy, the evil fairy would always try to harm Rosetta or kill her.

Rosetta never feared the evil fairy because she knew that Amber was a coward. The evil fairy did not stop; at that point, she was already scheming another plan to harm Rosetta. Every time Rosetta would fly outside her house the evil fairy would always spy on her.

One day just as Rosetta flew out her house, a big arrow was shot in the air and struck Rosetta through her wings. Rosetta instantly fell to the ground and tumbled downhill. All the fairies in the village witnessed the tragic incident. They swiftly flew to Rosetta to check on her and saw that the arrow penetrated through her wings. Rosetta was taken to the village care centre. She was treated very well. She had a speedy recovery.

After one year Rosetta was healed, but unfortunately she could not fly anymore. The fact that she could not fly anymore left Rosetta heartbroken and sad.

It always bothered Rosetta that she did not know who shot her. She suddenly got a flashback and remembered it was





Amber. She recalled that Amber always wanted to hurt her. Rosetta decided to look for Amber and started her journey looking for her. Rosetta looked all over the village. Still she did not find Amber. After Amber shot Rosetta, she fled and travelled to the other side of the forest.

Rosetta was determined to find Amber. One day she decided that she must travel through the forest to look for her. The villagers did not want Rosetta to embark on this journey on her own. They were scared that she might get hurt again. Rosetta did not listen to the villagers' concerns. She went on this journey anyway.

Amber knew that Rosetta was looking for her. She realized that she could not stay in one place for too long. She had to keep running and travelled deeper into the forest.

Rosetta got tired of all the running and walking because she could not use her wings. She was extremely tired. She did not have the energy to walk one step further. Rosetta found shelter under a tree for the night.

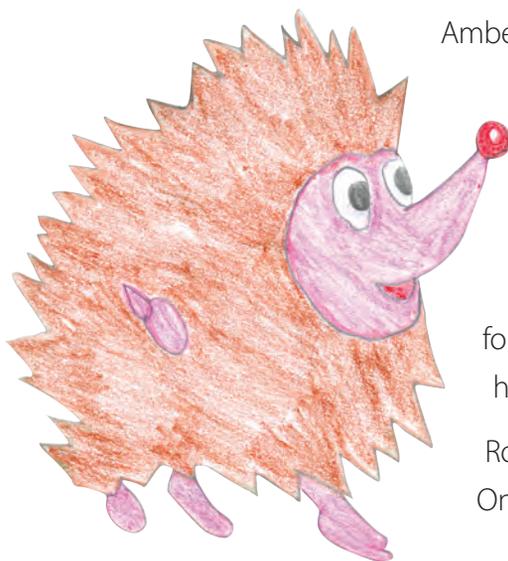
The following morning and she continued her search for

Amber. Rosetta had a small leaf with a description of

Amber on it. She went around asking every animal and all the mystical creatures she passed about Amber's whereabouts.

No-one had an answer for her, until one day when a little hedgehog, named Ally, told Rosetta that she had seen Amber around the forest lately. Ally told Rosetta that Amber was heading south.

Rosetta started her journey to the south. Once she reached her destination she saw all



Amber's belongings and knew that Amber had to be close by. She did not know that a day prior to her arrival a terrible accident happened. A few young boys were playing with fireworks when one of them accidentally shot Amber. Amber was rushed to the nearby care centre with the help of the centipedes. Due to the severe injury, Amber lost one of her wings.

Rosetta found Amber after a few days. On her way she thought of ways of taking revenge on her. When she saw Amber on the hospital bed she immediately felt sorry for her because Amber did not have the support she had, back in the village.

When Amber saw Rosetta, she apologised to her for permanently damaging her wings. Rosetta, being the kind-hearted fairy that she is, forgave Amber and they became best friends. After Amber recovered they both returned to their village and were well-known in the forest as the wingless fairies. ■





## Jordin Arendse

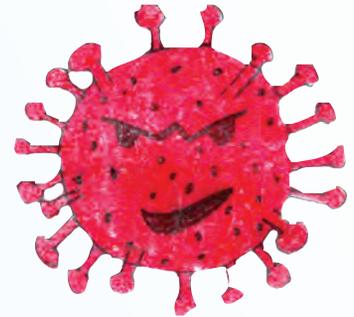
Grade 4

Regina Coeli Primary

Western Cape

Vanessa Peterson, mother of two handsome young boys, fights to overcome a lot of struggles during the corona virus pandemic. Though she had to face all these issues she had to be courageous for the sake of her kids. Will she be able to find solutions to their problems? The boys see their mother crying so make her an appreciation card.

# Mom vs the Pandemic



Hi, my name is Lloyd and I'm part of a family of three, which includes my brother, Joshua, who is in high school and my mom Vanessa, who is a 46 year old, unemployed and a single mother.

I've always known my mother to be a strong woman but sometimes even superheroes need help.

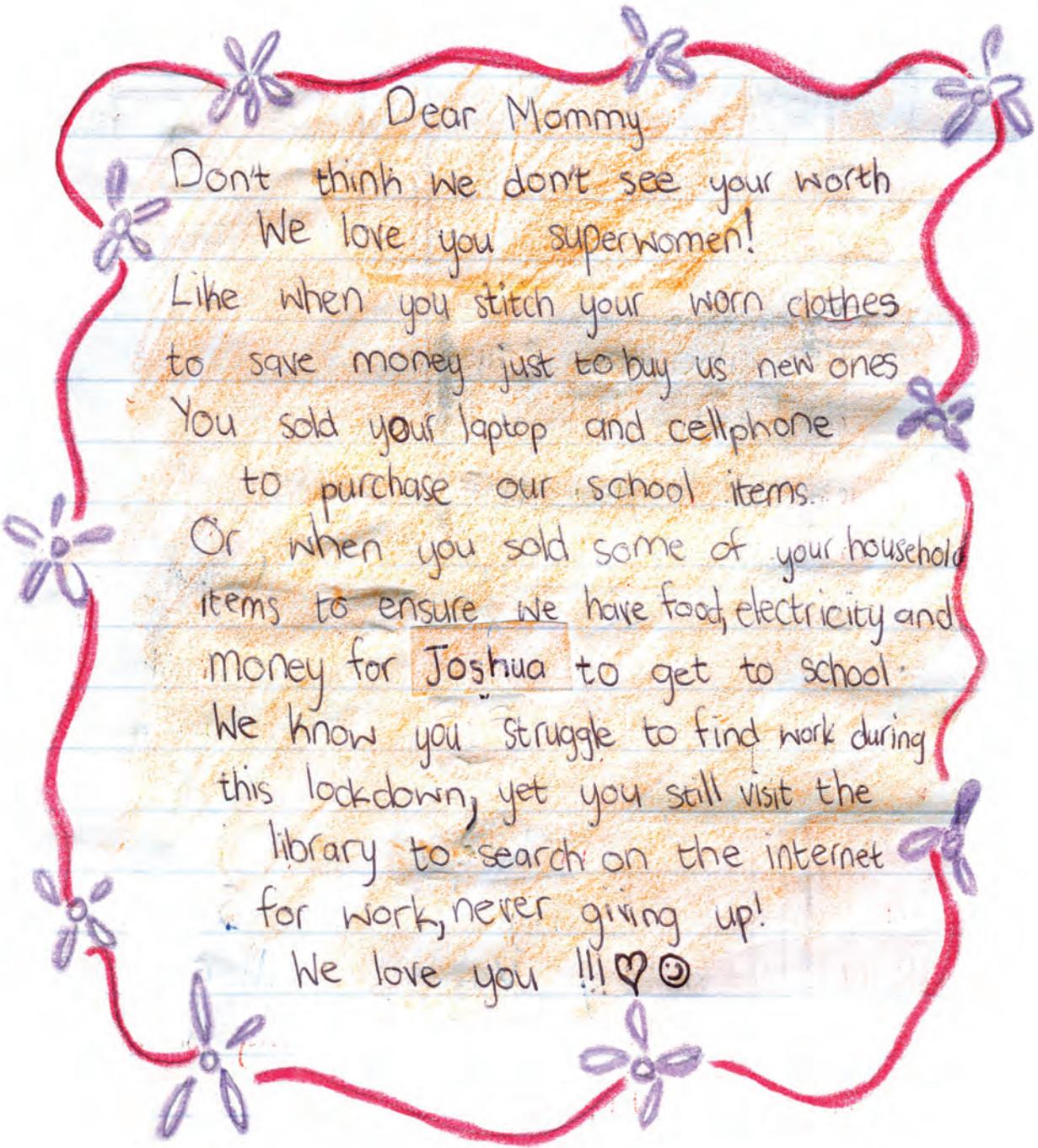
As soon as the corona virus pandemic started my mother always knew that things were going to get tough. But we just never realised how tough.

During this time we depended greatly on our neighbour, Aunty Nazlen, as she helped my mom out with groceries for our house, but even with her help Joshua and I knew that our mom was struggling to keep up with her bills.

Mom always worried about us and what she was going to feed us, or whether she would be able to feed us. She used to make whatever is in the kitchen cabinets, like making spaghetti for lunch. Mommy always makes a plan.

But now we used to see mommy cry in her room because she always worried whether she could carry on with her day like normal.

One day, after lunch me and Joshua decided to make an appreciation card for Mom. In the card we wrote:



Dear Mommy

Don't think we don't see your worth  
We love you superwomen!

Like when you stitch your worn clothes  
to save money just to buy us new ones  
You sold your laptop and cellphone  
to purchase our school items.

Or when you sold some of your household  
items to ensure we have food, electricity and  
money for Joshua to get to school.

We know you struggle to find work during  
this lockdown, yet you still visit the  
library to search on the internet  
for work, never giving up!

We love you !!!❤️😊

We handed Mom the card. While she was reading the card, we saw her eyes welled up with tears. After reading it she hugged us both and said, "Thank you. I loved this card and I love you both."

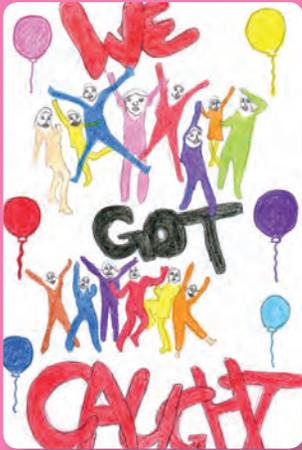
While we were sitting down for supper Mom said, "Thank you for today. You guys are the best. I know it's been difficult



during this pandemic, with me not having work to support us, but I know things will get better with God's time. I'm not giving up because I have you two. Corona virus is not our end! Nothing will stop us.

She was smiling and we liked that. We then hugged her and yelled, "Mom our superwoman!" ■





## Khanya Mnguni

Grade 6

Mbulelo Primary

Eastern Cape

The reason for any party is to celebrate without any worries. We got caught while having a party without any adult permission. We were very scared when our parents got home. We were grounded for almost a month and had other punishments too.

# We Got Caught

When the cat is away the mice play. This is what happened when my parents went to Cape Town for two weeks. A golden chance to throw a party had finally come. Suitcases were packed and goodbyes were said. Home alone! No parents. We invited our friends and prepared for the party. Finally our friends arrived. The party was pumping and the



music was flowing. We had the best of our time, delicious food and snacks and most of all the fun and the loud, loud music.

In the middle of the party, I saw Halle my cousin was nervous, but I turned a blind eye, knowing her very well that she was a liar. She made a sign that my parents have arrived.

While I was on top of the table, my mom's expensive table, in a blink of an eye I saw my parents. First I thought I was in a dream. How I wish I was dreaming. We were all frozen to our places and my skin was suddenly tight with goose bumps.



## WE GOT CAUGHT-RED HANDED!!!

I could see by my mother's look she was disappointed, frustrated and mad at us. Then my dad was like a headless chicken – yelling, shouting at everyone.

My mom and dad's wedding picture was broken, the groceries that were meant to last for the whole month were finished and some of the dishes were broken.

"What a mess! My favourite photo is now damaged," mumbled my father angrily.

Without anyone telling them to go, all my friends one by one knew what to do. They went out, without saying goodbye. Who would say goodbye in that awkward situation?

"I know this is your idea Sarah," said Dad. Sarah shook her head. "Then whose idea was it? To throw a party ... in my house!"

"It was Cloe," said Halle.

"No! She's lying, it was Sarah," answered Cloe.

"Stop lying. It was your idea Katty."

"Liar!" said Cloe.

He then said, "Stop accusing one another. Each one of you had a role to play in this! When you are ready to tell the truth, you will find me in my room."

The silence he left deafened my ears ...

Like sheep to the slaughter we all followed him. "You are grounded! All of you are grounded for the whole month," he said. "A month will be a good punishment for you brats."

"We are sorry for throwing a party without your permission but don't make us do house chores," said Halle.

But they decided to take our gadgets, and they said we will be doing house chores and we will not watch TV.

"Lastly, but not the least," mother said, "NO FRIENDS ARE ALLOWED!"

We all agreed to replace the broken dishes and fix the photo with our pocket money. We learnt that we must consider other people's feelings. The loud music must have disturbed the neighbours.

I'll never forget that day, the day we were caught. ■





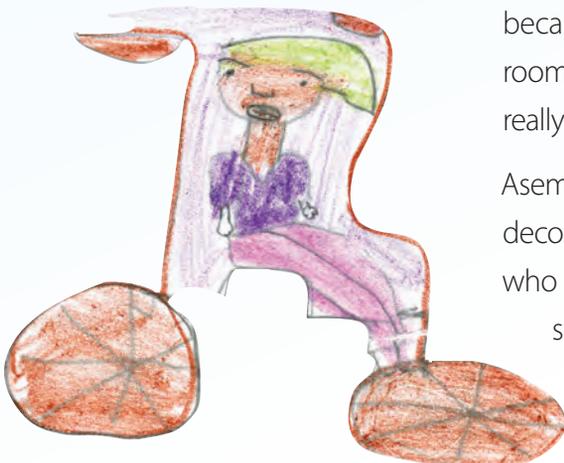
## Lam Madzidzela

Grade 6

Nkosinathi Primary

Eastern Cape

A beautiful girl called Asemahle was celebrating her birthday. But she ends up in a wheelchair because she is knocked down by a car when she is on the way home from buying drinks.



# A Life in a Wheelchair

It was a Monday 19 October, Asemahle's birthday. Asemahle was so excited about her birthday. There was everything for her party.

Sunday night Asemahle could not sleep. She was very happy because her mother wanted to throw her a big party. When they woke up in the morning, Asemahle was singing, "It is my birthday. It is my birthday."

Her mother woke up because of the noise Asemahle caused. They all sang a happy birthday song for Asemahle and she was so thrilled. They prepared everything: drinks, chips, sweets and biscuits. They also decorated the house with colourful balloons. The balloons were pink, purple, red and other colours.

She went to her friends' houses. Her friends were preparing presents for her. They were wearing pink and purple dresses because these were Asemahle's favourite colours. Asemahle's room was painted with pink and purple; this shows that she really loved these colours.

Asemahle wasn't dressed yet because her mother was busy decorating the house. They asked for help from the people who arrived early. The time had already gone for the party to start. Asemahle's mom said, "We must go take a bath." She was sad because they did not start on time. However



Asemahle looked stunning in her pink and purple, flowered dress.

Her mother realized that there were not enough drinks. She asked Asemahle and her friends to go buy three more bottles of cola at the nearest shop. On the way back home, Asemahle was running. She was singing, "It is my birthday, it is my birthday! Hurry up Lizo. Please hurry up Yolanda. It is late already!" She was worried.

There was a car coming and Yolanda noticed that the driver of the car was on the phone. Apparently, the cellphone then fell down inside the car. As the driver was attempting to find his phone he bumped into Asemahle and broke her legs. Lizo, Yolanda and Siyazi were very nervous and distressed.

Asemahle went to hospital. The doctor called her mom on her cellphone. The doctor told Asemahle's mom the bad news and that she must come see her daughter in hospital. She quickly went to the taxi rank and took a taxi to hospital. Everybody at the party was worried because there is no party without Asemahle.

Asemahle stayed in hospital for two months. Her mom, friends and cousins visited regularly during weekends.

When Asemahle was discharged from hospital the doctor called her mom to fetch her. The doctor shared bad news about Asemahle.

"She will never be able to walk again," said the doctor.

Asemahle went back home and her mom threw her a welcoming party. It was nice; everyone was happy because Asemahle was coming back home. She was very glad to be home. She loved the welcoming party because it was full of her loved ones and friends.



She cried tears of joy. Lizo was driving her in a wheelchair. After the party, her mom told her stories about other children who also use a wheelchair. She also promised her to take her to a place of children with special needs.

One day Asemahle's mom took her to the place of children with special needs "Wow, look Mom, look," she said.

"There are many children who also move by a wheelchair here," replied her mom.

"I will learn to live my life in this wheelchair," said Asemahle. She accepted her situation and she made progress with support from her mom and friends. ■



## Lethabo Mhahle

Grade 6

Mante Primary

Limpopo

My special photograph is of my grandmother. My mother was in high school when I was born. This story tells of how my grandmother cared for me like a mother and father, all the time I was growing up.

# My Special Photograph



Growing up being raised by a single parent is very difficult but to me it was very easy because of my grandmother. She was a father and a mother to me. She is the one in this picture.

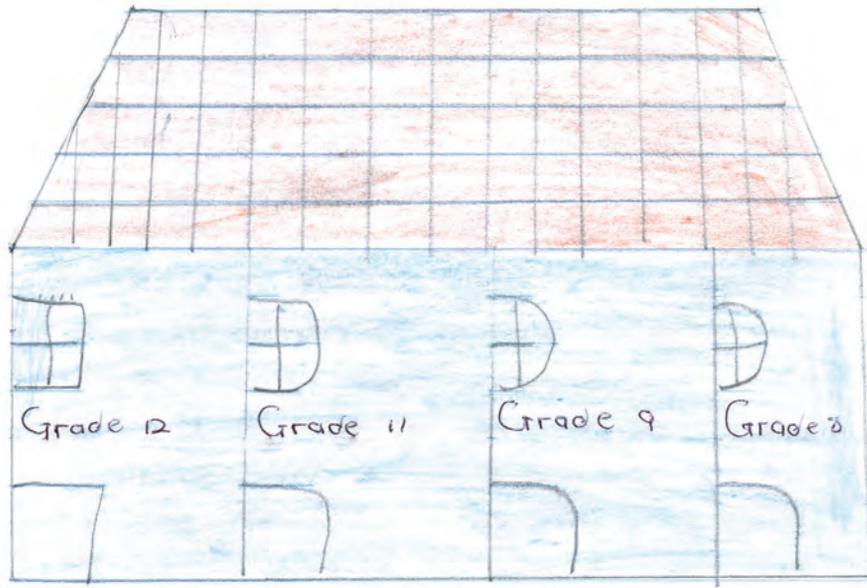
My name is Naledi. I am 23 years old. I live with my mother and grandmother. My mother was 16 years old when that happened. She was at high school when I was born. My father disappeared in my mother's life when I was born. My grandmother played a very important part by taking care of me while my mother was studying. That is why I adore her so much.

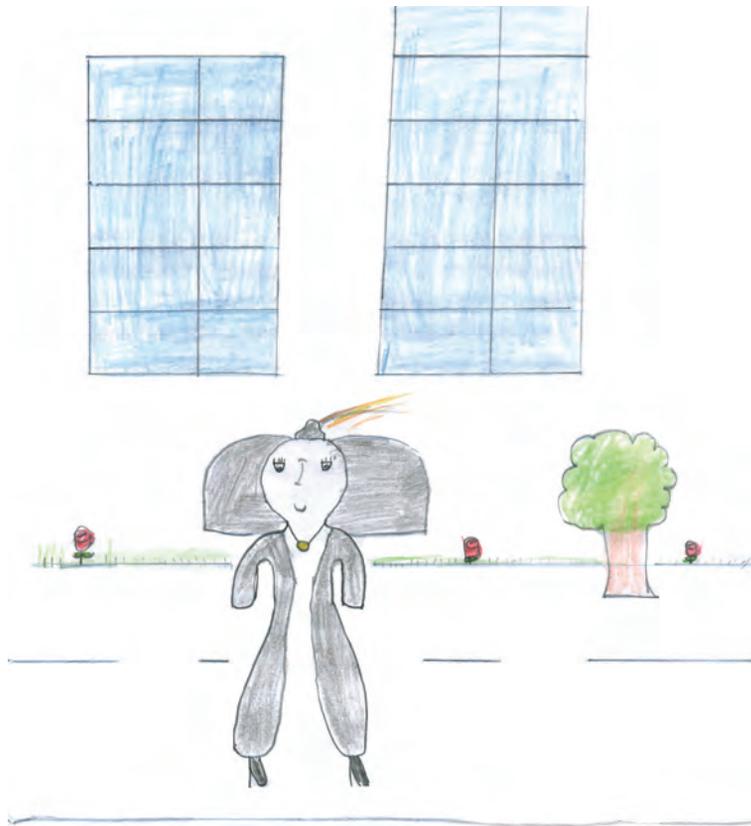
Every morning when I went to school my grandmother made sure that I bathed, had eaten and brushed my hair. When I came back from school she made sure that I ate and helped me with my homework. When I played she made sure that I was safe. We prayed before we slept and she would even read a story every night. That's my grandmother!

During my adolescence my grandmother played an important role in my life. She was my mother. She taught me about the changes a girl child undergoes when she grows up. She taught me how to bath and keep myself clean at all time.

When I was in high school she helped me choose a subject for my career. My teachers thought she was my mother because she was always at my school. I passed my matric with flying colours, so I could go to university to study further.



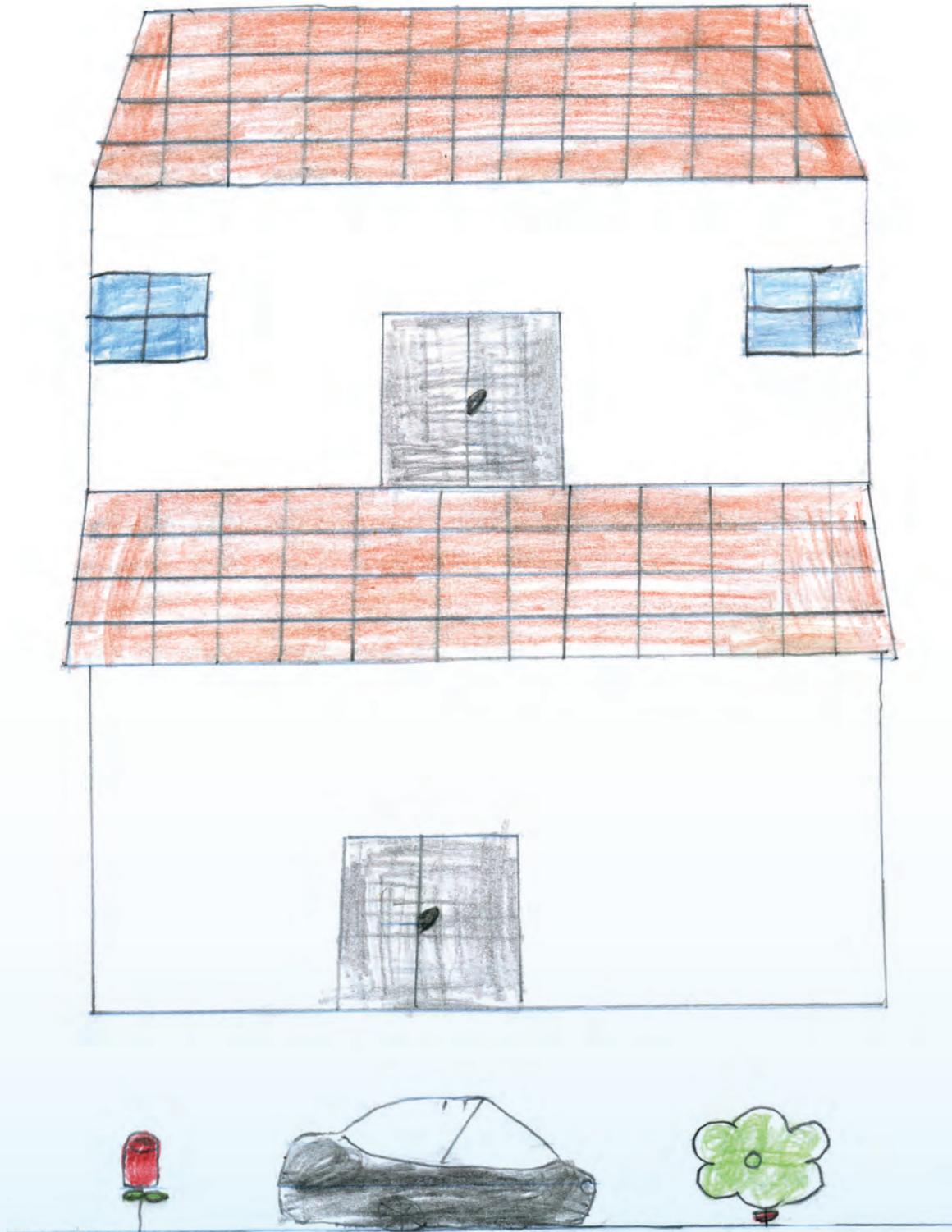




After passing my matric I went to the university where I got admission. She was by my side. She made sure that I got the right accommodation.

I have her big, lovely photo hanging on a wall in my room. I look at it every day, even before I go to sleep. I love it so much.

When I met challenges my grandmother was there for me. She encouraged me to never give up. I must keep on going where I need to be. I graduated as a geologist with the help of my grandmother. We were so happy and she was so proud of me.





I found work. I worked as a geologist and I worked very well. I built my grandmother a very big house and I also bought her a car.

Later on I got married and my grandmother was there, holding my hand while I was walking down the aisle. She was so proud of me. She taught me how to take care of my husband and kids.

I have a big photograph in my room, and in my lounge, of her. I wanted to be successful because of her. She is so special to me. I still use a blanket she bought for me. I love her so much. ■



## Mmathabo Ramasehla

Grade 5

Steelpoort Primary

Limpopo

A boy sees a picture of Johannesburg, the city of Gold. He then wishes to travel to the city. Everyone has heard about the hustle and bustle in Johannesburg. Will he be able to get to the city without his family knowing?

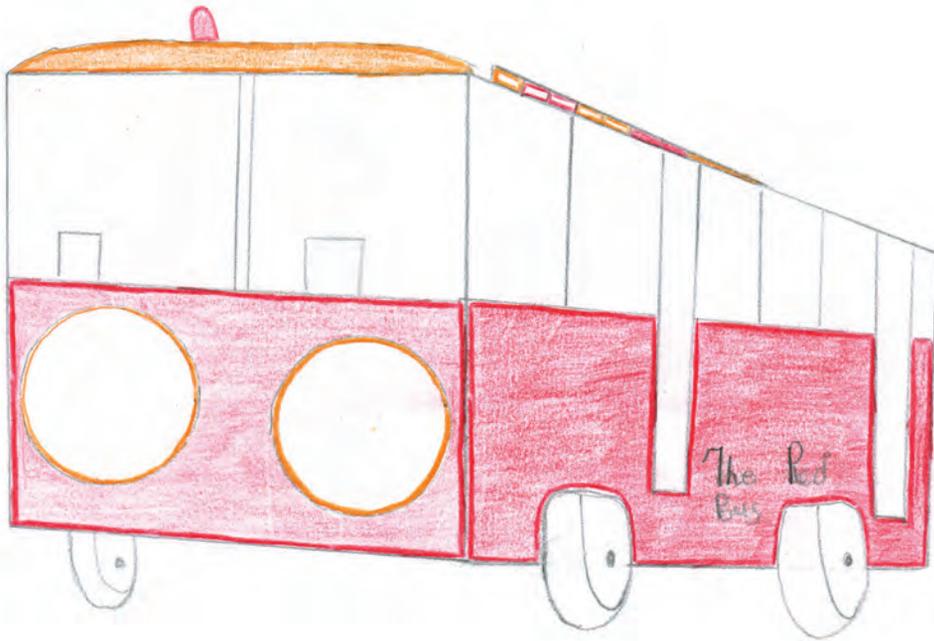
# The Red Bus Trip

Mukutsuri was an extraordinary boy who lived in Kitwe village in the Eastern parts of Zimbabwe. Kitwe was a typical rural village with no access to basic services e.g. electricity, water and tar roads. His uncle Godknows always brought him old newspapers to read as they could not afford to buy storybooks.

One day whilst reading a newspaper, Mukutsuri saw a picture of the city of Johannesburg and he was amazed by the abundance of street lights and tons of cars. From that day onwards the picture was the only thing he thought about. He promised himself he would get to the city. The most surprising thing was that he kept it a secret from his family because he did not have a very good plan.

The Zimbabwean people who worked at a goldmine in Johannesburg used a bus known as 'The Red Bus' to travel to and from Johannesburg. Godknows used the bus all the time. Every time he went to the station Mukutsuri and his cousin Hardlife carried his bags. Whilst they were at the station, Mukutsuri looked around and planned on how he would get into the bus illegally the next time they accompanied his uncle.

Godknows had a huge black suitcase that Mukutsuri could fit in. He looked at it and just smiled because he saw a good opportunity.

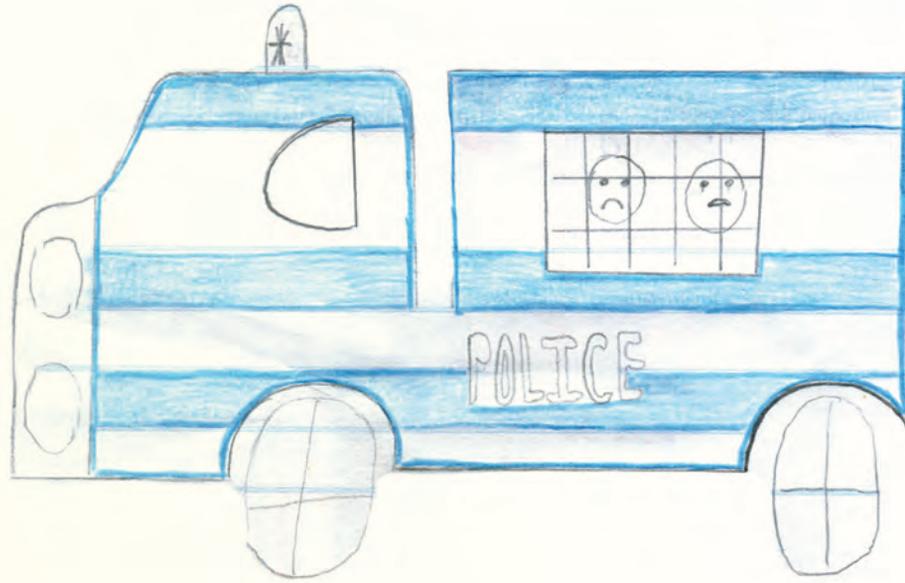


Later Mukutsuri went to see his friend, Tadi, who was also a good friend to Hardlife. Mukutsuri asked his friend, "Can you keep a secret?"

Tadi replied, "Only if it will not backfire on me". Mukutsuri continued to share his plan with Tadi and reasons why he wanted to get to the big city of Johannesburg.

His plan was to take his mother's suitcase, the same as his uncle's one. He would check if he could fit in it and make a few holes so that he could breathe inside. Tadi would make sure he swaps the bag at the station with the one for Godknows. When it was time to put the bags in the bus, Mukutsuri would get in the bus that way.

When Godknows returned to the village, both Mukutsuri and Tadi were ready to carry on with the plan. However, Tadi was concerned about Mukutsuri's safety in Johannesburg. He had



heard about bad things happening to children, especially in Johannesburg.

Then Mukutsuri went to his uncle and made an excuse that he would not be able to accompany him to the station the following day. He continued to wish his uncle a safe journey back to Johannesburg. During their conversation Mukutsuri asked a lot of questions about Johannesburg and about where his uncle stayed. He knew that his plan was a big risk, but he was adamant about getting to the city even though he did not have any plans once he got there.

The day came and the plan was successful. But halfway to Johannesburg traffic officers stopped the bus to check the passengers' documents. Godknows thought his documents were in the suitcase so he opened his suitcase.

To his surprise he found Mukutsuri inside! Because they had travelled a long distance, he was fast asleep and did not even hear the bus stop for inspection. He was woken up by a surprised gasp from his uncle and other passengers. This plan put Godknows in trouble because both he and Mukutsuri did not have travel documents.

A few minutes later, a van of police officers arrived to fetch them to the police station. Mukutsuri could not explain himself because he was scared and did not know what would happen to them. Whilst in the police van Mukutsuri saw 'The Red Bus' leaving for Johannesburg. He knew that he would never get to the city and regretted the trouble he had got his uncle into. ■



## Monhla Mabowa

Grade 6

Steelpoort Primary

Limpopo

Olivia is a very sweet and curious child who likes to ask questions and to talk. She wants to be a teacher one day. She wants to tell the children about her childhood and help them learn and understand things, just like her. Do you have as many questions as Olivia? Let's read together and try to get some answers.

# I Don't Understand Why

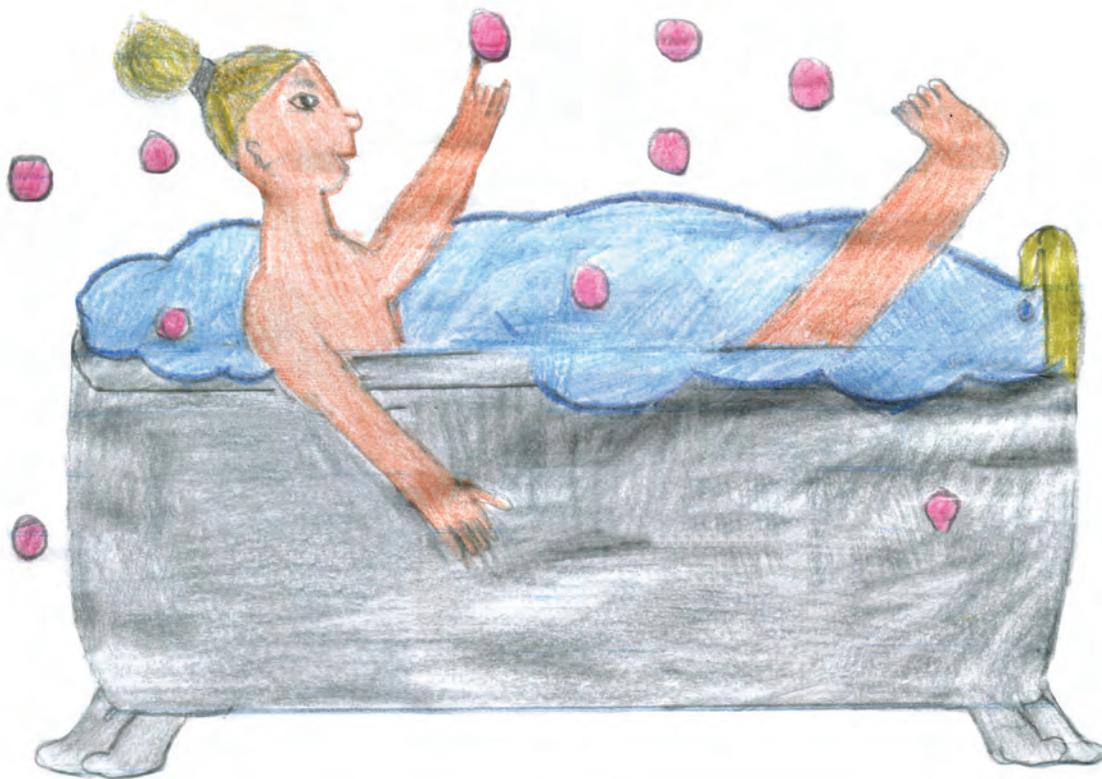
There is a very sweet and caring girl called Olivia. She has a small family and she only has three friends who are very kind, just like her. Olivia and her friends are very respectful towards other people. They love people so much they even love their enemies.

Olivia's friends are Riya, Hazel and Ruby but she only has one best friend and it is Riya. These four friends are so kind to people and everyone in their village knows them.

Olivia has a very sweet grandmother just like her. Her grandmother loves to bake and cook. She even opened a shop where everyone likes to get food. She has called her grandmother Nena since she was a small toddler. Olivia has a mother and a father who live in another village. Sometimes, but not often, they visit her and her grandmother.

Olivia likes to eat many sweets but that is normal for a small girl like her. Every Sunday Olivia and her friends like to play soccer after going to church. They have done that since they were six years old. Olivia takes care of her grandmother very well. She is so sweet.

One night Olivia was taking a bath and all of sudden she jumped out of the bath quickly. She ran to her grandma and said, "Nena, I don't understand why we have to take a bath."



Her grandmother said, "That is a silly question to ask for a big girl like you. The reason we must take a bath is because we get dirty."

"But Grandma," whined Olivia, "sometimes I don't get dirty but you still tell me to take a bath."

"Olivia, even if you don't get dirty do you want to smell like old cheese?"

"No! I don't want to smell like that!" shouted Olivia.

"Ok. I thought so. Nobody wants to smell like rotten cheese," said Grandma.



"Grandma Nena, I promise to take a bath twice a day from now on," promised Olivia.

"Olivia now go dress up and go to sleep."

On her way to bed she felt hungry and went back to her grandma to ask for food. Her grandma gave her cookies to eat and tea to drink. It felt so good because her grandma's baking was good. While Olivia was sitting and eating her cookies she said to her grandma that she would like to be a teacher one day and she would be a very nice teacher to her children.

Her grandmother said, "I know you will be a good teacher one day because I can already see it now."

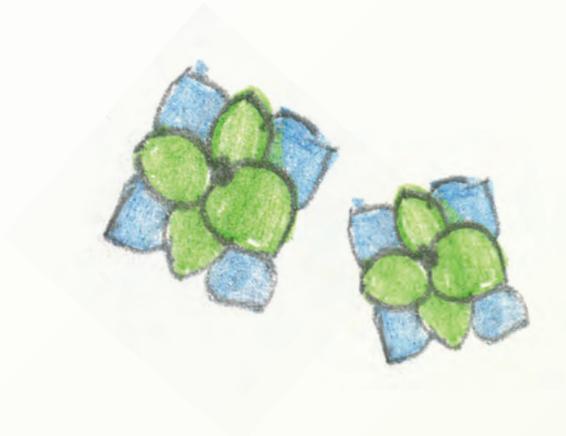
Olivia said, "Grandma I will always take for my kids at school, for them to enjoy."

"Ok my dear," said her grandma. "You must now go to bed and sleep because it's late."

"Ok Grandma. Goodnight," yawned Olivia.

When she was on her way to bed, she took a story book and thought, I must tell Grandma that I need her to read the book to me. Because I want to have very nice dreams.

But on her way to her Grandma's room she suddenly thought to herself, why does she need her grandmother to read to her, because she can read to herself! So she sat down and read the book herself. ■





## Nasya Williams

Grade 6

Gelvandale Primary

Eastern Cape

This story is about a girl who loses two of her family members. First her dad who got divorced from her mother. Then a year after that she lost her loving aunty. In 2020 she joined a club called Uviwe. She learnt a lot about how to control her emotions and how to make the right choices. A journey well-travelled by a young girl.

# My Journey

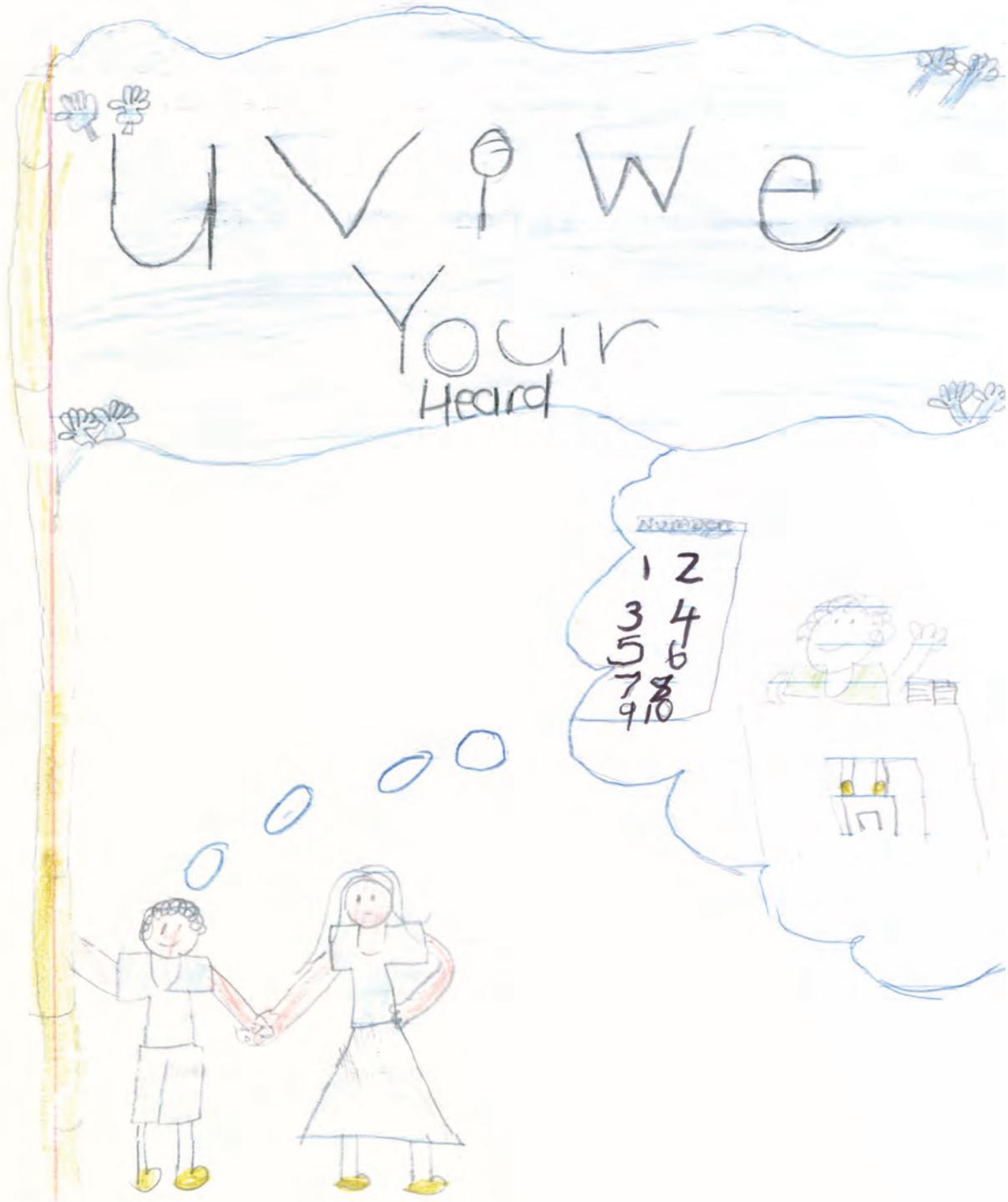
Six years ago there was a girl named Nasya, that's me! I lived with my father Joshua, mother Samantha and my brother Meshach. Then we moved in with my Granny Shirley and Aunty Melanie. I had a big family and I was very grateful.

I always thought that I would live a happy life and nothing would go wrong. Until that one day when my father told my mother that he does not want to be part of the family anymore. When I heard that, my heart was broken.

The rest of my days I felt like nothing till my aunty called me. She said, "Nasya I know you are not yourself anymore, but can you please accept what your father wants. Please! You can come to me for anything."

I said "Okay". After that I went to her for everything. The 3rd of June 2016 my aunty died. It was the worst thing that could ever happen to me. I felt like I also died. From Grade 3-4 I was not myself. I never talked. I only talked with my friends and nobody else.

Seasons changed, life went on. In 2020 my mother put me in a club called Uviwe. After school I would go and do my homework there. Uviwe is a safe place for children from Grade 4-7. At Uviwe you can tell the teacher, whose name is Adrienne, anything that's on your mind. Ever since I joined Uviwe, my life changed. I spoke more and I just felt more like myself again.



Every time when I was in class I would think about my brother, Meshach. When my father left, all my mother thought about was how my brother was going to learn. As a child I saw how hard it was as a single parent to teach a small child. As he grew up, he started to speak more and he started to write more.

We were so happy when we saw that he could write his name, do his numbers and phonics. The only problem we had with him was writing the numbers in to words. Sometimes I would cry because I couldn't bear to think how life is going to be when he grows up. One of my family members told him that he will have to grow up without a father-figure.

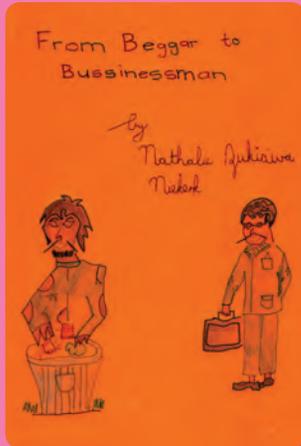
As we know it's a new year now, so I told myself that I must put all negativity in the past and focus on positive stuff. Yesterday the 17/5/2021 my brother got his report and he received a 50% pass. My granny was satisfied with his progress and encouraged him to work even harder. In his report his teacher wrote, "Please encourage him to write more". Every day we do that but he still does not listen. We are going to work even more with him now. When my mother saw his report, she cried because she was relieved and happy that her hard work had paid off. It is not always easy raising a boy-child, especially as my mother did not encounter any problems with me concerning my school work and listening to her.

I have now told myself that I need to help out around the house and support my family even more. I want to finish school so that I can be accountable for myself and my family.

And that's my journey thus far ... ■







## Nathalie Zukiswa Niekirk

Grade 6

Seagull Primary  
Eastern Cape

This story is about a poor man that lives on the street with his wife and his two children. They have to beg on the street and knock on doors to ask for food, but then something unexpected happens. It changes their lives forever.

# From Beggar to Businessman

Richard and Natasha once lived in a beautiful neighbourhood. They had a lovely home that they shared with their two sweet children, Kevin and Kelly. They lived a happy life until poor Richard lost his job.

They couldn't afford to live in their house anymore. Finding another job was not easy. Times were tough. Soon they had no place to go. They were homeless.

Living on the streets was not easy. They had to beg for money and food to survive. Kevin and Kelly went to knock on peoples' doors to ask for food so that the family could share a meal at night. Their parents went into town looking for jobs and also begged.

One Saturday afternoon they arrived at a big white house. They admired the beautiful garden as they walked to the front door. It reminded them of their old house.

They knocked on the huge door. A boy opened the door and started making fun of Kevin and Kelly. "Who are you and where do you come from?" he asked. "You stink so much! You are disgusting!" Angelo said.

Kelly and Kevin stood there and said nothing. They just looked at Angelo while he was laughing at them. Even though they had heard it so many times before, it still hurt. "Why do people have to be so nasty?" Kelly asked Kevin quietly.



"We should leave. Come on Kelly," Kevin said.

As they were leaving, Angelo's dad appeared. "Who are those kids?" he asked.

"I don't know and I don't care," said Angelo rudely.

"Now that's not a nice thing to say Angelo! I am disappointed in you!" he said. Mr Nathan was furious. "Guys come back!" he called. "Who are you? How old are you?"

"This is my sister Kelly and she is 10 years old. I am Kevin and I am 12," Kevin said hesitantly.

"You must be hungry. Hang on, I will get you something to eat," Mr Nathan said.

Angelo stood in the door, rolling his eyes at them. They certainly would not come into this house. Not that filth! Mr Nathan gave them a bag filled with treats. He gave them



some money to buy some clothes too. Wow. It was like Christmas!

“Why did you give them all that money, Dad?” asked Angelo angrily.

“Sharing is caring, Angelo. You never know where we might end up one day. Be kind, always,” said his father.

On the way home to their shack on the open field, Kevin and Kelly knew that tonight they were going to have an awesome supper. They took out all the goodies that Mr Nathan had given them and spread them out on the tiny table. Mum and Dad were going to be so glad.

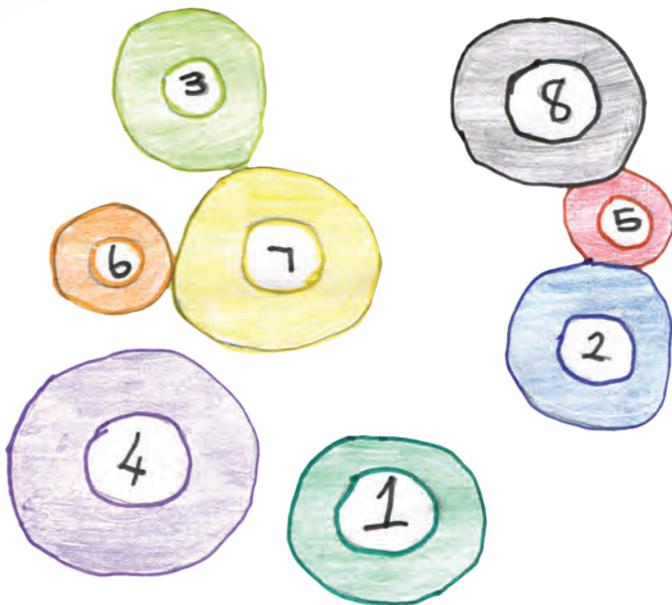
“Surprise!” shouted the children. Richard and Natasha could not believe their eyes. “Wow, guys. This looks amazing!”

“Where did you get all of this food, kids?” asked Richard.

The kids told them about the big white house and rude Angelo and kind Mr Nathan. Natasha gave the kids a huge hug and said: “There is still a lot of kindness in the world. Let us celebrate that!” Kevin gave the money to his dad. Richard could not believe his eyes. This money would be a great help.

Natasha was so happy because she could now buy some winter clothes for the kids. Richard walked through town thinking about what he could do. The kids were only interested in getting some ice-cream.

“Why don’t you buy a lotto ticket?” Mum asked. “Yes, we have nothing to lose,” replied Dad. They chose the numbers together and paid for the ticket. The shopkeeper gave him a printed piece of paper with the numbers on it. The jackpot was R20 000 000! Winning all that money would change their lives.





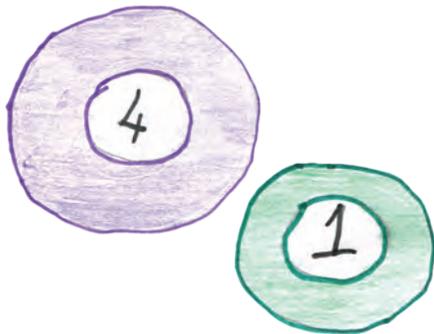
The next day while they were begging an old lady dropped her newspaper. Kelly picked it up and wanted to give it back to the old woman. Just then she saw the lotto numbers!

“Dad! Our lotto numbers are in the newspaper!” she screamed. Richard could not believe it. Those were the numbers they chose! He handed in the ticket to claim his prize. Richard and his family moved back to their old house because that house was their happy place and they had a lot of memories there.

Richard started his own business. One day Mr Nathan came to Richard’s company and he wanted to do business with Richard. He heard Mr Nathan’s name and he realised he was the one who gave the money and food to the children.

Richard thanked Mr Nathan and said, “How could we ever repay you? We would still be begging if it were not for your kindness.”

“I am glad I could help,” smiled Mr Nathan. “Sharing is caring.” ■





## Sinelizwi Felejane

Grade 5

Nkululeko Primary

Eastern Cape

In this book you will find ten good poems on different topics, including Love. It's colourful and beautiful. I wrote this book with love and kindness.

# Poetry Rocks

## Thank God I am Still Alive

Everytime I switch on the television  
I saw many people die  
Everytime I switch on the radio  
I hear people die  
I thank God I am still alive.

How long will this happen?  
People die like flies  
People die like cockroaches  
Some people die because of accidents  
Some people die because of disease  
Thank God I am still alive.

Sometimes I become scared  
But God protected me  
I am still alive today  
Thank God I am still alive.



## Made for Each Other

You were made for my stability  
You were made for my sustainability  
You were made for my hospitality  
You were made for my responsibility

Can I leave?

Can I breathe?

How can I allow matters  
of the Heart to separate us?

We were made for each other

Obstacles may separate us  
Time will always find ways  
to unite us

To bond us like birds on the nest  
For we care for each other.

Your ways will lead me to my destiny  
Your translations will take me to my riches  
For jealousy will not succeed  
For separation will not separate us.

Me and you, my books,  
We were made for each other.

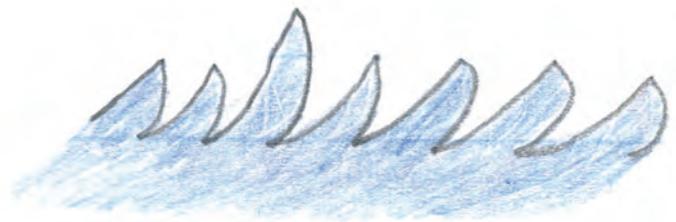


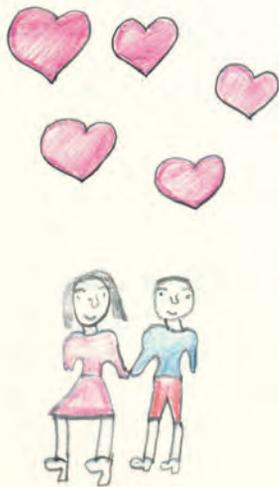
## Fun in the Sun

I walk near the sea  
Sunglasses on my eyes  
Looking up into the sky  
The sun shine on my face

Smiling in my face  
The sun smiles back to me  
It looks like it is happy  
It looks like it is joyful

The waves jump like they are happy  
Go up and down the beach  
My feet sink in the sand.  
At last the sun sets over the sea  
As if it was waving goodbye.



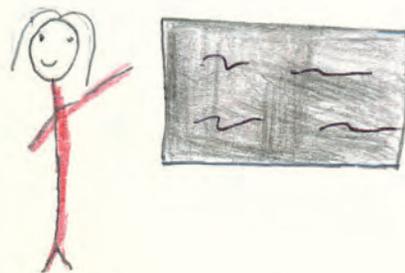


### Just for Love

Love is what makes us laugh  
Love is what makes us cry  
Love is what makes us wake-up every morning  
Love makes us strong  
Love makes us brave  
For Love is from God  
  
Love is patient  
Love is kind  
Love is not rude  
Love is not jealous  
Love does not delight in evil  
Rejoice, for love dances with truth  
  
We cry for cry  
We laugh for laugh  
We smile for smile  
  
We walk the walk just for love  
We talk the talk just for love  
Yes just for love  
Just for love

### My School Days

What are school days?  
What are school days?  
Days of first cries  
Days of focus  
Days of new beginnings  
  
It's still clear in my mind  
It's still very clear in my mind  
Days of collectiveness  
Days of cleanliness  
  
Five days of new beginnings  
Five days of bright life  
Five days of sunshine  
Five days of building my future  
  
These are difficult times  
Some do not survive them  
Some do succeed  
Some achieve their goals  
  
School days are beautiful days  
School days are not loved by many  
School days are loved by others.  
But one thing's true: school is memorable  
throughout someone's life.



## My Smile

My smile is my beauty  
My smile is my peace  
My smile is my smile  
My smile is the shine of my face  
My smile is lovely  
My smile is beautiful  
  
My smile is a gift from God  
I am proud of my smile  
My smile is the light to darkness  
My smile comes from my heart  
  
I love my smile  
I smile when I am happy  
I smile when I am with my friends  
I smile every day



## How Can I Be Silent?

How can I be silent  
When my Brothers and Sisters  
are being destroyed by drugs and alcohol?  
When my brothers and sisters  
Don't have access to better education?  
  
How can I be silent  
when woman and child  
abuse is a common thing  
in my country?  
When criminals and drug dealers  
are role models  
for our youth?  
  
How can I be silent  
when the rich are becoming  
more rich  
at the expense of the poor?  
And poor are becoming more poor  
when teenagers are becoming  
Mothers and Fathers.  
Not for one more time I can be silent!

## You Are On Your Own

Bad things happen to good people  
Good things happen to bad people  
Sometimes that's the way life goes  
Sometimes life can be cruel  
and sometimes life can be  
good and smooth  
But you are on your own

For your dreams to come true  
You need you and your mind  
Don't ever stop believing  
Don't ever depend on anyone  
For your life

You are on your own; you are alone

Many of your friends and family  
have fallen

You got good friends and bad friends  
on the way

Your best friend can also be your worst enemy

Yes that's the way Life goes

You are on your own



## Tears of Grief

Tears of grief are not water  
water that can be wiped  
and forgotten; tears that  
come from a Painful Heart  
a Painful Heart that is Squashed  
and Smashed  
Tears of grief like a Painful Heart  
are red like blood

In Joy and Happiness  
we cry tears of Joy.  
But tears that come from  
a squashed and smashed  
Heart cannot be wiped,  
and cannot be forgotten

Imagine the tears  
of that child who  
was raped by an old man  
that child will feel different  
From other children  
these are true tears of grief

## Aids

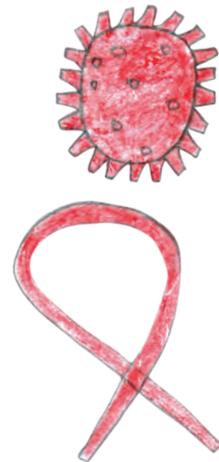
You can be controlled they say  
You can not be cured they say  
I am not scared of you

You are at people's brain cases  
You run at high places  
Your grace is not seen  
Your smile is not known

Families are left out  
Homes are no longer homes  
Our vocabularies are added  
with 'fatherless' and 'motherless'  
and 'parentless'  
Vigilance is part of character

For a while we've missed our opportunities  
for you have brainstormed us  
I will never allow you to touch that mind  
I will never allow you to kiss that soul

never  
never again



## FAIRY FRIENDS TO THE RESCUE BY TANIA DUMBRENI



### Tania Dumbreni

Grade 5

Belmor Primary

Western Cape

Ellie is a courageous little fairy who sometimes gets up to mischief with her fairy friends. Her mother reprimands her when she wanders too far from Fairy-Haven Valley. That's because Lily, a fairy friend, experienced a catastrophe when the evil witch Jinx cast a spell on her. Ellie and her friends plot to force Jinx to reverse the spell. Will they be smart enough to outwit her?

# Fairy Friends to the Rescue

"Ellie! Ellie! Wherever you are, come home this instant!" my mom Melody screeched in the distance.

I was getting nervous because that tone of voice usually meant that I was in trouble. I flew home as fast as my little fairy wings would carry me. My mom stared at me with her emerald green eyes, dark with anger.

"Ellie, your ears are so pointy, but you just don't ever get the point! You know that you are not supposed to leave Fairy-Haven Valley! It's just too dangerous!" she said angrily.

I felt terrible! I could see that my mom was really afraid and I was the cause of it. "I'm sorry Mom. I won't leave Fairy-Haven Valley ever again. I know the evil witches are out to get us and we all know what happened to Lily." I hugged my mom as tight as I could and started with my chores.

What happened to Lily was very tragic and her tale is known throughout our enchanted valley. Lily is ten years old, just like me, and one day she flew a little too far from home. Jinx was the most evil teenage witch around and she loved to fly around





on her broom with her crew, looking for a fairy to experiment on with the spells that she learnt at the Witches' Academy.

Lily wandered from the safety of the Valley with her friends and the witches cast a spell on her. Her friends managed to escape, but Lily came home that day walking, without her wings. That happened two months ago and Lily hasn't even returned to school. She just cries all day and her parents are constantly trying to find a way to reverse the horrible spell.

What my mom didn't know is that I was one of the fairies who managed to escape that awful day. I could've been Lily ... Lily didn't even want to go. She's a bit of a scaredy-cat and I basically forced her to go and that's what keeps bugging me.



So ever since that day, my fairy friends and I made a pact: we would do whatever it takes to reverse the spell. We tried everything possible.

We knew that Jinx was the leader witch so we texted her, called her, and tried to make some kind of exchange. She just blocked all of our numbers.

"Maybe we should try to capture her and force her to reverse the spell," Eloise said seriously.

Avery laughed and said, "Yeah right! She will just cast a spell on us and then what?"

Suddenly I had the most magical idea! "I've got it! We all know that the one thing Jinx loves more than herself is her cat! Let's steal her cat and make a trade!"

Avery, Eloise, Poppy and Trixie all nodded in agreement, and that was when 'Operation-Capture-Mr-Whiskers' started.

We watched Mr Whiskers closely for one week and one day. Then, as Jinx reached for her broom to go on some evil adventure, we knew it was now or never!

Avery threw a bag over the cat, I tied a string and off we flew as fast as possible. We didn't know that Jinx was on her way back because she forgot her charger. We flew as fast as we could and she chased us on her broom, but we just made it safely into Fairy-Haven Valley.

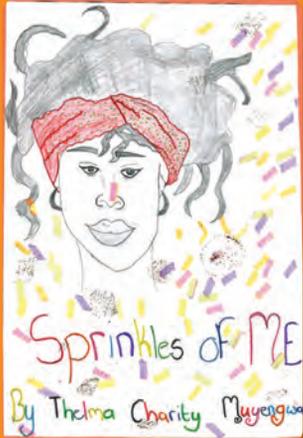
"Ellie! Ellie! Give me my cat! " she screamed furiously from the other side of the gate.

"I will only give you your cat if you reverse the spell on Lily!" I said firmly.

She was quiet for a second and then responded, "Okay, I will reverse the spell." Poppy flew to fetch Lily, who was still in her pyjamas and clueless about what was happening.

Jinx mumbled a few magical words and right before our eyes, Lily's wings appeared! We let her cat go and she grabbed it then flew away wildly.

We all flew home that day, promising never to go to dangerous places again, and not to ever force a friend to do the wrong thing. ■



## Thelma Muyengwa

Grade 5

Belmor Primary

Western Cape

*Sprinkles of Me* is an anthology written by me, a 10 year old girl, and celebrates bits and pieces of my journey. I share about myself, my loving parents, BFFs, beloved school and so much more. This anthology uses different forms of transport to transport you to my world.

# Sprinkles of Me

## Adventure Awaits

The library buzzes when I step inside  
Characters are activated and call out with pride  
"Choose me! Choose me!" they cry out  
Come hear what my story is all about  
Princesses, queens and villains too  
Animals and ordinary kids  
It's a reading rendezvous

I select only four  
But promise them I'll be back for more  
Goodbye dear characters and thanks for your hospitality  
I look forward to reading about your adventures and personality





## The Belmor Ship

Belmor Primary School is a big ship sailing every day  
We learn, we grow and of course during interval, we play  
Our Principal is the captain and makes sure we are all on board  
Our teacher ticks our names for the official record

Then our learning journey starts  
Mathematics, Languages and Creative Arts  
Natural Sciences, Life Skills and Social Sciences too  
So many lessons – that's only a sneak preview

We've been together for a very long time  
We love the sound of the school bell's chime  
We sail through rough seas and stormy weather  
All that matters is that we arrive together

## I Am ...

I am laughter  
I am brave  
I am happily ever after  
I am a tidal wave  
  
I am unique  
I am alive  
I'm on a journey to seek  
I'm on a mission to thrive  
  
I am strong  
I am young  
My journey is still long  
I speak in my mother tongue  
I am me!

## To my Parents

My parents are simply the best  
I am so very blessed  
I value them for all that they sacrifice  
I appreciate their love and advice  
  
They provide for my every need  
They do everything in their power so that  
I can succeed  
  
They take time out to hear about my day  
They also take time out to laugh and play  
  
I honour my father and my mother too  
They are my best friends and that is true  
I will always try to make them glad  
I truly love my mom and dad

## Siblings are Forever

My sister is a superstar  
The coolest five year old by far  
She sticks to me like glue  
She thinks everything I say is true  
Siblings is what we are!



## The Pain of the Pandemic

COVID-19 killed so many people  
Who knew that their loved ones would  
not come home?  
Many are shattered  
Their hearts are in pieces  
How will it ever be fixed again?  
Will the sun shine in their lives?  
Will their lips know how to smile?  
Will they be able to live again without pain?  
Only time will tell ...

What about work?  
So many are hungry  
So many are homeless  
So many are hopeless  
Will they be able to get a job?  
Will they be able to provide?  
Will they ever know happiness and  
a home again?  
Only time will tell ...

## I Am a Child of This Land

I am a child from Africa and pride flows within  
When I see the sun arise in the morning I know  
we always win  
Every day brings new opportunities  
For everyone in our colourful communities  
No matter what challenges we face  
As long as we have one another to embrace

We are different, but united  
Oppressed sometimes, but still excited  
Because we are a rainbow nation  
We are a hopeful generation  
Determined to do better and achieve  
Never letting anyone steal our dreams





### **My BFFs**

My friends are so precious to me  
When I am with them I can just be free  
Free to be Thelma, no pretences  
Free to have fun and lots of adventures  
We chat, we laugh and certainly sing  
We love each other, that's the thing  
They make my day and they definitely get me  
I need them like I need Vitamin C!

### **Transport Tales**

The taxi fetches me early in the morning  
Sometimes it pulls up without any warning  
I have to be ready if I want to get to school  
You have to be on time, that's the golden rule  
There's a lot of yawning and soon we're all  
awake  
Chattering away and making the driver's ears  
ache  
After many twists and turns  
We arrive at school, ready to learn  
When the bell dismisses us  
We happily run to our minibus!

## Teachers Matter

My teachers are incredibly important to me  
Because of their efforts one day I'll have a Degree  
They teach us many life lessons  
They're able to do many character impressions  
They nurture us like small little seeds  
They go out of their way to do many kind deeds  
They uplift us when we are feeling down  
They can be a doctor, cook and even a clown!  
Where would we be without our teachers?  
They are truly magical creatures!



I got caught



## Unam Kumalo

Grade 6

Madakeni Primary

Eastern Cape

Growing up as a child has many challenges. There are things that we find ourselves involved with sometimes intentionally, but sometimes unintentionally. You do not know how it will affect you later. Sometimes our parents are unaware. The story teaches us how to behave, because when we have done wrong things they will have very bad results.

# I Got Caught

Three years ago me and my friends Sibonokuhle, Siwaphiwe, Zozibini and Yolani we were playing at my home, as usual. Nobody expected anything that can go wrong. The five of us were just playing as kids and we did not consider dangerous objects or things in the house.

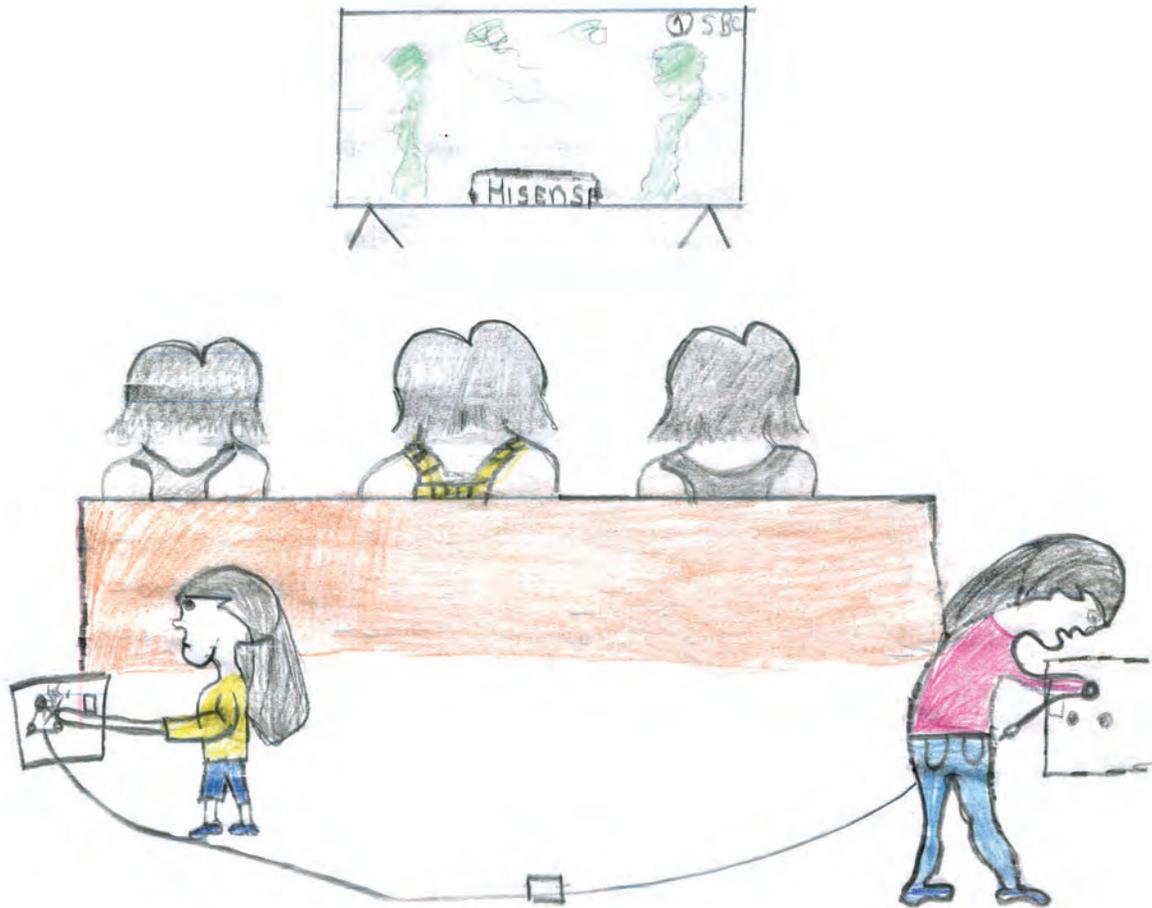
My parents always tell me not to play with friends inside the house, but when you are alone, parents have left you with the house, and you break the rules always. The bad results will follow after breaking the rules of your parents. When the parents give you rules or orders they expect you to follow those rules because as elders they know what will happen if you as a kid don't follow them.

While we were playing inside the house Zozibini, one of my friends, saw an electrical wire, and she asked me, "What is this wire for?"

I told her that this wire is from the electricity box to the roof, but I don't know what it is used for. Zozibini started to play with this wire. While she was playing with this wire, one of my other friends joined her and they played together.

I told them to stop what they are doing because should this wire get a problem, I will be the one who is in trouble.

Zozibini and Siwaphiwe did not listen to me and they continued to play with the wire.



Sibonokuhle, Yolani and I were watching TV and we did not pay too much attention to Zozibini and Siwaphiwe. The game that Zozibini and Siwaphiwe were playing was a skipping rope game, but they were using the electricity wire as a rope. While this was happening I just saw the TV switching off and we were surprised because the remote was with us.

I thought there was something wrong with the TV. I stood up and checked the lights, and the lights were also not working. I checked the main switch and saw it was down. When



Zozibini and Siwaphiwe were playing with the cable they had pulled it, and that caused the main switch plug to go down and they also damaged the cable.

I had to put the cable inside the box again and switch up the switch but the electrical wire or cable was bust and it caused fire! Everybody was shocked to see fire inside the house, and I was thinking about my parent's house, and I was thinking about my parents.

Inside the house there was a lot of damage and then my parents arrived. I had to explain what happened.

My parents were disappointed in me, that all along when they were not at home I invited friends to play in the house. On that day I got caught not following my parents' rules and orders. Me and my friends, we had been doing this for a very long time. On that day I learned to not disobey my parents' rules. ■



The End  





# Children writing to grow smart

This collection represents a sample of the stories written by learners in the Eastern Cape, Limpopo and the Western Cape for the 2021 Growsmart Story Writing Competition. Growsmart is a CSI initiative by Growthpoint Properties.

These stories share the creativity, experiences, hopes and dreams of a diverse group of young people. The book's design showcases the writers' voices through layout and careful use of their illustrations.

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