



Children writing to grow smart

Stories written
by learners for the
2017 Growsmart
writing competition



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to grow smart**



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Our Teachers. Our Future.

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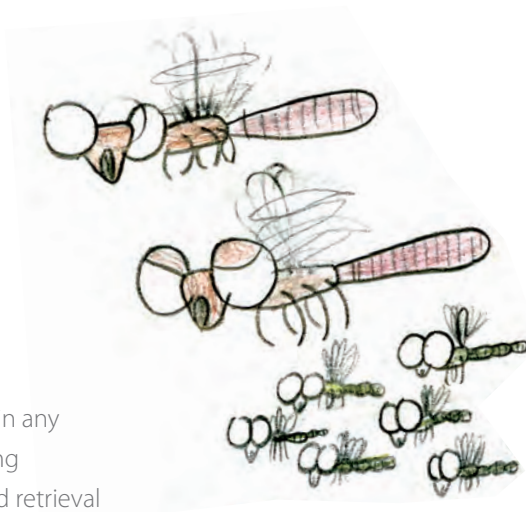
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A message from Growthpoint Properties

"If you want a happy ending, that depends, of course, on where you stop your story." – Orson Welles

We all have a story to tell – young, old, rich and poor, black and white. Stories are the tapestries of our life, our history and our future. What makes this book so spectacular is that these stories are written by children, children who are sharing their experiences, their happiness, their sadness and, of course, their personal insight, into the beauty of life, with us, the readers. With a definite South African flavour, these stories capture our hearts and imagination with their innocence, honesty, and in some cases, bravery.

This year, we received an astounding 120 submissions for the Growsmart Story Writing Competition 2017. They were all written by learners in Grades 4 to 6, most of whom come from previously disadvantaged communities in the Cape Town area and for some of whom English is not their first language. This book celebrates these young authors and encompasses many of Growthpoint's values, amongst them that our young people are our most important asset. We are extremely proud to be a part of an initiative that explores the human condition and enables us to watch these young minds grow and flourish.

Norbert Sasse, CEO



A message from the Western Cape Education Department

In collaboration with



Western Cape
Government
Education

Writing is a magical medium for communication, connection and creativity with the self and the world. It is an opportunity to learn and grow, have fun and hone the intellect. Being able to express yourself is a skill and a gift. By cultivating this ability in a child, you are giving him or her the power to share his or her thoughts and ideas with the world in an expressive manner. These are the first steps in empowering learners to use words to change ways of thinking (perceptions) and doing (actions) which will hopefully make our world a better place for all to live in and thrive.

It is expected of Intermediate Phase learners to learn how to write by mastering different mini-skills. So for example, they need to analyse structures, paragraphs, sentences and words. 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 inferring the things that are left unsaid. We therefore believe that the basic qualities of good writing can be cultivated, extended and developed through effort in all classrooms. This collection of stories is testament to that.

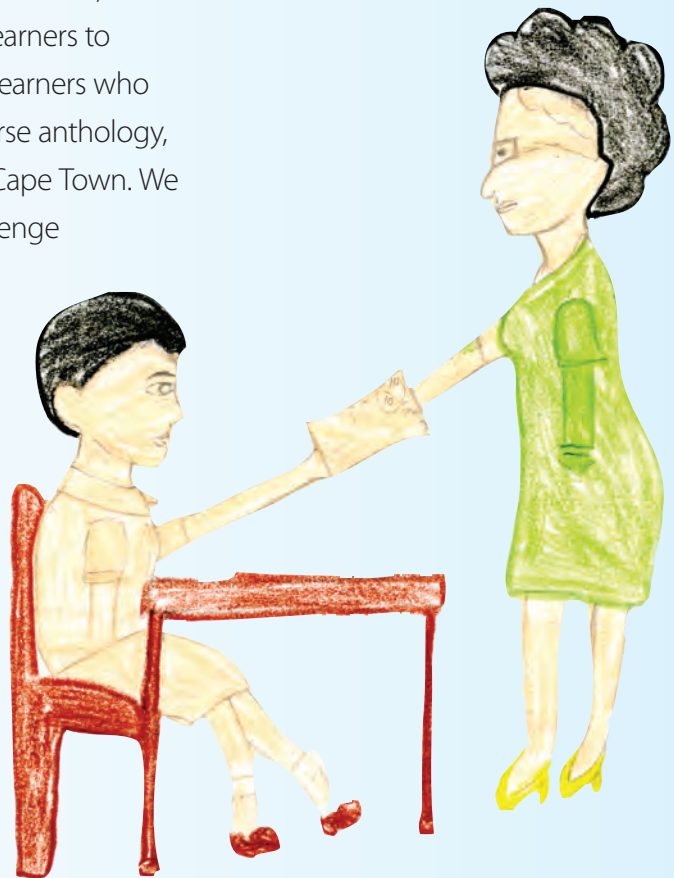


On behalf of the Western Cape Education Department, we thank Growthpoint Properties for inviting learners to participate in this creative writing activity. The learners who submitted their stories for inclusion in this diverse anthology, come from primary schools across the City of Cape Town. We commend the schools for embracing the challenge to improve their language performance.

The competition has unearthed a few remarkable stories from imaginative young authors. The stories as well as the illustrations are varied and vivid. They describe various facets of life. 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 insights and feelings effectively to others.

Dr Peter Beets,

Deputy Director-General:
Curriculum and Assessment Management
Western Cape Education Department







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 WCED 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



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 Competition shares the same philosophy as Future Foundations, as it truly empowers its beneficiaries by giving them a hand up, not a handout. For this reason, we are once again honoured to be associated with this competition through the printing of this remarkable book, and proudly support this cause.

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

Congratulations to all learners who participated in the competition. You have done us and South Africa proud.

Peter Metcalfe, Group Executive: Sales and Marketing,
Novus Holdings



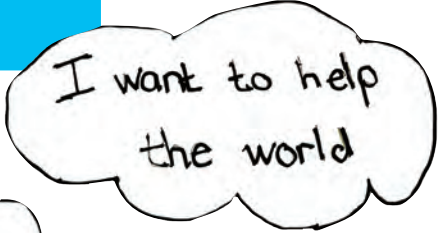


**Keitha
Auberitha
Sylvester**

Balvenie Primary
School
Grade 5
Age 10

The glass lesson

It is amazing how much we as the human race are causing damage to and the destruction of our world. Mignon listens to her teacher. She is very interested in the Science lesson about the environment. She and her friends feel very sad as her teacher plays the song "Heal the world" in the background, while they watch a video about the Earth's destruction. That night Mignon goes to bed very concerned and can't stop thinking about this very serious matter. She has a scary dream. In her dream, the Earth cries out to her for help. The Earth complains about the pain of the broken glass on its body. The morning after she goes to school. She notices all the broken glass that lies among the other garbage in many places. It is an eyesore! She thinks, "What can I do to make the Earth laugh again?"

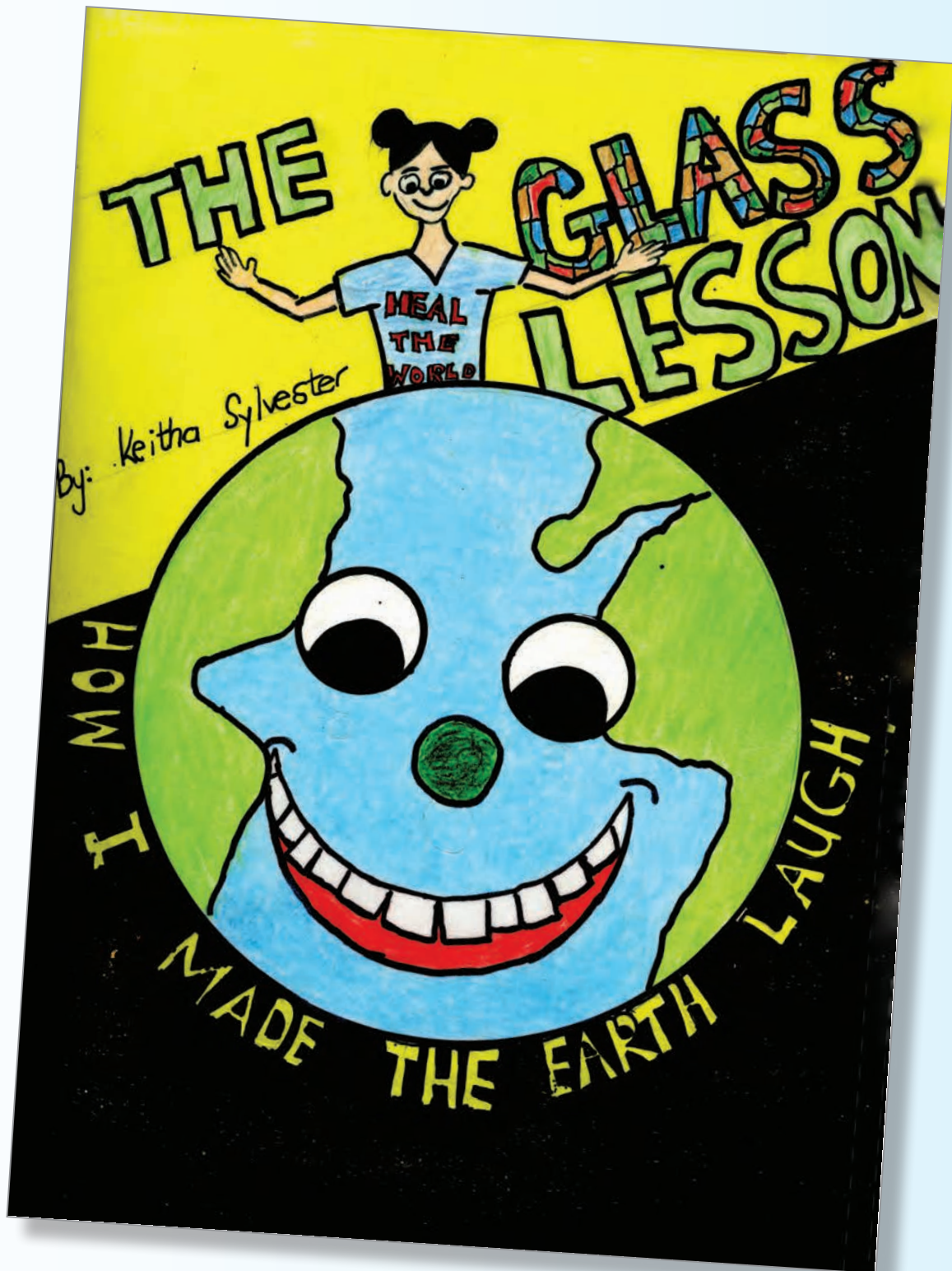


I want to help
the world



I live in Elsie's River. I am ten years old. I am in Grade 5 and my school is called Balvenie Primary. I live with my mother, my grandmother and my uncle in a medium-sized house. I think that Elsie's River has beautiful and kind people, but there are also bad people who do not keep Elsie's River clean. Elsie's River has become a dirty place too because some people do not care about the environment.

I like school and I am clever too. I always do all my homework and I complete all my classroom tasks. My mommy is proud of my attitude towards school. I like participating in competitions. I love to read stories and books about the Earth. I am fascinated with how the world works. My dream is to become an astronaut one day. I always imagine myself



(How I made the earth laugh)

The Glass Lessons

I live in Bliss River. I am ten years old. I am in grade 5 and my school is called Balvenie Primary. I live with my mother, my grandmother and my uncle in a medium sized house. I think that Bliss River has beautiful and kind people, but there are also bad people who do not keep Bliss River clean. Bliss River has become a dirty place too because some people do not care about the environment.

I like school and I am clever too. I always do all my homework and I complete all my classroom tasks. My mommy is proud of my attitude towards school. I like participating in competitions. I love to read stories and books about the earth. I am fascinated with how the world works. My dream is to become an astronaut one day. I always imagine myself going into space in a big rocket, looking down at the earth from outer space. My teacher says that anything is possible if you work hard. I love my teacher. She inspires me to always do

Last year my teacher taught us about the planets. She showed us videos about the solar system and also about global warming and pollution. It was very interesting, but it made me very sad.

That night, when I finally fell asleep I had a dream that I was going into space in a rocket. I travelled through space until I saw the earth with a sad face. The earth reached out his hand to me and called me to come closer. "Look", planet earth said to me. "Look at all the broken pieces of glass lying around on me. I am in such pain, because it is hurting my body." Planet earth cried and I cried along with planet earth.

I woke up, with my pillow soaking wet and feeling very upset. My mom came into my room and said: "Khalia, what is wrong? Did you have a nightmare?" "I did that. I could say yes: 'The earth is very, very sad, mommy and now I am too sad.' My mother gave me a big hug.

At school I told my teacher about my dream. I ask my teacher if we could not have school clean-ups and remove all the broken glass around the school, ~~not~~ have a school not have a school clean-up



HEAL THE WORLD



KEEP BALVENIE CLEAN



going into space in a big rocket, looking down at the Earth from outer space. My teacher says that anything is possible if you work hard. I love my teacher. She inspires me to always do my best.

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I woke up, with my pillow soaking wet and feeling very upset. My mom came into my room and said, "Mignon, what is wrong? Did you have a nightmare?"

All I could say was, "The Earth is very, very sad, mommy . . . and now I am sad too." My mother gave me a big hug.

At school I told my teacher about my dream. I asked my teacher if we could not have a school clean-up and remove all the broken glass around the school, on the playground and on the school premises. My teacher thought it was an awesome idea. I told her that I had to do something to help heal the world and make it a better place. That day she played the song "Heal the world" again. After break, we went out and collected all the pieces of broken glass. We had to wear old rubber gloves because my teacher did not want us to hurt ourselves. We collected buckets full of broken glass.

In class, my teacher told us to sort that glass. The very dangerous and sharp pieces my teacher wrapped in thick pieces of newspaper and we had to throw them in the bins. My teacher told us to put all the smaller, flat pieces into a separate container. The boys then had to wash them with soapy water. After that, they had to rinse them. Why on earth would my teacher want us to wash these, I thought?



The next day was very interesting in Art class. My teacher showed us how to make pictures and collages. "Make something beautiful, out of something painful." This was the topic of our Art lesson. It was truly amazing and the children were so creative. We were filled with joy and happiness and excitement. We used all the broken glass for the pictures. We created beautiful designs and collages out of coloured glass. I was so happy.

My teacher put all our works of Art on display in the school foyer and at the assembly she spoke to all the learners about keeping the environment clean.

Since then, all the learners have been aware about the negative effect of pollution on the environment. We must all do our bit to keep our environment clean, so that we can heal the world.

I went to bed that night after the glass lesson in Art, feeling so much better. I slept peacefully. Then once again, I dreamed that I was in space. This time, many of my friends were with me, holding hands around the world. Planet Earth looked at me and laughed with happiness.



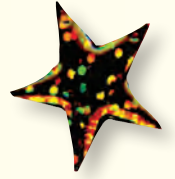
Lend a hand to clean
your environment!



Keyana Shakira Meyer

Balvenie Primary
School
Grade 4
Age 10

Keyana, the fairy



In the small kingdom of Fairyville lives a cute little fairy, called Keyana. The king and queen always choose bright and clever little fairies as messengers. Keyana's dream is to become a fairy messenger. She wants to fly over Fairyville and through the forest to deliver important messages from the royal family to workers and guards of the kingdom. There is one big problem. Keyana is extremely forgetful. When all the fairies are very busy organising a royal ball and delivering invitations, they find no one is available to deliver an important message. They are forced to send little Keyana, the fairy, to deliver an important message, but Keyana loses her way and in the process also forgets the message.



Once upon a time, long ago, there was a magical place called Fairyville. Here fairies lived serving in a kingdom that was ruled by King Nigel and Queen Vonita. They all had different jobs to do and all could perform some kind of magic. Fairyville was a beautiful world with mountains, trees and wide open spaces where all the fairies could move about freely. The fairies of Fairyville were very happy, except for one cute, but tiny little fairy.

Keyana was a young fairy. She was quite small and thin. She lived in Fairyville. She was always sad while she watched the other fairies work and move about all around the kingdom. Keyana was scrawny and could not do





the hard work like the other fairies did, but she really wanted to do something. She wanted to feel special and noticed. Most of all, her heart's desire was to be a fairy messenger.



Fairy messengers did not do hard work, but they had the very important work of delivering messages all over the kingdom. This was what Keyana always wanted to do. However, Keyana had one big problem, she could not remember something for a very long time. She was extremely forgetful. Therefore, the king would not hire Keyana to do this kind of work. If a fairy messenger forgot their messages, it could put the whole kingdom in danger, for many messages were delivered to guards of the kingdom who stood watch on the kingdom's borders to protect Fairyville.

Keyana would sit alone in her room for days, crying because her dream could not be fulfilled. Then one day, King Nigel and Queen Vonita decided to have a Workers' Ball. This was to celebrate the hard work of all the fairies in the magical kingdom of Fairyville. On the day before the ball, all the fairies were very busy cleaning and decorating the palace for this wonderful occasion. Every single fairy had something to do, except for Keyana.

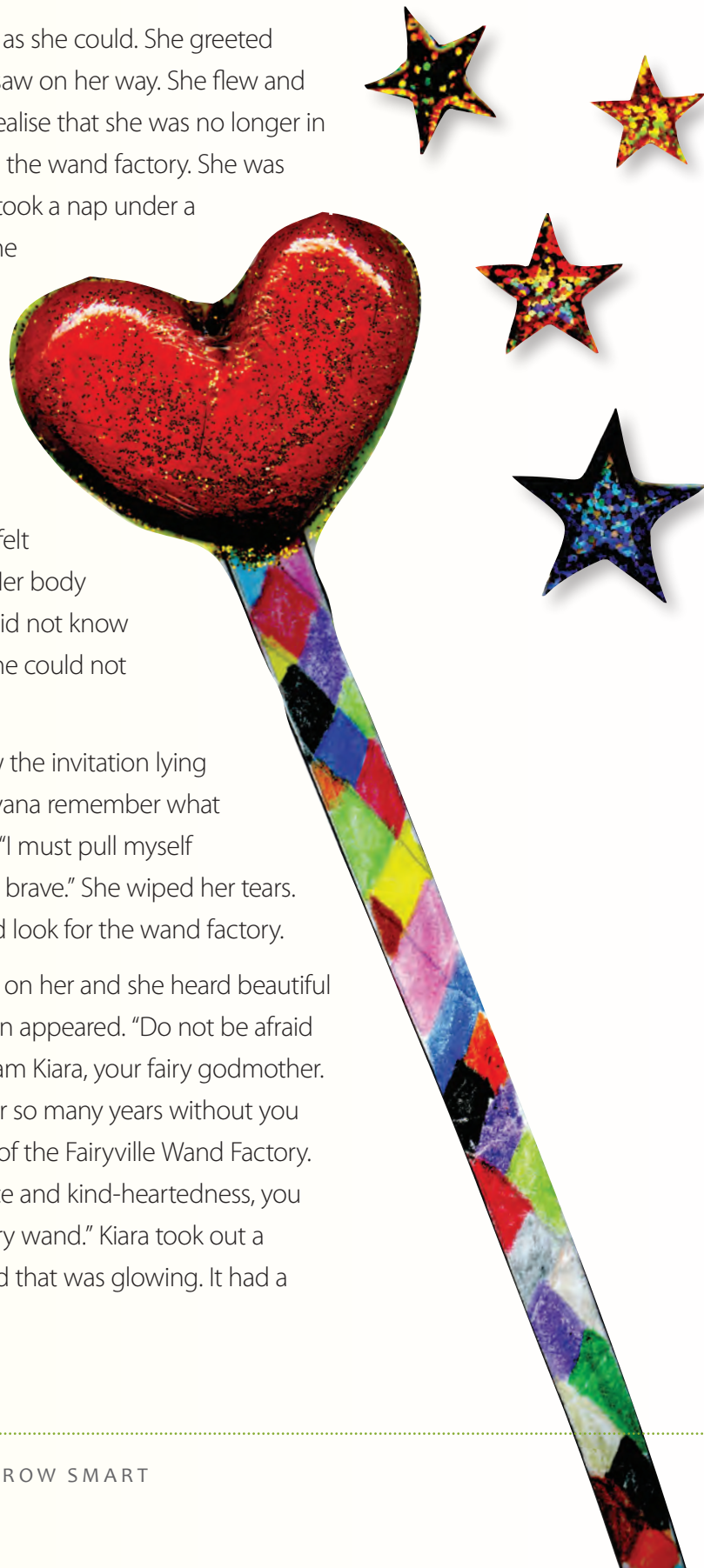
King Nigel and Queen Vonita soon realised that one special invitation had not been sent to the fairies who worked in the wand factory right at the edge of the forest at the foot of the mountain. It was here that the beautifully crafted wands were created for each fairy. Now they had no choice. Keyana had not yet been awarded a unique wand. She had to do this without any help of a magic wand, but they decided to give her the opportunity to deliver the invitation.



She took off. She flew as fast as she could. She greeted everyone kindly whom she saw on her way. She flew and flew so far that she did not realise that she was no longer in Fairyville, but had flown past the wand factory. She was lost. Soon she got tired and took a nap under a tree. She didn't realise that she had slept for a long time. By the time she woke up, she had forgotten where she was and she had forgotten what she had to do. Suddenly everything seemed so strange and she felt so scared. She cried loudly. Her body trembled with fear. Keyana did not know what to do. She cried until she could not cry anymore.

Then she looked up and saw the invitation lying next to a tree. This made Keyana remember what she had to do. She thought, "I must pull myself together, stop crying and be brave." She wiped her tears. She got ready to fly back and look for the wand factory.

Then suddenly a light shone on her and she heard beautiful music and a beautiful woman appeared. "Do not be afraid Keyana," said the woman. "I am Kiara, your fairy godmother. I have been watching you for so many years without you knowing. I am the manager of the Fairyville Wand Factory. Because of your perseverance and kind-heartedness, you will be granted your own fairy wand." Kiara took out a beautiful, heart-shaped wand that was glowing. It had a multi-coloured stick.



Keyana smiled from ear to ear. She was so excited and happy that she hugged her fairy godmother. "Thank you, thank you," she shouted. "This is amazing." Keyana suddenly remembered the message and delivered it confidently to her fairy godmother.

"Thank you, Keyana. Tell the king and the queen that we accept the invitation. Now off you go."

"Bye!" said Keyana. "This is the best day of my life!"

When the other fairies saw Keyana with her beautiful wand, they were surprised. King Nigel and Queen Vonita praised Keyana and they were very proud of her. All the fairies cheered. They no longer made fun of her. Instead, they all wanted to be her friend. So, in the end, Keyana's dream came true and all the fairies of Fairyville lived happily ever after.

The end







Cade Wessels

Marine
Primary
School
Grade 6
Age 11



For centuries dinosaurs have been fighting each other, from the biggest brachiosaurus to the smallest raptor, but a group of young dinosaurs will change what you think. With their wacky fun adventures, whether on land, in the air or below the sea, they are the best of friends.

Attention:
This story is not based on real facts.



The friendly dinosaurs



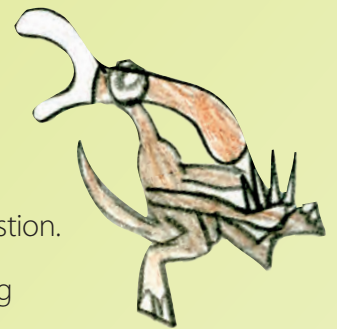
Chapter 1 A hero has hatched

It was the Jurassic Spring and the eggs of many dinosaurs hatched, then little hatchlings came running out of their egg shells. The parents knew they would grow up and fight each other – it’s the dinosaur way. But one parent, a brachiosaurus named Judy, wanted her son, Brad, to be a good dinosaur. Four years later, Brad was out chasing Goliath dragonflies. (Dinosaurs have two different dragonflies, the Elf and the Goliath.) Brad ran into a Styracosaurus named Sally after running down a hill.

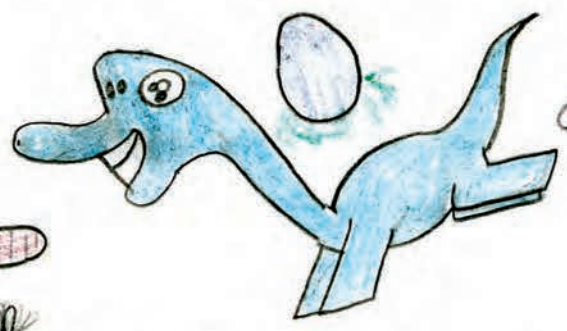
“Hi! I’m Sally, and you are?” said the amazingly friendly dinosaur.

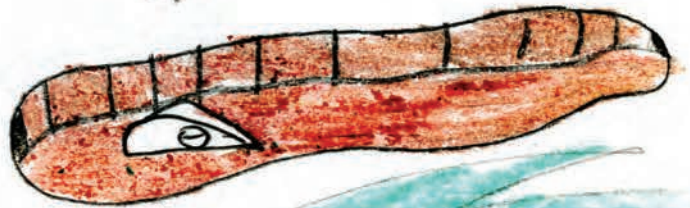
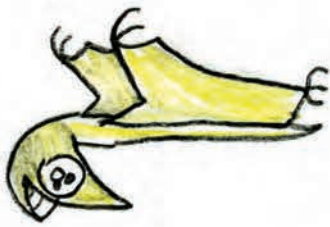
“I’m Brad and I was busy catching dragonflies too,” answered Brad to her question.

She just remembered that she was catching dragonflies too. They both decided to catch dragonflies together. They caught ten Elf dragonflies and eleven Goliaths (and they did catch a Rugalop’s egg but the mother came back angry).



“That was fun. How about we play in Mammoth Forest tomorrow?” asked Sally when they were done. There were no words from Brad, only a nod. This was the start of a great friendship and a friendship like this makes adventures such fun.





Chapter 2 Packing up

In Mammoth Forest, Brad and Sally were playing mammal in the middle until it was interrupted by a high-pitched scream.

They followed the way the sound came from (actually dinosaurs have better brains that remember things better.)

"Help me, I have everythingphobia!" shouted a Hadrosaurus named Harry.

"Don't worry; we'll get you out of those snake vines," said Sally untangling a vine with one of her horns.

"What's that sound?" asked Harry. A T-rex jumped out of the bush and landed on Brad. "OMG, he is dead!" shouted Harry, but the T-rex didn't eat Brad, he just gave him a lick.

"Anyway, I'm Tom. I'm not into meat, I eat bones," said Tom to his new friends.

He had forgotten that Sam the Stegosaurus was in distress and that he had shouted, "Hey Tom, do you think you could help me?" and that he had gone to find help to rescue Sam. Just then he remembered and asked Brad to help.

"Hey guys, I have an idea. Remember the snake vines? We could use them to get Sam out," Brad suggested, so everyone found some snake vines. (Of course they don't bite, they just have the name because they have one leaf on the tip of the stem and it has details to make it look like a snake.) After they had pulled out Sam from the mud they couldn't find the way out.

"Hi there, I'm Peter. I can get you out of the forest," said Peter flying over them.

It's an epic evolution of all the dinosaurs when different species become the best of friends. A whole line of wacky adventures lie ahead.



Chapter 3 Belly of the beast

Brad and Sam were walking through the Prehistoric Plains, answering each other's questions. Then, out of the blue, a Creaturesaurus came and ate Sam.

"Guys, guys, a dinosaur ate Sam!" Brad told the rest of the gang.

They were lucky that this guy slept with his mouth open.

"Get ready to jump. One, two . . .," commanded Sally before she was pushed in by Tom.

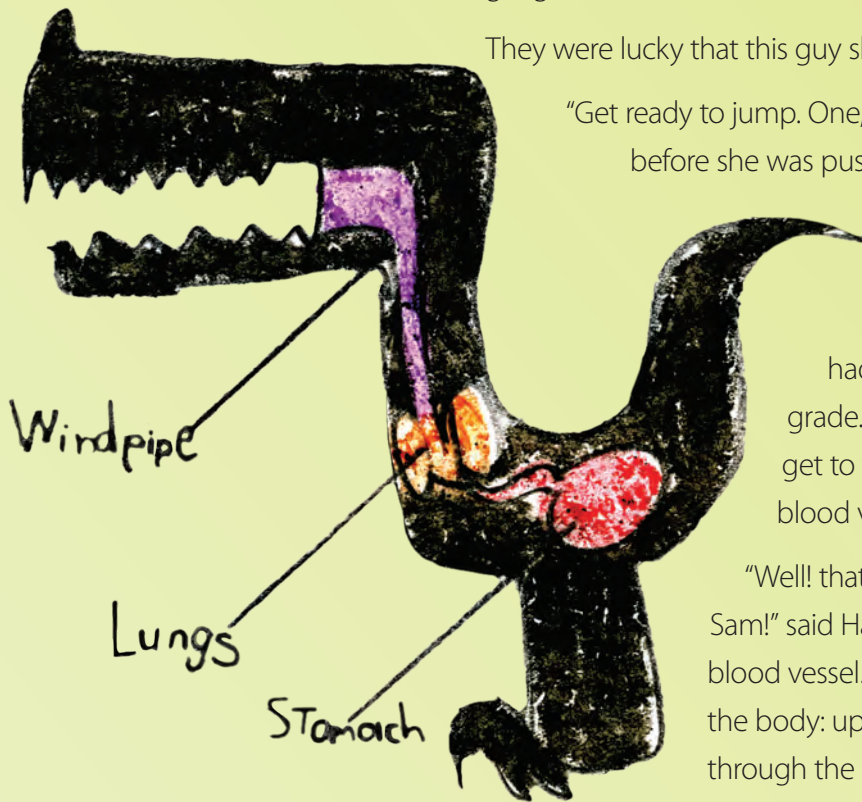
They noticed they went down the windpipe into the lungs. Good thing they had learned biology in the fourth grade. All they needed to do was to get to the heart and ride one of the blood vessels to the stomach.

"Well! that was gross, oh, and I found Sam!" said Harry once they got out of the blood vessel. There were two ways out of the body: up through the mouth or out through the behind, the garage, the butt.

"I would rather go up than go down," said Sally.

It took them two hours, twenty minutes and ten seconds to get to the tangly thing at the back of the throat and then the stomach juices got to them. Splash! The Creaturesaurus spat them out, his last dinner, and stomach juices, some dried up.

"Thanks guys, at least we are safe," thanked Sam in a pile of stomach juice.





Chapter 4 Yard play

"What do you think it is?" asked Peter.

"Harry would know. He knows everything about materials," said Sally.

"I think it's black mud," said Brad.

It took a lot of dares before Brad decided to jump into the black mud (tar) and soon everyone jumped in. They then discovered that they could not get out of the tar. Peter had an idea. His wings were not completely stuck to the tar. They wrapped each other with the pieces of rope and Peter started flapping. There was some resting and sure there was some fainting too, but they almost made it out. Peter started to lose breath, his wings started to slow down and he fell into the tar, causing a big splash that covered everyone. What they didn't know was that velociraptors were waiting for them, but these ran away when they saw a big black monster . . .

"Oh no guys! It's only me . . ." said Harry. Do you know that this is tar? That's the main reason I wasn't able to come sooner."

It took a lot of geyser water to get the tar off, but they were able get it off before the next adventure.



Chapter 5 One of 20 000 krill under the sea

Beach time, the perfect time for cold-blooded lizards. "OK old man, can you at least tell us why are you in our spot?" Brad asked an old Iguanodon sitting in their spot.

"See here sonny, early in the morning, a species of krill called tiger shrimp come, but now they come alone in the afternoon," answered the old lizard.

"Don't worry sir, we'll find that krill for you," Sally said to the old guy. To the rest of the gang, except Peter who can't get into the water, she said, "Come on guys, get your diving gear ready." They found a tiger shrimp, but then it swam into a swarm of lion manes jellyfish (blue not orange).

"Watch out for the tentacles, but swim near the tops," said Harry as he swam near the tops and away from the tentacles.

At the end of the swarm were three Mosasaurs. "Gee, it has been long since we had hatchling barbecue," said the one in the middle. They were curving, sliding and dashing.

"Stupid, heavy, body armour," said Sam, struggling to swim and took a nose dive into a trench where they found the krill in the mouth of a deep-sea angler fish.

Without any reason, Tom smashed the teeth of a sleeping hammerhead shark. He got the krill, but the angler's teeth grew back, longer, and it started chasing them. Once they made it to shore, the Iguanodon left with the krill. Finally they could lie down and play a good game of tail ball.





Igunadon



Chapter 6 Wreck it well

Sally was walking near Venom Falls not far from Brad, Tom and Harry. Then she found a delicious pile of lush leaves that no one was eating. She took a nibble and then out of nowhere an Ankylosaurus came and shouted, "Hands off my dinner, Shrimp!" He chased her right towards the others.

They chanted, "Rock, crocodile, wood, shoot," before getting bashed by a large armoured tail. Sally, on the other hand, was launched into the side of a large rock. She then realised that the rock had got stuck onto her horns.

"Let's see how this bully likes to be clubbed," Sally said to herself, running towards Venom Falls. There was a silence as the Ankylosaurus and Sally looked at each other. She ran forward, right at the Ankylosaurus, leading him to charge at her. His tail was getting ready to strike. Sally, without any stopping, jumped right towards him. Smash! The Ankylosaurus was flung against a rock.

"A good job Sally! Oh, and sorry about your horns," said Brad.

"What do you mean? Ahhh!" shouted Sally, noticing her horns were gone.

Tom's stomach started to rumble when he saw delicious pieces of meat. He took a nibble and out of nowhere a Spinosaurus came and said, "Anyone who touches my dinner becomes my dinner."

And they all started to run.

Chapter 7 Flower power

Deep in the Jurassic Jungle, Sally was busy collecting flowers for her mom. She found a lovely, blue-leaf flower in a deeper area of the jungle. As soon as she tried to pull it out,

something grabbed her leg. She had been captured by a carnivorous fly trap who was about to eat her.

"Hey leaf face, get your fertilised tentacles off from her," demanded Tom in front of the fly trap. The plant got so angry that it smashed him into the fertilised ground. "This is why I hate gardening," Tom said, his mouth full of roots and dirt.

In a split second, Tom brought his family's weed killer. (Yes people, dinosaurs are becoming more civilized and smart.) Tom dumped a bunch of the liquid on the roots, but nothing happened. He noticed the juices weren't able to melt the roots of the plants.

Suddenly there was a rumble and a gigantic tail grabbed Sally from the plant. "I would like to present my second biggest sibling," Brad said to Sally.

"Guys, a little help!" shouted Tom in a giant web. Surrounded by many bad dinosaurs, the team would never die by them, because they are good and good always defeat evil.

The end





Aashiq Davids

Montagu Drive
Primary
Grade 6
Age 11



It's a story of adventure. The boy receives a mysterious parcel from his grandfather with a letter attached telling him to enjoy the little house in the parcel. He is awoken by strange noises which he later discovered came from the little house on the table. He is drawn into the box and has different adventures.



The little house on the table



Coming home from school one afternoon, I found a beautiful wrapped parcel on my doorstep. I thought it was most probably something my parents ordered so I picked it up, took it inside and placed it on the coffee table in the lounge. The parcel was quite heavy.

When my parents returned from work I showed them the parcel, secretly curious to know what was inside, but both my parents couldn't recall ordering anything. Examining the parcel, my father discovered a card stuck to the side of it. It was addressed to me. The card read:

"My dearest grandson, I came across something from my childhood in my attic which instantly reminded me of you. I know you will find my gift a bit strange but

I promise you that it is really meant for you, only you. It will provide you with hours of excitement and take you on endless adventures as it did me as a young boy. Your loving grandfather Jake."

I immediately tore off the wrapping but what I found was very strange, like grandpa had said. It was some sort of dollhouse. I thought to myself, "Grandpa must really be going crazy if he thinks that I would play with a dollhouse!" I left it right where it was.

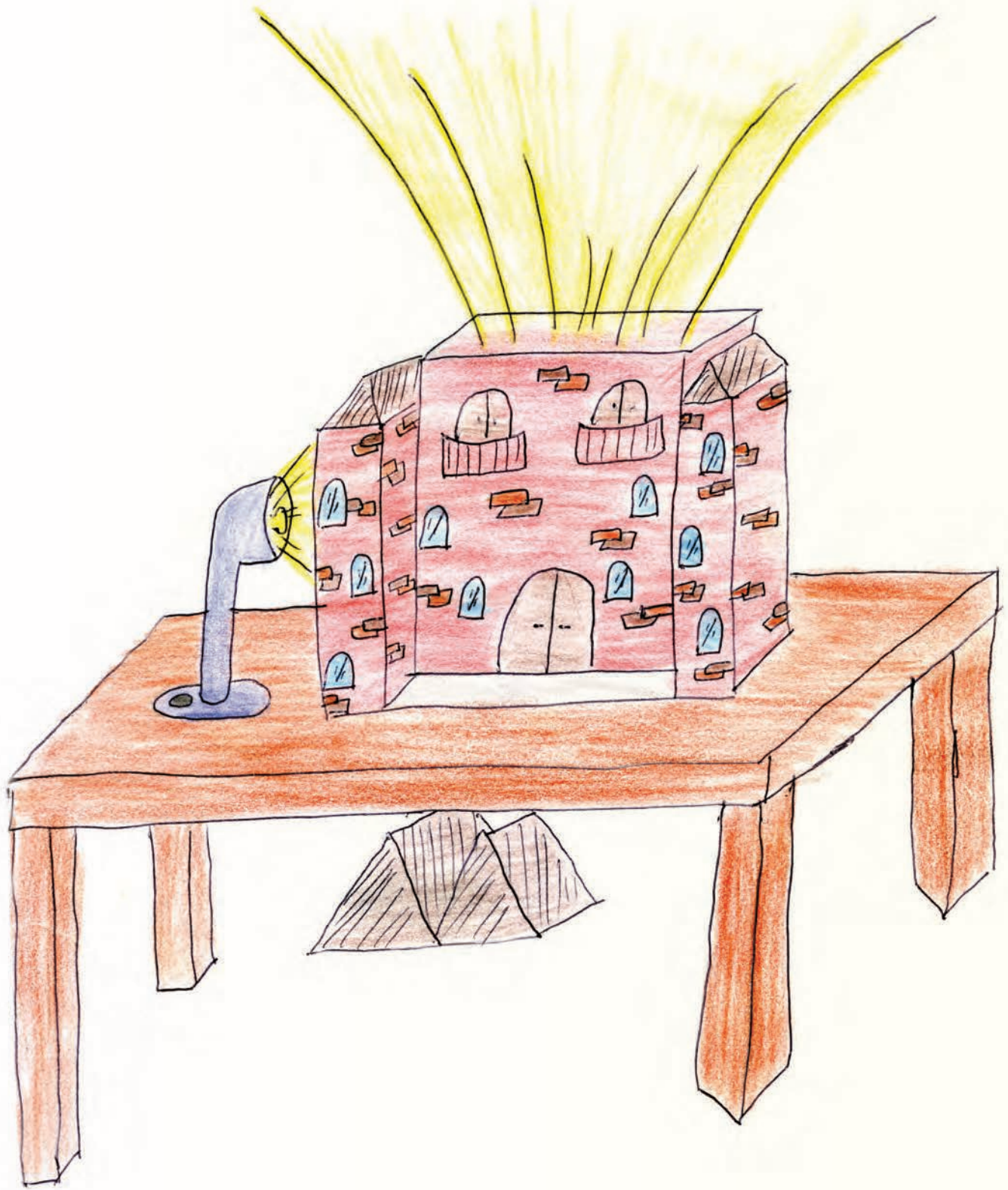
Dad took it upstairs to my room after supper and placed it on my project desk, where I built my model aeroplanes and my superhero figurines were kept. The thing seemed really old, so I didn't really pay much attention to it but I should have ...



That night I was woken by some strange noises that sounded like something from a war movie. I checked to see if my television was still on but it wasn't. I went downstairs to check but everything was covered in darkness.

Returning to my room, I discovered that the noise was coming from the dollhouse and all my model aeroplanes and superhero figurines were gone. I carefully lifted the roof off





the dollhouse to see what was going on. I wasn't prepared for what happened next. I was somehow sucked into another world. All my superhero figurines were alive and my model aeroplanes could actually fly.

I was startled by GI Joe pulling me out of harm's way when a grenade exploded right next to me. He explained that they were on a mission to save planet Earth and that they were waiting for me to lead them. I pinched myself to make sure I wasn't dreaming, but everything felt so real. They were really depending on me to lead them in their mission ... I had become one of them.

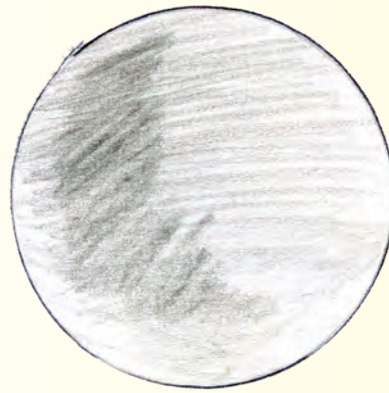
Knowing it wasn't a dream I rushed into action, commanding my troops to destroy the aliens. I ordered Ironman and Superman to launch an aerial attack while Captain America and the army attacked them on the ground. There were

bombs exploding all around me, my favourite chopper was shot down and some of my army members were seriously injured in the attack.

Daytime arrived and everything went back to normal, only to begin a new adventure every night. One night

I even flew to the moon in my model spaceship and on another occasion I fought Indians in the Wild West.

It was the best gift ever.





Anushka de Klerk

Delft Primary School
Grade 5
Age 11



Lucy and Shana are travelling back to the kingdom to be reunited with her parents. Along the way, they are attacked by bandits who want to steal their horse. Will Lucy make it to the kingdom or will they be doomed to be stuck in the woods forever? *Princess Lucy and the jewels of the crown* is an exciting new tale. At a deeper level, it is also a story about overcoming fear.

Princess Lucy and the jewels of the crown

Lucy was excited! She was finally free from the orphanage and head lady. She and her friend Shana were travelling back to the kingdom on their horse, Lily. Soon she would meet her parents, the king and queen. When Lucy was a baby, an old woman had kidnapped her. Luckily, the woman had fallen off a cliff and Lucy was found by a lady working at an orphanage.

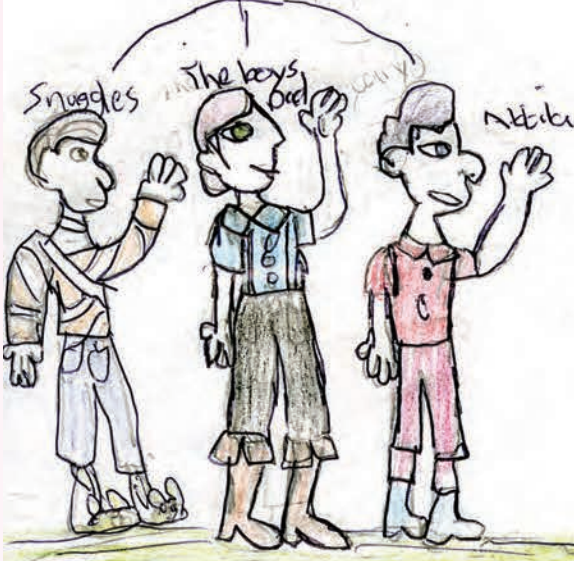
"I can't believe I'm the lost princess," said Lucy. "I don't know how to be a princess," she said.

Her friend Shana smiled and said, "You'll be a great princess. All you need to do is wear a huge, heavy crown!"

"Oh my! Don't you think such a crown would be too heavy for me?" Lucy said.

"Not necessarily," said Shana quickly, "Let me start over. When we were at the orphanage, I read a book about a princess and her tiara. The book said that this tiara symbolises everything a princess should be. Its white crystals stand for a brave, adventurous spirit. Green represents gentleness and kindness. Red stands for courage and the round, golden crown itself stands for leadership. For years I thought of that tiara. Then one day I actually met a girl who could wear it. She certainly was adventurous. As she travelled towards her dream, she showed everyone kindness as well as courage and leadership. She seemed able to turn a bad situation into something good."

The thiries



Welcome to the Kingdom





"Shana, who are you talking about?" Lucy asked.

"You," Shana said. "I am talking about you. Look at all those amazing things you did in search of your parents."

Suddenly they heard a commotion behind them. "Nobody moves!" someone shouted. Several men were ready to attack. "Just hand over your horse." Lucy leaped into action, chasing the thieves.

"Shana!" she shouted, "Run far away and don't look back!" But Shana didn't run away. She ran to help her horse, Lily. Shana leaped onto Lily's back, but the horse threw her off by accident. When it was over, Lucy scolded the bandits.

"It's all my fault," one man said. "I needed a horse to take my son to the doctor.

"Oh my," Lucy said. "Where is he?"

"He is at my house," said the man. Within minutes Lucy was tending to the boy's injuries. The bandit smiled in relief as his son was lifted onto Lily's back for a ride to the village doctor.

"How can you ever forgive us for trying to attack you?" asked the men.

Lucy thought of the tiara which symbolised adventure, kindness and courage. Suddenly she realised that she did not need to be perfect.

"Come with me," she said.

When they reached the kingdom, Lucy's parents were overjoyed and welcomed her. Lucy was so happy to see her parents. Lucy received her princess crown. But as she waved to the crowd, she knew that no one was kinder than her faithful new friends and they would always be like that.





Deborah Bunayina

Simonsberg
Primary School
Grade 6
Age 11

A young princess by the name of Lelethi is put forward to be the next queen of Luthemba, although she is not the oldest daughter. Her older sister, Qhamile, hears about this and becomes furious. She plots to get rid of both Queen Malutheli and Princess Lelethi. The villagers find out that Qhamile killed the queen. They decide to punish her, but Lelethi saves her sister in a selfless act of love.

Ubuntu

In an African kingdom, Luthemba, lived Queen Malutheli. She had two daughters, the oldest, Qhamile, and the youngest, Lelethi. Princess Qhamile was next in line to the throne, but the queen feared she didn't have ubuntu in order to rule the kingdom. Therefore she turned to Lelethi, a kind princess with a beautiful afro who was always willing to help anyone.

One morning, Queen Malutheli spoke to Lelethi. Lelethi's response was, "But Ma, I'm not next in line to the throne."

The queen replied, "I know, my darling, but Qhamile does not have the qualities of ubuntu that you do. Look, the seer said that only a princess with the spirit of ubuntu could rule our people, the one with a pure heart, and that's you. Just think about it," she said as she left.

Qhamile overheard the conversation and became jealous and extremely angry. "I know, I'll get rid of the queen and my little sister. Nobody, nobody can stop me from being the queen."

Qhamile planned and plotted for a while. After some time, she got some men who would turn against the queen and fight her. The evil princess had everything planned for the terrible day when the queen would finally fall and the kingdom would be ruled by Queen Qhamile. The day soon came. There was war in the kingdom, spears clashing, and many people dying. While the war continued, Qhamile went to finish off the queen. She soon found her. "Nowhere to run, Ma. How could you?"







You knew very well that the throne was mine to inherit!" she shouted as she ran the spear through Queen Malutheli's heart.

Qhamile then walked up to the throne and sat down. "Now I am queen!" Just as the war ended, Princess Lelethi rushed to find her mother, hoping she was okay, but it was too late. Lelethi found her mother . . . dead. She ran to the seer's hut and spent many nights there. The seer foretold that since Qhamile was queen, the kingdom wouldn't thrive. One night she showed Lelethi what had really happened the night Queen Malutheli died. Lelethi confronted Qhamile that night.

"She doesn't deserve the throne, she killed the queen!" Lelethi declared.

A voice came from the crowd, "Treason!" "Let's burn her!" shouted the villagers. They carried her away. The people lit torches to actually burn the princess alive. The villagers began to chant: "Mtshise! Burn her!"

Because Princess Lelethi had the spirit of ubuntu and a good heart, she didn't care what her sister had done; she just didn't want her sister to be harmed. So she ran after the crowd and shouted, "Stop! Please don't hurt her." She added "Please, can't you find it in your hearts to forgive her? I know what she did was horrible but we shouldn't solve everything with violence. I have forgiven her. I think you should too."

The seer thought for a moment, then said to herself, "Legend said that only a princess with ubuntu could lead the kingdom, one who could appease the ancestors."

Just then the spirit of Lelethi's mother appeared and said, "Go my child, the throne is yours." From that moment on, because of Lelethi's selfless act of love, Luthemba has been a better kingdom.



Aiden Francis

Levana Primary
School
Grade 6
Age 11

Aiden is an ordinary Grade 6 learner living with his family. Strange things start happening to him as he goes about doing his daily activities. He becomes suspicious doing his daily activities, and later discovers that it is his double causing all the problems in his life. He settles the problem and life then continues as normal for him.

Double trouble

In our cosy kitchen, at the dinner table my little sister Zia, in Gr R said in an excited voice, "Today my teacher told us about ancestors."

Dad answered, "Ancestors?"

Mom said, "No, she meant ancestors." We all had a hearty laugh.

I asked, "Do you actually know what ancestors mean, Zia?" It's about our great, great grandparents and that is where we get our looks from."

"That is why you rarely find two people who look alike," Mom added.

"Could we go to the mall after breakfast tomorrow?" I asked.

While walking through the mall, a girl came up to me and kissed me hard on my lips. My parents got a shock and my mother nearly wet herself with laughter and asked, "Aiden why didn't you tell us you have a girlfriend?" A few girls started gossiping when they saw that I felt embarrassed. My mood changed when I met Mark, my best friend. He reminded me about Ryan's party but something seemed strange. My friend acted weird.

That evening before bedtime, I checked on Facebook, only to find that the spellathon competition had been cancelled. I felt bad because I am the spelling fundi.

ICE RINK





The next day at school, my English teacher, Mrs Simons told me that she was disappointed in me because I had done badly in the spellathon competition. I told her that the competition had been cancelled. She replied and said, "Aiden you were at the competition." She refused to believe me. By now I was suspicious. I kept myself busy preparing for the ice-skating competition at GrandWest.

When we arrived at the ice rink, I noticed an argument amongst my friends. I spotted someone who resembled me.

Could it be my double? Immediately, I thought about the mistaken kiss in the mall. My double shouted at Peter, my friend, "Why didn't you deliver the message to Aiden?"

Peter answered, "I was too busy. Aiden, I was supposed to tell you the competition times had changed from 9 to 11 o'clock."

I angrily confronted my double, "So you were the one who replaced me in the spellathon competition. Why did you do it?"

Dean (my double) answered, "I needed some money."

Ryan shouted, "He's not even scratching his nose like Aiden does."

Next, Dean hit Peter against the wall. I grabbed Dean and knocked him to the ground.

Just then I heard a voice shouting, "That's Aiden!" It was Mrs Simons. The fight stopped. Mrs Simons said, "I am so sorry Aiden. That must be your double."

Ryan, my friend, added, "Aiden's birthmark on his neck proves everything. We have found Aiden's double who

caused all the trouble." Dean then ran off, the coward! We all agreed that there was still enough time to take part in the competition. Just then my parents arrived. I was more than happy to see them, but also glad dad had missed out on that drama. At least Dean had apologised while flying to the floor, before running off. I felt much better.

When entering the arena, the crowd started shouting, "We want Aiden, we want Aiden!" When the competition ended, the crowd went wild. I realised that I had won when I saw my name on the screen.

Mom said, "We are so proud of you Aiden."

Dad shouted, "This calls for a celebration. Aiden has won!"





Rochelle Martin

Levana Primary
School
Grade 6
Age 11



Roxy restores her life

It was our first Christmas Eve in our new home in Rondebosch East. Dad and I decorated the Christmas tree while Mark, my brother, wrapped the presents. Mom's lovely fruit cake added to the Christmas spirit. Dad whispered softly in my ear, "Roxy, I'm so proud of you. One day you will become a good role model."

After the festive season, Dad approached us and told us that he had a job interview in Johannesburg. On his way back, he telephoned and sounded very confident about his new job. Just then we heard a BANG!

Later, Mom received the tragic news saying that Dad had died in an accident. Our family was devastated. I withdrew and wouldn't come out of my room for two days.

As time passed, I noticed that Mom was struggling to maintain our household. I missed our luxury shopping sprees, but most of all, I missed the quality time Dad and I had spent together.

One evening Mom said, "We need to talk."

"About what?" I asked impatiently.

She answered with a sad look on her face, "We can't afford our home anymore. I found a place in Lavender Hill."

I said abruptly, "Lavender Hill! There's gangsters living there!"





Mom answered, "It's not so bad." I slammed my bedroom door closed after hearing that.

Towards the end of that month we were ready to move. Our neighbours arrived early with breakfast saying, "We wish you could stay." It was like a funeral.

"Where will I find such a lovely neighbourhood?" I thought.

As we entered our new area, Lavender Hill, we could feel people staring at us. We felt scared. Children were playing in the streets, using abusive language. It seemed to me that reality struck and the scary jokes about Lavender Hill became true.

On my first day at school, I felt lost. I couldn't cope with the bullies and rude learners in my class. After returning home from school, Mom asked, "How was your day at school?"

"Not good at all," I answered.

Mom kept us indoors, and loneliness crept in. I gradually decided to mix with my classmates, to the extent that I smoked my first cigarette. Mom asked me suspiciously, "Where does that cigarette smell come from?" She grounded me for a week. I felt like a lion in a cage.

I became rebellious and started stealing our household things. I was introduced to my first drug. A week later, while I was walking home from school, a guy jumped out of a van and kidnapped me. He took me to a weird-looking house and locked me up in a dirty room.

While the drug lords were sleeping, I escaped through a small window. As I rushed across the road, a car knocked me over. A few days later, I regained consciousness in hospital.

Early one morning, a lady came into my hospital ward and asked me, "What is such a radiant girl like you doing here?"

I answered, "I did bad things."

She told me, "God loves you very much."

Two days later I was discharged from hospital. I realised I needed to change my life. I knew that my Dad's guardian angels were watching over me. I started a youth club, giving motivational talks.

"Let me introduce myself. I was restless Roxy due to my circumstances, but I am now a radiant and restored Roxy."

Roxy Reynolds

Motivational Speaker

Contact
Details
083 590321

Hi
Young boys
and girls
Today I....





**Amber
Morris**

Bellville South
Primary
Grade 6
Age 11



The day I met a tokoloshe



Chapter 1 A bad dream

Last year, while sleeping at home, I had a scary dream. I dreamed of a tokoloshe standing next to me. I was sleeping on my bed. The tokoloshe spoke to me. He told me his name was Jackjohn and a woman had sent him to come and kill me. The woman did not like me.



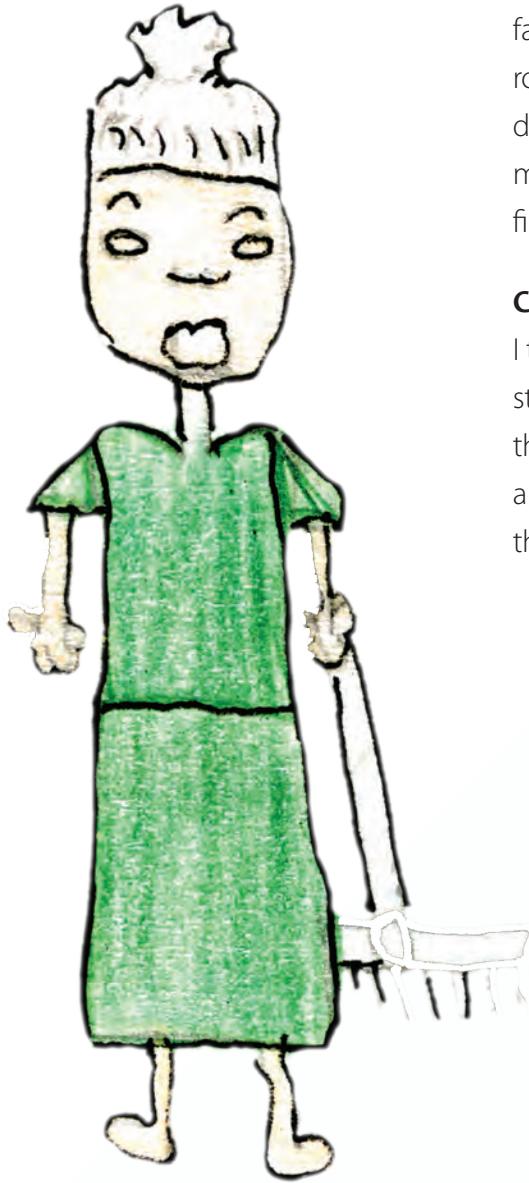
I never dreamt
that a
tokoloshe
could be
real...

Do you
believe in a
tokoloshe?

I begged Jackjohn to go away and leave me. I asked him not to kill me. He scared me with a knife and I woke up. I told myself it was not real, that it only was a dream. Or was it? I told my mother and she said that there is no such thing as a tokoloshe. It was already morning but my sister was still asleep. My sister and I were sharing a room. My sister woke up and we were getting busy to clean our room.

Chapter 2 Voices I heard

I heard a voice. I asked my sister if she heard it too. She said no. The hoarse voice told me, "I am going to kill you!" I started to laugh. The person told me he would make me sweep faster. My sister told me I was going mad. I began to sweep



faster and faster. I dropped the broom and ran out of my room. The voice followed me. I was tired of running and sat down. My sister was frightened and she did not even want me to walk with or talk to her. My mother told us to go and find some wood for a fire.

Chapter 3 A strange thing happened

I took my sister's hand and we went to find wood. We were still walking when something strange happened. I fell but there was nothing that could have tripped me. I went around a rock and there was the tokoloshe again. He was sitting in the middle of two trees. He told me that I was his enemy. I

was extremely worried. I grabbed the wood and my sister's hand and went home.



It was becoming dark. We didn't have electricity. We made a fire outside to have some light. We talked and laughed a lot around the fire. The fire went out by itself and it was very dark. We were startled and afraid. Then, suddenly, we heard something next to us. We

looked around to find out what it was. Could it be an animal or a person? We heard the chair moving.

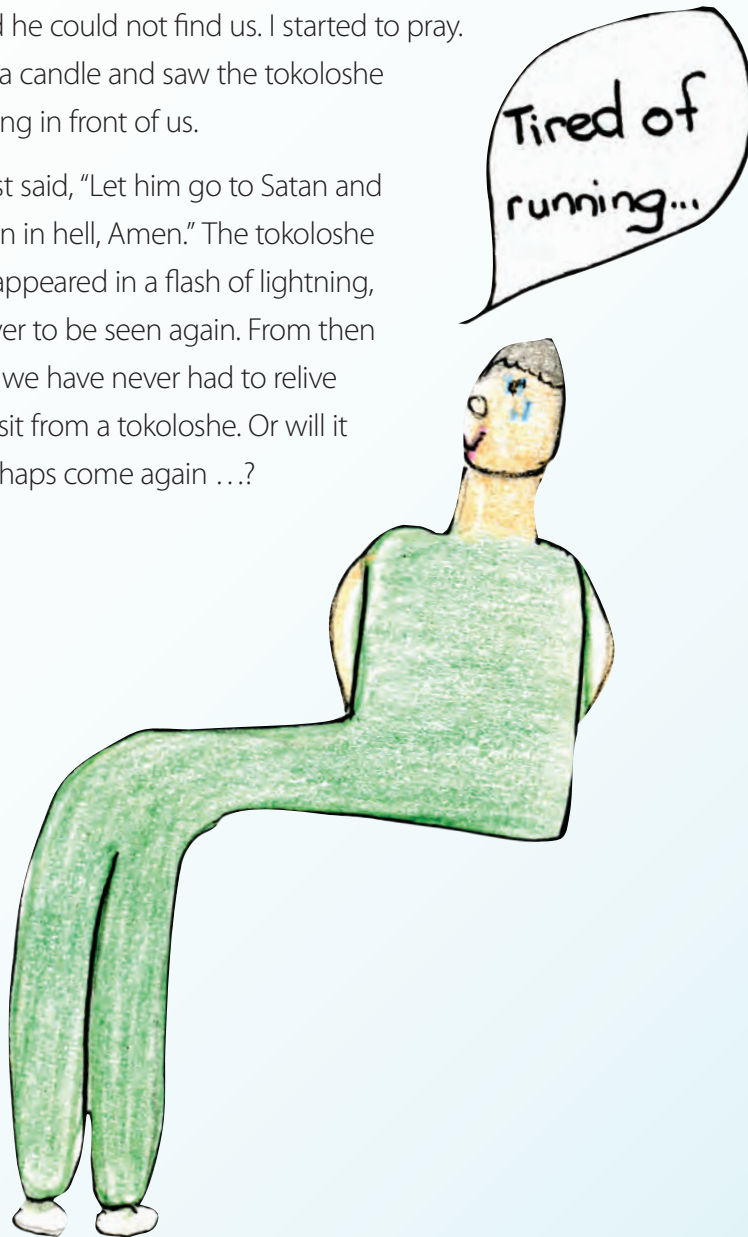
My heart was beating in my throat. My sister's eyes looked like flying saucers. My mother just tried to calm us down.

Chapter 4 How I got rid of it

My sister told me, "Now I know you are not mad." We saw the tokoloshe sitting on an old brown wooden chair. It was ugly and small with lots of hair on his body that looked like a fur coat and smelled like a rotten corpse. He had red eyes. He wanted to kill us, but we ran into the house, and he could not find us. I started to pray.

I lit a candle and saw the tokoloshe sitting in front of us.

I just said, "Let him go to Satan and burn in hell, Amen." The tokoloshe disappeared in a flash of lightning, never to be seen again. From then on, we have never had to relive a visit from a tokoloshe. Or will it perhaps come again ...?





Favour Israel

Simonsberg
Primary School
Grade 6
Age 12

A girl named Polly has a twin she never knew about. Will she find out?

The twin I never knew I had

There was once a girl named Polly. She was smart, energetic, compassionate and loving. She lived in New York. The city was exciting and full of adventures. She lived with her mother, Linda, and her grandmother. Her father had passed away when she was three years' old. She could not remember what he was like.

Polly had a lot of friends where she lived. Everyone loved her. They used to give her gifts, even when it was not her birthday. The people at the market fell in love with Polly's charm and kindness, and because of her wonderful smile.

One day her mother, Linda, sent her to the closest store to buy some flowers because they were going to put them on her father's grave. When she arrived at the store, she greeted Mr Hall who was working at the till as always.

"Good afternoon, Mr Hall. I would like the same flowers as always, please. I'm visiting my friends later, but I'm first going to my father's grave," said Polly.

"Afternoon dear. Why are you going again today? This is the second time you have come and got these flowers," said Mr Hall very confused.

Polly looked lost and then said, "That's strange. This is the first time I'm here today. Oh well. The world is full of wonders."





"Very true dear. Well, here are your flowers and tell your dad I say hi. We miss him very much," said Mr Hall.

Polly paid for the flowers and left. While she was walking, she was thinking about why Mr Hall said he had seen her buy flowers twice that day.

"Is someone trying to be me? Do I have a secret twin? Is it my mysterious double?" thought Polly.

When she arrived home, she told her mother and grandmother about what Mr Hall had told her. When they heard, both looked worried, as if they were hiding something from Polly.

"Leave it now Polly. You know Mr Hall is getting old. He gets confused now and then," said her mother. She seemed to be a bit worried.

A few minutes later they drove off to the graveyard to place flowers on Polly's father's grave. When they arrived at the grave, there was a girl in a black coat sitting at the gravestone. She had flowers and was crying at the

gravestone. Polly, her mom and her grandmother watched the girl. When she saw them, she wiped her tears and ran away.

"Mom, who was that girl? She looked like ... me!" said Polly.

Her mother started to cry and said, "We're heading home. Put down the flowers!" They left and did not say one word in the car.

There was a deadly silence and no one mentioned a word until her grandmother said, "You have to tell her now or any time soon, Linda. She will find out."

"Find out what, Gran?" asked Polly.

"Nothing, Polly!" said her mother in an irritated manner.

When they arrived at home, Polly went out immediately, not knowing what was going on. While she was walking, she thought about everything and decided to find out what the mystery was. When she arrived at the park, she couldn't believe her eyes. She saw the mysterious person that looked like her. Immediately she thought, "My mysterious double." Polly walked up to the girl slowly and sat down beside her.





The girl looked at her in surprise.

"Who are you? What do you want from me? Don't hurt me, please!" exclaimed the girl.

Polly stood up and placed her hand on the girl's shoulder and said nicely, "Calm down and take a deep breath. My name is Polly and I am 13 years old. I was born on 11 May 2002. I won't harm you. I just want to know who you are. Can you please tell me?"

"My name is Molly. Wait a minute. Did you say you were born on 11 May 2002?" asked Molly.

"Yes. Is something wrong?" asked Polly.

"I was born on the exact same day. My father died when I was three years old. I think my real mom's name is Linda Harris," said Molly. Polly dropped to the bench and thought hard. Her mind was reeling. She had a double who was born on the same day as her, had the same parents and had been kept away from her.

Polly and Molly rushed back to Polly's house to find her mother waiting for them. "So, you found your twin?" said her mother calmly.

"TWIN!" shouted the girls in horror. "But how? And why Mom?" asked Polly trying to stop herself from crying.

"Sit down and I'll tell you everything. It's time you knew. Your grandmother went to a friend, so we can talk alone," said their mother. They went inside the house and had a great cup of tea and then sat down. Her mother said, "When I gave birth to Molly, we thought she was the only one, but then I went back into labour and delivered Polly. We weren't expecting twins, but the doctors had mixed up the results with someone else's. After you two were born, your father and I got into an argument. We split up and got turns to have you two. When he died, I could only take care of one of you, so I gave Molly to one of my best friends to take care of. I would visit her often to see how she was doing. I didn't tell you, because you were both still young but now you're old enough to know."

"Can I live with you again? I want to know Polly better. Please



Mum?" asked Molly.

"Please, please Mom?" pleaded Polly.

Their mother thought hard and said, "Of course you can. I'll get your clothes soon. You can start moving in today." The twins got so excited that they gave their mother a big hug and started talking right away.

Two days later, Polly and Molly decided to pay Mr Hall a visit. When they arrived, they saw his wife packing up the store. "Good morning, Mrs Hall. Is Mr Hall here?" asked Molly.

"Good morning, you two. Mr Hall is in the back. You can go to him," said Mrs Hall. They went to the back and saw Mr Hall dusting some cupboards.

Mr Hall turned around and saw the twins and said, "Oh, good morning girls." Then he asked, "So, there are two of you?"

"Yes. Meet Molly. She is my twin I never knew I had," said Polly with a smile on her face. Molly greeted Mr Hall and gave him a hug. Through the whole morning, the three of them talked and laughed together.

"Yesterday afternoon, a strange person who was wearing a black coat came into the store. She looked like you, but I couldn't see her face clearly because she was wearing a hat," said Mr Hall. It was strange to hear because neither twin had been to the store the day before.

They looked at each other and said, "A mysterious third!" The twins knew they had to be right, so they made up their minds and started looking for clues. Another adventure is to be sought, but, until then, this story must end!

The end



Merscidy Arendse

Levana Primary
School
Grade 5
Age 10

Merscidy Fairy lives with her family in a beautiful garden. She had to deliver a message to the king. She wonders far off in the forest and gets lost. Another fairy, Sally, finds her and directs her out of the forest. The next day, they deliver the message to the king.



Forest fairy finds her way

It is a beautiful spring day in Fairy Funland. Mother Fairy cheerfully sings to awaken her family, "Fairies, the day is dawning, time to stop yawning. Get up and let's move about." Before long, the family fairies are as busy as bees. My sister and dad are busy collecting snails in the garden for the next dinner. I need to deliver a few messages before midday.

After arriving at home, I find all my fairy friends busy in the garden: Sky Fairy, Sweet Fairy and African Fairy. I start writing poetry. We dance and sing the poem through the forest.

*Fancy Fairies collect flowers
We have wonderful powers
We hear the buzzing of the bees.
Amongst the tall trees.*

During spring the forest is amazing. We collect colourful petals for Mom to make our dresses.

As morning breaks, I arise because I have to deliver a message to the king. Enjoying the freedom of nature in the forest, I lose touch with time. I wonder so far off that I realise I am lost. I'm scared and alone; I have no direction! Suddenly, the forest becomes more dense. I don't hear the chirping of the birds anymore. It is quiet and I start sobbing on a log. Suddenly, I hear a humming sound. I feel hopeful as the sound





becomes louder. I walk towards it and start calling,
"Anyone there?"

In the blink of an eye, a pretty, strange Fairy appears. Her name is Sally. She sees tears in my eyes and says to me, "Don't worry, dear Fairy." Just then, my fairy friends appear with a basket of rose tea and fairy cakes. What a delightful tea party we have!

The next day, Sally agrees to show me where the king lives. "How awesome!" I say. He lives in the highest tree palace in the forest. The servants escort us to the king.

As we enter the king's presence, he asks us in a very stern voice, "What brings you here?"

I answered fearfully, "We have a message for you, Your Majesty. The owner of the blueberry farm says he is ready for harvesting."

Suddenly the king becomes friendly and says, "That's great news. We'll be needing the blueberries the day after tomorrow."

"I'll tell the owner just that," I reply rather relieved.

When we arrive at the palace with the blueberries, the king asks, "Who are all these fairies accompanying you, may I ask?"

"This is Sky Fairy, she travels on clouds; Sweet Fairy makes her own treats and African Fairy makes her own beautiful jewellery.

The king answers very pleasantly, "I'll be needing all of you to assist with the banquet."

We all leave the palace rejoicing.

Sally says, "You are now a Forest Fairy who has found her way to the top."



Asaph Rose

Bellville South
Primary
Grade 6
Age: 12

I know
I have an
alien double
Believe it
or not!

My mysterious double

Chapter 1 The asteroid

One night, a while back, something big fell in my backyard. I looked through the window and saw a giant-sized rock. It was scorching hot. It had these big holes in it. Then I realised it was an asteroid. I was a bit scared. The whole town's people were curious and anxious.

Suddenly, a boy emerged from the asteroid and he looked exactly like me. I stayed inside, pulled all the curtains and tried to sleep. The next morning I woke up and I thought it had been a dream. I ran outside and gazed upon the asteroid.

Later, I went to school and peeped at the boy from a distance. I ran up to him, but he disappeared without a trace. A few of my friends told me that the boy moved soundlessly. They knew I was the real one. He was always alone. He had a small bird on his left shoulder.



One afternoon, a boy who always bullied me, tried to bully my double. He did not succeed in bullying him because my double beat the bully up. After that, whenever the bully saw me, he ran for the hills. My double had finally got the bully off my back. Every night he went back into the asteroid.

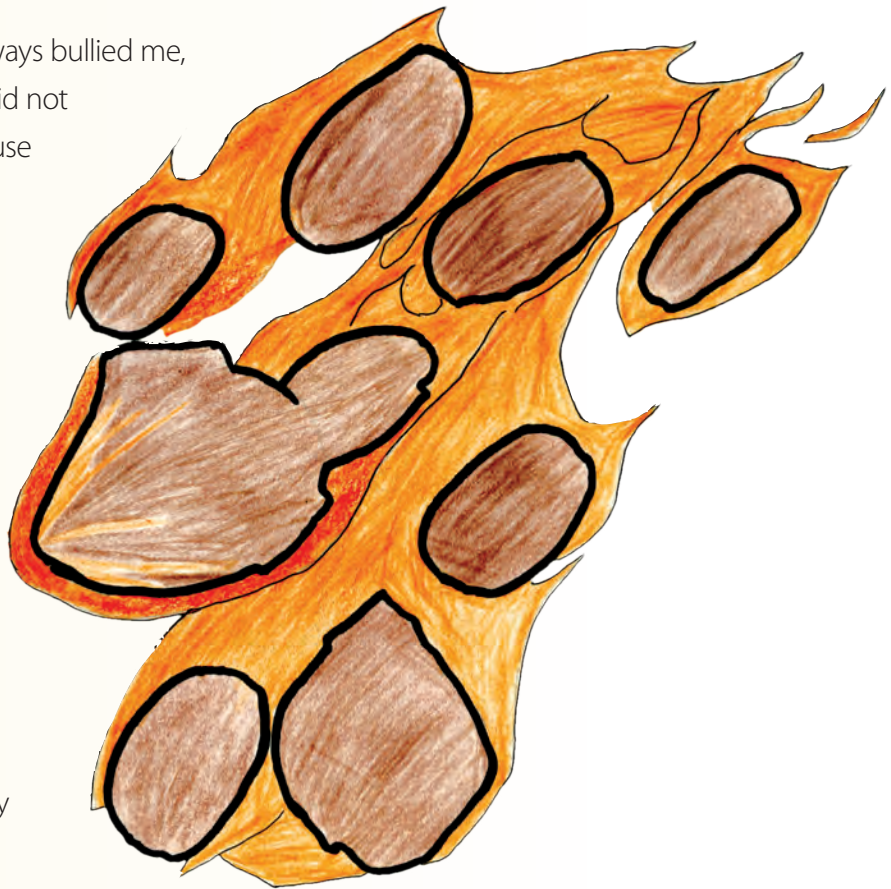
Chapter 2 The hideout

My curiosity got the better of me, with the result that I had to check out the asteroid. I stood in front of the asteroid and it scanned my whole body. Suddenly, a door opened and the inside looked like a spaceship with all the gadgets and controls. There were weapons that any army could only dream of.

One night, I saw a flash of light going up into the air. At first, I thought it was only a toy rocket, but then it happened every night. One night, I peeped out of the window and saw a light coming from the asteroid.

Chapter 3 The invasion

I was getting a bit worried about these lights that were going up into the air. The next morning, my double moved around in the yard and looked a bit sneaky. He did not know that I was on to him. Then he disappeared into thin air.





I got an idea to look inside the asteroid for clues. The asteroid was filled with messages to invade the Earth. I wanted to stop the threat before it began. My double saw me in the asteroid and he chased me out with a laser gun. I was terrified of him. I noticed that there was a stop button.

Chapter 4 The day of doom

Finally, the day of the possible strike arrived. The black sky was lit with the red-orange glow of asteroids. Out of all the asteroids, there was one with all the firepower and the deadliest weapons possible. It destroyed most of the buildings. I had to get to the asteroid in my back yard. I ran like a bullet, entered the asteroid and saw my double. I thought I could see a faint smile on his face. He distracted the aliens in the asteroids and we started shooting at them.

When I reached over and pressed the stop button, everything went back to the calmest, full moon evening. My double disappeared in the process and suddenly I was all alone, staring into the dark night ... wondering what could have happened to Mother Earth that night ...





Athimna Sinyilili

Liwa Primary School
Grade 6
Age 13

Pushed by the rumours in the community, a young girl went all the way to find the truth. She discovered the truth, but received warnings she would never forget.

Acknowledgement

Ms Nodlela (Principal) and Mr Andrew, thank you for the support and guidance, respectively. Growsmart courtesy of Growthpoint, you open doors for us. We appreciate that.

Eye to eye with a tokoloshe

It was a public secret that our neighbours had their own clandestine ways of making money and acquiring wealth. The Diba family was filthy rich. They owned the biggest two-storey house in the community. It was a real landmark and was used as a point of reference by anyone asking for directions in the area. The house was surrounded by a big wall which prevented anyone from seeing what was inside. To bolster their privacy and security, there was both razor and electrified wire on top.

It was everyone's wish in the community to get inside this beautiful yard and see what was inside. To many, this was just a dream. The Diba family wasn't sociable at all, and only a few members of the community had ever set foot inside the yard, including the old madalas and grannies in the community. Amongst those who claimed to have set foot inside was a certain old man by the name of Maya. He was so proud of this, to the extent, that whenever he had someone paying attention to him, he would always talk about how beautiful it was inside. It was him who had spread the news that there were dubious things happening in the yard. He had so many tales to tell about the happenings. It was partly because he could not keep his mouth shut that few people believed in his stories.

I met Tata Maya one sunny day on my way from the shop. He was puffing a cigarette as usual. Luck was on my side



because, unlike most days, he had no audience. I had longed for such a day when I could have a private talk with this old man, who valued himself so highly since he claimed he was the wisest man in the community and knew all the secrets, including the Diba family's secret.

I greeted him with all due respect with a smile on my face. He nodded back. I took some sweets out of my pockets and offered them to him. I knew he loved sweets very much. He gladly took them and invited me to sit next to him. I had trapped him and I knew that day I was going to hear a lot of stuff from him. He patted me on the back and thanked me. "Today is your lucky day. I will tell you a lot of dark secrets of this community which I have never told anyone. I promise you, you are the first one," he said to me.

My perception of our community, especially that of the Diba family, changed that day. Old Maya bragged that he knew everything in our community. I gathered a lot from him on that particular day. By the time we parted ways, it was twilight. Time flew that day without me realising it. On my way home, I pondered a lot about what Maya had just told me. The more I thought about it, the more questions I had and the more curious I became. By the time I arrived home, a lot of things were on my mind.

These thoughts kept on racing in my mind until I went to bed. As I lay in bed, my mind was thinking about the way our rich neighbours got their money. Maya had explicitly told me that they own a tokoloshe which they use to take money and wealth from other people without them knowing. He told me that the tokoloshe was the reason why the family kept privacy and hence the high-walled electrified fence. Maya also blamed the mysterious deaths in our community and in the Diba family on this tokoloshe which he claimed survived on nothing else but human blood. The news shocked me. I wondered what this mysterious thing looked like. I tried to ask him where people could get such a thing. I was told, from sangomas, but he sternly warned me never to try getting one for it spelled danger to our family if certain rules or sacrifices were not met. Yes, I heard him loud and clear about not trying to get one, but still I was curious to see what it looked like.

In the days after this, I tried to figure out means to get into the Diba family house to see this tokoloshe for myself. This was no easy task, for I personally had no contact with anyone in that family. Also, it did not mean to say getting access to the house would automatically mean seeing the tokoloshe. Anyhow, I



thought of jumping the high-walled fence, but what about the electrified fence? What if dogs were inside? I brushed the idea away.

One day I saw one of the fancy Diba family cars with a girl of my age being chauffeur-driven from school. She was wearing an expensive uniform which I had never seen, meaning she was at a school far away from our community, probably a boarding school. I thought that if I could befriend the girl that would be my chance to get access to the house. But how was I going to do it with all the security and privacy? How on earth was I going to see this girl? Why was I so concerned about a tokoloshe? Was it any of my business? Wasn't it just a stupid idea?



The more I thought about the idea as stupid, the more urge I had to discover for myself what was happening inside. I thought of playing around the Diba yard on a daily basis, hoping to see the girl outside. For days without losing patience I tried, but to no avail. After five days of fruitless trying I became impatient and nearly gave up. As I was leaving, after promising myself never to come back again as my mission had failed, I heard the sound of a ball behind me. Was this my lucky day? I looked and saw a ball. Someone had definitely kicked the ball and it had unintentionally come out of the Diba yard. I knew somebody was going to come after the ball. So I decided to wait and see. I went to the ball and started throwing it so high into the air that whoever was inside the Diba

yard could see that someone outside was playing with the ball. This paid off.

“Give me my ball,” a sweet voice shouted from inside.

“Come and fetch it yourself or else I will go with it,” I replied. This was my only chance to see the girl, I thought to myself.

Suddenly I heard the gate opening and my heart started to pound. Was it the tokoloshe, the girl or her parents? If it was the tokoloshe, what was I to do, but Tata Maya had told me that it was rare to see a tokoloshe. I thought of dropping the ball and running, but another thought told me to wait but to be ready to bolt like lightning if it was not the young girl. I saw the young girl coming out, wearing an expensive tracksuit and tackies. She looked at my shabby clothes and frowned. I ran short of words, but after some time, with the ball in my hand, I asked her to play with me.

She reluctantly agreed. We started playing outside with the ball. We both enjoyed it. I did not want to push her to let me into her yard. After playing, we sat down and started talking. We discovered we had a lot in common, the only difference being that I was poor and she was rich. We chatted until sunset and I went home. She told me to be at our playing spot at the same time the next day. What I wanted was coming true.

The following day, we met at the promised time and place. This was the start of our friendship which was not to last long. Nasiphe, as I later learned was the girl’s name, thought I was a genuine friend, not knowing that I was just using her as a pawn to achieve my goals. She defied her parents’ strict rules to accommodate me. She told me that she missed company during the school holidays and that I had come at the right time. She convinced her parents to let me visit the family and



play inside the yard. Everything was going as I expected. Her parents thought I was just a good, little, innocent child, giving their beloved child company.

Our “friendship” grew with each passing day and it culminated in sleepovers at the Diba family house. Her parents now regarded me as one of their own. They even bought me some clothes. My parents did not want anything to do with them. I insisted they were just a gift. My father wanted to burn them, but my mother managed to convince him not to. I do not know how she did this.

Everything in the Diba family was normal, I discovered during my first days. The only difference to me was that the family lived a rich life with expensive food and furniture. Everything inside was elegant. I dismissed Maya’s rumours that they had a tokoloshe. I thought that after spending a few nights with them, I would have seen the thing moving up and down the house. As I spent more time at the house, I later learned there was a room which was always kept locked. This discovery raised my suspicion, but no one, not even my “friend” Nasiphe knew where the keys to the room were, except Mr Diba. I was convinced there was something in that room. I had once more to make another plan to have access to it, but time was not on my side. The holiday was coming to an end. Without Nasiphe, I would have no access to the house. It seemed as if I was chasing shadows.

On one sleepover night, Nasiphe and I watched television till late. She fell asleep whilst I was still watching. I watched for a few minutes after she had gone to sleep and then I started dozing. Suddenly I felt footsteps in the room, but could not see anyone. They moved towards the television and switched

it off. As it went off, the shock of my life appeared. I wanted to cry and scream.

“Here I am, you wanted to see me. I knew from the day you started planning to come here that your mission was to see me. What do you want?”

I looked in disbelief. I couldn’t believe what was in front of me. I ran short of breath. In front of me was a brown, hairy dwarf, about 20 cm tall. It had an old man’s face on a boy’s body. It had long hairs covering its eyes. This is not what I had expected to see. It was so scary and I wanted to scream, but it warned me not to. It moved towards me. I wanted to run out of the room, but could not find the strength. I soiled myself in my pants. I was really frightened. I thought this was my end. It touched me with its arm. I nearly fainted.

“You are too young to venture into other people’s privacy,” it sternly told me. “I should have killed you for trying to see me and expose me. I, however, would like to give you a chance to live, provided you won’t tell anyone of this encounter, not even your parents. You should mind your own business young girl or else you will rue the day you were born. If you try anything silly, our next meeting won’t be such a nice one. Do you understand?” I could barely talk, so I nodded. It grinned at me, but wore a serious face. I knew it meant everything it had said. In the blink of an eye, the tokoloshe disappeared and the television went on, on its own. I kept on looking at where it had been, thinking it would come back to finish me off. I couldn’t sleep that night.

The experience that night, which I have never shared with anyone else, taught me a life lesson:

“NEVER INTRUDE INTO OTHER PEOPLE’S PRIVACY!”





Shaunika Tina Fourie

Balvenie
Primary
School
Grade 4
Age 10

Hi there
Bestie!

Trouble on the double



My name is Shaunika Fourie. I am ten years old. I attend Balvenie Primary School in Elsies River and I am in Grade 4. I live with my parents. My mommy's name is Crystal and my daddy's name is Shane. My brother, Keenen, is 14 years old. I like school. I love my class and I love doing homework. I play netball for the school.

One day something strange started happening to me. I could not understand it. Five times in a specific week five different people greeted me and spoke to me. They called me Shauna every time. I was always kind and greeted them back, but I had never seen any of these people in my life before. It gave me a strange feeling.

First there was the nice lady who greeted me on my way from school. "Hello, Shauna," she said.

"Hello Aunty," I said. I was completely puzzled by the way she said my name. I did not recognise her at all, yet she spoke to me as if she had known me all my life. I walked home. That night I told my parents about the strange happening. I described the lady to them. My parents did not know anyone like that.

"Zoë," my dad said, "do not talk to strangers. It is very dangerous."

"But, Daddy she seemed so nice and kind and I did not want to be rude," I replied.

Zoë is totally confused when a number of strangers started talking to her, calling her by her name. They smile and greet her in a very friendly manner as if they have known her for years. This puzzles Zoë as she experiences numerous of these incidents. One day they have to bring a personal object to class for a "Show and tell". She forgets it at school, but the next day she cannot find it. It has mysteriously disappeared. This leads Zoë to discover that somewhere there is another girl, almost exactly like her. It is Zoë's mysterious double.

My mysterious double



TROUBLE ON THE DOUBLE

BY SHAUNIKA FOURIE





"You must be careful. We live in a strange world," he said.

"Yes, Daddy," I said.

The next day I went to school early because we had to practise for the spelling competition. I walked with my friends, as it was earlier than usual. It was about a quarter-past seven.



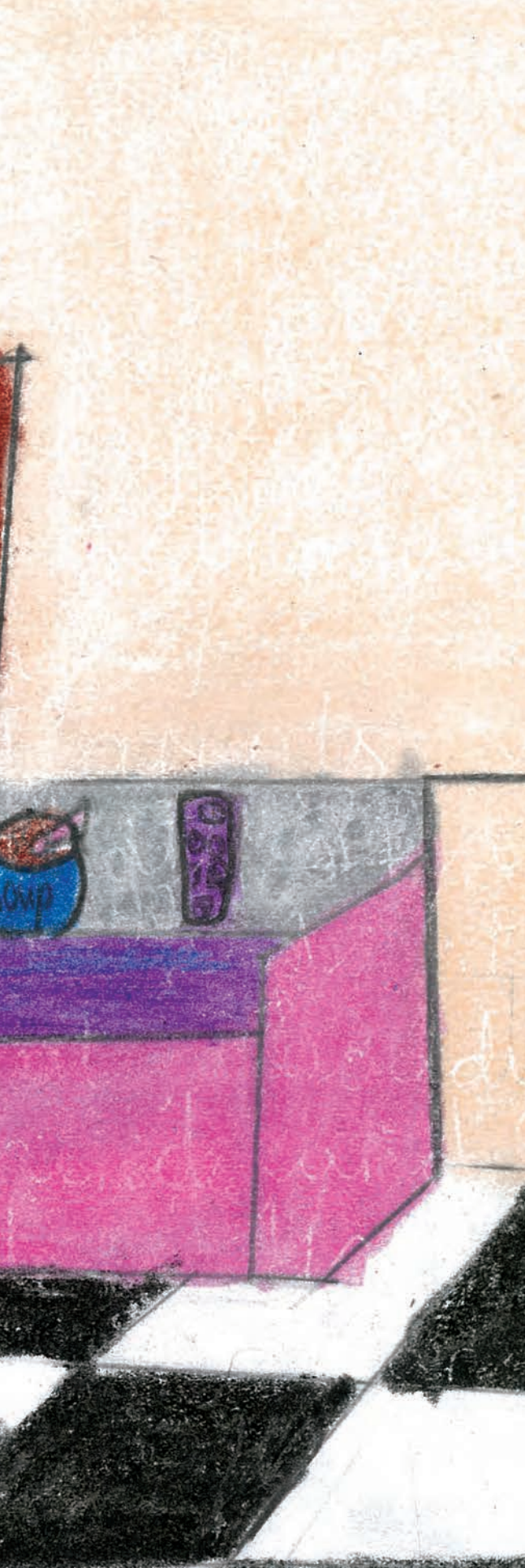
On my way to school, a man waved to me from across the street.

"Where are you going so early, my girl? Isn't your school the other way?" he asked.

Then after that I went to school. It was a Thursday. I was excited because after school, we played a netball match against a school in the neighbourhood. There were many spectators watching. Some were from Balvenie Primary and some from the other school. We won that day and everyone cheered for us.

On our way home from the other school, a boy called out, "Hey, Shauna. I thought you were sick? Yesterday, when I came to your house, you were in bed with flu." Then he ran off and shouted, "Tell your brother I'll see him later at soccer practice." Once again I was confused.





And so strange happenings like these followed, three more times.

On Friday, it was "Show and tell". We had to do orals and speak about an object that was very special to us. I took my teddy bear, Cuddles. Cuddles was my favourite toy of all time. I always kept Cuddles in my arms when I was sleeping. When Cuddles was with me, I was not scared of the darkness.

After school, I was playing in the park with a couple of friends. A car stopped at the park, while I was swinging. A window of the car opened and a girl shouted, "Hi there, Bestie, we're going shopping. See you later for the sleepover." I stared and so did my friends, and it bothered me, once again. That night, after I had gone to bed, I realised that I had forgotten Cuddles at school. I was so sad that I lay awake for hours and only finally fell asleep in the middle of the night.

On Saturday morning, it was our church bazaar. I felt very tired because I had not slept well the night before. I did not want to miss the church bazaar because it was always fun. But today, for the first time, I did not want to go because I was miserable. When we got to the bazaar, everyone was in a jolly mood. Then a tall lady tapped me on my shoulder and said, "Shauna, please help me with these boxes."

Again, I thought, "I am Zoë, not Shauna." She put a stack of boxes into my hands and I followed her to the cake table.

"Thanks, Shauna," she said. Then I saw my friend, Natasha, and decided to walk with her to the toys stall.

"Zoë, how did you change your clothes so quickly?" she said. "I just saw you in other clothes."



Hello
Shauna!

Where are
you going
so early
my girl?



I thought
you were
sick.

Shauna,
please help
me!



Hi there
Bestie!

Suddenly we stared at one another and shouted: "Oh, no!" There, close to the cake stall, was a girl who looked exactly like me and she had Cuddles in her arms.

We walked up to her. "Excuse me," I said, "is your name perhaps, Shauna?"

"Yes," she replied. She looked at me, so amazed. It amazed both of us how much we looked like one another.

Even my mother, when she came close up to us, for a moment did not know which one was me, until she recognised my clothes. Everyone started talking and then laughing about the fact that we looked so alike. Shauna, Natasha and I went to sit on the grass. We got to know Shauna, who told us all about who the mysterious people were who had talked to me during that very strange week.

I had met my mysterious double. I was happy not to be confused anymore. Mostly, I was happy to get Cuddles back, and I made a new friend, who looked exactly like me. What a week.



The end



Imi Cimoni

Intshayeleso
Primary School
Grade 5
Age 10



The magical Mosu tree

Imi was a young girl who cared about trees. In the corner of their garden grew a magical tree, but only her grandmother knew that it was magical. The tree grew tall and it blocked people's signals for their DSTVs, so they complained to the municipality so that the tree could be trimmed or cut down. Imi's grandmother agreed to trimming the tree. Imi then learned from her grandmother that the tree was magic and she would sing to the tree so that the tree would grant her wishes. The first time she sang, the tree turned into different colours. Then she wished everyone would plant trees and soon every place was filled with trees and there was no space for building houses and planting anything. She then wished the tree was gone. Then the tree disappeared.

Chapter 1

In a small village called Qonce in the Eastern Cape there lived a 13-year-old girl named Imi. She lived with her mother and grandmother. No one in her village, except her and her grandmother, cared about trees and plants. Imi and her grandmother planted the most beautiful garden ever. It had beautiful flowers that gave a nice smell. They would always water and weed the garden to make it clean and smart. When Imi's grandmother was not there, Imi would water the flowers and pick up all the paper in the garden. In the garden grew the biggest, most beautiful tree ever.

One day Imi's grandmother called Imi to the garden and said to her, "This tree is a special magical tree. It must never be cut down or trimmed, and you should always take care of it."

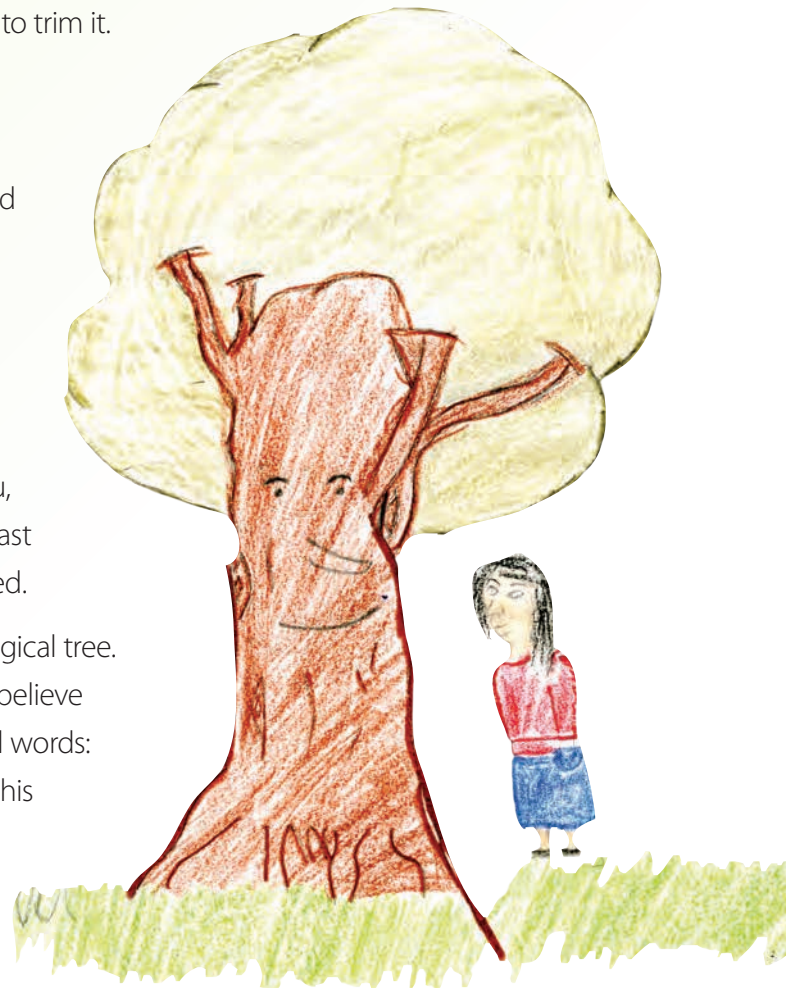
"I don't understand, how can this tree be magical?" Imi replied. Her grandmother said to her that one day, when she is a grown-up, she would understand. The next morning Imi went to school, still wondering what her grandmother was trying to say to her. She even asked her mother, but she did not understand either.

Each day, the tree grew taller and taller. Neighbours began to complain, saying that the tree was growing too tall and it blocked their signal for their DSTVs and its leaves were blowing into their yards. The neighbours decided to complain to the municipality. A month later, the municipality people went to Imi's home to do an inspection. Grandmother was told to either cut down or trim the tree. She chose to trim it.

Chapter 2

Days passed and Imi's grandmother was very sick. One day, while she was sitting in her bed, she called Imi and said, "My angel, I want you to always know that I love you and I will always be with you. You must take care of the Mosu tree and if you want it to grant you any wishes, you should first sing this song, 'Mosu tree, the great one, wake up now', and say these words, 'Magical Mosu tree I call upon you, so wake up at this moment.'" And those were the last words Imi's grandmother said to her before she died.

Four days after the funeral, Imi went to visit the magical tree. She stared at the tree for hours. She could still not believe it was magical. She then sang and said the magical words: "Magical Mosu tree I call upon you, so wake up at this moment." Suddenly the tree shook and the leaves turned to gold. They were so beautiful and sparkly.







The tree started to talk, "Hello, I'm the magical Mosu tree and I can give you many wishes."

"Let me start wishing then, I wish my grandmother could be alive again," said Imi. The tree told Imi that it could not bring dead people back to life again, and she should wish for something else. Imi ended up wishing that people could care about trees and start planting them. Imi's wish came true. People started planting trees. Immediately, the village was so full of trees that there was limited space for building houses and planting anything. After two days, everything that Imi had wished for went right. Everyone looked after their trees and they even stopped listening to the municipality to cut down and trim their trees.

Imi went again to visit the tree. She said to the tree, "Magical tree, what is going on? Everything is going so wrong. This is not what I wanted. Every place is filled with trees."

"That's not my problem, it was your wish, remember? You still have many wishes, so what will you wish for?" asked the magical tree. Then Imi said she never wanted to see the magical tree, so it would be best if it could disappear. Suddenly the tree turned back to normal.

Chapter 3

Everything in the village of Qonce was back to normal. But Imi was still worried about one thing: how to convince the people to care for plants and trees. The next day, Imi went to the municipality people and convinced them that trees are important and she succeeded. The municipality educated people about the importance of looking after trees.

In the end, everyone understood the importance of trees and promised to take care of them. Everyone was happy!



Inam Booï

Delft Primary
School
Grade 6
Age 12

A young man firstly finds himself lost in the desert and then being framed for crimes he did not commit. He goes in pursuit of his evil double to clear his name of any wrongdoing.

Coming face to face with my evil double

There I was, alone and stranded in the desert. I was so cold and thirsty. I had only shorts on and a torn white shirt. The sun was so scorching hot that I decided to use my shirt to make shoes because I had none.

I became so hungry and weak that I suddenly collapsed. When I woke up, I could hear the distant voices of people in a deserted village.

When I arrived at the village, all the people ran away into their homes. I could not understand why. Until I saw my face on a poster with the word "Wanted" on it.

Then suddenly I heard a noise. Somebody was screaming. I ran to see who it was and there he was, standing right in front of my eyes. The mysterious double, who looked exactly like me ... my mysterious double, who kills women if they don't give him money.

He showed no emotions, looked at me and vanished. One of his victims, a lady, asked me, "Who was that?"

With fear in my voice, I said, "I have no idea." I was baffled.

I decided to find out what his motives were. I asked around and an old man from the village tipped me off. He showed me where my double was hiding. His secret hide-out was a small cave, hidden in the mountains nearby the village.

I sneaked inside while he was not there and was shocked to

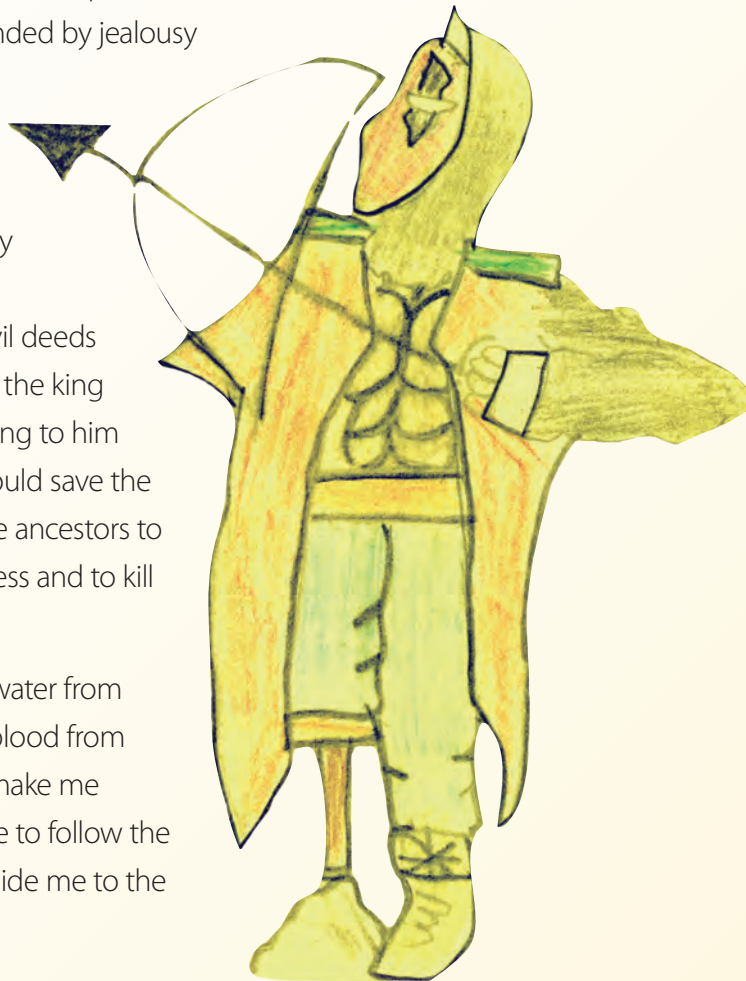
see photos of myself pasted all over the walls. I discovered that he had been doing research on me for the past year. He kept a diary in which he explained how he envied me and how he was planning to frame me for all his evil deeds.

It was his plan all along to kill innocent people, especially women, and make the villagers believe that it was me. Everything started to make sense now and I knew now what I was up against. In the meantime, my double was planning his next move.

He kidnapped a princess and he took her to a cave deep inside the mountains. An evil spirit took total control of my double. He was blinded by jealousy and hatred.

It was time for me to make a decision: I either destroy my double or face the consequences of his evil deeds and go to jail. I went to the king and explained everything to him and promised that I would save the princess. I prayed to the ancestors to help me find the princess and to kill my evil double.

They told me to drink water from a spring fountain and blood from an animal that would make me invincible. They told me to follow the black crow. It would guide me to the cave.





I took my bow and arrow and started my journey. After a day's walk, the crow suddenly stopped and I knew I was close to where my double was holding the princess hostage. I saw a glimpse of my double while he was preparing to offer the princess. As he was about to kill her, I took my bow and an arrow and shot him between the eyes. He died on the spot and I saved the princess.

When I returned to the village, accompanied by the princess, everybody cheered and I was the hero of the day.





Kgomotso Nooi

Liwa Primary
School
Grade 6
Age 11



Greed surpasses conscience

On a cool Tuesday evening, watching my favourite cartoon channel, 'the Super Mega Bob', I heard a large noise outside. I tried to ignore it, as I was deep into the happenings on television. The noise came closer and closer, and out of curiosity I decided to see what was happening outside.

I drew the window curtain of our two-roomed shack open. I was surprised to see a crowd of people in the street ... carrying every type of weapon imaginable on Earth. They were wielding axes, machetes, knobkieries, stones and some logs weighing as much as half their weight. There were children, middle-aged men and women and a few elderly people. Among the crowd were my schoolmates. Such a crowd in our community meant danger. I could see from the window that everyone was angry. I thought maybe they were chasing a robber, as this is common. Unfortunately, there was no one running in front of them to make me think they were chasing robbers who are always terrorising us. Everyone was chanting: "GO! GO! GO!"

I kept on looking at the crowd as they passed our house. Some people from our street joined them, but some just watched from their yards or windows like me. I kept my eyes glued on the crowd, not knowing what was happening. Suddenly the crowd stopped by the shop owned by a foreign national at the end of our street. I knew all hell had broken loose.

Everyone in the community relied on this tuckshop for their daily needs. The owner was a just but friendly guy who



SPharzois



∩	⊗	⊕	⊖	⊙
⊠	⊡	⊣	⊤	⊥
⊦	⊧	⊨	⊩	⊪





everyone called “My friend”. He would even give people goods on credit. All along there had been a cordial relationship between the owner and the community. As I watched through the window, I wondered what he had done. I felt sorry for him.

People started throwing stones at his shop, breaking everything. I decided to go out and take a closer look. I felt the urge to go close to the shop. As I approached, I saw the gentle shop owner trying to plead with the raging crowd to spare his life. The crowd heard none of this. The owner was shaking with fear, but only after pleading in vain did he think of defending himself. Stones were raining on his shop. Some men with crowbars were forcing the burglar bars of his shop.

“My friend” picked up a machete in self-defence. I think that was a grave mistake, for the crowd grew angrier. The burglar door was forced open. How could he ever think of winning this war with a single machete against a variety of weapons in the hands of the crowd? It was like fighting someone who has stones to hit you with and what is at your disposal are countless eggs. Definitely, the person with the eggs would ultimately lose. What had gone into people’s minds that day and the following days I could not understand.

Once the burglar door was open, people started hitting the shop owner with whatever they could get hold of. I saw the shop owner falling down with blood oozing from his head, but still pleading for forgiveness. The crowd did not bother to stop; they continued beating him ruthlessly. As one part of the crowd was beating the helpless shop owner, the other part started taking whatever they could from the shop. People were looting cooking oil, soap, surf, crates of eggs and cooldrinks. Mealie meal, meat and rice were not spared either. It was now a free-for-all. Even kids had joined in, and were taking sweets,

cooldrinks and toys. Whoever had grabbed something, ran to hide their loot. It was a pathetic situation. The shop owner “My friend”, “Our friend” was now lying lifeless on the floor. No one bothered to check on him. My eyes were full of tears. I really felt sorry for this shop owner who was brutally murdered. It was on my way home that I thought of calling the police. It was an idea which crossed my mind too late.

As I was running to our house, the crowd was now going to another foreign-owned shop two streets away from us. They had emptied the shop on our street and had virtually destroyed the once-beautiful shop. The shop owner on the other street had heard about the violent crowd and was about to leave when the crowd got there. As he tried to drive his car away, the people started hitting his car with stones. He however managed to drive away with injuries all over his body from the stones and bottles which were hitting him. The crowd went to the shop, forced it open and once more started looting. It was another free-for-all. It was when the shop was nearly empty that the police arrived and people started running away. The two shops were left empty. None of the perpetrators was caught. As I lay in my bed that night, the horrific incidents of that day came to my mind. I saw “My friend” being beaten lifeless and his body lying in a pool of blood. Why was the community so cruel? Is this the way to treat foreigners in our country? What wrong have they done? What’s next after this? These questions kept on coming to my mind until I fell asleep, if ever I did that night. I really wanted to find out why people act like this and why foreigners flock to our country.

The following morning, I decided to approach one of the participants to find out why they had looted the shops. Like many others whom I asked, he had no convincing reason as to



WHERE
IS OUR
TEACHER?

why he acted, except that the foreigners must go. One of the people I interviewed was boasting that he now had groceries to last him for four months or so. I asked them how they would feel if South Africans in other countries were treated in the same way. They all said it would be unfair. So why had they done this? I told them the Bible says: "Do unto others as you would like them to do unto you." They chased me, saying I was too young to lecture them. I knew some of them were now feeling guilty. After interviewing various people, I came to the conclusion that greed had driven the people.

After interviewing some of the participants, I decided to ask for an independent comment from my grandma. She was totally against the idea of beating foreigners and looting their shops. She told me that during the years of apartheid, our struggle veterans like Chris Hani and even the current president Jacob Zuma went into exile in other countries where they were all treated with dignity. She emphasised that independence would not have come without the help of other countries. She blamed people with no conscience and full of greed for carrying out these acts. "We are all human beings and should treat each other as such," she concluded, crying it was so painful for her when she had gone into exile in Zimbabwe during the apartheid era.

The next people I really wanted to interview were my foreign friend and teacher. I however knew that the interview was not going to take place the next day, for they would not be at school, fearing for their lives. I definitely knew they would only come after the situation had calmed down. The people's action meant I would lose learning from our lovely teacher. Did the people ever think that they were also affecting the education of their own children due to their behaviour because the teacher

would not be at school? I also felt sorry for my friend who would be absent from school.

I only managed to talk to my teacher two days after the incidents. He was not a happy person at all. He told me he was in the country because the situation in his home country was volatile. He told me he had to run for his dear life, for politicians wanted to kill him. He told me that he thought he was running away from a brutal hyena to a safe place, only to find out that he was throwing himself into the den of a pride of hungry lions. He was really stressed. My friend told me she had to come here to live with her daddy who had also run away from political dictators who had targeted the whole family. They ran away with virtually nothing, not even passports. Their only luggage was the clothes they were wearing. She started sobbing when she narrated how her father had carried her on his back to swim across the crocodile-infested Limpopo River to cross into the country. She broke into tears when she remembered how one person who was swimming with them was caught by a crocodile and died there. I could not help but also start crying.

Dear fellow South Africans, let's treat our foreign brothers and sisters as fellow human beings who also need to live. We must embrace them like our own. It's not by choice that most of them are here, but it is due to circumstances in their home countries.

I took it upon myself that next time when there is a community meeting I would endanger my life and ask for a platform to address the people. I will pour out my heart to them so that they can change their attitude towards foreigners.

South Africans, we are what we are because of other nations. We must always remember this before we spill innocent blood and loot from those seeking a living.



**Sesona
Goduka**

Intshayeleso
Primary School
Grade 6
Age 11



The new learner in my class

Nombulelo is a 12-year-old girl from the Eastern Cape who lives with her mother in a small house. They were struggling with poverty. Her mother was unemployed and they depended on Nombulelo's social grant and the money that Nombulelo got after dancing. Nombulelo is a new learner at Intshayeleso Primary, and when she arrived at that school, she did not have any friends and did not know English. After that, she got friends that taught her English properly. Nombulelo participated in a lot of activities at school and even became a top achiever at her school. Nombulelo grew up very smart and successful.

Chapter 1

Nombulelo is a 12-year-old girl from the Eastern Cape. She lives with her mother in a small house. Sometimes they go to bed on an empty stomach. One day, Nombulelo's mother decided that they should move to Cape Town to look for a job because she was unemployed and had no one to support them. They only depended on Nombulelo's social grant.

One Sunday morning, Nombulelo woke up early and made her bed. She then took a bath and put on her traditional attire (umbhaco and beads) and went to the mall to perform her traditional dance with the purpose of getting money. Nombulelo was a well-known, great dancer who always dances and sometimes brings money back home. Her mother wished her good luck and waved her good bye!

The following week, they packed their clothes and took a taxi to Cape Town, without having anything to eat. In the taxi



they sat next to a generous lady who gave them something to eat along the way. The lady was very kind and told them that she was coming from her brother's funeral in Pretoria and was now going back to Cape Town because she lives there, and she is a teacher. Nombulelo's mother asked the lady to find Nombulelo a place in Grade 6 at the school where she taught, called Intshayeleso Primary School. Nombulelo started hoping that she was going to get a place to learn at that school.

Chapter 2

The taxi arrived at 6 o'clock in the morning. The next day, Nombulelo's mother went to look for a job and was employed at Direct Axis as a receptionist. Nombulelo was also admitted to Intshayeleso Primary. The following day, Nombulelo went to her new school, feeling excited and nervous. What was left was to get Nombulelo a new school uniform. In a month's time, her mother got paid and bought a pair of school shoes, a jersey and a uniform for Nombulelo.

In her class, she was a very shy and soft-spoken person who spoke deep Xhosa that the other learners did not understand. It was difficult for Nombulelo to make friends because she was poor and could not speak English.

Chapter 3

The class treated Nombulelo very differently, as if they had never seen a new learner before. When the teacher asked Nombulelo to introduce herself in English, she was not able to do so, because her English was broken, and the class laughed at her. She was the laughing stock of the class.

Nombulelo's group members took her to the school library. They all studied English books to help boost her English. As



time went by, the teacher and her classmates were surprised that Nombulelo was able to speak proper English.

After all this, Nombulelo did really great at school. Her teacher even took her to a spelling bee competition and she got ten out of ten (10/10). She was now well-known and respected by many people and admired by many youngsters. A month later, her teacher took her to a traditional dance competition where she competed against other schools. She was determined to win for her school, which she did. As a prize, she was promised that she would be given money to complete her studies until university level. Now Nombulelo is a professional dancer who trains others in her community.



Shakira Agulhus

Talfalah Primary School
Grade 6
Age 10

In a faraway forest lives an old, miserable tree. One Valentine's Day, a girl named Sofi arrives in the forest. When she finds out why Valentine's Day is banned, Sofi throws a party to bring some joy back to the forest. On the day of that party, two muscular men arrive with a spade. What will happen next?

Restoring the balance of nature

Once in a far-away forest somewhere in Africa, lived an old, mean and miserable tree called the Mosu tree. The Mosu tree's age was about 35 years old and his height was about 20 metres. He was so vile and extremely grumpy. All the creatures and animals feared him. Not a single creature, neither animal nor human, could benefit from his presence because they could not see him. They could only hear his snarling, night and day.

Back in the city, there was a charming and friendly girl named Sofi. Sofi had long blonde hair and her face shone like the moon and stars. She was about 12 years old. One sunny Valentine's Day, Sofi was so happy that she jumped for joy and wanted to spread joy all over by giving everyone a beautiful rose.

When she neared the forest, something felt wrong. A cold wind was blowing from the forest. She anxiously walked towards the forest and, when she entered it, she immediately saw the forest looking so dull and creepy and all the creatures looking terribly sad. Instead of throwing red roses and petals, they threw red thorns and red leaves. The branches of the trees were broken down and lying all around. Dodging thorns and jerking at the unearthly howl of a wolf, Sofi thought, "No wonder they call me 'crazy Sofi' at school." She shuddered when something big and scary scurried past her.



Then she pictured her mother bending down and wagging her finger, saying, "Curiosity killed the cat, Sofi." Why, oh, why did she come here?

"What happened here? Why does the forest look so ghostly and creepy? Where are all the decorations? Where is the joy?" She wondered to herself.

The huge, fat owl hooted and answered as if he could read her mind, "We never celebrate Valentine's Day. It is banned in the memories."

"Who dared to ban Valentine's Day?" asked Sofi angrily.

The owl hooted, "The mean and moody Mosu tree."

"Where can I find this mean and moody tree? Who does he think he is?" asked Sofi.

"He's right over there, look." The owl pointed, with his right wing, in the direction of the cantankerous Mosu tree.



Sofi gathered all of her courage, and with determination she prepared herself to face him. But when she got there, the path to the Mosu tree was so tranquil. It was filled with small white flowers. “How beautiful,” she thought, “and the fragrance ... to die for.” But as she got closer to the tree, all she saw was a circle of thorny bushes surrounding the tree, which she assumed was around him to keep everyone out.

“Sorry, are you the Mosu tree?” she asked, her voice trembling only slightly.

“What if I am?” spat the Mosu tree, glaring at Sofi.

“I have a question,” responded Sofi calmly.

“What!”

“Why is Valentine’s Day banned? Everyone should enjoy it,” exclaimed Sofi.

“I don’t want to talk about it!” snapped the tree.

“Please tell me, I want to help you,” begged Sofi, not absolutely sure how she could help.

“Well, if you insist. It happened several years back on Valentine’s Day – banned on account of human’s disrespect for nature. There were lots of my kind and I was not grumpy then. It was a day to remember. I had finally found true love. But!!! Then something terrifying happened. Right here, on this spot, were five illegal loggers who chopped down all the trees, except me!”

The Mosu tree continued, “I watched helplessly as they chopped down all the trees, especially the one next to me, the one that my heart beat for, the one that gave me a reason

to exist. Slowly and heartlessly they chopped her down, chatting and laughing while doing so. I died every time the axe struck her. Unfortunately for me, they could not see me. Hundreds of years ago a witch had cast a spell on me, and I became invisible to the world and the loggers could not see me. I, however, could see everything they did. That is why Valentine's Day is banned. Now leave!"

Sofi left with a sad face and a heavy heart. Once home, she felt restless and anxious. Suddenly, an idea came to her. Excited, Sofi told all the creatures about her plan.

Feverish preparations began. The next day all the creatures and animals brought gifts. Even the wolf brought chocolates. Everyone shouted, "Happy Valentine's Day!" Then something unexpected happened.

A truck arrived. Two muscular men wielding huge spades climbed out. For a moment the forest held its breath. The air became still and heavy. It seemed as if even the birds had stopped in mid-flight. The men walked to the back of the truck, opening the doors with a loud clang. Everyone watched the men emerge with a young Mosu tree, with succulent, tender leaves. When the animals realised what was happening, the spell on the Mosu tree was broken from all the excitement. Everyone noticed something new. The owl hooted, "The spell is broken, we can see him again."

From that day on, the forest celebrated Valentine's Day. Sofi often has picnics under the Mosu trees' canopies. The miserable Mosu tree does not become grumpy anymore, but why should he; he's no longer lonely. The balance of nature has been restored.



Taufeeqah Adams

Talfalah Primary School
Grade 6
Age 12

The fairy Qudisiyah had a very important, special book that her mom had given her before she died. And if she loses it, her hair will turn black and the future of the forest will be at risk. Will she find it before it's too late?



The fairy who lost her touch

Chapter 1 Trouble in the forest

Once upon a time, there was a tiny fairy named Qudisiyah who loved eating, but disliked children. In fact, she hated them.

Qudisiyah lived in a cold, dark and eerily quiet castle surrounded by thick bushes and lots of trees that made it impossible to run or play. Now Qudisiyah, the fairy, used to have a special, spectacular book that she had always carried with her. In that book was a very special recipe that her mom, Hadjira, had given her before she had died. Qudisiyah had long, glossy, blonde hair, but with the book gone, her hair had turned pitch black.

There was a secret room in the castle no one knew about.

The castle was bigger than all the other castles and it had mansion-sized rooms in it. One of the mansion-sized rooms had a secret bookcase where the remote to the secret room was hidden.

Qudisiyah went to the secret room quite often to prepare her mother's recipe, which, when everything was mixed, allowed all the flowers to release their fragrance. When Qudisiyah had left the room one day, she had accidentally forgotten her book and also mislaid her remote. What a catastrophe!

The fairy who lost her touch



Taufeeqah Adams

When she realised this, she exclaimed, "Oh my fairy godmother! Where is my book?" She looked everywhere. She looked under the chairs, in the living room and bathroom, absolutely everywhere, but found nothing. She was shattered. The forest remained dark. The flowers had not opened and released their fragrance; it was a cold, dark and unhappy place.

Not far from the castle, were two sisters who were camping with their parents. Aliyah, with her glossy black hair and sad blue eyes, was short and loved playing with other children. Mekayla, on the other hand, with her classic long hair that was light brown, and exciting blue eyes, was tall and loved to play with hair. The two sisters disliked sweet things. They adored fairy tales that their grandmother read to them.

That particular Saturday morning they were awakened by their parents arguing, and decided to leave a note:

Dear Mom and Dad

Don't worry about us. Need some fresh air. Be back soon.

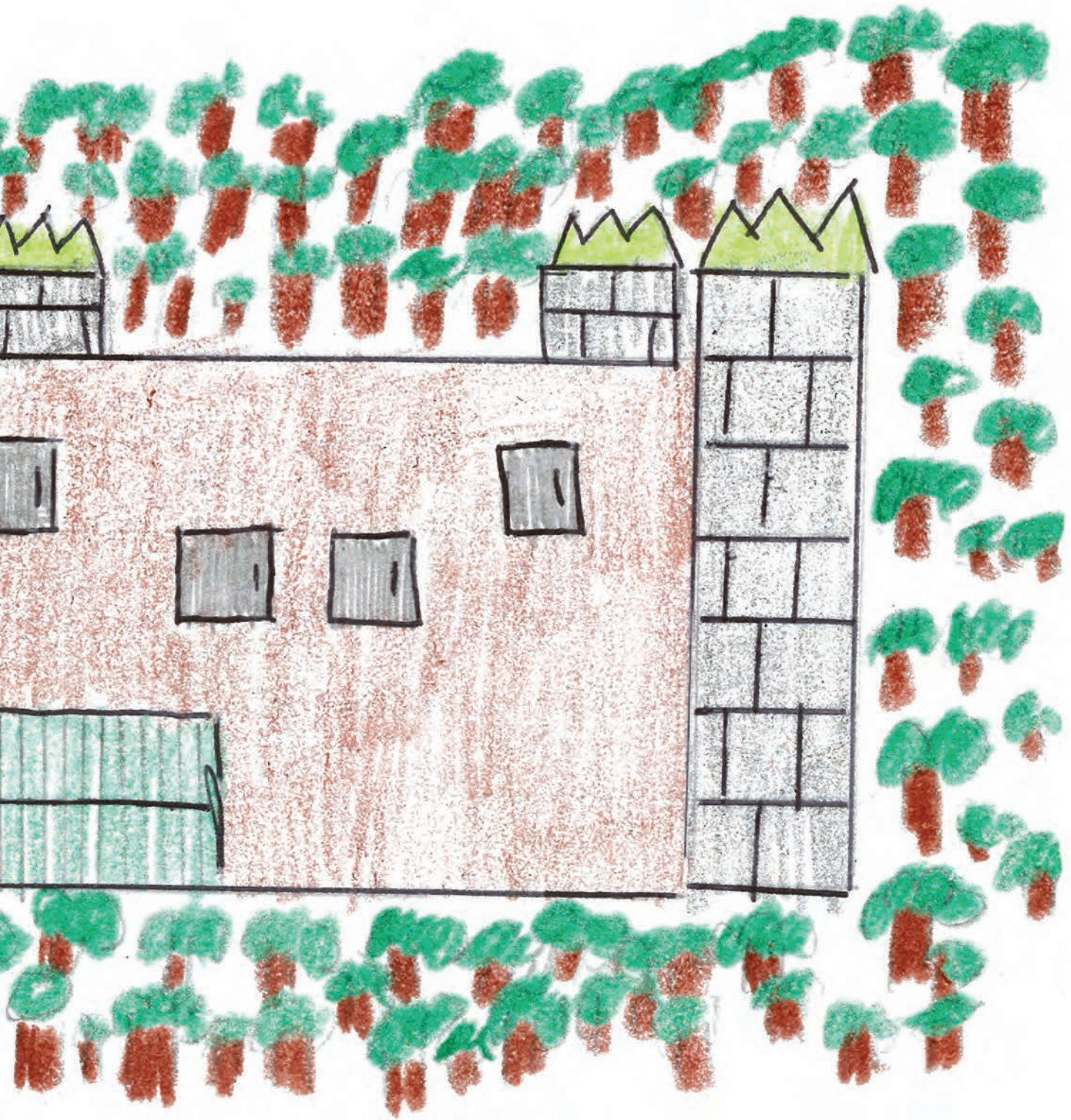
Your Kids.

Chapter 2 What lies ahead

Aliyah and Mekayla were scared because they knew their parents were arguing, so that always put them in a bad mood.

Yet, both of them felt so excited and determined to venture out on their own, no matter what the possible consequences would be.





“Who cares about consequences, as long as we are going to enjoy ourselves, for once,” Aliyah said.

“True,” said Mekayle.

“You never know what we will see out there – gremlins or fairies,” retorted Aliyah.

“Let the adventure begin,” said Mekayle, mixed feelings almost making her turn back.

They strolled through the forest. The air was cold, but it was exhilarating to feel the fresh, cold breeze playing with their hair. They smiled sadly at each other, “No arguing,” Mekayle said. They did not know what would happen on Monday, but for now they felt only peace and serenity, as though not a creature stirred amongst the trees or flowers. Not a bird ... nothing.

Suddenly Mekayle pointed to something silvery jutting out from amongst the trees. “Let’s investigate,” Aliyah suggested. They raced each other to the clump of trees, then stopped, amazed. Aliyah reached out to touch the cold silvery surface in front of her, and disappeared. Mekayle too.

They were inside a building with thick, grey, stone walls. Staring at them was a fluttering, flying person – a fairy?

“What are you doing in my castle?” the creature hissed, her blue eyes blazing. They were too stunned to answer immediately “Well?” she demanded.

“What is your name? Who are you? And where are we now?” the sisters asked in shock.

“My name is Qudisiyah, and who are you? And what are you doing here?”

The two, still in shock, answered one at a time.

"I am Aliyah."

"And I am Mekayle."

Then they asked Qudisiyah, "Why do you look so unhappy? Can we help with anything?"

Qudisiyah said, forgetting she hated children, for just a moment, and deciding for once not to be stubborn, "I'm looking for a special secret book."

Aliyah and Mekayle looked at each other excitedly, yet somewhat perplexed. Adventure at last! "Can we help?"

The fairy shrieked, her face beaming, "Oh yes, please!"

They started looking in the kitchen, then on to the living room, absolutely everywhere, but again, nothing. Qudisiyah looked despondent, and was in tears, "What am I going to do? The forest will remain dark, the flowers won't release their fragrance unless I find the book!"

As it sometimes happens, when you've given up hope, it finds you. Aliyah spotted the tiny remote, in a gap between the wall and kitchen floor. She picked it up and pressed the button without thinking. All of a sudden, as if by magic, the wall opened and there, on a heart-shaped table, she saw a tiny book. She picked it up carefully, as if afraid to break it.

She told Qudisiyah, who had been wondering what would happen to the wretched forest creatures and to her. But now that the book had been found, she exclaimed, "Thank you so much! You don't know how many lives you've saved." Then she added shyly, "Please . . . um . . . could you stay for a while?"

Qudisiyah excused herself, flew into the secret room and carefully mixed together the 101 ingredients. While she had a

beaming face and tears of joy, she raised her arms to the sky and, with a few magic words, the whole castle lit up. Aliyah and Mekayle could hear the joyful song of birds outside the castle, and a lovely fragrance wafted through the windows. The fairy came back into the room, and they were surprised to see the colour of her hair and eyes had changed to a warm yellow.

The fairy was convinced that they had brought her luck, and she was going to try everything in her power to keep them with her for the sake of the magical and mystical castle and its surroundings.

She asked them to stay with her and join her on her adventures and mystery findings. The three of them brought so much love and light to the castle and the forest's inhabitants that they decided to drink from the fountain of youth and live happily forever after. With their parents' permission, of course.



Children writing to grow smart

This collection of stories represents a sample of the stories written by learners across the Cape Town Metropole for the Growsmart writing competition. Growsmart is a CSI initiative by Growthpoint Properties Ltd.

These stories share the 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.



This book is not for sale.