



# Children's Book Network

## LOCKDOWN LEARNING PROGRAMME

### WEEK 3 – HAIRSTYLES



With thanks to the following sources:  
Stories: Nali'Bali | Colouring in images: Val Myburgh



**References:**

<https://nalibali.org/story-library/multilingual-stories/timi-and-the-barber>  
<https://nalibali.org/story-library/multilingual-stories/utimi-nomchebi-weenwele>  
<https://nalibali.org/story-library/multilingual-stories/ntatu-and-bommelak-tree>  
<https://nalibali.org/story-library/multilingual-stories/untatu-nomthi-webommelak>  
<https://mothernatured.com/printables/nature-craft-collage-boy-and-girl-head-printable/>  
<https://www.teacherspayteachers.com/FreeDownload/Fine-Motor-Monster-Tracing-Lines-Preschool-Pre-Writing-2810398>

A big thank you to Val Myburgh for her colouring in pictures

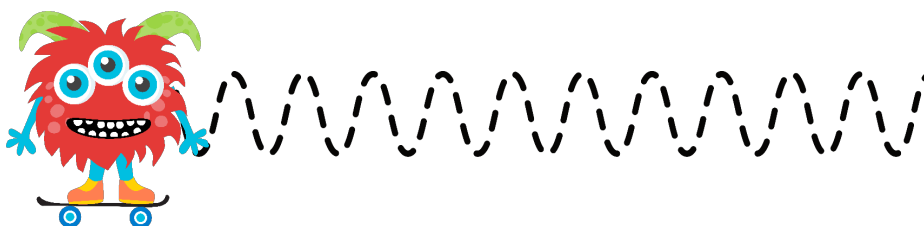
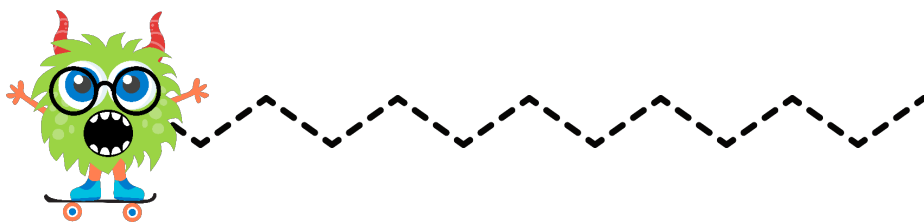
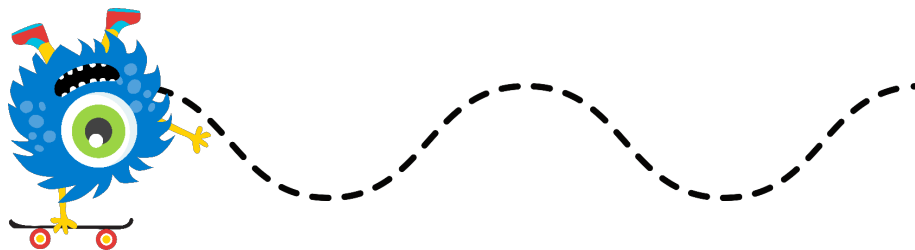
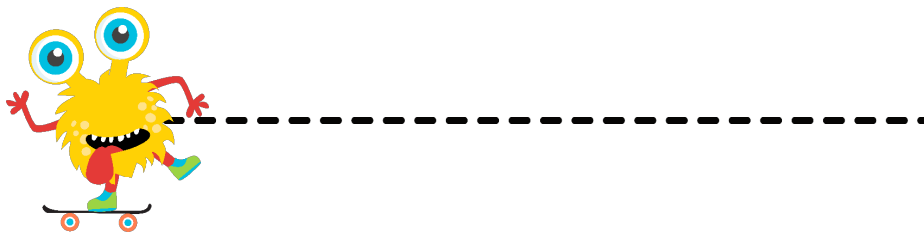


# HAIRSTYLES

Everybody has different hair. Some people's hair is straight, some people's hair is curly, and some people have no hair at all! We are all special and should celebrate these differences.

Trace over the dotted lines in the images below. See if you can use these lines to help draw yourself and what your hair looks like today:

## TRACE THE LINES

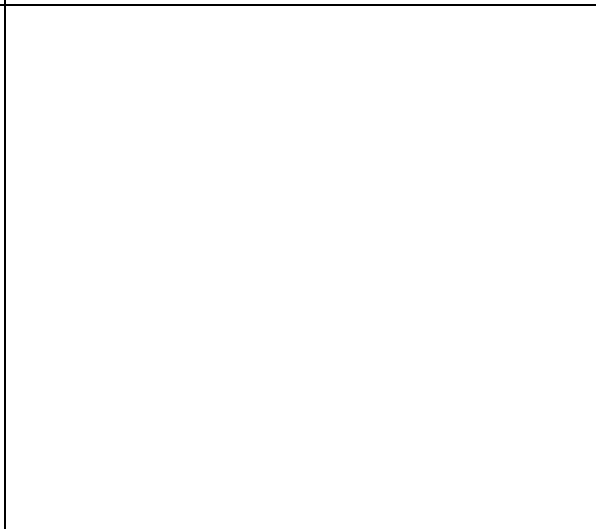
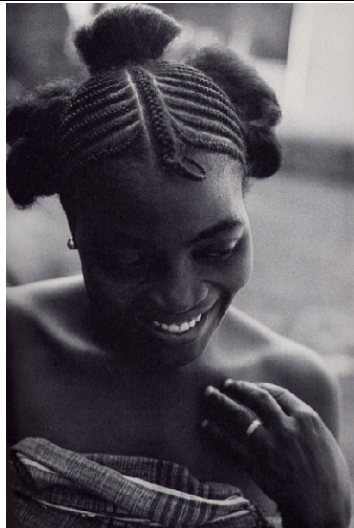


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Can you copy these patterns of hairstyles in the boxes next to each image? Look at the lines and the spaces, and see if you can draw out the patterns created in their hair.



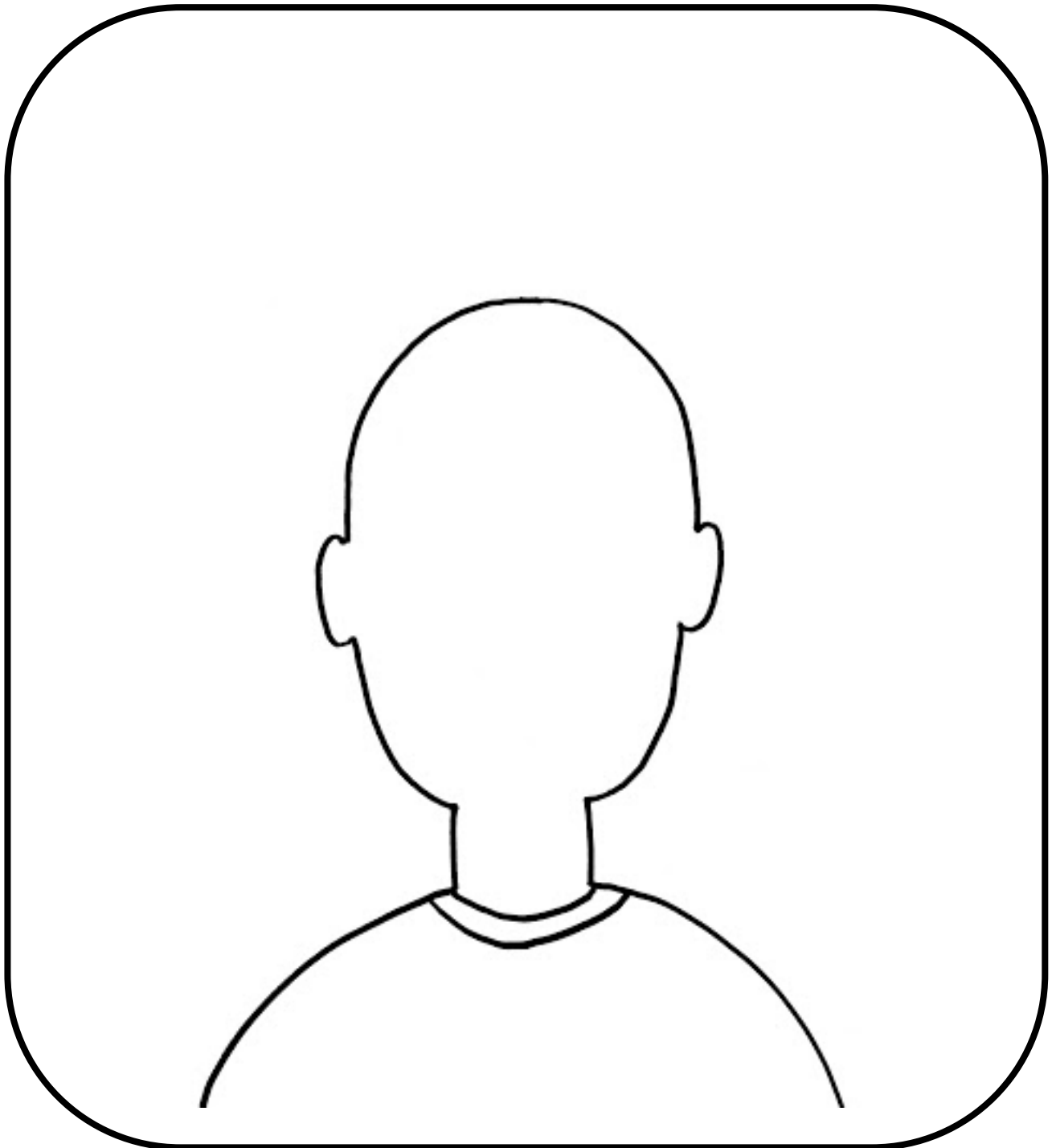


# DRAW YOURSELF

## WHAT HAIRSTYLE DO YOU WANT?

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Draw yourself in the frame below. What style would you like to have for your hair? (Boys as well as girls!)



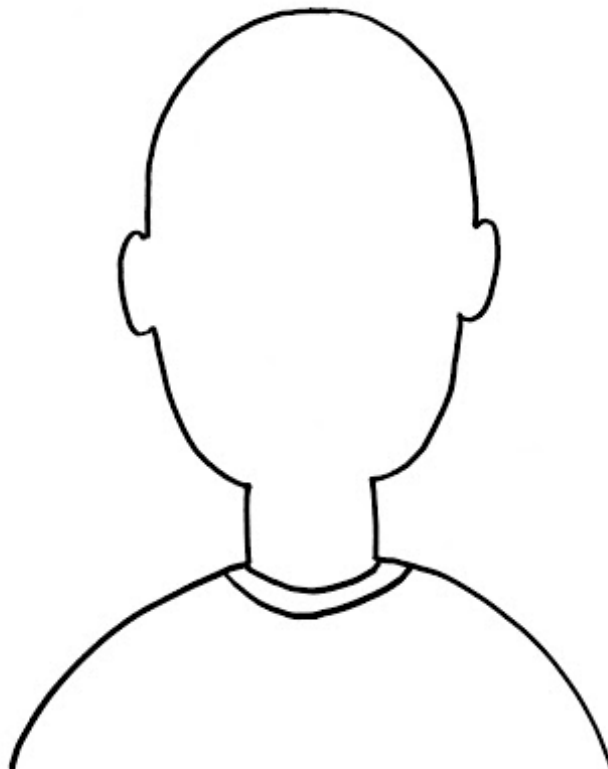


# FANTASTIC HAIR PARTY

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Your big brother or big sister is going to a Fantastic Hair Party. They have asked you to draw the wildest hairstyle you can think of – maybe with flowers, and feathers, and jewellery. Draw something really amazing that you think would win the prize! Write their name in the box below.

My brother / sister: \_\_\_\_\_





# STORIES TO READ

## Timi and the barber – English

Timi and his mother lived in Mozala Town. There was something very unusual about Timi – his hair! It grew very quickly. It grew so quickly that every Saturday, Timi's mother had to take him to the barber to have his hair cut. And if there was one thing that Timi really didn't like, it was having his hair cut! Haircut time was worry time for Mom because Timi would cry. "I don't want to have my hair cut!" he always said.

Mom would cuddle him before they set off to the barbershop, but as soon as they arrived, Timi would burst into tears. Then Mom would have to do all sorts of things to try to get Timi to sit still while he was having his hair cut. Sometimes she would give him some biscuits. Timi loved biscuits, but he would gobble them down and start crying again. Sometimes Mom would break into a dance. She would dance to the left. She would dance to the right. She would shake her body, but Timi just cried and cried.



As soon as Jango, the barber, got ready to cut Timi's hair, Timi got ready to cry even more! First, he would sniffle, then he would sob, and then he would let out a loud cry, "Hiyaa, hiyaa, hiyaa!" "It's only a haircut, Timi. It's not painful," Jango would say, trying to calm Timi down, but that made Timi cry even louder. Sometimes Jango would sing to comfort Timi, but still Timi kept crying. One day, Timi cried so loudly that some passers-by peeped into the barbershop to see what would make a boy cry so loudly! "Oh, my goodness! It is only a young boy having his hair cut," they said. Timi did not care that people came to stare at him. He cried and cried until Jango had finished cutting his hair. Another day, he wailed so loudly that Grandma Binite came limping in with her walking stick. She lived next door to the barbershop, but had been woken up from her afternoon nap by Timi's loud wails.

"Oh, my word!" Grandma Binite said. "I thought something terrible was going on!" Then she limped back to her house to get Timi a piece of tasty grilled fish she had made. "I'm sure this will make him stop crying," she thought. But when she gave Timi the fish, he popped it into his mouth, chewed and swallowed ... and then went on crying! After Timi had left with his mother that day, Jango sat down with a cup of tea and thought and thought. Surely there had to be a way to stop Timi from crying while his hair was being cut! And that's when Jango had



his good idea! “That’s it! I’ve solved it,” he shouted excitedly. On Timi’s next visit, as soon as Jango took out his scissors, he began to tell Timi a story.

“Once there was a young boy who did not like to get his hair cut, so he let it grow and grow,” said Jango. “It grew until his head was full of knotty strands of hair. Soon the knotty strands became twisted together.” “What happened next?” asked Timi, who had stopped crying. “Flies and other insects decided to make their homes in his hair,” continued Jango. “So, what happened to him?” asked Timi, looking worried. “The young boy began to pull at his hair and to scratch because the insects that were crawling around on his head made it very, very itchy. He pulled and scratched, and pulled and scratched all day long. Soon, his head and his hands began to hurt from all the pulling and scratching,” said Jango. “Oh, how awful! What happened next?” asked Timi, feeling sorry for the boy. “His head and hands became swollen,” continued Jango. “One day, his mom brought him to my shop. As soon as they got here, he hopped on the chair to have his haircut. He sat still so that I could give him the best haircut ever.”

“Really?” asked Timi. “Oh, yes!” said Jango. “And when I had finished cutting the boy’s hair – just as I have done yours now – the boy gave me a very big hug.” Timi looked at his head. His haircut was finished! He had been enjoying the story so much that he hadn’t noticed Jango cutting his hair. He jumped out of the chair and gave Jango a big hug. And do you know what? Timi never cried again at the barbershop because Jango had a new story to tell him at every visit! And Timi’s mom was very happy because Jango’s stories meant an end to her weekly haircut worries.



## UTimi nomchebi weenwele – isiXhosa

UTimi nomama wakhe babehlala kwiDolophu iMozala. Kukho into eyayingaqhelekanga kakhulu ngoTimi – iinwele zakhe! Zazikhula ngokukhawuleza okukhulu. Zazikhula ngokukhawuleza kangokuba umama wakhe wayemsa kumchebi weenwele qho ngoMgqibelo ukuze achebe iinwele zakhe. Kanti ukuba kwakukho into awayengayithandi ngenene uTimi, yayikukucheba iinwele zakhe! Ixesha lokucheba iinwele yayilixesha lokukhathazeka kuMama kuba uTimi wayesuka akhale. “Andifuni mna zichetywe iinwele zam!” wayesoloko esitsho.

UMama wayemanga phambi kokuba baye kwindlu yomchebi weenwele, kodwa babesithi xa bengena kuyo, iinyembezi zimpompoze emehlweni kaTimi. Emva koko uMama wayesenza





konke anokukwenza ukuze uTimi ahlale ngokuzola xa kuchetywa iinwele zakhe. Maxa wambi wayemnika iibhisikithi. UTimi wayezithanda iibhisikithi, kodwa wayesuka aziphange aphinde aqalise ukukhala. Maxa wambi uMama waye adanise. Wayedanisa aye ngasekhohlo. Adanise aye ngasekunene. Wayetyityimbisa umzimba wakhe, kodwa uTimi wayekhala angayeki. Kwangoko emva kokuba uJango, umchebi weenwele, elungele ukucheba iinwele zikaTimi, uTimi wayezilungiselela ukuba akhale kakhulu! Kuqala, wayebefixiza, emva koko abibitheke, asuke asitsho isikhalo sivakale, “Hihoo, hihoo, hihoo!” “Kukucheba iinwele nje kuphela, Timi. Akubuhlungwanga,” wayesitsho njalo uJango, ezama ukudambisa uTimi kodwa oko kwakumenza akhalele phezulu ngakumbi uTimi.



Maxa wambi uJango wayecula ngelinge lokuthuthuzela uTimi, kodwa uTimi aqhube ngokukhala. Ngenye imini, uTimi wakhalela phezulu kangangokuba bade bakroba endlwini yokucheba iinwele abantu ababedlula befuna ukuqonda ukuba ingaba yintoni eyenza ukuba inkwenkwe ibhonge kangaka! “Owu, nkosi yam! Yinkwenkwana echetywa iinwele nje kuphela,” batsho. UTimi wayengakhathali naxa abantu besiza kumkroba. Wayekhala, akhale ade agqibe uJango ukucheba iinwele zakhe. Ngenye imini, wakhalela phezulu kangangokuba uMakhulu uBinite weza ejingxela ehamba ngomsimelelo wakhe. Wayehlala ecaleni kwendlu yokucheba iinwele, kodwa wayevuswe yingxolo yesikhalo sikaTimi esathe ngqwa ngaloo mva kwemini.

“Owu, zinkosi!” watsho uMakhulu uBinite. “Bendicinga ukuba kukho into embi eyenzekayo!” Waphinda wajingxela ukubuyela endlwini yakhe ukuya kulandela uTimi intwana yentlanzi enencasa awayeyosile. “Ndiqinisekile oku kuya kwenza ukuba ayeke ukukhala,” wacinga ngolo hlobo. Kodwa emva kokuba enike uTimi intlanzi, wayiphosa emlonyeni wakhe, wahlafuna waze waginya ... emva koko waqhuba ngokukhala! Emva kokuba uTimi ehambile nomama wakhe ngaloo mini, uJango wahlala phantsi ephunga iti waza wacinga waqhuba ngokucinga. Ngokuqinisekileyo kwakufanele ukuba kubekho indlela yokunqumamisa uTimi ekukhaleni xa kuchetywa iinwele zakhe! Kwafika xa kulapho uluvo oluhle engqondweni kaJango! “Yheke! Ndisifumene isisombululo sengxaki,” wakhwaza ngemincili.

Wathi xa esiya kwakhona uTimi, msinyane akuba ethathe isikere uJango, waqalisa ngokubalisela uTimi ibali. “Kwakukho inkwenkwana eyayingathandi ukuchetywa iinwele zayo, yaza yaziyeke zakhula, zakhula,” watsho uJango. “Zakhula yade intloko yayo yagqunywa yimicu yeenwele enamaqhina. Kwangoko imicu enamaqhina yaphothana kunye.” “Kwaza kwenzeka ntoni emva koko?” wabuza uTimi, owayeseyekile ukulila. “Iimpukane nezinye izinambuzane zakhela izindlu zazo ezinweleni zayo,” waqhuba watsho uJango. “Ke, kwenzeka ntoni kuye?” wabuza uTimi, ekhangeleka ekhathazekile. “Le nkwenkwana yaqala yamana ukutsala iinwele zayo nokuzonwaya kuba izinambuzane zazirhoqo-rhoqoza kwintloko yakhe ziyenza irhawuzele kakhulu, kanobom. Yayizitsala izonwaya, iphinde izitsale izonwaye imini



yonke. Kungekudala, intloko yayo kunye nezandla zayo zaqala zaba buhlungu ngenxa yokusoloko itsala futhi isonwaya,” watsho uJango. “Yho, imbi loo nto! Kwalandela ntoni?” wabuza uTimi, enosizi ngale nkwenkwe.

“Yadumba intloko yayo nezandla zayo ngokunjalo,” waqhuba uJango. “Ngenye imini, umama wayo wayizisa apha kule yam indlu yokucheba iinwele. Msinyane bakuba befikile, yatsibela esitulweni ukuze zichetywe iinwele zayo. Yahlala ngokuzola ukuze ndiyichebe kakuhle kakhulu.”

“Nyhani?” wabuza uTimi. “Ewe, kunjalo!” watsho uJango. “Ndathi ndakugqiba ukucheba iinwele zaloo nkwenkwe – njengokuba sendigqibe ngezakho ngoku – inkwenkwe yandanga kakhulu.” UTimi wabuka intloko yakhe. Zazigqityiwe ukuchetywa iinwele zakhe! Wayonwabele eli bali kakhulu kangangokuba zange aqaphele ukuba uJango uyaqhuba ngokucheba iinwele zakhe. Waxhumela ngaphaya kwesitulo waze wamanga kakhulu uJango. Uyazi? UTimi zange aphinde akhale kwakhona endlwini yokucheba iinwele kuba uJango wayenebali elitsha ambalisela lona ngotyelelo ngalunye lwakhe! Umama kaTimi wayonwabe kakhulu kuba amabali kaJango aba sisiphelo seenkathazo zokuchetywa kweenwele ayedla ngokuba nazo ngeveki nganye.



## Ntatu and the Bommelak Tree – English

A long time ago – before your grandfather and his grandfather and even his grandfather – Day and Night were not shy. They walked on the earth just like you.

Every morning, Day would wake up from his sleep. He would wash his face in the pool beneath the Bommelak Tree. Then he would walk across the earth and wherever he went he brought light and warmth.

The animals would stop and stare. They would whisper to themselves, “There goes Day. Look at how handsome he is.”

Every evening, Night would wake up. She would wash her hair in the pool beneath the Bommelak Tree. Then she would walk across the earth and wherever she went, she brought coolness and rest.

The animals would stop and stare. They would whisper to themselves, “There goes Night. Look how beautiful she is.”



All the animals loved Day and Night. Only one animal disliked them and his name was Ntatu. He would flap his feathers when he heard the others whisper, "Look at how beautiful they are."

Instead of agreeing, Ntatu said, "Well, what about me? Look at how beautiful I am. There is nothing as beautiful as me."

But the other animals only laughed. "Ntatu," they would say, "you be quiet – you foolish bird. You are not as handsome as Day and not as beautiful as Night."



This made Ntatu very angry. "I have a better neck than you, Giraffe," he said. "And I have a better nose than you, Elephant. And my eyes are better than yours, Mole."

This upset the little mole because he was very sensitive about his eyes, but Giraffe and Elephant only laughed at Ntatu. "Nonsense, Ntatu."

Then Ntatu said, "My face is more handsome than Day's and my feather's are more beautiful than Night's hair." And he flew away.

When next the animals saw Ntatu, he had combed his feathers and painted his face. "See," he said, "is my face not more handsome than Day's face? Are my feathers not more beautiful than Night's hair?"

But the animals all laughed at him. The little mole said, "Ntatu, nothing you do will make your face more handsome than Day's nor your feathers more beautiful than Night's hair."

Ntatu was very angry.

That evening, Ntatu hid behind a bush and waited. When Night woke, Ntatu followed her. He watched her wash her hair in the pool beneath the Bommelak Tree.

Ntatu waited all night long until morning came. He watched Day wash his face in the pool beneath the Bommelak Tree. "Now I know their secret!" thought Ntatu. "If I wash my face in the pool beneath the Bommelak Tree, then it will be as handsome as Day's face. And if I wash my feathers in the pool beneath the Bommelak Tree, then they will be as beautiful as Night's hair."

But just as Ntatu was about to dive into the pool, there was a terrible sound that stopped him in his tracks.

The Bommelak Tree shook its branches. "Ntatu," it said, "no one besides Day and Night may wash themselves in this pool. If you do, I will curse you. Now go and be happy with who you are!"



Ntatu shivered in fright, but he said, “And who are you to tell me what to do, Tree? I will be as handsome as Day and I will be as beautiful as Night. There is nothing you can do to stop me.”

And with this, Ntatu flapped his wings and dived into the pool beneath the Bommelak Tree.

But he did not land in the cool water of the pool. He crashed into a pit of dust. Ntatu was so happy he didn’t even realise this. He flapped his wings in the dust and he scrubbed his face in it – and he felt very beautiful and very handsome.

“There, Ntatu,” said the Bommelak Tree, “from now on, you will never wash yourself in water. You are cursed forever to wash in dust. Now go and be happy with who you are!”

Soon Ntatu’s colourful feathers faded. His face became grey and dirty. His wings shrunk and his legs grew short.

And whenever the animals saw Day and Night walk by, Ntatu looked at the ground and said nothing.

But the little mole whispered, “Look at how handsome Day is. Look at how beautiful Night is. And look at how grey Ntatu the pigeon is!”



## UNtatu nomthi weBommelak - isiXhosa

Kudala-dala – phambi kotatomkhulu wakho nokhokho wakhe nditsho notatomkhulu kakhokho wakhe – uMini noBusuku babengenantloni. Babehamba emhlabeni njengawe lo.

Yonke imihla kusasa, uMini wayevuka ebuthongweni. Wayehlamba ubuso bakhe kwiqula eliphantsi komthi weBommelak. Emva koko wayehamba acande umhlaba wonke kwaye naphi na apho ahamba khona wayesizisa ukukhanya nobushushu.

Izilwanyana zazisima zimjonge. Zazisebezelana zisithi, “Nanko uMini. Khawumjonge indlela amhle ngayo.”

Yonke imihla ngokuhlwa, uBusuku wayevuka. Naye wayehlamba iinwele zakhe kwiqula eliphantsi komthi weBommelak. Emva koko wayehamba acande umhlaba kwaye apho ahamba khona, wayesizisa ukuphola nokuphumla.

Izilwanyana zazisima zimjonge. Zazisebezelana zisithi “Nanko uBusuku. Khawumjonge indlela amhle ngayo.”





Zonke izilwanyana zazimthanda uMini noBusuku. Sasisinye kuphela isilwanyana esasingabathandi kwaye igama laso yayinguNtatu. Wayevuthulula iintsiba zakhe xa esiva abanye besebeza besithi, “Khawujonge indlela ababahle ngayo.”

Endaweni yokuvuma, uNtatu wayesithi, “Kanti nithini ngam? Jongani indlela endimhle ngayo. Akukho nto intle ukogqitha mna.”

Kodwa ezinye izilwanyana zazimhleka. “Ntatu,” zazisitsho, “khawuthule – sidengadini sentaka. Awumhlanga njengoMini noBusuku.”

Oku kwamenza umsindo kakhulu uNtatu. “Ndinentamo engcono

kunawe, Ndlulamthi,” wayesitsho “Kwaye ndinempumlo engcono kunawe, Ndlovu. Kwaye amehlo am angcono kunawakho, Ntuku.”

Oku kwakuyikhathaza intuku encinane kuba amehlo ayo ayenochuku, kodwa iNdlulamthi neNdlovu zona zazimhleka kuphela uNtatu. “Bubuvuvu obo, Ntatu.”

UNtatu wathi, “Ubuso bam buhle kunobukaMini kwaye iintsiba zam zintle kuneenwele zikaBusuku.” Waza ke wabhabha wemka.

Xa ziphinda zimbona uNtatu izilwanyana, wayezikamile iintsiba zakhe wabupeyinta ubuso bakhe. “Jongani,” watsho, “ingaba ubuso bam abukho buhle kunobukaMini kusini na? Iintsiba zam zona ingaba azikho ntle kuneenwele zikaBusuku kusini na?”

Kodwa izilwanyana zavela zamhleka zonke. Intuku encinane yathi, “Ntatu, akukho nanye into onokuyenza eyakwenza ubuso bakho bubebuhle kunobukaMini okanye iintsiba zakho zibentle kuneenwele zikaBusuku.”

UNtatu waba nomsindo kakhulu.

Ngalo njikalanga, uNtatu wazimela ngaphaya kwetyholo, walinda. Bathi xa uBusuku buvuka, uNtatu wabulandela. Wabubukela buhlamba iinwele zabo equleni eliphantsi komthi weBommelak.

UNtatu walinda ubusuku bonke kwade kwayintsasa elandelayo. Wabukela uMini ehlamba ubuso bakhe kwiqula eliphantsi komthi weBommelak. “Ngoku ke ndiyayazi imfihlo yabo!” wacinga njalo uNtatu. “Ukuba ndihlamba ubuso bam kweli qula liphantsi komthi weBommelak, buza kuba buhle njengobukaMini. Kwaye ukuba ndihlambe iintsiba zam kwiqula eliphantsi komthi weBommelak ziza kuba ntle njengeenwele zikaBusuku.”

Kuthe kanye xa uNtatu eza kutsibela equleni, kwakho isandi esikhulu nesivakala kakubi esabangela ukuba ame ayeke yonke loo nto wayeza kuyenza.

Umthi weBommelak wawushukumisa onke amasebe awo. “Ntatu,” watsho





umthi, “akukho namnye ngaphandle kukaMini noBusuku abanokuzihlamba kweli qula. Ukuba uhlamba apha, ndiya kukuqalekisa. Hamba ke ngoko wonwabele ukuba nguwe!”

UNtatu wangangcazela kukoyika, kodwa wathi, “Ungubani ke wena ukuba uxelele mna into emandiyenze, Mthi? Ndiza kuba mhle njengoMini noBusuku. Akukho nantoni na onokuthi uyenze, ukundithintela koko.”

Ngaloo mazwi, uNtatu waphaphazelisa iimpiko zakhe waza watsibela equleni eliphantsi komthi weBommelak.

Kodwa zange angene emanzini apholileyo equla. Wangena emngxunyeni onentlabathi. UNtatu wayevuya kakhulu kangangokuba zange aqonde nokuba akangenanga equleni. Waphaphazelisa iimpiko zakhe wabhuqabhuqa ubuso bakhe entlabathini – waza waziva emhle kakhulu.

“Nantso ke, Ntatu,” watsho uMthi weBommelak, “ukususela namhlanje, soze uphinde ubuhambe ngamanzi obakho ubuso. Uqalekiswe ngonaphakade ukuba uya kuhlamba entlabathini. Hamba ke ngoko wonwabele ukuba nguwe!”

Kungekudala iintsiba ezimibala-bala zikaNtatu zafiphala, azabi nambala. Ubuso bakhe babangwevu, bamdaka. Iimpiko zakhe zashwabana nemilenze yakhe yamifutshane.

Ngalo lonke ixesha izilwanyana zibona uMini noBusuku begqitha, uNtatu wayejonga phantsi emhlabeni angathethi.

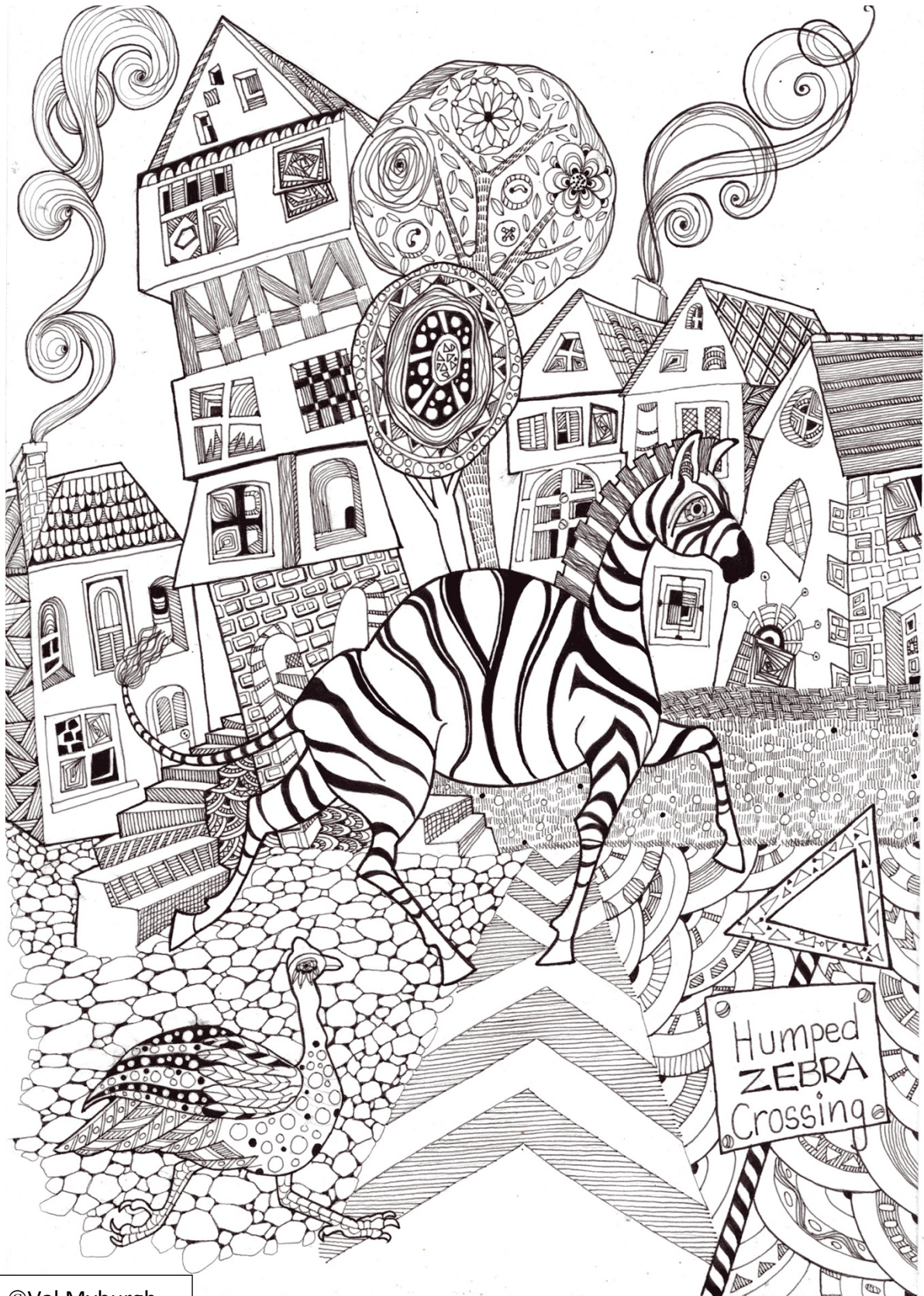
Kodwa intuku encinane yayisebeza ithi, “Khanijonge indlela amhle ngayo uMini. Jongani indlela amhle ngayo uBusuku. Niphinde nijonge indlela elingwevu ngayo ihobe elinguNtatu!”







# COLOUR IN



©Val Myburgh



# NATURE HEAD

Use the picture on page 15 to create a nature head like these examples:



## STEP 1:

Collect natural materials from around your home. Things like:

- Leaves
- Twigs
- Grass
- Soil
- Flowers

Do not break any plants – collect what has fallen naturally.

## STEP 2:

Use glue to place the natural items around the picture to make hair!





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