



# *Children's Book Network*

## LOCKDOWN LEARNING PROGRAMME

### WEEK 4 – MY SHOES



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



# INSTRUCTIONS

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1. Have fun with this booklet – it is yours to keep and enjoy.
2. Colour in the headings and any pictures you like.
3. Read the instructions carefully for each activity.
4. Share your readings by reading to your family.

## References:

<https://nalibali.org/story-library/multilingual-stories/koketsos-party-shoes>  
<https://nalibali.org/story-library/multilingual-stories/izihlangu-zetheko-zikakoketso>  
<https://nalibali.org/node/2021>  
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<https://www.penguin.com.au/activities/1882-go-go-and-the-silver-shoes-activity-pack>  
<https://www.mamasmiles.com/elves-and-the-shoemaker-activity-design-shoes/>  
<http://www.honkingdonkey.com/activity-pages/dot-to-dot/connect-dots-03-103.htm>  
<https://coloringhome.com/coloring-page/459191?album=pete-the-cat-printables>

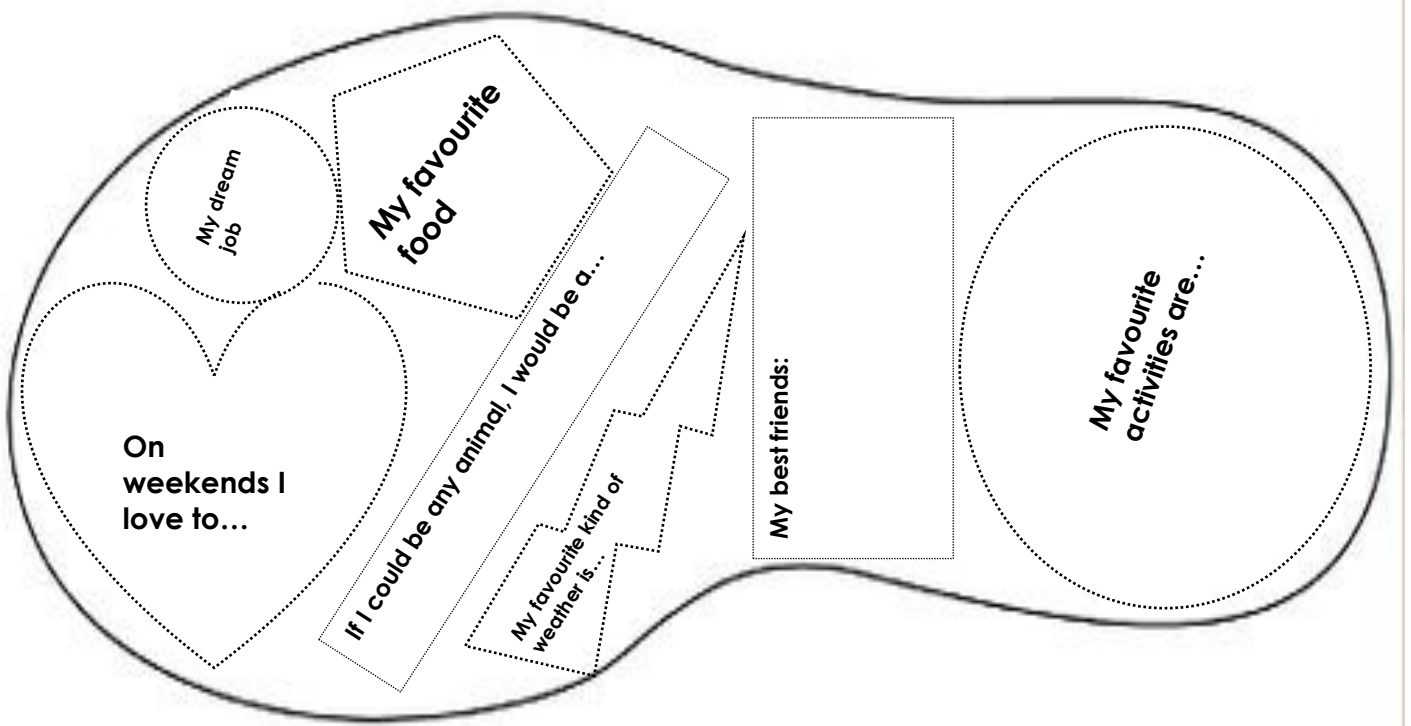
A big thank you to Val Myburgh for her colouring in pictures



# MY SHOES ALL ABOUT ME

In the shoe below:

- Fill in the information about yourself in the shapes
- Decorate the blank spaces between each block of information – use patterns, colours and textures.



In the blank shoes on the next page, decorate them with **colours**, **words**, **items**, **images** and **things** that you love – things that will tell us **all about you!**

Here are two examples of shoes to give you some ideas. Use as much colour, pattern and imagination as you can! Perhaps you want to draw and decorate your name in your shoes like Jason did.







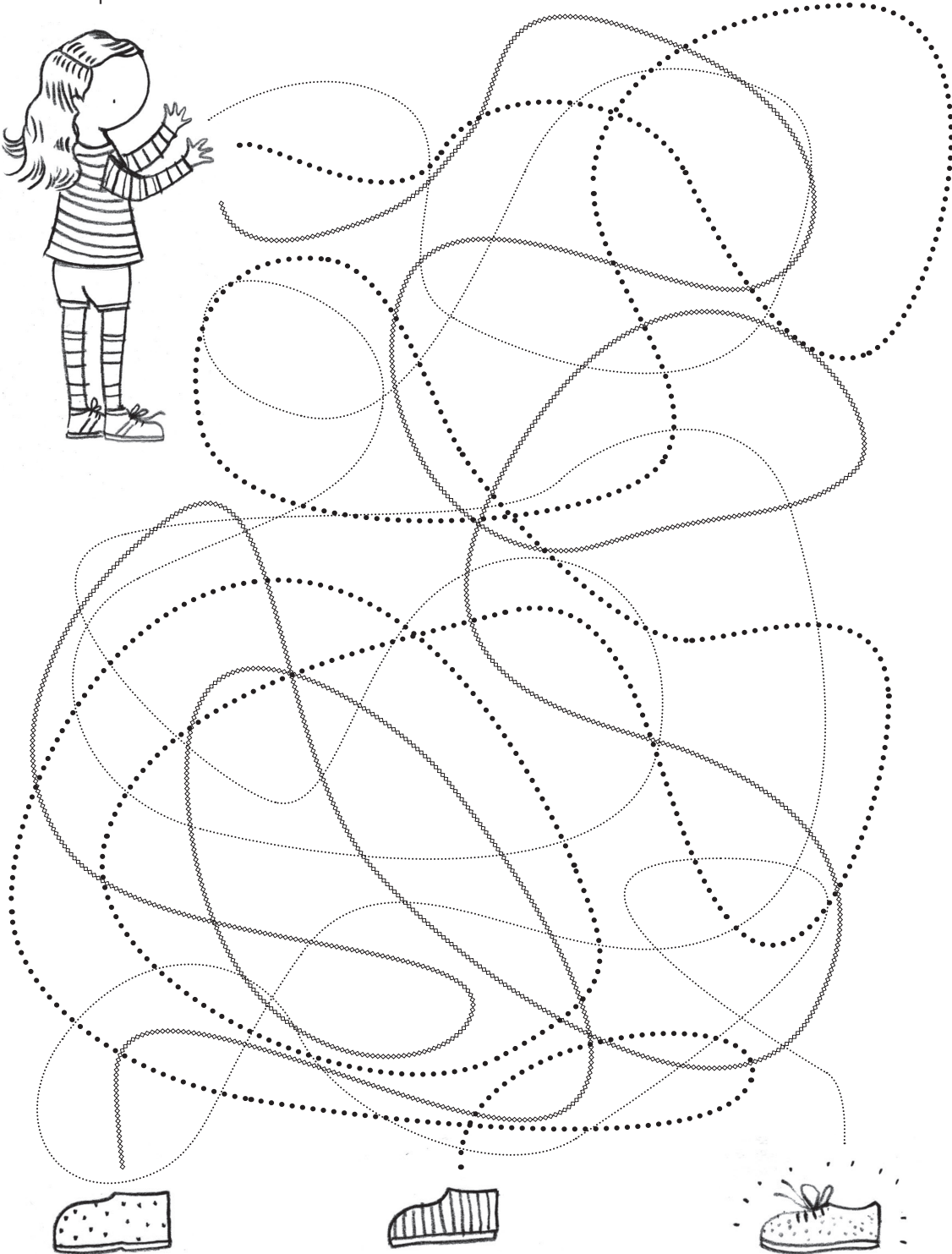
# MY SHOES ALL ABOUT ME





# FOLLOW THE LINES – FIND THE SHOES

Help Go Go find the silver shoe



[penguin.com.au](http://penguin.com.au)



Penguin  
Random House  
Australia



## STORIES TO READ

### Koketso's party shoes – English

Ow! Ow! Ow!" said Koketso.

Granny was busy at the stove and didn't even turn around. "What is it, Koketso?" she asked.

"OWW! OWW! OWW!" shouted Koketso. "My feet hurt. My shoes are too small."

Granny turned and looked at her. "I can't believe that, Koketso. Those shoes are almost new. Your feet can't have grown so much, so quickly."

"Oh, Granny," said Koketso, "maybe they wouldn't hurt so much if they weren't so brown and ugly. Maybe if they were soft, pretty shoes with sparkles and a ribbon, then they would fit me nicely."

Granny turned back to stir her pot. "Maybe," she said.

"Please, Granny," said Koketso. "I can't wear these ugly brown shoes to the party tomorrow."

"I see," said Granny, slicing the onions.

Koketso pulled her shoes off, then she went outside and had a little cry.

Old Uncle Koos came past with his shopping trolley. "What's the matter, Koketso?" he asked.

"I'm going to my best friend's birthday party tomorrow," said Koketso, "and I don't have any pretty shoes to wear."

So Uncle Koos looked through all the stuff in his trolley, but all he could find was a pair of old takkies with holes in them.

"Sorry," he said. "I can't help you, Koketso."

"Thank you for trying," sniffed Koketso.

Then the rubbish truck came by and stopped outside the house.

"Why the tears, Koketso?" asked the driver.

"I need some party shoes," said Koketso, "and I don't know where to find some."

"Shame," said the driver. "All the shoes in my truck are mixed up with the rubbish. But I often see shoes in the rubbish bins – there must be a lot of people around here with shoes they don't want. Why don't you ask your friends?"

Koketso thought that was a very good idea. So she went to see her friend, Mrs Salmon.

"Hello!" she called out. "Mrs Salmon, I need some party shoes. Do you have any party shoes for me?"





Mrs Salmon came to the door holding a pair of shoes. “Here, Koketso,” she said, “you can have these, but I’m afraid one of the heels is a bit loose.”

The shoes were pretty and sparkly and Koketso thought they were beautiful. “Thank you, Mrs Salmon!” she said. Koketso put the shoes on and did a little dance. But the loose heel wobbled a lot. Clack! it went as Koketso walked down the road, clackety-clack!

“Oh no,” said Koketso, “I can’t go to a party in clackety shoes!” So she gave the shoes back to Mrs Salmon and thanked her for trying to help.

“Why don’t you ask your cousin Pinky for some shoes?” suggested Mrs Salmon.

So Koketso did. “Hello!” she called out at Pinky’s house. “Pinky, I need some party shoes. Have you got any party shoes for me?”

Pinky went to look in her cupboard. “Here you are, you can have these,” she said to Koketso. The shoes had little red hearts all over them and each one had a big white bow. Koketso was very happy.

“Thank you, Pinky!” she said. She put the shoes on and did a little dance. The shoes were beautiful, but they did pinch her toes terribly.

“Ouch,” said Koketso. “I can’t go to a party in pinchy shoes.” So she gave the shoes back to Pinky and thanked her for trying to help.

“Why don’t you ask Auntie Shirley for some shoes?” suggested Pinky.

So Koketso did. But Auntie Shirley’s shoes were so big that she had to shuffle to keep them on – shuffle, shuffle, shuffle, shuffle. So Koketso had to give them back.

Koketso went to see everyone she knew. And wherever she went, her friends gave her shoes to try on.

But none of them was quite right. Pumla’s shoes were so old that Koketso’s toes poked out and the soles flapped – flap flappity-flap. Mama Maloyi’s shoes had such high heels that Koketso kept falling off them and twisting her ankles. Old Mrs Naidoo’s shoes were almost perfect, but they had a horrible squeak. Squeak squeakety-squeak. Koketso just couldn’t find the party shoes she was looking for, so she went home.

She found Granny in the kitchen. “Oh, Granny,” Koketso said sadly, “I’ve been all over and tried and tried, but NOBODY has party shoes for me!”

“And what’s wrong with those?” said Granny, pointing at a pair of shoes on the table.

Koketso looked. The shoes were sparkly with pink ribbons.

Koketso put them on and danced and twirled around the kitchen. The shoes felt just right on her feet and they didn’t clack or shuffle or flap or squeak. “I love them, Granny,” she said. “Where did you find them?”

“They are your brown-and-ugly shoes,” said Granny. “While you were out a fairy came by and made them beautiful.”





Koketso looked at the table and smiled. “Hau, Granny, that fairy was you!” she said. “I can see your workbasket ... and some glue ... and some glitter! I know it was you!”

Granny just chuckled.

“I love you, Granny,” said Koketso as she hugged her around the waist.

“And I love you, Koketso,” said her granny. “I hope those shoes fit you better now.”

“Oh yes,” said Koketso, “they fit perfectly!”

## Izihlangu zetheko zikaKoketso – isiXhosa

“Owu! Owu! Owu!” watsho uKoketso.

UMakhulu wayexakeke kakhulu esitovini kangangokuba zange anyeke nokunyeka. “Yintoni Koketso?” ubuze watsho.

“OWWUU! OWWUU! OWWUU!” wakhwaza uKoketso. “Iinyawo zam zibuhlungu. Izihlangu zam zincinci kakhulu, ziyandiluma.”

UMakhulu waguquka wamjonga. “Andikukholelwa ke oko, Koketso. Ezo zihlangu phantse zibe zitsha nje. Iinyawo zakho azikwazi ukukhula kakhulu kangako, ngexeshana elifutshane kangaka.”



“Owu, Makhulu,” watsho uKoketso, “mhlawumbi bezingasayi kunditya kangaka ukuba bezingebrawunanga kangaka kwaye zizibi kangaka. Mhlawumbi ukuba ibizizihlangu ezithambileyo, ezihle kwaye ziqaqambile, zinayo neeribhoni, beziza kundilingana kakuhle.”

UMakhulu waguquka kwakhona wazamisa imbiza yakhe. “Mhlawumbi kunjalo,” watsho.

“Ndiyakucela, Makhulu,” watsho uKoketso. “Angekhe ndikwazi ukunxiba ezi zihlangu zibi nezibrawuni kangaka ethekweni ngomso.”

“Ndiyabona,” watsho uMakhulu, enqunqa itswele.

UKoketso wazikhulula izihlangu zakhe, emva koko waphuma phandle waya kulila kancinane.

UTatomkhulu uKoos wadlula etyhala itroli yakhe yokufaka izinto azicholeyo. “Yintoni, Koketso?” wabuza.

“Ndiya kwitheko lokuzalwa loyena mhlobo wam ndimthandayo ngomso,” watsho uKoketso, “kodwa andinazo izihlangu ezihle endiza kuzinxiba apho.”

Uthe ke uTatomkhulu uKoos wavumbulula phakathi kwezo zinto zazikule troli yakhe, kodwa awakufumanayo yayiziiteki ezindala nezinemingxuma nje kuphela.

“Ndiyaxolisa,” watsho. “Andikwazi ukukunceda, Koketso.”

“Enkosi ngokuzama kwakho,” wafixiza watsho uKoketso.

Emva koko kwafika inqwelo yokuthutha inkunkuma yaze yemisa ecaleni kwendlu.

“Ulilela ntoni, Koketso?” wabuza umqhubi wenqwelo yenkunkuma.





“Ndifuna izihlangu zokunxiba ethekweni,” watsho uKoketso, “kodwa andazi ukuba ndingazifumana phi na.”

“Owu torhwana,” watsho umqhubi. “Zonke izihlangu ezikule nqwelo yam zixubene nenkunkuma. Kodwa ndikhe ndizibone izihlangu emigqomeni yenkunkuma – kumele ukuba kukho abantu abaninzi kule ngingqi abanezihlangu abangazithandiyo nabafuna ukuzilahla. Kutheni ungabuzi kubahlobo bakho nje?”

UKoketso walibona ilicebo elihle kakhulu eli alinikwayo. Ngoko ke waya kubona umhlobo wakhe, onguNkosikazi Salmon.

“Molo wethu!” wakhwaza. “Nkosikazi Salmon, ndifuna izihlangu zokunxiba ethekweni. Ingaba unazo na izihlangu onokundipha zona?”

UNKosikazi Salmon weza emnyango ephethe izihlangu. “Nazi ke, Koketso,” watsho, “ungazithatha ezi zihlangu, kodwa ngelishwa esinye sezithende sinako ukugungqana okuncinane.”

Ezi zihlangu zazizihle kwaye zazikhazimla kangangokuba noKoketso wacinga ukuba zihle. “Enkosi, Nkosikazi Salmon!” watsho. UKoketso wazinxiba izihlangu waza wenza umdaniso omfutshane. Kodwa isithende esishukumayo sasigungqa kakhulu. Rhaxa! sasisitsho lo gama uKoketso ehamba, esihla ngendlela, rhaxa, kre-rhaxa!

“Owu hayini,” watsho uKoketso, “Andikwazi ukuya ethekweni ngezihlangu ezingxolayo!” Ngoko ke wazibuyisela kwakuNkosikazi Salmon izihlangu ezo, waze wambulela ngokuzama ukumnceda kwakhe.

“Kutheni ungaceli izihlangu kumzala wakho uPinky nje?” wacebisa njalo uNkosikazi Salmon.

Ngoko ke naye uKoketso wenza njalo. “Molweni!” wangena ekhwaza njalo endlwini yakuloPinky. “Pinky, ndifuna izihlangu zokunxiba ethekweni. Ingaba unazo izihlangu onokundipha zona?”

UPinky waya kujonga ekhabhathini. “Nazi, ungazithatha ezi,” watsho kuKoketso. Ezi zihlangu zazineentliziyo ezincinane ezibomvu ndawo yonke kwaye intliziyo nganye yayineqhina elikhulu elimhlophe. UKoketso kwamonwabisa kakhulu oku.

“Enkosi kakhulu, Pinky!” watsho. Wazinxiba izihlangu ezo waza wenza umdaniso omfutshane. Izihlangu zazizihle, kodwa zamtya kabuhlungu kakhulu phaya ezinzwaneni.

“Owu shu,” watsho uKoketso. “Andikwazi ukuya ethekweni ngezihlangu ezinditya kabuhlungu kangaka. Ngoko ke wazibuyisela kwakuPinky izihlangu ezo waze wambulela ngokuzama kwakhe ukumnceda.

“Kutheni ungaceli izihlangu kuMakazi uShirley nje?” ucebise ngelitshoyo uPinky.

Ngoko ke uKoketso wenza njalo. Kodwa izihlangu zikaMakazi uShirley zazizikhulu kakhulu kangangokuba kwakufuneka ukuba ashixize xa ehamba ngazo ukuze zingapoqi – shixi, shixi, shixi, shixi. Ngoko ke kwafuneka ukuba uKoketso azibuyisele kwakuye.

UKoketso waya kumntu wonke amaziyo. Kwaye kuyo yonke indawo awaya kuyo, abahlobo bakhe babemnika izihlangu ukuze azilinganise.



Kodwa kwakungekho ezide zimlingane twatse okanye zibe yile nto ayifunayo. EzikaPhumla izihlangu zazizidala kakhulu kangangokuba iinzwane zakhe zazivelile kuzo kwaye iisoli zazo zaziphaqaza – phaqa phaqa-phaqa. Izihlangu zikaMama uMaloyi zazinezithende eziphakame kakhulu kangangokuba uKoketso wayesiwa njalo, apetyeke amaqatha. Ezexhegokazi elinguNkosikazi Naidoo zona zaphantse zagqibelela, kodwa zazinengxolo embi etswinayo. Tswi tswi-tswi. UKoketso zange nje azifumane izihlangu ezigqibeleleyo zokunxiba ethekweni nawayezifuna, ngoko ke wagoduka.

Wafika uMakhulu esesekhithshini. “Owu Makhulu,” watsho kalusizi uKoketso, “ndihambe indawo yonke, ndazama, ndazama, kodwa AKUKHO NAMNYE onezihlangu endinokuzinxiba ethekweni nanokundipha zona!”

“Kanene yintoni engalunganga ngeziya?” watsho uMakhulu, esolatha izihlangu ezaziphezu kwetafile.

UKoketso waphakamisa amehlo wajonga. Ezo zihlangu zaziqhakazile, zineeribhoni ezipinki.

UKoketso wazinxiba ezo zihlangu waze wadanisa ejikeleza ekhithshini. Izihlangu ezo zazimlingana kakuhle kwaye zazingangxoli, zibhongqoze okanye zishixize okanye ziphaqaze okanye zitswine. “Ndiyazithanda kakhulu, Makhulu,” watsho. “Uzifumene phi?”

“Zeziya zihlangu zakho zibrawuni-kwaye-zibi,” utshilo uMakhulu. “Ngalaa mzuzu ubusaphumile kuye kwafika umkholonjane waza wazenza zazihle ngolu hlobo.”

UKoketso wajonga etafileni waze wancuma. “Hayi bo, Makhulu, loo mkholonjane ibinguwe!” watsho. “Ndiyayibona ibhaskithi yakho enezinto zokuthunga ... kunye neglu ... kunye namaqokobhe anezinto zokuhombisa! Ndiyazi ibinguwe!”

UMakhulu wathi gquzu, gquzu kancinane, ehleka.

“Ndiyakuthanda, Makhulu,” watsho uKoketso lo gama amanga esinqeni.

“Nam ndiyakuthanda, Koketso,” watsho uMakhulu wakhe. “Ndiyathemba ukuba ezo zihlangu zikulingana ngcono ke ngoku.”

“Owu ewe,” watsho uKoketso, “zindilingana twatse!”



## Bhuti Rabbit's boring day – English

“I wish I didn’t have to go to school today,” Bhuti Rabbit said when he woke up. “I wish I could stay at home and sleep all day.”

In the kitchen Gogo Rabbit was busy making porridge. “Hurry up, children,” she called. “Breakfast is ready.”

“Coming, Gogo,” called Sisi Rabbit, bouncing out of bed. Sisi Rabbit always wanted to go to school.

“I don’t feel well, Gogo,” Bhuti Rabbit said. “My head is sore and my leg is sore and my throat is sore and even my elbow is sore.”



Gogo felt his head and took his temperature. "There's nothing wrong with you," she said. "Now get up and get dressed."

Bhuti Rabbit got out of bed. Quickly he dropped his shoes out of the window. "I can't find my school shoes," he called. "I can't go to school because I haven't got my shoes."

Sisi Rabbit had seen him. "You naughty rabbit," she scolded. "You tried to hide them. Now hurry up. We're going to be late."

Bhuti Rabbit ate his porridge. Then he went to sit on the toilet. "My tummy hurts, Gogo," he cried. "I've got such a pain in my tummy. I can't walk to school."

Gogo brought her big bottle of bitter medicine. "Here you are," she said, "take two tablespoons of this and it will fix your tummy."

"No, no, no!" shouted Bhuti Rabbit. "My tummy feels better now."

"Off you go then," said Gogo, giving them their school lunches. "Now learn hard and come home clever."



Bhuti Rabbit dawdled behind his sister. She hopped and skipped and danced and pranced all the way to school, but he crawled along the road feeling sulky. "I don't want to go to school," he muttered. "I want to stay in bed."

Soon they reached the school gates. "Bye-bye, Bhuti," called Sisi Rabbit, running inside.

Bhuti Rabbit looked around. Nobody was watching him. Quickly he hid behind a bush. He sat there, dead still and waited till the bell rang and everyone was inside the school. Then he ran back home. He climbed through the bedroom window and curled up in his bed. Soon he was fast asleep and snoring.

At eleven o'clock Bhuti Rabbit had had enough of sleeping. He was bored. He peeped out of the bedroom door. Where was Gogo? Oops. She was sitting in the kitchen, drinking tea with Mrs Dassie from next door. Bhuti Rabbit sighed. It was so boring lying in bed all day.

At twelve o'clock Bhuti Rabbit was thirsty. He peeped out of the bedroom door. Where was Gogo? Oh no. She was baking bread in the kitchen. Bhuti Rabbit sighed. He wanted some water to drink and someone to play with.

At one o'clock Bhuti Rabbit checked again. This time Gogo Rabbit was talking to Umfundisi Fox. Umfundisi was eating some of Gogo's home-made bread. The smell made Bhuti Rabbit's mouth water. He wished he could have some of Gogo's bread, hot from the oven. Bhuti Rabbit sighed.

At three o'clock Sisi Rabbit came bouncing home. Bhuti Rabbit jumped out of his window and came running in the front door after her. "Hello, Gogo," he called. "I'm home from school."

"That was the best day ever," Sisi Rabbit said. "We had a drawing lesson with a real artist. We learnt to draw comics. And our principal is getting married. She brought cooldrinks and cake and chips for everyone. It was fun, wasn't it, Bhuti?"



“Yes, yes,” said Bhuti Rabbit. His heart was sinking. Oh no. The one day he stayed in bed they got cake at school!

“What kind of cake did you get, Bhuti?” Gogo asked.

“It was chocolate,” Bhuti Rabbit lied. “Chocolate cake with caramel icing and cherries on the top.” I wish I’d gone to school, Bhuti Rabbit thought. I wish I’d had some of the cake.

Just then there was a knock on the door. There stood Bhuti Rabbit’s teacher, Miss Mouse. She was carrying a plate with a big piece of lovely cake.

“Hello, Gogo Rabbit,” she said. “I was so sad that Bhuti Rabbit was sick on such a special day that I kept a piece of cake for him. How is he? Is he feeling better?”

Oh no. Now Bhuti Rabbit was in trouble. He ran to his room, jumped out the window and went to hide in the tree in the yard.

“There he is,” Sisi Rabbit told Gogo. “He’s hiding in the mango tree.

Gogo and Miss Mouse stood under the tree. “You’ve been a very naughty rabbit,” Gogo said sternly. “You ran away from school.”

“I’m sorry, Gogo. I’m sorry, Miss Mouse,” Bhuti Rabbit cried. “Please don’t be cross with me.

“We will have to teach you a lesson,” Gogo said. “I wonder what we should do.”

“I know,” said Miss Mouse. “Why don’t you make me a cup of tea, and we can eat this delicious piece of chocolate cake. That will teach him that running away from school is very naughty.”

So Gogo put the kettle on, and she and Miss Mouse got two spoons and shared the piece of cake between them. Bhuti Rabbit’s mouth watered and his tummy rumbled, but there was no cake for him. Not one tiny crumb.

From that day on Bhuti Rabbit never ran away from school again. Not even once. Staying in bed all day was just too boring!



### Usuku lukaBhuti Mvundla oludikayo - isiXhosa

“Andikufuni tu ukuya esikolweni namhlanje,” wancwina watsho ezolula uBhuti Mvundla ukuvuka kwakhe. “Ndingwenela ukuhlala ekhaya ndilale imini yonke.”

Ekhithshini uMakhulu Mvundla wayexakekile, epheka isidudu. “Khawulezisani, bantwana,” wakhwaza esitsho. “Isidlo sakusasa silungile.”

“Ndiyeza, Makhulu,” kwaphendula uSisi Mvundla, exhuma, evuka ebhedini. USisi Mvundla wayesoloko ekuthakazelela yena ukuya esikolweni.

“Andiziva mnandi, Makhulu,” watsho uBhuti Mvundla. “Intloko yam ibuhlungu nomlenze wam uyaqaqamba, kanti nomqala ngokunjalo, nkqu nengqiniba yam ibuhlungu.”





UMakhulu wambeka umva wesandla ebunzi, esiva ubushushu. “Akukho nto unayo,” wabuya nelitshoyo. “Vuka unxibe.”

UBhuti Mvundla wavuka. Ngokukhawuleza nanko ethatha izihlangu zakhe, ezijula ngefestyle. “Andiziboni izihlangu zam zesikolo,” watsho. “Andikwazi ukuya esikolweni kuba izihlangu zam zesikolo azikho.”



Kanti, uSisi Mvundla umbhaqile xa esenza oko. “Mvundlandini ogezayo,” watsho emngxolisa. “Ndikubonile uzama ukuzifihla izihlangu zakho. Khawulezisa wethu. Uza kusenxa sifike kade esikolweni.”

UBhuti Mvundla watya isidudu sakhe. Emva koko nanko esiya kuhlala kwigumbi langasene. “Isisu sam sibuhlungu Makhulu,” wancwina esitsho. “Kuvakala ngathi amathumbu la am ayanqunqeka. Andinakukwazi tu ukuhamba le ndlela inde kangaka iya esikolweni.”

UMakhulu wamphathela ibhotile yakhe enkulu yeyeza elikrakrayo. “Thatha apha,” watsho, “sela amacephe amabini kweli yeza uza kuphila ngoku.”

“Hayi, hayi, hayi, enkosi,” wakhwaza enikina uBhuti Mvundla. “Isisu sam singcono noko ngoku.”

“Hambani ngoku ke ukuba kunjalo,” watsho uMakhulu, ebanika imiphako yabo yesikolo. “Ngoku ke hambani niyofunda, ze nibuye nikrelekrele.”

UBhuti Mvundla warhuqeka emva kodadewabo. Udadewabo wayehamba etsibatsiba, ephatha kungcileza, exhentsa ngokonwaba indlela yonke eya esikolweni, ngeli lixa yena uBhuti Mvundla arhuqekayo ngasemva, ecaphuka. “Andifuni kuya sikolweni mna,” wambombozela watsho. “Ndifuna ukulala ebhedini yam qha.”

Ngokukhawuleza bafika egeyithini yesikolo. “Kulungile ke, Bhuti,” watsho uSisi Mvundla, engena ngaphakathi.

UBhuti Mvundla walaqaza. Kwakungekho mntu umjongileyo. Ngephanyazo wabaleka, wazimela etyholweni. Wahla apho ethe cwaka, elinde ukukhala kwentsimbi, ade wonke umntu abe ungene ngaphakathi esikolweni. Akubona ukuba kuthe bhe phandle, wabaleka wagoduka. Wafika wangena ngefesitile engentla kwebhedi yegumbi lakhe lokulala, wazithi luqe ebhedini yakhe, wazisonga. Kungekudala wayelele yoyi, de warhona.

Ngentsimbi yeshumi elinanye uBhuti Mvundla wayesele edikiwe kukulala ngoku. Wayenesingathethekiyo isithukuthezi. Wakroba kumngxuma osecangweni lwegumbi lakhe lokulala. Inokuba uphi uMakhulu? Yhoooo. Nanko ehleli ekhitshini, ephunga iti noNkosikazi Mbila wasebumelwaneni. UBhuti Mvundla wazamla. Kwakukruqula ukulala ebhedini imini yonke.

Ngentsimbi yeshumi elinambini uBhuti Mvundla waphathwa lunxano. Wakroba kwakhona kucango lwegumbi lakhe lokulala. Wayephi ngoku uMakhulu? Awu madoda. Wayebhaka isonka ekhitshini. UBhuti Mvundla wasitsho isingqala. Wayefuna nje oku kwamanzi okusela kunye nomntu wokudlala naye.

Ngentsimbi yokuqala uBhuti Mvundla waya kukroba kwakhona. Ngesi sihlandlo uMakhulu Mvundla wayencokola noMfundisi Mpungutye. UMfundisi wayesitya isonka esasibhakwe nguMakhulu. Ivumba lesonga elimyoli lalimvuzisa izinkcwe uBhuti Mvundla. Wayerhalela ukutya kweso sonka sikaMakhulu simnandi kunene, nesishushu kuba siphuma eontini. UBhuti Mvundla wasitsho isingqala kwakhona.

Ngentsimbi yesithathu uSisi Mvundla wangena ekhaya, egqabadula. UBhuti Mvundla wathi phulukutshu, etsiba ngefestyle waza weza ebaleka ukuya kungenza kumnyango wangaphambili, elandela uSisi Mvundla. “Molo Makhulu,” watsho. “Sendibuyile esikolweni.”



“Ibilolona suku lumnandi olu,” watsho uSisi Mvundla. “Besifundiswa ukuzoba ngumzobi wokwenene. Sifundiswe ukuzobela iikhomikhi. Kwaye inqununu yethu iza kutshata kungekudala. Usiphathele iziselo nekeyiki neetshipshi sonke esikolweni. Bekumnandi kakhulu, andithi, Bhuti?”

“Ewe, ewe,” watsho uBhuti Mvundla. Intliziyo yakhe ingasehlungu ngako. Yhooo, yhini madoda. Ngosuku olunye nje qha engayanga esikolweni, abanye abantwana baphiwa ikeyiki!

“Ufumene ikeyiki enjani, Bhuti?” wabuza uMakhulu.

“Yitshokholethi,” waxoka watsho uBhuti Mvundla. “Ikeyiki yetshokholethi enekharameli namaqunube ngaphezulu.” Akwaba bendiyile esikolweni, uBhuti Mvundla wazicingela njalo. Ngendiyifumene nam ikeyiki.

Kanye ngelo thuba kwankqonkqozwa emnyango. Kwakumi utitshala kaBhuti Mvundla, uNkosazana Mpuku. Wayephethe ipleyiti eneqhekeza elikhulu lekeyiki emnandi.

“Molo, Makhulu Mvundla,” wabulisa. “Ndive kakubi kakhulu xa ndisiva ukuba uBhuti Mvundla uyagula ngosuku olukhetheke kangaka, ndancama ndamgcinela iqhekeza lekeyiki. Unjani ngoku? Uziva ngcono?”

Yhuuu! Ngoku uBhuti Mvundla wayesenkathazweni nyhani. Wabaleka, wangena egumbini lakhe, watsiba ngefestile ukuya kuzimela emthini oseyadini.

“Nankuya,” uSisi Mvundla waxelela uMakhulu. “Uzimele phaya emthini wemengo.”

UMakhulu kunye noNkosazana Mpuku bema phantsi kwaloo mthi. “Ungumvundlana ogezayo wena,” watsho ngelizwi elingqongqo uMakhulu. “Awukhange uye esikolweni, uzimele.”

“Ndicela uxolo, Makhulu. Ndicela uxolo, Nkosazana Mpuku,” watsho uBhuti Mvundla ekhala. “Ndicela ningandiqumbeli torho.”

“Kufuneka sikufundise isifundo,” watsho uMakhulu. “Andazi ukuba siza kuba yintoni na bethu eso sifundo.”

“Ndiyazi,” watsho uNkosazana Mpuku ngokukhawuleza. “Kutheni ungandenzeli ikomityi yeti nje, ukwenzela ukuba sitye eli qhekeza le keyiki emnandi yetshokholethi. Oko kuza kumfundisa ukuba ukuzimela esikolweni asinto intle nencomekayo leyo.”

Ngoko ke, uMakhulu wabilisa iketile, waze yena noNkosazana Mpuku bakhupha amacephe amabini abaza kutya ngawo loo keyiki babelene ngayo. Umlomo kaBhuti Mvundla wawuvuza izinkcwe kwaye nesisu sixuxuzela kukurhala, dwe akayishiyelwa tu yena ikeyiki. Akwabikho nesuntsu nje elisalayo ukuze akhothe.

Ukusukela ngolo suku uBhuti Mvundla zange aphinde angayi esikolweni. Zange angayi nakanye, nokuba imvula sele idyudyuza. Ukususela ngoko, ukulala ebhedini imini yonke yaba yinto emdikayo kakhulu!





## DESIGN A SHOE

In the block below, design your very own shoe.

Does it have ribbons and bows, glitter and sparkles, is it made of leather or fabric – draw what your favourite shoe would look like. Be creative here – make your shoe as interesting as you can. Here are a few ideas to get you started





# SHOE POETRY

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## Brand New Shoes

I bought a brand new pair of shoes  
You simply have to see.  
They're purple, pink and pretty.  
They're as lovely as can be.

They're topped with silver sparkles  
So they shimmer in the sun.  
They're awesome when I'm walking  
and they're stunning when I run.

The laces look like rainbows  
And the backs have flashing lights.  
The sides are lined with lightning bolts.  
They're such amazing sights.

But now my friends avoid me  
When they see me on the street.  
Indeed, my shoes are pretty  
But they smell like stinky feet.

- Kenn Nesbitt



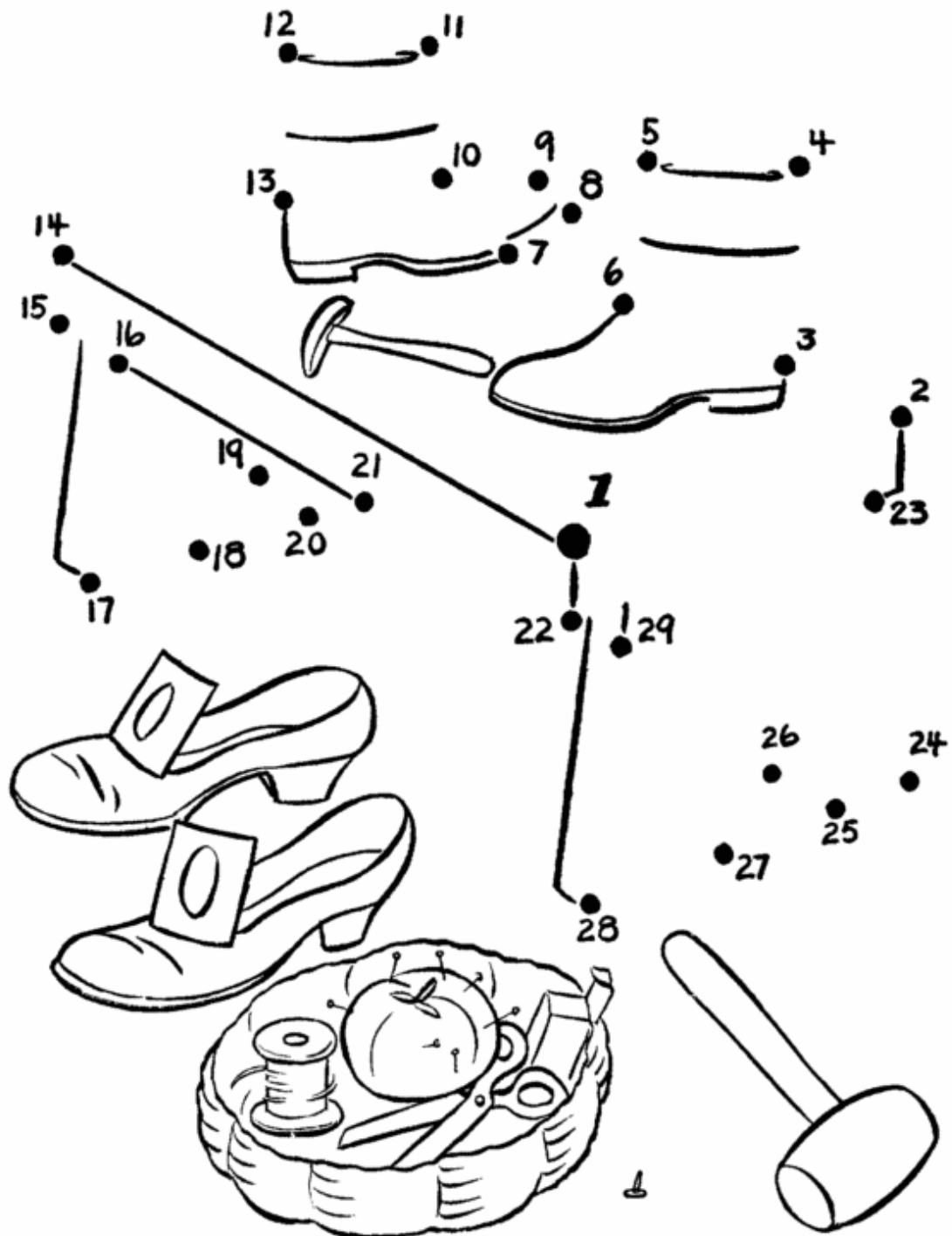


**TITLE:**



# COUNT TO 29

Join the dots by drawing a line from number 1 and counting all the way to number 29.





# COLOUR IN



© Val Myburgh



# LACE THESE SHOES

## Shoe Tying & Lacing Practice

(Get a grown up to help with cutting and glue!)

1.) Print this page out and cut off the directions. 2.) Glue the whole square with the shoes to some thin cardboard (like a used cereal box). 3.) After the glue is dry, you can color the shoes. 4.) Then, cut off the extra paper/cardboard around each shoe and use a single hole punch to punch holes where the shoelaces will go. 5.) Now you can practice tying or lacing your shoes! Tape the shoes to a table to keep them still when you tie.

**real purdy**  
www.realpurdy.com

cut along dotted line

