



Children's Book Network

LOCKDOWN LEARNING PROGRAMME
WEEK 7 – PLANS, MAPS AND LANDSCAPES



References:

<https://www.nalibali.org/node/1639>

<https://www.nalibali.org/node/1647>

<https://www.education.com/worksheets/?q=%22build%20a%20city%22>



FINDING HOME

The boy who didn't need a cellphone

'Never forget,' Gogo said, 'that this is your place. This is your home.' But Themba forgot.

When the time came for Themba and his mother to go to the city, he left without looking back.

It was busy in the city. Themba's mother made sure that he went to school.

'Can't I be a street child?' Themba asked. 'Now that we live in a place with streets?'

Ma didn't find that funny. 'No child of mine is living on any streets!' she said, and Themba could see she meant it. 'I would rather go right back to living in the village with your Gogo!'

So that was that. Themba had to wear a school uniform that they got from Pep Stores, and a yellow and black tie that they had to buy from the school. He had to wear shoes *every day*. He had a new bag for his books – and it was always heavy with books, very heavy.

'If I was a street child,' Themba thought, 'I wouldn't have to carry this heavy load every day.'

But he got used to it. Every day, he would walk home from school with the heavy bag of books. He would let himself into the small house his Ma's friend, Aunty Primrose, had found for them. Aunty Primrose was the reason they were in the big city. She knew everyone.

Then Themba would put the kettle ready to boil for her tea when Ma came home. Then he would do his chores – sweeping the floor that was already clean and washing the breakfast bowls and spoons. Then he would do his homework ... and do his homework ... and do his homework. Sometimes Themba thought the world was just full of chores and homework.

On Saturday, Themba's Ma had to do her shopping. Themba had to go too – to carry the bags. He didn't mind helping, but it was a lot like coming home from school, only with mealie meal and potatoes instead of books.

Ma liked the job Aunty Primrose had found for her at the library. It wasn't a grand job. It wasn't the job where you get to check the books going out and the books coming in. It was the job where you had to clean the toilets and the kitchen and then take the vacuum cleaner and go around all the carpets. It was a big library, Ma said. It took a lot of cleaning.

'I never even get to touch any of the books,' she said. That was sad, because Ma liked books. When she had been at school, everyone said she would go far in life because she liked to read.

'I like this job,' Ma said. 'I'm glad Aunty Primrose found it for me. It's a better job than I would have found on my own.'



The little house where they lived was in the informal settlement called Freedom Park. Themba didn't think it was very free. It didn't look anything like the parks he had seen in books. But that was its name, Freedom Park.

Life went on. School went on. Homework went on. Shopping on Saturday went on. Cleaning the house on Sunday went on.

Until one day when Themba waited and waited at their house – and nobody came home.

Draw Themba in his schools uniform. Read back to see what colour his tie should be.



Themba read through his Science project again. He found a mistake, so he fixed it. Then he looked at the book he had to read for English, but that was boring. Then he swept the floor again. He put the kettle on the little gas stove. Ma would be thirsty when she got back so late. The library closed at five o' clock. Themba looked at the alarm clock. It said half past six already.

Then it showed seven o' clock. Suddenly, it was eight o' clock. How had that happened? Carefully, Themba unlocked the door and looked outside to see if Ma was coming. Ma always made him keep the door locked, but now he needed to see.



It was very dark. There were street lights but there were many dark shadows. Very dark shadows. There was no Ma. Themba closed the door – very quickly – and locked it again. What was he going to do?

If only he had a cellphone! There was no money for luxuries, Ma said. But it wouldn't be a luxury now, when he *needed* one. For a little while Themba thought about how it would be. He would just press a few numbers, and Ma's voice would answer, because she would have a cellphone too.

Ma would be calm. She would tell him why she was not at home. She would tell him not to worry. She would tell him to eat some of the stew and pap she had left ready on the stove. She would tell him that, after he had eaten, he should go to bed. She would be home later.

Themba listened carefully to what he knew Ma would say. He took some of the stew and pap out of the pot and heated it up. He ate it. He drank a glass of cold water. Then Ma told him, in his mind, that he had better go to sleep.

That was the difficult bit. Themba turned over and over in his bed. He kept thinking about Ma. Where was she? Was she safe? He didn't think she was safe. How could she be, if she wasn't here at home, with him.

He did sleep, a little bit. But in between sleeps there were dreams and imaginings. Where was Ma?

When – at last – light came, Themba got up and got dressed. Ma's voice told him to have breakfast, because that's what they always did. So Themba had cornflakes. Usually cornflakes were only for Sunday, as a treat. But, Themba thought, he needed to be strong. He had extra sugar too. And he made himself a cup of hot tea with more sugar to keep him strong.

Then Themba sat at the old kitchen table with the scratches and the peeling paint. He thought about what to do. He thought about what Ma would tell him to do. After a while, he thought about the cellphone-he-didn't-have. He pretended to pick it up. He pressed a few imaginary buttons. He listened to Ma's voice.

'Think, Themba. Think before you do anything!'

Themba nodded. Yes. That was Ma, alright. That's what she always told him. So Themba sat and he sat, and he thought and he thought.



Draw the kictchen table, with it's scratched and peeling paint. Draw each of the items Themba has for breakfast, placed on the table.



Themba got a big surprise when Gogo's voice appeared on the cellphone-he-didn't-have. 'You must believe,' Gogo said. 'You must believe that your Ma would never go off and leave you alone. Something has happened, and you have to find out what it is.'

'Yes, Gogo,' Themba said out loud. (He knew that he had to find out what had happened to Ma. But Gogo often told him things that he already knew. Gogos are like that.)

The Library. That was the next thing that Themba thought of. He would go there and ask. Libraries knew the answers to everything. They would know where Ma was.

He looked at his school bag. It looked back at him. 'What about school?' it seemed to ask.

'This is an emergency,' Themba told it. 'School won't mind.'

But he knew in his heart that school *would* mind.



‘Make a sandwich and take that with you,’ said Ma’s voice. So Themba listened and made a jam sandwich and even thought (all by himself) to take a small bottle of water in case he got thirsty as well as hungry. Then he put his rain jacket in his empty schoolbag with the jam sandwich and the small bottle of water. (Nobody told him to do that. He also thought of it all by himself.)

It was a big thing to open the door. Inside, Themba thought, he was safe. He knew where he was. He was home. Outside was different. Outside was dangerous.

Ma and Themba had a game they sometimes played, when Ma wasn’t too tired. It was the counting steps game. Themba knew the number of steps to the library, and which way to turn after crossing the roads between home and the library. So he did that now. He counted on his fingers and then remembered the number of tens. **Three hundred** steps to the Spaza Shop. **Eighty-five** more steps to the police station. Themba went past that really quickly in case a policeman came out to ask him why he wasn’t at school.

Forty-five steps to the bridge over the freeway. **Forty** steps over the bridge. Turn right. **Thirty-three** steps to the OK Minimart. Another **180** steps to ... Themba looked up from counting. The library!

He was inside in a hop and a jump.

‘Where’s my Ma?’ he shouted.

The librarian looked up in amazement.

‘What?’

‘My Ma! Where is she?’

‘Why aren’t you at school?’ the librarian asked.

Another lady came from the back. ‘Are you Miriam Xhashan’s son?’ she asked.

‘Yes. Where’s my Ma? She didn’t come home last night!’

The second lady came round the counter to speak to Themba. ‘We were wondering the same thing,’ she said kindly. ‘She hasn’t come to work today, and we haven’t seen her since yesterday.’

Inside Themba, his heart made a big banging, like it was trying to get out.

‘What? Where IS she?’

The second lady smiled. ‘Maybe she went to visit a friend?’ she suggested. ‘I’m sure she will be safe.’

The first lady didn’t smile. ‘Yes,’ she said. ‘And you had better get back to school!’

Themba remembered to say thank you. (That was Gogo’s voice again.) Inside he was thinking. Thank you for what?



Draw a map showing Themba's route from his home to the library.

Draw each place he passes.

Write in the number of steps he has to take to get from place to place.

Here is an example of a map to help you.





There was a little garden outside the library. ‘Why don’t you sit down,’ Ma’s voice said. ‘Have a drink of water and think!’

So Themba sat down. He unscrewed the water bottle and had a few sips.

‘Better not drink it all,’ Gogo’s voice said. ‘You might be thirsty later.’

Aunty Primrose! That was the next idea Themba had. He wasn’t sure where she worked, but somebody would know. He knew where she lived.

Counting, counting: **180** steps to the OK Minimart. **Thirty-three** steps. Turn left. **Forty** steps over the bridge. **Forty-five** steps from the bridge over the freeway. The police station! Themba went past that really quickly in case a policeman came out to ask him why he wasn’t at school. **Three hundred** steps to the Spaza shop. Home.

Themba looked at his house. It looked so safe, shining there in the sun. He knew Ma wasn’t in it. He just knew. But he went in anyway. No Ma.

‘Better fill up your water bottle,’ Gogo’s voice said. So he did. He also ate a bit of chocolate from the special stash they kept for days when they needed something to cheer them up. Themba needed cheering up now.

‘Lock the door,’ Ma’s voice said. ‘Always be sure to lock the door after you.’ So Themba did. Then he turned the other way and counted some more steps.

One hundred and fifty steps to the petrol station. The men who worked there gave him a cheerful wave. ‘Why aren’t you at school?’ one of them asked. Themba just waved and smiled and hurried on.

One hundred and eighty steps to the church. Turn right. **Four hundred** steps to the big road that went all the way to the next town. Turn left. **Seventy** steps to the small river full of rubbish. Cross the small river on the shaky log. **Ninety** steps to the rubbish dump. Turn right. Themba’s head was spinning.

One hundred and fifty steps to the roundabout. Take the second turn. **Fifty steps** to ... Aunty Primrose!

A man opened the door. Themba knew he was Aunty Primrose’s husband. He didn’t know his name. He just thought of him as Uncle Primrose.

‘Why aren’t you at school? Uncle Primrose asked.

Themba didn’t bother answering that question. Instead, he quickly told his story.



'My Ma' he said, 'she didn't come home. I am trying to find her!'

Themba didn't cry. But he felt like it. Uncle Primrose seemed to understand.

'Come in,' he said. 'I'll phone Aunty Primrose.' At last, Thembu thought. A cellphone!

Modern life was much easier if you had a cellphone. Uncle Primrose talked for a minute. He kept looking at Themba.

'Aunty Primrose says we must phone the hospitals,' he told Themba when he put the phone down. 'But first, you must drink some cooldrink. You look as if you need it!'

So Themba sat and drank the warm Coke Uncle Primrose gave him. He didn't really want it. But he thought it might make him strong.

It took a long time. Uncle Primrose had to go and borrow some money for airtime. He got it next door and the neighbour came in to look at Themba while Uncle Primrose went to buy the airtime

'Shame,' she said. 'I brought you some cookies. You'd better eat them,' she said. 'You have to be strong!' She didn't ask him why he wasn't at school. She knew.

Add up all of the steps Themba has taken that were mentioned in the story so far. These have been underlined for you to find.

[illegible]

After that, it didn't take long ... apart from the waiting for people to look at papers and in files. Uncle Primrose did the talking, and the neighbour was in charge of making sweet tea and



finding more cookies so that Themba would be strong. Themba began to feel a bit sick. Partly that was from the worry. Mostly it was about all that sugar!

There were two hospitals to phone. Ma was in the second one. Uncle Primrose gave Themba the thumbs-up sign.

‘She’s in this one!’ he said. Then they waited a bit more.

‘She’s fine,’ Uncle Primrose said, giving another thumbs-up. ‘She’s broken her leg!’ he said. (That didn’t sound very fine to Themba.)

‘She was knocked down by a car!’ Uncle Primrose told him.

WHAT!

‘She has a plaster on her leg.’

OH NO!

‘She can come home tomorrow!’

Themba’s heart gave a little jump.

‘She wants to speak to you!’

Uncle Primrose handed the cellphone to Themba. Ma’s voice was coming out of it. She was crying.

‘Themba, my boy! Did you lock the house? Did you have breakfast? Did you have supper last night? Why aren’t you at school?’

It was just like normal!

Then Ma told Themba that she had been hit by a car. ‘It was a woman driver, an old lady and she was so sorry that she had hit me,’ said Ma. But really it was my own fault. I was late and hurrying to get home, so you wouldn’t worry, my boy!’

Themba couldn’t think of anything to say.

‘I hurt my head as well as my leg, and I was not able to tell them where I lived, or even who I was until this morning.’

Themba still couldn’t think of anything to say.

‘But I will be fine. I can come home tomorrow, they say. Maybe you can come and get me. There is some secret money I saved for emergencies. It’s in a brown envelope under my matrass. You must come in a taxi and get me.’



Themba still couldn't think of anything to say.

'Then we will go home for a bit. Home to Gogo until I can walk properly again.'

Themba thought of all the things that he could say.

'Good,' he said.

So they went. To what Themba now thought for the first time was ... well, home. Home. Gogo was waiting for them.

'Why didn't you look before you stepped into the street?' she said to Ma. 'I'm always telling you to be more careful!' But she hugged Ma. Themba could see that there were tears in her eyes. She would never let them run out, but there were tears.

Then she turned to Themba. She gave him a good looking over.

'Hmm,' she said. 'I can see you have grown. But no more sweets and cooldrinks!' Themba smiled – a little smile.

'No more city living for you, my boy! There is plenty to do around here for a strong boy. And you can go back to our village school on Monday. Got to keep up, boy! Got to keep up!'

Yes, Themba thought. He didn't really need a cellphone. Messages just kept coming in, even without one.

He looked out at the soft green hills, rolling and rolling away into the blue sky. He looked at the small green-painted huts and the cattle kraals built of bits of trees. He felt a deep, happy sigh coming up from somewhere near his new school shoes. Yes. He was home.

In the block on the next page, draw your home. Be sure to draw all of the things that make your home special to you.



My home

A large, empty rectangular box with a black border, intended for a child to draw their home.



READ

Tortoise takes a taxi

Tortoise takes a taxi – English

Nkululeko and his mama and papa are tortoises. They live together at the bottom of a garden.

Now, tortoises don't need houses like we do because they live in their shells. And the other thing you may know about tortoises, is that they are very, very slow.



Every night, Nkululeko and his mama and papa go to bed very slowly by pulling their legs and heads inside their shells. And every morning, they wake up very slowly too. It is usually about ten o'clock when they finally pop out of their shells and have a delicious breakfast of flowers and leaves.

One morning Papa leaned over to Mama and said, "Isn't it a lovely day to do nothing? It's just a pity about Nkululeko, he's always rushing about."

Nkululeko was very fast for a tortoise. On this morning, he was exploring the bushes on the far side of the garden. His parents shook their heads, but Nkululeko was too busy playing in a big pile of crunchy leaves to notice.

Nkululeko saw something shiny in the leaf pile. It was a big gold coin. "It's money!" he said with a smile. "I'm going to use it to go on an adventure."

And so Nkululeko began to walk. He walked through the garden and across the lawn, until he came to the old gate that led onto the street. He crept underneath it.

The street was busy. He walked along the pavement and tried not to get trampled by all the people rushing about. He stopped at the corner and caught his breath. It was then that Nkululeko saw something wonderful.

In a small parking lot, big taxis were picking people up and driving off to what sounded like the most marvellous places – the city, the beach, the mountain. Nkululeko walked across the street to the parking lot.

He went up to the first big taxi and said in his quiet voice, "Hello, I'd like to see the city, or the beach, or even the mountain. Could you help me?"

The taxi driver was young and tall. He leaned down and looked at the little tortoise who was holding out a big gold coin. The driver laughed. "This tortoise wants a taxi. How silly!" he said. "Whoever heard of such a thing?"

Nkululeko dropped his head sadly and started to walk away. Just then, somebody spoke. "I'll take you," said the voice.

Nkululeko looked up and saw an old man standing in front of his taxi.

"Climb aboard, young tortoise," said the old man, smiling, "and I'll show you everything."



Nkululeko smiled broadly and walked up to the taxi. The old man picked him up and put him on the seat.

Nkululeko strained his head to look out of the taxi's window, but it was too high up for him. "Let's just get you some cushions out of the boot so that you can sit up higher and see better," said the old man.

And then they were off, driving through streets filled with hooting cars and people rushing about. The old man talked as he drove. He told Nkululeko that his name Bra Will, and that he had been driving taxis for fifty years.

"My papa is already eighty years old, Bra Will. Tortoises live a very long time, you know," explained Nkululeko.

Bra Will nodded. Outside, the houses were getting bigger. Bra Will said that they would soon be in the city.

"Why do you want to see all these places?" Bra Will asked.

"Well," said Nkululeko, "tortoises move very slowly and sometimes I get bored just walking around the garden. I want adventure!"

There was a twinkle in Bra Will's eye. "I understand," he said.

The city was big and noisy. Skyscrapers climbed up into the clouds. There were people and cars everywhere and there seemed to be so much noise!

"This is amazing," said Nkululeko.

"This is nothing," said Bra Will, "wait until you see the beach. This city is too loud for me, but the beach, now that's amazing."

And so they left the city.

"Open the window," said Bra Will, "then you will smell the sea."

Nkululeko rolled the window down very slowly. "It smells all salty," he said, smiling.

As they came around a corner something large and blue stretched before them. "What is that?" asked Nkululeko with his mouth hanging open.

"That's the sea," said Bra Will, laughing.

"It's amazing," said Nkululeko.





The taxi pulled into a small parking lot next to a long stretch of white sand that ran down to the sea.

“And this is the beach,” said Bra Will. “Why don’t we stop here for a moment and walk on the soft sand.”

Bra Will helped Nkululeko onto the beach. Around him people were playing or lying in the sun. It was very hot. Nkululeko crawled around slowly, waded in the shallow water, and looked at all the pretty shells on the beach.



Next, it was time to go to the mountain. Nkululeko had seen the mountain from his garden, but he’d never ACTUALLY been to the mountain. It was a steep drive up from the beach. It was very windy on the mountain. Nkululeko even saw a man lose his hat to the wind!

When the taxi finally stopped, Nkululeko climbed out and gasped. He could see the whole city from up here. He could see the sea and the beach and even his little home in the garden. He thought about his mama and papa.

“This is the most beautiful place, Bra Will,” said the tortoise, “and it has been such an adventure driving around with you, but I think it’s time I went home to my mama and papa.”

Bra Will winked and drove them back to the taxi rank. Nkululeko thanked him and pulled out the gold coin from his shell.

Bra Will shook his head and said, “You keep your money, Nkululeko. It was a pleasure to drive you around. Your happiness was payment enough for me.”

Nkululeko waved goodbye and started the slow walk home. On the way, he passed a fruit seller and used the gold coin to buy a box of ripe strawberries, which he carried home on his back. It was getting dark when he found his way into the garden. His mama and papa were waiting for him.

“Where have you been?” asked Papa. “We were worried sick.”

Nkululeko gave them each a big hug. They shared the strawberries and he told his parents all about his adventure in the taxi.

“That sounds fantastic,” said Mama, “but I’m very happy that you’re home, Nkululeko.”

“Me too,” he said. “You know I’ve been all over now – north, south, east and west, but out of all the places ... home is best.”

With that he tucked his head and legs into his shell and fell fast asleep.



Ufudo lukhwela iteksi – isiXhosa

UNkululeko nomama kunye notata wakhe yayiziimfudo. Babehlala bonke emazantsi esitiya.

Kaloku iimfudo azidingi zindlu njengathi bantu kuba zihlala kumaqokobhe azo. Kwaye ke enye into onokuba uyayazi ngeemfudo, yeyokuba zicotha kakhulu.

Rhoqo ngokuhlwa, uNkululeko kunye nomama notata wakhe babesiya kulala ngokufaka ngokucothayo imilenze kunye neentloko zabo kumaqokobe abo. Kwaye qho kusasa, babevuka bekwacothozisa kwakanjalo. Kwakuba sekumalunga nentsimbi yeshumi xa bathi ekugqibeleni baphume kumaqokobhe abo baze bafumane isidlo sakusasa esimnandi seentyatyambo kunye namagqabi.



Ngenye intsasa uTata wangqiyama kuMama waze wathi, “Ingaba asiyyo kusini na imini emnandi yokungenzi nto le? Ndilusizi nje nguNkululeko, usoloko ejikeleza engxamise.”

UNkululeko wayekhawuleza kakhulu ngathi akalofudo. Ngale ntsasa, wayetyhutyha ematjolweni kwelinye icala elikude lesitiya. Abazali bakhe bahlunguzela iintloko zabo, kodwa yena uNkululeko wayexakeke kakhulu edlala kwinqumba yamagqabi arhwashazayo engabaqapheli nokubaqaphela.

UNkululeko wabona into emenyezelayo kuloo nqumba yamagqabi. Yayiyingqekembe enkulu yegolide. “Yimali!” watsho ngoncumo. “Ndiza kuyisebenzisa ukuze ndibe nohambo lwamahlandinyuka olungaqhelekanga noluchulumancisayo.”

Ngoko ke uNkululeko waqalisa nolo hambo lwakhe. Wahamba kweso sitiya, enqumla kuloo ngca intle iluhlaza nechetywe kakuhle, de wafika kwisango elidala elalikhokelela esitalatweni. Wathubeleza phantsi kwalo.

Kwakuphithizela kakhulu apho esitalatweni. Wahamba ngendledlana esecaleni, ezama ukuba anganyathelwa ngabo bantu bonke baxakekileyo nababengxamise, besiya ngapha nangapha. Wema ekoneni wakhe waphumla. Kwakungelo xesha kanye awathi ngalo uNkululeko wabona into emangalisayo.

Kwindawo encinane yokumisa iimoto, kwakukho iteksi ezinkulu ezazikhwelisa abantu zize zihambe zisiya kwiindawo ngeendawo ezazivakala ngathi zezona ndawo zimnandi kakhulu – esixekweni, elwandle, nasezintabeni. UNkululeko wawela isitalato eso waya kuloo ndawo kumisa kuyo iimoto.

Waya kwiteksi yokuqala enkulu waze wathi ngelo lizwi lakhe liphantsi, “Molo, ndingathanda ukubona isixeko, okanye ulwandle, okanye nokuba yintaba ke. Ungandinceda?”

Umqhubi weteksi wayemncinane kwaye emde. Wagoba wajonga ufudo oluncinane olwaluphethe ingqekembe enkulu yegolide. Umqhubi wahleka kakhulu. “Olu fudo lufuna ukukhwela iteksi. Alisandicubhulanga nje ngentsini!” watsho. “Ngubani umntu owakha wayiva into enjalo?”



UNkululeko wathokombisa intloko yakhe elusizi waze waqalisa ukuhamba esimka apho. Kanye ngelo xesha, kwabakho umntu othethayo. “Ndiza kukusa,” latsho elo lizwi.

UNkululeko waphakamisa intloko waze wabona ixhego limi phambi kweteksi yalo.

“Khwela fudwazana,” latsho ixhego, lincumile, “kwaye ndiza kukubonisa yonke into.”

UNkululeko watsho ngolubanzi uncumo waze wasondela etekisini. Ixhego lamfunqula lambeka esihlalweni.

UNkululeko watsala intamo yakhe efuna ukujonga ngefestile yeteksi, kodwa yayiphakame kakhulu, engenakubona. “Masikuphathele imiqamelo ephaya ebhutini ukuze uhlalele phezulwana khon’ ukuze ubone ngcono,” latsho ixhego.



Emva koko bemka, behamba ezitalatweni ezizele ziimoto ezikhalisa amaxilongo azo kunye nabantu abakhawulezayo besiya ngapha nangapha. Ixhego lalincokola njengokuba liqhuba nje. Laxelela uNkululeko ukuba igama lalo nguBra Will, kwaye sekuyiminyaka engamashumi amahlanu eqhuba iteksi.

“UTata wam sele eneminyaka engamashumi asibhozo ubudala, Bra Will. Iimfudo ziphila ixesha elide kakhulu, uyazi,” wacacisa njalo uNkululeko.

UBra Will wanqwala. Ngaphandle, izindlu zazisiya zisiba nkulu ngokuba nkulu. UBra Will wathi sebeza kufika esixekweni.

“Kutheni ufuna ukubona zonke ezi ndawo nje?” wabuza uBra Will.

“Kaloku,” watsho uNkululeko, “iimfudo zicotha kakhulu kwaye ngamanye amaxesha ndiyadikwa kukuhaba-hamba ndijikeleza esitiyeni. Ndifuna ukwenza izinto ezingamahlandinyuka, nezingaqhelekanga kwanezichulumancisayo!”

Kwabakho inkazimlo kwiliso likaBra Will. “Ndiyayiqonda loo nto,” watsho.

Isixeko sasisikhulu kwaye sinengxolo eninzi. Izakhiwo eziphakamileyo zazinyuka zisingisele emafini. Kwakukho abantu kunye neemoto kuyo yonke indawo kwaye kwakuvakala kukho ingxolo kakhulu!

“Oku kuyamangalisa,” watsho uNkululeko.

“Awukaboni nto wena,” watsho uBra Will, “linda ude ubone ulwandle. Isixeko sinengxolo kakhulu kum, kodwa ulwandle luzolile, oko ke kum kuyamangalisa.”

Ngoko ke basishiya isixeko bemka.

“Vula ifestile,” watsho uBra Will, “ukuze usezele ivumba lolwandle.”

UNkululeko wehlisa ifestile yakhe kancinane. “Lunuka ityuwa,” watsho, encumile.

Xa bejika ikona babona isithabazi sento enkulu ezuba nenabileyo phambi kwabo. “Yintoni leyaa?” wabuza uNkululeko umlomo wakhe uthe ng’a.



“Lulwandle oluyaa,” watsho uBra Will, ehleka.

“Luyamangalisa ngenene,” watsho uNkululeko.

Iteksi yamisa kwindawo encinane yokumisa iimoto nesecaleni kwentlabathi emhlophe ehamba iye kungena elwandle.

“Olu ke lunxweme lolwandle,” watsho uBra Will. “Kutheni singakhe sime apha umzuzwana sihamba-hambe kwintlabathi ethambileyo.”

UBra Will wanceda uNkululeko wambeka elunxwemeni lolwandle. Wayengqongwe ngabantu abadlalayo okanye abaleleyo begcakamele ilanga. Kwakushushu kakhulu. UNkululeko wacothoza erhubuluza kancinane, wangena emanzini angenzulu kuyaphi, waze wabuka bonke oonokrwece abahle abaselunxwemeni.



Into elandelayo, yayilixesha lokuya ezintabeni. UNkululeko wayeyibona intaba xa esesitiyeni sakhe, kodwa wayengazange asondele okanye aye KANYE-KANYE entabeni. Indlela yayithambekile ukunyuka xa kusukwa elunxwemeni apho elwandle. Kwakuvuthuza umoya kakhulu apho ezintabeni. UNkululeko wade wabona umnqwazi wenye indoda uphaphatheka nomoya!

Yathi yakumisa iteksi ekugqibeleni, uNkululeko wehlika waze watsala umphefumlo. Wayesibona sonke isixeko phezulu apho. Wayelubona ulwandle kunye nonxweme, ebona nditsho nekhaya lakhe elincinane elisesitiyeni. Wacinga ngomama notata wakhe.

“Le yeyona ndawo intle, Bra Will,” lwatsho ufudo, “kwaye ibiluhambo lwamahlandinyuka olungaqhelekanga noluchulumancisayo ukuhamba nawe undiqhubela, kodwa ndicinga ukuba lixesha lokuba ndigoduke ndiye kumama notata ngoku.”

UBra Will wamqobela iliso waze waqhuba, babuyela erenkini yeeteksi. UNkululeko wambulela waze wakhupha ingqekembe yegolide kwiqokobhe lakhe.

UBra Will wahlunguzela intloko wathi, “Yigcine imali yakho, Nkululeko. Bekumnandi kakhulu ukujikeleza nawe ndikuqhubela. Ukonwaba kwakho kube yintlawulo ngokoneleyo kum.”

UNkululeko wawangawangisa esithi asale kakuhle waza waqalisa ukuhamba ecothoza ukugoduka. Endleleni, wagqitha kumthengisi weziqhamo waze ngengqekembe leyo wathenga ibhokisi yamaqunube avuthiweyo, nawathi wayibeleva wagoduka nayo. Kwakuqalisa ukuba mnyama ukungena kwakhe esitiyeni. Umama notata wakhe babemlindile.

“Uvela phi?” wabuza utata. “Besikhathazeke kakhulu kukungabuyi kwakho.”

UNkululeko wabawola ngothando bobabini. Babelana ngamaqunube waze wababalisele abazali bakhe ngalo lonke uhambo lwakhe lwamahlandinyuka olungaqhelekanga noluchulumancisayo ngeteksi.



“Oku kuvakala kumangalisa,” watsho uMama, “kodwa ndivuya kakhulu ubuyele ekhaya, Nkululeko.”

“Nam ngokwam,” watsho. “Uyazi ukuba akukho apho ndingayanga khona ngoku – emantla, emazantsi, empuma, nasentshona, kodwa kuzo zonke ezi ndawo ... ayikho egqitha ikhaya.”

Ngaloo mazwi watsho etshonisa intloko nemilenze yakhe kwiqokobhe lakhe waze walala y

DRAW A MAP

Tortoise takes a taxi

In the block below, draw a map to show the places Nkululeko the tortoise went to on his adventure, and the order in which he visited them.





PLAN OUT A TOWN

You are going to plan out a town of your own! You will need:

- Scissors
- Four pieces of paper
- Pens, pencils, crayons – anything you would use to colour in and decorate.
- The next few pages of templates

Follow the instructions below:

1. Use the next few pages to cut out and fold a house, a shop, a hospital and a school. Decorate them as you would like. The house you are going to cut out is **your** house, so decorate it as you would like your house to look.
2. Place four pieces of paper on a flat surface, so that they make a rectangle.
3. On your four pieces of paper, you are now going to plan out a town. Use the picture below to help guide you.
4. In your town, you should:
 - a. Draw in roads where you would like them to be. You can name your streets and roads anything you like. You can write these names on your roads, or you could make your own street signs.
 - b. Place your house, school, shop and hospital where you think it works best. Be sure to name your shop.
 - c. Draw in other houses and buildings around your house.
 - d. Include the following special places in your town:
 - i. A park with jungle gyms and swings – draw these in
 - ii. Trees and plants – draw these items around your town where you think they should be. You could even use natural materials like leaves and tree bark to stick on your town.
5. If you would like to make more houses, you can trace the templates from the next few pages.

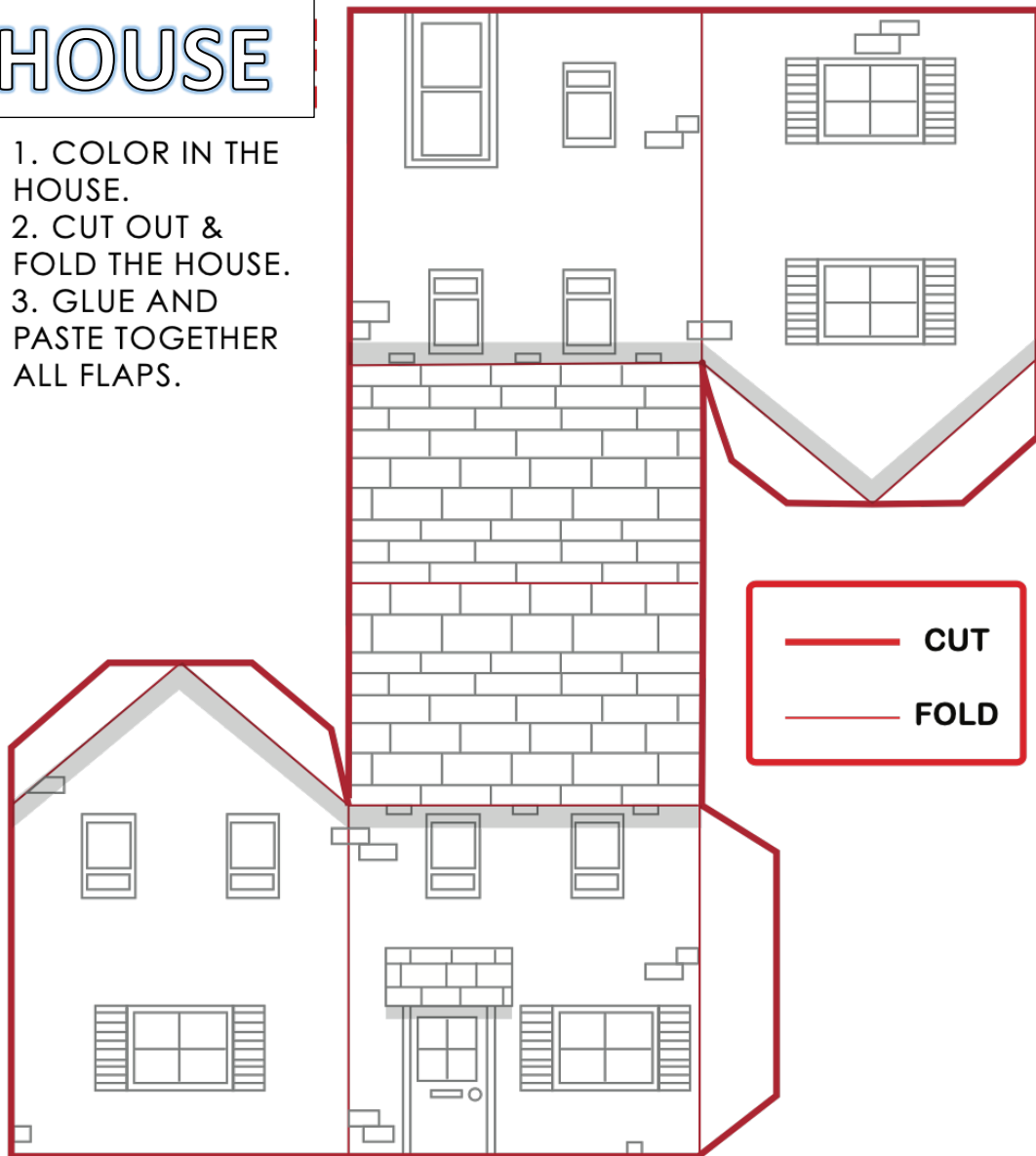




BUILD A CITY

HOUSE

1. COLOR IN THE HOUSE.
2. CUT OUT & FOLD THE HOUSE.
3. GLUE AND PASTE TOGETHER ALL FLAPS.

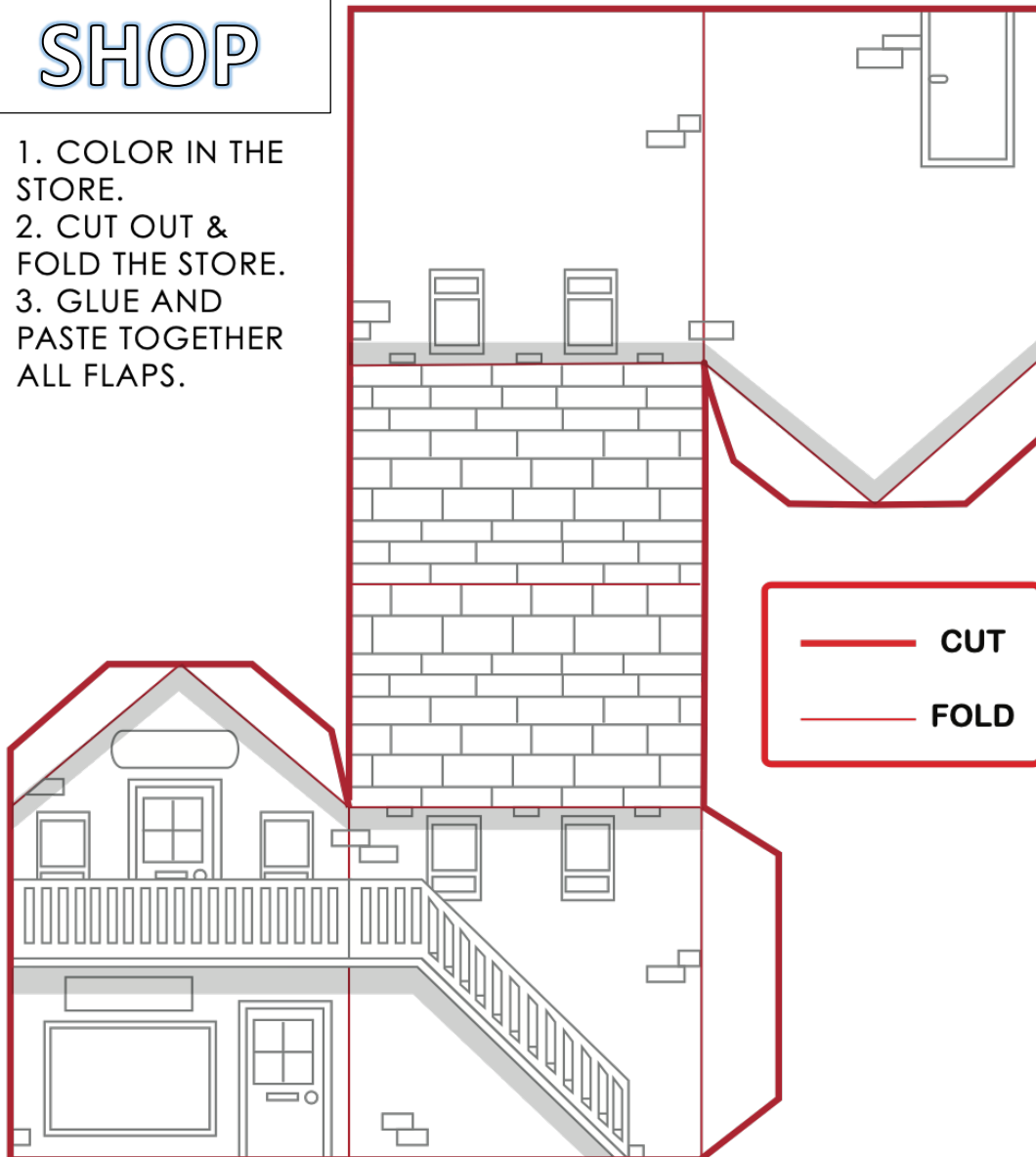




BUILD A CITY

SHOP

1. COLOR IN THE STORE.
2. CUT OUT & FOLD THE STORE.
3. GLUE AND PASTE TOGETHER ALL FLAPS.



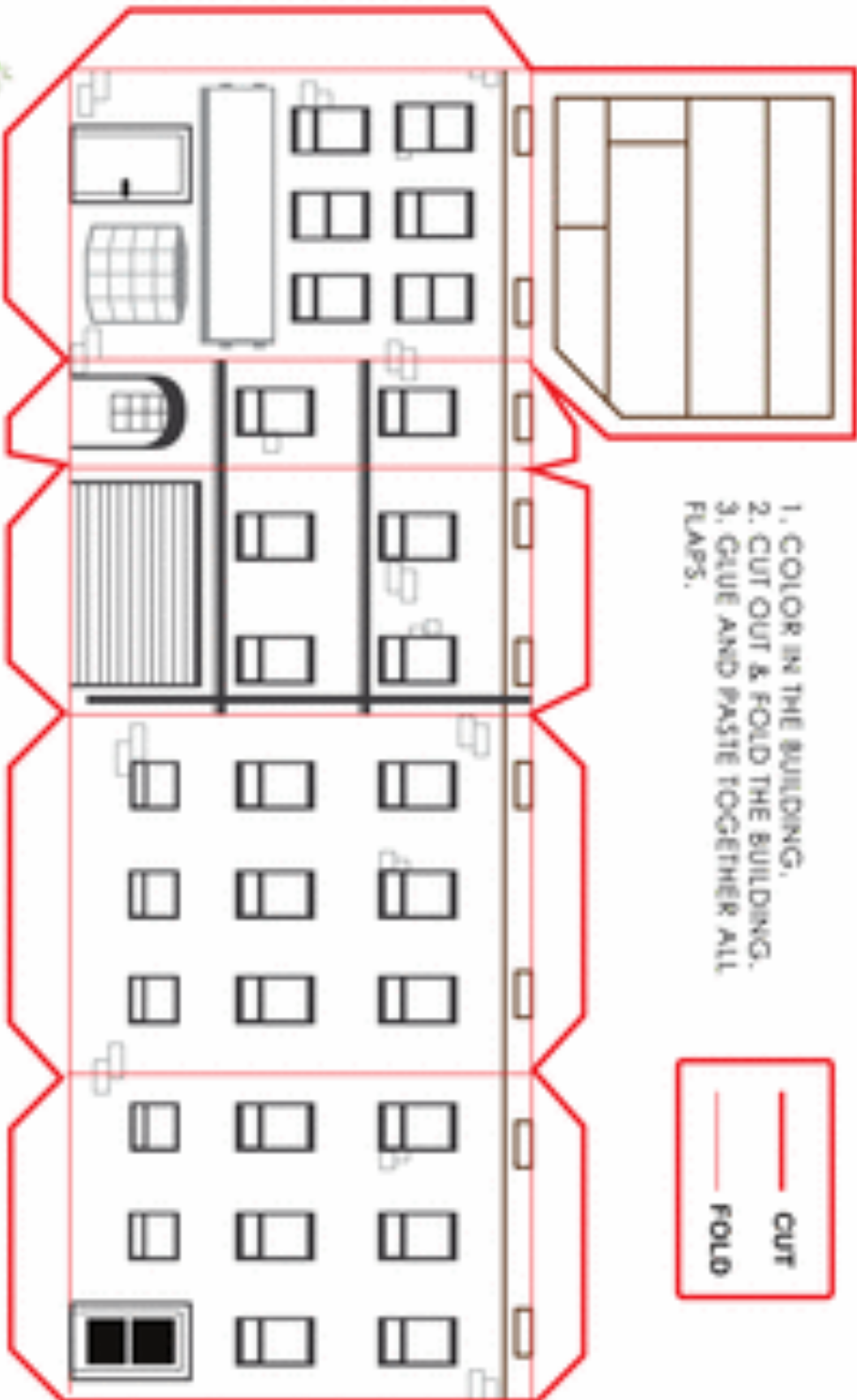


BUILD A CITY

SCHOOL

1. COLOR IN THE BUILDING.
2. CUT OUT & FOLD THE BUILDING.
3. GLUE AND PASTE TOGETHER ALL FLAPS.

— CUT
— FOLD



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BUILD A CITY HOSPITAL

1. COLOR IN THE HOSPITAL
2. CUT OUT & FOLD THE HOSPITAL
3. GLUE AND PASTE TOGETHER ALL FLAPS.

