



Children's Book Network

LOCKDOWN LEARNING PROGRAMME

WEEK 5 – FAIRY TALES RETOLD



With special thanks to the following sources

Val Mybrugh for her colouring in page | Nali'Bali for the African Fiary Tale Reading



INSTRUCTIONS

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:

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WHAT IS A FAIRY TALE?



What is a Fairy Tale?



A fairy tale is a make-believe story (something that is not true) written for children about magic and enchantment. Often times, fairy tales are passed down by word of mouth for hundreds of years.

Fairy tales often:

- Begin with “Once upon a time...”
- Contain magic
- Include royalty – kings, queens, princes and princesses
- Take place in faraway, imaginary lands
- Have good and bad characters
- Have talking animals
- Have a kind character that might be mistreated
- Have a reward for goodness
- Have the ending “... and they lived happily ever after.”



AN EXAMPLE OF A FAIRY TALE

THE FROG PRINCE



In a faraway land, a princess was enjoying the cool evening breeze outside her family's castle. She had with her a small golden ball, which she loved to play with as a way to relax. On one particular toss, she threw it so high in the air that she lost track of it, and the ball went rolling towards a spring. The ball plopped into the water and quickly sank out of sight. The princess began sobbing in despair, and wished for her toy to return to her.

Then, a small frog popped out from the spring. "What's wrong beautiful princess?" asked the frog. The princess wiped away her tears and said, "My favorite golden ball is gone, and nothing I do will bring it back." The frog tried his best to comfort the princess, and assured her that he could retrieve the ball if she would grant him just one favor. "Anything! I will give you all my jewels and handfuls of gold!" exclaimed the princess. The frog explained that he had no need for riches, and only wanted a simple kiss from her in return. The thought of kissing a slimy frog made the princess shudder, but in the end she agreed, as she really loved her golden ball. Without much effort, the agile frog jumped back into the spring and located the golden ball. In a blink of an eye the frog had retrieved the ball and returned it to the princess. Keeping her word, the princess kissed the frog. Suddenly, the ground began to rumble and a haze of smoke filled the air. To the princess's surprise, the frog was really a handsome prince trapped by an evil witch's curse. Her kiss had freed the prince from a lifetime of pain and misery. The prince and princess became great friends, and eventually wed in a beautiful ceremony by the spring.





AN EXAMPLE OF A FAIRY TALE

LITTLE
RED
RIDING HOOD



There once was a girl known as Little Red Riding Hood, and she always wore a red riding cape wherever she went. One day, she decided to go visit her dear grandmother, who lived deep in the woods. When her mother packed a basket of treats, she warned her not to talk to strangers along the way. As Little Red Riding Hood happily strolled through the woods, she did not notice the sneaky wolf stalking her through the trees. The wolf, pretending to be lost, asked Little Red Riding Hood for directions. The wolf seemed harmless enough, so Little Red Riding Hood not only spoke to him, she also revealed where she was going! The wolf rushed ahead to beat her to her grandmother's house, gaining entry by pretending to be her dear granddaughter. Having locked her grandmother in the closet, the wolf waited for Little Red Riding Hood to arrive.

When she knocked on her grandmother's door, she was greeted by a strange voice. "Come in dear," said the wolf. As the wolf lay in bed, wearing one of her grandmother's nightgowns, Little Red Riding Hood thought her grandmother sounded and looked strange. "What big ears you have," she said. "Better to hear you with my dear," replied the wolf. "What big eyes you have," said Little Red Riding Hood. "Better to see you with my darling," the wolf replied. "Your teeth, your teeth are large and as sharp as knives!" Little Red Riding Hood exclaimed. "The better to eat you with!" growled the wolf as he jumped up and lunged at the girl. Luckily Little Red Riding Hood had practiced self-defense, and grabbed a broom to fend off the wolf. Surprised by the girl's bravery, the wolf ran off with his tail between his legs. Little Red Riding Hood freed her grandmother from the closet, and her grandmother made Little Red Riding Hood promise not to talk to strangers ever again.



GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE BEARS



Goldilocks and the Three Bears

Read this story and colour in the pictures



Once upon a time there was a girl named Goldilocks.



One day she went for a walk in the woods.



Goldilocks saw a little house.



She went inside.



Goldilocks saw a table with
three bowls of porridge.



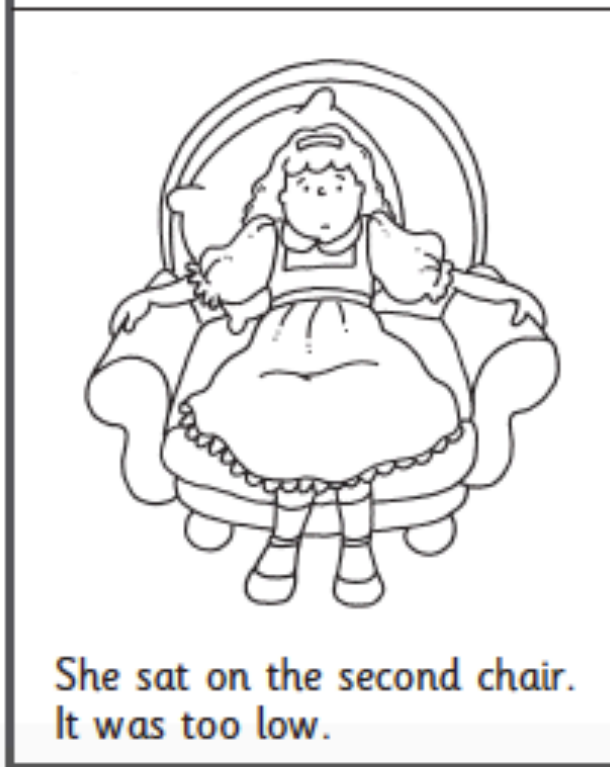
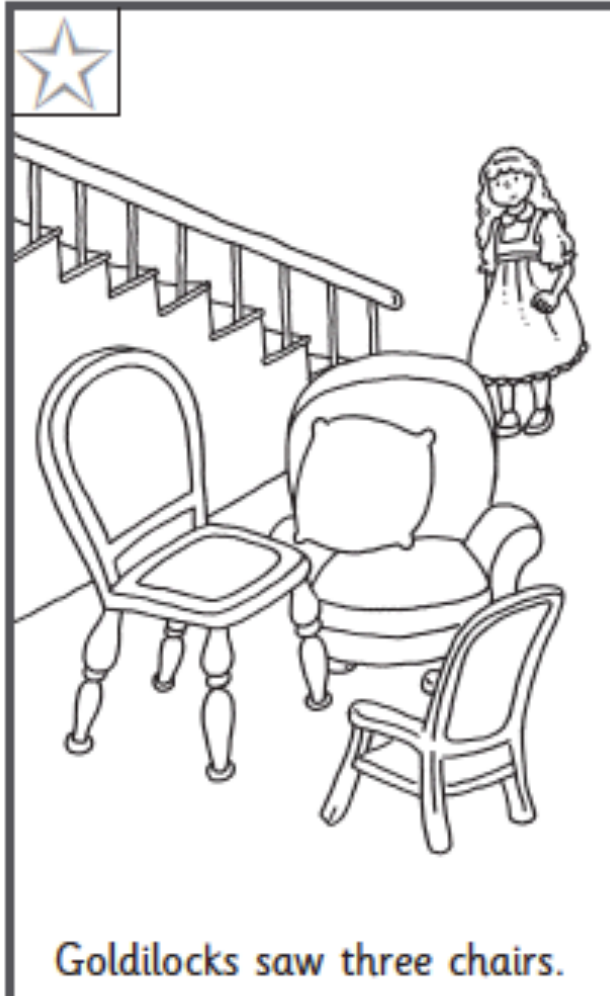
She tasted the first bowl.
It was too hot.



She tasted the second bowl.
It was too cold.



She tasted the third bowl.
It was just right, so she ate
it up.





Goldilocks went upstairs.
She saw three beds.



She tried the first bed.
It was too hard.



She tried the second bed.
It was too soft.



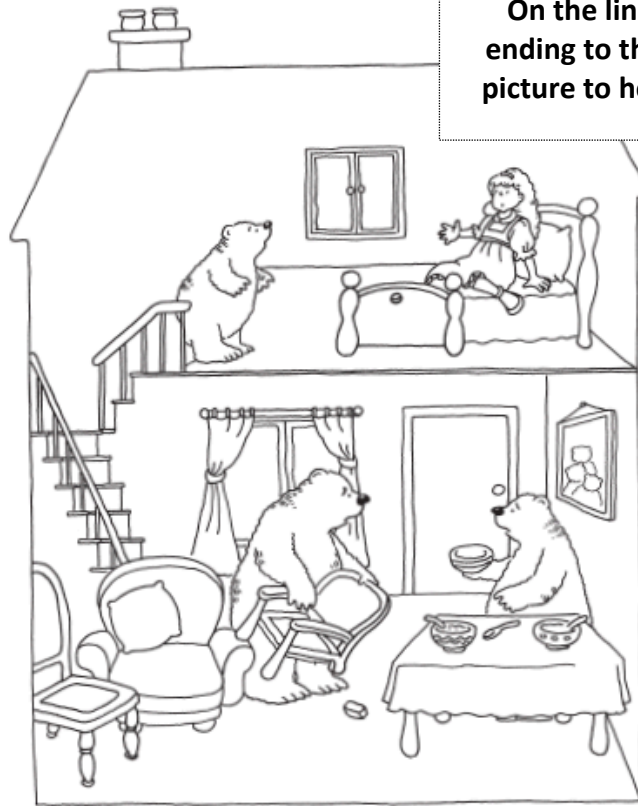
She tried the third bed.
It was just right.
She fell fast asleep.



Finish the story

What do you think happened next? Finish telling the story.

On the lines below, write the ending to this fairy tale. Use this picture to help you tell the story.



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GOLDILOCKS AND THE THREE RHINOS

AN AFRICAN FAIRY TALE

Here is the story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears, retold (that means it has been changed and told in a different way). It is a truly South African telling of the story – instead of three bears, we have three rhinos! Read what happens at the end of this retelling. Was your ending to Goldilocks and the Three Bears?





AN AFRICAN FAIRY TALE

The Two Brothers – English

Once upon a time two brothers called Kabelo and Lefa lived in a little village deep in a valley. They had two younger sisters, so their mother had four children to feed. She worked day and night, cooking and cleaning, sewing and mending, and digging and weeding her vegetable garden.

There was never enough money for everything the family needed. “You two boys are old enough to go to the city to look for work,” their mother said one day. So Kabelo and Lefa packed up the few things they owned, put them in their old backpacks and set off for the city.

“I’m going to be the richest man in Africa,” Kabelo boasted as they walked along the dirt road that wound up into the hills. “I am so clever and so handsome that it won’t take me long to become wealthy.”

“That’s good,” said Lefa.

“I suppose you’ll find a job, if you’re lucky,” Kabelo said. “Maybe you can sweep the city streets.”

“That will be good,” said Lefa. “As long as I have something to send home to Mama and my younger sisters, I will be happy.”

They had been walking all morning, and the sun was very hot. By lunchtime the brothers were very tired and hungry.



Suddenly they saw an old man with a white beard walking along the road towards them. He was bent over under the weight of the heavy sack he was carrying on his back.



“Good day, young men,” the old man said when he reached them. “Where are you going?”

“None of your business,” snapped Kabelo. “What is in your sack, old man?”

“Just rocks,” the old man said. “Now where are you two walking to?”

“We are going to the city to make some money,” Lefa said politely.

“Perhaps I can help you,” the old man said. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a leather bag filled with gold coins. “Now, which one of you would like this bag?” he asked.

“Me, me!” cried Kabelo. “I want it.”

“Here you are then,” said the old man, and he gave the leather bag to Kabelo, who quickly hid it in his backpack. Then he looked at the old man greedily to see what else he was carrying.



The old man put his hand into his other pocket. This time he pulled out a small brown leather box.

“What’s in there?” asked Kabelo, his eyes glinting.

The old man flipped open the lid of the box. Inside was an enormous diamond. It shone and sparkled in the light, and Lefa thought it was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

“Which one of you wants this diamond?” the old man asked.

“Me, me!” shrieked Kabelo. “I want it. Give it to me.” So the old man gave Kabelo the diamond and Kabelo hid it deep in the pocket of his trousers.

The old man picked up his heavy sack again. “Which one of you wants to help me carry this sack of rocks to your village?” he asked, trying to heave the sack over his skinny old shoulders. “It’s so heavy, and I’m very tired.”

“Not me!” cried Kabelo. “We’re not going to the village. We’re going to the city. I don’t have time to help you.”

Lefa looked back at the long road they had walked that morning. “You can’t walk all that way alone, Tata,” he said. “It’s too far for you to walk with that heavy sack before the sun sets. Let me walk with you. I will carry your sack.”

“Don’t be stupid!” Kabelo shouted at Lefa. “Don’t think I’m going to wait for you. You’re going to walk all the way back to our village, just to help this old man? You’ll never make money like that!”



Lefa was worried. He wanted to go with his brother, but when he saw the old man groaning under the weight of the sack, he couldn’t leave him.

“You go ahead, Kabelo,” he said. “I’ll catch up. I’ll run all the way back to you.”

“Well, I’m not waiting for you,” said Kabelo. “I have to get to the city and sell my shiny new diamond.” And off Kabelo went, whistling happily.

Lefa heaved the sack onto his shoulders. It was so heavy it made his bones creak.

“Come along, Tata,” he said with a smile. “Let’s try and get to the village before sunset.”

All afternoon they trudged. Every step they walked the sack seemed to get heavier. Soon Lefa was wet with sweat. But still he walked on, carrying the sack for the old man.

At last they reached the village. It was almost dark.

“Where are you staying, Tata,” Lefa asked. “Do you need somewhere to shelter for the night? My family does not have a lot, but I know my mother would be happy to share our meal with you, and she will give you a place to sleep tonight.”



The old man sat down on a tree stump. "This is far enough," he said.

"But you can't stay here," Lefa said. "It's not safe. Someone might steal your sack."

"Take it," the old man said. "Go home to your mother, and give her the sack."

"No, no," exclaimed Lefa. "I can't take your sack. You need it."

"It is my gift to you," said the old man.



Lefa undid the knot at the top of the sack and peered inside. Something glinted in the fading daylight. Lefa reached inside the sack and took it out. It was a diamond. Then he opened the sack some more – the whole sack was filled with precious diamonds!



"Thank you, thank you!" said Lefa. But when he looked around, the old man had disappeared. There was no sign of him anywhere. Only the sack of diamonds remained.

It was a joyful meal that evening in Lefa's home. He hadn't been gone long, but already he had made lots of money for his family! His mother and sisters were so happy that they danced and sang until late into the night.

Many months later, greedy Kabelo came back to the village empty-handed to show off his new car and fancy clothes. He found his family feasting on the finest food in their big new house. And around his mother's neck, was a necklace of beautiful diamonds.

Umntu nomntakwabo – isiXhosa

Kudala-dala kwakukho amakhwenkwe amabini azalwa ngumntu omnye, amagama abo inguKabelo kunye noLefa, babehlala kwilalana esentlanjeni. Babenoodade wabo ababini abancinci, umama wabo wayenabantwana abane abondlayo. Wayesebenza ubusuku nemini, epheka acoce indlu, ethunga alungise ezifuna ukulungiswa, esomba asuse ukhula esitiyeni sakhe semifuno.

Babengenamali yoneleyo ukwenza zonke iimfuno zosapho. "Makwedini nibadala ngokweneleyo ukuba nihambe niyokufuna umsebenzi edolophini," watsho umama wabo ngenye imini. Ngoko ke uKabelo noLefa baqokelela izinto zabo ezimbalwa, bazifaka koobhaka abadala bahamba baya edolophini.

"Ndiza kuba yeyona ndoda isisityebi kwiAfrika iphela," uKabelo waqhayisa njengokuba babehamba kulo ndlela inothuli eyayineqhina elonyukayo ukuya endulini. "Ndikrelekrele, kwaye ndimhle akuzukuthatha thuba lide ukuba ndibe sisityebi."

"Kulungile," watsho uLefa.

"Ndicinga ukuba uyakuwufumana umsebenzi ukuba unethamsanqa," watsho uKabelo. "Mhlawumbi uyakutshayela izitalato zedolophu."



“Kungakuhle oko,” watsho uLefa. “Ukuba nje ndingakwazi ukuthumela into kuMama noodadewethu abancinci, ndakonwaba.”

Babesebehambe intsasa yonke, nelanga laligqatse ubhobhoyi. Ngexesha lesidlo sasemini esi sibini sasidinwe kakhulu kwaye silambile.

Ngequbuliso babona ixhego elalineendevu neentshebe ezimhlophe lizihambela lisiza ngakubo. Laligobile ngenxa yokusindwa yingxowa enzima kunene elaliyibeke emqolo.



“Molweni, boonyana,” latsho ixhego laku ka kubo. “Nisingise phi?”

“Asiyongxaki yakho leyo,” wamngqavula uKabelo. “Yintoni le ikule ngxowa yakho, xhego?”

“Ngamatye nje,” latsho ixhego. “Ke ngoku, nina nobabini nisingise phi?”

“Siya edolophini siya kwenza imali,” watsho uLefa ngokuchubekileyo.

“Mhlawumbi ndinganinceda,” latsho ixhego. Lafaka isandla epokothweni yalo laza larhola isingxobo sesikhumba esigcwaliswe ziinkozo zegolide. “Ngoku ke ngubani apha kuni ongathanda esi singxobo?” labuza ixhego.

“Ndim! Ndim!” wakhwaza uKabelo. “Ndiyasifuna.”

“Naso ke, sesakho,” latsho ixhego, linika uKabelo isingxobo sesikhumba, nowakhawuleza wasi hla kubhaka wakhe. Emva koko walijonga ngamehlo anyolukileyo ixhego efuna ukubona ukuba ingaba yintoni enye elaliyiphethe.

Ixhego lafaka isandla salo epokothweni yalo kwakhona. Kweli lixa larhola ibhokisana encinci yesikhumba emdaka ngombala.

“Kukho ntoni ngaphakathi?” wabuza uKabelo, amehlo akhe ekhazimla.

Ixhego lajija lavula isiciko sebhokisi. Ngaphakathi kwakukho idayimane enkulu kakhulu. Yayikhazimla imenyezela ekukhanyeni, uLefa wayecinga ukuba yeyona nto intle awakhe wayibona.

“Ngubani apha kuni oyifunayo le dayimani?” labuza ixhego?

“Ndim, ndim,” wantswininiza uKabelo. “Ndiyayifuna. Yinike mna.” Ngoko ke ixhego lamnika uKabelo idayimane waze wayi hla ezantsi kwipokotho yeblukhwe yakhe.

Ixhego lathatha ingxowa yalo enzima kwakhona. “Ngubani apha kuni ofuna ukundincedisa ndiphathe le ngxowa yamatye ndiyise elalini yenu?” labuza, lizama ukuphakamisa ingxowa liyibeke kuloo magxa alo abhityileyo. “Inzima kakhulu, kwaye ndidinwe gqitha.”

“Asindim!” watsho uKabelo. “Asiyi elalini, siya edolophini. Andinalo ixesha lokukuncedisa.”



ULefa wajonga emva kuloo ndlela inde ababeyihambe intsasa yonke. “Awunakuhamba wedwa yonke le ndlela, Tata,” watsho uLefa. “Kukude ukuba ungahamba nale ngxowa inzima u ke phambi kokutshona kwelanga. Mandihambe nawe. Ndiza kukuphathela ingxowa yakho.”



“Sukuba sisidenge!” uKabelo wangxolisa uLefa. “Ungacingi ukuba mna ndiza kukulinda. Uza kuhamba yonke le ndlela ibuyela elalini yethu kwakhona, ukunceda nje eli xhego? Soze uyenze imali ukuba uza kwenza njalo!”

ULefa wayenexhala. Wayefuna ukuhamba nomntakwabo, kodwa akubona ixhego lincwina kukusindwa yingxowa, akazange akwazi ukulishiya.

“Qhubeka uhambe, Kabelo,” watsho. “Ndiza kukufumana. Ndiza kubaleka endleleni yam ebuyela kuwe.”

“Kulungile, kodwa mna andizikukulinda,” watsho uKabelo. “Kufuneka ndibe sedolophini ndithengise idayimane yam entsha ekhazimlayo.” Wahamba ke uKabelo ebetha umlozi ngolonwabo.

ULefa waqubula ingxowa wayibeka emagxeni akhe. Yayisinda kakhulu, yayisenza amathambo akhe akrikrize.

“Yiza, Tata,” watsho ngoncumo uLefa. “Masizame uku ka elalini lingekatshoni ilanga.”

Yonke loo mva kwemini babehamba nzima. Loo ngxowa yayisiya isinda ngaphezu kokuba yayisinda njengokuba babehamba nje. Ngokukhawuleza uLefa wayemanzi toxo ngumbilo. Nangona kunjalo wabheka phambili, ephethe ingxowa yelo xhego.

Ngelingeni ba ka elalini. Kwakusekuqala ukuba mnyama.

“Uhlala phi Tata?” wabuza uLefa. “Uyayifuna indawo yoku hla intloko ngokuhlwa nje?”

Usapho lwam alunanto ininzi, kodwa ndiyazi ukuba umama wam uza kukonwabela ukwabelana nawe ngesidlo sethu sangokuhlwa, akunike nendawo yokulala ngokuhlwa nje.”



Ixhego lahlala kwisikhondo somthi. “Kukude ngokwaneleyo ngoku,” latsho.

“Kodwa awunakuhlala apha,” watsho uLefa. “Akukhuselekanga. Kunga ka umntu ayibe ingxowa yakho.”

“Yithathe,” latsho ixhego. “Goduka uye kumama wakho, uze umnike le ngxowa.”

“Hayi, hayi!” wakhuya uLefa. “Andizikukwazi ukuthatha ingxowa yakho. Uyayidinga.”

“Sisipho sam kuwe,” latsho ixhego.

ULefa wakhulula iqhina elalibophe ingxowa wakroba ngaphakathi. Kwakukho into ebengezelayo kwelo langa elalisele libutshona. ULefa wafikelela ngaphakathi engxoweni,



wakukhupha oko kwakungaphakathi. Yayiyidayimane. Emva koko waqhubeka wayivula ingxowa – ingxowa yayizaliswe ziidayimane ezinexabiso!

“Ndiyabulela, ndiyabulela!” watsho uLefa. Kodwa akubhekabheka, lalithe shwaka ixhego. Kwakungasabonakali nophawu lwalo naphi na. Kwakushiyeke nje kuphela ingxowa enedayimane.

Yayilurhatya olumnandi lwesidlo kuloLefa. Wayengahambanga thuba lide, kodwa wayesele enzele usapho lwakhe imali. Umama kaLefa kunye noodadewabo babonwabile, badanisa becula kwade kwahamba ubusuku.



Emva kweenyanga ezininzi, uKabelo onyolukileyo wabuyela elalini engaphethanga nto, koko eze kuqhayisa ngemoto yakhe entsha kunye neempahla ezintle. Wafikela kusapho lwakhe olwalusitya ukutya okwakukumgangatho ophakamileyo kwindlu yabo entsha enkulu. Intamo kamama wakhe yayijikelezwe yintsimbi yehombo yentamo eyenziwe ngeedayimane.



WRITE AND DRAW YOUR OWN FAIRY TALE

It is always best to tell the truth

Use the planning sheet below to plan out your fairy tale. Look at page 2 to remind you about what fairy tales include.

1. **Setting:** Where your story takes place
2. **Good characters and bad characters:** Use animals, people, princes and princesses, kings and queens.
3. **Problem:** What happens in your story that creates the problem?
 - a. **REMEMBER:** The title of your story is about how important telling the truth is, so your problem should be something about telling a lie.
4. **Solution:** Your characters realise that *it is always best to tell the truth*
5. **Magic:** remember, fairy tales always contain magic!

Setting	Good Characters	Bad Character
Plot <div style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 50%; width: 150px; height: 150px; margin: 10px auto; text-align: center;">Problem</div> <div style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 50%; width: 150px; height: 150px; margin: 10px auto; text-align: center;">Magic</div>	2. _____ _____ _____ _____	<div style="border: 1px solid black; border-radius: 50%; width: 150px; height: 150px; margin: 10px auto; text-align: center;">Solution</div> 3. _____ _____ _____ _____
1. _____ _____		



It is always best to tell the truth

Write and draw your fairy tale in the blocks below

1.	2.
3.	4.
5.	6.
7.	8.
9.	10.



LISTEN AND RESPOND

Into the forest – By Anthony Browne

Vuyo will read the book *Into the forest* to you. Listen carefully so that you can complete the activity below.

ACTIVITY 1

1. After you have heard the story, take turns to look at it on your own. Think about what really happens here and write down your ideas. This is quite a complicated story – a lot goes on. Take time to read slowly, look at the pictures, and think about what happens.

- What happened when the boy woke up?
- Why is his Mom so sad?
- Why did the boy go through the forest?
- What is the forest like?
- Why did the boy want to hurry?
- What did you think was going to happen when the boy knocks on Granny's door?
- Why did Granny's voice sound different?
- What did you think the boy was going to see when he turned round?

2. Now think about the story very carefully. Write three sentences to say what you think this story is really *about*.



ACTIVITY 2

1. You have probably heard and read lots of fairy stories. Now you are going to make one yourself that is different! This is a talking exercise so you can talk about it with your friend.

Once there was a princess who had _____ hair. (NOT long golden hair!)

Her father was a very important _____ (NOT a king!)

A young man came to call and he looked _____ (NOT tall with blonde hair!)

He wanted to ask _____ (NOT to marry the princess)

The princess _____ (Didn't fall in love with him – YET)

But the young man _____ (Did something that made her love him)

They ran away and lived _____ (OK. They lived happily ever after!)

If you like your story, write it down.



2. Most of our printed stories come from Germany, or France, or England. That is why everyone has golden hair and rides white horses. But there are hundreds of amazing African stories too.

Ask Vuyo to read you some from the book: *Tell us a story* – maybe *Tselane and the Giant*, on page 12.

If a story is exactly what you expect then it is probably a *stereotype*. That means that the writer has taken the easy way out!

Draw what you heard

Draw a picture of a scene from the story which Vuyo just read to you.



COLOUR IN



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