



GiggleIT Project 2009-2019 Africa

INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF SCHOOL LIBRARIANSHIP
- IASL-ONLINE.ORG

GiggleIT Project 2009-2019 – Africa



International Association of School Librarianship

IASL-online.org/advocacy/GiggleIT

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CHAPTER ONE

The GiggleIT Project: Global Student Writing Through School Libraries

What is the GiggleIT Project?

History

The GiggleIT Project was created as a free resource for all school librarians worldwide by the International Association of School Librarianship - Children’s and Young Adult Literature Special Interest Group.

From 2009-2019, student works submitted by their school librarians were hosted on the IASL website on individual pages for each registered school.

In 2020, the GiggleIT Project transitioned to a “publish at your place” model, so this first decade of GiggleIT student works are now collected in a free eBook series available on the IASL website IASL-online.org so kids all over the world can read these stories, poems, jokes, and riddles.

How to GiggleIT Now

Visit the GiggleIT Project on the IASL website for free lesson plans and instructions IASL-online.org/advocacy/giggleIT.

There are two Spotlight Projects for each of these themes:

- Animal Antics
- Colors of My World: Through My Window
- Food, Festivals, Fun
- Lucky Me, Lucky You!
- Trickster Tales

Your students can accent their writing with original drawings and photos or one of the 44 copyrighted GiggleCritter characters of global GiggleTown.

When sharing with others, please link back to the IASL website and acknowledge the GiggleCritter characters' copyright-holder, © Emily Manck-White.

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CHAPTER TWO

Kilimo Primary School, Kenya



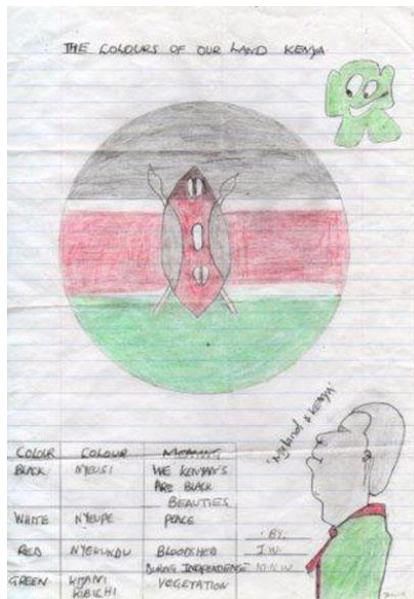
Our GiggleCritters

Our Projects

Through our window - the colors of our land

What are the colors of your world? What can you see through your window? How do you feel when you look through your window?

The Colours of our Land – Kenya – by I.W.



Black = Nyeusi – We Kenyans are Black and beautiful

White = Nyeupe – Peace

Red = Nyekundu – Bloodshed during Independence

Green = Kijani Kibichi - Vegetation

The World Smiles – by JWM, ANO, SMM, PBD, LMN, ANT, DMO



We chose this part of the world because we are proud of our continent, Africa. There are different races of people in Africa. For black people, there are also different shades from light brown to black. There are many plants in Africa.

Blue (Buluu/Samawati) stands for water bodies

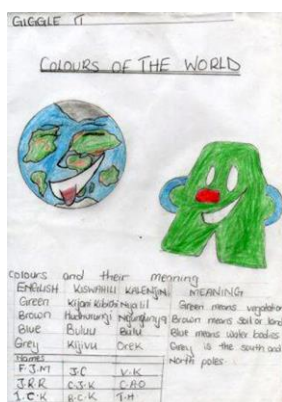
Green (Kijani) stands for vegetation

Purple (Zamborau) stands for very high mountains

Brown (Hudhurungi) stands for land.

We should be proud of the places we come from.

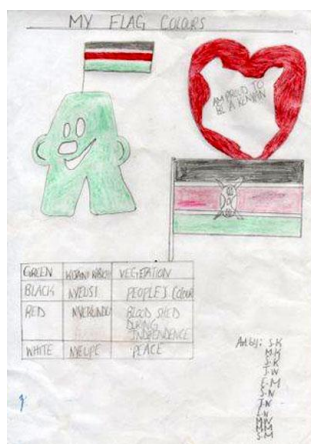
Colours of the World – by FJM, JC, VK, JRR, CJK, CAO, ICK, BCK, TH



Colours and their meanings

English	KiSwahili	Kalenjin	meaning
Green	Kijani kiburi	Nyalil	Green means vegetation
Brown	Hudhurungi	Nyungunya	Brown means soil or land
Blue	Buluu	Bulu	Blue means water bodies
Grey	Kijivu	Orek	Grey is the south and north Poles

My Flag Colours – by SK, MK, SK, JW, EM, SN, JN, LM, MW, MM, SM



Green = Kijani kiburi – vegetation
 Black = Nyeusi – peoples' colour
 Red = Nyekundu – blood shed during Independence
 White = Nyeupe – peace
 I am proud to be a Kenyan!

Our Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

If Snow White lived in your country, what would she be called? What names would you give to each of the seven dwarfs to reflect your culture



Compiled by: LMN, ANO, ANT, DMO, PBO, SMM, JWM

In our community we would call Snow White **Nyamoita** because she is beautiful and talented.

The seven dwarfs would be named as:

Mageto - He is talkative.

Ochoki - He is always quiet.

Monglare - He is always funny and entertaining.

Masese - He likes dogs (e-sese) and other animals.

Makori - He makes fun of people and likes laughing.

Ong'ong'a - He is considerate.

Nyanglau - He is kind and hardworking.



Compiled by: IEM, JNK, MW, SN, SS

Our group named Snow White as **Njeri**, which means, the most beautiful girl in Kikuyu Land.

We named the seven dwarfs:

Njogu - The strongest man.

Kigondu - He is the most intelligent and fearful.

Wang'ombe - Cattle herder

Gakenia - A person who is always happy.

Kuria - A person who likes crying.

Gitonga - A rich person.

Wainaina - One who likes singing.

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CHAPTER THREE

Giyani Primary School & Vulamazibuko Primary School, Soweto, South Africa – grade 7 classes



Our GiggleCritters

Our 2013 Projects

Soweto Poems

Is this life? - by N. Mlangeni

What is life?

Why is life like this?

Why do people come in our lives?

Why do we have to cry?

Why do we have to hate people?

Why do people hate?

Why do your friends betray you?

Why go behind your back?

Why do you have to face your past?

Why is it like this?

Why do people believe in things?
Why is life like this?
Life is the middle of everything.

Who am I - by N. Mlonyeni

One thing for sure
I am African
My father is Zulu
My mother is half Zulu half Coloured
Who am I?
Who am I?
I really do not know
All I know is that
I am an African girl

Who are we? - by A. Sikhakhane

Who am I?
Why was I born?
Who created me?
Who do I look like?
Who are you?
Why were you born?
Who created you?
Who do you look the same with?
Be quiet, I want to tell you.
I am me.
You are you.
We were born to be free.
We were created by God.
We both look the same.

Beauty - by A. Sikhakhane

Roses are red
Violets are blue
Lavenders are purple
Blossoms are yellow
Grass is green
The sun shines
The moon beams

Stars beam
The sky is blue
Clouds are clear
What other beauty do you want?

My friends - by A. Sikhakhane
My friends are like boxes of fancy chocolate
Wrapped in gold
Glued with diamonds
What is inside
Is what matters
Once these chocolates crack
They rebuild themselves
My friends are like my guidance book
The right compass
Which never leads me in the wrong path
I love my friends

Why me? - by A. Sikhakhane
Why do I have to suffer?
Why do people hate me?
Why always hurt me?
I want happiness.
Why do I feel lonely?
And sometimes burst into tears?
I pretend to be happy.
Like something is hurting me.
It is not a lion.
I do not know what it is.

Nature - by L. Ndlovu
Your beauty is amazing
Different colours, sweet smell
Beautiful forests standing in rows
Sunrays lighting our path
The breeze brushed swiftly
Like a soft feather on my skin
Leaves are swept off the ground
Twisting them around joyfully

Birds chirp and hiss
Snakes make the tantalising sounds in the forest
The sounds of trees clapping and clattering their branches together
Nature I salute you
I give you all the praise you deserve
We embrace you with all the love and admiration
Nature you are great!

Water - by L. Nxumalo

You are colourless
You are odourless
You are tasteless
You flow
You nurture
You are liked
You rule
You are strong
You sound good
You give life
WATER

Jealousy - by H. Mathebula

Jealousy says beauty is ugly
Good is bad
Happiness is sorrow
Jealousy, where do you come from?

My country - by Z. Nxumalo

Oh my country
Full of poverty
Powerful yet poor
Your inhabitants are hungry
They have drops of tears in their eyes
Kids scavenge for food
Adults hunt for food to eat
Oh my country, what is wrong with you?

Our nation - by N. Kgatle

Beautiful nation
Beautiful people
Beautiful animals
A nation with happiness
A nation with foundation
Our nation our life our choice
A nation with respect
A nation with love
A nation forever beautiful

Tears - by S. Kubheka

Tears of joy
Tears of happiness
The tears of sadness
Tears of fear
Which tears do you have?
Do you have tears of sadness?
Tears of happiness?
Tears of joy?

Zulu Praise with translation - by S. Kubheka

Qhawe lamaqhawe uvide unlungu
Hero you confounded the white oppressor
Wadida nawe qobo lwakho
You even confounded yourself
Udele impilo yakho nesizwe sakini
You sacrificed your life with your nation
Wahlala iminyaka ejele
And stayed for many years in jail
Ngaphandle kokubalisa
Without much talk
Madiba
Madiba
Abaningi babengazi ukuthi ungumashaya isibhakela
Many people did not know you were a boxer
Abaningi babengazi ukuthi ungummeli
They did not know you were a lawyer
Abaningi babethi ulwela isizwe
Many were saying you were fighting for the nation
Yebo siyazi ukuthi uliqhwe lamaqhawe

Yes we know you are the hero of heroes

Soweto Stories - 2013

Married twins - by N. Mlonyeni

Once upon a time there were twins who lived together with their mother. One was a boy named Lindokuhle and the other named Lethokuhle. Their parents broke up and lived separately. The boy went to live with his father in a faraway country and the girls stayed with her mom. After ten years the mother passed away. Lethokuhle stayed with foster parents. After 12 years of staying with foster parents Lindokuhle came to South Africa.

The twins lost all communication when they separated and lost contact of each other. When the twin grew up they could never recognise each other. It happened that Lindokuhle met someone who was friends with Lethokuhle. by this time Lethokuhle was successful and she had her own house and a car. One day Lethokuhle's friend invited her to his house to see the new visitor from overseas. That is how the twins met. They did not know they were twins but they shared a bond they both could not explain.

After a month Lindokuhle started thinking he was in love with Lethokuhle and he proposed her. They got married after two years and stayed married for six years. Lethokuhle started searching for her father and to their surprise her father was his father. The father was looking forward to meeting his long lost daughter but he was surprised when he saw a daughter in law he had only seen in pictures appearing. He was shocked and refused to speak as he was going through a serious turmoil thinking that he did wrong by not keeping in touch with his daughter. He remembered that his daughter was called Lethokuhle and that she had a birth mark next to her shoulder.

When their father appeared he said, "are you Lethokuhle? Where is your mom?" Lethokuhle looked up amazed. The father rushed. Opened her shoulders and saw the now enlarged birth mark. Lethokuhle answered, "Mom passed away twenty years ago." The father wept and said, 'it is my fault I did not keep in touch with you. You too are my twin daughter.'" "What? I cannot believe this!" exclaimed Lethokuhle. Lindokuhle and Lethokuhle broke up and decided to live together as family. They lived happily ever after.

Nombuso and Thandeka - by T. Behane

Nombuso and Thandeka were two sisters who lived in Diepkloof, Soweto. They attended school at Parktown Girls High School. They lived with their sickly mother who suffered from HIV. Nombuso was fifteen and Thandeka was thirteen years. They were excelling in everything they did at school. The girls had determination but were from a poor background.

Their father, Sifiso Ndlovu, was sickly on the verge of death. The girls were scared that when their parents die who will take care of them. At school their teachers loved them very much for they humbled themselves wanting to hurt no one. Mrs Gubane was their favourite teacher and she had no children. She loved them very much.

After three years their parents died much to the heartbreak of the two girls. After the funeral they went to talk to their Pastor to ask if someone can take care of them till they finish school. They requested the Pastor to approach people and amongst those people was the name of Mrs Gubane. The Pastor approached all of them and when he came to Mrs Gubane she agreed.

Mrs Gubane tried her best and the two girls did not disappoint her. They were serious about their education because everywhere they went they were told that education is the solution. They equipped themselves with it. One day they were going to make Mrs Gubane happy and get good jobs and give her a treat. The story is about humbleness and thankfulness.

Anonymous

Struggle comrades in South Africa went to a meeting with Bishop Tutu. They asked him what dish does he prefer for lunch and he proudly said, "Tupperware". You should have seen their expressions.

Sipho was a good player and his soccer team was relying on him. He was chosen to score a penalty, when he missed the goal he asked the referee to give him a second chance because he needed to change his soccer shoes.

How my aunt died - by S. Ngwenya

I was six years old and lived in Vengeer with my aunt and my parents. My aunt was very sick. My mother had eyesight problems. My aunt was secretive. She never told us

anything except jokes and a few interesting stories. Every now and then my father would have an argument with aunty about directions. I did not know what this meant.

One day it happened before my eyes. Aunty was sick again. My father called an ambulance and gave them our home address. He went out of the house. My aunt picked up the phone and gave the ambulance driver wrong directions. Father was standing at the gate waiting for the ambulance to arrive. It did not arrive. He called again and again and by the then ambulance people decided not to come. They thought my father and aunt were making fun of them. Then aunty became worse and at night father had to pay a private car to take her to hospital. She did not last, she only stayed in hospital for two hours and she died. The family buried her and sold her furniture.

Aunty had a bad life - by N. Mañana

My family has a strange coincidence of sharing birthdays. Whenever there is a birthday party at home it is for three or four people at once. My sister, grandmother, mother all shared a birth date. My aunt is very sickly so her birthday parties are always done in her absence.

The last party she was in hospital. She is HIV positive. My family always tell her not to think she is different because of HIV. She has stopped thinking about the party. These parties are usually very big, they invite caterers and many people attend them. That day aunty was discharged from hospital. She came home and asked to be place on a sofa in the lounge. She slept and never woke up. Cousin Bulie ran and called Nomsa who confirmed her death. They went to the hall to inform people. People in the party were shocked and everyone was crying. The mood changed and the partying stopped same time. Everyone rushed home in tears.

We phoned all the family members. From that day our priest ordered women not to wear trousers for the funeral as they are barred from the church. The day of the funeral came, it was sad but everyone said they were expecting it. My grandmother could not stop crying.

One strange thing that happened at the graveyard was that they put a lot of sand on her hole and left water and flowers there. They said it was the water she was drinking and her cups and everything were put there. After the burial some people did not want to go they wanted to stay and talk about her for a long time. My grandmother said thank

you to the people but they would still not go. She said thank you for your support again but still they stayed and I knew my granny was exhausted, she cried too much.

A day when my grandfather got lost - by N. Mañana

My grandfather had a problem with his memory. We all liked taking a walk with him even if it was distant walks because he enjoyed them. He liked joking. Sometimes when I am not feeling too well I ask him to accompany me on a walk. One day he left the house without us and he got lost.

At first we thought he had gone to visit his friends but after a long wait we realised that he must have lost his memory again. We asked everyone around and one person said he saw grandpa walking alone on a highway. That was enough to give us a shock. We drove to the Roodepoort highway, in vain. The next day we got a call from a clinic telling us that grandfather had passed on.

I thought that something was wrong and we felt very sad. I did not feel like going to school. Till today I still miss my grandfather.

Goodman's story - by S. Manenzhe

Goodman lived a life of love, trust and honesty with his parents. His father was a hard worker who did not believe in quitting. His father always taught him how to fight. He used to say strive many times and the battle is yours and victory is certain.

Goodman carried that into his brain and that encouraged him to face bullies. His father warned him not to think is too big for his boots. Goodman was not the fighting type, in fact, he had a way of stopping people from fighting. He always wanted to know his talents. At school he tried soccer, rugby, every sport he tried he was the best. One day a bully came to him and started an argument with the intentions of hitting him.

Goodman's friends were encouraging him to fight the bully.

The bully pushed him again and again and slapped him. Goodman lost his temper and fought back. He was not strong enough the bully was used to what he was doing. He was bleeding and on the verge of losing his teeth. Suddenly he regained strength and hit the bully five times in the heart. That sent the bully choking as if he had asthma.

Goodman was not pleased with what he had done and ran off thinking the boy was dead. He shook and he was very nervous. His father was not there. Then while he was

agonising about the bully, he was the bully passing but walking slowly. He thought “Oh I gave him the beating of the century!” and he was relieved the bully was still alive.

Our 2009 work

Jokes - by TZ

A Big Family

In one township there was an overcrowded family with twenty children a mother and a father. They lived in a small house. Sleeping time was a problem and one day someone came with a plan. They took turns to sleep. The first group of ten slept first while the other was out of the house, and when the second group followed the first one had to go out of the house. What a big family!

Lollipop

One day decisions were taken in heaven God asked “who wants to have a head of a lollipop?” Somebody said, “its me, I think that will be sweet.” This person got the lollipop head and was born in a place where there are many children. The minute he was born there was chaos as all the children wanted to lick the lollipop head.

Hot Dogs

My friend was very creative. He had a dog and he was very hungry. I saw him put his dog on a heater and amazed, I asked, “what are you doing?” He said he was trying to make a hotdog.

Jokes - by MN

The Dying Preacher

An old preacher was dying. He called banker and his lawyer, both church members, to come to his home.

When they arrived they were ushered up to his bedroom. As they entered the room the preacher held out his hands and asked each of them to sit on the left and on the right on each side of the bed. He grasped their hands, sighed contentedly, smiled and stared at the ceiling. For a time no one said anything.

Both the banker and the lawyer were touched and flattered that the preacher would ask them to be with him during his final moments. They were also puzzled, the preacher had never given them any indication that he liked either of them. They both remembered his many long uncomfortable sermons about greed and silly behavior that made them squirm in their seats.

Finally the banker said, “preacher why did you ask us to come?” The preacher mustered up his strength and said weakly, “Jesus died between two thieves and that’s how I want to go.”

Midnight Call

A married couple were asleep when the phone rang at 2 am. The wife picked up the phone, listened for a moment and said, “how should I know that is 200km from here!” and hung up.

The husband said, “who was that?” and she replied, “I don’t know, some woman wanting to know if the coast is clear.”

Backseat Kicker

Sabu had just received his brand-new driver license. The family took a ride in Sabu’s car, for the first time.

His dad immediately got into the back seat directly behind Sabu. “I bet you’re back there to get a change of scenery after all those months sitting on the front passenger seat teaching me how to drive!” said Sabu.

“Oh no,” dad replied, “I am going to sit here and kick the back of your car as you drive, just like you have been doing to me all those years.”

A Wish

A man found an odd-looking lamp and gave it a rub. Out came a spirit who told him he would get three wishes, and that whatever he wished for his mother in law would get double. “Ok” he said, “I want one thousand million rands. “Remember your mother in law will get double,” said the magic spirit. He said that he knew and he did not care.

The guy made his second wish. ‘I want a brand-new Ferrari sports car.’ So he got that as well. His mother in law got two. The spirit said ‘What would you like for your third wish?’ The guy said, I wish to be beaten half to death.”

Jokes - by WH

What flower spreads?

A buttercup.

What do you call a class of university students on the underground?

A tube of smarties.

What fish sings?

A tuna fish.

What is minimum?

A little mother.

Where do cows go in the evening?

To the mooovies.

What has 60 keys but can't open a door?
A piano.

What changes every day but we can't see it?
A brain.

2009 Soweto Poems

Broken Heart - by Sindy
I feel like my heart is broke
Inside my body
It is trapped
Inside my body

A friend will tell you
Everything will be alright
Them my heart will not be broken anymore
Inside of me
It will feel good
Because of the good words

Who Am I? - by Sindy
I am a young citizen
With rights
Proud of myself
Proud of my heritage
Multilingual
Multicultural
I embrace diversity
Like our nation
I say unity in diversity

Why Don't You Love Me? - by Gcinile
You don't love me because I am poor
Or is because I am ugly
Why don't you love me?

Is it because I am not perfect?
Or is it because I am not the best?
Why don't you love me?

You do not care about my love
About who I am
You don't care about my school
Why don't you care?

Why don't you care that I am the same as you?
That we look alike?
Why don't you care?

Let Go Of Me - by Leagiso

When I come to the end of the road
When the sun has set for me
I want no rites in a gloom filled room
Why cry for a soul set free?

Miss me a little but not too long
But not with your head bowed down
Remember the good times
Miss me but let me go

This is a journey we all must take
Each one alone
It is part of the Master's plan
Miss me but let me go

In The Dark - by Nomfundo

I can feel the sun shining at me
I can see the sunlight through the window
The wind blowing in my room
But I am in the dark

I can see children going to school
People going to work
Men and women walking up and down
But I am in the dark

In the dark, I am in the dark
Nobody can see me
The lights are off
I can only wish I was not in the dark

Just Leave Me Alone - by Nomfundo

You followed me

All the way from home

Up and down the streets
You followed me

You keep following me
As I walk aimlessly
Up and down the streets

Everywhere I go
You are there
At school, in church, in the city, at home
You are there

What on earth have I done
To deserve this
What I have done to you?
Leave me alone
You stalker, predator
You abuse children

Love - by Smangele
Love is a gift from God
Never found from anyone
You can find love from someone who loves you
Someone who cares for you

Love is invisible
You feel it from your heart
But you cannot see it or touch it

Love is from God
But it is our duty
Nobody can take it from us
It must always be there for us
Oh what a word Love!

Happiness - by Smangele
Happiness is all about joy
It turns my anger into a smile
Sadness to joy
Because I love happiness

No one can take it away from me
I release my body with happiness
That is what God has created me to be
To have happiness at all times

Oh what a name happiness!
You make me to be loved by everyone
Because of the smile on my face
What a name, happiness!

Nature - by Smangele

Oh nature everywhere
Trees in green color
And the oxygen we get from them
All made by God

The sky in blue colors
The sun, the light and the heat
The plants for us to grow

At night you gave us the moon and stars
For the light in darkness
So we can see where we are going

You also gave us the green grass
For plants to eat
You gave us the earth
A beautiful round thing
O what precious nature

Myself - by Smangele

I am a poet
Dark like the African soil
Unique special

Free because I am a poet
Growing up fast
Reliable and trustworthy
Having an ear for good things

I have wings for writing
A ready smile
I love radiance

I am me
There is no one like me

The Wind - by Thato
How you point at me
You don't stop sounding
Breaking the strings for me
The country bows at you hissing

You break things
You are not good to stay with
You break within me

I Bring Life - by Thato
I bring with me life
An egg ready to hatch
Ready to face new things
As smart as anything

I am full of quality
Rich and poor
I bring life
I create millions of lives

Billions of stars
The deep blue ocean
The clear blue sky

I Hear - by Thato
I hear love
I hear songs
I hear the cries
I hear happiness
I hear the birds singing
I hear sounds
Most of all
I hear myself

I See - by Thato
I see beauty
I see tears
I see myself

I see light
I see darkness
I see good things
Most of all
I see forgiveness

My Cry - by Khethukuthula

My cry is for love
Peace
I cry to God
I cry to ancestors
Who will stop my cry?
A torch in my heart
Is lighting
For tears that go down
That no one will pick
For those in difficult conditions
I want to be lifted as a cloud
I want peace
I want answers
Why did God create us
Were we born to suffer
Were we born to be tortured?
Let us not bleed

A Crack – by Khethukuthula

A crack reminds me of a glass
Like a broken heart
Like a cracking snack
Cracks always ask for peace
To be mended by peace

Butterfly - by Khethukuthula

I am a butterfly
I love smelling flowers
I fly
People love me
I have no boundaries
That is my thought

Water Is Water - by Caiphus

Oh water! Oh water!
Water my life
Water my drink
We depend on you
You remove our thirst

Oh! Oh! You are my life
My potion my restorer
My strength in weakness

You wash way my dirt
You remove my smell
Without you I turn into a smelly thing

You save me
Others abuse you
I give them advice
Please people save water
Water is life
Oh water, water is life
WATER IS WATER!

Destroyer - by Philani

You hit me
You hurt me
You tried to destroy me
But God restored me

Nothing you say will change me
I am free at last
Look at me now
You never thought
I would wear a golden crown

Look at this conqueror
Lest you forget
I am tough
Stretching and growing
I will not die
But will hold my head up high
Now I am studying

Poverty - by Wilson

Poor poor poverty
Standing there
A poor child
Hungry, crying as if lost
'Please give me donations'
The beauty on her face is gone
The innocence is lost to cruel poverty
Tears are her daily bread
Poverty you have changed her

Star - by Wilson

You make me love the earth
You play with moons in the sky
We cheer when it is a new day
When I see a star
I think about a promise of a diamond

The King Of Africa - by Vusi

We thank you King of Africa
We salute you King of Africa
You are patient
Full of love
Born in Africa
I am the King of Africa

I Am A Boy - by Johan

I am a boy
I am a man
I am a person
Strong and brave
I believe in myself

I am a boy with respect
I am a boy who loves
I am a boy who cares
I am a boy people can believe in

I trust God
A boy who shares with others
I make people happy
I am a king of kings

Love - by Fumani

Have you ever felt
Butterflies in your stomach
When you see that person.
Your heart stops
It skips a faster and faster

Have you watched your parents
Walk in the street
Have you heard your father tell your mom
Uyimbokodo!
You are the rock!

I Remember - by TM

I remember, I remember
The day I lost my mom
Oh I remember

Seeing a hearse coming to fetch her
I remember
They put her in a bag.
I remember I remember
Sad and weary
I thought this was the end of my world

When I saw a coffin coming
I screamed as if I was dying
I wept in privacy
I tried to be strong but failed

I remember seeing her for the last time
Dead lifeless
In a coffin
Yes, in a coffin

The next day she was getting into a hole
I knew I would never see her again
I said goodbye to my dreams

Laying her to rest I remember
But there is one thing I cannot remember
where is her grave?

I remember everything but my mom's grave

A Woman's Worth

I salute you women
For all your hard work

For carrying a baby nine months inside of you
For not giving up on those raised by you

For not washing your hands of them even when it hurts
For being brave when it pains you

For being diligent
For being heroes

For not abandoning each other
For forgiving

Playing many roles in our lives
Without women this world would be nothing

I salute the women of this world

My Beauty

My beauty is worth gold and diamonds
My beauty is from within

Natural, original, African
I am an African beauty

I Am A Poet

I spread my wings and fly around
I imagine without limit

I go to the past
The present
The future

Taking my emotions
Feeling emotions
Pain, joy, grief, you name it

Born to be a poet
With no pretence

Inspired from within
Pain, joy, grief, you name it
Allowing my pen to dance

Oh yes I am a poet indeed

Anger

You flood me
I need to get a break from you

I take a piece of paper
Pretending as if the paper
Can heal my anger

I drink a glass of water
Still I can't wash you better
You are still there
Choking my throat

Leave me alone
This evil eats my bone
You are so evil
You want me to kill

You make enemies
Hold grudges
Disrespect
You change a person
You curse a person

Fade away
Oh anger
Fade away
Anger!

Amazing Gift

I am an amazing gift
That's what I am
A gift from God
From ancestors

A gift from nature
A child is an amazing gift

Amazing and amazed
I got this gift
Of an amazing gift
The gift of poetry

Don't Call Me That

Don't call me that
This and that
Don't call me names
That's not who I am

Call me a future leader
A rising star
An inspiration
The youth of today

An African princess
Your daughter
Don't say you will kick me out of your house
I will not be homeless

Let Him In

Let Jesus in
Let him in your heart
Let him teach you good
Let him teach show you the bad

When He knocks, open
Let Him enter
Let Him be your Savior
Let Him control you to do good things

Let Him in
He died for you
Let Him in
He is life that never ends

Let Him in
Oh Yes let Him in

Soweto My Kasi

See different people
Different cultures

Township culture
Top shayela, pantsula, tsotsi, vandals
All assorted
I love my kasi

The good the bad
The rich the poor
The famous and the nonentity
All come from Soweto

Uprisings, success, crimes
You name it
Music, style, fashion
You name it

My hood, my township, my ghetto
South Western Township

Love – by MM

In all the years I have known you
I have seen things about you

You planned and strove
Sacrificed driven by love
Selfless sacrificed
To give us love

I am sending this to you
It is a pleasure
To know you do all this
Just for me

Money

Money is evil
People died for money
People struggled for money
Money is dangerous
Don't sell your soul to it
You will be in trouble
Just let it serve you honestly

I Am a Butterfly – by KM

I fly like a bird

To express myself
No one is like me
Colorful, unique, beautiful
As wonderful as the butterfly

When people set eyes on me
They just go WOW!
Because I am a butterfly
From caterpillar to a butterfly
Who flies from flower to flower
Wow!

African Queen

I am an African queen
Dark, beautiful, proud of myself
I love my skin, I love myself
I love black and will die black

Nature – by LN

I believe beauty created nature
Otherwise how could you explain this?
Oh nature

Beauty created animals
Beauty has variety
Beauty has humor

I love the green
That envelops us
We all love our beautiful nature
Beauty is nature
Nature is beauty

Look at the shining stars
Look at the trees
Look at humans
Look at animals

Listen to the sound of the wind
The birds, the falls and oceans
I love nature
Do you?

Happiness

I have happiness
You have happiness
We have happiness

What a word “happiness”
Life can be full of happiness
Families are happy

Friends bring happiness
Everyone brings happiness
It’s happiness all over the world

The Love of God

Created with love
Got such kind parents
Health and full of love
I love to love

I love God
I love His creation
I love God’s caring
God loves us back

We are safe because of God’s love
Alive because of Love
I am who I am because of God’s love
God loves us all
So does God love you?

Angry

I am angry because of you
Angry because of people
Feeling bad because of us
Let’s take care of nature

A South African Child – by GN

I am a South African child
With likes and dislikes
I love schoolwork
I hate abuse

I like to dance

I like to play with friends
And to create
I hate crime

I like volleyball
I like playing scrabble
I hate child rapists
I hate gossip

I like washing dishes at home
I hate hip hop
I like kwaito
I hate destructive criticism

Freedom

I am free
Like a bird up in the sky
I have freedom
Because of freedom fighters

I am free to do what pleases me
Free like a bird
Comfortable like a dolphin in water

I love
And I am loved

(Dedicated to Duduzile Nhlapho)

You took care of me
Until this age
You were there for me
In good bad and sad times

You are the only one who loved me
A pleasure to have
Pleased to have me
Always there for me

You did not care about what people said about me
You continued to care for me
Since you got me
You have been struggling moving up and down
But that did not change you

During hard times you told me
“Never give up hope”
Taught me right from wrong
Never gave up
You believed in yourself

You put me at school
Bought me new clothes
Always there for me
That is why I love and I am loved

My Friends

You took care of me
Taught me many things
One of them is loving and sharing
And also being there when needed

I have learned to believe in you
Especially when you hold my hands
And tell me all will be fine
And kept all the promises you made
(Dedicated to Keamogetswe, Gcinile, Smangele and Thando)

Why Me?

Why me?
Why you chose me?
You took away my grandfather
A kind and wise man

Took away my aunt
An intelligent person
Who took good care of me
Why me?

Why choose me?
Who are you going to take now?
Why are you doing this to me?
Making my life miserable
Why me?

For the Love of Music – by KM
Music, music

Music everywhere
The teacher teaching in class
I hear music in my ears

The train moving
I hear music in my ears
Pastor preaching
I hear music in my ears

Children crying for porridge
I hear music in my ears
I would do anything
For the love of music

I will name my son music
My daughter R&B
My cat “ngwazi’ music
My dog “kwasakwa”

I would do anything beautiful
To show my love of music

I am a gun

I am a gun
Yep you heard me loud
I am a gun

I cripple people
Make people cry
Why do I make people cry?

Revenge, jealousy, hunger money
Sometimes I disguise and say
I kill for peace

You heard me loud and clear
I am not on a silencer
I am a gun loud and deadly
And there is nothing you can do

I love an angry hand
A trigger-happy hand
A quick hand
A dirty hand

There is something you people can do
If you were not so trigger happy
But because you are
I shall keep quiet

Take my fellows along
I left them in the gunshop
AK47
Rest in peace Mpintshi yegazi!

Love

Love love
My love is forever
I love nature
I love people
I just love

I Am A Man

I am a man
A true man
I sacrifice my life
For others

I am brave like a snake
Fast as a cheetah
Strong like a lion
I attack like a tiger

I have the strength
The wisdom
To rule the world

Tears

I cry for love
Cry for joy
For peace
Happiness death and war

When will you feel my pain?
When will it be time you take me seriously?
I have been beaten
I have been through hell

I cried till the tears dried up

When will you hear me?

Will you listen the day my tears turn into blood?

When will you feel my pain?

The pain I feel!

Prostitutes

I wonder

What happened to true dignity?

To the black man's values

To true conscience

What happened to "ubuntu" humanity?

Families are destroyed

Some have died

Others are falling apart

Many are embarrassed

What happened to your conscience?

Do you sleep at night?

Or you agonize about HIV?

Do you consider yourself good?

What happened to men's conscience?

Who prefer to use your body like that?

Do they sleep at night?

When they pretend to be family figures

Or role models – for who?

Our bodies are God's property

To change South Africa.

We must love ourselves

Love and our bodies

And be prepared to pay the price

Even if it is poverty

Let us all build South Africa

Who am I?

Call me names

Call me a lover

An orphan

But I am not like you

I have been beaten
Went through life's challenges
Other humans did not go through

I have been treated like a visitor
In my mother's place
My body has gone numb
Like a dead wood
When you beat me
It feels like you are just beating a drum.

We are all the same
With the same life challenges
Call me names
I know who I am
I love who I am

One-Minute Monologue – by WH

Just think of a plan
Say something
Think, think
The time is ticking
Think of something
Just give me a minute
Come on – say something

Think tough
Harder
Just think harder than this
Are you listening?
Do you hear something?
Tick tock
Tick tock
Tick tock
The watch is moving

Think think
Think again
The time is over
I have not even started writing
Exams were my blues

Being Yourself – by JX

Enjoy being you
You are wonderful
You are full of life
You have so much to give
Enjoy being you
Enjoy the life God gave you

Love

In darkness I will light up your path
In sadness I will bring joy
I will deliver you from the struggle
And strengthen you when you are weak

I time of questions I will bring answers
In your doubt I will give you faith
Above all else
I love you
I want to be your strength

Listen – by NV

Listen to the sound
Listen to the beat
To the rhythm of the music
Listen to the baby's laughter
It can be too loud
Too noisy
But all you have to do
Listen

Listen to the chirping birds
Singing softly
Listen to the soft children's choir
Singing harmoniously like heavenly angels
All you have to do
Listen

I Am Beautiful – by JB

I am dark and beautiful I love it!
I love my beauty
Say anything you like
I exude beauty

I see beauty wherever I go
I write beauty
I love beauty
SMILE SUNSHINE!

My Nation

My nation
I love my nation
My nation loves me

I love that you can't buy love
I keep my nation clean
Love everything about my nation

My nation is like a diamond
A treasure to me
My nation glows gloriously
Because I love it

South Africa - by Phendulo

A beautiful country
Lovable and like me
This is South Africa

Rainbow colors
Black white green
Red and yellow
Afrikaans English Nguni South
Unite us
Make us proud
Let us build a nation

God Bless Africa
Let you Holy Spirit be with us
God Bless our families
God Bless our schools
God Bless our teachers
Give them strength to open our minds

God Bless our President
Let him lead our country
With love peace and happiness

A Loving Woman - by Nyeleti

She is a loving woman
Caring brave
She has humanity
Dignified brave

Mother of the nation
Building on a rock
Healing where it hurts
A real loving woman

She is a woman
Her love is as hard
Harder than steel
But warmer than a heater

A loving woman
A comforter
A creator
Helping those in need
An inspiration to others
A born leader

What a loving woman
If you strike her
You feel like
You are striking a rock
U nga khomi vavasati va vanhu
She is a loving woman

Love - by Nyeleti

Love is a feeling
Love is an expression
Love is great
To have in life

Feeling happy
Being kind
It's all about love

Sharing with others
Those who don't have
It's all about love

Love joy and peace
Friendship is love
Beauty is love
Respect is love
Caring is love
Faithfulness is love

Do you have that kind of love?

Happiness - by Nyeleti

I am happiness
I play music
I feel its beat

I am positive
I love drama
Only if it's lovely

I am the happiest person in life
I give to others
They give back to me

I play skipping
I play soduko
I listen to jokes
I love jokes
I laugh
To show my happiness

Myself - by Nyeleti

I am a girl
Brave and intelligent
With humanity and dignity
Obedient and protective

A born leader
An inspiration to others
Enthusiastic and reaching out
Diligent

I will make sure
I become a success

Things Around Me - by Nyeleti

All around
Beautiful flowers and trees
In all colors

People moving
Up and down
They irritate

Birds singing songs
Songs I cannot fathom
I try to communicate with them
But they fly away

People sitting and chatting All I get is a smile
What is funny about me
When I look they laugh
Oh things around me!

Footsteps - by Nonhlanhla

I trace your footsteps
Trying to understand
All your deeds

I trace your footsteps to understand
Your cross
And your miracles

I trace your footsteps to understand
Why you let it be
When you could have saved yourself

I wonder
Why you became a fisherman

I see your special beauty
You shine brighter than the sun

Especially when you rest your feet
Or walk on the seas
The son of David!

Woman - by Phumzile

All I can say is

Mother creator
Ocean heart chest
Shield alone
super Woman!

Thank You - by Lerato

Thank you
You are the best
You are on our hearts
We will always remember you
Our hero our mother

Our superstar
Powerful comforter
Powerful love

Thank you
For creating a space for us
In your heart
You are our hope
You think for others

Today we are free
Because of you!

A Free Car Ride - by Macebele

Give ear
To street kids
Singing songs

Getting money
From those who pass by
A free car ride
From north to south

Girls selling the bodies
For next to nothing
But when rains fall
They seem lost

Granny's Songs - by Macebele

Grandmothers singing
They sing beautiful songs

Full of memories
Strong and powerful
And honorable

Ladies and gentlemen
They are generous and full of grace
Their smiles and gazes
Are respected

Their friendship is like
Water to growing plants
Kids rejoice at them
They get nice goodies

To My Mother - by Mohau
Mother

Each time I look in your eyes
I realize you carried me in your womb
The feeling I get
Is that of love

You love, you share
You inspire unconditionally
When you return your love
It is too much

Thank you for being there
When I needed you most
Thank you for believing in me
Even when I doubted myself

For being the one person I can trust
No matter what
Thank you for being my mother
I am so proud to say
You are my mother

Not Belonging - by Snethemba
Not belonging to my family
Not belonging in my class
Having to rely on myself
Depending on myself

They talk on their own
I've got to express my own feelings
Because there is no one to turn to
As I do not belong

My Dreams - by Snethemba

My dreams tell my story
They are my storyteller
My head and my heart
They are my dream's character

They are the truth of my body
They talk out of my life
They give courage to express feelings
They talk through mind

Believe In Yourself - by Snethemba

Believing in yourself
Is the best you can do
Because if you don't
No one will

Everyone has special strength
Given by God
Who loves us all equally
And judges no one
Allow no one to judge you

Believe in yourself

Loving A Person - by Sihle

Loving a person is something you know
Loving a person fills my heart
Loving a person is good
Loving a person is loving a person

Sing a song
Love a person
Love a person

It can be a friend you love
Someone you trust
A person you share your secrets with

Someone you remember

A friend who never lies to you
A friend you know
A friend who is in your heart
You love your friend
A friend is your life

Life Changes - by Sihle

People change
Life changes
Things change
I do not know what happened in Africa
We have to love one another
Oh Africa! Oh Africa!

I Hated It - by Sihle

I hated it when I saw you
I hated it when I met you
I hated it when you said you liked me
I hated it when you said you miss me
I hated it when you said you care
I hated it because you left me

Africa - by Sihle

Africa! Africa!
You are so beautiful You have love
Your people love you
Africa Africa
You change people
You change leaders
For good or bad
You know what you are doing

I Have A Dream - by Sihle

I have a dream
A dream for love
I have a dream
A dream for Africa

I have a dream
A dream for peace and joy

I have a dream
A dream of happiness in Africa

I have a dream
That the African skies will bring it to pass

Home Sweet Home - by Wandile

Sweet oh sweet
I can wake anytime
Sleep anytime
Eat anytime
But know when to respect
Not be forced to do things
I was never taught before
Home sweet home

I live where I was born
I am protected from abuse
Taught to respect my body
And to improve my life
Not to mess with boys
But focus on my studies
Without a home you will never say
Home sweet home

Life as Children - by Wandile

This is the message
To the children of the world
We are the best of them all
Our future is bright
We will be successful
Let the children of the world
Become children

My Dreams - by Wandile

I close my eyes and go to sleep
I see my own future
I love dreaming

I believe in dreams
They shape my life
They shape my future

And give me hope

I Am Free - by Wandile

I am free
From the violence I have been through
I am free
From the anger I have been through
I am free
Because many martyrs died for my freedom

I am free
I did not have to hate a certain race
I forgive
I did not have to walk the path of race and anger
I am free indeed!

My Choice - by Wandile

Walking down the street
People chatting
Whispering
Who is this?
It's my problem not theirs
It's my choice not theirs
I tell myself
It's my choice
The choice of love and life

2009 Soweto stories

An Amazing Dream - by Portia

One day I had a dream which kept me wondering all day. But I knew it was just a dream.

I dreamt I was left alone in this world. I was the only human being. I was walking about wondering where all the people had gone to and what made them go. While I was caught in that I asked myself if it was me or someone else. As I say, no one was there and nothing. It was a vast expanse and I only.

I woke up in the morning and even then, I had this thing in my mind I was still the only person in real life. I went to check in my mother's bedroom and she was there. She

took me and shook me and told me I seemed lost in thought. Then I told her about the dream. Mom assured me that would never happen in my life.

I sat down and thought deeply about this. I realized that in science and fiction, nothing like that can happen. That inspired me to write a poem about dreams. Now I know some dreams are true and some are thought provoking. I want beautiful dreams that will make me wake up with all the presents from Santa Claus on my bed.

The Precious Earth - by Portia

I was in a village passing by a mountain when I noticed for the first time how beautiful the earth is. I started imagining about the earth and the environment. I wanted to know as I was walking next to the mountain how someone in space would see me. Would I be facing upside down? Or would I be standing straight but look like an ant?

I imagined the earth like a ball I can play with. That it is like a book, a new page every day. The sun knows earth is like a roller coaster. Like a beautiful butterfly around an insect. Like a song with a new tune every day. The earth is like an alphabet with one thing leading to another.

We see amazing things like oceans, stars and trees. We have an abundant supply of our needs from the earth. We have many continents and countries that were designed and mapped differently. We can count up to cities and small towns.

People have diverse cultures which can be embraced or rejected. What a beautiful mix! Languages make this earth even more interesting if you are curious. How come the earth does not collapse from our pressure?

I marvel at the planets. They are a work of genius. What about the different colors of planets, of grass, trees, you name it? We have millions of beautiful trees. Why does the earth rotate? Why is there an equator? Why is there no gravity in space? This is all a work of genius. And I wondered if I was approached to help design it, could I have done such a good job.

The Horrible Giant - by Smangele

One day I went with my elder sister S bongiseni to a village in KwaZulu Natal. As we were walking a long distance we came to a place which was so deserted and quiet. It was scary and we knew something was wrong. It seemed there was a giant living there.

As we were walking, we met an old topless Zulu man wearing goat skin round his waist. We asked him, “can you show us the direction we want to see one of the old women who tell stories in the neighboring village but we don’t know her name.” He told us to go straight and turn left next to a pole. We did as he said.

It was a very long endless road. On this road we met a giant who asked us where we were going. We told the giant we were going to look for an old storyteller and that we come from Johannesburg. The giant was so huge and scary we only reached his ankles. We feared him.

He offered us a deal. “Would you want me to eat you or would you like to be my slaves?”

We were very scared, we did not know what to do, and we kept quiet. I said, ‘we want to be your slaves.’ Then he took us to his cave and gave us instructions. We were to hunt food for him the whole day all our lives.

Giant took us to his house where we were given rules. We were to clean the house, wake up early in the morning, hunt the whole day and come back with a lot of food for him otherwise he would cook us alive. We liked the hunting option as we thought we could escape. But to our surprise, just before we left he told us that if we dared escape something bad would happen to us.

We did not take the last threat seriously and on our way to hunt for his food we planned ways and means of escaping. He told us that for every leap we took he took fifty. We wanted so much to escape from the giant. We were two little girls of thirteen who desired to hear village old tales by the fireside but what we experienced was something else. We had forgotten all about the storyteller.

Then we started looking left, right, behind and when we saw we were far from the cave we ran. As we were running some bad spirit took us back. We felt as if we were flying and landed on the huge shoulders of the giant. We were scared as we thought the giant was going to kill us.

He roared, “maybe it is time for me to just make a meal out of you girls because you don’t want to be my slaves you want to escape from me.”

We cried and begged him and tearfully pleaded for the last chance. “Please give us the last chance, please, please, we beg you,” and he agreed. The next morning we had another good idea on how we would escape. We went to the nearby village and stole a

goat. We took the goat to the giant. We wanted the giant to eat and be full and sleep so that we could kill it with ants. We put meat in a place where there were many ants and hundreds were attracted to the meat. Our plan was to put the meat in the giant's nose when it was asleep. We thought that was the best idea.

So the next day we quickly told the giant we were going to hunt for meat. He looked at us with his big blue and red eyes and said, "If you escape I will blow my nose and some bad spirit will take you back and this time I will not even talk to you I will just eat you."

We promised we would not escape. We rushed straight to the village and grabbed hold of a stray goat. Was it heavy? It was like a cross. When we arrived at the giant's house we waited outside and saw the giant falling asleep. We were very happy as we wanted the giant to sleep. Then we went inside the house took the ants, cooked the meat and collected more and more ants as this was a matter of life and death for us.

We did not wake the giant as we believed the gods must have stilled the monster. We put the ants next to the giant's nose. This time there were thousands and thousands. They all ran to the nostrils. Sbongiseni said we should not wait for the result as that would mean the end of our lives and we ran as fast as we could. We went to the village because it was very late and told the villagers what had happened. They told us the giant had been there a long time but they did not know how to kill it. They feared going near its place. The next day we heard from the same old man that the giant was found dead with many ants around it. We became heroes and it all ended happily and the storyteller gave us a gift to tell stories to other children wherever we go.

The Queen Of "Uhadi" - by Smangele

The girls in this village grew up knowing that it was taboo for them to play uhadi, a stringed instrument which is oval shaped. First they would be barren and not find a husband. It was well known in that area. Only boys could play it. There was a little girl called Luthando. She loved this instrument so much that she would listen to the boys playing the whole day.

Older women told her uhadi evoked the spirits of ancestors and that ancestors would only talk to men. Luthando listened sadly as the men and boys were playing. She wished she could get a chance to make that lovely music that was always in her heart.

Luthando lived with her mother and father in a village surrounded by mountains. She worked hard for her family, waking up very early to fetch water from the river, going to the forest to collect inyanda wood. Ploughing in the fields and making fire for her mother to cook. Sometimes she would swim in the river.

She loved afternoon swimming in order to watch the sun setting. She would listen to the sounds of cattle as they were returning from grazing. The people called it “ibantu bahle” meaning the time of the beautiful people. She liked that time because she believed she was beautiful.

As she was swimming she would sing the songs she heard from uhadi. She was free and made other girls to sing the same songs. She heard that the ancestors live in water and she hoped they would help her to persuade the men to allow her to play uhadi. One day when she was deep in her dreams imagining herself playing uhadi she saw a strong hand rising from the water. The hand was giving her uhadi. There was a bright light around uhadi.

She gasped, breathed deeper and sighed. “The music has come to me. My ancestors have finally heard me. Thank you for this gift.” She reached the brink of the river with her instruments and sang as if a spirit had possessed her. Those were songs of joy. She even forgot she was naked but when she saw the people coming towards her she quickly dressed herself.

This was a different type of uhadi. It was made of the finest strings. The part that was supposed to be of wood was actually ivory and it was shining. The strings were made of pure gold and silver. As the people got closer to her they marveled at the quality of uhadi she had. Not one man had an instrument like hers, not even the king. And it was a gift from the ancestors.

As she was playing the instrument for the villagers she remembered “no girl shall play uhadi. She looked around and saw that the people were all smiling. Then they asked her, “Luthando how come the music from your instrument is finer than all the other sounds we have ever heard” She could not answer that. But the men seemed offended.

That evening she never tasted sleep. She was wide awake her hands clutching her new uhadi all the time. She continued to do her daily chores but the men were planning to create trouble for her. They came to her home to lay charges against her saying she had broken an old cultural rule. Her warrior father defended her and they left her alone.

A strange thing happened when she touched her instrument. She would hear songs in her ears and she started playing songs that nobody knew in the village. Those songs were from the river. When she needed a place to play her instrument, she went to the falls and composed so many songs and tunes.

Then she discovered a secret cave where she could sit and play. A place she visited every day. Hum hum, qim qim, hmmmmm, she went on and on. But sometimes she played bad tunes especially when the ancestors had left her to learn on her own. She would start believing that only men could play uhadi. But because she loved it she continued playing it until she was perfect and there was no competition for her.

She used to entertain kings and queens especially at the time of celebrating harvest. She was invited all over the world. Her music was unusual. Then the king decided to encourage girls to play uhadi. They had concerts where they danced umxhentso, umtshutsho, umngqungqo, indlamu, you name it. There were people from all over South Africa to celebrate unity in diversity.

Luthando continued to inspire young women who thought they could not achieve anything in life. You should have seen the king's smile as he watched her play and dance to the tunes of her own uhadi.

Luthando 's dance was about body movement, spinning slower and then faster and faster. Listening to the instrument in her hand would make you love your culture. Some villagers were filled with jealousy. They wished their daughters could be the ones doing what Luthando was doing. But she paid no attention to them.

One day the villagers heard the bad news that their king was very sick. They went to see him and tried everything in their power to save his life, in vain. Luthando remembered the ancestors who gave her uhadi. She ran to the river with her instrument and told the ancestors if they could heal her king she would be very grateful. She jumped into the water and again the hand that gave her the instrument appeared and a voice told her to play the instrument for the king and he would be well. She ran to the king's house, played the sweet tune from uhadi and the king woke up. The people were all amazed and called her a miracle girl.

To show his gratitude the king bought a lot of instruments for girls and called an imbizo where Luthando invented the slogan, "ntombazana qhubeka udlale uculo" which

means girly continue to play music. That village became the most musical village. They named it, EMCULWENI! Meaning a place of music.

Sarah's Pain - by Smangele

There was once a man named Peter who lived with his wife Sarah and their daughter Bongi. She was their only daughter.

One day Sarah decided to go to Johannesburg with her daughter without Peter's knowledge. When Peter's friend came to look for him, he saw Sarah packing clothes in the suitcase. He asked her where she was heading to and she told him she was going to Johannesburg, the golden city of lights.

Peter's friend thought this was a family arrangement. But Sarah delayed she was very slow and she could not leave early so he husband came back before she could leave. Sarah asked her daughter not to say anything to her father. She hid her suitcase in the house.

When Peter greeted her she responded cheerfully as if nothing was going on. But somehow he sensed that something was wrong. "What is wrong Sarah?" he asked her. "Everything is okay Peter, why are you asking?" He asked her three times and she kept saying everything is fine. Peter suspected something was wrong because she could not look him in the eyes. He saw their daughter was shivering.

Peter loved beating her and when he did he beat her very bad. She screamed, shouted but nobody came to rescue her as the neighbors were used to this noise. They did not want to ask anything. They were also scared and wanted to mind their own businesses. After the hard beating Sarah was badly wounded but she had finally decided that she wanted to run away. She took her suitcase and hid it somewhere else and planned to steal his money while he was asleep.

Then Peter's friend came and asked him if his wife had already left. That shocked Peter as he was not told anything about this. Peter became angry and chased his friend out of the house. Then he went for Sarah again. "Hey Sarah, were you thinking of going to Johannesburg?" He was so angry that even his eyes turned red and his lips were tight and clenched. Sarah did not reply and he bit her again, this time it was harder. Sarah felt the pain she had never felt in her life because she was beaten and nobody wanted to help her.

Sarah could not escape as she was terribly injured. One day Peter lied to Sarah and said he was going to work. He went to his nineteen years old girlfriend. After the beating Peter never took Sarah to the doctor, he never asked how she was doing, how she was feeling. He never cared for their daughter. That made Sarah to be very worried and she just stayed at home with her daughter until she was well.

Meanwhile Peter was enjoying himself with a young girlfriend. He bought her expensive gifts and never brought anything home. Sarah and Bonggi were suffering.

After four months Peter started becoming sick and he refused to go to hospital. One day he became very very sick and Sarah called an ambulance to take him to hospital. It was too late, after four days he died. Sarah was devastated by the news. The doctors asked her to come to hospital after the funeral. She went there and they took her blood to test for HIV. She discovered that she was HIV positive. She knew she got the disease from her husband. She cried a lot about it.

The nurses encouraged her to stay strong but she never wanted to forgive herself for marrying such a man. When she got home, she sold all her clothes and furnishers and left for Johannesburg to look for a job in order to take her daughter to school. Sarah joined a lot of groups and started teaching women to be independent and not to depend on men for a livelihood and gave her life experience as an example. She changed many lives.

My Dream - by Smangele

One day I decided to go to Southgate with my friends Keamogetswe, Gcinile, Gabisile and Thando. We were all happy to go to Southgate Shopping Mall.

On that Saturday we all had enough money for shopping. We went to the cinema to watch movies. The movie started at 2 pm and ended at 4 pm. After the movies we went to play games with the money that was left.

We were only left with fifty rands and we continued to play games. We spend all the money on games save for the transport fee. We got so hooked on games that we decided to spend all our transport money. That was the most stupid thing I have ever done. When we came out of the games it was so dark and we had to walk for hours.

We were shocked and surprised to see that time had moved so fast, let alone the fact that we had no money. We were left wondering what to do. Then Keamogetswe

suggested we walk as fast as we could till we reached our homes. “No Keamogetswe this is not a good idea, what if someone kidnaps us or rapes us” I remarked. But Gcinile said we could not just stand one place we had to do something since we all ate the money.

“I think Keamogetswe is right let us just walk,” said Thando. We all shrugged our shoulders and embarked on a very long journey. After thirty minutes of walking a car just stopped behind us and we were shocked as we thought “this is it, someone is trying to kidnap us.” We all froze with fear and shock. A man in his mid-thirties came out and stopped us. Gabisile wanted to run away but I held her clothes tightly so that she could not move.

“Girls why are you still here this time? The man asked and we told him we did not have money for transport. He did not ask any questions he asked where we lived and told us to go to his car. We went to his car and the man drove us to his beautiful mansion. He let us in and offered us some drinks. “Here is the fridge, help yourselves. What else do you want?” by then we were all over mesmerized by the beauty and wealth and food and the music.

“Why is your house so still, don’t you have a wife and kids?” I asked. But by then he had changed. I went to the kitchen and heard one of my friends scream we all went to the only to find the other fridge full of people’s heads. Some were fresh and others were frozen. We cried as we remembered our parents’ warning. Then a very gentle hand touched me kindly and I woke up. Still in tears I said, “he wants to kills us, he wants our heads.” My mom calmed me down. I realized it was a bad dream. It was warning me about predators.

Chameleon and Scorpion - by Benson

Qaqa was a favorite place for animals. In Qaqa the king of the animals was Chameleon. All other animals bowed before Chameleon and gave him a lot of respect. Chameleon did not want other animals to be king so he guarded his position aggressively.

One day Scorpion, Giraffe, Monkey and Mouse wanted to kill Chameleon. The mouse said, “Chameleon is strong and clever and it will never be easy for anyone to become a king. Who will kill the king?” The monkey said, “Giraffe!” Giraffe said, “no it’s the mouse.’ The mouse said “Hey not me Scorpion.” So Scorpion said, “Fine I will kill the king.”

One day Chameleon called a meeting of all the animals. Chameleon was short so he stood on the tree when he was addressing all the animals. So when Chameleon was busy talking Scorpion went up the tree, much to the surprise of other animals who never thought anyone could stand against Chameleon. Scorpion quickly poisoned Chameleon.

Chameleon fell down and moved slowly. He started changing colors from black to green to yellow to pink. This created fear in other animals and they ran away, even Scorpion took flight. Chameleon was still giving orders saying ‘because Owl has two big eyes she must watch over me,’ said Chameleon. I want Owl to tell me when Scorpion comes out.

So Owl would not sleep, Scorpion went underground and in the rocks because he knew Chameleon had realized he poisoned him. Chameleon was still slow and he felt weaker. He kept changing colors. Owl knew he had to keep orders and tried to hide in a big grass but came out when the other animals were asleep. Since then these animals have been behaving like that.

Bobby Dog and Kitty Cat - by Benson

Bobby and Kitty were friends. They lived in a township with a man called John. John loved Kitty but hated Bobby. Kitty loved to impress John very much.

One day Bobby asked Kitty, “Why are you eating meat and drinking milk and I live on bone?” Kitty answered, ‘It is because you are a guard and John loves me and not you.’ Bobby decided to write a letter to John and ask him why he was not being properly fed. ‘That’s a good idea,’ Kitty replied. Bobby grabbed his pen and paper and started writing everything that concerned him about John.

When he finished writing the letter he gave it to Kitty to hand over to John. John took the note because it came from Bobby he did not read it. He just threw it somewhere in the house. The next day John’s maid threw the letter in a rubbish bin.

Bobby waited for a long time for an answer but it did not come. “Kitty did you give John the letter I wrote?” “Yes,” replied Kitty.

Bobby wondered why there was no answer and he decided to walk on the garden just thinking about the type of food he was eating.

As he was deep in thought he noticed what looked like a note folded the way he folded his letters. He picked it up and opened it. It was the same letter he wrote to John. He

became very angry as thought that Kitty threw the letter away. “Kitty was making me a fool all this time. I was waiting for nothing.” But when he arrived home he did not ask any questions. He simply followed the orders to eat, relax, watch television, do not lie on the couch while Kitty is enjoying herself and go to your house outside while Kitty slept inside and caused all the fluff on sofas, let alone her snoring.

The next day Bobby took Kitty to a corner and beat her up. Kitty saw that Bobby was very angry, she tried to run but Bobby was there. Then Kitty scratched Bobby in the eyes so he could not see. She hid herself under the bed and stayed there for a long time. That is why today when they see each other they fight. They are trying to settle an old score.

A Grave Secret - by Koketso

Thando was a young girl who lived with her grandmother in a squatter settlement called Motsoaledi. This place was home to many homeless people who were poor and unemployed. Thando lived with her grandmother and her uncle. Her uncle was mischievous and evil and he hated working. She was an orphan.

Thando was struggling with her studies at school. She tried her best but she just missed it. Her grandmother was not educated so she could not help her. Her uncle was into alcohol and drugs. She requested him to help her and he agreed.

The first day the uncle pretended as if he was helping her but deep down he had a bad motive.

He had watched her growing up and he saw how beautiful she was. They lived in one room and there was very little privacy. He has always wanted to do this. Then, before teaching her he forced himself on her. Thando screamed for help, she cried and cried but nobody came to her rescue as people could not hear her screams. Her uncle held her small mouth and however much she screamed all came to naught. Then he told her all the uncles do this to younger girls and that it is a secret that she must keep till she dies because the day she starts talking about it he will kill her.

This started a spiral of sexual abuses and the uncle gave her drugs under the pretext that they are pain killers. This happened when Thando’s grandmother went to work. Her granny had high aims for her. She wanted Thando to be very educated so she can get out of the perpetual cycle of poverty they found themselves in. For that she was willing to do anything. She used to say she would die a happy person if Thando can be well educated.

Thando noticed that when she took the drugs she became hyperactive and even got better marks at school. Her school performance worried her as she knew the high hopes her grandmother had for her. All of a sudden Thando was a hyperactive little girl who did all her homework and the next moment she would slump into a depression. She realized that in order to be successful she had to continue taking the pill her uncle gave her. This continued for two years.

When Thando was in Grade 10 she got a bursary from Nedbank to further her studies. She finished school successfully. Thando got herself a job. This is the moment her grandmother was waiting for. by this time Thando knew what her uncle had done to her, the sexual abuse and the drugs. She was already an addict and she hated it. Her grandmother did not know anything about her drug habit. Thando loved it like that because that is not how she was raised.

Then one day she went to buy drugs from her drug dealer around the corner. When she got into the house she found private police searching the drug dealer's house. She excused herself and left. But her body was in a terrible state. She was shaking and trembling. Then her uncle entered the house and found her in tears crying that if it was not her uncle she would not have been in such a state. She moved her tearful eyes away from the tomato she was chopping with a butcher knife, looked up and saw him. He tried to touch her again but this time she was not going to allow it to happen. Over her dead body.

“You better get your dirty hands off my body!” she told her uncle who continued pushing himself against her. She screamed hysterically and unconsciously plunged the butcher knife in her uncle's heart. He fell to the floor with blood all over his shirt. He was dead. Thando stood there watching him. She was angry and relieved at the same time but never sad. Then she called her grandmother and told her about the incident. Granny rushed to the house only to find him dead. She was so shocked that she fell down and died instantly.

Thando could endure her uncle's death but her granny's death was what she could not endure. She killed herself and died with her abusive uncle's secret in her heart. They were all buried the same day and mourners did not know what happened.

A Mother Like Rebecca - by Kutloano

I would like you to know what it is like to have a mother like Fikile Motshoeneng. Born on the 26th April 1967, mom was raised by her grandmother. She is a kind and caring mother of three children. She is always happy but when things go bad her smile disappears, only sadness.

She likes cooking good food and believes we must have enough food. When she cooks her food smells good all the time. It has a good taste and it looks attractive on the plate. She loves fashion and when she buys clothes she makes sure all our colors match and that we look presentable. But she always looks like a lady. When she wears her clothes her curves show and she feels so confident even the way she walks you can see she has confidence.

Her best friend from childhood is Dubane. They both started a burial society called Trusted Women. They gather all other women to talk about money, fundraising and many other things. Afterwards they play gospel music and dance. Sometimes they play jazz and have a good time. Mother likes taking us for shopping and she wants the best for us. Shopkeepers know her because she always demands the best service for us. She does not feel well when we are not next to her. I want you to know my mom protects us like a lion. She is the rock and she rocks.

The Story of My Dad - by Jabu

I once visited my father's family in Natal who we have not met for many years and I only saw them when I was thirteen years old. I was only five years when they last saw me. My grandmother and my sister were happy to see me.

I remember thinking how nice it would be to have a friend in your father. I went there with high hopes and great expectations of my dad. I wanted to be a good boy and really show love to my father. The first person I asked about my father said I must ask my grandmother. I remember when other boys at school and in my township were talking about their fathers and I had nothing to say because we have never met. I really wanted to show him as a hero. I kept requesting mother to take me to him and she agreed and gave me a deep sad look. I could not understand why that should make her feel sad but never bothered to ask her.

On the 23rd December I asked my grandmother and she gave me the same look my mother gave me. I asked her why she was looking at me like my mother and she said, “my child I am so sad to tell you that much as you wanted to see your father he also wanted to see you. He died talking about you. The only thing we can do is to take you to his grave so you can say your goodbye to him.” I was shocked. This is not what I had traveled more than six hours on the road to hear.

In the morning I cried when I saw my father’s grave which was in the same premises with my uncle and aunt’s grave. My heart had such a pain. Every time when I was alone I thought about how I wanted to make my father happy and proud of me. How we would play together and talk and walk and do everything together. Little did I know I was thinking about someone who had long died. My dreams were shattered. Now what was I going to say to my friends who had encouraged me and supported me to meet my father.

When I went back to my mother I started getting sick. I was very unhappy about my father’s early death especially because my mother knew but she did not tell me. I started having pains in my heart and the doctors said I must not worry about my dead father because that will cause a heart attack. My mother decided to do an ancestral ceremony and I will never forget the pain and confusion I went through. Now God is my father.

The Boy With The Face Of a Cow - by Wandile

Long time ago there was a boy called Kholeka who lived on the streets as he had no parents and no home. He had a cow toy he loved very much. He also loved being a cowboy. Every day he went down to a toyshop to have a look at some toys. He was just feeding his eyes because he had no one to buy him toys. He did this for a long time.

One day Kholeka met a witch who hated him because he was a homeless and a very clever boy leave for the poverty he was going through. Everybody knew that Kholeka was a special child who would grow up to be a strong man because despite his conditions he was helpful and wanted to lift others.

Then one day the witch approached him with bags full of groceries. Jody was tired from carrying such heavy bags. Kholeka offered to carry the bags for her. Miss Jody was pleased that Kholeka was helping with the bags. It seemed her mission was going to be easy to accomplish because of Kholeka’s kindness.

Jody started talking to Kholeka, they went a long distance talking. For him, it was not a problem because home was anywhere he laid his head. ‘Where do you live?’ asked Jody pretending as if she did not know him. “Streets,” responded Kholeka. “You do not have anyone you can live with?” asked Jody. “Yes,” answered Kholeka. So Jody offered Kholeka a place to stay.

Because Kholeka was so good and helpful, he touched Jody’s heart which was full of hatred for him before. Of course Kholeka never knew that Jody was a witch. Everyday there was something he did to make Jody happy and gradually she stopped intending to harm him but she thought otherwise. She became proud of him. He grew to be a very strong man.

Everybody was proud of Kholeka. In a strange twist and a change of heart, gradually Jody’s heart was turning to evil. She remembered her son who was older than Kholeka. How he had let her down and how she wanted him to be what Kholeka was. She began to plot evil against Kholeka.

Kholeka was business-minded. He had lots of ideas how he could live considering his background. He wanted to turn his life around. The last thing he wanted was a curse.

Jody decided to turn Kholeka’s face into a cow face so that nobody could recognize him. She used her charms, she called gods and demons and did everything to make sure her mission was successful. She turned him into a cow-face. One morning when Kholeka woke up he was amazed to see even the people who loved him run away from him. He wondered why.

He went home, looked at himself in the mirror and screamed. Jody heard him and she just laughed. But Kholeka was hurt by her laughter. He wondered why she would laugh at him when his face looked like that of a cow. “Everyone is running away from me and you are laughing at me,” he told her. She pretended to be sad.

That kept him away from creativity for a long time. He did not have the right face, he was miserable, he did not know how long that would last as the old lady had cast a spell on him. But one day he cried to God and prayed and the next morning his natural handsome face with a beautiful new skin was back and Jody lay dead on her bed. Kholeka went on with his life and he believed that God had to use someone to get him off the streets and in this case it was the witch.

The Talking Watch - by Wandile

There was a watch called Ticky and another one called Friends. These watches lived on the streets, someone had thrown them away. Ticky and Friends were different and hated each other.

One day Dolfy, a young chap from the neighborhood went down to buy some groceries for his mom. Then he heard something like Tick Tock Tick Tock and he looked near the dustbin. He followed the sound and came across a watch with low batteries. Dolfy took this watch to his bedroom, put the new batteries and listened to its neverending melodious tick tock songs.

He went to sleep and in the morning at 6am the watch said in a loud voice Ticky said, "Wakey wakey Mr Dolfy it's in the morning now," he jumped out of the bed and looked around. "What was that?" and there was silence in the room. He looked at Ticky, picked Ticky up and looked at the watch all round. While he was still searching for answers Ticky talked again, 'Wakey wakey lazy Dolfy!' Dolfy ran down the stair in shock.

He told everyone in the house that he had a talking watch but nobody believed him. Then he invited his friends to sleep over in order to hear Ticky talk. The next morning Ticky did not talk at the time Dolfy expected him to talk. His friends thought he was lying. Then they heard, 'guys it's another day, another morning, its time to get down to business.' They were all convinced that Ticky talks.

The next day Dolfy invited every boy in his neighborhood to spend the night at his house. The next morning at 6am Ticky said, "Wake up my people. Thanks for sleeping over." The entire neighborhood was convinced Ticky could talk. From that day onwards everyone ran to buy a watch but not all watches could speak like Ticky.

The Pink Magic Dress - by Wandile

I know three girls who were friends. Their names were Nothemba, Lesego and Joy. Joy loved pink dresses. One day when she went shopping and she discovered that there were no pink dresses in the shops. She was very frustrated.

She cried because everyone had their own plastic bags full but she did not have anything. That night she took all her pink dresses to her friend to ask which one was the most beautiful. But Lesego said they were all beautiful.

Everyone was going to a concert but Joy did not have a brand new dress to wear. She did not want to attend the concert if she did not have a new dress so she was left behind. They Joy's mother came with a beautiful pink dress she bought somewhere else. 'Joy this dress is not like the others. It's a magic dress. It has rules and things you would like. Rules like you do not wash the dress, do not come back at midnight, and let no one touch it.'

So Joy went to the concert in her new attractive dress. When she entered everyone looked at her dress as she was the centre of attraction. The dress attracted many people to her, all of a sudden everybody wanted to dance with her and some wanted to be friends with her.

Joy was amazed that even those who never took notice of her including a very famous boy in the town asked her for a dance. As time went on a little boy who was running around touched Joy's dress while she was having all the fun. Immediately the dress dropped to the floor. Time was over for Joy and she ran home without her dress.

When she got home she wore her night gown. There was a mystery as to where the attractive girl had gone to as people were jumping over her dress. She was embarrassed but vowed never to wear a pink dress again as some had strange magical powers which ended up embarrassing her.

The Singing Onion -.by Wandile

Ashley and Michael were friends. One day they decided to go to a fruit and vegetable shop to buy vegetables. Ashley bought two onions and one tomato for five rand.

On their way home they heard something moving in the plastic bag. It kept moving faster and faster. "What's that?" asked Ashley. "I do not know," replied Michael. When they got home they took out the onions and took a knife preparing to peel them.

"Oh please don't take off my skin, I will sing a good song for you. I am the most beautiful onion in the world" the onion sounded so desperate to save her skin. 'Mommy, mommy, please come and listen to the talking onion,' said Michael. Everyone was shocked to hear a talking onion. Anne was equally shocked and she called some of her friends on the phone telling them about an amazing onion.

“I have an idea. Why don’t we sell the onion to the recording studios,’ suggested Ashley. So they took the onion to a studio called TTP Records. The onion sang so well it ended up becoming famous.

Then one day the onion got tired of singing and it decide that it is going to emit something to choke human eyes so that when they see it they should be afraid of playing with it. To date onions still emit something that causes tears in our eyes and no one can fool with it.

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CHAPTER FOUR

Other registered schools – Africa

Several schools registered to participate in the GiggleIT Project and submitted their GiggleCritter selections without student works:

American School of Yaounde - Cameroon



Children’s Centre, University of Nigeria = Nigeria



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This is the end of the GiggleIT Project 2009-2019 – Africa eBook.