



Children writing to grow smart

Stories written by
learners for the 2018
Growsmart Story
Writing Competition



2018
edition

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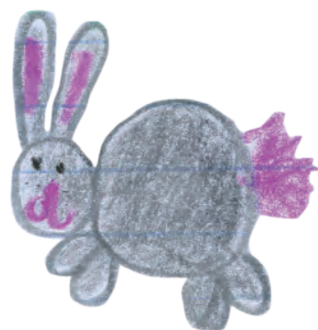
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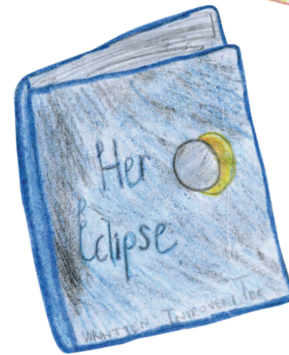
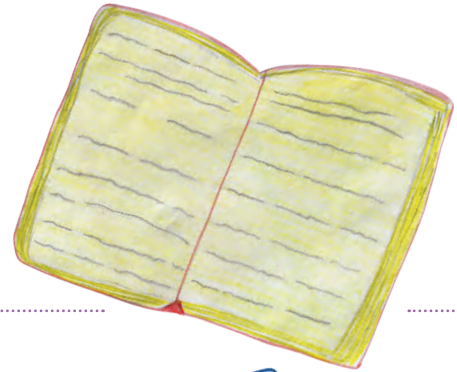
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• Nonhlanhla Mpetha • Diego Esau • Shakira-Lee
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du Preez • Ade Sikwebu



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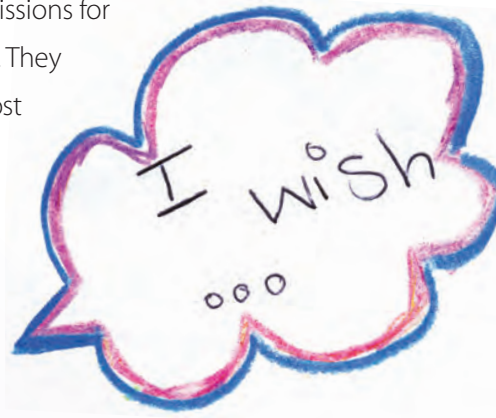


A message from Growthpoint Properties

Stories are a part of our everyday life and have been around since humans lived in caves and made fires from flint. Stories and tales are what bind us as humans – creating and preserving our respective cultures. This delightful book has a selection of wonderful stories, written by our very talented Growsmart Story Writing Competition winners – all of them children. As you will see, these stories capture the heart of our truly South African landscape. They are a celebration of our country and ultimately evoke a number of emotions.

This year, we received an astounding 249 submissions for the Growsmart Story Writing Competition 2018. They were all written by learners in Grades 4 to 6, most of whom come from previously disadvantaged communities in the Cape Town area and some for whom English is not their first language. This book celebrates these young authors (who wrote their stories without any assistance) and reminds us that even the young have an important story and message to tell and share with the world. We are extremely proud to be able to provide a platform for these talented children and continue to encourage them to grow, learn and thrive.

Estienne de Klerk, SA CEO



A message from the Western Cape Education Department



Writing is the painting of the voice – Voltaire

Writing is certainly not frivolously scribbling words out on a page. In a well-written story, every word counts. Every sentence, every paragraph, should mean something. Every word is carefully chosen and purposeful. This takes extensive practice – editing, rewriting, editing, rewriting ...

Kenneth Hoskisson states the following: 'Writing stories is an effective means of helping children learn to read, to know about and understand literary devices, and to gain knowledge of grammatical structures they can use in their writing.'

But as much fun as it can be, writing a story can also seem like a challenge to a young person (or an adult!). By familiarizing a learner with how authors create stories and what the different parts of a story are, introducing visual or written prompts that inspire him or her to think of story ideas, and encouraging them to plan before starting to write, you will assist the child to make a complete and creative story.

Writing helps learners understand what is happening in their own world, what is happening in the worlds of those close to them, and what all of it means.

It is expected of Intermediate Phase learners to learn how to write by mastering different skills. They are taught how to grab and hold a reader's attention. They discover how word choice



impacts one's emotions as a reader by also inferring the things that are left unsaid. It is in stories that learners can demonstrate values of empathy, respect, tolerance and caring, as promoted by the Western Cape Education Department's Values Driven Learning Vision.

The WCED therefore believes that the basic features of good writing can be taught, extended and refined through expert effort in all classrooms. This collection of stories is testament to that.

On behalf of the Western Cape Education Department, we thank Growthpoint Properties for inviting learners to participate in this creative writing competition. The learners who contributed their stories to this diverse collection come from primary schools across the Cape Metropole. We laud the schools for taking up



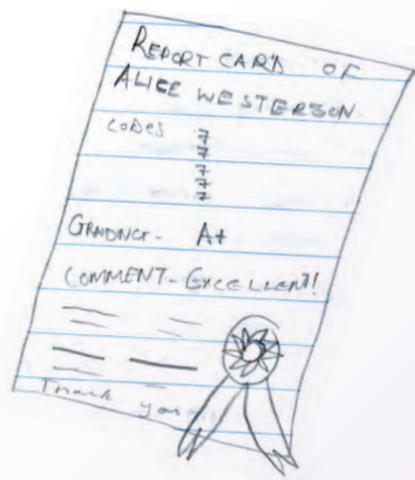
the challenge in the process of improving learners' ability to use writing as a way to transfer their thoughts and feelings.

The competition has uncovered a number of outstanding stories from inspiring young writers. The stories as well as the illustrations are diverse and rich. They feature various aspects in the lives of our young learners.

It is our hope that this collection will inspire other learners to write and develop the passion for storytelling and that their teachers will continue to encourage them to use words to communicate their experiences and emotions competently to others.

Dr Peter Beets,

Deputy Director-General:
Curriculum and Assessment Management
Western Cape Education Department



A message from Via Afrika



At Via Afrika, we usually work with educational texts that help teachers and learners discover the joys of education. It is our task to team up with the authors, editors, illustrators, book designers, typesetters and printers to craft one person's vision into a living object that benefits hundreds, even thousands, of others.

It has therefore been our privilege to work with Growthpoint, the WCED and these talented writers to publish this anthology of experience and imagination. We were presented with stories that moved or delighted; artwork that showed aptitude and insight; and a passion that invigorated us in our tasks – quite an achievement for a group of people with many years of experience in the educational book industry. We look forward to being able to participate in further projects of this calibre.

Christina Watson, CEO



A message from Novus Holdings

Future Foundations, which is the Novus Holdings social investment programme, is firmly rooted in the belief that education is key to sustainable development. The programme aims to empower lives and transform communities by building strong foundations for future growth and development.

The Growsmart Story Writing Competition shares the same philosophy as Future Foundations, as it truly empowers its beneficiaries by giving them a hand up, not a handout. For this reason, we are once again honoured to be associated with this competition through the printing of this remarkable book, and proudly support this cause.

We would like to thank Growthpoint Properties for ensuring the continued success of this competition, and for providing an enriching platform for our talented youth, so encouraging them to learn and grow.

Congratulations to all the participants and winners of the competition. You have done us and South Africa proud.

Peter Metcalfe, Group Executive: Sales and Marketing,
Novus Holdings







Afrika

Litha

re.



Blayze Barnes

Balvenie Primary School

Grade 4

Age 9

Blayze is a little girl who always gets bored easily. She is an only child who lives with her mother and grandparents. She is always moaning and complaining about things. But she loves to help her grandfather to work in the garden. Blayze's grandfather has green fingers, which means he is very good at gardening. One day, a butterfly from his magical garden ends up in Blayze's room and Blayze turns into a butterfly too, one that has to go to the magical garden.

Blayze and the Butterfly

Today I have to stay with my grandfather because my mother works. He is 62 years old. He loves working in the garden. He has a beautiful garden. The garden has a pathway of concrete slabs. It divides the garden into two parts. On the one side is the herb garden and on the other side a beautiful flower garden. My grandfather is clever. He knows all the loads of herbs and colourful flowers in his garden. They have some strange names. I love being in the garden, but sometimes my grandfather says that I am too noisy and talk too much.

"Stop scaring away the insects who live here, Blayze," he would say.

"Really Grampie? Scaring away the insects? As if insects can hear."

I watch through the window as Grampie works in the garden. It will be dark soon. It is getting darker in Autumn. I watch my grandfather remove his gloves and I lean closer towards the window and notice a glowing light in his hair as he takes off his hat. Grampie walks towards the house and I open the door, smiling at him. I grab his hand to check his fingers. My mom always says that Grampie has green fingers but whenever I look at them they are just normal, old and wrinkly, like a grandfather's fingers should be. Grampie laughs and says: "What is your fascination with my hands, Blayze? You are forever touching them."

BLAYZE
and the
butterfly



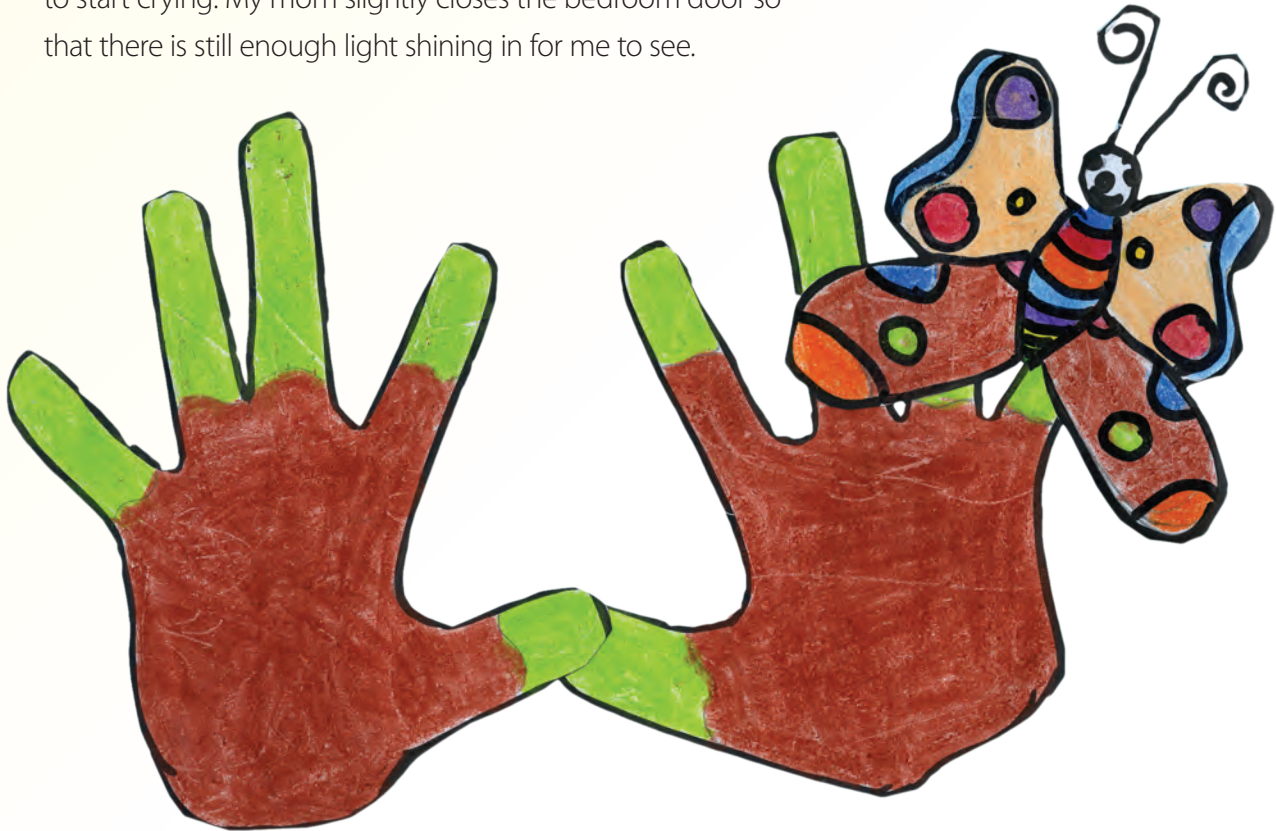
"Grampie what do you have in your hair? Lights? It's glowing."

My grandfather slowly walks towards the framed mirror on the living room wall. "There is nothing in my hair little one. Your imagination is running wild with you again. You are way too busy. Why don't you sit down and read a book or something," says my grandfather, laughing loudly and shaking his head.

That night, before bed-time, I call my mom like every night, to sit with me until I fall asleep. "Blayze this must end now. Stop your moaning and groaning," she says in a loud and squeaky voice. "You are a big girl now. Go to bed!"



My mom switches off the light and I am very sad and pretend to start crying. My mom slightly closes the bedroom door so that there is still enough light shining in for me to see.



Suddenly I feel the glow of a light on my face. I hear a voice. "Blayze, I am over here." I follow the light with my eyes and see a glowing butterfly on the curtain. I sit up with fear. I rub my eyes with both hands to check whether I'm dreaming. "Don't be afraid. It's me, the butterfly. My name is Feather."

Feather comes to sit on my finger and stares into my face. I soon find out that Feather lives in a magical garden that is hidden within my grandfather's garden. Suddenly, I realise that was Feather, the butterfly that was in my grandfather's hair that afternoon. She was stuck and asked for my help to go back to the garden.



However I can only do that If I change into a butterfly myself, with her magical wish and by touching and Grampie's gloves.

We wait for everyone to go back to sleep. I tiptoe to grandfather's room while Feather flies next to me. I feel around the room but find no gloves. We go into the bathroom where my grandfather took them off. I find them in a small basin inside the bath. I quietly and carefully take them out of the bath. As soon as I touch them Feather touches me and suddenly my feet lift off from the floor and I change into a beautiful, blazing butterfly with colours that are of a burning fire.

I try to scream but Feather says, "Shssshhh! You're going to wake everyone." I flutter my wings and feel so powerful.

"Let's go," says Feather.

"I'm scared," I answer.

"Don't worry. The magical garden is the most perfect and peaceful place but remember there is no moaning and there are no tantrums. Everyone is very kind, especially to their elders."

When Blayze gets to the magical garden, she is so excited. It is the most beautiful place she has ever seen. There she learns to be kind, to listen and to be tolerant. She learns to listen when others speak. Blayze wishes that she can stay there forever but she knows that she has to return.

Her mom and grandparents are going to be very pleased about Blayze's change in her attitude. ■





**Nashia
Kleinsmith**

Symphony
Primary School
Grade 6
Age 12



The Bright Little Bookworm

Chapter 1

On the 19th day of April 2006 in a small city a baby girl with a head of red hair was born. Her birth was premature – at only 26 weeks – and there was little hope of her survival. She pulled through though and the universe was introduced to Alice – the bookworm.

From a very young age, Alice had a passion for books. Alice's young mind was fascinated by the shapes, colours, and font sizes. She drooled all over her soft puffy baby books, tearing them as she crawled through the family home. Everywhere she went her beloved books trailed along in her bright, yellow backpack. Her books were a constant companion and whether Alice was happy or sad, content or mad, her books were her pacifier.





Chapter 2

When Alice started attending school, her teacher recognised that she had a passion for reading. Her reading ability was significantly ahead of her peers and she was asked to read to the entire school to encourage them.

Nervously she sat on her little, blue chair holding her book as she prepared herself to read aloud. With a shaky voice, she began reading from “The Hare and the Tortoise.” She chose this book because she wanted to encourage learners that you can achieve anything with determination and focus. Eventually she forgot the crowd and fell into the love of reading and when she finished she heard a loud applause as teachers and learners cheered. Many learners were inspired by the little girl and showed an interest in reading more.



Chapter 3

Alice didn't have a care in the world about what was happening around her but was always determined to achieve straight As, not knowing that reading would play a pivotal role helping to achieve her goal. Her report card was always filled with positive remarks. She was staying focused on her academics, but never forgetting to stick her nose into a book.

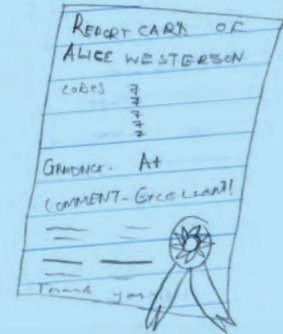
Alice never showed interest in her peers or any activities. Her focus was on books only. Even chores were a problem. She always thought that her time spent doing the dishes could have been used to read a couple of chapters in her current book.

She was very quiet and barely ever spoke in class unless she was asked by a teacher.

Her parents became really worried to see that their daughter wasn't interacting. Everywhere Alice went, she had a book, whether it was attending family functions or other social gatherings.

Due to Alice's withdrawn attitude, her parents became extremely worried and assumed that her condition of premature birth might have negatively affected her social behaviour. Her parents approached a psychologist to assist with her not interacting. After a thorough evaluation the psychologist concluded that Alice's well-being should not be concerning and that Alice was a bright little bookworm. Her parents were relieved.

Story planning and draft illustrations





Chapter 4

With Christmas on its way, chores, as was the family tradition, had to be shared between Alice and her siblings. The tree was her responsibility. It was a week before Christmas and still no lights, bells, angels and stars were in sight. Alice promised to do the tree after she had finished her book. However, each day she was caught with a new book in her hands.

Christmas Eve came and no bright tree was seen and her family was very upset about it. Plans had to be rearranged and the family had to eat out at a restaurant, to avoid other family and friends seeing no tree on Christmas.

Chapter 5

Alice's twelfth birthday was approaching and her parents wanted to know what she wanted. "Same as last year please. A book of course! I've seen one at Exclusive Books. It's called "I Capture the Castle," she replied. Alice read many different genres but her favourite was mystery novels. They always kept her guessing and made her wonder who the hero would be at the end.



Finally it was Alice's birthday and her parents got her the book she wanted, "I Capture the Castle," but also a personal, communicating and interacting book.

Reading the book taught her how to communicate more effectively. Alice's parents were really proud to see their daughter making friends and striking up conversations with other people. Alice learned how to interact with friends. The more people Alice met, the more popular she became as the little bright bookworm.

Little did everyone know that the little bright bookworm was the premature redhead, born at only 26 weeks. ■





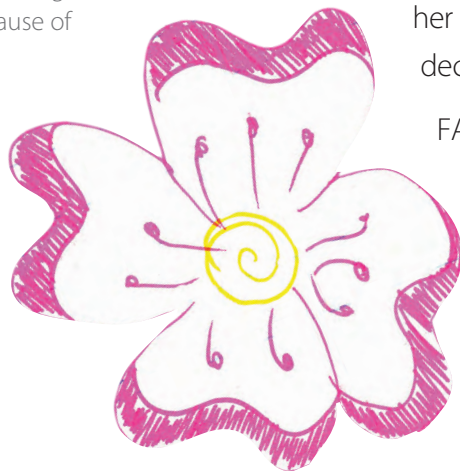
Tinevimbo Meki

Factreton Primary School

Grade 6

Age 12

Faith has a secret that can change the world. In an enchanted garden where ladybirds speak, lies the answer for Faith's troubles. When Faith's parents announce that they will be moving to a new neighbourhood she does not understand and is angry. But she soon realises that the best things happen because of change.



Change Can Be Magical – The start to an enchanted life

Fearless, friendly Faith was a 12-year-old girl, who loved reading fascinating books in her mother's fabulous garden. She enjoyed spending time with her funny friends. Faith had fizzy curls and her own funky style wear; she wore hoodies with a flowy skirt and comfortable shoes. She has always felt mature and independent as she enjoyed doing things by herself and feared nothing.

Faith's mother was a stay at home mom but spent most days in the garden amongst her blossoming plants and blooming flowers. However, due to the water shortage in careless Cape Town her mother's faultless garden has transformed into a dry, brown flaw.

One day Faith's fearlessness was tested when her father and mother decided it was time to move to a new home. She kept hearing her hardworking, positive thinking father saying it will be a new beginning, a new chapter, a new life for her and her family. Yet Faith felt frantic and fearful. She decided to join her parent's conversation.

FAITH: How can we just move to another area? What about my friends and school? *(said frantically)*

FATHER: You will make new friends and your school is closer to home so you won't need to travel. *(encouraging)*



Change
can be
magical...

The start to an enchanted life.
- by Tinevimbo Meki



MOTHER: We know how you hate travelling to school, especially in winter. *(hopeful)*

FAITH: I'll rather travel and get wet every morning than start afresh. I don't want new friends or a new room!

Her mother and father decided not to respond and informed her that she had a week to pack up her things. That week went by far too quickly. She barely spoke to her family as they were so busy packing up. Her home felt different, even her room felt different, it was just a house.

As Faith and her family drove to their new home, Faith kept looking back out of the window. Tears rolled down her cheeks.

MOTHER: *(whispered to father)* I'm worried about her.

Her father touched her mother's hands in an understanding, caring manner, reassuring her that it will be okay.

When they arrived at their new home Faith got out of the car, stared at the house and was filled with surprise and excitement.

FATHER: We are here! *(said in excitement)*

FAITH: Is this our new home? *(surprised)*

MOTHER: Oh wow! Look at the fabulous flowers!





The family unpacked their furniture into the house. They unlocked the rusty, dusty door and it creaked open. Faith began to sneeze as she entered the house, as it was quite dirty.

MOTHER: We have a lot of cleaning to do. Faith why don't you take your boxes up to your new room and start unpacking.

FATHER: It is quite late, maybe we should just pack the boxes into the correct rooms and unpack tomorrow. We are all tired. I'll get some takeaways and then we can go to bed after eating.

The next morning she woke up early. It seemed warm and sunny outside and she quickly jumped out of the bed, put on her gown and bed slippers and went to the kitchen. She opened the fridge, poured herself a glass of juice and decided to explore the new house. She noticed some of their things were packed in cupboards and furniture had been arranged in the house. It started to feel less strange, more familiar ... like their house.

She unlocked the rusty, dusty back door and went outside. At first glance it appeared ugly ... but all of sudden its glory beamed in the sun. It wasn't ugly, it was wonderfully wild! Flowers of every colour! Every colour in the rainbow. In the middle of the garden stood an enormous enamel





water-fountain. Surrounding it was the greenest lawn of grass she had ever seen. Big beautiful trees stood tall and proud, taking pride of their lovely leaves, fresh fruit and fabulous flowers.

Birds tweeted in the trees, singing marvellous melodies. All the narrow paths in the garden were paved with shiny stones. Under a big apple tree stood a little wooden mahogany table and three chairs.

FAITH: Wow! This is absolutely, breathtakingly beautiful!

As the birds sang, the wind blew gently between the rustling leaves and the flowers made soft chiming sounds as they swayed from side to side. Then she looked up. Many ladybirds had gathered and flew down to the lawn. They moved and moved until they formed the word 'Welcome'.

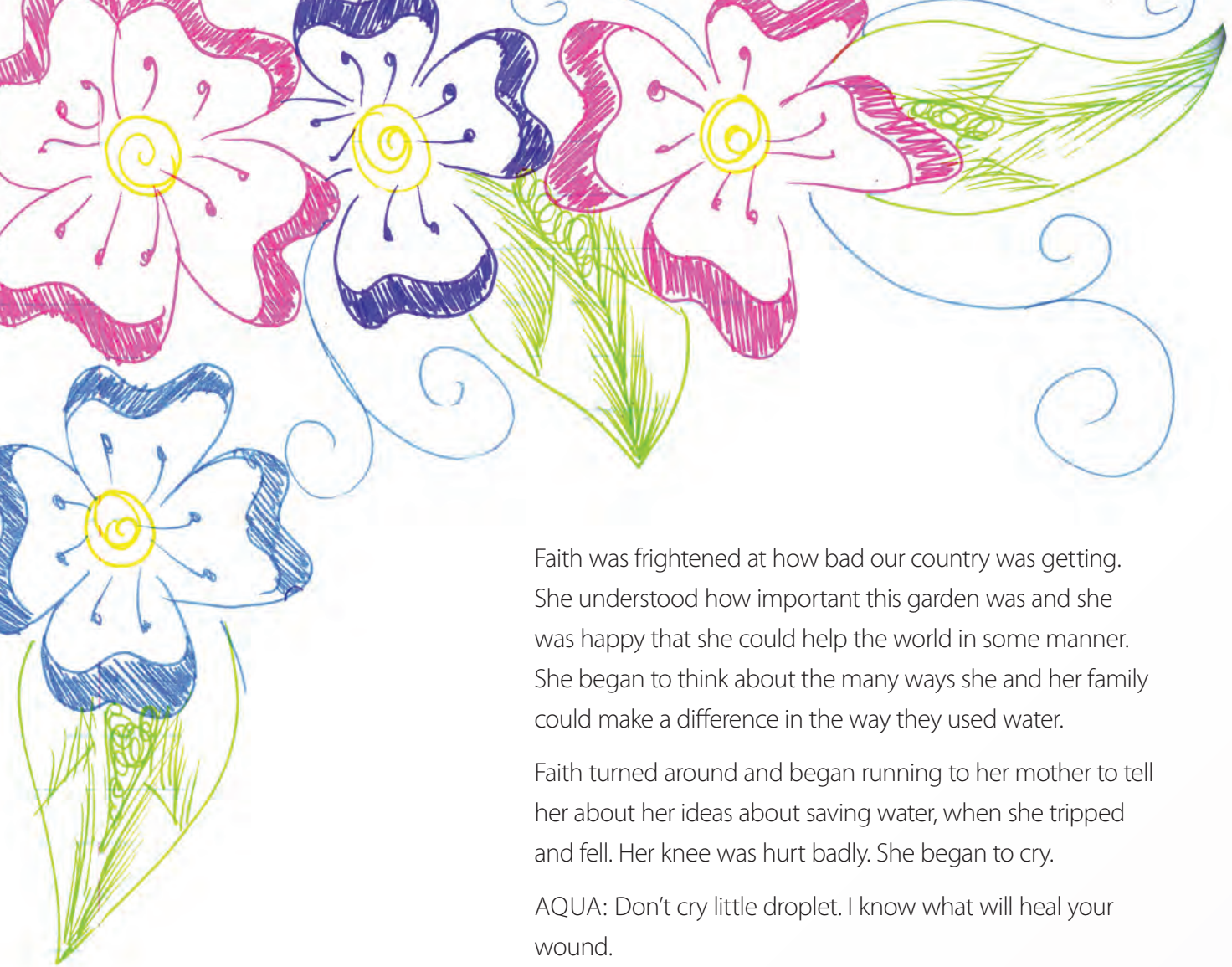
Just before Faith could scream, water rose up from the water-fountain. The water formed the shape of a woman. She rose up into the air, and as she moved she sprinkled water onto the soil and plants, refreshing them one by one.

AQUA: Hello little droplet, don't be afraid. I am a water goddess. I am here to save this wildlife. I am Aqua.

FAITH: Hello Aqua, my name is Faith. *(is all she was able to mutter)*

AQUA: As you know we are suffering due to a severe drought. All of our gardens are dying and dried up. Cape Town's people have become careless. It is my duty to keep this glorious garden alive.





Faith was frightened at how bad our country was getting. She understood how important this garden was and she was happy that she could help the world in some manner. She began to think about the many ways she and her family could make a difference in the way they used water.

Faith turned around and began running to her mother to tell her about her ideas about saving water, when she tripped and fell. Her knee was hurt badly. She began to cry.

AQUA: Don't cry little droplet. I know what will heal your wound.

As Aqua spoke a humming bird flew down and picked a big yellow flower. The bird flew towards Faith and gave it to her. Faith took it and placed it on her wound. Her knee felt warm, and tingled. When she removed the flower, the wound was healed!

FAITH: Oh thank you Aqua! Thank you so much.

AQUA: It's a pleasure, little droplet.

Faith went inside and her mother was fond of her ideas to save water. Her father was very surprised to see the change of heart in Faith.

FATHER: Why the change of heart? Why are you so happy that we moved all of sudden?

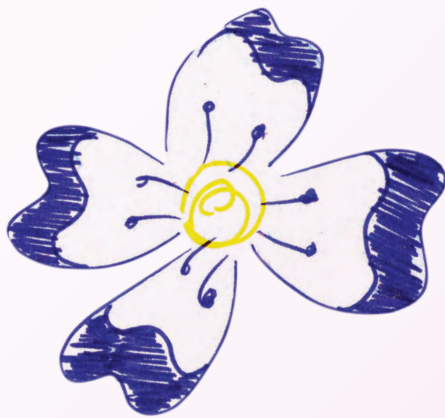
FAITH: I love our new garden. It is enchanted.

FATHER: Okay then, well glad you are seeing this change as positive.

Faith realised then that there is good in change. Change is needed, it is natural and inevitable . . . and sometimes change can be magical.

MOTHER: That sounds like a good idea! Though I am curious to see and explore the house.

After a late dinner Faith said good night to her parents and went to her new strange, dark and unfamiliar room. She got into bed and pulled the blanket over her head, and she fell fast asleep immediately. ■





Bernice Pedro

Balvenie Primary School

Grade 4

Age 9

Bernice and the Beautiful Blanket

Once upon a time in a kingdom, there lived a king and a queen who had a ten-year-old daughter, called Princess Bernice. Princess Bernice has turned into a spoilt little girl, who no longer wants to have old things. She wants everything that is new. As a baby, she received a blanket as a gift from her grandmother. She does not want the blanket anymore, because it is so old. What she does not know is that the blanket has the magical power to take her where her dreams come true – but the blanket lands up in the hands of the evil witch. This changes their lives completely.



Once upon a time, in a kingdom far away, there lived a princess called Bernice. She was a young girl of 10 years old. Bernice had everything that she wanted in life. However Bernice was a bit spoiled and she believed that she always had to get new things. She did not appreciate life and what was given to her.

When she was a little baby her sweet grandmother had given her a beautiful, colourful, knitted blanket, that she knitted by hand.

The mother of the queen, who was Bernice's grandmother, had magical power. The magical power was her ability to knit the beautiful blankets for the royal family.

Now Princess Bernice's grandmother loved and adored her little granddaughter, but she did not like Bernice's manners anymore. She was worried about what was happening to her granddaughter.

When Bernice turned 10, she no longer wanted this blanket and told her parents to get rid of it. What no-one knew, except for her grandmother, was that this beautiful blanket had magic. If you were a good person and you closed yourself in this blanket when you were asleep, you would never get too hot or too cold. The temperature would be just right. When you sleep under that blanket and appreciate its beauty and warmth, after your tenth birthday your blanket becomes the place that makes your dreams come true. So whatever your dreams are in life, can become a reality with this blanket.

When the evil witch heard about this, she disguised herself as a buyer of antiques. One morning she turns up at the palace in the disguise of an old, friendly woman and takes away all the unwanted things that the royal family wanted to get rid of – including the blanket. The witch returns to her house and she laughs evily, as she wraps the blanket around her.

But Bernice's grandmother knew that if anything that belonged to the royal family landed up the hands of the evil witch, it could be very bad for the kingdom.





Sure enough, the evil witch cast a spell on their kingdom and they lost all their possessions and the palace is turned into an old and broken little house that leaks and is cold and mouldy.

Bernice's grandmother is saddened by this and becomes very sick. Her sickness makes her lose her power. She tells them that the only way that she can get her power back, is through her magical blanket. Bernice starts crying terribly. Bernice regrets her actions and realises what she had done. She feels responsible for ruining the kingdom.

Bernice runs away from home. She sets off on her horse in search of the witch's house, through the dark forest. When Bernice's parents hear about this, they fear for her life. The king and some of the king's men set off on horseback to search for Bernice.

Meanwhile, Bernice finds the witch's house. She is tired after the long journey on horseback. She sneaks around the house and peeks through the window. She notices the witch going up the strange wooden stair case. She sees the blanket hanging over the chair.

She opens the door quietly and walks towards the chair. Suddenly she trips over a broken wooden floor plank! The evil witch catches Bernice as she tries to grab her blanket. She grabs her by her hair.

Bernice gathers all her strength and stamps on the witch's foot with her boots. The witch cries in pain.

Bernice gets away with the blanket around her body and rubs her cheeks against it to get warm. Her whole body is energised by the blanket. Bernice now knows what the love and the power of the blanket means.

Story planning and draft illustrations



As Bernice rides back to the kingdom, it starts to get light again. Bernice sees a group of horse riders coming towards her. Her father jumps off his horse and runs to his daughter to greet and hug her. They ride back to the palace and everyone, especially Bernice's grandmother, is so happy to see her. Bernice promises never to take anything for granted ever again.

Everything in the kingdom turns green and the palace appears, and everything falls into place. Their possessions are all in place and everyone in the kingdom is happy and their lives can go back to normal. From then on, everyone lived happily ever after. ■







Cee-Jay Syms

Alicedale Primary
School

Grade 6

Age 12

This action-packed story is all about a boy by the name Gavin getting a message on his computer, and it leading him and his friends on an adventure.

Journey to the Unknown Island

Chapter 1 – The beeping message

One cold, wintry night Gavin, a pimply-faced thirteen-year-old boy from the suburbs, was awakened by the beeping sound of his computer. An encrypted message flashed rapidly on his monitor. He stared at the screen for hours, trying to make sense of it all, until he gave up and retreated to a deep slumber.



The next morning, at the break of dawn, he bolted out of bed without eating his breakfast and went out of the door to call his friends. He first went to Ben, then Rob, Mary and Angelena. His friends were so tired because it was so early in the morning. The sun didn't even wake up yet.

Gavin persisted until they arrived at his house.

"This better be important" said Mary, so tired she wanted to pound him into a pancake.

"It is important," said Gavin and he narrated to his friends every single detail.

Chapter 2 – They find out what the message meant

"Ok, I don't understand," said Ben.

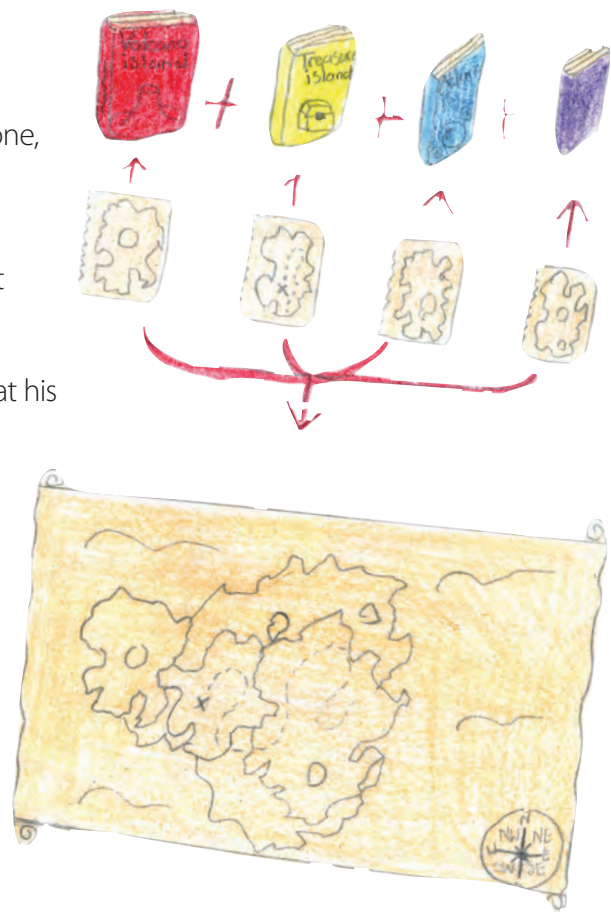
"But what does it read?" asked Rob.

Gavin revealed what it said: "Four Islands become one, Volcano Island, Treasure Island, Atlantis and Fiction. Put them together and what do you get?" The five friends thought and thought until their brains went on a holiday to Hawaii.

At that moment Gavin remembered four books that his grandfather gave him, and for some inexplicable reason they had the same titles as the message.

"Do you think that the message came from your grandfather?" asked Mary.

"Maybe," replied Gavin. With this helpful clue the excitement started mounting. In two minutes Gavin found and ripped some island maps out of the books, and put them in a strange way, and soon they became one big island with a location where it might be.



Chapter 3 – Mr Bridgets and his plane to the rescue

Now that Gavin had successfully decrypted the message the next step was to organise transport. Soon Angelena told them about her dad’s old plane.

“So what are we waiting for? Let’s go!” said Gavin.

Angelena asked her dad and he immediately refused.

“Sorry to disturb,” said Gavin, “but will you go for gold?”

At that moment Mr Bridgets (Angelena’s Dad) grabbed the kids swiftly and whisked them off on a treasure hunt in the plane.

After a while a hurricane came out of nowhere and the plane crashed to the ground.

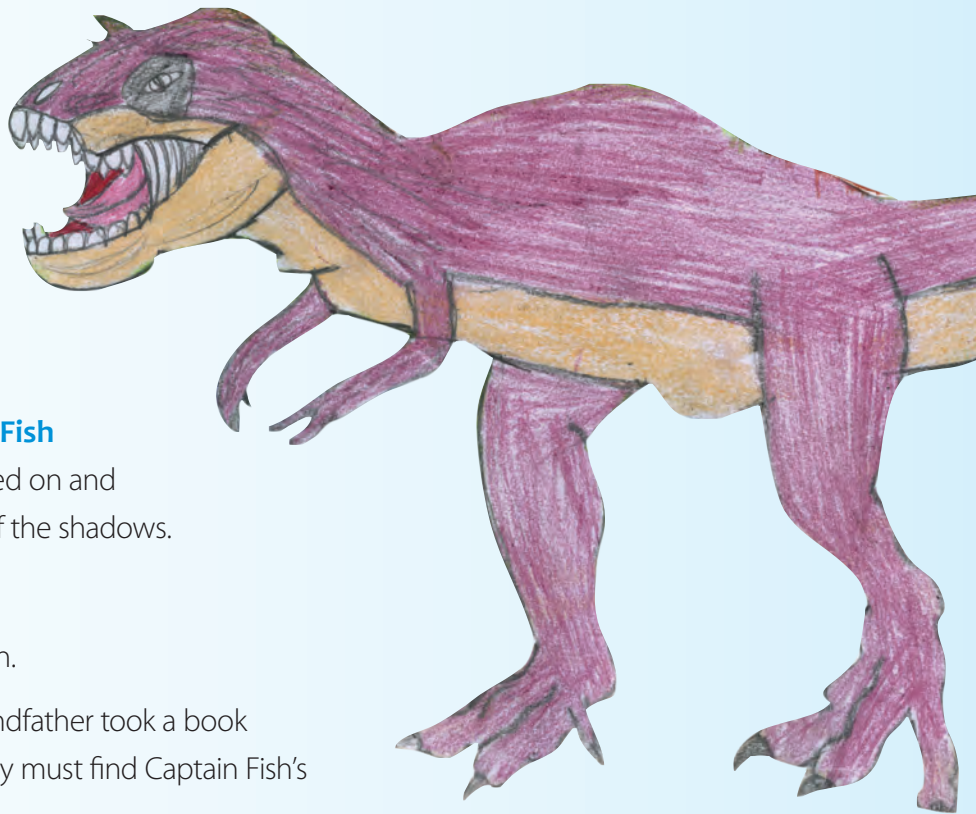


Chapter 4 – Awake on the unknown island

After the horrible crash Gavin woke up in pain. Everyone else was all right, so they all went searching. Soon, Gavin stumbled on a tunnel.

“Come on, I think I found something!” said Gavin. At the end of the tunnel they found a gigantic butterfly.

“Wow, this is amazing, said Mary. Then she shouted, “Guys, why is there a Tyrannosaurus Rex running towards us?” Everyone ran and escaped up the ladder of a tree-house. Gavin, filled with fear, almost urinated in his pants. Mary dropped her jaw in astonishment.



Chapter 5 – Off to find Captain Fish

Flick! The tree-house lights switched on and Gavin’s grandfather stepped out of the shadows.

“Why have you come?” he said.

“You sent a message,” replied Gavin.

“It was not meant for you.” His grandfather took a book from the shelf and he said that they must find Captain Fish’s pirate ship.

“Is he not dead?” asked Rob.

“Yes, but his ship is not,” Gavin’s grandfather replied.

Off they went to find Captain Fish. After a long, incredibly exhausting journey they eventually arrived at Captain Fish’s tomb.



Chapter 6 – Arrived at Captain Fish’s tomb

They were so tired they could not even feel their own feet.

“Where is the ship?” asked Rob.

“Captain Fish hid it and wrote about its hiding place in his original story book.”

“So who’s going in there?” asked Ben.

“I’ll go,” said Angelena.

“No, it’s too dangerous,” said Mr Bridgets.

“I am the only one who can fit, Dad,” said Angelena.

“Ok, replied Mr Bridgets.”

Soon Angelena found herself at the bottom of the tomb. Her eyes immediately fell onto a skeleton with an old, dusty book in his hand. It was the story book that told about the ship! Next thing, the tomb came crashing down. Angelena was so gripped with fear it felt like her soul had ascended to the heavens! But luckily she survived. “Now, let’s see where the ship could be,” said Gavin.

Chapter 7 – Off the island and back home

They journeyed to the far end of the island and found the ship – just as the island volcano erupted! The five friends and the two men ran onto the ship. Soon a water creature burst out of the water and attacked the ship.

“This must be the guardian water dragon,” said Gavin’s grandfather.

“What!!!?” shouted the kids, but Mr Bridgets just hid in a room.

“I have a plan,” said Gavin. Gavin grabbed the dragon and he drove it like it was a horse through the volcano. Everyone thought he was dead but he survived. Off they went back home, riding the dragon’s back. ■





Courtney-Kay Siljeur

Bramble Way
Primary School

Grade 5

Age 11

South Africa's story for children. Alexa's goal was to become a spy because she wanted to get all the bad people out of her neighbourhood and make it a better place to live in. She solves her first mystery by helping an old man find out who steals his fruit from his stall.

Alexa Solves Her First Mystery as a Spy

Once upon a time in a small home town known as Bonteheuwel, there lived a girl, Alexa. Because of the environment she lived in, she always thought of herself as a spy and when she grew up she wanted to become a spy. Alexa lived on the corner, in a small blue house, of a very busy neighbourhood. Alexa liked living on the corner because she could see the streets from different angles through her window. Outside her house was a very tall tree she climbed daily. From the top of the tree she could see everything without anyone seeing her.

Alexa's goal was to become a spy because she wanted to get all the bad people out of her neighbourhood and make it a better place to live in. One of Alexa's concerns was that she needed to figure out who kept stealing from the nearby stall around the corner from her house.

This was exciting! She was finally going to help solve a mystery and help one of her neighbourhood members. She walked down the streets scanning carefully and wrote down some notes in her notebook.

The notes were that, a gangster was walking out of a shebeen. She followed him and saw that he was going to the shop. When he came back he was carrying a large plastic bag. He walked back to the shebeen. She wrote down when he came back.

The gangster was in the shebeen for thirty minutes. He was drinking from a beer bottle and he was also carrying a large plastic bag.

Later she went home to eat lunch. She walked back to the shop where she was previously. To her surprise the gangster was with two others. While she was standing there she made sure to listen carefully. From where she was standing she could hear the gangsters speaking in hushed tones, as if making secret plans about something. There was a lot of rustling. It sounded like plastic bags.

Alexa took out her mirror from her bag and turned her back to the gangsters. She pretended that she was looking at herself in the mirror.

She heard one of the boys say, "Sssh, there's someone listening."

Another one said, "It's just a girl looking at herself."

All three gangsters laughed. Alexa stayed still, but she was actually making notes to herself about the plastic bags and straining hear what they were whispering. Alexa then remembered that always when she bumped into the gangsters they smelt like fruit. Also their knees were very dirty.

That day, Alexa went to the fruit stall. The poor old man told Alexa that one of the gangsters had been at the fruit stand. The strange thing is that where he'd been there were knee marks on the ground.

Alexa went home and looked through her notebook, then she climbed up the tree and thought and thought. As she was up in the tree she saw a pair of feet, behind the fruit stand, through her binoculars. The old man who owned





Draft illustration



the stand could not see the feet because he had his back to the stand.

It all came together. When the feet disappeared she climbed down the tree and ran back to the stall where the poor old man's fruit stand was.

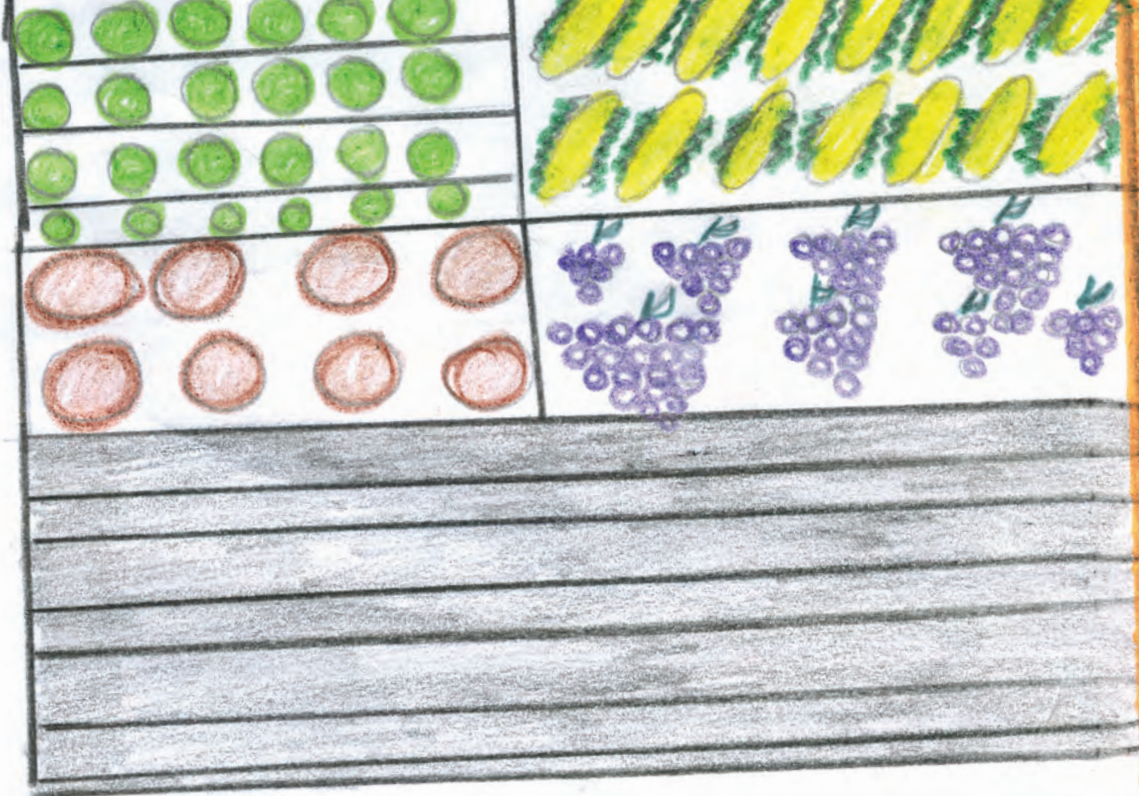


"What I think is happening..." she told the old man, "is that one of them steals while the other is speaking to you."

She explained to him the boy's plans. "But what's the motivation?" asked the old man. "A good investigator always knows that."

She continued, "They don't have money to buy alcohol and drugs and cannot support their habit. So they sell the fruit. At school I heard there are people selling fruit and then they use the money for alcohol and drugs. I think these gangsters steal the fruit, buy what they need and share the drugs and alcohol with each other."

The old man was thrilled to hear the story and couldn't thank Alexa enough. And this is how Alexa solved her first mystery and followed her dream. ■



I have to tell you something



You are a brilliant Spy Alex!



Alessandr  Small

Goeie Hoop
Primary School

Grade 6

Age 12

Will Markus ever be happy? Will his friends ever accept him for who he is? In the end a beautiful Enchantress helps Markus and gives back his home belongings and she grants him three wishes.

The Greedy Lesson

Long ago, five homeless children lived in Caledon Street. Every morning, they would stand at the traffic lights and beg for money, or sell newspapers and cardboard in order to buy bread for themselves.

When evening arrived, they would go to 'The Hole In The Wall'. The hole was small, but all of the boys could fit in there like sardines pressed in a tin. The poor kids always shared with each other. They were open-hearted, kind and very respectful.





Hooray!



Hooray!



Hooray!

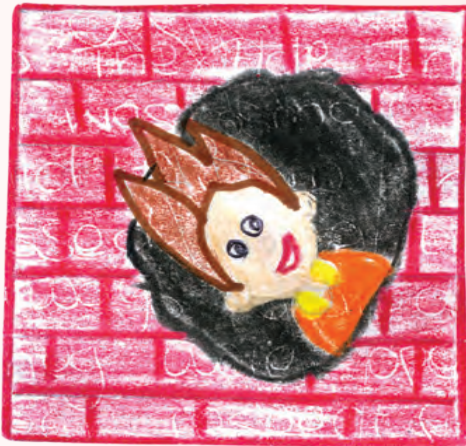
Hooray!

Hooray!

Hooray!

One day an old, ugly looking and homeless woman asked the kids if she could shelter with them for five days because there was going to be a huge storm. The kids were so kind. They made space for the old woman. She stayed with them for five nights and five days. The children were unable to get food because of the storm, but every morning they would be given a healthy, scrumptious breakfast by the old lady. Every night, a plate of warm food would be given to them for supper. The kids were so thankful that they did not question or ask anything.

The old woman left and the boys carried on with their lives.



MANY YEARS PASSED

Only one of the five kids, whose name was Markus, saw the old woman again. He went up to her and said, "Thank you so much. Ever since I met you, my life has gone well."

Little did he know that this old, ugly looking woman that he had never judged, was a fairy known as the Enchantress. She had cast a spell on the five homeless kids, years back. Her spell was for them to have a good life.



The other children had forgotten her because greed took over their lives. They became selfish, rude and mean. They bought the most expensive name brand clothing, cars, houses, furniture, jewellery and much, much more. Their lifestyle was lavish and extravagant. They had the money. They had even abandoned their friend Markus.

When the old woman went to visit them for the first time in twenty-seven years, they did not even offer her a glass of water. She was very, very disappointed in their behaviour.



The fairy took away all their money, cars, houses, clothes and privileges. They had nothing left. Markus found out about their situation and wanted to help them. Markus went to them but they shoved him away because they thought that he wanted to make fun of them. Markus gave up and left.

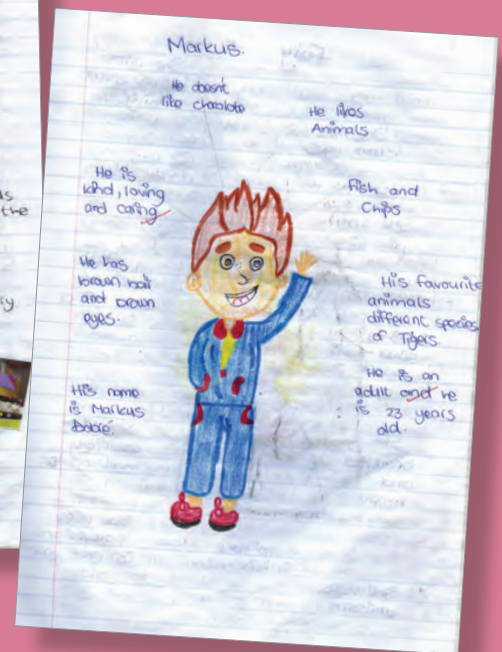
A few days later, after the fairy had taken everything away from the other four adults (for they were now grown up), they all contracted a disease. The deadly sickness, called 'Zandre', causes your heart to stop, your breathing to

become shallow, as well as a horrible rash and swollen glands. All four of the others had the disease, but they had no money to pay for a doctor or medicine to help them. They wouldn't dare ask Markus for help as they knew how horribly they had treated him.

Markus soon found out about their predicament and went to the old lady. To his surprise she looked radiant and younger than before. He asked her how it was possible for her to look so young. Then ... she revealed her true identity to him and told him that she had cast a spell on them, way back when they offered her a place in the 'Hole In The Wall'. He was amazed ...

He asked her to help his friends, but she refused, for she wanted to test his heart. He then said, "Fairy please help my

Story planning and draft illustrations





(Name) Fairy

She likes lots of sweet things.

She has brown eyes

She has blonde hair

She has pink lips

She is always looking and kind

She has a silver magic wand

She likes wearing ball gowns

She is beautiful and happy.

She lives forever and is 1903 years old.

Her name is Alice Triton

She loves unicorns

(Before) Fairy

Her name was unknown.

She always wears a black cloak with a hood.

She looks scary

Her age is unknown

She's kind

She's old and ugly.

She loves rats

She's happy

She likes to speak in Riddles

She is a grumpy person



friends. They are suffering and they might die. In exchange for their health you may take away all that I own. Please dear fairy, please help them.”

The fairy took away everything that Markus owned. He was homeless and broke. He went back to stay in ‘The Hole’. He was there for a few days, when the fairy paid him a visit. She told him that she was testing him to see if he was pure hearted. And he was!

The fairy said, “Thank you for being so kind and loving towards mankind. I wish everyone could be just like you. One day you will change the world and because of who you are, I will grant you three wishes. I will also give all your money and possessions back to you.”

Markus wished for wisdom. His second wish was that greed would vanish from the face of the Earth, and his third wish was for everyone to be kind and good. Everything was granted and it all started at ‘The Hole In The Wall’. ■





Erin Reynolds

Kuilsriver Primary School

Grade 6

Age 12

I never used to believe in the afterlife. You can only but wonder if there really is. I couldn't imagine what life would be like if aliens ever came to Earth.

Two best friends encounter a strange creature. They try to get rid of it, with all sorts of adventures involved.

For all the kids with their nose in a book

You are my favourite kind of dreamer.

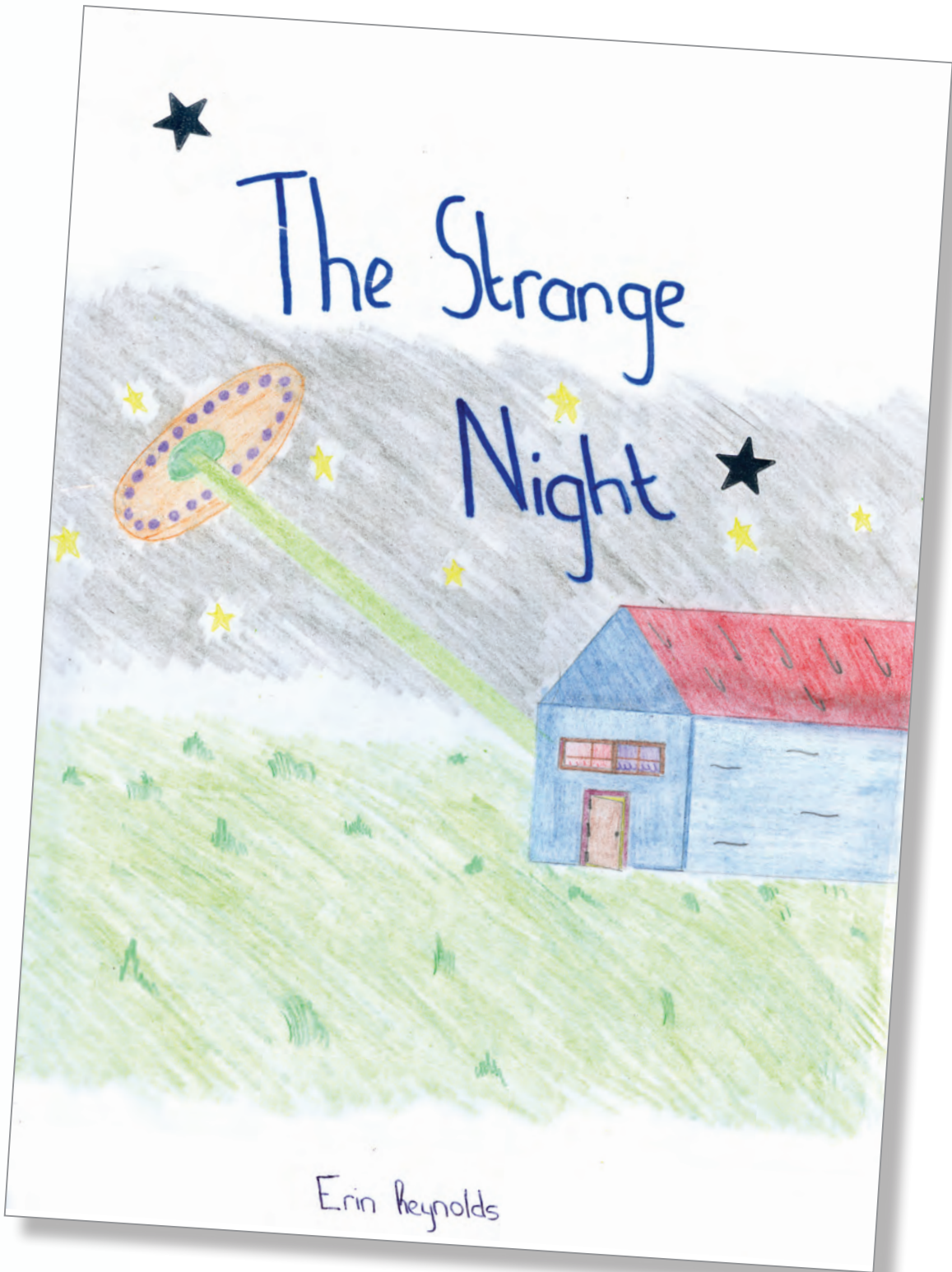
The Strange Night

One simple night I was lying in bed and I couldn't sleep. My parents were out so I was alone at home. Just watching the time go by. It felt like I was lying there for hours because it was only 8:45 p.m.

Then guess what happened – the lights went out. "Great! Could it get any worse?" I had to go look for a flashlight but I remembered it was right next to me. That's when I heard this weird noise, like ssshshss. Maybe it's a snake, but then I thought to myself, not. What if it's a monster?

I slowly got out of bed, put on my slippers and started to look. I checked in my drawers, there was nothing. I looked in my toy box and out the window but nothing. Then I looked under my bed and just when I was about to look I heard a sound again, just louder this time. I fetched one of my golf sticks that was in the corner of my room and used that to feel if there was anything under the bed. There was nothing but seriously I need to clean out under there, there was so much dust and spider webs. "Yuck!" Then the last place to look was in my closet, and that is the one place I don't want to look in because in most horror movies there's always something in the closet. Slowly I opened the closet door and that's when I saw it ... "AN ALIEN!" A green, slimy alien.

I almost screamed my lungs out and backed away as fast as I could and the only place I could think of to hide was under



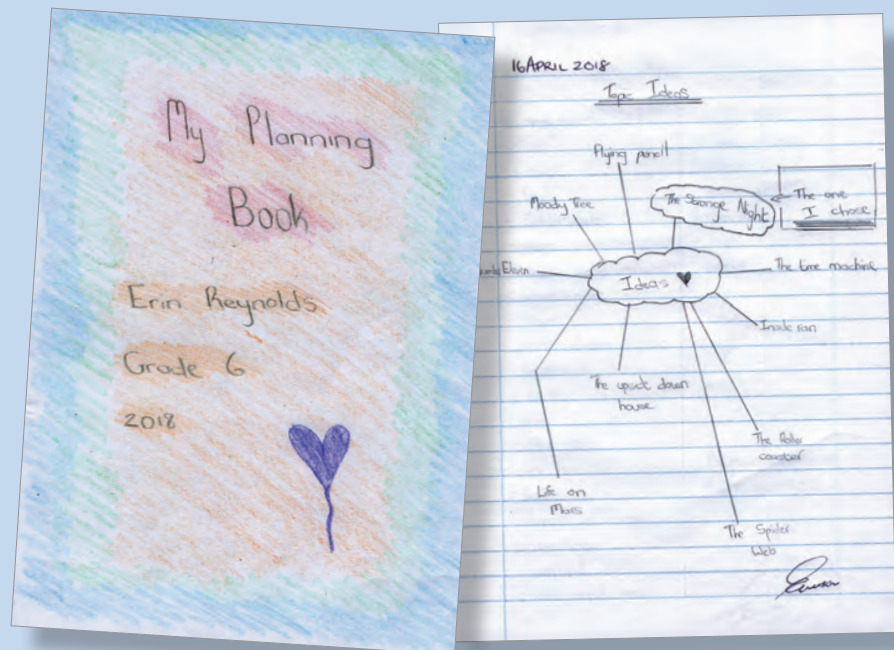


my bed. Then after a few minutes I realised there was spiders under my bed. I totally freaked out. Just when I wanted to get out of there I saw the green creature come out of the closet.

What a weird looking thing. It was green and slimy, with big eyes and a funny shaped head. I saw it leave the room and heard it go downstairs. I waited for a little while before I slid out under the bed. I grabbed my phone and looked for my best friend, Katie's, number. I told her I need help as she would be the only one who will believe me. I instructed her to come in through the front door, as I assumed the creature was in the kitchen as I kept hearing cupboards banging and pots falling.

Katie showed up 20 minutes later and we both came up with a plan to stop this thing. Katie saw the alien in the kitchen, eating anything it can get its slimy hands on. To make things worse whenever it moved around it left a trail of slime behind.

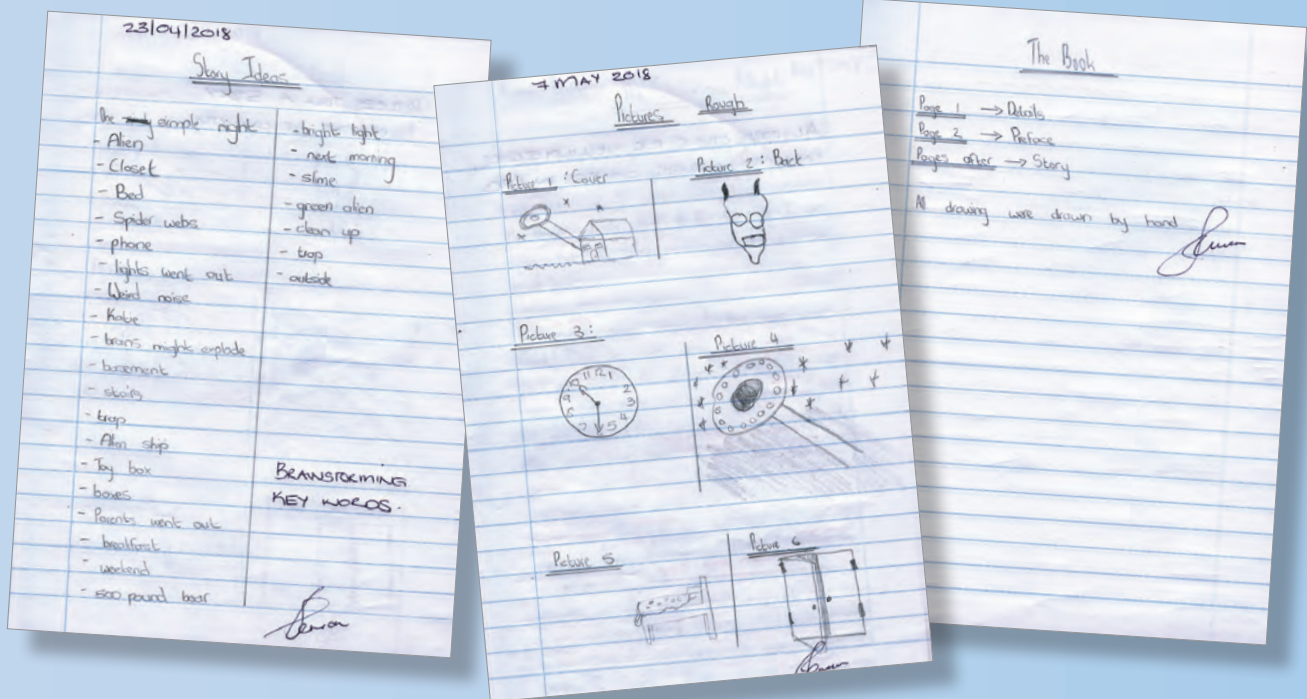
Story planning and draft illustrations



The plan was, well we really didn't have a plan, but we couldn't think of anything better. The plan was to try and corner the alien and push it in the basement. That's all we could think of – how else do you capture aliens? We had to move fast as my parents would be back at three and it was 12 o'clock. Tick Tock, Tick Tock.

We sneaked downstairs but then I remembered that we need something to trap the creature. We had to go back upstairs to fetch my hockey stick . . . oh and the broom. Now we were ready for our mission, made our way through the house, and found it in the kitchen just about to eat the TV remote.

Katie jumped out and shouted, "WAAHH!" That was a big mistake as it came closer and closer and the next thing we knew, we were running away and it was chasing us, then we were chasing the alien, and it went on like that for about 5 minutes until we had a chance to grab it. It felt wet and slimy. I hit it with my hockey stick, like a puck, and it fell to the



ground. We pushed and shoved it into the basement and shut the door.

I turned around and saw how the house looked; my mother was going to freak. We had to think of a plan to get rid of this thing, and fast, but if we thought any harder, I thought our brains might explode.

I thought if we created a trap to get it outside and lock every opening in the house, then it will be someone else's problem. Katie agreed with my horrible plan. Honestly I was surprised because normally she never agrees to what I say and we always end up arguing, but she didn't have anything better. We had a problem!! I thought, the alien is trapped inside and if we open the door, it will just run and be inside still, so we are going to have to do it from the outside.

We grabbed a rope and went outside to the back of the house where there is a trapdoor leading into the basement.

Slowly and quietly we opened the door and hid behind some boxes filled with old electronics and toys. Then we spotted the alien. It was looking for a way to open the door, so we couldn't grab him yet. Then I came up with an idea: we could make sounds and it will follow the noise and come straight to us. "I'm such a genius," I said.

Katie made pig sounds, which I thought was pretty funny. I made an owl sound. Our plan was working perfectly. When it came close enough we threw the rope over it and tied it as tight as we could and dragged it out. It literally felt like dragging a 500 kilo bear but we made it out.

When we got outside, we were just about to let it go, when a really bright light came shining over us. Our eyes had to adjust to the light. When we were able to focus we couldn't believe

our eyes – or at least Katie couldn't, because I already saw this coming. Alien + Spaceship, perfect match. When we let go of the alien a ray of green light came shining down and it sucked up the alien. "What a relief." Then it disappeared. After that it was dead silent.

We went back inside and had totally forgotten about the mess. Now we had to agree, what is more terrifying, an alien or an angry mother running after you with a wooden spoon? I didn't have to worry about Katie being here, my mom says she can come over anytime and anytime is 12 o'clock at night. So we got to work. When it looked decent enough we both went upstairs and pretended to be asleep, but that didn't last long; actually pretending only lasted 5 minutes.

The next morning we woke up and went downstairs, and found my mom making breakfast.

"How was your evening girls?" she said, and we both replied together:

"FINE".

Katie had to go home so for the rest of the day I watched TV, but kept thinking of our encounter with the alien. I eventually went to bed because it was school the next day. Just like that, as fast as the alienship disappeared, the weekend disappeared even faster.

But I have to admit that was one strange night. ■





Aminah Arend

Talfalah Primary
School

Grade 6

Age 11

Wouldn't you want to spend time relaxing in a luxurious forest home after a horrific event? The Jacobs family thought they could, but their holiday home among the pine trees wouldn't allow it. Blood-stained walls and bathroom scares had them all shook up! What was this house trying to tell them?

The Holiday House

When the world sleeps and the forest is so quiet, you can hear peculiar wailing sounds coming from a house deep inside the forest.

In the most stunning part of the forest, close to a lake surrounded by evergreen pines and oak trees, stood the rustic but luxurious house. Strangely though, even if you passed this house once a month, you would always find it empty, no sign of any human presence.

Or was it empty?

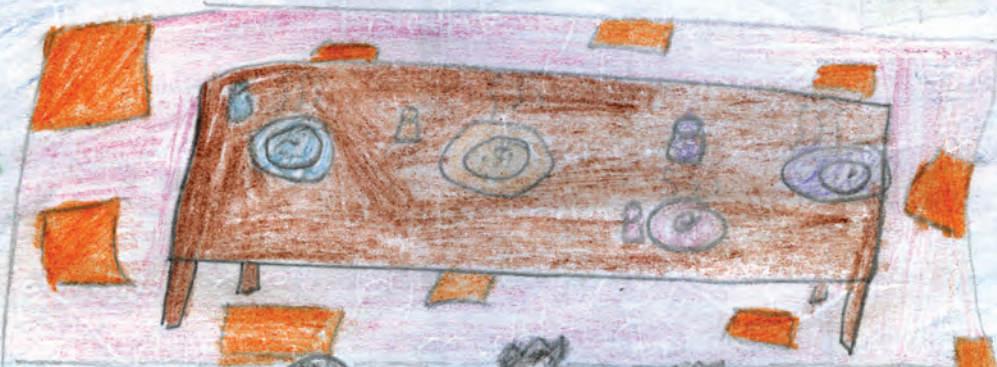
The path to Heaven (or is it Hell) is paved with good intentions, they say. This charming house, sitting in the shade of majestic evergreen pines, was just the place caring parents would bring their children after a terrible tragedy, don't you think? Especially comforting was the sign above the door that read, " WELCOME, WEARY TRAVELLERS. MAY MEMORIES YOU MAKE HERE LAST FOREVER."

One day a family called the Jacobs family came to stay there for their holiday: daddy John, mommy Emily, eldest daughter Elizabeth and the twins Johnny and Jacky. They had heard of a ghost family in the area, but had refused to believe the story. "Maybe we should listen to what people are saying," Elizabeth said.



Welcome weary travellers
May the memories you
make here last
forever





mom,
its very
cold!



This family liked to think of themselves as adventurous and fearless. But not Elizabeth. "My friends won't visit, Mom," she nagged. Mom just laughed softly.

"You worry too much, Elizabeth. You're just being afraid of things that don't exist."

The twins joked, "Fraidy cat!"

"I'm not!" Elizabeth shouted, annoyed.

"Don't worry, we'll protect you," Mother comforted, winking at the twins.

Elizabeth was worried about losing her friends, while the twins were a bit embarrassed about their sister acting like a scaredy cat.

That night, the family was sitting at the table, enjoying lovely chicken-and-corn soup, while it was storming outside. Sitting in front of the fireplace, the family felt relaxed. The fire was burning constantly, because otherwise every place in the house was icy cold.

How quickly things can change. A month before, they had lost a cousin in a car accident and they were terribly sad; the children were inconsolable.

Blonde-haired Christy had only been seven years old, and had been adopted by this loving family after her single mother had died in childbirth, and her drug-addicted father wanted her in foster care. Was it grief that made that terrible day such a blur? Except for many dead bodies they couldn't remember anything ... so they came here to relax, and watch television.

But dad's favourite remote kept on turning up in different places. Mom was annoyed because she wanted to stop



worrying about things. She was on holiday! But she couldn't watch her favourite cooking programs.

The television was channel-hopping, as if an unseen hand was at work. They couldn't phone DSTV because Elizabeth's phone had vanished too.

A few days later the key stopped working in the lock. Weary, but trying to cheer everyone up, Dad declared, "The beach tomorrow, guys. We'll take pictures, ok?"

Eventually the problem, thank goodness, sorted itself out. Then one night, while they were relaxing in front of the television, an ear-splitting shriek tore through the house. Elizabeth was shouting from inside the bathroom on the top floor.

Now, inexplicably, one by one, the lights went out. Mom rushed up, but strangely enough, could not open the door. It was as if something supernaturally strong was keeping the door closed from inside.

John finally managed to break down the door, and there, in the corner of the bathroom sat Elizabeth,



panic-stricken. Something, or someone's, blood was spattered on the ceiling.

Jacky gasped, "Look, Mom!" as he pointed.

A message on the wall, in big, ugly, red letters, read, "GET OUT OR ELSE!!!" Elizabeth's hands were full of blood. But she was unhurt.

"What happened, Elizabeth?" Mom asked, trying not to sound hysterical. No response. Elizabeth instead bit her nails, eyes wide and horrified, face ashen, as if she had seen something unspeakably dreadful. All she did was stare at one spot. She would not speak.

After two sickening hours the bathroom was cleaned. No-one used it after that night – so they never noticed the knife under the bathtub.

Elizabeth still did not speak, nor did she eat. She just sat in a corner, chewing her nails, a bewildered look in her eyes. Mom was very worried, but tried not to make a fuss.

A few days later, in the middle of the night, Johnny needed to use the toilet. He whispered in Jacky's ear, "Come with me. Please."

"But I'm scared, Jonny," Jacky whispered back, his eyes heavy with sleep and swollen from crying. He cried every night.

As they entered the bathroom, a black, hideous, shadow-like figure with glowing red eyes scurried past them hissing: "Didn't I tell you to Go!"

Johnny wet himself, and shouted, "Mom! Dad!" His parents awoke, fear gripping them. The twins related what had happened, calmer now, and fell asleep on the couch.



The family tried to tell themselves that it would stop soon. But no such luck. The next day was the last straw.

While clearing the yard, John saw, hanging from a branch, a doll-like figure smeared with – yes, you guessed it – blood! And another sinister warning on the wall. “Didn’t I tell you to get out? You just don’t listen.”

Severely spooked, the parents decided to leave immediately.

“But what about the beach?” cried Johnny.

“Sorry, guys. Our lives are more important.”

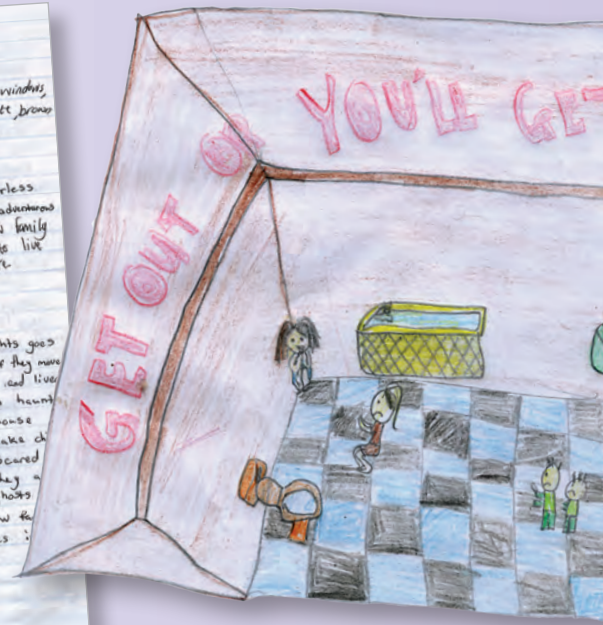
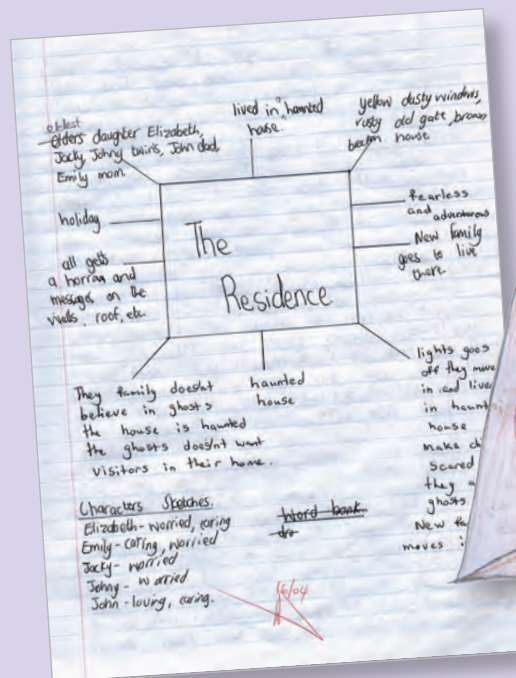
Suddenly Elizabeth started crying. “I can’t take this anymore,” she said.

“What’s the matter?” Mom asked.

Just as Elizabeth was about to tell them, the house started to shake and the front door flew open.

“Quick!” shouted Dad. “Get your things and hurry to the car!”

Story planning and draft illustrations



As soon as everyone was in the car, they sped off. As they were leaving, they saw a cheery family driving in their direction. John tried to stop them, but no matter how much they shouted, screamed and waved, everyone in the other car just ignored them.

"It's as if w ... we are invisible ... as if w ... we are ...,"
Johny stuttered.

"Ghosts," Dad finished his sentence, looking strangely at all of them.

That explained a lot: the disappearing items, the lock. The incident in the bathroom. The air suddenly felt horribly, icy cold.

"That's what I wanted to tell you," said Elizabeth, looking back at the house.

The Jacobs family sat in silence, shocked at the revelation. ■





Kouthar Waggie

Schotsche Kloof
Primary School

Grade 6

Age 12

One stormy night in a village far away there lived a royal family, in a huge kingdom. Queen Milana loved everyone who lived there. She had two sweet daughters, Lauren and Victoria. She loved them a lot. Her daughters never really got along too well. Her eldest daughter, Lauren, was married. Victoria was still to be married. But what happens when a cold bloody murder takes place? Who is behind it? Who knows?

Murder and Mystery

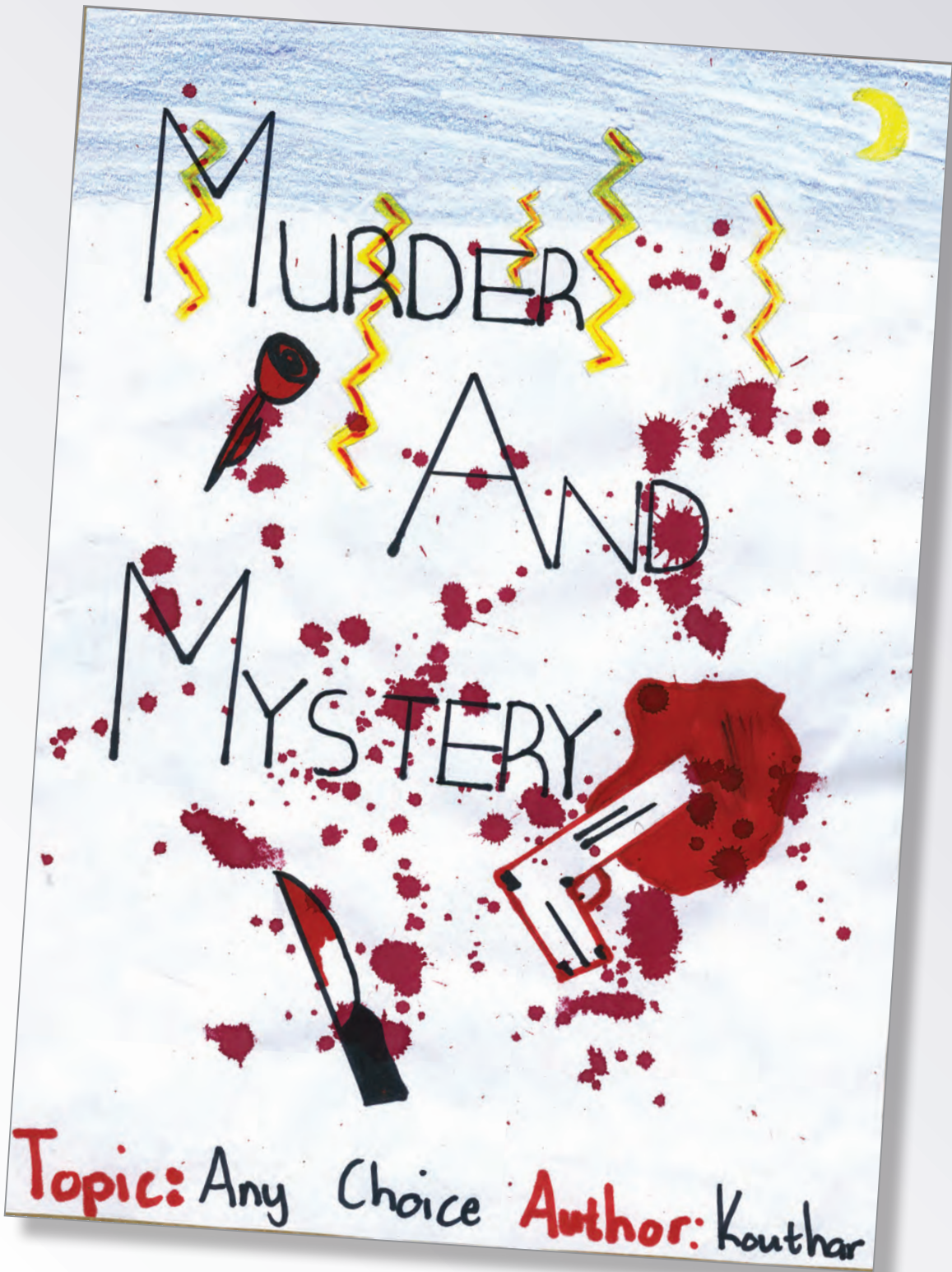
One dark and stormy night, the night before one of old Queen Milana's daughters was about to be crowned queen and rule the kingdom, a cold bloody murder took place in the kingdom.

It was horrible and awful. Milana's daughter Lauren was killed and no-one knew who killed her. Lauren had one sibling, Victoria. Lauren had stab wounds all over her body and gunshot wounds straight to her head. No-one knew who the killer was. Everyone was shocked by the fact that Lauren was murdered.

The police and Lauren's family were searching for evidence all night. They could not find any evidence to link to the death of the princess. That was not the end of it, as the queen had enemies as well. She suddenly remembered that she threw out three men from her kingdom, who were wrongly accused of stealing gold. They had warned her about their revenge.

That same night of the murder, the three men were planning to rob the kingdom. That meant that it was not them who had murdered Lauren. They had planned to steal Queen Milana's most precious possession, her crown.

They had paid a friend who was a powerful sorceress to make a potion, in order to buy some time to steal a few things. The spell would last for thirty minutes. No more, no less. One of



the servants had spiked Queen Milana's drink. The men knew where everything was.

By then, the police had informed the family that they found a blood stain on Lauren's body and it was not hers. They got blood samples of everyone in the royal family, including the three men.

They matched everyone's blood with the blood stain found on the body. None of the royal family's blood matched, nor the three men. But – earlier that day the killer paid the analysis to change the blood sample so that the blood would not match. This was very clever of the killer. The killer was now safe from everyone.



Days and weeks went by and the police did not find any evidence. The family was shattered and broken from within. Then more than a decade had past and still the killer was not caught. By that time, all the detectives who were working on the case had retired. New detectives came and investigated the case from the start. They knew much more than the previous detectives.

They found some evidence that the previous detectives did not find. New inventions were made and it was much easier to find the culprit. They kept on investigating. They found a suspect and it was from the royal family. It was Queen Milana herself.

The police went to the kingdom to arrest the Queen. She was absolutely shocked. The reason for this is because the actual

killer paid an investigator to do something so that she would not get caught. It was harder for the Queen, because she had a criminal record and she was not such a good person. She only wanted and did everything for money.

The whole kingdom knew how she was, but were all shocked by the fact that she was arrested for a murder. No-one knew if this was true or false.

The killer was still free and Milana was still in prison. No-one thought that she could do this. The killer went to meet the Queen in prison and threatened her, saying if she revealed her identity, she will kill her. It was Queen Milana's daughter herself, Victoria. The Queen was very shocked but held her tears back. Milana asked Victoria the reason for killing her own sister. They were blood related. She just could not believe. The Queen promised not to reveal the truth to anyone, because she loved her daughter very much.

There was one investigator who suspected Victoria when she walked past him, nervously. She went to a secret room. He followed her there and found the evidence he was looking for: a video of Victoria killing Lauren. He called his team and they came and arrested her. She did not confess to any of her crimes. She pretended to be very sad and going mad.

After spending some time in prison Victoria finally confessed to her crimes, and for killing her sister Lauren. She said the reason for doing all this is because she felt left out and thought no-one loved her. She had enough and vented her anger on her sister. She had started to hate her sister.

Victoria went to prison and was sentenced to fifty years, without parole. First degree murder. ■



Janeeka Baartman

Athlone North
Primary School

Grade 5

Age 10

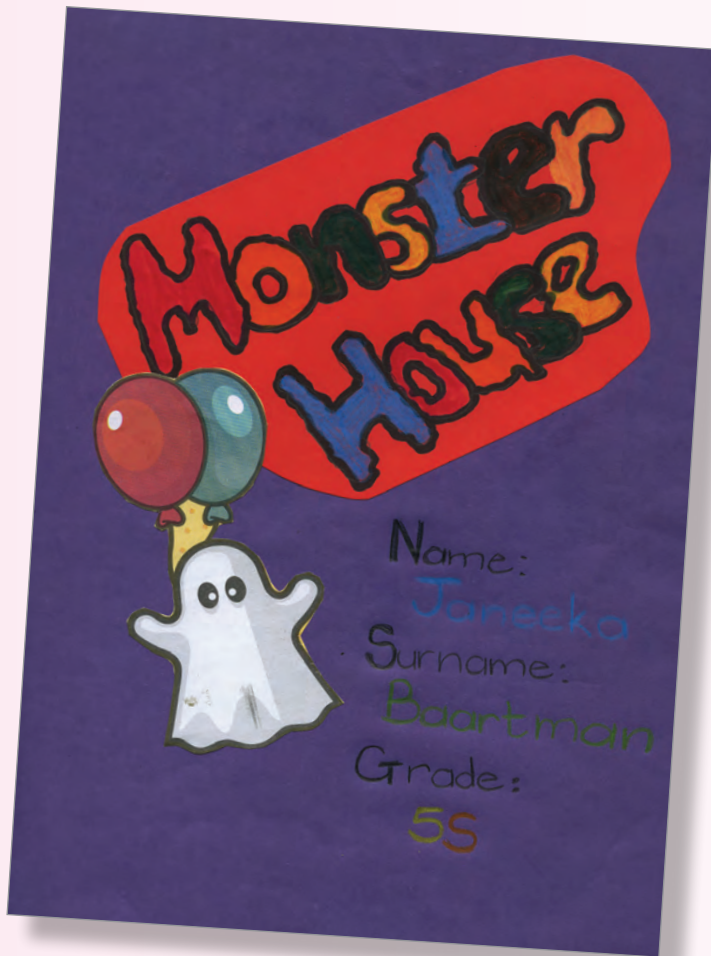
Jack, Ben, Katie and Wendy go trick-or-treating. They then find themselves in a unexpected situation, where they have to trade their winnings for their freedom.

Monster House

It was that time of the year again. Time to get pretty scary and plus get candy for free. Who wouldn't love Halloween? Jack, Ben, Katie and Wendy were competing in the Candy Collecting Competition, CCC for short. They were overwhelmed with joy. They were pretty confident about this year's competition. The candy collecting record was 3 000 pieces of candy. They came as real competitors. The neighbours also outdid themselves with their decorations. It was as if they were in a real horror flick ...

Jack came as Count Dracula. His hair was greasy. He also had long, white, pointy fangs. His skin was as pale as a ghost and his lips as red as blood. His cape was as black as the dark night. Ben came as Dr Bones. He wore a white lab coat and had sharp teeth, with a stethoscope hanging round his neck. The bones were pretty realistic, that were in his pockets. Katie came as a zombie cheerleader. She had pig tails and a cheerleader outfit. The worms were on her pom-poms and her skin was all rugged. Wendy came as a Jack-in-the-box. She had make-up on, a silly costume and sharp teeth. You should have seen her long red shoes; they could trip anyone who walked past. Pretty scary costumes.

It was time to get the goods. They were at their first house. It was Jack's house. He was so embarrassed because they had dressed him up and plus now they took pictures. Luckily his family are suckers for adorable faces.



Then the kids decided that they would meet on Dead Man's Hill. They had split up so that they could cover more ground. It was that time to meet. They all arrived at the same time. They each had 1 000 pieces of candy. Amazing isn't it?

As they were enjoying themselves, they got a glimpse of the scariest monster house. They heard someone call for help. The children then went closer to investigate. On entering the house, they called out, searching for a reply. But ... no answer! Each call they gave shifted the door to squeak louder and louder. The door shuddered closed with a loud thud. The four children were even more curious to search the house.

Story planning and draft illustrations

Dear Journal

2 April 2018

What was the plan?
The plan was that they each came all dressed up in costumes and they make a map of the houses that give out the most candy and then split up.

Where did the story take place?
Meriville it was a cold dark scary night.

Who are the characters?
The characters are Katie, Wendy, Zack and Ben.

What day was it?
It was a cool dark scary night.

What did the characters wear?
Katie: Pink dress, pink pumps, silver tiara.
Wendy: Pink, Luffy dress, green tights, green and yellow pump.
Zack: Red cape, wavy hair, blue T-shirt and blue pants.
Ben: Pink (purple) beard glasses, book of spells, wand.

Setting: Goblins and Ghosts

Middle
Plot

Describe the problem
The children go trick-or-treating but they decide to meet at David Mares house but get a glimpse of the most biggest creepiest house they ever saw. They were involved in the most biggest creepiest house they ever saw.

Ending/Conclusion
What happened to the goblins and ghosts?
It was a surprise.



Jack thought he heard something upstairs and jumped up to find out what it was.

As he turned around a big, ugly goblin was behind him. It grabbed him and covered his mouth for him not to scream, then put him in a cage.

Katie realised Jack was missing. She informed her other friends. They looked everywhere in desperation but became even more fearful when they heard echoing in the hallway.

Suddenly, the friends found themselves in a dark room. Each one was screaming louder than the other. They were being pinched, squeezed and tossed around. Doors were slamming shut randomly. They used their glow-in-the-dark lollipops to find out where they were. They were trapped in a cage ready to fall down a dark bottomless pit. They felt like it was the end.

The goblin and ghosts were trying to communicate with the children. Ben was the only one paying attention while the others were trying to finish their last item on their bucket list – eating all their Halloween candy. But Ben stopped them in their tracks. He figured out that the goblin and ghosts also wanted some Halloween treats.

The children wanted to win really badly but their lives were more important. They traded their delicious sugary treats for their freedom. Even though they didn't win the CCC this year, they were still winners. ■





Litha Gida

Belmor Primary
School

Grade 5

Age 11

Scruffy and Shabby – A tale of well-worn shoes, is an inspiring story about a pair of twin shoes, who are worn out, but still have some kilometres in them. The talking twins take us on their journey and we meet the Moroko family. We discover how they looked after Scruffy and Shabby and why the old shoes are in a celebrated display cabinet today.

Scruffy and Shabby – A tale of well-worn shoes

My name is Scruffy and this is my twin brother Shabby. As you can see we are a pair of school shoes. We may look old and worn out, but we can tell you many stories. “Old? Speak for yourself!” said Shabby. “I still have some shine in me,” he said with a wry smile. I just rolled my eyes at my brother because he didn’t want to accept that he was old.

We have been serving the Moroko family for generations. I remember the day when Ma Nowethu Moroko walked into PEP Stores and asked, “Do you have a pair of boys’ school shoes in size 6 please?” The sales lady pointed to our bright orange Buccaneer box and we both laughed with happiness because this was the start of our lives.

Ma Moroko presented us to her four sons: Awonke, Luleki, Jabu and Tau. They were so excited to see us! Awonke and Luleki were the eldest and both were a size 6. The Morokos were a poor, but proud household. They didn’t have much in their shack, but they looked after what they did have with care.

“Boys, as you know we live in the dusty streets of Khayelitsha. We don’t have much now, but one day we will have what we dream of.” The boys listened to their mom. “I can only afford to buy one pair of shoes and you all four will have to wear them. Whoever wakes up first gets to wear the shoes. What do I always say boys?” she asked.



“The early bird catches the worm!” they all said in unison.

So every morning the boys would try to wake up early to get a chance to wear the shoes. “Tau, that’s not fair, you wear a size 4!” Awonke said.

Tau just smiled and said mischievously, “The early bird catches the worm.”

As the years went by the boys grew up and had their own families. Shabby and I thought we would be discarded by now, but Awonke brought us to his house. He had a son named Siphon, and Siphon wore us with pride even though we



were not brand new anymore. Awonke told him the story of how his brothers had to wake up early to wear the school shoes. Ma Moroko was older and greyer, but still so wise and taught Siphso all the lessons she taught her sons.

Each one of her sons went on to be hard-working, disciplined men, who always woke up early to grab every opportunity. "Education is the most powerful weapon you can use to change the world, Tata Mandela said. Don't forget it," she always reminded them. It was those words that made all Ma Moroko's boys go to school every morning.

Siphso passed us on to his son Litha. Litha was born many years later into a democratic, free and new South Africa. He wore us with great pride throughout his school years.

He graduated at the University of Cape Town with a business degree and everyone cheered! He was the first Moroko boy to graduate. "Ma Moroko would've been so proud, Litha!" they all said. Ma Moroko was not there to share the day with her family, but her wise words and values were what made Litha start an organisation.

The Early Bird Moroko Project gave 800 pairs of shoes to poor children every year. Litha helped children who couldn't afford to buy a pair of school shoes. When you step into the offices of the Early Bird Moroko Project, you will see a shiny glass cabinet with a special golden trophy. Guess who else you will see? Us! We have walked the walk and whenever the Morokos look at us, they remember their journey. ■



Ndalo Mngxuma

Alicedale Primary
School

Grade 6

Age 11

Three girls have a sleepover at school. They bring everything they need, like a photo booth, makeup booth and a popcorn maker! Later that night they hear someone downstairs. After seeing a ghost they split up and search the school. They discover the ghost is actually Roxxy and immediately she attacks them with tornados, then throws them into a giant vanilla pie!

Best Sleepover Ever!!!

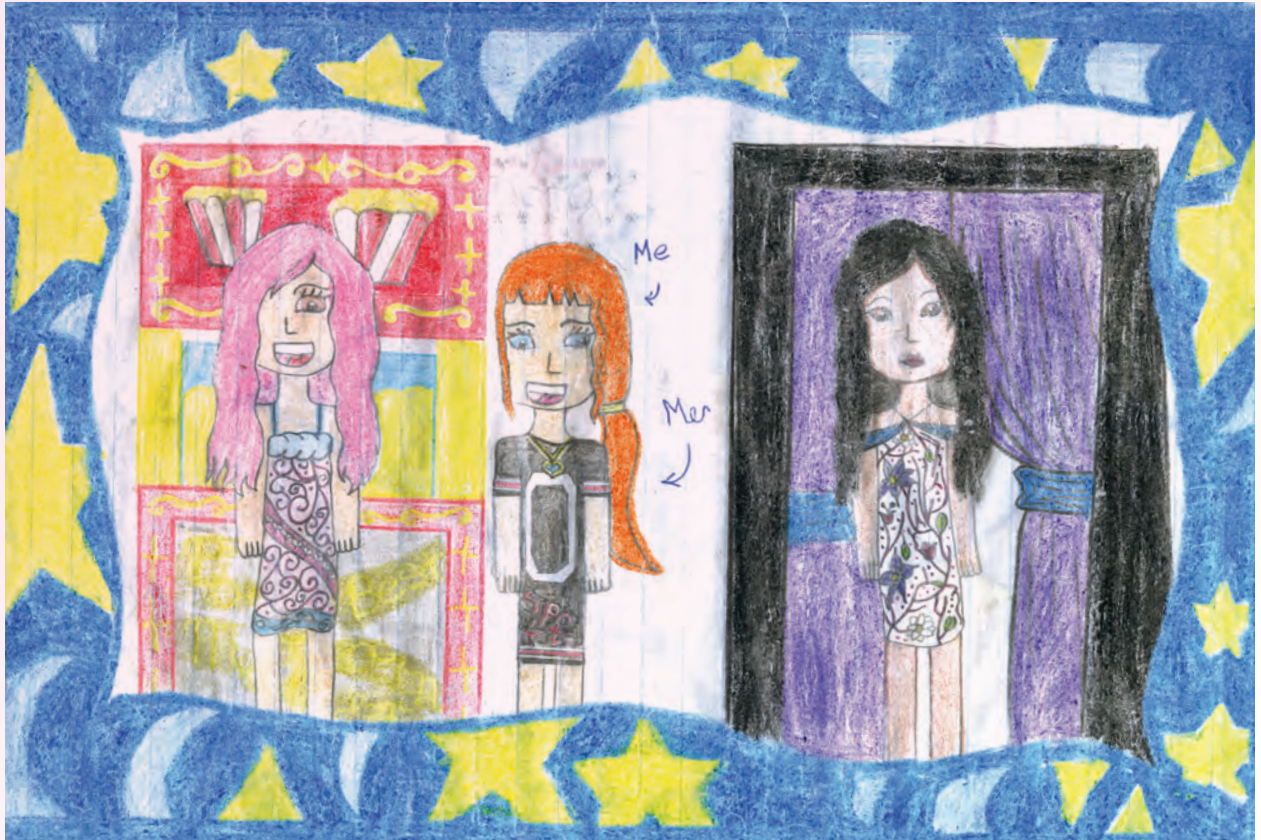
My story begins in the beautiful suburb of Beverly Hills. A place where fashion matters and has beautiful cars and incredible mansions!

I'm Kylie, a 15-year-old, confident, talented, independent girl. Let me introduce you to the rest of the crew, Arianna and Kiara.

We've been best friends ever since I moved to Beverly Hills. Arianna's a great artist, very athletic, and generous too. Kiara designs her own clothes, is a great dancer and just like the rest of us, she is confident and independent.

Kiara, Kylie, that's me, and Arianna were having a sleepover inside the school! While everyone was getting ready, Kiara was still obsessing over her pink hair! So everyone was setting up their sleeping bags, the makeup booth, photo booth, popcorn maker and the pillow section. We were all dressed up in our best pyjamas and our fluffiest slippers. We first started with the pillow section. We had a pillow fight that probably lasted for an hour. We made pillow castles and pretended the floor was lava.

Sleepover



It took 30 minutes to set up the popcorn maker and photo booth. The makeup booth took us less than 20 minutes to set up. Everyone was having such a fun time. We started getting hungry, so we ate some delicious popcorn!

We all did our own makeup and we looked amazing!!! We also told some spooky stories and obviously I was the best story teller. Later that night we heard someone downstairs. We were all too scared to go downstairs so we played rock, paper, scissors to choose who should go, and Kiara lost.

It was pitch black downstairs and I could tell Kiara was shivering with fear.

We were all worried about Kiara. Suddenly we heard her screaming at the top of her lungs. We ran downstairs to see



what was going on, but there was nothing there. "I think I saw a ghost! It looked like a girl wearing a torn dress, and let me tell you she has got some poor fashion choices!" said Kiara.

So, we all searched the school separately. I looked in the toilets including the boy's toilet. Arianna frantically searched the classes; Kiara searched the kitchen, staff room, office and the outside of the school.

Kiara helped Arianna search outside the school and at that very moment, I heard screaming. As I was running out of the toilets, I felt like I was racing with a cheetah. The ghost was actually another girl, Roxxy!

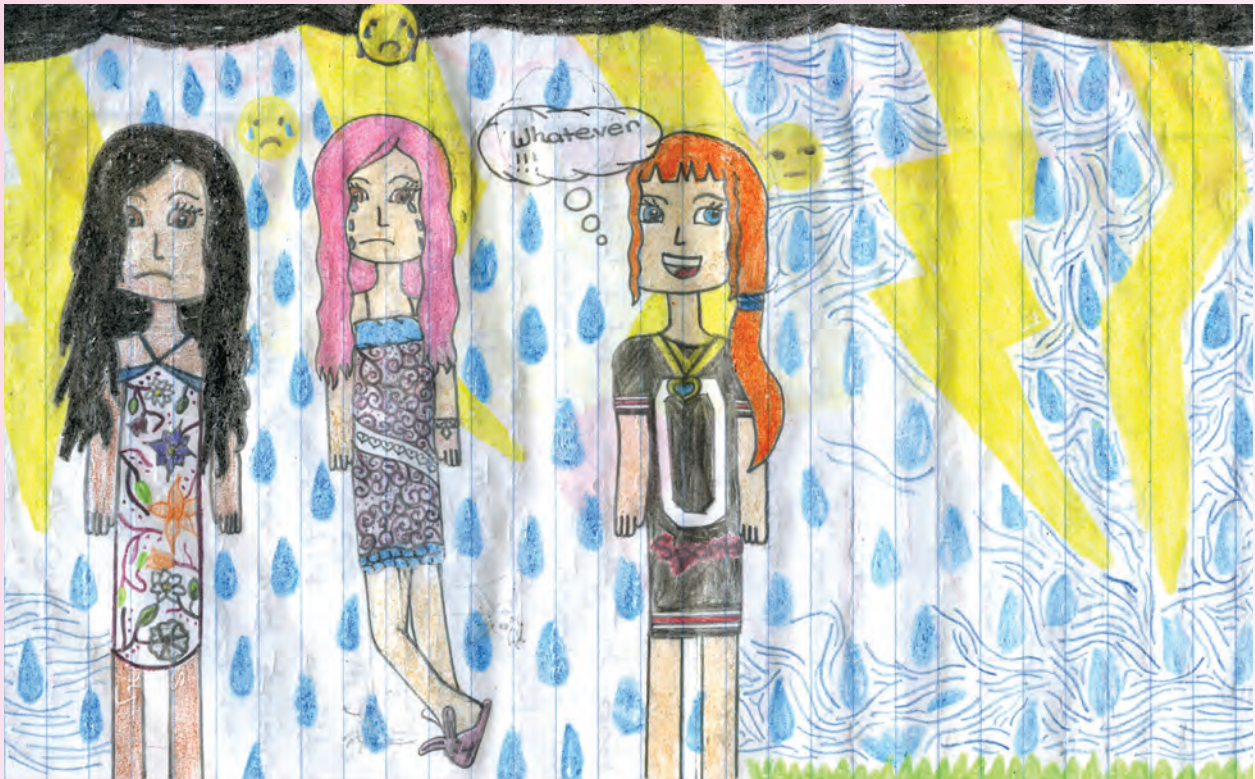
In a few seconds there was a giant tornado sucking up everything in sight including the girls and the school as well!

We were inside the swirling tornado screaming and fearing for our lives. It felt like the Earth was spinning at 1 000 000 kilometres per hour! Suddenly, there was lightning and a second tornado appeared! This wasn't just any tornado. This was a water tornado!! We could see sharks, whales, crabs, shrimps and even more sharks!

My heart was pounding and to be honest I was really happy we weren't inside the water tornado. We were so sure this nightmare was never going to stop. It felt as if death was approaching and going to swallow everything in its path.

People were running up and down calling for help and dogs were barking in fear. "I'm calling my mom right now! Hello? Mom? I need you to bring me my extra bag of popcorn, I'm starving!" said Kiara.

"How can you be thinking of eating at a time like this Kiara?!" I asked.



“Okay, okay sheesh rude much,” said Kiara.

“Oh no!” screamed Arianna.

“What’s the matter?” I asked.

“I got lipstick on my pyjamas!” said Arianna.

“OMG! This is like the worst fashion disaster, in the history of fashion disasters!!” said Kiara. They both begin to cry.

“Uggh, you girls are so annoying!” said Roxxy. Then out of nowhere a third tornado appeared. Suddenly thunder and rain came crashing down on the girls.

They screamed so loudly, that you could hear them from a neighbouring country! Wind started rolling in at 350 km per hour and destroyed three buildings and two cars. “Oh, how I love watching you suffer!” said Roxxy.

Things were only getting worse for the girls and worst of all Kiara still never got her popcorn! But the worst worst part was that the rain was getting the girls' pyjamas wet!

The girls fell out of their tornado and hid behind the trees. But the water tornado sucked them up and dropped them into a giant vanilla pie!

Roxyxy revealed who she really was, and it was none other than Kylie's twin sister Mylie! All their parents and friends took off their masks. The girls asked Mylie how she found out about their secret sleepover. "Kylie told me," said Mylie.

"Shhh!" said Kylie.

"Oh! So Kylie told you did she?" asked Kiara angrily. Kiara and Arianna turned to Kylie and chased her with bags of popcorn and honey!

"Come on guys. Let's work this out, please?" begged Kylie.

"Never!" shouted Arianna and Kiara.

So for the rest of the night Kiara and Arianna were covering Kylie with honey and popcorn.

Well, I'd love to tell you more but I eventually woke up. ■





Nonhlanhla Mpetha

Intshayelelo
Primary School
Grade 5
Age 11

Laila is a little girl whose mother works at Kruger National Park as a ranger. Laila introduced the little rhino in the story. They were friends after spending some time together and the little rhino started to trust Laila. The little rhino then wrote a letter for help, to Laila. Its concern was about poaching and how it was putting the rhinos and other species in danger of extinction.

A Letter From a Little Rhino

Chapter 1

My mother Yoliswa works in the Kruger National Park as a game ranger. During school holidays I always go with her when she goes to work. On the very first day there was a little rhino that was two months old. The rhino could talk and write. As the days went by, we became friends.

Once again it was time for me to go back to school. I was sad because it was lovely to spend time with my mother, as I was helping her with her work, and learning about wild animals. What saddened me the most was the thought of leaving my new friend, Goofy the little rhino. Goofy and I became so close that we could not tolerate not seeing each other for quite a long time. As I was packing my clothes in preparation to get back home, I thought to myself that I wouldn't hear from the little rhino anytime soon.

One day my mother came from work, and she pulled out a brown envelope and handed it to me. I was surprised and didn't know what was inside it. I slowly opened it and surprisingly it was a letter from my new friend Goofy the little rhino. I quickly walked straight to my bedroom to read the letter in private.



Chapter 2

As I sat down on my single bed, my eyes glued on this letter, I couldn't wait to *hear* its content. The letter read as follows:

Private Bag X 110

Kruger National Park

Limpopo

22 July 2015

Dear Laila Nonhlanhla

Hopefully you had a good time; I had a good time with you. It may be too soon to hear from me, but the reason I write this letter is not only to thank you, but also to ask for your help.

I am worried about my fellow rhinos. I am living in fear, as there are poachers out there that hunt us down and kill us for our horns. Lately in the news report, the news reporter announced that about 10 rhinoceroses were killed in the past two weeks and the amount of rhino poaching is increasing daily.

Just recently I learnt that my cousin Geza was reported dead. His horn was chopped off by the poachers and he was left to die under a tree. A game ranger that was passing by saw him in lots of pain and made a call to inform the vet. He took him to the vet and he got examined. The vet said that there was nothing he can do, and that the rhino must be killed legally.

I could not believe when I saw this on the news report. Poachers are cutting down our horns and leaving us bleeding to death. Some are not lucky as I am. I am living in a much safer place, the Game Reserve. Others live in the wild with no-one to care for and protect them. We die slow and painful, painful deaths. This has pushed me to become the voice of the voiceless.

I am taking a stand, not only for me but also for my fellow rhinos and other animals whose lives are endangered. As I saw this on the news, I thought of so many ways on how I can get help, but nothing solid came into my mind. I need your advice on how to handle this matter.

I hope to hear from you soon.

Your friend

Goofy, the little rhino



Chapter 3

After reading the letter I was moving up and down in my room, talking alone ...

I cannot believe that this matter has not come to my attention. People like me and my mom out there are so heartless, they do horrible things to the animals. The animals have rights too, like us human beings, a right to life. The animals are our tourist attraction. People travel from all over the world to see nature and its beauty. As for rhinoceroses, they are the only animals I know that have the features of unicorns, which makes me believe that there once were unicorns on Earth.



I am determined to help my friend. I cannot let this slip away. If I do, poachers will carry on with this illegal act and slowly rhinos will become extinct.

After a few hours, I took a paper and a pen to reply to the letter from my friend. As I was about to write, I remembered. It's Friday and mommy only works during the week. Ow no! This is an emergency. It can't wait for two more days ... but then I guess it will just have to wait.

I then prayed: God as I am about to write this letter, lead me and be the one to whisper in my ears, the words that will not only be advice, but words to strengthen the little rhino.

In Jesus name I pray,

Amen

Chapter 4

I then wrote the letter. It read as follows:

369 Rockville Street

Ritchville

Upington

2251

23 July 2015

My dearest little rhino

Writing this letter would have been the greatest pleasure if circumstances were different.

I couldn't believe my eyes, nor did I trust my literacy when reading your letter. I have been so ignorant, that if it was not by you, even today I wouldn't have known of this act.

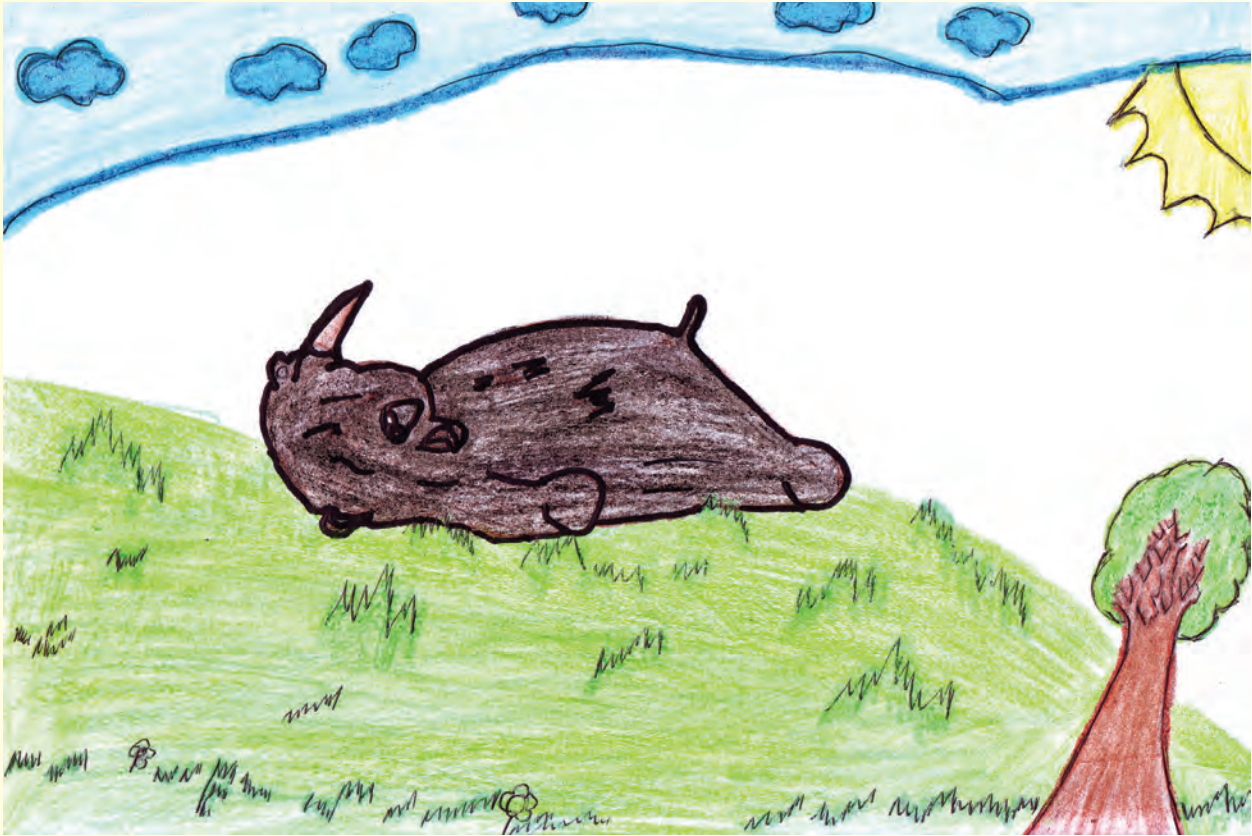
Don't worry little rhino, I am willing to help and to be your right hand wing girl. I don't have much information yet, but I will gather something in the meantime. I think it would be wise to consider writing a letter to the government officials.

Let them know about your concern, please be firm and confident and get your facts right. Over the week when I am at school, with the help of my school librarian I will collect and search for some information. I will see if my classmates can help me write and draw posters, about how to stop animal cruelty. Mommy will be our post lady.

Love and miss you friend. I will keep in touch.

Your friend,

Laila Nonhlanhla



Chapter 5

The weekend was over. It was on Monday morning, before leaving for school, that I reminded my mother about the letter. I then left for school.

My mother was very late that morning. She rushed as they had to be there earlier than usual for a staff meeting before working hours. She rushed to work not noticing that she left the letter at home. During the staff meeting she then recalled that she had forgotten to take the letter and that morning she was located to work in a different section, which was very far from Goofy.

Goofy waited patiently for hours and nothing came. On that day Goofy was very sad and hurt. She wondered: "Did

Laila receive my letter? If she did, why is she not responding? Maybe she doesn't have an interest in what I said?" Goofy was very confused, not knowing what to think. The playful Goofy was sad and sleepy the whole day.

The next day, Goofy was still waiting with hope. She did not lose hope because she trusted our friendship. Luckily my mother did not forget to take the letter to Goofy.

Chapter 6

By midday the letter was delivered to Goofy. As I suggested in the letter, the information I promised to give, to help little rhino to write a letter to the government officials, was delivered by my mother. Now it was up to Goofy to write the letter.

Goofy did not waste time and it took her two days to put the facts in order.

The letter read as follows:

Private bag X110

Kruger National Park

Limpopo

26-July-2015

Dear Government Officials

My name is Goofy the little rhino. I live in Kruger National Park with my family. I am writing this letter as a concerned little rhino.

In the news reports of the past few weeks, it has been headlined that rhinoceroses are one of the endangered species in South Africa. This means, one day there will be no rhinos in our country. My request is that the government needs to strengthen its law, putting away for a long time

the people who break the law and poach animals. It is cruelty and greediness to make money by breaking the law and in the process killing nature. The government officials do not only have to catch the poachers, but more importantly to catch those who buy these horns. By doing so it can help reduce the number of poached animals in South Africa.

Yours sincerely,

Goofy the little rhino

Chapter 7

A few months later, the government received the letter and decided to help the rhinos with their problem. I also joined the activity and advised the government to hire more people in Game Reserves and tame animals in the wild so that they can be taken to Game Reserves.

The citizens of the country stopped poaching animals and the number of rhinos being poached decreased and rhinos lived freely without fear. ■



FROM: LAILA
NONHILANHLA

TO: HTERPH



Diego Esau

Blackheath
Primary School
Grade 6
Age 11

It's not something he wants. Some see it as plain imagination at his age, and his parents are secretive when he tells them about his strange dreams. UNTIL he gets sucked into a nightmare, not knowing if it is real or not. The question remains: Where does imagination stop and vision, seeing things that are real, start? What if you can no longer keep something locked up that wants OUT?

Unlocked Vision – Kevin has the gift of vision

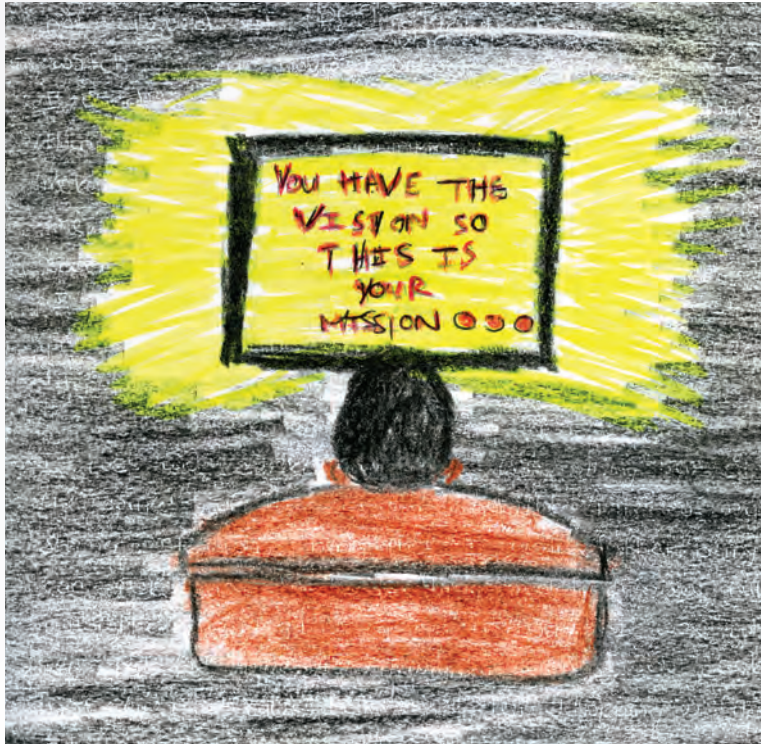
I was finally alone at home. My parents went out the Friday evening to a night club in Cape Town. It was a friend's birthday party they attended and kids were not allowed at the nightclub.

I was not allowed to watch scary movies without the supervision of my parents. I used to watch scary movies when I was younger and then I would get nightmares. Nightmares that made me wake up at night, seeing scary things, but nobody believed me.

My parents once mentioned something about how I am special, me not knowing what it meant at the time. They said I would understand when I am much older.

It was way past my bed time and my parents told me not to stay up later than 21Hoo. I was wide awake and there was nothing but silence, except for the sounds of the television and the snores of my dog, Stormer. It was then that I realized that being alone can make you do strange things, and disobey rules. I was not the sweet child my parents thought I was when they were not at home. As mentioned, I was wide awake and not tired at all.

I did some channel hopping on the television in my room – when it happened. The remote and TV suddenly stopped working. I pressed the power button but no response.



Then the television screen went from blank to a bright light. On the screen appeared the words: YOU HAVE THE VISION SO THIS IS YOUR MISSION ...

I was locked in a gaze, I do not know for how long. I tried to look away, but I was in a trance; shivers went down my spine. I was cold from top to bottom, frozen. My heart was racing and drops of sweat were pouring down my face. It felt like I had lost control over my body, without any strength to move, or to wipe the sweat from my face.

I did not know when I moved, or how it was possible, but I found myself standing outside in a dark forest. I felt danger in every shadow, as if eyes were watching me. Uncontrollable fear racked through my body. The tree branches were like fingers creeping up on me in the cold, misty weather.





I knew then the thing I most feared was my gift of vision, seeing things that were invisible to others. Things nobody believed in. It was almost as if my eyes were opened, unlocked, so that a secret was revealed.

I saw dead people; zombies rose from the ground covered with rotten leaves. I wanted to slay them all with my bare hands, but knew it was impossible. I could smell the odour of their decayed flesh. The overpowering smell of death, like when something died and it was not properly buried.

I knew then if I got bitten I would have to stay in the world of shadows forever. I started to run, but arms kept grabbing me. It was impossible to breathe because of the air. I almost choked because of the odour. I needed fresh air because I knew I was in a panic state. I heard myself breathing, making me freak out even more. I knew I was in a dream, but did not know how to wake up so the nightmare would end.

The shadows crept up on me, closer and closer. I had to shake them off. It was then that I heard something breathing heavily. It was not me alone anymore; I could smell its breath. My body was frozen, cold with sweat; the saliva of the creature was dripping on my face. Every drop felt like a needle, pricking my skin. I started to scream, trying to get loose, because this thing trapped me. The more I struggled to get loose the more tangled I got. I only got loose when it was about to bite me.

Before the monster could bite my flesh I awoke, tangled in my blankets. My dog Stormer was hovering over me, licking my face, with his paws on my chest. I assumed this was because of the strange noises I had made in my sleep. He tried to wake me up, making my face wet with his tongue, his saliva



dripping on me. I knew then the heavy breathing and the bad odour came from him.

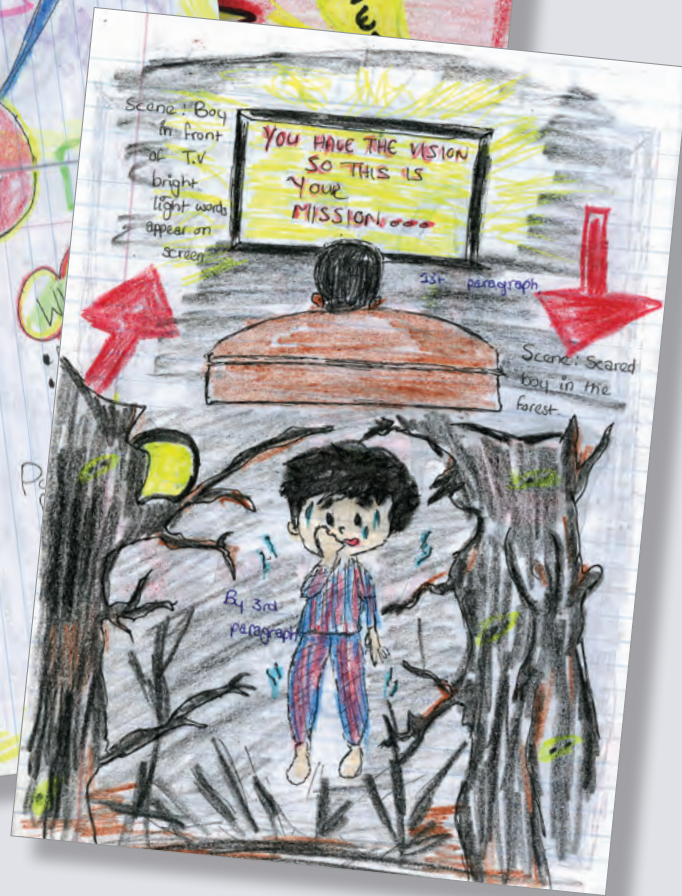
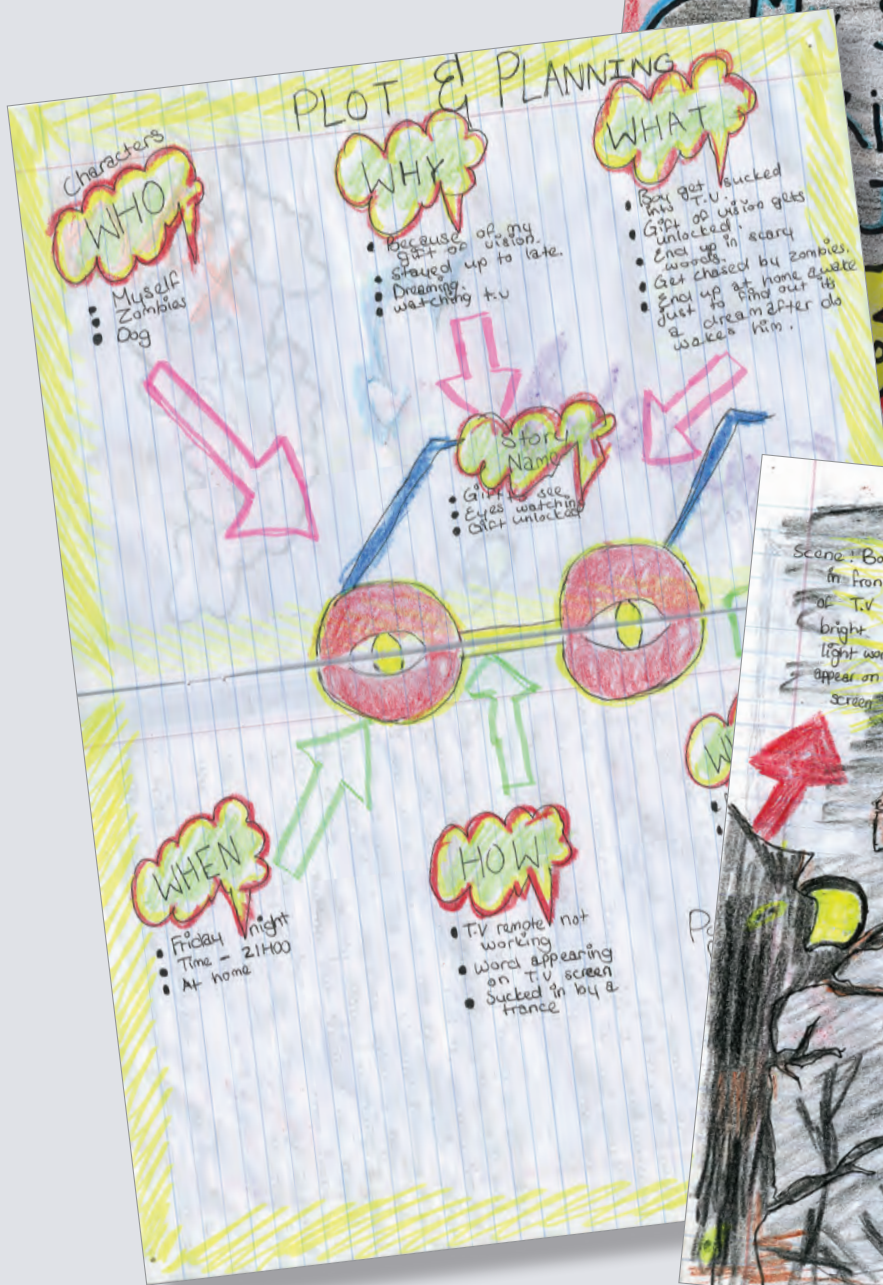
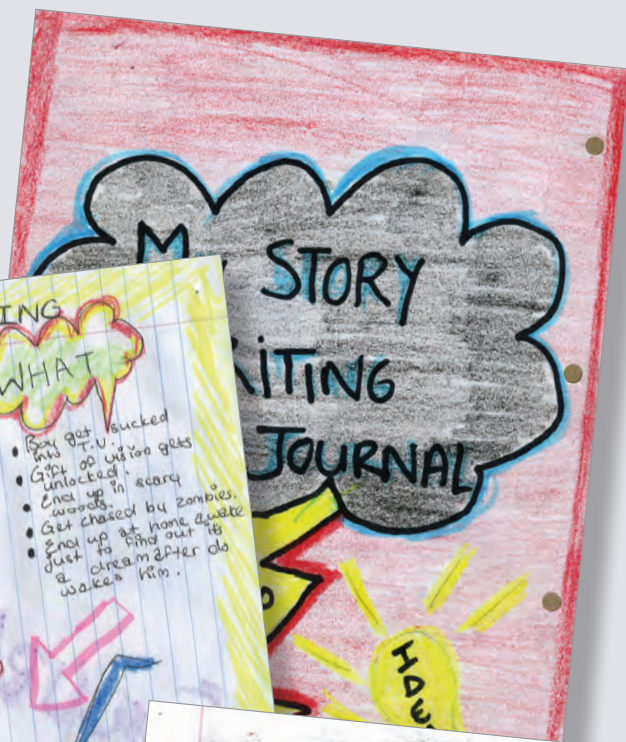
My thought was that this was just a silly nightmare. I was now awake, unable to sleep again. In the back of my mind I knew this nightmare was more vivid than some dream or just my imagination. I was convinced the nightmare was going to come back for me.

The movie that was playing was done. The strange thing that caught my eye was the following words scrolling down the screen:

YOUR MISSION TO SURVIVE IS COMPLETED.
WATCH OUT FOR NEXT TIME – YOU MIGHT
NOT BE SO LUCKY AGAIN ...



Story planning and draft illustrations





Shakira-Lee Dickson

Arcadia Primary School

Grade 6

Age 11

The story is about a little girl who loves toothfairies and is a great believer of them, but her dad isn't. Her dad gets punished with a spell and the queen of Toothfairy Land takes her and brings her to Toothfairy Land. They send a guard with her to fly around and to see what's it like. The spell breaks after her father has lost three teeth. Her wish is to be a toothfairy when she is older, and to make other young children happy.

Toothfairy

I believe that toothfairies are good and caring and have lots of money. When my tooth fell out, I would put it under my pillow and sleep on it. When I woke up in the morning, my tooth was gone and money would lay there almost like magic. I asked my mom where my tooth was because it was gone from under my pillow and I found money there. She explained to me that toothfairies collect children's teeth and leave money in place of the tooth. I couldn't believe that a fairy took my tooth and left some money for me. Every time a tooth would fall out I would fake sleep so that I could see a toothfairy, but I never got an opportunity to see one.



One day, my friend's tooth fell out but her father wasn't a great believer of toothfairies. He believed that toothfairies were a story that parents used to make up to comfort their children. That morning my friend woke up and she also saw money under her pillow. She told her father: "Dad, so can you explain what this is, because if toothfairies aren't real, now where did the money come from?"



Toothfairies are real, because my friend got money under her pillow when her tooth fell out. Her dad was about to tell her they don't exist. Then her mom stopped him.

The mother stopped the father because she didn't want to see him shatter her child's belief in toothfairies.

Then the queen of the Toothfairy Land saw what he was doing and punished the father for what he was about to do. Every time the father said bad things about toothfairies, then one of his teeth would fall out. As they put the spell on him, he felt a weird feeling going through his body.

The one evening when the mother and father were laying in bed having a conversation about toothfairies, he said



something really bad about them, and his tooth fell out. He was shocked and didn't understand how that happened because it fell out even though his tooth wasn't loose.

The queen of Toothfairy Land took his daughter to experience the life of a toothfairy. They gave her a pair of wings and a wand so she could feel how it is. They sent a toothfairy guard with her to see what they do and how they are to kids. She went to one of the kid's houses and it was awesome. She couldn't believe her eyes, she was in shock. They struggled to get the tooth but they used magic to get under the pillow and POOF! they were under and got the tooth and placed the money down.

She was happy when she came back to Toothfairy Land. She was full of excitement and couldn't stop thinking of the great experience she had with the guard. She spun around and flew up in the sky and twirled upside down before her time ended being a toothfairy.

The Queen of Toothfairy Land saw her excitement and suggested she stay till the morning to see the child's reaction when she got the money under her pillow.

It was such a great experience for her to see the child's reaction when she got the money.

When she returned, the spell on her dad was only broken after he already lost three teeth. She now strongly believes in toothfairies without any doubt. Her wish is to become a toothfairy and make all children happy. ■





Kuhle Javu

West End Primary
School

Grade 5

Age 11

Four friends find themselves in a large jungle-like garden after discovering something spectacular, yet scary. At this point one should think that this is the worst that could transpire. However, things escalate even further, and they are faced with an even more challenging dilemma. Their courage is tested and against all odds they triumph.

The Kingdom of the Magical Garden

Chapter 1

Just like any other day Max, Mia, Suzy and Solly, four close friends, walked home from school. When they reached the corner of Bamboo Street they went their separate ways. After a few minutes Mia, Solly and Suzy came running to Max's house.

"Hey Max, why did you call us here?" Solly asked.



"Come to the backyard. I want to show you something. It's amazing!" replied Max excitedly.

When they got to the backyard, Max showed them the surprise.



"Okay . . . it's a bunch of bushes," said Solly, confused.

"No silly, it's a garden," said Max. "My dad planted it two days ago."

Chapter 2

"I have something interesting to show you," said Max, even more excited. He picked a leaf from a nearby bush and grabbed his magnifying glass from his pocket. "Look!" he showed them. There were small grains of gold on the leaf.

"Wow," they said.

"Where do you think it comes from?" Max asked.

"It could be fairies," suggested Mia.

"No, it could be elves," suggested Solly.

As the others were suggesting things Max inquisitively found himself rubbing the grains on his fingers, trying to figure out where they came from. Without knowing it, he was shrinking smaller and smaller.

"Hey, where's Max?" asked Suzy.

"He's probably around," said Mia.

"Max! Max!" they shouted. They looked for him everywhere but couldn't find him.

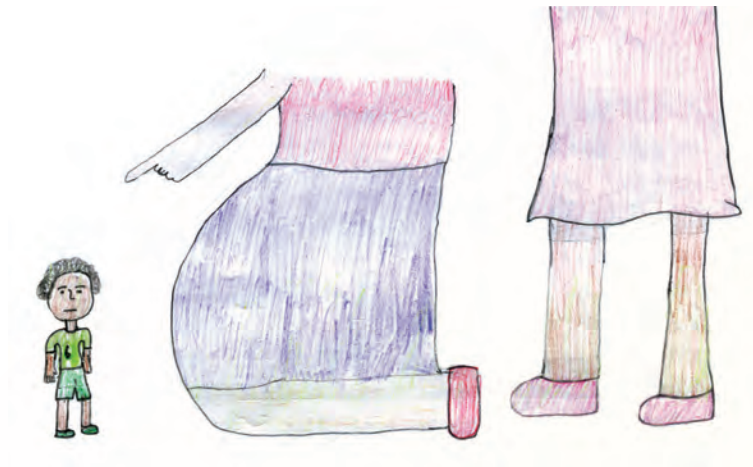
"Hey guys, come see!" shouted Solly. It was Max's magnifying glass.

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed Mia. "That leaf – Max had it before he disappeared, and it still has the golden grains he showed us."

"Let me see that," said Solly and he started to rub it too. Smaller and smaller he started to shrink.

"What's happening to Solly?" exclaimed Suzy in a quivering voice.





Chapter 3

To shrink and be able to save the boys the girls started rubbing the grains on themselves. Smaller and smaller they too shrank.

Mia and Suzy wandered around and around looking for the boys. "Hey! There they are!" shouted Mia as they ran to them.

"Hey, there are the girls!" shouted Max as they ran to them.

Chapter 4

"How did we get here in this jungle?" asked Max. He was panicking.

"Calm down Max," said Suzy. "Anyway, it's not a jungle, but your garden."

Mia explained, "We all shrank because of rubbing the gold grains you discovered."

"Don't move!" said a voice from behind.

"Who are you?" asked Suzy, turning to see who it was. There were three men in green army uniforms. They looked like some royal guards. The children were taken deeper and

deeper into the jungle-like garden. Behind a few leaves and flowers they saw a beautiful village.

"It's beautiful," they said.

"Move it prisoners," said one of the guards. So they moved.



Chapter 5

They reached a big palace, and they were taken to the dungeon. They were thrown into a cell.

"Help, please! Let us go!" they shouted.

"No! No!" shouted the guard on duty.

BANG! BANG! BANG! There was a sound from outside. People or creatures outside were screaming.

"What kind of witchcraft is this?" yelled the guard on duty as he ran out.

"What was that all about?" asked Mia. No-one knew.

"Okay forget about that, let's try and break these bars," said Solly. They kicked and kicked until the bars broke.

"Yeah!" they shouted. They ran out of the palace.

"OMG," said Suzy. The village was running wild.

"Stoooooop!" yelled Mia. Everyone froze. "What's happening?" she asked.



"There's a giant coming to attack us," said an elf.

"What!" said Max.

"Look!" another elf said as he pulled out a long tube, like a telescope. The children looked through. It was Max's dad.

"Oh no. Dad must be looking for us," Max said nervously. "We may be able to help you," said Max. "Only if you make us big."

"We can only make you big for 5 minutes then you'll shrink back," said a fairy.

"Okay," said the children.

So the fairy cast a spell: "Abraca mo, abraca bow, make these children grow, grow, grow." So the children grew, grew and grew.

"Dad!" shouted Max.

"Hey, where have you been?" asked his dad.

"Umm, we were playing hide and seek, right guys?" said Max.

"Yes!" his friends replied quickly.

"Okay then, keep playing," said his dad as he went back inside the house. Their 5 minutes were over and they shrank again.

Chapter 6

"Thank you!" shouted the villagers as they danced with joy.

Then suddenly a ray of light appeared.

"Don't be scared," said a voice. "Today you have shown true bravery by saving our village, and for that we are grateful to you. I gift you with these magical wishing bracelets."

"Wow," said the children.

"These bracelets will grant you the power to shrink and grow back to normal size, any time you want to."

All at the same time they wished they were big and they grew back to their normal size. They grew at the right moment – Max's dad was just about to call them for lunch.

"Hey, where did you get those bracelets?" asked Max's dad.

"We made them ourselves. They are friendship bracelets," answered Suzy.

"Wow," said his mum. "They are beautiful."

"Thank you," said the children. ■





Siphon Xawuka

Belthorn Primary
School

Grade 6

Age 11

This story is about a boy who finds a magical garden deep in the woods. He calls all his friends and they all have fun. He complains that he doesn't get enough attention. He makes a bad wish, and regrets it at the end.

The Garden Where All Your Dreams Come True

"No!!!" screamed Kim. "I am sick and tired of you treating me badly. Blue and I are going to run away and never come back again!"

They ran off and after a while they saw a gate in the forest. In the forest there were singing birds and beautiful armchairs. The twins Kim and Blue decided to go into the garden. There they saw a large tree with beautiful pink leaves. The tree said, "Welcome to the magical garden where all your dreams will come true."

The tree continued, "If you guys want to be members of this garden, you have to first promise that you will not tell anyone about this garden."

They promised that they wouldn't tell anyone, but they were so excited that they told their friends, the quadruplets, about the garden. The quadruplets were very excited and asked the tree, "Is it okay if we can also be members of the garden?"

The magical tree was very disappointed in the twins but luckily, he was kind, so he forgave the twins. Then all six of them became official members of the magical garden. They were so happy and they all made a wish.

They were all very grateful that they were forgiven. They loved one another, but there was a problem. Kim was jealous of everyone else. He felt that he didn't get the attention that





he deserved. The tree, being very observant, realised that there was something wrong with Kim.

He asked him, "What is wrong Kim?"

Kim said, "This is all unfair. I am the one who found this garden, so I am supposed to get the most attention."

The tree was heartbroken, and said to Kim, "Please, oh please don't be jealous. I love you all, and you will get a chance to make as many wishes as you want. Just remember, jealousy makes you nasty."

Kim was so angry that he decided not to take the tree's advice. He went to the tree and he said he wanted to make a last wish. He made bad wishes and his wishes destroyed the magical garden.

Kim looked at all the damage he caused. He immediately regretted what he had done. His friends and his twin put pressure on him to change everything back to normal. He tried to calm them down, but they went on and on and on. He tried to fix everything. He was really frustrated about the situation and made a wish that all his friends and his twin become toddlers, so that they wouldn't judge him.

"Please!!! Would you please just change us back to normal?" asked Blue.

Story planning and draft illustrations



"Look, I discovered this magical garden, so you can't tell me what to do!" shouted Kim.

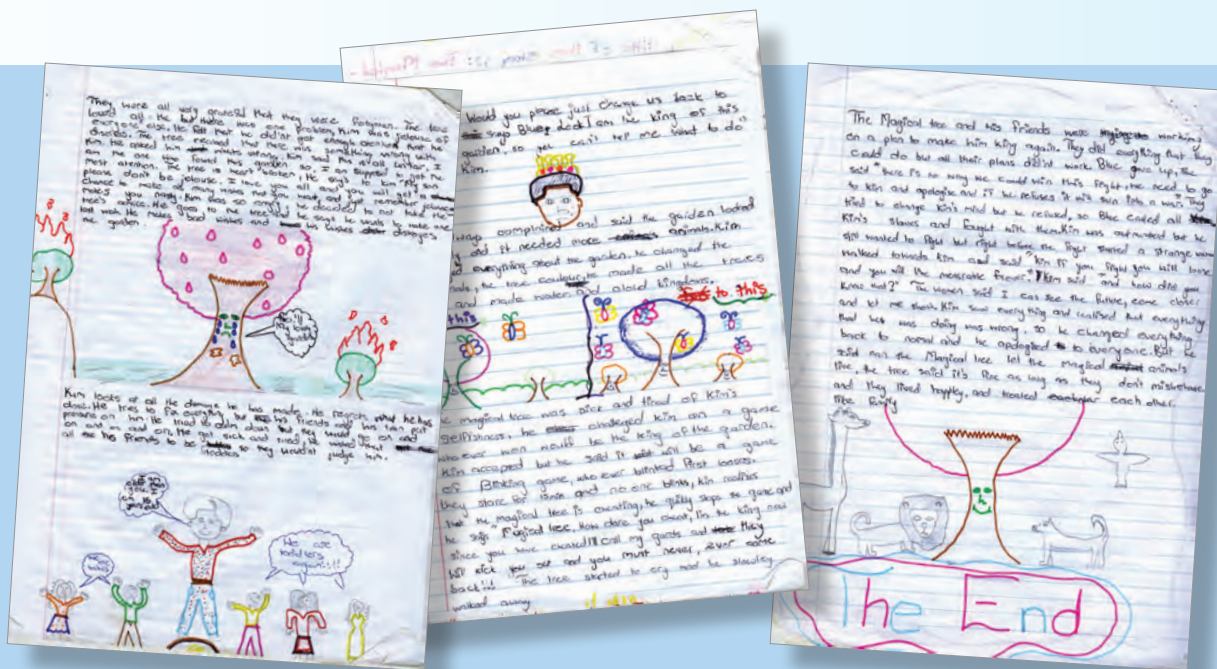
He then decided that the garden was too girlish and that it needed more animals. Kim changed everything about the garden. He changed the animals, the colour of the trees, and he made all the trees talk. He even made water and cloud kingdoms.

The magical tree was sick and tired of Kim's selfishness.

He challenged Kim to a game. The rule of the game was whoever won it, would be King of the garden. Kim accepted the challenge, but said it had to be a staring contest.

Whoever blinked first would lose. They stared at each other for 35 minutes, and no one blinked.

Kim realised that the magical tree was cheating. He quickly stopped the game and said, "Magical tree, how dare you cheat? I am now the King since you cheated and lost. I shall





call my guards and they will kick you out and you will never, ever be allowed in again!"

The tree started to cry and slowly walked away. You see, he was desperate to have control over his magical garden again, and therefore cheated.

The magical tree and his friends worked hard on a plan to make him King again. They did everything they could, but all their plans failed. Blue gave up, and said despondently, "There is no way we can win this fight. We need to get Kim to apologise but if he refuses, I know there will be a war!!"

They tried to change Kim's mind, but he refused. So Blue called all Kim's slaves and fought them. Kim was outnumbered but he still wanted to fight. But right before the final fight, a strange woman walked towards Kim and said, "Kim if you fight you will lose and live a miserable life forever."

Kim questioned her and said, "And how do you know that?"

The woman said, "I can see the future. Come closer and let me show you."

Kim saw everything, and he was terrified. He realised that everything that he was doing was wrong. He then changed everything back to normal and he apologised to everyone. But he appealed to the magical tree to let the magical animals live. The tree agreed and said, "As long as they don't misbehave, and that they live peacefully together and treat each other like family."

The magical tree lived a secret life of harmony for a long period of time. Till it was discovered again by a greedy, evil gnome ... ■



Joshua Caleb du Preez

Talfalah Primary
School

Grade 6

Age 12

Join the everyday adventures of an average kid named Ben. Ben is not popular and feels like he's invisible. More than anything, poor simple Ben wishes he could be noticed for something, by someone. Once Ben gets a cool pair of sneakers he goes from an average unpopular nerd to the coolest, the best and most amazing kid ever. But someone lurks in the shadows, watching Ben.

The Pair of Magical Kicks

There was once a boy named Ben. He was an adventurous and courageous young boy. But he was a very unpopular kid and more than anything he wanted to be popular, like his older and more handsome brother, Jorge.

One day Ben got home from school. He was shocked to find no-one at home, not even his younger sister Kylie who was only two years old. He went up to his room and found a note and it said:

Dear Ben

Your father and I have noticed you've been looking sad lately, so we bought you this pair of shoes to cheer you up.

Sincerely

Your parents

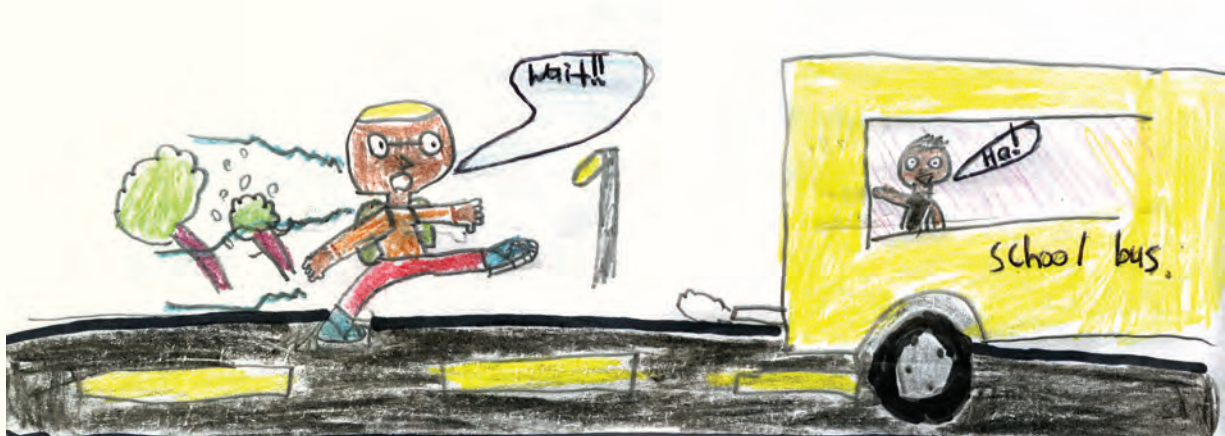
He looked at the shoes and admired them. It was a grey and blue pair of training shoes with little green lights on the sole. The pattern reminded him of curly noodles. He was excited. When he touched a little green light, it started to glow.

Lost in thought, he heard his mom shout, "Ben! Supper time!" Ben thanked his parents and asked where they got the shoes, but they just smiled.

Ben did a quick internet search on the shoes' history and found out the shoes were made by a famous shoemaker,

who had a cheap rival. That guy would stop at nothing to get these precise shoes and pass them off as his own.

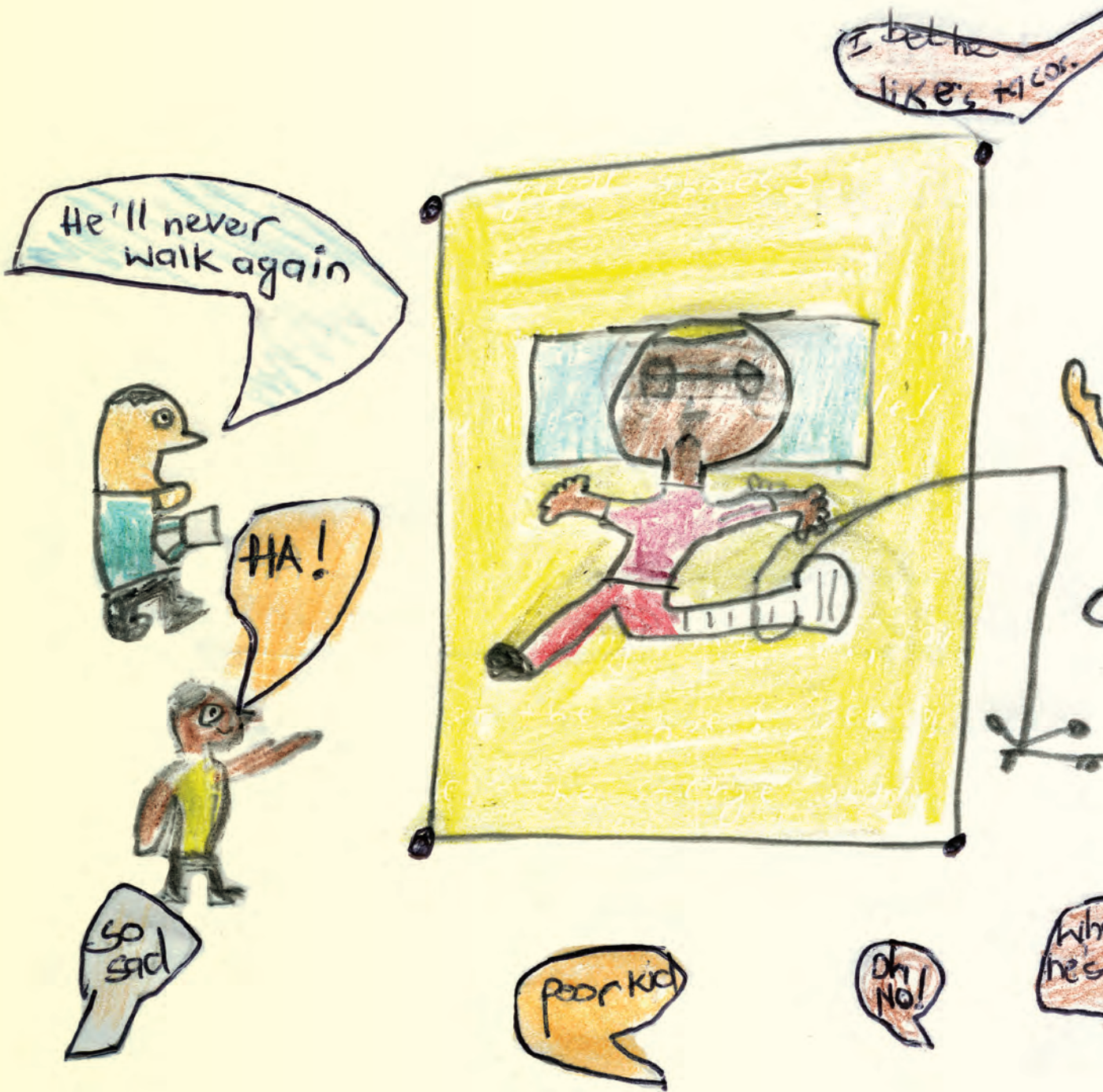
The next day Ben woke up late and hurriedly got done for school. He searched ... and searched and SEARCHED for a pair of school shoes, but his eyes fell onto the box he had opened yesterday. He thought it was the only pair of shoes to wear for the day. He put them on and left to catch the school bus.



Unfortunately, Ben had missed the school bus and ran to school. He was shocked to see he got there before the school bus! For a split second Ben thought to himself that if the shoes made him run faster, imagine the possibilities?

After school he tested the shoes. He ran along the street carrying his shoes and decided to time himself when he ran with the shoes on. He saw his time and nearly fainted. From that day on he decided to practise running every day.

Soon after that, the school had their annual inter-house athletics competition coming up and Ben decided to join,





seeing that he had scored a pair of magical shoes. So he trained ...

Saturday came and he was training behind the old abandoned warehouse down town, when a man decided to come out of the shadows.

"Hey kid," said the strange man. "You have some good skills. How much for the shoes?"

Ben quickly responded, "They are not for sale".

The strange, shady-looking man said, "You shouldn't have refused my offer," and crept back into the shadows.

Later Ben ran home and felt like he was being watched every step he took. When he was two blocks away from his house, he noticed a strange car was following him. Just as he was two houses away, the car picked up speed and ran him over.

Little did Ben know it was the shady-looking businessman who ran him over. Luckily a random bystander alerted the police cars, and he fled the scene as quickly as he could. He did not get the magical Kicks.

Later that evening, Ben woke up in the hospital wearing a cast on his foot. Before he could ask what had happened the doctor came into the room with an x-ray scan. The doctor said, "If it hadn't been for these shoes you would have been unable to walk permanently."

Ben lay there, distraught by his diagnosis. "All that training for nothing," he mumbled.

Ben's parents asked, "Will he be okay, doctor?"

"Luckily," said the doctor, "it is just a small wound." The doctor also said, "He will have to rest for the next two weeks."

But Ben remembered his Kicks. "Maybe I will still be able to run if I have the shoes on." It worked.

It was the day of the inter-house competition. Ben had been dreaming about this day for weeks. In the final lap Ben was in the lead, but tripped and fell. It was dangerous enough that he was running with a broken foot but now it was impossible for him to finish the race . . . now there was absolutely no way for him to finish and win.

As time passed, he sat there quietly and thought to himself, "Should I give up or push through?"

Before he could throw in the towel, he looked at all the faces cheering, and realised, yes, the shoes did make him run fast. But it was also because he believed in himself. That's why he was so successful. So he finished the race and became a champion.

Twenty years later he had become a famous athlete who inspired kids around the world to never give up, and everyone lived happily ever after . . .

Except for the shady-looking businessman who thought he had got away with no consequences, except that a normal bystander called the police. Apparently he saw who drove Ben over, the police tracked him down, and he was sent to jail. The bystander got paid R50 000 for catching him. He was an internationally wanted con artist who stole priceless artefacts. Now everyone lived happily ever after. ■





Flying Without Wings

Ade Sikwebu

Liwa Primary
School

Grade 4

Age 9



I never believed that dead people can communicate with the living, until the day I met my granny in mid-flight. Her instructions, however, left me confused and heartbroken ...

“Mama when is Grandma coming back?” I asked.

“Stand up and go out to play with your friends and leave me to clean my house,” my mother bluntly replied. I could see from her face that she meant what she said.

I rose up like a seventy-year-old, with sadness all over my face. This irritated my mother and she picked a broom. I knew what was to come and I quickly dashed out of the room with the broom missing me by a whisker.



What have I done to make her angry? Why is she not telling me when Granny would come back?

Everyone knows my granny claims that I look exactly like her. "Those big eyes and nose are your granny's," an elderly woman in the village once said.

"Lifa, your wife gave birth to your mothers' twin," our village headman once retorted to my father.

"It was worth paying lobola for you Nosiphi. You gave birth to our mother," my uncle once told my mother.

I got so used to these words. I would spend long hours looking in the mirror, with a picture of my granny, to see if I really looked like her.

Since my granny went away on a long journey, as I was told by my parents, memories of my good times with her continued haunting me day and night. I missed her. She was the only person I had a real connection with.

Now she had gone far away for too long. I really missed her, and that's why I was asking my mother as to when she would come back.

After playing with my friend I went back home. I was not a happy person at all. All I wanted to know was the date my granny would come back. I popped the question once more to my mother but she again brushed me away. After supper I decided to go to Granny's old hut, just for me to have a connection with her. In the hut were some of her old clothes and pots. I went through her belongings item by item as if I was going to get an answer from them. For long hours I kept on looking at the items, using a paraffin lamp which used to be hers.



As time flew I became a bit tired and looked for somewhere to sit. I spotted a yellow chair next to the door. It was now almost midnight. I took granny's picture which was in her suitcase. She looked young and bubbly in the photo. Next to her was my granddad. They were a lovely couple.

As I looked at the photo I thought more of my granny. Suddenly a strong wind forced the door open and the lamp went out. As I looked for the matches the strong wind took me up with my chair. Fear gripped me but there was no-one to cry to. I was seated on the yellow chair as it went up. The chair was flying at a very high speed. I was in some sort of a trance.

Suddenly in my flight I had the feeling that I had company. Someone was watching me. It made me feel very uncomfortable.

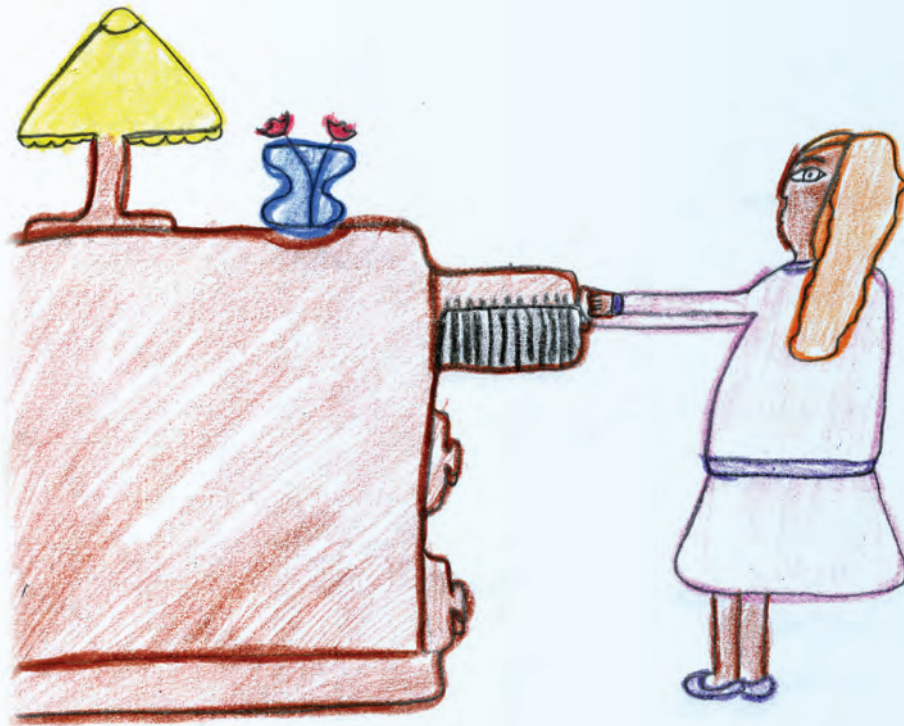
Who was there? Who was watching me? Who was this company?

I tried to see but I couldn't. With me feeling very uneasy, very unhappy, the chair continued to fly, noiseless. It became very windy. My clothing was blowing all around me.

Who was there? Who was watching me?

I opened my eyes and to my surprise saw my grandmother in another chair, beside me. She winked at me with a smile. She wanted to hug me, but I was afraid.

My granny passed on a key to me. It was for the cupboard in her room. She instructed me to take care of the stuff inside that cupboard. My granny sternly warned me to be careful with what I would find in the cupboard, for it had been passed from generation to generation. I must not tell anyone.



Out of fear I listened to the instructions with my eyes closed. When I finally opened them, I found myself surrounded by darkness. It was the darkness of my granny's room. In my hands was the key to the cupboard. My bare feet were cold, and I was myself.

Gripped with fear I fumbled for a match to light the lamp, with my hands shaking uncontrollably. I tried several times to light it and after a struggle I managed to.

I looked around the room and it was as it had been, with the chair next to the cupboard. Where was I? "Something is wrong. Something is horribly wrong."

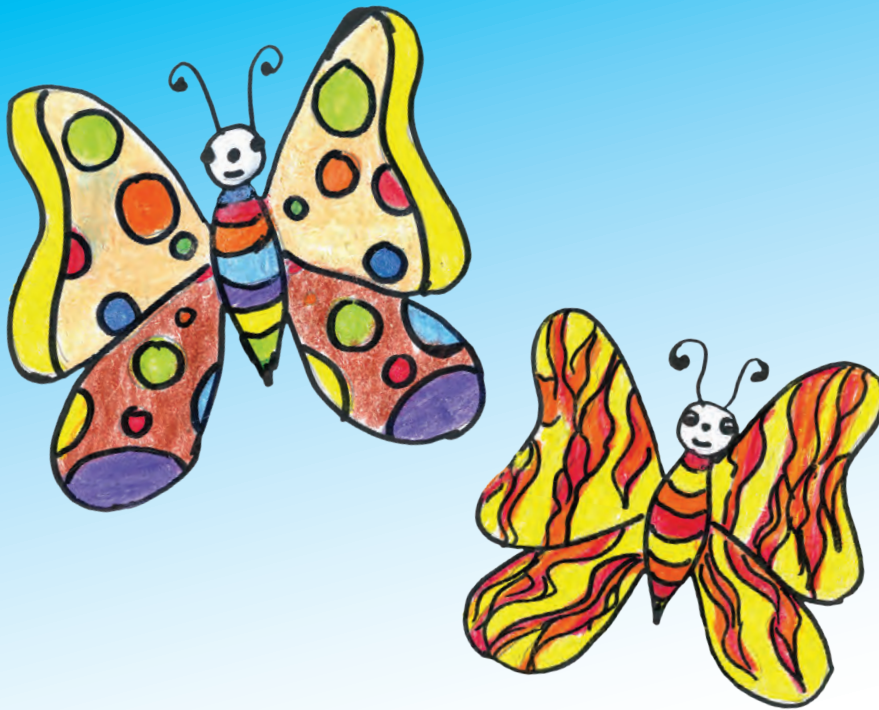
Curiosity pushed me to open the cupboard. With hands shaking I once more struggled to open it. I opened the top drawer. It was filled with black candles, dozens of long black

candles. I reached and picked one up. I sniffed it, surprised by its sour scent. It smelled old and nasty. The wax felt smooth and hard in my hands. The wick was as black as the candle wax. What weird candles. Why did granny give me the key? I wanted to close it immediately but suddenly a voice boomed from nowhere.

“That’s all yours. Wait for further instructions on our next flight.”

I fell down on my knees not knowing what to do. ■





Children writing to grow smart



This collection of stories represents a sample of the stories written by learners across the Cape Town Metropole for the Growsmart Story Writing Competition. Growsmart is a CSI initiative by Growthpoint Properties.

These stories share the experiences, hopes and dreams of a diverse group of young people. The book's design showcases the writers' voices through layout and careful use of their illustrations.

