

HOW THE CRAFTY JACKAL OUTSMARTED THE LIONS

Illustration: SCOTT WATERHOUSE

ONCE there was a beautiful valley where trees of all kinds grew, from pale greens to the darkest green imaginable. There were also tall grasses, herbs and other beautiful plants. It was called Fragrant Valley and was a real paradise, a place of beauty.

Through the valley flowed a deep stream full of fishes of all kinds – red, blue, white and brown fishes, frogs, eels and tortoises. There were also waterbirds with long legs, cranes and others of their kind.

Parts of the valley were full of animals – zebra, impala, kudu, warthog and many others. It was truly a beautiful paradise. The birds and animals lived in peace; nothing disturbed them and nothing frightened them.

But one day two animals, a large one and a small one, came into the valley – Jackal and Lion. Many days earlier Jackal had angered Lion in a place far away and Lion had caught Jackal and had wanted to devour him. But Jackal had pleaded with Lion to spare his life because he, Jackal, knew of a beautiful valley where Lion would be at peace and where he would be able to eat all the meat he wanted.

"You are going to lead me to this valley!" Lion had roared. "You are going to take me to this place because if you don't, and if this place doesn't exist, I am going to devour you!"

"Have mercy, Lion!"

Jackal had pleaded. "Have mercy! Do not eat me! Let me lead you to this place, please!"

So Lion followed Jackal over a long distance and was guided to the pleasant valley. But Lion was a bit of a stupid animal. He was old and tired and wanted only a beautiful place in which to rest and spend the last years of his life in peace. So he allowed Jackal to guide him to the green valley, where they arrived at long last.

All of a sudden Lion, who was by now very hungry, saw animals grazing far away – fat antelopes and zebras – and his mouth watered. But first he had to quench his thirst, so he went to the clean water of the stream and started drinking. When his stomach was full he looked around with stupid, bleary eyes and there, in the distance, he saw a zebra grazing peacefully in the forest.

"I am going to eat that animal," he said to Jackal. "Are you coming to help me?"

"Yes, Lion," Jackal said nervously. "I am going to help you with the animal."

They moved slowly, keeping low in the grass. They quietly crossed the stream by stepping over rocks and soon reached the other side. They crept closer and closer to the grazing zebra. Then, just at that moment, the zebra lifted his head and made the zebra calling sign.

"Zeee, zeee, zeee."

The zebra was lonely. He wanted to find out where his relatives and many girlfriends

had disappeared to. He did not realise a younger zebra had taken the herd away and was declaring himself chief of all the zebras and that he, Zebra, was totally on his own.

While Zebra was calling out, the stupid Lion saw Zebra's teeth in his open mouth and Lion, who had never seen a zebra before, was very worried.

"That animal has very big teeth," said Lion. "How can I eat such a big animal? How can I kill it? It will bite my head off!"

Jackal said: "Yes, Great Lion, that is a very dangerous animal, but I can help you bring it down."

"Can you?" Lion asked suspiciously.

"Yes, please, you have got to trust me!"

"Trust you!" said Lion. "I trust you about as much as a field of corn trusts a hailstorm – which is not at all! I am hungry, my stomach is pinching me. It is cutting me like a knife. I must have something to eat."

"Come, Great Lion," said Jackal. "Listen – because you are my king and my superior I am going to go to the front of this animal. I must sacrifice myself for your sake, my king. I will seize this animal by the front while you catch it from behind. It is not dangerous from behind, it is only the front of the animal which is dangerous."

"I can see that," said the stupid lion. "Well, let's get to it then. You go that side and I

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(From page 80)

will go this side and when I signal to you we must both seize the animal, you by the nose and I by the hind legs."

"Yes, Great One," said Jackal, doing his best to hide a smile of triumph.

Jackal went to the front of Zebra and Lion crept up from behind. Then Lion roared: "Let's go!" With one bound Jackal seized Zebra by one ear and Lion tried to seize Zebra from behind.

But wait – you and I know it is very dangerous to try to seize a zebra from behind. This is what Lion learned now!

Zebra screamed with anger and braced his front legs in the ground. Then he lashed out with his hind quarters, a terrible kick. Wah!

Lion flew through the air, turning end over end, then crashed on his back some distance away.

Wah!

Stars flying in his head, Lion saw two amazing sights: Jackal had let go of Zebra's ear and was running in one direction while Zebra was disappearing into a bush in another direction. And Jackal was laughing!

Lion became really angry!

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husband? And how did you get here?" she demanded. "You weren't trying to get away from me, were you?"

"Run away from you, my lovely wife?" said Lion, blushing with guilt. "Why would I do a terrible thing like that? Lions never desert their wives."

"Don't you?" demanded Kakaka. "What are you doing here?"

"Here? Well, I am about to punish that tricky little old scrawny Jackal who has fallen into that hole."

"Is that so? You are still with your bad friends, still keeping bad company as usual, are you, my husband? I have come all this long distance to stand at your side because a lioness never deserts her husband and what do I find? You playing tricks with a jackal. Hey, what has happened to your face? Why is one of your eyes shut?"

"A zebra kicked me," Lion answered truthfully.

"What? You, my husband, allowing a zebra to kick you? Are you mad? Don't you know if you want to catch a zebra you must catch it by the head?"

"Jackal told me to catch it by the hindquarters," said Lion shamefacedly.

"Is that so? Let's do something about this jackal right now!"

The lioness started digging with her front paws. Down, down she dug and Jackal screamed as the lioness drew nearer and nearer to him. At long last she reached down into the hole and caught Jackal and threw him out of the hole.

Bah!

"He is all yours, my husband!" Jackal screamed and begged for mercy and the lions would have dispatched him in style had not Rhinoceros happened along. As you know, when the rhino is angry there are few lions who can tackle it. So Mr and Mrs Lion decided to avoid Rhinoceros, which meant moving out of its way, leaving Jackal to escape.

SO Jackal escaped and the lions found themselves in the beautiful valley. Lioness was soon hunting all over and there was not a day when the lions were not full-bellied.

Then the animals started complaining.

"Stupid Jackal brought these lions into our valley now they are eating us," said one antelope to another. "Let us go and ask the eland, for he is very wise, how we can get rid of these lions."

They went to the eland who was sitting under a tree chewing the cud.

"Greetings, Eland," said the antelopes.

"Yes, my brothers, what is it?" asked Eland.

"Great Brother, a couple of lions have come into our valley, led here by Jackal. Now Jackal has run away and these lions are having a field day eating us. We have never been eaten by lions before and someone must help us get rid of them."

"Who better than Jackal himself?" said Eland. "He who has done wrong must be the one to put right that wrong. Listen, my brothers, let us ask the birds to help. Let them find Jackal and make him remove these two lions from our valley."

"Very well," said the antelopes.

The impala and the springbok ran and ran until they came to the bird called a sakabula, the one with the long, beautiful tail feathers as black as the night. They said: "Sakabula . . ."

Sakabula said, "Yes, my brothers?"

"We are looking for an animal called Jackal. We have been advised by Eland that only Jackal can rid us of the two lions which are eating our people in the valley. If we don't remove these lions they are going to finish us."

"Aah," said Sakabula, "you have come to the right fellow. Listen, I know where Jackal is, but he is rather a shifty fellow and cunning too. I think we should catch him – and I think I know how to do it."

So Sakabula took his plan to a family of weaver birds, who wove a net out of very strong fibres. The net was very big and made a very cunning trap which they placed in front of the hole in which Jackal hid himself every day.

Jackal was sure the animals would never be able to catch him and that no one would be able to find him. So, unsuspecting, he crept out of his hole one day to find a large piece of meat placed in front of the hole. Without question he greedily ate it – then found another, and another, and another.

The foolish Jackal did not realise he was being led into a trap. Before he knew what was happening he was suspended inside a net high in the air. He had got into the net and triggered the trap, a tree had snapped upwards, carrying Jackal in one of its branches and now he was swinging between heaven and

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earth, securely trapped in the net.

The animals came around in a crowd and looked up at Jackal. "Greetings, tricky animal," they said. "You brought lions into our valley and now we want you to get rid of them."

"But I am afraid of them," cried Jackal.

"Are you?" cried the animals. "Now listen, we are going to have an agreement."

They disappeared, leaving Jackal suspended in the air. When they returned they had bundles of firewood which they piled under the net in which Jackal was trapped.

"What are you trying to do?" cried Jackal.

"Nothing much," the animals said. "We are making a fire under you. If you refuse to help us rid our valley of these two lions we are going to set fire to this heap of wood and you are going to be a very roasted jackal. So what is your choice, friend?"

"I'll help you! I'll help you!" screamed Jackal as he saw Baboon rubbing two sticks together to light the fire. "I'll help you! Don't do it!"

"Let us cut him down and see what happens, but we must keep a close guard on this fellow," said Baboon. "He is very tricky indeed!"

The animals watched what Jackal was doing and they noticed he was weaving a very long and very thick rope.

"What do you hope to achieve by this?" asked Zebra, whose ear still ached because of what Jackal had done.

"I want to rid your valley of the lions," replied Jackal.

When the rope was finished Jackal persuaded the animals to let him go because he said he was going to look for someone to help him get rid of the two lions. The animals asked Sakabula to keep a close watch on Jackal and also dispatched Hawk and Fish Eagle to prevent Jackal from escaping.

So there was Jackal being watched by two angry birds from the skies, together with the gentle Sakabula who flew higher than the other two birds.

Jackal went far away and came back with a very powerful creature - Rhinoceros. "Where are you leading me?" demanded the rhinoceros, its stomach shaking with bad temper.

"My friend, you are a very helpful creature. A friend of mine has fallen into the river and has sunk into the mud. Please help

me get him out."

"Must I?" demanded Rhinoceros.

"Of course," answered Jackal. "You are the strongest animal in the world."

"You are a stupid flatterer! Elephant is stronger than I and you know that."

"In this valley," answered Jackal, "you are the strongest of all."

"Maybe there is truth in what you say. I will get your friend out and then we will talk - but if you are tricking me, Jackal, you are going to be sorry!"

So it was that Jackal and Rhinoceros came to the river. There the short-sighted Rhinoceros saw a long, thick rope of fibre which emerged from the river and lay on the riverbank.

"Are you telling me your friend is in there?" demanded Rhinoceros.

"Yes, Rhinoceros, my friend has fallen in there. If you allow me to tie this end of the rope to your horn and you give a great pull when I tell you, my friend will be rescued and he will reward you very greatly."

Rhinoceros agreed that the end of the rope could be tied around the end of his horn, very firmly, by Jackal.

Jackal then said: "I am going to the other side of the river, Rhinoceros. When I shout, 'Pull, Rhinoceros!' please, my friend, pull with all your might."

"Yes, I will do that," said Rhinoceros.

Then Jackal disappeared and there was Rhinoceros, stamping his great feet with impatience, with a rope tied around his horn.

On the other side of the river Jackal allowed the two lions to see him. The moment the old lion saw Jackal he chased him and there was a great race in the bush. A cloud of dust rose as the lions went after Jackal like thunderbolts, with Jackal running for dear life. Then the male lion saw a rope protruding from the water.

"What is this?" he demanded to know.

Jackal turned and answered from a distance. "Great Lion, in the water here is a mighty monster which has told me that you, Lion, are a weak-boned, old moth-eaten and stinking bag of rubbish who will never be able to pull him out of the water because he is the king of all animals."

"What?" demanded Lion.

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HOW THE CRAFTY JACKAL OUTSMARTED THE LIONS

(From page 83)

"What impudent beast is that?"
"I do not know, Great One,"
Jackal replied. "But if you pull that end of that rope you will be able to find out. I think this beast is mad to challenge you because you are a mighty lion."

"I will settle this beast's hash, whatever it is!" snarled Lion.
"Then I will deal with you, you mangy Jackal!"

So saying, Lion clamped his jaws tightly on the rope.

Then Jackal screamed at the top of his voice: "Pull Rhinoceros! Pull! Pull!"

Far away, Rhinoceros heard Jackal's voice and gave a huge pull on the rope, stampeding backwards in a great cloud of dust. On the other side of the river Lion lost his balance with the rope still clamped between his teeth and fell into the water with a great splash.

Lion's wife, faithful Kakaka, saw her husband's backside and tail disappear into the water with a great splash. She followed quickly, grabbed her husband by the hindquarters and hung on. Both lions were pulled into the water and dragged helplessly away by the angry Rhinoceros on the other side.

Rhinoceros pulled and pulled, snoring with bad temper. Then, to his great surprise, there emerged two rather wet and bedraggled lions, a male and a female.

Rhinoceros, who hated lions, roared with anger and the lions both took to their heels and disappeared into the distance, while Jackal giggled and laughed almost to bursting.

Afterwards, when the lions had disappeared, Jackal came before the animals, hoping they would be grateful to him for what

he had done. But he noticed to his great surprise that every one of the animals was armed with a stick. Before he could wonder why they were armed, Monkey and Baboon, Rabbit and Eland and every other animal was on top of him with their sticks.

Ba! Ba! Ba! Ba! Ba!

They hit him hard and sore, repeatedly. Poor Jackal did not know if he was alive or dead.

He screamed and shrieked and yelped and really made himself scarce. Somehow, as fate would have it, he fled along a spoor which he did not, in his panic, study. Soon he found two very tired lions panting under a tree.

"There he is! Catch him!" roared Lion to his wife.

Jackal fled for his life again, with two angry lions in hot pursuit.

Fortunately for Jackal a thunderstorm broke while the pursuit was on and the lions, who really don't like to get wet, found a cave and stayed there while Jackal continued his flight and lived to trick other animals at other times.

Is it not said the trickster who runs away lives to trick another day?

SOLUTION TO PICTURE PUZZLE No 128

Were you able to correctly fill in last week's Picture Puzzle? If not, then here are the answers. Each week we will publish the solution to the previous week's issue. Now turn to page 76 and have a go at this week's fun puzzle.



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LEVEL 1

Prepositions (Words that tell us where something is)

Example : in, on, under etc.

Where is the cat ?

Look at the picture and complete the sentence



1. The cat is i _ the house.



4. The cat is b _ the house.



2. The cat is o _ the house.



5. The cat is n _ to the house.



3. The cat is u _ the house.



6. The _ is in f _ of the house.

Word bank

in on behind under in front of next to

LEVEL 2

Where do you live ?

My address is :

My telephone number is :

Example :

RSA 50.
Henda Smith 312 Hamilton Park Church Street Pretoria 0001





Because human noses are soft.



Forget me not, Twinsaver.

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• COLOURS

Note to the educator

Explain colour by using examples in the pupil's own surroundings.
(Especially when illustrating dark and light).

LEVEL 1 :

Use a crayon () to colour in !

red

green

blue

orange

yellow

brown

black

purple

white

grey

LEVEL 2 :

Underline the correct colour :

The colour of a rat is red / grey / blue.

A log is yellow / black / brown.

A frog is green / white / purple.

A tree is green / red / blue

Dark and light

This is dark grey



This is light grey



Colour !



light green

light yellow

orange, blue and white



dark red

dark purple

black and grey

LEVEL 3 :

What can be green ? _____

What can be red ? _____

Other colours :

Can you colour these pictures ?

pink



maroon



gold



navy



silver



turquoise














Note to the educator

The educator will have to illustrate that these colours could be represented by others, eg
pink = light red
gold = yellow
silver = grey
maroon = a mixture of brown and red
navy = a mixture of black and blue
turquoise = a mixture of green and blue

Lesson 4
CLOTHES










I wear clothes.

LEVEL 1

	dr _ _ _		so _ _ _
	sh _ _ _		jac _ _ _
	pa _ _ _ or trousers		c _ _ _
	sh _ _ _ s		t-sh _ _ _
	sk _ _ _		sh _ _ s
	jer _ _ _ or sweater		

Word bank:
dress
shirt
pants
shorts
skirt
jersey
socks
jacket
coat
t-shirt
shoes






LEVEL 2

	under _ _ _ _		_ _ _ _
	g _ _ _ _		s _ _ _ _
	t _ _ _ _		p _ _ _ _
	b _ _ _ _		g _ _ _ _
	_ _ _ _ _		sl _ _ _ _

Word bank:
belt
tie
cap
hat
scarf
pyjamas
gown
slippers
underwear
gloves

LEVEL 3

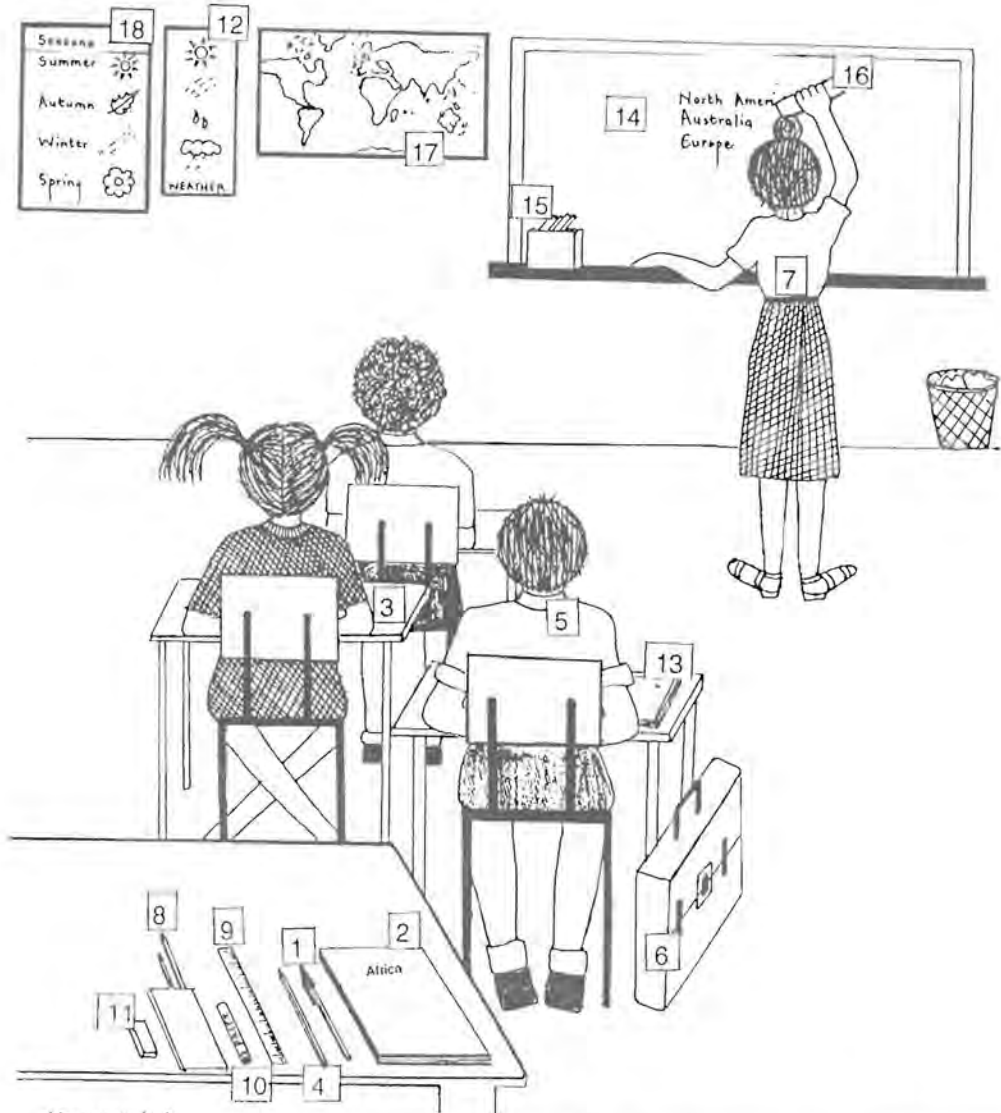
Things on my clothes :

	b u t _ _ _
	_ _ _ _
	p _ _ _ _
	l _ _ _ _
	b _ _ _ _

Word bank:
buckle
button
zip
pocket
laces

Lesson 12

THE CLASSROOM



New words !

LEVEL 1	Rewrite	LEVEL 2	Rewrite	LEVEL 3	Rewrite
1. pen	_____	7 teacher	_____	13. exercise book	_____
2. book	_____	8. crayon	_____	14. blackboard	_____
3. desk	_____	9. ruler	_____	15. chalk	_____
4. pencil	_____	10. glue	_____	16. duster	_____
5. pupil	_____	11. rubber	_____	17. map	_____
6. school bag	_____	12. poster	_____	18. chart	_____



DRUM (1998:44, 45, 48, 49, 51) 18 JUNE ISSUE





Damascus Alley

By JENNY ROBSON

Illustration: Karen Ahlschläger



RACHEL sat at her desk with the afternoon sun hot on her cheek. She sat alone, of course, even though the desk was made for two. None of the other Matrics wanted to sit beside Rachel, the girl from Thaga Park.

She put her hand on her navy skirt, trying to hide the hole there. It was a big hole now. How many times had she already sewn it up, borrowing black cotton from Mrs Pila next door? But the hole just kept ripping open, getting bigger each time.

And Mama said there was no money for a new navy skirt. Only six more months in school, Mama said, so why waste money on a new skirt? When there was so little money anyway. Except Mama always found money for her beer. And for her boyfriend's beer too.

At the front of the class, Mrs Mabaso was telling a Bible story. Always, for the last 10 minutes on a Friday, Mrs Mabaso told a Bible story. "I know your studies are important for your Matric examinations," Mrs Mabaso often said. "But Bible stories are important too. They give you lessons for your whole life."

"What life?" Rachel always thought bitterly. Her own life felt like a long dusty road through endless days of ugliness. At school she was shunned. The other Matrics laughed at the hole in her skirt. They sniggered at her too-tight shirt. But home at Thaga Park – that was the worst. There the ugliness wrapped itself all around her.

Sometimes she felt she

would drown in the stinking pools of muddy water that lay everywhere. Or she would be buried in an avalanche of corrugated sheeting and beer bottles and plastic packets that the Thaga wind blew from shack to shack. What lessons could Mrs Mabaso give for a life like that?

But Mrs Mabaso was already busy with her 10-minute Bible story. "So there was Paul, travelling along the Damascus Road. He was an evil man, on his way to murder Christian people. And suddenly – suddenly – the most amazing thing happened ..."

Very few pupils were listening now. All the boys at the back of the class were packing

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About the author

Jenny Robson is the award-winning author of a number of novels and short stories. Some of her work has been published in DRUM. She lives in Botswana.





Damascus Alley

(From page 45)

their books, ready to rush out the minute the bell rang. Lesego and Vimba and Doreen were huddled together in a desk made for two, whispering together. Giggling softly. All three of them casting their eyes at the new boy. Rachel looked across at the new boy too.

Vusi, his name was. He had only arrived at school this morning. He was tall and goodlooking. He held his head straight and proud, even here in the classroom. His eyes were steady and filled with confidence.

Rachel looked away. What was the point of thinking about him? He wouldn't be interested in her – the girl from the shacks of Thaga Park. The girl with the hole in her skirt.

No. This Vusi would only want to know girls like Lesego and Vimba and Doreen who lived down Sixth Avenue in brick houses with fences around them . . .

Still Mrs Mabaso went on with her story. "There on the Damascus Road, a bright, blinding light shone on Paul. His eyes were blinded by the brightness, but his mind was opened. He understood things he had not understood before. His whole life changed forever. He no longer wanted to murder Christians. Instead he became a Christian too – one of the world's most influential Christians. That one moment on the Damascus Road made everything different."

JUST then the final bell rang. The boys grabbed their school bags and rushed out. Lesego and Vimba and Doreen leaned against their desk, still giggling.

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Then they followed him through the door.

Slowly Rachel picked up her bag and tucked it under her arm. The strap had broken long ago. And of course, there was no money for a new bag.

"Goodbye, Rachel dear," said Mrs Mabaso. "You have a nice weekend now."

Rachel smiled at the teacher because that was the polite thing to do. But she knew there would be no nice weekend for her. Not in Thaga Park. Mama and her boyfriend would be drinking till late and then yelling at each other. And in the shack next door, Mr Pila would be shouting and hitting Mrs Pila, the way he always did over weekends.

Ugliness! That's all the weekend would bring. Two days of ugliness suffocating her. Burying her alive so that she couldn't breathe.

Outside in the sunshine, Rachel saw Lesego and Doreen were already talking to the new boy, Vusi. They leaned against the gate, laughing and touching their hair. Beside the toilets, Themba and his friends were slouching. And Rachel knew they were watching her. Why didn't they just leave her alone? Why did they have to torment her?

Themba rushed at her and grabbed her bag. He threw it to Conrad and Conrad caught it, laughing.

"Give it back!" Rachel shouted, rushing at Conrad. But Conrad had already thrown it to JB.

Rachel closed her eyes, trying to stop the tears from coming. These stupid boys would break her bag. Then she would have to come to school with her books in a plastic packet. That would be horrible. One more horrible thing in that dusty, ugly road that was her life.

"It's alright," said a quiet voice beside her. "Rachel? Your name is Rachel, isn't it? Here - here's your bag."

Rachel opened her eyes to find Vusi standing right there, right there in front of her. He held out her bag.

And he was so handsome! The sunshine glowed along

the line of his temple. But she saw the expression in his eyes. Pity! Just pity! He felt sorry for her, this girl from Thaga Park.

And she didn't want his pity. She would rather be ignored, rather be laughed at, than have someone feeling sorry for her. She took the bag from him and turned away. She looked straight ahead as she walked through the school gates where Lesego and Doreen sniggered.

AHEAD of her now lay Seventeenth Avenue with its brick houses. With its squares of grass and its trees. And its fences.

How wonderful it would be to live in one of these houses! To have hot water running right out of a tap! To have electric lights that you could switch on when the darkness came! To have a room with space for a bed and a door you could close when you wanted to! To walk out of your front door and see flowers and grass instead of beer bottles and rubbish.

If only, if only, she lived in a house like that! Life would be so different. She would be so different. She would be happy and confident. She would walk with her head high, proud and calm. "Then this new boy, Vusi, wouldn't be looking at me with pity," thought Rachel.

She turned into Melrose Road. It was a long road that led all the way to the wasteland and on to the ugliness of Thaga Park.

The houses of Melrose Road were even nicer. Always, every afternoon, Rachel pretended one of these houses was where she lived. "That one across the next street," she would tell herself. "That one with the white wall, that's where I stay."

But of course, when she reached the house with the white wall, she just had to keep on walking. She didn't belong there.

Why, why, couldn't there be a blinding light for her the way there had been for that man Paul in Mrs Mabaso's story? Just a flash of blinding light on Melrose Road that would change her life forever? Make everything different? Turn her

into a girl who belonged in one of these brick houses?

Rachel shook her head angrily. It was all a dream, just silliness. She was the girl from Thaga Park and nothing could ever change that.

She reached the wasteland now with its high, dead, yellow grass. A dead dog lay in the pathway. She edged past it, covering her nose.

Beyond the wasteland, she could see the shacks. Hundreds and hundreds of shacks with so little space between them. So little space to breathe or to move. And any moment now, she would be swallowed up again by the ugliness.

"So that's where you live," said a quiet voice behind her. She spun around, horrified.

Vusi! It was Vusi, standing there on the narrow pathway between clusters of yellow grass. And why? Why was he following her? Did he want to humiliate her completely? Shame her until she felt as small as the ants at her feet?

She wanted to tell him to go away, to leave her alone. To go back to Lesego and Vimba and Doreen where he belonged. But she found she couldn't speak. Her throat felt swollen. So she turned away from him, turned back towards Thaga Park. Stumbling over the stones in the pathway.

And still he followed her. She could hear the sound of his footsteps. She could sense his tall, proud presence just behind her.

And now she had reached the first rows of shacks. Ugliness! The ugliness washed over her from every side. Stinking piles of rubbish, stagnant water. Yet there was Vusi, walking right beside her though the narrow spaces. Still holding his head high. As though he didn't see the dirt and the ugliness.

An awful thought struck her suddenly. Was he after her? Did he think she was easy and without any decency just because she lived in Thaga Park? Was he going to pull her into some dark alley between shacks and then nip at her shirt, grab at her body?

Other boys had done that before. Themba's friend, JB,

(To page 51)


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Damascus Alley

(From page 49)

had done that once. Treated her body as if it was just another pile of rubbish.

They were passing a newly-built shack now. An old woman knelt over a bucket of soapy water. The old woman looked up and a smile lit up her wrinkled face. "Vusi! Aah, my boy, Vusi! And how was your first day? Did you work hard?"

Rachel watched in amazement as Vusi bent to kiss the old woman's forehead. "You want some tea, my grandson? And your friend?"

Rachel stared up at Vusi, stared at the strong lines of his face and the quiet pride in his eyes. "You live here? Here in Thaga Park?" she managed to whisper.

Vusi nodded.

"But - but how . . . I can't believe it. How is it that you walk so tall and hold your head up high? How do you stop the ugliness and the chaos from drowning you?"

Vusi smiled and took Rachel by the arm. "Come, I want to show you something. Come and see."

He led her into the dark shadows of an alley beyond the shack. Rachel looked at the ground covered in broken glass and torn plastic. A rusty pot lay on its side, a huge hole in its bottom.

"What?" asked Rachel. "What am I supposed to see?"

And then she saw what Vusi was pointing at, there beneath the pot. She knelt down, amazed, ignoring the ripping sound as the hole in her skirt grew even bigger.

A small patch of flowers grew there in the alley. Bright pink, beautiful flowers that seemed to glow through all the ugliness. Vusi knelt down beside her. Gently he picked one of the flowers and laid it in her hand.

"See, Rachel. Thaga Park is not just ugliness and chaos. Lovely things exist even here. The ugliness around just makes them more valuable. More precious."

Rachel looked down at the flower in her hand. There was no blinding light like Paul had seen on the Damascus Road in Mrs Mabaso's Bible story. Instead there was a warm glow from the pink petals that seemed to soften all the ugliness around her. A glow in the alley that made everything seem different, that changed everything.

"You can be like these flowers. You can refuse to drown in the ugliness of Thaga Park. Do you understand what I am saying, Rachel?" Vusi's gentle, proud voice filled the shadows. And when he looked at her now there was no pity in his eyes. Just caring and belief. Rachel nodded her head. She understood. D

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LEVEL 1			
Revision			
Female	Male	Female	Male
girl	<u>b o y</u>	aunt	_____
woman	_____	queen	_____
mother	_____	sister	_____
grandma	_____	daughter	_____

LEVEL 2	Note to the educator
Complete by using the word bank	Encourage pupils to remember expressions like <u>fall</u> asleep, <u>say</u> a prayer, <u>get</u> up.
When I w_____ up in the morning, I str_____ myself. Then I g_____ up and go to the bathroom. I b_____ my teeth and w_____ my face. Then I c_____ my hair.	
At night, when I am t_____, I c_____ my teeth again. Then I s_____ a prayer and get into bed. Soon I f_____ asleep	
Word bank	
wake stretch get brush wash comb tired clean say fall	

LEVEL 3		
Do or Does ?		
<table style="width: 100%;"> <tr> <td style="width: 50%; vertical-align: top;"> 1 person animal thing } does </td> <td style="width: 50%; vertical-align: top;"> 2 or more people animals things I you } do </td> </tr> </table>	1 person animal thing } does	2 or more people animals things I you } do
1 person animal thing } does	2 or more people animals things I you } do	
Underline :		
1. Peggy do/does her work. 2. I do/does my laces. 3. They do/does an exercise. 4. Mother do/does the cooking. 5. Father do/does the gardening.		
do + not = don't does + not = doesn't		
Example : I <u>don't</u> like to shower. He <u>doesn't</u> clean the bath.		
Underline :		
1. I doesn't/don't know your name. 2. They doesn't/don't do their work. 3. He doesn't/don't understand English. 4. You doesn't/don't speak Zulu. 5. The girl doesn't/don't eat meat.		
Note to the educator		
Explain the words <u>know</u> and <u>understand</u> .		

STEP-BY-STEP

PROMOTIONAL ARTICLE

PILCHARDS AND MACARONI

The LUCKY STAR Test Kitchen has come up with another winning taste treat – LUCKY STAR pilchards and macaroni bake. Nutritious and filling, the dish is guaranteed to satisfy hungry tummies on a cold winter's night.

INGREDIENTS:

250 g bacon, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped
30 ml (2 T) margarine
425 g (2 cans) LUCKY STAR pilchards in tomato
285 g (1 can) cream of mushroom soup
155 g (1 can) evaporated milk
Aromat
salt and black pepper
500 g macaroni pieces, cooked and drained
100 g Cheddar cheese, grated



1 Preheat the oven to 180°C. Fry the bacon and green pepper in margarine until soft. Mash the pilchards in their sauce and mix with the mushroom soup. Add the evaporated milk and season with Aromat, salt and pepper.

2 Add the bacon and green pepper to the pilchard mixture.



3 Turn the cooked macaroni into a shallow, greased ovenproof dish, pour over the pilchard mixture and sprinkle the cheese on top.

4 Bake for 20-25 minutes and serve with vegetables or a green salad. Serves 6.



LEVEL 1
Can you name these VEHICLES ?

Word bank

bus
van
car
lorry
cart

LEVEL 2
Can you name the following ?

Word bank

bicycle
motorbike
taxi
train
aeroplane (jet)
caravan

We use VEHICLES to transport us from one place to another.

LEVEL 3
A bicycle is a vehicle. However, if we compare a bicycle to other vehicles, there are differences and similarities (when things are alike).
Complete by using the word bank :

Similarities :

- Cars and bicycles have _____ and _____
- Both _____ people and goods.
- We _____ (steer) both.

Differences :

<u>Bicycle</u>	<u>Car</u>
Has _____ seat (saddle)	Has _____ seats
Has _____ wheels	Has _____ wheels
Is _____	Is h _____
Has _____	Has an _____
Cyclists sits on a _____	Motorists sit _____

Word bank

two
one
many
four
light
heavy
engine
pedals
saddle
inside

A person who rides a bicycle or motorbike is a cyclist.



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The major cause of this
hooliganism was that some
unfortunate Tunisian suppor-
ters were sitting on the same
side as the "superiors" who
thought every foul their team
committed was just.

England should be brought
to book for turning what Pele
termed the most beautiful
game into a free-for-all fight.
There is nothing superior
about fighting when it's un-
called-for.
Ian Chogo, Kitwe

Men can help wife at birth

Benjamin Mosifa said men
should not be present during
the birth of a child because it
goes against our tradition
(DRUM, May 28). I would like
to send a clear message that

the majority of women ap-
preciate giving birth in the
presence of their husbands.

Men don't only give moral
support but also witness what
it takes for a woman to give
birth. After all, who says tra-
dition does not change?

We are living in a lively
society where taboos and the
like are things of the past. In
the past women were denied
their rights and were brain-
washed, and now we have the
chance to cut that out we
should go at it full force.

And anyway whose tradi-
tion was it? Benjamin, you still
believe a woman's place is in
the kitchen.

Knowing the hardship of
giving birth will make men
think twice about having 10 or
more children. I think it would
be correct, Benjamin, to as-
sume you were using modern
material such as a pen or
typewriter to write your com-
ment, and I doubt you were
carrying your shield and as-
segai as a sign of being true to
your tradition!

Tradition is not a bible and
not everything in our tradition
has to be taken as the gospel
truth. Not only did I enjoy
giving birth in front of my
husband, but his presence
also eased the labour pains. I
would strongly suggest you
remove your blinkers and
wake up to reality.
Mercia Maleme, Pietersburg

Why should I hate a celeb?

A reader asks "Must I weep
for celebs?" and I have never
seen such negative thinking

in all my life (DRUM, June
11). Why is it we can never
appreciate anything good
done by other people? I think
his letter was just a case of
sour grapes.

I should think the reason
DRUM magazine continues to
give us profiles of TV person-
alities and celebs is to make
us appreciate them more. It
makes us feel closer to the
people we watch on television
daily when we read about their
lives.

I should think anyone who
successfully comes out of
some hardship deserves to tell
their story and be proud.

The thing I think DRUM
tries to do is show the ordinary
folk out there that everyone
experiences problems at
some time. Often we are
tempted to think people we
see on television have it easy
but they don't. Everybody has
to earn his way in this world.

It's this kind of negative
thinking we should rid our-
selves of because in time it
turns into hatred which is
completely uncalled-for.
Dudu Mavuka, Port Elizabeth

Acting gay but not a gay actor

I have been hoping someone
would comment on Themba
Ndaba's performance in the
comedy Streaks on SABC 1,
but to no avail. Most of my
friends had mixed reactions
to the comedy.

It's not easy being con-
fronted in your own living room
by a gay person, so in a way it
forced them to face some
issues I am sure they would

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ceptional, some sort of scam
you think should be exposed,
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think it's worth following up.

Pictures (never send nega-
tives) should be sent in with a
stamped, self-addressed en-
velope. Please include a brief
description of what the picture
shows and the names of all the
people in it.

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rather not face

Themba Ndaba does jus-
tice to his character, although
not every gay individual acts
like that; he does it well. I think
it's a first for black audiences
to be confronted by something
like this and I think the produ-
cers of the show deserve a pat
on the back.

Although the humour is
sometimes really strange and
eccentric it's enjoyable and
fun. I just hope that in our
narrow-minded society people
will remember Themba is only
acting and he's not gay in real
life.

Thandi Magudulela,
Zeerust

readers say...

What a lazy lot we are!

Africans from further north often comment
about our laziness. I look at this positively –
yes, they are right. What a lazy nation we are!

We live up to our slogan "There's no hurry
in South Africa". We are steadily but surely
dropping agriculture in our schools in favour of
certain languages. Where are we going to get
food? Does a language produce any?

We are just running away from the manual

work that goes with agriculture. It's a disgrace
to import food.

This laziness has affected us to the extent
that we can't even think up names for our
soccer clubs but call them things like Man-
chester City and Liverpool. Even our national
teams like Bafana Bafana, Amabokoboko,
Amagluglug, Banyana Banyana, have the
same boring sound. Come, South Africans;
let's shake off this culture of laziness.

BJ, Phalaborwa



Handy hints

Soak your feet for 10 to 20 minutes in strong tea every day until the smell goes away; boil 2 teabags in 750 ml (3 cups) of water for 15 minutes and pour into a bowl containing two litres of cool water.

To the point

Refrigerate eyeliner and lipliner for at least an hour before



Sweet and soft

To keep brown sugar from hardening, place a few pieces of white sandwich bread in the container with the sugar.

Grate ideal

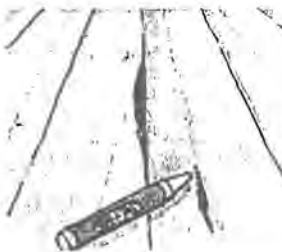
If you need to grate butter for baking, first dip it in flour. It'll be much easier to handle.

String it along

Store odd pieces of string in a screw-top jar with a hole pierced in the lid so the string can be threaded through without tangling.

Waxing wonderful

To fill a deep scratch in a wooden floor, melt a crayon that matches the colour of the wood and use it to fill in the crack. After the crayon hardens, wax the floor.



Perfect potatoes

When peeling potatoes for later use, stop them discolouring by placing them in a bowl of water to which two teaspoons of milk have been added.

Bread for boils

When you next have a boil, place a mixture of bread and hot milk between two clean handkerchiefs, apply to the skin and keep in place with a cotton bandage. This will draw the dirt to the surface and the boil should burst.

Lettuce crisper

To refresh limp lettuce, place in cold water with a peeled potato - it will become crisp once more.

Sparkling saucepans

To make burnt saucepans easier to clean, boil water and onion skins in them and leave overnight to soak. The scorch marks will lift off easily when washed the next day.

sharpening. You'll get a finer point without breakage.

Undercover veggies

Add a cup of grated carrots or courgettes to 500 g of minced beef next time you make hamburger patties. Your family will get a serving of vegetables without even knowing it.

Mankonkwane, son of a Zulu warrior

(From page 72)

said Mankonkwane, "what happened to Sophie? What happened to the serving woman who was with me when we were attacked?"

"She is dead," replied the old watchman. "She shielded you with her body and took three gunshots meant for you. She must have loved you, boy."

Mankonkwane felt bitter tears flooding his eyes. Dimly, through the mist of salty liquid, he saw a nurse go by and heard old Ngubane telling her Mankonkwane had regained consciousness.

The nurse hurried over, placed a cool hand on Mankonkwane's forehead, nodded and went away. She returned some time later with another nurse and a doctor who proceeded to examine Mankonkwane and then ordered an injection for him.

Four days later Mankonkwane

was out of the hospital and back in the hostel where he, his brother and other friends and relatives stayed. His nights were sleepless, haunted by dreams of the beautiful woman who had sacrificed her fading life to save him.

"Why did she do it? We were not even lovers!" Mankonkwane thought again and again.

Some of Mankonkwane's friends, especially his brother Mkheleni, seeing him in deepest depression, tried to introduce him to skokian, the potent illicit liquor of those years before the Second World War, when the great city of Johannesburg was young. But Mankonkwane steadfastly refused to be drawn into the stinking web of drunkenness and alcohol.

Some tried to tempt him with dagga cigarettes, but he refused. "I would rather face life with a clear mind," he said. "I will not hide behind dagga smoke and skokian fumes."

"Then you are a fool, my brother," said Mkheleni contemptuously. "Strong men must drink. A man who does not drink is nothing but a pisspot!"

"I am not going to argue with you, my brother," said Mankonkwane. "You are my elder brother,

after all, and the law forbids me from arguing with you. But let me tell you this, I would rather face the glare of the sun of life with sober eyes than to depart this world in a mist of drunkenness!"

Mkheleni laughed and left the hostel.

A few days later news reached Mankonkwane, who was still weak and unwell, that Mkheleni had been killed by a gang of thugs while alighting from the train at Kiptown Station.

Mankonkwane's heart was torn apart with grief. He had always admired and loved his elder brother. Now Mkheleni, with his handsome face, prominent front teeth and ready, booming laugh, was gone.

"Why?" asked Mankonkwane. "Why is life so cheap in this city called Johannesburg?"

MANKONKWANE, fully recovered, returned once more to his job as a nightwatchman. But something had left him, a light had gone out of his life.

The loss of Sophie and Mkheleni had struck a deeper blow to his heart than he had realised. Again and again he found himself sinking into the deepest depression. Again and

again he found himself falling asleep while on duty. At one time he was woken up and severely reprimanded by old Ngubane, his sergeant and superior.

Ngubane added "Listen, Mankonkwane. I think you must take leave and go home. You need to recover from the terrible things that have happened to you. If I find you asleep on duty one more time I will be duty-bound to report you to the white man in the office. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yebo, Baba," replied Mankonkwane, shamefaced.

But a few nights later sleep caught up with Mankonkwane again. He woke up to find himself lying on a thick layer of flattened cardboard boxes at the rear of the stop he was supposed to be guarding.

He woke up slowly. Then he saw what he thought were two men creeping up on him in the dark. Slowly he reached for the long sjambok he now carried in the place of his knobkerrie, which had been broken that terrible night.

He raised the sjambok and lashed out with all his power, but it

(To page 78)



Lesson 2

NUMBERS, COLOURS AND SHAPES

• NUMBERS

LEVEL 1, 2, 3

1	one
2	two
3	three
4	four
5	five
6	six
7	seven
8	eight
9	nine
10	ten

LEVEL 2, 3

11	eleven
12	twelve
13	thirteen
14	fourteen
15	fifteen
16	sixteen
17	seventeen
18	eighteen
19	nineteen
20	twenty

LEVEL 3

30	thirty
40	forty
50	fifty
60	sixty
70	seventy
80	eighty
90	ninety
100	hundred
1000	thousand
1 000 000	million

Exercise :

LEVEL 1 :

Write the word :

6 _____
10 _____
3 _____
7 _____
1 _____

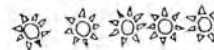
Count !



= three _____



= _____



= _____



= _____



= _____

LEVEL 2 :

four + two = six _____ twenty + one = _____

ten + ten = _____ forty + six = _____

ten + five = _____ five hundred + one hundred = _____

thirty + thirty = _____ seventy + seventy = _____

Handy hints

Shoulder shiner

Remove shoulder pads from old clothes and use for shining shoes and handbags.

Smooth flow

Clean a blocked shower head by soaking it in a bowl of water in which a denture-cleaning tablet has been dissolved.

Perfect pie

Add extra flavour to an apple pie by mixing one dessertspoon of lemon curd to the apple and one teaspoon of cinnamon to the topping.

Tape ties

Use the tape from damaged or worn-out videos to tie up tall plants and rubbish bags.

Hairy job

Use a bent paperclip attached to a length of string to remove hair trapped in plugholes.

Easy curtains

Place sticky tape over the hook on curtain wire and it will glide through the heading without damaging your curtains.

Gold gleam

Coat dull gold rings with an old lipstick stub – any colour will do. Leave for a few minutes, then rub off with a soft cloth for a real sparkle.



Banana mulch

When summer sun threatens to burn your plants, mulch them with banana skins.

Party nails

Make your own glitter nail polish by adding glitter – available from supermarkets and stationery shops – to a bottle of clear polish.

If you have interesting tips on how to save time or money, post them to us. We pay R20 for every hint published. If necessary make a simple drawing to illustrate your tip. But remember:

• DRUM accepts no responsibility for any loss or damage resulting from the use of these hints.

Send your tips to: DRUM HANDY HINTS, BOX 1802, CAPE TOWN



from going brown.

Jolly jelly

Add fizz to party jellies by stirring in a little of your favourite soft drink before the jelly has had time to set.

Hair essential

Add two teaspoons of borax to the final rinsing water for beautifully soft, manageable hair.

Whiter shoes

Rub scuffed white shoes with a ball of cotton wool dipped in nail polish remover.

Pop present

Wrap teenagers' presents in pull-out posters of their favourite pop stars.

Moist cake

Make your fruit cake extra moist and delicious by soaking the dried fruit overnight in fruit juice or whisky before you start baking.

Egg-cellent eggs

If a recipe calls for hard-boiled eggs, boil them in salted water so the shells peel off easily.

No more blisters

Rub the inside of the heels of new shoes with soap before wearing to make them soft and less likely to chafe.

Good as new

Remove heat rings on lightly polished wood by rubbing with hard margarine. Leave overnight and polish gently with a soft cloth.

Easy files

Rub furniture polish on the metal rings of three-ring flip files to help you turn the pages smoothly.

Pillow perfect

Sew strips of Velcro to the open ends of old pillowcases and use them to store blankets during summer.

Nail it

An easy way to hammer a small nail into the wall is to place it between the teeth of a fine comb. Hold the comb against the wall and hammer the nail in.

Magic mayonnaise

A little mayonnaise on a soft cloth will remove black heel marks from vinyl floors.

Safe soles

Rub the soles of your baby's new shoes with an emery board to prevent nasty falls.

Better bacon

To keep bacon from shrinking as you fry it, first place it in a plastic bag with some flour and shake well. You'll find it's less greasy too.

Scented notes

Store notepaper and cards with a sachet filled with scented herbs or spices – cinnamon sticks have a wonderful fragrance. The people who receive your letters will love their smell.

Static stopper

After you've rubbed hand cream into your hands, gently rub them over your pantihose to get rid of static cling.

Salt sense

If you accidentally add too much salt to a dish while it's still cooking, drop a peeled potato into the pot. It'll absorb the excess salt.

Gleaming glassware

Bring shine to glassware by adding chopped leftover lemon peel to the final rinsing water.





- 71

A poem for fun !

The Shop

- 1 At the end of the street
2 is a shop, oh so neat !
3 with shelves full of things
4 from sweets to pretty rings. } This is a **verse**.
- 5 There are also lots of toys
6 for little girls and boys
7 like dolls and kites and trains,
8 motorcars and aeroplanes ! } This is a **line**.
- 9 Mother buys our food
10 for she knows what is good
11 for little children to eat
12 like eggs and fruit and meat !
- 13 Later, when we go home
14 where Doggie was all alone
15 he is so happy to see
16 Mother, Peter and me.
- 17 Next week we will go again
18 in sunshine or heavy rain
19 to buy and buy and buy
20 things on shelves low and high.

LEVEL 1

Find the answers in the poem !

- one shelf, but many _____ one egg, but six _____
one ring, but two _____ one toy, but lots of _____
one child, but many _____ one train, but many _____

Remember ! Another word for **sweets** is **candy**.

LEVEL 2

- Where is this shop ? (line 1) At the _____
- Which food is good for children ? (line 12) _____
and _____
- Who buys the food ? (line 9) _____
- Who stays home alone ? (line 14) _____
- When will they go shopping again ? (line 17) _____

LEVEL 3

- In the first verse of the poem is the opposite word for begin. Do you know which word ?

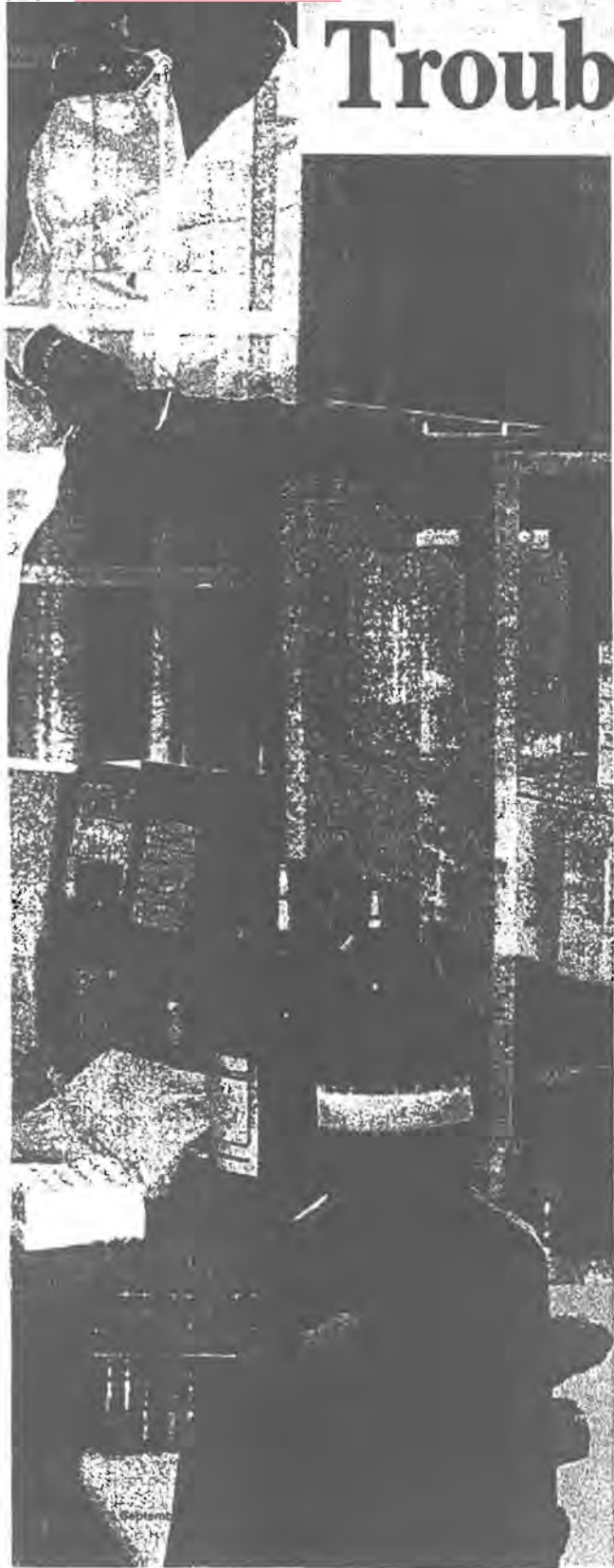
- Which word in verse 2 rhymes with toys ? _____
- Can you find a word in verse 1 that means the same as beautiful ? _____
- Can you find a word in verse 4 that has the opposite meaning of together ? _____
- Complete : When the sun _____, it is hot.



DRUM (1998:40-43) 3 SEPTEMBER ISSUE



Trouble in Ward B



It was raining that afternoon at the Sonke Siyaphila Hospital. It was visiting hour and the place was swarming with visitors. They were allowed to see their loved ones three times a day: at 10 o'clock in the morning, 2 pm in the afternoon and seven o'clock in the evening. Each time they were allowed to stay for an hour and a half.

When the visitors arrived, all the nurses in the wards would leave their patients alone with their loved ones. But they didn't go too far away – they would stay in the room near the door, where they could keep a watch over their charges in case there was an emergency.

Because it was raining outside that afternoon the nurses in Ward B quickly scurried to the main kitchen in the passage to make themselves a hot cup of coffee. There were six of them on duty in Ward B.

"Why is everybody here? What did I say about leaving the ward, without anybody in attendance?" Sister Ngcolosi screamed angrily, finding the staff gathered around the kettle. "What's going on here? Is this some kind of a café or what?"

Sister Ngcolosi was the nurse in charge of Ward B. She had a reputation for being a tough boss. She ordered the nurses around all the time, screaming and never having a friendly word to say to them.

Sonke Siyaphila Hospital was big, but all the nurses knew about Sister Ngcolosi's reputation for treating her staff badly. She was known as 'The Biting Crocodile' and the nurses stayed out of her way as much as possible.

She ordered her staff around as if they were children. Most of the nurses in her ward were young and unmarried, and they all feared her. She had been working at the hospital for 32 years now, and was one of the first nurses to be employed there.

No matter if you were a young, unmarried nurse, or old and married, it made no difference to Sister Ngcolosi. As long as you were a nurse, she'd treat you as badly as she liked.

Over the years many young

By THABO IAN SHONGWE
Illustration: Karen Ahlschläger

nurses had resigned from Sonke Siyaphila and moved to other hospitals because of her tongue. Most of the time her mood was very bad and she didn't care who she took it out on.

Many nurses hated Sister Ngcolosi, but they never spoke back when she picked on them, because they were scared of her reaction. They knew once you talked back, she'd pick on you until you couldn't take it any more.

SISTER Ngcolosi stood at the entrance to the ward waiting for the nurses to scuttle back from the kitchen

"Do you think you're on holiday? Why did you all have to go and make those stupid cups of coffee at the same time? Are you crazy or what? Just tell me, what's your problem, nurses, or should I say, ladies of leisure?" she said sarcastically.

"Listen here, ladies, you are all here to work and to look after these patients. That is what you swore to do as nurses, not to hang around the hospital having a good time and looking for boy-friends!" Sister Ngcolosi was

(To page 42)



About the author: Thabo Ian Shongwe lives in Pinetown, KwaZulu-Natal. He is a journalist, is very interested in philosophy, and enjoys writing short stories and poetry.



Trouble in Ward B

(From page 41)

getting angrier by the moment. The nurses just stood there looking down at their polished brown shoes.

"If you want boyfriends, hit the streets!" the sister ranted, "You are the ones giving our hospital a bad name! Is that understood? And one more thing, when you want coffee, you go one by one to the kitchen. Or you, Lindi, make those stupid cups of coffee for all of them. Is that clear?" Sister Ngcolosi bellowed at the top of

her voice.

Everything was still and quiet in the ward. The visitors and patients watched her in surprise and shock.

"She's very rude, isn't she?" one visitor whispered to her friend who lay in bed.

"She's always like this. She's the biting crocodile I was telling you about. She's the beast!" the patient whispered back to her friend.

The nurses weren't the only ones to suffer under Sister Ngcolosi. As she walked past one of beds, she accidentally kicked over a bucket full of water, spilling it all over the floor.

The patient in the bed was in great pain and very ill. The biting crocodile couldn't care less and

became even more angry.

"Get out of that bed at once, and clean up your mess! I told you not to put this stupid bucket where we walk!" she raged furiously.

"But . . . Sister . . . Sister . . ." the patient stammered.

Sister Ngcolosi came closer to the bed, waved her finger in front of the young patient's eyes and yelled, "Sister, sister what? I said out of the bed *now!* Are you nailed to that stupid bed, or what? I said *out!*"

The young girl jumped out, pulled on her dressing gown, and cleared up the mess even though she was in great pain.

This was a typical incident in Ward B. The patients feared the sister because she often beat them if they did anything to upset her. She was the boss in Ward B, everyone knew that.

THE day came when the nurses had had enough. They reported Sister Ngcolosi to the hospital's chief superintendent, Mrs Olifant.

The superintendent listened to their complaints. Then, clearing her throat and taking off her glasses, she said: "Let me tell you something about Jumaima Ngcolosi. She was here at Sonke Siyaphila before me. She is a well-respected sister in this hospital."

The nurses felt their hearts sink. This didn't sound very promising.

"Another thing," she went on, "you have no proof Jumaima is abusing you lot. Discipline in this hospital is very high on the agenda among our staff members. Being ordered by your senior is part of the job. Rules must be obeyed at all times and tolerance is expected amongst nurses. I can go on and on."

Mrs Olifant frowned. "And this story you're telling me, that Jumaima sometimes beats the patients, sounds like nonsense to me. Jumaima has a clean record, and no patient has knocked on my door complaining about her. So nurses, please excuse me, I have far more important work to attend to, than listen to gossip about Jumaima."

Superintendent Olifant stood up and opened the door for the nurses from Ward B. The interview was over.

The young nurses were horrified. Some even felt guilty about reporting Sister Ngcolosi to the superintendent.

"What if the biting crocodile finds out we went to Mrs Olifant?" Lindi, one of the nurses, worriedly asked her fellow-workers.

"That's the day the biting crocodile will eat us, instead of just biting us," another nurse said, as they walked back to the ward.

MRS Olifant wanted to make sure the nurses' story wasn't true, so the following Monday she called Sister Ngcolosi into her office.

"Please sit down, Jumaima," she said. After talking about their families, Mrs Olifant changed the subject to work. "Jumaima, I've

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now, and I know you are looking forward to your retirement one day. I would hate it if you had to get fired after such long service as a senior nurse.

"Tell me Jumaima, do you ... ah ... ever lose your temper and beat my patients?" she asked, her voice soft but firm.

Sister Ngcolosi stood up and rested her hands on the desk. She looked straight into Mrs Olifant's eyes. "That's an insult, Jane!" she said, indignantly. "How could I do such a thing? I know the rules and regulations. That's a crime, how could you ask me such a question?" She banged her fist on the desk.

When Mrs Olifant saw Sister Ngcolosi's reaction, she was convinced the nurses had made up the story. "Okay, okay Jumaima, sit down, please. Don't make such a fuss about it. It's just a routine enquiry, I was ordered to do this to all our senior nurses," she lied. "I still have a long string of questions to ask you, involving other stupid little things. It's not such a big deal. Of course I know you wouldn't do anything like that!" she said soothingly.

BUT in spite of Mrs Olifant's reassurance, Sister Ngcolosi was worried. After their talk, she quickly went to her usual spot – the toilet at the back. It was a Monday and she was really tired, she needed a quick fix.

She went into the toilet cubicle and quickly opened the bottle of brandy she had bought on her way to work. She drank it quickly, pulling a face as the fiery liquid hit her stomach.

"That!" she said, wiping her

face. "Now I'm going to teach them a lesson," she whispered softly.

Every Monday morning, the nurses knew Sister Ngcolosi would be in an extra-bad mood, yelling and shouting all day long. That was because she always drank a lot over the weekend and then she'd have more booze when she got to work in the morning.

The brandy made her feel a lot better. She kicked the door open, stormed off to Ward B and started shouting. "One of you here has a big mouth! One of you has been talking, and I swear to God, I'll find that monster and I'll do what I have to do to her!" she threatened.

"If one of you cripples ever ends up lying in these stupid beds, I'll crush your bones to make my bread. I smell the blood of an informer in this room, is she dead or alive? She can't hide from me!" Sister Ngcolosi yelled in a blind rage.

She passed Lindi, who was attending to a patient on the other side of the ward, and stopped in her tracks.

"Hey you, girl, get me some coffee at once, and bring it to my office!" she ordered.

"But ... but, Sister, I'm still ...," the young nurse stammered.

Sister Ngcolosi didn't give her time to finish. "Girl, I said, coffee now! Let him bleed and die if he wants to! I want my coffee now, or are you the informer I'm looking for?" She came closer to Lindi.

"No, Sister, I'm not, no!" Lindi protested, tears filling her eyes.

"So, go and do it, before I ...!" the sister threatened

again, heading for her office.

"Something has to be done, and right away," one of the other nurses said to Lindi, who was wiping away the tears.

"I'll be right back," Lindi excused herself. She ran to the public phone outside in the passage and rang her boyfriend, Themba. She cried bitterly as she told him the story over the phone.

"I'll be there in 10 minutes, Lindi my darling," Themba promised. He rushed to his car without bothering to change out of the running shoes and tatty shorts he'd worn for his morning jog.

As soon as he arrived at the hospital, he ran as fast as he could to the ward. When he entered, Lindi was nowhere to be seen. One of the nurses told him she had gone to make coffee for the sister.

To pass the time, Themba started reading the patients' files hanging next to their beds. He read the notes carefully before moving to the next one.

Sister Ngcolosi spotted him from her desk and came rushing over. She was rotten drunk, he could smell the brandy on her breath.

"Hey you! Who do you think you are? Just tell me, stranger, who gave you the right to read my patients' files, just tell me who? Somebody please stop me, before I ...," the angry sister Ngcolosi bellowed.

Themba didn't bother to reply. He was busy studying the file of the bleeding patient who had been left by Lindi.

Sister Ngcolosi tried to pull the file out of his hand, but Themba held on to it and carried on reading.

"Hey man, I'm talking to you! I'm in charge here! It's not visiting hours now, so get out here at once. Is that clear, you young bastard? I'm not your nanny, man, get out!" she screamed, even louder than before.

Lindi came back with the cup of coffee in her hand. When she saw what was happening, she put it down hastily and rushed over to Themba.

"Where's my coffee, you stupid girl?" Sister Ngcolosi shouted.

Themba spoke for the first time. "Lindi, I always thought you were exaggerating about this woman, but now I believe every word you said. Today is the last day you'll see this monster in this hospital."

He looked at Sister Ngcolosi. "Old lady, I'm going to make sure you're fired, is that clear?" he said, raising his voice.

"Who ... who do you think you are, and ...," she spluttered.

He walked right up to her. "You listen to me now, lady!" he said, taking out his card and handing it to her.

Sister Ngcolosi couldn't believe her eyes when she read the card. She cried out loud as if a bee had stung her. She ran down the passage out of the door, screaming like a child seeing an injection. "It's a doctor ... Help me, he's a doctor. Today the sun has gone down on me ... help me ... please, everybody help ... woo! woo! Mama, help me ...," she screamed as she ran.

That was the last time the patients and nurses of Ward B saw sister Ngcolosi.

and eat inside you!



Actual size: Large Roundworm (*Ascaris lumbricoides*)

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Single dose for everyone over 2 years

The grizzly facts: How to set out a metacog

In the passage below, we highlighted the most important words from "The bear necessities" on page 1. We then used the information to make the metacog on the right. How does our version compare with the one you did on your own?

BEARS are carnivorous mammals with shaggy fur. They are related to dogs, but are bigger and have no tails. Bears may grow up to 3m in length. They have thick, powerful legs with strong claws. In spite of their size, bears are very nimble.

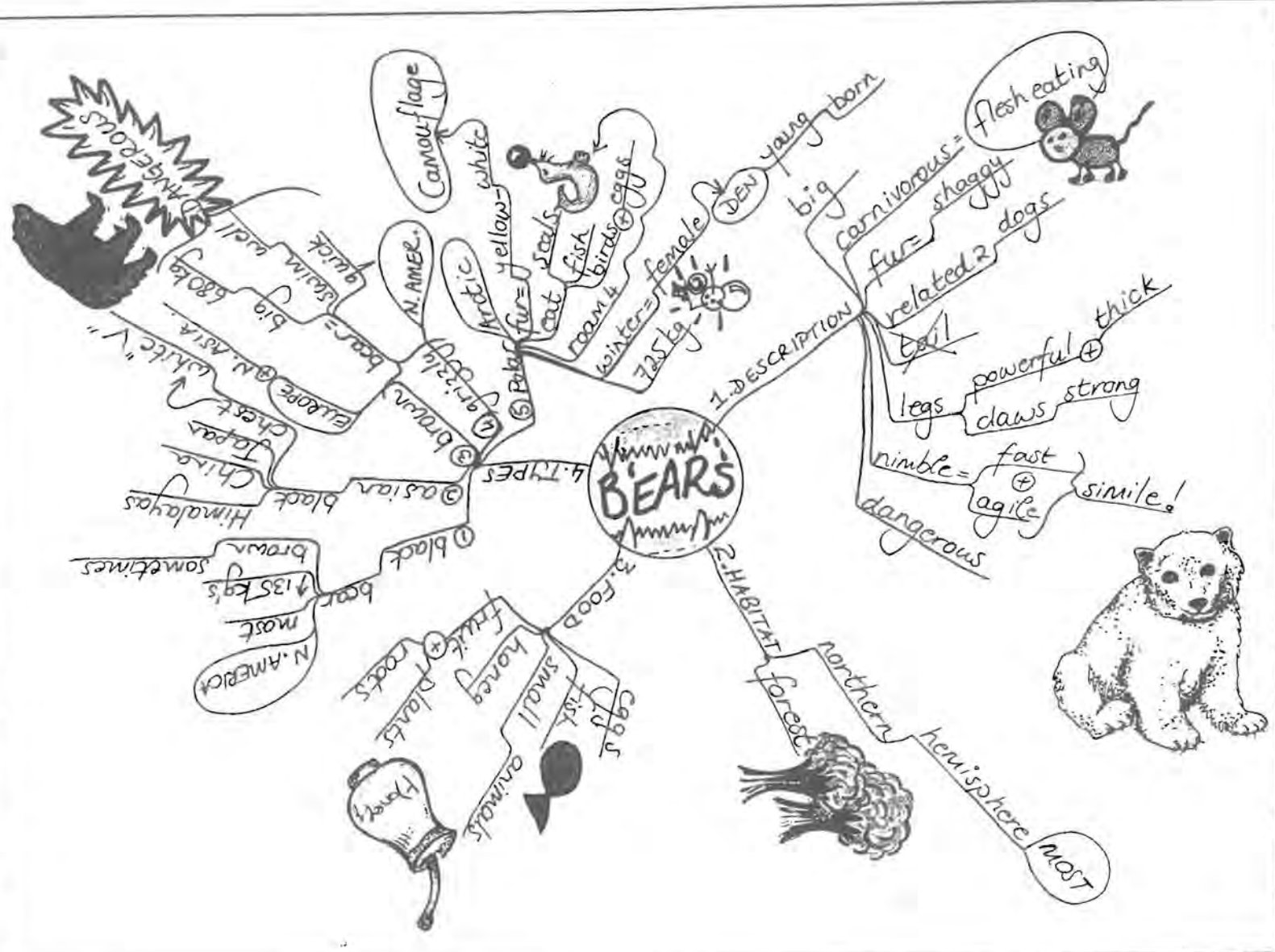
Bears are dangerous animals. In the wild, they may attack, kill and eat a man without warning. Most bears live in the northern hemisphere in forests.

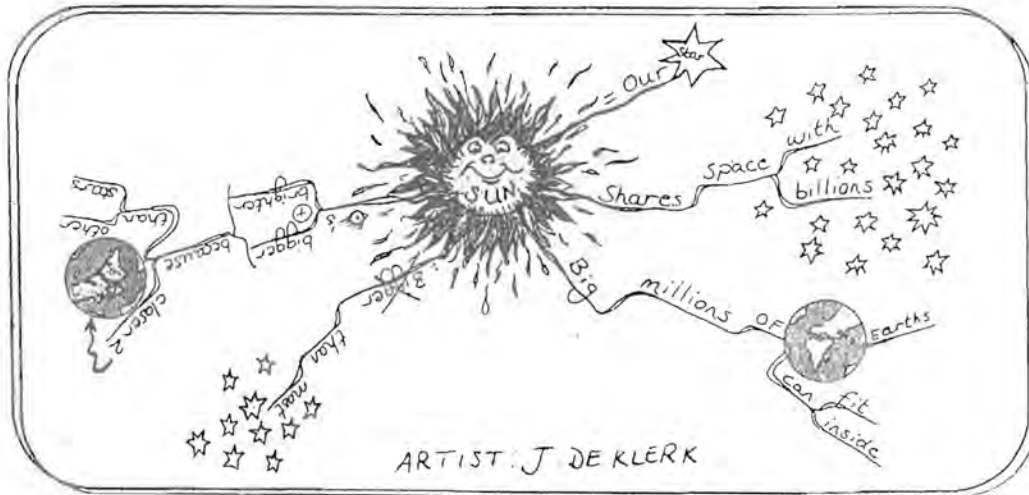
They eat different kinds of food, mostly eggs, fish and small animals, but they also eat honey, fruit, plants and roots.

There are many different types of bears. The black bear lives in North America, where there are lots of them. They can weigh up to 135kg and, in spite of their name, are sometimes brown. The Asian black bear is a different species that is found in the Himalayas, China and Japan. It has a white V-shaped mark on its chest.

The brown bear of Europe and Northern Asia and the grizzly bear of North America are bigger than the black bear and can weigh up to 680kg. They are very quick, swim well and are the most dangerous.

The polar bear lives in the Arctic. Its yellowish-white fur gives it good camouflage. Polar bears eat seal meat, fish, birds and eggs. They can weigh up to 725kg. Polar bears roam around looking for food, but in winter the females stay in their dens, where their young are born.







Master the art of summarising and increase your learning capacity

CORINNE KNOWLES and
LISA BLAKEWAY

SUMMARISING is a vital skill everyone needs in order to be able to learn and recall information effectively. It's about being able to extract the important bits from a chunk of information and store them in your long-term memory.

But how can you learn to summarise information in a meaningful way? You could get two people telling you the same story, but while one might hold your attention with the relevant facts, the other might bore you with loads of boring details and leave out the important parts.

Luckily, like any skill, summarising improves with practice. You just need to keep at it until you figure out which way works best for you.

Mastering the art of summarising increases your learning capacity enormously. It's like tidying up your room: the place always seems fuller when there is stuff lying all over it. When your clothes and books and kit are neatly packed away, there is room for so much more.

Summarising also helps you remember for longer — and as so much of your work is based on what you have learnt previously, it helps to be able to think back and remember past work.

The overall picture: To summarise effectively, you need to make sure you understand the whole section of work you are trying to learn.

Go through your work carefully to make sure you understand what it is all about, and ask your teacher or the class boffin to explain anything you are unsure of. This will give you a better idea of what is really important.

Mind-maps: These can be particularly helpful when learning long involved sections of work.

Choose the central point, circle it on a blank page, and draw sub-points from this central point, in their own circles, joined with lines and squiggles to other connecting points.

This helps you in your thinking when preparing to write an essay, and breaks up the section into bits that are more manageable and easier to remember.

For example, a mind-map of the section headed "How does forestry help the economy?" in the article "Have you hugged a tree today?" on page 3 of readRight, might look something like the graph above.



Key words: Pick out key words in each point that sum up the central idea. You don't have to use words from the text, but make sure you grasp what is being said, and try to understand why it is important.

Mnemonics: You are trying to remember the facts, so should do whatever suits you the best. For example, list the key words and, using the first letter of each key word, make a new word or a silly sentence. For example, if you were summarising paragraph five in the section headed "How can you save trees?" in "Have you hugged a tree today?" your key words might be: *coal, non-renewable, forests, renewable, less energy, less pollution.* To help you remember, you could use the first letters of these words to make other words — like *Colin's naughty friends really like eating Lebo's pudding.*

While some people reckon this technique just complicates the learning process, others find it helps them remember large chunks of information because it adds a bit of fun and creates interesting pictures.

SUSSING OUT THE SUNDAY TIMES

Test your ability to summarise using examples from the Sunday Times

● Turn to the "Health Watch" section in the main newspaper. Imagine you have a sickly aunt who needs to know the impor-

tant information contained in each snippet (mini article) on the page. She will be phoning you later for the details. Read through each section so that you understand all the information.

Choose a **key word** to help you remember each important point. If you like, use **mnemonics** to condense the points into a word or phrase you can remember easily. Test yourself later today, and then again on Tuesday and Friday, to see how much you remember.

● Turn to the article "Have you hugged a tree today?" on page 3 of readRight. Imagine that Mondi have asked you to help them with their recycling campaign. They want you to tell your neighbours how important recycling is and to motivate your family and friends to collect old newspapers and magazines for recycling.

Create a **mind map** to summarise the important information in the article. Study the mindmap until you know your facts, then impress your family by telling them everything you know about paper recycling.

Once you feel more confident, pay your neighbours a visit and see if you can convince them to start putting aside all their scrap paper for Mondi Recycling's Kerbside Pick-up programme.

If you don't have a Mondi Paper Pick-up programme in your community, take the waste paper to school or phone Mondi's toll-free number on 0800-2212 and get a recycling project started in your neighbourhood.



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Density

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By KULI ROBERTS
Assistant: AYANILY MDAKA

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Density

GRAB A GRAPPA

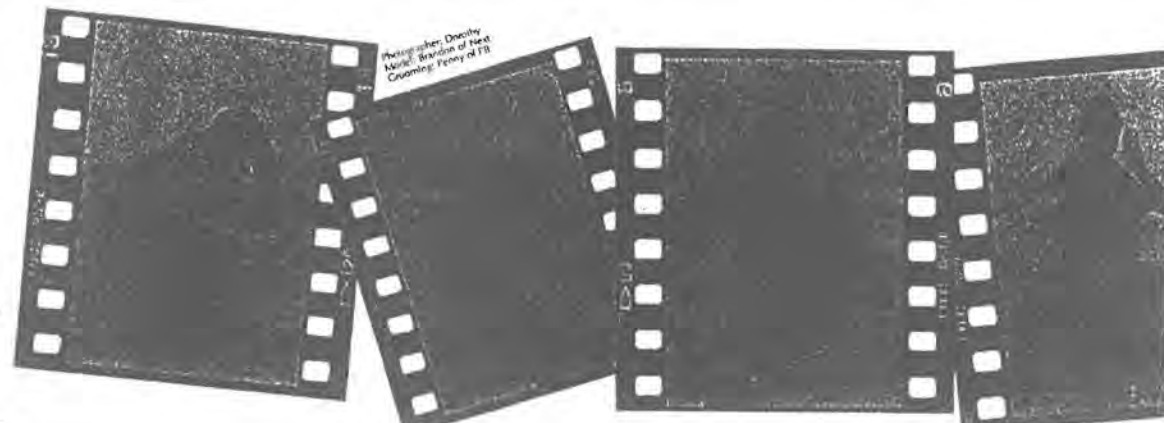
Green Gino Grappa towelling top (R120-R140). Enquiries (021) 461-5617. Black jeans (R185-R260) available at selected Smart Centre stores.



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Sunglasses (R895) by Fendi, available at Edgars, Stuttafords and other leading department stores. Enquiries (011) 334-7020.



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Gold watch (from R595) by Guess, available at Edgars, Foschini, Sterns and American Swiss stores. Enquiries (011) 887-2613.

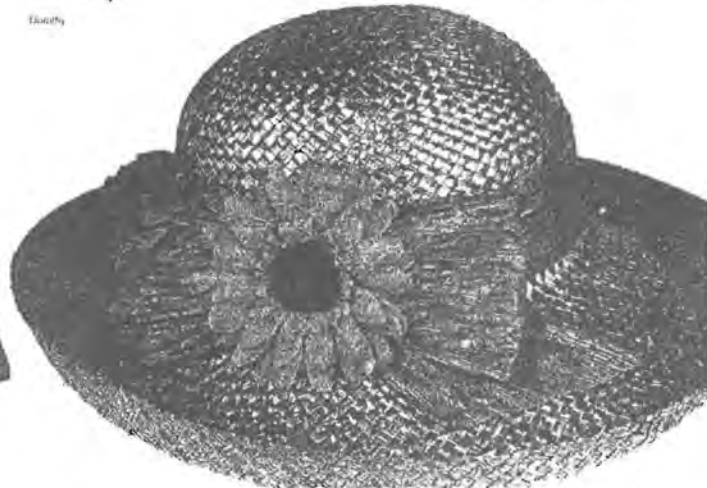


GILT CONSCIENCE

Gold artificial nails (from R19,99 a set of 10) by Jonel, available from pharmacies and supermarkets countrywide. Enquiries (011) 868-5637.

UNDERCOVER

Gold straw hat with upturned brim and sunflower (R79) available at selected Smart Centre stores. Enquiries (011) 626-3220.



Friends and Lovers

LOVELY AND FRIENDLY Tyeno Tyolo (16) would like to hear from guys aged 18-25 from all over the world. Her hobbies are listening to gospel and romantic music, watching television, reading and writing. Interested guys should reply in English or isiXhosa to Bizano Village High School, Private Bag X616, Bizano 4800, Transkei.

JANUARY MSATI (18) would like to hear from comedians in Namibia, South Africa and America. His favourite comedians are Jan Mafela, Jim Carrey, Buju Banton and Luther Campbell. His hobbies are cracking jokes, reading, watching comedies, basketball and rap music. Anyone who enjoys similar hobbies should reply in English with photos to PO Box 463, Odangwa, Namibia.

ZAMBIAN GUY Given Tembo (21) is looking for reliable friends of both sexes aged 16-25 anywhere in the world. His hobbies are reading, sports and listening to gospel and reggae music. Reply in English with photos to Chiwola Technical Secondary School, PO Box 71526, Ndola, Zambia.

SAGITTARIAN LADY Millicent Tshuma (18) would like to correspond with pals of both sexes aged 18-22 from all over the world. Her hobbies are listening to music, going to church and exchanging gifts. Reply in English to 1158 Mkoba 13, Gweru, Zimbabwe.

GILBERT SOKO (16) would like to hear from penpals of both sexes aged 14 and older from South Africa, Swaziland, USA and Europe. His hobbies are watching soccer, movies and listening to rap music. Interested pals should reply with photos to c/o Mr I Soko, N.F.W.C.M, Private Bag 308, Lilongwe 3, Malawi.

FRANCINAH PADI (15) would like to correspond with boys and girls aged 15-19 from all over the world. Her hobbies are swimming, listening to music, going to movies and meeting new friends. Reply in English with photos to Bethel High School, Private Bag X1001, Coligny 2725.

A SERIOUS-MINDED lady is what Jason Payne (24) of PO Box 201019, Gaborone, Botswana is after. Jason wants a lady of Indian origin aged 17-27 from any part of the world. His hobbies are yoga, outdoor life and reading about Indian cultures, norms and traditions. Interested

Looking for penpals? Want to make new friends locally and overseas? Send your details – as briefly as possible, please – to: Friends and Lovers, PO Box 784696, Sandton 2146.



ladies should reply in English with photos.

FAITHFUL FRIENDS are what Hlengiwe Ngwenya (19) of 361 Roads, Chesterville, Durban wants. Hlengiwe's hobbies are playing tennis, listening to music and reading novels. Interested pals from East Africa and overseas should reply in English with photos.

LIFE TIME LOVER Aubrey Botha would like to correspond with South African pals of both sexes aged 27-31. His hobbies are listening to music, playing chess and going to church. Interested pals should reply in Afrikaans, English or Sesotho to Helderstroom Medium Prison, Private Bag X051, Caledon 7230.

WELL-EDUCATED Mthokozisi Sebaki (33) would like to meet a lady aged 24-30 of any race. She should preferably not have more than one child and desire a permanent relationship. Interested ladies should reply with photos to PO Box 392, Loskop 3330.

LONELY GUY Terrence Modzono (19) would like to correspond with girls aged 14-17 from all over the world. Terrence likes listening to music. Interested girls should reply in Tshivenda or English with photos to PO Box 209, Mosia 0944.

CANCERIAN MALE Rock Makola (25) is looking for a lovely lady willing to share his unconditional love. His hobbies are writing letters, exchanging photos, singing gospel music, reading magazines and listening to the radio. Interested ladies aged 18-25 from all over the world should reply in English or Sepedi with photos to PO Box 75, Nebo 1059.

UGANDAN MALE Kakungulu Musoke (20) would like to get in touch with pals from all over the world who are ready for long lasting friendship. Interested pals should reply to PO Box 16174, Wandegaya, Kampala, Uganda.

PAMELA MALELA (16) would like to meet friends of all ages from anywhere in the world. Her hobbies are going to parties, watching television, listening to music, going to movies and church and exchanging gifts. Reply in Sesotho, isiZulu or English with photos to PO Box 269, Tweespruit 9770.

VINCENT MASIKO (40) would like to hear from ladies aged 25-40 with a view to marriage. Ladies from Ghana, Zambia and South Africa should write to PO Box 74229, Rochdale 4034.

HAYLEY MARTIN (21) would like to hear from pals of both sexes and all ages. Her hobbies are listening to R&B, jazz and reggae music, reading, watching movies and going to the cinema. She loves watching soccer and her favourite team is Liverpool. Pals should reply in English or Afrikaans with photos to 36 St Wenceslas Street, Seawing, Retreat 7945.

BUTANA MAHLANGU (23) would like to correspond with ladies aged 20-24 with sober habits who live in KwaNdebele. His hobbies are travelling, reading, going to cinemas and listening to the radio. Interested ladies should reply in English, isiZulu, Ndebele or siSwati with photos to PO Box 4272, Vlaklaagte No 1, Mpumalanga 0458.

ARIES LADY Connie Lekabe (17) would like to correspond with pals of both sexes aged 18-23 from anywhere in the world. Her hobbies are listening to music, watching television, playing basketball and baking. Pals with sober habits should reply in English or Setswana with photos to 3673 Khutsang Location, Carletonville 2499.

Experts pick their dream team

ASK 11 coaches to come up with a starting line-up for the national soccer team and chances are you'll end up with 11 different teams.

After the resignation of Clive "The Dog" Barker as Bafana Bafana coach and the appointment of Jomo "Troublemaker" Sono to the hot seat, Drum asked some soccer experts to come up with their ideal starting line-up for the African Nations Cup finals in Burkina Faso next month.

We also asked for the reasons for their selection, how they'd use the players and how they thought their team would perform at the tournament.

As expected, they came up with different teams and different reasons for their selection. Of course, Jomo is likely to repeat what Barker used to say: the team selected by the media is always the best as it never gets to play, so it never loses.

Here are the teams selected by Sunday Times soccer editor Thomas Kwenaitte, TV and radio soccer commentator Marks Maponyane and yours truly . . .



THOMAS KWENAITE

My starting line-up for Burkina Faso would probably draw gasps from many people, but I've realised our defence has of late conceded soft goals – the one against Uruguay comes to mind.

You can't score against the opposition and 30 seconds later



By S'BUSISO MSELEKU

Paul Evans

Mark Fish

allow them to score as well. It's suicidal, and unacceptable at international level. My defence has been rearranged and tightened with Andrew Rabutla, Willem Jackson and Mark Fish playing as central defenders in a 3-5-2 formation.

I would instruct Fish not to go in his usual forays up front, but to stay at the back and never, I repeat, never venture up front

where he'd expose us at the back. Rabutla and Jackson have proved to be hard nuts to crack and they would be instructed to keep it tight and not allow anyone near goalkeeper Paul Evans, let alone allow them to take potshots at the former Wits University stickman.

Talking about Evans, I know many people would probably

say I'm crazy for selecting him. He can be a nutter, yet beneath the wisecracks and crazy antics lies a brilliant, brave goalkeeper whose ability to guard his poles are well known, especially at Odi Stadium where he single-handedly frustrated Kaizer Chiefs and Orlando Pirates.

Evans is young and agile and can deal effortlessly with crosses, which has been an

Bafana Bafana:



Willem Jackson



telligent player who'd read the game and could be brought in to stabilise the side if Khumalo or Mkhalele are tiring in the second half.

Thabang Lebeso also comes into reckoning mainly because of his ability to run at defenders. There's Thomas Madigane as well, who can cause havoc when allowed to destroy the opposition down the flank.

I haven't introduced radical changes to the "Barker Boys" but have made minimum changes only.

I don't think we'll successfully defend the African Nations Cup in Burkina Faso, but I think we'll go as far as the semi-finals.

People think we have an easy draw but our opening match, against Angola, is crucial. If we win it we have a chance of going all the way to the semi-finals.

GOALKEEPER: Paul Evans
DEFENCE: Willem Jackson, Mark Fish, Andrew Rabutla
MIDFIELD: Helman Mkhalele, Lucas Radebe, John Moeli, Brendon Silent, Doctor Khumalo.
FORWARDS: Benedict McCarthy and Chippa Masinga

Achilles heel of the South African team for years. I've selected Brian Baloyi as the back-up keeper because, besides being a perfect cover, the two have graduated from the Under-23's and have age on their side to keep going at least another 10 years.

In the middle I've thrown in Lucas Radebe and John Moeli to do the dirty job of destroying

and stopping opponents from playing. I field Doctor Khumalo next to the duo with a free role as a playmaker while David Nyathi and Brendon Silent will be the two wingbacks on the left and right respectively.

Helman Mkhalele will also be given a free role to play wherever he likes to carry the ball forward to Benni McCarthy and big Pil Masinga. Why McCarthy,

you may ask, especially ahead of the other strikers.

I think he's earned his spurs, and from the few games I've watched him doing duty for Ajax Amsterdam and against France and against Germany for Bafana Bafana I'm convinced he could be a perfect partner for Masinga up front.

On the wings I have John "Shoes" Moshoeu. He's an in-

I doubt that Bafana Bafana will successfully defend their title in Burkina Faso - we'll probably make it only as far as the second round of the tournament.

If the team successfully defends the title I'll go for a Brian Baloyi hairstyle.

South Africa's away record is not very impressive and this will tell in this competition. Unlike the situation in 1996, Bafana



MARKS MAPONYANE

(To page 22)

the winning line-up



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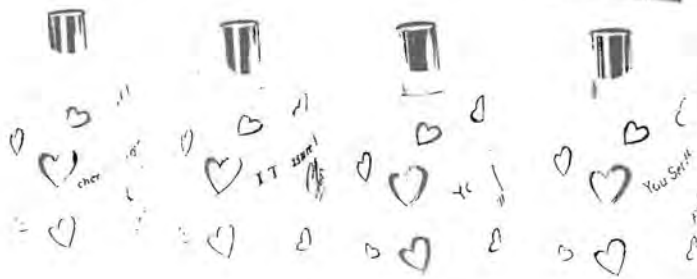
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Hearts
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Valentine's Chocolate Hearts
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Coffee or Mint
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per box



Chocoholics
Chocolate Body Paint
• 400 g
• Warm gently,
use brush & apply
your imagination

17⁹⁹
each

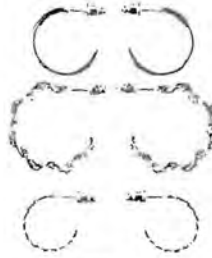
WORTHINGTON'S
Clusters
Peanut, Coconut or
Peanut & Raisin
• 150 g

5⁹⁹
per box



GIANO "I LUV YOU"
Necklace
45 cm chain plus 3
heart shaped pendants

9⁹⁹
each

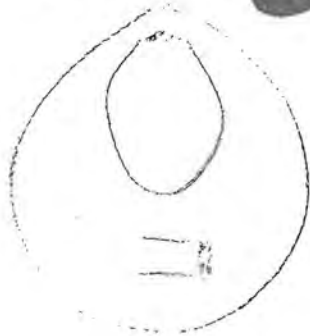


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STEP-BY-STEP

DRUM (1998:85), 17 SEPTEMBER ISSUE

PROMOTIONAL P/

LUCKY STAR PIZZA



Everyone, young and old, loves pizzas. They're easy to make and good for you too, specially if you top them with pilchards. Try this pizza from the LUCKY STAR kitchen.



YEAST DOUGH

- 500 g flour
- 8 ml (1 1/2 t) salt
- 5 g (half a 10 g sachet) instant dried yeast
- 300 ml (1 c + 1/5 c) warm water
- 45 ml (3 T) oil

TOPPING

- 425 g (1 can) LUCKY STAR pilchards in tomato or chilli oil for frying
- 1 medium-sized onion, chopped
- 2 cloves garlic, chopped
- 2 large tomatoes, peeled and chopped
- salt and black pepper
- mixed herbs
- 2 ml (1 1/2 t) sugar
- 1-2 large tomatoes, peeled and sliced
- 1/2 green pepper, seeded and thinly sliced
- 250 ml (1 c) cheese, grated

1 Sift the flour and salt together in a large bowl. Add the yeast and mix. Add the water and oil and mix to make a soft dough. Knead for about 10 minutes until smooth and elastic.

Cover with a clean cloth and leave in a warm place until it has risen to double the size. Preheat the oven to 200 °C. Knead the dough back to its original size and roll half the quantity into a 30 - 35cm circle. Place on a well-oiled baking sheet.



2 Drain the pilchards gently, so as not to break them, and reserve the sauce. Carefully halve lengthways and set aside.

3 Heat the oil and gently fry the onion and garlic over medium heat for one minute. Add the chopped tomatoes, salt, pepper, mixed herbs and sugar, along with the sauce from the pilchards. Simmer gently until the sauce is fairly thick. Cool and season to taste.



4 Spread the sauce evenly over the base and arrange sliced tomato and green pepper rings on top. Sprinkle with most of the grated cheese. Bake for 20 minutes (below the centre of the oven).



5 Remove the pizza from the oven and arrange the pilchard halves. Sprinkle with the remaining cheese and bake for another 20 minutes. Serve with a fresh salad.

HANDY HINT

Tomatoes are easy to peel if left in boiling water for one minute. Remove and cool before peeling.



DRUM (1998:80-83) 15 OCTOBER ISSUE



Bottom to top: Orange cookies, almond and oats squares, coffee and raisin shortbread squares and fruity oats cookies.



(From previous page)

COFFEE AND RAISIN SHORTBREAD SQUARES

MRS FJ THERON of Port Elizabeth says these delicious shortbread squares with coffee icing are perfect for special occasions.

SHORTBREAD

230 g butter
140 ml sugar
500 ml (2 c) cake flour
10 ml (2 t) baking powder

15 ml (1 T) golden syrup
250 ml (1 c) seedless raisins

ICING

warm water
10 ml (2 t) coffee powder
5 ml (1 t) butter
375 ml (1 1/2 c) icing sugar, sifted

Preheat the oven to 180 °C and spray a baking sheet with nonstick spray or butter lightly.

Cream the butter and sugar together until light and fluffy.

Sift the cake flour and baking powder together and add to the butter mixture along with the remaining shortbread in-

gredients.

Mix well and press the mixture into the prepared baking sheet. Bake for about 20 minutes until the shortbread is a pale straw colour.

Meanwhile prepare the icing: dissolve the coffee powder in 15 ml (1 T) hot water and add half to the icing sugar along with the butter. Mix, adding small quantities of hot water at a time until a spreadable paste is formed.

Cool the baked shortbread for 5 minutes before spreading with the icing. Leave for another 5 minutes before cutting into squares. Allow to cool

completely in baking sheets. Store in an airtight container. Makes 35 squares.

ORANGE COOKIES

ALICE RULEILE of Lesotho serves these cookies at tea time.

100 g butter
120 ml caster sugar
380 ml cake flour
10 ml (2 t) baking powder
pinch salt
1 extra-large egg, whisked
finely grated rind of 1 orange
10 ml (2 t) freshly squeezed orange juice
glacé mixed rind for garnishing

Preheat the oven to 180 °C and spray a few baking sheets with nonstick spray or butter lightly.

Cream the butter and caster sugar until light and fluffy.

Sift together the dry ingredients.

Beat the egg and beat into the butter mixture, a little at a time.

Fold in the dry ingredients and rind. Add a little orange juice if the mixture is too dry.

Leave the dough to rest in the fridge for 10 minutes.

Shape into walnut-sized balls and arrange on the prepared baking sheets. Make a slight hollow in the centre of each cookie with your finger and decorate with a piece of glacé rind.

Bake for about 10 minutes or until the cookies are pale brown underneath.

Cool the cookies on wire racks before storing in an airtight container. Makes about 75 small cookies.

MICROWAVED CHOCOLATE BROWNIES

DENISE BALL of KwaZulu-Natal sent us the recipe for these divine fibre-rich chocolate brownies made in the mi-

Friends and Lovers

GORETIE ZULU (16) wants to correspond with pals of either sex from anywhere in the world. He enjoys listening to music, swimming and reading novels. Reply in English, with a photo, to Cooritas Convent School, PO Box 80040, Kabwe, Zambia.

MXOLISI SONJA (20) wants to correspond with pals aged 18-30 from anywhere in the world. He enjoys listening to music, writing and swimming. Reply in English, with a photo, to Helderstram Medium A, Private Bag X051, Coledon.

MANDISA MTUNGWA (20) wants to correspond with pals aged 20-35 from any part of the world. Her interests are baking, playing netball and listening to music. Reply in English or isiZulu, with a photo, to 3 Carter Drive, Ashlone, Pietermaritzburg 3201.

DEBRA KAOMA (20) wants to correspond with pals aged 22-26 from anywhere in the world. His interests are watching TV, making friends and listening to music. Reply in English with a photo, to 25 Kennedy Ave, Chambishi, Zambia.

CHARLES NKOMWE (19) wants to correspond with pals of either sex aged 16-21 from anywhere in the world. He enjoys playing chess and listening to reggae music. Reply in English, with a photo, to c/o MFL Nkomwe, Ministry of Legal Affairs, PO Box 50106, Lusaka, Zambia.

MONNYE WATEMO (24) wants to correspond with pals of either sex, aged 24-32, from any part of the world. She enjoys listening to music, travelling and hanging out with friends. Reply in English or Setswana to PO Box 2411, Gaborone, Botswana.

NDAGIRE PHARIDAH (16) wants to correspond with pals of either sex from any part of the world. She enjoys going to the movies, exchanging photos and swimming. Reply in English to c/o Mr Kawesi Ahmed, KKM Enterprises, PO Box 30355, Kampala, Uganda.

THOZAMILE ANTONI (41) is looking for a loving and caring lady aged 30-40 who's ready to settle down. His interests are reading, listening to gospel music and watching TV. Reply in isiXhosa or English, with a photo, to Correctional Services, Private Bag X6, Middeldrift 5685.

ERNEST MKHWANAZI (24) wants to correspond with pals aged 17-25 who neither drink nor smoke, from any part of the world. He enjoys going to the movies and playing soccer and snooker. Reply in isiZulu or English, with a photo, to Box 10127, Richards Bay 3900.

Looking for penpals? Want to make new friends locally and overseas? Send your details – as briefly as possible, please – to:
**Friends and Lovers,
PO Box 784696,
Sandton 2146.**



GRANT SIBIYA (29) wants to correspond with ladies aged 20-27 from anywhere in the world. His interests are listening to music and going to the movies. Reply in English or isiZulu, with a photo, to Private Bag 202B, Krugersdorp.

DERECK CHONGO (35) wants to hear from ladies willing to settle down, aged 25-35, from any part of the world. His interests are travelling, listening to music and reading. Reply in English, with a photo, to G73 Bulanda Road, C/Bombwe Mine Town Ship, Chillabambwe, Copperbelt, Zambia.

DAVE SEBANYONI (24) wants to correspond with ladies aged 22-28 from anywhere in the world. He enjoys reading, listening to music and going to church. Reply in English or Setswana, with a photo, to PO Box 30116, Bolekang, Rustenburg 0308.

NOMSA THWALA (24) wants to correspond with pals of either sex and any age from any part of the world. Her hobbies are cooking and listening to music. Reply in English to 6171 Zone 5, Diepkloof, PO Khotsa 1864.

FUNEKA ZIKODE (17) wants to correspond with guys aged 17-20 from anywhere in the world. She enjoys listening to music and watching TV. Reply in English or isiZulu, with a photo, to PO Box 35234, Zwelibomvu 3614.

GEORGE KAPUTO (16) wants to correspond with pals of either sex from any part of the world. He enjoys going to church, playing football and watching TV. Reply in English to Mapalo Baptist Church, PO Box 410445, Kasama, Zambia.

CLAUDETTE LICHABA (17) wants to correspond with pals aged 17-21 from anywhere in the world. She enjoys listening to music, travelling and reading. Reply in English, with a photo, to PO Box 2962, Matikeng 2745.

NONTOMBI MZONDI (17) wants to correspond with pals aged 16-21 from any part of the world. Her interests are listening to gospel music, writing letters and going to church. Reply in English, with a photo, to Box 6224, Enqobo 5050.

WILLY MWAFILASO (16) wants to correspond with pals aged 14-16 from anywhere in the world. He enjoys playing soccer, athletics and reading. Reply in English to Army Secondary School, Private Bag 91, Lilongwe, Blantyre, Malawi.

LINDIWE MTSWENI (17) wants to correspond with pals of either sex from anywhere in the world. Her hobbies are playing tennis, listening to music and reading magazines. Reply in English or isiZulu to PO Box 1717, Kwa-Mhlangu 1022.

FAITH ALWEENDI (20) wants to hear from pals of either sex from any part of the world. She enjoys watching TV, reading and making friends. Reply in English, with a photo, to PO Box 23549, Windhoek, Namibia.

CHRISTOPHER SIGWENTU (40) wants to hear from ladies aged 30-35 from anywhere in the world. His interests are listening to music and reading. Reply in English, with a photo, to Goodwood Prison, Private Bag X4, Edgemead 7404.

SIHSO MATHEBUSA (17) wants to correspond with pals aged 12-14 from any part of the world. Her hobbies are watching TV, playing soccer and reading. Reply in English or isiZulu, with a photo, to PO Box 406, Femia 2339.

ANELE JOZANI (28) wants to hear from ladies aged 28-32 from anywhere in the world. He enjoys reading and going to church. Reply in English or isiZulu, with a photo, to Medium B, St Albans, Private Bag X6055, Port Elizabeth 6000.

ASHLEY NAVARRONE (25) wants to correspond with gay pals from anywhere in the world. His hobbies are scriptwriting, shopping and listening to music. Reply in English, with a photo, to 226 Lenham Drive, Phoenix, Durban 4000.

Tomato sauce - it's good for you

Eating plenty of processed tomatoes can help prevent heart disease and cancer

Tomato sauce not only tastes delicious but is good for you too.

Research shows tomato sauce reduces the risk of cardiac disease and cancer. And while we've always been taught that fresh fruit and vegetables in their canned or natural form are the best source of vitamins and minerals, the latest research into tomatoes proves otherwise. Fresh or canned tomatoes are equally good, tomato juice and purée are better, but tomato sauce is best!

The latest buzzword among researchers is lycopene, the colouring agent which gives tomatoes their red colour.

This super-ingredient in tomatoes is one of the most important carotenes which help the body build up resistance against diseases.

Lycopene is also an antioxidant, like vitamins C and E. Antioxidants protect the body against free radicals, the culprits which cause heart diseases, cancer and age-related illnesses such as arthritis.

Lycopene smothers the free radicals and provides the white blood cells with twice as much protection against harmful nitrogen dioxide which we inhale, as beta-carotene, which is found in carrots and green vegetables.

A protein, lycopene is also found in watermelons, ruby grapefruit and apricots. But these are all foods that are not

eaten as frequently as tomatoes and are not as readily available as tomatoes. Tomatoes can also be bought in cans and bottles throughout the year.

SO why is tomato sauce better for you than fresh tomatoes from the garden? Researchers from Ulster University in Ireland say that while fresh tomatoes do contain lycopene, the lycopene cells in processed tomatoes are broken up, making it easier for the body to absorb. Best of all, you can now tuck into an Italian meal of pizza, pasta and tomato sauce because it's good for you.

And this has been the trend worldwide. Researchers say we now eat 50 per cent more tomatoes than 10 years ago. Blood samples also show we are consuming more lycopene.

These findings have been confirmed by two research teams in America. They agree tomatoes are good for you and should be a must on the menu.

A researcher from the University of North Carolina com-

pared American and European men who had had heart attacks with men who had never had heart attacks. The results showed that the risk of heart attacks reduced by half in men with high levels of lycopene.

Another study conducted by the Harvard School of Medicine found that men who ate tomatoes twice a week in whatever form had a 34 per cent less chance of developing prostate cancer. And tomato sauce proved to be the best source of lycopene.

But before you dash out and buy dozens of bottles of tomato sauce and encourage your family to drench their food in the stuff, first read the contents label on the bottle. Not all processed tomatoes are necessarily beneficial.

"Some tomato sauces are imitations and contain little tomato and mainly thickeners, colorants, sweeteners and preservatives, which can be more harmful than beneficial. ALL GOLD tomato sauce contains no

For years we thought processed tomatoes weren't as good as fresh ones. But scientists recently discovered the opposite: tomato sauce and pastes used in pasta and pizzas contain a miracle ingredient . . .



thickeners, preservatives or colorants," says Mr Rob Opie, marketing manager of ALL GOLD.

The only note of caution when it comes to eating tomato sauce is to go easy on the fatty meals. But tomato sauce on pizzas, eggs and hamburgers has been given the green light.

Main picture: Now you can drench your food in tomato sauce knowing it's good for you.

by experts. They even predict pizzas will soon be displayed on the health-food shelves in supermarkets.

DID YOU KNOW?

- Tomatoes originally come from South America and were brought to Europe and England in the 1500s.

- Tomatoes were immediately accepted in Spain, Portugal and Italy, but Northern

Europeans were initially suspicious of them;

- Tomatoes were called the love "apple" because people believed if you ate them you would fall in love;

- Tomatoes are neither a fruit nor vegetable but a berry;
- Tomatoes consist of 90 per cent water. The remaining 10 per cent is made up of carbohydrates, proteins, vitamins, minerals and trace elements.

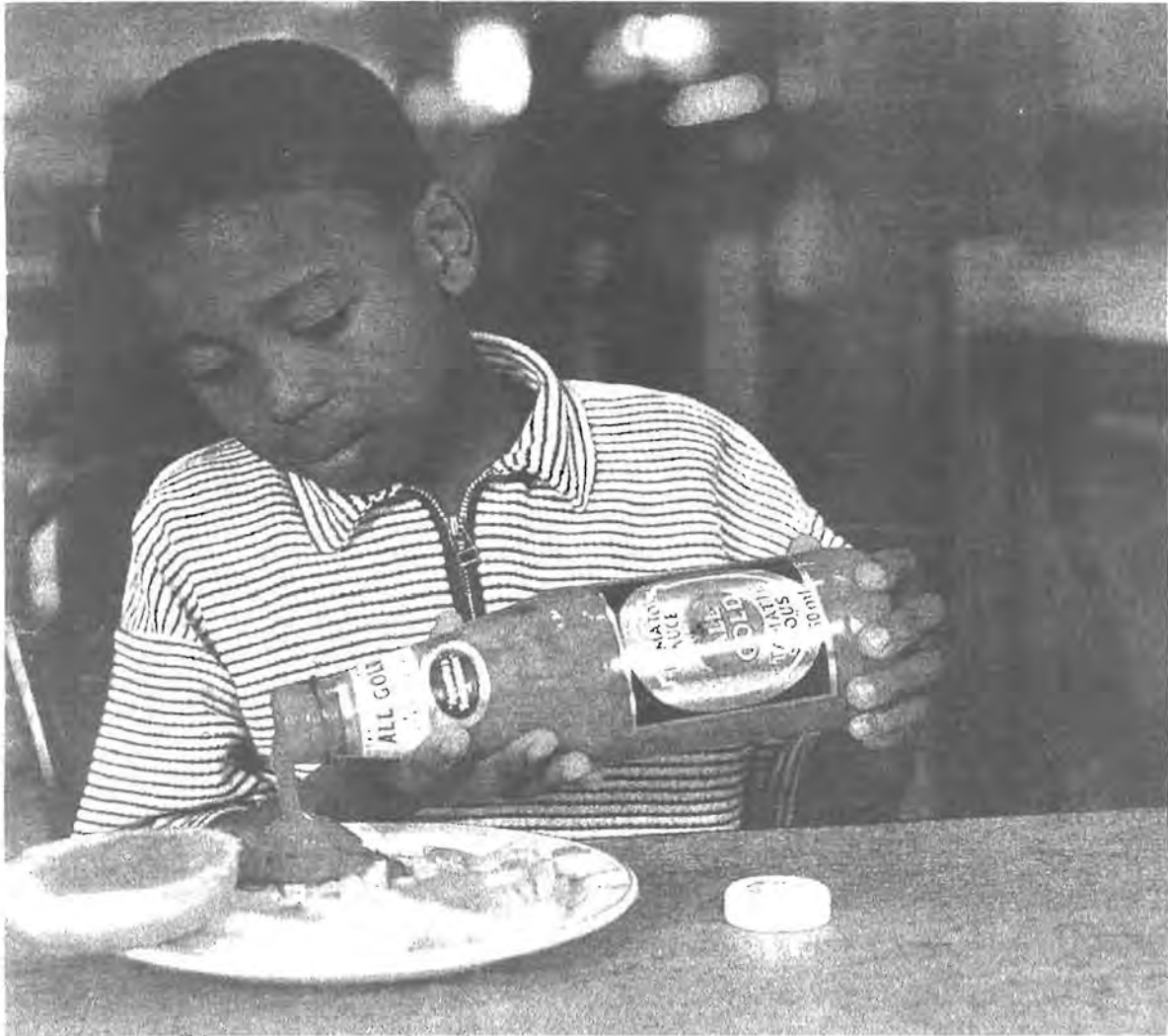
- Tomatoes aren't fattening and if you're on a diet you can eat as many as you like.

- Tomatoes contain vitamins A, E and C and are ideal for keeping colds at bay;

- About 60 million tons of tomatoes are grown annually all over the world;

- Tomatoes belong to the same family as potatoes, green and red peppers, petunias, tobacco and brinjals.

Words and Picture by BRIDGET WALTERS and HELEN MEINTJIES



Double vowels

m__n	^{oo} sp__n	b__k
tr__	^{ee} b__	s__

More sounds !

__urch	^{ch} __ild	__in
__orts	^{sh} __irt	fi__
__under	th __ink	__l(t)
ki__	^{ng} ri__	swi__
__eel	^{wh} ? __at	? __en

Exercise

LEVEL 1

Fill in :

s__n	l__g	c__p
h__t	__gg	b__n
t__p	w__b	b__s
d__t	c__p	p__t
p__n	r__t	p__g

LEVEL 2

Fill in :

be__	dr__	b__
__ee	__n	__u
__og	__brell__	z__
__ur__	m__	f__
__l	__	__
__	__	__



SUNDAY TIMES. READ RIGHT (1999:3), 28 FEBRUARY ISSUE

Monitoring children's reading progress

CHILDREN'S progress in reading must be assessed regularly. There are two very important reasons for continuous and regular assessment:

- Each child develops at his or her own pace. This means that each child must be continually challenged at a level just higher than the level at which he or she can read independently.

- Only by continually monitoring children's progress can you be sure that you are pushing them to try more difficult books.

- By monitoring children's progress in reading a teacher is reminded about all the strategies and skills that children need to become competent readers. The continuous assessment helps to plan further reading lessons and activities.

Teachers need to monitor things like the number of words each child can recognise; what phonic sounds the children know and can use; what word attack skills they have to guess unknown words; what strategies they use when they get stuck; what conventions of print they know; and whether they can write about some of the things that they read.

In addition teachers need information about each child's attitude to reading; each child's self-confidence in learning to read; each child's tastes in reading; and whether each child is recognising the many purposes of reading.

DEFINING AND ASSESSING THE OUTCOMES OF A READING PROGRAMME

What do we want children to know about reading at the end of Grade 1?

The Grade 1 child:

- Is confident that he or she can learn to read;
- Recognises that the central purpose of reading is to gain meaning from print;
- Is self-motivated to read for pleasure;
- Recognises that there are different purposes for reading;
- Sees books as a way of learning about the world;
- Is confident and efficient in his or her use of reading strategies;
- Can identify likes and dislikes about different authors and different kinds of books;
- Can respond to texts critically by providing an interpretation and point of view; and
- Can recognise the main idea in a text.

What do we want children to know about reading at the end of Grade 2?

In addition to being able to accomplish the tasks listed above, the Grade 2 child also:

- Recognises the difference between texts that tell a story and texts that give information;
- Has an increased sight vocabulary;
- Recognises that characters can be stereotyped in books; and
- Recognises and responds to the manipulative uses of language in text.

How can teachers assess whether children are achieving these desirable outcomes?

In order to assist teachers monitor and assess pupils' progress, we will be printing several assessment schedules for Grades 1 and 2 which list those indicators that tell the teacher whether — and how — a child is progressing.

The first schedule, which will help teachers assess the pupils' grasp of the conventions of print, appears alongside this article.

Other schedules dealing with phonic knowledge and reading behaviour will be published at a later stage.

When completing the schedules it is important to remember that an item should be marked off only when a child can perform that task independently (without help). In this way the schedules are a record of each child's actual reading performance.

Some kinds of monitoring need to be done once a term, some kinds need to be done at the start of the year, and

Assessment schedule 1

Reading development: Conventions of print

This is a list of indicators that shows whether the children have developed an understanding of the conventions of print and are ready to develop further reading skills. All children should be able to do the things listed here within a month of school if the teacher is teaching reading properly. Use this list after one week of reading lessons and then again three weeks later.

From Star Stories Learn to Read in Grade 1 and Teacher's Book, by Wen Flanagan. — © JUTA

	PUPIL'S NAME			
Can identify the cover of a book				
Can show the front of a book				
Can show the back of a book				
Can show the top of a book				
Can show the bottom of a book				
Can point to the page numbers				
Can show direction in which we read (left to right)				
Can point to the start of a story				
Can point to the title of a story				
Can point to the author of a story				
Can identify a word				
Can identify a sentence				
Can point to a single letter				
Can identify a comma				
Can identify a full stop				
Can identify a capital letter				
Can say why there is a space between words				
Can hold the book correctly				
Can turn the pages appropriately				
Can use the pictures to construct ideas				
Can turn the pages of the book, telling the story from memory				
Realises that print carries meaning				