FACULTY OF EDUCATION

RAPID RESPONSE TO COVID-19

STORY TELLING PROJECT

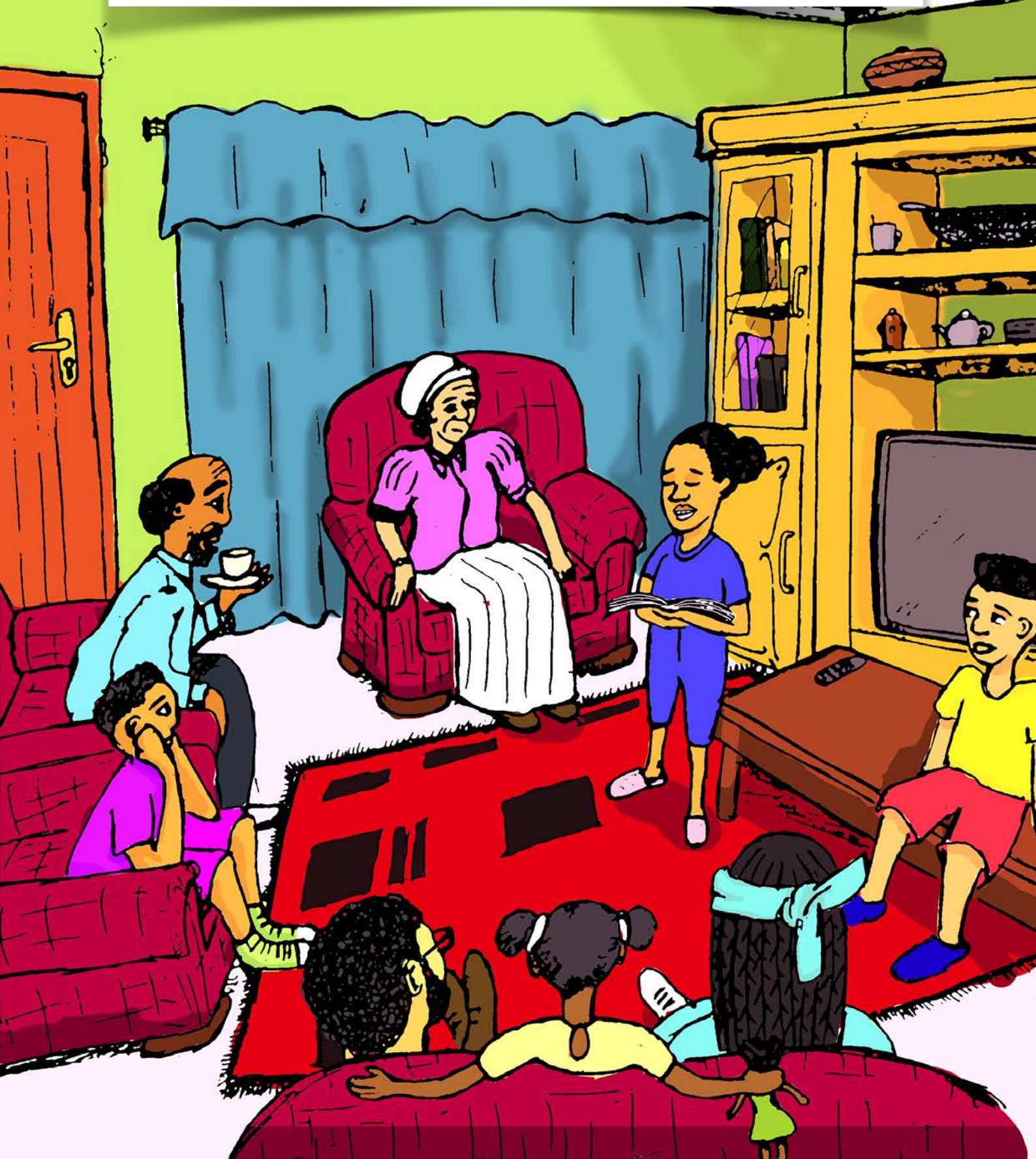


TABLE OF CONTENTS

Touching and hugging spread coronavirus fast	A. du Plessis Illustrated by Bulelani Booi
Gift to the World	S. Pillay Illustrated by Ronsley Le Roux
Story time with Thabisa and Kholisa	M. Childs Illustrated by Anesu Nabira
A special boy named Lonwabo	N. Mdzanga Illustrated by Sphatho Mzantsi
Sibongile and Thando help mom and dad through a tough time	M. Khau Illustrated by Makochieng Gloria
Forever my role model	M. Moeng Illustrated by Sphatho Mzantsi
Ava's COVID-19 story	D. Geduld Illustrated by Sphatho Mzantsi
Survival of communities during Pandemic	N. Gedze, N. Mntwini, T. Chizu Illustrated by Sanelisiwe Singaphi
Hold on tight to your dreams	H. Sathorar Illustrated by Sphatho Mzantsi

Cover page illustrated by Bulelani Booi

Short Bio & Summary of stories

Andre du Plessis is an Associate Professor in the Faculty of Education.
The story tries to portray a snap shot of how learners engage with one another and their teacher. It also highlights that teachers are concerned and care about their learners, which is highlighted by the fact that their teacher wonders who will be returning and who not to school. The main message conveys how easily the CORONA virus can spread by using basic mathematical patterns to emulate the spreading, while this model is very simplistic.

Shervani Pillay is an Associate Professor in the Faculty of Education.
Gift to the World is a lovely little story of a little girl called Thandi who is being faced with the moral challenges of COVID 19. In this story COVID 19 is portrayed as a monster who is trying to influence little Thandi to be irresponsible and not practice social distancing. A little fairy called Siphokazi, tries to guide Thandi to be more responsible to those around her. The story centres around little Thandi's dilemma of making the right and most responsible choice.

Margie Childs is a Senior lecturer in the Faculty of Education.
The intention of Story Time with Thabisa and Kholisa is to entertain, intrigue and inform. We glimpse into the world of a little girl, Thabisa, during lockdown. She is bored and her big sister Kholisa finds her a story on the internet. We peep over their shoulders as they look at the story on the laptop screen. They have found a special kind of story – a wordless picture book! As the girls explore this book, we discover how to interpret wordless books. We are entertained by the silly story of a dog, a cat, and a big mess of spilt paint. We are intrigued by a story within a story and we learn how to share and enjoy wordless picture books.

Nokhanyo Mdzanga is an Associate Professor and Deputy Dean in the Faculty of Education.
This is a story of a grandmother in a rural context who took care of a child with Autism. It outlines how she grappled with the condition, steps she took to understand his grandson, her advocacy work in educating the community about signs of autism and strategies she used to support her grandchild during the COVID 19 period.

Mathabo Khau is an Associate professor in the Faculty of Education.
She describes her story as follows: People are social animals and need to feel needed, appreciated and to belong. If people feel unappreciated or not needed, they can express their frustrations in different ways such as emotional outbursts or violence. This story shows how the father felt unappreciated by his family during the lockdown. He was staying at home and not feeling useful. Thus, he became frustrated and expressed his frustration through a violent outburst against the mother. His family made him realise that he was still needed and useful in chopping firewood, washing dishes and reading for the children.

Muki Moeng is a Dean of the Faculty of Education.
Her uplifting story is about a little girl named Nomalanga, who is very imaginative. She looked up to her kind and loving mother as role model. After her mother's sudden and sad passing, she struggles to follow her grandmother's house rules. She eventually comes around and realizes that she must respect her grandmother because she wanted to see the smile that reflected her mother's. She starts to follow in her mother's footsteps of helping and caring for her community by spreading love and kindness. She became happy and also reflected the beautiful smile that she loved to see on her mother's face.

Deidre Geduld is a Senior lecturer in the Faculty of Education
Ava is a young girl who has just started Grade 1. She enjoys being with her friends and teacher. She loves her school and cannot understand why school has closed when it only just started and why she cannot play with her friends in her community. A special discussion plays off between Ava and her mom on the challenges of the COVID19 virus; where it comes from and the many challenges it holds for young and old. From her friend Kara Ava learns that the COVID19 virus not only impacts on people's health but have financially challenges as well since Kara's parents are not working currently, there is not money to buy bread and food for Kara's family. Ava gladly shares her sandwiches with her friend.

N. Gedze, N. Mntwini, T. Chizu are part of an organisation called Intsika Yokwabelana Ngolwazi, aimed at Restoring the FUN in Learning.
These are stories collected by three community members, on how our communities are surviving inspite of the challenges presented by their socio-economic context and the pandemic. 3 high school learners meet up at a Study camp and are grouped together for the camp's activities, one of them being about the Covid-19 Pandemic. From their discussions they pick up a lot about the *Contextual differences* as well as how *people in their communities* are *not well informed* about it.

Heloise Sathorar is a Senior lecturer in the Faculty of Education.
This prose reflects on the impact of COVID 19 on the lives of learners – especially Grade 7 and Grade 12 learners who had so much dreams, goals and plans for their final year at primary and secondary school respectively. Lockdown restrictions required everyone to think differently and to do things differently – including how learners do their school work. The prose motivates learners to take responsibility for their own learning and to support each other to achieve their goals. Most of all learners were encouraged to stay focused and to hold on to their dreams.

Touching and hugging spread coronavirus fast

By André du Plessis Illustrated by Bulelani Booi

The bell for break rang, “Clingeling, clingeling, clingeling.” The learners took out their lunchboxes. Some had a second lunchbox that they brought to school to share with those in need. Every week, one learner who could bring an extra lunchbox for a specific learner in need and for the next week was allocated. In this middle-class community school sharing and caring for one another is important without labelling those in need as poor or lazy.

As the learners rushed out onto the grass patches surrounded by dry soil patches on the playground, Peter's voice silenced all those around him when he exclaimed "Have you heard, have you heard!! We cannot go to school anymore!!"

"That sounds great to me" John commented in a happy voice and many other learners nodded with a smile on their faces.

"Come on, what is so wonderful about missing school? I love learning and being with my teachers and the learners" Nomsa commented with a look of unbelief on her face.

Nomsa could see from the corner of her eye how some of her other classmates were in disbelief and did she perhaps also notice a few teary eyes? More learners were drawn to the circle.

"What did you say Peter? We could not hear what you were shouting" Themba asked.

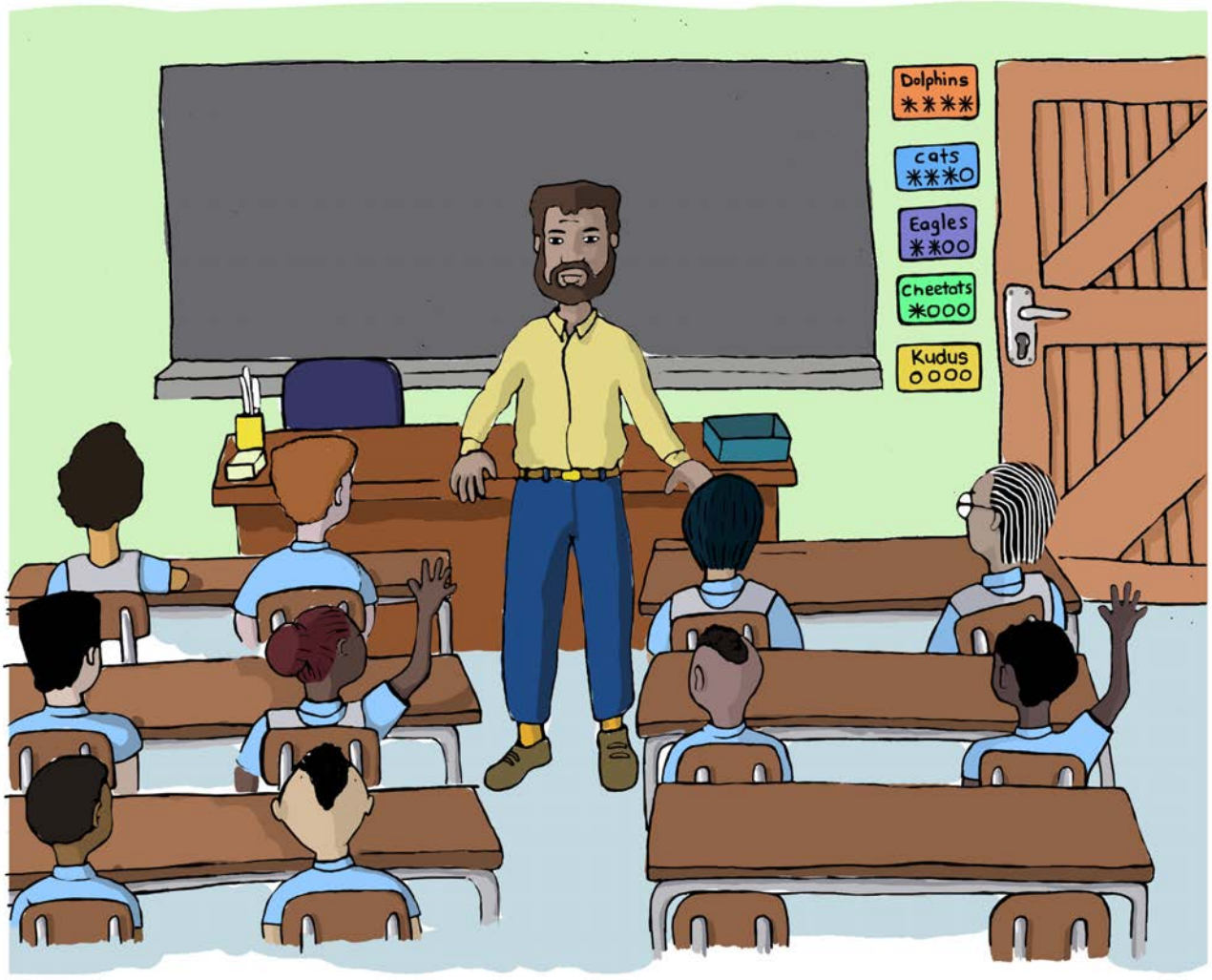
"There is a thing. A thing in the air or I don't know where else, but it is in other places too ... This thing makes you very sick" Peter tried to explain, "But I am not sure what it is. I heard the principal speaking to our teacher in the passage about it. They used a difficult word "con ..." something. The principal said that everyone can spread it."

"It is contagious, Peter, that is the word that you were looking for" said Nomsa with a clever look on her face. She was one of the top English learners and she came from the township adjacent to the suburb in which the school resided.

"This sounds very serious" Vuyani added.
"It is serious, because if it is contagious, it means people can get infected easily" added Sandra.

“Oh, my goodness, that is why they don’t want us to come to school” said Nomsa in a crying voice.

The learners continued talking, some kicking soccer balls, some playing touching, other marbles. The bell rang to indicate that break was over, and the learners lined up on the sandy soil and scattered grass patches. “Please lead off in an orderly manner to your classrooms and be quiet” ordered Ms Marais.



Mr Grootboom entered the multigrade class, a class in which there are more than one grade, with a worried, yet calm face. “Grade 4 and Grade 5, I have something very important to share with you. Sorry ... eh ... it is not just very important eh hm ... it is of the utmost importance. That means eh that it is something that we must be eh very serious about.” Gavin was putting up his hand and flicking his fingers click-click “Sir, sir, sir ... I know ...” he exclaimed. “Thank you, Gavin, but please give me a moment now.”

“I want you all to take out your pencils and erasers, please” Mr Grootboom instructed. “I am also giving each group an A4 page for each group member” he added.

“Dolphins, Cats, Eagles, Cheetahs and Kudus, do you all have one extra page now.” The learners nodded.

“Often children ask why they have to do Maths. Today I will show you how important Maths are in our daily lives to make calculations and predictions. What is a prediction? Discuss this in your groups, you have 60 seconds”

The groups buzzed and after 60 seconds Mr Grootboom asked each group to respond. Mr Grootboom was proud with the manner his groups replied.
“Children, there is something very dangerous in our country.” Hands went up, but Mr Grootboom ignored them and continued “This dangerous thing is a virus that not only can make one very ill, but it can let one die.” The class was silent, full of shock. “This is called COVID-19 or the CORONA virus and is very

contagious which means we as people spread it by touching and sneezing when we are infected with the virus" the teacher continued. "I want you to work out the following for me in and I hope you will now see why Maths is so important.

Let us assume that I, Mr Grootboom, is infected with the virus. I come into the class, scratch my eye and congratulate Veli with a handshake on his great soccer goal that he scored yesterday. How many people could now be infected?" The hands were immediately up "Two sir" the learners echoed.

"You are correct. Now let us assume that the two of us, Veli and Mr Grootboom, who are now infected each spread the virus to one new person who is not yet infected with the virus, how many persons could be infected with the virus now?" This time it took slightly longer to respond, but the hands went up and the learners exclaimed "Four people sir." Mr Grootboom smiled, "And how many people could become infected if each of the four infected persons spread the virus to one new non- infected person each?" This time is was lightning quick "Eight, eight."

"And how many people could become infected if each of the eight infected persons spread the virus to one new non-infected person each?" They responded, "Sixteen sir!"

"Class, in your groups, I want you to use the A4 piece of paper that I have given you. Fold it in half. Please write in the one half a warning that you can take home to show if four infected persons come into contact with one non-infected person each and on the other half when eight infected persons come into contact with one non-infected person each." After they all wrote their warnings, Mr Grootboom said to the class: "This is a very simple manner to show the spreading of the Corona virus, but do not tell the full story. The spread of the virus can be much faster."

The class listened in silence, shocked.

Mr Grootboom continued: "I want to show you how many times the Corona virus can easily spread at a wedding, birthday or funeral if one hugs or shakes hands. Maybe I should say how many times the virus could 'jump' or 'move' between persons. Now, remember that each time a person hugs another person, the virus could spread."

"Let us assume that there are four people at a funeral and each person is allowed to hug each other only once to greet. The person who starts the hugging is infected with the virus and hugs each other person first. Then the next person hugs the other persons which he or she did not hug yet, once. How many hugs will there be if

four persons hug one another? This will also be the number of times the virus could ‘jump’ or ‘move’ between the persons who are hugging.”

The groups started working, some acting it out, which could start the spread of the virus if anyone of them was infected.

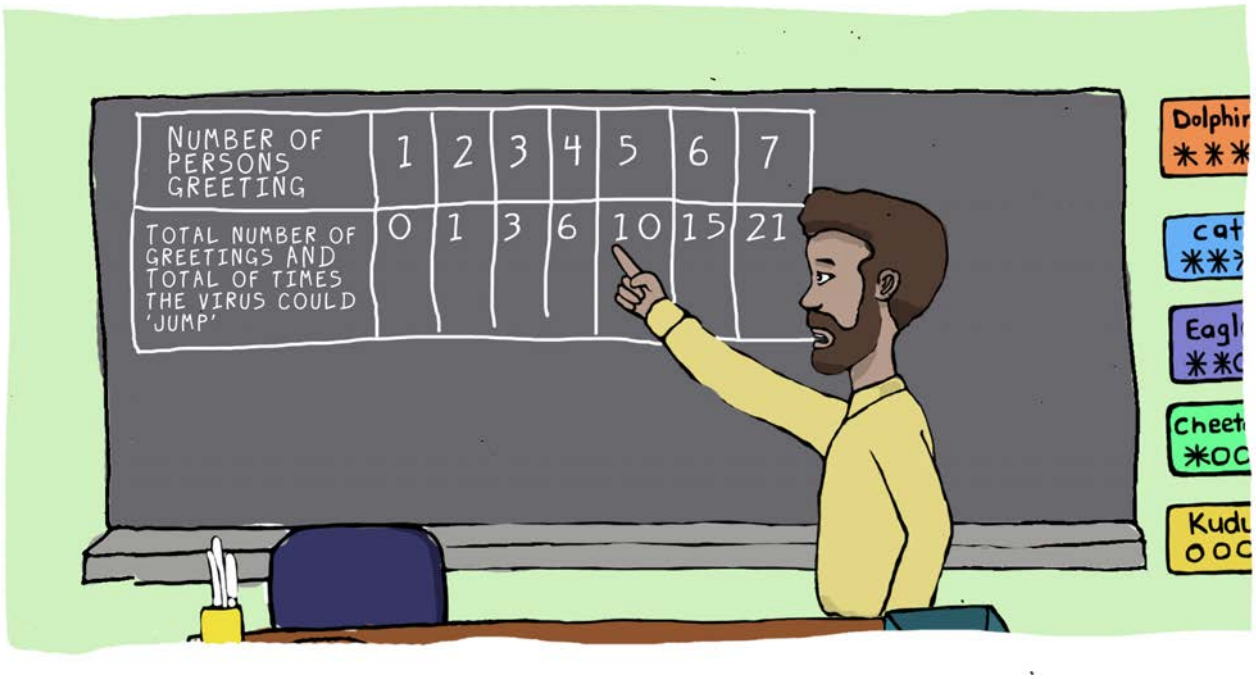
“What is the answer class?” Mr Grootboom asked. “Six sir” the group replied.

“If the same process is followed, but there are five persons, one is infected and four are uninfected. The infected person starts to hug each other person and then the other persons start hugging one another. How many times could the virus ‘jump’ or ‘move’ between them?” The learners acted it out and replied softly “Ten sir”.

“If the same process is followed, but there are six persons, one is infected and five are uninfected. The infected person starts to hug each other person and then the other persons start hugging one another. How many times could the virus ‘jump’ or ‘move’ between them?” The learners again acted it out and replied even more softly “Fifteen sir”.

“If the same process is followed, but there are seven persons, one is infected and six are uninfected. The infected person starts to hug each other person and then the other persons start hugging one another. How many times could the virus ‘jump’ or ‘move’ between them?” The learners again acted it out and replied softly in a very worried voice “Twenty-one sir”.

Mr Grootboom drew the following table:



“Class, can you see now that if there are 7 people as in our hugging problem, there is a chance that the virus could ‘jump’ or ‘move’ 21 times between them.”

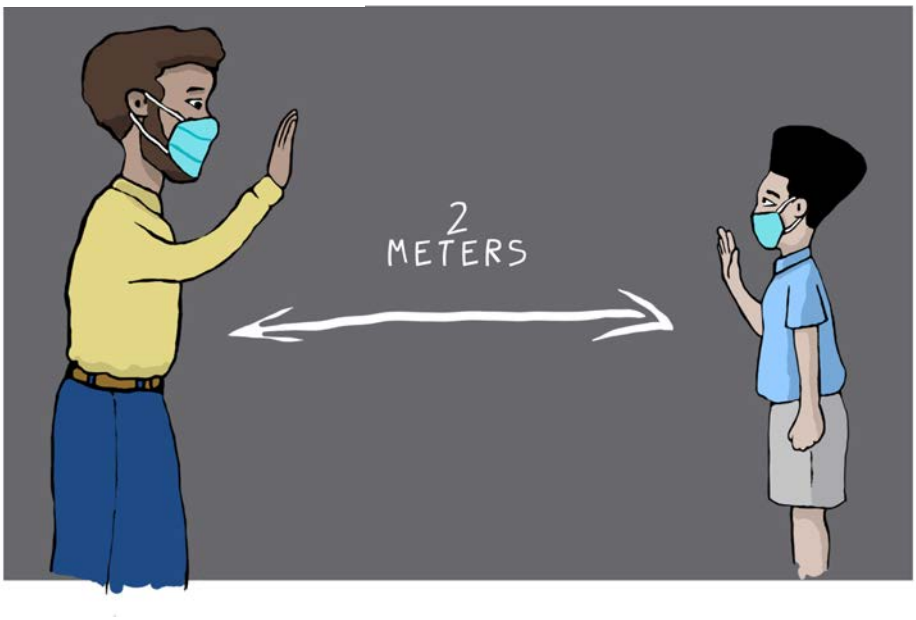
Mr Grootboom asked: “What if there are 20 people that will going to hug, and the same process is followed?”

The bell would ring soon to indicate the end of the day.

Mr Grootboom continued “You have to pack up and leave within five minutes class, but before you pack up, there is a mathematical formula that you can use. See if you can use n*(n - 1)÷2 where n is the number of persons. You can do this at home with your family” Mr Grootboom said.

“The formula works sir” Zandile said. “I used it. I used BODMAS. If I put 6 in the place of n in n*(n - 1) ÷2, I do the brackets first, 6 subtract 1 is 5. Then the BODMAS rule, 6 I put in the place of the first n and 6 multiplied with 5 is 30. Then I divide 30 with 2 and I get 15.”

Mr Grootboom felt good, “Wonderful Zandile.”



Mr Grootboom explained to the class: “The solution to not get the virus is to stay away at least 2 meters from anyone, wear a an approved mask, wash the surfaces in your home with soap or sanitiser and most important of all and wash your hands with soap for 20 seconds or use the approved sanitiser.”

“Schools will be closed from tomorrow until further notice from the government.” The bell rang and the learners were dismissed. Mr Grootboom hoped that his dearly loved children will share the information with their parents and will return safely when the schools re-open, else ... the result might be ... He shivered.

…….

As you read the story, look at Mr Grootboom’s Table and follow instructions.

Gift to the world

Shervani Pillay

Illustrated by Ronsley Le Roux

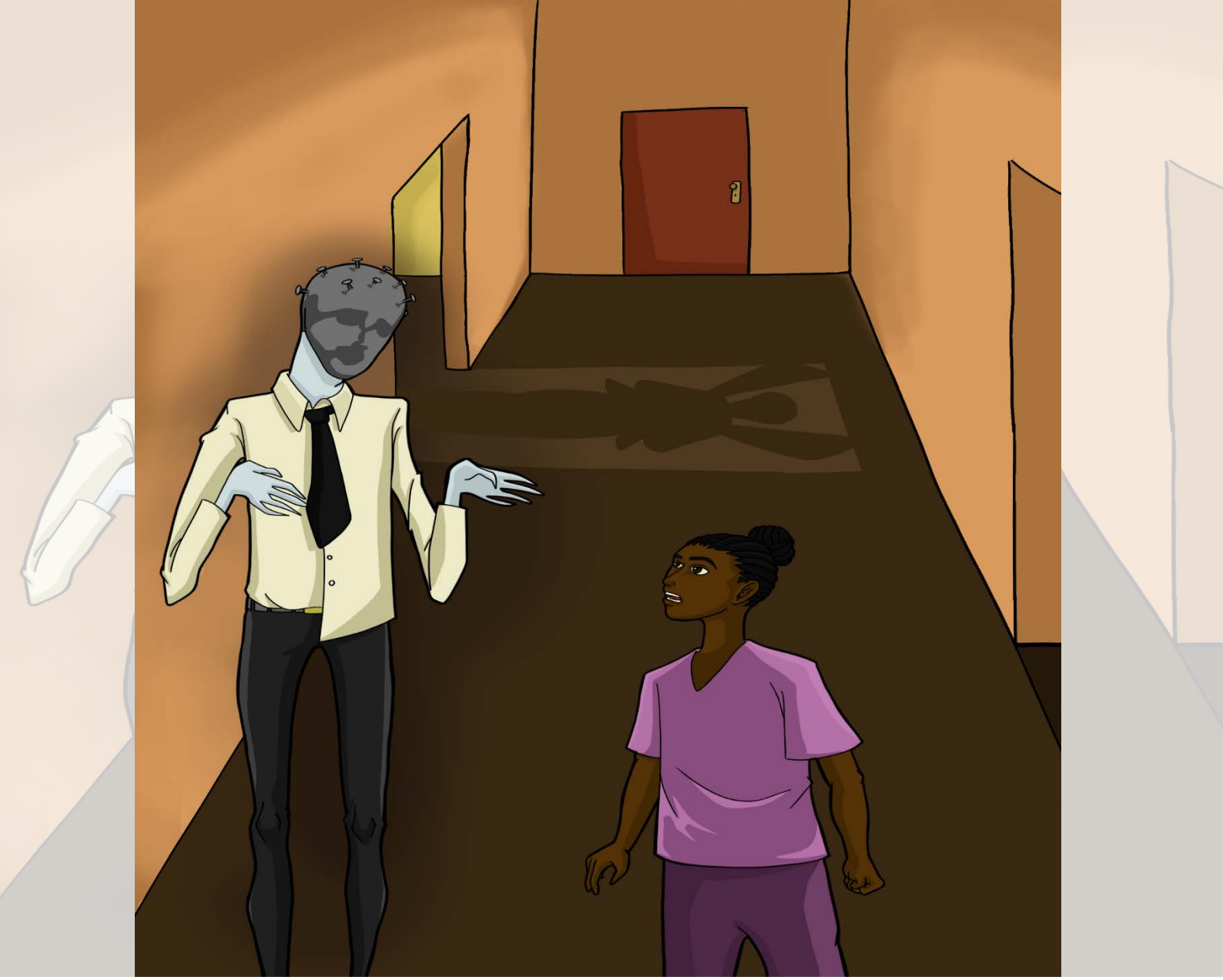
Siphokazi flies down a dark street. The wind is icy and whips her purple dress around her ankles. Her wings flutter because of the cold. There is no one else outside on the street. Suddenly, she feels something evil and scary coming from one of the houses on the street. She flies in that direction and finds Thandi and Mr 19 sitting in a room.Thandi notices her and asks her who she is. *"I am a gift to the world*, you can call me Siphokazi", says Siphokazi. "Who are you?" she asks them. Thandi answers, "I am Thandi, *I am love*."

Siphokazi smiles kindly at her. She turns to the corner, "And who are you", she asks the tall creature. She has never seen anything that looks like that. The creature ignores Siphokazi which is very rude.

Thandi comes to the rescue, “He is Mr 19. He is my friend. Mr 19 and I are talking. I am not happy that I have to stay inside and not play with my friends. Mr 19 agrees with me!”

Siphokazi looks at both of them. She has a worried look on her face. *This Mr 19 is a trouble-maker! He has been visiting everyone, convincing them to be bad to each other during this time of the Covid 19 virus.* Thandi doesn’t know why she should stay inside during Lockdown. She just wants to visit her friend Asha who lives next door.

Mr 19 looks at Siphokazi angrily, “Who do you think you are with your silver wings and white face mask? Why are you saying we are wrong? You don’t know anything!”Thandi nods eagerly. Siphokazi listens carefully, then she says, “If you go to visit Asha you can infect her with the virus. And she can then infect other people in her house. Because we do not know if she has been exposed the virus. Or on your way -”



Before she has a chance to finish her sentence, Mr 19 interrupts her, and keeps talking to Thandi. Siphokazi realises that she is not winning and has to try a different tactic. She asks Thandi, “Doesn’t Asha have a grandmother?”

“Oh yes cries Thandi,” full of excitement. “Yes, she is from Uganda and makes the best Posho!”

Thandi’s mouth is watering even as she thinks about the delicious Posho that Asha’s grandmother always gives her to eat.

Mr 19 Frowns. He looks confused.

Siphokazi looks at Thandi, “Is Asha’s grandmother old?”

Thandi replies, “Yes she is super old! Like a hundred years old. She has so many wrinkles, and her back is bent.”

“Do you know that you can spread the Covid 19 virus to other people Thandi?” she asks.

Thandi looks angry, “But why is that my problem?”

“Because you can spread the disease to Asha’s grandmother,” says Siphokazi gently.

Mr 19 chimes in, “Oh she is so old, and she is not even South African, so why should Thandi care?”

Thandi looks confused, “Yes, why?”

Siphokazi, sits on the bed, she looks really sad. She asks softly, “Don’t you care about Asha’s grandmother?” Thandi nods, “Yes, I do”.

Mr 19 looks scared. He seems to be slightly smaller. He says to Thandi, “Stop listening to her!”

Thandi looks confused, but Siphokazi seems very nice. So maybe she will give Siphokazi a chance to speak.

Siphokazi explains, “Asha loves her grandmother. And even if Asha’s grandmother is from Uganda doesn’t she still love both of you.

Thandi replies, “Yes she does. She gives me Posho when I am hungry and my Mother is at work.

Mr 19 does not like the way this conversation is going. He thinks that Siphokazi is a busy body. He yells, “Don’t listen to her!”

Thandi looks at him differently, as if she is seeing him for the first time. It is obvious that he is smaller than he was before. Mr 19 is shrinking before her eyes.

Siphokazi explains to Thandi, “Asha’s grandmother is very old and if you go and see her you could infect her. Make her sick.”

Thandi looks very scared. She is almost crying. I do not want her to get sick, she is very nice to me. I care about her. And if she gets sick who will look after Asha? Her mother is a nurse who works at the big hospital where many people are sick with the virus. She goes to work every day now, even though my parents are staying at home. She is very brave.”

Mr19 is now very tiny. He screams in a high pitched voice, “She’s lying to you!

……

What have you learned from this story?
How do you think Mr 19 looks? Draw a picture of him.

Margie Childs
Illustrated by Anesu Nabira

Thandi looks at him, and says: You are wrong! You just want to hurt people. I will not go outside because no one deserves to get sick! Asha's mother looks after everyone. She is very brave!

Mr19 disappears!

Siphokazi says, "Well done Thandi! You have done a very good thing. Every person in this world, no matter how old they are, how sick they are, how they look or where they are from deserve a right to live. Everyone deserves to feel safe in this world. Deserve an equal opportunity to live and be healthy!"

Thandi looks very sleepy. She says, "Thank you!"

She blinks. When she opens her eyes Siphokazi is gone!

Thabisa was sitting at home with nothing to do! It was a time of lockdown. Everyone had to stay at home. Thabisa, a lively eight year old, loved to play outside with her friends. It was very difficult for her to stay inside, day in and day out. She had helped Mama wash the clothes and make the beds. She had packed the dishes away and wiped the kitchen table. Thabisa felt sad and grumpy. She wished she could go outside to play. She was tired of listening to stories on the radio. She wanted to talk to her friends and play skipping games with them. Thabisa asked her family what she should do.

Gogo said she should read her bible. Tata said she should feed the dog. Her brother Simphiwe said she should draw a picture. Thabisa shook her head. She didn't want to read her bible. She didn't want to feed the dog. She didn't want to draw a picture. Kholisa, Thabisa's big sister, had come home from the university. She was sitting in the bedroom they shared, working on an assignment. Thabisa told her that she was bored because she had nothing to do.

At first Kholisa carried on working on her laptop. Thabisa said that she wished she had a computer. She said that if she couldn't have a computer, then she would like a book. She wanted a storybook. Her teacher sometimes read stories to the class when they had finished their work.

Kholisa looked up from her work. She listened to her little sister. Thabisa said that she was bored and sad and that her tummy was beginning to ache. Slowly Kholisa started to smile. She explained to Thabisa that she could find her a story, by searching on the internet. At the university, Kholisa had learnt about wordless picture books. These books were very special. Because they had no words, children could look at the pictures and make up their own stories. Kholisa wondered if her sister would enjoy a book without words. She found a book called “Bow Meow Wow”. It looked like the kind of book that would help Thabisa to feel better.

Thabisa and Kholisa sat together on the bed. At first Kholisa read the title of the book. Thabisa thought it sounded very funny. Then they looked at the cover page. All they could see was a paintbrush and two tails. Kholisa asked Thabisa to guess who the characters in the story would be. Thabisa thought for a while and then said that perhaps there would be a dog and a cat in the story. Maybe dog would say “bow -wow” and the cat would say “meow”. The sisters looked at the pictures. As Kholisa clicked through the story, Thabisa explained what was happening. A silly little dog barked at a tin of paint. He bumped tHe made a big, yellow mess as he ran this way and that. He stopped in front of a sleepy cat. The cat woke with a terrible fright and

knocked over three tins of red paint. What a mess! The cat was very angry. She leapt into the air and began to chase the dog.

The dog was covered in yellow paint and the cat was covered in red paint. The dog and the cat tumbled around in the slippery paint. The yellow and red paint mixed together.

Soon the dog and the cat were covered in bright orange paint. Now the dog was chasing the cat. They dashed into a house where a famous artist lived. She was getting ready to paint a picture. The dog and the cat raced around her. The black paint went flying! The artist watched as the animals chased each other wildly. What a mess!

Eventually the dog and the cat fell over, exhausted. The artist was delighted. What a lovely swirly picture of yellow, red, orange and black. “Wow”! It was the best picture they had ever seen. The artist helped the dog and the cat to clean themselves.

She made herself a cup of tea and sat down to look at the wonderful work of art. The artist gave the dog and the cat each a biscuit and thanked them for helping her create such a lovely picture.

Thabisa hugged Kholisa. She thanked her for finding the story. Thabisa ran to tell Mama, Tata, Gogo and Simphiwe about “Bow Meow Wow”. Being locked down at home wasn’t so bad after all!

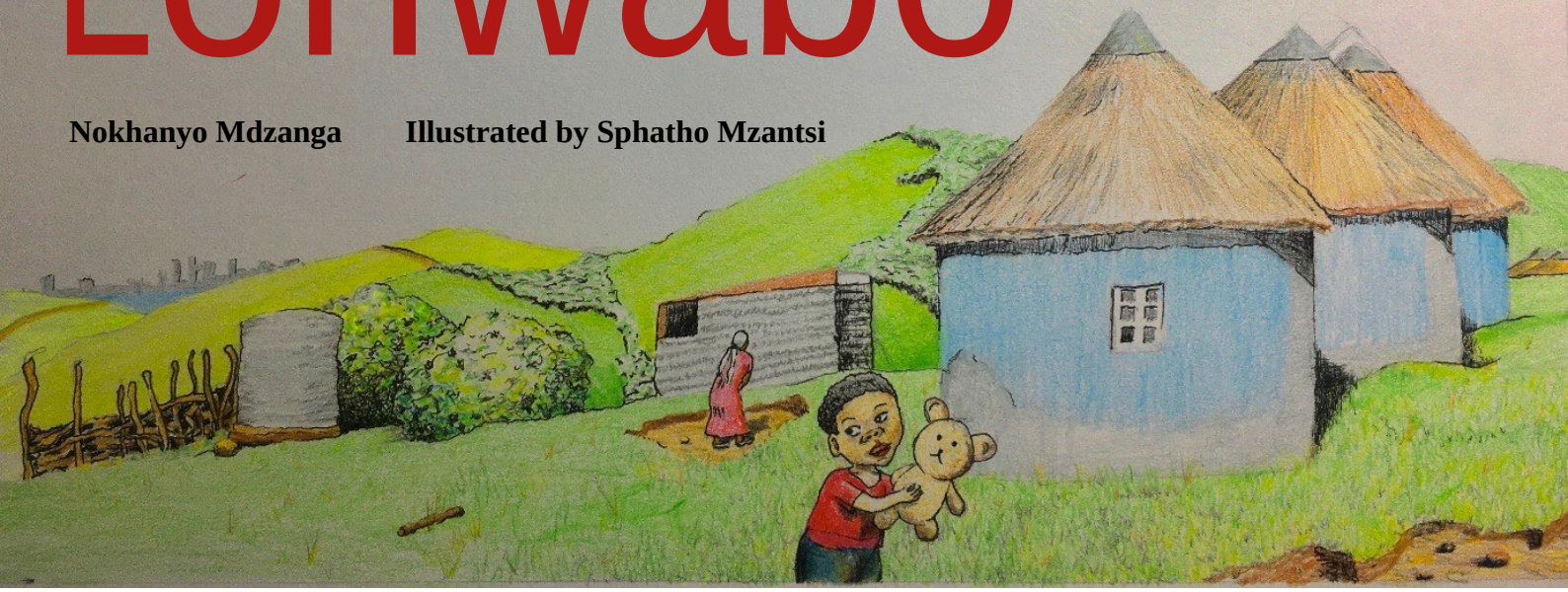
…….

After enjoying the story together, draw a picture of your favourite part of the story.

The story can be accessed as follows:

A special boy named Lonwabo

Nokhanyo Mdzanga **Illustrated by Sphatho Mzantsi**



There was once a boy named Lonwabo. He stayed with his grandmother, Gogo Mantle, because his parents worked out of town. They often visited him at the end of each month. Lonwabo's grandmother always tells his neighbours about the day his grandson was born. She was so excited, as a result, she named him Lonwabo- which means 'the one who brings happiness'.

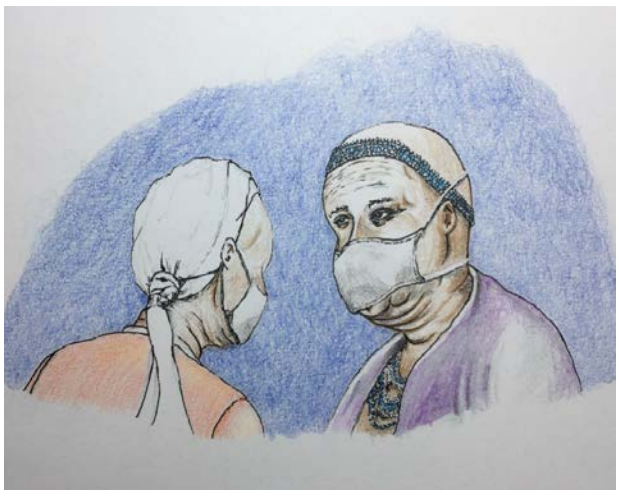
However, Lonwabo was different to other children. His granny couldn't put her finger on it, but little things about his development bothered her. Everytime Lonwabo's parents came home, she would tell them about her concerns. Gogo Mantle had raised other grandchildren before including children from her neighbourhood. She knew about the stages of child development, but Lonwabo was different. Gogo noticed that Lonwabo was not crawling well, babbling, climbing stairs, jumping, kicking or throwing things. But she kept on telling herself that he was just delayed.

When Lonwabo was a year old, he still could not walk. One day, Gogo Mantle took him to see a paediatrician who later referred her to a clinical psychologist. The problem was that the hospital was far away, therefore Gogo had to wait for Lonwabo's parents to return home so that they could take him to a psychologist. Gogo was hopeful that his grandson was just delayed.

When Lonwabo's parents returned from the doctor, Gogo noticed that they were sad. Upon enquiry, they eventually told Gogo that Lonwabo was born with a condition called Autism. Gogo did not know what the condition was in her home language. As they were explaining based on Gogo's observations of Lonwabo's behaviour and milestones, she could understand.

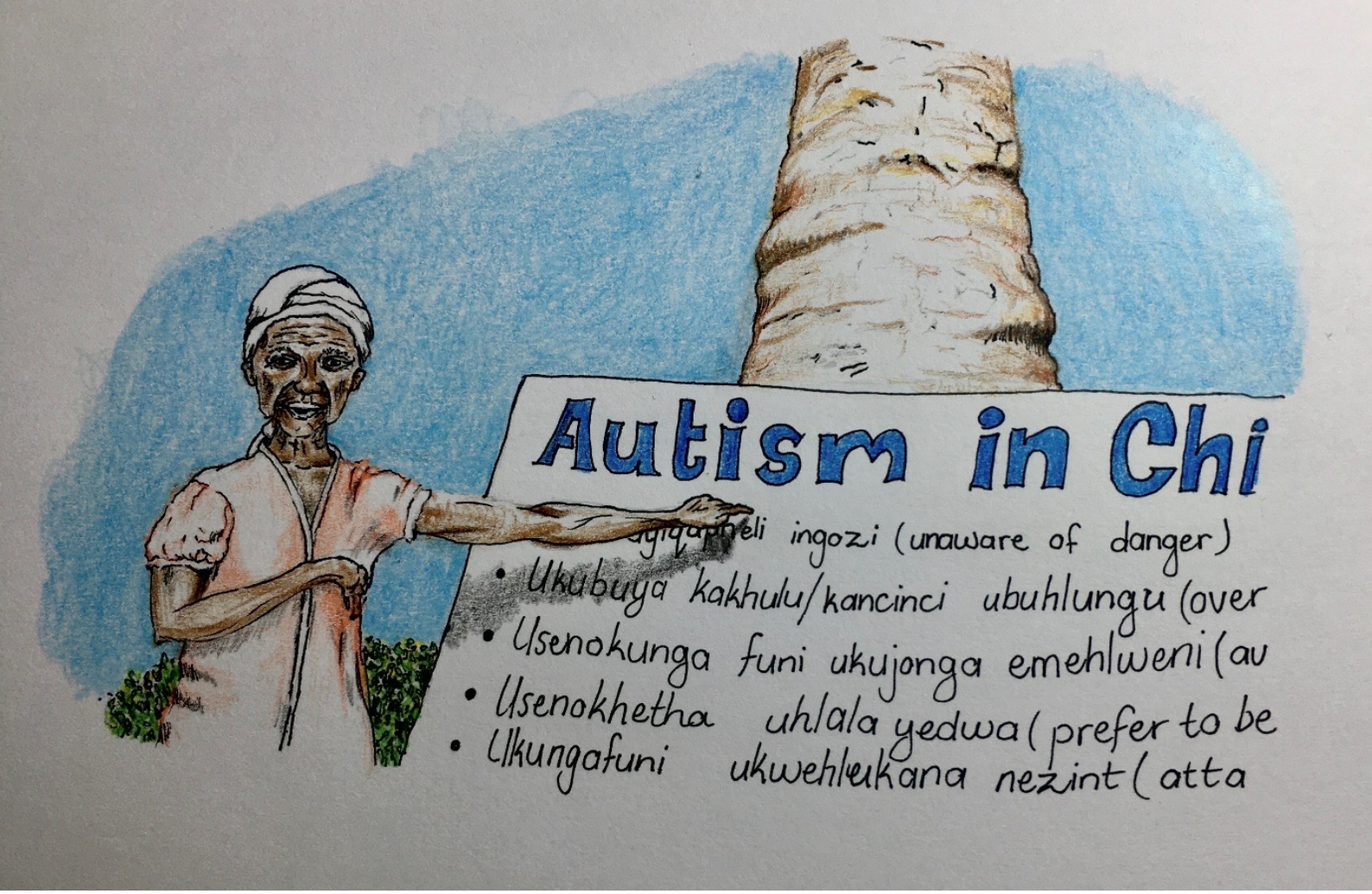
Many people in the neighbourhood always wanted to know what Lonwabo was suffering from. Gogo decided to approach the chief in the village to ask him to call Imbizo so that she could educate the villagers about signs of Autism.

At this stage she had observed Lonwabo's behaviour and has also been educated about Autism by a social worker who consistently visited Gogo and Lonwabo. She was so thrilled to learn that the chief has agreed to her request. On a particular Saturday, Gogo left to the chief's homestead. Many people, young and old came. Most of them were women who stayed with children.



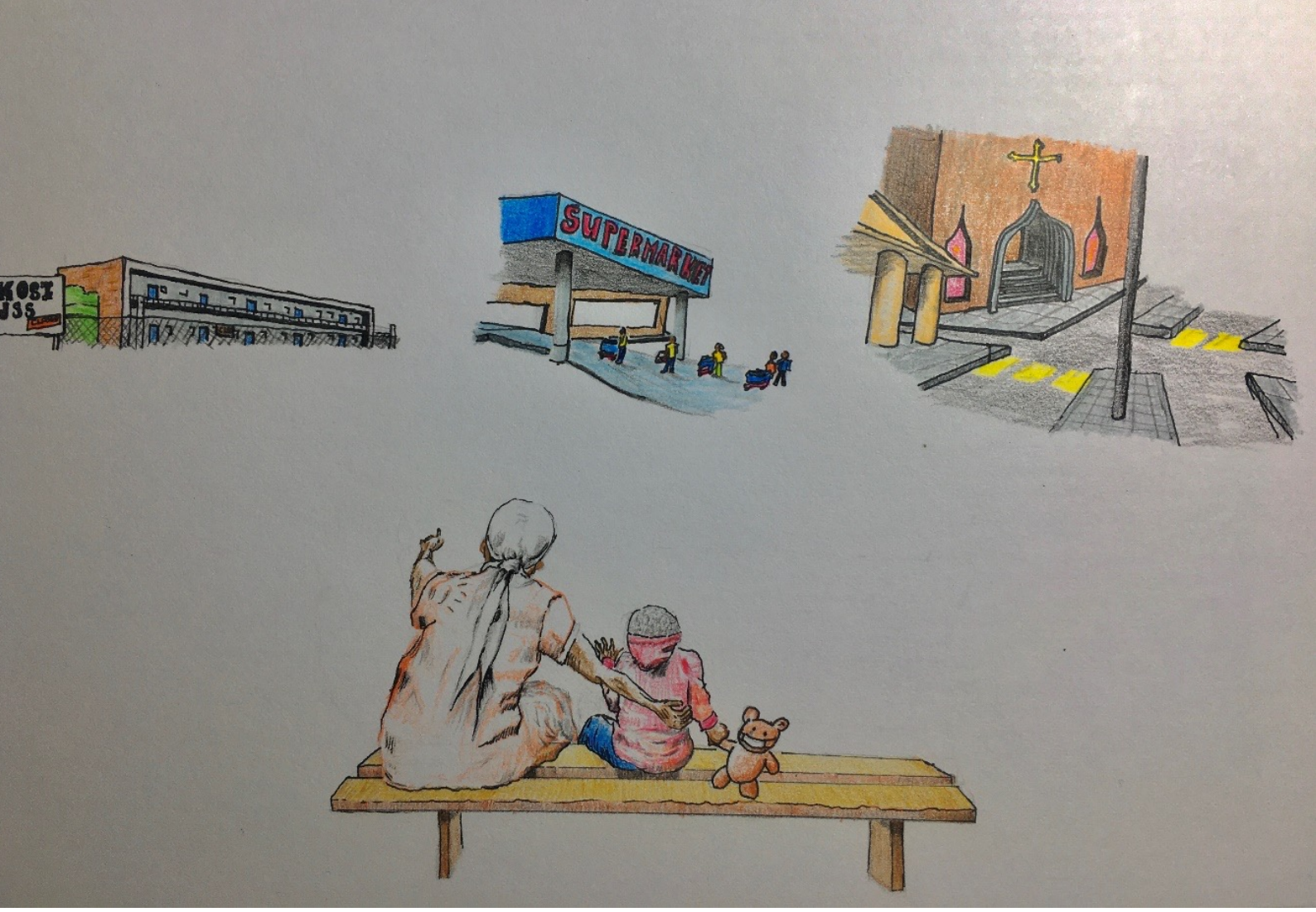
Gogo explained the signs of Autism in children as follows:

- Ukungayiqapheli ingozi (unaware of danger)
- Ukubuva kakhulu/kancinci ubuhlungu (over/under sensitive to pain)
- Usenokungafuni ukujongana ngqo emehlweni nabanye(avoid eye contact)
- Usenokukhetha ukuba yedwa (prefer to be alone)
- Ukungafuni ukwahlukana nezinto (attachment to objects)
- Iintshukumo eziphindaphindwayo (repetitive movements)
- Usenokunyanzelisa inkqubo yesiqhelo (insists on routines)
- UkuPhazamiseka kweNkqubo yemizwa (sensory processing disorder)
- Usenokuphelelwa ngamandla engqondo ngenxa yokuxinana kokufundwe ngaxeshanye (meltdowns due to sensory overload)
- Ubunzima ukuqonda izikhokelo ezisetyenziswayo ngabanye(sometimes, doesn't follow instructions)
- Usenokungathandi ukuphathwa okanye ukwangiwa (doesn't like to be touched or hugged)
- Usenokuba nomdla kwizinto ezikhethekileyo.(has certain preferences or interests)



Some of the people who attended Imbizo heard about Autism for the first time but could identify with the signs that Gogo was referring to. She advised them to see a paediatrician. From that day onwards, Gogo learnt more about Lonwabo's strengths and the social worker also provided her with more information. Gogo also noticed that Lonwabo was non- verbal but soon they developed their own language. Lonwabo's parents were jealous because they could not communicate with their son.

Whilst Gogo was still at home, she learnt that there is a virus that makes people sick. As a result, schools, businesses, infact the whole country was not operating. She found solace in the fact that radio and TV were operational. Gogo was made aware that staying at home, keeping a distance between people, washing hands with soap and water would keep every safe and healthy against the virus. Lonwabo's parents could not travel to their home as transport was not operating, so Gogo stayed alone with Lonwabo. Since Lonwabo was non-verbal, Gogo used pictures and other visuals to communicate with him. She knew that she would have to be creative in order to inform his grandson about the virus and also adhering to precautionary measures.



Lonwabo did not like confined spaces. He enjoyed walking with his granny to the shop. Gogo was worried that because of the lockdown, they would not be able to walk to their favourite shop. Gogo decided to teach Lonwabo a game that will force him to walk around the house. Gogo would hide Lonwabo's favourite toy somewhere in the house, sometimes, behind the house. Together, they would look for this toy. In that way, Lonwabo was not stifled in one place. He enjoyed the moments when they looked for the toy outside the house because that gave him opportunity to smell the air and walk around outside of the house.

Lonwabo enjoyed washing hands even before the Corona virus. Gogo had taught him to scoop water from the bucket using his favourite mug, get a soap from the cupboard and pouring water in a washing basin. He enjoyed making bubbles so it was not difficult to continue with washing hands. Everytime they washed hands Gogo would be singing to him. He always giggled at Gogo's songs. Gogo was sad that she did not have pictures of children washing hands because Lonwabo's parents would have brought such pictures.

Gogo was not worried about social distancing because Lonwabo preferred to stay alone in any case. He did not like to be touched or hugged. He preferred to play alone and was not good with games that required joint attention. Lonwabo's mother had tried to play'touch' game with him. Lonwabo wanted her mom to run after him and not the other way round.

Gogo really struggled with teaching Lonwabo how to put on a mask. After 21 days the social worker came to visit Gogo and Lonwabo. His parents also could come home as there was a window period for them to travel. They brought along some masks for Gogo and Lonwabo. They also brought along some newspapers showing people wearing masks. Lonwabo did not like wearing shoes or tight fitting pants, so Gogo was wondering how he would get him to wear a face mask.

Lonwabo's mum suggested to Gogo that they should create a game where all adults would be wearing masks for a certain period during the day. His mom thought that by becoming familiar with the habit, he might be curious to do the same. Gogo also thought that when walking to the shop with him, she must insist on wearing the mask.

This has been difficult for Lonwabo to do. Gogo is now putting the mask over Lonwabo's favourite teddy bear's mouth so that Lonwabo could realise that he is the only one in the house who is not wearing a mask. Gogo has now decided that he will not walk to the shop with Lonwabo until he is familiar with wearing the mask.

When Gogo is alone, she is thinking of the other parents who are raising children like Lonwabo. She then asks her daughter to communicate via WhatsApp or sms to other parents. She shares instructions about games that parents could play with their children, advise them to use pictures or visuals and clear language to communicate about COVID 19 and what needs to be done; and follow the child's lead with regard to their routines and speak to other parents who are raising children with Autism. Right now, Lonwabo is happy to see his parents, but Gogo feels that he might be wondering why everybody is at home and that he cannot walk with Gogo to his favourite shop. Gogo encourages all parents with children with Autism to make visuals that will communicate information about COVID19.

……

Design pictures/visuals that can help a child like Lonwabo to learn about COVID-19.

Sibongile and Thando help mom and dad through a tough time

Mathabo Khau

Illustrated by Makochieng Gloria

Thando and Sibongile lived with their parents in a small house in a rural village. Thando and Sibongile shared a room, and mom and dad had their own room. They were very happy in their family because mom and dad made sure that the children had all their basic needs. Dad worked in mine in the city near the village. Mom was a teacher in the village primary school where Thando and Sibongile were learners. Thando was very protective of his little sister Sibongile and made sure that they walked together to and from school daily.

However, it happened one day that the country was shut down. Schools, shops and many places of work were closed, and people were told to stay at home where they could be safe from a dangerous virus.

“Why are you sad my dear sister?” asked Thando. “Don’t you like my jokes anymore?”

“I am sad because I am missing my school friends. Why can’t I visit them?” replied Sibongile.

“We have to respect the president my sister. Staying at home protects everybody so that we do not get sick” said Thando to Sibongile.

The children were playing with a puzzle in their room one day when they heard raised voices from their parents’ room. They kept quiet and listened to dad and mom talking with loud voices.

“I am tired of sitting around and being useless in my own house. I feel like no one needs me in this house. It is always you and your children busy with books and I can’t do anything but watch” said dad throwing a book at mom. The children heard a loud thud on the wall and ran to their parents’ room.

Mom was kneeling in a corner where the book had fallen and was picking up the torn pages, with tears running down her cheeks. Mom had a bruise on her face where the book had hit her. Thando and Sibongile were very sad.

“Mom, are you hurt? Dad, did you hurt mom?” the children said in a chorus.

Dad just walked out of the house and sat on a chair outside. Mom told the children that she was fine, but her favourite book was torn to pieces. Sibongile started crying and saying it is all her fault that her dad is angry. Thando and mom tried very hard to convince Sibongile that it was not her fault.

Finally, Thando asked Sibongile to go with him to their room to look at something interesting. When they got their room, Thando took out one of mom’s magazines and they both lay on the bed and looked at the pictures. There were recipes and pictures of delicious food.

There were also pictures of people doing different jobs. Sibongile was eventually happy looking at the magazine with her brother and they competed on who chose the most delicious foods. Thando said to his sister “I have an idea to help mom and dad. Are you in?” “Yes, of course” said Sibongile happily.

“Okay. Here is the plan; we can cook supper for mom and dad to show them that we love and need them even if they are not going to work. Do you remember their favourite dish?”

“Yes. It is bean stew cooked with bones. We have beans in the cupboard and mom bought bones at the butchery last week” said Sibongile to her brother. “Who will chop the wood for the stove? We are not strong enough.”

“You can talk to dad to help us with chopping the wood. You know you are very clever when it comes to talking to him. He always listens to you. I will talk to mom and ask her how she cooks bean stew” said Thando.

Sibongile and Thando were very happy with their plan. They each went to talk to their parents to ask for help. Mom was happy to tell Thando how she prepares her bean stew. She even helped him write down all the steps to follow. Sibongile took the axe from the woodshed and placed some wood on the chopping stone.

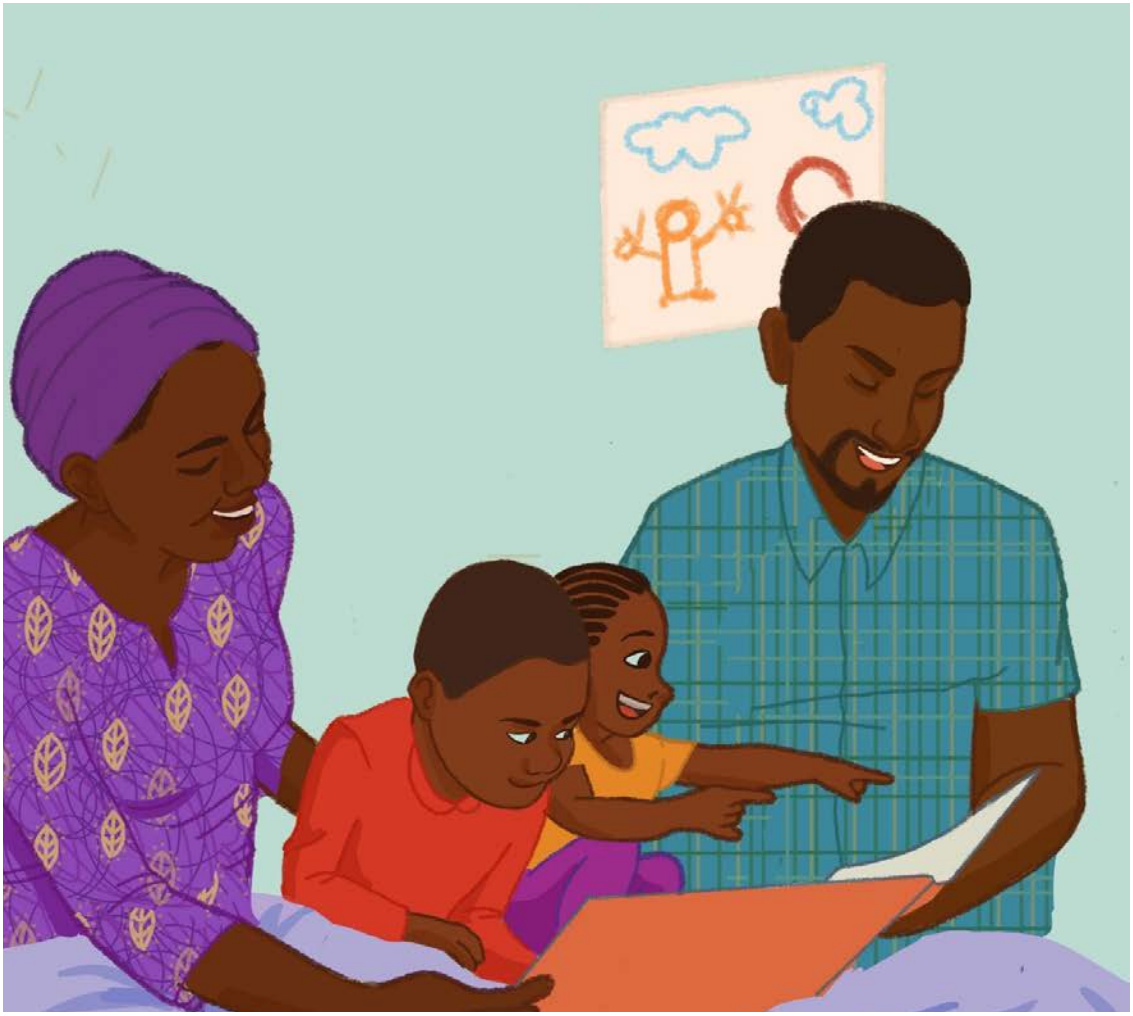
Dad watched as Sibongile struggled with the axe. He came to her and asked, “What are you doing baby?”

Sibongile looked at dad with sad eyes and said “I am not as strong as you dad. I want to chop some wood for the stove so that Thando and I can cook for you and mom.”

Dad smiled at Sibongile and said, “I’ll help you my princess.”

Dad took the axe from Sibongile and started chopping the wood and helped with bringing some coal into the kitchen.

“Mom, you can go and rest. We will do the cooking today” said the children. Finally, the stew was cooked, and the kitchen was smelling good. Dad came into the house and asked the children what was cooking. They told him that it is a surprise.



“Dad, can you help us lay the table please?” Sibongile pleaded with her dad. Dad was very hungry and hurried to set the table. Thando called mom to the kitchen. When all were seated at the table, Thando and Sibongile said grace and opened the pot.

“Wow! It really smells great” said mom and dad at the same time. They all looked at each other and laughed. Mom dished for everyone and the family had a lovely meal.

When they finished eating dad asked mom to help him wash the dishes. As they were washing the dishes, dad apologised to mom for what he did. “I had no right to take out my frustrations on you my love. Can you forgive me please?” Dad said to mom. Mom told dad that she had forgiven him a long time ago. Mom and dad were happy and finished washing the dishes while they were both singing their favourite hymn.

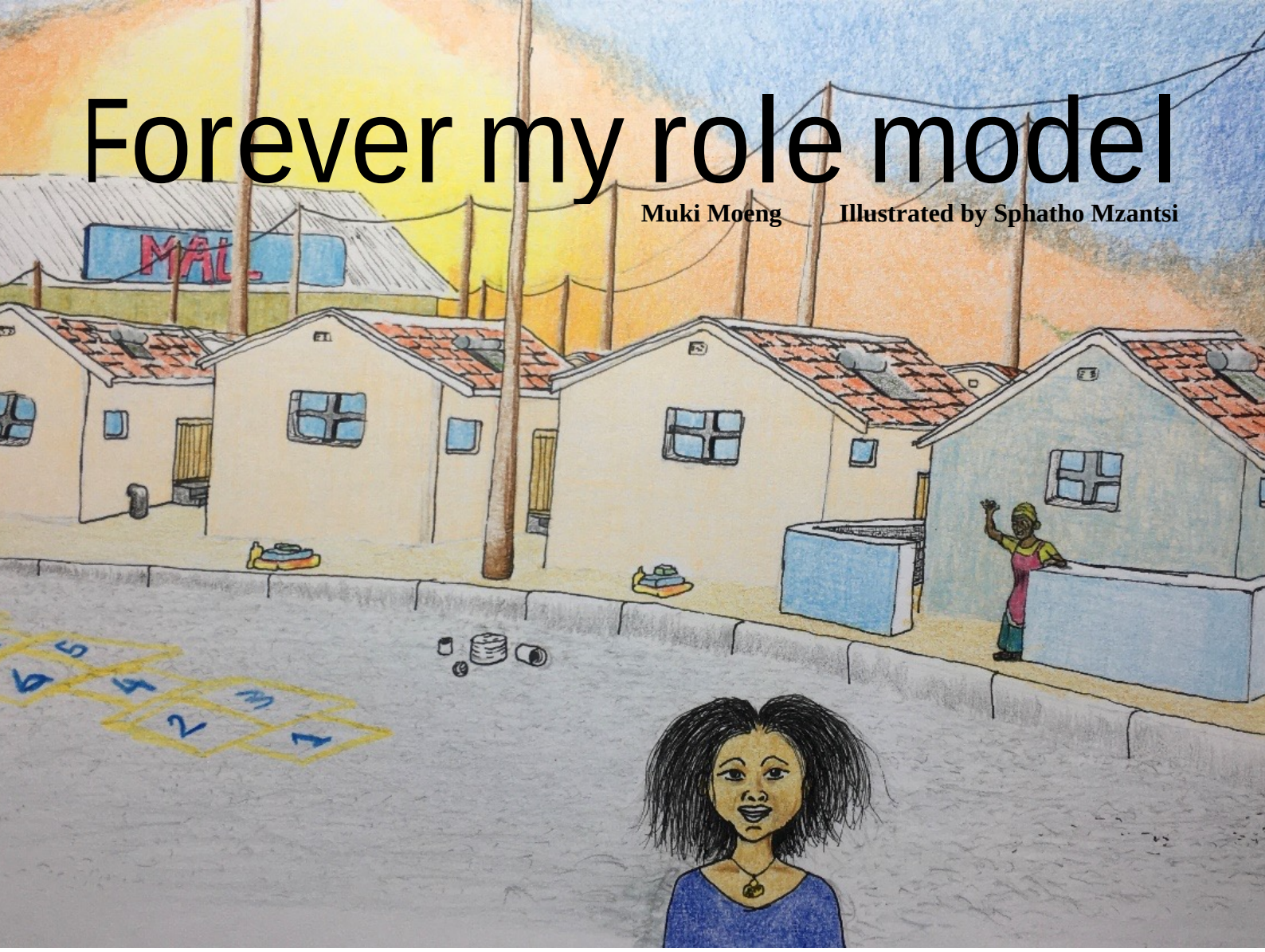
That night Thando and Sibongile asked mom and dad to read them their favourite story of a prince and a princess who overcome many challenges, got married and lived happily ever after. As the children became sleepy, they both said, “We wish mom and dad can also live happily ever after!”

……

How can you help your family with chores in the house to ensure that everyone feels useful and wanted? Think of what your family members enjoy doing and think of activities that can be done to include these.

Forever my role model

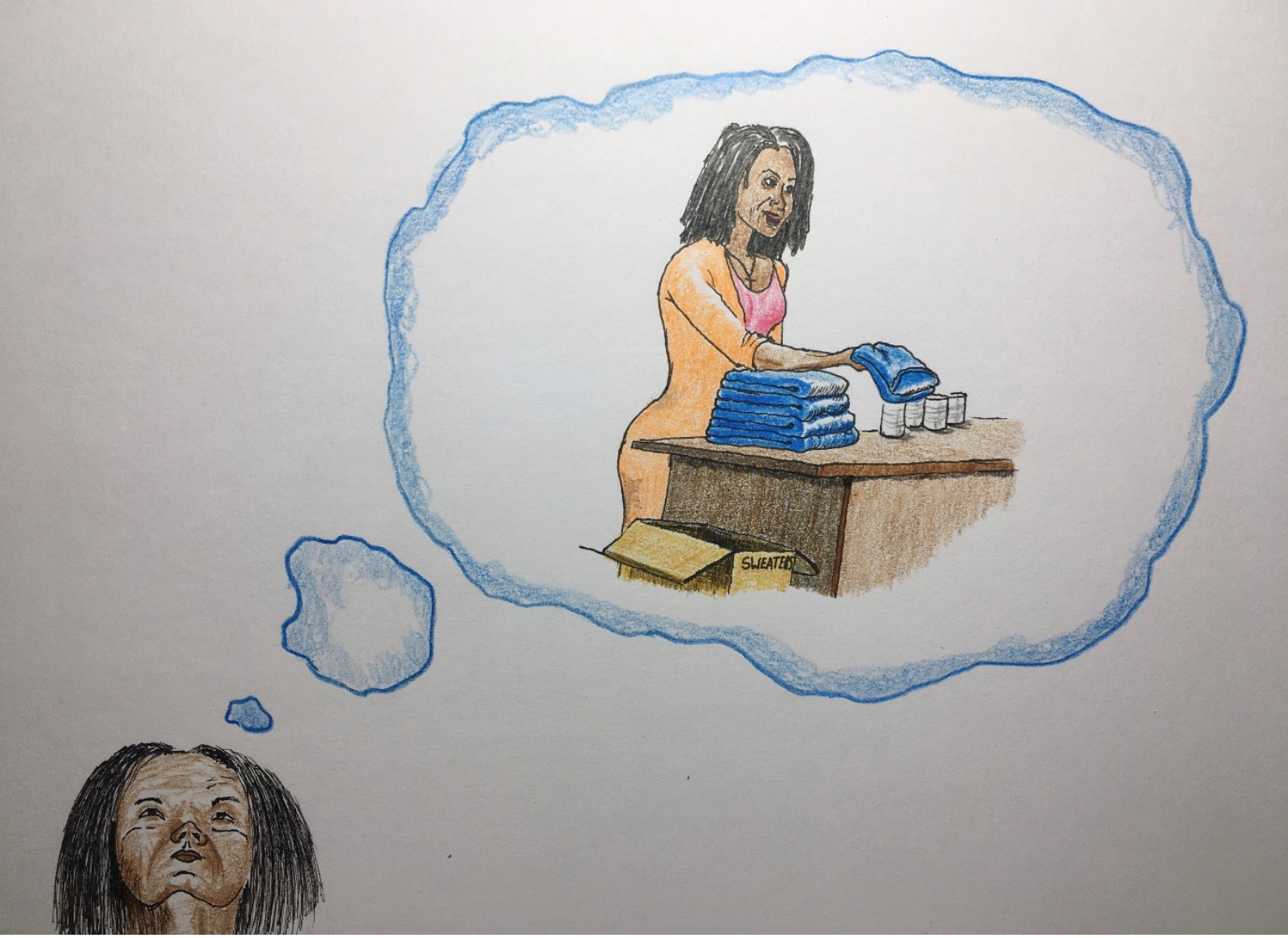
Muki Moeng **Illustrated by Sphatho Mzantsi**



“Nomalanga, weeeee Nomalanga! Akuva ndiyakubiza?”

Nomalanga’s grandmother always called her before sunset, while she was still playing with her friends. She used to get very upset because the games were at their best just when she had to go home.

Nomalanga was a bubbly little girl who lived with her grandmother. She always played with other children in her neighborhood. Her mother died two years ago in a car accident on her way back from work. She was a social worker who liked to help people who did not have enough food or clothes. Nomalanga used to enjoy their monthly trips to the township where they would go to a few houses to drop off food and sometimes clothes. She remembers how she used to ask her mother many questions, like why she was doing this. She cannot remember what she said, but she can clearly remember how her mother felt after every trip. She would be singing and cooking and be very friendly.

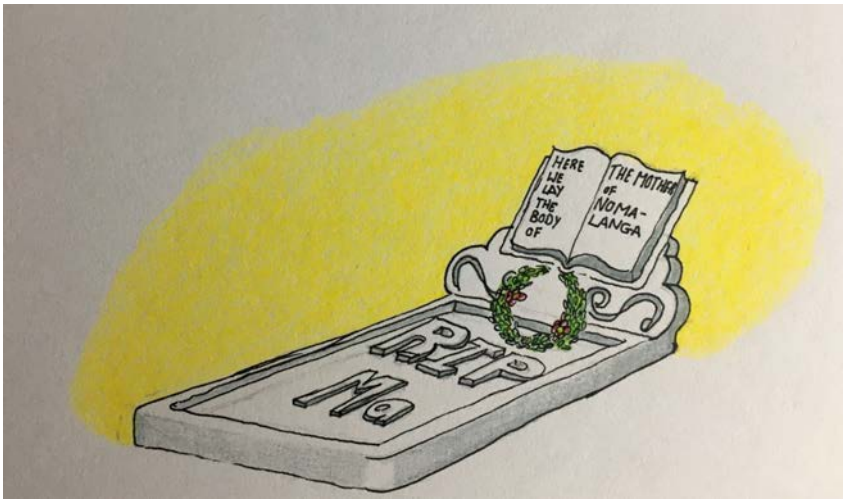


"*Makhulu!*" Nomalanga eventually responds. *"Kutheni uthanda ukundikwaza nje Makhulu?"* Her grandmother gave her a mouthful about how she must listen to her because she is trying to raise her well. Her grandmother further explained that she has chores that she must do before sunset, like closing the windows, drawing the curtains, switching on the lights and doing your homework. She said, "These are your responsibilities in this house. None else is going to do them for you. Your older brother and sister make sure that the house is clean and that there is water in the house. When I get back from work, I want to rest before I cook for you and check your homework." After hearing this, Nomalanga felt very sad because she could see how upset her grandmother was. Makhulu does not usually get upset. She is very loving and caring.

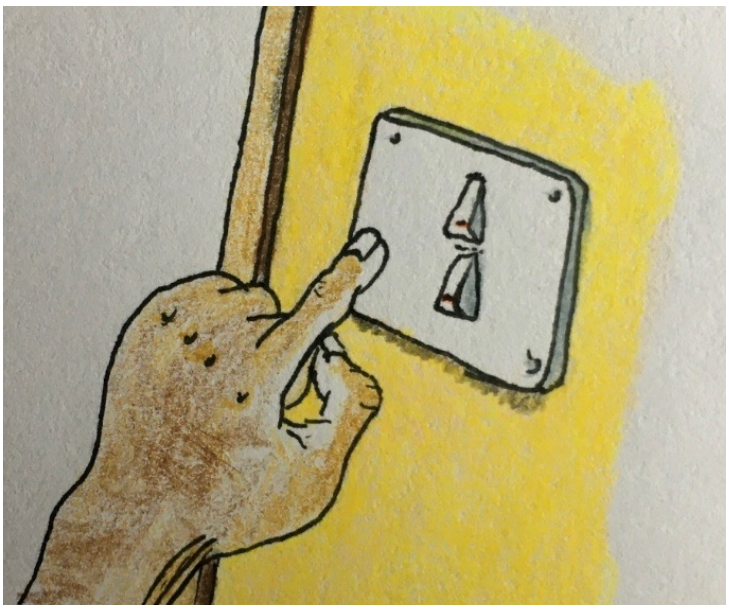
See, school holidays were especially exciting because she would visit Makhulu in the township. There, life was vibrant and children played in the streets. Unlike in the suburbs where she used to stay. In the suburbs, she was often bored because they were not allowed to play in the street. Every child in her block played in their own yard and never outside. Her siblings did not always want to play with her because they were older. She resorted to playing with her dolls, watched TV and played games on her phone.

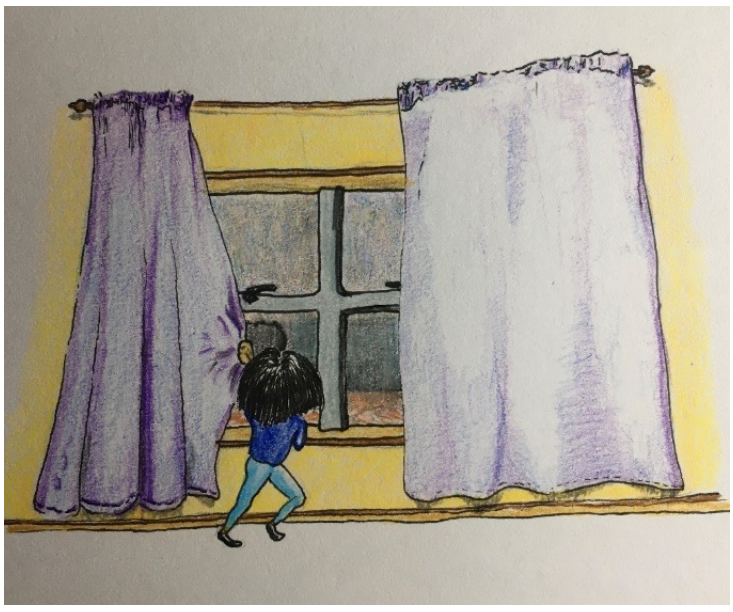
However, today her grandmother is very upset with her and that makes her upset too. When she gets upset, she remembers the day when her mother's brother, *umalume*, came to their house. His face was very sad. Until this day, Nomalanga cannot forget that image. She remembers how she felt about the news that her mother was killed in a car accident. Usually, when *umalume* came to visit, it was a joyous occasion because

he brought sweets, cake, cool drink and everything that was nice. This time around, it was different. I was a sad day for everyone. After hearing the news, Nomalanga felt numb and the world stopped for a moment. He uncle tried to be brave but his eyes told a different story filled with pain. Her brother and sister could not stop crying. She pulled herself together and told her grandmother that she was sorry.



From then on, she did all her chores. She closed the windows, drew the curtains, switched on the lights and did her homework before sunset. Because she wanted Makhulu to be as happy as her mother, she decided to save her monthly pocket money so that she could give food to the needy. She took good care of her clothes so that when they were small she could give them to someone else who needed them.



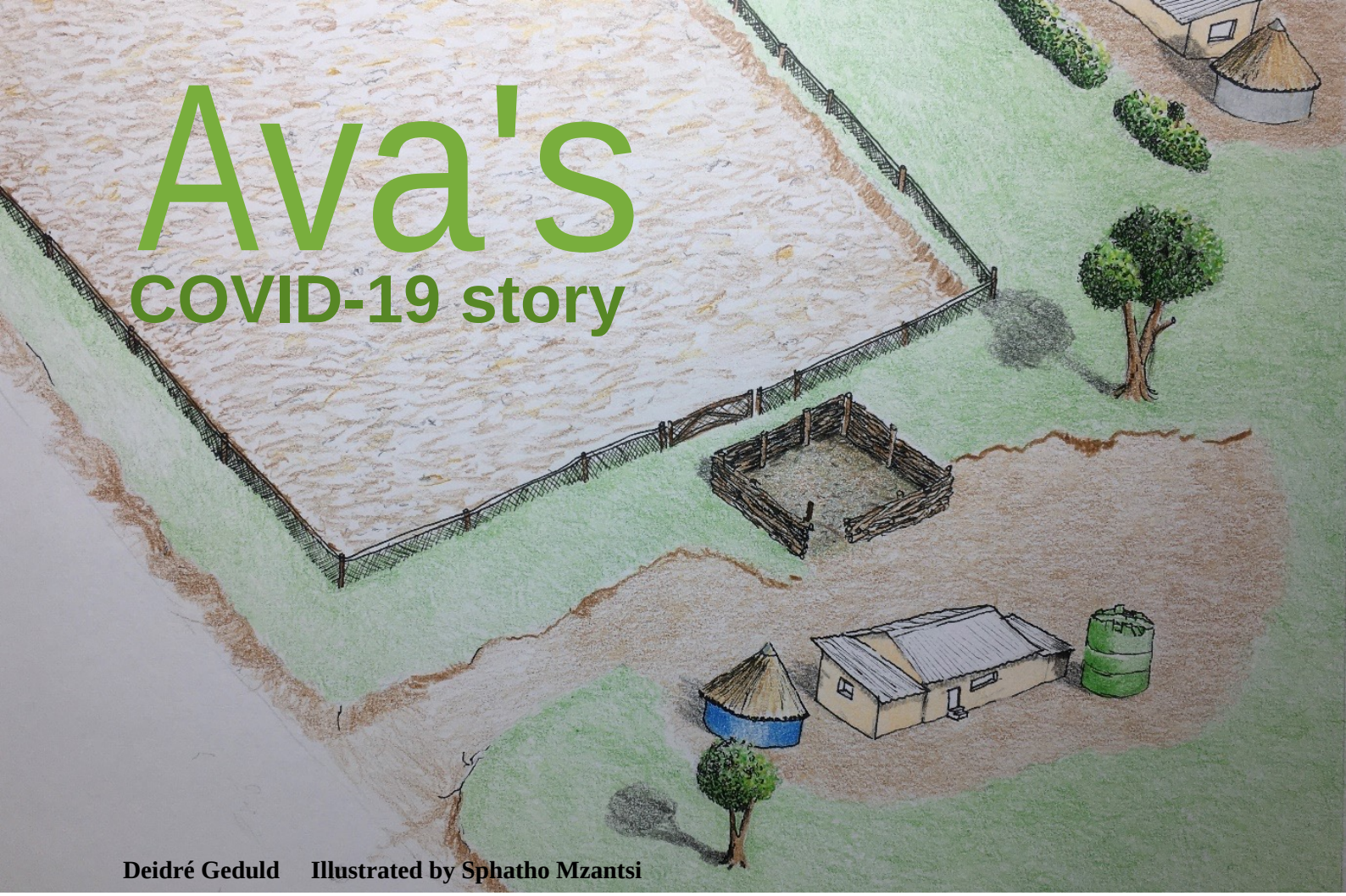


……

.

What lessons have you learnt from this story?

What would you do to try to help in your community?



In a small rural town lived a Mommy and her little girl, Ava. Very few people in the town had televisions, radios or telephones. Suddenly a deadly virus invaded the village.

Then Ava asked her mother, “Mommy, what is this COVID-19? Mommy replied, "Well, Ava, Covid-19 is a deadly disease that is spread by the Corona virus. Right now, the virus is spreading in countries around the world, killing hundreds, even thousands, of people around the world every day.

"But Mommy, what does this have to do with us here in South Africa?" Well, if we don't do what we should, the virus can affect us as well and even lead to death. That is precisely why everyone in our country is now obliged to stay in our homes until the end of April. No one is allowed to move outside unnecessarily. "

“It's not nice at home, Mommy. Why can't we go to school? I can't visit friends or play with my friends. Why are the shops, movies and restaurants all closed? Why would it be wrong if I go to the shops or visit my friends?"

Then Mommy replied, "The answer is simple. The less you interact with many people, the less likely you are to become ill and possibly infect me and other family members or friends. That way we all stay

safe. ”

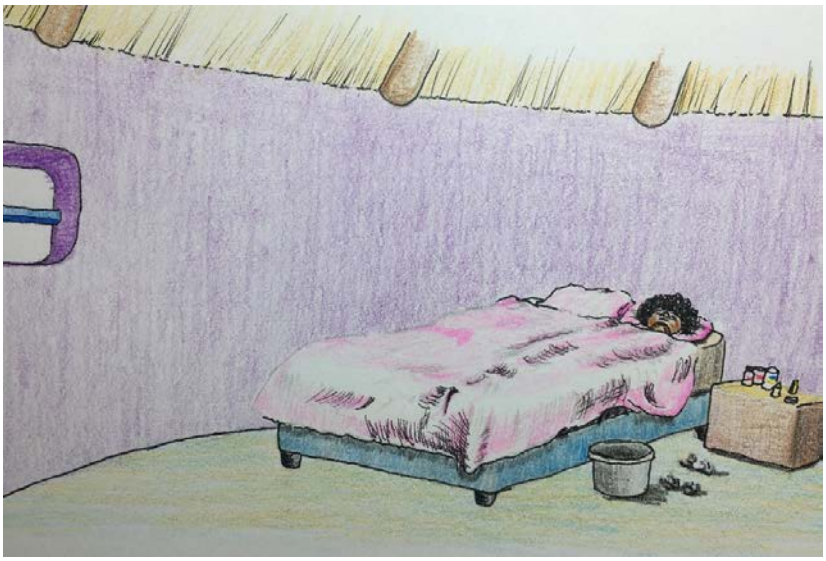
“Now how does one become infected with the virus?", Ava asked her Mommy. “The virus is spread through droplets when an infected person coughs or sneezes. This is why we are warned to bend our elbow and cough or sneeze into it. Also to use a tissue and immediately throw it in a garbage bin after coughing or sneezing to prevent the virus from spreading.", answered Mommy.

“It is also very important that you wash your hands regularly with water and soap for about 20 seconds or use a disinfectant that kills the germs. We also have to disinfect all areas regularly where we work, as the virus lands on surfaces and then spreads.

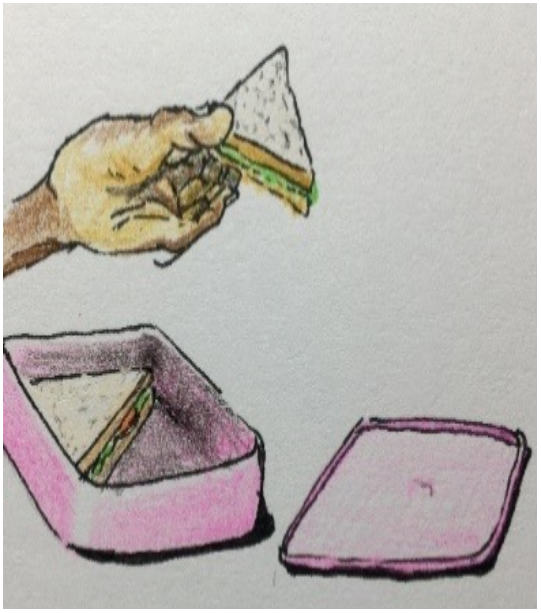
If it is imperative for me to leave home to go and buy necessities, I must protect myself by wearing a mask and gloves. This will prevent me from being exposed to the virus. "

“My child, do you understand now that the virus spreads more easily when a lot of people are together and that is why we should rather stay home? Do you realise the importance of trying to protect ourselves and our family?", Mommy asked, as she softly stroked Ava's hair.

“However, if you have a dry cough, feel tired or have difficulty breathing, you should tell me immediately so we can call our GP. We also need to share the emergency numbers that appear on TV with our neighbours and friends. Most importantly, staying indoors, washing your hands regularly, covering your mouth when coughing or sneezing and doing everything possible to protect yourself and your family from the virus.”



“Mommy, yesterday when I was playing by the big tree at the back, Kara asked me for a piece of bread. Mommy was busy and I gave her one of my sandwiches. Mommy, she never asks me for bread, do you think they don't have bread?”



“These are very difficult times for children and their parents. Many parents cannot go to their workplaces, so they cannot buy food for their families. It was a good deed you did to share with her. I'll also share some of our groceries with her mom later. Fortunately, Grandpa made enough provision for us."

The Corona virus is not a story - it is a reality. You can choose whether you are going to do the right thing and try to protect yourself and your family, or are you going to defy fate and run the risk of becoming infected and perhaps becoming deadly ill or even die. The choice lies with us. Stay safe. Stay inside. Wash your hands regularly. Cough or sneeze in the curve of your elbow. Wear a mask.

……

Role-play the following scenario:

Your neighbours want you to come and visit them during lockdown. Every day you hear that your neighbour has a nasty cough and sneezes. How do you decline the invitation without offending them?

Discuss it as a family and decide how you will handle it. Role play your reactions during the discussion.

SURVIVAL OF COMMUNITIES DURING THE PANDEMIC

N. Gedze, N. Mntwini, T. Chizu **Illustrated by Sanelisiwe Singaphi**

1st Learner

I am Onako, a girl living in 5 Ways Port Elizabeth with my big sister and her 1-year-old baby. My big sister is an Intern at a Bookkeeping company that is BBEE owned. Our parents are both in a small rural village in Sterkspruit. My big sister is the breadwinner, she fends for us in Port Elizabeth, our parents in Sterkspruit, as well as our drug addict brother who is currently living with our parents.

Towards the end of February, I was on a platform just browsing and having a good laugh at the memes and people were posting, until a video popped up on my timeline on how people overseas were dying of a Respiratory illness. I then watched it and in panic mode I showed my big sister, who just *laughed and joked about how it would not reach South Africa.*

As days turned into weeks, more and more information popped up about the illness, and I picked up two words *'COVID-19' and 'Coronavirus'* these seemed to have been the names of the illness – *I do not know*. I did try looking it up and GOSH! It was just too much for me to understand.

As if that was not enough, a cloud of panic was hovering around social media, *"wear gloves and masks, use hand sanitisers that are alcohol based"* my word!? What does that even mean? Who should wear the masks and gloves? Why should they wear them and for how long? How often should one sanitize their hands? What about those who cannot afford the sanitisers? Oh, wait a minute where does one even buy the proper hand sanitisers? Do babies also have to wear masks and gloves? Do they also have to have their tiny hands sanitised? Confused was my middle name.

Rumours about the illness landing on South African ground started making rounds, and it was confirmed - it had officially admitted itself admission into South Africa silently. Are we all going to die? What is this COVID-19? Is it the same as Coronavirus? Does it have a cure? How will I know if I have contracted the virus? Questions were flying around! We did not know what we were up against. Then the President announced the official 21 Day Lock-down, and the country stood still for a minute. What is a lockdown? What does it mean for us school children? What about the working class? The informal traders, vendors? What are we going to eat? What are we going to do with all this time on our hands? These are some of the Million and One question people were asking each other.

The lockdown started on the 26th of March 2020, what about grocery shopping for us households whose breadwinners get paid on the last day of the month, which in this case was the 31st of March. I don't know. However, grocery stores were exempted from closing during the lockdown, as they sell essential goods. that was a relief! Regardless of the exclusion people went on a panic shopping spree, clearing shelves, taking more than they needed.

Working for a BBEE – my sister has a horrible day when payday comes. "You get paid on the last day of the month! That means between 00:00 of the 31st of march till 23:59! So, you will be paid anytime on that day." Is the answer she gets from her employer when she asks about the delay on her salary – of which on this particular day she asked about it at 14:37. The frustration, anger and stress was written all over her face – being the breadwinner she has to pay rent for the flat we are living in, she has to buy us food, pay our parents' helper, send our parents money to get groceries, buy her daughter's monthly needs. Buy electricity, pay my school fees, pay her debts and pay her monthly policy payments – the list goes on. All this was held up because she had not yet received her March salary.

When it finally came through it was too late to get anything done - 20:19. When morning came, she left very early in the morning to get things done. With no taxis or buses on the road, she had to walk to town. Along the way she was confronted by 'amaphara' – homeless drug addicts, who searched her and took a R50 note she had and insulted her for walking around with nothing but a "stupid R50". That incident on its own made me ask questions like: Are we safe during this lockdown? What happens to 'amaphara' during this lockdown?

As if that was not enough, my school sent an email telling her as my guardian to create a 'Zoom' account for my tuition. That meant we had to have a laptop with a proper webcam, enough data for the online class – that on a good day, with a good internet connection and speed would chow 1G per Hour. 1G costs R125 on the cell phone networks we both use. STRESS! Food in stores is now ridiculously expensive; R20 for a head of cabbage, R35 for a 2.5kg bag of Maize Meal. A pack of nappies costs R229, a tin of Formula costs R175 – cheapest, and now we must have data for my Zoom lessons. I do 7 subjects at school each teacher wants +60minutes for a lesson. All this and yet the government said, "We are ready and prepared for this Pandemic". Again, a new word: PANDEMIC!

Relief funds for some and not for everyone. Yesterday morning as we were packing my stuff for camp, my big sister received an email from her employer who was telling her that the company will not be able to pay all its employees a 100% of their salaries but 50% of it on the 15th of every month till July 2020. What does that mean for us? What will we eat? We live on hand to mouth. Where will we stay? We won't be able to pay rent! What about our parents? Their grant money barely is enough for each of them. My school is requesting that my school fees be paid in full, with what? I will not be able to attend any Zoom lessons; my sister's daughter won't have nappies or formula.

Even coming to this camp – she had to go lend money from a loan shark, just so that I can come here and study. I read somewhere on a social media platform: "Discipline saved China, Ill-discipline drowned Europe, Ignorance will kill Africa" – are we really ignorant or we were never taught about this 'thing' properly?!

2nd Learner

My name is Xolisa, I'm a 16-year-old living in KwaZakhele – eSeyisi. Currently I am on holiday at my grandmother's house, this means that I am staying with my 2 aunts, my cousin, my brother both 15-year olds, and my 10-year-old sister. Both my aunts are not permanently employed, one is an Intern and the other recently lost her job. My grandparents are both late, this then means that my aunts are responsible for everything in and around the home. My parents live in New Brighton, and they do help my aunts wherever they can.

This year (2020), I am doing Grade 11 and I was really looking forward to my year as a Pre-Matriculant. My first term results were quite good, and I was really looking forward to doing even better in the 2nd term. That goal became unattainable when we were told at school that schools were closing earlier than expected and our much anticipated 'Annual Stay Awake' was cancelled. What a bummer! Luckily this announcement was made after we had finished writing our March Exams and we received our end of term reports. I must admit, I never pay attention to the news, and because I was busy studying for the exams – I did not even log on to any of my social networks. It was only when schools closed that I realised that people were panicking about a 'Coronavirus' that had taken over China and killed thousands of people. This Virus then quickly moved to other countries such as Italy and Spain, by then it was all over the news and social media, and in all honesty, I was not even worried about it, I did not even think that it would reach South Africa.

Of course, we made jokes about the virus, whenever someone coughed or sneezed, but we did not think to protect ourselves. A couple of days after schools had officially closed, I am not really sure of when exactly, the President announced a National Lockdown, together with the announcement that a couple of people had contracted the virus, mainly a couple residing in KwaZulu Natal.

The Lockdown did not really affect me negatively, I still got to see my friends, go to the park, play with my friends, go to the spaza shops. Besides schools closing, shops at the mall being closed, and my favourite food outlets closed; I really did not feel the pinch of being locked down or the negative impact the Coronavirus has. Reality struck when my aunt insisted that we stay indoors and a friend of ours had to move in with us because at his home the term 'NO WORK, NO PAY', is a harsh reality. There was no food at his home so he would spend so much of his time at our home. Until my aunts decided that for our safety and that of himself, he should rather move in and stay with us.

The fact that my friend had no food at home, because his uncle is a self-employed Plumber, Builder and Mechanic, the lockdown meant that he could not find work. This Raised so many questions in my head; What is this Coronavirus and what is COVID-19? - because all that my friends and I know about it is that it is a virus that can be transmitted when an infected person coughs or sneezes. We have no idea what this COVID-19 is. Also, is there a treatment or a cure for this Virus? I really don't know. Why are people that are unable to work not being given food? - As in the case of my friend, whose family is suffering. We were told that our families must register for Food Parcels by the Councillor's office, but I know of no-one that has received those parcels in our community – none of our neighbours got them.

With these and many more questions running through my head, I came to this realisation, much more interventions need to be made by the government about the Coronavirus – people need to be taught about the virus and the testing systems, as many of my neighbours have stated that they would not willingly test for the virus because of how they think it

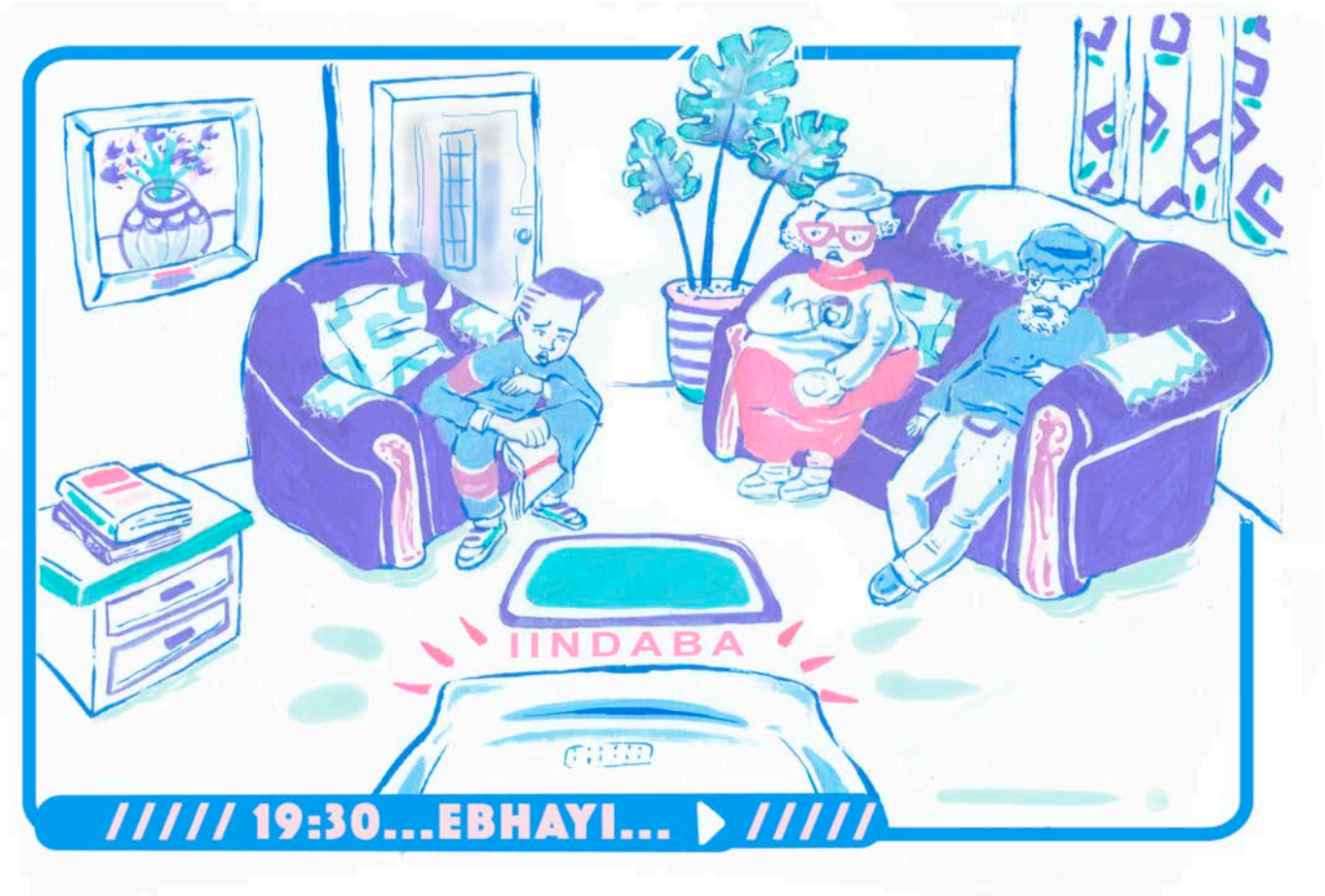
is tested. People in my community are roaming around the streets not because they are not fearful of the virus but because they cannot just stay at home while they have no food to eat.

With the many break-ins at major liquor stores in and around KwaZakhele, I realised that some people are willing to risk their lives and those of their families just to be able to drink alcohol. Could this be because drinking alcohol is their coping mechanism? What does this mean for my Academic year? I mean so much uncertainty over when we will beat the Coronavirus, there is no clear indication of when schools will reopen. My fear is repeating Grade 11 again next year, but at the very same time I do not want to proceed to Grade 12 unprepared.

People in my community share so much misinformation about the Coronavirus, that we have now stigmatised people affected and infected by the virus. It is a constant battle to get the people of KwaZakhele to adhere to the new Lockdown Funeral Regulated number of attendance and the cancellation of traditional ceremonies. Social distancing doesn't exist in my community especially at our shopping centres, it is only when people see police vans then they run to their homes, otherwise they roam in the streets freely more especially the children. I became so jealous when I look through my window only to find other kids playing outside whilst I am being told to stay at home.

The People of KwaZakhele have lost faith in our government because of the corruption, even with the recent announcements by the president, people still do not believe that they will benefit from the relief funds offered. There is so much uncertainty as to what the future holds and more and more people are getting infected.

3rd Learner



My name is Lingomso, a 16-year-old who lives in a small village in Ngqushwa or as some people know it - Peddie. I live with my grandmother and my 10-year-old nephew. I am currently doing my Grade 11, and I always try to do my utmost best at school. In March, while we were at school our teacher told us about a Virus that had apparently been going around called Coronavirus. She did not explain much about it, so we made sure to watch the news daily just so that we could absorb as much information as we could about this Coronavirus. My grandmother would sometimes ask me about the virus, and I would explain from my own understanding – because in all honesty the news would just confuse us when they start mentioning COVID-19 while talking about this Coronavirus.

I entered a competition at school to attend a Camp, the competition was for those who really needed to go but could not afford the Camp fees and everything else in between. Lucky enough I made it! I was so excited because never have I in my life travelled to the big cities. My mother left Ngqushwa many years ago, on a quest to get a job – and she never returned. We don't know what happened to her, this instilled some fear of the unknown on me, because I always thought something bad happened to her, now with me leaving for the City, what if I don't come back? What if that bad thing that could have taken my mother away from us, takes me? Nevertheless, my grandmother kept on reassuring me that everything was going to be ok.

Camp Day came! I was so excited. We left Ngqushwa and arrived at our campsite safely, we were introduced to each other and grouped in 3s. I was grouped with Onako from 5ways, Port Elizabeth and Xolisa from KwaZakhele, Port Elizabeth. I must say it was kind of a culture shock for me to be grouped by people who live in the city, but they did not make me feel like a misfit! We were tasked with a 'Research on the Coronavirus' with the main focus being to speak out about what we knew and understood about it, as well as our views based on the communities that we were coming from.

Back in Ngqushwa, we have lots of Old people who do not understand this virus. They only understand that they must wash their hands with soap and water. We do not stay indoors or stay at home, we visit and socialise with other people, also the shops are very far we have no choice but to go out to the shops – also because of one's safety we go in pairs, the more people who accompany me to the shop - the safer. We cannot be indoors or stay at home because we must go to the forest to fetch firewood, we do have electricity, but we eat food that takes a long time to get ready and it ends up wasting the electricity units. Things like Soup, that has lots of different types of Legumes and Mealies, uMfino – Pap with different edible healthy wild veggies or just regular green vegetables in your garden.

In terms of the cancellations of all Traditional ceremonies – sinamatyala kwizinyanya zethu ekufuneka sizisilele (We have 'debts' to our ancestors that need to be honoured by means of Traditional Beer) and Funerals restricted to only family members not more than 50 – people in the village are struggling, because in the spirit of UBUNTU and in the spirit of Empathising, people would gather up at the home of the deceased for a night vigil. We also see Soldiers who are said to be patrolling on the news, but we have never seen them in our village and that is why people do not take the lockdown seriously.

As a young person from Ngqushwa, I feel that the government has failed us in so many ways, we are not educated about the virus, no testing is done in the village, the nurses at the clinics did not attend any trainings about the virus. The municipality not coming to check if we still have enough water, at the very same time no one has received food parcels.

Despite Traditional Ceremonies being cancelled, schools being closed, and Funerals now restricted to only the family members not exceeding a total of 50 persons, life in Ngqushwa is close to normal. We are still facing our very same daily challenges, oh except the fear of the unknown Coronavirus to the people of Ngqushwa.

……

- **Ask your Elders to teach you life skills; Indigenous education has been side-lined somewhat by technology, you could use this time to learn how to sew, knit, cook, make fire or even cook on a fire.**
- **Carve out family time – play games as a family, have debate sessions on the current situation that we find ourselves in. create customised 30 Seconds or Charades and play it together this helps with getting to know each other as well as general knowledge.**
- **Chat to friends, if you have internet access chat with your friends, just a break from the reality helps.**
- **Watch Good movies as a family, a good laugh helps.**
- **Share *responsibilities* chores, this helps lift the strain on each one of you.**
- **Story telling – Iintsomi.**
- **Artwork, this can be tons of fun, you could decide on a theme maybe 'Art using Recyclable materials', old clothes, leaves.**
- **Studying or revising the work you did at school.**
- **You could also create a Game where you talk everything 'Coronavirus', myths, statistics, challenges, etc.**

HOLD ON TIGHT TO YOUR DREAMS

Dr Heloise Sathorar **Main picture illustrated by Sphatho Mzantsi**

Have you ever had a dream? A dream to see something, a dream to do something, a dream to …….

Dreams are the vehicles that propel us forward… It is the wind that allows us to fly…It makes us smile…It makes us believe in a better tomorrow…It gives us a reason to live…

So many great things have been achieved that started out as a dream. Martin Luther King led his fight for the liberation of the African-American people in the United States with his great speech starting with the words: "I had a dream…."

Our own Tata Nelson Mandela believed in the power of dreams when he said: It always seems impossible until it is done". He went on to say: "A winner is a dreamer who never gives up."

We find ourselves in such a challenging time that we easily forget about our dreams. We get caught up in the day-to-day activities of surviving that we abandon our dreams. We are consumed by negativity that we forget to dream and to work on our dreams.

Do you have a dream? What is your dream?

…….

Read the suggestions provided on how to stand strong and reflect on them.

- **List some of the resources available to you to help you achieve your dream. Then draw a mind map of how you can use these resources to achieve your dream.**
- **Identify things that will deter you from pursuing your dream. Indicate your response below.**
- **How can you avoid these things that will deter you? Indicate your response below**
- **Identify things that motivates you and list them in the table below.**
- **How can you embrace these motivational factors in your life? Indicate your response in a table below.**

Reflective Activity 1:

I am (Name) ..... Age ..... Year .....

My dream is:

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

Dreams can remain wonderful ideas in your mind….

But reward comes from chasing your dreams and actualising your ideas.

Dreams are fulfilled through Dedication, Responsibility,

Education, the right Attitude and Motivation.

DEDICATION

You need to believe in your dream. You need to own it and commit all your effort to achieving it. Identify what and who can help you to achieve your dream. Develop a plan in which you draw on the resources available to you to work towards your dream. Are you dedicated to your dream?

Reflective Activity 2:

List some of the resources available to you to help you achieve your dream. Then draw a mind map of how you can use these resources to achieve your dream.

RESPONSIBILITY

To achieve your dream, you need to be responsible. Once you have identified resources that will help you achieve your dream and you have a plan on how to utilise these resources then you should pursue your plan. It is important to talk about your plan with your loved ones and with those you respect and trust to help you. Stay clear from those who might mislead you and refrain from engaging in activities that will deter you from achieving your dream.

Reflective Activity 3:

Identify things that will deter you from pursuing your dream. Indicate your response below. How can you avoid these things that will deter you? Indicate your response below.

EDUCATION

E is the middle letter of the word dream and it symbolises that Education forms the core of all dreams. It is central to achieving your dream. From an educational perspective, do you know what is required to achieve your dream? If not, do you know where to get information about what is required to achieve your dream? Once you know what is required to achieve you dream prepare a detailed plan that will help you work towards achieving your dream.

ATTITUDE

The saying: “Your attitude determines your altitude” applies here. The way you feel and think about something and how you interact with people as well as your general approach to life will determine how far you get in life and also how easily you will be able to attain your dreams. An attitude of gratitude also goes a long way in assisting you to achieve your dreams. Acknowledge those who help you and always be humble. But, most of all, believe in your abilities to achieve your dream. Ask yourself: If others before you could do it, why not you? If you are the first one to do something in your family, the motivation should be even greater to achieve the dream.

ATTITUDE IS A LITTLE THING THAT MAKES A BIG DIFFERENCE.

Reflective Activity 4:

Identify things that motivates you and list them in the table below.

How can you embrace these motivational factors in your life? Indicate your response in the table below.

Motivates	Responses

Having a dream is important. Working toward achieving that dream is even more important. What is most important is that in times of challenge, and when you are faced with adversity, that you hold on tightly to your dreams. Stand firm and do not succumb to negativity. Continue to work tirelessly on your dreams, because as certain as the sun rises these challenging times will pass.

All of us started this year with many dreams. Some dreamed of passing their grade and moving to the next grade; Grade 7's dreamt of completing Primary School and moving on to Secondary School. Grade 12 learners looked forward to a matric farewell and moving on to University. Final year university students dreamt about their graduation and their future career….but all of our lives have been thrown off balance by a speed bump called Coronavirus or COVID 19.

Schools, colleges and universities are closed. Teachers are struggling to get work to learners, university lecturers and students are confronted with the challenges of online learning, and there are talks of the academic year spilling over into next year. This is all cause for anxiety and uncertainty. However, it is in these times of adversity that we have to stand strong and hold on to our dreams. We have to stay positive and continue to work on our dreams.

Humanity has faced several challenges similar to COVID 19 in the past and has overcome it. Thus, nothing prevents us from overcoming this challenge too; and when we do, you need to be ready to fulfil your dreams. In the 1970's and 1980's our country found itself in a state of political turmoil; and during these years of struggle for political freedom, many learners had to go without school for months…but, this did not deter them…they stood strong and:

- Formed groups and taught each other;
- They shared material and their knowledge with their peers;
- They revised the work that was already done, believing that practice makes perfect, and also ensuring that they at least knew that part of the work well;
- They looked at the untaught content and taught themselves by following examples and doing the exercises linked to the content;
- They asked for help from teachers and other experts who willingly explained content to them over phones and after hours in homes and churches;
- They had set times to study and work on their school work;

and when the time came for them to write their exams they were ready. Many of these people are currently leading our country. If they could do it, you can too! Learners and students in South Africa can draw strength from these examples. Continue to work on your dream:

- Have a set timetable to focus on your school work;
- Create a WhatsApp group with your peers and talk to them about your school work, explain the work to each other, test each other;
- Continue to practise and revise the work that has been covered;
- Look at the new content, try and teach yourself, work through examples, and try the activities on the new content; and
- Ask your teacher, older siblings and friends for help.

Stand strong and hold on to your dreams, because when this is over, and it will be over, you need to be able to pursue your dream. When this valley of despair passes, you must be ready to rise like the eagle. Everything of the best!We shall recover! We shall overcome, and we shall prosper again! God Bless South Africa and her citizens.

STILL I RISE - By Maya Angelou

You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may trod me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you?
Why are you beset with gloom?
'Cause I walk like I've Got oil wells
Pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just Like hope springs high,
Still I'll rise.

USING STORYTELLING AS EDUCATIONAL RAPID RESPONSE TO COVID19

Prof N.N. Mdzanga

When a call on Rapid Response Research and Innovation measures against the COVID19 pandemic came out in April 2020, I thought it was an opportunity not be missed. Universities had been requested to respond to this call in order to rapidly provide assistance to the public against the COVID 19 pandemic. As response to this call, a few colleagues and I thought about putting together a project to respond to the theme on 'public understanding and awareness'. After a few brainstorming sessions, we agreed on a project that will provide an educational response to COVID19-and what better way than writing stories that could inform families on COVID19. Through these stories we aim to educate and raise awareness about issues such as the importance of staying at home during lockdown, how mathematical patterns can be used to show how the CORONA virus can spread and so forth. We hope that these stories would inspire, motivate, entertain, educate and influence what families do during this time. We plan to disseminate the stories as follows: uploading stories online and link will be distributed to a network of educators and student teachers as a reading resource; donate stories to orphanages, reading clubs and schools; read stories in local radio stations, avail them as supplements in the local newspapers as well as converting them into braille and donate to families and schools for children who are blind. Contributors are: Prof's du Plessis, Khau, Mdzanga, Pillay; Drs Sathorar, Geduld, Childs, Moeng & community members: Ms Gedze, Mntwini & Chizu.

This story book is made possible by the research grant from the Department of Research Support and Management at Nelson Mandela University .