

Warona's

Gogolicious Story Time



Sowing Evergreen Seeds

With Love From Gogo

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to my darling Warona, her parents, Thokozani and Ntsiki and all the children to follow. You are forever loved.



Foreword

The Value of Storytelling From Grandmother to Grandchild

"The storyteller was once a little child, listening, wide eyed, to an old grandmother or grandfather telling stories by the fireside many an evening under the African skies. Surrounded by family and enjoying the sense of wonder. With a strongly comforting sense of belonging, the child listened and laughed, felt fear grip his/her heart and often fell asleep accompanied by the powerful images contained in one story or other. Oh the dreams that took over from where the storyteller had left off! Sometimes these led to a sleepy smile or a nervous little whimper, almost a cry...making for very detailed dreams"

Gcina Mhlope

The children of Africa learn from stories. It is these stories that shape our minds, our bodies and nourish our souls. Traditionally, the elders and the known storytellers pass on the word, knowledge, skills and values from generation to generation by telling these stories in villages. Likewise, our homes are villages of creative storytellers. Thus, storytelling is the pulse of who we are. As parents, teachers and caregivers, we are privileged and honoured to be entrusted to continue this with wisdom. We as caregivers need to chart an unpaved path with these stories. We need to acknowledge that the journey will be filled with lessons to be learnt, and mistakes to be made over and over again. Every culture has their own traditional stories that gets passed down from generation to generation. Here is an example. This is the isiXhosa's story of creation.

Once upon a time, God created the first human being by splitting a reed from which came a man and two women, who were the progenitors of the human race. The Great being after creating Man, sent Nwabi the chameleon to tell him that he, God, had decided that Man would live forever. After Nwabi's departure, the great Being thought otherwise and sent Ntulo the gecko to tell Man that he must die.

The gecko Ntulo was swifter than Nwabi so he arrived first and delivered the message of Death to Man. When Nwabi finally got there, Man turned him away rudely, saying "Go, we have already accepted the message which Ntulo has brought us." Nwabi tried but to no avail. And so it is that men must die, and stories live forever.

Storytelling is the art of portraying real or fictitious events in words, images, and sounds. Stories are told for entertainment purposes, and often to teach lessons and provide morals. Storytelling is often considered to be a crucial aspect of humanity. Human beings have a natural ability to use verbal communication to teach, explain and entertain, which is why storytelling is so prevalent in everyday life.

The youngest forms of storytelling were oral, told around a fire combined with gesture and expression: words were spoken from one person to another in an effort to communicate a message or a feeling. Stories are also seen in the artwork scratched onto the walls of caves. With the invention of writing, stories were recorded, transcribed and shared over wide regions of the world. As human activities have become more refined and complex, visual stories have been presented in images carved into wood, ivory or stone, painted on canvas, recorded on film and stored electronically as digital images.

Through the ages, mankind has connected through the art of storytelling. In the oral tradition, storytelling includes the teller and the audience thus creating co-ownership. The storyteller creates the experience, while the audience perceives the message and creates personal mental images from the words heard and the gestures seen. In this experience, the audience becomes co-creator of the art. Storytellers sometimes dialogue with their audience, adjusting their words to respond to the listeners and to the moment.

If us as parents aren't telling our children stories of values, who is? And what are they telling? Lets share stories that have been passed down from generations - stories that teach and stories that heal.

Stories Inspire

- It is a spontaneous spiritual calling - what is critical is how you answer the call
- It is an opportunity to inspire the telling of our own authentic stories - we are authors and artists of our own lives
- It is a time for delving deep inside yourself and letting go so the truth heals you. When we go through a tapestry of pain, anger, rejection, fear, disillusionment and regrets we discover the hidden pearls of grace, joy, love, peace, happiness understanding, knowledge, power, wisdom and genius
- Telling stories inspires other souls to have the courage to author their own stories in their own organic voices. It's an eternal gift and a thought memory that will live beyond your years and live forever – stories never die
- When you tell stories you discover the peace within yourself which elevates you to a higher consciousness with deeper awareness and an understanding that you are life, light and love! This state is not a state of superiority or elitist, a state of being special nor is it a state of being better than the next person, nor does it put you on a pedestal. It is rather a state of awareness of who you are. It is an enabler that aligns you when you go off track. Put simply, it is angelic consciousness because there is purity and an angel inside all of us. Consciousness reiterates that there is an angel in all of us. It reminds us of the spirit of Ubuntu: "That I am because you are, you are because we are. Unless you are I cannot be. We are one.
- It is a time to heal our own hurt and embrace blessings and gratitude. Remembering that we are worthy of love no matter what we have done or not done. God is good and with us all the time. All we need is unshakeable faith, steadfast trust and boundless belief.
- Opening yourself up unleashes blockages that turns a deaf ear to the inner voice which is humbly pleading lovingly to be redeemed. Your soul is pleading for freedom.

"...It is only the story that can continue beyond the war and the warrior. It is the story that outlives the sound of war-drums and the exploits of brave fighters. It is the story...that saves our progeny from blundering like blind beggars into the spikes of the cactus fence. The story is our escort; without it, we are blind. Does the blind man own his escort? No, neither do we the story; rather it is the story that owns us and directs us."

--Chinua Achebe, Anthills of the Savannah (1987)

What's in Warona's Name?

*W*ise Angel of Light. Gogo's Wondrous Soul

*A*nointed Angel of Light. Gogo's Amazing Soul

*R*adiant Angel of Light. Gogo's Refreshing Soul

*O*utstanding Angel of Light. Gogo's Open Soul

*N*oble Angel of Light. Gogo's Novel Soul

*A*wesome Angel of Light. Gogo's Angelic Soul

*K*ind Angel of Light. Gogo's Kindred Soul

*G*racious Angel of Light. Gogo's Great Soul

*A*dventurous Angel of Light. Gogo's Ageless Soul

*M*iraculous Angel of Light. Gogo's Merciful Soul

*E*nthused Angel of Light. Gogo's Energetic Soul



Gogo's Gift of Love and Light

The day you were born was one of the most special days in my life. Granddad and I couldn't wait to see you new face, and hold you and kiss you. As I have watched you grow this year, I can't help but think of all the fun and joy you have brought into my life. Your love of life and seeing everything new through your eyes has taught me so much about what's really important. I will forever be grateful to your mom for bringing you into our lives as the first granddaughter we have longed for. I also thank your maternal grandparents and great grandparents for sowing the seeds that brought you to us! The seeds are evergreen. Your uncles, Tshupo and Katlego enjoy the pleasure of your sparkle and will always look after you no matter what. Remember I am always here for you and love you lots.

Infinite Ties

- **Sharing of affection** - loving and feeling loved
- **Feelings of intimacy** – sharing vulnerable thoughts and feelings
- **A source of companionship** – spending time together
- **Opportunity for nurturance** – a sense of feeling needed by another person
- **Reassurance of worth** – affirming your own competence
- **A sense of reliable alliance** – a lasting, dependable bond
- **The obtaining of guidance** – access to needed help
- **Satisfaction** – a general feeling of overall satisfaction in the relationship

The Story of Wawa's Numbers

Born on 18.10.2012

18.10.2013: One Year Old



The **number 1** carries the vibrations and energies of adventures, new ideas, new beginnings and new projects, the desire for expansion, motivation, progress, achievement and success. Angel Number 1 is a reminder from your angels that we are all connected and we are all associated by our thoughts.

The repeating Angel Number 1 asks you to be aware of your thoughts and focus upon your true heart's desires so that they are able to **positively manifest your desires into your life**. Do not focus on your fears and what you don't want as these can also manifest.

Angel Number 1 encourages you to look to new beginnings, opportunities and projects with **a positive and optimistic attitude** as these are appearing in your life for very good reason. Your angels want you to achieve and succeed with your desired goals and aspirations so do not hesitate in taking positive steps and striving forward. Do not allow fears, doubts or concerns to hold you back from living and serving your **Divine life purpose and soul mission**.

Angel **Number 1** also encourages you to take up challenges with total faith and trust in yourself and the Universal Energies.



The **number 18** is a blend of the energies and attributes of the number 1 and number 8. **Number 1** relates to new beginnings, motivation and progress, beginning new projects, self-leadership and assertiveness, initiative, instinct and intuition. **Number 8** brings it vibrations of manifesting wealth and abundance, self-confidence, discernment, achievement, giving and receiving, inner-wisdom and serving humanity. Number 8 is also the number of **Karma** – the Universal Spiritual Law of Cause and Effect.

Angel Number 18 is a message of encouragement and support from your angels. They ask you to think only positive thoughts to do with prosperity and abundance. When you have high expectations and maintain a **positive attitude** the angels and Universal Energies help you to **manifest your highest ideals** and achieve success in all that you put your intentions and efforts towards. The **angels** want you to know that positive things are manifesting around you at a rapid rate.

Repeating Angel Number 18 suggests that you are nearing the end of a phase or cycle in your life, and the angels want you to realize that new opportunities will appear for you in due course. Your angels ask that you not stress about present circumstances, as 'better' is on it's the way into your life. Do not fear lack or loss as the end of a situation or cycle denotes the beginning of another. The **angels** ask you to have faith and trust in them, and in yourself.

Number 18 also tells you that if you are considering beginning (or expanding) a **spiritually-based practice, career and/or profession**, now is a most auspicious time to do so.



The **number 10** carries the energies of both the number 1 and the number 0. **Number 1** resonates with the attributes of self-leadership and assertiveness, new beginnings and motivation, activity and progress, achievement and success. **Number 0** is the number of the 'God' force and Universal Energies and reinforces, amplifies and magnifies the vibrations of the numbers it appears with. Number 0 relates to developing one's spiritual aspects and is considered to represent the beginning of a spiritual journey and highlights the uncertainties that may entail. It suggests that you listen to your **intuition and inner-wisdom** as this is where you will find all of your answers.

Angel Number 10 is a message that you are receiving insights and **guidance from your angels** through your ideas, thoughts, visions and feelings. Pay particular attention to your intuition at this time and take positive action as directed. Angel Number 10 encourages you to move forward in your life with faith and trust that you are on the right path in all ways. Have no fear as **your angels guide and support you** every step of the way. Have faith that your inner-urgings are leading you in the right direction and you will find future success and fulfilment on your chosen path. Trust your **angels** and the Universal Energies. Repeating Angel Number 10 is a message from your angels to step forward in new directions and look to new beginnings with an optimistic and **positive attitude** as they will prove to be auspicious and beneficial to you in many ways, now and in the future.



Number 12 is a blend of the attributes and energies of the number 1 and number 2. **Number 1** relates to new beginnings, motivation, progress, self-reliance, achievement and attainment. **Number 2** carries the vibrations of duality, diplomacy and adaptability, partnership and relationships, sensitivity and selflessness. Number 2 also resonates with faith and trust and your **Divine life purpose and soul mission**. Number 12 represents cycles of experience and regeneration towards a higher consciousness, knowledge and higher wisdom, sensitivity, education and the intellect. The 'go-getting' number 1 blended with the 'sensitive' number 2 makes the number 12 a very balanced number.

Angel **Number 12** is a message from your angels not to be hindered by old habits that need to be changed. It tells you to look to new experiences with optimism as they will bring about favourable and positive effects and opportunities. This helps with achieving goals and aspirations, and allows for the 'old' to be replaced with the 'new'.

When the Angel **Number 12** appears your angels may be telling you to look to different ways to enhance your home, garden and surrounds. This includes matters within the house and family arena. The angels encourage you to surround yourself with love and gaiety.

The repeating Angel **Number 12** is a message from your angels to ensure that what you put out to the Universe is of a positive nature. You are asked to stay on a positive path and to use your natural skills, talents and abilities to their utmost for the benefit of yourself and others.

Arrival Time: 3:30pm



The **number 3** carries the vibrations of communication and self-expression, adventure, inspiration and creativity, humour, optimism and joy, spontaneity and enthusiasm. Number 3 also symbolizes the principle of increase and growth, expansion and abundance on the mental, emotional, financial and spiritual levels. Number 3 is the number of **manifesting and manifestation** and carries the vibration of the **Ascended Masters**. The Ascended Masters help you to focus on the Divine spark within yourself and others, and assist with **manifesting your desires**. They are helping you to find peace, clarity and love within.

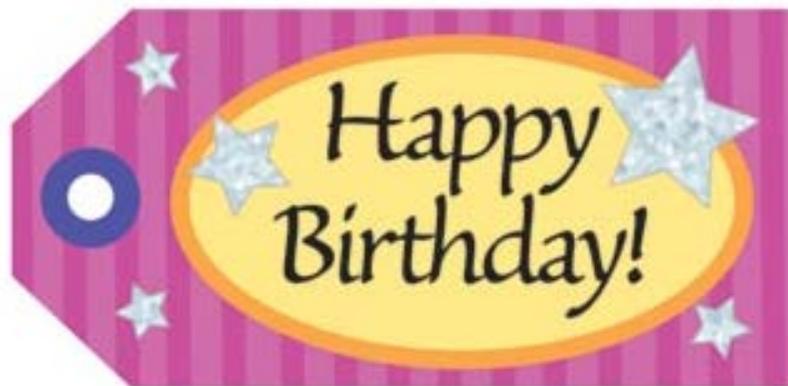
Angel Number 3 is an indication that your angels are trying to get your attention. The **angels** and **Ascended Masters** want you to follow your **intuition and inner-wisdom** so that you are able to take appropriate action/s at this time. Use your creative skills and abilities to manifest your desires and enhance your life and that of others. The angels encourage you to follow your life path and **soul mission** with optimism and enthusiasm.



The **number 30** is made up of the vibrations of the number 3 and number 0. The **number 3** carries the energies of communication and self-expression, spontaneity and charisma, enthusiasm and exuberance, expansion and the principles of increase, inspiration and creativity. Number 3 also relates **manifesting and manifestation** and to the **Ascended Masters**. The **number 0** resonates with the vibrations and energies of eternity, infinity, oneness, wholeness, continuing cycles and flow, and the beginning point. The number 0 stands for potential and/or choice, and is a message to do with **developing one's spiritual aspects** as it is considered to represent the beginning of a spiritual journey and highlights the uncertainties that may entail.

It suggests that you listen to your **intuition, inner-wisdom and higher-self** as this is where you will find all of your answers. The number 0 magnifies and amplifies the energies and attributes of the number it appears with; in this case, the number 3. This makes the number 30 a number of joy, creativity and society, **spiritual awakening** and **being spiritually connected to Source**.

*Wawa's
Gogolicious
Stories*



Write in the Sand

A story tells that two friends were walking in the desert. At a specific point in the journey, they had an argument, and one friend slapped the other in the face. The one, who got slapped, was hurt, but without anything to say, he wrote in the sand:

Today, My Best Friend slapped me in the Face

They kept on walking, until they found an oasis, where they decided to take a bath. The one who got slapped and hurt started drowning, and the other friend saved him. When he recovered from the fright, he wrote on a stone:

Today, My Best Friend Saved my LIFE

The friend who saved and slapped his best friend, asked him, Why, after I hurt you, you wrote in the sand – and now you write on stone?

The other friend smilingly replied:

When a friend hurts us, we should write it down in the sand, where the winds of forgiveness get in charge of erasing it away, and when something great happens, we should engrave it in the stone of the memory of the heart, where no wind can erase it.



The Farm Boy and the Nails

There was once a farmer who had a beautiful son and a wife whose wisdom won wars and wages. Their son was extremely aggressive and unhappy. The boy was lonely. He complained that he had no friends, no one special to play with, the smell of roses, to swim in the river, to catch birds, to play ball to laugh and fight and sleep with. This boy knew what it was to be the best at horse-riding, the best at swimming, the best at stick fights, the best at school, basically the best at everything - for this is how his dad is, and this is how he is going to be. As he lay on his mum's bosoms, and smelt the scent of the warmth and the comfort of security.



He relayed his story to his mom and his mom encouraged him to play a little game with her. She said to her son, that she is going to give him nails and a part of the fence in their backyard. Startled, but the boy listened for he knew his mom's reputation for being the "Woman of Wisdom" in the village. She had said to her son, the rules are simple. Whenever, he is angry, upset, had a fall-out or has had an unpleasant experience with someone, instead of saying hurtful things that he would regret, he should knock a nail in the fence. Treat the fence as a punching bag. He didn't obey the instructions issued to him by his mom for the first week. And in all her infinite wisdom and caring traits, she patiently encouraged him to knock the nails into the fence. She had also mentioned that every-time he said something special and loving to someone, he should remove the nails from the fence. As time passed by the whole fence was full of nails, however he was beginning to notice that as the days wore on, the

number of nails he knocked into the fence were becoming less and less. Lately he had been removing more nails from the fence than knocking them in.

Until one day, he had removed all the nails from the fence. He went back to his mom and asked her what does this mean - he doesn't understand the rationale behind all this nail knocking and extraction. His mom, once again drew him to her bosom where he so loved being and had said to him, that every time we say something hurtful and unpleasant to others, their hearts bleed and we walk on by, with a sense of achievement and accomplishment that we put them right and in their place. This is the knocking of the nails in the fence. And every time we go back to the same people and try to apologise and let bygones be bygones, they humbly and gracefully accept the apology for peace and progress. This is when you remove the nails from the fence. But so, what do you notice? And the little boy sadly replied that the fence had holes in it. The mother explained that these holes are the scars that we leave in others when we don't treat them with respect, love and compassion.



This thing that is Hope

A very long time ago, there live an old man in a small town called Ngqushwa. This old man lived all alone in his mud-house just outside of the town. He was a stranger who just came into the small town one day and settled there. He never talked to any of the townsfolk. In fact, no one ever saw him except when he came out once in a while to buy small items for himself. And even then, he did not talk to anyone and went about his business as if he could not get away fast enough.



Of course, the townsfolk never left him alone; the old ones gossiped about him not caring whether or not he heard them whilst the children teased him and called him all sorts of names. This did not bother the old man one bit and soon, he would be out of the town to his own life of solitude.

This happened for a number of years until the townsfolk no longer saw the old man. Years passed and he still did not come into town to buy to stock up on the bare essentials. The gossip mongers had nothing to snicker about and the children waited in vain with new jokes to torment the old man with. Where could he be? They were all asking themselves. Not that they cared, but still... no one does not just disappear like that. They talked about it amongst themselves and speculated about what could have happened but no-one came up with anything. After a while, there was unease in the village and they just could not get the old man out of their minds.

Some talked about going off to find him and some said to leave well enough alone. There was talk about the old man and then it died down and people went about their business. Why should they bother about an arrogant old man who never even greeted when he came to town. So everyone went about their lives, did nothing and soon forgot about the old man.



Then one day, while the townsfolk were going about their business, the old man forgotten, when a handsome young man came into Nggushwa driving a nice car. Who could he be? They were asking themselves, whispering and excited at the new arrival for no one ever came into their little town anymore. Their chief had died a while back and his wife could not have children and so they had not gotten around to appointing a new chief. The town had since become dilapidated and was the shadow of its former self. Before, it was nice little town with a grocery store and butchery, a hardware store, a clothing store, a furniture shop, a funeral parlour, a little orange hotel with a bar where people came

every evening to watch TV and talk about things after a hard day at work. The hotel was a popular place in the town and now it was just as run-down.

There was also the post office and the hair salon opposite and next to the post office there was the old library that used to be the heart of the town with a dried up fountain and ruined benches right in front of it. The only school in the town was on the other side of the only street in that small town and right next to the school there was an unkempt field and old tennis court that was no longer used.

The only bioscope had closed a long time ago and the children no longer had anywhere to go to watch the latest James Bond or local movies and the husbands no longer took their wives out for a nice romantic movie on Saturdays and the wives no longer made Sunday picnics for their families to go sit by the grass near the tennis court.



Ngqushwa had become a desolate little town with no hope. The children bunked school and culprits took to sitting at the old tennis court little house where they discovered the joys of marijuana.

Then the stranger came into the little town. They learned that he was looking for his father who had disappeared a long time ago. He took out a photo of his father and everyone was shocked to see that father of this young man was the old man that disappeared. The old man they used to torment all those years ago.

They told him how the old man used to come into town a few times a year and how they longer saw him. They also let him know that he never talked to any of them. They were ashamed when the young man told them that he was born deaf.



They were very ashamed of themselves and promised to help him look for his father. They found him in his little house. He was very sick but still alive and was able to recognise his son. The villagers watched the two embracing and talking to each other in sign language. The young man then took his father to hospital in the next town and later came back to Peddie to gather his father's belongings. He stopped by the hotel where everybody had gathered, still reeling from the shock of the way they treated the old man and events that had unfolded.

They were also speculating about how he came into their town in the first place when he clearly had a family. The old man's son filled them in on the rest.

His father was once a successful man who loved his family very much. He had a nice job in the city and was a standing member of his community despite his handicap. Then he discovered something sinister about his boss and his life was threatened. He had to flee town and leave his family. That's how he came to be in Peddie.

They have been looking for him all these years and the son had been looking for a small town to invest in as he was a town planner by profession and had heard rumours about a recluse of an old man who once lived in this small town. He heard this from a young man who once lived in Peddie but had left a long time ago.



The townsfolk asked what was going to happen now.

The young man told them that his father was going to be okay as it was lucky that he had a cow that he could milk and a small vegetable garden and a few chickens. That was helped him to survive all these years. Now his mother was happy to have found her husband and they were going to find somewhere nice to stay. Perhaps in the town itself.

The villagers were shocked to hear this. How can anyone want to stay in such a run-down town? Then the young man told them something that made them very happy and ablaze with hope.

You see, the young man's profession was to develop small towns and he could do the same for theirs. He told them that he could restore Peddie to its former glory if they let him.

Let him?

They were only too happy! They were all excited at the change that was going to happen and the hope that was coming with it. They had lost all hope a long time ago and that is why they could not even show an old man kindness.

They were very sorry and apologised to the young man. He was very understanding and they all sat in the hotel for many hours after the young man had left after promising to come with his team in the next week to work in the town. The children were all in the field also talking about the great changes that were going to take place in their town. They thought of all the games they were going to play in their nice new school and the movies they were going to watch in the bioscope and the many books they were going to read in their new library.



What was the most amazing to them all was the fact that the old man's son's name was Themba. Hope was here at last!

Tales from Bukavu

Once... in a remote village near the Kivu in in Zaire, now called the Congo, there lived a very rich father who had a wife he loved and would have done anything for. This wife bore him four sons and one daughter. Kiroti was indeed a loving husband and father who only wanted the best for his family. Kiroti was a very hard worker who made his fortune from farming livestock – he had cattle and yam fields. He was so busy preparing his kids to take over and unwittingly neglected his wife who was not the woman Kiroti thought she was all the years he had been married to her.

She was in actual fact a greedy woman who was never satisfied with anything he ever did for her. Not the riches they had, she found no joy in their children nor their beautiful home. She resented the workers and everything to do with the community and their comings and goings. She just wanted to have everyone at her beck and call and look beautiful the whole day. In the end, she was just a beautiful shell of a woman who had no heart.



The only thing she found joy in was the love affair she had with the very arrogant foreman of Kiroti's livestock. Now this man, Tomboti was his name, was a very ambitious young man who saw an opportunity by having an affair with the wife of his boss. So evil were they both that they relished in their affair and it did not take them long before they started plotting to murder Kiroti so that Matiso, the beautiful wife, could inherit everything and they could then take over the business. As if the household could sense unease and had a premonition of what was to happen, there was a cloud of unhappiness in the great homestead of Kiroti. Nothing everyone did could bring back the happiness that they had

before. Even some of the servants that were there when Kiroti and his wife, the beautiful Matiso were still young and happy, started to leave, one by one.

The livestock started dying but because Kiroti was a very wealthy man, it did not change much. But his health started failing and it was then that the two poisonous snakes in the household decided to finish him off by poisoning him. However, the elders of the village saw what was happening and called a meeting with Kiroti and his eldest son, a boy that was the apple of his father's eyes called Tazuki. Tazuki is Lingala for Happiness and from when he was young, Tazuki was loved by everyone and his loving ways always brought a smile to anyone who met him. Now he was a grown man and was being groomed by his father to take over from him when it was time.

That time came sooner than anyone expected when Kiroti suddenly died the night before he was to meet with the elders. Just before dawn and his father's body was discovered, Tazuki had a dream where a faceless voice told him that whatever happens, he must wake up before anybody else in the house and go meet with the wise elder of the village they called, Masuni. The voice told him that Masuni had an envelope that Kiroti gave him many years ago and told him that when time came, he must give his eldest son the envelope.



Kiroti woke up suddenly and did exactly as the voice told him. He had not gone an hour when Matiso was heard screaming and when the servants came to look, they saw what made her scream like that. They did not buy her sudden grief for one second and were heartbroken as they took charge and called the chief of the village to declare their master dead and arrange for the burial.

Tazuki was nowhere to be found as his younger siblings were taken to a room where they can grieve for their father as was the custom. Meanwhile, the evil foreman and his accomplice saw this as the perfect chance to accuse Tazuki of killing his father so that no suspicion could befall on them. They thought that it could not have worked out better for them than the sudden turn of events.



To decide to waste no time in announcing that they will be married the very next day and that Matiso will not mourn because they had business to take care of. They ignored the gasps of shock and horror from everyone while Matisse's children just cried harder, thinking of their father and older brother! Just then, Tazuki came in with the wise man carrying his father's letter and he read out what was said. The old man had known what was going on under his nose all along and was not the fool many thought him to be. He left everything to his children and made Tazuki to be in charge of everything because he was the oldest. He ordered that his cheating, traitorous and murderous wife and her lover to be handed over be investigated.

They stood there unbelieving and were seized at once and sent to face a mob of the angry community who demanded they be hanged at once. It was all over very quickly and peace was restored in the little village of the Kivu. The old man Kiroti was buried peacefully and Tazuki took his rightful place as his father's heir.

Peace and happiness were restored in the household when not long after, Tazuki took a wife and she was a very kind a beautiful girl form the village. It was a grand wedding feast and the servants were very happy with the addition to the household and declared among themselves that it was indeed a fine day and happiness at last lived in their great homestead and it will never go away again.



The Monkey's Fiddle

Hunger and want forced Monkey one day to forsake his land and to seek elsewhere among strangers for much-needed work. Bulbs, earth beans, scorpions, insects, and such things were completely exhausted in his own land. But fortunately he received, for the time being, shelter with a great uncle of his, Orang Outang, who lived in another part of the country.

When he had worked for quite a while he wanted to return home, and as recompense his great uncle gave him a fiddle and a bow and arrow and told him that with the bow and arrow he could hit and kill anything he desired, and with the fiddle he could force anything to dance.



The first he met upon his return to his own land was Brer Wolf. This old fellow told him all the news and also that he had since early morning been attempting to stalk a deer, but all in vain. Then Monkey laid before him all the wonders of the bow and arrow that he carried on his back and assured him if he could but see the deer he would bring it down for him. When Wolf showed him the deer, Monkey was ready and down fell the deer.

They made a good meal together, but instead of Wolf being thankful, jealousy overmastered him and he begged for the bow and arrow. When Monkey refused to give it to him, he thereupon began to threaten him with his greater strength, and so when Jackal passed by, Wolf told him that Monkey had stolen his bow and arrow. After Jackal had heard both of them, he declared himself unqualified to settle the case alone, and he proposed that they bring the matter to the court of Lion, Tiger, and the other animals. In the meantime he declared he would take possession of what had been the cause of their quarrel, so that it would be safe, as he said. But he immediately brought to earth all that was eatable, so there was a long time of slaughter before Monkey and Wolf agreed to have the affair in court.

Monkey's evidence was weak, and to make it worse, Jackal's testimony was against him. Jackal thought that in this way it would be easier to obtain the bow and arrow from Wolf for himself. And so fell the sentence against Monkey. Theft was looked upon as a great wrong; he must hang. The fiddle was still at his side, and he received as a last favor from the court the right to play a tune on it. He was a master player of his time, and in addition to this came the wonderful power of his charmed fiddle. Thus, when he struck the first note of "Cockcrow" upon it, the court began at once to show an unusual and spontaneous liveliness, and before he came to the first waltzing turn of the old tune the whole court was dancing like a whirlwind.



Over and over, quicker and quicker, sounded the tune of "Cockcrow" on the charmed fiddle, until some of the dancers, exhausted, fell down, although still keeping their feet in motion. But Monkey, musician as he was, heard and saw nothing of what had happened around him. With his head placed lovingly against the instrument, and his eyes half closed, he played on, keeping time ever with his foot. Wolf was the first to cry out in pleading tones breathlessly, "Please stop, Cousin Monkey! For love's sake, please stop!"

But Monkey did not even hear him. Over and over sounded the resistless waltz of "Cockcrow."

After a while Lion showed signs of fatigue, and when he had gone the round once more with his young lion wife, he growled as he passed Monkey, "My whole kingdom is yours, ape, if you just stop playing." "I do not want it," answered Monkey, "but withdraw the sentence and give me my bow and arrow, and you, Wolf, acknowledge that you stole it from me." "I acknowledge, I acknowledge!" cried Wolf, while Lion cried, at the same instant, that he withdrew the sentence.

Monkey gave them just a few more turns of the "Cockcrow," gathered up his bow and arrow, and seated himself high up in the nearest camel thorn tree. The court and other animals were so afraid that he might begin again that they hastily disbanded to new parts of the world.



Tink-Tinkje

THE birds wanted a king. Men have a king, so have animals, and why shouldn't they? All had assembled. "The Ostrich, because he is the largest," one called out. "No, he can't fly."

"Eagle, on account of his strength." "Not he, he is too ugly." "Vulture, because he can fly the highest." "No, Vulture is too dirty, his odor is terrible."

"Peacock, he is so beautiful." "His feet are too ugly, and also his voice." "Owl, because he can see well." "Not Owl, he is ashamed of the light." And so they got no further. Then one shouted aloud, "He who can fly the highest will be king." "Yes, yes," they all screamed, and at a given Signal they all ascended straight up into the sky.

Vulture flew for three whole days without stopping, straight toward the sun. Then he cried aloud, "I am the highest, I am king." "T-sie, t-sie, t-sie," he heard above him. There Tink-tinkje was flying. He had held fast to one of the great wing feathers of Vulture, and had never been felt, he was so light. "T-sie, t-sie, t-sie, I am the highest, I am king," piped Tink-tinkje. Vulture flew for another day still ascending. "I am highest, I am king." "T-sie, t-sie, t-sie, I am the highest, I am king," Tink-tinkje mocked. There he was again, having crept out from under the wing of Vulture.



Vulture flew on the fifth day straight up in the air. "I am the highest, I am king," he called. "T-sie, t-sie, t-sie," piped the little fellow above him. "I am the highest, I am king." Vulture was tired and now flew direct to earth. The other birds were mad through and through. Tink-tinkje must die because he had taken advantage of Vulture's feathers and there hidden himself. All flew after him and he had to take

refuge in a mouse hole. But how were they to get him out? Someone must stand guard to seize him the moment he put out his head.

"Owl must keep guard; he has the largest eyes; he can see well," they exclaimed. Owl went and took up his position before the hole. The sun was warm and soon Owl became sleepy and presently he was fast asleep. Tink-tinkje peeped, saw that Owl was asleep, and z-zip away he went. Shortly afterwards the other birds came to see if Tink-tinkje were still in the hole. "T-sie, t-sie," they heard in a tree; and there the little vagabond was sitting.

White-crow, perfectly disgusted, turned around and exclaimed, "Now I won't say a single word more." And from that day to this Whitecrow has never spoken. Even though you strike him, he makes no sound, he utters no cry.



The Tortoise with a Pretty Daughter

There was once a king who was very powerful. He had great influence over the wild beasts and animals. Now the tortoise was looked upon as the wisest of all beasts and men. This king had a son named Ekpenyon, to whom he gave fifty young girls as wives, but the prince did not like any of them. The king was very angry at this, and made a law that if any man had a daughter who was finer than the prince's wives, and who found favour in his son's eyes, the girl herself and her father and mother should be killed.



Now about this time the tortoise and his wife had a daughter who was very beautiful. The mother thought it was not safe to keep such a fine child, as the prince might fall in love with her, so she told her husband that her daughter ought to be killed and thrown away into the bush.

The tortoise, however, was unwilling, and hid her until she was three years old. One day, when both the tortoise and his wife were away on their farm, the king's son happened to be hunting near their house, and saw a bird perched on the top of the fence round the house. The bird was watching the little girl, and was so entranced with her beauty that he did not notice the prince coming. The prince shot the bird with his bow and arrow, and it dropped inside the fence, so the prince sent his servant to gather it. While the servant was looking for the bird he came across the little girl, and was so struck with her

form, that he immediately returned to his master and told him what he had seen. The prince then broke down the fence and found the child, and fell in love with her at once. He stayed and talked with her for a long time, until at last she agreed to become his wife. He then went home, but concealed from his father the fact that he had fallen in love with the beautiful daughter of the tortoise.



But the next morning he sent for the treasurer, and got sixty pieces of cloth and three hundred rods, and sent them to the tortoise. Then in the early afternoon he went down to the tortoise's house, and told him that he wished to marry his daughter. The tortoise saw at once that what he had dreaded had come to pass, and that his life was in danger, so he told the prince that if the king knew, he would kill not only himself (the tortoise), but also his wife and daughter. The prince replied that he would be killed himself before he allowed the tortoise and his wife and daughter to be killed. Eventually, after much argument, the tortoise consented, and agreed to hand his daughter to the prince as his wife when she arrived at the proper age. Then the prince went home and told his mother what he had done. She was in great distress at the thought that she would lose her son, of whom she was very proud, as she knew that when the king heard of his son's disobedience he would kill him. However, the queen, although she knew how angry her husband would be, wanted her son to marry the girl he had fallen in love with, so

she went to the tortoise and gave him some money, clothes, yams, and palm-oil as further dowry on her son's behalf in order that the tortoise should not give his daughter to another man.

For the next five years the prince was constantly with the tortoise's daughter, whose name was Adet, and when she was about to be put in the fattening house, the prince told his father that he was going to take Adet as his wife. On hearing this the king was very angry, and sent word all round his kingdom that all people should come on a certain day to the market-place to hear the palaver. When the appointed day arrived the market-place was quite full of people, and the stones belonging to the king and queen were placed in the middle of the market-place.



When the king and queen arrived all the people stood up and greeted them, and they then sat down on their stones. The king then told his attendants to bring the girl Adet before him. When she arrived the king was quite astonished at her beauty. He then told the people that he had sent for them to tell them that he was angry with his son for disobeying him and taking Adet as his wife without his knowledge, but that now he had seen her himself he had to acknowledge that she was very beautiful, and that his son had made a good choice. He would therefore forgive his son.

When the people saw the girl they agreed that she was very fine and quite worthy of being the prince's wife, and begged the king to cancel the law he had made altogether, and the king agreed; and as the law had been made under the "Egbo" law, he sent for eight Egbos, and told them that the order was cancelled throughout his kingdom, and that for the future no one would be killed who had a daughter more beautiful than the prince's wives, and gave the Egbos palm wine and money to remove the law, and sent them away. Then he declared that the tortoise's daughter, Adet, should marry his son, and he made them marry the same day. A great feast was then given which lasted for fifty days, and the king killed five cows and gave all the people plenty of foo-foo and palm-oil chop, and placed a large number of pots of palm wine in the streets for the people to drink as they liked. The women brought a big play to the king's compound, and there was singing and dancing kept up day and night during the whole time.

The prince and his companions also played in the market square. When the feast was over the king gave half of his kingdom to the tortoise to rule over, and three hundred slaves to work on his farm. The prince also gave his father-in-law two hundred women and one hundred girls to work for him, so the tortoise became one of the richest men in the kingdom. The prince and his wife lived together for a good many years until the king died, when the prince ruled in his place. And all this shows that the tortoise is the wisest of all men and animals.

Moral.—Always have pretty daughters, as no matter how poor they may be, there is always the chance that the king's son may fall in love with them, and they may thus become members of the royal house and obtain much wealth.



Why the Sun and the Moon live in the Sky

Many years ago the sun and water were great friends, and both lived on the earth together. The sun very often used to visit the water, but the water never returned his visits. At last the sun asked the water why it was that he never came to see him in his house, the water replied that the sun's house was not big enough, and that if he came with his people he would drive the sun out.

He then said, "If you wish me to visit you, you must build a very large compound; but I warn you that it will have to be a tremendous place, as my people are very numerous, and take up a lot of room." The sun promised to build a very big compound, and soon afterwards he returned home to his wife, the moon, who greeted him with a broad smile when he opened the door. The sun told the moon what he had promised the water, and the next day commenced building a huge compound in which to entertain his friend.

When it was completed, he asked the water to come and visit him the next day. When the water arrived, he called out to the sun, and asked him whether it would be safe for him to enter, and the sun answered, "Yes, come in, my friend." The water then began to flow in, accompanied by the fish and all the water animals. Very soon the water was knee-deep, so he asked the sun if it was still safe, and the sun again said, "Yes," so more water came in. When the water was level with the top of a man's head, the water said to the sun, "Do you want more of my people to come?" and the sun and moon both answered, "Yes," not knowing any better, so the water flowed on, until the sun and moon had to perch themselves on the top of the roof.

Again the water addressed the sun, but receiving the same answer, and more of his people rushing in, the water very soon overflowed the top of the roof, and the sun and moon were forced to go up into the sky, where they have remained ever since.



The King's Magic Drum

Efriam Duke was an ancient king of Calabar. He was a peaceful man, and did not like war. He had a wonderful drum, the property of which, when it was beaten, was always to provide plenty of good food and drink. So whenever any country declared war against him, he used to call all his enemies together and beat his drum; then to the surprise of every one, instead of fighting the people found tables spread with all sorts of dishes, fish, foo-foo, palm-oil chop, soup, cooked yams and ocos, and plenty of palm wine for everybody. In this way he kept all the country quiet, and sent his enemies away with full stomachs, and in a happy and contented frame of mind. There was only one drawback to possessing the drum, and that was, if the owner of the drum walked over any stick on the road or stepped over a fallen tree, all the food would immediately go bad, and three hundred Egbo men would appear with sticks and whips and beat the owner of the drum and all the invited guests very severely.

Efriam Duke was a rich man. He had many farms and hundreds of slaves, a large store of kernels on the beach, and many puncheons of palm-oil. He also had fifty wives and many children. The wives were all fine women and healthy; they were also good mothers, and all of them had plenty of children, which was good for the king's house.

Every few months the king used to issue invitations to all his subjects to come to a big feast, even the wild animals were invited; the elephants, hippopotami, leopards, bush cows, and antelopes used to come, for in those days there was no trouble, as they were friendly with man, and when they were at the feast they did not kill one another. All the people and the animals as well were envious of the king's drum and wanted to possess it, but the king would not part with it.



One morning Ikwor Edem, one of the king's wives, took her little daughter down to the spring to wash her, as she was covered with yaws, which are bad sores all over the body. The tortoise happened to be up a palm tree, just over the spring, cutting nuts for his midday meal; and while he was cutting, one of the nuts fell to the ground, just in front of the child.

The little girl, seeing the good food, cried for it, and the mother, not knowing any better, picked up the palm nut and gave it to her daughter. Directly the tortoise saw this he climbed down the tree, and asked the woman where his palm nut was. She replied that she had given it to her child to eat.

Then the tortoise, who very much wanted the king's drum, thought he would make plenty palaver over this and force the king to give him the drum, so he said to the mother of the child, "I am a poor man, and I climbed the tree to get food for myself and my family. Then you took my palm nut and gave it to your child. I shall tell the whole matter to the king, and see what he has to say when he hears that one of his wives has stolen my food," for this, as everyone knows, is a very serious crime according to native custom.



Ikwor Edem then said to the tortoise— "I saw your palm nut lying on the ground, and thinking it had fallen from the tree, I gave it to my little girl to eat, but I did not steal it. My husband the king is a rich man, and if you have any complaint to make against me or my child, I will take you before him."

So when she had finished washing her daughter at the spring she took the tortoise to her husband, and told him what had taken place. The king then asked the tortoise what he would accept as compensation for the loss of his palm nut, and offered him money, cloth, kernels or palm-oil, all of which things the tortoise refused one after the other. The king then said to the tortoise, "What will you take? You may have anything you like." And the tortoise immediately pointed to the king's drum, and said that it was the only thing he wanted.



In order to get rid of the tortoise the king said, "Very well, take the drum," but he never told the tortoise about the bad things that would happen to him if he stepped over a fallen tree, or walked over a stick on the road. The tortoise was very glad at this, and carried the drum home in triumph to his wife, and said, "I am now a rich man, and shall do no more work. Whenever I want food, all I have to do is to beat this drum, and food will immediately be brought to me, and plenty to drink."

His wife and children were very pleased when they heard this, and asked the tortoise to get food at once, as they were all hungry. This the tortoise was only too pleased to do, as he wished to show off his newly acquired wealth, and was also rather hungry himself, so he beat the drum in the same way as he had seen the king do when he wanted something to eat, and immediately plenty of food appeared, so they all sat down and made a great feast.



The tortoise did this for three days, and everything went well; all his children got fat, and had as much as they could possibly eat. He was therefore very proud of his drum, and in order to display his riches he sent invitations to the king and all the people and animals to come to a feast. When the people received their invitations they laughed, as they knew the tortoise was very poor, so very few attended the feast; but the king, knowing about the drum, came, and when the tortoise beat the drum, the food was brought as usual in great profusion, and all the people sat down and enjoyed their meal very much. They were much astonished that the poor tortoise should be able to entertain so many people, and told all their friends what fine dishes had been placed before them, and that they had never had a better dinner. The people who had not gone were very sorry when they heard this, as a good feast, at somebody else's expense, is not provided every day.

After the feast all the people looked upon the tortoise as one of the richest men in the kingdom, and he was very much respected in consequence. No one, except the king, could understand how the poor tortoise could suddenly entertain so lavishly, but they all made up their minds that if the tortoise ever gave another feast, they would not refuse again.

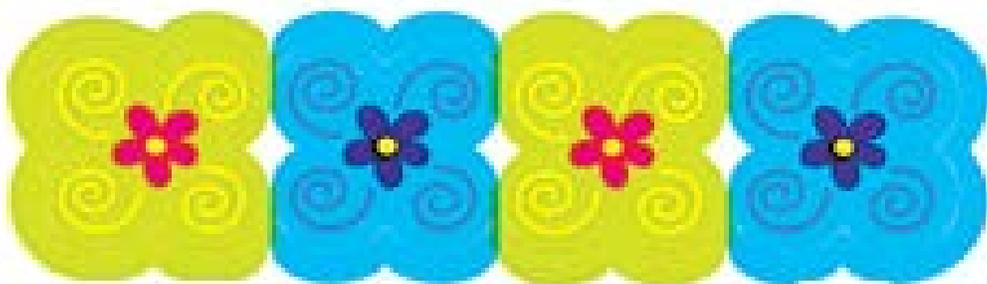


When the tortoise had been in possession of the drum for a few weeks he became lazy and did no work, but went about the country boasting of his riches, and took to drinking too much. One day after he had been drinking a lot of palm wine at a distant farm, he started home carrying his drum; but having had too much to drink, he did not notice a stick in the path. He walked over the stick, and of course the Ju Ju was broken at once. But he did not know this, as nothing happened at the time, and eventually he arrived at his house very tired, and still not very well from having drunk too much. He threw the drum into a corner and went to sleep. When he woke up in the morning the tortoise began to feel hungry, and as his wife and children were calling out for food, he beat the drum; but instead of food being brought, the house was filled with Egbo men, who beat the tortoise, his wife and children, badly. At this the tortoise was very angry, and said to himself— "I asked everyone to a feast, but only a few came, and they had plenty to eat and drink. Now, when I want food for myself and my family, the Egbos come and beat me. Well, I will let the other people share the same fate, as I do not see why I and my family should be beaten when I have given a feast to all people."

He therefore at once sent out invitations to all the men and animals to come to a big dinner the next day at three o'clock in the afternoon. When the time arrived many people came, as they did not wish to lose the chance of a free meal a second time.

Even the sick men, the lame, and the blind got their friends to lead them to the feast. When they had all arrived, with the exception of the king and his wives, who sent excuses, the tortoise beat his drum as usual, and then quickly hid himself under a bench, where he could not be seen. His wife and children he had sent away before the feast, as he knew what would surely happen. Directly he had beaten the drum three hundred Egbo men appeared with whips, and started flogging all the guests, who could not escape, as the doors had been fastened. The beating went on for two hours, and the people were so badly punished, that many of them had to be carried home on the backs of their friends. The leopard was the only one who escaped, as directly he saw the Egbo men arrive he knew that things were likely to be unpleasant, so he gave a big spring and jumped right out of the compound.

When the tortoise was satisfied with the beating the people had received he crept to the door and opened it. The people then ran away, and when the tortoise gave a certain tap on the drum all the Egbo men vanished. The people who had been beaten were so angry, and made so much palaver with the tortoise, that he made up his mind to return the drum to the king the next day. So in the morning the tortoise went to the king and brought the drum with him. He told the king that he was not satisfied with the drum, and wished to exchange it for something else; he did not mind so much what the king gave him so long as he got full value for the drum, and he was quite willing to accept a certain number of slaves, or a few farms, or their equivalent in cloth or rods.



The king, however, refused to do this; but as he was rather sorry for the tortoise, he said he would present him with a magic foo-foo tree, which would provide the tortoise and his family with food, provided he kept a certain condition. This the tortoise gladly consented to do. Now this foo-foo tree only bore fruit once a year, but every day it dropped foo-foo and soup on the ground. And the condition was, that the owner should gather sufficient food for the day, once, and not return again for more. The tortoise, when he had thanked the king for his generosity, went home to his wife and told her to bring her calabashes to the tree. She did so, and they gathered plenty of foo-foo and soup quite sufficient for the whole family for that day, and went back to their house very happy.

That night they all feasted and enjoyed themselves. But one of the sons, who was very greedy, thought to himself— "I wonder where my father gets all this good food from? I must ask him." So in the morning he said to his father—"Tell me where do you get all this foo-foo and soup from?"



But his father refused to tell him, as his wife, who was a cunning woman, said— "If we let our children know the secret of the foo-foo tree, some day when they are hungry, after we have got our daily supply, one of them may go to the tree and gather more, which will break the Ju Ju."

But the envious son, being determined to get plenty of food for himself, decided to track his father to the place where he obtained the food. This was rather difficult to do, as the tortoise always went out alone, and took the greatest care to prevent any one following him. The boy, however, soon thought of a plan, and got a calabash with a long neck and a hole in the end. He filled the calabash with wood ashes, which he obtained from the fire, and then got a bag which his father always carried on his back when he went out to get food. In the bottom of the bag the boy then made a small hole, and inserted the calabash with the neck downwards, so that when his father walked to the foo-foo tree he would leave a small trail of wood ashes behind him. Then when his father, having slung his bag over his back

as usual, set out to get the daily supply of food, his greedy son followed the trail of the wood ashes, taking great care to hide himself and not to let his father perceive that he was being followed. At last the tortoise arrived at the tree, and placed his calabashes on the ground and collected the food for the day, the boy watching him from a distance. When his father had finished and went home the boy also returned, and having had a good meal, said nothing to his parents, but went to bed. The next morning he got some of his brothers, and after his father had finished getting the daily supply, they went to the tree and collected much foo-foo and soup, and so broke the Ju Ju.

At daylight the tortoise went to the tree as usual, but he could not find it, as during the night the whole bush had grown up, and the foo-foo tree was hidden from sight. There was nothing to be seen but a dense mass of prickly tie-tie palm. Then the tortoise at once knew that someone had broken the Ju Ju, and had gathered foo-foo from the tree twice in the same day; so he returned very sadly to his house, and told his wife. He then called all his family together and told them what had happened, and asked them who had done this evil thing. They all denied having had anything to do with the tree, so the tortoise in despair brought all his family to the place where the foo-foo tree had been, but which was now all prickly tie-tie palm, and said—"My dear wife and children, I have done all that I can for you, but you have broken my Ju Ju; you must therefore for the future live on the tie-tie palm."

So they made their home underneath the prickly tree, and from that day you will always find tortoises living under the prickly tie-tie palm, as they have nowhere else to go to for food.



Why the Moon Waxes and Wanes

There was once an old woman who was very poor, and lived in a small mud hut thatched with mats made from the leaves of the tombo palm in the bush. She was often very hungry, as there was no one to look after her.

In the olden days the moon used often to come down to the earth, although she lived most of the time in the sky. The moon was a fat woman with a skin of hide, and she was full of fat meat. She was quite round, and in the night used to give plenty of light. The moon was sorry for the poor starving old woman, so she came to her and said, "You may cut some of my meat away for your food." This the old woman did every evening, and the moon got smaller and smaller until you could scarcely see her at all. Of course this made her give very little light, and all the people began to grumble in consequence, and to ask why it was that the moon was getting so thin.

At last the people went to the old woman's house where there happened to be a little girl sleeping. She had been there for some little time, and had seen the moon come down every evening, and the old woman go out with her knife and carve her daily supply of meat out of the moon. As she was very frightened, she told the people all about it, so they determined to set a watch on the movements of the old woman.

That very night the moon came down as usual, and the old woman went out with her knife and basket to get her food; but before she could carve any meat all the people rushed out shouting, and the moon was so frightened that she went back again into the sky, and never came down again to the earth. The old woman was left to starve in the bush. Ever since that time the moon has hidden herself most of the day, as she was so frightened, and she still gets very thin once a month, but later on she gets fat again, and when she is quite fat she gives plenty of light all the night; but this does not last very long, and she begins to get thinner and thinner, in the same way as she did when the old woman was carving her meat from her.

Goso, the Teacher

Once there was a man named Go'so, who taught children to read, not in a schoolhouse, but under a calabash tree. One evening, while Goso was sitting under the tree deep in the study of the next day's lessons, Paa, the gazelle, climbed up the tree very quietly to steal some fruit, and in so doing shook off a calabash, which, in falling, struck the teacher on the head and killed him.

When his scholars came in the morning and found their teacher lying dead, they were filled with grief; so, after giving him a decent burial, they agreed among themselves to find the one who had killed Goso, and put him to death.

After talking the matter over they came to the conclusion that the south wind was the offender. So they caught the south wind and beat it. But the south wind cried: "Here! I am Koo'see, the south wind. Why are you beating me? What have I done?" And they said: "Yes, we know you are Koosee; it was you who threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it." But Koosee said, "If I were so powerful would I be stopped by a mud wall?" So they went to the mud wall and beat it. But the mud wall cried: "Here! I am Keeyambaa'za, the mud wall. Why are you beating me? What have I done?"

And they said: "Yes, we know you are Keeyambaaza; it was you who stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it." But Keeyambaaza said, "If I were so powerful would I be bored through by the rat?" So they went and caught the rat and beat it. But the rat cried: "Here! I am Paan'ya, the rat. Why are you beating me? What have I done?" And they said: "Yes, we know you are Paanya; it was you who bored through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it."



But Paanya said, "If I were so powerful would I be eaten by a cat?" So they hunted for the cat, caught it, and beat it. But the cat cried: "Here! I am Paa'ka, the cat. Why do you beat me? What have I done?" And they said: "Yes, we know you are Paaka; it is you that eats Paanya, the rat; who bores through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it." But Paaka said, "If I were so powerful would I be tied by a rope?" So they took the rope and beat it. But the rope cried: "Here! I am Kaam'ba, the rope. Why do you beat me? What have I done?"

And they said: "Yes, we know you are Kaamba; it is you that ties Paaka, the cat; who eats Paanya, the rat; who bores through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it." But Kaamba said, "If I were so powerful would I be cut by a knife?" So they took the knife and beat it. But the knife cried: "Here! I am Kee'soo, the knife. Why do you beat me? What have I done?" And they said: "Yes, we know you are Keesoo; you cut Kaamba, the rope; that ties Paaka, the cat; who eats Paanya, the rat; who bores through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it."



But Keesoo said, "If I were so powerful would I be burned by the fire?" And they went and beat the fire. But the fire cried: "Here! I am Mo'to, the fire. Why do you beat me? What have I done?" And they said: "Yes, we know you are Moto; you burn Keesoo, the knife; that cuts Kaamba, the rope; that ties Paaka, the cat; who eats Paanya, the rat; who bores through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our

teacher Goso. You should not have done it." But Moto said, "If I were so powerful would I be put out by water?" And they went to the water and beat it.

But the water cried: "Here! I am Maa'jee, the water. Why do you beat me? What have I done?" And they said: "Yes, we know you are Maajee; you put out Moto, the fire; that burns Keesoo, the knife; that cuts Kaamba, the rope; that ties Paaka, the cat; who eats Paanya, the rat; who bores through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it." But Maajee said, "If I were so powerful would I be drunk by the ox?" And they went to the ox and beat it.

But the ox cried: "Here! I am Ng'om'bay, the ox. Why do you beat me? What have I done?"

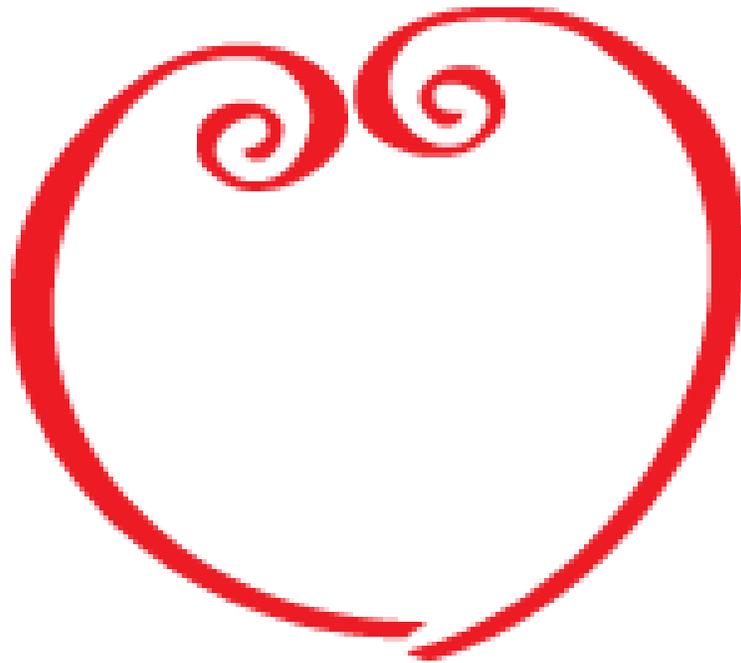
And they said: "Yes, we know you are Ng'ombay; you drink Maajee, the water; that puts out Moto, the fire; that burns Keesoo, the knife; that cuts Kaamba, the rope; that ties Paaka, the cat; who eats Paanya, the rat; who bores through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it." But Ng'ombay said, "If I were so powerful would I be tormented by the fly?"

And they caught a fly and beat it. But the fly cried: "Here! I am Een'zee, the fly. Why do you beat me? What have I done?" And they said: "Yes, we know you are Eenzee; you torment Ng'ombay, the ox; who drinks Maajee, the water; that puts out Moto, the fire; that burns Keesoo, the knife; that cuts Kaamba, the rope; that ties Paaka, the cat; who eats Paanya, the rat; who bores through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it."



But Eenzee said, "If I were so powerful would I be eaten by the gazelle?" And they searched for the gazelle, and when they found it they beat it. But the gazelle said: "Here! I am Paa, the gazelle. Why do you beat me? What have I done?" And they said: "Yes, we know you are Paa; you eat Eenzee, the fly; that torments Ng'ombay, the ox; who drinks Maajee, the water; that puts out Moto, the fire; that burns Keesoo, the knife; that cuts Kaamba, the rope; that ties Paaka, the cat; who eats Paanya, the rat; who bores through Keeyambaaza, the mud wall; which stopped Koosee, the south wind; and Koosee, the south wind, threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. You should not have done it."

The gazelle, through surprise at being found out and fear of the consequences of his accidental killing of the teacher, while engaged in stealing, was struck dumb. Then the scholars said: "Ah! he hasn't a word to say for himself. This is the fellow who threw down the calabash that struck our teacher Goso. We will kill him." So they killed Paa, the gazelle, and avenged the death of their teacher



The grasshopper and the toad

Grasshopper and Toad appeared to be good friends. People always saw them together. Yet they had never dined at each other's houses. One day Toad said to Grasshopper, "Dear friend, tomorrow come and dine at my house. My wife and I will prepare a special meal. We will eat it together."

The next day Grasshopper arrived at Toad's house. Before sitting down to eat, Toad washed his forelegs, and invited Grasshopper to do the same. Grasshopper did so, and it made a loud noise.

"Friend Grasshopper, can't you leave your chirping behind. I cannot eat with such a noise," said Toad.

Grasshopper tried to eat without rubbing his forelegs together, but it was impossible. Each time he gave a chirp, Toad complained and asked him to be quiet. Grasshopper was angry and could not eat. Finally, he said to Toad: "I invite you to my house for dinner, tomorrow."

The next day, Toad arrived at Grasshopper's home. As soon as the meal was ready, Grasshopper washed his forelegs, and invited Toad to do the same. Toad did so, and then hopped toward the food.

"You had better go back and wash again," said Grasshopper. "All that hopping in the dirt has made your forelegs dirty again."

Toad hopped back to the water jar, washed again, then hopped back to the table, and was ready to reach out for some food from one of the platters when Grasshopper stopped him: "Please don't put your dirty paws into the food. Go and wash them again."

Toad was furious. "You just don't want me to eat with you!" he cried. "You know very well that I must use my paws and forelegs in hopping about. I cannot help it if they get a bit dirty between the water jar and the table."

Grasshopper responded, "You are the one who started it yesterday. You know I cannot rub my forelegs together without making a noise."

From then on, they were no longer friends.

Moral: If you wish to have true friendship with someone, learn to accept each other's faults, as well as each other's good qualities.



Nolitha's: 12

*N*urture

*O*bserve

*L*isten

*I*nspire

*T*rust

*H*ope

*A*ct

*S*erve

Zest for Life

Vision Guides Creativity

The spiral is linked to the circle and is an ancient symbol of the goddess, the womb and the feminine force. The spiral represents coming full circle; it represents continuous change, and the evolution of the self and the universe, bringing about Awakening.



Gogo is inspired by the cycle which is the perfect symbol without beginning, without end and with no area of weakness. It represents the cycle of Life, of Birth, of Death and Rebirth. This serves as a physical reminder to all of us that all things begin and end and begin again as does the universe.

Happy Birthday Warona



About Gogo

Yvonne Kgame is a professional with twenty-nine years experience as a leader and senior executive in local and international print publishing and public broadcasting at the South African Broadcasting Corporation (SABC). Yvonne is also a teacher, chief examiner, mentor, inspirational speaker and researcher and is currently The Executive: Innovations and Editorial Manager of Local Content at the SABC. Yvonne is also the published author of *Infinite Grace*, *Nuggets of Hope* and *Only a Mother*.

During the period of South Africa's transition to democracy, Yvonne provided insightful leadership in educational broadcasting. The collective work of her and the team she led has been recognised through 150 international and local awards, and the development of strategic partnerships resulting in a number of co-productions. Among the most prestigious awards she has received are: the Peabody Award, the CBA Broadcasting Award for Outstanding Children's programmes, and four awards in Italy including the Grand Jury Prize. She was nominated for a South African Feather Award in her personal capacity. She received an award from Images and Voices of Hope, an international organisation focusing on International Dialogues for Thought Leaders in Media – Journalism.

Following her successful leadership in education broadcasting, Yvonne headed up the SABC's Content Hub, overseeing a broad spectrum of programming genres. At the apex of work in this role, she was overseeing the conceptualisation and broadcasting of more than 800 programmes. During this time her work was recognised through more than 80 local and international awards in just over two and a half years. Amongst these are: an Emmy Award of Recognition for Hosting the Semi-final round of the International Emmys; FEPACI (Pan African Federation of Filmmakers): a Recognition Award for services rendered. In August 2013 Yvonne received 3 awards: Inspiration; Vision and Modesty; Leadership as voted by SABC staff.

After her double stroke, Yvonne was appointed Executive Manager: Innovation and Editorial. In this role, she supports content houses across various media platforms which express, celebrate and affirm South African and African stories. Yvonne's passion for weaving and positioning the African tapestry in a global context represents her quest for making Africa's great stories widely known.

Yvonne's academic qualifications include a Master of Arts (University of Stellenbosch, South Africa), a Materials Development Certificate (Thames Valley University, United Kingdom), Bachelor of Arts Hons (Wits University, South Africa, 1992), a Bachelor of Arts in Education (Honours) (Wits University), Bachelor of Arts with distinction in Education (UNISA, South Africa), a Senior Secondary Teachers Diploma (Soweto College). She has recently obtained a Certificate in Occupationally Directed Education & Training Development Practices – NQF 4 (Maccauvlei Learning Academy).

Yvonne has served as a board member of various international and national boards, including: International Public Television; Basel Forum; Sithengi Board (International Film and TV Festival); Academy of Television, Arts and Sciences; Oscar Selection Committee; Chowac (Christ Haven of Workers Adult Literacy Centre) and Chief Examiner at the IEB. She has been appointed Chair of the Board of the International Association of Human Values.

Storytelling is the art of portraying real or fictitious events in words, images, and sounds. Stories are told for entertainment purposes, and often to teach lessons and provide morals. Storytelling is often considered to be a crucial aspect of humanity. Human beings have a natural ability to use verbal communication to teach, explain and entertain, which is why storytelling is so prevalent in everyday life. The youngest forms of storytelling were oral, told around a fire combined with gesture and expression: words were spoken from one person to another in an effort to communicate a message or a feeling. Stories are also seen in the artwork scratched onto the walls of caves. With the invention of writing, stories were recorded, transcribed and shared over wide regions of the world. As human activities have become more refined and complex, visual stories have been presented in images carved into wood, ivory or stone, painted on canvas, recorded on film and stored electronically as digital images. People in all times and places have told stories. In the oral tradition, storytelling includes the teller and the audience thus creating co-ownership. The storyteller creates the experience, while the audience perceives the message and creates personal mental images from the words heard and the gestures seen. In this experience, the audience becomes co-creator of the art. Storytellers sometimes dialogue with their audience, adjusting their words to respond to the listeners and to the moment.