



**PROUD OF MYSELF AND PROUD  
OF MY CULTURE  
TEACHER'S RESOURCE PACK**



- 3** ENTREPRENEURSHIP
- EMPLOYABILITY
- EDUCATION

**PLAYFUL PROJECT-BASED LEARNING | TERM 3 LIFE SKILLS PROJECT FOR SBA**



**GRADE 4**



## RESOURCE 1

### The go away girl

It was the first day back at school after a long time away because of lockdown. I was so excited to see my friends. I never knew I would be so happy about coming to school. “Ding ding ding,” went the bell and we all lined up 1.5 metres away from each other. Everyone's mask was checked to make sure it covered their nose and mouth. Then the teachers took our temperatures and sanitised our hands. We all waited patiently – we knew, by now – how to stay safe from the corona virus.

At first it was strange seeing our friends with masks on, especially if they had changed their hair and looked a little different. But we soon got used to the new look and settled into the new normal school day.

The grade 4s, who were at school for the week, walked to class and sat at their desks. We were so far apart that it was hard to whisper and giggle with our friends, which I think made the teacher, Ms Mbete, happy. The teacher called the register to see who was there, “Sindiswa, Enzo, Kgatliso, Xolale, Andile, Kgopotso, Zanele, Aamiina, Aamiina ...” Ms Mbete called out the name but no one answered. We didn't even know anyone called Aamiina – what a funny name! As we looked around for this Aamiina person, the principal walked in followed by a new learner. “Grade 4s, she said, this is Aamiina, she is new to the area and new to school. Please make her feel welcome.” We were shocked into silence as we stared at this new learner. Clearly Aamiina was not one of us! First of all she was just carrying a lunchbox – no school case – where were her books? She was wearing a school skirt but it was so long it was nearly to the ground. Her school shirt was long-sleeved and buttoned at her wrists, even though it was really hot. Also, her head and shoulders were wrapped in a scarf so that, with her face covered by a mask, we couldn't really see what she looked like.

Ms Mbete smiled at her, “Please sit at that desk,” she said pointing to an empty desk. Aamiina walk over and sat quietly, looking down at the desk while we all stared at her as if she were an alien. “Take out your Life Skills books and let's get started,” said our teacher. We all took out our books and pencil cases – all except for Aamiina. She didn't have a schoolbag, or books or EVEN a pencil case – we whispered to each other in amazement. Who was she and where did she come from?

The bell rang for first break and Ms Mbete asked if Aamiina could sit with us. “Yes teacher,” we said, and immediately ran out. There was no way we wanted to be seen with her. From our favourite place under the tree, we watched the new girl as carefully as if she were a snake. We saw her take out her lunchbox and take out ... a sort of a pancake? With rice? Where were her sandwiches?

After break we washed our hands and went back to class. It was my favourite part of the day: story time, when Ms Mbete read us wonderful stories. We all sat comfortably and the story started. After a few minutes Sindiswa shot her hand up saying urgently, “Teacher, teacher, the new girl isn't listening to you!” Ms Mbete stopped reading and we all turned towards to girl with round eyes. Not listening was one rule you didn't break in this class! “What are you doing?” asked Ms Mbete. “You – the new girl, what are you doing?” Aamiina didn't even look up. Sjoie, but there was going to be trouble now. Ms Mbete walked over to Aamiina and saw she was looking at a small card. The teacher took it away, gave the new girl a fierce look and put the card on her desk.

As one, our eyes followed that card – what was that? At second break we got our chance. Ms Mbete stepped out and left the classroom door open. Andile and Zanele snuck into the class and grabbed the card. There was some kind of writing and drawing but like nothing we had ever seen before. Was this a spell? Was the new girl a witch? Now we were scared. “She must go, this girl,” we said. “She must just go – away girl – we don't want her here. She might be dangerous!”

For the rest of the day we avoided the Go Away girl and stayed as far away from her as if she was a virus.

Later that day, when I was busy with homework, my mother came home with the news that there was a new family running the spaza and the big news was that they were Somali. That got my attention. “Is there a daughter?” I asked. “Yes,” said my mother. “It's a father with his daughter. I don't know if there is a mother or any other family.” “So that's who the new girl must be,” I thought to myself, pleased to have solved some of the problem at least.

The next morning, I was burning with the news. “Guess what?” I told everyone I saw, “That new girl is Somali. She lives with her father at the spaza shop.” The news flew around the school, “She's Somali, she's Somali she's Somali.”

In class that morning, we were eager to share our news. “Guess what Ms Mbete, the new girl is Somali.” “That's interesting,” said the teacher, “if she's Somali, what country does she come from?” We didn't know the answer, but we didn't care. The main thing was she wasn't from here.

Over the next few weeks we lost interest in the Go Away girl and just ignored her. We didn't like her food or her clothes, and we couldn't understand her and we didn't even try. The Go Away girl became like a shadow, until one unbelievable day when everything changed.

It was late afternoon and my mother had forgotten to buy salt. The shops were too far, so she asked me to run quickly to the Somali spaza shop to buy a packet. When I got there, no one was at the counter – the spaza looked empty. I waited for a few minutes and then peeped over the counter to the back of the store. The first thing I saw was Go Away girl sitting on her father's lap. She was crying softly with tears pouring down her cheeks. Her father was hugging her and rocking her gently from side to side. He looked so sad. On the wall above them was a photo of a young woman who looked so much like Go Away that it must have been her mother. Before I disturbed them, I tip-toed out of the shop and ran home. Before my mother could even shout at me for not buying the salt, I burst into tears and told her the whole story: about the girl who was not like us, and who we ignored, but now I knew she didn't have a mother and she was so sad, and we had done nothing.

Just like Aamiira's father had sat his daughter on his lap and hugged and rocked her, my mother took me on her lap and hugged and rocked me until I stopped crying.

Something had to be done! I couldn't sleep that night thinking and thinking of a plan to help Aamiira. The next day I told my teacher the story and she realised we had a problem to solve. A few days later she came up with a plan. We were going to organise a 'Fly a friend's flag day.'

When Ms Mbete explained the plan, we were all so excited. We had to work in pairs and learn all about our friend. Aamiira's father explained the plan to her and she and I worked together. We asked so many questions. We asked what languages were spoken at home and were amazed to find out how many

different languages there were just from our class. We found out about food and drinks that were important to our cultures. We asked what religions were followed and where we went to worship. We also asked what our favourite holidays and festivals were and how we celebrated these days. We brought in our traditional clothes and explained when we wore the clothes and why they were important to us. We brought different types of music to school and learnt to sing each other's songs. We had the best week ever.

After finding out all of these amazing cultural facts, we had to make a beautiful flag about our friend that she or he would hold up and show off with pride.

On the big celebration day, some parents had kindly made some traditional cultural foods. At assembly we stood in our pairs at the front, all socially distanced. First we swapped flags and then held our unique flags up high to show off our culture with pride. Different colours, different words, different foods, clothes and religions – so many differences, but all equally beautiful.

The principal was nearly in tears. "Grade 4s," she said, "You are so young, but you have taught us a very important lesson: to be proud of your culture and celebrate others' cultures. A great man, Kofi Annan had some wise words which I'm going to end with now, ' We may have different religions, different languages, different coloured skins, but we all belong to one human race.'





## RESOURCE 2

### South Africa – the cultures and food

Because there are many different cultural groups in South Africa, there are lots of different kinds of cultural or traditional foods to enjoy. How many of these types of food have you eaten?

#### **Biltong**

Probably the most-loved South African snack, biltong is a dried, cured, and spiced meat that is a favourite snack for many people. Beef biltong is a favourite, but venison biltong, made from wild meat such as Impala is also popular.



#### **Milk tart**

Milk tart (Afrikaans “melktert”) is a very popular traditional dish in South Africa. It is like a pie with a sweet pastry crust and a creamy filling made of milk, flour, sugar, and eggs. Many families have their own secret milk tart recipe.

#### **Bokkoms**

Bokkums are like fish biltong. They are from the West Coast region of South Africa in the Western Cape. Small fish called mullet are dried in the sun and wind and then salted.



**Mogodu** is a Southern African food. **Mogodu** is a combination of chopped serobe (tripe) and mala (intestines) served as a stew often with hot pap or dumplings. Mala (in Northern Sotho) is intestines, usually of a mammal such as a cow or sheep.

#### **Bobotie**

Bobotie is a traditional Cape Malay dinner-time favourite dish. It is made of minced meat spiced with curry and turmeric, with an egg-based topping. It tastes sweet for a meat dish because people traditionally add raisins or sultanas to the mince mixture.



#### **Koeksisters**

This tasty sweet treat is made by frying plaited dough pieces and then soaking them with a sugary syrup. They have a golden, crunchy crust, a soft, doughnut-like centre, and are super sticky.

### Potjiekos

South Africans cook potjiekos in a round, cast-iron pot over a fire. "Potjies" are traditionally made using meat and vegetables.



### Vetkoek/amagwinya

Vetkoek or Amagwinya (Zulu name) is a South African snack common in the Afrikaans and Zulu culture. They are basically a mixture of flour, water, sugar and salt which is made into small balls and deep-fried until golden brown. These delicious "fat cakes" can be filled with a savoury mince or dipped in sugar for a sweet treat.

### Mealie pap

Mealie pap is made from ground up dried mealies (corn). If you are South African, then you know mealie pap because it is popular in our country and is the staple diet for many families. Mealie pap can be soft and served with sugar and milk for breakfast, or made stiffer and served with savoury stews or sauces.



### Chakalaka

Chakalaka is a spicy sauce made of vegetables such as peppers, onions, carrots, and tomatoes. It can be very spicy. You will often find chakalaka at a braai because it goes very well with pap and boerewors.

### Boerewors

Boerewors (which means "farmer's sausage"), is a type of sausage made from beef mince. The mince mixture contains spices such as coriander, cloves and nutmeg, and has a very delicious taste. Many South Africans like to make their own boerewors. Boerewors is often cooked on a braai. In fact Heritage Day, celebrated on the 24<sup>th</sup> September, is also called "braai day".

