



Linda Nabasa • Ruramai Musekiwa • Raymond Diby

MISS TINY CHEF

This book belongs to





Every child should own a hundred books by the age of five. To that end, Book Dash gathers creative professionals who volunteer to create new, African storybooks that anyone can freely translate and distribute. To find out more, and to download beautiful, print-ready books, visit bookdash.org.

Title Miss Tiny Chef

Illustrated by Raymond Diby

Written by Linda Nabasa

Designed by Ruramai Musekiwa

Edited by Nabeela Kalla

with the help of the Book Dash participants in Johannesburg on 25 February 2017.

ISBN: 978-1-928377-30-6

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution 4.0 Licence (<http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/4.0/>). You are free to share (copy and redistribute the material in any medium or format) and adapt (remix, transform, and build upon the material) this work for any purpose, even commercially. The licensor cannot revoke these freedoms as long as you follow the following license terms:

Attribution: You must give appropriate credit, provide a link to the license, and indicate if changes were made. You may do so in any reasonable manner, but not in any way that suggests the licensor endorses you or your use.

No additional restrictions: You may not apply legal terms or technological measures that legally restrict others from doing anything the license permits.

Notices: You do not have to comply with the license for elements of the material in the public domain or where your use is permitted by an applicable exception or limitation.

No warranties are given. The license may not give you all of the permissions necessary for your intended use. For example, other rights such as publicity, privacy, or moral rights may limit how you use the material.



Linda Nabasa • Ruramai Musekiwa • Raymond Diby



Kasini is eight years old. She loves to cook. She reads a cook book on the school bus every morning and before bedtime.



*Nobody knows her secret,
that she sleeps with a wooden
mingling stick every night. When she
sleeps, she dreams that she is smiling,
wearing a chef's hat and holding her
mingling stick high up in the air.*



*Kasini loves to sing as she cooks.
She sings to the carrots and dances
with the flour.*



*She slices the cucumber and places two on top of her eyes. She **BANGS** the saucepans loudly as she jumps up and down.*



"GET BACK TO WORK." *the stick scolds.*

"Cooking is not work, it's fun," *Kasini laughs.*

*The stick tells her if the soup needs more salt,
if the chicken needs more heat and when the
Ugali is ready to eat.*



Sometimes Kasini doesn't listen to the stick.
"I will use my palm to taste the soup,"
she says.



"I will use my mouth to taste the chicken," she decides. The stick laughs for she is young and it is old. Older than the cutlery in the house, Older than Kasini's older brother. So old it knows all the great recipes by heart.



Kasini adds more salt, pepper and curry powder to the soup. This is wrong and she knows it but she is only being stubborn.



*The stick doesn't like being disrespected,
it changes colour from brown to red to
show Kasini that it is angry.*



"The soup will **BURN** without the mingling stick!" *moans Kasini.*



*She sings for the stick,
but there is no change.*

***"I am sorry,"** she says. The stick turns
back to brown just in time and Kasini
hugs it in joy.*



"Now I can serve mummy the food I made," Kasini says excitedly. *"The food we made,"* she giggles, as she tucks the stick away.

