

Sindiwe and the Fireflies



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Sindiwe and the Fireflies

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with the help of the Book Dash participants at Cape Town on 30 August 2014, listed here:

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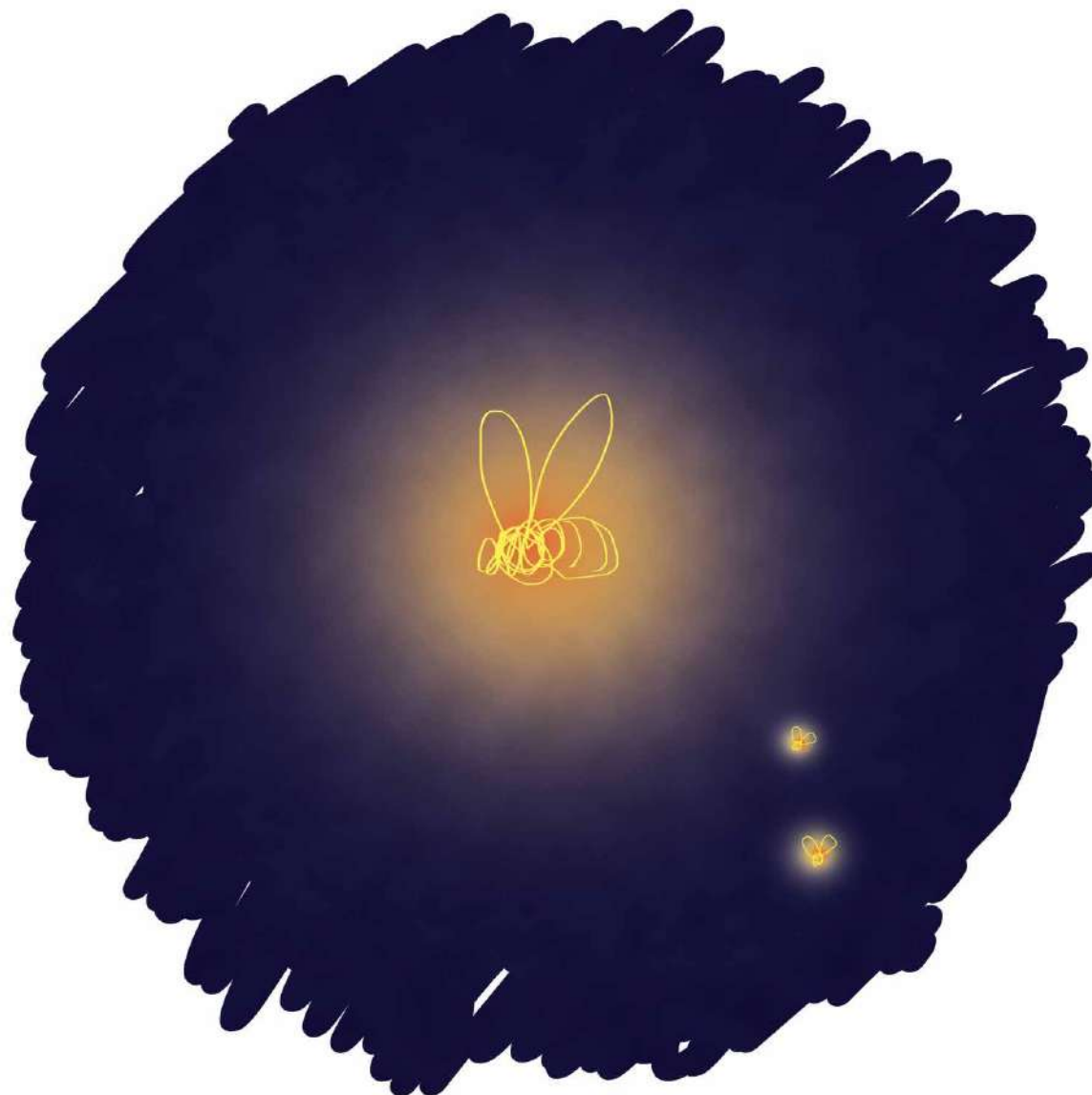
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One day a very clever baby was born
in Gungululu in the Eastern Cape.

Her name was Sindiwe Magona.

She was the oldest of eight children.



At night, her grandmother told
magical stories about ogres and giants,
animals of the forests, great beasts,
and little creatures of the veld.

It was Sindiwe's favourite time.



Sindiwe loved school and she
dreamed about being a teacher.



When Sindiwe became a teenager,
her family organised a feast to celebrate.

She was given special things to wear and
a wise old man sang a praise song to her.

(Blessings, long life!
May your ancestors guard you!)



Sindiwe trained to be a teacher. She was very excited to teach at her first school.

But there weren't enough schools for black children and they had no desks or books to write in.

This made Sindiwe feel scared.
How could she be a good teacher when the children had nowhere to sit?



She left the school to work as a cleaner.

She worked in four different houses.
Sometimes the people there treated her
badly and Sindiwe became very unhappy.



All this time Sindiwe studied.

Her hard work paid off!
She won a scholarship to study
at a university in New York.

She and her three small
children packed their bags
and flew across the sea to the
United States of America.

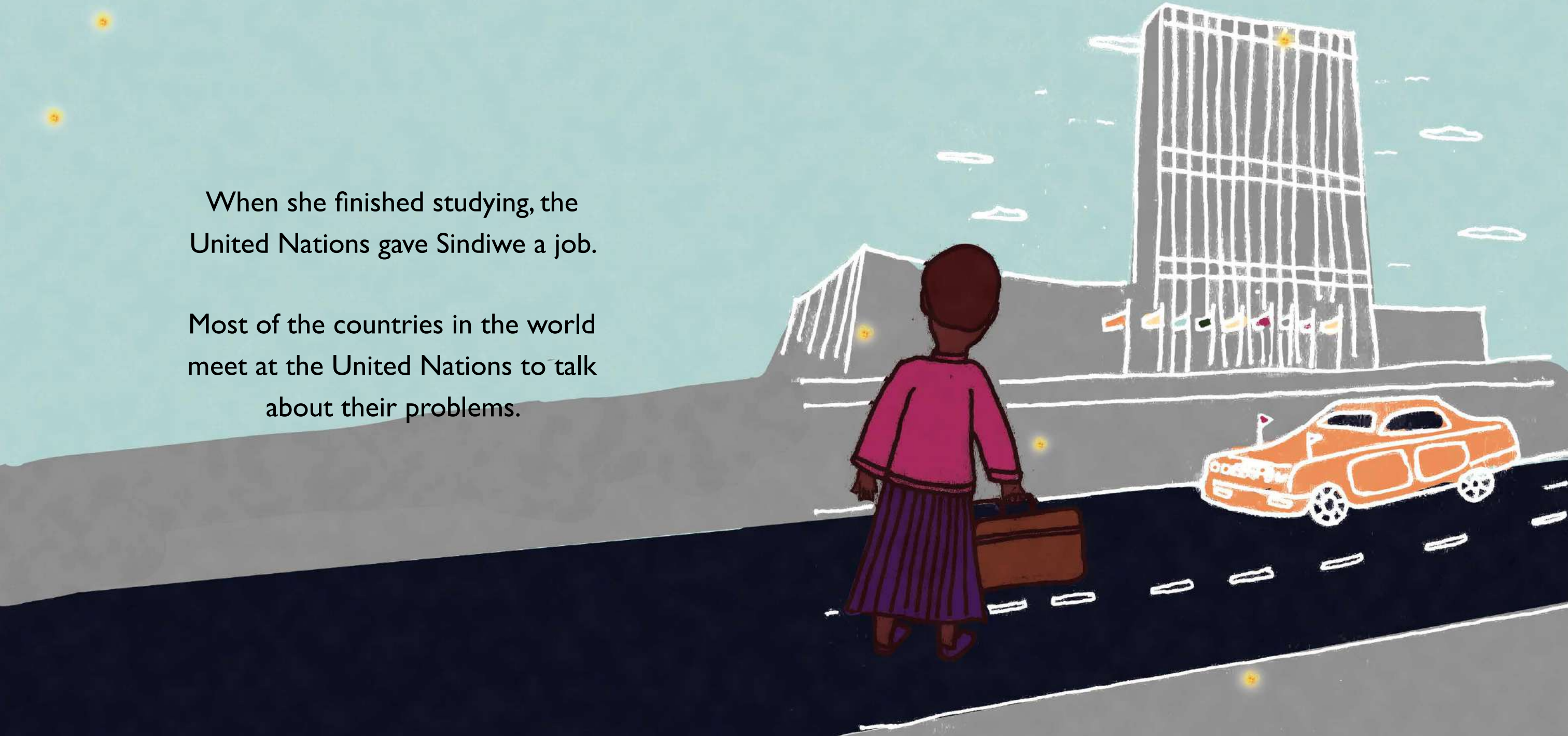


In New York, Sindiwe studied
to become a social worker.
She wanted to help families
make their lives better.



When she finished studying, the
United Nations gave Sindiwe a job.

Most of the countries in the world
meet at the United Nations to talk
about their problems.



Sindiwe told the world about
South Africa, and how hard it was
for black people living there.

The people at the United Nations
loved to listen to Sindiwe's stories.
They wanted to learn more and
more about South Africans.

Perhaps, together, they could help
to change things in South Africa.



She worked at the United Nations for twenty years while her children grew into adults.

But Sindiwe missed the country where she was born. She wanted to tell her stories to the people at home.

So she packed her luggage, got on a plane and flew back over the sea to Cape Town.



Sindiwe's love for books and stories have helped her write piles and piles of books. And children and grown-ups love to read her stories.

Many people call her Nomabali because she's always writing, telling and reading stories.





