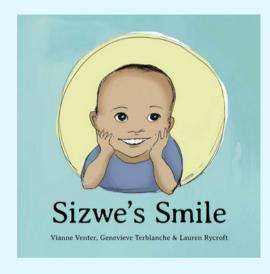
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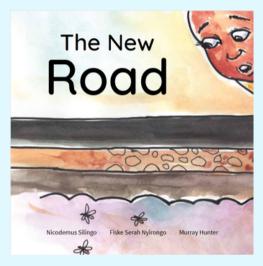


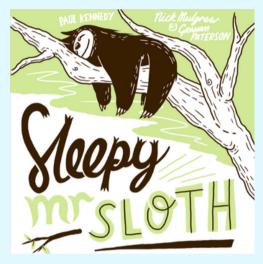


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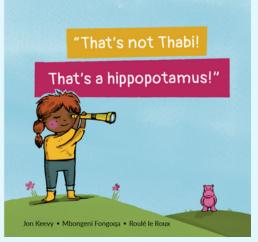




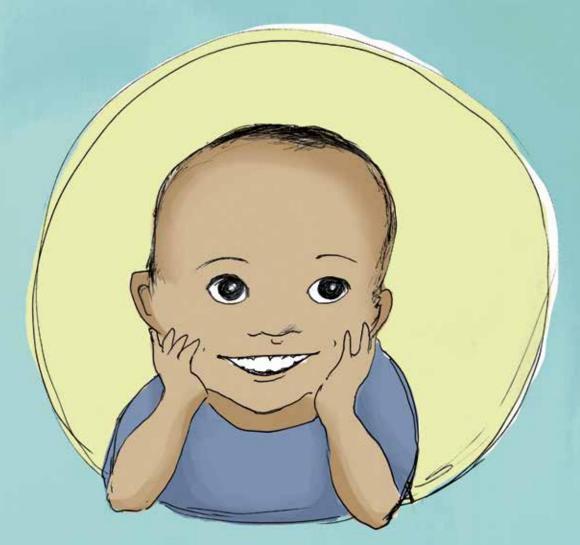












Sizwe's Smile

Vianne Venter, Genevieve Terblanche & Lauren Rycroft

Sizwe's Smile

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Sizwe's Smile
Illustrated by Genevieve Terblanche
Written by Vianne Venter
Designed by Lauren Rycroft
with the help of the Book Dash participants at Cape Town on 28/6/2014.

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Sizwe's Smile

Vianne Venter, Genevieve Terblanche & Lauren Rycroft



It had been raining for days, and everyone was grumpy. Everyone except Sizwe, who woke up with a smile every morning.

"Yoh! Sizwe! That smile is magic!" said Gogo.
"Is it for me?"
Sizwe clapped his hand over his mouth.
"But it's MY smile, Gogo," he whispered.



His mother laughed. "Sizwe! A smile is something you can give away without losing it. Look!"

She lifted him up to the mirror. There was his smile, just as bright as before.



It was time to go out. Mama buttoned up Sizwe's raincoat, and off they went, through the rain, to the library.

Down the street, Sizwe's best friend Zanele stood at the window of her house, looking sadly at the rain.

Sizwe felt his smile creeping, creeping up. Before he knew it, his smile LEAPT out, and flew across the garden to Zanele.



Zanele held on tightly to the smile – it was far too precious to let it get away.

As Sizwe walked away to the library, Zanele's doorbell rang. It was the postman, with a letter from her favourite cousin.

Zanele was so happy, that the smile bounced up, and beamed out at the postman.

"Thank you, Mister Postman!" she said.



Zanele's smile was the brightest thing the postman had seen all morning. It kept him warm as he trudged off through the rain.

He came to a big house. Inside the gate, a dog was spinning around in circles, barking, barking, barking. He was so silly, that the postman couldn't help smiling.

The smile bounced through the gate with a glitter of glee.



The dog stopped barking. He pricked up his ears and wagged his tail. Then he turned and ran back to the house with the precious, warm smile.

A bent old man opened the door. "Oh, no! You can't come inside. You're all wet!" he told the dog. But right away, the smile beamed up at the old man.



The old man stood a little straighter. "Eish," he said, "Who cares if it's raining? Let's go for a walk, boy!" And off they went, splashing in the puddles.

There, at the zebra crossing, stood grumpy Mrs Makabela, the traffic cop. She looked cold, and wet, and miserable.

The old man knew just what to do.
"Morning, Mrs Makabela!" he called, and smiled his biggest, brightest smile.

But Mrs Makabela... did not smile back.



Standing in the rain for days can make a face sad, sad, sad.

But a smile is a magical thing and, by now, the smile was so strong, and so bright, that it was very hard to keep inside. It didn't work right away, but bit by tiny bit, it began to creep out until, at last...!

A great, big smile lit up Mrs Makabela's face!

The school bell rang, and children ran to cross the road. Mrs Makabela put up her sign, and smiled, and smiled, at each and every child.



The children smiled at their moms and dads, and their gogos and tatas and brothers and sisters. They smiled at the bus driver and the greengrocer, and Mrs Makau, who went off to smile at her husband, who smiled at the mayor...

The smiles leapt and rolled and beamed and gleamed until EVERYONE was smiling and giggling and laughing out loud in the rain.



In the library, everything was quiet except for the sound of the rain.

"It's time to go," said Sizwe's mother, closing her book.

"Aw, mom!" said Sizwe, who had run out of smiles.



But as they stepped out into the street...

WHAT A SIGHT!

Everyone in town was there!

Everyone!

And they were ALL smiling!

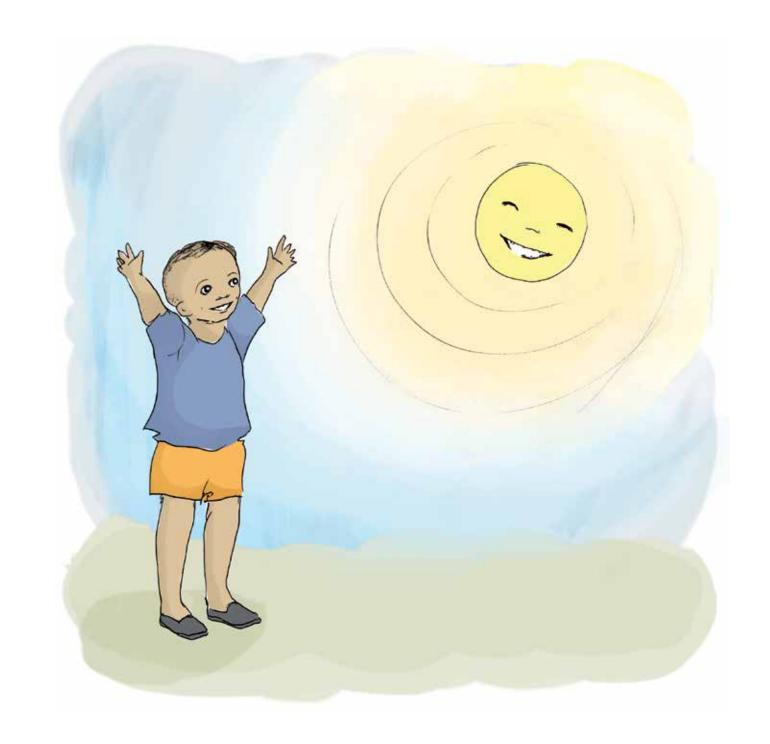


The smiles bounced around and beamed at Sizwe. They warmed him, and tickled him, and crept up, up, up from his toes... to the TOP of his head. He was so full of happiness that the smile burst out, brilliant and beaming bright.

And something changed. The dark, gloomy, rainy afternoon didn't seem so dark anymore.

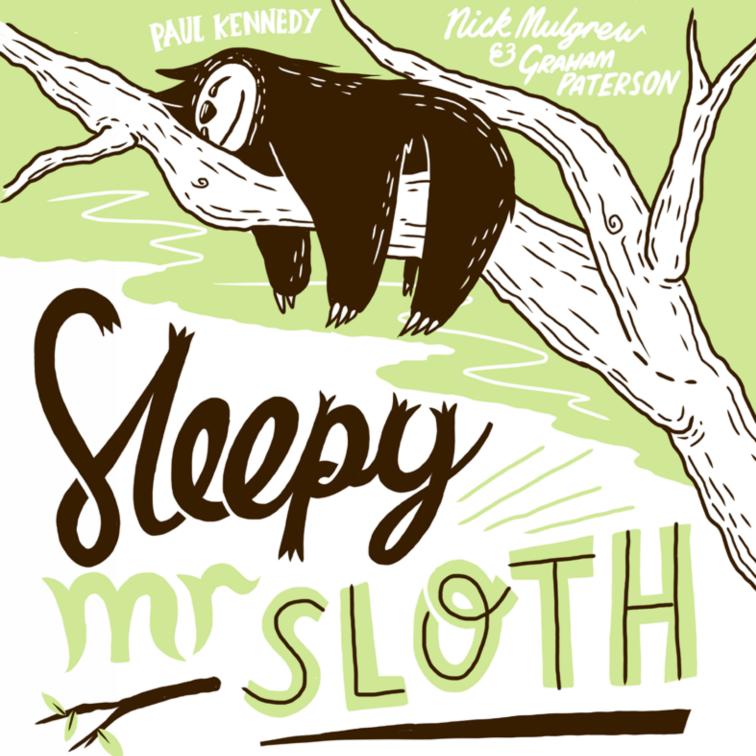
Could it be...? YES!

The clouds parted, and the warm sun shone down on them, with the biggest, brightest, most brilliant smile of all.







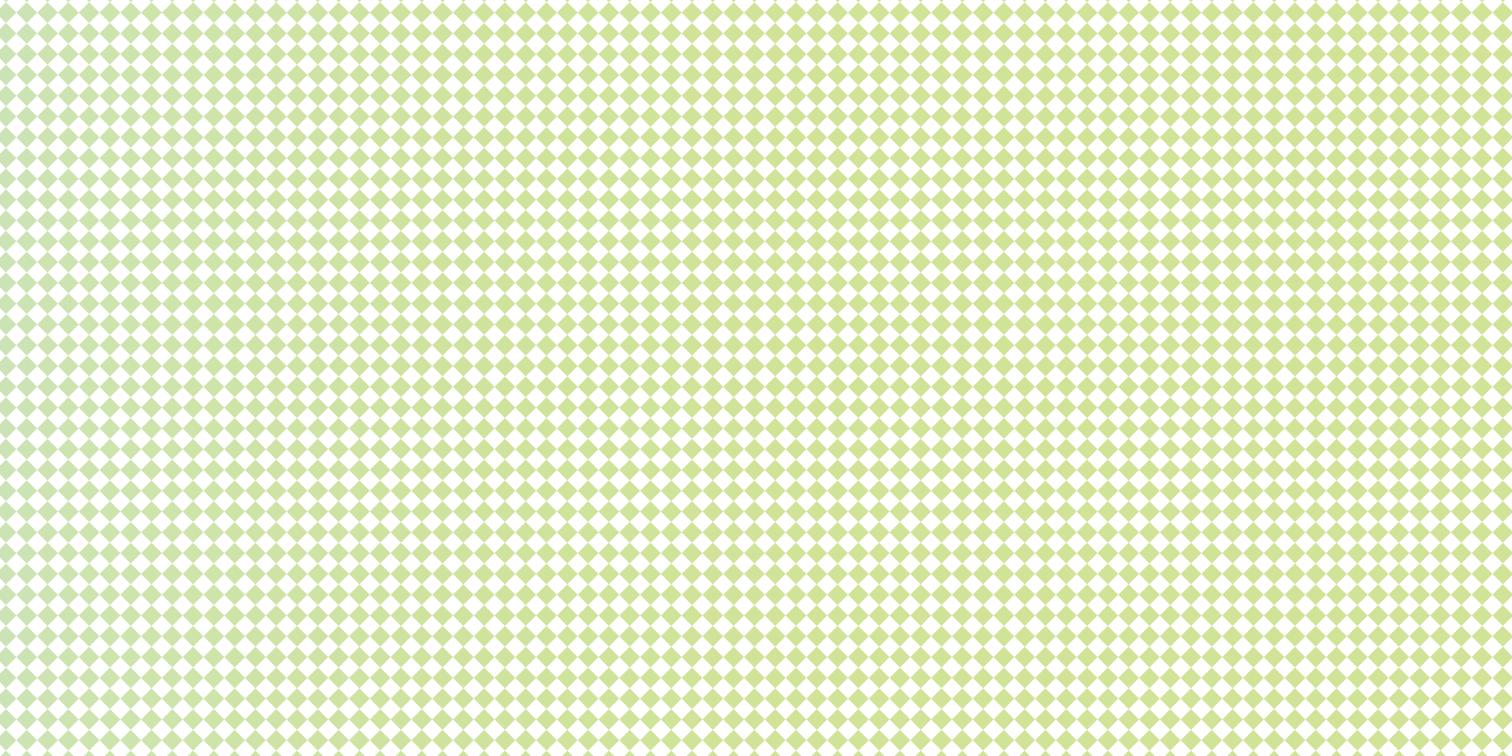




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Sleepy Mr Sloth
Illustrated by Graham Paterson
Written by Paul Kennedy
Designed by Nick Mulgrew
Edited by Arthur Attwell and Tarryn-Anne Anderson
with the help of the Book Dash participants at Cape Town on 10 May
2014, listed here: www.bookdash.org/20140510-cape-town

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by

Paul Kennedy, Nick Mulgrew & Graham Paterson

One day, Mr Sloth came to visit. He said:

I'm sleepy! I need a good branch for a bed!



I'm quite good at climbing. I know how to swing.

But sleeping's my favourite, favourite thing!



This branch looks lovely! I think I'll sleep here.

And you? Don't you think that's a splendid idea?



Oh no, Mr Sloth! A giraffe's eating there!

He might think you're lunch and start nibbling your hair!



This branch looks lovely! I think I'll sleep here.

And you? Don't you think that's a splendid idea?



Oh no, Mr Sloth! There's a beehive right there!

You'll never get sleep with those bees everywhere!



This branch looks lovely! I think I'll sleep here.

And you? Don't you think that's a splendid idea?



Oh no, Mr Sloth, that's a snake over there!

Not a branch! Poor old snake. You gave him quite a scare.



This branch looks lovely! I think I'll sleep here.

And you? Don't you think that's a splendid idea?



Oh no, Mr Sloth! There's a bird squawking there!

You'll never get sleep with that noise in the air!



Try climb one more branch, Mr Sloth! they all said.

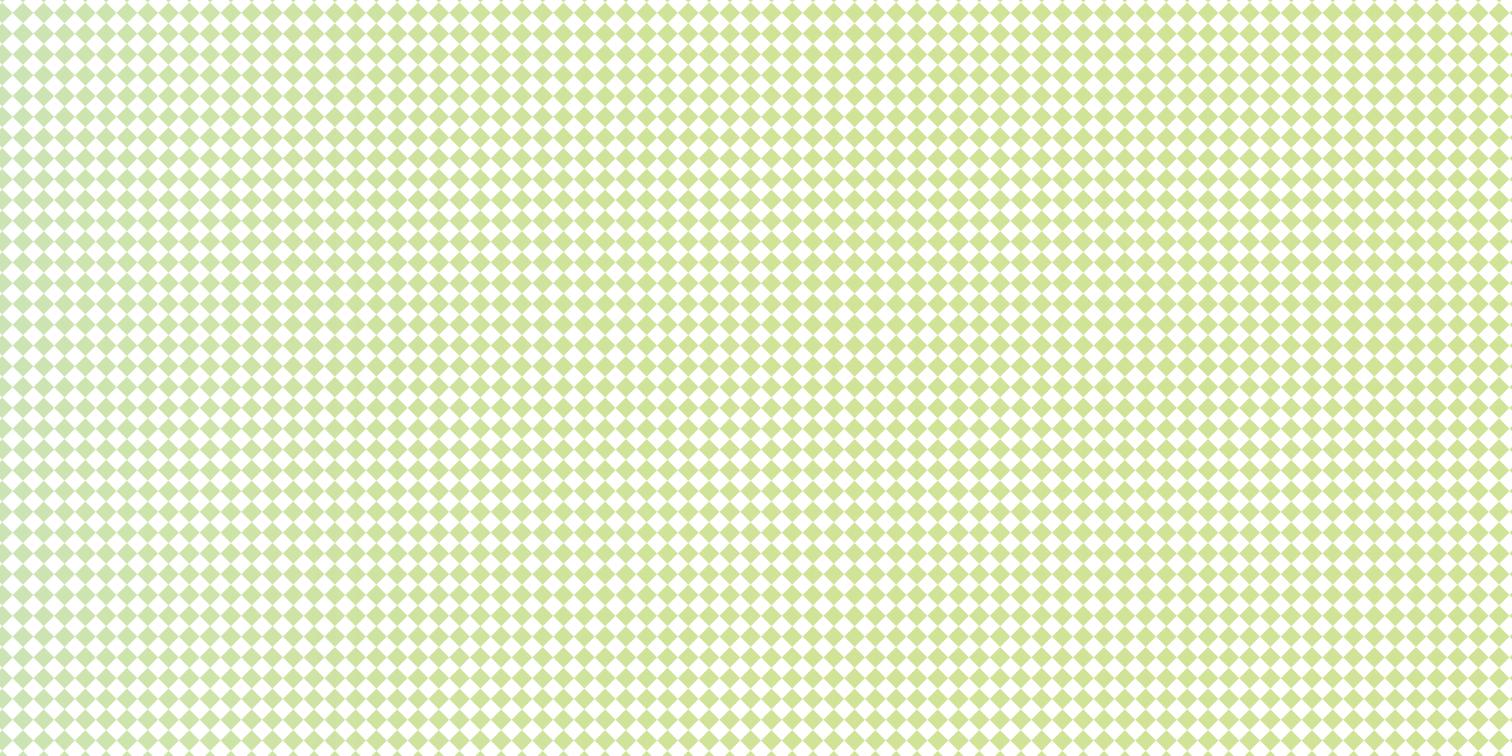
And that branch was just the right one for his bed.



The bird and the snake, the giraffe and each bee

were happy to have Mr Sloth in their tree.













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Small Bird's Big Adventure
Illustrated by Wesley van Eeden
Written by Nick Mulgrew
Designed by Jennifer Jacobs
Edited by Bongani Kona
with the help of the Book Dash participants in Cape Town on 19 November 2016.

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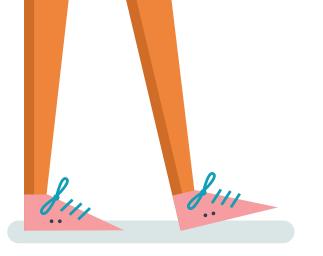
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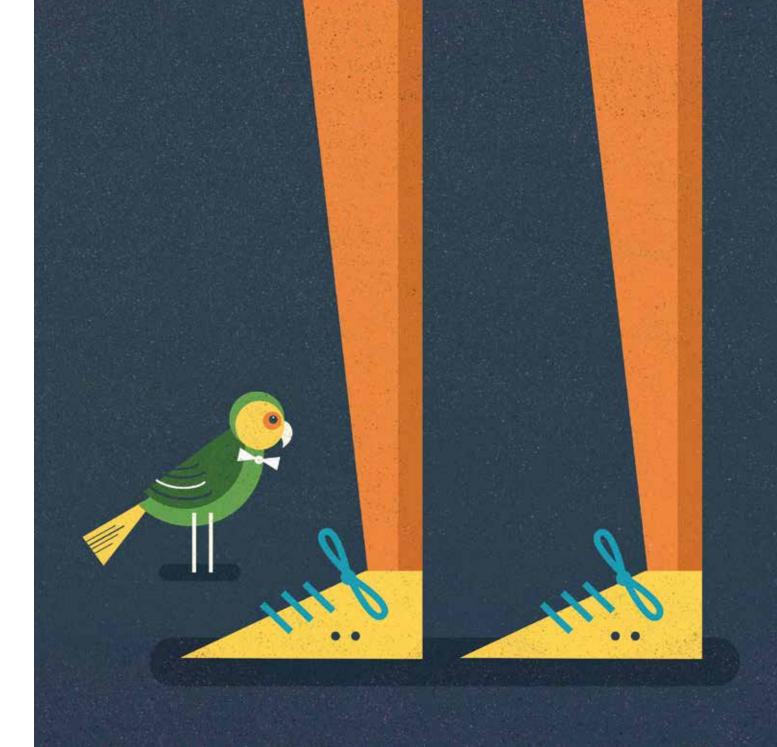
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Small Bird was a small bird. He was very small and very birdy.





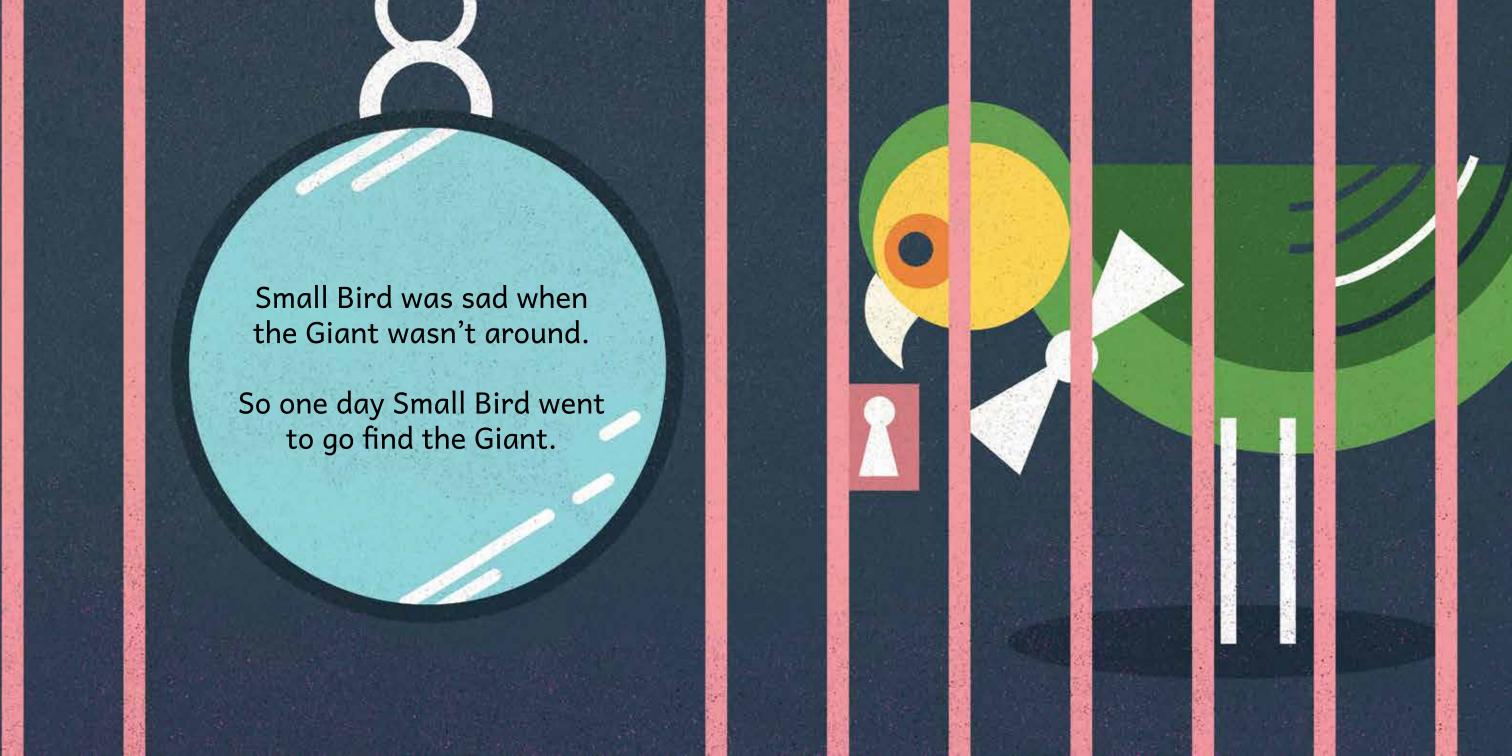


Small Bird lived in a beautiful house with the Giant. Small Bird loved the Giant very much.

She was a kind Giant. She gave Small Bird lots of toys.









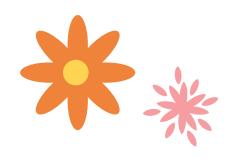




Small Bird flew up and up until he could see the whole world.

He wanted to find the Giant. Where would he land?

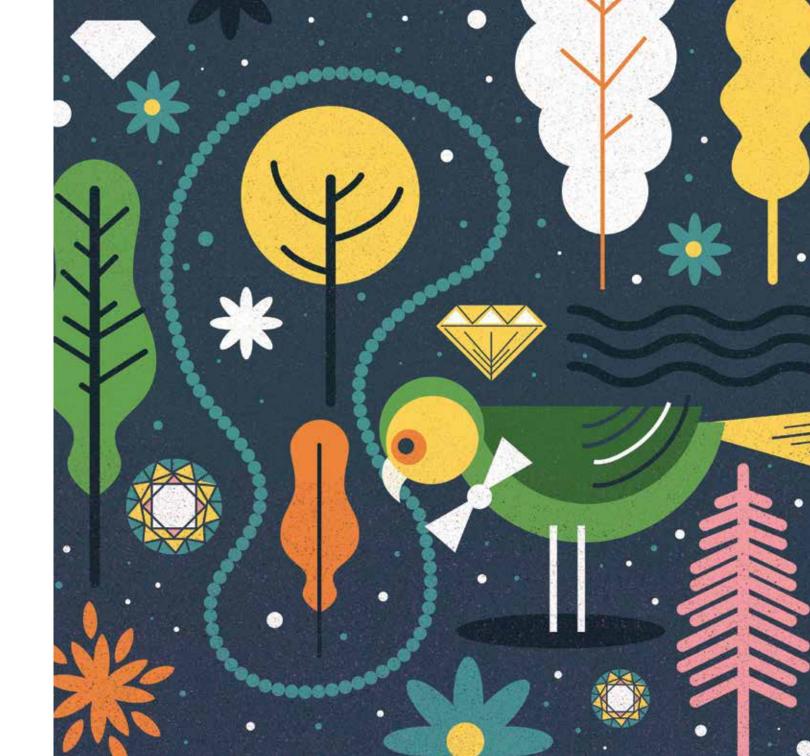




Small Bird landed in a huge forest, filled with trees and flowers and treasure.

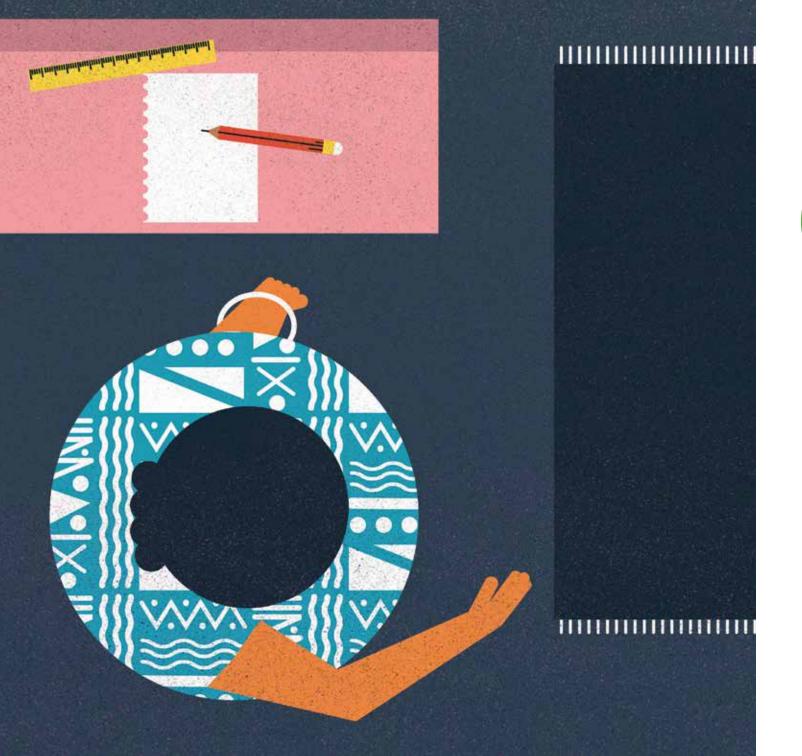
Small Bird loved playing with the shiny jewels! But where was the Giant?













From way up high, with his sharp birdy eyes, Small Bird saw something!

What could it be?



Small Bird dived down, down, down. Where would he land?

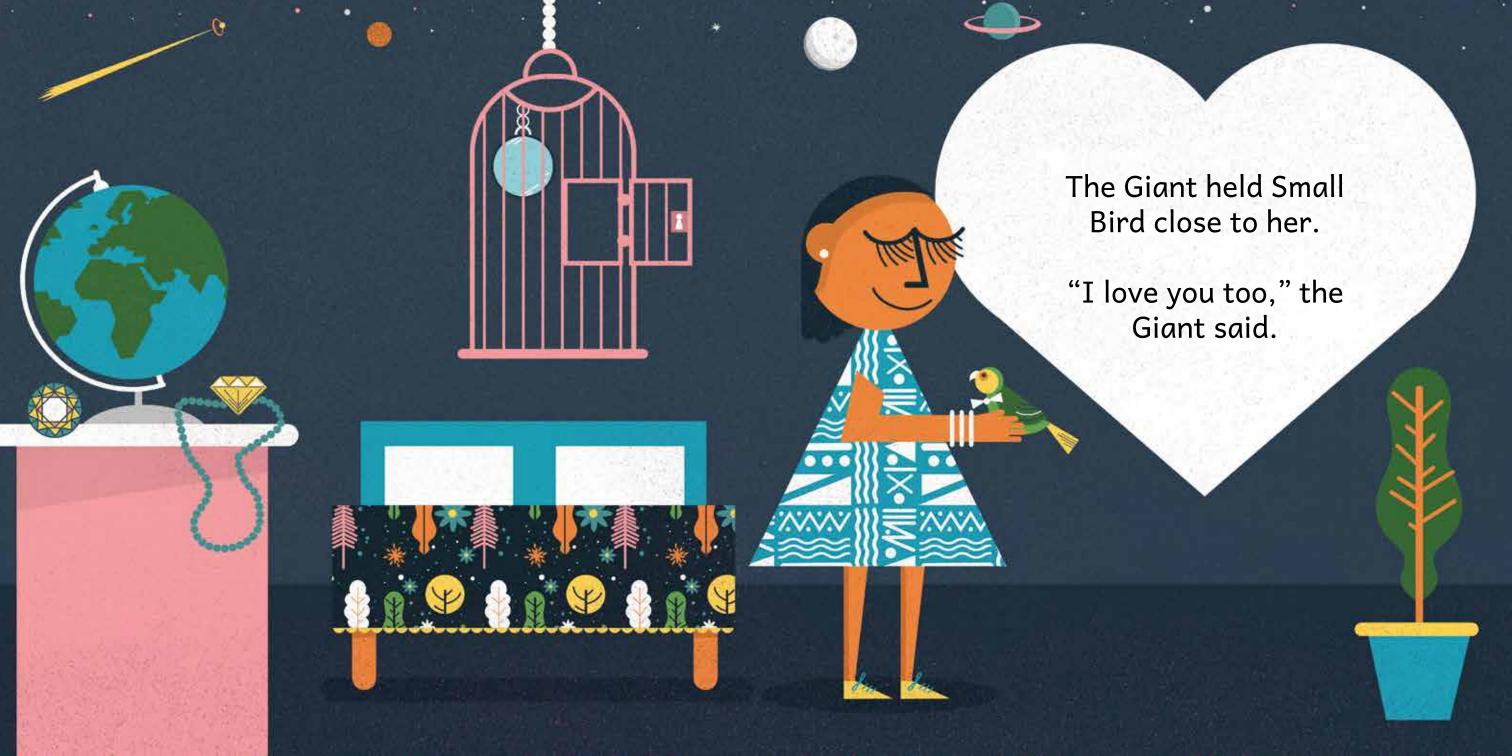




Small Bird landed right in the Giant's hands! He was so happy to see her.

"I love you, Giant!" he shrieked.





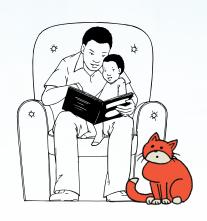


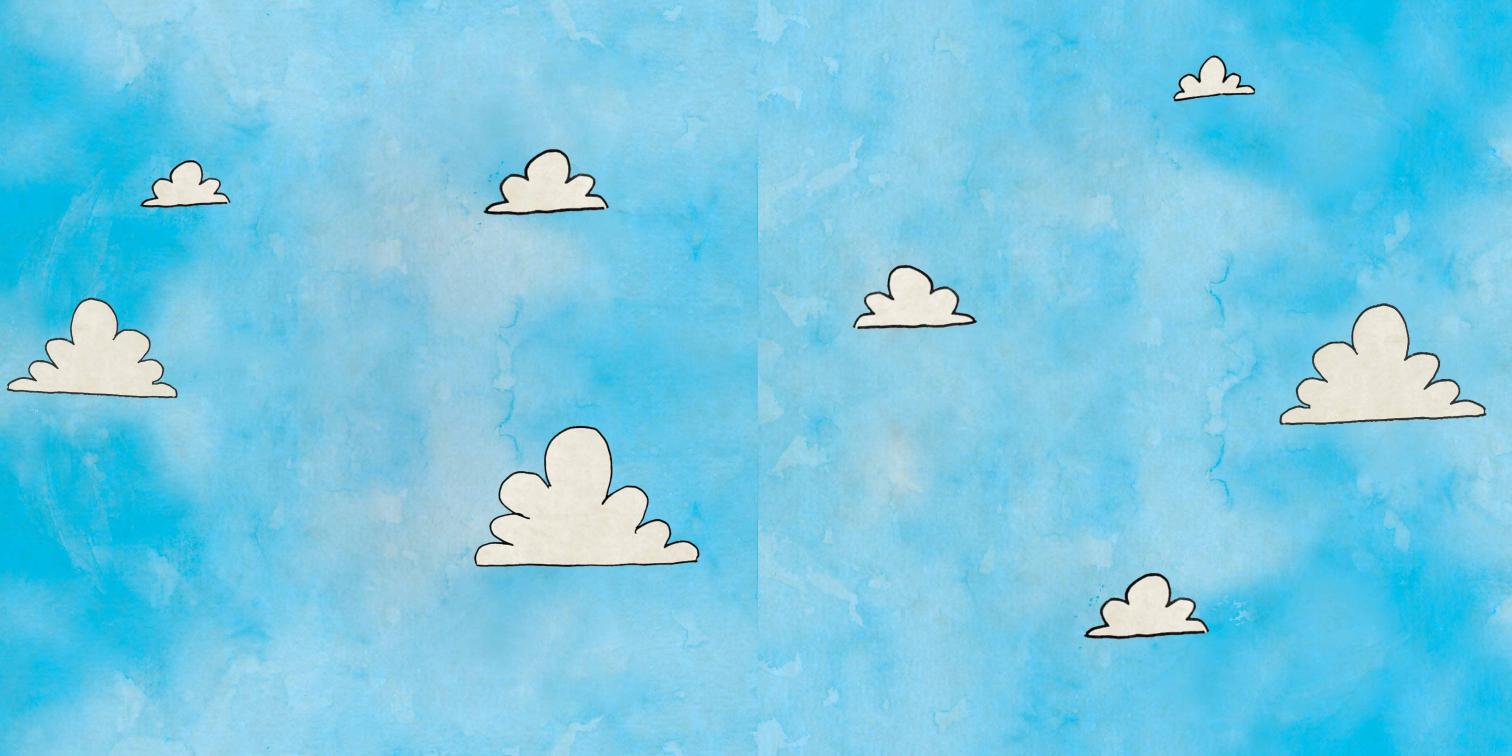




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Springloaded
Illustrated by Thea Nicole de Klerk
Written by Sam Wilson
Designed by Chenél Ferreira
with the help of the Book Dash participants
in Cape Town on 5 March 2016.

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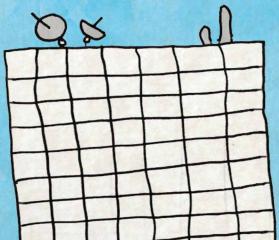
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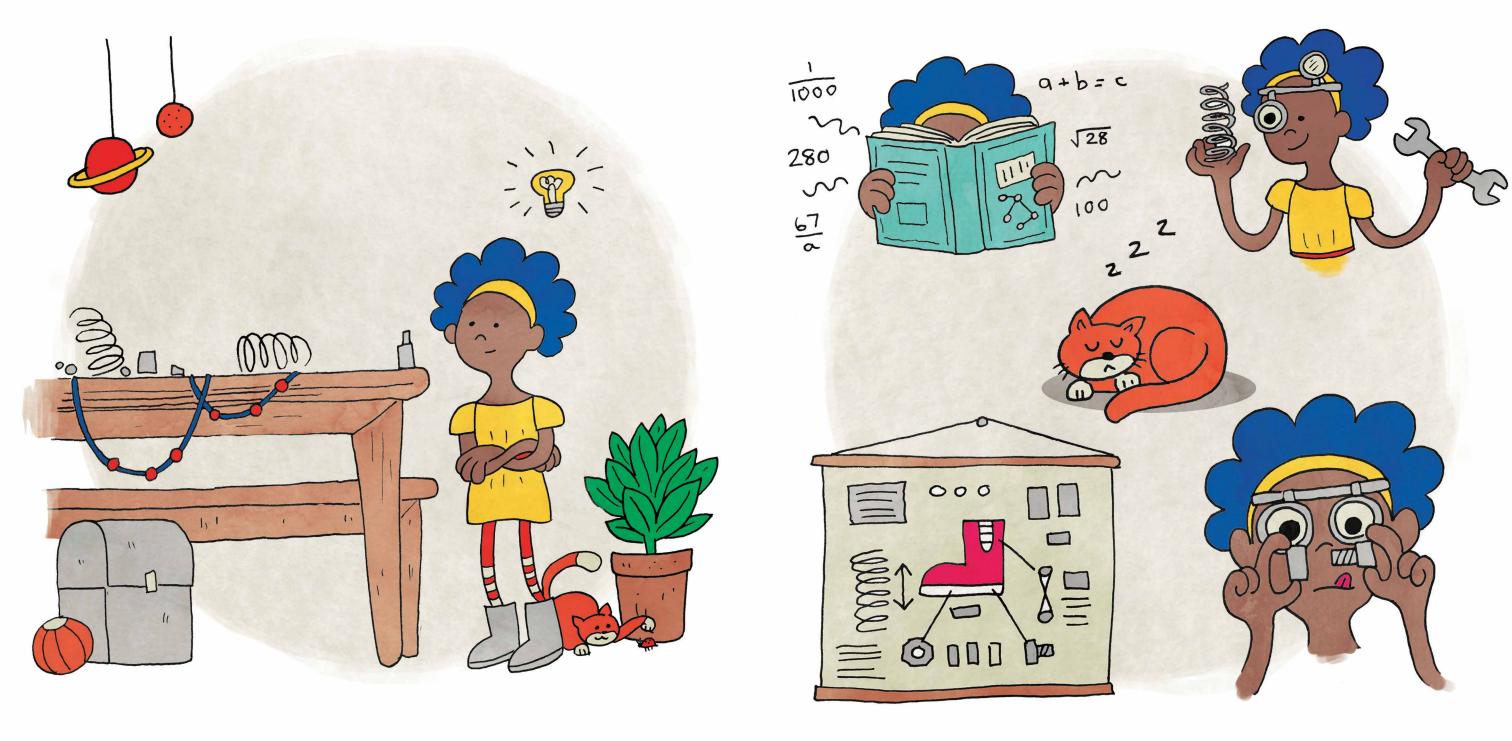


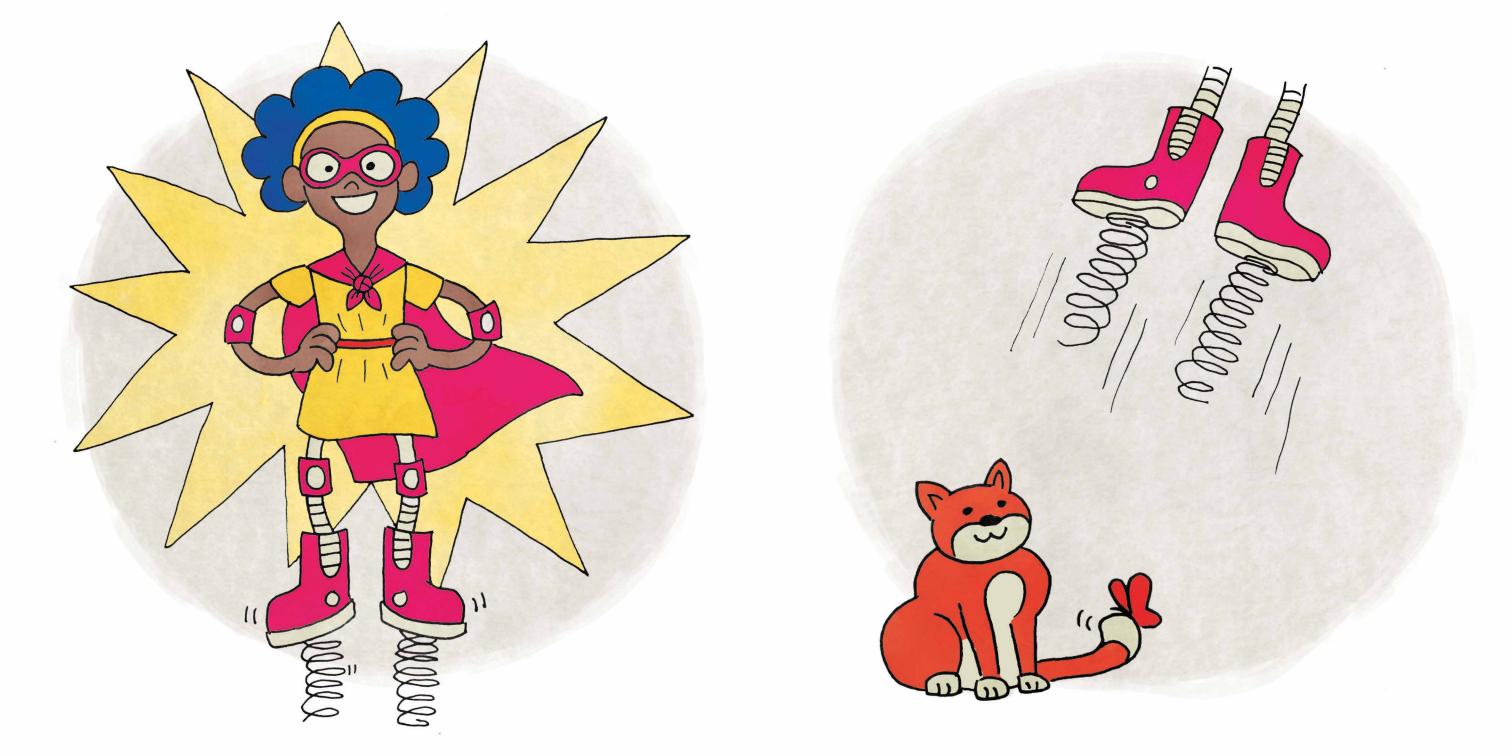




























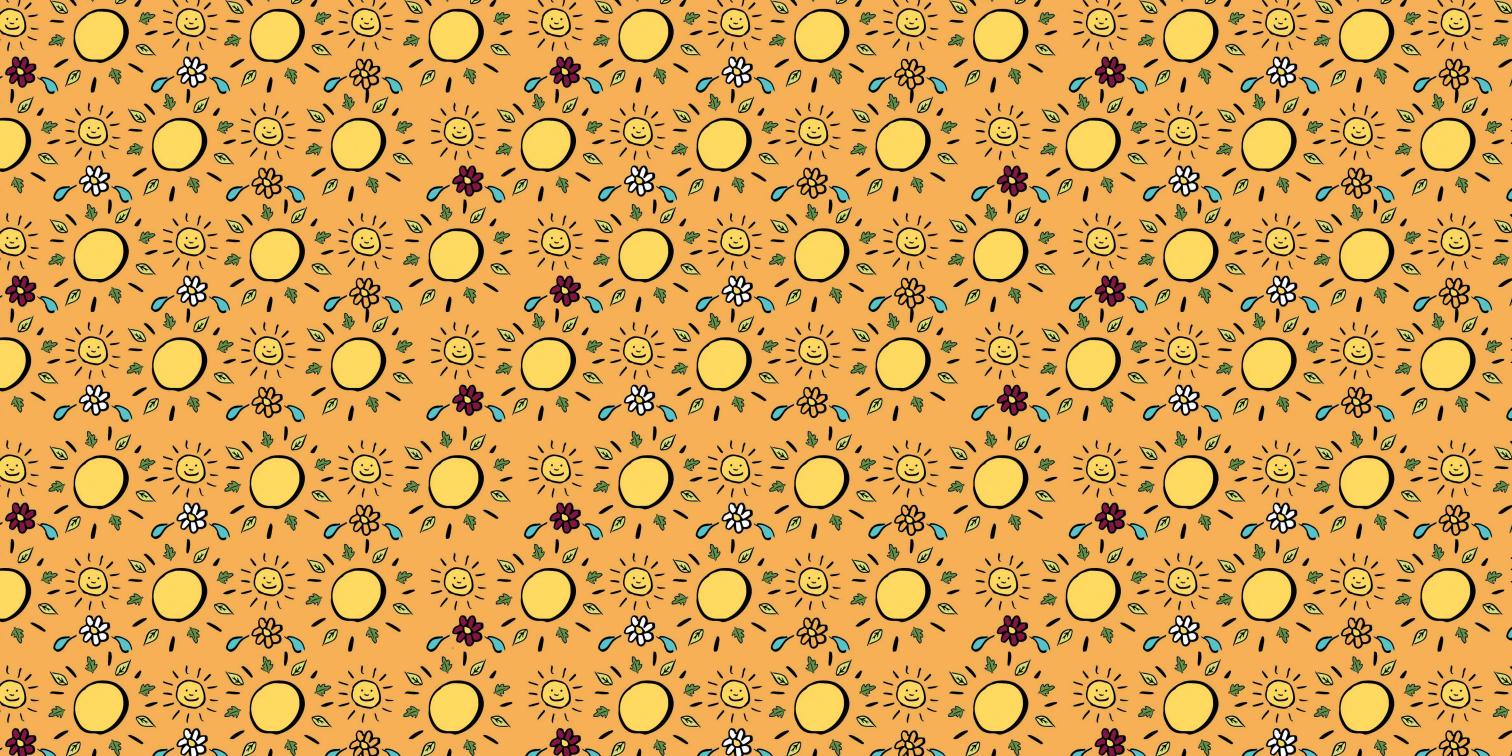




Summertime ADVENTURE

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Summertime Adventure
Illustrated by Josephine Frances
Written by Tukupashya Ally Kasongo
Designed by Anita van der Merwe
Edited by Carla Lever
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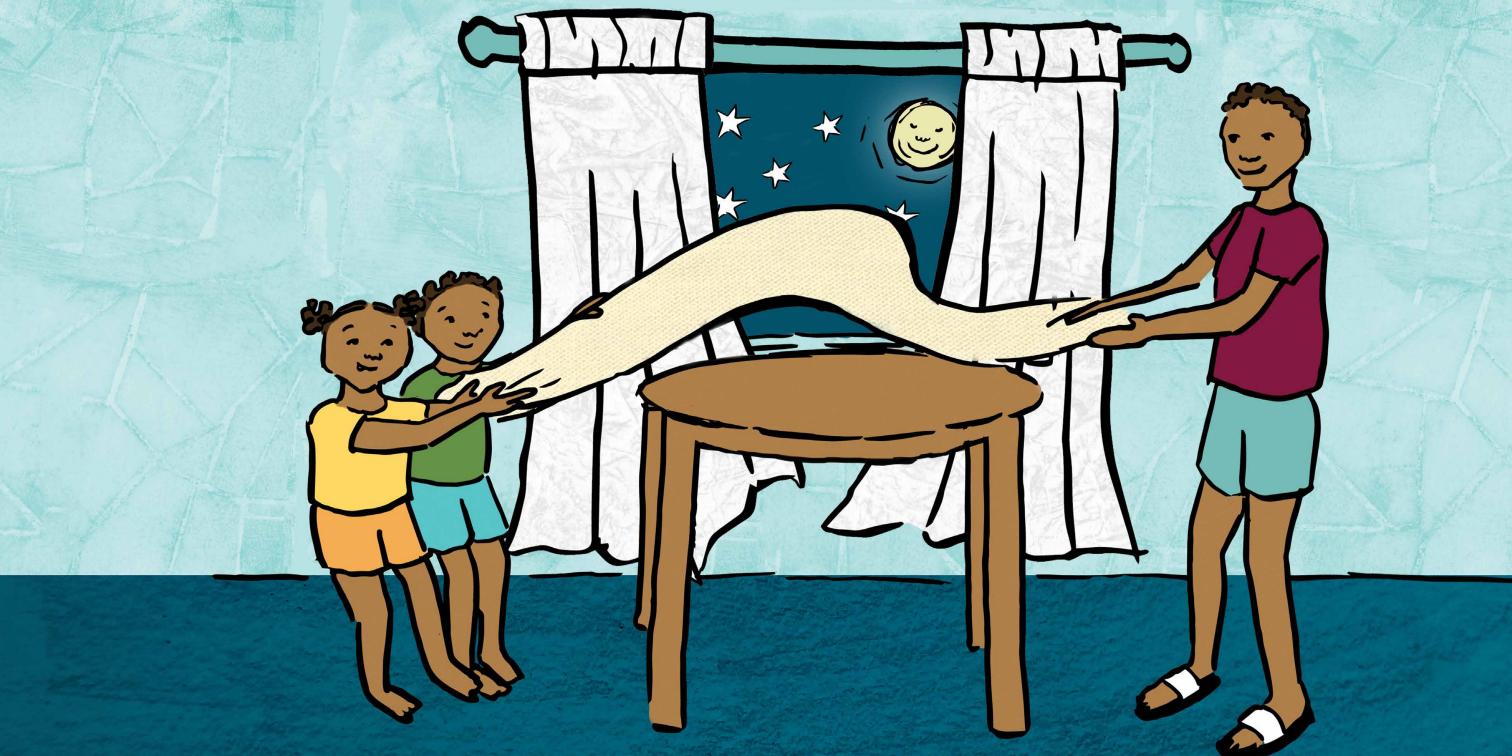














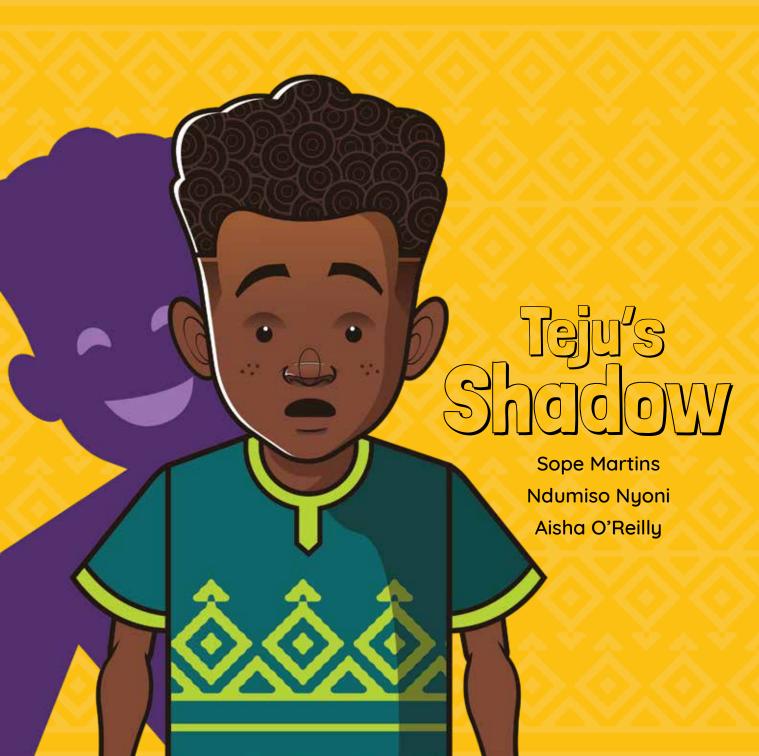






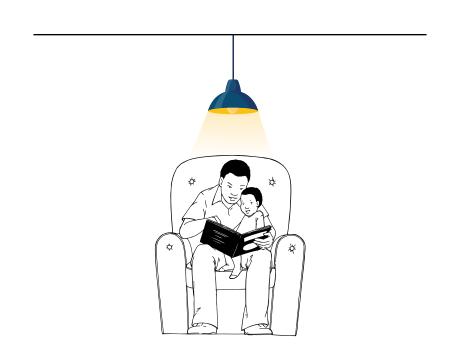


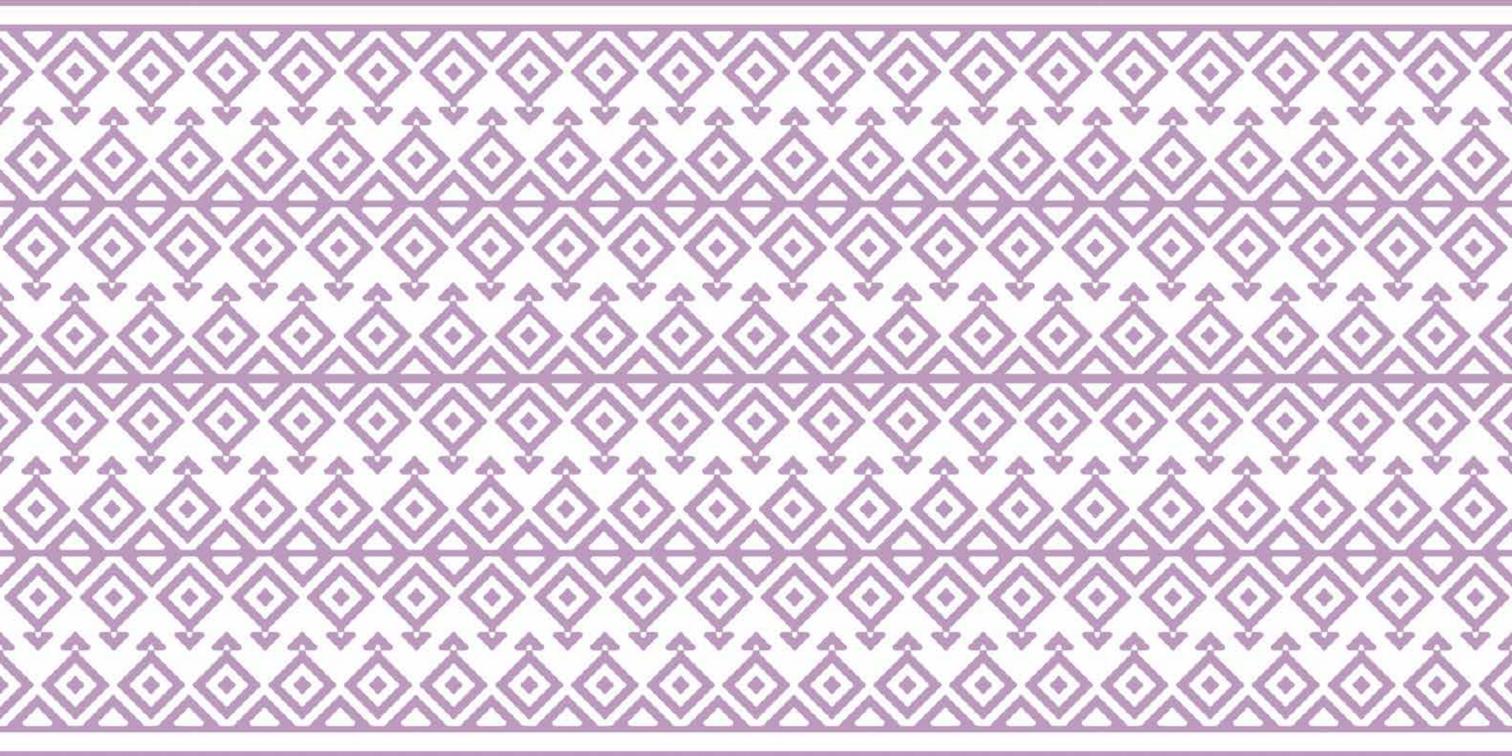




Teju's Shadow

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Teju's Shadow
Illustrated by Ndumiso Nyoni
Written by Sope Martins
Designed by Aisha O'Reilly
Edited by Alison Ziki
with the help of the Book Dash participants in Johannesburg on 26th October 2019.

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Teju's Shadow

Sope Martins Ndumiso Nyoni Aisha O'Reilly







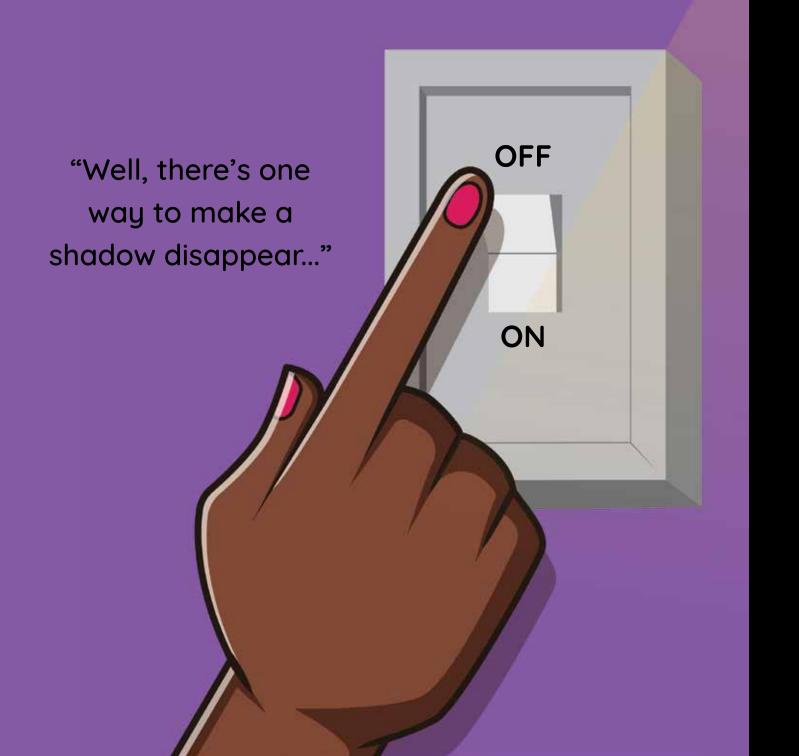








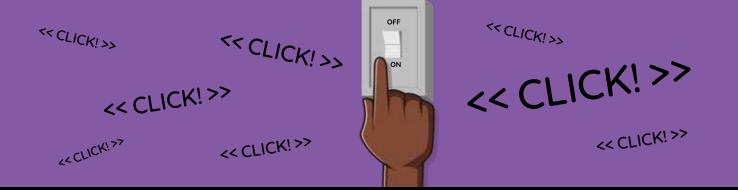






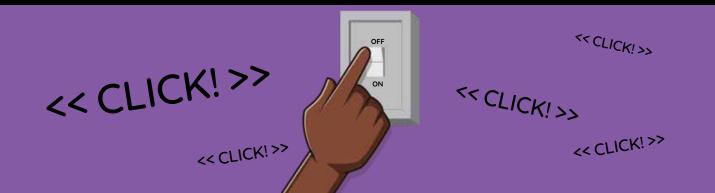
Later that night in Teju's bedroom, the light goes off...

...and then on.



And off...

...and on. Teju can't sleep.





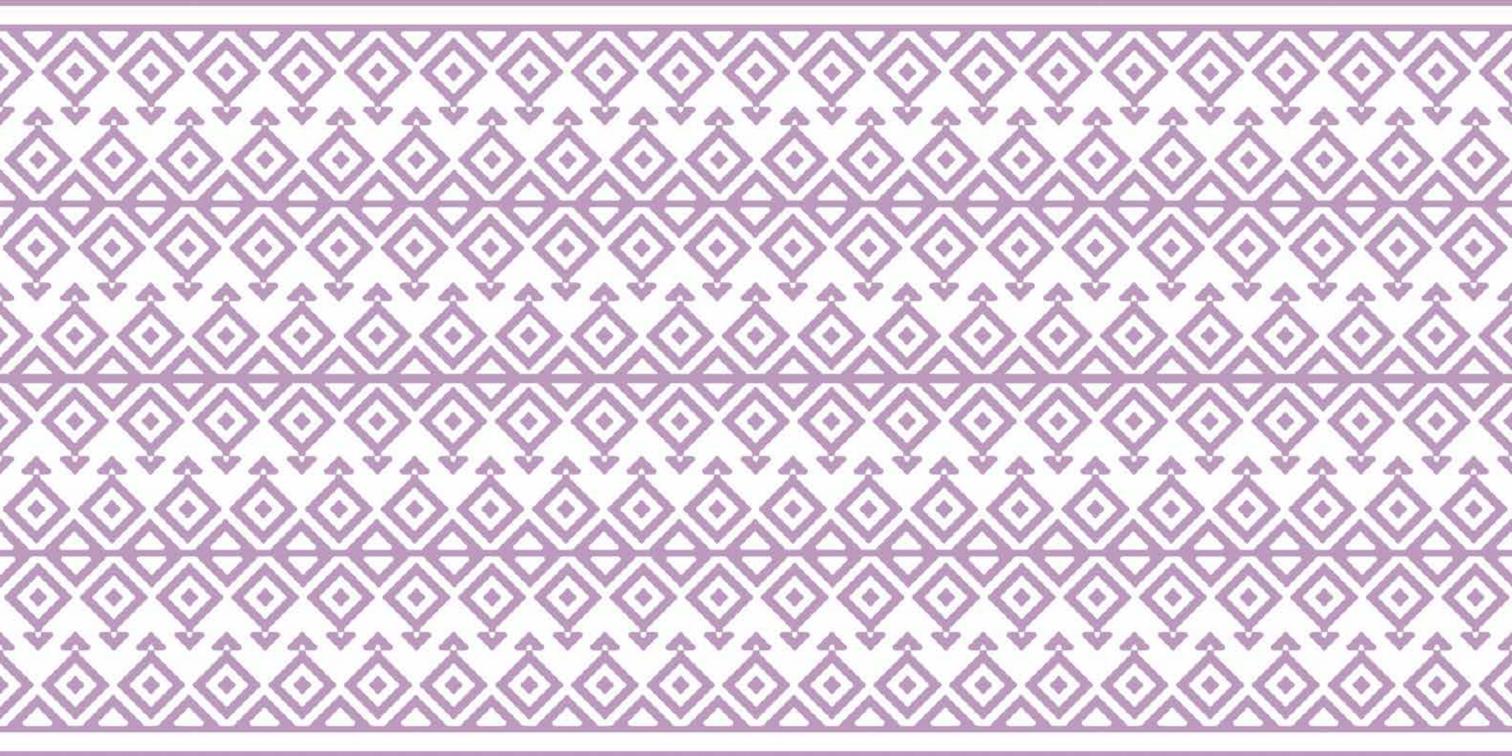


After school, Teju waits for Mum. "I'm bored."

Teju stands up, he jumps, he dances. His shadow does the same.









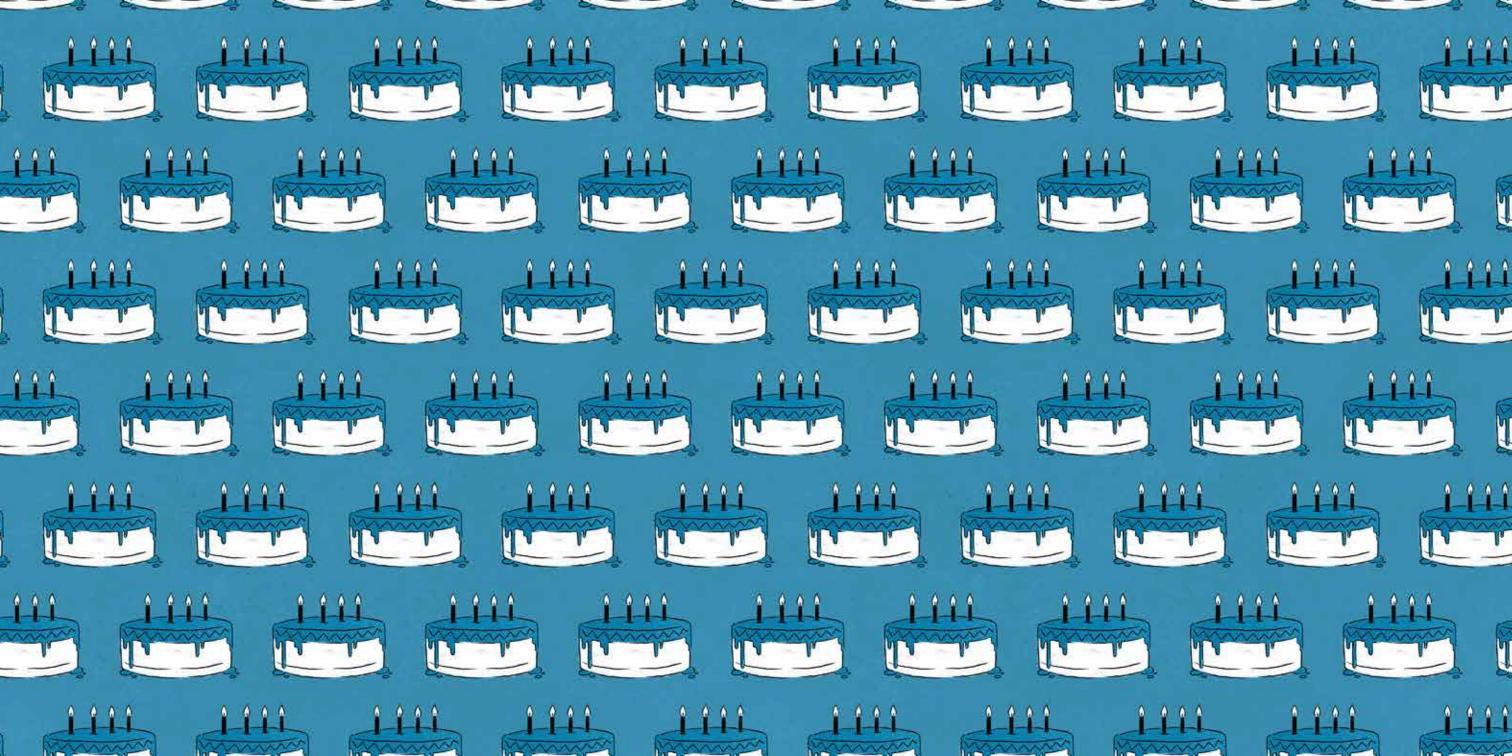




THATO'S BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

THIS BOOK BELONGS TO







Thato's Birthday Surprise
Illustrated by Brad Cuzen
Written by Corinne Lamoral Rosmarin
Designed by Jodi Houareau
with the help of the Book Dash participants in Durban on
7 November 2015.

ISBN: 978-1-928318-34-7

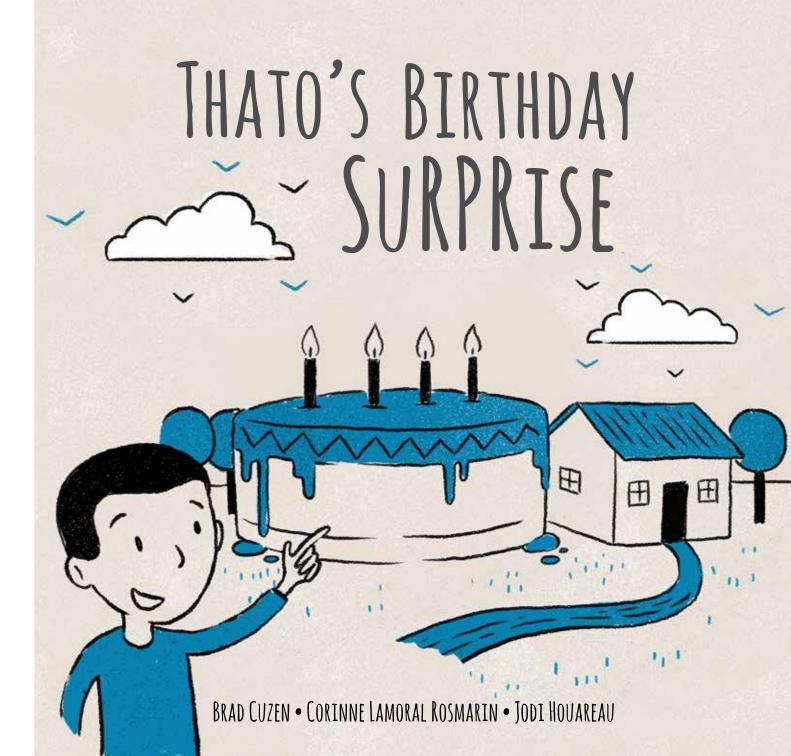
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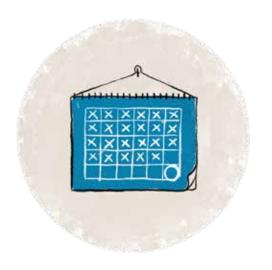
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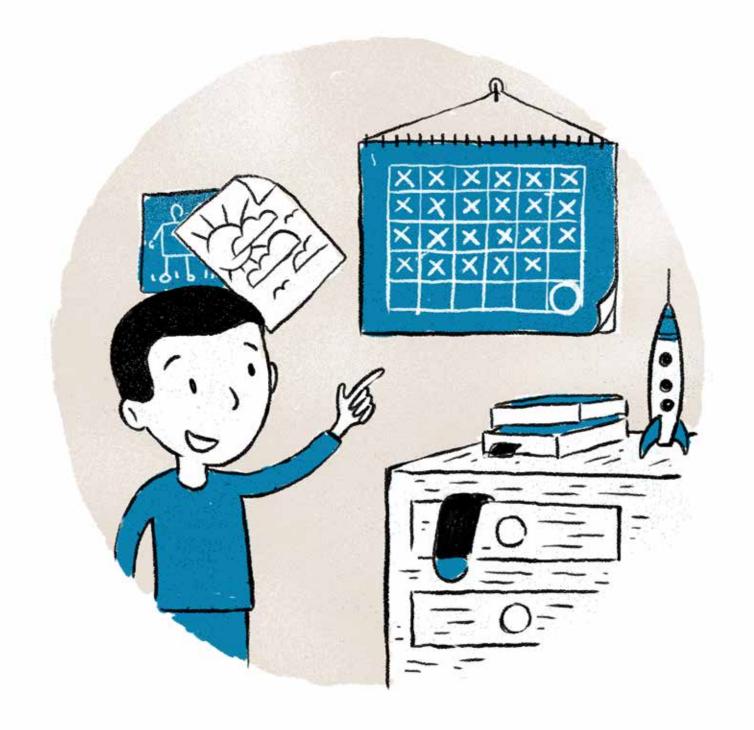
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It is one week until Thato's birthday.

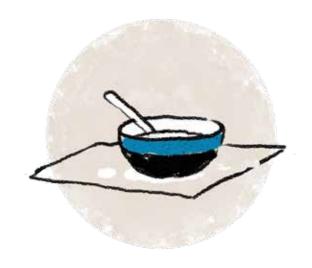
That's seven whole days!





His mama says: "Your birthday present will be a BIG surprise!"

Thato wonders: what will it be?





On Monday Thato thinks:

"Maybe I will get giant wings so I can fly high in the sky like a bird..."



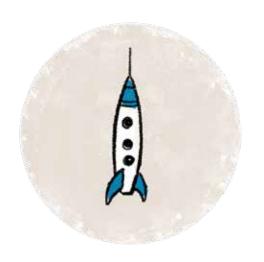


On Tuesday Thato thinks: "Maybe I will have a birthday cake as big as a house!"





On Wednesday Thato thinks: "Maybe I will get a rocket ship to whizz up to the moon."





On Thursday Thato thinks: "Maybe I will get fins so I can swim under the water like a fish."





On Friday Thato thinks: "Maybe I will get magic soccer boots and score a thousand goals!"



On Saturday Thato thinks: "Maybe I will get a key that opens a box filled with treasure!"



On Sunday it is Thato's birthday.

Mama smiles and says:

"Come and see your surprise!"



It is the best present ever.
Thato's big brother Kudzai has come to visit all the way from the big city!



Thato smiles and smiles and his big brother lifts him up in the air and hugs him.

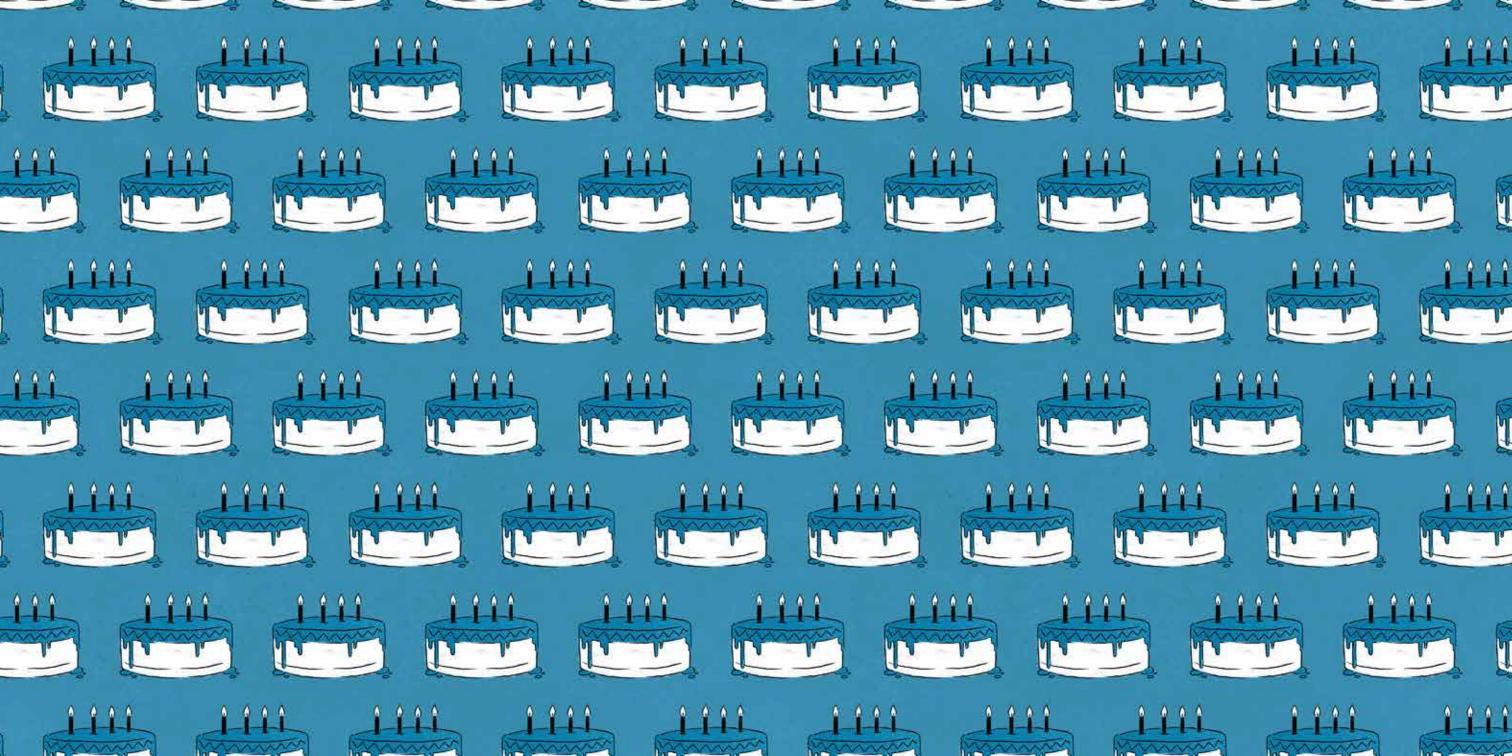
Kudzai asks:

"What do you want to do for your birthday, little brother?"



And Thato knows exactly what they will do the whole day long.





"That's not Thabi!

That's a hippopotamus!"

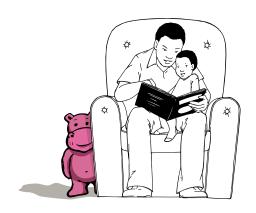


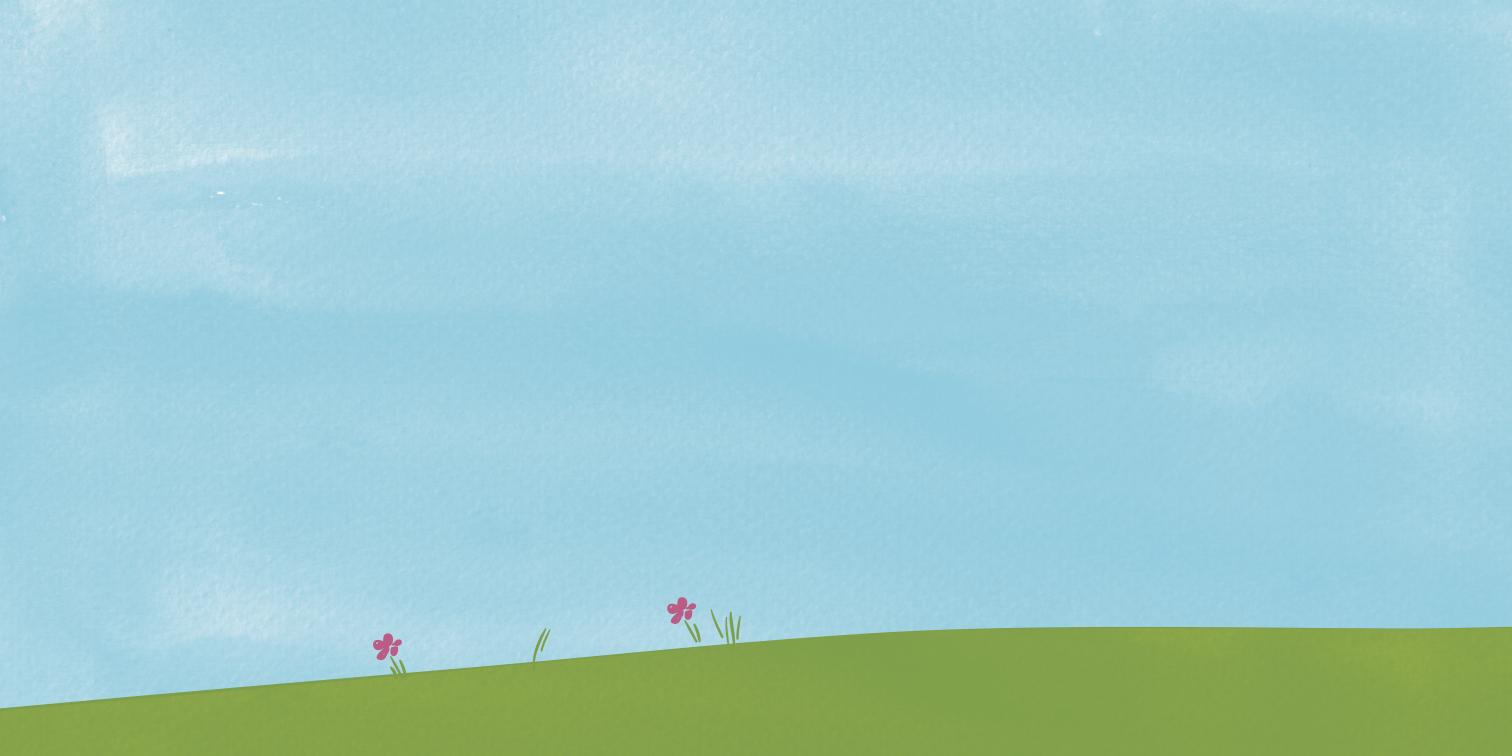


"That's not Thabi!

That's a hippopotamus!"

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That's not Thabi! That's a hippopotamus!

Illustrated by Mbongeni Fongoqa

Written by Jon Keevy

Designed by Roulé le Roux

Edited by Carla Lever

with the help of the Book Dash participants in Cape Town on 2 December 2017.

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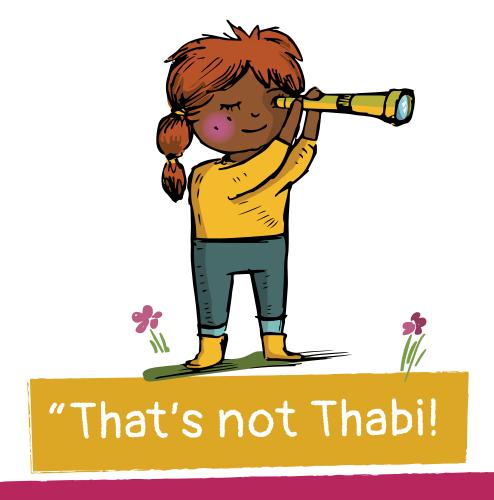
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That's a hippopotamus!"





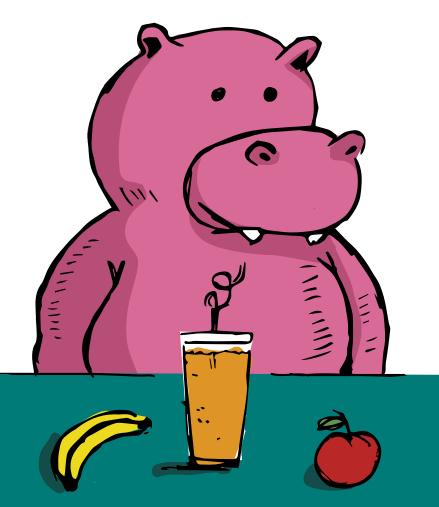
"Where's Thabi?" Lucy asked Ma.

"Thabi's in the kitchen eating breakfast."



"That's not Thabi!"

"That's a hippopotamus!"









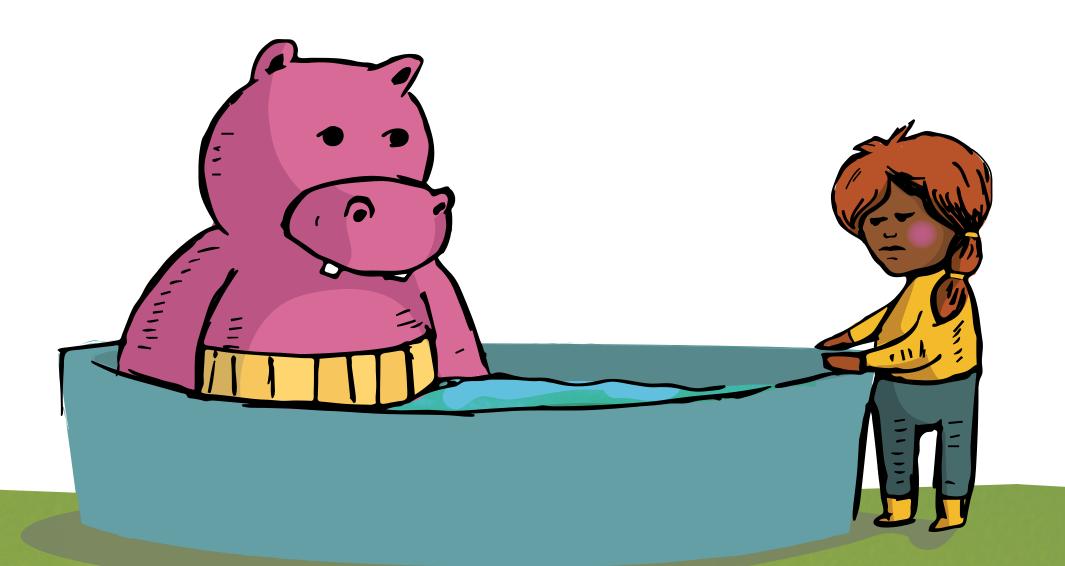
Lucy looked all over the house.



"Where's Thabi?" Lucy asked Pa.

"Thabi's swimming in the pool."

"That's not Thabi!"



"That's a hippopotamus!"





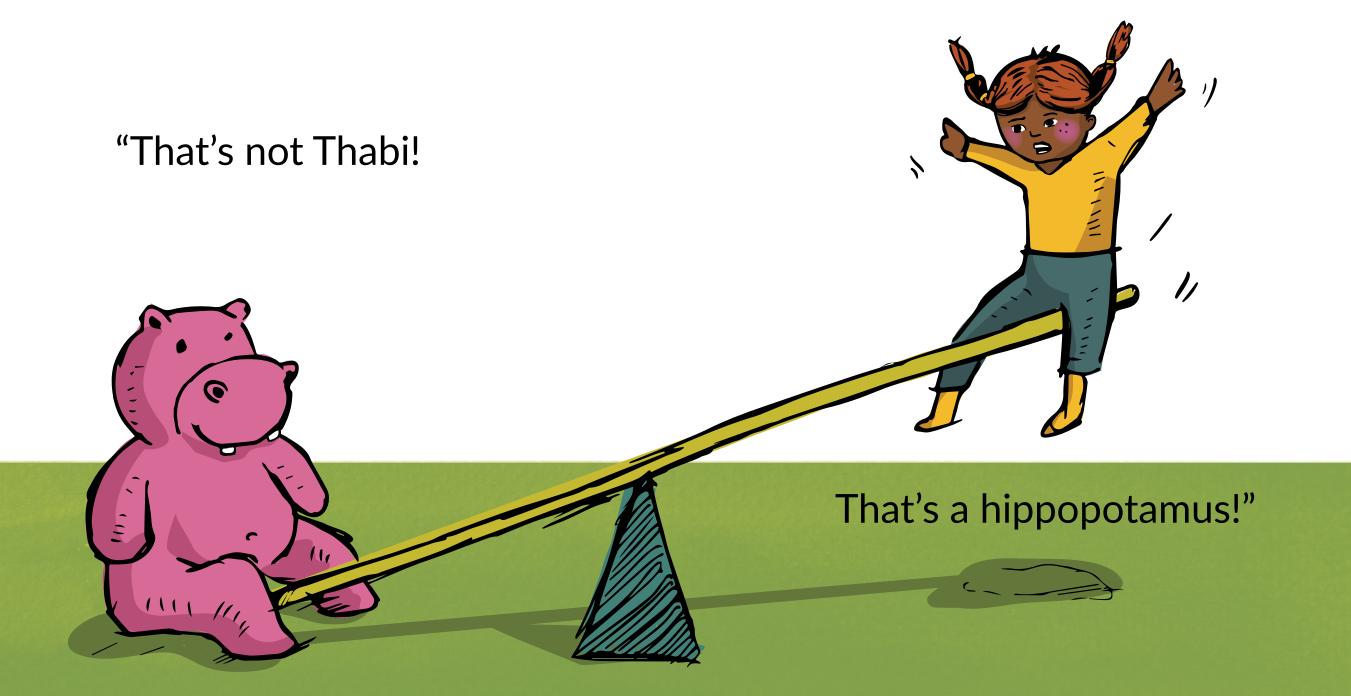
Lucy kept looking around the garden.



"Where's Thabi?" Lucy asked the neighbour.

"Thabi's playing in the park."





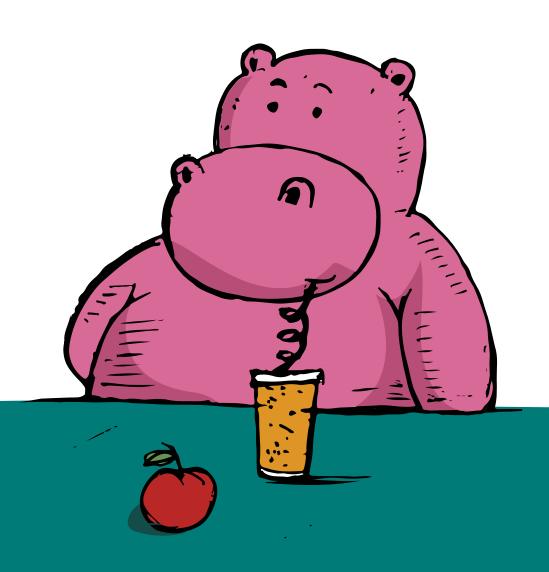
Then Lucy heard a funny noise. She gave the hippopotamus a big tickle.

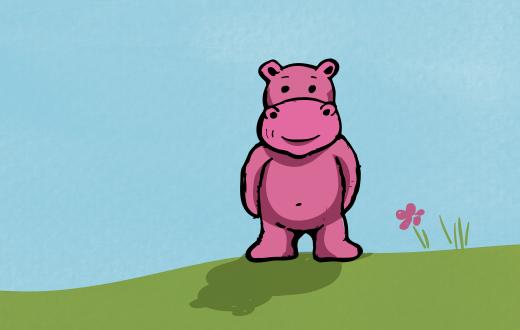




"Thanks," said Thabi. "It's very boring inside a hippopotamus."











The Best Gift



The Best Gift

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The Best Gift
Illustrated by Chantelle & Burgen Thorne
Designed by Ezra Harerimana
Written by Hani du Toit
Edited by Alison Ziki
with the help of the Book Dash participants in the Virtual Book Dash on 15 May 2021.

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• Hani Du Toit The Best Gift Chantelle & Burgen Thorne Ezra Harerimana



Jibraan loves building with toy bricks.

Dad says, "That's very good, Jibraan.

You've got a gift for building things!"





What if I have another gift? Jibraan wonders. "Do I have just one gift Dad?" he asks.

"You'll only know if you try many things," says Dad.
"I want to try cricket," says Jibraan.





He joins the cricket club at school and learns to bat and bowl.

He hits the ball hard.





"Wow!" says Coach Uno. "What a great batsman you are. You've got a gift, Jibraan!"



At karate class, Jibraan practises his katas with Sensai Shaukat. His friend Sumeya does them well.

"Excellent, Sumeya!" says Sensai Shaukat. Jibraan tries again. He makes another mistake.

He smiles at Sumeya and high-fives her. "You're really good, Sumeya. **You have a gift."**

"You didn't give up, Jibraan. That's a gift too," says Sumeya.



"How was Karate?" asks Dad.

"I made many mistakes and I didn't give up, Dad. Karate is Sumeya's gift."

"You'll discover other gifts," says Dad.

Jibraan wonders what they are...







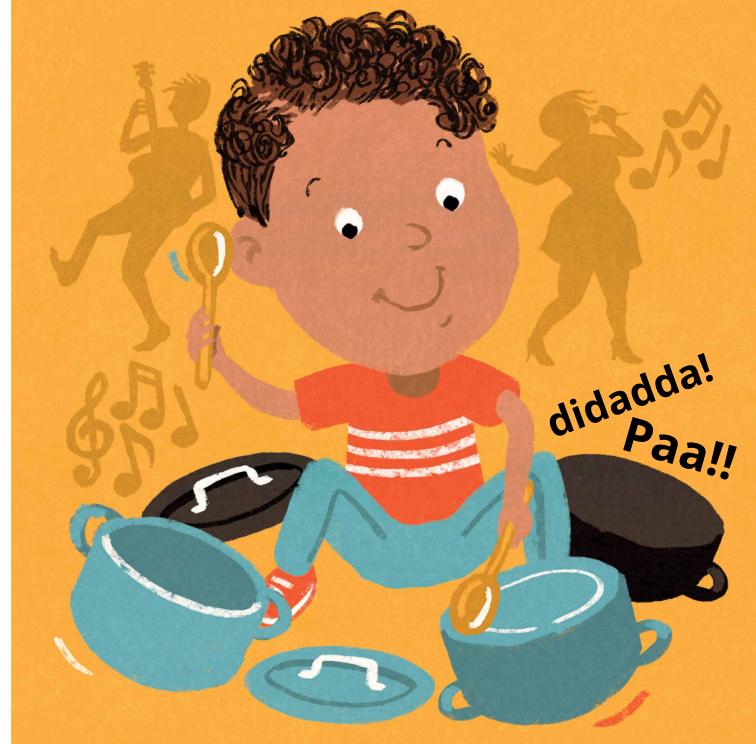
I love music. Am I good at music?

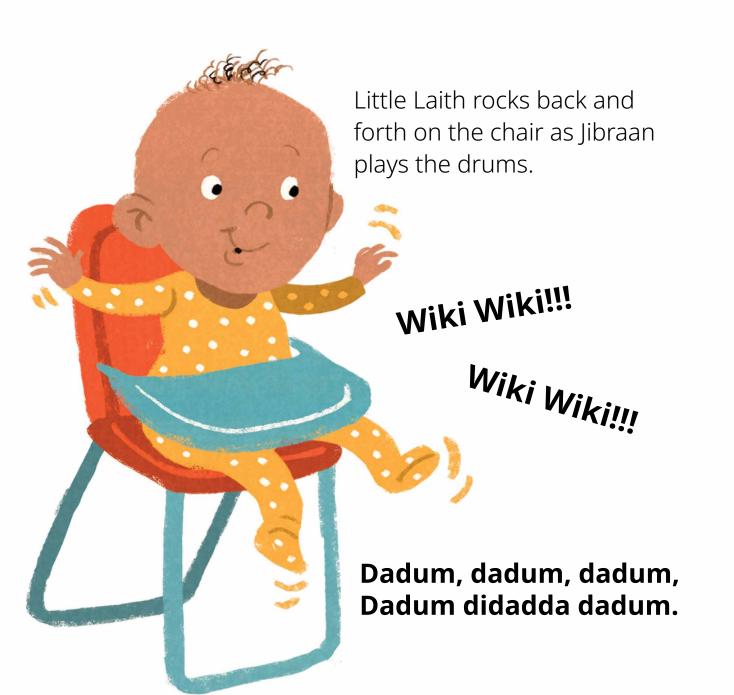
"Dad, can I play the drums?" he asks. "Well, let's try," says Dad.

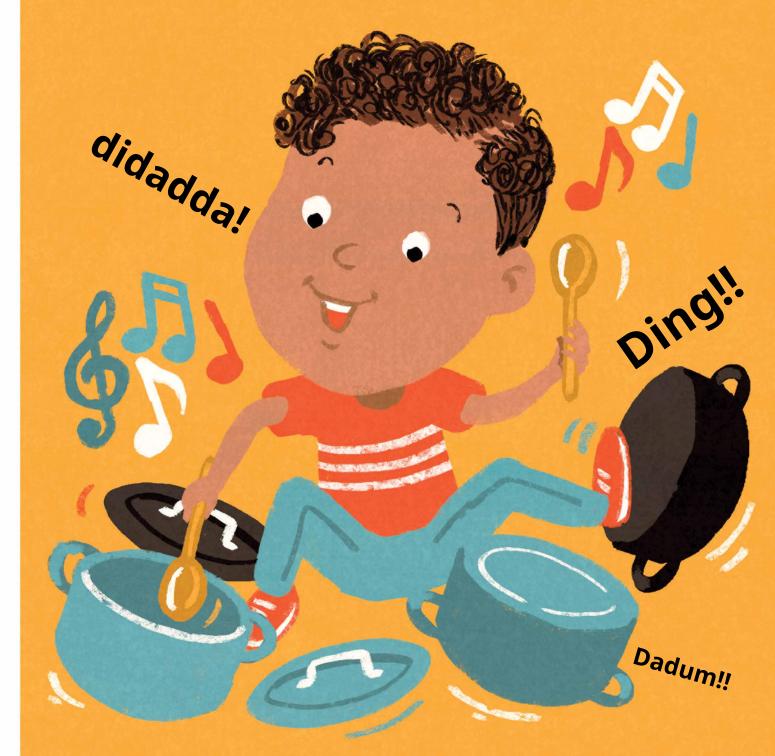
They turn some pots and buckets upside down and get two wooden spoons for drum sticks.

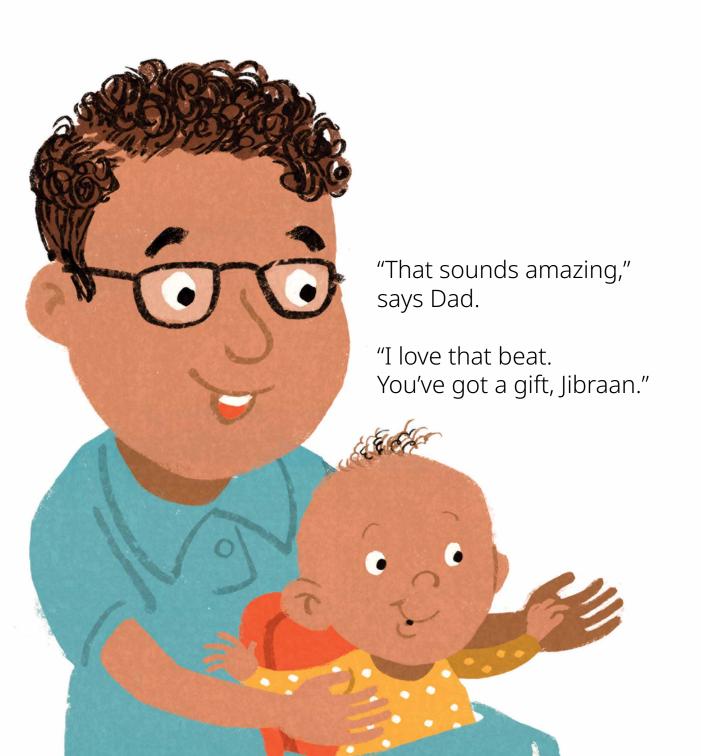
Jibraan imagines a whole band playing with him. He beats the drum to a simple rhythm.















He rubs Little Laith's head. He kisses Little Laith's tears.

"Can I kiss it better, Little Laith?" he asks.

"Can I hug it better, Little Laith?"





Dad smiles. "Aha!" says Dad.
"Look how kind and loving you are.
That's the best gift of all!
That's the one to practise everyday."

Jibraan laughs. Little Laith laughs too. "What's your gift, Little Laith?" he asks.





The Best Nest

Megan Vermaak

Crystal Warren

Ashlyn Atkinson



The Best Nest

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Written by Crystal Warren
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The Best Nest

Megan Vermaak

Crystal Warren

Ashlyn Atkinson













"Look at this beautiful nest. It is so bright and colourful.

This is the very best nest."

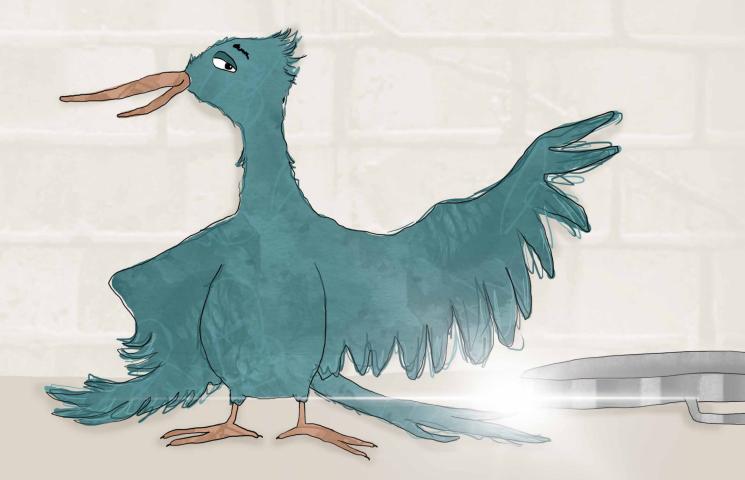




"Look at this shiny nest. See how it sparkles.

This is the best nest yet."





















The best thing ever

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Written by Melissa Fagan
Designed by Stefania Origgi
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Muzi loves to build things.
He dreams of building
the best thing ever.



Yesterday he built a bridge for his animals.

It was a good thing.
But not the best...





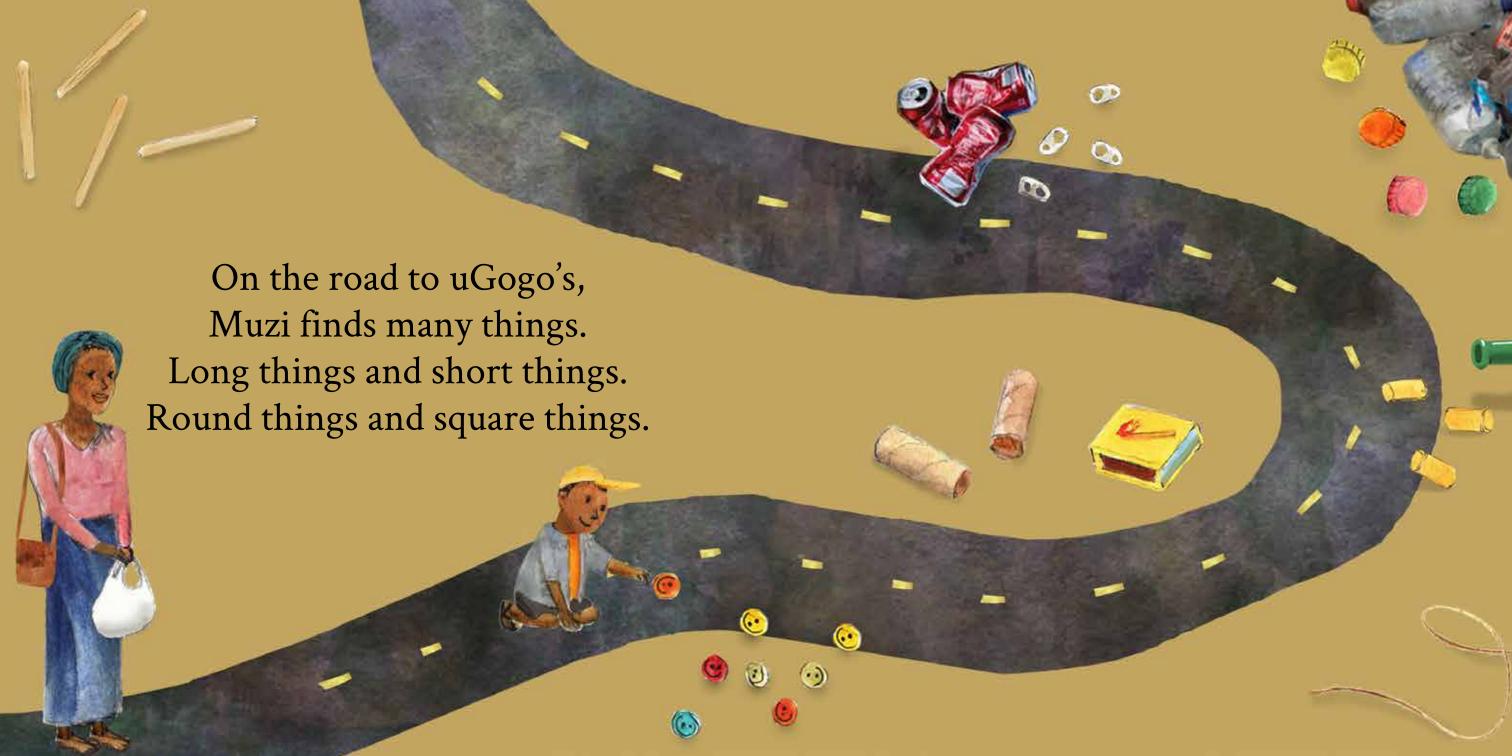


At the bus stop, Muzi is amazed. He sees red things and blue things. Small things and big things. New things and old things.





Muzi has a new idea for building the best thing ever.







Look, Muzi! We are here.



While uGogo bakes for the hungry travellers...

Muzi builds.





Gogo, Gogo! says Muzi.

The world is full of toys.

Look what I can build.



Oh, Muzi, laughs Gogo. A new house for me.

This is the best thing ever!



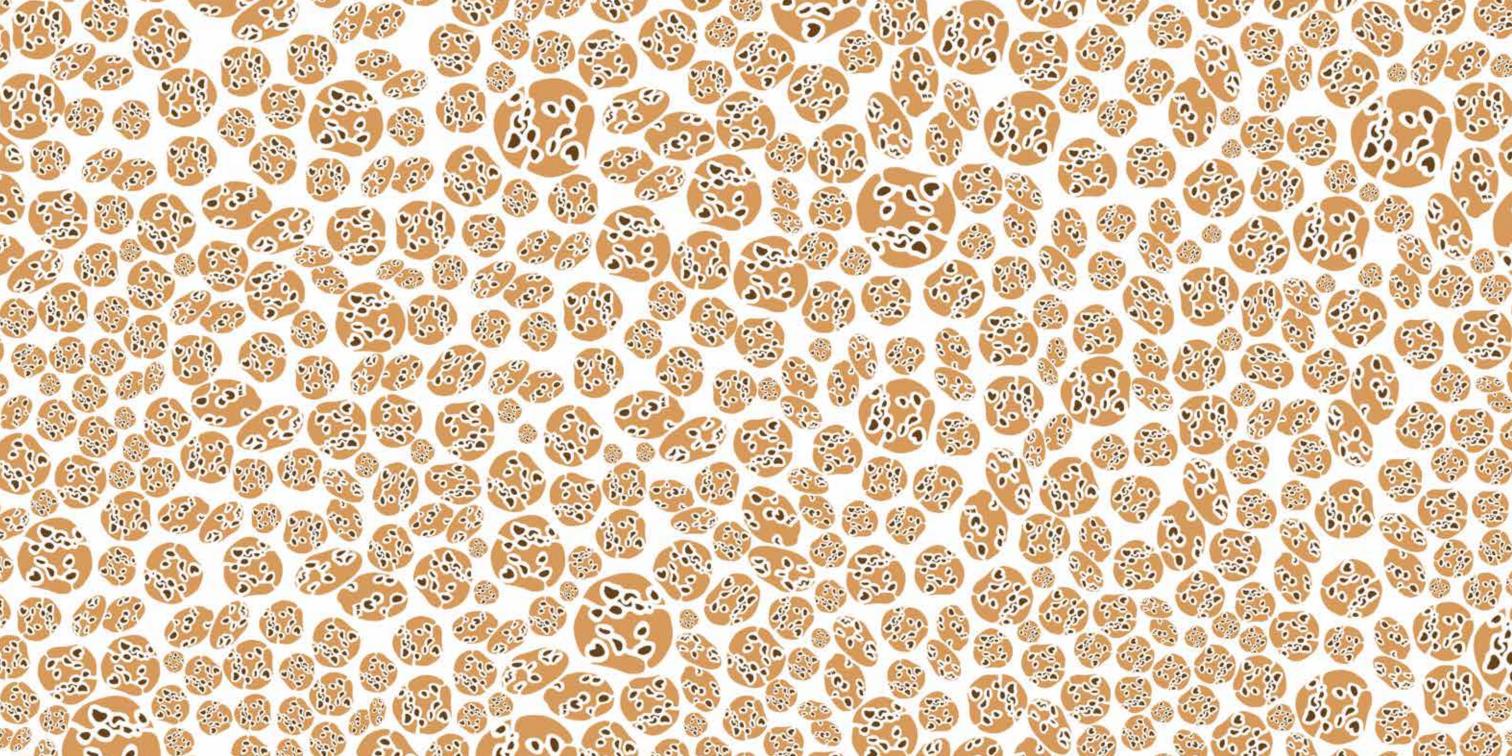




Biscuit Jar Biscuit Fall Must Fall

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The Biscuit Jar Must Fall
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Written by Nozizwe Herero
Designed by Nadene Kriel
Edited by Glynis Lloyd
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But they carried on and read and read and read.



Then they stopped reading and cleaned Micki's room.







So they found a chair and took turns to climb on it. But none of them could reach the biscuit jar. "My mama would say this is dangerous and we could fall and hurt ourselves," Lolo said.



So they found a rope to throw around the biscuit jar and pull it down.

But they could still not reach the biscuit jar.

"My mummy would say this is dangerous and the jar could fall on us and hurt us," Micki said.





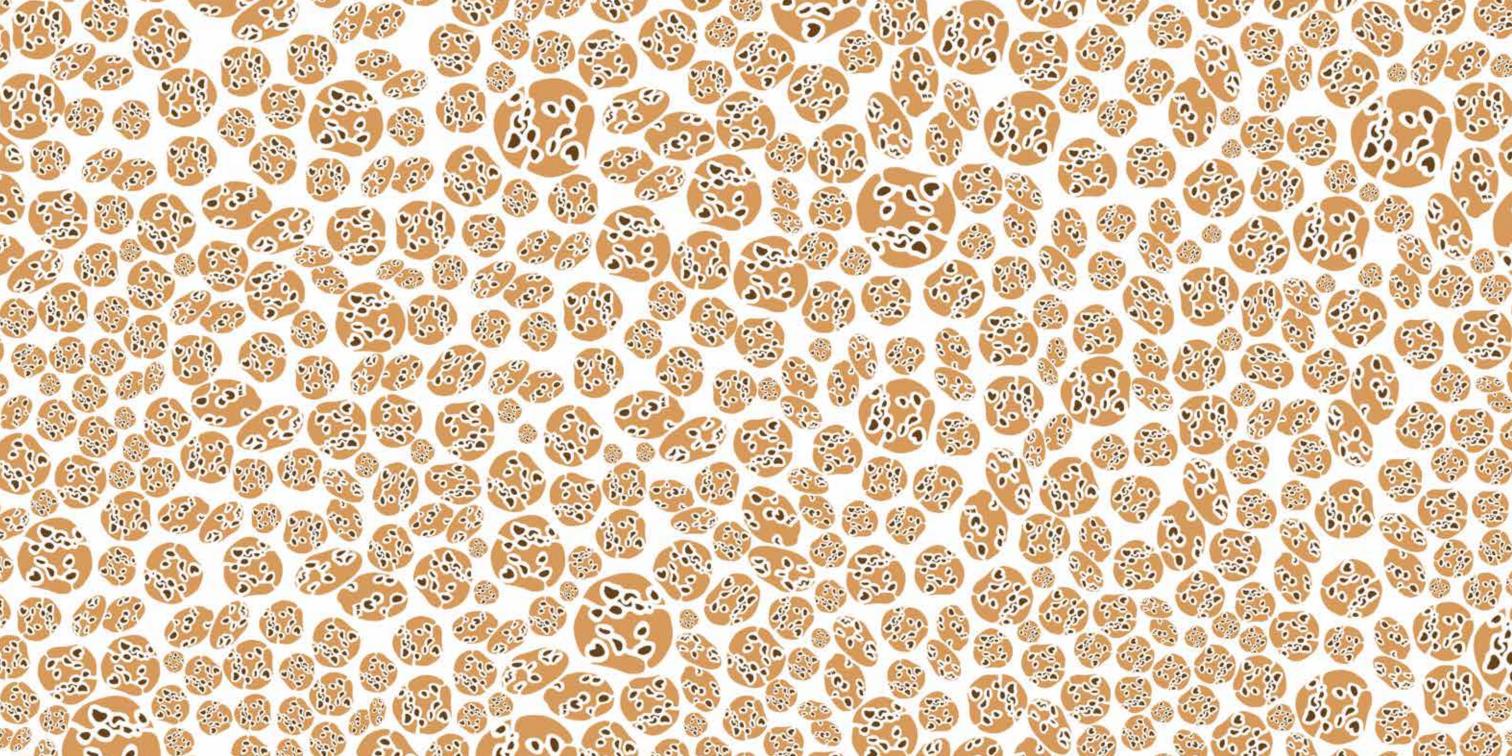




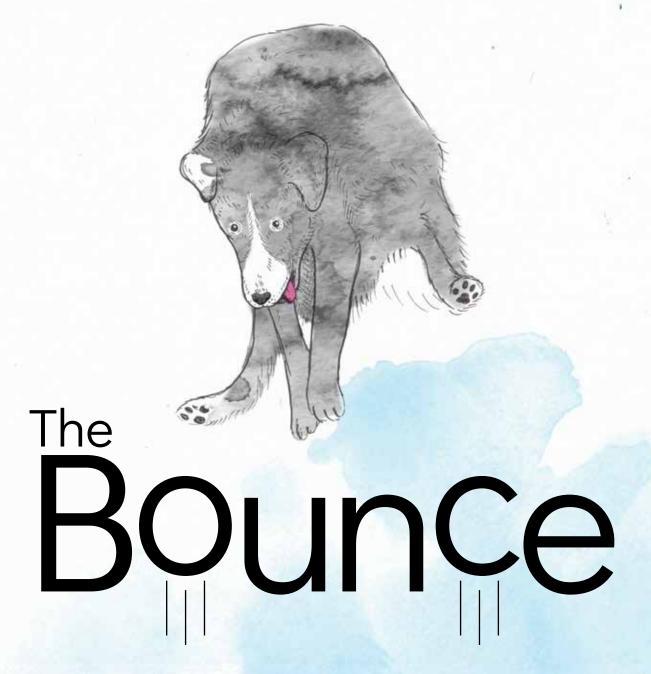
"Yes!" Lolo and Jonathan said.

"No!" Unathi and Micki said.









Liza Esterhuyse • Candice Botha • Hannes Esterhuyse

Bounce

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Designed by Hannes Esterhuyse
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Bounce

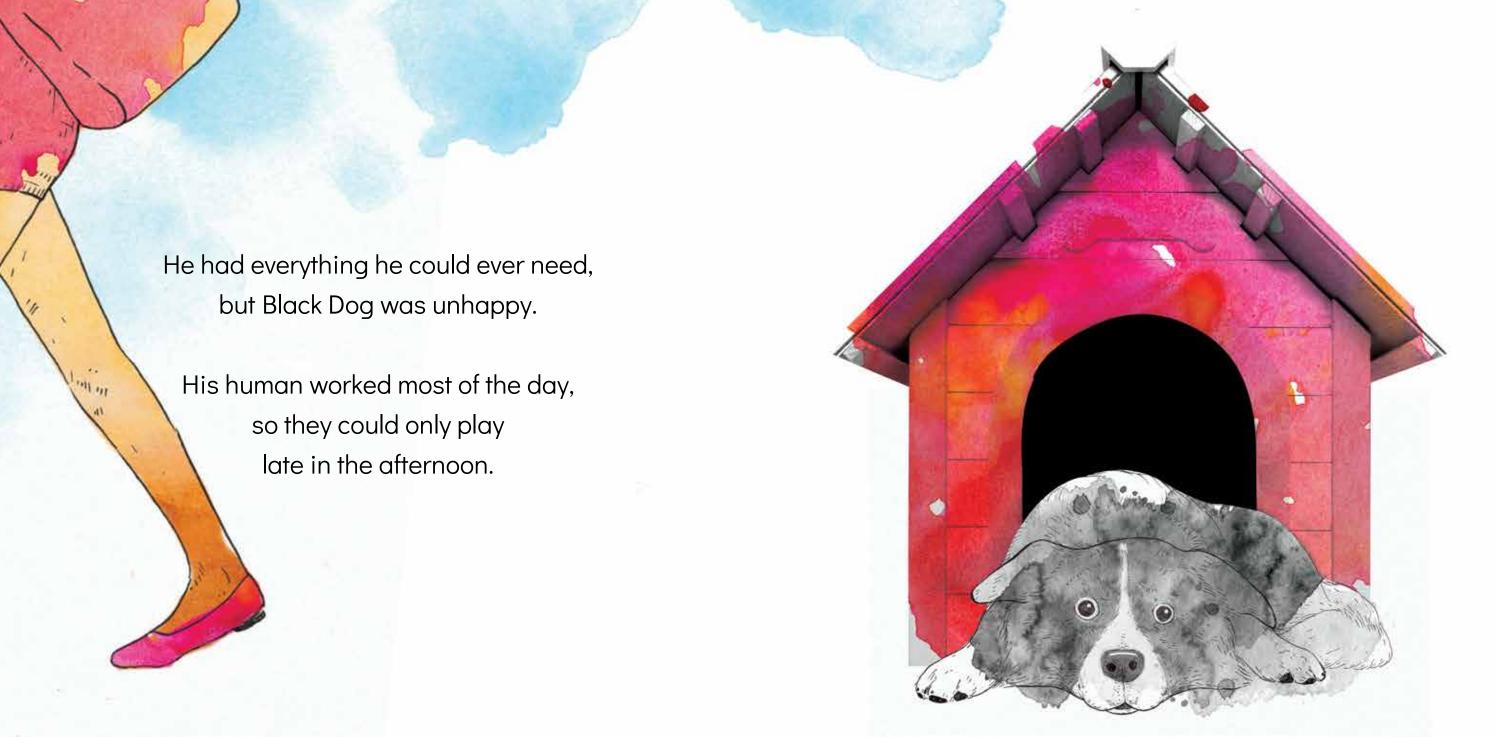


Liza Esterhuyse • Candice Botha • Hannes Esterhuyse

In a little yellow house lived a big black dog.

The big black dog loved to bounce.





In the big house next door lived a little girl and her two spotty dogs.

One morning when Black Dog's human left for work, he heard the little girl laughing.

"It would be fun to have someone to play with,"

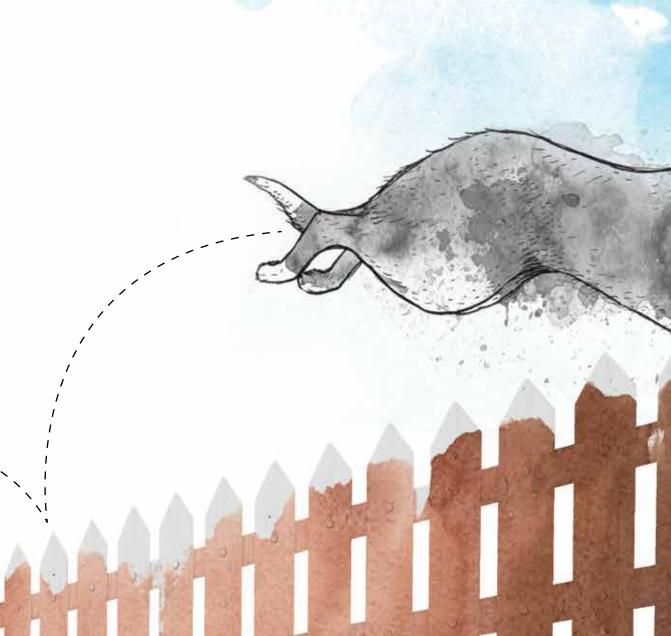
Black Dog sighed.

So, he started to bounce.

He bounced . . .

and bounced..

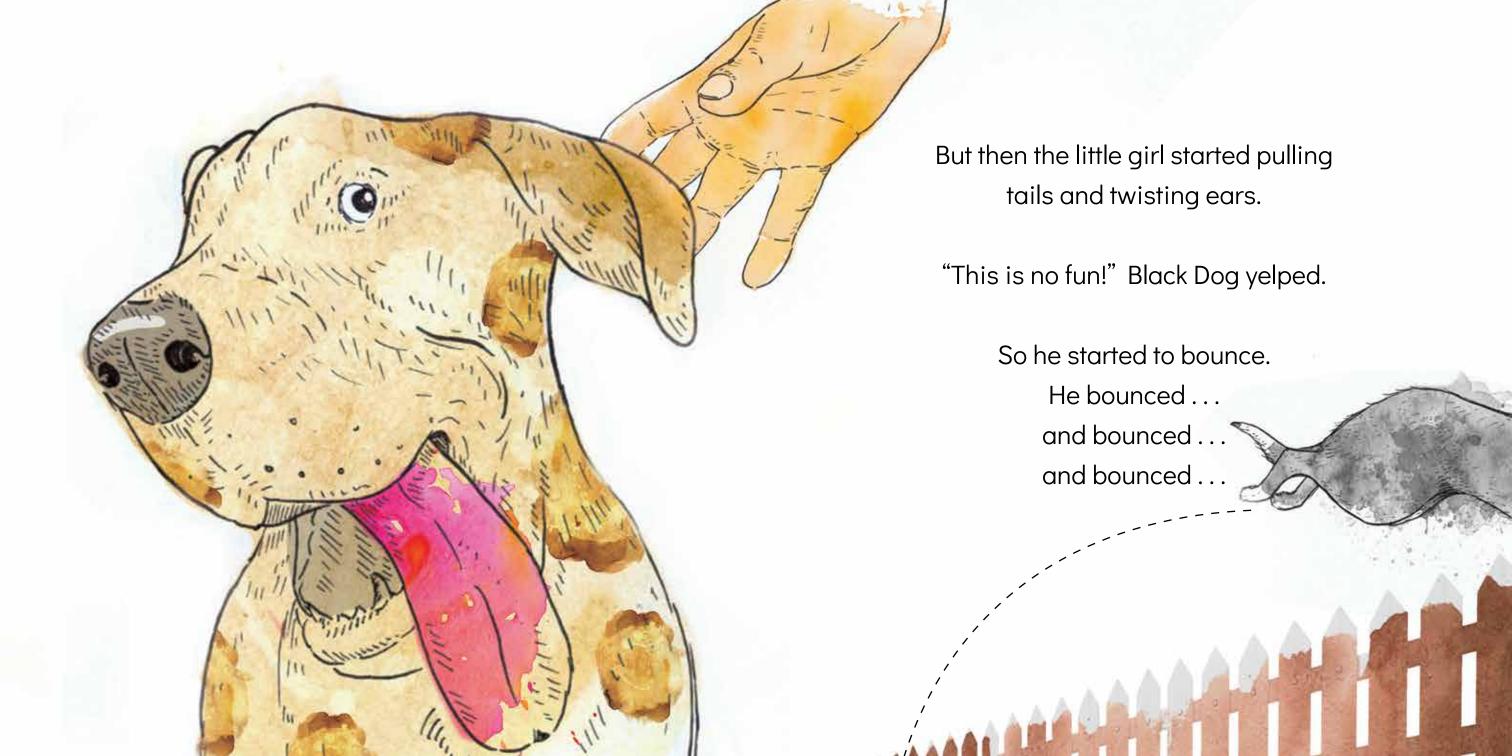
and bounced . . .

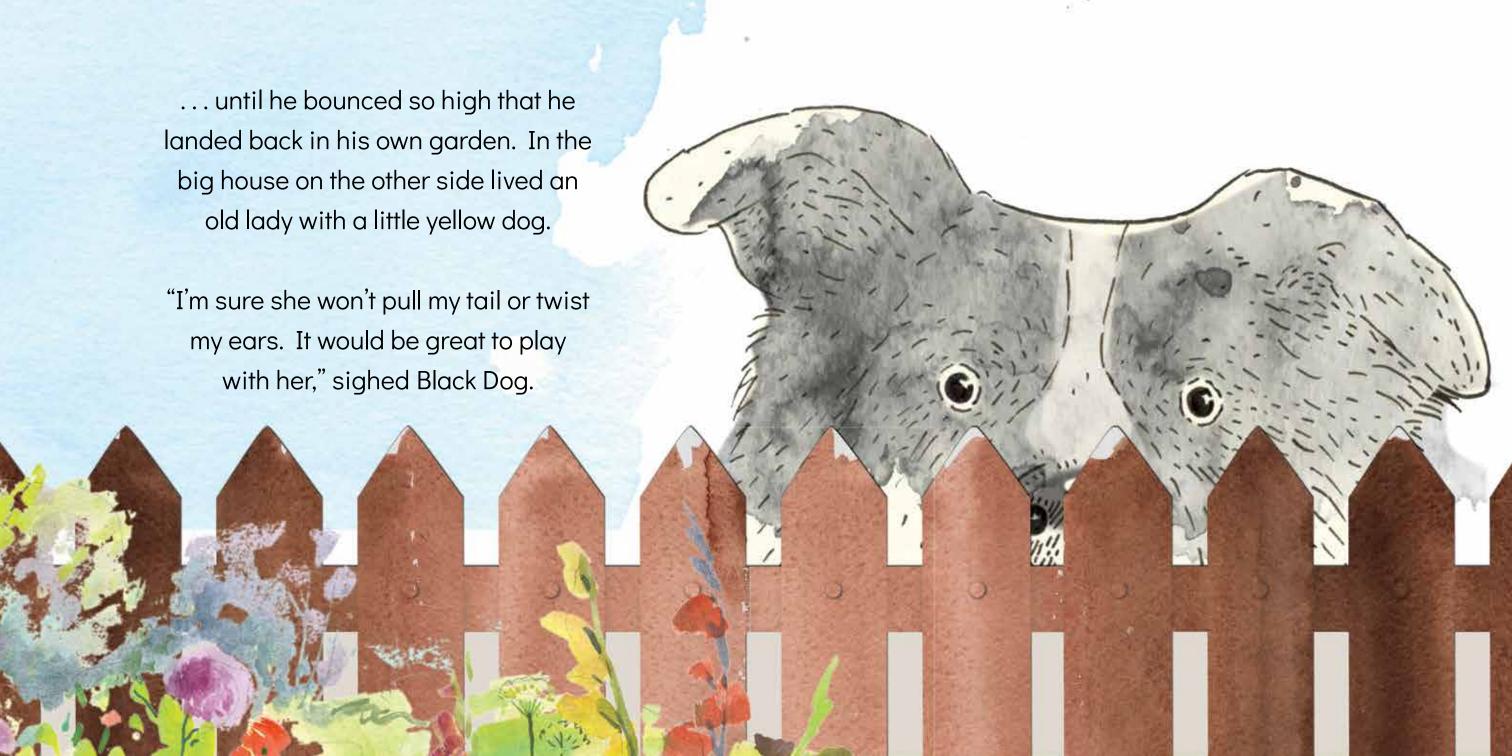


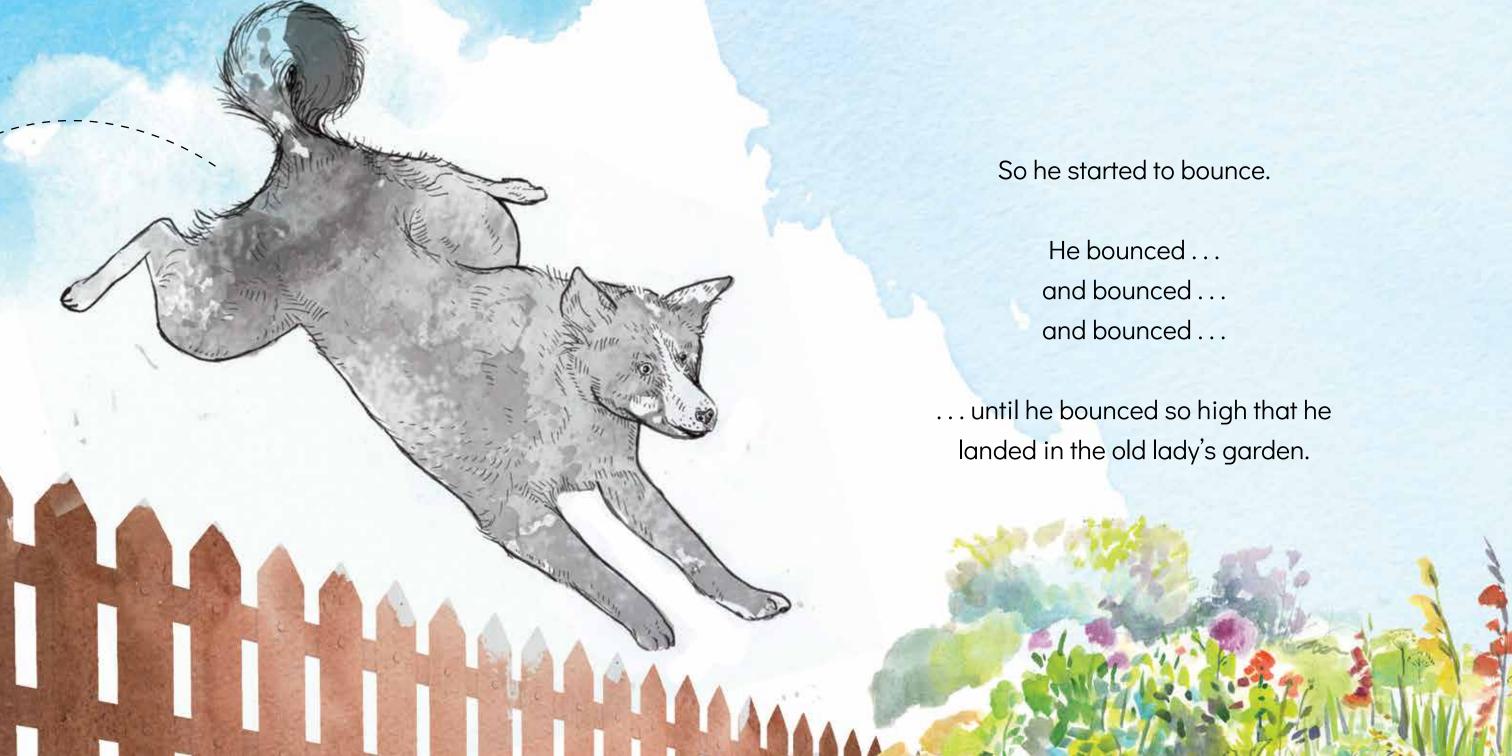
... until he bounced so high that he landed in the little girl's garden.

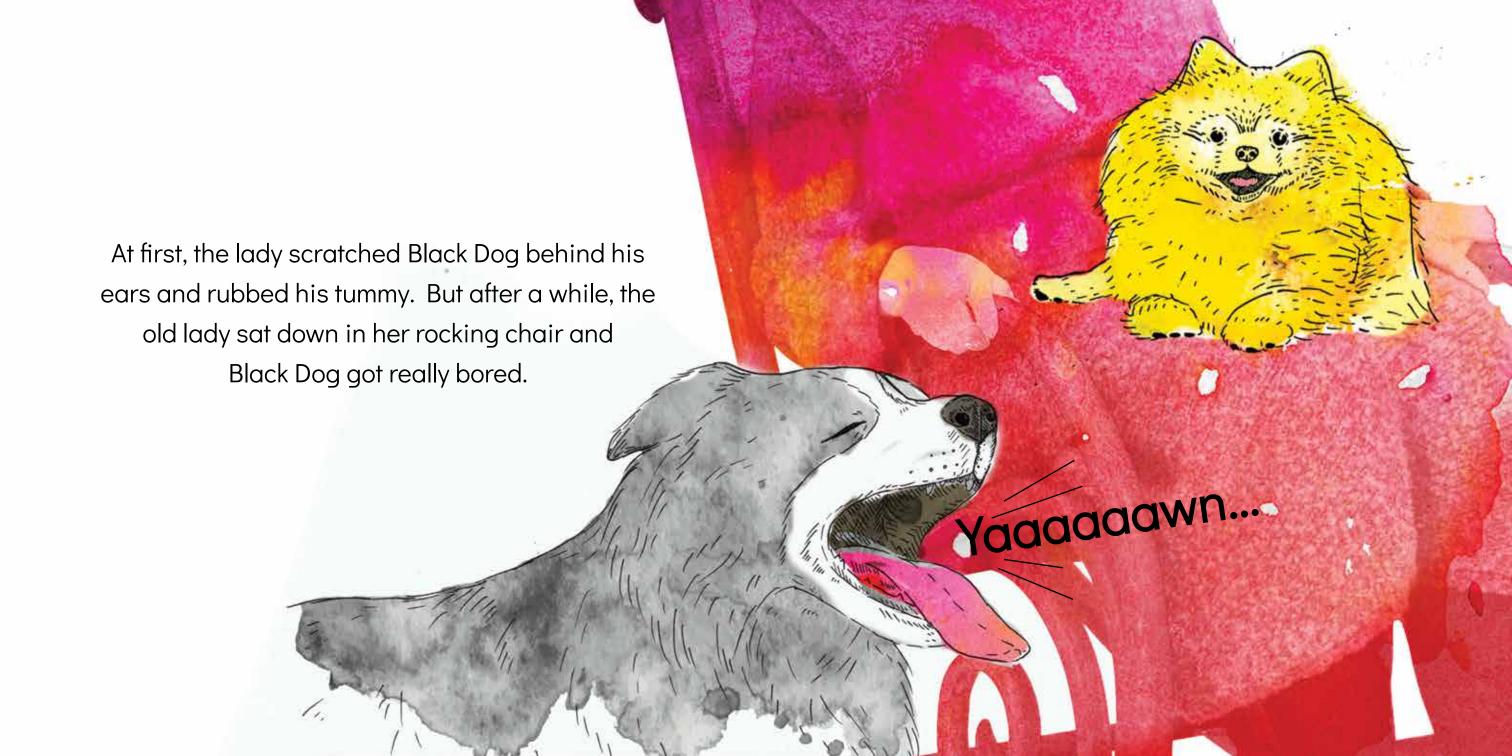
At first Black Dog had loads of fun.















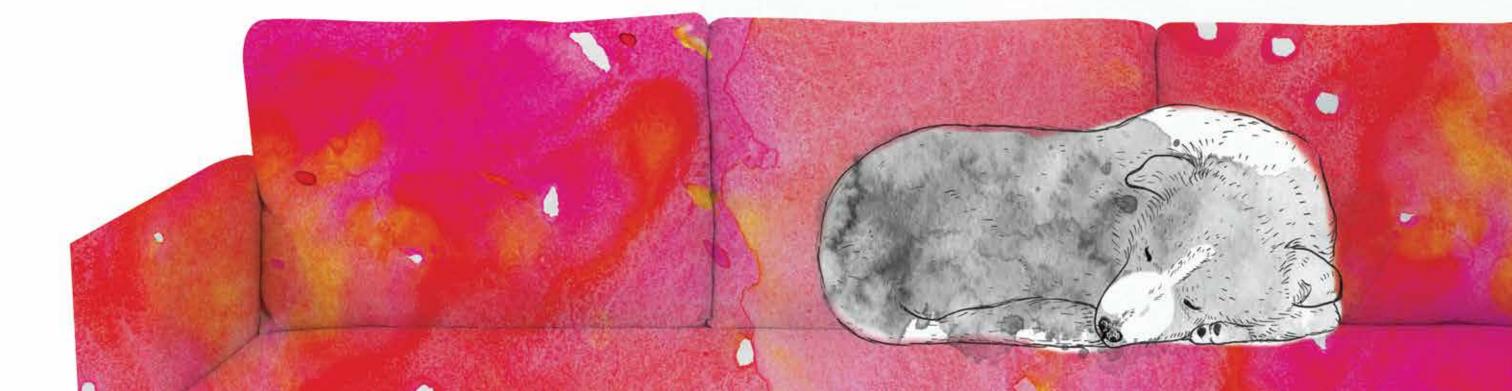


They played his favourite game and she told him how much she'd missed him all day long.

"I love her and she loves me. I am a lucky dog after all!"

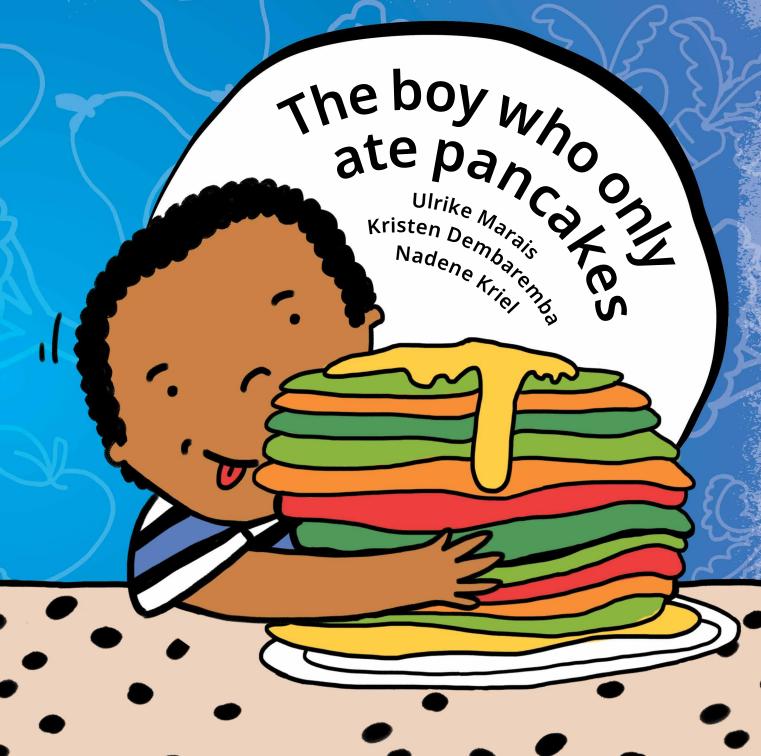
Black Dog sighed happily, as they curled up on the couch together.











The boy who only ate pancakes

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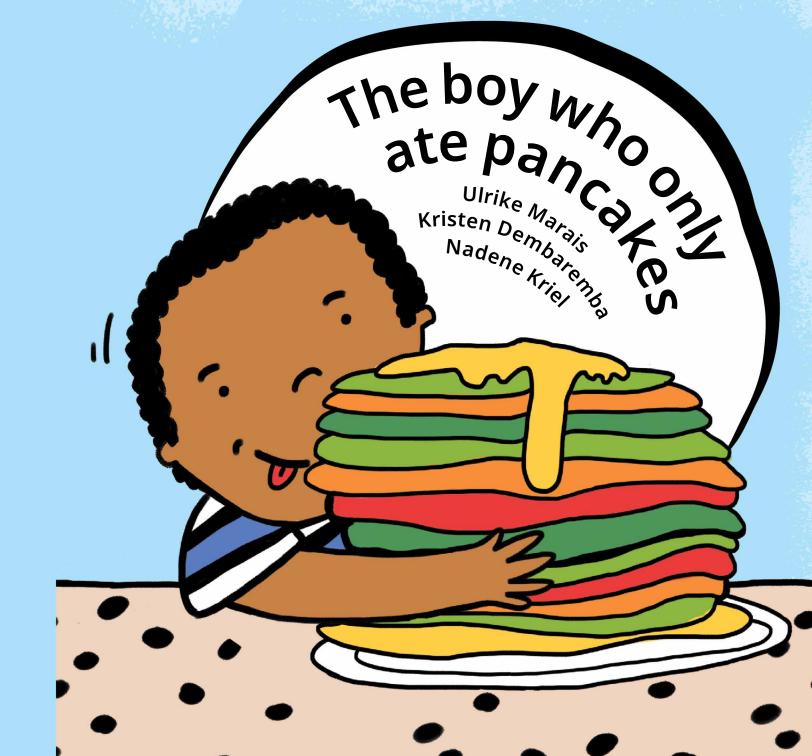
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Then his mom had an idea. "I know

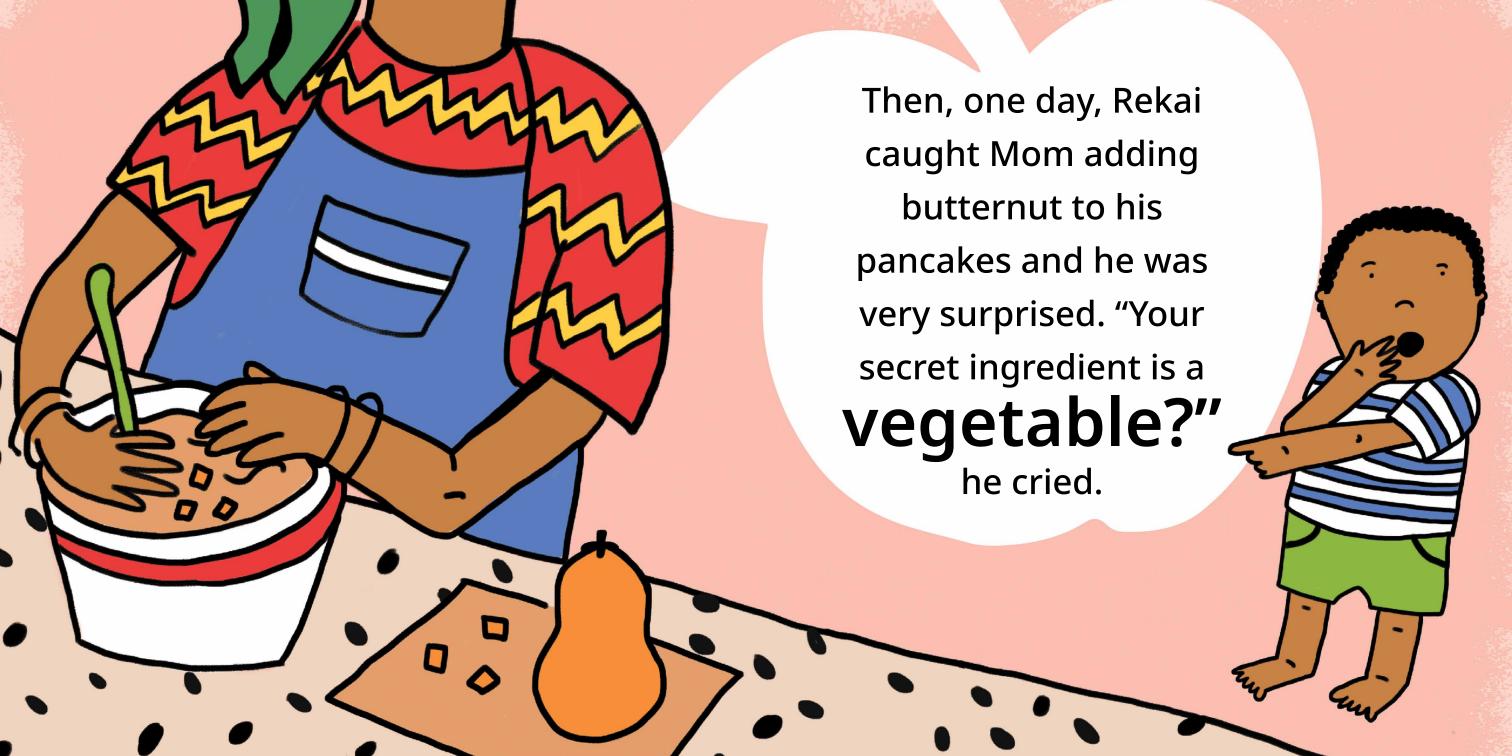
how to get Rekai to eat healthy food!" she said.





Softly, she giggled and thought, this is great. He has no clue what he has just eaten!











Pancake surprise recipe

1 cup (250ml) self-raising flour

1 egg

1 cup (250ml) of milk

1 tbsp (15ml) sugar

2 tbsp (30ml) melted butter or margarine

A pinch of salt

1 tsp (5ml) cooking oil

Surprise: A handful of boiled and drained veggies

or mashed fruit of your choice.

Method:

Separate the egg and whisk egg white separately until it has soft peaks, and set aside.

Mix egg yolk with sugar, milk, salt and butter.

Add all the wet ingredients to the self-raising flour and mix thoroughly.

Mix in pre-boiled veg or mashed fruit, then finally, the egg whites.

Add the desired amount of batter to a pan on medium heat and turn once bubbly and golden brown.

Enjoy!





Jean de Wet Michelle Matthews

Bridgitte Chemaly Potton



The Cottonwool Doctor

The story of Margaret Ann Bulkly, known as Dr James Barry

The Cottonwool Doctor

The story of Margaret Ann Bulkly, known as Dr James Barry

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The Cottonwool Doctor: The story of Margaret Ann Bulkly, known as Dr James Barry Illustrated by Jean de Wet
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The Cottonwool Doctor

The story of Margaret Ann Bulkly, known as Dr James Barry

Once upon a time, about 200 years ago, there was a girl called Margaret Ann Bulkly. Margaret lived in a cool, green land called Ireland, in a country called Great Britain.

Margaret was clever and curious. Margaret had big dreams. Margaret was brave and fought when she thought something was wrong.



Margaret's mother and father paid for her brother to be educated as a lawyer. And then they used the last of their money so that he could marry a wealthy man's daughter.

Margaret was clever and had big dreams. But there was no money left for her to study, not even as a governess or a nurse.

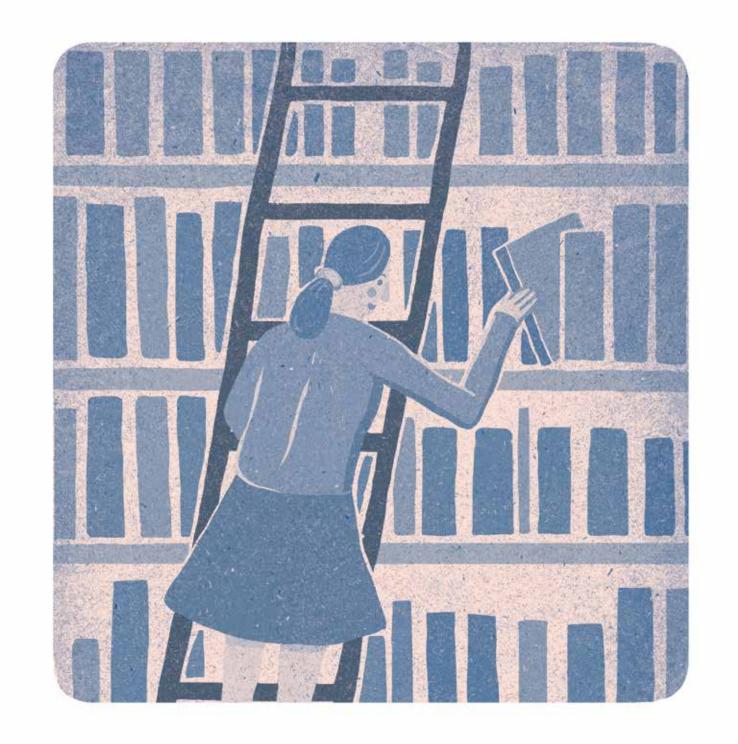
Margaret was brave. "I want to be a doctor!" she said. But two hundred years ago a girl could not become a lawyer or a politician or a doctor.



Margaret had an uncle who was a famous painter. His name was James Barry.

One of James Barry's friends was General Miranda from Venezuela. General Miranda had a library – it was very beautiful and very big. His library had more than 6000 books!

"I want to read this one! And this one! And this one!" said Margaret. Margaret was clever and curious. General Miranda was impressed.



When Margaret's uncle James Barry died, he left her some money. "It's enough money to study to be a doctor!" said General Miranda.

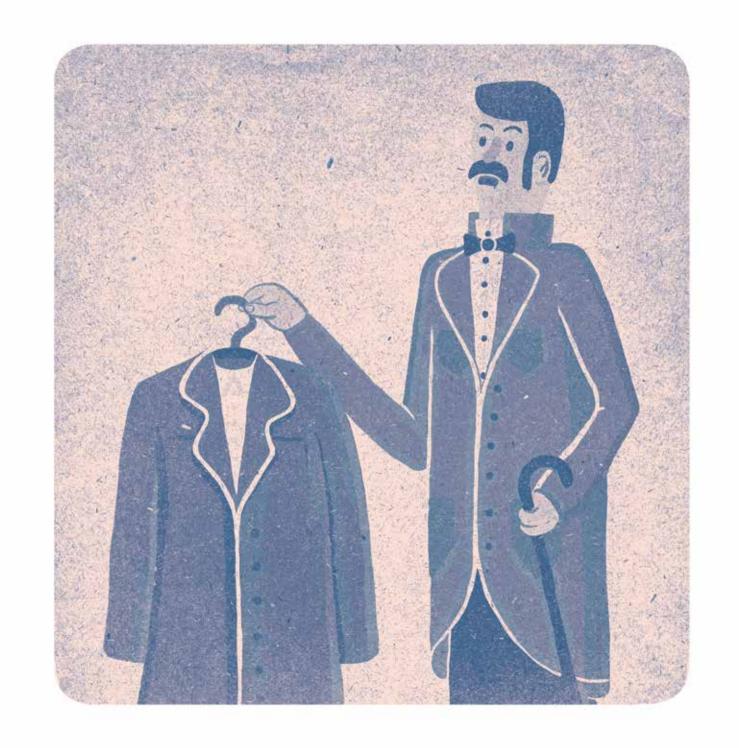
"But I can't become a doctor," said Margaret.

"A boy can become a doctor," said General Miranda.

"And you can dress like a boy."

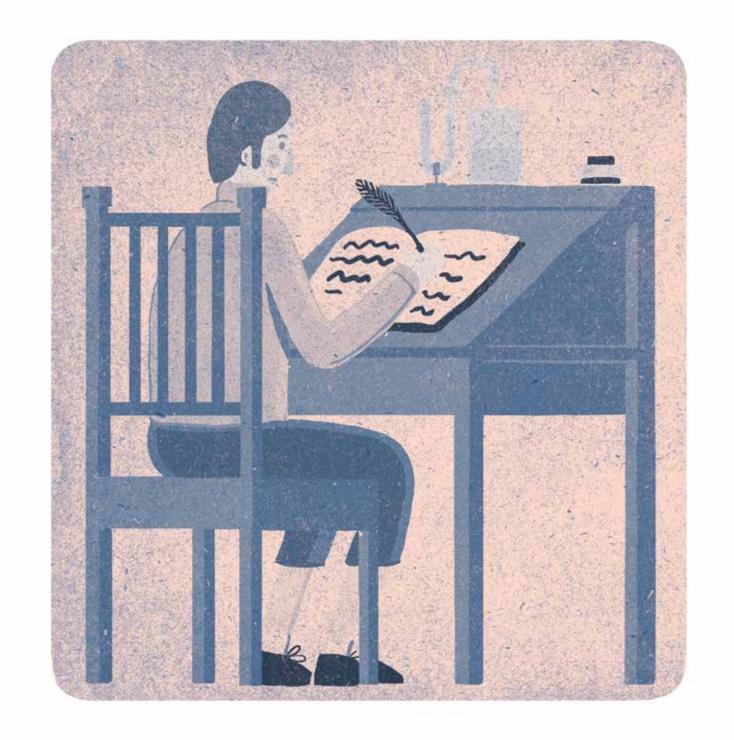
Margaret was brave and she fought for what she believed in. She really wanted to be a doctor. So she cut off her hair. She practiced speaking in a deep voice. She put on boy's clothes.

From then onwards, no one knew that Margaret was a girl. She became James Barry, just like her uncle.



James Barry was a hard-working medical student. He took 13 subjects and worked all through the summer when the other students went on holiday.

But after five years, he nearly didn't get to write his final exam. The examiners thought he looked too young! James Barry didn't have a beard because he wasn't a man.



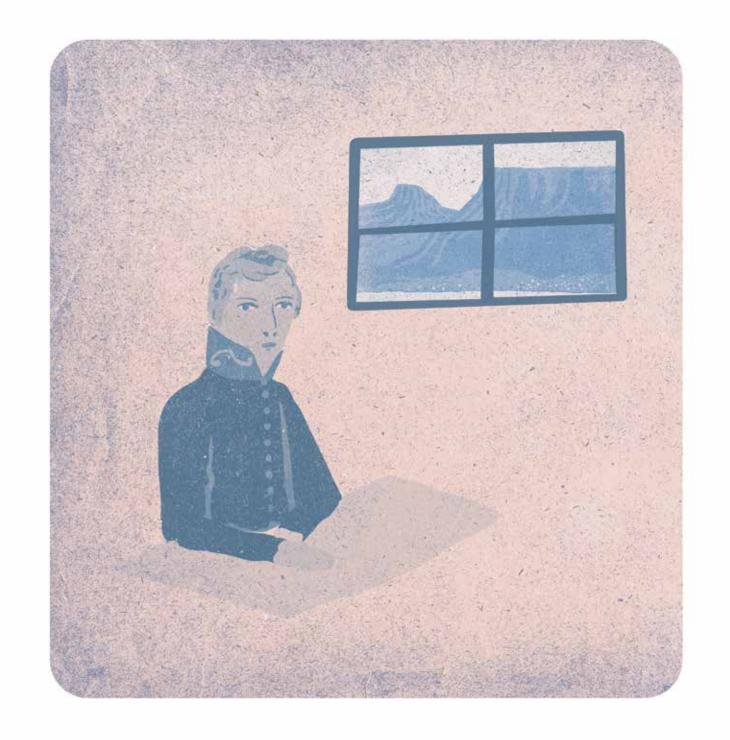
Dr James Barry was brave and curious. Dr James Barry had big dreams. So he joined the army. In the army you would see the world!

In 1816, the army sent Dr James Barry to Cape Town. Cape Town was a small, interesting city in South Africa. South Africa was far, far away from Ireland.

Dr James Barry felt excited.



Dr James Barry was short and slim. He wore platform shoes to look taller and padding under his clothes to look bigger. The people of Cape Town called Dr James Barry the *kapok dokter*, the cottonwool doctor.



"I would very much like to cut off your ears!"

Dr James Barry would shout at anyone who challenged him.

Dr James Barry even once fought a duel with pistols! Luckily, they both missed hitting each other.

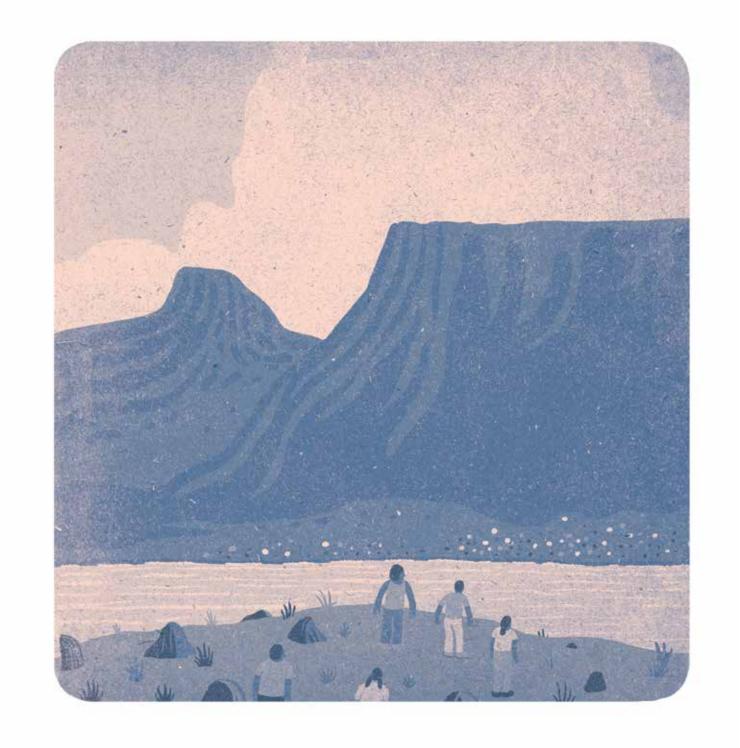
Why did the doctor fight so much? Margaret was brave, but she was also frightened. She knew that if anyone found out that she was Dr James Barry she would no longer be allowed to be a doctor. Everyone had to believe Dr James Barry was a man.



Dr James Barry fought when he thought something was wrong.

In Cape Town, people with leprosy were banished to Robben Island. The lepers were put on the island because people believed they could catch the disease from them very easily.

Dirty houses and bad food made the lepers much sicker. Dr James Barry asked the leaders in Cape Town for cleaner living conditions and healthier food for the sick people on Robben Island.



Many years later Dr James Barry worked in a war hospital. Here he met Florence Nightingale, a nurse.

Florence Nightingale was also known as The Lady with the Lamp, because she would check on wounded soldiers at night. She became famous during the war because she asked the army leaders for cleaner living conditions and healthier food for the soldiers. Dr James Barry had been asking for the same things for many years.



Dr James Barry travelled all over the world. He worked in South Africa, St Helena, Barbados, Mauritius, Trinidad and Tobago, Malta, Corfu, Jamaica, Crimea, West Indies, Canada...

11 places in all.

What exciting adventures he had!



People only found out that Dr James Barry was a woman when she died in 1865.

In the same year, Dr Elizabeth Garret Andersen became the first woman to become a doctor in Great Britain.

Dr James Barry has shown us that girls are clever. Girls are brave. Girls have dreams. Girls can fight for what they believe in. And girls can become doctors!





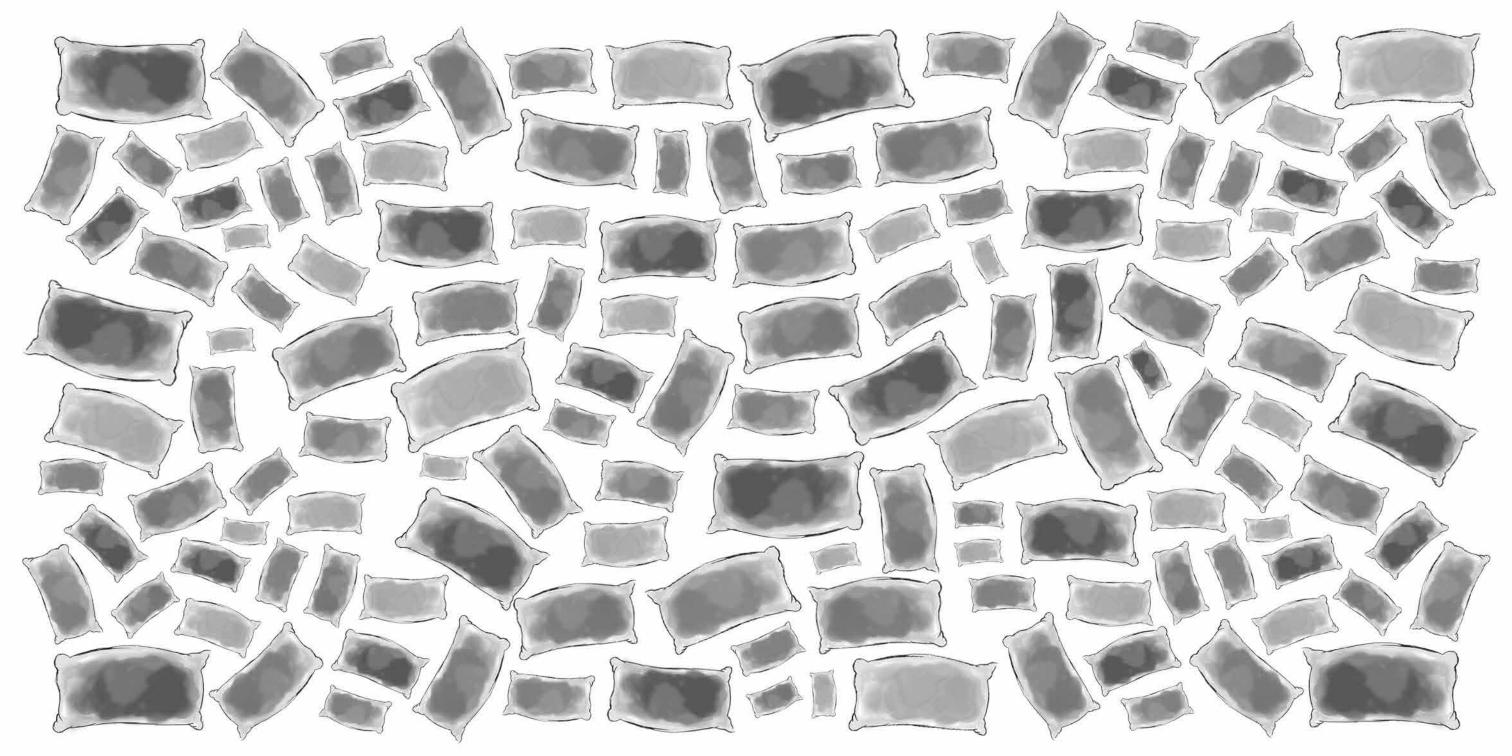




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Illustrated by Lutfia Kamish
Written by Nadia Davids
Designed by Nadene Kriel
Edited by Diane Awerbuck
with the help of the Book Dash participants in Cape Town on 14 April 2018

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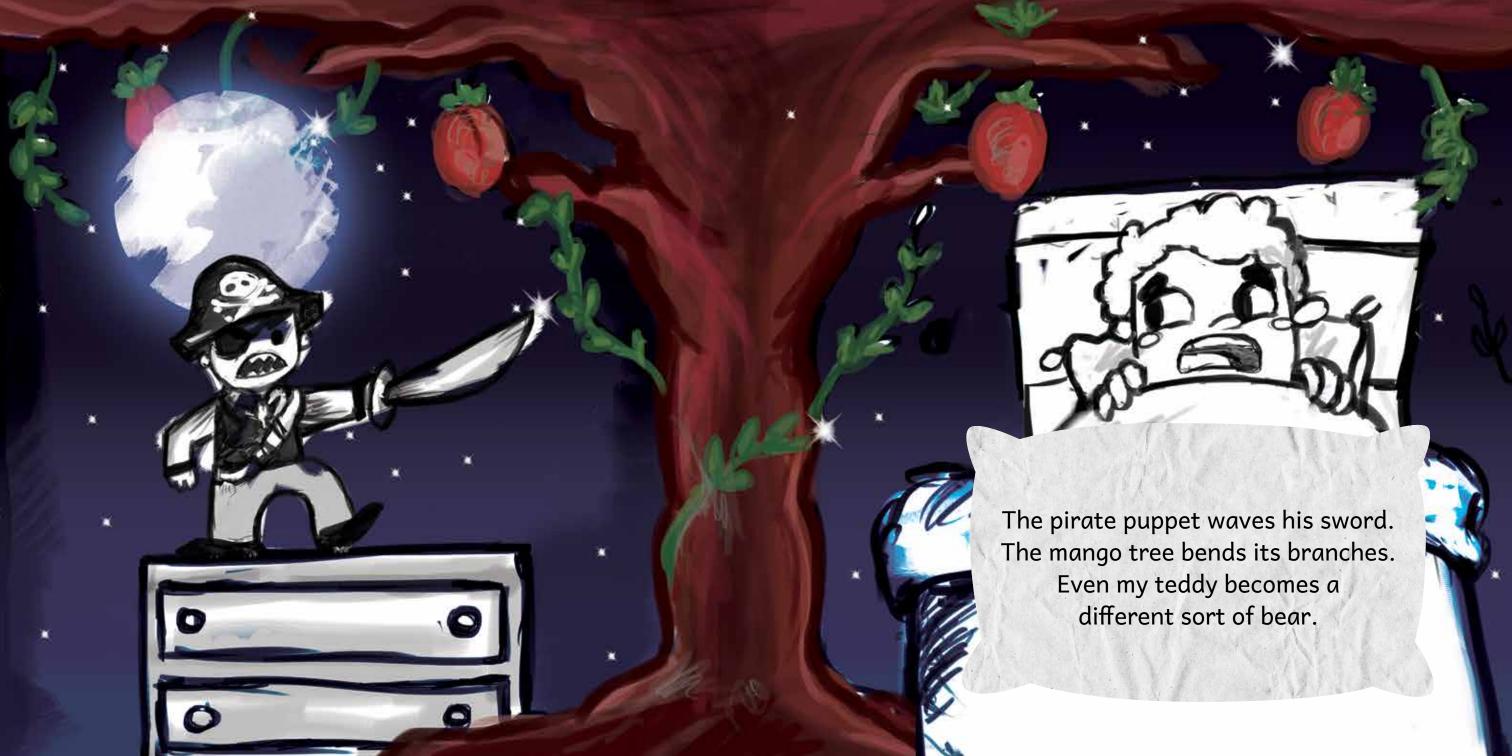
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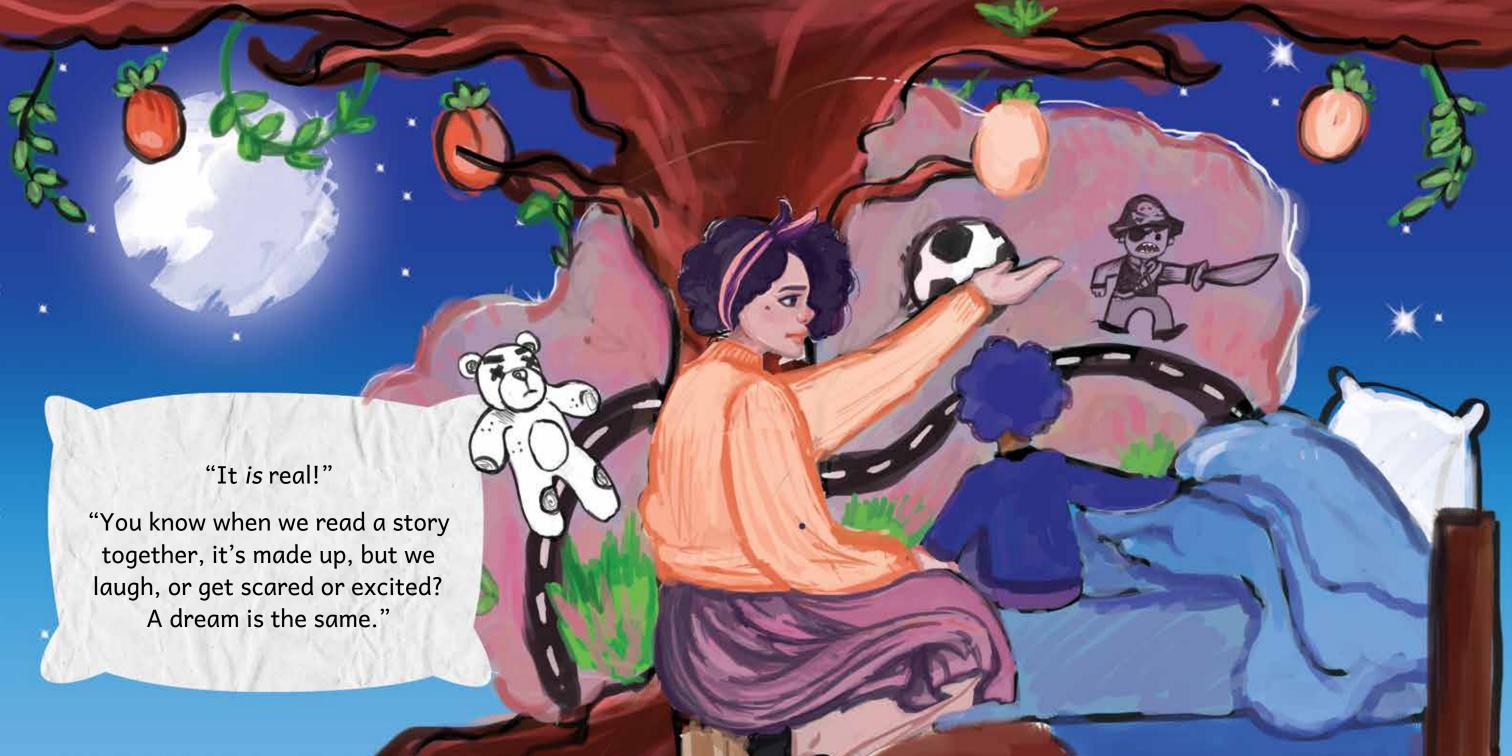


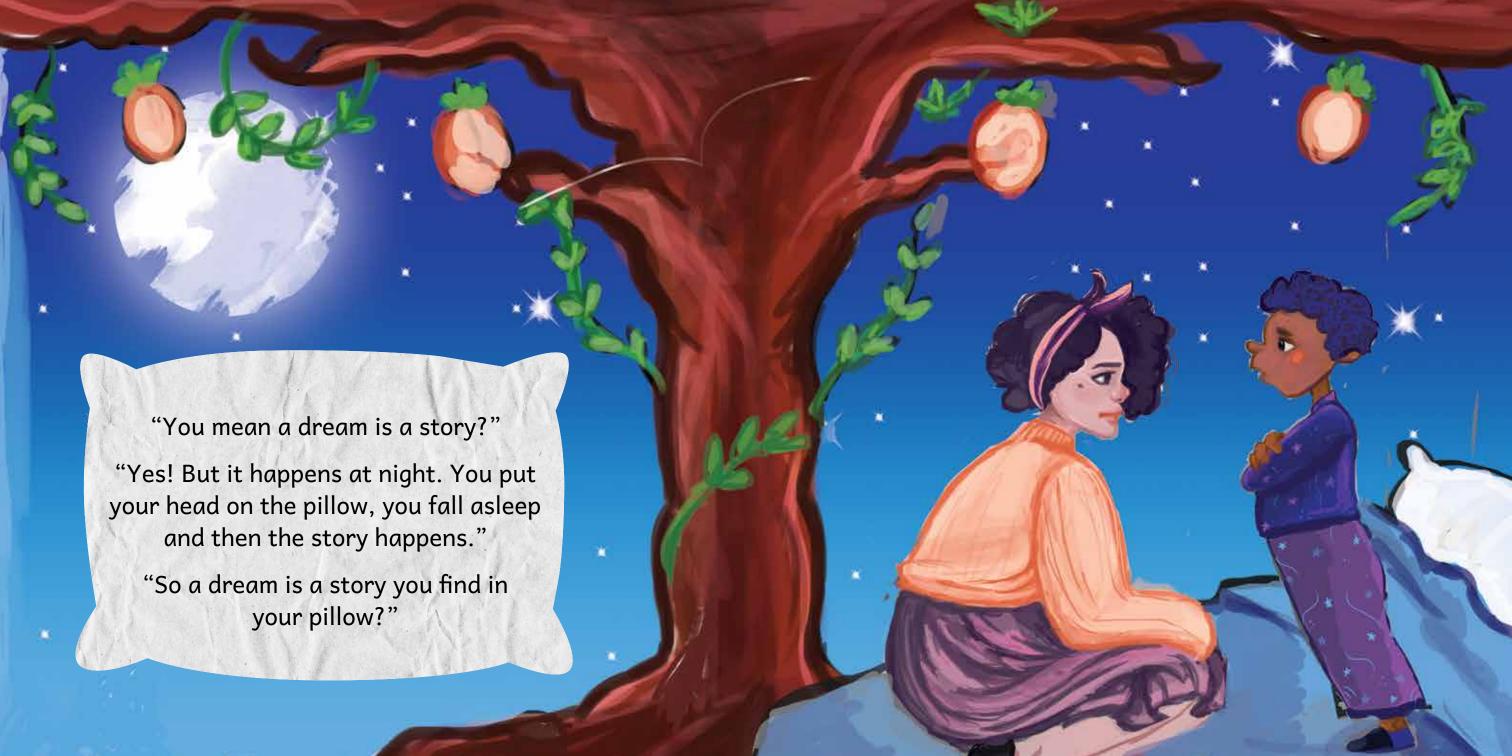


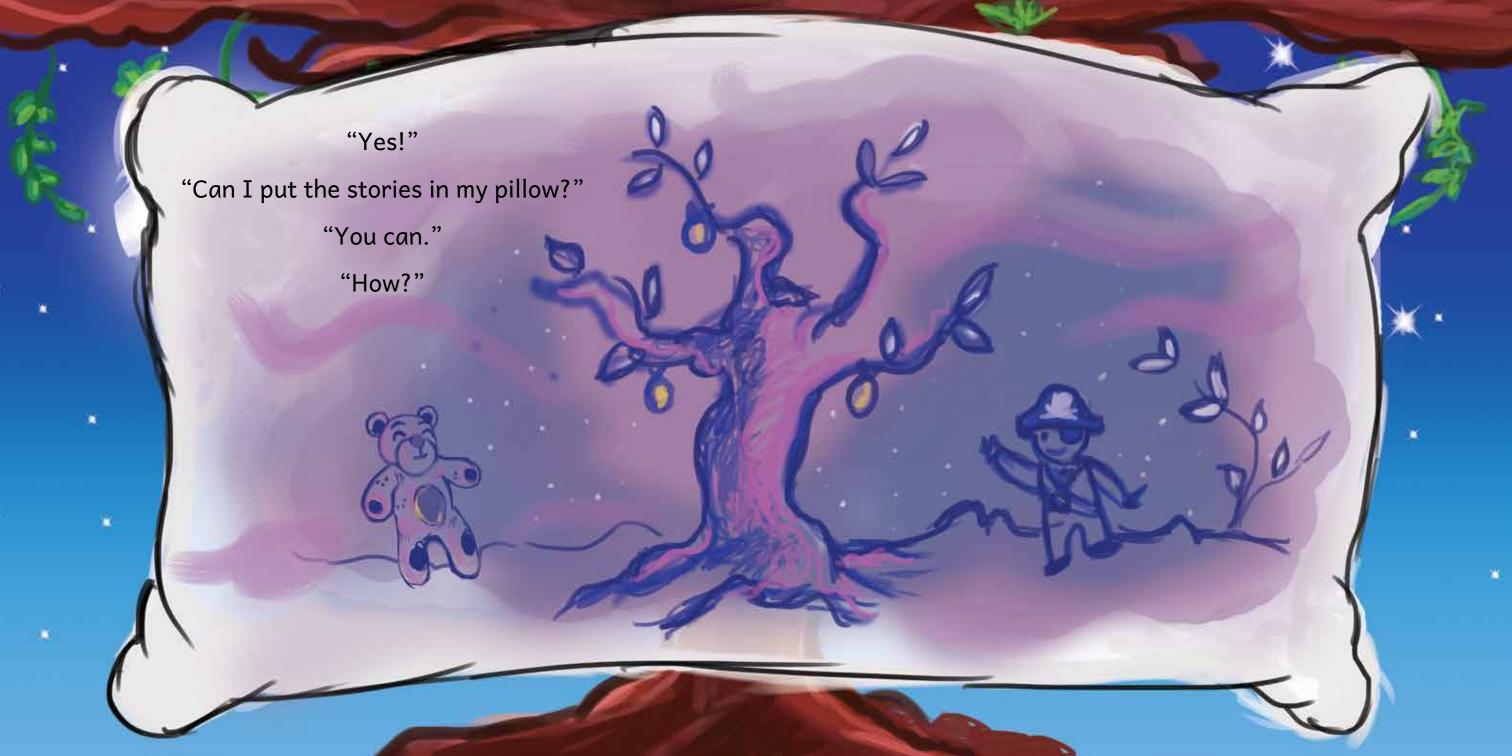


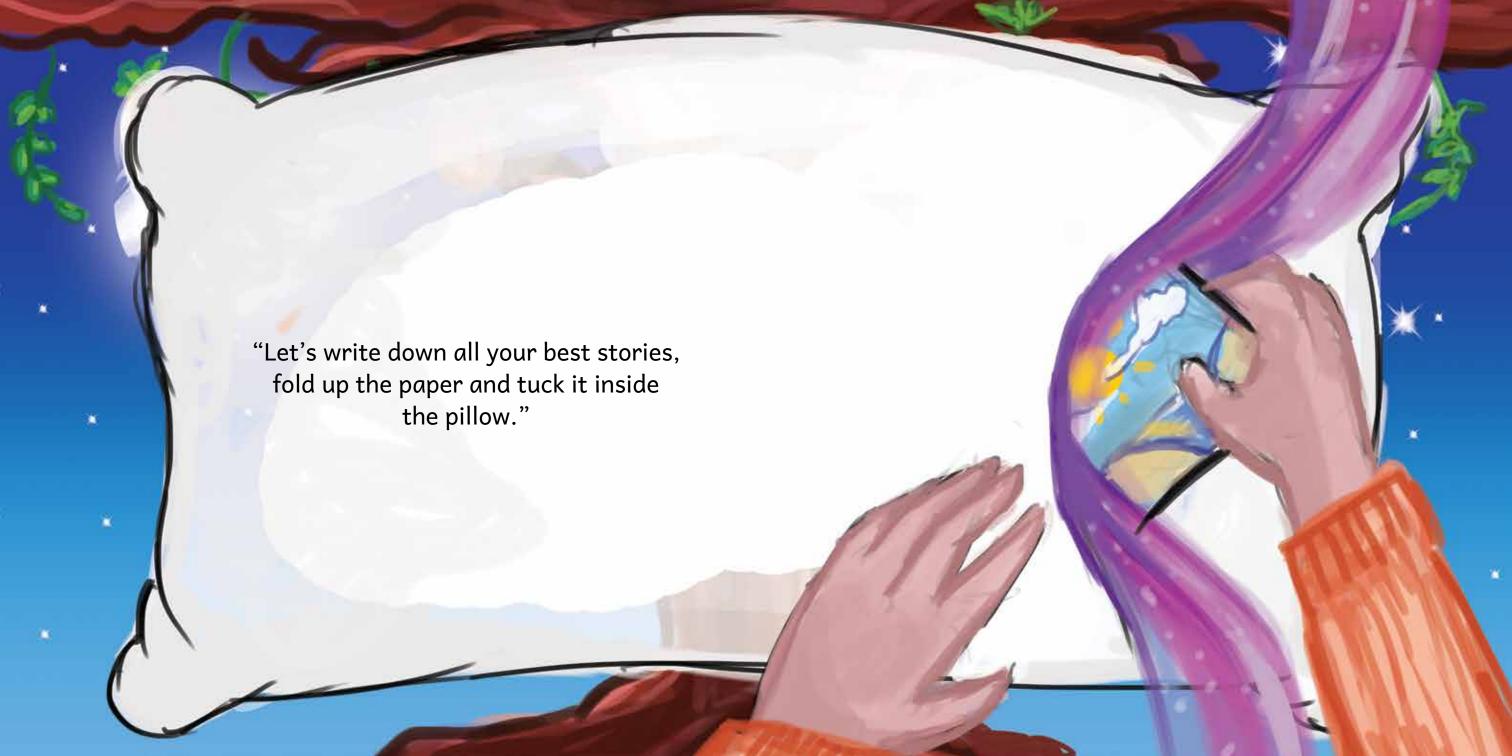






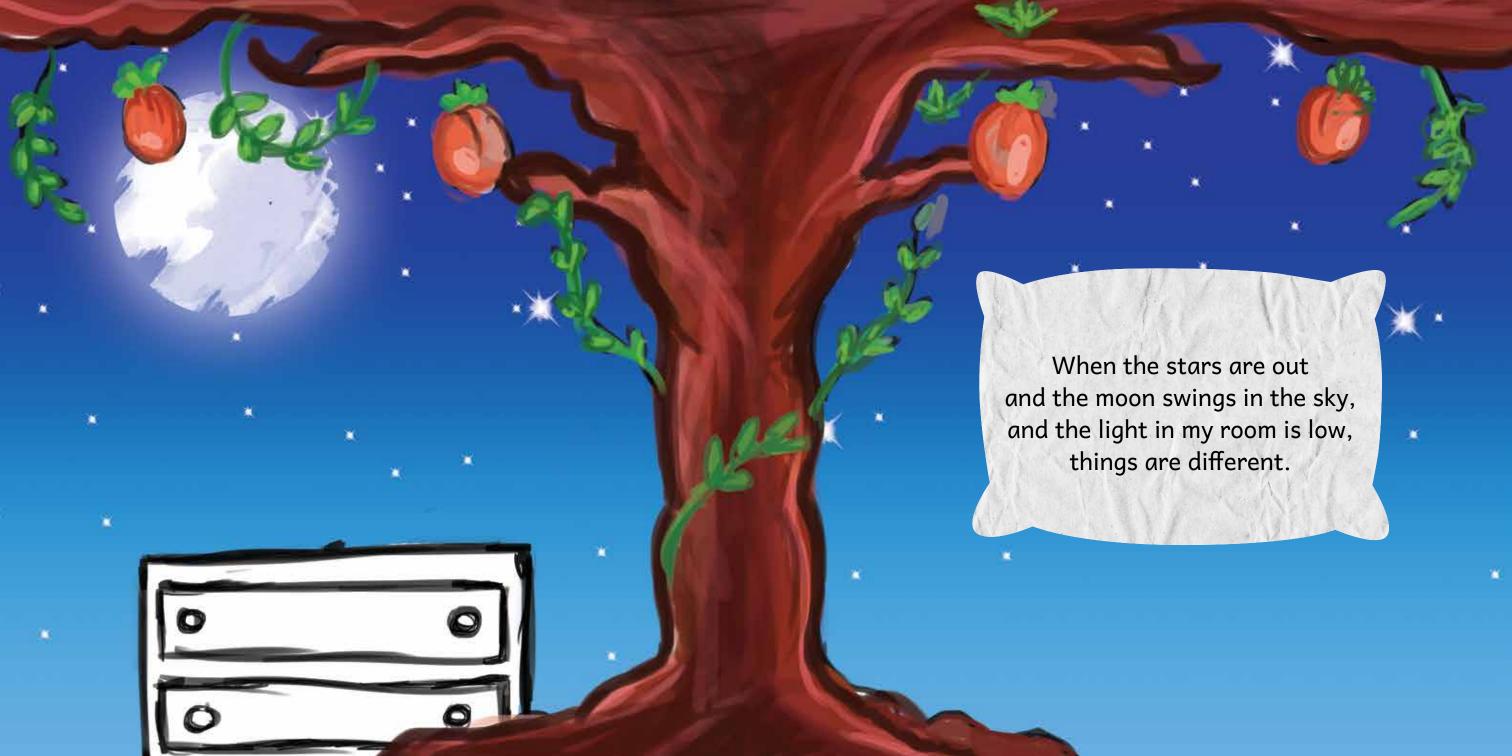


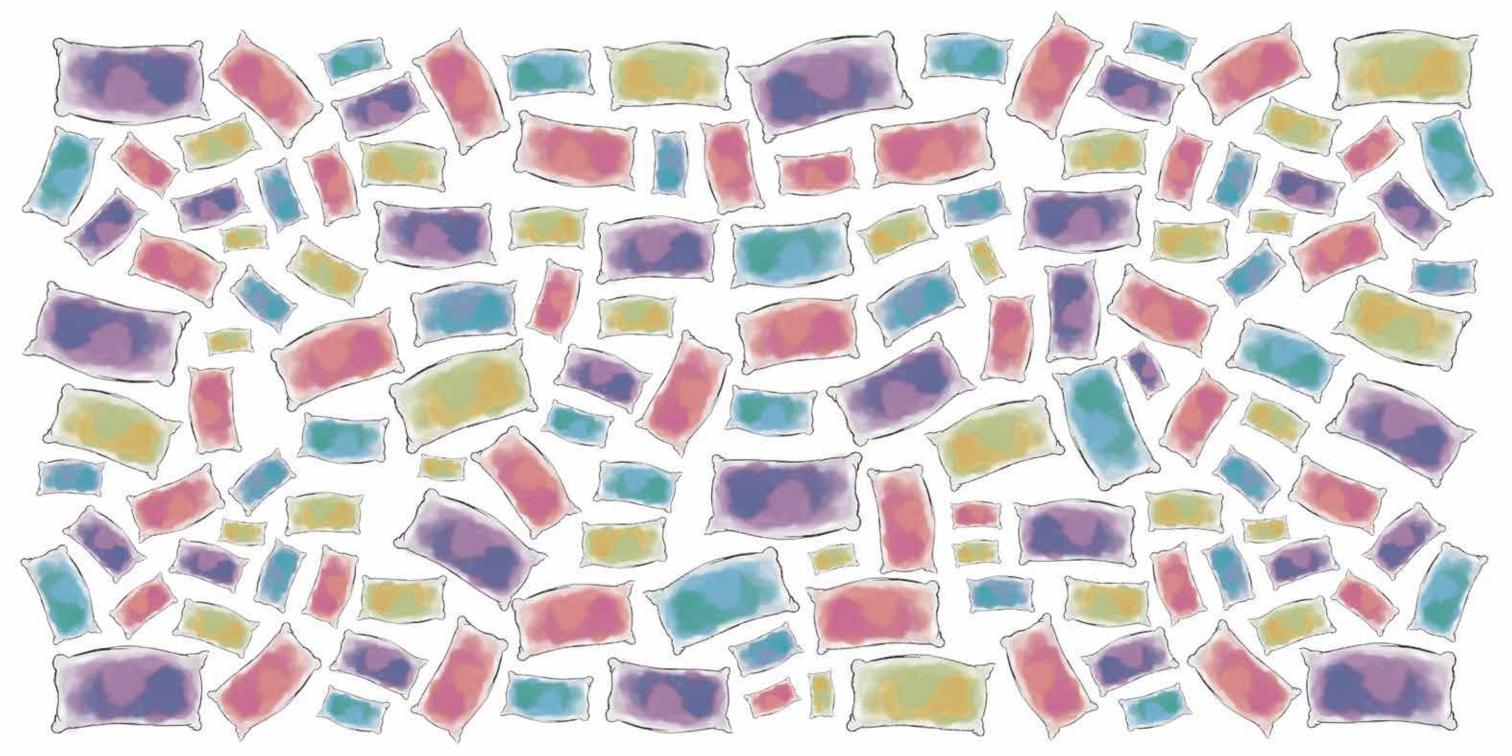






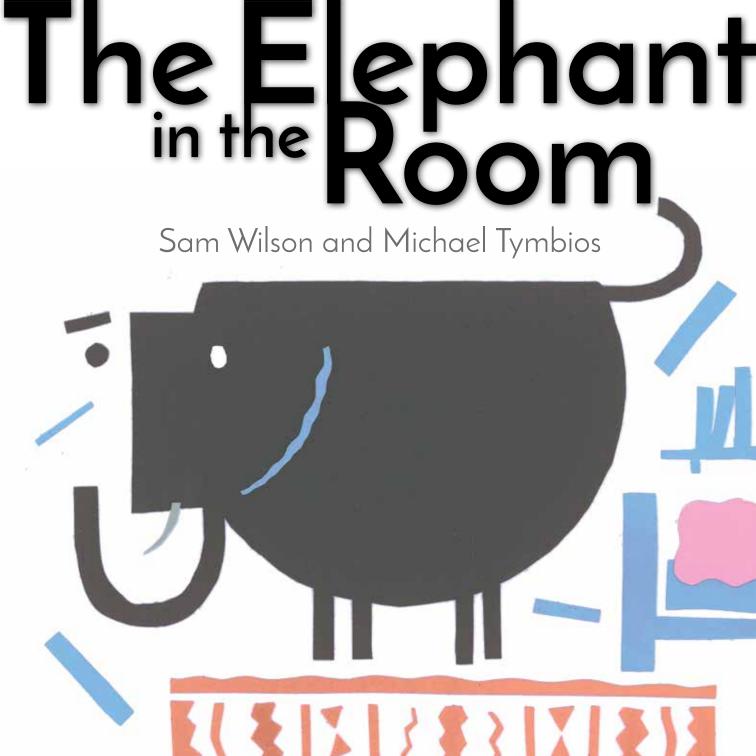








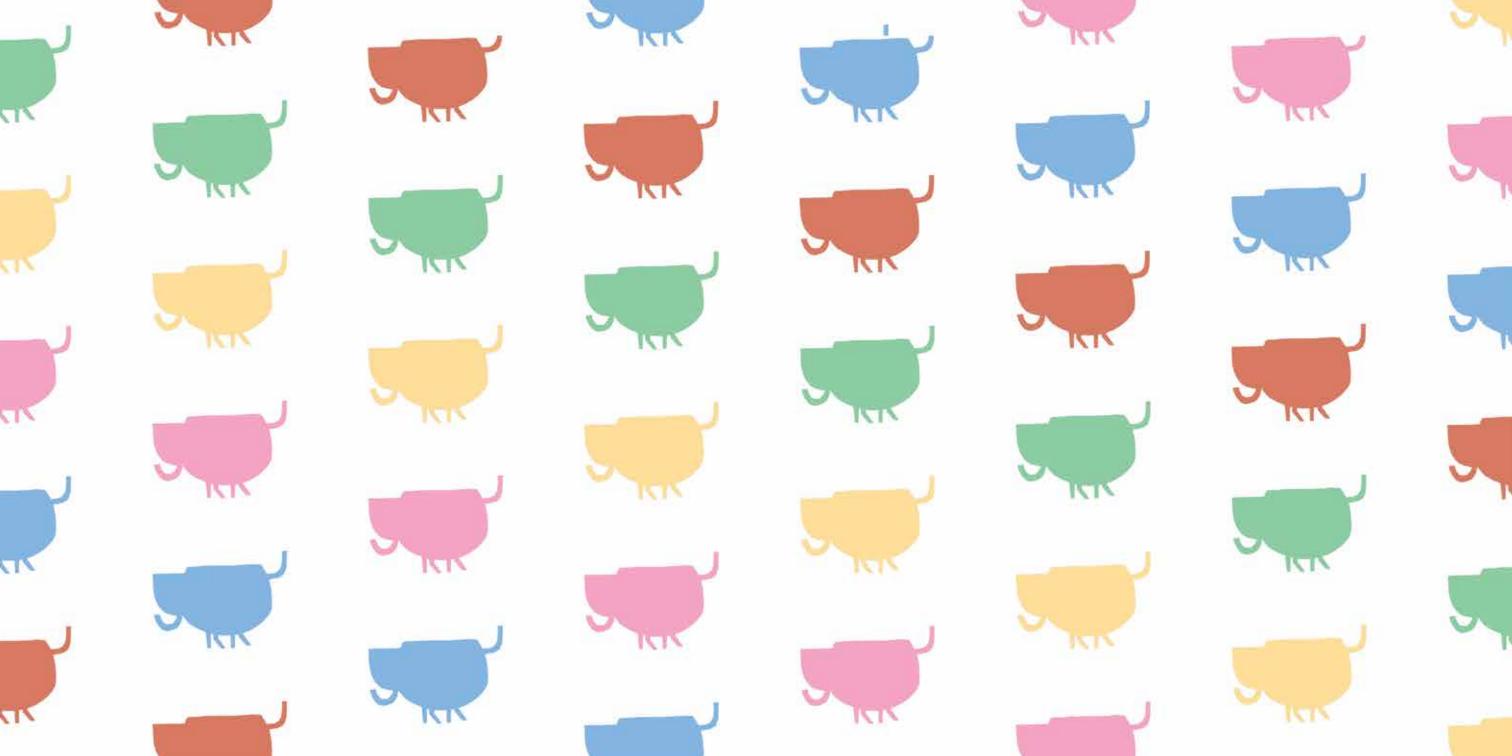
FOR ILYAS TOMÁS



The Elephant Room

This book belongs to







The Elephant in the Room
Illustrated by Michael Tymbios
Written by Sam Wilson
Designed by Thomas Pepler and Arthur Attwell
with the help of the Book Dash participants in Cape Town on
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epha Sam Wilson and Michael Tymbios

One morning, Lindi found an elephant in her room.

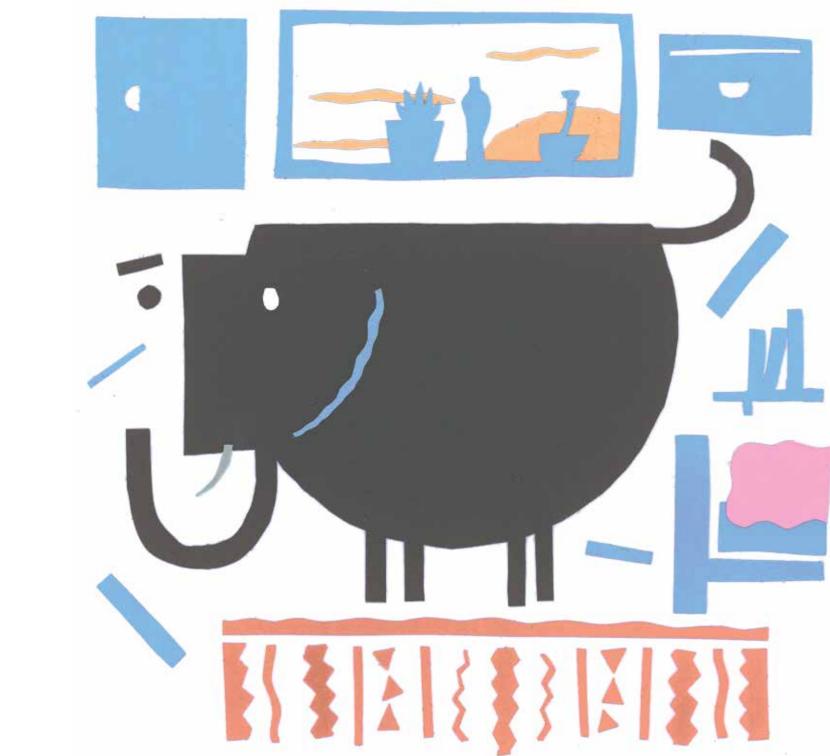
"Look!" she called. "There's an elephant in my room!"

"No there isn't," her mother called back.

"Elephants don't live in houses.

Everybody knows that."

The elephant yawned.



At breakfast, Lindi's dad asked her to pass the milk.

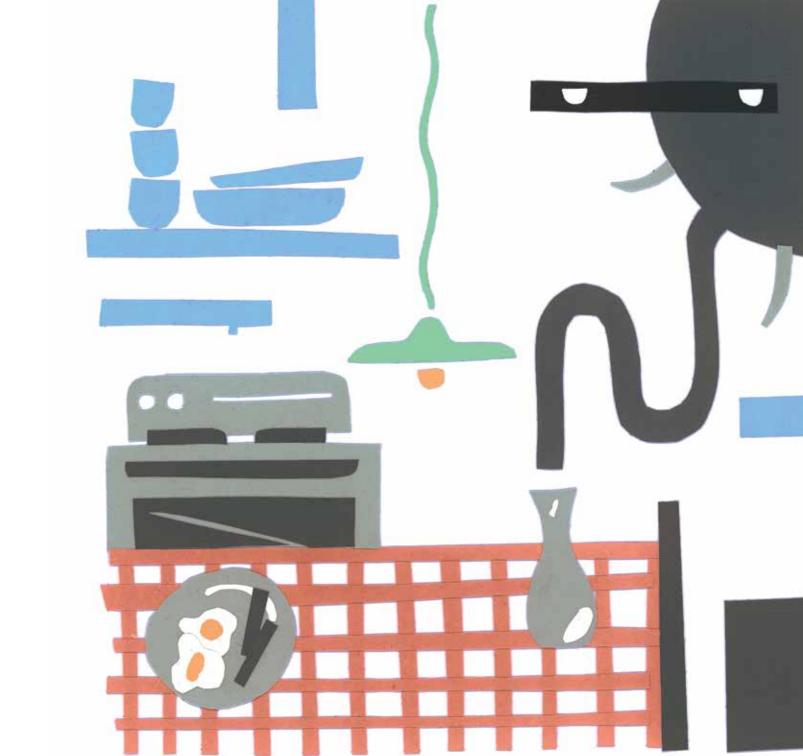
"I can't," said Lindi. "The elephant drank it all."

"There isn't an elephant," said her dad.

"Elephants don't live in the city.

Everybody knows that."

The elephant burped.

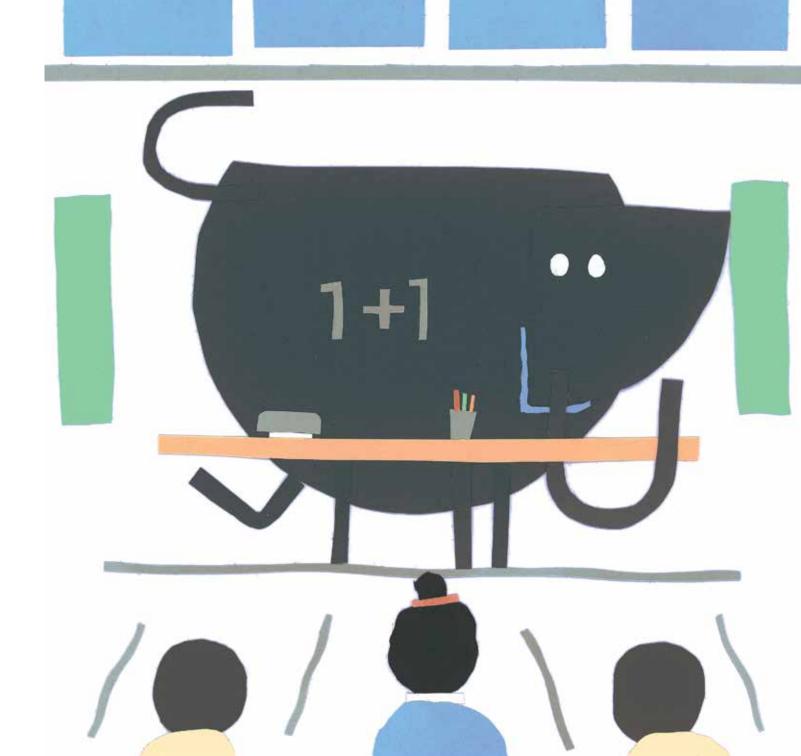


At school, the teacher grumbled, "What's wrong with this chalkboard? It's all wrinkly!"

"That's not the chalkboard. That's my elephant!" said Lindi.

"There are no elephants at school," said the teacher. "Everybody knows that."

The elephant ate the teacher's sandwiches.

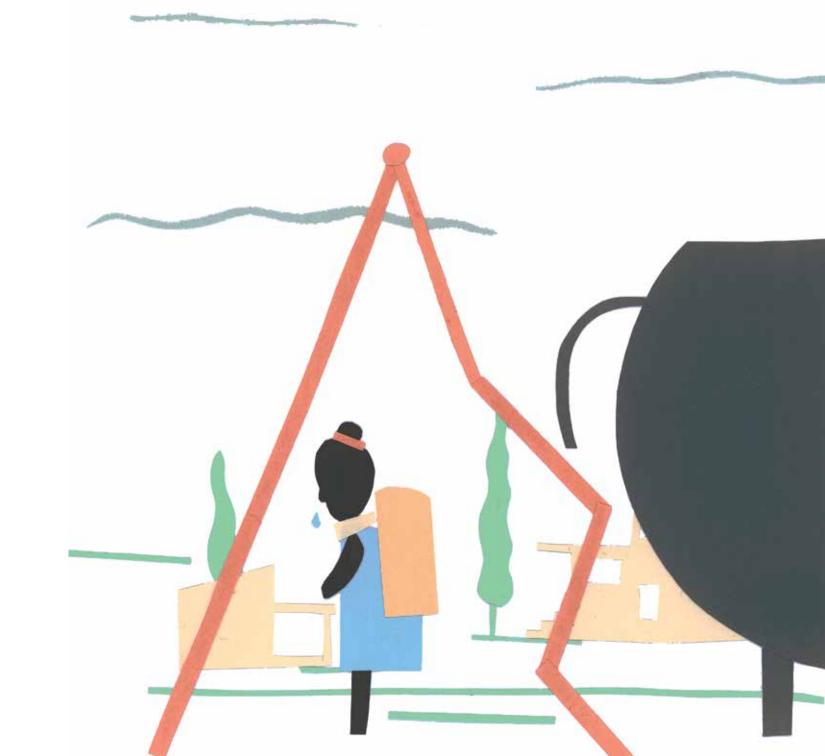


At break-time, the elephant followed Lindi to the playground.

He knocked over the swings by mistake.

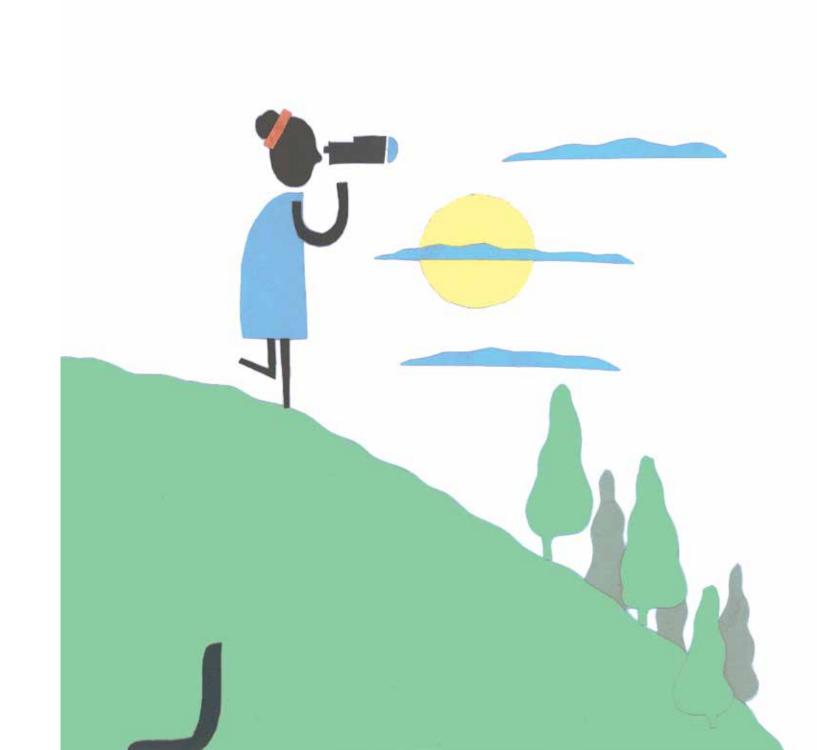
"Go away!" said Lindi. "You're not real and you shouldn't be here! Everybody knows that!"

The elephant drooped. He walked away, wiping his eyes with his trunk.



After school, Lindi couldn't see the elephant anywhere.

"Elephant!" she called. "Where are you?"



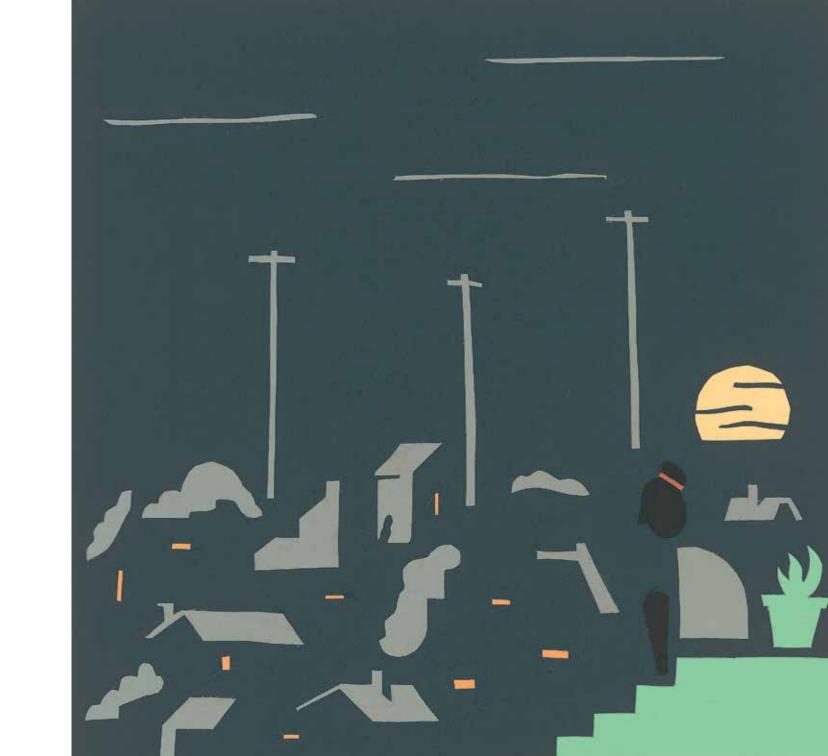
Lindi went home without him.

She felt lonely.

So she went outside, and sat on the steps, and waited.

And waited.

And waited.

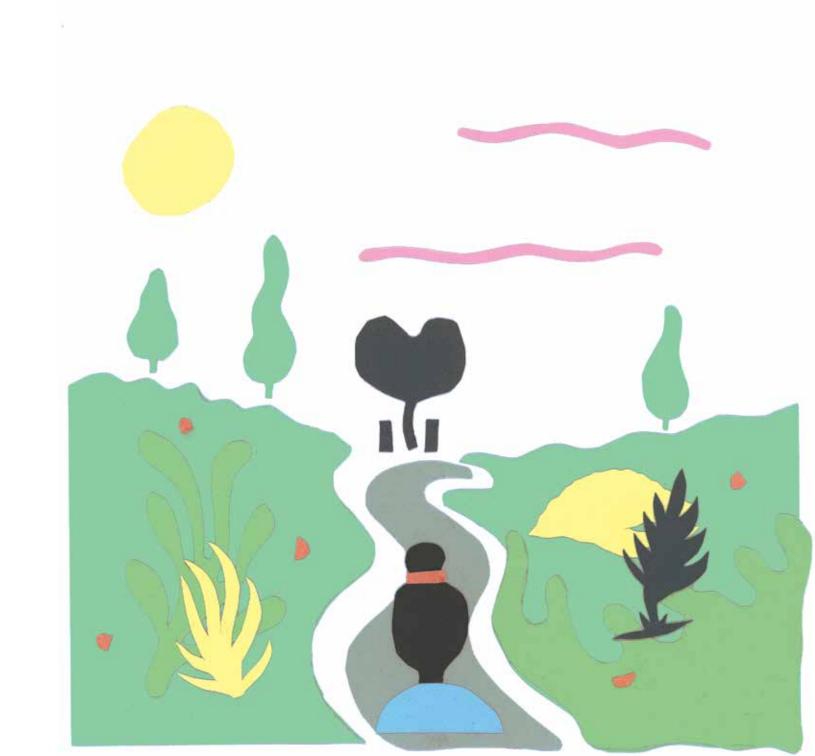


And then ... she saw a trunk.

And tusks.

And ears.

The elephant was coming down the road!



She ran up and hugged him.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean it! I know you're real. You're my elephant."



The elephant lifted her up and put her on his back, and she rode down the street.

She waved to her neighbours.

"Hello, Mr Green! Hello, Mrs Green!"

"Look at Lindi!" said Mr Green. "How did she get up there? Maybe she grew!"

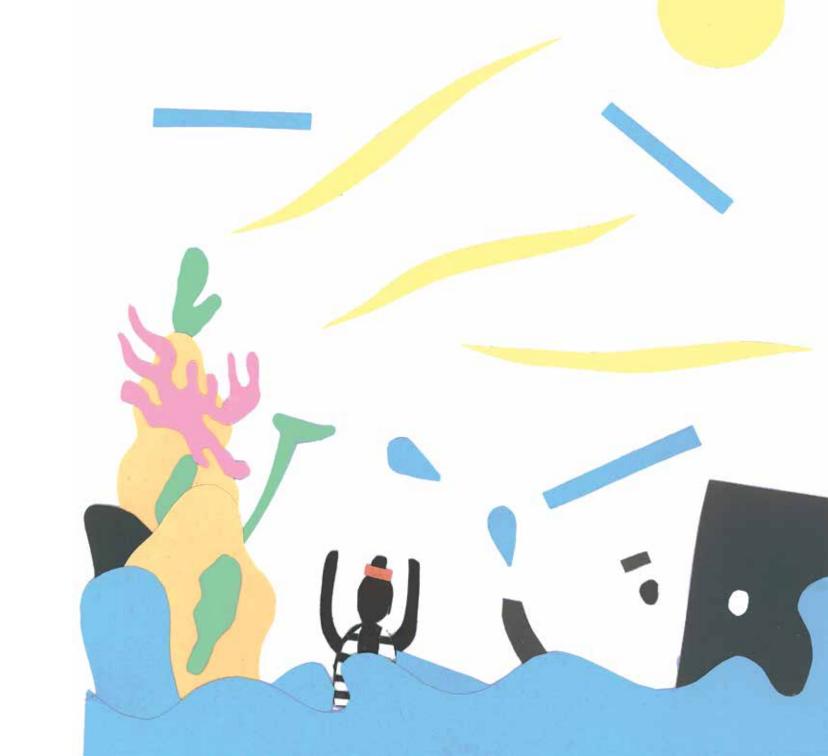
"Don't be silly," said Mrs Green. "Little girls don't grow that high. Everybody knows that."



The elephant took Lindi to the lake, and she slid down his trunk like it was a slide.

"Wheeeee!" she shrieked.

They played all afternoon, laughing and splashing and spraying each other with water.



That night, the elephant tucked her into bed.

"Good night, Elephant," said Lindi. "Thank you for a lovely day."

He patted her head, and curled up to sleep outside her window.



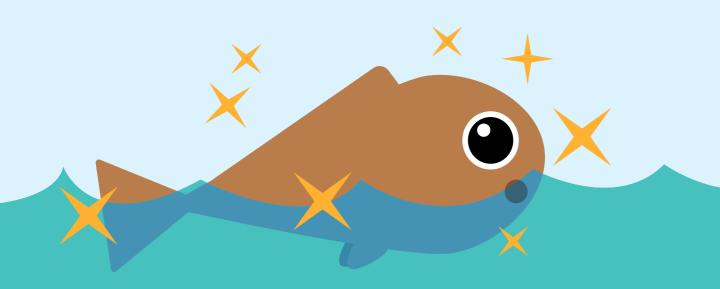
"Elephants are the best friends in the world," Lindi said to herself. "Nobody knows that, except for me and my elephant."







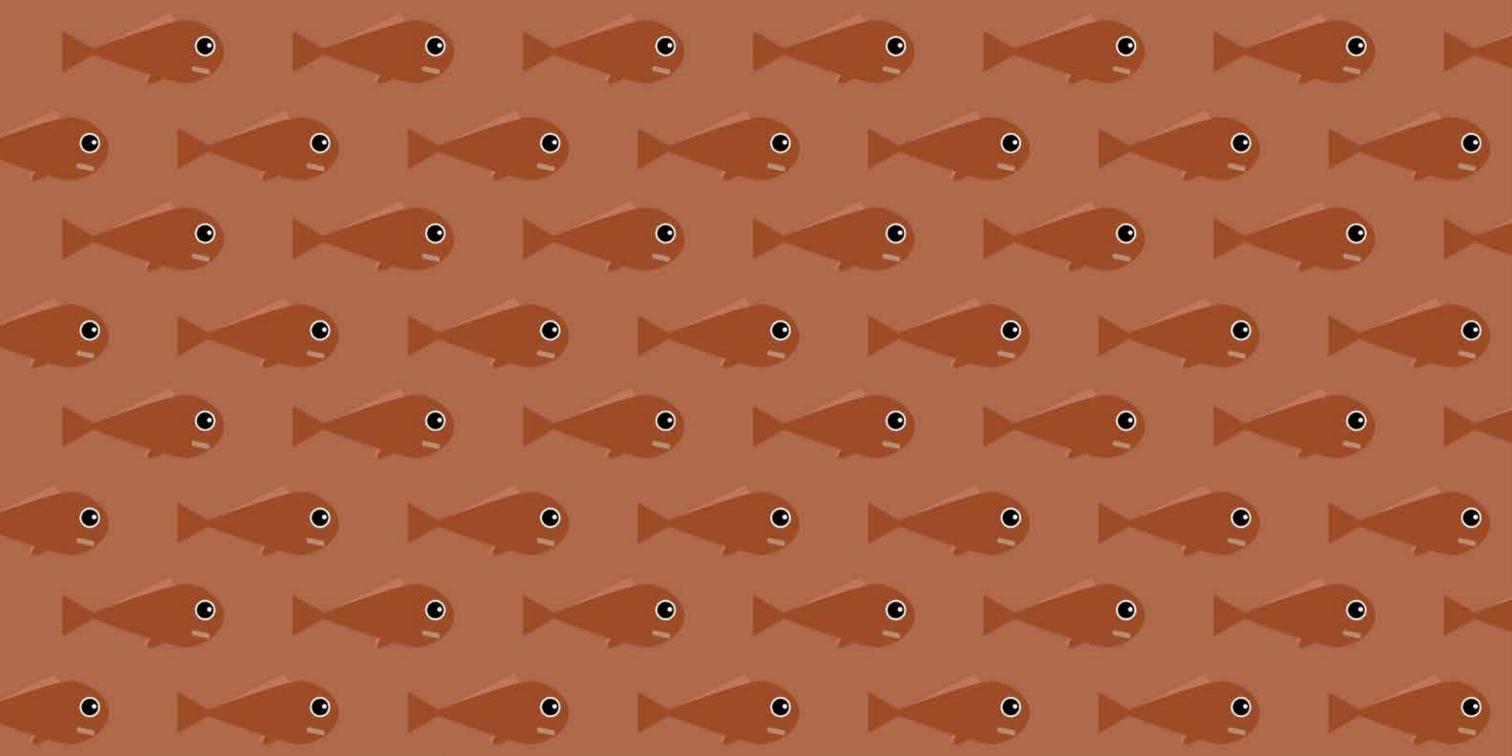
The fish that couldn't swim



The fish that couldn't swim

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The fish that couldn't swim
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Written by Sarah Gaylard, based on a concept by Mick Griggs
Designed by Gisela Strydom
Edited by Ingrid Nye
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The fish that couldn't swim



Sarah Gaylard

Thulisizwe Mamba

Gisela Strydom

There once was a boy who could run and jump and climb. He could even make a noise like a seagull.

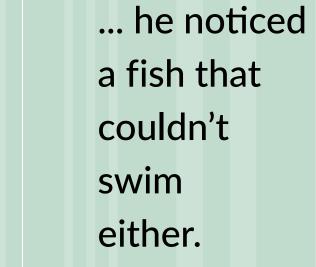
But he couldn't swim.

And oh, how he wanted to.



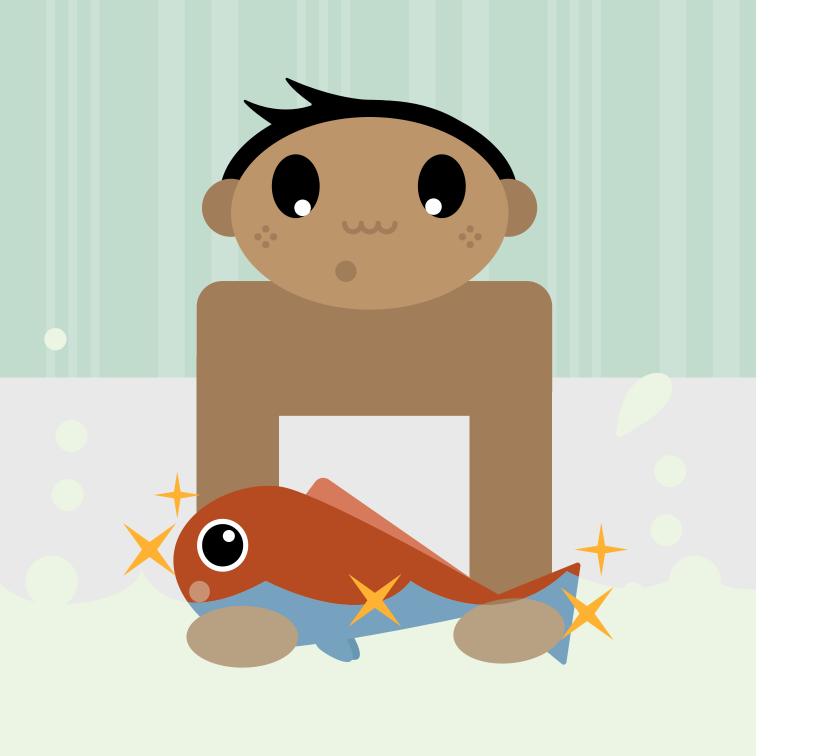


Then one day ...





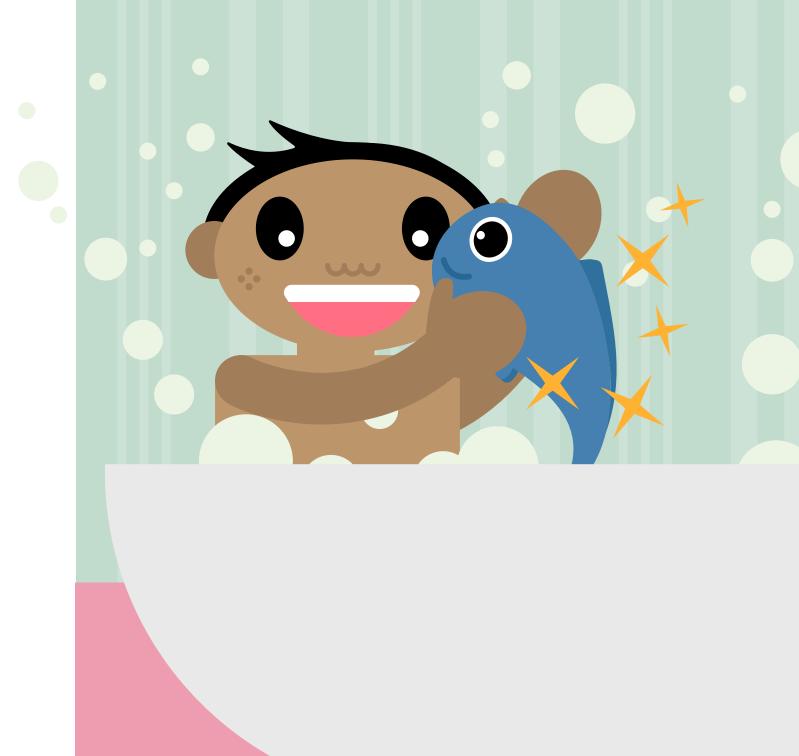
He wanted to help the fish.



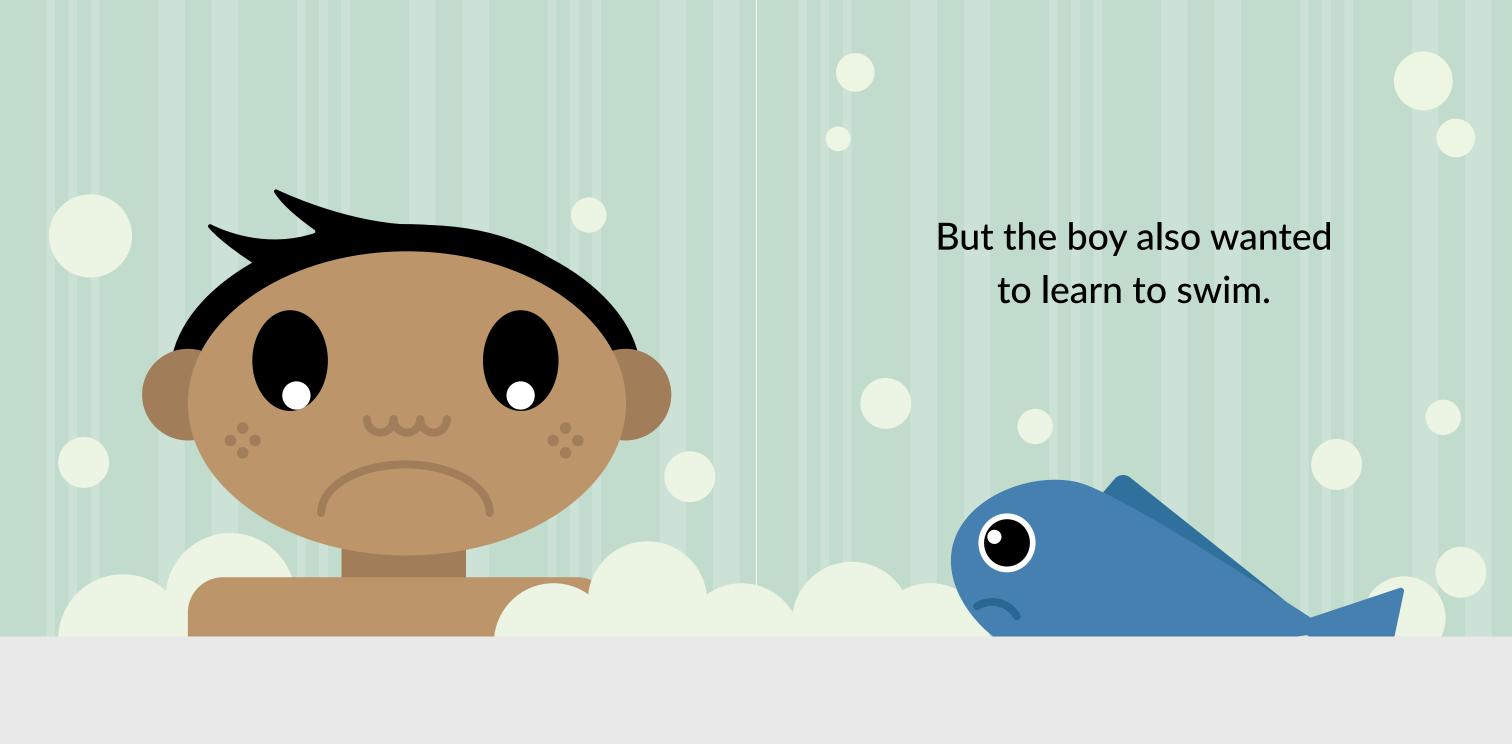
So he put it in the water ...



... and the fish came alive!



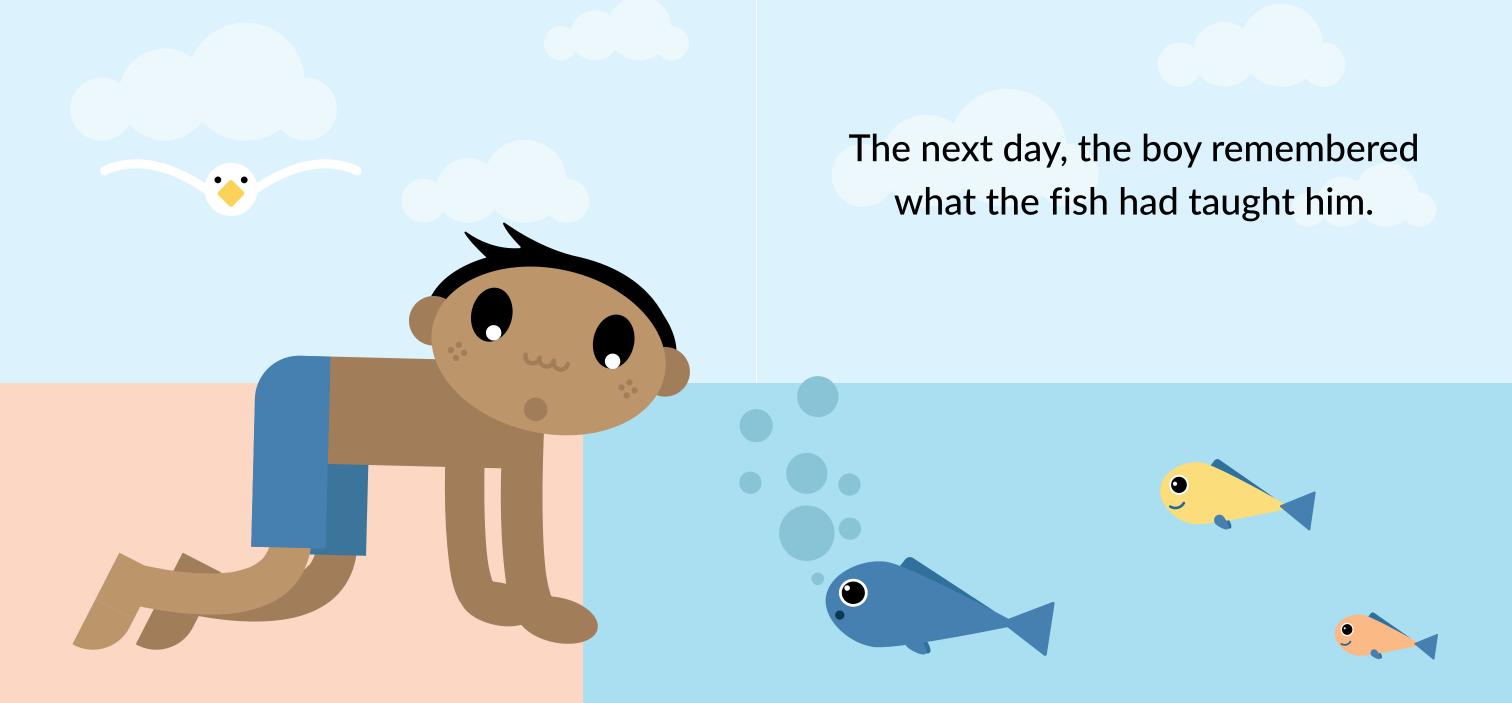


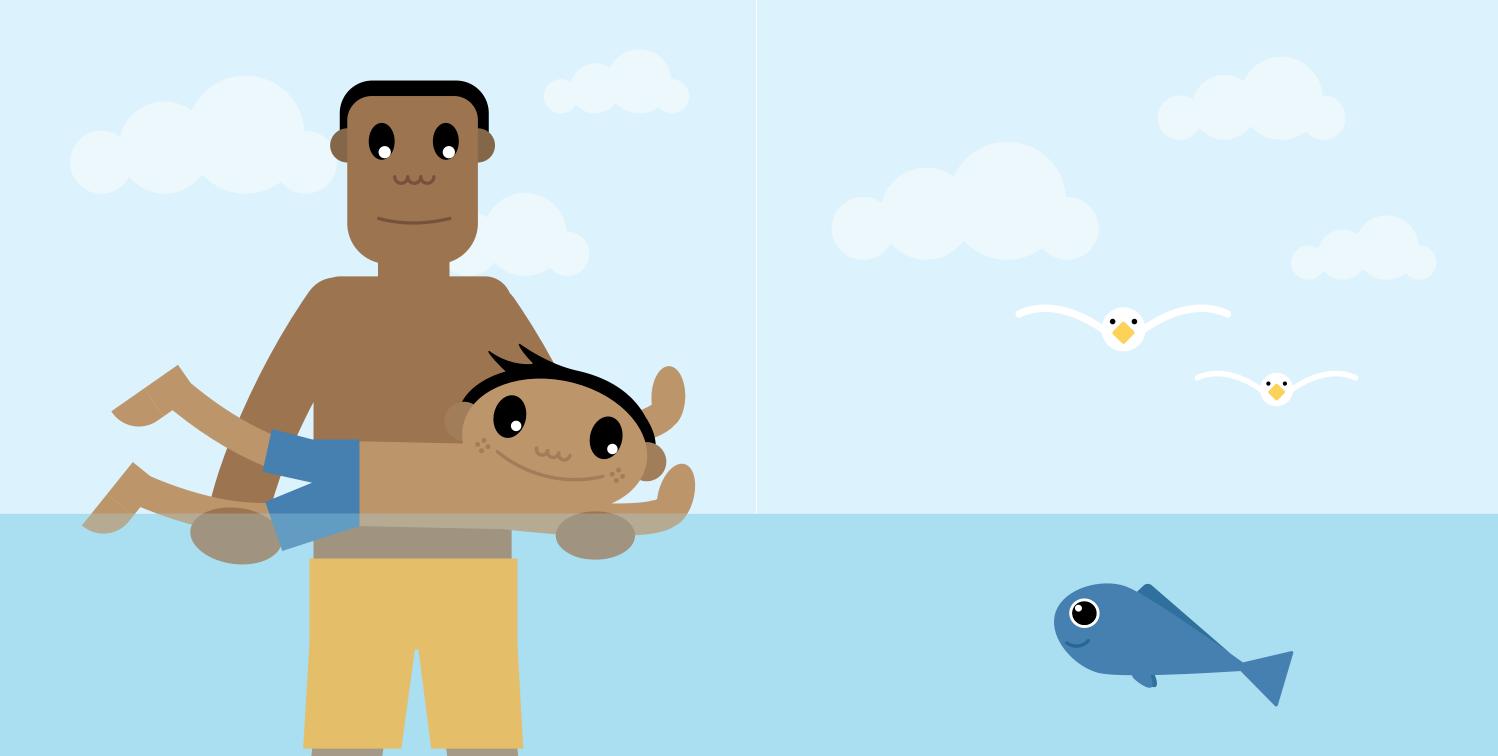


So the fish showed the boy how to put his mouth in the water and **blow**.



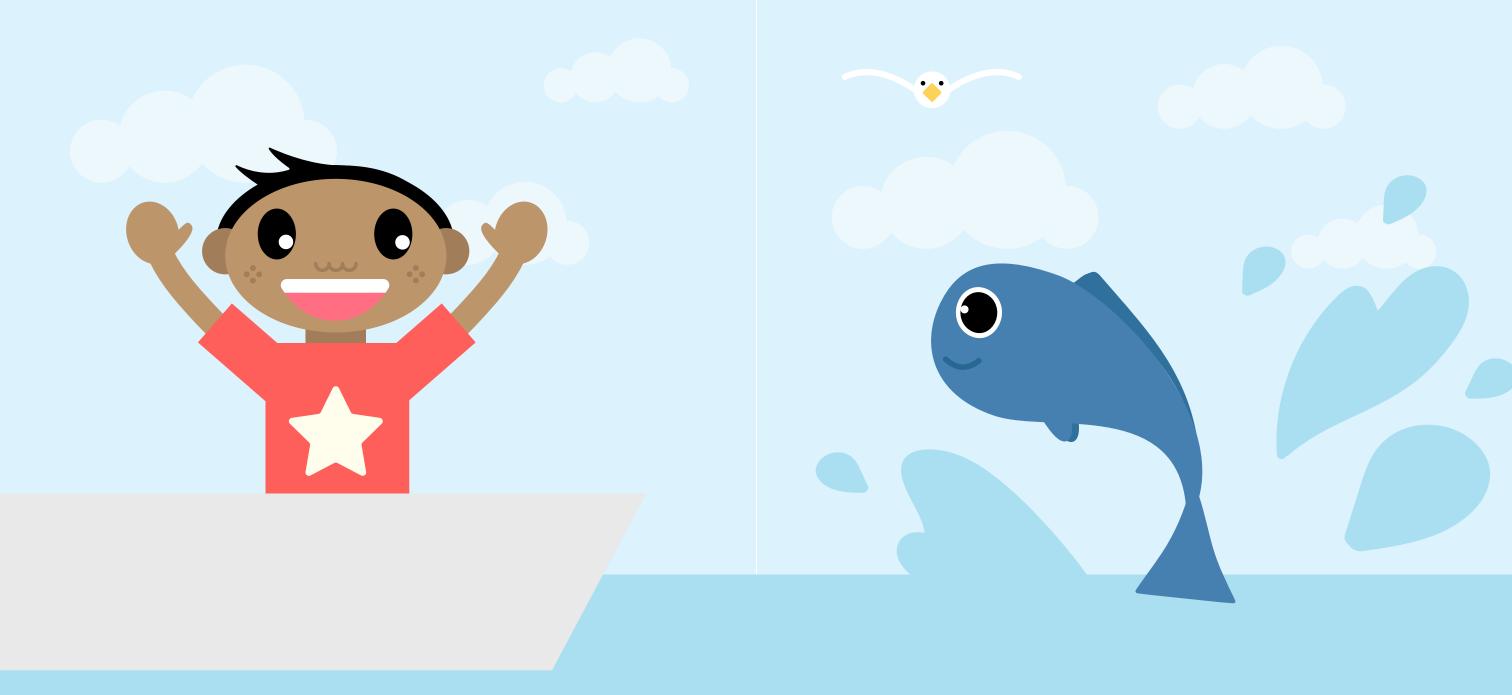
What fun they had!





And so the boy who could run and jump and climb, and even make a noise like a seagull, learned to swim like a fish.











The Great Cake Contest

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Designed by Amanda van der Walt
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Lebohang Masango Nompumelelo Mdluli Amanda vd Walt



Lucky loves cake.

He is so happy that the Great Cake Contest is in town.

"What cake can I bake?" he thinks.



"I know. I can make a pancake!" shouts Lucky.

He walks to Pontsho's house to share his idea, but she already beat him to it.





"Or, what if I made a carrot cake?" he wonders.

He goes to tell Nini his plan, but she had the same idea.





"What about baking a black forest cake?"

He rushes to tell Kima what he's come up with, but he's too late.



On the way to Nthabi's house, he thinks: "Let me just make a Christmas cake!"

But Nthabi already made that happen.





"What other cake can I bake?" he asks himself.

"How about a chocolate mousse cake?"

He arrives at Linda's house but oh no! He was too slow.





Lucky gets an idea.

"I will make a roly-poly cake."

He gets to Zola's house but she's way ahead of him.





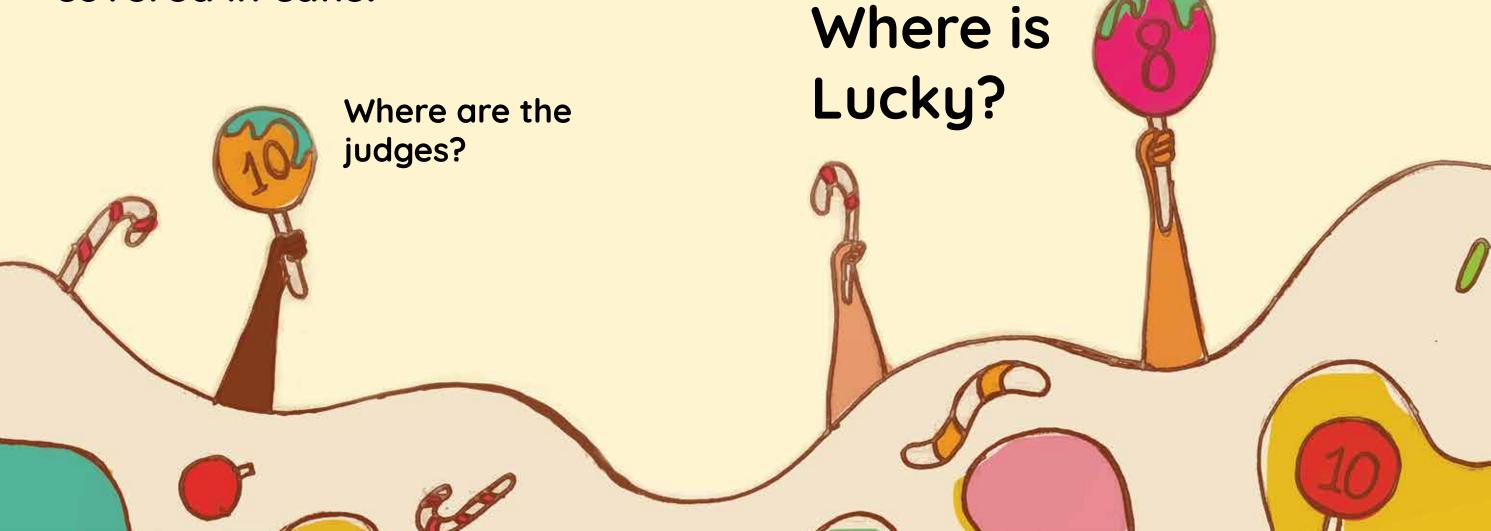
Lucky feels sad when he gets home because he is out of ideas. He asks his family to help him think about what great cake he can bake.







Oh no! Everyone at the Great Cake Contest is covered in cake.



Where are the contestants?

The judges munch and chomp their way out and everyone agrees:

Lucky is the winner of the Great Cake Contest!





What cake would you bake?

The Great Tidy Up



Corinne Lamoral Rosmarin

Ashlyn Atkinson

Jess Jardim-Wedepohl

The Great Tidy Up

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The Great Tidy Up

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Written by Corinne Lamoral Rosmarin
Designed by Ashlyn Atkinson
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The Great Tidy Up

Corinne Lamoral Rosmarin

Ashlyn Atkinson

Jess Jardim-Wedepohl



'We are going to have so much fun while Gogo is having a nap,' says big sister Khwezi.

'Ooh yes!' says little brother Mzamo.

'What will we do?'



'We will clean the house for Papa and Mama while they are out.'

'That's no fun,' says Mzamo.

'Uh uh, no.

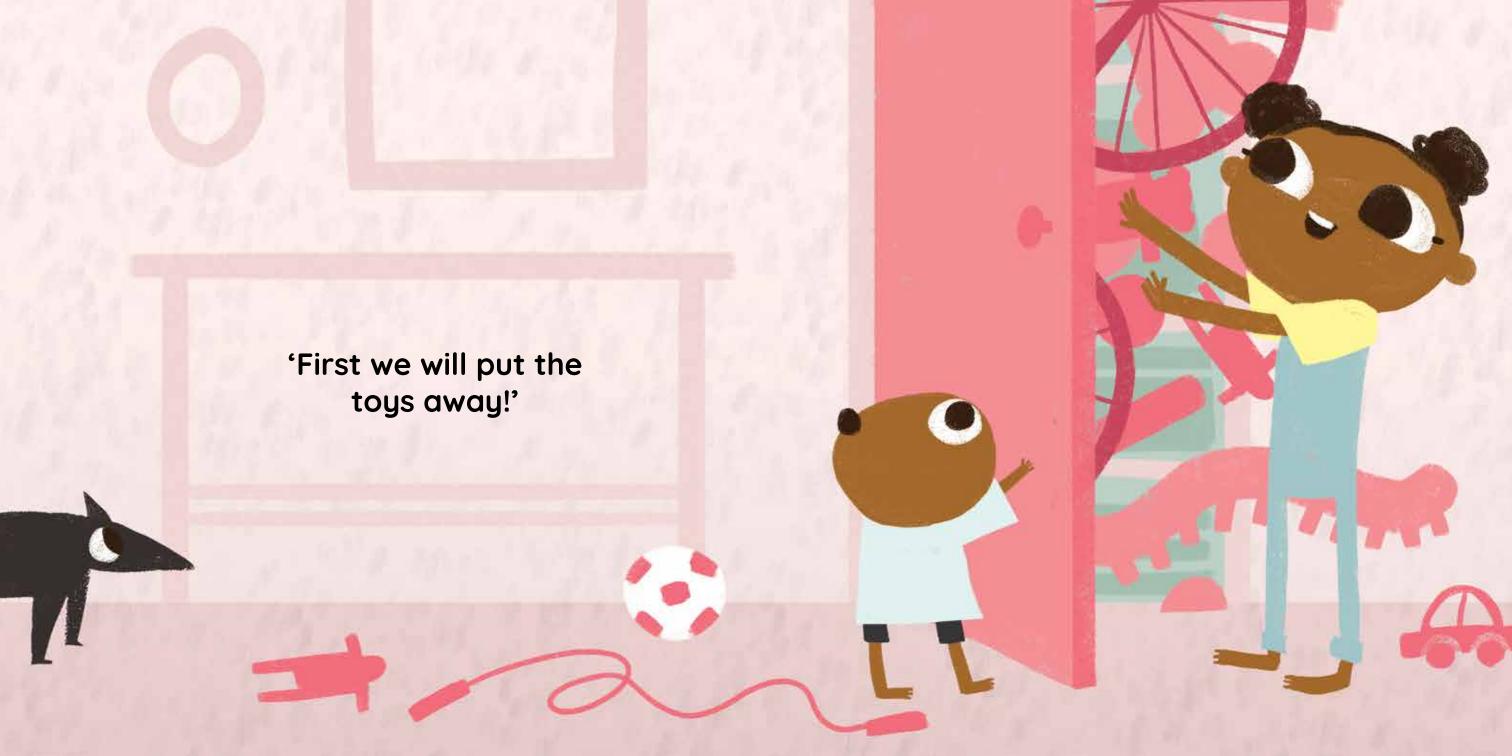
Not me.
I don't want to clean up!'



'But Papa and Mama will be so proud.

Let me show you how much fun we will have!' says Khwezi.





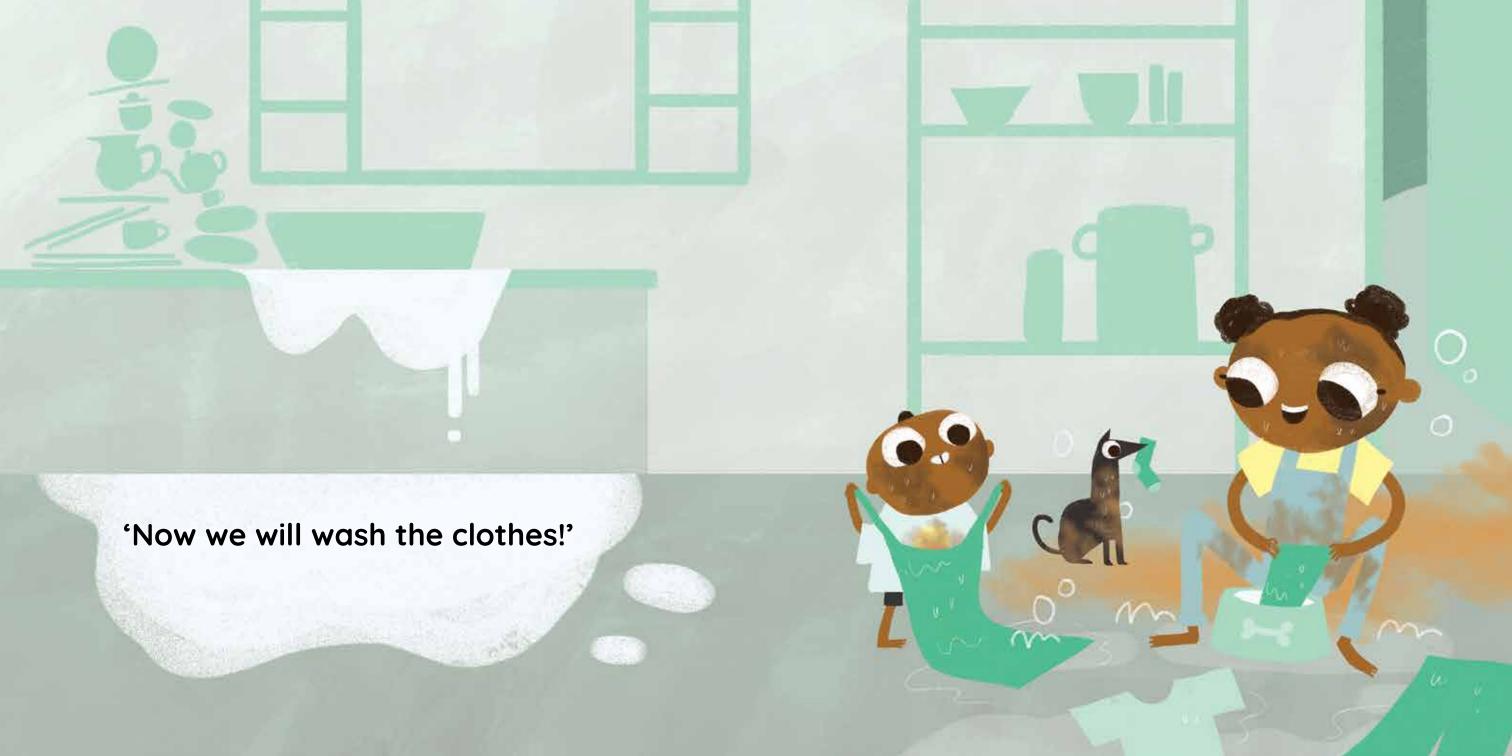


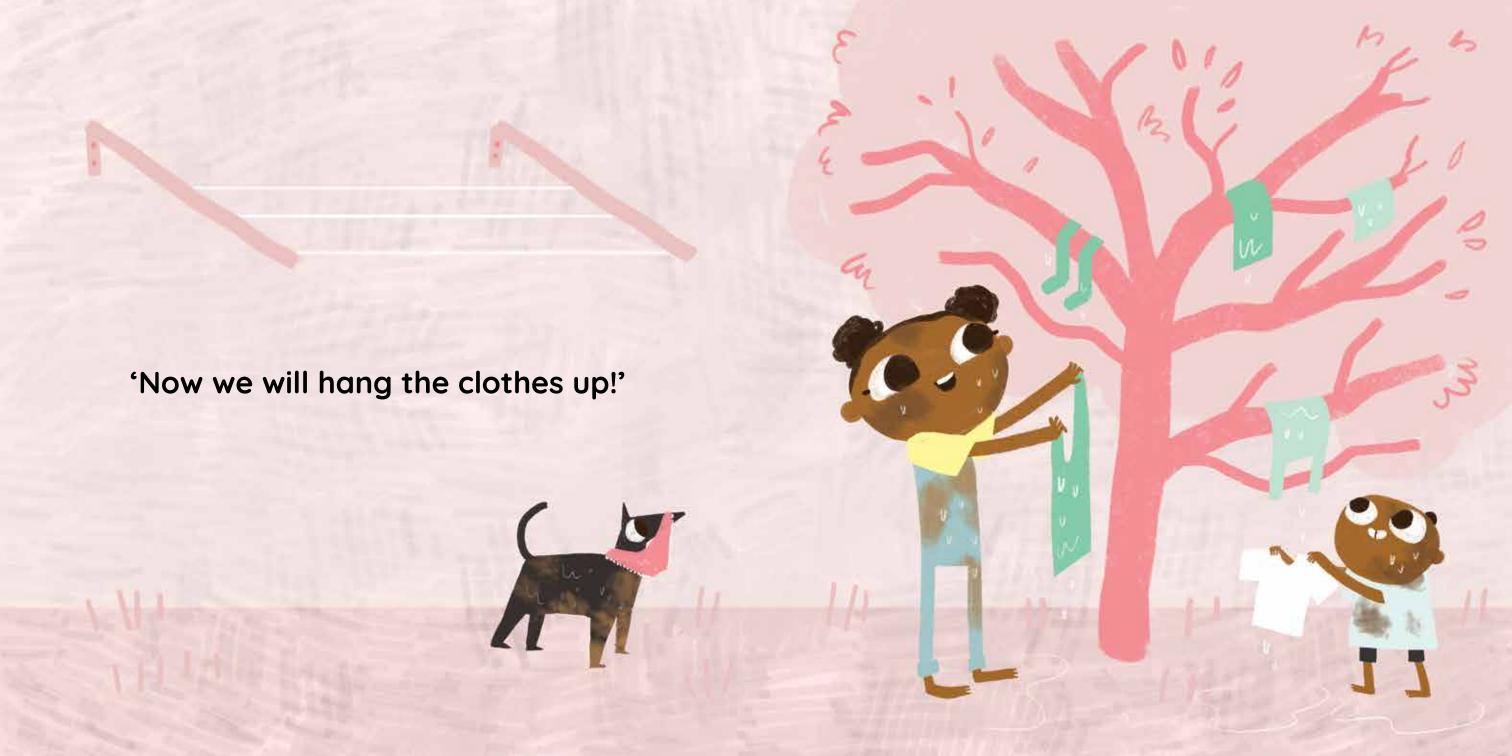


'Now we will wash the windows!'











'I have been watching them the whole time and they have been little angels!' says Gogo.







cebo solombela

unathi dyani

senzo xulu

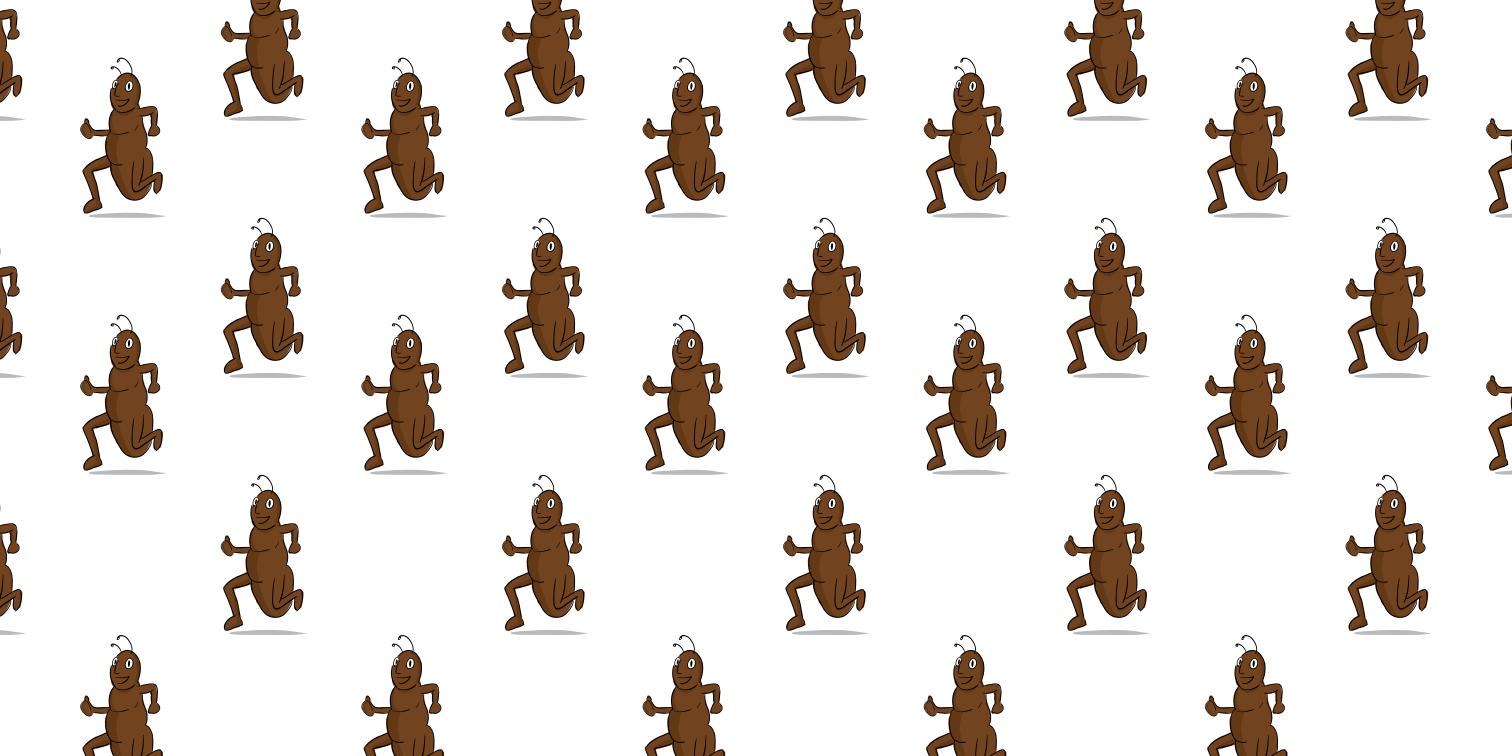
·The Lazy Ant.



·The Lazy Ant.

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The Laxy Ant
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Illustrated by Unathi Dyani
Written by Cebo Solombela
Designed by Senzo Xulu
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·The Lazy Ant.

cebo solombela

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It was summer time and most of the ants in Ant City were collecting food.

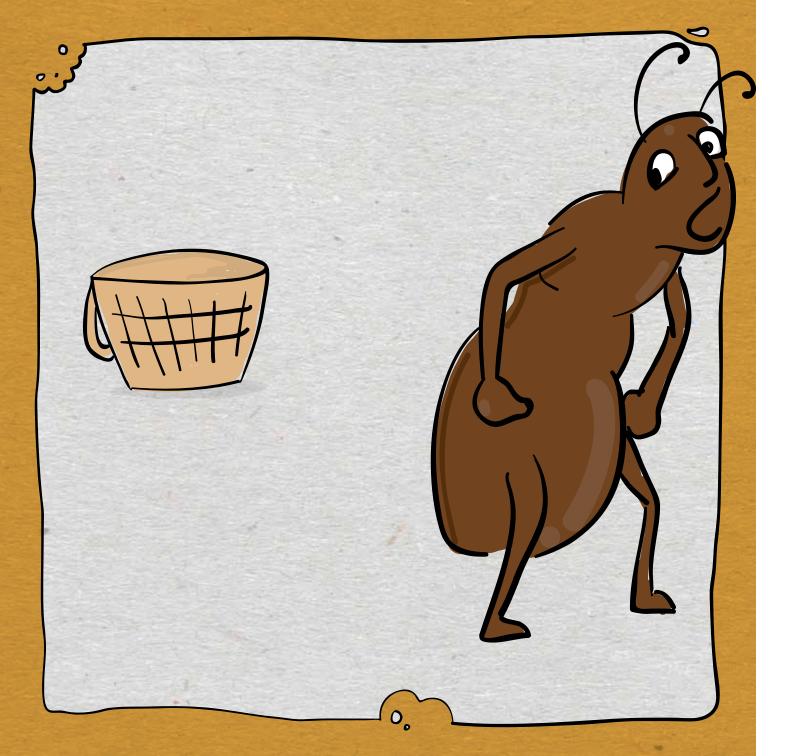
But Lazy Ant was lying on his back on top of a rock basking in the sun.





But when it was time to eat, Lazy Ant would suddenly jump up.





Lazy Ant always complained when he was given work to do. In fact, he was so lazy that he would even cry!

Instead of working, Lazy Ant would chat non-stop, and so when it was time to go home, his work was left unfinished.



One day Lazy Ant's mother found him sitting on a rock as usual.

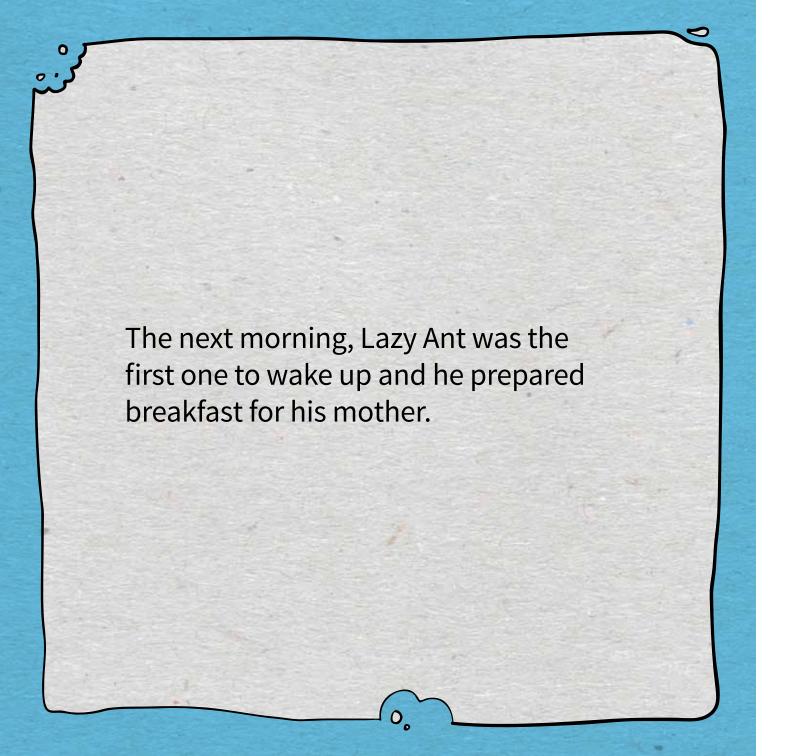
His mother was angry and she punished him. Then she told him to quickly fill a sack with food. Lazy Ant grumbled as he began working. He knew that he would not be getting any food if he didn't work.



By the end of that day, Lazy Ant's sack was full. His mother was very happy to see that her son had worked so hard.



Lazy Ant's mother prepared a special meal for supper to reward her son. He enjoyed the meal along with the other ants who had worked hard all day.

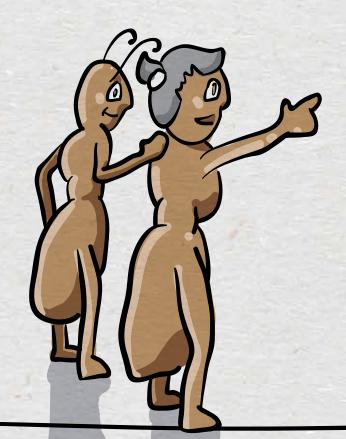




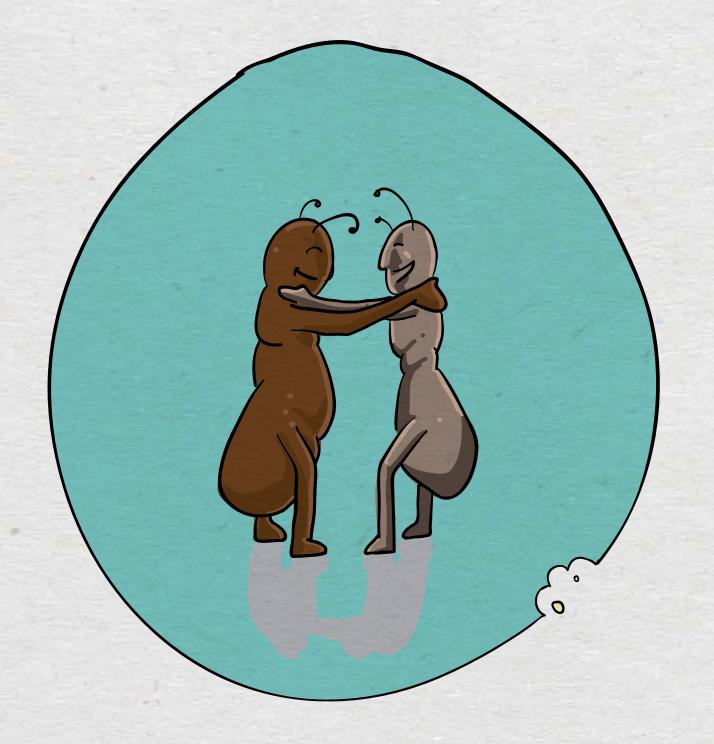
All the other ants were shocked by the change in Lazy Ant's behaviour. He went up and down offering help to any ant who needed it.



The elders of Ant City even celebrated the change in Lazy Ant's behaviour with him.

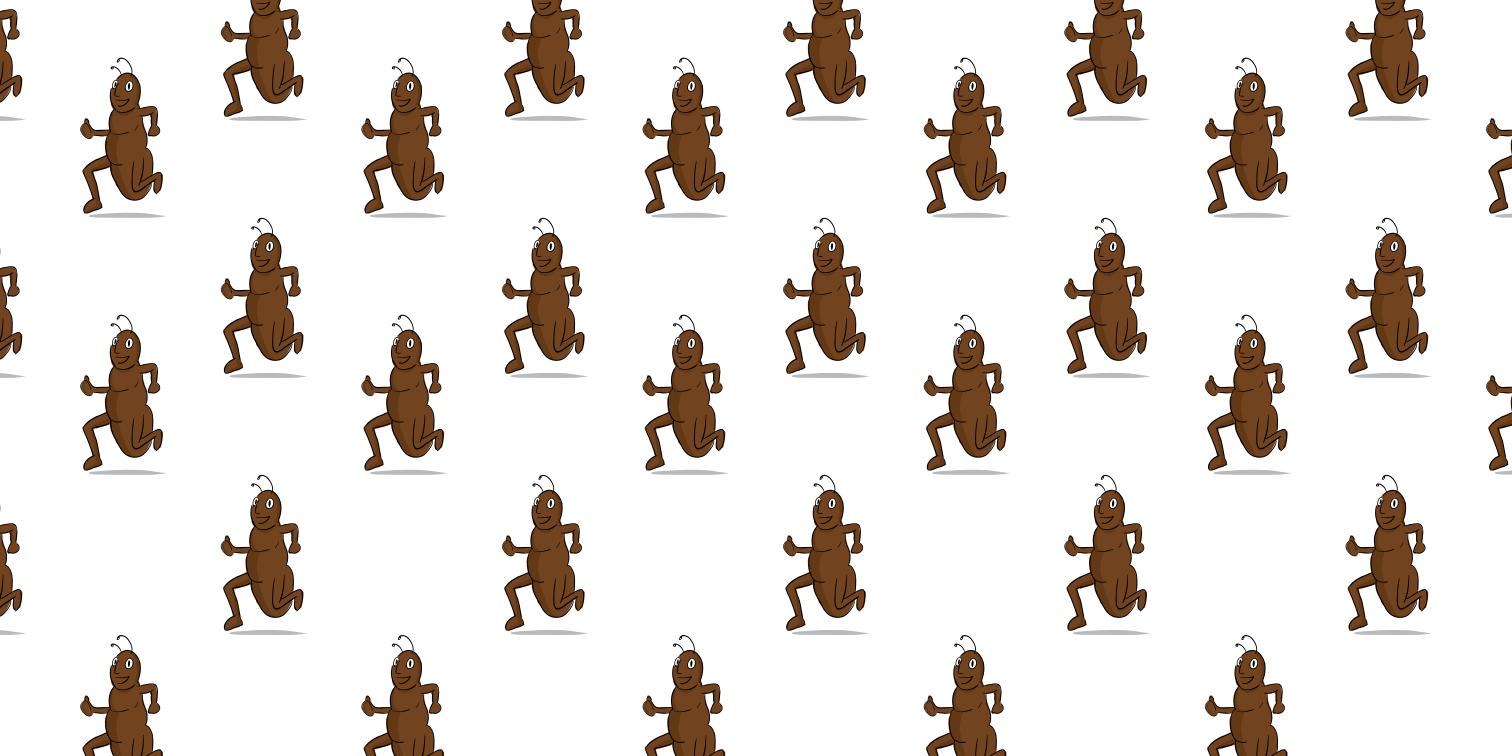






And from that day, Lazy Ant saw the importance of working together with others.

Working together creates peace, joy and harmony.









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The lost laugh
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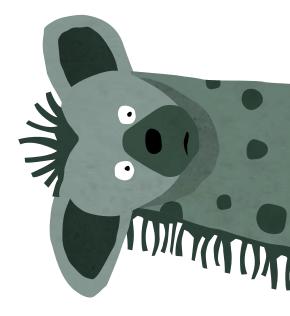
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Karen Lilje

Michelle Preen

Wilna Combrinck



Spotty the Hyena is very sad. He has lost his laugh.



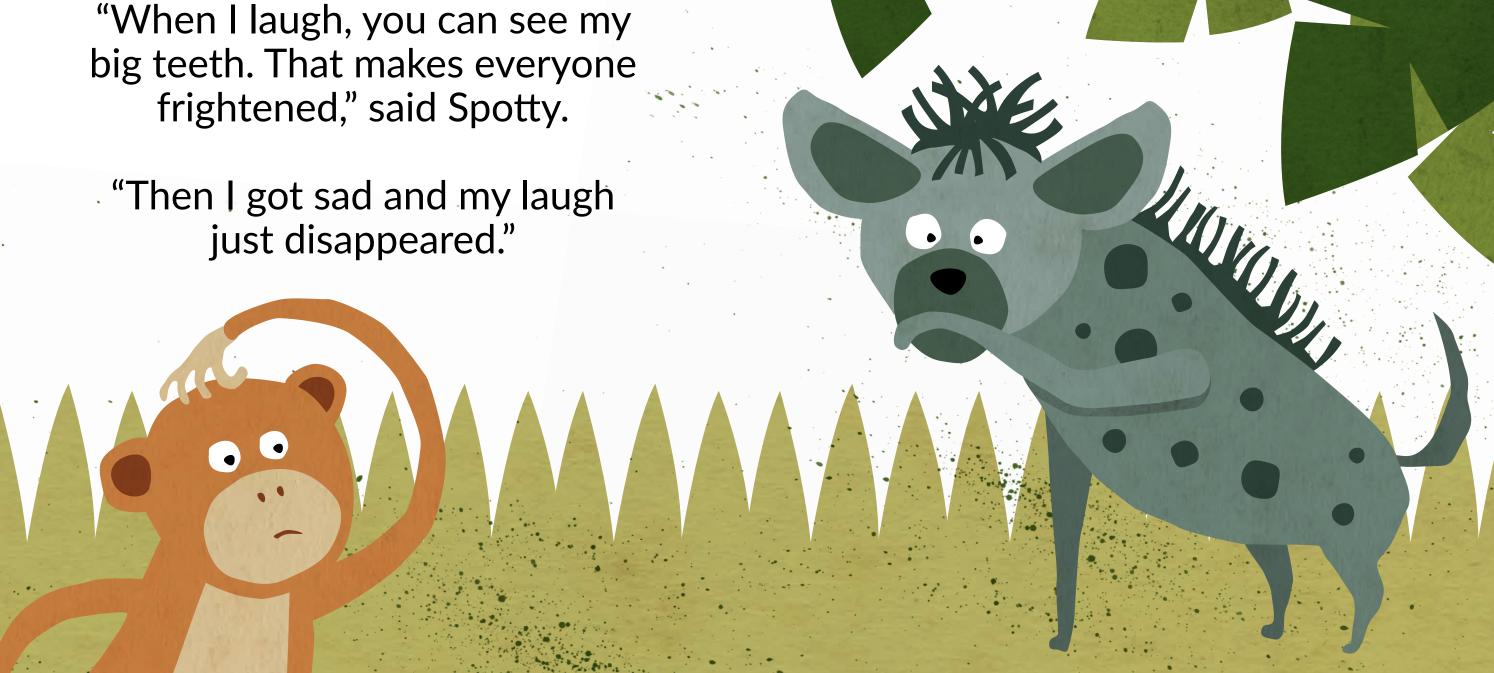


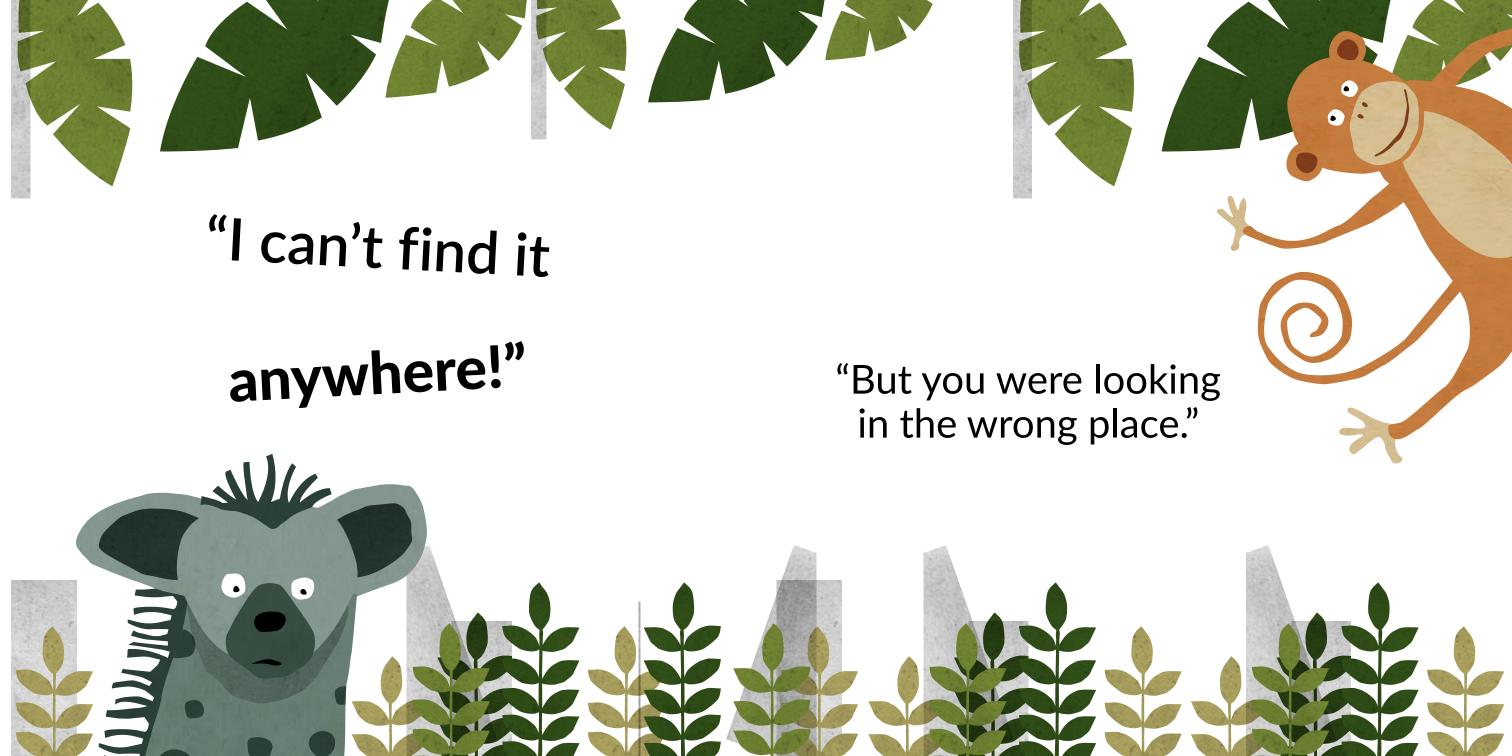
"Please help me find my laugh, Hippo." "I can't hear a laugh down here."



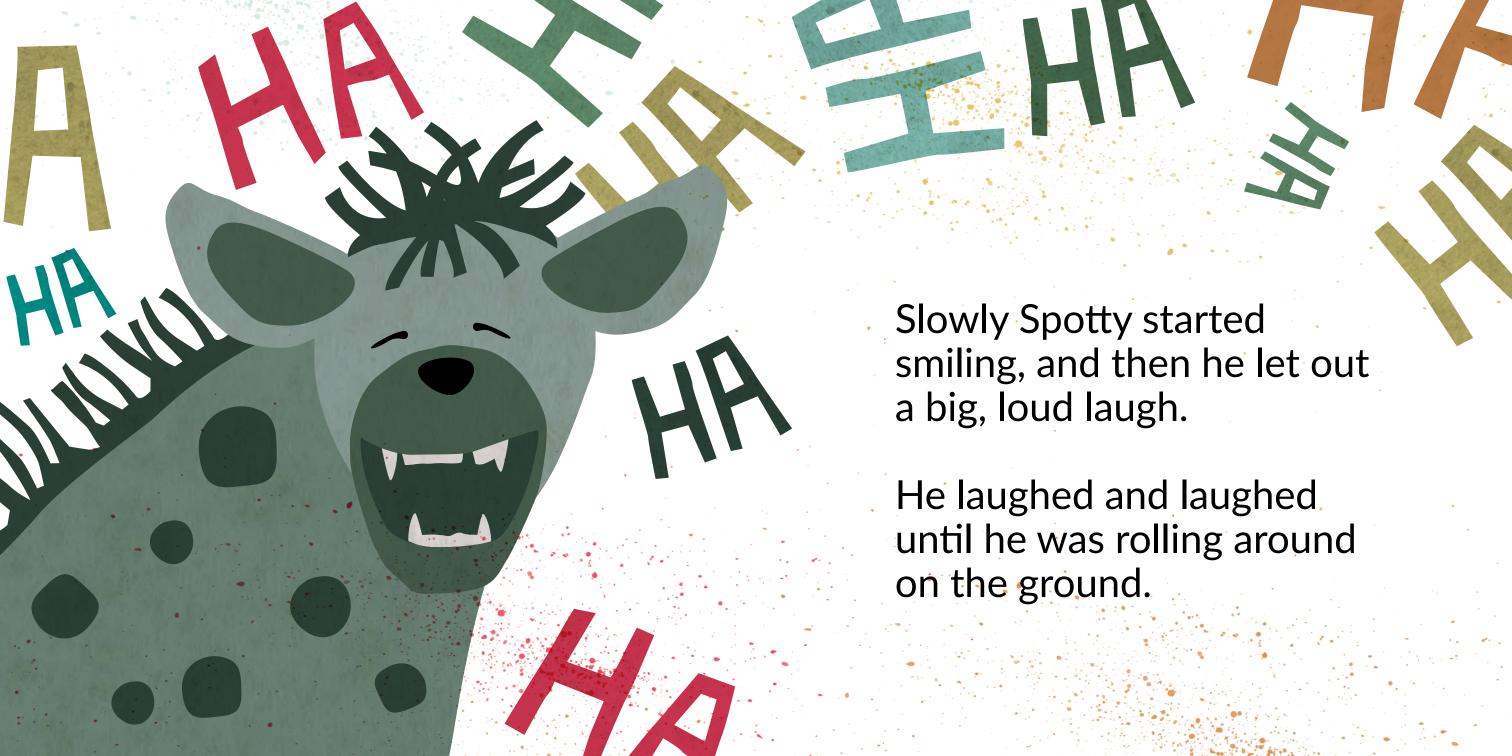


"When I laugh, you can see my frightened," said Spotty.





Monkey Then she began to tickle Spotty all over. jumped out of the tree and picked up a feather.





"Where did you find his laugh?" they asked.



"His laugh was inside him all the time. I just made him happy and out it came."





They all laughed and laughed so that their teeth showed too.

"I'll never lose my laugh again,"

said Spotty the

happy Hyena.





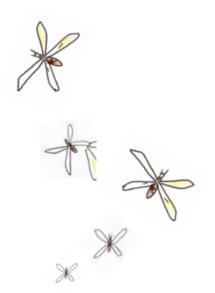
The New Road



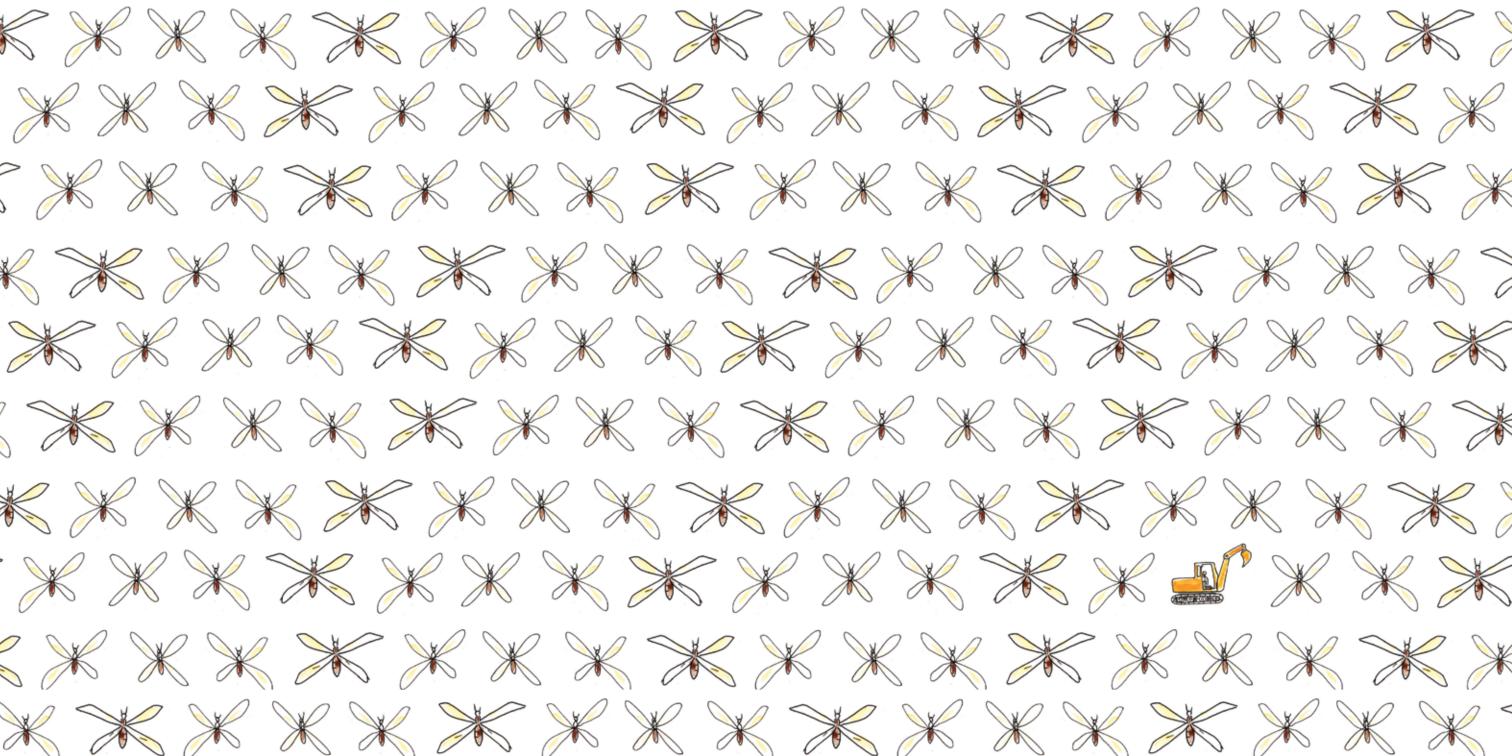


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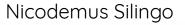
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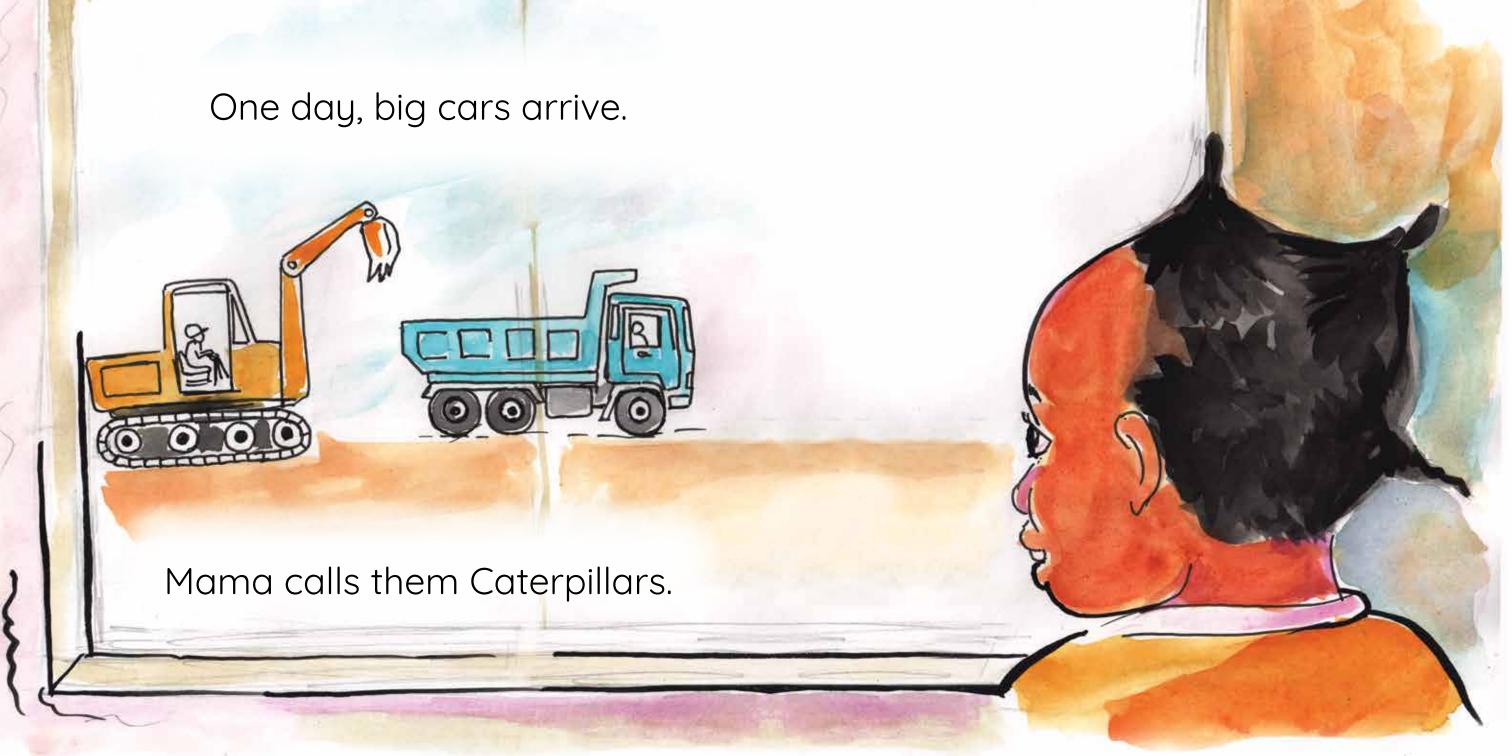
Fiske Serah Nyirongo



Murray Hunter





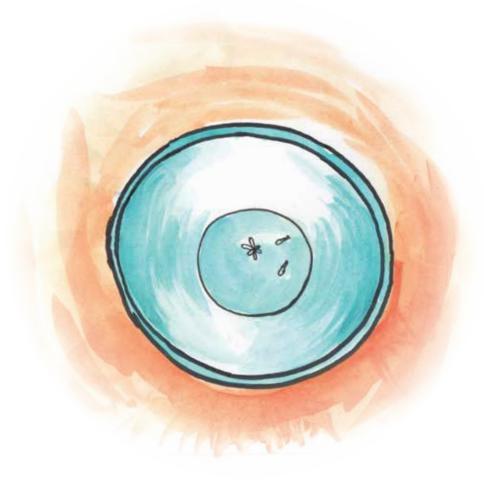








But when Chapansi and Luano go to the road to catch inswa...



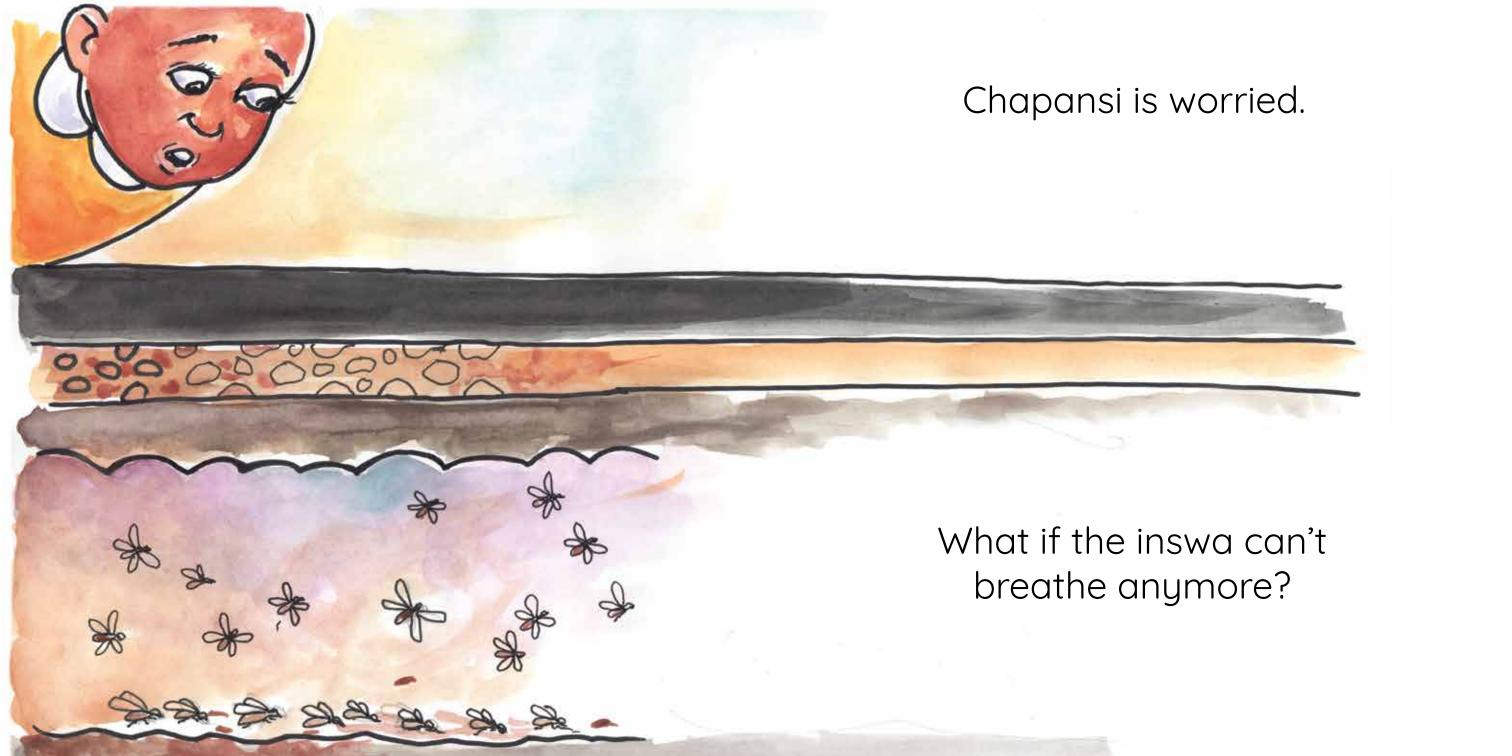
... they only catch three!

Chapansi used to love playing chiyato with Luano.





But there are no more stones on the road to play with.





Chapansi goes to Mama.





'Don't be sad, my child. Inswa will always find a way out,' she says.



One rainy day, Luano comes running to Chapansi's house.

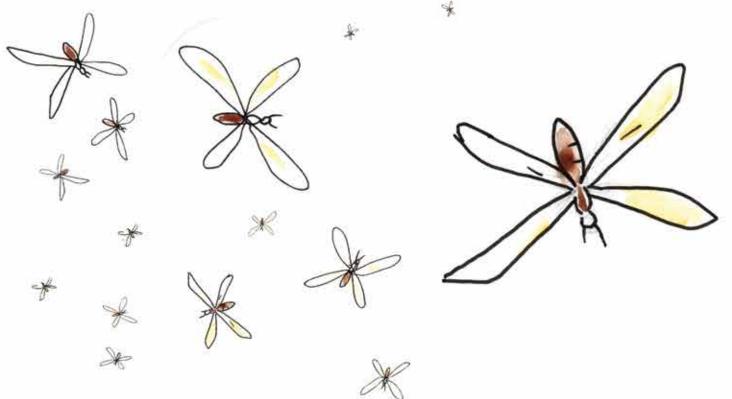


'Inswa is back!'

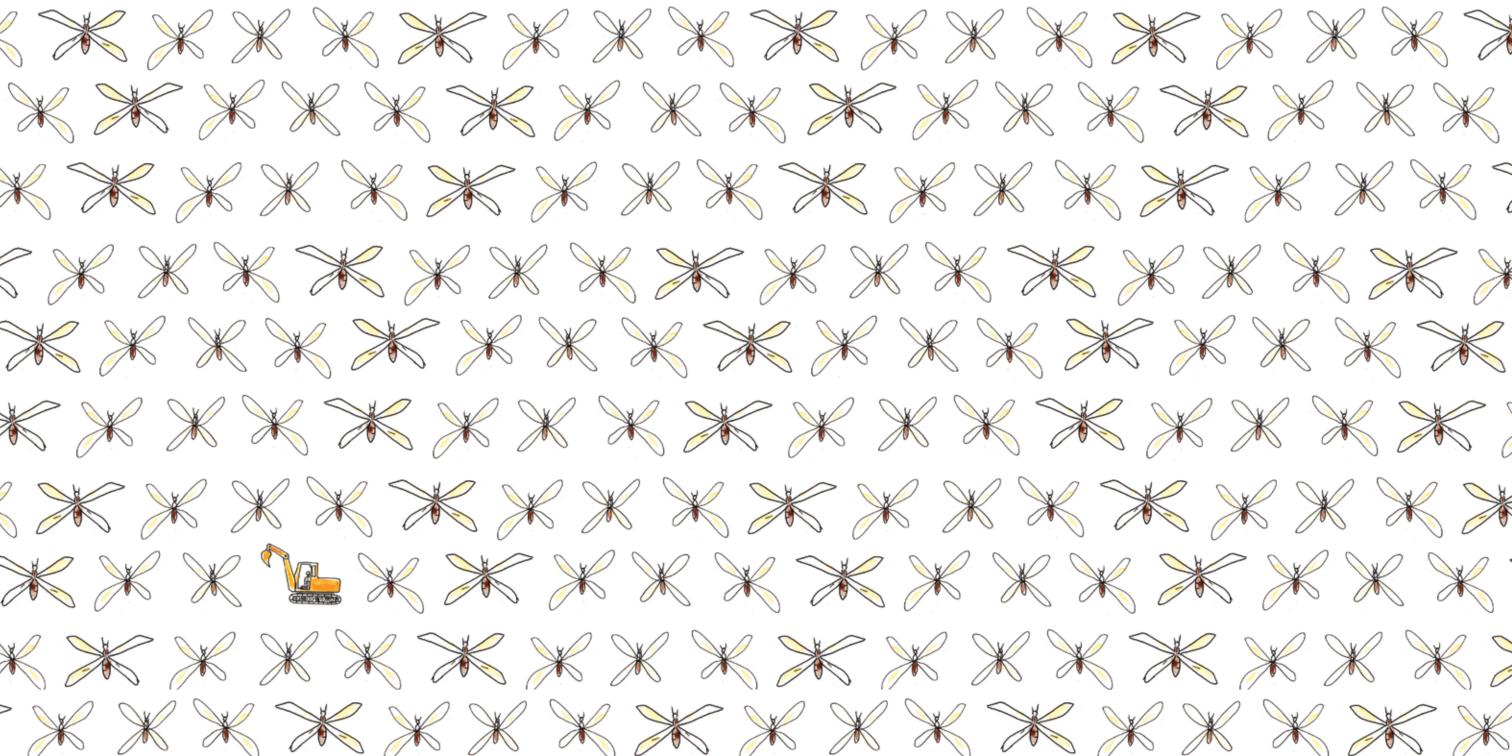


Inswa is back! It defeated the road!





Mama was right after all!









Pumpkin Chase

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The Pumpkin Chase
Illustrated by Amy-Jane Harkess
Written by Smanga Simelane
Designed by Arthur Attwell
Edited by Carol Kagezi
with the help of the Book Dash participants in Grahamstown on 12 November 2016.

ISBN: 978-1-928377-23-8

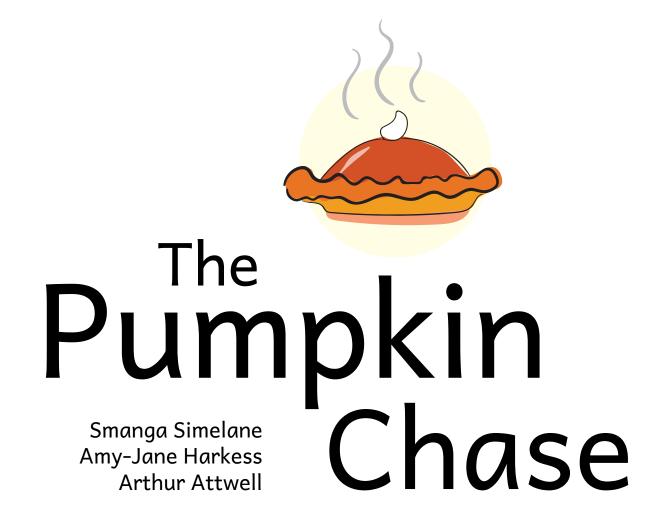
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Miss Sunflower is crying.

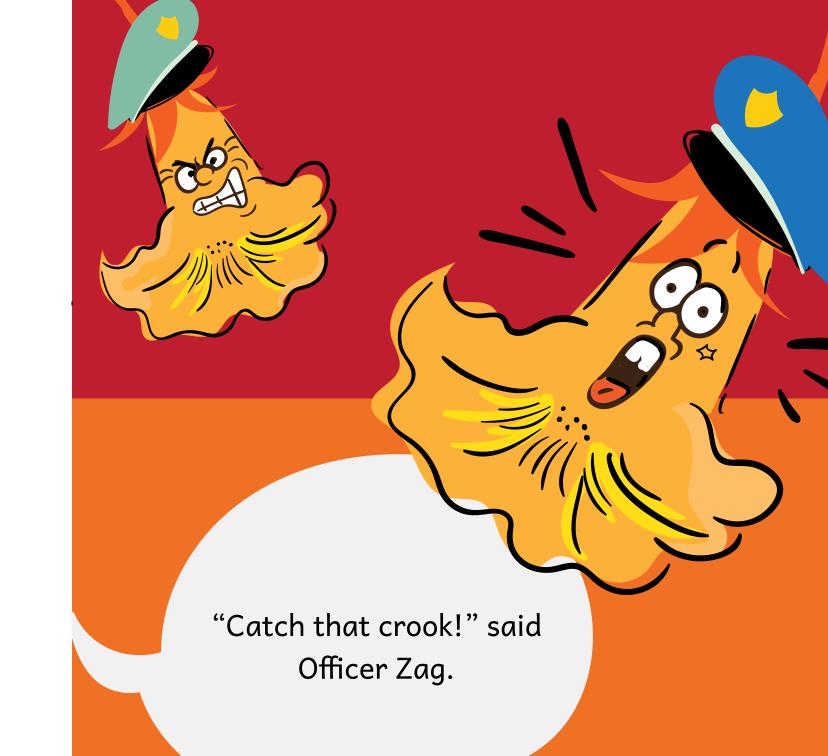
"A thief just stole my pumpkin pie!

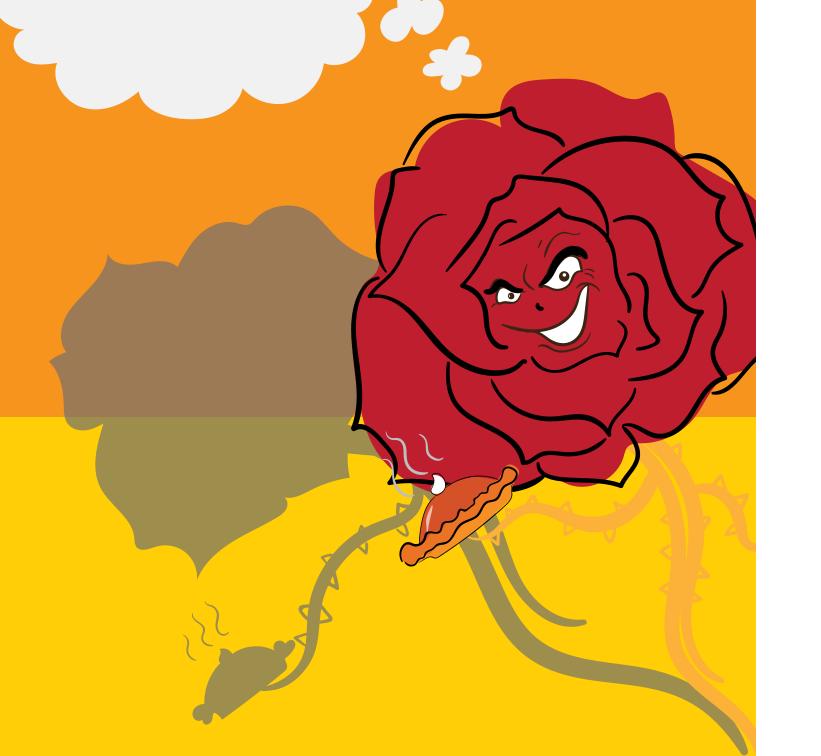
Now what will I have for dinner?" she sobs.



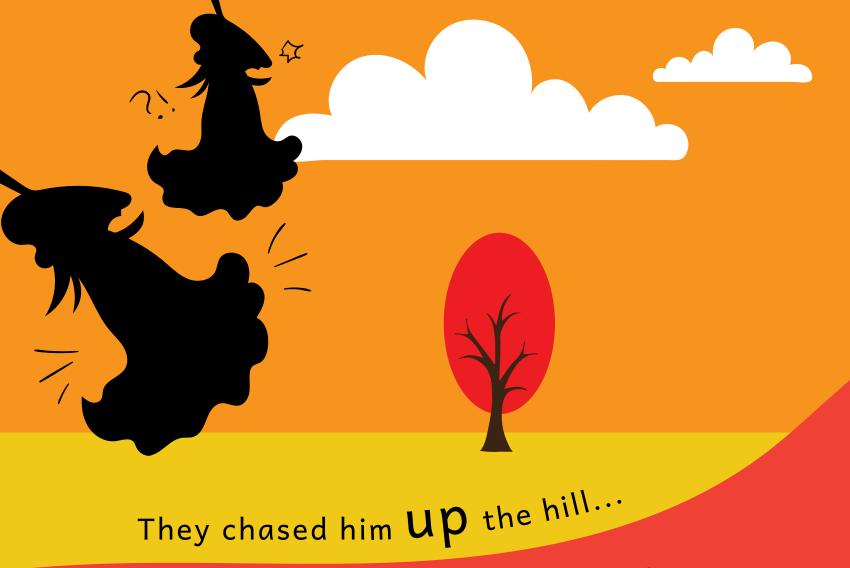


"Don't cry Miss Sunflower. We will find your pumpkin pie," said Officer Zig. "We will catch that crook!" said Officer Zag. "Look! There he goes!" said Officer Zig.





"I'm too fast and you're too slow.
You will never catch the pumpkin pie thief!"
cried the crook.

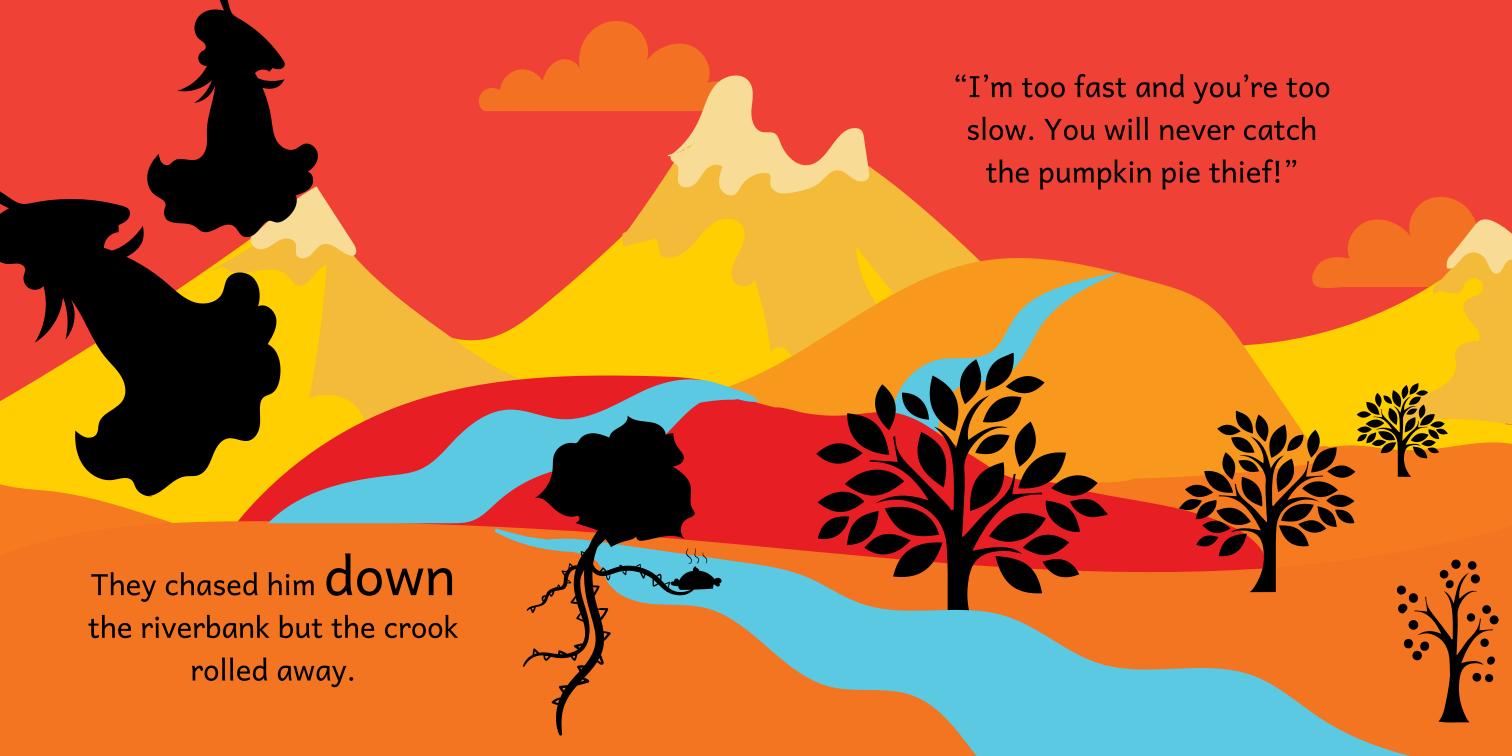






...but the crook was too quick.

"I'm too fast and you're too slow. You will never catch the pumpkin pie thief!"



They chased him **under** the bridge but the crook swam away.

"I'm too fast and you're too slow. You will never catch the pumpkin pie thief!"







They chased him **around** the tree but they could not catch the crook.

"I'm too fast and you're too slow.
You will never catch the pumpkin pie thief!"





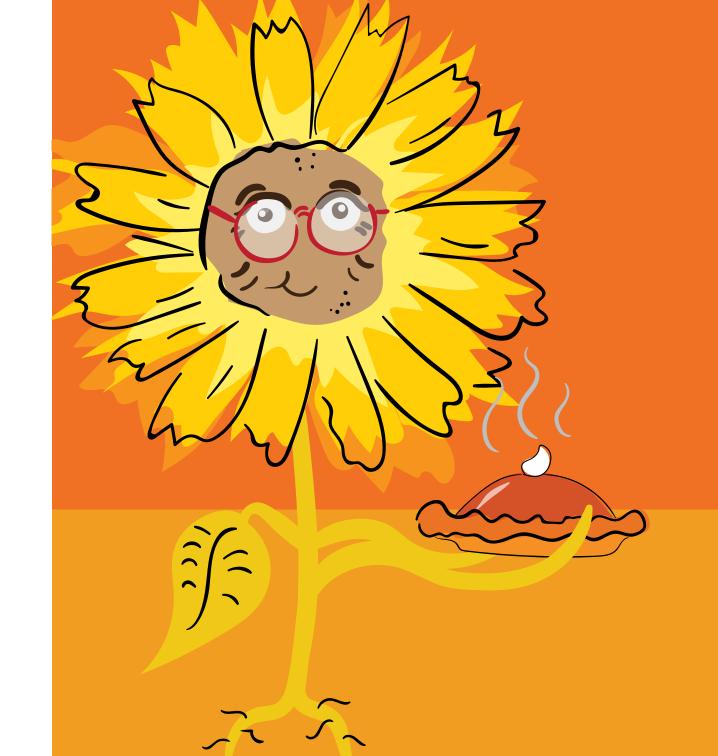


"Hurray! We caught the crook!" said the cops.

Officer Zig and Officer Zag returned the pumpkin pie to Miss Sunflower.

"Thank you very much," said Miss Sunflower.

Dinner time!











Pumpkin Chase

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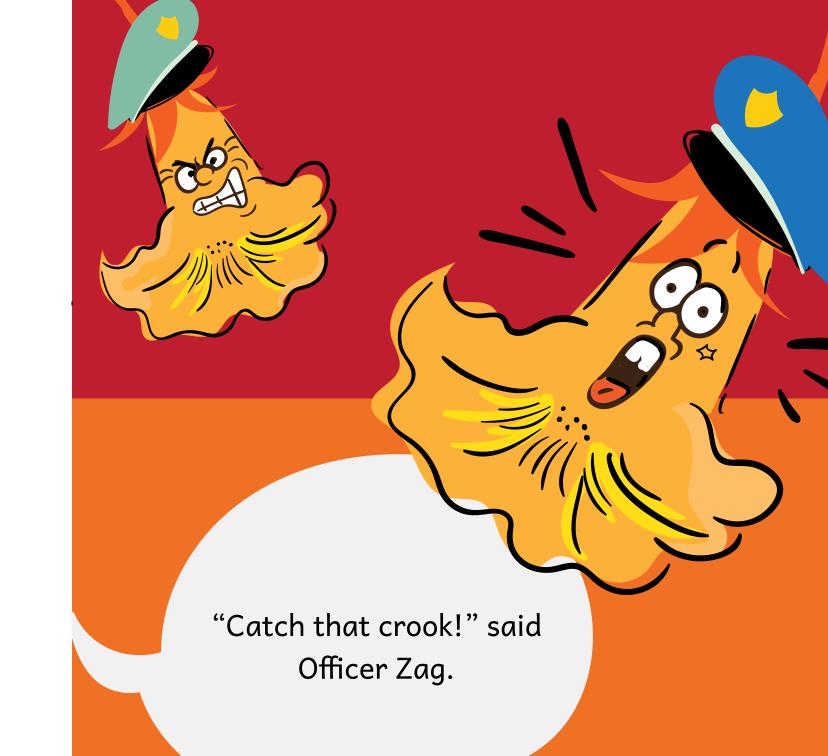
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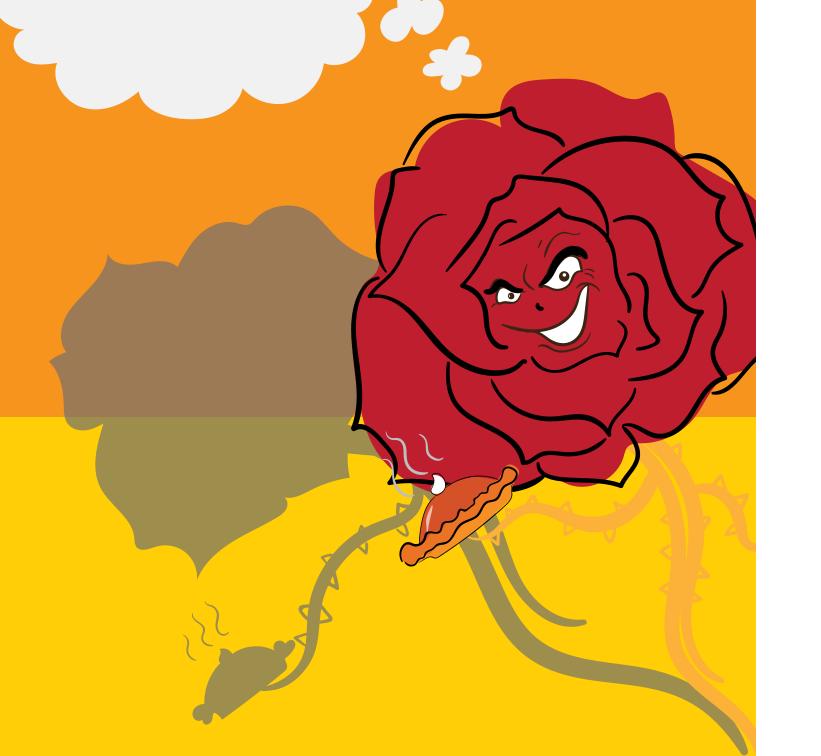
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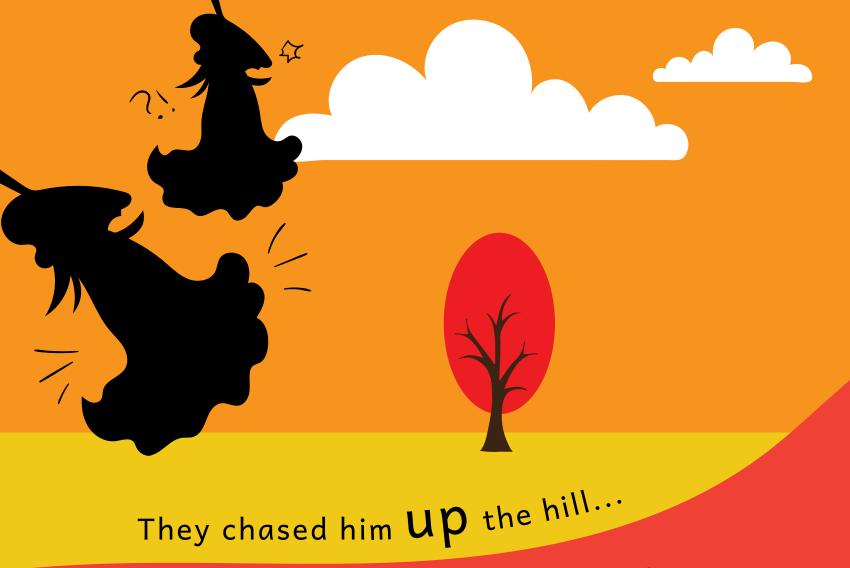


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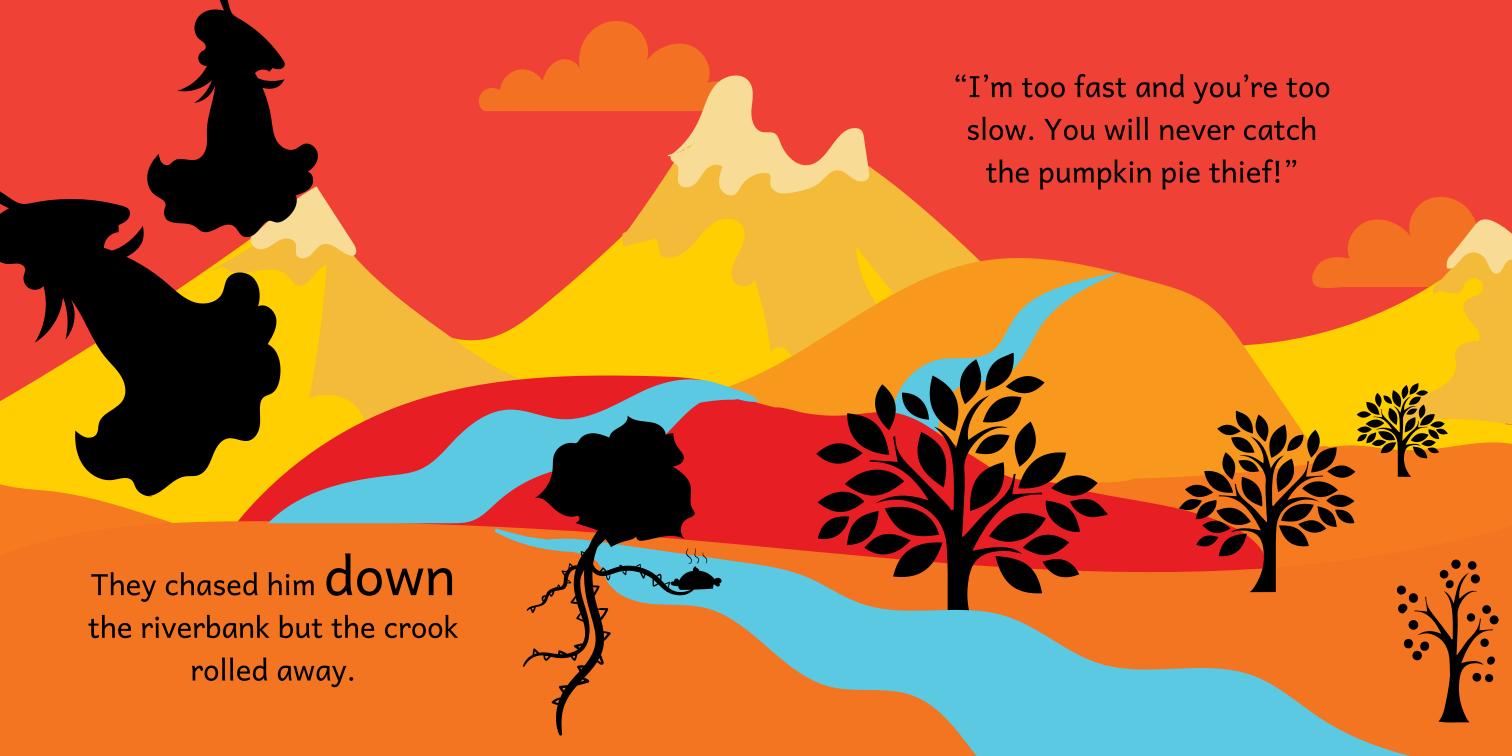






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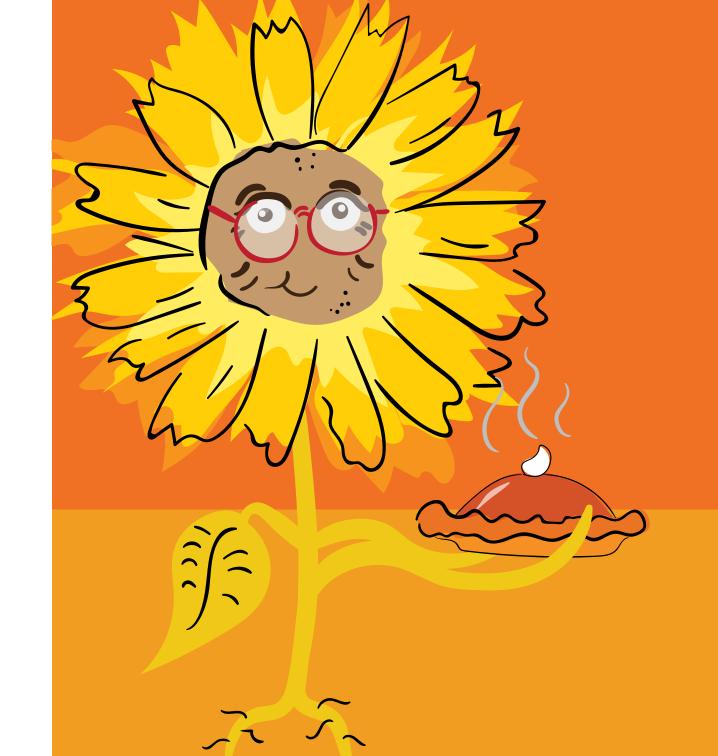


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The Rainbow Cloud

The story of Mkabayi and Mmama

Zanele Dlamini

Selina Morulane

Sibusiso Mkhwanazi

The Rainbow Cloud

The story of Mkabayi and Mmama

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Designed by Sibusiso Mkhwanazi
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the Rainbow Cloud

Zanele Dlamini Selina Morulane Sibusiso Mkhwanazi



A long time ago in the land of the Zulu people, the King Jama ka Ndaba was very powerful, wise, fair and kind. But he had no children and he was worried that he would not have an heir.

He prayed and made offerings to the gods but nothing happened.





One night while the king was asleep, a witch came in a dream.

"The gods have heard your plea and the queen will bear twins. One will rule the Zulu nation and the other will have magical powers," the witch said. Twins Mkabayi and Mmama were born but the queen cried for Mkabayi because the rule said that the first-born twin must be offered to the gods.

Seeing the queen's sadness, the king said, "From today, when twins are born, both babies will live."

The people celebrated but not all were happy with the king's new rule.





The little girls grew beautifully. One day Mkabayi had a stick fight and defeated a boy who bullied children.

"Go away, you cursed girl!" said the boy.

"Come back, Mkabayi!"

Mkabayi cried and ran into the forest where the frightening ghosts, Hornhead and Longtom lived.



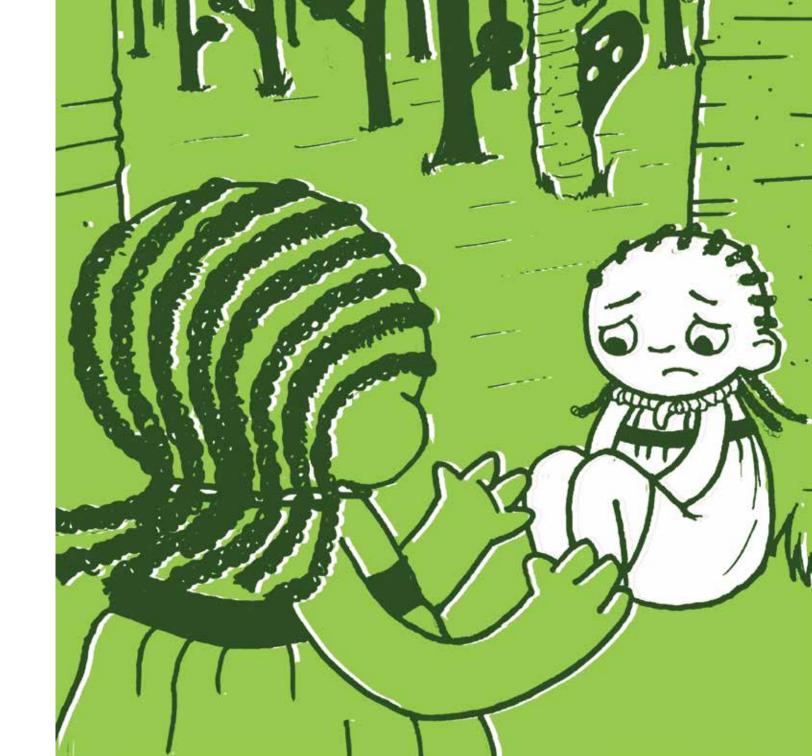


Mmama stood in silence and closed her eyes.

The magic bond between the twins led Mmama to her sister.

"No one wants to play with me, I'm cursed!" cried Mkabayi.

"I want to play with you," Mmama said.





"We will have a nice dinner tonight Longtom," said Hornhead.

Mkabayi picked up a stick.

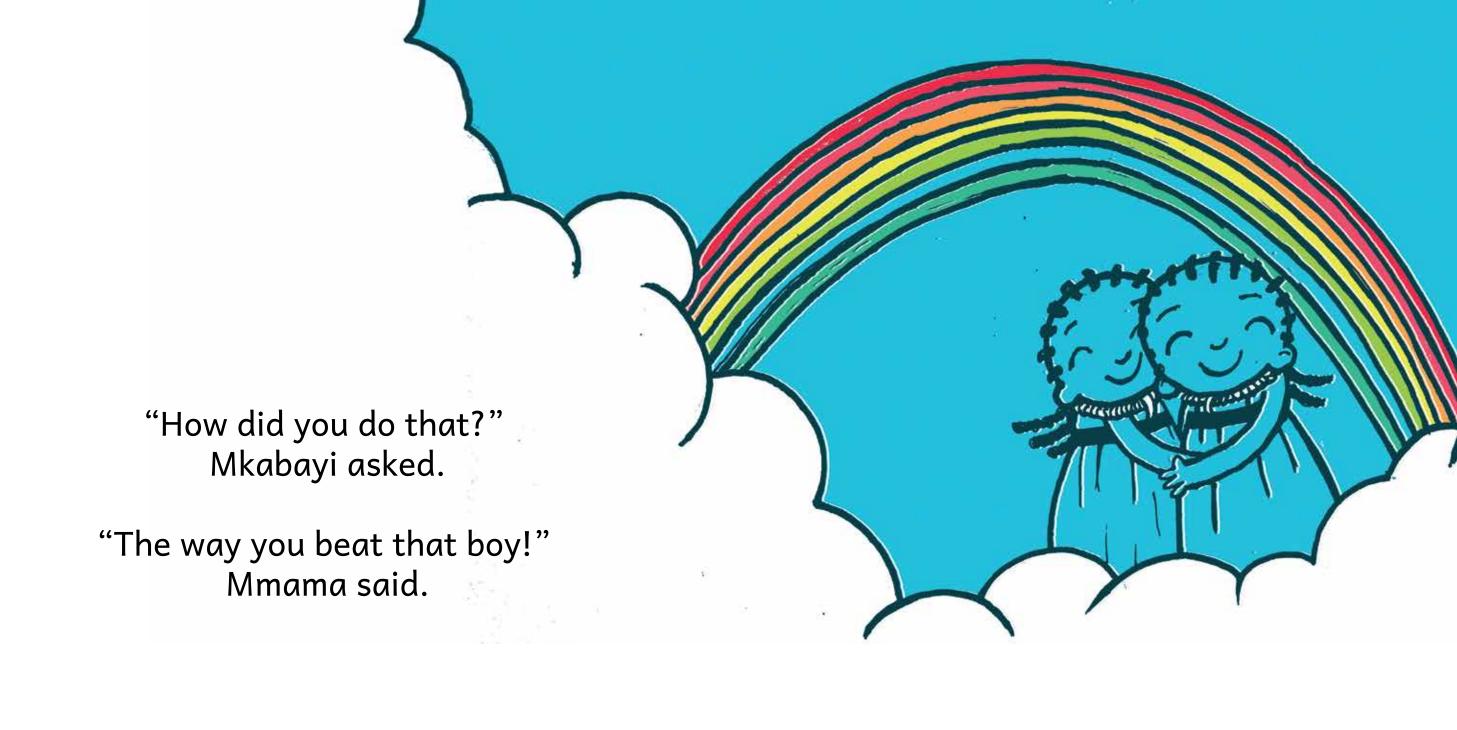
"You can't kill ghosts with a stick!" Longtom laughed.





"How about this?" Mmama said, raising her hand.

Thunder roared and lightning struck the ghosts, while a rainbow cloud protected the girls.





The girls went home happy, knowing that whatever happened they could protect each other.







There's a Fire on the Mountain

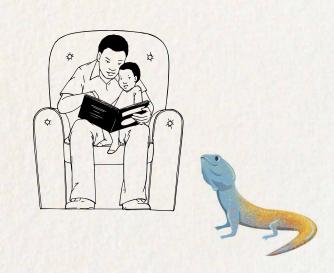
Julie Smith-Belton

Kirsty Paxton

Nadene Reignier

There's a Fire on the Mountain

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Illustrated by Julie Smith-Belton
Written by Kirsty Paxton
Designed by Nadene Reignier
Edited by Margot Bertelsmann
with the help of the Book Dash participants in the Virtual Book Dash on 15 May 2021.

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There's a Fire on the Mountain

Julie Smith-Belton

Kirsty Paxton

Nadene Reignier



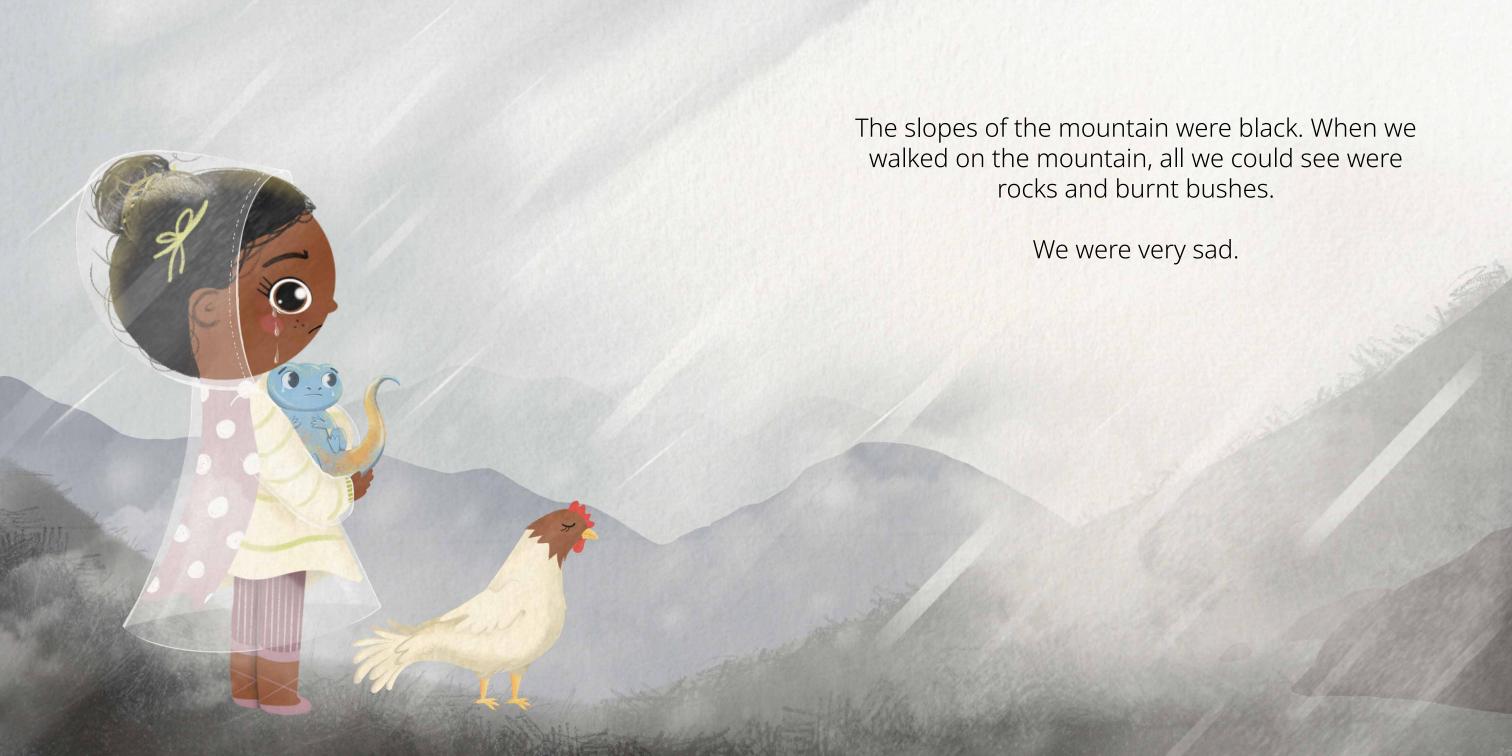


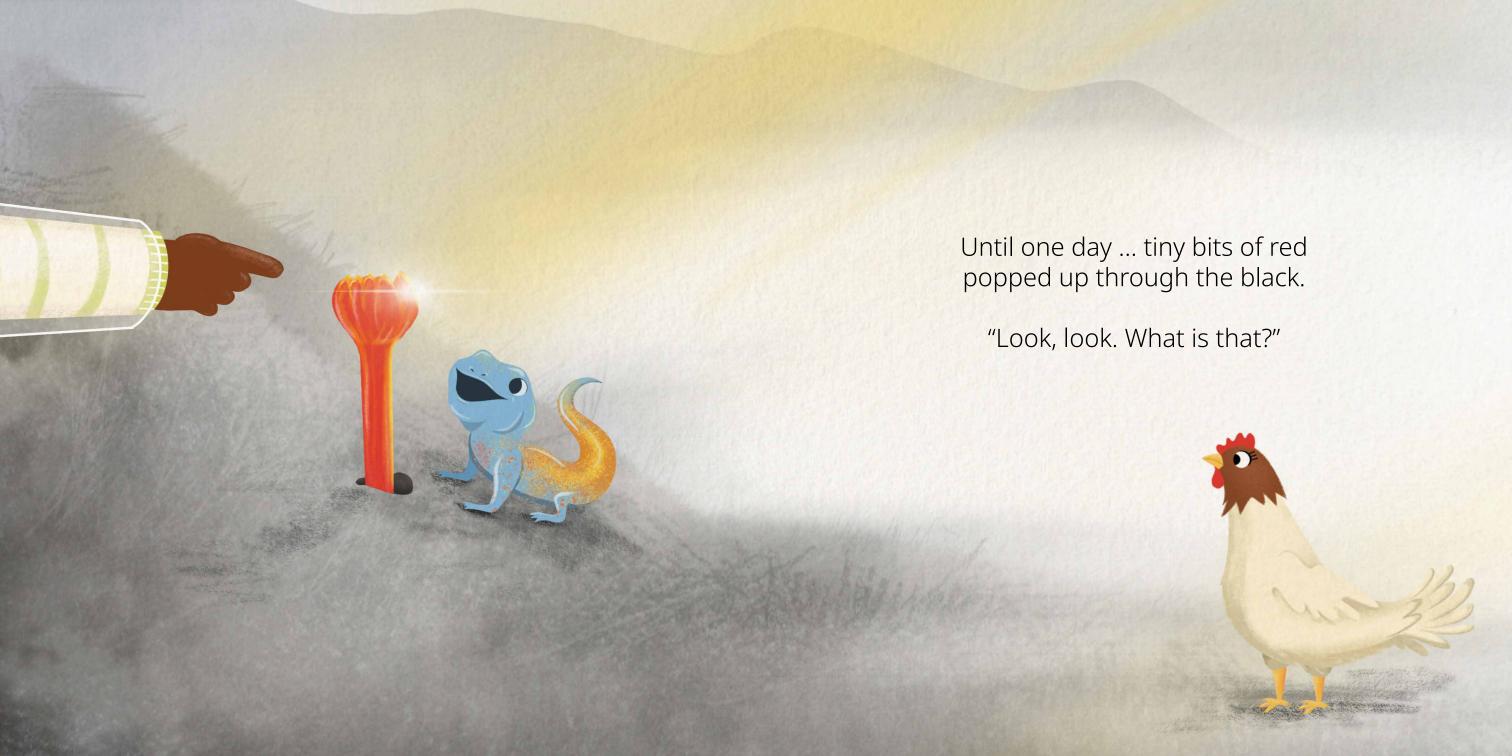












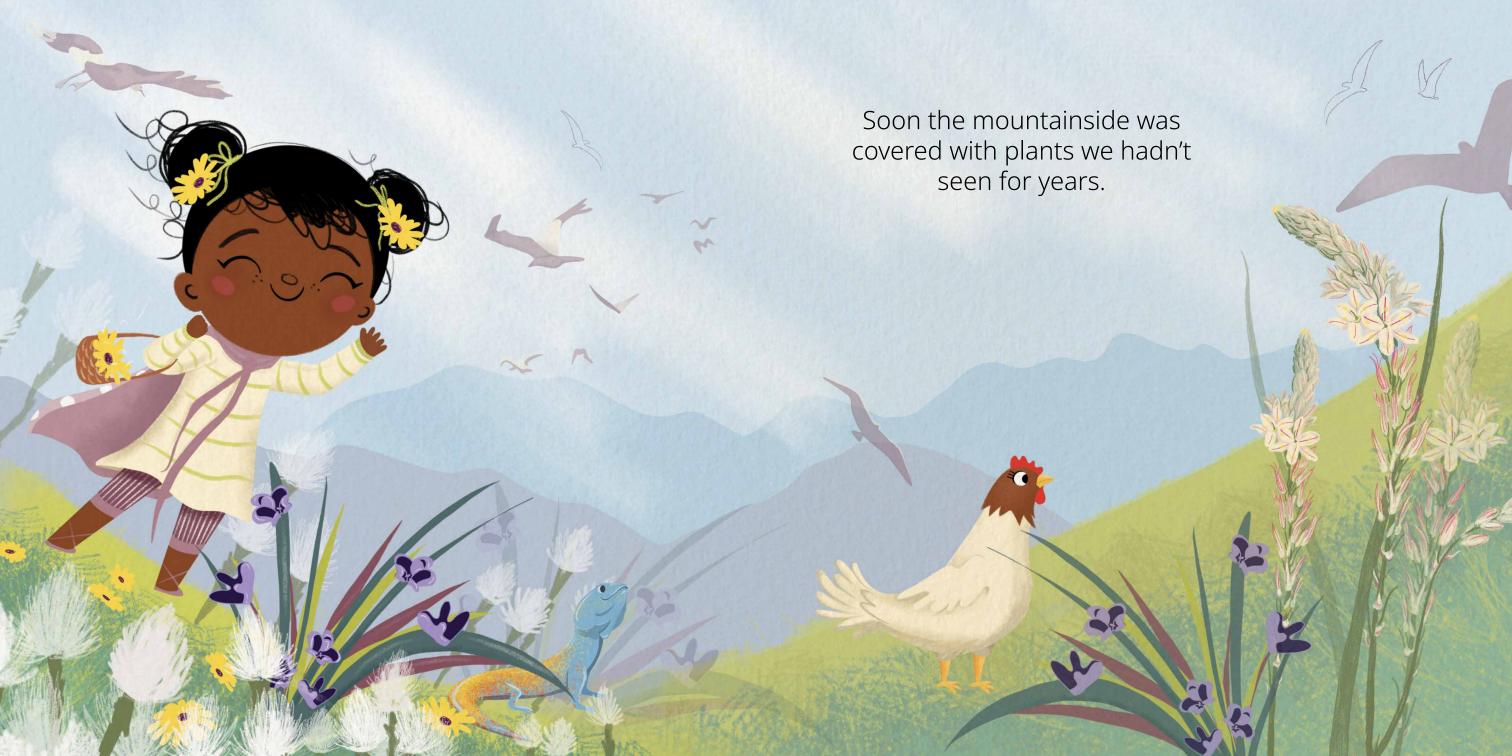




Then there were associated the rain.



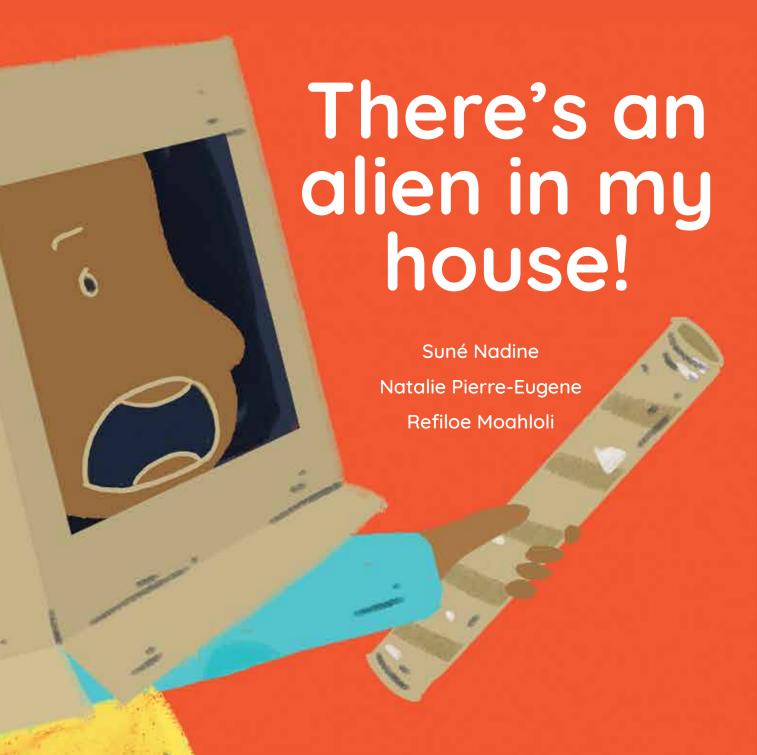
And the tall watsonia in orange and pink.





















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There's an alien in my house!
Illustrated by Suné Nadine
Written by Refiloe Moahloli
Designed by Natalie Pierre-Eugene
Edited by Margot Bertelsmann
with the help of the Book Dash participants in Johannesburg on 26 October 2019.

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There's an alien in my house!







Suné Nadine | Natalie Pierre-Eugene | Refiloe Moahloli



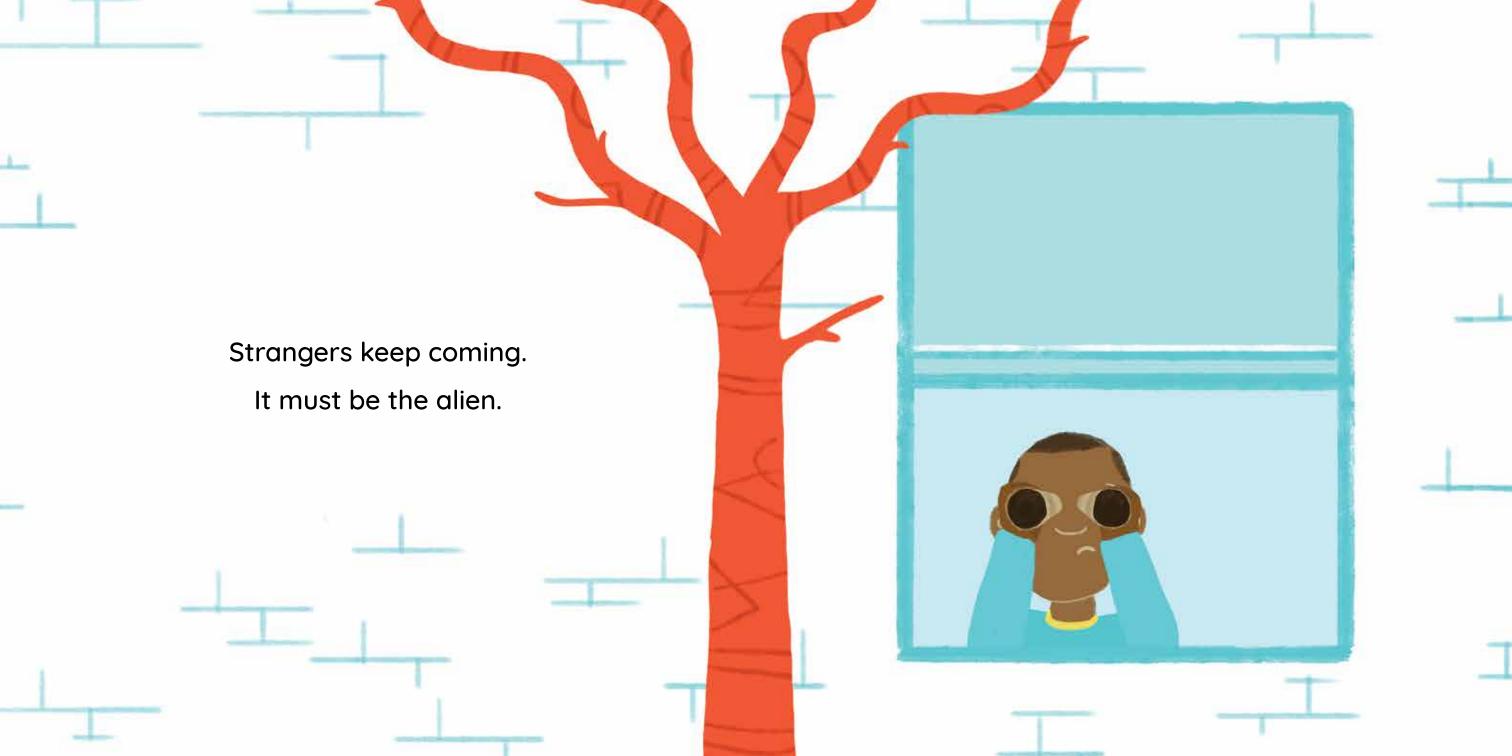
The walls are changing colour.

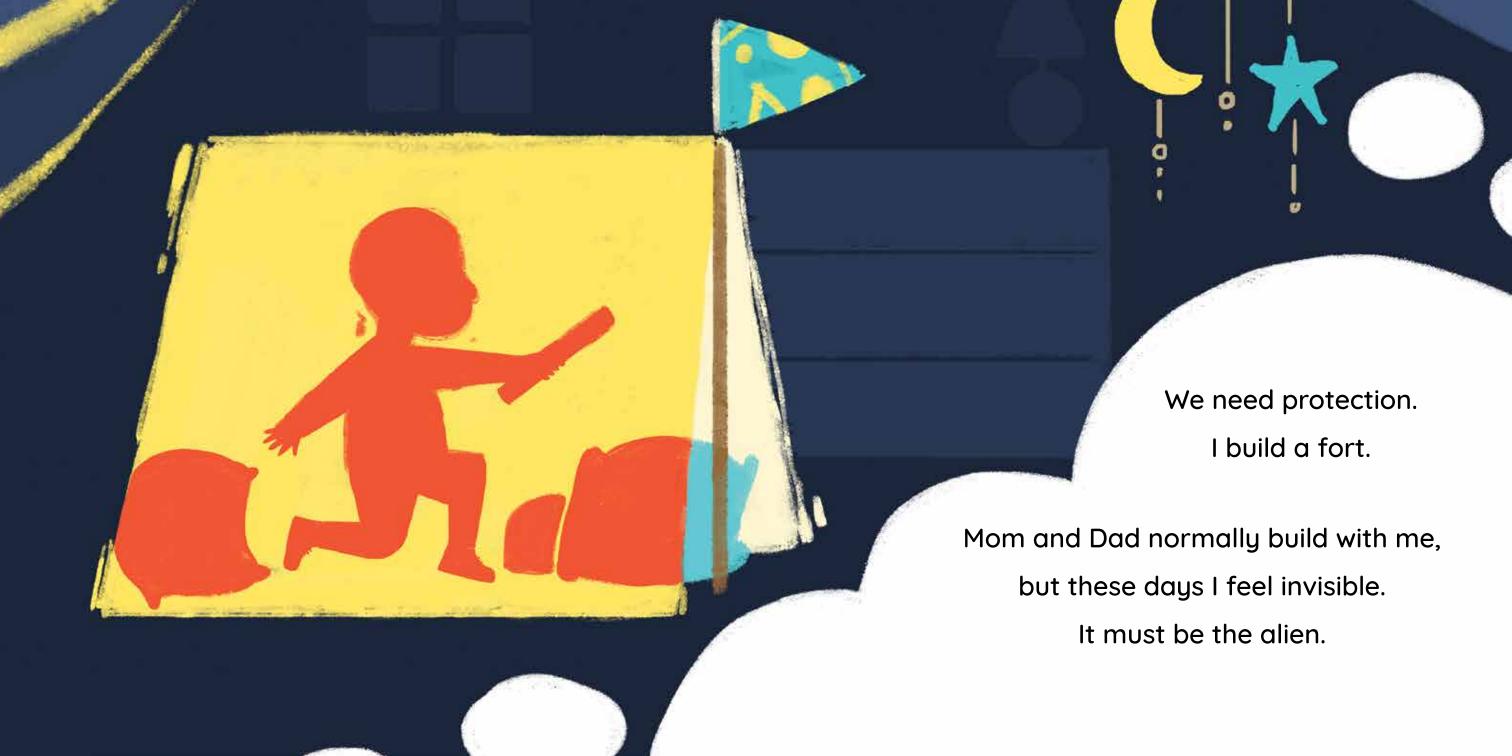
It must be the alien.

The air is getting warmer.

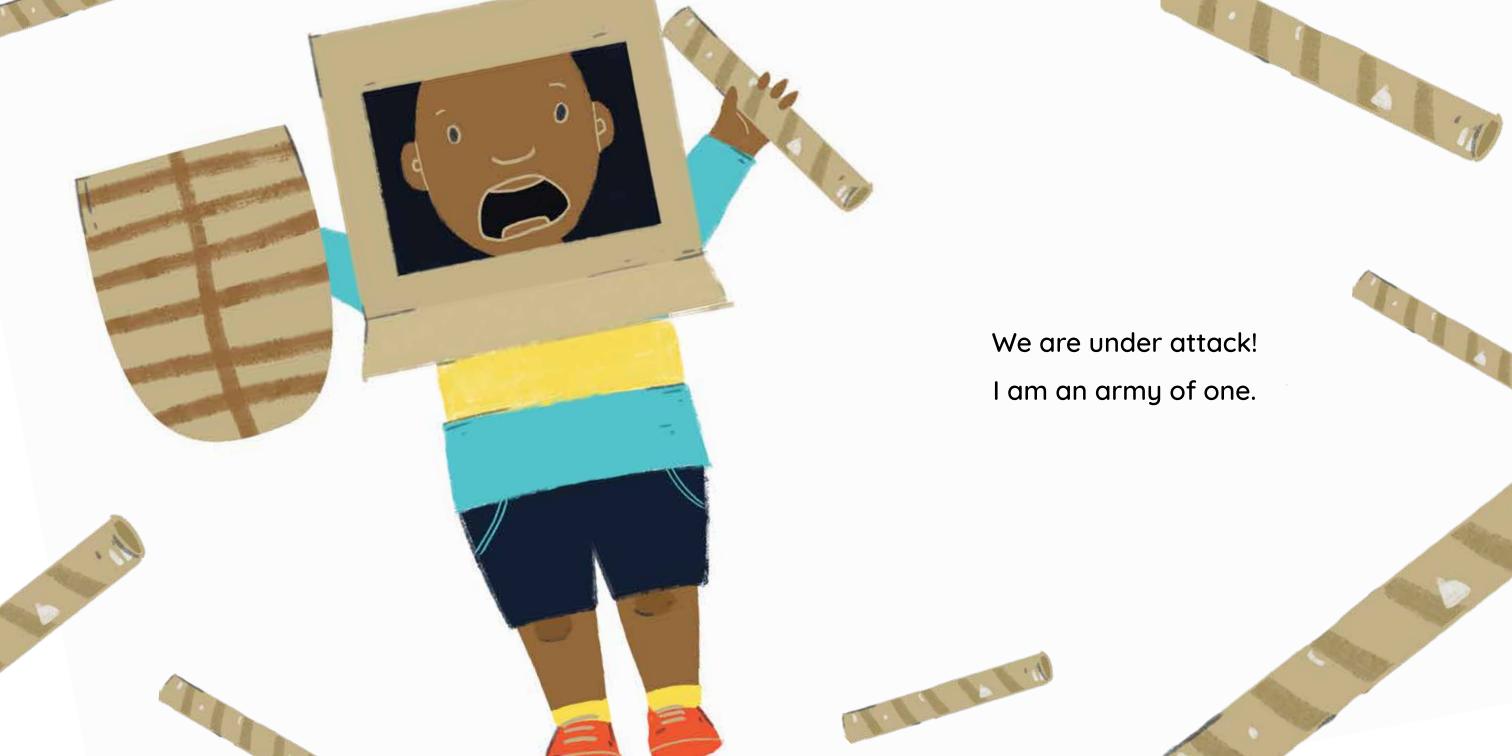
It must be the alien.





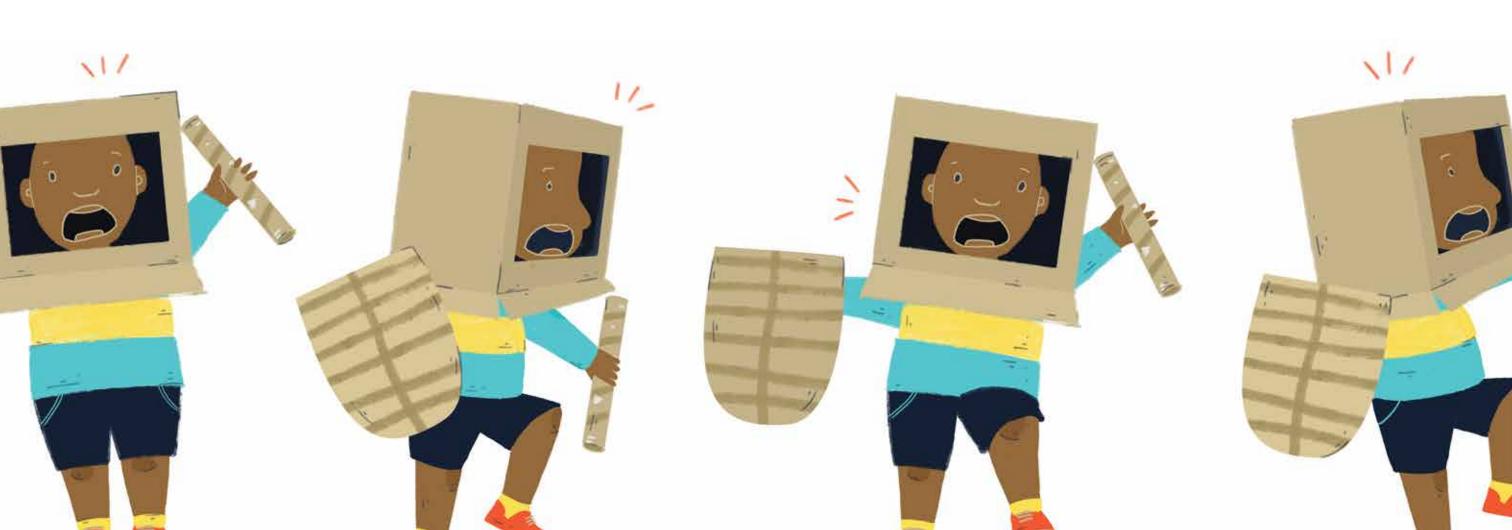






1 step, 2 step...
I am the army.

3 step, 4 step... Ready for battle.





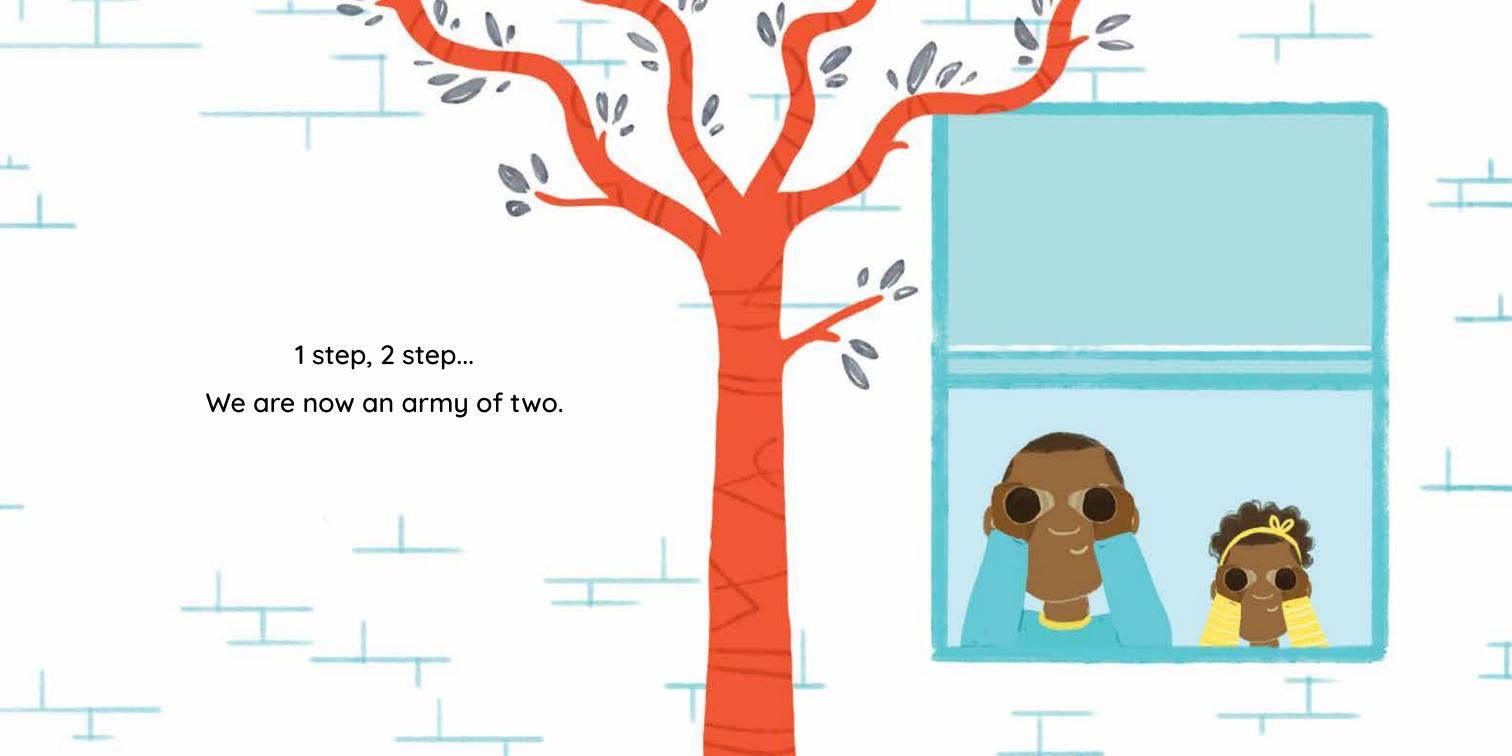


9 step, 10 step... I am by its head. Woah! I get a fright.

It is tiny and it...

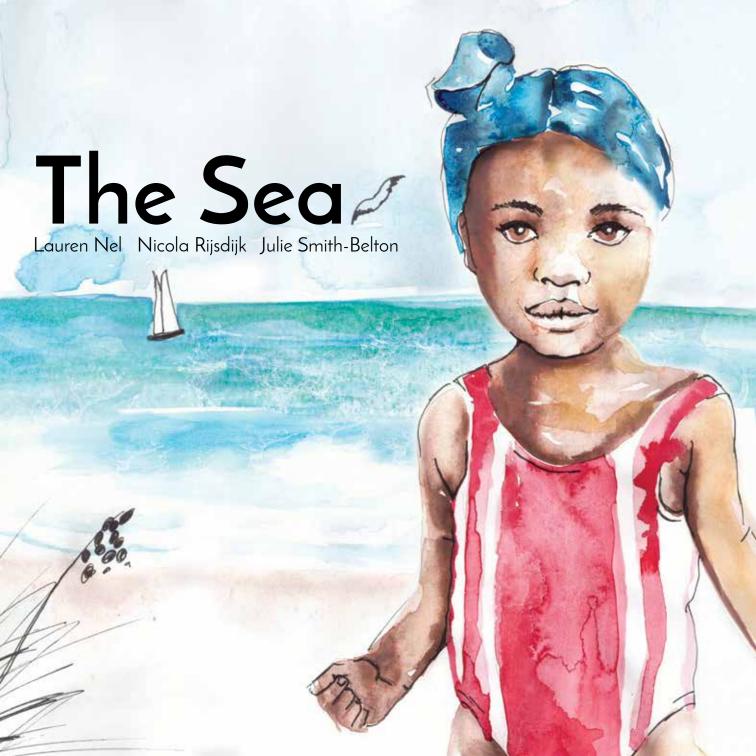
...looks like me?! How can that be? Is it really an alien?











The Sea

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Written by Nicola Rijsdijk
Designed by Julie Smith-Belton and Lauren Nel
Edited by Ester Levinrad
with the help of the Book Dash participants in Cape Town on 19 November 2016.
Inspired by Pablo Neruda's Ode to the Sea

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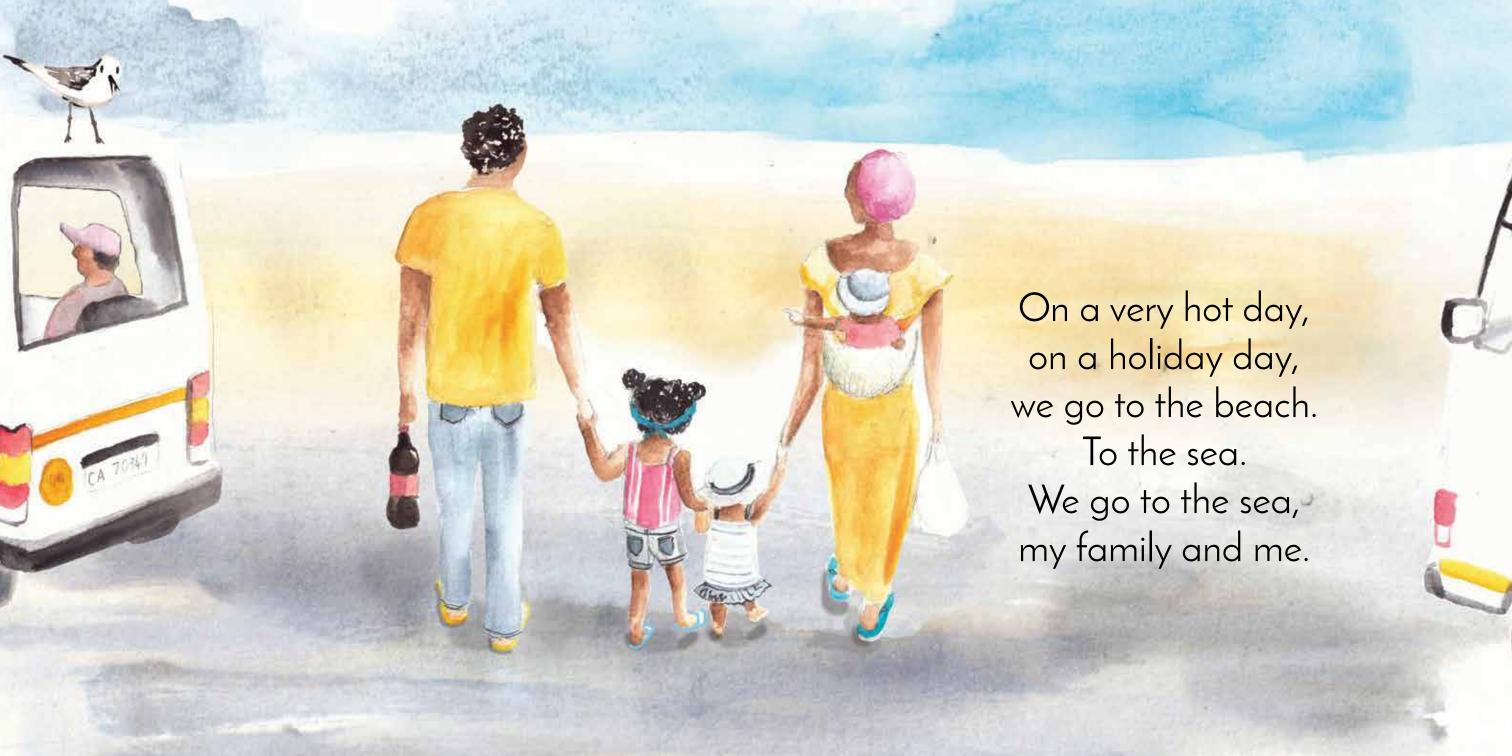
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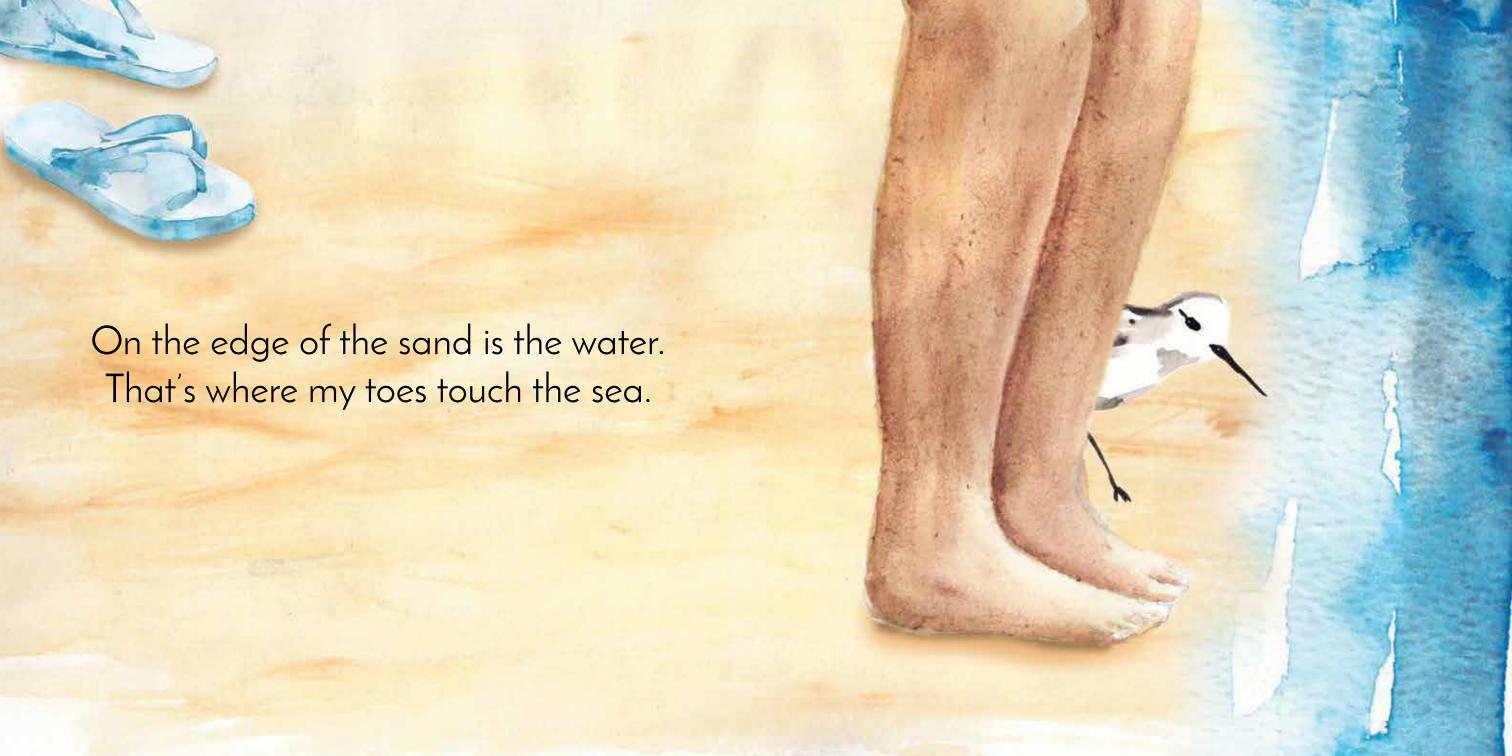
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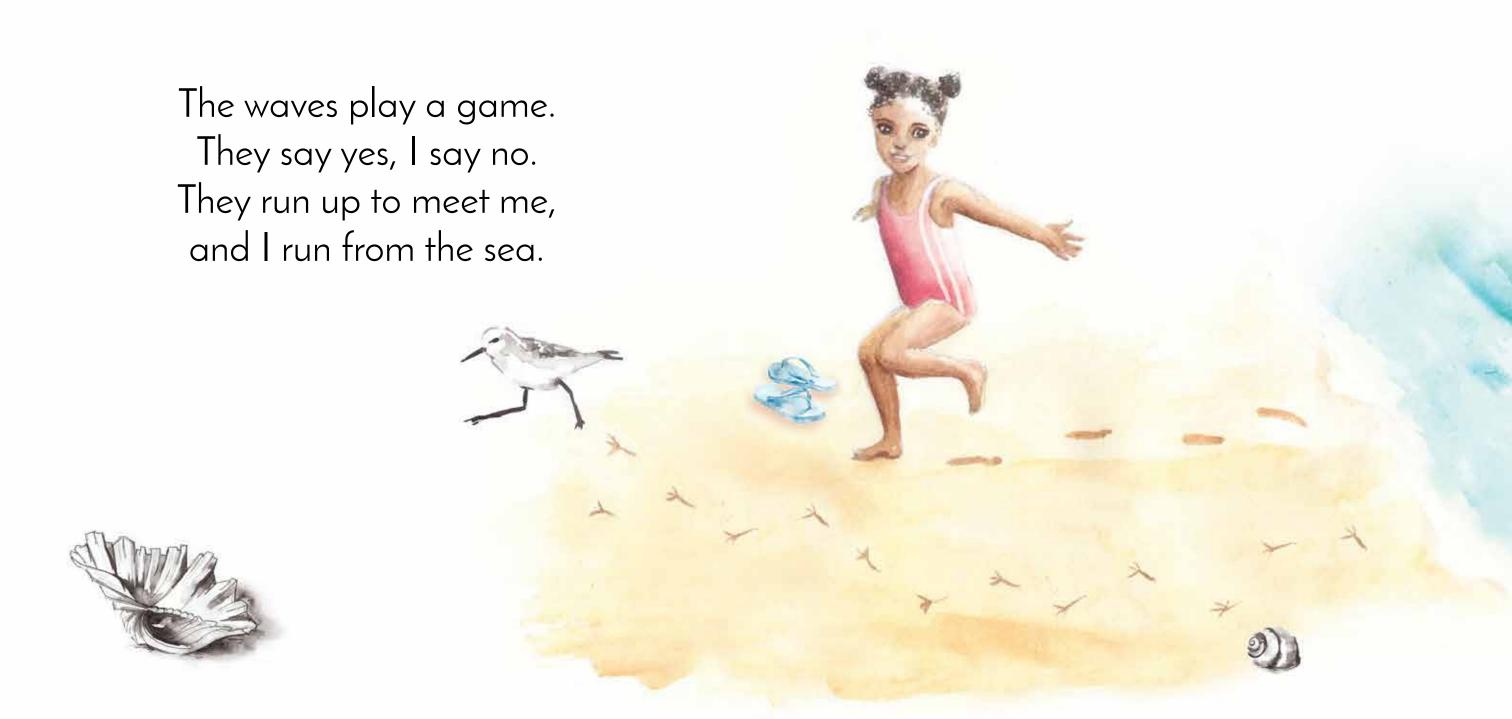
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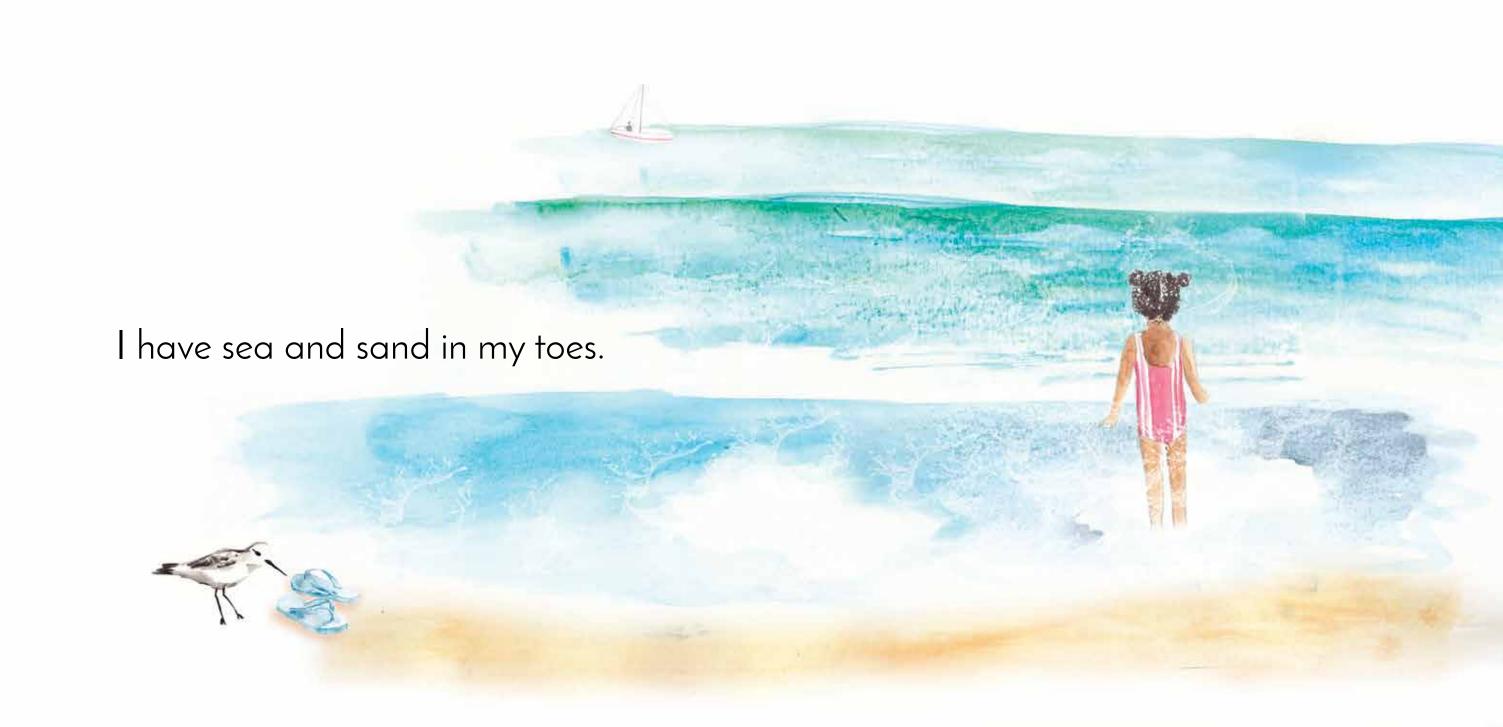




















Refiloe Moahloli | Subi Bosa | Natalie Pierre-Eugene



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Written by Refiloe Moahloli
Designed by Natalie Pierre-Eugene
Edited by Louis Greenberg
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The Things That **Really Matter** Refiloe Moahloli Natalie Pierre-Eugene Subi Bosa



We are going on a trip.

I ask Mama what to pack.

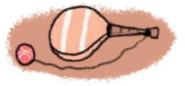
She says, 'The things that really matter.'

We stop at the windmill for breakfast, I forget my toy. The jungle gym is so much fun.



I am sad in the car, but Tando is happy.

'Hooray! Now you can play with **Me**!' he says.



We stop at a farm to see some animals. Tando is searching so hard for a springbok, a monkey gets away with his headphones.





He is sad in the car, but I am happy.

'Hooray! Now you can sing with **Me**!' I say.



We stop at a roaring waterfall.

We are so excited,

we are pushing and pulling.

Papa falls in the water, and so does his map.





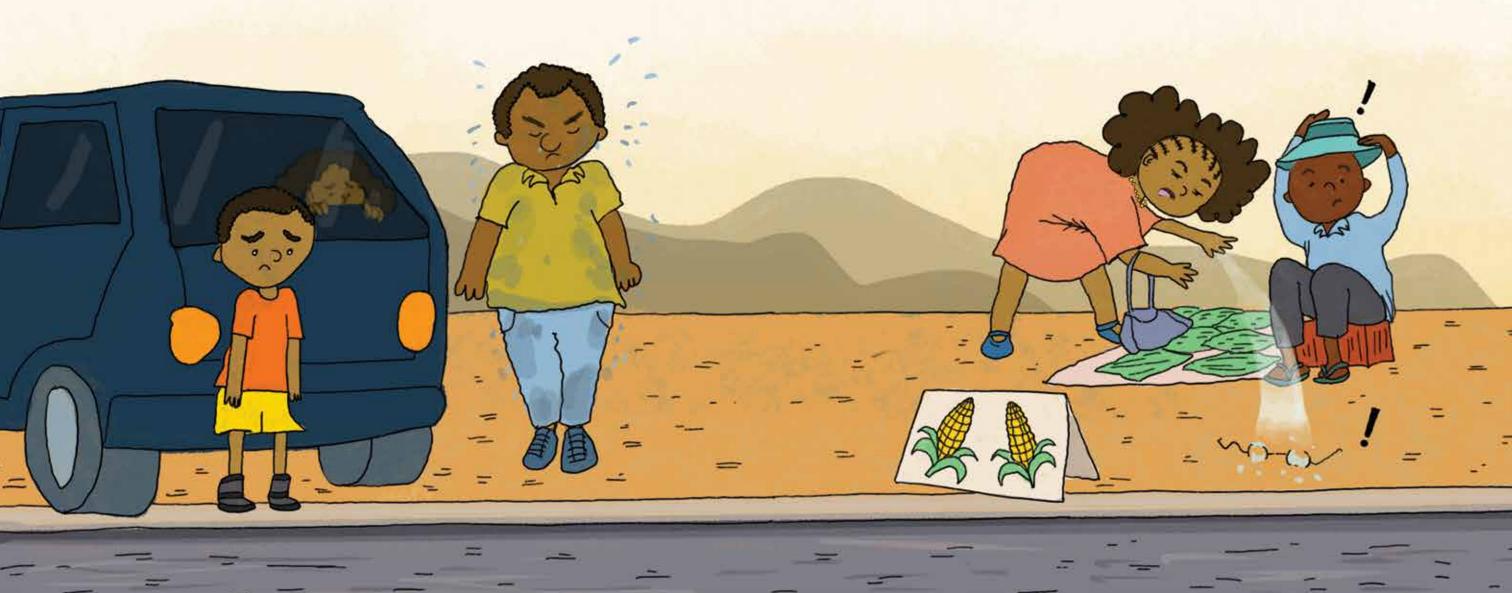
He is sad in the car, but Mama is happy.

'Hooray! Now I can help you find **OUr** way!' she says.



We stop at the roadside vendor to buy some mielies.

Mama bends over to pick the best ones, and her glasses fall and break.



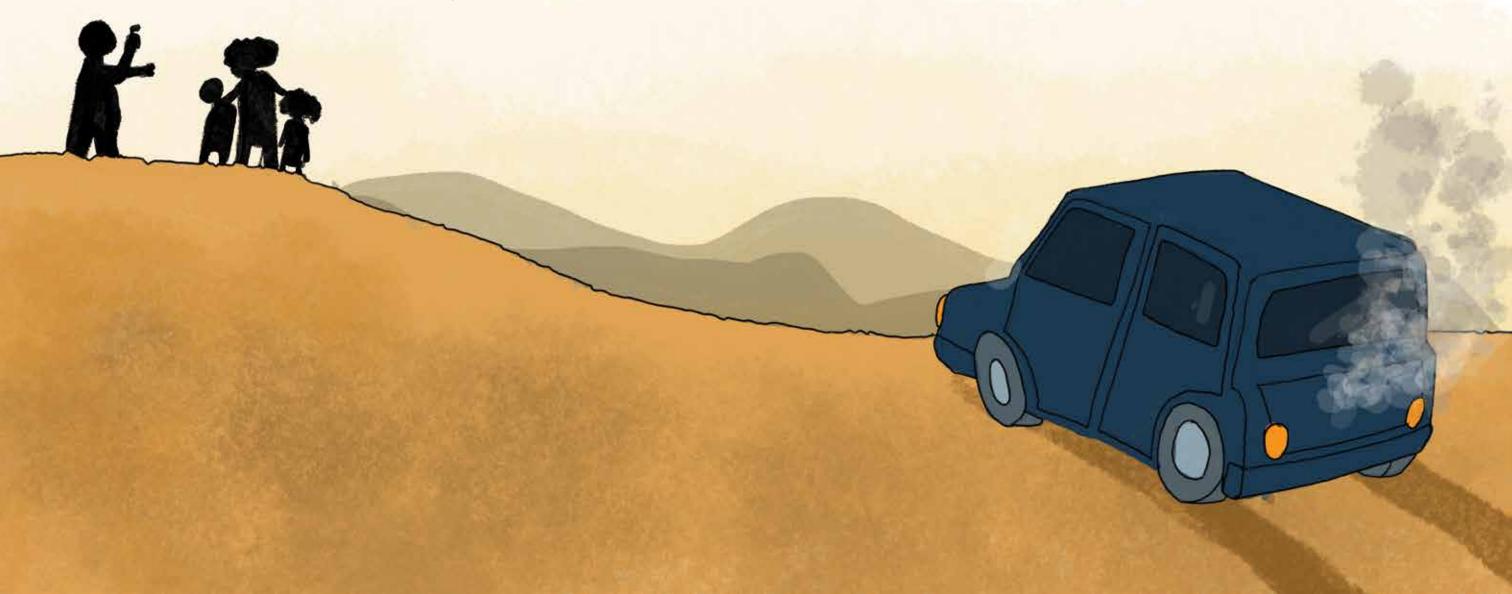


Mama is sad in the car, but Papa is happy.

'Hooray! Now we can find our way together!' Papa says.



We stop on an ancient hill to get a view of the valley. Papa is making silly jokes for us to smile for the picture, but...





when we get back to the car, it won't start.

Everyone stops laughing.

'Don't worry...' says Mama.

'We can still have a good time.

We are the things that really matter.'



And so, we **do** have a good time.

By playing and singing and finding our way together,

while enjoying the best mielies.



