

# IT'S MY BIRTHDAY!

Sinovuyo Mcunukelwa - Josie Versfeld - Nkosingiphile Mazibuko



# It's my birthday!

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*It's my birthday!*

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# IT'S MY BIRTHDAY!

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# “Kurukukuuu!”

Wake up, Zingisile!  
Today is your birthday!”



It's my birthday, and  
it's also a school day.



**“Mama, Mama!**

Guess what day it is?” I shout.

I always ask my mama every  
morning on my birthday.





“This is your birthday porridge.  
Now, quickly, eat up  
and get ready.



You can't be late on  
your birthday!”



Mmmhhh.  
I love mealie porridge when  
it's runny...





At preschool everyone knows  
it's my birthday.

They sing **happy birthday**  
and give me handmade  
love notes.



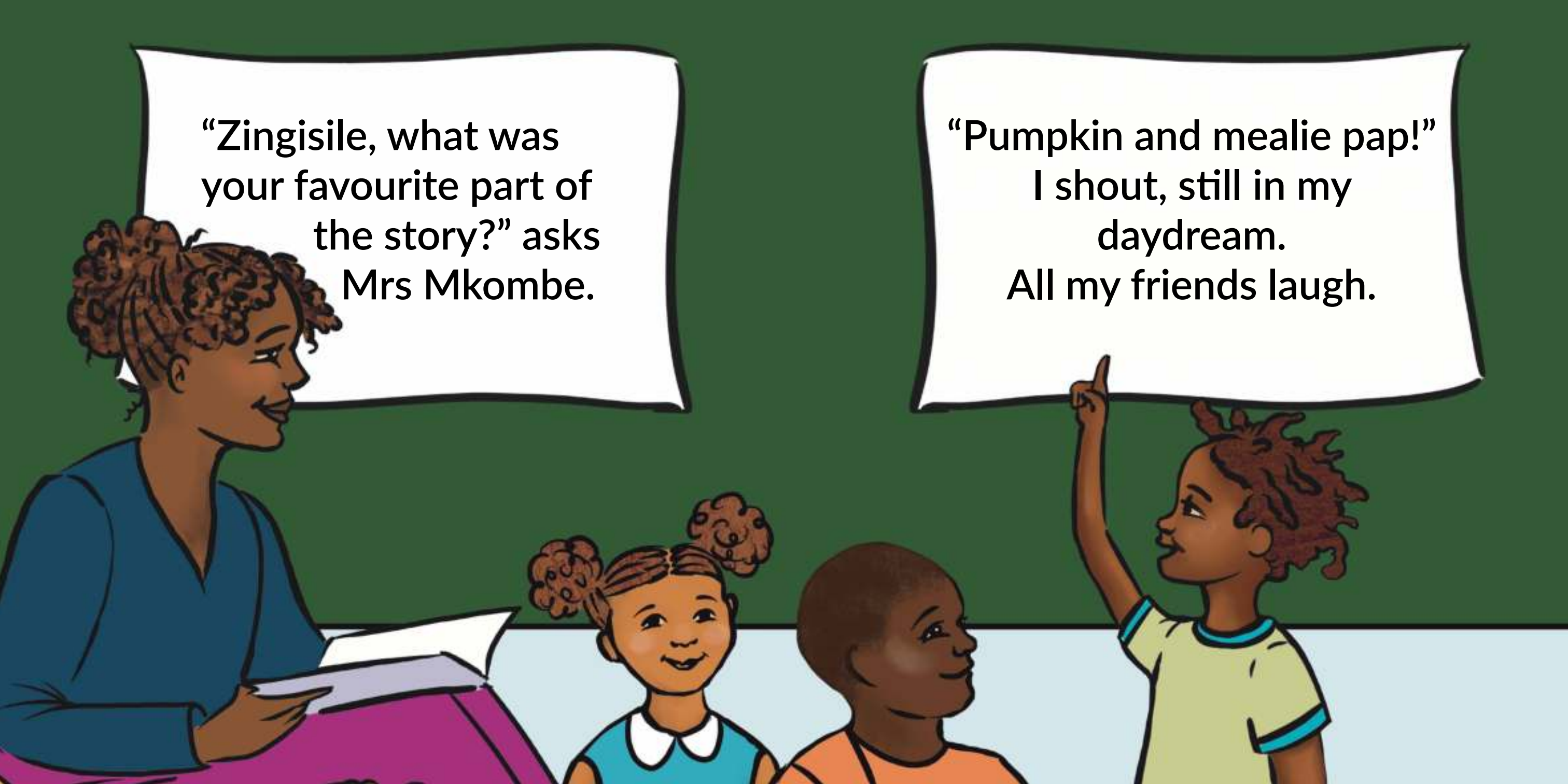
I can't wait for my special meal from Mama.



I can't wait to see my favourite cousin, Sisipho. She is also my best friend. Her birthday is coming in September.

Which chicken will Mama cook for me? I hope it's the fat one.



An illustration of a classroom scene. On the left, a woman with curly brown hair, wearing a blue long-sleeved shirt, is seated and looking towards the right. In the center, a young girl with two small braids, wearing a blue dress with a white collar, is looking up. To her right, a young boy with short dark hair, wearing an orange shirt, is also looking up. On the far right, a young boy with curly brown hair, wearing a yellow t-shirt with blue trim, is standing and pointing his right index finger upwards. The background is a solid dark green color.

“Zingisile, what was  
your favourite part of  
the story?” asks  
Mrs Mkombe.

“Pumpkin and mealie pap!”  
I shout, still in my  
daydream.  
All my friends laugh.



When I get home, Luhambo is excited. He has only had one birthday, on the 28th of April.



Now I've had five birthdays already!



Look at all the food!  
Mama has made my  
favourites – spinach and  
sweetcorn and pumpkin and  
mealie pap and gravy and her  
special bread. Everything is  
from our garden.





“Happy birthday, Zingisile!  
Mini emnandi kuwe, Zingisile!  
How old are you now?”



“I’m five years old now!”  
I sing back.  
My papa picks me up  
and spins me around.

“My Zing-star!  
You’re so old you’re  
almost a teacher!”



Mama lets me pick the  
biggest piece of chicken.  
She dishes for me first.

I dip my delicious bread in  
the gravy and I smile.  
I can't wait for my  
next birthday!









