

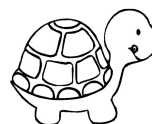
Shelly sat down, and they all followed her lead and sat around, chatting away, waiting for the mielies to cook.

When they had eaten their fill, Noceba suggested that they go and check on the mielies. "Back at the fire Noceba took a spoonful of the cooking mielies out of the tin, blew them to cool them, put them into her mouth to eat, and told the friends that they were not yet soft, so had to cook longer.

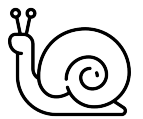
The mulberry tree was not too far away, so off they went and picked mulberries that were on the branches hanging low, close to the ground so that they were easy for the friends to reach. Soon all their faces were purple from the juice of the sweet, delicious mulberries.

fire, because we saw smoke rising into the air! What are you cooking for brunch?" Pat answered, "We took some of the mielies of the chicken feed, and put them into this jam tin with water and salt. Now they have to cook until they're soft." "Since it is going to take a long time for them to get soft," Pat continued, "Let's go and pick mulberries in the meantime."

The Adventures of Shelly and Little Fella ~ Cooking the Mielies ~



by Pat van Wyk



[I am currently 5 years old and live on a farm outside Queenstown, together with my brother, sister and parents. This is long before houses had fancy things like televisions or iPads. Children had to entertain themselves]

It is a bright and warm, sunny morning and Shelly and Little Fella were outside, on their way to play with Pat. They noticed smoke spiraling above some shrubs a little distance from the house. "Look there," Shelly told Little Fella, pointing to the smoke. "Let's go and see what is happening there."

Little Fella agreed, and the two hurried in the direction of the smoke. They turned the corner of a garden shed, and there, sitting around a fire they found Pat and Noceba! Pat looked up at them in surprise. "What are you and Noceba doing, Pat?" asked Shelly. Pat replied that they were making something to eat for brunch. Shelly said, "We thought something was on

Noceba went to get a skipping rope. She gave Pat one side of the skipping rope to hold, and she took hold of the other side. Noceba and Pat swung the rope gently in a circle from side to side.

"Come and skip, Shelly," says Noceba. Shelly started jumping as the rope comes over his head. "That's good Shelly," says Pat. "It is the right time to jump so that the rope passes under your feet before it goes over your head again, ready for your next jump." Noceba told Little Fella that it was now his turn to come and jump. Little Fella tried, but couldn't jump the rope.

"Little Fella, you are jumping at the wrong time," Pat told him. She told him to wait until the rope was above his head, then jump. He did as Pat said, and jumped the rope! Everyone was so happy for Little Fella. Then it was Shelly and Little Fella's turn to turn the rope for Pat and Noceba to jump. Pat and Noceba each had a turn, and they managed to jump the rope, laughing while enjoying the fun.

When they had each had a turn and were tired of the

skipping rope jumps, Shelly suggested that they go back to the fire and check on the mielies in the tin. Maybe they were soft already? So off they went, back to the fire. When they got there the fire was almost out, and the mielies were still hard.

At that moment Noceba's mother, Maggie, popped her head around the corner of the shed. "What are you up to?" asked Maggie. Pat answered that they were cooking the mielies for brunch. Maggie laughed, and told them that it would take all day for those mielies to soften. "Come with me," Maggie said. "I will take them to the kitchen and cook them on the stove for you."

Maggie looks at them sternly and said, "Please don't make fires on the farm again. It is very dangerous as the crops can catch alight. "Sorry Maggie," Pat says solemnly. "We will not do that again." Maggie told them to follow her to the kitchen. "I will make you some sandwiches" she said.

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