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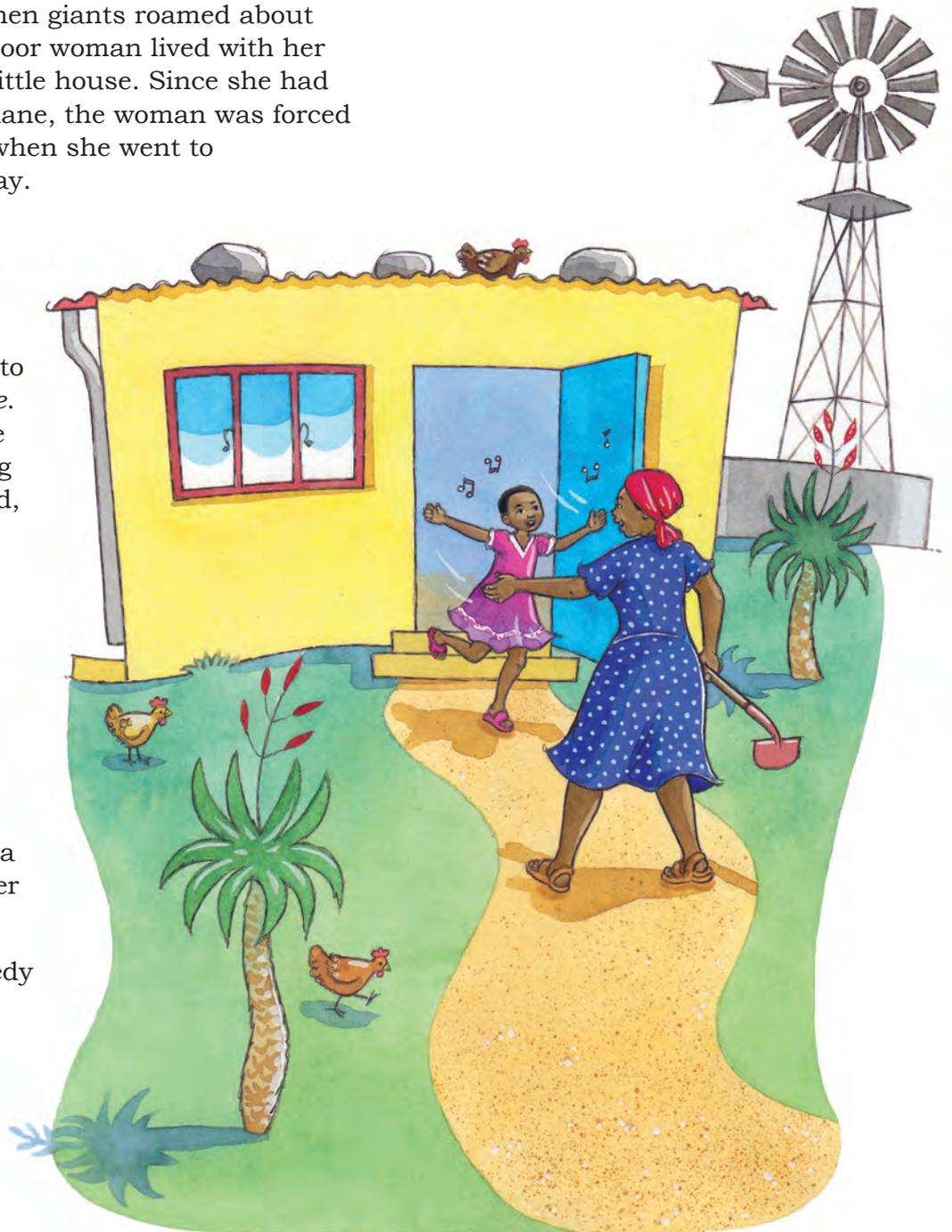
# Tselane and the giant

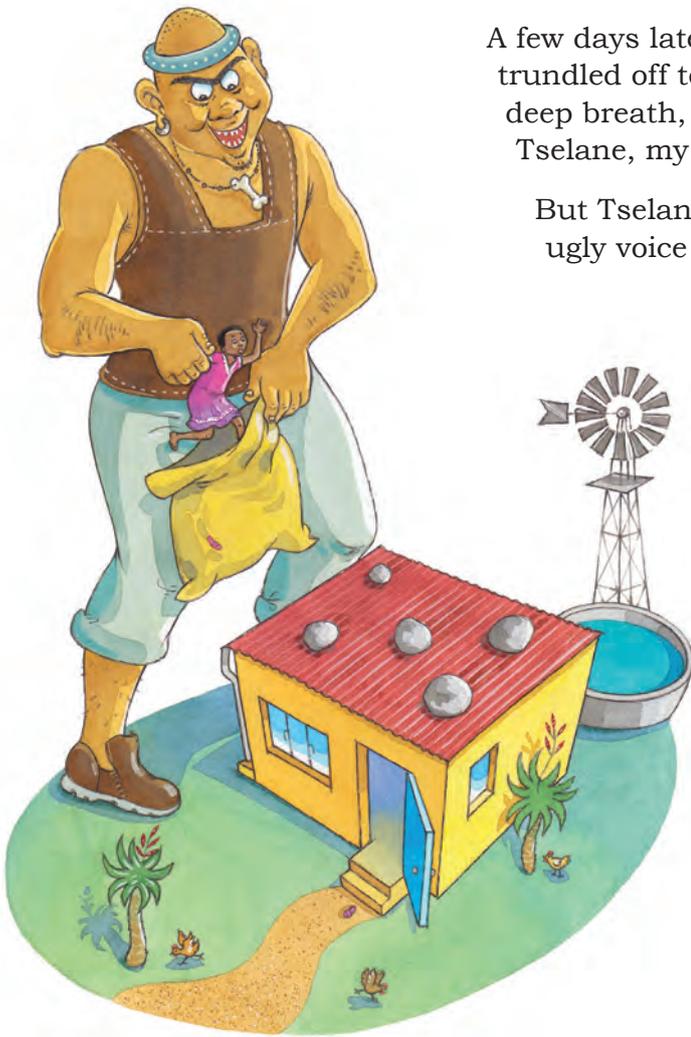
A long, long time ago, when giants roamed about and chickens talked, a poor woman lived with her daughter, Tselane, in a little house. Since she had nobody to look after Tselane, the woman was forced to leave the child alone when she went to plough her fields each day.

Of course, Tselane's mother wanted her to be safe, so every morning when she left home, she reminded Tselane *never* to open the door for *anyone*. And every time she came home, she sang this song to her, "Tselane, my child, Tselane, my child, come and open the door!"

Then Tselane, who was waiting to hear her mother's sweet voice, answered with her own little song. "Yes, Mama, I hear you! Yes, Mama, here I come!" she sang, unlocking the door with a big smile and hugging her mother tightly.

One day, a horrible, greedy giant who lived close by heard the two singing to each other. "Mmmm," he said, drooling and licking his lips, "that child sounds like a delicious, tender snack!"





A few days later, when the giant was particularly hungry, he trundled off to Tselane's house. At the front door he took a deep breath, opened his mouth and sang, "Tselane, my child, Tselane, my child, come and open the door!"

But Tselane just laughed. "Go away!" she said. "Your rough, ugly voice is nothing like my mama's beautiful voice!"

The giant felt very angry. He decided to go to the sangoma for help. "Eat this," said the sangoma, giving him a piece of hot metal. "It will change the sound of your voice."

The next day, when the giant sang to Tselane, his voice sounded sweet and beautiful. Thinking that her mother was home, the girl sang her song and joyfully opened the door. As quick as lightning, the evil giant seized her and threw her into a sack. Then he slung the wriggling sack over his shoulder and stomped off. He was so pleased with himself that when he passed a party being held in a neighbour's house, he decided to take a break to celebrate.

"Give me some beer!" he boomed at the hostess, placing his sack carefully next to him.

"Certainly," she said, but while he was guzzling the drink down, she heard a sweet, sad voice coming from his sack. "There's someone in there!" the hostess said to herself. "We must help her!"

Turning to the giant, she said, "Please go and fetch me some water at the stream. In return I'll give you a whole bucket of beer."

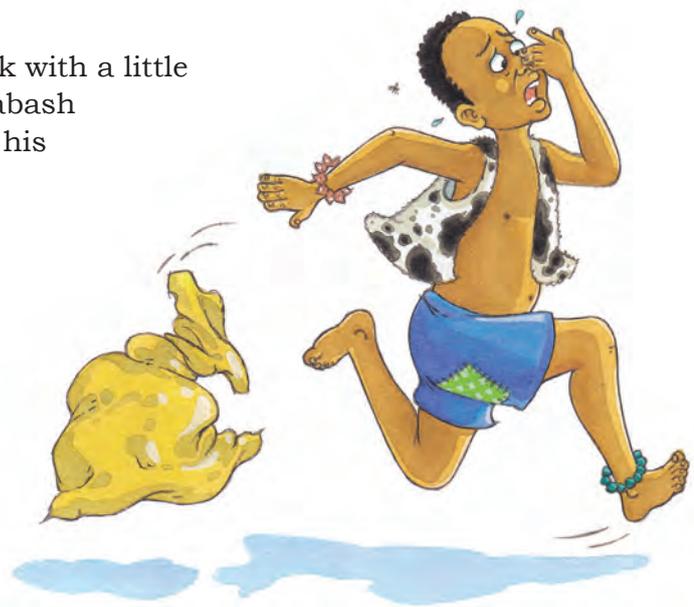
"Ho ho!" said the greedy giant, grabbing the calabash she gave him. How could he know it had a little hole in it? At the stream, he tried again and again to fill it with water – but somehow, it never quite filled up.

Back at the house, the woman and her husband quickly helped Tselane out of the sack, and hid her in their house. Then they filled the sack with snakes, bees, lizards, wasps, crickets and frogs.



After a long time, the giant came back with a little bit of water. He flung the leaking calabash down, glared at the woman, grabbed his beer and the sack and stormed off, grumbling and rumbling. At his house, he dropped the sack and went inside.

“Bring my sack inside!” he barked at his son, but when the boy picked the sack up, a wasp flew out and stung him on the nose. “WAAAA!” he wailed, running inside. “WAAAA! WAAAA!”



“WHERE’S MY SACK?” shouted the giant. “Bring it immediately!”

Now, his wife rushed outside, but a snake darted out and bit her hand. “YAAAA!” she howled, running indoors. “YAAAA!”

By now the giant was fuming. “Get out!” he shouted at his family. He jumped up, grabbed the sack and locked the door.

“Let me see you!” he growled, peering into the sack. But guess what? All the horrible creatures shot out and started stinging and biting him at the same time!

Roaring, the giant leapt up and ran to the door, but it was locked. When he finally unlocked it, he ran screaming to the river and plunged his head into the muddy river bank. There he got stuck, and turned into a tree.

Look out for a tree with two trunks on the river bank – it is still there to this day. And as for Tselane, she was soon safely back home with her mother.

