

FOREWORD

Makhosazana (“Makhosi”) De Wette Dlodla, the author of the illustrated children’s books, *Hello! My Name is Bongi*, *It’s Wonderful Me!*, and the latest by-product of *It’s Wonderful Me! The Colouring-in Book*, firmly believes it is her destiny to give voice to the stories of young African girls. It is also, in essence, how she plays her part in the healing of the current and future generations – through the powerful and meaningful medium of literature.

My Unicorn Speaks Zulu takes us on a unique and completely creative adventure, by means of a sensationally illustrated children’s story that welcomes the global and diverse child to connect and relish the rich portrait of Zulu cultural life in rural KwaZulu-Natal.

De Wette Dlodla writes: “That portion of my life, growing up in rural KwaZulu-Natal, was so magical. If I could bottle that period of my life, I would. I will never forget the fun-loving sun falling warmly on my skin, the wet dew under my feet, and the adventures I had with my cousins and best friend Zama Ndlovu (may she rest in eternal peace).

I wanted to share those moments with children across the globe. All children deserve to feel that sense of freedom, love, adventure, and imagination that I felt then. It was also vital that I share a life perspective from a child who grew up in a world of Zulu culture. The older I get, the more I have come to treasure my culture.”

Coming from a long line of strong, wise, and inspiring women herself, De Wette Dlodla dedicates this book to her paternal grandmother, whom she felt was her guardian angel when she needed her most during her childhood.



Here I lie, under the cloud-spotted African skies,
with my legs and arms wriggling ever so high.
In the grass of emerald glades,
I find myself surrounded by wild and thorny shades.

Soaring above me is a copper-coloured crowned eagle.
And have you seen my itty-bitty puppy-eyed beagle?
He is playing with a spotted ground thrush,
oh my golly goodness, surely there's no need to rush!





Amid bush babies' and mongooses' cries,
I marvel at the patchwork of gently sprinkled butterflies.

Next, I'd like to explore Gogo's sparkling sweet waters,
while dreaming of Nguni warriors and the strenght of their
daughters.

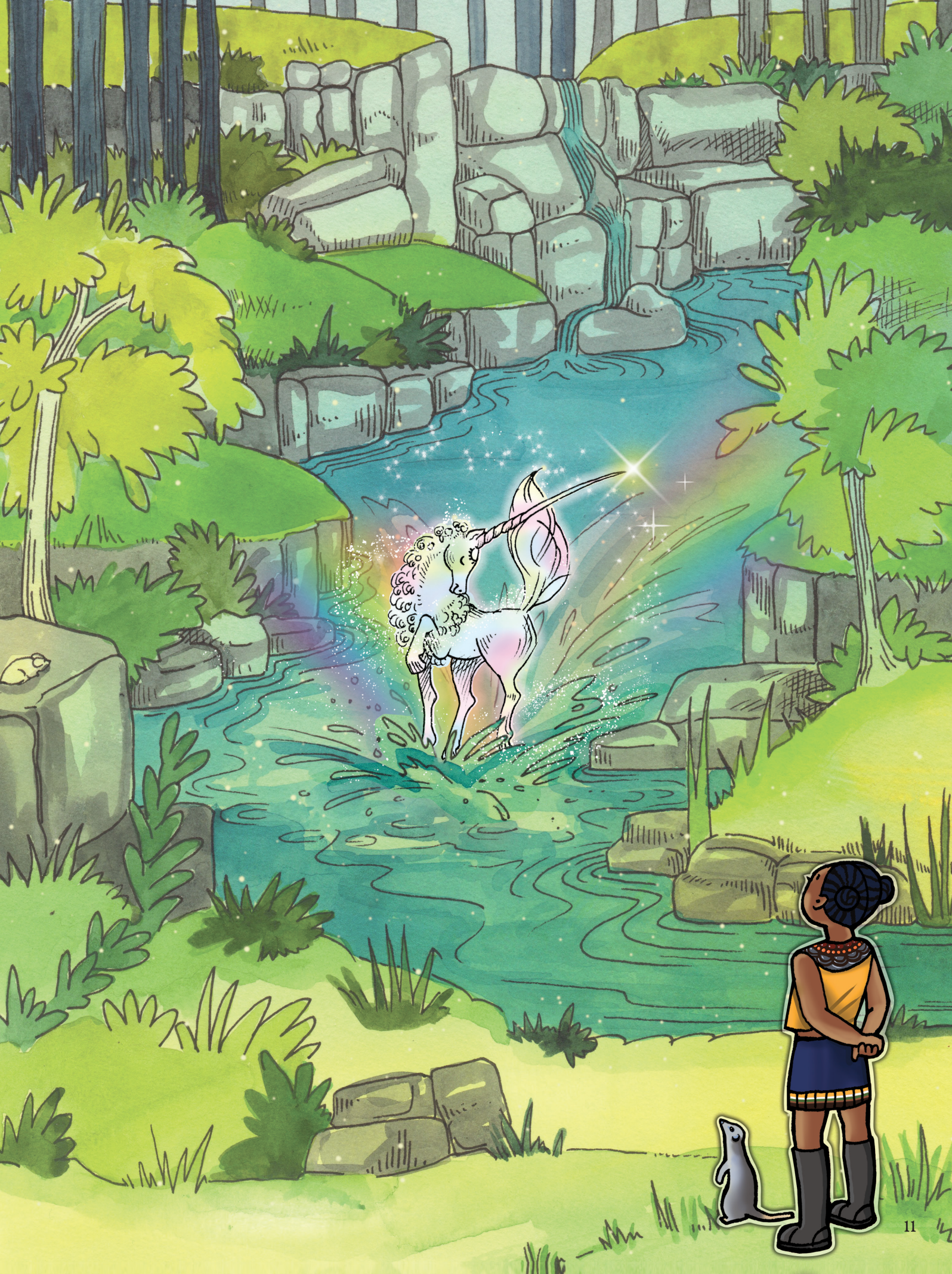




Look! Rising from the waters,
like a tale from the Scottish Highlands,
a supernatural beast has reached our rural Zulu lands.

I seem to have spotted a **UNICORN!**
I cannot take my eyes off his glowing magical horn!

Is it possible? Is it rainbow hair and sparkling hooves that I see?
Will the people in my village even believe me?



Can it be? A creature with the body and head of a horse,
seeming to rise with such a fierce and ferocious force?

Gee whiz, what an odd-looking curly mane!
But why is this beastly creature so wonderfully tame?

“Jabula!” the unicorn neighs as he steps onto the ground,
and my head starts spinning at the sound of this familiar word.
Could there be something buzzing in my ear?
Or is this the forest’s magic that I hear?

My friend Lindi will doubt my every word,
as this is something quite absurd.

