



It's holiday time!

The year is almost over and soon it will be that time of year when most of us are able to spend more time than usual with family and friends. It's time for that long-awaited end-of-year break. That time of year when we can all slow down a bit, relax and spend time doing more of the things we enjoy.



Dis vakansietyd!

Die jaar is byna verby, en binnekort sal dit die tyd van die jaar wees wanneer die meeste van ons meer tyd as gewoonlik saam met familie en vriende kan deurbring. Dis tyd vir die langverwagte vakansie aan die einde van die jaar. Die tyd van die jaar wanneer ons almal 'n bietjie rustiger kan raak, kan ontspan en tyd het om meer dinge te doen wat ons geniet.



SPEND TIME WITH A GOOD BOOK OR TWO

When your children see you relaxing with a book:

- ★ They learn that reading is something you do for pleasure.
- ★ They learn that reading is something that can be done for leisure. And so, without even trying to, you are being a powerful reading role model for your children and helping them to become lifelong readers.

BRING TYD DEUR SAAM MET 'N GOEIE BOEK OF TWEE

Wanneer jou kinders jou met 'n boek sien ontspan:

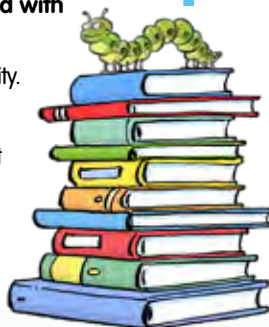
- ★ Leer hulle dat lees iets is wat 'n mens vir plesier doen.
- ★ Leer hulle dat lees iets is wat 'n mens kan doen om te ontspan. En so, sonder om eens te probeer, is jy 'n goeie leesrolmodel vir jou kinders en help jy hulle om lewenslange lesers te word.

WE HAVE STORIES TO TELL!

Often there are also a lot of celebrations around this time of the year. As adults, there are times when we think back to how we experienced these celebrations as children. Have you ever thought about sharing these stories about your childhood with your children?

- ★ Stories help them to develop their imagination and creativity.
- ★ They help them to develop their language and thinking.
- ★ And sharing the stories of your childhood helps to connect the generations of your family.

These stories give children a sense of where they come from and who they are.



ONS HET STORIES OM TE VERTEL!

Daar is dikwels ook talle feesvierings hierdie tyd van die jaar. Daar is tye wanneer ons as volwassenes terugdink aan hoe ons hierdie feesvierings as kinders ervaar het. Het jy al ooit daaraan gedink om hierdie stories uit jou kinderjare met jou kinders te deel?

- ★ Stories help hulle om hul verbeelding en kreatiwiteit te ontwikkel.
- ★ Dit help hulle om hul taal en denke te ontwikkel.
- ★ En as jy hierdie stories uit jou kinderjare deel, help dit om die generasies in jou familie met mekaar te verbind.

Hierdie stories gee vir kinders 'n gevoel van waar hulle vandaan kom en wie hulle is.



We will be taking a break until the **week of 28 January 2022**. Join us then for more Nalibali reading magic!

Ons gaan 'n bietjie rus tot die **week van 28 Januarie 2022**. Sluit dan weer by ons aan vir nog Nalibali-leesplezier!

The holidays also mean that we have more time to spend with our children – and this is a real reward for them. We have time to spend reading their favourite stories to them and finding new ones to enjoy too. We also have time to do other fun reading and writing activities that connect with their interests. Whatever you do and wherever you will be this holiday season, relax and have a fabulous, story-filled holiday!

Vakansietyd beteken ook dat ons meer tyd het om saam met ons kinders deur te bring – en dit is 'n ware beloning vir hulle. Ons het tyd om hul gunstelingstories vir hulle te lees en ook nuwe stories te vind wat hulle kan geniet. Ons het ook tyd om ander prettige lees- en skryfaktiwiteite wat by hul belangstellings pas, te doen. Wat jy ook al doen, en waar jy ook al hierdie vakansieseisoen gaan wees, ontspan en geniet 'n fantastiese vakansie propvol stories!



Drive your
imagination



IT STARTS WITH
A STORY.
DIT BEGIN MET
'N STORIE.

We all belong to people and places

South Africa is home to people from many different countries. Every year, on 18 December, International Migrants Day is celebrated all over the world. It is a time to raise awareness of the challenges and difficulties that migrants have to deal with.



Ons is almal deel van 'n netwerk van mense en plekke

Suid-Afrika is die tuiste van mense uit baie verskillende lande. Elke jaar op 18 Desember word Internasionale Migrantenedag wêreldwyd gevier. Dit is 'n tyd om bewustheid te kweek vir die uitdagings en probleme waarmee migrante te kampe het.



At the end of the year, many of us look forward to spending more time with our families. Some leave their homes to travel to rural areas, other cities or provinces to visit them. Do you sometimes wonder where other people are travelling to or where they come from? Have you ever had to travel to another country to visit your family?

Aan die einde van die jaar sien baie van ons daarna uit om meer tyd saam met ons families deur te bring. Sommige mense verlaat hul huise om na die platteland, ander stede of provinsies te reis om hulle te besoek. Wonder jy soms waarheen ander mense reis of waar hulle vandaan kom? Moes jy al ooit na 'n ander land reis om by jou familie te kuier?

People who come to live in a country they were not born in are called migrants. Some migrants choose to leave their countries to look for jobs, to go to school or to join family members who live in another country.

Mense wat in 'n land kom woon waar hulle nie gebore is nie, word migrante genoem. Sommige migrante kies om hul lande te verlaat om werk te soek, skool toe te gaan of om by familieleden aan te sluit wat in 'n ander land woon.



Refugees are migrants who are forced to leave their countries because of war or violence. Refugees try to find safety in another country. Why not take some time to think about the migrants and refugees who are far from their friends and family and cannot travel home to see them?



Vluchteling is migrante wat gedwing word om hul land te verlaat as gevolg van oorlog of geweld. Vluchteling soek veiligheid in ander lande. Kom ons dink 'n slag aan die migrante en vluchteling wat ver van hul vriende en familie is en nie na hulle huis toe kan reis om vir hulle te gaan kuier nie.

Did you know?

Our Read-Aloud Story Collection is now available at Ethnikids!



Available in all official South African languages
Besikbaar in al die amptelike Suid-Afrikaanse tale

ethnikids
made for me

Het jy geweet?

Ons Hardop Lees-Storieversameling is nou beskikbaar by Ethnikids!

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Nalibali
IT STARTS WITH A STORY.



Drive your imagination



Migrants have knowledge, resources and skills that can help to build communities, but often they have to deal with prejudice and unfairness. Migrant children must also cope with a new school system, fitting in with other children and sometimes learning in a new language.

Migrante het kennis, hulpbronne en vaardighede wat kan help om gemeenskappe te bou, maar hulle kry dikwels met vooroordeel en onregverdigheid te doen. Migrantekinders moet ook aanpas by 'n nuwe skoolstelsel, by ander kinders en soms moet hulle in 'n nuwe taal leer.

A stateless person is someone who is not recognized as a citizen of any country in the world. Children who are stateless often cannot go to school, cannot go to the doctor or cannot get a social grant. Many struggle their whole life to find work or a home. Stateless children face serious problems, such as child labour, child trafficking, child marriage and other types of abuse.

'n Staatlose persoon is iemand wat nie as 'n burger van enige land in die wêreld erken word nie. Kinders wat staatloos is, kan dikwels nie skool toe gaan nie, kan nie dokter toe gaan nie of kan nie 'n maatskaplike toelae ontvang nie. Baie van hulle sukkel hul lewe lank om werk te kry of 'n huis te vind. Staatlose kinders kom voor ernstige probleme te staan, soos kinderarbeid, mensehandel, kinderhuwelike en ander vorme van misbruik.



The Girl Who Lost Her Country



Written by
Amal de Chickera and Deirdre Brennan

Illustrated by
Dian Pu

A Publication By
THE INSTITUTE ON STATELESSNESS AND INCLUSION

The Institute on Statelessness and Inclusion wrote a book called *The Girl Who Lost Her Country*. You can read this book in English and isiZulu at <http://kids.worldsstateless.org> to learn more about statelessness.

Die Institute on Statelessness and Inclusion het 'n boek geskryf met die titel *The Girl Who Lost Her Country*. Jy kan hierdie boek in Engels en isiZulu lees by <http://kids.worldsstateless.org> om meer van staatloosheid te leer.

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En ons waarborg dat dit 'n bykomende 1 500 keer per maand aanlyn gesien word!



Drive your
imagination

7 fun holiday ideas

Here are some activities that include reading and writing to keep your children entertained during the school holidays. The idea is to enjoy yourselves, so use the language/s you and your children feel most comfortable with.

1 Read and listen. Fill your holiday with new stories and old favourites by finding stories to read and listen to on Nal'ibali's website (www.nalibali.org) and mobisite (www.nalibali.mobi). Take a story with you wherever you go! Print them out, or read and listen to them on your computer or your cellphone.

2 Keep a holiday scrapbook. Recycle unused notebooks or staple some sheets of paper together to create holiday scrapbooks for your children. Encourage them to write about the things they do during the school holidays in their scrapbooks and to draw pictures in them too. They could also include things like tickets or pamphlets from places they have been to or even the wrapper of a treat they enjoyed.

3 Play games. Many games involve reading. Have regular game evenings with friends and family.

4 Have a pretend party. Let your children have fun imagining who they would invite to a party to celebrate the start of a new year. Then suggest they write party invitations and a menu for their pretend party.

5 Follow a recipe. With your children, follow a recipe for something you have not made before. Remember to read the recipe aloud as you go – or ask your children to do this. Let them help you gather the ingredients, mix and stir.

6 Play a guessing game. Give your children a clue to something near you and see if they can guess what it is. For example, "It is white and has a door. It keeps things cold." (Answer: the fridge.) Take turns giving the clues and guessing.

7 Create a new ending. Let your children create a different ending for one of their favourite stories by adding a new character or event to the story. Suggest that they draw pictures that capture their new ending and then they can use these as they retell the story.



7 prettige vakansie-idees

Hier is 'n paar aktiwiteite waarby lees en skryf betrokke is om jou kinders tydens die skoolvakansie besig te hou en te vermaak. Die idee is om dit te geniet; gebruik dus die taal of tale waarin jy en jou kinders die gemaklikste is.

1 Lees en luister. Vul julle vakansie met nuwe stories en ou gunstelingde deur op Nal'ibali se webwerf (www.nalibali.org) en mobiele webwerf (www.nalibali.mobi) stories te vind om te lees en na te luister. Neem 'n storie saam met julle waar julle ook al gaan! Druk dit uit of lees en luister op jou rekenaar of selfoon daarna.

2 Maak 'n vakansieplakboek. Herwin ongebruikte notaboekies of kram 'n paar velle papier aan mekaar vas om vir jou kinders vakansieplakboeke te maak. Moedig hulle aan om in hul plakboeke te skryf oor die dinge wat hulle gedurende die vakansie doen, en om ook prente te teken. Hulle kan ook dinge insluit soos kaartjies of pamflette van plekke waar hulle was of selfs die pakkie waarin 'n lekker was wat hulle geëet het.

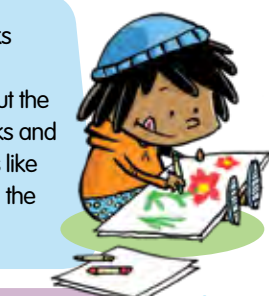
3 Speel speletjies. Baie bordspeletjies behels lees. Hou gereeld bordspeletjies saam met familie en vriende.

4 Hou 'n kamma-partytjie. Laat jou kinders hulle verbeel wie hulle na 'n partytjie sou wou nooi om die begin van 'n nuwe jaar te vier. Stel dan voor dat hulle uitnodigings en 'n spyskaart vir hul kamma-partytjie maak.

5 Volg 'n resep. Volg saam met jou kinders 'n resep vir iets wat julle nog nie voorheen gemaak het nie. Onthou om die resep hardop te lees terwyl julle dit volg – of vra jou kinders om dit te doen. Laat hulle jou help om die bestanddele te kry, te meng en te roer.

6 Speel 'n raaispeletjie. Gee vir jou kinders 'n leidraad vir iets wat naby jou is en vra of hulle kan raai wat dit is. Byvoorbeeld: "Dit is wit en het 'n deur. Dit hou dinge koud." (Antwoord: die yskas.) Maak beurte om die leidrade te gee en te raai.

7 Skep 'n nuwe einde. Laat jou kinders 'n ander einde vir een van hul gunstelingstories uitdink deur 'n nuwe karakter of gebeurtenis by die storie te voeg. Stel voor dat hulle prente teken wat hul nuwe einde uitbeeld en dan kan hulle die prente gebruik terwyl hulle die storie oortel.



Create TWO cut-out-and-keep books

1. Take out pages 5 to 12 of this supplement.
2. The sheet with pages 5, 6, 11 and 12 on it makes up one book. The sheet with pages 7, 8, 9 and 10 on it makes up the other book.
3. Use each of the sheets to make a book. Follow the instructions below to make each book.
 - a) Fold the sheet in half along the black dotted line.
 - b) Fold it in half again along the green dotted line.
 - c) Cut along the red dotted lines.



Maak TWEE knip-uit-en-bêreboekies

1. Haal bladsye 5 tot 12 van hierdie bylae uit.
2. Die vel met bladsye 5, 6, 11 en 12 daarop maak een boek. Die vel met bladsye 7, 8, 9 en 10 daarop maak die ander boek.
3. Gebruik elk van die velle om 'n boek te maak. Volg die instruksies hier onder om elke boek te maak.
 - a) Vou die vel in die helfte op die swart stippellyn.
 - b) Vou dit weer in die helfte op die groen stippellyn.
 - c) Knip op die rooi stippellyne.



Drive your imagination

I shouted, but it was too late. Shumba had run up the hill, past the gate of Mma Raphane's house, along a thin path, and in through the front door.

"Oh no! Shumba went into the witch's house!" Gabriel cried. "He's dead for sure."

"Shumba!" I shouted again. Tears began to form in my eyes. I knew Shumba was doomed! The witch would kill him and cut him up into little pieces for her potions. I stood at the gate trying to think what I could do.

Ek skree, maar dis te laat. Shumba het teen die heuwel opgehardloop, verby die hek van Mma Raphane se huis, met 'n smal paadjie langs en by die voordeur in.

"O, nee! Shumba hardloop by die heks se huis in!" skree Gabriel. "Dis klaarpraat met hom."

"Shumba!" skree ek weer. Trane wel in my oë op. Ek weet dis verby met Shumba! Die heks sal hom doodmaak en in klein stukkie opsny vir haar towertrousels. Ek staan by die hek en wonder wat om te doen.



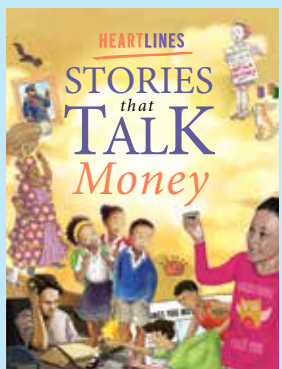
The witch who lives on the hill

Die heks wat op die heuwel woon



Lauri Kubuitsile
Vian Oelofsen

HEARTLINES



For more information
please email
info@heartlines.org.za
or phone (011) 771 2540.

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Drive your
imagination



Die volgende dag vat ek en my beste vriend, Gabriel, ons boë en kies koers na die bos agter die heuwel om te gaan jag. “Kom Shumba saam met ons?” vra Gabriel en kyk na my groot swart hond. “Ja, hoekom nie? Hy hou van jag,” sê ek. “Maar hy jaag altyd die diere weg.” Ek ignoreer vir Gabriel. Hy weet ons boë kan in elk geval niks doodmaak nie, selfs al is Shumba nie by nie. Terwyl ons die heuwel uitklim, dink ek nie oor die heks se huis nie. Maar Shumba doen wel ...

We hid behind the hedge, Peloyame, Kitso and me, all breathing hard. “Did you see her?” Peloyame asked breathless.

“Yeah, she’s scary,” I said, though I hadn’t really seen her. But I didn’t need to. Everyone knew what Mma Raphane looked like. She had wild grey hair and was tall and bony-thin, with elbows that could cut straight through a person. If you looked into her eyes, you would be turned into a zombie. Many children had. We all knew that.

“She poked her head out of the door when I threw the stone, did you see?” Kitso said excitedly. “My cousin said she ate his cat.”

“Yeah, she does that sometimes,” Peloyame said, nodding her head. Peloyame knew everything there was to know about Mma Raphane, the witch.



Now I felt really bad about the way the children in the village had been treating Mma Raphane for so long. I felt bad that I’d been part of it too. Just then a plan began to form in my head. “I think I know what we can do to make things better!” the others made it up,” I said.

“Yes, I know. I don’t think she’s a witch. I think Peloyame and Gabriel said.



Gabriel and I headed home down the hill. We’d forgotten about hunting. “She doesn’t look anything like a witch,” She smiled sadly, but said nothing more. She turned and made her way back into the house. “Sorry he troubled you,” I said. “That dog seems a handful for a small girl like you.” Mma Raphane smiled at me. “Thank you,” I said. her eyes and I was surprised nothing changed inside of me. a cane. Her grey hair was tucked away tidily. I looked into in front of the house. She was bent over and leaning hard on When I looked up, an old woman stood on the small stoep hugged him. He was safe! Just then, I saw someone push the door open and my heart pounded! Then Shumba came running out. I grabbed him and



Ons sê vir haar dankie en gaan sit om te drink. Die ander kinders hou ons ’n rukkie dop, en dan kom hulle een vir een ook in die erf in. Hulle tel ons gereedskap op en begin werk waar ons opgehou het.

Peloyame staan langs die heining. “Hei? Wat doen julle ouens? Sy’s ’n heks! Het julle vergeet?” Almal ignoreer vir Peloyame. Sy staan daar en skop die grond en stap dan baie kwaad weg.

Mma Raphane kyk na die kinders wat so lank vir haar weggehardloop het. Sy draai na my en Gabriel. Haar oë is vol tranes. “Dankie,” fluister sy heserig. Sy glimlag vir ons terwyl ons op haar stoep sit en water drink. Ek kyk na Gabriel en glimlag en ek weet ons het ’n nuwe vriend gemaak.

“Could you help me?” called Little Pig. “I’m finding this packet a bit difficult.”

“I can’t,” said the cow. “I’m busy.”

“No,” said the hen. “Too dangerous.”

“Don’t look at me,” said the old goat. “It’s just too crazy.”

Little Pig had to keep struggling all on his own. Eventually, he got his front legs into the packet. Once again he ran and ... JUMPED off the roof.

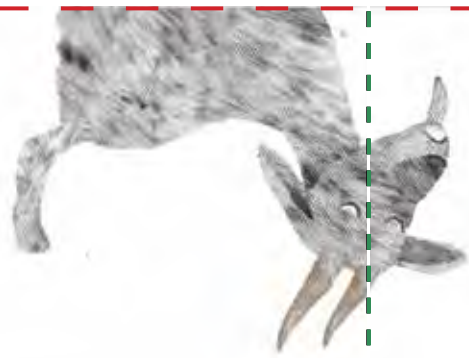
“Kan iemand my help?” roep Otjie. “Ek sukkel ’n bietjie.”

“Nie ek nie,” sê die koel. “Ek’s besig.”

“Nee,” sê die hen. “Dis te gevaarlik.”

“Moenie eens vir my vra nie,” sê die ou bok. “Ek dink jy’s mal.”

Otjie moet alleen sukkel. Eindelik glip sy voorpote deur die sak se handvatsels. Weer hardloop hy en ... SPRING van die dak af.



“I knew it was a stupid plan,” said the cow. “I told him he would get hurt,” said the hen. “Who is going to pick up those feathers?” complained the old goat.

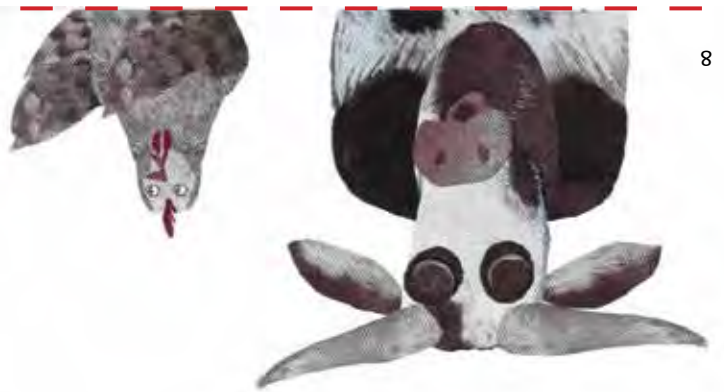
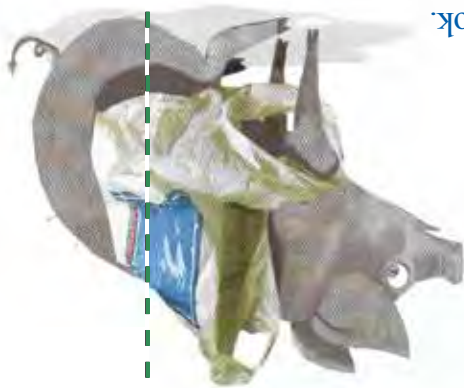
Later in the day, the animals once again stood around and watched as Little Pig found a packet and dragged it up onto the roof. They watched him struggle to get his front legs into the handles.

“Ek het geweet dis ’n dom plan,” sê die koel.

“Ek het vir hom gesê hy gaan seerkry,” sê die hen.

“Wie gaan al die vere optel?” kla die ou bok.

Later daardie oggend sien die diere hoe Otjie ’n plastieksak na die dak dra. Hulle sien hoe hy sukkel om sy voorpote deur die sak se handvatsels te steek.

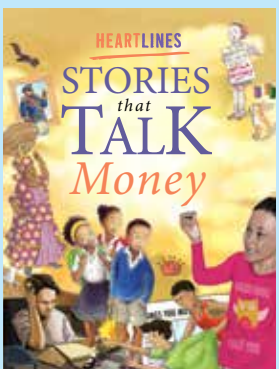


HEARTLINES

Can Little Pig fly? Kan Otjie vlieg?



Bridget Krone
Diek Grobler



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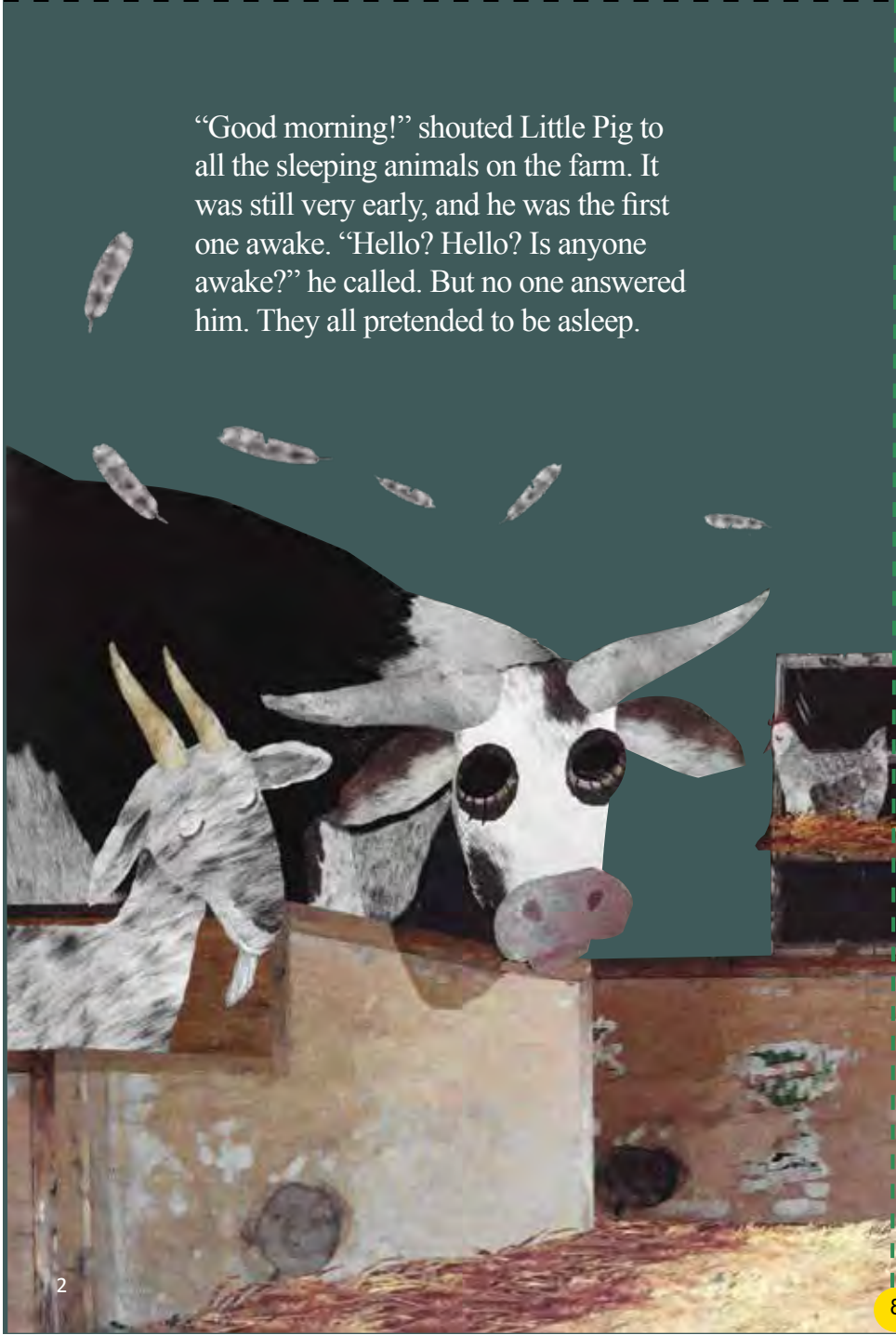
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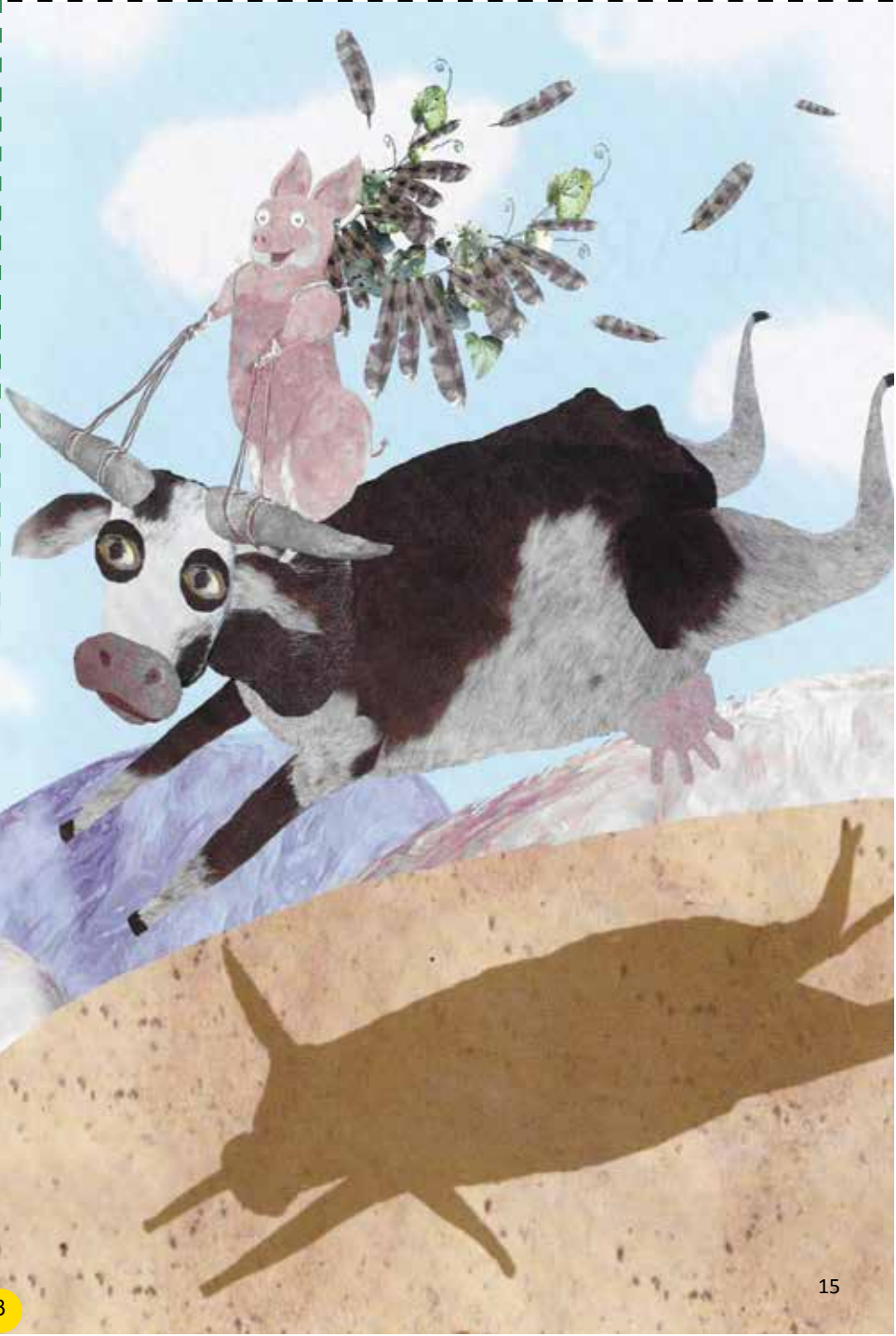
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Drive your
imagination



“Good morning!” shouted Little Pig to all the sleeping animals on the farm. It was still very early, and he was the first one awake. “Hello? Hello? Is anyone awake?” he called. But no one answered him. They all pretended to be asleep.



There was a loud WHOOSHING noise as the wind caught the packet which billowed out behind him.

Then there was a loud CRASH as Little Pig hit the ground hard. This time he landed on his snout. It hurt a lot and he

began to cry.

“It’s no use crying,” said the cow.

“I told you that this was a silly idea.

But you didn’t want to listen.”

“I’m not crying,” pretended Little

Pig. “This bump on my snout is

just making my eyes water.” And

he walked away, sniffing. He held

his head up high and blinked back

the tears.



Daar is ’n harde WOESJ-geluid toe die wind die sak vang sodat dit bol staan agter hom.

Daar is ’n harde SLAG toe Otfie weer die grond tref. Dié

keer val hy op sy snoet. Dis baie seer en hy begin huil.

“Dit help nie om te huil nie,” sê die koei. “Ek het gesê dis

’n dom plan. Maar jy wou nie luister nie.”

“Ek huil nie,” jok Otfie. “Die knop op my snoet laat my

oë traan.” Hy loop snuif-snuif weg met sy kop in die lug

terwyl hy sy oë knip om die trane te keer.

CRASH! Little Pig landed on the ground with a big bump. He stood up and shook his head. He wiggled each of his legs and found that nothing was broken. Then he saw his wings lying on the ground beside him. They were in pieces. “Oh well,” he said bravely, “I’ll have to make another plan.” And he set off to look for a new idea, thinking to himself, “All things are possible if you believe and have hope.”

DOEF! Otfie tref die grond met ’n slag.

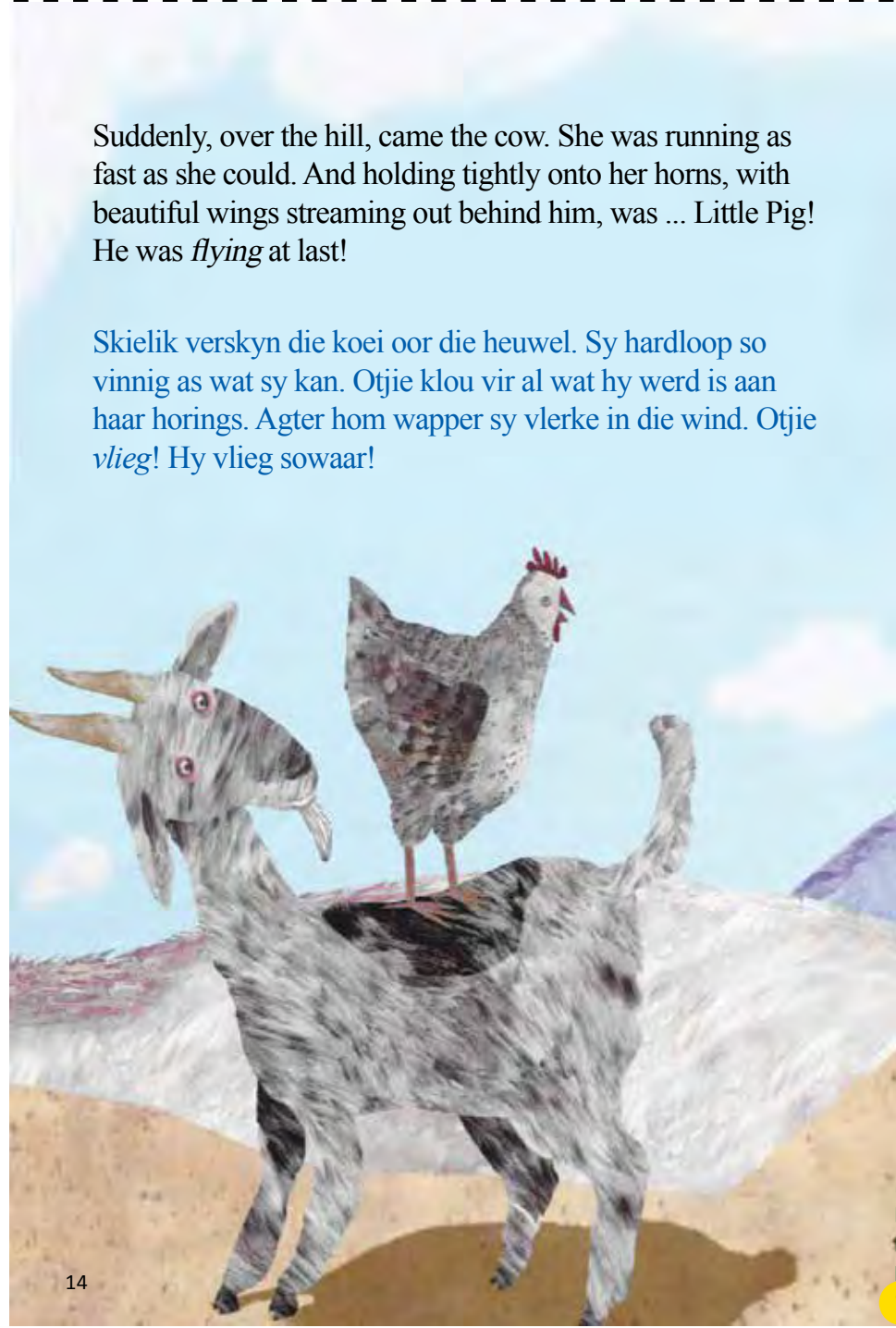
Hy staan op en skud sy kop. Hy wikkkel sy bene om seker te maak niks is gebreek nie. Dan sien hy sy vlerke langs hom op die grond. Hulle is albei fienters.

“Nou ja,” sê hy dapper, “ek moet ’n ander plan

maak” Hy gaan sit eenkant om aan ’n plan te

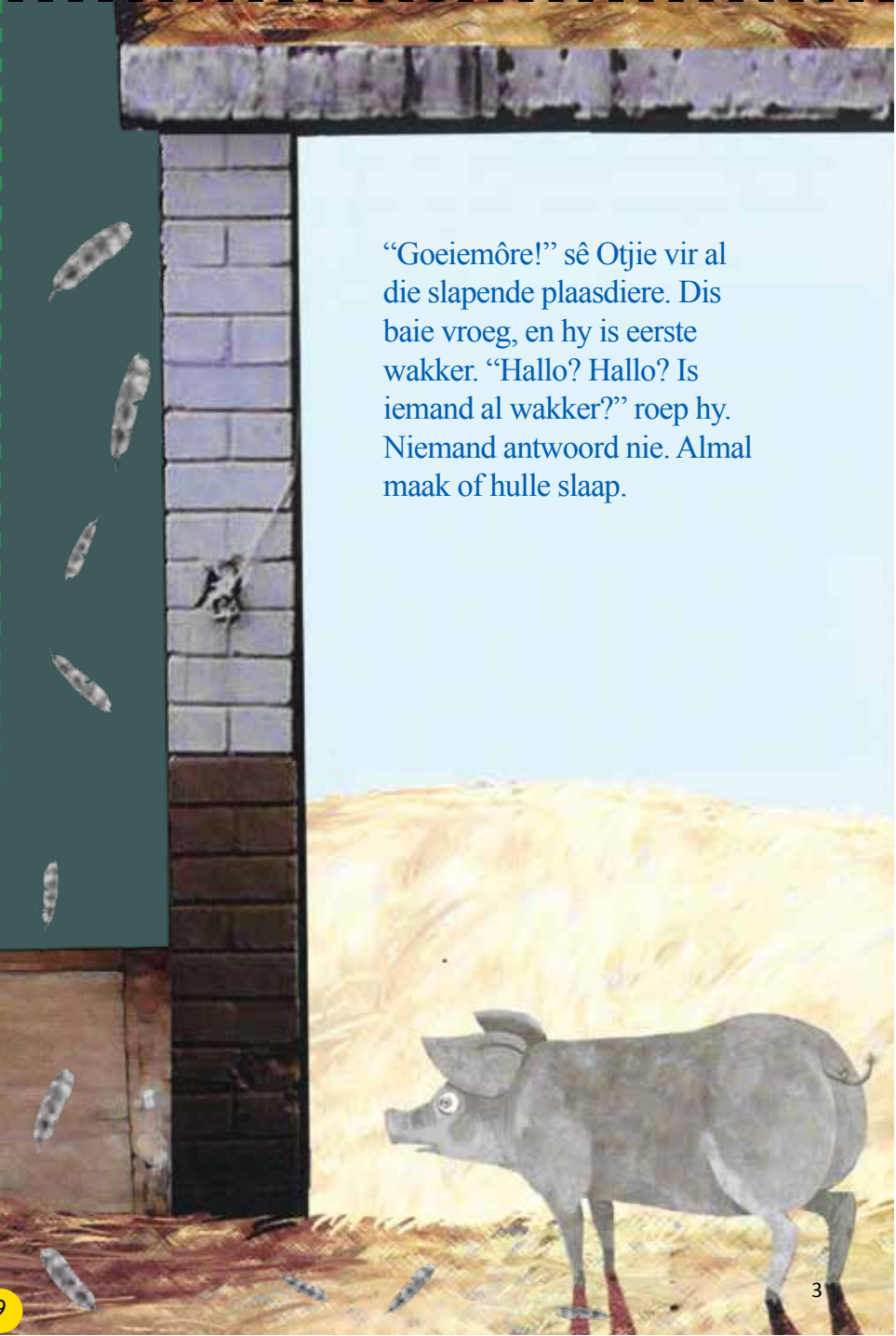
dink. “Alles is moontlik as jy nie moed verloor

nie, maar bly hoop,” sê hy vir homself.



Suddenly, over the hill, came the cow. She was running as fast as she could. And holding tightly onto her horns, with beautiful wings streaming out behind him, was ... Little Pig! He was *flying* at last!

Skieelik verskyn die koei oor die heuwel. Sy hardloop so vinnig as wat sy kan. Otjie klou vir al wat hy werd is aan haar horings. Agter hom wapper sy vlerke in die wind. Otjie *vlieg*! Hy vlieg sowaar!



“Goeiemôre!” sê Otjie vir al die slapende plaasdiere. Dis baie vroeg, en hy is eerste wakker. “Hallo? Hallo? Is iemand al wakker?” roep hy. Niemand antwoord nie. Almal maak of hulle slaap.

But Little Pig took no notice of them and went on trying to drag his wings up onto the roof. At last he managed. Then he strapped them on. He flapped them once, twice, three times, then stood up on his back legs and ran and ... JUMPED off the roof.

“Hey!” he shouted. “Look at me, I’m fl...”

Otjie stuur hom nie aan hulle nie. Hy probeer oor en oor om sy vlerke op die dak te tel. Eindelik kry hy dit reg. Hy bind die vlerke om sy lyf en klap hulle een, twee, drie keer. Toe staan hy op sy agterbene, hardloop en ... SPRING van die dak af.

“Haai!” skree hy. “Kyk vir my! Ek vlieg...”



’n Rukkie later sien die diere tot hulle verbasing hoe Otjie twee dik takke nadersleep. Hy doen sy bes, maar hy is te swak om hulle op die dak te tel. Hulle val heeltyd bo-op hom. “Hy’s regtig dom as hy dink hy kan met takke vlieg,” sê die koei.

Almal hou vir Otjie dop. Otjie begin huil. “Dis te moeilik,” snik hy. “Ek kan dit nie doen nie.” Groot trane rol oor sy wange en val in die stof.

Die diere raak stil. Hulle kyk na Otjie. En na mekaar. Hulle voel glad nie lekker nie. “Otjie,” sê die hen. “Ek is jammer ons het jou nie gehelp nie. Moenie moed opgee nie. Jy moet bly hoop.”

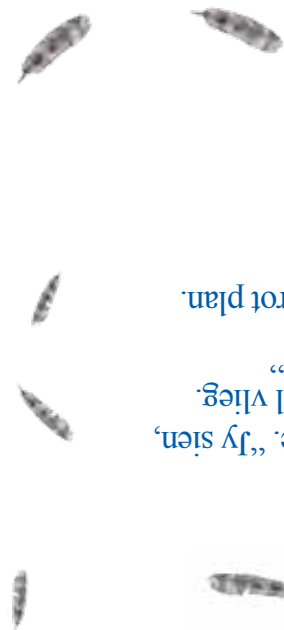
A while later, the animals were surprised to see Little Pig dragging two big branches towards the roof. He tried and tried but he was not strong enough to lift them up and they kept falling on top of him.

“He’s very stupid if he thinks that he can fly with those branches,” said the cow.

They all turned to look at Little Pig. He was crying. “It’s too hard!” he sobbed. “I can’t do this.” Big tears rolled down his cheeks and fell into the dust.

The animals were quiet. They looked at Little Pig. They looked at each other. They felt very uncomfortable.

“Little Pig . . .” said the hen slowly. “I’m sorry we didn’t help you. Please don’t give up.”



“What are you doing?” asked the cow.
“I’m trying . . .” panted Little Pig, “. . . to climb up onto this roof. I’ve made some wings, you see, and I’m hoping to fly. Could you help and pass me those feathers?”
“No,” said the cow. “That sounds like a very bad plan, and I don’t want anything to do with it.”
“You’ll hurt yourself,” warned the hen.
“And you are making a mess,” complained the old goat.
“Wat maak jy?” vra die koei.
“Ek wil op die dak klim . . .” hyg Otjie. “Jy sien, ek het vlerke gemaak waarmee ek wil vlieg. Sal jy hulle vir my aangee, asseblief?”
“Nee,” sê die koei. “Dit klink na ’n vrot plan. Ek wil niks daarmee te doen hê nie.”
“Jy sal seerkry,” waarsku die hen.
“Kyk hoe mors jy,” kla die ou bok.

“Well,” said Little Pig, “I have things to do.” And off he trotted.
“Thank goodness he’s gone,” muttered the old goat. “It’s just too early for his nonsense.”
Eventually the animals got up and did what they always do. Stand around. Chew. Scratch. Moan. Scratch a bit more. Moan.
Only Little Pig was busy. All morning he ran around the farm, humming a little hum. The other animals watched as he rushed backwards and forwards with things in his mouth.
“Wel,” sê Otjie, “ek het dinge om te doen.” En met dié trippel hy vinnig weg.
“Dankie tog, hy’s weg,” mompel die ou bok. “Dis te vroeg vir sy streke.”
Die diere begin om op te staan en te doen wat hulle altyd soggens doen. Rondstaan. Kou. Krap. Kla. Nog ’n bietjie krap. Kla.
Net Otjie is besig. Die hele oggend hardloop hy sing-sing heen en weer met goeters in sy bek.



“Yes,” said the cow. “You must always have hope, Little Pig. Life without hope is very . . . empty. And sad.”
“And boring,” said the old goat.
“So if you really, really want to fly, we will help you,” said the hen.
Little Pig sniffed and wiped away his tears. “Really?” he asked. “Will you help me?”
“Yes. We will!” Suddenly all the animals had ideas about how to help Little Pig fly.
“Where are those guinea fowl feathers?”
“I’ll get some more . . .”
“And bring those branches!”
“I think we might need that packet too.”
“No! Find a bigger packet. That one’s too small.”
They rushed around the farm collecting all the things they needed.
That evening the animals all gathered in the field to watch Little Pig fly.
There was a sound like distant thunder.
It got louder and louder.

“Ja,” sê die koei. “Jy moet altyd moed hou, Otjie. Sonder moed en hoop is die lewe leeg.”
“En vervelig,” sê die ou bok.
“As jy regtig, regtig graag wil vlieg, sal ons jou help,” sê die hen.
Otjie snuif en vee sy trane af. “Sowaar?” vra hy. “Sal julle my sowaar help?”
“Natuurlik sal ons!” Nou maak al die diere planne om Otjie te help vlieg.
“Waar’s al die tarentaalvere?”
“Ek sal nog gaan soek . . .”
“Bring daai takke!”
“Ek dink ons het die plastieksak ook nodig.”
“Nee! Dis te klein. Kry ’n groter sak!”
Almal hardloop rond op soek na alles wat hulle nodig het.
Daardie aand gaan al die diere na die landery om te kyk hoe Otjie vlieg. Meteens hoor hulle iets wat soos donderweer klink. Dit word al hoe harder.



Net toe sien ek hoe iemand die deur oopstoot en my hart klop doef-doef in my ore! Toe kom Shumba uitgehardloop. Ek gryp hom en druk hom vas. Hy is veilig!

Toe ek opkyk, staan 'n ou vrou op die smal stoep voor die huis. Sy is krom en leun swaar op haar kietrie. Haar grys hare is netjies weggebind. Ek kyk in haar oë en is verbaas dat niks in my verander nie. “Dankie,” sê ek.

Mma Raphane glimlag vir my. “Dit lyk of daardie hond 'n handvol is vir 'n klein dogtertjie soos jy.”

“Ek is jammer hy't u gepla,” sê ek.

Sy glimlag hartseer, maar sê niks verder nie. Sy draai om en stap terug in die huis in.

Ek en Gabriel stap teen die heuwel af huis toe. Ons het vergeet van jag. “Sy lyk nie soos 'n heks nie,” sê Gabriel. “Ja, ek weet. Ek dink nie sy is 'n heks nie. Ek dink Peloyame en die ander het dit opgemaak,” sê ek.

Nou voel ek regtig sleg oor die manier waarop die kinders in die dorpie Mma Raphane so lank al behandel. Ek voel sleg dat ek ook deel was daarvan. Net toe begin 'n plan in my kop vorm. “Ek dink ek weet wat ons kan doen om dinge sommer baie beter te maak!”

We thanked her and sat down to drink. The other children watched us for some time, and then they came into the yard, one by one. They picked up our tools and got to work where we had left off.

Peloyame stood at the fence alone. “Hey? What are you guys doing? She’s a witch! Have you forgotten?” Everyone ignored Peloyame. So she kicked the ground and walked away angrily.

Mma Raphane looked at the children who had run from her for so long. She turned to Gabriel and me. There were tears in her eyes. “Thank you,” she said in a scratchy whisper. She smiled down at us as we sat drinking water on her stoep. I looked at Gabriel and smiled, knowing that we had made ourselves a new friend.



The next day, my best friend, Gabriel, and I took our bows and arrows and headed up to the bush behind the hill to go hunting. “Is Shumba coming with us?” Gabriel asked looking down at my big black dog.

“Sure, why not? He likes hunting,” I said.

“But he always scares the animals away.”

I ignored Gabriel. He knew that our bows couldn’t kill anything anyway, even without Shumba.

As we climbed the hill, I wasn’t thinking about the witch’s house. But Shumba was...



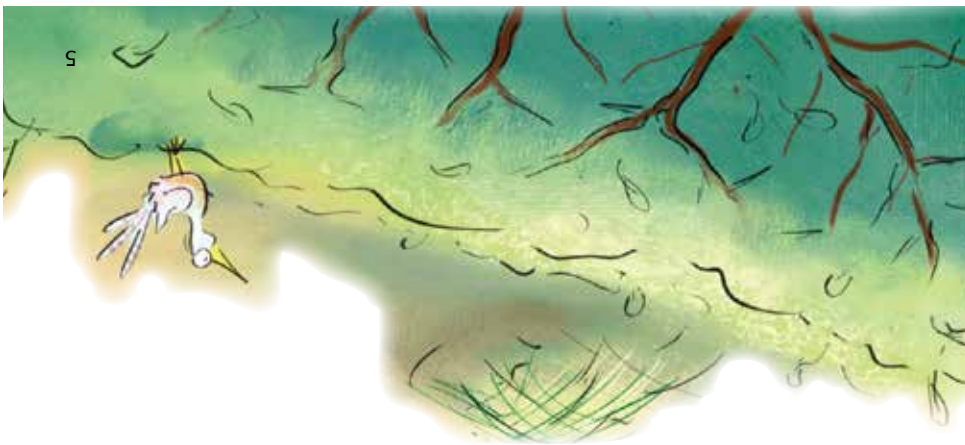
Ons kruip agter die heining weg, ek, Peloyame, en Kitso. Ons haal almal hard asem. “Het jy haar gesien?” vra Peloyame uitasem.

“Ja, sy’s vreesaanjaend,” sê ek, al het ek haar nie regtig gesien nie. Maar ek hoef ook nie. Almal weet hoe Mma Raphane lyk. Sy het wilde grys hare en is lank en brandmaer, met elmboë wat regdeur 'n mens sal sny. As jy in haar oë kyk, verander jy in 'n zombie. Dit het al met baie kinders gebeur. Almal weet dit.

“Sy het haar kop by die deur uitgesteek toe ek die klip gooi. Het julle gesien?” sê Kitso opgewonde. “My nefie sê sy het sy kat opgeëet.”

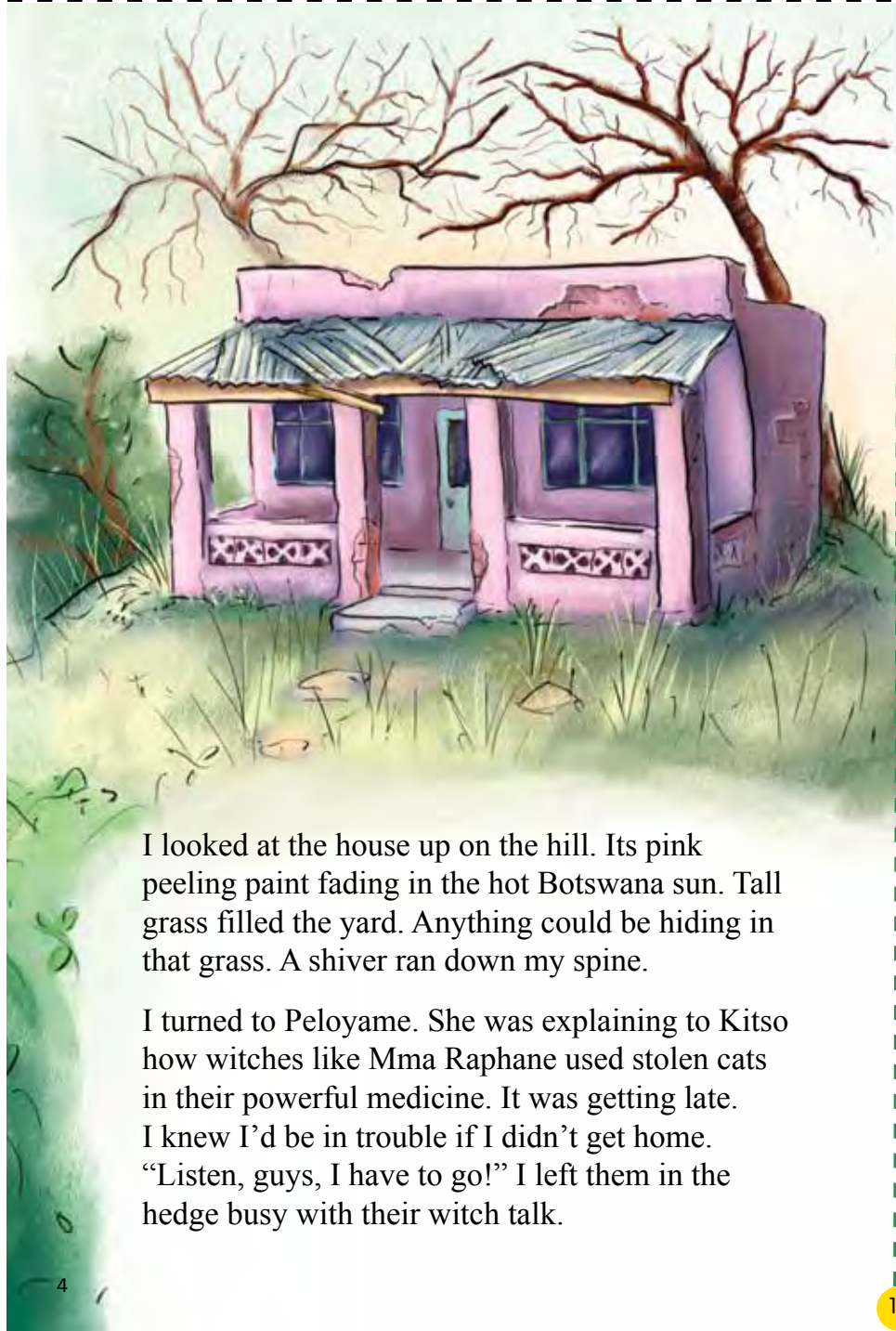
“Ja, sy doen dit partykeer,” sê Peloyame en knik haar kop. Peloyame weet alles wat daar oor die heks, Mma Raphane, te wete is.





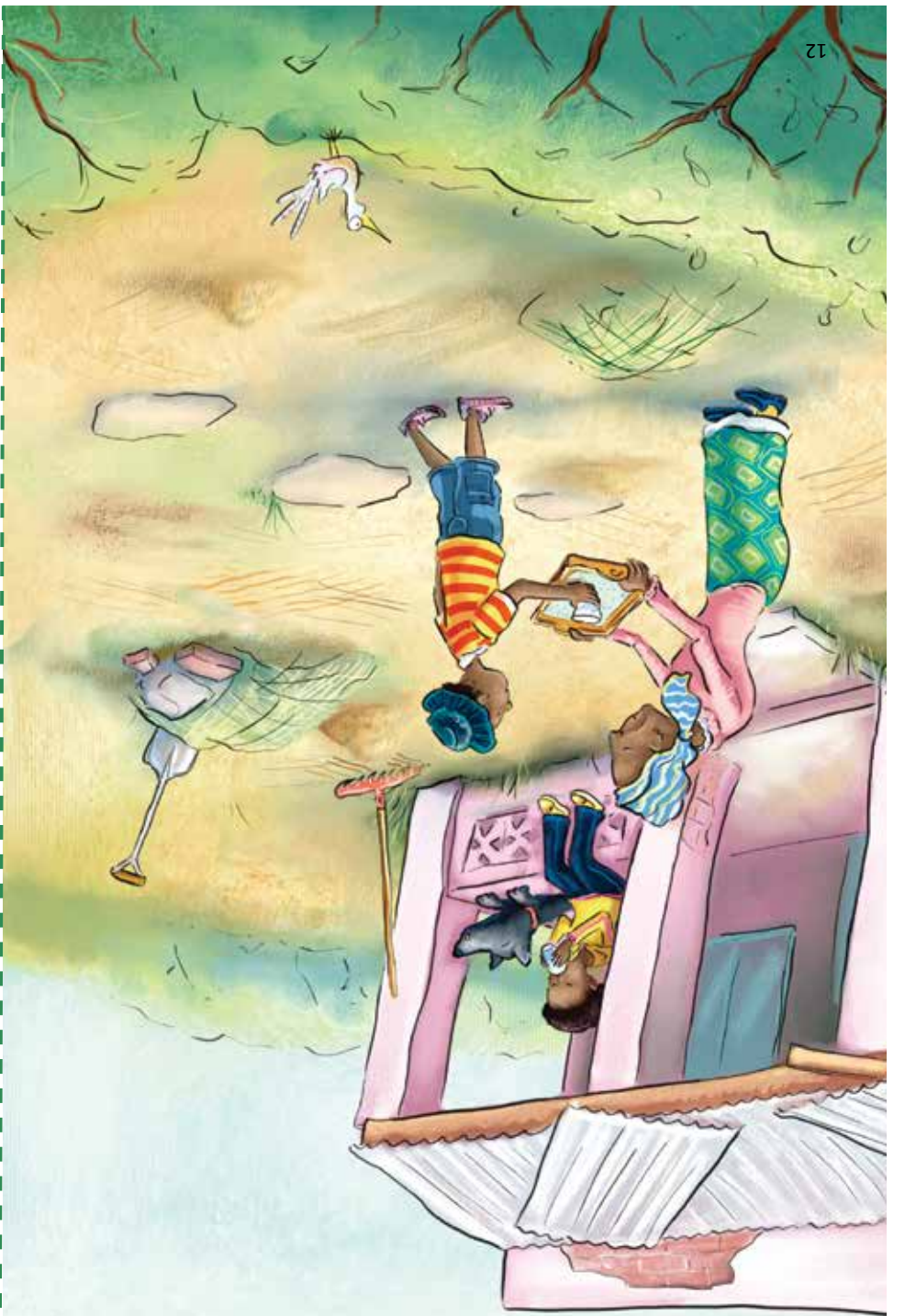
Ek kyk na die huis op die heuwel. Die pienk verf verbleek in die warm Botswana-son. Die erf is toe onder die lang gras. Enigiets kan in daardie gras wegkruip. In Rilling loop teen my ruggraat af.

Ek draai na Pelayame. Sy verduidelik vir Kitso hoe hekse, soos Mma Raphane, katte wat hulle steel in hulle kragtige medisyne gebruik. Dit raak laat. Ek weet ek gaan in die moeilikheid beland as ek nie by die huis kom nie. “Luister, julle, ek moet gaan!” Ek los hulle in die heining met hulle heksepraatjies.



I looked at the house up on the hill. Its pink peeling paint fading in the hot Botswana sun. Tall grass filled the yard. Anything could be hiding in that grass. A shiver ran down my spine.

I turned to Pelayame. She was explaining to Kitso how witches like Mma Raphane used stolen cats in their powerful medicine. It was getting late. I knew I’d be in trouble if I didn’t get home. “Listen, guys, I have to go!” I left them in the hedge busy with their witch talk.



We collected spades and rakes and headed back up the hill. Gabriel and I knocked quietly on the door. We had a short talk with Mma Raphane. Then we started clearing the long, dried grass in the yard. As we worked, other children came to stand along the fence. They stared at us, but kept silent.

Pelayame came too. She saw me and shouted, “Tebogo, are you crazy? Aren’t you afraid of the witch?”

“She’s not a witch!” Gabriel shouted back angrily.

Just then Mma Raphane came out with two glasses of cool water.

Ons maak grawe en harke bymekaar en kies weer koers teen die heuwel op. Ek en Gabriel klop saggies aan die deur. Ons praat vinnig met Mma Raphane. Toe begin ons die lang, droë gras in die erf skoonmaak. Terwyl ons werk, kom die ander kinders ook langs die heining staan. Hulle staar ons aan, maar sê nie ’n woord nie.

Pelayame kom ook. Sy sien my en skree: “Tebogo, is jy mal? Is jy nie bang vir die heks nie?”

“Sy is nie ’n heks nie!” skree Gabriel kwaai terug.

Net toe kom Mma Raphane uit met twee groot glase koue water.

Get story active!

Here are some activities for you to try. They are based on all the stories in this edition of the Nal'ibali Supplement: *The witch who lives on the hill* (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12), *Can Little Pig fly?* (pages 7 to 10) and *The lazy chameleon's trick* (page 14).

The witch who lives on the hill

- ★ What was so scary on the hill?
- ★ What did the children find out?
- ★ Is there someone in your community, or school, who people say nasty things about? Have you found out for yourself if those things are true?
- ★ What could you do to find out for yourself?
- ★ If rumours about someone are false, what could you do to change what other people think about that person?



Raak doenig met stories!

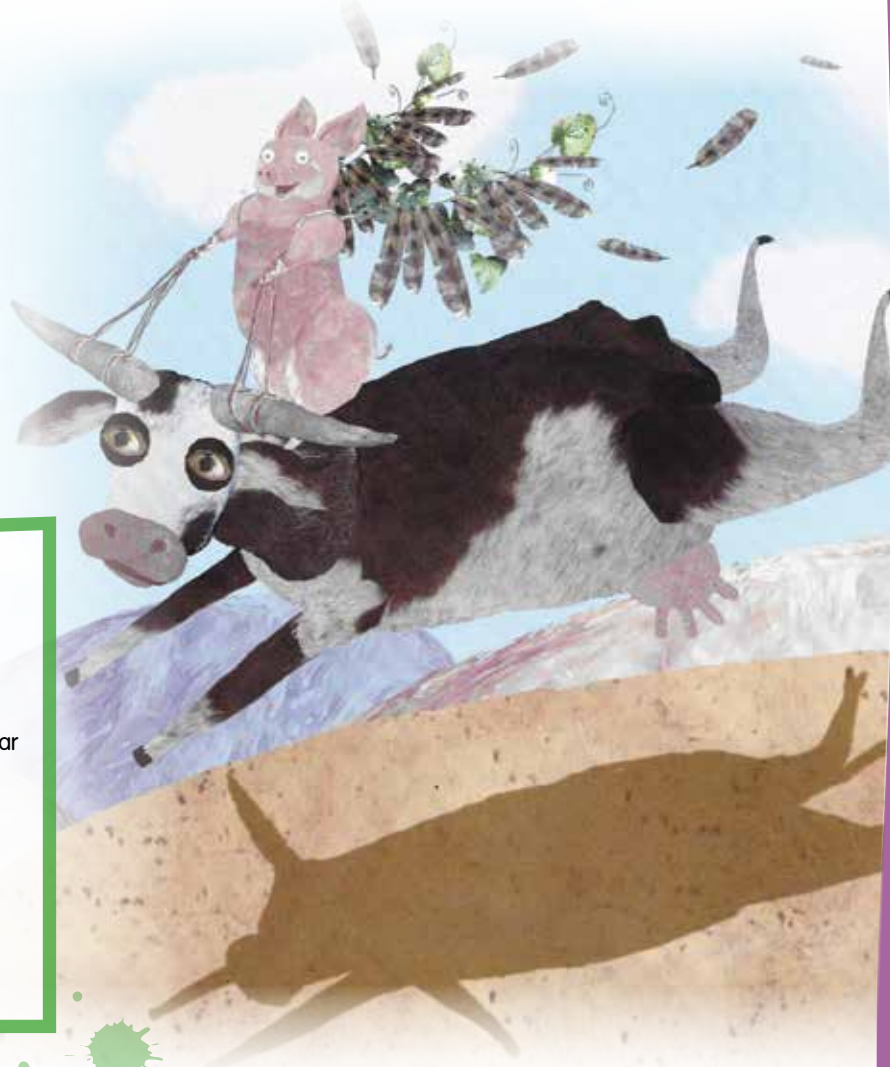
Hier volg 'n paar aktiwiteite wat jy kan probeer. Dit is op al die stories in hierdie uitgawe van die Nal'ibali-bylae gebaseer: *Die heks wat op die heuwel woon* (bladsye 5, 6, 11 en 12), *Kan Otjie vlieg* (bladsye 7 tot 10) en *Die lui trapsuutjies se slinkse plan* (bladsy 15).

Die heks wat op die heuwel woon

- ★ Wat het die kinders op die heuwel so bang gemaak?
- ★ Wat het die kinders uitgevind?
- ★ Is daar iemand in jou gemeenskap of skool van wie mense nare dinge sê? Het jy al self probeer uitvind of daardie dinge waar is?
- ★ Wat kan jy doen om self te probeer uitvind?
- ★ As vals gerugte oor iemand versprei word, wat kan jy doen om mense se houding teenoor daardie persoon te verander?

Can Little Pig fly?

- ★ Why do you think Little Pig didn't give up trying to fly?
- ★ Is there something that you really want to do? What is it?
- ★ Ask open-ended questions (questions that cannot be answered by saying "yes" or "no" and instead can be answered in different ways). For example:
 - Do you think the animals treated Little Pig well? Why or why not?
 - Is hope and having dreams the same thing? Why or why not?
 - Do you agree with the cow that we should always have hope? Why or why not?



Kan Otjie vlieg?

- ★ Hoekom dink jy het Otjie nie moed opgegee om te probeer vlieg nie?
- ★ Is daar iets wat jy regtig graag wil doen? Wat is dit?
- ★ Vra ope vroe (vrae wat nie met "ja" of "nee" beantwoord kan word nie, maar op verskillende maniere). Byvoorbeeld:
 - Dink jy die diere het vir Otjie goed behandel? Hoekom of hoekom nie?
 - Is om moed te hou en om drome te hê dieselfde ding? Hoekom of hoekom nie?
 - Stem jy saam met die koei dat ons altyd moet moed hou? Hoekom of hoekom nie?

The lazy chameleon's trick

- ★ Was Chameleon borrowing or stealing when he took things from Hare, Frog, Tortoise and Lizard? What is the difference between stealing and borrowing?
- ★ Why do you think it is good to pay back what you borrowed?
- ★ Imagine that you don't want people to know who you are. Use old clothes, hats, pieces of material and sunglasses to change how you look. Remember that you can also change the way you walk and talk to hide who you are.



Die lui trapsuutjies se slinkse plan

- ★ Het Trapsuutjies geleen of gesteel toe hy goed by Haas, Padda, Skilpad en Akkedis gevat het? Wat is die verskil tussen steel en leen?
- ★ Hoekom dink jy is dit goed om dit wat jy geleen het, terug te gee?
- ★ Stel jou voor jy wil nie hê mense moet weet wie jy is nie. Gebruik ou klere, hoede, lappe en 'n sonbril om jou voorkoms te verander. Onthou dat jy ook die manier waarop jy loop en praat kan verander om jouself te vermom.



Drive your
imagination



The lazy chameleon's trick

Written by Pirai Mazungunye ■ Illustrated by Vian Oelofson



Long ago, in the peaceful village of Mudavula, there lived a very lazy chameleon. At that time, all the animals farmed the land to feed themselves and their families. All except Chameleon. Because of his laziness, he did not want to work like everyone else. Instead, he thought up a crooked plan so that he could borrow from others and live well.

One Monday morning, Chameleon went to Hare to borrow maize meal. Before he arrived at Hare's house, he changed his skin colour from brown to green.

"Please lend me some maize meal," Chameleon asked.

"And when will you pay me back?" Hare asked.

"At the end of the month!" Chameleon promised.

Hare filled the empty bucket that Chameleon had brought. Chameleon took the maize meal home, smiling as he went. He was thinking about his crooked plan to trick the other animals. He made up a little song to help him remember his plan.

*I will change my colours
But no one will ever know.
I was green when Hare saw me,
With Lizard I'll be yellow.
Frog will see a black chameleon
With Tortoise, brown I'll be.
I will change and change my colours.
They will never know it's me!*

On Tuesday, Chameleon woke up hungry. "I can't eat porridge every day. I need rice!" Chameleon thought. "I will change my skin colour to yellow and go to Lizard. If I can trick everyone, I will not pay anyone anything!"

Chameleon went with his empty bucket to Lizard, who kindly filled it with rice. Chameleon promised to pay Lizard back at the end of the month.

On Wednesday, after cooking some rice, Chameleon looked unhappily at his plate. "No! No! Plain rice is not nice. I need meat!" Chameleon thought for a while. "Frog will give me meat!" he decided.

Chameleon changed his skin colour to black and ran to Frog's house with his empty bucket. Frog filled his bucket with meat. Again, Chameleon promised to pay Frog back at the end of the month.

"I am missing fruit. I need it!" Chameleon thought on Thursday. "Who has fruit?" Chameleon thought, scratching his head. "Tortoise! Yes, Tortoise!"



Chameleon changed his skin colour to brown and went to Tortoise with his empty bucket. He asked Tortoise for fruit, and Tortoise filled his bucket with bananas, oranges and apples.

"Thank you, thank you, Mr Tortoise. I will pay you back at the end of the month," he promised.

All the time Chameleon kept singing his song so that he would remember his colour tricks.

*I will change my colours
But no one will ever know.
I was green when Hare saw me,*

*With Lizard I'll be yellow.
Frog will see a black chameleon
With Tortoise, brown I'll be.
I will change and change my colours.
They will never know it's me!*

When the end of the month came, the animals waited for Chameleon to come and pay them back what he had borrowed. But Chameleon did not come.

First, Hare went to Chameleon's house. "Those of here! Those of here!" Hare called loudly at the gate.

Chameleon peeped through the window. When he saw Hare, he remembered his song. "Aah, Mr Hare, I was green when I borrowed your maize meal," Chameleon said to himself. Quickly, he changed his skin colour to yellow and went to the gate to meet Hare.

"I am looking for a green chameleon," Hare said surprised.

"A green chameleon? I live here alone. I moved in not long ago," Chameleon lied to Hare.

Hare left and Chameleon went back into his house. "I am the clever one," Chameleon boasted aloud, jumping onto the couch.

In the days that followed, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise also came looking for the chameleon who had borrowed rice, meat and fruit from them. Chameleon tricked each one by changing his skin colour so that they would not recognise him.

Another month passed by. Then Hare, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise met by a big marula tree to gather its delicious golden fruit. Looking at his basket of marulas, Tortoise said, "A green chameleon has moved in at the brown chameleon's house. That brown chameleon owes me a bucket of fruit."

"No," said Hare. "A yellow chameleon stays at that house. I am looking for the green chameleon who owes me a bucket of maize meal."

"No," Lizard said. "A black chameleon stays at that house. I am looking for the yellow chameleon who owes me a bucket of rice."

"No," Frog said. "A brown chameleon stays at that house. I am looking for the black chameleon who owes me a bucket of meat."

Then Lizard said, "Could it be that one chameleon has tricked us all by changing his skin colour? Let's all go to the house at the same time."

So Hare, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise marched to Chameleon's house and shouted for him to come out.



Chameleon peeped through the window at the angry animals. He felt ashamed that his laziness had brought him so much trouble, so he went out and begged Hare, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise to forgive him.

Hare, Lizard, Frog and Tortoise agreed to forgive Chameleon. "But never again will you get anything from any one of us," they said.

And from that day on, the lazy chameleon had to work for his food just like everyone else.



Drive your
imagination



Die lui trapsuutjies se slinkse plan

Geskryf deur Pirai Mazungunye ■ Geïllustreer deur Vian Oelofson



Lank gelede, in die rustige dorpie Mudavula, het daar 'n baie lui trapsuutjies gewoon. In daardie tyd het al die diere die grond bewerk om vir hulle en hul families kos te voorsien. Almal behalwe Trapsuutjies. Omdat hy so lui was, wou hy nie soos al die ander diere werk nie. Hy dink toe eerder 'n slinkse plan uit sodat hy by die ander kan leen en lekker kan lewe.

Een Maandagoggend gaan Trapsuutjies na Haas toe om mieliemeel te leen. Voor hy by Haas se huis aankom, verander hy sy kleur van bruin na groen.

"Leen asseblief vir my 'n bietjie mieliemeel," vra Trapsuutjies.

"En wanneer sal jy my terugbetaal?" wil Haas weet.

"Aan die einde van die maand!" belowe Trapsuutjies.

Haas maak die leë emmer wat Trapsuutjies saamgebring het, vol. Trapsuutjies neem die mieliemeel met 'n glimlag huis toe. Hy dink aan sy slinkse plan om die ander diere om die bos te lei. Hy sing 'n liedjie om hom te help om sy plan te onthou.

*"Ek sal my kleur verander
Maar niemand sal ooit weet nie.
Ek was groen toe ek Haas my sien,
By Akkedis is ek weer geel.
Padda sal 'n swart trapsuutjies sien
En Skilpad weer 'n bruine.
Ek sal van kleur bly verander.
Hulle sal nooit weet dis ek nie!"*

Dinsdagoggend word Trapsuutjies honger wakker. "Ek kan nie elke dag pap eet nie. Ek het rys nodig!" dink Trapsuutjies. "Ek sal my kleur na geel verander en na Akkedis toe gaan. As ek almal om die bos kan lei, sal ek niemand enigiets hoef te betaal nie!"

Trapsuutjies stap met sy leë emmer na Akkedis toe, en Akkedis is gaaf genoeg om dit vol rys te maak. Trapsuutjies belowe om Akkedis aan die einde van die maand terug te betaal.

Woensdag, nadat hy rys gekook het, kyk Trapsuutjies bek-af na sy bord. "Nee! Nee! Gewone rys is nie lekker nie. Ek het vleis nodig!" Trapsuutjies dink 'n rukkies na. "Padda sal vir my vleis gee!" besluit hy.

Trapsuutjies verander sy kleur na swart en hardloop na Padda se huis toe met sy leë emmer. Padda maak sy emmer vol vleis. Weer belowe Trapsuutjies om Padda aan die einde van die maand terug te betaal.

"Ek kort vrugte. Dis wat ek nodig het!" dink Trapsuutjies Donderdag. "Wie het vrugte?" dink Trapsuutjies en krap sy kop. "Skilpad! Ja, Skilpad!"



Trapsuutjies verander sy kleur na bruin en gaan met sy leë emmer na Skilpad toe. Hy vra Skilpad vir vrugte, en Skilpad maak sy emmer vol piesangs, lemoene en appels.

"Dankie, dankie, meneer Skilpad. Ek sal jou aan die einde van die maand terugbetaal," belowe hy.

Die hele tyd sing Trapsuutjies sy liedjie sodat hy sy slinkse plan met sy kleure kan onthou.

*"Ek sal my kleur verander
Maar niemand sal ooit weet nie.
Ek was groen toe ek Haas my sien,*

*By Akkedis is ek weer geel.
Padda sal 'n swart trapsuutjies sien
En Skilpad 'n bruine.
Ek sal van kleur bly verander.
Hulle sal nooit weet dis ek nie!"*

Toe die einde van die maand aanbreek, wag die diere vir Trapsuutjies om dit wat hy geleen het, te kom teruggee. Maar Trapsuutjies daag nie op nie.

Eers gaan Haas na Trapsuutjies se huis toe. "Meneer Trapsuutjies, Meneer Trapsuutjies!" roep Haas hard by die hek.

Trapsuutjies loer deur die venster. Toe hy vir Haas sien, onthou hy sy liedjie. "Aa, meneer Haas, ek was groen toe ek mieliemeel by jou geleen het," sê Trapsuutjies vir homself. Vinnig verander hy sy kleur na geel en gaan ontmoet vir Haas by die hek.

"Ek is op soek na 'n groen trapsuutjies," sê Haas verbaas.

"'n Groen trapsuutjies? Ek woon alleen hier. Ek het onlangs ingetrek," jok Trapsuutjies vir Haas.

Haas loop weg en Trapsuutjies gaan terug in sy huis in. "Ek is die slim een," spog Trapsuutjies hardop en spring op die rusbank.

Die volgende paar dae kom soek Akkedis, Padda en Skilpad ook na die trapsuutjies wat rys, vleis en vrugte by hulle geleen het. Trapsuutjies lei almal om die bos deur sy kleur te verander sodat hulle hom nie kan herken nie.

Nog 'n maand gaan verby. Toe ontmoet Haas, Akkedis, Padda en Skilpad mekaar by 'n groot maroelaboom waar hulle die heerlike goudgeel vrugte bymekaar maak. Terwyl Skilpad na sy mandjie vol maroelas kyk, sê hy: "'n Groen trapsuutjies het in die bruin trapsuutjies se huis ingetrek. Daardie bruin trapsuutjies skuld my 'n emmer vrugte."

"Nee," sê Haas. "'n Geel trapsuutjies woon in daardie huis. Ek is op soek na die groen trapsuutjies wat my 'n emmer mieliemeel skuld."

"Nee," sê Akkedis. "'n Swart trapsuutjies woon in daardie huis. Ek is op soek na die geel trapsuutjies wat my 'n emmer rys skuld."

"Nee," sê Padda. "'n Bruin trapsuutjies woon in daardie huis. Ek is op soek na die swart trapsuutjies wat 'n emmer vleis by my geleen het."

Toe sê Akkedis: "Kan dit wees dat een trapsuutjies ons almal om die bos gelei het deur van kleur te verander? Kom ons gaan almal saam na die huis toe."

Haas, Akkedis, Padda en Skilpad stap toe na Trapsuutjies se huis toe en roep dat hy moet uitkom.



Trapsuutjies loer deur die venster na die woedende diere. Hy voel skaam omdat hy so lui was en dit hom in die moeilikheid laat beland het. Hy gaan buitentoe en smeek Haas, Akkedis, Padda en Skilpad om hom te vergewe.

Haas, Akkedis, Padda en Skilpad stem in om Trapsuutjies te vergewe. "Maar jy sal nooit ooit weer enigiets by enigeen van ons kry nie," sê hulle.

En van daardie dag af moet die lui trapsuutjies vir sy kos werk, net soos al die ander diere.

Nal'ibali fun

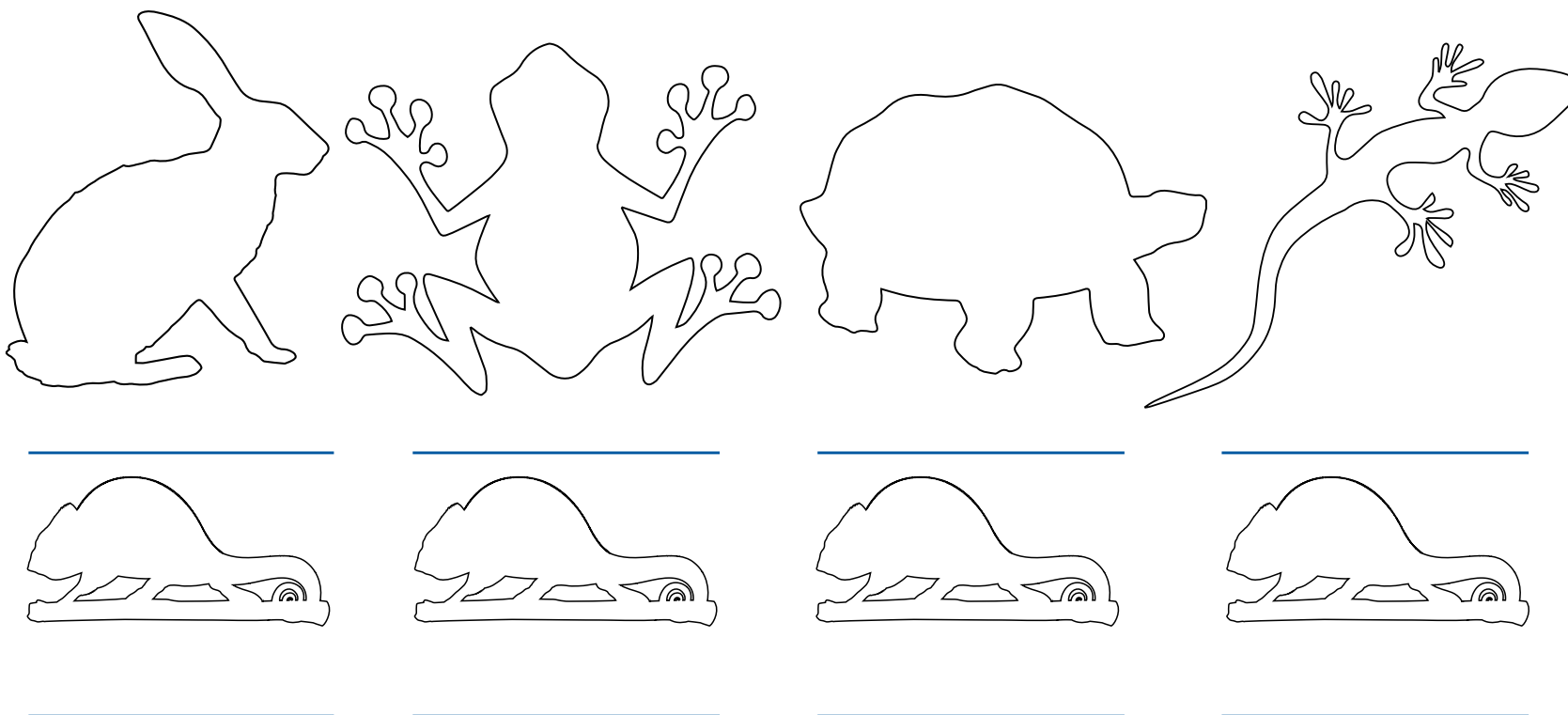
Nal'ibali-pret



1.

The picture outlines below are from the story *The lazy chameleon's trick*.

- Write the name of each animal under each picture outline.
- Look at the pictures in the story. Colour in each animal.
- Colour in the chameleon under each animal. Use the colour that Chameleon used when he visited the animal. Write the name of the colour under each picture.



Die buitelyne van die prente hier onder kom uit die storie *Die lui trapsuutjies se slinkse plan*.

- Skryf elke dier se naam onder elke buitelyn.
- Kyk na die prente in die storie. Kleur elke dier in.
- Kleur die trapsuutjies onder elke dier in. Gebruik die kleur wat Trapsuutjies gebruik het toe hy na daardie dier toe is. Skryf die naam van die kleur onder elke prent neer.

2.

Read the beginning of the story below. Look at the picture. Now write what you think happened next.

Long, long ago, hares had beautiful, long, fluffy white tails, which they wagged whenever they felt happy or excited. At that time, all the hares lived on an island, separated from the mainland by a wide, foaming river. Though the hares knew how to swim, they could never reach the mainland, because in this river lived dozens and dozens of big, green, hungry crocodiles. These crocodiles loved nothing more than delicious hare for breakfast, lunch and supper.

One day, an especially frisky young hare called Haruki suddenly had a brilliant idea. "Guess what?" he boasted to his friends. "Today I'm going to escape to the mainland!"



Lees die begin van die storie hier onder. Kyk na die prent. Skryf nou neer wat jy dink volgende gebeur.

Lank, lank gelede het hase pragtige, lang, wollerige, wit sterte gehad, en wanneer hulle gelukkig of opgewonde was, het hulle hul sterte gewaai. In daardie tyd het al die hase op 'n eiland gewoon wat deur 'n breë, skuimende rivier van die land geskei is. Al kon die hase swem, kon hulle nooit by die land uitkom nie, want in die rivier was daar dosyne der dosyne groot, groen, honger krokodille. Hierdie krokodille se gunstelingkos was haasvleis vir ontbyt, haasvleis vir middagete en haasvleis vir aandete.

Op 'n dag kry 'n besonder baldadige jong hasie, Haruki, skielik 'n briljante idee. "Raai wat?" spog hy by sy vriende. "Vandag gaan ek na die land ontsnap!"

Nal'ibali is here to motivate and support you. Contact us in any of these ways:

Nal'ibali is hier om jou te motiveer en te ondersteun. Kontak ons op een van die volgende maniere:

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