



## 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.



## Ke nako ya maikhutšo!

Ngwaga o kgauswi le go fela gomme go tlo fihla nako ya ngwaga yeo bontši bja rena re bago le nako ye ntši le ba lapa le bagwera. Ke nako yeo re bego re e emetše ya maikhutšo a mafelelo a ngwaga. Nako ya ngwaga yeo re re gogago moya gannyane, ra iketla le go ipha nako re dira bontši bja dilo tše re ipshinago ka tšona.



### 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.

### E BA LE NAKO YA PUKU GOBA TŠE PEDI

Ge bana ba gago ba go bona o iketile ka puku:

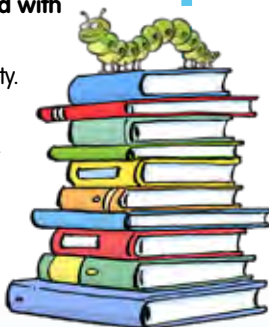
- ★ Ba ithuta gore go bala ke selo sa go direlwa boipshino.
  - ★ Ba ithuta gore go bala ke selo se o se dirago go iketla.
- Gomme, ntle le go leka, o ba mohlala o mobotse o matla wa go bala baneng ba gago, wa ba thuša go ba babadi ba bophelo ka moka.

### 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.



### RE NA LE DIKANEVELO TŠA GO DI ANEGA!

Gantši go ba le meketeko e mentši ka nako ye ya ngwaga. Bjalo ka batho ba bagolo, re gopola ka fao re bego re itemogela meketeko ye ge re be re le bana. O ile wa nagana go abelana le bana ba gago ka dikanegelo tša bobjana bja gago?

- ★ Dikanegelo di ba thuša go hlabolla kgopolo le boithlamelo.
- ★ Di ba thuša go hlabolla polelo ya bona le go nagana.
- ★ Gomme go abelana ka dikanegelo tša bobjana bja gago, go thuša go kgokaganya meloko ya lapa la geno.

Dikanegelo tše di fa bana kwešišo ya mo ba tšwago gona le gore ke bona bomang.



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

Re tla ba maikhutšong go fihla ka beke ya **di 28 Pherekong 2022**. E ba le rena morago gafao go hwetša maleatlana a go bala a Nalibali a mantši!

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!

Gape maikhutšo a ra gore re tlo ba le nako ye ntši le bana ba rena – gomme ke moputso wa bona wa nnete. Re na le nako ya go ba balela dikanegelo tše ba di ratago, le go hwetša tše diswa gore ba ipshine ka tšona. Gape re na le nako ya go dira mešongwana ya go bala le go ngwala ya boipshino ya go tswalana le dikgahlego tša bona. Se o se dirago le fao o tla bego o le gona maikhutšong a, iketle gomme o be le maikhutšo a boipshino a go tla dikanegelo!



Drive your  
imagination



IT STARTS WITH  
A STORY.  
GO THOMA KA  
KANEVELO.



## 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.



## Ka moka ga rena re batho ba batho le mafelo a mangwe

Afika Borwa ke legae la batho ba go tšwa dinageng tše dintši tša go fapana. Ngwaga ka ngwaga, ka di 18 Desemere, Letšatši la Bahudugi la Boditšhabatšhaba le ketekwa lefaseng ka bophara. Ke nako ya go dira temošo ya diithotlo le mathata ao bahudugi ba lebanago le ona.



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?

Mafelelong a ngwaga, bontši bja rena re lebelela pele go ba le nako ye ntši le ba malapa a rena. Ba bangwe ba tlogela magae a bona ba ya go etela dinagamagaeng, ba bangwe ditoropongkgolo goba diprofenseng. O na le go ipotšiša gore batho ba bangwe ba ya kae goba ba tšwa kae? O ile wa ya nageng ye nngwe go yo etela ba lapa?

**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.

**Batho ba go tla go dula nageng ye ba sego ba belegelwa go yona ba bitšwa bahudugi.** Bahudugi ba bangwe ba kgetha go tloga dinageng tša bona ba ye go nyaka mešomo, ba ye dikolong goba go ba latela ba malapa a bona bao go dula nageng ye nngwe.



**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?



**Batho bao ba tlogo go dula nageng ye ba sego ba belegelwa go yona ba bitšwa bafaladi.** Bafaladi ba leka go humana polokego nageng e nngwe. O reng o sa tšee nako go nagana ka bafaladi le bahudugi ba go ba kgole le bagwera le ba malapa a bona ebile ba sa kgone go ya go gae gore ba ye go ba bona?

## Did you know?

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



Available in all official South African languages  
E hwetšagala ka dipolelo ka moka tša Afrika Borwa tša semmušo

**ethnikids**  
made for me

## Naa o be o tseba?

Dipuku tša rena tša dikanegelo tša Mokgobo wa Go Bala ka go Hlaboša Lentšu bjale di hwetšagala go Ethnikids!

Order your copy online at [www.ethnikids.africa](http://www.ethnikids.africa)!  
Otara khophi ya gago mo inthaneteng go [www.ethnikids.africa](http://www.ethnikids.africa)!



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*Nalibali*  
IT STARTS WITH A STORY.





**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.

**Bafaladi ba na le tsebo, didirišwa le mabokgoni ao a ka thušago go aga ditšhaba, efela gantši ba lebana le kgethollo le hlokego ya toka.** Bana ba bafaladi le bona ba swanetše go kgona go lebeletšana le mokgwa wa sekolo o moswa, go swana le bana ba bangwe, gomme ka nako ye nngwe le go ithuta ka leleme le leswa.

**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.

**Motho wa go hloka naga ke motho wa go se lemogwe bjalo ka modudi wa naga efe goba efe lefaseng.** Bana ba go hloka naga gantši ba ka se kgone go tsena sekolo, ba ka se ye ngakeng ebile ba ka se hwetše mphiwafela wa leago. Bontši bja bona ba swara bothata go hwetša mošomo goba legae bophelo bja bona ka moka. Bana ba go hloka naga ba lebana le mathata a magolo, a bjalo ka go šoma e sa le bana, go utswiwa, go nyadišwa e sa le bana le mehuta ye mengwe ya ditlailšo.



## The Girl Who Lost Her Country



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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.

Sehlongwa sa Hlokego ya Naga le Kakaretšo se ngwadile puku ya *The Girl Who Lost Her Country*. O ka bala puku ye go <http://kids.worldsstateless.org> go ithuta tše ntši ka ga go hloka naga.

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## Bapatša fa!

Fihliša molaetša wa gago ka malapeng go putlaganya Afrika Borwa.

Ngwaga ka ngwaga Na'ibali e phatlalatša ditlaleletšo tša kuranta tše 280 000 ka dipolelo tše 9 magaeng le dihlopheng tša go bala.

Ebile, re tišetša le dipono tša inthaneteng tša kgwedi ka kgwedi tše 1500 tša tlaleletšo!

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A STORY.



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# 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.



# Dikeletšo tše 7 tša maikhutšo tša boipshino

Fa ke mešongwana ya go akaretša go bala le go ngwala gore ba ipshine maikhutšong a dikolo. Kgopolo ke gore le ipshine, diriša di/polelo yeo wena le bana ba gago le ikwago le lokologile ka yona.

**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](http://www.nalibali.org)) and mobisite ([www.nalibali.mobi](http://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.

**1 Go bala le go theeletša.** Tlatša maikhutšo a gago ka dikanegelo tše diswa le tša mmamoratwa tša kgale ka go hwetša dikanegelo tše le ka di balago le go theeletša weposaeteng ya Nal'ibali ([www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org)) le mobisaeteng ([www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)). Eya le kanegelo gohle mo o yago! Di gatiše, goba di bale o di theeletše khomphuthareng ya gago goba sellathekeng

**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.



**2 E ba le puku ya maratha.** Dirišaleswa dinoutepuku tše di se sa dirišwago o swariše matlakala a pampiri go direla bana ba gago puku ya maratha ya maikhutšo. Ba hloheletše go ngwala ka dipukung tša maratha ka ga dilo tše ba di dirago ka maikhutšo a dikolo le go thala diswantšho ka gare ga tšona. Di ka akaretša gape dilo tša go swana le diithekethe goba dipampišana go tšwa mafelong ao ba kilego ba ya go ona goba sephuthelwa sa dijwana tše ba ipsinnego ka tšona.

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

**3 Bapalang meraloko.** Meraloko ye menti e akaretša go bala. Ebang le mathapama a manti a meraloko le bagwera le ba lapa.

**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.



**4 Ebang le moletlo wa maitirišo.** E re bana ba gago ba be le boipshino ba nagana ka batho bao ba ka ba laletšago moletlong go keteka mathomo a ngwaga wo moswa. Bjale šišinya gore ba ngwale ditaletšo tša moletlo le lenaneo la dijo la moletlo wa maitirišo.

**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.

**5 Latela motswako.** Wena le bana ba gago, latelang motswako wa seo le sa kago la se dira. Gopola go bala motswako o hlaboša lentšu ge le le gare le šoma – goba kgopela bana ba gago go dira se. E re ba go thuše go kgoboketša diitwaki, tswakang le hudue.

**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.

**6 Bapalang moraloko wa go akanya.** Efa bana ba gago mohlala wa selo se sengwe sa kgauswi le wena gomme o bone ge eba ba ka se akanya. Mohlala, "Ke ye tšhweu gomme e na le lebatl. E dira gore dilo di dule di tonya." (Karabo: setšidifatlši.) Šiedišanang ka go fa mehlala le go akanya.

**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 Hlama mafetšo a maswa.** E re bana ba gago ba hlame mafetšo a go fapana a kanegelo e tee ya tša mmamoratwa wa bona ka go tsenya moanegwa o moswa goba tiragalo kanegelong. Šišinya gore ba thale diswantšho tša go tanya mafetšo a bona a maswa gomme ba ka di diriša ge ba anega kanegelo leswa.

## Create TWO cut-out-and-keep books

- Take out pages 5 to 12 of this supplement.
- 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.
- Use each of the sheets to make a book. Follow the instructions below to make each book.
  - Fold the sheet in half along the black dotted line.
  - Fold it in half again along the green dotted line.
  - Cut along the red dotted lines.



## Itlhomele dipuku tša ripa-o-boloke tše PEDI

- Nišha matlakala a 5 go fihla ka 12 a tlaleletšo ye.
- Letlakala la pampiri la go ba le matlakala a 5, 6, 11 le 12 le dira puku e tee. Letlakala la pampiri la matlakala a 7, 8, 9 le 10 a dira puku ye nngwe.
- Diriša letlakala la pampiri le lengwe le le lengwe go dira puku. Latela ditaelo tša ka tlase go dira puku ye nngwe le ye nngwe.
  - Mena letlakala ka bogare go bapela le mothladi wa marontho a maso.
  - Le mene ka bogare gape go bapela le mothladi wa marontho a matalamorogo.
  - Ripa go bapela le methladi ya marontho a mahubedu.



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.

Ke goeletše, efele ke latetšwe. Shumba o kitimetše godimo thabaneng, a feta kgoro ya ntlo ya Mma Raphane, tseleng ye sese gomme a tsena ka lebatlai la ka pele.

"Aowawa, Tebbi! Shumba o tsene ka nlong ya moloi!" Gabriel a lla, a khupetša molomo wa gagwe ka seatla. "O hwile ka nnete."

"Shumba!" Ka goeletša gape. Ke ile ka thoma go seketsa meokgo ka mahlong. Ke tsebile gore go fedile ka ga Shumba! Moloi o tlo mmolaya a mo ntšha diripana tša go dira dihlatse tša gagwe. Ke eme kgorong ke nagana gore nka dira eng.



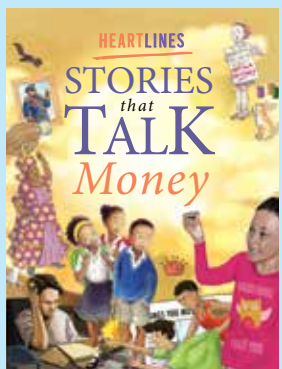
## The witch who lives on the hill

### Moloi wa go dula thabaneng



Lauri Kubuitsile  
Vian Oelofsen

HEARTLINES



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

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Ka letšatši la go latelela, nna le mogwera wa ka wa potego Gabriel, re tšere ditšhoša le mesebe ra ya go tsoma sethokgweng sa ka morago ga mmoto. “Na Shumba o ya le rena?” Gabriel a botšiša, a lebelele mpša ya ka ye ntsho ye kgolo.

“Ee, o tla šala bjang? O rata go tsoma,” ka realo.

“Efela o phela a tšhoša diphoofole tša tšhaba.”

Ke hlokomologile Gabriel. O be a tseba gore ditšhoša tša rena di be di ka se bolaye selo, ntle le Shumba. Ge re namela thabana, ke be ke sa nagane ka ntlo ya moloi. Efela Shumba o be a ...

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!”

“Yes, I know. I don’t think she’s a witch. I think Peloyame and the others made it up,” I said.



Gabriel and I headed home down the hill. We’d forgotten about hunting. “She doesn’t look anything like a witch,” Gabriel said.

“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



Re ile ra mo leboga gomme ra dula fase ra nwa. Bana ba bangwe ba ile ba re lebelela sebakanyana, ka morago ba tsena ka jarateng, ka o tee ka o tee. Ba tšere ditlabakelo tša rena gomme ba tšwela pele ka mošomo.

Peloyame o eme legoreng a le tee. “Hei? Le dira eng lena? Ke moloi! Le lebetše?” Bohle ba ile ba mo hlokomologa. O ile a raga fase gomme a floga a befetšwe.

Mma Raphane o lebelelele bana bao ba ilego ba mo tšhaba sebaka se setelele. A retologela go nna le Gabriel. Meokgo e be e elela mahlageng a gagwe. “Ke a leboga,” a realo a hebaheba ka lentšu la makgwakgwa. O ile a myemyela ge re dutše fase setupung sa gagwe re enwa meetse. Ke ile ka lebelela Gabriel gomme ka myemyela, ka go tseba gore re hweditše mogwera yo moswa.



“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.

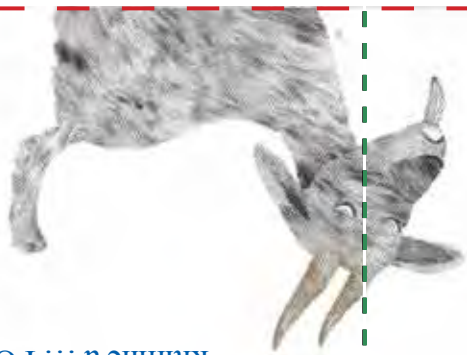
“Le ka nthuša?” gwa kgopela Kolobe ye Nnyane. “Sephuthelwana se se bothata.”

“Nka se kgone,” a realo kgomo. “Ke swaregile.”

“Aowa,” a realo kgogo. “Se kotsi kudu seo.”

“O seke wa ntebelela,” a realo pudi wa go tšofala. “Ke bogaswi tšeo.”

Kolobe ye Nnyane o ile a swanela go katana a le tee. Mafeteleng, o ile a kgona go tsenya maoto a gagwe a pele ka sephuthelwaneng. Le ga bjale, o kitimile a ... FOFA go tloga marulelong a nlo.



“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.

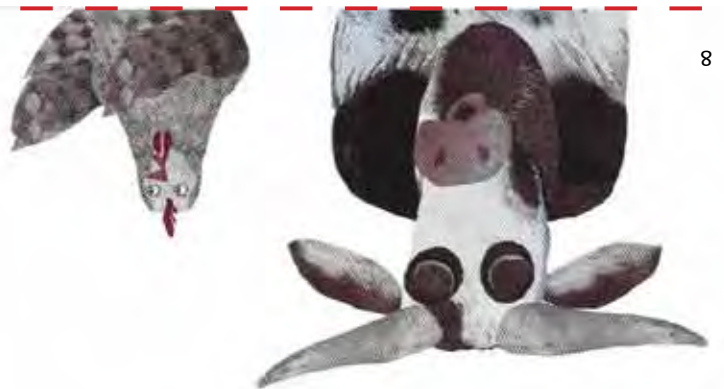
Later in the day, the animals once again stood around and watched as Little Pig found a packet and dragged it up onto the roof. They watched him struggle to get his front legs into the handles.

“Ke tsebile gore ke leano la botlaela,” a realo kgomo.

“Ke mmoditse gore o tla gobala,” a realo kgogo.

“Ke mang yo a tla topago mafota ao?” gwa belaela pudi wa go tšofala.

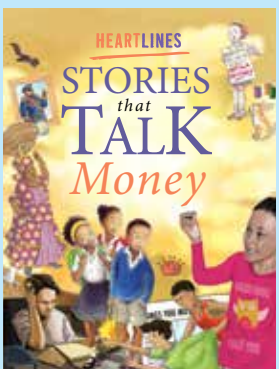
Ka morago mo letšatšing, diphoofolo di ile tša ema ka maoto gape tša lebelela Kolobe ye Nnyane a hwetša sephuthelwana gomme a se gogela marulelong. Ba mmogetše a palelwa ke go tsenya maoto a pele mekgokong.



## Can Little Pig fly? Kolobe ye Nnyane e ka fofa?



Bridget Krone  
Diek Grobler



For more information  
please email  
[info@heartlines.org.za](mailto:info@heartlines.org.za)  
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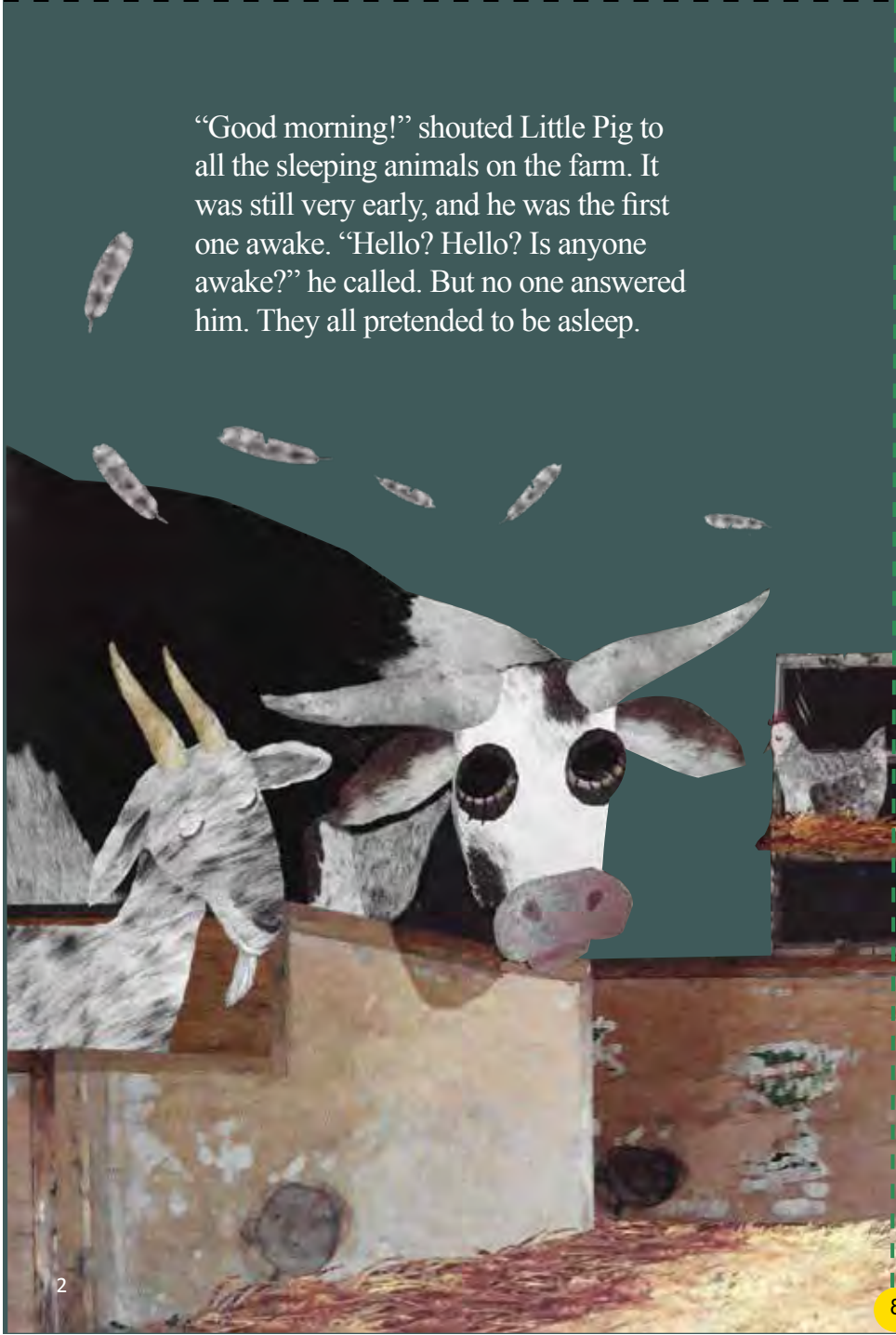


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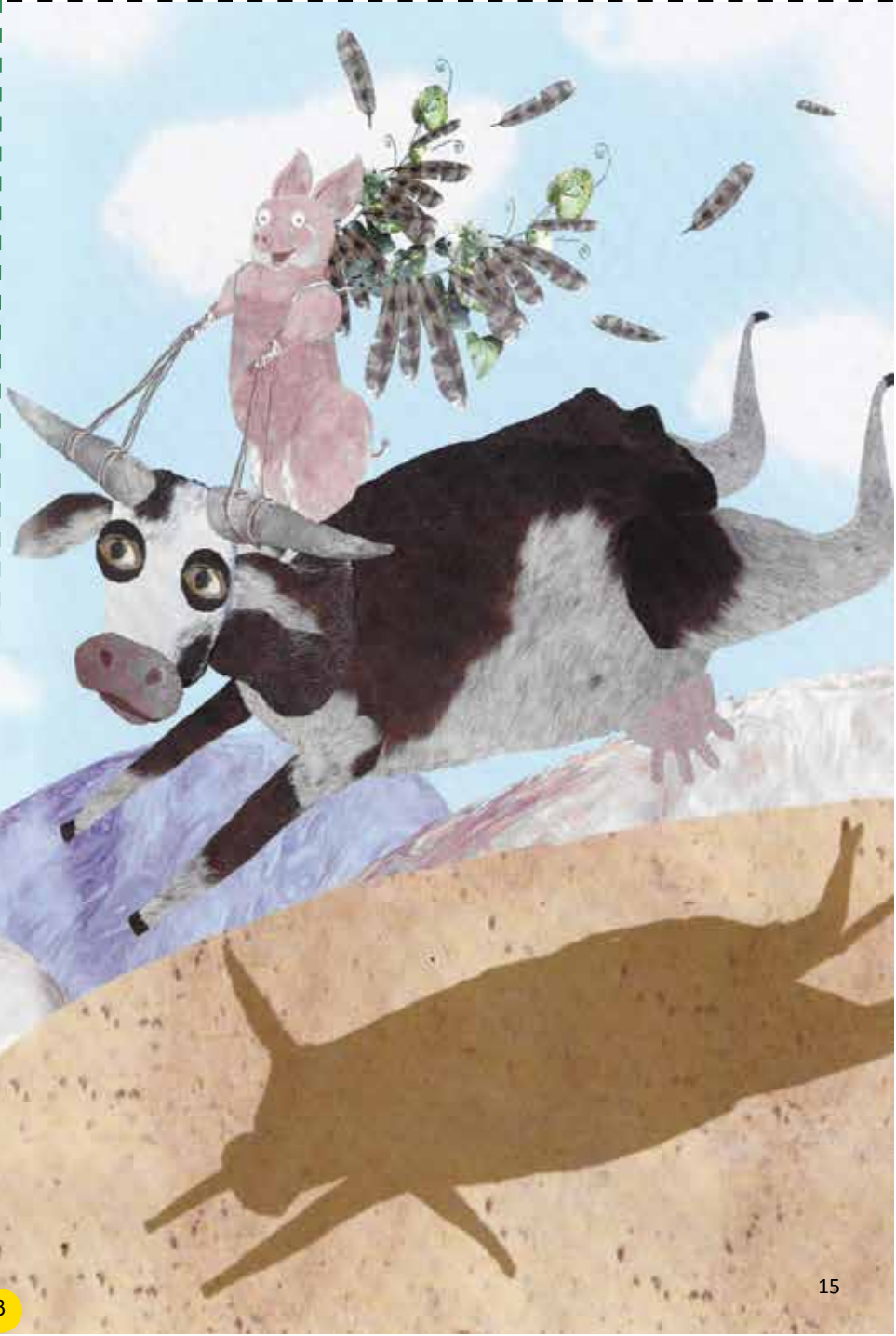


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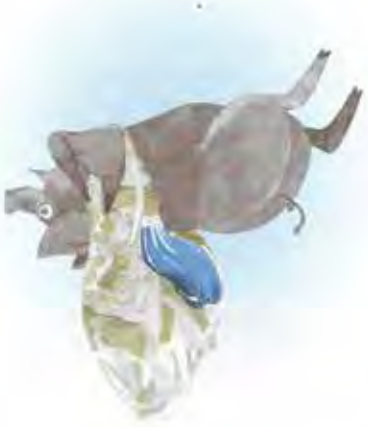


“Good morning!” shouted Little Pig to all the sleeping animals on the farm. It was still very early, and he was the first one awake. “Hello? Hello? Is anyone awake?” he called. But no one answered him. They all pretended to be asleep.



CRASH! Little Pig landed on the ground with a big bump. He stood up and shook his head. He wiggle 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.” PHAA! Kolobe ye Nnyane o bethile fase ka mošito. O emeletše a šikinya hlogo. O šikintše maoto ka moka gomme a hwetša gore ga go se se robegilego. O ile a bona maphego a gagwe a le fase kgauswi le yena. E be e le diripana. “Tjoo,” a realo ka bogale, “Ke tla swanela go loga leano e lengwe.” O ile a ya go nyaka kgopolo ye tshempa ebile o na le kholofelo.

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.



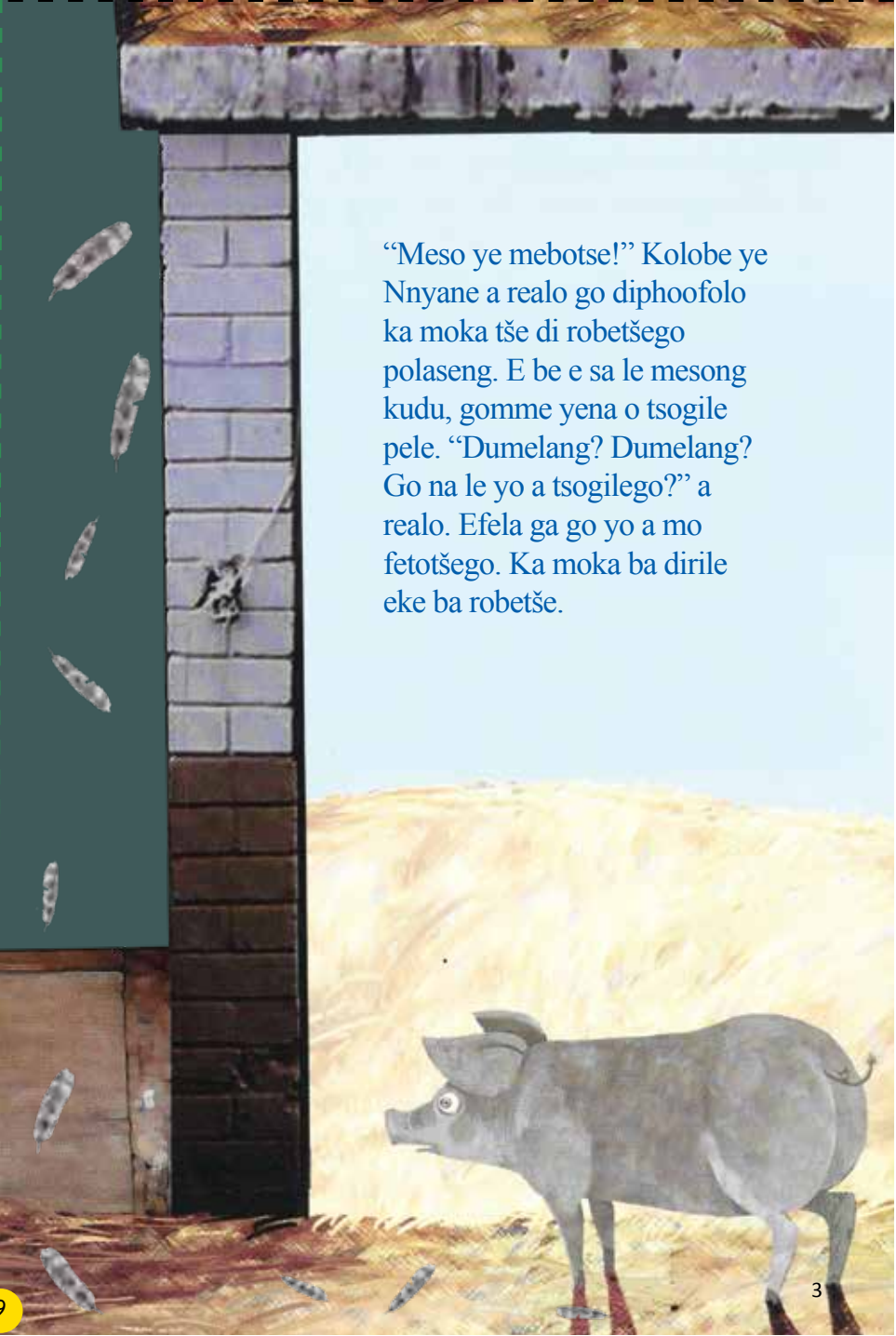
Go bile le lešata le legolo la HWIII ge phefo e pphheula sephuthelwana, seo se ilego sa buduloga ka morago ga gagwe. Gomme go ile gwa kwagala lešata la PHAA ge Kolobe ye Nnyane a betha fase. Ga bjale o bethile fase ka nko. O kwele bohloko kudu, gomme a thoma go lla. “Go lla ga go thusē,” a realo kgomo. “Ke go boditše gore kgopolo ye ke ya botlaela. Efela ga se wa theeletša.” “Ga ke lle,” Kolobe ye Nnyane ya itirisha. “Sekukuno sa mo nkong ya ka se dira gore mahlo a ka a tšwe meokgo.” Gomme a sepelela, a sekhumula. O emisitše hlogo godimo, a leka go ponyaponya a bušetša meokgo morago.





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!

Gateetee, ka godimo ga thabana, go ile gwa rotoga kgomo. O be a kitima ka lebelo le le legolo. A swere manaka a gagwe, maphego a mabotse a phaphasela ka morago ga gagwe, e be e le ... Kolobe ye Nnyane! O be a *fofa* mafelelong!



“Meso ye mebotse!” Kolobe ye Nnyane a realo go diphoofole ka moka tše di robetšego polaseng. E be e sa le mesong kudu, gomme yena o tsogile pele. “Dumelang? Dumelang? Go na le yo a tsogilego?” a realo. Efela ga go yo a mo fetotšego. Ka moka ba dirile eke ba robetše.

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...”

Efela Kolobe ye Nnyane ga se a ba šetša a tšwela pele go leka go gogela maphego a gagwe marulelong. Mafelelong, o ile a kgona. O ile a ipofa ka ona. O ile a phaphasetša gatee, gabedi, gararo, gomme a ema ka maoto a morago a kitima a ... FOFA go tloga marulelong a ntlo. “Hei!” a goeletša. “Ntšheleleng, ke a fo...”

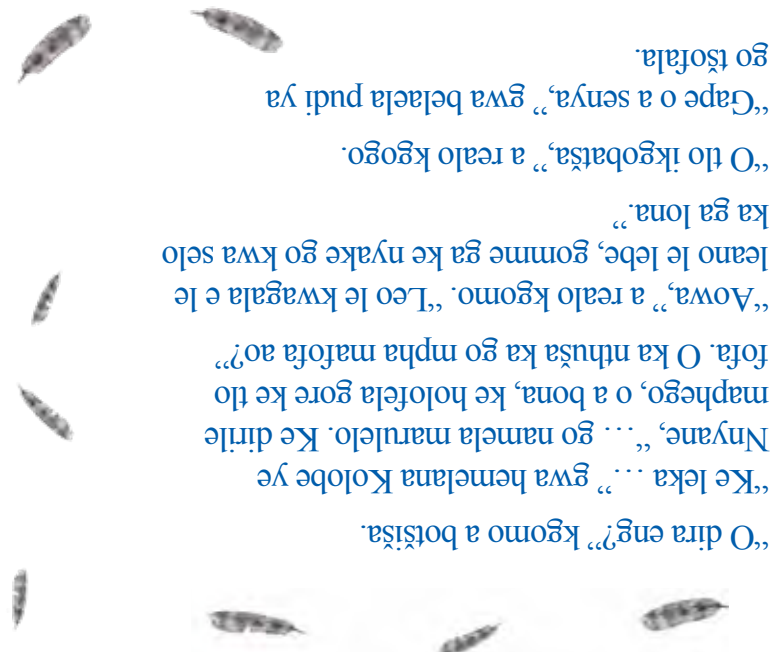


A while later, the animals were surprised to see Little Pig dragging two big branches towards the roof. He tried and tried but he was not strong enough to lift them up and they kept falling on top of him. “He’s very stupid if he thinks that he can fly with those branches,” said the cow. They all turned 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.”

Ka morago, diphoofole di ile tša makatšwa ke go bona Kolobe ye Nnyane a gogela makala a mabedi marulelong. O lekile a ba a leka efela o be a se a tia ka fao a ka kgomago go a kukela godimo gomme a fela a wela godimo ga gagwe. “O tlaetše kudu ge eba o nagana gore a ka fofa le makala ale,” a realo kgomo.

Ka moka ba retologile ba lebelela Kolobe ye Nnyane. O be a Ila. “Go boima kudu!” a Ila. “Nka se kgone go dira se.” Meokgo ye megolo ya eela mahlageng a gagwe ya wela leroleng. Diphoofole di be di homotše. Di be di lebeleše Kolobe ye Nnyane. Di ile tša lebelelana. Di ikwele di sa dudišega. “Kolobe ye Nnyane ...” a realo kgoko ka go lepologa. “Ke maswabi gore ga re a kgona go go thusa. O se fela maatla hle.”





“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.

“O dira eng?” kgomo a botšiša.  
“Ke leka . . .” gwa hemelana Kolobe ye Nnyane, “. . . go namela marulelo. Ke dirile maphego, o a bona, ke holofela gore ke tlo fofa. O ka nthusā ka go mphā mafōfā ao?”  
“Aowa,” a realo kgomo. “Leo le kwagala e le leano le lebe, gomme ga ke nyake go kwa selo ka ga lona.”  
“O tlo ikgobatsa,” a realo kgogo.  
“Gape o a senya,” gwa belaela pudi ya go tšofala.

“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.

“Agaa,” a realo Kolobe ye Nnyane, “Ke na le tše ke swanetšego go di dira.”  
O ile a sepela.  
“Re leboga ge a sepetše,” pudi ya go tšofala a realo. “E sa le ka pela kudu go kwa ditšiebadimo tša gagwe.”  
Mafelelong diphoofolo ka moka di tsogile tša dira tseo di phelago di di dira. Di eme. Tša sohla. Tša ingwaya.  
Tša bobola. Tša ingwaya gape. Tša bobola.  
Ke Kolobe ye Nnyane fela yo a bego a emaema. O kitimile gohle polaseng mesong yohle, a opela koša ka go bobola.  
Diphoofolo tše dingwe di be di bogetše ge a kitimela pele le morago le dilo ka molomong wa gagwe.



“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.

“Ee,” a realo kgomo. “O swanetše go dula o na le kholofelo, Kolobe ye Nnyane. Bophelo ntle le kholofelo . . . ga bo na selo. Ebile bo a nyamiša.”  
“Gape bo bodutu,” a realo pudi wa go tšofala.  
“Ka fao, ge o nyaka, o tloga o nyaka go fofa, re tla go thuša,” a realo kgogo.  
Kolobe ye Nnyane a sekhumula a ba a phumula meokgo.  
“Ka nnete?” a botšiša. “Le ka nthuša?”  
“Ee, re tla go thuša!” Gateetee diphoofolo ka moka tša nagana gore di ka thuša Kolobe ye Nnyane bjang gore a fofe.  
“Mafōfā ale a kgaka a kae?”  
“Ke tla tla le a mangwe . . .”  
“Gomme o tliše le makala ao!”  
“Ke nagana gore re tla hloka le sephuthelwana seo.”  
“Aowa! Nyaka sephuthelwana se segolo. Seo ke ke se sennyane kudu.”  
Ba kitimile le polase ba kgoboketša dilo tše ba di hlokago.  
Mathapameng ao diphoofolo ka moka di kgobokane tšhemong go bogela Kolobe ye Nnyane a fofa.  
Go kwagetše modumo wa go swana le leduma kgojana.  
O ile wa oketšega.





Ka nako yeo, ke bone mongwe a kgarametša lebati gomme pelo ya ka ya betha ka maatlā! Gomme Shumba o ile a kitimela ka ntle. Ke ile ka mo swara ka mo gokara. O be a bolokegile!

Ge ke lebelela, ka bona mokegelo a eme setupung se senyane pele ga ntlo. O be a kobame a ithelagile ka kota. Meriti ya gagwe ye mepududu e be e bofiwe gabotse. Ke lebelele mahlo a gagwe gomme ka makala ge go sa fetoge selo ka gare ga ka.

“Ke a leboga,” ka realo.

Mma Raphane a myemela. “Mpsa yela e bonala e le mošomo o mogolo go mosetsana yo monnyane bjalo ka wena.”

“Ke maswabi gore e go tshweniše,” a realo.

A myemela ka manyami, efela a homola. O ile a retologa a boela ka nlong.

Nna le Gabriel re ile ra theoga thabana re lebile gae. Re lebelele go tsoma. “Ga a swane le moloi,” Gabriel a realo.

“Ee, ke a tseba. Ga ke nagane gore ke moloi. Ke nagana gore Peloyame le ba bangwe ba ithometshe,” a realo.

Bjale ke ikwile ke swabile kudu ka tsela yeo bana ba mo motseng ba swerego Mma Raphane ka yona sebaka se setelele. Ke swabisa ke gore le nna ke be ke le karolo ya seo. Ka nako yeo gwa hlolega leano ka hlogong ya ka. “Ke nagana gore ke tseba gore re ka dira eng go dira gore dilo di be kaone!”

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...



Peloyame, Kitso le nna, re khutile ka morago ga legora, ka moka ga rena re a hemelana. “Le mmone?” Peloyame a botšiša a felelwa ke moya.

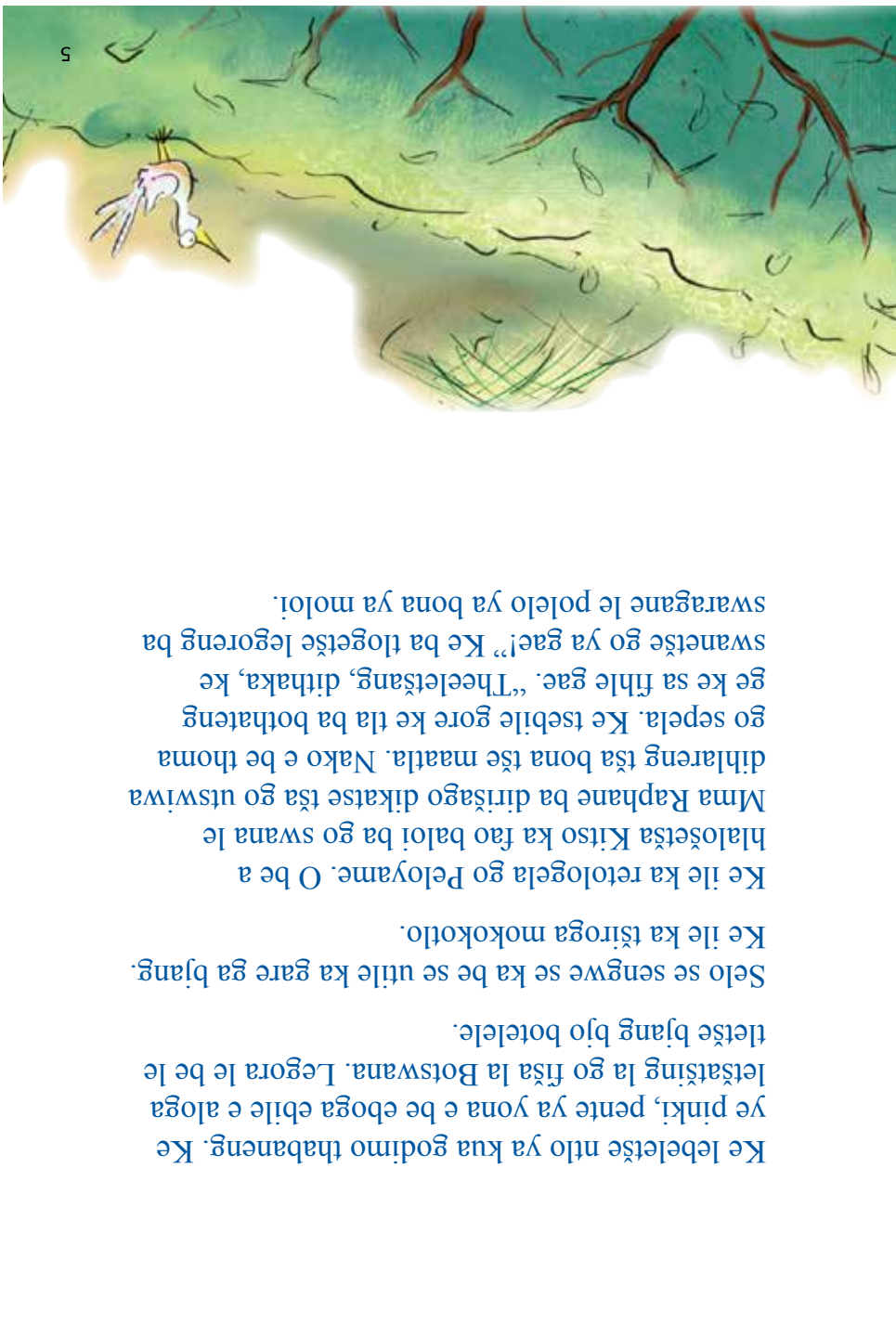
“Ee, o a tšhoša,” ka realo, le ge ke sa mmona. Efela seo se be se sa hlokege. Bohle ba be ba tseba gore Mma Raphane o lebelega bjang. O be a na le meriri ye mepududu ya go hlafa gomme e le yo motelele yo mosese kudu a na le dijabana tšeo di ka ripago motho. Ge o be o ka mo lebelela ka mahlong, o be o fetoga setlotlwane. Se diragetše bana ba bantši seo, Ka moka re a tseba.

“O ntšhitše hlogo ya gagwe lebating ge ke foša leswika, o mmone?” Kitso a realo ka lethabo. “Motswala o re o jele katse ya gagwe.”

“Ee, ka nako ye nngwe o dira seo,” Peloyame a realo, a dumela ka hlogo. Peloyame o be a tseba tšohle ka ga Mma Raphane, wa moloi.



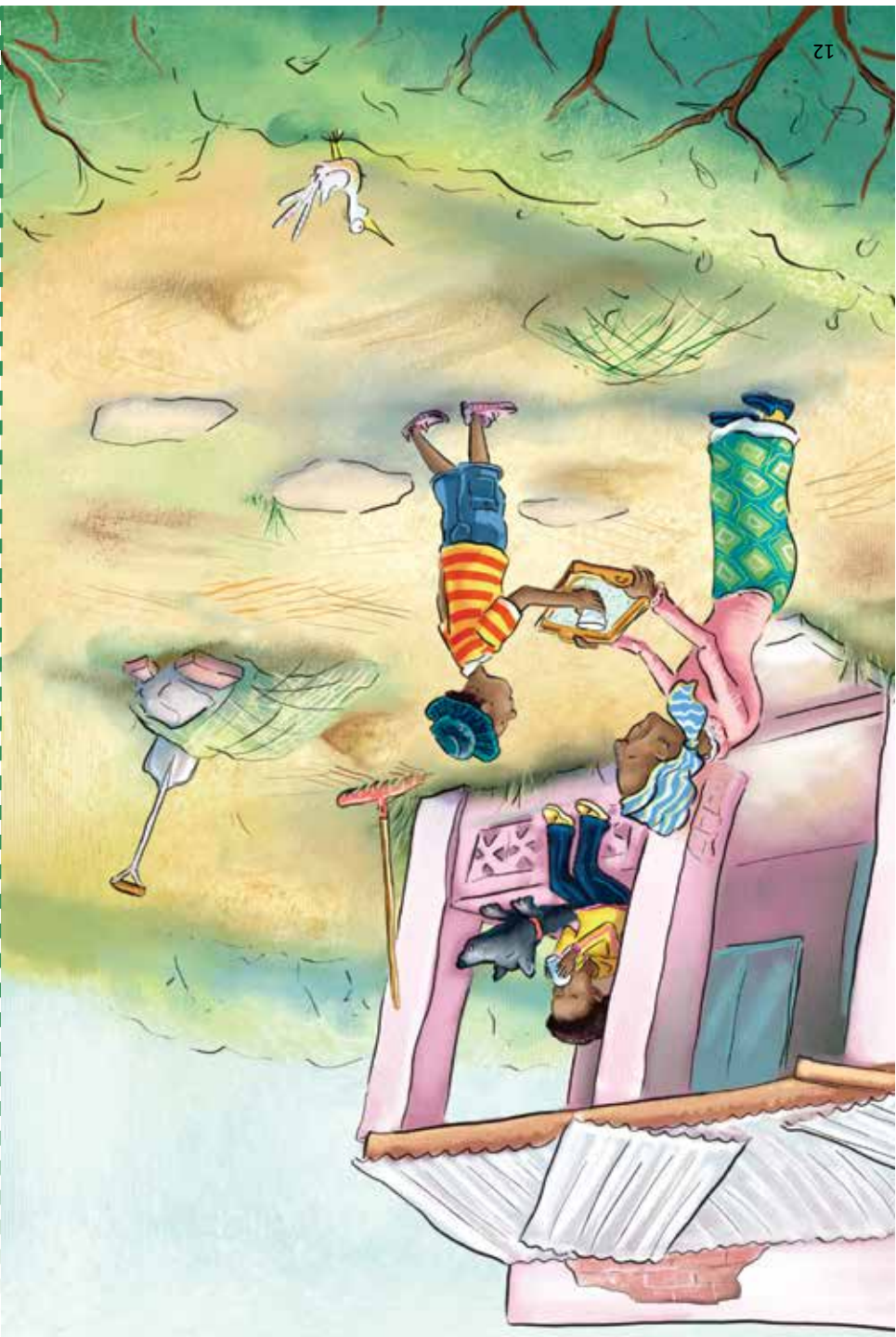




Ke lebelele ntle ya kua godimo thabaneng. Ke ye pinki, pente ya yona e be eboga ebile e aloga lešatšing la go fiša la Botswana. Legora le be le tleše bjang bjo botelele.

Selo se sengwe se ka be se utile ka gare ga bjang. Ke ile ka tširoga mokokotlo.

Ke ile ka retologela go Pelayame. O be a hlalošetša Kitso ka fao baloi ba go swana le Mma Raphane ba dirišago dikatse tša go utswiwa dihlang tša bona tše maatla. Nako e be thoma go sepela. Ke tsebile gore ke tla ba bothateng ge ke sa fihle gae. “Theelešang, dithaka, ke swaneše go ya gae!” Ke ba tlogetše legoreng ba swaragane le polelo ya bona ya moloi.



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.

Re tšere digarafo le diharaka ra boela thabaneng. Nna le Gabriel re ile ra kokota lebating re sa dire lešata. Re bile le polelo ye kopana le Mma Raphane. Re ile ra thoma go tloša bjang bjo botelele bja go oma ka jarateng ya gagwe.

Ge re le gare re šoma, bana ba bangwe ba ile ba tla go ema legoreng. Ba re lebelele, efela ba se bolele selo.

Pelayame le yena o tllile. O mpone gomme a goeletša, “Tebogo, o hlakane hlogo? Ga o tšhabe moloi?”

“Ga se moloi!” Gabriel a goeletša ka pefelo.

Ka nako yeo Mma Raphane a tšwela ka ntle le digalase tše pedi tša meetse a go tonya.

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.



## 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).



## Dira gore kanegelo e be le bophelo!

Fa ke mešongwana ye o ka e lekago. E theilwe godimo ga dikanegelo ka moka tša ka gare ga kgatišo ye ya Tlaleletšo ya Nal'ibali: *Moloi wa go dula thabaneng* (matlakala a 5, 6, 11 le 12), *Kolobe ye Nnyane e ka fofa?* (matlakala a 7 go fihla go 10) le *Theišo ya leobu la go tšwafa* (letlakala la 15).

### 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?



### Moloi wa go dula thabaneng

- ★ Go be go na le eng sa go tšhoša kudu thabaneng?
- ★ Bana ba hweditše eng?
- ★ Go na le motho yo mongwe setšhabeng sa geno, goba sekolong, yoo batho ba bolelago dilo tše dimpe ka yena? O ile wa nyakišiša ge e ba dilo tšeo ke dinnete?
- ★ O ka dira eng go nyakišiša?
- ★ Ge go na le mabarebare a maaka ka motho yo mongwe, o ka dira eng go fetola seo batho ba se naganago ka motho yoo?

### 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?



### Kolobe ye Nnyane e ka fofa?

- ★ Ke ka lebaka la eng o nagana gore Kolobe yo Monnyane ga se a lahlela toulo ge a be a leka go fofa?
- ★ Go na le seo o nyakago go se dira? Ke eng?
- ★ Botšiša dipotšišo tša go arabiwa ka ditsela tša go fapana (dipotšišo tša go se arabiwe ka "ee" goba "aowa" tša go arabiwa ka ditsela tša go fapana). Mohlala:
  - O nagana gore diphoofolo di swere Kolobe yo Monnyane gabotse? Ka lebaka la eng?
  - Go ba le kholofelo le go ba le ditiro ke selo se setee? Ka lebaka la eng?
  - O dumelelana le kgomo ge a re re swanetše go dula re na le kholofelo? Ka lebaka la eng?

### 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.



### Theišo ya leobu la go tšwafa

- ★ Naa Leobu o be a adima goba a utswa ge a be a tšea dilo go Mmutla, Segwagwa, Khudu le Mogaditswana? Phapano ke eng gare ga go utswa le go adima?
- ★ Ke ka lebaka la eng o nagana gore go lokile go bušetša se o se adimilego
- ★ Nagana eke ga o nyake gore batho ba tsebe gore o mang. Diriša diaparo tša kgale, mengatse, diripa tša mašela le digalase tša letšatši go fetola ka fao o lebelelegago ka gona. Gopola gore o ka fetola le mosepelo wa gago le tsela ya go bolela gore o se tsebe ke batho.



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# 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.



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# Thetšo ya leobu la go tšwafa

Mongwadi ke Pirai Mazungunye ■ Diswantšho ka Vian Oelofson

Sekhutlwana  
sa karegelo



Kgalekgale, motseng wa go ba le khutšo wa Mudavula, go be go dula leobu la go tšwafa. Ka nako yeo, diphoofolo ka moka di be di lema naga go iphepa le go fepa ba malapa a tšona. Ka moka ka ntle le Leobu. Ka lebaka la go tšwafa ga gagwe, o be a sa nyake go šoma bjalo ka bohle. Go na le gore a šome, o ile a nagana leano la bokgopo la go adima go ba bangwe gore a phele gabotse.

Mesong ya Mošupologo o mongwe, Leobu o ile go Mmutla go kgopela bupi. Pele a fihla ntlong ya Mmutla, o fetotše mmala wa letlalo la gagwe o motsotho ya ba o motalamorogo.

"Ke kgopela gore o nkadime bupi hle," Leobu a kgopela.

"O tlo ntefa neng?" Mmutla a botšiša.

"Mafelelong a kgwedi!" Leobu a tshepiša.

Mmutla o ile a tlatša pakete ya go se be le selo ya Leobu ka bupi. Leobu o ile a iša bupi gae, a tšama a myemyela tseleng. O be a nagana ka leanokgopo la gagwe la go hlalefetša diphoofolo tše dingwe. O hlamille koša ya go mo thuša go gopola leano la gagwe.

*'Ke tla fetola mebala ya ka*

*Efela ga go yo a tla tsebago.*

*Ke be ke le yo motalamorogo ge Mmutla a mpona,*

*Ka Mokgaditswana ke tla ba yo moserolane.*

*Segwagwa o tla bona Leobu yo moso*

*Go Khudu, ke tla ba yo motsotho.*

*Ke tlo fetola gape le gape mebala ye mentši.*

*Ba ka se tsebe gore ke nna!*

Ka Labobedi, Leobu o tsogile a swere ke tlala. "Nkase je motepa ka mehla. Ke nyaka raese!" Leobu a nagana. "Ke tlo fetola mmala wa ka ya ba o moserolane gomme ka ya go Mokgaditswana. Ge nka ba hlalefetša ka moka, ga go yo ke tlo mo lefago!"

Leobu o ile go Mokgaditswana ka pakete ya go se be le selo, yo ka botho bja gagwe a ilego a e tlatša ka raese. Leobu o tshephišitše Mokgaditswana gore o tlo mo lefa mafelelong a kgwedi.

Ka Laboraro, morago ga go apea raese, Leobu o lebeletše poleiti ya gagwe ka manyami. "Aowa! Aowa! Raese ge e le tee ga e bose. Ke nyaka nama!" Leobu a nagana sebakanyana. "Segwagwa o tlo mpha nama!" a nagana.

Leobu o fetotše mmala wa gagwe a ba yo moso gomme a kitimela ntlong ya Segwagwa ka pakete ya go se be le selo. Segwagwa o tlatitše pakete ya gagwe ka nama. Le ga bjale, Leobu a tshephiša go lefa Segwagwa mafelelong a kgwedi.



"Ke duma dienywa. Ke a di hloka!" Leobu a nagana ka Labone. "Ke mang yo a nago le dienywa?" Leobu a nagana, a ngwaya hlogo. "Khudu! Ee, Khudu!"

Leobu o fetotše mmala wa gagwe ya ba o motsotho gomme a ya go Khudu ka pakete ya go se be le selo. O kgopetše Khudu dienywa, gomme Khudu a tlatša pakete ya gagwe ka dipanana, dinamune le diapole.

"Ke a leboga, ke a leboga, Morena Khudu. Ke tla go lefa mafelelong a kgwedi," a tshephiša.

Ka dinako tšohle Leobu o be a opela koša ya gagwe gore a gopole go hlalefetša ga gagwe a mebala.

*'Ke tla fetola mebala ya ka*

*Efela ga go yo a tla tsebago.*

*Ke be ke le yo motalamorogo ge Mmutla a mpona,*

*Ka Mokgaditswana ke tla ba yo moserolane.*

*Segwagwa o tla bona Leobu yo moso*

*Go Khudu, ke tla ba yo motsotho.*

*Ke tlo fetola gape le gape mebala ye mentši.*

*Ba ka se tsebe gore ke nna!*

Ge kgwedi e fela, diphoofolo di ile tša emela Leobu gore a di lefe tše a di kolotago. Efela Leobu ga se a ya go di lefa.

La mathomo go ile Mmutla ntlong ya Leobu. "Lena ba ka mo! Lena ba ka mo!" Mmutla a goeletša keiting.

Leobu o ile a hlola ka lefasetere. O rile ge a bona Mmutla, a gopola koša ya gagwe. "Aa, Mna Mmutla, ke be ke le yo motalamorogo ge ke kgopela bupi bja gago," Leobu a ipotša. Ka potlako, a fetola mmala wa gagwe a ba yo moserolane gomme a ya keiting go kopana le Mmutla.

"Ke nyaka leobu yo motalamorogo," a realo Mmutla ka makalo.

"Leobu yo motalamorogo? Ke dula ke le tee fa. Ga se kgale ke hudugetše fa," Leobu a fetola mmutla.

Mmutla o ile a sepela gomme Leobu a boela ka ntlong ya gagwe. "Ke bohlale nna," Leobu a itheta ebile a dira lešata, a fofela sofeng.

Matšatšing a go latela, Mokgaditswana, Segwagwa le Khudu le bona ba tla go nyaka Leobu yo a kgopetšego raese, nama le dienywa go bona. Leobu o ile a ba hlalefetša ka moka ka go fetola mebala ya letlalo la gagwe gore ba se mo lemoge.

Go fetile sebaka sa go lekana kgwedi. Gomme, Mmutla, Mokgaditswana, Segwagwa le Khudu ba kopana mohlareng wa marula o mogolo ba kgoboketša marula a mmala wa gauta a bose. A lebeletše seroto sa gagwe sa marula, Khudu a re, "Leobu yo motalamorogo o hudugetše ntlong ya leobu yo motsotho. Leobu yo motsotho o nkolota pakete ya dienywa."

"Aowa," a realo Mmutla. "Ka ntlong yela go dula leobu yo moserolane. Ke nyakana le leobu yo motalamorogo wa go nkolota pakete ya bupi."

"Aowa," a realo Mokgaditswana. "Ka ntlong yela go dula leobu yo moso. Ke nyaka leobu yo moserolane wa go nkolota pakete ya raese."

"Aowa," a realo Segwagwa. "Ka ntlong yela go dula leobu yo motsotho. Ke nyaka leobu yo moso wa go nkolota pakete ya nama."

Gomme Mogaditswana a re, "E ka be re hlalefeditšwe ke leobu yo tee ka moka ga rena ka go fetola mebala ya letlalo la gagwe? Areyeng ntlong yela ka moka ga rena ka nako e tee."

Gomme Mmutla, Mogaditswana, Segwagwa le Khudu ba sepediša ba lebile ntlong ya Leobu ge ba fihla ba goeletša gore a tšwele ka ntle.



Leobu o hlotše diphoofolo tša go befelwa ka lefasetere. O ile a swabišwa ke mathata a go hlolwa ke botšwa bja gagwe, gomme a ya go kgopela Mmutla, Mogaditswana, Segwagwa le Khudu gore ba mo swarele.

Mmutla, Mogaditswana, Segwagwa le Khudu ba dumetše go swarela Leobu. "Efela o ka se tsoge o hweditše selo go rena," ba realo.

Go thoma letšatšing leo, leobu wa go tšwafa o ile a thoma go šoma gore a hwetše dijo go swana le diphoofolo tše dingwe.





# Nal'ibali fun

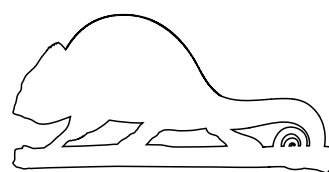
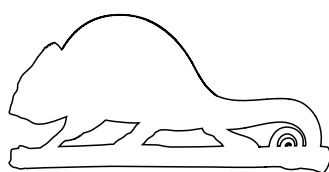
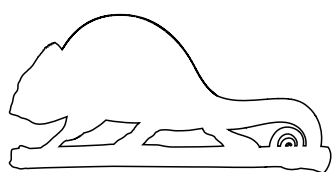
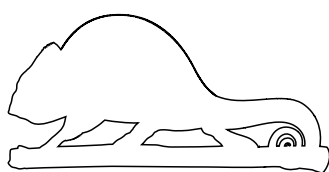
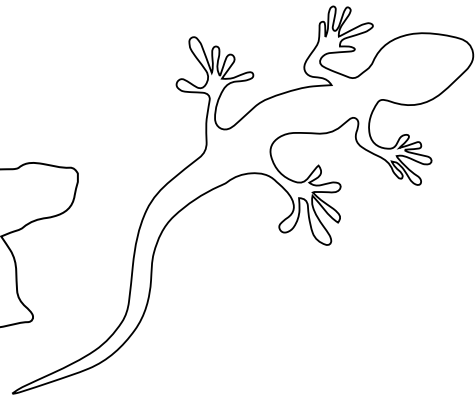
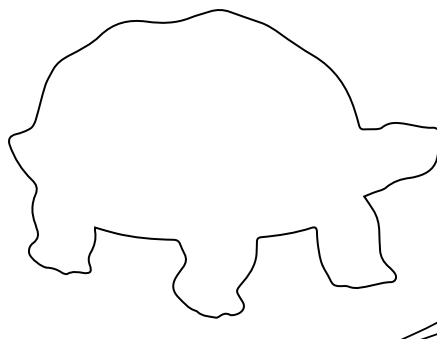
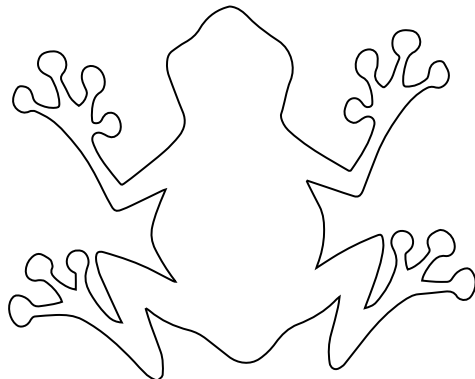
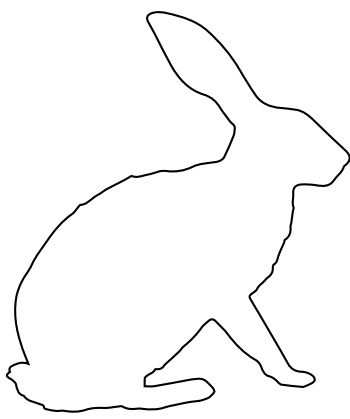
## Boipshino bja Nal'ibali



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.



**Methaladi ya ka ntle ga diswantšho tša ka tlase ke ya kanegelo ya *Thetšo ya leobu la go tšwafa*.**

- Ngwala leina la phoofolo ye nngwe le ye nngwe ka tlase ga mothladi wa ka ntle wa seswantšho.
- Lebelela diswantšho tše di lego kanegelong. Khalara diphoofolo ka moka.
- Khalara leobu la ka tlase ga phoofolo ye nngwe le ye nngwe. Diriša wo o dirišitšwego ke leobu ge a etela phoofolo yeo. Ngwala leina la mmala ka tlase ga seswantšho se sengwe le se sengwe.

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!"



**Bala mathomo a kanegelo ya ka tlase. Lebelela seswantšho. Bjale ngwala se o naganago gore se diragetše sa go latela.**

Kgalekgale, mebutla e be e na le mesela ye mešweu ye mebotse, ye metelele ya boya, yeo e bego e e šikinya ge e thabile goba e ipshina. Ka nako yeo, mebutla yohle e be e dula sehlakahlakeng, sa go kgaogantšhwa le naga ke

noka ye phara, ya go ba le lephoko. Le ge mebutla e be e tseba go ruta, e be e ka se fihle nageng, ka gobane ka nokeng ye go be go na le dikwena tše dikgolo, tše ditalamorogo, tše dintši tša go swarwa ke tlala. Dikwena tše di be di rata kudu go ja mebutla ka difihlolo, matena le dilalelo.

Ka letšatši le lengwe, mmutla wa matšato o monnyane wa go bitšwa Haruki o ile wa tlelwa ke kgopolo ye bohlale. "O ka akanya?" a kgantšetša bagwera ba gagwe. "Lehono ke tliilo go tšhabela nageng!"

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

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