



## 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 matsatsi a phomolo!

Selemo se se tlo fela mme e se kgale e tla be e le nako ela ya selemo moo bongata ba rona re kgonang ho ba le nako e ngata, ho feta tlwaelo, ya ho ba mmoho le ba malapa le metswalle. Ke nako ya kgefutso ela eo e sa leng re e emela ya mafelo a selemo. Nako ya selemo moo bohle re ka fokotsang lebelo hanyane, ra iketla mme ra qeta nako re etsa dintho tse ngata tse re natefelang.

### 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.

### AKO IPHE NAKO E ITSENG O BALA BUKA KAPA TSE PEDI TSE MONATE

Ha bana ba hao ba o bona o phomotse o bala buka:

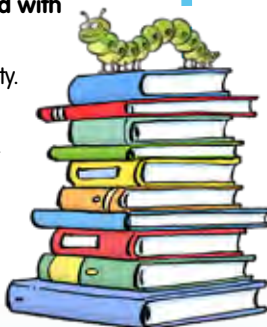
- ★ Ba ithuta hore ho bala ke ntho eo motho a ka e etsatsang boithabiso.
- ★ Ba ithuta hore ho bala ke ntho eo motho a ka e etsatsang boiketlo. Kahoo, ntle le ho leka ka matla, o ba mohlala o motle o matla wa ho bala bakeng sa bana ba hao le ho ba thusa ho ba babadi bophelo ba bona kaofela.

### 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.

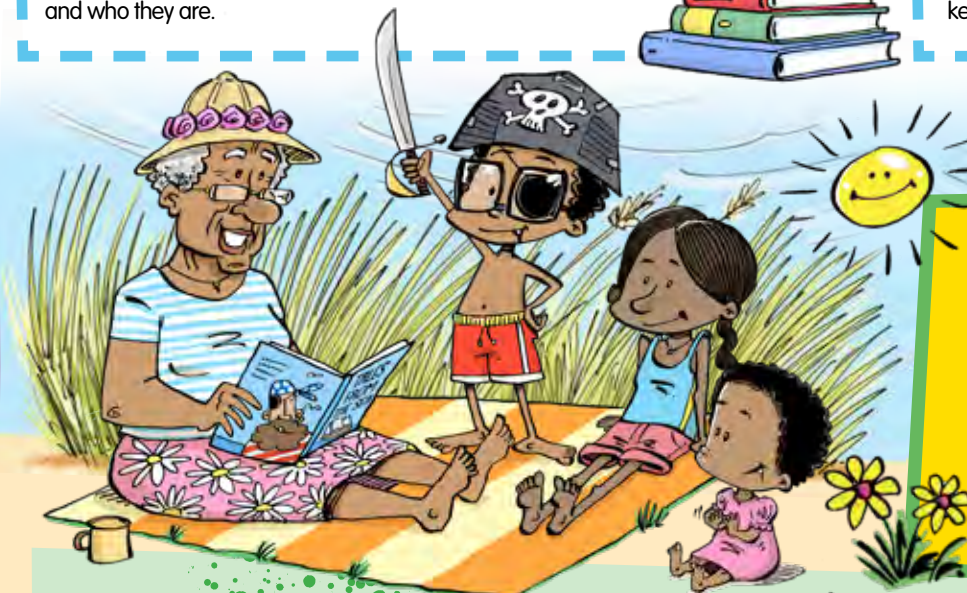


### RE NA LE DIPALE TSEO RE KA DI PHETANG!

Hangata ho ba le mekete e mengata nakong ena ya selemo. Jwaloka batho ba baholo, ho na le dinako tseo ka tsona re nahanang morao moo re ikgopotsang kamoo re neng re natefelwa ke mekete ena re sa le bana. Na o kile wa nahana ka ho abelana dipale tse tsa bongwaneng ba hao mmoho le bana ba hao?

- ★ Dipale di ba thusa ho bopa boinahanelo le boqapi ba bona.
- ★ Di ba thusa ho hodisa puo ya bona le ho nahana.
- ★ Mme, ho pheta dipale tsa bongwaneng ba hao, ho thusa ho hokahanya meloko ya lelapa la hao.

Dipale tse na di fa bana maikutlo a ho tseba moo ba tswang le hore bona ke bomang.



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

Re tliilo nka kgefutso ho fihlela bekeng ya la **28 Pherekong 2022**. Eba le rona nakong eo bakeng sa mehlolo e meng ya ho bala ya Nalibali!

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!

Matsatsi a phomolo hape a bolela hore re na le nako e ngata ya ho ba le bana ba rona – mme sena ke moputso wa nnete ho bona. Re ba le nako ya ho ba balla dipale tseo ba di ratang, le ho batla tse ntjha tse ka ba natefelang. Hape re na le nako ya ho etsa diketsahalo tse ding tse thabisang tsa ho bala le ho ngola tse re hokanyang le tse ba kgahlang. Eng kapa eng eo o e etsang le kae kapa kae moo o tla beng o le teng matsatsing ana a phomolo, phomola mme o be le matsatsi a monate a phomolo, a tletseng dipale!



Drive your  
imagination



IT STARTS WITH  
A STORY.  
HO QALA  
KA PALE.



## 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.



## Bohle re karolo ya setjhaba le dibaka

Afrika Borwa ke lehae ho batho ba tswang dinaheng tse ngata tse fapaneng. Selemo le selemo, ka la 18 Tshitwe, Letsatsi la Matjhaba la Bajaki le ketekwa hohle lefatsheng. Ke nako ya ho tlisa temoso ya diphephetso le mathata ao bajaki ba kopanang 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?

Mafelong a selemo, bongata ba rona re tatela ho ya qeta nako e ngata re ena le ba malapa a rona. Ba bang ba tloha malapeng a bona ho etela dibakeng tsa mahaeng, ditoropong tse ding kapa diprovinseng tse ding. Na o ke o ipotse ka nako tse ding hore batho ba bang ba etela hokae kapa ba tswa hokae? Na o kile wa tlameha ho ya naheng e nngwe ho etela ba leloko?

**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 tlang ho dula naheng e itseng eo ba sa tswallwang ho yona ba bitswa bajaki.** Bajaki ba bang ba ikgethela ho tloha dinaheng tsa bona ho ya batla mesebetsi, ho ya sekolong kapa ho ya ho ba bang ba leloko ba dulang naheng e 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?



**Baphaphathehi le bajaki ba qobelleha ho tloha dinaheng tsa bona ka lebaka la dintwa kapa dikgoka.** Baphaphathehi ba leka ho fumana polokeho naheng e nngwe. Hobaneng o sa nke nakwana ya ho nahana ka bajaki le baphaphathehi ba dulang hole le metswalle le ba malapa a bona mme ba sa kgone ho nka maeto a yang hae ho ya ba bona?

## Did you know?

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



Available in all official South African languages  
E fumaneha ka dipuo tsohle tsa semmuso tsa Afrika Borwa

**ethnikids**  
made for me

## Na o ne o tseba?

Pokello ya rona ya Pale ya Balla-Hodimo jwale e a fumaneha ho Ethkids!



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Order your copy online at [www.ethnikids.africa](http://www.ethnikids.africa)!  
Kenya kopo ya khopi ya hao ka inthanete ho [www.ethnikids.africa](http://www.ethnikids.africa)!



*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.

**Bajaki ba na le tsebo, mehlodi le bokgoni tse ka thusang ho aha ditjhaba, empa hangata ba tlameha ho shebana le kgethollo le leeme.** Bana ba bajaki le bona ba tlameha ho shebana le mokgwatshebetso o motjha wa sekolo, ho ba karolo ya bana ba bang mme ka nako e nngwe le ho ithuta puo e ntjha.

**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 ya se nang boahi ke motho ya sa ananelweng jwaloka moahi wa naha efe kapa efe lefatsheng lohle.** Bana ba se nang boahi hangata ha ba kgone ho kena sekolo, ha ba kgone ho ya ngakeng kapa ba keke ba fumana tijelete ya mmuso ya thuso. Ba bangata ba sokola bophelo ba bona bohle ho fumana mosebetsi kapa mahae. Bana ba se nang boahi ba shebana le mathata a tshabehang, a jwaloka ho sebediswa ha bana, ho hweba ka bana, ho nyadiswa ha bana le mefuta e meng ya tšekefetso.



## The Girl Who Lost Her Country



Written by  
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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.

Institute on Statelessness and Inclusion e ngotse buka e bitswang *The Girl Who Lost Her Country* (Ngwanana ya ileng a Lahlehelwa ke Naha ya Hae). O ka bala buka ena ho <http://kids.worldsstateless.org> bakeng sa ho ithuta haholwanyane ka ho hloka boahi.

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## Bapatsa mona!

Fetisetse molaetsa wa hao malapeng ohle ho potoloha Afrika Borwa.

Selemo le selemo Na'ibali e aba ditlatsetso tse 280 000 tsa dikoranta ka dipuo tse 9 malapeng le ditelapong tsa ho bala.

Ho feta mona, re netefatsa hore di tla balwa ke batho ba 1500 inthaneteng kgwedi le kgwedi!

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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.



# Mehopolo e 7 e monate ya matsatsi a phomolo

Diketsahalo tse itseng ke tsena tse kenyeletsang ho bala le ho ngola ho etsa hore bana ba dule ba natefetswe nakong ya matsatsi a phomolo ya dikolo. Lebaka ke hore le natefelwe, kahoo sebedisang di/puo eo wena le bana ba hao le phutholohang ha le e sebedisa.

- 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 Bala o mamele.** Tlatsa matsatsi a hao a phomolo ka dipale tse ntjha le tsa kgale tseo o di ratang ka ho batla dipale tseo le ka di balang le ho di mamela websaeteng ya Nal'ibali ([www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org)) le ho mobisaete ([www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)). Dula o nkile pale hohle moo o yang! Di hatise, kapa o di bale mme o di mamele khomputeng ya hao kapa sefounong ya hao.

- 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 Boloka buka ya ho kgwaritsa ya matsatsi a phomolo.** Resaekela dibuka tsa dinotsu tse sa sebedisweng kapa kopanya maqephe a itseng ka seteipolara ho etsa buka ya ho kgwaritsa ya matsatsi a phomolo bakeng sa bana ba hao. Ba kgothaletse ho ngola ka dintho tseo ba di etsang matsatsing a phomolo ya dikolo ka hara dibuka tsa ho kgwaritsa mme ba be ba take di tshwantsho ho tsona. Hape ba ka nna ba kenyeletsa dintho tse kang ditekete kapa diphamfolete ho tswa dibakeng tseo ba bileng ho tsona kapa le sephuthelwana sa semomane seo ba ileng ba natefelwa ke sona.

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

- 3 Bapala dipapadi.** Dipapadi tse ngata di kenyeletsa ho bala. Tshwarang masiu a dipapadi kgafetsa mmoho le metswalle le ba lelapa.

- 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 Etsa mokitjana wa ho iketsisa.** E re bana ba hao ba natefelwe ke ho nahana ka batho bao ba ka lakatsang ho ba memela mokitjaneng ha selemo se setjha se qala. Jwale he hlahisa hore ba ngole dimemo tsa mokitjana le menyu bakeng sa mokitjana wa bona wa boiketsiso.

- 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 resepe.** Mmoho le bana ba hao, latela resepe ya ntho eo le eso kang le e pheha. Hopola ho balla resepe hodimo ha le ntse le etsa – kapa kopa bana ba hao ho etsa jwalo. E re ba o thuse ho bokella di tswakwa, ho tswaka le ho fuduwa.

- 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 Bapala papadi ya ho noha.** Efa bana ba hao mohlala wa ntho e itseng e pela hao mme o bone hore na ba ka noha hore o bua ka eng. Ho etsa mohlala, "E tshweu ebile e na le lemati. E boloka dintho di bata." (Karabo: Sehatsetsi.) Fanang sebaka sa ho fana ka kgakollo le ho noha.

- 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 Bopa qetello e ntjha.** E re bana ba hao ba etse qetello e fapaneng bakeng sa e nngwe ya dipale tseo ba di ratang ka ho kenyeletsa mophetwa e motjha kapa ketsahalo e ntjha paleng eo. Hlahisa hore ba take di tshwantsho tse bontshang qetello ya bona e ntjha mme ba ka sebedisa di tshwantsho tsena ha ba pheta pale hape.

## 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.



## Iketsetse dibuka tse sehwanng-le-ho-ipolokelwa tse PEDI

- Ntsha leqephe la 5 ho isa ho la 12 tlatsetsong ena.
- Leqephehadi le nang le maqephe ana, 5, 6, 11 le 12 ho lona le etsa buka e le nngwe. Leqephehadi le nang le maqephe ana, 7, 8, 9 le 10 ho lona le etsa buka e nngwe.
- Sebedisa leqephehadi ka leng ho etsa buka. Latela ditaelo tse ka tlase ho etsa buka ka nngwe.
  - Mena leqephehadi ka halofo hodima mola wa matheba a matsho.
  - Le mene ka halofo hape hodima mola wa matheba a matala.
  - Seha hodima mela ya matheba a mafubedu.



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.

Ka hoeletsa, empa ho ne ho sa thuse. Shumba o ne a mathetse hodimo leralleng, a feta heke ya ntle ya Mma Raphane, tselaneng e tshesane mme a kena monyako wa ka pele.

"Tjhe bo, Tebbi! Shumba o kene ka ntlong ya molo!" Gabriel a hoeletsa, a ikwetse molomo ka letsoho. "Ke a kgoiwa o shwele."

"Shumba!" Ka hoeletsa hape. Meokgo e tla ka mahlong a ka. Ke ne ke tseba hore ho fedile ka Shumba! Molo! yane o ne a tlo mmolaya a mo sehe dikotwana bakeng sa metswako ya hae. Ka ema hekeng ke leka ho nahana hore nka etsa eng.



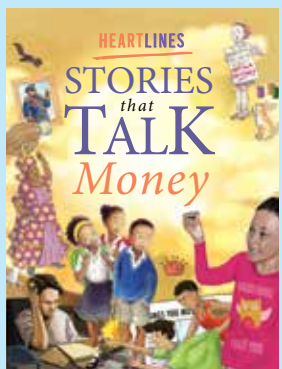
# The witch who lives on the hill

## Moloi ya dulang leralleng



Lauri Kubuitsile  
Vian Oelofsen

HEARTLINES



For more information  
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or phone (011) 771 2540.

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Tsatsing le hlahlamang, nna le motswalle wa ka wa hlooho ya kgomo, Gabriel, ra nka diqha le metsu ya rona mme ra leba morung o ka mora leralla ho ya tsoma. “Na Shumba o tsamaya le rona?” Gabriel a botsa, a shebile fatshe ho nja ya ka e kgolo e ntsho. “Ehile, o tla sala eng? O rata ho tsoma,” Ka mo araba. “Empa kamehla o tshosa diphoofole di balehe.” Ka se ke ka natsa Gabriel. O ne a tseba hantle hore diqha tsa rona di keke tsa bolaya letho, esitana le kantle ho Shumba. Ha re ntse re nyoloha leralla, ke ne ke ntse ke nahana ka ntle ya moloi. Empa Shumba o ne ...

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



She smiled sadly, but 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. When I looked up, an old woman stood on the small stoep in front of the house. She was bent over and leaning hard on a cane. Her grey hair was tucked away tidily. I looked into her eyes and I was surprised nothing changed inside of me. Just then, I saw someone push the door open and my heart pounded! Then Shumba came running out. I grabbed him and hugged him. He was safe!



Ra mo leboha mme ra dula fatshe ra nwa. Bana ba bang ba re shebella nakwana, yaba ba kena ka jareteng ka bonngwe. Ba nka disebediswa tsa rona mme ba qala ho sebetisa moo re qetelletseng teng.

Peloyame a ema terateng a le mong. “Helang? Le etsang lona methaka? Ke moloi motho eno! Le lebetse na?” Bohle ba mo hlokomoloha. A raha fatshe mme yaba o tsamaya a kgenne jwalo.

Mma Raphane a sheba bana bana ba mmalehileng nako e telele hakana. Meokgo ya keketla marameng a hae. “Ke a leboha,” a hweshetsa ka lentswe le makgerehlwa. A bososela a re shebile moo re dutseng re nwa metsi setupung sa hae. Ka sheba Gabriel mme ka bososela, ke tseba hore re iketseditse motswalle e motjha.



“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.

“Na le keke la nthusa?” ha kopa Kolobe e Nyane. “Ke bona eka ho batla ho le thata ho hula mokotlana ona.”

“Nke ke ka kgona,” ha rialo kgomo. “Ke tshirehile ke mosebetsi.”

“Tjhe,” ha rialo kgoho. “Ho kotsi haholo.”

“Se ka ntjheba nna,” ha araba podi e tsofetseng. “Ke bohlanga feela ntho eno.”

Kolobe e Nyane a lokela ho tswele pele ho itshokolela ka boyena. Qetellong, a kgona ho kenya maoto a hae a ka pele ka hara mokotla. Yaba hape he o boela a matha a bile a ... TLOLA ho tswa marulolong.

“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.

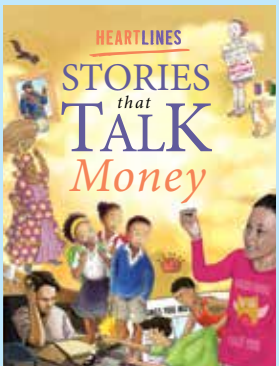
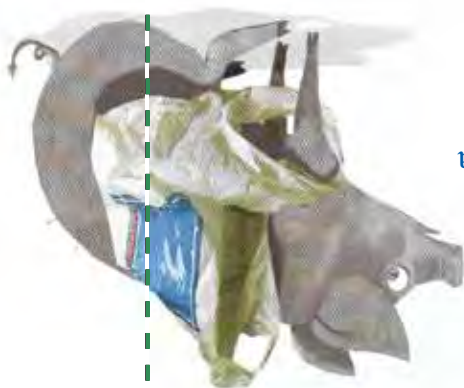
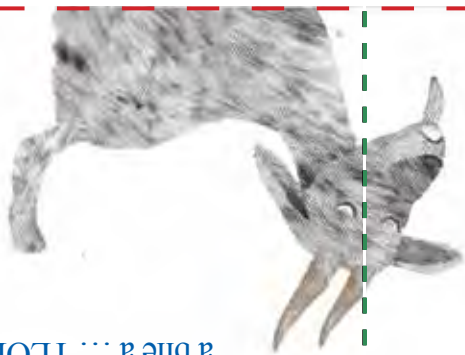
Later in the day, the animals once again stood around and watched as Little Pig found a packet and dragged it up onto the roof. They watched him struggle to get his front legs into the handles.

“Ke tsebile hore ke moreo wa bothoto,” ha rialo kgomo.

“Ke mo jwetsitse hore o tla tswa kotsi,” ha rialo kgoho.

“Ke mang ya tla phutha masiba ao?” ha tletleba podi e tsofetseng.

Ha morao hona letsatsing leo, diphoofofo tsa boela tsa ema hauhi ho tla shebella ha Kolobe e Nyane a tshwere mokotlana o kang sephuthelwana mme a se hulela ka hodimo marulolong. Tsa mo shebella ha a ntse a leka ho kenya maoto a hae a ka pele ka hara mehele.



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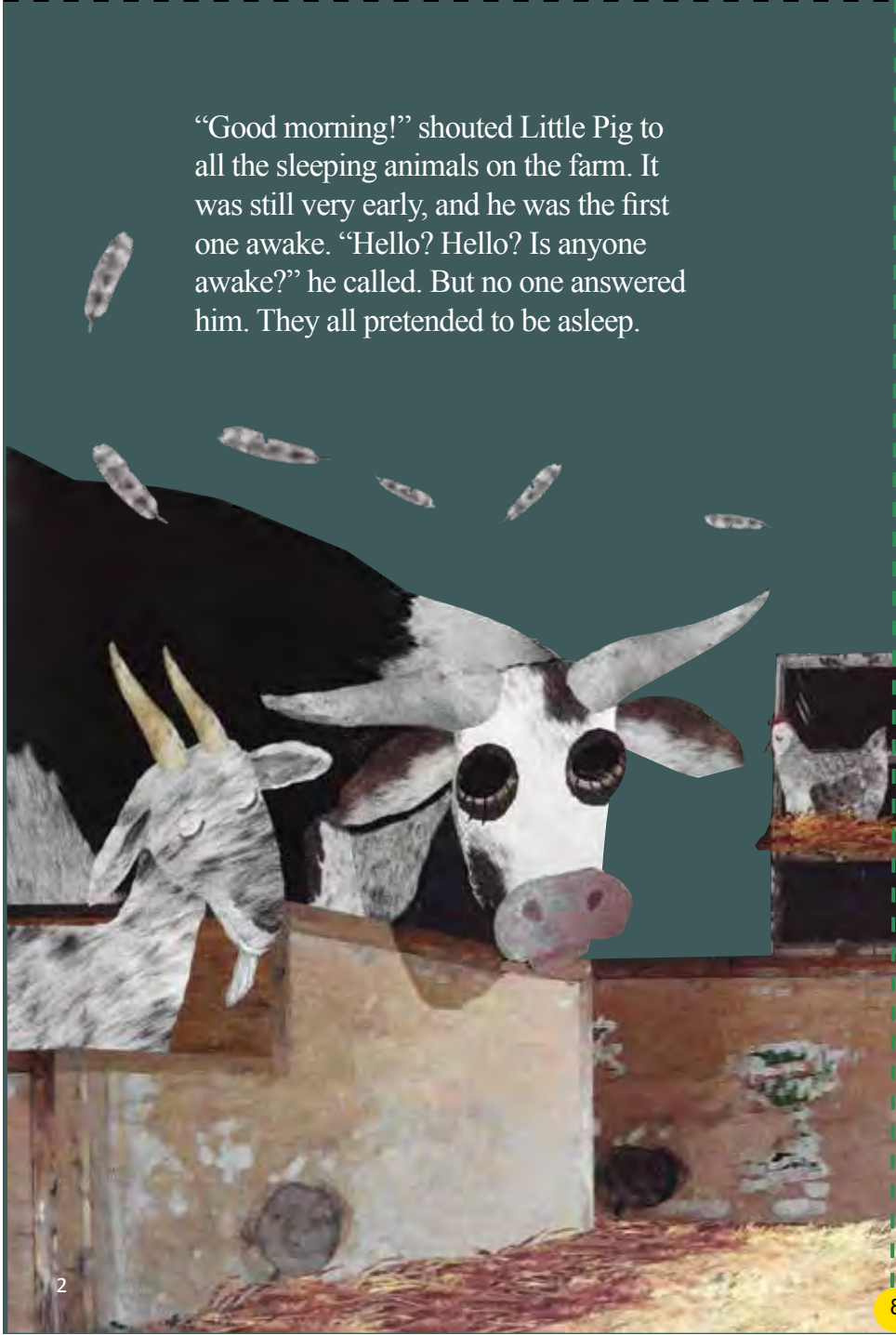
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## Can Little Pig fly? Na Kolobe e Nyane e ka fofa?

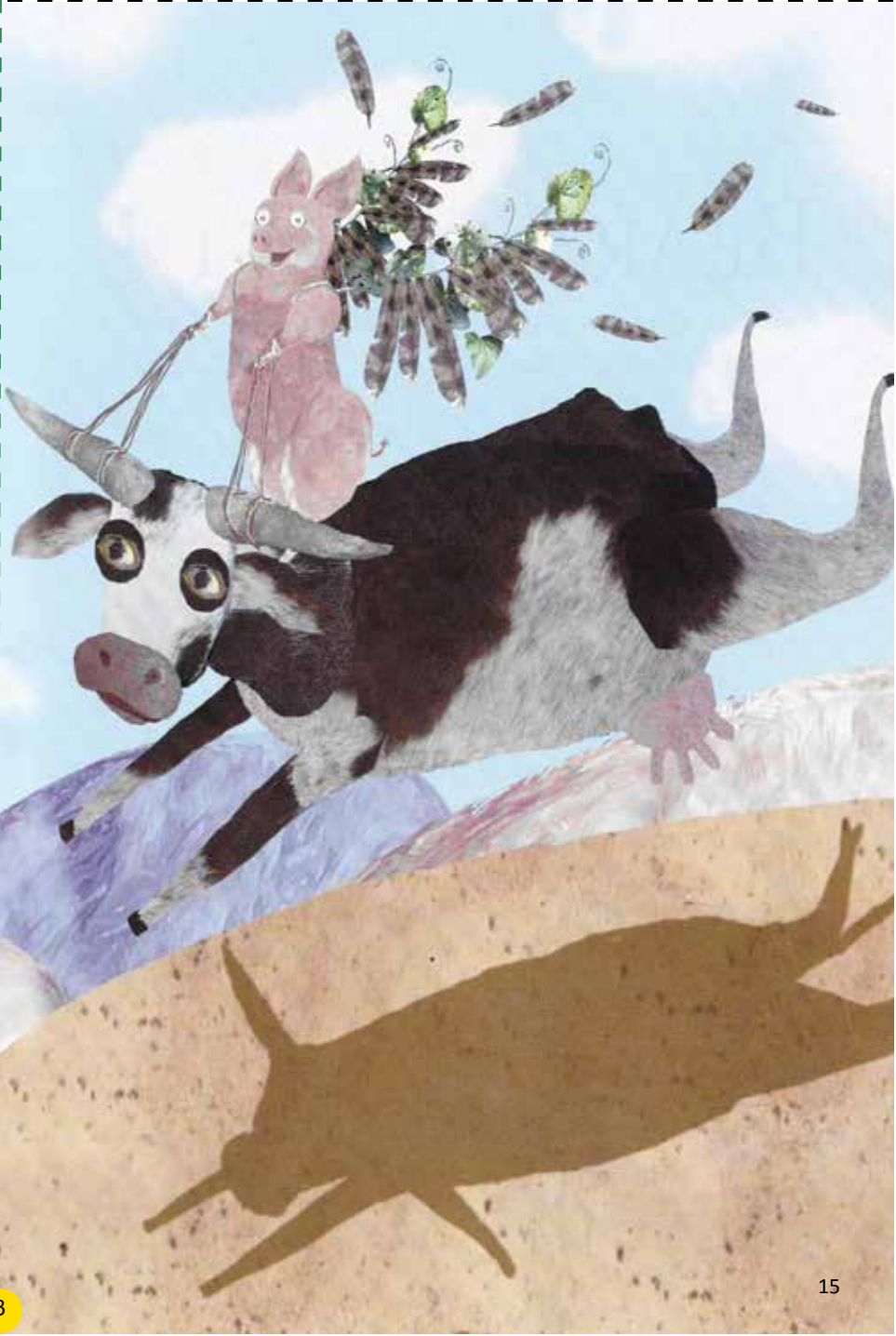


Bridget Krone  
Diek Grobler





“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.



Ho ile ha eba le lerata le leholo la ho PHATLOHA ka mora hae ha moya o kena ka mokotlaneng mme o phatlola kamora hae.

Mme yaba ho ba le modumo o moholo wa ho

SWAHLAMANA ha Kolobe e Nyane a otlana fatshe ka matla.

Kgetlong lena a otlana ka sefene. A utlwa bohloko haholo mme

a qala ho lla.

“Ha ho thuse ho lla,” ha tjho Kgomo. “Ke o bolelletse hore

hona ke mohopolo wa bophogo. Empa ha o a rata ho mamela.”

“Ha ke lle,” ho iketsisa Kolobe e Nyane. “Ho thula hona ka

sefene sa ka ho entse hore mahlo a ka a tswe metsi.” A ba a

tsamaya, a hlwephetsa. A phahamisetsa hlooho ya hae hodimo mme a bile a ntse a kgutlisetsa dikgapha tsa hae morao.

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.”

HWALAKAHLA! Kolobe e Nyane a

tabana fatshe.

A ema a ba a sisinya hlooho ya hae. A otlolla

leoto ka leng mme a fumana hore ha ho le

robethileng. Yaba o bona maphico a hae a wetse

fatshe pela hae. A ne a le dikotokotwana.

“Oo, ho tje,” a rialo ka sebete, “ke tla lokela ho

etsa leqheka le leng hape.” Yaba o a tsamaya ho

ya nahana leqheka le lefjha, a ntsa lohotha a le

mong. “Dintso tsohle di ka etsahala ha feela o

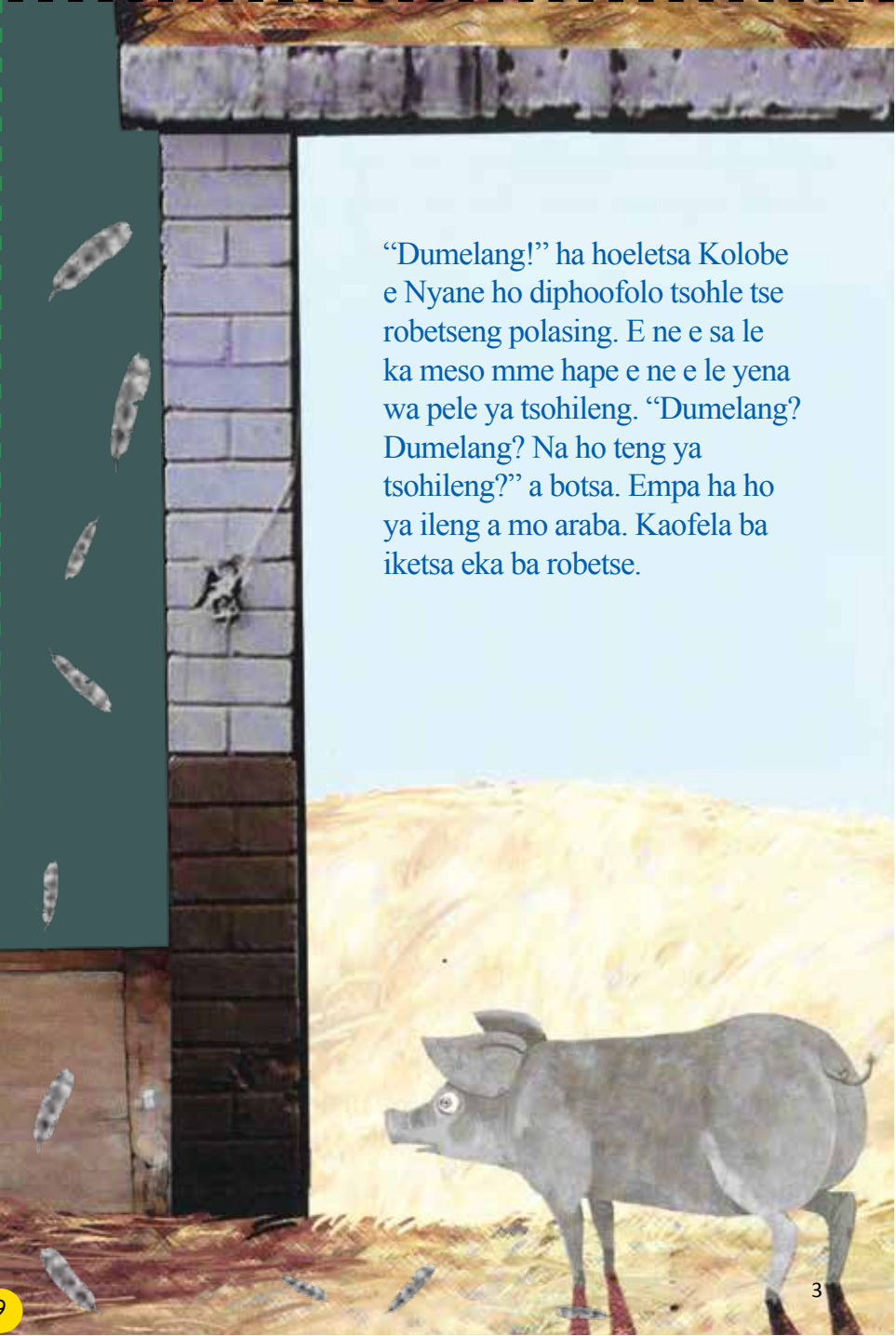
dumela ebile o na le tshepo.”





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!

Hanghang, ka hodima leralla, ha hlaha kgomo. O ne a matha ka lebelo le leholo kamoo a ka kgonang. Mme ya neng a itshwareleditse ka thata manakeng a hae, a ena le mapheo a kgabisitsweng a fofang kamora hae, e ne e le ... Kolobe e Nyane! O qetelletse a bile a *fofile*!



“Dumelang!” ha hoeletsa Kolobe e Nyane ho diphoofole tsohle tse robetseng polasing. E ne e sa le ka meso mme hape e ne e le yena wa pele ya tsohileng. “Dumelang? Dumelang? Na ho teng ya tsohileng?” a botsa. Empa ha ho ya ileng a mo araba. Kaofela ba iketsa eka ba robetse.

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...”

Empa leha ho le jwalo Kolobe e Nyane a se ke a ba tsotella mme a tswela pele ka ho leka ho hulela mapheo a hae ka hodima marulelo. Qetellong a tswella. Yaba o a tlamella ho yena. A o tlanga hang, habedi, hararo, yaba o ema ka maoto a ka morao a matha mme ... A TLOLELA moyeng ho tloha marulelong.

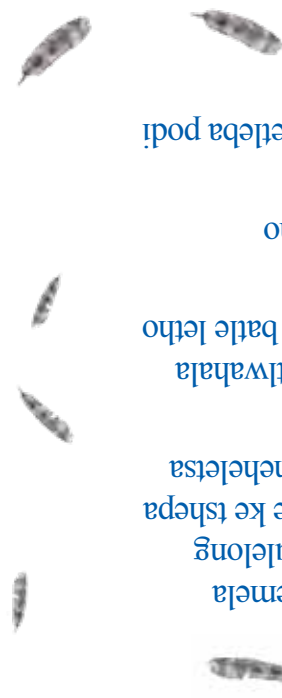
“Helang bo!” a hoeletsa. “Njhebeng; ke a fof...”



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 mora nakwana e iseng, diphoofole di ile tsa makala ho bona Kolobe e Nyane a hulela makala a mabedi a maholo ho ya marulelong. O ile a leka empa o ne a se na matla a lekaneng hore a ka a phahamisetsa hodimo mme a mna a wela hodima hae. “O sethoto hae ba a nahana hore a ka fofa ka makala ano,” ha tjho kgomo. Kaofela ba fetoha ho sheba ka ho Kolobe e Nyane. O ne a lla. “Ho boima haholo!” a bokolla. “Ha ke kgone ho etsa sena.” Dikgapha tse ngata tsa lepella marameng a hae mme tsa ba tsa tsholohela mobung. Diphoofole di ne di kgutisitse. Tsa sheba Kolobe e Nyane. Tsa shebana. Tsa ikutlwa di sa phutholoha. “Kolobe e Nyane ...” ha rialo kgoho butle . “Ke maswabi ha re sa ka ra o thusa. Se ke wa inehela 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 eisaang?” ha botsa kgomo.  
“Ke leka . . .” ke Kolobe e Nyane a hemela hodimo, “. . . ho hlwella hodimo marulelong ana. Ke entsa mapheo, o a bona, mme ke tshepa hore ke tla fofa. Na o ka nthuswa wa mneheletsa masiba ao?”  
“Tjhe,” ha araba kgomo. “Hono ho utlwahala eka ha se leqheka le letle, mme ha ke batle letho le nkamahanyang le lona.”  
“O tla tswa kotsi,” kgoho a leka ho mo hlokomedisa.  
“Mme hape o a silafatsa mona,” ha tletleba podi e tsofetseng.

“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.  
“Ho lokile,” ha rialo Kolobe e Nyane, “ke na le dintho tseo ke lokelang ho di etsa.” Yaba o a tsamaya.  
“Re leboha hakaakang ha a ile,” ha honotha podi e tsofetseng. “E sa le hoseng haholo bakeng sa ditsiebadimo tseno tsa hae.”  
Qetellong diphoofolo tsa phahama mme tsa etsa tseo di tlwaetseng ho di etsa. Ho ema. Ho hlafuna. Ho fata. Ho honotha. Ho fata hape haholwanyane. Ho honotha.  
Ke Kolobe e Nyane feela ya neng a ntse a etsa ho hong. Hoseng hono kaofela esale a potoloha polasi, a ntse a kgerehla mokgerehlo o monyane. Diphoofolo tse ding di ne di lebelletse ha a ntse a eya morao le pele, a momme dintho ka molomo wa hae.



“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.

“E,” ha rialo kgomo. “O lokela ho ba le tshepo kamehla, Kolobe e Nyane. Bophelo ntle le tshepo ke . . . lefeela. Hape bo a nyahamisa.”  
“Ebile bo bodutu,” ha rialo podi e tsofetseng.  
“Kahoo, haeba ka nnete o hlile o lakatsa ho fofa, re tla o thusa,” ha bua kgoho.  
Kolobe e Nyane a hlwephetsa a ba a hlakola dikgapha. “Ka nnete?” a botsa. “Le tla nthuswa?”  
“Ehlile. Re tla o thusa!” Hanghang diphoofolo tsohle tsa ba le mehopolo ya hore di tla etsa jwang hore di thuse Kolobe e Nyane ho fofa.  
“A kae masiba ale a kgaka?”  
“Ke tla tla le a mang . . .”  
“O be o tle le makala ao!”  
“Ke nahana hore re ka nna ra hloka le mokotla wane hape.”  
“Tjhe! Batla mokotlana o moholwanyane. Wane o ne o le monyane haholo.”  
Ba potlakela hohle polasing ba ntse ba bokella dintho tsohle tseo ba di hlohang.  
Mantsiboyeng ao diphoofolo tsohle tsa bokana lepatlelong ho ya shebella Kolobe e Nyane ha e fofa. Ho ne ho ena le modumo o rorang jwalo ka lehadima le hole. O ne o ntse o phahama ho ya hodimo.





Ka yona nako eo, ka bona motho e mong a sututsa lemati le buleha mme pelo ya ka ya tlola! Yaba Shumba o tswa a matha. Ka mo phamola ka mo haka. O ne a bolokehile! Yare ha ke sheba hodimo, mosadimoholo o ne a eme setupung se senyane ka pela ntlo. O ne a kobehile mme a ikokotletse ka lere. Moriri wa hae o moputswa o ne o tlanngwe hantle. Ka sheba ka hara mahlo a hae mme ka makala ha ho se letho le fetohang ka hare ho nna.

“Ke a leboha,” ka rialo.

Mma Raphane a ntjheba ka pososelo. “Ntja eno ehilile ekare e a sokodisa bakenng sa ngwananyana e monyenyanane jwaloka wena tjena.”

“O ntshwarele haeba e o tshwentse,” ka rialo.

A bososelo ka tlhonamo, empa a se hlole a re letho. A thinya mme a kgutlela ka tlung ya hae.

Nna le Gabriel ra theosa leralla ho kgutlela hae. Re ne re lebetse ka ho ya tsoma. “Ha a shebahale jwaloka moloi hohang.” Gabriel a rialo.

“E, ke a tseba. Ha ke kgolwe hore ke moloi. Ke nahana hore Peloyame le ba bang ba iqapetse ditaba tseo feela,” ka rialo. Jwale ka utlwa ke swabile haholo ke kamoo bana ba motseeng ba neng ba tshwere Mma Raphane ka teng nako ena kaofela. Ka utlwa ke itshwabetswe hore ke ne ke ena le seabo le nna. Ka nako eo ka ba le mohopolo o mong kelellong ya ka. “Ke nahana hore ke tseba seo re ka se etsang ho lokisa dintho!”



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...



Re ile ra ipata kamora lekgwakgwa, Peloyame, Kitso le nna, kaofela ha rona re hema ka thata. “Le mmone?” Peloyame a botsa a fellwa ke moyo.

“E, o a tshosa,” ka rialo, leha ke ne ke sa mmona. Empa ke ne ke sa hloke ho mmona. Bohle ba ne ba tseba hore Mma Raphane o shebeha jwang. O ne a ena le moriri o matsetlela o moputswa mme o ne a le motelele, a le mosesane a bile a ena le ditsu tse neng di ka hlaba motho tsa phunyeletsa ka nqane. Ha o ne o ka sheba ka hara mahlo a hae, o ne o tla fetoha sethotsela. Bana ba bangata ba ne ba bile jwalo. Eo taba re ne re e tseba kaofela.

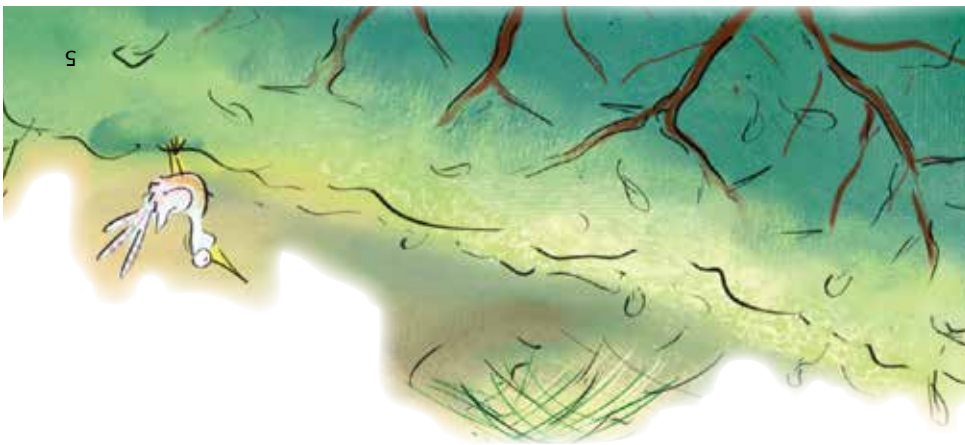
“O ile a nyarela ka hlooho ka ntle ho lemati ha ke ne ke betsetsa lejwe, na le mmone?” Kitso a rialo a thabile.

“Motswala wa ka o itse o jele katse ya hae.”

“Ehlile, o etsa jwalo ka dinako tse ding,” Peloyame a rialo, a oma ka hlooho. Peloyame o ne a tseba dintho tsena kaofela tse teng mabapi le Mma Raphane, wa moloi.



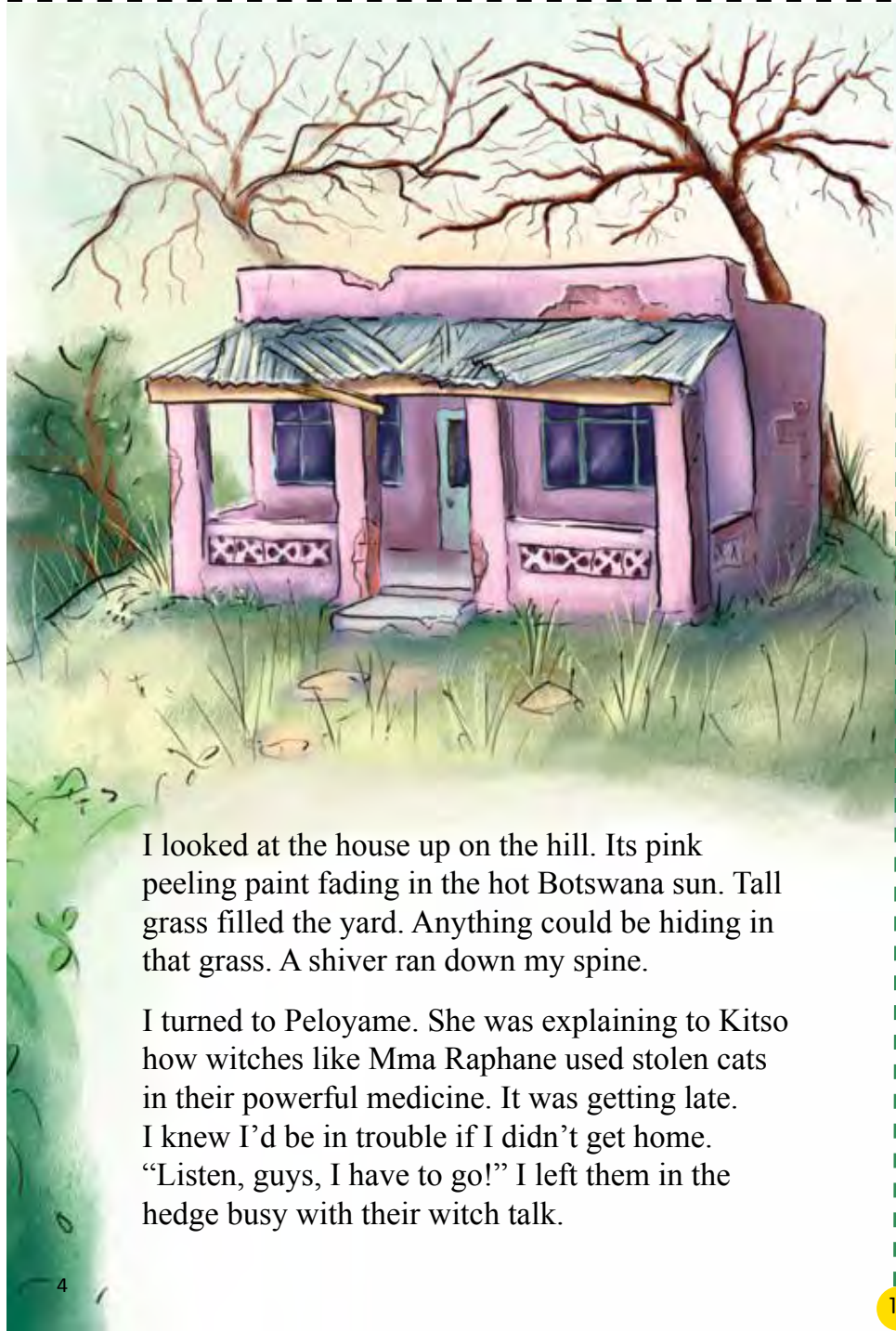
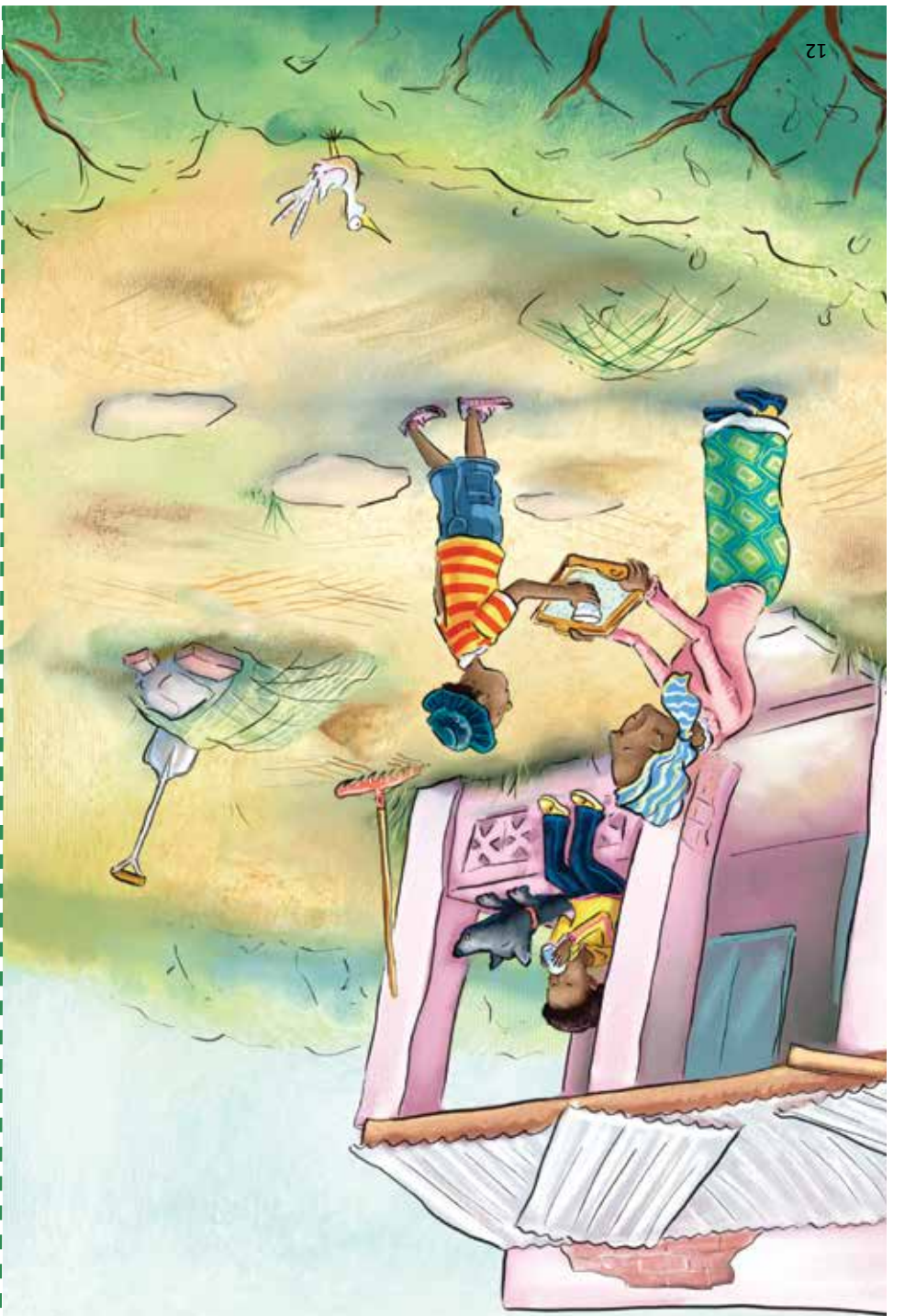




Ka sheba ntlo e hodima leralla. Pente ya yona e pinki e kgakgaphelang e ne e le lerootho ke letsatsi la Botswana le tjhesang. Jwang bo bolelele bo ne bo tletse jarete.

E ka nna yaba ho na le ntho e ipatlang ka hara jwang boo. Ka utlwa ke hatsela mokokotlo.

Ka sheba ka ho Peloyame. O ne a hlaloseisa Kitso kamoo baloi ba kang Mma Raphane ba sebedisang dikatse tse utswitsweng ditlhareng tsa bona tse matla. Nako e ne e se e ile jwale. Ke ne ke tseba hore ke tla kena mathateng haeba ke sa orohle. "Mamelang, methaka, ke lokela ho tsamaya!" Ka ba siya hara lekgwakgwa moo ba ntse ba bua ditaba tsa bona tsa baloi.



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 Peloyame. 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.

Peloyame 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.

Ra bokella dikgarafu le diharaka mme ra kgutlela hodimo leralleng. Nna le Gabriel ra kokota hanyane lemating. Ra bua ha kgutshwanyane le Mma Raphane. Yaba re qala ho kgotha jwang bo bolelele, bo ommeng ka jareteng.

Ha re ntse re sebetsa, bana ba bang ba tla ema haufi le terata. Ba re tonela mahlo, empa ba thotse feela.

Peloyame le yena a tla. A mpona mme a hoeletsa, "Tebogo, le a hlanya? Ha le tshabe moloi eo?"

"Ha se moloi!" Gabriel a hoeletsa a halefile.

Ka yona nako eo Mma Raphane a tswa ka digalase tse pedi tsa metsi a batang.



## 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).



## Eba mahlahlaha ka pale!

Diketsahalo tse ding ke tse na tseo le ka di lehang. Di theilwe ho dipale tshole tse kgatisong ena ya Tlatsetso ya Nal'ibali: *Moloi ya dulang leralleng* (maqephe ana 5, 6, 11 le 12), *Na Kolobenyana a ka fofa?* (maqephe 7 ho isa ho 10) le *Leqheka la lempetje le botswa* (leqephe 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?

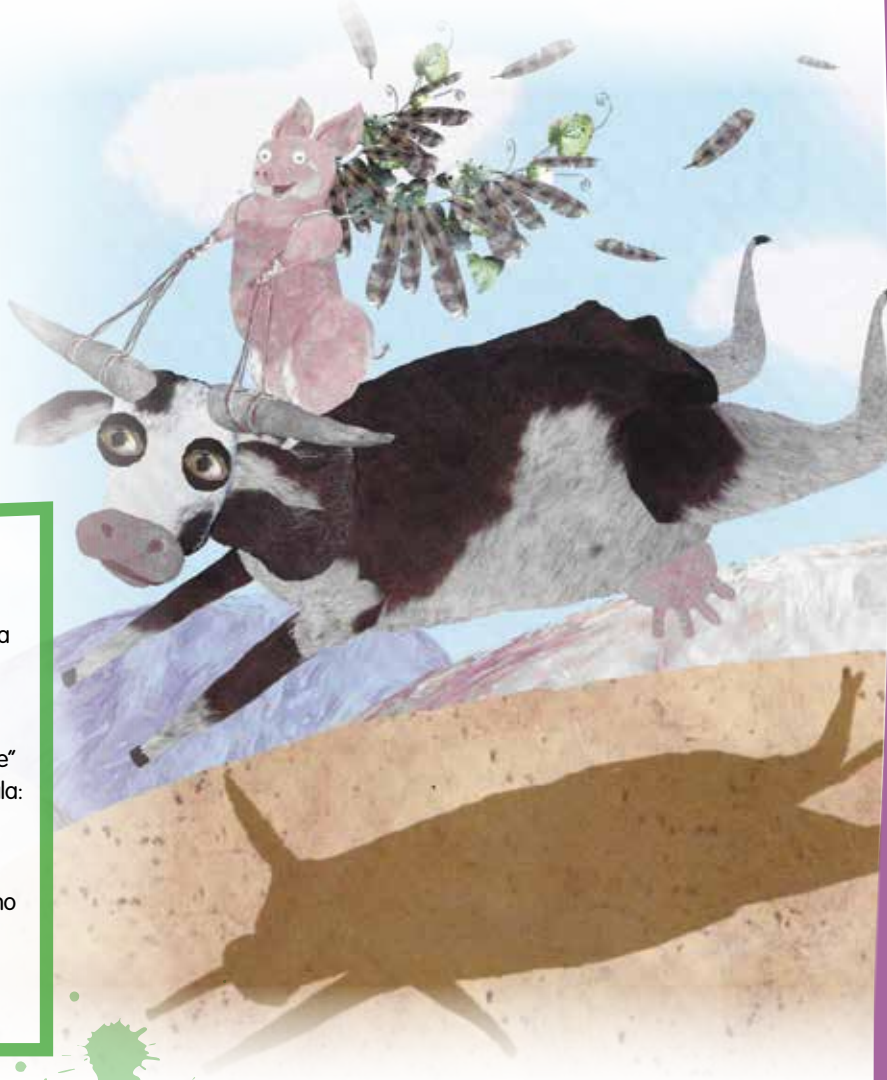


### Moloi ya dulang leralleng

- ★ Ke eng e neng e tshosa leralleng?
- ★ Bana ba ile ba fumana eng?
- ★ Na ho na le motho motseng wa heno, kapa sekolong sa hao, eo batho ba buang dintho tse mpe ka yena? Na o kile wa batlisisa ka bowena hore ditaba tseo ke nnete?
- ★ O ne o ka etsa eng ho batlisisa ka bowena?
- ★ Haeba ditaba tsa mabarebare ka motho e mong di fosahetse, o ka etsa eng ho fetola seo batho ba bang ba se nahanang ka motho eo?

### 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?



### Kolobenyana a ka fofa?

- ★ O nahana hore ke hobaneng ha Kolobenyana a sa ka a inehela bakeng sa ho leka ho fofa?
- ★ Na ho na le ntho e itseng eo o batlang ho e etsa e le ka nnete? Ke eng?
- ★ Botsa dipotso tse bulehileng (dipotso tse kekeng tsa arajwa ka hore feela "e" kapa "tjhe" empa tse ka arajwang ka ditsela tse fapaneng). Ho etsa mohlala:
  - Na o nahana hore diphoofolo di ne di tshwere Kolobenyana hantle? Hobaneng o nahana jwalo kapa o sa nahane jwalo?
  - Na ho ba le tshepo le ho ba le ditiro ke ntho e le nngwe? Hobaneng ho le jwalo kapa ho se jwalo?
  - Na o dumellana le kgomo hore re lokela ho dula re ena le tshepo? Hobaneng o dumela kapa o sa dumele?

### 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.



### Leqheka la lempetje le botswa

- ★ Na lempetje o ne a adima kapa a utswa ha a ne a nka dintho tsa Mmutla, Senqanqane, Kgudu le Mokgodutswane? Phapang ke efe pakeng tsa ho utswa le ho adima?
- ★ Hobaneng o nahana hore ho lokile ho kgutlisa seo o se adimileng?
- ★ Nahana eka ha o batla hore batho ba se o tsebe hore o mang. Sebedisa diaparo, dikatiba, masela le diborele tsa letsatsi tsa kgale ho iphetola kamoo o shebehang. Hopola hore o ka nna wa fetola le tsela eo o tsamayang le ho bua ka yona ho ipata hore o mang.



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





# Leqheka la lempetje le botswa

E ngotswe ke Pirai Mazungunye ■ Ditshwantsho ka Vian Oelofson



Mehleng ya kgale, motseng wa kgotso wa Mudavula, ho ne ho dula lempetje le botswa haholo. Ka nako eo, diphoofole tsohle di ne di lema mobu bakeng sa ho iphedisa le ba malapa a tsona. Kaofela ha tsona ntle le Lempetje. Ka lebaka la botswa ba hae, o ne a sa batle ho sebetša jwaloka diphoofole tse ding. Ho ena le hoo, o ile a nahana leqheka la bolotsana hore a tle a adime ho ba bang mme yena a phele ha monate.

Hoseng ha Mantaha o mong, Lempetje a ya ha Mmutla mme a adima phofo ya poone. Pele a fihla tlung ya Mmutla, a fetola mmala wa letlalo la hae ho tloha ho o mosootho ho isa ho o motala.

"Ke kopa o nkadime phofo ya poone hle," Lempetje a kopa.

"O tla e kgutlisa neng?" Mmutla a botsa.

"Ha kgwedi ena e fela!" Lempetje a mo tshepisa.

Mmutla a tlatsa emere e sa tshelang eo Lempetje a neng a tlele le yona. Lempetje a nka phofo eo ya poone mme a ya hae, a ntse a bososela ha a tsamaya. O ne a nahanne ka leqheka la hae la bolotsana la ho qhekanyetsa diphoofole tse ding. A iqapela pinanyana e tlang ho mo thusa ho hopola morero wa hae.

*'Ke tla fetola mebala ya ka*

*Empa ha ho motho ya tla tseba.*

*Ke ne ke le motala ha Mmutla a mpona,*

*Ho Mokgodutswane ke tla ba mosehla.*

*Senqanqane o tla bona lempetje le letsho*

*Ho Kgudu, ke tla ba mosootho.*

*Ke tla fetoha ke nne ke fetole mebala ya ka.*

*Ba keke ba tseba hore ke nna!*

Ka Labobedi, Lempetje a tsoha a lapile. "Nkeke ka ja motoho kamehla. Ke batla raese!" Lempetje a nahana. "Ke tla fetola mmala wa letlalo la ka o be mosehla mme ke ye ho Mokgodutswane. Ha nka qhekanyetsa bohle, nkeke ka lefa le a le mong wa bona eng kapa eng!"

Lempetje a tsamaya ka emere ya hae e sa tshelang letho a ya ha Mokgodutswane, ya ileng a mo fa raese ka mosa. Lempetje a tshepisa Mokgodutswane hore o tla mo lefa mafelong a kgwedi.

Ka Laboraro, kamora ho pheha raese, Lempetje a sheba sejana sa hae a sa kgotsofala hohang. "Tjhe! Tjhe! Raese e se nang letho ha e monate. Ke hloka nama!" Lempetje a nahana nakwana. "Senqanqane o tla mpha nama!" a qeta jwalo.

Lempetje a fetola mmala wa letlalo la hae wa ba motsho mme a mathela ntlung ya Senqanqane ka emere ya hae e sa tshelang. Senqanqane a tlatsa emere eo ka nama. Hape, Lempetje a tshepisa ho lefa Senqanqane ha kgwedi e fela.



"Ke hloka diitholwana. Ke a di hloka!" Lempetje a nahana ka Labone. "Ke mang ya nang le diitholwana?" Lempetje a nahana a ingwaya hlooho. "Kgudu! Ehllile, Kgudu!"

Lempetje a fetola mmala wa letlalo la hae wa eba mosootho mme a ya ha Kgudu ka emere e sa tshelang letho. A kopa diitholwana ho Kgudu, mme Kgudu a tlatsa emere ya hae ka dipanana, dilamunu le diapole.

"Ke a leboha, ke a leboha, Mong Kgudu. Ke tla o lefa mafelong a kgwedi." a tshepisa.

Nako ena kaofela Lempetje o ne a ntse a bina pina ya hae ele hore a tle a kgone ho hopola maqheka a hae a mebala.

*'Ke tla fetola mebala ya ka*

*Empa ha ho motho ya tla tseba.*

*Ke ne ke le motala ha Mmutla a mpona,*

*Ho Mokgodutswane ke tla ba mosehla.*

*Senqanqane o tla bona lempetje le letsho*

*Ho Kgudu, ke tla ba mosootho.*

*Ke tla fetoha ke nne ke fetole mebala ya ka.*

*Ba keke ba tseba hore ke nna!*

Ha mafelo a kgwedi a fihla, diphoofole tsa emela Lempetje hore a tlo di lefa seo a se adimileng. Empa Lempetje a se ke a tla.

Pele, Mmutla a ya ntlung ya Lempetje. "Batho ba moo! Batho ba moo!" Mmutla a hoeletsa a le hekeng.

Lempetje a nyarela ka fenstere. Yare ha a bona Mmutla, a hopola pina ya hae. "Aha, Mong Mmutla, ke ne ke le motala ha ke adima phofo ya hao ya poone," Lempetje a ipoella jwalo. Ka potlako, a fetola mmala wa letlalo la hae ho ba le lesehla mme a ya hekeng ho ya kopana le Mmutla.

"Ke batlana le lempetje le letala," Mmutla a rialo a maketse.

"Lempetje le letala? Ke dula ke le mong mona. Ha se kgale haholo ke falletse mona," Lempetje a bolella Mmutla leshano.

Mmutla a tsamaya mme Lempetje a kgutlela ka tlung. "Ke bohlale e le ka nnete," Lempetje a ithorisa a bua haholo, a tlolela hodima soufa.

Matsatsing a latelang, Mokgodutswane, Senqanqane le Kgudu le bona ba tla ba batlana le Lempetje ya neng a adimile raese, nama le diitholwana ho bona. Lempetje o ne a qhekanyeditse e mong le e mong ka ho fetola mmalwa wa letlalo la hae ele hore ba se ke ba mo lemoha.

Kgwedi e nngwe hape ya feta. Yaba Mmutla, Mokgodutswane, Senqanqane le Kgudu ba kopana tlasa sefate se seholo sa marula ho ya bokella diitholwana tse monate tse mmala wa kgauta. Ha a shebile emere ya hae ya dimarula, Kgudu a re, "Lempetje le letala le kene ntlung ya lempetje le lesootho. Lempetje lane le lesootho le nkolota emere ya diitholwana."

"Tjhe," ha rialo Mmutla. "Lempetje le lesehla le dula ntlung yane. Empa nna ke batlana le lempetje le letala le nkolotang emere ya phofo ya poone."

"Tjhe," ha rialo Mokgodutswane. "Lempetje le letsho le dula ntlung yane. Ke batlana le lempetje le lesehla le nkolotang emere ya raese."

"Tjhe," Senqanqane a rialo. "Lempetje le lesootho le dula ntlung yane. Nna ke batlana le lempetje le letsho le nkolotang emere ya nama."

Yaba Mokgodutswane o re, "Na ekaba lempetje le le leng le re qhekanyeditse kaofela ka ho fetola mmala wa letlalo la lona? Ha re yeng ntlung eo kaofela ka nako e le nngwe."

Yaba he Mmutla, Mokgodutswane, Senqanqane le Kgudu ba hwantela ho ya ntlung ya Lempetje mme ba mo hoeletsa hore a tswe ka tlung.



Lempetje a nyarela ka fenstere ho diphoofole tse halefileng. A ikutlwa a itshwabela ka lebaka la botswa ba hae bo mo kentseng hara mathata a makana, yaba o tswela ka ntle mme a ya kopa tshwarelo ho Mmutla, Mokgodutswane, Senqanqane le Kgudu.

Mmutla, Mokgodutswane, Senqanqane le Kgudu ba dumellana ho tshwarela Lempetje. "Empa o keke wa hlola o fumana eng kapa eng ho rona," ba rialo.

Ho tloha letsatsing leo, lempetje le botswa la tlameha ho sebeletsa dijo tsa lona jwaloka bohle.





# Nal'ibali fun

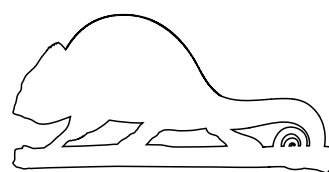
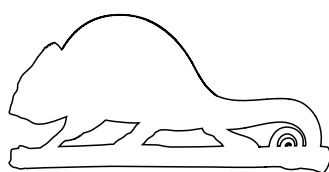
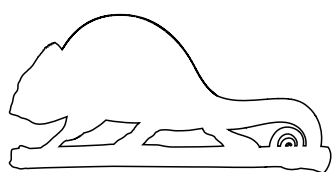
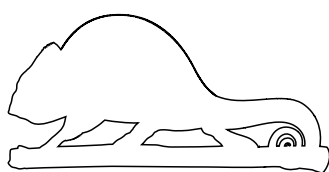
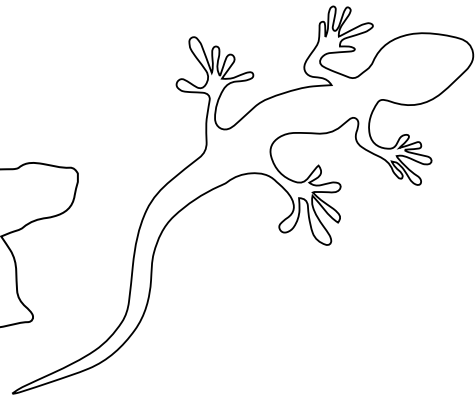
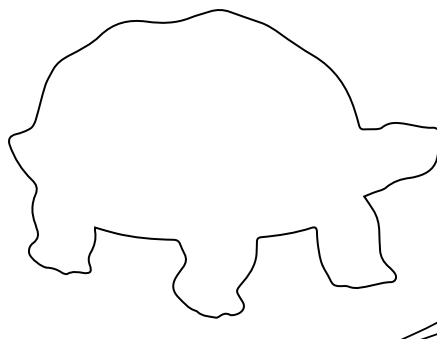
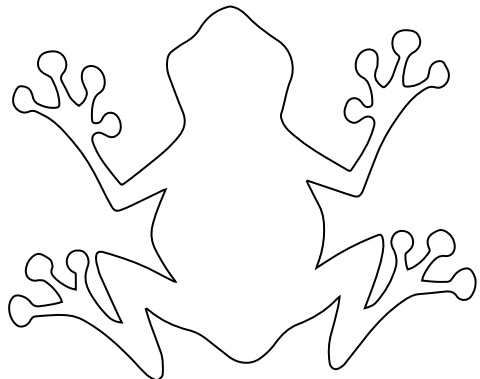
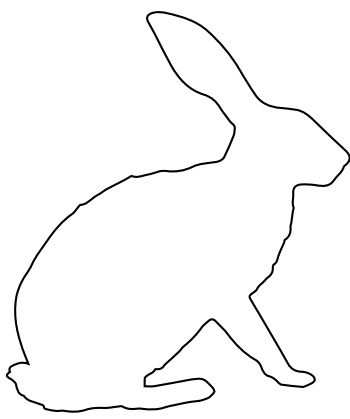
## Monate wa Nal'ibali



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.



Meralo e ka tlase ya ditshwantsho e tswa ho pale ya *Leqheka la lempetje le botswa*.

- Ngola lebitso la phoofolo ka nngwe ka tlasa moralo ka mong wa setshwantsho.
- Sheba ditshwantsho tse paleng. Kenya mmala ho phoofolo ka nngwe.
- Kenya mmala ho lempetje ka tlasa phoofolo ka nngwe. Sebedisa mmala oo lempetje a neng a o sebedisitse ha a etela phoofolo eo. Ngola lebitso la mmala ka tlasa setshwantsho ka seng.

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 qalo ya pale ena ka tlase mona. Sheba setshwantsho. Jwale ngola seo o nahanang hore se etsahetse kamora mona.

Mehleng ya kgalekgale, mebutlanyana e ne e ena le mehatla e metelele e boya bo bosweu, eo e neng e e tsoka neng kapa neng ha e utlwa e thabile kapa e nyakalletse. Ka nako eo, mebutlanyana kaofela e ne e dula sehlekehlekeng, se arohantsweng le

lefatshe ke noka e batsi e tshikgunyang. Leha mebutlanyana e ne e tseba ho sesa, e ne e sa kgone ho fihlella lefatsheng, hobane nokeng ena ho ne ho dula dikwena tse ngatangata tse kgolo, tse tala tse lapileng. Dikwena tsena di ne di hlile di rata nama e monate e bonojwana ya mmotlanyana bakeng sa dijo tsa hoseng, tsa motsheare le tsa mantsiboya.

Ka tsatsi le leng, mmotlanyana o mong o monyane o mahlahlaha o neng o bitswa Haruki wa eba le mohopolo o bohale. "Le a tseba keng?" a ithorisa ho metswalle ya hae. "Kajeno ke tlilo mathela ka nqane ka naheng!"

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

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Bonus

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RIDGE TIMES



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