



Boeke en lees - 'n blywende nalatenskap

Elke gesin het stories om te vertel! Sommige van hierdie stories het jy dalk al as kind gehoor. Dit kan stories oor denkbeeldige of mitiese karakters insluit wat van geslag tot geslag oorgedra word, stories oor skelmstreke of dapperheid, of stories met lesse oor die waardes van deursettingsvermoë of vergifnis.

Lees is 'n geskenk aan ons

"Vandat my seuns baie klein was, het ek ten minste vyf aande elke week vir hulle stories vertel of gelees. Toe hulle ouer geword het, het ons dit geniet om ons eie stories uit te dink deur karakters en gebeure by die stories te voeg terwyl ons lees. Ons het ook wonderlike herinneringe aan die huise waar ons gewoon het en die mense wat deel was van ons lewens, want hulle het deel geword van die stories wat ons gelees en gehoor het. Nou is my seuns grootmense en ons geniet dit steeds om stories oor ons daaglikse lewens te deel en boeke, nuusberigte en enigiets waarop ons ons hande kan lê, te lees. Ons leesavonture is werklik 'n kosbare, lewenslange geskenk!"

(David Makhuru, Nal'ibali-storiestoker)

Books and reading - a lasting legacy

Every family has stories to tell! Some of these stories might be ones that were told to you as a child. These could include stories about imaginary or mythical characters that have been passed down from generation to generation, stories about trickery or bravery, or stories that teach about the values of perseverance or forgiveness.

Reading is a gift to us

"I used to spend at least five nights each week telling or reading stories to my sons from when they were very young. As they grew older, we enjoyed making stories our own by adding characters and events to the stories as we went along. We also have great memories of the homes that we stayed in and the people who were part of our lives then because they became part of the stories we read and heard. Now, my sons are adult men, and we still enjoy sharing stories about our everyday lives and reading books, news articles and anything we can lay our hands on. Our reading adventures have really been a precious, life-long gift!"

(David Makhuru, Nal'ibali story sparker)

Ons gesinne se stories is so uniek soos die mense wat daarvan deel is! Hulle is deel van elke gesin se geskiedenis en help kinders om te verstaan waar hulle vandaan kom en wie hulle is.

Our family stories are as unique as the people in it! They are part of each family's history and they help children to know where they come from and who they are.

Bou storieverteltradisies

"Die vertel van stories bind kinders aan hulle eie kultuur en taal," sê John. "Elke kultuur in die wêreld het 'n tradisie van stories vertel, en deur stories bind ons ons kinders aan die geslagte wat hulle voorafgegaan het en die rituele en gebruike wat hulle gevestig het." Dit gee ons kinders sekerheid oor wie hulle is en waar hulle vandaan kom – dit gee hulle wortels! Wortels help 'n plant om sterk te staan in die grond en wortels help om kos en water na ander dele van die plant te neem sodat dit kan groei en gesond kan wees. Die wortels wat ons vir ons kinders gee, doen dieselfde vir hulle."

(John McCormick, 'n skrywer van die boek "Dad, Tell Me a Story")

Building storytelling traditions

"Storytelling connects children to their own culture and language," says John. "Every culture in the world has a storytelling tradition, and through stories, we connect our children to the generations that came before and the rituals and customs they established. This gives our children confidence in who they are and where they come from – it gives them roots! Roots help a plant to stand strong in the ground and roots help to take food and water to other parts of the plant so that it can grow and be healthy. The roots we give children do the same for them."

(John McCormick, an author of the book "Dad, Tell Me a Story")



Drive your
imagination



10 JAAR VAN STORIEGENOT



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

10 wenke om boeke met babas en kleuters te deel

1. Daar is geen regte of verkeerde manier om boeke met babas en kleuters te deel nie. Geniet net die tyd wat julle saam deurbbring.
2. Kies boeke in jou kind se huistaal, waar moontlik.
3. Kies 'n verskeidenheid boeke. Sluit stories met ander kinders en stories oor bekende, alledaagse ervarings in. Boeke met rympies en flappies is baie gewild by kleuters.
4. Ontspan en sit gemaklik met jou kind op jou skoot of langs jou.
5. Dit maak nie saak hoe lank jy lees nie – en jy hoef nie die boek klaar te lees nie! Deel net 'n boek saam so lank as wat julle albei wil.
6. Vestig jou kinders se aandag op die prente en praat oor wat in die boek gebeur. Wys na iemand of iets en sê wat of wie hulle is en wat hulle doen.
7. Speel met boeke! Maak die klanke en geluide van die karakters of voorwerpe in die boek. Laat jou kinders aan die boeke raak en daaraan ruik; hulle kan dit selfs byt!
8. Vra vrae oor wat in die boek gebeur. Beantwoord self die vrae of laat jou kind toe om te antwoord indien hy of sy kan en wil.
9. Wys na die woorde terwyl jy dit lees. Dit help jou kind om te leer wat woorde is en waar die woorde wat jy sê vandaan kom.
10. Moenie opgee as jou kind lyk of hy of sy nie belangstel nie! Probeer later weer, of op 'n ander manier – of probeer 'n ander boek.

10 tips for sharing books with babies and toddlers

1. There's no right or wrong way to use books with babies and toddlers. Just enjoy the time you spend together.
2. Choose books in your child's home language, wherever possible.
3. Choose a variety of books. Include some stories that have other children in them and some that are about familiar everyday experiences. Rhyme and lift-the-flap books are very popular with toddlers.
4. Relax and sit comfortably with your child on your lap or next to you.
5. It doesn't matter for how long you read – and you don't have to finish the book! Just share a book together for as long as you both want to.
6. Draw your children's attention to the pictures and talk about what is happening in the book. Point to someone or something and say what or who they are and what they are doing.
7. Be playful with books! Make the sounds and noises of the characters or objects in the book. Let your children touch and smell the books; they may even bite it!
8. Ask questions about what is happening in the book. Answer them yourself or allow your child to answer, if she or he can and wants to.
9. Point to the words as you read them. This helps your child learn what words are and where the words you are saying come from.
10. Don't give up if your child seems disinterested! Try again later, or in another way – or try another book.

Hier volg 'n rympie wat jy saam met jou kind kan opsê en opvoer

Vyf klein apies spring op die bed
Een val af van te veel pret.
Roep gou vir Mamma om hulle te red.
Mamma sê: "Slaap in jou eie bed!"

Vier klein apies spring op die bed
Een val af van te veel pret.
Roep gou vir Mamma om hulle te red.
Mamma sê: "Slaap in jou eie bed!"

Tel die getal apies af wat op die bed spring. Wanneer jy by een klein apie kom, vervang die laaste reël met: "Nou slaap almal in hul eie bed!"

Here is a rhyme to act out with your child

Five little monkeys jumping on a bed,
One fell off and bumped his head.
Daddy called the doctor and the doctor said,
"No more monkeys jumping on the bed!"

Four little monkeys jumping on a bed,
One fell off and bumped his head.
Daddy called the doctor and the doctor said,
"No more monkeys jumping on the bed!"

Count down the number of monkeys jumping on the bed. When you get to one little monkey, replace the last line with: "Put those monkeys straight to bed!"



Drive your
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Leesklubhoekie



Reading club corner



Kry jou kindtjies aan die skryf

Babas kan aan aan die begin nie praat nie. Maar geleidelik leer hulle praat deur na die mense om hulle te kyk, na hulle te luister en hulle na te boots. Hulle doen dit al hoe beter omdat die volwassenes in hulle lewens hulle help deur met hulle te praat en na hulle te luister. Om te leer skryf is baie soos om te leer praat!

Wanneer kleuters geskrewe taal om hulle sien en sien hoe die mense vir wie hulle lief is geskrewe taal in hul daaglikse lewens gebruik, raak hulle nuuskierig daarvoor. Hul eerste krabbels is dalk nie regte letters of woorde nie, maar dit is die eerste stappe om te leer skryf.

Hier volg drie maklike maniere om jou kinders wat nog nie skoolgaan nie, te help om te leer skryf:

- ✓ **Wys vir hulle dat dit wat ons sê, neergeskryf en dan gelees kan word.** Wanneer jou kind 'n prent teken, vra of hy of sy wil hê jy moet help om iets daarvoor te skryf. Skryf die woorde wat hulle vir jou sê, onder hul prent neer en lees die woorde vir hulle.
- ✓ **Wys vir hulle die verskillende dinge wat jy skryf.** Laat jou kinders sien dat jy skryf – maak 'n inkopielys, skryf afsprake op 'n kalender neer of skryf 'n brief of 'n e-pos.
- ✓ **Wys vir hulle dat jy waarde heg aan dit wat hulle skryf.** As jou kind iets vir jou skryf, skryf terug. Stal ook hul tekeninge en dit wat hulle geskryf het, by die huis uit.



Get your little ones writing

Babies start off not being able to use any language at all. Then, bit by bit, by watching, listening to and copying those around them, they begin to talk. They get better at it because the adults in their lives help them by talking and listening to them. Learning to write is not very different from learning to talk!

When toddlers see writing around them and see how the people they love use writing in their daily lives, they become curious about writing. Their first squiggles may just be "pretend writing", but these are the first steps in learning to write.

Here are three easy ways to help develop your pre-school children's writing:

- ✓ **Show them that what we say can be written down and then read.** When your child has drawn a picture, ask if they would like you to help them write something about it. Write down the words they tell you under their picture and then read the words back to them.
- ✓ **Show them different things you use writing for.** Let your children see you writing – making a shopping list, writing appointments on a calendar or writing a letter or an email.
- ✓ **Show them that you value what they write.** If your child writes something to you, write back to them. Also, display their drawings and writing at home.

Hoe om ons stories op verskillende maniere te gebruik

1. **Vertel die storie vir jou kind.** Lees en oefen om die storie te vertel. Gebruik dan jou stem, gesig en liggaam om die storie te laat lewe.
2. **Lees die storie vir jou kind.** Gesels oor die prente. Vra: "Wat dink jy gebeur volgende?" of "Hoekom dink jy het die karakter dit gesê of gedoen?"
3. **Lees die storie saam met jou kind.** Maak beurte om die storie saam te lees. Moenie hul foute regmaak nie, en help net as hulle jou vra om te help.
4. **Luister hoe jou kind lees.** Luister sonder om hulle te onderbreek. Sê dat dit vir jou lekker is om te luister wanneer hulle hardop vir jou lees.
5. **Doen die aktiwiteite in Raak doenig met stories!** Dit behoort vir jou en jou kind pret te wees.



How to use our stories in different ways

1. **Tell the story to your child.** Read and practise telling the story. Then use your voice, face and body to bring the story to life.
2. **Read the story to your child.** Talk about the pictures. Ask, "What do you think happens next?" or "Why do you think the character said or did that?"
3. **Read the story with your child.** Take turns to read the story together. Don't correct their mistakes, and only help if they ask for it.
4. **Listen to your child read.** Listen without interrupting. Say that you enjoy hearing them read aloud to you.
5. **Do the Get story active! activities.** This should be fun for you and your child.



VIER NELSON MANDELA INTERNASIONALE DAG!

Nelson Mandela Internasionale Dag is elke jaar op 18 Julie. Dit is die herdenking van die geboorte van Nelson Mandela. Hy het vir geregtigheid en menseregte vir alle mense geveg. Dit is waarom daar 'n spesiale dag is om sy nagedagtenis te eer.

Op hierdie dag vat mense oor die hele wêreld hande om teen armoede te veg en om hulle te beywer vir vrede en billike en gelyke behandeling vir alle mense van alle kulture, tale, nasies, rasse en geloofsoortuigings.



CELEBRATE NELSON MANDELA INTERNATIONAL DAY!

Nelson Mandela International Day is on 18 July every year. It is the anniversary of the birth of Nelson Mandela. He fought for justice and human rights for all people. That is why there is a special day to honour his memory.

On this day, people around the world join to fight against poverty and to campaign for peace and fair and equal treatment of all cultures, languages, nations, races and beliefs.

“Wanneer ons lees, kan ons na baie plekke reis, baie mense ontmoet en die wêreld verstaan.”



wikipedia.org/wiki/Nelson_Mandela

“When we read we are able to travel to many places, meet many people and understand the world.”



Hier volg idees oor hoe jy Mandeladag kan vier.

- Sing liedjies en sê rympies op in soveel Suid-Afrikaanse tale as wat jy ken.
- Vertel 'n tradisioneel Suid-Afrikaanse storie.
- Skryf 'n gedig of liedjie oor Madiba en/of iemand wat jou op 'n belangrike manier gehelp het.
- Vra vriende en familielede om dit wat hulle van Nelson Mandela dink, neer te skryf. Stal dan die sinne uit sodat almal dit kan geniet om dit te lees.
- Teken 'n prent van Nelson Mandela met 'n kleurvolle hemp op 'n groot vel papier. Skryf onder die prent neer wat jy van Madiba dink.

Here are some ideas of how you can celebrate Mandela Day.

- Sing songs and say rhymes in as many South African languages as you know.
- Tell a traditionally South African story.
- Write a poem or song about Madiba and/or someone that has helped you in an important way.
- Ask friends and family members to write down what they think about Nelson Mandela. Then display the sentences so that everyone can enjoy reading them.
- On a large sheet of paper, draw a picture of Nelson Mandela wearing a colourful shirt. Under the picture, write what you think about Madiba.

Laat jou eie biblioteek groei. Maak TWEE knip-uit-en-bêreboekies

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



Grow your own library. Create TWO cut-out-and-keep books

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



Drive your imagination

Dit was moeilik om weg te kom van die oorlog. Ons het deur baie lande gereis op soek na iewers waar ons kon stop. Soms het ons geen kos of water gehad nie. Soms was mense vriendelik met ons, en soms was hulle nie. Oorloë het ons reis moeilik gemaak. Ons het van drie oorloë geving – oorloë in Rwanda, Burundi en die Kongo. Ons het dooie mense in 'n veld sien lê, soos blare wat van 'n boom afgeval het.

It was hard to escape from the war. We travelled through many countries looking for somewhere to stop. Sometimes we had no food or water. Sometimes people were kind to us, sometimes they were not. Our journey was made more difficult by wars. We ran away from three wars in Rwanda, Burundi and Congo. We saw dead people lying in a field, like leaves fallen from a tree.

Hulle het my oupa doodgemaak. Ons het 'n geluid gehoor, en toe het my ma en pa my, en my broer en my babasussie gevat en ons het gehardloop.

They killed my grandfather. We heard a noise, and then my mother and father took me, and my brother and baby sister, and we ran.



PARLIAMENT
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PARLIAMENTARY MILLENIUM PROGRAMME
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"Journey" comes from a collection of stories written by the children of South Africa, called "Every view counts: My story – Our stories", published by the Parliamentary Millennium Programme and Sunday Times Readright.

Story compiled by Lesley Beake. Art direction by Hybrid.

Raak doenig met stories!

- ★ Teken 'n prent om hierdie gedeelte van die storie te illustreer: *Ons het 'n geluid gehoor, en toe het my ma en pa my, en my broer en my babasussie gevat en ons het gehardloop.*
- ★ Stel jou voor dat jy in 'n ander land moet gaan woon. Maak 'n lys van die maniere waarop jy graag daar handel wil word.
- ★ Doen 'n rolspel van 'n radio-onderhoud met 'n maat of gesinslid. Die onderhoudvoerder vra vir die vlugteling waarom hulle na Suid-Afrika toe gekom het en hoe dit vir hulle is om hier te woon. Maak beurte om die rol van onderhoudvoerder en vlugteling te speel.

Get story active!

- ★ Draw a picture to illustrate this part of the story: *We heard a noise, and then my mother and father took me, and my brother and baby sister, and we ran.*
- ★ Imagine that you had to live in another country. Make a list of the ways in which you would like to be treated there.
- ★ With a friend or family member, role-play a radio interview. The interviewer asks the refugee why they came to South Africa and how they like living here. Take turns to play the role of interviewer and refugee.

Nal'ibali is 'n nasionale lees-vir-genotveldtog. Dit wil 'n leeskultuur regoor Suid-Afrika laat vlamvat en vaslê. Vir meer inligting, besoek www.nalibali.org of www.nalibali.mobi



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Drive your
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Reis

'n Storie deur die kinders van Addington



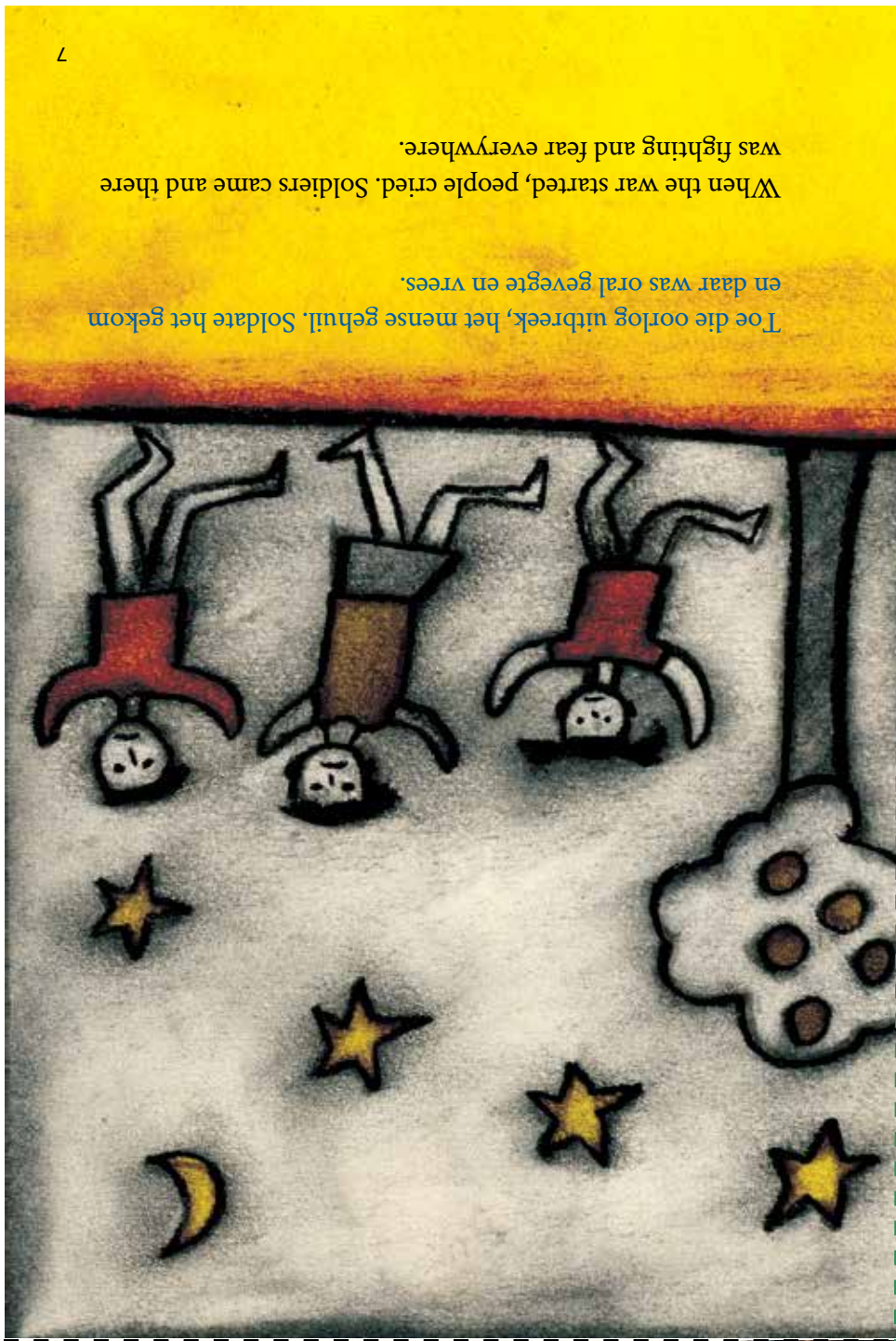
Journey

A story by the children of Addington

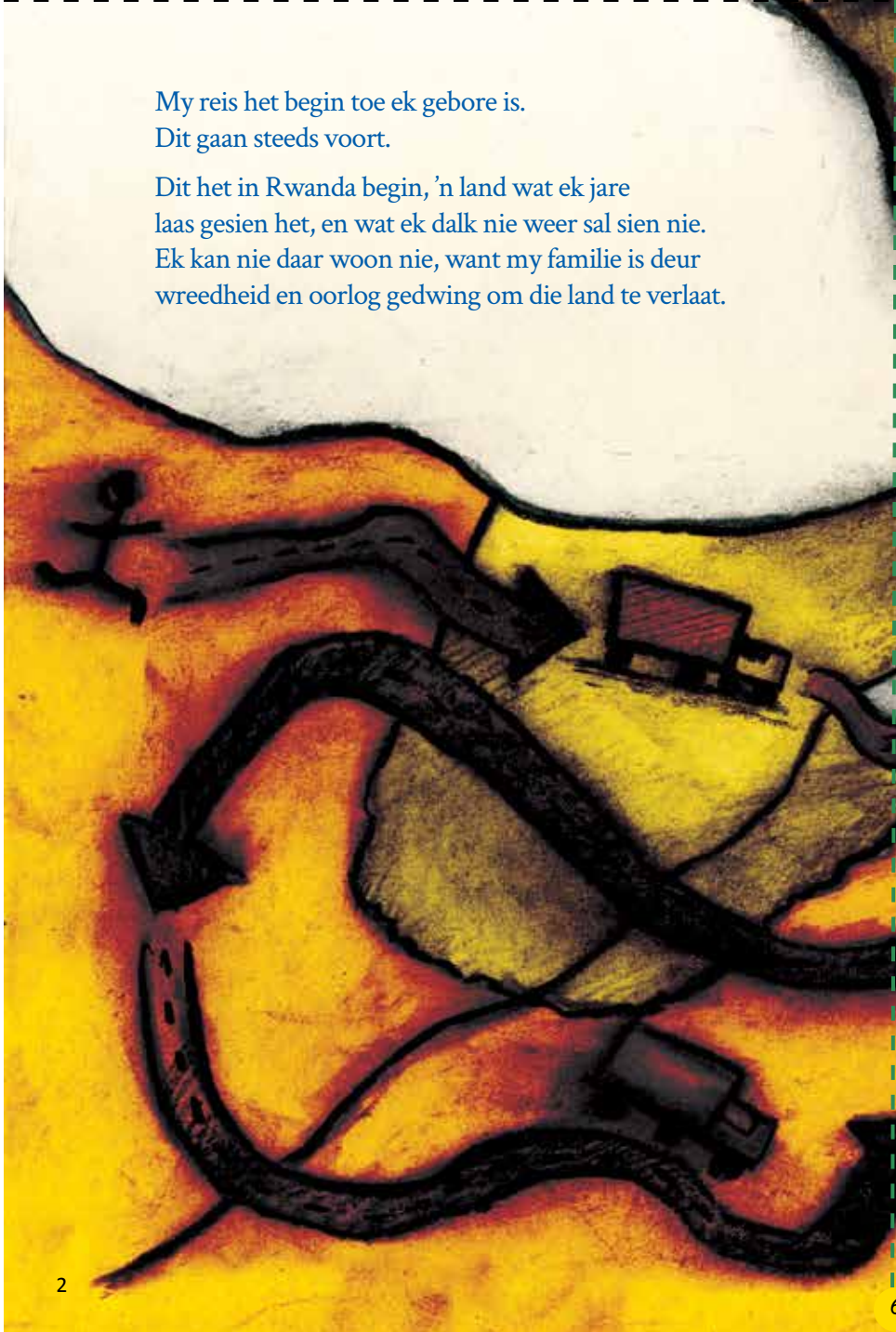
Marie-Jeanne, Jean Claude, Shalom, Priscilla, Tabita, Rehema, Idriss, Eden, Parfait, Maxwell, Christine, Bethell, Dumisani, Sarah, Marie-France

Idees om oor te praat: Was jy al ooit op 'n moeilike reis? Hoekom was dit moeilik, en wat sou dit beter gemaak het? Hoekom dink jy dis belangrik om oor ander mense se lewens en ervarings te lees?

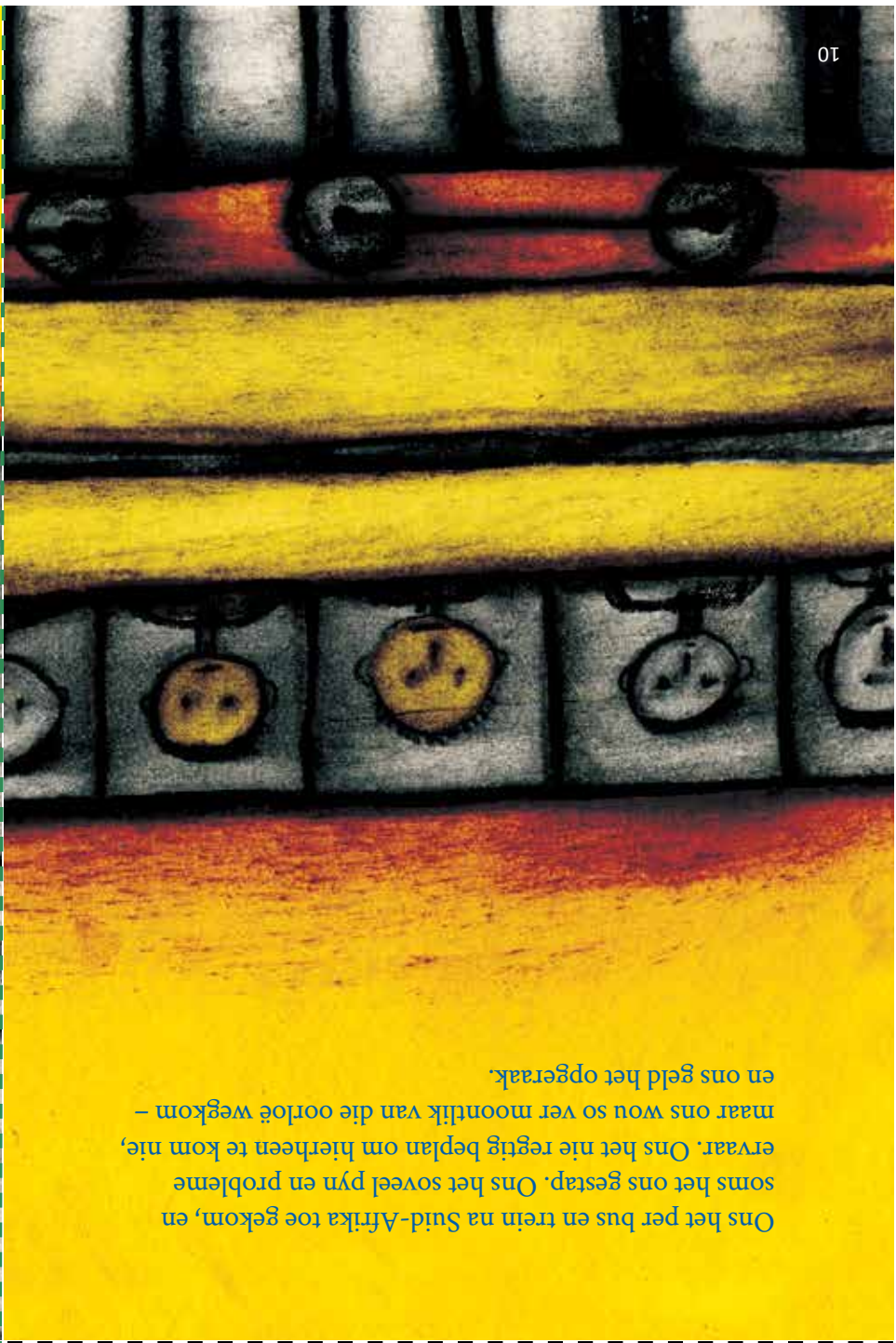
Ideas to talk about: Have you ever been on a difficult journey? Why was it difficult, and what would have made it better? Why do you think it's important to read about other people's life and experiences?



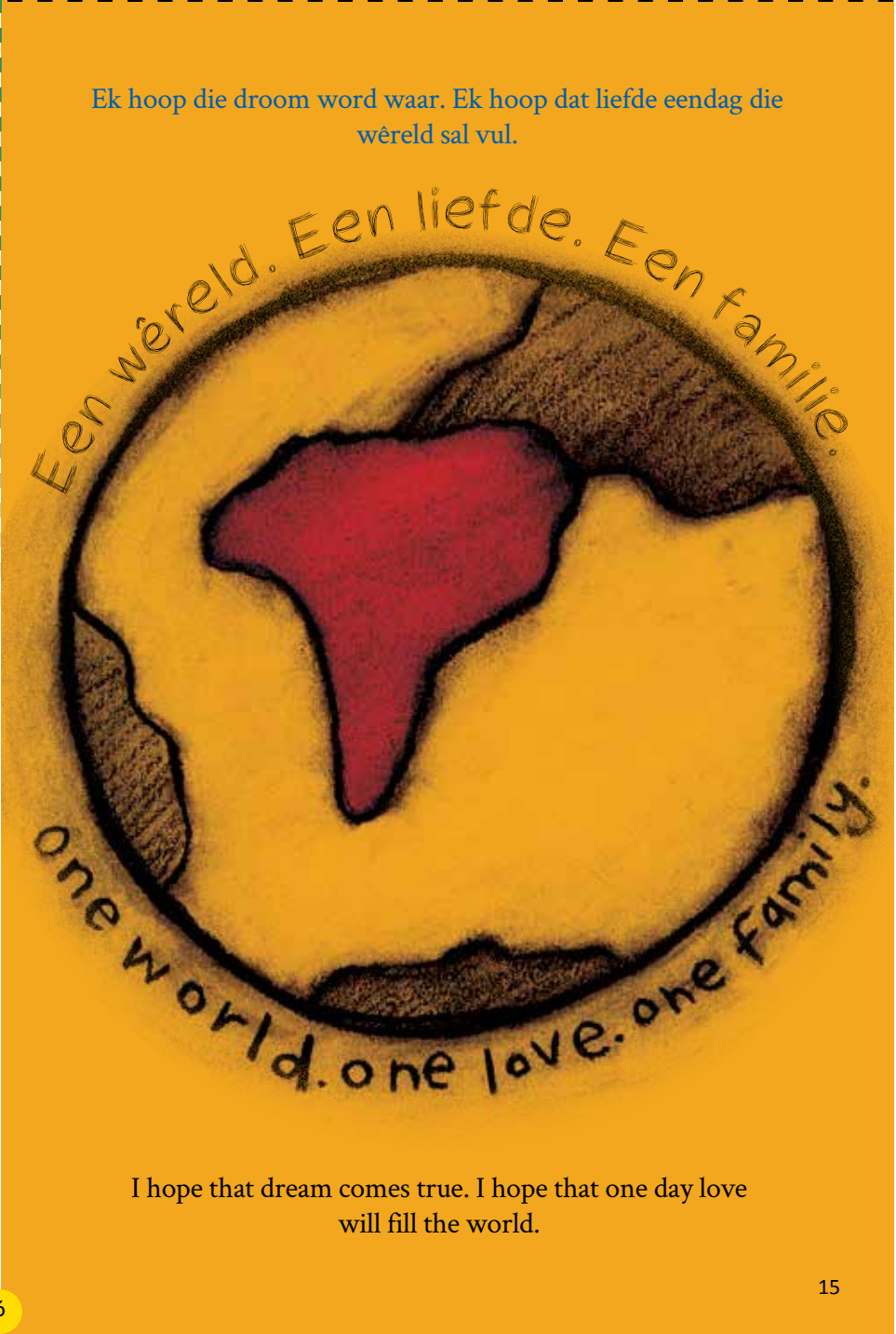
Toe die oorlog uitbreek, het mense gehuil. Soldate het gekom
en daar was oral gevegte en vrees.
When the war started, people cried. Soldiers came and there
was fighting and fear everywhere.



My reis het begin toe ek gebore is.
Dit gaan steeds voort.
Dit het in Rwanda begin, 'n land wat ek jare
laas gesien het, en wat ek dalk nie weer sal sien nie.
Ek kan nie daar woon nie, want my familie is deur
wreedheid en oorlog gedwing om die land te verlaat.



Ons het per bus en trein na Suid-Afrika toe gekom, en
soms het ons gestap. Ons het soveel pyn en probleme
ervaar. Ons het nie regtig deplan om hierheen te kom nie,
maar ons wou so ver moontlik van die oorloë wegkom –
en ons geld het opgebraak.



Ek hoop die droom word waar. Ek hoop dat liefde eendag die
wêreld sal vul.

I hope that dream comes true. I hope that one day love
will fill the world.

“Oh no, you’re not. I’m coming to gobble you up!” shouted the monster.

“Please don’t eat me,” replied Little Billy Goat Gruff. “I’m much too skinny and bony for you. Wait until you see Middle Billy Goat Gruff. He’s bigger and fatter than me.”

“Well, be off with you then, before I change my mind!” shouted the monster.



“O nee, jy gaan nie. Ek gaan jou kom versind!” skreue die monster.

“Asseblief! Moet my net nie eet nie,” pleit Klein Bokrammetjie. “Ek is heeltemal te maer en benierig vir jou. Wag tot jy Middeldelste Bokram sien. Hy is groter en vetter as ek.”

“Wel, weg is jy, voor ek van plan verander!” skreue die monster.

This is an adapted version of *The three Billy Goats Gruff*, published by Jacana Media and available in bookstores and on-line from www.jacana.co.za. This story is available in the eleven official South African languages.

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We publish what we like

Raak doenig met stories!

- ★ Jonger kinders kan prente van vreesaanjaende monsters teken. Dink 'n naam vir elke monster uit.
- ★ Speel 'n spelletjie met ouer kinders. Laat elke kind 'n monster beskryf terwyl jy teken wat hulle beskryf. Ruil dan rolle om en laat hulle 'n monster teken wat jy beskryf.
- ★ Gebruik klei, kartonbokse en/of stokkies om die brug te bou. Gebruik gras of papier om die droë, bruin gras aan die een kant van die brug te wys en die soet, groen gras aan die ander kant van die brug. Maak handpoppe van die drie Bokramme en die monster. Vertel die storie oor en gebruik al die voorwerpe wat julle gemaak het.

Get story active!

- ★ Younger children can draw pictures of scary monsters. Make up a name for each monster.
- ★ Play a game with older children. Let each child describe a monster while you draw what they describe. Then swap roles and let them draw a monster you describe.
- ★ Use clay, cardboard boxes and/or sticks to build the bridge. Use grass or paper to show the dry, brown grass on one side of the bridge and the sweet, green grass on the other side. Make puppets of the three Billy Goats Gruff and the monster. Retell the story using all of the objects you have made.

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Drive your imagination

Little Billy Goat reached the bridge first. *Click clack click clack!* went the hooves of Little Billy Goat Gruff. “Who’s that click-clacking over my bridge?” shouted the monster.

“It’s only me,” said Little Billy Goat Gruff in his bravest voice, “and I’m going up to the top of the koppie to eat the sweet, green grass.”



Klein Bokrammetjie was eerste by die brug. *Klik-klik-klik-klik!* klink Klein Bokrammetjie se hoeftes oor die brug.

“Wie klik-klik so oor my brug?” skree die monster.

“Dis net ek,” sê Klein Bokrammetjie in sy dapperste stem, “en ek gaan na die koppie om in die soet, groen gras op die kruin te wel.”

Die drie Bokramme

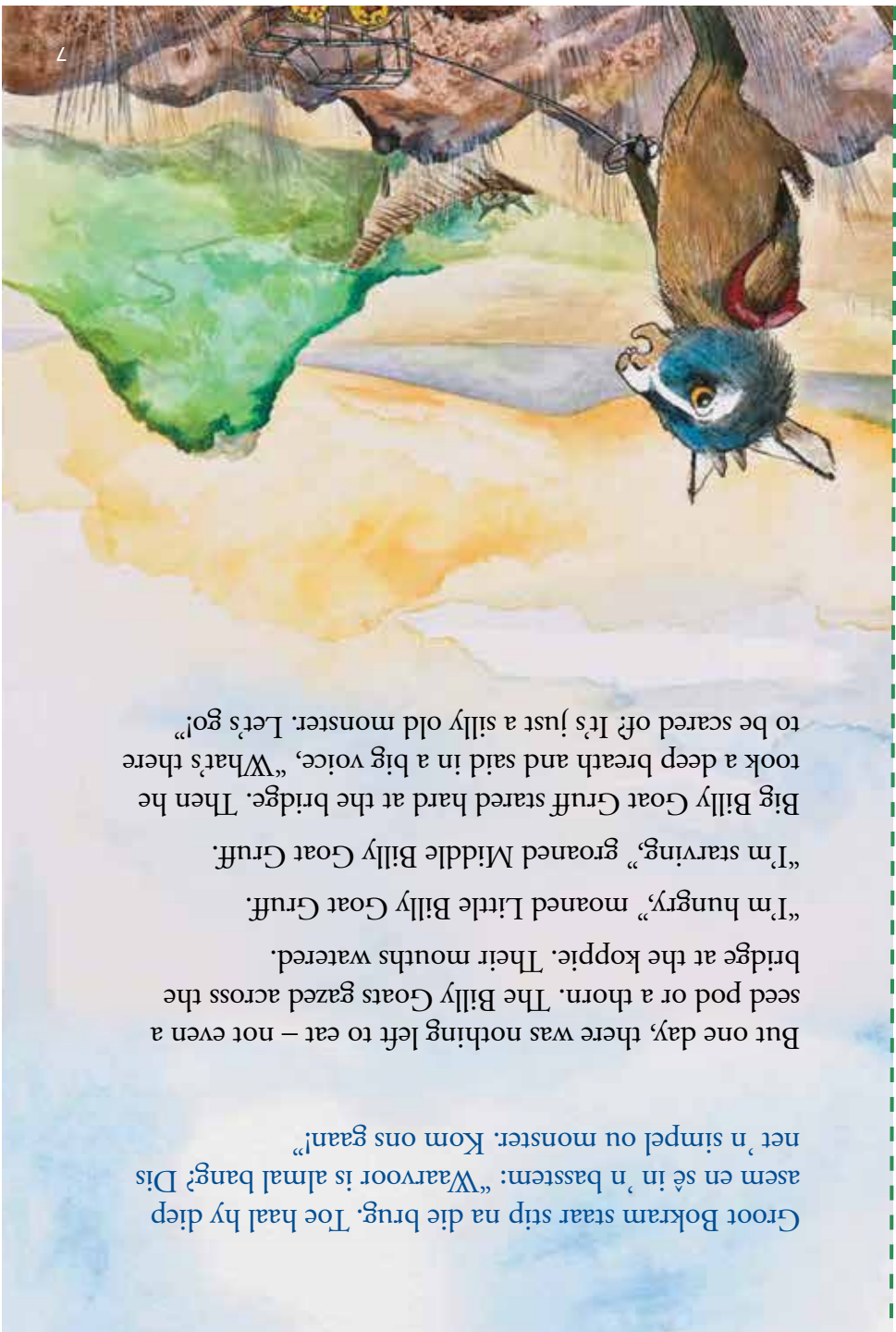


The three Billy Goats Gruff

Carole Bloch • Shayle Bester

Idees om oor te praat: As jy geboelie word deur iemand wat sterker as jy is, dink jy jy behoort jou teen die boelie te verdedig? Waaraan behoort jy te dink voor jy jou teen 'n boelie verdedig?

Ideas to talk about: If you are being bullied by someone stronger than you, do you think you should stand up to the bully? What are some things you may want to think about before standing up to a bully?



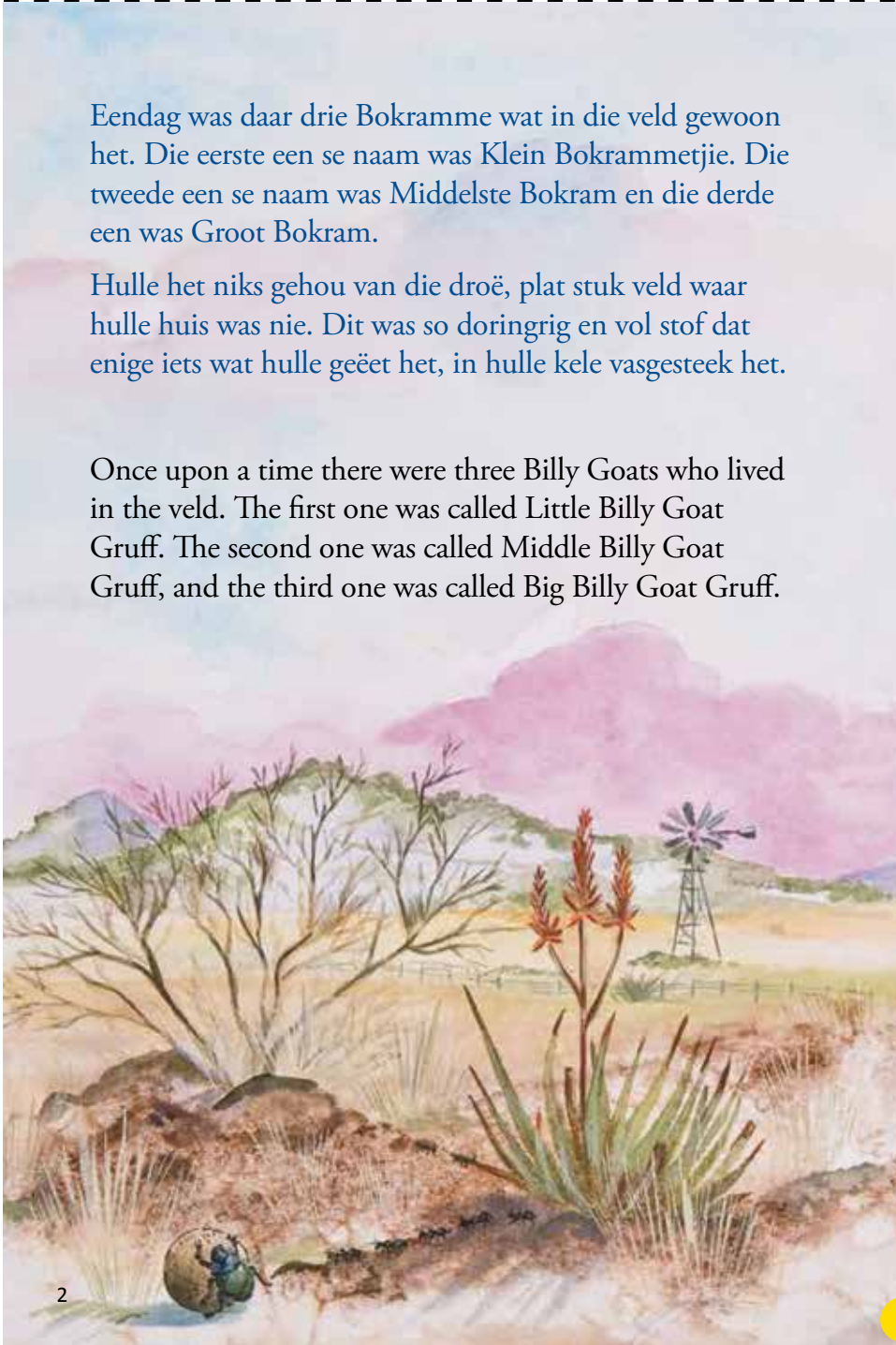
Groot Bokram staar stip na die brug. Toe haal hy diep asem en sê in 'n basstem: "Waarvoor is almal bang? Dis net 'n simpel ou monster. Kom ons gaan!"

But one day, there was nothing left to eat – not even a seed pod or a thorn. The Billy Goats gazed across the bridge at the koppie. Their mouths watered.

"I'm hungry," moaned Little Billy Goat Gruff.

"I'm starving," groaned Middle Billy Goat Gruff.

Big Billy Goat Gruff stared hard at the bridge. Then he took a deep breath and said in a big voice, "What's there to be scared of? It's just a silly old monster. Let's go!"



Eendag was daar drie Bokramme wat in die veld gewoon het. Die eerste een se naam was Klein Bokrammetjie. Die tweede een se naam was Middelste Bokram en die derde een was Groot Bokram.

Hulle het niks gehou van die droë, plat stuk veld waar hulle huis was nie. Dit was so doringrig en vol stof dat enige iets wat hulle geëet het, in hulle kele vasgesteek het.

Once upon a time there were three Billy Goats who lived in the veld. The first one was called Little Billy Goat Gruff. The second one was called Middle Billy Goat Gruff, and the third one was called Big Billy Goat Gruff.



Next it was Middle Billy Goat Gruff's turn to cross the bridge. *Click clack click clack!* went the hooves of Middle Billy Goat Gruff.

"Who's that click-clacking over my bridge?" roared the monster.

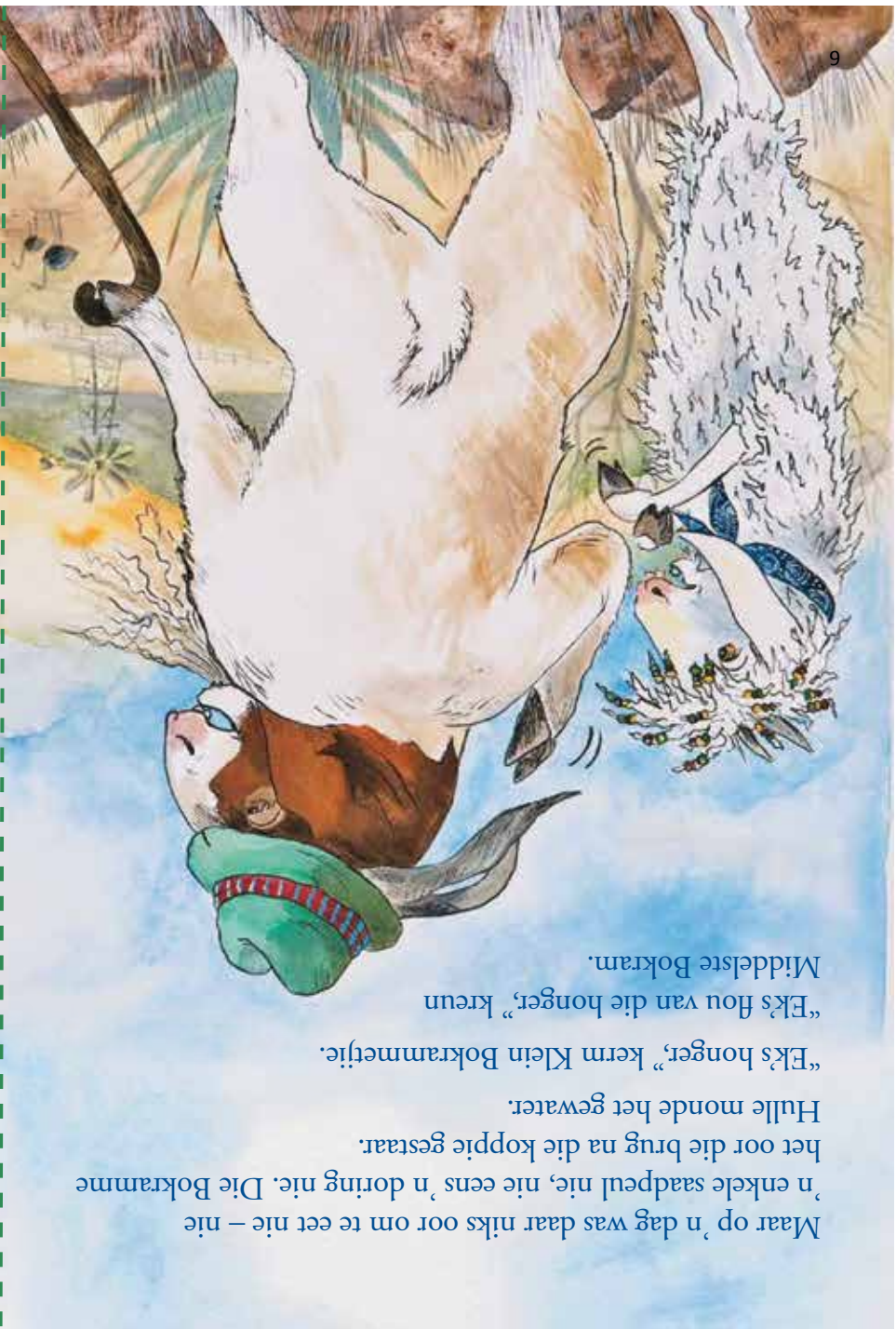
"It's only me," said Middle Billy Goat Gruff. "And I'm going up to the top of the koppie to eat the sweet, green grass," he said in his bravest voice.

Nou is dit Middelste Bokram se beurt om die brug oor te steek. *Klik-klak klik-klak!* klink Middelste Bokram se hoewe oor die brug.

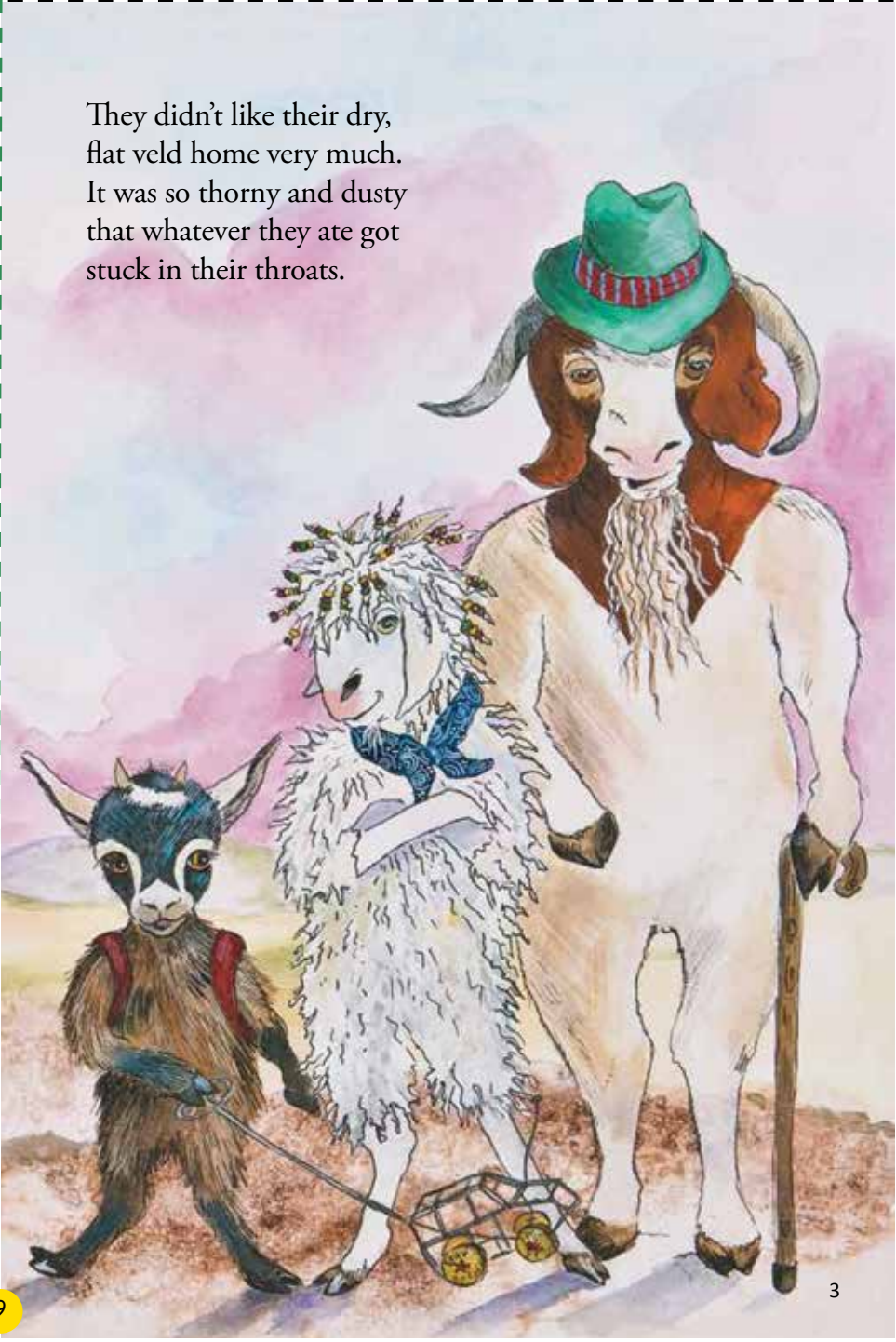
"Wie klik-klak so oor my brug?" brul die monster.

"Dis net ek," sê Middelste Bokram in sy dapperste stem, "en ek gaan na die koppie om in die soet, groen gras op die kruin te wei."





Maar op 'n dag was daar niks oor om te eet nie – nie 'n enkele saadpeul nie, nie eens 'n doring nie. Die Bokramme het oor die brug na die koppie gestaar.
Hulle monde het gewater.
“Eks honger,” kerm Klein Bokrammetjie.
“Eks flou van die honger,” kreun Middelste Bokram.
“Eks honger,” kerm Klein Bokrammetjie.

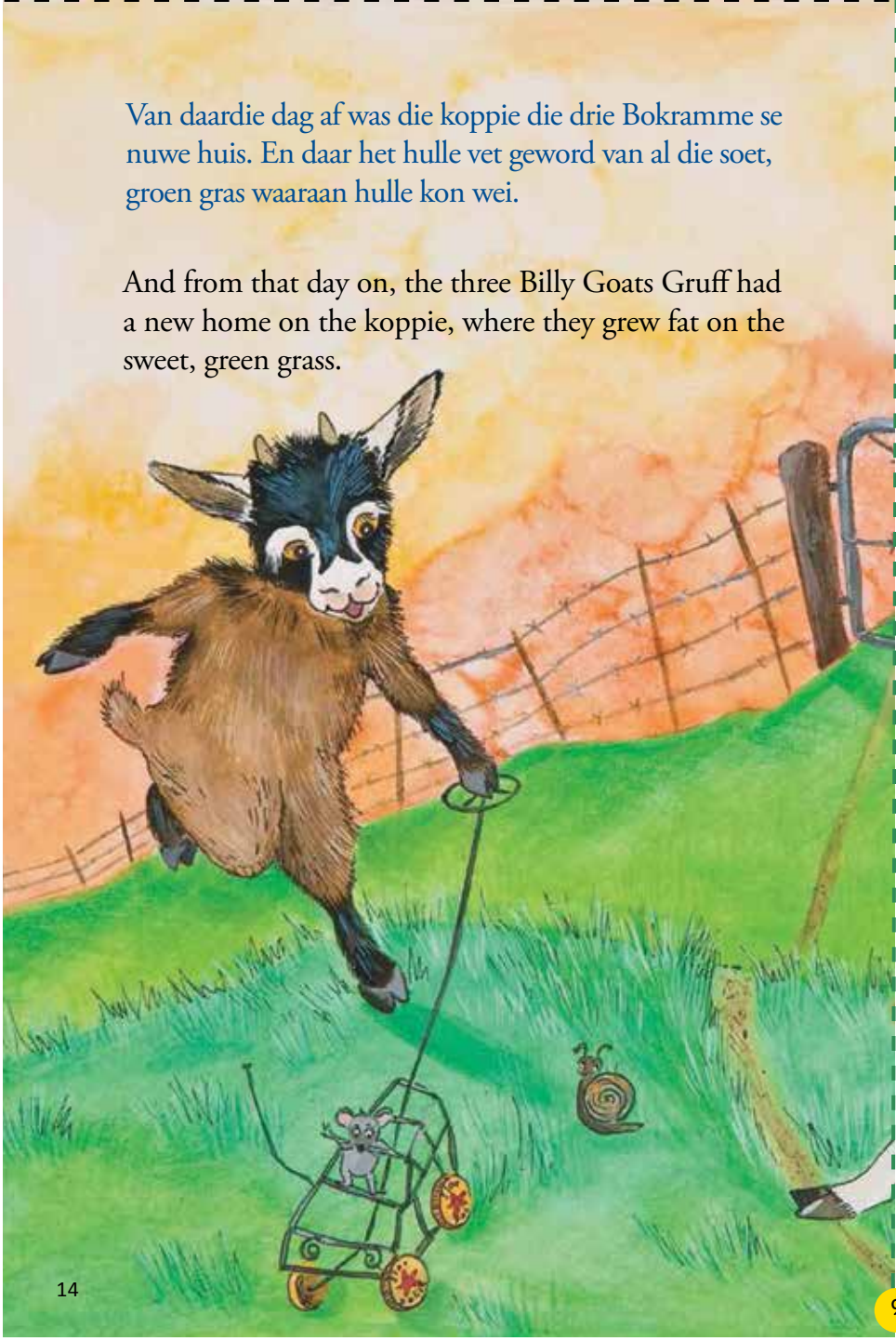


They didn't like their dry, flat veld home very much. It was so thorny and dusty that whatever they ate got stuck in their throats.



“Oh no, you're not! I'm coming to gobble you up,” roared the monster.
“Please don't eat me,” replied Middle Billy Goat. “I'm much too skinny and bony for you. Wait until you see Big Billy Goat Gruff. He's bigger and fatter than me.”
“Well, be off with you then, before I change my mind!” roared the greedy monster.

“O nee, jy gaan nie. Ek gaan jou kom verslind!” brul die monster.
“Asschiel! Moet my net nie eet nie,” pleit Middelste Bokram. “Ek is heeltemal te maer en benierig vir jou. Wag tot jy Groot Bokram sien. Hy is groter en vetter as ek.”
“Wel, weg is jy, voor ek van plan verander!” brul die vraatsige monster.



Van daardie dag af was die koppie die drie Bokramme se nuwe huis. En daar het hulle vet geword van al die soet, groen gras waaraan hulle kon wei.

And from that day on, the three Billy Goats Gruff had a new home on the koppie, where they grew fat on the sweet, green grass.

Aan die ander kant van die brug was daar 'n koppie oortrek met soet, groen gras. Maar onder die brug het 'n ou, wrede monster gewoon. Sy gloeiende oë het soos ryp mango's gelyk en sy neus soos 'n uitgeswelde waaiemoen. As hy honger was, het hy sy lippe so hard gesmak dat dit geklink het soos weerlig wat deur die lug sweepsag terwyl sy reusagtige groot maag soos donderweer dreun en dril. En dan het hy geskreë: "As enige iemand dit wag om oor my brug te stap, sal ek hulle verslind!"

G'n wonder die drie Bokramme het dit nog nooit gewaag om na die koppie met die soet, groen gras te gaan nie. Across a bridge was a koppie covered with sweet, green grass. But under that bridge lived a fierce, old monster. His eyes gleamed like ripe mangoes and his nose was swollen up like a watermelon. When he was hungry he'd smack his lips together so hard that it would sound just like lightning crackling across the sky, and his huge belly would rumble like thunder. Then he'd shout, "If anyone dares to cross my bridge, I'll gobble them up!"

No wonder the three Billy Goats Gruff had never visited the koppie with its sweet, green grass.



"Dis ek, Groot Bokram," basuin Groot Bokram in 'n daverende stem.

"Ek het nou lank genoeg gewag," bulder die monster en kom onder die brug uit. "Hier kom ek – om jou nou onmiddellik te verslind!"

"O nee, jy gaan nie!" grom Groot Bokram, laat sak sy kop en storm met sy skerp horings op die monster af.

"Einaaaa!" gil die monster terwyl hy ver deur die lug trek totdat hy later heeltemal verdwyn. En niemand het hom ooit weer gesien nie.

"It is I. Big Billy Goat Gruff," boomed Big Billy Goat Gruff in his loudest voice.

"I've waited long enough," bellowed the monster, rising up from under the bridge. "I'm coming to gobble you up right now!"

"Oh no, you're not!" boomed Big Billy Goat Gruff. He put his head down and charged at the monster with his sharp horns.

"Einaaaa!" shrieked the monster as he was tossed into the sky. He disappeared out of sight and was never seen again.

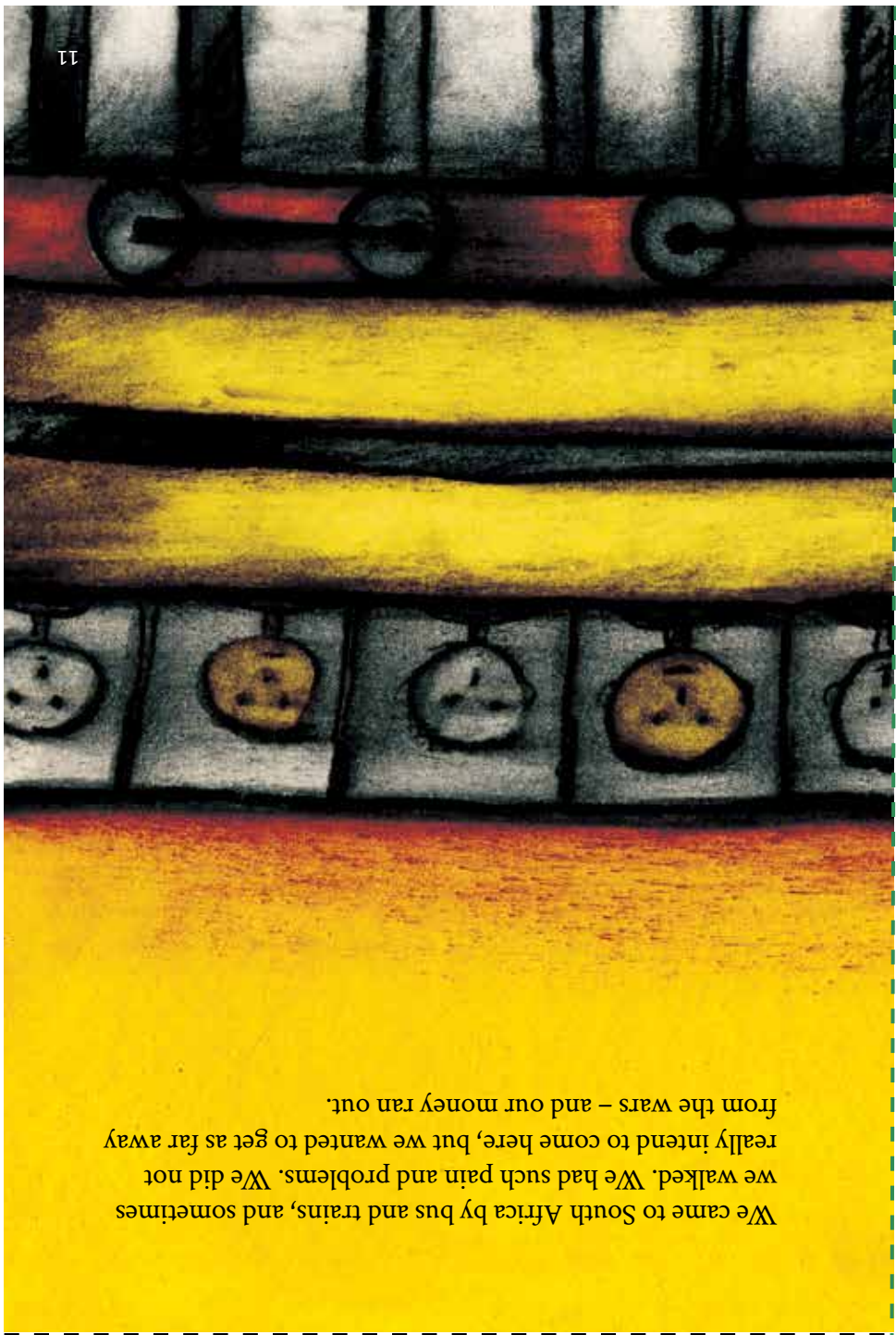
Op daardie oomblik kom Groot Bokram by die brug aan. *Klik-klak klik-klak!* klink Groot Bokram se hoewe oor die brug. Groot Bokram is so swaar dat die hele brug kraak en kreun onder sy gewig.

"Wie klik-klak so oor my brug?" bulder die monster.



Just then Big Billy Goat Gruff arrived at the bridge. *Click clack click clack!* went the hooves of Big Billy Goat Gruff. The Billy Goat was so heavy that the bridge creaked and groaned under him.

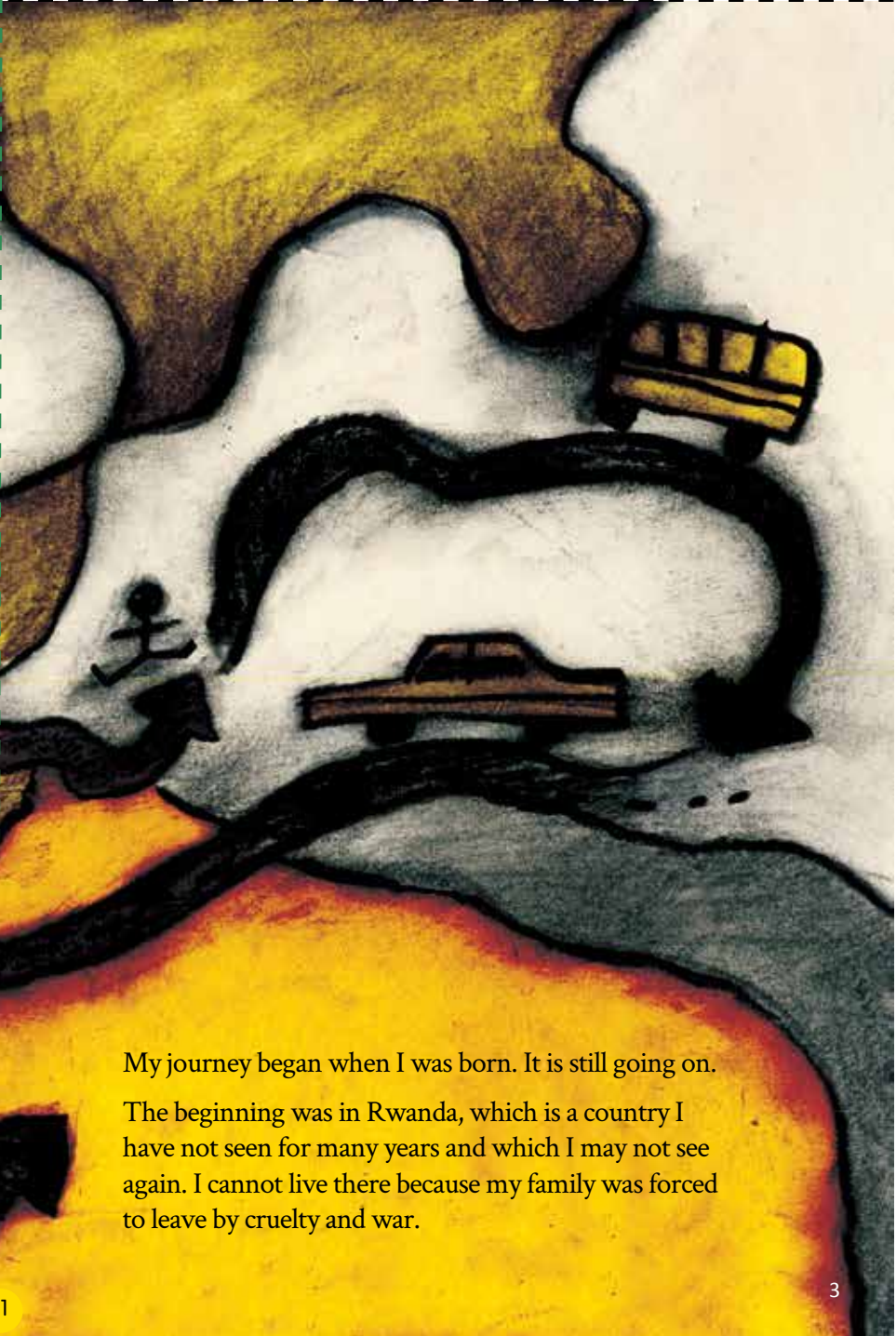
"Who's that click-clacking over my bridge?" bellowed the monster.



We came to South Africa by bus and trains, and sometimes we walked. We had such pain and problems. We did not really intend to come here, but we wanted to get as far away from the wars – and our money ran out.

Mense praat oral verskillende tale. Dit is baie moeilik om skool toe te gaan en te leer wanneer jy nie die taal ken nie. Nou moet ek in Engels leer, wat my derde taal is. Maar ek sal hard werk en eendag sal ek 'n goeie werk hê – en dalk kan ek teruggaan na my land toe en daar 'n verskil maak.

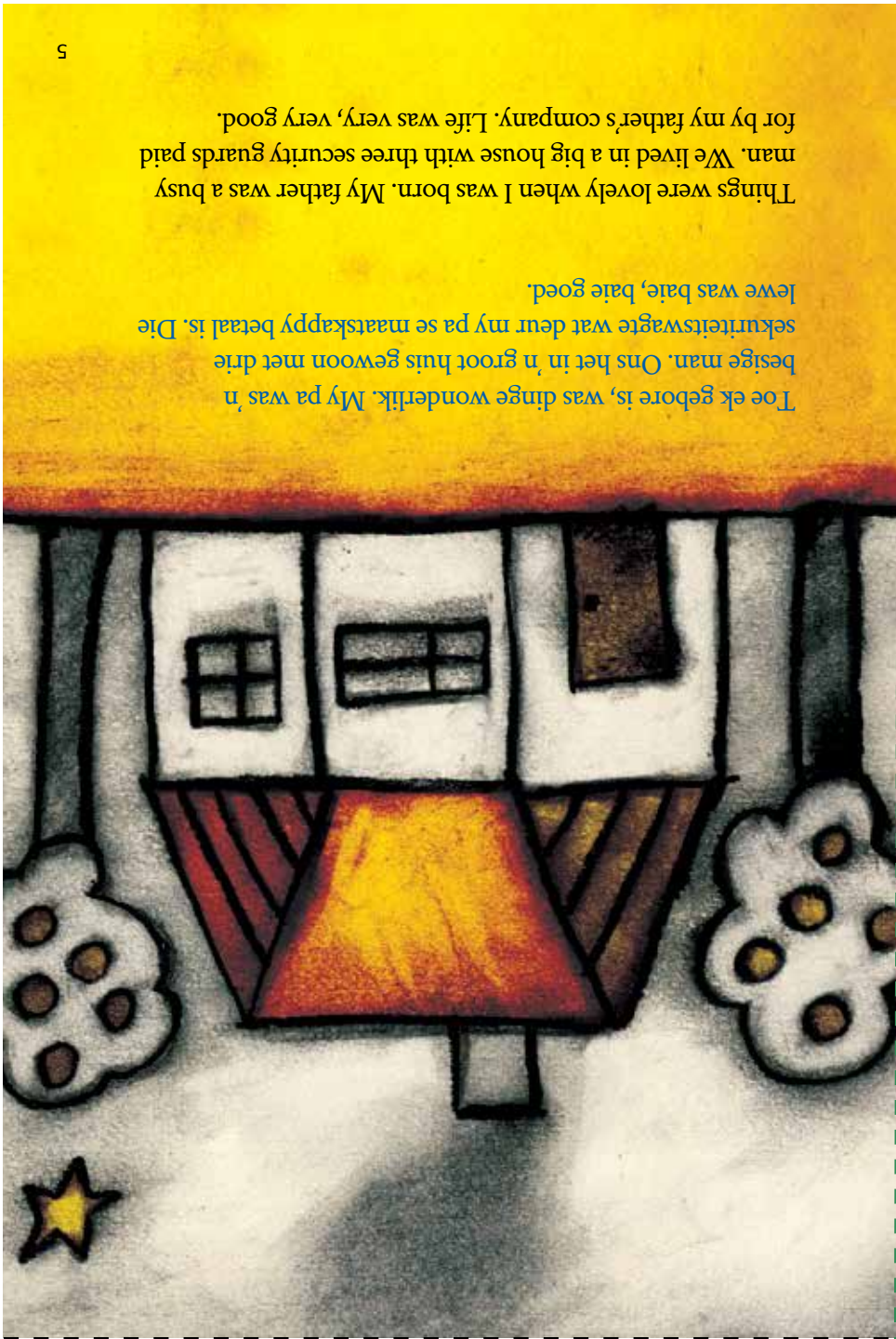
Everywhere people speak different languages. It is very hard to go to school and learn when you don't know the language. Now I have to learn in English, which is my third language. But I will work hard and one day I will have a good job – and maybe I can go back to my country and make a difference there.



My journey began when I was born. It is still going on. The beginning was in Rwanda, which is a country I have not seen for many years and which I may not see again. I cannot live there because my family was forced to leave by cruelty and war.

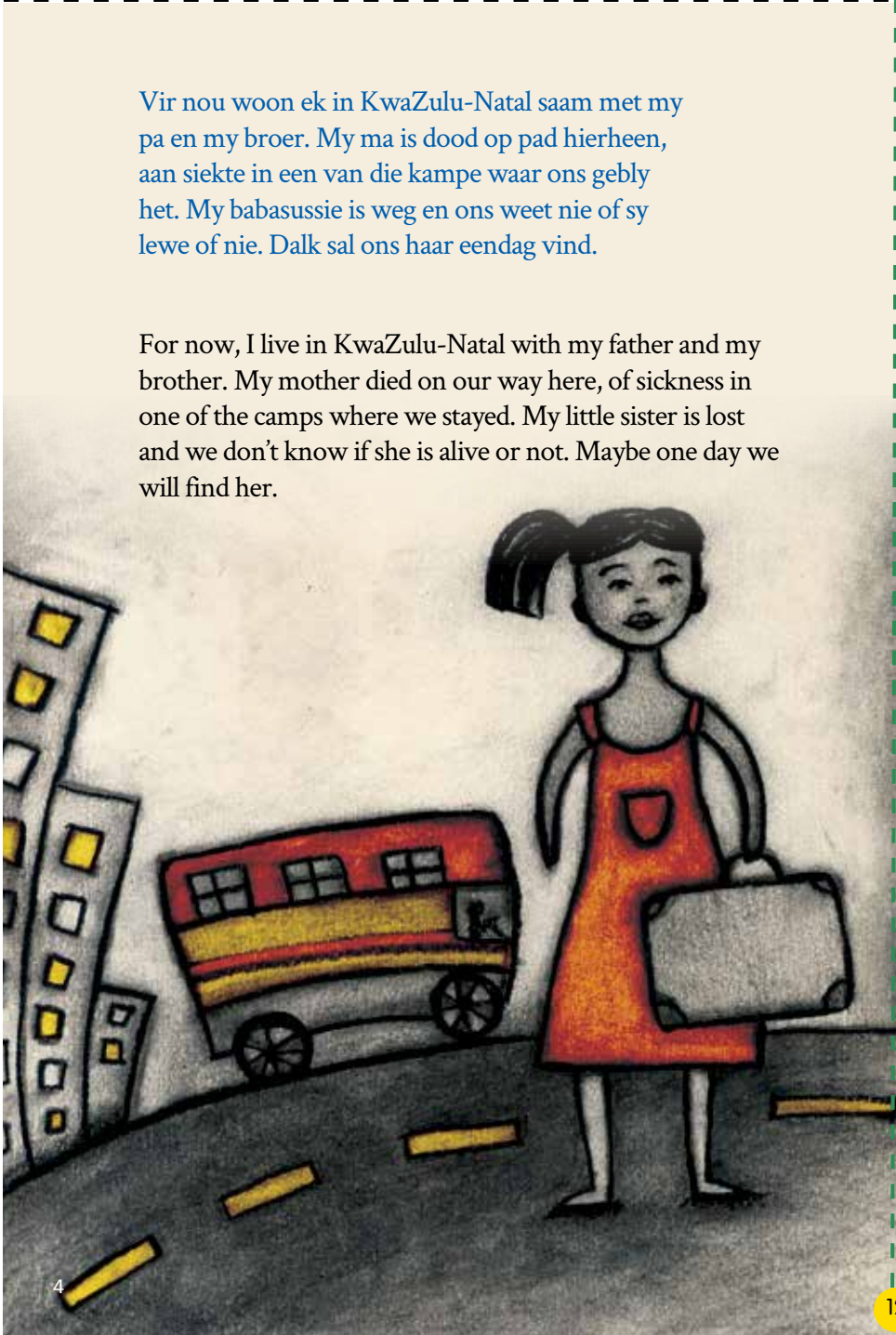
Toe het dinge in my land begin verander. Daar was geen brandstof en geen kos nie ... geen seep nie. Mense het begin sê daar gaan oorlog kom. Ons was bang. My sussie is in daardie tyd gebore. Sy was gelukkig dat sy 'n dogtertjie was, want hulle het toe babaseuneties doodgemaak. Ek het haar nie baie goed leer ken nie, want sy was altyd by my ma. Ma het haar baie rondgedra, asof sy selfs toe bang was ons sou haar verloor.

Then things began to change in my country. There was no petrol, no food ... no soap. People began to say that war was coming. We were afraid. My sister was born at that time. She was lucky that she was a girl because they were killing boy babies then. I didn't get to know her very well, because she was always around my mom. Mom used to carry her a lot, as if she was afraid, even then, that we would lose her.



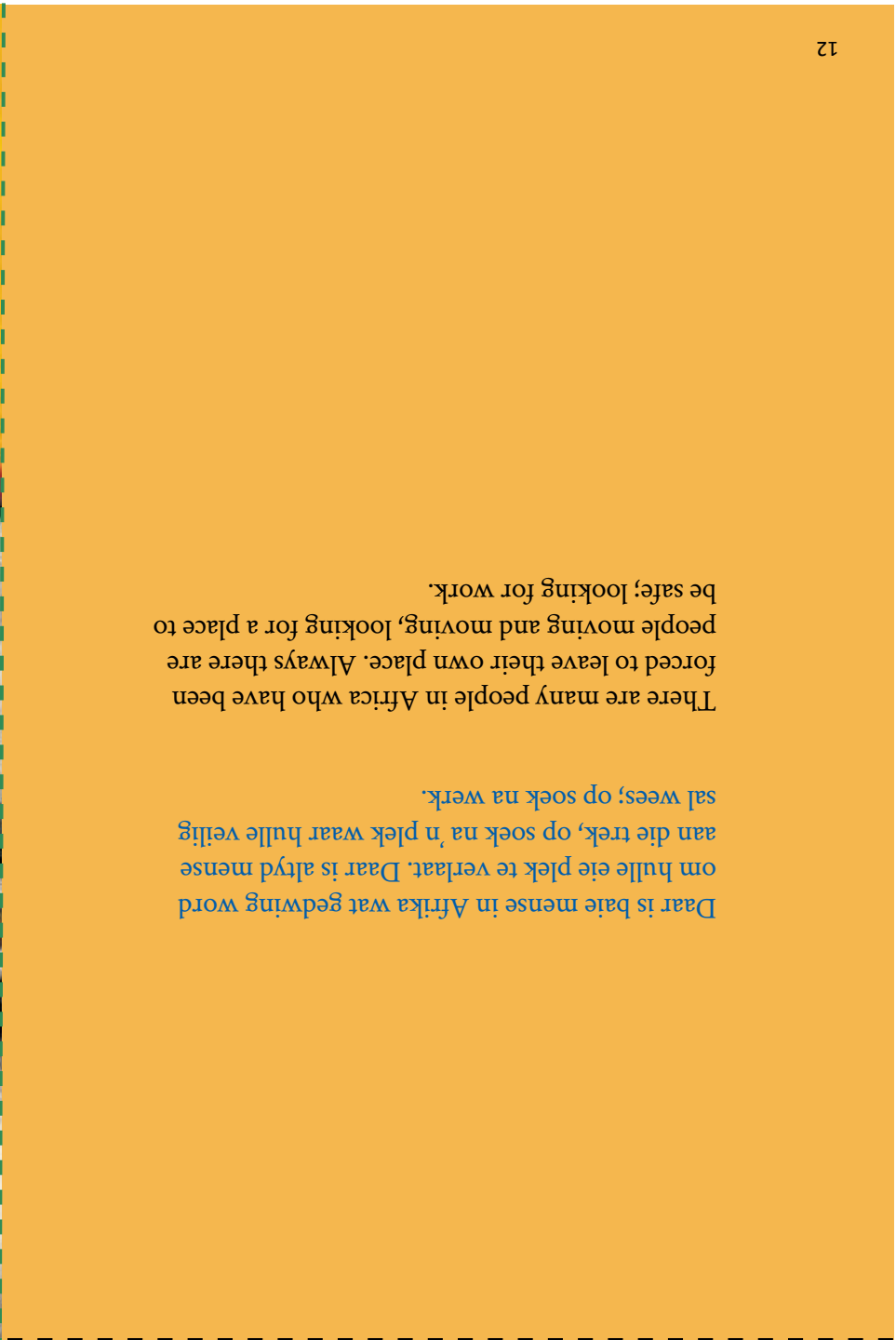
Toe ek gebore is, was dinge wonderlik. My pa was 'n besige man. Ons het in 'n groot huis gewoon met drie sekuriteitswagte wat deur my pa se maatskappy betaal is. Die lewe was baie, baie goed.

Things were lovely when I was born. My father was a busy man. We lived in a big house with three security guards paid for by my father's company. Life was very, very good.



Vir nou woon ek in KwaZulu-Natal saam met my pa en my broer. My ma is dood op pad hierheen, aan siekte in een van die kampe waar ons gebly het. My babasussie is weg en ons weet nie of sy lewe of nie. Dalk sal ons haar eendag vind.

For now, I live in KwaZulu-Natal with my father and my brother. My mother died on our way here, of sickness in one of the camps where we stayed. My little sister is lost and we don't know if she is alive or not. Maybe one day we will find her.



Daar is baie mense in Afrika wat gedwing word om hulle eie plek te verlaat. Daar is altyd mense aan die trek, op soek na 'n plek waar hulle veilig sal wees; op soek na werk.

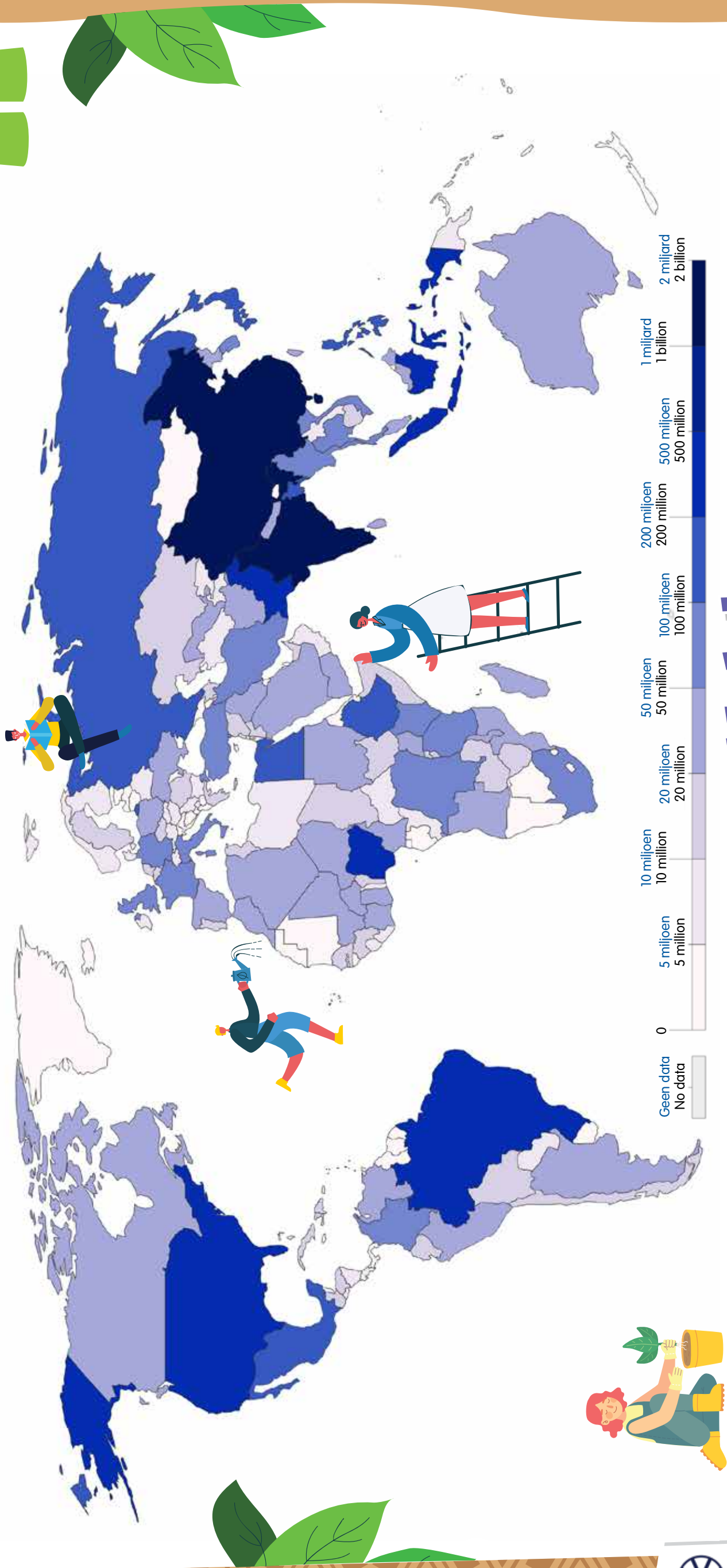
There are many people in Africa who have been forced to leave their own place. Always there are people moving and moving, looking for a place to be safe; looking for work.

Daar was geen werk vir my pa nie, en daarom het ons Suid-Afrika toe gekom. Toe ons in Suid-Afrika kom, het mense ons uitgejou en sleggesê. Ons het net kop bo water gehou en oorleef.

There were no jobs for my father, so we came to South Africa. When we got to South Africa, people called us names and used bad language. We just coped and we survived.

Wêreldbevolkingsdag: 11 Julie

BAIE MENSE MOET VIR ONS PLANEET SORG AS ONS WIL HÊ ONS PLANEET MOET VIR BAIE MENSE SORG.



World Population Day: 11 July

FOR OUR PLANET TO CARE FOR MANY PEOPLE, MANY PEOPLE MUST CARE FOR OUR PLANET.

Source: Gapminder (v6), HYDE (v3.2), UN (2019) Note: Historical country data is shown based on today's geographical borders. OurWorldInData.org/future-population-growth • CC BY



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Vriendelikheid kos niks

Deur Zahida Wahab ■ Geïllustreer deur Heidel Dedekind



In 'n dorpie ver, ver hiervandaan, was daar 'n baie arm seun wat skape opgepas het om sy familie te voed. Hy was altyd vriendelik en het sy bure gehelp en was 'n seën vir sy ouma en oupa wat hom grootgemaak het vandat hy 'n klein seuntjie was. Sy naam was Thabo, en almal was lief vir hom.

"Aa! Dankie dat jy by die winkel vir my gaan brood koop het, Thabo" sê mev. Abbas. "Hou maar die kleingeld."



Maar Thabo weet mev. Abbas het elke sent nodig. "Als reg, mev. Abbas," sê hy met 'n glimlag. "Vriendelikheid kos niks."

Op 'n dag bring die boer vir wie Thabo werk, sy nefie Simphiwe huis toe. Simphiwe is netjies aangetrek en praat vlot Engels.

"Thabo, kom ontmoet vir Simphiwe," sê die boer. "Simphiwe woon in die stad, maar hy kom vir 'n rukkie by ons kuier. Ek hoop julle twee sal goed oor die weg kom en geselskap wees vir mekaar." Thabo is opgewonde om iemand van sy ouderdom te ontmoet. Hopelik sal hulle goeie maats word.

Maar Thabo se opgewondenheid verander gou in hartseer. Want Simphiwe is onbeskof en arrogant. Hy het geen respek vir sy oom of enige van die ander werkers op die plaas nie. "Hierdie mense is so outyds," sê Simphiwe, en lag hard vir die mans wat met donkiekarretjies werk toe en huis toe ry. "En hoekom sal enigiemand in elk geval kies om hier in die middel van nêrens te woon?"

Simphiwe weier ook om met die dagtake op die plaas te help. "Ek is 'n geleerde persoon. Dink julle ek gaan skool toe net om hier te kom handearbeid doen? Ek gaan nie enige van hierdie werk doen nie!"

Eerder as om te help, lê Simphiwe dae lank onder 'n boom en niks doen. Hy weier om te help met ontbyt of middagete of om enige van die take te doen. Thabo is baie teleurgesteld dat 'n seun van sy ouderdom so lui en onvriendelik kan wees. "Ek gaan na die skool op die dorp. Daar leer ons wat die waarde van vriendelikheid en harde werk is. Simphiwe het nie hierdie basiese dinge geleer nie," dink Thabo. "Hy is dom as hy dink hy kan so deur die lewe gaan."

Op 'n dag is Simphiwe verveeld en hy besluit om in die bos rondom die

plaas te gaan stap. Almal waarsku hom dat dit gevaarlik is, want daar is rondloperhonde wat in die bos woon. Hulle is altyd honger en glad nie vriendelik nie! Maar Simphiwe lag net. "Wat weet julle tog?" sê hy kortaf. "Ek is slim genoeg om na myself te kyk."

Thabo het saam met die boer gaan voorraad koop. Toe hy terugkom, vertel die werkers hom dat Simphiwe besluit het om alleen in die bos te gaan stap. Thabo gryp dadelik 'n stok en 'n boksie vuurhoutjies en hardloop om na Simphiwe te gaan soek.

"Hy besef nie in hoeveel gevaar hy is nie," fluister Thabo by homself terwyl hy so vinnig moontlik deur die bos beweeg. "Die ander het vir my gesê om die onbeskotte stadsjapie te los sodat hy 'n les kan leer, maar ek wil nie hê hy moet iets oorkom nie. Dit gaan nou-nou donker wees, en die bos is 'n gevaarlike plek, veral vir 'n seun soos Simphiwe wat nog nooit uit die stad was nie."

Thabo soek al 'n hele ruk voor hy skielik 'n geskreeu hoor wat hom laat skrik. Hy hardloop in die rigting waarin hy die geskreeu gehoor het en sien vir Simphiwe in die middel van 'n trop rondloperhonde staan. Die honde wys hulle skerp tande en maak gereed om hom te bespring. Thabo moet vinnig dink. Hy steek die stok wat hy saamgebring het, aan die brand en storm op die honde af.



'n Ruk lank dreig die honde nog om die seuns te bespring, maar uiteindelik draai hulle om en draf weg.

Simphiwe bewe van vrees. Hy het sy enkel geswik toe hy van die honde probeer weghardloop het en loop hinkpink. Thabo is sterk van al die harde werk op die plaas en daarom dra hy vir Simphiwe die hele pad terug tot op die plaas.

'n Paar dae later is Simphiwe weer op die been, maar iets aan hom is anders. Hy is vriendeliker en spog nie meer so baie nie. Hy is stiller en het meer respek vir sy oom en al die werkers. Toe hy vir Thabo sien, sê hy vir hom dankie dat hy sy lewe gered het en wil vir hom sy selfoon gee as 'n teken van sy dankbaarheid, maar Thabo weier om hierdie geskenk te aanvaar. Hy glimlag net en sê: "Vriendelikheid kos niks," en gaan voort om die donkiekar te was.

Raak doenig met stories!

- ★ Teken 'n prent om hierdie gedeelte van die storie te illustreer: *Almal waarsku hom dat dit gevaarlik is, want daar is rondloperhonde wat in die bos woon. Hulle is altyd honger en glad nie vriendelik nie! Maar Simphiwe lag net.*

- ★ Lees weer die storie. Maak 'n lys van al die verskillende karaktereieenskappe wat Thabo het en maak 'n aparte lys van Simphiwe se karaktereieenskappe. Begin so: Thabo is ... Simphiwe is ...
- ★ Lees jou twee lyste – die lys oor Thabo en die lys oor Simphiwe – hardop. Gebruik jou stem om die woorde op jou lys te sê sodat jy die betekenis van die woorde met jou stem oordra.



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There is no price for being kind

By Zahida Wahab ■ Illustrated by Heidel Dedekind

Story
corner



In a village far away, there lived a very poor boy who herded sheep to feed his family. He was always kind and helpful to his neighbours and was a blessing to his grandparents who raised him from a little boy. His name was Thabo and he was loved by everyone.

"Aah! Thank you, Thabo, for going to the shop for my bread," Mrs Abbas said. "You can keep the change."



But Thabo knew that Mrs Abbas needed every cent she had. "That's all right, Mrs Abbas," he said, smiling. "There is no price for being kind."

One day, the farmer who Thabo worked for arrived home with his nephew Simphiwe. Simphiwe was dressed in smart clothes and spoke English fluently.

"Thabo, come and meet Simphiwe," said the farmer. "Simphiwe lives in the city but will be visiting us for a while. I hope that you two will get along and be company for each other." Thabo was excited to meet someone his age. Hopefully, they would become good friends.

But Thabo's excitement soon turned to sadness. As it turned out, Simphiwe was rude and arrogant. He showed no respect for his uncle or any of the other workers on the farm. "These people are so old-fashioned," Simphiwe said, laughing loudly at the men who rode to work and back home on donkey carts. "And why would anyone choose to live here in the middle of nowhere, anyway?"

Simphiwe also refused to help out with the daily chores on the farm. "I'm a well-educated person. Do you think I go to school just to end up doing manual labour? I'm not going to do any of these chores!"

Rather than helping, Simphiwe spent his days lazing under a tree, refusing to help prepare the breakfast or lunch or to do any of the chores. Thabo was very disappointed that a boy his age could be so lazy and unkind. "I attend the local village school. There we are taught the value of kindness and hard work. Simphiwe hasn't learnt these basic things," thought Thabo. "He is foolish to think that he can go through life like this."

One day, Simphiwe was bored and decided that he would like to go for a

walk in the bush surrounding the farm. Everyone warned him that this was dangerous, as there were stray dogs living in the bush. They were always hungry and not friendly at all! But Simphiwe just laughed. "What do you know?" he said rudely. "I'm smart enough to look after myself."

Thabo had gone out with the farmer to buy supplies. When he got back, the workers told him that Simphiwe had decided to go for a walk in the bush all by himself. Thabo immediately grabbed a stick and a box of matches and ran to look for Simphiwe.

"He doesn't realise how much danger he is in," Thabo whispered to himself while moving through the bush as quickly as possible. "The others told me to leave the rude city boy to learn a lesson, but I don't want anything bad to happen to Simphiwe. Soon it will be dark, and the bush is a dangerous place, especially for a boy like Simphiwe who has never been out of the city before."

Thabo had been searching for a long time when suddenly he heard a scream that jolted him. He ran in the direction of the scream and saw Simphiwe in the middle of a pack of stray dogs. The dogs were baring their sharp teeth and getting ready to pounce. Thabo had to think fast. He lit the stick that he had brought and charged at the dogs.



For a while, the dogs still threatened to attack the boys, but eventually they turned around and trotted away.

Simphiwe was shivering with fear. He had twisted his ankle trying to run away from the dogs and was limping in pain. Thabo was strong from all the hard work on the farm, so he carried Simphiwe all the way back to the farm.

Simphiwe was back on his feet a few days later, but something was different about him. He was kinder and less boastful. He was quieter and more respectful to his uncle and all the workers. When he saw Thabo, he thanked him for saving his life and offered him his cellphone as a token of his appreciation, but Thabo refused to accept this gift. He just smiled and said, "There is no price for being kind," and carried on washing the donkey cart.

Get story active!

- ★ Draw a picture to illustrate this part of the story: *Everyone warned him that this was dangerous, as there were stray dogs living in the bush. They were always hungry and not friendly at all! But Simphiwe just laughed.*

- ★ Read the story again. Make a list of all the different qualities that Thabo has and make a separate list of Simphiwe's qualities. Start like this: Thabo is ... Simphiwe is ...
- ★ Read your two lists – the list about Thabo and the list about Simphiwe – aloud. Use your voice to say the words on your lists in ways that put across what they mean.



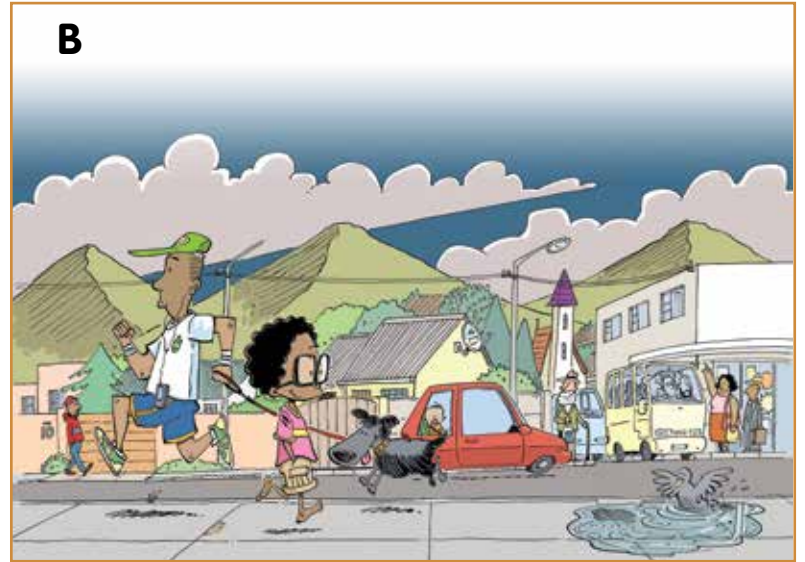
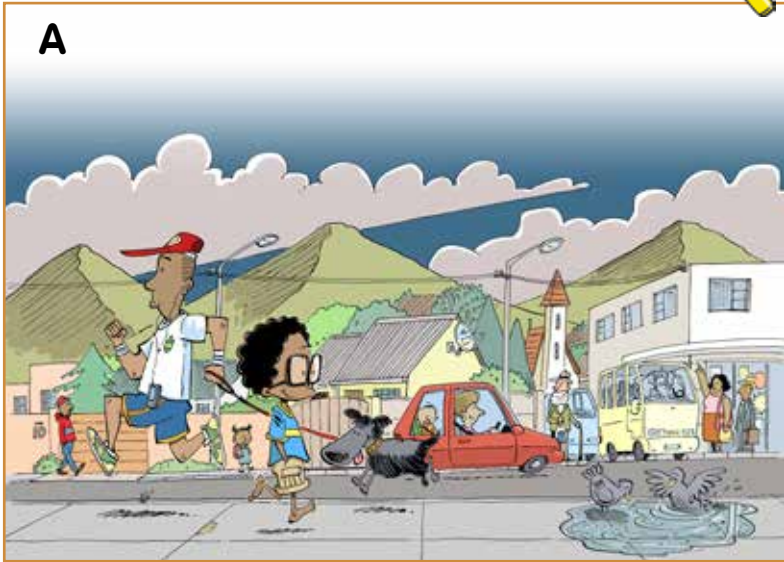
Nal'ibali-pret

Nal'ibali fun



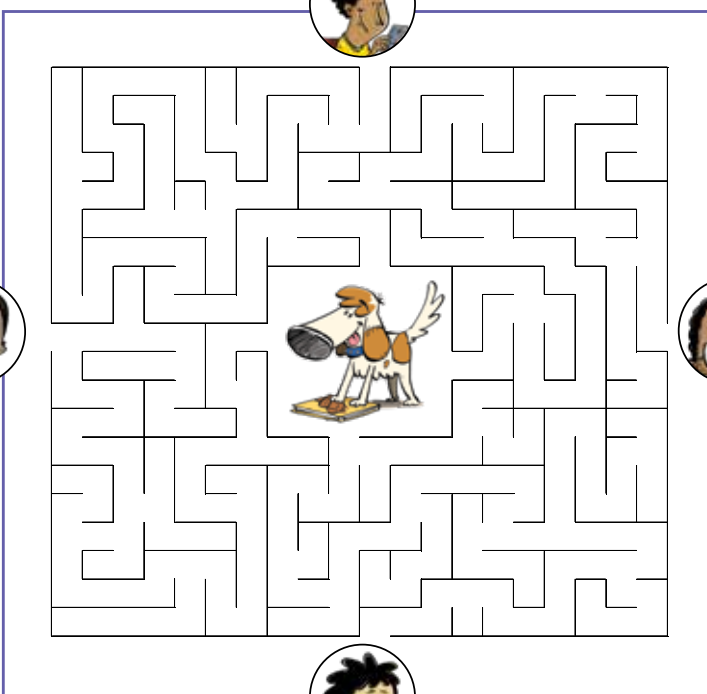
1. Soek 8 verskille tussen hierdie twee prente.

Find 8 differences between these two pictures.



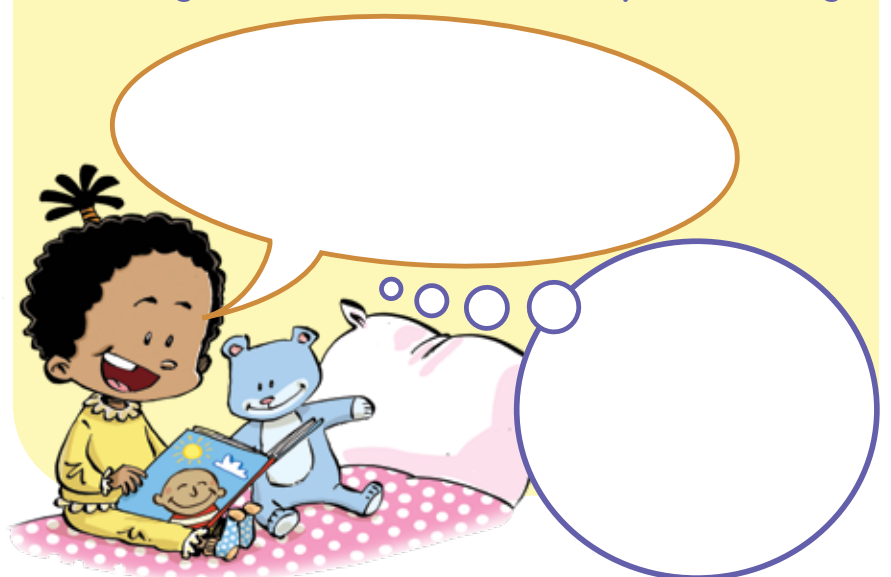
2. Noodle het verdwaal!
Help ons Nal'ibali-karakters om hul wolhaarbrakkie te vind.

Noodle is lost! Help our Nal'ibali characters to find their furry friend.



3. Mbali is Neo se suster en sy is twee jaar oud. Sy hou baie van boeke met rympies, maar geniet dit ook om te maak of sy Neo se boeke lees. Sy lees dikwels vir haar teddiebeer en ook vir Bella se hond, Noodle. Wat dink julle is die titel van die boek wat Mbali in die prent lees? Skryf dit wat sy sê in die praatborrel en teken dan 'n prent of skryf iets in die denkborrel om te wys wat haar teddiebeer dink.

Mbali is Neo's sister, and she is two years old. She loves books with rhymes in them, but she also enjoys pretending to read Neo's books. She often reads to her teddy bear and to Bella's dog, Noodle. What do you think the title of the book is that Mbali is reading in the picture? Write what she's saying in the speech bubble and then draw a picture or write something in the thought bubble to show what her teddy bear is thinking.



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Produced by The Nal'ibali Trust. Translation by Anita van Zyl. Nal'ibali character illustrations by Rico.

UMLAZI
EYETHU

EASTERN CAPE
RISING SUN

POLOKWANE
OBSERVER



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