



Hoe om boeke te hanteer en oor hulle te gesels!

Enigeeen kan met kinders oor boeke gesels. Laat die gesprek sy natuurlike gang gaan. Wees op die uitkyk na boeke waarin jou kind belangstel en onthou om stadig te begin, met 'n paar bladsye op 'n slag.

Begin 'n gesprek!

"Wil jy hê ek moet vir jou lees?"
"Would you like me to read to you?"

"Hou jy van die prent op die omslag? Hoekom?"
"Do you like the picture on the cover? Why?"

"Dit is die illustreerder wat die prente geteken het."
"This is illustrator who drew the pictures."



How to handle books and talk about them!

Anyone can talk to children about books. Let the conversation flow naturally. Look for books that interest your child, and remember to start slowly, with a few pages at a time.

Start a conversation!

"Ek wonder waarom gaan hierdie boek ... Kom ons blaai daardeur en vind uit!"
"I wonder what this book is about ... Shall we turn the pages and find out?"

"Dit is die skrywer wat die boek geskryf het."
"This is the author who wrote the book."

Lees die flapteks op die agterblad en raai waarom die boek gaan. Laat jou kinders aan die boek vat en aan die bladsye ruik. Dit help om 'n positiewe verhouding met boeke te bou.

Read the blurb on the back cover and guess what the book is about. Let your children touch the book and smell the pages. This helps to create a positive relationship with books.

Dink diep oor die storie en die boek

- ★ **Deel opinies en idees.** Sê wat jy van die storie dink, en vra ook vir jou kinders wat hulle dink.
- ★ **Leer om te voorspel.** Vra op verskillende plekke in die storie terwyl jy dit lees: "Wat dink jy gaan volgende gebeur?"
- ★ **Gee aandag aan besonderhede.** Vra vir jonger kinders om spesifieke mense of voorwerpe in die prente te vind. Vra hoekom hulle dink 'n sekere woord groter of kleiner as die ander woorde op die bladsy is. Gesels met ouer kinders oor hoekom die skrywer dalk 'n spesifieke woord gebruik het.
- ★ **Reageer op vrae.** Wanneer 'n kind vra "Hoekom?" kan jy die vraag beantwoord ("Ek dink dis omdat ...") of jy kan vra: "Hoekom dink jy ...?"
- ★ **Maak stories van toepassing op die lewe.** Baie stories fokus op hoe karakters moeilike uitdagings hanteer. Help jou kinders om die uitdagings met hul eie lewens in verband te bring deur iets te sê soos: "Hierdie storie laat my dink aan hoe belangrik dit is om 'n belofte na te kom. Waaraan laat dit jou dink?"
- ★ **Ontwikkel empatie.** Help kinders om hulself in 'n karakter se skoene te plaas deur hulle te vra hoekom hulle dink 'n karakter in die storie op 'n sekere manier opgetree het.

Think deeply about the story and book

- ★ **Share opinions and ideas.** Say what you think about the story, and ask your children what they think too.
- ★ **Learn to predict.** As you read a story, ask "What do you think will happen next?" at different points in the story.
- ★ **Pay attention to detail.** Ask younger children to find particular people or objects in the pictures. Ask why they think a word is larger or smaller than the other words on the page. With older children, talk about why the author might have used a particular word.
- ★ **Respond to questions.** When a child asks "Why?" you can either answer the question ("I think it is because ...") or ask "Why do you think ...?"
- ★ **Connect with stories.** Many stories focus on how characters deal with difficult challenges. Help your children to connect these challenges to their own lives by saying something like: "This story reminds me of how important it is to keep a promise. What does it remind you of?"
- ★ **Develop empathy.** Help children to put themselves in a character's place by asking them why they think a character in the story behaved in a certain way.

Om oor boeke te gesels help kinders om te leer hoe boeke werk en hoe om hulle te verken. Dit help om hul taal en selfbeeld uit te bou. En dit help jou om met meer selfvertroue oor boeke te gesels.

Talking about books helps children learn about how books work and how to explore them. It helps grow their language and self-esteem. And it helps you become confident to talk about books.



Drive your
imagination



10

10 JAAR VAN STORIEGENOT



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

New Africa Books wen "die grote"!

New Africa Books wins "the big one"!

New Africa Books (NAB) is 'n Suid-Afrikaanse uitgewer wat daarin spesialiseer om kinderboeke in al 11 amptelike tale van Suid-Afrika uit te gee. In Maart vanjaar het NAB by die Bologna-kinderboekebeurs die toekenning gewen vir die beste kinderboekuitgewer van die jaar vir Afrika (BOP) 2022. Hierdie toonaangewende toekenning het onder uitgewerstoeënning bekend geword as "die grote".

Die Bologna-kinderboekebeurs het in 1963 ontstaan. Elke jaar kom kinderboekuitgewers van oor die hele wêreld vier dae lank in Bologna, Italië, bymekaar om hul boeke met mekaar te deel. Hierdie boekebeurs vereer uitgewers wat hulself onderskei het in die gebiede van Afrika, Sentraal- en Suid-Amerika, Noord-Amerika, Asië, Europa en Oseanië.

"Dis wonderlik om erkenning te kry," sê Dušanka Stojaković, 'n uitgewer by NAB. "New Africa is 50 jaar gelede deur Marie en David Philips begin, wat innoveerders in die plaaslike uitgewersbedryf was. Van die vroeë 1980's af het New Africa aan die voorpunt gebly en boeke in moedertale uitgegee, met 'n fokus op pragtige, relevante kinderboeke uit eie bodem. Ons is nou in die eerste jaar van die VN se Dekade van Inheemse Tale, en die BOP-toekenning vestig werklik die aandag op ons werk in hierdie veld."

Die aankondiging dat hulle gewen het, het met die volgende beskrywing gepaardgegaan:

"Vir Afrika is die wenner New Africa Books van Suid-Afrika. New Africa Books publiseer 'n katalogus met titels wat al die Suid-Afrikaanse tale dek en spesifiek op die kulturele ontwikkeling van kinders en jongmense fokus ... Hulle doel is om leemtes in die boekemark te vind en dit met pragtige en sinvolle werke te vul."

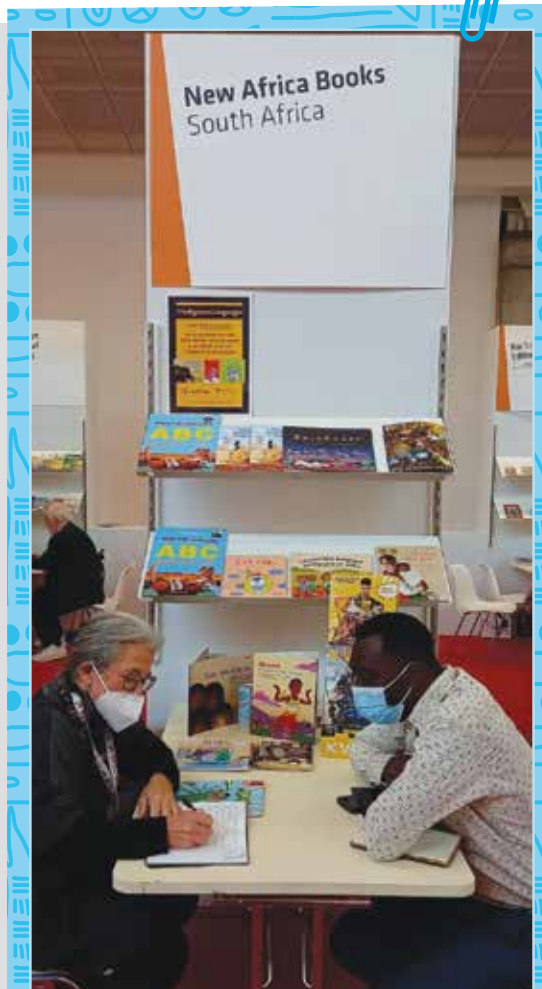
New Africa Books (NAB) is a South African publishing house that specialises in publishing children's books in all 11 of South Africa's official languages. In March this year, NAB won the Bologna Prize for the Best Children's Book Publisher of the Year for Africa (BOP) 2022 award. This prestigious award has become known as "the big one" among publishing awards.

The Bologna Children's Book Fair started in 1963. Every year, children's book publishers from all over the world meet in Bologna, Italy, for four days to share their books with each other. This book fair celebrates publishers who have distinguished themselves in the regions of Africa, Central and South America, North America, Asia, Europe and Oceania.

"It's wonderful to be recognised," said Dušanka Stojaković, a publisher at NAB. "New Africa was started 50 years ago by Marie and David Philips, who were innovators in local publishing. New Africa has continued to lead the way, publishing mother-tongue books with a focus on making beautiful, relevant and homegrown children's books since the early 1980s. We are now in the first year of the UN's Decade of Indigenous Languages, and the BOP award really highlights our work in this area."

The winning announcement was made with the following description:

"For Africa, the winner is New Africa Books, from South Africa. New Africa Books publishes a catalogue of titles covering all the South African languages and is particularly focused on the cultural development of children and young people ... Its aim is to find gaps in the book market and fill them with beautiful and meaningful works."



Dušanka Stojaković saam met Paulin Assem, 'n uitgewer van Togo, by New Africa Books se stalletjie

At the New Africa Books stand, Dušanka Stojaković with Paulin Assem, a publisher from Togo



Elena Pasoli (tweede van links voor), uitstallingsbestuurder van die Bologna-kinderboekebeurs, saam met 'n groep uitgewers

Elena Pasoli (front second left), exhibition manager of the Bologna Children's Book Fair, with a group of publishers



Uitgewers uit Afrika leer mekaar ken

Publishers from Africa getting to know one another



Drive your
imagination

Kry gratis boeke

Get free books

van Na'ibali en BiblioneSA!

Om ons 10-jarige herdenking te vier, bring Na'ibali, in vennootskap met BiblioneSA, vir jou meer boeke in jou taal! Ons het sewe tale geïdentifiseer waarin daar nie genoeg boeke vir moedertaalsprekers beskikbaar is nie. Die tale is **isiNdebele, Sepedi, Sesotho, Setswana, Siswati, Tshivenda** en **Xitsonga**. As jy een of meer van hierdie tale by jou leesklub en vir geletterdheidsaktiwiteite gebruik, kan jy aansoek doen om gratis boeke in hierdie tale te kry.

Hierdie tabel wys hoeveel boeke vir elke taal en ouderdomsgroep beskikbaar is. Doen daarom so gou moontlik aansoek!

Ouderdom Age	isiNdebele IsiNdebele	Sepedi Sepedi	Sesotho Sesotho	Setswana Setswana	Siswati Siswati	Tshivenda Tshivenda	Xitsonga Xitsonga
3-6	600	200	400	300	50	300	50
6-9	700	300	700	600	400	500	200
9-12	800	900	1 000	900	200	400	200
13-18	500	2 800	400	1600	700	800	500
	2 600	4 200	2 500	3 400	1 350	2 000	950

Wie kan aansoek doen?

Skole, kleuterskole, kinderhuise, vlugtelingkampe of enige ander organisasie wat lees en geletterdheid bevorder, kan aansoek doen. Jy moet 'n motiveringsbrief op jou briefhoof aanheg. Organisasies in townships en informele nedersettings en dié in verafgeleë landelike gebiede sal eerste oorweeg word. Gaan na www.biblioneSA.org.za/apply-for-books/ vir die aansoekvorm.

from Na'ibali and BiblioneSA!

To celebrate our 10-year anniversary, Na'ibali has partnered with BiblioneSA to bring you more books in your language! We have identified seven languages in which not enough books are available for mother-tongue speakers. The languages are **isiNdebele, Sepedi, Sesotho, Setswana, Siswati, Tshivenda** and **Xitsonga**. If you speak one or more of these languages in your reading club and literacy activities, you can apply to get free books in these languages.

This table shows how many books are available for each language and age group, so apply as soon as you can!

Who can apply?

Schools, preschools, children's homes, refugee camps or any other organisation that promotes reading and literacy can apply. You must attach a motivation letter on your letterhead. Organisations in townships and informal settlements and those in deep rural areas will be considered first. Go to www.biblioneSA.org.za/apply-for-books/ to find the application form.

Wat gebeur wanneer jy aansoek doen?

Vul die aansoekvorm in by www.biblioneSA.org.za/apply-for-books/.

BiblioneSA evalueer jou aansoek. As dit aanvaar word, word die boeke verpak en by jou afgelewer.



Fill in the application at www.biblioneSA.org.za/apply-for-books/.



BiblioneSA evaluates your application. If it is accepted, your books are packed and delivered to you.

What happens when you apply?

Gebruik die boeke op soveel maniere moontlik saam met soveel kinders moontlik.

Stuur gereeld verslae aan BiblioneSA oor die verskil wat die boeke aan jou en die kinders se lewens maak.



Use the books in as many ways with as many children as possible.



Send regular reports to BiblioneSA about the difference having the books has made to you and the children.

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.



Drive your imagination

Storiesterre



Kry boeke in die tale wat ons praat

Dušanika Stojaković werk vir New Africa Books, 'n Suid-Afrikaanse uitgewery wat pragtige kinderboeke uitgee.

“In Suid-Afrika het ons om verskeie redes baie lae geletterdheidsyfers. Daar word nie vir kinders gelees in die taal wat hulle praat nie, in die meeste huise is daar geen boeke nie, biblioteke is dikwels ver weg en het dikwels nie boeke waarin daardie kind belangstel in die kind se taal nie. By New Africa soek ons na nuwe skrywers uit Afrika, nuwe illustreerders uit Afrika en nuwe Suid-Afrikaanse vertalers om vir kinders boeke in hul moedertale te maak.”

1. **Het iemand vir jou stories vertel toe jy 'n kind was?** Ja, my pa in die Serwo-Kroatiese taal.
2. **Het iemand vir jou gelees?** Die eerste boek wat [my ma] vir ons as gesin gelees het, was *Heidi*, in Engels.
3. **Het jy vir jou kinders gelees?** Ek het 'n seun, wat nou 32 jaar oud is. Ek het vir hom in Engels gelees vandat hy ses maande oud was. Wanneer jy vir jou kinders lees, is dit 'n baie spesiale tyd wat jy met hulle deurbring – op 'n stil plek waar julle kan konsentreer en met mekaar interaksie kan hê.
4. **Wanneer ek vir my kind gelees het ...** het ek probeer om boeke te lees wat prettig en interessant is. Dit is ook belangrik om met energie te lees en die storie lewendig te maak.
5. **Die grootste les wat ek uit 'n boek of storie geleer het ...** Ek het geleer dat dit belangrik is om nooit moed te verloor nie en aan te hou probeer, selfs wanneer jou lewe moeilik is.
6. **'n Boek wat my laat huil het, is ...** *Black Beauty* deur Anna Sewell.
7. **'n Boek wat my laat lag het ...** *Grandpa Zombie* deur Jaco Jacobs
8. **'n Lewe sonder stories ...** sou uiters vaal en vervelig wees.



Dušanika Stojaković by die 2022 Bologna-kinderboekebeurs saam met Chirikure Chirikure, 'n internasionaal bekroonde Zimbabwiese digter en kunstenaar

Dušanika Stojaković at the 2022 Bologna Children's Book Fair, with Chirikure Chirikure, an international award-winning Zimbabwean poet and performer

Story stars



Getting books in the languages we speak

Dušanika Stojaković works for New Africa Books, a South African publishing company that publishes very beautiful books for children.

“In South Africa, we have very poor literacy rates for several reasons. Children are not read to in the language they speak, there are no books in most homes and libraries are often far away and do not have books in the child's language that would interest that child. So, at New Africa, we look for and find new African writers, new African illustrators and new South African translators, to make books for children in their mother tongues.”

1. **Did someone tell you stories when you were a child?** Yes, my father in the Serbo-Croat language.
2. **Did someone read to you?** The first book [my mother] read to us as a family was *Heidi*, in English.
3. **Did you read to your children?** I have a son, who is 32 years old now. I read to him in English from when he was six months old. When you read to your children, it is a time to be with them in a very special way – in a quiet place where concentration and interaction can take place.
4. **When I read to my child ...** I tried to read books that are fun and interesting. It is also important to read in an energetic and animated way.
5. **The greatest lesson that I learnt from a book or story ...** I learnt that it is important never to give up hope and to keep trying, even when your life is tricky.

6. **A book that made me cry is ...** *Black Beauty* by Anna Sewell.
7. **A book that made me laugh ...** *Grandpa Zombie* by Jaco Jacobs
8. **Life without stories ...** would be deadly dull and boring.



Bou jou eie biblioteek. Maak TWEE knip-uit-en-bêreboekies

Phama en die mieliepit

1. Skeur bladsy 9 van hierdie bylae af.
2. Vou die bladsy in die helfte op die swart stippellyn.
3. Vou dit weer in die helfte op die groen stippellyn om die boek te maak.
4. Knip op die rooi stippellyne om die bladsye te skei.

SAAM IS ONS STERK

1. Om hierdie boek te maak, gebruik bladsye 5, 6, 7, 8, 11 en 12.
2. Hou bladsye 7 en 8 binne-in die ander bladsye.
3. Vou die velle in die helfte op die swart stippellyn.
4. Vou dit weer in die helfte op die groen stippellyn om die boek te maak.
5. Knip op die rooi stippellyne om die bladsye te skei.



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

Phama and the mealie pip

1. Tear off page 9 of this supplement.
2. Fold the sheet in half along the black dotted line.
3. Fold it in half again along the green dotted line to make the book.
4. Cut along the red dotted lines to separate the pages.

TOGETHER WE'RE STRONG

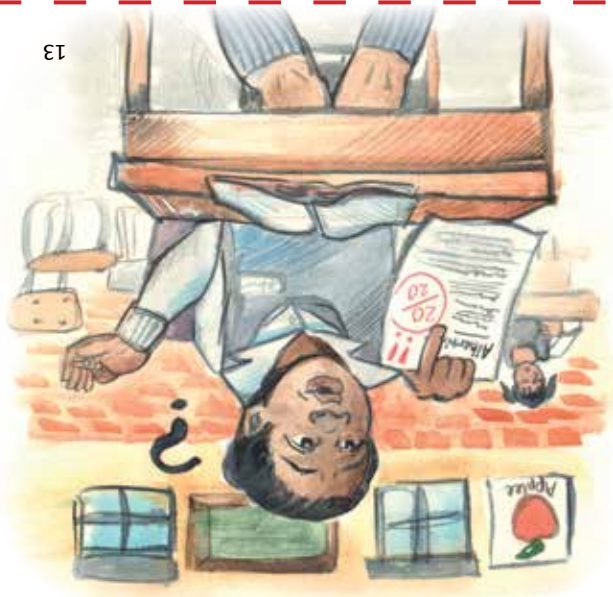
1. To make this book, use pages 5, 6, 7, 8, 11 and 12.
2. Keep pages 7 and 8 inside the other pages.
3. Fold the sheets in half along the black dotted line.
4. Fold them in half again along the green dotted line to make the book.
5. Cut along the red dotted lines to separate the pages.



Drive your imagination

Die toets het begin. Albertina se vingers het gebewe. Haar hande het gekrampt terwyl sy die potlood vashou, maar sy het voortgegaan. "Knap gedaan, Albertina!" het die onderwyser aan die einde gesê. Later het 'n belangrike amptenaar gekom en die twee beste leerders na die verhoog geroep. "Knap gedaan, Albertina, jy het volpunte gekry," het hy gesê, "maar ongelukkig is jy te oud om te wen. Die beurs gaan aan ..."

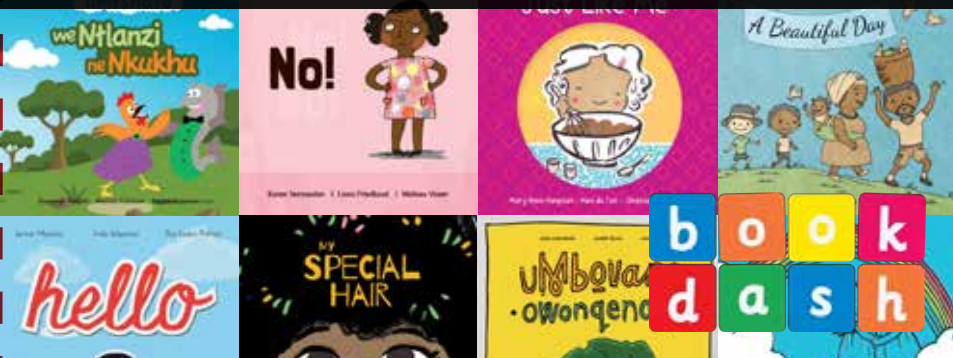
Albertina het probeer om nie te huil nie. Sy het die hele pad huis toe haar voete gesleep. Albertina se onderwyser het aan die koerant geskryf oor die onregverdige besluit. Broer Joe by die Katolieke sendingstasie het die storie tydens ontbyt gelees. Hy het die koerant oor die tafel na Vader Bernard aangegee. Hy het ook glad nie van die storie gehou nie.



The test began. Albertina's fingers shook. Her hand cramped on her pencil but she continued. "Well done, Albertina!" said her teacher at the end. The important official arrived and called the top two students to the stage. "Well done to Albertina for full marks," he said, "but you are too old. The scholarship goes to ..."

Albertina tried not to cry. She dragged her feet all the way home. The teacher wrote to the newspaper about the unfair decision. Brother Joe at the Catholic mission station read the story over his breakfast. He pushed the newspaper across the table to Father Bernard. He didn't like the story one bit either.

Lots more free books at bookdash.org



Raak doenig met stories!

- ★ Albertina se ma het 'n slagspreuk gehad: "Saam is ons sterk!" Het jy of jou familie 'n slagspreuk? Indien nie, wat sal jy graag as jou familie se slagspreuk wil hê?
- ★ Is daar 'n sterk, dapper vrou wat jy bewonder? Teken 'n prent van haar en skryf onder die prent wat haar in jou oë sterk en dapper maak.
- ★ Blaai na bladsy 13 om oor die vroue se optog na Pretoria op 9 Augustus 1956 te lees.

Get story active!

- ★ Albertina's mother had a motto: "Together we're strong!" Do you or your family have a motto? If not, what would you like your family's motto to be?
- ★ Is there a strong, brave woman who you admire? Draw a picture of her and, underneath the picture, write what makes her strong and brave in your eyes.
- ★ Turn to page 13 to read about the women's march to Pretoria on 9 August 1956.

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



Nal'ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign to spark and embed a culture of reading across South Africa. For more information, visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi



Drive your
imagination

SAAM IS ONS STERK

Die Storie van Albertina Sisulu ('n aangepaste weergawe)



TOGETHER WE'RE STRONG

The story of Albertina Sisulu (an adaptation)

Liesl Jobson • Alice Toich • Nazli Jacobs

Idees om oor te praat: Hoekom dink jy dis belangrik om te lees en te skryf oor die lewens van mense wat 'n belangrike rol in die geskiedenis gespeel het? Kan gewone mense se lewens ook 'n belangrike storie wees vir ander mense om te lees? Hoekom?

Ideas to talk about: Why do you think it's important to read and write about the lives of people who played important roles in history? Can an ordinary person's life also be an important story for others to read? Why?

Her mother was often sick and needed Albertina to look after the home. In her last year of primary school, Albertina was the oldest pupil in the school. She was chosen to be the head girl and wore her badge with pride.

Her best friend, Betty, told her about a competition, saying, "You must apply, my clever friend."

"What is the prize?" asked Albertina, growing curious.

"A scholarship to high school!" said Betty. "You must apply. You'll win it, for sure."

Albertina studied until the candle burned down. She practised sums. She practised spelling.



Een strawwe winter het baie mense in die land siek geword. Ma Monikazi se wange het soos vuur gebrand. Sweet het van haar liggaam afgedrup. Onder haar kombes het sy haar maag vasgehou en vir die baba binne-in haar gesing: *"Wees sterk, kleinding. Die winter duur nie lank nie. Wees dapper, kleinding. Saam is ons sterk!"*

Een helder nag was die maan groter, ronder en pienker as ooit. Sy het vinnig asemgehaal. Die baba was gereed. Toe Monikazi haar pragtige dogter in haar arms vashou, het sy geweet sy is 'n spesiale dogter, 'n vegter. Wat 'n seën! Sy het haar dogter Nontsikelelo genoem. Sy sou die moeder van alle seëninge wees.

Sommer gou was daar 'n beurs vir Albertina!

Mariazell naby Matatiele was ver van Xolobe af, maar die hele dorpie het ontlof. Die meisie van hulle tuisdorp was op pad hoërskool toe. Hulle het 'n fees gehou soos nog nooit tevore nie. Die vroue het die sorghumbier gebrou en die vure aangesteek. Hulle het hoenders geslag en potte vleis geroer. Albertina het geglimlag tot haar gesig gepyn het daarvan.

Voordat sy op die bus na Matatiele geklim het, het sy vir Shishi totsiens gesê. Albertina het die perd se pels geborsel en haar krapperige maanhaar gestreel. Shishi het gerunnik en haar pote teen die grond gestamp.



Police came in the middle of the night, banging on the door. She would support her husband who kept many secrets and hid from the police.

She joined the women and worked to organise a march to Pretoria. The women refused to carry a pass. They sang, "Wathint' abafazi; wathint' imbokodo! You strike a woman; you strike a rock!"

Walter was jailed on Robben Island for 26 years. Albertina, also, was sent to jail many times.

But even on the darkest nights, she could see a sliver of moon through the window in her cell. She sang the song that Ma Monikazi sang before she was born:

*"Be strong, little one. Winter's not long.
Be brave, little one.
Together we're strong!"*



Soon enough there was a scholarship for Albertina. Mariazell near Matatiele was a long way from Xolobe, but the whole village erupted. Their home girl was off to high school. They threw a party like no other. The women brewed the sorghum beer and lit the fires. They slaughtered chickens and stirred up pots of meat. Albertina smiled till her face ached. Before setting off on the bus to Matatiele, she said goodbye to Shishi. Albertina brushed her coat and stroked her wiry mane. Shishi whimied and stamped the ground.

Albertina se ma was dikwels siek en Albertina moes na die huis omsien. In haar laaste jaar op laerskool was Albertina die oudste leerder in die klas. Sy is as hoofmeisie gekies en het haar wapen met trots gedra. Haar beste maat, Betty, het haar van 'n kompetisie vertel en gesê: "Jy moet inskryf, my slim vriendin." "Wat is die prys?" het Albertina nuuskierig gevra. "n Beurs om hoërskool toe te gaan!" het Betty gesê. "Jy moet inskryf. Jy sal beslis wen." Albertina het geleer tot die kers uitgebrand het. Sy het haar somme geoefen. Sy het haar spelwoorde geoefen.

Die polisie het in die middel van die nag gekom en aan die deur gehamer. Sy sou haar man, wat baie geheime bewaar en vir die polisie weggekruip het, ondersteun.



Albertina het by ander vroue aangesluit en 'n opmars na Pretoria beplan. Die vroue het geweier om 'n pas te dra. Hulle het gesing: "Wathint' abafazi; wathint' imbokodo! As jy 'n vrou slaan, slaan jy 'n rots!"

Walter is 26 jaar lank in die tronk op Robbeneiland aangehou. Albertina is ook baie kere tronk toe gestuur.

Maar selfs op die donkerste nagte kon sy 'n skrefie maan deur haar tronksel sien. Sy het die lied gesing wat Ma Monikazi voor haar geboorte gesing het:

"Wees sterk, kleinding. Die winter duur nie lank nie. Wees dapper, kleinding. Saam is ons sterk!"



One harsh winter, many people in the land were sick. Ma Monikazi's cheeks burned. Sweat dripped from her body. Under her blanket she held her belly and sang to the baby inside her: *"Be strong, little one. Winter's not long. Be brave, little one. Together we're strong!"*

One bright night the moon was bigger, fatter and pinker than ever. Her breath came fast. The baby was ready. When Monikazi held her beautiful daughter in her arms, she knew she was a special girl, a fighter.

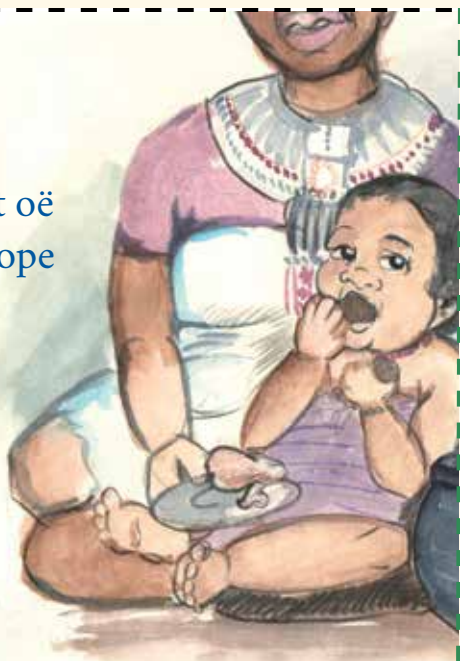
What a blessing! Her name is Nontsikelelo. She will be the mother of all blessings.



On her sixth birthday she went to school. "You must choose an English name," said the Presbyterian teacher, but Ntsiki liked her own name. The teacher scowled and read the names aloud: "Adah, Agnes, Albertina, Anna." Ntsiki liked the long name best. Albertina was a name you didn't mess with.

Nontsikelelo was beeldskoon en sterk, met oë wat soos blink, swart knope geskitter het. Sy was lief vir haar ouer boetie, Mcengi. Mcengi het die hoenders gejaag wat in die tuin geskrop het waar Ma Monikazi spinasie en pampoene geplant het om haar familie kos te gee. Ntsiki het agter hom aangehardloop toe haar bene sterk geword het.

Ma Monikazi het nog 'n babaseun, Velaphi, ryker geword, en nog een, Qudalele. Uiteindelik het Ntsiki ook 'n sussie, Nomyaleko, ryker geword. Klein Ntsiki het haar bababoetie opgetel wanneer hy gehuil het en hom gekielie tot hy lag. Ntsiki het hulle leer sing: *"Wees sterk, kleinding. Die winter is verby. Wees dapper, kleinding. Saam is ons sterk!"*



Skooldae het lank voor sonop begin. Die meisies het vinnig in die koue water gewas en die slaapsale voor die Mis gegee. Die melkerige pap was nooit heeltemal genoeg nie; die bredie nie so smaaklik soos haar tante by die huis s'n nie. Maar Albertina het hard geleer. Op sonnige middagae het sy netbal gespeel. Tydens haar skoolvakansies het Albertina by die sendingstasie gewerk. Sy het teen die sink wasplank gevryf en geskrop. Sy het lakens in koperbaddens gewas en dit dan deur die wringmasjien gedraai.



Walter Sisulu was a brave and clever man who dreamed of freedom for South Africa. His big smile captured Albertina's eye. Walter wanted Albertina to be the mother of his children.

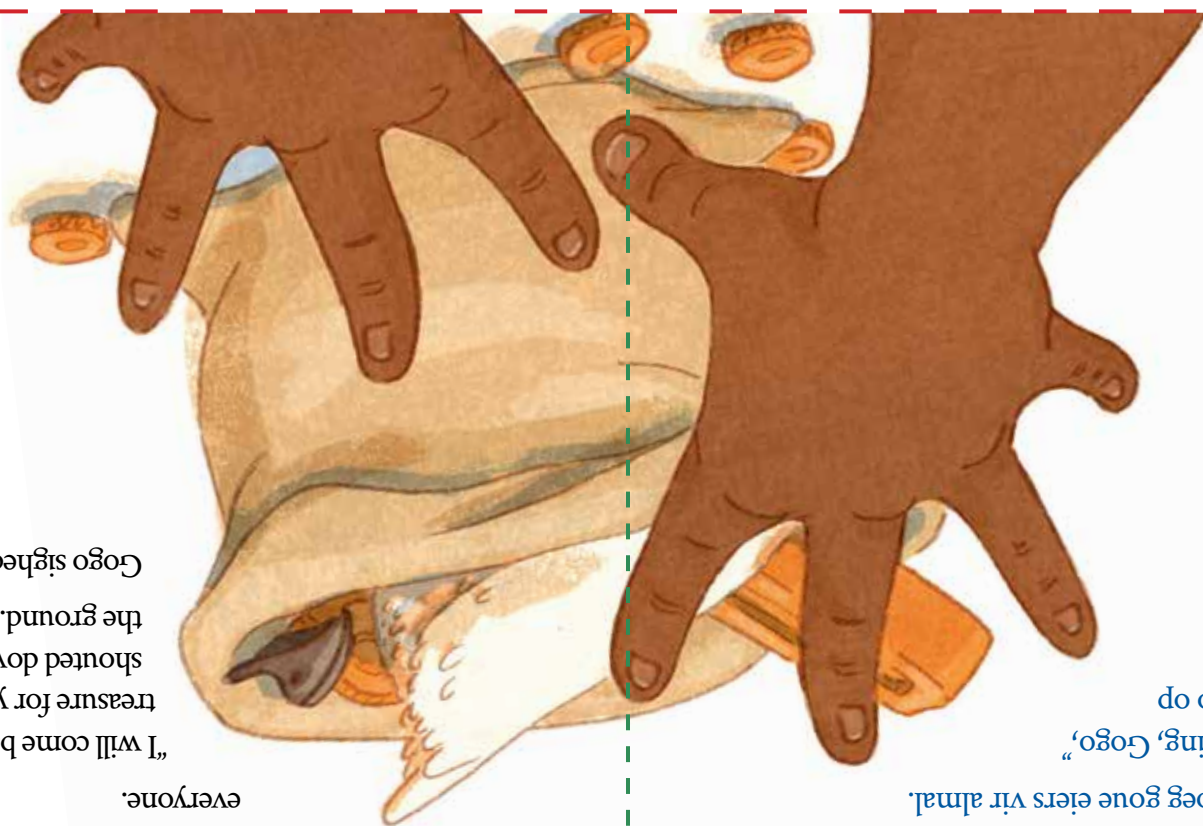
Bright ribbons decorated the Bantu Men's Social Centre on their wedding day. Albertina's long-sleeved dress had a swirling train of lace.

Within a year, Max was born. Albertina had become a mother. One day people would call her the mother of the nation.

Max had his mother's black button eyes and his father's round chin. He was the hope for their future. Albertina wanted to fight for a new South Africa, so that Max could be free.

When he cried, she sang: *"Be strong, little one. Winter's not long. Be brave, little one. Together we're strong!"*

A huge voice boomed.
 "Sniff-splutter-snort-fart! I smell the blood of a young
 upstart!"
 It was the nasty giant.
 "Catch me if you can," teased Phama.
 Phama saw a magic bag. Inside was all the gold the
 nation ever mined. Phama saw a magic singer. He knew
 all the songs the nation ever sung. Phama saw a magic
 goose. She laid enough golden eggs for
 everyone.
 "I will come back with
 treasure for you," Phama
 shouted down to Gogo on
 the ground.
 Gogo sighed.



Toe buidel 'n diep stem.
 "Slurp-hlk-snuif-gaap! Ek ruik die bloed van 'n jong
 knaap!"
 Dit is die nare reus.
 "Vang my as jy kan," terg Phama hom.
 Phama sien 'n towersak. Binne-in die sak is al die goud
 wat die mense in die land al ooit gemyn het. Phama sien
 'n towersanger. Die sanger ken al die liedjies wat die
 mense in die land al ooit gesing het. Phama sien 'n
 towersans. Sy lê genoeg goue eiers vir almal.
 "Ek sal skatte terugbring, Gogo,"
 roep Phama vir Gogo op
 die grond.
 Gogo sug.

Hierdie storie is 'n aangepaste weergawe van *Phama en die mieliepit*, uitgegee deur Cadbury in vennootskap met Nal'ibali as deel van die Cadbury Dairy Milk #InOurOwnWords-inisiatief. Elke storie is beskikbaar in die elf amptelike Suid-Afrikaanse tale. Om meer uit te vind oor die titels wat deel is van die Cadbury Dairy Milk #InOurOwnWords-inisiatief, gaan na <https://cadbury.one/library.html>

This story is an adapted version of *Phama and the mealie pip*, published by Cadbury in partnership with Nal'ibali as part of the Cadbury Dairy Milk #InOurOwnWords initiative. Each story is available in the eleven official South African languages. To find out more about the Cadbury Dairy Milk #InOurOwnWords initiative titles go to <https://cadbury.one/library.html>

Raak doenig met stories!

- ★ Teken jou eie prent van Phama en die nare reus wat wys hoe groot die reus is.
- ★ Wees 'n woordspeurder! Kyk goed na die storie. Kan jy die dinge vind wat Phama of die nare reus geruik, gesien of geproe het?
- ★ Verbeel jou Phama skryf in sy dagboek oor die dag toe hy teen die mielieplant opgeklim het. Jy kan so begin: Liewe Dagboek, jy sal nooit raai wat vandag gebeur het nie ...

Get story active!

- ★ Draw your own picture of Phama and the nasty giant that shows how big the giant is.
- ★ Be a word detective! Look closely at the story. Can you find the things that Phama or the nasty giant smelled, saw or tasted?
- ★ Imagine that Phama is writing in his diary about the day on which he climbed to the top of the mealie stalk. You could start like this: Dear Diary, You will never guess what happened today ...

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



Nal'ibali is a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign to spark and embed a culture of reading across South Africa. For more information, visit www.nalibali.org or www.nalibali.mobi



Drive your
imagination

Phama en die mieliepit

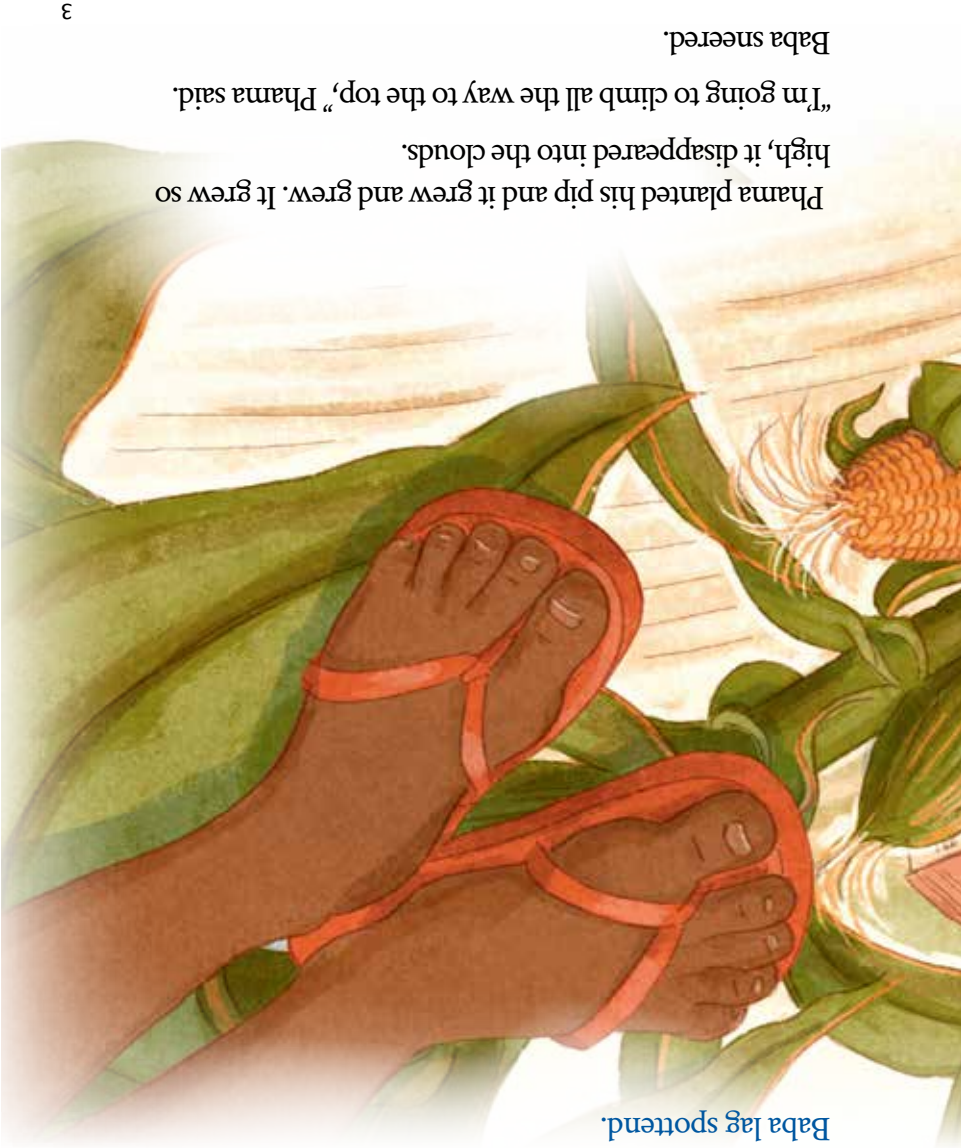


Phama and the mealie pip

Margot Bertelsmann • Chantelle Thorne
 • Burgen Thorne

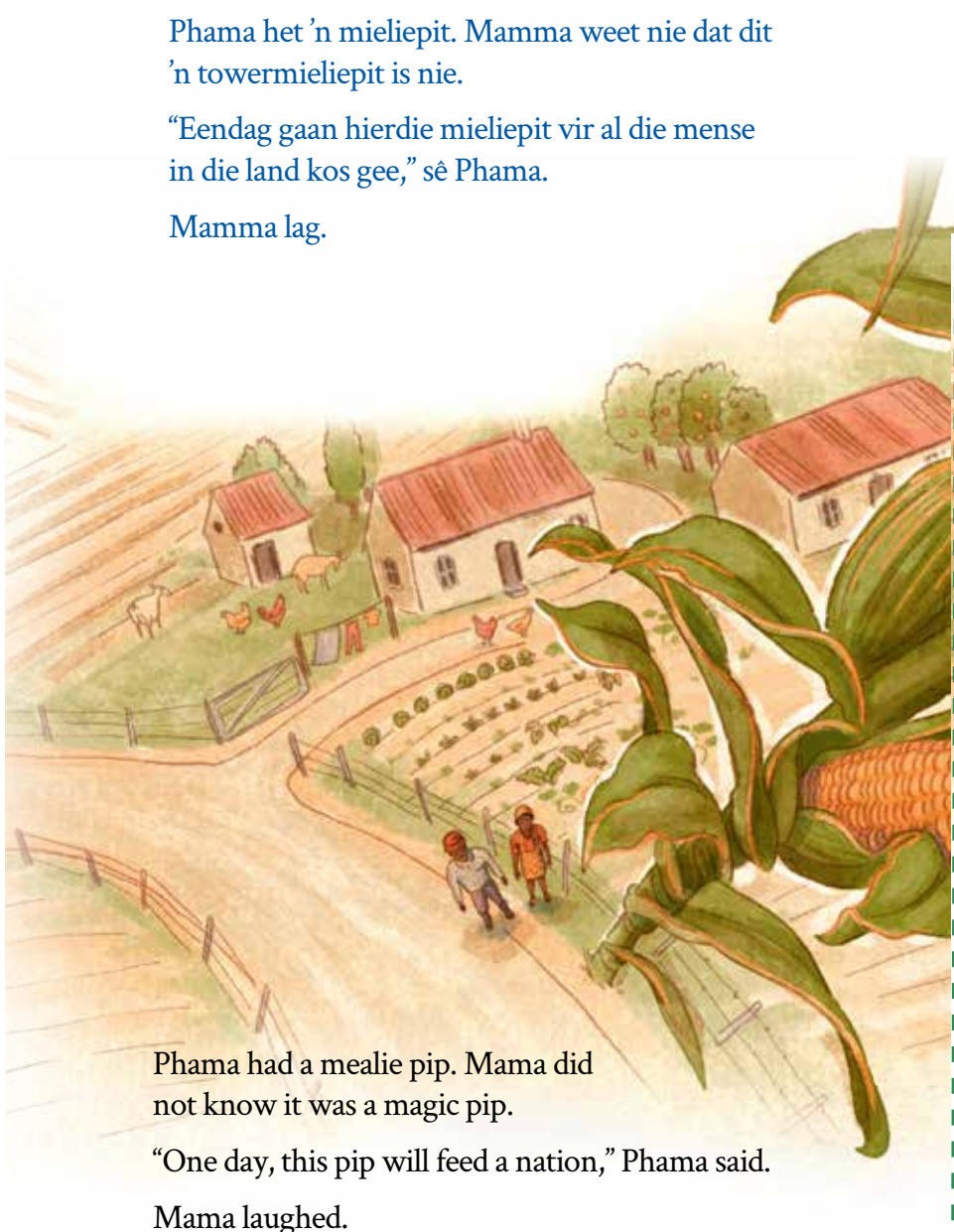
Idees om oor te praat: Is dit reg dat Phama die reus se skat gryp sonder om te vra? Hoekom/hoekom nie? Wat dink jy gaan Phama met die reus se sak vol skatte en die sanger doen? Wat sou jy anders gedoen het as jy Phama was?

Ideas to talk about: Is it right for Phama to take the giant's treasure without asking? Why/why not? What do you think Phama is going to do with the giant's treasure bag and the singer? What would you have done differently if you were Phama?



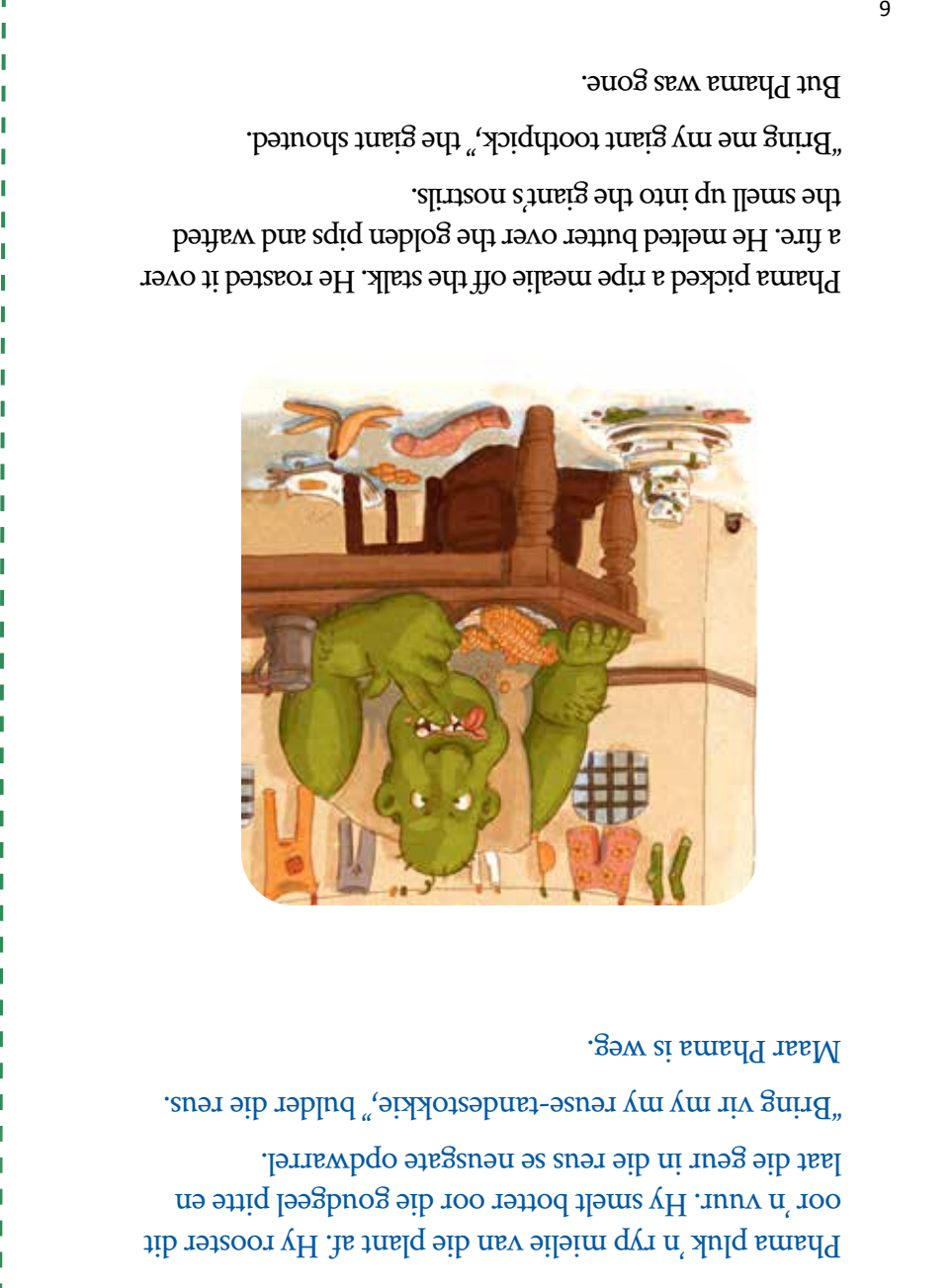
Phama planted his pip and it grew and grew. It grew so high, it disappeared into the clouds.
"I'm going to climb all the way to the top," Phama said.
Baba sneered.

Phama plant sy mieliepit en dit groei en groei. Dit groei tot hoog bo in die wolke.
"Elk gaan opklim tot heel bo," sê Phama.
Baba lag spottend.



Phama het 'n mieliepit. Mama weet nie dat dit 'n towermieliepit is nie.
"Eendag gaan hierdie mieliepit vir al die mense in die land kos gee," sê Phama.
Mamma lag.

Phama had a mealie pip. Mama did not know it was a magic pip.
"One day, this pip will feed a nation," Phama said.
Mama laughed.



Phama picked a ripe mealie off the stalk. He roasted it over a fire. He melted butter over the golden pips and waited the smell up into the giant's nostrils.
"Bring me my giant toothpick," the giant shouted.
But Phama was gone.

Phama pluk 'n ryp mielie van die plant af. Hy rooster dit oor 'n vuur. Hy smelt botter oor die goudgeel pitte en laat die geur in die reus se neusgate opdwawel.
"Bring vir my my reuse-tandestokkie," bulder die reus.
Maar Phama is weg.



En die sak ook.
En die sanger.
En die gans.
Selfs die mielieplant is weg.
Want Phama het dit sowaar afgekap.

And so was the bag.
And the singer.
And the goose.
Even the mealie stalk was gone.
Phama had chopped it down, you see.

Albertina was lief vir die nonne wat haar geleer het. Kon sy dalk 'n heilige suster word? “Maar nonne verdien geen salaris nie,” het Vader Bernard gesê. “Dalk moet jy 'n verpleegster word? Jy sal betaal word terwyl jy studeer.

School days started well before sunrise. The girls washed quickly in the cold water and swept the dormitories before Mass. The milky porridge was never quite enough; the stew not as tasty as Aunt's back home. But Albertina studied hard. She played netball on sunny afternoons.

In her school holidays Albertina worked at the mission station. She rubbed and scrubbed against the zinc washboard. She boiled sheets in copper tubs, then wound them through the wringer. Albertina loved the nuns who taught her. Could she become a holy sister?

“But nuns earn no salary,” said Father Bernard. “Perhaps you should become a nurse? You'll be paid while you study.”



Op haar sesde verjaardag is Ntsiki skool toe. “Jy moet 'n Engelse naam kies,” het die onderwyser gesê, maar Ntsiki het van haar eie naam gehou. Die onderwyser het geraas en die name hardop voorgelê: “Adah, Agnes, Albertina, Anna.” Ntsiki het die meeste van die lang naam gehou. Al-ber-ti-na! Die naam het ritme gehad. Die naam kon bons. Albertina was 'n naam waarmee 'n mens nie skoor soek nie.



Nontsikelelo was beautiful and strong with crinkling black button eyes. She loved her older brother, Mcengi. Mcengi chased the chickens that scratched in the garden where Ma Monikazi grew spinach and squash to feed her family. Ntsiki ran after him as her legs grew strong.

Ma Monikazi had another baby boy, Velaphi, and another, Qudalele. Finally another sister, Nomyaleko. Little Ntsiki picked up her baby brother when he cried and tickled him till he laughed.

She taught them to sing: “*Be strong, little one. Winter is gone. Be brave, little one. Together we’re strong!*”



Her father, Bonilizwe, came home from the mines at Christmas. Ntsiki pulled herself up onto Shishi's broad back. She rode out to meet him at the bus stop. Ntsiki sat tall and straight. She handled the reins with gentle fingers. How proud Bonilizwe was of his daughter. The biggest smile Ntsiki had ever seen covered her father's face.

Haar oupa, Qingqiwe, het perde aangehou. Sy gunsteling was Shishi, 'n blink, swart merrie. Toe Ntsiki oud genoeg was, het hy haar opgetel en in die saal voor hom gesit. Hy het die teuels deur haar vingers gevleg.

Toe Ntsiki se pa, Bonilizwe, Kersfees van die myne af teruggekeer het huis toe, het sy haarself op Shishi se breë rug opgehys. Sy het uitgery om hom by die bushalte te gaan ontmoet. Ntsiki het fier en regop gesit. Sy het die teuels saggies vasgehou.

Hoe trots was Bonilizwe tog op sy dogter. Die grootste glimlag wat Ntsiki nog ooit gesien het, het haar pa se gesig verhelder.

Qingqiwe, her grandfather, raised horses. His favourite was Shishi, a glossy black mare. As soon as Ntsiki was old enough, he hoisted her on to the saddle in front of him. He laced the reins through her fingers.

Albertina het 'n trein gehaal tot in Johannesburg. Sy het 'n netjiese wit uniform, nuwe vlootblou skoene en 'n blink rooi vulpen gekoop. Elke dag het siek mense na die hospitaal gekom. Wanneer die babas gehuil het, het sy gesing: "Wees sterk, kleinding. Die winter duur nie lank nie. Wees dapper, kleinding. Saam is ons sterk!" Sommige nagte het Albertina tot ligdag gewerk. Dan het sy by die venster uitgekyk en aan haar familie gedink. Wie het op Shishi gery? Sy het na die reuk van die grond verlang. Hier was daar geen groentetuin nie. Daar was nêrens plek vir 'n perd nie. Albertina het nooit na partytjies toe gegaan nie. Sy het elke sjieling gespaar. Op die dae wat sy vry was, het sy leer tennis speel. Altydduur het sy gewens sy het 'n bietjie meer geld gehad om huis toe te stuur.



Albertina took a train to Johannesburg. She bought a smart white uniform, new navy shoes and a shiny red fountain

pen. Sick people came all day to the hospital.

When the babies cried, she sang: "*Be strong, little one. Winter's not long. Be brave, little one. Together we're strong!*"

Some nights Albertina worked till dawn. She looked out the window and thought of her family. Who was riding Shishi? She missed the scent of the earth. There was no vegetable garden here. There was nowhere for a horse.

Albertina never went to parties. She saved every shilling. On her days off she learned to play tennis. Always, she wished for a little more money to send home.



Op 9 Augustus 1956 het 20 000 vroue van oor die hele land na die Uniegebou in Pretoria opgeruk om teen die paswette te betoog. Hierdie wette het van mense wat deur die Suid-Afrikaanse apartheidsregering as swart Afrikane geklassifiseer is, vereis om te alle tye 'n pasboek by hulle te dra.

On 9 August 1956, 20 000 women from all over the country marched on the Union Buildings in Pretoria to protest against the pass laws. These laws required people who were classified as black African by the apartheid South African Government to carry a travel pass with them at all times.

Meer as 20 000 vroue, gelei deur Lilian Ngoyi, Helen Joseph, Sophia Williams en Rahima Moosa, het 'n duidelike boodskap gestuur dat hulle nie stilgemaak sal word of sal toelaat dat hul vryheid van hulle weggeneem word nie. Hulle het 14 000 petisies met 100 000 handtekeninge aan die eerste minister se sekretaris oorhandig en 30 minute lank in doodse stilte gestaan. Toe het die vroue 'n lied begin sing wat vir die geleentheid geskryf is.

"Wathint' abafazi, Wathint' imbokodo."
Die boodskap was duidelik: "Raak aan 'n vrou en jy raak aan 'n rots."

Over 20 000 women, led by Lilian Ngoyi, Helen Joseph, Sophia Williams and Rahima Moosa, sent a clear message that they would not be silenced or have their freedom taken from them. They handed 14 000 petitions with 100 000 signatures to the prime minister's secretary and stood in absolute silence for 30 minutes. Then the women began to sing a song that had been written for the occasion.

"Wathint' abafazi, Wathint' imbokodo."
The message was clear: "Now you have struck the women, you have struck a rock."

Die optog is as een van die mees gedissiplineerde, waardigste en emosionele protesoptogte beskryf wat daar nog ooit in die land was. Aan die einde van die optog, voor hulle verdaag het, het die vroue *Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika* gesing.

Elke jaar op 9 Augustus, en deur die hele maand Augustus, vier ons die prestasies van Suid-Afrikaanse vroue.



The march was described as one of the most disciplined, dignified and emotional demonstrations the country had ever seen. The women sang *Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika* at the very end of their protest before walking away.

Every year, on 9 August, and throughout the month of August, we celebrate the achievements of South African women.

“Vroue is die mense wat ons gaan bevry van al hierdie onderdrukking en depressie. Die huurboikot in Soweto gebeur nou [in 1956] danksy die vroue. Dit is die vroue wat in die straatkomitees dien wat die mense opvoed om op te staan en mekaar te beskerm.”
Albertina Sisulu



“Women are the people who are going to relieve us from all this oppression and depression. The rent boycott that is happening in Soweto now [in 1956] is alive because of the women. It is the women who are on the street committees educating the people to stand up and protect each other.”
Albertina Sisulu

Dinge om op Nasionale Vrouedag te doen

- Vind uit oor Suid-Afrikaanse vroue wat vandag hul stempel op Suid-Afrika afdruk. Gaan na <https://www.sagoodnews.co.za/south-african-females-whose-names-you-should-know-this-womens-day/>
- Skryf 'n brief aan 'n meisie of vrou wat 'n positiewe invloed op jou lewe gehad het om vir haar dankie te sê. Dit kan 'n ouma, tante, onderwyser of buurvrou wees.
- Praat oor die vraagstukke waarmee vandag se vroue en meisies te doene kry. Gaan na <https://www.amnesty.org/en/what-we-do/discrimination/womens-rights/> vir idees om oor te praat.
- Lees boeke oor vrouekarakters of deur Suid-Afrikaanse vroueskrywers soos Sindiwe Magona, Beverley Naidoo, Maryanne Bester, Zukiswa Wanner en andere.
- Skryf 'n gedig oor die vroue in jou lewe.

Things to do on National Women's Day

- Find out about South African women who are making their mark on South Africa today. Search <https://www.sagoodnews.co.za/south-african-females-whose-names-you-should-know-this-womens-day/>
- Write a thank you letter to a girl or woman who has made a positive difference to your life. It could be a granny, aunt, teacher or neighbour.
- Talk about the issues that face women and girls today. Visit <https://www.amnesty.org/en/what-we-do/discrimination/womens-rights/> for ideas to talk about.
- Read books about female characters or by female South African writers like Sindiwe Magona, Beverley Naidoo, Maryanne Bester, Zukiswa Wanner and others.
- Write a poem about the women in your life.



Enigiets kan gebeur

Deur Dorah Masigo ■ Illustrasies deur Samantha van Riet



Lank, lank gelede het Hen en haar drie klein kuikentjies 'n weiveld met Koei gedeel.

Koei het daarvan gehou om aan die gras te loop en wei op pad na haar maat, Hen. Maar dit was swaar tye. Die reën was hierdie jaar laat, en daar was baie min gras. Koei is honger terwyl sy stadig na Hen se hok drentel. Die boer het vergeet om hooi te koop.

Hen is bly om vir Koei te sien. "Dagsê, vriendin," sê Hen. "Kom, laat ek vir jou 'n bietjie koel, vars water gaan haal om te drink. Jy is seker baie dors ná jy so ver gestap het." Hen skarrel weg om vir Koei water te gaan haal.

Terwyl Koei in die skaduwee van 'n groot ou doringboom rus, speel die drie klein kuikentjies rondom haar. Hulle is plomp en geel, nes die bloeisels van die trompetboom wat Koei soms in die lente sien.

Koei se maag gor en grom terwyl sy kyk hoe die kuikentjies speel. Sy lig haar kop op en loer skuldig oor haar skouer. Eers regs, dan links en dan weer regs. Daar's nog geen teken van Hen nie.

Koeie eet nie gewoonlik vleis nie, maar onthou nou, enigiets kan gebeur! Koei is so honger dat sy opspring en die klein donsige geel balletjies begin rondjaag voor sy haar kan bedink!



Die drie kuikentjies skarrel voor Koei weg en piep onskuldig: "Ons is vinnig soos blits, ons kom weg in 'n kits. Jy kan ons nie vang nie, ons is nie bang nie. Ons is vinnig soos blits, ons kom weg in 'n kits. Jy kan ons nie vang nie, ons is nie bang nie." En hulle piep en tjiep van die lag.

Net toe kom Hen terug met 'n bietjie water vir Koei. Sy kyk na die stofwolke wat om haar kuikentjies hang.

"Wat gaan hier aan?" vra Hen, en glimlag vir die drie kuikentjies.

"Koei speel met ons," piep die kuikentjies, en val oor mekaar, bene in die lug.

"Maar sy is te stadig," tjiep hulle. Toe spring hulle op en hardloop deur Koei se bene om te wys hoe vinnig hulle is.

"Moenie ons vriendin uitput nie," kloek Hen vir haar broeisel voor sy wegstap om nog eetgoed vir Koei te gaan haal.

Toe Hen weg is, jaag Koei die kuikentjies weer en doen haar bes om ten minste enetjie te vang. Maar hulle skarrel weg en sing: "Ons is vinnig soos blits, ons kom weg in 'n kits. Jy kan ons nie vang nie, ons is nie bang nie. Ons is vinnig soos blits, ons kom weg in 'n kits. Jy kan ons nie vang nie, ons is nie bang nie."

Teen die tyd dat Hen terugkom, hang Koei se tong uit, en sy slurp al die water wat Hen voor haar neersit, met een groot sluk op.

"Hulle is altyd onder 'n mens se voete. So spelerig," sê Hen.

"Maar ten minste weet ek hulle is veilig teen die valk wat hulle altyd van ver af dophou." Hen kyk senuweeagtig op in die lug en glimlag dan vir Koei. "Dankie dat jy 'n ogie oor hulle gehou het terwyl ek weg was," sê sy vir haar vriendin.

Koei weet dit is nie wat regtig gebeur het nie, en al voel sy sleg, knik sy net haar kop moegerig. Teen hierdie tyd is sy dood van die honger. Sy het al haar energie opgebruik om agter die kuikentjies aan te hardloop.

Ná 'n rukkie staan Koei op en groet vir Hen. Sy wonder of sy die lang pad tot by haar skuur sal kan stap.

Koei strompel in die skuur in net toe die aand se skaduwees oor die vloer begin rek. Sy is verlig om 'n groot baal hooi te sien wat die boer ingebring het. En toe sy eers begin eet, kan sy nie ophou nie. Sy eet en eet tot sy so vol is dat sy opstyg en tot by die maan sweef, soos 'n groot, veelkleurige ballon. Want onthou, enigiets kan gebeur!



Raak doenig met stories!

- ★ Wat is die mees ongewone ding wat jy al geëet het? Teken 'n prent van die kos. Skryf onder die prent hoe dit geruk en gesmaak het.
- ★ Skryf 'n nuwe einde vir die storie. Wat sou gebeur het as daar geen hooi was vir Koei toe sy by die huis gekom het nie? Onthou, enigiets kan gebeur!



Drive your
imagination



Anything can happen

By Dorah Masigo ■ Illustrations by Samantha van Riet



Once upon a time, Hen, together with her three little chicks, shared a field with Cow.

Cow loved grazing as she walked all the way across the field to visit her friend, Hen. But times were hard. The rain had come late this year, and there was very little grass. Cow was very hungry as she plodded slowly over to Hen's coop. The farmer had forgotten to buy hay.

Hen was happy to see Cow. "Hello, my friend," said Hen. "Let me bring you some cool, fresh water to drink. You must be thirsty after your long walk." Then Hen rushed off to fetch some water for Cow to drink.

As Cow was lying in the shade of a big, old thorn tree, the three little chicks were playing around her. They were plump and yellow, just like the blooms of the tabebuia tree that Cow sometimes saw in springtime.

Cow's tummy growled and rumbled as she watched the chicks playing. She raised her head and looked over her shoulder guiltily. First right, then left and then right again. There was still no sign of Hen.

Now, cows don't usually eat meat, but remember, anything can happen! Cow was so hungry that before she could think, she jumped up and started chasing after the little balls of yellow plumpness!



The three chicks scattered before Cow, peeping innocently: "We turn on a dime and give you nine cents change. You can't catch us even if you try. We turn on a dime and give you nine cents change. You can't catch us even if you try." And they peeped and cheeped with laughter.

Just then, Hen returned with some water for Cow. She looked at the dust clouds hanging around her baby chicks.

"What's going on?" Hen asked, smiling at the three chicks.

"Cow is playing catch with us," peeped the chicks, falling over each other, legs in the air.

"But she is too slow," they cheeped. Then they jumped up and ran through Cow's legs to show how fast they were.

"Don't tire out our friend," Hen clucked at her brood before walking away to fetch more refreshments for Cow.

As soon as Hen was out of sight, Cow was after the chicks again, trying her best to catch at least one. But they scurried away, singing: "We turn on a dime and give you nine cents change. You can't catch us even if you try. We turn on a dime and give you nine cents change. You can't catch us even if you try."

By the time Hen returned, Cow's tongue was hanging out of her mouth, and in one big gulp, she swallowed the water Hen had placed in front of her.

"They are always under one's feet. So playful," said Hen. "But at least I know they are safe from the falcon, who is always watching from afar." Hen nervously looked up at the sky and then smiled at Cow. "Thank you for keeping an eye on them while I was gone," she told her friend.

Cow knew that this was not what had really happened, and although she felt bad, she only nodded tiredly. By now, she was faint with hunger. Running around after the chicks had used up all her energy.

After some time, Cow got up and said goodbye to Hen, wondering whether she would even be able to make the long walk back to her shed.

Cow stumbled into the shed just as the evening shadows started to stretch out on the floor. She was relieved to see a big pile of hay brought in by the farmer. And once she started eating, she couldn't stop. She ate and ate and ate until she was so full that she floated right up to the moon like a big, patchy balloon. Because remember, anything can happen!



Get story active!

- ★ What is the most unusual thing you have ever eaten? Draw a picture of the food. Below the picture, describe the smell and taste of the food.
- ★ Write a new ending for the story. What would have happened if there was no hay for Cow to eat when she got home? Remember, anything can happen!

Nal'ibali-pret

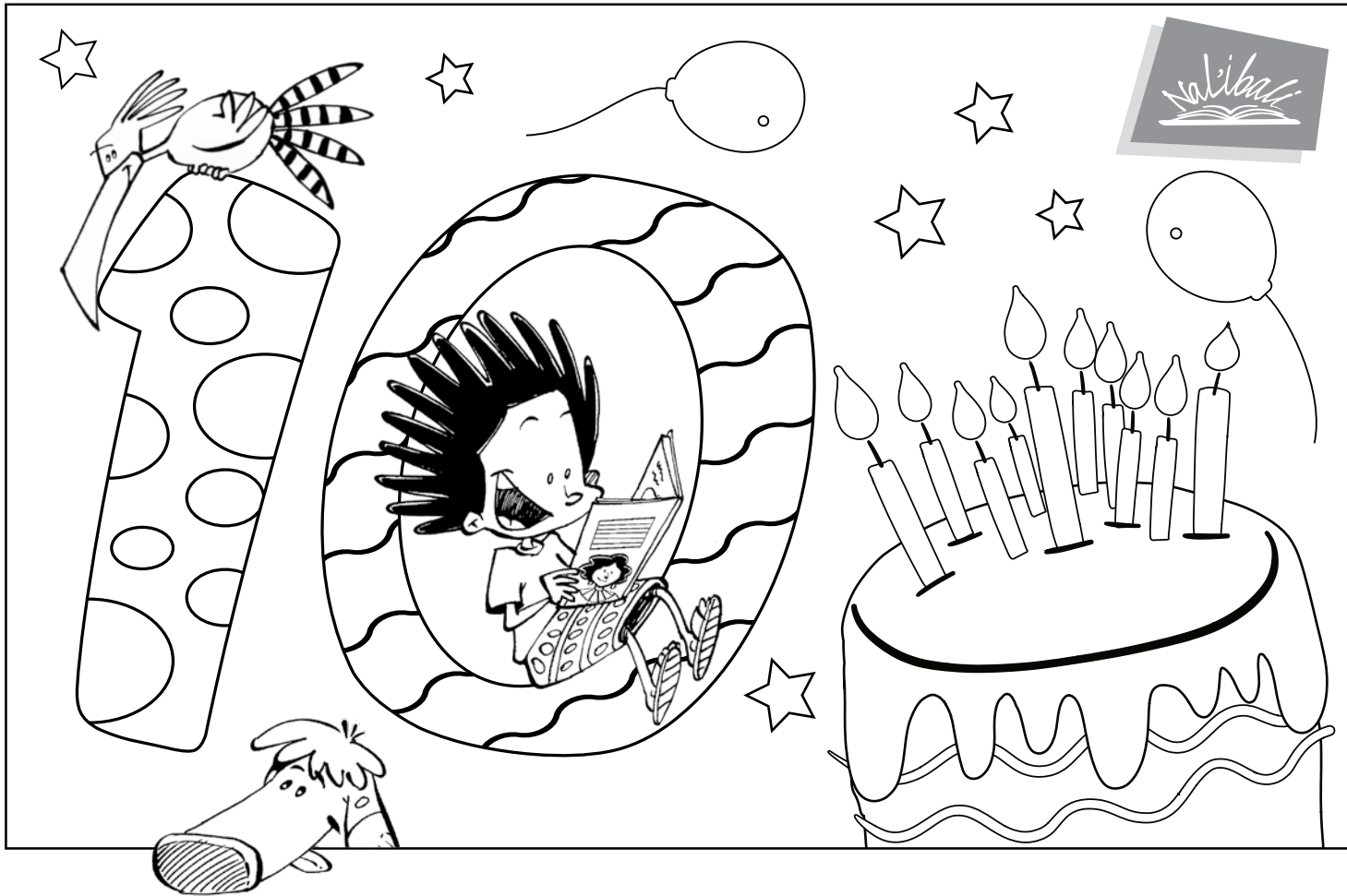
1.

- Om 10 jaar van Nal'ibali se storiekrag te vier, knip die prent hier onder uit en kleur dit in. Skryf in die raam rondom die prent die woorde waaraan jy dink wanneer jy aan lees dink.



Nal'ibali fun

- To celebrate 10 years of Nal'ibali story power, cut out the picture below and colour it in. In the frame around the picture, write the words that you think of when you think about reading.



2.

- Kan jy die letters skommel om die dinge te vind wat Phama by die reus gevat het in die storie *Phama en die mieliepij*?

A K S

T A T K S E

S A G N

R A S G N E

U D O G



- Can you unscramble the letters to find the things that Phama took from the giant in the story *Phama and the mealie pip*?

B G A

U S R E R A T E

O S E G O

R G E S N I

L O G D

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

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

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info@nalibali.org

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



Drive your
imagination

