



It starts with a story...

Stories can heal

As children grow up, they are often faced with situations that are very challenging for them. Some of these may be "ordinary" life events, like starting school, or becoming a brother or sister. But many children are also faced with very difficult challenges, like being at the receiving end of prejudice, or the death of a parent, or divorce. Children especially need our support during these times and one of the ways we can help them, is by sharing stories with them.

There are many wonderful stories about the potentially tough situations and dilemmas that children may face. Reading these stories together can help to support your children in the following ways.

- ★ When you read a story that has a character who has to deal with an issue similar to the one your children are facing, it helps them to realise that other children have similar problems to them, and so they feel less alone.
- ★ Stories can help children to better understand a challenging situation, discover how to cope with it and explore what options are available to them. Reading stories can help them to understand themselves better.
- ★ Many children find it difficult to identify and communicate how they are feeling. When children identify with a character in a story, they are often able to talk about what troubles them through talking about the character.
- ★ Stories give us a great starting point for discussions about things that are sometimes difficult to talk about. Asking open-ended

questions about the story while you are reading it and afterwards, helps children to think and talk about their personal concerns, emotions or ideas. Here are some examples of questions you could use: "Why do you think she did/said that?", "What do you think he should do?", "How would you feel if ...?", "What would you do if ...?", "What do you do when ...?"

- ★ Reading stories together can lead to other forms of self-expression too. For example, your children could retell and/or act out the story, tell or write their own story, draw a picture about the story or one that is inspired by it, or write to one of the story characters.

Stories might not have the power to change the situation, but they can help us to understand it better or differently. They can influence how we experience and respond to what is happening in our lives.

Dipale di ka fodisa

Ha bana ba hola, hangata ba shebana le maemo a boima maphelong a bona. A mang a ona e ka nna ya eba diketsahalo tse "tlwaelehileng" tsa bophelo, tse kang ho qala ho ya sekolong, kapa ho ba moholwane kapa kgaitseedi. Empa bana ba bangata ba shebana le diphephetso tse boima haholo, tse kang ho iphumana ba kgethollwa, kapa lefu la motswadi, kapa tthalano. Bana ba hloka haholoholo tshetso ya rona nakong tse na tse thata, mme e nngwe ya ditsela tseo re ka ba thusang ka tsona, ke ho abelana dipale le bona.

Ho na le dipale tse ngata tse makatsang tse mabapi le maemo a thata le masisapelo ao bana ba ka kopanang le ona. Ho bala dipale tse na mmoho ho ka thusa ho tshetso bana ba hao ka ditsela tse latelang.

- ★ Ha o bala pale e nang le mophetwa ya lokelang ho shebana le bothata bo tshwanang le boo bana ba hao ba shebaneng le bona, e ba thusa ho ehlwa hore bana ba bang ba ntse ba ena le mathata a tshwanang le a bona, mme kahoo ba utlwisise hore ha se bona feela.
- ★ Dipale di ka thusa bana ho utlwisisa boemo bo thata ka tsela e betere, ho sibolla ditsela tsa ho shebana le bona le ho batla ditsela tse ding tseo ba ka di sebedisang. Ho bala dipale ho ka ba thusa ho ikutlwisa betere.
- ★ Bana ba bangata ba thatafallwa ke ho hlwaya, le ho bolela kamoo ba ikutlwang ka teng. Ha bana ba ipona ka hara mophetwa ya paleng, hangata ba kgona ho bua ka tse ba kgathatsang ka ho bua ka mophetwa eo.

- ★ Dipale di etsa hore re be le moo re ka qalang teng ka puisano e mabapi le dintho tseo ka nako e nngwe ho leng thata ho ka bua ka tsona. Ho bota dipotso tse bulehileng ka pale ha o ntse o e bala, le ha o qeta ho e bala ho thusa bana ho nahana le ho bua ka mathata a bona, maikutlo a bona kapa mehopolo ya bona. Ena ke mehlala e meng ya dipotso tseo o ka di sebedisang: "O nahana hore ke hobaneng a entse/buile seo?", "O nahana hore o tshwanetse ho etsa eng?", "O ne o tla ikutlwa jwang hoja ...?", "O ne o tla etsang ha ...?", "O etsang ha ...?"

- ★ Ho bala dipale mmoho ho ka lebisa mekgweng e meng ya ho ikutlwahatsa. Ho etsa mohlala, bana ba hao ba ka pheta pale hape mme/

kapa ba tshwantshise pale eo, ba phete kapa ba ngole pale eo ba e qapileng, ba take setshwantsho se mabapi le pale kapa se susumeditsweng ke yona, kapa ba ngolle e mong wa baphetwa ba paleng.

Dipale di ka nna tsa se be le matla a ho fetola maemo, empa di ka re thusa ho a utlwisisa ka tsela e ntle kapa e fapaneng. Di ka susumetsa mokgwa oo re shebanang le ho arabela tse etsahalang maphelong a rona.



Drive your
imagination

Join us in taking the power of stories
to the next level. Let's go!
Eba le rona bakeng sa ho fetisetsa matla a
dipale boemong bo ka pele. Ha re yeng!

Nalibali
It starts with a story...

Story stars



The power of stories

Bontle Senne is the author of the *Shadow Chasers* series of books for children. She is also a book blogger and literacy advocate. She wrote her first short story at 6 years old and she hasn't stopped writing since! Na'ibali found out more about Bontle's love of stories.

What are your earliest memories of stories?

My mother says that she told me stories as a child, but my earliest memories of listening to stories, was in nursery school.

Which did you like best: oral or written stories?

I think that as a child, you lose yourself in any good story – written or oral. What I loved was getting lost in any kind of good story. I discovered the kind of stories that I like – fast, smart, quirky – at a young age, but I read anything and everything I could. I would even read the TV guide!

How did you come up with the idea for the *Shadow Chasers* series?

I love writing about strong girls. I love writing about girls who find themselves in strange and difficult situations, and don't let fear paralyse them. And I love writing about African mythology, the supernatural and the unknown. It was a combination of these loves that lead to *Shadow Chasers*.

Who encouraged you to write?

My teachers were always very supportive. I had a few teachers who really pushed me to be a better writer. Also, my best friends would always read my stories, listen to my plays and help me with the last lines of poems.

Have you always loved writing?

Yes! By the time I was 14 or 15 years old, I would get up in the middle of the night to write for an hour or two, and then fall asleep at my school desk the next day!

Have your books been translated into African languages?

Not yet, but I hope that they will be soon!

Why do you think it's important to have books like yours available in African languages?

Some people think it's just "sentimental" to want children to read for pleasure in their mother tongues. But it needs to be taken more seriously. If we don't create a generation of young people who can express themselves, understand others, learn complex concepts from books and explain these concepts to others, we won't have doctors, accountants, or engineers.

You can buy the books in the *Shadow Chasers* series – *Powers of the Knife*, *Lake of Memories*, *Flame of Truth* – from your local bookshop, or by contacting the publisher, Cover2Cover Books on 021 709 0128 or info@cover2cover.co.za.



Bontle Senne

Dinaledi tsa dipale



Matla a dipale

Bontle Senne ke mongodi wa letoto la dibuka tsa bana la *Shadow Chasers*. Hape ke mongodi wa boloko mabapi le dibuka le mmueli wa dingolwa. O ne a qale ho ngola palekgutshwe ya pele a le dilemo tse 6 mme ha a ka a hlola a emisa ho ngola! Na'ibali e ile ya fumana ditaba tse ding mabapi le lerato la Bontle la dipale.

Ke ding tseo o di hopolang tsa bonyaneng ba hao mabapi le dipale?

Mme wa ka o re o ne a mphetela dipale ke sa le ngwana, empa seo ke se hopolang ka ho mamela dipale ke ha ke ne ke le sekolong sa ba banyane (keretjhe).

Ke dife tseo o neng o di rata ho feta: dipale tse phetwang kapa tse ngotsweng?

Ke nahana hore ha o le ngwana, o ka lahleha ka hara pale efe kapa efe e monate – ebang e ngotswe kapa e phetwa ka molomo. Seo ke neng ke se rata e ne e le ho nkeha ka hara mofuta ofe kapa ofe wa pale e monate. Ke ile ka fumana mofuta wa dipale oo ke o ratang – tse potlakileng, tse bohlae, le tse masene – ke sa le monyenyanane, empa ke ne ke bala ntho efe kapa efe le tsohle tseo nka kgonang ho di bala. Ke ne ke bile ke bala le buka ya tataiso ya thelevishene!

Ho tlele jwang hore o nahane ka ho qala letoto la *Shadow Chasers*?

Ke rata ho ngola ka bananyana ba matla. Ke rata ho ngola ka bananyana ba iphumanang ba le maemong ao ba sa a tsebeng a boima, mme ba sa dumelle hore tshabo e ba sitise. Mme ke rata ho ngola ka ditshomo tsa Seafrika, dintho tse ka hodimo ho tlholeho le tse sa tsejweng. E bile motswako wa tsena tsohle o ileng wa lebisa ho *Shadow Chasers*.

Ke mang ya ileng a o kgothaletsa ho ngola?

Matijhere a ka kamehla a ne a ntshehetsa haholo. Ke ne ke ena le matijhere a mmalwa a neng a hile a nkganna ka matla hore ke be mongodi ya hlwahlwa. Hape le metswalle ya ka ya hlooho ya kgomo e ne e dula e bala dipale tsa ka, e mamela ditshwantshiso tsa ka mme e nithusa ka mela ya ho qetela ya dihotokiso.

Na o ne o ntse o rata ho ngola ho tloha o le monyane?

Ee! Ka nako eo ke bang dilemo tse 14 kapa 15, ke ne nka tsoha hara mpa ya bosiu mme ka ngola ho fihlela ho feta hora kapa tse pedi, mme ebe ke kgaleha hodima deseke sekolong tsatsing le hlhlamang!

Na dibuka tsa hao di kile tsa fetoletswa dipuong tse ding tsa Seafrika?

Eseng hajwale, empa ke tshepa hore di tla fetoletswa haufinyane!

O nahana hore ke hobaneng ho le bohlokwa hore ho be le dibuka tse kang tsa hao ka dipuo tsa Seafrika?

Batho ba bang ba nahana hore ke ntho ya "ho nkuwa ke maikutlo" feela ha o batla hore bana ba balle boithabiso ka dipuo tsa bona tsa letswele. Empa ke ntho e batlang ho nkelwa hloohong e le ka nnete. Haeba re sa bope moloko wa batjha ba kgonang ho ipuella, ho utlwisisa batho ba bang, ho ithuta mareo a thata dibukeng le ho hlalose tsa ba bang mareo ana, re keke ra ba le dingaka, diakhaontente, kapa dienjenere.

O ka reka dibuka tse ho letoto la *Shadow Chasers* – *Powers of the Knife*, *Lake of Memories*, *Flame of Truth* – lebenkeleng la dibuka le motseng wa heno, kapa ka ho ikopanya le mophatlalatsi, Cover2Cover Books ho 021 709 0128 kapa info@cover2cover.co.za.



Drive your imagination

The Na'ibali bookshelf



Shelofo ya dibuka ya Na'ibali

It's always fun finding out about new books! Here are a few of the latest children's books available in more than one South African language, published by South African publishers.

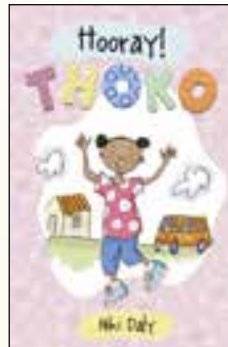
Kamehla ke ntho e monate ho utlwa ka dibuka tse ntjha! Tsen a ke tse ding tsa dibuka tsa bana tsa moraorao tse fumanehang ka dipuo tse fetang e le nngwe tsa Afrika Borwa, tse phatlaladitsweng ke baphatlalatsi ba Afrika Borwa.

Hooray! Thoko

Author and Illustrator: Niki Daly

Publisher: Jacana Media

This is the first book in the new *Thoko* series. The book has four wonderful stories in it that all follow a girl called Thoko who is figuring out life. Thoko skips through life, leaving behind a trail of laughter and a few frowns.



Hooray! Thoko

Mongodi le motshwantshi: Niki Daly

Mophatlalatsi: Jacana Media

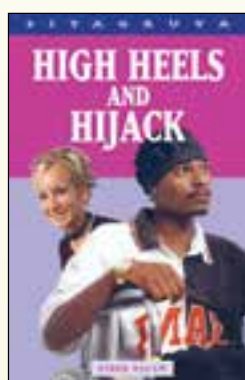
Ena ke buka ya pele letotong le letjha la *Thoko*. Buka ena e na le dipale tse nne tse monate haholo tse latelang ngwananyana ya bitswang Thoko ya sa ntseng a ithuta ka bophelo. Thoko o tloatlola jwalo ka hara bophelo, a tsamaya a siya diitseho le ho makala ho itseng tseleng.

High heels and hijack

Author: Nibor Nalam

Publisher: David Philip Publishers

This is a story for teenagers about young people who have to deal with hate, jealousy, friendship, danger and comedy every day. Shelley is chosen to dance in a competition, and her choice of high-heeled shoes could mean that her big night will end in disaster.



High heels and hijack

Mongodi: Nibor Nalam

Mophatlalatsi: David Philip Publishers

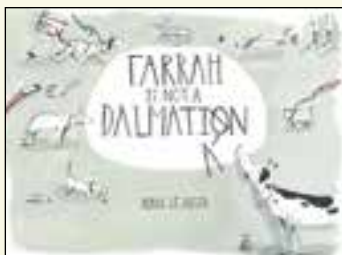
Ena ke pale e ka balwang ke batjha ba dilemong tsa boleshome ba sa ntseng ba tla shebana le lehloyo, mona, setswalle, kotsi le metlae tsatsing le leng le le leng. Shelley o kgethwa bakeng sa ho tantsha tlhodisanong, mme kgetho eo a e etsang ya dieta tse phahameng e ka nna ya bolela hore bosiu ba hae bo tla qetella ka tsietsi e kgolo.

Farrah is not a Dalmatian

Author and Illustrator: Adrie le Roux

Publisher: Bumble Books

Farrah is a small dog with a big problem. Everyone thinks that she is something that she is not! What happens when no one notices that you are different? This picture book deals with the topics of acceptance and self-esteem, and shows that in the end, we are not so different from each other.



Farrah is not a Dalmatian

Mongodi le motshwantshi: Adrie le Roux

Mophatlalatsi: Bumble Books

Farrah ke ntja e nyane e nang le bothata bo boholo. Bohle ba nahana hore ke ho hong hoo a seng hona! Ho etsahala eng ha ho se motho ya elellwang hore o fapane le ba bang? Buka ena ya ditshwantsho e sebetsana le ditaba tsa ho amohela ba bang le boitshepo, mme e bontsha hore qetellong, ha re a fapana hakaalo.

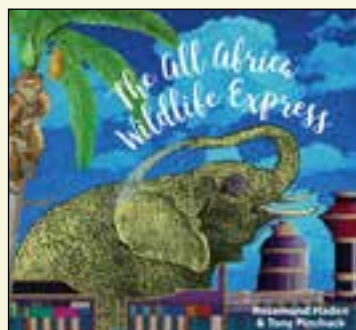
The All Africa Wildlife Express

Author: Rosamund Haden

Illustrator: Tony Pinchuck

Publisher: Tafelberg

When Elephant receives a party invitation from the monkeys, he fires up his steam engine, ready for an African adventure. At each station, Elephant calls the animals to join him. They argue, tell stories and play until they reach the end of their journey where the monkeys are waiting with a surprise.



The All Africa Wildlife Express

Mongodi: Rosamund Haden

Motshwantshi: Tony Pinchuck

Mophatlalatsi: Tafelberg

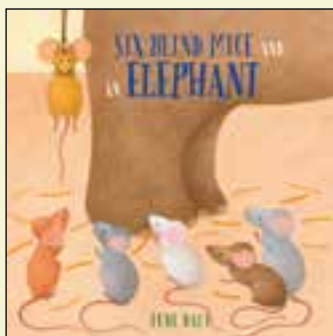
Ha Tlou a fumana memo bakeng sa mokitjana ho tswa ho ditshwene, o dumisa enjene ya hae, a itokisetsa tshibollo ya Afrika. Seteisheneng ka seng, Tlou o bitsa diphoofolo tse ding ho tsamaya le yena. Ba a ngangisana, ba pheta dipale mme ba bapala ho fihlela ba fihla qetellong ya leeto la bona moo ditshwene di emeng teng ka se tla ba makatsa.

Six blind mice and an elephant

Author and Illustrator: Jude Daly

Publisher: Tafelberg

This picture book is a retelling of a fable from India. An elephant wanders into a farmer's barn and falls asleep. Six blind mice come out of their mouse-hole to investigate this most unusual creature. They come up with six very different ideas as they discover the true wonder of an elephant.



Six blind mice and an elephant

Mongodi le motshwantshi: Jude Daly

Mophatlalatsi: Tafelberg

Buka ena ya ditshwantsho e pheta hape tshomo e tswang India. Tlou o tsamaya ho fihlela a kena lesakeng la rapolasi mme a kgaleha. Ditweba tse tshelatseng tse fufetseng di tswa mokoting wa tsona ho tla batlisisa ka sebopuwa sena se sa tlwaelehang. Di qetella di fumana mehopolo e tshelatseng e fapaneng haholo ha di ntse di sibolla semaka sa nnete sa tlou.

Get story active!

Here are some ideas for using the two cut-out-and-keep books, *The biscuit jar must fall* (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12) and *How not to hide a coin* (pages 7, 8, 9 and 10), as well as the Story Corner story, *Wait until I'm fat enough!* (page 14). Choose the ideas that best suit your children's ages and interests.



The biscuit jar must fall

Prudence promises Micki and her friends that when they have finished tidying Micki's bedroom, they can have biscuits. But once they have finished, Prudence is nowhere to be found. So Micki and her friends spend the rest of their day finding ways to reach the biscuit jar.



- ★ As you read the story with your children, discuss some of the details in the pictures and/or text that interest you all. Here are some ideas.
 - ☉ On page 4, you could ask, "Who do you think Prudence is? Why were they looking for her?"
 - ☉ On page 5, you could ask, "What kind of biscuits do you think were in the biscuit jar? What are your favourite biscuits?"
 - ☉ On pages 6 and 7, you could ask, "Where do you think Micki is going? Why?"
 - ☉ On pages 8 and 13, you could ask, "Do you think these are good ideas? Why/why not?"
- ★ After you have read the story, encourage your children to suggest answers to these open-ended questions:
 - ☉ What do you think the children's parents would have said about the way they reached the biscuit jar at the end of the story?
 - ☉ What do you think the children learnt?

How not to hide a coin

In this story about honesty, a young boy has some important choices to make and learns some important life lessons.



- ★ After you have read the story together, discuss some of the following.
 - ☉ What do you think Howie wanted to do with the change when he was in the shop?
 - ☉ What did Curtis and Gary want him to do with the change?
 - ☉ Why do you think Howie didn't do either of these things?
 - ☉ What would you have done if you were Howie?
 - ☉ Do you think he deserved to keep the five rand coin at the end of the story? Why/why not?
 - ☉ Do you think Curtis was a good brother to Howie? What do you think he could have done differently?
- ★ Suggest that the children write Dika's newspaper report that was published in the community newspaper.

Wait until I'm fat enough!

A goat manages to save herself from a hungry leopard by suggesting to him that he should wait until she is fatter because then she'll make a better meal! Eventually the end of summer comes and the goat is fatter. Will she be able to find another way to escape the leopard?



- ★ Ask your children who they think the cleverest animal in the story was and why.
- ★ Suggest that they use clay or playdough, and scrap materials to build their favourite scene from the story. Afterwards, encourage them to tell you about the scene that they have built.
- ★ Invite your children to suggest what the leopard was thinking as the hare was explaining his special mission. Then ask them to draw a picture of this scene, and to include a thought bubble in it.

Eba mahlahlaha ka pale!

Mehopolo e meng ke ena bakeng sa ho sebedisa dibuka tse pedi tse sehlang-le-ho-opolokelwa, *Setshelo sa dibisikiti se tlameha ho wa* (maqephe a 5, 6, 11 le 12) le *Tsela eo o sa lokelang ho pata khoine ka yona* (maqephe a 7, 8, 9 le 10), esitana le pale ya Hukung ya Dipale, *Nkemele hore ke none pele!* (leqephe la 15). Kgetha mehopolo e tshwanelang hantle dilemo le diithahasello tsa bana ba hao.

Setshelo sa dibisikiti se tlameha ho wa

Prudence o tshepisa Micki le metswalle ya hae hore ha ba qeta ho hlwekisa phaposi ya Micki ba ka nna ba ja dibisikiti. Empa hang ha ba qeta, Prudence ha a fumanehe ka tlung. Kahoo Micki le metswalle ya hae ba qeta letsheare lohle ba leka matsapa a ho fihlella setshelo sa dibisikiti.

- ★ Ha o ntse o bala pale ena le bana ba hao, buisanang ka tse ding tsa dintlha tse ditshwantshong le/kapa mongolo o le kgahlang bohle. Mehopolo e meng ke ena.
 - ☉ Leqephe la 4, o ka nna wa botsa, "Le nahana hore Prudence ke mang? Hobaneng ha ba ne ba batlana le yena?"
 - ☉ Leqephe la 5, o ka nna wa botsa, "Ke mefuta efe ya dibisikiti eo o nahanang hore e ne e le ka hara setshelo? Dibisikiti tseo o di ratang ka ho fetisisa ke dife?"
 - ☉ Leqephe la 6 le 7, o ka nna wa botsa, "Le nahana hore Micki o ya hokae? Hobaneng?"
 - ☉ Leqephe la 8 le 13, o ka nna wa botsa, "Na o nahana hore ee ke mehopolo e metle? Hobaneng o dumela/hana?"
- ★ Ha o qeta ho bala pale, kgothaletsa bana ba hao ho hlalisa dikarabo tsa dipotso tse na tse bulehileng:
 - ☉ Le nahana hore batswadi ba bana baa ba ne ba tla reng mabapi le tsela eo ba fihletseng setshelo sa dibisikiti qetellong ya pale?
 - ☉ Le nahana hore bana bao ba ithutile eng?

Tsela eo o sa lokelang ho pata khoine ka yona

Paleng ena e mabapi le ho tshepahala, moshanyana e monyenyanane o na le dikgetho tsa bohlokwa tseo a lokelang ho di etsa le ho ithuta diithuto tsa bohlokwa bophelong.

- ★ Ha le qeta ho bala pale mmoho, buisanang ka tse ding tsa tse latelang.
 - ☉ Le nahana hore Howie o ne a batla ho etsa eng ka tshenjhe ha a ne a le ka lebenkeleng?
 - ☉ Curtis le Gary ba ne ba batla hore a etse eng ka tshenjhe?
 - ☉ Le nahana hore ke hobaneng ha Howie a sa ka a etsa dintho tseo di le pedi?
 - ☉ Wena o ne o tla etsang hoja o le Howie?
 - ☉ Na o nahana hore o tshwanetse ke ho inkela khoine eo ya diranta tse hlano qetellong ya pale? Hobaneng o dumela/hana?
 - ☉ Na o nahana hore Curtis e ne e le moholwane ya lokileng ho Howie? O nahana hore a ka be a entse eng e fapaneng?
- ★ Hlalisa hore bana ba ngole tlaleho ya koranta ya Dika e neng e phatlaladitswe koranteng ya motse.

Nkemele hore ke none pele!

Podi e kgona ho ipholosa tleneng tsa nkwe e lapileng ka ho hlalisa hore nkwe eo e e emele hore e none ho feta moo hobane e tla be e le monate ho feta! Qetellong lehlabula le a fela mme poti jwale e se e nonne. Na e tla kgona ho fumana tsela e nngwe hape ya ho phonyoha ho nkwe?

- ★ Botsa bana ba hao hore ba nahana hore ebe phoofolo e bohlale ka ho fetisisa paleng ena ke mang le hore ke hobaneng ha ba rialo.
- ★ Hlalisa hore ba sebedise letsopa kapa hlama ya ho bapala, le dintho tse lahlilweng bakeng sa ho aha ketsahalo eo ba e ratang paleng. Kamora moo, ba kgothaletsa hore ba o bolelle ka ketsahalo eo ba e ahileng.
- ★ Ere bana ba hao ba etse ditlhaliso tsa seo nkwe e neng e se nahanne ha mmotla o ntse o hlalosa sepheo sa ona se kgethehileng. Jwale ba kope ho taka setshwantsho sa ketsahalo ena, le ho kenyeletsa pudulana ya monahano ho sona.

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.

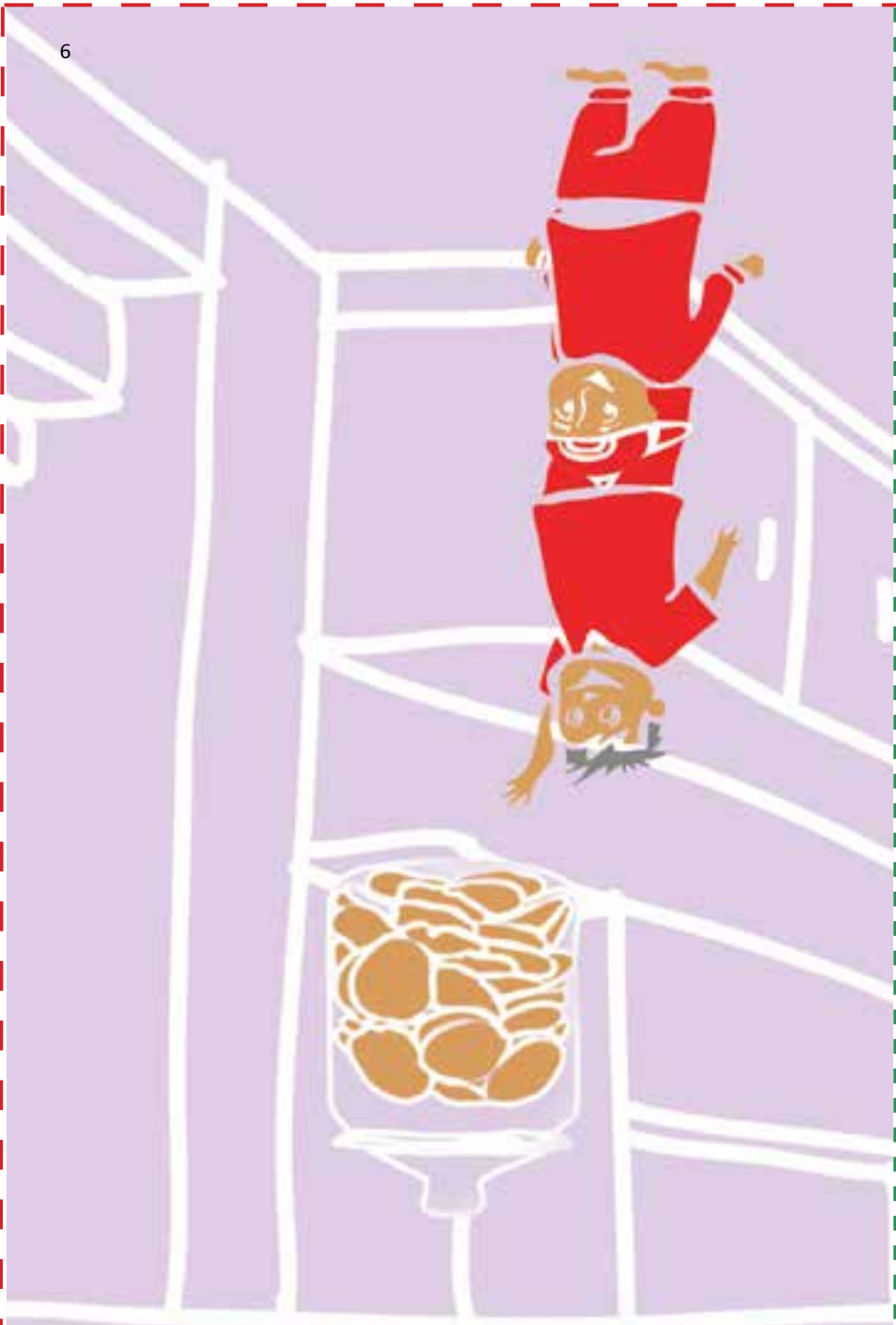


Iketsetse dibuka tse sehlang-le-ho-opolokelwa tse PEDI

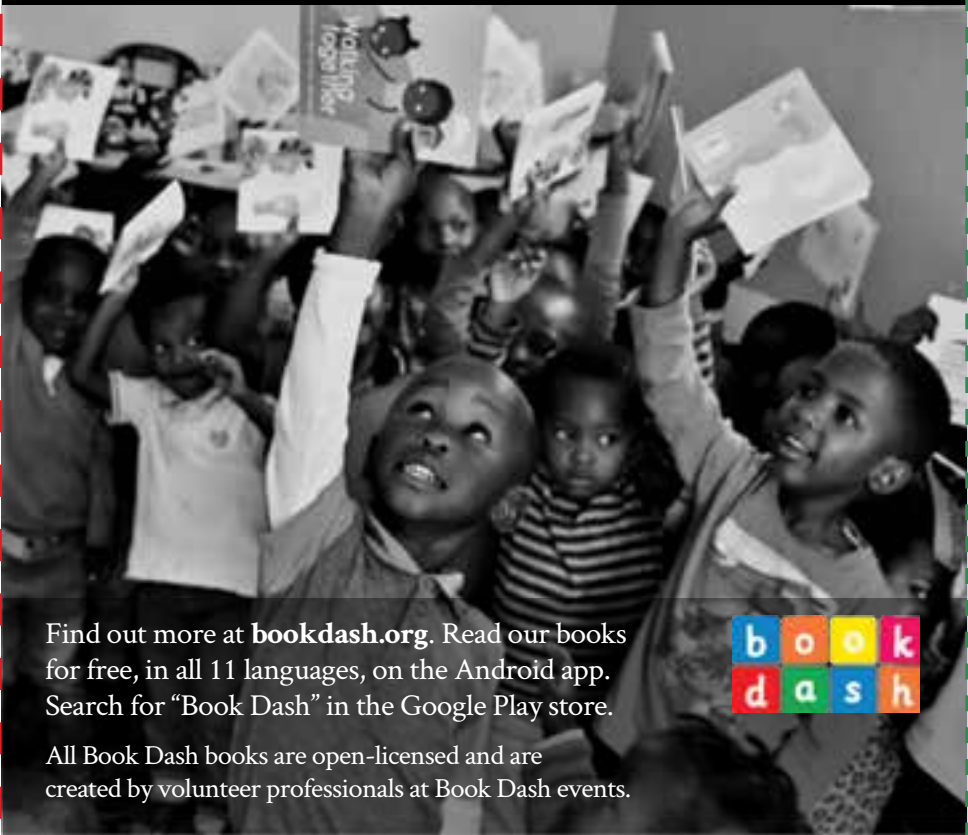
1. Ntsha leqephe la 5 ho isa ho la 12 tlatsetsong ena.
2. Leqephehadi le nang le maqephe ana, 5, 6, 11 le 12 ho lona le etsa buka e le nngwe. Leqephehadi le nang le maqephe ana, 7, 8, 9 le 10 ho lona le etsa buka e nngwe.
3. Sebedisa leqephehadi ka leng ho etsa buka. Latela ditaelo tse ka tlase ho etsa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



Drive your
imagination



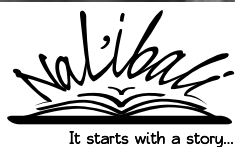
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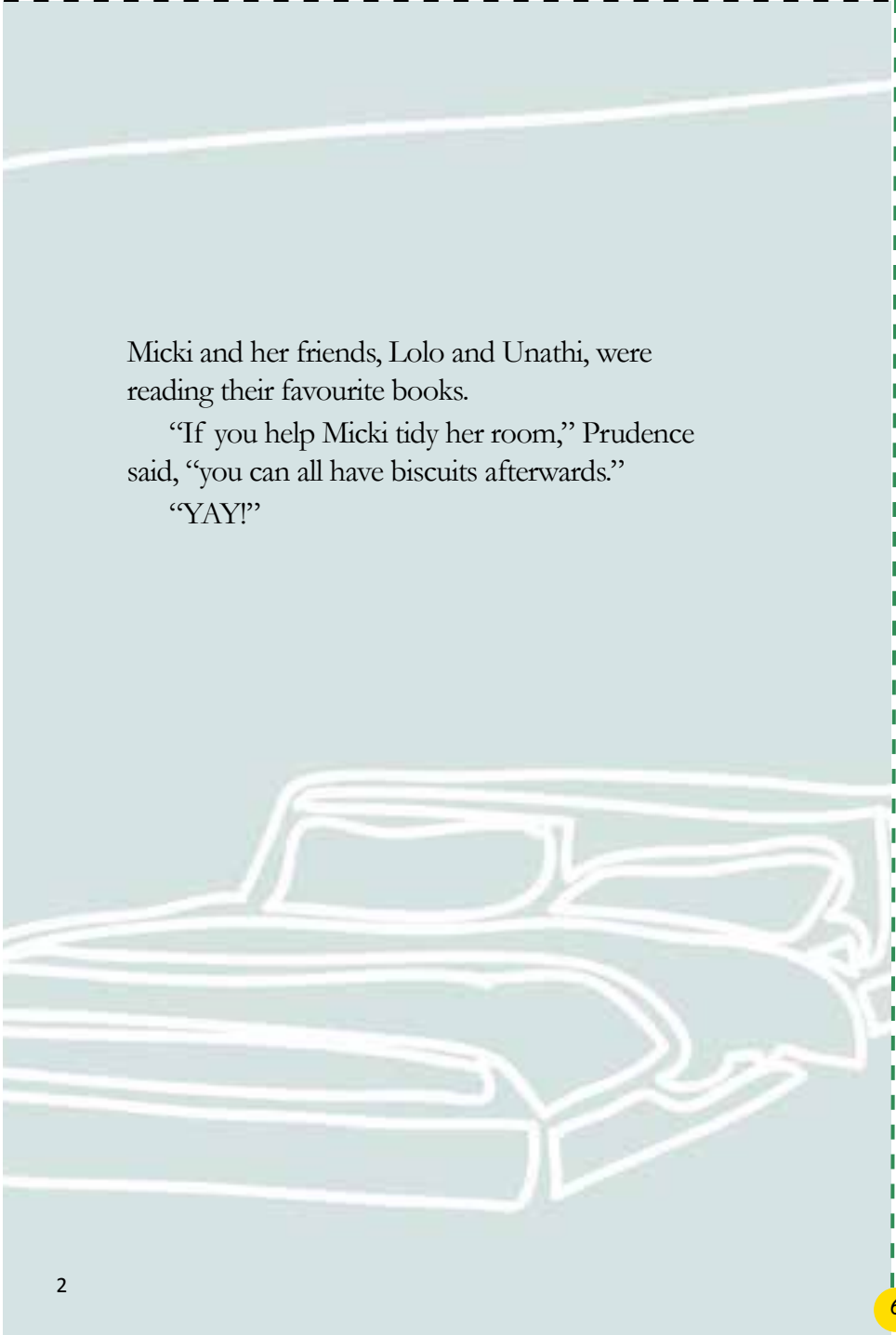


The biscuit jar must fall Setshelo sa dibisikiti se tlameha ho wa

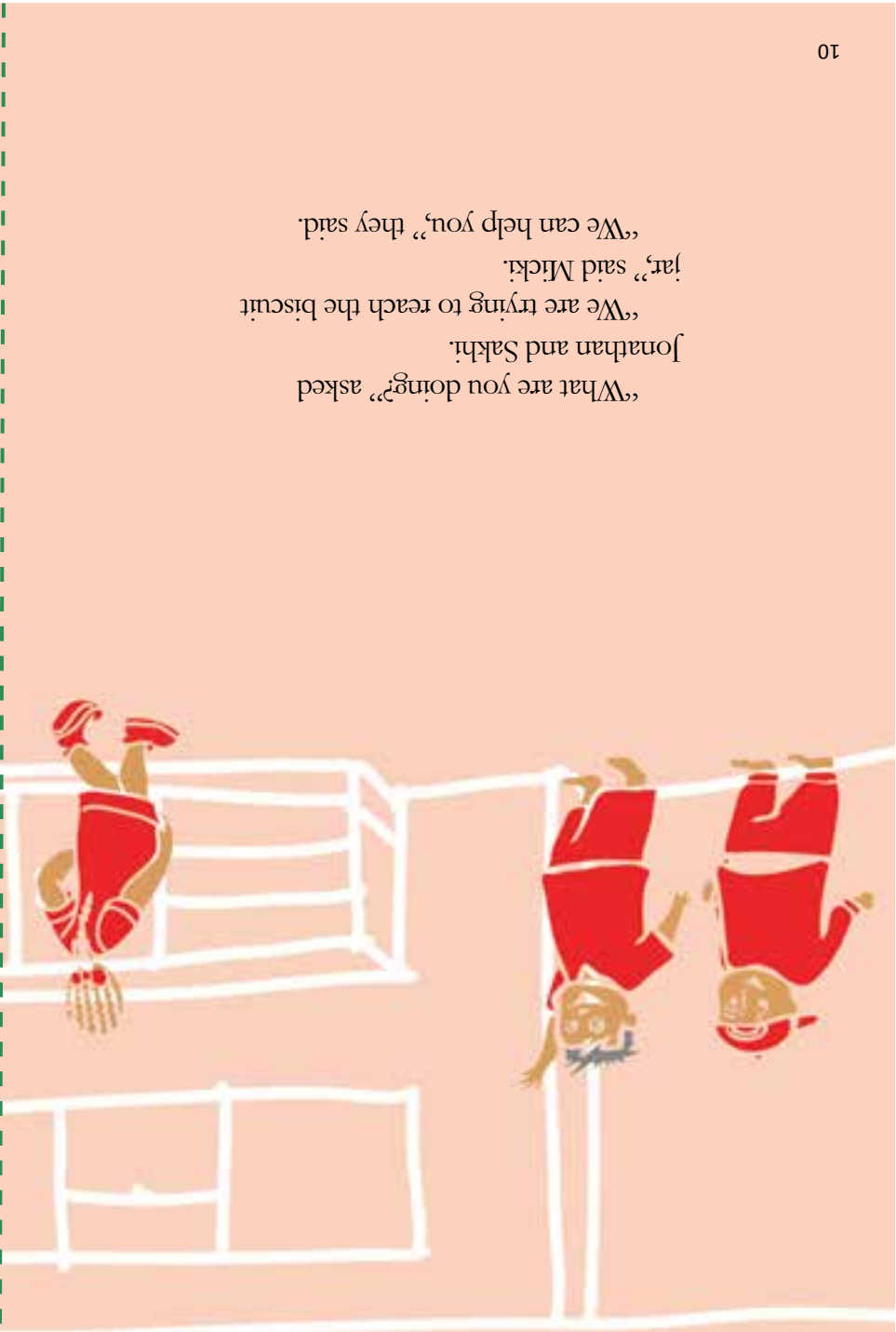


Siya Masuku
Nozizwe Herero
Nadene Kriel

So Lolo climbed on Unathi's shoulders and stretched out his arms, but he could not reach the biscuit jar. "My father would say that this is dangerous and we could fall and hurt ourselves," said Unathi. So the children found a rope to throw around the biscuit jar to pull it down. But they still could not reach the biscuit jar. "My mummy would say that this is dangerous and the jar could fall on us and hurt us," said Micki. Yaba Lolo o palama hodima mahela a Unathi mme a otolla diphaka tsa hae, empa a hloleha ho fihlela setshelo sa dibisikiti. "Ntate waka o ne a tla re ntho ena e kotsi mme re ka nna ra wa ra tswa kotsi," ha tšalo Unathi. Yaba bana ba fumana thapo eo ba ka e akgeelang hodimo ho hulela setshelo sa dibisikiti fatshe. Empa ba nna ba hloleha ho fihlela setshelo sa dibisikiti. "Mme wa ka o ne a tla re hona ho kotsi mme setshelo seno se ka re wela hodimo sa re ntsha kotsi," ha tšalo Micki.



Micki and her friends, Lolo and Unathi, were reading their favourite books.
 “If you help Micki tidy her room,” Prudence said, “you can all have biscuits afterwards.”
 “YAY!”



Qetellong, Micki a fumana leqheka ... mme ke kamoo, mmoho, ba ileng ba fihlella setshelo sa dibisikiti kateng!

“What are you doing?” asked Jonathan and Sakhi.
 “We are trying to reach the biscuit jar,” said Micki.
 “We can help you,” they said.



It would be cool to join the older boys, thought Howie. He deserved some fun after helping his mother. All she'd promised was one sweet! But it was his mother's money. Howie closed his fist around the coin. The edge dug into his palm – hard and round and hot, and slippery with sweat. “Give it here!” said Gary trying to grab the coin. Howie pulled his hand away and started to run. The others started to run after him.

He heard footsteps behind him, faster and faster. They were catching up. Howie thought of the famous runner. He tried to run as fast as the wind. The shopping bag swung and banged against his legs. It was holding him back. When he got to the pedestrian crossing, the robot man was red. “Stop!” yelled Curtis.

Howie's heart was thumping. He tried to cross, but there were too many cars. Someone grabbed him by the arm. It was Gary. “Give it, you baby!” Gary pushed Howie down onto the hard pavement.



Ho ne ho ka ba monate ho bapala le bashemane ba bahotwanyang, Howie a nahana jwalo. O ne a tshwanelewa ke ho ithabisa hanyane kamora hoba a thusitse mmae. Mmae o ne a mo tshcepisitse pompong e le nngwe feela! Empa ena e ne e le yhete ya mmae.

Howie a tisa khoine ka hara seata sa hae. Bokathoko ba yona ba kenella lets'hong la hae – e le thata e le t'hit'ha ebile e t'hesa, mme e thella ka lebaka la mofutso.

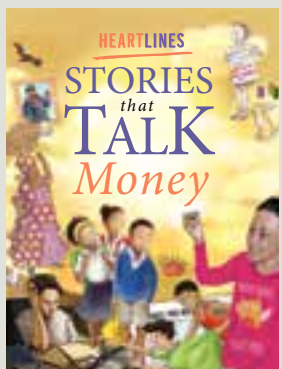
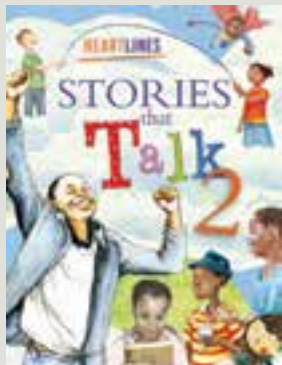
“E tise kwanoi!” ha t'alo Gary a leka ho phamola khoine. Howie a hula lets'oho la hae mme a gala ho matha. Ba bang ba gala ho matha kamora hae.

A utwa diqi kamora hae, di nse di podaka ho feta. Ba ne ba se ba tlo mo fumana. Howie a nahana ka semathi se tsebahalang. A leka ho matha ka lebello le tshwanang le la moya. Mokotana wa mabenkeleng o ne o lekelele mme o nse o ota monoto wa hae. O ne o mo sitisa ho matha. Ha a fihla moo ho tshelang ditaso teng, monna wa roboto o ne a le mofubedu.

“Emang!” ha hoeleisa Curtis.

Pelo ya Howie e ne e ota ka matla. A leka ho tshela mmila, empa ho ne ho ena le dikoloi tse ngata haholo.

Ho na le motho ya ileng a mo hula ka sephaka. E ne e le Gary. “Tisa mona, selallane towel!” Gary a sutuleisa Howie fatshe hodima tselana e ka thoko e thata.



This story comes from *Stories that Talk Money*, Heartlines' third collection of stories about values. For more information please email orders@heartlines.org.za or phone (011) 771 2540.

HEARTLINES
The Centre for Values Promotion

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Tsela eo o sa lokelang ho pata khoine ka yona

How not to hide a coin



Dawn Garisch
Vian Oelofsen



Howie went inside and asked Mr Ahmed for milk and bread. On the counter was a stack of newspapers with a photo of a runner winning a race.

"Will that be all, Howie?" asked Mr Ahmed, giving him the change.

Howie looked at the chocolates and sighed.

"Yes, thank you."

Curtis and Gary were waiting for him outside the shop.

"Hey, Howie, did you get any change?" Curtis asked.

Howie showed his brother the five rand coin.

"That's enough for four games!" said Curtis. Howie shook his head. "Oh, come on, we'll say you lost it," said Curtis.

"Ja, come on, Howie," Gary added. "You can play one of the games."



“Tjhe!” Howie a kometsa tjhelece ka molomong wa hae. Gary o ne a le hodima hae, a leka ho kenya menwana ya hae ka molomong wa Howie. Howie a tisa meno a hae.

“Tloha mona wena nkwapo towe!” Curtis a

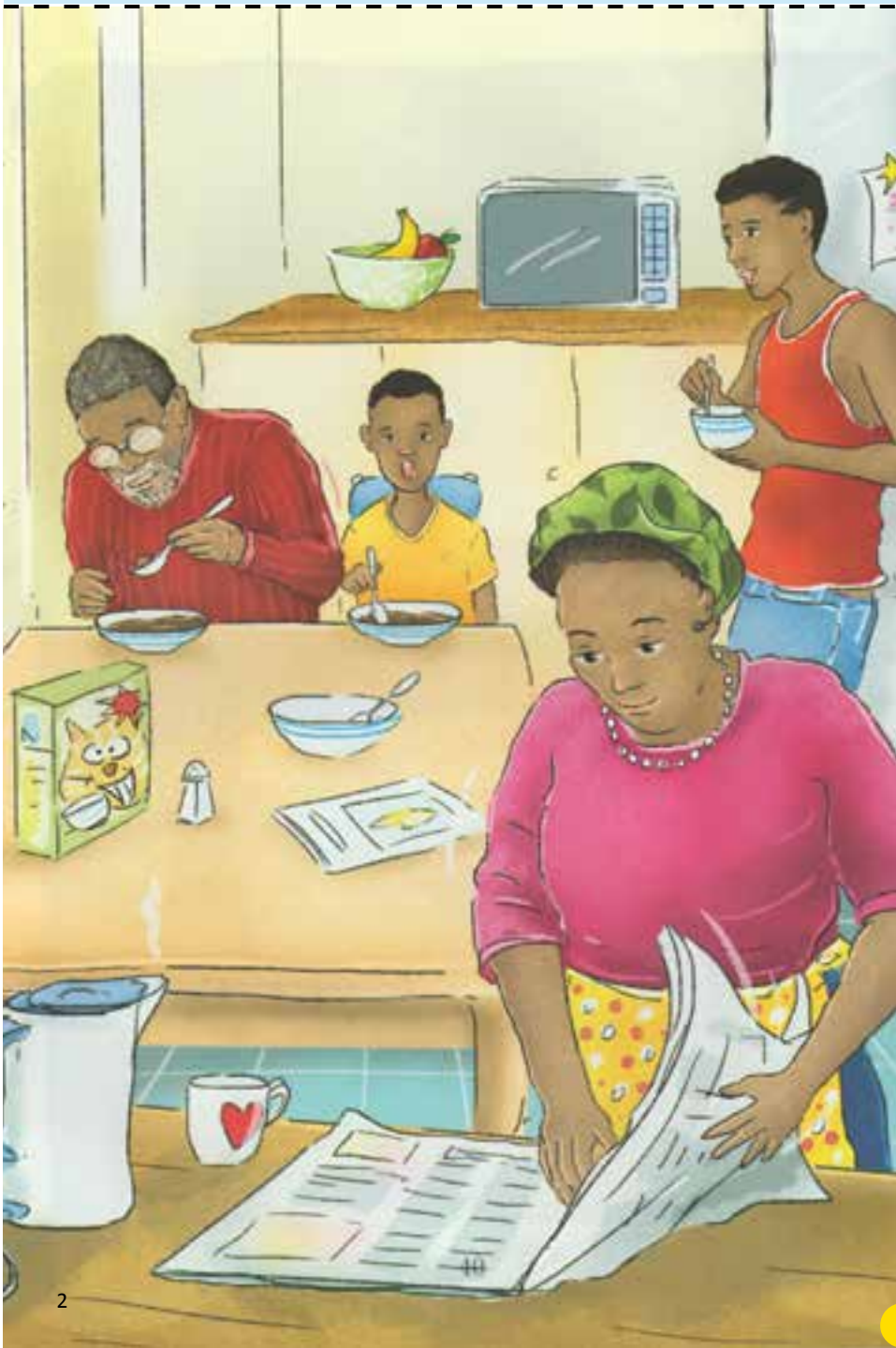
qhautsa Gary mme a mo hulela kwana. A hula Howie a mo phahamisisa mme a thonaka dinto tseo a di rekileng. Curtis o ne a shebahala a kgathatschile.

“Na o ntse o le hantle?” a botsa a shebile Howie.

Howie a oma ka hlooho. O ne a tshaba hore a ka nna a lla. O ne a thabetse hore moholwanae o ne a le teng.

Ha ba fhla hae, mma bona o ne a kgenne. “Ao, Howie, bohobe bo kgaohile. O lokela ho bo shebisisa pele. Tjhe ntho e ka e?”

Howie a bokolla. “Ke e kwentsel Ke tllilo shwa!”



“Pale ena e tla be e le koranteng ka Labone la beke e tlang,”
ha rialo Dika.

Curtis a dula pela moenae. “O keke wa kgona ho hlhella dikoranteng jwaloka senokwane. O tshepahala haholo,” a rialo.

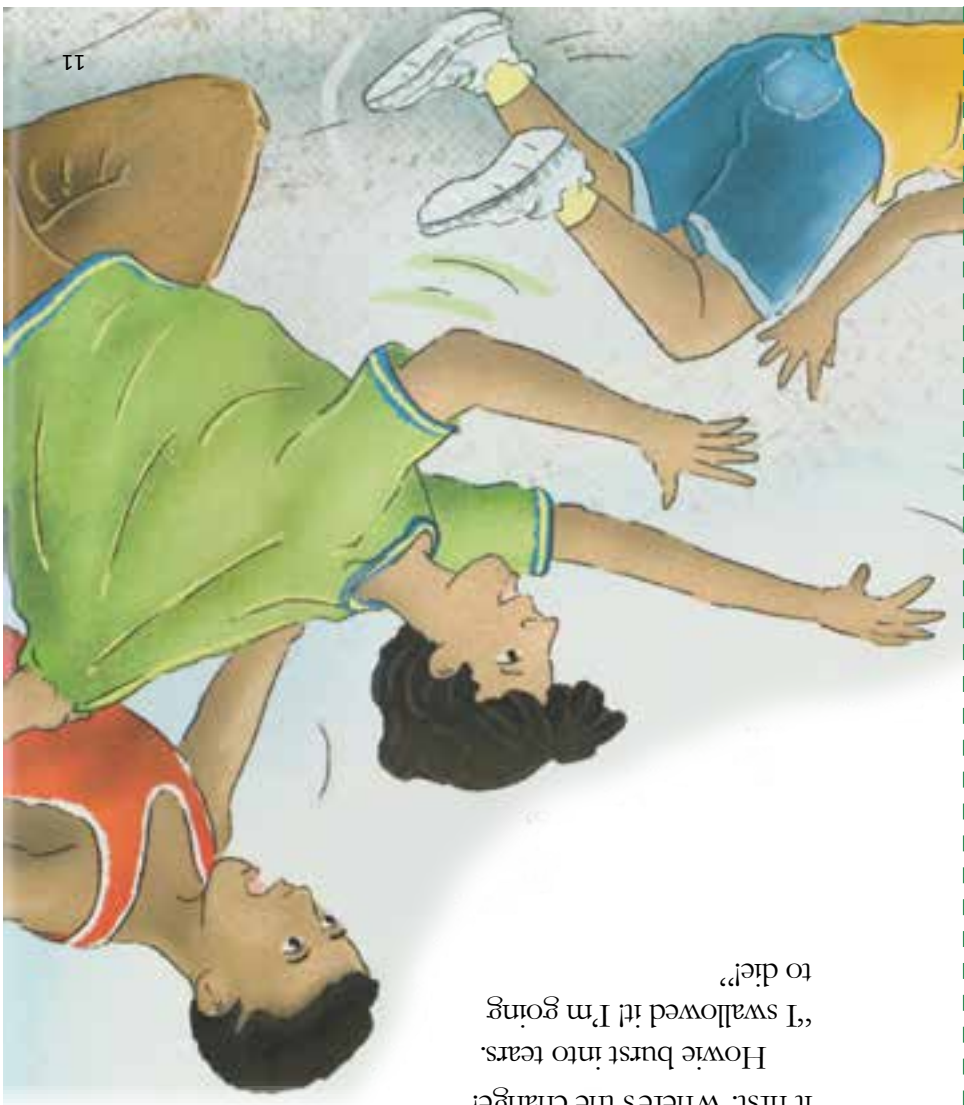
Howie a bososela. “Ha re etse mesebetsi ya lelapa mme kamora moo re ka tsamaya ho ya sebedisa diranta tse hlano. Mme o itse nka nna ka di nka kamora hoba di fetile mathateng a makana!”

“The story will be in the paper next Thursday,” Dika said.

Curtis sat down next to his brother. “You would never get into the papers as a robber. You’re too honest,” he said.

Howie grinned. "Let's do the chores and after that we can go and spend the five rand. Mom said I could keep it after what it's been through!"





Howie nodded. He was afraid he was going to cry. He was so glad his brother was there. When they got home, their mother was cross. “Oh, Howie, the bread is broken. You should check it first. Where’s the change?” Howie burst into tears. “I swallowed it! I’m going to die!”

Howie o ne a sa kgolwe ditsebe tsa hae. Tsatsing le hlhlamang Dika a tla habo. Howie o ne a thabile haholo hoo a ileng a bolella Dika ditaba tsohle – esitana le lebaka le entseng hore a kwenye khoine. Kwana o ne a sa ikemisetsa ho mmolella tsohle! Howie a sheba mmae. Mmae o ne a shebile Curtis ka ho swenya. Curtis a shebile Howie ka ho swenya. “Na nka nka senepe sa hao?” ha botsa Dika. “Ke hantle!” ha rialo Howie, “empa Curtis le yena o lokela ho ba ho sona. Ke pholositse tjelelete, empa Curtis o ile a pholosa nna!” Mma Howie a tlohela ho sosobanya sefahleho.

Howie couldn’t believe what he was hearing. The next day Dika came round. Howie was so excited that he told Dika the whole story – even the reason why he had swallowed the coin. He didn’t really mean to tell all! Howie looked at his mother. His mother was frowning at Curtis. Curtis frowned at Howie. “Can I take your photograph?” asked Dika. “Cool!” said Howie, “but Curtis must be in it too. I saved the money, but Curtis saved me!” Howie’s mother stopped frowning.



Howie a ke naka hare mme a kopa lebeso le bohobe ho Mong Ahmed. Khaontareng ho ne ho ena le dikoranta tse nang le setshwantsho sa semathi se hlolang lebelo. “Na ke tsona feela, Howie?” ha botsa Mong Ahmed, a mo fa tshenye ya hae. Howie a sheba ditjhokolete mme a hemela tlase. “Ee, ke a leboha.” Curtis le Gary ba ne ba mo emetse ka ntle ho lebenkele. “Hela, Howie, na o fumane tshenye moo?” ha botsa Curtis. Howie a bontsha moholwanae khoine ya diranta tse hlano. “E lekane dipapadi tse nne!” ha rialo Curtis. Howie a sisinya hlooho. “Tjhe bo, doha mona, re tla re e lahlehile,” ha rialo Curtis. “Ee, a ko etse, Howie,” Gary a latsetsa. “O ka nna wa bapala e nngwe le wena.”

Howie o ne a eja dijo tsa hoseng le ba lelapa labo. “O etsa jwang hore senepe sa hao se hlaliswe koranteng?” a botsa. “O ba wa pele ya hlotseng lebelong, kapa o hape Lotto,” ha rialo ntataemoholo. “O lokela ho ba moetapele ya etsang ho hong ho bohlokwa,” ha rialo mmae. “O lokela ho bolaya motho, kapa o utswetse banka,” ha rialo moholwanae, Curtis, a etswa monyako. “Ke tla le bona ha morao.”

Howie was eating breakfast with his family. “How do you get your photo in the newspaper?” he asked. “You come first in a race, or you win the Lotto,” said his grandfather. “You have to be a leader who does something important,” said his mother. “You have to kill someone, or rob a bank,” said his older brother, Curtis, as he walked out the door. “See you later.”



Curtis and his friend, Gary, were outside the shop. They were playing a game. ‘Jai Jai Awesome!’ Gary shouted. ‘Go, brui FINISH HIM!’ ‘Yess! Bru, did you see that?’ asked Curtis. The machine flashed and buzzed.



Curtis le motswalle wa hae, Gary, ba ne ba le ka ntle ho lebenkele. Ba ne ba bapala papadi e itseng. ‘Eh!le! Eh!le! Ke tsona!’ ha holetsa Gary. ‘Ho yena, moshal MO QETLE!’ ‘E! Mosh, na o bone seo?’ ha botsa Curtis. Moqhine wa tsekema wa lla.

Nthwena ke leeme, Howie a nahana jwalo. Nkeke ka hlola ke hlahella koranteng. Ha ke eso ka ke hlola eng kapa eng. Mme ha ke batle ho etsa ntho e mpe e tla nkisa tjhankaneng.

“Howie, ke hloka lebeso le bohobe lebenkeleng.” Mmae a mo fa diranta tse mashome a mararo. “O se ke wa lahla tjhentjhe. Mme o tshele mmila feela moo ho fetang ditaaso.” Mme wa Howie o ne a dula a bua ntho e le nngwe kamehla. “Ke tla o fa pompong ha o fihla hae.”

It’s not fair, thought Howie. I’ll never get in the paper. I’ve never won anything. And I don’t want to have to do something bad and go to jail.

“Howie, I need milk and bread from the shop.” His mother gave him thirty rand. “Don’t lose the change. And only cross the road at the pedestrian crossing.” Howie’s mother always said the same thing. “I’ll give you a sweet when you get home.”



Sepetele, ngaka ya nka X-ray. Khoine e ne e dutse mane, hantle feela bohareng ba mpa ya Howie. “Kgele,” ha tla Curtis. “Hoja o ne o le motšhine wa ho bapadisa tšhele, mahlo a hao a ne a tla tsekema mme ditsebe tsa hao di lle mangeneng!” Curtis a robela Howie lehllo. Howie a bososela le yena. O ne a eso ka a bolella motho lebakabaka le entseng hore a kwenye tšhele. “Ke khoine e kgolo,” ha tla ngaka, “empa ke tšhepa hore e tla tswa ha Howie a eya ntwaneng. O sebedise pitsana hore o tle o kgone ho netefatsa.” Howie o ne a tshohile haholo. “Pho! Nke ke ka hlola ke tšwara tšhele hape!” ha tla Curtis a swentse. “Ha khoine eo e ka hakeha, Howie a ka mna a hloka operetšheng,” ngaka a ba lemosa. Ka lehlhono, kamora matsatsi a mabedi, khoine ya itswela. Mme wa Howie a re a letsetse ngaka mohala mme a mmolle. “Oh, ke thabile,” a tla. “Na nka o kopa molemonyana?” “Ofa, Ngaka?” ha tla Howie. “Kgaitšedi ya ka o ithutela ho ba mogolotsi wa ditaba mme o hloka dipale bakeng sa koranta ya setjhaba. Na a ka bua le wena? Lebitso la hae ke Dika,” ha tla ngaka.

At the hospital, the doctor took an X-ray. There was the coin, right in the middle of Howie’s tummy.

“Wow,” said Curtis. “If you were a slot machine, your eyes would flash and your ears would ring!”

Curtis winked at Howie. Howie smiled back. He hadn’t told anyone the real reason why he had put the money in his mouth.

“It’s a big coin,” the doctor said, “but I’m hoping it will come out when Howie goes to the toilet. Use a potty so you can make sure.”

Howie was horrified.

“Gross! I’m never going to touch money again!” said Curtis pulling a face.

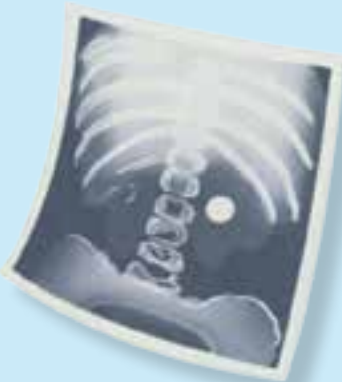
“If the coin gets stuck, Howie might need an operation,” the doctor warned.

Luckily, after two days, the coin came out. Howie’s mom let him phone the doctor to tell her.

“Oh, I am glad,” she said. “Can I ask you a favour?”

“Yes, Doctor?” said Howie.

“My brother is learning to be a reporter and he needs stories for the community newspaper. Can he talk to you? His name is Dika,” the doctor said.



So they found a stool and took turns to climb on it. But none of them could reach the biscuit jar. “My mama would say that this is dangerous and we could fall and hurt ourselves,” said Lolo.

Yaba ba fumana setulo mme ba nna ba palama ka bonngwe ho sona. Empa ho ne ho se ya kgonang ho fihlela setshelo sa dibisikiti.

“Mme wa ka o ne a tla re ntho ena e kotsi mme re tla getella re wele mme re itemaditse,” ha rialo Lolo.



Micki le metswalle ya hae, Lolo le Unathi, ba ne ba bala dibuka tseo ba di ratang haholo.

“Ha le ka thusa Micki ho hlwekisa phaposi ya hae,” ha rialo Prudence, “le ka nna la ja dibisikiti ha le qeta.”

“HALALA!”



“Le etsang?” ha botsa Jonathan le Sakh.

“Re leka ho nanabela setshelo sane sa dibisikiti,” ha rialo Micki.

“Re ka nna ra le thusa,” ba rialo.



Finally, Micki had an idea ... and that is how, together, they reached the biscuit jar!

Micki, Lolo le Unathi ba tjamela setshelo sa dibisikiti se shelofong ba ipotsa hore ba tla se fihlela jwang.

Micki, Lolo and Unathi stared at the biscuit jar on the shelf wondering how to reach it.



“Let’s push the table close to the shelf and climb on that instead,” said Jonathan.

But still, none of them could reach the biscuit jar.

“Ha re sutuletseng tafole hau! le shelofo mme re palame hodima yona,” ha rialo Jonathan.

Empa le ha ho le jwalo, ha ho ya ileng a kgoma ho se fihlella.



But they carried on and read and read and read. Then they stopped reading and tidied Micki’s room.

Empa ba tswela pele ba nna ba bala. Yaba ba tlohela ho bala mme ba hlwekisa phaposi ya Micki.



“My room is tidy now,” said Micki. “Let’s go and get biscuits.”

But the children could not find Prudence anywhere. So, they went to the kitchen ...

“Phaposi ya ka e hlwekile jwale,” ha rialo Micki. “Ha re ilo latang dibisikiti.”

Empa bana bao ba se ke ba fumana Prudence hohle. Yaba ba leba ka kitjhineng ...



“Let’s throw a ball at the jar and knock it down so that the biscuits fall out,” said Sakhi.

“Yes!” said Lolo and Jonathan.

“No!” said Unathi and Micki.

“Ha re akgeleng bolo setshelong seo mme re se dihele fatshe e le hore dibisikiti di tle di tswe,” ha rialo Sakhi.

“Ee!” ha rialo Lolo le Jonathan.

“Tjhel!” ha rialo Unathi le Micki.

Reading club corner

There are lots of special days in November that offer us opportunities for reading, writing and storytelling with children. Choose one or more of the special days below and try out our activity suggestions at your reading club.

November International Picture Book Month

13 November World Kindness Day

13 November International Tongue Twister Day

15 November I-Love-to-Write Day

16 November International Day of Tolerance

21 November World Hello Day

25 November Buy-Nothing Day

Look out for the next edition of the Nal'ibali Supplement for ideas on how to celebrate International Picture Book Month and Buy-Nothing Day.

- ★ To celebrate World Kindness Day, ask each child to write their name on a sheet of A4 paper and to place it somewhere in your reading club's venue. Then make lots of small sheets of blank paper available to the children so that they can write a kind message to each child at your reading club. Let them "post" their written messages by placing them on the sheets of paper with the children's names on them.
- ★ Celebrate International Tongue Twister Day by writing down some tongue twisters with the children and then saying them together over and over again, as quickly as you can. Here are two to get you going: She sells sea shells on the seashore. / A proper copper coffee pot.
- ★ Combine activities for I-Love-to-Write Day and the International Day of Tolerance by encouraging the children to write a Facebook post, a poem, a short article or a story that focuses on their thoughts and feelings about tolerance in our world today.
- ★ Like others around the world, you can celebrate World Hello Day by taking the time to greet as many people as you can. Do this in their mother tongue, even if you first have to ask them how to say "hello" in their language.



Hello	Sawubona	Ndaa	Hallo	Molweni	Molo	Aa
Avuxeni	Dumelang	Lotjhani	Dumela	Sanibonani	Sanibona	Lotjha

Huku ya tlelapo ya ho bala

Ho na le matsatsi a mangata a kgethehileng kgweding ya Pudungwana a re fang menyella ya ho bala, ho ngola le ho pheta dipale mmoho le bana. Kgetha le le leng kapa ho feta ho matsatsi ana a kgethehileng ka tlase mona bakeng sa ho leka dihlhahiso tsa rona tsa diketsahalo tseo le ka di etsang tlelapong ya lona ya ho bala.

Pudungwana Kgwele ya Matjhaba ya Dibuka tsa Ditshwantsho

13 Pudungwana Letsatsi la Lefatshe la Mosa

13 Pudungwana Letsatsi la Matjhaba la Ho Tswaketsa Leleme

15 Pudungwana Letsatsi la Ke-Rata-ho-Ngola

16 Pudungwana Letsatsi la Matjhaba la ho Amohelana

21 Pudungwana Letsatsi la Lefatshe la ho Dumedisa

25 Pudungwana Letsatsi la Se-Reke-Letho

Dula o lebelletse kgatiso e latelang ya Tlatsetso ya Nal'ibali bakeng sa mehopolo ya kamoo o ka ketekang Kgwele ya Matjhaba ya Dibuka tsa Ditshwantsho le Letsatsi la Se-Reke-Letho.

- ★ Bakeng sa ho keteka Letsatsi la Lefatshe la Mosa, kopa ngwana ka mong ho ngola lebitso la hae leqepheng la A4 mme a le behe sebakeng se itseng tlelapong ya ho bala. Ebe o bea maqephe a mangata a manyane a sa ngolwang ao bana ba ka a fumanang hore ba ngole molaetsa o mosa bakeng sa ngwana ka mong tlelapong ya hao ya ho bala. E re ba "pose" melaetsa eo ba e ngotseng ka ho e bea hodima leqephe le leholo mme ba ngotse mabitso a bona ho ona.
- ★ Ketekang Letsatsi la Matjhaba la Ho Tswaketsa Leleme ka ho ngola dipolelo tse ding tse tswaketsang leleme mmoho le bana mme le di bue mmoho le di phetapheta ha ngata, ka potlako kamoo le ka kgonang. Tse pedi ke tsena bakeng sa ho o thusa ho qala: Kgudu phutha thupa, thupa phutha kgudu. / Ke bone baqoqi ba Qwaqwa ba qoqa moqoqi o qabolang.
- ★ Kopanya diketsahalo bakeng sa Letsatsi la Ke-Rata-ho-Ngola le Letsatsi la Matjhaba la ho Amohelana ka ho kgothaletsa bana ho ngola kenyo ho Facebook, thotokiso, atikele e kgutshwane kapa pale e boelang menahano ya bona le maikutlo a bona mabapi le kamohelano e teng lefatsheng kajeno.
- ★ Jwaloka batho ba bang lefatsheng lohle, le ka keteka Letsatsi la Lefatshe la ho Dumedisa ka ho ipha nako ya ho dumedisa batho ba bangata kamoo le ka kgonang. Etsa sena ka puo ya bona, le ha o ka tlameha ho ba botsa pele hore ho thwe "dumela" jwang ka puo ya bona.

NAL'IBALI ON RADIO!

Tune into the following radio stations to enjoy listening to stories on Nal'ibali's radio show!

Ikwekwezi FM on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9.45 a.m.

Lesedi FM on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday at 9.45 a.m.

Ligwalagwala FM on Monday to Wednesday at 9.10 a.m.

Munghana Lonene FM on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9.35 a.m.

Phalaphala FM on Monday to Wednesday at 11.15 a.m.

RSG on Monday to Wednesday at 9.10 a.m.

SAfm on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.50 p.m.

Thobela FM on Tuesday and Thursday at 2.50 p.m., on Saturday at 9.20 a.m. and on Sunday at 7.50 a.m.

Ukhozi FM on Wednesday at 9.20 a.m. and on Saturday at 8.50 a.m.

Umhlobo Wenene FM on Monday to Wednesday at 9.30 a.m.

X-K FM on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 9.00 a.m.



NAL'IBALI RADIYONG!

Bulela diteishene tse latelang tsa radiyo ho natefelwa ke ho mamela dipale lenaneong la radiyo la Nal'ibali!

Ikwekwezi FM ka Mantaha, Laboraro le Labohlano ka 9.45 hoseng.

Lesedi FM ka Mantaha, Labobedi le Labone ka 9.45 hoseng.

Ligwalagwala FM ka Mantaha ho isa ho Laboraro ka 9.10 hoseng.

Munghana Lonene FM ka Mantaha, Laboraro le Labohlano ka 9.35 hoseng.

Phalaphala FM ka Mantaha ho isa ho Laboraro ka 11.15 hoseng.

RSG ka Mantaha ho isa ho Laboraro ka 9.10 hoseng.

SAfm ka Mantaha, Laboraro le Labohlano ka 1.50 motsheare.

Thobela FM ka Labobedi le Labone ka 2.50 motsheare, ka Moqebelo ka 9.20 hoseng le ka Sontaha ka 7.50 hoseng.

Ukhozi FM ka Laboraro ka 9.20 hoseng le ka Moqebelo ka 8.50 hoseng.

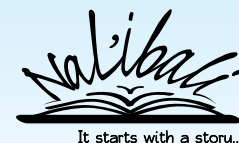
Umhlobo Wenene FM ka Mantaha ho isa ho Laboraro ka 9.30 hoseng.

X-K FM ka Mantaha, Laboraro le Labohlano ka 9.00 hoseng.



Wait until I'm fat enough!

Retold by Wendy Hartmann ✨ Illustrations by Simphiwe Mangole



Once upon a time, there was a goat that lived in the Transkei. Every year this goat would move to the hills in the early months of summer. She went there because there was far more food and she was able to eat as much as she liked.

One summer she left to go to the hills. She was walking along the path when suddenly, there in front of her, stood an enormous leopard.

"Good morning, Ms Goat," said the leopard. "Where are you going?"

"Oh, Mr Leopard," answered the goat, shaking from head to toe with fear, "I'm just going up to the hills to eat the good food there."

"Well," said the leopard. "I'm very sorry for you, but I'm hungry too. So, I'm afraid you're not going anywhere! I have to eat you right now, right here!"

"Oh, Mr Leopard," said the goat. "Don't do that. No, no, no! Don't eat me now. Wait until I'm fat enough. Wait until after summer. I will be so much fatter then and you'll have much, much more to eat."



"Mmmm," said the leopard. "That's a good idea. Alright, I won't eat you now, as long as you promise that when you come back, you will meet me here, at this exact spot."

So the frightened goat promised and went on her way. When she reached the hills, she forgot all about the leopard. All summer long she ate the lovely green plants on the hills. When the end of summer came, she was nice and fat. Soon it was time for her to leave the hills and go back home.

Only as she started walking home, did she remember what she had promised the leopard. With every step that she took, she became more and more afraid. Very soon she was near the place where she had said she would meet the leopard.

"What am I going to do?" she said aloud.

Just then a hare hopped by and stopped to say good morning to her.

"Hello, Ms Goat," he said. "You look so healthy and fat. But why do you look so sad on such a beautiful day?"

"Oh, Brother Hare," said the goat, "my story is very sad. When I came up here at the beginning of summer, I met an enormous leopard. He said he was going to eat me. I begged him not to and said he should wait until I'm fat enough. I told him that he should wait until after summer when I had eaten all the good food up on the hills."

"What did he say?" asked the hare.

"He agreed to wait," said the goat, "and said that I must meet him at the same spot on my way back. Now I am nearly at that spot and I know that when he sees me, he is going to eat me!" And the goat burst into tears.

"Dear me! Shame!" said the hare. "That is a sad story. But cheer up. I have a plan. Leave it to me. Just wait here."

The hare quickly ran home. He dressed himself up in his very best clothes. He put on a big hat that had a feather in it, and one long dangly earring. Then he grabbed a sheet of paper, a pen and a small saddle, and ran back to the goat.

When he reached the goat, he strapped the small saddle onto her back and rode on her as if she were a horse. Eventually they reached the place where the goat was to meet the leopard. And there the leopard was, in the middle of the path, waiting.

"Who are you?" shouted the hare. "What are you doing here?"

"I am Mr Leopard and I am waiting here to eat Ms Goat," said the leopard, annoyed. "We made an arrangement. And do tell me, exactly who you are?"

"I am Mr Hare. I have been sent on a special mission by High Chief Singewe of the greatest African kingdom of all. He has asked me to collect ten leopard skins as a gift for his new wife. How lucky I am that I have met you. Your skin will do very nicely."

The hare stopped talking and pulled out his pen and paper and wrote down, *One very large ...* Then he stopped and looked at the leopard.



The leopard was so scared of what he had heard that he turned around on the path and ran for his life.

The goat was very happy and she thanked the hare for saving her. Then the goat and the hare went their separate ways. The hare went back to his home and the goat went back to hers. She was very happy, and much, much fatter than before.





Nkemele hore ke none pele!

E phetwa hape ke Wendy Hartmann ★ Ditshwantsho ka Simphiwe Mangole

Hukung
ya dipale

Mehleng ya kgalekgale, ho ne ho ena le podi e neng e dula Transkei. Selemo le selemo podi ena e ne e leba leralleng dikgweding tsa pele tsa lehlabula. O ne a eya moo hobane ho ne ho ena le dijo tse ngata ho feta mme o ne a kgona ho ja tse ngata ho ya kamoo a batlang.

Ka lehlabula le leng a nyolohela maralleng. O ne a tsamaya tseleng mme hanghang, hona moo ka pela hae, ho ne ho eme nkwe e kgolo.

“Dumela, Mof Podi,” ha rialo nkwe. “O ya hokae?”

“Hela, Mong Nkwe,” ha araba podi, e thothomela mmele kaofela ke tshabo, “ke mpa feela ke nyolohela leralleng lane ho ya ja dijo tse monate teng.”

“Tjhe kwana,” ha rialo nkwe. “Ke mohau ka wena, empa le nna ke lapile. Kahoo, ke maswabi hobane ha ho moo o yang! Ke lokela ho o ja hona jwale, hona mona!”

“Jowe, Mong Nkwe,” ha rialo podi. “O se etse jwalo hle. Tjhe, tjhe, tjhe! O se ke wa ntja hona jwale. Nkemele hore ke none pele. Ema ho fihlela lehlabula le feta. Ke tla be ke nonne ha monatjana nakong eo mme o tla be o ena le nama e ngata ho feta eo o ka e jang.



“Mmmm,” ha rialo nkwe. “Ke monahano o motle oo. Ho lokile, nkeke ka o ja hona jwale, ha feela o ka ntshepisa hore ha o kgutlela morao, o tla kopana le nna mona, hona mona moo re emeng teng.”

Yaba podi e tshohileng e a mo tshepisa mme ya tswela pele ka leeto. Ha e fihla leralleng, ya lebala tshole ka nkwe. Nakong yohle ya lehlabula e ne e itjella dijalo tse tala ha monate ka hodima maralla. Ha lehlabula le fihla pheletsong, e ne e nonne ha monatjana. E se kgale ha fihla nako ya hore e kgutlele morao lapeng labo yona.

Eitse ha e qala ho nka leeto le yang hae, ya hopola seo e se tshepitseng nkwe. Mohato o mong le o mong oo e neng e o nka, o ne o ntse o eketsa ho tshoha ha yona. E se kgale ke ha e atametse sebaka sane moo e neng e itse e tla kopana le nkwe teng.

“Ke tla etsa jwang?” a rialo a buela hodimo.

Hona hoo mmutla wa tloatlola o feta mme wa ema ho mo dumedisa.

“Dumela, Mof Podi,” wa rialo. “O shebahala o phetse hantle haholo o nonne. Empa ke hobaneng ha o shebeha o hloname letsatsing le letle hakana?”

“Jowe, Kgaisedi Mmutla,” ha rialo podi, “taba tsa ka di bohloko haholo. Ha ke ne ke etla hodimo mona qalong ya lehlabula lena, ke ile ka kopana le nkwe e kgolo haholo. O ile a re o batla ho ntja. Ke ile ka mo kopa hore a se etse jwalo mme ka

re a nkemele hore ke none pele. Ke ile ka mmolella hore a emele lehlabula le fete ha ke se ke jele dijo tshole tse monate tsa ka hodima leralla.”

“O ile a reng?” ha botsa mmutla.

“O ile a dumela ho nkemela,” ha rialo podi, “mme a re ke kopane le yena sebakeng sona sane mohlang ke kgutlang. Jwale ke se ke atametse sebaka seo mme ke a tseba hore ha a mpona, o tlo ntja!” Mme podi ya qala ho bokolla.

“Ao banna! Ke hampe hakaakang!” ha rialo mmutla. “Ke taba tse bohloko ruri. Empa o se utlwe bohloko. Ke na le leqheka. Tlohella taba eo ho nna. Ema mona.”

Mmutla a mathela hae kapele. A apara diaparo tse ntle haholo. A rwala katiba e kgolo e nang le lesiba ho yona le lesale le lelelele le leketlang. Yaba o nka leqephe le leholo, pene le sale e nyane, mme a matha ho kgutlela ho podi.

Ha a fihla ho podi, a tlamella sale e nyane hodima podi mme a e palama jwaloka haeka o palame pere. Qetellong ba fihla sebakeng sane moo podi a neng a tlo kopana le nkwe teng. Mme he, nkwe o ne a le moo, bohareng ba tsela, a eme.

“O mang wena?” ha hoeletsa mmutla. “O etsa eng moo?”

“Ke Mong Nkwe mme ke emetse ho tla ja Mof Podi,” ha rialo nkwe e tenehile. “Re ne re dumellane. Mme he, a ko mpoelle hore wena o mang?”

“Ke nna Mong Mmutla. Ke romilwe ka thomo e kgethehileng ke Morena e Moholo Singewe wa borena bo boholo ka ho fetisisa ba Afrika. O nkipile hore ke mmokelletse matlalo a leshome a dinkwe jwaloka mpho bakeng sa mosadi wa hae e motjha. Ke lehlohonolo hobane ke mona ke kopane le wena. Letlalo la hao le tla lokela mosadi wa morena hantle.”

Mmutla a emisa ho bua mme a ntsha pene ya hae le pampiri a ngola, *Le le leng le leholohadi ...* Yaba o a emisa mme o sheba nkwe.



Nkwe o ne a tshohile haholo ka lebaka la seo a se utlwieng hoo a ileng a kgutla hona tseleng moo mme a matha ka lebelohadi.

Podi o ne a thabile haholo mme a leboha mmutla ka ho pholosa bophelo ba hae. Yaba podi le mmutla ba a arohana. Mmutla a kgutlela lapeng la hae mme le podi a kgutlela ho la hae. O ne a thabile haholo, mme a bile a nonne le ho feta pele.



Nal'ibali fun Monate wa Nal'ibali



1.

Find these Nal'ibali characters in the big picture. Then do the things under the picture.

Batla baphetwa ba Nal'ibali ka hara setshwantsho se sehlo. Ebe o etsa dintho ka tlasa setshwantsho.



Priya



Thembi



Hope



Bella



Neo



Mrs Dube
Mof Dube



- ★ What do you think the title of this book could be?

- ★ Do you think it is a storybook or an information book?

- ★ Draw or write in the speech bubble to show what you think the teacher is saying.

- ★ O nahana hore sehlooho sa buka ee e ka ba sefe?

- ★ Na le nahana hore ebe ke buka ya pale kapa buka ya tlhahisoleseding?

- ★ Taka kapa o ngole ka hara pudulana ya puo ho bontsha seo o nahanang hore fitjhere o a se bua.

2.

Use your imagination to complete the story.

Sebedisa boinahanelo ba hao ho qetella pale ena.

Phumla and the old woman

Once upon a time, an old woman lived all alone near the top of a tall mountain above a village. Everybody in the village was afraid of her. They called her "The Witch".

One day, a young girl called Phumla went out to collect wild roots and herbs on the slopes of the mountain. Before she knew it, storm clouds had gathered, and very soon the rain came pouring down. Phumla knew she had to find shelter quickly, but the only place nearby was the old woman's hut ...



Phumla le mosadimoholo

Mehleng ya kgale, mosadimoholo e mong o ne a dula a le mong haufi le tlhoro ya thaba e telele ka hodima motse. Batho bohle motseng oo ba ne ba mo tshaba. Ba ne ba mmitisa "Moloi".

Ka tsatsi le leng ngwananyana e mong ya bitswang Phumla a ya naheng ho ya kga metso le ditlama tsa naha tlasa thaba. Pele a eellwa, maru a matshomatsho a ne a se a bokellane, mme ho eso ye kae pula ya qala ho na ka matla. Phumla o ile a tseba hore o lokela ho fumana seithireletso ka potlako, empa sebaka se le seng feela seo a neng a ka ya ithshireletsa ho sona e ne e le tlung ya mosadimoholo yane ...

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