



## Tell a story!

**Tell a Story Day on 27 April 2020, celebrates storytelling of all kinds – stories read aloud from books, stories that are told, as well as stories acted on stages, in movies and in puppet shows.**

Read our tips below for telling stories to your children, and enjoy our special puppet-show activity on page 2!

## Pheta pale!

**Letsatsi la ho Pheta Pale la 27 Mmesa 2020, le keteka ho pheta dipale tsa mefuta yohle – dipale tse ballwang hodimo ho tswa dibukeng, dipale tse phetwang, esitana le dipale tse tshwantshiswang kalaneng, dimoving le dipontshong tsa diphapete.**

Bala dikeletso tsa rona ka tlase mona bakeng sa ho phetela bana ba hao dipale, le ho natefelwa ke ketsahalo ya rona e kgethehileng ya pontsho ya diphapete e ka leqepheng la 2!

### GETTING STARTED WITH STORYTELLING

- ★ Choose a time of day which works best for you all. Some children enjoy listening to stories at bedtime, but others find it easier to concentrate during the day.
- ★ The children need to feel comfortable and have something soft to sit on.
- ★ It shouldn't be too noisy, so that they can hear easily.
- ★ Choosing stories that you know well, helps you to tell them with confidence. Also make sure that the stories are suitable for your children's ages.



### HOW TO TELL A STORY

1. Before you tell the story, ask questions connected to the story and your children's experience of the world. This helps to spark their interest.
2. Don't talk too fast when you tell the story. Children need time to think about what they are hearing.
3. Put lots of expression in your voice to create the mood, and use a different voice for each character when she/he speaks.
4. Use body gestures and actions. For example, if the character is cross and stomping around, stamp your feet as you tell the story.
5. Ask open-ended questions or make open-ended comments, for example, "What do you think will happen next?" and "I wonder how she felt while she hid in the forest." These help children think about the story and understand it better.
6. After you have told the story, encourage your children to share any questions or comments they may have. Try to find answers to their questions together.



### HO QALA KA HO PHETA PALE

- ★ Kgetha nako ya letsatsi e loketseng lona bohle. Bana ba bang ba natefelwa ke ho mamela dipale pele ba robala, empa ba bang ba fumana ho le bonolo ho tsepamisa maikutlo motsheare.
- ★ Bana ba hloka ho ikutlwa ba phutholohile mme ba dutse hodima ntho e bonojwana.
- ★ Ha ho a lokela ho ba lerata haholo, ele hore ba kgone ho utlwa hantle.
- ★ Ho kgetha dipale tseo o di tsebang hantle, ho o thusa ho ba phetela tsona ka boitshepo. Hape etsa bonnete ba hore dipale tseo di loketse dilemo tsa bana ba hao.



### TSELA YA HO PHETA PALE

1. Pele o pheta pale, botsa dipotso tse tsamaelanang le pale le tsela eo bana ba hao ba tsebang lefatsheng ka yona. Sena se thusa ho qholotsa thahasello ya bona.
2. O se ke wa bua o potlakile ha o pheta pale. Bana ba hloka nako ya ho nahana ka seo ba se utlwang.
3. Kenya maikutlo a matla lentsweng la hao ho bontsha boemo ba ditaba, mme o sebedise lentse le fapaneng bakeng sa ha mophetwa ka mong a bua.
4. Sebedisa dipontsho tsa mmele le diketso. Ho etsa mohlala, haeba mophetwa a halefile mme a tila ka maoto fatshe, tila ka maoto le wena ha o ntse o pheta karolo eo ya pale.
5. Botsa dipotso tse batlang maikutlo kapa etsa ditshwaelo tse batlang maikutlo, ho etsa mohlala, "Le nahana hore ho tla etsahala eng kamora moo?" le "Ke a ipotsa hore o ne a ikutlwa jwang ha a ne a ipatile morung." Tsena di thusa bana ho nahana ka pale le ho e utlwisisa hantle.
6. Kamora ho pheta pale, kgothaletsa bana ba hao ho botsa dipotso kapa ho fana ka ditshwaelo tseo ba ka bang le tsona. Lekang ho fumana dikarabo tsa dipotso tsa bona mmoho.



### The benefits of stories

Research shows that:

- ♥ introducing children to stories and books at home before they start school helps them to do better at school.
- ♥ telling stories to school-aged children boosts their language skills, feeds their imaginations and helps them to think about new ideas.



### Melemo ya dipale

Dipatlisiso di bontsha hore:

- ♥ ho tsebisa bana ka dipale le dibuka lapeng pele ba qala sekolo ho ba thusa ho sebetse hantle sekolong.
- ♥ ho phetela bana ba dilemong tsa ho ya sekolong dipale ho matlafatsa bokgoni ba bona ba puo, ho fepa monahano wa bona le ho ba thusa ho nahana ka dikgopolo tse ntjha.



**Drive your  
imagination**



**IT STARTS WITH  
A STORY.  
HO QALA  
KA PALE.**



## Get creative!

Using puppets is a great way to get children to retell the stories you have read to them, and to encourage them to make up their own stories! Here are some suggestions for how to create a puppet show.

### Make stick puppets

Etsa diphapete tsa dithupa

Follow the instructions for making stick puppets of the Nal'ibali characters or let your children create their own story characters.



## Iqapele!

Ho sebedisa diphapete ke tsela e ntle ya ho etsa hore bana ba phete dipale hape tseo o sa tswa ba balla tsona, le ho ba kgothaletsa ho iqapela dipale tsa bona! Ditlhaliso tse itseng ke tsena bakeng sa ho iketsetsa pontsho ya diphapete.



Latela ditaelo bakeng sa ho etsa diphapete tsa dithupa tsa baphetwa ba Nal'ibali kapa o re bana ba iketsetse baphetwa ba bona ba dipale.

1.



1. Cut out the pictures of the Nal'ibali characters on page 3 or use the characters you have collected in past editions of the supplement. (If your children are creating their own story characters, let them draw a picture of each character.) Paste each picture on a sheet of paper or thin cardboard so that it doesn't tear.

2.



2. Cut out each picture. Find a thin stick (about as long as a ruler) for each character - you could use kebab sticks or any stick you find outside. Use glue or tape to attach the end of a stick to the back of each picture.

3.



3. Glue a small piece of paper over the end of the stick on the back of each picture.
3. Kgomaretsa sekotwana se senyane sa pampiri ntlheng e nngwe ya thupa bokamoraong ba setshwantsho ka seng.

1. Seha o ntshe ditshwantsho tsa baphetwa ba Nal'ibali ka leqephe la 3 kapa o sebedise baphetwa bao le ba bokeletseng dikgatisong tse fetileng tsa tlatssetso. (Haeba bana ba hao ba iketsetsa baphetwa ba bona ba pale, e re ba take setshwantsho sa mophetwa ka mong.) Manamisa setshwantsho ka seng leqephe la pampiri kapa khatebotong e tshesane ele hore e se ke ya taboha.

2. Seha o ntshe setshwantsho ka seng. Batla thupa e tshesane (e ka bang bolelele ba rula) bakeng sa mophetwa ka mong - o ka nna wa sebedisa ditshutswana tsa di-kebab kapa thutswana efe kapa efe eo o e fumanang ka ntle. Sebedisa sekgomaretsi kapa theipi ho kgomaretsa qetelo ya thupa bokamoraong ba setshwantsho ka seng.



### Make a puppet theatre

Etsa fietha ya diphapete

1.



1. Find a large, rectangular cardboard box. Open the flaps at one end of the box. This is where you will get inside the box.

On the front of the box, make a flap by cutting along the bottom and sides of a rectangle. The hole you cut will be the stage and you can use the flap to open and close the stage.

1. Batla lebokoso la khateboto le leholo le kgutlonne. Bula maphephe a ka lehlakoreng le leng la lebokoso. Mona ke moo o tlang ho kena le teng ka hara lebokoso.

Ho bokapele ba lebokoso, etsa lephephe ka ho seha ka tlase le ka mahlakoreng a kgutlonne. Lesoba leo o le sehileng e tla ba kalana mme o ka sebedisa lephephe leo ho bula le ho kwala kalana.

2.



2. Get inside the box with your stick puppets. Use them to tell your own stories.
2. Kena ka hara lebokoso mmoho le diphapete tsa hao tsa dithupa. Di sebedise ho pheta dipale tsa hao.



Photos/Dinepe: Chèlan Naicker



Drive your imagination



Follow the instructions on page 2 to make stick puppets using the pictures below.

Latela ditaelo tse ka leqepheng la 2 ho etsa diphapete tsa dithupa o sebedisa diitshwantsho tse ka tlase mona.



**WIN!  
FENYA!**



For a chance to win some Book Dash books, write a review of the story, *Why birds sing at dawn* (pages 7 to 10), and email it to [team@bookdash.org](mailto:team@bookdash.org), or take a photo and tweet us at [@bookdash](https://twitter.com/bookdash). (Your review could be published in a future Nal'ibali Supplement!) Remember to include your full name, age and contact details.

Bakeng sa monyetla wa ho ikgapela dibuka tse itseng tsa Book Dash, ngola tshekatsheko ya pale ena, *Hobaneng ha dinonyana di bina ka meso* (leqephe la 7 ho isa ho la 10) mme o e imeilele ho [team@bookdash.org](mailto:team@bookdash.org), kapa o nke senepe mme o re romelle tweet ho [@bookdash](https://twitter.com/bookdash). (Tshekatsheko ya hao e ka nna ya phatlalatswa nakong e tlang ka hara Tlatsetso ya Nal'ibali!) Hopola ho kenya lebitso la hao ka botlalo, dilemo le dintlha tsa boikopanyo.



**book  
dash**



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## Nal'ibali news

**Roger Priddy is the creator of Priddy Books, which publishes books for babies and young children.**

Growing up in a home without books, London-based Roger Priddy spent much of his childhood at his local library, paging through books and gazing at pictures. When he went to art college after he finished school, he discovered that he could create books!

"One of my lecturers was an illustrator of children's picture books and it was the first time I realised that I could make books too," said Priddy. And that's how Priddy Books was born. Today it is part of Macmillan Publishers.

In December 2019, Priddy Books together with Pan Macmillan South Africa gave away thousands of Priddy books to different South African reading organisations, to help ensure that more children have the chance to grow up with books. "It was important for us to choose books that appeal to South African children and especially the children at the Nal'ibali reading clubs. So, we chose a range of first concept books in English, isiXhosa and isiZulu as well as a wonderful book about South African animals. These books are easy for parents to read and talk about with their children," explained Priddy.

On 6 December 2019, Roger Priddy visited a Nal'ibali reading club in Soweto to read some of his books to the children there. "Books are a wonderful way of getting parents and their children to sit and spend time together. They also help to develop children's vocabulary and their understanding of the world around them," said Priddy.



Roger Priddy sharing a book with young children in Dobsonville, Soweto.

Roger Priddy a abelana ka buka mmoho le bana ba banyenyane mane Dobsonville, Soweto.

## Ditaba tsa Nal'ibali

**Roger Priddy ke moqapi wa Priddy Books, e phatlalatsang dibuka tsa masea le bana ba banyenyane.**

A holela lapeng le neng le se na dibuka, Roger Priddy ya dulang mane London o ne a qeta boholo ba nako ya hae ya bongwana a le laeaboraring ya motse, a phetla dibuka le ho sheba ditshwantsho. Ha a eya koletheng ya bonono kamora ho qeta sekolo, o ile a sibolla hore a ka kgona ho qapa dibuka!

"E mong wa barupelli ba ka e ne e le raditshwantsho wa dibuka tsa bana tsa ditshwantsho mme e ne e le lekgetlo la pele ke eellwa hore le nna nka etsa dibuka," ha rialo Priddy. Mme ke kamoo Priddy Books e ileng ya tswalwa. Kajeno ke karolo ya Macmillan Publishers.

Ka Tshitwe 2019, Priddy Books mmoho le Pan Macmillan South Africa di ile tsa fana ka dikete tsa dibuka tsa Priddy ho mekgatlo e fapaneng ya ho bala Afrika Borwa, bakeng sa ho thusa ho netefatsa hore bana ba bangata ba na le monyetla wa ho holela ka hara dibuka. "Ho ne ho le bohlokwa ho rona ho kgetha dibuka tse kgahlang bana ba Afrika Borwa haholoholo bana ba ditlhapong tsa ho bala tsa Nal'ibali. Kahoo, re ile ra kgetha letoto la dibuka tsa mohopolo wa pele ka English, isiXhosa le isiZulu esitana le buka e makatsang e mabapi le diphoofolo tsa Afrika Borwa. Dibuka tsena di bonolo bakeng sa batswadi ho di

balla bana le ho bua ka tsona mmoho le bona," ha hlalosa Priddy.

Ka la 6 Tshitwe 2019, Roger Priddy o ile a etela tlelapo ya ho bala ya Nal'ibali mane Soweto ho ya balla bana ba moo tse ding tsa dibuka tsa hae. "Dibuka ke tsela e ntle haholo ya ho etsa hore batswadi le bana ba bona ba dule le ho qeta nako mmoho. Hape di thusa ho bopa tlotsontswe ya bana le kutlwisiso ya bona ya lefatshe leo ba phelang ho lona," ha rialo Priddy.



### 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 sehwanng-le-ho-ipolokelwa 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.



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“Where is everyone going?” asked Valécia.  
“We’re going to Gogo Moeng’s house. It is her birthday,” explained Siphó.  
“I’ve got a bunch of flowers for Gogo Moeng. Can I come too?” asked Valécia.  
“Of course,” said Momma and off they marched.  
The bunch of flowers made Valécia sneeze, “*Achoo! A-A-Achoo!*”  
The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook*, the packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-crinkle*, Baby Beka’s balloon went *bobbity-bob* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-pliff, pliff-pliff* down the dusty path until they saw Mr Sithole digging in his vegetable garden.  
“Le ya kae, kaofela ha lona?” ha borsa Valécia.  
“Re ya ha Nkgono Mamoeng. Ke letsatsi la hae la tswalo,” ha hlalosa Siphó.  
“Ke na le sehlopha sa dipalesa mona bakeng sa Nkgono Mamoeng. Na le nna nka tla le lona?” ha borsa Valécia.  
“Eh!le,” ha ralo Mme mme bohle ba hwana ba tsamaya.  
Sehlopha sa dipalesa tsa etsa hore Valécia a ithimole, “*Hee! Hee-thiyaaa!*”  
Kgotho e nonneng ya re *kooko, kooko, kooko, kooko*, pakana ya ditjhipisi tsa ditapole tse romotschhang ya nna ya re *kekere-kekere, kekere-kekere*, balunu ya Ntjhanyana Beka yona ya re *bobbity-bob* mme megathatsa ya Mme yona ya nna ya re *phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa* ho tshimong ya hae ya meroho.



# Momma Moeng’s surprise

## Mme Mamoeng o thabisa nkgono



Joan Rankin  
Tamsin Hinrichsen  
Natalie Hinrichsen

Momma Moeng sets out to surprise Gogo Moeng on her birthday. She carries the jar of jam she made on her head, and ties Baby Beka and his blue balloon to her back. Along the way, they meet many more well-wishers, and Momma Moeng ends up heading a noisy, colourful procession carrying piles of presents to Gogo. When they finally get to Gogo’s house, there is a short pause, but then the party really gets going!



Mme Mamoeng o tloha a ikemiseditse ho ya makatsa Nkgono Mamoeng ka letsatsi la hae la tswalo. O nka botlolo ya jeme eo a e entseng o e rwala hloohong, mme o pepa Ntjhanyana Beka le balunu ya hae e bolou. Tseleng ba kopana le ba bang ba lakaletsang Nkgono mahlohonolo, mme Mme Mamoeng o qetella a etella pele mokoloko o lerata, o mebalabala wa batho ba tshwereng diqubu tsa dimpho bakeng sa Nkgono. Qetellong ha ba fihla tlung ya Nkgono, ho ba le kgefutso e nyane, empa qetellong ba wela kgabong ka moketjana!

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](http://www.nalibali.org) or [www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)



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Nal’ibali ke letsholo la naha la ho-balla-boithabiso bakeng sa ho tsoseletsa le ho jala tlwaelo ya ho bala Afrika Borwa ka bophara. Bakeng sa tlhahisoleseding e nngwe, etela [www.nalibali.org](http://www.nalibali.org) kapa [www.nalibali.mobi](http://www.nalibali.mobi)



“Nnate-nate, nmate-nate.”  
Kgoho e nonneng ya re *kooko, kooko, kooko*, pakana ya dirhipisi tsa ditapole tse romotschhang ya nna ya re *kekere-keke, kekere-keke*, balunu ya Ntjhanyana Beka yona ya re *bobbity-bob* mme meqathatso ya Mme yona ya re *phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa* ho theosa tselana e lerole ho fihlela ba kopana le Valecia.

It all started when Momma Moeng made a jar of jam for Gogo Moeng’s birthday. Then Baby Beka found his best blue balloon. He wanted to give it to Gogo for her birthday.  
Momma tied Baby Beka to her back with a soft blanket. Then she put the jar of jam on her head and off she marched to Gogo Moeng’s house. Baby Beka’s balloon went *bobbity-bob* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff* down the dusty path until she met Siphon coming out of the Tip-Top shop.  
“Where are you going, Momma Moeng?” asked Siphon.  
“Baby Beka and I are going to Gogo Moeng’s house. It’s her birthday today,” replied Momma.  
“I’ve got a packet of crispy potato chips for Gogo Moeng. Can I come too?” asked Siphon.  
“Of course,” Momma smiled and off they marched.

Tsohle di qadile mohlant Mme Mamoeng a etsang botlolo ya jeme bakeng sa letsatsi la tswalo la Nkgono Mamoeng. Yaba Ntjhanyana Beka o fumana balunu ya hae e ntle e bolou. O ne a batla ho e fa Nkgono bakeng sa letsatsi la hae la tswalo.  
Mme a pepa Ntjhanyana Beka ka kobo ya hae e bonojwana. Yaba o rwala botlolo ya jeme hloohong mme ke elwa a hwanta ho ya tlung ya Nkgono Mamoeng. Balunu ya Ntjhanyana Beka e ne e ntse e re *bobbity-bob* mme meqathatso ya Mme e ntse e re *phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa* ho theosa tselana e lerole ho fihlela a kopana le Siphon a tswa lebenkeleng la Tip-Top.  
“O ya kae, Mme Mamoeng?” ha botsa Siphon.  
“Nna le Ntjhanyana Beka re ya ha Nkgono Mamoeng. Ke letsatsi la hae la tswalo kajeno.” ha araba Mme.  
“Ke reketse Nkgono Mamoeng pakete ya dirhipisi tsa ditapole. Na le nna nka tla?” ha botsa Siphon.  
“Ehlile,” Mme a bososela mme ba tsamaya kaofela mmoho.



“Where are you all going, Momma Moeng?” Mr Sithole asked.  
“We’re going to Gogo Moeng’s house. It’s her birthday,” she replied.  
“I have a trolley full of vegetables for her,” said Mr Sithole. “Please could you give it to her?”  
“Of course,” answered Momma. But now Momma had a BIG problem – there was too much to carry! She had to think of a plan.  
First, she took Baby Beka off her back and then tied the chubby chicken onto her back with the soft blanket. Baby Beka *SCREAMAAAAA!* So, Momma put the chubby chicken on top of the trolley and tied Baby Beka onto her back with the soft blanket. Baby Beka was happy and the chubby chicken was very happy to peck at all the vegetables. But Momma wasn’t happy with this so she put the chubby chicken on Valecia’s head.  
The feathers tickled Valecia’s nose and made her sneeze even more, “AAAAA-CHOOOOO!” Valecia wasn’t happy.  
“Le lebile hokae kaofela ha lona, Mme Mamoeng?”  
Mong Sithole a botsa.  
“Re ya ha Nkgono Mamoeng. Ke letsatsi la hae la tswalo,” a araba.  
“Ke na le teroli e tesceng meroho bakeng sa hae,”  
ha rialo Mong Sithole. “Na ebe le ka mo fa yona?”  
“Ehlile,” ha araba Mme. Empa jwale Mme o ne a ena le bothara bo BOHOLO – ho ne ho ena le dintho tse ngata tseo a lokelang ho di nka! O ile a tlamecha ho nahana leqhoka.  
Pele, a gala ka ho thecola Ntjhanyana Beka ka mokokodong mme a pepa kgoho e nonneng ka kobo e bonojwana. Ntjhanyana Beka a *BOKOLLA* Yaba Mme o bea kgoho e nonneng hodiima teroli mme a pepa Ntjhanyana Beka ka kobo e bonojwana. Ntjhanyana Beka o ne a thabile mme le kgoho e nonneng e ne e thabile haholo hobane e ne e kobola meroho kaofela e moo. Empa Mme o ne a sa thabiswa ke sena kahoo a bea kgoho e nonneng hloohong ya Valecia. Masiba a ile a tsikinyetsa nko ya Valecia mme a etsa hore a ithimole le ho feta, “HEEE-THIYAAAA!”  
Valecia o ne a sa thaba.





Everyone missed Mama Bird, and her song.  
Would she be able to find her way back home?  
“What if we sing Mama’s song?” Yellow  
suggested. “Mama always said that if we sing her  
song, she will find her way back to us.”  
Bohle ba ne ba hopotse Mme Nonyana, le  
pina ya hae. Na o ne a tla kgona ho tseba tseba  
e kgutlelang lapeng?  
“Hobaneng re sa bine pina ya Mme?” Tshehla  
a etsa tlhahiso. “Mme o ne a hlola a re ha  
re bina pina ya hae, o tla fumana tseba e mo  
kgutlisetsang ho rona.”



“Ke tla ya. Ha ke tshabe,” ha rialo  
Mme Nonyana. Mme a fofela hodimo.



“I will go. I am not afraid,” said  
Mama Bird. And off she flew.

## Why birds sing at dawn Hobaneng ha dinonyana di bina ka meso

Zanele Dlamini  
Emmanuel Grebo  
Joseph Makongo Kiugu



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campaign to spark and embed a culture of reading  
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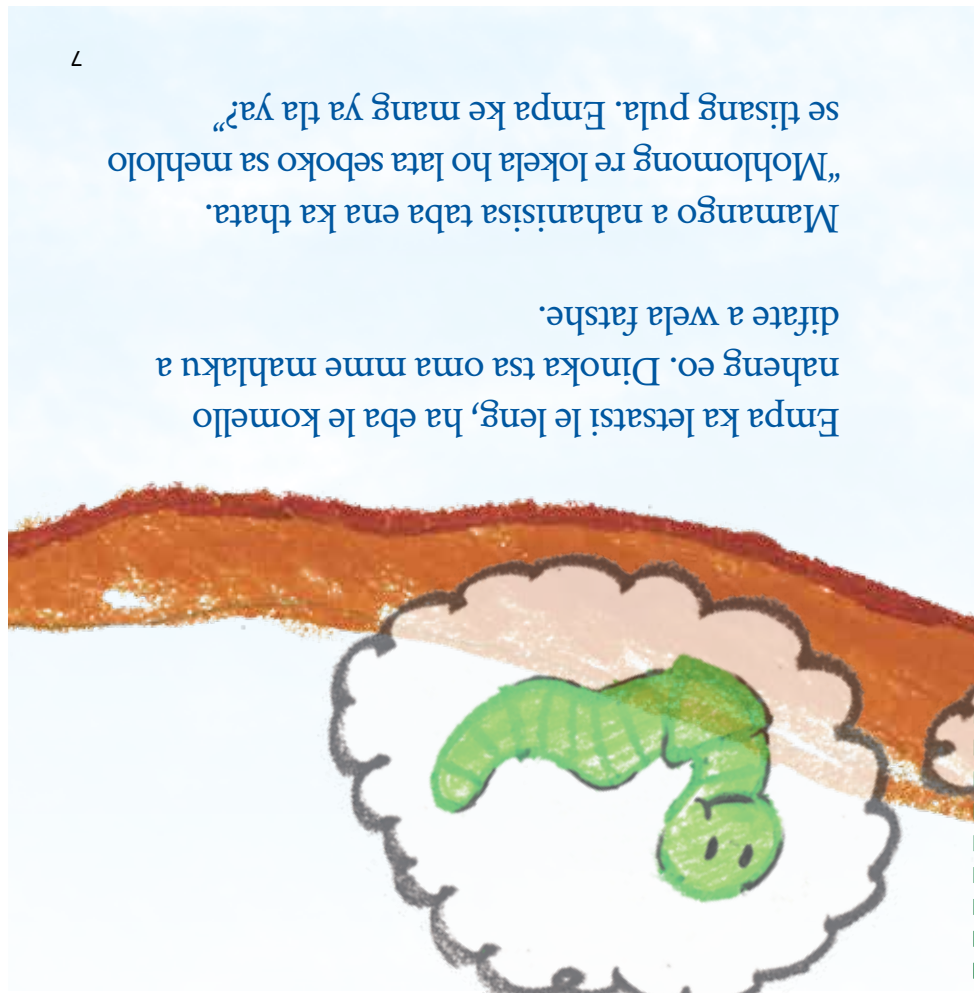


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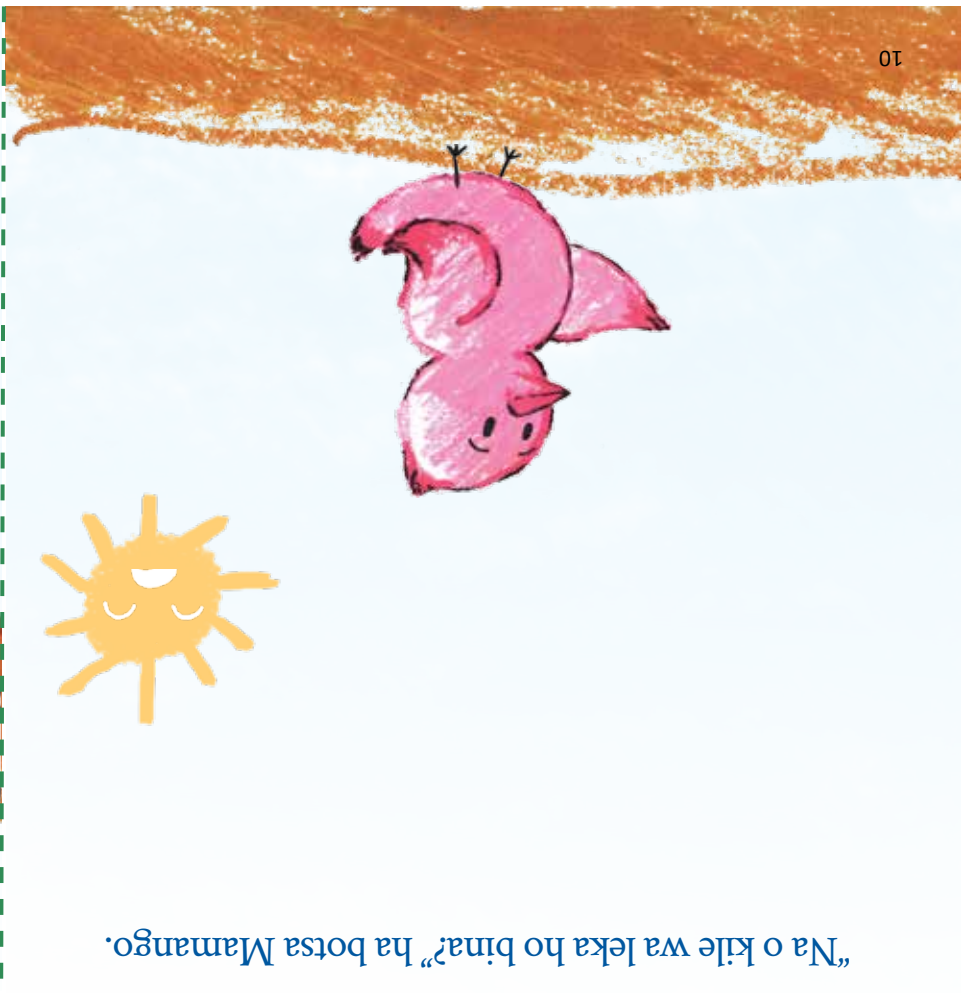




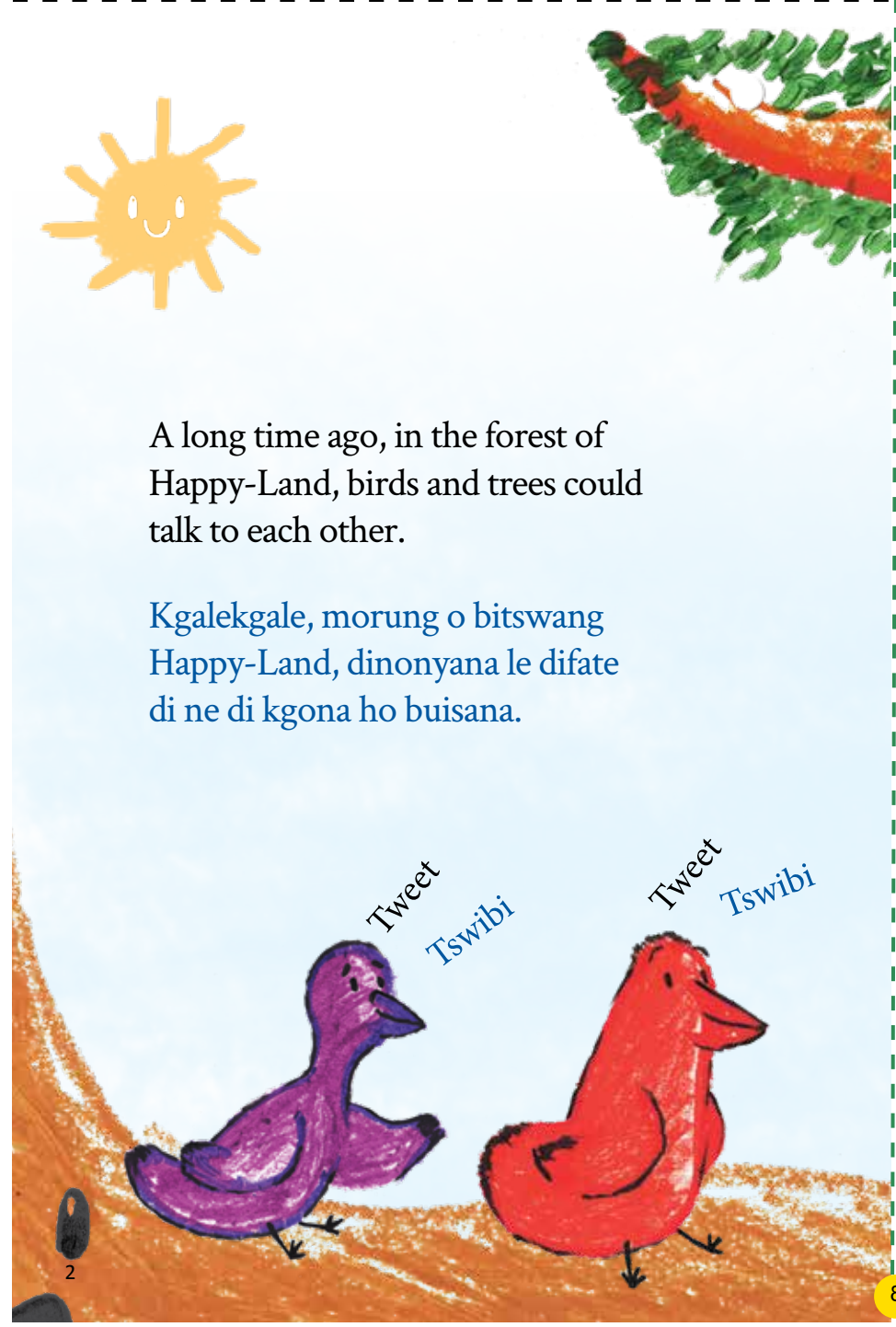
But one day, drought set in on the land.  
Rivers dried up and leaves fell off the trees.  
Mamango thought long and hard. "Maybe  
we should fetch the magic worm that brings  
rain. But who will go?"

Empa ka letsatsi le leng, ha eba le komello  
naheng eo. Dinoka tsa oma mme mahlaku a  
difate a wela fatshe.

Mamango a nahanisisa taba ena ka thata.  
"Mohlomong re lokela ho lata seboko sa mehlole  
se tlang pula. Empa ke mang ya tla ya?"

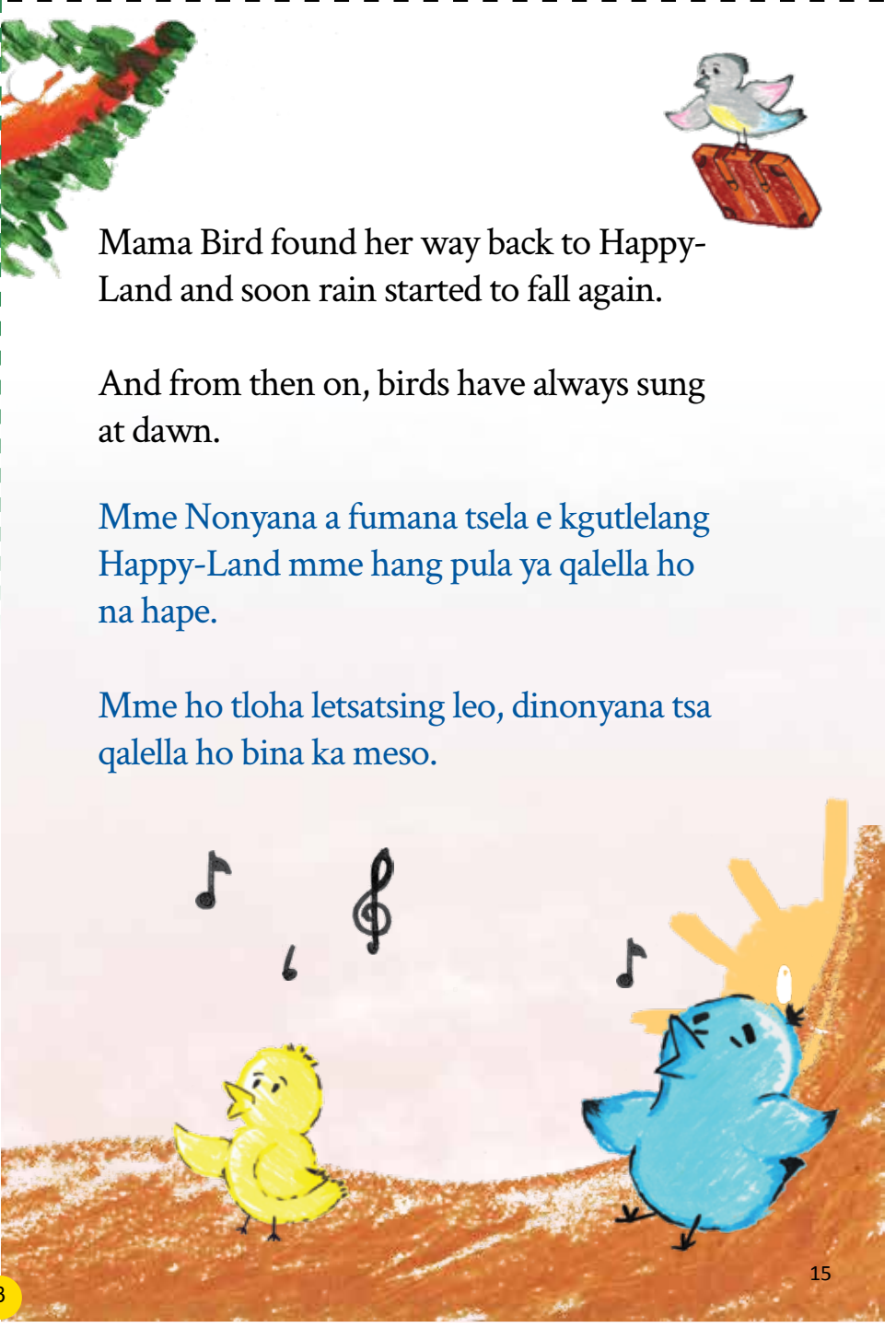


"But I don't know how to sing!" cried Pink.  
"Have you tried singing?" asked Mamango.  
"Empa nna ha ke tsebe ho bina!" Pinki a lla.  
"Na o kile wa leka ho bina?" ha botsa Mamango.



A long time ago, in the forest of  
Happy-Land, birds and trees could  
talk to each other.  
Kgalekgale, morung o bitwang  
Happy-Land, dinonyana le difate  
di ne di kgona ho buisana.

Tweet Tswibi  
Tweet Tswibi



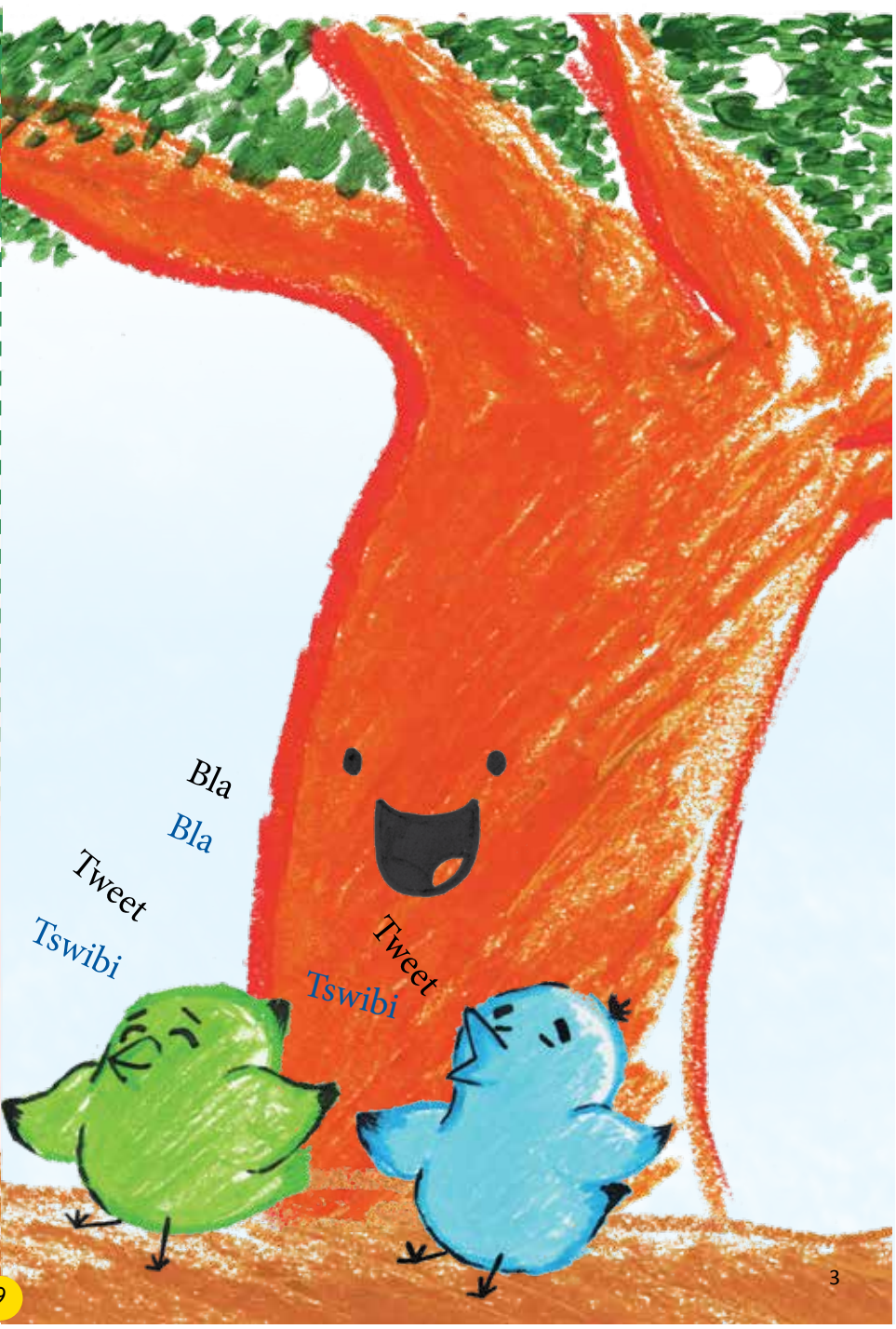
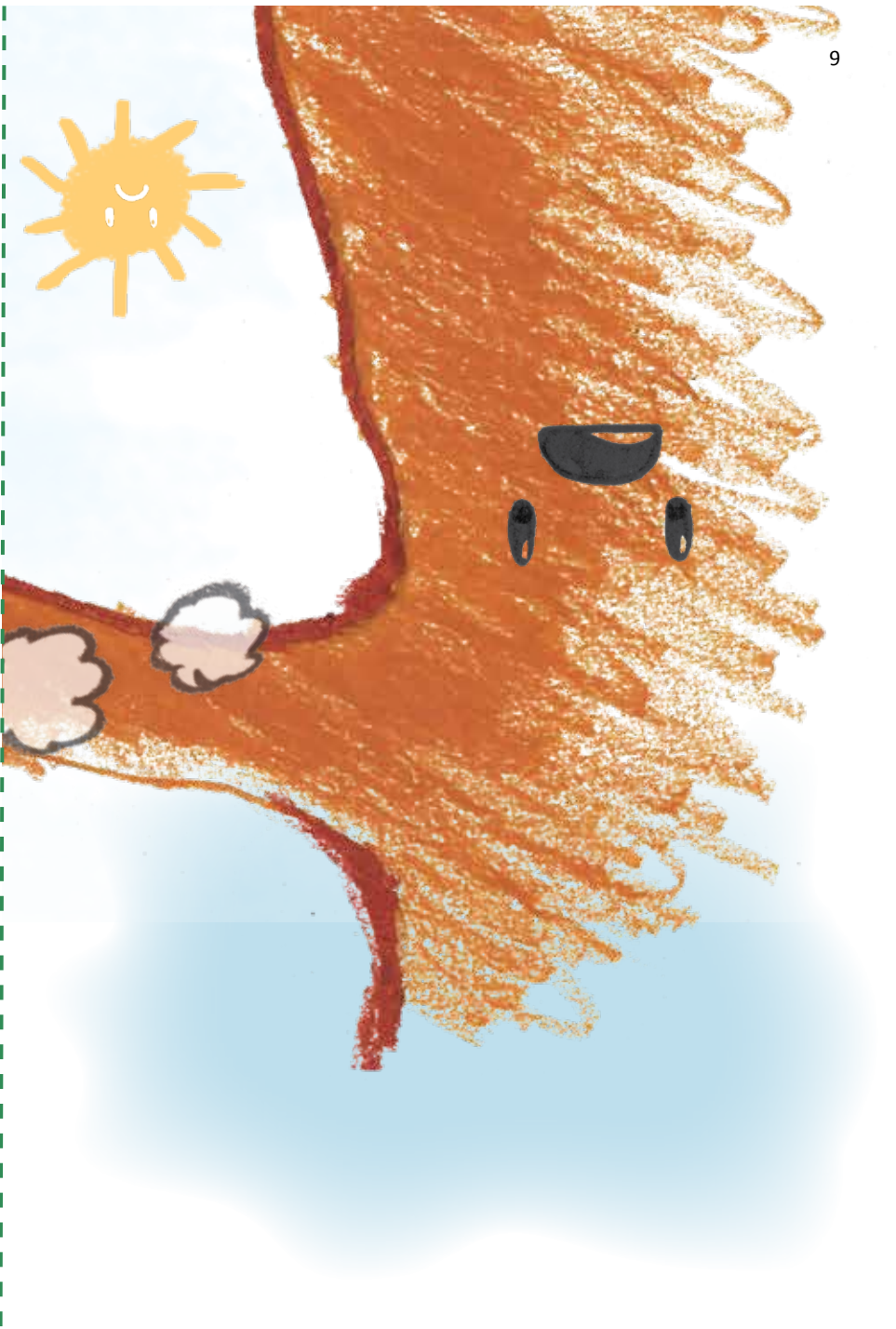
Mama Bird found her way back to Happy-  
Land and soon rain started to fall again.

And from then on, birds have always sung  
at dawn.

Mme Nonyana a fumana tsela e kgutlelang  
Happy-Land mme hang pula ya qalella ho  
na hape.

Mme ho tloha letsatsing leo, dinonyana tsa  
qalella ho bina ka meso.





“Nkile ka leka ho bina,” ha rialo Tshehla.  
“Nka o ruta.”

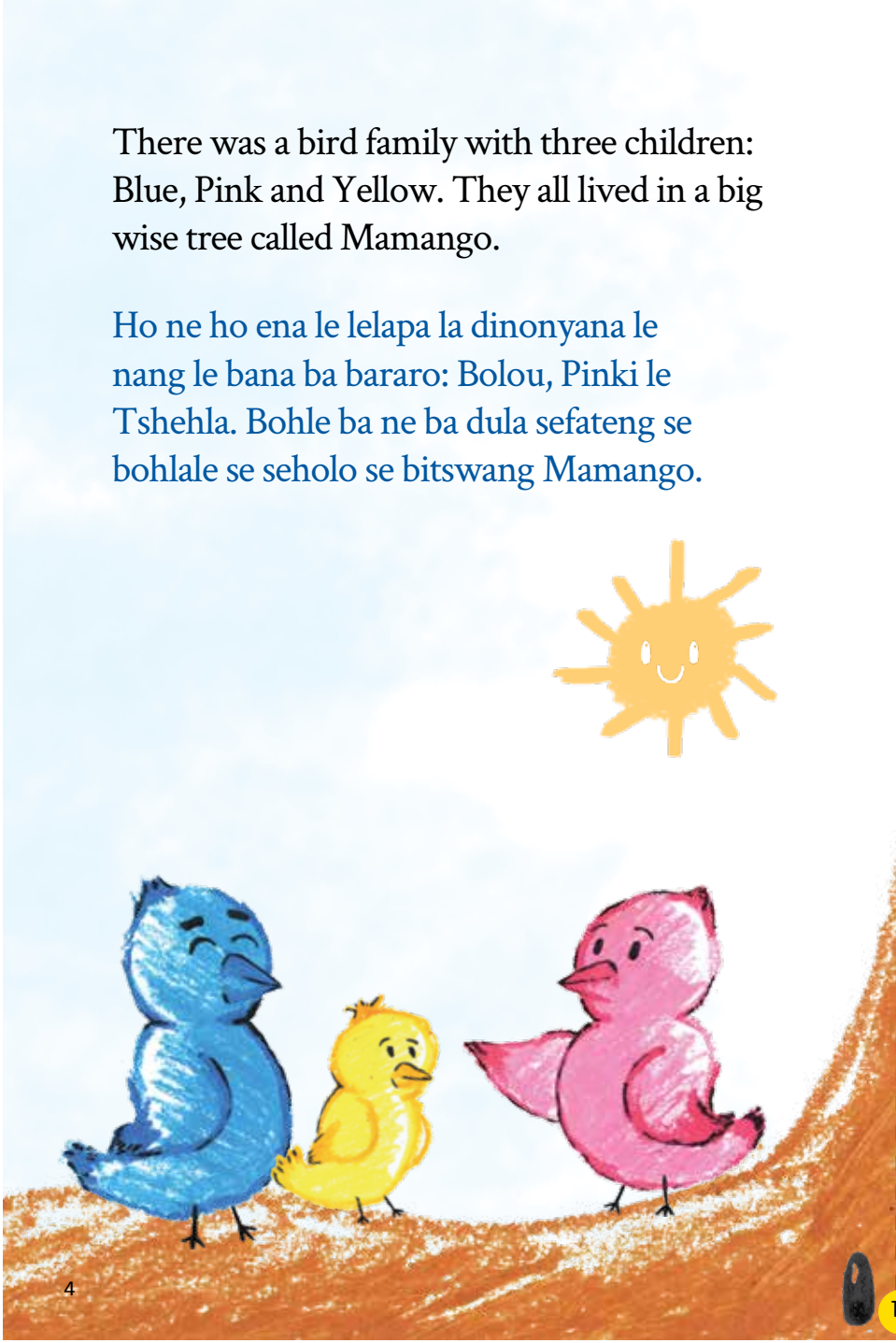
“I have tried singing,” said Yellow. “I can  
teach you.”



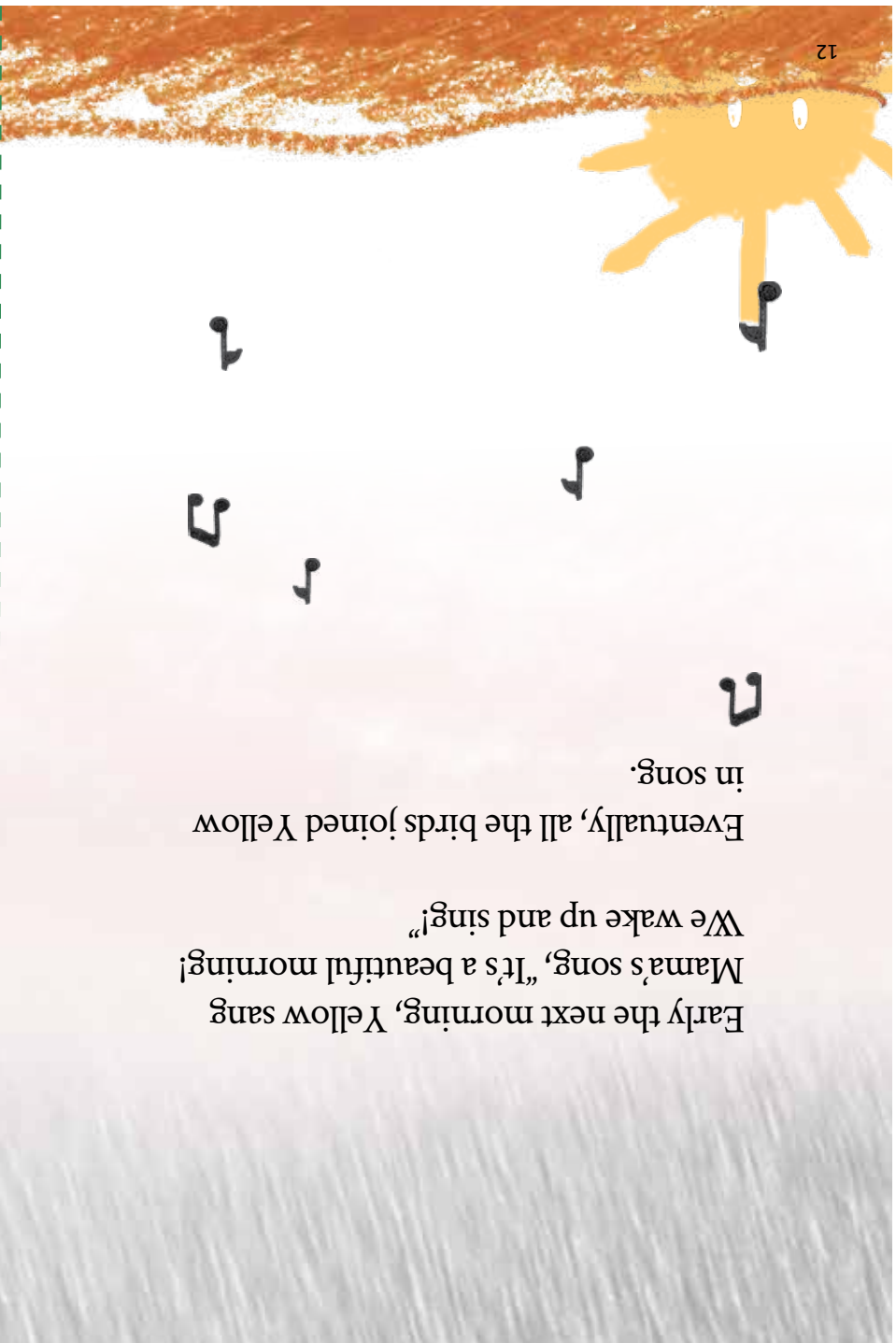




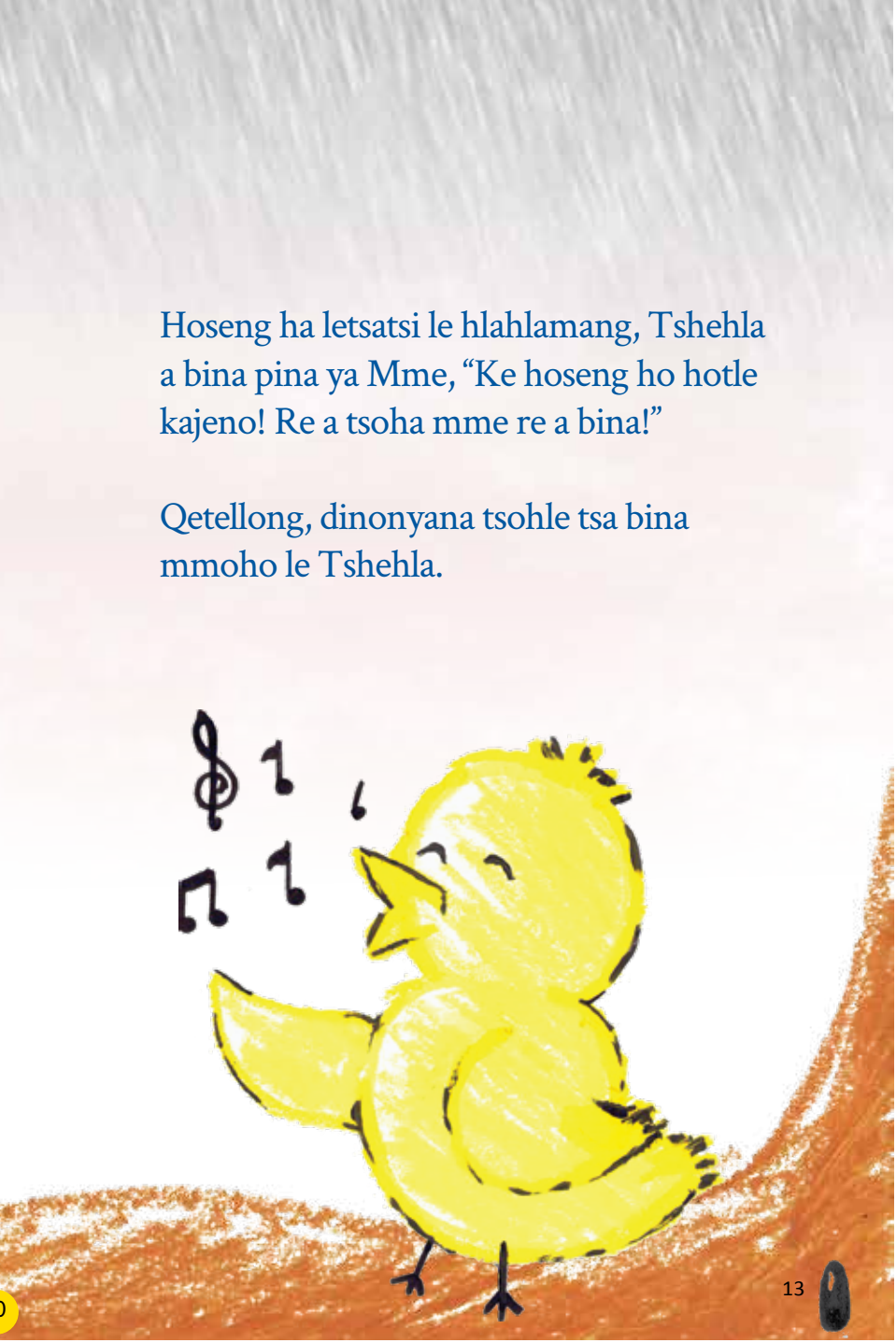
Mama Bird's voice was beautiful! She would  
wake up early to sing her song.  
Lentswe la Mme Nonyana le ne le le  
monate! O ne a tsoha hoseng ka meso  
ho bina pina ya hae.



There was a bird family with three children:  
Blue, Pink and Yellow. They all lived in a big  
wise tree called Mamango.  
Ho ne ho ena le lelapa la dinonyana le  
nang le bana ba bararo: Bolou, Pinki le  
Tshehla. Bohle ba ne ba dula sefateng se  
bohlale se seholo se bitswang Mamango.



Early the next morning, Yellow sang  
Mama's song, "It's a beautiful morning!  
We wake up and sing!"  
Eventually, all the birds joined Yellow  
in song.



Hoseng ha letsatsi le hlahlamang, Tshehla  
a bina pina ya Mme, "Ke hoseng ho hotle  
kajeno! Re a tsoha mme re a bina!"  
Qetellong, dinonyana tsohle tsa bina  
mmoho le Tshehla.





Kahoo Mme a nka kgoho e nonneng a e bea hodima hlooho ya Siphho mme a mo fa dipalesa tsa Valecia hore a di tshware. Jwale Valecia o ne a se sa tshwara letho ka matsohong a mabedi mme a ka kgona ho tshwara kuku. Mme Mme a ena le matsoho a mabedi a sa tshwarang letho hoo a neng a ka kganna teroli. Bohle jwale ba ne ba thabile yaba ba kena tseleng ho ya ha Nkgono Mamoeng. Mabidi a teroli a nna a re *kikiri-kiri, kikiri-kiri*. Valecia o ne a ena le acesenshuka e tswang kuukung marameng a hae kahoo leleme la hae le ntse le re *laga-laga-laga*. Ntjhanyana Beka o ntse a honotha, “Nnate-nate, nate, nate-nate.” Kgoho e nonneng ya re *kooko, koyiko, kooko, koyiko*, pakana ya ditjhipisi tsa ditapole tse romotsehang ya nna ya re *kekere-kekere, kekere-kekere*, balunu ya Ntjhanyana Beka yona ya nna ya re *bobby-bob* mme meqathato ya Mme yona ya nna ya re *phaga-phaga, phaga-phaga* ho theosa tselana e lerole ho ya fhla tlung ya Nkgono.

So, Momma took the chubby chicken and put it on Siphho’s head and she gave him Valecia’s flowers to hold. Now Valecia had two hands free to hold the cake. And Momma had two hands free to push the trolley. Everyone was happy and off they marched to Gogo Moeng’s house.

The wheels of the trolley went *squeak-squeak-squeak*. Valecia had icing from the cake on her cheeks so her tongue went *slurp-slurp-slurp*. Baby Beka mumbled, “Nummy, nummy, num-num.” The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook*, the packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-crinkle, crinkle-crinkle*, Baby Beka’s balloon went *bobby-bob* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff* down the dusty path all the way to Gogo’s house.

When she opened it everyone started singing a happy-birthday song.

On the table were the vegetable pie and jam tarts that Momma had made, newly laid eggs from the chubby chicken, the special birthday cake and the crispy potato chips. The table was decorated with flowers and Baby Beka’s beautiful blue balloon.

“THIS IS MY BEST BIRTHDAY EVER!” said Gogo. And she should know, because Gogo had already had at least eighty or ninety birthdays before this one!

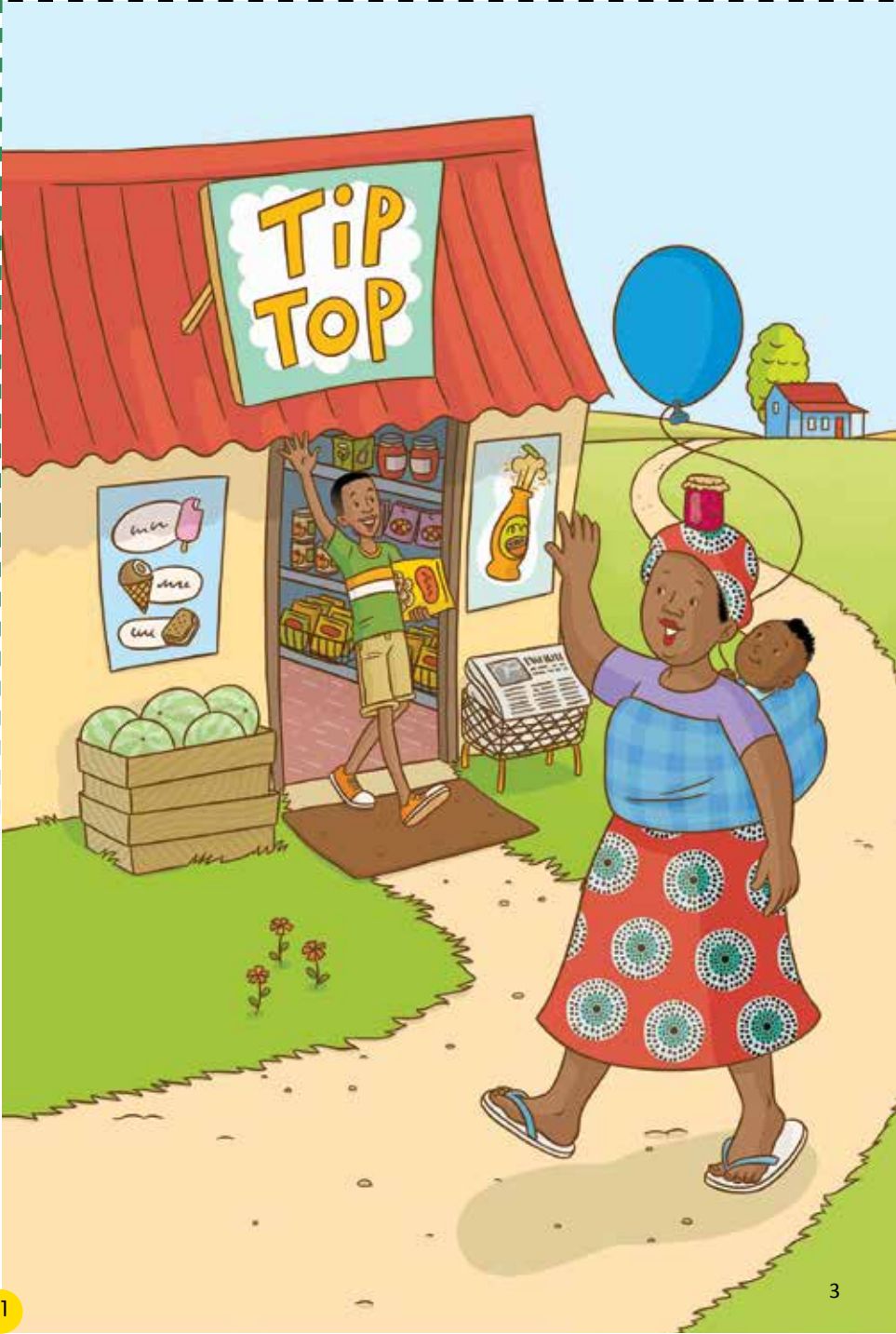
Yare ha a le bula bohle ba qala ho mminela pina ya letsatsi la tswalo.

Tafoleng ho ne ho ena le phae e entsweng ka meroho le ditarete tsa jeme tseo Mme a neng a di entse, mahe a sa tswa behelwa a tswang kgohong e nonneng, kuku e ikgethang ya letsatsi la tswalo le ditjhipisi tsa ditapole tse romotsehang. Tafole e ne e kgabisitswe ka dipalesa le balunu e ntle e bolou ya Ntjhanyana Beka.

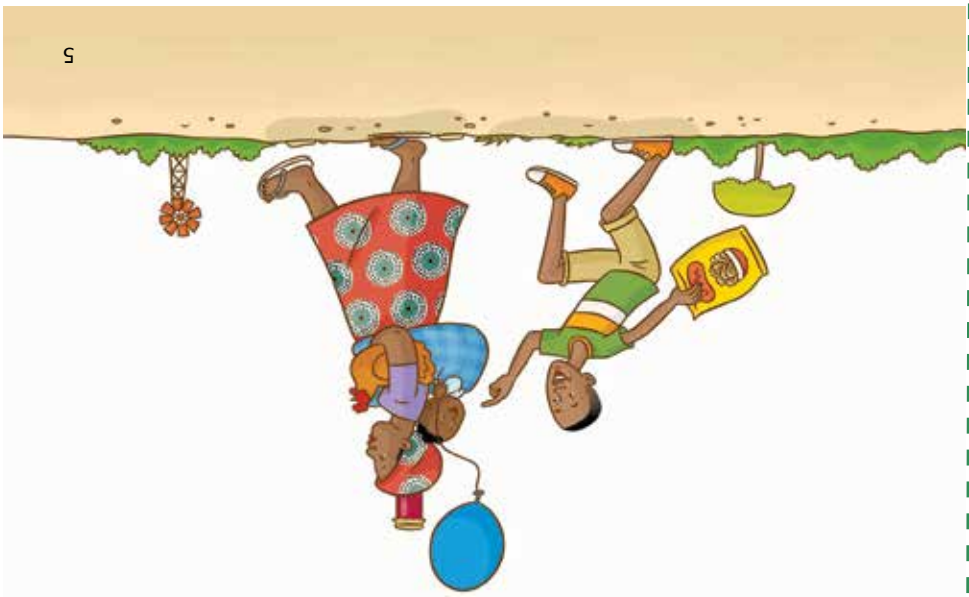
“LENA KE LETSATS! LA KA LA TSWALO LE BILENG MONATE KA HO FETISISA!” ha rialo Nkgono. O ne a hlile a tseba, hobane Nkgono o ne a se a kile a eba le matsatsi a tswalo a ka bang mashome a robedi kapa a robong a tlileng pele ho lena!

“Re lokela ho rekela Nkgono kuku ya letsatsi la tswalo,” ha rialo Mme. Ba kena ka hare. Tshpepe ya monyako ya re *Ke-ke-ke-ke-ke-ke-ke-ke-ke-ke*. “Dumela, Mof Makabelo. Na o ne o tseba hore kajeno ke letsatsi la tswalo la Nkgono Mamoeng?” “Eya bo,” ha rialo Mof Makabelo. “Ke mo bakese kuku e ikgethang, empa nke ke ka kgona ho siya lebenkele feela. Na le ka tsamaya le yona la mo isetsa yona?” “Ehlile,” Mme a dumela, empa ho ne ho ena le bothata – Mme o ne a hloka matsoho a mabedi ho nka kuku eo. Kahoo, a etsa leqheka. A bea kgoho e nonneng hodima bodolo ya jeme eo a e rwetseng hloohong. Jwale o ne a se a ena le matsoho a mabedi ao ka ona a ka nkang kuku ya letsatsi le ikgethang la tswalo. Yaba Mme, Ntjhanyana Beka le Siphho ke bao hape ba hwanta ho tswa lematjeng le reng *ke-ke-ke-ke-ke-ke*.

“We must get a birthday cake for Gogo,” said Momma. They went inside. *Ting-a-ling* went the doorbell. “Good morning, Mrs Makabelo. Did you know today is Gogo Moeng’s birthday?” “Oh yes,” said Mrs Makabelo. “I have baked a special cake for her, but I can’t leave the shop. Could you take it to her?” “Of course,” offered Momma, but there was a problem – Momma needed two hands to carry the cake. So, she made a plan. She put the chubby chicken on top of the jar of jam that she was carrying on her head. Now she had two hands to carry the special birthday cake. Off marched Momma, Baby Beka and Siphho through the *ting-a-ling* door. When Baby Beka smelt the cake he mumbled, “Nummy, nummy, num-num.” The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook*, the packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-crinkle, crinkle-crinkle*, Baby Beka’s balloon went *bobby-bob* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff* down the dusty path until they met Valecia.







“I’ve got a chubby chicken for Gogo Moeng. Can you give it to her?” asked Mr Shabalala.

“Of course,” said Momma tucking the chubby chicken under her arm and off marched Momma, Baby Beka and Siphho.

The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook*, the packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-crinkle*, Baby Beka’s balloon went *bobbity-bob* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff* down the dusty path until they came to Mrs Makabelo’s home-bake shop.

“Ke na le kgoho e nonneng bakeng sa Nkgono Mamoeng. Na le ka mo fa yona?” ha botsa Mong Shabalala.

“Ehlile,” ha rialo Mme a kgwaela kgoho ka lehahng mme yaba Mme, Ntjhanyana Beka le Siphho ke bale ba hwanta.

Kgoho e nonneng ya nna ya re *kooko, kooko, kooko*, pakana ya ditjhipisi tsa ditapole tse romotsehang ya nna ya re *kekere-kere, kekere-kere*, balunu ya Ntjhanyana Beka yona ya re *bobbity-bob* mme meqathatso ya Mme yona ya re *phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa* ho theosa tselana e lerole ho fihlela ba fihla lebenkeleng la ho baka la Mof Makabelo.

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Siphho’s packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-crinkle*, Baby Beka’s balloon went *bobbity-bob* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-ploff, pliff-ploff* down the dusty path until they came to Mr Shabalala, who was feeding his chickens.

“Where are you going?” he asked.

“We’re going to Gogo Moeng’s house. It’s her birthday,” answered Momma.



Pakete ya ditjhipisi tsa ditapole tsa Siphho e ne entse e re *kekere-kere, kekere-kere*, balunu ya Ntjhanyana Beka e ne e ntse e re *bobbity-bob* mme meqathatso ya Mme e ntse e re *phaqa-phaqa, phaqa-phaqa* ho theosa tselana e lerole ho fihlela ba fihla ha Mong Shabalala, ya neng a ntse a fepa dikgoho tsa hae.

“Le ya kae?” yaba o a ba botsa.

“Re ya ha Nkgono Mamoeng. Ke letsatsi la hae la tswalo kajeno,” ha araba Mme.

Mme a kokora monyako o ka pele. Siphho a letsa molodi. Valeria a hoelsetsa. Empa ho ne ho se karabo. Mme a sututsa lemati la ka pele a le buia mme bohle ba kena ka dlung. Empa ho ne ho se na motho moo. Ba sheba ka kitjhining – ha ho motho. Ba sheba ka phaposing ya ho robala – ho se motho. Ba sheba hohle. Ebe Nkgono o kae? Mme a re, “Ha re qaleng ka ho pheha mohlomong Nkgono o tla fihla.”

Yaba bohle ba etsa jwalo – bohle ntle feela le Ntjhanyana Beka. Yena a dula hodima tafole ka kitjhining hau! le fensetere mme a sheba ka ntle ho fihlela a bona Nkgono a theosa ka tselatlaselase qetellong ya leralla le moepa.



Momma knocked on the front door. Siphho whistled. Valeria shouted. But there was no reply. Momma pushed the front door open and they all went inside. But there was no one there. They looked in the kitchen – nobody. They looked in the bedroom – nobody. They looked everywhere. Where could Gogo be? Momma said, “Let’s get cooking and maybe Gogo will turn up.” So that is what everyone did – everyone except Baby Beka. He sat on the kitchen counter next to the window and watched until he saw Gogo walking way down the path at the very bottom of the steep hill.

“Gogo! Gogo!” he called. Everyone looked.

“GOGO! GOGO!” everyone shouted together. “GOGO!”

Way down at the bottom of the steep hill Gogo said, “EE-EE-EE. Someone is calling me. Now I can’t go to the shops to buy my birthday supper.”

Gogo turned round and walked all the way up the steep hill. Her slippers went *shuffle-shuffle* on the dusty path. Finally she reached the back door.

“Nkgono! Nkgono!” a hoeletsa. Bohle ba sheba.

“NKGONO! NKGONO!” bohle ba hoeletsa mmoho. “NKGONO!”

Tlaselase leralleng le moepa Nkgono a re, “WEE WEE WEE. Ho na le motho ya mpitsang. Jwale nke ke ka kgona ho ya mabenkeleng ho ya reka dijo tsa mantsiboya bakeng sa letsatsi la ka la tswalo.”

Nkgono a thinya mme a kgutlela morao a nyolosa leralla. Diselepara tsa hae di ntse di re *shwaa-shwaa, shwaa-shwaa* tselaneng e lerole. Qetellong a fihla lemati le ka morao.





Get story active!

Here are some activities for you to try. They are based on all the stories in this edition of the Nal'ibali Supplement: *Momma Moeng's surprise* (pages 5, 6, 11 and 12), *Why birds sing at dawn* (pages 7 to 10) and *Thato, the dreamer* (page 14).



Eba mahlahlaha ka pale!

Diketsahalo tse itseng ke tsena tseo o ka di lekang. Di theilwe hodima dipale tsohle tse kgatisong ena ya Tlatsetso ya Nal'ibali: *Mme Mamoeng o thabisa nkgono* (maqephe 5, 6, 11 le 12), *Hobaneng ha dinonyana di bina ka meso* (leqephe la 7 ho isa ho la 10) le *Thato, mmaditoro* (leqephe la 15).

Momma Moeng's surprise

Here are some things to do after you have read the story.

- ★ Choose a part of the story that does not have an illustration and draw a picture for it. Copy out the words from the story that go with your picture.
- ★ What would you have given Gogo Moeng as a birthday present? Write a list of your ideas.
- ★ Make a birthday card for a friend or family member whose birthday is soon – or make one for Gogo Moeng. Remember to write a message inside your card!



Mme Mamoeng o thabisa nkgono

Tsena ke dintho tse ding tseo le ka di etsang ha o qeta ho bala pale.

- ★ Kgetha karolo ya pale e se nang diithwantsho mme o take setshwantsho bakeng sa yona. Kopolla mantswe a tswang paleng a tsamaelanang le setshwantsho sa hao.
- ★ O ka be o ile wa fa Nkgono MaMoeng mpho e jwang ya letsatsi la tswalo? Ngola lenane la mehopolo ya hao.
- ★ Etsa karete ya letsatsi la tswalo bakeng sa motswalle kapa setho sa lelapa eo letsatsi la hae la tswalo le atametseng – kapa o etsetse Nkgono MaMoeng. Hopola ho ngola molaetsa ka hara karete ya hao!

Why birds sing at dawn

Remember that in Happy-Land the birds and trees could talk to each other. What do you think Mamango and Mama Bird told each other the morning after Mama Bird returned? Try writing their conversation below. Then read it aloud with a friend!

Hobaneng ha dinonyana di bina ka meso

Hopola hore mane Happy-Land dinonyana le difate di ne di kgona ho buisana. O nahana hore Mamango le Mme Nonyana ba ne ba qoqelana eng hoseng ha letsatsi le hlahlamang leo Mme Nonyana a kgutlileng ka lona? Leka ho ngola puisano ya bona tlase mona. Mme o e balle hodimo mmoho le motswalle!

Mamango: \_\_\_\_\_

Mama Bird/Mme Nonyana: \_\_\_\_\_

Mamango: \_\_\_\_\_

Mama Bird/Mme Nonyana: \_\_\_\_\_

Mamango: \_\_\_\_\_

Mama Bird/Mme Nonyana: \_\_\_\_\_



Thato, the dreamer

- ★ Talk about the story.
  - ☉ Why do you think the children called Thato names like *mokhukhu* girl?
  - ☉ What would you have done if you were Thato?
  - ☉ What would you have done if you were there when they called Thato names?
  - ☉ Do you think a person is a bully if they call someone else names?
- ★ On your own or with a friend, write the newspaper report about Thato. You may also want to draw a picture to go with your report!



Thato, mmaditoro

- ★ Buang ka pale ena.
  - ☉ O nahana hore ke hobaneng ha bana ba ne ba bitsa Thato ka mabitso a kang ngwanana wa mekhukhung?
  - ☉ O ka be o ile wa etsa eng hoja o ne o le Thato?
  - ☉ O ka be o ile wa etsa eng hoja o ne o le teng ha ba bitsa Thato ka mabitso a mabe?
  - ☉ O nahana hore motho ke nkwapo haeba a bitsa e mong ka mabitso a mabe?
- ★ O le mong kapa o ena le motswalle, ngola tlaleho ya koranta e mabapi le Thato. Hape o ka nna wa taka setshwantsho se tsamayang le tlaleho ya hao!





# Thato, the dreamer

By Pirai Mazungunye ■ Illustrations by Yvonne Robinson



In Disteneng, just five kilometres from Polokwane, lived a girl named Thato. Thato lived with her mother, Mokgadi, in a house made of poles and iron sheets – a *mokhukhu*. Early in the morning, Thato's mother would walk with her all the way to her primary school in Ladanna.

One morning as they passed the green shack on the corner, people were sitting outside drinking beer.

"Tlou stays here," said Thato. "He doesn't come to school anymore."

"Are you sure?" asked Mokgadi.

"Yes. He said school is for rich people, not poor people," Thato answered sadly. "I miss him so much. He was the only other child from Disteneng at school."

Then Thato ran ahead of her mother. Further down the road, as they got closer to Ladanna, she heard the sound of birds. In Disteneng, she only heard loud music.

Thato worked hard at school. During break time, she always did her homework because it was difficult to do it at home. But it was Grace's birthday today and she had brought cupcakes for everyone in class. Mrs Sephuma handed out the pretty little cakes to the children. Slowly Thato ate a small piece of her cake. It had chocolate icing on top and tasted sweet. It made Thato think about her last birthday. She had not brought cakes, but had sung a song for the class. The teacher had loved it, but not the children. Some of them had sulked, while others said, "*Mokhukhu* girl! Hey, *mokhukhu* girl – the one who sees electricity across the river – where's our cake?"

As she thought about that, Thato did not feel like eating her cupcake anymore. She wrapped what was left of it in some paper and put it in her schoolbag. Then she took out her writing book and started doing her homework.



After school, Thato walked back home behind her mother. As she got closer to the corner where the green shack was, she saw some children, white with dust from head to foot. They were playing games – *kgati*, *tshere tshere* and *diketo* – in the road.

"Here comes the schoolgirl," said one of them pointing at Thato. The children stopped playing. The girls playing *diketo* stopped singing. They looked at Thato in her school uniform that was too big for her. Thato did not mind being called the schoolgirl. It was better than the names she was called at school.

"She is back," they all said together.

"You should come back to school," said Thato. "We can all go to school together."

"Go to school?" they laughed. "Never! You will find nothing there!"

At school it was the same. Sometimes Thato would be upset and cry. Sometimes she would get angry and shout back, "My name is not *mokhukhu* girl! It's Thato! Lucky you, who chose your parents! If I was asked to choose, I would choose to live in a big house!"

Some children laughed, but others said, "She is right. We did not choose where we were born. Thato is right." And after that they only called her Thato.

"So what?" a few unkind children said. "She sang for us on her birthday. Now we will sing a song too: Thato, the *mokhukhu* girl, the dreamer." Then they followed her around the schoolyard singing their unkind song. "Thato, the *mokhukhu* girl, the dreamer." Over and over again.

But, things don't stay the same forever. When Thato turned nine, she could take part in school sports. The first time her teachers saw her run, they knew that she would be a champion!

"You must practise every day after school, Thato," Mrs Sephuma said.

Every day, Mrs Sephuma would give Thato a sandwich and some fruit when the other children were not around. Every day, Thato practised.

When it was the school sports day, Thato came first in all her races. "Now you must run for the school! You must help us win the sports competition this year," said the principal as she gave Thato a big packet.

Thato didn't open the packet until she got home, but as soon as her mother had closed the door, Thato opened it. Inside was a pair of running shoes, running shorts and a T-shirt. Thato ran even faster in her running shoes.

It wasn't long before the same children who had called her *mokhukhu* girl started calling her the bullet girl.

"There goes the bullet girl!" they would shout as she sped past them on the sports field. And at all the races they cheered her on, chanting, "Run, Thato, the dreamer, run. Run, bullet girl!"

After two years of training every day and eating the extra food that Mrs Sephuma brought to school for her, Thato became one of the fastest runners in Limpopo.

One day Thato ran up to her mother as she waited at the school gate. "Mom, mom!" she shouted. "I'm on the Limpopo team! I'm going to Cape Town with the team!"

The principal gave Thato more packets. There was one with running shoes and running clothes. The T-shirts all had Limpopo's emblem on them. There was also a packet with a cap, jeans and a jacket. And there was a small packet with a plastic bank card that had spending money for the trip to Cape Town.

When the time came for the Limpopo team to go to Cape Town, a big bus with soft seats and dark windows came to fetch Thato at her school. She hugged Mokgadi goodbye and climbed up the steps of the bus. As she turned to wave goodbye, she saw Tlou standing next to her mother. Behind him, stood her dusty friends from Disteneng.

She remembered how they used to call her the school girl. She smiled. "You should come back to school," she said.

Thato was the fastest one hundred metre runner in her age group. They wrote about her in the local newspaper and talked about her on the radio. They called her a golden girl in waiting. At school Thato was given a medal at assembly. All the children and teachers clapped for her. And they sang a song over and over again, "Thato, the golden girl, the dreamer."







# Thato, mmaditoro

Ka Pirai Mazungunye ■ Ditshwantsho ka Yvonne Robinson



Mane Disteneng, dikilomitara tse hlano feela ho tloha Polokwane, ho kile ha eba le ngwananyana ya neng a bitswa Thato. Thato o ne a dula le mme wa hae, Mokgadi, ntlong e neng e ahilwe ka dipalo le masenke – mokhukhu. Ka meso hoseng, mme wa Thato o ne a tswaetse ho tsamaya le yena ho mo isa sekolong sa poraemari mane Ladanna.

Ka tsatsi le leng hoseng ha ba feta mokhukhu o motala o hukung, batho ba ne ba dutse ka ntle ba ntse ba enwa biri.

“Tlou o dula mona,” ha rialo Thato. “Ha a sa tla sekolong.”

“Na o na le bonnete ba seo?” ha botsa Mokgadi.

“Ee. O itse sekolo ke sa barui, eseng bafutsana,” ha araba Thato ka maswabi. “Ke a mo hopola. E ne e le yena feela ya tswang Disteneng sekolong mane.”

Yaba Thato o mathela pejana ka pela mmae. Ba theosa mmila, ha ba ntse ba atamela Ladanna, a utlwa modumo wa dinonyana. Kwana Disteneng o ne a utlwa feela modumo wa mmimo o lilelang hodimo.

Thato o ne a sebetsa ka thata sekolong. Ka nako ya kgefutso, o ne a dula a etsa mosebetsi wa lapeng hobane ho ne ho eba thata ho o etsa hae. Empa kajeno e ne e le letsatsi la tswalo la Grace mme o ne a tlele le di-cupcake bakeng sa bana bohle ka tlaseng. Mof Sephuma a fa bana dikukunyana tseo tse ntle. Thato a ja sekotwana sa hae sa kuku butlebutle. E ne e tlostswe ka tihokoletse ka hodimo mme e latsweha ha monate. E ile ya etsa hore Thato a hopole letsatsi la hae la tswalo le fetileng. O ne a sa tla le dikuku, empa o ne a binele bana ba tlelase pina. Tlithere o ne a e rate, empa eseng bana. Ba bang ba bona ba ne ba swentse melomo, ha ba bang ba ne ba re, “Ngwanana wa mekhukhung! Ngwanana wa mekhukhung – wena ya bonang motlakase ka nqane ho noka – kuku ya rona e kae?”

Ha a ntse a nahanne ka seo, Thato a ikutlwa a sa batle le ho ja cupcake ya hae. A phuthela e setseng ka pampiri mme a e kenya ka hara mokotlana wa hae wa sekolo. Yaba o ntsha buka ya hae ya ho ngolla mme a qala ho ngola mosebetsi wa lapeng.



Ha sekolo se etswa, Thato a ya hae a tsamaya ka mora mme wa hae. Ha a ntse a atamela hukung moo mokhukhu o motala o neng o le teng, a bona bana ba bang ba le basweu ke lerole ho tloha hloohong ho isa ka tlasa maoto. Ba ne ba bapala dipapadi – kgati, tshere tshere le diketo – ka tseleng.

“Ngwanana wa sekolo ke eo o a tla,” ha rialo e mong wa bona a supile Thato. Bana ba emisa ho bapala. Bana ba neng ba bapala diketo ba emisa ho bina. Ba sheba Thato ka yunifomo ya hae ya sekolo e neng e le kgolo ho yena. Thato o ne a sa kgathalle leha ba mmitisa ngwanana wa sekolo. Lebitso leo le ne le le betere ho feta mabitso ao a neng a bitswa ka ona sekolong.

“O kgutlile,” bohle ba rialo ka nako e le nngwe.

“Le tshwanetse le kgutlele sekolong,” ha rialo Thato. “Re ka nna ra tsamaya mmoho ho ya sekolong.”

“Re ye sekolong?” ba tsheha. “Le kgale! Ha ho letho leo o tla le fumana moo!”

Sekolong ho ne ho tswana. Ka nako tse ding Thato o ne a teneha haholo a be a lle. Ka nako tse ding o ne a kgena a be a ba kgaruma le yena, “Lebitso la ka ha ke ngwanana wa mekhukhung! Ke Thato! Le lehlohonolo lona ba ileng ba tseba ho kgetha batswadi! Hoja ke ne ke fuwe hore ke ikgethele, ke ne ke tla kgetha ho dula ntlong e kgolo!”

Bana ba bang ba ne ba tsheha, empa ba bang ba re, “O nepile. Ha re a ikgethela hore re hlahele hokae. Thato o nepile.” Mme kamora moo ba qala ho mmitisa feela Thato.

“Jwale?” ba mmalwa ba lonya ba ne ba rialo. “O ile a re binela ka letsatsi la hae la tswalo. Jwale le rona re tla bina pina: Thato, ngwanana wa mekhukhung, mmaditoro.” Mme yaba ba mo sala morao hohle moo a yang ka hara jarete ya sekolo ba ntse ba bina pina eo e mo phoqang. “Thato, ngwanana wa mekhukhung, mmaditoro.” Ba e bina hangata feela.

Empa dintho ha di dule di sa fetohe. Ha Thato a qeta dilemo tse robong, o ne a kgona ho nka karolo dipapading tsa sekolo. Kgetlo la pele ha botlithere ba hae ba mmona a matha, ba ile ba tseba hore e tla ba mmampodi!

“O lokela ho ikwetlisa kamehla kamora sekolo, Thato,” ha rialo Mof Sephuma.

Ka tsatsi le leng le le leng, Mof Sephuma o ne a fa Thato samentjhise le diitholwana tse itseng ha bana ba bang ba sa bone. Kamehla, Thato a ikwetlisa.

Ka letsatsi la dipapadi tsa sekolo, Thato a hlola a tswa pele mabelong ohle. “Jwale o lokela ho ya emela sekolo! O lokela ho re thusa ho hlola diithodisanong tsa dipapadi selemong sena,” ha rialo mosuwehlooho a efa Thato pakana e kgolo.

Thato ha a ka a bula pakana eo ho fihlela a fihla lapeng, empa eitse feela ha mmae a kwala lemati. Thato a e bula. Ka hare e ne e le para ya dieta tsa ho matha, borikgwe bo bokgutshwanyane le thishete. Thato o ne a matha lebelo le leholo ka dieta tsa hae tsa ho matha.

E se kgale bana bane ba neng ba mmitisa ngwanana wa mekhukhung ba qala ho mmitisa kulo ya ngwanana.

“Kulo ya ngwanana ke yane!” ba ne ba rialo ba hoeleditse ha a ba feta ka lebelohadi mabaleng a dipapadi. Mme mabelong ohle ba ne ba mo opela ditlase, ba bina, “Matha, Thato, wa ditoro, matha. Matha kulo ya ngwanana!”

Kamora dilemo tse pedi tsa boikwetliso ba letsatsi le letsatsi le ho ja dijo tseo Mof Sephuma a neng a mo tlela tsona sekolong, Thato a ba e mong wa dimathi tse hlwahlwa ka ho fetisisa Limpopo.

Ka tsatsi le leng Thato a mathela ho mmae ha a ntse a mo emetse hekeng ya sekolo. “Mme, mme!” a hoeletsa. “Ke sehlopheng sa Limpopo! Ke ya Cape Town mmoho le sehlopha!”

Mosuwehlooho a fa Thato dipakana tse ding hape. E nngwe e ne e ena le dieta tsa ho matha le dipapadi tsa ho matha. Thishete tsohle di ne di ena le letshwao la Limpopo ho tsona. Hape ho ne ho ena le pakana e nang le kepisi, dijini le baki. Hape ho ena le pakana e nyane e nang le karete ya banka ya polasetiki e neng e ena le tijelete eo a tla e sebedisa leetong la hae la Cape Town.

Ha nako e fihla ya hore sehlopha sa Limpopo se lebe Cape Town, bese e kgolo e nang le ditulo tse mabothobotho le difensetere tse lefifi ya tla ho tla lata Thato sekolong sa hae. A haka Mokgadi a mo sadisa hantle mme a nyoloha ka ditepisi tsa bese. Eitse ha a hetla ho sadisa a foka letsoho, a bona

Tlou a eme haufi le mme wa hae. Kamora hae, ho ne ho eme metswalle ya hae e ditshila ya mane Disteneng.

A hopola kamoo ba neng ba rata ho mmitisa ngwanana wa sekolo. A bososela. “Le lokela ho kgutlela sekolong,” a rialo.

Thato e ne e le semathi se lebelo ka ho fetisisa ho dimitara tse lekgolo sehlopheng sa dilemo tsa hae. Ba ngola ditaba ka yena koranteng ya lehae mme ba bua ka yena le radiyong. Ba ne ba mmitisa ngwanana wa kgauta ya sa leng tseleng. Sekolong, Thato o ile a fumana mentlele phareiteng sekolong. Bana bohle le matlithere ba mo opela matsoho. Mme ba bina pina ena kgafetsa le kgafetsa, “Thato, ngwanana wa kgauta, mmaditoro.”



Drive your imagination



# Nal'ibali fun

## Monate wa Nal'ibali



1.

In Momma Moeng's surprise, Gogo Moeng got lots of birthday surprises! Follow the steps below to create your own poem about surprises. Start each line of your poem with a letter from the word, "surprise".

1. On a separate sheet of paper, write down all the words or phrases you think of when you hear the word, "surprise".
2. Choose which of these words or phrases you want to use in your poem. Remember each line of your poem has to start with a letter from the word, SURPRISE. For example: you could write "people and presents" on the line that starts with the letter, "p".
3. Add in any other words you need to complete your poem.
4. Read your poem aloud.

S \_\_\_\_\_  
U \_\_\_\_\_  
R \_\_\_\_\_  
P \_\_\_\_\_  
R \_\_\_\_\_  
I \_\_\_\_\_  
S \_\_\_\_\_  
E \_\_\_\_\_



Paleng ya Mme Mamoeng o thabisa nkgono, Nkgono Moeng o fumane dintho tse ngata tse mo makaditseng tsa letsatsi la tswalo! Latela mehato e ka tlase ho iketsetsa thotokiso ya hao e mabapi le dintho tse makatsang. Mola ka mong wa thotokiso ya hao o qale ka tlhaku e tswang lentsweng lena, "makatsa".

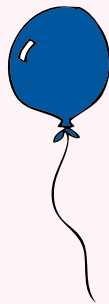
1. Leqepheng le ka thoko la pampiri, ngola mantswe kaofela kapa dipolelwana tseo o nahanang ka tsona ha o utlwa lentsweng lena, "makatsa".
2. Kgetha hore ke mantswe afe kapa dipolelwana dife ho tsena tseo o batlang ho di sebedisa thotokisong ya hao. Hopola hore mola ka mong wa thotokiso ya hao o lokela ho qala ka tlhaku e tswang ho lentsweng lena, MAKATSA. Ho etsa mohlala: o ka ngola "motho le mme" moleng o qalang ka tlhaku ena "m".
3. Kenyeletsa mantswe afe kapa afe a mang ao o a hlohang ho qetella thotokiso ya hao.
4. Balla thotokiso ya hao hodimo.

M \_\_\_\_\_  
A \_\_\_\_\_  
K \_\_\_\_\_  
A \_\_\_\_\_  
T \_\_\_\_\_  
S \_\_\_\_\_  
A \_\_\_\_\_



Can you unscramble the letters to make the names of the birthday gifts that Gogo Moeng received in Momma Moeng's surprise?

ekac \_\_\_\_\_  
amj \_\_\_\_\_  
foeslwr \_\_\_\_\_  
ooblIn \_\_\_\_\_  
pchsi \_\_\_\_\_  
slaeevgtbe \_\_\_\_\_  
enicckh \_\_\_\_\_



Na o ka rarolla ditlhaku ho etsa mabitso a dimpho tsa letsatsi la tswalo tseo Nkgono Moeng a di fumaneng ho Mme Mamoeng o thabisa nkgono?

ukuk \_\_\_\_\_  
ejme \_\_\_\_\_  
saleapid \_\_\_\_\_  
uabuln \_\_\_\_\_  
tidipijhsi \_\_\_\_\_  
emorho \_\_\_\_\_  
ohgko \_\_\_\_\_

2.

Sometimes Hope likes to make her own sandwiches to take to school. She always puts peanut butter on them. Can you give her some ideas of other fillings she could use? Circle your favourite filling.



☒ \_\_\_\_\_  
☒ \_\_\_\_\_  
☒ \_\_\_\_\_  
☒ \_\_\_\_\_

Ka dinako tse ding Hope o rata ho iketsetsa samentijhise bakeng sa ho ya sekolong. Kamehla o di tlotsa ka pinabatha. Na o ka mo fa mehopolo e meng bakeng sa ditlatseletsi tse ding tseo a ka di kenyang disamentijhiseng? Dikanyetsa setlatseletsi seo o se ratang haholo.

Answers: cake, jam, flowers, balloons, chips, vegetables, chicken  
Dikarabo: kuku, jeme, dipadisa, baloon, chips, vegetable, kgoho

Nal'ibali is here to motivate and support you. Contact us by calling our call centre on 02 11 80 40 80, or in any of these ways:

Nal'ibali e mona ho tla o kgothatsa le ho o tshehetsa. Ikopanye le rona ka ho letsetsa setsing sa rona sa mehala ho 02 11 80 40 80, kapa ka e nngwe ya ditsela tse lateng:

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