



Treating books as treasures

Books are expensive and so it is understandable that we want them to last. How can we help our children learn to take good care of books so that they can be enjoyed over and over again?

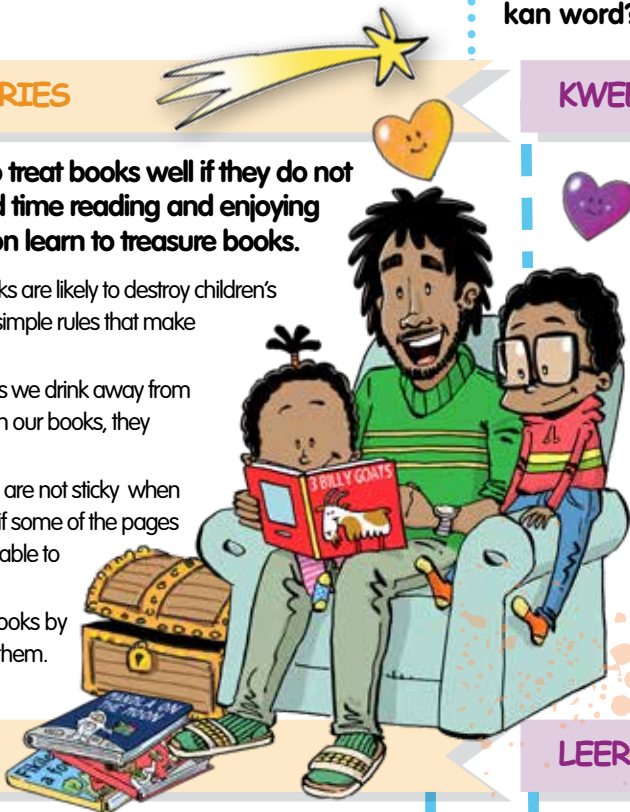
GROW A LOVE OF STORIES

We cannot expect children to treat books well if they do not love stories! When you spend time reading and enjoying stories with children, they soon learn to treasure books.

- ★ Too many rules about using books are likely to destroy children's love of stories. Try to have a few simple rules that make sense to children. For example:

- ☉ "Let's keep water and things we drink away from books because if we spill on our books, they will get damaged."
- ☉ "Let's make sure our hands are not sticky when we look at books because if some of the pages stick together, we won't be able to read the whole story!"

- ★ Help children learn to care for books by creating special places to store them.



TEACH BY EXAMPLE

- ★ Children learn more by watching us than by being told what to do. So, if you don't treat books well, you can't expect children to do so! Show them how to treat books. For example:

- ☉ as you read to them, turn the pages carefully.
- ☉ when you have finished reading a story, return the book to its place on the bookshelf.

- ★ Expect what is reasonable. Children need to spend time looking at or reading books on their own. Encourage age-appropriate book behaviour in your children. For example:

- ☉ it is "normal" for babies to chew the corners of books – because they put everything into their mouths – but we wouldn't expect three-year olds to do this.
- ☉ seven year-olds can be expected to turn the pages of a book gently, but many three-year-olds cannot yet manage this.



As with most things in life, learning to take care of books involves time, practice and encouragement. Children will learn this much faster if they experience the pleasure that reading and books offer.

Koester boeke as skatte

Boeke is duur en dis te verstane dat ons wil hê hulle moet lank hou. Hoe kan ons ons kinders help leer om boeke mooi op te pas sodat hulle oor en oor geniet kan word?



KWEEK 'N LIEFDE VIR STORIES

Ons kan nie van kinders verwag om boeke mooi te hanteer as hulle nie lief is vir stories nie! Wanneer jy gereeld saam met kinders lees en stories geniet, leer hulle gou om boeke te as kosbaar te beskou.

- ★ Te veel reëls oor hoe om boeke te gebruik kan kinders se liefde vir stories doodmaak. Probeer net 'n paar reëls hê wat vir kinders sin maak. Byvoorbeeld:

- ☉ "Kom ons hou water en drinkgoed weg van boeke, want as ons op ons boeke mors, sal ons hulle beskadig."
- ☉ "Kom ons maak seker ons hande is nie taai wanneer ons na boeke kyk nie, want as van die bladsye aan mekaar vassit, sal ons nie die hele storie kan lees nie!"

- ★ Help kinders om te leer om boeke te versorg deur spesiale bēreplekke vir hulle te hê.



LEER DEUR JOU VOORBEELD

- ★ Kinders leer meer wanneer hulle ons dophou as wanneer ons vir hulle sê wat om te doen. As jy boeke nie mooi hanteer nie, kan jy dus nie van jou kinders verwag om dit te doen nie! Wys hulle hoe om boeke te hanteer. Byvoorbeeld:

- ☉ terwyl jy vir hulle lees, blaai versigtig om.
- ☉ wanneer jy 'n storie klaar gelees het, sit die boek terug op sy plek op die boekrak.

- ★ Verwag wat redelik is. Kinders moet tyd deurbring deur op hulle eie na boeke te kyk of dit te lees. Moedig ouderdomsgeskikte boekgedrag by jou kinders aan. Byvoorbeeld:

- ☉ dit is "normaal" dat babas die hoeke van boeke kou – want hulle sit alles in hulle mond – maar ons verwag dit nie van driejariges nie.
- ☉ sewejariges moet reeds mooi deur 'n boek kan blaai, maar baie driejariges kan dit nog nie doen nie.



GET MORE OF WHAT YOU WANT!

Parents and caregivers: Scan this code and complete a 1-minute questionnaire to tell us how we can make our supplement better.



KRY MEER VAN DIT WAARVAN JY HOU!

Ouers en versorgers: Skandeer hierdie kode en voltooi 'n vraelys wat 1 minuut van jou tyd sal verg om vir ons te sê hoe ons die bylae kan verbeter.



Drive your
imagination



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

Children's Literacy Rights

All children can be powerful readers and writers! These are our literacy rights.



1

To listen to hundreds and even thousands of wonderful stories, and tell our own stories too.

2

To use our own languages and learn other languages.



3

To talk about stories and books with our friends, families and teachers.



4

To be given opportunities to explore different types of writing – like stories, poems and information – from home and around the world.



5

To spend time drawing, painting and playing with stories.



6

To get help from adults with our reading and writing, and with choosing interesting books to read.



7

To visit the library to find the books we want to read, and to grow collections of books at home.



8

To share our thoughts, dreams and stories through our own writing.



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Kinders se Geletterdheidsregte

Alle kinders kan sterk lesers en skrywers wees! Kom ons kyk na ons geletterdheidsregte.



1

Om na honderde en selfs duisende wonderlike stories te luister, en ook ons eie stories te vertel.

2

Om ons eie tale te gebruik en ander tale aan te leer.



3

Om met ons vriende, familie en onderwysers oor stories en boeke te gesels.



5

Om tyd te kry om stories te teken, te verf en met hulle te speel.



7

Om die biblioteek te besoek om boeke te vind wat ons graag wil lees, en om 'n versameling boeke by die huis op te bou.



4

Om geleenthede te kry om verskillende soorte skryfwerk te verken – soos stories, gedigte en inligting – van ons eie land en ook vanoor die hele wêreld.



6

Om hulp van volwassenes te kry met ons lees en skryf, en ook met die kies van interessante boeke om te lees.



8

Om ons gedagtes, drome en stories deur ons skryfwerk te deel.



Kontak ons op een van die volgende maniere:

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www.nalibali.mobi

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Reading club corner



Leesklubhoekie

4 easy ways to support your children's literacy

“When we help children become readers and writers, we give them the key to a worldwide community. But this does not happen overnight, and we need to help spark their literacy, and then keep it going by inspiring them. Here are some of the ways you can help.”



ProVerb, a multi-talented SA artist

ProVerb, 'n talentvolle Suid-Afrikaanse kunstenaar

4 maklike maniere om jou kinders se geletterdheid te steun

“Wanneer ons kinders help om te leer lees en skryf, gee ons vir hulle die sleutel tot 'n wêreldwye gemeenskap. Maar dit gebeur nie oornag nie. Ons moet help om hulle geletterdheid aan te vuur en dit dan laat aanhou brand deur hulle te inspireer. Hier volg 'n paar maniere waarop jy kan help.”



1. Be a role model. Your children learn from your example. They need to see you using reading and writing in different ways in your daily life.
2. Provide materials. You can't learn to read if you don't have anything to read, and you can't learn to write if you don't have anything to write with or on! Children need to be able to easily find books that interest them and also paper, pencils and crayons to write and draw with.
3. Take an interest. Every time children read and write, encourage them by showing an interest in what they are doing.
4. Read aloud. When children are motivated to read and write, they stand a greater chance of being lifelong readers and writers! Reading aloud to them as often as you can, teaches them the power of print and opens up their minds to facts, fantasy, and much more. You can find stories in 11 languages on www.nalibali.org and www.nalibali.mobi.

1. Wees 'n rolmodel. Jou kinders leer uit jou voorbeeld. Hulle moet sien hoe jy lees en skryf op verskillende maniere in jou daaglikse lewe gebruik.
2. Verskaf materiale. Jy kan nie leer lees as jy niks het om te lees nie, en jy kan nie leer skryf as jy niks het om mee of op te skryf nie! Kinders moet boeke waarin hulle belangstel, maklik kan vind en ook papier, potlode en kryte waarmee hulle kan skryf en teken.
3. Toon belangstelling. Moedig kinders aan deur belangstelling te toon in wat hulle doen elke keer wanneer hulle lees en skryf.
4. Lees hardop. Wanneer kinders gemotiveer word om te lees en te skryf, staan hulle 'n groter kans om lewenslang lesers en skrywers te wees! As jy so dikwels moontlik hardop vir jou kinders lees, leer dit hulle die krag van die woord en maak dit hulle verstand ontvanklik vir feite, fantasie en nog baie meer. Jy kan stories in 11 tale vind by www.nalibali.org en www.nalibali.mobi.



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.



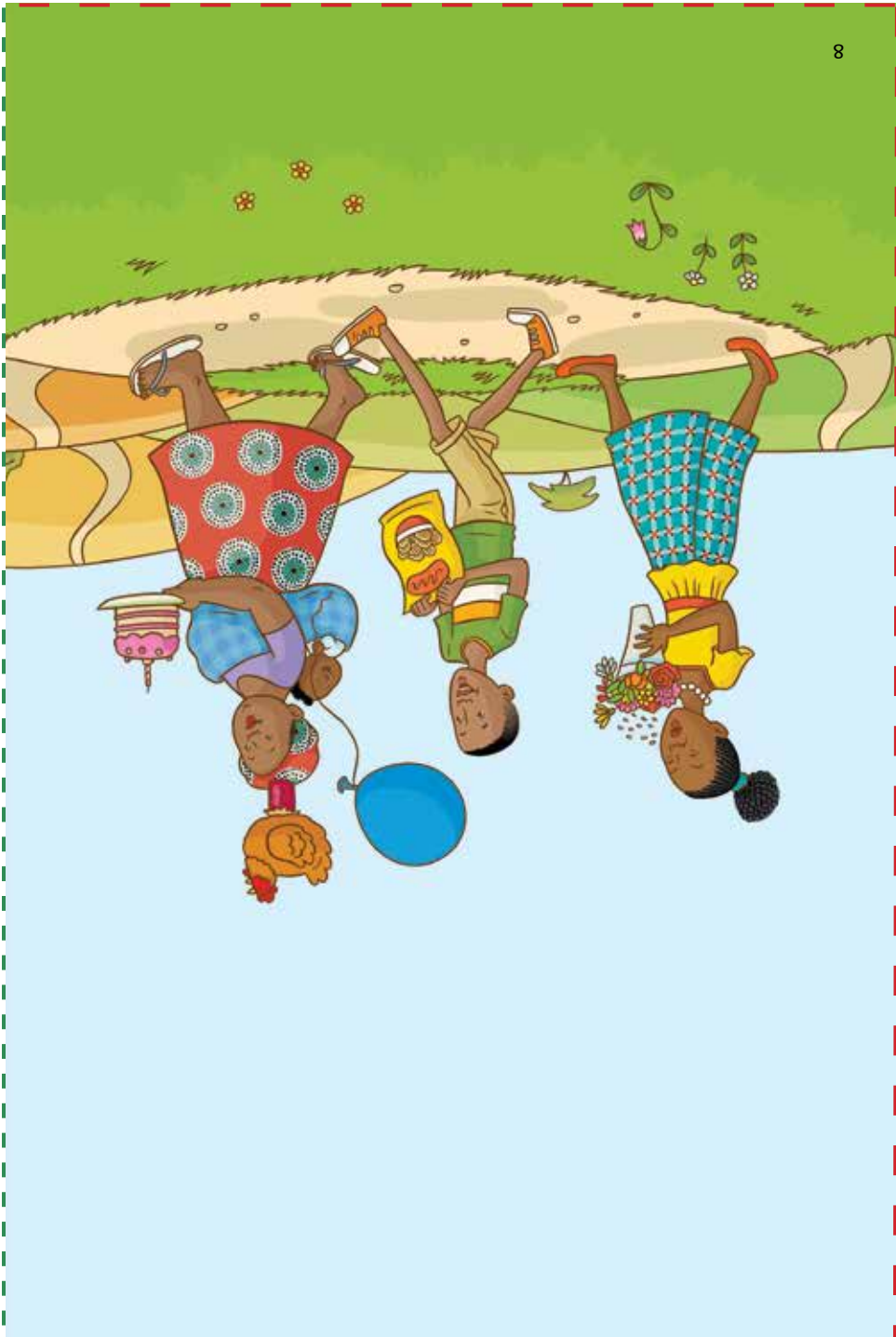
Maak TWEE knip-uit-en-bêreboekies

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



Drive your
imagination

“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-Achoooo!*”
The chubby chicken went *chuk-chuk-chook, chuk-chuk-chook*, the packet of crispy potato chips went *crinkle-cribble, crinkle-cribble* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-pluff, pliff-pluff* down the dusty path until they saw Mr Sithole digging in his vegetable garden.
“Waarheen gaan julle almal?” vra Valécia.
“Ons gaan na Gogo Moeng se huis toe. Dis haar verjaardag,” verduidelik Siphó.
“Ek het ’n bos blomme vir Gogo Moeng. Kan ek ook kom?” vra Valécia.
“Natuurlik,” sê Momma, en daar gaan hulle.
Die bos blomme laat Valécia nies: “*Attiesjoe! A-A-Attiesjoe!*”
Die vet hoender maak *pe-kék, pe-kék, pe-kék*, die pakkie kraakvars skyfies maak *girts-garts*, Baba Beka se ballon maak *bompe-kebomp* en Momma se plakkies maak *flip-flap, flip-flap* in die stowwerige paadjie af, tot hulle vir mnr. Sithole sien wat in sy groentetuin skoffel.



Momma Moeng’s surprise

Momma Moeng se verrassing

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!



Momma Moeng is op pad om Gogo Moeng vir haar verjaardag te gaan verras. Sy dra die fles konfyt wat sy gemaak het op haar kop, en maak Baba Beka en sy blou ballon op haar rug vas. Langs die pad ontmoet hulle baie ander mense wat vir Gogo wil gelukwens, en Momma Moeng lei ’n lawaaiërige, kleurvolle optog wat hope geskenke vir Gogo bring. Toe hulle uiteindelik by Gogo se huis kom, is daar ’n kort pouse, maar dan begin die partytjie in alle erns!

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



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



Drive your imagination



Joan Rankin
Tamsin Hinrichsen
Natalie Hinrichsen



Toe Baba Beka die koek ruik, sê hy: “Njammie, njammie, njam, njam.”
Die vet hoender maak *pe-kek, pe-kek, pe-kek*, die pakkie kraakvars skyfies maak *gits-gats*, Baba Beka se ballon maak *bompe-kebomp* en Momma se plakkies maak *flip-flap, flip-flap-flop* in die stowwerige paadjie af, tot hulle vir Valecia ontmoet.

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.

Die het alles begin toe Momma Moeng ’n fles konfyt vir Gogo Moeng se verjaardag gemaak het. Toe vind Baba Beka sy beste blou ballon. Hy wil dit vir Gogo gee vir haar verjaardag.
Momma maak vir Baba Beka op haar rug vas met ’n sagte kombersie. Toe sit sy die fles konfyt op haar kop en stap na Gogo Moeng se huis. Baba Beka se ballon maak *bompe-kebomp* en Momma se plakkies maak *flip-flap, flip-flap-flop* in die stowwerige paadjie af, tot sy vir Siphon ontmoet wat uit die Tip-Top-winkel kom.
“Waarheen is julle op pad, Momma Moeng?” vra Siphon.
“Ek en Baba Beka gaan na Gogo Moeng se huis toe. Dis vandag haar verjaardag,” antwoord Momma.
“Ek het ’n pakkie kraakvars skyfies vir Gogo Moeng. Kan ek saamkom?” vra Siphon.
“Natuurlik,” glimlag Momma en daar gaan hulle.



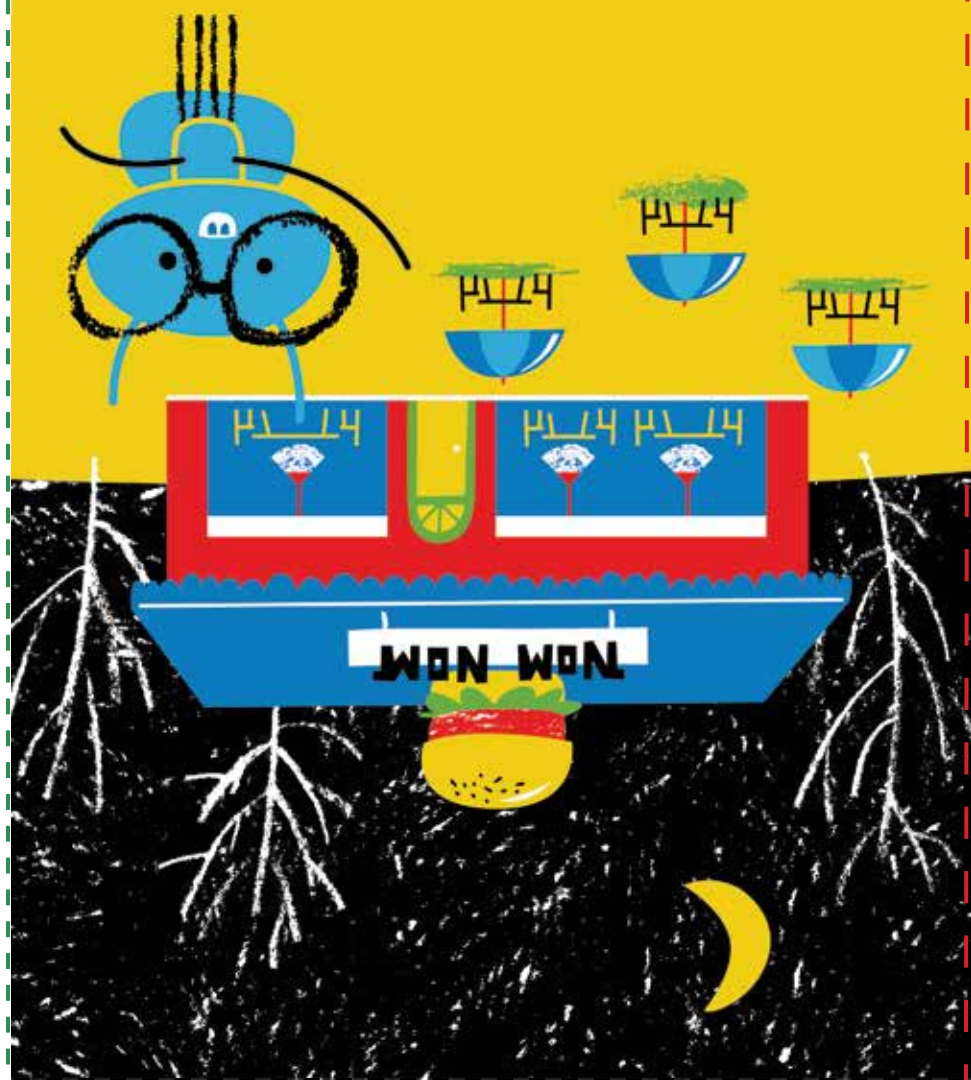
“Where are you all going, Momma Moeng?” Mr Sithole asked.
“We’re going to Gogo Moeng’s house. It’s her birthday,” she replied.
“I have a trolley full of vegetables for her,” said Mr Sithole. “Please could you give it to her?”
“Of course,” answered Momma. But now Momma had a BIG problem – there was too 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.
“Waarheen gaan julle almal, Momma Moeng?”
vra mnr. Sithole.
“Ons gaan na Gogo Moeng se huis toe. Dis haar verjaardag,” antwoord sy.
“Ek het ’n trollie vol groente vir haar,” sê mnr. Sithole. “Kan julle dit asseblief vir haar neem?”
“Natuurlik,” antwoord Momma. Maar nou het Momma ’n GROOT probleem – daar is te veel goed om te dra! Sy moet aan ’n plan dink.
Eers haal sy vir Baba Beka van haar rug af en bind toe die vet hoender met die sagte kombersie op haar rug vas. Baba Beka *SKREEU!* Momma sit toe die vet hoender bo-op die trollie en maak weer vir Baba Beka met die baie gelukkig, want sy kan aan al die groente pik. Maar Momma is nie gelukkig hiermee nie, en daarom sit sy die vet hoender op Valecia se kop. Die vere kielie Valecia se neus en laat haar nog meer nies: “AAAAA-TTES/OOE!” Valecia is nie gelukkig nie.



Klein Miertjie is baie bly.
“Hier’s iets lekkers om te eet!” roep hy.



And Little Ant said,
“Hey, there’s one!”



Little Ant’s big plan Klein Miertjie se groot plan



Candice Dingwall
Steven McKimmie
Telri Stoop



Lots more free books at bookdash.org

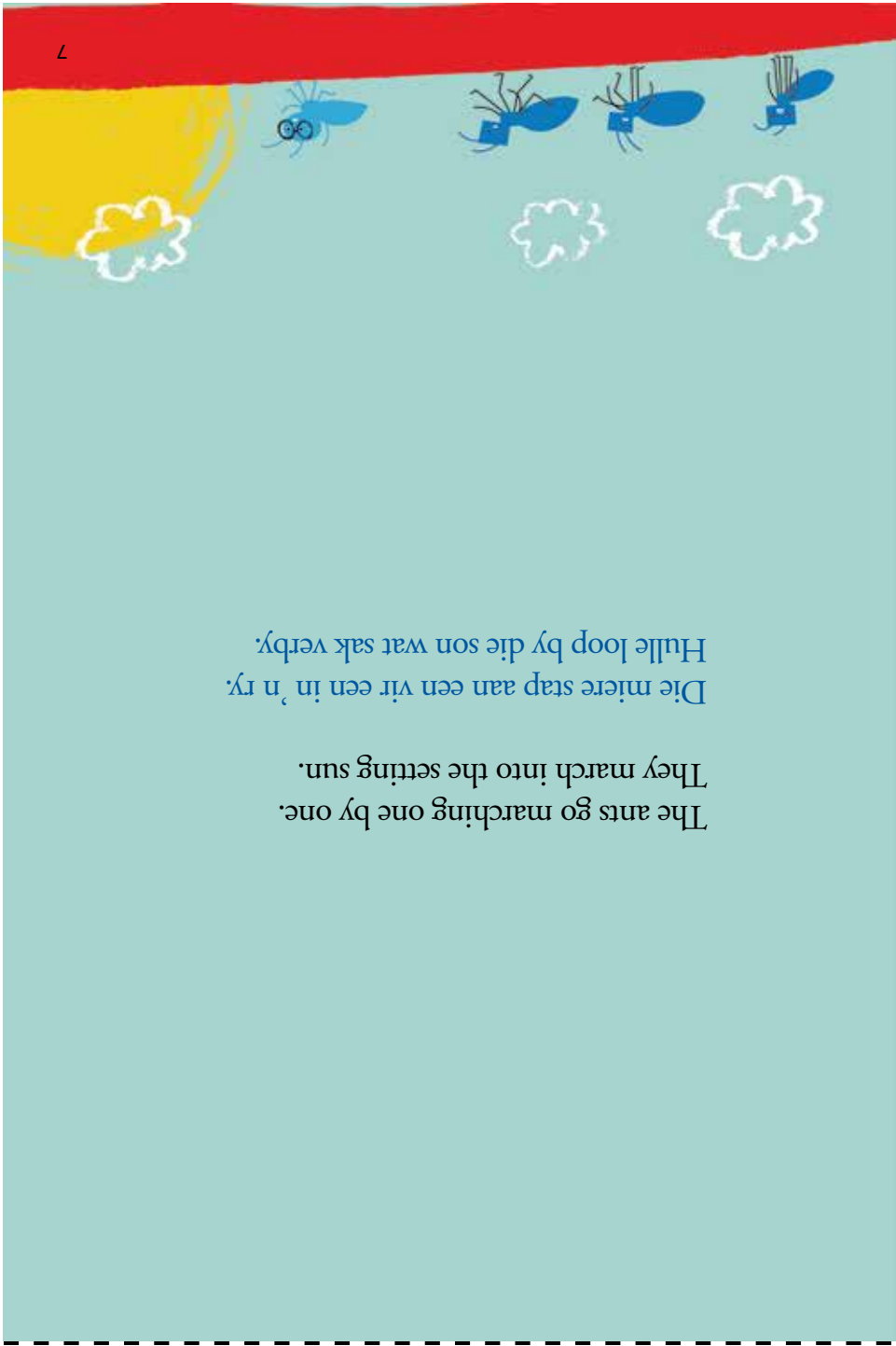
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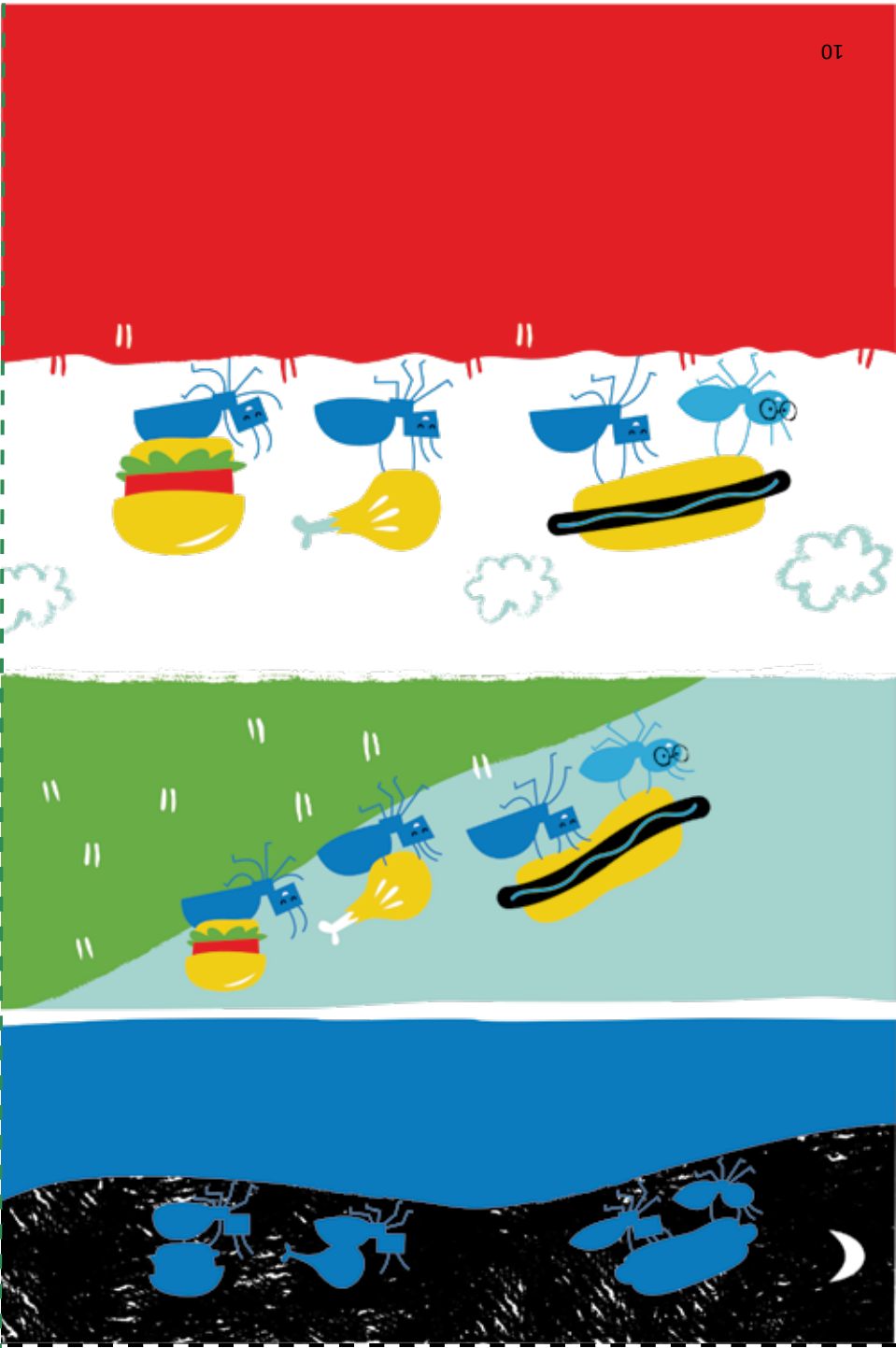
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Drive your
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The ants go marching one by one.
They march into the setting sun.
Die miere stap aan een vir een in 'n ry.
Hulle loop by die son wat sak verby.

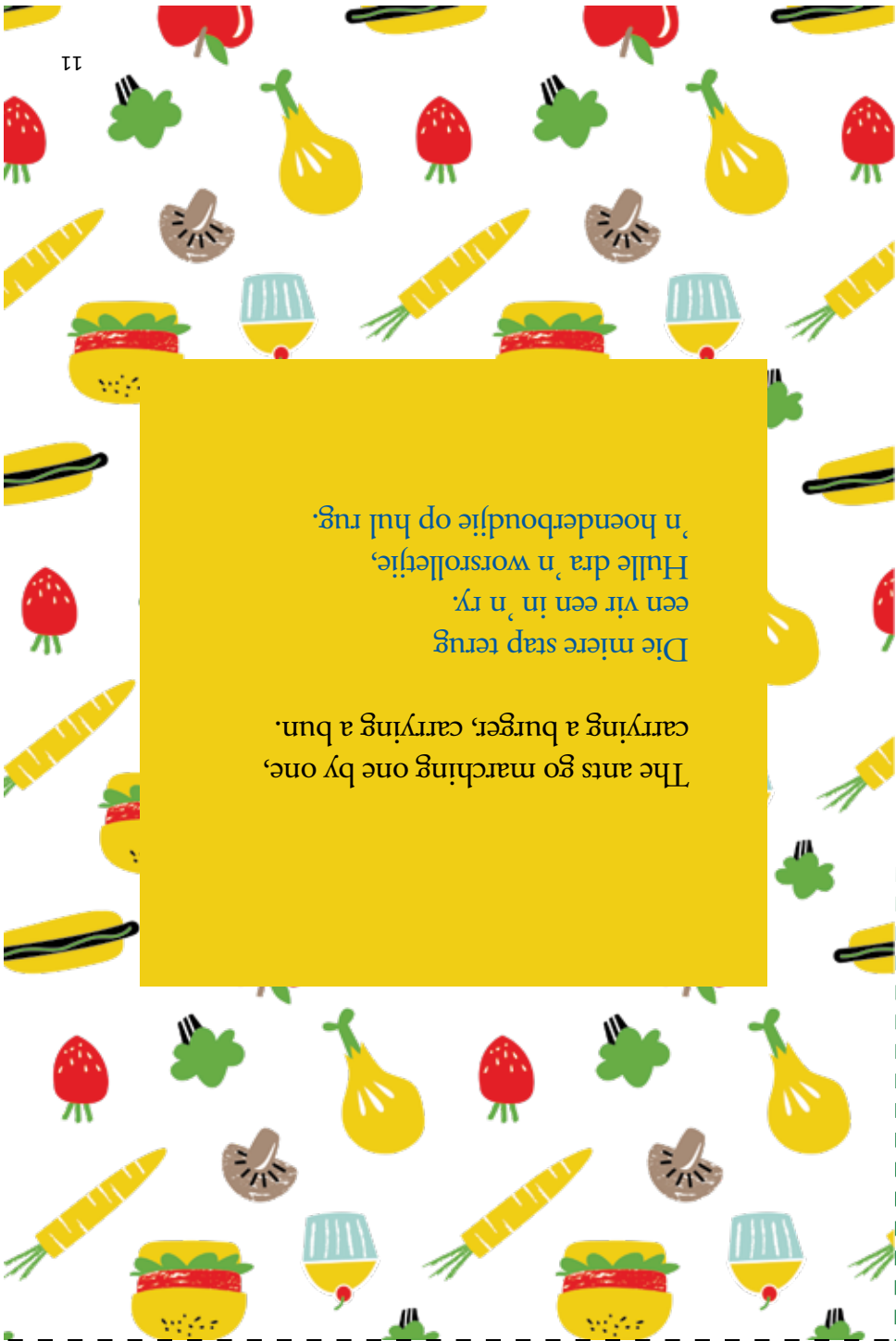


Little Ant loved to read.
Little Ant was often teased.
“Ants don’t read. Ants must feed.
Ants collect the food they need.”



Klein Miertjie is baie lief vir lees.
Klein Miertjie word baie geterg.
Miere moenie lees nie. Miere moet eet.
Miere moet hul kos versamel, jy weet.





The ants go marching one by one,
carrying a burger, carrying a bun.
Die miere stap terug
een vir een in 'n ry.
Hulle dra 'n worsrolletjie,
'n hoenderboudjie op hul rug.

His baby sister takes his hand,
“Now I think I understand.
The way you love to read a book ...
Makes me want to take a look.”

Sy klein sussie bewonder hom.
Sy weet nou hy's nie lui of dom.
“Ek wil ook slim wees, soos jy,
en baie boeke lees!” sê sy.



Little Ant begins to shout
about a place he read about,
“A restaurant is what we need,
a place where people go to feed.
It says so in the books I read.”

Klein Miertjie sê ek het gelees
van 'n plek waar daar altyd kos sal wees.
“'n Restaurant is net die plek,
die tafels daar is altyd gedek.
Dit sê so in die boeke wat ek lees.”

Little Ant would read all day,
he'd read and read the day away.
The other ants took what they found
to store for winter underground.



Klein Miertjie lees die heel dag deur,
hy lees en lees en lees al weer.
Die ander miere dra kos aan in hul mond
en stoor dit vir die winter onder die grond.



The queen wants food to fill the store,
so all the ants must work some more.
Die koningin sê maak die stoor vol kos,
al die miere moet werk en hul speletjies los.



Sy pa en ma sê hy maak nie reg,
en Klein Miertjie voel regtig sleg.
In die herfs wanneer die bome hul blare verloor,
weet die ander miere dis tyd om hul kos te stoor.



When they returned, the queen is glad.
The stores are full. They cheer like mad.
Terug by die huis is die koningin tog te bly.
Nie een van haar miere gaanonger ly.



Little Ant gets hugs from Mum and Dad.

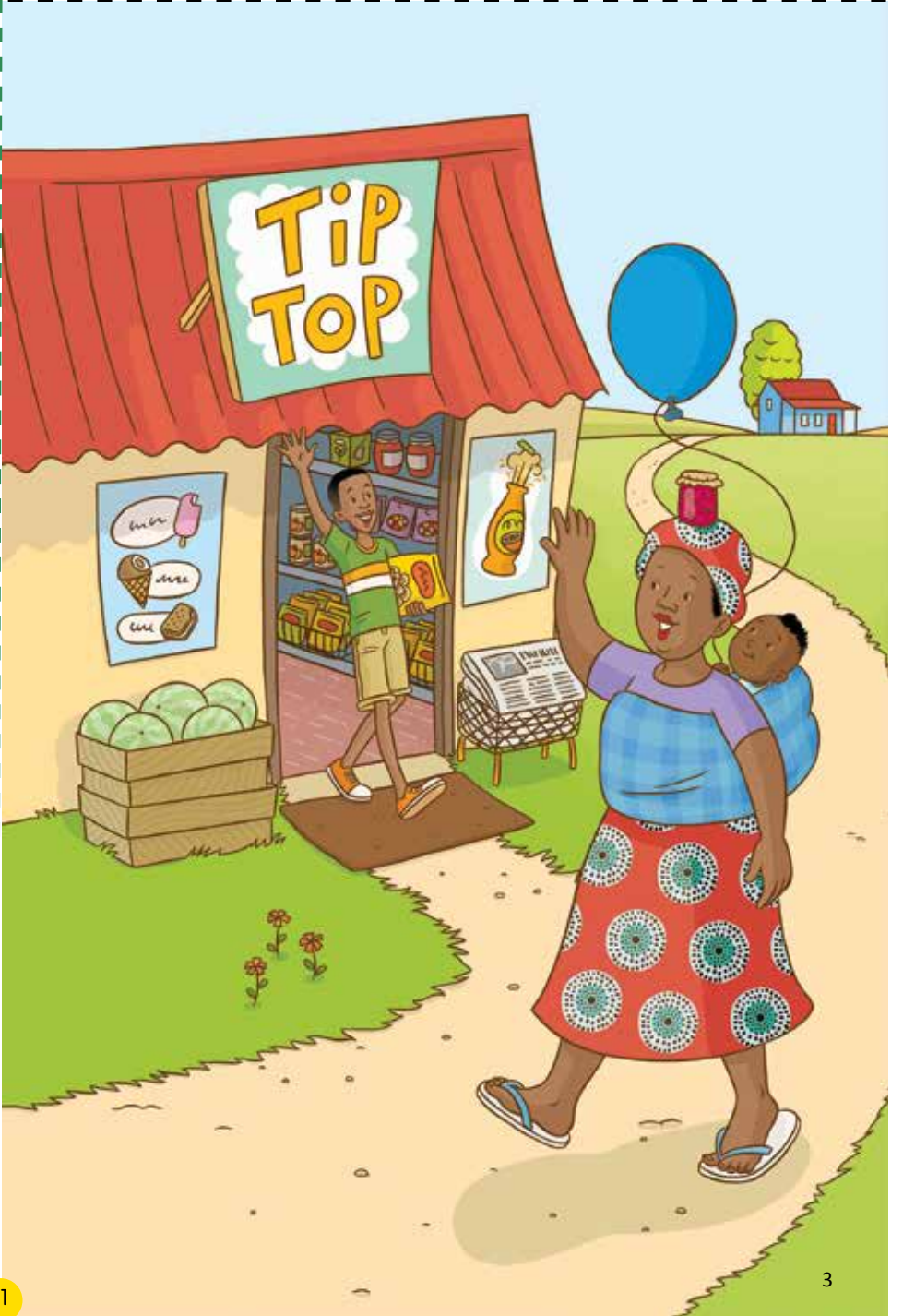
Klein Miertjie kry 'n drukkie van Pa en Ma.

“Ons moet ’n verjaardagskoek vir Gogo koop,” sê Momma. Hulle gaan binnetoe. *Tieng-n-tieng* lui die deurskrikke. “Goetemôre, mev. Makabelo. Het jy gewet dis vandag Gogo Moeng se verjaardag?” “O, ja,” sê mev. Makabelo. “Ek het ’n spesiale koek vir haar gebak, maar ek kan nie die winkel alleen laat nie. Kan julle dit vir haar neem?”

“Natuurlik,” bied Momma aan, maar daar is ’n probleem – Momma het twee hande nodig om die koek te dra. Toe maak sy ’n plan. Sy sit die vet hoender bo-op die fles konfyt wat sy op haar kop dra. Nou het sy twee hande om die spesiale verjaardagskoek te dra. En so stap Momma, Baba Beka en Siphho uit by die *tieng-n-tieng*-deur.

“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 Siphso 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*, Baby Beka’s balloon went *bobby-bob* and Momma’s slippers went *pliff-pliff, pliff-pliff* down the dusty path until they met Valencia.



Momma vat toe die vet hoender en sit dit op Siphos se kop. Sy gee ook vir hom Valécia se blomme om vas te hou. Nou het Valécia twee hande vry om die trollie te stoot. Almal is gelukkigig en daar gaan hulle na Gogo Moeng se huis toe.

Die wíele van die trollie maak *skwíek-skwíek-skwíek*. Valécia het van die koeke se versiersuiker op haar wange, en haar tong lek *slurp-slurp-slurp*. Baba Beka se: “Njamnie, njamnie, njam-njam.” Die vet hoender maak *pe-kek, pe-kek, pe-kek*, die pakkie kraakvars skyfies maak *gínts-gánts*, Baba Beka se ballon maak *bompe-kebomp* en Momma se plakkies maak *flíp-flap, flíp-flap-flap* in die stowwerige paadjie af al die pad tot by Gogo se huis.

So, Momma took the chubby chicken and put it on Siphos' head and she gave him Valécia's flowers to hold. Now Valécia 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*. Valécia had icking 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 poroto chips went *crinkle-crinkle*, Baby Bekas balloon went *bobby-bob* and Momma's slipslops went *pliff-pliff-pliff, pliff-pliff* 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!

Toe sy dit oopmaak, begin almal vir haar 'n vrolike verjaardagsliedjie sing.

Op die tafel is die groentepastei en konfyttertjies wat Momma gemaak het, eiers wat die vet hoender so pas gelê het, die spesiale verjaardagkoek en die kraakvars skyfies. Die tafel is versier met die blomme en Baba Beka se pragtige blou ballon.

“DIT IS MY BESTE VERJAARDAG OOIT!” sê Gogo. En sy behoort te weet, want Gogo het al ten minste tachtig of negentig verjaardae voor hierdie een gevier!



“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 Siphoh.

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.

“Elk het ’n lekker vet hoender vir Gogo Moeng. Kan julle dit vir haar neem?” vra mnr. Shabalala.

“Natuurlik,” sê Momma. Sy sit die vet hoender onder haar arm en daar gaan Momma, Baba Beka en Siphoh.

Die vet hoender maak *pe-kek, pe-kek*, die pakkie kraakvars skyfies maak *girts-garts*, Baba Beka se ballon maak *bompe-kebomp* en Momma se plakkies maak *flip-flap, flip-flap-flop* in die stowwerige paadjie af, tot hulle by mev. Makabelo se koeckwinkel kom.

Siphoh’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.



Siphoh se pakkie kraakvars skyfies maak *girts-garts*, Baba Beka se ballon maak *bompe-kebomp* en Momma se plakkies maak *flip-flap, flip-flap-flop* in die stowwerige paadjie af, tot hulle by mnr. Shabalala kom wat sy hoenders kos gee.

“Waarheen gaan julle?” vra hy.

“Ons gaan na Gogo Moeng se huis toe. Dis haar verjaardag,” antwoord Momma.

Momma klop aan die voordeur. Siphoh fluit. Valécia roep. Maar daar is geen antwoord nie. Momma stoot die voordeur oop en hulle gaan almal binne. Maar daar is niemand daar nie. Hulle kyk in die kombuis – niemand nie. Hulle kyk oral. Waar kan Gogo wees?

Momma sê: “Kom ons begin kos maak, en dan sal Gogo dalk opdaag.”

En dis toe wat almal doen – almal behalwe Baba Beka. Hy sit op die kombuistoombank langs die venster en uitkyk tot hy bult sien aankom.



Momma knocked on the front door. Siphoh whistled. Valécia 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.

“Gogo! Gogo!” roep hy. Almal kyk.

“GOGO! GOGO!” almal roep tegelyk. “GOGO!”

Doer onder aan die voet van die steil bult sê Gogo: “EE-EE-EE. Iemand roep my. Nou kan ek nie winkel toe gaan om my verjaardagete te koop nie.”

Gogo draai om en stap al die pad met die steil bult op. Haar pantoffels maak *slof-slof* in die stowwerige paadjie af. Uiteindelik kom sy by die agterdeur.



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), *Little Ant's big plan* (pages 7 to 10) and *The big mistake* (page 14).

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!



Raak doenig met stories!

Hier volg 'n paar aktiwiteite wat jy kan probeer. Dit is op die volgende stories in hierdie uitgawe van die Nal'ibali-bylae gebaseer: *Momma Moeng se verrassing* (bladsye 5, 6, 11 en 12), *Klein Miertjie se groot plan* (bladsye 7 tot 10) en *Die groot fout* (bladsy 15).

Momma Moeng se verrassing

Hier volg 'n paar dinge wat jy kan doen wanneer jy die storie klaar gelees het.

- ★ Kies 'n deel van die storie wat nie geïllustreer is nie en teken 'n prent daarvoor. Skryf die woorde van die storie wat by die prent pas, daarby oor.
- ★ Wat sou jy vir Gogo Moeng as 'n verjaardaggeskenk gegee het? Skryf 'n lys met jou idees neer.
- ★ Maak 'n verjaardagkaartjie vir 'n maat of familielid wat binnekort verjaar – of maak een vir Gogo Moeng. Onthou om 'n boodskap in die kaartjie te skryf!

Little Ant's big plan

- ★ How did Little Ant's love of books and reading help him and his colony? How has something that you read about helped you?
- ★ Draw and cut out pictures of Little Ant and the other story characters. Then use the pictures to retell the story in your own words.
- ★ Find out more about ants from information books and/or the internet. Look for interesting facts on their colonies and how they gather and store food.



Klein Miertjie se groot plan

- ★ Hoe het Klein Miertjie se liefde vir boeke en lees hom en sy kolonie gehelp? Hoe het iets wat jy gelees het, jou al gehelp?
- ★ Teken prente van Klein Miertjie en die ander storie karakters en knip dit uit. Gebruik dan die prente om die storie in jou eie woorde oor te vertel.
- ★ Vind meer uit oor miere in inligtingsboeke en/of op die internet. Soek interessante feite oor hul kolonies en hoe hulle kos bymekaarmaak en bêre.



The big mistake

- ★ Have you ever made a big mistake? What happened, and how did you feel about it?
- ★ What happened to make you feel better afterwards?
- ★ Little Bird and Hippo were still friends even though Hippo had nearly eaten Little Bird. Do you think it is important to forgive others if they made a mistake? Why do you say so?



Die groot fout

- ★ Het jy al ooit 'n groot fout gemaak? Wat het gebeur, en hoe het jy daarvoor gevoel?
- ★ Wat het gebeur om jou ná die tyd beter te laat voel?
- ★ Klein Voëltjie en Seekoei is nog altyd vriende, al het Seekoei amper vir Klein Voëltjie opgeëet. Dink jy dit is belangrik om ander te vergewe as hulle 'n fout gemaak het? Hoekom sê jy so?

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The big mistake

Written by Desirée Botha ■ Illustrated by Chantelle and Burgen Thorne

It was nice, lazy day along the river. Everything was very quiet. The only noise was Little Bird chirping softly while he cleaned Hippo's big, flat teeth.

Hippo was enjoying getting his teeth cleaned. He lay with his head out of the water, his mouth wide open. The sun warmed him and before he knew it, he was drifting off to sleep. He dreamt of a big juicy patch of grass floating right by him and, in his dream, he took a big bite and swallowed.

"You ate Little Bird!" The voice woke Hippo up with a fright. It was one of the flamingos. He looked very angry! His pink face was turning red!

"You ate Little Bird," he shouted again, pointing his wing at Hippo.

"I would never!" Hippo defended himself. "I eat grass, not little birds! Besides, Little Bird is my friend! I wouldn't eat him!"

"I saw you! He was cleaning your teeth, and you swallowed him up!"

Hippo remembered his dream. Now he was scared! Had he swallowed his friend by mistake? Then, as he climbed out of the river, he heard a familiar chirping sound. It was Little Bird!

Hippo looked all around to see where Little Bird was. At last, he realised that the sound was coming from inside his tummy. He *had* swallowed his friend!

"See? I told you!" said Flamingo. "You ate Little Bird!"

"I ... I didn't mean to ..." Hippo cried, "We need to rescue him. We have to get him out of my tummy!"

By now all the animals living along the river had come closer to find out what was going on. They started coming up with plans.

"Let's send some small fish down into your tummy. They can lead the way for Little Bird to swim back out," said Monkey. But hearing this, all the small fish quickly swam away.

"We can use one of my teeth to cut your stomach open and save Little Bird," suggested Lion. Hippo didn't think that sounded like a good idea!



"What are we going to do? Little Bird can't stay in my tummy forever!" said Hippo. But he just couldn't think of any better ideas. Perhaps he should let Lion cut open his tummy and take out Little Bird. He was just about to agree to it when wise old Owl came to the rescue.

"Calm down, everyone," said Owl. Everyone listened. "Get me a big feather," he ordered.

Quickly, one of the birds flew down to where Flamingo stood and brought back what Owl had asked for.

"Wonderful!" said Owl as he flew down to the ground in front of Hippo. "Now open your mouth as wide as you can, and I am going to climb inside!" he said.

"Don't do that! He is going to eat you too!" Monkey warned.

"Oh, be quiet!" Owl told them. But softly he said to Hippo, "You had better not! Whatever you do, do not close your mouth while I am in there!"

Owl climbed inside Hippo's huge and scary jaws! Then he began to tickle Hippo's throat softly with the feather. At first it only made Hippo giggle, but then suddenly...

"Gha...gha...ghaaaaa!" Hippo coughed, and Owl and Little Bird came flying out of his mouth! Both of them were dripping with hippo spit. Little Bird hugged Owl and then rushed to hug Hippo too.



"I am so sorry!" said Hippo.

"Don't feel bad," said Little Bird. "I should have woken you up when you fell asleep. I know you didn't mean to. It was just a mistake, and besides, I am perfectly alright."

Hippo and Little Bird turned to Owl who was busy washing his wings in the river. "Thank you, Owl. You saved the day!" they said.

"Pleasure!" said Owl, washing the last bit of spit out of his feathers. "Now, if everyone could be quiet, I can go back to sleep."

Owl flew back to the hollow of a big tree that was his home. All the other animals went back to their own business. Flamingo's face went back to its usual pink colour, but he was still shaking his head.

"Silly bird! He eats you but you still stay friends," he muttered. Then he went back to his spot, stood on one leg and fell asleep.

"I really am sorry," said Hippo to Little Bird again. "I understand if you don't want to clean my teeth again."

"But then you will get toothache!" answered Little Bird. "We'll just make sure that you don't fall asleep while I'm doing it. Now let's go and find you some juicy grass to eat. I'm sure you must be hungry."

And off they went.



Drive your
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Die groot fout

Geskryf deur Desirée Botha ■ Geïllustreer deur Chantelle en Burgen Thorne

Dit is 'n luilekker dag langs die rivier. Alles is doodstil. Die enigste geluid is Klein Voëltjie se sagte getjirp terwyl hy Seekoei se groot, plat tande skoonmaak.

Seekoei hou daarvan as sy tande skoongemaak word. Hy lê met sy kop buite die water, sy mond wawyd oop. Hy lê in die son en bak en voor hy hom kom kry, sluimer hy in. Hy droom van 'n groot sappige graspol wat by hom verbydryf, en in sy droom vat hy 'n groot hap en sluk.

"Jy't Klein Voëltjie opgeëet!" Die stem laat Seekoei wakker skrik. Dit is een van die flaminke. Hy lyk boos! Sy pienk gesig word bloedrooi!

"Jy't Klein Voëltjie opgeëet," skree hy weer en beduie met sy vlerk na Seekoei.

"Ek sou nooit so iets doen nie!" verdedig Seekoei homself. "Ek eet gras, nie klein voëltjies nie! Buitendien, Klein Voëltjie is my vriend! Ek sou hom nooit opeet nie!"

"Ek het jou gesien! Hy was besig om jou tande skoon te maak, toe sluk jy hom in!"

Seekoei onthou sy droom. Nou is hy bang! Het hy sy vriend per ongeluk ingesluk? Toe, terwyl hy uit die rivier klim, hoor hy 'n bekende tjirpgeluid. Dis Klein Voëltjie!

Seekoei kyk oral rond om te sien waar Klein Voëltjie is. Einde ten laaste besef hy dat die geluid uit sy maag kom. Hy *het* sy vriend ingesluk!

"Sien? Ek het jou gesê!" sê Flamink. "Jy't Klein Voëltjie opgeëet!"

"Ek ... ek het nie bedoel om ..." huil Seekoei. "Ons moet hom red. Ons moet hom uit my maag uit kry!"

Teen hierdie tyd het al die diere wat langs die rivier woon, nader gekom om uit te vind wat aangaan. Hulle begin planne beraam.

"Kom ons stuur klein vissies in jou maag in. Hulle kan vir Klein Voëltjie 'n pad maak om uit te swem," sê Apie. Maar toe hulle dit hoor, swem al die klein vissies vinnig weg.

"Ons kan een van my tande gebruik om jou maag oop te sny en Klein Voëltjie te red," stel Leeu voor. Seekoei dink nie dis 'n goeie idee nie!



"Wat gaan ons doen? Klein Voëltjie kan nie vir altyd in my maag bly nie!" sê Seekoei. Maar hy kan glad nie aan 'n beter plan dink nie. Dalk moet Leeu maar sy maag oopsny en vir Klein Voëltjie uithaal. Hy is op die punt om in te stem toe wyse ou Uil tot sy redding kom.

"Bedaar nou," sê Uil. Almal luister. "Gaan kry vir my 'n groot veer," beveel hy.

Een van die voëls vlieg vinnig na waar Flamink staan en bring vir Uil wat hy gevra het.

"Wonderlik!" sê Uil, vlieg grond toe en gaan sit voor Seekoei. "Maak nou jou mond so groot oop as wat jy kan, en ek gaan binne-in klim!" sê hy.

"Moenie dit doen nie! Hy gaan jou ook opeet!" waarsku Apie.

"Ag, bly tog stil!" sê Uil. Maar vir Seekoei sê hy saggies, "Jy beter my nie insluk nie! Wat jy ook al doen, moenie jou mond toemaak terwyl ek daar binne is nie!"

Uil klim tussen Seekoei se reusagtige en vreesaanjaende kake in! Toe begin hy Seekoei se keel saggies met die veer kielie. Eers giggel Seekoei net, maar toe skielik ...

"Ga...ga...gaaaaa!" hoës Seekoei, en Uil en Klein Voëltjie vlieg by sy mond uit! Hulle is van kop tot tone vol seekoeispoeg. Klein Voëltjie gee vir Uil 'n drukkie en hardloop dan om ook vir Seekoei 'n drukkie te gee.



"Ek is so jammer!" sê Seekoei.

"Moenie sleg voel nie," sê Klein Voëltjie. "Ek moes jou wakker gemaak het toe jy aan die slaap geraak het. Ek weet jy het dit nie bedoel nie. Dit was net 'n fout, en buitendien is ek piekfyn."

Seekoei en Klein Voëltjie draai na Uil toe, wat besig is om sy vlerke in die rivier te was. "Dankie, Uil. Jy het die situasie gered!" sê hulle.

"Plesier!" sê Uil, terwyl hy die laaste bietjie spoeg uit sy vere was. "En as almal nou sal stilbly, kan ek weer gaan slaap."

Uil vlieg terug na die holte in die boom waar hy woon. Al die ander diere keer terug na dit waarmee hulle besig was. Flamink se gesig word weer sy gewone pienk kleur, maar hy skud nog sy kop.

"Lawwe voël! Hy eet jou op, maar julle bly vriende," mompel hy. Dan stap hy terug na sy staanplek, gaan staan op een been en raak aan die slaap.

"Ek is regtig jammer," sê Seekoei weer vir Klein Voëltjie. "Ek sal verstaan as jy nie weer my tande wil skoonmaak nie."

"Maar dan sal jy tandpyn kry!" antwoord Klein Voëltjie. "Ons sal net seker maak jy raak nie aan die slaap terwyl ek dit doen nie. Kom ons gaan soek lekker sappige gras vir jou om te eet. Ek is seker jy's honger."

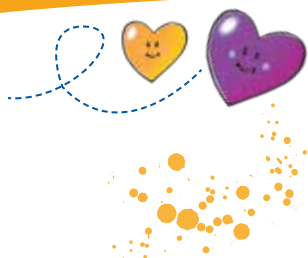
En toe kry hulle koers.



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Nal'ibali fun

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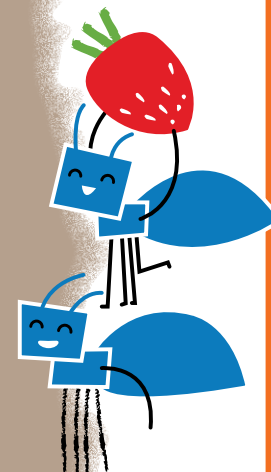
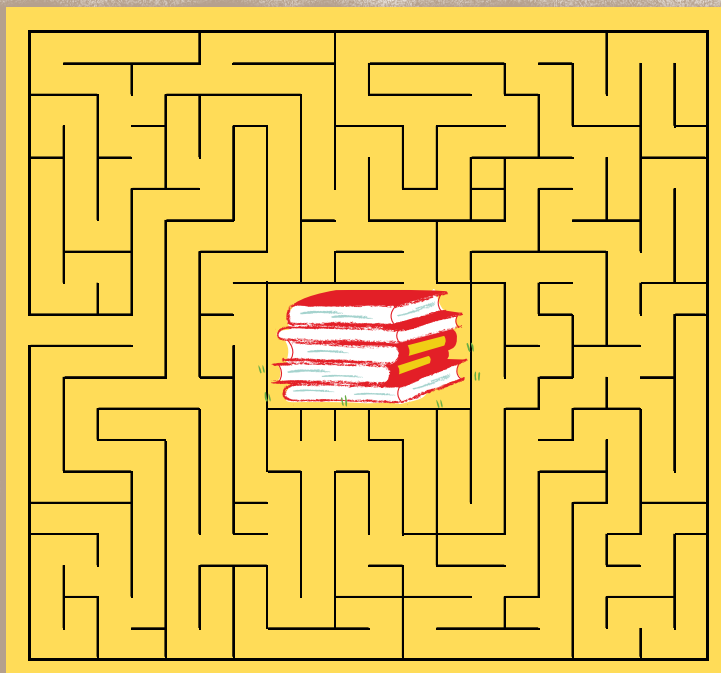


1.

Little Ant has lost his books! Can you help Little Ant find them?



Klein Miertjie het sy boeke verloor! Kan jy vir Klein Miertjie help om hulle te vind?



2.

Be a word detective and find a word in the story, *The big mistake*,

- ☉ that describes Hippo's teeth _____
- ☉ that describes the colour of Flamingo's face _____
- ☉ for when your tooth is hurting _____
- ☉ for a place in a tree where owls live _____
- ☉ that means to laugh _____
- ☉ that is new to you _____

Wees 'n woordspeurder en vind 'n woord in die storie, *Die groot fout*,

- ☉ wat Seekoei se tande beskryf _____
- ☉ wat die kleur van Flaming se gesig beskryf _____
- ☉ vir wanneer jou tand seer is _____
- ☉ vir 'n plek in 'n boom waar uile woon _____
- ☉ wat beteken om te lag _____
- ☉ wat nuut is vir jou _____

3.

Use your imagination to tell the rest of this story.

Noodle sniffed the air. A strange smell was coming from the kitchen, and the air felt hot! What was Gogo doing? He went to look, but Gogo wasn't there ...



Gebruik jou verbeelding om die res van hierdie storie te vertel.

Noodle snuif die lug. 'n Vreemde reuk kom uit die kombuis, en die lug voel warm! Wat maak Gogo? Hy gaan kyk, maar Gogo is nie daar nie ...



Antwoorde: 2) groot/plat; pienk; tandpyn; holte; giggel
Answers: 2) big/flat; pink; toothache; hollow; giggle



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