



We are 10 years old!

This year, the Nal'ibali reading-for-enjoyment campaign is celebrating its 10th anniversary! In 2012, Nal'ibali was launched as a national reading-for-enjoyment campaign. Its aim was to spark and embed a culture of reading across South Africa so that reading, writing and sharing stories – in all of the South African languages – would become part of everyday life. To make that vision a reality, Nal'ibali has produced many wonderful stories for children in all of the South African languages. These stories are shared in our bilingual supplement, as printed books and radio stories, on our website and via social media, so that every child can enjoy a story every day!

Ons is 10 jaar oud!

Hierdie jaar vier die Nal'ibali-lees-vir-genotveldtog sy 10de herdenking! In 2012 is Nal'ibali as 'n nasionale lees-vir-genotveldtog geloods. Die doel daarvan was om 'n leeskultuur regoor Suid-Afrika te laat vlamvat en vas te lê, sodat lees, skryf en die deel van stories – in al die Suid-Afrikaanse tale – 'n deel van die daaglikse lewe sou word. Om daardie visie 'n werklikheid te maak, het Nal'ibali talle wonderlike stories vir kinders in al die Suid-Afrikaanse tale geproduseer. Hierdie stories word in ons tweetalige bylae, as gedrukte boeke en radiostories, op ons webwerf en via sosiale media gedeel, sodat elke kind elke dag 'n storie kan geniet!

Every child from 0 years onward

Even babies can – and should – enjoy a story every day. Children learn to read by first being read to and then learning how to do it for themselves. The more you read aloud and talk to babies, the more words they hear. Sharing books with pictures, rhymes and stories helps teach them vocabulary and language – and gets their brains thinking! These are skills critical for school success, and it is up to us as adults and caregivers to model the behaviour of reading from an early age.



Elke kind van geboorte af

Selbs babas kan – en behoort – elke dag 'n storie te geniet. Kinders leer lees wanneer daar eers vir hulle gelees word, en dan leer hulle om self te lees. Hoe meer jy vir babas hardop lees en met hulle gesels, hoe meer woorde hoor hulle. Wanneer jy boeke met prente, rymies en stories met hulle deel, leer hulle woordeskat en taal – en dit stimuleer hul denke! Dit is kritiese vaardighede vir sukses op skool, en dit is ons taak as volwassenes en versorgers om vir kinders van 'n vroeë ouderdom af 'n voorbeeld van leesgedrag te wees.



Every day for just 15 minutes

Taking time out from a busy day to read to your children shows them how important they are to you. Reading to your children every day:

- ★ makes it an enjoyable habit and helps them become lovers of books and life-long readers.
- ★ means you are making time for them. The memory of satisfying story times with you will stay with your children throughout their lives.

Elke dag net 15 minute

Om in 'n besige dag tyd te maak om vir jou kinders te lees, wys vir hulle hoe belangrik hulle vir jou is. As jy elke dag vir jou kinders lees:

- ★ word dit 'n gewoonte wat hulle geniet en help dit hulle om boekwurms en lewenslange lesers te word.
- ★ beteken dit jy maak tyd vir hulle. Die herinnering aan genotvolle storietye saam met jou is iets wat jou kinders lewenslank sal bybly.



Enjoy stories as a family

One of the wisest investments we can make in our children is listening and talking to them and doing things together. These things happen naturally when families spend even a short time together each day, telling and reading stories together.

4 easy wins

1. Read in their mother tongue.
2. Read what they love.
3. Read printed books.
4. Read together.



Geniet stories as 'n gesin

Een van die beste beleggings wat ons in ons kinders kan maak, is om na hulle te luister en met hulle te gesels en dinge saam te doen. Hierdie dinge gebeur op 'n natuurlike wyse wanneer gesinne elke dag selfs net 'n bietjie tyd gebruik om saam te lees en stories te vertel.

4 maklike topwenke

1. Lees in hul moedertaal.
2. Lees dit waarvan hulle hou.
3. Lees gedrukte boeke.
4. Lees saam.



What's inside this BUMPER edition?

- ★ Start your family's reading journey today! (page 2)
- ★ Ways to celebrate World Read Aloud Day (page 2)
- ★ A new poster! (page 3)
- ★ A special Nal'ibali World Read Aloud Day cut-out-and-keep book (pages 5, 6, 27 and 28)
- ★ 10 World Read Aloud Day stories in English (pages 7–16) and in Afrikaans (pages 17–26)
- ★ A new Story corner story (pages 30 and 31)



Wat is in hierdie STAMPVOL uitgawe?

- ★ Begin vandag jou gesin se leesreis! (bladsy 2)
- ★ Maniere om Wêrelddag vir Hardop Lees te vier (bladsy 2)
- ★ 'n Nuwe plakkaat! (bladsy 3)
- ★ Nal'ibali se spesiale uitknip-en-bêreboekie vir Wêrelddag vir Hardop Lees (bladsye 5, 6, 27 en 28)
- ★ 10 stories vir Wêrelddag vir Hardop Lees in Engels (bladsye 7–16) en in Afrikaans (bladsye 17–26)
- ★ 'n Nuwe Storiehoekie-storie (bladsye 30 en 31)



Drive your
imagination



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

Celebrate World Read Aloud Day with us!

Each year Nalibali creates a special story to share with you for World Read Aloud Day. This year's story, *A party at the park*, was written by South African author Mabel Mnensa and illustrated by cartoonist Rico and features some of the much-loved Nalibali characters. Read it with your family this World Read Aloud Day, 2 February 2022!

Reading together as a family can provide hours of enjoyment. And like all fun things, reading can happen anytime and anywhere! Read a story before bedtime, in the afternoon, while you are waiting for someone or something, or while you're travelling – any time that works for you!



Siphwe Hlabangane

Om as 'n gesin saam te lees, kan ure se pret verskaf. En soos met alle ander prettige dinge, kan 'n mens altyd en oral lees! Lees 'n storie voor slaaptid, in die middag, terwyl julle vir iets of iemand wag of terwyl julle reis – enige tyd wat vir julle werk!

Start your family's reading journey today!

Pledge to read the World Read Aloud Day story on 2 February 2022 and choose to keep reading with Nalibali for the rest of the year. Here's how to pledge:

- ★ Visit www.nalibali.org/wrad-2022 to sign up your family, reading club or school.
- ★ WhatsApp "WRAD" to 0600 44 22 54 and follow the prompts to enter.
- ★ Download the story in any of South Africa's 11 languages, plus Chichewa, French, Lingala, Portuguese, Shona or Swahili.
- ★ Practice reading it aloud before the big day!
- ★ Encourage your family and friends to pledge as well.

We can do this! Let's get 1 million South African families reading this World Read Aloud Day!



Vier Wêrelddag vir Hardop Lees saam met ons!

Nalibali skep elke jaar 'n spesiale storie om vir Wêrelddag vir Hardop Lees met julle te deel. Vanjaar se storie, *'n Partytjie in die park*, is geskryf deur die Suid-Afrikaanse skrywer Mabel Mnensa en geïllustreer deur spotprentkunstenaar Rico. Ons ontmoet weer sommige van die geliefde Nalibali-karakters in hierdie storie. Lees dit op Wêrelddag vir Hardop Lees, 2 Februarie 2022, saam met jou gesin!

Begin vandag jou gesin se leesreis!

Onderneem om die storie vir Wêrelddag vir Hardop Lees op 2 Februarie 2022 te lees en kies om vir die res van die jaar saam met Nalibali te lees. So maak jy jou belofte:

- ★ Gaan na www.nalibali.org/wrad-2022 om jou gesin, leesklub of skool in te skryf.
- ★ Whatsapp "WRAD" na 0600 44 22 54 en volg die aanwysings om in te skryf.
- ★ Laai die storie af in enige van Suid-Afrika se 11 tale of in Chichewa, Frans, Lingala, Portugees, Shona of Swahili.
- ★ Oefen voor die groot dag om dit hardop te lees!
- ★ Moedig jou gesin en vriende aan om ook die belofte te maak.

Ons kan dit doen! Kom ons kry 1 miljoen Suid-Afrikaanse gesinne op hierdie Wêrelddag vir Hardop Lees aan die lees!



Ways to celebrate World Read Aloud Day

1. Do one or more of the **story activities** suggested for *A party at the park* in the "Get story active!" section on page 29.
2. **At home:** Have a Read Aloud Evening with your family and friends. Read your favourite books aloud to each other and share why you enjoy them so much.
3. **At your school:** Create a Read Aloud Space with a variety of books suitable for different ages. Arrange for volunteers to read aloud to groups of children in this special space throughout World Read Aloud Day.
4. **In the community:** Arrange a story-sharing event at your library or any community space. Invite adults and children to come along and share stories throughout the day. You can find tip sheets in different South African languages to download for free in the "Story sharing" section of the Nalibali website: www.nalibali.org.
5. **At work:** Ask your colleagues to donate books that can be given to a local school or reading club. Arrange for staff to spend some time reading aloud during a lunch break, before or after a meeting or after hours.

Maniere om Wêrelddag vir Hardop Lees te vier

1. Doen een of meer van die **storie-aktiwiteite** vir *'n Partytjie in die park* wat in die afdeling "Raak doenig met stories!" op bladsy 29 voorgestel word.
2. **By die huis:** Hou 'n Aand vir Hardop Lees saam met jou familie en vriende. Lees jul gunstelingboeke hardop vir mekaar en vertel vir mekaar waarom julle soveel daarvan hou.
3. **By jou skool:** Skep 'n Ruimte vir Hardop Lees met 'n verskeidenheid boeke wat geskik is vir verskillende ouderdomme. Reël met vrijwilligers om deur die hele Wêrelddag vir Hardop Lees hardop vir groepe kinders in hierdie spesiale ruimte te lees.
4. **In die gemeenskap:** Reël 'n geleentheid waar stories by jou biblioteek of enige ander plek in jou gemeenskap gedeel kan word. Nooi volwassenes en kinders om te kom en deur die hele dag stories te deel. In die afdeling "Story sharing" op Nalibali se webwerf, www.nalibali.org, sal jy wenkblaaie in verskillende Suid-Afrikaanse tale vind wat jy gratis kan aflaai.
5. **By die werk:** Vra jou kollegas om boeke aan 'n plaaslike skool of leesklub te skenk. Reël dat personeel tydens hul middagete, voor of ná 'n vergadering of ná ure tyd gebruik om hardop te lees.



Drive your imagination



'n Suid-Afrika waar
A South Africa where



elke kind elke dag
'n storie kan geniet.



every child enjoys a story
every day.



Contact us in any of these ways:
Kontak ons op een van die volgende maniere:

www.nalibali.org

www.nalibali.mobi

[nalibaliSA](https://www.facebook.com/nalibaliSA)

[@nalibaliSA](https://twitter.com/nalibaliSA)

[@nalibaliSA](https://www.instagram.com/nalibaliSA)

info@nalibali.org

Nalibali



Build your family's book collection

Visit our website, www.nalibali.org, to find stories to read in your home language. You can also listen to audio stories that you can download for free. Plus our website is zero-rated, which means you can access it at no data charge!

- ★ Get a free copy of our bilingual newspaper supplement at a post office (go to <https://www.nalibali.org/story-resources/supplement-distribution> to find one near you) or in one of the newspapers mentioned at the bottom of pages 1 and 32. Each supplement has three stories: two cut-out-and-keep books and a longer Story corner story.
- ✓ Paste the Story corner stories onto sheets of cardboard (for example, an old cereal box) and cover them in plastic to make them last longer.
- ✓ Fold and cut out the cut-out-and-keep books, then sew or staple each book so that it lasts longer.
- ✓ Store your cut-out-and-keep books and story cards in a box or a cloth or plastic bag.
- ★ Have a braai or cake sale to raise money to buy books. Then buy books at second-hand bookshops and flea markets.
- ★ Ask your family and friends to give books as gifts.
- ★ Swap books with family and friends.
- ★ Write your own stories for and with children. Then bind the pages to make a book.
- ★ Look for stories in newspapers and magazines. Cut them out and make story cards.

Brei jou gesin se boekversameling uit

Gaan na ons webwerf, www.nalibali.org, om stories in jou huistaal te vind. Jy kan ook na oudiostories luister wat jy gratis kan aflaai. Jy het boonop nie data nodig om ons webwerf te besoek nie, wat beteken jy kry gratis toegang daartoe!

- ★ Kry 'n gratis eksemplaar van ons tweetalige koerantbylae by 'n poskantoor (gaan na <https://www.nalibali.org/story-resources/supplement-distribution> om een naby jou te vind) of in een van die koerante wat onderaan bladsy 1 en 32 gelys word. Elke bylae bevat drie stories: twee knip-uit-en-bêreboekies en 'n langer Storiehoekie-storie.
- ✓ Plak die Storiehoekie-stories op karton vas (byvoorbeeld ou graankosbokse) en trek dit met plastiek oor om dit langer te laat hou.
- ✓ Vou en knip die knip-uit-en-bêreboekies uit en kram dan die bladsye vas of werk elke boek met naald en gare vas om dit langer te laat hou.
- ✓ Bêre jou knip-uit-en-bêreboekies en storiekaarte in 'n boks of lap- of plastieksak.
- ★ Hou 'n braai of koekverkoop om geld in te samel om boeke te koop. Koop dan boeke by tweedehandseboekwinkels en vlooiemarkte.
- ★ Vra jou familie en vriende om boeke as geskenke te gee.
- ★ Ruil boeke met familie en vriende uit.
- ★ Skryf jou eie stories vir en saam met kinders. Kram dan die bladsye vas om 'n boek te maak.
- ★ Kyk uit vir stories in koerante en tydskrifte. Knip dit uit en maak storiekaarte.



Create TWO WRAD storybook collections

1. Take out pages 7 to 26 of this supplement.
2. Pages 7 to 16 make up one book in English.
3. Pages 17 to 26 make up one book in Afrikaans.
4. Fold the pages of each book in half along the green dotted line.
5. Cut along the red dotted lines.
6. Sew or staple each book to keep the pages together.



Create ONE cut-out-and-keep book

1. The sheet with pages 5, 6, 27 and 28 makes up one book.
2. Follow the instructions below to make the 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 WRAD-storieboekversamelings

1. Haal bladsye 7 tot 26 van hierdie bylae uit.
2. Bladsye 7 tot 16 maak een boek in Engels.
3. Bladsye 17 tot 26 maak een boek in Afrikaans.
4. Vou die bladsye van elke boek in die helfte op die groen stippellyn.
5. Knip op die rooi stippellyne.
6. Werk of kram elke boek vas om die bladsye bymekaar te hou.

Maak EEN knip-uit-en-bêreboekie

1. Die vel met bladsye 5, 6, 27 en 28 maak een boekie.
2. Volg die instruksies hier onder om die 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



"Now we need a shaker," said Tin.

"Josh! Pick Josh!" shouted Neo.

"Is there a Josh out there? Where is Josh? Let's get him up here," laughed Tin.

Josh put up his hand. Two men lifted his wheelchair onto the stage.

"Welcome, Josh," said Tin. "Try out these two shakers."

Josh shook one and then the other. They made different sounds.

"That's great," said Tin. "NOW, LET THE ..."

But before she could finish, there was a loud clanging noise. Everyone looked around to see what it could be.

"Nou het ons iemand nodig om die rammelars te skud," sê Tin.

"Josh! Kies Josh!" roep Neo.

"Is daar iemand met die naam Josh hier? Waar is Josh? Kom ons kry hom op die verhoog," lag Tin.

Josh steek sy hand op. Twee mans tel sy rolstoel op die verhoog.

"Welkom, Josh," sê Tin. "Toets hierdie twee rammelars uit."

Josh skud een en dan die ander een. Dit maak verskillende klanke.

"Wonderlik," sê Tin. "KOM ONS LAAT ..."

Maar voor sy kan klaar praat, is daar 'n klaterende lawaai. Almal kyk rond om te sien wat dit kan wees.



"Come on, everyone!" shouted Tin. "Let's celebrate! Or do you need the We Can Band to help you?"

"Yebo, yes!" shouted the crowd.

Tin looked around. "Where is the band? Oh no, I don't see them anywhere. It's not a party without a band. I'm going to need some help. Only a team can save this dream!" Tin smiled as she looked at the crowd. "First, I'm going to need two drummers."

Neo and Hope had their hands up first. As they climbed onto the stage, Tin took them to four large coffee tins with plastic lids. The tins were decorated with brightly coloured paper and buttons. There were also drumsticks for Neo and Hope to use.

"Kom aan, almal!" roep Tin. "Kom ons hou partytjie! Of het julle die We Can Band nodig om julle te help?"

"Ja, ja, ja!" skree die skare.

Tin kyk om haar rond. "Waar is die groep? Ag, nee, ek sien hulle nêrens nie. Dis nie 'n partytjie sonder 'n musiekgroep nie. Ek gaan hulp nodig hê. Net 'n span kan hierdie droom laat waar word!" Tin glimlag terwyl sy na die skare kyk. "Eers het ek twee tromspelers nodig."

Neo en Hope se hande is eerste op. Toe hulle op die verhoog klim, vat Tin hulle na vier groot koffieblikke met plastiekdeksels toe. Die blikke is met helderkeunrige papier en knope versier. Daar is ook tromstokkies vir Neo en Hope om te gebruik.

Neo, Josh, Hope and Gogo are listening to the radio when they hear an exciting announcement: Tin and the We Can Band will be putting on a show at the park. Artists from all over Africa, Bella and even Noodle are at the park. But where is the We Can Band? Neo, Hope, Josh, Bella and Noodle are in for a wonderful surprise.



Neo, Josh, Hope en Gogo luister na die radio wanneer hulle 'n opwindende aankondiging hoor: Tin en die We Can Band gaan by die park optree. Kunstenaars uit die hele Afrika, Bella en selfs Noodle is in die park. Maar waar is die We Can Band? Daar wag 'n heerlike verrassing op Neo, Hope, Josh, Bella en Noodle.

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



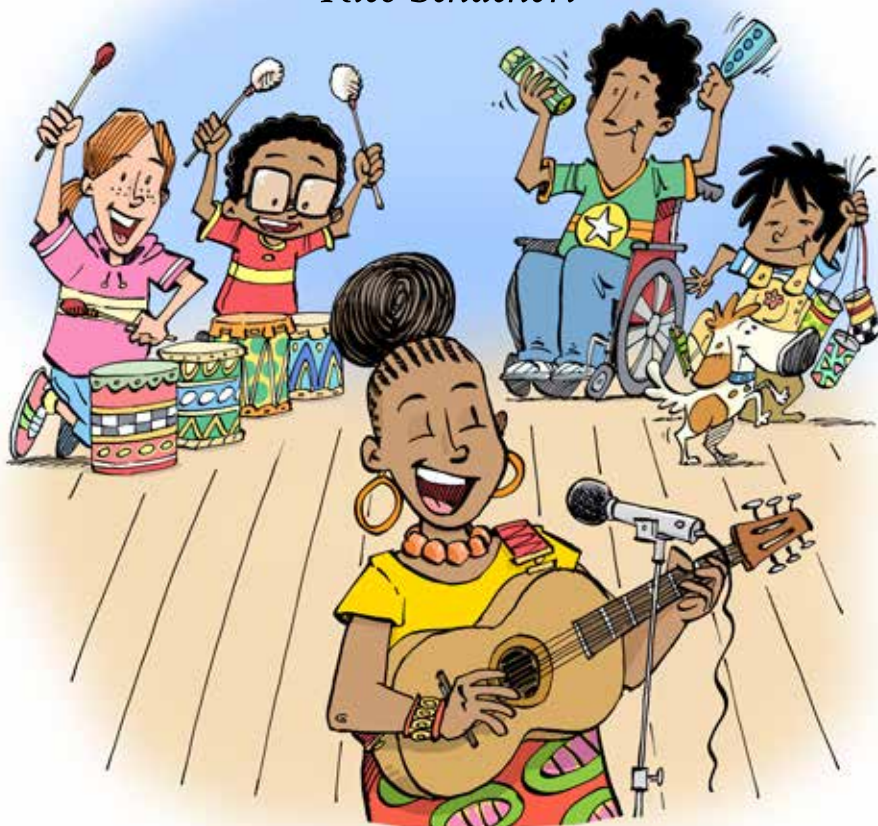
Nal'ibali is 'n nasionale lees-vir-genotveldtog. Dit wil 'n leeskuil regoor Suid-Afrika laat vlamvat en vaslê. Vir meer inligting, besoek www.nalibali.org of www.nalibali.mobi



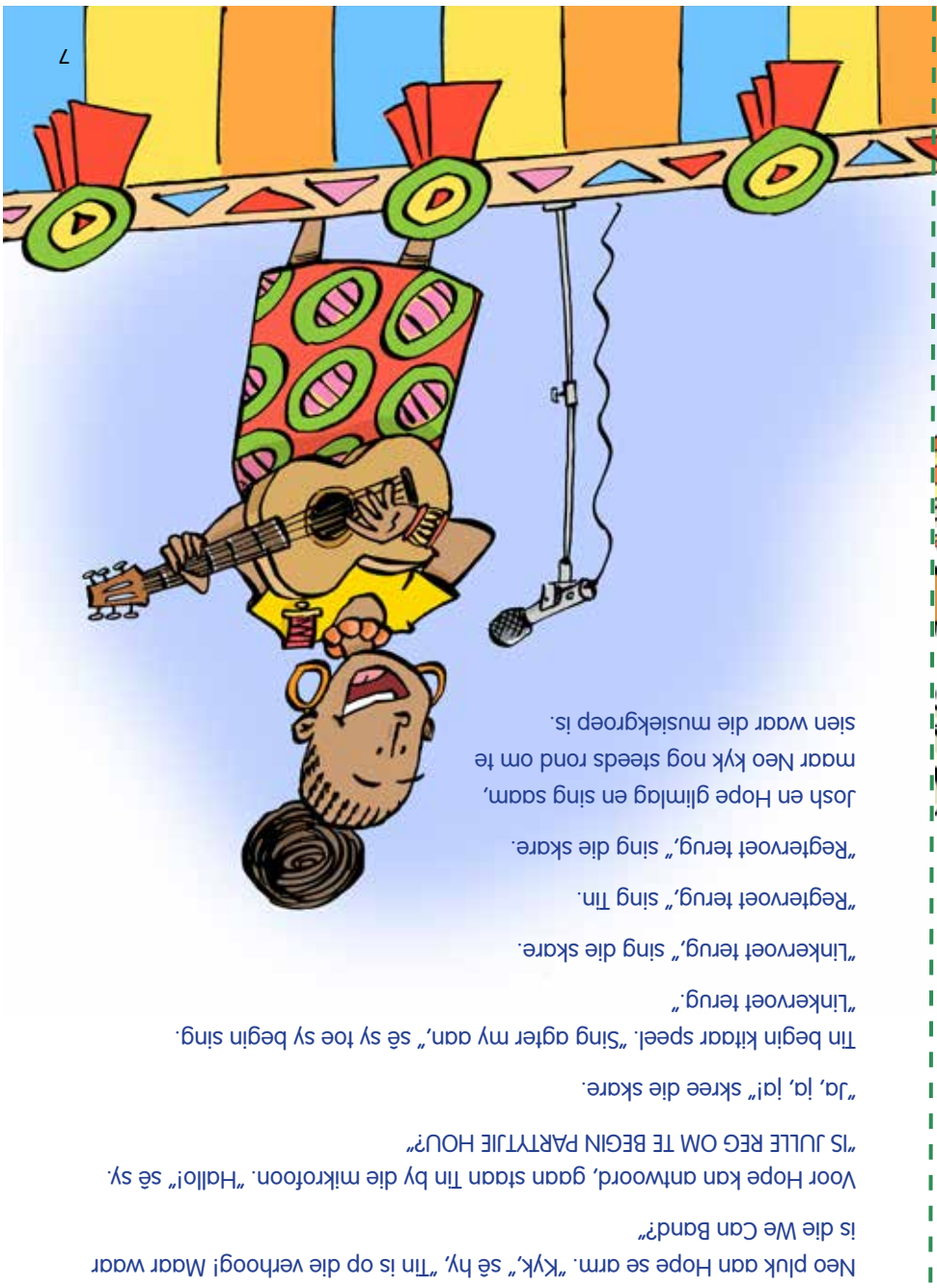
Drive your
imagination

A party at the park 'n Partytjie in die park

Mabel Mnensa
Rico Schacherl



World Read Aloud Day 2022 • Wêrelddag vir Hardop Lees 2022



Neo, Josh and Hope were all at Gogo's house. They were talking and laughing loudly.

"Shhhh!" said Gogo. "I can't hear what they are saying on the radio. Come, let's all listen to my favourite show."

Everyone kept quiet and listened. Suddenly they heard the announcer mention the name of their park.

"Wow! Our park is famous!" said Neo.

"... and Tiniso, also known as Tin, will be putting on a show at the park this afternoon with the We Can Band. Artists from Zimbabwe, Nigeria and Malawi will also be performing. Everyone is welcome to join the party!" said the announcer.



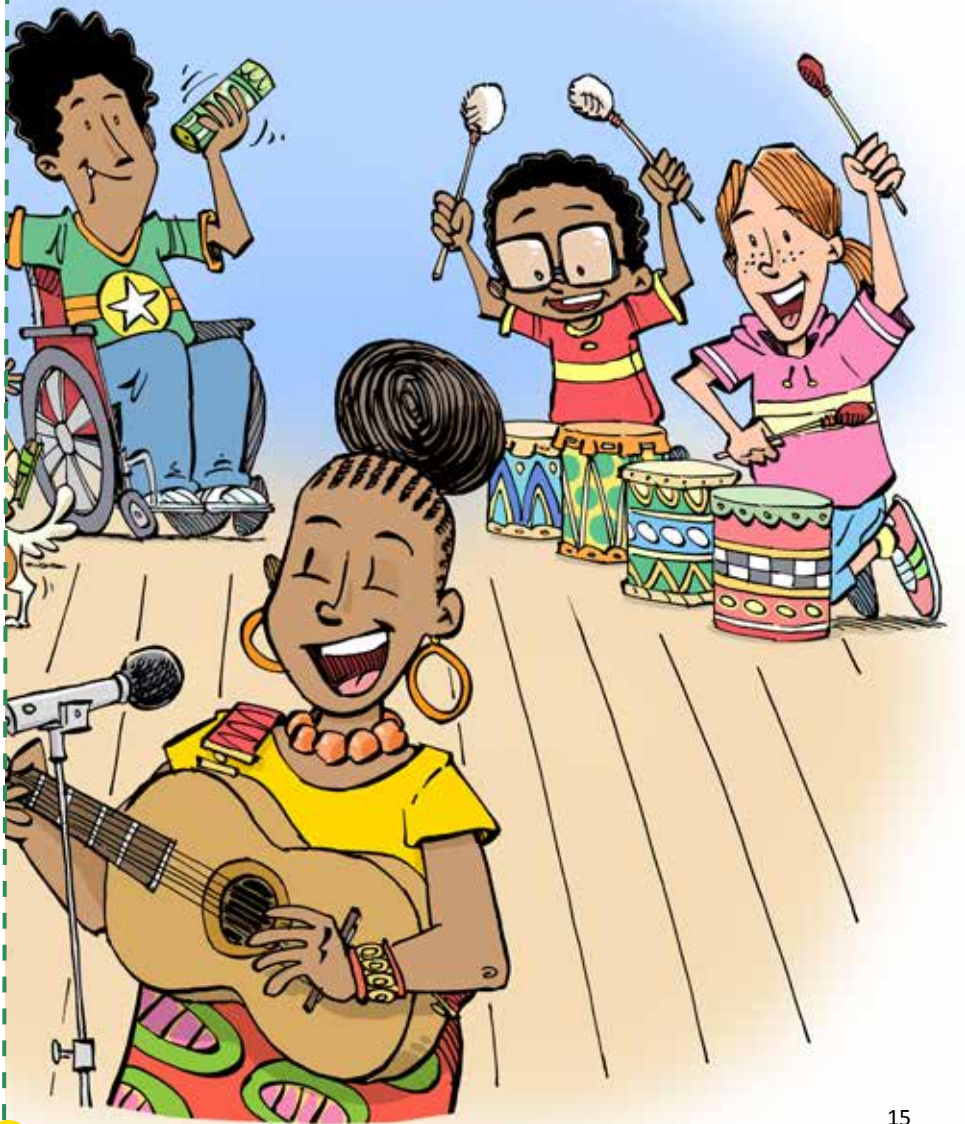
Neo, Josh en Hope is almal by Gogo se huis. Hulle lag en gesels kliphard.

"Sijiii!" sê Gogo. "Ek kan nie hoor wat hulle op die radio sê nie. Toe, kom ons luister na my gunstelingprogram."

Almal bly stil en luister. Skielik hoor hulle hoe die omroeper die naam van hul park noem.

"Sjoe! Ons park is bekend!" sê Neo.

"... en Tiniso, ook bekend as Tin, sal vanmiddag by die park saam met die We Can Band optree. Kunstenaars van Zimbabwe, Nigerië en Malawi sal ook deel wees van die vertoning. Almal is welkom om in die pret te kom deel!" sê die omroeper.



Neo pluk aan Hope se arm. "Kyk," sê hy, "Tin is op die verhoog! Maar waar is die We Can Band?"

Voor Hope kan antwoord, gaan staan Tin by die mikrofoon. "Hallo!" sê sy. "IS JULLE REG OM TE BEGIN PARTYJIE HOU?"

"Ja, ja, ja!" skree die skare.

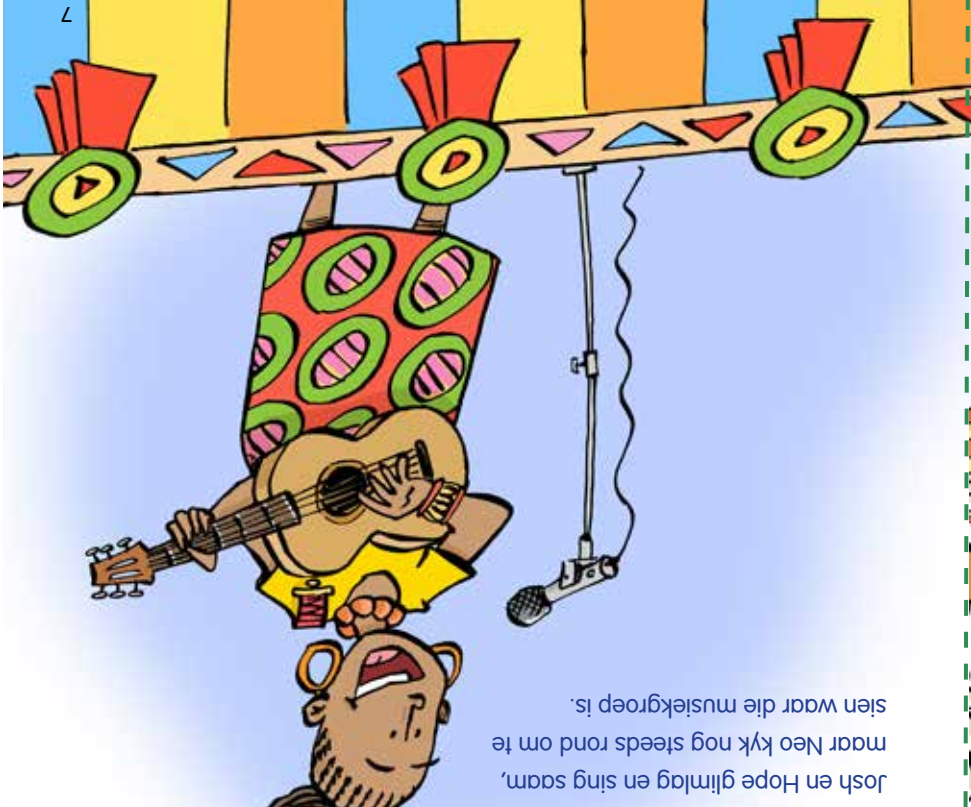
Tin begin kitaar speel. "Sing agter my aan," sê sy toe sy begin sing. "Linkervoet terug."

"Linkervoet terug," sing die skare.

"Regtervoet terug," sing Tin.

"Regtervoet terug," sing die skare.

Josh en Hope glimlag en sing saam, maar Neo kyk nog steeds rond om te sien waar die musikergroep is.



Then Noodle ran across the stage, dragging tins tied together with string behind him.

"The chimes!" shouted Tin. "I thought I had lost them."

Bella ran towards the stage. "Noodle!" she called. Noodle ran to Bella, the tins clanging noisily behind him.

"It's fine," said Tin laughing. "I think Noodle wants to be part of the We Can Band. And I think he wants you to join us too," she said, pointing at Bella.

Tin helped Bella onto the stage and together they untangled the chimes from around Noodle's body. Then Bella and Noodle went and stood next to Neo, Hope and Josh.

Net toe hardloop Noodle oor die verhoog en sleep 'n tou met blikkies wat daaraan vasgemaak is, agter hom aan.

"Die blikkieklokke!" roep Tin. "Ek het gedink ek het dit verloor."

Bella hardloop na die verhoog toe. "Noodle!" roep sy. Noodle hardloop na Bella toe, met die blikkies wat klang-e-lang agter hom aansleep.

"Los hom," sê Tin laggend. "Ek dink Noodle wil deel wees van die We Can Band. En ek dink hy wil hê jy moet ook kom," sê sy en wys na Bella. Tin help vir Bella op die verhoog op en saam probeer hulle vir Noodle uit die blikkies loswikkel. Toe gaan staan Bella en Noodle langs Neo, Hope en Josh.

Nal'ibali is here for families!

Join Nal'ibali's family-reading journey and receive additional stories as well as tips and ideas on how to read with your children throughout the year.

Talking about books and stories

Reading aloud gives us a chance to talk to our children about books and stories. Talking about stories is just as important as reading the words to them! Talk about:

- *the pictures and characters
- *what is happening in a story.

Here are a few things that you could talk about. Remember that the idea is always to enjoy books together and not to "test" your child's understanding of what you have read.

***What do you think will happen next?** Ask this question at different points in the story. It helps build children's ability to make informed predictions – a skill that good readers use all the time.

***Look at this. What do you see?** Spend time looking carefully at and enjoying the illustrations in picture books.

****Point to different parts of the picture.**

****Talk about what you see.**

****Ask a child to find people or things in the picture.**

****Talk about the way words are written. Are they big or small? Why?**

***What does this story make you think about or feel?** Stories can help children to understand and cope with things that happen in their own lives. Say things like:

****This story reminds me of how important it is to treat people well. What does it remind you of?**

****It made me feel happy when the people in the village saved the animals. How did you feel?**

***Why do you think this happened?** Ask your children questions to help them work out why certain things happened in the story and why a character felt or acted in a certain way.

***What do you think about...? How did...make you feel?**

****Did you enjoy the story?**

****Who is your favourite character?**

****Which part of the story did you like most/ the least?**

****How did the story make you feel?**

****What do you think about the ending of this story?**

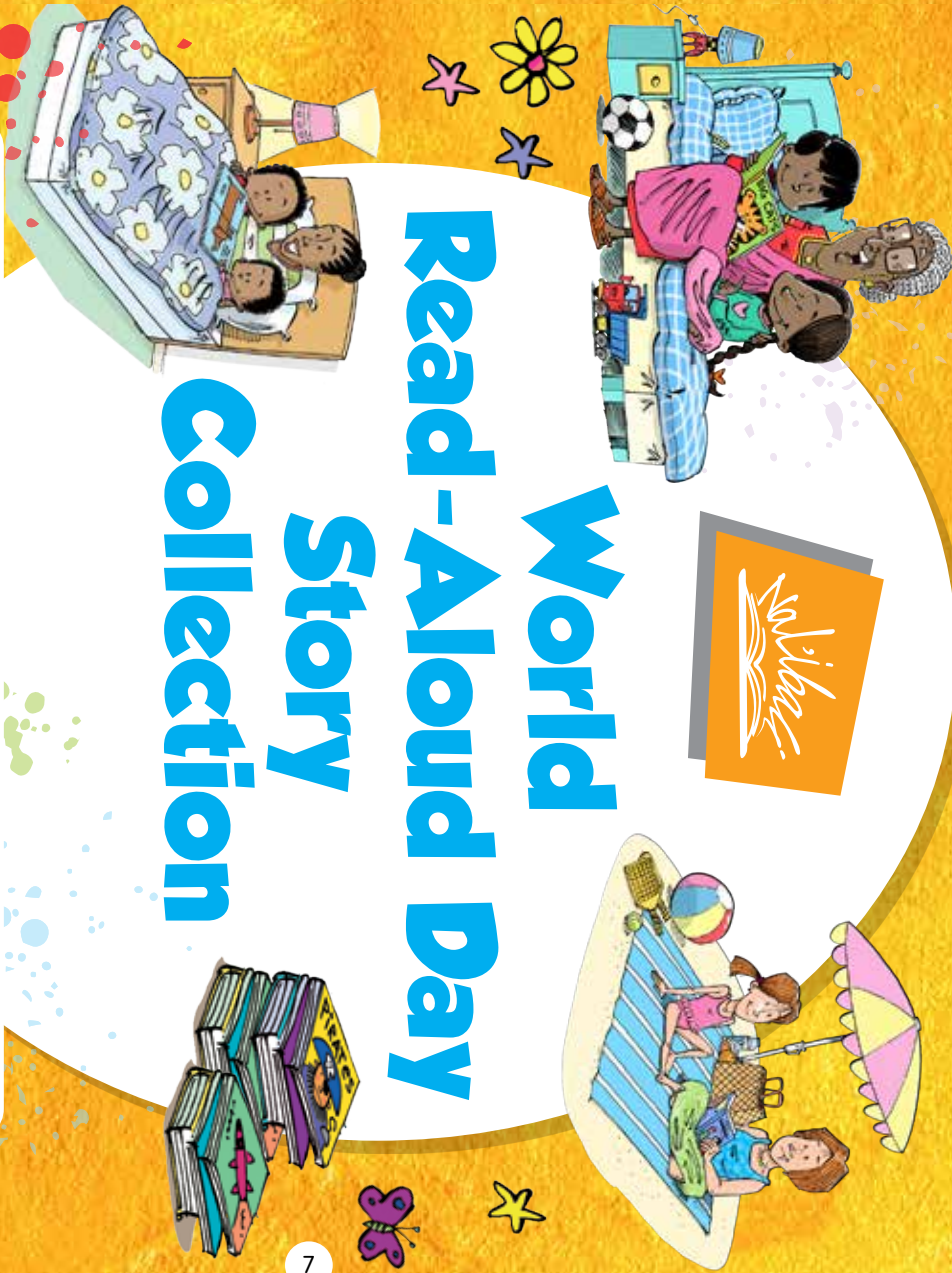
Nal'ibali is here to motivate and support you.
Contact us in any of these ways:

-  nalibalisa
-  www.nalibali.org
-  info@nalibali.org
-  @nalibalisa
-  @nalibalisa
-  [www.nalibali.mobi](sms:0820000000)



10th Anniversary edition

World Story Collection



When you enjoy a story with your child every day, it:

- ★ shows them that you think books and reading are important.
- ★ gives you things to talk about as a family.
- ★ builds a strong bond between you.
- ★ help them see that reading is an enjoyable and rewarding activity.
- ★ shows them how we read and how books work.
- ★ lets them enjoy stories that they cannot yet read on their own.
- ★ encourages them to learn to read for themselves, and then to keep reading.
- ★ helps develop literacy and emotional skills so that they can cope well at school and in society.

ENGLISH

A gold star and a kiss for Thoko

written and illustrated by
Niki Daly

Friday was always the big day of the “Star Awards”.

So far, Thoko had earned a yellow star for her maths sums, a red star for her neat writing and a blue star for “clean hands”.

Green stars were for helping Mrs McKensie carry her big bag from her car to the classroom. You got a gold star for reading. Gold stars rocked!



Stars were always awarded just before the school bell rang and everyone rushed out to meet their mums, dads, grannies or aunts in the playground. Everyone, except Thoko, who lived close by and could walk home. Thoko lived with her mama at the back of her Gogo’s dressmaking shop.

Friday was also great because Thoko got money to buy a treat on her way home. And this Friday was an extra lucky Friday because Thoko reached the car park just in time to help Mrs McKensie carry her big bag to the classroom. Maybe she’d win a green star. A gold star for reading would be better, of course.

Lately, Thoko had made a special effort with her reading – to read with expression, to pause after a comma and to stop at a full stop to catch her breath. The best reader was Brendan, who the children called “Greedy Eyes” because he devoured so many books.

Thoko helped Mrs McKensie hand out worksheets. Friday’s worksheet was all about time – and it was going far too slowly for Thoko.

If only she could make all the hands on the drawn clocks spin and stop at Star Awards Time! During music, she couldn’t wait for the last line of a new song to end. Waiting for the Star Awards was painful.

The final period of the school day was a free one, so Thoko decided to read. And while she read, she forgot all about time – first one book, then another and another. By the time she had added the titles to her reading list, Mrs McKensie was ready to announce the star winners.

Shane, Rhapelang, Come and Taitum all got yellow stars. Gift, Gaswin, Aydon, Chleo and Kay-Lee got red stars. Roche, Shaunique and Miska got green stars. And Dana Rose, who had managed to wash green glitter off her fingers during break, received a blue star. Then Thoko heard her name called.

“Thoko and Brendan,” announced Mrs McKensie, looking through the reading lists. Brendan had read five books and Thoko had read six! She felt like melting with happiness as Mrs McKensie placed a gold star on her forehead.

“Clang-a-lang!” went the school bell and Thoko

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“Well, let’s have a paper aeroplane competition,” said Afrika and took out a drawing of his paper aeroplane.

“Wow, that’s so cool,” Josh said. “One day I want to be a pilot. But wait! I will show you how to fly. Do what I do,” he shouted.

Josh lifted his arms and then he sang:
“Sway left, sway right. Sway right, sway left.
Lift your arms and close your eyes.
Left, right, up, down. We will fly all around.”

Afrika, Neo, Bella and Hope soon joined in. As Josh turned around and around in his wheelchair, the others ran around with their arms stretched out singing and laughing. And of course, Noodle joined in! They only stopped once they were all out of breath.



“Now let’s make some paper planes,” said Afrika. He opened his backpack and pulled out a few sheets of paper. “I’ll show you what to do.”

“I wish they taught us this in school,” said Hope as she followed Afrika’s instructions.

Once everyone was done, Afrika said, “Before you let your plane fly, you must decide where you want to go. As you throw your plane into the air shout out the name of the country you are sending your plane to. One, two, three – FLY!” They all threw their paper planes up into the air.

“I’m sending mine to Zimbabwe!” said Neo.

“Mine’s going to England!” Bella and Hope shouted at the same time.

“Brazil!” said Afrika.

“Japan!” said Josh.

The children laughed as they watched their planes fly across the sky. Noodle ran around barking and tried to catch the paper planes!

“Now you know that you don’t have to be in a real aeroplane to be able to fly,” said Josh.

“Wait! Neo, stop! Where are you going?” asked Afrika.

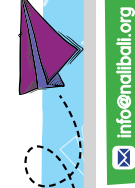
“Home,” laughed Neo, “I’m hungry!”

“Me too,” said Bella.

“Woof!” said Noodle.

Hope looked at her watch. “We’re late for lunch,” she said. “We’d better run.”

“No,” said Josh. “Let’s fly!” They all laughed, put their arms out ... and flew home.



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Fly, everyone, fly!

Story by Sihle Nontshokweni

Illustrations by Magriet Brink and Leo Daly

Afrika, Dintle and Mme wa Afrika were on a bus on their way to visit Gogo. "Yay! Holidays at last!" said Afrika as he bounced up and down in his seat.

"Sshh! You'll wake your sister," whispered Mme wa Afrika.

"Sorry, Mama," whispered Afrika.

Afrika tried to sit still, but he couldn't. "I wish this old bus was an aeroplane," he said as he put his arms out and pretended they were aeroplane wings. "If we were flying, we would have been at Gogo's house long ago."

"I know," said Mama, "but please put your arms down before you poke your fingers in someone's eye."

"Eish, this bus is so slow," sighed Afrika. "We'll never get there."

It took hours, but at last the bus stopped and they could see Gogo waving to them. "I was so excited that I got here early," said Gogo as she hugged and kissed them all.

"We were on this bumpy, noisy, old bus for so long, Gogo," said Afrika.

"I know," smiled Gogo. "Now, let's get you all home. I have tea and cake waiting and Neo and Mboi will be home soon." That made Afrika smile all the way to Gogo's house.



As Gogo cut the cake she said, "When I was young we didn't have buses. Now there are cars, taxis, buses, trains ..."

"... and aeroplanes," said Neo as he walked into the room with Mboi. Afrika jumped up to greet his friends. He was so happy to see them again.

Mboi looked around. "Yum, yum," she said pointing at the cake.

Gogo laughed and gave them each a slice. "Josh, Hope and Bella will visit tomorrow," she said.

"And Noodle," said Mboi.

"And Noodle," agreed Gogo.



The next day everyone was up early. "If I know your friends," said Mme wa Afrika, "they will be here before you've finished your breakfast." Just then everyone heard barking.

"Noodle, slow down!" Bella shouted, as she followed Noodle into the room. Noodle was very happy to see everyone.

Soon Josh and Hope arrived and everyone started talking at once. Gogo covered her ears. "Finish eating, then off you go!" Gogo said and sent the older children and Noodle outside to play.

"Josh," said Afrika, as he pushed the wheelchair to the field, "remember the last time I was here and you won the kite competition?"

"Yes," laughed Josh. "I'll never forget that."



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raced through the school gates. She couldn't wait to show Mama and Gogo her gold star. When she reached

Mrs Ismail's spicy doughnut stand, her face was hot from running. Mrs Ismail's little daughter, Sharifa, was pretending to be a shopkeeper.

She handed Thoko a spicy doughnut in a paper bag and smiled sweetly. "Thank you," said Thoko and sped off.

"Mama! Gogo!" she called, bursting through the front door, "Look what I got?"

Gogo looked up from her sewing and Mama peeped around a corner.

"Molo, Thoko!" they said. "How was school?"

"Look!" said Thoko. Mama and Gogo looked while Thoko pointed to her forehead.

"Look at what, Thoko?" asked Gogo.

"My gold star!" said Thoko impatiently.

"What gold star?" asked Mama.

"This one," said Thoko, running a finger across her forehead. But all she felt was smooth skin! The gold star was gone!

Thoko burst into tears as she explained how she had received a gold star for reading.

"Where did you have it last?" asked Mama.

"At school," replied Thoko.

"And what did you do after school?" asked Gogo.

In tears, Thoko went over her route from school.

"Well, it's only a paper star," said Mama. But it wasn't. It was a very special gold star. "Dry your tears and we'll go and look for your gold star," said Gogo.

Gogo helped Thoko retrace her steps around the corner and along the road back to school. And there at Mrs Ismail's doughnut stand they found Thoko's gold star – stuck to the forehead of Mrs Ismail's little girl! When Mrs Ismail heard Thoko's sad story, she said, "Sharifa darling, that gold star you picked up belongs to Thoko." But little Sharifa had fallen in love with Thoko's gold star. And when Mrs Ismail tried to remove it, she screamed so loudly that passers-by thought she was being murdered.



Gogo turned to Thoko. "Sharifa's too small to understand what is fair. But you are old enough to be thoughtful. Let her keep your gold star," she said. Thoko thought for a while. The corners of the gold star had curled up, and it looked as if it was about to fall off again. "Okay," said Thoko. "Sharifa can keep it." But inside, she still felt sad. Gold stars were not that easy to win.

Then at bedtime, Gogo brought Thoko something special she had made – a glittery gold star on a hairclip. "That's for being such a good reader," said Gogo. Then she kissed Thoko on the forehead and whispered, "And that's for being such a kind, thoughtful girl." Thoko touched her forehead and thought a little more as she drifted off to sleep. "Gold stars get curly corners and fall off. Kisses last forever!"

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It starts with a story...

How stories began

Story by Wendy Hartmann

Illustrations by Tamsin Hinrichsen



A long time ago, a woman lived with her family in a village in the Kingdom of Zululand. Every Sunday the family went down to the big ocean. The children dug in the sand and played in the waves. The woman made food over a fire while her husband looked for wood washed by the sea to carve

beautiful things: birds, people and all kinds of animals.

During the week the whole family worked hard and in the evenings they sat around the fire. It was too dark for working or playing or carving and it was too early to go to sleep. And this was when the children asked their mother to tell them a story.

"Mama," they begged, "we want stories. Please tell us one."

But no matter how hard she tried to think of a story, she could not. Neither she nor her husband had any stories to tell.

One day, the woman decided to ask her neighbours for help.

"Do you have any stories?" she asked them. "No-o-oo," they shook their heads, "we don't."

There were no stories. There were no dreams ... and there were no magical tales.

Her husband suggested, "Wife, I think you must go look for stories. I will take care of our children and the house. Find some stories and bring them



back." So the woman kissed her family goodbye and left. She decided to ask every creature she passed if they had a story to share. The first animal she met was the hare. He came thumping along on his big feet.

"Hare!" she called. "Do you have any stories?"

"Stories?" asked Hare. "Oh, I have hundreds, thousands, no ... millions of them."

"Hare, please give me some stories so that I can make my children happy."

"Ummm..." said Hare. "I don't have the time. In any case ... stories in the daytime? ...No!" And thump, thump, thump off he went. Later she saw an owl. When she asked him for stories he fluffed his feathers angrily. "Whoooo ... are ... yooooo to wake me? I have no stories. Go to the great fish eagle. He is the one who is awake in the day. Ask him."



So the woman walked to the mouth of the Tugela River where the fish eagle hunted. When she saw him she called his name. The great fish eagle screeched back at her. "KOW! kow-kow-kow! Why are you disturbing my

They dressed the creature in Hope's karate clothes and Neo's pirate hat and eye patch. Josh tied the creature onto his kite. And then they were ready!



Neo, Josh, Hope, Bella and her mom raced over to help. They found the mayor on the ground next to the creature with Noodle still barking at it. The children helped to calm Noodle down while Bella's mom helped the mayor up.



The children hid behind the bush and loosened the kite's string. A strong gust of wind took the creature off into the sky. Up, up, up it went, racing across the sky away from them.

In the meantime, Bella and her mom had arrived at the park to walk Noodle. When Noodle saw the creature dangling in the sky, he started barking and pulling on his leash. Bella tried to hold onto Noodle's leash, but he pulled so hard that she had to let go. Off went Noodle across the park. Bella and her mom chased after him. Then the creature started to float down towards the mayor's head as he was making his speech! Noodle was running towards him still barking at the creature – and Bella and her mom were not far behind.

Josh pulled on the kite's string, trying to get the creature up higher into the sky, but it was too late. Noodle leapt up at the creature, knocking over the mayor. Bits of paper with the mayor's speech on it flew all over the park, and people started running in all directions.

Then Hope explained her plan and how it had gone wrong. The mayor listened, and when Hope had finished, he just looked at her ... and then he started laughing. "Well, now you can write your own scary creature story," the mayor suggested.



Even though Hope's plan did not quite work out, it was a day they would all remember!



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Sisanda's gift

Story by Gcina Mhlophe

Illustrations by Jiggs Snaddon-Wood

Every day when eight-year-old Sisanda gets home from school, she changes out of her uniform, eats her lunch and plays a game of umlalaba with her

grandfather. They have so much fun flying their "cows" around the board that she doesn't want to stop. But then he reminds her that she wants to become a bank manager one day when she grows up.

"How will you do that if you don't go to high school?" jokes her grandfather.

Sisanda just laughs. "I will go to high school and university too. That's why I work so hard at school!"



Sisanda is quite tall for her age – she takes after her father. Her round face and beautiful smile are her mother's. Both her

parents get up early each morning to go to work at the game reserve close by. By the time Sisanda and her friends start school, coachloads of tourists are already arriving to spot Africa's finest animals.



For her last

birthday, Sisanda had a special treat – her parents got permission for her to have a party at the game reserve. The giraffes at the reserve were curious about this group of people. They stretched out their long necks for the best view of the party and they even seemed to want some of the birthday cake! Sisanda loved the giraffes. All animals were special to her, but it was the quiet and gentle giraffes that stole her heart. She could spend all day watching them.

One Friday, Sisanda's father came home from work early. He looked very upset.

"What's wrong, Baba?"

Sisanda asked.

"Today a swarm of bees stung a mother giraffe," explained

Sisanda's father.

"Her head was so swollen from all the stings that her beautiful eyes

were closed. We tried

everything to help her, but it was no use – she died. And the saddest part of all is that she had a young calf that still needs her."

"Oh no!" said Sisanda starting to cry. "I wish there was something I could do. The baby giraffe must be crying just like me."

Sisanda cried and cried. Her mother tried to comfort her. She even read Sisanda an extra story at bedtime to help her forget how sorry she felt for that baby giraffe. Eventually, Sisanda drifted off to sleep to the sound of her mama's voice.

The next morning Sisanda woke up with an idea!



Afrika, very impressed. "What's your name?"

"I'm Asanda," she said.

"I'm Afrika. How did you learn to do that?" Afrika asked.

"I first tried walking with books on my head," she said. "You have to keep your head still when you walk." She put the cooldrink bottle back on top of Afrika's head. "Walk slowly now, with your nose in the air, like a prince."

Afrika walked around Asanda very slowly, keeping his head still with his nose in the air. And the bottle stayed on!

"Look, Ma! Look at me ..." said Afrika, but he couldn't see his mother! Someone bumped into Afrika and the cooldrink bottle fell off his head. But he had forgotten about the bottle – he wanted to know where his mother was!

"Where are you, Mama?" he called. There was no answer. "Mama!" he called a little louder. Still no answer.

"My mother is lost!" said Afrika to Asanda. "We were on our way to the book stall on the corner, but now she's gone!"

"I'm going to the book stall too! I'm going to buy a storybook with the money I've saved. Maybe your mama is at the book stall. Let's go find her!" suggested Asanda.

Together Asanda and Afrika walked through the crowds of people. All of a sudden Afrika heard his name! "Afrika! Afrika! Where are you?" "That's my mother's voice," said Afrika.



"Shame, she is lost! I can hear she's upset. It sounds as though she's near the book stall. Come, let's run, Asanda!"

Together the children ran to the book stall, and there, right in front of it, were Mme wa Afrika and Dintle. Mama opened her arms and Afrika ran straight into them. "Hello, Mama, are you alright?" asked Afrika.

"Don't worry now, we've found you and Dintle. You aren't lost anymore."

Dintle was very happy to see her big brother. Afrika bent down and gave her a hug.

"Mama, this is Asanda, my new friend," said Afrika. "She taught me how to balance a cooldrink bottle on my head. She wants to buy a book."

"Hello, Asanda, I am glad to meet you," said Mme wa Afrika smiling.

"Now, let's look at the books and see what we can find! Afrika, remember you wanted to learn how to make a bird house."

They all spent some time looking at the books and Mama found one which showed you how to make different things from wood.

"Please, may I have it?" Afrika asked his mother.

"Yes, if you like it," said Mama.

Then it was time to go. "Look, Asanda! I'm taking my book home on my head!" Afrika said, balancing his new book on his head.

"Don't forget to keep your nose in the air, like a prince!" laughed Asanda.



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Where are you?

Story by Ann Walton

Illustrations by Rico

"We're going shopping! We're going shopping!" Afrika jumped up and down in front of Dintle. His mother, Mme wa Afrika, smiled at him, and Dintle clapped her hands.

"Yes," said Mme wa Afrika, "so put your shoes on. We have to hurry. We still have to walk to the bus stop."

At the bus stop, there were a lot of people waiting for the bus. And when they all got onto the bus, everyone was a bit squashed. Mme wa Afrika held Dintle on her lap. Then a lady sat down next to her. Afrika sat on the other side of his mother, squashed against the window. But he didn't mind at all because it meant that he could look out of the window.



Finally the driver called out, "Last stop!" "Come on, Afrika. This is where we get off," said his mother. After they got off the bus, Mme wa Afrika tied Dintle on her back. "Stay close to me," she told Afrika. "This is a very busy place." It was busy. There were people carrying bags and pushing trolleys full of shopping. There was also a lady with her shopping balanced on her head.



"Can you do that, Mama?" Afrika asked his mother.

"Do what?" asked Mme wa Afrika.

"Carry things on the top of your head like that," said Afrika.

"Of course I can. It's easy," said his mother.

Afrika watched the lady walk away until she disappeared into the crowds of people standing in between the market stalls.

"I bet I can carry things on my head too!"

Afrika said to himself. He saw an empty plastic cooldrink bottle on the ground. He picked it up and put it on his head, but he had to hold onto it because it kept falling off.

"Eish!" said a girl right next to him. "I'll show you how to do that!"

She took the cooldrink bottle, put it on her head, and with her nose in the air, she walked around Afrika like a proud princess. "Yohl!" said



"Can I go to work with you today?" she asked her baba. "I have a gift for the baby giraffe." Her parents looked at each other, smiled and said, "Yes, of course you can come with us." It was a warm but cloudy day. Everything in the reserve seemed unusually quiet.

"I think the sun isn't shining today because it's sad about the baby giraffe," said Sisanda. A great big elephant gazed at the family walking by.

"Maybe he's wondering why a little girl is going to work with her parents," said Sisanda's mother.



Sisanda nodded. "He's going to get a surprise when he finds out," she thought. They found the baby giraffe standing alone. His willowy neck drooped and his big brown eyes looked dull. Sisanda stood as close to him as she could. She opened her small bag and took out a book. Then, to her parents' surprise, she began to read to the baby giraffe. He turned his head towards her voice and listened as if he could understand every word. At first, Sisanda's parents thought reading to a giraffe was a strange thing to do, but they changed their minds when they saw how peaceful he looked – his gentle eyes looking at Sisanda.

"My story made him feel better," Sisanda told her grandfather when she got home. Sisanda went to visit the little giraffe most afternoons and over weekends. And every time she went, she took another story to share. The two new friends looked so good together that even passing tourists took photos of them.

Slowly the little giraffe grew stronger. People at the game reserve were taking really good care of him and all the love from his new friend, Sisanda, worked like magic. One day the reserve manager asked Sisanda to give her new friend a name.

"I think Thokozani is a good name," said Sisanda.

The next day the reserve manager phoned Sisanda's teacher. He invited all Sisanda's classmates to come and meet Thokozani. The handsome giraffe had grown taller and stronger in the three months since Sisanda's first visit.

On the day of the outing, forty Grade 3 children waited eagerly for the reserve gates to open. Then Sisanda proudly led everyone to Thokozani. Some of the children looked at the tall giraffe in amazement. Others giggled nervously. Their teacher, Miss Khanyile, just smiled.

"Your friend is beautiful, Sisanda. You have been so kind to him," she said gently.

"What is his name?" asked one of the boys.

"Thokozani," answered Sisanda.

"Thokozani means 'rejoice'," explained Miss Khanyile.

The children sat down and listened while Sisanda read the story she had read to Thokozani on the day they had first met.

The reserve manager took photos. Some tourists passing by took photos too. Even a photographer from a local newspaper clicked away. He promised that a photo of them would be in the local newspaper very soon. Everyone cheered. What a gift! Reading to heal a friend.



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It starts with a story...

Neo and the big, wide world

Story by Vianne Venter

Illustrations by Rico

Neo looked out the window of his room at the grey view of the grey street with all the wet, grey people hurrying through the grey, pouring rain. He couldn't go outside, and he had already read all his books to Mbali.

Just then, Gogo came in with her hair all twiggly from the wind outside. She was holding something. Neo could see that it was flattish, and square-ish, and very colourful ... and it could open up – just like a treasure box!

"This was my favourite book when I was as young as you," Gogo told Neo. "It was my door to the big, wide world."

Then, she opened the book.

On the first page was a picture of a magical place, far away from the grey, grey day. The veld was green and gold and brown, with a great, big, blue sky above, and a warm, yellow sun, baking down.

"Wow! Is that real?" Neo gasped. Gogo smiled. "Don't you know? All stories are real, if you believe in them," she said. Then she pointed to the place on the page where a little boy, just about Neo's size, was walking across the veld.

As Gogo read, Neo

closed his eyes and slipped away, over the hills ... across the great, brown earth ... off into the big, wide world.

He heard the voices of the veld.

"Come out! Come out!" sang a little bird.

"It's a beautiful day!"

chirped the cicadas.

"Come away, come and

play," whispered the wind in the long grass.

Neo remembered about the grey, pouring rain, and wondered if he should be out here.



But in a story, you can do anything. There was no rain here. So, Neo set off across the veld.

The first thing he saw was tall and brown with a strong, wooden body. It had long, brown arms that reached up to the sky, and a big, twiggly head of leafy-green hair that swayed in the warm breeze.

"Hello," said Neo, his eyes wide. "What are you?"

"I am a tree. I can see all the way across the great, gold plains. Come up, and look with me." The tree reached out, and Neo climbed up.



From up in the branches, Neo could see to the very edge of the world. And there was so much *somewhere* out there, that it almost scared him to think of it.

But the tree held him safe, and whispered, "Go and explore. Don't be afraid. It's a wonderful, big, wide world out there."

So, Neo climbed down and went on his way across the veld.

Soon, he came across a mound of hard sand with little holes, like tiny doorways. He could hear a million busy voices inside, and the patter of six million tiny feet running about.

The whistle blew and the players ran onto the field for the second half. The match continued in the same way as things had gone in the first half ... until there was only one minute left!

Neo had the ball. He looked around to see if there was anyone from the Diamond's team near him.

No, he was alone. He ran forward, dribbling the ball. Suddenly a Diamond's player

appeared. Neo looked him straight in the eyes as he kicked the ball

between the other player's legs. The spectators screamed with excitement.

Another Diamond's player moved towards Neo to tackle him. Quickly, Neo passed the ball to Priya.

Everyone held their breath as Priya took the ball and kicked it hard. **LADUMA!** The Diamond's goalie had not even seen the ball coming! Priya had scored a goal.



And not a second too soon. Just as she turned around to celebrate the goal, the referee blew the final whistle! Maqhawe had won the game!

Neo was so pleased that he ran towards Priya and lifted her up!



Together they ran to their teammates and coach at the side of the field, and they all dabbed. Then Priya and Neo rushed over to Neo's dad. Rahul was blowing his vuvuzela loudly.

"That was an ice-cream deserving performance, Priya and Neo," said Neo's dad. "Would our two heroes like that?"

"Yes! We like ice-cream," Mbali answered for them. They all laughed.

Neo picked up Mbali and carried her as they went to buy ice-cream. He might not have scored the two goals he had wanted to, but he had helped his best friend score the winning goal! And Priya? She was happy because that was her first-ever goal for Maqhawe. The sound of Rahul's vuvuzela was like sweet music being played just for her.



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The final minute

Story by Zukiswa Wanner

Illustrations by Rico

"I am going to score two goals today, Dad," said Neo as he put on his soccer boots.

"And I'll help by adding three goals to that, Uncle," said Priya who had just arrived at Neo's house with her little brother, Rahul. Rahul was carrying his bright red vuvuzela.

Neo's Dad laughed. "Well, I look forward to cheering five times then!"

"And me, Uncle! Can I also cheer?" asked Rahul.

"Of course, my boy," said Neo's dad as he helped Mbali put on her shoes. "Now, let's get going!"

They all got in the car. Neo sat in front. He had sat there many times before. He was sure that if his dad would allow him, as soon as his legs were long enough, he'd be able to drive the car. It looked easy. Rahul and Priya sat at the back on either side of Mbali. They tickled her and she giggled.

Before everyone knew it, they were at the soccer field. They were just in time for Priya and Neo to join their teammates from the Maqhawe Football Club for their warm up. They were playing against the Diamond Football Club today.



"Remember to make sure that you dull the shine of those Diamonds so much, that after the match they have to change their name to the Coal Football Club," said their coach.

Then it was time for the players to run out onto the field. The referee blew his whistle and the match began.

Things started slowly, but they soon picked up. There was a lot of noise as the families of the children in both teams cheered. The ball would be on Maqhawe's side of the field for a bit, then just as it looked as if they were going to move it into the Diamonds half, one of those players would steal the ball away! The match went on like this until half-time.

"I'm bored! You promised you were going



to score goals," Rahul told Neo and Priya when they came to the sideline.

"Ja. Mbali wants goals, Mbali wants goals," repeated Mbali. "Mbali is sleepy," she added yawning. Neo and Priya just laughed and ran back to join their teammates.



Share a story today!



"Hello! Who are you?" Neo called into one of the doorways.

"Hello!" a tiny voice answered. "We are ants. We tell the stories of the world in here. Do you want to hear some?"

Neo loved stories, so he sat down and listened. The ants told their stories of the veld and the forest, and of the mountains and the cities beyond.

"So many stories?" Neo asked.

"There are as many stories as there are stars in the sky," the ants answered.

Neo waved goodbye, and went on his way across the veld.

Eventually, Neo came to a lot of water that rushed through the valley from morning till night.

Neo stepped in to cool his hot legs.

The water splashed at his feet and giggled, "I am a river. I roam from the mountains to the sea. Come, follow me. I'll take you home."

Neo thought how good that would be.

So, he followed the river across the valley and between the mountains. Together, they wandered through the afternoon and almost into night, until at last, Neo reached a hilltop. From there, he could see a little town, washed clean by the rains and gleaming in the



light of the setting sun.

Then the river gurgled gently, "Go on, go home. There are people who love you there, waiting to share stories with you."

Neo went down, through the town. He saw the busy streets that rushed through the town, just like rivers. He saw houses, warm in the evening light. Inside them, people were busy, just like tiny ants.

At last, Neo peered through a window where an old gogo, with strong arms and twiggy hair like the branches of a big tree, closed a book and bent to kiss her little



boy goodnight.

Neo thought about the veld and the tree and the ants and the river. And as he watched the gogo, a rainbow lit up the little house in colours so bright it looked like a picture in a storybook. Neo thought of his great adventure inside the pages of Gogo's favourite storybook, and he thought of her and Mbali and home.

So, Neo slipped through the book, into his warm bed, in his cosy room, in his little house. And that is why, whenever the world seems too grey, and his room seems too small, Neo opens a book. He steps through a door between the pages, and goes off into the big, wide world.



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The best sound in the world

Story by Niki Daly

Illustrations by Rico

Bella was bored and Mom had housecleaning to do.

"Take Noodle and get some fresh air," said Mom.

Noodle followed Bella outside and sat next to her on the pavement. Bella sighed and smelt the air. It did not smell fresh. It smelt of stinky traffic.



Vroom! went a car. Toot! went another. Putta, putta, putta! went a motorbike. Clackity-flap-flap! went an old bakkie with its worn out tyres and rusty old body.

Bella started counting the sounds around her. That was four already!

Dugga, dugga, dugga! went a road drill. Grrrrrrrrrr! growled Noodle at the drill. Doef, doef, doef! came the loud music from a taxi. Hanna, hanna, hanna! went a lady talking loudly on her cellphone. Tuk, tuk, tuk! went her high heels on the pavement as she walked by. Thwack, thwack, thwack, thwack! went a jogger running passed Bella. Woof, woof, woof! barked Noodle at the jogger. Twee, twee, twee! whistled a boy on a bicycle.

"TWELVE sounds!" said Bella.

But all the noises were starting to make Bella's head spin, so she stopped counting and said, "Come, Noodle, let's go to the backyard where it's nice and quiet."

In the backyard the traffic sounded far, far away. They could even hear the sweet tweet-tweet song of a little bird. Bella closed her eyes and stroked Noodle. And then they both jumped!



"Aaaaarh! Eish! Aaaaarh!" The most terrible sound was coming from Gogo's house on the other side of the back wall. Quickly, Bella ran to tell her mom what she had heard.

"There are terrible sounds coming from Gogo's house!" shouted Bella over the vrrrrr, vrrrrr! of the vacuum cleaner. Mom switched it off.



"I didn't hear anything," said Mom.

"Listen!" said Bella. And then Mom heard it!

"Aaaaarh! Eish! Aaaaarh!"

"That's Gogo," said Mom. "Quick! We must go and see what's the matter."

Mom, Bella and Noodle rushed down the road and around the corner to Gogo's house. They found Gogo in her kitchen blowing on her hand.



"Eish! I burnt my hand on that silly hot pot!" cried Gogo.

"Put it under some cold water while I fetch my first aid kit," said Mom, and off she ran back to her house – patta, patta, patta.

Soon Mom was back, carrying a little white box with a red cross on its lid. She put some ointment on Gogo's hand and wrapped it in a bandage.

"Gogo, you can't cook with a sore hand," said Mom. "You and your family must come and have supper with us tonight."

"Thank you," said Gogo. "Please take that silly pot of beans to add to our meal."

At supper time, Gogo and her family arrived. Yum, yum! – that was the sound they made when they smelt Bella's mom's delicious curry made with Gogo's pot of beans. Noodle was even given a tiny bit in his bowl. Chomp, chomp! He ate it all up. Then lap, lap. He drank a whole bowl of water!

"I'm so glad you heard me cry out," said Gogo to Bella.

"I was busy counting the sounds around me," said Bella.

"Well, here's another one for you," said Gogo bending towards Bella. Mwah! went a big, fat kiss on Bella's cheek. Bella had forgotten how many sounds she had counted, but that one had to be the best!

"That's my favourite sound!" she said smiling.



At bedtime, Mom asked Bella, "Do you know what my favourite sound is?"

"What?" asked Bella.

"This!" said Mom, giving Bella's tummy a tickle.

Ha, ha, hee, hee, ha, ha, hee, hee! laughed Bella.



Yebo! Laughter really is the best sound in the whole world. What do you think?

Sparkling children's potential through
storytelling and reading



Nal'ibali is hier vir gesinne!

Sluit aan by Nal'ibali se leesreis vir gesinne en ontvang nog stories sowel as wenke en idees oor hoe om die hele jaar deur saam met jou kinders te lees.

Praat oor boeke en stories

As ons hardop lees, gee dit ons die geleentheid om oor boeke en stories met ons kinders te praat. Om oor stories te gesels is net so belangrik as om die woorde vir hulle voor te lees! Gesels oor:

- * die prente en karakters
- * wat in 'n storie gebeur.

Hier is 'n paar dinge waaroor julle kan gesels. Onthou dat die idee is om boeke altyd saam te geniet en nie om te "toets" hoe goed jou kind verstaan wat jy gelees het nie.

*** Wat dink jy gaan volgende gebeur?** Vra hierdie vraag op verskillende tye in die storie. Dit help om kinders se vermoë te ontwikkel om ingeligte voorspellings te maak – 'n vaardigheid wat goeie lesers heeltyd gebruik.

*** Kyk hierna. Wat sien jy?** Bestee tyd daaraan om versigtig na die illustrasies in prenteboeke te kyk en dit te geniet.

** Wys verskillende dele van die prent.

** Gesels oor wat jy sien.

** Vra jou kind om mense of dinge in die prent te vind.

** Gesels oor die manier waarop die woorde geskryf is. Is hulle groot of klein? Hoekom?

*** Waarom laat hierdie storie jou dink of hoe laat dit jou voel?** Stories kan kinders help om dinge wat in hulle eie lewe gebeur, te verstaan en te hanteer. Sê dinge soos:

** Hierdie storie herinner my hoe belangrik dit is om mense goed te behandel. Waarom herinner dit jou?

** Toe die mense in die dorpie die diere gered het, het dit my bly gemaak. Hoe het jy gevoel?

*** Hoekom dink jy het dit gebeur?** Vra jou kinders wrae om hulle te help om vas te stel hoekom sekere dinge in die storie gebeur het en hoekom 'n karakter 'n sekere gevoel gehad het of 'n sekere ding gedoen het.

*** Wat dink jy van ...? Hoe het ... jou laat voel?**

** Het jy die storie geniet?

** Wie is jou gunstelingkarakter?

** Van watter deel van die storie hou jy die meeste/die minste?

** Hoe het die storie jou laat voel?

** Wat dink jy oor die einde van die storie?

Nal'ibali is hier om jou te motiveer en te ondersteun.
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10de Herdenkingsuitgawe

Wêrelddag

vir Hardop Lees- storieversameling

Wanneer jy elke dag 'n storie saam met jou kinders geniet:

- ★ wys dit vir hulle dat jy dink dat boeke en lees belangrik is.
- ★ gee dit julle dinge waaroor julle as 'n gesin kan gesels.
- ★ bou dit 'n sterk band tussen julle.
- ★ help dit hulle om te sien dat lees genotvol en lonend is.
- ★ wys dit hulle hoe 'n mens lees en hoe boeke werk.
- ★ laat dit hulle stories geniet wat hulle nog nie self kan lees nie.
- ★ moedig dit hulle aan om self te leer lees, en dan aan te hou lees.
- ★ help dit om geletertheid en emosionele vaardighede te ontwikkel sodat hulle goed sal voer op skool en in die samelewing.

AFRIKAANS

’n Goue ster en ’n soentjie vir Thoko

Storie en Illustrasies deur
Niki Daly

Vrydag is altyd die groot dag van die “Sterpryse”.

Thoko het al ’n geel ster vir haar wiskundesomme verdien, ’n rooi ster vir haar netjiese handskrif, en ’n blou ster vir “skoon hande”. ’n Mens kry ’n groen ster wanneer jy juffrou McKensie help om haar groot sak van haar motor na die klaskamer te dra. En ’n goue ster is vir lees. Goue sterre is die beste!



Die sterre word altyd

uitgedeel net voor die skoolklok lui en almal uitstorm om hulle ma’s, pa’s, oumas of tannies op die speelgrond te ontmoet. Almal, behalwe Thoko, want sy woon naby die skool en kan huis toe stap. Thoko woon saam met haar ma agter Gogo se kleremakerswinkel.

Vrydae is ook spesiaal, want dan kry Thoko geld om op pad huis toe iets lekkers te koop. En hierdie Vrydag is sy ekstra gelukkig, want Thoko was net betyds in die parkeerterrein om juffrou McKensie te help om haar groot sak klas toe te dra. Dalk sal sy ’n groen ster kry. ’n Goue ster vir lees sal natuurlik nog beter wees.

Thoko het die afgelope tyd ekstra hard geoefen om te lees – om met gevoel te lees, ná ’n komma asem te skep, en om na ’n punt te stop. Die beste leser is Brendan. Die kinders noem hom “Snoep Ogies” omdat hy so baie boeke verslind.

Thoko help juffrou McKensie om werkblaaië uit te deel. Vrydag se werkblad gaan oor tyd – en dit

gaan heeltemal te stadig verby vir Thoko. As sy net al die wyersers op die getekende horlosies kon aandraai en by die tyd vir die Sterpryse kon laat stop! In die musiekklas kan sy nie wag vir die laaste reël van ’n nuwe liedjie om te eindig nie. Dit is swaar om te wag vir die Sterpryse.

Hulle het die laaste periode van die skooldag vry, en Thoko besluit om te lees. En terwyl sy lees, vergeet sy heeltemal van die tyd – sy lees eers een boek, toe nog een, en toe nog een. Toe sy klaar die titels van die boeke op haar leeslys geskryf het, is juffrou McKensie gereed om die Sterpryse toe te ken.

Shane, Rhapelang, Corné en Taitum kry almal geel sterre. Gift, Gaswin, Aydon, Chleo en Kay-Lee kry rooi sterre. Roche, Shaunique en Miska kry groen sterre. En Dana Rose, wat darem pouse die groen blinkertjies van haar vingers afgewas het, kry ’n blou ster. Toe hoor Thoko hoe haar naam geroep word.

“Thoko en Brendan,” kondig juffrou McKensie aan, en kyk na die leeslyste. Brendan het vyf boeke gelees en Thoko ses! Sy voel of sy kan wegsmeit van geluk toe juffrou McKensie ’n goue ster op haar voorkop plak.

“Klang-klang!” lui die skoolklok, en Thoko hardloop deur die skoolhekke. Sy kan nie wag om vir Mama en Gogo haar goue ster te wys nie. Toe sy by mevrou Ismail se oliebolstalletjie kom, is sy rooi in die gesig van die hardloop. Mevrou Ismail se klein

“Wel, kom ons hou ’n papiervliegtuigkompetiese,” sê Afrika en haal ’n tekening van sy papiervliegtuig uit.

“Joe, dis so cool,” sê Josh. “Ek wil eendag ’n vlieënier wees. Maar wag! Ek wil vir julle wys hoe om te vlieg. Doen wat ek doen,” roep hy.

Josh sprei sy arms uit en toe sing hy:
“Wieg links, wieg regs. Wieg regs, wieg links. Sprei jou arms en maak jou oë toe. Op, af en om en om. Ons vlieg, dis hoe!”

Afrika, Neo, Bella en Hope speel gou saam. Terwyl Josh al in die rondte draai in sy rolstoel, hardloop die ander singend en laggend met uitgestrekte arms al om hom. En natuurlik speel Noodle ook saam! Hulle stop eers toe almal uitasem is.



wees om te kan vlieg nie,” sê Josh.

“Wag! Stop, Neo! Waarheen gaan jy?” vra Afrika.

“Huis toe,” lag Neo, “ek’s honger!”

“Ek ook,” sê Bella.

“Woef!” sê Noodle.

Hope kyk na haar horlosie. “Ons is laat vir middagete,” sê sy. “Ons beter hardloop.”

“Nee,” sê Josh. “Kom ons vlieg!” Hulle lag almal, strek hul arms uit ... en vlieg huis toe.



“Kom ons maak nou papiervliegtuie,” sê Afrika. Hy maak sy rugsak oop en haal ’n paar velle papier uit. “Ek sal julle wys wat om te doen.”

“Ek wens hulle het dit vir ons in die skool geleer,” sê Hope terwyl sy Afrika se instruksies volg.

Toe almal klaar is, sê Afrika: “Voor jy jou vliegtuig gooi, moet jy besluit waarheen jy wil vlieg. Wanneer jy jou vliegtuig in die lug gooi, sê die naam van die land waarheen jy jou vliegtuig stuur. Een, twee, drie – VLEG!” Hulle gooi almal hul papiervliegtuie in die lug op.

“Ek stuur myne Zimbabwe toe!” sê Neo.

“Myne gaan Engeland toe!” sê Bella en Hope gelyktydig.

“Brasilië!” sê Afrika.

“Japan!” sê Josh.

Die kinders lag terwyl hulle kyk hoe hul vliegtuie deur die lug vlieg. Noodle hardloop blaffend rond en probeer die papiervliegtuie vang!

“Nou weet julle dat ’n mens nie in ’n regte vliegtuig hoef te



Ontsluit kinders se potensiaal deur
lees en die vertel van stories



Kom ons vlieg!

Storie deur Sihle Nontshokweni ■ Illustrasies deur Magriet Brink en Leo Daly

■ Vertaal deur Anita van Zyl

Afrika, Dintle en Mme wa Afrika is met 'n bus op pad om vir Gogo te gaan kuier. "Jippie! Uiteindelik is dit vakansie!" sê Afrika en bors op en of op sy siplek.

"Sjif! Jy gaan jou sussie wakker maak," fluister Mme wa Afrika.

"Jammer, Mamma," fluister Afrika.

Afrika probeer stil sit, maar hy kan nie. "Ek wens hierdie ou bus was 'n vliegflug," sê hy en strek sy arms uit en maak asof hulle vliegflugletke is. "As ons gewieg het, sou ons lankal by Gogo se huis gewees het."

"Ek weet," sê Mamma, "maar laat sok asseblief jou arms voor jy jou vingers in iemand se oog steek."

"Eish, hierdie bus is so stadig," sug Afrika. "Ons gaan nooit daar kom nie."

Dit vat ure, maar uiteindelik hou die bus stil en hulle kan sien hoe Gogo vir hulle waci. "Ek was so opgewonde dat ek al van vroeg af hier wag," sê Gogo terwyl sy almal van hulle druk en soen.

"Ons was so lank op hierdie stampertige, roserige ou bus, Gogo," sê Afrika.

"Ek weet," glimlag Gogo. "Kom ons gaan huis toe. Die tee en koek staan reg en Neo en Mboli sal nou-nou by die huis wees." En dit maak Afrika so gelukkig dat hy al die pad na Gogo se huis glimlag.



Terwyl Gogo die koek sny, sê sy: "Toe ek jonk was, het ons nie busse gehad nie. Nou is daar karre, taxis, busse, treine"

"... en vliegflue," sê Neo toe hy saam met Mboli in die vertrek instap. Afrika spring op om sy maats te groet. Hy is so bly om hulle weer te sien.

Mboli kyk rond. "Njamm, njamm," sê sy en wys na die koek.

Gogo lag en gee vir elkeen van hulle 'n snytjie koek. "Josh, Hope en Bella sal môre kom kuier," sê sy.

"En Noodle," sê Mboli.



"En Noodle," knik Gogo.

Die volgende dag is almal vroeg wakker. "Soos ek jou maats ken," sê Mme wa Afrika, "sal hulle hier wees voor julle klaar ontbyt geëet het." Net toe hoor hulle 'n gebel.

"Hokaci, Noodle!" roep Bella toe Noodle voor haar by die vertrek inhardloop. Noodle is baie bly om almal te sien.

En toe kom Josh en Hope ook daar aan en almal begin gelik praat. Gogo druk haar ore toe. "Ei gou klaar, en dan kan julle weg wees!" sê Gogo en stuur die ouer kinders en Noodle buitentoe om te gaan speel.

"Josh," sê Afrika, terwyl hy Josh se rofstoel na die veld toe stoot, "onthou jy die vorige keer toe ek hier was en jy die vlieëtkompesie gewen het?"

"Ja," lag Josh. "Ek sal dit nooit vergeet nie."

dogtertjie, Sharifa, maak of sy die winkelier is. Sy gee vir Thoko 'n oliebol in 'n papiersakkie en glimlag liefies. "Dankie," sê Thoko en hardloop vinnig huis toe.

"Mama! Gogo!" roep sy, en storm by die voordeur in. "Kyk wat het ek gekry!"

Gogo kyk van haar naaldwerk af op en Mama loer om die hoek.

"Moi, Thoko!" sê hulle. "Hoe was die skooldag?"

"Kyki!" sê Thoko. Mama en Gogo kyk terwyl Thoko na haar voorkop wys.

"Kyk na wat, Thoko?" vra Gogo.

"My goue ster!" sê Thoko ongeduldig.

"Watter goue ster?" vra Mama.

"Dié een," sê Thoko, en trek haar vinger oor haar voorkop. Maar sy voel net haar gladde vell! Die goue ster is weg! Thoko bars in trane uit terwyl sy vertel hoe sy 'n goue ster gekry het vir lees.

"Waar het jy dit laas gehad?" vra Mama.

"By die skool," antwoord Thoko.

"En wat het jy na skool gedoen?" vra Gogo. In trane vertel Thoko van haar pad huis toe na skool.

"Wel, dit is net 'n papierster," sê Mama. Maar dit is nie. Dit is 'n baie spesiale goue ster.

"Droog jou trane af, en dan gaan soek ons jou goue ster," sê Gogo.

Gogo help Thoko om op haar spore terug te loop, om die hoek en langs die pad terug tot by die skool. En by mevrou Ismail se oliebolstalletjie kry hulle Thoko se goue ster – op Sharifa se voorkop! Toe mevrou Ismail Thoko se hartseer storie hoor, sê sy: "Sharifa my skat, daardie goue ster wat jy opgetel het, behoort aan Thoko." Maar klein Sharifa is dol oor Thoko se goue ster. En toe mevrou Ismail dit probeer aftrek, skree sy so hard dat verbygangers dink sy word vermoor.

Gogo draai na Thoko toe. "Sharifa is te klein om te verstaan wat regverdig is. Maar jy is oud genoeg om bedagsaam te wees. Laat haar toe om jou goue ster te hou," sê sy. Thoko dink 'n rukkie daaroor na. Die hoekies van die goue ster het opgekrul en dit lyk of dit weer gaan afval. "Nou goed dan," sê Thoko, "Sharifa kan dit maar hou." Maar diep binne haar voel sy nog hartseer. Dis nie so maklik om 'n goue ster te kry nie.



Toe dit slaaptyd is, bring Gogo vir Thoko iets spesiaals wat sy gemaak het – 'n goue ster vol blinkertjies op 'n haarknip. "Dit is omdat jy so 'n goeie leser is," sê Gogo. Toe soen sy Thoko op die voorkop en fluister, "En dit is omdat jy so 'n liewe, bedagsame kind is." Thoko raak aan haar voorkop en dink 'n bietjie voor sy aan die slaap raak. "Goue sterre se punte krul om en hulle val af. Soentjies hou vir altyd!"



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Waar stories vandaan kom

Oorvertel deur Wendy Hartmann
Illustrasies deur Tamsin Hinrichsen

Lank, lank gelede het 'n vrou saam met haar gesin in die Koninkryk van Zululand gewoon. Elke Sondag het die gesin na die groot oseaan toe gegaan.

Die kinders het in die sand gegrawe en in die golwe gespeel. Die vrou het oor 'n vuur kos gemaak terwyl haar man dryfhout gesoek het wat die see uitgespoel het.

waaruit hy pragtige dinge kon kerf: voëls, mense en allerhande soorte diere.

Gedurende die week het die hele gesin hard gewerk, en in die aande het hulle om die vuur gesit. Dit was te donker om te werk, of te speel, of te kerf en dit was te vroeg om te gaan slaap. En dit is wanneer die kinders hulle ma gevra het om vir hulle 'n storie te vertel.

"Mamma," smeek hulle, "ons wil stories hoor. Vertel asseblief vir ons 'n storie."

Maar hoe hard hulle ma ook al probeer om aan 'n storie te dink, kan sy dit nie regkry nie. Nie sy of haar man het enige stories om te vertel nie.

Op 'n dag besluit die vrou om haar bure te vra om te help.

"Het julle enige stories?" vra sy hulle.

"Nee-e-ee," skud hulle hul koppe, "ons het nie."

Daar is geen stories nie. Daar is geen drome nie ... en daar is geen toerverhale nie.

Haar man stel voor: "Vrou, ek dink jy moet gaan stories soek. Ek sal ons kinders en die huis oppas. Vind 'n paar stories en bring hulle terug hierheen."



Die vrou soen haar gesin tot siens en vertrek. Sy besluit om vir elkeen by wie sy verbystap te vra of hulle 'n storie het om te deel. Die eerste dier wat sy teëkom, is die haas. Hy kom op sy groot voete aan gedoef-doenf-doenf.

"Haasi!" roep sy.

"Het jy enige stories?"

"Stories?" vra Haas. "O,

ek het honderde, duisende, nee ... miljoene stories."

"Haas, gee asseblief vir my 'n paar stories sodat ek my kinders gelukkig kan maak."

"Ummm..." sê Haas. "Ek het nie tyd nie. In elk geval ... stories in die middel van die dag? ... Nee!" En toe doef, doef, doef hy weg.

Later sien sy 'n uil. Toe sy hom vir stories vra, pof hy sy vere ergerlik op.

"Hoe-hoe ... hoekom maak jy my wakker? Ek het geen stories nie. Gaan na die groot visarend toe. Hy is die een wat bedags wakker is. Vra hom."

Die vrou stap toe na die mond van die Tugela-rivier toe waar die visarend jag. Toe sy hom sien, roep sy sy naam.

Die groot visarend skree vir haar terug. "KOW! kow-kow-kow! Waarom pla jy my terwyl ek jag?"

"O, wyse Visarend," sê die vrou, "ek is op soek na stories. Weet jy waar ek stories kan kry?"



die monster aan sy vlieër vas. En toe is hulle gereed!

Die kinders kruip agter die bos weg en laat die vlieër se tou afrol. 'n Sterk rukwind trek die



burgemeester op die grond langs die monster, met Noodle wat steeds daarvoor blaf. Die kinders help om Noodle stil te maak terwyl Bella se ma die burgemeester ophelp.

Toe verduidelik Hope haar plan en hoe dit



skeefgeeloop het. Die burgemeester luister, en toe Hope klaar is, kyk hy na haar ... en bars uit van die lag. "Wel, nou kan jy jou eie storie oor 'n vreesaanjaende monster skryf," stel die burgemeester voor.

En selfs al het Hope se plan nie heeltemal



uitgewerk nie, is dit 'n dag wat hulle almal sal onthou!



Wêrelddag vir Hardop Lees 2020

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'n Dag om te onthou

Storie deur Lorato Trok

Illustrasies deur Rico

Vertaal deur Anita van Zyl

"Maak gou, Neo, ons het nie baie tyd nie!" sê Hope en sit haar swaar sak neer. Hope en Josh wag vir Neo. Hulle is almal op pad park toe as deel van Hope se plan!

Hope het 'n plan begin beraam nadat sy die nuwe boek gelees het wat haar ma vir haar gekoop het. Dit gaan oor 'n meisie wat dapper haar dorpie van 'n vreesaanjaende monster red. Hope het die boek so baie geniet dat sy dit binne 'n dag klaar gelees het, en selfs daardie nag van die vreesaanjaende monster gedroom het!

"Ek hoop net jou plan gaan pret wees.

Hoekom is jy so haastig?" vra Neo vir Hope toe hy die voordeur toetrek. Neo het sy gunsteiing-seerowerhoed op en dra ook 'n oogklap.

"Ek weet net so min soos jy, Neo. Hope het my net gevra om my vlieër saam te bring park toe," sê Josh en beduie na sy vlieër.

"Vertrou my, julle gaan dit geniet!" sê Hope terwyl sy voor haar maats uitstap. Neo en Josh volg haar en probeer bybly.

Toe hulle by die park kom, sien hulle die burgemeester, met 'n groot skare mense om hom. "Wat gaan aan?" vra Josh vir 'n vrou wat daar naby staan.

"Wel, die burgemeester het die afgelope maande baie klagtes ontvang omdat daar nie genoeg skaduwee in die park is nie," sê sy.

"Daarom het hy baie nuwe bome laat aanplant, en vandag is hy hier om dit saam met almal te vier."

"Ag, nee! Die park is te vol vir my plan om te werk," sê Hope teleurgesteld.

"Watter plan?" vra Neo en Josh gelyk en kyk na mekaar.

"Onthou julle die storie wat ek gelees het van die dapper meisie wat haar dorp gered het?" vra Hope. "Wel, ek het gehoop ons kan 'n vreesaanjaende monster maak, dit aan Josh se vlieër vasbind en dit dan oor die park laat vlieg. Maar kyk nou!" sê Hope, en wys na die glimlaggende mense wat rondom die burgemeester staan.

Neo sien hoe hartseer Hope is. "Blink plan, Hope!" sê hy. "Kom ons gaan sit agter daardie groot bos. Niemand sal ons daar sien nie."

Josh en Hope knik instemmend en kies koers soontoe.

"Josh, gaan soek jy 'n paar stokkies. Neo, haal jou seerowerhoed en oogklap af," gee Hope instruksies terwyl sy haar karateklere en 'n ballon uit haar sak haal.

Josh vind 'n paar dun stokkies langs 'n vullisdrom. Die drie maats gaan sit agter die bos en gebruik die tou uit Hope se sak om die stokkies in 'n kruisvorm aan mekaar vas te bind vir die monster se lyf. Toe blaas Hope die ballon op en bind dit daaraan vas vir die monster se kop.

Hulle trek Hope se karateklere vir die monster aan en sit vir hom Neo se seerowerhoed en oogklap op. Josh maak



"Ja," sê die Visarend, "ek weet wie jou kan help. Gaan na waar die rotse en die see mekaar ontmoet. Staan daar en roep die reuseseskilpad."

Die vrou bedank hom en stap af see toe. Sy roep net twee keer na die reuseseskilpad en toe verskyn hy met 'n

groot geplas uit die water.

"Moenie bang wees nie," sê Seeskilpad. "Hou aan my dop vas. Ek sal jou na die seemense toe vat wat alles weet en alle stories ken."

Af, af, af daal hulle in die see af, reg na die bodem, reguit na die koning enkoningin van die see.

"En wie is dit?" vra die koning.

"Dit is 'n vrou van die droë land bo ons waters," fluister die koningin.

"Wat wil jy van ons hê, vrou van die droë land?" vra die koningin.

"Stories, u Hoogheid. Het u enige stories wat ek na my mense toe kan vat?"

"Ons het," sê die koningin. "Maar wat kan jy ons in ruil gee vir hierdie stories?"

"Wat wil u graag hê?" vra die vrou.

Die koning en koningin glimlag.

"Ons kan nie na julle droë land toe gaan nie. Ons wil graag sien hoe dit lyk. Bring vir ons iets om te wys watter soort diere en mense daar woon."

"Ek sal," sê die vrou.



Die reuseseskilpad neem haar terug na die droë land en wag terwyl sy huis toe hardloop om vir haar man alles te vertel.

"O," sê hy opgewonde. "Ek het baie beeldjies van diere, voëls en mense uitgekerf. Jy kan dit alles saamvat."

Gou is die vrou terug op die strand met 'n klomp van die beeldjies. Weer duik die seeskilpad af, af, af na die seabodem.

Toe die koning en koningin die beeldjies sien, is hulle baie bly en gee vir haar 'n pragtige skulp.

"Ons gee vir jou en jou mense die geskenk van stories. Wanneer jy 'n storie wil hoor, moet jy die skulp teen jou oor hou en mooi luister," sê hulle.

"Maar onthou," fluister die koning in haar oor, "jou eerste storie begin met jou reis hierheen."

Toe die vrou uiteindelik weer terug is op land, wag haar man, haar kinders en al die mense van die dorp vir haar. Hulle

geweldige groot vuur gemaak wat in die donkerte knetter en kraak.

"En nou," roep hulle na haar, "vertel vir ons 'n storie. Vertel vir ons 'n storie!"

Die vrou glimlag. Sy hou die skulp vas en sê: "Ja ...

Nal'ibali ... hier volg die storie. Ssijji. Luister nou mooi."

En dit is hoe die eerste storie vertel is.

Daarna het die vrou die skulp teen haar oor gehou en nog baie stories vertel. En as hierdie die eerste storie is wat jy gehoor het, onthou net, daar is nog baie, baie stories.



Sisanda se geskenk

Storie deur Gcina Mhlophe
Illustrasies deur Jiggs Snaddon-Wood

Elke dag wanneer die agtjarige Sisanda by die huis kom na skool, trek sy haar skooluniform uit, eet haar middagete en speel umlabalaba saam met haar oupa. Hulle het so baie pret om hul

“koeie” om die bord te laat vlieg, dat sy nie wil ophou speel nie. Maar dan herinner haar oupa haar dat sy ’n bankbestuurder wil word wanneer sy eendag groot is.

“Hoe sal jy dit doen as jy nie hoërskool toe gaan nie?” terg haar oupa.



Sisanda lag net. “Ek sal hoërskool toe gaan, en universiteit toe ook. Dis hoekom ek so hard werk by die skool!”

Sisanda is nogal lank vir haar ouderdom – sy aard na haar pa. Haar ronde gesig en pragtige glimlag kry sy van haar ma. Albei haar ouers staan elke oggend vroeg op om by die wildreservaat daar naby te gaan werk. Teen die tyd dat Sisanda en haar maats in die skool is, kom busse vol toeriste al by die reservaat aan om na Afrika se mooiste diere te kom kyk.

Sisanda se vorige verjaardag was baie spesiaal – haar ouers het toestemming gekry om vir haar ’n partytjie in die wildreservaat te hou. Die kameelperde in die reservaat was



nuuskierig oor hierdie groep mense. Hulle het hul lang nekke uitgestrek om die partytjie beter te kan sien, en dit het selfs gelyk asof hulle van die verjaardagkoek wil hê! Sisanda hou baie van die kameelperde. Al die diere is vir haar spesiaal, maar dit is die stil en sagmoedige kameelperde wat haar hart gesteel het. Sy sou die hele dag lank na hulle kon kyk.

Een Vrydag het Sisanda se pa vroeg huis toe gekom na werk. Hy het baie ontsteld gelyk.

“Wat’s fout, Baba?” vra Sisanda.

“Vandag het ’n swerm bye ’n mamma-kameelperd gesteeke,” verduidelik Sisanda se pa. “Haar kop was so geswel van al die bysteke dat haar pragtige oë toe was. Ons het alles probeer om haar te help, maar dit was tevergeefs – sy is dood. En die hartseerste van alles is dat sy ’n jong kalfie het wat haar nog nodig het.”



“O, nee!” sê Sisanda en begin huil. “Ek wens daar is iets wat ek kan doen. Die kameelperdkalfie huil seker nes ek.”

Sisanda huil en huil. Haar ma probeer haar troos. Sy lees selfs vir Sisanda met slaaptyd ’n ekstra storie om haar te help vergeet hoe jammer sy vir die kameelperdkalfie voel. Uiteindelik word Sisanda aan die slaap gesus deur die klank van haar mamma se stem. Die volgende oggend word Sisanda met ’n blink plan wakker!

“Kan ek vandag saam met julle werk toe

beïndruk. “Wat’s jou naam?”

“Ek’s Asanda,” sê sy.

“Ek’s Afrika. Hoe het jy geleer om dit te doen?” vra Afrika.

“Ek het eers probeer om met boeke op my kop rond te loop,” sê sy. “Jy moet jou kop stil hou wanneer jy loop.” Sy sit die koeldrankbottel weer op Afrika se kop. “Stap nou stadig, met jou neus in die lug, soos ’n prins.”

Afrika stap baie stadig om Asanda, en hou sy kop stil, met sy neus in die lug. En die bottel bly op sy kop!

“Kyk, Ma! Kyk na my ...” sê Afrika, maar hy kan nie sy ma sien nie! Iemand stamp teen Afrika en die koeldrankbottel val van sy kop af. Maar hy het van die bottel vergeet – hy wil weet waar sy ma is!

“Mamma, waar’s jy?” roep hy. Daar’s geen antwoord nie. “Mamma!” roep hy effens harder. Nog steeds geen antwoord nie.

“My ma het afgedwaal!” sê Afrika vir Asanda. “Ons was op pad na die boekstalletjie op die hoek, maar nou is sy weg!”

“Ek is ook op pad na die boekstalletjie toe! Ek gaan ’n storieboek koop met die geld wat ek gespaar het. Dalk is jou ma by die boekstalletjie. Kom ons gaan soek haar!” stel Asanda voor.

Saam stap Asanda en Afrika deur die skare mense. Skielik hoor Afrika sy naam! “Afrika! Afrika! Waar is jy?”

“Dis my ma se stem,” sê Afrika. “Siestog, sy’t verdwaal! Ek kan hoor sy’s ontsteld. Dit



klink of sy naby die boekstalletjie is. Kom ons hardloop, Asanda!”

Die twee kinders hardloop saam tot by die boekstalletjie, en daar, reg voor die stalletjie, staan Mme wa Afrika en Dintle. Mamma maak haar arms oop en Afrika hardloop reguit in haar arms in.

“Hallo, Mamma, is als reg?” vra Afrika.

“Jy hoef nie meer bekommerd te wees nie, ons het jou en Dintle nou gekry. Julle is nie meer verdwaal nie.”

Dintle is baie bly om haar ouboet te sien. Afrika buk af en gee haar ’n drukkie.

“Mamma, dit is Asanda, my nuwe maat,” sê Afrika. “Sy het my geleer hoe om ’n koeldrankbottel op my kop te balanseer. Sy wil ’n boek koop.”

“Hallo, Asanda, gaaf om jou te ontmoet,” sê Mme wa Afrika met ’n glimlag.

“Kom ons kyk deur die boeke en kyk wat ons kan kry! Afrika, onthou jy wou mos geleer het hoe om ’n voëlhok te bou.” Hulle kyk na die boeke en Mamma en Mamma vind een wat wys hoe om verskillende goed uit hout te maak.



“Kan ek dit asseblief kry?” vra Afrika vir sy ma. “Ja, as jy dit graag wil hê,” sê Mamma.

Toe is dit tyd om te gaan. “Kyk, Asanda! Ek gaan my boek op my kop huis toe dra!” sê Afrika, en balanseer sy nuwe boek op sy kop.

“Onthou om met jou neus in die lug te loop, soos ’n prins!” lag Asanda.



Waar is jy?

Storie deur Ann Walton
Illustrasies deur Rico
Vertaal deur Anita van Zyl

“Ons gaan winkels toe! Ons gaan winkels toe!” Afrika spring op en af voor Dintle. Sy mamma, Mme wa Afrika, glimlag vir hom en Dintle klap haar handjies.

“Ja,” sê Mme wa Afrika, “trek gou jou skoene aan. Ons moet gou maak. Ons moet nog tot by die bushalte stap.”

By die bushalte is daar baie mense wat vir die bus wag. En toe hulle almal in die bus is, sit hulle styf teen mekaar vasgedruk. Mme wa Afrika tel vir Dintle op haar skoot. Toe gaan sit ’n vrou langs haar. Afrika sit aan die ander kant van sy ma, reg teen die venster vasgedruk. Maar hy gee glad nie om nie, want dit beteken hy kan by die venster uitkyk.



“Kan jy dit doen, Mamma?” vra Afrika vir sy ma.

“Wat doen?” vra Mme wa Afrika.

“Goed op jou kop ronddra, soos daardie vrou,” sê Afrika.

“Natuurlik kan ek. Dis maklik,” sê sy ma.

Afrika kyk hoe die vrou wegstap tot sy in die skare mense tussen die stalletjies van die mark verdwyn.

“Ek’s seker ek kan ook goed op my kop dra!” sê Afrika vir homself. Hy sien ’n leë plastiekkoeldranksbottel op die grond. Hy tel dit op en sit dit op sy kop, maar hy moet dit vashou, want dit bly afval.

“Eishi!” sê ’n meisie reg langs hom. “Ek sal jou wys hoe om dit te doen!” Sy vat die koeldranksbottel, sit dit op haar kop, en met haar neus in die lug, stap sy om Afrika soos ’n trotse prinses. “Joel!” sê Afrika, baie



gaan?” vra sy haar pa. “Ek het ’n geskenk vir die kameelperdkalfie.”

Haar ouers kyk na mekaar, glimlag en sê: “Ja, natuurlik kan jy saam met ons kom.”

Dit is ’n warm, maar bewolkte dag. Alles in die reservaat lyk buitengewoon stil.

“Ek dink die son skyn vandag nie omdat dit ook hartseer is oor die kameelperd-kalfie,” sê Sisanda.

‘n Reuse olifant staar na die gesin wat verbystap.



“Dalk wonder daardie olifant waarom ’n dogtertjie saam met haar ouers by die werk is,” sê Sisanda se mamma.

Sisanda knik. “Hy gaan ’n verrassing kyk wanneer hy uitvind,” dink sy.

Hulle vind die kameelperdkalfie waar hy alleen staan. Sy lang nek hang en sy groot bruin oë lyk dof. Sisanda gaan staan so naby aan hom as wat sy kan. Sy maak haar sakkie oop en haal ’n boek uit. Toe, tot haar ouers se verbasing, begin sy vir die kalfie lees. Hy draai sy kop na haar stem toe en luister asof hy elke woord verstaan. Eers dink Sisanda se ouers dis vreemd om vir ’n kameelperd te lees, maar hulle verander gou van gedagte toe hulle sien hoe rustig die kalfie lyk – sy sagte oë kyk na Sisanda.

“My storie het hom beter laat voel,” vertel Sisanda vir haar oupa toe sy by die huis kom.

Die meeste midde, en oor naweke, gaan kuier Sisanda vir die kameelperdjie. En elke keer wanneer

sy gaan, neem sy nog ’n storie saam om vir hom te lees. Die twee nuwe vriende lyk so goed saam dat selfs toeriste wat verbystap foto’s van hulle neem.

Stadigaan word die kameelperdjie sterker. Mense by die wildreservaat sorg regtig goed vir hom en al die liefde van sy nuwe maat, Sisanda, doen wondere.

Op ’n dag vra die bestuurder van die reservaat vir Sisanda om vir haar nuwe maat ’n naam te gee. “Ek dink Thokozani is ’n goeie naam,” sê Sisanda.

Die volgende dag bel die bestuurder van die reservaat Sisanda se onderwyser. Hy nooi al Sisanda se klasmaats om vir Thokozani te kom ontmoet. Die mooi kameelperdjie het in die drie maande vandat Sisanda die eerste keer vir hom kom kuier het, langer en sterker geword.

Die dag van die uitstappie wag veertig Graad 3-kinders gretig vir die reservaat se hekke om oop te maak. Toe lei ’n baie trotse Sisanda almal na Thokozani. Sommige van die kinders staar verstom na die lang kameelperd. Ander giggel senuweegtig. Hulle onderwyser, juffrou Khanyile, glimlag net.

“Jou vriend is pragtig, Sisanda. Jy is so goed vir hom,” sê sy kalm.

“Wat is sy naam?” vra een van die seuns. “Thokozani,” antwoord Sisanda.

“Thokozani beteken ‘verheug,’ ” verduidelik juffrou Khanyile.

Die kinders gaan sit en luister terwyl Sisanda die storie lees wat sy die eerste keer vir Thokozani gelees het. Die bestuurder van die reservaat neem foto’s.

Sommige toeriste wat verbystap neem ook foto’s. Selfs ’n fotograaf van ’n plaaslike koerant neem foto’s. Hy belowe dat ’n foto van hulle binnekort in die koerant sal verskyn. Almal juig.

Dis darem ’n goeie geskenk! Lees om ’n vriend gesond te maak.



Deel vandag ’n storie!



Ontsluit kinders se potensiaal deur lees en die vertel van stories

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Neo en die grote, wye wêreld

Storie deur Vianne Venter
Illustrasies deur Rico
Vertaling deur Anita van Zyl

Neo kyk by sy kamervenster uit na die grys lug en die grys straat met al die nat, grys mense wat deur die grys, gietende reën skarrel. Hy kan nie buitentoe gaan nie, en hy het reeds al sy boeke vir Mbali gelees.

Net toe kom Gogo in, met haar hare wat in alle rigtings staan van die wind buite. Sy hou iets vas. Neo kan sien dit is platterig, en vierkanterig, en baie kleurvol ... en dit kan oopmaak – net soos 'n skatkis!

"Dit was my gunstelingboek toe ek so oud soos jy was," sê Gogo vir Neo. "Dit was my deur na die grote, wye wêreld."

Toe maak sy die boek oop.

Op die eerste bladsy is daar 'n prent van 'n betowerde plek, ver weg van die grys, grys dag. Die veld is groen en goud en bruin, met 'n groot, wye blou hemel bo, en 'n warm, geel son wat neer bak.

"Sjoe! Is dit werklik?" vra Neo.

Gogo glimlag. "Weet jy dan nie? Alle stories is werklik, as jy in hulle glo," sê sy. Toe wys sy na die plek op die bladsy waar 'n klein seuntjie, omtrent so groot soos Neo, deur die veld stap.

Terwyl Gogo lees, maak

Neo sy oë toe en hy glip

weg, oor die heuwels ... oor

die wye, bruin aarde ... na

die grote, wye wêreld.

Hy hoor die geluide van die veld.

"Kom uit! Kom uit!"

sing 'n klein voëltjie.

"Dis 'n pragtige dag!"

suis die sonbesies.

"Moenie neul nie, kom

speel," fluister die wind in die lang gras.

Neo onthou die grys, gietende reën, en hy wonder of hy hier buite behoort te wees. Maar



in 'n storie kan jy enigiets doen. Hier reën dit nie. En Neo hardloop veld toe.

Die eerste ding wat hy sien, is hoog en bruin met 'n sterk houtlyf. Dit het lang, bruin arms wat otreik tot in die lug, en 'n groot, takkerige kop met blaargroen hare wat in die warm bries wieg.

"Hallo," sê Neo, sy oë wawyd oop. "Wat is jy?"

"Ek is 'n boom. Ek kan oor die groot, goue vlaktes sien. Klim op en kom kyk saam met my." Die boom reik uit na hom en Neo klim op.

Van bo uit die takke kan Neo tot aan die



einde van die wêreld sien. En daar is so baie érens daar buite dat dit hom amper bang maak om daaraan te dink.

Maar die boom hou hom styf vas en fluister: "Gaan verken. Moenie bang wees nie. Daar's 'n wonderlike, grote, wye wêreld daar buite."

Neo klim af en begin deur die veld stap.

Gou kom hy op 'n harde sandheuweltjie af, met klein gaatjies daarin, soos klein deurtjies. Hy kan 'n miljoen besige stemme binne-in hoor, en die getrippel van ses miljoen klein voetjies wat rondhardloop.

die veld vir die tweede helfte. Die wedstryd verloop soos in die eerste helfte ... tot daar net een minuut oorbly!

Neo het die bal. Hy kyk rond om te sien of enigiemand van die Diamond-span naby hom is. Nee, hy's alleen. Hy

hardloop vorentoe en dribbel

die bal. Skielik verskyn een

van die Diamond-spelers.

Neo kyk hom reg

in die oë terwyl hy

die bal tussen die

ander speler se

bene deur skop.

Die toeskouers

gil van



opgewondenheid.

Nog een van die Diamond-spelers probeer vir Neo keer. Neo gee vinnig die bal na Priya toe uit.

Almal hou asem op toe Priya die bal kry en dit hard skop. LADUMA! Die doelwagter van die Diamond-span het nie eens die bal sien kom nie! Priya het 'n doel geskop.



En nie 'n oomblik te gou nie. Net toe sy omdraai om die doel te vier, blaas die skeidsregter die eindfluitjie! Maqhawe het die wedstryd gewen!

Neo is so bly dat hy na Priya toe hardloop en haar optel!



Saam hardloop hulle na hul spanmaats en die afrigter langs die veld, en toe dab almal. Priya en Neo hardloop na Neo se pa toe. Rahul blaas hard op sy vuvuzela.

"Dit was 'n vertoning wat roomys verdien, Priya en Neo," sê Neo se pa. "Sal ons twee helde daarvan hou?"

"Ja! Ons hou van roomys," antwoord Mbali namens hulle. Almal lag. Neo tel vir Mbali op en dra haar toe hulle gaan roomys koop. Hy het dalk nie die twee doele geskop wat hy wou nie, maar hy het sy beste maat gehelp om die wendoel te skop! En Priya? Sy is gelukkig, want dit is haar heel eerste doel vir Maqhawe. Die geluid van Rahul se vuvuzela is soos pragtige musiek wat net vir haar gespeel word.



Die laaste minuut

Storie deur Zukiswa Wanner
Illustrasies deur Rico
Vertaal deur Anita van Zyl

“Ek gaan vandag twee doele skop, Pa,” sê Neo terwyl hy sy sokkerstewels aantrek.

“En ek sal help deur nog drie doele by te voeg, Oom,” sê Priya, wat pas saam met haar kleinboet, Rahul, by Neo se huis aangekom het.

Rahul dra sy helderrooi vuuzela.

Neo se pa lag: “Wel, dan sien ek uit daarna om vyf keer hoera te skree!”

“Ek ook, Oom! Kan ek ook hoera skree?” vra Rahul.

“Natuurlik, Rahul,” sê Neo se pa terwyl hy vir Mbali help om haar skoene aan te trek. “Kom laat ons gaan!”

Hulle klim almal in die motor. Neo sit voor. Hy het al baie voor gesit. Hy is seker as sy pa hom sal toelaat, wanneer sy bene lank genoeg is, sal hy die motor kan bestuur. Dit lyk maklik. Rahul en Priya sit agter met Mbali tussen hulle. Hulle kielie haar en sy giggel.

Sommer gou is hulle by die sokkeveld.

Hulle is net betyds sodat Priya en Neo saam met hul spanmaats van die Maqhawe-sokkerklub kan opwarm. Hulle speel vandag teen die Diamond-sokkerklub.



“Onthou om seker te maak dat julle vandag daardie Diamond-span onder die stof speel sodat hulle ná die wedstryd hul naam moet verander na die Steenkool-sokkerklub,” sê hul afrigter.

Toe is dit tyd vir die spelers om op die veld te draf. Die skeidsregter blaas sy fluitjie en die wedstryd begin.

Eers is daar min aksie, maar dinge kom gou aan die gang. Daar is ’n groot lawaai soos albei spanne se families juig en skree. Die bal is vir ’n rukkie in Maqhawe se gebied, en net toe dit lyk of hulle dit in Diamond se helfte gaan kry, steel een van daardie spelers weer die bal voor hulle weg! Tot halftyd verloop die wedstryd so.

“Eks verveeld! Julle het belowe julle gaan



doele skop,” sê Rahul vir Neo en Priya toe hulle kantlyn toe kom.

“Ja. Mbali soek doele, Mbali soek doele,” herhaal Mbali. “Mbali wil slaap,” voeg sy met ’n gaap by. Neo en Priya lag net en hardloop terug na hul spanmaats.

Die fluitjie blaas en die spelers draf op



“Hallo! Wie is julle?” roep Neo by een van die deurtjies.

“Hallo!” antwoord ’n klein stemmetjie.

“Ons is miere. Ons vertel die stories van die wêreld hier binne. Wil jy ook hoor?”

Neo is dol oor stories en hy gaan sit om te luister. Die miere vertel hulle stories van die veld en die bos, en die berge, en die stede doer ver.

“So baie stories?” vra Neo.

“Daar is net soveel stories as wat daar sterre aan die hemel is,” antwoord die miere. Neo wuif tot siens en stap verder deur die veld.

Uiteindelik kom Neo by ’n groot klomp water wat van soggens tot

saans deur die vallei

bruus. Neo stap in

die water in om sy warm bene te laat afkoel.

Die water

spat om sy

voete en giggel:

“Ek is ’n rivier.

Ek vloei van die berge tot in die see. Kom, volg my. Ek sal jou huis toe vat.”

Neo dink hoe goed dit sal wees. Hy volg die rivier deur die vallei en tussen die berge deur. Saam dwaal hulle deur die agtermiddag en byna tot in die aand, totdat Neo uiteindelik bo-op ’n heuwel uitkom.

Van hier af kan hy ’n klein dorpie sien, skoongewas deur die reën en glimmend in die



lig van die ondergaande son.

Dan murmel die rivier saggies: “Toe nou, gaan huis toe. Daar is mense daar wat lief is vir jou en wag om stories met jou te deel.”

Neo stap af, deur die dorp. Hy sien die besige strate wat net soos riviere deur die dorp bruus. Hy sien huise, warm in die aandlug. Binne-in sien hy besige mense, net soos klein miertjies.

Uiteindelik loer Neo deur ’n venster waar ’n ou gogo met sterk arms en takkerige hare, soos die takke van ’n groot boom, ’n boek toemaak en afbuk om haar klein seuntjie nag



te soen.

Neo dink aan die veld en die boom en die miere en die rivier. En terwyl hy na die gogo kyk, baai ’n reënboog die klein huisie in kleure wat so helder is dat dit soos ’n prent uit ’n storieboek lyk. Neo dink aan sy groot avontuur in die bladsye van Gogo se gunstelingstorieboek, en hy dink aan haar en aan Mbali en aan hulle huis.

Neo glip toe deur die boek, tot in sy warm bed, in sy knus kamer, in sy klein huisie.

En dit is waarom, wanneer die wêreld ook al grys lyk, en sy kamer te klein voel, Neo ’n boek oopmaak. Hy loop deur ’n deur tussen die bladsye, en vaar die grote, wye wêreld in.

Deel vandag ’n storie!



Ontsluit kinders se potensiaal deur lees en die vertel van stories

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Die beste geluid in die wêreld

Storie deur Niki Daly
Illustrasies deur Rico
Vertaling deur Anita van Zyl

Bella is verveeld, maar Mamma moet die huis skoonmaak.
 "Vat vir Noodle en gaan kry 'n bietjie vars lug," sê Mamma.
 Noodle volg Bella buitentoe en gaan sit langs haar op die sypaadjie. Bella sug en ruik die lug. Dit ruik nie vars nie. Dit ruik na die motors se uitlaatgasse.



Wroem! jaag 'n motor verby. Toet! maak 'n ander. Prr, prr, prr-pp! brom 'n bromponie. Klakketie-klak-klak! raas 'n ou bakkie met sy gladde bande en geroeste bak.
 Bella begin die geluide om haar tel. Dis reeds vier geluide!

Drrrr, Drrrr, Drrrr! raas die padwerkers se boor. Grrrrrrrrrr! grom Noodle vir die boor. Doef, doef, doef! biêr die harde musiek uit 'n taxi.

Bla, bla, bla-bla-bla! gesels 'n vrou hard op haar selfoon. Tik, tik, tik! maak haar hoë hakke op die sypaadjie toe sy verbystap. Plof-plaf-plof! hardloop 'n drawwer by Bella verby. Woef, woef, woef! blaf Noodle vir die drawwer. Fwheet, fwheet, fwheet! fluit 'n seun op 'n fiets.

"TWAALF geluide!" sê Bella.
 Al die geraas laat Bella se kop draai. Sy hou op tel en sê: "Kom, Noodle, kom ons gaan lê in die agterplaas waar dit rustig en stil is."

In die agterplaas klink die geraas van die verkeer ver, ver weg. Hulle kan selfs 'n klein voëltjie hoor

twiet-twiet. Bella maak haar oë toe en vryf Noodle se kop. En toe wip hulle soos hulle skrik!
 "Aaaaaau! Eish! Einaai!" Die versriklikste geluid kom uit Gogo se huis aan die ander kant van die agterste muur. Bella hardloop vinnig na haar mamma



toe om vir haar te vertel wat sy gehoor het.
 "Daar kom vreeslike geluide uit Gogo se huis!" skree Bella bo die wirrrr, wirrrrr! van die stofsuier. Mamma skakel dit af.
 "Ek het niks gehoor nie," sê Mamma.
 "Luister!" sê Bella. En toe hoor Mamma dit!
 "Aaaaau! Eish! Einaai!"



"Dis Gogo," sê Mamma. "Gou! Ons moet gaan kyk wat gebeur het."
 Mamma, Bella en Noodle hardloop in die straat af en om die hoek tot by Gogo se huis. Hulle kry

Gogo in die kombuis, besig om op haar hand te blaas.
 "Eish! Ek het my hand aan daardie simpel pot gebrand!" sê Gogo.



"Hou dit onder koue water, dan gaan haal ek gou my noodhulpkissie," sê Mamma en sy hardloop – patta, patta, patta – terug huis toe.

Mamma is gou-gou terug. Sy het 'n klein wit kissie met 'n rooi kruis op by haar. Sy smeer 'n bietjie self aan Gogo se hand en draai 'n verband om.

"Gogo, jy kan nie kos maak met 'n seer hand nie," sê Mamma. "Julle moet vanaand by ons kom eet."

"Dankie," sê Gogo. "Vat asseblief daardie warm pot bone saam vir aandete."

Toe dit tyd is vir aandete, kom Gogo en haar familie na Bella se huis toe.

Njam, njam! – dit is die geluid wat hulle maak toe hulle Bella se mamma se heerlike kerrie ruik, wat sy met Gogo se bone gemaak het. Selfs Noodle kry 'n klein bietjie in sy bakkie. Tjomp, tjomp! Hy verslind alles. En toe drink hy plip, plap, 'n hele bak water op!

"Ek is so bly jy het my hoor skree," sê Gogo vir Bella.

"Ek was besig om die geluide om my te tel," sê Bella.

"Wel, hier's nog een vir jou," sê Gogo en buig oor na Bella toe. Mwaai! gee sy vir Bella 'n vet

klapsoen op haar wang. Bella het vergeet hoeveel geluide sy getel het, maar hierdie een is beslis die beste!

"Dis my gunstelinggeluid!" sê sy met 'n glimlag. Toe dit slaaptyd is, vra Mamma vir Bella: "Weet jy van watter geluid ek die meeste hou?"



"Watter een?" vra Bella.
 "Dié een!" sê Mamma en kielie Bella se maag. Ha, ha, hie, hie, ha, ha, hie, hie! lag Bella.
 Jip! Lag is regtig die beste geluid in die hele wêreld. Wat dink jy?



Ontsluit kinders se potensiaal
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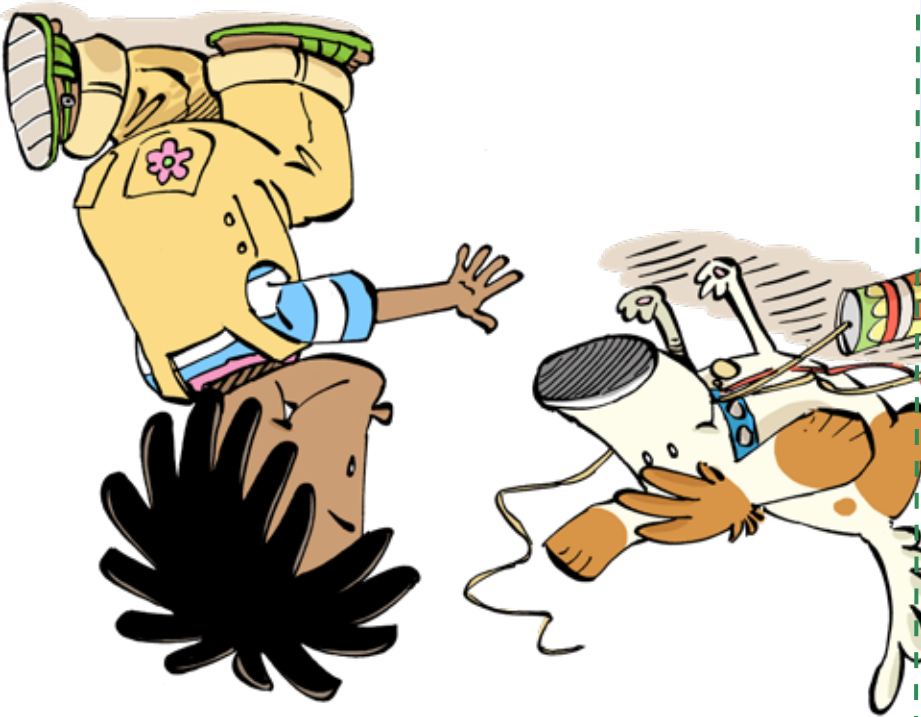
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Neo grabbed Hope's arm. "Look," he said, "Tin's on stage! But where is the We Can Band?"

Before Hope could answer, Tin stepped up to the microphone. "Hello!" she said. "ARE YOU READY TO START THIS PARTY?"

"Yebo, yes!" shouted the crowd.

Tin started playing her guitar. "Repeat after me," she said as she started singing. "Left foot back," "Left foot back,"

"Left foot back," sang the crowd.

"Right foot back," sang Tin.

"Right foot back," sang the crowd.

Josh and Hope were smiling and singing along, but Neo was still looking around for the band.

Soon the party was in full swing. Tin sang her songs while Neo, Hope, Josh and Bella played along. And Noodle barked every now and then to join in too!

Then the other artists each sang a song from their country. The crowd cheered and clapped. They loved the show!

"You see," said Tin to the We Can Band, "this little team saved the dream! Thanks to the four of you ... and Noodle, everyone enjoyed a wonderful party!"

Gou is die partytjie op dreef. Tin sing haar liedjies terwyl Neo, Hope, Josh en Bella saamspeel. En elke nou en dan blaf Noodle saam!

Toe sing elkeen van die ander kunstenaars 'n liedjie van sy land. Die skare juig en klap hande. Hulle is dol oor die vertoning!

"Kyk net," sê Tin vir die We Can Band, "hierdie spannetjie het die droom laat waar word! Danksy julle vier ... en Noodle, kon almal 'n heerlike partytjie geniet!"



"Gogo," said Neo, "did you hear that? They said everyone is welcome. May we please go? Please?"

Gogo looked at Neo and smiled. "If Josh and Hope are allowed to go, then you may go too," she said. Josh and Hope were out the door as quick as a flash to ask their parents' permission to join the party at the park.

When they came back to fetch Neo, Hope told Gogo that Bella and her mom would be going too.

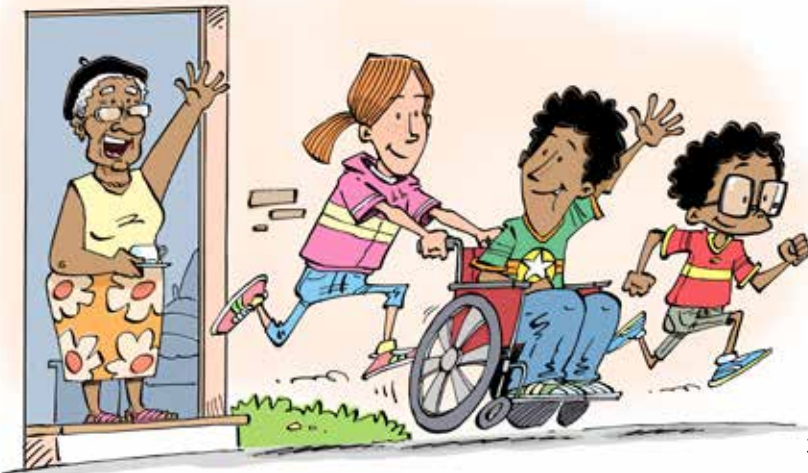
"Okay, off you go then. Stay close together," said Gogo.

Gogo," sê Neo, "het jy gehoor? Hulle sê almal is welkom. Kan ons asseblief gaan? Asseblief?"

Gogo kyk na Neo en glimlag. "As Josh en Hope mag gaan, dan mag jy ook gaan," sê sy. Josh en Hope is so vinnig soos blits by die deur uit om hul ouers te gaan vra of hulle na die partytjie in die park toe mag gaan.

Toe hulle terugkom om vir Neo te kom haal, vertel Hope vir Gogo dat Bella en haar ma ook gaan.

"Nou toe dan, weg is julle. Bly naby mekaar," sê Gogo.





By die park sien Neo vir Bella en haar ma, en selfs Noodle het saamgekom! "Ek dink *almal* in ons dorp is hier," sê Neo. "En 'n paar nuwe mense ook."

"Luister . . ." sê Josh. "Praat van hierdie mense Frans?"

"Ja!" sê Hope. "En ek hoor ook Chichewa en Shona."

At the park, Neo saw Bella and her mom, and even Noodle had come along! "I think everyone from our town is here," said Neo. "And some new people too."

"Listen . . ." said Josh. "Are some people speaking French?"

"Yes!" said Hope. "And I can hear Chichewa and Shona too."



Tin strummed her guitar and said, "LET THE MUSIC BEGIN!"

As Tin pointed at Neo and Hope, they beat their drums. Then Tin sang, "Left foot back," and pointed at the crowd.

"Left foot back," sang the crowd.

Next Tin pointed at Josh and he shook his shakers in time to the beat.

"Right foot back," sang Tin.

"Right foot back," sang the crowd.

Tin pointed at Bella. The row of tins chimed beautifully as Bella swung them against each other. Noodle barked excitedly.

Tin tokkel op haar kitaar en sê: "KOM ONS MAAK MUSIEK!"

Toe Tin na Neo en Hope wys, slaan hulle die tromme. Toe sing Tin: "Linkervoet terug," en sy wys na die skare.

"Linkervoet terug," sing die skare.

Toe wys Tin na Josh en hy skud sy rammelaars op maat van die musiek.

"Regtervoet terug," sing Tin.

"Regtervoet terug," sing die skare.

Tin wys na Bella. Die ry blikkies klingel pragtig wanneer Bella dit swaai en hulle teen mekaar kap. Noodle blaf opgewonde.



Get story active!

Here are some activities for you to try with your family. They are based on all the stories in this edition of the Nal'ibali Supplement: *A party at the park* (pages 5, 6, 27 and 28) and *The boastful little weaver bird* (page 30).

A party at the park

Before you read the story

- ★ Ask your children to share their thoughts with you about a concert that they would like to go to. Ask them what they would look forward to most and who they would take with them.

After you've read the story

- ★ Talk to each other about different musical instruments, the sounds they make and where they come from. Talk about which household items could make good instruments (e.g. an empty coffee tin for a drum or empty bottles for a xylophone).
- ★ Choose one or two instruments that you spoke about, collect what you need to make them and listen to the sounds they make when you play them.
- ★ Ask younger children to draw their favourite part of the story. Older children can write about a party they would like to have, what would happen at the party and who would be there.
- ★ Look at the picture below. In each thought bubble, write what you think the character is thinking about. Then colour in the picture.



The boastful little weaver bird

- ★ Use clay, playdough or even Prestik to create the characters in the story, or draw your own pictures of them and cut them out. Use your characters to retell the story in your own way!
- ★ Do you know of any other stories that have snakes and birds in them? What happens in these stories? Are there any similarities to this story?



Die windmakerige klein vinkie

- ★ Gebruik klei, speeldeeg of selfs wondergom om die karakters in die storie te maak, of teken jou eie prente van die karakters en knip hulle dan uit. Gebruik jou karakters om die storie op jou eie manier oor te vertel!
- ★ Ken jy enige ander stories waarin slange of voëls voorkom? Wat gebeur in hierdie stories? Is daar enige ooreenkomste met hierdie storie?

Raak doenig met stories!

Hier volg 'n paar aktiwiteite wat jy kan probeer. Dit is op al die stories in hierdie uitgawe van die Nal'ibali-bylae gebaseer: *'n Partytjie in die park* (bladsye 5, 6, 27 en 28) en *Die windmakerige klein vinkie* (bladsy 31).

'n Partytjie in die park

Voor jy die storie lees

- ★ Vra vir jou kinders om hul gedagtes met jou te deel oor 'n konsert wat hulle graag sal wil bywoon. Vra vir hulle waarna hulle die meeste sal uitsien en wie hulle sal saamneem.

Nadat jy die storie gelees het

- ★ Gesels met mekaar oor verskillende musiekinstrumente, die klank wat dit voortbring en waar dit vandaan kom. Gesels oor watter huishoudelike items goeie instrumente kan maak (bv. 'n leë koffieblik vir 'n trom of leë bottels vir 'n xilofoon).
- ★ Kies een of twee instrumente waaroor julle gesels het, versamel dit wat julle nodig het om dit te maak en luister na die klanke wat dit maak wanneer julle daarop speel.
- ★ Vra vir jonger kinders om hul gunstelingdeel van die storie te teken. Ouer kinders kan skryf oor 'n partytjie wat hulle graag sal wil hou, wat by die partytjie sal gebeur en wie daar sal wees.
- ★ Kyk na die prentjie hier onder. Skryf in elke denkbare waaraan jy dink die karakter dink. Kleur dan die prent in.



The boastful little weaver bird

Written by Nicky Webb ■ Illustrated by Vian Oelofson



Once there was a little weaver bird that was very proud of his beautiful yellow feathers and shiny black beak. He sat on the reeds by the side of the river shouting to anyone who would listen, "Look at me! Am I not beautiful? Look at my bright yellow feathers! See how my beak shines in the sun!"

The other birds and animals didn't like the little weaver bird. It wasn't just that he was boastful, he was also mean.

"Hey, Crocodile!" shouted Weaver, "You have really ugly teeth. They are big and jagged and yellow, and you have bits of meat stuck in them! Sies! I bet you wish you had a beautiful beak like mine!"

Crocodile slid under the water and thought about how nice it would be if Weaver was stuck in his teeth!

When it was time for Weaver to build a nest, he went about it in his usual boastful way. Instead of choosing bits of grass and reed and feathers like the other birds, he picked up pieces of shiny paper and sparkly sweet wrappers, which he wove into the nest. When he was done, his nest sparkled and twinkled in the sun. "Hey, everybody," shouted Weaver. "Look at my nest! Isn't it magnificent? See how it shines in the sun!"



A tortoise ambled past the reeds and stopped to look at Weaver's strange nest. "Don't you wish that you had a home like mine, Tortoise?" tweeted Weaver. "Yours is very dull and boring. See how mine sparkles."

Tortoise shook his head. "I am happy with my shell, Weaver. It keeps me safe, and that is all that is important to me."

Next, a little field mouse poked her head out of a pile of dry leaves. A piece of foil in Weaver's nest caught her eye. "Wow, Weaver, your nest is very bright," she squeaked.

Weaver puffed up his feathers. "Isn't it?" he said proudly. "Are you not tired, Mouse, of living in brown leaves and twigs? How very sad and drab your house is."

"No, Weaver," said Mouse. "When you are my size, you are on the menu of lots of other animals. When I burrow deep into my pile of leaves, no one can see me and that stops me from being eaten. I'd rather be safe than sorry."

"I am sure that you are just jealous," sniffed Weaver with his beak in the air.

Now there was a big snake near the river that had been sleeping through the winter. When he woke up, he felt very hungry, and so he went in search of something tasty to fill his stomach. He came across the little tortoise basking in the sun. Tortoise took one look at Snake's flickering tongue and beady eyes and pulled his head straight back into his shell. Snake nudged Tortoise a few times, but it seemed like this was just a hard shell, so he moved on to look for something that he could sink his teeth into.

Soon Snake spotted Mouse, who was gathering seeds and other tasty treats for her lunch. He slithered towards her, trying to make as little noise as possible, but his grumbling stomach gave him away. Mouse shot off as fast as her little legs could carry her and squirmed quickly down to the bottom of her pile of dry leaves. She lay there quietly, not moving a whisker. Snake prodded the leaves for a bit, but his tummy was now growling loudly. He was too hungry to dig through all those leaves for a meal as small as Mouse, so he moved on.

Soon he found himself down by the river. There, the strangest thing caught his eye. It looked just like a nest, but it sparkled and blinked in the bright sunlight. Snake spotted Weaver flying into the nest. "Funny that a bird would not try to hide his nest from a hungry snake," said Snake to himself.

He crept silently towards the river and wound his way up the reeds to Weaver's nest. Luckily, just as he was about to poke his head into the nest and eat the little bird, he was spotted by the other birds, who shrieked and cheeped a warning. Weaver shot out of his nest just in time and managed to get away, but Snake knocked the beautiful nest to the ground, where it broke apart.



"That will teach you, Weaver, for being such a show-off," chirped the other birds.

"And look!" cried a little chick, "your feathers have turned brown!"

Weaver looked at his wings in horror. They were indeed completely brown. He felt very ashamed. Not only had he nearly been eaten, but his house had been destroyed and his beautiful yellow feathers were quite brown and ordinary, just like lots of the other birds.

Weaver had learned his lesson. He stopped showing off and started being kinder to the other animals. Although his feathers turned yellow again, to this day, every winter, they turn brown again to remind him of his foolishness.



Drive your
imagination



Die windmakerige klein vinkie

Geskryf deur Nicky Webb ■ Geïllustreer deur Vian Oelofson



Daar was eenmaal 'n klein vinkie wat baie trots was op sy pragtige geel vere en blink swart snawel. Hy het in die riete langs die rivier gesit en vir almal wat wou luister, geskree: "Kyk na my! Is ek nie pragtig nie? Kyk na my heldergeel vere! Kyk hoe blink my snawel in die son!"

Die ander voëls en diere het nie van die vinkie gehou nie. Hy was nie net windmakerig nie, hy was ook gemeen.

"Hei, Krokodil!" skree Vinkie, "Jy het rêrig lelike tande. Hulle is lank en ongelyk en geel, en daar sit stukkie vleis tussen jou tande vas! Sies! Ek weet sommer jy wens jy het so 'n pragtige snawel soos ek gehad!"

Krokodil gly onder die water in en dink oor hoe lekker dit sou wees as Vinkie tussen sy tande kon vassit!

Toe dit tyd raak vir Vinkie om 'n nes te bou, is hy weer ene windmaker. In plaas daarvan om soos die ander voëls stukkie gras en riete en vere te kies, tel hy stukkie blink papier en skitterende lekkergoedpapiertjies op, wat hy in sy nes inweef. Toe hy klaar is, skitter en vonkel sy nes in die son. "Haai, almal," roep Vinkie. "Kyk na my nes. Is dit nie manjefiek nie? Kyk hoe blink dit in die sonlig!"



'n Skilpad kruie verby die riete en gaan staan om na Vinkie se vreemde nes te kyk. "Wens jy nie jy het 'n huis soos myne nie, Skilpad?" tjirp Vinkie. "Jou huis is so vaal en vervelig. Kyk hoe skitter myne."

Skilpad skud sy kop. "Ek is gelukkig met my dop, Vinkie. Dit hou my veilig, en dit is al wat vir my belangrik is."

Toe steek 'n klein veldmuisie haar kop by 'n hoop droë blare uit. 'n Stukkie foelie in Vinkie se nes vang haar oog. "Sjoe, Vinkie, maar jou nes is darem baie blink," piep sy.

Vinkie pof sy vere op. "Is dit nie?" sê hy trots. "Is jy nie moeg om tussen bruin blare en takkies te woon nie, Muis? Jou huis lyk so saai en oninteressant."

"Nee, Vinkie," sê Muis. "As jy so klein soos ek is, wil baie ander diere jou opeet. Wanneer ek 'n tunnel in my hoop blare grave, kan niemand my sien nie, en so word ek nie opgeëet nie. Ek is eerder bang Jan as dooie Jan."

"Ek is seker jy's net jaloers," snuif Vinkie met sy snawel in die lug.

Naby die rivier is daar 'n groot slang wat die hele winter geslaap het. Toe hy wakker word, is hy baie honger, en hy gaan soek iets lekkers om sy maag vol te maak. Hy sien die klein skilpad wat in die son lê en bak. Skilpad gee een kyk na Slang se flitsende tong en klein kraalogies en trek dadelik sy kop diep in sy dop in. Slang voel-voel 'n paar keer aan Skilpad, maar dit lyk of dit net 'n harde dop is, en daarom gaan soek hy na iets waarin hy sy tande kan laat wegsink.

Sommer gou sien Slang vir Muis raak, wat saadjies en ander lekkernye vir middage te versamel. Hy seil na haar toe en probeer om nie 'n geluid te maak nie, maar sy maag wat so grom, verklap hom. Muis hardloop weg so vinnig soos wat haar kort beentjies haar kan dra en skarrel vinnig tot onder in haar hoop droë blare. Sy lê doodstil en roer nie 'n snorbaard nie. Slang voel-voel aan die blare, maar sy maag grom nou kliphard. Hy is te honger om deur al daardie blare te soek na iets om te eet wat so klein soos Muis is, en hy seil weg.

Kort voor lank is hy by die rivier. Daar sien hy die vreemdste ding raak. Dit lyk net soos 'n nes, maar dit skitter en blink in die helder sonlig. Slang sien hoe Vinkie in die nes invlieg. "Snaaks dat 'n voël nie sal probeer om sy nes vir 'n honger slang weg te steek nie," sê Slang vir homself.

Hy seil suutjies tot by die rivier en seil teen die riete op tot by Vinkie se nes. Gelukkig sien die ander voëls hom net toe hy sy kop in die nes wil insteek en die klein voël tje wil opeet. Hulle kwetter en kweel om Vinkie te waarsku. Vinkie skiet net betyds uit sy nes uit en slaag daarin om weg te kom, maar Slang stamp die pragtige nes grond toe, waar dit uitmekaarval.



"Dit sal jou leer, Vinkie, omdat jy so 'n windmaker is," tjirp die ander voëls.

"En kyk!" roep 'n klein voël tje, "jou vere het bruin geword!"

Vinkie kyk geskok na sy vlerke. Hulle is inderdaad heeltemal bruin. Hy voel baie skaam. Hy is amper opgeëet, sy huis is verwoes, en sy pragtige geel vere is nou net bruin en gewoon, net soos baie van die ander voëls s'n.

Vinkie het sy les geleer. Hy hou hom nie meer so windmaker nie en is vriendeliker met die ander diere. Al word sy vere weer geel, word dit tot vandag toe nog elke winter weer bruin om hom te herinner aan hoe dwaas hy was.

Nal'ibali fun

Nal'ibali-pret



1.

Make a badge

1. Cut along the red dotted line to cut out the badge.
2. Colour in the picture.
3. Cut a circle the same size as the badge from some thin cardboard, for example, a cereal box.
4. Use glue to paste the badge onto the cardboard.
5. Use sticky tape or masking tape to attach a safety pin to the back of the badge. Or make a hole at the top and thread some wool or string through it so that you can hang it around your neck.
6. Enjoy wearing your badge as you read and listen to stories on World Read Aloud Day.

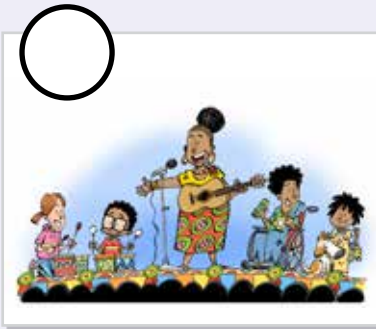
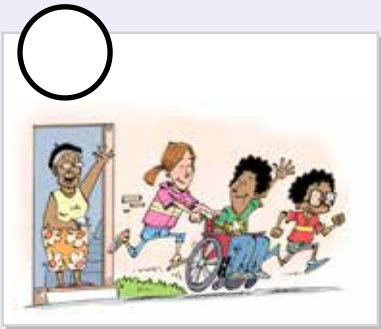
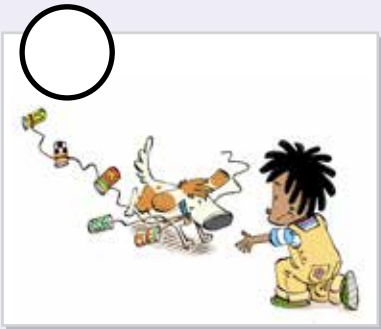
Maak 'n kenteken

1. Sny op die rooi stippellyn om die kenteken uit te knip.
2. Kleur die prent in.
3. Sny 'n sirkel wat net so groot soos die kenteken is uit dun karton – gebruik byvoorbeeld 'n graankosboks.
4. Gebruik gom om die kenteken op die karton vas te plak.
5. Gebruik kleefband of maskeerband om 'n haakspeld aan die agterkant van die kenteken vas te plak. Of maak 'n gaatjie aan die bokant en ryg 'n stukkie wol of tou daardeur sodat jy dit om jou nek kan hang.
6. Geniet dit om jou kenteken te dra terwyl julle stories lees en daarna luister op Wêrelddag vir Hardop Lees.



2.

Look at these pictures from *A party at the park*. Number them so that they match the order in which things happened in the story. Now use the pictures and retell the story.



Kyk na hierdie prente uit 'n Partytjie in die park. Nommer dit sodat dit in die volgorde is waarin dinge in die storie gebeur. Gebruik nou die prente en vertel die storie oor.

2.

Unscramble the letters to find five musical instruments from *A party at the park*.

scirkudmts

agruti

srudm

mecihs

skrahes

Skommel die letters om vyf musiekinstrumente in 'n Partytjie in die park te vind.

stirokemotks

akirta

memrot

kekiklos

lemarmaras

Antwoorde: 2. 3, 1, 4, 2; 3. tromstokkies, kitarr, tromme, klokkies, rammelaars

Answers: 2. 13, 1, 4, 2; 3. drumsticks, guitar, drums, chimes, shakers

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