



We are 10 years old!

This year, the Nalibali reading-for-enjoyment campaign is celebrating its 10th anniversary! In 2012, Nalibali 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, Nalibali 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!

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.



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.

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.



Re na le mengwaga ye lesome!

Ngwaga wo, lesolo la go balela-boipshino la Nalibali le keteka segopotšo sa ngwaga wa bo10! Ka 2012, Nalibali e thomile bjalo ka lesolo la go balela-boipshino. Maikemišetšo a lona e be e le go hloheletša le go tsenyeletša setšo sa go bala go selaganya Afrika Borwa gore go bala, go ngwala le go abelana dikanegelo – ka dipolelo tša Afrika Borwa ka moka – e be karolo ya bophelo bja letšatši le lengwe le le lengwe. Go dira pono ye kgonthi, Nalibali e tšweleditše dikanegelo tša bana tše dibotse tše dintši ka di dipolelo tša Afrika Borwa ka moka. Dikanegelo tše di abiwa ka gare ga tlaletšo ya rena ya polelopedi, bjalo ka dipuku tša go gatišwa le dikanegelo tša seyaemoyeng, weposateng ya rena le diphatlalatšing tša segwera, gore ngwana yo mongwe le yo mongwe a ipshine ka kanegelo letšatši le lengwe le le lengwe!



Ngwana yo mongwe le yo mongwe go thoma ka mengwaga ye 0 go ya pele

Le masea a ka – e bile a swanetše – go ipshina ka kanegelo letšatši le lengwe le le lengwe. Bana ba thoma go ithuta go bala ge ba balelwa gomme ka morago ba ithuta go ipalela. Ge o balela masea ka go hlaboša lentšu ebile o bolela le bona gantši, ba kwa mantšu a mantši. Go abelana ka dipuku tša diswantšho, direto le dikanegelo go thuša go ba ruta tlhotlontšu le polelo – gomme gwa dira gore mabjoko a bona a nagane! Mabokgoni a a bohlokwa go katlego ya ngwana ka sekolong, gomme go šetše go rena bjalo ka batho ba bagolo le bahlokomedi gore ba bontšhe mokgwa wa go bala go tloga bjaneng.

Letšatši le lengwe le le lengwe metsotso ye 15 fela



Go ba le nako ya go balela bana ba gago mo letšatšing la gago la leemaema go ba bontšha gore ba bohlokwa bjang go wena. Go balela bana ba gago letšatši le lengwe le le lengwe:

- ★ e ba setlwaedi sa boipshino gape go thuša gore e be barati ba dipuku le babadi ba bophelo ka moka.
- ★ gora gore o na le nako ya bona. Kgopolo ya dinako tša lena tša dikanegelo e tlo dula le bona maphele a bona ka moka.

Ipshineng ka dikanegelo le le ba lapa

Ye nngwe ya dipeeletšo tša bohlole tše re ka di dirago baneng ba rena ke go ba theeletša le go bolela le bona le go dira dilo mmogo le bona. Dilo tše di direga ka tlhago ge ba malapa ba eba le nako le ge e ka ba ye kopana ba le mmogo letšatši ka letšatši, ba anega le go bala dikanegelo mmogo.

Ditsela tše bonolo tša go atlega tše 4

1. Ba la ka polelo ya bona ya ka gae.
2. Bala se ba se ratago.
3. Bala dipuku tša go gatišwa.
4. Balang mmogo.



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 Nalibali 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 Sepedi (pages 17–26)
- ★ A new Story corner story (pages 30 and 31)



Go na le eng ka gare ga kgatišo ya BUMPER?

- ★ Thoma leeto la go bala la lapa la gago lehono! (letlakala la 2)
- ★ Ditsela tša go keteka Letšatši la go Bala ka go Hlaboša Lentšu la Lefase (letlakala la 2)
- ★ Phoustara ye mpsha! (letlakala la 3)
- ★ Puku ya ripa-o-boloke ya Letšatši la go Bala ka go Hlaboša Lentšu la Lefase la Nalibali ya go kgethega (matlakala a 5, 6, 27 le 28)
- ★ Dikanegelo tše 10 tša Letšatši la go Bala ka go Hlaboša Lentšu la Lefase ka Seisemane (matlakala a 7–16) le ka Sepedi (matlakala a 17–26)
- ★ Kanegelo ye mpsha ya Sekhutlo sa Dikanegelo (matlakala a 30 le 31)



Drive your
imagination



IT STARTS WITH
A STORY.
GO THOMA KA
KANELO.

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

Go bala mmogo bjalo ka lapa go hlola diiri tša boipshino. Go swana le dilo ka moka tša go ba le boipshino, go bala go ka direga nako efe goba efe kae goba kae! Bala kanegelo pele o eya malaong, mosegare, ge o emetše motho yo mongwe goba selo se sengwe, goba o le leetong – nako efe goba efe ye e go loketšego!

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!

Keteka Letšatši la go Bala ka go Hlaboša Lentšu la Lefase le rena!

Ngwaga ka ngwaga Nalibali e hlama kanegelo ya go kgethega gomme ya e abelana le wena ka Letšatši la go Bala ka go Hlaboša Lentšu la Lefase. Kanegelo ya ngwaga wo, *Moletlo wa phakeng*, e ngwadiwe ke mongwadi wa Afrika Borwa e lego Mabel Mnensa gomme ya swantšhwa ke radikhathune Rico gape e na le ba bangwe ba baanegwa ba go ratega ba Nalibali. E bale le ba lapa la gago ka Letšatši la go Bala ka go Hlaboša Lentšu la Lefase, 2 Dibokwana 2022!

Thoma leeto la go bala la lapa la gago lehono!

Kholofetšo ya go bala kanegelo ya Letšatši la go Bala ka go Hlaboša Lentšu la Lefase ka di 2 Dibokwana 2022 le kgetho ya go bala le Nalibali ngwaga ka moka. O ka holofetša ka tsela ye:

- ★ Etela www.nalibali.org/wrad-2022 go ngwadiša lapa la gago, sehlopha sa go bala goba sekolo.
- ★ Romela "WRAD" ka WhatsApp go 0600 44 22 54 gomme o latele ditaelo go tsena.
- ★ Laolla kanegelo ka dipolelo ka moka tše 11 tša Afrika Borwa, le Chichewa, Sefora, Lingala, Sepotokisi, Seshona goba Swahili.
- ★ Itlwaetše go e bala ka go hlaboša lentšu pele letšatši le legolo le fihla!
- ★ Hlohleletša ba lapa la gago le bagwera go dira kholofetšo.

Re ka dira se! A re dire gore malapa a Afrika Borwa a milione o 1 a bale ka Letšatši la go Bala ka go Hlaboša Lentšu la Lefase!

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.

Ditsela tša go keteka Letšatši la go Bala ka go Hlaboša Lentšu la Lefase

1. Dira **mošongwana wa dikanegelo** o tee goba go feta ye e šišinyeditšwego *Moletlo wa phakeng* karolong ya "Dira gore kanegelo e be le bophelo!" letlakaleng la 29.
2. **Ka gae:** Ebang le Mathapama a go Bala ka go Hlaboša Lentšu le ba lapa la gago le bagwera. Le balelane dipuku tše le di ratago le hlaboša lentšu gomme le boišane gore ke eng sa go dira gore le ipshine ka tšona.
3. **Sekolong sa gago:** Hlama Sekgoba sa go Bala ka go Hlaboša Lentšu sa go ba le dipuku tša go fapanafapana tša go swanela mengwaga ya go fapana. Beakanya le baihaopi bao ba tlogo balela dihlapha tša bana ba hlaboša lentšu mo sekgobeng sa go kgethega ka Letšatši la go Bala ka go Hlaboša Lentšu la Lefase.
4. **Seišhabeng:** Beakanya tiragalo ya go abelana dikanegelo bokgabapukung goba sekgobeng sefe goba sefe sa seišhaba. Laletša batho ba bagolo le bana gore ba tle go abelana dikanegelo letšatši ka moka. O ka hwetša matlakala a dikeletšo ka dipolelo tša go fapana tša Afrika Borwa ao o ka a laollaga mahala karolong ya "Go abelana dikanegelo" weposaeiteng ya Nalibali: www.nalibali.org.
5. **Mošomong:** Kgopela badirisanimmogo gore ba neele sekolo sa selegae goba sehlopha sa go bala dipuku. Beakanya gore bašomi ba be le nako ya go bala ba hlaboša mantšu ka nako ya matena, kopano goba ka morago ga mošomo.



Drive your imagination



Afrika Borwa yeo go yona A South Africa where



**bana ka moka ba ipshinago ka kanegelo
letšatši le lengwe le le lengwe.**



**every child enjoys a story
every day.**



Contact us in any of these ways:
Ikopanye le rena ka efe goba efe ya ditsela tše:

www.nalibali.org

www.nalibali.mobi

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

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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.

Aga mokgobo wa dipuku wa lapa la gago

Etela weposaete ya rena, www.nalibali.org, go hwetša dikanegelo tše o ka di balago ka polelo ya ka gae. O ka theeletša dikanegelo tša go theeletšwa tše o ka di laollago mahala. Gape weposaete ya rena e reitilwe lefela, gomme se se ra gore o ka tsena go yona o sa diriše data!

- ★ Hwetša khophi ya mahala ya tlaletšo ya rena ya ka kurenteng ya polelopedi kua posong (eya go <https://www.nalibali.org/story-resources/supplement-distribution> go hwetša ya kgauswi le wena) goba ka go ye nngwe ya dikuranta tše di laeditšwego botlase bja matlakala a 1 le 32. Tlaletšo ye nngwe le ye nngwe e na le dikanegelo tše tharo: dipuku tša ripa-o-boloke tše pedi le kanegelo ya Sekhutlo sa dikanegelo ye teleletšana.
- ✓ Kgomaretša dikanegelo tša Sekhutlong sa dikanegelo mo matlakaleng a khatepote (mohlala, lepokisi la serele la kgale) gomme o a khabare ka polastiki gore a se onale ka pela.
- ✓ Mena o be o ripe dipuku tša ripa-o-boloke, ke moka o roke goba go swariša puku ye nngwe le ye nngwe ka seteipolara gore e se onale ka pela.
- ✓ Boloka dipuku tša ripa-o-boloke le dikarata tša dikanegelo ka lepokising goba ka mokotleng wa lešela goba wa polastiki.
- ★ Bešang nama goba le rekiše dikhekhe go kgoboketša tšhelete ya go reka dipuku. Gomme le reke dipuku mabenkeleng a go rekiša dipuku tšeo di dirišitšwego le mebarakeng.
- ★ Kgopela ba lapa la gago le bagwera go neelana ka dimpho tša dipuku.
- ★ Fanang ka dipuku le ba lapa le bagwera.
- ★ Ingwalele dikanegelo tša bana goba o di ngwale le bona. Ka morago o tlemaganye matlakala go dira dipuku.
- ★ Nyakang dikanegelo ka dikuranteng le ka dimakasineng. Di ripe o dire dikarata tša dikanegelo.



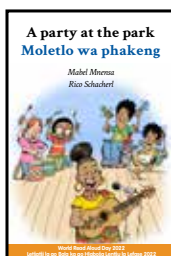
Create TWO WRAD storybook collections

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 Sepedi.
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.



Hlama mekgobo ya dipuku tša dikanegelo ya TWO WRAD

1. Ntšha matlakala a 7 go fihla ka 26 a tlaletšo ye.
2. Matlakala a 7 go fihla ka 16 a dira puku e tee ya Seisemane.
3. Matlakala a 17 go fihla ka 26 a dira puku e tee ya Sepedi.
4. Mena matlakala a puku ye nngwe le ye nngwe ka bogare go bapela le mothaladi wa marontho a matalamorogo.
5. Ripa go bapela le methaladi ya marontho a mahubedu.
6. Roka goba o diriše seteipolara go swariša matlakala a puku.

Hlama puku ya ripa-o-boloke ye TEE

1. Letlakala la go ba le matlakala a 5, 6, 27 le 28 le dira puku e tee.
2. Latela ditaello tša ka tlase go dira puku.
 - a) Mena letlakala ka bogare go bapela le mothaladi wa marontho a maso.
 - b) Le mene ka bogare gape go bapela le mothaladi wa marontho a matalamorogo.
 - c) Ripa go bapela le mothaladi wa marontho a mahubedu.



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.

"Bjale re hloka setšokošī," gwa realo Tin.

"Josh! Tsea Josh!" gwa realo Neo.

"Go na le Josh mo? Josh o kae? A a ile mo sefaleng," gwa realo Tin a sega.

Josh o ile a emiša seaila. Banna ba babedi ba ile ba nameiša setulo sa gagwe sa go thetha sefaleng.

"O amogetswe, Josh," gwa realo Tin. "Leka go leiša ditšokošī iše pedi iše."

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 ke lesolo la go-balela-boipshino la
boses'haba la go utulla le go tsenyeletša setšo sa
go bala go selaganya Afrika Borwa ka bophara.
Go hwetša tshedimošo ye nngwe, etela
www.nalibali.org goba www.nalibali.mobi



Drive your imagination



"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.

"Agaa, batho ka moka!" gwa goeletša Tin. "A re ketekengi! Goba le nyaka We Can Band e le thusē?"

"Ee, ee!" gwa goeletša lešaba.

Tin o ile a lelela. "We Can Band e kae? Aowawwa, nkane ke sa ba bone. E ka se be moleli wa kallego ntle le sehlopha sa mmino. Ke nyaka thuso. Toro ye e ka kgonagatswa fela ke sehlopha!" Tin o ile a lebelela lešaba ka myemyelo. "Sa mathomo, ke ita go nyaka babethi ba meropa ba babedi."

Neo le Hope e bile ba mathomo ba go emiša ditla. Ba nle ge ba namela sefela, Tin a ba iša dithining iša kofi tše nne tše dikgolo iša go ba le dikhurumelo iša polasetiki. Dithini di be di kgabisišwe ka pampiri ya mebala ya go taga le dikonopi. Go be go na le dikotana tšeo Neo le Hope ba ita di diišago go betha meropa.

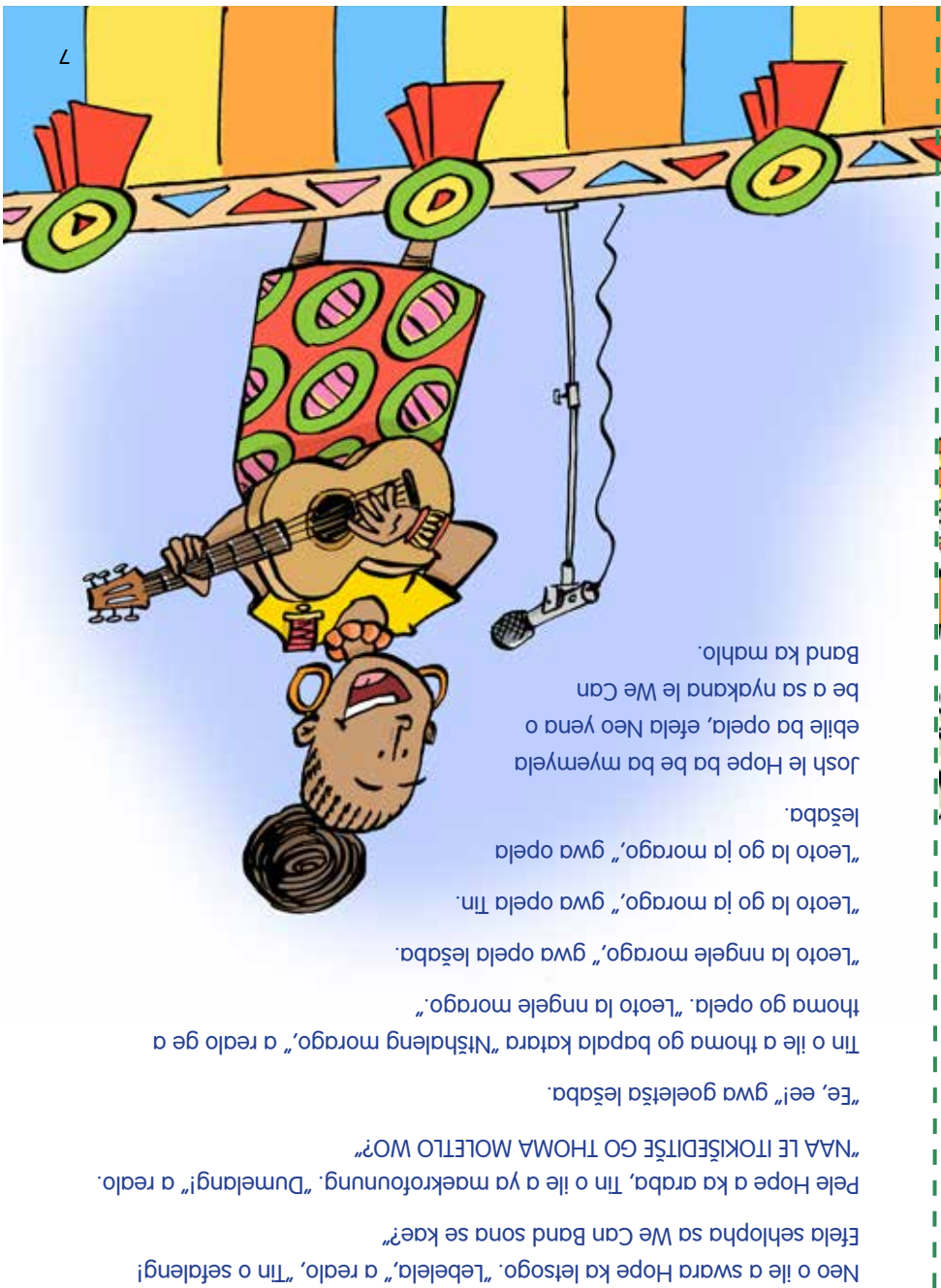
A party at the park

Moletlo wa phakeng

Mabel Mnensa
Rico Schacherl



World Read Aloud Day 2022
Letšatši la go Bala ka go Hlaboša Lentšu la Lefase 2022

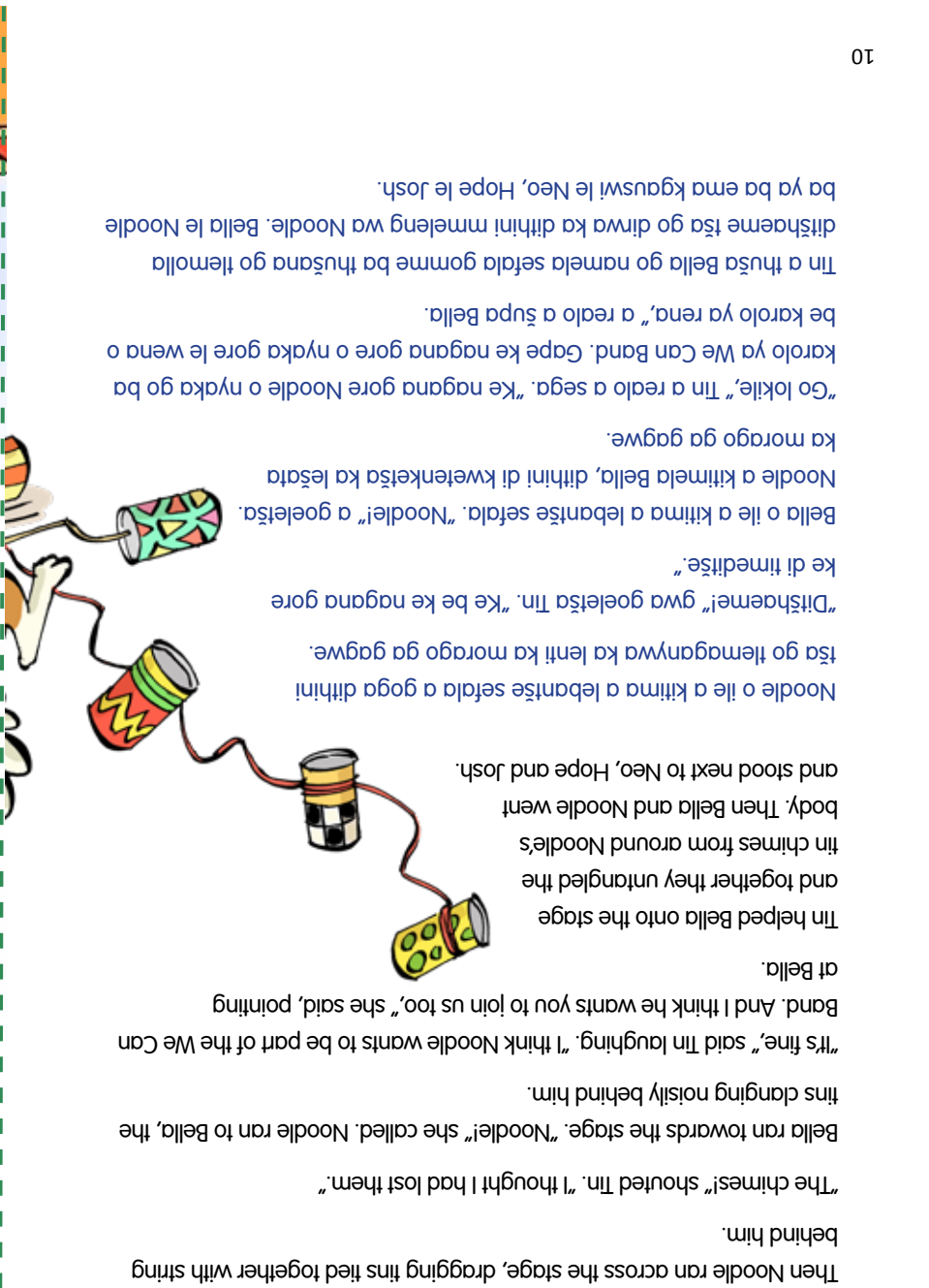


Neo o ile a swara Hope ka letsogo. "Lebelela," a realo, "Tin o sefaleng! Efele sehlopha sa We Can Band sona se kae?"
Pele Hope a ka araba, Tin o ile a ya maekrofounung, "Dumelang!" a realo. "NAA LE ITOKIŠEDITŠE GO THOMA MOLETLO WO?"
"Ee, ee!" gwa goeletša lešaba.
Tin o ile a thoma go bapala katara "Ntšhlang morago," a realo ge a thoma go opela. "Leoto la ngele morago."
"Leoto la ngele morago," gwa opela lešaba.
"Leoto la go ja morago," gwa opela Tin.
"Leoto la go ja morago," gwa opela lešaba.
Josh le Hope ba be ba myemela ebile ba opela, efele Neo yena o be a sa nyakana le We Can Band ka mahlo.

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 le Hope ka moka ba be ba le ntlong ya Koko. Ba be ba bolela ebile ba segela godimo.
"Ššššš!" gwa realo Koko. "Ga ke kgone go kwa seyalemoya. Homolang ka moka re theeletše lenaneo la ka la mmamoratwa."
Bohle ba ile ba homola gomme ba theeletša. Gateetee ba kwa mogaši a bolela leina la phaka ya bona.
"Agaa! Phaka ya rena e a tsebega!" gwa realo Neo.
"... gomme Tiniso, yo a tsebjago gape ka la Tin, o tla ba le pontšho le We Can Band lehono mathapama. Diopedi tša go tšwa Zimbabwe, Nigeria le Malawi le tšona di tla be di diragatša. Batho ka moka ba laletšwa go tla molelong!" gwa realo mogaši.



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 tins chimes from around Noodle's body. Then Bella and Noodle went and stood next to Neo, Hope and Josh.
Noodle o ile a kitima a lebantše sefala a goga diihini tša go tlemaganywa ka lenit ka morago ga gagwe.
"Ditšhaeme!" gwa goeletša Tin. "Ke be ke nagana gore ke di timeditše."
Bella o ile a kitima a lebantše sefala. "Noodle!" a goeletša. Noodle a kitimela Bella, diihini di kwekenkeša ka lešata ka morago ga gagwe.
"Go lokile," Tin a realo a sega. "Ke nagana gore Noodle o nyaka go ba karolo ya We Can Band. Gape ke nagana gore o nyaka gore le wena o be karolo ya rena," a realo a šupa Bella.
Tin a thuša Bella go nanela sefala gomme ba thušana go tlemolla ditšhaeme tša go dirwa ka diihini mmeleeng wa Noodle. Bella le Noodle ba ya ba ema kgauswi le Neo, Hope le 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.
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10th Anniversary edition

World Read-Aloud Day 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.

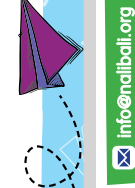
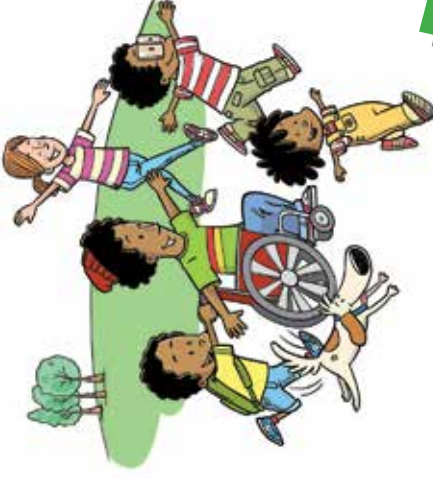
“Home,” laughed Neo, “I’m hungry!”

“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."

IT STARTS WITH A STORY

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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.



Share a story today !



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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?

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Nat'ibali, sentšwela-kae sa malapa!

Eba karolo ya Nat'ibali ya go bala ka lapa gomme o hwešhe dikanegele tše okešegilego, maele le dikgopolo tša kamo o ka balago le bana ba gago ngwaga ka moka.

Go boledišana ka dipuku le dikanegele

Go bala ka go hlaboša go re nea sebaka sa go boleta le bana ba rena ka dipuku le dikanegele. Go boledišana ka dikanegele go bohlokwa go no swana le go ba boleta išona! Boledišanang ka:

- * diswanišho le boanegwa
- * seo se diragalego kanegelelong.

Ekwa dilo tše sego kae tše le ka boledišanago ka tšona. Gopolo gore moreiro o mogolo ke gore le ipshine ka dipuku mmogo, e sego “leka-kwešišo” ya ngwana wa gago ka se a se badilego.

** O nogana gore ka morago ga mo go tlo direga eng?* Boišiša poišišo ye dikarolong tša go fapafapana kanegelelong. Se se thuša bana go ithuta go naganela pele, e lego mokgwa wo babadi ba dikgwari ba o šomišago ka mehla.

** Bona mo. O bona eng?* Ipheng nako ya go bogela le go boledišana ka diswanišho tša ka dipukung tša diswanišho

** Šupeiša ngwana dikarolo tša go fapafapana tša seswanišho.

** Boledišanang ka se le se bonago.

** E re ngwana wa gago a hwešhe batho goba dilo tše išego seswanišhong.

** Boledišanang ka kamo manišu a ngwadliwego ka gona. Na ke a magolo goba a manyenyane? Ka baka la’ng?

** Kanegele ye e dira gore o nogane ka eng goba o ikwe biyang?* Dikanegele di ka thuša bana go kwešiša dilo tše di ba diragalelago bopheleng le go lebelešana le tšona. Boleta dilo tša go swana le gore:

** Kanegele ye e nkgopoiša bohlokwa bja go swara batho ba bangwe gaboiše. Wena e go gopoiša eng?

** Ke ile ka thba ge batho ba motšaneng wo ba hlakodiša diphoofofo. Wena o ile wa ikwa biyang?

** O nogana gore gore’ng se se dirageiše?* Boišiša bana dipoišišo go ba thuša go nogana gore ke ka baka la eng dilo tše išego di dirageiše kanegelelong le gore ke ka baka la eng moanegwa yo a išego a ile a ikwa ka tsela e išego goba a dira dilo ka tsela e išego.

** O nogana eng ka ...? ... o/e go dirile gore o ikwe biyang?*

** Na o ipshine ka kanegele?

** Moanegwa yo o mo ratago kudu ke mang?

** Ke karolo efe ya kanegele yeo o e ratilego kudu goba ganyenyane?

** Kanegele ye e dirile gore o ikwe biyang?

** O nogana eng ka mofelelo a kanegele ye?

Nat'ibali e mo bakeng sa gore e go kgothatše le go go thekga. Ikgekaganye le rena ka difsela tše:

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Ngwaga wa bo-10 wa kgatiso



Kgoboketšo ya Dikanegele ya Letšatši la go Bala ka go Hlaboša Lentšu la Lefase



Ge o ipshina ka go bala le bana ba gago ka mehla, o:

- ★ I ba bonišha gore o nogana gore dipuku le go bala go bohlokwa.
- ★ I ba le dilo tšeo o ka di boletago le lapa la gago.
- ★ I o bopa tswalano e maita magareng ga lena.
- ★ I ba thuša go bona gore go bala ke mošomo wo o thadišago le wo o nago le moreiro.
- ★ I ba bonišha gore re bala biyang le gore dipuku di biyang.
- ★ I ba thuša go ipshina ka dikanegele tšeo ba ka se kgonego go ipalela ka bobona.
- ★ I ba kgothaleiša go ithuta go ipalela le go dula ba bala.
- ★ I thwaeiša go bala le go ba le makiwelo ao a lla ba thušago gore ba ipshine ka sekolo le tikologo yo gabo bona.

SEPEDI

Thoko o hwetša naledi ya gauta ebile o a atlwa

Kanegelo le diswantšho ka Niki Daly

Labohlano e be e dula e le letšatši le legolo la "Kabo ya Difoka tša Dinaledi".

Go filhla ga bjale, Thoko o hweditše naledi e serolane ka dipalo, naledi ye hubedu ka ge mongwalo wa gagwe o hwetikile le naledi ye talalerata ka ge a na le "diatla tša go hlweka". Dinaledi tše talamorogo e be e le tša go thuša Moh McKensie go rwala mokotla wa gagwe o mogolo go tšwa sefatanageng sa gagwe go ya phaphošing ya borutelo. O hweditše naledi ya gauta ka go bala. Dinaledi tša gauta di a kgahliša!

Dinaledi ka mehla di be di abiwa pele tšhipi ya sekolo e lla le pele bohle ba ka kitimela ntle go bommagobona, botatagobona, bokoko ba bona, goba bommane ba bona lepatlelong la go bapalela. Bohle, ntle le Thoko, ka ge a be a dula kgauswi gomme a sepele ka maoto go ya gae. Thoko o be a dula le mmagwe ka morago ga lebenkele la koko'agwe mo go rokwego diaparo.

Ka Labohlano go bile bose ka gobane Thoko o bile le tšhelete ya go reka sa bose ge a le tseleng ya go ya gae. Labohlano leo e bile Labohlano la mahlatse ka go fetiša go Thoko ka gobane o fihlile mo go phakiwago difatanaga ka nako go thuša Moh McKensie go mo rwalela mokotla wa gagwe o mogolo go ya phapošing ya borutelo. Mo gongwe o tla thopa naledi ye talamorogo. Efela go ka ba kaone ge a ka hwetša naledi ya gauta.

Moragonyana Thoko o itekile kudu ka go bala – go bala ka tthagiso, go ema ka morago ga fegelwana le go ema mo go lego khutlo gore a heme. Yo a badilego bokaonekaone ke Brendan, yoo bana ba mmitšago "Mahlo a megabaru" ka ge a badile dipuku tše dintši kudu.

Thoko o ile a thuša Moh McKensie go aba matlakalatšhomo. Letlakalatšhomo la Labohlano le be le bolela ka nako

– gomme go Thoko nako e be e nanya. Ge go be go kgonega o be a ka sepetša manaka a dišupanako ka moka ka lebelo tše di thadiwego gomme a emiša ka Nako ya Kabo ya Difoka tša Dinaledi! Ge go be go opelwa o be a fela pelo ya gore ba fihle mothalading wa mafelelo wa koša ye mpsha. Go be go le bohloko go emela Kabo ya Difoka tša Dinaledi.

Pakanathuto ya mafelelo sekolong, go be go sa dirwe selo, ka fao Thoko o ile a akanyetša go bala. Ge a dutše a bala, o ile a lebala ka ga nako – o thomile ka puku e tee gomme ya latelwa ke ye nngwe gwa latela ye nngwe gape. Ka nako ye a fetša go tsenya dithaetlele lenaneong la gagwe la go bala, ke ge Moh McKensie a thoma go bolela maina a bao ba thopilego dinaledi.

Shane, Rhapelang, Corne le Taitum ka moka ba hweditše dinaledi tše diserolwane. Gift, Gaswin, Aydon, Chleo le Kay-Lee ba hweditše dinaledi tše dihubedu. Roche, Shaunique le Miska ba hweditše dinaledi tše ditalamorogo. Dana Rose yo a kgonnego go hlapa sebenyane se se talamorogo menwaneng ya gagwe ya diatla ka nako ya go khutša, o hweditše naledi ye talalerata. Thoko o ile a kwa leina la gagwe le bitšwa.

"Thoko le Brendan", gwa tsebiša Moh McKensie, a lebeletše mananeo a go bala. Brendan o badile dipuku tše hlano gomme Thoko o badile tše tshela! O kwele eke o tla nyaoga ka lethabo ge Moh McKensie a bea naledi ya gauta phatlang ya gagwe.

"Kweteng – kweteng!" gwa lla tšhipi ya sekolo

Go hlohletša bokgoni bja bana ka go anega dikanegelo le go bala



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"Gabolise, a re direng phadišano ya difofane tša pampiri," a realo Afrika a ntšha seithalwa sa gagwe sa sefofane sa pampiri.

"Ijo, se botse," Josh a realo. "Ke nyaka go ba mafotiši wa difofane leišatši le lengwe. Efela emal! Ke tla le bontšha gore difofane di fofišwa bjang. Nkekišeng," a goeletša.

Josh o ile a emiša matsogo a gagwe gomme a opela:

"Eya go la ngele, eya go la goja. Eya go la goja, eya go la ngele."

Emiša matsogo a gago gomme o tswalele mahlo. La ngele, la goja, godimo, tlase. Re tlo fofela gohle."

Afrika, Neo, Bella le Hope le bona ba ile ba dira seo. Ge Josh a dikologa gape le gape ka setulo sa gagwe sa go tšweleha, ba bangwe ba klimeklime ba phatladiše matsogo ba opela le go sega. Ee, le Noodle o ile a dira seo! Ba eme mola ka moka ba felelwa ke moya.



"Emal! Neo, emal! O ya kae?" gwa botšiša Afrika.

"Gae," Neo a sega, "Ke swerwe ke tlalal!"

"Le nna," a realo Bella.

"Hauu!" a realo Noodle.

Hope o ile a lebelela sešupanako sa gagwe. "Re latešwe dijong tša matena," a realo. "Go koane re kitime."

"Aowa," a realo Josh. "A re fofeng!" Ka moka ba ile ba sega, ba phatladiša matsogo a bona ... gomme ba fofela gae.

"Bjale a re direng difofane tša pampiri," a realo Afrika. O bula mokotla wa gagwe a ntšha matlakala a mmalwa a pampiri. "Ke tla le bontšha gore le dire bjang."

"Ke duma okare nkabe ba re ruta se sekolong," a realo Hope a latela ditaelo tša Afrika.

Ge bohle ba feditiše, Afrika o ile a re, "Pele o fofiša sefofane sa gago, o swanetše go tšea sepheto sa gore o nyaka go ya kae. Ge o fošetša sefofane sa gago moyeng goeletša leina la naga ye o se romelago go yona. Tee, pedi, tharo – FOHŠANG!" Ka moka ba ile ba fošetša difofane tša bona tša pampiri moyeng.

"Ke romela sa ka Zimbabwel!" a realo Neo.

"Sa ka se leba Engelande!" Bella le Hope ba goeletša sammaletee.

"Brazil!" a realo Afrika.

"Japanel!" a realo Josh.

Bana ba ile ba sega ge ba bona difofane tša bona di fofa go puflaganya lefaufau. Noodle o be a klime gohle a goba a nyaka go swara difofane tša pampiri!

"Bjale le a tseba gore ga le hloke go ba ka gare ga sefofane sa nnete gore le se tšise," a realo Josh.



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Fofišang, kamoka, fofišang!

Kanegelo ka Sinle Nontshokweni ■ Diswanišho ka Magriet Brink le Leo Daly
■ Phetolelo ka Mpho Masipa

Afrika. Dirile le Mme wa Afrika ba be bale ka poseng ba eya go etela Koko. "Hei Neko ya makhušo e fihlile!" a realo Afrika a fofotofa setulong sa gagwe.

"Sshhi O tla tsoša sesi wa gago," gwa hebahaba Mme wa Afrika.

"Tshwarelo, Mma," gwa hebahaba Afrika.



Afrika o lekile go ikeila, efela a polelwa, "Ke duma okare pese ye ya go tšofa!a nkabe e le sefotane," a realo a phatladiša matsogo a gagwe bido ka sefotane. "Ge nkabe re fofa, nkabe e le kgole re fihlile ntlong ya Koko."

"Ke a tseba," a realo Mma, "efela iša matsogo a gago fase pele o kgotla motho yo mongwe ka mahlong hle."

"Hdi, pese ye e a nanya," Afrika a hemea godimo. "Re kase tsoge re fihlile."

Go fellelile diiri, efela mafelelong pese e ile ya ena gomme ba bona Koko a dumediša ka go emiša seadla. "Ke thobille kudu ka gore ke fihlile fa ka pelo," a realo Koko a ba gokara le go ba atla ka moka ga bona.

"Re be re le ka gare ga pese ye ya go kgehlakgehla, ya lešadla, ya kgole sebaka se setelele, Koko," a realo Afrika.

"Ke a tseba," gwa myemyela Koko. "Bidle, areyeng ka gae. Ke na le taye le khokhe gomme Neo le Mbali ba tlo fihla gae e se kgole." Seo se dirile gore Afrika a myemyela tsela yohle go fihla ntlong ya Koko.

Ge Koko a sega khokhe o ile a re "Ge ke be ke sa le



yo monnyane go be go se na dipese. Bidle go na le difatamaga, dipose, ditheksi, diferene ..."

"... le difotane," a realo Neo a eya ka phapošing le Mbali. Afrika o ile a fofa a dumediša bogwera ba gagwe. O be a thabeše go ba bona gape.

Mbali o ile a lealea. "Mabose, mabose," a realo a šupa khokhe.

Koko o ile a sega gomme a fa yo mongwe le yo mongwe selai sa khokhe. "Josh, Hope le Bella batlo etela gosasoa," a realo.

"Le Noodle," a realo Mbali.

"Le Noodle," gwa dumela Koko.



Ka leišašila go latela bohle ba be ba tsogile. "Ge e le gore ke tseba bogwera ba gogo gdboše," a realo Mme wa Afrika. "ba tlo fihla fa pele o feiša difihlolo iša gogo." Ka ndko yeo bohle ba kwa mpša e goba.

"Noodle, fokotšai!" Bella a goeletša, a latela Noodle ka phapošing. Noodle o be a thabeše go bona batlo bohle.

Josh le Hope ba ile ba fihla ka pejana gomme batlo bohle ba thoma go boela. Koko o ile a khupiša dišebe iša gagwe. "Feišang go fa, gomme le sepele!" Koko a realo gomme a latela bona ba bogokwane le Noodle gore ba ye go bapola ka ntle.

"Josh," a realo Afrika, a kgarameiša setulo sa go thwetša se leble lepatlelong, "o gopola nako ye ke be ke le fa la mdelelo gomme wa thopa setfoka phodišanong ya dikhoethe?"

"Ee," gwa sega Josh. "Nkase tsoge ke lebeleše seo."

gomme Thoko a kitima ka lebelo a ešwa ka keiti ya sekolo. O be a fela pelo ya go bontšha Mmagwe le Koko'agwe naledi ya gagwe ya gauta. Ge a fihla fao Moh Ismail a rekišago dikokisana tša go ba le sepaese gona, ke ge sefahlego sa gagwe se šetše se fiša ka lebaka la go kiima. Morwedi wa Moh Ismail o monnyane, Sharifa, o be a itira eke ke yena mohlokomedi wa lebenkele. O ile a fa Thoko kokisana ya sepaese e le ka gare ga mokotla wa pampiri gomme a myemyela ka lethabo. "Ke a leboga," a realo Thoko gomme a kitima.

"Mmai! Koko!" a goelela, a bile a tsena ka lebati la ka pele, "Lebelelang gore ke hweditše eng?"

Koko'agwe o ile a lebelela a be a roka gomme Mmagwe a nyarela go tšwa khutlong.

"Dumela, Thoko!" ba dumediša. "Go bile bjang sekolong?"

"Lebelelang!" a realo Thoko.

Mmagwe le Kokoagwe ba ile ba lebelela ge Thoko a šupa phatleng ya gagwe.

"Re lebelele eng, Thoko?" gwa botšiša Koko.

"Naledi ya ka ya gauta!" gwa fetola Thoko ka go fela pelo.

"Naledi ya gauta ye efe?" gwa botšiša Mmagwe.

"Ye," a realo Thoko, a šupa phatleng ka monwana. O kwele a swara letlalo la boreledi! Naledi ya gauta e be se gona! Thoko o ile a lla ge a be a le gare a hlaloša ka moo a hweditšego naledi ya gauta ka go bala.

"O e bone nengla mafelelo?" gwa botšiša Mmagwe.

"Sekolong," gwa fetola Thoko.

"Ka morago ga sekolo o dirile eng?" gwa botšiša Koko'agwe. Thoko o ile a hlaloša ka ga leeto la gagwe la go boa sekolong gomme a boela a lla.

"Naledi ye ke ya pampiri," a realo Mmagwe. Ga go bjallo. E be e le naledi ye kgethegilego kudu ya gauta.

"Iphumule mekgogo gomme re tla ya go lebelela naledi ya gago ya gauta," a realo Koko'agwe.

Koko'agwe o ile a thuša Thoko go lota mehlala ya gagwe go dikologa khutlo le mo tseleng ya go boela sekolong. Ba hweditše naledi ya Thoko ya gauta lefelong la go rekša dikokisana la Moh Ismail – e kgomaretše phatleng ya morwedi wa Moh Ismail yo monnyane! Moh Ismail o rile go kwa taba ya Thoko ya manyami a re, "Sharifa moratiwa, naledi ya gauta ye o e topilego ke ya Thoko." Sharifa o be a šetše a thomile go rata naledi ya Thoko ya gauta. Moh Ismail o rile ge a leka go e kgoromolla, a lla kudu ka fao bafeti ba tsela ba ilego ba gopola gore o a bolawa.



Koko'agwe o ile a retologela go Thoko. "Sharifa e sale yo monnyane kudu go ka kwešiša gore go phetha toka ke eng. Efela wena o yo mogolo o swanetše go kwešiša. Mo fe naledi ya gago ya gauta," a realo. Thoko o ile a gopodišša sebakanyana. Dikhutlo tša naledi ya gauta di be di phuthegile, gomme e bonala eke e ka wa gape.

"Go lokile," a realo Thoko, "Sharifa a ka e tšea." Efela ka teng, o be a sa nyamile. Ga go bonolo go thopa dinaledi tša gauta.

Ka nako ya go robala, Koko'agwe o ile a tlišetša Thoko sengwe se se kgethegilego se a mo diretšego sona – sepatišetšamoriri sa go ba le naledi ya gauta ya go bekenya. "Ke ka gobane o le sebadi se hlwehlwa," a realo Koko'agwe. Morago o ile a atla Thoko phatleng a hebahaba, "Ke ka gobane o le mosetsana wa go loka wa go šomiša monagano." Thoko o ile a swara phatla ya gagwe a nagana gannyane gomme a ya go robala: "Dinaledi tša gauta di menagana dikhutlo gomme tša wa. Go atla ke selo sa go ya go ile!"

Ka fao dikanegelo di thomilego ka gona

Kanegelo ka Wendy Hartmann
Diswantšho ka Tamsin Hinrichsen
Phetolelo ka Mpho Masipa

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 up by the sea to carve beautiful things:



had a story to share. The first animal she met was the hare. He came thump-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. "Whooo ... are ... yooou 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 hunting?" "Oh, wise Fish Eagle," said the woman, "I'm searching for stories. Do you know where I can find some?"

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

Go hlohletša bokgoni bja bana ka go anega dikanegelo le go bala



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Ba apešitše sebopiwa diaparo tša Hope tša karate le mongatse wa mahoduwatle le phetšhe ya leihlo ya Neo. Josh o bofetše sebopiwa khaetheng ya gagwe. Ba be ba lokile bjale!



Bana ba khutile ka morago ga sethokgwa gomme ba lokolla lenti la khaethe. Pheto ye kgolo ye maatla e ile ya fofšetša sebopiwa leaufaung. Godimo, godimo, godimo, sa sobelela, se kitima leaufaung se ba tlogetše.

Ka nako yeo, Bella le mmagwe ba be ba fihlile phakeng go sepela le Noodle. Erile ge Noodle a bona selo sa go lekelela leaufaung, a thoma go goba, a goga thapo ye a kgokilwego ka yona. Bella o lekile go swarelela thapo ya Noodle, efela a goga ka maatla a ba e tlogela. Noodle o ile a kitima go selaganya phaka. Bella le mmagwe ba ile ba mo kitimiša.

Sebopiwa se ile sa thoma go theogela tlase go ya hlogong ya meyara ge a be a efa polelo! Noodle o be a kitimela thoko ga gagwe a sa goba sebopiwa – gomme Bella le mmagwe ba mo šetše morago.

Josh o gogile lenti la khaethe, a leka go iša sebopiwa godingwana leaufaung, efela go be go se sa kgonega. Noodle o be a fofela sebopiwa, a wišetša meyara fase. Dipampiri tša polelo ya meyara di ile tša phatlalala gohle phakeng, gomme batho ba thoma go tšhabela gohle.

Neo, Josh, Hope, Bella le mmagwe ba kitimela



go yo thuša. Ba hweditše meyara a le mo fase kgauswi le sebopiwa, Noodle e be e le gare e sa goba. Bana ba be ba thuša go homotša Noodle mola mmago Bella a thuša go emiša meyara. Gomme Hope o ile a hlaloša leano la gagwe



le ka fao le sepetšego bošaedi ka gona. Meyara o theeditše gomme ge Hope a fetša, a mo lebelela ... a thoma go sega. "Agaa, bjale o ka ngwala kanegelo ya gago ya sebopiwa sa go tšhoša," meyara a šišinya.

Le ge leano la Hope le sa šoma gabotse, e



bile letšatši le yo mongwe le yo mongwe a tlo le gopolago!



LETŠATŠI LA GO BALA KA GO HLABOŠA LENTŠU LA LEFASE LA 2020

Letšatsi le re le gopolago

Kanegelo ka Lorato Trok
Diswantišo ka Rico
Phetolelo ka Mpho Masipa

"Ithaganele Neo, ga re na nako!" Hope a realo a bea mokotla wa gagwe fase. Hope le Josh ba be ba emetše Neo. Ba be ba eya phakeng e le leano la go logwa ke Hope!

Hope o thomile go loga leano morago ga go bala puku ye mpsha ya a e reketšwego ke mmagwe. E be e bolela ka mosetsana wa bogale yo a pholositšego motse wa gabo go sebopiwa sa go tšhoša. Hope o ipshinne ka puku ye kudu a fetša go e bala ka moka ka letšatši le letsee, gomme a ba a lora ka sebopiwa sa go tšhoša bošegong bjoo!

"Ke dumela gore re tlo ipshina ka leano la gago. Ke ka lebaka la eng o ithaganeše bjalo?" Neo a botšiša Hope a tswalela lebatl la ka pele. Neo o be a apere mongatse wa gagwe wa mahoduwatle wa mmamoratwa le phetšhe ya leihlo.

"Le nna ga ke tsebe selo bjalo ka wena, Neo. Hope o kgopetše gore ke tle le khaethe ya ka phakeng," a realo Josh a šupa khaethe ya gagwe. "Ntshpepeng, le tile go ipshina ka sei" a realo Hope a sepele pele ga bagwera ba gagwe. Neo le Josh ba mo latele, ba leka go mo swara.

Ge ba fihla phakeng, ba hweditše meyara a dikologilwe ke sehlopha sa batho ba bantši. "Go diragala eng?" Josh a botšiša mosadi yo a bego a eme kgauswi.

"Ke gore, ke sebaka meyara a hwešša dipelaelo tše dintši ka ge go se na moriti wo o lekanego phakeng," a realo. "Ka fao, o kgonthišitše gore go bjalwa mehlare ye mentiši gomme lehono o tile fa

go keteka se le batho bohle."

"Aowa batho! Phaka e tletše kudu gore leano la ka le šome," a realo Hope, a swabile.

"Leano lefe?" Neo le Josh ba botšiša sammalatee, ba lebelelane.

"Le gopola kanegelo ye ke e badilego ka ga mosetsana yo bogale wa go phološa naga ya gabo?" gwa botšiša Hope. "Gabotsebotse, ke be ke nagana gore re ka hlama sebopiwa sa go tšhoša, ra se bofelela khaatheng ya Josh gomme ra e fofiša mo phakeng. Efele bjale lebelelai!" a realo Hope a šupa batho bao ba thabilego ba eme go dikologa meyara. Neo o bone ka fao Hope a nyamilego ka gona.

"Leano le lebotse, Hope!" a realo. "Areyeng ka morago ga sethokgwa sela se segolo. Ga go motho yo a tla re bonago fale." Josh le Hope ba dumela ka dihlogo gomme ba sepele.

"Josh, eya go lebelela dithatana. Neo, tšola mongatse wa gago wa mahoduwatle le phetšhe ya leihlo," gwa laela Hope a ntšha diparo tša gagwe tša karate le palune ya gagwe mokotleng wa gagwe. Josh o hweditše dithatana kgauswi le motomo wa ditlaka la gomme bagwera ba bararo ba du'a ka morago ga sethokgwa ba diriša lenti la go tšwa mokotleng wa Hope go di bofanya mmogo ka sebopego sa sefapano go dira mmele wa sebopiwa.

Gomme Hope a budulela palune a e bofelela go dira hlogo ya sebopiwa.



"Yes," said Fish Eagle, "I know who can help you. Go to where the rocks join the sea. Stand there and call for the giant sea turtle." The woman thanked him and went down to the sea. She had only called for the giant sea turtle twice when he rose up through the water with a great splash.

"Don't be afraid," Sea Turtle said. "Hold onto my shell. I will take you to the sea people who know all things and all stories." Down, down, down they went into the sea, right to the bottom, straight to the king and queen of the sea.

"And who is this?" asked the king. "This is a woman from the dry lands above our waters," whispered the queen.

"What is it that you want, woman of the dry lands?" asked the queen.

"Stories, your Highness. Do you have any that I can take to my people?" "We do," said the queen. "But do you have something to exchange for these stories?"

"What would you like?" asked the woman. The king and queen smiled. "We cannot go up to your dry lands. We would like to see what it is like. Bring us something to show us what kind of animals and people there are." "I will," said the woman.



The giant sea turtle took her back to the dry land and waited while she rushed home to tell her husband everything.

"Oh," he said excitedly. "I have many carvings of animals, birds and people. You can take them all."

Soon the woman was back at the beach with a bundle of the carvings. Once again the turtle dived and took them down, down, down.

When the king and queen saw the carvings, they were very happy and they gave her a beautiful shell.

"For you and for your people, we give the gift of stories. Whenever you want a story, hold this up to your ear and listen," they said.

"But remember this," whispered the king in her ear, "your very first story began with your journey down here."

When at last the woman returned to the shore, her husband, her children and all the people of the village were waiting.

They had made an enormous fire that crackled and spat in the darkness. "And now," they called out to her, "tell us a story. Tell us a story!"

The woman smiled. She held the shell and said, "Yes ... Na'ibali ... here is the story. Sssh. Now listen." And that was how the first story was told.

After that the woman held the shell to her ear and told more and more stories.

And if this is the first story that you have heard, just remember, there are many, many more to come.



Go hlohletša bokgoni bja bana ka go anega dikanegelo le go bala



Mpho ya Sisanda

Kanegelo ka Gcina Mhlophe
Diswantšho ka Jiggs Snaddon-Wood
Phetolelo ka Mpho Masipa

Letšatši le lengwe le le lengwe ge Sisanda wa go ba le mengwaga ye seswai a fihla gae a etšwa sekolong, o hlobola yunifomo, a ja matena a ba a bapala moraloko wa morabaraba le rakgolo wa gagwe. Ba ipshina kudu ba fofiša "dikgomo" borotong ebile ga a sa nyaka le go emiša. Efela ka morago o ile a mo gopotša gore o nyaka go ba molaodi wa pankka ka letšatši le lengwe ge a gola.

"O ka dira seo biang ntle le go ya sekolong sa thuto ya godimo?" rakgolo wa gagwe a dira metlae.

Sisanda a itshegela. "Ke tla ya sekolong sa thuto ya godimo le yunibesithi. Ke ka fao ke šomag kudu sekolong!"

Sisanda ke yo motelele kudu go feta mengwaga ya gagwe – o tšeeletše tatagwe. O tšeeletše mmagwe ka sefahlego sa nkgokolo le monyemelo wo mobotse. Letšatši ka letšatši batswadi ba gagwe ka bobedi ba tsoga e sa le mesong ba ya mošomong lešokeng la diphoofolo la kgauswi.

Ka nako ye sekolo sa Sisanda le bagwera ba gagwe se thoma, dihlopha tša baeti di tla be di fihla go tlo bona diphoofolo tše botse tša Afrika.

Ka letšatši la matswalo a gagwe la mafelelo, Sisanda o filwe tshwaro ya go kgethega – batswadi ba gagwe ba mo dumeletše go swarela moletiwana ka



Ka Labohlano le lengwe, tatago Sisanda o ile a boya mošomong ka pela. O be a bonala a befetšwe. "Go senyegile kae, Tate?" Sisanda a botšiša.

"Lehono motšhišhi wa dinose o lomile thutiwa ya mma," gwa hlaloša tatago Sisanda. "Hlogo ya yona e be e rurugile ka lebaka la go lomiwa gomme le mahlo a yona a mabotse a tswarelegile. Re lekile go e thuša efela, gwa se thuše selo – e ile ya hwa. Sa go kweša bohloko kudu ke gore e be e na le namanyana yeo e lego gore e sa e hloka."

"Aowaowa!" a realo Sisanda a thoma go lla. "Okare nkabe go na le se nka se dirago. Ngwana wa thutiwa o swanetše go ba a lla bjalo ka nna."

Sisanda a tšwela pele go lla. Mmagwe o ile a leka go mo homotša. O ile a ba a balela Sisanda kanegelo ya tlaletšo ka nako ya go robala go mo thuša go lebala ka bohloko bjo a bo kwešitšwego ke ngwana wa thutiwa. Mafelelong, Sisanda o ile a robatšwa ke lentšu la mmagwe.

Mesong ya go latela Sisanda o ile a tsoga a na le kgopolo!

"Nka ya le lena mošomong lehono?" a botšiša tatagwe. "Ke swaretše ngwana wa thutiwa mpho." Batswadi ba gagwe ba ile ba lebelelana, ba myemela gomme ba re, "Ee, o ka sepela le rena."



Afrika bjalo ka kgošgatšana ya go ikgantšha. "Jjoo!" a realo Afrika, a kgahlegile kudu.

"Ke wena mang?"

"Ke nna Asanda," a realo.

"Ke nna Afrika. O ithutile biang go dira se?" Afrika a botšiša.

"Ke thomile ka go leka go sepela ke rwele dipuku hlogong ya ka," a realo. "O se šikinye hlogo ya gago ge o sepela." A bušetša lebotlelo la senotšididi gape hlogong ya Afrika. "Sepela ka go nanya bjale, o išitše nko ya gago moyeng, bjalo ka kgošana."

Afrika a sepela go dikologa Asanda a nanya kudu, a sa šikinye hlogo ya gagwe, gape nko ya gagwe e le moyeng. Lebotlelo ga se la wa!

"Lebelela Mma! Ntebelele ..." a realo Afrika, efela o be a sa bone mmagwe! Motho yo mongwe o ile a thula Afrika gomme lebotlelo la wa hlogong ya gagwe. Efela o le lebetše – o be a nyaka go tseba gore mmagwe o kae!

"O gokae, Mma?" a goeletša. Go be go se phetolo. "Mmai!" a goeletša kudunyana. Gwa se be le phetolo.

"Mma wa ka o timetše!" a realo Afrika go Asanda. "Re be re eya setolong sa dipuku mo sekhutlwaneng, efela bjale o nyameletše!"

"Le nna ke ya setolong sa dipuku! Ke ile go reka puku ya kanegelo ka tšhelete ye ke e bolokilego. Mogongwe mmago o kua setolong sa dipuku. Areye go mo nyaka!" gwa šišinya Asanda.

Mmogo Asanda le Afrika ba sepela ka lešabeng la batho. Gateetee Afrika a kwa leina la gagwe! "Afrika! Afrika! O gokae?"



"Ke lentšu la mma," a realo Afrika. "Aowii, o timetše! Ke kgona go kwa gore o befetšwe. O kwagala eke o kgauswi le setolo sa dipuku. Etlā, a re kitime, Asanda!"

Bana ba kitimela setolong sa dipuku mmogo, gomme gona fao, pele ga setolo, go be go le Mme wa Afrika le Dintle. Mma a bula matsogo a gagwe gomme Afrika a kitimela ka gare ga

ona thwii.

"Dumela Mma, o gabotse?" gwa botšiša Afrika. "O se hlwe o belaela bjale, re go hweditše, wena le Dintle. Ga le sa timetše."

Dintle o be a thabile kudu go bona buti wa gagwe. Afrika o ile a inama a mo gokara.

"Mma, yo ke Asanda, mogwera wa ka yo moswa," a realo Afrika. "O nthutile go rwa lebotlelo la senotšididi hlogong se sa we. O nyaka go reka puku."

"Dumela, Asanda, ke

thabela go go bona," a realo Mme wa Afrika ka myemelo.

"Bjale, a re lebelele dipuku re bone gore re tšea efe!

Afrika, gopola gore o rile o nyaka go

ithuta go

aga sehloga

sa nonyana."

Ka moka ba

tšea nako

ba lebeletše

dipuku gomme

Mma a hwetša e tee ya

go laetša ka fao o ka dirago dilo tše dintši ka legong. "Hle, nka e tšea?" Afrika a kgopela mmagwe.

"Ee, ge o e rata," a realo Mma.

E be e le nako ya go sepela. "Lebelela, Asanda!

Ke ya le puku ya ka gae ke e rwele hlogong!" Afrika

a realo, a dira gore puku ya gagwe e se we hlogong

ya gagwe.

"O se lebale go iša nko ya gago moyeng, bjalo

ka kgošana!" Asanda a sega.



O gokae?

Kanegelo ka Ann Walton
Diswanišho ka Rico
Phetolelo ka Mpho Masipa

“Re ya mabenkeleng! Re ya mabenkeleng!” Afrika a fofela godimo le tase mo pele ga Dintle. Mmagwe, Mme wa Afrika, a myemela, gomme Dintle a opa diatla.

“Ee,” a realo Mme wa Afrika, “apara dieta. Re swanetše go itlhaganela. Re sa tile go sepea go ya boemapase.”

Boemapaseng, go be go na le batho ba bantiši ba emetše pase. Gomme ba rle go telela ka paseng ka moka, batho bohle ba pitagana. Mme wa Afrika o beile Dintle diripeng tša gagwe. Ka morago mosadi o ile a dula kgauswi le yena. Afrika o dutše ka lehlakoreng le lengwe la mmagwe, a pitlagane lefasetereng. Efela o be a sa belaele le gatee ka gobane o be a tlo kgona go bona ka ntle ga lefasetere.

Mafetelong mootledi a goeletša, “Boemapase



bja mafetelo!”

“Etla, Afrika. Re fologa fa,” a realo mmagwe.

Ge ba fetša go fologa pase, Mme wa Afrika o ile a bopula Dintle mokokotlong wa gagwe.

“Mpatamele,” a laela Afrika. “Go na le leemaema felo fa.”

Go be go na le leemaema. Go be go na le batho ba go rwa!a mekotla le go kgarametša deteroli tša go tla!a direkwa. Gape go be go na le mosadi yo



mongwe a rwele direkwa tša gagwe hlogong.

“O ka rwa!a bjalo, Mma?” Afrika a botiša mmagwe.

“Ka dira eng?” gwa botiša Mme wa Afrika.

“Wa rwa!a dilo godimo ga hlogo ka tse!a yela,” a realo Afrika.

“Ee, nka di rwa!a. Go bonolo,” a realo mmagwe.

Afrika a bogela mosadi yo!a a sepe!a go fihle!a a nyamele!a lešabeng la batho bao ba bego ba eme magareng ga ditlo!o tša maraka.

“Ke a !kana!e mna nka rwa!a dilo hlogong!”

Afrika a ipotš!a bjalo. O bone lebotlelo la go se be le selo la senošididi la polasetiki mo fase. O ile a le topa a le bea hlogong ya gagwe, efela o ile a swanelwa ke go le swaeletša ka ge le be le phe!a le wela fase.

“Eishi!” a realo

mosetsana yo a lego kgauswi le

yena. “Ke t!a go bontš!a gore seo

se diwa bjang!”

O tšere lebotlelo

la senošididi, a

le bea hlogong ya

gagwe, a išitše nko

ya gagwe moyeng,

a sepe!a a dikologa



E be e le letšatši le borutho efela go na le maru. Lešokeng la diphoofo!o go be go r!le tuu ka tse!a ya go se tlwaelege.

“Ke nagna gore letšatši ga le tšwelele lehono ka gobane le nyamišitšwe ke ngwana wa thut!wa,” a realo Sisanda.

T!ou ye kgolokgolo e be e lebele!še maloko a lapa ge ba sepe!a.

“Mo gongwe e makatšwa ke ge mosetsana yo monnyane a eya mošomong le batswadi ba gagwe,” a realo mmago Sisanda.

Sisanda a dumela ka hlogo. “E tile go makatšwa ke seo e tlilego go se bona,” a nagna.

Ba hweditše ngwana wa thut!wa a eme a le

tee. Molala wa yona o mo telele o be o lekeletše

gomme mahlo a yona a magolo a matsot!o a be a laetš!a bodutu. Sisanda o ile a ema kgauswi le yona ka fao a ka kgonago. O ile a bula mokot!ana wa gagwe a nš!ha puku. Batswadi ba gagwe ba ile ba makala, a thoma go balela ngwana wa thut!wa. E ile ya retolotš!a hlogo go ya thoko ya lentš!u la gagwe

gomme ya theeletša ka fao o ka rego e kweiš!a lentš!u le lengwe le le lengwe. Mathomong, batswadi ba Sisanda ba be ba gopola gore go balela thut!wa ke bohlo!a, efela ba fetot!a menagano ge ba bona ka fao e bonat!ago e le khutšong ka gona – mahlo a yona a go laetš!a boleta a lebele!še Sisanda.

“Kanegelo ya ka e dirile gore a ikwe bokaone,”

Sisanda a botš!a rakgolo wa gagwe ge a fih!a gae.

Sisanda o ile a ya go etela ngwana wa thut!wa mathapama a mantši le mafetelong a beke. Gomme nako le nako ge a eya o be a eya le kanegelo ye nngwe go e balela. Bagwera ba babedi ba baswa ba be ba kgahiš!a, ba kgah!a le baeti bao bego ba ba bona ge ba feta gomme ba ba tšea le dinepe.

Gannyanegannyane ngwana wa thut!wa a maatlafat!a. Batho ba kua lešokeng la diphoofo!o ba be ba e hlokomela gabotše gomme lerato la go

tš!wa go mogwera yo moswa, Sisanda le thutš!še kudu.

Letšatši le lengwe molaodi wa lešoka la diphoofo!o o ile a kgope!a Sisanda gore a reele mogwera wa gagwe yo moswa leina.

“Ke nagna gore Thokozani ke leina le le botse,” a realo Sisanda.

Ka letšatši la go latelamolaodi wa lešoka la diphoofo!o o ile a leletš!a morutiši wa Sisanda mogala. O ile a laletš!a baithuti ka moka ba ka mphatong wa Sisanda go t!a go tsebana le Thokozani. Thut!wa ya botse e be e gotše e le ye telele ebile e teleritše ka dikgwedi tše tharo morago ga ketelo ya mathomo ya Sisanda.

Ka letšatši la leeto, bana ba Kreiti ya 3 ba masomenne ba be ba letetše gore dikgoro tša lešoka la diphoofo!o di bu!we ka phišagalelo. Morago Sisanda o ile a ba etele!a pele ka moka a ba iš!a go Thokozani. Bana ba bangwe ba be ba lebele!še thut!wa ye telele ka makalo. Ba bangwe ba be ba sega ebile ba tšhogile. Morutiši wa bona, Mš!ana Khanyile, o ile a myemela.

“Mogwera wa gago o botse, Sisanda. O tloga o mo loketše kudu,” a realo ka boleta.

“Ke mang leina la gagwe?” gwa botiš!a mošemane yo mongwe.

“Thokozani,” gwa araba Sisanda.

“Thokozani e ra gore ‘Thabang’,” gwa hlalotš!a Mš!ana Khanyile.

Bana ba ile ba dula fase ba theeletš!a Sisanda a bala kanegelo yeo a e baletšego Thokozani ka letšatši la mathomo leo ba kopanego ka lona. Molaodi wa lešoka la diphoofo!o o ile a

tš!ea dinepe. Le baeti bao ba bego ba feta ka kuranteng e se kgale. Bohle ba ile ba thakga!a.

Mpho ye botse bjang! Go balela go foditš!a mogwera.



Abelana ka kanegelo lehono !



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Go thoma ka kanegelo...

Neo le lefase le legolo, le lephara

Kanegelo ka Vianne Venter
Diswantišo ka Rico
Phetolelo ka Mpho Masipa

Neo o lebeletše ka ntle ka lefaseterere la phapoši ya gagwe a bona tebelelego ye pududu ya mmila o mopududu le batho ka moka ba bapududu ba sepediša ka gare ga pula ya go tsorotla ye pududu. A ka se ye ka ntle, o šetše a baletše Mbali dipuku tša gagwe ka moka.

Ka nakwana, Koko o ile a tsena moriri wa gagwe o hlakahlakantšwe ke moya wa ka ntle. O be a swere se sengwe. Neo o be a bona gore e be e le sa papetla, sa khutlonne, sa mebalabala ... gomme se ka bulega – go swana le lepokisi la letlotlo!
 “Ye ke puku ye ke bego ke e rata ge ke be ke sa lekana le wena,” Koko a botša Neo. “E be e le lebatl la ka la go tsena lefaseng le legolo le lephara.”

Gomme a bula puku.

Ka letlakaleng la mathomo e be e le lefelo la maleatlana, la go ba kgole le letšatši le lepududu. Naga e be e le ye talamorogo, ya mmala ya gauta gape ye tsotho, ka godimo e le leratadima le letalalerata le legolo le lebotse le letšatši la borutho le leserolane, le sobela.

“Aa! Ke mnene?” Neo a hemela godimo.

Koko o ile a myemyela. “Ga o tsebe?”

Dikanegelo ka moka ke dinnete, ge o di tshepa,” a realo. O ile a šupa lefelo mo letlakaleng, moo go bego go sepela mošemanyana wa go feta Neo gannyane ka bogolo a putla naga.

E rile ge Koko a bala,

Neo a tswalela mahlo a tšwa, a tshela meboto ... go putla lefase le letsotho le lebotse ... a ya lefaseng le lephara, le legolo.

O ile a kwa mantšu a naga.

“Etšwa! Etšwa!” gwa

opela nonyana ye nnyane.

“Ke letšatši le lebotse!” a realo lebitsi.

“Etle, etla o bapale,” gwa hebaheba moya mabjaneng a matelele.

Neo a gopola pula ya go na ye pududu, gomme a ipotšiša ge eba o swanetše go ba ka mo

ntle. Efela, ka kanegelong, o ka dira se sengwe le se sengwe. Go be go se na pula fa. Gomme, Neo a kitima go putla naga.

Selo sa mathomo se a se bonego ke se selo se setelele se setsotho sa mmele wa kota, wa go tia. Se be se na le matsogo a matsotho a matelele a go fihla leratadimeng, le hlogo ye kgolo, ya makala le meriri ya matlakala ye metalamorogo ao a bego a fefeulla ke moya wa borutho.

“Dumela,” a realo Neo, a tomotše mahlo. “Ke wena eng?”

“Ke mohlare. Ke kgona go bona go selaganya kua melaleng ya gauta ye mebotse. Namela o tle o lebelele le nna.” Mohlare wa mmatamela, gomme



Neo a namela.

Neo o be a kgona go bona maphetho a lefase ge a be a le godimo makaleng. Gape go be go na le go gongwe go gontši, go nyakile go mo tšhoša go nagana ka gona.

Efela sehla se ile sa mo šireletša, gomme sa hebaheba, “Sepela gomme o hlhlomiše. O se tšhoge. Kua ntle go na le lefase le lebotse le legolo, le lephara.”

Gomme, Neo a theoga gomme a sepela go putla naga.

Ka pejana, a fihla totomeng ya mohlaba wa bothata ya go ba le mašobana, a e rego ke mabati a manyane. O be a ekwa mantšu a milione ka gare, le phathaphatha ya maoto a mannyane a dimilione

Nakana e letše gomme babapadi ba kitimela lepatlelong go bapala seripa sa bobedi. Papadi ya tšwela pele go swana le ya seripa sa pele ... go fihlela ge go šetše motsotso wa mafelelo!

Neo o be a na le kgwele. O ile a lealea go

bona ge eba go na le leloko la

Diamond kgauswi le yena. Aowa,

o be a le tee. O kitimetše pele

a tiribola kgwele. Gateetee,

gwa tšwelela sebakadi

sa Diamond. Neo o

mo lebeletše thwii

ka mahlong gomme

a raga kgwele ya

feta gare ga maoto

a sebakadi se

sengwe. Babogedi

ba hlab

lešata

ka lethabo.

Sebakadi se sengwe sa

Diamond sa batamela Neo go mo tšeyela kgwele.

Ka pejana, Neo a ragela kgwele go Priya.

Bohle ba sweire moya ge Priya a tšea kgwele

gomme a e raga kudu ka leoto la ngele. **LADUMA!**

Moswaradino wa Taamane ga se a bona kgwele ge e etla! Priya o nwešitše.

Pele ga motsotswana. O rile ge a retologa gore

a keteke nno malokwane a letša nakana ya mafelelo!

Maqhawe e thopile papadi!

Neo o thabile kudu a kitimela Priya gomme a mo kukal!

Bobedi bja bona ba kitimela maloko a sehlopha le mohlali ka thoko ga lepatlelo gomme ba tepa. Gomme Priya le Neo ba kitimela go tatago Neo. Rahul o be a letša vuvuzela ya gagwe kudu.



“Wo ke mošomo wa go swanelwa ke

aesekherimo, Priya le Neo,” a realo tatago Neo.

“Bagale ba rena ba babedi ba tlo e thabela?”

“Ee! Re rata aesekherimo,” Mbali a ba arabela.

Ka moka ba sega.

Neo a kuka Mbali gomme ba ya go reka

aesekherimo. Ga se a nweša dino tše pedi tše a

bego a nyaka go di nweša, efela o thušitše mogwera

wa gagwe wa potego go nweša nno ya go thopa

papadi! Gomme Priya? O be a thabile ka gobane

e be e le nno ya gagwe ya mathomo go Maqhawe.

Modumo wa vuvuzela ya Rahul o be o kare mmino

wa bose wa go bapalelwa yena mong.



Motsotso wa mafelelo

Kanegelo ka Zukiswa Wanner
Diswantšho ka Rico
Phetolelo ka Mpho Masipa



“Lehono ke tla nweša dino tše pedi, Tate,” a realo Neo a apara dieta tša gagwe tša kgwele ya maoto.

“Gomme ke tla thuša ka go oketša ka dino tše tharo, Malome,” a realo Priya yo a fetšago go fihla ntlong ya gabo Neo le moratho wa gagwe wa mošemane, Rahul. Rahul o be a swere vuvuzela ya gagwe ye hubedu ya go kganya.

Tatago Neo o ile a sega. “Agaa, gona ke tlo reta gahlano!”

“Le nna, Malome! Nka reta le nna?” gwa botšiša Rahul.

“Ee, mošemane wa ka,” a realo tatago Neo a thuša Mbali go apara dieta. “Bjale a reyengi!”

Ba tsene ka sefatanageng ka noka ga bona. Neo o dutše ka pele. O dutše ka pele gantši. O be a na le mnete ya gore ge tatagwe a tla mo dumelela, ge maoto a gagwe a le a matelele, o tlo kgona go otela setatanaga. Go be go bonala go le bonolo. Rahul le Priya ba dutše ka morago ka mathoko a Mbali. Ba ile ba mo tsikiditla gomme a sega.

Ba ile ba fihla lepatelong ka pela. Ba fihlilele ka nako ye Priya le Neo ba swanešego go tutetša mmele le maloko a Maqhawe Football Club. Lehono ba be ba bapala le Diamond Football Club.



“Le gopole go kgonthiša gore le fokotša go phadima ga Diamond, gore ka morago ga papadi ba fetolele leina la sehlopha go Coal Football Club,” a realo mohlahli.

Gwa fihla nako ya gore babapadi ba kitimele ka lepatelong. Malokwane a letša nakana ya gagwe gomme papadi ya thoma.

Ba thomile ka go nanya, efela ba okeiša matšato. Go be go na le lešata le legolo ge ba malapa a bana ba dhihlopha tše pedi ba reta. Kgwele e tlo ba ka thoko ye go nwešago nakwana, gomme ge e bonala e ke e tlo ya ka seripeng se sengwe, yo mongwe wa babapadi o tlo tšea kgwele! Papadi e sepetšwe ka tsela yeo go fihlela gare ga nako ya papadi.

“Ke tenejile! Le tshepišišo go nweša dino,” Rahul a realo go Neo le Priya ge ba etla ka mathoko



a lepatelo.

“Ee. Mbali o nyaka dikgwele, Mbali o nyaka dikgwele,” gwa boeletša Mbali. “Mbali o swere ke boroko,” a realo a edimola. Neo le Priya ba sega ba ya go maloko a sehlopha sa bona.

tše tshela a kitima ka fao.

“Dumela! Ke wena mang?” Neo a botšiša go le lengwe la mabati.

“Dumela!” gwa araba lenšu le lennyane. “Re dišhošane. Ka mo re bolela ka dikanegetlo tša lefase. O nyaka go di kwa?”

Neo o be a rata dikanegetlo, ka fao, o ile a dula fase gomme a theeletša. Dišhošane di anegile dikanegetlo tša tšona tša naga le tša lešoka, le tša dithaba le tša ditoropokgolo tša kua pele.

“Dikanegetlo tše dintši bjalo?” Neo a botšiša.

“Go na le dikanegetlo tše dintši go swana le dinaledi leratadimeng,” gwa araba dišhošane.

Neo o ile a laela a tšwela pele go putla naga.

Mafelolong, Neo o fihlile meetseeng a manti ao a bego a putla mogola go thoma mesong go fihla bošego. Neo o ile a tsena ka gare ga ona go fodiša maoto a gagwe a go fiša.

Meetse a ile a gaša

maoto a gagwe gomme a sega, “Ke nna noka. Ke tšwa dithabeng ke ya mawatleng. Ntatele. Ke tla go iša gae.”



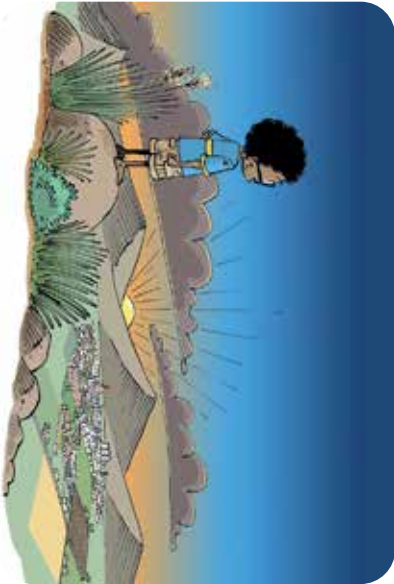
Neo o ile

a nagana ka fao a tlo ipshinago ka seo. Ka fao, o ile a latea noka go putla mogola le magareng ga dithaba. Ba sepetše mmogo mosegare go fihlela mathapama, gomme mafelelong Neo a fihla bogodimong bja mmoto.

Go na fao, o be a kgona go bona torotswana, e hlwekšitšwe ke pula ebile e phadima seešeng sa letšatši leo le sobelago.

Ka morago noka e ile ya bopa ka boleta,

“Sepela, sepela gae. Go na le batho bao ba go



ratago, ba nyaka go abelana le wena dikanegetlo.”

Neo o ile a theoga a ya toropong. O ile a bona mebila ya go ba le sephethephethe se lebile ka toropong, bjalo ka dinoka. O bone dintlo, di le borutho ka seeša sa mathapama. Batho ba be ba emaema ka gare ga dintlo, bjalo ka dišhošane tše dinnyane.

Mafelolong, Neo o ile a hlola ka lefesetere fao koko wa go tšofala, wa matsogo a go tla le meriri ye mesese bjalo ka makala a mohlare o mogolo a iliego a tswalela puku a inama gore a atle mošemananya wa gagwe ge a eya go robala.

Neo o ile a nagana ka ga naga le mohlare le dišhošane le noka. Gomme o rile ge a lebelela



Koko, molatladi wa kgantšha ntwana ka mebala ya go taga bjalo ka seswantšho sa ka gare ga puku ya dikanegetlo. Neo o ile a nagana ka bohlagahaga bja gagwe bjo bobotse ka gare ga matlakala a puku ya dikanegetlo yeo Koko a e ratago kudu, gomme o ile a nagana ka yena le Mbali le legae.

Ka fao Neo o ile a kgaogana le puku, a tsena mpeteng wa gagwe wa borutho, ka phapošing ya gagwe ya borabalelo ye bose, ka ntwaneng ya gagwe.

Gomme ke ka lebaka leo Neo a bulago puku ge lefase le bonala le pudufetše kudu, phapoši ya gagwe e bonala e le ye nnyane kudu. O tsena ka lebatl la magareng ga matlakala, gomme a ya lefaseng le legolo, le lephara.

Abelana ka kanegelo lehono!



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Modumo o mokaonekaone lefaseng

Kanegelo ka Niki Daly
Diswantšho ka Rico
Phetolelo ka Mpho Masipa

Bella o be a bolawa ke bodutu gomme Mma a swanetše go hlwekiša ngwako.
"Tšea Noodle le bethwe ke moya," a realo Mma.
Noodle o ile a ya go Bella ka ntle gomme a dula kgauswi le yena pheibementeng. Bella a hemela godimo a kwa monkggo wa moya. O be o se na monkggo o moswa. Go nkga sephethephethe.
Vruum! sefatanaga sa sepela. Pip! sefatanaga se



sengwe. Perr, perr, perr! ke sethuthuthu. Kgwehle-porr-porr! ke bene ya kgale ka mathaere a go fela le mmele wa go rusa.

Bella a thoma go bala medumo ya mo a lego gona. E be e šetše e le ye mene!

Turr, turr, turr! sefehlatsela. Grrrrrrrrrr! Noodle a goba sefehlatsela. Duu, duu, duu! ke mmimo go tšwa thekising.

Waa, waa, waa! mosadi o bolela ka go hlaboša lentšu sellathekeng. Thwaa, thwaa, thwaa! dieta tša mosadi ge a sepela pheibementeng. Kgwa, kgwa, kgwa! motho wa go kitima a feta Bella. Hauu, hauu, hauu! Noodle ya goba motho wa go kitima. fierr, fierr, fierr! mošëmame wa paesekele a letša nakana.

"Medumo ya LESOMEPEDI!" a realo Bella.

Efela medumo ye e be e thoma go dira gore hlogo ya Bella e huduege, gomme a tlogela go balela a re, "Eti, Noodle, areye ka kua mafuri fao go lego bose ebile go se na mašata."

Ka mafuri, sephethephethe se be se kwagala se le kgolekgole. Ba be ba kgona le go kwa koša ya bose ya tswii-tswii ya nonyana ye nyane. Bella a tswalela mahlo a pholophotha Noodle. Bobedi ba ile ba fofa!

"Aaaaaah! Eishi! Aaaaah!" Modumo o mobe



kudu wa tšwa ntlong ya Koko ka thoko ye nngwe ya lebotlo la ka morago. Ka lebelo, Bella a kitima a ya go botša mmagwe se a se kwelego.

"Go na le medumo e mebe go tšwa ntlong ya Koko!" gwa goletša Bella godimo ga vrrrrr, vrrrrr! ya motšhene wa go hlwekiša mmeme. Mma o ile a o tima.

"Ga se ka kwa selo," a realo Mma.



"Theeletša!" a realo Bella. Mma a kwa modumo!

"Aaaaaah! Eishi! Aaaaah!"

"Ke Koko," a realo Mma. "Ragoga! Re swanetše go ya go bona gore bothata ke eng."

Mma, Bella le Noodle ba ya tseleng ya go dikologa sekhutlo sa ntlo ya Koko. Ba hweditše Koko ka moralleng a budulela seatla sa gagwe.

"Eish! Ke fišše seatla sa ka potong yela ya



setlaela ya go fiša!" Koko a realo.

"Se beye ka tlase ga meetse a go tonya ke sa ya go tšea lepokisi la thušo ya pele," a realo Mma, gomme a kitimela ntlong ya gagwe – patha, phatha, phatha.

Mma o ile a boa ka pela, a swere lepokisi le lešweu la go ba le sefapano se sehubedu sekhurumelong. O tlotitše seatla sa Koko ka sehlae a mo tata ka pantiši.

"Koko, o ka se apeye ka seatla sa go ba bohloko," a realo Mma. "Wena le ba lapa la gago le swanetše goja le rena dijo tša go lalela lehono bošego."

"Ke a leboga," a realo Koko. "Tšea potlo yeo ya dinawa ya setlaela go tlaletša dijo tša rena."

Koko le ba lapa la gagwe ba ile ba fihla ka nako ya dijo tša go lalela.

Monate! – ke modumo wo ba o dirilego ge ba ekwa monkggo wa dijo tša mmago Bella tša bose tša khari di dirilwe ka potlo ya Koko ya dinawa. Noodle o filwe bonnyane ka sekotlong sa gagwe. Rwa, rwa! A di ja ka moka. Ka morago hlwaa, hlwaa. O nwele meetse a go tlaa sekotlo!

"Ke thabišwa ke ge le kwele selo sa ka," a realo Koko go Bella.

"Ke be ke le gare ke balela medumo ya fao ke bego ke le gona," a realo Bella.

"O mongwe ke o," a realo Koko a khunamela go Bella. Mwah! A atla lehaga la Bella ka katlo ye kgolo ya go nona. Bella o lebetše gore o baletše medumo e mekae, efela gore ola wona o swanetše go ba o mokaonekaone!

"Ke modumo wo ke o ratago kudu!" a realo ka myemyelo.



Ka nako ya malao, Mma a botšiša Bella, "O tseba gore ke rata modumo ofe?"

"Ofe?" gwa botšiša Bella.

"O!" a realo Mma, a tsikiditla mpa ya Bella.

Ha, ha, hee, hee, ha, ha, hee, hee! Bella a sega.

Agaa! Sesego ke modumo o mokaonekaone lefaseng ka bophara. O nagana bjang?



Go utulla bokgoni bja bana bja go anega dikanegelo le go bala

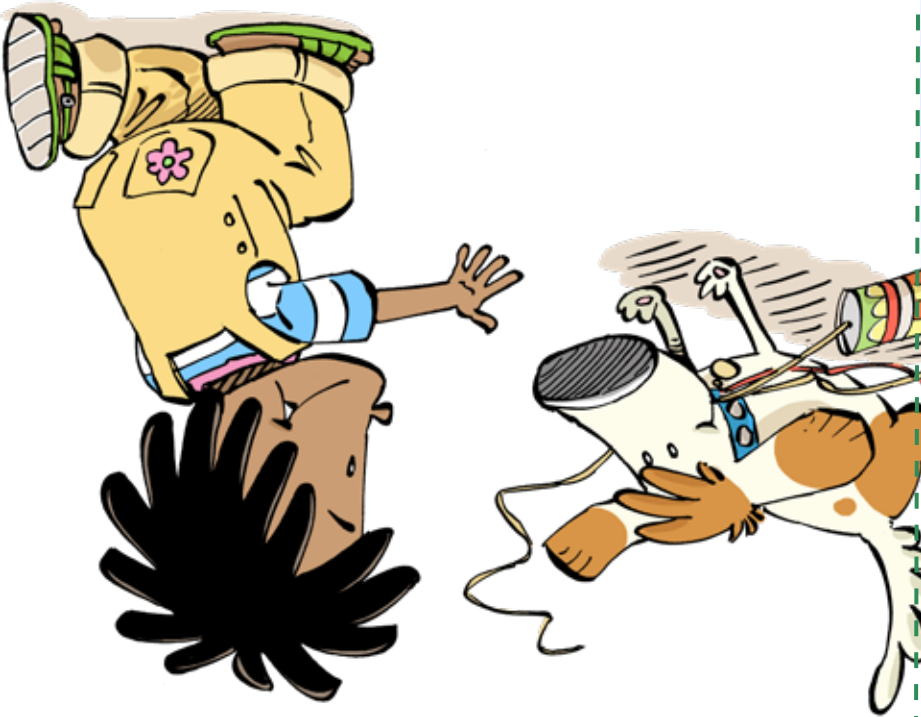


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Neo grabbed Hope's arm. "Look," he said, "Tin's on stage! But where is the We Can Band?"

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," "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!"

Ka nakwana moletlo wa thoma go kgahliša. Tin o opetše dikoša tša gagwe mola Neo, Hope, Josh le Bella ba letša dileišo. Gomme Noodle o be a fela a tsena gare ka go goba nako le nako!

Ka morago seopedi se sengwe le se sengwe sa opela koša ye tee ya naga ya gabo. Lešaba le be le phaphatha diatla ebile le reta. Ba be ba rata pontšho yeo!

"O a bona," gwa realo Tin go We Can Band, "sehlopha se sennnyane se se bolokile toro ya rena! Ke a le leboga lena ba bane ... le Noodle, batho ka moka ba ipshinne ka moletlo wo mobose!"



"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.

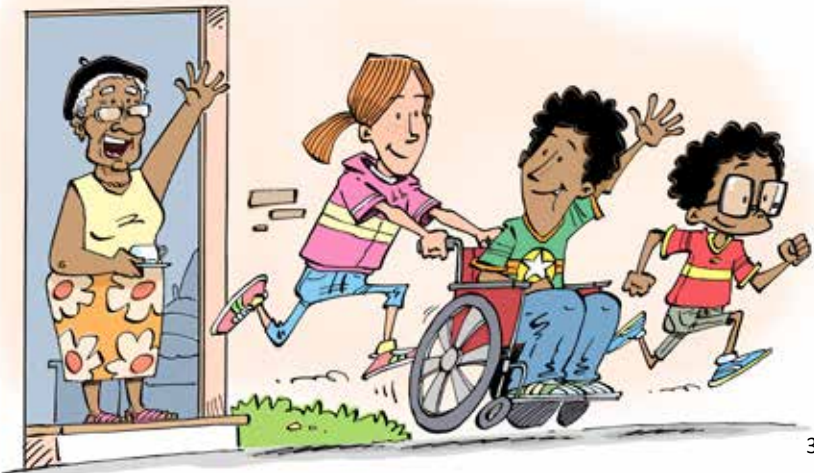
"Okay, off you go then. Stay close together," said Gogo.

"Koko," gwa realo Neo, "naa o kwele? Ba re ba laletša batho ka moka. Re kgopela go ya fao. Ka kgopelo hle, Koko!"

Koko o ile a lebelela Neo gomme a myemyela. "Ge Josh le Hope ba dumeletšwe go ya, gona le ka ya," gwa realo Koko. Josh le Hope ba tšwele ka lebelo la legadima ba eya go kgopela batswadi ba bona tumelelo ya go ya moletlong wa phakeng.

Ba rile ge ba boa go tla go tšea Neo, Hope a botša Koko gore Bella le mmagwe le bona ba a ya moletlong.

"Go lokile, le ka sepela. Le se ke la kgaogana," gwa realo Koko.





Kua phakeng, Neo o bone Bella le mmagwe. Noodle le yena o be a le gona! "Ke nagana gore batho ka moka ba toropo ya rena ba gona fa," gwa reado Neo. "Le batho ba baswa ba gona."

"Theeleša . . ." gwa reado Josh. "Go na le batho ba go boela Sefora?" "Ei!" gwa reado Hope. "Gape ke kwa ba bangwe ba boela Chichewa le Seshona."

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 o ile a leša katara ya gagwe gannyane a re, "MMINO A O THOME!"

Tin a šupa Neo le Hope gomme ba betha meropa ya bona. Tin a opela, "Leoto la ngele morago," gomme a šupa lešaba.

"Leoto la ngele morago," gwa opela lešaba.

Morago Tin a šupa Josh gomme Josha šikinya dišhela tša gagwe go sepelelana le morethetho.

"Leoto la go ja morago," gwa opela Tin.

"Leoto la go ja morago," gwa opela lešaba.

Tin a šupa Bella. Molokoloko wa dithini o ile wa dira modumo wo mobose ge Bella a di hwidinya di thulana. Noodle o ile a goba ka lethabo.



Get story active!



Dira gore kanegelo e be le bophelo!

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).

Fa ke mešongwana ye o ka e lekago le ba lapa la gago. E theilwe godimo ga dikanegelo ka moka tša ka gare ga kgatišo ye ya Tlaleletšo ya Nal'ibali: *Moletlo wa phakeng* (matlakala a 5, 6, 27 le 28) le *Phorokgohlo ye nnyane ya go ikgantšha* (letlakala la 31).

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.

Moletlo wa phakeng

Pele o bala kanegelo

- ★ Kgopela bana go abelana ka dikgopolo tša khonsate ye ba ka ratago go ya go yona. Ba botšise gore ke eng se ba ka se letelago kudu go yona le gore ba tlo ya le mang.

Morago ga go bala kanegelo

- ★ Boledišanang ka ga diletšo tša mmimo tša go fapana, medumo ye di e dirago le gore di tšwa kae. Bolelang gore ke dilo dife tša ka lapeng tše di ka dirago diletšo tše dibotse (mohlala, moropa ka thini ya kofi ya go se be le selo goba saylofone ka mabottlelo a go se be le selo).
- ★ Kgetha seletšo se o boletšego ka sona se setee goba tše pedi, kgoboketša dilo tše o nyakago go di dira gomme o theeletše medumo ya tšona ge o di bapala.
- ★ Kgopela bana ba bannyanenyana go thala karolo ya kanegelo ya mmamoratwa wa bona. Bana ba bagolwane ba ka ngwala ka ga moletlo wo ba ratago go ba le ona, tše di tlo diregago moletlong le gore go tlo ba le bomang.
- ★ Ka puduleng ya kgopolo e nngwe le e nngwe, ngwala se o naganago gore moanegwa o nagana ka sona. Gomme o khalare seswantšho.



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?



Phorokgohlo ye nnyane ya go ikgantšha

- ★ Diriša letsopa, tlhama goba Phrestiki go hlama baanegwa ba ka kanegelong, goba o thale diswantšho tša bona o di ripe. Diriša baanegwa ba gago go anega kanegelo leswa ka tsela ya gago!
- ★ Go na le dikanegelo tše dingwe tše o di tsebago tša go ba le dinoga le dinonyana? Go direga eng ka dikanegelong tše? Go na le dilo tša go swana le tša kanegelo ye?



Drive your
imagination



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



Phorokgohlo ye nnyane ya go ikgantšha

Mongwadi ke Nicky Webb ■ Diswantšho ka Vian Oelofson



Kgalekgale go be go na le phorokgohlo yo a bego a kgantšha mafofa a gagwe a maserolane a mabotse le molomo o moso wa go phadima. O be a dula mahlakanokeng ka thoko ga noka gomme a goeletša yo mongwe le yo mongwe yo a bego a ka mo theeletša, "Ntebelele! Ga se nna yo mabotse? Lebelela mafofa a ka a maserolane a go phadima! Bona gore molomo wa ka o phadima bjang mo letšatšing!"

Dinonyana tše dingwe le diphoofole di be di sa rate phorokgohlo. O be a sa ikgantšhe fela, o be a swara diphoofole tše dingwe gampe.

"Hei, Kwenal!" a goeletša Phorokgohlo, "O na le meno a go bafa kudu. Ke a magolo, a go kgopama gape a maserolane, ebile go na le nama ye nnyane mo gare ga ona! O a šišimiša! Ke a tshepa o duma okare nkabe o na le molomo wa botse go swana le wa ka!"

Kwenal a sobelela ka meetseng gomme a nagana ka fao go bego go tlo ba botse ge nkabe Phorokgohlo a tantšwe gare ga meno a gagwe!

Ge nako ya Phorokgohlo ya go aga sehlagla e fihla, o ile a ikgantšha go swana le matšatši a mangwe. Legatong la go kgetha bjang bjo bonnyane le mahlakanoke le mafofa go swana le dinonyana tše dingwe, o topile diripa tša pampiri ya go phadima le diphuthelo tša go nkgale tša go benya, a di aga sehlagla. O rile ge a fetša, sehlagla sa gagwe sa bekenya, le go phadima letšatšing. "Hei, ka moka ga lena," gwa goeletša Phorokgohlo. "Lebelelang sehlagla sa ka! Ga se botse? Bonang gore se phadima bjang letšatšing!"



Khudu ye e bego e feta mahlakanokeng e ile ya ema gomme ya lebelela sehlagla sa go makatša sa Phorokgohlo. "Ga o dume ge nkabe o na le legae la go swana le la ka, Khudu?" gwa tswinya Phorokgohlo. "La gago ga le botse ebile le leša bodutu. Bona gore la ka le bekenya bjang."

Khudu o ile a šikinya hlogo, "Ke kgotsofalela kgopa ya ka, Phorokgohlo. E dira gore ke dule ke bolokegile, gomme sa bohlokwa go nna ke sona seo fela."

Morago ga fao, legotlwana la nageng le ile la okamela ka hlogo ya gagwe go tšwa mokgobong wa matlakala a go oma. Seripa sa foile ka sehlageng sa Phorokgohlo se ile sa tanya šedi ya gagwe. "Ijoo, Phorokgohlo, sehlagla sa gago se tagile kudu," a kwakwaetša.

Phorokgohlo o ile a phurulla mafofa. "Ga go bjalo?" a realo ka boikgantšho. "Gase wa lapišwa ke go dula matlakaleng le dikotaneng tše ditsotho, Legotlo? Ntlo ya gago e laetša manyami le go se kgahliše."

"Aowa, Phorokgohlo," a realo Legotlo. "Ge o lekana le nna, o mo lenaneong la dijo la diphoofole tše dintši. Ge ke sobelela tlase ka matlakaleng a ka, ga go yo a tla mponago, gomme se se thuša gore ke se jewe. Nka upše ka bolokega go na le go na le gore ke itshole."

"Ke tshepa o no ba o na le mona," Phorokgohlo a dupa mo moyeng ka molomo wa gagwe.

Bjale go be go na le noga ye kgolo ye e bego e robala kgauswi le noka nakong ka moka ya marega. Ge e tsoga, e ikwele e swerwe ke tlala, gomme ya ya go tsoma selo sa bose gore e je. E hweditše khudu ye nnyane e oretše letšatši. Khudu o lebeleletše leleme la Noga la go nyedima gatee le mahlo a dipheta gomme a tsenya hlogo ka gare ga kgopa. Noga o ile a phophola Khudu ga mmalwa, efela go be go kwagala eke ke kgopa fela ya bothata, ka fao o ile a tšwela pele go tsoma seo a ka tsenyago meno a gagwe go sona.

Ka pejana Noga a bona Legotlo, yo a bego a topa dipeu le dilo tše dingwe tša bose gore a je ka matena. O ile a gagabela go yena, a leka gore a se dire lešata, efela lešata la ka mpeng ya gagwe le ile la mo senyeletša. Legotlo o ile a kitima ka lebelo a sobelela botlase bja mokgobo wa matlakala a gagwe a go oma. O dutše ka setu, a kgonthiša gore ga a dire lešata. Noga o ile a phophola matlakala gannyane, efela mpa ya gagwe e be e lla kudu bjale. O be a swerwe ke tlala kudu ka fao a bego a sa kgone go fetla matlakala ka moka a setšha sejo se sennyane bjalo ka Legotlo, ka fao o ile a fetela pele.

Gateetee o ile a ikhweitša a le nokeng. Gona fao, selo sa go makatša se ile sa tanya mahlo a gagwe. Se be se swana le sehlagla, se be se bekenya le go kganya seetšeng sa letšatši sa go phadima. Noga o bone Phorokgohlo a fofela ka sehlageng. "Go a tla ba gore nonyana e se leke go fihlela noga wa go swarwa ke tlala sehlagla," Noga a ipotša.

O ile a khukhuna a batamela noka gomme a ya mahlakanokeng a lata sehlagla sa Phorokgohlo. Ka mahlatse, dinonyana tše dingwe di mmone a sa re o tsenya hlogo ka sehlageng le go ja nonyana ye nnyane, di ile tša tšhoga gomme tša lla selo sa temošo. Phorokgohlo o ile a tšwa ka sehlageng sa gagwe ka lebelo nako e sa dumela gomme a tšhaba. Efela Noga o ile a thula sehlagla sa botse sa felela fase, gomme sa thubega.



"Seo ke thuto, Phorokgohlo, ka gobane o a kgantšha," dinonyana tše dingwe tša realo.

"Gomme lebelela!" nonyana ye nnyane a realo, "Mafofa a gago a fetogile ke a matsotho!"

Phorokgohlo o ile a lebelela mafofa a gagwe ka letšhogo. E be e le a matsotho ka nnete. O ile a jewa ke dihlolong kudu. Ga se a nyaka go jewa fela, efela ntlo ya gagwe le yona e sentšwe gomme le mafofa a gagwe a maserolane a mabotse e be e le a matsotho a go tlwaelega, go swana le a dinonyana tše dingwe tše dintši.

Phorokgohlo o ithutile se sengwe. O ile a emiša go ikgantšha gomme a dira boloki diphoofole tše dingwe. Le ge mafofa a gagwe a fetogile a ba a maserolane gape, le ga bjale, marega a mangwe le a mangwe e ba a matsotho gape go mo gopotša bošilo bja gagwe.



Nal'ibali fun

Boipshino bja Nal'ibali



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.

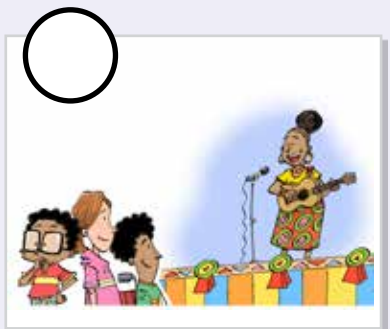
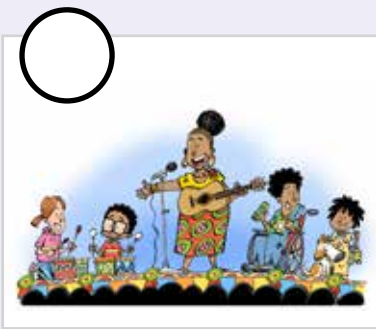
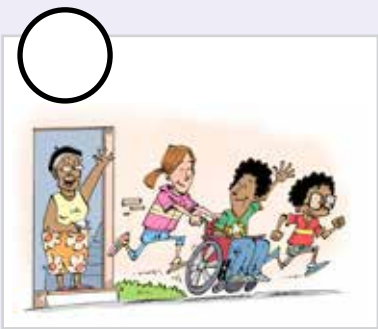
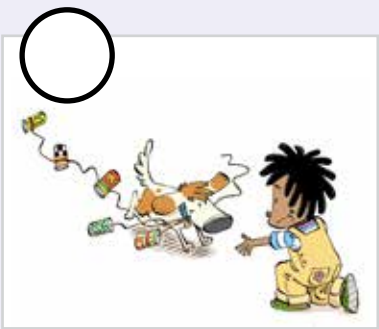
Dira petšhe

1. Ripa petšhe go bapela le mothladi wa marontho o mohubedu.
1. Khalara seswantšho.
3. Ripa sediko sa bogolo bja go lekana le bja petšhe khatopoteng ye sese, mohlala, lepokisi la serele.
4. Diriša sekgomaretši go kgomaretša petšhe khatopoteng.
5. Diriša theipi ya go kgomarela goba masking theipi go kgomaretša phini ya tšhireletšo ka morago ga petšhe. Goba phula lešoba kua godimo o bofe wulu goba lenti gore o kgone go e lekeletša molaleng wa gago.
6. Ipshine ka go apara petšhe ya gago ge o theeletša le go bala dikanegelo ka Letšatši la go Bala ka go Hlaboša Lentšu la Lefase.



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.



Lebelela diswantšho tše tša *Moletlo wa phakeng*. Di fe dinomoro gore di tswalane le tatelano yeo dilo di diragatšego ka yona ka kanegelong. Bjale diriša diswantšho go anega kanegelo leswa.

2.

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

scirkudmts

agruti

srudm

mecihs

skrahes

Hlahlamolla dithaka gore o hwetše diletšo tša mmimo tše hlano tša ka go *Moletlo wa phakeng*.

moropa tša

taraka

pamero

tšhameedi

košitšodi

Answers: 2. 13, 1, 4, 2, 3. drums, guitar, drums, shakers
Dikarabo: 2. 3, 1, 4, 2, 3. dikotana tša moropa, katara, moropa, dišhaeme, dišokotši

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

Nal'ibali e fa go go hlohleletša le go go thekga. Ikopanye le rena ka efe goba efe ya ditsela tše:

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info@nalibali.org

Produced by The Nal'ibali Trust. Translation by Mpho Masipa. Nal'ibali character illustrations by Rico.

UMLAZI
EYETHU

EASTERN CAPE
RISING SUN

POLOKWANE
OBSERVER



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